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65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW

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65 WEST REGENT STREET

GLASGOW

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LV

AM FAOILLEACH, 1960

Aireamh 1

CEUM A BHARRACHD

AIR eagal gun dèanadh e roinnean a measg nam ball bha An Comunn o chionn còrr air leth-cheud bliadhna a' seachnadh gnothach a ghabhail ri rian-beatha nan Gaidheal—an comhfhurtachd 'nan dachaidhean, an rian-cosaidh biodh e riarachail no uireasbhaidheach, faradh air muir is air tìr, goireasan siubhail, agus an cur-seachad aig òigridh is meadhan latha is seann aois. Bha An Comunn, leis an rùn a b'fheàrr 'nan sealladh, a' fàgail nan nithean sin uile aig an Riaghaltas agus aig buidheann sam bith air an robh feuman làitheil an t-sluaigh 'nan uallach no 'nan dleasdanas.

B'i crìoch shònruichte A' Chomuinn cothrom na Féinne a bhith aig cànan an t-sluaigh—a' Ghàidhlig—cothrom anns an dachaidh, cothrom anns an sgoil agus anns an eaglais. Chleachd An Comunn fad nam bliadhnanachan iomadh meadhan is dòigh gu bhith a' toirt an rùn ion-mholta sin gu buil, a' brosnachadh nan Gaidheal a chum seasamh dlùth ri cliù an sinnsre, a' sparradh orra a bhith dìon an cainnt 's an oighreachd dhligheach fhéin.

Ach far nach bi Gaidheil cha bhì Gàidhlig, co dhiùbh Gàidhlig a mhaireas fada. Far nach bi obair riarachail, fhreagarrach agus far nach seallbhaichear goireasan coitcheann an latha an diugh cha bhì sluagh an an lionmhorachd. Tha cor na Gàidhlig, mar sin, dlùth-cheangailte ri cor shobhalta nan Gaidheal.

Is cinnteach gur h-e solus ùr air nì a bha cho soilleir do chuid o chionn fhada is aobhar gu bheil An Comunn de'n bheachd a nis gu bheil e mar fhiachan orra sùil mhion a chumail air cor nan Gaidheal ann an iomlanachd. A so suas tha iad ag agradh air Rùnaire na Stàite a chomhairle a chur riutha anns gach nì a

tha beantainn ri suidheachadh sluagh na Gaidhealtachd a thaobh ann beatha làitheil anns an t-seagh as fharsainghe. Tha an t-iarrtas sin iomchuidh agus glic; agus tha dòchas againn gum faigh e éisdeachd agus gun giùlain e toradh.

Tha fios nach gabh An Comunn gnothach ris na meadhanan a chithear feumail is iomchuidh air son leas na Gaidhealtachd, no ris na dòighean ma dh'fhaodte, bu fhreagarraiche gu bhith leasachadh agus a' daingneachadh cor an t-sluaigh anns a' cheàrnaidh sin de'n dùthaich. Cha bhiodh an sin ach toiseach tuasaide a sgapadh a' mhuinntir a tha an diugh a' seasamh gualann ri gualainn, agus a dh'fhàgadh a' chrìoch na bu mhiosa na'n toiseach.

Tha a bheachd fhéin aig gach neach fa leth, agus chan e an Gaidheal a' chiad fhear a thig as a bheachd. Tha e ceart comhairle mhath a thoirt seachad, ach chan eil ann ach nì eile cothrom a thagradh do rùn a thoirt gu buil ann an dearbh dhòigh agus troimh na dearbh chladhain bu mhath leat. Tha e iomchuidh gu leòr, saoilidh sinn, gun iarradh an Rùnaire beachd A' Chomuinn aig a bheil eòlas mionaid-each air oighreachd a' Ghaidheil agus air cor is eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd ann a bhith cur air chois meadhanan sònruichte air son feuman na Gaidhealtachd a leasachadh.

Ach is e an Riaghaltas fhéin, an co-bhoinn ri sluagh na Gaidhealtachd, a dh'fheumas a' bhreith dheireannach a thoirt agus na nithean a chithear feumail leatha a dhèanamh. Chan urrainn gur misde, agus nach fheàrrde, comhdhunadh sam bith a stéidh a leagail air comhairle glic aig a bheil a freumhan ann am fearann na tuigse agus an eòlais.

AN LORG AN DAMHAIN-ALLAIDH

Leis

AN URRAMACH IAIN MACLEOID

B'U mhór am beud nach d'fhuair Dòmhnall Hearach foghlum ceart, oir bu duine e aig an robh buadhan inntinne air leth. B'aithne dhòmhsa e 'nuair a bha e 'na fhrithear an Isginn, ach chaith e greis mhath de bheatha ris an obair cheudna am Bràigh Albann no an àiteigin mar sin. 'San tigh-chéilidh an Orasaigh no an Leumrabbagh cha robh a shamhuil idir ann, cho geur-chuiseach solusach, suairc.

Bha mi-fhéin co-dhiù a' fàs seachd sgìth de na seanachasan faoine air an robh iad cho tric a mach, mar a bha an t-each-uise, na tighen staille, bana-bhuidsich, agus mac-an-t-srònaich. Ach bu bhuidheach leam gun teagamh inneasan Dhòmhnaill air na meirlich-seilge, no cuilbheartan nan eilidh sgèanach. Bha iad ag ràdh gun togadh e fàile nam fiadh cheart cho ciotromach ri cù-luirg, agus dh'aithnicheadh e an lach bheag is mhór agus gloc a' gheòidh roimh neach sam bith eile. Cha robh eòin air ealtainn 's na speuran o'n dreadhan-donn gu guilbneach is feadag air slios nam beann no ainmhidh ceithir-chasach, an gnè is an cleachaidhean, air nach robh e mion-eòlach. Nan chluinneadh sibh-se a sgeulachdan mu chlamhain 's an fhireach, mu na biastan-dubha a thachair ris air a' mhòintich, no na brocluinn air an tàinig e eadar Loch Chaitseal agus an Loch Cruinn!

Ach 'se chuir an t-iongantais ormsa buileach glan an sgial a dh'innis e mu dhamhan-allaidh. Mur a biodh gur ann as a bheil fhéin a thàinig i—is cha b'e ramalair a bha ann deth—cha chreidinn facal dhith. Chan eil mi cinnteach an diugh an ann an tìr a bhreithe agus àraich a chunnaic e an sealladh no an ann far an robh e muigh mu na caoil a deas. Tha e coltach gun shuidh e làimh ri linne an àite féitheach air a' mhòintich agus e leigeil analach. Chunnaic e an creutair ud 'na dheann-ruith air an talamh, agus chan fhaca sibh-se riamh ach cho mór 's cho eireachdail 's a bha e, dath donn air le bannan farsainn òr-bhuidhe.

"Chum mi mo shùil air," ars esan, "gus an tug e cruinn-leam do'n ghluma, agus b'e féin am balach air an t-snámh: Lean e roimhe gu sibhhlach, ealamh gus an do chuir e fodha rudha a bha mu m' choinneamh. Chaill mi an sin e. Chuir mi a' ghlaine-amhairc ri mo shùilean, a' reusonachadh leam fhéin ciod a ghnè chreutair a bha ann, 'nuair a mhothaich mi e ag cur car dheth faisg air bad luachrach, agus am prìoba na sùla cha robh for air. C'ait' an deach e? Thug e fo'n uisg air mar gum faiceadh tu ròn agus abair thusa ùin' mus do

nochd e! Bha dùil agam gun robh e air a bhàthadh an grunn an aigeinn. 'So,' arsa mise rium fhéin, 'so an damhan ris an canar an spùinneadair an tòir air a bheò-shlàint a druim an locha. Chithhear gu leòir diubh am boglaichean mar so! Ge tà bha mi ceàrr. Cha b'e sin idir an treubh do'm buineadh an damhan-allaidh ud, agus innsidh mi dhuibh mar a fhuair mi mach sin. Chan eil leithid an fhir ud san fhonn, 'illean, agus chan fhaicear e ach mar rionnag san oidhche fhraisaich.

Thug mi a mach am bonnach coirce a bha agam le im eadar a dha bhial agus thòisich mi 'ga itheadh, a' gabhail iolla ris a' bhreabadair-làdhrach fad na h-ùine. Thàinig e air tìr, agus nach saoiladh sibh gun tugadh e na buinn as gu a lìon agus greis mhath a nis bho d'fhàg e a dhachaidh. 'Eil fhios agaibh gu bheil buill de theaglach an damhain agus cha shnìomh iad lòn idir? Cho euoltach agus a tha iad ri an càirdean eile, an fheadhainn air an eòlach mi fhéin 's sibh féin! So aon nach snìomh, damhan-allaidh a bhòidich is a chuir roimhe nach fhigheadh esan aon rib ann am fuiricheadh e dh'fheuchainn ach dé a shlugadh e suas. B'e roghainn 's a dhùin, an àite feith-eimh gu foighidneach ris a' chreic, a dhol a mach, cleas nam beathaichean mòra fiadhaich, a shealg 's a ghlacadh a bhòidh.

Coma leat, co-dhiù, 'nuair a thàinig e air tìr thog e air gu àite ri oir na buiginn, riasg agus seileasair mu'n cuairt air. B'ann an so a chunnaic mi nithean do-chreidsinn da-rìribh. Thòisich thu ann an sin air duilleagan a chruinneachadh. Na duilleagan a thaitinn ris chàraich e gu h-òrdail, dòigheil air an talamh, an fheadhainn nach do chòrd ris leig e leis an t-sruth. Dé a bha e deanamh le na duilleagan? 'Gan deocadh, an ann, air son subsaint sam bith a dh'fhaodadh a bhith ann? Cha b'ann idir, ach 'gan taghadh gu cùramach mar chlàran air son eathair a bha e togail!'

Thug a' chuideachd lachan gàire asda. "Bu tu mo shaor dubh, am breabadair làdhrach," arsa iadsan a bial a chéile. "Cha leig sibh a leas," ars' esan, "chan eil agam ach an tul-fhìrinn. 'Se sin a tha ann deth—saor dubh. Ach fuiricheadh sibh-se.

Dh'ith mi am bonnach agus thug mi searrag as mo phòcaid agus dh'òl mi mo thea, agus bha e fhathast a' sàs san obair ud—a' taghadh nan duilleagan bu tiorra 's bu treise agus 'gan cur 'nan àit. Ceann sreatha bha bìrlinn'shnog, dhealbhadh aige, fuairte le snàthainn shoda a thàinig as a chorp féin. Bha i air a calcadh aige

le stuth air choireigin nach b'aithne dhòmhsa. Nam faiceadh sibh-se cho grinn agus a bha an clar-uachdair a bha oirre! Chuir e fallus air an fhallus dheth air a' bhad ud mus robh i uallamh mu dheireadh gu ghabhail gu uisg agus mus do shlaod e i gu ceadha. Air dha a dhol air bord shàth e i le chois o thìr agus shuidh e gu sòlda ann an sunnaig air an tobhta.

Tha e 'na shaor dubh agus 'na dheagh sheòl-adair mar an ceudna. Leis a' ghòireas innleachdail ud a chaidh aige air a chur ri chèile faodaidh e cuairt a chur air an loch fheòir aige fhéin o cheann gu ceann agus cha tig fuachd no fhuachadh an taobh a tha e."

Thug a' chuideachd lachan mòr gàire asda. "Tha mi creidsinn, a chuilein, nach bi e gearan na sataig co-dhiù is an ràmhach sin 'ga chumail cho blàth, seasgair," arsa fear nach robh, a réir coslais, ag cur mórain creideis sa' chùis. "An robh sgioba aig air bord na soth-luinge?", dh'fhoighnich fear eile. "An i soitheach ràmhach a bha innate," ars an ath fear, "no an robh i fo cuid seòl, no an e bàta-smùid a bha aige?" "An robh guth aige air lìn bhradain a chur?" "An e féin a bha air a stiùir?"

"Dèanadh sibh-se air 'ur socair," ars an duine còir, "agus innsidh mise sin dhuibh. Tha e glé iongantach—creutair cho toinisgeil, gionnach, làmhcharach ris an damhan so, a thogas soitheach-seòlaidh cho ciatach, nach do dh'ionnsaich e riamh, o thòisich e strìth ri uisg, a' bhirlinn a stiùireadh, no iomaradh, no seòl a chur ri crann. Uidheam sam bith chan eil aige, cho fad' agus is fiosrach mise, a chuideicas leis. 'S ann a tha e a' ruith roimh dhoinn, air a ghiùlan mu'n cuairt leis gach gaoith a shéideas, air a thonn-luasgadh le sruth is soirbheas. 'S coma dhasan de am port a ni e dheth. So far a bheil móran dinn fhìn coltach ris—mar an locust truagh air ar fuadach le ghuasad nan sian thuig agus uait a ris, gun chòmbaiste, gun iùl, gun treoir! Ach b'fhiach a' bhirlinn a faicinn, cho briagha 'sa laigheas i, agus chan e sin ach cho fìor-fheumail agus a tha i dha. Chan fhaic thu nial an acrais air a' bhalach ud, is tu nach fhaic, oir chan ann ri cleasach no air mhìre a tha e seòladh an locha, ach a' sìreadh a lóin. Agus is ann leis a tha an soirbheachadh math.

Luchd-àiteachaidh an lochain ud mar tha cuileagan teichidh iad uaithe le uamhann is fiamh aon uair 's gun nochd an iùbhrach, dìreach mar a dhèanadh ar sinnsearan féin 'nuair thigeadh na Lochlunnaich a mhilleadh 's a mharbhadh 'nan soithichean-cogaidh móra le iomhaigh an dràgoin 'nan toiseach. Tha creutairean an sud agus ged a tha iad ag cur seachad am beatha air grunn an locha feumaidh

iad uair no uaireigin éirigh air son balmag de dh'àileadh glan na mòintich fhaighinn. Chan eil iad air an uachdair ach car tiota, gidheadh mus tàr iad as do'm fardaich féin 's na h-uisgeacha domhain bithidh am beatha a dhith orra. Ni e marbhadh is sgathadh mór, is mo thogair, a measg nan creallagan is nam meanbh-chuileagan. Feumaidh iad so fuireach air uachdair an uisge gus am fàs an sgiathan, agus goirid mus éirich iad air sgéith, am feadh agus a tha iad fhathast beò air éiginn, leumaidh e orra, agus fann gun seadh 's mar a tha iad, bheir an fheadhainn bhoirionn ionnsaidh air le'n gathan, ach bithidh iad uile 'na chraos air luathair. Mura ruig e orra o chliathaich na soithich leumaidh e mach—nam faiceadh sibhse cho sgiobail is a tha e—beiridh e air sgòrnan orra agus tillidh e le na ciosaichean chon na birinne agus an sin ithear suas gu sglamhach iad ann am fois. Agus tha chead aige! 'Eil fhios agaibh gun chunnt mi fhéin suas ri fichead seòrsa de na cuileagan ud agus tha cuid diubh, coltach ris na creallagan Innseanach fhéin, cho làn de phuinsan na teasaiche agus a tha an t-ubh de'n bhiaidh— an teasach ud a dh'fhàsaich dùthaich *Phanama* an am dhaibh a bhith fuasgladh na claise-uisge,

Dh'fhiosraich mi cuideachd an dòigh a tha aige air a dhol fodha. Beiridh e air starr, cuseig, no cuile agus leanaidh e air adhart sìos, ceum air ceum, mar gun cromadh e àradh, ach cha téid e móran a bharrachd air dhà no thrì òirlich sìos. Cha tarruing e anail fo'n bhùirn, ach càrnaidh e suas na dh'fhoighnas dha air son a tharus fo thuin.

Agus seall air seòltachd a' bheathaich bhochd! Chan eil esan gun a nàimhdean guineach fhéin, ach leis gach car a tha ann is cleas, tha e doirbh da-rìribh breith air. Chl e eascaraid fad as agus air ball a mach air stoc leis, crùbaidh e fo dhrùin na birinne agus fanaidh tu san uisge an sin gus an téid an cunnart seachad agus an tig an t-am a bhith a' toirt ceuma as. Is e an nàmhadh is mì-chneasda a tha aige a chéile féin. Cha bhuan a shaghal-san, bròinein, co-dhiù. Cuiridh fuachd a' gheamhraidh crìoch air, mura cuir ise an t-eanachainn as roimhe sin, mar is tric a tha tachairt. Creutairean buairesach, borba 'se a tha anns an fheadhainn bhoirionn agus gu mì-nàdurra 's ann do an companaich féin as mò a nochdas iad an an-ìochdmhoireachd."

Bha eagal orm fhéin an toiseach gur ann a' feala-dhà ruinn a bha Dòmhnall mu'n damhan-allaidh. Cha bu mhaith leam gun cluinneadh esan so, ach dh'fhoighnich mi do dh'àrd sgoilear an cuala e riamh a dhà leithid eadar thìr-mór agus eileanan, agus thubhairt e gun cuala gu dearbh. 'Se a bha aig Dòmhnall smior na firinne.

Aiseirigh A' Bheachain

(A' chiad duais aig Mòd 1959)

Air madainn chiataich Chéiteinich
'S mi cur gu réidhlean tòn
Bha m'aighe 'gam cho-éigneachadh
Gu dol ri géire bàird.
Bha feachd nam beachan dicheallach
Air feadh nan dithean tlàth'.
Nam b'aithne dhòmhs' a mhineachadh
Gum b'e sud brìgh mo dhàin.

Fàilt ort a bheachain arbhaigeach
Air teachd bho d' fhalchain suain.
B'e 'n cleachdadh dhut san aimsir so
Bhith falbhan feadh nan cluain.
A nis an thill ath-bheòthachd riut
Bidh thu 'gad dheòin toirt suas
Do chaistealan 's do chòraichean
Far na thaisg thu stòr le luach.

On rinn co-dhsgainn fàbhar riut
'S nach d' chreach i d' àros clùth,
'S na thional thu gu h-ànnarach
Air fàrsan nan dàil cùbhr',
A dh'aindeoin crìon-chur geamhraidh
Bheir a' Bhealltainn dhut ath-lùth
Le blàthdhealtachd an t-samhraidh
Ris an robh gach am do dhùil.

Nuair sgeadaicheas brat neòineineach
Dail Flòra nam mór chluain
Bidh tu ri iolladh shòlasaich
'Nad sheòmraichean cur uail,
'S tu 'n crochadh ri uchd dhitheinean
Mar leanabh-cìch' bean-shuairc.
'S a Freasdal treun is didean dhut
'S cha dalt' thu, diblidh, truagh.

Gu faicte moch is anmoch thu
Ri falbhan gun chairt-iùil
Thar mhachraichean nan calg-dhaite
Gu garbhlach nan cas-stùc.
Ach cumaidh aomadh nàdurra
Thu sàbhailt' air do chùrs'
Gu d'chaornaig chòinnich, bhlàth-mhaisich
Thar àilleachd blàr nam fiùr.

Nuair shéideas gailleann Faoillich
Toirt bhàrr gach raoin an tuair,
'S a bhios gach gnè fo dhaorsainn
Nach d' shaothraich ri bhith buain,
Bidh thusa saobhir, sòlasach
Le d' stòras mar bu dual.
Mur diobair thu le d' dheòin rud
Chan eil dòigh air a thoirt bhuat.

Gur gaisgeach treun gun mhùiseig thu
Do'n dùthail rùsgadh lann;
Gu fearail, fraochail, dùbhlanaich
Fo'n ghur as dùire greann.
Ach dh'aom na làithean 'dheònaichinn
Bhith còmhstri riut air ball.
Nam faicinn dol sa' chòmhraig thu
Cha sòrains ort mo gheall.

Ar leam gur mór an dìomhaireachd
A lean bho chian ri d'àl;
Gun fhiosrachadh air falaidheachd
Na dol ri gnìomh am pàirt.
Cha lunntaire nan iasad thu,
Air neach chan iarradh dàil;
Bu lùthmhor san lios iadhshlat thu
Mun iadhadh grian an àigh.

Faic cuileagan an t-samhraidh
'S iad a' dannsadh ris a' ghréin,
Gun uallachadh ri geamhrachadh,
An tòir air annlann breun.
Ach nuair thig là na teanntaireachd
Thig campar agus éis.
B'e 'n gliocas dhaibh bhith sealltainn riut
Mar shamhla air deagh-bheus.

'S tric chaidh do ghliocas ainmeachadh
An searmon nan ceann-iùil
Ri mineachadh nan cealgairean
Rinn dearmad air gach cùis,
A chaith am beatha dìomhaineach
'S na bliadhnanach gun dù.
Tha d'aiseirigh toirt fianuis dhuinn
G' eil dìomhaireachd ri d' chùl.

Nan d' bheachdaich mi gu dùrachdach
Do chùr an làithean m' òig',
Na cleachdannan bha 'n dùthchas dhut
'S a lean gu dlùth ri d' phòr,
Bhiodh gliocas agus cùram
Air mo ghiùlan ri mo lò;
Le cogais shaoir toirt cunntasan
Do Rìgh nan Dùl fa-dheòidh.

Nis guidheam buadhan sòlasach
Bhith dhut an òrdugh réidh,
Is gliocas buan 'gad threòrachadh
Gu lin-thigh chur ri chéil'.
Gun dèanadh Freasdal fàbhar riut
'Gad dhion bho làmh nan creuchd.
'S co-ionann dhuinn gu nàdurra,
'S sinn annrathach le chéil'.

DOMHNALL AILEAN MACDOMHNAILL.

Beachdan

Fhir-dheasachaidh,

Mo bheannachd agaibh gun robh sibh cho misneachdail, léirsinneach 's gun do chuir sibh ceistean air son an robh sibh ag iarraidh freagairt. Nam bithinn a' dol a fhreagairt nan ceist mar bu mhath leann cha b'e taobh-duilleig na dhà a dh'fheumainn ach a dhà na trì cheudan. Cha toir duine aig nach eil ùidh ann an Gàidhlig fosgladh do aon de na ceistean, agus mar sin tha mi an dòchas gun leig sibh "iallan na Féinne" agus cead an coise do'n chuire duine a fhreagras sibh.

Am bheil cus Beurla aig Mòd is eile? Tha fios math gum bheil. Chan eil duine a dh'fhosglas a bhial aig coinneamh Ghàidhlig nach can facal na dhà an Gàidhlig agus a dhà na trì cheudan am Beurla. Tha sin a' nochdadh gu soilleir do'n t-saoghal nach eil earbsa air thalamh aca 'nan cainnt na dòchas air bith aca dha taobh. Tha sinn cuideachd a' leigeil cus cuideam air ceòl is òrain, agus ro bheag air Gàidhlig. Gabhaibh beachd air an so. Togaibh clàr-eagair Mòid air bith ma thogras sibh, is chì sibh an dubh 's an geal an fheadhainn a fhuair "Prìomh-dhuaisean", agus cò iad? Luchd nan òran 's gun ghuth air a' chòrr. Is e mo bheachd-sa, air aon fhear, gum mair ceòl Gaidhealach, gum bi e maireannach, chan ann le cuideachadh A' Chomuinn, ach ge b'oil leis. Mar dhearbhadh air sin, bha mi 'g éisdeachd, an oidhche roimhe, ris an *London Philharmonic Orchestra*, 's iad a' cluiche "Fuinntomraideach Sasunnach", is sin air a chraobhsgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail, agus fhearaibh 's a ghillean, 'nam measg bha "An t-Eilean Muileach" agus "Cuachag nan Craobh"! Dé a nis an t-iongnadh ged a chanadh an Ridive Uisdean Roibeartan, is e 'na bhreitheamh-ciùil, "Is beag tha dh'fhios aig A' Chomunn Ghaidhealach cho dìongmhalta 's a tha an togalach air an do chur iad clach." Tha mise, mar Ghaidheal, tuilleadh is buailteach air a bhith a' cluiche na fìdhle Gallda is cathair na Gàidhlig 'na teine. Cha bhì againn air fhàgail ach an luath.

Chan e nach robh is nach eil daoine léirsinneach, tuigseach an sàs an obair A' Chomuinn, ach tha agus bha cuid eile ann an-ghoiseil 's a' Bheurla air a dhol eadar iad 's an léine. Nuair a thilgeas duine tha faicinn gum bheil iad a' dol air slighe an t-seacharain clach chan fhaic iad an spitheag mar rabhadh, ach mar cheap-tuislidh is mar chnap-starraidh agus théid iad 'nan deann ruithe air an rathad a tha rompa. Tha an t-eadar-dhealachadh as motha eadar a bhith a' cur rud an aghaidh a chuilg agus a bhith ruithe nan féitheanan. Nuair tha sinn

a' spéilireachd ri faileasan le acfhuinn Gallda chì sinn luath na mall an rud a chunnaic na h-Albannaich eile o chionn fhada, gum bheil a' Bheurla "a' deoghal teanga a tir."

Tha uirsgeul mhór, fhada, agus cosmhalachd a bhios fìor gu deireadh ùine am beul-aithris nan Ceilteach. Chuala mi an toiseach i aig caillich a thubhairt mu urra cho mór ri Alasdair Mac Gille Mhicheil is i air coire fhaighinn air a' Ghàidhlig aige, "Bha gu leòr agam ach cha tugainn dhàsan e." Fhuair mi rudan nach eil an *Carmina Gadelica* is nach fhaca mi riamh an clò, aig an t-seann bhean. Chuala mi an uirsgeul-sa cuideachd aig bodach an Lochabar agus rud nach do chuir iongnadh orm aig té an teis meadhon na h-Asia. Tha i cur an cèll nan nithean a tha marbhadh cainnte agus a' fàgail dhaoine balbh. Thug mi cumadh a thuigeas naoidhean oirre, agus chuir mi chon A' Chomuinn i an 1937. Cha do leig iad orra gun d'fhuair iad i, agus chan fhacas càil a b'fhaich an t-saothair innte. Tha i nis aig sgoilear tuigseach, léirsinneach a tha an urra ri *Gairm*. Chì esan innte an rud nach fhaic sùil a' chuirp, ach is léir do shùil na h-inntinne, agus tomhaisidh e i le breitheachadh an eòlais, is sgrùdaidh e i le gloinne-amhairc mac-meanmnaid. Thoiribh uile sùil air "Am Balbhan."

So faicean air a' chaid cheist, agus gheibh sibh an còrr ma ghabhas sibh e.

Le spéis

AN TARAN.

-
- (a) Tha iad a' cur as a leth gu bheil e glé leisg.
 - (b) Is fhada an t-saoghail bho bha iad sud a' fuireachd air leth.
 - (c) Tha e 'na làn thèid sealltainn as do dhéidh.
 - (d) Bha mi air mo tholladh leis an acras.
-

"Nan robh na Gaidheil air fantainn dileas do'n Ghàidhlig, seadh iadsan a thàlaidheadh gu suain le crònan a ciùil, agus a dh'éisid le tlachd ri cagar gràidh an luchd toigheachd, cha bhiodh cor na Gàidhlig an diugh cho ìosal. Is lionmhor iad anns na bliadhnanachan a dh'fhalbh a dh'àraicheadh gu fearachas gun smid 'nan ceann ach Gàidhlig bhlasda an athraichean leis nach miann a nis an dàimh ris a' chainnt sin aideachadh, ach a shéideas trompaid nan Gall gu liotach, spaglainneach."

AM FEACHD GAIDHEALACH.

Tha sinn a' guidhe Bliadhna Mhath Ur do ar càirdean uile.

LEARNER'S PAGE

An t-Earrach

Spring

Bha gach duine mu'n cuairt agus obair fhéin air a cur a mach dha. Bha feadhainn a' treabhadh, feadhainn a' cur sil, feadhainn a' cliathadh agus feadhainn a' cur a' bhuntáta.

"Is glòrmhor an t-am de'n bhliadhna an t-earrach," arsa mise.

"Seadh, gun amharus," fhreagair esan. "Nach éisd thu ri ceilearadh nan eun anns na craobhan ud shuas. Tha an ceòl gach madainn a' cumail 'nam chuimhne gum bu cheart dhòmhsa cuideachd cliù a thabhairt, mar a tha iadsan a' déanamh, do'n Tì a tha 'gam chumail beò."

"Tha sin ceart," arsa mise. "Is iomadh leasan a dh'ionnsaicheas duine glic bho na seallaidhean bòidheach a tha mu'n cuairt dha air gach taobh anns an dùthaich."

Bha sinn a nis a' dlùthachadh air an tigh an déidh ar cuairt a chriochnachadh. An uair a ràinig sinn thàinig caileag laghach a mach as a' bhàthaich le cuman bainne aice 'na làimh.

"A Mhàiri," arsa Calum, "nach toir thu deoch do'n choigreach? Chan eil fhios nach eil am pathadh mór air."

"Is mise ni sin," arsa Màiri, is i a' ruith a steach do'n tigh. Thàinig i a mach ann an tiota le gloinne 'na làimh agus fhuair mise deoch bhainne cho mìlis, blasda is a fhuair mi riamh.

"Gu robh math agad, a chaileag," arsa mise. "Bha am bainne ciatach."

"Is e bhur beatha, a dhuin'-uasail," fhreagair i gu ciùin, modhail agus dh'fhalbh i air ais do'n tigh.

Bha a nis an latha a' dol seachad agus bha an t-am a' tarraing fagus dhomh m'aghaidh a chur air an dachaidh, agus mar sin thubhairt mi ri Calum, "Chan eil mi sgìth de'n chuideachd, a Chalum, ach is fheudair dhomh a bhith a' falbh."

"Cìod i do chabhadh," ars esan, "nach fuirich thu gus am maireach agus gabhaidh sinn cuairt mhath eile a mach ris a' mhonadh?"

"O, feumaidh mi a bhith aig m'obair anns a' mhadainn," arsa mise, "ach a' chiad latha saorsa bhios agam thig mi g'ur n-amharc do'n ghleann."

"Agus bithidh fàilte romhad, a dhuine chòir," fhreagair e. "Chan ann a h-uile latha a thig duin'-uasal a shealltainn air Calum Tuathanach."

"Coma leat de'n uaisleachd an dràsda," arsa mise is mi a' falbh. "Latha math leat, a Chalum."

"Latha math leat gu dearbh," ars esan, "agus gun éireadh gu math leat," agus mar sin dhealaich mi fhéin agus Calum.

Every one round about had his own work assigned to him. Some were ploughing, some sowing seed, some harrowing, and some planting potatoes.

"Spring is a glorious time of the year," said I.

"Yes, without doubt," he replied. "Listen to the singing of the birds in the trees up yonder. Their music every morning reminds me that it would be right for me also to give praise, as they do, to the One who keeps me alive."

"That is right," I said. "A wise man will learn many a lesson from the beautiful sights about him on every side in the country."

We were now drawing near the house after finishing our walk. When we arrived a pleasant girl came out of the byre with a pail of milk in her hand.

"Mary," said Calum, "do give a drink to the stranger. Perhaps he is very thirsty." "I will do that," said Mary, as she ran into the house. She came out in a moment with a glass in her hand, and I got a drink of milk as sweet and palatable as I ever got.

"Thank you, lass," said I, "the milk was lovely."

"You are welcome, gentleman," she replied gently and courteously, and she went back into the house.

The day was by now passing and the time for me to face homewards was drawing near. Therefore I said to Calum, "I am not tired of the company, Calum, but I must be going."

"What is your hurry," he said, "will you not stay till to-morrow, and we shall set out for another good trip to the moor?"

"I must be at my work in the morning," I said, "but the first free day I have I shall come to see you in the glen."

"And a welcome will await you, my good man," he answered. "It is not every day that a gentleman visits Farmer Calum."

"Never mind nobility just now," I said as I departed. "Good day to you, Calum."

"Good day to you, indeed," he said, "and may you prosper." And so Calum and I parted.

GAELIC IN IRELAND

THE English Government in Ireland from the very first tried to suppress the Irish language. These efforts failed. There was little printed matter in Irish as yet, but thousands of manuscripts written in the language were lost. Irish was spoken by all classes in the country up to the middle of the 17th century, but after English and Scottish settlers took up the lands of dispossessed owners, Irish ceased to be used much by the upper classes. Still it was the home speech of the vast majority of the people. It was during the 19th century that the rapid decay of Irish set in.

In the schools under the National Board of Education, children were punished for speaking their mother tongue; everything was done to discredit their native speech in the eyes of the children. Towards the end of the 19th century Irish seemed practically dead, and Irishmen generally were quite indifferent. It was at this stage that the Gaelic League took up the fight under the active leadership of Douglas Hyde, who later became the first President of Éire. A revival of interest set in and spread rapidly.

The Gaelic League was established in 1893 for the purpose of maintaining and reviving the Irish language, literature, music, sports and arts and crafts. All who were interested in Irish culture were welcome as members, and many who afterwards occupied prominent positions in the country were attracted. The Gaelic League was planned to be nation-wide. Branches were established in widely scattered areas wherever a body of people interested in Gaelic could be found. Through time, although the Central Executive Committee was supreme, these Branches were, in practice, the most important part of the organisation.

Wherever a Branch of the League was formed there was a teacher of Gaelic, for one of the conditions of affiliation was that a proportion of the members must attend classes in the Gaelic language. In addition, provision was made for Gaelic plays, national dances, and lectures on topics of Irish interest. Local festivals were held at which competitions in singing, dancing, piping, fiddling, and story-telling were arranged. Representatives of local Branches were elected annually to the Ard Fhéis, or High Assembly, as a result of which Branches were able to compare efforts, and kept in touch with the parent organisation.

Besides classes in Gaelic, each Branch held ceillidhs providing entertainment in the form of singing, dancing and recitations. These functions brought variety and pleasure into the lives of the people who lacked other forms of entertainment.

Thus the Branches of the Gaelic League were social centres and played a useful part in the communal life of isolated places and small centres of population.

Summer Colleges, connected with, though not controlled or maintained by, the Gaelic League, were organised in lonely country places where Gaelic was the home speech. In these Colleges an opportunity was provided for hearing the spoken language every day as a medium of communication as well as for discussions and lectures on the different branches of language and literature. The students lived in houses near the school or hall where lectures were given, and were made up of keen learners of the language, and teachers who required instruction to equip them for their professional work.

The successful efforts of the Gaelic League during the first quarter of the 20th century gradually encouraged local managers to make provision for Gaelic in their schools, and by 1922 it was the principal subject in all National schools.

The Irish Government, in response to persistent agitation, decided to introduce some reforms in Secondary Education during the early years of the present century. One result was the prominence given to Gaelic in the Secondary Schools. This gave the language a new status; it brought the question of Gaelic into Irish politics as an urgent issue.

Once the language gained recognition as a specific subject in the Secondary Schools, the number of pupils taking it as one of their subjects steadily increased, and when the Government took complete control of National Education in 1922 Gaelic was already being successfully taught in a large number of schools in the country. From now onwards all schools supported by Government grants must devote a substantial proportion of time per week to the teaching of Gaelic. Increased grants are now given to schools that allocate time to Gaelic studies beyond a definite number of hours per week, while those where Gaelic is the medium of instruction in other subjects are in receipt of additional grants.

The fact that a knowledge of Gaelic is now essential for all Government employment and for admission to the various professions is a great incentive for children to study it. The result is that for years now, Gaelic is the subject that receives most attention in all National schools. In many schools, and in Training Colleges for school teachers, Gaelic is the only medium of instruction except, perhaps, in the teaching of English.

Whether the strong position of Gaelic in the schools of Eire at present will arrest the rapid decay of the language as the native speech is problematical. The number of native speakers, found mostly in the west together with a small but active group in County Waterford, is relatively small, and through emigration and other causes this number is rapidly diminishing. It is doubtful if considerable numbers throughout the State continue to use Gaelic in their daily intercourse after their school days are over. At any rate, in Dublin where the use of Gaelic, as the official language, is so apparent in schools and public institutions, one rarely hears the language spoken outwith gatherings of enthusiasts. It is definitely not the language of the homes or the streets. J T.

Executive Council

The Executive Council met on 14th November, 1959 when the President, Mr. Hugh MacPhee, who presided, welcomed the 37 members present. He referred to the recent death of the following members all of whom had rendered valuable service to the Association:—Mrs. Mackinnon, Glasgow; Miss Margaret Macdonald, Mull; Mr. Alexander Thomson, Paisley; Major A. M. MacLachlainn, Mull.

Minutes of the Special Meeting of Council, and of the Advisory Committee were approved. The Advisory Committee, which had considered the policy of An Comunn in relation to present day developments in the Highlands and Islands, recommended that a direct approach be made to Secretary of State for Scotland to ensure that cognisance be taken of An Comunn's interest in the social, cultural and economic life of the people in these areas. Powers were given to the Advisory Committee to pursue this matter.

Presenting a Minute of the Finance Committee, Mr. Grant spoke of the need for installing electric heating in the Comunn Office as it was situated in one of the smokeless areas in the city. It was decided to use the "Nightstor" system.

The Minute of the Education Committee made reference to the Gaelic Reader for classes V and VI in Secondary Schools which was being compiled by the Central Gaelic Committee, E.I.S. along with members of An Comunn. The B.B.C. were thanked for all they are doing for Gaelic. Provost Donald Thomson, Convener, reported on meetings with the W.E.A. with regard to the provision of a Gaelic class at one of their summer schools.

Submitting a Minute of the Propaganda Committee, Mrs. Bannerman mentioned that two new Branches had been established in Perthshire, another at Larbert, and it was hoped to revive the Rothesay Branch, and establish a new one in Gigha. As a possible inducement for teachers of music it was agreed to increase the salary offered. Last year there was no response to the advertisement for teachers of music.

Two minutes of the Mod and Music Committee were approved. Mr. Bannerman reported on the success of the Dundee Mod, and spoke of the hearty welcome and support given by the Magistrates and the Local Committee. It was agreed to give a short translation of the songs in certain of the principal competitions.

A Minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh noted that a scheme of work for the Feachdan was being prepared by the Convener, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, and that it was hoped to submit it to Directors of Education and teachers in the Gaelic area. Provost D. Thomson thought that expenses in connection with the summer camps should be defrayed out of the Memorial Fund of Comunn na h-Oigridh. Mr. Donald Grant felt that only the interest on the capital should be so used. The President, however, pointed out that every Standing Committee had a claim on the General Fund of An Comunn, and suggested that estimates for expenditure for the year should be submitted at the first meeting of the Council after the A.G.M.

The Treasurer was asked to supply a note of income and expenditure in connection with Cnoc nan Ros at the next meeting.

The Convener of the Arts and Crafts Committee spoke of the satisfactory accommodation for display of articles at the recent Mod.

The following were selected to fill vacancies on the Council:—Mr. F. Macrae, Glasgow; Mr. John Mackay, Glasgow; Miss Kate Matheson, Inbhir-ardal; Mr. R. Mackay, Inverness.

The next meeting will be held in Glasgow on 16th January, 1960.

Impressions

On the treeless Isle of Lewis, with a charm that's all its own,
Where the crofters get their dues from a windswept moorland home,
Where the heather and the loch cover landscape far and near,
And the pre-historic broch proves an ancestry most dear.

They live in lonely places where nature
reigns supreme,
And the city's ghoulish pleasures have not
despoiled the scene.
May God, whom they worship most devoutly
and worthwhile,
Protect them from encroachment of all that's
weak and vile.

Yet many of these gentle folks have travelled
round the world,
And fought in Britain's battles to keep her
flag unfurled;
Their sons and daughters proved what worth
can come from out the sheilings;
Have held high rank in all the arts, are
honest in their dealings.

A sense of pride should fill our hearts as we
grow old and wise;
Let's pass the message on to generations still
to rise,
That they in turn may do the same, and
always bless the toil
Of those who predeceased them, and their
labours on the soil.

THOMAS BRYSON.

An Appreciation

The Highland communities of Glasgow and Paisley are much the poorer through the sudden passing last November of Mr. Alexander Thomson, D.C.M., M.C., For very nearly fifty years he took a prominent part in every worthwhile project to further Highland interests and particularly in support of the activities of the Lewis and Harris Association in which, for many years, he was a tower of strength.

Of a most happy disposition, Alick made and retained lifelong friends. In nature guileless and sincere, he saw the silver lining on every cloud, and in company he was always popular and much sought after. He never grew old; even when suffering from a very serious accident which occurred shortly after his retirement he looked out on the world with a genial smile, and made light of his disability. His name will often come up when his fellow students in Tong or Stornoway or Aberdeen foregather.

More than casual acquaintance with Alick Thomson was needed to appreciate his real qualities. He had a keen sense of humour, a strong sense of duty, and a readiness to serve. His penetrative mind was not always apparent

to casual acquaintances, but he saw farther and deeper than he ever claimed. Loyalty to cause and friends was characteristic of him, and envy, distrust, and rancour were foreign to his nature.

Apart from a short period on the staff of Bayble School he spent his teaching years in Glasgow, where latterly he served as a successful headmaster.

Our sympathy goes out to his widow and family and to his sisters in Tong and in Canada in their sad bereavement.

Branch Reports

LAIRG

A very successful ceilidh was staged by the Lairg Branch recently in the school gymnasium, when there was a good attendance. Among the supporters were friends from Shin-ness and from Golspie. Mr. William Macdonald, "Glencoe" presided, and the following artistes were well received:—Miss Kennedy (Edderton); Miss Cathie Ross, Mr. James Moffat and Mr. Colin McKenzie (Ardgay); Mrs. Finlay, Miss Jean Sutherland and Mr. D. Ferguson (Golspie); Mrs. Corbett, Mr. Angus Sutherland and Pipe-Major Matheson (Lairg).

DUMBARTON

The opening ceilidh held in November was chaired by Calum Macleod, the Secretary of An Comunn, who was introduced by the President, Mrs. Mair. Mr. Macleod recalled that he was present at the inception of the Branch some years ago, and said how pleased he was to see such an appreciative audience and to note the good work the Branch was doing.

The following artistes took part:—Miss H. T. Macmillan; Mr. G. MacCallum; Mr. G. Daly; Mr. Millar; Mr. Smith; Mrs. Marshall (accompanist) and Mr. J. McElroy (piper).

LEWIS

At the first ceilidh of this session held in the Masonic Hall Mr. Alick Urquhart acted as Fear-an-tighe. Mr. K. D. Smith appealed for an active and energetic membership of the Comunn.

The programme, which was highly appreciated, was sustained by the following artistes: Iain Crichton (accordeon), Neillan Macleod (pipes), Donnie Murray Margaret Crockett, Margaret Mackenzie, Murdo Gillies, and Kenneth Finlayson.

FORRES

At the monthly ceilidh in the Queen's Hotel on 19th November members and friends welcomed a party from Kyle, Plocton and Inverness. Mr. A. Macleod, Conecavel, presided. Among those who contributed were Miss Jessie Moore, Plocton; Jean Matheson and Mary Matheson, Kyle; Mrs. Mackinnon, Inverness; Messrs. Ronnie Macrae, Balmacara; Donald A. Morrison, Tarbert Harris; Alex. Duncan (piper) and Miss B. McWilliam accompanist. The President, Dr. Morgan, proposed the vote of thanks.

Treasurer's Notes

Dundee Mod, 1959

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged	£128	3	—
James Gardiner, Esq., Inverness	1	—	—
Dugald Rankin, Esq., West Lothian	—	5	—
D. S. Stewart, Esq., Rugby, England	—	10	—
Colonsay Branch	8	—	—
Miss E. M. and Miss H. A. Dudgeon, Mussel- burgh	—	10	—
Miss C. S. McLellan, Aberfeldy	—	7	6
Mrs. Isobel B. Denny, Blairgowrie	—	14	—
Mrs. E. T. Junor, Perth	3	3	—
Capt. D. A. MacLachlan, Ballachulish	1	—	—
Eric Maxwell, Esq., Dundee	5	—	—
Mrs. Isabel Thomson, Edinburgh	1	—	—
Mrs. Mairi Macintyre, Harrogate	2	2	—
Malcolm MacLean, Esq., Tobermory	1	—	—
Miss C. H. Campbell, Glasgow	—	5	—
Mrs. Mary H. M. Gilmour, Invershin .. .	2	—	—
Miss Mary H. Crawford, Dunoon	1	18	3
Tom Murray, Esq., Paisley	—	4	—
Miss Mary McCaffer, London, England	1	—	—
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Aireamh 2

GNATHS-CAINNTE

THA a gnàths-cainnte fhéin aig gach cànain fa leth. Tha cumadh is fuaim nam facal a tha air an cleachdadh ann an cànainean an t-saoghail a' cur dealachadh eatorra; ach cha lugha na sin an t-atharrachadh a tha an dòigh labhairt agus an dòigh sgrìobhadh a' dèanamh eadar cànain is cànain. Taisg an aon smaoin am Beurla agus an Gàidhlig agus chì thu, gu bitheanta, cho eadar-dhealaichte 's a tha an dà dhòigh ri chèile. Tha an nì so fìor, ann an tomas mhór, a thaobh cànainean eile an t-saoghail.

Ma chleachdas neach an gnàths-cainnte a tha nàdurach anns a' Bheurla an uair a labhras e anns a' Ghàidhlig faodaidh, aig amannan co dhìubh, nach bi e soirbh a leantainn, agus tha sin a cheart cho fìor an uair a chleachdas fear na Gàidhlig an dòigh labhairt a tha nàdurach dha, anns a' Bheurla.

Chan e a mhàin gu bheil eadar-dhealachadh ann an cànainean a thaobh an àite a tha na facail a' dleasadh anns an t-sreath, ach tha atharrachadh brìgh aig cuid de na facail fhéin a réir a' chuideachd no an suidheachadh anns am bi iad. Is iad na facail bheaga as trice a tha air an cleachdadh anns a' Ghàidhlig ann an dòighean eadar-dhealaichte. Tha na leoganan anns a' bhalla feumail gu bhith ceangal nan clachan móra ri chèile agus 'g an cumail 'nan àite cho fad 's a tha an cumadh is am meudachd freagarrach air son an àite tha feitheamh orra. Ach mur eil iad freagarrach faodaidh gur h-ann a dh'fhàgas iad na clachan móra na's corraiche na bhiodh iad as an aonais. Tha cuid de na facail bheaga anns

a' Ghàidhlig mar sin. Air an aobhar sin feumar fìor aire a thoirt do bhrìgh an fhacail bhig Ghàidhlig a chleachdar. Chuala mi oileanach a' cur ceiste air balach anns an sgoil. Bha i ag iarraidh a mach an robh croit aig athair a' bhalaich. Ach is e dh'fhoighnich i dha, "A bheil croit air d'athair?" Cha leig mi leas innse nach robh an gille beag buidheach leatha a muigh no mach!

Chan eil dorradas mór do'n oileanach òg facail ùra ionnsachadh an cainnt choimhich, no eadhon tommas de thuigse a dhèanamh air an nì a leughas e. Ach tha e cur feum air teagaisg is cleachdadh air son ùine fhada mus tog e ann an dòigh riarachail gnàths-cainnte na cànaine sin. Cha tric a chluinnear sgoilear làn choimhlionta an cainnt nach do thog e gu nàdurach 'na òige. Chan e a mhàin gu bheil cion blais 'g a bhrath, ach tha an dòigh labhairt aige 'g innse nach do dheoghail e i leis a' bhainne-ciche.

Thug sinn bliadhnachan ag ionnsachadh Laideann is Gréigis a leabhraichean le dicheall is sàrachadh, ach chuireadh an seann Rómanach sùilean air nan labhradh sinn ris 'na chainnt fhéin. Cha tuigeadh e sinn oir cha chuala sinn e fhéin a riamh a' labhairt, agus gun éisdeachd na chluaise cha labhair an teanga ach manntach, cearbach. Tha e do-sheachnaichte feumail ùine mhath a chur seachad a measg na muinntire aig a bheil an cànain a tha thu 'g ionnsachadh 'na cainnt làitheil. Feumaidh a' chluas agus an inntinn a bhith air an deasachadh; agus so foghlum nach fhaighear ann an leabhraichean.

AN T-OLLAMH DOMHNALL MACFHIONNGHUIN

A NN an cuideachd Ghaidhealach air bith b'airidh Dòmhnall MacFhionnghuin nach maireann, Ard Fhear-teagaisg na Gàidhlig an Oilthigh Dhun-èideann, air aon de na ciad àiteachan-suidhe, ged nach robh duine eile an Albainn air am bu lugha a bhith air a chur ann an cathair os cionn chàich.

Bha mi gu math eòlach air fad dheich bliadhna fichead. A mach o'n Ollamh Mac Ghilleathain, an Eaglais Chalum-chille, tha mi an dùil nach robh duine eile do am b'fheàrr a b' aithne e, no a fhuair barrachd d'a inntinn agus d'a bheachdan, agus an uair a thòisicheas mi air bruidhinn ri daoine eile uime is e a' chiad nì a thig gu m' chumhne cho beag 's a bha e saoilinn dheth fhéin. Cha robh bòilich no bòsd ann; chan e gu robh e na b'iriosaille na daoine eile anns an t-seadh as àirde, ach bha e diùd agus gaolach air a bhith fantainn air chùl nam bòrd an àite a bhith tarraing aire dhaoine thuige fhéin. B'e sin a nàdur is a dhòigh, agus ged bu Ghaidheal e gu chùl, le meas agus gaol air a dhùthaich agus air a dhaoine bha e riamh duilich fhaotainn air àrd-ùrlar aig Mòd is cruinnichean mòra de'n t-seòrsa sin. Cha chuala mi gu robh e riamh aig Soiree nam Muileach fhéin ged is leth Mhuileach a bha ann fhéin. B'fheàrr leis paipear fada a sgrìobhadh a chosgadh dha saothair is dragh seach dol air beulaibh dhaoine a sheinn, "Togaibh i, togaibh i, cànan ar dùthcha." Ged nach biodh e fhéin a' dol gu Mòd bu mhath leis daoine eile a bhith dol thuige. Bha e diùid is fiata. Sin an t-aobhar nach robh e r'a fhaicinn am follas cho tric 's bu mhath leinn mar aon de na Cinn o am faigh-eamaid neart agus taic.

Chuir e seachd a bheatha gu réidh, sàmhach ri sgoilearachd, a' lionadh inntinn fhéin le eòlas, agus car suarach co dhùbh a bha fios aig daoine eile gu robh an t-eòlas sin aige no nach robh. Cha robh gaol aige air a bhith mòr agus cha mhotha a leigeadh e air gum b' aithne dha rud nach b' aithne dha idir. Ann an cuid de na h-achaidhean anns a bheil sgoilearan na Gàidhlig ag oibreachadh an diugh cha robh e cho coimhlionta ri aon no dha eile a dh'fhaodainn ainmeachadh; cha robh e cho eòlach air seana chainnt agus litreachas agus eachdraidh Eirinn, no air cannt Lochlann, no air sloinntearachd fhacal, ach a thaobh Gàidhlig Albannaich cha robh sgoilear riamh againn do'm b' aithne Gàidhlig mar chainnt bheò mar a b' aithne do Dhòmhnall MacFhionnghuin i. B' aithne dha i 'na dlùth 's na

h-inneach, 'na gnè, 'na cumadh agus 'na blas 's na siubhal. Bhiodh e mór a ràdh mu dhuine air bith gun do leugh e a h-uile facal a sgrìobh na bàird Ghaidhealach, ach cha deachaidh a' bheag dhiubh seachad air-san, agus leughadh is thuigeadh e na bàird a bu duiliche cho furasda 's a leughas sibhse no mise "An Gleann san robh mi òg" le Niall MacLeòid, aon de na bàird Ghaidhealach as lugha a chuireas strì no spàirn air t'inntinn.

Aig aon am bha e 'na bheachd an leabhar aig Reid, *Bibliotheca Scoto Celtica* a chur a mach as ùr, air a cheartachadh, agus air cur ris, agus cha robh duine eile san dùthaich a b'fheàrr a dhèanadh an obair oir b' aithne dha mórán a dh'eòlas agus de bheul-aithris nan seann sgoilearan Ghaidhealach nach robh riamh air a chur an clò. Leig e sin dheth ach chan eil am fiosrachadh a chruinnich e fad bhliadh-nachan uile air chall oir thug e cuid dheth do Dhòmhnall MacGilleathain a rinn an obair air a' cheann mu dheireadh, agus chuir e cuid eile dheth anns an leabhar aige fhéin *A descriptive Catalogue of Gaelic Manuscripts in the Advocates' Library*, leabhar anns am faic fear a sheallas thairis air cho farsaing agus cho mionaideach 's a bha eòlas MhicFhionnghuin.

Shiubhail e air Latha Nollaige, a' chiad bhliadhna de'n Chiad Chogadh Mhòr an Bailnahaird, an Colasa, fearann air an robh tigh-samhraidh aige fad iomadh bliadhna ann an eilean a dhùthchais. Bha bean is ceathrar de theaghlach aige, dà mhac agus dà nighinn, ach chan eil gin dhiubh beò an diugh ach an nighean as òige.

Bha e trì fichead 's a còig deug an uair a shiubhail e, dà fhichead 's a trì an uair a shuidhicheadh e anns a' Chathair Ghàidhlig, agus bha e innte dà bhliadhna dheug ar fhichead.

A sgoil Cholasachaidh e Dhùn Èideann, far an do thòisich e glé iosal ach far an do chrìochnaich e 'na Ard Ollamh. Chrìochnaich e a chùrsa ann an Oilthigh Dhùn Èideann leis an urram a b' àirde a chosnadh dha fhéin chan ann an cànaean ach ann am Feallsanachd. Ach an ùine ghoirid dhùin e leabhraichean nam feallsanach agus b'e aon de na faicail a chuala mi e ag ràdh uair no dhà nach robh ann an sgoilearachd agus deasbaireachd nam feallsanach ach cagnadh cnàmhan tioram gun dad a tighinn as ach daoine a' briseadh am faclan.

Fad trì bliadhna an déidh dha crìochnachadh an Dùn Èideann theagaisg e ann an sgoil an Loch an Inbhir an Cataibh, agus is ann anns na bliadhnanach sin a dh'fhàs e cho gaolach

air bàrdachd Rob Dhuinn. Do chluas duine a tha cleachdte ri cainnt mhìn, thlàth nan Eileanan tha bàrdachd Rob Dhuinn corrach, briste, gun bhinneas gun cheòl, ach dh'fhàs MacFhionghuin cho cleachte ri cainnt agus ri caoin Dùthaich MhicAoidh 's gun robh e anabarrach gaolach mu dheireadh air bàrdachd Rob Duinn.

An 1869 chaidh e air ais do Dhùn Eideann a thòiseachadh air riaghlairachd, an toiseach 'na Chlèireach aig Comunn an Fhoghlum an Eaglais na h-Alba, an 1872 'na Chlèireach agus 'na Ionmhasair do Bhòrd Sgoile Dhùn Eideann, obair nach tug e suas gus an d'fhuair e Cathair na Gàidhlig. An 1881 bha e air a chur air a' Bhuidheann Sgoilearan a bha air an sònrachadh leis a' Chomunn a bha craobh-sgoileadh an Eòlais Chrìosdail a chuir am Bìobull Gàidhlig an clò as ùr, air a cheartachadh. B'èsan a bha air a dhèanamh 'na Chlèireach do'n Chomunn so.

Tha fios againn uile gur ann le taic làidir agus teanga gheur, dhrùidhtich an Albannaich urramaigh, *Professor Blackie*, a chaidh aig Oilthigh Dhùn Eideann air airgid gu leòr a chruinneachadh a chuireadh Cathair Ghàidhlig air chois. Bha trìùir no cheathrar air an ainmeachadh mar dhaoine bha freagarrach gu leòr an cur innte, ach air a' cheann mu dheireadh, a mach o'n fheadhainn a bha 'g iarraidh suidhe innte iad fhéin bha a' mhór-chuid de chàirdhean na Gàidhlig an dòchas gur e Dòmhnall MacFhionghuin a gheibheadh i.

Ged nach do sgrìobh e mòran aig an am bha e fhathast òg. Bha e 'na sgoilear math, is dhearbh e anns gach obair is gnothach eile anns an robh làmh aige gun robh tùr is tuigse làidir aige, breithneachadh, agus gu robh e furasda a bhith suas ris.

Ann an comh-shuidheachadh na Cathrach tha e air a chur sìos, cho fad 's a tha Gàidhlig air a searmonachadh an Albainn gur e pàirt a dh'obair Ollamh na Gàidhlig a theagasg do na h-oileanaich a' chaimnt ùisneachadh le snas is blas. Theagamh nach e sin na ceart bhriathran anns a bheil an riaghailt air a chur sìos ach sin is ciall daibh.

Rachadh aig Dòmhnall MacFhionghuin air Gàidhlig mhath a sgrìobhadh e fhéin, agus ged nach b'e a dhòigh no a nàdur gréis no rìomhachas a chur air na paipearan a bhiodh e a' sgrìobhadh an Gàidhlig mu litreachas nan Gàidheal bha iad daonnan crìochnaichte agus òrdail, furasda an leughadh agus an tuigsinn. Bha taic anna do'n inntinn, agus dreach is cumadh is blas na Gàidhlig orra, cho làidir agus cho nàdurra ris an Dubh-Hirtich.

Tha lionadh is tràghadh, gainne is pailteas, ann an sgoilearachd na Gàidhlig, agus tha

fasan na sgoilearachd ag atharrachadh air chor agus gu bheil barrachd suim air a ghabhail air uairean do chnàmhan marbha na tha air a ghabhail do'n chànan bheò, ach tha mi an dòchas nach mair am fasan so gu bràth agus nach tuit sgoilearachd Ghàidhlig cho isosal 's nach fheàrr i na àrsaireachd. Chunnac mi cheana duine gun Ghàidhlig ann an cathair MhicFhionghuin, agus có aige tha fhios nach fhaicear fhathast innte duine gun Ghàidhlig, gun Bheurla—Sagart a *Tibet*.

Tha amharus agam nach dèanadh e ach bhur sgitheachadh nan tòisichinn air a chur sìos air ghad an obair a rinn Dòmhnall MacFhionghuin, agus na paipearan a sgrìobh e an Gàidhlig agus am Beurla, anns an t-seana *Ghaidheal* agus am Mìosachain eile, anns an *Albannach* agus an irisean eile, agus na sgrìobh e mu eachdraidh, mu litreachas, is mu phuingeann sgoilearachd. Sgrìobh e barrachd 's a tha daoine a' seòl sinn, agus cha do sgrìobh e riamh facal a leigeadh e leas nàire a chur air sgoilear no air duin' uasal, oir is e sin a bha ann gu chùil.

Ann an cuideachd mhóir nach b' aithne dha cha robh a' bheag de chur a mach ann, ach an uair a gheibheadh tu e leis fhéin no a measg grunnan beag de dhaoine a bu toigh leis cha robh fear-seanchais a b' fheàrr na e'ri fhaotainn —réidh, athaiseach, tugaideach, le stòr eòlais 'na inntinn an an robh e furasda dha rud air bith a bha dhith air a tharraing gun strì gun sgogaireachd. An uair mu dheireadh a chunnac mi e b'anns a' mhansa agam fhéin anns an t-samhradh 1914, agus bha mi fo ghealladh dha dol a Chhlasa leis ann an deireadh an fhoghair, ach chuir an cogadh crìoch air sin.

DOMHNALL MACLAOMUINN.

Orain Air Son Chloinne Eadar Seachd Is Naoi Bliadhna A Dh'aois

(A' chiad duais aig Mòd 1959).

Am Èirigh

Tha 'ghrian air éirigh,
Tha 'ghrian air éirigh;
Tha éòin nan speuran a' seinn le sùnnid;
An uiseag chéitein'
Le h-òran éibhinn,
'Sa' chuthag 's séisid oirr' aig bonn nan stùc.

Tha crodh a' geumnaich
Tha crodh a' geumnaich,

'S uain òga leumnaich air feur fo'n driùchd.
Tha guth gach creutair
'S iad saor o éislean
Mar aon ag éigheach ruinn "éirich, dùisg."

Tha 'n t-am dhuinn dùsgadh,
Tha 'n t-am dhuinn dùsgadh,
Tha mhaduinn ùr so a' cur oirnn' fàilt.
Chan fhaod sinn dùiltadh
Tha 'n Tì thug lùs dhuinn
'G ar gairm gu mùirneach gu obair là.

Tha 'n t-am dhuinn gluasad,
Tha 'n t-am dhuinn gluasad,
Tha latha nuadh a' toirt cuiridh dhuinn;
Ged sccair cluasag,
Ged 's milis suain linn
Chan fhuirich uair eadhon ris an rìgh.

An Dealan-dé

Tha lannir do sgiathan a' deàrrsadh sa' ghréin
'Cur ri òirdhearcas machair is coill;
Chan eil fìtran fo bhlàth ris an coimeasar sgéimh
Culaidh ioma-dhathach bhòidheach do loinn.

Thu seòladh gu mireagach thairis nan chuan
Gun iomagain no dragh tigh'nn ad chòir;
Mil nam blàth agus braon-dhealt nan speuran
o shuas
Dhut a' freasdal gach là air son lòn.

Gur tric rinn mi ruith gu do cheapadh le foill
'Nuair a laigheadh tu socair air blàth;
Ach dh' aindeoin gach ealain 's gach oidhirp a rinn
Bha do luasgan ro chlisg leam a ghnàth.

Mar dhathan a' chearcaill tha àghmhor 's na neòil
Tha caochladh nan tuar air do sgéith;
'S mar a theicheas am bogha 'nuair thiginn 'na chòir
Co-ionnan leam luathas do cheum.

Chan fhaide na'n samhradh do bheatha bheag
fhaoin—
Ach chan aithne dhut gaillionn na fuachd.
Chan fhaic thu ach maise is aoibhneas an t-saogh'l,
Chan eil doilgheas na bròn ad chuairt.

Chan iarr mi, mar sin, réis bhios fada na gearr,
Ach a mhàin a bhi maiseach gun bhead;
A' cur daonnan ri àireamh nam feartan as feàrr
'Sa' toirt aoibhneas a' chiùil as gach teud.

Na Tri Iartrasan

B'e mo roghainn is m'iartras na faighinn mo mhiann
A bhith fàs mar am flùran gun ghò;
Fo bhlàth-ghathan gréine 's ri caochladh nan sian
Gun euslaint na pian 'nam chòir.
Ann am fallaineachd bodhaig a' cinneadh le sird
Gun ghaiseadh an lùths mo threòir;
Mar dharach an neart, cur a gheugan os cionn
Na tha sireadh a dhion is iad breòit.

B'e m'annsa na faighinn mo thoil, a bhith òg
Ann am chridhe gu deireadh mo là.
Gun caochladh am lntinn; gun airsneul na bròn
A bhith spùinneadh uam neochionnt a' phàisd:
A bhith comasach creideamh is dòchas is gràdh
Chur air thoiseach air òr agus maoin;
A bhith daonnan a' cobhair an caoibhneas air càch
'S a' toirt aoibhneis an àite daors'.

'Se dh'iarrainn air freasdal na faighinn mo rùn,
A bhith glic ann an saoghal tha meallt';
An comas bhith tuigsinn cho tric 'sa ni 'n t-sùil
Ar beachd chur air stiùradh tha caillt'.
B' fheàrr leam eòlas a' cheartais bhith agam,
's an deòin
Gu bhith leantainn a sheòlaidh chiùin réidh
Na iunntas gun àireamh is iomlanachd còir
Air gach sòlas sa' chruinne-ché.

CAILEAN T. MACCOINNICH.

Tir Nan Og

Bha an t-iasgair 'na churach bheag leis fhéin a muigh anns a' bhàgh, a' seòladh mar a bheireadh oiteag an fhoghair no gluasad nan uisgeachan e. An dràsda is a rithist theannadh e ri iasgach leòbag anns an tanalach, ach gu tric shuidheadh e an deireadh an eathair gun a bhith dèanamh dad air an talamh. Bu toil leis am bàgh gun teagamh, ach bu docha leis gu mòr na h-eileanan beaga a bha mach bho thìr far an robh cliathan éisg mu na geodhachan.

Gun fhios dha fhuair e e fhéin an latha-sa am beul an òba far an robh na ròin a' cluiche gu luaineach. Chuir e mu'n cuairt mus buaileadh neart na gaoithe e, ach bha e tuilleadh is anmoch. Cha chuireadh e dub an ceann a' churach leis an dà ràmh. Sguab osag ghreanach i gu h-obann agus dh'fhalbh a' ghaoth leatha a mheadhon an t-srutha a bha siubhal mu cheann an rubha.

Chan fhaca duine a' churach a' fàgail a' bhàigh agus a' dol timcheall an rubha. Thuit an oidhche agus chaidh cnuic na dachaidh as an t-sealladh. Dh'iadh neòil dhorcha an amnoich mu'n cuairt agus shéid a' ghaoth. Bha a' churach a nis an suidheachadh truaigh, agus an cunnart a dh'ol fodha. Ach a mach as an dorch-thàinig sgaoth de ghillean-brìde a chuairtich a' gheòla bheag. Far an robh iad ag itealaich bha an fhaireg air ball sèimh 's cha robh buaidh sam bith aig a' ghaoith air na tuinn. Dh'fhuirich na h-eòin gus na bhris an latha. An sin chunnaic an t-iasgair eilean beag uaine air faire. Rinn na h-eòin air an eilean, agus cha robh e doirbh tuilleadh a' gheòla a' stiùireadh gu uisgeachan balbha an cois a' chladaich. Shlad e gu tìr i. Dhùisg tosdachd an àite eagal gu robh e ann an saoghal eile. Shàth e sgian a bha aige ann an tualach uaine oir chuala e aig na h-iasgairan glìce gun cumadh sud air falbh na droch spioradan.

Chuala e cuideigin a' seinn an guth milis, agus sùil de'n tug e chunnaic e caileag 'na suidhe air creig. Bha i àrd, tana mar a' chraobh bheithe, geal mar an fhaoleag, le falt òr-bhuidhe sios mu dà ghualainn. Smèid i air agus shuidh e ri taobh. Shaoil leis nach cailleadh e gràdh oirre gu bràth.

Chaidh na bliadhnachan seachad. Bha gach latha na b'fhearr na chéile. Cha robh an t-iasgair a riamh roimhe cho sona, cha robh a' ghrian a riamh cho blàth no cho dealrach, cha robh àite eile air an domhain cho sìtheil, beannaichte. Ach thàinig latha anns na thòisich esan a' smaoinichadh air Orasaidh a dh'fhàg e air a chùl. Dh'fheuch e ris an ionn-drainn a mhùchadh ach cha robh sin furasda. Mu dheireadh thug e ceum sios chun a' chladaich far an d'fhàg e a' gheòla o chionn fhada. Dh'fheumadh e aghaidh a thoirt air an eilean ris na dhèalaidh e seachd bliadhna air ais, ach cha roghnaicheadh a' chailleag falbh leis. "Chan fhaod thu falbh," ars ise, "thuinnich thu seachd bliadhna an Tìr-nan-Og, ionad as nach fhaodar tilleadh."

Cha do dh'innis e dhi mu'n sgithinn a shàth e sa' chnoc a bha fàgail cead aig tilleadh dhachaidh. An ath mhadainn lean i e chun a' chladaich. "Thig maille rium gus an ruig sinn an rubha ud thall," ars esan mar a bha e cur na geòla gu sàl . . . Fad trì latha is trì oidhche sheòl iad air uisgeachan buair-easach ach an ceathramh latha chunnaic iad Orasaidh air faire. Stiùir an t-iasgair a' gheòla air a' bhàgh air an robh e cho eòlach. "Thig maille rium," ars esan mar a leum e air tìr, "agus bidh sinn le chéile 'nam dhachaidh air a' chnoc far nach tig olc 'nar còir." Cha do fhreagair ise facal. Labhair e rithe gu

ciùin an dara is an treas uair ach bha ise 'na tosd. Nuair a thog i sùil ris mu dheireadh chunnaic e nach robh aige ach seann chreutair seargte leis an aois. "O mo chéile," thuir i ris, "tilleamaid air ais do'n eilean uaine far am faigh mi m'òige air ais agus far an cum sinn ar n-òige gu bràth."

Thuig esan gu robh na seann sgeulachdan fìor; na thilleadh air ais as an eilean uaine chailleadh iad an òige, am bòichead agus an sonas. Rug e an sin air làimh air a ghràdh agus thog iad orra gu Tìr-nan-Og.

Am Bru-Dhearg

THA eòin ann leis a math cuideachd nan eun eile. Cha tric a chithear iad 'nan aonar idir. Falbhaidh na geòidh 'nan sgaothan anns an athar; laighidh na faoileagan 'nan cuanal air sliabh no air uisgeachan an locha 's a' bhàigh, no chithear iad ag itealaich 'nam buidheannan air uchd an àile. Gun teagamh chithear faoileag leatha fhéin 'g a garadh air bàrr sìmileir, ach chan fhan i fada an sin gus an toir i oirre far a bheil càch a' cuachail. Tha na druidean, na breacain-beithe agus na cearcan déidheil air comunn a chéile.

Ach gheibh thu am brù-dhearg daonnan leis fhéin. Is docha leis comunn an duine na comunn nan eun. Bha mi latha deireadh foghair a' ruamhar anns an lios gun duine 'nam chòir a bheireadh làmh chuidich dhomh 's mi sgìth agus aonarach. Có a thàinig an rathad, mar gum biodh e leughadh mo chridhe, ach brù-dhearg beag, bòidheach. Chan fhaca mi tighinn e, oir tha e fàthach 'na ghluasad, agus cha robh fios idir agam có as a thàinig e. Sheas e gu stobach air mo bheulaibh, thug e sùil orm mar gum b'e seann eòlach a bhiodh ann, agus gum smid as a ghob thug e ceum gu socair tarsaing na feannaig a bha mi ri tionndadh. Stobadh e a ghob an dràsda is a rithist anns an talamh, thogadh e earball is chrathadh e a sgiathan, bhogadh e earball a rithist agus bheireadh e sìtheadh gu callaid no do chraoibh a bha dlùth air làimh. Thilleadh e far an robh mi, sheasadh e air mo bheulaibh as ùr mar nach biodh e air m'fhaicinn o chionn fhada. Bheireadh e ceum na b'fhaigse orm na bha e roimhe, agus leumadh e air plòc is chuireadh e car 'na cheann agus bheireadh e sùil orm leis an t-sùil a bha rium. Leumadh e gu sorchan eile a' cur car sgiobalta dheth fhéin mar gum biodh e air làr-dannsaich. Shealladh e aon uair eile an taobh a bha mise mar gum biodh e 'g ràdh ris fhéin, "An dèanadh tu sud?" Thionndaidheadh e an t-sùil eile rium, leumadh

e a rithist air falbh, is thigeadh e air ais mar gum biodh e feòrach na dh'ionndrainn mi esan an uair ud.

Cha b'urrainn dhomh a' bhith 'gam chall fhìn na b'fhaide a' toirt an aire dha le chuid chleasan as an robh e cho mòr, agus lean mi a' ruamhar gu trang. An ceann ùine cha robh mi 'nam aonar na b'fhaide oir chunnaic mi mo chompanach 'na sheasamh air mo bheulaibh aon uair eile, ceum na bu dluithe na bha e fhathast. Thug e sùil air an obair a chuir mi as mo dhéidh bho dh'fhalbh e, thug e sin sùil ormsa, agus chunnaic mi an sealladh nan sùl aige agus anns an truisseachadh a rinn e air a bhodhaig bhig a' chasa'd, "Cha mhòr a rinn thu bho dh'fhalbh mi." Ach cha d'thuirt e blog.

Thòisich e piocadh as ùr, a' ruith a null 's a nall, a' leum o' cheap gu ceap gus an tàinig ciarach an fheasgair. An sin thug e a chasan leis cho falachaidh 's a thàinig e. Ach thàinig e air ais latha an déidh latha. Tha fios glé mhath gur h-e an t-aon fhear a bha ann ged nach aithnichinn e air a chumadh no air a dhreach is éideadh. Cha tigeadh coigreach cho faisg orm 's a thàinig esan air ball; cha chogadh coigreach a shùil rium agus cha thogadh 's cha bhogadh e earball mar a bha esan a dèanamh mu mo chasan.

Ged nach fhaca mi e a nis o chionn latha no dhà tha fios agam, ma tha e beò, gun till e, oir a réir coltais chan eil comunn na's fheàrr aige.

S.D.T.

Beachdan

A Charaid,

Tha mi cur thugaibh mo fheagairtean do na ceistean a chuir sibh anns A' Ghaidheal am mìos na Samhna. Chan eil annam ach oileanach, ag ionnsachadh Gàidhlig, ach tha a' Ghaidhealtachd 'nam chridhe, agus chan eil uam Gàidhlig bàs fhaighinn, ach tha uam i a dh'fhàs nas fallaine gach bliadhna.

Bhiodh e feumail gu h-àraidh nach fàs a' Ghàidhlig 'na cànan Litreachais a mhàin mar a tha Lallans (Beurla Albannach), ach gum bi i 'na cànan a' phobuill, gum bi i air a labhairt an còmhnuidh ged a tha barrachd a' labhairt na Beurla. Mar sin bheirinn sanas dhuibh—cha chòir a' Bheurla a bhith air a cluinntinn idir aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta. Tha fios agam ceart gu leòr gun cuir sibh mòran air falbh bho'n Mhòd mur eil facal Beurla ann, ach tha mi cinnteach gum biodh e na b'fheàrr mar sin,

oir bheir luchd na Gàidhlig an aire an uair sin gu bheil Gàidhlig 'na cànan bheò, air a labhairt, agus nach eil i 'na cànan mharbh nan òran a mhàin. Ma chluinneas iad mòran Gàidhlig labhraidh iad i. Cha chuala mi ach beagan Gàidhlig aig Mòd na bliadhna so an Dun-déagh.

Chan eil mi cinnteach am biodh e na b'fheumail Mòd na Cloinne a bhith dealaichte ri Mòd nan Inbheach. Ach bhiodh e na b'fheàrr a chumail air a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus còthrom a thoirt do'n chloinn o dheas coinneachadh ri clann na Gàidhlig aig an dachaidhean, mar a tha sibh ag ràdh. Ma dhealaicheas sibh Mòd na Cloinne ri Mòd nan Inbheach theagamh nach bi uiread de'n chloinn aig a' Mhòd. Ma chumar am Mòd mar a tha e nis bidh taic nam pàrantan agaibh cuideachd.

Ach is e mo bharail gu bheil am Mòd air Ghalldachd tuilleadh is tric. Tha sinn uile eòlach air na h-argumaidean air son a' bheachd gur còir do'n Mhòd a bhith air a chumail anns na bailtean mòra, ach an déidh na h-uile is e coinneamh Ghaidhealach a tha anns a' Mhòd, agus is e cànan Ghaidhealach a tha sinn ag oidhirpeachadh ath-bheothachadh.

Leigidh mi do na fir teòma a ràdh dé na nithean as motha a tha am Mòd ri dèanamh. Cha dèan mi gearan, ni barrachd 's a' chòir sin. Cha toil An Comunn Ghaidhealach ach moladh agus brosnachadh air son gach nì a tha iad a' dèanamh air son na Gàidhlig.

Bheirinn aon sanas a mhàin. Tha cànan bheò feumach air Litreachas beò—agus chan eil so aig a' Ghàidhlig, chan eil neoni ach dàin agus òrain. Is e leabhraichean cunnarach mar *Penguin* no *Fontana* air a bheil sinn feumach, leabhraichean a bheireadh do na Gaidheil uile stuth leughaidh bho sgeulachdan fhir-rannsachaidh gu Feallsanachd, Eachdraidh agus Tuathanachas. Bu toigh leam fhéin cuideachadh le deasachadh nan leabhraichean so!

Tha mi an dòchas gum bheil mo bheachdan freagarrach. Is e ceistean mòra a tha ann. Tha mo thaic iomlan leis A' Chomunn Ghaidhealach, agus bheir mi taigse de mo chòmhnaidh dhuibh ged nach eil agam ach dian-dhealas. Piseach air A' Chomunn agus "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig."

Le gach deagh dhùrachd,

TORMOD BURNS.

Ged nach bi earrann air leth againn anns "A' Ghaidheal" air son na h-òigridh a so suas tha sinn an dòchas gu lorg iad ann o am gu am nithean freagarrach ri'n càil.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Ann an Caisteal Dhunbheagain

O chionn ghoirid ghabh mi mo' thurus gu Eilean a' Cheò, far a bheil na ceudan a' tadhal am bliadhna. Fhuair mi cuireadh o'n uasal chòir, an Ridire Reginald, gu oidhche a chur seachad air aoi gheachd an Caisteal Dhunbheagain. Is e dh'fhàg an t-sochair so cho mór ann am bheachd gu bheil an seann chaisteal cho iomraideach an eachdraidh. An uair a thàinig am cadail chaidh mo thèorachadh leis an uasal a dh'ainmich mi gu an t-Seòmar Bhuidhe a tha anns a' chearn de'n chaisteal ris an canar Tùr na Mnatha Sìthe. Tha an Seòmar Buidhe mu dheidh troidhean fichead air fad agus mu sheachd troidhean deug air leud, le dà uinneig fharsainn àird ag amharc a mach os cionn creige a tha 'g éirigh as a' mhuir aig bonn na lùchairte. Is e so an earrann de'n chaisteal anns an cualas Tàladh na Mnatha Sìthe, agus is ann uaithe sin a fhuair an tùr an t-ainm. Am marbh na h-oidhche, an uair a chaidh na soluis as, bu nàdurach gun cuimhnich eamaid air iomadh sgeul mu nithean a thachair anns an àite so. Agus is lionmhor smuain thaitneach is annasach a thàinig gu m'inntinn anns an dorchadas. Thug mi gu mionaideach faineir na facail aig an t-seann tàladh, "Chan ann de Chloinn Choinnich thu; chan ann de Chloinn Chuinn thu; de shìol bu docha leinn thu; sìol Leòid nan long, nan lann, nan lùreach, b'i Lochlann dùthaich do shinn-sir." Cha b'iongnadh ged thigeadh facail eile gu m'aire o Mhàiri Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, a bha còmhnuidh anns a' chaisteal so ri linn cheithir chinn-cinnidh. Cia tric a chualas a guth air feadh nan seòmraichean ceudna. Is furasda dealbh an dream ud a ghairm fa chomhair na h-inntinne, air a' cheart làraich, am marbh na h-oidhche. Cha bu lugha na sin mo smuain air A' Chlàrsair Dhall, oir chualas poncan a chruite gu tric anns an àite so cuideachd, mar tha e fhéin a' luaidh an "Oran Mór MhicLeòid."

Is freagarrach gun tugamaid iomradh an so air luchd-tadhail ainmeil a chuir oidhche seachad anns an Tùr Shithe. B'e aon diubh sin an t-Ollamh Mac Iain a bha air chuairt an Dunbheagain an 1773. Gheibhear cunntas mu dheidhinn an tadhail ud anns a' bhreacadh a thug *Boswell* air a' chùis.

1. Chuir e a steach air ceangal na bà.
2. Thàinig orm cur an aghaidh chàich.
3. Cum an t-each air druim an rathaid.

In the Castle of Dunvegan

A short while ago I set off to the Misty Isle, which hundreds are visiting this year. I received an invitation from the noble gentleman, Sir Reginald, to spend a night as guest in Dunvegan Castle. What made the privilege so great in my view was the fact that the ancient castle is so famous in history. When bed-time came I was led by the gentleman mentioned by me to the Yellow Chamber in the part of the castle called the Fairy Woman's Tower. The Yellow Chamber is approximately 30 feet long and 17 feet broad, with two wide and high windows overlooking a rock which rises out of the sea at the foundation of the palace. This is the part of the castle where the Lullaby of the Fairy Woman was heard, and it was from this fact that the tower got its name. At the dead of night, when the lights went out, it was only natural that I should remember many a tale about things that happened here. Many and strange thoughts struck my mind in the dark. I noted in detail the words of the old lullaby: "You are not of the Mackenzies; you are not of the MacQueens, you were of a race we preferred; the race of the Macleods of ships, of swords, and armour; Norway was the land of your ancestors." It was no wonder that other words came into my mind, words of Mary, daughter of Red Alexander, who dwelt in this castle during the period of four chiefs. How often was her voice heard through the same rooms. It is easy to recall before the mind the shape and form of that personage, in the very same spot, at the dead of night. My thought concerning the Blind Piper was no less impressive; for the notes of his harp were often heard in this place also, as he himself mentions in "Oran Mór Mhic-Leòid."

It is appropriate that I should mention here the famous visitors who spent a night in the Fairy Tower. One of these was Dr. Johnson who visited Dunvegan in 1773. An account of that visit may be found in *Boswell's* account of the incident.

- He shortened the cow's tether.
I had to oppose the others.
Keep the horse to the middle of the road.

LURE OF THE PIPES

(As told to me by a native of the district)

THE scene was the heart of Diebidale deer forest in Ross-shire, the time was nearing midnight in the late December long ago, when the "Wee People" danced on top of the bogs that even a wild duck could not cross without breaking the surface. Halfway up one of the hills, known as Corrie Glass, stood Big John Clash-na-Harnish, and beside him were his two famous black dogs—a dog and a bitch. Big John was the head stalker on Diebidale, and he had been out all day and most of the night after the hinds, which they were killing off. It had turned out to be a wild night, with a half moon, and John had taken shelter for a while against the buffetings of the storm.

At last the night cleared a bit and he started for home. As it was late, he decided to go round the side of the hill and take a short cut home. He had been that road often before, and he knew every step of it, and he could also jump the Poacher's Pool at Allt-a'-Choin (The Dog's Burn) and still cut a few miles off his road. If there was one thing on earth Big John loved besides good whisky, it was the pipes, and as he came near Allt-a'-Choin, he thought he heard bagpipe music. He stopped and listened, and sure enough, there it was, away to his right; and that piper could play. He was playing "Braham Castle," and John never heard it played so well before. He could not resist the music, and started to walk towards it. He wondered as he went along who the piper could be, and what possessed him to come there and play on a night like that.

As he neared the place where the sounds came from, the moon went behind the clouds and it became very dark. Things seemed to become very still as he walked on, and the sound of the pipes grew louder. The piper was now playing a reel, and the finest reel John ever heard—and through the music he thought he heard hooching. All of a sudden, he saw a light, and going nearer, he saw a fail-roofed house. John knew that he was not very far by now from the Poacher's Pool and Rory-the-Glen's "Black Bothy"; but he could not remember ever seeing this place before. The sound of the pipes drew him on, however, and he went forward to the door. But here a queer thing happened—the black bitch which would tackle the biggest stag in Diebidale, would not go another step. John stopped and tried to coax her on, but she would not move, and lay down. Then John remembered that a bitch would not

follow her master if the Unknown was in front. He was shaken at this; but the lure of the pipes was too great, and he said, "Very well, you can stay here, so long as I have Black Simon with me and Killsure (his gun) under my arm, I'll face anything."

The piper was now playing "Tulloch Gorm," and what a piper—the time he kept. Just as John went up to the door, it opened, and an old woman said, "Come in John, I'm sure you will be near starved to death with the cold." John thanked her, and said he would come in for a minute or two and hear the pipes. As he entered the house, he took off his bonnet, and the old woman made to take it from him, but Black Simon, snarling and growling, snatched the bonnet out of his hand and held it in his mouth. The old woman then opened the kitchen door, and the sight that met John, he'll never forget. The house was full of men and girls. They were the finest looking girls he had ever seen. They were nearly all dressed the same, in long frocks of a queer bluish-red colour; the men had greenish-red clothes. John had ears only for the piper, however, and he looked round to see where he was. There he stood, near the bed-closet door, and behind the spinning wheel to give room to the dancers. John was stunned when he saw the piper. Of all the pipers he had ever seen or heard about, this one was the King. He had on the full Highland Dress but for the life of him John could not tell the tartan. And the pipes: What pipes! solid gold mounted—and as he played the Reel-O'-Tulloch, John thought he could see the blue sparks flying from his fingers and smoke coming from the chanter.

The music stopped, and the piper looked at John and smiled, but never spoke. The only one that spoke of the whole company was the old woman, who then asked John if he would take a dram. John said he would, and she gave him a glass of the best. It was real good stuff. If the music was good, the whisky was better. As soon as John took the first sip, it felt like a torchlight procession, and he thought his whole body was on fire right to the soles of his feet. John drained the glass, and then the piper started to play again—a schottische this time—and the best-looking of the girls came towards John holding out her hands, smiling at him, and silently inviting him to dance.

The whisky had done its work well, and John thought he could manage the dance fine, and was on the point of taking the girl in his

arms, when Black Simon again jumped in front of him. John looked down at the dog, wondering what was wrong with him, and then he saw, peeping from below the girl's long frock, instead of fainty feet, two horses' hooves. He drew back frightened out of his wits, and then looked towards the closet door where the piper stood. He saw a long red streak coming oozing out from below the door, and realised then the company he was in and also that his end was near, and shouted—"God help me!!" He could not have chosen better words; for all at once he saw the faces change, the piper's tartan turned to red, and over the blow-stock of the pipes, from which smoke and sparks emanated, he saw the face of Lucifer himself grinning at him.

John took his only chance, and with one bound, reached the door and turned to call Black Simon, who had twice that night saved him, and was doing it a third time—for as John sprang for the door, the dog sprang at Nick, and as John turned, he saw Old Horny draw his dirk from its sheath (still wet with the blood of its last victim) and raise it to kill Black Simon.

Quick as a flash, John's up with "Killsure" and let drive with both barrels, but that was all the good it did, for John, who was hardly every known to miss, saw the lead splash on the wall behind, after going harmlessly through Old Nick.

John then bolted, and ran as hard as he could for the Poacher's Pool, but fast as he was, he found he was no match for the one that followed. Looking back, he saw the monster, and on each side of him two of the girls, now howling fiends, with flames of fire streaming from their heads in place of the fair hair they had earlier. He could hear the clatter of their horses' hooves as they raced over the rocks and heather, shrieking curses from unhallowed lips.

John heard the gurgle of the water of the Poacher's Pool, and made a last supreme effort to reach it. Better to die in the cool water among the salmon, he thought, then to be torn to bits by fingers of fire.

Then, just as Old Nick raised his bloody dirk to strike, across the water at Rory-the-Glen's a cock crew in the morning. John fell unconscious on the brink of the pool, and it was hours after when he came to, to find his two dogs licking his face. "Oh," said he, "Black Simon, I thought that your end came as the dirk fell"; but then Black Simon rolled over on his back, and John saw on the dog's breast four white hairs, and he knew that the Devil was powerless against the black dog as long as he had those hairs.

And so to this day, if you listen at the Poacher's Pool, you will hear in the running water the sound of the pipes, on nights when the "Wee People" dance on the bogs, and wind blows round Corrie Glass.

R. MACDONALD ROBERTSON,
Straloch,
Comely Bank Terrace,
Edinburgh, 4.

Point of View

Sir,

All the questions asked in a recent issue of *An Gaidheal* deserve careful consideration. In this brief reply I shall confine myself to the last of these, namely, "Is it right to have the National Mod so often in the South?" I take it that South here refers to the large towns outwith the Highland area.

The ideal location for the Mod, from one important point of view at least, is at suitable centres within the Gaelic speaking area. The presence of the Mod in their midst once every year would help to bring home to Gaelic speakers the real value and significance of their heritage, and thus inspire them to honour and to preserve it. There are, however, good reasons why it is not possible to house the Mod in the Highlands today except in three or four of the larger towns there. Lack of accommodation for the large following the Mod has in recent years is one; lack of suitable halls for competitions and for the evening concerts is another. A greater reason, perhaps, is the need for money.

An Comunn does not possess the capital necessary for its purposes, and depends largely on the surplus from the National Mods to enable it to secure its main object, which is to encourage and perpetuate the use of the Gaelic language. Money is needed to meet the cost of administration, to pay for publicity and propaganda, to meet the salaries of music teachers, and to defray the soaring cost of publishing Gaelic school texts. Only in dense centres of population is it possible to secure anything like adequate surpluses.

SUIL AMACH.

Gun Urram

An tannasg bh'aig bàird buidhe baoth
'S e mac an aoig a dh'fheann e
Am manadh aig gach gobha-taois',
Is caisean aig an dream ud.

GUN URRÀ.

Celtic Language Groups

For many moons Celtic scholarship has been familiar with the "P" and "Q" groups of Celtic languages. Biblical scholars are familiar with the same distinction in textual criticism. There are other characteristics in Gaelic speech which are worthy of consideration, and groups and sub-groups which can easily be traced. Those who have studied modern Irish and know Scottish Gaelic must be aware of the interchange of the letters L and R. In fact I should say that that is the main difference between the two tongues. It is a matter of regret that so few scholars on this side of the Irish Sea have made a scientific study of Irish, and vice-versa. To my knowledge only two Scottish Gaelic speakers are equally at home in Irish, a minister in Ross-shire and his name-sake in Edinburgh. There may be others.

In my young days I often heard it being said about a man who had a speech defect, "Cho liotach ri Hiortach." The St. Kildians had no lisp, but they invariably pronounced an R as an L. I was not aware that this happened anywhere else in Scotland until I compared a list of unusual Gaelic words in my possession with Father Allan Macdonald's "Words from South Uist." It seems that an older generation in South Uist, like the people of St. Kilda, pronounced an R as an L. The Argyll-shire Gaels are noted for their mis-pronunciation of the letters L, N, R, the only exception being the Island of Tiree. Natives of Argyll use the word *le* where the rest of Gaeldom use *ri*.

Natives of Lewis are noted for the way they inter-change the vowels a, o, u. Some years ago I was brought to task by that distinguished Lewis scholar, the late Dr. D. J. Macleod, for saying that a Lewisman did not seem to make any distinction between these vowels. My former teacher, Mr. Donald Graham supported my view. The three of us argued well into the night. After I had given Macleod numerous examples to prove my point and even going as far as producing Lewismen to pronounce certain words he had to admit that I was right. His words were, "I have made a life-long study of phonetics, and I never realised that until now." What surprised him most was that I could tell which parish in Lewis a person came from by asking him three simple questions in which no place-name was mentioned.

My theory is that there is a variety of groups within the main groups. Is there not a tendency in modern Welsh to inter-change an S and a K sound? I should like to see such a distinguished linguist as Nils Holmer or a literary critic of

the calibre of Kurt Wittig giving his views on this subject.

S.T.B.

Postie

IT is an August evening, the dim twilight accentuates the peacefulness of the scene. As I walk along the well known road that leads to the village I am suddenly aware of fast approaching steps from behind. I turn round and see Kenny, Kenny the postie making his homeward way, with quickening step. There he was the same old Kenny whom we as boys used to tease and adore. His back is more bent and rounded, the whiskers more tinged with grey, but the kindly eyes peer forth as of old and his handshake was really worth while receiving. Often, when we were boys at school, would we waylay "Postie" and ask him to help us with our problems—we could always depend upon his help. Algebra, Geometry or even Latin presented no difficulty to him; for at one time he had been a promising pupil teacher and had intended to go in for the church, but fate had decreed otherwise.

He often worked out our problems on the backs of the letters he was delivering, but that did not trouble him, or us. Kenny was a bachelor and lived all by himself, doing all his own work and his little home was a nest of cosiness and tidiness. I was told on good authority that after the 1914-18 War when wages were being increased among the postmen Kenny refused a rise, as the country had more need of it than he had. Many a waif and stray received from him a helping hand in the hour of their greatest need; for the secrets of their homes were no secrets to Postie. I was glad to meet the old familiar friend. He had changed somewhat, or was it I who had changed? We talked of the old days, and Kenny confided to me that he still kept up his old studies, but that few demands were made upon his knowledge by the boys of today.

He was hurrying home he said as Duncan Campbell the old elder was coming to his house to have a talk, a bite of supper and family worship with him. Duncan Campbell was the catechist, an old stalwart of the church, with a wonderful gift of speech and was reputed the best praying man in the district. Duncan in fact, was secretly proud of his powers in this direction, as a friend of my own once found out. My friend called in to see Duncan one day. He found him at home along with his wife. In the course of conversation my friend remarked, "I hear that you are one

of the best praying men in the district'. Duncan was very pleased and before my friend could prevent him he said, "Let us pray" and dropped down on his knees by the chair on which he had been sitting. My friend had perforce to follow his example and to his surprise, heard a prayer, wonderful in its originality, impressiveness and solemnity that lasted fully half an hour. Needless to say he had no doubt of Duncan's praying powers after that. I accompanied Kenny to the door of his humble abode. As I had already partaken of supper I left him there with his friend. I can well picture the scene. Supper over, well marked bibles are produced. The old fashioned oil lamp is adjusted and then Duncan offers a short prayer in the dear old Celtic tongue. Kenny as the younger man then reads five or six verses of a psalm, which to the grand old tune of Martyrs, sent forth sweet incense to Heaven. 'Tis true they were no great singers; and their voices somewhat harsh with age, yet they sang in the fullness of their hearts a real song of praise and thankfulness, and the angels listened and understood; for sweeter far to the angels were the words of praise from these two old saints, than the music of the best choir of paid singers that ever ascended in noble church. The singing over Duncan with reverent hand turned over the pages of the old Book till he came to a suitable portion of scripture in the old Testament. Then in slow and solemn tone he read, read with the vision of the seer; for to both of them the word of God was the word of God. The reading ended they both get down on to their knees and Duncan prays, and happy are they who have been privileged to hear such a prayer, as this untaught disciple offered up for his Master's acceptance—slow and uncertain were the words at first, but as he proceeded the spirit of his Master seemed to descend upon him. His face lit up and his voice came sweet and deep as he praised and thanked his God for past mercies and asked his blessing in the days to come—But I leave them to their devotions.

As I passed along the village street, each tiny window gave forth its beam of light. I walked slowly for from almost every home, the sweet strains of some familiar tune came forth, and living memories of former days passed gently through my mind.

In some homes it was customary for the father after the reading of the scripture lesson was over, to ask the individual members to repeat a verse or phrase from the portion read, and sad was the plight of the person who forgot. In many homes now alas the family altar is unknown, or if not forgotten its observance is

relegated to the Sabbath day and even for this we must be thankful.

But sometimes this good custom was overdone and the younger members of the family were not always too pleased to pass sometimes an hour each night in its observance.

One year, in the summer time, it was my privilege to live for a fortnight in one of the most remote parts of the Western Highlands. I was living in the house of a very excellent disciple of the church. I had my own private room, but as I knew the people well, especially the lads who were of my own age, I used to go in every night to have family worship along with them. To do so was a bit of an ordeal, for family worship invariably lasted for an hour. One evening in particular I remember. It was a particularly fine night and the lads and I were somewhat loath to get in in time for worship. However we were there at the usual time. The service proceeded. A long prayer, eight or nine verses of a psalm given out line by line, in the old Gaelic fashion, the reading with comments of a long chapter and then we all got on to our knees for the final prayer. I had been on my knees for perhaps five minutes, when suddenly I was conscious of a dig in my side. At first I thought it was purely accidental and I did not glance round, but when it was repeated I knew that it had been done on purpose. I opened my eyes and glanced round and found that one of the lads had come over quietly on his knees. I listened and in a whisper he asked me, if I would like, after worship was over, to go out with the trawl net for sea-trout and salmon. I nodded consent and he quietly made his way across to his brother to make final arrangements with him, while all the time the deep and solemn voice of the father continued in fervent prayer. You may be interested to know that we did go out that night with the nets, and that we had a very successful catch.

JOHN CAMERON.

Bursary Trust

The Synod of Argyll, who are the trustees of the Gillian MacLaine Bequest of £13,407 to provide bursaries for Gaelic-Speaking students intending to become ministers in the Church of Scotland, have now been granted authority to widen the scope of the trust fund. The scheme was modified from time to time to attract candidates. At one time it was essential for candidates for these bursaries to be able to speak, write, and read Gaelic fluently. In future, the trustees will offer three bursaries of £75 a year for three years in each of the faculties of Art and Divinity with power, in the event of candidates not satisfying the examiners, to award bursaries to students in Scotland and in Canada preparing for the ministry, preference being given to Gaelic-speaking students and students prepared to study the language.

Book Review

Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig: Published by An Comunn Gaidhealach. Price, 17/6.

In this third edition of Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig the selection of poems made by Professor W. J. Watson as far back as 1918 has been retained. In the section on metres given in the original Introduction some slight rearrangement has been made. The Vocabulary has been extended by the addition of new words, and the Notes are, in the main, those found in the earlier editions, but a few additional ones have been introduced.

Mr. Angus Macleod, M.A., B.Sc., the editor of this new edition, has done the work with characteristic thoroughness and efficiency, revealing great care throughout. Teachers and pupils alike will welcome the reappearance of Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig which has been out of print for some time, for there is no other comparable collection of Gaelic verse available for use in Secondary Schools.

The type is bolder and clearer than that found in the earlier editions, and both the paper and binding are of good quality

Illustrated Gaelic Readers: Published by An Comunn.

The three Infant Readers—Croga an Oir; Tir nan Og; and Tir nan Seud, adapted from Irish texts by Mr. Donald Grant, are all available for school use. The first two are already well in demand, and the third maintains the same high standard. The coloured illustrations are an added attraction and should appeal to beginners. The little books are well graded, and they deal with simple topics within the experience of most young children.

The paper is of excellent quality, the type is large and clear, and the subject-matter in each reader should prove interesting.

Scottish Studies, Volume 3, Part 2. University of Edinburgh.

There are several interesting and informative articles in the current issue of Scottish Studies. Professor R. H. Matthew and Mr. P. J. Nuttgens write exhaustively about the history and development of the townships of Ormiston and Ratho in the Lothians. The recollections of Dugald MacDougall, an Argyll drover, by Eric Cregeen recall the problems of the West Highland Cattle Trade during the latter part of last century. Ian Whitaker, Professor of Sociology, Eastern Canada, deals with certain traditional techniques in modern Scottish farming, together with the crofting way of life, past and present. Traditional Beliefs in

Scotland is the title of an article by Calum Maclean in which he deals in characteristic manner with folk-belief, covering a wide field of topics. The song "The Land of the Leal" is the subject of a detailed historical account by William Montgomery.

There are also Notes and Comments on certain Scottish place names, and some Book Reviews.

Branch Reports

GOVAN

Mr. John Carmichael made a fine job of the arrangements for the weekly ceilidh of the Govan Branch. Mr. Duncan MacFadyen, President, presided and presented a good programme with the following artistes:—Rhona Macleod, Alex. Orr, Ross Macmillan, Donald Macritchie and accordionist Norman Morrison. An added attraction were items by guest artiste Mrs. Macneil (Barra). Piping selections were given by young Dugald Orr and Ann Bone was the accompanist.

SKYE

The Skye Branch held its opening meeting in the Masonic Hall, Portree, on 26th November. The main item of the evening was a Gaelic Quiz. The members of the team were John Steele, Hugh Mackenzie, Mrs. Lockhart and Miss Macmillan. The question master was Roddie Morrison. The team dealt expertly with the questions some of which were not easy to answer. Mrs. Aileen Mackenzie and Charles Mackinnon sang and Alasdair Nicolson told an excellent *Sgeulachd* in the traditional style.

AYR

The Junior Gaelic Choir held their annual concert in Ayr Town Hall in 18th December, and it proved a great success. The singing of "The Sound of Iona", followed by two Gaelic songs, received a great ovation. The older children excelled themselves in their choral pieces, as did members of the choir who sang or recited in Gaelic. Miss Helen T. Macmillan was guest singer in Gaelic, a tenor sang Scots songs, and an accordionist gave varied selections. The piper was Andrew McKissock, and Barbara Sumner was the accompanist. Canon Sydney McEwan, the chairman, referred to the good work Mr. Donald McIsaac was doing with the choirs. Rev. Archie Beaton, Donald, moved a comprehensive vote of thanks.

Central Fund

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Cruachan Branch	2 2 —
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THE GAEL

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Leabhar LV

AM MART, 1960

Aireamh 3

DE TUILLEADH?

CHAN eil teagamh nach eil iad ann a tha de'n làn bheachd nach do rinn An Comunn Gaidhealach bonn feuma riamh ann a bhith a' gleidheadh ar n-oghreachd— a' Ghàidhlig. Air an làmh eile, tha lorg mhath againn nach iad sin gu léir as deònaiche làmh chuidich a thoirt seachad, agus cha mhotha is iad a' mhuinntir a dhéanadh caoidh ro mhór ged nach fhaichte soirbheachadh an cois an saothrach a chaidh. Saoilidh am fear a tha 'na thàmh gur h-e fhéin as fhéarr làmh air an stiùir! Nis chan eil dad ceàrr air a bhith toirt breith cho fad 's a bhios a' bhreith a bheirear a' sruthadh o eòlas tuigseach, agus o chridhe gun chlaon-bhàidh. Ach chan aithne dhuinn dad idir cho beag feuma ri gearan gun ghnìomh gun saothair 'na chois.

Bhiodh e iomchuidh sùil aithghear a thoirt air oidhirpean A' Chomuinn o chionn iomadh bliadhna gu a bhith dìon cor na Gàidhlig. Is e so an t-aon bhuidheann a chuir mar dhleasdanas is mar uallach orra fhéin am buinn a chur an sàs a chum 's nach cailleadh na Gaidheil smior na h-oghreachd a thàinig a nuas thuca troimh na linntean. Bhrosnaich iad sluagh na Gaidhealtachd gu bhith faireil air a' chunnart a bha bagradh orra bho gach taobh. Nochd iad dhaibh an iomadh dòigh luach na dileib a bha aca, agus thog iad fa'n comhair daonnan neart nan cumhachdan a bha bualadh orra air gach làmh—cainnt choimheach a' sior shìoladh a steach 'nan intinnean is 'nan cridheachan, naimhdeas is mi-rùn an luchd-riaghlaidh o am gu am, mi-chùram na muinntire a bha call nithean luachmhor 's gun mothachadh aca

fhéin air an call. Cha do cheil An Comunn idir an cunnart a bha ann gun cailte cànan aosda, luachmhor, seaghail, mar a thachair do chànanean luachmhor eile.

Annas a' Mhòd Nàiseanta rùisg iad uinneag anns am faod an neach leis an àill grinneas is saoihbreas ar n-òran is ar ciùil fhaicinn. Ann an lorg sin cha bhàsaich na fuinn Ghàidhlig gu bràth. Ach ma gheibh a' Ghàidhlig fhéin bàs 'se cnàmhan gun fheòil a bhios againn, sprùilleach na cuirme. Troimh bhuaidh a' Mhòid tha mòran de na Gaidheil air an tàladh gu bhith gabhail ùidh an òrain is an ceòl an sinnsre, agus 'nan euchdan is 'nan eachdraidh. As gach ceàrnaidh de'n Gaidhealtachd tha Gaidheil a' tional gach bliadhna, agus tha spiorad tairiseach, coibhneil air fhadadh as fhiach altrum. Troimh na Mòdan Ionadail tha clann na Gaidhealtachd a' deoghal a steach 'nan òige dileib nach caill iad ri'm beò; agus tha pàrantan is dàimhean na cloinne a' faighinn seallaidh nach robh aca air luach nithean a bha iad an cunnart a chall buileach.

Is e An Comunn gu sònruichte a choisinn a h-àite dligheach do'n Ghàidhlig ann an sgoiltean na Gaidhealtachd. Is iad, mar an ceudna, a dh'ullaich is a chosg air na leabhraichean Gàidhlig a thàtar a' cleachdadh anns na sgoiltean an diugh. Tha An Comunn a' cumail sùla air an tomhas anns a bheil a' Ghàidhlig a' faighinn cothrom na Féinne ann an cùrsa an fhoghlum. Chan eil sochair orra cagar a chur an cluasan nam muinntire air a bheil e mar fhiachan an cothrom dligheach a thoirt seachad, gu bhith 'gam bronsachadh nuair a tha feum

air sin, no gu bhith cur an dleasdanas fa'n comhair o am gu am, agus gu bhith 'gam moladh nuair a bhios iad airidh air moladh.

Troimh shaothair A' Chomuinn fad nam bliadhnanachan tha beul-oideas nan Gaidheal, an subhailcean sònruichte, an spioradalachd, an litreachas is an ceòl air an roinn a mach do'n t-saoghal mhór.

Ach tha e soilleir, a dh'aindeoin gach saothair, gu bheil a' Ghàidhlig a' sìor chrionadh as. Is suarach an àireamh de'n òigrìdh air tìr-mór aig a bheil a' Ghàidhlig an dùgh mar chainnt na dachaidh. Anns na h-eileanan far a bheil

a' Ghàidhlig fhathast air bilean òg is aosda tha cainnt choimheach, ceum air cheum, a' faighinn làmh an uachdar. Chan eil pàrantan idir a' dèanamh an dhill gu bhith fàgail aig an sliochd na dileib a fhuair iad fhéin.

Dé tuilleadh as urrainn An Comunn Gaidhealach a dhèanamh gu bhith cur dhachaidh air muinntir na Gàidhlig luach na sochair a tha aca, agus gu bhith 'gan dùsgadh, mus bi e ro anmoch, air son gu fàg iad aig an cloinn fhéin an oighreachd nach urrainn an clann a cheannachd, agus a dh'fhàgas iad nas uireasbhadhiche ma bhios iad as a h-aois?

NA DEICH MIONAIDEAN

BHA baile àraidh de chroitean air eirthir a deas an Eilein Duibh. Bha a' mhuinntir a bha fuireachd ann ag cosnadh am beò-shlàinte bho iasgach, obair fhearainn, agus le obair choille do'n uachdaran. Bu nòs daibh, mar Ghaidheil eile, a bhith a' cruinneachadh do aon tigh nuair a bhiodh obair chruaidh an latha seachad los òrain is seanachas a bhith aca. Ged bu deacair an saoghal a bha aca, is iad cleachdte ri airc, bha aighear is éibhneas aca 'nam measg fhéin.

An fheasgar bha meall dhaoine is mhnathan cruinn an tigh Aili Mhóir. Bha Aili Mór fhéin 'na shuidhe ri taobh a' ghealbhain is e toirt air urra fa seach òran a sheinn no sgeul inneadh. Thàrladh gun tàinig duine òg a steach do'm bu ainm Uisdean Mac Gill' Fhinein, mac bantraich a bha fuireachd faisg air làmh. "Ai, ai Uisdein," arsa Aili Mór, "tha thu so. Is e òran uat as àill leinn an ùine nach bi fada mur eil do phob agad." Bu mhath an piobaire Uisdean. Theireadh cuid gun toireadh e bàrr air athair a bha ris a' phlobaireachd fad a bheatha, agus air bráthair athar nach bu mhiosa. Chaidh bráthair athar, a cho-ainm, do'n arm agus cha do thill e riamh. Dh'inneadh le seann shaighdearan a thill as an arm gu robh e anns na h-Innseachan, anns an Eiphit agus an Africa a Deas is an ceann a deas Shasunn rè caochladh amannan, ach cha do thill e do'n t-seann dùthaich idir, agus mar sin chan fhaca Uisdean e riamh.

An ceann ùine ghoirid dh'èirich Uisdean agus thuirt e, "Feumaidh mi falbh a dh'fhaicinn na coite agam. Tha amharus agam nach d'fhàg mi glé thiarainnte i, ach cha bhli mi fada gun tilleadh." Thug e suil air an uairead-air agus is e deich mionaidean gu deich a bha e. Ràinig Uisdean an t-àite far an robh a' choit. Bha an oidhche briagha, ach bha ceò air an fhaire agus bha neòil a' sìubhal thar tìre.

Goirid o'n àite san robh a' choit bha gaineamh agus bacain ris an ceangailte coitean is eathraichean. Chuir Uisdean roimhe a' choit a chur air bhog a chum a toirt chum na gainmhich. Leum e steach innte agus ghlac e gréim air ràmh chum a putadh gu tìr a ris. Air dha tionndadh cha robh sealladh aige air a' chladach leis an ceò a bha m' a thimcheall. Chuir e an ràmh sìos anns an t-sàl air son a' choit a phutadh gu tràigh, ach cha do bhuail e grunn idir. An uair sin ghabh e gréim air an dà ràmh agus thòisich e ag iomradh gu faiteach, toigheach los nach casadh creag air, ach an ceann ùine sguir e. Cha robh fios aige dé an àirde a bheireadh e air oir cha robh ann ach muir de dhall-cheò air gach taobh dheth. Thug e glaoch as an dràsda is a ris gun fhreagairt fhaighinn, agus an ceann ùine mar sin shaoil leis nach robh aige ach feitheamh gus an togadh an ceò. Chuir e na ràmh fo na tobhtaichean agus laigh e sìos fo sgòd aodaich gus e fhéin a chumail blàth, an dòchas nach tigeadh long mhór a chuireadh a' choit 'na clàir. Bha e gabhail fadachd nach robh an ceò a' togail, ach fa dheòidh chaidil e.

Nuair a dhùisg e cha robh an ceò idir ann. Bha tìr fa chomhair agus a' choit a' dèanamh air camas beag a bha an sin. Cha b'e so an cladach a dh'fhàg e no dùthaich eòlais. Shaoil e gur h-e Machair Mhòraidh a bha ann ged a bha e duilich a chreidsinn gu seòladh e astar cho mór. Leum e air tìr ach cha deach e fada nuair a bha e air slat a dhroma aig dithis shaighdearan a leum air o chùl creige. Sheall e orra le iongnadh. Bha féilidh orra de bhreacan dubh is gorm is uaine, agus shaoil e gur h-e Am Freiceadan Dubh a bha ann. Ach an sin mhothaich e seòrsa de dhìsnean timcheall am boineidhean agus thug e suil air na sporain is na h-osanan a bha orra. "Chan e ach an Réisimeid Chatach, nochd 's a trì,"

ars esan. Mhothaich Uisdean an sin do shaighdear eile le aodann donn-bhuidhe le grian na h-Innseachan no Africa no, co dhiùbh, dùthaich bu ghrianaiche na an t-Eilean Dubh. Thoir an saighdear sin, ‘‘Ai, ai, Uisdein Mhic Ghill’ Fhinnein, cha deach thu fada.’’ Chuir sin clisgeadh air Uisdean agus thuirt e, ‘‘Cionnas is aithne dhut m’ainm agus nach fhaca tu mi riamh roimhe?’’ Fhreagair an saighdear, ‘‘Nach ann dhomh bu chòir agus sinn a’ saighdearachd le chéile anns na h-Innseachan is an Africa còrr air cóig bliadhna. Ach tiugainn, is éigin duinn falbh.’’

Dh’fheòraich Uisdean, ‘‘Carson a tha sibh gabhail orm, agus cà bheil sinn an dràsda.’’ Fhreagair am fear eile, ‘‘Is math a tha fios agad. Is e so Eilean Fhiocht an ceann a deas Shasuinn, agus feumaidh sinn do thoirt air ais do Armlann Pharcuirt as an do theich thu.’’ Bha Uisdean balbh le neònachas ach thuirt e, ‘‘Cuir a’ chòit so gu àite sàbhailte agus théid mi leibh gu deònach.’’ Rinneadh sin agus gabhadh iad rompa.

Gu sgeul fhada a dhèanamh goirid thàinig air Uisdean cùirt a sheasamh. Ged a thuirteach e nach do theich e as an arm a chionn nach robh e riamh ann cha d’fhuair e creideas, oir nach robh ainm aca agus cunntas air mar dheagh shaighdear ach car gòrach nam faigheadh e deoch-làidir. Fhuaras ciontach e mar neach a ruith as an arm gun chead. Ach cha robh am peanas ro throm. Chaidh làithean a pheanais seachad, mar a théid gach nì eile, agus an sin chuireadh do’n chuannal-phiob e, agus an sin bu mhàth a thaitinn an t-saighdearachd ris ach gu sònraichte a’ phiobaireachd. Bu mhàth am plobaire e, agus dh’ionnsaich e an t-arm-oilean o chàch mar a bha e dol air adhart. Sguir e ràdh nach b’e an duine shaoil iadsan, agus ghabh e gach nì mar a thigeadh. Bha aon nì ann a dh’fhàg e fo iongnadh, is e sin an uair a bhiodh duine a’ toirt iomradh air a’ bhliadhna a bha ann, is e bhliadhna a bha seachad o chionn deich bliadhna fichead air an robh e a’ bruidhinn.

Air latha saor a bha aige chaidh e do’n àite far an d’fhàg e a’ chòit agus fhuair e i gun dolaidh. Ann an tigh Sasunnaich a bha faisg air an àite sin dh’fhàg e an deise aodaich a bha aige nuair a thàinig e an toiseach, agus gach latha saor a bhiodh aige thigeadh e dh’ionnsaigh an tigh so, chuireadh e dheth deise an airm agus chuireadh e uime an seann deise. Rachadh e dh’iasgach anns a’ chòit, agus is iomadh gad éis a thug e dh’ionnsaigh na dachaidh ud agus is iomadh deagh phroinn a bha aca le chéile. Ged nach robh aig Uisdean ach a’ Ghàidhlig agus aig muinntir an tigh e ach Beurla thàinig iad tre ùine gu bhith tuigsinn a chéile.

Chaidh dà bhliadhna seachad mar so. Cha do chuir Uisdean fios gu a mhàthair oir cha robh comas sgrìobhaidh aige. Ged a leughadh e beagan Gàidhlig cha sgrìobhadh e idir. Anns an fheasgar, agus cead aige a bhith muigh fad na h-oidhche nan togradh e, chuir e roimhe seòladh beag a bhith aige anns a’ chòit air son sàmhchair fhaighinn nach robh furasda dha bhith aige a measg nan saighdearan. Dh’fhàg e éideadh na réisimeide an tigh an t-Sasunnaich mar a b’ àbhaist; chuir e uime an t-seann deise is dh’iomair e astar beag air falbh a’ mealtainn teas na gréine gus na thuit e ’na chadal. Nuair a dhùisg e bha an oidhche ann ach chitheadh e beagan. Rinn e dìreach air camas beag gainmhich a chunnaic e. Thuig e mus deach e fada gur h-e so an dearbh àite a dh’fhàg e dà bhliadhna air ais. Tharraing e a’ chòit os cionn an tìùr, chuir e lùb-cos-laoidh de a taod mu stob cloiche, agus thog e air gu tigh a mhàthar. Anns an dol seachad air tigh Aili Mhóir chunnaic e gu robh an doras fosgailte agus chaidh e steach.

‘‘Ai, ai, Uisdein, cha robh thu fada,’’ ars Aili, ‘‘bha a’ chòit ceart gu leòr nuair a thill thu cho luath. Cha robh thu air falbh ach deich mìonaidean.’’ Sheall Uisdean air an uaireadair os cionn an teine. Bha e dìreach deich uairean. Dh’innis Uisdean mar a thachair dha, agus bha na balaich a’ dèanamh gàire fanaid air. Ars iadsan, ‘‘Bu tu fhéin am balach, dà bhliadhna anns an arm ’s gun thu muigh ach deich mìonaidean.’’

An déidh beagan conaltraidh mar sin thug Uisdean am bothar air agus rinn e air tigh a mhàthar. Cha d’thuirteach a mhàthair, is i dèanamh brochan a ghabhadh iad mus rachadh iad a laighe, ach fèòrach deth dè bu choltas do’n oidhche, agus cò chunnaic e air chéilidh. Rinn Uisdean suidhe, nì bu bhuidhe leis an déidh tilleadh. An sin dh’innis e a sgeul a ris. Bha a mhàthair mgiogach an toiseach, ach bha iongnadh air a gnùis aig crìoch na naidheachd. Lorg i litir ann an ciste agus thug i do dh’ Uisdean i. B’e ainm athar a bha air an t-suainean, agus bha an litir sgrìobhta ann an Gàidhlig a bha furasda a leughadh is a tuigsinn. Dhearc Uisdean an toiseach air ainm an sgrìobhadair agus thuirt e, ‘‘Och, is math is aithne dhomh an duine so. Tha e ’na oifigeach anns an Réisimeid Chataich, agus bu tric leam plobaireachd dha agus do’n réisimeid aige.’’

Fhreagair a mhàthair, ‘‘Bha oighreachd aige thall air an Ros mu chrìoch Chataibh. Thàinig e as an arm o chionn cóig bliadhna fichead, agus fhuair e bàs o chionn deich bliadhna.’’ Bha an litir ag ràdh gum bu mhiann leis an sgrìobhadair fios a thoirt, nan gabhadh sin dèanamh, do na dàimhean bu deala do dh’

Uisdean Mac Gill' Fhinnein, pìobaire anns an Réisimeid Chataich, a chaidh air chall. Bha amharus gun do theich e as an arm mu dha bhliadhna air ais, ach fhuaras e ann an coit bhig air cladach Eilein Fhìochta far an robh an Réisimeid a' tàmh. Rè an dà bhliadhna sin bha e na b'fhearr 'na shaighdear agus 'na phìobaire na bha e riamh roimhe. Latha àraidh mu dhà mhìos roimh am sgrìobhadh na litreach cha robh e r'a fhaotainn 'na àite dlìgheach. Thàinig seann Sasunnach a dh'innis gun deach "am pìobaire" a mach air fairege ann an coit a dh'iasgach mar bu tric a rinn, ach an uair so cha do thill e. Bha éideadh an t-saighdear air fhàgail san tigh aige-san. Chaidh sìreadh air ach for no fathann cha d'fhuaradh a riamh, agus cha robh air ach creidsinn gun deach a bhàthadh.

Nuair a leugh Uisdean an litir thuirt e, "Chan eil teagamh nach b'e brathair m'athar a theich as a' chiad toisg, ach is mise bha ann rè an dà bhliadhna mu dheireadh. Cha ghabh sin àicheadh."

Chuir a mhàthair a meur gu àireamh na bliadhna a bha sgrìobhta anns an litir. Sgrìobhadh an litir mus do rugadh Uisdean.

DEORSA MOSS.

Sgiobalta

Bho chionn còrr is dà fhichead bliadhna air ais bhiodh dà eathar a Scalpaich le còigear a sgioba anns gach té aca dol do na h-Eileanan Móra. Tha na h-eileanan so mu dheich mìle air falbh, agus bhiodh na h-eathraichean a' dol thuca air son iasgach a' ghiomaich. B'e an geamhradh an t-am, agus b'e an t-àite fuirich an àirigh, bothan le balla cloiche agus tughadh feòir. Bhiodh an teine air an làr ri balla cinn na h-àirigh, agus mu choinneamh an teine bha balla cloiche eile mu thrì troidhean bho'n teine agus e troidh de dh'àirde. Bhiodh cabar anns am biodh trì òirlich a thighead agus troidh a leud air uachdar a' bhalla air son àite suidhe. Bha eadar sin is ceann eile na h-àirigh air a lìonadh le feur air son àite cadail; b'e so an t-seid.

Aon turus bha mi air fear de'n sgioba air té de na h-eathraichean. Am feasgar a bhiodh freagarrach bhiodh sinn ag iasgach an t-suidhein air son biadhnan nan cliabh ghiomach. Feasgar a bha so dh'fhalbh na balaich a dh'iasgach agus chaidh mise fhàgail chum breacagan de aran coirce fhuineadh. Chuir mi teine mór air de fhiodh cladaich agus mòine, agus rinn mi na bonnaich air clàr de cheann baraille. Ris an teine bha agam sia leachdan cloiche o mhol

nan eilean, agus fàd air an cùl air son taca a chumail ris an aran fhad's a bhiodh e deasachadh. Bha sia bonnaich agam ris an teine an uair a chuala mi fead. Bha so a' ciallachadh gu robh na balaich air tilleadh agus gu robh agam ri'n cuideachadh air son na h-eathraichean a tharraing air a' mhol os cionn na mara. Cha robh am mol ach mu thrì mionaidean coiseachd bhuan, agus a chionn an t-aran a bhith ris an teine cha robh mi air falbh barrachd air deich mionaidean air fad. Air dhomh tilleadh do'n àirigh bha na sia bonnaich arain air an tarraing aig na radain gu tuill anns a' bhalla—a h-uile radan gu a tholl fhéin le breacain. Bha na bonnaich cho teth agus nach b'urrainn làmh duine sam bith an ollnachadh ach le fìor chabhaig.

Iongantas nan iongantas, cha robh gréim air a thoirt as aon aca. Ciamar a nis a chaidh aig na radain air na bonnaich a thoirt gus na tuill? Cha do thòisich mise air fhuineadh a rithist idir; chaidh na bonnaich ris an teine greiseag eile agus an sin an itheadh a cheart cho càilear agus ged a b'ann an tigh-òsda a bhàtar air an dèanamh!

SCALPACH.

Snaim

Sàmhchair ùdlaidh ùrlar glinne,
Borbhan bith nam fuanan mall,
Stùcan dùdlaidh 's ceò m'am binnein,
Naisgidh mi ri tìr nam beann.

Machair datht' le dìthein bhuidhe,
Tùis a' chòmhnaird bhos is thall,
Tàlaidh mi gu buan 'nam imeachd
Far eil spréidh le'n àl gach am.

Cànain arsaidh tìr nan gillean,
Coibhneas cridh' an siubhal smuain,
Ceòlraidh teudmhor beul nan nighean
Suainte buan air gleus nach gluais.

Blaidsridh balbh air tràigh as gile,
Lainnreacht air cuan ri gréin,
Deàlradh drilseanach air linne,
'S àilleachd ghorm air glaine speur.

Siùbhlam luath air sgèith na h-inntinn'
Feadh nan linntean nach eil beò,
Faicem gaisgich Fhinn is Oisein,
'S cuiream snaim air cainnt gun ghò.

S.T.B.

SGEUL NA H-AON OIHDICHE

BHA còrr is seachd bliadhna on chunnaic mi Uisdean mu dheireadh. Chriochnaich sinn am foghlum còmhladh an Dun-Eideann an déidh a bhith cuideachd san Oilthigh fad shia bliadhna. Chaidh mise mu dheas gu Oilthigh Ath-an-Daimh, agus thog Uisdean air do'n Aird an Ear a chladhach sheann làraichean san Eiphit is mu'n cuairt Bhàbiloin.

Cha réis fhada seachd bliadhna am beatha duine ach cha chreidinn gun tugadh iad uibhir a dh'atharrachadh air neach; is gann a dh' aithnich mi Uisdean nuair a thachair e orm air a' bhàta dheag 'Gleann Tara' a bha ruith as a' Chaol do'n Chomraich roimh am a' Chogaidh Mhóir. Nuair a dhealaich sinn bha e 'na dhùine tiugh bàn, glan sa' chraicinn ach bha an caochladh bu mhotha a nis air tighinn air a chruth 's a dhealbh. Bha a chraicinn ciar tioram, a phearsa caol cruaidh agus shaoilinn gu robh eadhon a ghruag air fàs dorcha. Tha e buailteach gun toir grian na h-Aird an Ear a dreach fhéin air duine, ach ar leam gu robh barrachd 's a dhreach air atharrachadh. Bha shùilean neo-fhoiseil, luasganach is dh'fhaodadh neach nach robh cho fìor eòlach air riumsa a thuigsinn gu robh ni-eigin ceàrr.

Mar a thachair bha an dithis againn a' dèanamh air an aon cheann-uidhe, Tigh-òsda Bhealach Uaine mu dhà mhìle tuath air Comraich Ma' Ruibhe, àite beag iomallach far nach fhaicear am fear-turuis ach ainneamh, eadhon am mìosan an t-samhraidh. Cha b'e so a' chiad uair dhòmhsa seachduin no dhà a chur seachd anns an àite oir bha e air leth ainmeil air son iasgaich. Ach cha robh déidh sam bith aig Uisdean riamh air iasgach agus cho fad 's a b'aithne dhomh cha do sheas e riamh air fearann Sìorrachd Rois gu so. Chuir e fìor iongnadh orm e thiginn an rathad, gu h-àraidh nuair a dh'innis e dhomh nach do rinn e ach tighinn air tìr an Sasuinn dà latha mun do thachair mise air. Bha e glé neònach leam nach do rinn e dìreach air a dhachaidh 's a chàirdean an déidh a bhith thall thairis còrr is bliadhna.

Chaidh a' chiad seachduin seachd gu gasda. Bha an aimsir blàth, ciùin agus ged nach robh i sònruichte math air son iasgaich cha do chaidh mise latha nach robh mi air loch no abhainn. Bha Uisdean a' cur seachd a' chuid bu mhotha de ùine shìos mu na seann làraichean sa' Chomraich, gu h-àraidh sa' chladh. Anns na feasgair shuidheamaid cuid-eachd a' còmhradh mu làithean 's mu'n chomunn a dh'fhalbh.

Mhothaich mi iomadh atharrachadh an Uisdean. Bha e aon uair trom air deoch-làidir; cha bhlaiseadh e a nis air gnè spioraid. Aig aon am cha rachadh e faisg air eaglais; a nis cha rachadh Sàbaid seachd nach biodh e san éisdeachd, agus a thuilleadh air a sin chuireadh e mòran de ùine seachd a' leughadh san t-Seann Tiomnadh. Shaoil leam nach robh an so ach ni-eigin a bhuneadh do'n rannsachadh a bha e ris san Aird an Ear ach dh'fhoghlum mi a' chaochladh.

Aon fheasgair thog e a cheann o'n Bhiobull a bha e leughadh agus thuir e rium, "Bheil thu fhéin a' creidsinn ann am Blàr Armageddoin, a Sheòrais?" Bha mi air m' fhaicill: "Bheil thu a' ciallachadh sin gu litireil, Uisdein?" "Tha," ars esan. "An tà," arsa mi fhéin, "chan eil mi idir cinnteach gu rachainn cho fada agus sin a ràdh, ach dé a thog a' cheist 'nad inntinn an dràsda?" "An dràsda!" ars esan agus stad a' tighinn ann, "O chan eil ach dìreach smuain." Chrom e a cheann os cionn an Leabhair a rithist is diog tuilleadh cha d' thàinig as fad an fheasgair.

Ach cha bu chùis iongnaidh dhomh gun an d'thug Uisdean a steach mi d'a sheòmar cadail latha no dhà déidh sin. Ghlas e an doras as ar déidh agus dh'iarr e orm suidhe. Shuidh e fhéin ri mo thaobh aig uinneag an t-seòmair is thug e sporan dubh leathair a mach as a phòcaid bhroillich. Dh'fhosgail e an sporan agus thug e mach as seòrsa de bhonn dubh bràisich. "Seall air sin," ars esan. Sheall mi air oir buhail e thugam gur e seann annas luachmhor a bh'ann a chladhaich e san Aird an Ear. Bha aon taobh dheth lom ach air an taobh eile bha comharradh rudeigin coltach ri rionnaig chóig oiseannaich. Am meadhon a' bhuinn bha aon chlach dhubb lainnreach air a tàdhadh anns a' bhràisid, agus mhothaich mi gu robh gach ceàrnag sa' reult briste, ach aon. Bha am bonn mu mheadhadh bonn cruinn.

"Is cinnteach gur ann timcheall Ierusalem a lorg thu so," arsa mise. "Tha comharradh na reult chóig oiseannaich cumanta gu leòr air seann bhunn; is e an Seula aig Rìgh Solamh a bha ann." "Tha thu ceart gu leòr mu Sheula Sholaimh," ars esan, "ach tha barrachd is sin ann. Am faic thu na brisidhean a tha air ceàrnan na reult?" "Mhothaich mi dhaibh" fhreagair mi, agus stad mi. Bha sinn aig uinneag an t-seòmair, mar a thubhairt mi, agus grian bhlàth an t-samhraidh a' tighinn a steach oirn. Leis cho teth 's a bha an seòmar bha e air bàrr mo theangaidh a ràdh ri Uisdean

gum b'fheàrr dhuinn dol agus suidhe a muigh. Ach am prìobhadh na slàch bhuaill crith fhuchaidh mi. Shaoil leam an toiseach gur ann a' fàs tinn a bha mi gus an do mhòthaich mi gu robh Uisdean san staid cheudna. Bha aodann bàn mar gum b'ann le eagal, agus a' bhodhaig uile air chrith. Agus bha a' ghrian shamhraidh a' dealradh a steach troimh an uinneig 'na làn theas.

Cha do mhair e fada—mu mhionaid no dhà—ach bha am faireachadh a bha agam cho oillteil 's gun deach greiseach seachd mus d'fhuair mi cothrom labhairt. Ma chuir an oiteag fhuar mhi-nàdurach dragh ormsa, bu bheag sin seach mar a dh'fhàg i Uisdean. Spion e am bonn as mo làimh, chàirich e air ais e san sporan agus leum e air a bhonnan. "Greas ort a mach a so cho luath 's a rinn thu car a riamh," ars esan is e dèanamh air an doras. Rinn mise air son stad a chur air agus ceist fhoighneachd ach rug e air ghàirdean orm is thubhairt e, "Tha fios agam gu bheil móran nach eil thu tuigsinn mu'n ghnòthach so ach nì mi seall thuirt e air an rathad—thugainn."

Bha barrachd earbsa agam a Uisdean 's gun cuirinn teagamh an gnìomh sam bith a b'àill leis a dhèanamh. Lean mi a mach e agus am beagan mhìonaidean bha sinn air an rathad gu Comraich Ma' Ruibhe, is mun do ràinig sinn chuala mise sgeul cho neònach, neo-àbhaisteach 's a chuala mi riamh 'nam bheatha. Fhuair Uisdean am bonn, maille ri seann rola fo làrach teampuill dlùth air Memphis agus cha luath a leugh e an rola a bha sgrìobhte anns an t-seann dhealbh-chànain Eiphiteach na thuig e gu dé bh'aise. Cho fad is a chaidh aige air an rola eadar-theagachadh thuig e gum b'e so am bonn iuchair draoidheachd leis an do ghlas Solamh fuathan àraidh a bha toirt do dhaoine comasan an-diadhaidh a chum olc a chur fo sgaoil san t-saoghal. Seann uirsgeul eile ri àireamh na mórain, smaoinich e is chaidh an dà chuid a chur còmhla ri treallaich eile air bheag-luach a chruinnich e mu'n làraich.

Ach nuair a rinneadh dà oidhirp air bristeadh a steach do'n chiste san robh an rola is am bonn an gleidheadh aige ghabh e droch amharus air cùisean, seachd àraidh nuair nach do bhuineadh do nì de'n stuth fìor luachmhor a bha aige an tasgaidh. An dèidh sin fhuair e litir gun ainm rithe a' toirt dha rabhaidh am bonn is an rola a thilleadh far an d'fhuair e iad neo gun robh a bheatha an cunnart. Sin an rud nach dèanadh e, ach gur mothaid a chuir e roimhe an ghnòthach a rannsachadh gu crìch. "A Sheòrais," ars esan, "cha bu duine mise riamh a bha toirt móran géill do gheasachd no buidseachd, ach bha mi tur aineolach air a' chùis gus an d'fhuair mi blasad air draoidheachd ghràineil na h-Aird

an Ear. Thionndaidh e mo chridhe dh'ionnsaigh nì nach tug mi móran suim dha gu sin fhéin —an Creideamh Crìosdail."

Is e a' chiad smuain a bhuaill inntinn Uisdein gu robh e call a chéille. An toiseach thòisich aisingean is bruidair ghrànnda 'g a bhuaireadh. Daonnan bha cruth neochneasda air choireigin a' tighinn thuige 's ag iarraidh air na gnòthaichean a thilleadh far an d'fhuair e iad. Agus nuair nach géilleadh e eag thòisich na cruthan 'g an taisbeanadh fhéin is e 'na sheal dùisg. Bho dheireadh rinn e air a dhùthaich fhéin an dùil an cumhachd oillteil fhàgail as a dhéidh; ach thug e leis am bonn 's an rola. On latha a sheòl e a Cathair-Alasdair cha do chuir nì dragh air gus an dearbh mhionaid a sheall e am bonn dhòmhsa 'na sheòmar anns an tigh-òsda. Agus cinnteach cha robh feum aige air fìrinn na sgeòil a dhearbhadh dhòmhsa; fhuair mi fhéin blasad de'n cumhachd uilc a bha air a thòir. Tha mi cho cinnteach is a tha a' ghrian anns na neòil gu robh feartan nan ionadan dorcha mu'n cuairt oirn aig a' mhionaid uid.

"Dé nis?" dh'fheòraich mi dheth, is sinn a' teannadh air clachan beag na Comraich. Bha e 'na thosd car greiseig agus an sin thubhairt e gu socair athaiseach, "Chan eil fhios agam dé smuainicheas tusa dheth ach so mo bheachd-sa; tha gach beàrna san rionnaig air a' bhonn a' comharrachadh a' liuthad uair a thuit an iuchair an làimh aon de sheirbbisich an Droch Aoin; rinneadh am beàrna, is chaidh fuath cumhachdach eile a chur fa sgaoil a measg dhaoine. Is i mo bharail gun cunnt thu cogaidhean uamhasach eachdraidh an t-saoghail air gach bristeadh sa' reult. Ach tha aon chèarna fhathast slàn." Thuig mi a nis a' cheist aig Uisdean mu Bhlàr mór Armageddon.

Lean Uisdean air. "Tha mi de'n bheachd gun deach am bonn 's an rola so a thiodhlacadh le Crìosdaidh air choireigin an uaigh aon de na seann naoimh a bhuineadh do'n Eaglais an Ear—far nach ruigeadh làmh ana-Crìosd orra. Tha fearann naomh ann ris nach bean cumhachd Dorchadais air cho dèonach 's 'g am bi e air ionmhas a ghlacadh. Ach, mo thruaighe, tha eagal orm gun d'fhosgail mise an rathad, is gu bheil mi air thuar m'anam a chall air a thàillibh."

Chuir a leithid a chainnt iongnadh orm o neach nach b'àbhaist a bhith creidsinn gu robh leithid a nì is anam air siubhal duine. Bha mi fo iomagain nach bu bheag, ach chuir mi romham mo charaid a leantainn gu deireadh na cùise. "Dé tha 'nad bheachd a dhèanamh?" dh'fhoighnich mi dha nuair a ràinig sinn seann chladh na Comraich. "Tha," ars esan, "am bonn 's an rola so a thiodhlacadh an uaigh

Mha' Ruibhe, an naomh beannaichte, agus ma cheadaicheas am Freasdal e, casg a chur air na cumhachdan a tha tionail feartan uile a chum an saoghal a sgrìos."

Cha d'thubhairt mi diog oir bha dearbhadh agam nach ann air turus faoin a bha sinn. Thog sinn an leac, chaidh an dà chuid a thiodh-lacadh anns an duslach san robh cnàmhan an naoimh a' tàmh, agus dhùin sinn suas an uaign gu cùramach. "Seula as cumhachdaiche na seula Sholaimh," ars Uisdean, 's e tarraing combharra na Croise le cearcall na siorruidh-eachd mu'n cuairt orra air leac na h-uaghach. An sin thug e a mach am Biobull agus leugh e gu socair, urramach an aona salm deug thar a cheithir fichead. Ar leam gu robh ciall ùr aig na briathran:

"Fa chùis an uamhais anns an oidhch'

Cha bhi ort geilt no sgàth."

Chriochnaich e ag gairm air ainm na Trianaid agus ar leam gun do thog neul trom dorcha a' chlaoidhteachd bho ar spiorad.

Chuir sinn seachad mìos thaitneach innt-inneach sa' Chomraich agus dhealaich sinn. Chan fhaca mise Uisdean tuilleadh gu crìoch a' Chogaidh Mhóir mu dheireadh. Tha cuimhne agam fhathast air an fhàite chuir e orm: "Cogadh uamhasach eile, a Sheòrais, ach chan eil an t-am abùich fhathast."

CAILEAN MACCOINNICH.

(Dh'aithriseadh a' naidheachd so air an radio.)

Tuilleadh Gaidhlig Aig Mod

A Charaid,

A.

Ceist a' Mhòid cuid de cheist na Gàidhliche. Is ann air a' Mhòd a tha An Comunn Gaidhealach beò. Cha dèanadh Mòd beag buannachd. Chan eil An Comunn a' faotainn airgid bho Rìoghachd no bho àrde eile. Tha An Comunn an diugh a' cur airgead mòr amach gach bliadhna. Tha mi an dùil gu bheil seisear air an tuarasdal; agus tha cosdaisean eile trom mar an ceudna. Bha uair ann a dhèanadh Niall uasal Mac Gille Sheathanaich an t-iomlan 'na aonar. Agus chan eil e soirbh a bhith uile gu léir cinnteach nach robh am fear sin a' dèanamh an iomlain sin na b'fheàrr 'na aonar! Tha aon nì cinnteach. Ruigeadh an t-usal sin na Gaidheil aig am bailtean.

A bheil An Comunn riarichte le seirbhìsich air an cuingalachadh an seomraichean?

Bithheadh sin mar a tha e, cha fhàidhear na seirbhìsich gun airgead.

B.

Cha bhiodh e gu tairbhe, aig an ìre so, do'n Chomunn Beurla a chur air chùl gu tur aig Mòd. Cha dèanadh sin ach daoine gun Ghàidhlig a chur as. Bu chòir do'n Chomunn gach oidhirp a dhèanamh air deagh-ghean gach seòrsa a chumail. Ged a chaidh aig Gaidheil Eireann air móran a bharrachd a dhèanamh tha feadhainn aca, an diugh, an dùil gur dòcha gun robh iad air barrachd a dhèanamh mur bithheadh gun do chuir iad daoine gun Ghàidhlig gu cùl na còmhla tuilleadh is luath.

Chaill a' Ghàidhlig an sluagh agus cha toirear air ais iad gun Bheurla a chleachdaadh riutha an diugh.

C.

Ach tha so ann, air an làimh eile. Tha urrachan na Gàidhliche, an Albainn, air am maslachadh an uair a bhios iad a' bruidhinn na Beurla, gun nàire, ri càch a chéile aig Mòd, agus aig coinneamhan eile, agus iad a' sparradh air càch cumail ris a' Ghàidhlig! Ma théid sinn gu Mòd an cuir e iongantas oirn fir A' Chomuinn a chluinntinn a' labhairt ri chéile am Beurla, agus "Ciamar a tha thu?" aca ris na h-aieolaich? Cha dèan sin a chùis! Mur teid aig luchd na Gàidhliche, an ceannas, air an obair a dhèanamh an Gàidhlig dé am barrantas a tha aca gu bheil e iomchuid a bhith ag iarraidh air daoine eile cumail ri Gàidhlig?

Is e An Comunn aig a obair, agus aig Mòd a' mhuinntir mu dheireadh do'm bu chòir a ràdh, "Chan eil ùine againn air son Gàidhlig.

CUL NAN CNOC.

AN CUALA TU AN TE SO?

1. Cha robh an còrr aige:

Thàinig fear dhachaidh do Thiriodh air a chuairt shamhradh, 's e air a bhith fada 'g a chosnadh sa' bhaile mhòr. Bha cnapach balaich 'na chois. Air an rathad o'n laimrig choinnich fear ris ris an canadh iad am bàrd. Chan e nach eil 's nach robh barrachd air am bàrd an "Tiriodh ìosal an eòrna." Thuir am bàrd ris an fhear-turuis, "A bheil Gàidhlig aig a' bhalach?" "Chan eil," ars am fear eile, "agus b'fheàrr leam nach robh i agam fhin." "Mur an robh," ars am bàrd, "bhiodh tu balbh." S.S.

2. Luach airgid:

Cha robh Donnchadh ach 'na bhalach beag agus cha tric a bha airgid aige 'na làimh. An latha bha so fhuair e gròta bho chuideigin. "Dè tha thu dol a cheannach leis an airgid?" ars a charaid. "Tha mi dol a fhàidheadh a' mhàil an toiseach. An sin ceannaichidh mi dà bholla mine, agus speulairean do mo sheanamhair."

Taise An Aile

An uair a bhios móran sluaigh cruinn an àite dùinte mar tha sgoil, eaglais, etc., thig sgleò air an inneig agus an ceart-uair chithear boinneagan uisge a' ruith a chéile gu bonn na gloine.

Bheir sinn faireann mar an ceudna gun tig sgleò air gloine uisge fuar ma bheir sinn i a steach do sheòmar blàth, agus ma shuathas sinn ar meur ris an sgleò bidh a' mheur fliuch.

Chì sinn gu tric sgleò air aghaidh an speur agus tha fios againn gum brùchd tuil as an sgleò so. Is e sgòthan a their sinn ris na sgleòthan a tha a' snàmh anns an adhar.

Tha gach neach eòlach air gluasad nan uisgeachan air aghaidh na talmhainn, agus tha fhios aig a' chloinn bhig gur ann as an adhar a thàinig an tuil a tha an diugh a' sruthadh 'na caochanan, 'na h-uillt agus 'na h-aibhnichean air an talamh, ach chan eil e cho soilleir gur ann o'n talamh a tha an t-adhar a' faighinn an uisge. Ach is i an fhìrinn gu bheil an t-uisge a thuit air an talamh, an déidh a obair a dhèanamh an sin, air a thilleadh air ais do'n àile. Am briathran eile tha an t-uisge a' sìor ghluasad sìos agus suas eadar nèamh agus talamh.

Ma dh'fhàgas sinn coire uisge goil air an teine gheibh sinn e tioram ri tìde, agus ma chumas sinn spàin ris an t-srùp (mar rinn Seumas Uatt) chì sinn an toit air a tionndadh 'na boinnean. Tha so a' dearbhadh gu bheil an t-uisge a tha an toit ag giùlan as a' choire dol do'n àile a tha mar chuan 'g ar cuartachadh.

An uair a chuireas bean-an-tighe an t-aodaich a nigh i air na ròpan càite an téid an t-uisge bha a' dèanamh an aodaich fliuch? Théid dìreach do'n adhar mar a rinn an t-uisge bha anns a' choire. Agus mar sin tuigidh sinn gu bheil teas na gréine a' sìor dheoghal suas an uisge o uachdar an t-saoghail.

Tha an t-àile mar so a' sìor shùghadh uisge agus nach gabh e an còrr, agus an sin sguiridh an sùghadh. Tha an ìre gus an téid an sùghadh air adhart an crochadh air teas an àile. Mar as motha an teas is ann as motha a ghleidheas, no a chumas, an t-àile de uisge. Ma tha gaoth a' séideadh is ann as sgiobalta tha an t-uisge air a ghiulan air falbh 'na thoit. Tuigear bho so gur ann ri aimsir ghaothaich, ghrianaich as treise an sùghadh, agus gur ann ri aimsir fhuair, dhubharaich as lugha e. Air an aobhar so tha móran toit ag éirigh anns na ceàrnan teithe de'n t-saoghal agus glé bheag anns na h-earrannan reòdhta.

The Moisture in the Air

When many persons are gathered in a closed place like a school, or church, etc., a film of vapour forms on the window and in a short time drops of water are seen chasing one another to the bottom of the glass.

We notice also that a film of vapour forms on a glass of cold water if we bring it into a warm room, and if we rub our finger against the film the finger is wet.

We often see vapour in the sky, and we know that a torrent of rain will gush out from this vapour. We call the vapour floating in the sky clouds.

Every one is familiar with the movement of waters on the surface of the earth, and little children know that the flood that runs today in rivulets, in streams and rivers, has come from the skies, but it is not quite so clear that it is from the earth the sky gets the water. But the truth is that the rain which fell on the earth is, after doing its work there, returned to the air. In other words the rain is constantly on the move between sky and earth.

If we leave a kettle of water boiling on the fire we shall find it dry in time, and if we hold a spoon to the spout (as James Watt did) we shall see the vapour turned to drops of water. This proves that the water which the vapour carries from the kettle is passing into the air which envelops us like an ocean. When the house-wife hangs on the lines the clothes which she has washed where will the water that made the clothes wet go? It goes into the air exactly as did the water which was in the kettle. Thus we understand that the heat of the sun is constantly causing the water on the surface of the earth to evaporate.

In this way the air is continuously absorbing water until it can contain no more, and then the absorption ceases. The extent of the absorption depends on the temperature of the air. The greater the temperature the more water the air will contain or retain. If the wind blows the quicker the water is carried off in vapour. Thus it may be understood that absorption is greatest during windy and sunny weather, and that it is least during cold and dull weather. For this reason much vapour rises in the hot regions of the world, and very little in the frozen parts.

Executive Council

On Saturday, 16th January, the Council met in the Comunn Office when the President welcomed a large attendance of members.

The convener of the Finance Committee intimated an estimate of £266 4/- for heating the Office by Nightstor, with an additional £5 for wiring the Library. This estimate was accepted. The financial position of the M. and T. Fund was reported on in detail. In view of the fact that this Fund had maintained itself the Committee found no need for any change in administration. The wage of the part-time Assistant in the Inverness Office was raised from £2 15/- to £3 5/- per week. It was noted that £136 17s 6d had been received from the Northern Propaganda Committee as a contribution to the cost of the Northern Organiser's car.

A Minute of the Education Committee noted the acceptance of Mr. Donald A. Macdonald of an invitation to serve as a co-opted member. Mr. John A. Macdonald who has been co-operating with Mr. Arnot, Secretary of the W.E.A., and is to be one of the Lecturers, is to submit a summary of a suitable course in Celtic Studies for inclusion in the W.E.A. Summer School brochure. The course is to be held in St. Andrews from 9th to 16th July, 1960, the inclusive fee for the week being £8.

The Minute of the Publication Committee listed a number of publications newly issued or in the process of preparation. The first three parts of *Illustrated School Readers* are now available. The third edition of *Bardachd Ghaidhlig*, price 17/6 is now in stock. Thanks to Mr. Angus Macleod, the editor, and to those who helped him were recorded. Parts Two and Three of *Approach to Gaelic* are being prepared and 500 copies of Part One are being bound.

Mr. R. Mackinnon, who is preparing a specimen copy of the Quarterly Gaelic *Comic*, was asked to obtain estimates of cost of production. Interpretation passages for classes 4, 5 and 6 in book form will be proceeded with immediately. The McCaig Trust is giving a grant of £.20 towards the cost. It was decided to bind 1,000 copies of *Reid's Elementary Course in Gaelic* for which there is a constant demand. A proposal to publish a small school dictionary, Gaelic-English and English-Gaelic, was favourably received.

The Propaganda Committee suggested that a public meeting and a ceilidh should be organised

in an effort to resuscitate the Branch in Rothesay. The prospects of forming Branches in Gigha and in Port Glasgow are being considered. The revised scale for teachers of Gaelic singing is £10-£12 per week according to qualifications and experience, plus travelling expenses. The recommendation that each member of Committee should be responsible for recruiting four new members by the end of March this year was approved. It was decided that Junior Members should be allowed to buy the Comunn badge and tie. It was also agreed to ask all Branches to submit their Annual Reports to Headquarters.

The Minute of the Art and Industry Committee stated that Mr. J. A. Macdonald, a new member, is to visit schools in Inverness-shire soon, and will encourage schools there to enter for the various Art and Industry competitions. The Convener has a stock of Celtic designs and transfers of designs which may be purchased by anyone interested. A list of competitions for Juniors and Seniors for the 1961 Mod was intimated.

In the Minute of the Mod and Music Committee it was agreed to recommend to the Cameron-Head Memorial Committee that the Shield offered by them be given for the highest aggregate marks in Gaelic in Comp. 28. Mr. Angus Macleod was co-opted as member of the M. and M. Committee. A list of choral songs for the 1961 Mod was submitted and approved after minor adjustments. A list of Halls suitable for the 1961 Mod was accepted. Permission was granted to the Advertising Agents to obtain advertisements for the Programme for a further period of three years.

The Convener of Clann an Fhraoich Committee reported on his recent visit to Harris, and noted that 284 free copies of *An Gaidheal* were sent each month to Clann an Fhraoich in certain of the Western Isles. Mention was made of an interesting ceilidh held along with Ceilidh nan Gaidheal in Glasgow last November.

In the Minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee it was stated that the Scripture Union were given the use of Cnoc nan Ròs, at an agreed rent, for the first three weeks of August, 1960.

Camp period for 1960 are as follows:—

Islanders—2nd to 12th July.

Learners—18th to 29th July.

These were appointed new members of committee: Miss Kate Matheson; Mrs. Fraser; Messrs. Alex. Macaskill, Donald A. Macdonald and Finlay MacNeil. It was agreed that the main duty of the Committee was to direct matters that concerned the members of Comunn na h-Oigridh, and that An Comunn was responsible for the upkeep of Cnoc nan Ròs.

THE FOLK-LORE IN "CARMINA GADELICA"

III

F. G. THOMSON

AT the time when Alexander Carmichael started to collect the material for his *Carmina Gadelica*, the life of the Gael was crowded with numerous details concerned with customs, beliefs, and superstitions, all of which influenced, to a varying degree, the methods and routines adopted in the pursuance of occupations associated with personal and domestic activity.

The two previous articles in this series have dealt with particular influences, common enough in the life of the people but which were not wholly a feature in daily routine. These were more concerned with particular occasions when it was deemed necessary to resort to certain practices and rituals in order to gain a desired effect. Here, we are mainly concerned with those other influences (beliefs and superstitions) which affected occupations more common in occurrence and which were concerned with livelihood and the satisfaction of basic human needs.

Domestic and personal activities we have classed as being performed either indoors (i.e., within the vicinity of the homestead and not strictly intra-mural), or outdoors (i.e., those which are extra-mural by their nature; husbandry, fishing, hunting, etc.).

Each day began with a personal ritual. Examples are found in Vols. 1 and 3 (the *Prayer at Rising* and the *Prayer for Dressing*) committing the person to the care of God. Then came the numerous small tasks which had to be done before the day's work really began: kindling the fire, preparing the food to break fast, and deciding the weather and the influence it would have on the work to be done.

The religious influence pervaded everywhere. This is especially so in the items concerned with personal ritual. It is only in those items uttered during the re-kindling of the fire and the preparation of food that the religious element becomes mixed, with varying degrees, with that of superstition.

It is of interest to mention here the standard of poetic feeling contained in some of these utterances. Expressions of thanksgiving contain passages of a rare quality. In one *Prayer at Rising*, for example, we read ". . . As the mist scatters over the crest of the hills, May each ill haze clear from my soul, O God."

Poetic imagery is also a feature of these expressions, but most passages originate from acute observations of natural things and events. They are thus the more real and accessible to the folk who perpetuated orally these expressions. Imagery, however, does appear in a very highly-developed form in some of the waulking songs given in Vol. 5 (cf. *Craobh nan Ubhal*).

Each task performed within the confines of the craft boundaries had its own peculiar ritual. The general contents of the associated utterances indicate elements of a nature more religious than superstitious. Yet the latter plays an important and significant part in all the activities. The evidence seems to point to a gradual assimilation of natural observations into a body originally comprising magical and supernatural elements.

The birth and subsequent baptism of a child were events which offered opportunities for the performance and observations of ritual. The material in *Carmina Gadelica* concerned with these events is quite substantial and is indicative of general practice throughout the Highlands.

When a child was born, it was handed from one person to another over a fire. This was done three times to the accompaniment of an almost inaudible address to a fire spirit. The child was then passed round the fire three times—*deseil*. Again the movements were accompanied by another inaudible address intoned to the God of the Sun.

The water with which the child was first washed had either silver or gold coins immersed in it. One of the first duties of the nurse was to baptise—as a temporary measure—the child with three drops of water, each drop being in the name of each person of the Trinity: "No seed of fairy, of hosts of the air, or of the world's people, can lift away the happy tranquil little sleeper. Envy and malice cannot harm him."

The result of the neglect of the watching-women present at the birth to perform certain baptismal duties is described in Vol. 5, where, as a consequence, the fairies came and stole the baby and replaced him with a fairy changeling.

Among the indoor tasks mentioned in *Carmina Gadelica* are churning and grinding meal. The former has many superstitions associated with it, possibly because of the need for protection

considering the facility and ease with which spirits could take away the goodness from the product. As with most tasks, songs were sung to help the work along. An example of a quern blessing, and a detailed description of a woman grinding meal, is given in Vol. 1.

Milking was one of the main tasks of each day and figures, with waulking, largely in the lore of the people. Milking croons were sung because the cows were said to like the soothing effects of the music and were thus the better disposed to give of their milk. In these croons, biblical and Celtic saints are variously mentioned, Bride and Columba being the two most prominent.

Ho, my Heifer, in Vol. 1, is a good example indicating the profound knowledge the common folk had of the Scriptures. In this instance, Christ is equated with the Herdsman of a cattle herd and goes on to describe the occasion of His being found in the Temple at Jerusalem contending with the religious scholars of His day.

The stage of the moon influenced the decision whether or not to perform certain activities. A waxing moon was propitious for cutting wood, cutting peats, reaping and shearing. An animal was never killed at the wane of the moon.

The Celtic Name

by the Rev. THOMAS MACKENZIE DONN, M.A.

A CHANGE of name does not alter the nature of the thing named. "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" (Shakespeare). That is true enough but still there is much history and sometimes music and poetry inherent in many a name.

"Who hath not owned, with rapture smitten frame

The power of grace, the magic of a name?"

(T. Campbell.)

This is certainly true of many a Celtic name whether Gaelic, Welsh, etc. One, of course, requires to have some knowledge of the meaning of the names and a soul which can be stirred by words and names. Wordsworth's well known lines were inspired by a sight of London in the early morning from Westminster Bridge: "Dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty". The Celt often dwelling amid mountains and scenery of surpassing majesty has named certain places in such a way as to stir the mind and soul while history or legend has invested the names with associations of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago". What thoughts are suggested by the very names, Glencoe, Flodden, etc.!

All this, of course, is not peculiar to either the Celtic races or their languages. It is true of other races and tongues. Thus Byron on visiting Greece in connection with his interest in Greece independence was stirred by names to write such lines as these:—

"Approach thou craven crouching slave;

Say is not this *Thermopylae*.

These waters blue that round you lave—

Oh, servile offspring of the free!—

Pronounce what sea, what shore is this!

The gulf, the rock of *Salamis*."

Now the study of the etymology and semantics of Celtic place names has become an important and interesting branch of Celtic Studies and several important works on the subject have appeared such as Professor Watson's *Celtic Place Names of Scotland*. One thing which he has demonstrated is that any attempt to explain the place names of Scotland without a thorough knowledge of Gaelic and even of other Celtic tongues must fail. Names have suffered many strange transmutations in the course of time so that their derivation is in some cases doubtful. Nevertheless some such *mysteries* may now be held as solved by the application of Celtic etymology. It seems clear that the Celts once occupied every region of Britain though not at the same time and this seems to be indicated by the remarkable survival of Celtic words in the names of places and persons. Nearly all place names in Scotland are Celtic and many in England despite the many other races which at various times have occupied particular regions. One thinks of these ancient Celts (e.g. in London) falling back before the attacks of a stronger and more numerous enemy and ultimately driven into the more remote and inaccessible parts of the country such as Wales and the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Nevertheless despite Roman, Teuton and Goth the names of the Celts for the places where they once dwelt have strangely survived the many centuries. The people also has survived in the Basques, the Auvergnese, the Bretons, the Welsh, the Cornish, the Manx, the Irish and the Gaels and Picts. The modern orthography of place names often conceals the real Celtic orthography. For example how many people would think of the name *London* as Celtic? Yet it is so. Originally it was probably *Lunndinn* meaning *the town of ships* (long-ship; din or dun-town). In such Latin writers as Tacitus it became *Londinium* and in the Old Saxons Chronicle it appears as *Lundine*, *Lundune*, and in Bede it is *Lundonia*. Many place names in France are Celtic, as we might expect, and, though now disguised, some are clearly so

such as *Calais* (Gaelic—*cala* a port, especially one with a good harbour). Glasgow is much altered both in name and appearance from what it was long ago but still there is a *Glasgow Green* and *Glaschu* was the green place when the Gaels first dwelt there. Edinburgh is generally regarded as derived from the Gaelic *Dun-Eideann* but if so the New Zealand *Edinburgh* namely *Dunedin* has preserved the old name. On the other hand *Edinburgh* may be *Dun-Aeddon* the word *Aeddon* being a personal name derived from *Aodh* (fire or valour) frequently applied to ancient Celtic chiefs or kings both in Ireland and Scotland. Thus also St. Aidan, the Celtic apostle of northern England, may have got his name from his resemblance to James and John who were called by our Lord *Boanerges* (Sons of Thunder) on account (according to Jerome the most learned and sensible of the Patristic writers) of their fiery eloquence. Anyway the Gaelic preacher has, on the whole, a reputation for eloquence.

Professor J. S. Blackie once pointed out that whereas the English language is very largely a *disturbed organism* on account of its constant and large borrowings from other languages, the Celtic languages consist of words which very largely tell the story of their own composition. He cites as an example the word *cruthachadh* (create) as used in the first verse of Genesis and suggesting the fundamental notion of the Platonic philosophy namely that the *form* (*Cruth*) is the necessary and legitimate product of the action of the Divine reason upon matter. Whether Blackie is correct in this supposition I will not assert but it seems as well justified as the reported exclamation of the Latin philosopher *Amelius* when he first read the opening verses of the Gospel according to St. John: "By Jove, this barbarian" (meaning non-Greek) "is of our Plato's opinion, that the word of God is in the order of principles".

Turning now to personal names, many of these, as we might expect, are derived from adjectives descriptive of the appearance or character of the individual. For example "man" is "fear" (Latin "vir") and when it was desired to describe someone as "manly" or "virile" this word was naturally incorporated into the name such as "Fergus" ("gus" being "deed" or "action") so that *Fergus* or *Ferguson* is "a man of action" that is, not a lazy man or a merely talkative man. The alternative derivation of "Fergus" is that it means "ferce man" (from *fearg*, fierce). The name "Farquhar" is probably derived from "Fear-achas" (manhood). The name "Niel" (brave) is also found in the Scandinavian "Nielson" and in the English "Nelson"—and certainly

"Nelson" was a brave man! Some names seem to be reduced forms of their originals. For example, "Fingal" was probably "Finn mac Cumhail" (finn or fion being "fair" or white-haired). The word has been preserved in such names as *Fianna*, *Fenian*, *Finnegan*, *Finlay*, etc. The Celt was fond of colour and hence many names are derived from colours. For example "Donn" still lingers in my own now rather uncommon surname but more frequently in "Don" "Duncan" "Donald", etc. "Ban" (white) is preserved in *Banquo* (or in Gaelic *Ban-cu*, white dog). "Dubh" (black) is found in *Dugald*, *Dougall*, *Douglas*, etc. "Ruadh" (red) is found in "Rough" "Roy" "Rowe" "Rory" and "Ruaraidh". One can understand therefore why Professor Blackie began learning Gaelic by studying names, for one can learn much from the Celtic name.

Obituary

By the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. William Gillies Macdonald on 21st January the Gaelic Movement has lost a most loyal supporter. Over a long period of years he gave unstintingly of his time and energy in the Cause of Gaelic which he loved. For the past seven years he tutored a Gaelic class sponsored by the Manchester Branch of An Comunn, and was a favourite with all.

A native of Stornoway, where he formerly served on the staff of the local Post Office, he removed to Manchester many years ago and through time he identified himself with the cultural life of the city and was a zealous church member. Prior to burial at Woodford, Cheshire, a church service was held in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Stockport, of which he was an elder.

Out deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Macdonald (a native of Tong) and to her son and two daughters, and to Mr. Macdonald's sisters and brothers.

Edinburgh Branch

The Hall of the Clans was packed at the Ceilidh held there on 9th January, the entertainment provided was excellent, and the appreciation of the audience was shown by the happy manner in which they joined in the choruses. Mr. Donald Grant, *Fear-an-tighe*, was introduced by the President, Mr. Finlay Maclean who referred to him as a stalwart in the Gaelic movement. The artists, all of whom excelled themselves, were: Evelyn Campbell, Iain Ross, Alasdair Grant and Archie Grant.

Misses Seggie and Turner (Glasgow) were the accompanists, and Mr. Grigor gave selections on the pipes.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Aireamh 4

“CHAN FHAIGH A’ GHÀIDHLIG BAS”

Tha iomadh bliadhna air a dhol seachad bho labhair am bàrd na briathran so. An e eud is dùrachd a bhrosnaich e gu bhith labhairt air an dòigh-sa, no an robh e a’ làn chreidsinn gu robh sealladh an fhàidhe aige? Nam biodh am bàrd beò 'nar latha-ne saoil am biodh am beachd ceudna aige?

Tha e fìor nach robh uiread a riamh a' leughadh agus a' sgrìobhadh Gàidhlig aig an aon am 's a gheibhear an diugh air feadh na Gaidhealtachd agus anns na bailtean móra. Agus faodar a ràdh nach do sgrìobhadh Gàidhlig aig am sam bith nas toirteile, nas seaghaile, nas siùbhaiche, no nas blasda na earrann thomadach de'n Ghàidhlig a thàtar a' sgrìobhadh aig an am-sa.

Dh'fhalbh an latha anns nach robh an Rìaghaltas a' gabhail ùidh idir ann an cànan uasal, rìoghail, aosmhor na h-Alba, agus anns an robh naimhdeas gun eòlas agus mì-rùn gun aobhar a' comharrachadh lagh an fhoghlaim a thaobh feum is còraichean nan Gaidheal. Fhuair a' Ghàidhlig a h-àite dligeach, ann an tomas mhàth co-dhùb, an cùrsa an fhoghlaim anns a' Ghaidhealtachd o chionn còrr air dà fhichead bliadhna. A nis chan eil gainne air luchd-teagaisg a tha uidheamaichte ann an Gàidhlig, ged a dh'fhaodas e bhith fìor nach fhaighear iad sin an còmhnuidh far am motha fìor orra.

Faodaidh An Comunn Gaidhealach an t-urram nas àirde a dhleasadh air son gach leasachadh a ghabh àite. Sheas iad gu duineil,

dhleas iad gu dùrachdach, bhuannaich iad gu treibhreach gu bhith cosnadh an còraichean do na Gaidheil a thaobh cainnt is oighreachd.

Faodar a chreidsinn nach eil na Gaidheil fhéin a' dèanamh tàire, mar a bha mòran aca uaireigin, air cainnt an athraichean. Eadhon 'nar latha fhéin bha iad ann a chleithheadh gun robh facal Gàidhlig 'nan cinn, no gu robh butanas aca ri muinntir na Gàidhlig a muigh no a mach! Dh'fhoghlaim iad sin anns na sgoilean cuideachd. Ach taing do shealbh gu bheil an t-aineolas millteach sin air buille-bhàis fhaighinn.

Ach a dh'aindeoin gach leasachadh tha a' Ghàidhlig a' sìor sheargadh as. Tha àireamh a luchd labhairt a' dol nas lugha gach bliadhna. Chan fhada, mur tig atharrachadh, a bhitheas leanabh òg air tìr-mór a labhras facal Gàidhlig idir. Anns na h-Eileanan a Sìar, an daingneach mu dheireadh aig ar cànan, tha measgachadh nach beag a' gabhail àite, agus mur casgar e an ùine nach bi fada chan fhiach an t-ascairt a chumail.

Dé chailleas na Gaidheil ma gheibh a' Ghàidhlig bàs?

Tha aon nì cinnteach. Chan urrainnear sgaradh a chur eadar dùthchas is cànan. Seasaidh no tuitidh iad le chéile. Ma chailleas na Gaidheil a' Ghàidhlig caillidh iad an ulaidh luachmhor a tha taisgte innte—beul-aithris nan linntean anns a bheil eachdraidh is seòltachd is gliocas air an toirt am follas, beatha uasal phriseil ar bàrdachd, spioradalachd theòghail ar sinnse, ar còirbheith, nìthean bu chòir dhuinn a chumail gu teann 'nar làmhnan agus a ghleidheadh gu tiarainte gu deireadh tìme.

SEASaidh BHAILE RAGHAILL

RUGADH Seasaidh sa' bhliadhna 1826. Bha i anabarrach briagha, cumadail, tlachdmhor, aoigheil; agus taitneach 'na dòigh 's 'na dol a mach. Bha ceathrar pheathraichean aice agus aon bhràthair, d'am b'ainm Aileic. B'e Seumas, an athair, an còigeamh glùn ann an aonta air fearann farsainn Bhaile Raghail. A bharrachd air a bhith 'na thuathanach, bha e àireamh bhliadh-nachan 'na bhàillidh air Uibhist a Tuath. An uair a leig e dheth an t-uallach sin, thug am Morair an dreuchd do Dhòmhnall Mhogasdad, a thàinig bho Dhòmhnallaich a' Ghlinnmhóir san Eilean Sgitheanach; agus leis a' bhaileachd fhuair e aonta an fhasdaidh air Baile-locha, baile beag bòidheach taobh Loch Hosta, mu dhà mhìle tuath air Baile Raghail. An toiseach tòisichidh bhiththeadh Dòmhnall a' tadhal air Seumas gu treòrachadh fhaighinn mu obair na h-oighreachd. 'S ann mar sin a fhuair e eòlas air Seasaidh, agus cha b'fhada agus an do ghabh iad gaol air a chèile.

Bha e an dàn gur ann air cùrsa cas, carrach, caimdealach a dh'fheumadh an sruthan gaol so ruith car tamuill. Nas lugha na dithis cha dèan còmhrag. Agus bha fear eile air faire a dhèanadh sin, le maoin is ìre is ùghdarras 'na fhàbhar. B'e sin fear-lagha a Obairdeathain a chuir am Morair Dòmhnallach mar riagh-ladair thairis air a h-uile h-oighreachd a bh'aige. B'ainm dha Pàdrùig Cùbair; duine àrd, crom-shlinneanach, mi-thuarail. B'e cuid de a dhleasnas màl gach àite a thogail dà uair sa' bhliadhna. Sin mar a thachair dha tighinn do Bhaile Raghail is fuireach greis air aoigh-eachd ann. Ghabh esan e fhéin gaol air Seasaidh cho luath 'sa bhual a shùil oirre. Cha chumadh sìde nan seachd sian a Uibhist tuilleadh e. Bu bhitheanta bheireadh e cuairt ann, is bha a shuidhe a' sìor fhàs na bu shìnte. Mu dheireadh thall 's gann gu robh e a' carachadh as. Theirte am bàillidh mòr ris agus am bàillidh beag ri Dòmhnall: b'ann barrachd a thaobh inbhe na coimeas nan òirleach. 'S e duine dreachmhor, dìreach, tapaidh a bha an Dòmhnall—cuibheasach am meudachd, laghach, fosgarra agus coibhneil ris an tuath.

Cha robh turas a thigeadh Pàdrùig dh'ann dùthaich nach tugadh e rudan luachmhor gu Seasaidh, ach cha ghabhadh i tiodhlac sam bith as a làimh. Bu docha leatha a bhith an achlais Dhòmhnail na na h-uile bràist òir is neamhnaid dheàrach a thàinig riamh a bùth. Cha choisneadh òr a' chruinne-cé a' bhàidh 's an gràdh a bha a' tàmh na com. Dha-san a bhuannaich sin le co-fhreagairt a chridhe fhéin bhiththead an snaim cho teann 's nach toireadh

ionnsuidh tionndadh air. Cha bheag na bh'aca an coitcheannas: aignidhean àghmhor co-ionann, fuil bhlàth nan Gaidheal a' ruith 'nan cuislean 's a' Ghàidhlig ghrinn air am bilean. A bheil cànan eile fo'n ghréin as mìlse air son gràdh geal innse? Cha robh aon fhacal aig fear na h-eadraiginn.

Bha a pàrantan a' sparradh air Seasaidh gu feumadh i am bàillidh mòr a phòsadh a dhéoin no dh'aindeoin; ged nach robh e briagha bha e beartach, theireadh iad. Bha esan air a thàthadh agus doicheadh air Dòmhnall bochd. Cha b' fhiù 's cha b'fhach leotha am bàillidh beag mar chliamhuinn.

Shaoil leotha an toiseach gur e diùideachd a bha cumail Seasaidh a fianuis Phàdrùig nuair a thadhail ead e. A raghainn air a' chuideachd, b'fheàrr leatha cuairt air an tràigh eadar Hanglum is Airdarunair is tiomcheall enaic a' Mhachaire. Ach mu dheireadh bhàtar a' ghabhail an amharuis oirre nach ann 'na h-aonar a bhiodh i ag amharc air seallaidhean àlainn iomall a' Chuain Siar; gur ann a bha i a' cumail còmhaidh ri Dòmhnall.

Sin mar a bha; agus air feasgar fradharcach foghair chunnaic fear-foill iad còmhlad. B'e sin an caidreachd ciatach 's an gràdh fìor-glan. Bu cheacharra a neach a thigeadh eatorra 'sa dhèanadh casaidh orra. Chaidh am brath dha h-athair, agus thug esan air ball bairleagadh cruaidh do Dhòmhnall nach fhaodadh e tighinn air àrinn a' bhaile a feasta tuilleadh. An gaol a bha gun fhiosd aca a nis bha fios aig càch air. Chaidh cothrom suiridhe Seasaidh a ghearradh na bu ghiorra. Bha i fo mhulad nach b'urrainn dhì innse. Thug an sgaradh an-ìochmhor sgàineadh air a cridhe caomh.

Fad a' gheamhraidh rinn a màthair 'sa peathraichean a h-uile rud a smaoinicheadh iad a chum a h-inntinn a thogail. Seachdain no dhà an déidh na seann bhliadh' ùire, 's iad a' saòilsinn gu robh i ag aontachadh leotha, shuidhidh iad ceann-latha gu cuirm a chumail am Baile Raghail. Chuireadh cuireadh chor nan càirdean is uaislean eile na dùthcha, an dùil gum biodh réiteach ann mus crìochnaicheadh an ceòl. Dh'fhàgadh Dòmhnall bochd air chùl fraoin. Ach cha do chuir binn neo-thrusail Sheumais crìoch uile gu léir air conaltradh nan leannan. Bha dithis nigean air mhuintearas 'na thigh a bh'air an taobh 'sa ghiùlan teachdaireachd eatorra iomadach uair fo sgàil an amhoich. B'aithe dhomh iad 'nan seann aois—Màiri nigean Ailein agus Leacsidh an Tàilleir.

Oidhche na cuirme, nuair a thòisich an dannsa, dh'iarr Seasaidh air a' chuideachd a leisgeul a ghabhail, gu feumadh i an fàgail 's a ceann cho goirt. Mu mheadhon-oidhche nuair a sgaoil an comunn chaidh bean a' bhaile suas air a corra biod le solus coinne a shealltainn air an té bha tinn. "Tha thu nas fheàrr, a ghràidh, nach eil?" ars ise. Ged nach d'fhuair i freagairt bha i taingeil Seasaidh fhaincinn sàmhach fo'n aodach. Dhuing i an dorus air a socair 's thug i a leaba fhéin oirre. Cha b'fhada gu robh srann aig a h-uile duine bh'ann, 's bu mhath gu robh an cadal trom. Bha sin am fàbhar na té dh'fhan 'na caithris; 's ann bu dòcha i tàrradh as.

So an t-sàmhchair 's an duathar a bha dhìth air an fheadhainn a bha deilbh innleachd gu teicheadh. Chuidich Màiri nighean Ailein Seasaidh le cuid-aodaich agus leig i a mach air an uinneig i cho fiataidh, faicilleach 's gun fhuaim a dhùisgeadh duine beò. Bha làmhian làidir a muigh a ghlacadh i, nach cailleadh gréim, 's nach leigeadh beud chuire a chaoidh.

An uair a thogadh ceò san tigh mhór sa' mhadainn, ghreas a mèthair a choimhead air Seasaidh. "Tha mi an dòchas gu bheil thu nas fheàrr an diugh," thuir i. Cha d' thàinig diog bho'n chumadh a bha sinte balb san leabaidh. Chlisg i gur ann a bha a' nighean marbh no ann an laigse. Thog i an t-aodach-laighe 's cha robh aice ach cluasagan, air an càradh cho coltach ri colainn o'n cheann-adhairt gu casan na leapa. Ma bha feadh ann feadh na h-oidhche, bha ùpraid agus iorghuill gu leòir ann a' la' r na màireach.

'S e Raghall Ruadh—b' aithne dhomh a mhac —an gille each a bh' aig a' bhàillidh bheag. Bha an t-seisreach a b' fheàrr a bha am Baile-locha aca deiseil fo acfhuinn aig an Rudhadhubh. Cha do rinneadh an fhichead mìle gu caol na Hearadh riamh roimhe an ùine cho goirid. Bha cruidhean cruadhach a' cur sradagan teine as an rathad mhór 's cha do lasaich iad gus an do ràinig iad an cladach far an robh eathar 'gam feitheamh. Shéid a' ghaoth ro gharbh an ceann 's nach laigheadh i air Rudhahùnais. B' fheudar dhaibh stùireadh air Ròdal, far an robh Iain, bràthair athar Seasaidh, 'na bhàillidh aig Iarl an Dumhóir. A chionn 's gum bu toidh leis i bha dùil aice gu faigheadh iad 'nan éiginn fagadh is fathamas a leigeadh iad ceum na b' fhaide air slighe na saorsa. Ach b' fhuair, neo-chneasda an fhàilte a fhuair iad o bhàillidh na Hearadh. Dh' fhuadaicheadh Dòmhnall air falbh, agus chàirich e Seasaidh fo ghlais gus an toirte air ais dhachaidh i.

Cho luath 's a chualas am Baile Raghail mar a bha, bhrosnaich am fear crotach an ruaig.

Mar a thuirte piuthar mo sheanamhar san òran a rinn i:

"An sin thuirte Cùbair ri Aileic,
Thalla 'nad chabhaig 's na bi mall;
Gheibh thu mìle 's baile fearainn—
Faigh mo leannan 's i air chall.
Fàilte dhuit, deagh shlàinte leat . . ."

Mharcaich Aileic 'na leum gu Leac Bhan a' Chaolais, ach chum garbh shiantan e fad seachdain a' feitheamh athais gu aiseag.

'S olc a' ghaoth nach séid gu math a chuid-eigin. Thug siod cothrom do Dhòmhnall sgioba sgariteil fhasdadh san Tairbear. Gheall e do Sheasaidh mu'n deach an dealachadh gu'n toireadh e a mach i ged bhiodh an t-arm dearg a' cuartachadh tigh Ròdail. Cha mhór nach robh! Chuir Iain a chuid sgalag 's feadhainn a bharrachd a sheasamh faire gun bhristeadh, gun fhios de dh'fhaodadh tachairt no cuin. Bu gnàth le Dòmhnall a bhith cho math ri fhacal. Air feadh oidhche thàinig e 's fir chalma 'na chois. Bhuaileadh an dorus uair no dhà 's o nach d' fhosgail spealgadh e. "Siod far an robh hùrla, hàrla," mar thuirte an t-òran. Thog Dòmhnall leis 'na uchd a leannan, agus b' aobhneach an ceòl 'na cluais buille luath a chridhe ghaisgeil.

Rinn Raghall Ruadh a roinn de chlaidhreadh na h-oidhch' ud, agus 's e bh' air cheann nan each 'nan deann dh' an Tairbear. An éirigh na gréine, air a chéigeamh là deug de'n Fhaoilleach, 1850, sheòl a' chàraid ghràdhach chliùiteach a mach Caolas Scalpaidh le soirbheas mar bu mhiann leò. Thàinig an euchd 's an treubhantas gu bhith iomraiteach: bha an sgeul am beul gach duine; chualas i anns gach ceàrn. Phòs iad air Tìr-mór, le deagh rùn nam miltean.

Mu Shamhain chaidh iad air bòrd luinge an Abhainn Chluaidh 's thug iad an làn fada dhi gu *Australia* a shireadh an lòn, taobh thall an t-saoghail. Ghabh iad raona mhór chaoarach 272 mìle a mach a *Melbourne*. Bha slugh tearc is tana 's cha robh talamh daor. Thug iad Baile Raghail air an àite a cheannaich iad. Tha an t-ainm sin fhathast air. Cha b' ann gun chruadal a bhuaannaich iad am bèò-shlaint —no gun chunnart. Anns na fàisichean uaigneach bha daoine fadhaich air nach ruigeadh lagh no riaghailt.

Air feasgar àraidh bha Seasaidh aig an dorus a' coimhead a mach le fadachd gu'n tigeadh a companach dhachaidh bho a chuirte air feadh nan caorach. Chunnac i marcaiche a' tàrraing dlùth. An uair a ràinig e leum e bhàrr an eich is e sealltainn gu dùr oirre. Chan fhaca e boirionnach riamh cho briagha rithe. Cha robh aig tigh ach i fhéin 's an t-searbhanta, 's

bha na coin 's an gunna aig fear an tìghe leis. Bha an teaghlach a b' fhaig orra móran mhiltean bhuapa. Cha chuireadh éigheach no maoidheadh teicheadh air a' bhéist. 'S ann a cheangail e Seasaidh air an diollaid 's air falbh a ghabh e leatha.

An uair a thill Dòmhnall choinnich a' chaileag e 's i a' caoineadh. Dh'innis i mar a thachair is sheall i dha an taobh a chaidh am fear-reubainn. Cha d' éisd e facal tuilleadh; bha fios aige far an robh an duine borb a' fuir-each. Cha do mharcaich e riath 'na bheatha cho dian; chuir a chorroich luamh 'na shiubhal. Ghabh e slighe na b' aithgearra na ghabh fear a thòrachd. Nuair a ràinig e snaim na rathaidhean cheangail e an t-each ann am bad coille is liùg e faisg air fàill a' cheuma. Cha b'fhada gus an cual e caismeachd a chuir 'na fhaireachadh e, fuaim faramach chrodhan a' tighinn luath. 'S e an dearg mheirleach a bh'ann. Thog Dòmhnall a ghunna ri ghuallainn le cuimse chinntich dìreach nuair a bha a' bhrùid bhorb a' dol seachad. Loisg e 's chuir e am peilear troimh cheann. Nuair a thuit e marbh as an diollaid stad an t-each. Ghlac Dòmhnall Seasaidh 'na aclais gun bheud gun chiurram. 'S iad a bhreidh taing do Dhia o an cridhe 's bu shona iad a' tilleadh dhachaidh.

Thog iad teaghlach ann am Baile Raghail *Australia*. Thàinig iad aon chuairt air ais do Albainn nuair a shoirbhich an suidheachadh. Bu shòlasach am beatha còmhla is bu dileas iad dha chèile gus an d' rinn am bàs an dealachadh. Dh'eug Seasaidh 'na bantraich ann a' Hartfield faisg air *Melbourne* air an ochdamh là deug de'n Chéitean, 1896.

Sud mar a bha is mar a chuala mi aig feadhainn dh'am b'aithne.

CALUM LAING.

Amas gun tuairmeas:

Latha is mi air chuairt ann an Coire-Cheathaich ('s e sin air eadar-theangachadh Glaschu) cò a choinnich rium air an t-sràid ach maor-sithe a mhuinntir Thiriodha. Cha robh sinn air a chéile fhaicinn o chionn iomadh latha, agus stad sinn a' seachas. Thuit an Tirisdeach mar so, "Bha mi faire oidhche an aon de phàircean a' bhaile, agus chunnaic mi peasan mosach a' dèanamh nì nach bu chòir dha. Chaidh mi far an robh e agus bhuail mi e, ach cha d'amais mi air, agus thuit e. Nuair a dh'éirich e bhuail mi e a rithist san aon àite, agus thuit e a rithist." Chan ann an Gallaibh uile tha an t-olc!

S.S.

"Gach Rud Ach An Fheoil"

SE MURCHADH MacGillinnein, an Eilean an Scarp, a thuir "Gach rud ach an fheoil"; agus feumaidh duine Gàidhlig mu'n tuig e a' Ghàidhlig sin. Bhiodh Murchadh a' céilidh, agus ruigeadh e tigh mo sheanar, tigh Dhòmhnail Bhàin no Dhòmhnail mhic Chaluim, agus ged nach biodh a stigh ach mo sheanmhair, Catriona Bàn, 'na h-aonar bhiodh Murchadh Tàilear air a dhòigh. An oidhche bha so bha mo sheanmhair a' cur 'na chuimhne mar a fhuair am Fàidh a lòn agus na fitich a' tarraing na feòla chuiqe. Agus thuir Murchadh gu dhrachdach, "O, ma-tà, a Chatriona, nach bu neònach nach do dh'ith iad fhéin i!" Agus bu neònach; ach is e bha aig mo dhùine seòrsa de achmhasan beag do bhean-an-tìghe, oir chanadh Murchadh mu'n dearbh thigh, "Gheibh thu rud sam bith san tìgh ud ach an fheòil. Gach rud ach an fheòil!" Bha e cumail a mach gun cumadh iad an fheòil aca fhéin, ach gun robh iad cho còir 's a dh'fhòghnadh mu na goireasan eile.

Bha Murchadh feasgar eile an tìgh Aonghais Dhòmhnail agus bha Aonghas an latha sin a' làmhadh mart marbhaidh do Aonghas mac Ruaraidh. Gheibheadh e cuibhrionn àraidh de'n mhart mar dhuaiss, agus bha an teanga anns a' chuibhriunn sin. An uair a ràinig Aonghas Dhòmhnail dhachaidh bha a' phrais air an teine le uisge goileach, agus cha b'fhada gus an robh am bòrd air uidheam aig Anna Ruadh, 's bu chòir i, agus shuidh Murchadh cuide riutha mu'n bhòrd. A' chiad mhir de'n teanga a chaidh a chur air beulaibh Mhurchaidh thòisich am fear sin air gàireachdaich. Thuir Aonghas ris carson a bha e gàireachdaich. "Is beag a bha dhùil aig an fhear leis an robh i gur mise a gheibheadh a' chiad bhìdeag dhith." Cha bhiodh e fhéin is Aonghas mac Ruaraidh rèidh uir sam bith.

An uair a bha mi 'nam bhalach an Arcaibh thug mi làithean saor air Raghnaidsaidh-bho-thuath, agus thug mi uan as leam. Tha caoraich bheaga san eilean sin a tha caran coltach ris na caoraich Hirteach; ach tha iad air an glasadh air taobh a muigh a' ghàraidh a tha mòr-thimcheall an eilein eadar an talamh àitich is an dachaidh. Tha iad, mar sin, beò air feamainn is eile, agus air meanbh-lusan a' chladaich. An uair a chrochar feòil nan caorach sin chithear i mar an t-iasg san dorcha le cuile-bianain; agus tha blas na mara air an fheòil.

Cuiridh duine umhail mhór air feòil chaorach san Eilean Fhada agus an eileanan eile seach

feòil a thig bho Thir-mór agus bhàrr nam machraichean air an Taobh Sear. Tha feòil nam machraichean nas reamhra, agus a' chuid a tha dubh dhith air ro bheag de'n fhior bhlas mhilis a tha air stoc nan eileanan. Tha barrachd air aon aobhar air sin. Tha so ann air tús, gu bheil eadar-dhealachadh anns na spréidhean agus anns an fheurach. Agus tha so eile ann, gu bheil na caoraich anns na h-eileanan a' call an cuid feòla gach gearradh is earrach; agus an uair a thig an samhradh is a bhraataicheas iad a rithist bidh an fheòil a bhios orra ùr is milis an còmhnuidh. Feòil na h-aon bhliadhna a bhios ann.

Chaidh dithis an Glaschu, bho chionn iomadh bliadhna a nis, do thigh-bidh, agus dh'iarr iad molt-feòil. Fhuair iad sin. An uair a bha iad ag itheadh na feòla thuirt fear aca ris an fhear eile, "Innsidh mi dhut co as a thàinig an fheòil a tha so." "Càit as a thàinig i?" ars am fear eile. "Thàinig i a eilean beag anns na Hearadh air a bheil an Scarp." Ars am fear eile, "A bheil thu an dùil gun creid mise a' leithid sin bhua?" Fhreagair a charaid agus thuirt e, "Cuiridh mi a' leithid so air a' gheall riut." "Cuiridh mise geall riut nach ann. Ach ciamar a théid againn air a dhearbhadh?" "Nach fhoighnich sinn do fhear na bùthadh càit an d'fhuair e an fheòil?"

Rinn iad sin, agus dh'innis am fear sin dhaibh am feòladair o'n d' fhuair e an fheòil; agus cha robh ach falbh ball-direach chun a' bhùtsear sin. Bha deagh fhios aige-san co as a thàinig na muilt ceart gu leòir. Chaidh an ceannach an Inbhir-Pheopharain air a shon, agus thàinig iad air tús as na Hearadh far an do reic fear a eilean air an robh an Scarp iad, fear air an robh Tormod MacAonghais. Agus bha sin ceart. "Agus air son Ghlaschu dheth!"

CALUM MACGILLEATHAIN.

Fath Mo Mhulaid— N.A.T.O. Steornabhaigh

'N dol fodha na gréine
Aig cian-oir an lear
Tha samhla ro àillidh
Ri tàladh gu siar;
Le gealladh na h-òige
An tìr a tha buan,
Sa' bheil gean agus sòlas,
'S gach loinn tha ri luaidh.

A bhriathran meal-theangaidh
Ri tàladh gu falbh

A dh'ionnsaigh na tìr
Tha gach cridhe ri sealg;
'Chur cùl ris a' mhi-ghean
Tha daoine 'nan uail
Toirt an léir-sgrìos an innleachd
'Na dhileib do'n t-sluagh.

Dé 's ciall e do'n duine
Bhith strì no bhith sàs
Ri saoghal th'air dimeas
Gach nì san robh àgh;
'Cur suas leis an oighreachd
Tha daoir ri toirt beò,
'S an fhàire ri smèideadh
Gu sìth Tìr-nan-Og?

AM BARD BOCHD.

So Mar A Bha

Tha e air aithris gur ann mar so a dh'éirich an dà sheanfhalac a leanas: Na h-uachdarain anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, a bha air taobh nan Seumasach aig am an ar-amach aig toiseach an ochdamh linne deug, chaill iad an cuid oighreachdan agus dh'fhuadaicheadh iad fhéin thar chuain no theich iad le am beatha do dhùthchannan na Roinn Eòrpa. A measg na theich bha Uilleam Dubh, Iarla Shìophort, agus thug esan an Fhraing air.

Cha do chaill a chàirdean a dh'fhàg e air a chùl cuimhne air, agus cha mhotha rinn iad dearmad air fheum. Dh'aindeoin feall-fhalach is géir fhaire chuir an Seumarlan aige, Sgàire MacAmhlaidh, cuid de mhàl Leódhais air son còmhnaidh leis 'na fheum far an robh e. Aon bhliadhna dh'earb an Seumarlan ri Murchadh MacCoinnich, fear-taca Lacasaidh nan Loch, an turas ànrach do'n Fhraing a ghabhail gu bhith cur an làmh an Iarla còmhnaidh airgid. Thàinig Murchadh Dubh air Uilleam Dubh, an t-Iarla, is e buain mònach leis fhéin. Bho chùlaibh, gun smid a ràdh, chuir e a làmh air gualainn an uachdarain agus thubhairt e gu sèimh, socair, "Bha latha eile aig fear na mònach." Gun sùil a thoirt air an fhear a bha labhairt, fhreagair am fear eile a bha cho geur air a theanga, "Chan eil duine gun dà latha ach duine gun latha idir."

Chan eil e a muigh, 's chan eil e a stigh,
ach chan eil an tigh as aonais.

(Glutadh anns a' bhalla)

Aonghas Macleoid

Chaidh Aonghas MacLeòid, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S., a ghairm dhachaidh toiseach an earraich. Dh'fhàg e 'na dhéidh mórán a bhithas 'g a ionndrainn is 'g a chaoidh air son iomadh latha.

Le a bhàs chaidh solus mór as ann an rìoghachd na Gàidhlig. Is ann tearc a bha iad a measg nan Gaidheal air an cuala sinn iomradh aig an robh buadhan inntinne cho comasach 's a bha aige no a chuir gu ìre iad cho buileach. Thug e làn chothrom fad a bheatha do na tàlannan móra agus do na sochairean a bhuilicheadh air. Shaothraich e gu dian a chum e fhéin ullachadh air son a dhreuchd, agus tha toradh a shaothrach anns gach dleasdanas a chuireadh roimhe a' toirt fianuis shoilleir air cho uidheamaichte 's a bha e. Bha e iasgaidh is gnìomhach, faidhidinneach is fad-sheallach, dileas is earbsach. Agus ged nach sparradh e a bheachd air neach eile bha a shealladh fhéin daonnan soilleir.

A Sgoil Phabail far na nochd e an toiseach meud a chomais chaidh e do Ard Sgoil Steòrnabhagh. Chuir mi eòlas air an sin mar sgoilear bàrraichte, agus a rithist an Oil-thigh Obairadhain far na sheas e air a' bhinnean a b' àirde mar oileanach. An déidh bliadhna no dhà 'na fhear-cuidich san Oil-thigh bha e air son beagan bhliadhnachadh a' teagasg *Mathematics* ann an aon de àrd sgoilean a' bhaile.

Chaidh e as an sin, 'na dhuine òg, gu bhith os cionn Ard Sgoil an Obain far na shaothraich e gu soirbheachail fad aon bliadhna deug ar fhichead. Rinn e obair ionmholta san Oban, obair a leanas agus air an tig fàs. Bithidh cuimhne chùbhraidh air Aonghas MacLeòid air feadh Earraghaidheil, agus an iomadh àite air feadh an t-saoghail far am faighear na sgoilearan a bha fo a theagasg is fo a chùram. Bha e dòigheil 'na nàdur, dùrachdach 'na ghnè, uasal is coibhneil 'na ghùlan. Ged nach cluinnte a ghuth air na sràidean bha e déidheil air cuideachd, agus àbhachdach, sona a measg a chàirdean.

Bha ùidh mhór aige riamh anns a' Ghàidhlig — na bàrdachd is 'na ceòl. Rannsaich e gu mion agus gu farsaing litreachas na Gàidhlig, agus cha robh mórán 'na latha aig an robh doimhne an eòlais aige air bàrdachd is rosg. Cha do dh'fhàg e mórán de oidhirpean sgrìobhaidh fhéin ann an Gàidhlig. Ach anns a' mhìneachadh agus anns an eadar-theangachadh a rinn e air bàrdachd Dhonnchaidh Bhàin agus Alasdair Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair dh'fhàg e gu leòir gu bhith cur luchd leughaidh agus luchd ionnsachaidh fada 'na chomain. Is e

flor sgoilear Gàidhlig a leasaicheas an obair ris na chuir esan a làmh.

Tha ar co-fhaireachdainn aig a chèile is aig a mhad, Alasdair, agus aig a bhràthair is a dhithis pheathraichean ann an Garrabost.

SEUMAS MAC THOMAS.

Lonach

Ma tha eun eile san ealtainn cho lonach ris an druid chan aithne dhòmhsa e. Madainn no dha air ais chuir mi pronnach arain air an lic air cùlaibh an tighe air son nam breacan-beithe a tha cho tric a' tadhal air an lios againn. Cha bu luaithe a chuir mi cùl ris an fhéisd aca agus a sheas mi air taobh a stigh na h-uinneige, a dh'fhaicinn dé a thachradh, na thàinig sgaoth de na h-eòin bheaga. Có as a thàinig idir chan eil fhios agam, ach cha robh so 'na iongnadh orm idir oir 's fhada bho thuig mi gu bheil sùilean géire aig na h-eòin. Tha na creutairean bochda daonnan feumach, agus daonnan a' feitheamh air spiris no air sgèith gun fhios càite am fosgail doras dhaibh.

Thàinig idir, ma-tà, agus air ball chuartich iad an sprùilleach, gach fear le a ghob an sàs, a' piceadh air an lic no air géig far na thog e leis pronnach chum ithe ann an sith. Abair iomairt air ais 's air adhart, a null 's a nall, sios is suas, a' putadh a chèile air falbh o'n chuirm air eagal nach robh gu leòr ann air son nan uile a shàsachadh.

Ach cha d'fhuair na breacain-beithe an latha gu léir dhaibh fhéin idir. Mar chlach as an athar bhuaill druid 'nan teis-meadhoin mus robh iad letheach ullamh, sgap i na bha air an làr de na h-eòin bheaga, is thòisich i dinneadh 'na sgròban na ghabhadh ann. An t-eagal leis na theich càch dh'fhàg iad gu h-aithghearr air an cùl is thill iad a rithist agus a rithist. Bheireadh an druid ruid as déidh an fhir a b'fhaisge, ach fhad's a bha ise a' fuadach an fhir sin bha buidheann eile an sàs anns a' bhriadh. Cha bu luaithe a thionndaidheadh i a cùl na bha dusan a' dleasadh an còrach. Ged a bhiodh sùilean air a cùl cho math 's a bha 'na ceann bheireadh e a leòr dhi sùil a chumail air na bha tighinn oirre o gach taobh. Bha an fhéisd a nis a' sìor sheargadh, ach is e flor bheag dith air na bhlais an druid. Agus am beagan a bha air fhàgail cha robh e an dànn dì beul a chur air. Thàinig druid eile cho obann rithe fhéin. Cha robh dad air aire an dara té ach fuadach na té eile o na bha an làthair de na criomagán. Am feadh 's a bha an dà dhruid a' riomagadh a chèile bha na breacain a' cur crìche air a' chuirm ann an sith.

S.D.T.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Chan fhaca mi fhéin iasg a riamh a chuirinn air thoiseach air a' bhradan air son lòn air bith, agus chan e sin a mhàin ach tha e cho sgèimheach 'na iasg agus a tha e taitneach 'na bhìadh. Tha an sgadan e fhéin, air ùr-chrathadh as an llong, 'na iasg maiseach, ach loinneil agus mar a tha esan agus iomadh seòrsa eile, tha am bradan a' toirt bàrr air na h-uile. Tha am bradan leis an loch uisge, leis an linne, agus leis an abhainn, cho math ri bhith leis a' chuan. Mur b'e sin bhithinn air mo cho-éigheachadh gu bhith 'g ràdh—an giomach, am bradan, an ròn, seòid a' chuain. Ach is ann air an rionnach fhéin a tha coltas an t-seòid agus is iad an cuan, an doimhneachd sàile, agus an sruth mara na h-ionadan ion-mhiannaichte aige fhéin. Iasg glas, stiallach, geur roimhe, cruinn timcheall, caol cuimir gu bun an earbaill, agus an t-earball farsaing, caol, làidir; tha an gille glas so air fhìor uidheamachadh air son na réis mara.

An robh sibh riamh 'g a iasgach le na slatan? Ma bha, tha fios agaibh gu bheil neart agus sgoinn ann a tha dol fada thar a mhead. Leumaidh e anns an t-sruth agus an uair a leumas bheir e grad ionnsaigh fodha; agus mur eil an acfhuinn foghainnteach, agus gu h-àraidh ma tha caraid no dhà aig an rionnach, tha dubhan is ite gus a bhith dhith air an àireamh. Bheir an rionnach fead air an diamlaich an uair a bheir e a cheann fodha. Agus ged nach blaisinn air an iasg, cha dì-chuimhnich mi idir treòir is tapach an rionnach. Tha iasgach nan rionnach a' toirt làithean geala m'òige 'nam chuimhne: mise agus na fir a bu tèma agus a b'fheàrr an eathar air feasgar briagha, a' ghrìan air dòl fodha agus faiteal beag air tighinn air a' ghaoith, blàths an latha agus fionnarachd an annoich a' còmhlachadh a chéile, fàileadh na mara cho cunbhallach agus cùbhraidh agus, ar leat, fàileadh an éis anns an fhaitéal gaoithe; am muir a' dorchadh, ach fhathast trom uaine thar na gaineimh, agus dearg thar a' chladaich, an caolas beag, bòidheach an Innse Gall.

I myself never saw a fish that I would prefer to salmon for any meal, and not only that but it is as beautiful as a fish as it is pleasing as food. The herring itself, newly shaken from the net, is a beautiful fish but handsome as it and many other kinds are, the salmon excells them all. The salmon belongs to the water loch, to the pool and to the river as well as to the sea. But for that fact I would be constrained to say—the lobster, the salmon, the seal, heroes of the sea. The mackerel has the look of a hero, and its most desirable haunts are the ocean, the depth of the sea, and the sea current. A grey striped fish, pointed in front, round in body, slim and shapely towards the base of the tail, with the tail widespread, narrow and strong. This grey fellow is well equipped for the sea race.

Were you ever fishing for it with the rods? If you were, you know it has strength and activity far beyond its size. It will leap in the tide-stream and when it does it dives immediately; unless the tackle is strong, and especially if the mackerel has a friend or two, a hook and a fly will be missing. The mackerel will make the line whistle when it dives. Though I would not taste the fish, I shall never forget the strength and vigour of the mackerel. Mackerel fishing reminds me of the bright days of my youth: the most skilled and best men and I in a boat on a beautiful evening, after sunset, with a slight breeze, the heat of the day and the coolness of evening intermingling, the ever present and sweet smell of the sea, and, seemingly, the smell of the fish in the breeze; the sea darkening, but still deep green above the sand, and violet over the beach, the beautiful narrow strait in the Hebrides.

1. Leag sinn an seòl aig bun na h-aibhne.
2. Tha mòran còmhraidh a' ruith air an duine ud.
3. Ruithidh an rud sin air an uisge.
4. Cuir sgoinn ort gus am beir thu air.
5. Thà an eaglais air a h-éigheach bàn.
6. Tha i glé mhór as an litir a bhàir i.

1. We lowered the sail at the mouth of the river.
2. That man talks a great deal.
3. That thing will dissolve in the water.
4. Bestir yourself so that you may overtake him.
5. The church has been declared vacant.
6. She is very proud of the letter she received.

“Maol Ruairi Ghlinneachan”

Is tric a chluinnear an seann tàladh ceòlmhor so, ach is e cheist, Cò b'e Maol Ruairi (no Maol Ruanaidh) Ghlinneachan, agus a bheil ciall aig an ainm?

Leugh is chuala sinn gur h-e màthair a theich 's a dh'fhàg a leanabh sa' chreathall agus gur h-e bean-sithe a rinn an t-òran. A réir beul-aithris Bharraidh tha sin buileach cèarr; ach is fheàrr dhuinn an sgeul innse slàn mar a chuala sinn e.

Mar tha fios agaibh, anns na seann làithean thigeadh gorta air an tìr aig amannan, agus cha robh aig daoine bochda uibhir 's a ghléidheadh iad bho dhith agus bho dheireas. Thachair a' leithid anns a' Ghaidhealtachd bho chionn fhada, agus bha duine bochd aig an robh teaghlach òg cha mhòr as a rian is a' chlànn bheag aige a' rànaich leis an acras. Cha robh biadh no annlann aige dhaibh; agus air son na nàbaidhean, bha iad san aon chor ris fhéin.

Nis bha dròbh chaorach aig uachdaran a' bhaile air an t-sliabh, agus air a' cheann mu dheireadh smaointich an duine truagh gun éireadh e sa' mhoch-thrath is gun goideadh e beathach caorach a chumadh an teaghlach beò. Thug e leis an cù a' mhadainn a bha so agus chrò e caoraich an uachdarain. Laigh a shùil air caora aig an robh uan mór, maol, reamhar agus thuir e ris fhéin, “Sud a' chàraid a bheir mise dhachaidh.” Thug e leis a' chaora is an t-uan agus bha iad gu bhith aig tigh nuair a fhuair a' chaora as agus theich i air ais do'n bheinn. Cha robh aige nis ach an t-uan.

Cha robh ciobairean an uachdarain fada a' dèanamh a mach an dearbh mhadainn ud nach robh an treud uile aca. Fhuair iad a' chaora a bha air chall agus thuit an t-amharus air an duine bhochd gur h-e an meirleach a ghoid an t-uan. Chuireadh fios air na maoir.

'S e tigh dubh a bha aig an teaghlach le balla-tarsainn. Anns a' cheann anns am biodh na h-ainmhidhean mharbh an t-athair an t-uan, chroch e suas air spàrr e, agus thòisich-eadh air feannadh. Cha robh e ullamh dh'an fheannadh nuair a chuala e glaoth o'n chloinn, “Tha triuir fhear a nuas an leathad agus tha iad gu bhith aig an tigh.” Chlisg an duine agus fhios aige gu ro mhath òd ceann-deiridh na cùise nan glacte e leis an uan.

Bha na maoir gu bhith aig an doras nuair a spion e nuas an t-uan, agus a' ruith e leis gu ceann-ìochdair an tìghe shuain e bad aodaich timcheall air agus ann an tiota sud a' chlosach aige sa' chreathall. Thòisich e an uair sin air tulgadh na creathlach agus is e so an tàladh a bha e seinn:

Ba ho ro Mhaol Ruairi Ghlinneachan,
Ba ho ro Mhaol Ruairi;

Dh'fhalbh do màthair 's thug i'm fireach oirr',

Ba ho ro Mhaol Ruairi.

Bu mhath dhàsan nach do thuig na maoir ciall nam briathran sin, oir nam b'ann mar sin a bha cha robh iad air falbh as aonais fhéin 's an uain.

BHO SGOIL BHREIBHIG.

Na Sithichean

R. F. MOLLISON

“ANGUS, Angus where are you” in a woman's cry came from the doorway of a cottage over by the fir wood. But Angus himself guddlin for troot in the burn not a hundred yards away just muttered “ach”, and carried on.

Bob, the old black and white collie that was lying among the bluebells on the bank, had sprung to his feet on hearing the cry, but seeing that his young master paid no heed to it gave a whimper as much as to say “we had better go”, and lying down again he watched through half shut eyes the beloved figure with his kilt “draigglin” in the burn, slipping hands round likely stones or shoving a brown, freckled arm into holes in the bank. Great friends those two had grown—together from puppyhood days nine long years ago.

“Angus”. The cry came this time with a nip in its tone that made the owner of the name straighten his back with a jerk, and muttering to himself what he was going to do to the troot he had nearly caught, reluctantly scrambled up to the bank, and, with Bob bounding on in front, trotted homewards to see what was wanted of him. Meanwhile his mother was busy tying up a parcel on the kitchen table, her thoughts anything but pleasant, for her young son was getting more and more out of hand every day. Anything he did for her was done with a grudge and a black frown. Today when he had promised to be home early to take a message he had wasted his time until it was almost too late to do anything about it. And Angus had been such a nice boy. No doubt she herself was partly to blame, not strict enough. With the lad growing up it was a father's hand that was needed for guidance.

At this point a crash at the door, as two bodies tried to enter at the same time, proclaimed the return of the truant. “What is it, mother?”, cried Angus rebelliously. “You remember, Angus, you promised to take this parcel to Mr. McColl for me; it is getting late and he expects it tonight”. Seeing a dour look creeping over her son's face she laid her hand

on his shoulder and continued "You are the only man I have to do things for me, and your father would not like to know that you had failed to help." Young Angus's heart swelled with pride to be called a man. After all he was only a boy, and for all his thrawnness he loved his mother very much. "I'm sorry, mother, but I'll no be long in going to McColl's. I think I could run fast enough if I had something to eat for I'm awful hungry."

His mother laughed, and, going to the press, she took a big, thick treacle scone from a tin box and spread fresh butter on it with a generous hand. Angus' teeth watered at the sight of it, and well they might for Mrs. MacDougall was famed for her treacle scones and fresh butter. As one wife remarked after her seventh scone, "They just melt in your mouth".

Young Angus with the buttered scone already melting in his mouth and with the parcel under his oxtar set out for McColl's croft. His mother and Bob watched the sturdy young figure as he mounted the path that ran round the end of the hill. The dog had been forbidden to go for when the two of them were together time was forgotten. Now, as he lay at full stretch with his nose between his paws, a prodigious sigh exploded from his nose as he thought of the rare time they could have had. Mrs. MacDougall laughed and, clapping Bob on the head, she entered the house and sat down for a rest before she saw to the hens and the two cows for the night. Sitting there she realised how tired she was for it had been a busy day. For a moment she wondered whether she should give up the croft and live in the village where Angus could have companions more of his own age. But her heart failed her at the thought of leaving the cottage where she had spent her happiest years.

Remembrance came of the day when she had seen it for the first time. She had come from Edinburgh to spend a holiday with her grandmother in the village. On a long tramp over the hills on a day of excessive heat in August she came to the cottage door for a drink of milk. Colin himself had come in answer to her knock, and that was the start of it. When his mother died they were married. After a year or two the war started, and Colin and most of the men in the clachan answered the call. Colin never came back; he was killed piping his company to victory. He had left his croft and all it contained in trust for young Angus then a babe of two. All these thoughts on top of a trying day sapped her usually brave spirit; things looked black, a sob broke the silence and tears ran down her cheeks. Suddenly her tears ceased to flow; her eyes brightened

with a look of expectancy and she knew she was not alone. Somebody stood at her side, some one she could not see, but she knew beyond any doubt that Colin was there.

It was not for the first time he had come to her aid when things were difficult. The same feeling of comfort and strength she had experienced on those other occasions filled her heart, chasing away despair like the sun coming from behind the clouds. Unafraid and happy she sat for a few minutes until she knew he had gone from her as suddenly as he had come, but leaving behind the sweet knowledge of his presence along with the certainty that the path of duty, the cottage, and young Angus were all bound up together.

What about the young messenger now? Alas! his good intentions were gradually forgotten the farther he got away from home, and by the time he reached the larch wood, where the "wee folk" dwelt, he had expanded into a great explorer, fighting singlehanded a host of savages. He flung the parcel containing McColl's suit which his mother had so carefully renewed into a thicket of dockens and nettles. Breaking a branch of hazel growing on the bank, and using it as a great claymore, he swiped the heads off the thistles, foxgloves and bluebells which grew in great profusion round about. To him in his present mood they represented to his vivid imagination the bloodthirsty hordes that dared to bar his way. Swipe, and away went a handful of bluebells. Another swipe, and half a dozen stalks of foxgloves were lying on the ground. "By jings," said Angus to himself, "what a great lad I am; six savages headless at one stroke." Hacking away, he saw himself in a boat sailing for home. And nearing the pier he could see the crowds awaiting his arrival. The King and Queen were there in the front rank, and just behind them stood his mother and the Oban Pipe Band, and already he could hear the tune they were playing—"Scotland the Brave." He could see the drum sticks of Donald MacAlpine flashing in the sun, and his heart swelled with pride. Fancy Donald playing for him, Donald who was the hero of all the boys of Glenshulloch, who could guddle for troot and throw them to the bank as if he were shelling peas, catch salmon when no one else could, lift a heavy bag of flour when everybody else was beaten, get six rabbits in a row and kill them all with one shot. And the best twirler of drum sticks in all Scotland. "Jings, it was worth all the terrible dangers and hair-breadth escapes I passed through to get this great welcome."

As his imagination reached this height he made a terrific final swipe at the last of the

bluebells and foxgloves, and as the pink and blue petals fluttered to the ground Angus muttered, "Ach, that's them all killed. I am glad for my arms are sore, and it's ower warm tae fecht ony mair." So saying he flung his trusty blade away nearly braining a water-hen zigzagging across the water near by. Our hero then flung himself down on a patch of crimson sweet-smelling thyme and gave himself up to a feeling of sheer satisfaction.

(to be continued.)

The Folklore Element in Carmina Gadelica

(Part 3)

By F. G. THOMSON

OCCUPATIONS concerned with the production of cloth are clipping, warping, setting the *iomart*, weaving, washing and waulking. All of these were performed with utterances of a religious and superstitious nature. Biblical and Celtic saints are usually invoked to favour each task with success. Thursday, the day of Columba, was an auspicious day for the commencement of cloth-making operations. Blessings were said to ward off the malicious attentions of the fairies while the loom is out of action over the Sabbath day.

The waulking of the cloth is one phase of cloth-making which is well known. Before the waulking began, a libation of milk was poured on to a fixed rock for the propitiation of the *loivreag*, a supernatural female who presided over the proceedings. There were seven distinct phases in waulking, from the first action, to get the women into the swing of the work, to the consecration of the cloth and the subsequent folding of it before it was handed to the owner. An interesting point is the refusal of fishermen to wear cloth which had been dyed with *crotal*, because of its associations with rocks.

While touching on the subject of fishermen and fishing, some customs can be related here concerning the occupation. Fishing banks were allocated by lots to each man, and he kept that portion for a year. The first hook of the season was always let down in the name of the Trinity; and when a man first became a fisherman, he was taken by his fellow-fishers and dipped into a sea-pool to initiate him into his new craft. The cooping and certain other trades have similar initiating ceremonies performed at the completion of an apprenticeship.

Because the Celts were a race more pastoral than agrarian, it is natural to find many customs relating to the herding of cattle, sheep, and goats. Blessings were said while driving the animals to the pasture, for their protection while grazing, and while they made their way back to the croft again. Bride and Columba feature most in these expressions which contain a mixture of religious and superstitious elements.

The sewing of the seed was always preceded by a ceremony concerned with the consecration of the seed in the hopes of a quick germination and a subsequent rich harvest. The reaping in due course was also accompanied by further ritual and ceremony.

When one family's harvest was completed, the image of an old woman—known as the "Hag"—was sometimes sent to a laggard neighbour. The "gift" was greatly resented and on occasions resulted in bad feeling between the two parties.

One of the main events in the pastoral year of the Gael was going *bho baile gu beinn*: to the sheiling. This feature has survived in Lewis to the present day, where a semblance of the exodus from the town is still seen at the beginning of the summer months. The customs related in *Carmina Gadelica* echo fast rituals observed on Beltane. A hunter's initiation into his craft consisted of the placing of oil on his head by his fellow-hunters while he stood bare-footed on a piece of grassless ground with his bow in his hand. He swore to kill no sitting bird, nor beast lying down, nor the mother of a brood. The preservation of life was to be just as important to him as was the justified killing for food. The consecration of the chase consisted in the hunter washing his face in the waters at the junction of three streams. (This seems to be a ritual common to numerous occasions; cf. *Invocation for Justice*.)

As the day of the Gael began, so did it end: with personal ritual, this time mainly concerned with smooching the fire and the invocation of the Deity for night-shielding and bedding prayers. The safe-guarding of the person was requested and a blessing on house and hearth.

Carmina Gadelica contains much material which presents peculiar problems in classification. Carmichael uses the heading *Miscellaneous* to include items which could be adequately dealt with under a subject heading. But there are a number of items which defy any sort of classification at all; a discussion of these is outwith the scope of the present series of articles.

Some conclusions may be derived from what has been presented so far. At the moment work is being done to subject the Collection to a close investigation of the folklore elements

contained therein. What has been done in these articles is merely the presentation of some of the parallels and survivals of lore which were in existence 100 years ago. As has been mentioned earlier, the subject is too vast to entertain the hope of full communication to readers through the medium of short articles. However, sufficient has been given to realise that *Carmina Gadelica* has an important place within the confines of Scottish folklore research, in the first instance, and in the broad assessment in international folklore.

The elements which are most conspicuous in *Carmina Gadelica* are those which are echoes of folk beliefs and superstitions. Many of these echoes have come ringing down through the centuries to the present day; and some are now so much a part of our lives that it is reasonable to expect, even in this age of rationalism, that they will continue to echo in the lives of future generations. Parallels to many elements in *Carmina Gadelica* can be found in modern folklore; and folklore being as old as the hills and as young as tomorrow there must be a continual assessment and re-assessment for the better understanding of man and his relationship with things spiritual and material.

The folklore elements in *Carmina Gadelica* are derived from two main sources simultaneously: (1) popular folk beliefs; and (2) ecclesiastical literary tradition (e.g., the frequent appearance of holy numbers and the citation of biblical historical instances).

In *Carmina Gadelica* we are fortunate in that we have material derived mainly from an oral tradition. This means that the material was taken fresh from the minds of the people and not from literary sources. Thus the problem of creating a division between (1) and (2) does not present itself. (An instance of what might have been the case can be seen with regard to the Irish folklore collection, (*Betha Colaim Chille*, compiled by Manus O'Donnell and published in 1532. The material in this collection was compiled from both oral and literary (hagiographical) sources, and this has created problems of material derivation for modern editors of Irish folklore. See *Eigse*, Vol. viii.)

Thus, from an oral tradition, fixed in perpetuity in written form, we get a good picture of the folk life in the Highlands and Islands 100 years ago. And we can reasonably expect that the picture was substantially the same in preceding centuries.

But, although the oral tradition is dominant in *Carmina Gadelica*, there are some elements which have been originally derived from literary sources. By this we mean those

recorded instances, usually occasions in the lives of biblical and Celtic saints (and especially Columba), which were communicated to the folk through the medium and visiting clerics who had direct or indirect access to sacred writings. We can assume with reason that most of the traditions associated with Columba were derived from literary and hagiographical sources in the first instances, and then were transmitted orally to succeeding generations with a fair proportion of fidelity. *Betha Colaim Chille* (mentioned above) indicates that his associations with cattle and certain biographical instances spring from literary sources. We may thus take a similar view when considering Columba in *Carmina Gadelica*.

One of the many problems arising from an assessment of *Carmina Gadelica* is that concerned with item classification. There is no precedent to follow for this kind of thing, although some measure of guidance is to be had from the Stith Thompson *Motif Index of Folk Literature*. But the Index deals largely with folklore elements and motifs found in folk tales and the like and can only be applied with care to the material in *Carmina Gadelica*. Even the criteria adopted by James Ross (see *Scottish Studies*, 1) in the classification of Gaelic folk-song can only be applied with reservation because of the nature and overlapping of many related items. Thus, any analysis of items must be based on some convenient arbitrary system concerned mainly with type designation and content classification; and the analysis must also be based on the internal evidence offered by the Collection.

Religious items and those expressing religious sentiment can be classed according to function using Carmichael's own subject headings; but the items themselves do not reveal their function from an examination of their contents. Indeed, the same (or nearly the same) formula is used to gain a desired effect on dissimilar occasions. Similar difficulties arise with fairy songs, waulking songs, etc., which are so called because of the relevant information given by the collector regarding the circumstances in which the items were found or given. Textual content is thus not always indicative of function of type.

Occupational songs and those items with a ritualistic significance also present problems; but enough has been said to show that *Carmina Gadelica* requires very careful handling; there is ever present the tendency to clothe items with strange garments, this becoming apparent when the sub-division of subject-groups is attempted. One is then forced to adopt a system of classification which allows some latitude in order to

accommodate a reasonable solution to the problems of assessing the Collection.

The above remarks are indicative of some of the Work being done on the Collection at the moment and which, when ultimately completed with reasonable satisfaction, may serve to indicate the importance of and enhance the value of the work of Alexander Carmichael and his monumental *Carmina Gadelica*.

(concluded)

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD 1959

Received at Dundee—

Previously acknowledged £2,851 2 2

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged	£238	—	9
Mrs. H. M. Campbell of Airds, Amersham ..	3	—	—
F. C. Harding, Esq., Manchester ..	—	1	6
Crieff and District Highland Association ..	5	5	—
Col. Guthrie, Angus ..	2	—	—
Miss May Bell, Muir of Ord ..	—	6	—
Euan Macdiarmid, Esq., M.A., C.A., Edinburgh ..	—	5	—
Col. Maule Horne, Parkstone	4	—	—
Hugh A. Muir, Esq., Aberdeen ..	—	7	9
The Glasgow Celtic Society ..	4	10	—
Edinburgh Branch of Comunn na Clarsaich	2	—	—
General Sir Philip Christison ..	2	—	—
Mrs. A. E. Matheson ..	3	—	—
Cruachan Branch ..	2	12	6
Paisley Highlanders' Association ..	3	3	—
			270 11 6
			<u>£3,121 13 8</u>

CENTRAL FUND

Previously acknowledged	£117	2	6
Mrs. A. MacLean, Wells, Canada ..	—	14	9
Donald MacLean, Esq., Skeabost Bridge	—	14	—
Lochalsh Gaelic Choir ..	5	—	—
Dingwall Branch ..	3	3	—
Paisley Highlanders' Association ..	10	—	—
Aberfeldy Branch ..	4	—	—
Brian G. Lane, Esq., Cornwall ..	—	2	—
Lairg Branch ..	1	1	—
			<u>£141 17 3</u>

MAGAZINE FUND

Previously acknowledged	£7	10	6
Murdo Macleod, Esq., M.A., Dunbar ..	—	10	—

Rev. W. Wortley French, Dunedin, N.Z.	—	5	—
Miss Lucy Cameron, Glenmoriston—			
Travelling Expenses to Dundee Mod			
relinquished	2	15	—
			<u>£11 — 6</u>

COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Forres Branch	£5	—	—
Aberdeen Branch	5	5	—
Cromarty Branch	2	—	—
Newtonmore Branch	3	3	—
Miss Kay Matheson, Inverasadale	50	—	—
National Farmers' Union of Scotland,			
Inverness District Branch	4	4	—
Inverness Branch	5	—	—
K. Cameron, Esq., Inverness	1	1	—
John A. Macdonald, Esq., M.A.,			
Glasgow—Dundee Mod Travelling			
Expenses relinquished	1	8	—
Miss Kay Matheson, Inverasadale—			
Froceeds of two Ceilidhs held in The			
Gairloch District	37	—	—
Lairg Branch	1	1	—
			<u>£115 4 —</u>

Branch Reports

AYR

An enjoyable ceilidh was held in Ayr on 8th January when a programme of a high standard was presented. Rev. Archie Beaton presided with great acceptance. Mr. Calum Cameron and Miss Ina MacDiarmid sang Gaelic songs, and Mr. Harry MacIndoe sang in English. A member of the Junior Choir, Frances Matthews, gave a delightful rendering of the "Shepherd's Cradle Song."

MANCHESTER BRANCH

Greetings and a challenge from the only Branch of An Comunn South of the Border, to Branches in the North. Less than a dozen members of the Branch are native Gaelic speakers, but all 160 members are also members of An Comunn.

A group of members formed the "Manchester Gaelic Study Circle" in 1952, under the tutorship of the late Mr. W. G. Macdonald of Lewis. All are keen, and four have become fluent Gaelic speakers. The Branch supports a Gaelic Choir, whose conductor, Pat Curley, hails from Newtonmore, and whose reader, Flora Macfarlane, comes from Mull.

Monthly ceilidhs are held from October to March. In April a special ceilidh is held in aid of Mod Funds. May sees a good attendance for our A.G.M., and in June members invade the Cheshire countryside which echoes to the skirl of the pipes, for our annual picnic.

A heartening feature of the ceilidhs this season has been the increasing number of young folk attending. When possible we have Gaelic speakers as Guest Artists. In November we had Neil and Jenny Maclean in December we had Nan Hunter. In December too, a capacity 209 attended our annual "Highland Ball", including the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Manchester. It was a social and financial success, and as Highland as we could make it. At our February ceilidh we shall welcome Archie Maclean, and in March Kenna Campbell will receive a similar welcome.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

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Leabhar LV

AN CEITEIN, 1960

Aireamh 5

MARAICHEAN LAMHCHAIREACH

NACH tric a chuala sinn nach eil agus nach robh na Gaidheil a riamh cho sgoinneil no cho làmhchaireach air son an teachd-an-tir a chosnadh ri iomadh sluagh eile. Ma tha gus eil sin fìor an diugh, gu cinnteach cha robh e fìor a thaobh nan Leòdhasach aig an am air eil mi dol a dhèanamh iomraidh an nochd. 'S ann a bha iad fhéin agus na cinn-iùil aca 'nan cùis-fharmaid air son cho gnìomhach 's a bha iad agus cho fad-sheallach 'nan oidhirpean.

'S ann mar mharaichean a dhearbh na Leòdhasaich an tapachd agus an gleusdachd air tùs. Nuair nach robh innealan iasgaich ann ach eathraichean no bàtaichean beaga fosgailte cha b'urrainn iad druim a' chuain a thadhal. Aig an am-sa 's e Loch an Ròg an t-àit iasgaich a bh'aca sa' gheamhradh, agus 's ann ris na Suainich a bha iad a reic a' chuid mhór de'n sgadan a bha iad a' marbhadh, agus sin gu tric air prìs shuarach gu leòr. O mheadhon an ochdaimh linn' deug sgaoil obair an iasgaich gu mór agus roimh dheireadh na linne sin cha robh bàgh no geodha ceithir thimcheall a' chladaich, dlùth air oitir iasgaich, nach robh làn eathraichean a' feitheamh na tide-mhara. Bha an t-iasg glas—an trosg 's' langain—air a shailleadh 's air a thiomachadh air a' mhol no air na creagan gus an tigeadh soitheach a dh'fhalbhadh leis gu ruige Eirinn no Abhainn Chluaidh. B' e so obair Faoilich is obair earraich nan iasgairean. Ach am mìosan an t-samhraidh gu deireadh Lunasdail bha iad an sàs an iasgach a' sgadain. Càit an robh an sgadan a' faighinn margaidh? Bha air taobh eile a' Chuain a Tuath. Bha na mìltean bharailean de sgadan saillt air an reic an Lochlainn, san t-Suain, agus an dùthchannan

eile a' Bhaltaic, a thuilleadh air na bha dol do'n Olaind, do'n Fhraing, do'n Spàinnt agus á sin gu dùthchannan eile a' Mhuir-Mheadhoin. Lean so fad ceud bliadhna is còrr. Mar a bha na h-innealan iasgaich a' dol am feabhas, agus am margadh a' fosgladh suas bha meud na malairt a' sìor fhàs.

Annas a' bhliadhna 1792 chuireadh air bòrd an Steòrnabhagh còrr air sia mìle baraille sgadain agus trì fichead 's a ceithir tonna éisg. Ach annas a' bhliadhna 1870 reiceadh agus chuireadh thar chuain suas ri sia ceud deug mìle baraille sgadain, agus mu thrì ceud mìle beathach éisg. Chan ann diomhain a bha daoine mus do thachair sin. Aig aon am bha dlùth air ceithir mìle fear an sàs anns an obair gun ghuth air na trì mìle is còrr de na caileagan a bha làimhseachadh an éisg air tìr.

Ach 's e cheist a bha romham an nochd:

Cionnus a bha toradh na saothrach so air a ghiùlainn thar chuain, agus cò bha ris a' mhalairt so fad nam bliadhnanach?

Nuair a thug uachdaran Leòdhais, fear de Chloinn Choinnich, na tacannan a bha air màl aig na tuathanaich mhóra as an làmhan agus a roinn e am fearann air an tuath chuir cuid de na tuathanaich sin an cuid airgid ann an obair an iasgaich. Thoisich iad a' ceannachd an éisg o na h-iasgairean agus 'g a chur air falbh. Chaidh mòran eile de na tuathanaich gu ruige Carolaina, ach chan eil ar gnòthach ris na h-eilirich sin aig an am.

A thuilleadh orra so bha ceannaichean Steòrnabhaigh a' cur ùidh anns an obair, agus 's iadsan gu sònruichte na cinn iùil. An toiseach bha iad an crochadh air soitheichean bathair a bh'aca air iasad, ach mar a fhuair iad air an casan bha iad a' ceannachd an cuid luingsis—

soithichean beaga is móra— aon chrannach, dà chrannach, agus trì chrannach. Aig am an iasgaich bha loch Steòrnabhagh beò leotha, a mach 's a steach fòr làn aodach, no aig làimrig a' gabhail luchd ùr air bòrd.

Fad bhliadhnachean cha robh port-iasgaich eile air cladaichean an iar Alba ach Steòrnabhagh 'na aonar. 'S ann anns a' bhliadhna 1776 a shuidhich ceannaichean á Liverpool agus as an Eilean Mhànaichean puirt-iasgaich an Eilean Mhàrtin an Loch Bhraoin agus aig Loch an Inbhir, mar a rinn buidheann á Inbhirnis ann an Gearloch.

Bha trì soithichean fichead Leódhasach a' giùlan bathair a Steòrnabhagh gu dùthchannan céine anns a' bhliadhna 1786, agus cóig bliadhna fichead an déidh sin bha dà fhichead soitheach 's a ceithir an sàs. 'S iomadh fear a Inceleit agus a Sandbhig a fhuair eòlas na mara anns na soithichean seòlaidh sin. Cha robh ceàrnaidh de'n t-saoghal mhór nach do thadhail iad leotha. Agus cha b'e gaothan garga no sruthan toinnte a mhàin a bha 'nan cunnart dhaibh.

Aig am cogadh Napóleoin bha soithichean cogaidh na Frainge a' cur dragh orra. Ghlacadh aon diubh leis na Frangaich an sealladh a' bhàigh, agus fad sheachduinean cha mhetrigeadh an sgiobair bu neo-mhathaidhe gu muir le eagal an nàmhaid. Aig an am-sa chuireadh an sùil an Rìaghaltais gunnathan móra a chur aig bun loch Steòrnabhagh air son am baile a dhìon, ach chaidh ceud bliadhna seachad mus tàinig na gunnathan! Ged nach eil cuimhne againn cuin a thàinig iad tha lorg mhath aig cuid a tha 'g am éisdeachd iad a bhì ann. Nach iomadh gille grunn le 'thubaidh ghor m' a ghuaillan, le 'bhoineid cruinn sparrte m' a dhosan, agus le 'bhrigis teann mu mheadhon a chuir a steach drile aig a' Bhataraidh am Buaille na Creige geamhradh an déidh geamhradh, oir b'e so aon de na prìomh ionadan anns an rìoghachd air son balach an *Reserve* oileanachadh agus an t-ionad as an d'fhalbh an àireamh a bu mhòtha. Ach chaidh mi seachad air mo sheanachas.

Bho mheadhon an ochdaimh linn' deug gu meadhon an ath linne bha soirbheachadh nach bu bheag aig sluagh an Eilein. Cha b'e iasg a mhàin a bha fàgail Steòrnabhagh ach math an fhearainn mar an ceudna, oir bha an sluagh chan ann a mhàin neo-eisimeileach air tìrean eile air son an teachd-an-tìr ach bha iad comasach mòran a bha fàs riutha fhéin a reic. Bha iad a' cur air falbh crodh riabhach, snàth lìn, clòimh, aodach phlaideachan, craicinn chaorach, itean, agus uisge-beatha a deugachadh de thighean-staile. Bha na goireasan so a' ruighinn uile rìoghachdan na Roinn Eorpa far am

buailleadh sròin soithich air laimrig, deas is tuath, agus 's e sgiobair Leódhasach a bha air stiùir gach aoin diubh.

Gun teagamh bha soithichean eile a' tadhal a' phuirt gu minic aig aon am, soithichean seòlaidh a Sasuinn agus a Eirinn air an alighe air ais 's air adhart gu Lochlainn is Ruisia.

Dh' fhàs Steòrnabhagh o bhith 'na chlachan beag le 'thighean tughaidh gu bhith 'na bhaile-mór, agus mu fhìor thoiseach an naoidheamh linn' deug bha iomadh ceannaiche anns a' bhaile gu math air a dhòigh le dachaidhean ùra, seasgair. Cha b'fhìach fear mur biodh soitheach no dhà aige air cuan.

Goirid an déidh do'n Ridire Seumas Mac-Mhathain oighreachd Leòdhais a cheannachd rinn e iomadh leasachadh, agus 'nam measg bha an t-Slip a thog e air a' Mhol a Deas air son soithichean a thogail, 's an càireadh mar a bhiodh feum air. Thug so togail as ùr do sheòladhreachd fad dhà fhichead no leth cheud bliadhna.

Chaidh mòran shoithichean eadar bheag is mhór gu sàl o'n àit oibreach-sa, agus bha feum air luchd-cèird de gach seòrsa air son soithichean a dheilbh, 's an togail, 's an uidheamhadh. Air uairean chite long a tìrean céine, as a' Ghearmailt, a Ruisia, no a Lochlainn 'na laighe air tìr 'ga calcadh no 'ga càireadh le saoir an àite. Faodaidh gu bheil fear no dìth is beò fhathast a chunnaic té diubh so, no a chuala iomradh 'nan cloinn air an othail agus an t-saothair a bha'n cois na h-oibreach. Faodaidh gu bheil fìor sheann laoch ann a chunnaic na saoir air cìosach luinge a' sparradh nan gádan iaruin troimh na rangan, no a' lìomhadh nan slat, no air lùth-chasach, làmh-chaireach anns na cruinn a' cur beartan an òrdugh.

Lean togail is càireadh shoithichean an so gu na thionndaidheadh ceum air cheum, o longan fiodha gu soithichean iaruin, agus o innealan seòlaidh gu steamaran. Tha stéidh an t-Slip an sud fhathast, ach tha eachdraidh na thachair oirre air dol air dòchoimhne.

Sheòl soithichean a thogadh air a' Mhol a Deas uile chuaintean an t-saoghail. Chaidh soitheach *Dhòmhnuill Cùbair* fiodha le luchd iaruin mu New York. Chaith e fhéin na bliadhnanachan mu dheireadh a bha e air muir a' seòladh mu chladaichean an iar Africa a' giùlan ola a' chruinn-phailme. Bha barrachd air aon soitheach aig *Caipitean Daibhidh*, mar a theirt ris, agus nuair a leig *Caipitean Seumas* seachad am muir agus a shuidhich e dhachaidh an Steòrnabhagh bhiodh e toirt biadh geamhradh a steach mar gum biodh e fhathast air bòrd. Bha esan a' cumail air chuimhne na nithean sònruichte a thachair le bhith 'gan ceangal ris na cuairtean a thug e fhéin. "Thachair

sin," theireadh e, "nuair a bha mi leis an *Scottish Thistle* am Marsailles, agus rinneadh so air a' cheud turas a thug mi gu Bahía an Ceann a Deas America, agus sud a ris nuair a bha mi leis a' Pherl ann an Leghorn."

'S iomadh turas ànradhach a thug Iain MhicRuairidh Mhóir eadar Sìna is Sasunn leis an trì-chrannach "Steòrnabhagh" a' strì ri soithichean seòlaidh eile ach cò aca bu luaithe a ruigeadh cala leis a' cheud luchd tea gach bliadhna. 'S e so saoitheach a bha ro ainmeil 'na latha air feadh an t-saoghail air son a luathas agus a tapachd ri aghaidh fairge a dh'aindeoin muir no gaillinn. Nan ceadaicheadh ùine bu ghlan an seanachas a dh'fhaodte dhèanamh air saothair is adhartas nan seann sgiobairean agus luchd seilbh nan luings. Bha Clann MhicIomhair, Na Moir-eastanaich, Clann MhicLeòid agus Mhic Gill' Eathain uile ris an obair, ach 's e oidhche air chéilidh a dh'fheumte air son an eachdraidh innse gu coimhlinta.

Thug adhartas is ealain rìoghachd na doimhne o gach beart-seòlaidh a bha an urra ri seòl is soirbheas, agus thug iad aig an aon am a casan bho na seòladairean gleusda, sgiobalta nach meataicheadh roimh aghaidh cruadail no gaillinn.

'S e sealladh annasach da rìreadh a tha 'nn long thrì-chrann fhacinn fo aodach an diugh, agus ma chithear idir té dhiubh facdar a bhi

cinnteach gu e coigreach a' chuain a tha 'nn. Is fhada nis o phaisg loingis Steòrnabhaigh na siùil àrda air son an uair mu dheireadh. Mar a dh'fhàg iad fhéin na curaichean beaga agus na h-eathraichean fosgailte air an cùl chuireadh iad fhéin gu tur air chùl leis an rathad iaruirn a cheangail port ri port, agus leis na steamaran móra, luatha nach cumadh fiath no doinneann ri laimrig.

Na sgiobairean a thill gu bhith cur seachad an làithean deireannach air chluainidh far na thòisich iad cha robh iad gun buaidh a bhi aca air na dh'éisid riutha. Is mór an deargadh a rinn na bha aca ri aithris gu tric air inntinn na h-òigridh. Bhrosnuich iad le naidheachdan na chunnaic 's na chuala, agus na thachair riutha anns gach àite thadhail iad iomadh òganach sgairteil gu bhith siubhal nan cuaintean.

Ged a sguir togail shoitheach an Steòrnabhagh anns an linn a dh'fhalbh cha do sguir togail eathraichean air feadh an Eilein. Bha na sgothan Niseach air son nan lion mhóra 'gan togail 'nar là fhéin. Cha robh port iasgaich ri mo cheud chuimhne anns nach fhaighte iad, eathraichean tapaidh, sàbhailte, ach trom r'an tarrauing air mòl. Ach dh'fhalbh sin mar a dh'fhalbh an còrr, agus mur tig iasg chon an dorus an diugh air chuibhleachan bidh duine as aonais. Rinn na tràlairean dubha sin. Nach mór am beud ach mar a thubhairteadh, 'S iomadh cail a ch' am fear a bhios fada beò.

DAOINE SAMHACH

(1) Tha feadhainn ann a tha mar am bodach a bha an Latharna; nuair nach biodh dad aige ri ràdh dh'fhanadh e sàmhach. Bu mhath gum biodh na h-uile duine cho glic ri-san. Is fhada o thug mi fainear gun toireadh na daoine (agus na mnathan, cha robh iad fhéin air dheireadh) aig nach robh dad ri ràdh ùine gun chiall 'g a ràdh.

Chuala mi seachas an latha roimhe air fear agus mnaoi 's iad a' leigeil an sgìths dhiubh fhéin an taca an teine, is obair an latha seachad. Gu bog, balbh, gun fhios gum fhaoidh dh'èirich am bodach, thog e a chòmhdach cinn a bha air cùl an talainn agus thug e am blàr-a-muigh air. Thàinig tràth cadail 's cha robh brath air tilleadh. Mu dheireadh chaidh am baile 'g a mharbh-iarraidh, ach a ghuth no dhath cha robh ri fhaighinn thall na bhos, is thug iad dùil thairis.

An ceann bliadhna bha a bhean 'na suidhe gu tùirseach an oir an teine is i caoidh mar a dh'fhàgadh 'na bantraich a b' bliadhna an ama sin. Dh'fhosgail an dorus is nochd

Coinneach! Dh'aindeoin greadhnachais is gairdeachais na mnatha cha d' thuir esan facal. Chàiric e a bhoineid far an robh e an uraidh, is shuidh e sa' chathair a bha bliadhna falamh. Nuair a dh'fhoighnich a bhean deth c' àite air an aon saoghal an robh e, fhreagair e "a muigh."

(2) O chionn deich bliadhna bha mi cuairt an Eirinn còmhla ri caraid agus rinn e seachas air Glenn nan Gealt. San t-sean aimsir bhiodh iad a' cur an so dhaoine a bha air fàs sgìth de chuideachd an t-saoghail. An turas a bha so bha trìuir dhaoine sa' ghleann, agus o cheann gu ceann de'n bhliadhna cha tigeadh facal as an ceann. An ceann nan seachd bliadhna thuir a' chid fhear, is e air rudeigin a chluinntinn, "Dé bha sud?" Chaidh seachd bliadhna eile seachad am balbhachd na sàmh-chair mus d' thuir an dara fear, "Geum bà". Seachd bliadhna an déidh sin thuir an treas fear, "Is fheadar dhomh a dhol dhachaidh 's sibh air mo bhòdhradh."

AN TARAN.

NEADAN ANNASACH

IS iomadh rud a bha 'gam tharruing fhéin do'n tigh-chéilidh. Cha b' e an dibhearsan a bha againn, ged bu tlachdmhor sud am madainn na h-òige. Cha b' e na naidheachdan a bharrachd, no na sgeulachdan, no innseadh dhriod-fhortan, no an deasbud. Bha rointean móra, farsuing an sud gun teagamh, agus bu bhuidheach leam iad uile, oir bha bodaich ann a bha 'nam fìor-fheallsanaich, geurcheiseach, solusach, ged nach do charaich iad a riamh na b' fhaide o'n tigh na puirt-iasgaich na Bruaich agus Inbhir-Uige. Tha, is bha, is bithidh mi fhéin fada 'nan comain air son na dh' ionnsaich mi mu'n t-saoghal mu'n cuairt oirnn. Bha an tigh-céilidh a riamh ainmeil air son an oileanachaidh, na Gàidhlig gloid eireachdail, a gheibhte ann.

Leigibh dhomh inneas goirid a dhèanamh dhuibh air an oidhche a di' fhòghluim mi nach e eunlaith an adhair a mhàin a tha togail nead air son an cuid àil. Tha iasg ann, tha e coltach, air feadh na mara, 's nan h-aibhnichean, 's an linne a tha ris an obair cheudna. Dh'innis mi dhuibh mu Dhòmhnull Hearach a bha 'na fhrithear an Isginn na Pàirce. Bhiodh ceud fadachd oirnn gus an tigeaidh e le a naidheachdan mu fhagaid nam fiadh, mu na mèirlich-seilge, no mu chleasachd an daimh dhuinn 's na h-èilde sgìanaich. Bha e mìon-èolach air mac na cròice, ach 's iomadh là is bladhna a thug e sgrùdadh is a' rannsachadh mu chreutairean eile, an dèanamh, an nàdur, is am beatha. 'S e a bha ann deth duine a bha urramach 'na inntinn, le mór-spéis do oibre nàduir 's do àillteachd an t-saoghail is a lànachd.

Ach mu'n oidhche ud a dh'fhidir mi an toiseach gu bheil iasg ann a thogas nead gu pongail, ealanta, cleas nan eunlaith fhéin! 'Is dealbhach, snog', arsa Dhòmhnull, "an nead a thogas an t-iasg ris an canar an stangarra, a gheibhear 's gach lechan is glumadh. Taghaidh e gu cùramach làrach an nid. 'S ann de luibhean a tha e air a dhèanamh, air an glaodhadh ri chéile, le snàthainn a tha tighinn o dhubhagan fhéin, glé coltach ri toinntean na cnuimh-shloda. Tha càirdeas aige nach eil fada mach ris an stangarra mara, creutair a tha nas motha agus nas tapaidh; gidheadh nach d'èirmis a riamh air nead a thogail cho fìor-chiatach. 'S ann a réir an t-saimpleir cheudna a thogas iad an nead, ach nead a' stangarra bhig—cha mhò e na fuileamain. Aon uair 's gu'n càirichear sa' nead na h-uighean beaga, bideach—agus so nì a mheas mi do-chreidsinn da-rìribh—is e an t-athair a dh'fhàgar an urra riù, agus chan e am màthair. Chan eil an dithis ag còrdadh,

mar is ming a tha tachairt am measg chreutairean gu mór nas ciallaiche, toiniseile. Rotaidd e a mach a chéile. Tha eagal air nach seall i as dèidh nan uighean air neo tha e de'n bheachd gur e féin as comasaiche an cùram a ghabhail! Ge tà cha chum sin e gun a bhith a' dèanamh suas ri té eile. Nuair a bhreir a mach an t-àl neo-ar-thaing mura gabh e riù. Mo làmh-sa dhuibh-se chan fhaca sibh màthair fhathast cho mùirneach air a' chloinn, agus buannaichidh e gu neo-sgìthichte san obair gus an ruig iad ire iad féin a chosnadh.

Cho eucltach risan agus a tha an easgann bhreac, té eile a thogas nead. 'S ann a theireadh tu, a' chiad uair a chì thu an creutair so, nach e iasg a tha ann, ach nathair. Chan e fìor easgann a tha innte, a bharrachd. Ite cliath-ach chan eil r'a faicinn, chan eil no giall, ach bial cruinn le teanga a tha lomalan fhiacian. Is iongantach an comas a bhuilicheadh air a' bhuis a tha sud; gréim daingean, do-ghluasadach a ghabhail air iasg eile, mar is trice air a' bhradan tharraghal. Cha ruig iad a leas snámh iad féin, oir giùlainear iad far an àill le. Cha mhò a leigeas iad a leas an lòn a sholar. Coltach ri Dhòmhnullaich an Eilein Fhada, tha am breacge ceangailte ri an cluais. Fhad is a leanas an dlùth-ghréim sgrìobaidh iad le'n teanga, nuair thig an t-acras orra, an fheòil o'n coimhearsnach. Cha bhì na seòid ud gun mhòine, an dubhairt iad, is mòine air tìr. "Dealbh na leisge!" arsa sibhse. Ach fuirichibh oirbh!

Tha dà sheòrsa ann co-dhiù: an fheadhainn a tha sa' mhuir agus an fheadhainn a tha san allt. Nuair a shiùbhlas am faoilteach, gluaisidh esan air a thurus, oir tha an t-am a nise dlùth-achadh san còir a dhol air a thigh is air a thigheadas. Taghaidh e àite far am bheil sruth na h-aibhne cas agus grunn gainmich. Tòisichidh tu a nis ag èaladh mu'n cuairt a' tional chlachan air son tobtach agus 'gan càradh 'nan àite. Thig a bhana-chompanach ghlòmhach, làmhchaireach gu còmhnadh a fìr, agus na clachan as motha, a dh'fhaillicheas airsan 'na aonar, cairichidh iad le chéile. Chan e aon nead no dhà a thogar, ach iomadh nead, agus an sin théid iad an amhladh a chéile, a' mheil is na h-uighean 'gam measgadh. Air dhaibh na h-uighean a shuidheachadh gu cùramach 'nan leabaidh gainmich, tha na pàrantan bochda, le meud an dichill, an impis toirt thairis. Is mór a dh'fhuilingeas iad air son an gineil. Smaointichibh fhéin air a' spàirn chruaidh ud gun snasadh, a' dealbhadh 's a' deasachadh gun òrd, gun tarrag, gun inneal, gun àsunn sam bith a chuidicheas leò, ach

am beul beag fhéin. Air cho cròdha 's gu'm bheil iad, tha an saothair a' drùidheadh orra 's a' toirt giorra-shaoghail orra. Sin mar a tha. Dh'fhaoitè ràdh gu'm bheil iad 'gan iobradh féin air altair an cuid chloinne.

Tha iasg eile ann agus cha do leag mi mo shùil air a shamhuil. 'S esan mar an ceudna a tha a' togail an teaghlach. Mura h-e chan ise. Tha nead aige dhaibh cuideachd, ach cha do dhealbhadh nead cho foghainteach, cothromach ris. Cha b'e e féin a thog e, cha do chuir e riamh fallus air an fhallus dheth 'ga uidh-eamachadh, cha b'e duine a bhàsaich 's a bhàraig air e. Thug e steach leis do'n t-saoghal e. 'S e a tha ann nead 'na chorp féin, agus chan fhaca sibh-se ach cho coltach agus a tha e ri pòcaid mhór a' bheathaich ud a gheibhear an Astràilia—an *Kangaroo*.

(Bu chòir dhomh innseadh dhuibh gu'n tug Dòmhnall greis an tìrìbh céine ri linn a' chiad chogaidh.)

Gheibh sibh an t-iasg so, do'n ainm an t-each mara, am blàth-uisgeachan an t-saoghail agus 's e tha eucoltach ri iasg eile na mara. Is maith an t-ainm a thugadh air co-dhùì, oir tha e cho coltach ri each is a ghabhadh a bhith, ach a mhàin mu'n earball, a tha nas coltaiche ri earball apa agus a tha cheart cho goireasach dha 'na leumnaich 's 'na mhìre am measg stamh is feamainn a' chuain. Tha a bhana-chompanach a' tràigsinn na dachaidhe nuair bheirear na h-uighean. Chan eil fhios an ise a tha fàgail beannachd a sheud is a shiubhail leis, no an esan a tha ag ràdh rithe-sa, "Cuidhtich m'aghaidh". A mach leatha co-dhùì! Fhuair i a leòir dheth, agus sealladh esan a nis as déidh a shlichd! Bheir e greis mhath ag gur nan uighean sa' nead, ach fosglaidh a' phòcaid mhuirichinneach aon là agus brùchdaidh a mach, 'nan ceudan, an t-àl òg. Cuiridh e smaointeachadh ort, ma tà, mar a dh' fhanas na leanabanan faisg air an athair air son a' chiad là no dhà, na truaghanan, gun chuid-eachadh. Is leisg leò e féin agus an seòmar-altruim fhàgail. Ach thigheadh nàmhaid samh bith an tòir orra agus, bo thugadh, steach leò, aig peilear uaine am beatha, do'n àite as an tàinig iad! So far am faic thu nìse cuilbheartan is seòltachd am bobaidh, agus abair seòltachd! Ged a chuir e ormsa iongantais gur ann 'na sheasamh a tha an creutair a' snàmh 's na h-uisgeachan—chan aithne dhomh beathach éisg eile a ni se—'s e chuir an t-iongantais orm buileach mar a thionndaidheas e a dhath. Nì se e féin neo-fhaicinneach air chor 's nach fhaicear le eascairdean mi-runach aon chuid e féin no a ghineal.

Chunnaic mi le mo dhà shùil iasg eile a thogas nead agus a thuille air sin a dh'atharr-

aicheas a dhreach. Am prìoba na sùla nuair a bhrosnuichear e, atharraichaidh a dhath a tha gu nàdurach òr-bhuidhe gu dathan a' bhogha-froise. Agus ma tha aon nì a bhrosnuicheadh e is e dol-a-mach na té a tha ceangailte ris. Chan e nach eil an dithis glé mhór aig a chèile, cho rianail, réidh is a dh'iarradh tu—gus an tig an teaghlach.

Nuair a thig, tha ise mar chreutair fo'n chaoch, agus tha esan, bròinein, a' fàs seachd searbh dhith.

Cha d'fhiosraich mi, nuair a dh'fhàgas màthair a fear is a teaghlach, an e falbh le leannan eile a ni i, no nach e, ach tha làn-fhios nach ann mar sin a tha a' chùis an so. 'S ann a tha i cho brùideil, borb 's gu'm bheil i sireadh a teaghlach gu an itheadh suas. Sin màthair-aobhair na h-aimhreit. 'S e là bochd a chaidh a chur a mach dhà-san aig an am so. 'S fheudar dha grabadh a chur air a h-ionnsaigean. Nì e sin an dòigh a tha fìor inleachdach. Tha lorg aige fhéin—cìonnaich cha d'fhuaradh a mach fhathast—air an am 's am fadair fìughair a bhith ris na h-uighean aice. Air dha so fhaighinn a mach, fanaidh e gu foighidneach ri a h-am, agus an sin snàmhaidh e agus air a shocair gu uachdar an uisge, far an tòisich e séideadh bhuilgean le bhial. So a nead, ma tà—na builgean. Tionalaidh e na h-uighean a rug ise, agus taigsideh e agus an so iad. 'S ann a bha mi a' samhlachadh nam builgean, ged nach mór iad, ri puta-sàis nan iasgairéan. Cumaidh e féin faire gu dìleas, treibhdhireach os cionn an ionaid-fasgaidh, agus, ma nochdas ise, tha a cruaidh-fhortan m'a casan. Sud iad an amhaichean a chèile, ach 's ann clì anns a' chomhrag a tha ise! Ged a chuireas e an ruaig oirre, cha chuir e idir an teicheadh oirre, agus is tric a chumar e o chadal na h-oidhche, mar a thair sinn, leis cho imidheach agus a tha e gu'm faigh am màthair chiorrach, an-ìochdmhor faisg orra chum an slugadh suas.

Ged a tha an t-iasg a dh'ainmich mi agus mórán a bharrachd orra gabhail le ro-aire ri an cloinn, 's ann tearc a tha an àireamh an tacar ris a' mhor-chuid, fìrionn is boirionn, a tha caoin-shuarach dearmadach mu an deidhinn. Ach tha e a' cur fìor-ionghnaidh orm fhéin cho dealasach agus a tha an fheadhainn fhìrionn mu anacladh an àil-bìg, agus na màthraichean cho neo-bhàidheil, neo-thruacanta 's nach eil mìochuis aca idir ris, seadh agus cho mì-nàdurra 's gu'n ith iad an clann féin. Tha mòr-fheum gun teagamh air na neadan, far an coimheadar o chunnart gach àlach an ùr-mhadainn an òige.'

AN T-URR IAIN MACLEOD.

(*Rinneadh an t-ionradh-sa air an radio.*)

Da Dheagh Ghaidheal

BHO chionn ghoirid ghairm an “Teachdaire Buan” dhachaidh dà dheagh Ghaidheal, Iain Dòmhnallach ann an Bhancùbhar, agus Dùghall MacCormaig a Glaschu. Bha mòran eòlach aca le chèile gu pearsanta, ach bha mòran do m’ b’ aithne Iain leis na *Vancouver Notes* aige ann an “Tim-an-Obain” air son còrr air leth-cheud bliadhna.

Is fhada bho’n a thòisich mise air a leughadh, agus is iomadh fiosrachadh taitneach a thug iad dhomh air cor nan Gaidheal agus a’ Ghàidhlig anns a’ bhaile mhór sin air taobh an iar Chanada; agus cuideachd is tric a chuir e mór iongnadh orm ciamar a bha Iain a’ lorg uiread de na Gaidheil i nns a’ bhaile fharsaing so. Feumaidh gu robh sùil gheur agus claisneachd bhiorach aige, no’n robh faile Tir nam Beann a’ tighinn air bhuap mu’n robh e ’gam faicinn idir. Ged a bha mi daonnan a’ leughadh naidheachdan Bhancùbhar aige cha do thachair sinn gu 1951, agus sinn aig cruinneachadh nan Camshronach an Achadhnacarragh. Gu dearbh chuir mi tacan glé thoilichte ’na chuideachd, chionn ’s e duine tlachdmhor a bha’n Iain, duine coibhneil, càirdeil, agus aig an robh fìor chridhe a’ Ghaidheil, le bàidh do’n chànain agus gràdh do na cleachdanna an lean rinn.

Tha cuimhne chùbhraidh agam air ar tachairt ri chèile agus air an t-seanachas inntinneach a bha againn. ’S e a thubhairt e rium san dealachadh, “Dé is obair dhuit?” “Tha,” fhreagair mi, “ag obair air an rathad mhór.” “Theirinn-sa, a charaid, gur h-e bun de thuathnach a bh’annad.” Gaidheal gasda; sìth agus fois dha.

’S ann aig Mòd Iubili an Obain a thachair mi air Captean Dùghall MacCormaig, Muileach sgairteil de theaghlach ealanta, agus theirinn-sa nach leigeadh e leis na cuileagan laighe air. Bha eòlas pinn againn air a chèile nuair a bha Dùghall an Astràlia. ’S ann mu thimcheall a bhàrdachd, sgeul bhronach “Uilleam Glen”, a chaidh sinn an luib a chèile mar so an toiseach, agus chum sinn suas e fad a’ chogaidh mhóir.

Bha beachdan làidir, soilleir aig Dùgall, agus ma d’ fhaodas mi a ràdh bhuaileadh e tarrang gu dìreach agus gu cruaidh air uairean. Bha rudan mu thimcheall cor na Gàidhlig agus Gaidheil an latha an diugh nach robh a’ còrdadh ris ’s cha robh idir mòran fathamais aige ris an t-seòrsa ris an abair mi Comunn nam Parraidèan. Fhuair e sgoil sa’ Chreigh san Rcs Mhuileach. B’e am maighstir aige Dòmhnall Camshron a rugadh san Tairbeart, taobh Loch Suainear. Thubhairt e rium nach deach e

(r’a leantainn air t.d. 53)

Car Bho Char

Bha Tòmas ’na fhleasgach òg a’ fuireachd ’na aonar air iomall a’ bhaile-mhóir ann an teis meadhon Shasuinn. Am moch-thrath gach latha rachadh e gu obair ann am factoraidh air taobh eile a’ bhaile. Bha e dol air son a dhìneir aig meadhon latha do thigh-bidh. Gu tric bhiodh caileag bhriagha an fhuilt bhàin ’na suidhe maille ris aig an aon bhòrd. Cha bu ghan còmhradh fhad ’s a bhiodh iad an cuideachd a chèile, agus mus tug e an aire gu ro mhath ghlac e e fhéin ann an trom ghaol oirre. Lean a’ chùis mar so gu ceann sia mìosan, dìreach gus na thòisich mac an fhìr leis an robh an fhactoraidh a’ toirt sùla air té an fhuilt bhàin. Mar a thuingear gu math bha Tòmas claidhte, brònach nuair a chuala e gu robh an dithis aca dol a phòsadh. Cha robh dad air a làmh an ach an dùthaich fhàgail agus imrich-cuain a dhèanamh do Chanada.

Cha robh na fearainn saora idir cho pailt air a’ phrairi is a bha iad uaireigin, agus mar sin b’fheadar do Thòmas bochd astar fada a chur as a dhéidh gu ruig àite iomallach far nach robh talamh àitich. Ann an sin thog e bothan beag dha fhéin. Cheannaich e àireamh mhath de ribean air son na beathaichean allaidh a ghlacadh. Bha e ruith astar chòig mìle a’ cur nan ribean an sàs, agus bheireadh e leth latha bhuaithe tadhal ora uile. Bha e glacadh minc, muscra, is sionnach. Rinn e glé mhath orra a’ chiad bhliadhna, ach an toiseach an dara gearraidh thòisich cùisean a’ dol ’na aghaidh. Aon latha an déidh dha ruith air na ribean cha robh aon diubh gun chlosach ainmhidh le droch reubadh oirre. Latha an déidh latha cha robh bian slàn r’a fhaotainn, rud a mhi-mhìnich e gu mór, gun fhios aige glé mhath dé dhèanadh e. Aon latha fhuair e dà ribe fuasgailte, agus air tilleadh dhachaidh chunnaic e biast-dubh a’ tighinn a mach fo iochdar an tìghe. Cha robh crìomag arain am broinn an tìghe nach robh air a mhilleadh. Cha luaithe a thig a’ *wolverine* air àruinn àite na dh’fheumar na ribean a thogail as buileach; tha an cosnadh seachad. Goididh iad a mach as an tìgh gach ni air am faigh iad gréim. Fhuair Tòmas cuid de a sgìean agus de a spàinean shìos fo làr an tìghe.

Cha robh math dha fantainn an sud na b’fhaide. Ghlac e a’ chiad tràna a bha dol seachad agus rinn e air *Winnipeg* far an do choinnich mise ris, agus far an d’fhuair e obair mar chlabadair anns a’ bhaile sin.

IAIN A’ CHAOIL,
Canada.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Sios gu oir an locha ghabh e; chaidh e air a leth-ghlùin; bhean e ris an uisge le bhilean; chuir e boiseag air a bhathais. Suas am bruthach ghabh e gun amharc 'na dhéidh gum an do ràinig e lùb de'n rathad. Nan rachadh e na b'fhaide chailleadh e sealladh air an loch. Thionndaidh e air a shàil. Bha an loch an sud, sàmhach, bòidheach fo lannir na gréine; bha na h-eòin a' sìor cheilearadh, a' leum is a' beiceil am measg nam preasan, mar gum biodh iad a' strì ri aoibhneas a nochdadh do chlànn nan daoine air madainn cho grinn. Shaoil leis gu robh cùbhraidheachd nan lusan is nan craobh na bu taitniche fo'n drùchd a bha an crochadh ris na geugan a bha a nis a' deàrsadh mar chluigeanan airgid, no òir, a réir is mar a thuiteadh gath gréine orra. Bha sàmhchair a' riaghladh mu'n cuairt is a' còmhdach a' ghlinne mar fhallainn. Bha esan, mo thruaighe a' fàgail ionad na sàmhchaire is a' chàirdeis is a' toirt aghaidh gu raointean an uamhais.

Bha an t-am a nis gu math seachad air gairm choileach, agus cha dèanadh dàil na b'fhaide ri taobh na locha an gnothach. Thog Tormod a làmh agus chrath e i mar gum biodh e ag radh:—"Slàn leat, a loch mo chridhe; mo mhìle beannachd leat."

Thig orm am buntàta a chur air an t-seachduin-sa.

Cuin a chuir iad a mach an t-eathar?

Chaidh mise a thogail sa' bhaile mhór agus cha b'fheàirde mi sin.

Tha làn a cinn a Ghàidhlig aice ged nach leig i dad oirre.

Ma thogas tu mo nàdur-sa bithidh ceannach agad air.

A bheil thu an dùil an téid an t-eathar air fuaradh air an rubha?

Bha an gille ann an ceann an eich, agus 's ann dha fhéin a thigeadh sin.

Cheannaich sinn fiodh gu ceann a chur air an tigh mus briseadh an tide.

He made for the edge of the loch; he went on one knee; he touched the water with his lips; he sprinkled water on his brow. He climbed the brae without looking behind him until he reached a turn of the road. If he should go further on he would lose sight of the loch. He turned round. The loch was there calm and beautiful under the gleam of the sun; the birds were singing steadfastly, jumping and hopping among the bushes as if striving to show joy to the sons of men on so beautiful a morning. He thought the fragrance of the plants and trees was more pleasant under the dewdrops which hung from the branches and were now shining like silver bells, or like gold ones, according as a sun ray touched them. Peace reigned round about and spread over the glen as a cloak. He, alas, was leaving the place of quietude and friendship, and was setting out to the fields of horror.

The time was now well past cock-crow, and longer delay by the lochside would not do. Norman raised his hand and shook it as if he were saying: "Farewell, loch of my heart; my thousand blessings be your portion."

I must plant the potatoes this week.

When did they launch the boat?

I was brought up in the city and I was not the better of that.

She has plenty of Gaelic although she does not confess it.

If you provoke me to anger you will suffer for it.

Do you think the boat will weather the headland?

The lad was leading the horse, and well he could do it.

We bought wood to roof the house before the bad weather sets in.

(r'a leantainn o t.d. 52)

riamh fuathasach àrd sa' chlas aige, agus sin a thaobh an droch làmh-sgrìobhaidh a bha aige. Tha mi creidsinn gum biodh Dòmhnall Dhonn-chaidh, am maighstir sgoile, glé chruaidh mu'n sgrìobhadh.

Math na dona 's a bha làmh-sgrìobhaidh Dhùghaill fhuair e air adhart aig muir gu inbhe caiptein. Gaidheal foghainnteach; bithidh mi 'g a ionndrainn.

TAOBH-TUATH EARRAGHAIDHEIL.

Clann An Fhraoich

Fàgaidh a' Chlann, George Square, Baile Ghlaschu, air Dia Sathàirn, an ceathramh latha de an Og-mhios, aig meadhan latha (4th June, 1960, at 12 o'clock noon).

Théid a' Chlann gu Dùn Eideann ann am bus. Cuirear fàilte chridheil air gach ball de Chlann an Fhraoich. Cùiribh fiòs chugam ma tha sibh a' tighinn ma is e bhur toil e.

J. M. MOFFATT-PENDER
23 Hatfield Drive,
Glasgow.

Na Tri Seoid

Teachdairean a' tighinn a Eirinn
Sàbhailte, gun bheud, gun mhilleadh.

Fonn: Chì mi na seòid; 's binn leam an glòir.

Teachdairean a' tighinn bho'r càirdean
A thoirt cobhair dhuinn 'nar n-éiginn.

Mìle beannachd air na gaisgich
A bheir ruagadh air a' Bheurla;

A bheir farum as a' chlas-rum
Nuair a théid na briathran éigheachd.

'S iad tha dathte, briagha, dealbhach;
Chan iarr mi fhéin ach bhith 'gan leughadh.

Fàilt do'n trìuir: Crog an Oir,
Tir nan Og is Tir nan Seud.

SGOIL BHRÉIBHIG.

Na Sithichean

(Continued)

WITHOUT a word the guards opened the golden door exposing to Angus' awed eyes a huge circular chamber bathed in golden light. Blinking, he entered this inner shrine and looked around in fear. Yes, without a doubt, he was in Fairyland. The scene that met his eyes dazzled with a beauty that nothing in the mortal world could ever hope to emulate. Angus, of course, was too young to understand it all, but even he knew that he was looking at something out of the ordinary. The walls of the chamber were not just common rock for they

sparkled with the colours of rubies, diamonds, pearls and amethysts, intermingled with streaks of gold and silver. This place, thought Angus, can be none other than the Fairy Queen's palace.

Gold and silver-leaved ferns grow in the crevices of the rocks—ferns the like of which he had never seen on earth, and as his eyes followed the gem incusted walls up to the roof he saw hundreds of lamps hanging there—lamps of lavender, pink, green, blue, gold, red and purple, the lights of which outmatched the rainbow in colour.

Clumps of giant bluebells grew at the foot of the walls on the outcrops of rock above the floor level. In the crevices foxgloves with spikes of undreamed-of length and other huge flowers mingled their pink with the blue of the bells. Lovely gold and silver ferns, tall and broad of frond, grew amongst them, and carpets of pink wild thyme and purple heather covered the floor. In the centre of the floor itself was a square of tiles of all colours which sparkled and glistened in the lovely lights that shone down upon them. In the middle of the tiled square was a golden throne, the Queen's throne. But where is the Queen, thought Angus.

In answer to this thought another golden door in the wall opposite to him suddenly opened, and, with mouth agape, Angus watched the entrance of beautiful fairies in groups of twos, threes, and half-dozens. They were all laughing and talking to one another, or calling across to the guards in their tiny voices. They were dressed in grand robes of lovely green, with green girdles around their slim waists. Angus, who by this time had some difficulty in swallowing, watched the Wee Folk as they skipped over the floor, some to climb up the stems of the foxgloves to take their seats on the lips of the flowers, others to recline on the soft fern fronds. Some preferred the bluebells and they climbed up the slender stalks and sat astride the blooms. Others again contented themselves with a couch among the wild thyme or a seat half hidden among the purple heather. Several, clad in richer and finer dresses, grouped themselves around the throne. Then, as if from a signal, all chattering and laughing ceased, and all heads were turned in the direction of the golden door.

All at once six trumpeters in beautiful robes strode in with silver trumpets in their hands. Taking up their position, three on each side of the doorway, they blew a fanfare. Another resplendent figure with robes that dazzled the eyes entered, and, throwing up his hands, cried, "The Queen comes." The faint sound of pipes reached the ears of the astounded boy.

His eyes nearly jumped out of his head as he saw two pipers emerge from the doorway with golden drones over their shoulders and golden chanters for fairy fingers to play on. Behind them walked the Queen, a breath-taking figure in a golden gown, the long train of which was held up by two maids-of-honour. On her head she wore a jewelled crown, and in her hand she carried a tiny wand the top of which was adorned with a beautiful ruby.

Ascending the throne, she sat there surrounded by her fairy bodyguard and proceeded to sit in judgment on Angus. Turning her eyes on the now petrified boy she sternly told him how angry she was at the continued disobedience to his mother, and informed him that the Fairy Court had brought him into her presence to show him the error of his ways. They were not in the habit of interfering with the ways of mortals she said, but they made an exception in his case because his mother was a good friend to them, for did she not leave outside the door every night a big saucerful of her finest cream which the fairies delighted in. Besides, his father, unknown to himself, had given them many a night's enjoyment when in the summer time he used to come up to the edge of the wood to practise on his pipes. As he was only a wee boy he would not be punished for small mistakes, but he had to help his mother in important matters. The Queen paused, and in a louder voice she said, "Well, Angus MacDougall, will you from this time on promise to help your mother willingly and so bring happiness to her heart, or do you refuse?" All the Wee Folk turned their eyes on Angus and silently awaited his reply. With his tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth, Angus promised to do as the Queen bade him. "Good," said the Queen, "but remember if you do not keep your promise we shall come for you again and keep you here for one hundred years."

This threat was enough to make Angus vow his obedience once more. The Queen's hitherto stern face broke into a smile. Rising from her throne she touched Angus with her wand, and turning away she disappeared through the doorway preceded by her pipers and followed by her personal retinue of fairies, the trumpeters bringing up the rear. As the golden door closed a babel of tongues broke the silence, all the fairies talking and laughing at the same time. Entranced, Angus watched them as they swayed to and fro on the bluebell tops, or climbed up and down the tubes of foxgloves, and slid down the fern fronds into cushions of thyme and heather just like children out of school.

The leader of his captors, however, brought Angus back to reality by touching him with his wand and indicating it was time to go. Turning about he left the fairy chamber through a shower of pink and lavender petals which the fairies dropped, thus creating a fitting climax to what had happened before. Walking back through the tunnel, Angus once more came to the large stone that shut off the outside world. So dazed was he at all he had seen that the silent movement of the huge rock as it slid to one side left him unmoved. Stepping through the opening, he once more stood in the world of mortals. He wondered at the sight of the sun still shining for he felt that he was away for a long time, though in fact the time could be counted in minutes. Peering to see where the elves were, he was just in time to notice the white cord slipping from his legs. A hasty glance round showed that he was alone; the elves and white cord had disappeared and the big stone was once more in its place.

He felt that his legs had now returned to him, and so he took a short step forward. Sure enough they were once more obeying his will. Remembering the parcel that he has still to deliver he made a bee-line for the clump of dockens and nettles as quickly as his legs would allow. Picking up the parcel he made for MacColl's croft. He had not proceeded far when he met the farmer himself coming to see if his suit was ready. So pleased was Mac Coll at getting the suit that he gave the delighted boy half a crown. Angus, on his return, had to pass the stone that marked the entrance to the fairies' dwelling, and though he hurried past he was not afraid for they had been good to him and he knew that as long as he pleased them he had nothing to fear. And please them he would for he was not going to spend a hundred years down there.

Breaking into a run as he reached the path by the burn, he soon rounded the hill and there in front of him was his home. There too by the byre door stood his mother with Rob by her side. A wild coo-ee rang out. His mother looked up and waved her hand while the dog was off his mark like a shot, and in a minute both he and his young master were rolling about on the soft green sward.

Angus' mother watched them for a second, then with a curious feeling of happiness and contentment stealing into her heart she went inside and began to prepare supper. When supper was over she got ready the bowl of cream to be put outside the door before she went to bed.

R. F. MOLLISON.

The Shinty Final

Spring comes late to the highlands. Slowly, at first, and grudgingly, it infuses life into the sour mosses, where the lean sheep and deer clamber to nibble at the first tender succulence of the "mossing". Then of a sudden one is aware of it, on a day when the cool wind is at last warmed by the sun, and the straths and glens are filled with the unforgettable aromatic haze of heather burning.

It is such a day I have in mind, such a mid-morning in this ancient highland town. The sun has not yet conquered the narrow streets, as he will later do, but contents himself with sending narrow shafts of light between the buildings, which terminate as yellow pools on the streets and pavements. The streets, too, are quiet as yet; an occasional housewife doing week-end shopping, a belated commercial traveller hurrying through late calls before taking himself off to Aberdeen or Glasgow and the oasis that the week-end is for him. School children, too, enjoying their due leisure parade the pavements or gather in groups at prearranged points, often round one of their number resting a bicycle in the gutter, one leg languidly bestriding the saddle.

But there are others abroad today who are not a normal part of the week-end scene. They, too, are congregated in small groups or just strolling. Many of them seem to be known to one another, and it is obvious that such meetings are rare and pleasurable. Gamebags are much in evidence, and tweeds de rigueur. They speak, those people, more loudly than do townfolk (a few only, alas, in Gaelic). Their pitch of voice is partly due to their having to compete with the elements in their daily round, or, as these are the shinty followers, the anticipation of the afternoon's excitement has found its way into their voices.

The town is filling up now as excursion trains and buses arrive. The legend on the rear of the latter testifies to their having origin in such places as Kingussie, Loch Carron, or Fort William. The restaurants, too, are becoming correspondingly busy, and who am I to say that licensed premises are not getting their fair share also, for on an occasion such as this, is a man not wise to be fortified against a sudden drop in temperature, and if this were not sufficient reason, is it not traditional that shinty and "a drop of the hard" have been coupled, at least unofficially, for centuries.

But we must make tracks for the pitch—across the bridge, and along the lovely riverside. Cars and buses pass, many trailing club

favours, and are duly hailed by the respective supporters. The entrance gates are congested, but it is a happy and orderly crowd. A piper plays for the delectation of those waiting. He is duly rewarded, and takes his lips from the mouthpiece to thank each patron, but the movement of fingers on the chanter and pressure on the bag, is unceasing.

The grandstand, taking up practically one side of the rectangular pitch, is almost full when we arrive, and the balance, standing round the ground is in the neighbourhood of three or four thousand. The pitch is green and close-cropped, and the nets, draped round the white-painted goals, move lazily in the slight breeze.

The scene is set.

An entire team trots on to the field from the dressing rooms beneath the stand, and is cheered to the echo. They are followed by their rivals to the same accompaniment, and each indulges in "shooting in" at separate goals, until the referee's whistle brings them to the centre circle and the immediate pre-match formalities. The coin is tossed and the teams take up battle formation. The "centres" put up their clubs, the whistle blows again, and the final of the Camanachd Cup is under way.

And what a game. Everything for which the shinty connoisseur could wish is here. There is long crisp hitting, there is short passing, teathy tackles, and beautiful work in the air. There are narrow shaves, and spectacular saves at both goals. There is good positioning, and use of the open space is made in the best tradition of ball games of this kind. Clubs are broken, tossed to the sidelines and replacements tossed back. But the ranks of the defences are closed, and there are no goals.

Then, a few moments from the end, seeming tragedy for one team. A wing centre, in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm, forgets to take normal personal defensive precautions, and is rewarded by an unintentional but nevertheless felling clout on the head, the crack of which can be heard round the ground. He falls to the ground, the referee blows, and players of both sides gather round. He is lifted to his feet, and helped to the nearest sideline where it can be seen that he has a long cut on his forehead, looking likely to need a few stitches, at least. "You'd better go off, Ian," some one suggests. "No, I'm alright", replies the warrior, "patch it up and I'll go on the sawdust for a while." A patch, held on by sticking plaster is applied, and Ian walks unsteadily towards the full-forward position, his team-mate, whom he is replacing, falling back to wing centre. A throw-up is taken at the spot the injury

took place, and the game recommences—for the few minutes that are left.

Then suddenly, high drama. A corner to Ian's side is swung by the taker to the unmarked buckshee forward. The full-back, seeing the former is about to shoot, unmolested, plunges forward. Instead of shooting the forward pushes the ball to the unmarked Ian who swings first time, and almost before the goalkeeper's leg is unavailingly outstretched, people behind the goal are going mad—it's a goal!!

Then all round the ground, scarves, hats and coats are in the air, people embrace each other, and Ian disappears in the centre of a joyous bunch of his team-mates. The team's club-carrier, pacing a sideline is beside himself. An earlier short but heavy shower has turned his light suit dark, and plastered his hair. He has long since lost his voice in exhortation, and in the moment of triumph, the clubs are flung in the air, to fall, so far as he is concerned, like the traditional arrow. His ecstasy is superb.

The game has barely restarted when it is over, and the cheering for the solitary goal, which has not wholly died away, is renewed as spectators surge across the field towards the stand. The players exchange handshakes and cigarettes, and are congratulated or commiserated with by their supporters. The person selected to present the cup is introduced, who in turn makes a short congratulatory speech before handing the cup to the winning captain, who receives it and holds it up for all to see, to a renewed outburst of cheering. He also receives a silver mounted club or caman, and a medal for each of his team-mates.

We stream towards the exit, and snatches of conversation are heard: "He's a lovely player that boy," "and so he should be, he's of the right stuff. I remember his father playing twenty five years ago, on this very pitch...." In the car park there was a great starting-up of engines, shouted farewells, and arrangements of trysts for the evening.

It is a great friendly highland occasion, with the personal touch that is so characteristic of the part of the world in which we live. It has survived the numerous counter-calls of present-day life—T.V., National Service, and the never-ending struggle of clubs to pay their way. That it is a part of our heritage is indisputable, and if we were to creep back to the deserted ground, when the moon is out, might we not see the sons of Finn playing, as tradition tells us, with silver clubs and a golden ball, under the watchful eye of Bran.

DUNCAN MACLENNAN.

Executive Council

The Council met in the Comunn Office on Saturday, 19th March, the President in the chair. Mr. MacPhee paid tribute to several members of the Association who had died since the last meeting.

The minute of the Propaganda Committee was approved. In response to advertisements six wrote in to say that they were desirous of teaching Gaelic singing, but only four were able to undertake work where needed at the time. No application for singing teachers was received from Branches so far. Donations to the Mod Fund from several Branches were reported, visits by officials to successful ceilidhs in Logierait and Edinburgh were noted, and mention was made of the newly formed Branch in Kingussie. There was a letter from the Inverness Branch pointing out that Gaelic found no place on Television apart from the half hour in connection with the National Mod. It was agreed to write to the B.B.C. with regard to this matter. The suggestion that each Branch be asked to make a special effort twice a year to support both the Mod and General Funds of An Comunn was approved.

The Minute of the Publication Committee noted the satisfactory demand for the Illustrated Gaelic Readers for Infants and Juniors, and stated that 500 copies of "An Approach to Gaelic, Part 1" and 1000 copies of "Reid's Elementary Course of Gaelic" are now in stock.

The publication of the Gaelic Comic was authorised, and it was left to the Committee to explore the best methods of securing sales and to fix the price in the light of the demand. Further consideration was given to the preparation of a suitable Gaelic-English and English-Gaelic dictionary. It was agreed to seek the co-operation of Gaelic teachers in schools and universities.

Three Minutes of the Mod and Music Committee were read and approved. These dealt in detail with the songs selected for the 1961 Mod for Juniors, Seniors and Learners, and noted the adjudicators in music and Gaelic for the 1960 Mod. A letter from the Association of Gaelic Choirs about the arrangements during choral competitions was considered. It was agreed to write the Director of the School of Scottish Studies requesting him to receive a deputation from An Comunn to discuss the desirability of access to the Gaelic songs in their collection for use at Mods.

Approval was given to the Minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh. Full consideration was given

to the Council's request to look into the running of Cnoc nan Rós. As the main purposes of the Memorial and Thanksgiving Fund—the care of the building and the supply of equipment to Feachdan—were carried out no change in policy was considered necessary. A letter from the Director of Education for Inverness-shire indicated that the Education Committee were prepared to support every useful effort made to maintain the Gaelic language, but in view of the attention already given to the teaching of Gaelic in their schools they would hesitate to impose additional burdens. It was decided to write to the Directors of Education in other Highland Counties, and in the light of the replies received further consideration would be given to the proposed Festival for children. It was agreed to provide yarn for embroidery, and a dozen chanters for the Gairloch Feachd.

Received at Glasgow—

Sutherland Provincial Mod Committee ..	£10 — —
Absentee	— 12 —
Mr. Duff, Corpach ..	3 3 —
Lairg Branch	5 5 —
Ceilidh nan Gaidheal ..	5 — —
The Gaelic Society of Glasgow	5 — —
Adam Donaldson, Esq., Cockenzie	— 10 —
Glasgow Skye Association	5 — —
Andrew Buchanan, Esq., Cardiff	1 8 —
Skelmorlie & District Highland Association ..	3 — —
Miss Anita T. Selfridge, Glasgow	— 5 —
Vale of Leven Branch ..	5 — —
Miss M. M. Morison, Ayr ..	1 — —

45 3 —

£503 10 —

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—EDINBURGH, 1960

Received at Edinburgh—

Ceilidh in Finlay MacLean's House, 9/1/59	£11 8 6
Ceilidh in Tourist Rooms, 21/2/59	11 — —
Mrs. Gordon, Edinburgh, Proceeds of Raffle ..	3 1 6
Miss Robertson, Edinburgh	10 — —
Sutherland Association, Edinburgh—Records Evening	1 12 6
Ceilidh—Dance at Aberfoyle, 20/3/59 ..	27 15 9
Ceilidh in Mrs. Flemington's Garden, Edinburgh	8 16 3
Ceilidh in Royal Arch Halls, Edinburgh, 22/8/59	11 17 —
Local Committee of An Comunn	50 — —
Miss Keerie MacPhee, Oban	— 15 —
Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B., Glasgow ..	1 1 —
Highland Lawn Tennis Club, Edinburgh ..	7 2 6
Broadcast Ceilidh, Edinburgh, 18/11/59 ..	34 2 —
Dr. MacDonald, Stornoway	1 — —
Christmas Prize Draw—Net Surplus	246 14 —
Ceilidh in Imperial Hotel, Edinburgh, 8/1/60 ..	32 1 —

£458 7 —

Branch Reports

DUMBARTON

The chairman at a recent ceilidh of this branch was Mr. Donald Grant, a Vice-President of An Comunn, who required no introduction to a Highland audience. He emphasised the fact that if Scotland is to remain a distinct nation, and if our identity is not to pass away, the national language and culture must be preserved.

Gaelic songs were rendered by Miss Mary C. Macniven, and Mr. Iain Thompson. Scots songs were sung by Mrs. M. Millar, while the instrumentalists Messrs. Millar and Smith added to the evening's enjoyment. The piper was Master Hector Russell, and Mrs. Marshall was the accompanist.

EDINBURGH

At the recent ceilidh Mr. Calum Macleod, Secretary of An Comunn, was fear-an-tighe. The singers were, Mrs. Johan Macleod, Miss Kenna Campbell, and Messrs. Duncan Mackenzie, Calum Ross, George Clavey. Kenny Macgregor played the pipes, and George Fraser was the accordionist.

At the next ceilidh of the Branch Mr. Alex. Maciver, president of the Lewis and Harris Association, will preside.

AYR

At the annual ceilidh held in Troon at the end of February a tribute was paid to Mr. Donald McIsaac for his constant efforts with his choirs by the guest chairman, Mr. John Graham of Troon. There was a large attendance, and the entertainment was most enjoyable.

Choral and solo singing, both in Gaelic and English, was well sustained. Amusing readings by Aileen Fraser were loudly applauded, and an exhibition of Highland dancing by Ann Convery, former World and Scottish Highland Dancing Champion, was most pleasing. John Martin, Ayr, was piper and Miss Lyle was accompanist.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LV

AN T-OG-MHIOS, 1960

Aireamh 6

LUCHD-TURUIS

THA e cho furasda an làn-mara a chumail air ais 's a tha e casg a chur air luchd-turuis a tha an geall air a' Ghaidhealtachd fhaicinn. Nach eil e iomchuidh dhaibh tadhal far am miann leotha mar a tha cothrom aig na Gaidheil fhéin air a bhith a' falbh an t-saoghail?

Tha luchd-turuis air a' thighinn, agus leanaidh iad a' tighinn co-dhiùbh a bhios sinne buidheach no diombach. Is e an gliocas as motha an fheum as fheàrr a dhèanamh de gach sochair a dh'fhaodas a bhith 'nan cois. Ma tha iarrtas aca sealladh fhaicinn air beanntan àrda corrach agus air srathan lùbach falachaidh na Gaidhealtachd, ma tha sàmhchair is aonarachd ghleann is fhìreach 'gan tàladh, ma tha fionnarachd is cùbhraidheachd a' còrdadh riutha, nach eil saobhbreas gun chrìoch fa 'n comhair an tìr na Gàidhlig. Chan ionndrainn sinne bhuainn na shàsaicheas iadsan. An togail intinne agus an t-ùrachadh a bheir spionnadh dhaibhsan chan fhàg e sinne bochd. Leigibh cead an coise dhaibh.

Tha fios gu bheil feum aig na Gaidheil, air a bheil oibrichean freagarrach 'nan crìochan fhéin cho fada air àicheadh, air cur-a-steach sam bith a thig an lorg luchd-turuis. Air an aobhar sin bhiodh e ro fheumail gun glacadh an cothrom le bhith dèanamh gach leasachadh is gach ullachadh iomchuidh fa chomhair na thig.

Bithidh rathaidean goireasach fhathast air feadh na Gaidhealtachd ann an iomadh ceàrn-aidh a bha cur feum orra fad bhliadhnachan, agus ged a tha amharus againn nach e feum no iarrtas nan Gaidheil a choisneas iad bithidh iad

a cheart cho socair fo 'n casan air a shon sin. Bithidh brìc anns na lochan agus anns na h-aibhnichean nas lionmhòra na bha iad, agus is dòcha gu faighear iad an uisgeachan nach do lorg iad a riamh. Mur caill an Gaidheil a thùr 's a sheòltachd cha bhi e gun a chuid fhéin diubh cuideachd.

Tha nithean aig na Gaidheil air a bheil an saoghal a' cur feuma an diugh. An carthannas agus an fhialaidheachd a tha toinnte 'nan nàdur, an coibhneas agus an spioradalachd a tha fuaighte riutha, an ceangal a tha aca ri sith is saorsa is dìlseachd, cha bu mhisde an saoghal a bhith air a bhaisteadh leotha. Nis, tha luchd-turuis a tighinn do 'n Ghaidhealtachd as gach dùthaich—a Albainn is a Sasuinn, a tìrean céine is a dùthchannan na Roinn Eòrpa. Tha mithean is maithean a' tadhal oirnn; tha oileanaich a sgoilean is a oil-thighean 'nan measg. Ma dh'fhaodte gu bheil eòlas air cor a' Ghaidheil, air a nàdur, air a dhòigh beatha, air fheuman, air àilleachd a dhùthcha, agus air luach na h-oighreachd a fhuair e mar dhileab bho a shinnse nas fharsaingean an diugh na bha e riamh. Cha mhisde eòlas math a bhith air a roinn. Ma bheir luchd-turuis sochairean thugainn bheir iad beannachdan bhuainn.

Ach tha nithean ann nach fhaod na Gaidheil a dhìochuimhneachadh. Biodh iad coibhneil agus biodh iad suilbhir ri coigrich, ach na reiceadh iad an oighreachd riutha. Gleidheadh iad daonnan an dòigh beatha fhéin agus seasadh iad dìleas do 'n cànan fhéin. Cuiridh na coigrich am barrachd meas orra ma bhios iad dìleas do na nithean sin, agus cha bhi call aca fhéin deth.

AN GEALLADH

Le MAIRI NIC GHILLEATHAIN

(Dh'innseadh an seul-sa air an radiò.)

BHA a' Bhantrach, mar a chanadh iad rithe ann am baile Cheanaraidh, 'na suidhe aig an uinneig a' coimhead a mach air an rathad mhór, ach gun i faicinn nì no neach a bha dol seachad. Bha smuaintean cudthromach 'na com agus neul brònach air a h-aghaidh. An latha ud fhéin bha i air a h-intinn a dhèanamh suas nach fhanadh i na b'fhaide ann an eilean a h-oige; gun reiceadh i an tigh 's am fearann agus gun stiùireadh i a ceum a dh'ionnsaigh na Galldachd far nach bitheadh dad a bheireadh 'na cuimhne na nithean a chail i 'na ceanglaichean a chaidh a bhriseadh 'na beatha.

Dh' éirich i o'n uinneig; chuir i uimpe a còta agus dh'fhalbh i mach a ghabhail sgrìob. Is fheudar gun robh na smuaintean dorcha air an robh i meòrachadh 'ga leantainn oir bha a gnùis trom, dubhach fhathast. Bha a h-aighe neo-ghluasadach air aon nì agus cha robh i cluinntinn na còisir bhinn a bha seinn air bharrabh nan geug. Cha mhò na sin a bha suim aice do dh' aghaidh fhathast na gréine a bha tòiseachadh ri cromadh anns an Iar. Bha a ceann crom agus i, mar gum b' eadh, a' tommas gach ceum. "Seallaidh air a so!" bhris an guth a steach oirre agus thug i leum aisde. Bha balach beag 'na shuidhe ri taobh lòin agus bàta seilisdear aige 'na làimh a bha e seòladh air an uisge. Thog e suas am bàta gu moiteil, ach cha do chuir a' Bhantrach mòran dùn ann. Chum am fear beag roimhe a' bruidhinn.

"Tha mise 'dol do'n eaglais am màireach," thubhairt am fear beag gu moiteil, "gheall Mamaidh dhomh gun toireadh i ann mi. Tha brògan ùra agam. Am bheil sibhse dol do'n eaglais?"

"Chan eil," fhreagair i agus i coiseachd air falbh gu luath.

An déidh tighinn dhachaidh las i an lampa, tharruing i na cuirteinean agus rinn i cupa "tea" dhith fhéin. Bha a cridhe làn le mòran de nithean, ach os cionn a h-uile nì bha aon smuain shònraichte. Dh'fheumadh i faighinn air falbh a Ceanaraidh. Ged nach biodh ann ach cho coltach 's a bha Teàrlach beag (b'e sin ainm a' bhalaich) ri Iain aice fhéin. Iain, a chaidh a thoirt bhuaipe 'nuair nach robh e ach ceithir bliadhna, agus sin beagan an déidh bàs a companaich. Dhùin i a sùilean a' meòrachadh air na buillean eagalach a dh'fhàg lom, falamh i ann an ùine cho goirid. Lom . . . falamh . . . B' e sud an searbhadas mór a rinn a

leithid de làrach 'na beatha. Bha i a' tighinn beò leis na smuaintean ciùirte a bha 'ga lionadh. Dhùin i a co-chreutairean a mach as a cridhe o'n uair sin. Bha gach nì air an robh i stéidh-eachadh a dòchais air an toirt bhuaipe, agus bha glas is iuchair air an ionad amms an robh an fheadhainn a dh'fhalbh taistge aice, mar gum biodh eagal oirre gum briseadh duine eile a steach do'n t-seòmar uaigneach sin. Cluinidh sinn doann a bhith faotainn coire dhaibhsan a ghéilleas do shearbhadas 's do bhriseadh-cridhe, ach cha tuig sinne nach robh riamh fo phràmh an suidheachadh a tha aig an t-seòrsa sin, agus air mo shon fhéin dheth cha toil leam mòran gnothuich a ghabhail riutha. Chan ann, mar sin, a' leudachadh air cor brònach na Bhantraich a tha mi idir—chan eil mi ach ag innse na sgeòil aice mar a chuala mi i.

Ged a bha an latha air a bhith grianach dh'fhàs am feasgar greannach, bagarrach. Bha a' ghaoth a' sìor éirigh, agus an so chualas brag an uisge air an uinneig. Chuir a' Bhantrach fàd na dhà mòndadh eile air an teine agus sheall i air à ghleoc. Ochd uairean! Bha trì uairean de thìde fhathast mus rachadh i laighe—ùine glé fhada aig neach 'na aonar. "Droch oidhche," thubhairt i rithe fhéin, "cha bhi duine sam bith a mach a tigh ris an fhuachd so." Mar gum b' ann mar fhreagairt do'n smuain so chuala i fuaim coiseachd, agus an ceann mionaid no dhà thàinig gnogadh do'n doras. Bha caileag òg 'na seasamh an sin, Annag a' Ghreusaiche.

"Tha mi duilich a' cur dragh oirbh," arsa Annag gu dùid, "ach bha mi a' dol seachad, agus thàinig am fras fhìadhaich so cho aithghearr 's gum b' éiginn dhomh fàsadh a ghabhail. Am faod mi tighinn a steach?"

"Faodaidh," fhreagair am boireannach, "ach ciod air an t-saoghal a tha thu a' dèanamh a mach ris an aimsir so?"

Thàinig stad air a' chailleig agus dh' éirich an fhuil 'na h-aodann oir bha fhios aice nach còrdadh an fhreagairt ris a' Bhantraich. "S dòcha gun cuala sibh," ars e, "gu bheil am ministear a' tional airgid airson teaghlach a' choigrich ud a chail a bheatha anns an tubaist air Loch-a'-bhradain air a' mhios a chaidh seachad. Bha mise 'nochd a' tadhal air na tighean airson a' chuid ma dheireadh de 'n airgid sin a chruinneachadh. Tha iad 'ga iarraidh a stigh Di-luain."

Thug a' Bhantrach sùil mhi-cheutach air a'

nighinn. "Is ann agadsa a tha 'n obair ghòrach," thubhairt i gu frionasach, "de an gnothuch a tha aig daoine nach eil eòlach ri bhith seòladh air na lochan sin co-dhiù? Buamastaireachd agus dìth na ceille! Ach," arsa ise le guth beagan na bu chaoineile, "ni mi cupa 'tea' dhuit on a tha thu cho fliuch."

Dh' fhosgail Annag a beul a' dol a dh' iùltadh, ach smuainich i gum b' fheàrr dhìth fuireach sàmhach, agus dhùin i rithist e. An ceann beagan ùine thàinig am boireannach a nuas leis an "tea."

"Tha fhios," aris' ise, "gum bheil fadachd ort gus am faigh thu air falbh a Ceanaraidh do'n bhaile mhòr le chuid sùgraidh." "O, chan eil, idir," fhreagair Annag gu dùrachdach 's a sùilean a' lasadh, "is toil leamsa Ceanaraidh —'s ann an so a tha mo chàrdean. Feumaidh mi fuireach le mo mhàthair. Chan eil i ag cumail gu math." Thug a' bhantrach sùil oirre mar gum biodh i 'ga faicinn airson na ceud uair.

"Chan ann tric a sheallas do leithid-sa air na rudan sin," aris ise.

Dh' éirich Annag. "Tha am fras seachad a nis agus feumaidh mi bhith gabhail an rathaid." "Stad mionaid," arsa a' Bhantrach is i ag éirigh gu luath mar gum biodh eagal oirre gun gabhadh i 'n t-aithreachas, agus thug i nall seoran. Thug i paipear dheich tasdain do'n nighinn. "So," thubhairt i, "cuir sin còmhla ris a chòr a chruinnich thu. Ach," gu crosta, "cuimhnic chan eil truas sam bith agam ri daoine a tha cur làmh 'nam beatha fhéin le amaideas 'sa' fàgail an sliochd 'nan cudthrom air daoine eile." Ghabh Annag òg an t-airgid gu toileach. "O, taing dhuibh," aris ise, "agus mòran taing dhuibh airson bhur coibhnais. Oidhche mhath leibh."

Ghlais a' Bhantrach an doras agus thill i chun an teine. Thug i greis ag amharc do'n ghriasaich. Bha an guth òg, ùr, coibhneil fhathast 'na cluasan. "Taing dhuibh . . . Oidhche mhath leibh . . ." Cuin a chuala i na briathran ud mu dheireadh? Thug i crathadh oirre fhéin agus thill an searbhadas ri h-aodann. "Ach," aris ise rithe fhéin, "is fheudar gur h-e gòraiche na h-aoise a tha orm."

Is e 'n t-Sàbaid a bha ann an ath mhadainn. Bha i rudeigin fuar, gruamach, agus bha a' Bhantrach fada gun éirigh. Shuidh i gu h-aonararach, mar a b' àbhaist aig a biadh. Cha robh aobhar cabhaig ann oir cha bhiodh i dol do'n eaglais, ged a bha am 'na beatha anns nach robh a h-àite san éisdeachd riamh falamh. Ach dh' fhalbh sin. Bha am Biobull ann an cùil fo'n dreasair agus gun làmh 'ga thoirt air latha deug de'n bhliadhna. "Chan eil mise cur dragh sam bith air an eaglais agus chan eil

mi faicinn carson a chuireadh an eaglais dragh orm." B' e sin am freagairt a thug i do'n mhinistear an uair a thàinig e a choimhead oirre mu dheireadh.

Thàinig gnogadh grinn chun an doruis. Chan eil fhios có bha so oir cha b' àbhaist tathaich sam bith a bhì air an tigh, agus gu h-àraidh air latha na Sabaid; le iognadh chaidh i g' a fhosgladh. Bha Teàrlach beag agus a mhàthair 'nan seasamh an sud. "Gabh-aibh mo lethsguil," arsa am boireannach òg, "ach bha mi smaointeachadh gun cuidicheadh sibh mi. Gheall mi dha'n ghille gun toirinn do'n eaglais an diugh e airson a' cheud uair, ach ghoirtich mi mo chas anns a' mhadainn 'nuair a dh' éirich mi, agus chan urrainn, mi coiseachd cho fada ris an eaglais. Cha toil leam briseadh-dùil a thoirt dha. Saoil an toireadh sibhse ann e air mo shon?"

Bha a' Bhantrach sàmhach airson tacain mar gum biodh i 'cur cath air choireigin 'na h-intinn. "De thug ort tighinn an so le leithid sin de ghnòthuch?" dh' fheòraich i mu dheireadh. "Thoiribh maitheanas dhomh ma rinn mi dad as an rathad," fhreagair an té eile, "ach 's e an tigh agaibh a b' fhaigse dhomh, agus bha mi smaointeachadh gum bitheadh sibh féin a' dol do'n eaglais co-dhiùbh."

"Nam bitheadh tusa na b-èolaiche ann an Ceanaraidh bhiodh fhios agad nach eil mise a' toirt dubhair air dorus eaglais," fhreagair a' Bhantrach. "Ach," aris ise 'nuair sin, "bheir mi an gille do'n eaglais gus a riarachadh an uair so."

Is còir innse nach b' ann de mhuinntir Cheanaraidh idir a bha Catriona Bàn, màthair Theàrlach bhig. Chailleadh an duine aice anns a' chogadh, agus bha ise air tighinn a dh' fhuireach do'n eilean as a' bhaile mhòr far an robh a còmhnuidh roimhe so. Bha i air dachaidh ùr a chur suas, agus bha i a' strì gu dìchìollach ri teachd-an-tìr a chosnadh dhìth fhéin 's d' a mac.

Chaidh a' Bhantrach suas an staidhir agus chuir i uimpe a h-aodach airson na h-eaglais. Bha aithreachas oirre gun do gheall i am balach beag a riarachadh. "Huh," thubhairt i rithe fhéin, "nach b'e 'n gnothuch gòrach e! Dé choire dhéanadh e air a' ghille ged a gheibheadh e briseadh-dùil. Théid mise an urras gur iomadh gin de'n t-seòrsa gheibh e ma bhios saoghal aige."

Is ann le ceum màirnealach, gun sgoinn a choisich i dh' ionnsuidh na h-eaglais agus gréim aice air làimh air Teàrlach beag. Is esan a bh' air a dhòigh oir bha e dol far an robh e 'g iarraidh a dhòl o chionn fada. Agus a bharrachd air a sin nach robh na brògan ùra air? Stadadh e 'n dràsda 's a rithist, agus shealladh e sìos air a chasan gu pròiseil. Gun rabhadh sam bith sheas e agus sheall e suas air a' Bhantraich.

“Càite ’n do chaill sibh bhur gàire?” dh’fhoigh-nich e.

“Mo . . . mo . . . ghàire . . . Dé tha thu ciallachadh?” dh’fheòraich am boireannach. Fhreagair am fear beag. “Chuala mise Bean a’ Ghreusaiche ag ràdh ri Mamaidh gum b’ àbhaist gàire toilichte a bhith agaihse, ach nach robh e agaibh a nis o chionn fada, fada an t-saoghail. Bha mi ’smaointeachadh gum feumadh gun do chaill sibh e, an àiteigin. Ach,” ars esan, gu dòchasach, “gheibh sibh air ais fhathast e.”

Ràinig iad an eaglais is thòisich an t-seirbhis. Bha am fear beag socair, sàmhach airson greis ach dh’fhàs e mi-fhoiseil, agus thòisich e air cluich le dhà no trì sgillinnean a bha aige ’n phòca. Thuit té dhiubh air an ùrlar agus rinn i gliong. Ghrad sheall e suas le aodann dearg, ciontach. Chuir a’ Bhantrach a gairdean timchioll air ’s tharruing i dlùth dhith fhéin e gus a chumail socair, agus ann an ùine ghoirid thuit e ’na chadal ri taice. Dh’fhairich am boireannach a cridhe reòta a’ taiseachadh agus blàths neo-àbhaisteach ’ga cuairteachadh.

Bha am ministear air tòiseachadh ri teagasg agus leag i a sùil ’s a h-inntinn air. “Taisgibh dhuibh féin ionmhas air Neamh.” B’e sin an ceann-teagaisg a bha aige. Bha i ’ga ceasnachadh féin. Ciod an seòrsa ionmhais a bha ise tasgadh?

Bha baisteadh anns an eaglais an déidh na seirbhis. Sheall a’ Bhantrach gu geur air a’ chàraid thlachdmhoir a bha le aobhneas sòluimte a’ toirt am bòidean gu dùrachdach. Is ann mar sud a sheas i fhéin agus Ruairidh air beulthaobh a’ mhinistear le Iain beag o chionn shia bliadhna deug. Shil a deòir gu frasach agus chrom i a ceann ann an ùrnuigh shàmhach.

An uair a sgaoil an eaglais chaidh i fhéin agus Annag a’ Ghreusaiche dhachaidh leis a’ bhalach bheag, agus dheasaich iad an dinneir, a’ co-èigeachadh Chatriona gus fois a ghabhail oir bha a cas air a ciorramachadh na bu mhiosa na shaoil leatha an toiseach.

An sin chaidh i dhachaidh a’ gealltainn a dhol a choimhead air Catriona a’ cheud nì sa’ mhadainn.

Chuir i air an teine. Shuidh i sìos, tacain—Dh’éirich i is dh’fhosgail i am Biobull a bha cho fada dùinte fo’n dreasair. Bha na briathran “Ionmhas air Neamh” fhathast a’ seinn ’na cluasan. Thug i greis ’ga leughadh. Bha fiamh a’ ghàire a’ cleasachd timchioll air a blean Bha a mac-meannna a’ sealltainn air aghaidh ris an am ri teachd. Bhiodh i fhéin agus Catriona ’s an gille agus Annag òg a’ Ghreusaiche a ris air an ceangal ri chéile le bannaibh càirdeis is coibhneis. Bheireadh i a h-uile cuideachadh a bha ’na comas dhaibh o so a mach oir b’ann trompa-san

a fhuair i sealbh air a’ chomfhurtachd, a tha a’ daingneachadh gur ann troimh dheagh ghean do dhàoinne a gheibh an t-anam sìth agus fois. Thill an gàire gu a h-aodann; bha sòlas ’na cridhe is fhuair Teàrlach Beag bàta briagha ùr.

An Traon

Tha eòin ann nach aithnich cuid air an cumadh no air an dreach no air an ceòl. Am fear nach aithnich an traon air a chumadh no air a dhreach is sgeul cinnteach gun aithnich e e air a cheòl, co dhiùbh air a ghuth. Air son a’ chiùil, chan eil e idir ann! Chan eil duine a chuala an traon a riamh nach bi cuimhne aig air ri bheò, oir tha guth aige nach cualas aig eun sam bith eile, guth nach iarra te a chluinntinn aig eun ach e fhéin.

Ged nach eil ceòl no milseachd an guth an traoin tha togail ann nach beag mur bi thu ro fhada ’na chòir. Tha guth an t-samhraidh agus teachdaireachd an fhàis ’na ghob. Far an cluinnear e chithear fochann gorm a’ còmh-dach an raoin anns am bi e no fiar glas ’ga shìneadh fhéin ri gréin. Cha dealaich an inntinn guth an eòin-sa ri blàths is dòchas; cha dùin doras na cuimhne air lèantan air nach do laigh do shùil, ma dh’fhaodte, o bha thu òg.

Is lionmhor iad a chuala an traon nach fhaca sealladh dheth a riamh. Tha e sochaireach ’na nàdur, falachaidh ’na ghiùlan, faireil ’na imeachd; agus leanmhainneach ’na aithris. Is docha leis gu mór gun cluinnear e na gu faicear e. Ma tha e uabhrach is ann ’na ghuth, ma tha e gaisgeil chan ann an cuideachd, agus ma tha e càirdail cha mhór a dh’aithnichear sin air. Chan eil sochair air a ghuth a thogail, agus mar as sàmhacha e bhios càch is ann as àirde a ghlaodh. Nuair a thuiteas eòin eile an suain bithidh an traon ’na chaitrhis. Nuair bu mhath le slugh san nàbachd uallaichean an latha a thilgeadh dhiùbh ’nan cadal sin an t-am a roghnaicheas esan gu bhith cumail ’nan cuimhne gun tàinig e do’n dùthaich. Ma bhios esan ’na dhùisg agus càch ’nan cadal carson nach leigeadh e sin fhacinn dhaibh. Nach eil latha fada samhraidh ca a gu bhith seinn gu’n toil, nuair a tha esan ’na thosd.

Mo thruaighe fear a’ chadail aotrom, agus an traon air tighinn. Ma tha co-fhàireachdainn aige ri creutair sam bith chan ann ris an t-seòrsa ud. Tha na seachd deamhan a’ tighinn ann ma gheibh e dlùth, gu falachaidh, air fear a’ chadail. Sin an t-am a thogas esan a ghuth, a sguireas agus a thòisicheas e, a thòisicheas ’s a sguireas e. So da rìreadh piobaire an aona phuirt.

Thig e gun fhios; falbhaidh e gun rabhadh; agus ’s e mac-ratha a chì e. S.D.T.

Dias As Gach Sguab

BIDH e a' cur ceist orm dé air an aon saoghal a bhios a' toirt air feadhainn a tha teagas Gaidhlig, agus aig am bu chòir fios a' chaochlaidh a bhith, a bhith a' cleachdadh ghnàthasan cainnte fuadain air an radio. Mas e an seòrsa Gaidhlig a bhios mi cluinntinn aca a thàtar air son a chumail buan, mar as luaithe a gheibh i an fhuar-bhuille is e as fheàrr.

'S mi-choltach an fhàgail
Tha air fir teagas Ghàidheil
Bhith feadarsaich air fàire
Ri 'r cànan dh'an deòin.
Bidh ollamhan Upsàla
An imcheist am màireach
Ach dé seòrsa cànan
Bu ghnàth leis na seòid.

So cuid de na chruinnich mi as gach àite air feadh na dùthcha: Bhiodh Mànas na h-Airde Bige a' cur na ceist so air a h-uile duine air an robh beachd sgoilear aige, "Cuir Beurla air, Is tu bu dòcha." Chuala mi na rudan so mu'n chuan: an tigh gorm; sruth nam biorach; fachaich na faire; tìurr an làin; top a' mhuir tràigh. 'S minic a chuala mi mu fhear no ainmhidh a chaidh a bhàthadh—chaidh e a nighe a chas. Nithean eile—chan eil ann ach rud a dh'fhàg am muir làn air diochuimhne; eadar-dà-lunn; eadar lunn is lear; chaidh e fodha le cion àrca.

Chuala mi na beachdan-sa mu'n aimsir: Tha coltas Mhurchaidh Bhàin oirre is fialan san àirde an iar; tuailleas ann am fuaradh froise; smugraich uisge; là eadar dha-là.

Tha cuid a' cumail a mach gur h-ann ri linn cogadh na Frainge a thogadh am facal speilearachd o na Gearmailtich. Chan eil mi dà uair cho cinnteach. 'S ann 's na h-àitean as iomallaiche as trice a chluinnear e agus cha b'fhiach dhuit a dhol an urras nach robh e againn o thàinig na seann Ghaidheil suas ri amar an Danube o'n àirde an ear.

Chuala mi so cuideachd: Chan eil annlan na trannadh air aire a' mhulaich ud; imlich nan corrag air gainne; cha d'fhuair iad crochadh na praise; is e teanntachd na Féinne a chuir cathair éig air a bonn; iallan na Féinne; thoir do rogha àite ort.

Nuair a bhios duine a' saoilinn tuilleadh 's a' chòir dheth fhéin canar—fearas-mhóra gun chur-leis, agus beachd a' ghiomaich air a dheireadh.

Tha mi cinnteach gur h-e fear o Dheas a thuirf so mu mhuinntir eile—Catach ciotach; Gallach salach; Rosach mosach; Niseach niosach. Chuala mi so—dé an àin a tha as an

teime; agus, àinilte. An e am facal, ainilte, freumh an fhacail, anaid?

So agaibh briathran eile—sud far an robh fear frionasach na h-ìdrisg, tha thu cho dis ri catan-griosaich; thug e fhéin an earraig ud (mu fhear a chaidh air turus diomhain); tha breoiteadh san fhiodh, 's nam biodh fios na fàth agam cha robh mi air a cheannach.

So rud a thuirf fear a bha leughadh bàrdachd san robh fear eile dèanamh innse air fhéin—

'S e rinn innse le cinnte ann an dimeas neo-ar-thaing,
Sàr-éisg nan droch fhilidh 's neo-fhileanta cainnt.

FEAR-FARRAID.

Am Buideal

Tha a' naidheachd bheag-sa 'gar toirt air ais mìle bliadhna. Ann an Eilean a' Cheò bha iad ri feitheamh ris na soithichean Lochlannach nach robh ainneamh a' tighinn thar a' Chuain a Tuath a spùinneadh 's a mhillleadh anns na h-eileanan. Aig an am-sa bha coiltean dosrach a' còmhdach chnoc is bheann, agus rinn am fear so buideal math d'ionach le fiodh craoibhe a bha fàs air cùl an tighe aige.

Nuair a chualas gu robh na nàimhdean a' nochdadh air fàire lion bean-an-tighe am buideal làn de im ùr. Thog am bodach am buideal air a ghualainn agus thug e am baca mònach air far na thiodhlaic se e anns an riasg gu am biodh an t-im ùrar, tiaruine nuair a thilleadh na spùinneadairean do'n dùthaich fhéin.

Thàinig na Lochlannaich mar a bha dùil riutha. Anns a' chath a chuireadh air an eilean chaidh mòran a chur gu bàs, agus 'nam measg bha fear a' bhuideil. Ghlac na nàimhdean an t-eilean agus bha e fo an riaghladh ceudan bliadhna. Fad na h-ùine sin bha am buideal taisgte anns an riasg a bha dìreadh 's a' dìreadh le crìonadh nan lus os a chionn. Is iomadh ceum duine agus ainmhidh a chaidh seachad air fad nan linntean.

Is ann an ceann mìle bliadhna a thàinig dìthis air a' bhuideal is iad a' buain mhònach. Rùisg iad an soitheach gu socrach, gun fhios dé an ulaidh a bha ann, thog iad e gu bàrr a' phuill agus nuair a thug iad an ceann as chunnaic iad an sud an t-im a chaidh a mhiosradh mìle bliadhna air ais. Gun teagamh cha robh an t-im freagarrach air son a chur air ara, oir ged nach do ghrod e cha robh e cho ùr no cho blada is a bha e nuair a thugadh as a' bhlàth-aich e. Tha e air aithris gu bheil am buideal slàn, fallain an Oil-thigh Obairdhaing gun latha an diugh.

COMA LEAT.

De Tuilleadh

A Charaid,

Chuir sibh a' cheist sin oirnn air a' mhìos so a chaidh. So mo fhreagairt-sa dhuibh: Seall romhad a Chomuinn!

Bithidh a' Chian-Amharcachd (*no Television*) a' tighinn do na h-eileanan an ceann caigeann bhliadhnachan. Cuiridh sin as do na tha air fhàgail de'n Ghàidhlig glé luath mas ann troimh mheadhon na Beurla a bhios na *Programmes*. A nis chunnaic sinn a cheana an uair bheag spiocach san t-seachdain a bheir am B.B.C. dhuinn air an adhar, agus creidibh gum bi fada nas lugha againn air an C.A. (*no T.V.*). Gu fortanach chan eil sinn uile gu léir an crochadh ris a' Bh.B.C.

So a nis cuspair mo litreach. Cha chuala mi nach fhaod buidheann san bith cur a steach air son cead seirbhis craobh-sgaolaidh. Is e mo bheachd fhéin gum bu chóir do'n Chomuinn feuchainn ri a chur fhéin an ceann buidheann de'n t-seòrsa. Bu chóir buidheann coitcheann a shuidheachadh a ghabhadh obair an C.A. no an T.V. os làimh, 's a bheireadh an seirbhis dhuinn troimh mheadhon na Gàidhlig. Dh'fheumadh am buidheann-sa móran airgid a chruinneachadh gus an gnothach a chur air adhart, ach is cinnteach nach biodh sin ro dhuilich oir tha fhios aig an t-saoghal air cho tarbhach is a tha an obair so. "Cead an C.A. mar chead airgid fhéin a chlà-bhualadh," arsa MacThómais S.T.V. o chionn ghoirid.

Dhèanadh an obair so feum do'n Chomuinn agus do'n Ghaidhealtachd air dòigh no dhà. Anns a' chiad àite, thàtar ag iarraidh fearas-chuideachd do'n t-sluagh. Bheireadh so sin dhaibh air dhreach na bu fhreagarraiche na gheibheadh iad bho'n t-seòrsa eile. Anns an dara h-àite, dh'fhaodadh obair tighinn an cois na seirbhis so; thigeadh i cuideachd. Chumadh sin ar n-èigrich a tha an dràs an feum an dachaidhean fhàgail mun cuir iad am buadhan gu inbhe. Anns an treas àite, le taic an C.A. cha bhiodh An Comunn an eisimeil a' Mhòid air son "teachd-an-tìr," agus, mar sin, bhiodh iad an comas a chumail air a' Ghaidhealtachd na bu trice, agus barrachd Gàidhlig a chleachdadh na tha iad a' dèanamh fhad's is e an t-airgid as motha a tha 'nan rùn.

Their cuid "O chan e an leithid sin a chleachd An Comunn. Sheachainn sinne gnothaichean saoghailta riamh." Sheachainn, agus càite an d'fhàg sin a' Ghàidhlig? Dh'fhàg 'g a dìth an iomadh àite anns an robh i air teanga a h-uile

duine nuair a chaidh An-Comunn Gaidhealach a stéidheachadh. Le spéis,

GORDON DONALD.

For Your Information

1. An Comunn has at present a large stock of An Lon Dubh (The Blackbird), Parts 1 and 2, price 6d plus postage. These books are intended for use in schools, but all the songs are suitable for adults. The 28 Gaelic songs in Part 1 and the 26 in Part 2 are arranged in two-part harmony in solfa notation. Most of the harmonies were arranged by Mr. R. D. Jamieson, Glasgow, and the editor was Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, Johnstone. The collection includes many popular songs and melodies.

2. An Approach to Gaelic, Part 1, by Mr. A. N. Maclean, and illustrated by Miss L. R. Annand, which has been out of print for some time, is now available. It is published by An Comunn, price 2/6 plus postage.

This small book, along with Parts 2 and 3, which it is hoped will appear in due course, is designed to provide a three year course for pupils who begin to study Gaelic in the first year of the Secondary Course. Part 1 consists of graded lessons dealing with masculine nouns. The illustrations in black and white are helpful, and the glossary is sufficiently comprehensive.

Book Review

Prose Writings of Donald Lamont, Published by the Scottish Gaelic Texts Society, Price 21/-.

The quantity of readable prose available in Gaelic is very limited. This volume, containing a small selection of Donald Lamont's most characteristic writings, is all the more welcome on that account. Dr. Lamont's output of original Gaelic prose, most of which was contributed by him to the monthly magazine of the Church of Scotland over a long period of years, surpasses in quantity that of any other writer in the history of Gaelic literature. His style is quite distinctive, simple and direct, clear and forceful. He never strives after effect, but he clinches his arguments with a minimum of words and leaves the reader in no doubt as to what he means. He is at home in dealing with a wide range of topics, and in his treatment of these he reveals keen imagination, alert observation, clarity of thought, arresting comment and a wealth of pawky humour. We cannot get too much of this type of lively literature.

The editor, Mr. T. M. Murchison, has done his part with care and efficiency. His introduction, notes and glossaries, enhance the value of the book.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Chuala Teàrlach mu ochd uairean sa' mhàd-
ainn gu robh feachd na Diùc a' tighinn. Loisg-
eadh urchair gunna mhóir an sin gu rabhadh
a thoirt do na saighdearaibh tional as gach
àite an robh iad. An ceann greis chunnacas
an t-arm dearg a' tighinn air adhart an òrdugh
catha. Bhuailleadh gach druma gus na bha
ri'm faotainn de na Gaidheil a chur an òrdugh.
Cha robh ann gu léir dhiubh ach cóig mìle fear.
Nam biodh Teàrlach air faotainn an fheachd gu
h-ìomlan cruinn bhiodh naoi mìle aige air a'
chuid bu lugha. Bha e furasda dha cath
leigeadh seachad an latha ud nam b'e sin a thoil.
Mu'n am an robh an t-arm dearg faisg air an
àite a thogail mu'n coinneamh bha feachd a'
a' Phrionnsa 'nan òrdugh. Chaidh iad 'nan
dà chuideachd. Ghabh Morair Seòras Muireach
comanda na ciad chuideachd, agus Morair
Iain Drumaid comanda na cuideachd eile.

B' àbhaist do na Dòmhnallaich anns gach
blàr o latha Allt a' Bhonnaich a bhith air an
làimh dheis. Is ann air an làimh chli a chuir-
eadh iad latha Chuil-Fhodair, co dhìubh is
ann le meud na cabhaig a thachair sin, 's nach
robh ùine ann gu bhith toirt cuid de na
fìneachan, sgapte mar a bha iad, gu àite eile
ach far an do thachair do thromlach a' chinnidh
a bhith aig an am, no is ann le leth bhreith
cuid de na h-oifigich a thachair e, ag iarraidh
urram na làimhe deise a thoirt do threubh eile
aig nach robh e roimhe sin. Ghabh na
Dòmhnallaich so gu h-olc, is bhagair iad nach
dèanadh iad car. Nuair a bha an dà armait
mar so a' tighinn gu math dlùth air a chéile
sheid garbh fhraas chlachan meallain dìreach an
aghaidh nan Gaidheil. Thug iad oidhirp an
sin air taobh an fhuaraidh fhaotainn air na
Sasunnaich. Ach bha na Sasunnaich a' gluasad
mu'n coinneamh air sheòl 's nach bu chomasach
dhaibh taobh an fhuaraidh fhaotainn. Thòisich
an cath le gunnathan móra air gach taobh mu
uair an déidh mheadhon latha. Bha móran
aig an arm dhearg dhiubh sin a bharrachd air
na bha aig Teàrlach, agus bha an cuspaireachd
móran na b' fheàrr. Loisg taobh a' Phrionnsa
mu cheud urchair gun dad a dhéanamh air an
námhadh ach aon duine a leònadh; ach bha na
gunnathan Sasunnach a' déanamh sgathadh
uamhasach air na Gaidheil, is bha iadsan a'
fàs ro mhì-fhoighidneach nach robh iad a'
faotainn òrdugh ruith mar a b' àbhaist an
aghaidh an námhadh.

About 8 o'clock in the morning Charles
heard that the Duke's forces were approaching.
Then a cannon was fired to warn the soldiers
to gather from their respective places. In a
short time the red-coats were seen approaching
in battle order. Every drum was beaten to
marshal as many of the Gaels as could be found.
In all they totalled 5,000 men. Had Charles
managed to gather his full forces he would have
at least 9,000. It was easy enough for him to
postpone battle that day if he so desired. By
the time the red-coats were about to take up
their position opposite them, the forces of the
Prince were in battle array. They arranged
themselves in two bodies. Lord George Murray
took command of the first group, and Lord
John Drummond took command of the second
group. From the day of Bannock-Burn the
Macdonalds used to be on the right hand in
every battle. Whether it happened because of
the great hurry which left no time to bring
certain of the clans, scattered as they were, to a
different place from that where most of the
individual clan happened to be at the time or
through the partiality of some of the officers
who sought the honour of the right hand
position for another clan which did not have
this honour previously, they were placed in the
left hand position on Culloden day. The
Macdonalds resented this, and they threatened
to do nothing at all.

As the two forces were thus coming very
close to one another a fierce shower of hailstones
blew in the face of the Gaels. They attempted
then to get to windward of the English. But the
English moved in front of them in a manner
which made it impossible for them to gain the
windward side.

The battle opened with cannon fire about
1 p.m. The red-coats had many more of these
than Charles had, and their aim was much
better. The prince's party fired about 100
shots without doing any damage to the enemy
apart from wounding one man. But the
English guns were causing serious havoc
among the Gaels who were growing very im-
patient because they were not receiving orders
to rush against the enemy as was their wont.

Thoir do chasan leat dhachaidh.
Tha am fear ud fìor mhath air a làmhan.
Leig i oirre nach cuala i mi.

Go away home.
That person is a very handy man.
She pretended not to hear me.

THE CORNISH PARADOX

By IAIN MACKINNON

THIS is the story of a language that became extinct and has been revived. True, if you go to Cornwall you are not likely to hear it spoken, but at least twenty people can be said to speak it and about another three hundred are learning it. Whether it will ever become a spoken language in the true sense of the word is of course another matter. In fact, during my recent visit to the country, the only signs of Cornish that I noticed were the Lord's Prayer in the fourteenth-century church at Mullion, and the text "Honour thy father and thy mother" in both languages on the Dolly Pentreath Memorial just outside Paul Churchyard, near Mousehole.

In my opinion, the men responsible for the revival of Cornish have not been as objective as they might. The new language in a sense falls into the category of Esperanto; it is neither Old nor late Cornish, and, indeed, I doubt very much if it is Middle Cornish on which they claim to have based it, at least in pronunciation. It is a creature of their own, the pronunciation based on the English model rather than on the Celtic one, and as such must be considered an artificial Celtic language. In a pamphlet, "The Cornish Language," 1877, Henry Jenner writes on the subject of the orthography: "I would suggest that the system should be based on modern English, avoiding all scientific affectations, such as the foreign or so-called 'Italian' vowel sounds (as tending after a while to alter the pronunciation), and all use of accents, or of the DH for the broad sound of TH (as tending to puzzle all but scientific people). If any such plan should be adopted, I shall be very willing to give any assistance that my time will allow, but I give notice that I shall violently oppose any antiquated vagaries or unnecessary deviations from established usage, and shall try to get the spelling settled in accordance with practical common sense". Needless to say, the above policy has been followed, although R. Morton Nance has introduced the DH, presumably with the consent of Jenner. But the above will suffice to demonstrate how intolerant have these men been of all criticism. One would suppose that with Welsh and Breton being so similar (and they do agree at times), Cornish would be something more like them than it actually is. But Jenner in the same pamphlet states: "The Welsh plan is founded on an erroneous conception of the nature of Cornish, which is not Welsh, never was Welsh,

and never spelt itself like Welsh in its life, though of course it was a kindred language." The reply to my query "When Breton and Welsh agree, how is it that Cornish is so entirely different?" was that Cornish was very much anglicized. Allowing for that, I find it very hard to believe. One cannot imagine the Scottish Gael, for instance, altering his language for the convenience of English speakers. Besides the pronunciation, these men have falsified history as I shall endeavour to show later. Morton Nance even goes the length of casting doubt on the works of grammarians who were alive at the time when the language was spoken. It is regrettable to see men of such undoubted ability and erudition doing such a disservice to their country's culture; I confess that I am somewhat puzzled, as all this seems pretty pointless.

During my holiday in Cornwall I had the opportunity of studying various books in the Penzance Library, and discovered some rather startling things as one may well imagine, previously having accepted the evidence of Nance and Smith as the truth. But first of all permit me to outline the history. As we know, the Britons of the South-West were cut off after the Battle of Deorham in 577 from their kinsmen in Wales and for three and a half centuries led a pretty precarious existence, being continually harried by the Saxons who exacted tribute from them. At that time their domains extended as far as Exeter, which was their capital. But as the Britons were slow in paying tribute Athelstan drove them out of Exeter in 936, fixing their frontier at the present-day limits of Cornwall. But it was not long before he defeated Howel, their last king, finally completing his conquest of the Scilly Isles in 938. It may be noted that in the conquest of Britain the Saxons at first employed the policy of extermination towards the conquered. However, by the time that they reached Cornwall they had been converted to Christianity, therefore annexation had replaced extermination, which may help to explain the Celtic nature of the inhabitants of the South-West of the country.

After the final annexation it became evident that it was only a matter of time for the existence of a language of so small a country. That it survived for 800 years or more is surely a miracle. Little is known about it up to the 16th Century. Smith (nom-de-plume Caradar) writes of Nance in his "Story of the Cornish

Language" (1947). "He also proves that there is no truth in the supposition that Cornish was spoken at Menheniot in East Cornwall in the reign of Henry VIII (Handbook pp. 11-13). He goes on to say 'Cornwall east of Truro is quite without playing-places. This could hardly have been if the Cornish miracle-plays had been of any use to the population there, so the suggestion is that already Cornish was by the time of these plays practically extinct there.'" These two gentlemen estimate that in East Cornwall the language must have died out not long after 1000 A.D.

Let us now examine the other side. Andrew Borde in 1542 states in his "Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge": "In Cornwall is two speches, the one is naughty Englysshe, and the other is Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the which cannot speake one worde of Englysshe, but all Cornyshe." He is widely quoted, not only by Thurstan C. Peter in his "History of Cornwall," but also by Jenner and Smith.

Peter writes of a desire of the Cornish people for closer alliance with the English nation, and states: "It is to this that we owe the introduction of English into church services that is said to have been begun by Dr. Moreman, vicar of Menheniot who died in 1554. (Children's History of Cornwall). In his "History of Cornwall" he mentions that this "was not done till just about the time that Henry VIII closed his reign." He further adds: "From this fact the inference is obvious, which is, that if the inhabitants of Menheniot knew nothing more of the English than what was thus learned from the vicar of the parish, the Cornish must have prevailed amongst them at that time." (P. 243). Jenner states that Borde's quotations in Cornish were much mixed with English such as might be heard on the borders of Devon. He is of the opinion that he did not penetrate very far into the country owing to the difficulty of obtaining beer. It were to believe Nance, Jenner later repudiated much of the historical events that he had previously written.

With these conflicting statements what is the truth of the position? The quotation taken from John Norden "Even from Truro eastward is in a manner wholly English" obviously does not mean that Cornish had died out there as Smith infers. In my opinion English, though it must have been widely spoken, was by no means the exclusive language of that region. Rather does it mean that the inhabitants had become anglicized, and therefore no Miracle Plays which took place in order to educate the illiterate peasantry about the Scriptures, were played there. The people

had simply adopted English ways and customs. In West Cornwall it was different, for not many people knew English.

With the Reformation, however, came a change. About 1600 most of the Cornish were bi-lingual, and although the Miracle Plays still continued for a time, they were ultimately dropped. By this time Cornish must have died out in East Cornwall, for Richard Carew states that it had been driven into the uttermost parts of the shire, which would probably mean west of Truro, for Richard Symonds writes in his diary (1644) "All beyond Truro they speak the Cornish language." In 1667 John Ray mentions in his "Itinerary" that few children can speak Cornish, "So that the language is like in a short time to be lost." Various reasons are given for the decline of Cornish; (1) Indifference, (2) No literature, (3) Cessation of Miracle Plays, (4) No Cornish church service, (5) Loss of intercourse between Cornwall and Brittany, (6) No translation of the Bible into Cornish. We know that the Cornish violently opposed the Reformation, preferring to remain true to the old faith. They even refused to accept a Prayer Book in Cornish, which, had they done, might have been followed by the Bible which would have preserved the whole language. When they became Wesleyans in the eighteenth century it was too late, the language being almost extinct.

By 1700 the linguistic area of Cornish had shrunk to the area around the west coast of Cornwall, spoken mainly by tin miners and fisherfolk. The language was simply dying of neglect. Everybody now could speak English, although there were some people who would not admit it. "Mee a navidna cowza Sawznach" (I don't speak Saxon) they would say to a stranger who accosted them. At this time Lhuyd, the Welsh Celtic scholar, arrived in Cornwall in order to study the remnants of the language, publishing his "Archaeologia Britannica" in 1707. He comes in for much criticism by Nance who accuses him of ungrammatical construction and a wide-spread borrowing of Welsh words which he Cornicized. That Lhuyd did borrow extensively from Welsh there seems little doubt, but he is hardly to be blamed for that. It seems likely that Cornish would borrow wholesale from English, at times even discarding Cornish words in favour of English. It is significant that Nance has made use of not a few of Lhuyd's borrowings in his Dictionary. Nance has of course criticized other writers of Cornish about this time such as Keigwin, Gwavas, and Tonkin.

Like other small languages Cornish was held up to ridicule. Richard Brome for instance in

1632 wrote a ribald play called "The Northern Lasse" in which Master Nonsense, son of a Cornish squire, is depicted as a dullwitted young man who makes inane remarks, some of them in Cornish. The author also has a dig at the Scots, for his girl friend, Constance, the Northern Lasse is made to speak and sing in Braid Scots.

By 1735 Gwavas and Tonkin could only find a few people in the village round the west coast between St. Ives and Penzance who could speak Cornish. A manuscript vocabulary compiled by these two together with Lhuyd's Grammar was published in 1790 by Dr. William Price as his own work, certainly an infringement of copyright. All the same, by doing so he enabled others who came later to piece together the language after it had died out which otherwise would have been impossible.

(To be continued)

Reminiscences

(Excerpt from Chairman's Address at Junior Concert—Dundee Mod., 1959.)

AT previous meetings when I had the honour of addressing members of An Comunn I refrained from being reminiscent, but, tonight, before a mixed audience and a galaxy of young children on the platform behind me, I wish to speak in retrospect in the hope that many members of the audience, and the children, will learn and appreciate what was done by fine men and women during the past 50 years or so to bring An Comunn to its present influential position. And this being the Semi-Jubilee of the foundation of Feachdan, or branches, of Comunn na h-Oigridh, our Youth Movement, it seems an appropriate occasion to refer to it.

I had the honour of forming the first Feachd in Castlebay School, Barra, in October, 1934. Since then scores of Feachdan have been formed, most of them by An Comunn Organisers in the North, with an aggregate enrolment of over 1,500 Gaelic speaking boys and girls. All these Feachdan have been formed in schools and An Comunn is greatly indebted to the teachers concerned for their kind co-operation and help. Many of those enrolled in the early years have now reached manhood and womanhood and it is confidently hoped that they will always remember the promise they made. There is an old Gaelic proverb which says—"Far nach bi na mic-uchd cha bhi na fir-feachd." Let me parody that proverb and suggest that it becomes our watch-word—"Far nach bi mic-òga le Gàidhlig cha bhi firionnaich le Gàidhlig."

(Where there are no Gaelic-speaking boys there will be no Gaelic-speaking men.) We pray that such a calamity will never happen.

A commodious house, now well known as "Cnoc nan Ros," was purchased in Easter Ross and dedicated to commemorate those Gaelic-speaking heroes who made the supreme sacrifice on the field of battle. To this delightful home members of Comunn na h-Oigridh gather in groups for a term of two weeks in an all Gaelic atmosphere. Learners are now admitted and during their residence they are taught and encouraged to speak Gaelic.

I was extremely fortunate in the early years of my apprenticeship to serve with some of the ablest and most zealous Presidents who ever served An Comunn and the cause for which it stands—the preservation of our beloved language.

Ex-President Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale was Convener of the Propaganda Committee when I was installed as Secretary. She advocated the formation of Branches in every district in the Highland areas and was firm in the belief that this was the surest way to bring the aims of An Comunn before the people. It was Mrs. Burnley Campbell who organised the Great Feill of 1907, the surplus from which, some £7000, placed An Comunn on a sound financial basis. Yet there is neither Cup nor Shield offered at the National Mod to commemorate the great work this gracious lady performed for An Comunn and all it stands for.

There were 94 Branches on the roll when I was appointed, and I was able to visit many of them before the outbreak of World War 1914-18. These were the days before Henry Ford distributed his "Tin Lizzies" throughout the land and I had to tramp many miles on hard roads and soft moors. On one occasion I tramped from Carradale across the Peninsula of Kintyre to Tayinloan, a distance of fully 12 miles, rising to an altitude of 800 feet. On my way I sought shelter and rest in a shepherd's house. I did not, at first, disclose who I was, but after some desultory conversation the shepherd said, "Is e missionary bhios annaibhse?" (You will be a missionary). I told him I was a missionary from An Comunn Gaidhealach. Yes: he had heard about An Comunn and the Mods. He was good enough to escort me to the top of the hill and gave me directions to follow. The old shepherd's query struck a chord within me which reverberated throughout my wanderings on behalf of An Comunn. I disciplined myself to be worthy of my calling and endeavour to rouse in my fellow Gaels something of the old spirit of their race and nationality.

After seven years as President, Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, Govan, demitted office and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. George MacKay, minister of Killin. Dr. MacKay was the most assiduous and practical Gaelic propagandist of his generation. I single him out as such because of my association with him and of what I learned from him during those memorable tours which he personally organised, and which brought us to every hamlet in the Gaidhealtachd. We also visited the islands of Skye, Mull, Jura, Islay and Gigha. We resuscitated all the Branches which lapsed during the War and formed many new ones. There must be many alive in those areas visited who will recall with pleasure his eloquent and forceful appeal to his listeners to be true to their heritage. Pride of race was one of his favourite texts, and he was equally eloquent before a small audience in a schoolroom as he was in the largest hall.

It was my duty and pleasure to revisit those Branches and that brought me into close relationship with the Branch officials and the many kind friends who attended our meetings. I, later, visited the islands of Coll and Tiree, and the whole of the Long Island.

Branches are responsible for the organising of Provincial Mods of which there is an average of 14 each year. In thanking Branch officials for the splendid work they are doing, and for the efficiency of their organisation, I should mention the good work done by our friends in London, who also stage a successful Mod in the Metropolis. It is not generally known that Children's Mods were held at Portree and Tobermory in 1912.

These Provincial Mods bring before the people of their respective districts an example of what is being done throughout the land to preserve our language and to foster a love and respect for the traditions of our race. In bringing this reference to Branches to a close I should tell the audience that the Dundee Highland Society, a much older Society than An Comunn, has been on the roll of Comunn Branches for over 50 years. I often wonder if the attachment of the Society was preferable as a Branch than as an affiliated Society.

I must say something about the teaching of Gaelic in Elementary Schools in the Highland areas. Or should I have said the non-teaching of Gaelic?

In far too many Schools Gaelic is not used as a medium of instruction, even to children who enter school knowing no other language but the mother tongue, Gaelic.

NEIL SHAW.

(To be continued)

Strathconon Branch

During the 1959-1960 session the Branch has run a class in the Glen, which has been well attended. Apart from instruction in the Gaelic language, attention was also given to Gaelic songs, and a mixed voice choir, Còisir Ghàidhlig Srathcononinn, was formed.

The Branch held several ceilidhs in the Strathconon Hall, which were voted very successful and were well attended. Encouragement has been given to local pipers, and several members have invested in the Highland dress. We look forward with confidence to next session's programme.

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—DUNDEE, 1959

Received at Dundee—

Previously acknowledged	£2851 2 2
Grand Feill	£263 5 11
Balnagairn Ceilidh Group		23 16 1
A. Stormont, Esq., Portree	1 1 —
Mrs. A. Stormont, Portree		1 1 —
Anonymous	5 — —
Lochinver Branch	2 2 —
Mrs. Packer, Coupar Angus	1 — —
Miss Nancy Bremner, Dundee	— 16 1
Glasgow Central Branch		52 10 —
Larg & Sons (Dundee) Ltd.		50 — —
Inverness Branch	15 — —
Beauly Branch	10 — —
Mrs. Norman McLeod, Dundee	7 10 —
Inverness Gaelic Choir		3 3 —
Mrs. MacDonald, Longforgan	3 13 7
All Fools Party	10 18 3
Matter of Opinion	6 10 6
Heather Day	129 15 6
A. M. MacGillivray, Dundee	7 15 6
Proceeds of Dance	5 14 —
Pyboid Boards, per Miss McNeill	74 3 2
Mrs. MacLeod, Dundee		3 — —
Prize returned to Fund	1 — —
Anonymous	1 5 —
Anonymous	— 10 6
		680 11 1

£3531 13 3

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged	£270 11 6
Oban and Lorn Association	3 — —
Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies	5 — —
Gaelic Society of Glasgow	5 — —
Ceilidh nan Gaidheal	5 — —
	288 11 6

Final Total as per Mod Account .. £3820 4 9

NATIONAL MOD—EDINBURGH, 1960

Received at Edinburgh—

Previously acknowledged Govan Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach	£458	7	—
Dunoon Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach	10	—	—
Ayr Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach	10	10	—
Dr. J. Campbell, Dalmally	2	2	—
The Hon. Mrs. Maclean of Ardgour	2	2	—
A Life Member of Clan Donnachaidh Society	5	5	—
The Stirling Gaelic Choir	8	—	—
The Clan Chisholm Society, Edinburgh Branch	2	2	—
	£505	8	—

Received at Glasgow—

Previously acknowledged Blyth & District Highland Society	£45	3	—
Miss B. Mackay, Lairg	1	—	—
Peter C. Fletcher, Esq., Netherpton, England	—	10	—
Mull & Iona Association	5	—	—
Rev. B. B. Blackwood, Campbeltown	1	1	—
Miss Christina Wanklyn, Cambridge	1	1	—
Miss Kelso, Glasgow	1	—	—
Wm. Hume, Esq., B.L., Glasgow	1	1	—
Miss A. G. M. Sutherland, Bearsden	—	5	—
Mrs. F. McNiven, Port Ellen	1	—	—
Dr. H. M. Morgan, Forres	2	—	—
Brian G. Lane, Esq., York	—	5	—
Dr. Robert J. S. R. Campbell, Northumberland	1	1	—
Robert McQuaker, Esq., Monkton	—	10	—
R. F. Mollison, Esq., Edinburgh	1	—	—
Anonymous	5	—	—
Malcolm MacAffer, Esq., Minard	—	10	—
The Edinburgh Celtic Union Society	5	5	—
Capt. William Mackay, Inverness	2	—	—
Wm. Hamilton, Esq., Glasgow	1	—	—
Miss Campbell of Inverneill, Ardrishaig	1	1	—
Miss Una Campbell of Inverneill, Ardrishaig	1	1	—
Neil B. MacNeill, Esq., Colonsay	1	1	—
Miss Bridget MacFarlane, Roy Bridge	—	5	—
Miss Flora Macmillan, Glasgow	1	1	—
Mrs. Raatgaver-Fraser, Holland	1	—	—
Thomas Hope, Esq., Moffat	3	—	—
Miss Isabella M. S. Hewitt, Clydebank	—	5	—

Miss Flora S. Hewitt, Clydebank	—	5	—
William Adams, Esq., St. Andrews	—	5	—

87 19 —

£593 7 —

CENTRAL FUND

Previously acknowledged	£141	17	3
Anonymous, Edinburgh	—	7	6
Aultbea Branch	5	—	—
Strathconnan Branch	5	—	—
Inverdale Branch	5	—	—
Skelmorlie & District Association	2	2	—
Vale of Leven Branch	5	—	—
Stirling Branch	10	—	—
Mrs. E. G. Croll, Cheltenham	17	7	10

Total as at 31st March, 1960 .. £191 14 7

MAGAZINE FUND

Previously acknowledged	£11	—	6
Total as at 31st March, 1960			<u>6</u>

An Comunn Gaidhealach

Life Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1959	995
Additions to Roll	30
	<u>1025</u>
Less Deceased	24
On Roll at 31st March, 1960	<u>1001</u>

ORDINARY MEMBERS

On Roll at 31st March, 1959	2298
Additions to Roll	172
	<u>2470</u>
Less Transferred to Life Membership, Deceased, Resigned and Lapsed	294
On Roll at 31st March, 1960	<u>2176</u>

JUNIOR MEMBERS

On Roll at 31st March, 1959	149
Additions to Roll	8
	<u>157</u>
Less Transferred to Ordinary Membership, Resigned and Lapsed	34
On Roll at 31st March, 1960	<u>123</u>

AFFILIATED SOCIETIES

On Roll at 31st March, 1959	63
Additions to Roll	5
	<u>68</u>
Less Lapsed	3
On Roll at 31st March, 1960	<u>65</u>

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LV

AN T-IUCHAR, 1960

Aireamh 7

LA NA CEISTE

CHA leig duine leas innse do'n Eileanach dé'n là tha ann là na ceiste, tha e eòlach gu leòr a bhith cluinntinn iomraidh air o òige. Chan aithne dhuinn glé mhath cionnas no cuin a shuidhicheadh an cleachdadh ionmholt-sa air tús, ach tha fios againn gu bheil a fhreumhan a' dol fada air ais an eachdraidh na h-eaglaise, agus gun do rinn e gréim mór air inntinn is air cridhe an t-sluaigh.

Tha na h-òrduighean air an cumail anns gach coimhthional an Leódhas dà uair sa' bhliadhna, fad còig là na seachdanach, o Dhiardaoin gu Di-luain. 'S e Di-haoine là na ceiste, agus 's e seirbhis na maidne seirbhis na ceiste. Air a' mhàdainn-sa faodar a bhith cinnteach gun bi an eaglais làn, oir chan e mhàin gun cruinnich sluagh a' choimhthionail fhéin, sean is òg, ach thig iad as gach cèarnaidh de'n Eilean, daoine fiùghail, mnathan diadhaidh, agus òigridh nan gràs, a tha 'g iarraidh beatha do'n anam.

Is e sealladh drùidhteach da rìreadh a tha'n coimhthional mór tosdach fhacinn, a' feitheamh le dùrachd, agus ag éisdeachd gu furachail, dòchasach ris gach facal beag no mór a thuiteas o bhilean an luchd labhairt. Chithear an so buaidh na fianuis air a deàrgadh air gnùis an luchd éisdeachd—creideamh 'ga neartachadh, dòchas 'ga dhaingeachadh, agus gràdh 'ga lasadh.

Air ceann na seirbhis tha aon de na teachd-airean, gu bitheanta am fear as sine, no as pongaile. Tha a' chiad chuid de'n t-seirbhis mar sheirbhis sam bith eile. Tha roinn sailm air an seinn, agus an déidh ùrnuigh dhùrachdaich air son an là tha cuibhrionn de'n Fhìrinn air a leughadh. An déidh roinn eile a sheinn tha cothrom air a thoirt do aon de na bràithrean earrann fhreagarrach a thoirt seachad mar bhonn co-labhairt. Cha tric a bhios maill anns a'

chùis-sa. 'S e fear sgiobalta bhios roimh an chiad fhear a bhios air a chasan a' cur a mach na ceiste.

An sin tha a' cheist air a fuasgladh leis a' mhinistear a tha air ceann na seirbhis. Cuiridh e solus, mar is fheàrr is aithne dha, air briathran na ceiste gu bhith réiteach na slighe do'n luchd labhairt agus gu bhith cur rompa an raoin air am faod iad ionaltradh. A nis, chan e dleadanas soirbh a tha ann ceist air nach do chnuasaich thu roimhe sin fuasgladh, agus mar sin is minic a chunnaic sinn i cho dùinte 's a bha i riamh an déidh do'n aoghaire sgur.

Nuair a bhios esan ullamh tha ministear a' choimhthionail a' gairm air fear an déidh fir de na coigrich (mar is trice foirbhich a tha fada san aideachadh) facal a ràdh air an earrainn. Ma tha fuasgladh na ceiste air uairean doirbh chan fhasa na sin do na bodaich am féin-fhiosrachadh a cheangal rithe, ach an rud nach gabh ceangal fàgar air ceann-sgaoilte. Is e còmhradh féin-fhiosrachail mar is trice chluinnear, agus a tha air iarraidh, fianuis phearsanta air déiligeadh an Spioraid ris an anam, obair na h-inntinne ann an lorg sin, an t-saothair a tha leantainn, agus na gràsan a tha tighinn am follas.

Mar a tha féin-fhiosrachadh dhaoine cho eadar-dhealichte tha an fianuis iomadh-taobhach mar an ceudna; an dara fear ag aithris air slighe réidh, shòlasaich, gun bhuaireas gun sàrachadh, am fear eile déanamh luaidh air turus ànrach, gaoh an ceann le sruthan fiara; ach gach aon le aghaidh air an aon chala. Agus freagraidh cridhe ri cridhe.

Bidh an àireamh a labhras an crochadh air cho aithghearr 's a bhios gach neach le eachdraidh fhéin. Chuala mi uair agus uair

deugachadh a' labhairt air a' cheist, gach fear 'na dhòigh fhéin, ach na h-uile le stuamachd agus le mór urram. Cha tuit an lideadh as lugha gu lár. Is iomadh deòraidh bhoichd a fhuair seòladh agus misneachd o fhianuis nam bràithrean. Chan eil anam a lorgas comharraidhean chàich air fhéin nach òl an sin deoch anns an t-slighe, agus nach fhaigh

neartachadh creidimh agus ùrachadh dòchais.

An déidh cothrom na Féinne thoir do na coigrich bidh a' cheist air a dùnadh le aon eile de na ministearan a tha an làthair. Sgiobl-aichidh esan na thuirt càch, agus crùnaidh e seirbhis an là le facl stiùridh is misnich, agus an déidh ùrnuigh is seinn tha an t-seirbhis a' tighinn gu crìch.

“CLACH AIR A CHARN”

IAIN MACCALUIM, Tighnambarr.

Le NIALL MACGILLE-SHEATHANAICH.

(Bha so air a chraobh-sgaioleadh air an radio.)

IS ann le taingalachd, agus mór mheas air an urram, a tha mi a' dèanamh luaidh an nochd air sàr Ghaidheal agus filidh coimhlionta a bu mhath a b'aithne dhomh, Iain MacCaluim, Tighnambarr, an Tigh an Uillt ri taobh Loch Eite.

Is comharra fìor shònraichte air neach sam bith a bhios air ainmeachadh air a àite comhnuidh mar roghainn air a ainm baistidh. Tha sin a' dearbhadh gu robh buadhan inntinn thar a' chumantais aige agus, cuide ri sin, uaisle agus ceanaltas. Is ann mar sin a bha ar caraid nach maireann. An uair a bhios sinn aig coinneamhan ag iomradh air bàird is luchd-ciùil is e Tighnambarr a their sinn ri ar caraid agus is leòir sin. Bha e, mar an ceudna, aithnichte mar “Bhàrd Taobh Loch Eite”.

Rugadh Iain MacCaluim am Bailedeòraidh an Sgìre Mhuc-càrna, anns a' bhliadhna oichd ceud deug, leth ceud 's a h-aon. Chaochail e aig aois trì fichead 's a còig deug. Ann an làithean òige bha an Fhùrneis Iaruinn, mar theireadh iad, ann an làn uidheamh an Tigh an Uillt. Bhiodh ceathach dhuime ag éirigh do na speuran ré an là, agus air an oidhche lasair theine a' sgaioleadh a deàrrsadh gu ruige Cruachan. Bha mòran mhnathan, as na h-Eileanan is a Sgìrean Gaidhealach, a' tighinn gu Tigh an Uillt is a' faighinn cosnaidh a' rùsgadh chraobhan daraich is a' dèanamh sguabagan beithe gu feum na Fùirneis. Mar bu dual, bha iad 'nan òranaichean matha agus, òg is gu robh cuspair m'òraid, thog e mòran de na fuinn a lean air inntinn is a rinn e feum math dhiubh an déidh làimhe.

Bha a cheud chosnadh ann am baile an Obain, ach aig aois ceithir bliadhna fichead thug e Glaschu air is cheangail se e féin ris na maor-shithe, no am *police* mar as feàrr a thuigeas cuid dhìbh. Dhearbh e a chomasan deus an dreuchd sin agus aig ceann trì bliadhna deug ràinig e inbhe àrd, ach an déidh trì bliadhna

deug eile anns an inbhe sin bhris air a shlàinte agus thill e air ais gu sgìre a bhreith agus àraich.

Cha do chum e a bhith 'na mhaoir-sithe e gun bhith tàladh na ceòlraidh. Bha e bliadh-nachan 'na bhall de Chomunn Ceòlraidh Ghàidhlig Ghlaschu. Bha e 'na Ceann-suidhe air a' Chomunn sin agus, mar an ceudna, 'na fhear-teagais Gàidhlig do bhuill na Còisre.

Bha e coimhlionta air sgrìobhadh ciùil anns an dà rian agus, a' cleachdadh na h-ealdhain sin, sgrìobh e sìos na fuinn a chuala e 'na òige, agus mar a chluinneas sibh fhathast, bha filidheachd is bàrdachd air am buileachadh air. Leis na tàlant sin bha e 'na chuideachadh mór do Thormaid Dòmhnallach a bha, aig an am, air ceann na Còisir Chiùil a dh'ainmich mi, agus a dhearbh am feabhas aig iomadh Mòd Nàiseanta.

Choisinn e duaisean aig a' Mhòd le co-chruinneachaidhean òrain le fuinn nach robh riamh roimhe an clò. Fòghnaidh e air an oidhche nochd aon de na h-òrain sin ainmeachadh; òran a thugadh am follais aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta agus a tha nis cathreamach aig cèilidhean is cuirmean-ciùil:—

Bidh fonn oirre daonnan

'S bidh aoibh oirre 'n comhnuidh.

B'e ùghdar an òrain sin Seumas Mac Ghille-sheathanaich, a mhuinntir an aon àite ri Tighnambarr e fhéin, agus ris an canadh iad “Bàrd Loch nan Eala”.

Chan eil àicheadh air nach eil buaidh aig maise a' chruthachaidh air aignidhean nan nàistinneach, agus ma tha sràd idir de spiorad na bàrdachd ann an duine, fadaidh an sealladh-sùla a tha a ghnàth fo a chomhar an éibhleag sin gu teine bheò 'na inntinn.

Bha a' bhuaidh shònraichte sin aig Loch Eite, is cumadh is dreach na dùthcha mu'n cuairt oirre, air an dà bhàrd a dh'ainmich mi. Mas fìor an eachdraidh, b'ann an Sgìre Mhuc-

càrna a bha tàmh nan Caimbeulach, sinnsearan a' bhàird ainmeil, *Rabbie Burns*. Bhiodh Coinneach MacLeòid e fhéin gu tric a' dèanamh luaidh air maise Loch Eite.

Leanaidh mi air a' bhàrdachd agus is taitneach ri innseadh gun do choisinn Tighnambarr àrd dhuaisean aig na Mòdan Nàiseanta san earrainn sin. Thairgeadh duais aig Mòd Inbhirpheotharain anns a' bhliadhna naoi ceud deug is a cóig air son bàrdachd ri fonn ceòl pìoba agus choisinn Tighnambarr a' cheud duais le òran air "Cath Ghairidheach" ris an fhonn "Meàrsadh Dhòmh'aill Bhallaich". So dhuibh ceithir sreathan de'n cheud rann agus an t-èisid:—

Gur bòidheach 'nan éideadh Clann Dòmhn-aill nan Eileanan,
An àrhaich nan treun-fhear, no tilleadh
o'n chòmh-stri;
'S aotrom an ceum 's iad an aonachd gun
eiseamail
'N déidh a bhith leidireadh Clanna nan
Gall.

Seisid:

Togaibh i, bratach gun ghealtachd, gun
tiomachadh,
Bratach a chleachd tùs an fheachd 's a'
bhuaidh-làraich;
Bratach tha cuannar is suaicheantas cinn-
eadail,
Bradán is leòmhann, an long 'san làmh-
dhearg.

Tha an t-òran gu léir, leis an fhonn, air a chlà-bhualadh anns "An Deò Gréine". Aont-aichidh sibh leam gum bu mhath a b'airidh a' bhàrdachd sin air a' cheud duais. Aig a' Mhòd roimhe sin, an Grianaig, choisinn e a' cheud duais le bàrdachd air a' chuspair, "Croitearan Thròtairmis". Tha òran eile a dh'fheumas mi ainmeachadh agus ris an do chuir e fhéin am fonn, agus is tric a chuala sibh aig na Mòdan, "Ceòl nan Cruinneag".

Chan eil sgeul agam air a liuthad duan a sgrìobh e, ach tha fios agam, gu bheil an àireamh os cionn fichead. Tha a chuid òran air caochladh chuspairean ach cha do rinn e dearmad air luaidh a dhéanamh air a sgrìbe féin, mar tha, "Bràighe Mhuc-càrna," "Fàilte Bhun-Atha," "Fàilte Lathurna" agus "Lathurna nan Gleann."

A dh'aindeoin a rogha bàrdachd is ann mar fhear-dhealbh fhonn air am bheil e aithnichte an coitcheantas. Bha alt sònraichte aige air fonn a dhealbha a bha fìor fhreagrach air cuspair an òran. Theagamh gur e "Clanna na Gàidh-eal ri gaoillibh a cheile," le Donnchadh Mac 'Ille Ruaidh, air an eòlaiche sibh. Tha an t-òran so cho togarrach, bhrosnachail, am fàcal is am fonn, is gun gluais a an luchd-éisdeachd gu breabhadh chas is bualadh bhas.

Tha iad a' faireachdainn gur Gaidheil iad da-rìreadh, mar a bu mhath a b' aithne dhomh air mo chuairtean air feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Bha e leamsa mar gum biodh e air a dhéanamh air son mo ghnothaich fhéin.

Anns an dà leabhar a chuir Calum C. MacLeòid, Dundeagh, a mach fo'n ainm *Modern Gaelic Bards*, tha cóig thar fhichead de fhuinne ùra annta le ar caraid, cho math ri cóig fuinn da dh'ath-leasaich e a fhreagairt do rannachd nan òran. So agaibh ainmean nam bàrd a bhiodh gu mòr 'na chomain nam bu bheò iad, le àireamh an cuid òran:—Iain Caimbeul na Leideige (1), Dòmhnall Mac Eacharna (4), Màiri NicEalair (8), An Lighiche MacLachainn Rathuaidh (2), Niall MacLeòid (1), Calum Caimbeul MacPhàil (6), Seumas Mac an Roth-aich (1), Donnchadh Mac 'Ille Ruaidh, a dh'ainmich mi cheana (1) agus an t-Ollamh Alasdair Stiùbhart, "Nether Lochaber," mar thèirear ris (4).

An uair a chluinneas sibh na h-òran a leanas air an seinn feuch gun cuimhnich sibh le meas agus urram air a' Ghaidheal chòir, chomasach a chuir am fonn toil-inntinneach ris gach aon fa leth:—"Ri taobh ma theine fhéin," "Na sean òran," agus "Tha Peigi sa' mhonadh," mar is tric a bha i a réir seinneadarain.

Is dòcha gu bheil an tuilleadh ann nach aithne dhòmhsa, ach nach leòir iad a dhearbhadh an comas inntinn agus eanchain a bha aig cuspair m'òraid. Agus nach fhaod mi a' cheist so a chur ribh—an robh neach eile riamh air Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba a chuir ri chéile àireamh cho mòr de fhuinne ri ar caraid? Agus iad uile cho blasta ri caochan a' fuaran, agus làn de spiorad na Gàidhlig a bha cho mùirneach aige.

Bha Tighnambarr 'na bhall dìleas de'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach agus bha e cho deas a thoirte cuideachaidh do a aobhar is a bha e gu cuideachadh leis gach deagh aobhar eile. Cha do dhùilt a riamh a thàlantann ciùil a riarachadh ri aon air bith aig an robh feum orra.

Bha e ré thrì bliadhna 'na bhall cuideachaidh air Comhairle a' Mhòid is a' Chiùil agus cha ruigear a leas a ràdh gu robh a bheachdan agus a chomas gu mòr fheum do bhuill eile na Comhairle. Bha e cho coimhlinta an Gàidhlig is a bha e an ceòl, agus mar chomharra air sin bha e trì bliadhna, an déidh a chéile, 'na bhreitheamh Gàidhlig aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta.

An uair a thàinig air Glaschu fhàgail gu còmhnuidh a ghabhail an sgrìbe a bhreith, leig a chàirdean lionmhor anns a' bhaile mhór ris, le tiòdhlaican is le cuimhneachain gràidh, an luach agus am meas air fhéin mar dhuine, agus air son nan iomadh còmhnaidh is earail ghlic a thug e dhaibh. B' iad so, gu h-àraidh, a

cho-oibricean anns an dreuchd urramach anns an robh e, buill Comunn Ceòlraidh Ghàidhlig Ghlaschu, agus buill na h-eaglaise a bha e a' frithealadh cho riaghailteach. Chan eil math dhomh dearmad a dhèanamh air innseadh dhuibh gu robh e 'na Cheann-suidhe air Comunn Latharnach Ghlaschu, agus 'na Iar-Cheann-suidhe air Cèilidh Ard-sgoil Ghlaschu.

Cha robh Iain MacCalum fada air thigheadas an Tighnambarr, is a shlàinte air dol am feabhas fo bhuidh àile glan Chruachain is Loch Eite, an uair a thòisich e air an t-seana cheaird, a' sgrìobhadh fuinn ùra, 'na fhoirbheach agus 'na fhear togail fuinn anns an Eaglais Shaoir Aonaichte le a charaid, an t-Urramach Calum Mac an Rothaich. Cha bu leòir sin leis, ach Còisir Chiuil Ghàidhlig a chur air bonn. A bharrachd orra sin, bha cor na dùthaich a fo aire, gu h-àraidh obair nan Sgoilean. Chaidh a thaghadh mar bhall de Bhòrd Sgoile Ghlinn Urchaidh agus Innis-Sheilich agus, mar a ghnàths, choimhlonn e a dhleasnas gu duineil, cothromach.

Tha mi an dòchas gu bheil àireamh de mo luchd-éisdeachd an seilbh air an leabhar sin, "An Laoideadair," leabhar a tha eireachdail 'na chòmhach is da-rireadh eireachdail a thaobh nan rannan inntinneach, spioradail, a tha eadar a dhà chlàr. Tha sè fichead Laoidh anns an leabhar gu léir, agus tuinn fhreagrach ri ceud dhuibh.

An uair a chaochail an t-Ollamh Urramach Calum Mac Ghillinnein, a bha 'na Fhear-deasachaidh, dh'iarradh air an Urramach Calum MacLeòid, a bha aig an am an Eaglais Iain Knox an Glaschu, an obair a chrìochnachadh. Bha mòran de na fuinn nach robh a co-fhreagairt do'n rannachd is chuir e a chomhairle ris an Urramach Calum Mac an Rothaich, Tigh an Uillt, a bha 'na fhear-ciùil bàrraichte agus làn fhiosrach mu Laoidhean Gàidhliche. Chuir esan, air ball, a chomhairle ri a fhoirbheach, Iain MacCalum agus, le chéile, chaidh iad gu togarrach an gréim anns an obair. B'e buil an saothrach gun do chuir iad na fuinn a bha am feum ath-leasachadh an òrdugh réidh a fhreagairt do'n rannachd, agus dhealbh iad fuinn ùra an uair a bha feum orra. Anns an obair so bha Tighnambarr 'na chuideachadh mór, agus tha còig fuinn ùra a dhealbh e anns an leabhar. Ach chan eil sin a' foillseachadh meud na h-obrach a rinn e air son a' cho-chruinneachaidh.

Bha an t-Ollamh Raibeart MacLeòid, a bu mhath a b'aithne dhuibh aig na Mòdan, 'na fhear-deasachaidh chiuil, agus dhealbh esan fuinn ùra mar an ceudna. Cha b'urraim trìuir a b'fhearr a bhith air ceann na h-obrach, agus tha a' bhlàth anns a' bhuil. Tha "An Laoideadair" a' cur ri litreachas na Gàidhliche.

Cha ròbh e 'na iongnadh le neach do am b'aithne Iain MacCalum gun do roghnaich e a làithean deireannach a chur seachad an sgìre a bhreith, Muc-càrna. B'fhìor nàistinneach e, oir bha e de shliochd Chloinn MhicCaluim Ghlinn Eite, agus bha a mhàthair de mhuinntir Chloinn MhicLuirich Loch Obha. Fhuair e àrach anns a' cheàrna sin de Latharna a tha iomraiteach an eachdraidh is an litreachas, mar gheibh sinn iad an leabhraichean mun Fhèinn, Oisean is Déirdre. Tha tuar nam beann, nan cnoc is nan sliabh a' dùsgadh smuaintean cùbhraidh iad na làithean a dh'aom, làithean na cliar-sheanachain is nan seanachaidh.

Bha Iain MacCalum fortanach an làithean òige e a bhith fo chùram is fo stiùradh oideachan-fòghlum a bha fo mhór mheas, mar bha Dùghall Mac 'Ille Riabhaich an Tigh an Uillt, agus Dòmhnall Caimbeul san Rubha Gharbh an Bàrr-a-Challduinn. Bha an Caimbeulach cho àrd am fòghlum is gun deach cuid de a oileanaich ceum dìreach bhò'n Rubha Gharbh gu ruige an Oilthigh. Chan iongnadh sinn a bhith measail, usal, as na seana Mhaighstirean Sgoile.

Dh'fhàg e eisimpleir ionmholta as a dhéid agus bu mhath leam na pàrantan a tha 'gam eisdeachd aire shònraichte a thoirt dhi. Bha nigean aige agus b' i a' Ghàidhlig a chleachd iad rithe, agus ghabh i fhéin ùidh anns a' chànan mhilis, bhlàth. Chaidh i 'na am do'n Oil-thigh an Glaschu. Ghabh i Gàidhlig mar aon de na cuspairean ged nach deach a' chànan sin a theagasg dhi anns an sgoil, agus thog i àrd dhuaisean san dà bhuidheann Cheilt-each. Phòs i agus tha nigean aice. Ghabh ise Gàidhlig an Ard-sgoil an Obain agus chaidh i a sin gu ruige Oilthigh Dhuneideann. Lean i ris a' Ghàidhlig an sin agus thog ise cuideachd na duaisean anns an dà bhuidheann Cheilt-each.

Mur do thuig cuid cìod a tha an sean-fhacal — "Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shìnnre" — a' ciallachadh sin gaibh a làn chiall.

A' chlach so air do chàrn, a Thighnambarr. Cha téid d'ainm air dhi-chuimhne.

Toimhseachain

1. Bó bheag odhar
An doras an t-sabhail,
A laogh 'g a deoghal
'S cha bhleoghainnear i.
(iuchair anns a' ghlais.)
2. Chual' thu i
Is dh'fhairich thu i
Ach chan fhaca duine riamh i.
(a' ghaoth.)

Partain

Chan eil duine a thogadh an cois na mara nach d'fhuair eòlas o òige air na partain bheaga a tha cho pailt anns an tanaalach. Chithear iad a' ruith fo'n uisge air an tràigh, no a' teicheadh air an tarsainn gu fàsghadh nan clach no na feamann. Ach togaidh an t-iasgair barrachd diubh na's math leis air an lion bheag no anns an lion leòbag agus anns an lion bhradan. Tha iad so na's motha agus na's blasda na'n fheadhainn mheanbha a tha riarachta a bhith am beul na tuinne.

Tha a' chuid as motha de na partain a' caitheamh am beatha gu h-iomlan anns a' mhuir, ach tha eileanan anns a' Chuan Shèimh far a bheil gnè phartan a tha beò air tìr. Streapaidh iad so na craobhan, agus tha iad beò air cnothan bainne. Cuiridh iad an latha seachad 'nam frògan a tha iad air an deagh lìnigeadh le snàth nan cnothan is biadh dhaibh. An àitean anns an h-Innsean a Siar tha partain a' fuireachd air tìr mar an ceudna, ach nair sa' bhliadhna ruigidh iad an fhairge air son an uighean fhàgail ann.

Tha earball a' phartain-aonaranaich maoth, agus a chum a dhìon o a nàimhdean is math leis a dhachaidh a dhèanamh an slige fhalamh a tha e giùlan leis gach taobh a théid e. A rithist is math leis creutair air nach eil ainm agam a thoirt leis air mullach na slige. Tha so feumail dhaibh le chéile. Gheibh an creutair dearg cothrom siubhail agus, mar sin, an tuilleadh cothrom a lon a chosnadh; is fheàrrde an partain maoth an dìon a nì spàgan caola an fhìr a tha air a dhruim dha.

Anns a' Chuan Shèimh cuideachd tha partain aig a bheil bodhaigean beaga agus casan caola, fada mar a tha aig a' bhreabadair-ladhrach. Ma sgiabar casan fir aca a mach tha ochd troighean deug air fad ann. Cha dèan e ceum coimhionta air talamh tioram oir cha chum a chasan an àird e, ach ma gheibh e do uisge balbh gluaisidh e gu dòigheil.

Cò shaoileadh gu bheil an giùran càirdeach do'n phartan? Tà tha. Nuair a tha an giùran òg snámhaidh e anns an uisge, agus cuiridh na sia casan a tha air aig an am-sa air siubhal e. Troimh thìde greimichidh e air seigr no air sgonn fiodha no air druim soithich far an cuir e seachad an còrr de bheatha.

S.D.T.

Am Fuar-Chridhe

Bu bhòidheach i, mar tha 'n *Oidhche
Trom 'na cadaal sa' chill ud thall,
Snaidhte as a' chloich le ealdhain làimh,
Rìomhach gun chron, ach bodhar, dall.

B' fhialaidh i, ma is leòir
'S an dol seachad gun sìn i làmh,
'S gun tairgseadh i cuibhrionn de'n òr
Gun bheannachd Dhé air déirc gun ghràdh.

Bu thuigseach i, ma tha mìn-ghuth
Faoin, ach mìlis le binneas theud,
No mar mhonmhar sìochail an t-sruth',
'Na chinnt air gliocas o a beul.

Bu chràbhach i, le sùilean sèimh'
Air uairibh diùid crom rì làr,
'S a ris dian air astar Nèimh,
Mas samhla sìn air buaidh nan gràs.

B' aoibhinn i nam plogadh blàth
Anabaich fhathast an aghaidh gréin'
'S gum fuasgladh e rì osaig mhald'
A sguabas seachad air bheag spéis.

Bu bhàidheil i, nan robh a làmh
Fuar air mo chridhe fad iomadh là,
Fiosrach air taisealachd o'n àird
A shìleas caoin o thìr an àigh.

Bu choibhneil i mur b'e a h-uail,
Mur lòchran laist 'n cois leabaidh bàis,
Gun fheum, gun charthannas, gun bhuaidh,
A' faire ghnàth air cridhe fàs.

Ach tha i marbh, fuar-chruth gun deò,
No faoin-sgàil gun bhlàths gun dàimh.
Thuit an leabhar tràth as a làimh,
Mus d'fhuair i brath air brìgh na sgeòil.

(Eadar-theangachadh o'n Fhraingeis le A.I.M.)

* Iomhaigh shnaidhte.

1. Chuir an griasaich fios air a' mhinistear aige air son fianuis 's e fhéin a' dol a dhèanamh a thiomnadh. "Cha bhì mise fada ann," ars an griasaich, "agus bu mhath leam bhur beachd air an dòigh anns a bheil mi fàgail mo chuid." "Tha fios glé mhath agam," fhreagair am ministear, "gum bì gach nì air fhàgail gu dòigheil, cothromach. Ach ma thogras tu do rìn innse dhomh bheir mise mo bheachd dhuit gu toilichte."

"Aig mo bhean-tighe," thuirt am bodach, "tha mi fàgail mìle, agus mìle an urra aig mo dhithis bhàithrean, agus còig cheud aig—"

"Cha robh sion dh'fhios agam gu robh na tha sìn a dh'airgead agad," fhreagair am ministear. "Airgead," ars an griasaich, "cò thuirt facal mu airgead? Chan eil ann ach tacaidean."

LEARNER'S PAGE

Thug an rìgh mu'n am so cothrom do àireamh dhaoine uaisle a Sìorrachd Fìobha a dhòl do Leòdhas agus sealbh a ghabhail air dhaibh féin, 's an seann luchd-àiteachaidh fhuaichadh air falbh, a bha, réir mar chuala esan do-cheannsaichte, agus eu-comasach air a bhith air an toirt gu feum sam bith. Thàinig na Fìobhaich air tir an Leòdhas sa' bhliadhna 1599, leis gach inneal a bha feumail air son àiteabhan a thogail agus gach gnè cèird eile. Thòisich iad air baile a thogail an àite goir-easach air taobh an ear an Eilein, 's bha iad coslach ri soirbheachadh sa' chiad dol a mach. Bha so an aghaidh an nì a bha aig MacCoinnich san amharc. Cha fhreagradh dha dhòl an aghaidh àithne an rìgh. Ach fhuair e feum do Thormod MacLeòid, bràthair Thorcuil Dhuibh. Leig e fa sgaoil e 's chuir e dhachaidh a Leòdhas e. Chò luath 's a chunnaic na Leòdhasaich MacLeòid òg, oighre dlìgheach na dùthcha, dh'éirich iad mar aon duine gu gabhail ris mar an uachdaran. Chuir MacLeòid an sin séisd ri càmp nam Fìobhach, 's ghlac is loisg se e, 's chuir e móran de na daoine gu bàs. Rinn e prìosanaich de'n cinn-iùil. Leig e air falbh iad an ceann ochd mìosan air chumha nach tìgeadh iad a Leòdhas gu bràth tuilleadh. Ach an ceann tearc de bhliadhnanach thàinig iad air ais le càblach is feachd lionmhor, 's thug iad fiadhachadh do Thormod MacLeòid e 'g a thoirt féin suas dhaibhsan an sìth an ainm an rìgh, 's gun cuireadh iad sàbhailte gu Lunainn e far an robh an rìgh a nis, agus nach b'eagal da air son nì sam bith a rinn e roimhe so 's gum faigheadh e teachd-an-tìr o'n rìgh. Air eagal nach b'urrainn e cur an aghaidh na bh'ann diubh a nis ghabh MacLeòid am fiadhachadh so; ach ged a thagair e a chùis gu duineil air fianuis an rìgh fhuair na Fìobhaich dòigh air ìmpidh a chur air an rìgh a chur air ais 'na prìosanach do Dhun Eideann far an do chumadh e móran bhliadhnanach. Fhuair e mu dheireadh cothrom teicheadh do'n Olainn far an do bhàsaich e. Thòisich Niall a nis a' seasamh a mach air son an teaghlach. Bha móran cosgais aig na Fìobhaich 'g a dhèanamh ris an Eilean, 's cha robh an cur-a-steach da réir. Bha Niall a' cur na b'urrainn e de chall orra. Thòisich iad a' falbh fear is fear gus an robh iad cho tearc 's gum feumadh iad uile falbh air eagal Nèill.

About this time the king gave permission to a number of gentlemen from Fifeshire to go to Lewis and take possession of it for themselves, and to drive away the old natives, who, according to what he had heard, could not be subdued nor was it possible to lead them to do any good. The Fifers landed in Lewis in the year 1599 provided with every equipment required to build houses and necessary for every other type of trade. They began to build a town in a convenient place on the east side of the Island. They seemed to succeed at the outset. This was different from what Mackenzie had in mind. It would not do for him to oppose the king's command. But he found use for Norman Macleod, Black Torquil's brother. He set him free, and sent him home to Lewis. As soon as the Lewismen saw young Macleod, the lawful heir of the Island, they rose up as one man to adopt him as their proprietor.

Young Macleod then besieged the camp of the Fifers, captured it and set it on fire, and he killed many of the men. He made prisoners of their leaders. At the end of eight months he set them free on condition that they would not come to Lewis any more. But in a few years they came back with a fleet and a large force. They invited Norman Macleod to give himself up to them peacefully in the name of the king, to be sent safely to London where the king now was, and that no harm would befall him for anything he had done in the past, and that he would receive an income from the king. Fearing that he could not oppose all who were on the spot at the time Macleod accepted the invitation, but though he put his case manfully before the king the Fifers found means of persuading the king to send him back as a prisoner to Edinburgh where he was kept for many years. At last he was allowed to escape to Holland where he died.

Neil, his son, now began to stand up for the family. The Fifers were spending heavily on the Island, and the income was not in proportion to the expenditure. Neil was doing as much damage to them as he could. They began to leave one by one until they were so few in number that they all had to leave for fear of Neil.

Cum taobh an fhuaraidh de'n sgeir.
Théid an t-aodach sin a steach ma nigheas tu e.
Faodaidh sinn na plaideachan a thìormachadh ris a' ghréin.
Seas ris a' bhalla is tog do dhealbh.

Keep to the weather side of the rock.
That cloth will shrink if you wash it.
We may dry the blankets in the sun.
Stand against the wall and have your photo taken.

The Cornish Paradox

(Continued)

After this the language was supposed to have become extinct although there was no certainty on this point. Antiquarians and others came to Cornwall to ascertain whether they could find any Cornish speakers at all, and they found a few at Mousehole, the last refuge of the language. Some people even laid wagers on the existence of the language. They came upon a crowd of fishwives, one of whom was about ten years older than the others. This was Dolly Pentreath, an irascible old woman, who used to shout insults in her native tongue at anyone who offended her, her favourite expression being "Cronekyn hager du" (Ugly little black toad). She started to speak angrily and fluently in "a language which resembled Welsh." When some of the bystanders asked the other women if she was abusing them, they replied that she certainly was, for she was very annoyed that anyone should doubt that she spoke Cornish. They themselves did not speak Cornish although they understood it.

Dolly Pentreath, officially the last person to speak Cornish, died in 1777, but there is little doubt that there were others after her time who did so. There was William Bodener, a fisherman of Mousehole, who wrote to the Hon. Daines Barrington in Cornish and English, stating that there were only about four old people in the village who knew Cornish. He died in 1789, and Smith assumes that the language must have died out by 1800. I would put it perhaps about ten years later than that. Jenner mentions that John Nancarrow, in his forties at the time of Dolly Pentreath's death, had learned the language from the country people. There was also Tomson, an engineer at Truro, who claimed that he was as conversant in the language as Dolly Pentreath. When they died is not mentioned, but they may well have survived the 1800 limit set by Smith.

Cornish was then forgotten by the bulk of the people for the next hundred years. Certainly there were those, as today in the Isle of Man, who knew fragments of the language which they passed on to their children, but who were unable to hold a conversation in it. This state of affairs lasted until about 1875. It accounts for many stories prevalent about people who allege that they have met, or said they have known someone else who has heard Cornish spoken, for the language was dead for approximately a century before Henry Jenner first spoke it again at a Celtic Congress held in Brittany in 1903.

In 1859 antiquarians got to work on the language. Dr. Edwin Norris and Dr. Whitley Stokes translated and published the texts of the former Miracle Plays. In 1887 Dr. F. W. P. Jago published his English-Cornish Dictionary. The first man to learn and speak the new Cornish was of course Henry Jenner who died in 1934. He gave many lectures in Cornish extending as far back as 1873, and in 1904 published his "Handbook of the Cornish Language." It was he who gained recognition by the Celtic Congress of Cornwall as a Celtic nation. In 1904 R. Morton Nance learnt Cornish from Jenner's Handbook and made extensive studies into the language. He can be classed along with Francois Vallée of Brittany as a pioneer of his language, so numerous are his works, including his Dictionaries, his Grammar, "Cornish for All," and many other of his publications. It is indeed to him that Cornwall owes its linguistic revival. He was fortunate enough, like Vallée, to be able to live on his income which enabled him to do all this. But whereas Vallée was a protagonist of a living language of which there could be no doubt, Nance had to start from scratch, a large amount of his labour being guesswork. It is a pity that he was so dogmatic that he would brook no questioning of his methods, for in such a work it was obvious that he could make mistakes, which indeed are evident to anyone with a knowledge of Celtic languages. Nor can Nance be excused on the grounds of ignorance, for he appeared to have a first-rate knowledge of the kindred languages, Welsh and Breton. As it is, there are Cornishmen who heartily disagree with him, but then without Nance where would Cornish be to-day? It would indeed hardly exist. His death in May, 1959, must have been a great blow to Cornish enthusiasts, for he was surpassed by none in his knowledge of Cornish. He even taught his small daughter, Phoebe, to speak Cornish, indeed the nearest equivalent to a native speaker.

A. D. S. Smith (Caradar) in his earlier years was the author of the best manuals in Welsh, "Welsh made Easy," before he turned his attention to Cornish in 1930. A schoolmaster, he issued a booklet in 1931 "Lessons in Spoken Cornish" showing what could be done with Cornish boys at his school. For many years he collaborated with Nance in his works. In 1947 he published "Cornish Simplified," which contrasts greatly with his "Welsh Made Easy." By this time he appears to be growing old, his mind obsessed by his religious beliefs as is evident from the many Scriptural texts contained therein. He died some years ago, about 1951 I think.

Cornish services once annually on the occasion of the Cornish Gorsedd started in 1933 and have been maintained ever since except for the war years. Towednack Church having the honour of housing the first. Many booklets, pamphlets, etc. have been published, including Caradar's translation of St. Mark's Gospel. Classes in Cornish exist in quite a number of places.

As I have stated, the New Cornish is certainly not the Cornish that died out. The latter certainly had sounds that did not exist in English, for instance the "Italian" vowel sounds as described by Jenner, plosive labials and Gaelic-like D and T sounds in contra distinction to English as seen in such words as map for mab (son), chy (house) for older ty, and the Cornish name Chirgwin (Tyr Gwyn, or White Land.), matters which are not taken into account in the new English-style pronunciation. The English dialect is not always a reliable guide in assessing the nature of a language that has become extinct. The Oban dialect does not truly indicate the manner in which Gaelic was formerly spoken there, rather does it derive its influence from Glasgow or perhaps other places. So too will the Inverness dialect come in time under the influence of Moray or even Aberdeen. Likewise the Cornish dialect derives its influence from the neighbouring West of England dialects but has a slight Welsh-like intonation with some speakers. Still, the rebirth of the Cornish language, whatever its failings, has awakened its people to a sense of their nationality and heritage, and has prevented them becoming completely Anglicized. Let us wish its promoters all success in their task.

IAIN MACKINNON.

Comunn Na h-Oigrídh

(This is the first of a series of short articles on some of the Standing Committees of An Comunn indicating the main aims of each Committee, the means used for securing these aims, and future plans and prospects.)

The first incentive given to the idea of a Gaelic Youth Movement was as long ago as 1932 when such a scheme was mooted at the A.G.M. of An Comunn in Fort William. In its initial stages the Standing Committee of Clann an Fhraoich was entrusted with its organisation. Under the convenership of the late Mr. George E. Marjoribanks that committee set to work vigorously and with the

guidance and assistance of the late Mr. J. R. Bannerman the late Mr. Donald MacPhail and the then Secretary, Mr. Neil Shaw, feachdan were set up in many schools throughout the Highlands by 1935.

In that year was published a preliminary pamphlet on the aims and ideals of the Youth Movement. The main feature of the aims expressed is their flexibility and adaptability to the needs and requirements of different areas.

The intervention of a major war made the active work of feachdan difficult and in places impossible.

In 1946 however under the dynamic leadership of Mrs. John M. Bannerman a committee was set up to raise funds for the purpose of setting up a memorial to Highland men and women who made the supreme sacrifice. By 1951 the sum of £15,000 was raised and it was decided that the memorial should take the form of a permanent centre for the use of our Gaelic speaking youth. There followed the acquisition of Cnoc nan Ros in Easter Ross.

By 1947, however, An Comunn set up a Standing Committee of Comunn na h-Oigrídh to be responsible for the work of that organisation.

In 1955 was published a further pamphlet on the rules and activities envisaged by that new Standing Committee.

It cannot be claimed that much progress has been made in recent years but the Committee continue to care for the interests of the children who come to the camps at Cnoc nan Ros.

As a result of a successful experiment carried out by Mr. and Mrs. John M. Bannerman in their home at Suardal learners of Gaelic have now been admitted to Comunn na h-Oigrídh and a special Camp is provided for them at Cnoc nan Ros.

The Northern Organiser assumes responsibility for recruitment to and the running of the camps; indeed it may be said that with the help of willing helpers from the North these camps have achieved considerable success in recent years. The measure of this success can best be expressed in terms of a full house in the past two years.

This is certainly the most encouraging aspect of the work at present being done, but it is hoped that this work will expand in various ways in the course of the next few years, and it is felt that this committee will not spare effort or energy to promote and further the ambitions and aspirations of those who conceived the idea and entrusted it to us.

Convener.

Reminiscences

(Continued)

The result is that these children, finding Gaelic an impediment, cease to speak it or think in it, and in less than a year they lose it altogether. I had experience of this in my rounds and can vouch for it.

Mothers can play a great part in rehabilitating this lapse on their children's part. They should insist on their children speaking Gaelic in the home. When the child begins to answer in English that is the time for the mother to exert her authority if she has any respect for the language, or any desire to preserve it. Let parents get rid of the fallacy that a knowledge of Gaelic retards their children in the acquiring of English. They will acquire English all right.

And here let me refer to the Education (Scotland) Act, 1918. While the 1914-18 War raged An Comunn appointed a Special Committee, with Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, then President, as Convener, and Mr. John N. MacLeod (Alasdair Mor) as Secretary. Help of the Churches and other bodies was enlisted and a Sub-committee formed to secure signatures to petition the Government. That petition was signed by some 20,000 people, and backed by several deputations the insertion of the Gaelic amendment in the Act of 1918 was secured. The Gaelic Clause, in parenthesis, reads—including adequate provision for teaching Gaelic in Gaelic speaking areas.

To provide for the proper application of the Gaelic Clause School books had to be prepared and, with the kind co-operation of Messrs. Blackie, a series of Gaelic Readers was published. If the Gaelic Clause was enacted for anything it was in order to enable Gaelic speaking children to receive their birthright, to be trained and instructed in their mother tongue, and to be bi-lingual in the best sense of the term.

A Memorandum was issued by Her Majesty's Stationery Office in 1955 with the recommendation that teachers should make use of Gaelic as a medium of instruction for Gaelic speaking pupils; also that teachers should aim at giving their pupils as complete a mastery as possible of the spoken language, and to devise courses which will lead them to regard their own language with respect.

An Comunn has done its part in getting Gaelic recognised as a School subject, and it is not the lack of legislation that hinders the teaching of it.

Education Committees are generally most sympathetic. I need only mention the great step forward taken by Inverness-shire under their enlightened Highland Director of Education, Dr. MacLean. They all have difficulty

in securing the services of competent Gaelic teachers and an earnest appeal is herewith made to those who are qualified to seek employment in Highland Schools and take a share in the restoration of the language to its proper place in the education of the children of the Gael.

This is my last appeal and warning. Tourism has become a new industry in the Highlands and we all welcome it. The grandeur of our mountains and the beauty of our straths and glens attract people from all parts of the world, and by all means let them know the true meaning of Highland hospitality. Many of those who visit our Highlands are students from Universities in the Continent of Europe. In their studies they have acquired knowledge of our history and folk-lore; and they also know that we have a distinctive language of our own. They will expect to hear this language being freely spoken by the local people and they will rejoice to hear it. I earnestly ask my compatriots, men and women, to be true to their heritage and to continue conversing with one another in the native language. The foreign student will return to his University and tell his fellow students that he heard the oldest spoken language in Europe freely used in whatever part of the Highlands he visited.

I pass on to my fellow Gaels what Kenneth MacLeod wrote about hospitality. He said, one may give a night's lodging to the stranger, and learn much from him, without thrusting the house at him as a free gift, meaning, of course, that no one should part with his, or her, heritage to please a stranger. The danger to our language is not from without but from within.

Perhaps my Gaelic friends would like to hear how Kenneth put his case: "Faodaidh neach cuid na h-oidhche a thoirt do'n choigreach, is iomadh n' fhaighinn uaith, gun an tigh a sparradh air 'na shaor thiodhlac."

NEIL SHAW.

Northern Organiser's Notes

There were seven Provincial Mods in the Northern area this summer. Badenoch/Strathspey at Newtonmore on the 20th May, South West Ross at Kyle of Lochalsh on 26th and 27th May, Sutherland Jubilee at Brora on the 3rd June, Lochaber at Fort William on the 2nd and 3rd June, Wester Ross at Aultbea on the 10th June, Skye at Portree on the 9th and 10th June, and the Lewis Mod at Stornoway on the 23rd and 24th June.

The Comunn na h-Oigridh Camps are being held at Cnoc-nan-Ros, Tain—fluent speakers from 2nd to the 12th July and learners from the 18th to the 29th July, and it is hoped that the attendance will be as good as at last year's Camps.

The Kingussie Branch was re-formed this Spring after a lapse of many years, and since then a Gaelic Choir has been formed by Branch members.

The Study of the Folklore

THE study of folktales was first raised to the level of a science by the two German brothers, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. When they published their first edition of the *Kinder-und Hausmärchen* in the year 1812, it was not generally realised that tales belonging to different countries, nations and races were similar and often showed traces of a very close relationship. In the years that followed the publication of the first edition of the Grimm tales collections from other countries began to make their appearance, and the Grimm brothers began to probe into questions such as the origin, the age, the spread and significance of the tale. In the second edition of their tales in 1819 they showed that these questions had occupied their attention. They were philologists and that was the age of comparative philology as a new and very important science, and it was not surprising, therefore, that the theories they formulated regarding the folktales were largely the result of the influence of their philological training. They came to the conclusion that folktales had their origin in the time that all peoples speaking the Indo-European group of languages had one common parent and that tales were the distinct inheritance of every member of the European family. Tales, as it were, had derived directly from one common parent source and thus there was not so much interchange of tales and traditions between different countries and races. Primitive religion too played a very important part in forming the content of the tale, e.g., characters and heroes in tales really represented gods and natural elements, such as fire, water, ice, snow and so forth. This theory later came to be known as the "nature myth" theory. To give an example, a common element in stories is revivification, the hero is brought back to life, and what that really represents is the rise of the sun and the return of summer and growth; one hero vanquishes the other and that represents ice melting away before the heat of the sun.

The "nature myth" theory had its adherents for a very long time and has even still.

The period from 1820 to 1860 was the time in which the first important collections began to make their appearance in most European countries, and to us in this country the most important of all was the Norwegian collection Asbjornsen and Moe, which first appeared in 1842. Tales in this collection were translated into English by an English folklorist, George Dasent, and it was Dasent's translation of the Norse tales that first inspired John Francis Campbell of Islay to start his collection in 1859. Campbell was much encouraged by Dasent.

As to theories about origin and nature of folktales, a German scholar, Theodore Benfey, published a translation into German of the Sanscrit tale-collection known as the *Pant-schatantra*, a collection of "exempla", tales with a moralistic, didactic purpose used by preachers in India from the sixth century onwards and which spread westwards into Europe in the tenth century through translations into Persian and Arabic. The followers of Islam brought these tales through Byzantium to Italy and Spain and through contact with Christian peoples finally they were spread all over Europe. Buddhist influence spread them eastwards to China and Tibet and thence to the Mongols, who later gave them to the peoples of Northern Europe. According to Benfey's theory the home of the folktale was India with the possible exception of the fables of Aesop, which were borrowed from Greece. The discovery in Egypt of a papyrus with tales written about one thousand three hundred years before the birth of Christ, and one tale at least of which, on internal evidence, showed that it was about two thousand years old when it was written, posed a problem which Benfey's followers found extremely difficult to solve. Before the discovery of the Egyptian mss. one of the tales that it was later found to include had been noted down from oral tradition in the region of the Black Sea. All that time the variant noted in the Black Sea area had had an existence wholly independent of any written version. One of Benfey's followers, Emmanuel Cosquin, a Frenchman, modified the theory slightly and held the view that, while all tales did not originate in India, the great majority of them did. Owing to the different form of the Mongolian and European tales, he pointed out that the Mongols could not have been so important a factor in the spread of tales to European tradition. Scholars of the Indian school, as Benfey's followers are called, discounted the mythological theories of the earlier scholars, and the allegorical inter-

pretation of folktales, as well as myths as the interplay of natural elements, ceased to impress. The one and same motif in a tale could be explained in totally different ways and given completely dissimilar allegorical interpretations, and the view that folktales had an inner meaning was regarded as absurd. Another Frenchman, Joseph Bediér, in his treatise on the Fabliaux, the jocular tale so popular in the Middle Ages, pointed out that the French fabliaux had no counterpart in the whole literature of Oriental tales, and, even if they had, the latter were much inferior to the French versions. He was inclined to maintain that the jocular tale originated in France, although that could not be strictly proved as the same type of tale might well arise independently in any place.

This same point of view was put forward by the British Anthropological School, particularly by Andrew Lang. This view is correct in that the same idea, the same point may occur in the folk-tradition of various countries and occur quite independently. That is, of course, quite feasible as far as stories with one single motif or incident are concerned, but long complex tales with a fixed sequence of incidents are an entirely different matter; they come from one common parent source. Bediér spoke only of one kind of tale, the jocular fable, when he maintained the possibility of the independent origin of the same tale among various peoples, but this contention would not hold good as far as all types of tales are concerned especially tales of magic with highly individual motifs. Andrew Lang maintained that the folktales belonged to a very early stage in the development of human thought and society and tales underwent changes as society progressed, e.g. as a people advanced stories featuring animals with the power of human speech tended to be discredited, and, even people told such stories, they no longer believed in them. Andrew Lang also attacked the "nature myth" theory on the grounds that primitive peoples were not always pre-occupied with nature, natural elements and natural phenomena; nature did not affect them in that way at all. Lang, however, is wrong in thinking that all folktales bear the stamp of primitive thought. Folktales may spring into being in a very civilised and highly developed community.

The next important step forward in folktale research was taken by a Finnish scholar, Kaarle Krohn. He instituted a new method known as the geographical method. Each single tale would have to be studied as a distinct unit and every possible variant of the tale

examined as well as every single motif and element in each variant. By a statistical examination of all variants the original form of a tale could be determined. Motifs or incidents that occurred in a great number of countries could be assumed to belong to the original tale, motifs which occurred only sporadically could be disregarded. Once the original form of a tale was established, it could be compared with the variants as they appeared in each separate country, and the country or area whose variants approximated most closely to the original form of the tale could be taken as its home or the point from which the tale was spread to begin with. The first tale that Krohn subjected to the geographical method was the tale about the fox that enticed the wolf to fish with his tail through a hole in the ice, and, when the wolf did so, the fox went and told the farmer who came with his servants and staves to kill the wolf, whose tail had now frozen and stuck so that he was only able to free himself by leaving his tail behind him. Krohn determined that the home of the tale was Northern Europe. He asserted that any people might produce folktales. Krohn's work was continued by a pupil of his named Antti Aarne. Aarne's chief contribution was the creation of a systematic catalogue of folktale types. Aarne's register of tales was later adapted and enlarged by an American scholar, Stith-Thompson. This register gives each type of tale a systematic number. The subdivisions are:—Animal Tales; Ordinary Folktales comprising (a) Tales of magic subdivided into tales featuring supernatural adversaries, supernatural wives or husbands or relatives, superhuman tasks, supernatural helpers, magic objects, supernatural power or knowledge and other supernatural tales (b) Religious tales (c) Novelle or Romantic tales in which the magical element is lacking (d) Tales about the Stupid Giant. Thirdly there are jokes and anecdotes: numskull stories, stories about married couples, stories about the stupid man, the stupid woman, stories about the clever man, stories about lucky accidents, jokes about clergymen, tales of lying, tales with a formula and a section of tales that cannot be classified.

Krohn and his disciple employed two images to illustrate their views regarding the spread or dissemination of tales; one was that tales spread like the rings on the calm surface of water when a stone is thrown on it, the other that the migration of a tale wells forth like a stream. A Swedish scholar, von Sydow has pointed out that both images are false. Tales are apt to spread out in one direction and not

in another. If a story is taken from one area to another over a great distance, it does not at all follow that it will be left in all intervening areas. The spread of tales always depends on the ability of the hearer to reproduce what he hears and that gift belongs only to a very small section of the community, sometimes as low as one per thousand. A new tale may be brought from one area to a fresh area and not enter into the current tradition of its new home at all. Whether a tale is or is not accepted in some new area depends on a number of factors. The Finnish view is one-sided in that too much stress was laid on the concept of migration, while the importance of inheritance tended to be overlooked. Tales have not only been spread abroad but handed down from generation to generation over thousands of years.

Most of you will, no doubt, be familiar with the story of Cinderella. The story as most of us know it comes from Perrault (1697) and has achieved great popularity. The version we know best is a literary re-working of the tale. Even in Scotland traditional versions of that same tale were told until very recently. Here is a version from Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire:

Parents have two daughters. The elder, who is ugly and ill-natured, is their favourite, and they ill-treat the heroine, sending her to herd cattle, and giving her only a little porridge and whey. One day a red calf amongst the cattle bids the heroine give porridge and whey to a dog and then leads her through a wood to a fine house, where a nice dinner is spread for her. This happens every day, and the heroine grows bonnier and more beautiful, instead of wasting. So the parents spy on her and see the calf take her to feast. The calf is then to be slain; the ugly sister is to hold its head, whilst the heroine kills it with an axe. Calf comforts heroine, and tells her to bring down the axe on the ugly sister's head instead and then jump on the calf's back. This is done and the heroine escapes. They come to a meadow of rushes, and make a coat for her. Then they travel on to a king's palace, where Rashin-Coatie is hired as a kitchen-maid, and the calf is kept too. At Yule-tide the heroine is to stay at home and get the dinner ready, whilst all go to church. Calf goes out and gets fine clothes and slippers for the heroine, and undertakes to get the dinner. The heroine dons the clothes, and before leaving for church says:

Ilka peat gar anither burn,
 An ilka spit gar anither turn,
 An ilka pot gar anither play,
 Till I come frae the kirk on gude Yule-day.

Everybody in church admires her, and the prince falls in love with her, and hurries after her to stop her leaving. She jumps past him, but loses one of her shoes, which he keeps. The prince will wed whomsoever the shoe fits, and sends servants through all the land to try it, but none can wear it. He comes at length to the henwife's house, and her daughter pares her feet and clips her toes till the shoe goes on. The prince is very angry at getting the wrong girl, but he will keep his promise. On the way to the kirk a little bird sings:

Clippit feet and paret taes is on the saidle set;

But bonnie feet and braw feet sits in the kitchen neuk.

"What's that?" says the prince. The henwife says he should not heed what a "feel" bird says; but the prince bids the bird sing again. The prince then turns and rides home, and goes straight to the kitchen, where he sees Rashin-Coatie. He knows her at once. The shoe fits her, and he marries her. They build a house for the red calf.

Another version of the tale was recorded by Miss Annie Johnston in Barra in the year 1930. It was in Gaelic, but here is a summary in English from Béalideas, the Journal of the Irish Folklore Society.

A widowed king swears to marry none but the woman whose foot will fit his dead wife's shoe. None are found who can wear it but the king's youngest daughter. By the aid of a brown calf (gamhain donn) the girl escapes from her father's house, and obtains service as kitchen-maid in a king's castle. The brown calf dresses the girl in her dead mother's clothes, and sends her to an entertainment held by the son of her master, to which all have been invited. The king's son falls in love with her, but she eludes him on three successive nights, leaving her shoe behind on the third occasion. King's son will marry none but her whose foot will fit the shoe. The hen-wife's daughter amputates her foot so that the shoe will fit her; and the marriage is arranged according to the promise of the prince. A bird alights on the head of the prince's horse and in verse tells the young man of the mistake he has made:

Cas a' chrìomaidh, cas a' bhìdhidh
 Air do chulaobh air an each.
 'S ann tha 'n tè do'n tig a' bhàrò òir
 Gu dubhach brònach 's a' chitsin dubh!

CALUM MACLEAN.

(To be continued)

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Aireamh 8

ROSG GAIDHLIG

THA litreachas na Gàidhlig saobhir ann am bàrdachd ealanta, thoirtail anns an lorgar rùn-cridhe na muinntire a dheilbh i, maille ri uaisleachd an dòigh agus spioradalachd an gnè. Chan urrainnear a ràdh, le firinn, gu bheil leth gu leòir de rosg math Gàidhlig far an ruig sùil air, agus chan eil sinn a' dearcadh fhathast gu ro mhath dé'n àirde as an tig e, no cuin. Cha sgrìobhar leabhraichean ann an Gàidhlig mur a bi daoine ann a phàidheas air an son; cha cheannaichear agus cha leughar leabhraichean nach eil ann. Cò a bhrireas na ceanglaichean, agus cionnus? So ceistean bu chòir ar cur uile gu rannsachadh. Gus am fuasglar iad cha seas a' Ghàidhlig anns an t-sreath thoisich maille ri cànaichean adhartach eile an t-saoghail.

Tha e fìor nach mair cànan a tha an crochadh gu h-ìomlan air na sgrìobhar innte, gu sònraichte mur cleachdar i ach am bàrdachd a mhàin, no anns an t-seòrsa còmhraidh a gheibhear gu bhithianta ann an sgialachdan. A' chainnt nach cleachdar ann am beatha làitheil an t-sluaigh agus aig nach eil àite no inbhe ann an gnothaichean coitcheann o latha gu latha, a dhùinear a mach o na cùisean as cudthromaiche, nach cluinnear anns an sgoil no anns an eaglais, cha seas i. Ged nach cum rosg Gàidhlig leis fhéin a' Ghàidhlig beò is mòr an taic agus an tairbhe a bhiodh 'na chois nam biodh e pailt ri ar làimh. Ach cuimhnichemaid gur h-e ni nach fìt a tha ann am bàrdachd no ann an rosg nach tog suas uaisleachd is grinneas na cainnte anns a bheil iad sgrìobhte. Mar a tha bàrdachd is bàrdachd ann faodaidh rosg a bhith crìon, seargte, gun sùgh, gun bhlas, gun bheatha. Chan e sin an seòrsa annlainn a tha dhàith oirn.

Tha deagh luchd sgrìobhaidh rosg Gàidhlig air feadh Alba an diugh, is dòcha nach robh a

riamh na b'fheàrr. Ach dé an cur-thuige, an taobh a muigh dhiubh fhéin, a tha orra gu a bhith snìomh an smuaintean agus am beachdan ann an saoghal fuar na Gàidhlig? Dé mhisneachd a tha sinne, an luchd leughaidh, a toirt dhaibh? Dé an còmhnaidh a tha sinn ullamh gu a thoirt seachad?

* * * *

So cuid de na cruthan anns na ràinig rosg Gàidhlig sinne. Mus robh mòran iomraidh air sgrìobhadh no leughadh bha beul-aithris, gun sòradh, a' ruith fad cheudan bliadhna o ghinealach gu ginealach, sgialachdan agus seanachasan air an liùbhradh leis an athair do 'n mhaic, air an snìomh as ùr agus air an cumadh a réir an ama agus an t-suidheachaidh anns na dh' innsaidh iad le luchd ealaine agus leis an t-sluaigh chumanta. Chaidh pasgan math de 'n t-seòrsa rosg so a thasgadh ann an leabhraichean le Iain Og, Ile, o chionn ceud bliadhna air ais, agus chaidh tuilleadh a chur ris 'nar latha fhìn. Tha mòran a bharrachd air na chaidh a riamh a chlà-bhualadh taisgte gu tèarainte ann an Sgoil-Oilein na h-Alba gu a bhith air a thoirt am follas mar a gheibhear cothrom. Chan eil na sgialachdan-sa, gu bhithianta, ann an cainnt na latha an diugh. Tha dreach na slighe air an tàinig iad orra, agus blas na teagaidh a thug bith dhaibh air a thasgadh annta. Cò dheilbh iad air tús chan aithne dhuinn, agus bidh e 'na iongnadh mair-eannach cionnus a dh'airiseadh na h-uiread dhiubh linn an déidh linne, agus 'na thòimheachan do'n àl a thig 'nar déidh dé ghnè mheamhair a ghléidh iad cho beothail, coimh-lionta. Thug liùbhradh nan sgial alt labhairt dhaibhsan a dh' aithris agus saobhbhas bhriathran dhaibhsan a dh' éisd.

A rithist, tha sinn fo chomain dhaibhsan a dh'eadar-theangaich o Bheurla gu Gàidhlig

leabhraichean tomadach a choisinn aire is meas an t-sluaigh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Chuireadh a' chiad leabhar de'n t-seòrsa sa m'ach anns a' bhliadhna 1567, ach buinidh a' mhòr-chuid diubh do'n ochdamh agus do'n naoitheamh linn deug. Gus an sin cha robh mòran ionnd-rainn air leabhraichean Gàidhlig a chionn nach robh an sluagh comasach an cainnt fhéin a leughadh. Rinn na sgoilean Gàidhlig a chuireadh air chois air feadh na Gaidhealtachd an toiseach an naoitheamh linn' deug, agus am Bìobull Gàidhlig a chlà-bhualadh aig an am sin an t-atharrachadh bu mhotha. An lorg sin chuir mòran eòlas 'nan cànan fhéin air teagasgan nan ùghdaran móra mar a bha

Baxter, Boston agus *Owen*. Bha "Turus a' Chrìosdaidh" cho mùirneach aig na Gaidheil agus cho tric 'nan làmhán, gu ìre bhig, ris a' Bhiobull fhéin. Is mór a' bheannachd a thàinig an cois gach leabhar math a chaidh eadar-theangachadh gu Gàidhlig bhlasda, sheaghail Alba.

O mheadhon an naoitheamh linne deug thòisich cuid a' sgrìobhadh ann an Gàidhlig as an ceann fhéin, ann an cruth nas dlùithe air dòigh labhairt dhaoine an latha fhéin, agus bhuanachadh sin gus an latha an diugh. Ach tha feum mhór air mòran a bharrachd de leabhraichean Gàidhlig freagarrach do'n òigridh, agus beathail is ùrail do na h-inbhich.

TURUS DO'N EILEAN SGIATHANACH

SEORAS SUTHARLAN

MOCH Di-luain sa' Ghiblin, 1913, dh'fhàg mi Glaschu, còmhla ri dà chompanach air turus rothair do'n Eilean Sgiathanach, agus bha an latha fiuch, mosach.

Ré na seachduineach roimh sin bha sneachd trom ann a h-uile latha, agus deireadh na seachduineach bha dìle bhàhthte ann. A chionn gu robh, bha na rathaidean bog, sleamhain. Nuair a ràinig sinn tigh Bean Nic Chaillein, Làrach an Iar, Baile Chaolais, bha sinn fiuch chun a' chraicinn. Thiormaich ise ar brògan agus thug i dinnear dhuinn. Nuair a bha sinn riarachta dh'fhoighneachd i, "Cia as a tha sibh?" agus fhreagair sinn, "Glaschu." "O," Thubhairt ise, "bidh sibh eòlach air mac mo bhràthar, ma-tà, oir tha esan a' fuireachd sa' bhaile sin!" Gu h-iongantach, bha sinn eòlach air an duine ceart gu leòir. Cò bh'ann ach Seumas Brownlie, fear cluiche ball-coise Comunn an Treasa Làraig agus Alba.

Di-màirt, chaidh sinn troimh Inbhirgharaidh agus a dhà no trì mhiltean air adhart. Stad sinn aig Innis Lagan. Ghnog sinn aig dorus tigh Mhaighstir Dòmhnallaich, fear gleidhidh frithe agus croitear. Thug e cuireadh dhuinn a steach, agus thug e cupan tea dhuinn. Dh'fhàg e poit làn agus aran is im is càise air a' bhòrd. Nuair a dh'òl sinn trì chupan am fear thubhairt Alasdair MacNeill gu robh e fhéin ro-phàiteach ach bha nàire air tuilleadh tea iarraidh. Bha pathadh mór ormsa cuideachd, agus thubhairt mi ris, "Thoir dhòmhsa a' phoit." Ghnog mi aig dorus a' chidsin, agus dh'fhosgail an Dòmhnallach. "Gabh mo leisgeul," thubhairt mise, "ach am bi sibh cho math agus poit tea eile a thoirt dhuinn, oir tha sinn ro-phàiteach an déidh rothaireachd

cho fada." "O! tha Gàidhlig agad," thubhairt esan, agus las a shùilean le mòran toileachais. Dh' fhalbh e a lionadh na poite. Nuair a thill e air ais shuidh e còmhla ruinn, agus ghabh e fhéin cupan. Roimh sin, bu luchdturnuis sin, a nis bha e gabhail ruinn mar chàirdean. Rinn dhà no trì fhacail sa' Ghàidhlig an t-atharrachadh! Nuair a bha sinn deas gu togail oirnn dh'fhoighneachd sinn deth dé bha againn ri phàigheadh, ach cha ghabhadh e sgillinn ruadh bhuaninn. Dh'innis e dhuinn gu robh an gleann ro-uaigneach anns a' gheamhradh, agus gum biodh e glé thangeil paipearan naidheachd faotainn an déidh dhuinn an leughadh. Gheall mi gum bithinn toilichte sin a dhèanamh, agus an uair a thill mi dhachaidh chuir mi paipear thuige a h-uile seachduinn.

Moch-thràth air madainn na Bliadhn' Uire dh'innis mi mhàthair dhomh gun tàinig pasgan bho Inbhirgharaidh air mo shonsa. Nuair a dh'fhosgail mi e fhuair mi mu dhà phund deug sìthne ann.

Bha lìtir 'na chois ag innseadh dhomh gun d' fhuair e na paipearan, agus bha e toirt buidheachais dhomh air an son. Chuireadh na paipearan air feadh a' ghlinne cho luath 's leugh esan iad. An dràsa agus a rithist chuir e tiodhlac uibhean, no sìthne no bric thugam. "Tilg t'aran air aghaidh nan uisgeachan —."

Nuair a dh'fhalbh mi do'n chiad chogadh mhór chuir mo mhàthair na paipearan thuige air mo shon. Bho am gu am chuir an teaghlach tiodhlac bheag thuige, agus nuair a bhris an t-each aige a chas cheannaich bràthair mo mhàthar each eile dha ann an Glaschu. Ach chaidh mi seachad air mo naidheachd.

Air feasgar Di-màirt cha b'urrainn duinn a

dhol thairis air an aiseag aig Totaig oir bha an sid fhuach, stoirmeil, agus bha tuinn mhóra ann.

Dh'fhuirich sinn an tigh Maighstir-sgoile, Leitirfearna, airson na h-oidhche. Thubhairt a bhean gun robh triùir mhac aice-fhéin, agus cha bu mhat leatha nach b'urrainn dhaibh fasgadh fhaighinn air oidhche stoirmeil. Cha robh ach aon leabaidh ann airson càirdean no luchd-turuis. Bha i mór agus ghabhadh i an triùir, mur an robh sinn 'na aghaidh. Fhreagair sinn gum bitheamaid glé thoilichte leis an leabaidh sin, agus chuir i pige teth eadar na plaidheachan. Bha am Maighstir-sgoile agus a bhean fìor choibhneil ruinn, agus nuair a dhealaich sinn sa' mhadainn, cha ghabhadh iad aon sgillinn ruadh bhuainn. Tha deagh chuimhne chùbhraidh agam air a' chàirdeas a fhuair sinn an sud.

An ath-mhadainn, bha'n t-sid na b'fheàrr, agus ràinig sinn Airdeilbhe air taobh thall an aiseig.

Thàinig sinn do'n Ath Leathain Di-ciadain, an treas làtha an déidh Glaschu fhàgail. Dh'fhan sinn sa' bhaile sin airson ceithear làithean, agus ré na h-ùine sin, fhuair sinn cuireadh a dhol air chéilidh bho Mhaighstir Caimbeul, Butha-Stòir, Harapol. Bha triùir chaileag san teaghlach do'm b'ainm Màiri, Sìusaigh, agus Mòrag. Bha oidhche thaitneach againn leò, agus an ath latha, ghabh sinn an rathad gu Port Rìgh.

B'éginn duinn a bhith streap Druim nan Cleòc, a chionn nach robh rathad mu'n cuairt a' chnuic aig an am sin.

An déidh a bhith san Eilean airson dà sheachduin, ghabh sinn an rathad dhachaidh. Mu'n d'fhàg sinn, gheall mi do na càirdean a b'aithne dhomh gum bithinn a' sgrìobhadh cairt-phuist ag innseadh dhaibh gu'n do ràinig sinn Glaschu gu dòigheil, sàbhailte, agus nuair a thill sinn dhachaidh, rinn mi sin. Sgrìobh mi sa' Ghàidhlig iad, agus ged nach robh freagairt air iarraidh, chuir caileagan Harapol cairt-phuist sa' Bheurla thugam, ag ràdh gun robh iad toilichte gun do ràinig mi Glaschu ceart gu leòir.

Annas an fhoghar sa' bhliadhna sin, bha mi air bòrd luingeas-chògaidh aig *Portland Bill*—bha mi 'nam sheòladair saoir-thoil (R.N.V.R.). Sgrìobh mi cairt-phuist aig *Weymouth* gu caileagan Harapol, agus dh'fhoighneachd mi dhìubh an do chaill iad a' Ghàidhlig. Nuair thill mi dhachaidh, bha cairt-phuist bho Harapol a' feitheamh orm, agus an turus so, bha i sgrìobhte sa' Ghàidhlig. Cha an rathad innte ach rann de òran air a bheil deagh aithne:—

“Ach tha mise 'n dùil 's an dòchas

Gu'n tig an là 's am bi sinn còmhla,
'S ma bhios tusa dìleas dhòmhsa

Cha ghràdhach mi ri m' bheò fear eile.''

“Caimbeul.”

Chionn gun robh mi 'nam òganach modhail, ciùin, pùtanta, shaoil mi gun robh làn am ann an sgrìobhadh so dhùndadh!

* * * *

An uiridh, bha mi air ais am Port Rìgh airson mo làithean-saora. Aon làtha, dh'innis mo bhean dhomh gun robh e 'na h-inntinn a dhol do'n Ath Leathan, oir chan fhac i an t-àite sin airson iomadh bliadhna, agus bu mhat leatha fhaicinn a ris. Ràinig sinn an t-Ath Leathan gu dòigheil, agus bha uair agus còig mionaidean deug againn ri chuir seachad a' coiseachd mu'n cuairt a' bhaile mun ghabhadh sinn rathad air ais.

Dh'fheòraich mi bho fheòladair Harapol an robh na mnathan usail Caimbeul a' fuireachd sa' bhaile fhathas, agus fhreagair e gun robh Màiri agus Mòrag a' fuireachd an tigh an oisein.

Ghnog mi aig an dorus agus dh'fhosgladh e le Mòrag Caimbeul. “Feasgar math dhuibh, agus a bheil cuimhne agaibh orm-sa?” dh'fhoighneachd mise. “Tha eagal orm nach eil” ars ise. “Nach eil cuimhne agaibh air trì òganaich a bha air chéilidh oirbh sa' Ghiblein, naoidh ceud deug 's a trì deug—agus iad air turus rothair?” “O,” ars ise, “is tusa Maighstir Sutharlan—thig a stigh.”

An déidh dà fhichead bliadhna 's a' sia, bha cuimhne aice air m'ainm. Nach robh sin mìorbhuileach! Ach co dhù, cha do dh'ainmich i mo dhà chompanach!

Chuir mi 'n an cuimhne mu'n chairt-phuist le rann òran Ghàidhlig innte, agus bha gair cridheil againn.

Bha e tàitneach da rìreadh càirdean m'òige fhaicinn an déidh nan iomadh bliadhna a chaidh seachad.

Air an rathad air ais do Phort Rìgh, thubhairt mi ri mo mhnaoi, “Nach mi a dhrùgh oirre an oidhche ud? Cha chreid mi gu robh sin dona airson òganach cho modhail, ciùin, pùtanta!

Air ais a ris am Port Rìgh, thug e mór thoil-inntinn dhomh mo bhana-chàraid, Ailìne Nic Coinnich, bean-iùil Còisir Ghàidhlig Phort Rìgh, fhaicinn aon uair eile. Bha sinn a' seinn le chéile mar bhull de Cheòlraidh Ghàidhlig Ghlaschu airson iomadh bliadhna.

Is toigh leam gu mór an t-Eilean Sgiathanach—na beanntan, na gleanntan, 's na lochan, agus na daoine cridheil, caomhneil. Chan eil mi ag ràdh sin a chionn gun d'rugadh 's a thogadh m'athair-céile am Port Rìgh!

A nis, air ais 's an Leargaidh Ghallda, thriall mo smaointean gu tric do'n Eilean.

AN FHIDHEALL

le

IAIN MAC A'GHOBHAINN

BHA Dolain 'na shuidhe anns a' chathair nuair a chaidh mi steach. Thog e a shùil bho'n phaipear agus thubhairt e:

"'S fhada bho nach robh thu a stigh."

B'e 'n fhirinn a bh'aige. B'fhada ceart gu leòir o nach robh mi stigh. Ach bha aobhar airson sin. Cha robh Dolain air a bhith 'g obair airson ùine mhath: cha b'e gun robh càil a' tighinn ris ach gun robh an diomhanas air gréim fhaighinn air. Bha e air a bhith uaireigin ann am *factory* ach air dha tilleadh a sin cha do rinn e car oibreach. Cha robh e ach deich air fhichead 's bha e nis air a bhith diomhain airson sia bliadhna. Chuimhnich mi orm fhéin 's air fhéin. Bha sinn a' dol do'n sgoil còmhla agus aig an am sin bha iad ag ràdh gun dèanadh e feum. Cha robh anns a teaghlach ach e fhéin. Chaochail athair nuair a bha Dolain timcheall air seachd bliadhna dh'aois. Cha robh mi airson tòiseachadh air "Eil cuimhn' agad?" 's bha na dithis againn 'nar tàmh airson dhà na trì mhionaidean. Mu dheireadh thubhairt mi:

"De 'n cor a th'air do mhàthair?" Fhreagar e gu goirid:

"Chan eil càil a' tighinn rithe."

Leis an fhirinn innse cha robh mòran agam mu dheidhinn a mhàthar ach cha bu chaomh leam gun faighneachd air a son. Thug mi sùil timcheall an ruim. Bha seana bhòrd fo 'n uinneig, agus crochaicht' ris an uinneig bha cùirteirean gorma.

Dh'aithnicheadh tu gun d'fhuair iad iomadh nighe. Cha robh tein' air ach cha robh sin 'na iognadh oir bha an latha blàth. Bha Dolain fhéin an ceann a dhà stocainn. Ri thaobh, air an cliathaich, bha dà bhòtunn.

"Chan eil an aimsir dona idir" arsa mise ris.

"Chan eil" ars esan.

Air stòl beag ri thaobh bha radio 'na suidhe. Anns an uinneig bha grunn phaipearan naigheachd. Cha robh leabhar idir ann. Chuir so iongantas orm oir b'e leughadair mór a bh'ann uair.

"Tha mi cluinntinn gu bheil Seonag a' pòsadh" arsa mise.

B'e Seonag té mu ar n-aois fhéin: bha ise air a bhith còmhla ruinn anns an sgoil cuideachd. Cha dubhairt e smid.

"An aithnich thu có tha i pòsadh?" arsa mise.

"Aithnichidh" ars esan.

"Tha mi cluinntinn gur e Sasunnach a

th'ann" arsa mise. "'S e" ars esan, agus: "'Chan eil fada bho'n thàinig e a dh'fhuireachd do'n bhaile. 'Cha deach facal a ràdh airson ùine eile 'nuair a thubhairt e mar gum b'ann a' breislich.

"Carson nach can thu an rud a tha thu smaoinichadh—gu bheil mi gun fheum agus diomhain? Carson? A' tighinn a steach an so a' fanoid? Eh? Carson?"

Cha dubhairt mi càil ach bha fhios agam carson a thàinig mi. "Thusa na do . . . 'S mise . . . ' Cha mhór nach robh e a' gul. Chunna mi céis "*Phools*" anns an uinneig.

"Thàinig mi dhachaidh an so o chionn sia bliadhna 's cha do rinn mi car. Gach latha dh'éireas mi, bithidh mi 'g ràdh rium fhin nach urrainn gun téid na laithean seachad mar so gun bhrìgh gun aobhar, ach chan eil càil a' tachairt."

"Tha iad ag ràdh nach eil obair furasd fhaighinn co-dhiùbh" thubhairt mi.

"Tha iad ag radh . . . 'Nuair a chuimhnichas mi . . . Ach nuair a tha duine òg tha e smaoinichadh gum bi e òg a chaoidh 's nach tig atharrachadh 's am bith air, ach thig an t-atharrachadh gun fhios dha. Gach latha, tha nithean a' fàs nas dorra dhomh. Tha 'n saoghal air a dhol 'na bhruadair. Tha fhios agad nach robh mòran agams' mu dheidhinn a' Bhiobuill ach 's e 'n fhirinn a th'aig an toiseach: 'Le fallus do ghruaidh ithidh tu aran.' Bha deàrrsadh a' tighinn 'na aodann.

"Eil thu cluich air an fhidhill fhathast?" arsa mise. "Fidheall?" ars esan.

"Seadh" arsa mise. "Bha thu uair a bha thu miorbhaileach air an fhidhill."

"Miorbhaileach" ars esan. "Bha mi math oirre. Cha robh mi miorbhaileach."

Chaidh mi 'nam thàmh.

Lean e air mar gum b'ann a' bruidhinn ris fhéin a bha e.

"Ach 's e rud miorbhaileach a th'ann ceòl a dhèanamh. Agus tha mi smaoinichadh . . . Ach de math? Cha do chluich mi air an fhidhill airson ceithir bliadhna co-dhiùbh ged a tha mi 'ga cumail ann an staid mhath."

Bha fhios agam gum biodh i ann an staid mhath. Agus bha fhios agam cuideachd carson nach do chluich e i airson ceithir bliadhna. "Well," arsa mise, "nach toir thu nios i ach an cluinn mi thu cluich."

Mus robh na facail a mach as mo bheul dh'aithnich mi gun rinn mi mearachd.

“Tha thu smaoinneachadh gu bheil aon rud ann co-dhiùbhadh as aithne dhomh a dhèanamh” ars esan. “Chan eil mi ag iarraidh do chuid ‘psychology’.” Bha bith uamhasach ‘na ghuth nuair a thubhairt e am facal “psychology.”

“Chan ann airson sin idir a tha mi ‘g iarraidh ort a toirt a nìos” arsa mise ‘s a’ bhreug ‘nam fhacail. “S ann a bha mi gus an cluinninn thu ag cluich. Ach tha thu air a dhol cho geur ris a’ sgiàn. Chan urrainn do dhuine facal a ràdh riut nach toir thu ciall ràraidh as.” Leig mi orm gun robh mi feargach. Ann an ùine ghoirid thubhairt e:

“Tha mi duilich, ach cha chluich mi an fhidheall idir.” “Well, well” arsa mise, “bitheadh sin mar sin. Ach bha aobhar eile agam airson iarraidh ort. Stad a nis. Eisd rium ‘s innsidh mi dhuit cò dh’ iarr orm. B’ e Seonag a bha bruidhinn rium.”

“Seonag!”

“Seadh” arsa mise. “Bha i airson gun tigeadh tu leis an fhidhill chun na bainnse. Tha e duilich ceòl fhaighinn.” Theab mi ràdh nach robh duine eile air fhàgail anns a’ bhaile ach e fhéin, ach gu fortanach stad mi mo theanga ann an tìde.

Chan eil fhios agam de na smaointean bha goil ‘na inntinn anns na mionaidean sin, oir is iomadh duine thubhairt gur e e fhéin a phòsadh Seonag. Chanadh feadhainn eile gur e mise, ach bha iad ceàrr mu dheidhinn an dithis. Bha i aig Sasunnach ‘s cha b’ ann aig duine againn. Chuala mi an t-uaireadair a’ diogadh anns an tàmh. Chunna mi rithis na bòtannan ‘nan laighe air an cliathaich air an làr. Smaoinich mi air Seonag, ach cha do lean an smaoinich sin fada. “Tha fhios agam de their iad” ars esan, “mur a téid mi ann. Tha fhios agam fhéin de bhios iad ag ràdh. Sin a th’ againn airson a bhith fuireachd ann am baile beag.” Leig mi leis bruidhinn. “Ach tha na làithean sin seachd, mise agus Seonag. Tha ise far a bheil i. Ged a dhùiltainn a dhol chun na bainnse cha b’ e sin a chuireadh bacadh orm, ach cha thuig iadsan sin.” “An e sin nach cuireadh bacadh ort?” arsa mise leam fhìn.

“Fuirich thusa ann an sin” ars esan, “‘s faodaidh tu do shùil a thoirt air a’ phaipear. ‘Thubhairt e sin mar gum b’ ann a’ dèanamh magadh air fhéin a bha e. Dh’ fhosgail e dorus a’ chùlaisd ‘s dh’ fhalbh e. Lean mi ‘nam shuidhe ris a’ chagailt. Cha tug mi sùil air aon paipear, cha b’ ann air paipear a bha mi tighinn. Bha mi smaoinneachadh: De thachras mur a b’ aithne dha an fhidheall a chluich, ma chaill a mheòirean an ealantas? Thug mi sùil a mach air an uinneig. Bha faoileag ag cromadh chun na mara. Bha fear le òrd a’ bualadh post sìos do’n talamh. Chitheadh tu

an t-òrd crochaicht anns an adhar mus do bhual e ‘m post. Smaoinich mi air iomadh nì. Cha robh còig mionaidean air a dhol seachd nuair a dh’ fhosgail e ‘n dorus a rithis ‘s an fhidheall aige ‘ga giùlan mar gun giùlaineadh fear leanabh. Bithidh mi smaoinneachadh aig uairean air Dolain agus is e sin an dealbh a gheibh mi dheth, a ghruaidh ris an fhidhill mar gu faiceadh tu fear le a ghruaidh ri ghruaidh boirionnach. Air a sheall mi rithis bha fallus a chuirp air. Shuidh e sìos. “Chan eil math dhomh fàchainn” ars esan. “Cha do chluich mi i airson ceithir bliadhna. Ceithir bliadhna!”

Smaoinich mi leam fhìn: Mur a h-aithne dha a cluich brisidh mi ‘n fhidheall air dòigh a choireigin no canaidh mi riutha gun robh i air a dhol bho fheum. Feumaidh mi a shàbhaladh o sin co-dhiùbhadh. Chan eil aige ach an fhidheall. Leis an fhidhill tha e co-dhiùbhadh beò, as a h-aonais tha e marbh.

“Eisd amaidh” arsa mise, “bithidh mi fhìn air an aon dòigh mus ‘S tha cuimhn’ agad, anns an sgoil, gur ann a b’ fheàrr a dhèanadh tu ‘nuair a bhiodh eagal ort Canaidh duine ‘s am bith sin riut. Bhiodh e ro fhuasad mur a biodh eagal oirnn.” “Tha e furasd a ràdh” ars esan, “ach nam biodh fhios agad ‘Tha fhios agam air” arsa mise. “Na bi smaoinneachadh nach eil. Cluich. Tha fhios agad cho math riumsa ma chluicheas tu ‘n dràsda gun cluich thu chaoidh. Cluich air mo shon-sa ‘s airson ar seòrsa, nach aithne dhaibh fhéin.”

Cha dubhairt e smid ach bha e sealltuinn rium.

“B’ fheàrr leam gum b’ aithne dhòmhsa cluich. ‘S e an tàlant as fheàrr a th’ ann. Tha sinne ‘gar breith, a’ fàs suas, a’ bàsachadh. Tha ‘n saoghal dhuinne mar bhruadair. Ach ‘s aithne dhuitsa cluich. Tha thu a’ dèanamh brath oirne mur a cluich thu. Cò eile bhruidhneas air ar son?”

Ach cha do thòisich e, ‘s nuair a chunna mi nach do thòisich e bhruidhinn mi ris a rithis.

“Carson a tha thu a’ smaoinneachadh a thug mise ochd bliadhna air falbh. Innsidh mi dhuit, matà. Ochd bliadhna mhios a chaidh seachd chaidh mi steach a thigh Sheonaig agus so ‘mar a thachair. Cha robh mi ‘n uair sin ach dhà air fhichead. Cha robh duine stigh ach i fhéin. Bha teine mòr air. Air a’ bhalla mu mo choinneamh bha dealbh a h-athar ann an deise saighdeir.

“Tha fhios agad cò air a bha sinn a’ bruidhinn” arsa mise.

“Tha” ars ise.

“Seadh matà” arsa mise. Cha mhór gu faighinn air na facail a ràdh.

“Cha dèanadh e a’ chuis” ars ise. Shuidh mi ann an sin mar gum faiceadh tu clach ri taobh aibhne.

“Tha fhios agad fhéin nach dèanadh e chùis” ars ise.

“Bì thusa na do dhotair. Chan eil dragh agad do dhuine beò ach do dhotaireachd. ’S dé thachradh nam posadh sinn ’s nach rachadh gu math leat? Cò air a dhìoghladh tu sin? Tha fhios agam ort. Cha chòrdadh a bheatha-sa riut idir. ‘B’ iomadh rud a dh’fhaodainn a bhith air a ràdh: ach cha dubhairt mi càil. Chan eil fhios an e an t-àrdan a bhac mi no an cinntas gur e an fhìrinn a bh’aice.

“Co dhùibh” ars ise, “tha mi falbh le fear eile—Dolain Mhic Choinnich.”

Chuala mi e a’ togail a bhogha.

“Tha thu a réisd air t’inntinn a dhèanamh suas” arsa mise rithe. “Tha” ars ise. Thug mi aon sùil eile oirre mus do dh’fhàg mi. Shaoileadh tu gun robh neochiontas a’ dèàrsadh a sùilean. Mios an déidh sin chuala mi gun robh i a’ falbh le fear beartach anns a’ bhaile.

“Tha fhios agad fhéin de a thachair an déidh sin. Dh’fhàg mi ’s thug mi mach an dotaireachd.” Cha robh mi sealltuinn ri Dolain, ach an ùine ghoirid chuala mi fuaim mar gum biodh e ’ga thachdadh. Nuair a sheall mi timchioll ’s ann a bha e ’ga thachdadh fhéin a’ gaireachduinn. Nuair a chunnaic e mi a’ tionndadh thug e làmh bho a bheul ’s leig e mach a ghàireachduinn.

“Seonag!” ars esan, “Seonag!”—Cha mhór gu faigheadh e na faicail a mach. “Nach i a thug a’ char as an dithis againn. Nuair a smaoinichais mi—” An so thòisich e ’g gaireachduinn a rithis—“nuair a smaoinichais mi.”

Ghlac mi fhéin gruileach a ghàireachduinn-sa. “Nuair a smaoinichais mi” ars esan mar a thug i char asainn. “Mise ag cluich aig a banais, agus i a’ pòsadh Sasunnach cuideachd!” Chunna mi fhìn cuideachd cho éibhinn ’s a bha chùis. Cha b’e mhàin gun tug i char as an dithis ach bha i nis mar bhan-rìgh ag òrduchadh ar seirbhis, na dithis thruaighean a bhùineadh do a baile agus a h-eachdraidh fhéin. Smaoinich mi rithis air an aodann bhòidheach chiùin ud agus dh’aithnich mi an tuigse charach mhagaidheach a bh’air a chùl. Agus smaoinich mi cuid-each air rud eile.

“A Dholain” ars a mise, nuair a sguir mi ghàireachduinn, “na smaoinich thu air an so. ’S e dotair a th’annam.”

Cha do thuig e mi ’n toiseach.

“Seadh?” ars esan.

“Nach eil thu a’ tuigsinn, a Dholain. ’S e dotair a th’annam-sa.” ’S ann an nuair sin

a chunnaic e dé bha mi ciallachadh, ’s a thòisich e gaireachduinn a rithis.

“Well, well” ars esan, an uair a fhuair e anail air ais, “’s e mo bheachd gu feum sinn port math ùr a dhèanamh do Sheonag.”

“Tha mi ’g aontachadh leat” arsa mise, is mi rithis ag coimhead an dithis againn aig banais na ban-rìgh ud, gillean bochda suarach, pairt de h-eachdraidh.

“Cluich thusa nis airson an dithis againn, a Dholain, ’s cluichidh sinn an t-amhran againn fhìn aig a banais.”

Thòisich e nuair sin ri cluich.

Breabadair-Ladhrach

Chan eil sgiathan air breabadairean idir, ach cha chum sin iad gun astar a chur as an déidh anns an athar. Sniomhaidh iad snàthla sìoda as am broinn, agus crochte ris an t-snàth bheir an oiteag iad an taobh a tha i fhéin a’ dol. Chan eil ùghdarras aig a’ bhreabadair air a’ ghaoith a tha ’g a ghiùlan air a h-uchd, agus fàgaidh sin esan, aig amannan, far nach bu mhath leis tadhal. Gun chairt-ùil, gun stiùir, gun roghainn ’s e a chuid a dhachaidh a thogail far an fàgar e ma tha àite dhachaidh ann, agus mur eil tha a chall-san dèante.

Nach tric a chunnaic thu air an fheur no air an fhraoch snàthlan min nan creutairean so toiseach an fhoghair—sìoda lainnreach fo dheàrsadh gréine, no faicsinneach nuair a shuaineas an dealt uime.

Anns an Fhraing bhàta a’ dèanamh stocainnean is miotagan de sìoda nam breabadairean ach cha do lean so fada a chionn nach robh e soirbh gu leòr de chuilleagan beò a chumail riutha, an t-aon bhiaidh anns am bheil an tlachd. Tha gach gnè bhreabadair a’ fighe a lìn ann an cumadh eadar-dhealaichte. Chan eil gin aca as cuimire a dheasaicheas a lion na fear beag a’ ghàrraidh. Tha seòrsachan ann nach eil a’ beartachadh lion idir air son an lòin a chosnach mar a ni cuid eile.

Nach neònach an seòrsa a shuaineas iad fhéin le brat sìoda am bàrr na talmhainn, agus am fear a chuairticheas a fhéin le pàillium làn gaoithe fo’n uisge. Ach chan eil cluas-chiùil aca sin coltach ris a’ bhreabadair chàrdeil a bha aig fear ciùil àraidh o chionn fhada. Nuair a bhiodh ceòl a chòrdadh ris an fhigheadair ’g a chluich a stigh thigeadh e nuas gu sgiobalta air an t-snàth a bha crochte ri druim an tighe, ach nan tòisichte air ceòl nach robh cho riarachail leis suas a ghabhadh e ’na dheann!

S.D.T.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Bha fiodh priseil san latha sin, agus is beag nach rachadh neach an cunnart a bheatha air sgàth déile a dhèanadh ciste-laighe no a chuid-icheadh gu ceann a chur air tigh. Coma co-dhiùbh, an oidhche a bha an so agus Coinneach a' spaisdearachd sìos agus suas air Tràigh Mhór Uige, a bhoineid spàrte mu a mhoilean aig cruas na gaoithe, ciod e a chunnaic e an uair a thog e a cheann a mach rathad na mara, far an robh na staghan mòra a' briseadh 'nan cobhar gheal ri aghaidh na gaineimh, ach a' bhuaileag mhór soluis sin! Bha i cruinn mar roth na gealaich, agus chòmhaich e mu ròd de'n tràigh. Am meadhon na buaileig bha mar gum biodh tìr soluis, agus bha na h-oirean aice dealrach mar bhogha-froise; bha a' bhuaileag fhéin a' plogartaich mar na fir-chlis. Calma is mar a bha Coinneach 'na intinn, bhrios a chridhe agus thàinig fuar-fhallus air a bhathais, ach co-dhiùbh, cha do thréig a mhiseach e. Stad e, agus mhothaich e gun robh an rud a bha ann a chuid is a chuid a' tighinn a steach gu beul na mara agus a' déanamh dìreach air an àite anns an robh esan 'na sheasamh. Cha do ghluais mu liagh. Mu dheireadh stad an solus air a bheulaibh, agus an ath shùil a thug Coinneach is ann a chunnaic e an tìr am meadhon na buaileig a' caochladh gu cruth maighdinn. Cha do leag e a dhà shùil a riamh air maighdinn cho eireachdail. Bha a pearsa cuimr mar eilid nam beann agus a falt cuachanach 'na leadain òr-bhuidhe sìos mu a muineal. Rinn i mar gum biodh i air son bruidhinn ris, ach cha tàinig smid as a ceann. Is e Coinneach fhéin a bhruidhinn an toiseach. "Ciod i do sgeul a tìr nan sglèò?" ars esan. "Thig faisg orm," ars ise, "agus innseam dhuit sgeul ris nach d'éisdeadh riamh le cluais":—

"Mus do thilg mi an t-slige chré
B'e Lochlainn nan treun mo thìr,
'S mise Gràdhag, nighean Shuarain,
Bha san àirde tuath 'na rìgh."

"Sud an linn san robh mi beò," ars ise, "agus thogadh mi le mùirn an cùirt an rìgh. Is beag a shaoil m'athair aig an am gum b'e grunnad a' chuain mo leabaich-phòsda. Thachair an déidh cath mór a chuireadh eadar feachd m'athar agus feachd Strùmoin aig Baile na Beirghe gun do ghlacadh am measg nam braidhdean sagart do'm b' ainm Arna a bha 'na fhiosaiche geur, oir bha aige clach bhoadhmhor a tholl cruth Odainn féin le a mheòir.

"Nuair dh'iarradh neach sealladh ùr,
Chuireadh e a shùil ris an toll,
'S na bliadhnanach bhiodh fada uainn,
Thigeadh iad gu luath a nall."

Wood was valuable at that time, and one would almost risk his life for the sake of a plank that would make a coffin or help to roof a house. At all events, this night as Kenneth was marching up and down the Extensive Sand of Uig, his cap drawn over his eyebrows on account of the force of the wind, what did he see as he raised his head and looked seawards where the huge waves were breaking into white foam on the sand but a wide ring of light! It was like the circle round the moon and it covered about a rood of the sand. In the centre of the circle stood what appeared to be a tower of light, and its edges shone like the rainbow; the circle itself throbbled like the northern lights. Though Kenneth was strong in mind, his heart took a start and cold-sweat covered his forehead, but, at any rate, his courage did not fail him. He stood still, and he noticed that the apparition was gradually moving in to the edge of the sea and making straight for the place where he stood. My lad did not move. At last the light stood in front of him, and when Kenneth looked again he saw the tower in the centre of the circle changing into the form of a maiden. He never set eyes on as beautiful a lass. Her body was elegant like the mountain hind, and her curly hair flowed in golden locks over her breast. She acted as if she wanted to speak to him, but she uttered not a word. It was he himself who spoke first.

"What is your news from the land of shadows?" he said. "Come near me," she replied, "and let me tell you a tale to which no ear has ever listened."

"Before I cast off the clay shell,
Norway of mighty ones was my
native land.

I am Gràdhag, daughter of Suaran,
Who was king of the North."

"That was the period when I lived," said she, "and I was reared with pomp in the king's court. Little did my father at the time think that the sea bottom would be my marriage-bed. It happened after a big battle fought between my father's forces and Struman's at Bergen that among the captives was a priest called Arna who was a keen seer, for he had an efficacious stone which Odin himself made a hole in with his finger.

"When one desired a new vision,
He would place his eye to the hole,
And the years that were far off,
Would speedily come near."

Executive Council

The Extraordinary Meeting of the Executive Council was held in An Comunn Office, on Saturday, 25th June. In the absence of the President, Mr. Donald Grant, Vice-President, was in the chair. Reference was made to members who had passed away since the last meeting, and Mr. Grant paid tribute to the late Dr. Alexander Macdonald who had taken such prominent part in Highland concerns over a long period.

A Minute of the Advisory Committee reported on a meeting held between the President, Mr. Donald Grant, Mr. James Thomson, Provost Donald Thomson and officials representing the S.E.D., the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, the Scottish Council (Development and Industry) and the Scottish Tourist Board. The following recommendations were made:—(1) That the Tourist Board be asked to invite two spokesmen from An Comunn to join in a conference of representatives of Local Associations in the autumn to indicate the willingness of An Comunn to assist in the promotion of ceilidhs, to determine the correct forms of place names and the accuracy of guide books. (2) That a Gaelic phrase book be prepared and that assistance to meet the cost be sought from the Tourist Board. It was decided that a memorandum would be submitted to the Standing Council of Youth Service outlining purposes for Comunn na h-Oigridh, this to be prepared by Mr. J. A. Macdonald.

The Minute of the Publication Committee noted with satisfaction that already 2331 copies of the new Gaelic Comic, *Sradag*, were ordered, mostly by schools. The price was fixed at 1/- per copy. The first issue will be on sale in September. Further consideration was given to the need for and preparation of a comprehensive Gaelic-English and English-Gaelic Dictionary, and it was agreed to approach the appropriate Universities for their support financially and otherwise.

In a Minute of the Propaganda Committee, reference was made to the efforts of the Northern Organiser to encourage schools in the Lochaber area to take part in the local Mod. No new school decided to participate. The Northern Committee are concerned at the clashing of Mod dates in their area, and steps will be taken to prevent this happening in the future.

It was agreed to send the President and another member to visit the Manchester Branch early next session to discuss common interests. A new Branch has been formed in Falkirk, and an effort will be made to form one in Port

Glasgow, and there are prospects of forming a Branch in Whiting Bay. The Convener expressed disappointment at the poor response from members of the Council in the drive for new members. A tour of Kintyre has been proposed by the Campbeltown Branch, who have offered to make arrangements with various townships to hold meetings with a view to establishing Branches in suitable places.

It was proposed that An Comunn should have an all-Gaelic ceilidh in Edinburgh during the week of the Royal Highland Agricultural Society in future years. For propaganda purposes, it was decided to send copies of *An Gaidheal* to school libraries in the Gaelic area. Regular visitation of Branches was recommended, and the Convener suggested that Branches should be encouraged to hold at least one Gaelic church service each year.

At a meeting of the Mod and Music Committee held in April, Mr. Bannerman welcomed representatives of the Association of Gaelic Choirs who came to discuss common problems. It was agreed, because of cost, to print songs for choral competitions in solfa notation only. Choirs could make staff copies for their own use. The Committee felt that more intelligent adjudications could be expected, if language and music adjudicators sat together. Views in favour of separation were expressed by Mr. McConochie, a representative of the Association of Gaelic Choirs. In so far as time allowed, adjudicators should give pertinent comments on the songs at the close of competitions. The attendance of all choirs at both Grand Concerts was considered essential for the success of these concerts.

The draft Account of the Dundee Mod showed a surplus of £3,665. On this occasion again Mr. Moffatt-Pender paid Junior Choir expenses, amounting to £150 15s 6d.

The minute of 20th June noted that literal translations of the 1960 Mod songs would be provided. The Federation of Gaelic and Highland Societies of Canada forwarded £100 to provide two silver pendants each year for ten years for senior learners Vocal Solo Finals. The Royal Celtic Society offered a prize of £5 5s to be called "The Royal Celtic Society Prize" on the occasion of the Mod being held in Edinburgh.

**The Celtic Congress will be held
in Aberystwyth
from 8th to 13th August, 1960.**

Learning Gaelic by Sight and Sound

ARTHUR GEDDES

ENTHRALLED from childhood by the sweep of Gaelic songs heard on voice and violin, on broadcasts and records, and loving the land and the croft on which he goes to work in holidays, a young Edinburgh schoolboy said to me, "How can I learn Gaelic?" Not as one more "school subject," I thought to myself; "not with still more grinding home work." Then, how? How do young people come to grasp the words of a language so that real things embodying the spirit of an intimate tradition can become alive to them, become their own? One answer is that words come over by sounds linked to sights, when the vision of the thing named can be linked to the noun and actions linked to the verb, then both come true, alive through the "living word."

Beinn to Cladach

Things and the names for them come first, on the whole, and it is with one simple step that this note is concerned. My schoolboy had asked for maps of Blair Atholl and Glen Tilt which he knows, so as to see it as a whole in his mind's eye, and these were easily got: a one-inch (and half-inch) to mile map, and a six-inch map with every croft and field, with the place-names he knew and others he could soon learn of, but of which he could not tell the meaning. Here might be a start for him.

Now, with the one-and-half-inch maps of the Highlands and Isles a "Glossary of Gaelic (and Norse) Place Names" is issued as a four-page leaflet by H.M. Ordnance Survey and by Messrs. Bartholomew, the great Edinburgh map makers. So with its map before us and a leaflet at hand, we turned together to the glen we knew and named each place, each glen and ben (*gleann agus beinn*), river and burn (*'avon' or abhainn 'us allt*), pointed hill and knobby knock or hillock (*tom 'us cnoc*), moss and meadow (*moine 'us cluaine*), 'from beinn to cladach' or pebble bed of stream and shore.

Eagerly the boy spoke and then wrote down each word which, one by one, he recognised and identified by the spots he knew, with many he liked or loved. The sights he knew were translated into sounds, recorded and recognisable in writing. In half-an-hour he found he had the fair beginning of an essential vocabulary of the commonest elements of Highland life, the land itself, his own land, a *dhùthaich fhéin*.

The next ambition was to work right through the little Glossary in a new, but simple way.

Starting with a plain sheet of paper, he wrote down each Gaelic word, with the familiar Lowland equivalent where given, *abhainn* or *amhuin* with *Avon* or *Almond*, *cnoc* and *knock*, or *baile* and *bal*—. For each thing and its name we sketched a simple symbol: for *allt* a single sinuous line; for *abhainn* a double winding line; for *anbher* or *inver* two sinuous lines joining, or one emerging on to a loch, by inlet or by delta, *sugach* or "Suceouth"; and for the rough shape of each hill or hillock he knew by name, progressively more pointed from *meall* and *cnoc* to *tulach*, from *màm* to *cioch*, from *càrn* or *cairn*-fringed steep to *creag*, *craig* or *erag*. The image of the inner eye and the expressive sound to listening ear, were linked and became "one." Instead of the grammarians' cold blooded lists as items to memorise, each known thing naturally called up its visual symbol (however crude) and its heard (and written) sound. It is not for a geographer (such as the Writer) to pretend to supplant the trained language teacher; yet our linguistic colleagues do learn their trade indoors in class rooms, not out of doors where Gaelic begins. I hope the hint will add, not in any way detract from the language teacher's special skill.

Now "No good idea is new," brand new; and the excellent Gaelic course of the B.B.C. by John Bannerman with its attractive pamphlet rightly brings in place-names. All that we tried together, the boy and I, was to take it a step further, using the simple means at hand; the map of a place we knew with one of these handy Glossaries. Highland schools are encouraged to buy the local maps for the children. Many or most of our rural teachers from Dee and Spey to the Outer Isles know little Gaelic, yet most are ready to learn and very few are hostile to the native tongue. Highland Directors of Education are sympathetic. Here may be one small way of "co-ordinating" learning for the rural bairns who, one hopes, may grow up to be rural workers and co-operators, whether "abroad" or, best of all, at home.

Translation for the Learner

Those to whom the willing recruits of *An Comunn* (such as the writer) owe the fine work done by our native-speaking organisers, editors and committees, may sometimes not be fully aware of our difficulties. The need to translate is greater than native speakers quite realise. For example, we recruits would wish not only to maintain the *Gaidhlig* section of *An Gaidheal*, but to see the purely Gaelic periodical *Gairm* be noised abroad. Yet when, we turn to a scholarly series of essays in *An Gaidheal* such

as Derick Thomson's "Gaelic poets of the 18th century" we learners are stopped short just when we most want help, for lack of translations in the verses quoted in Gaelic. Yet surely the critic would agree that since the purpose of his critique is to add to understanding of the verses, poem by poem, that understanding should not be withheld.

The scholarly series of volumes of Gaelic bards with prose translations help immensely and the more literal the prose for this purpose, the better. For the rhythm and feeling of our *bàrdachd*, our sung poetry, the example set by J. L. Campbell of Canna's *Gaelic Bards of the 'Forty-five'* is too rarely followed. This is to print all the available airs, with a first stanza printed below.

Song and Translations

So, last, a reference to the highest aim of language learning: initiation into the spirit, the heritage of a people. The tradition of Gaelic is oral above all and even more significant than the written, is the spoken, the living word. And beyond this the rhythm and flowing pattern of sound-waves, the word music of the language linked to melody, in song. And here, as one with Gaelic forebears who has had to learn every one of the few words he knows, may I plead once more for translation, above all translation in song? Few in the movement for Gaelic song, *céilidh* and concert, have as yet recognised the need for something no organiser of classical or modern concert or recital would do without, a programme with translations. Musical audiences in our cities expect to hear songs in the language in which they were composed. But they do not pretend to understand all the languages, German, French, Italian or Latin, they may hear in a single recital in a winter season or an International Festival. However "highbrow" they may be—and the higher the better—most individuals may not even be familiar enough with one of the languages used to follow it in song. So programmes are specially printed with the words in translation, and if possible with the original, side by side. These are always considered part of the necessary organisation—and expense—of concert or recital, and are paid for, in part or whole, by the organisers, whether "commercially" or assisted by the Arts Council of Great Britain. Alternatively, for instrumental music, the themes (or leading melodies) are printed, for understanding and enjoyment. Can our Gaelic movement do either of these things, or is the expense too great? Expense is undoubtedly high.

A Contribution

One solution I have attempted, with some success at home and overseas, is to have our Gaelic songs sung in their own tongue and selected from a single small and cheap song book with the translations and the music, printed in staff for the high brows and solfa for the rest of us. This—if I may be forgiven for mentioning it—is the aim of "The Songs of Craig and Ben : lays, laments, love songs and lilts of our mountaineers and cragsmen" (of which the second volume is in the press with Maclellan, Glasgow, C.2.)

All of us who care for the maintenance of our Gaelic tongue and the traditions it stands for, and who wish not merely to defend it in retreat, but to advance its cause among all who are ready to share in enjoying it, be they Scots in the Lowlands and overseas, or strangers from the South or from the Continent, must help the willing learner, not rebuff him. When we of *An Comunn* do not even go so far as every other concert organisation in the land by supplying translations, are we truly seeking to recruit for our cause? Or are we simply rebuffing those who do not already know the language? The Annual National *Mod* finely fulfils one great national need: to keep alive our language and music, *ar cànan 's ar ceòl*, among all who know and among all who can give full time and effort to learn a song, even though they are not native speakers. But a wider circle is almost ignored: those who cannot themselves sing to the standards expected in the *Mod* but who would fain understand the poetry of the songs in order to enjoy it.

A second branch of the song promotion by *An Comunn* to be linked with the Gaelic Classes it supports, is surely to make arrangements for *Ceilidh* and concert in the ever less and less Gaelic-speaking Highlands and in the Lowlands, in country and in town, accompanied by translation. It we sincerely wish to make the Gaelic tradition real, alive and enjoyed among our young folk, we must meet their needs, and wishes. We all know that only a small minority of Highland children from Strathtay to Cape Wrath still speak Gaelic. We must envisage ways and means. In the first part of this little article I have tried to show one of many needed ways to learn the Gaelic in a living way. In this, the second part, I would plead for a freer and greater use of translation. One use is in good articles on Gaelic, such as those just cited. Above all, I would plead for aid by translation of our songs, in Gaelic *céilidhs*.

The Black Bothy on Wyvis

IN the Parish of Alness, Ross-shire, about three-quarters of a mile north of the Black Rock, and just below Marshall's Gate there is a very old churchyard, now overgrown with trees, among which the old-fashioned gravestones can still be seen. One of these gravestones was of particular interest to the famous smuggler, Old Donald Fraser, and his cronies; for below the stone there was a grave empty except when a wee barrel or two rested in it. Between the churchyard and the Black Rock, below Assynt House, are the White Wells where it was known the Little People came at night to drink of the glorious water and dance on the huge water-lily leaves. Old Donald in his nocturnal journeyings to and from the Black Rock and the old churchyard often saw the little People, and it was they who taught him to make tea from the Grandvay Plant that grows at the White Wells, and which was in great demand in the North as a cure for eczema.

Donald's Black Bothy was in the Black Rock just above Pool-Luchish, and was so well hid that it was never discovered by the gaugers. In fact, this bothy was so safe that other smugglers in the district, although they did not actually know where the place was, used to take their spirits to the old churchyard, where Donald collected it, took it to his bothy and disposed of it as occasion arose. One of the smugglers was known as Wyvis John, and a particular friend of Donald's. His bothy was on the north-west shoulder of Ben Wyvis, 2000 feet above Loch Glass, and could only be reached by a secret path known only to a select few, among them Donald. Wyvis John was one of those who used the empty grave, but when he was on one of his trips there he was never seen on the road, but it was known he crossed Sooro-halter in the dead of night, which brave men would hardly tackle through the day. One night before the New Year, Old Donald got a message that there was something in the grave, and accordingly, as was his wont, at twelve midnight he went to collect it. He moved back the gravestones, and had just pulled the barrel out of the grave when he noticed a figure standing by watching him.

Immediately, Donald thought that this was none other than a gauger, and that he was caught. The figure, however, seemed to guess what was in Donald's mind, for it spoke and said, "Have no fear, Donald, for I am no gauger, but a man after your own heart."

Donald took comfort in this and asked the stranger who he was and how he knew what was in the grave. To this the stranger replied, "It does not matter what my name is, and it is few graves that I do not know what is in them." Donald answered, "You will be a minister or a doctor then, and out for a bit of sport like myself." The stranger said, "Maybe, but what I want is for you to take me to your bothy and let me see how you draw the whisky, for I hear you are the best in all Scotland at it." This was true, for when a special brew was due to be taken off Donald was often sent for by the other smugglers. This remark of the stranger pleased Donald greatly, and he went nearer to him. He saw he was a tall, dark man wearing a long Inverness cloak down to his heels, with a reddish tam-o'-shanter on his head. Donald said to him, "I would be very pleased indeed to let you see me at my work, but our Worm is broken just now and won't be ready for a week yet. But if you'll meet me three nights hence at the same time at the east end of Loch Glass I'll take you to a place where you'll be welcome, and you'll see all you want to see." To this the stranger agreed, and they parted.

Donald went on his way to the Black Rock, and when passing the White Wells he heard the Little People whispering to him. "Be careful, Donald Fraser." Donald thought they meant his descent into the Rock with his burden, and thought no more about it. At the appointed time he was waiting at the east end of Loch Glass. He felt ill at ease although he often met his friends there. The Loch tonight seemed darker and more foreboding than ever. It was dead calm, and not a sound could be heard. Donald was looking at the water, when suddenly there was a sound at his back like the sigh of the wind in the heather, and when he turned, there was the stranger dressed in the same way as when they first met. "I did not hear you coming," Donald said, and the stranger smiled. "You are a bit late," Donald continued, "but I thought you might have lost your way." "Oh no," replied the stranger, "I had other business on hand but now I am ready, so we'll go." Donald and he set out on their two mile walk along the lochside before they could reach the secret path. They talked as they went along about the brewing of whisky concerning which the stranger seemed to know quite a lot. When they reached the path, Wyvis John was waiting for them; he had received word that Donald was bringing a friend. John welcomed the stranger, but no name was asked as he thought he was some "toff" out for a bit of sport. After a pull at the bottle which John had brought they com-

menced the 2000 feet climb up the mountain. At last they reached the cave and went inside. There they met half-a-dozen others—shepherds and gillies from round about, and a well known innkeeper from Garve.

Smuggling at that time was carried on in a big way. After the hospitality of the cave had been duly sampled the main business of the night was started. The brew was ready, and Old Donald took his seat at the end of the Worm and commenced to draw off the "Foeshot." This proceeding requires a great deal of skill coupled with strong lungs, and takes some time, but at last the job was done and the clear spirit proper began to drip slowly from the Worm into a stone jar. Donald then sat back well pleased with his effort, and turning to the stranger he said, "How's that?" The stranger replied, "Grand, but I think I could get a bigger flow." Donald was at once on his metal, and said, "Here, have a go at it."

R. MACDONALD ROBERTSON.

(To be continued)

NATIONAL MOD—EDINBURGH, 1960

Entries

	Juniors	Seniors
Literary	18	33
Oral	263	67
Solo and Duet Singing	221	501
Choral	39	100
Music Compilation ..	—	1
Clarsach	—	13
Instrumental (Pianoforte and Violin) ..	17	10
Art and Industry ..	12	23
	570	748

Total Entries—1318.

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—EDINBURGH, 1960

Received at Edinburgh—

Previously acknowledged	£505	8	—
Matthew P. Kidd, Esq., Glasgow ..	1	1	—
Stirling Branch ..	9	5	6
Stirling Gaelic Society ..	25	—	—
John Murchison & Coy., Ltd., Dunoon ..	1	1	—
The Clan MacPherson Association	3	3	—

Golspie Branch	5	5	—
The Highland Lawn Tennis Club, Edin- burgh	20	—	—
William Hume, Esq., Glasgow	1	1	—
Clan Ferguson Society..	5	—	—

£576 4 6

Received at Glasgow—

Previously acknowledged	£87	19	—
Miss L. E. Cox, M.B.E., Dunkeld	—	10	—
Mrs. A. N. MacKay, Iona Mrs. W. R. Malcolmson, Milngavie	—	5	—
—	—	10	—
Mr. & Mrs. John Mac- Donald, Glasgow ..	—	10	—
Miss C. Macdonald, Glenelg	—	10	—
Miss Margaret MacPhee, Glasgow	—	10	—
A. Munro, Esq., Inver- shin	—	5	—
Mrs. Louis de Glehn, Edinburgh	1	1	—
Neil Leitch, Esq., L.D.S., Glasgow ..	—	9	—
Miss M. L. MacDougall, Edinburgh	1	—	—
John A. Smith, Esq., Glasgow	1	—	—
Mrs. M. A. Matheson, Kyle	1	—	—
Donald MacNiven, Esq., Dunkeld	—	10	—
Mrs. Euphemia Whyte, Kirk	2	2	—
Misses Dudgeon, Mussel- burgh	—	10	—
Dr. Dugald Ferguson, Connel	1	1	—
Collection at Shinty Match—Celtic Society Cup Final—per Mrs. Edgar	4	10	3
Donald A. MacNeill, Esq., Colonsay ..	1	—	—
Miss M. C. MacKenzie, Bishopbriggs	2	2	—
David Skae, Esq., Cardiff	2	2	—
H. H. Foers, Esq., Stockton-on-Tees ..	—	9	—
Forres Branch	15	—	—
Aberdeen Branch ..	10	10	—
D. MacArthur, Esq., St. Andrews	—	15	—
Miss C. A. Macfarlane, Dundee	—	10	—
Mrs. Stewart of Fasna- cloich, So. Africa ..	2	—	—

138 10 3

£714 14 9

COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Previously acknowledged ..	£115	4	—
Gairloch Branch	23	11	—
Dingwall Branch	—	12	—
Forres Branch	—	4	2
Brora Branch	—	10	3
Beaully Branch	—	6	—

Total for Year to 31st March, 1960 .. £171 — 4

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LV

AN T-SULTUIN, 1960

Aireamh 9

NA GAIDHEIL A BH'ANN

SO cunntas aithghearr air na Gaidheil a bh'ann o chionn ceithir cheud deug bliadhna air ais—an tigheadas, an crann-chur agus an dòigh-beatha a bha aca, mar a lorgar sin anns an eachdraidh a thàinig a nuas thugainn troimh na linntean dorcha.

Gheibhear a' chiad iomradh a tha againn air Alba ann an sgrìobhaidhean na Gréige agus na Ròimhe. Agus an cunntas as mionaidiche a tha againn air Gaidheil an ama a dh'ainmich mi gheibhear sgrìobhte ann an Laidinn mar an ceudna, ach chan e Ròmanach ach Eireannach a sgrìobh e, Ard Aba a chuir seachad mòran de bheatha am measg nan Gaidheal.

1. Na Gaidheil air muir: Tha sinn mion eòlach air euchdan nan Gaidheal air cuan, arsan cogadh agus an sìth, 'nar latha agus an latha ar sinnsre. Chan ann an diugh no'n dé a chuir iad an cas air sàl air tùs. Their cuid gur h-ann o na Lochlainnich anns an naoith-eamh linn a fhuair na Gaidheil eòlas na mara an toiseach. Ach 's e tha fìor gu robh na Gaidheil eòlach gu leòr air muir ceudan bliadhna mus tàinig soithichean Lochlainneach air àruinn nan cladaichean againn.

Bha maraichean o chrìochan Tìr a' Gheallaidh a' sgaoileadh eòlas na mara anns na puirt a Deas o chionn dà mhìle bliadhna, agus cò aige tha fios cuin a chunnacas soithichean seòlaidh an cois cladaichean a Siar Alba an toiseach. Tha fios math againn nuair a thòisich na naoimh a' craobh-sgaoileadh an t-soisgeil 's a' cheathramh linn air taobh an iar na dùthcha gur e an cuan an rathad mòr a bh' aca a chionn cha robh rathad eile ann. Agus anns an t-siathamh linn bha dol is tighinn eadar Eirinn is Alba, eadar Alba agus dùthchannan na Roinn Eòrpa daonna. Bha barrachd air

aon inneal seòlaidh air a chleachdadh leotha. Bha curraichean beaga is móra a' giùlan bathair agus daoine eadar dùthaich is dùthaich, eadar eilean is eilean. Ach bha eathraichean agus bàtaichean air an togail le déileachan fiodha, agus feadhainn air an cladhach a mach a stoc nan craobh, ni tha nochdadh gu robh craobhan dosrach tomadach a' fàs mu na cladaichean aig an àm. Tha e air aithris gu robh curraichean aca ri slòdadh craobhan móra troma o Thìr-Mór gu Eilean I, airson thighean is àirneis agus shoitichean seòlaidh de gach seòrsa.

Chan eil an teagamh as lugha nach robh iasgach a' dol air adhairt anns na bàigh agus mu na h-eileanan leis na h-eathraichean so, oir fhuaradh dubhain chnàmh agus umha anns na seann làraich an cois na mara.

2. Na Dachaidhean: A nis faodar a' cheist a chur, Càite an robh na bailtean air an suidh-eachadh, agus dé seòrsa thighean a bha aca?

Cha robh an sluagh lionmhor anns a' Ghaidh-ealtachd aig an am-sa, agus air an aobhar sin cha robh bailtean móra ann. Cha robh ann ach cròileagain thighean thall 's a bhos, aig beul aibhne, aig ceann locha, no am fàsghadh an tuim, no gu tric air cladaichean a Siar na dùthcha agus anns na h-eileanan, an cois na mara an achlais gach bàigh—àite sam bith a bha goireasach airson feurach spréidhe.

Bha na tighean suarach gu leòr—na ballachan air an dèanamh le slatag-beithe no caol is criadh, clach is ùir, no fiodh as a' choille. Bha an ceann tughte le cuile no luachair no fraoch, agus an làr de thalamh no de chriadh. An uinneag a leigeadh a steach an solus leigeadh i mach an deathach nach dèanadh a rathad troimhe 'n doras no troimh mhullach an tìghe.

Cha robh iarraidh air móran àirneis. Nam biodh leabaidh agus stòl ann agus cumain fiodha airson uisge agus bainne chumail agus inneal còcaireachd, cha robh feum air a' chòrr.

Bha na tighean furasda an togail agus soirbh an cumail, agus a theagamh nach biodh daoine stigh annta ach nuair a b' fheudar.

3. Am biadh: Cho fad's a chì sinn, bha na Gaidheil air an deagh bheathachadh. Chan eil e duilich idir a thogail o'n eachdraidh dé am biadh a chleachd iad ged nach eil iomradh sònruichte air a dhèanamh air. Bha coirce agus còrna a' fàs aca agus tha iomradh air àthan gu tireadh a' ghràin, agus bràthan làimhe agus muillean uisge gus a bhleith.

Nis, ged nach eil e air inneadh gu robh iad a' fuine bhonnach tha fios gu robh a' mhion air a cur am feum air an dòigh-sa. Agus tha sinn cinnteach gu robh iad a' dèanamh lite oir chì sinn gu robh na Ròmanaich a' tilgeadh air na Gaidheil fada roimh an am-sa gu robh iad sultmhor le lite!

Cha robh teaghlach gun chrodh agus 's e bainne a' chruidh biadh cho pailt agus cho luachmhor 's bha aca. Bha iad a' dèanamh ime is càise agus gruth daonnan.

A chionn 's gu robh crodh gu leòr aca, a thuilleadh air caoraich is mucan, bha pailteas feòla aca. Tha e coltach gur ann ròsda a bha iad ag itheadh na feòla gu bitheanta. Bha am beathach air a ròsdadh slàn a muigh. Chan ann gun aobhar a bha so idir. Cha robh móran cleachdaidh air salann fhathast, agus gun salann cha seas feòil amh fada blasda.

Tha e soilleir gu robh iasg ùr air clàr mar an ceudna, bradan agus geadas a' bhainne, agus éisg eile a ghlacadh leotha an cois a' chladaich le linn is dubhain, agus anns na cairidhean nuair a thilleadh an làn. Cha robh dìth bidh no annlann air na Gaidheil anns an là ud oir cha robh iad aon chuid aineolach no leisg, agus do bhrìgh nach robh an sluagh ach tearc an àireamh agus gu robh saorsa chuain agus farsuingeachd bhèanne is ghleann aca, cha robh aobhar aca acras fhulang.

4. An Obair: (a) Tha e furasda gu leòr a thuigsinn dé 'n rian cosnaidh bu docha leotha. 'S e àrach bheathaichean am prìomh obair a bh' aca. Cha robh teaghlach nach robh togail chruidh, an dà chuid timcheall nam bailtean, agus ré an t-samhraidh, air an àirigh, air slios nan cnoc 's nam beann.

'S e teaghlach bochd aig nach biodh ach sia mart, agus cha bhiodh duine air a mheas saobhair aig nach biodh còrr is ceud ceann chruidh.

Chum an crodh riutha bainne, is feòil, is seicheannan, cuid a bha iad a' reic thar chuain agus cuid a bha iad ag cur am feum iad fhéin

anns na dachaidhean agus a' dèanamh chur-achiean leotha. Bha craiceann agus clòimh nan caorach aca airson aodaich, agus feòil chaorach agus muc-fheòil airson bidh.

(b) A thuilleadh air àrach bheathaichean, bha cuid de 'n t-sluagh co-dhiùbh ri àiteach fearainn. 'S e coirce is eòrna an dà bharr sònruichte bha iad a' togail. Cha tàinig am buntàta dh' Albainn gu ceudan bliadhna an déidh an ama-sa.

Mar a dh'ainmich mi cheana bha muillean uisge ann gu bhith bleith a' ghràin, ged is e na bràthan làimhe bu trice a chiteadh, agus anns na h-àthan beaga aca fhéin rinn iad an tireadh.

Bha nàdur de chaol aca airson nan curach fo na craicinn, agus bha iad a' togail na dh' fheumadh iad de 'n chaol-sa chan ann a mhàin airson an aobhair sin ach mar an ceudna airson farsaichean nan each a bha iad a' fighe le làmhan fhéin, agus airson dorsan do thighean fasaigaidh nam beathaichean ri an-uair agus iomadh inneal feumail am broinn tighe.

Chan eil teagamh nach robh iad a' togail lusan air nach eil cunntas againn, oir tha iomradh air garradaichean againn an cois nan abaidhean. Agus tha fios gu robh dòighean na h-abaid a' ruighinn na tuatha.

(c) Tha e soilleir mar an ceudna gu robh luchd ceàirde làmhcharach a' faighinn oil-eineachadh oir gheibh sinn iomradh air a' ghobha, an saor 's an clachair, am fuinneadair 's an tughadair ann an eachdraidh Eilein I.

Tha luaidh air a dhèanamh air na h-innealan de gach seòrsa agus cumadh a bha air an dèanamh de umha is iarunn, de fhiodh, de chraicionn agus de chriadh. Bha iad a' dèanamh achfuinn cogaidh—sleaghan, biodagan, agus claidheamhan—agus goireasan feumail airson oibr-each—sginnean, làmhthuidhean agus tàil. Gu bhith 'gùlan agus a' cumail uisge agus bainne, bha iad a' dèanamh innealan freagarrach le fiodh is craicionn, le umha agus criadh.

(d) Ged tha fios againn gu robh obair iasgaich air chois anns na h-aibhnichean agus ris na cladaichean, chan eil e furasda lorg dé'm meas a bha iad a' cur air an iasgach.

(e) Bha an cuan fosgailte eadar Gaidheil Alba agus dùthchannan na Roinn Eòrpa. Cha do chail na Ceiltich cuimhne air blas an fhìona air dhaibh an Roinn Eorpa fhàgail air an cùl. Tha iomradh san eachdraidh, air fìon na Spàinne agus na h-Eadailte gu minic, agus gu tric thàinig fìon airson craicinn agus an éric soithichean dealbhach air tìr air cladaichean an Iar Alba. Bha luchd soithich a' falbh agus luchd soithich a' tighinn o am gu am.

Foghnaidh na sgrìobh mi gu bhith nochdadh nach robh sluagh na Gaidhealtachd idir ain-

eolach, agus gu bhith dearbhadh gun d'fhuair iad eadhon anns an t-siathamh linn oilein-eachadh an iomadh gnè ceàirde a dh'fhàg iad an tombais mhór neo-eisimeileach agus a choisinn dhaibh na bha feumail airson an teachd-an-tìr a sholair.

5. Subhailcean: (a) Gheibhear freumhan cuid de na subhailcean a mholar am beatha a' Ghaidheil 'nar là fhìn anns na Gaidheil a bh'ann. Bha iad sònruichte airson cho *oidheil* 's a bha iad ris an fheumach no ris a' choigreach. Tha na naoimh a bha sibhal leis an t-Soisgeul air feadh farsuingeach na tìre agus a' seòladh gu eileanan iomallach a' chuain ag aithris air fàilte is furan nan Gaidheal—cho ullamh 's a bha iad aig gach am gu bhith 'freasgairt orra le biadh is deoch is leabaith, agus cho tiarainte 's a bha iad-san 'nan imeachd 'nam measg.

Tha marsantan á Eirinn a bha seòladh timcheall a' Chairbh air an slighe gu dùthchannan thairis agus a' gabhail fàsaidh ri stoirm am bàigh 's an lochan Inns-gall a' fàgail an aon teisdeanas orra, agus chan eil atharrachadh beachd aig a' chuid aca bha sibhal d'an cois o chladach gu cladach tarsuing Druim Alba air an turas do'n Olaind no do Lochlainn. Tha iad uile aonaichte anns a' bharail nach robh suaghe eile ann a b'aidheile na na Gaidheil. Gheibheadh fear na faighe còmhnaidh mar gheibheadh e 'nar là fhein.

(b) Bha iad mar an ceudna air am meas *dileas do'n gealladh*. Bha neach a' bhriseadh fhacal air a mbeas mar neach a rinn droch ghnìomh, agus air a pheanasachadh gu trom.

(c) Agus ma bha iad dileas do'm bòid bha iad sgoinneil, fearail an gnìomh, agus ullamh airson an còirichean a sheasamh.

(d) Tha Gaidheil air latha-ne, agus gu sònruichte muinntir nan Eileanan a Siar, ainmeil airson cho fosgailte 's a tha iad do sgeul an t-soisgeil, agus gu bheil iad mar thoradh air sin uasal agus iriosal 'nan dòigh. Chan e nì ùr tha sin idir. Gheibhear e anns na daoine o'n tàinig iad—o chionn iomadh linn air ais.

Na naoimh a ghluais 'nam measg leis an t-soisgeul o'n cheathramh dh'ionnsaigh an t-siathamh linne dh'fhàg iad cunntas air am mór mbeas a bh'orra anns gach ceàrnaidh 's na thadhail iad, agus an cothrom a fhuair iad a dhol far an togradh iad gun duine cur dragh orra.

Agus nach d'fhuair na manaich a sheòl gu minic mu na cladaichean aca, a thadhail orra 'nam feum, agus a shuidhich an *cill* anns gach ionad fàsaile air Tìr Mór agus an eileanan a' chuain, an dearbh aoidheachd agus an dearbh shaorsa gun am beatha chaitheamh mar bu mhiann leotha, an ionadan aonaranach far nach laigheadh sùil orra. Tha làraichean nan

ceall aca air an comharrachadh a mach an iomadh ceàrnaidh de'n Ghaidhealtachd gun an là an diugh.

Sin, matà, criomag de'n eachdraidh a thàinig a nuas thugainn mu na Gaidheil a bh'ann.

Ceist

Chuala mi eadar-theangachadh air bàrdachd Robert Burns 's e sgrìobhadh air "Bu dù do'n duine am bròn." Tha amharus agam gur ann am mìosachan eaglais a chaidh a chlà-bhualadh an toiseach. Bhithinn fada an comain duine sam bith aig a bheil lorg air gu h-iomlan nan innseadh e dhomh càite am faigh mi an còrr deth.

So aon rann an cainnt a' bhàird fhéin, agus mar a chuireadh sìos an Gàidhlig e:

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

Ma chaidh mo chruthachadh san rùn
Bu dù dhomh bhith 'nam thràill
Carson a fhuair mi ciall is tìr?
B'e staid na brùid a b'fheàrr.
'S mar deach carson a tha mi'n dràs
Fo smachd is sùil fir mhòir?
Carson tha cead aig neach tha làthair
A bhràthair chuir fo bhron?

FEAR-FARRAID.

1. Bha astar math aig Dòmhnall beag ri dhol do'n sgoil. An là bha so có a choinnich e ach ministear na sgrì. "Seadh a ghille bhig, agus dé an t-ainm a tha ort fhéin an diugh?" "A Dhia beannaich mi," ars am balach, "na dhiochuidhnic sibh m'ainm mu thràth? Nach eil fhios glé mhath agaibh gur sibh fhéin a bhaist mi?"

2. Cha robh beachd còir aig Iain air cluich an fhir eile, agus chàineadh e oidhirpean gu sgairteil. "Seall air," ars esan, "cha chuireadh e am ball-coise troimh phàipear fiuch." Lean an cluich is lean an càineadh agus an tug an slaodaire sgailc làidir do'n bhall gun sùil càit an robh e dol. Bhuail e Iain an clàr an aodainn. Le briosgadh srog esan a bhoineid air a cheann, agus thuirt e, "Their mi so riut co-dhiùbh, chan eil ceum dhiot bodhar".

NIALL MACGHILLEATHAIN

(Niall an Tàilleir)

leis

AN OIL. UTT. ALASDAIR MACFHIONGHUIN

THA teann air dh' fhichead bliadhna bho'n chacchail Niall Mac 'Ill-Leathain, no Niall an Tàilleir mar a bu trice a theirte ris, ach dhaibh-san d'am b'aithne e agus a tha fhathast beò, tha a phearsa ghada, is a ghnùis fhathail ag éirigh fa'n comhair cho soilleir is ged a b'ann an dé a chunnaic iad mu dheireadh e; agus ged a fhuair a' mhór-chuid de'n ghinealach d'am buineadh e an t-aiseag, tha àireamh nach beag fhathast, de Ghaidheil nan Eileanan gu sònraichte, a bhiteas ag eiridinn a chuimhne, agus a' cur clach air a chàrn aige an drásd is a rithist cho fad's is beò iad; oir chunnaic iad annsan buadhan, feartan, agus maise neo-chumanta; agus thug e eiseimpeir dhaibh air fìor chliù a chinnich Ghaidhealach.

Rugadh Niall anns a' Chaolas, an Eilean Thiriodh anns a' bhliadhna ochd-ceud deug leth-cheud is a h-aon, do Lachluinn Tàilleir. B'e amhàthair Anna Nic 'Illeathain, nighean bràthar do bhàrd Thighearna Cholla—Iain Mac 'Illeathain. Mar sin, b'e Mac 'Illeathain a bha ann an Niall air taobh athar is màthar; agus bha fuil a' bhàird 'na chuislean. An déidh dha'n sgoil fhàgail, chaidh e gu muir; ach cha do lean e a' mharachd; agus dh'ionnsaich e an t-saorsuinneachd ann an Glaschu; agus bha e 'na fhear-ciùird comhlionta. Mun am ud bha iomradh mór air Africa mu dheas, mar dhùthaich a bha a' tairgse cothrom fharsuing do luchd-ciùird, agus thog Niall air, agus shaothraich e san dùthaich sin fad cheithir bliadhna. Ach ma bha am pàigheadh maith, b'e sin uile na bha còrdadh ris de chor. Ann an duan a rinn e air a shuidheachadh, tha e ag ràitinn:—

“Tha mi'n diugh a meag nan Duitseach
Nam Basutach 's nan Coranach
Nam Maisengach, 's nan Suluach;
'S beag a tha mo shund ri àbhachd.”

Teas is tioramachd, Duitsich is daoine-dubha —dh' fhàs e sgìth dhiubh; agus thill e dhachaidh. Leis na choisinn e an Africa chuir e air bonn gnothuch saorsuinneachd ann an Glaschu anns an do lean e gu soirbheachail fad a chòrr d'a bheatha. Phòs e bana Mhuileach, Catriona NicPhàidein, piuthar a' Bhàird ghrinn de'n ainm agus thog iad teaghlach, aon mhac agus ceithir nigheanan. Chaochail e anns a' bhliadhna naoi ceud deug agus naoi deug.

Ach carson a tha a chuimhne cho làidir, leanailteach a dh'aindeoin na tuil eachdruidh is upraid anns an Domhan o na dh'fhalbh

e? Tha, a chionn gur e fìor dhuine, fìor Ghaidheal agus fìor Chrisduidh a bh'ann; agus cho fhad 's a ruitheas uilt gu cuan, bithidh an seòrsa sin a' seasamh os cionn chàich mar cheannardan-iùil, na mar thighean-soluis. Bha mòran mhìlltean Ghaidheal an Glaschu 'na thim-san ann; 'nam meag uile, bha Niall an Tàilleir comharraichte airson a choltas; bha e mór, calma, dìreach 'na bhodhaig, le feusag dhonn m'a ghnùis réidh—coltas fìor ursann-chatha an am feuma. Ach ma bha e làidir 'na choluinn, bha mar an ceudna inntinn shoilleir, gheur ann, le comas a' bhàird air cainnt thlachdmhor a chur air a smuaintean, agus air na chitheadh e—duine fearail, comasach; air an laigheadh an t-sùil le tlachd.

Ach mar Ghaidheal, bha eud neo-chumanta làidir ann airson eachdraidh, cànan, ceòl, cleachdadh agus leasachadh cor a shluaigh féin. Bha eachdraidh nan Gaidheal beò 'na inntinn; bha euchdan Chloinn 'Illeathain feadh nan linntean mar gum b'ann an dé; agus bha iomradh cliùiteach nan réiseimaidean Gaidhealach anns na linntean as faisge dhuinn 'na aobhar uail dha. A thaobh na cànan, cha robh Gaidheal riann aig an robh barrachd spéis dhi, na a chleachd i na bu dìlse, no a rinn barrachd oidhirp air a cumail ann an cleachdadh, agus saor o thruaillleadh. B'es an a réir mo thuigse, aon de phrìomh luchd-stéidheachaidh Céilidh nan Gaidheal—an aon Chomunn ann an robh agus anns a bheil fhathast a' Ghàidhlig a mhàin 'g a cleachdadh a h-uile Sathuirne sa' Gheamhradh ann an sgrìobhadh, an leughadh, an deasbod, agus ann an seinn chan ann a mhàin an Glaschu, ach an Albainn uile, no is dòcha, anns an t-saoghal uile. Cha mhór nach robh Niall cho dileas do'n Chéilidh oidhche Di-Sathuirne 'sa bha e do dh' eaglais Chalum Cille Di-dòmhuich; agus ar leam-sa gum b'ann a bha e a' faotainn comhfhurtachd agus blaiteachadh da ghnè gu léir le fuaim chaoin na cànan mhàthaireachail 'na chluasan ann an òraidean agus seanachas agus ann am binneas nan duan agus nan dàn. Anns an òran a rinn e air a' chéilidh, tha fhaireachduinn anns a' chiad rann:—

“Hi-liu hoirinn, hug is boirinn
'S mi tha coma de their càch ris
'S toigh leam fhìn bhì anns a' Chéilidh
'S éisdeachd sgeulachd anns a' Ghàidhlig.”

Anns an t-seachas an déidh nan òraidean, bu

ghasda leis a phàirt a ghabhail agus a bheachd a thoirt seachad; agus dhèanadh e sin gu cothromach, agus am bitheantas le feala-dhà nach tugadh oibhneam do dh'aon, is a bheireadh toileachadh do'n chòmhdhail uile. Tha cuimhn' agam air deasbòd a bha'n nòidhe air a' chuspair—"Am bheil tamhaisg ann?" Bha cuid ag ràitinn gu bheil, agus ceud nach eil, seadh, nach e spioradan nam marbh, no nam beò a tha tàibhearán a' faicinn. Dh'éirich caraid do Niall, d'am b'ainm Eachann, agus thubhairt e gu bheil tamhaisg ann, is gun robh riamh. "Nach eil cuimhn' agaibh" ars' esan, "air an triùir fhear a thaghail air an athair chòir Abraham air Mamre, a thoirt fios dha gu'm biodh mac aig a mhnaoi, Sarah, a dh'aindeoin a h-aoise? Dé eile a bh'annta sud ach trì tamhaisg, no spioradan?" Bha'm beachd ud glé chudthromach, agus coltach ris a' cheist a chur a dh'aon taobh, gus an d'éirich Niall, a bha air an taobh eile anns an deasbòd. An toiseach, thug e air aghaidh a riasain air son a bheachd nach eil tamhaisg ann idir, 'se sin, nach e spioradan dhaoine a th'annta ach cruithneach faileasach a bha ag éirigh a intinnean dhaoine. Chomh-dhuin e mar so: "chaidh mo charaid Eachann, mar is àbhaist dha, do'n Bhiobull a dhearbhadh gu bheil iad ann. Thug e air aghaidh an triùir choigreach a thaghail air Abraham. Dé eile a th'ann-ta sud dh'fharraid e, ach spioradan no tamhaisg. "Tamhaisg gu dearbh!" arsa Niall. "B' iadsan na tamhaisg! Chaidh iad a stigh leis an duine chòir agus dh'ith iad laogh". Chaidh argumaid Eachuinn ma sgaoil ann an luath-ghair na cuideachd. Sin agaibh deadh eiseimpleir air cho deas, cuimseach, geur, agus àbhachdach 's a bhà fhacal.

Ach a bharrachd air a sin, bha innleachd na bàrdachd aig Niall; agus cha bu dragh leis a cleachdadh cho luath is a chitheadh no a chluinneadh e na ghluaiseadh e. Tha a' chuid as fearr d'a shaothair ri fhaoitinn anns an leabhar—"Na Bàird Thirisdeach" a dh'ullaicheadh leis an Urramach nach maireann, Eachunn Camshron. Tha còig ar fhichead dàn is duan le Niall anns a' chomh-chruinneachadh mheasail ud, air iomadh cuspair, cuid dhiubh chudthromach, cuid dhiubh éibhinn, mar a fheargradh. Mar tha a Chumha do Shir Eachunn Dòmhnallach—so rann dhi:—

'Thu bhi d' shineadh do'n phloc, dh'fhàg
gun éibhneas mi 'nochd.

'S iomadh aon tha fo sprochd 'nad dhùth-
aich.

'S e thusa bhi balbh ann an cunntas nam marbh
Dh'fhàg liuthad fear calma, tùrsach.

Tha na mìltean de'n t-sluagh dol a choimh-
ead air d'uaigh

'S a sgapadh mu bruaich fùran

'S ged a thogamaid càrn aig do cheann a
bhiodh àrd

Cha leighis gu brath ar diùthail.'

Ach rinn Niall iomadh duan eile is iorram nach deachaidh riamh ann an clò. Bhitheadh e féin 'gan seinn anns a' Chéilidh; agus b'e oidhche mhór a bhitheadh ann nuair a gheibhte òran ùr bhuaithe—mar bha "Oran na Dunàra", agus "Tha Oom Paul air tighinn a nall"—an uair a chualas gu do theich Kruger an uair a thuig e gun do chaill e an cogadh. B' fheàrr Niall mar bhàrd na mar sheinneadair; ach is ainneamh oidhche ann an uile chùrs' am beatha a chluinneas daoine òran ùr o bhilean an ùghdair. Thug Niall an t-ìoghnadh agus an toileachadh sin do chuideachdan nach bu bheag uair is uair; is cha b'ìoghnadh ged a bha e cho ainmeil mar Ghaidheal agus mar bhàrd. Leis a sin is gann a bha Comunn Gaidhealach sa' bhaile—Ileach, no Muileach, Sgitheanach no Lathumach, no eile nach bitheadh 'ga chuir-eadh gu ùr-àrlar a' chruinneachaidh mhòir bhliadhnail; is b'ainneamh gnùis nach beothaicheadh le aoibhneas 'ga aithneachadh.

Ach dh'fhàg mi a' chuid a b'fheàrr de chliù an duine fhearrail, bhàrdail, ghasda so gu deir-eadh m'iomraidh. B'e sin an spiorad usal, bràthaireil, Chrìosduidh anns an do chaith e a bheatha. Chan e a mhàin gun robh e 'na fhear-aoraidh dìleas, agus 'na fhoirbheach eaglais fad ficead bliadhna, ach a bharrachd, bha a bheatha gu léir air a bheothachadh agus air a riaghladh le deagh-ghean do bheag is do mhór. Chomhfhurtaicheadh agus mhisnicheadh e gillean is nigheanan òga, diùd nan eileanan a choinnicheadh ris sa' bhaile. Chuireadh e iad gu dhachaidh, gu eaglais, agus gu còmhdhailean eile, mar sin 'gan cuartachadh le càirdeas. Ghabhadh e dragh, is chosgadh e uairean bho ghnòthuch féin, a dh'fhaotainn obair do chuid dhiubh, agus sheòladh e feadhainn eile, le litir 'nan làimh, gu maighistirean-obair air an robh e eòlach. Is e mo bheachd gun robh na dusain anns a' bhaile aig am sam bith de sheirbhis-san ann, a fluair an cothrom agus an suidheachadh an toiseach, air tàilleamh eud-san agus athchuing-san as an leth. Sin leamsa deagh dhearbhadh air fìor spiorad a' Chrìosduidh—gràdh, comh-chomunn agus seirbhis draghail a fhrith-ealadh gu toileach, a réir cothrom agus suidheachaidh duine. Bitheadh feum agus cliù air na feartan sin gu bràth. As an eugmhais, chan eil ann am beatha dhaoine ach saothair gun tlachd, gun aoibhneas, gun chiatachd, gun dòchas, gun toradh. Mar sin, le m'uire chridhe tha mi a' moladh dhiubh cuimhne agus eiseimpleir an diùlanaich ghasda, mo dheagh charaid féin, Niall an Tàilleir—agus a' cur na cloiche charraich so ri chàrn.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Bu mhath leinn an nochd a bhith meamh-rachadh car tamuill air cuid de na nithean anns an robh ùidh aca-san, agus air am bu trice a bha luaidh aca an cuideachd a chéile. Bha aon nì ann nach dòchuimhnicheadh iad uair air bith làmh a thoirt air. B' e sin eachdraidh agus sloinntearachd nan daoine o'n tàinig iad. Is mór m'iongnadh iomadh uair an gréim mion-aideach a bha aca air clùì agus eachdraidh am fine dh'ionnsaigh nan ginealach o chian. Bha mì air a' gheamhradh so fhéin an cuideachd fir a chaidh air ais leam dà cheud gu leth bliadhna a' lorg friamhan a shìnnsearachd.

Dh'aithnichinn gu ro mhath seann bean chòir a rugadh roimh Bhlar Uatarlù, agus bha cuimhne aice air a seanair a bha beò anns na Hearadh aig an am, agus a chunnaic, faodaidh e a bhith, Prionnsa Teàrlach air a thurus o Sgalpaidh na Hearadh gu Loch Siophart agus troimh Phàirce nan Loch gu ruig Loch Steòrnabhaigh a' sireadh soithich seòlaidh air an teicheadh e do'n Fhraing anns a' bhliadhna 1746. Is iongantach cho fad agus a shineadh iad an làmh air ais. Bha Iain Tuathanach ag innseadh dhomh o chionn ghoirid gur iomadh uair a chuala e a mhàthair ag aithris nan naidheachdan a bhiodh a shìnn-seanair, Dòmhnall Mac Dhonnchaidh, ag innseadh aig a' chagailt aige fhéin mu na h-amannan carraid-each troimh an deach e fhéin an Cogaidhean Napóleon.

Bu tlachdmhor leis na bodaich, mar an ceudna, a bhith moladh euchdan nan sonn o'n tàinig iad, agus gu sònruichte euchdan nan saighdearan preasaidh a sheas cho dìleas agus cho duineil còir an dùthcha ann an tìrean céine mu dheireadh na h-ochdamh linne deug. Cha leigeadh iad idir air dòchuimhne tapachd is fearalas is calmachd nan daoine do'm buineadh iad.

Bha iad anabarrach déidheil cuideachd a bhith labhairt 'nam measg fhéin mu chàirdeas agus mu chàirdean. Cha robh teaghlach anns a' bhaile so, no anns a' bhaile a b'fhaisge, nach cuireadh iad an eachdraidh aige air do bhois—co dhùì a bha an eachdraidh sin math no dona. "A bheil thu faicinn an fhir ud? Sud agad matà iar-ogha do Fhionnlagh Pìobaire a chait iomadh bliadhna ànrach san Talamh Fhuar agus a thill an deireadh a làithean gu bhith ag ùrachadh a sheann eòlais am measg ghleann is bheann is chlachan, agus a phòs 'na sheann aois nighean piuthar do sheannmhar a bha fuireachd leatha fhéin an Ob na Muilne. Cha robh an nì bu lugha dol air dòchuimhne.

To-night we would like for a short time to ponder over some of the things for which they cared, and which they oftenest discussed among themselves. There was one thing which they never forgot to refer to. That was the history and genealogy of the people from whom they came. Great is my wonder many a time how detailed their knowledge of the honour and story of their race to far off generations really was. This winter itself I was in the company of one who carried me back 250 years in search of the roots of his ancestors.

I knew very well a fine old lady who was born before the Battle of Waterloo, and she remembered her grand-father who lived in Harris at the time, and who possibly saw Prince Charles on his way from Scalpay, Harris, to Loch Seaforth and through the Park of Lochs on his way to Stornoway Loch seeking a sailing boat in which he could escape to France in the year 1746. It is wonderful how far back they could see. Iain Tuathanach was telling me a little time ago that he frequently heard his mother relating the stories which his great grand-father, Donald, son of Duncan, told at his own fireside about the troublesome times which he himself experienced in the Napoleonic Wars.

The old men also delighted in praising the brave deeds of the heroes from whom they descended, and particularly the feats of the press-gang soldiers who stood so faithfully and so manfully for their country's rights in foreign lands towards the end of the 18th century. They would on no account forget the energy, the manliness and strength of their relatives.

They were also very desirous of discussing among themselves friendship and friends. There was no family in this village or in the next village whose history they were not able to unfold—whether that story was good or bad. "Do you see that fellow? There, then, is the great grand-son of Finlay Piper who lived for many trying years in Northern Canada, and who returned at the end of his days to renew his old acquaintances in glens and bens and villages, and who in his old age married the daughter of your grandmother's sister who lived alone in Millbay." The least thing was not forgotten.

Uaimh An Oir

Is iomadh sgialachd a chuala mi bho bhodaich a' bhaile againn fhéin; sgialachdan a' toirt iomraidh air eachdraidh, air laoch, air taibhsean agus air iomadh rud eile, rudan, gu math tric, a bha doirbh a chreidsinn. So aon aca.

Tha uaimh mhór ann an ceann a deas Eilean Bharraidh ris an cante Uaimh an Oir. Anns na linntean a dh'fhalbh bha an sluagh a riamh air son faighinn a mach dé cho fada steach 's bha an uaimh so. A nis, bha uaimh eile an ceann eile an eilein, agus bha e 'na iongnadh mór air daoine am b'e so ceann eile Uaimh an Oir. Cha robh air ach faighinn a mach.

Latha bha so chaidh a' chiad fhear a steach do'n uaimh, ach cha deach e fada. Chaidh an dara fear a steach, ach thill e gu math luath. An sin chaidh an treas duine a steach, agus cha b'esan a b'fhaide a thug air falbh. Carson a bha iad a' tilleadh cho luath? An e an Droch Spiorad a mhaoidh orra, no an deach an cur fo gheasaibh? Cha d'fhuaras sin a mach a riamh.

Thachair gu robh ann am Barraidh, aig aon am, fear de na piobairean ainmeil ud, Clann MhicCruimein. Cha robh an uaimh a' dol a dh'fhaighinn buaidh air-san idir! Thubhairt e ri sluagh an eilein gu rachadh esan a steach a' cluiche na pioba, agus gu leanadh iadsan an ceòl os cionn na talnhaime. Chaidh MacCruimein a steach do'n uaimh a' cluiche na pioba, agus lean a chù e. Bha an sluagh gu h-àrd a' leantainn ceòl binn na pioba. Dh'atharraich an ceòl; bha iad a' cluinntinn a nis "Cha till MacCruimein." Cha robh iad ach letheach tarsainn an eilein nuair a stad an ceòl buileach glan. Cha chualas an còrr.

Chaidh an sluagh air an glùinean gu léir, agus thòisich iad a' gal 's a' caoidh air son MhicCruimein, ach is beag a rinn sin dhaibh—chan fhacas MacCruimein gu bràth tuilleadh. Thachair latha no dhà an dèidh sin gu robh chioabar àraidh a' coimhead air a chuid chaorach timcheall na h-uamha a bha an ceann eile an eilein. "Gu dé tha sud," ars esan ris fhéin is e a' coimhead a steach do bheul na h-uamha. Chaidh crith troimh a chòlainn. Dé so a bha déanamh a rathaid gu mall a mach as an uaimh ach cù caol truaigh gun ribe clùntaich air, agus màla pioba 'na bheul? Is math a bha fios aig a' chioabair càite am faca e am màla ud roimhe, agus is math a bha fios aige co leis a bha an cù. Cù MhicCruimein! Thàinig an cù a mach, chrath e earball, shìn e a spòg do làmh a' chioabair, leig e as am màla agus thuit e marbh. Agus MacCruimein fhéin? Gu dé

thachair dhàsan no do'n chòrr de'n phìob?
Cha bhi fios air sin gu bràth.

IOSAPH MACNEILL, Inbhirnis.

Gaidhlig Obiit 2000 A.D.

Chan eil ar cànan a cheana
Mar a dh'iarraidh Goill
Chuir cùl ri cainnt an seanar—
Pearraidean gun sgoinn.

FAIDH-BREIGE.

Ged chiùnich stoirm tha'n cuan
Gun chlos gun tàmh
Sìor iarraidh fois' air creagan
Cruaidhe bhàigh;
Le srùladh sìorruidh mu'n charraigh
Liaghagach bhàn
Ag iomairt gun iaradh mu rudhachan
Liath-ghlas, 's air tràigh.

The Black Bothy on Wyvis

(Continued)

Nothing loth, the other took Donald's place, put his mouth to the Worm and started to suck, but first he asked that some more fire be put under the still. After several intakes of breath the stranger drew breath and when he did so the eyes of his audience nearly popped out of their heads, for instead of the spirit dripping from the end of the Worm it was pouring in a stream! The Stranger then called for a horn, and filling it half up he added cold water and handed it to Wyvis John saying "Try that." John took the horn and drank it off. A look of the greatest pleasure crossed his face and he smacked his lips. He said nothing, however, but handed his horn back, at the same time pointing to the others. Again and again the horn was filled, till each one had drunk—all except the stranger. Then tongues were loosened and everybody was talking at once. Never had whisky been brewed like that they had now tasted. The stranger said, "Drink up, my friend, I can get gallons more from here," and then began the greatest drinking bout that was ever seen in the country, while the stranger looked on with a sardonic smile. Soon the

talk, cleverly led by him, turned to the sports so dearly beloved by the Highlander—running jumping and feats of strength. The stranger suggested it would be a great jump from the cave to the loch below. "What!," said one of the younger gillies, mad with drink, "I could jump to the other side from here." "So could I" shouted one of the others, and again a third and a fourth till the whole lot, even Donald, were willing to take the master leap. The stranger egged them on, saying, "To the one who jumps farthest I'll give the secret of how I drew the whisky."

The gillie who first said he would make the leap then without more ado ran to the back of the cave to give himself a running spring from the ledge at the mouth. He was on the point of starting when something happened. From out of the darkness at the back of the cave came a snow-white ptarmigan that Wyvis John had found the August before with a broken wing, and had taken to the cave where it had stayed ever since. Little did he know that the bird was to be the means of saving his life and that of the others. As it came forward it gave the strange cry of the moorfowl—go-back, go-back. When the stranger saw what was in the cave he sprang back to get away from it, and the men saw him change. The tippets of the Inverness cloak now seemed to be a pair of black, shining wings, while the face and head appeared to be that of the Devil himself!

The ptarmigan cried again, and then with a horrible yell of baffled rage and despair "Dòmhnall Dubh" hurled himself from the edge into the loch below. The inn-keeper, who was nearest the entrance, shouted to the others, "My God, look—the loch's on fire." Sure enough they saw that where the stranger had entered, the loch round about seemed to be ablaze, and the cascading water from the splash seemed like shooting flames. It remained like that for a moment or two, then darkness fell once more. The fright the occupants of the cave got sobered them, and when Wyvis John looked at his Still and Worm he found but a molten mass of copper, and not a trace of the glorious whisky in the stone jar.

When the story was told afterwards it was said that they all got drunk, and that the fire had melted the copper, and that it was the morning sun shining on the loch they had seen. But as Donald said—whoever saw a peat-fire melt copper, and whoever saw the morning sun shine on Loch Glass in the dead of winter!

And when Donald passed the White Wells again the Little People were singing; and they even helped him to carry the little barrels. The Grandavy Plant still grows at the White

Wells, and there is still an empty grave below Marshall's Gate.

(As told to me by a native of the district.)

R. MACDONALD ROBERTSON.

Our River Names

WHEN man first arrived in the country the first thing he did was to give names to the prominent features of the landscape, as the historian Hallam says:—"Helveilyn and Skidaw are the mute memorials of a race that has long passed away". The names of these mountains are as great a mystery as is the language of the people who bestowed them. Next came the rivers and streams. Man first made his settlements on the banks of our pleasant streams, the surrounding country being heavily clothed with timber and any vacant spaces being swamps, he had little option but to build his stockade beside the water where the haughlands provided him with tillage ground for his simple agricultural needs.

To early man the river was the water, the stream, the brook, there was no need to give it a specific name. Just as we today when speaking of our local river simply refer to it as "the" river and everyone knows what stream we mean, but when we refer to one at a distance we have to give it its geographical name to make ourselves understood. There is little doubt but that the old names of our rivers which are such a puzzle to placename experts mean little more than water, or stream, or river, or brook, or the like.

If we study a large scale map of Great Britain carefully we find that nearly all our rivers and streams have names of only one syllable; a few have two; while those of three syllables are rare. Of course there are many compound names but these do not count. We have the Ness, Spey, Dee, Don, Esk, Tay, Tweed, Tyne, Ure, Nidd, Wharf, Ouse, Wye, Rye, Axe, and scores of others of one syllable. Of two syllables we have the Mersey, Severn, Dikler, Tarrant, Devon, while there are the Devilish, Deverill, Minuram, and Peover of three syllables.

The experts on placenames are very cautious when dealing with river names. It is difficult to deal with names when we do not know what race or races first bestowed them. Then they have passed through the alembic of succeeding races, speaking a different language, who, perhaps, preserved the sound as nearly as the genius of their language permitted but not the sense. An example of this occurred after 1066 when the Norman-French found difficulty in

the pronunciation of English village names so they moulded the sound to suit their tongue.

Undoubtedly a very large proportion of our river names are Celtic, but from a branch of that language not now spoken anywhere. First the Romans decimated the country by enrolling the fit into the legions and sending them overseas. They knew better than to enrol them in the legions guarding Britain. Then they sold many as slaves. Then came the hosts from the opposite coasts of the continent with fire, sword and indiscriminate slaughter, so that the entire population was almost annihilated, the few that remained being penned up in small communities here and there, and their language became that of the conquerors. The old Celtic language was lost and forgotten.

The Dee of Cheshire has been made famous by Charles Kingsley's song, and both it and the Aberdeen one have been held to commemorate a goddess, who filled them from the milk clouds of the heavens. The Welsh declare her to have been a "War-Goddess". No doubt there is a hidden meaning in the name. It may have something to do with the run of salmon in the spring.

Other streams have been held to mean the "dark one", the Douglas in Lancashire and several in Scotland; the "red one", the Rowther in Kent; several are known as the "bright one", the "clear one", the "silvery one", the "gentle one", while the Brent, Middlesex, is the "holy one". Perhaps there is a reference here to a water goddess.

One of the most pleasant sounds in the world is the babbling of a stream over its bed of rocks and pebbles, and it does not require a great deal of imagination to invest the restless water with life. Those who lived and moved on the banks of our streams were much alive to this impression. An impression that seems to have survived even to Shakespeare's day as he makes the melancholy Jacques hold communion with a brook. The people even went further and held the idea that the brooks spoke to each other on pleasant evenings.

The terminal element in the river Deerness of Durham should be compared with our river Ness. There is the Allan in Perthshire. Over the border we find the Allen, Allan, Ptolemy's Alauna, Aln, Ane, Alnham and Alwin. There is the Leven in Lancashire and several lochs and rivers of the name in Scotland. The old name of Loch Lomond was Leven. Here also may belong the Peffers, or as they are more commonly known locally, the Pows. There are over a dozen of them in Scotland and all

have the same characteristic, slow, sluggish water, like that river of which Ceasar tells us "the Arar flows with incredible smoothness". Is there any etymological connection between Peffer and Arar? In England the forms appear to be Peover, Cheshire, Perry, Shropshire, and Peterill, Cumberland, and there may be many minor brooks bearing a name of similar import. None of the Peffers are of any importance.

Controversy has raged often as to whether the lassie draigled her petticoats coming through a river Rye, or a field of rye, the grain or in coming over a moor where bog myrtle grew. It is so called in one of the ballads in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, original edition, volume II. Subsequent editors have deleted the word without any explanation. I understand the song was originally an English one of the north country, so perhaps the river Rye in Yorkshire is referred to. There is also one in Ayrshire and there may be other minor streams of the name.

There is the Swale in Kent, The Swale in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and the Swale in Berkshire, all of which we may compare with the Schwale of Germany. The till of Floddon battle fame may be compared with the Tille in France. The Ure of Yorkshire may be related to the Usura, now Isar, a tributary of the Danube. The Arrow of Herefordshire may have the same source as the Arva, now the Avre, France. The Cherwell may be the same as Karbach, a common name of streams in Germany, the Gary may be the same as the Cher, Chiers, France. This list could be much extended.

When talking of streams speaking above we omitted to give some examples. The Laver, Yorkshire, West Riding, is the "vocal one", the "speaker", the Loud, Lancashire, is the "loud one", the Minuram of Herefordshire is the "babbling one", and there are several others whose names have the same import. The Lave in Arden is in the Shakespeare country. The names of these rivers come from Old English sources.

Our river names come from many sources, some from a language now unknown, some from a Celtic tongue not now spoken anywhere, some from early English, some from the Danish, Dutch, and Norse languages, and some have been imposed in modern times.

J.E.S.

The National Mod will be held in
Edinburgh from 3rd to 7th October, 1960

THE STUDY OF THE FOLKLORE

(CONTINUED)

The prince repudiates the false bride, and marries the lowly kitchen-maid, whose mother, in the shape of a brown calf, and later of a bird, had come to help her.

The Cinderella tale occurs in Malayan, Indo-Chinese, Indian, Near Eastern, Balkan, Italian, Spanish-Portuguese, Slavonic, Baltic, Latvian, German, French, Irish-Scots and Scandinavian tradition. It has been the subject of two studies, the first by Marian Roalfe Cox in 1892 and the second by a Swedish scholar, Anna Birgitta Rooth in 1951. The Scottish versions we have already met with show traces of Scandinavian influence. The calf as helper, the killing of the step-sister, the ride and flight on the calf's back, the making of the coat of rushes and the employment of the heroine in the royal palace all occur in Scandinavian tradition.

While it is not so easy to decide how the other Scottish versions arrived in this country, when they did not come from Perrault and Grimm, it is fairly safe to assume that the above tellings of the tale had some connection with Viking settlements on our shores. In her study of the tale, Miss Rooth came to the conclusion that the final stage of the migration must have taken place before 1000 A.D.

The latest recorded Scottish version of the tale was recorded in Benbecula in the summer of 1950 from the great old story-teller the late Angus MacMillan. It is the only traditional version we have in the School of Scottish Studies. I would not say that other versions may not be recorded still.

A noted Danish scholar Axel Olrik, following upon a detailed study of the tales of many lands, listed the main characteristics that all genuine folktales have in common and which distinguish them from sophisticated literature. Olrik enunciated what he called the "epic laws" of folk-literature.

1. A tale does not begin with the most important part of the action and it does not end abruptly. There is a leisurely introduction; and the story proceeds beyond the climax to a point of stability or rest.

2. Repetition is everywhere present, not only to give the story suspense but also to fill it out and afford it body. This repetition is mostly threefold, though in some countries, because of their religious symbolism, it may be fourfold.

3. Generally there are but two persons in a scene at one time. Even if there are more, only two of them are active simultaneously.

4. Contrasting characters encounter each other—hero and villain, good and bad.

5. If two persons appear in the same role, they are represented as small or weak.

6. The weakest or worst in a group turns out to be the best. The youngest brother or sister is normally the victor.

7. The characterization is simple. Only such qualities as directly affect the story are mentioned; no hint is given that the persons in the tale have any life outside.

8. The plot is simple, never complex. One story is told at a time.

9. Everything is handled as simply as possible. Things of the same kind are described as nearly alike as possible, and no attempt is made to secure variety.

The translation of the original Danish is from Stith Thompson's book *The Folktale*.

I shall not attempt to give any further definition of what folk literature is apart from saying that it could be termed as the expression in story, legend, song and popular saying of the creative genius of a people uninfluenced by a written tradition and unacquainted with printed books. That part of the matter of folk literature can find its way into books and MSS. cannot be denied, for tales and songs can go from oral into MS. and book tradition and back out again. The life history of a tale may be completely unaffected by the existence of a MSS. version and much the greater part of Gaelic tales have survived purely in oral tradition. In Gaelic Scotland oral literature preceded written MS. literature as surely as the power of human speech preceded the ability to transfer speech to symbols. Gaelic oral literature then is that body of song, verse, tale, legend and popular saying that has passed by word of mouth from generation to generation, undergoing superficial changes from age to age but remaining in essence the same. The early Irish versions of the story of Deirdre may be of greater interest to philologists than the version collected by Carmichael from Iain Donn MacNeill in 1871, but from a literary standpoint the Barre version is vastly superior. I do not think it can be proved in this case that the modern version can be traced to MS. originals,

both stem from something much older. That tales went from MS. tradition and later from printed books is plain to any folklorist. Some of the prayers, charms and incantations in *Carmina Gadelica* and the Religious Songs of Connaught can be traced back to medieval prayer books; chapbook literature gave us stories, for instance, about George Buchanan, and to-day in many parts of the Highlands one can meet with material that has come from later Gaelic books, such as *Leabhar nan Cnoc*, the Gaelic translation of the Arabian Nights, Fionn's *Naidheachdan Fìrinneach* and even Neil Macleod's *Clarsach na Doire*. In Benbecula I recorded an account of Blàr na Léine and the death of Ragnall Gallda. It tallied almost word for word with the story in print. Twenty miles away in South Uist there was another version, quite different and better, but purely from oral sources. Both versions had, however, come to the tellers from an oral source. In spite of the influence of printed matter we can assume that three-fourths of the material in current tradition now has a purely oral lineage, even the current tradition of people who are able to read. The inability to read, however, does not preclude the entry of matter from printed sources into a story-tellers or singer's repertoire.

As to the content of popular oral literature, Iain Og Ile divided it into different branches (1) *Seachas na Féinne*. In this category he, presumably, includes the traditions dealing with Cu Chulainn, Fraoch and Deirdre; (2) Hero tales—the recounting of the adventures of one given character such as Fear na h-Eabaide Duibhe, Mac Rìgh Lochlainn or Manus Mac Rìgh an Eilein Uaine; (3) Historical Traditions—in which Iain Og himself was not quite so interested; (4) Folk tales not belonging to any definite time or place, dealing with old men and women and having a hidden meaning. He says that there are many examples of such and includes two in his published volumes. One was the story of the person who went to look for three persons as wise as his wife was foolish—a variant of the international tale about the man who went in search of three people as foolish as his wife; and the other is the tale of The Three Noble Acts—Aa,—Th. 976—a novella or romantic tale dealing with robbers. It is difficult to see why he puts these two into a distinct category from what he calls romantic popular tales, such as Am Bráthair Bochd agus am Brathair Beariteach and others such. A very great number of what he calls Romantic Popular Tales belong to neither a definite time nor place. Bha rìgh ann uair . . . Bha mac bantraich ann uair. Even if kings are

named they are not historical and many have fictitious names such as Rìgh an Eilein Uaine, Rìgh nan Uinneagan Daraich, Rìgh nam Beanntan Gorma. Old men and women figure in many different types of tales, and many have a didactic function. (5) Children's tales—presumably the stories dealing with animals, birds and fish and the formula tales such as Monachan agus Meanachan; (6) Riddles and puzzles; (7) Proverbs; (8) Songs; (9) Romantic popular tales—the tales that form the bulk of his published collections.

Considering the time it was done, the classification is extremely good. In the light of what has been collected since, not much modification is required.

I divide spoken narrative Gaelic tradition into the following subdivisions. Tales and traditions dealing with Cuchulainn, Deirdre, Fraoch and the Féinn. Hero tales. Folk tales comprising the animal tale, the wonder tale, the romantic tale in which the element of magic does not occur, the religious tale, the type of tale dealing with the stupid giant—Mac Rùsgaich, stories of the joke and anecdote type about fools, married couples, parsons and so forth, tales of lying and formula tales. These are the international tales but in each category there are a large number of tales which are common in Scotland and Ireland only. The animal tale is not so common in Gaelic tradition; what is common is the imitation in words of animal and bird sounds. The long and complex tale of magic can still be heard in the west and among the tinker communities, the long romantic story is still told in certain areas and appears to have gained popularity at the expense of the tale of magic, which people no longer believed. The humorous stories of the Gaels require a category by themselves, as does another literary form, the prose and verse story often telling of the meeting of two bards, or two people with the power of quick retort. I use the term *legend* to denote the short type of story not regarded as purely fictitious and dealing with definite people, times and places. The term is not a good one, I admit, but it may be explained as local tradition and illustrates the belief in mythological and supernatural beings as well as dealing with historical events and persons. The legend may explain the origin of certain creatures, such as pigs, rats, etc.; the formation of natural features such as rocks; religious legends about the Life of Christ on earth; the miracles of the saints; mythological legends and stories about hags, giants, fairies, and other supernatural beings, such as ghosts and the *sluagh* and so forth—the stories that

belong perhaps more to the world of belief and practice rather than literature. Finally there is the historical legend and this is to-day the finest and best preserved of all narrative traditions in the Highlands—the story of the clans, and clan heroes.

As to the story-tellers and their art I must say a few words. We in this rather sophisticated age may find it difficult to understand how much the *sgeulachd*, the *naidheachd* and the whole field of *seanchas* appealed to the older generation. The early collectors spoke of story-tellers taking a whole night to tell one single tale, and of persons waking up in the morning to find that a tale had been going on all night. In South Western Ireland there was talk of a story that had taken a whole week to tell. Unfortunately it was not recorded. It perished before the Irish Folklore Commission was founded. The best Irish story-tellers can continue non-stop for a whole hour. Scotland, however, is said to have had the longest tale ever recorded; *Leigheas Coise Cein*, which ran to 30,000 words. With all due respect to Iain Og Ile, Hector Maclean and the story-teller Lachlan MacNeill of Paisley, a longer tale was recorded in February 1949. In fairness to the memory of the fine old Gael, Angus MacMillan of Benbecula, his story *Alasdair mac a' Cheird* ran to 58,000 words.

It has been stated also that story-tellers of the present era have almost lost the art compared to what it was in 1860. Those of us who knew Donnchadh Clachair of South Uist and read Mr. Craig's *Sgeulachdan Dhunnchaidh* know that that is certainly not the case. Despite everything there are still story-tellers left as good as any we had in 1860 and onwards. That they are fewer we must reluctantly admit, but then in this field, when large stretches of Scotland still remain *terra incognita*, no one can be absolutely sure of anything. In Lochaber, for instance, over 600 legends were recorded from one man alone, and one might easily have assumed that he had only 6 to narrate. In South Uist over 180 songs, with very fine melodies and very full texts, were recorded from a certain lady. The husband, who had been married to her for over 30 years, did not know she had more than one song until the summer of 1951. Recently very fine folktales have been recorded from the tinker communities and other sources in Aberdeen and Perthshire, and this material has been recorded in Scots-English. There appears to be less on the Borders, but then extensive areas await investigation.

CALUM MACLEAN.

(To be continued)

Ardnamurchan Provincial Mod 1960

Adjudicators: Music, Miss Evelyn Campbell, L.R.A.M., Mr. K. J. MacPherson, L.R.A.M.; Gaelic: Rev. K. M. MacMillan, M.A., Mr. L. MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., and Mr. Malcolm MacLeod.

PRIZE LIST:—

Junior Section

Reading at Sight—1. Morag Cameron, Acharacle; 2. Alister Mackenzie, Acharacle; 3. Alister Henderson, Acharacle.

Gaelic Speakers' Recitation—1. equal—Alister Cameron, Acharacle and Hughena Cameron, Acharacle. 2. Alister Henderson, Acharacle; 3. Evan Carmichael, Lochaline.

Learners' Recitation—Part I (Under 10 years)—1. Elma MacPhail, Kilchoan; 2. Elizabeth King, Lochaline; 3. Marian Sorley, Claggan; 4. Elizabeth MacMaster, Mingary.

Part II (10 years and over)—1. Flora MacDonald, Mingary; 2. Margaret Boyd, Ardgour; 3. Fiona Laurie, Lochaline.

Conversation—1. Alasdair MacDonald, Strontian; 2. equal—Jacky Cameron, Strontian and Archie MacGillivray, Acharacle; 3. Morag Cameron, Strontian.

Solo Singing, Girls—1. Jessie Fletcher, Claggan; 2. Morag Cameron, Acharacle.

Solo Singing, Boys—1. Alister MacKenzie, Acharacle; 2. Evan Carmichael, Lochaline.

Solo Singing, Learners—Part I (Under 10 years)—1. Catherine Park, Strontian; 2. Donald Carmichael, Kilchoan; 3. equal—Elizabeth King, Lochaline and Lind Livingstone, Lochaline.

Part II (10 years and over)—1, equal—Marian MacCo quodale, Lochaline and Lewis Smith, Lochaline; 2 equal—Robert Laurie, Lochaline and Alexander Richardson, Polloch.

JUNIOR CHOIR—

A.—Unison.

1. Lochaline School Choir; 2. equal—Strontian School Choir and Claggan School Choir.

B.—Harmony.

Lochaline School Choir.

Senior Section

Reading at Sight—1. Donald Cameron, Ardtornish.

Recitation—1. Donald Cameron, Ardtornish.

Solo Singing, Ladies, Own Choice—1. Christina MacPhee, Mingary; 2. Mary Fraser, Strontian.

Solo Singing—Men, Own Choice—1. Peter MacQueen, Ardgour.

Solo Singing—Unpublished Song—1. Morag Brown, Strontian.

Solo Singing—Morvern Song (Prizes presented by the Glasgow Morvern Society)—1. Mary Fraser Strontian; 2. Morag Brown, Strontian; 3. Christina MacPhee, Mingary.

Solo Singing—Prescribed Song—Ladies—1. Christina MacPhee, Mingary; 2. Mary Fraser, Strontian.

Duet Singing—Own Choice of Song—1. Mary Fraser, Strontian and Morag Brown, Strontian.

Solo Singing—Former 1st Prize Winners—1. Morag Brown, Strontian; 2. Christina MacPhee, Mingary.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Junior Choir with highest number of marks for Gaelic. Prize presented by Mr. Alasdair Cameron, Bunalteachain.—Lochaline School Choir.

Ardnamurchan Mod Silver Pendant, Ladies—Highest aggregate of marks in Competitions 14 and 18—Christina MacPhee, Mingary.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LV

AN DAMHAIR, 1960

Aireamh 10

CO-CHRUINNEACHADH NAN CEILTEACH

BHA riochdairean as na sia dùthchannan Ceilteach cruinn an *Aberystwith* toiseach an fhoghair. Fad seachdaineach bha iad an comunn a chéile là an déidh là, a' meamhrachadh air na nithean sònraichte anns a bheil iùidh aca mar chinnich, air na subhailcean a tha toinnte 'nan nàdur, agus air an còraichean is an seasamh a measg slòigh na Roinn-Eòrpa. Nochdadh fìor spiorad carranach is coibhneil chan ann a mhàin leis na coigrich a thàinig astar fada ach mar an ceudna, agus air mhodh àraidh, leis na Cuimrich a thug cuireadh agus aoidheachd fhialaidh do gach neach a bha an làthair. Cha do dh'fhàgadh rùm diomolaidh air làimh seach làimh.

Chan eil e 'nar rùn iomradh a dhèanamh an so air gach cuspair air an tugadh làmh, no air ceòl is caidreamh, air fleadh is céilidh, air sùgradh is aighir, ged a bha gach ni dhiubh sin gun sòradh. Tha dòchas againn gum bi seanachas solusach mionaideach anns an ath àireamh air gach ni a thachair.

Bha an dùthaich mu'n cuairt, le a beanntan glasa agus a glinn fheurach fo spréidh is a raointean fo throm bhàrr, taitneach do'n t-sùil. Cha robh an aimsir air dhèireadh a bharrachd ann a bhith lìonadh cridhe le sòlas. An Oil-thigh a' bhaile far an robh sinn a' coinneachadh bha gach comhfhurtachd is saorsainn a bha feumail. Cha robh neach a' toirt bàrr air na h-oideachan foghlaim agus cinn-ìuil a' bhaile ann a bhith frithealadh nan coinneamh-an agus a' freagairt air feum nan uile fa leth. Tha iad so airidh air moladh; cha bu

mhise sinn anns na dùthchannan eile an eisimpleir a leantainn.

Ged nach robh cuid againn a riamh roimhe anns a' bhaile, agus ged a bha a' mhór-chuid de na bha an làthair 'nan coigrich dhuinn nuair a ràinig sinn, dhealaich sinn riutha mar ri dlùth chàirdean air am bi cuimhne chùbhraidh againn air son iomadh là. B' fhiach e dhuinn an earraig a thoirt ged nach tugadh sinn air ais linn ach cuimhne air dìlseachd gach fine fa leth do'n còir-bhreith, do'n dileab mhàth-àireil—an cànan—agus do chàch a chéile. Ach dhìoghlaim sinn o gach facal seaghail taitneach ris na dh'èisd sinn, agus o gach pong ciùil o bhilean is o chlàrsaich a rinn cagar 'nar cluais, agus o na h-àitean a thadhail sinn agus gach ni a bhlaist sinn, eòlas nach robh againn, misneachd 'nar oidhirpean, agus mothachadh air comain nach bi soirbh a phàidheadh. Tha e do-sheachnaichte feumail gum biodh muinntir nan tìrean Ceilteach ag ùrachadh is a' neartachadh càirdeis, a' roinn 'nam measg fhéin nan dileaban sònraichte a bhuineas dhaibh, agus a' misneachadh a chéile 'nan oidhirpean gu bhith cumail beò fa chomhair an t-saoghail oighreachd an spioraid a tha cho mùirmeach aca fhéin.

Mar chinnich an tìrean beaga, mar oighreachan agus luchd-gleidhidh seann ghnàthsan luachmhor, tha feuman nan Ceilteach agus an dòigh-beatha 'gan tàthadh ri chéile ged nach ionnan an eachdraidh no an suidheachadh aig an am. Agus tha rudan againn an tasgaidh 'nar cridhe is 'nar spiorad air a bheil an saoghal an diugh a' cur feuma.

GILLEAN BAILE SGARBH

Le IAIN MACGILLEATHAIN

SANN aig réiteach ann am Baile Sgarbh—baile beag ann am fear de na h-eileanan iomallach san Iar—a laigh mo shùil an toiseach air Dòmhnall Gleusda, agus, gu dearbh, 's e fhéin a bha coimhead fraiceil an oidhche ud.

Thachair greis roimhe so gun do dh'fhalbh "Fear nam Butan" no, mar a their idir sa' Bheurla, "polisman" a Baile Sgarbh, agus có thàinig 'na àite ach balach òg snasail tlachdmhor, ged a rugadh e a mach os cionn Lunnainn an àiteiginn. Thuit am balach òg ann an trom ghaol air Annag, nighean Fhearchair, agus 's e sin a dh'fhàg réiteach anns a' bhaile bheag an oidhche so. Sasunnach ann no as, "polisman" ann no as, dh'fheumadh e cumail ri riaghailtean an eilein, agus co dhùh bhiodh a' bhanais mór no beag, no ged nach biodh banais idir ann, dh'fheumadh an réiteach a bhi ainmeil.

Bha mise fuireach airson lathaichean còmhla ri mo charaid, Uilleam Pìobaire, agus fhuair mi cuireadh, no mar a chanadh iad, fiadhachadh thum na réitich. Mu ochd uairean feasgar shuidheadh sios aig bòrd gu biadh is deoch, agus, air m'onair, bha bruidhinn gu math ealanta dol air gach taobh, agus mu dheireadh an do ghealladh làmh Anna do'n choigreach chòir. Cha do thòisich an réiteach dòigheil uige sin—òrain is dramannan is ruidhlean mu seach.

Bha gillean gasda agus nigheanan riomhach an sud an oidhche ud, ach 's ann air leth-sheann duine a laigh mo shùil. Bha e air éideadh ann an deise ghorm le gainnsidh gorm Gaidhealach, agus 'se e fhéin a bha sgiobalta, mu na casan. Cha robh gille òg a thigeadh suas ris. Thug mi aire gu robh fear a' phige gu math dha, agus gach uair a gheibheadh e t'e, bha an gàire a bha boillsgeadh aodainn a' fàs na bu mhòtha. Cha b'e sin a mhàin, ach 's e cheud fhear a bhiodh air an ùrlar anns gach ruidhle.

"Cò tha sud?", arsa mise ri Uilleam Pìobaire.

"Sud" ars esan, "Dòmhnall Gleusda. Chan eil tìne agam an dràsda innse dhut mu 'dheidhinn ach innsidh mi dhut am màireach. Feumaidh mi falbh agus an Coc Ard a chluich air a' phìob".

Uairean beaga na maidne mun do dh'fhàg mise, bha deannan math as mo dheidh. 'S a' mhadainn cha robh mo charaid, Uilleam, a' faireachdainn ro mhath ach thug a bhean air cumail làn de bhlàthach òl agus i ag ràdh ris, "Gu dearbh fhéin, mur a b'e réiteach 'polisman' a bh'ann an raoir, bhithinn a' falbh an dràsda 'gad thoirt a mach as a' phrìosan.

Bheil fhios agad, a dhuine, nach eil air fhàgail de'n phìob ach an dos mòr?"

Cha do dh'abair Uilleam truaigh dìog, ach thug e am baile muigh air, agus a mhustash ruadh aige a nis geal le blàthaich. Lean mise mo charaid suas gu cnoc breagha gorm a bha goirid ò' n tigh far an robh Seumas Beag cheana 'na shuidhe 'ga dhotaireachd fhéin le arag ghlan de ghaoith a tuath.

Shìos ann an glaic bhig aig bonn a' chnuic bha giullan òg gu trang a' ruideas an null 'sa nall le struighlear agus cha bu bheag a' fuaim a bha e a' dèanamh. "Chan eil na balacha ag coimhead ach gu math tùrsach an diugh", arsa Seumas. "Och tha sinn na's fheàrr a nis", fhreagair Uilleam agus e 'ga leigeil fhéin sios gu socair air a' chnoc. "Ach gu dearbh b'fheàrr leam fhéin gun toireadh am balach ud am monadh air leis an t-sruighlear. Tha a fuaim aige dìreach a' dol troimh'n smior-chaillich agam. Ach co leis e co dhùh?" "Matà sud", arsa Seumas Beag, "a' fear is òige aig Dòmhnall Gleusda." "An damtì" mar a h-e", ars Uilleam, "agus tha sin dìreach a' toirt gum chuimhne gun do gheall mi dhut ille", agus e tionndadh riumsa, "sgeul innse dhut mu Dòmhnall Gleusda".

"An nis mun téid, mi na's fhaide feumaidh mi innse dhut gu bheil Dòmhnall uamhasach déidheil air saoidhean. Fuar no blàth; ùr no goirt; cruaidh no saillte bha Dòmhnall coma; cha mhòr nach itheadh e amh e. Seadh matà bha sinn air chéilidh aon oidhche an tigh Sheumais Bhig an so. Bha Ruaraidh Dubh, a bha daonnan a' buaireadh dhaoine gu trioblaid, 'na shuidhe air cliabh mònachd a' tarraing air sutag pìoba gu math tosdach, ach labhair e as a chùl-tamh,

"Tha mi fhéin de'n bheachd a Dòmhnall gu bheil an fhìor am agad pòsadh, a Dòmhnall. Chan eil thu ach ag call do shuim leat fhéin thall an sin le deagh thigh agus stoc math, gun duine ag coimhead as do dhéidh. Tha dearbh fhios agam fhéin gu bheil té no dhà an Sgorr Buidhe a tha cho déidheil ort 's a tha faoileag air sgadan. Nam faigheadh tu té dhiubh, bhiodh tu gu math toilichte làmh rithe 'nad shuidhe aig do theine fhéin'.—Sin mar a thubhairt Ruaraidh.

"Chan e mo bheachd," arsa Dòmhnall gu socair, "gu bheil thu fhéin cho déidheil sin a bhith aig do theine fhéin; chan eil tu dà oidhche sa' bhliadhna nach fhaighear thu air chéilidh, agus a bharrachd air a sin, bha thu

fhéin seachad air a bhith 'nad Dhonnachadh Og mun do phòs thu'.

‘Bha’, arsa Ruairaidh, ‘ach mise bha thall ’s a chunnaic agus air a phòsas tusa, a Dhòmhnail, bithidh thu ag ràdh mar a tha mise an dràsda—B’fheàrr leam gun do rinn mi e bho chionn fhada’. Co-dhiù, fàgaidh mi sin agad fhéin an dràsda, ach ma ni thu suas d’inntinn, falbhaidh mi fhéin còmhla ri a’ dh’iarraidh làmh Sheonag Fhionnlaigh sa’ Ghleann Mhór’.

Dh’fhàg sinn an tigh céilidh leis an so, ach nuair a bha sinn air an starsnaich, thug Dòmhnall riobag asam fhéin, ag ràdh, ‘Chan eil mi ag ràdh, Uilleim, nach fhaodadh gun deach na bliadhnaich agam a null thun na croite agad, agus ’s fheàrr dhomh coimhead a null’.

Nuair a bha sinn a nis ceumannan air falbh bho chàch, thubhairt Dòmhnall rium,

‘A nis, Uilleim, bha mi riamh ag coimhead ort mar dheagh charaid nach fhosgladh a bheul nuair nach bu chòir dha, ach a bheil thu smaointinn an gabhadh Seonag Fhionnlaigh turus rium? A leotharra rachainn g’a h-iarraidh am màireach, nam bithinn a’ smaointinn nach diùltadh i mi’.

‘Och, a dhuine,’ arsa mise, ‘ged is i caileag cho grinn ’sa tha san eilean, nach eil thu fhéin gu math dheth le crodh is caoraich agus deagh dhachaidh; agus ged a tha thu rud beag sean san adhairc, tha mi glé chinnteach nach diùltadh i thu’.

Leis na faclan sin thog Dòmhnall frogan air agus thubhairt e—‘Seadh, a charaid, matà ni sinn plan; falbhaidh mi fhéin ’s tu fhéin agus Ruairaidh Dubh suas oidhche Diar-daoin gu Sgòr Buidhe a choimhead air Fionnlagh, agus bheir sinn deur beag leinn. Nis chì mi fhéin Ruairaidh am màireach. Cum fo’n ùrlar na thubhairt mi riut agus tachraidh tu rium fhéin ’s ri Ruairaidh aig ceann an rathaid oidhche Dhìar-daoin aig còig uairean’.

So mar a bha. Mu chòig uairean feasgar Diar-daoin, dh’ullaich mise mi-fhéin agus thog mi orm gu ceann an rathaid. Bha Ruairaidh ’na sheasamh an sin a’ lionadh na pioba agus bha Dòmhnall a’ spaisdaireachd air ais ’s air aghaidh. Bha othail mhór air Dòmhnall gu dèanamh air falbh, ach thubhairt mi fhéin riutha nach robh oirre ach coltas an t-sneachda agus gum b’fheàrr dhuinn dèanamh air Bealach na Lice, oir ghearradh so mìle no dhà bhàrr an rathaid mhóir gu Sgòr Buidhe.

Sin dìreach mar a rinn sinn ach cha robh sinn bhàrr dà mhìle air falbh nuair a thoisich cur is cathadh, agus bha choiseachd a’ fàs gu math na bu duilghe. Bha mi fhéin agus Ruairaidh airson tilleadh dhachaidh, ach cha chluinneadh Dòmhnall iomradh air. Lean sinn oirnn car

tacain eile ach thubhairt Ruairaidh gu robh gnothaichean a’ fàs ro dhòirbh buileach agus nach ruigeamaid Sgòr Buidhe an oidhche ud.

‘Matà’, arsa mise ‘’s e rud as fheàrr a ni sinn tadhal shuas an so san tigh aig Seòras Riaslach, agus fanaidh sinn an sin gun an tigh an oidhche na’s fheàrr agus an stad an sneachda’. Cho mòr ’s gun robh ’n deònabhaigh aig Ruairaidh air tigh Fhionnlaigh an Sgòr Buidhe a ruighinn dh’aontaich e gum bu shàbhailte dhoibh gun dol na’s fhaide. An ùine gheirid ràinig sinn fàsgadh an tigh Sheòrais agus gu dearbh cha ruigeamaid a leas bualadh aig an doras. Rinn sinn starban gu leòir air an starsnaich a’ feuchainn ris an t-sneachda a chrathadh dhinn, agus tha mi creidsinn gun do shaoil Seòras còir gu robh eich Baile Sgarbh air tighinn chun an dorais aige. Ach co-dhiùbh ghabh sinn a steach.

Bha Seòras Riaslach ’na shuidhe mu choinn-eamh an teine agus ’s ann air éiginn a chitheadh tu a cheann glas leis a’ smùid a bha os a chionn agus e tarruing gu trang air pìob chreadh. Bha Flòraidh, a nìghean a bha coimhead as a dhéigh, an oir an teine a’ leughadh.

‘Tha sibh ann, a chàirdean’, arsa Seòras. ‘Thigibh a steach agus suidhibh sios’.

‘Nach ann an sin tha’n oidhche,’ arsa Flòraidh ’s i ag éirigh sios gu ceann iochdrach an tìghe.

Thug mi fhéin an aire nach robh Flòraidh uamhasach fhéin bòidheach ged nach d’fhuair mi ach sealladh dhith. Bha sròn mhór ghoram oirre agus car ann an té de na sùilean aice, agus bha a’ gruag ’na stràbh mar nach fhaiceadh i cir bho chionn seachdain. Co-dhiùbh, bha faclan againn air fad ri Seòras mu’n t-side; mu ghanntar fodair agus mu phailteas an iasgaich gus an do leig Seòras eubh as—‘A Flòraidh, nuas is dèan balgam ti’. ‘Tha mi tighinn’, thàinig guth a iochdar an tìghe. Nochd Flòraidh a nuas agus m’anam fhéin, cha b’e sud Flòraidh a chaidh sios. Bha falt air a chireadh gu riomhach air ais agus e ’na chuidhe an cùl a cinn; bha guaidhean breagha dearg agus bha an t-sròn ghoram a nis banail bàn. B’e mo mhór bharaill fhéin gur ann a b’th nan drogaichean san Oban a thàinig na dathan a bh’air aodann Flòraidh.

Chunna mi Ruairaidh Dubh a’ toirt stùil oirre agus chiag e shùil ri Dòmhnall. Lean sùilean Dhòmhnail i bhon doras gus an d’ràinig i ’n teine, agus nuair a choimhead e gu fuadain ormsa, ’s ann a chiag mise mi fhéin mo shùil. An sin thug Dòmhnall crathadh beag air fhéin, ag ràdh gum b’fheàrr dha sealltainn ach an robh an oidhche na b’fheàrr.

‘Tha i nas miosa na bha i riamh’, ars esan

's e tilleadh a stigh. "Coma co-dhiù feuch dhomh gloine, a Fhlòraidh, agus gabhaidh sinn deur beag".

Fhuair Flòraidh a' ghloine agus ghabh gach fear againn deagh dhram a botul Dhòmhnaill agus mhòl sinn gu math an sùgh a bh'ann. "An dà", arsa Seòras, "fhuair mi fhéin botul a Peairt an dé agus bho nach do dh'fheuch mi fhathast e, 's e so an t-am".

Ma bha a' chiad dhram math, 's e a bha math an dàrna fear. Bha gach duine a nis a' fàs na b'fheàrr gu bruidhinn ach mar nach robh Ruaraidh Dubh riann air deireadh, 's ann a dh'éirich e 'na sheasamh, is thug e leth-bhodach a mach as a phòca. Thug e sùil air Flòraidh agus ma thug cha b'è sin an t-sùil fhuadain. "Matà Dhòmhnaill, tha mi fhéin sa' bheachd nach ruig thu a leas a dhol nas fhaide air do thurus". Leum Dhòmhall air a chois, rug e air làmh air Ruaraidh agus thubhairt e,

"Tha thu glé cheart, a charaid, tha mi glé dhèanach".

"Seadh matà", arsa Ruaraidh agus e toirt gloine do Sheòras, "tha Dhòmhall 'na dheagh duine ag iarraidh làmh bhur nighinn Flòraidh mar bhean phòsda." "Ma-tà gu dearbh," arsa Seòras, "ma tha iad riarichte, ni mise mòr ghàirdeachas; dé tha thu ag ràdh, a Flòraidh?"

"O", arsa Flòraidh ann an guth beag banail "nach mise tha sona".

Cha robh san tigh ach a' chòigear againn, ach ged nach robh, rinn sinn réiteach beag laghach dhujinn fhéin. Thràigh sinn na botuill. An sin thuir Flòraidh, "Tha mi smaintinn gun cuir mi air buntàta agus saoidhean". Ma bha Dhòmhall Gleusda ann an teagamh roimhe so, gu cinnteach bha fios c'àite an robh a chridhe an nis. Leum e null gu Flòraidh, chuir e làmh mu h-amhaich agus e ag ràdh, "Sin thu fhéin a ghràdhag agus fhad 's a bhios iad a bruich ni sinn ruidhle. Rinn mi fhéin is Ruaraidh Dubh, Dhòmhall agus Flòraidh ruidhle agus bha Seòras fhéin ag cluich an fheadain.

Sin mar a thachair do Dhòmhall Gleusda a dh'fhàg an tigh a' dol a dh'iarraidh làmh Seonaig, nighean Fhearchair agus a réitich ri agus a phòs Flòraidh nighean Sheòrais. Tha iad gu math toilichte an diugh le an cuid cloinne, ged tha mi smaintinn gu bheil an t-sròn aig Flòraidh a' sior fhàs gorm agus mór.

'S e Dhòmhall Gleusda a rinn an t-iasgach an oidhche ud—fhuair e am biadh agus gu h-àraid an t-iasg a b'fheàrr leis agus air an aon dubhan bha Flòraidh aige cuideachd.

(Dh'innseadh an sgeul-sa air an radio.)

Am Feachd Gaidhealach San Eiphit

CHAN eil fada bho leugh mi briathran fir a bha a' gearan nach do rinneadh mòran bàrdachd Gàidhlig mu'n chogadh mu dheireadh. 'S esan nach leigeadh a leas sin a dhèanamh. Chan e an fheadhainn a bha ri uchd teine is dòcha an cab a bhith air an gualainn ach iadsan nach deach na b'fhaise riann air cunnart na éibheall a thuiteam orra as a' ghriosaidh. Co-dhiù, chan eil fosgladh beòil agam nach fhaca is nach cuala mi bàrdachd Ghàidhlig a rinn fir a bha an cunnart am beatha air muir 's air tìr agus anns an adhar (ged nach do ràinig na Dòmhnallaich an àird sin fhathast)—agus, co-dhiù, fàgaidh mi sin aig an fheadhainn a tha a' dèanamh an aoraidh ùir do'n ghréin is do'n ghealach—iadsan a tha fiachainn a dhol 'nan rathad.

Bha réiseamaid de na Camshronaich sa' cheathramh Roinn Innseanach, agus bha beachd caraid is nàmhaid orra mar shaighdearan sgoineil. So frith-chainnt a chuala mi gu minic san Fhàsach-an-Iar: "Cò tha sa' cheathramh Roinn Innseanach?" "Na Camshronaich —'s iad na Camshronaich an ceathramh Roinn Innseanach!" Thug mi greis còmhla ris an dara Roinn-airm a *New Zealand*, agus chuala mi so aig oifigeach agus aig saighdearan: "Tha fhios againn gu bheil saighdearan matha againn ach chan eil leisg no nàire oirnn an ceann-toisich a thoirt do na Camshronaich."

Chan urrainn duine nach robh san làraich a chreidsinn a' bhuidh a thug an Roinn Ghaidhealach air spiorad is air misneachd an Ochdaime Airm nuair a ràinig iad an Eiphit. An teimeadhon a' chogaidh bha mi ann an camp shaighdearan aig Amzria, eadar El-Alamein agus Cathair-Alasdair. Bha an nàmhaid air ruag an duine dhuibh a chur air na saighdearan againne, agus thuit an sud 's an sad air a chuide duine. Thigeadh na fògarach thugainn a là 's a dh'oidhche agus an aon imcheist chianail air gach fear aca—"Ciamar a gheibh sinn teicheadh mun cuir na Gearmailtich an Eiphit fòdhpà fhéin?" An tuiteam na h-oidhche air feasgar àraidh bha na bha sa' champ cho balbh, dubhach 's a dh'fhòghmadh. Cha robh mòran feala-dhà na fearas-chuideachd air lorg aca.

Thàinig oifigeach Sasunnach a steach far an robh sinn. Cha bu luaithe a nochd e a shròn na dh'eubh e àird a chlaiginn, "The 51st is here!" Thug fear is fear sùil air mar gum b'e tàbharnach a bha ann. Nuair a ghabh iad a steach brìgh a sheanachais thòisich neòil na dòbhaill-misnich air sgapadh. Cha robh fada

agus an do nochd trìthir oifigeach Gaidhealach 'nam féilidhean, agus ma nochd, cha do rinn-eadh barrachd toileachaidh ri ainglean! Chaidh an camp a bha mar tigh-aire gu bhith 'na thigh-bainnse. Is iomadh rud a chunnaic mi a chuir iongnadh mo bheatha orm, ach is e an t-atharrachadh so sùileagan bu mhotha a fhuair mi riamh. Faisg air an aon am thachair rud eile—bha Ard-cheannard ùr aig an Ochdamh Arm. Cò is urrainn a ràdh le cinnt an e Macgomaraid nu an Roinn Gaidhealach a chuir spiorad na buaidhe is misneachd catha san Ochdamh Arm. Is e mo bheachd gu robh cuid mhath aca dheth le chéile. So agaibh rud a thuirt oifigeach gaisgeil, sgrinneil a mhuinntir Chalanais rium an oidhche mun do thòisich Blàr Alamein: "Bheir sinn a nis fead orra!" Chan fhaca mi Iain còir bho sguir an cogadh ach chuala mi gu bheil e air ceann sgoile an Siorrachd Rois. Ged nach b'e sin a ghnàth-obair 's e saighdear is oifigeach dèanta a bha ann, agus is iomadh fear a fhuair àrd-urram nach robh cho geal an airidh air ris-san. Tha mi an dòchas gun d'fhuair e os cionn gach leòin a rinneadh air, agus nach dèan e feannadh-builg ma dh'aithnicheas e cò tha sgrìobhadh so.

Chuir fear a bha thall 's a chunnaic rainn ri chéile mu'n rud air a bheil mi a' bruidhinn, agus tha cead agam a chur an céill. Cha dèan e math dhomh innse cò a rinn iad ged a tha mi cho eòlach air is a tha mi air mo leth-chois. So caob de na rainn.

Chan eil éis nu inneas air na gillean 's iad 'nan éideadh,
'S a choisicheas gu curranta air gainn-eamh glas na h-Eiphit.
Cha b'e Macgomaraid a dh'aindeoin, brag is éigheach
Thug cumadh churaidhean air feachd 's e 'n ìmpis géillidh
Ach teachd an airm Albannaich a b'ainmeile measg threun-fhear

Gus ruaig a chur air Gearmailtich 's *Rommel* chur 'na éiginn,
Ged is e Macgomaraid le iùil a thog a Eirinn
Chuir rian is dòigh air barailean nach dèanadh idir stréuchdadh.

GUN-AINM.

A' Chraobh Ubhal

Chan e fìor ghàrradair math a tha annamsa idir ged is mòr an ùine a tha mi call anns an lios. Is iomadh briseadh-dùile a tha mi faighinn rè an t-samhraidh gach bliadhna. Na nithean as gealltanaiche aig toiseach faisg nach tric a liùgas is a sheargas iad mus tig iad gu fearchas. Seasaidh na currain gu stobach ri

gréin, ach na bi ro chinnteach gun ith thu iad; tha creutairean fàlachaidh eile a' feitheamh riutha, agus suarach aca co ris a tha dùil agad-sa. Thig an càl air adhart, 's e thig, ach faodaidh, mur a toir thu a' cheart aire, gur h-e nàmhaid a thig air sgéith aig am bi e, agus nach bi agad ach an gad air an robh an t-iasg. Agus air son *tomatoes*, seachainn iad mur a h-aithne dhut barrachd mu'n deidhinn ormsa. Cha ghann nach geall iad, ach 's e rud eile a tha ann an gealladh a choimhlonadh.

Chan ionann iad sin idir is craobh nan ubhal. Tha ise seasamh leatha fhéin an taobh an liosa a' giùlan toradh trom bliadhna an déidh bliadhna. Chan eil duine sealltainn as a déidh mur gearrar barran nan geug mu shamhain, ach chan aithnichear sin air àreaman meud na dreach nan ùbhlan leis a bheil i cho luchdaichte. Cha chum i dad air ais ged nach eil i faighinn mòran aire mar a tha lusan is measan eile a' ghàrraidh.

'S aithne dhomh feadhainn eile aig a bheil fios cho math rium fhìn gu bheil craobh thorach agam anns an lios. Thig iad an deagh am, mar a thig a' chuthag sa' Chéitein na an traon san Og-mhios, gu cùl a' ghàrraidh; cumaidh iad aon sùil ormsa agus sùil eile air a' chraoibh. "Chan eil iad abaich fhathast," canaidh iad (tha mi cinnteach) riutha fhéin. "Thig sinn a ris." Agus ma thuirt, thig. Chan ann aig na balaich bheaga a thòisich miann air ùbhlan an toiseach. Tha sin a' toirt 'nam chuimhne là anns an sgoil Shàbaid. Saoidh mi an diugh gur h-ann an saoghal eile a thachair e, agus nach b'e mise a dh'éisd idir. Bha an t-eildeir còir ag innseadh dhuinn aon uair eile mar a thug itheadh na h-ùbhla éiginn is sgrìos air daoine. Rinn an eachdraidh deargadh air ar n-inntinnean maotha. Air an rathad dhachaidh bha sinn a' tighinn air na nithean a chuala sinn. So a' bhreith a thug mac an eildeir air an fhear a dh'ith an ubhal: "Nach b'e am bug . . . Adhamh."

Calum Iain MacGilleathain Nach Mairean

Bithidh ionndrainn air an t-sàr sgoilear, Calum Iain MacGilleathain, M.A., a chaochail an Dalabrog, far an robh e air chuairt, o chionn sia seachdainean. Chan ann a mhàin san dùthaich so a bha meas air, ach an iomadh dùthaich eile, far a bheil tlachd aig daoine ann an eachdraidh agus am beul-aithris an t-sluaigh.

Is ann fo stiùireadh Comunn Béaloideas Eireann (*Irish Folklore Commission*) a thòisich e a' cruinneachadh sheachnas agus uirsgeul o

chionn ceithir bliadhna deug; ach cho luath 's a ghabh Oil-thigh Dhun Eideann os làimh a' cheart obair a dhèanamh o chionn naoi bliadhna thàinig e air ais do'n dùthaich so, far na shaothraich e tuilleadh.

Bha e neo-chumanta math air an obair, agus e cho dòigheil, snasail, cho cinnteach ri a bhith eòlach, fiosrach, anns na rinn e. Duine sèimh iriosal, le fearas-chuideachd air leth ann a measg eòlach; agus an am tinneis is fulangais bha e an còmhnuidh foighidneach, misneachail. Sgrìobh e leabhar grinn mu'n Ghaidhealtachd, a thàinig a mach an uiridh, agus bithidh e aig daoine mar chuimhneachan mhaireannach air.

B'e Calum Iain an treas fear bu shine de chòigear bhràithrean, agus a h-uile fear aca 'na sgoilear bàrraichte. Is ann do Ratharsaidh a bhunneadh an teaghlach. Tha co-fhair-eachdainn againn ri a bhràithrean agus a dhithis pheathraichean, agus gu h-àraid ri a mhàthair a bha a' fuireach còmhla ris an Dun Eideann. Cha robh e ach dà fhichead bliadhna 's a còig.

A.D.

Facail Bheaga

'S e facal beag gnìomhach a tha anns an fhacal *ach*. Togaidh e balla romhad, no leagaidh e fear ri làr air son ceum-coise dhut. Bheir e sùil air a' bheachd as daingnichte mus gabh e ris, agus cuiridh e teagamh anns an eòlas as doimhne agus as farsainge gus am bi e fhéin làn riarachta. Ma gheibh *ach* an còthrom as lugha gu bhith cur cas-bhacaig ort glacaidh e e. "Tha thusa creidsinn sin," their e, "*ach* so mo bheachd-sa. Dèan thusa an rud a tha thu faicinn iomchuidh *ach* cha tugainn-sa a' chomhairle ort falbh idir." Sin dol-a-mach a bhios aig an fhacal-sa co-dhùbhl. Tha sùil an amharais aige fosgailte daonnan. Chan eil muinghinn aige ann an ni sam bith gus an seall e air an clàr an aodainn an toiseach. Cha tric a bhios e air an aon ràmh ris an sgioba oir tha a shùilean air a' ghualainn tuilleadh 's a' chòir. Lorgaidh e an leiseul as lugha gu bhith cur maille 'nad cheum, agus ged nach biodh leiseul aige cuiridh e casg air do chòmhradh.

Nuair a gheibh thu steach air *ach* agus a leughas tu a chridhe chìl thu nach eil e idir cho féineil no cho beag faireachadh 's a shaoileas tu. 'S e a dhìlseachd do'n fhirinn agus a dhùrachd a thaobh ceartas gach cùise agus seasmhachd gach beachd is aobhar nach math leis eum a thoirt an cabhaig no duine a ghabhail air fhacal gun fhianuis.

Tha e neo-chridheach ris an fheumach, agus

fosglaidh e dorus a steach do rìoghachd an t-sonais agus na saorsa nuair nach bi dùil agad ris. Bheir e misneachd dhuinn nuair a tha ar dòchas 'gar tréigsinn. Mur biodh e 's ann dorch a bhiodh an saoghal dhuinn aig amannan. "Bha an stoirm cruaidh," ars esan, "agus chaill na maraichean am misneachd agus an treòir, *ach* bhris an là agus bha cala tiarainte a' fosgladh rompa."

Air an làimh eile tha am facal-sa deiseil gu bhith togail air beulaibh iomnaidh an àite sìthe, agus eagal is ball-chrith an àite samh-chaire is foise. "Bha mi air mo dhòigh," thuirt fear rium, "*ach* chuir cuibhle an fhortain car eile dith. Bha mi aon uair air mo thobht-aichean mòra ach seall a nis, chan eil annam ach truaghan bochd." So facal agus nuair a chìl thu e faodaidh tu a bhith cinnteach nach eil cùisean idir mar a bha dùil agad; an dara cuid tha d'fhortan dèante, no tha là an àigh seachad. 'S e geata a tha ann eadar rìoghachd is rìoghachd, agus gu tric bidh an dùthaich a tha thu fàgail tur eadar-dhealaichte ris an t-é do bheil thu dol.

Our Gaelic Heritage

THE main question that concerns us here is how best to preserve our Gaelic heritage. Those who are deeply interested in the traditions and culture of the Gaelic speaking people of Scotland are anxiously asking themselves the question, How can we stem the tide that is threatening to engulf our Gaelic heritage? They know that this is a vital question, and one that demands urgent attention. They know, too, that delay in stemming the tide now means ultimate and irrevocable loss. But the solution to the problem is by no means easy.

The forces at present arrayed against the preservation of the Gaelic language and culture are formidable, and only carefully planned and vigorously executed counter action will be of much avail. The strongest enemy of all, perhaps, has been, and still is, the general apathy of the people most intimately concerned. Gaelic speakers themselves do not appreciate the true value of their ancient heritage. Too often they failed to support those who were ready to press their legitimate claims and rights because they never fully realized the importance of having two worlds of thought and language to move in. Perhaps they will never awake to a real sense of what they are losing until it is too late. This apathy must in some way be shaken or the battle is already lost.

(Continued on page 116)

LEARNER'S PAGE

Is ann mar sin a bha. Cheangail an dealan-dé crios òir mu a chois dheis; chuir e trì maighdeagan lainnearach am bac easgaid; sgaoil e a sgiathan breacain ri gaoith bhuih bhlaith an an fheasgair is thog e air. Chuir e a chùl ris an àirde tuath is aghaidh ris an àirde deas, is fad sheachd sheachdainean samhraidh dh'imich e gun a sgìos a leigeil thar aimhnichean, thar achaidhean, thar iomairean, thar bheann, thar ghleann, thar chuainteann gus an do ràinig e an t-eilean uaine, far nach laigh grian is nach éirich gealach is far nach cualas riamh ach fuaim an taibh is guileag na h-eala bhàin a tha 'na suidhe air tolmán uaine 'na theis-meadhoin. Seachd seachdainean ní an eala so cadal gun dùsgadh; ach air an t-seachdamh Dòmhnach dùisgidh i is ní i trì guileagan cho binn is gun éisd an cruinne is gun toir clàsair nan cnoc osna bhròin as le eud. Ràinig an dealan-dé an cnoc; rinn e iteag trì uairean mu thimcheall na h-eala; leig e a thaic air bileig fheòir; chuir e maighdeag fo cheann is rinn e cadal. Bhruadair e gun robh e an caisteal rìgh far an robh sparran an tighe air an dèanamh de snàth sloda, is nigheanan an rìgh a' dannsadh orra is bad de luibh-chneas an broilleach gach té dhiubh. Chuala e an t-aon cheòl a bu bhinne chuala cluas no a smaointich cridhe; ceòl a dhùisgeadh gaoil; ceòl a dh'fhògradh eagal; ceòl a bheireadh bainne bho'n chrodh sheasg. Ciod e a bha an so ach guileag na h-eala is i a' dùsgadh. Thog an eala cuiseag airgid 'na gob, is cha luaithe thog na thàinig neul dubh air aghaidh na gréine, is thòisich gach roinne feòir a bha air an eilean air crathadh. Ciod a bha an so ach sgaoth dh'eunlaidh cladaich a bha a' freagairt guileag na h-eala is a bha tighinn le biadh is deoch gu aoigheachd a dhèanamh do'n dealan dé.

"Is mise," ars an dealan-dé, "mac àillidh nan speur a' siubhal o dhùthchannan tuath gu tìr mu dheas an tòir air riar mo chridhe. Feumaidh i a bhith cho bòidheach ri sòbhrach nan gleann; cho math gu banas-tighe ri seangan gàraidhean." Thuir an eala gun dèamadh i cadal nan seachd seachdainean gus am faigheadh i eòlas nan trì saoghal is an sin gun tugadh i dha trì comharran leis am faigheadh e riar a chridhe.

Is ann mar sin a bha. Chuir an dealan-dé seachad an ùine 'g a fhaigheadh féin is a' dèanamh tàire air a' bhogha-froise a chionn nach robh uibhir de dhathannan ann is a bha 'na sgiathan-san.

That is just what happened. The Butterfly fastened a golden belt round his right foot; he placed three polished scallop shells in the hough of his leg; he spread his tartan wings in the soft warm wind of the evening and set off. He set his back to the north and his face to the south, and during seven summer weeks he journeyed without resting, across rivers, over plains, over fields, over mountains, over glens, over oceans until he reached the green isle where sun does not set nor moon rise, and where no sound was ever heard save the sound of the sea and the note of the white swan which is sitting on a green knoll in the centre of it. For seven weeks this swan sleeps without waking; but on the seventh Sunday she awakes and utters three notes so sweet that the world listens and the harpist of the hills moans sorrowfully through jealousy. The butterfly reached the hill; he flew three times round the swan; he leant on a blade of grass; he placed a shell under his head and slept. He dreamt that he was in a king's castle where the rafters of the house were made of silk thread on which the king's daughters were dancing with a tuft of herbs in the bosom of each. He heard the sweetest music that ear heard or heart imagined; music that would stir up love; music that would drive away fear; music that would draw milk from barren cows. What was this but the swan's note as it awakened. The swan lifted a silver stalk in her beak and no sooner had she lifted it than a dark cloud covered the face of the sun, and every blade of grass on the island began to quiver. What was this but a flock of shore birds that answered the swan's note, and which were coming with food and drink to entertain the butterfly.

"I," said the butterfly, "am the comely son of the skies, journeying from northern countries to southern land seeking my heart's desire. She must be as beautiful as the primrose of the glens; as good at housewifery as the ant of the gardens." The swan said she would sleep for seven weeks to acquire the knowledge of the three worlds: and that she would then give him three signs by which he could discover his heart's desire.

That is just what happened. The butterfly passed the time bathing and despising the rainbow because there were not as many colours in it as were in his wings.

GAELIC POETS OF THE 18th CENTURY

(5) JOHN MACCODRUM

JOHN MacCodrum is to be identified, more than any of the widely acknowledged eighteenth century boards, with the old Gaelic order. He was nurtured in a Gaelic society, and spent his life in it; he belongs unequivocally to the Gaelic literary tradition, and both the models for his songs and the occasions of these songs are native. Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, Dugald Buchanan, William Ross and Ewen MacLachlan all had some English schooling, and non-Gaelic influences are clearly to be seen in their works; Donnchadh Bàn lived half his life in the Lowlands; even Rob Donn, with a less mixed background than the others, is further removed than MacCodrum from the traditional order.

One should hasten to add that in literary matters this Gaelic order was already far decayed by the time of MacCodrum's hey-day. He was born in North Uist c. 1700 and died in the year 1779. His editor, the Rev. William Matheson, is of the opinion that few of his extant songs can be dated earlier than 1749, and it seems to have been in late middle life that he made personal contact with the MacMhuirichs of South Uist, the descendants of a long line of bards and the custodians of some of their manuscripts and of their historical and genealogical traditions. It is fairly clear that MacCodrum derived both stimulation and factual knowledge from these contacts with the MacMhuirichs, and it is quite clear that his appointment in 1763 as bard to Sir James MacDonald of Sleat put him on his mettle, and orientated his work in the direction of the literary rather than the oral tradition.

MacCodrum's work falls clearly into two main categories. On the one hand there are the poems which he composed in virtue of his office to Sir James, and arising out of the interests which he seems to have cultivated on accepting this office: poems such as *Oran do Shìr Seumas MacDhòmhnaill*, *Tàladh Iain Mhùideartaich*, *Moladh Chlann Dòmhnail*, *Marbhrann do Shìr Seumas MacDhòmhnaill* and *Oran do Mhac 'ic Ailein*. On the other hand there are the more numerous songs which he composed for more local occasions, for a wedding (*Duan na Bainne*), to satirise members of the N. Uist community (*Aoir Dhòmhnail Friseil*, *A' Chòmhstri*, *Diomoladh Pìoba Dhòmhnail Bhàin*, *Oran nam Bantraichean*, *Aoir nan Tàilleirean*) or to give a humorous account of his own predicaments (*Gearan air a Mhnaoi*, *Oran do'n Teasaich*, *Banais MhicAsgaill*). Both

these categories have this in common: the poetry is 'public' poetry, designed to edify or amuse the company to which it is recited. The poet is not communing with his own soul, or maintaining any pretence of investigating private feelings. His poetry is part of a communal activity which is completed only when it is recited to the company and appreciated by the company. Not all poetry needs these conditions.

The eloquence of this poetry, in both the categories mentioned above, is beyond dispute. MacCodrum uses a wide range of vocabulary and a rich idiom, which make his work an important source for students of the Gaelic language. His use of language is often vivid and usually dexterous. But it would not be unjust to say that his work shows a dexterity in using existing forms of language rather than a truly creative handling and development of language. The *Oran mu'n Eideadh Ghaidhealach*, whose eloquence is reminiscent of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's work, is a good example to take. Here an instance of creative use of language, which seems exceptional in this poem, is an *deàrrsadh chlogad* ('their sheen of helmets'). Examples from other poems are *Fradharc a' chuain uaibhrich chuislich* (655)*, *'S tric a dh' fhadhbhaich na sporain* (566), *Fear ri geallaim 's cha tòraim* (575). This creative use of language can be distinguished from the verbal wit and dexterity which is found in generous measure in MacCodrum's work, but especially in the humorous and satiric songs whose subjects give the best scope for his talents. The strength of a song such as *Oran na h-Aoise* lies in the telling phrases, the invective which we know is not malevolent—in other words in the wit. In *Caraid agus Nàmhaid an Uisge-bheatha* the cut and thrust of argument suits his style particularly well, allowing him to use the vivid colloquial language of which he was a master. (Perhaps deliberately, there is more wit in the stanzas in defence of whisky than in those attacking it. We have the impression that the initiative rests with the *Caraid*, and of course it is the friendly poet who is making the running.) The same linguistic dexterity can be seen in the description of the process of distilling whisky, a description which is masterly in its brevity and conciseness:

* Line references are to Wm. Matheson, *The Songs of John MacCodrum* (Edinburgh, 1938), where translations are given of all the songs.

Ge be thionnsgain no dh' inntig
 Air an ionnsramaid phriseil,
 'S duine grunn-dail 'na inntinn
 Bha gu h-innleachdach glic:
 Thug o arbhar gu sìol e,
 Thug o bhraich gu nì 's brìgheil',
 Thug á prais 'na chò liath e
 Mach throimh chliath nan lùb tric.
 (11. 581-8.)

The same wit appears in *Diomoladh Pìoba Dhòmhnail Bhàin*, but the humour is more hilarious here. The use of *canntaireachd* terms adds to the hilarity of the piece. Dòmhnall Bàn, third-rate artist that he is, has to be content with a sooty kiln as his concert-hall, and he sits on the edge of the fire-place with a bundle of straw at his back, blowing his dissonant and evil-smelling pipes:

Chan fhaigh a' chùis-bhùirt ud
 Talla 'm bì mùirn
 Ach àth air a mùchadh
 Le dùbhdan 's le sùidh;
 Cha bhì séithear aig Dòmhnall,
 'S chan éirich e còmhndar,
 Ach suidh air an t-sòrn
 Agus sòpag ri dhruim
 (11. 948-55.)

The satire in this song is incisive, effective and above all humorous, although like many Gaelic songs from the period it goes on too long.

Oran do'n Teasaich again gives MacCodrum scope for his descriptive gifts, his wit, and (in a restricted sense) comic imagination. The emaciated condition of the victim of fever is well described; the legs are shrunken and splayed, resembling more the flat blade of an oar than its rounded shaft:

Gur pailt liagh dhaibh seach lunn—
 Cha bhean fiar dhaibh nach lùb.
 (11. 2372-3.)

The hair of the head falls out, the ears seem to have grown much bigger:

A' bhonaid dhà uirrad 's a bhà i
 Air uachdar curraic nach àlainn,
 Cluasan gun uireasbaidh fàsa,
 Ceann cho lom ri cridh na deàrna.
 (11. 2382-5.)

Although one may grant that MacCodrum shows comic imagination, a more general imaginative power is lacking in most of his work. It must be admitted that there is a depressing lack of independence and originality in much Gaelic verse. Although these qualities can be over-rated, their patent absence from a poem must often be deplored. MacCodrum is one of the many practitioners of "clan" verse in the eighteenth century. His *Moladh*

Chlann Dòmhnail is a competent enough professional job, but it is flat, as versified history often is. *Oran do Mhac 'ic Ailein* is a poorer instance, and the *Oran do Shìr Seumas MacDhomhnail*, after a fairly promising beginning in elegiac style, again deteriorates into undistinguished "clan" verse, with some bathetic imagery, such as *taghadh gach speuclair* (1. 1573) and

Na cairdean cho dileas
 'S a bha 'n innc ris a' phàipeir.
 (11. 1685-6.)

Tàladh Iain Mhùrdeartaich is in somewhat different case. This unusual lullaby develops, in a not unfitting manner, into a resumé of MacDonald history, which includes this vivid, stark, and rather horrible reconstruction of the scene after the battle of Inverlochy, in which MacCodrum follows Iain Lom, but contrives to outdo him:

B' iomadh fear cleòc agus abaid
 Bha chòta cho fliuch ri chaiseart,
 Foghlum an t-snàimh nach robh aige,
 Air an aigeal laigh iad air ghur;
 Cha robh daol a' faochnadh an cuirp,
 Oir bha 'n aodach caol agus tiugh,
 Nì nach b' iongnadh, aognaidh 's e fliuch
 (11. 1778-84.)

The last four lines of this stanza make a brilliant exception to the statement made above that MacCodrum lacks imaginative power.

The *Marbhrann do Alasdair MacDhòmhnail* is an *òran mòr* type of poem, which MacCodrum composed in 1760. Perhaps it was this song that helped to single him out as a likely candidate for the office of bard to MacDonald of Sleat. It is amazing how widespread competence in this form of verse was in the eighteenth century. There seems to have been a corpus of what might be described as "stock sentiments", natural of course to such an elegiac situation, but these do not readily become clichés in their solemn and sonorous context. The bards seem to have the *òran mòr* style "at call", however different it may be from their usual style. One of MacCodrum's more unusual metaphors occurs in this poem. Speaking of death's visitation he says:

'S goirt an sgriob a thug fìaclan an t-sàibh
 (1. 1272.)

By contrast with this *òran mòr* type of elegy, the *Marbhrann do Shìr Seumas MacDhòmhnail* is an effective elegy in the more intimate style of e.g. Iain Lom's lament for Aonghas Mac Raghnaill Oig na Ceapaich. This poem has echoes of bardic verse, poetic *sgeula* and Biblical and classical allusions, and passages of simple and strong feeling reminiscent of the 17th century folk songs:

Cha do dhùineadh an còta,
'S cha do ghiùlain na brògan
Neach an cunntadh iad còmhla do phàirtean.

This is probably one of MacCodrum's best serious poems, but it cannot be called great poetry. It is the work of a very competent craftsman, with an intimate knowledge of the tradition he is working in.

It seems likely that MacCodrum's reputation should ultimately rest on his humorous, satiric and witty poems. He is to be bracketed with Rob Donn rather than with Ross or Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair or Buchanan, and both MacCodrum and Rob Donn are the 18th century ancestors, *par excellence*, of the witty local bards who are fortunately still with us.

DERICK THOMSON.

Our Gaelic Heritage

Continued from p. 112

The spread of English throughout the centuries has inevitably led to the gradual shrinking of the Gaelic realm. English has been the language of the State for hundreds of years. It has been the language of industry and business throughout the length and breadth of the land all that time. The basic subject of education, at all stages, is English which has been the medium of instruction since the Education Act of 1872 and long before. While not cavilling at that historical fact it is pertinent to point out the effect this policy was bound to have on the status of Gaelic and its prestige in the eyes of those who still spoke it.

The cumulative influence of the Daily Press, so widely read within the Gaelic area as elsewhere, and the endless variety of English matter available has had its baneful effect on the use and purity of Gaelic. And broadcasting within recent years has had a similar effect. The wonder is that spoken Gaelic is standing up as it is to these frontal attacks.

One has to remember also that there has been a constant drain of manpower over a very long period, and the flow of emigrants through economic stress or call of adventure has by no means ceased. All these causes add up to a mighty force against which battle has to be waged to retrieve lost ground, and to consolidate possible gains.

How can this be done? It can only be done by combined local and national effort. To arrest the apathy of the Gaelic speaking people

it must be brought home to them that they are losing something of real value themselves, and that they are depriving their children of their rights. Perhaps the most effective way of bringing this truth home to them would be by giving Gaelic its proper place in the curriculum of primary schools in the Gaelic speaking districts. If Gaelic were used as the medium of instruction in the early stages of the school, at least, and taught as a specific subject throughout the whole school course it would give the language of the people the required-prestige, and would certainly benefit the children at the same time. There was a time when Gaelic was forbidden in the school and in the playground! That veto was bound to create a complex in the minds of parents and pupils alike.

The children, instead of being taught to honour and love their birthright—the speech, the traditions and culture of their forebears—were, deliberately or otherwise, encouraged to belittle the way of life of their homeland. The present day policy of school centralisation is in real danger of producing similar results, and may eventually seriously weaken community life in rural areas.

Only those in authority can initiate and encourage the change of educational policy suggested here, and it might be very desirable on the part of An Comunn to consider this proposition, and if so resolved, to prosecute it at the appropriate level.

To arrest depopulation in the Highlands, and to restore contented communities in the isles and glens now desolate, more than an appeal to sentiment is required. Without remunerative local employment we shall plead in vain for people to make their permanent homes there. Crofting is not in itself sufficient to enable the people to live comfortably. Suitable ancillary industries in addition to crofting are needed. There are two alternatives for creating and establishing the necessary light industries: 1. The provision of special inducements for private enterprise to establish industries, for instance the improvement in transport facilities, and the reduction or tapering of transport charges; 2. The appointment of a Development Corporation with the necessary authority and knowledge together with adequate funds. The success of the Harris Tweed Industry in the Western Isles of recent years is evidence that it is possible, by private enterprise, to create vastly improved conditions, but to produce quick results more money is required than the Highlands can find at present.

S.D.T.

The Study of the Folklore

Continued

In Shetland, however, much valuable material has been recorded and many international tales and legends have been noted down. The study of Shetland material still reveals how close the cultural contacts with Norway must have been. As a Highlander, perhaps, I could be accused of partisanship, but as a folklore student I realise that I ought to be equally interested in the traditions of the Scots and Scandinavian areas as in those of Gaelic Scotland. The last 10 years have convinced me absolutely that the material in the Gaelic-speaking areas is by far the richest, and probably the richest in any European country except Hungary. In other countries, I admit, much more has been collected, but then there have been generous subventions from Governments, e.g. in Ireland, Finland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. A sub-section of a small department of one Scottish University is no answer to our problem here, it is a machinery hopelessly and ludicrously inadequate to deal with an immense task. I could give the rest of my life to the collection of material in South Uist alone, and know that I could never be sure that the work was completed. The wealth of material I encountered during a two months' visit to South Uist this winter (1959-60) has astounded me completely. In 1947 Angus MacMillan of Benbecula took the world of folklore science in Western Europe and America by surprise by recording tales that took not one hour to tell, but three, four, six and sometimes as many as nine hours to tell. Last summer a variant of the *Táin Bó Cúailnge* was recorded from Angus Maclellan of Frobost, South Uist, the tale of *Cu Chulainn* that took shape in the 7th century or probably earlier and that was the subject of study by every great name in the Celtic scholarship of Europe from Windisch and Thurneysen onwards. Even the magnificent material recorded by the late Dr. Alexander Carmichael from 1870 onwards is still there, even the wonderful religious legends about the Flight of Our Lord into Egypt, the Cursing of the Tinkers for making the nails to go in the Saviour's hands and feet, the legend about the spider's web woven across the mouth of the cave where the Virgin and Child were hidden, the web that completely deceived the soldiers of Herod.

The most characteristic feature of the Gaelic tale in Scotland is its ornamentation, although there is a tendency now on the part of story-

tellers to shed a good deal of it. There is a formalistic opening, e.g. There was a king at one time as there is, as there was and as there will be, as the pine grows, some of it bent and some of it straight, and he was the King of Ireland. There is also the stylistic ending, e.g. And I left them, and they gave me butter on a cinder, porridge kail in a creel, and paper shoes; and they sent me away with a big gun bullet, on a road of glass, till they left me sitting here within.

Then there are the stereotyped passages that are introduced here and there and occur in the same form in different, unrelated tales. These are the "runs" in Gaelic "ruithean" and are also a feature of Irish and Icelandic tales.

There is the voyage run.

And he launched the long ship and he set her prow to the sea and her stern to land. And he raised the speckled, towering sails to the long, enduring masts in such a manner that there was no mast that was not bent and no sail that was not torn as he traversed the white, briny ocean and the steep, threatening billows. The music that sent him to sleep and rest was the flapping of gulls and the writhing of eels, the largest whale eating the smallest and the smallest doing as best it could, the bent, dun whelks of the ocean-bed clattering upon her deck. So well did he steer that he did the work of a helmsman in her stern, a pilot in her prow, he would loosen the cable that was tied and tie the cable that was loose until he reached haven and harbour in the Eastern World. And he drew the ship up its seven lengths on dry land, where the tide would not wash it away, where the sun would not crack its timbers, where the cheeky, little boys of the big city would not make fun or mockery of it until he himself returned.

Then there is the combat run.

And the Son of the King of Norway and the Giant fell upon one another and when the Son of the King of Norway saw that he was close to enemies and far distant from friends, he gave himself that sprightly, light lift with the tips of his fingers on the end of his lance and caught the giant and put him on the flat of his back on the heavy ledges of the earth and broke a rib beneath and a forearm above.

There is a slightly rarer but rather vivid run to describe the approach of a hag.

And it was not long till he heard a tremor in the earth and a rumbling in the heavens caused by the Hag of the Deep-green Mantle of ugliest form, shape and appearance as she came. Her left breast shot over her right shoulder and her right breast shot over her left shoulder, her longest tooth was her stab

for travelling the highway and her shortest tooth was her poker for the fire. And he thought he could see her heart and her liver quivering within her body as she panted while climbing the slope towards him with a spear on each of her shoulders. And terror took hold of him.

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CUIDEACHD

THA feadhainn ann agus chan eil cuideachd aca as docha leotha na an cuideachd fhéin. Ann an aonaranachd trusaidh iad an sòlas a tha dhìth orra, agus dùnaidh iad an doras air draghan is uallaichean chàich. Cha chuir caochlaideachd an ama mór innidh orra, cha bhi dùil aca ri leasachadh, agus cha toir co-fhaireachdainn fàsghadh cridhe dhaibh uair air bith. Ma tha iad so sona is math a ghleidheas iad an sonas dhaibh fhéin, ma tha gu leòir aca chan ann gus a roinn air na feumaich, agus mur eil camadh 'nan crannchur cha leughar sin 'nan gnùis.

Is aithne dhuinn cuid nach bi riarachte ach an comunn nan eun, nan lus, no nan ainmhidhean. Ma tha an talamh a' cur bàrr math dheth bidh an sealladh san t-samhradh 'na làn-sùla dhaibh, agus an iodhlann san fhoghar 'na sòlas. An cois na spréidhe là an déidh là, cha dèan iad dearmad orra 'nan cadal no 'nan dùisg. Arsa fear aca aon uair is e am bruaicillean tinneis, "Bha mi an raoir fhéin a' faicinn na bà ri mo thaobh anns an leabaidh." Bheirinn maitheanas do neach sam bith a thàlaidheadh ceòl milis nan eun an ciaradh an fheasgair air dhòigh 's nach e an t-ionad anns an robh e 'na sheasamh a bha e faicinn ach raointean òige fo ùr-dhealt an annoich agus osag bhlàth a' luasgadh an eòrna mar thonn air thonn 'na dheann gu tràigh. Dhirich mi an oidhche roimhe cnoc àrd air cùl an tighe am meadhan a' bhaile-mhóir. Bha aitreabhan bòidheach ann measg nan craobh air gach làimh, is sràidean le iomairt dhaoinne is charbadan cho fad 's chitheadh sùil, agus an Cuan a Tuath le uchd ri gréin mar a bha i dol a fianuis san doimhne. Bha an sealladh àlainn gun teagamh,

ach dhùisg ceileir na h-uiseig air sgéith san iarmailt sealladh eile agus smaointean a bha car ùine 'nan cadal—raointean gorma fo dhealradh gréine, an clachan an cois na tràghad, a' chlànn bheag greadhnach luaineach am beul na tuinne, an sgoth fo làn aodach a' tighinn gu cala, agus an ealtainn air mhìre san speur. Shìolaidh a' chiad sealladh, agus thàinig sealladh eile, sealladh a lion cridhe le ath-chuimhne air nithean a bha fo ghlaic car tacain.

Tha an toil-inntinn a gheibhear an cuideachd leabhraichean an crochadh air an rùn leis an tadhaill thu orra. Is iomadh balach còir a shàraich agus a dh'fhuadaich iad; is lionmhor té a thug a mallachd orra. Ach nach taitneach an nì gu faod neach, aig amannan, a cuideachd a thaghadh, an leabhar nach còrd ris a dhùnadh no a chur an tairge fir eile, agus am fear anns a bheil tlachd aige a chumail ri a làimh. Bheir leabhar math dlùth thu air inntinn fharsaing agus air beachdan domhain an duine nach fhaca tu a riann agus nach cluinn thu ri do bheò. Gheibh thu ann, ma dh'fhaoidte, an seòladh as feumaile, an t-eòlas as luachmhoire, agus a' bhreith as cothromaiche. Ma tha atharrachadh beachd agad air cuid de na nithean a chì thu ann faodaidh tu do shaorsainn a chleachdadh ann a bhith togail do bheachd fhéin, agus chan abair e diog ach na thuir e cheana. Cha chroaich e thu nas motha, cha fhreagair e thu tuilleadh, cha diùlt e dhuit cothrom casaid no cothrom molaidh. Faodaidh tu na thogras tu a ràdh leis no 'na aghaidh, ach thuir e san na thuir e. Faodaidh tusa bruidhinn ach cha chuir sin diomb no gairdeachas airsan tuilleadh. An leabhar nach còrd riut faodaidh tu fhàgail far a bheil e; am fear

is math leat bheir e dhut na nithean as fhearr a tha aige air cho tric 's a leughas tu e. Tha cur-seachad ann an leabhar taitneach, tha ùrachadh ann a bhith 'g a leughadh, agus tha beatha ann do'n inntinn is do'n chridhe.

Ach ged is mùirneach le fear a bhith leis fhéin, agus le fear eile a bhith an cuideachd nan creutairean, ged is fìor thaitneach agus

fìor fheumail comunn leabhraichean, chan eil cuideachd ann coltach ri comunn chàirdean. Tuigidh iad sin d'iartras is d'fheum, d'anmhaicheadh is do chomas, d'fhalamhachd is d'ionndrainn. Freagraidh iad do cheistean, seòlaidh iad do cheum, agus bheir iad seachad gu toileach.

Is math an sgàthan sùil caraide.

AM MOD, 1960 ORAIÐ A' CHINN-SUIDHE

A MHNATHAN IS A DHAOIN' UAISLE—'S e mo cheud dhleasdanas fàilt' chridheil a chur oirbh ann an ainm a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich agus tha mi 'n dòchas gum bi Mòd againn ann an Dun Eideann a bhios soirbheachail do aobhar na Gàidhlig, sona do gach aon, is air am bi cuimhne chùbhraidh againn uile.

Thigeadh dhomh taing a thoirt dhuibh air son mar a chuir sibh urram a bhith 'nam Cheann-suidhe orm-sa. Tha mi toilichte gun do chuir mi eòlas air, is gum 'b' aithne dhomh, cuid de na sàir a stéidhich An Comunn. B' aithne dhomh, mar an ceudna, a' mhòr chuid dhiùsan a choimhlion an dreuchd a tha a nis an earbsa rium-sa. Bha iad eudmhor, dealasach, dìleas, agus is e mo mhian is mo dhùrachd gum bi mi airidh air an eisimpleir a dh'fhàg iad agam agus le còmhndadh 'uaibhse ni mise mo dhìcheall a chum is gun cum sinn suas deagh chlàir a' Chomuinn is nan daoine bho'n d'fhàinig sinn.

Is cinnteach gu bheil am Mòd a nis air a dhaingneachadh mar aon de chuirmean is de thachartasan móra na h-Alba. Tha e a' nochdadh do'n t-saoghal saobhbheas is maise ar dualchais mar Ghaidheil. Chan eil ceàrn de'n dùthaich anns nach eil fios aga gu dé th' anns a' Mhòd, agus cha téid latha de'n t-seachdain so seachad anns nach cluinnear air an Ràdio is nach leughar anns na paipearan naidheachd sgeul air na bhios a' tachairt an so. Maille ris a sin bithidh e ri fhaicinn anns na dealbhan a tha 'gan craobh-sgaolaidh do gach dachaidh. Tha sinn gu mór an comain Buidheann Breatunnach a' Chraobh-sgaolaidh agus luchd nam paipearan-naidheachd uile air son nan sochairean sin.

Anns a' bhuaidh a tha aig a' Mhòd an coitcheannas tha cunnart ann gum bi eadhon sinn fhéin ag gabhail ris gur e am Mòd uil' obair agus prìomh shaothair a' Chomuinn, ach chan eil anns a' Mhòd ach aon de na meadhanan a tha an Comunn a' cleachdadh gu bhith a' brosnachadh dhaoine gu am barrachd ùidh a bhith

aca 'nan còir-bhreith. Cò e an Gaidheal, ma's airidh e air an ainm, nach aidich nach àrd, nach uasal, agus nach measail an t-aobhar a tha am Mòd a' foillseachadh is ag cur an céill.

Gu bhith a' tuigsinn beagan de na tha An Comunn a' dèanamh, dh'iarraibinn oirbh sùil a thoirt air an Iomradh Bhliadhna, is a leughadh gu cùramach, a chum is gun toir sibh fa'near na tagraidhean a tha na Comhairlean Sheasmhach a' dèanamh as ar leth. Chì sibh an sin na tha de leabhraichean Gàidhlig 'gan clòdh-bhualadh, is cha bheag a' chosg. Ma tha neach sam bith air son tidhlaic no cuimhneachain a thoirt do charaid cìod a b'fhearr na aon de na leabhraichean sin?

Chì sibh cuideachd cho eudmhor dìcheallach is a tha Comhairle an Fhoghlum ag cumail gear shùil fhurachail a chum is gum bi a h-àite dlìgheach aig a' Ghàidhlig anns na sgoilean.

Tha Comhairle a' Chraobh-sgaolaidh a' stéidheachadh is ag cumail taice ris na meuran agus a' gabhail cùraim de na Mòdan dùthchail, is bu chòir ainmeachadh gu bheil trì deug de na Mòdan sin 'gan cumail gach bliadhna, cuid dhù a' mairsinn dà latha.

Is e a' chlann agus an Campa a tha 'ga ullachadh dhoibh gach bliadhna ann an Cnoc nan Ròs a tha fo aire Comhairle Comunn na h-Oigridh. Agus tha mi 'n dòchas, mu'm bi an t-seachdain so seachad, gun téid gach aon aig a' Mhòd a dh'amharc air gach iomadh obair làimhe le dealbhan Ceilteach a tha 'gan taisbeanadh le Comhairle an Ealdhain. Leis a sin chì sibh ged is e am Mòd as motha a tha a' tarruing aire dhaoine, gur mór a' bharrachd a tha An Comunn a' dèanamh a chum math is leas na Gàidhlig.

Am measg gach saothair dhùil sin uile tha An Comunn air teannadh ri paipear ùr a chlòdh-bhualadh air son na cloinne, ris an abrar *Sradag*, paipear inntinneach anns a bheil dealbhan ìbhinn le sgeulachdan is iomraidhean taitneach air nithean a bhùineas do eachdraidh

nam fheachan. Tha an sean-fhacal ag radh: "Is tric a las sradag bheag teime mòr", agus tha sinn uile an dòchas gun cuidich sibh leis a' phaipear so, gun ceannaich sibh e, gun toir sibh do'n chloinne agus gum faic sibh gum bi e anns gach dachaidh gach ràithe mar a thig. Is ann ris a' chloinn a tha ar n-carbsa agus is e ar dleasdanas a bhith ag cuideachadh leotha a chum is gum bi an còir-bhreith aca mar oighreachd a bhios luachmhor dhoibh. 'S e ar dòchas gu'n las sradag teas ghràdh 'nan cridhe do an cànan fhéin.

Is duilich nach urrainnear a ràdh le firinn gu bheil cor na Gàidhlig mar bu mhath leinn is mar bu chòir. Tha àireamh an t-sluaigh a bhruidhneas i a' sior dhol an lughad. An e gu bheil am beachd mearachdach sin againn fhathast nach eil a' Ghàidhlig a chum feum no stàth sam bith? Sin mar a bha air a ràdh leotha-san air feadh nan linntean leis am bu mhath a' Ghàidhlig a mhùchadh á bith. Tha eachdraidh ag cur an céill nach do shoirbhich leotha. An e, matà, gu bheil sinne sinn-fhéin 'dol a leigeil leatha sioladh air falbh? Chan fhaod e bhith gun abair na ginealaich a thig 'nar déidh gun robh sinn cho dearmadach no gun dít iad sinn air son ar caoin shuarachais! Tha fhios

gu bheil a' Ghàidhlig a chum feum. An do rinn i coire, no an do chuir i bacadh no grabadh air gach iomadh neach de ar daoine, agus is lionmhor iad, a ràinig inbhe àrd air feadh an t-saoghail? 'S ann a bha i 'na buannachd dhoibh. Có nach aidich, mar a dhearbhadh leotha-san as ùghdarsaiche, agus as fiosraiche, gu bheil dà chànan aig neach ag cur ri farsuingeachd is buadhan na h-inntinne? Car son, matà, nach eil sinn a' toirt a' chothrom a bu chòir do ar cloinn fhéin a bhith cho coimhlionta is a ghabhas iad a bhith gu am beò-shlàinte chothachadh is an dualchas a chumail?

Nach iomadh iad is aithne dhunn a thàinig gu ìre is iad a' sior chaoidh an ionndrainn a tha 'nan cridhe a chionn is gun d'àicheadh dhoibh mar chloinn an t-eòlas a bu mhiann leotha a bhì aca air cainnt an athraichean. Car son a tha sinn a' toirmeasg an t-ionnsachadh a tha cho furasd' dhuinn a thoirt dhoibh?—An t-ionnsachadh a bu dual a bhith aca agus a chuireadh riutha cho mòr.

Thigeamaid uile còmhla, is cuidichibh leinn 'nar dleasdanas do ar cànan a tha os cionn gach nì eile 'gar comharrachadh mar shluagh fa leth am measg a' chinne-daonna uile air feadh an t-saoghail.

CUIMHNEACHAN AIR DONNCHADH BAN

Air Di-luain, an treas là de'n Dàmhair, bha cuideachd mhath cruinn aig uaigh Dhonnchaidh Bhàn an Dun Eideann gu bhith a' nochdadh an spéis dha agus gu bhith cur urraim air mar bhàrd sònruichte.

Labhair Ceann-suidhe A' Chomuinn Ghaidh-ealaich, Eòghan Mac a Phì, an toiseach anns a' Ghàidhlig anns na briathran a leanas. An sin chàireadh blàth-fhleasg air an uaigh, agus chluicheadh air a' phìob-mhòir "Caoidh MhicCruikein."

Oraid a' Chinn-suidhe:

A chàirdean,

Mar a tha an fhirinn ag innseadh dhunn is e ar dleasdanas a bhith a' moladh nan sàr. Is e sin is aobhar dhuinn a bhith ag coinneachadh an so an diugh, gu bhith a' deanamh luaidh air aon a chuir snas air cainnt ar daoine agus a choisinn dha fhéin cliù a bhios buan an eachdraidh a dhùthcha.

Tha còrr is ceud gu leth bliadhna bhò'n a chuireadh Donnchadh Bàn 'na laidhe ann a so is e an déidh a làithean a chuartaich is a

chùrsa a ruith. Cha robh e ach mar aon de'n iomadh, a bha ag cosnadh a lòn gu dìcheallach agus air bheag de chuid an t-saoghail. Ach cha b' ann air maoin no stòras aimsireil a choisinn e a chliù. Tha sin taisgte gu cùramach ann an cridhe gach neach aig a bheil meas air mòralachd is maise a bhriathran ann a bhith ag cur an céill meud nam buadhan sònruichte a bhuilicheadh air.

Rugadh is thogadh e ann an ioraslachd— an ioraslachd anns am faighear an fhìor uaisle, a tha cho soilleir ri fhaicinn anns na briathran a dh'fhàg e againn.

Có againn, eadhon ged nach do streup sinn riann ri aodann beinne, nach do dh'imich maille ris, is nach do dh'fhairich aignidhean air an gluasad le maise, òirdhearcas is àilleachd an t-seallaidh a bha ri fhaicinn am Beinn Dòrain, is nach robh dubhach maille ris an uair a b'fheudar, le anfhuinneachd na h-aoise, a chùl a chur ri sealgairichd nam frithean? Tha Coire Cheathaich lom, uaigneach, an diugh agus is beag do'n aithne an t-ionad, ach do'n

t-sùil léirsinneach air na nithean sin a tha anns an dealbha a thug e dhuinn, bithidh àilleachd a' chruthachaidh 'na uile mhaise, an còmhuidh ri fhaighinn anns a' choire sin.

Tha cliù Mhàiri Bhàn Og fhathast 'ga luaidh agus bithidh cho fada is a ghleusar òran is a sheinnear dàn.

Chan eil facal 'na bhàrdachd uile a bheir oibheum do neach air bith oir bha e a' sruthadh a cridhe a bha glan, is a inntinn a bha fallain suilbhir. Ged a bha e air bheag foghlum bu gheur a bhreithneachadh, a thuinge, is a chomasan. Cha do shir is cha d'iarra e ach a bhi beò ann an co-chomunn càirdeil ri ch-chreutair. Cha b'e dreuchd no inbhe air an robh e an tòir. Ach, mar a tha gach bliadhna dol seachad tha cliù Dhonnchaidh Bhàin a'

dol am meud leotha-san a tha ag cur luach air cainnt ar daoine, oir is uasal agus is mùirneach leotha a' mheud is a chuir e ri ar litreachas. Thigeadh e dhuinn, matà, is sinn a' teannadh ri obair a' Mhòid a tha romhainn, a bhith ag cuimhneachadh air, is ag cur an cèill ar spéis air na rinn e. Agus ann a bhith ag cuimhneachadh air gu'm bi sinne, mar an ceudna, ag cur meas agus ag gabhail tlachd anns a' chànain anns a bheil e fhathast a' labhairt ruinn.

Gu dé a b' iomchuidhe na gu'm biodh ar spéis, ar taingealachadh is ar comain air an nochdadh gu follaiseach le Seumas MacThómais, a' cheud bhàrd do'n tugadh Sàr Urram a' Mhòid; aon a choisinn dha fhéin àite dligheach agus seasmhach ann an cuideachd nam bàrd.

SRADAG

Tha Sradag air sgéith. Có aige tha fios càite an laigh i no dé an connadh a lasas i. Feumar sùil fhurachail a chumail oirre air eagal gum mùchar i mus tig i gu ire; feumar a stiùireadh mus tuit i far nach dùisg i suas ach smùdan gun bhlàths gun solus. Far an laigh an t-sradag faodaidh lasair éirigh, ach mur eil an connadh freagrarrach théid an teine as.

Chualas glaoth aig Mòd Dhun Eideann nach cualas a shamhail a riamh roimhe an tìr na Gàidhlig: "Ceannaich Sradag; is math is fhiach i sin."

So iris àbhachdach do'n òigridh a choisneas aire na cloinne bige, agus nach misde na h-inbhich a bheil sùil oirre. Tha dealbhan ioma dathach an so air nithean air nach eil clann na Gaidhealtachd aineolach; tha iomradh air laoch, is dòcha, air an bi cuimhne aig an òigridh nuair a thig iad gu fearachas; tha

seanachais air clàir a dhùisgeas miann air tuilleadh; agus gheibhear criomagan eòlais agus eachdraidh nach bu chall dhuinn a bhith againn.

Tha Sradag ann an culaidh dheàraich, sgoinneil—taitneach do'n t-sùil agus blasda do'n chàil. Tha sinn gu mór air ar mealladh mur toir an luchd amhairc agus an luchd leughaidh am beannachd air an fhear a dhealbh i agus orrasan a chuir a mach i. So ceum ùr, agus ceum a bharrachd ann an dìon ar cainnt mhàthaireil, agus ma gheibh a' chlann aig an dachaidh agus anns an sgoil cothrom na Féinne bithidh Sradag 'nan làmhan gach ràith gus, fa-dheòidh, nach bi iad riarichte mur faigh iad i gach mìos no eadhon gach seachdain.

"An t-ionnsachadh òg an t-ionnsachadh bòidheach."

S.D.T.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. was held in the Music Room, on 8th October. The President, Mr. Hugh MacPhee, presided over a large audience. He paid suitable tribute to all who contributed to the great success of the 1960 Mod, making special reference to the Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, the Local Mod Committee, the Office Staff, Adjudicators, Competitors, Instructors and Stewards.

The Annual Reports of Committees were approved, and thereafter the names of the

newly elected office-bearers and members of Council were announced.

There were two invitations for the 1962 Mod, one from Oban and the other from Perth. The Perth invitation was withdrawn in favour of Oban where the 1962 Mod will be held.

At the close of the meeting the newly constituted Executive met and appointed Conveners and members of the various Standing Committees for the current session.

“CLACH AIR A CHARN” SEUMAS GRANND

MAR a tha fhios acasan a bhios a' frith-ealadh Mòd Nàiseanta a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich, am measg nan co-fharpaisean a tha a' fosgladh na slighe a dh'ionnsaigh buinn òir a' Mhòid, tha aon cho-fharpais sheinn ann air son bhoireannach, agus tha na duaisean anns a' cho-fharpais sin air an ainmeachadh mar “Chuimhneachan air Seumas Grannd.”

Có e, no có a b'e, an Seumas Grannd sin, aig a bheil a ainm air a chumail air chuimhne bliadhna as déidh bliadhna leis na duaisean so? 'S fheudair gur e a bha ann Gaidheal a bha sònraichte 'na latha fhéin, fear aig an robh ùidh ann an obair a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich agus a' Mhòid, agus fear a choisinn a leithid de mheas bho dhaoine eile agus gun do rùnaich iad a chuimhne a chumail air mhaireann anns an dòigh so.

B'e sin a bha ann an Seumas Grannd, duine sònraichte, duine uasal, fìor Ghaidheal. Fad iomadh bliadhna, bho'n a thòisich am Mòd an toiseach, chite Seumas Grannd am measg na cuideachd, duine deas àrd foghainnteach, eireachdail, anns an deise Ghaidhealaich, agus aoigh is blàths 'na ghnùis an còmhnaidh. Tha dà fhichead bliadhna bho nach fhacas Seumas Grannd aig Mòd no an àite eile, òir chaochail e anns a' bhliadhna 1918. Tha feadhainn ann fhathast aig a bheil deagh-chuimhne air, ach do'n mhòr-chuid an diugh chan eil ann dheth ach an t-ainm, ainm a tha air a thogail gach bliadhna an co-cheangal ri co-fharpaisean seinn a' Mhòid.

Bhuineadh Seumas Grannd do shiorrachd Inbhir-Nis. Rugadh e anns a' Ghleann bhòidheach ud, Gleann Urchardain, anns a' bhliadhna 1847. Tha Granndaich ann an Gleann Urchardain o chionn iomadh linn, agus bha sinnsireachd Sheumais anns a' Ghleann fad còrr is ceithir cheud gu leth bliadhna. Fhuair athair agus màthair Sheumais aois mhór. Bha iad còrr math is leth-cheud bliadhna pòsda mus do dhealaich an bàs iad, agus cha do dhealaich am bàs fada iad, òir cha robh ach deich mìosan eatorra, esan an toiseach agus a bhean as a dhéidh.

Bha seachdnar de theaghlach aig pàrantan Sheumais—siathnar mhac agus aon nighean. Phòs an nighean—Anna a bh'òirre—agus dh'fhuirich i anns a' Ghleann. Thug na gillean an saoghal fo'n ceann. Chaidh fear dhiubh, Iain, a null gu na liosan-tea anns na h-Innsean. Chaidh dithis a Lunnainn, Alfred a bha 'na

dhotair agus Uilleam a bha ri cosnadh eile, agus bha Alfred agus Uilleam 'nan cinn-suidhe air Comunn Gàidhlig Lunnainn. Bha fear eile, Eòghan (no *Evan* mar a theireadh iad ris anns a' Bheurla), 'na mhinistear fad shia bliadhna fichead an *Govan* an Glaschu, an Eaglais Chaluim-Chille, anns a' choimhthional far a bheil mi fhìn air a bhith a nis o chionn bliadhna ar fhichead.

Chaidh Pàdraig agus Seumas do Ghlaschu far an d'fhuair iad air adhart gu maith. B'e Seumas, mar a thubhairt mi, an neach a bu shine anns an teaghlach. Rugadh e anns a' bhliadhna 1847, agus chaidh e do Ghlaschu an uair nach robh e ach beagan is a dhà no trì bliadhna ar fhichead a dh'aois. Bha sin mu'n bhliadhna 1870.

Fhuair Seumas Grannd cosnadh ann am bùth-marsantachd ainmeil, *Arthur and Company*, agus b'ann ann an seirbhis na cuideachd sin a chuir e seachad an còrr de a bheatha gus an do chaochail e. Bha e dà fhichead bliadhna agus a h-òchd comhla riutha, agus do bhrìgh a dh'fheachd agus a shaothair agus a bhuidhean mar fhear-ghnothaich, dh'èirich e ceum air cheum gu inbhe agus ùghdarras anns an t-seirbhis sin. Fad mhòran bhliadhnachan bha e 'na fhear-siubhail (*commercial traveller*), mar a theirear anns a' Bheurla) còmhla riutha, a' cur chuirtean air feadh Alba uile agus air feadh ceann a tuath Shasainn mar an ceudna.

Bha Seumas Grannd, mar sin, glé eòlach, agus bha eòlas aig daoine air, ann am mòran àitean, agus e a' tadhal orra gu fritheilteach air cheann ghnòthaich. Agus anns gach àite bha mòr-spéis dha agus mòr-mheas air. Ach b'ann an Glaschu gu sònraichte bha aithne aig daoine air, agus e 'na sheasamh a mach mar cheann-ùidh glic agus deanadach an ionaidh deagh obair am measg Gaidheil a' bhaile.

Is iomadh Gaidheil òg d'an d' fhuair Seumas Grannd cosnadh is obair, cha b'ann a mhàin anns a' bhùth-mharsantachd anns an robh e fhéin, ach ann an cosnaidhean eile cuideachd. B'iomadh iad a bha fo mhòr-chomain dha air son nan cothroman a fhuair e dhaibh agus air son a' chuideachaidh agus a' mhisneachaidh a thug e dhaibh.

Cha b'e a mhàin gum b'e fear-ghnothaich math a bha ann an Seumas Grannd. Agus cha b'e a mhàin gum rachadh e gu uchd a dh'ichill anns an t-seirbhis a bha an earbsa ris, agus gum bu tlachd leis làmh chuideachaidh a thoirt do

dhaoine eile. Bha e mar an ceudna, fad a bheatha, dileas is dealasach anns gach cùis is oidhirp a chum math nan Gaidheal agus na Gaidhealtachd, agus a chum cumail suas cliù is cànan is ceòl nan Gaidheal.

Is gann gu robh comunn no cuideachd no buidheann co-cheangailte ris a' Ghaidhealtachd no ri aobhar na Gàidhlig anns nach robh làmh aig Seumas Grandd; agus bu ghlic a chomhairle daonnan, bu sìobhalta a ghiùlan, agus b' aoiheil a ghnùis ann am broilleach na cuid-eachd. Bha e air a ràdh nach robh Gaidheal eile 'na latha air an robh barrachd eòlais no barrachd spéis na bha air Seumas Grandd.

B' esan a chuir air chois Comunn nan Granddach an Glaschu, agus fad ùine bha e 'na cheann-suidhe air a' chomunn sin. B' esan a chuir air chois Comunn Siorrachd Inbhir-Nis an Glaschu, agus bha e 'na cheann-suidhe air a' chomunn sin. Bha e 'na cheann-suidhe air Comunn Gàidhlig Ghlaschu, agus air Cròilean Gaidhealach Chaledonia, agus air Comunn Ceòlraidh Ghàidhlig Ghlaschu (an "G.G." mar a their sinn). Bha e 'na bhall de chomhairle Comunn Ceilteach Ghlaschu agus Cròilean Gaidhealach Ghlaschu, agus àireamh de chomuin eile. Chite e gu tric aig co-chruinneachaidhean nan Ceilteach, thall an Eirinn, anns a' Chumrigh, an Lunnainn, an Dun-eideann, agus an Glaschu. Bha ùidh aige ann an camanachd agus ann an ceòl na pioba.

Fad mhòran bhliadhnan bha e 'na bhall de chomhairle-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich, agus bho'n cheud Mhòd, agus air son iomadh bliadhna as dèidh sin, chite e 'na dheise Ghaidhealaich a' cur eireachdais air a h-uile Mòd a bh'ann.

Fad còrr is còig bliadhna deug b' esan am fear-cathrach, no "fear-an-taighe" (mar a their sinn), aig Cèilidh Ghaidhealaich a bhàtar a' cumail a h-uile oidheche Shathurna ann an talla air *Bath Street* an Glaschu, far am biodh Gaidheil as gach àite agus de gach seòrsa a' tighinn còmhla gu oidheche chridheil chàirdheil a chur seachad an cuideachd a chèile, ag èisdeachd ri ceòl nan Gaidheal agus ri òraidean Gàidhlig. Anns na làithean ud cha robh taigh-nan-dealbh no radio no telebhisean ann, no iomadh meadhan cur-seachad mar a tha aig daoine an diugh, ach bha cus ann de chothroman air ana-caitheadh a dhèanamh air ùine agus airgead. Mar sin, bha an céilidh ud 'na ni feumail, agus b'e Seumas Grandd a bha, mar a thubhairt mi, fad ùine mhóir air ceann nan cruinneachaidhean sin. Chumadh e smachd air na peasanan mi-mhodhail agus na h-amadain a bhics air uairean a' dèanamh dragh ann an cruinneachaidhean de'n t-seòrsa sin, ach chumadh e smachd orra le aoiheil is le ciùineachd.

Bha dòigh ghrinn aige air a ùghdarras a chur an cleachdadh agus rian a chumail air daoine mi-riaghalteach.

Anns gach ceum is cùis 'na bheatha dhearbha Seumas Grandd e fhéin a bhith a' leantainn gu dlùth ri cliù a shìnsir, agus gu sònraichte bha e dileas do na cleachdaidhean matha uasal a dh'ionnsaich e 'na òige ann an tigh a athar is a mhàthar anns a' Ghleann. Is e duine a bha ann aig an robh gràdh do Dhia agus d'a chomh-earsnaich. Tha cus de na Gaidheil, an uair a theid iad do'n bhaile-mhór (agus eadhon anns a' Ghaidhealtachd fhéin) a' dèanamh dearmad air Dia an athraichean agus na seann chleachdaidhean beusach suairce anns an do thogadh iad. Cha b' ann mar sin a bha Seumas Grandd. Bha e dileas ann an aoradh Dhé, agus fad fhichead bliadhna bha e 'na fhear-dreuchd anns an eaglais d'am buineadh e ann an Glaschu.

Bhuilicheadh buadhan sònraichte air Seumas Grandd, an corp is intinn is spiorad, agus rinn e làn-fheum de na buadhan sin. Bha e trang, èasgaidh, saothrachail gus an là mu dheireadh, ach cha robh e cho trang is nach robh tìde aige a bhith càirdheil ri daoine. Chan aithne dhomh gu robh tinneas air riamh. Chaidh e mu thàmh aon oidheche, slàn fallain, agus am feadh is a bha e 'na chadal thàinig a' ghairm nach gabh diùltadh. Bha sin anns a' mhios Mhàirt anns a' bhliadhna 1918. Bha e trì fichead bliadhna agus a h-aon deug a dh'aois aig an am.

Chaidh Seumas Grandd a thiodhlacadh ri taobh a phàrantan agus a shìnsirean ann an seann chladh na Cille-Moire an Gleann Urchardain, agus bha caoidh is ionndrainn air ann an iomadh cridhe. Greis mus do chaochail e chruinnich a chàirdean, aig an tigh is an t-irean céine, suim airgid a phàidh air son a dhealbh a tharraing is a thoirt dha mar theistean-spéis. An dèidh a bhàis chruinnicheadh airgead a chum cuimhneachan maireannach a dhèanamh air. Chuireadh clàr cuimhneachain ann an eaglais na Cille-Moire an Gleann Urchardain, agus stéidhicheadh na duaisean air son seinn aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta a tha a' dol fo'n ainm, "Cuimhneachan Sheumais Ghrandd."

So a nis rannan a rinneadh m'a thimcheall mu dheich bliadhna mus do chaochail e, agus tha mi de'n bheachd gur e Donnchadh MacGille-ruaidh a rinn iad:

Ar roghainn ort, a Sheumais Ghrandd,
de shliochd na Coire-Mòine;
Gur saoghal fada sona dhuit—
's e sin ar guidh' an còmhnaidh.

Gur toigh leinn thu, a Sheumais chòir,
cha ruigear leas bhith 'g innse;
Gur airidh thu air spéis is cliù;
do dhearbha thu sin le d' ghnìomhan.

Mod Week

Gu h-uasal, ceanalt', agus grinn,
am measg nan Gaidheal 's ann tha thu;

Is ainm do shìmsir chum thu suas
le urram is le deagh-chliù.

Do choibhneas do gach uile neach
tha aithnichte' math gu leòr dhuinn;
'S mar shaothraich thu as leth nan Gaidheal,
air son am maith 's an còirean.

Is taitneach leinn thu aig a' bhòrd,
ri deasbad is ri còmhraidh;
Bidh thusa daonnann sìthcheil ciùin,
ged bhios an còrr ri cònnspaid.

Cha robh eòlas pearsanta agamsa air Seumas
Grannan ann. Buinidh mise do ghinealach na's
òige. Ach is aithne dhomh feadhainn aig an
robh mòr-eòlas air, agus gu sònraichte bha mi
glè eòlach air a bhràthair, an t-Urramach
Eòghan Grannan an *Govan*. Chan eil ach seachd
bliadhna bho chaochail esan, agus e ceithir
fichead bliadhna agus a tri-deug a dh'aois.

Chan urrainn dhòmhsa dad as fheàrr a
dhèanamh na crìochnachadh leis na faacail
iomchuidh a chaidh a ràdh mu thimcheall
Sheumais Ghrannan, an uair a chaochail e,
leis an Urramach Alasdair MacFhionghuin ann
an cùbad Eaglais Chaluim-Chille an Glaschu.

"Is ainneamh iad an so nach eil duilich an
diugh air son bàs Sheumais Ghrannan . . .
B'e féin an Gaidheal gasda, araon 'na choslas
agus 'na ghnè. Chuireadh e sgèimh air cuideachd,
thogadh e fonn air cridhe; bha ùrachadh
spioraid 'na fhàilte agus 'na bhuran. Bha e
direach, fosgailteach, treibhdhireach 'na
dhòigh. Bha spiorad farsaing saoi bhir cuid-
eachail ann. B'ainneamh iad aig an robh
gràdh cho teth d'an dùthaich agus d'an sluagh.
Bu charaid e do mhòr agus do bheag, do shean
agus do òg, do bheartach agus do bhòchd. Is
lionmhor iad a chuidich a fhicail agus a eadar-
ghuidhe-san gu suidheachadh math agus còmh-
fhuirtachail. Bu chleas dha an còmhnaidh a
bhith a' neartachadh nam bràithrean laga,
agus a' tagradh cùis an fheumnaich. Tha gach
comunn Gaidhealach anns a' bhaile so na's
fuaire agus na's bechda an diugh a chionn nach
till e tuilleadh . . . Bhuineadh e dhuinn mar
bhràthair foghainnteach ann an creideamh,
anns gach saothair mhaith, agus ann an cùisean
cumanta an t-sluaigh; agus mar sin tha e
iomchuidh dhuinn a' chlach so a chur ri a
chàrn."

Sin agaibh fhathran grinn còthromach mu
dhuine còir cliùiteach a bha làn airidh orra.
Agus an nochd, dà fhichead bliadhna as déidh
a bhàis, is urram agus tlachd dhòmhsa clach
eile a chur 'na chàrn.

(*Dh'innseadh an naidheachd-sa air an ràdio.*)

T. M. MACCALMAIN.

On Sunday, 2nd October, the usual pre-Mod
Gaelic Service was held in the Gaelic Church,
when the Rev. John Macleod preached acceptably
to a large congregation. Mr. Hugh MacPhee
and Mr. Finlay Maclean read the lessons,
and Mr. Duncan Mackenzie was the precentor.

On Monday morning an Comunn paid tribute
to the well known Gaelic poet, Donnchadh
Bàn. A wreath was laid on the poet's grave
in Greyfriars cemetery by Mr. James Thomson,
and the President gave appropriate orations
both in Gaelic and English. A piobaireachd,
"MacCrimmon's Lament", was then played
by Mr. John Hannah of Islay.

In the afternoon of the same day a special
exhibition of Gaelic and other Celtic books and
manuscripts, arranged by the National Library
of Scotland, was opened and remained open for
the Mod week. Mr. Donald A. Macdonald,
Assistant Keeper of manuscripts, gave an
interesting address, tracing the history of the
Library, and referring in some detail to the
various cases of exhibits.

The Official Opening took place on Monday
evening when the Senior Magistrate, in the
unavoidable absence of the Provost, welcomed
in generous terms the Mod to Edinburgh and
wished it every success. The President, Mr.
MacPhee, made suitable acknowledgment.
Delegates from the Eisteddfod in Wales and
from the Oireachtas in Eire expressed the
greetings of their respective countries. A very
enjoyable ceilidh followed.

The Junior competitions were held on
Tuesday. It was obvious that the children
were there to enjoy themselves, and the evening
concert was an indication, by the good atten-
dance, that their efforts during the day were
appreciated.

Wednesday was devoted mainly to soloists.
The finalists in the Gold Medal competitions
were selected from the competitors that took
part in the day's competitions.

Senior orals were held on Thursday morning.
The number of competitors was, as usual, small,
and the number of listeners was smaller still.
A goodly number of Rural Choirs competed
in the afternoon. The winning choirs and guest
artists provided excellent entertainment at the
well-attended evening concert.

Instrumental music, duets, quartettes, and
choral singing took up the morning and after-
noon of Friday, when a record number of choirs
competed. The afternoon was devoted to the
Margaret Duncan and the Lovat and Tulli-
bardine competitions. Two evening concerts
were held, at both of which the Usher Hall
was filled to capacity.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Dé ach bha Deirdre agus na mnathan-coimheadaidh là muigh air a' chnoc cùl an tighé a' gabhail seallaidh agus ag òl na gréine. Có chunnaic iad a' tighinn ach gum b'é triùir fhear air astar. Bha Deirdre dearcadh air na daoine bha tighinn agus i gabhail iongnaidh diu. An uair a dhlùthaich na daoine riutha chumhnic Deirdre air cainnt an t-sealgair, agus thuirit i rithe fhéin gum b'iad so triùir mhac Uisne agus gum b'é so Naois, agus bha os cionn cromadh an dà shlinnean aige os cionn fir Eirinn uile.

Ghabh an triùir bhràithrean seachd gun suim a ghabhail diu, gun sùil a thoirt os an cionn air na h-ainnean air a' chnoc. Dé ach gun do thalantaich gràdh Naois ann an cridhe Deirdre gus nach b'urraoin i fuireach gun falbh as a dhéidh. Trusar i a trusgan agus falbhar an déidh nam fear a ghabh seachd bonn a' chnuic, agus fàgar na mnai-coimheadachd an sud, biodh iad buidheach no diùmbach.

Chuala Aillean agus Ardan mu dhéidhinn a' bhoireannaich a bha aig Conachar, rìgh Ulla, agus smaoinich iad nam faiceadh Naois, am bràthair i gur ann a bhiodh i aige fhéin, seachd àraidh o nach robh i pòsda aig an rìgh. Mhòthaich iad dha'n bhoireannach a' tighinn agus dh'iarr iad air càch-a-chéile ceum a chumail ann is astar mòr aca r'a dhèanamh, agus ciaradh na h-oidhche a' tighinn. Rinn iad so. Ghlaodh ise, "A Naois, mhic Uisne, an ann a' brath m' fhàgail a tha thu?" "Gu dé an ghlaodh sud a chuala mo chluas nach eil soirbh domh a fhreagairt, agus nach eil furasda dhomh a dhiùltadh?" orsa Naois. "Chan eil ach lachraich nan lacha-luin aig Conachar," ors a bhràithrean. "Ach luathaicheamaid ar cas agus graideamaid ar ceum, agus an t-astar mòr againn r'a dhèanamh, agus ciaradh an fheasgair a' tuiteam." Rinn iad so, agus bha iad a' sineadh an astair eadar iad fhéin agus ise. Ghlaodh an sin Deirdre, "A Naois, a Naois, mhic Uisne, an ann a' brath m' fhàgail a tha thu?" "Dé an glaoth a tha 'nam chluais agus a bhuail mo chridhe, nach eil soirbh dhomh a fhreagairt agus nach eil furasda dhomh a dhiùltadh?" "Chan eil ach glaoth nan geadh glasa aig Conachar," ors a bhràithrean. "Ach cumamaid ceum ann agus a' choiseachd againn r'a dhèanamh agus dùbhradh na h-oidhche tighinn." Rinn iad so, agus bha iad a' sineadh an astair eadar iad fhéin agus ise. Ghlaodh an sin Deirdre an treasa turas, "A Naois, a Naois, a Naois, mhic Uisne, an ann a' brath m' fhàgail a tha thu?" "Gu dé an glaoth gointe cruaidh is binne chuala mo chluas agus is cruaidhe bhuail mo chridhe dheth na h-uile glaoth a ràinig mi riamh?" orsa Naois.

What but Deirdre and her attendant women were out one day on the hill behind the house sight-seeing and basking in the sun. Whom should they see approaching but three men travelling, Deirdre was observing the men who were approaching, and wondering at them. When the men came near them Deirdre remembered the words of the hunter, and she said to herself that those were the three sons of Uisne, and that this was Naois, and that he was head and shoulders taller than all the men of Ireland.

The three brothers passed by without paying them any attention, without looking up at the maidens on the hill. What but the love of Naois rooted in the heart of Deirdre so that she could not stay but follow him. She gathers up her dress and follows the men who passed by at the foot of the hill, and she leaves the attendant women where they were, be they pleased or displeased.

Aillean and Ardan heard of the woman whom Conachar, king of Ulster, had, and they thought that if Naois, their brother, saw her that he would have her himself, particularly as she was not married to the king. They noticed the woman approaching, and they asked one another to walk apace as they had a long distance to cover and darkness of night was falling. They did this. She shouted, "Naois, son of Uisne, is it planning to leave me you are?" "What shout is that which my ear heard, which is not easy for me to answer or to refuse?" said Naois. "It is only the quacking of the wild water-ducks of Conachar," said his brothers. "But let us speed up and hurry our steps, for we have a long distance to cover and the darkness of night is falling." They did this, and they were widening the distance between themselves and her. Then Deirdre shouted, "A Naois, a Naois, son of Uisne, is it planning to leave me you are?" "What shout is in my ear and has touched my heart, which is not easy for me to answer or to refuse?" "It is nothing but the cry of the grey geese of Conachar," said his brothers. "But let us walk apace for we have a journey to do and the darkness of night is falling." They did this, and they were widening the distance between themselves and her. Then Deirdre shouted the third time, "Naois, Naois, Naois, son of Uisne, is it planning to leave me you are?" "What is the loud, pained cry the sweetest my ear has heard and the loudest that has touched my heart of all the cries that ever reached me?" said Naois.

THE CELTIC CONGRESS ABERYSTWYTH, 1960

By ANGUS DUNCAN.

THE meeting of the Celtic Congress in Wales during the second week of August was obviously regarded as an important national occasion. How else can one explain the personnel of the strong local committee, which had the Principal of Aberystwyth University College as president, the professor of Celtic languages as chairman, and the town clerk as secretary? A warm welcome was extended to members by the Mayor of Aberystwyth, Alderman H. Ivor Owen, while Professor Caerwyn Williams, University College of North Wales, Bangor, welcomed visiting members on behalf of the Welsh branch, of which he is president.

This year's programme showed several changes. The real business began on Tuesday morning, August 9th, with an inaugural lecture by Eibhlín Ní Chathailriabhaigh, an able substitute for Oscar MacUilís, who was abroad, and, therefore, not available. Eibhlín's subject was "The History of the Celtic Congress"; but she was not content to state its constitution and aims, but characteristically went on to make practical suggestions, emphasising the value of the theatre and the production of plays that show how the people live. Principal Thomas Parry, who presided at this first session, spoke of the contribution Wales was making. Several Welsh plays, he told us, had been translated into English, and broadcast.

An example of the subject brought up in this way was seen at a concert the same evening, when a Welsh version of J. O. Francis's "Birds of a Feather" was included. The play has been translated into both Scottish and Irish Gaelic, and produced in both countries.

Contemporary Celtic Literature

The second day's session was a very full one, the whole forenoon being taken up with a discussion of contemporary Celtic literature in each of the six Celtic nations, the scholarly Máirín Ní Mhuirgheasa leading off for Éire. Modern Irish literature, she said, began with the founding of the Gaelic League in 1893, and the publication of the Gaelic journal; and, after dealing with the development of drama as a means of preserving the native language,

she mentioned some Irish books, including "The Islandman" and "Twenty years ago-growing" (English titles) which describe life on the Blasket Islands, now deserted.

Observing that literature reflected the lives of the people, Mr. Donald Grant spoke of the output of books in Scottish Gaelic, remarking that in Scotland, we still have our bards. The progress of Gaelic drama was noted—a play of his own was broadcast by Radio Éireann—and the publication of important new books, such as the fifth, and penultimate, volume of *Carmina Gadelica*, and "More West Highland Tales, Vol. II" from J. F. Campbell's unpublished manuscript collection, were mentioned. The Scottish Gaelic Texts Society had recently issued two substantial volumes of prose. The list also included "Gaelic Words and Expressions from South Uist and Eriskay" collected by Fr. Allan MacDonald (1859-1905), and published two years ago by the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies. A novel item was the forthcoming Gaelic comic, which will appear quarterly.

Brittany also reported a live literature, Breton folktales being re-told, and Breton plays written. The speaker, M. J. R. F. Piette, revealed that one of their plays had been translated into Irish, and produced in Dublin.

Mr. Richard G. Jenkin, until this year Congress Secretary, reported on Cornwall, saying that all available funds were used for reprinting the older Cornish literature. Two magazines publishing stories and verse in Cornish were mentioned. Mr. Jenkin spoke of the late Mr. Morton Nance, Grand Bard of the Gorsedd, describing him as the greatest of modern Cornish writers. Speaking of the present-day contribution to English literature, Mr. Jenkin said that this included poetry, short stories, biography, and travel. They also had a few novelists, but none comparable to Quiller-Couch, or the brothers Joseph and Silas Hocking.

The longest report was given by Professor Thomas Jones. It was a comprehensive account, dealing in turn with the crisis facing the Welsh language by the invasion of English; the declining number of Welsh speakers, while the population of Wales was on the increase; and

Annual Meeting

the renaissance, in the modern period, of Welsh literature of many types. Wales had her country poets, living close to the land, and fulfilling a social function, but there is now, in all classes of literature, a marked swing from regionalism to concern for Wales as a nation. The modern Welsh poet is, therefore, grim rather than romantic.

Members were pleased to see Mr. David Craine, who came alone this time, having suffered a sore bereavement in the summer. He spoke with his usual eloquence and charm on his beloved Isle of Man. Did not Sir John Rhys call it, "The pearl of the Celtic nations"? No ancient manuscripts in Manx have survived, and the earliest printed Manx dates from the eighteenth century, when Manx poetry, based on biblical episodes, followed the translation to the Bible into Manx. Today, a core of young people are proficient in Manx, he told us. Mr. Craine might have mentioned his own fine book, "Manannan's Isle", though written in English.

An enjoyable entertainment, in the form of a Youth Festival, was given in the evening in the large King's Hall, Aberystwyth. Although the programme was mainly sustained by teenage singers and dancers, artistes from both Scotland and Eire took part.

Contemporary Celtic Music

The following day, a very full session was devoted to a discussion of contemporary music in the various Celtic countries, Lady Amy Parry-Williams presiding.

The opening speaker, who represented Wales, gave an address on the position of music there, and Séan O Riada did the same for Eire, both covering much ground in well-prepared addresses.

Our own representative, Mr. John A. MacRae, outlined the history of Gaelic musical publications from the Rev. Patrick MacDonald's "Collection of Vocal Airs" in 1781 to the volume, "Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist", by Margaret Fay Shaw five years ago. In a reference to the School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, he told of the large number of Gaelic songs recorded by Nan MacKinnon (Nan Eachainn Fhionnlaigh), of Vatersay, Barra, which are being prepared for publication by Mr. James Ross, Carnegie Research Fellow, and Mr. Francis Collinson, Mus.B. The songs, numbering four hundred and fifty, will be set out in groups, or types, each song showing, as far as possible, the environment that fashioned it.

At the annual business meeting held at noon, the President, Chief Justice Conor Maguire, was persuaded to accept re-election, especially as next year's Congress will be held in Dublin. Mrs. Bebb, of Wales, whose husband was Congress treasurer at the time of his death, was elected secretary, and Mr. Euan MacDiarmid, M.A., C.A., president of the Scottish branch, treasurer. Members stood for one minute's silence as a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Craine, Isle of Man, Mr. Angus MacLeod, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S., Edinburgh, and Mr. R. Morton Nance, of Cornwall.

The same afternoon, delegates were taken in special buses to the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, a handsome building on a commanding site overlooking the town and bay. All the members of the staff, we were told, are Welsh-speaking.

In the evening a grand inter-Celtic concert was held in the King's Hall, the Scottish artistes taking part being singers May Margaret MacMillan, Cathie MacNiven, and John A. MacRae, with Pipe-major Angus MacDonald, Glasgow City Police, and Sheena MacDonald of Glasgow, world champion Highland dancer. During the performance, the President arrived from Dublin, where he had been detained on Court duty, and addressed the audience during the interval. He was introduced by Professor Jones.

Influence of Press and Broadcasting

Both morning and afternoon sessions were held on the final day (Friday), the first, on the Visual Arts in the Celtic countries being led off by Mr. George Bain, the well-known Scottish artist and designer. This was followed by a session on Youth Movements, when Mr. Alwyn Jones (who took the part of the bishop in Tuesday night's play) gave a most encouraging address on the growth of the Youth Movement in Wales. That the movement also flourishes elsewhere was shown by a young delegate from Brittany, Mme. V. de Bellaing, who read a ten-minute report in English, telling of the success of the movement in her own country. The publication of a thirteen-page illustrated Quarterly for the young Bretons is a remarkable achievement.

At the afternoon session, the subject was, "The influence of the Press and of Broadcasting on the national cultures of the Celtic countries". Mr. E. D. Jones, librarian, National Library of Wales, chaired this meeting, which was addressed by Mr. Alun R. Edwards, Cardigan-shire County librarian, and Mr. Michael

Kennedy, secretary of the Eire branch, on the Press; and on Broadcasting, Mr. A. B. Oldfield-Davis of the B.B.C. Welsh region, and Mr. Séan MacRéamuinn of Radio Eireann.

As so much information had been given at earlier meetings, secretaries' reports were

shorter than usual, but all were eminently satisfactory. There is only space to add that the Congress concluded with a concert of vocal and instrumental music by Welsh composers, a signal proof of the musical genius of this great Celtic people.

THE LORE OF WELLS

A DOMINANT aspect of religion in early pre-Christian Britain was the belief in animism, and especially was this so where waters, large or small, still or running, formed a prominent topographical feature of a particular district. Each glen with its stream, each ben with a small dark lochan hidden in a corrie, each brooding unfathomable loch was credited with a water-spirit which could work for the good of Man, if propitiated, or equally well for his doom, if aroused to anger.

Dr. Alexander Carmichael, in *Carmina Gadelica* mentions instances where a water-spirit dwelling in a running stream was invoked as a witness to the truth of what a person might say at a forthcoming Mod or Court of Justice. Springs were particularly endowed with a magical element because of their appearance. Bubbling out from the very heart of the earth or rock, they were regarded as bringers of health.

With the "new broom" of Christianity sweeping early Britain, many beliefs came under the censure of itinerant missionaries. But they found that to brush aside completely the beliefs of former pagan religions only served to retard the progress of their own mission. So it was that certain aspects of the replaced religion were subjected to an exorcism to be subsequently endowed with a Christian significance. Prominent in this new aspect of combining the old with the new were well and springs. The latter were allowed to be regarded as possessing a natural healing power and were "re-dedicated" to the service of the Church.

In many instances, wells, in the re-dedication process, were associated with a particular saint. Other wells became associated with a saint because of his connection with the immediate locality. Also, if the well was near a "holy" place, a hermit's cell for example, the nearby well became "holy".

Once the Christian element had been established, people began to use the wells and their water for divers purposes, but mainly for healing of an ailment. Certain wells were regarded

as being effective in the cure of particular ills. The Western Isles abound in "toothache" wells. Sometimes the waters were drunk by the patient and sometimes they were used for bathing, and always must the well be approached after sunset and before sunrise. Silence during the performance of the ritual was strictly observed. If a person was too ill to visit the well, his nightshirt was soaked in the waters and afterwards taken home and wrapped about him.

To propitiate the spirit residing in the waters, small tokens of good faith were left. Small pieces of cloth, coins, papers with charms written on them, were thrown into the well. Occasionally, a nearby tree or bush was used as a mediator between the suppliant and the well-spirit, and "cloutie" wells became popular with visiting folk, whether native or traveller.

Scotland possesses many wells attributed with magical powers. Six hundred was the number estimated at one time when a survey was made about 100 years ago. Some wells were visited only on certain auspicious days, usually the day of the associated saint. Others were visited at any time, either for the cure of an ailment or just for "luck". Nowadays most wells are visited for "luck" . . . but who knows what a fellow-visitor may be doing at a well?

To mention one or two Scottish wells: In Caithness, St. John's Loch, at Dunnet, was visited on the first Monday of May. Its waters were used for healing ailments, and coins were thrown into the well. Needless to say, this formed a lucrative source of income for small local boys who feared not a possible "ghostie" in the waters. Craigie Well, in the parish of Avech, had its nearby bush which was always covered with threads and pieces of cloth intended as offerings to the well-spirit. One well, the waters of which were once regarded as being efficacious in the cure of insanity, was the Holy Pool of St. Fillan, at Strath Fillan. It was visited after sunrise on the first day of the quarter and the waters were used for drinking and bathing. After a

patient was bathed, he was taken to St. Fillan's Chapel and laid there on his back, bound to a stone. If, when morning came, the stone was loose, the patient was considered to be a cured man. At St. Maol-rubha's Well, in Ross-shire, whenever it was visited, it was the custom to leave rags on nearby bushes and to drive nails, or occasionally copper coins, into the trunk of an oak tree. Similar practices were performed at wells in most of the Northern Counties and in the South, in Dumfries and Renfrewshire.

Of the many wells still visited at the present day, probably the most popular is that at Culloden, a "must" for the hundreds of visitors who go there each year to visit the commemo-

orative cairn. Before the Reformation, the well was known as St. Mary's Well and the ceremony performed there in these early days still survives. First, a coin must be thrown into the well and then a sip of water taken, to act as a charm against evil. A wish is wished and a small rag is then tied to a branch of a nearby tree. This latter part of the ritual is now considered of importance, so much so that, from the countless rags seen there, the well is known as the "Clottie Well".

But the caution is necessary: to remove a clottie will bring bad luck, if not a transference of the very ailment of which the previous owners had been trying to rid themselves!

F. G. THOMPSON, F.S.A., Scot.

REVIEWS

SRADAG.

The first issue of *Sradag* is now for sale and may be had from An Comunn Office, price, 1/-.

This so-called Gaelic Comic is quite a novel venture in the Gaelic world, and promises exceedingly well. Its aim is to encourage the use of Gaelic in speech and reading, particularly by the young. At present it is a four-page quarterly production, the outside pages showing coloured pictures illustrating amusing incidents that should interest juniors. Featured on one of the inside pages is the first instalment of a traditional tale illustrated with well executed pictures in black and white, and on the second page is a description, in humorous vein, of the first phase of a frog-race—a parody on the Summit Conference, or, it may be, on the sensational John O' Groats to Land's End race. In addition there is a first lesson for the learner carefully arranged, nature notes, intelligence game tests, and other interesting information.

The President of An Comunn commends the venture in shrewd words.

What is needed now is a wide circulation among young people and learners to make a reduction in the selling price possible.

Cum a dol i Fhir-dheasachaidh.

BURN is ARAN, le Iain Mac a' Ghobhainn, *Gairm* 227 Bath Street, Glasgow, 5/6.

Iain C. Smith, the author of this collection of short Gaelic tales and poems, is one of our younger and promising writers. He has frequently been heard on the radio relating some of his original Gaelic stories depicting life among the people he knew so well in his early days, and some of these stories are included in

this small volume. The language and idiom are homely products, and the phraseology and expression are always pleasing. The thought is not at times quite so apparent. This is particularly true of certain of the short poems included in this volume. Indeed, the average reader will frequently find some difficulty with the thought content of many of Mr. Smith's poems both in Gaelic and English. This may in part be due to the mysterious originality of his imagery, and in some measure to the influence of modern English verse in which he is so deeply steeped. One has to read his poetry with an alert mind and with a flexible imagination to keep step with him; but the venture is rewarding.

Nine stories and twenty short poems are included in this book. The paper is of good quality, the print is clear, the editing is carefully done, and for 5/6 the buyer has his money's worth.

"In the first half of the nineteenth century emigration from the Outer Isles was resumed on an extensive scale. The commencement of that century was marked by a 'boom' in kelp-making, the inflation in the value of kelp being mainly due to the war with France. When the slump came the proprietors were ruined, for they had spent their profits extravagantly. Inevitably, an impetus was given to emigration, all the islands of the group contributing towards the outflow (which was encouraged by the needy proprietors and accentuated by famine) about the middle of the century. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton profited by the loss to the Isles."

The Western Isles.

TREASURER'S NOTES

NATIONAL MOD—EDINBURGH, 1960

Received at Edinburgh—

Previously acknowledged	£670 10 6
Comunn Gaidhealach an Obain	10 — —
Mrs. M. M. Clark, Bristol	1 — —
Lantern Slide Display by Calum Morrison, Ceilidh and Dance	21 16 3
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MOD PRIZE LIST

Junior Section

LITERATURE

Group D Essay on Life of Abraham—1. Dolina Ferguson, Royal Academy, Inverness.

Group E Essay as prescribed—1. Norman Maciver, The Nicolson Institute.

ORAL DELIVERY

Reading Prose—1. Annie MacKinnon, Castlebay J.S. School. Prose (under 12)—1. Murdo F. J. MacDonald, Glasgow. Narrative—1. Allan Campbell, Woodsie Sec. School. Reading—1. Elizabeth Gallacher, Greenock High School. Recitation—1. Marion M. MacLeod, Castlebay J. S. School. Reading at sight—1. Annie MacKinnon, Castlebay. Conversation—1. Kenneth MacKinnon, Castlebay J.S. School. Reading—1. David W. MacLeod, Loch Awe. Reading (under 12)—1. Farquhar MacGregor, Kyle. Reciting from Memory—1. Caroline MacKenzie, Lochinver.

Reciting from Memory—1. Donald C. Macfarlane, Glasgow. Verse-speaking—1. Oban High School. Cómhradh—1. Flora MacDonald, Oban High School. Recitation (boys)—1. Farquhar MacGregor, Kyle. Rev. George W. MacKay, D.D., Memorial Cup—Allan Campbell, Woodsie Secondary School.

SOLO SINGING

Solo singing of an unpublished song—1. Ann Gillies, Oban High School. Solo singing (girls)—Silver Medal—Mary C. MacLean, Castlebay J.S. School. (boys)—Silver Medal—1. Stewart Graham, Dunblane. Solo singing (boys)—1. Donald M. MacNeill, Colonsay.

Boys and girls—1. Jessie Stone, Campbeltown. Solo singing (girls)—1. Moira C. MacMillan, Glasgow. Solo singing, own choice (boys and girls)—Skelmorlie & District Highland Association Quach—1. Ann Gillies, Oban High School. Duet singing—1. Sandra Gardner, Ayr; Margaret MacCulloch, Ayr. Solo singing (girls over 14 and under 16)—1. Francis Matthews, Ayr. Solo singing (girls over 12 and under 14)—1. Morag M. McLure, Glasgow. Silver Cup presented by Mrs. Helmut Schroder—Mary C. MacLean, Castlebay.

UNISON SINGING

Mrs. Campbell Blair Trophy—1. Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association. Action song—Shiant Shield—1. Castlebay J.S. School. Choral singing—*Oban Times* Challenge Trophy—For highest marks in Gaelic Mrs. Hobbs of Inverlochty Trophy—Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association and Oban High School Gaelic Choir. Unison singing—Rhona MacVicar Trophy—1. Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir. Choral singing—Mrs. Millar Trophy—1. Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Playing of slow Gaelic air and march on the piano-forte—Margaret Hill-Boyle Memorial Trophy—1. Rhona C. MacKay, Clarkston.

Senior Section

LITERATURE

Silver Cup presented by the Earl and Countess of Cassillis—John A. Macpherson, Tigharry.

The Miss Millar Weir Gold Medal—John A. Macpherson.

Poem on any subject (Ailsa Trophy)—Alex. John MacMillan, Inverness.

Short Story (the Hugh MacCorquodale Fingal Memorial Prize)—John A. Macpherson.

Long Story (Gaelic Society of Glasgow Prize)—John A. Macpherson.

Essay—John A. Macpherson.

Songs for Children (the Robert MacMillan Prize)—John A. Macpherson, Tigharry.

Compilation of unpublished Gaelic vocal music—Mrs. K. Douglas, Kilmuir, Skye.

Arrangements in harmony of a song (the Angus Robertson Memorial Prize presented by the Glasgow Skye Association)—Constance MacKenzie, Lochs, Lewis.

ART AND INDUSTRY

Hand-woven scarf—Mrs. Catherine Brown, Mallaig Kilt hose—Miss Eliz. Macrae, Golspie.

Original Celtic design—Miss Katie Macdougall, Tobermory.

Pair of chair backs—Miss Catherine Mackenzie, Aberdeen.

Set of four table mats—Captain Hay of Hayfield.

Supper cloth embroidered in Celtic design—Miss Eliz. Macrae,

An Comunn Gaidhealach Trophy—Miss Katie MacDougall, Tobermory.

Embroidered work bag or apron—Shonagh Macleod, Dundee.

Milking stool—M. Freedman, Glasgow.

Hand-knitted gloves—Shonagh Macleod.

Porker or toasting fork—Timothy Thomas, Crookston Castle S.S. School.

Silver cup—Shonagh Macleod.

ORAL DELIVERY

Reciting from memory, "An talla bu ghnàth le MacLeod"—Mary Morrison, Glasgow.

Reciting from memory, "Gun sgìos gun fhois"—Nan MacLeish, Perth.

Reading at sight—Mary Pringle, Lochs.

The Glasgow Skye Association's Gold Medal—Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh.

Recitation of poetry composed by the competitor—Donald A. MacNeill, Colonsay.

Folk Tale—Anglo-Chilean Trophy—Kenneth D. Smith, Lochs.

Speech—Kenneth D. Smith.

Reciting from memory, "Do Mhac Fhionghuin an t-Stratha"—Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow.

Recitation of prose (own choice)—Jessie T. D. Nisbet, Kilmarnock.

Reading at sight—Jessie T. D. Nisbet.

Speech—Jessie T. D. Nisbet.

Dr. John Cameron Trophy—Jessie T. D. Nisbet.

CLARSACH PLAYING

Playing of two Gaelic airs or accompanying of two songs, chosen by the competitor—Charles MacEachran Memorial Clarsach—Isobel Lamb, Edinburgh.

Accompanying of a singer on the clarsach—Gwendolen McGill, Ayr.

Playing "Mo nighean chruinn donn" and a contrasting piece of the competitor's choice—Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh.

Solo singing with self-accompaniment on the clàrsach—Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh.

SOLO SINGING

Folk songs—Scotia Trophy—Margaret A. MacKinnon, Brora.

Port-a-Beul—Duncan Johnston Memorial Trophy—Kenneth MacIver, London.

Solo singing of "Theid mi 'gad amharc" (men)—Louis K. Stewart, Glasgow.

Waulking songs (women)—Mary M. M. Mundell, Whitecuse.

Solo singing of "Tiugainn do Scalpaigh" (women)—Kathleen N. Henry, Tarbert.

Rowing songs (men)—Bruce Burns, Lochs.

Oran Mor (men)—F. S. Cameron-Head Memorial Trophy—George J. Clavey, Edinburgh.

Solo singing of "An gille dubh ciardhubh" (women)—Anne C. MacQuarrie, Prestwick.

Oran Mor (women)—Rhona MacLeod, Glasgow.

Solo singing of Coille Chaoil (men)—George J. Clavey, Edinburgh.

Solo singing of Eilean mo Chrìdh—Joan C. MacNeill, Colonsay.

Learners' final competition (men)—Bruce Burns, Stornoway.

Learners' final competition (women)—Kathleen Henry, Tarbert.

Solo singing of "A' chailin tha tàmh mu Loch Eite" and "Maise Latha Bealltainn"—Glasgow Oban & Lorn Gold Medal—Anne C. MacQuarrie, Prestwick.

Solo singing (own choice)—Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh.

Solo singing of an unpublished song—Calum Cameron, Glasgow.

Solo singing of "Long mo bhruadair"—Nova Scotia Gold Medal—Mabel Kennedy, Glasgow.

Gold Medal (women)—Rhona MacLeod, Glasgow (717 pts.); runner-up—Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow (713 pts.).

Gold Medal (men)—George Clavey, Edinburgh (711 pts.); runner-up—A. M. Ross, Lochinver (696 pts.).

DUET SINGING

Duet singing (own choice)—Janet Macdonald, Lochs; Bruce Burns, Lochs.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel (bagpipe setting) on the pianoforte—Aberdeenshire Targe—Nina MacTavish, Bunchrew.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel on the violin—Sutherland Cup—Margaret Murdoch, Blairgowrie.

Playing of a Strathspey and Reel on the violin—Angus Grant, Lochailort.

CHORAL SINGING

Choral singing of "Hi ri 'm bó" and "Hi ri ri tha e tighinn"—Lorn Shield & Dalriada Cup for highest marks in Gaelic—Laxdale Gaelic Choir.

Women's rural choirs—Bowmore Gaelic Choir.

Choral singing of "Sine Bhàn" and "Chunna mi 'n damh donn 's na h-eildean"—Sheriff MacMaster Campbell Memorial Quaich—Lochgilphead Gaelic Choir.

Choral singing of "Mo rùn geal òg" and "Gael an t-seoladair" (women)—Esme Smyth Trophy—Greenock Gaelic Choral Society.

Choral singing of "Cailleach liath Ratharsaidh" and "Bodaich na h-Odh"—Greenock Gaelic Choir Cup—Aberdeen Gaelic Choir.

Choral singing of "Smeòrach Chlann Dòmhnail" and "Dòmhnall an dannsair" (men)—Mull & Iona Shield—Greenock Gaelic Choir.

Quartette "An t-àilleagan"—Glasgow-Jsly Gaelic Choir A.

Choral singing of "Caol Muile", and "S iu mo rùn" (Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy)—Campbeltown Gaelic Choir (359 points); Runner-up—Greenock Gaelic Choir (358 points).

"Weekly Scotsman" Quaich for highest marks in Gaelic—Stornoway Gaelic Choir.

Choral singing of "Mo chailleag Shuaineartach" and "An gille guanach"—Margrat Duncan Memorial Trophy—Dingwall Gaelic Choir.

John McNicol Memorial Trophy for highest marks in Gaelic—Dingwall Gaelic Choir.



1888

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

Editor — J. THOMSON, M.A., F.E.I.S., 116 WEST SAVILE TERRACE, EDINBURGH
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65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Telephone: DOUglas 1433.

Leabhar LV

AN DULACHD, 1960

Aireamh 12

ATH-CHUIMHNE

Nuair a bhios duine 'na shuidhe leis fhéin is iomadh smaoin a ruitheas troimh an intinn gun fhios dé dhùisg iad aig an am, no carson a thàinig iad no dé a' chrìoch a bhios aca. Dhùisgeadh mise as mo chadal-ceàrnach, mus robh mi idir buidheach, le fuaim na treana san dò seachad. Co-dhùibh is e nach fhaca mise i, 's gun mo shùil air an uinneig, no nach robh miann sam bith agam a bhith innte am feasgar a bha sud a b' aobhar dha chan aithne dhomh, ach 's e a chuala mi nuair a dhùisg mi gàir nan tonn air an tràigh, sgrìach nan eun air iteig, agus greadhnachas àrd-fhuaimneach nam fear air a' mhòl. Bha mi air ball ann an saoghal eile gun fharadh a phàidheadh, gun aiseag, gun chlaoidh, gun mhulad.

Nach iongantach an smaoin fhéin a dh'fhosgla dorsan a' phrìosain agus a bheir oighreachd na saorsa gu do chasan. Bha gleadhraich a' bhaile-mhóir ceithir thimcheall orm ach cha robh cluas ann a dh'èisdeadh. Bha cabhsair cruaidh fodham, ach bha mise aon uair eile am measg nam balach am beul an làin a' feitheamh ris an iùbhraich fo a cuid aodaich 's i sìtheadh dìreach air a' chala. Cha robh balach beag no mór an sud nach robh fios aige glé mhath có an té a bha ann. Bha cumadh an t-siùil mhóir 'ga brath, agus bha fios againn uile gur h-e Calum Og a bha air an stiùir. Is ann a Gallaibh a bha am bàta ri tìghinn le gillean sgoinneil air bòrd. Cha robh ionnuidh oirn a thaobh a' chosnaidh a rinn no nach do rinn iad, biodh sin orrasan. Cha robh teagamh againn nach gabhadh iad ruinn gu toileach nuair a phaisgeadh iad na siùil agus a leigeadh iad sìos an acair am bun-na-fadhlach.

Chuireadh a' gheòla air bhog, leum sinne innte, 's cha b' fhada a bha na ceithir ràimh a' dèanamh a' chinn-uidhe dheth. Streap sinne—na balaich bheaga—air bòrd gun fhuireachd ris an sgioba a bha maille ruinn. Bha coinn-eachadh aig càirdean an sin; bha fàsghadh làmh ann; bha naidheachd air aithris 's air iarraidh. Nuair a bhuail sròin na geòla am mol a ris 's a leum na fir gu tìr chaidh poca bola le briosaidean cruaidhe cruinne a dhòrtadh air a' mhòl airson nam balach. Sud na briosaidean a bha milis agus saor. Bha gach brogach a' bleith làn a phluic, agus a' dinnheadh 'na phòcaidean. Cha robh fuaran no sruthan uisge air an t-slighe dhachaidh nach robh gob balaich tomta ann a' casg an lotaidh.

Chaidh a' chuibhle mu'n cuairt, agus sguir othail is iomairt aig beul an làin. Tha gàir nan tonn air an tràigh mar o chian, tha sgrìach nan eun anns an àile ach càite a nis a bheil na laoch, agus cuin a thilleas na balaich dhachaidh? Ach chan eil an sin ach ceist eile.

Leanaidh sinn iad 'nar smaoin anns na bailtean móra, air feadh raointean Chanada, air na lochan, anns na coillean, agus gu sònruichte anns na puirt mhara an cois a' Chuain Shèimh ———.

Cha mhùch an cuan no coillean dlùth'
An dùrachd is an gràdh
Do thìr an dùthchais fada thall
Far eil an geall orr' tàmh.
Ged thuinich iad an tìrean cèin'
Cha chaochail spéis gu bràth
Do'n chlachan chaomh san robh iad òg
Mun d'fhògradh iad thar sàil.

“DIOGHALTAS”

Le IAIN A. MAC A' PHEARSON,

Uidhist a Tuath.

(A' chiad duais aig a' Mhòd.)

AN uair a chaill siol Ghorraidh seilbh air Uibhist a Tuath anns a' cheathramh linn deug dh' éirich casaid cruaidh a thaobh uachdaranachd an eilein. Bha Clann Raghnaill agus Clann Uisdein, is e sin Dòmhnallaich Shléibhte, an uganann a chéile feuch có aca a gheibheadh seilbh air fearann Uibhist. Thàinig an fharpais a bha eatorra gu trilleach ann an 1505 an uair a thabhainn Iain mac Uisdean 'ic Alasdair, ogha do threas Tighearna nan Eilean, an oighreachd do Chlann Raghnaill.

Bha trìuir bhràithrean aig Iain so—Dòmhnall Hearach, Dòmhnall Gallach agus Gilleasbuig Dubh—agus bha iad doimheadach gun do chaill iad seilbh air an còraichean air a leithid so de dhòigh. Bha Gilleasbuig Dubh gu h-àraidh air a ghonadh agus chuir e roimhe gun sguabadh e as an rathad gach cnap-starra bha eadar e agus seilbh air Uibhist. Gu so a thoirt gu buil mharbh e a leth-bhràthair Dòmhnall Gallach anns an Eilean Sgitheanach agus, sin deanta, chuir e as do a leth-bhràthair eile, Dòmhnall Hearach. Ach cha b'fhada mheall e an cumhachd a choisinn e ri linn nan euchdan ana-cneasda sin. Rug an dòghaltas air. Latha 's iad a' sealg air Beinn Li thàinig faclan eadar e fhéin agus Dòmhnall Gruamach, mac Dhòmhnail Ghallaich, agus 'se bhuil a bh'ann gun d' fhuair Gilleasbuig Dubh am bàs a thoill e air an làraich ris an abrar bho'n uair sin Bealach an Sgàil.

An uair a thill a' chòmhlán sheilge dhachaidh dh'fhaighneadh bean 'Illeaspuig ciamar a bhuilich iad an latha. “Mharbh sinn an damh a b'àirde bh'anns an fhrith,” fhreagair iad. Thuig i air ball dé bh'air tachairt, agus so a briathran:—

“Is truagh nach mise bha 's a' ghleann

Far an d'rinneadh féib, 's dhòirteadh fuil ;

Far an do leagadh an damh duilleach donn ;

Mo chreach lom! nach robh mi muigh.”

Anns an latha bh'ann cha robh lagh a' riaghladh ach am fear bu treasa agus bha euchdan ana-cneasda r'an cur as an lethsan a bha airson leasachadh a dheanamh air an cumhachd is air an cuid. Ach glé thrìc bha dioghaltas garbh a' tuiteam air na reubalach aig a' cheann thall. Dh'ainmich mi cheana Dòmhnall Hearach. Gus m'fhacal a theannachadh a thaobh dhroch euchdan agus dioghaltas d'an reir, bu mhath leam sgeul a bhàis a libhrigeadh dhuibh.

An uair a ghluais an droch run Gilleaspuig Dubh gu innleachd bàis Dhòmhnail Hearach a dhealbhadh d'fhasdaidh e combhailteach d'am b'ainm Pòl gun na bha 'n a rùn a thoirt gu buil. Diughlaidh cealgach, ceacharra a bh'ann am Pòl, agus le gealltanas mir fearainn anns an sgrì Phabhbhich thug Gilleaspuig a thaobh e agus dh'innis e dha an innleachd a bha aige ann an amharc gus Dòmhnall Hearach a dhochann.

Cha robh for aig Dòmhnall Hearach gu robh a nàimhdean fo lùirich a' toirt a mach binn a' bhàis. Bha e mar chleachdadh aige bhith tairge aoigheachd d'a chàirean 'n a dhachaidh agus bhiodh iad a' tighinn an comhair gach ama a chur lathaichean seachd 'na chuideachd. Bha e 'n duathar airson gu robh cuid de na h-aoighean so a' feitheamh a' cheud chothrom gus làmh a chur 'na bheatha, agus ghabh e aca gu cuireadh, coibhneil mar a b'abhaist. Cha bhiodh sòradh air fiailaidheachd 's air fearas-chuideachd fhad's a bhiodh a' chòmhlán cruinn. Agus chan eil teagamh nach biodh briathran Silis na Ceapaich fìor dh' an taobhsan cuideachd—

“ ‘Nuair a thàrlamaid le chéile

B'e Sléibhte toiseach ar seanchais.' ”

Latha bha sud, 's iad air cruinneachadh ann an dachaidh Dhòmhnail Hearach, chuireas romhpa gun feuchadh iad farpais lùth-chelesan, ged a bha làn fhios aca gun toireadh Dòmhnall Hearach fead air an fhear bu treasa dhuibh, oir cha mhór a bha cho lùthmhor agus cho subailte ris. Thubhairt aon de'n chuideachd gu feuchadh iad an toiseach air leumainn àird, cleas anns an robh mo liadh air leth ealanta.

Bha dòigh araidh aca air an leum so a dheanamb—bha iad a' crochadh craicinn corrach air na sparran agus toll cruinn air a ghearradh 'n a theis meadhon. Bhàtar a' feuchainn feuch có leumadh cho àrd 's gun cuireadh e a cheann troimh 'n toll so.

Bha ullachadh uidheam na leumainn àird an latha ud an urra ri Pòl, combhailteach 'Illeaspuig Dhuibh, agus cha robh cion an ullachaidh air. Bha esan air iall leathrach a roladh mu thimchioll an toill anns an t-seicidh. Air a cheann so de'n éill bha dul ruitheach éagsaidh agus bha an ceann eile a' tuiteam air cùl a' bhalla-tharsainn a bha am meadhon an t-seòmair.

An uair a thàinig na farpuisich a steach liùg

Pòl gu fiataidh gu cùl a' bhalla-tharsaing, far an do chum e a chluas ri claidneachd eadar-'a-bhì na còmhla. Thòisich an fharpuis ach air àrde na leumann cha ruigeadh duine air an toll a bha 's an t-seicidh. An sin thuit an crann air Dòmhnall Hearach. Sheas e air an stamadair, shocraich e a shùil air an toll agus ghearr e an leum gu sguabanta mar a b' àbhaist. An uair a bha a cheann troimh 'n toll thug Pòl draghadh air an èil agus theannaich an dul mu sgòran an fhìr a leum. Bha Dòmhnall air a thachdadh anns a' chroich. Ach chan fhòghnadh le Pòl na h-Eille ach an gnìomh oillte a thoirt gu ìre na bu mhiosa. Thug e iarraidh dhearga as an teine agus spàrr e iad ann an sùilean a' chairbh.

Aig a' cheart am thàinig bantrach Dhòmhnail Hearaich an làthair agus an uair a thuig i mar a dh' èirich thionndaidh i ris na mortairean le frionas feige. "Ma bhrùich sibh e carson nach do dh'ith sibh e?," ars ise. "Chan eil fhios nach eil fo mo chrìos na thogadh a thòrachd fhathast!" Mar a thubhairt b'fhuir. Theich a' bhantrach gu ruige Rònaidh. As an sin fhuair i almsadh air aiseag do 'n Eilean Sgith-eanach, far an do rugadh leanabh mic dhi beagan mhiosan an déidh bàs a fir.

Trath thàinig an gille so—Aonghus Fionn—gu aois tuigse dh'innis a mhàthair dha mar a thachair dha athair agus an uair a thàinig e gu fearalas bhòidich e gun deanadh e dioghaltas air na mortairean.

Chuir e bàta fo uidheam agus dh'fhasdaidh e sgioba ann an Tròndairnis. Sheòl iad gu cladach Uibhist ri soirbheas o'n ear. Bhuaill iad talamh tioram ann an Eubhal ri marbhan a' mheadhoin oidhche. Eadar iad 's leus chunnaic iad bothan sgrath os cionn a' chladach agus rinn iad air. Ged bhuaill iad an doras cha d'fhuair iad freagairt sam bith ach air an dara bualadh chual' iad guth fann a' feòrach "Cò tha sud? "

"Tha Aonghus Fionn mac Dhòmhnail Hearaich," ars iadsan. "Mo ghràdh airsan," chuala iad. "Fanaibh gus an toir mi an easpach bhàrr na còmhla."

Cha robh anns a' bhothan ach aon chailleach ach abair thusa gun d'fhuair Aonghus Fionn agus an sgioba gabhail aca 'n uair a chual' i fàth an turuis. Fhuair iad biadh is fois na h-oidhche far an robh iad, ach cha robh cadal Aonghus Fionn ach luaineach. Bha e air bhioran gu bhith air an fhalbhan. Ann an glasadh an latha chuidhtich e a chompanaich agus thog e air tarsainn na mòintich troimh Chàirinis agus na Cladaichean gus an tug e mach Ceann a' Bhaigh. As a sin ghabh e fiaradh tarsainn an Druim Aird gus an tàinig e am fianuis Chnoc an Torran.

Air an fheasgar fhoghair sin bha Pòl na h-Eille ann am mullach cruaidh arbhair ann am Paiblisgearraidh 'nuair a chunnacas duine conadaid a' tighinn tarsainn a' mhachaire bho Sgeir a' Chotain le ceum uallach aigeannach agus e a' deanamh ball-dìreach air an iodhlann far an robh iad a' dlùthadh.

Thuit a shud 's a shad air Pòl na h-Eille. Ar leis gu robh am a dhunaidh a' teannadh air. Sheall e thuige 's bhuaithe 's dh'èigh e riuthasan a bha mu bhonn na cruaidhe, "Dé an àird bho'n robh a' ghaath an dé? " "Bho'n ear," fhreagair iadsan. "Soirbheas gasda do bhàta a dh'fhàgadh an t-Eilean Sgitheanach gu cala thoirt a mach air cladach Uibhist," arsa Pòl. "Mur eil mi air mo mhealladh theirinn gur e mac Dhòmhnail Hearaich a tha a' tighinn tarsainn a' mhachaire."

Cha robh am facal ach gann as a bheul 'nuair a thug e dudar leum as a nuas as a' chruaidh. Mach a thug e tarsainn a' Ghearraidh Mheadhonaich agus sios Tràigh an Locha. Bha e deanamh dìreach air comraich eaglais Chille Mhoire a bha mu mhìle dh'astar air falbh. Nam buannaicheadh e tearainteachd a' chinn-uidhe so cha tigeadh beud no dochainn air àruinn. Saoil an gleidheadh e a' chomhraich? B'e sin cnag na cùise dhàsan!

Thug Aonghus Fionn an aire dha a' teicheadh agus thuig e cò bha aige. Mach a ghabh e as a dheaghaidh. Bha na bliadhnaichean air tromachadh a thoirt am ceum Phòil agus bha Aonghus Fionn a' buannachd air leis a h-uile sinnteig, ged a bha e air a chuingealachadh le bogha 's le truaill shaighead a bha crochte r'a chrìos.

B'e sruthan a bha air taobh deas na h-eaglais a bha deanamh crìche na comraich. Nam faigheadh Pòl thar an t-sruthain so bha aran fuinte; chan fhaodadh am fear tòrachd a leantuinn na b'fhaide. Ach cha robh an t-seasgaireachd sin an dàn do Phòl na h-Eille. Mun tug e mach an sruthan spion Aonghus Fionn saighead as an truaill agus rinn e cuims' air leis a' bhogha. Bha Pòl a' leum an t-sruthain 'n uair a chaidh roinn na saighe 'na shail, agus thuit e 'na chonablach, a chasan 's an uisge 's a cheann 's a bhodhaig air talamh tioram comraich na h-eaglaise.

Bha seann duine a' fuireach faisg air Cille Mhoire ris an cante Goll, comhdhalta do Dhòmhnall Hearach agus rag-nàmhaid do Phòl na h-Eille. Bha e dall mar thoradh air gun do chuir Pòl an dà shùil as le iarainn theinteach. An latha so thàinig a nigean a bha gabhail roimhe a steach 's a h-anail 'n a h-uchd. "Tha Pòl na h-Eille 'n a shineadh aig an t-sruthain," ars ise, "agus tha fear àrd bàna a nuas chun an tighe le bogha shaighead." "Aonghus Fionn

mac Dhòmhnail Hearaich!" ghlaodh am bodach le gairdeachas. "Thoireabh a mach mi 's treoraichibh gu Pòl mi," ars esan, 's e 'g a sgioblachadh fhéin.

Bha Pòl a nis anns an lagaranaich agus cha b'fhada gus an do thilg e an anail mu dheireadh. Cha tug e 'mheirg bharr fhiacaill 'n uair a chunnaic e Goll a' tighinn air àruinn. Bha fhios aige nach robh maitheanas ri bhith ann. Chuir Goll làmh 'na bheatha le gnìomh cho ana-cneasda 's nach biodh e riatanach dhòmhsa iomradh a thoirt air.

Sin mar a chaidh bàs Dhòmhnail Hearaich a dhìoghladh. Gus an latha 'n diugh 's e leathad Phòil a theirear ris an tolman air am bheil Cladh Chille Mhoire agus seann eaglais na sgìre air an suidheachadh.

Tha Goll air chuimhne cuideachd. 'Se Gollair a theirear ris a' bhaile bheag thri tìghean a tha làmh ri Cille Mhoire. Tha caibeal anns an t-seann chladh ris an abrar caibeal Bhaile Raghnaill, agus air balla tuath a' chaibeil so tha leac liomhte gheal air a bheil cunntas sgrìobhte air ginealaichean teaghlach Bhaile Raghnaill troimh na linntean. Is e Dòmhnall Hearach a' cheud ghluin de'n fhreumhaig air a bheil iomradh.

Seoladair Is Saighdear

Thàinig long chaol an uachdarain turus chon an Tairbeart, agus sgioba Scarpach innte. Bidh muinntir na Hearadh a' fanaid air na Scarpaich a chionn gu bheil Gàidhlig aca (agus Beurla leis) nach eil aca fhéin. 'S e Alasdair Fhionnlaigh a bha air an stiùir. Nuair a thàinig iad air tìr choinnich Iain Saighdear riutha aig amhach an Tairbeirt. 'S e Iain a bha an urra ris a' mhuileann-chàrdaidh an uair sin, agus thuirt e ri Alasdair gur e droch fhear-stiùiridh a bha ann. Cha do dh'innis Alasdair còir dha mar a dhèanadh e peàrrd, ach thuirt e so ris :

"Bha mise seòladh mharannan
Ann an iomadh àite
Na bu ghàbhaiche na eadar Stac-an-duillig
Agus Dubh-sgeirean Ard-h-Asaig,
'S chan fhaca mise muillear
Le sgùmas dubh na càrdaich
Ris an canainn "So an stiùir,
'S mi 'n dùil gur tu as fheàrr oirr'."

AN TARAN.

Gun Aobhar.

Dh'fhàg mi an tannasg, 's e gun anam,
Ach an robh dad de dhèò ann.

Chaidh mo mhealladh is mo dhalladh
Le na bha de cheò ann.

GUN FHAOBHAR.

Gun Bheòs.

Tàcharan an anmuich a' tachais mo chluais',
Tannasg na maille 'gam thàladh 'nam shuain,
Talamhaidheachd m'anam an tanalachd uair',
'S ùireach na h-ùine umam dùnadh gu luath.

GUN DEOS.

Luch.

'S eòlach mise air do sgrùball
'S na cùiltean an còmhnaidh.
'S tric thu 'g imlich na h-ùireach
'S 'g a bùrach le d' spògan.

Tha thu salach 'nad nàdur,
Mar is gnàth le do sheòrsa.
'S ann le fàbhar bha dhà dhìobh
San àirc a bh' aig Noah.

MAC-TALLA.

Cnoc Nan Arm

Bho chionn fhada nan cian, anns na linntean dorcha a dh'fhalbh, bhitheadh na Lochlannaich gu math bitheanta a' spùilleadh is a' togail creiche mu chladaichean Alba. So mar a thachair do na daoine borba ud nuair a thàinig iad thar sàil agus a chuir iad a steach ann am bàgh Hòglan an Tìgh a' Gheàrraidh air taobh an iar Uibhist a Tuath.

Thachair gur e là fionnar, tioram a bha ann, agus bha fir a' bhaile sa' bheinn a' buain mhònach. Nuair a fhuair na mnathan a' chiad sealladh de na sgothan Lochlannach a' cur steall a Caolas an Eilein, rinn iad mar a b' fheàrr a b' urrainn iad air àite falaich.

Ann an tiota bha na Lochlannaich air talamh tioram agus air na bàtaichean acrachadh. An sin thog iad orra gu tìghean na sgìreachd, agus ghoid iad gach ni air na chuir iad làmh. Cha robh na mnathan 'nan tàmh am feadh a bha so a' dol air aghaidh, agus cha robh iad idir cho beag feuma 's a shaoil na spùinneadairan. Chuir iad fios cabhagach gu na fir anns a' bheinn. An sin rinn iad air na bàtaichean Lochlannach agus chuir iad am falach na ràimh agus na h-airm.

Cha b'fhada gus an robh na fir aig baile, agus nuair a chunnaic na Lochlannaich so rinn iad air na bàtaichean cho luath 's a thàrradh iad airson an cuid arm, ach cha robh aca ach an gad air an robh an t-iasg. A bharrachd air sin cha robh rathad aca air cur gu sàil oir cha robh ràmh air fhàgail. Cha robh air ach aghaidh a chur air muinntir Hòglain. Cha do lagaich fir

a' bhaile gus an robh an Lochlannach mu dheireadh 'na chorp air a' chluain. Dh'adhlacaidh gach aon diubh ann an aon sloc ann am badan uaine os cionn a' chladaich far am bitheadh fuaim a' chuain air an robh iad cho eòlach gu maireannach 'nan cluasan.

Turus a bha sud, iomadh là is bliadhna an déidh so, bha fear de mhuintinn an àite a' treabhadh air a' mhachair os cionn a' chladaich. Thàinig e air làmhag chloiche, agus chan fhaca e càil a b'fhearr na a toirt dhachaidh leis. Ach an uair a bha an duine còir gu blàth socair 'na leabaidh aon oidhche chuala e guth ag ràdh, "Till mo làmhag." Ghabh e an rabhadh, agus 's e a' chiad char a rinn e sa' mhadainn an làmhag a chur air ais far an d'fhuair e i. Cha do chuireadh an còrr dragha air an duine tuilleadh.

Gus an là an diugh theirear "Cnoc nan Arm" ris an tom bheag ud ri taobh na mara ann an Hògan.

A. NICCOINICH,
Inbhirnis.

"An Tir Bu Mhiann Leam"

Obair An Iasgach

O CHIONN còrr is leth-cheud bliadhna air ais, nuair a bha an t-iasgach aig àirde an Gaidhealtachd Alba agus anns na h-Eileanan a Siar, bha am mór shluagh an urra ri tacar na mara airson earrann mhath de'n teachd-an-tir. Cha robh òb gun eathar no cala fasgach gun bhàta iasgach; cha robh balach beag nach iomramh, no gille nach stiùradh. Cha robh tigh gun uidheam iasgach no baile puirt gun a chòmhlán fhéin de innealan seòlaidh.

Agus chan e mhàin gu robh na fir uile lean-tuinn an iasgach ach 's e giollach an sgadain an t-aon rian cosnaidh aig caileagan na Gaidhealtachd mar an ceudna. Cha robh port iasgach eadar Sealtainn agus Sasunn nach cuala an òrain aighearach Ghàidhlig gu minic. Agus b'fheàrr de dachaidhean an Taobh Tuath duais an saothrach. Is icomadh cist làn a thàinig air ais nach d'fhalamhaicheadh gu buileach fhathast.

Am fear no an té nach robh a' leantuinn an iasgach aig an am ud cha bu chùis fharmaid iad idir. Bha tàire air a dheanamh orra.

Bheir sinn sùil aithghearr an toiseach air eachdraidh an iasgach anns an linn a dh'fhalbh agus air na h-atharraichean a ghabh àite leis

na bliadhnanach, agus gu sònruichte a thaobh obair an éisg ghlais agus an sgadain. Fàgaidh sinn iasgach na h-adaig a bha gu minic an urra ri balaich òga agus ri seann daoine a bha air na bàtaichean a leigeadh seachad, agus iasgach a ghìomaidh ris na cladaichean, agus iasgach a' bhradain nach robh cho faicsinneach do 'n t-sùil, gu am iomchuidh eile.

Bha na h-eathraichean móra dol gu sàl toiseach an earraich agus bha iasgach an truisg 's na langain a' leantuinn gu toiseach an àitich. Sheasadh balach àite fir leis an lion bheag, ach cha robh feum ann air chùl ràimh ann a' sgoth Niseach agus cha b' e druim maoth balaich a chuireadh gu fairge i no bheireadh do'n bhruthaich i. Dh'fheumadh i neart laoich r' a sliosaid agus fèithean ruighinn airson nan ràmh. Bha an obair trom, sàruichte a chionn nach robh laimrigean freagarrach ann airson ballaist a chur air bòrd no iasg a thoirt gu tìr, no eathar a chur air bhog. Ach bha na fir ud eòlach air duathais agus iongantach toilichte le'n crannchur.

Ged nach robh airgid mór as an iasg ghlais—oir bha a' phris daonnan iosal—bha e feumail airson biadh an teaghlach, agus a chionns gu robh an t-iasg pailt bha beò-shlaint an t-sluaigh cinnteach. Bha an trosg agus an langa cho lionmhor agus nach togte sgait bharr a' mhuil, agus dheanadh iad lonnan de na h-easgannan.

Chì sinn an déidh so carson a leigeadh an obair fheumail so seachad, agus a dh'fhàsaicheadh puirt iasgach na Gaidhealtachd ionnus nach fhaicear an diugh an iomadh cala beag ach crainnseach nan eathraichean agus nam bàtaichean anns a' ghàimhich.

Is e iasgach an sgadain bu mhotha ris an robh togail aig na Gaidheil anns là ud. Am fear nach robh ann am bàta cha b'fhiach e duine ràdh ris. O mheadhon a' Chéitein gu deireadh Lunasdail bha na fir air muir an cois an sgadain, aig an dachaidhean fhéin no anns na puirt a sear. Bha an cuid de bhàta aig feadhainn ach bha móran a' dol gu'n cosnadh do bhàtaichean choigreach. Mur cuireadh sgadan airgid am pòcaid fir cha robh nì eile ann a dheanadh e.

Nuair a bha ùidh cho mór aig na Gaidheil anns gach seòrsa iasgach, agus nuair a bha iad cho mór an urra ris airson an teachd-an-tìr, dé is aobhar air nach eil an diugh, duine as an fhichead a' toirt a bhì-beò as an fhaighe. Chan ann gun aobhar a thàinig an t-atharrachadh.

Thòisich soithichean móra ag iasgach far am b'abhaist fir a' chladaich a bhith cur. Thàinig innealan sgrìobaidh a sgudadh leotha 's a' creachadh leabaidh an éisg dlùth do na cladaichean. Chaill na Gaidheil am misneachd agus thòisich fear is fear a' cur cuil ri obair a

bha nis air fàs ro theagbhallach airson tigh is tearlach a bhith an crochadh oirre. Sguir iarrtas a bhith air a ghintinn an cridhe na h-òigridh, agus ri ùine bhàsaich an cleachdadh. A thaobh an sgadain thug tighinn nan driftearan a' cheud bhuille bàis do shaothair nan iasgairean Gaidhealach. Leis na h-innealan iasgaich a bha aca cha robh e an comas dhaibh àite cur no cala ruighinn ach air an deireadh, agus an là bhiodh an sgadan pailt chailleadh iad a' mharcaid. A thuilleadh air sin, bha na soitheichean ùra leis na bha iad ag oibreachadh de lìn a' glacadh barrachd sgadain aig amannan na bha reic air. Gu tric cha robh aig na h-iasgairean a bha an urra ris na bàtaichean seòlaidh airson an saothrach ach an sgadan a thilgeadh air ais do 'n fhaire, no thoir seachd a nasgaidh airson na h-òraich.

Dhùin an cogadh mòr na marcaidean a b'fheàrr, agus sguir iarrtas air sgadan saillt idir. Dh'fhàs an t-iasgach neo-chinnteach mar theachd-an-tìr, agus chuir iasgairean na Gaidhealtachd an aghaidh air oibrichean eile far am faigheadh iad cosnadh.

'S i cheisd a nis, Am biodh e feumail do'n Ghaidhealtachd an t-iasgach a chur air a chasan as ùr, agus ma tha feum ann agus iarrtas air, cionnus a ghabhas leasachadh deanamh ?

Chan eil ach aon fhreagairt do'n cheud chuid de'n cheisd. Bhiodh e do-sheachnaichte feumail araon do'n Ghaidhealtachd agus do'n rìoghachd obair an iasgaich anns an t-seadh as farsainghe a chur air stéidh chinntich, sheasmhaich.

Tha an t-iasg cho pailt agus a bha e riamh, agus tha daoine cheart cho feumach air agus a bha, agus a thuilleadh air sin tha Gaidheil òga gu leòir ann, gu sònruichte anns na h-eileanan, a thilleadh an màireach gu sàl nam biodh suidhichidhean fàbharach ann, oir tha tàladh na mara fhathast air cridhe nan eileanach agus is mairg nach fhaigheadh iad cothrom na Féinne.

Is e iasgach soirbheachail aon de na h-oibrichean a dh'fheumas a bhith ann ma tha sluagh lionmhor gu bhith tathaich sa' Ghaidhealtachd. Cionnus, mata, thig leasachadh riarachail air iasgach na langain agus a' sgadain ?

(a) Feumaidh an toiseach Riaghaltas na Dùthcha, no Bòrd an Iasgaich air an son, an t-uallach a ghabhail gu bhith fosgladh an rathaid mar a nithear a thaobh oibrichean eile na rìoghachd, air a' leithid de dhòigh 's gum bi muinghinn aig an iasgair anns an obair mar theachd-an-tìr. Chum na crìche sin tha dà nì air agradh : an toiseach, prìs iomchuidh a shuidheachadh air an iasg agus air an sgadan, a bheir ceartas do'n iasgair air tùs, agus mar an ceudna do'n cheannaiche, gun cus uallaich

a chur air an neach a dh'itheas an t-iasg, oir is esan a tha pàigheadh an iomlain. Mur dean an Riaghaltas so cha bhi cùisean ach air shùdan mar bha, agus cha bhi muinghinn no soirbheachadh cinnteach ann.

A ris, feumar ullachadh freagarrach airson an t-iasg a chumail ùr gus an ruig e an ceann uidhe, chum's nach cail an t-iasgair a shaothair nuair a bhios an t-iasg nas pailte na bhios iarraidh air aig an am. Bu chòir tìgean eigean a bhith far eil feum orra, agus an sin ruigeadh iasg blasda daoine mar a bhiodh am feum ri seasamh, gun ancaitheamh dheanamh air saoihbreas a' chuain.

(b) Cha till na Gaidheil ris an iasgach gu bràth mur faigh iad còmhndadh math bho'n Riaghaltas airson eathraichean is bàtaichean, agus acfhuinn iasgaich fhreagarrach. Chan urrainn iad fhéin na h-uidheaman sin a cheannach an diugh.

Is ann aig an iasgair fhéin is fheàrr tha fios dé an seòrsa inneal iasgaich as freagarraiche dha 'na shuidheachadh. Ach tha aon nì cinnteach—cha till na bàtaichean seòlaidh tuilleadh, ni motha theid fear gu sruth air chùl ràimh. Feumaidh inneal sparraidh a bhith an deireadh gach eathair is bàta.

A thuilleadh air sin, cha deanar mòran air an iasg ghlas mu na cladaichean gus an teid laimrigean freagarrach a thogail airson fasgaidh an taice riutha leis gach tide-mhara agus ri an-uaire.

Ma gheibh òigridh na Gaidhealtachd an cothrom sin—uidheaman feumail, laimrigean freagarrach, marcaidean conbhallach agus riarachail airson iasg is sgadan ùr is saillt, agus dìon ceart o aintighearnas nam bàtaichean sgrìobaidh a tha an diugh a' milleadh leabaidh an éisg dlùth làimh agus a' sgudadh leotha na thàrras as cois nan cladaichean ; ma gheibh na Gaidheil na nithean sin bidh iasgairean soirbheachail, sona air a' Ghaidhealtachd fhathast ; bidh na glinn air an àiteach mar o chian ; agus bidh Alba nas beartaiche ann an gaisgich uasail dhuineil.

SEUMAS MAC THOMAS.

Miosachan: A. Maclaren & Sons, 268 Argyle Street, Glasgow. Price, 5/6, post, 6d.

This is a Coloured Gaelic Pictorial Calendar for 1961. It is neatly bound in good quality paper, and the names of the months and days of the week are all in Gaelic, in very clear type. Each page has a good sized picture of some well known West Highland scene, and the colouring is delightful. This is the most attractive calendar we have seen for a long time.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Saoilidh cuid gur e eilean iomallach a tha an Tìriodh, ach chan ann mar sin a tha. Tha am bàta-siubhail 'g a ruighinn trì là san t-seachdain as an Oban, agus an t-soitheach adhair a h-uile là ach là na Sàbaid. Ged nach toir thu ach trì cheathramh na h-uarach air sgéith eadar Glaschu is Tìriodh tha thu fàgail aon saoghal air do chùil agus a' fosgladh do shùilean agus do chluasan ann an saoghal eile. Tha a' ghleadhraich seachad, agus tha sàmhchair agus fois a' riaghladh. Tha ùinich a' bhaile mhóir 'na thosd agus beòlraich nan tonn air tràigh agus ceileireadh nan eun 'gad thàladh. Tha drip is uallach a' tuiteam gu làr agus saorsa gun fhadachd a' lionadh do chridhe.

Co-dhiùbh 's ann mar sin a thachair dhòmhsa anns an Og-mhìos a chaidh 's mi air chuairt an tìr-an-aigh. An ceann ceithir là deug thill mi air m'ais air m'urachadh agus air mo bheathachadh an corp 's an inntinn, a' creidsinn gu bheil sochairean aig muinntir nan eilean nach ceannaichear le òr, agus sonas is riarachadh spioraid air nach urrainnear luach a chur.

Thug mi dhachaidh leam dà chuimhneachan a leanas mi fad iomadh là. An toiseach, cho toilichte is cho càirdeil 's a tha muinntir an eilein 'nam measg fhéin agus cho aoidheil 's a tha iad ri coigrich, agus a rithist, ath-chuimhne air raointean de ghaineimh ghil an achlais gach bàigh leis a' chuan trom-dhathte le dealradh gorm is uaine a' sgaoleadh thairis orra. Anns an Ob air cùl an tìghe anns an robh mo chéile agus mise fuireach chi mi fhathast na ròin, mòch is amoch, a' snàmh 's a' cur nan car dhiùbh mu na sgeirean dlùth air làimh, gun duine beò cur dragha orra. Chì mi Barraidh a' togail a chinn os cionn a' Chuain a Siar, agus Uibhist is na Hearadh air faire. Chì mi Muile nam fuar bheann àrda astar goirid air falbh, I Chalum Chille r'a thaic gu h-ìosal, agus Ruma air chùil chàich san àirde tuath.

Chan aithne dhomh dòigh as fhèrr gu bhith toirt dealbh inntinne air dòigh beatha an t-sluaigh na sùil a thoirt orra troimh an uinneig. Tha bùth a' cheannaiche fosgailte tràth sa' mhadainn, ach 's ann amoch feasgar a chì mi an luchd ceannachd a tighinn, cuid air an casan, cuid air rothairean air an rathad mhór no air an tràigh, agus cuid eile 'nan càraichean. Tha ùine gu leòir an Tìriodh as déidh naoidh uairean feasgar airson gnothaich a dhèanamh ris a' cheannaiche. Tha ùine gu leòir ann airson còmhradh ri neach sam bith a thig an rathad, agus gu céilidh cuimseach a dhèanamh anns an ath dhòrus as déidh sin.

Some think that Tìree is a remote island, but that is not the case. The steamer reaches it three days a week from Oban, and the plane every day except Sunday. Although you only take three quarters of an hour flying between Glasgow and Tìree you leave one type of world behind you and you open your eyes and ears in a different world. The noise is gone, and peace and rest reign. The bustle of the city is silent, and the whispering of the billows on the white sand and the singing of the birds entice you. Hurry and worry drop to the ground, and freedom without yearning fills your heart.

At any rate, that is what happened to me that June I went to the land of delight. At the end of fourteen days I returned refreshed and nourished in mind and body, believing that the people of the islands have privileges which cannot be bought with gold, and joy and satisfaction of spirit the value of which cannot be measured.

I brought home with me two recollections that will follow me for many a day. First, how happy and friendly the people of the island are among themselves and how hospitable they are to strangers, and again, the memory of stretches of white sand in the bend of each bay, while the sea, deeply coloured in shining blue and green, spreads over them. In the Bay behind the house where my wife and I stayed I still see the seals, early and late, swimming and rolling round the skerries near at hand, without a soul disturbing them. I see Barra raising its head above the Western Ocean, and Uist and Harris on the horizon. I see Mull of the cold, high mountains a short distance away, Iona low-lying beside it, and Rum behind the rest in the north.

I do not know a better way for giving a mental picture of the way of life of the people than to have a look at them through the window. The merchant's shop is open early in the morning, but it is late in the evening I see the buyers coming, some on foot, some on bicycles on the highway or on the sand, and others in their cars. In Tìree there is plenty of time after nine o'clock in the evening to do business with the merchant. There is plenty time for conversation with any one who comes along, and to have a long enough ceilidh next door after that.

National Mod, 1960

OFFICIAL OPENING

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

I FEEL now somewhat constrained in that I must continue in what is to me an acquired language.

As I said in my Gaelic address, I am encouraged by the progress made by An Comunn since the first Mod in Edinburgh. That was in 1899. The entry on that occasion was 130, which was then described as a very satisfactory total.

This year there are 1318 taking part in the various competitions, and, in the Junior section alone there are 570 which is 440 more than the entire total 61 years ago. We are proud that the grand total for the Edinburgh Mod is the largest since the Jubilee Mod at Oban seven years ago.

The increase in the numbers taking part in the Mod and the extent of its acceptance as one of the principal festivals in the calendar of Scottish affairs are not the only stimulating changes that have resulted from An Comunn's efforts throughout the years.

It may be well to realise that the first National Mod in Edinburgh was held just eight years after An Comunn was formed, at a time when Gaelic was very much discountenanced.

There still persisted the harsh and libellous attitude contained in the Privy Council edict of 1541, and later confirmed by the measures of 1609 and 1616, which described Gaelic as a barbarous language that had to be abolished and removed. It was also the attitude of that Society of noble endeavour, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. For the first sixty years of its teaching in the Highlands, it resolutely persisted in the demands made to its teachers that Gaelic was not to be allowed in their instruction. It was strictly forbidden.

It is to the credit of Dr. Samuel Johnson that, following his visit to the Highlands, he pointed out the error of their ways to the Directors, and it has to be admitted that this Society made more than honourable amends. It was not until 1865 that Gaelic received its first tardy recognition as a school subject. In that year the Scottish Education Commission deemed it worthy to say of Gaelic that it was permissible to teach it with drill and cookery.

Such scant and optional acknowledgment scarcely called for action in the class-room, and, as is well known, our parents suffered the painful indignity of being punished if they were heard uttering the only language they knew within the precincts of the school.

As the Report of the Crofters' Commission of 1884 comments—"They had been treated as if endowed with the gift of unknown tongues, and men entrusted with the duty of superintending their education considered this reasonable for reasons satisfactory to themselves."

That, then, was the situation An Comunn sought to remedy. Although small in number at its commencement in 1896, it set itself resolutely to its task of securing the teaching of the birthright language to the Gaelic child in school.

Victory came in 1918 with the passing of the Education (Scotland) Act of that year. Then, for the first time in history our children in the Gaelic speaking area received the statutory right to be instructed in their own language.

How changed the mood from those earlier experiences. It is with gratitude and thankfulness we mention that Gaelic is now taught, with excellent results, in Norton Park School, Edinburgh, Bellahouston Academy, and Woodside Secondary School, Glasgow, and also in Greenock High School. With the memory of my own early school days, still vividly imprinted on my mind, I cannot applaud too highly the wise decision of the Inverness-shire Education Authority and their director, Dr. John MacLean, a native Gaelic speaker, with the full approval of the Scottish Education Department to begin the education of the Gaelic speaking children through their own language, for I was one of those who knew no English, and I shall always be grateful to the patience and perseverance of my teacher who sought so earnestly to relieve the lack of comprehension and sense of frustration which were so clearly evident.

In this acceptance of Gaelic and the place it now occupies in our schools, An Comunn may rejoice in its achievements. It has given those who speak Gaelic a pride in their own language and has earned a respect for it from an ever-widening public.

But, all is not as it should be. The census figures show a continuing decline in the number of Gaelic speakers. The figures are disturbing to An Comunn.

Far too long have we had Committees of Enquiry, advisory bodies with little or no executive power, making reports and recommendations into what has been described as, and still remains, the Highland problem. These we have had in abundance with little result. Despite their pleadings, findings, and intentions, the drain on population still persists. It is stark realism that our Highland youth continues to be our main export. No country can prosper in which an area somewhat

less than half its extent, is maintained largely by grants, subsidies, and pensions.

An Comunn, conscious of the truth that economic well-being must be a critical factor if Gaelic, or Gaeldom, is to survive, is willing and anxious to lend its influence to and co-operate with all well founded organisations, whose purpose it is to secure a greater measure of economic security. New industries have been introduced, some small perhaps in their scope, but significant in what can be achieved. The promoters are the pioneers who, we hope, will lead the way and show what can be established by men of faith and vision.

In the Tourist industry the Highlands have much to offer the stranger. The scenic grandeur is unsurpassed. The modern age with all its means of transport makes for easy access, while holidays with pay provide the means for a greater number than ever before to enjoy the beauty and quiet of the countryside. Beauty may satisfy the soul and the spirit may find refreshment in the stillness but, it is only in acceptance by the people that fullness can be achieved. That comes surely when the visitor is enabled to comprehend the character of the people, their customs and the language that has made poetry of place-names. Then, how rich the sojourn.

An Comunn is well equipped to assist in this direction. In its branches throughout the Highlands there is an organisation which is well able to promote entertainments and present those facets of our culture of which they are the custodians. Through these branches and by this means, strangers will be able to enter more fully into the life of the community. There is much that could be done in this way. And, An Comunn is ever willing to help.

In maintaining and fostering the Gaelic language, An Comunn has surely done no more than preserve what was once the principal language of our country. There is ample evidence in the place-names to indicate the extent to which Gaelic was spoken, yet it has to be admitted that its value as a subject in Celtic studies was recognised on the continent before it was admitted to any of our Scottish Universities.

The first chair of Celtic in Europe was established in the College de France. Then, the universities of Berlin and Rennes followed. It is an interesting fact that American Universities notably Harvard, Columba and Washington were offering courses in Celtic at least as early, if not earlier than the introduction of the subject in the curricula of Scottish Universities. The credit of being the

first of our native Universities to have a chair of Celtic studies goes to Edinburgh. It is now one of the subjects available in all our Scottish Universities, except the oldest of all.

It is with gratitude we acknowledge the excellent work being done by Edinburgh University School of Scottish Studies in collecting and preserving for posterity, the old songs and tales which are accepted among the finest and most imaginative in Europe.

Last year Carl Marstrander of the Chair of Celtic at Oslo University, who is deeply interested in Scottish Gaelic, inaugurated a new and learned periodical, inspired and produced by Norwegian scholarship, but exclusively devoted to Celtic studies. This is what the *Glasgow Herald* has to say about it . . .

"It is a notable mark of respect for everything the Celts have meant in European history and prehistory. Is it not a sad commentary that understanding and appreciation of this should come from a foreign and non Celtic land."

How rewarding it would be if it were generally realised that by taking Gaelic as one of their subjects, our Scottish youth would find the key to a fuller understanding of their history and their native culture. It would certainly open up to them a wealth of literature that derives from the ancient past. A literature that, during the last century has engaged the attention of European scholars.

We have now the opportunity to study these interesting subjects, which are so much in keeping with the genius of our people and yet how neglected the opportunity.

Who has attended the Edinburgh Festival Military Tattoo and not been thrilled by the magnificence of the scene as the men of our Scottish regiments march to the music of the pipes. There before us with their kilts and their music do our hearts not warm to the spectacle? We are proud that that should be so, but these things are the mere ornamentation; what is more important is that, in our rightful pleasure in kilt and drum, pipe and tune, we do not neglect the language, which is the living tree from which these branches have grown. It alone perpetuates the thought of those who gave us these tokens of our country's fame.

It is fitting that we should preserve the ancient monuments and habits that are uniquely ours, but is it not more of a national duty to preserve the language, which gives us our

Branch Reports

KILLIN

individuality as a race and makes us linguistically distinctive among the peoples of the world. Yet, it is left to An Comunn, ministers, teachers, and writers to maintain that national inheritance. Is Scotland going to remain indifferent? Is its survival to be left merely as An Comunn's concern, for let us realise that once it is gone nothing can restore it.

It will become a study for the delectation and the dissection of the savants. But whatever happens An Comunn will never give up its advocacy on behalf of the ancient language of our country, its song and its literature nor will it forsake its regard for the people who speak it and preserve it for their children and for Scotland.

SUAS LEIS A' GHÀIDHLIG.

FORRES.

Forres Branch had a fine turnout at their first ceilidh on October, 25th in the Victoria Hotel, with the president, Dr. H. M. Morgan in the chair. He extended a warm welcome to all members and friends and particularly mentioned the artistes who travelled from Barra and Helmsdale. A varied programme was presented consisting of songs, music, dancing and stories. Vice-president, Ailsaidh Campbell, called for a vote of thanks to the chairman and artistes.

AYR.

The Mod was very much in evidence at the opening ceilidh held in Ayr, on 14th October, when a large attendance of members and friends had a most enjoyable evening listening to the artistes, all Ayrshire people and competitors at the Mod. Mr. Alister Fraser, chairman for the evening congratulated Mr. Donald MacIsaac on the success of his choir at the recent Mod. In his usual cheerful manner Rev. Archie Beaton, Dundonald, called for a vote of thanks, making special mention of the successes of local competitors at the Mod in Edinburgh.

ABERDEEN.

A wealth of talented artistes ensured the successful launching of the new session when the Branch held a Grand Ceilidh in the Royal Hotel in October. The president, Mr. James Macleod, welcomed a large and appreciative company of members and friends, and introduced the artistes. The following singers and instrumentalists entertained the company: Piper John MacDougall, Carol Galbraith, Misses C. Morrison, M. Macleod, Marjory Macleod; Messrs. Iain MacSween, Donald MacLarty, Duncan MacLennan, Donald Stewart, Hamish Russell, and Alistair Hunter.

A most interesting and varied syllabus has been compiled for this winter.

GAELIC DRAMA

The Glasgow Gaelic Drama Association at their annual general meeting held in the Highlanders' Institute recently gave unanimous approval to its rules and constitution. The objects of the Association are to promote and foster the Gaelic language by encouraging the writing and acting of Gaelic plays and, if possible, by holding a festival of drama annually.

TV.

The post-Mod television show by the B.B.C. proved to be the most successful advertisement for the Highlands, the language and the Mod that we have yet seen. The children from Castlebay choir were superb and were the essence of candour in their interviews, the excerpts from the children's ceilidh and the Mod Grand Concert were first rate, and the interview with Mr. Hugh MacPhee was a fitting ending to an excellent programme.

A. G. M.

The following items of news were unavoidably held over from the last issue:—

1. The names of the newly elected office-bearers and members of Council were as follows: President, Mr. Hugh MacPhee; Vice-President, Mrs. M. C. Edgar.

Members: Mr. J. M. Bannerman, Rev. A. Beaton, Miss L. Cameron, Mr. D. A. Macdonald, Rev. J. Macdonald, Rev. A. C. MacGillivray, Mr. I. R. Mackay, Mr. J. Mackay, Mr. F. Macrae, Mr. J. A. Macrae, Miss K. Matheson, Mr. I. M. Millar, Mr. N. Shaw.

2. Change of Constitution—

(a) A Motion that For Rule 30 substitute "At the Preliminary Meeting in each year the Executive Council shall appoint for each Standing Committee a Convener and a Sub-Convener who shall hold the same office for not more than three successive years" was not approved.

(b) A Motion "That the Editor of *An Gaidheal* be an ex officio member of the Executive of An Comunn" was approved unanimously.

At the Preliminary Meeting the various Standing Committees were appointed with the following Conveners:

Finance: Mrs. A. Whyte; Education: Mr. D. Thomson; Publication: Mr. J. Thomson; Propaganda: Mrs. J. M. Bannerman; Art and Industry: Mrs. M. C. Edgar; Mod and Music: Mr. J. M. Bannerman; Clann an Fhraoich: Mr. D. A. Macdonald; Comunn na h-Oigridh: Mr. J. A. Macdonald.

The Story of the Harp in Scotland

from the Sixth Century to the present day

THE harp is by far Scotland's oldest musical instrument, and for twelve hundred years it was known and loved throughout the land.

It all began with the missionary monks who landed from Ireland on the West coast of Scotland, bringing the knowledge of Christianity, and singing their chants to the accompaniment of a harp, so small that it could hang from a man's girdle. This harp was called, in the Gaelic tongue, a *cruit*, and it had from three to eight strings, plucked by the fingers in earliest times, and later played with a bow. As time went on and the instrument was carried all over the country, it developed into a larger affair of 28 to 30 strings, and so it has remained ever since. It was then called the *clarsach*, literally "sounding strings" in the Gaelic, which was the language spoken throughout the land for many centuries. But in the Scots tongue which came later in the Lowland areas, the instrument was simply called a harp, and the players harpers. When the revival came in the 20th Century, I feel it was a great mistake to have used only the Gaelic name, which naturally implies to the uninitiated that it was purely a Highland instrument, which is quite inaccurate.

By the 7th Century it is on record that bands of harpers were playing together, and in widely scattered parts of Scotland there are carved stones depicting harps, dating from the 8th, 9th, and 10th Centuries, notably at Dupplin and Scone in Perthshire, at Altbar in Forfar, Kilcoy Castle, and Nigg in Ross-shire, St. Oran's Chapel on Iona and at Keill Castle in Knapdale.

It seems that for a long time Scots harpers had to go to Ireland for inspiration and instruction in the art of playing. For, of course, even in those early days, Ireland had a long tradition in music, to be traced back through the papal music-school, founded in A.D. 460, which was the culmination of Roman and Greek art; beyond that to the early Christians with their legacy of tradition from the great temple in Jerusalem, where as many as 1,000 harps were played together to the glory of God. Beyond that again, there were the centuries of association with Egypt where the harp was highly developed by B.C. 1260.

Four hundred years passed, and in 1187, with William the Lion on the throne of Scotland, the Welsh historian Giraldus, whom presumably we can consider unbiased, wrote his *Topography*

of Ireland in which he praised the skill of the Irish harpers and their advanced ideas of modulation and technique. Then he went on to say of the Scots harpers—"It is to be observed that both Scotland and Wales exert themselves with the greatest emulation to rival Ireland in musical excellence. In the opinion of many however, Scotland has not only attained to the excellence of Ireland, but has even, in musical science and ability far surpassed it; insomuch that it is now to that country they resort as to the genuine source of the Art." This tribute was given by Giraldus before the University of Oxford in full convocation.

It appears that playing or singing to the harp was considered an almost indispensable accomplishment in cultivated people in the Middle Ages, and that at Festivals and gatherings the harp would be handed round from one to the other to share in the entertainment of the company. But it was acknowledged that it took seven years of severe training to make the professional. The Court, the nobles, gentry and burghs, and prior to the Reformation, the Church, all had paid musicians in their employ, and these always included a harper. There are records of payments made to harpers in the documents of many families, and in the accounts of the Scottish Treasury, and those of practically every county in Scotland. For as well as these more or less static performers, there were also itinerant harpers who would become temporarily attached to great houses or hostelries, most welcome entertainers and bearers of news and gossip. Many of the great ballads speak of these men; indeed they must have been the makers of most of these incomparable stories that recreate for us those stirring, bloodthirsty and usually tragic times. Indeed the more dramatic and terrible the times, the better the quality of the ballad.

The Highland Chiefs also had their harpers, often held as a hereditary office, and they too made the great Gaelic songs of their clan, and many a stone commemorates the place where the harper sat to play, possibly before a battle or clan-raid. One of the last of these was the great Ruari Dall, harper to Macleod of Macleod in the 17th Century. And his pupil, Murdo Macdonald, was harper to Maclean of Coll until at least 1734.

There were two schools of thought as to the stringing of the harps. In 1565, "they delight much in music, especially in harps of their own sort, of which some are strung with brass wire, others with the intestines of animals; their only ambition seems to be to ornament their harps with silver and with precious stones; the lower ranks instead of gems, deck

theirs with crystal." In that connection, a lady now living in Aberdeen, Miss Christine Webster, is the lucky owner of an old instrument with a great piece of crystal set in the fore-pillar.

If the harps were strung with gut, they were played with the cushion of the finger, and held against the right shoulder, so that the treble was played with the right hand. If on the other hand, they were strung with wire, they were held on the left side, the left hand taking the treble. Also in this case, the strings were plucked with the nails, grown long for the purpose. If a harper had displeased his master and he played on a wire-strung instrument, it was an easy and humiliating punishment to have his nails cut, so that his harp was silent till they grew again! The only structural alteration that has occurred to the instrument is the introduction in the 17th Century of blades screwed into the neck of the harp, which turned until they press against the strings, raise these strings by a semitone and make possible chromatic intervals. This system still applies in the modern instrument. Royal performers have been King James I and King James IV. Of the first, Major's Annals (published in 1521) had this to say—"He was a skilful musician . . . on the harp he was a second Orpheus; he excelled the Irish and the Highland Scots, who are esteemed the best performers on that instrument." James IV is recorded as playing the harp himself at the reception to his English bride. And in 1590 when Anne of Denmark entered Edinburgh as bride of James VI, "thair was Hautbois and the harp playing maist swete and pleasant springs."

In the Edinburgh Museum of Antiquities there are two splendid old harps. One is said to have been brought to Lude House at Blair Athol in 1460 by a Miss Lamont when she married Robertson of Lude. The other, known as the Queen Mary harp, was given by Mary, Queen of Scots, to Miss Beatrice Gardyn in 1563 at a very magnificent party following on a hunt in Athol. Miss Gardyn afterwards married Farquharson of Invercauld and one of their descendants married Robertson of Lude and brought the Queen's harp with her as part of her dowry. Both harps were kept ready for playing evidently until the beginning of the 19th Century, though the Queen Mary harp was dispoiled of several gems and an inset portrait of the Queen, together with the Royal Arms of Scotland during the Rising of 1745. It was sold by auction in 1904 and bought by the Museum for eight hundred and fifty guineas.

Unfortunately very little authentic harp music has come down to us, and it is almost impossible to imagine the old style of playing. There are a few tunes known to be by Ruari

Dall in old MS collections and many old tunes played by various harpers were learnt by ear by traditional country fiddlers, and handed down thus, then taken down and published by a music-seller in Perth, called Bowie about 1795, at the end of a collection of reels, strathspeys, etc. It contains Ruari Dall's Port and his "Am bacach buidhe."

The harp seems to have fallen out of favour in Scotland about the beginning of the 18th Century, though in Ireland there were several players as late as 1839 when a Gathering took place.

But at the National Gaelic Mod in 1931, it was decided to revive the playing of Scotland's harp, and a Society was formed with that object in view, called (as mentioned above) the Clarsach Society.

A fine violin-maker in Glasgow, Mr. Henry Briggs, agreed to make some instruments based on the old dimension. Then Mr. John Morley in London, long associated with the harp-making firm of Erard, followed suit.

Branches of the Society were formed in Edinburgh, Glasgow, London and elsewhere, and regular competitions were held annually at the Mods.

Now, half-way through the 20th Century, and in spite of the intervention of a great war since the beginning of the revival, there is more interest, more players and more future than at any time since the 17th Century; a tribute not only to the enthusiasm of a few people of vision, but to the very real charm of this most sympathetic accompaniment to Scots and Gaelic song.

It seems worth while to include this extract from John Evelyn's Diary (1620-1706) which, though not referring to the Scottish harp, is certainly applicable to it:—

"Came to see me my old acquaintance and the most incomparable player on the Irish harp (Mr. Clark) after his travels. He was an excellent musician, a discrete gentleman, born in Devonshire (as I remember). Such music before or since did I never heare, that instrument being neglected for it's extraordinary difficulty; but in my judgment it is far superior to the Lute itself, or whatever speaks with strings."

Elsewhere he speaks of a Mr. Clark (presumably the same performer) as being from Northumberland, and says of the instrument:—

"Pity 'tis that it is not more in use; but indeed to play well takes up the whole man, as Mr. Clark has assured me, who, though a gent of parts and quality, was yet brought up to that instrument from five years' old, as I remember he told me."

JEAN CAMPBELL 1959.

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Leabhar LVI

AM FAOILLEACH, 1961

Aireamh 1

GAIDHEIL AIR CHOIGRICH

Rè a' gheamhraidh is tric a gheibhear Comuinn Ghaidhealach cruinn ann an cuid de na bailtean móra air feadh Alba, agus an dùthchannan céine. Is suarach an ùine o bha mi an cuideachd còrr air dà mhìle duine a sìorrachdan na Gàidhlig gu léir, ach gu sònruichte a Leódhas agus Na Hearadh. B'e sud a' chuideachd a bha coibhneil, càirdeil, gun ghruaim gun sochair, làn gear is gàire. Ach mar a bha an oidhche dol seachad agus a' chuirim-chiùil a' blàthachadh thuig mi gur h-e na h-òrain bu tiamaiche bu mhotha a bha glacadh aire agus a' cosnadh cridheachan an luchd-éisdeachd. Anns na h-òrain bu mheasaile bha ionndrainn air tìr 's air dàmhean; air laoiach a dh'fhalbh 's nach do thill; air maighdeanan a dh'fhuirich aig an tigh. Bha iargain anns a' cheòl an tòir air eileanan a' chuain, air bothan grinn am fagadh an tuim na an achlais a' bhàigh.

An teis meadhon a' ghreadhnachais bha an inntinn luasganach, sìubhlach, a' sìtheadh thar chuainte an t-saoghail ag iarraidh le rùn-cridhe an nì nach tachair gu bràth—ath-thilleadh dòigh-beatha nan ciad làithean anns a' chlachan aig nach eil bith an diugh ach anns an aigne agus anns an inntinn.

Chuir mi a' cheist rium fhìn: Carson a tha sluagh cho mòr—fir is mnathan, òg is aosda is meadhon-là—cruinn an so am meadhon a' bhaile mhóir, fada bho thir am breith is an àraich? Chan ann gun aobhar a thachair e. Chan ann idir.

Bha iad anns a' chuideachd nach leigeadh a bhith ann, cuid a dh'fhaodadh gu leòr a bhith aca aig an tigh. Ach tha an-fhois tointe ann an nàdur nan Gaidheal, agus gu sònruichte anns

na h-eileanaich, nach leig leotha fuireachd aig an tigh ma bhios cead an cois aca. Tha an stùilean air iomallan an domhain air chor 's nach lorg iad luach nan sochairean a tha 'gan cuairteachadh anns a' ghleann na an cois a' chladaich. Feumaidh iad an casan a thoirt leotha gun fhios càite, na lorg air ionad tàimh. Is dòcha nach ann nas fheàrr ach nas miosa a bhios iad ri linn falbh.

Bha iad an sud cuideachd a bhris na ceanglaichean a bha orra aig an t-seann dachaidh, agus a dh' fhalbh an tòir air crìochan a b'fharsaing, air cothroman a bheireadh ceartas is riarachadh do na tàlantann agus na buadhan a thug iad leotha a steach do'n t-saoghal, agus a bha diùltadh beatha chrìon, sheargte a chur seachad gun éirigh gun dreadh. Chan iarradh sinn iad sud fuireachd ann an cochull an anacothruim nuair a tha cumhachd an taobh a stigh dhiubh fhéin 'gam brònachadh gu bhith fosgladh dorsan a bha dùinte orra, agus gu bhith cosnadh àite is inbhe leis am b'urrainn iad a bhith 'nan cinn-iùil ann an saoghal a tha cur feuma cho mòr air an seòrsa.

Ach tha amharus agam gu robh a' mhòrchuid a bha an làthair anns an talla an oidhche ud air an tearbadh bhò'n dachaidhean a chionn nach b'urrainn iad tàmh na b'fhaide anna. Cha chum saorsa, na ceangal-dùthcha, na gràdh bràthaireil daoine beò. Feumar barrachd air sin. Gun teachd-an-tìr a choinnicheas ri feuman làitheil an duine is éiginn dha gluasad a mach far an coisnair e. Is e dith cosnadh dlùth air an dachaidh a dh'fhàg a' Ghaidhealtachd cho fàsail, agus a dh'fhuadaich an òigridh sgoimneil, ghasda gu tìr-na-fadachd-as, tìr na h-ionndrainn, agus tìr an fhudain. So am fonn nach beathaich sìol na Gàidhlig gu

bràth. Faodaidh an siol fàs car ùine, ach tachdar e na loisgear e mus giùlain e toradh.

Thusa tha eudmhor mu chor na Gàidhlig, a bheil thu cluinntinn?

Ar Cainnt Mar Chraobh-Dharaich

'Is tric an t-eug oirnn a' gearradh
Taghadh nan darag as àirde.'

B' uabhrach an darach
Aig dorus mo shìnsir;
Cuid dheth bha crìon
Ach bha fhriamh ann a sàs.
Is tric rinn e dhòmhsa
Còmhdach o'n dìlinn;
Is minic a shreup mi
Na geugan a b' àird'.

An toiseach mo latha
Bu chaomh le mo mhàthair
M' uirigh a chàradh
Fo sgàil na mór-chrann;
'Gam thàladh gu cadal
Bha cagar na Màighe
A' sioladh troimh'n duilleach
Le turram gu fann.

Ach ni mi gearr aithris
Air eachdraidh na caomhaig,
Mar a chinn i air tùs
Ann an dùthchannan céin',
Mar dh'aisig an aimsir
Sgealb dhìth an taobh so
Fhuair aoidheachd o'n bhùrn
Agus tùsachd na gréin'.

Is leudaich am meòir
Ann am fonn a bha bàidheil,
Is sgaoil i a gàirdéin
Ri eunlaith an àil'.
B' aoibhinn a' chòisir
Aig toiseach an t-samhraidh,
'S thug maoth-ghaoth na Bealltainn
Gach meanglan fo bhlàth.

Dh'fhàs i mar ghallan
Is dh'altruim ar daoin' i;
Sios troimh na linn-tean
Bha cuimhn' oirr' is luaidh,
Is sheas i mar ghaisgeach
Gun fhasgadh san aonach;
Bu shuarach leath' gaillinn
No'n Gearran le fhuachd.

Is minic a dhannsadh
A' chlann bheag fo h-àilleachd,

Is bheireadh an òigrìdh
Am bòidean da chéil'.
Fear liath ann le Leabhar
A' liubhairt mar b' àbhaist
Am Facal bu ghràs-mhor
Do dh'ànraich na treud'.

Bha connadh am pailteas
An tasgadh na crìonaich,
Is b' aoidheil gach cagailt
An dachaidd nan sonn.
Thigeadh geamhradh le bagairt
Clach mheallain is siantan,
Ach chluinnteadh 's gach fàrdaich
Iomairt ghàir' agus fonn.

Cha b'e frasán o'n iar
A shìolaich a' ghaoid innt'
Ach fear fuilteach nan creuchd
'S claidheamh gear air a thaobh.
Sgap e na diùlnaich
'S na suinn nach d' rinn claonadh,
Is shàth e chalg ghruineach
An cuisle na craoibh'.

Ach bhuaidhaich an t-earrach
Le bhàrr-gùc as ùr oirr';
Thàrmaich na sàr bhàird
Fo a sgàth dheanamh rann.
Chluinnteadh am farum,
Ach bu ghoirid an ùine.
Thàinig mùige le crannadh
O Mhachair nan Gall.

Thadhail fear fuadain
Le tuagh air a ghuailinn,
Sàr nam fear uasal
Le fhéileadh gu grinn.
Cha do thuig i aon lideadh
De'n bhrìodal bu dual dhuinn,
Bha Bheurla cho fuaraidh
Ri clach uagha sa' chill.

Cha b'e faillean na sìochaint
Bha dhìth air a' ghàrlach,
Oir gheàrr e 'n crann-mullaich
Dhe'n churaidh a b' fhiach.
Chuir e fìodh leamhain,
Faidh-bhil' agus làrag;
B' iad tèarmann a b' fhèarr
Do chuid chaorach is fhiadh.

Tha fuidheall ar cinnidh
An diugh air an reubadh;
Cuid their gu spéiseil
Cìod am feum bhith 'g a dìon.
'S ann thug i bhuainn sealladh
Air talamh na feudail,
Far eil òr anns na clachan
Is gach achadh fo dhias.

Ach bheirinn-sa rabhadh
Do chlannaibh ar sinnsir
Gum biodh iad gu dileas
A' faire làn eud.
Mur gléidh iad le urram
An ulaidh cho priseil
Cha bhí ac' san taobh tuath
Ach crann duaichnìdh nan deur.

Is tric mi 'nam shean-aois
Air tulach 'nam anonar,
Mo làmh ri mo fhradharc
Dìr amharc an cian;
Mo dhùil ris gun teigadh
Dian spiorad ar daoine
A sgaoleas gun athadh
Dhuinn bratach nan cliar.

ALASDAIR MAC GILLE MHAOIL.

(A' chiad duais aig Mòd, 1960.)

Dubhlan

Lorgar an cat fiadhaich fhathast anns na glinn dosrach agus anns na bealaich am measg beanntan an iar na Gaidhealtachd, agus tha an creutair-sa guineach, cunnartach ma thig cruaidh air. So naidheachd car mar a dh'innseadh i le seann saighdear calma, neo-sgàthach :

Bha mi air mo shlighe dhachaidh an déidh an oidhche a chur seachad fo mo bhreacan san fhraoch. Ràinig mi Allt-na-béist air nach robh drochaid aig an am. Bha leacan tana san talach airson ceum tarsaing dh'ionnsaigh an taobh eile. Cha luaithe a chuir mi cas air a' chiad chloich na leum cat cho mór ri cù a mach as an doire, agus sheas esan romham air cloich mu mo choinneamh air an taobh eile. Airson dìon shuain mi mo bhreacan mu m'amhaich agus le gréim teann air an sgithinn chaidh mi an comhair mo nàmhaid. Chum e stùil bhiorach orm, agus a chionn nach robh teicheadh ro shàbhailta dhomh thug mi ceum 'na choinneamh. Bha mi an dòchas an sgian a chur troimhe leis a' chiad sàthadh, ach bha an cat na bu sgiobalta na bha mise. Leum e orm le leithid de chabhaig agus le cumhachd cho mór 's gun do leag e mi san t-sruth is gréim teann aige air m' amhaich. Bha e feumail dhòmhsa gun robh am breacan far an robh e. Cha do leig an cat as a ghréim nuair a thuit sinn le chéile san uisge, agus an uair a thàinig sinn an uachdair 's ann air mo shùilean a thug e oidhirp le a spuirean. Dhion mi mi-fhìn le mo ghàirdian cli, agus shàth mi an sgian 'na chorp. Rinn mi sin a ris agus a ris ; dh' fheuch mi ri a

chumail fo 'n uisge, ach chum esan gréim teann air m' amhaich agus le a spuirean is le fhiaclan chath e gu guineach, a' sgiamhail gu farumach. Bha an cath cruaidh is dóruineach, ach mu dheireadh, le sileadh fala, thréig neart mo nàmhaid agus fhuair mise saorsa. Tha craicinn a' chait ud agam fhathast.

Sheas mi an iomadh cath cruaidh, ach cha robh mi ann an gábhadh cho mór ri sud a riamh, agus cha mhotha a rinn eagal a leithid de ghréim orm roimhe no as a dhéidh.

S.D.T.

Obaireadhain Is A' Ghaidhealtachd

A OBAIREADHAIN, o chionn suas ri leth cheud bliadhna, chualas Gàidhlig air an ràdio airson a' chiad uair is chan eil teagamh nach do bhioraich Gàidheil an Taobh-tuath an cluasan. Bha an saoghal a' cur car dheth gun teagamh is smaoin a' bhàird gun robh Gàidhlig aig na h-còin an ìre bhith coimhionta, oir is ann troimh an adhar bho cheudan mìle air falbh a bha a' Ghàidhlig a nis air a clùinntinn am Barraidh is an Uibhist, am Mùid-art, an Cataibh is air a' Ghaidhealtachd air fad. Rud nach do thachair riamh roimhe ach a tha a nis cho cumanta 's nach saoil cuid againn nach robh an ràdio ann bho thùs: is tha mòran Ghaidheal òga aig nach eil cuimhne cuin nach robh e comasach do neach putan a thionndadh chum cuirm-chuibh Gàidhlig no deasbud no còmhraid 'nan cainnt fhéin a chluinntinn aig uair shònruichte.

Thàinig so mu'n cuairt an toiseach bho Obaireadhain nuair a bha an Gaidheal còir, Niall MacGilleathain, an ceann an ràdio sa' bhaile sin. Cha robh e ach òg aig an am ach chuir e roimhe oidhirp a chur air bonn chum leas na Gàidhlig, is ma tha an obair so a nis air fàs mór an àite bhith beag na dèanamaid dearmad air dicheall Néill. Is e obair là tòiseachadh.

An iomadh dòigh bha e ro-ìomchuidh, aig an am, gur h-e Obaireadhain a chuireadh na Gàidheil fo fhiachaibh as leth na Gàidhlig. Is e fuil Ghaidhealach, co-dhù, fuil Cheilteach, an tomhas ro mhór a tha ruith an cuislibh Tuath na Siorrachd. Is ann 'nar là fhéin a sguir a' Ghàidhlig a bhith 'g a labhairt gu coitcheann am Bràigh Mhàrr agus tha ainmean nan àitean is nan daoine san t-siorrachd a' dearbhadh gur h-i a' Ghàidhlig a bha aca feadh cheudan bliadhna. Is e Siorrachd Obaireadhain a dh'fhàg againn Leabhar Abaid Dhéir le cuibhrionn de'n Ghàidhlig as aosda an Alba,

Gàidhlig na dara linne deug is Gàidhlig a dhearbh an t-Ollamh MacBheathain a bha nuair sin air bilibh an t-sluaigh sa' chearnaidh sin. Tha an ath Gàidhlig sgrìobhte an Alba ceithir cheud bliadhna nas fhaisge oirnn fhéin, Leabhar Dheadhain Liosmhóir. Feumar cuimhneachadh cuideachd nuair a stéidhicheadh Oilthigh mór Obairtheadh aig deireadh na céigeamh linne deug gur h-ann, measg aobh-airean eile, chum feum is oilean fhinneachan bhorba an Taobh Tuath a chaidh gnéis a thoirt do'n oidhirp. Agus am measg seann riaghailtean Ard-sgoil a' Ghràmair an Obairtheadh, chithear ged bha an dual-chainnt Beurla a bha coitcheionn air a toirmeasg mar mheadhon labhairt measg nam foghlumach òga gun robh a' Ghàidhlig ceadaichte mar bha cànaian eile.

Bha na seana Ghaidheil tric air fonn is air machair Obairtheadh, an cogadh 's an sìth, agus airson iomadh linn bha luchd-eachdraidh a' teagas a thaobh blàir oilteil Cath Gaibreach sa' bhliadhna 1411, cadar Dòmhnall a Ile le dheich mìle curaidh Gaidhealach, an aghaidh Iarla Mhàir is feachd uaislean na Machrach, mar theirte, gur h-e bha so strì eadar Goill is Gaidheil ach cò aca a choisneadh Alba. Mar a dhearbh an t-Ollamh Uilleam MacAoidh is e bha ann còmhstri de sheòrsa eile. Rinn Dòmhnall a Ile an oidhirp so chum còraichean a mhnatha, ban-iarla Rois, a dhion oir bhun-eachd mòran fearainn dhìth an Sgìre Bhuchain a bha an Diùc Murchadh, a bha riaghladh Alba aig an am, a spùilleadh bhuaipe chum a thoirt do a mhac fhéin. Chan eil ni a' comharrachadh a mach gun chuir Dòmhnall a Ile roimhe baile Obairtheadh a smàladh is a chreacadh ged bha othail gu leòr air MacMhuirich 'na bhrosnachadh catha. Is cò bh'ann Iarla Mhàir ach Gaidheil eile, cheart cho Gaidhealach ris an Ìleach ris an robh e an dlùth dhàimh. Bu mhac e do Alasdair Mór mac an rìgh, Faol Chù Bhàideanach, agus is e bana-Ghaidheil a Bàideanach bu mhàthair dha. Is e bàrd math Gàidhlig bha san Iarla Mhàir so, agus is e dh'fhàg againn, an déidh an toich a chur air aig ciad bhàr Inbhirlochaidh an ceathramh so is e air seacharan sa' Gheann Rudh:

Is math an còcar an t-acras,

'S maig a ni tarcuis air biadh;

Fuarag eòrna an sàil mo bhròige

Biadh a b'fheàrr a fhuair mi riamh.

Maille ri Iarla Mhàir bha Gaidheil eile 'na cheannard, Pròbhaist Obairtheadh, MacDhàidh, a Bàideanach cuideachd, mar a nochd MacAoidh, is on bha a' Ghàidhlig air a labhairt bho cheann gu ceann de Shiorrachd Obairtheadh aig an am, agus cumhachd aig na morairean an sluaigh a thional mar bha aig Cinn-fheadhna nan Gaidheil, faodaidh sinn

a bhith cinnteach gun robh gladhaich is iorghaill sa' Ghàidhlig air gach taobh. Dh'cug Iarla Mhàir an Inbhirnis is chaidh adhlacadh sa' bhaile sin. Nuair a thill an rìgh a Sasuinn far an robh e 'na phrìosanach, fhuair Dòmhnall a Ile na còraichean a bha e sìreachd.

Is iomadh Gaidheil iomraideach a bharrachd a thuingean an Obairtheadh. Chuir Donnchadh Bàn fhéin seachad ùine ann nuair a bha e 'na shaighdear an Réiseamaid Bhradalbain oir is ann an Ceann Phàdruig, mar a tha e aig innse dhuinn, a bha e an uair a thàinig fios gun robh an Réiseamaid gu bhith air a cur fa sgaol. Is cha b'ann gun tursa a chuala am bàrd a' bhinn sin.

Is ann an Obairtheadh cuideachd a thug cuid mhór de na sgoilearan móra Gàidhlig as ainmeile a mach am foghlum. Eoghann MacLachlainn á Lochabar, am bard nach robh a choimeas mar sgoilear Gàidhlig ri latha is bha e cheart cho ionnsuichte an cànaian eile 's a bha e sa' Ghàidhlig; an t-Ollamh Alasdair MacBheathain, cha ruig mi leas ach ainmeachadh, an t-Ollamh Seòras Calder, Oide-oilein na Gàidhlig an Glaschu aig aon am, Iain Strachan, Sgoilear Gàidhlig ro chothromach a chuir a mach leabhraichean feumail is foghlumte; Iain Frisael a Urchadainn, ceud oide-oilein na Gàidhlig an Oilthigh Obairtheadh, Uilleam Iain MacBhàitair, an Gaidheil foghainteach, oide-oilein na Gàidhlig an Dun-eideann, is Iain Dòmhnallach, oide-oilein na Gàidhlig an Oilthigh Obairtheadh aig an am, sàr-sgoilear, a dheasaich is a dh'fhoillsich, Dàin Eòghainn MhicLachlainn an dòigh a chòrd ri a luchd-dùthcha, a thaobh grinneas is eireachdas. Is esan cuideachd Fear-deasachaidh *Scottish Gaelic Studies*, an t-aona leabhar de'n t-seòrsa a chitèar an Alba an dugh. Tha Oil-thigh Obairtheadh mar sin a' toirt àite dligeach do'n t-seana cinàin is tha bhui air. O chionn ghoirid shuidhicheadh dithis de fhoghlumaigh òga an Dòmhnallaich mar luchd-teagaisg na Gàidhlig, Anna NicCoinnich bharr a Bhac an Leòdhas an oilthigh Obairtheadh, is Ruairidh MacThómais, deagh Mhac an deagh athar, an oilthigh Dhuneideann. Is ged is i a' Ghàidhlig, an dràsda, is buntanas gnéitheil Obairtheadh ris a' Ghaidhealtachd, mo chuspair, tha mòran Gaidheil a' toirt a mach am foghlum an Obairtheadh a tha leantainn is a' soirbheachadh gu mór an dreuchdan eile. Is chan urrainn sinn gun cuimhneachadh gur h-ann an Obairtheadh dà bhliadhna air ais a bha Mòd cho soirbheachail 's a bha a riamh aig a' Chomunn Ghaidhealach is cha b'urrainn sin a bhith gun chuideachadh mór bho shluagh Obairtheadh.

Agus b'e ar comain mar an ceudna luaidh a dhèanamh air Ruairidh Arascain is Mhàir,

nach maireann, cùl-taice cho mór 's a bha aig a' Ghàidhlig 'nar là-ne. Cha do chumhaing esan aona chuid a sporan no a bhuadhan ann a bhith clò-bhualadh leabhraichean taitneach anns an robh sgeulachdan, fìor eachdraidh, agus seòladh air iomadh cuspair feumail is gnètheil; leabhraichean mar tha An Sgeulaiche, An Ròsarnach agus Guth na Bliadhna, leabhraichean luachmhor an diugh agus iad gu h-ìomlan an deagh Ghàidhlig. B'ann a Siorrachd Obairdhain a bha ar caraide. Bu mhór is bu mhath a chuir esan is iadsan a dh'ainmich mi ri cor ar cànan is ar daoine.

DOMHNALL S. MACLEOD.

Faidheadaireachd

BUADH cho iongantach 's as urrainn a bhith aig mac an duine, spiorad na fàisneachd. Bha na sinnsearan a' làn chreidsinn gur h-e tàlant na comas mhi-nàdurra a bh'ann, ach le meudachadh eòlais chaidh breithneachadh dhaoine am farsaingeachd 's chan eil sinn an diugh cho fìor chinnteach as a so.

Tha mi féin de'n bhàraidh gu bheil e comasach do neach le mion-sgrùdadh a dhèanamh air na chaidh seachad de eachdraidh an t-saoghail cùrsa na h-eachdraidh a leantainn le cuimse chothromaich. Chan eil mi ag ràdh gu bheil e idir furasda cùrsa beatha aon duine na eadhon aon rìoghachd a roimh-innse gu mionaideach ach le beagan saothrach is faicill chan eil e do-dhèanta a leithid sin a dh'eachdraidh a leantainn an farsaingeachd. Tha gach linn a' nochdadh chomharran is chrìochan aig amannan sònruichte an dòigh a tha toirt dhuinn ùghdarras a bhith creidsinn gu bheil lagh farsaing ann a tha riaghladh gach tuiteamas is ascenadh sgeòil a tha cuibheall eachdraidh a' toirt mu'n cuairt. Mar sin chan eil teagamh ann, nan robh neach mion-eòlach air eachdraidh a thriall 's air gnàthasan dhaoine mar mhòr-chuideachd, nach rachadh aige air tachartasan cudthromach a chomharrachadh a mach roimh làimh.

Their cuid nach eil an eachdraidh ach cearcall mór a tha gabhail làn chuairt an àireamh àraidh bhliadhnachan; gu bheil an nìthan ceudna 'gan nochdadh féin a rithist agus a rithist mar a tha an roth a' tionndadh. Chan eil mi deònach mo làn aonta a chur ris a' bheachd so anns an t-seadh gur iad na h-aon tachartasan a tha tighinn mu'n cuairt daonna, ach their mi so, gu bheil e dualach gu lean eachdraidh an cùrsa air an do shuidhich mac an duine snàthad a chombaiste o'n toiseach 's nach eil a

dh'atharrachadh eadar tuiteamas is tuiteamas ach na tha beachdan is gnàthasan dhaoine fhéin a' cur a chaochladh air an dreach. Tha prìomh bhrìgh agus, gu tric, prìomh thoradh aon chlach-chrìche ann an eachdraidh a' giùlan coltais ri brìgh is toradh a leithid eile ged dh'fhaodadh ceud na eadhon mìle bliadhna a dhcalachadh a bhith eatorra an aimsir. Chan eil aobhar eile air a so, cho fada 's as urrainn duine a thuigsinn, ach gu bheil an nàdur a' chinne daoine féin laghan diomhair a tha, eadhon d'a aindeoin, a' treòrachadh a cheuma an cùrsa eachdraidh. Rathad, leathann faodaidh e a bhith, ach gun amharus rathad aig a bheil fàl suidhichte 's nach fuiling ach uibhir so de fhiarachd.

Ma tha so fìor, ma-tà, agus ar leam gu bheil, carson nach biodh e 'nar comas, chan e a mhàin cùrsa eachdraidh a roimh-innse, ach a roimh-chumadh a réir feuman dhaoine is rìoghachdan. Chan eil feumail ach gum biodh againn an t-eòlas eachdraidh a bha aig H. G. Wells—is chan aidicheadh esan gum b'fhàidh e féin anns an t-seadh choitcheann—agus mion-eòlas air prìomh laghan nàdur an duine gu bhith faicinn air thoiseach oirn 's a' tuigsinn cuin a bha ascnadh dualach àite ghabhail an cuairt roth eachdraidh.

Tha luchd rìoghlaidh agus daoine foghlumte, co-dhùibh 'nan sealladh fhéin, a' caitheamh mòran ùine agus saothrach a' riaslachd ri cùisean nach eil idir 'nan cùisean éigneach. 'S e prìomh fheum luchd-stiùraidh nan rìoghachdan gun tuigeadh iad gu dé a tha ann am éiginn na teanntachd oir is ann aig amannan de'n t-seòrsa a tha eachdraidh air a cumadh. Bheil slat tomhais ann as urrainn iad a chleachdadh gu bhith dearbhadh na h-aimsir? Saoilidh mi gu bheil; slat a tha cothromach agus simplidh. Fhad's a tha barrachd air dà roghainn ann fa chomhair ceist na suidheachaidh chan e am fìor éiginn na teanntachd a tha ann. Am briathran eile chan am e a tha dualach atharrachadh mór a dhèanamh air cùrsa eachdraidh. Is ann nuair a tha daoine agus rìoghachdan air an co-éigneachadh gu aon de dhà shlighe a roghnachadh a tha cuibheall eachdraidh air a tulgadh cho mór 's gu bheil toradh na roghainn a' sìneadh a buaidh thairis air na ginealaich a tha gun bhrèith. Ach càite bheil so uile 'gar treòrachadh? Tha a dh'ionnsaigh a' chomhdhunaidh so, gu bheil e an làmhan dhaoine fhéin eachdraidh an t-saoghail a dhalbh a chum buannachd, sìthe is soirbheachaidh anns gach linn is ginealach. An àite bhith leigeil le sruth eachdraidh ruith air falbh leinn is e ar còir-bhrèith is ar dleasdanas a bhith a' cleachdadh nan tàlantan 's an eòlais a fhuair sinn gu bhith tionndadh an t-srutha sin a dh'ionnsaigh

na crìche is fearr do ar cor féin. Faodaidh gu bheil so ag amharc dorrbh ach chan eil e dad nas duilghe na cluich tàilgis do'n fhear aig a bheil an eanchainn air a shon.

Tha fear cluiche ealanta a' faicinn gu bheil iomadh dòigh anns am faod e na cnagan a ghluasad air a' bhòrd-tàilgis, ach 'na ghluasad tha e ag amharc chan ann air ciad thoradh a' cheuma tha e gabhail ach mar an ceudna air dé an ceum a tha am fear eile dualach a ghabhail an coimeamh an t-suidheachaidh ùir a tha nis fa chomhair. Chan urrainn teagamh a bhith againn gu bheil an comas aig an fhear fhear-cluiche a' chùis a roimh-fhaicinn. Is e dearbhadh a' ghnòthaich gum coisinn e gach cluich a dh'aindeoin gach deifir dòigh anns an gluais am fear a tha strì ris.

Le eòlas farsaing is breithneachadh cothromach dh'fhaodadh daoine coinneachadh ri gach dùbhan an eachdraidh anns an dòigh cheudna. A bhàrr air sin bheireadh "fàisneachd" an eòlais ùine choltach do dhaoine gu bhith mèorachadh air an roghainn roimh làimh chum is gum biodh iad làn chinnteach as an ceum nuair a thigeadh am na teanntachd. An diugh tha innicachadh is innealan iongantach air an dealbh a dh'innseas gu cuimseach ceann gach sgeòil ma bhìadhar a steach anna pailteas eòlais mu na tha fhios againn air mu'n chùis àraidh air a bheil sinn a' dèanamh sgrùdaidh. Carson nach biodh e comasach dhuinn eòlas eachdraidh a chur chun an dearbhadh so; an clàr breithneachaidh a ghluasadh le fiosrachadh na h-achdraidh a thriall agus foghlum gu dé an coltas gum biodh am asnaidh ann an taobh a stigh de uibhir so a bhliadhnachadh. A thuilladh air sin chan eil e do-dhèanta gu lorgamaid dé an toradh àraidh a bhiodh aig roghainn thar roghainn eile chum ar leas.

A' kantainn an reusanachaidh so gu crìch chan eil aobhar carson nach rachamaid o cheum gu ceum mar neach a' d'icadh fàraidh gus an toirte cùrsa eachdraidh gu coimhliontachd. Is e mo làn bhàchd gun tugadh dhuinn ar reusan, ar tuigse, is ar mac-meanmna chum na crìche so, is gu bheil an saoghal anns an staid bhòchd 's a bheil e a chionn nach do bhuilich sinn ar tàlant an gu bhith leughadh na duileige nach deach fhathast a thionndadh.

CAILEAN T. MACCOINICH.

1. Fo làmh an chéile, *in a spirit of rivalry.*
2. A' leigeadh ris dut, *showing you.*
3. Tha e math air a làmh, *he is a handy man.*

Comunn Gaidhealach Leodhais

Literary Competitions in Gaelic

Prizes of 50/-, 30/- and 20/- will be awarded in each of the sections.

SECTIONS 1 and 2: OPEN.

Section 1. A STORY based on historical incidents or local legends of interest pertaining to Lewis and extending to approximately 2,000 words or more.

Section 2. A POEM on any subject of not less than TWENTY lines.

Section 3. Collection of Place Names (confined to rural schools in Lewis).

(a) Schools of Three Teachers and under.

(b) Schools of Four Teachers and over.

Place names of school district, parish or other clearly defined area with additional notes of historical or local interest.

Rules.

1. Entries in all three sections must be original and unpublished productions. If necessary, competitors must be in a position to furnish proof of the genuineness of their work.
2. All Entries must be submitted under a pen-name which should be clearly written at the head of each sheet. A sealed envelope containing competitor's name, pen-name and address must accompany each entry. The outer cover of this envelope should show only Pen-name and competition section.
3. Work submitted in Section 3 must be attested by the signature of the schoolmaster or member of staff of school.
4. The copyright of manuscripts submitted will become the property of Comunn Gaidhealach Leodhais.

Entries to be forwarded to:—

Mr. K. D. SMITH,
Mod Secretary,
c/o Education Office,
STORNOWAY.

Closing date of entries 31st March, 1961.

4. Càirich an leabaidh, *make the bed.*
5. Tha e air leigeadh roimhe, *he is quite exhausted.*
6. Tha mi a' dèanamh dheth, *I understand.*

LEARNER'S PAGE

Is iomadh sgeul a tha aig na bodaich mu dhéidhinn a' Phrionnsa agus is e aon diubh sin mar a chuir e, anns an àite ris an abrar an diugh Coilleag a' Phrionnsa, na lus an àlainn a thug e nall leis as an Fhraing. Tha "flùirean a' Phrionnsa," mar a th' iur muinntir an eilein riutha, a' fàs air na bruthaichean gainmhich a tha an cois na traghad agus tha e ri ràdh mu'n déidhinn nach fhàs iad an àite sam bith air an t-saoghal ach an sud fhéin.

Dh'fhàg am Prionnsa iad mar chuimhneachan air a' chiad phloc de rìoghachd athraichean air an do chuir e a chas ach tha iad a nis air cnàmh 's air seacadh air falbh, dìreach mar a tha am Prionnsa fhéin air slodadh a cuimhne nan Gaidheal gu léir. Tha làrach an tìghe anns an do chaidil am Prionnsa ri fhaicinn fhathast ged nach eil aon chlach air muin cloiche dheth. Chan eil uaimh Theàrlach againn an Eirisgeidh idir mar a tha aca an Uidhist 's am Beinn a' Bhaoghla ach rinn sinne na b'fheàrr na iad sin, thug sinn dha tìgh.

Tha eilean beag aig ceann a deas Eirisgeidh ris an abrar an Staca, agus tha caisteal air an eilean so air a bheil an t-ainm Caisteal an Reubadair. A réir eachdraidh nam bodach 's e fear a bha anns an reubadair so a bhiodh a' dol seachad air an Staca. Air oidhcheannan gearmhraidh lasadh e solus ri taobh a' chladaich, is long sam bith a bhiodh an deuchainn sa' Chuan Sgìth, dhéanadh i air an t-solus is bhristeadh 'na biorain i air cladach garbh an eilein. Tha an caisteal air a thogail air bàrr creige àirde agus rathad caol cunnartach a' dol suas aodann na creige g' a ionnsaigh. Tha tòrr chlachan aig bonn an rathaid so agus th' iur na bodaich ris Sac na Làire Bàine. Is ann le làir bhàin a bhiodh an reubadair a' tarraing suas aghaidh na creige na clachan leis an do thog e an caisteal. Ach an là bha so chuir e sac cho mór air an làir 's gun do thuit i marbh fodha, 's tha na clachan an sud fhathast, tòrr air gach taobh de'n rathad dhiubh mar chuimhneachan air Sac na Làire Bàine. Nuair a thog an reubadair an caisteal bha bean a dhìth air, agus on bha nighean bhriagha aig Fear Bhaghasdail smaoinich e gun goideadh e i. Tharraing e air a mhuin i a Baghasdal gu Taobh a' Chaolais. Shnàmh e caolas Eirisgeidh leatha; tharraing e tarsaing Eirisgeidh i; shnàmh e Caolas an Staca leatha agus tharraing e as a sin i chun a' chaisteil, agus mar a thuit am bodach a bha 'g a innsadh dhomh, gu dearb cha robh cus an asgaidh aige dhith.

Many a tale the old men have about the Prince, and one of these is how he planted, in the place called today the Prince's Knoll, the beautiful plants which he brought with him from France. The "Prince's flowers," as the people of the island call them, are growing on the sand banks along the shore, and it is said of them that they will not grow anywhere else in the world but there.

The Prince left them as a memento of the first spot of the kingdom of his ancestors on which he set foot, but they have now decayed, and shrivelled just as the Prince himself has faded away from the memory of all the Gaels. The site of the house where the Prince slept is still to be seen though not a single stone of it is in position. We do not have Charles' cave in Eriskay at all, as they have in Uist and in Benbecula, but we did better than that, we gave him a house.

There is a small island at the south end of Eriskay called Staca, and there is a castle on this island named the Robber's Castle. According to the old men's tales this robber was a man who passed the Staca. On winter nights he would light a fire by the seashore, and any vessel that was in trouble in the Minch would make for the light and would be broken to pieces on the rocky shore of the island. The Castle is built on the top of a high rock with a narrow and dangerous road going up to it along the face of the rock. There is a heap of stones at the foot of this road and the old men call it Sack of the White Mare. It was with a white mare that the robber transported up the face of the rock the stones with which he built the castle. But one day he placed such a big load on the mare that it dropped dead under it, and the stones are still there, a heap on each side of the road as a memorial to the Sack of the White Mare. When the robber built the castle he needed a wife, and since the Boisdale Farmer had a beautiful daughter he thought that he would steal her. He carried her on his back from Boisdale to Kyle-side. He swam across Eriskay sound with her; he carried her across Eriskay; he swam across Sound of Staca with her and from there he brought her to the castle, and as the old man who told me it said, indeed he had not much of her as a free gift.

PUTTING GAELIC ON THE RECORD

By Professor K. JACKSON

THE Linguistic Survey of Scotland was set up by Edinburgh University in 1949 as a research department charged with the duty of collecting and studying specimens of Scots and Gaelic dialects and publishing the results. After ten years of active field work, the Gaelic section is now nearing the end of its first phase, that of primary collection, and it is appropriate to summarise what has been done so far.

The purpose of a linguistic survey is to gather material adequately illustrating pronunciation, grammatical forms, sentence construction, idiom, and vocabulary from every area which has a distinctive dialect. Scottish Gaelic has a number of such dialects, but very little information about them as a whole was available to students of the language, and nothing whatever about some of them. Yet they are all of the greatest interest linguistically, and besides there is much to be learned about the history of Gaelic, and indeed about the history of the Highlands in general, from their study.

Why, for instance, has it turned out that some dialect features coincide closely with the present county boundaries and others strikingly pay no attention to them whatever? Exactly what are the border lines of these features, and what were their historical causes? What part did the clan areas play in this?

Moreover, what is the spoken Gaelic language really like, throughout the country where it exists, as distinct from the literary language of books or the speech of some particular well-known Gaelic community such as Lewis? These are a few of the questions that the Survey hopes to answer.

Urgent task

Already, in 1949, the task was known to be urgent. Studies made in the 1870's show that Gaelic was then commonly spoken everywhere in the Highlands, but the last Census before 1949 (that of 1931) and other sources made it frighteningly clear that this was by now far from being the case, and that in some parts it would probably be impossible to find local Gaelic speakers any longer.

The Survey went to work at once on these urgent districts, and by great good fortune it was able to find suitable informants almost everywhere, with a few exceptions such as the Isle of Bute, southern Kintyre, and upper Dunbartonshire. Often it came only just in

time to discover the last remaining old people, in their 80's who could still speak Gaelic, surrounded by a population which no longer knew it.

In this way, excellent material, such as it would probably now no longer be possible to get at all, was gathered in "urgent" areas like Caithness, the Black Isle, the Nigg peninsula, the Moray-Nairnshire borders, Braemar, Strathardle, Strathbran, Balquhider, the Trossachs, Cowal, Arran, and Kintyre, to mention only these.

It was essential to take care that the informants chosen were really speakers of the genuine local dialect. When a Gaelic speaker was met with in a place where no one else spoke the language, it often turned out that he was an immigrant, or, though he himself was born there, his parents had been immigrants. In either case he could not be used, since a child of immigrant Gaelic-speaking parents, though born and brought up in a place, cannot be a speaker of the local dialect if that dialect is dead of field or even moribund, but only of his parents' Gaelic.

This means that many of the Gaelic speakers in places such as southern Kintyre, Dunbartonshire, Nairnshire, and so on, to whom references were kindly sent in to the Survey by friends, turned out on inquiry to be unsuitable.

The method of recording is two-fold. First, tape-recordings are made of the informant in conversation, or preferably if possible telling a story, or other continuous speech. In this way specimens of the actual spoken language are preserved for study. A considerable library of these tapes has been built up, and a representative selection covering the entire country so far worked has been transferred to metal discs which are believed to be permanent, whereas tape slowly deteriorates with time.

There are now 25 of these double-sided long-playing discs, and they will be added to as the work progresses, so that even a century from now it will still be possible to listen to the actual Gaelic speech of almost any parts of the Highlands.

But this alone is not enough. It sometimes happened even in a fairly long recording that no instance at all of some particular local dialect sound, verb-form, or the like is included, and it is much too risky to leave such things to chance. Besides, recordings vary considerably in clarity and usefulness, and do not supply uniform material for study.

Secondly, therefore, the Survey has proceeded by using a questionnaire, filled up in phonetic script by the field collector from the informant's replies. It is designed so that it provides for all the sounds, important grammatical forms, and so on that any Gaelic dialect is likely to possess, and shows the historical divergence of each dialect from the common origin.

For instance, a short list of words containing the vowel written "ao" in literary Gaelic is put to the informant, and the way his dialect treats that sound is noted from his pronunciation in phonetic script.

This method has the advantage over the tape recordings that the results are set out in a way and on a basis which is uniform throughout the Highlands, and therefore provides material for easy comparative study.

This field questionnaire has 1200 items, and takes about eight hours to work through. In addition to all this, a printed questionnaire illustrating matters of vocabulary was sent out through the post to school teachers and others, who filled it up by consulting local Gaelic speakers, and also provided some valuable information about the extent to which Gaelic was spoken in their area.

Co-operation

All this has meant a considerable inroad on the time and good-will of the informants, and the Survey takes this opportunity of thanking again very warmly all those people throughout the Highlands without whose cheerful co-operation in this exacting task the research could never have been carried out. The almost universal kindness, patience, courtesy, and hospitality shown to the Survey's field collectors who have visited personally thousands of Gaelic speakers all through the Highlands, has been beyond all praise.

The first stage of the task, that of field collection, is now nearing its end, with about 190 complete field questionnaires already gathered in and some 300 speakers tape-recorded as well as a quantity of random notes taken in phonetic script illustrating points of special dialect interest in the various places investigated.

Nothing remains now to be explored but the Outer Hebrides, where some material has already been gathered in previous years. Mr. T. P. McCaughey is already at work there, and with luck it should be possible to complete the Survey's field task this season, with some 20 further questionnaires.

The second stage will consist in transcribing tapes, sorting and analysing the whole body of material, and checking any doubtful points

with the original informants where possible. The third stage will involve entering the results on maps, and writing complete phonetic and grammatical studies on each dialect, together with a historical account of the growth of these dialects from the original parent "Common Gaelic," as it is called.

Finally, there will be the problem of publication and of raising the necessary funds for what is bound to be a very expensive undertaking. However, that is a task for the future, and it will be a good many years yet before this question has to be faced.

It would be premature to attempt any general account of the results so far obtained, but it may be said that the problem of defining the Gaelic dialects has turned out to be more complicated than had been expected. Some few features support the popular belief that the language has two main dialects, a Northern and a Southern, whose dividing line runs roughly along the northern borders of Argyll and Perthshire.

Different picture

But others give a very different picture, especially a series of peculiarities which separate the mainland Highlands neatly into East and West, sometimes with a salient from the West pushing north-eastwards up the Great Glen to the neighbourhood of Inverness. Problems of historical geography will emerge in this way, and their answers—if they can be answered—should throw some interesting light on Scottish history, and from a source which has never been investigated till now.

On the whole, it seems probable that we must reckon with a large and comparatively uniform Central dialect comprising most of the Hebrides and a considerable part of the mainland, from the Sutherland-Ross borders south to Mid-Argyll; and round the outskirts of this, from Sutherland and Caithness through part of Easter Ross, Moray, Braemar, and south-east Perthshire to Arran and Kintyre, a series of smaller dialects, showing a good many features in common.

These peripheral dialects are on the whole more archaic than the Central one, which suggests that innovations grew up somewhere in the centre and spread until they reached almost as far as the borders of the Gaelic world but not quite as far, except that some of them penetrated to the North Sea at Inverness.

For instance, the peripheral dialects preserve the very archaic peculiarity (shared also with Irish Gaelic and Manx, and certainly original that in words like *sop*, *bata*, and *mac* they do not introduce the strong breathing before the

p, t, and c which is so characteristic of the Gaelic of the Centre.

Problems such as these will emerge as the next stage of the Survey progresses; the final results may be expected to throw much light on the character and history of the Gaelic language.

By courtesy of "The Scotsman."

Note

Since I have been criticised for not doing so, I should like to mention here that some of the features which distinguish an Eastern and a Western area were of course pointed out long ago by the Rev. C. S. Robertson. Ever since I began the study of Gaelic dialects and became familiar with all his works nearly 20 years ago, I made up my mind that if ever I wrote a book on this subject I would dedicate it to his memory; and this will be done when the Linguistic Survey's material is published, together with any and all other acknowledgments that may really be due. It would have been impossible and unnecessary in a semi-popular article, severely limited to about 1,500 words, even to begin to acknowledge sources. The situation is that a number of the facts collected by the Survey simply confirm what has already been noted by previous writers, though they confirm in far greater and more precise detail. One way in which the Survey really does provide a mass of information almost entirely new, being scarcely touched by older writers, is in drawing the precise boundaries of each individual peculiarity and in defining the exact dialect areas, which has not been attempted before except in a desultory way, for lack of complete material. It is this which is the basis of the claim that new light may be thrown on the history of the Highlands, since dialect differentiations have historical causes, and the exact delimitation of the dialect areas may be expected to suggest what some of these causes may have been.

Executive Council

A meeting of the Council was held on 19th November, the President in the chair. Minutes of the eight Standing Committees were considered and approved.

In the Minute of the Finance Committee reference was made to the grants amounting to £69 10/- obtained from the local authority towards the heating of the office premises. The rateable value of An Comunn's premises will be raised from £180 to £230 from Whitsunday, 1961 to 1966. It was decided to buy a

new car for the Northern Organiser and sell the old car in part payment. Estimates for five of the Standing Committees were submitted as follows:

Art and Industry ..	£60
Education	£150
Publication	£1,700
Propaganda	£1,800
Clann an Fhraoich ..	£50

A Minute of the Education Committee noted comments by Mr. J. A. Macdonald regarding the Summer School held at St. Andrews last July. It was agreed to explore the possibility of having a Gaelic Summer School in Oban next summer under the auspices of An Comunn. Copies of the data received from the Scottish Education Department concerning the teaching of Gaelic in Highland counties were deferred for consideration at a later meeting of the Committee when members of the deputation who had met officers of the Department were able to be present.

The Minute of the Publication Committee stated that the President and Convener were to approach the Scottish Universities concerning the proposal to produce a Gaelic English/English Gaelic Dictionary. After discussion it was recommended that a representative from the advertising agents, Messrs. Mackenzie, Vincent, Ltd., be invited to meet the Committee to discuss advertising in *An Gaidheal*, *Sradag* and the Mod Programme. It was decided to have a joint meeting of the Publication Committee and the Propaganda Committee to consider future policy regarding the production and sale of *Sradag*.

A report of an interesting conference between the Propaganda Committee and representatives of Branches in the South was submitted. It was felt that a similar conference with Branches in the North was very desirable.

The Convener of the Art and Industry Committee thanked all who helped at the Exhibition during Mod week. The silver Quaich for the best exhibit in the Junior Section was awarded to Miss Shonagh Macleod, Dundee, and in the Senior Section to Miss Katie MacDougall, Tobermory. Mrs. MacLeod (Donalda Robertson) and Mr. Donald U. Johnston were invited to join the Committee as co-opted members.

Two Minutes by the Mod and Music Committee were approved. The Convener congratulated all concerned for the great success of the Edinburgh Mod. It was decided that the Kennedy-Fraser competition must have an accompaniment, and consideration will be given to providing suitable songs for men and women. Better arrangements are desirable

for staffing the bookstall at future Mods. Mr. Neil Shaw was elected as Editor of Mod song publications. The following were recommended as Music Adjudicators for 1962 Mod:—Dr. Maurice Jacobson, Mr. Francis Collinson, and Mr. J. Gilmour Barr.

The Committee decided to suggest to the Oban and Lorn Association to submit a list of songs from which a choice could be made, or to submit the titles of the two songs they proposed for the 1962 Mod as soon as possible.

Two Minutes of the Propaganda Committee were approved. It was noted that a meeting with the Secretary of the Royal Highland Agricultural Society would be arranged at the earliest opportunity to discuss matters of common interest. It was agreed to write to the Directors of Education for Argyll and Ross-shire, enclosing copies, and enquire if they could use *An Gaidheal* in schools, and, if so, invite them to place orders for it. Attempts will be made to hold Mods in Tiree and in Castlebay and Daliburgh. Further information is awaited regarding the proposed propaganda tour of Kintyre, and Mr. Neil Maclean and the Convener are to give further consideration to the question of resuscitating the Rothesay Branch.

Mr. Euan Macdiarmid

Mr. Euan Macdiarmid, M.A., C.A., a very prominent member of the Highland community in Edinburgh for many years, died suddenly on the 12th of December on the way home after presiding at a meeting of the Celtic Union of which he was President. His passing will be a great loss to the many societies with which he was associated in the city, where he has been in business for a long time.

A native of Aberfeldy, Mr. Macdiarmid took a leading part in all worthwhile activities that had to do with Highland matters in Edinburgh. In addition to being President of the Celtic Union he was for several years President of the Scottish Branch of the Celtic Congress, and an honorary pipe-major of the Royal Scottish Pipers' Society. He also acted as treasurer of the local committee of the National Mods held in Edinburgh in 1935, 1951, and 1960.

Unassuming and efficient, he always went about with a happy smile. We who knew him so well will miss him. Our sympathy goes out to his sister, Mrs. Durward, and to his other close relatives.

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—EDINBURGH, 1960

Received at Edinburgh—

Previously acknowledged	£3,094	7	10
Glasgow Central Branch	25	—	—
Inverness Branch	15	—	—
Lewis Branch	5	—	—
Miss Betsy MacLeod, Skye	7	7	—
Dr. and Mrs. McCallum, Manchester	34	—	—
Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Maclean, Easdale	6	10	—
Dr. Arthur Geddes, Edinburgh	1	—	—
Ian Campbell, Esq., Skye	5	—	—
Mrs. Ian Campbell, Skye	1	—	—
Miss Jean Dalgleish, Edinburgh	—	10	—
Balmaha Branch	10	—	—
Edinburgh Gaelic Choir Gaelic Society of Perth	10	—	—
Mrs. E. Murray—Raffle	5	12	6
Mrs. Angus, Edinburgh	—	10	—
Aberfeldy Branch	7	—	—
Miss Margaret MacLeod, Edinburgh	2	—	—
Rev. Angus Duncan, Edinburgh	1	1	—
Per Miss Hoy, Edinburgh	—	10	—
Strath Branch	20	—	—
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Malcolm, Muir of Ord	2	2	—
David M. Lloyd, Esq., Edinburgh	2	2	—
Captain and Mrs. Donald Galbraith, Edinburgh	2	—	—
Nether Lorn Branch	10	—	—
A Friend per Murdo F. J. MacLeod, Esq., Edinburgh	5	—	—
Edinburgh Argyll Asso- ciation	1	12	6
Largs Branch	5	5	—
Two Members of Inver- ness Branch	—	5	—
Glasgow Mod Committee of 1958	43	1	—
Mrs. Mary MacRae, Edinburgh	5	—	—
Kildalton Branch	26	14	6
Mrs. D. S. Rabagliati, Edinburgh	2	5	—
Dundee Highland Society	57	17	—
Baleraminmore Colonsay Branch	8	—	—
Dr. and Mrs. Bannerman, Balmaha Tea Party (including Raffle Money, £5)	23	4	—

Miss I. F. Campbell, Sydney, Australia ..	1	1	—
Mrs. D. J. Laing, Inver- ness—Surplus on Ceilidh	20	—	—
Local Committee Outing to Lauder	13	5	—
Mrs. P. Watson—Ceilidh	13	—	—
Mrs. Cowper—Coffee Morning	12	—	—
Bazaar and Ceilidh in Tourist Rooms ..	82	—	10
Comunn Tir nam Beann, Duneideann, Surplus on Ceilidh	2	—	8
Whist Drive	20	7	6
Ceilidh arranged by George Clavey, Esq.	32	16	6
	<hr/>		
	£3,647 7 10		

Received at Glasgow—

Previously acknowledged	£222	18	3
Appin-Duror Branch ..	5	—	—
Angus C. Paterson, Esq., Campbeltown	2	—	—
Paisley Highlanders' Association	3	3	—
Beaully Branch	10	—	—
Mrs. Mary H. M. Gilmour, Invershin	1	—	—
Mrs. Isobel B. Denny, Blairgowrie	—	10	—
Miss K. A. MacDonald, Tongue	5	—	—
Cruachan Branch ..	5	5	—
Cruachan Branch ..	2	12	6
Cdr. J. Dundas-Grant, Oxford, England ..	1	7	—
Kilmarnock Branch ..	20	—	—
Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies	5	—	—
Mrs. H. M. Campbell of Airds, Amersham, England	3	—	—
Glasgow Celtic Society	4	10	—
Mrs. Jean C. Anderson, Hamilton	—	10	—
Anonymous	—	5	—
Anonymous	—	1	10
Mrs. Ann G. Draper, Aberdeen	—	5	—
R. M. Montgomery, Esq., Glasgow	5	—	—
Lady Matheson of Lochalsh	2	—	—
Miss Campbell of Inver- neill, M.B.E. ..	1	—	—
Anonymous	2	—	—
Mrs. Colvin M. Gates	1	—	—
Mrs. A. E. Matheson ..	3	—	—
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	£3,955 3 7		

MAGAZINE FUND

Previously acknowledged	£6	2	—
Archie M. McDonald, Esq., Bearsden	—	4	—
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	£6 6 —		

CENTRAL FUND

Previously acknowledged	£94	6	7
Mrs. Flora E. Rhodes, Ontario ..	1	—	—
Angus C. Paterson, Esq., Campbeltown	—	14	—
Paisley Highlanders' Association ..	10	—	—
Beaully Branch	10	—	—
Sutherland Provincial Mod Committee	30	—	—
Cruachan Branch	2	2	—
George Campbell Hay, Esq., Edinburgh	1	11	—
Mrs. E. G. Croll, Cheltenham, England	16	6	6
Mrs. A. MacLean, Wells, Canada ..	—	7	2
Dr. W. Mackenzie, Bromley, England ..	—	3	6

COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH FUND

Previously acknowledged	£48	2	—
Netherlorn Branch	—	5	—
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	£53 2 —		

Branch Reports

AYR

At a ceilidh held by the Ayr Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach on December 9 the Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir made their first appearance since their successes at the Mod. Their singing was delightful and a credit to their conductor, Mr. Donald D. MacIsaac.

Former president of An Comunn, Mr. Farquhar MacRae, was chairman. In thanking all present for their welcome, Mr. MacRae spoke of his delight in watching the children as they gathered round their conductor, their eyes steadfastly on him as they sang with expression the Gaelic airs.

Mr. MacRae, who was accompanied by his wife, had been introduced by the president, Mr. MacIsaac.

Gaelic songs were very much in the majority and were enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

KILLIN

A well-attended ceilidh was held in McLaren Hall with Mr. Neil MacGill presiding. A fine variety programme of pipe selections, instrumental music and solos was sustained by a party from Callander. Mr. J. S. Cunningham, a former headmaster, now in Kinlochleven, rendered Gaelic songs. Local artistes were Misses Leslie Stitt, Fiona Campbell and Mr. William Allan with Mrs. Mitchell at the piano. Programme was arranged by Miss A. C. MacIntyre and votes of thanks were proposed by Mr. James Anderson.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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to whom all correspondence should be addressed except that concerning advertising, which should
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65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Telephone: DOUglas 1433.

Leabhar LVI

AN GEARRAN, 1961

Aireamh 2

ORAIN GHNIOMHA

THAINIG òrain is ceòl gus a bhith air am fighe gu domhain ann am beatha nan Eileanach. Anns na seann làithean b' e an obair aca, gu tric, an fhearas-chuideachd a b' fhearr a b' aithne dhaibh, agus cha robh ionndrainn air a' chòrr. Bha an obair, a bha trom agus sàraichte aig amannan, a' cur feuma air faothachadh; agus rinn na h-òrain ghnìomha, a bha cho mùirmeach aca agus cho tric air am bilean, an obair na b'aotruime, an oidhche gheamhraidh na bu ghiorra, agus comunn chàirdean na bu shona. Cha robh obair anns an robh iad an sàs nach robh fuinn fhreagarrach air a son, agus mar bu dripeile an obair is ann bu chridheile an t-seinn.

Am feadh 's a bhiodh a' bhanachag a' bleoghann air àirigh na aig tigh bha séis nan òran aice cumail ceuma ri gluasad nan làmh. Tha fuinn fìor thaitneach is aighearach air na h-òrain-sa, agus tha ruith nan rann a' cofhregairt ris gach fàsghadh is iomairt. Bha e eadhon air aithris gu robh an crodh Gaidhealach déidheil air ceòl fonnmhor milis, agus ullamh gus am bainne thoirte seachd cho fada 's a bha an t-seinn a' còrdadh riutha, ach deònach a chleith mur faigheadh iad rogha ciùil. Bha tuathanaich aig an robh crodh le cluas-chiùil cho iongantach a' ròghnachadh banachagan a bha beothail 'nan dòigh agus ealanta air seinn.

Bha òrain snìomhe aca gu bhith cumail coiseachd ri caran an dealgain, ri rothan an liaghra, agus ri cuairtean na cuibhle is sìubhal nan làmh. Cha b' e crònnaic cadail bu lugha air an robh feum anns an latha ud airson sìth a bhith ann; an uchd agus anns r' chreathaill. Cha robh gainne air fuinn tàlaidh airson saothair na banaltruim fhàgail na b' fhasa.

Cha robh òrain ann bu trice a chluinntea sa' chlachan na na h-òrain luaidh. Nèadaich iad so anns a' chlo, aràon anns a' chuire agus anns an dlùth. Ghleidheadh air chuimhne iad fada an dèidh òrain eile a dhol air dearmad. Cluinnear iad fhathast ged nach ann mu'n chlàith. Tha òrain luaidh eadardhealaichte air an seinn a téir gnè na h-oibreach. Gus na mnathan a bhlàthachadh ris an obair seinnidh iad òrain-teasachaidh; an sin bithidh òrain-teannachaidh aca gu bhith toirt na h-oibreach gu ire; a rithist togaidh iad òrain-sùgra' dh airson cothrom molaidh do na caileagan air na leannain; agus gu bhith a' cumail a' chlo aig an aon leud seinnear òrain-sinidh is òrain-baslachaidh, agus gu bhith cur crìoch air an obair seinnear òrain-coisrigidh is òrain-coinnleachaidh ann am beannachadh agus ann am pasgadh an aodaich.

Faodaidh nach eil anns an rann ach aon sreath, ach air an làimh eile faodaidh àireamh nan sreath a bhith cho àrd ri a h-òchd. Tha an rann air a sheinn le aon neach, agus an t-séis leis a' chuideachd uile. Chan e an t-aon chumadh a tha air na rann na air na fuinn anns gach àite idir. Tha dòigh air leth, faodaidh e a bhith, aig gach ionad fa leth. Tha iomadh cuspair aig na h-òrain mar an ceudna—gaol, cogadh, ionndrainn, moladh, gaisge, agus eadhon bàs. Cha mhór nach dean òran sam bith a' chùis ma tha an rann goirid gu leòr agus an t-séis fada gu leòr.

Ma bha òrain cuideachaidh aig na mnathan air tìr bha an cuid fhéin aig na fir air muir 's air tìr, agus ged nach robh an t-seinn aca cho buileach fonnmhor, bha i pailt cho sgairteil. Nuair a bhàtar air bòrd soithich na eathair a' slaodadh nam ball agus a' togail

an t-siùil bha feum air òrain ghluasadach, thaiceil. Ach is e iorram nan ràmh as fheàrr air a bheil cuimhne againne. Bha an sgoth rag 'na h-imeachd ri feath agus is e buillean nan ràmh a bheireadh iad gu ionad cura na gu laimrig. Bu shàraichte air latha reòta toiseach earraich astar cuain air chùl nan ràmh, ach bu deònach, tapaidh na fir agus b'ard-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.

Tha e air a ràdh nach eil ni eile ann as fheàrr a nochdas nàdur na gnè sluaigh na na

mith-òrain as docha leotha. Ma tha sin fìor a thaobh òrain sam bith tha e gu cinnteach fìor a thaobh nan òran gnìomha. Gheibhear annta mac-talla nan nithean a chuialeanaich mu chridheachan nan ginealach a dh'fhalbh, agus a ni grèim fhathast air an sliochd anns gach àite am faighear iad. Lorgar annta na tograidhean agus na rùintean agus na beachdan a dh'altruim ar sinnsearachd am bròn 's an aobhneas, an carraid is an teanntachd, an caochlaideachd 's an imcheist. Tha òrain is fuinn nan Gaidheal toinnte gu domhain 'nan gnè. Ma chailleas iad an dileab luachmhor-sa caillear cuibhrionn mhór de 'n eachdraidh; agus cha cha dean ni eile suas an call.

AIMHREIT AIGNIS, AN RUDHA, LEODHAS

CHAN EIL duine beò an diugh a ghabh compàirt anns an iorghaill a bh'ann an Aignis, san Rudha, Leódhas aig deireadh na naoidheimh linne deug. Chaochail am fear mu dheireadh aca de na prìsonaich o chionn dhà no trì a bhliadhnachan, Iain Macaoidh a Aignis (Cabhais), bràthair mo sheanar. Chan eil ach fìor chorra fhear anns an sgìre aig a bheil càil ach fìor cuimhne air an latha ud air am bi luaidh fhada ann an eachdraidh an eilein is anns na theab cinn a bhith air am briseadh is fuil air a dhòrteadh. Chan fhaighear, mar sin, an diugh cunntas mhionaid-each air a' chùis ach mar a chaidh a sgrìobhadh le fear Seumas Camshron, a bha 'na fhear-fhianuis air na thachair an latha ud, ach tha fhathast corra sgeul ri faotainn bho bheul-aithris an t-sluaigh is ann an aon thachartas air a bheil Camshron a' luaidh chì sinn nach do thog e ceart de chaidh a ràdh.

Aig Sealbh tha brath dé a dh'aoibhraich an aimhreit an latha ud; chan eil duine ro chinnteach, ach saoilidh mi an déidh a bhith ann an còmhraid nam bodach is bho bheul-aithris nach b' e aon rud na dà rud a b'aoibhar do'n éirigh a chaidh a dhèanamh. Bha a' Ghaidhealtachd gu léir air bhoil aig an am bho aintighearnas nan uachdaran is bha cuimhne ro ghoirt aig na bh'air fhàgail air fògradh an athraichean. Bha barrachd spéis do chrodh is chaoraich na do bheatha duine. Cha robh seilbh sam bith aca air an fhearann a bha iad ag àiteachadh is bha am màl fada seach an rathad air na b' fhiach na feannagan bochda aca. Mar shamhla air làmhachas làidir an ama sin tha an sgeul so againn air an Siamarlan Rothach am fear-millidh a chuir Leódhas bun os cionn. Bha e togail a' mhàil am Pabail is

thurchair gun robh aon de na croitearan, Calum Fhionnlaigh, le car 'na bheul bho'n bhroinn. Shaoil leis an Rothach gur e diombadh a bh'air ris fhéin. "Tasdan ort airson do ghreann," ars esan, "air neo bi mach as do thigh gun dàil." Bha an Rothach, cuideachd, aig an am so air òrdugh thoirt seachd nach fhaodadh mac màthar san Rudha pòsadh mur a biodh fearann aige gus an tugadh e a bhean. Bha, cuideachd, éirigh na Pàirce, far na chreach muinntir nan Loch frithean na mnatha uasail Platt gu biadh do'n teaghlaichean, ùr ann an cuimhne an t-sluaigh is thug iad mu'n aire gun sheall muinntir nam bailtean móra móran co-fhaireachdainn ri muinntir nan Loch aig am na cùirte aca is an déidh an leigeil fo sgaoil. Bha fir an Rudha geurchuiseach gu leòir gu faicinn gu robh sùilean na rìoghachd air bochdainn an eilein is gum b'e so an t-am iomchuidh nan robh iad a' dol a sheasamb airson an còraichean. Bha bochdainn anns an eilean gun teagamh ach cha chreid mi gun robh a' ghoirt a riamh ann cho fada 'sa bhiodh iasg an cuan, maorach air cladach, mult air sliabh is bó air stéill.

Chuir a h-uile càil a bha sin bòilich air muinntir an Rudha is thàinig a' chùis gu aona-cheann. Cha robh iad gu bhith bliadhna eile gun cheartas a thagradh air an sgàth fhéin agus air sgàth an cuid chloinne. B'e MacAlasdair aig an robh taca Aignis aig an am, a dhìol air a so, oir bha esan mar shamhla air an ùghdarras a bha 'gan sàrachadh. Chuir iad an combairle ri chéile is chaidh fios a chur gu oifis (Bàillidh) an fhearainn an Steòrnabhagh gu robh iad a' dol a sgiùrsadh spréidh Mhic-Alasdair aig uair àraid air a leithid so an latha. Bha fìor fhios aig an Rothach nach b'ann ri

feala-dhà a bha na seòid is leig e ris do na maoir-sithe an lideadh a fhuair e. Bha buidheann shaighdearan de na *Royal Scots*, fo iùil Chaiptean MhicFhearchair stéidhichte an Steòrnabhagh air tàille aramach de'n t-seòrsa so is fhuair e fios dhèanamh air Mealbost cho fàthach is a tigeadh aige air gu bhith ann mu'n tigeadh na daoine. Dh'fhaibh na saighdearan am marbh na h-oidhche is chaidh iad air fiaradh na machrach gus na ràinig iad an ceann-uidhe is chaidh an cumail an sin gun fhios nach deidheadh aig na croitearan air an spréidh a ruagadh cho fada ri sin. Aig leth-uair an déidh sia air madainn bhriagha thàinig fir as a' chàbhlaich rioghail fo stiùireadh Caiptean Plumbe air tìr aig beul an Locha Tuath is shnàig iad, a null beul na mara is tarsuinn nan dùn gainmhich gus na ghearr iad tarsainn aig seann chladh na h-Aoidhe is chaidh iad am folach an saibhlean na tuatha. Eadar seachd 'sa' h-ochd thàinig ochd maoir-sithe as a' bhaile is aig briseadh fàire nochd an Siorram Friseal is Iain Rois, fear-tagraidh a' chrùgh, aig tigh na taca. Bha gach ni a nis an òrdugh gu coinneachadh a dhèanamh ris na bheireadh a' mhadainn mu'n cuairt.

Bha an seachdamh latha de'n Fhaoilleach, ochd ceud deug, ceithir fichead 'sa h-ochd (1888), a réir eachdraidh, mar latha eadar dha shian. Aig deich uairean sa' mhadainn bha mu chòig ceud duine eadar fhear is bhean, crunn air leathad a' chnuic os cionn na taca. Bha caman aig grunn aca 'nan làimh is aig cuid eile clachan a bha iad air a thogail bho'n talamh anns an dol seachd. Bha an fhìor chuthach orra ach bu bhochd an armachd so gu dhòl a choinneamh luaidh is stàillinn nan saighdearan nan tigeadh orra sin a dhèanamh. Tha an Gaidheal mall gu fearg ach bha iad so air an cur chuige le aintighearnas ann an dòigh is gur e miorbhuil nam miorbhuilean nach deach fuil a dhòirteadh. Cha robh an Siorram Friseal idir gun làn bheachd aige air an so; bu Ghaidheal e fhéin is tha iomadh rann molaidh air gus an latha an diugh Chan eil teagamh sam bith mar tha Camshron ag ràdh, gun robh am meas a bh'aig an t-sluagh air mar dhuine fìor agus ceart, mar mheadhon air sìth a chur air an aisith. Bha crith 'na làimh agus tuar air aodann an latha ud nach robh bho 'n aois a mhàin ged a bha e air a thighinn gu latha mòr.

Cho luath 's a ghluais na croitearan thug e fhéin is Iain Ros ceum abhsaidh 'nan coinneamh is thug e earal dhoibh mu na cunnartan anns an robh iad 'gan cur fhéin 'san teaghlachean is dh'àithn e dhoibh sa' Ghàidhlig iad a thilleadh dhachaidh ach cha tugadh na seòid feart air is thòisich iad a' trusadh na spréidhe.

Chaidh na saighdearan is na maoir sithe 'nam bad is bha sabaid chruaidh ann a lean còrr is leth-uair a thìde. Fiodaidh beachd a bhith againn air an othail 'san ùpraid le éigheachd nam ban, mèilich chaorach, nuallaich chruidh is fuaim nam buillean. Chaidh aig an t-sluagh air an spréidh a theicheadh rompha ach chail iad an t-sabaist is chaidh duine no dhithis aca a chur an sàs. Bha fìor-bheachd aig na maoir có na ceannardan a bh'orra is rinn iad ionnsaigh air an cur-san fo cheannsal co-dhùibh, ach fhuair fear no dhà dhiubh as. Leum Iain Ruairidh dig mhór an Uillt Dhuibh is cha leumadh duine a bha as a dhéidh i, is thàrr e as. Chaidh Cailean Fhionnlaigh a ghlacadh air a bruaich.

Bha an slugh a nis aig oisinn a' Ghàrraidh Ghil-àite cumhang eadar dà ghàrradh àrd aig toiseach a' Bhraighe. Their iad chun an latha 'n diugh gun foadadh iad a bhith air na saighdearan a chur fodha an so nam b'e 'n toil e, gun chothrom tionndaidh aca. So far na theab an call a bhith. Thug an slugh ionnsaigh chruaidh air na prìsonaich thoirb bho na maoir is tharraing Iain Ros an daga aige. Chuir so an tuilleadh corruich orra. Leum iad air is dh'eugh fear aca 'nam deidheadh peilear a losgadh gun cuireadh iad na saighdearan dhachaidh lomnoch. Tharraing na saighdearan na biodagan ach choisich na seòid chuca gus an robh an stàillinn ri'm broillichean. Leugh an Siorram Achd na h-Aimhreit an Beurla 'san Gaidhlig is ghuidh e gu dùrachdach riutha iad a sgur air sgàth Nì Maith. Cha robh fios dé a bha dol a thach-airt ach ràisg Caiptean MacPhàil a bhroilleach is thuir e ris an t-saighdear a b'fhaise, "Sàth an sud do bhiodag." An uair a dhùilt e dh'eugh an Caiptean ris na saighdearan, "Falbhaidh is marbhaibh na cearcan; chan eil an còrr a dh'fheum annaibh." Thog Camshron so ceàrr. Co dhùit chòrd a' bharail a bh'aige air na saighdearan ris an t-sluagh. Rinn iad lachan gaire is cha deach a' chùis na bu mhiosa.

Chaidh fios a chur air na saighdearan a bha feitheamh an Mealabost gu cuideachadh chàich ach a dh'aindeoin an còmhadh a rinn iadsan dhoibh 'sann air fìor éiginn a chaidh na prìsonaich a chur an làimh is an toirt air falbh. Anns an iorghail ùir so chaidh an tuilleadh a ghlacadh, aon aca co-dhùibh aig nach robh cuid no gnothach ris na thachair. B'e Iain Macaoidh air an tug mi iomradh an toiseach an t-aon a b'òige aca. Bha e 'na ghille òg a' dol a dh'iarraidh biadhadh maoreach do'n tràigh is chaidh e shealltainn, dé mar a bha dol dhoibh. 'Se bun a bh'ann gun robh e air àireamh nam prìsonach, aon duine deug aca,

a chaidh fheuchainn an Dun-Eideann 's a fhuair bliadhna phrìosain an duine. Bha chuid bu mhotha aca as an Aird is an còrr a Pabail, is their beul-aithris fhathast nach robh leithid a fhrithéaladh orra 'nam beatha 's a bh'orra am prìosan Chaltoin an Dun-Eideann. Bha am biadh cinnteach dhoibh co-dhùbh. 'S math dh'fhaoidte nach robh mòran éifeachd aig an am anns na rinn iad air an latha ionraid-each so ach thug iad aire a' mhòr-shluaigh as ùr gu suidheachadh bochd an eilein is gu an crannchur, is rinn iad oidhirp air an saorsa is an còraichean dligheach a ghlacadh. Bu bhuaidh sin fhéin. Rinn iadsan am mìosradh ach b'e na h-àil a lean iad a bhlaiss air an im.

IAIN MACARTUIR.

An Cuala Tu So?

Thàinig fear a steach do'n bhùth shìthean agam le aodann cho fada ris an là am màireach. Bha mi cinnteach gur h-e blàth-fhleasg airson bàs caraide a bha e ag iarraidh, ach bha mi fada ceàrr. Cha robh a dhùth air ach sìthean d'a mhnaoi airson co-ainm là a' phòsaidh aca. "Agus dé an là a bha sin?" arsa mise. "Bha an dé," fhreagair e.

Bha an treana dìreach a' gluasad a mach nuair a ràinig trìuir dhaoinè nach robh buileach aca fhéin àros na treana. Bhruthadh dithis aca air bòrd, ach cha robh ùine ann airson an treas fear a mhalpadh innte. "Tha mi duilich," arsa fear a bha sin ris an fhear a dh'fhàghadh. "Bidh iad fhéin duilich cuideachd," fhreagair esan, "is e mise a bha càch a' faicinn air falbh."

TOIMHSEACHAIN

Glinneachan, glinneachan, duine beag dubh,
Trì chasan fodha, 's boineid bheag fhìod'.

Theid e a null air an abhainn, 's thig e a nall
air an abhainn; geàrraidh e am fear 's chan
ith e e.

Dòtuman, dòtuman a' mire am bun sruth,
Teadhair m'a mhuineal, 's gun anail 'n a
ghuth.

Chì mi, chì mi fada bhuam.
Trì mìle mach air chuan
Fir gun fhuil, gun fheòil, gun anail
Ruith 'nan deann air feadh nan stuadh.

'S àirde e na tigh an rìgh,
'S as mìne e na an sìoda.

Gaidhlig Is Geidhlig Mu Seach

An Stoirm Oidhche

Is geur anochd fuaim na gaoithe,
is tu 'cluinntinn na géithe.
Amàireach 's amèireach
bidh e fèathail, 's mi éabhach.

An déidh na h-oidhche 's na h-oidhche,
nuair thig soillse na gréin' oirnn,
nì mi éirigh is irigh
gu h-ìbhinn 's gu h-éibhinn.

Na Gealagan

Is iad sin na fir chàlma
feadh nan bàghan 's nam bèaghan,
le lion-ghealag 's na sgàilean,
'nam meàirlich 's 'nam mèirligh.

"Is crìon a' chùil as nach goirear," agus tha na rannan sin a' tighinn bhumas as leth Tairbeart Locha Fìne. Thuir Obanach rium bho chionn ghoirid gu'n robh facal mu seach aige de'n Ghàidhlig 's de'n Bheurla nuair a chaidh e do'n sgoil air tùs. Air dòigh a tha car coltach ri sin, bha a' Ghàidhlig riaghailteach agus Gàidhlig Na Tairbeirt le chèile am beul nan daoinè. Còrr uair theirte "éirigh," còrr uair "irigh," ged nach cuala mi neach riamh ag radh ach "idhche" (oidhche). Theirte "leòbag" no "leòbag," mar bu trice "leòbag," agus theirte "riunnaich," "riunnaigh" no "reannaigh." Fad a bheatha slàn thuir an aon fhear Bèagh A' Chomhraig agus Bàgh Osda (Ascoig Bay.) Tha Bàgh Osda thall 'sa Cheathramh (an Còmhla), agus, mar sin, gheibheadh e "bàgh" gu riaghailteach, a chionn nach robh e cho èòlach, dùthchasach. Theirte "na balaich" a cheart cho trì ri "na balaigh," ach is ann annamh a chluinneadh tu "a bhalaich" an àite "a bhalaigh." A réir coltais, tha an cleas ceudna aca an Ile. Mhìnich Ileach dhòmhsa mar so e: "Their sinn 'dh'éirich mi,' mu'n àm a chaidh seachad, ach their sinn 'irich' mu'n am so 'làthair.' Tha dà shreath de òran Ileach a chluinnear mar so:—

Le ùilleadh na muic-mhara
chaidh na balaigh air an daoraich. (Còrr
uair "daoraigh.")

Agus bho Ileach faodaidh tu cluinntinn:—
gun chrodh laoigh, gun chaoraigh agam.

An cuid de na sgeulachdan Ileach, a chruinnich Iain Og a tha air ainmeachadh air an eilean sin, gheobh thu "éiridh," 's e clò-bhuailte, an

àite "éirich." Bha "oineach" aig bàird an Dàin Dirich mu'n do bhuail iad air "eineach" a ràdh, agus, cosmhuil riutha, tha "ceileach" againn an àite "coileach." Cha n-ann 'nar n-aonar a thà sinn; tha fios. An àiteachan air tìr-mór san Taobh Tuath their iad "go 'ail" no "gabhail." Tha "gabhail" sa' Ghàidhlig riaghailtich, agus tha e beagan na's spaideile.

MAC IAIN DHEORSA.

Seun Nan Sion

An t-eilean 'n a chadal gu suaimhneach
An achlais amar nan stuadh;
Innis bhìadhar glaiste o bhuaireas
Far do chinnich o chian mo shluagh.

Fo ùireach a theampuill tha sìnte
Na fir thug am beath' 's a' chuan.
Chì mi 'n ceuman air aisridh nan linntean,
Air leacan a chumadh le stuadh.

Beò ann am bruadar m' aisling
An òigridh a' ruith mu do bhruaich;
Dealbh thig thugam air astar
Mar mhanadh ag éirigh o 'n uaigh.

Gaillionn a' gheamhraidh le teanntachd,
'S a dhion o aisith 's mi-rian;
Sàmhchair an t-samhraidh 'gam thàladh
Le àbhachd gu calaid mo mhian.

AN TARAN.

Ceol Sa' Gheamhradh

So mar a chunnaic 's a chuala mise. Bha a' ghrian a' dealradh anns an adhar, agus ghlac mi an cothrom gu bhith gearradh bhioran aig bun craoibhe a tha fàs faisg air an tigh. Air an talamh aig mo chasan bha cuid de'n duilleach 'na laighe, agus cuid eile air crannadh 's air tionndadh donn òr-bhuidhe an dreach. Le sìudan nam meangan air ghluasad le osaig fhann o'n iar bha ceòl an duillich a bha an sàs 'gam thàladh.

Gun sùil ris, chuala mi pongan ciùil, os iosal mar gum b'eadh, a' tighinn o aon de na gegan a b'isle. Shaoil mi an toiseach gur h-e guth a' ghlais-eòin a bha ann, ach bha mi cèarr, oir air meur chaol de'n ghéig cha robh agam ach bodhaig chumir breac-an-t-sìl. Lean an ceòl car tiotadh, agus anns an ùine sin dh'éisd mi ri pongan mùchte agus eadar-dhealaichte a' ruith thairis mar shruthan uisge fo bhìlich an fhraoich. Bha ath-aithris gun sgr gur gun tàmh anns a' cheòl.

Air an corra-bioda bha am brù-dhearg, an glais-eun, an druid, agus breac-an-t-sil dlùth air làimh a' taomadh an cridheachan ris a' ghréin. Ach sguir an ceòl gu grad nuair a nochd an cat glas e fhéin.

FAIRE.

An Solus

CHUNNAIC mi an solus ùr an raoir a mach air an uinneig. Arsa mise rium fhìn, "An i sud an solus ùr a bhiodh againn anns na h-Eileanan a Siar nuair a bha sinn òg?" Shaoil leam gu robh i na bu neulaiche na chleachd i a bhith, ach is dòcha gur h-e ceò a' bhaile mhóir, na sglèò na h-aoise a bha tighinn eadar mise 's a' ghnùis shoilleir air an robh mi cho eòlach. Bha i cho cumte, tana ri bogha ann an làimh fear ealaine. Gu h-àrd anns an speur, bha i anonarach cho fada 's a chitheadh sùil. Cha robh reul 's cha robh neul air faire, ach ise leatha fhéin le a cùl anns an àird an iar. Cha chuimhne leam a riamh a' ghealach ùr fhaicim ach le a cùl anns an àird an iar. Carson nach cuireadh i a cùl an dràsda 's a rithist ris an àird an ear? Sin ceist a dh'fhàgas mi aig an neach nach do smaoinich a riamh gu robh neònachas sam bith an so.

Nach fhada a nis o chunnaic mi an solus ud an toiseach. Bha i a' falbh is bha i a' tighinn gach mìos o'n uair sin, agus a dh'aindeoin cho tric 's a bha i a' dol as an t-sealladh bha mo shùil a mach ri a tilleadh, agus cha robh amharus sam bith agam gun cleitheadh i a solus nuair a thigeadh i. Na smaoinich thu riamh cho fialaidh 's a tha a' ghealach? Ged nach eil aice ach solus iasaid cha chum i mir dheth air ais, ach taomaidh i na gheibh i air mitean is air maithean, air a' bhòchd 's air a' bheartach, air isosal is uasal anns gach dùthaich fo'n ghréin. Agus nuair a roinneas i a chuibhrionn ris gach neach a bhos Ìrìgidh i na bheir i leatha thall.

Chan eil aois a laighe oirre; tha i cho ùrar, dealrach, glan 's a bha i a' chiad latha. Tha i cho iasgaidh, sìubhlach 's a bha i a riamh, agus cha leig i creutair beò seachad gun a chas-cheum a nochdadh dha. Solus cuimseach, earbsach, freagarrach—sin an tiodhlac aice.

Ach chan ann air a' ghealaich ùir a bha mi an dùil labhairt aig an am, ach air a' ghealaich làn agus air na nithean a bhios a' ghealach làn a' cur 'nam chuimhne. Nach math gu bheil rudan sònraichte a' seasamh a mach romhainn a bhios a' dùsgadh na cuimhne air nithean a tha an cunnairt a dhol as an t-sealladh oirm.

Bheir stùil air a' ghealach smaointean domhain na siorruidheachd an uachdar. Chì sinn ann an so mar a chì sinn ann an nithean as fhaise làimh, cùram agus cumhachd agus gliocas an Ti a tha riaghladh.

Tha mise an nochd an sealladh na h-inntinne a' faicinn sruth bras an tràghaidh a' ruith 'na leum eadar sgeirean corrach geura, agus an oitir chunnartaich, an t-eathar fo làn adodach a' deanamh dìreach air gòil nan uisgeachan, agus a' ghealach a' bristeadh troimh sgòth nuair bu mhòtha an fheum. Na dhiochumh-nich am fear a bha air an stùir gealach na h-oidhche ud? Nach tug e buidheachas uair agus uair fada an déidh làimhe?

Chì mi an clachan leth-oireach gun rathad gun ùil, agus fir is mnathan air cheann-turuis san oidhche dhuirch. Nach mór an togail a rinn iadsan ri tighinn na gealach 'na h-am. An iongantach ged a bhiodh luaidh aca oirre gu minic ré a' gheamhraidh, agus ged a bhiodh gairdeachas orra nuair a dhealradh i 'na làn sholus? Bha iad a' coimhead oirre mar chreutair daonnda, ullamh gu freasgairt air an fheumach. Bha i riamh cinnteach a h-àite a sheasamh, gun a bhith latha air dheireadh, gun a solus fhàgail air a cùl.

Ach tha mise a' faicinn an nochd as ùr balaich sgairteil, thapaiddh a muigh air an raon agus solus na gealaich ag iadhadh umpa. Tha iad sona le am fearas-chuideachd nach do dheasaich neach eile dhaibh, agus chan eil an saoghal mór farsaing a' cur uallaich orra. Carson a chuireadh is ùine gu leòr ann? Chì mi iad a rithist a' ruith mu na cruachan coirce is eòrna, a' leum nan allt, a' streap nan cnoc, no a' siubhal gu h-aotrom, socrach air an deigh. Chì mi iad an solus na gealaich, sean is òg, a' deanamh ball dìreach air an tigh-chéilidh far am faigh iad sùgradh gu'n toil, oilean gun fhàidheadh, agus far an cluinn iad eachdraidh is cliù nan daoine o'n tàinig iad.

Is àlainn an sealladh gealach làn a' turracadaich troimh sgòthan dorcha 's a' ghaoth a' séideadh, ach is bòidheche na sin leadan na gealaich air oidhche shèimh air uisgeachan balbha a' bhàigh, na air lochan airgeadach fo shàil a' chnuic uaine agus an crodh-laòigh mu'n àirigh, am fraoch badanach, gorm fo dhriùchd, agus luinneag aig banachaig air creagan bòidheach leatha fhéin.

S. D. T.

Cha do mhill foighidinn mhath duine riamh.
An rud nach binn le duine cha chluinn duine.
Cha bu ruith ach leum.

An t-Urr. Calum MacGilleathain

Is fhada a bhitheas caoidh is ionndrainn air Calum MacGilleathain, ministear na Tòiseachd agus Bhaile Mhàiri, a chaochail air a' mhìos a dh'fhalbh. Caraid dileas blàth-chridheach air an robh eòlas math aig iomadh duine air feadh na rìoghachd agus an Eirinn mar an ceudna. Fìor sheanchaidh nach iarradh ach còmhlan chàirdne a bhith aige do'n innsèadh e sgeulachdan éibhinn mu dhaoine a b' aithne dha. Chuidich e iomadh iris Ghàidhlig 'na latha le sgrìobhadhaidhean taitneach gun lochd.

Bu mhac e do Dhòmhnall Og agus rugadh e an cìlean beag Scarpa anns a' bhliadhna 1895. Theireadh e fhéin, is e cho math air sloinntear-achd, "Is mise Calum Mac Dhòmhnall Oig mhic Dhòmhnail mhic Chalum mhic Iain Duibh." Cha robh e fichead bliadhna a dh'aois an uair a thòisich a' chiad chogadh mór, ach cha b'fhada gus an robh e san arm, agus an ùine gheàrr 'na oifigeach an réisimeid nan Camshronach. Chaidh a lot gu h-olc san Fhraing; agus cho luath 's a thug e mach am foghlam aonaichte a chaidh a shuidheachadh an Eaglais Aonaichte na Comraich phòs e an dearbh bhanaltrum a bha aige an tigh-eiridinn an airm an Sasuinn.

An déidh a' chogaidh chaidh e do Oilthigh Dhun Eideann, far an robh an sgoilear mór, MacBhàitair, a' teagasg na Gàidhlig aig an am. Riamh o'n uair sin bha meas aig an Ollamh air an oileanach òg as na Hearadh. Chan e a mhàin gu robh min-eòlas aig Calum Chonain, mar a theireadh na Scarpaich ris, air a' Ghàidhlig againne agus air a litreachas ach bha toil mhór aige do'n Ghàidhlig Eireannaich, agus sgrìobhadh e an teanga, mar a their iad fhéin, cho math ri aon sgoilear a tha an Eirinn. Sgoilear Gàidhlig barraichte, sgrìobhaiche taitneach, agus fear labhairt ion-mhiannaichte aig an robh ceangal mór ris na Gaidheil agus ri'n dualachas. Cha b' aithne dhuinn duine eile cho easgaidh air sgrìobhadh ris—litrichean fada làn seanchais ann an Gàidhlig bhlasda bheothail agus iad an còmhnuidh a' copadh thairis air còmhach na litreach.

Bha an co-chruinneachadh mór, as gach cèarnaidh, a bha an làthair aig an adhlacadh a' nochdadh cho farsaing 's a bha aithne air agus am meas a bha air mar charaid comh, càirdail. Chaochail a bhean o chionn còig bliadhna, agus tha an dithis nigean aca pòsda, té an Africa agus té eile an Dun Eideann. Tha co-fhaireachdainn aig na càirdean uile ris an dithis nigean, ri dithis bhràithrean agus a thriùr pheathraichean.

A. D.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Mar a thigeadh do dh'Eileanaich bha iad 'nam maraichean barraichte. Is ann an tigh na céilidh a fhuair mi mo chiad leasan. Cha robh mi ach glé òg nuair a thuig mi gun robh an saoghal beagan na bu mhotha na 'n t-eilean againn fhéin. Bha fios agam gu robh àitean eile ann mar a tha an t-Eilean Sgitheanach, Eige is Rùm a bha ri'm faicinn gu liath neònach air taobh thall a' chuain, agus bu tric mi a' meòrachadh ciod an seòrsa dhaoinne a bha a' fuireach ann. Is ann ag éisdeachd ris na bodaich a dh'fhiosraich mi gu robh dùthchannan móra eile ann, thall air cùl nan eilean far an robh bailtean móra, rathaidean iarainn le tringead is ùpraid. Bha e 'na iongnadh leam a bhith 'gan cluinntinn a' toirt iomraidh air na bailtean anns an robh iad agus na seallaidhean a chunnaic iad. Bha aon bhalach 'nam measg faodaidh mi a ràdh, bha gabhail mór shuim air ciod a bha aca ri ràdh mu na turusan air an robh iad. Bithidh sinne gu math tric a' gearan air cho duilich is a tha dhuinn gluasadh bhò àite gu àite gu sònruichte a measg nan eilean, ach nach mór na sochairean a tha againn seach mar a bha aig ar n-athraichean bhò shean. Cha robh e 'na shùgradh mòran siubhal a dhèanamh 's na làithean sin. Is ann le sgothan a bha iad a' fàgail an eilein. A réir m' eòlais bhiodh cuideachd dhiubh a' togail orra gu Glaschu mu dheireadh an fhoghair le bathair sam bith a bha aca ri reic. Tha iomradh fhathast air aon turus a rinn Murchadh Mac Iain Ruaidh, ann an seann sgoth Leódhasaich. Bha e an déidh cur a mach a Cannaidh le srann math gaoithe a' séideadh o'n ear, agus dhùil aige a bhith an ceann a tuath Mhuile mu'n tigeadh an oidhche air. Cha deach e ro fhada gus an d'fhairich e stracadh neònach far nach bu chòir dha a bhith. Thug e sùil fodha feuch gu dé a thachair agus an sin mhòthaich e sgàineadh mór eadar a dhà de na cuairtean anns am faodadh e a mheuran a chur. Cha robh aige ach cumail air a chùrsa agus taobh an sgàinidh a chumail ris an fhuaradh gus an do ràinig e Muile. Gu fortanach cha do dh'atharraich a' ghaoth, ach nach b'eagalach a shuidheachadh. Càite a bheil iad an diugh a bheireadh sgoth a aon air bith de na h-eileanan air astar cuain cho fada ri Glaschu.

Nach tric a chuala mi cuideachd mar a dh'éirich do Lachlann Mac Ghilleasbuig air a rathad air ajs as a' Ghalldachd. Bha an t-astar a Glaschu fada anns na làithean sin agus ghabh e fhéin is dà charaid ath-ghoirid air bàta a bha dol troimh 'n Chrìonan.

As became Islanders they were expert seamen. It was in the ceilidh house I got my first lesson. I was but very young when I understood that the world was a little larger than our small island. I knew there were other places such as the Isle of Skye, Eigg and Rum which could be seen grey and strange beyond the sea, and I was often considering what kind of people lived in them. It was as I listened to the old men that I learned that there were other large 'countries behind the islands in which were large towns, with busy and bustling railways. To me it was a wonderful thing to hear them speaking about the towns where they dwelt and the sights they saw. There was one boy in their company, I may say, who paid great attention to what they had to tell about the trips they had. We very often complain of how difficult it is for us to move from place to place, particularly among the islands, but we have great privileges compared with our ancestors of old. It was no pleasure to travel far in those days. They left the island in skiffs. To my knowledge some of them set out for Glasgow about the end of autumn with any merchandise they had to sell. There is mention still of one trip made by Murdo, Red John's son, in an old Lewis skiff. He had set out from Canna with a good breeze from the east, expecting to be in the north end of Mull before night overtook him. He had not gone very far when he heard a strange wrenching. He looked down to see what happened, and he noticed a huge crack between two of the boards, through which he could push his fingers. There was nothing he could do but continue on his course and keep the cracked side to windward until he reached Mull. Fortunately the wind did not change, but he was in a serious plight. Where are they to be found to-day who would sail a skiff from any of the islands on a sea journey as far as Glasgow?

Have I not often heard what happened to Lachlan, Archibald's son, on his way back from the Lowlands. The journey from Glasgow was a long one in those days, and he and two friends took a short cut on a boat which was passing through the Crinan.

Fhuair e latha mór, *he lived to a good old age.*
Ag cumail suas teaghlach, *providing for a family.*

CAMPBELL'S WEST HIGHLAND TALES

By ANGUS DUNCAN

ALTHOUGH the three volumes of this famous collection of traditional tales bear the date 1860, internal evidence seems to indicate that they were not published until the following year, many of the stories having been collected as late as September and October, 1860. J. F. Campbell himself, tells that he took two printed volumes of the tales with him during a visit to the West Highlands in the autumn of 1860, and these volumes would, no doubt, show the date, 1860, which would not be changed when the whole edition was printed off.

Brought up in a Gaelic-speaking community, and with Gaelic-speaking tutors, Campbell knew the language of the Gael from infancy, and he confidently undertook the task of translating into English the Gaelic tales taken down by a few collectors, or sent to him by such well-wishers as Dr. Alexander Carmichael, of *Carmina Gadelica* fame, and Dr. Thomas MacLauchlan, the scholarly minister of the Gaelic Free Church, Edinburgh. His regular collectors whom he "employed," to use his own word, were John Dewar, a labourer who moved from place to place on the northern side of the Clyde estuary; Hector Urquhart, a native of Poolewe, Wester Ross, who was a gamekeeper on one of the Argyll estates on Lochfyneside; and Hector MacLean, parish schoolmaster of Kilmenny, Islay, who collected much material in his native island, and made long trips for the same purpose to the Outer Hebrides.

Hector MacLean's share of the work should have earned for him the name of collaborator, rather than collector or scribe, for to him was entrusted the duty of making correct copies of the Gaelic tales for publication, and of seeing them through the press. MacLean, who retired from teaching as soon as the public school superseded the parochial school in 1872, when he was only 54 years old, was a most scholarly and versatile man. A good linguist, he made a special study of Ethnology his published lectures showing an intimate knowledge of the literature of the subject, as well as an independent mind in accepting or rejecting the views of contemporary scholars. He was a member of the Anthropological Institute, which accounts for the letters, M. A. I., sometimes found after his name. I am sorry to add that he had a blind spot, namely, an entire ignorance of Norse. It is pitiful to see his efforts to explain simple Norse words,

common in our place-names, as Gaelic terms that had suffered a sea-change. Campbell, too, is at a loss when confronted with a place-name of Norse origin, for we find him dividing the name, *Diúra* (Jura) into three short Gaelic words: Dean Munro, or, rather, the sixteenth-century natives of Jura, could have told him had he consulted the dean's book, that the name simply meant, "Deer-island."

It is clear that Campbell, a world-wide traveller, was fully aware that folktales were preserved in every land, and that many of the popular tales, even in widely-separated countries, had a strong family resemblance; and he also believed, contrary to the opinion of some other folklorists, that the tales told in any particular country had been orally transmitted, and not learned from published books. So strongly did he hold this view that we find him reiterating it in signed and dated entries in his personal copy of Dasent's *Tales from the Norse*, published in 1859, with a second edition the same year. One of those notes has a sad interest, the date showing that it was written exactly a year—one year to the day—before Campbell's death on February 17th, 1885. Sir George Webbe Dasent (1817-1896), who had a distinguished career in law, literature, and government service, was encouraged by Jacob Grimm to take an interest in Scandinavian literature and mythology, with the result that he applied himself to this study while Secretary to the British Envoy in Stockholm during the years 1840 to 1845; and, as Dasent was thus encouraged by an experienced collector, he, in turn, encouraged Campbell who had sent him specimen tales from this country where Dasent's most popular work was first published.

Campbell's own example and influence cannot be over-estimated. Before the end of the same century, Lord Archibald Campbell initiated and directed the Argyllshire series of tales known as *Wails and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, edited by competent Gaelic scholars who were also keen folktale collectors. This series ran into five volumes. The huge volume entitled *Records of Argyll*, published by Lord Archibald in 1885, also contains many tales, in translation, from different parts of the country, including eight Islay stories received from Hector MacLean in November, 1883.

When Campbell gave the public the first fruit of his labours, and that of others, he may be said to have followed the fashion of the time by the prominence given to the English

versions of the traditional Gaelic tales. The tale was, apparently, the thing; and so we find the English translation given first, followed by notes on the tale, and the original Gaelic version coming last. When abridgment was necessary, the Gaelic version was omitted, and only the English translation printed. In this way, the long story of *Conall Gulban* only appears in English dress, with the explanatory note: "At the earnest request of the publishers the Gaelic of this long tale is omitted to make room for other matter." What other matter could be more important, both as literature and folklore than the original Gaelic tale? Even when Campbell changes his method, in the case of the long Lays of Volume III, and prints the Gaelic and English versions on opposite pages, the English translation appears on the left-hand page, thus claiming first attention. The proper way to present those tales is shown by the editors of *More West Highland Tales*, of which two volumes have now been published. In these volumes, consisting of a selection of tales from Campbell's unpublished manuscripts in the National Library, the Gaelic and English versions face each other at one opening, with the original Gaelic tale on the left-hand side, and an English translation on the opposite page.

The longest tale in the Campbell collection is that known as *Leighias Coise O'Céin*, or *The healing of O'Kane's leg*, which was taken down by Hector MacLean from an Islay man, Lachlan MacNeill, who was a shoemaker in Paisley. Only short versions of the tale from other sources have been included in the published Campbell volumes, but MacNeill's version was copied by Dr. George Henderson and contributed to the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, Vol. xxv, and by Mr. K. C. Craig, who published it by itself ten years ago. A photograph of the storyteller and scribe seated at a small table, with Campbell between them filling his pipe, is an interesting reminder of the event we now commemorate.

At one time, the present writer felt vexed that Campbell should have devoted the fourth volume in the series of the West Highland Tales to a discussion of the Ossianic controversy and miscellaneous essays instead of giving the public some more of his collected tales. The outcome may, however, have justified this hiatus in the series of stories for Campbell proceeded to bring together genuine heroic ballads found in manuscripts and oral tradition, and published in 1872, the large volume entitled, *Leabhar na Feinne*, which some scholars have described as his *magnum opus*.

Fortunately, the material, in this case, is given in its Gaelic form, Campbell's intention being to publish a second volume of English translations. This is why the single volume we have is marked Vol. 1. I should say that a numbered list of the Gaelic tales in his possession in 1862, both published and unpublished, is given at the end of Vol. iv. The volume is valuable on this account.

Islay can claim a number of men who have enriched our Highland and Gaelic literature. One thinks of William Livingston and Duncan Johnstone; Neill Pattison and Dr. Nigel MacNeill; but, in the island's affection and regard, John Francis Campbell takes first place. That is why the name, Iain Og Ile, sounds different when spoken by a native of Islay.

I should have mentioned that we have, in Edinburgh, the first two volumes of West Highland Tales from Hector MacLean's library, the first volume being inscribed, "To Hector MacLean from his friend J. F. Campbell." These books were sent to the writer for the School of Scottish Studies, six years ago, by the late Miss MacLachlan, Ballygrant, Islay, who remembered MacLean well.

Publication Committee

Two of the principal objects of An Comunn are to promote and encourage

- (1) The teaching and the use of the Gaelic language, and,
- (2) The study and cultivation of Gaelic literature, history, music, etc.

To further these objects the Association publish books, especially school texts. But for the past efforts of An Comunn to produce and publish suitable school text-books it would be impossible to make adequate progress with the teaching of Gaelic in the schools to-day. All papers, literary and musical, awarded prizes by the Association are the property of An Comunn, and may, if considered suitable, be published by the Association in a form accessible to the public.

It is the duty of the Publication Committee to select, direct and supervise all the publications of the Association, and to arrange sales. In conjunction with the Editor this Committee have control of the Official Magazine which provides the necessary medium for literary efforts and is the main publicity agent of An Comunn.

CONVENER.

THE VIEW FROM THE TERRACE WINDSOR CASTLE

WE need not be surprised at Windsor Castle being the favourite residence of our Queen and her family. The castle stands on the summit of a rock that heaves itself up from the surrounding plain, this overlooking the whole countryside makes for one of the finest sights in England. There are those who think that the one from the top of Richmond Hill is better. Both are fine scenic sights but I think, having seen both, that the one from the Terrace at Windsor Castle surpasses that of Richmond Hill.

Few places have grouped around them so many associations, legendary, historical and poetical as Windsor Castle, from the time of William the Conqueror down to our present reigning sovereign. The beginnings of the castle were built by the Conqueror as a hunting booth for his convenience in following the chase in Windsor Forest. A Scottish king was held captive here, Cromwell held his courts within its walls, Charles I. lies buried within its chapel, and here have been celebrated some of the most splendid pageants and ceremonies recorded in history.

Below the Castle lies the pleasant little town of Windsor. From its High Street we take the steep avenue that leads up to the royal residence, passing on our way the quadrangle with its equestrian statue of Charles I. and on through an archway to the Terrace, constructed by Queen Elizabeth I. The day is beautiful, clear and sunny, with no haze to obstruct our view. Over the parapet we see a vast panorama, as far as the eye can reach all flat, the faint blue horizontal line, scarcely to be distinguished from the clouds, so distant is it, as straight as the boundary of a calm sea, and yet how infinitely varied. Everything is in perfect harmony. Windsor Forest, celebrated in Pope's only nature poem, can scarcely be said to exist now, but before us are trees of every kind and growth, single, in clumps and in rows, everywhere. Rising above their green tops are the spires or the grey towers of village churches, and faintly discernible in the distance are the smoke stacks of factories.

Close at hand towards our left across the Thames is the college of Eton, founded in the year 1441 by Henry VI. for the education of twenty-five poor scholars, it is now devoted to the education of scholars who are not so poor. Further away is Stoke Poges, celebrated as the scene of Gray's "Elegy written in a

country churchyard," perhaps the most polished poem in the English Language. Further away towards the right is Runnymede, where the barons forced King John to sign Magna Charta. About the middle of the 18th century it was contemplated to erect a memorial column to mark the spot, the poet Akenside putting himself to the trouble of writing an inscription for its base. The matter not being thought of much importance the scheme fell through. However, there is now a handsome memorial erected at Runnymede to the men and women of the Royal Air Force who died during the Hitler War.

Much nearer is the little village of Datchet, famous as the scene of Sir John Falstaff's ducking in Shakespeare's comedy "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which, like the Terrace we are standing on was constructed to the order and for the gratification of Queen Elizabeth. People have been known to consider it the better performance and likely to last the longer of the two.

Immediately facing us is Slough, a busy manufacturing and market town, and one of the cleanest and tidiest towns it has ever been our lot to visit. Here was the residence of the noted astronomers, Herchels, father and son.

In front of the castle is the sunken garden so called, in reality its level is that of the Home Park, out of which it was enclosed. Its sunken appearance being due to the raised embankment that encloses it and carries the Terrace along in a circular sweep in front of the Castle to the south side.

One object of interest which the visitor to Windsor Castle will fail to see is Hearne's Oak, for it has long ago gone the way of all living things. The ageable interest attached to this famous tree is well known. It is supposed to be the identical tree immortalized by the mention of Shakespeare as the scene of Hearne the Hunter's unamiable exploits.

There is an old tale goes that Hearne the Hunter,
Some time a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the wintertime at still midnight
Walk round about an oak with great ragged
horns,
And then he blasts the tree and takes the
cattle,
And makes milch cows yield blood, and
shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

There is no satisfactory legend of Hearne the Hunter. Vague tradition states he was a keeper in the Forest during Elizabeth's reign, who, having committed some crime, which occasioned his dismissal, hung himself on this tree. The old tree stood in the enclosure known as Little Park.

J. E. S.

Point of View

AN Comunn Gaidhealach's chief object is to preserve and revive the Gaelic language, culture, music, folklore and heritage of Scotland. This Century, however, has seen an alarming decline in the Gaelic language.

Gaelic Mods, singing Gaelic songs, Ceilidhs, etc., are admirable in themselves, but they will not save the language of the Gaels from extinction. Faced with a need to earn a living, the majority of people must give top priority to studies which will help them find jobs. We must face up to the fact that this century is an age of professionalism, careerism, job-hunting and money-making. There is hardly a job in Scotland for which a knowledge of Gaelic is essential. A large area of the Gaelic-speaking parts of Scotland have been jet-propelled from the age of oil lamps, horse transport, etc. to the age of motor cars, telephones, electricity, aeroplanes, wireless and television. These inventions of science, which have transformed human life, present a challenge and an opportunity. Wireless and television belong to the Servants' Halls as much as they belong to the Drawing Rooms; they can be used to destroy Gaelic culture or they can be used to revive it. Careerism and job-hunting have done more to destroy Gaelic than all the vicious legislation of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

When the Lord made time he made plenty of it. But the Lord works in milleniums, and we are only on this Earth for a short period of eighty to a hundred years. We are reaching the end of the Second Christian millenium, and the next thousand years may see a great change which should work for the better. During the next millenium we should really learn the art of living as opposed to keeping ourselves alive. Work will—as it should be—become a means of service and not just a means of livelihood. If Gaelic can be kept alive for the next forty years—and it is going to be a very hard struggle—then the next century should see a Gaelic revival. But at the present moment it is only possible to make

preparations for the Gaelic revival which should come next century. If Gaelic dies the World loses a great heritage of unique cultural value; but if Gaelic can be revived to play its proper part in the life of Scotland, then Gaelic music, culture and folklore will enrich the World.

But a long term view must be taken. Efforts to revive Gaelic are duties which should be undertaken by the schools and universities. If the children of Scotland can grow up bilingual they should not find it hard to learn other languages. If Scotland is interested in Home Rule, then she should take an interest in her history, her culture, her music and her heritage and traditions. As Nigel Tranter has said, those who scorn their country's heritage make a poor impression as World citizens. Man does not live by bread alone, and Nations cannot live without culture. Gaelic provides Scotland's major contribution to the World of music.

But reviving Gaelic must be done in easy stages. First concentrate on Gaelic's natural breeding ground—the West Highlands and Islands of Scotland! If Gaelic dies out there, there is nothing anyone can do to revive it. But if Gaelic can play its proper part in the life of the West Highlands and be brought into practical use, there is hope of recovery. If People will try to converse in Gaelic—and the best method of learning any language is through attempts at conversation—it will be a step in the right direction. The greatest danger is apathy, complacency and indifference on the part of our own countrymen; yet the strange thing is that interest is often shown in the most unexpected quarters.

We want to encourage tourism in the Highlands. Why not put on Ceilidhs for the benefit of visitors from overseas? Why cannot the local Gaelic choirs be a major attraction for tourists? If one visits Italy one wants and expects to see something of the Italian way of life; the same principle applies to Spain, France, Brittany or any country. Surely a visitor to the Highlands would like to see something of the Highland way of life? What better opportunities could there be than seeing our Highland hotels making use of the local Gaelic choirs and singers to provide Ceilidhs and entertainment for the benefit of visitors from Home and abroad? The talent is there, the opportunities are there.

The West Highland Museum at Fort William has it on record that ships from France, Spain and many other countries used to sail up Loch Linnhe for purposes of trade. Galway, in

Eire, used to trade with Spain. Evidence indicates that the Highlands and Islands used to have a thriving trade with countries overseas. Gaelic must have played quite a prominent part in the World of commerce.

But the spiritual side is the more important. We brought nothing into this World, and we will take nothing out of it. Things of material value are dead and useless; clothes wear out, buildings decay, machines wear out, instruments have to be replaced, and so on: but things of spiritual value live and enrich the World; music lives, songs live, stories live, and so on. Gaelic is part of our heritage, which God has entrusted to our care; and He will hold us responsible for what He has entrusted to our care. It is surely our duty towards Scotland to lay the foundations for Gaelic recovery? If Gaelic culture, music, heritage and folklore can play their part in building God's kingdom in Scotland, they can play their part in helping to build God's kingdom on Earth!

H. R. BAILLIE.

Branch Reports

PORTREE

The Portree Branch of An Comunn held an old New Year's Night ceilidh in the Masonic Hall in January when there was a large attendance with people coming from as far as Talisker and Kilmuir. Alasdair Nicolson and Roddy Morrison played with vitality the part of hosts, and their neighbour, Kirsty Anna and the engaged couple Donald Maclean and Mrs. Finlayson, provided an amusing contrast. The piper, Dugie Macleod, along with accordionist, Willie Nicolson, together with innumerable soloists supplied the music. The president, Rev. Donald Macleod, called for a generous vote of thanks.

AYR

Thanks to Martin Mackay and his party from the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association the first ceilidh after the New Year was a happy one. Gaelic songs proved most popular, the audience joining in the choruses. Alex. Mackenzie entertained with his own songs and stories. Nina McCallum was in excellent voice. Two young violinists from Ayr gave selections from Burns. The chairman was Alister Fraser.

BOWMORE

A successful ceilidh was held in the public hall, Bowmore, when the chairman was Mr. I. A. Macfarlane, who congratulated the Bowmore Gaelic Choir on their success at the Edinburgh Mod, and also the Junior Choir soloists. He paid tribute to Mrs. Penman, conductor of the Senior Choir, and to Mr. T. M. Crawford, leader of the Junior Choir. During the evening a most enjoyable programme was sustained by both choirs, the accompanist for the evening being Mr. Crawford.

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—EDINBURGH, 1960

Received at Edinburgh—			
Previously acknowledged	£3,647	7 10
Received at Glasgow—			
Previously acknowledged	£307	15	9
Miss Jean Campbell,			
Edinburgh—Fee as			
Accompanist relin-			
quished	10	10	—
Gordon Asher, Esq.,			
Edinburgh	10	10	—
			328 15 9
			<u>£3,976 3 7</u>

CENTRAL FUND

Previously acknowledged	£166	10 9
Aberteldy Branch		4	—
			<u>£170 10 9</u>

COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH FUND

Previously acknowledged	£53	2	—
John A. Macdonald, Esq., M.A.,			
Glasgow—Edinburgh Mod Travelling			
Expenses relinquished	—	19	—
Miss Lucy Cameron, Glenmorrison—			
Edinburgh Mod Travelling Expenses			
relinquished	5	—	—
			<u>£59 1 —</u>

"Many of the Highland tales must have been matured under the spirit that the crusades into the east invoked in the west. They became the popular literary sustenance of the people, supplying the want which is met by the popular works of fiction of novels of the present day. We find every phase of character exhibited in their outlines, extravagant as many of them often are. They still await classification".

Mr. J. F. Campbell was for years a very enthusiastic collector of these tales. He traversed more than once the whole of the Highlands to gather up these fragments of bygone Celtic life. His success far exceeded his sanguine anticipations. His volumes constitute the monument of his success, as well as of the industry, talent, and scientific spirit which he brought to bear upon the work. He had many hearty assistants in all parts of the Highlands, whom he inspired with much of his own enthusiasm. Mr. Hector MacLean, Ballygrant, Islay, an able Gaelic scholar, and a man of real culture and literary talent, helped him in transcribing the Gaelic while he himself transferred the tales into literal, idiomatic, English. It has been fortunate for our limited Gaelic literature that Mr. Campbell has left so much of our popular prose in these goodly four volumes, and so much of genuine ballad poetry in his "Leabhar na Féinne."

MACNEILL.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVI

AM MART, 1961

Aireamh 3

DOIGHEAN URA

THA e soilleir gu leòr gu bheil nòs ùr a' togail a chinn ann an alt sgrìobhaidh rosg mar a thachair am bàrdachd Ghàidhlig o chionn ùine nach eil fada. Chan eil sinn an aghaidh sin idir, sinn nach eil; 's ann a tha sinn ro thoilichte. Ma tha dad ceàrr air dòighean ùra a tha adhartach, math chan aithne dhuine, ach cuimhnicheamaid nach eil na dòighean a bhith annasach, ùr 'g am fàgail math na dona, mur eil ann ach sin.

Tha cuid de'n bheachd nach fhiach gnàths na cleachdadh a tha nas sine na iad fhéin. "Dòigh mo sheanar; beachd mo sheanamhar; sealladh a' leinibh bhig," their iad. Gabh air do shocair, 'ille bhig. Thoir sùil eile mus leum thu. Tha eachdraidh nan ginealach an ceann do sheanar, agus ealain nan linntean am meuran do sheanamhar.

Thoireamaid ar ceart aire, aig an am cheudna, nach dean sinn tàir air dòighean ùra a chionn gu bheil iad ùr. Is iomadh cail ùr anns a bheil feum; is iomadh cail ùr air a bheil feum againn. Chan fhàg annas a' chleachdaidh agus neònachas na dòighe iad math na dona. Is e a ni sin a' ghnè d'a bheil iad, cò as a dh'èirich iad, agus dé a' bhuaidh a bhitheas leotha.

So ceistean bu mhath leam fhaighneachd:

(1) A bheil an luchd leughaidh air fàs sgìth do'n t-seann dòigh sgrìobhaidh, agus ag iarraidh dòigh eile?

(2) A bheil an dòigh ùr nas taitniche, nas so-thuigsinn, nas blasda, agus nas dlùithe air cainnt làitheil an t-sluaigh?

Sin ceistean a tha airidh air freagairt; agus ann an solus nam freagairtean a bheil sinn bitheadh e nas fhasa breith chothromach a thoirt air an ni a tha f'ar comhair.

Tha eachdraidh ar litreachais a' deanamh soilleir gu bheil alt sgrìobhaidh nas leise air

caochladh na tha alt labhairt. Faodaidh dòigh labhairt sluaigh atharrachadh gu mòr gun chaochladh idir a thighinn air an alt sgrìobhaidh. Thachair sin barrachd air aon uair an Alba agus an Eirinn. Bha litreachas sgrìobhte nan dùthchannan sin co-ionnan fada an déidh an dòigh labhairt aomadh fad o chéile. Tha alt sgrìobhaidh an iomadh cànan ag atharrachadh o linn gu linn. Bha seann Ghàidhlig an Alba nach iarradh sinn fhaicinn na chluinntinn tuilleadh, agus ged a chitheadh sinn i cha tuigeadh sinn i nas motha na thuigeas sinn bòilich nan Ruiseanach. Thoir sùil air sinn-searachd do Ghàidhlig fhéin air feadh nan tìrean Ceilteach an diugh agus feuch a lorg thu an càirdeas.

Is suarach an t-atharrachadh a thàinig air dòigh sgrìobhaidh ann an Gàidhlig fad réis beatha aon againn. Chan eil teagamh nach bu chòir do'n mhodh sgrìobhaidh a bhith car càirdeach do'n chuspair ris a bheil ar gnòthach. Tha uaisleachd ann am modh sgrìobhaidh na Gàidhlig as fheàrr nach bu mhath leinn fhuadach. Ach cò dh' iarradh dol air ais gu alt sgrìobhaidh "Caraid Nan Gaidheal," (tha so thugam!), agus bu mhath am fear Gàidhlig e? Agus, ag aithris air trod dithis Hearach, cò a leanadh cas-cheum Gàidhlig a' Bhiobuill, agus càite a bheil nas fheàrr? Ma thig an t-atharrachadh leis an fheum, tha feum air atharrachadh. Mas e fàs nàdurach a tha ann leig leis. Chan e cron a ni e ach feum. Mas e fàs fuaidain a tha ann—fluth grannda gun seagh—geàrr air falbh e mus dean e call. Thoir do cheart aire nach e còmhach Gaidhealach a tha thu càradh air luirgmean Gallda.

Leig cead an coise le do smaoin agus le do chainnt, agus leigidh sinn ris dhut luath na mall a bheil iad a' còrdadh ruinn.

“SO MAR A BHA”

SEUMAS MAC-A-PHEARSAIN AGUS BARDACHD OISEIN

le

RUAIRIDH MACTHOMAS

B' ANN dìreach dà cheud bliadhna an ama so a thòisich a' chòmhstri mhór mu bhàrdachd Oisein. Tha e duilich dhuinn an diugh a thuigsinn gu robh bàrdachd Ghàidhlig, no iomradh oirre, air bilean nan urracha móra an Albainn, an Sasuinn, sa' Ghearmailt agus 'san Fhraing, agus sin glé ghoirid an déidh Bliadhna Theàrlaich, an déidh do na Gàidheil a bhith air an claoidh aig an Fheòladair Cumberland, an déidh bacadh a bhith air a chur air an armachd is air an aodach. Iosal 's 'ga robh staid nan Gàidheal 'nan dùthaich fhéin, bha iomradh orra fad is farsaing a measg luchd-litreachais.

Ciamar a thachair so? Sin a' cheist a th' againn an nochd, agus gu a freagairt feumaidh sinn rùrach a dheanamh ann an eachdraidh na h-òchdamh linne deug, agus gu h-àraidh ann an eachdraidh-beatha a' Ghaidheil òig sin á Baidèanach, Seumas Mac-a-Phearsain, no Seumas MacMhuirich mar a theireadh cuid ris. Ged nach robh e ach 'na fhìor dhuine òg anns a' bhliadhna seachd ceud deug agus a trì fichead, b'esan a chuir a' chòmhstri mhór so air bhonn le eadartheangachadh Beurla, ma b' fhìor, bho sheann bhàrdachd Oisein a chur an clò. Thòisich na ceistean an uair sin. An e fìor eadartheangachadh a bha so? A robh bàrdachd Oisein cho fìor shean 's a bhathas a' cumail a mach? An do rinneadh i da-rìribh anns an treas linn an déidh breith Chrìosd? Càite robh na làmh-sgrìobhainnean is dé cho sean 's a bha iad? A robh a' bhàrdachd so air bilean an t-sluaigh fhàthast? Ciamar a b' urrainn e bhith gu robh litreachas àrsaidh agus foghlum aig an t-sluaigh bhorb sin a chuir dearg eagal am beatha air cuid de na Sasunnaich nuair a thug iad an ionnsaigh chunnartach sin air Sasuinn, agus air na leth-Ghearmailtich a bha air rìgh-chathair na dùthcha, am Bliadhna Theàrlaich?

Rugadh Seumas MacMhuirich anns a' bhliadhna seachd ceud deug fichead 's a sia deug ann an Ruadhainn, baile beag deas air Cinn-a-Ghìuthsaich. A réir coltais ràinig e seann oithligh Obar-dheadhain nuair a bha e sia bliadhna deug, agus an déidh dha trì bliadhna chur seachd anns a' bhaile sin thog e air a Dhun Eideann, a thoirt a mach dreuchd na ministrealachd. Ach cha robh e an dàn dha a' chùbainn a ruighinn, agus thill e gu baile

àraidh, gu bhith air ceann na sgoile an sin. B' ann an uair sin a thòisich e an da-rìribh air bàrdachd a sgrìobhadh—bàrdachd Bheurla—agus chaidh beagan dhith a chur an clò mu'n àm sin.

Cha do choisinn i móran cliù dha, ach is dòcha gun do chuidich i leis ann a bhith a' cur eòlais air feadhainn, gu h-àraidh ann an Dun Eideann, aig a robh ùidh ann an litreachas.

Ged nach robh móran tàlaidh anns a' chiad bhàrdachd so a chuir Seumas MacMhuirich an clò, cha b' fhada gus an do lorg e rian air aire an t-sluaigh a tharraing. Anns a' bhliadhna seachd ceud deug agus trì fichead chuir e an clò leabhran beag fo'n ainm *Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language.*

Ma b' fhìor 's e eadartheangachadh de sheann bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig a bha so, agus chuir e iongantasan nach bu bheag air daoine foghlumaichte an Albainn 's an Sasuinn—leithid an fheallsanaich Dàibhidh Hume, am bàrd Sasunnach Tómas Gray, agus an ollamh ri litreachas Uisdean Blàr an Dun Eideann. B'e Uisdean Blàr a thòisich air airgead a chruinneachadh ach an deidheadh MacMhuirich air turus do àitean iomallach na Gàidhealtachd, a lorg tuilleadh de'n t-seann bhàrdachd so, is a thional nan làmh-sgrìobhainnean anns a robh i air a tasgadh.

Tha dòrlach math chunntasan againn air mar a thachair do Sheumas Mac-a-Phearsain air a thurus air feadh na Gàidhealtachd agus nan Eileanan. A réir teisteanas luchd-eòlais ann an Dun Eideann cha robh e ro dheònach an toiseach an turus a ghabhail. Cha robh a' Ghàidhlig aige fhéin ach ma-làimh, agus is dòcha gun robh eagal air gun deidheadh e an sàs ro dhomhain ann an Gàidhlig nan Eileanan. Agus ged a bha e falbh a lorg làmh-sgrìobhainnean, agus dòchas àrd aig muinntir Dhun Eideann gu faigheadh e iad, dh'fhoadadh gu robh iomagain air nach tugadh e móran asda ged a dh'fhiachadh e ri an leughadh. Agus sin dìreach mar a thachair dha.

Air a shlighe troimh Uibhist-a-tuath thachair e ri Iain MacCodrum, gun fhios aige có bh'aige, agus dh'fhaighnich e dheth a robh dad aige air an Fhéinn, a' ciallachadh leis a sin a robh seuglachdan no bàrdachd aige mu laochraidh na Féinne. Ach thug MacCodrum ciall eile as a' cheist, agus 's e am freagairt a

thug e dha, "Chan eil, is ged a bhitheadh cha ruiginn a leas iarraidh a nis." Tha e coltach gun dh'athnìch Mac-a-Phearsain gu robh MacCodrum a' magadh air a dhroch Ghàidhlig, agus sgar iad bho chèile gun an còrr conaltraidh.

Mar sin dh'fhàg Mac-a-Phearsain gun bhlasad oirre tobar fhìorghlan as am faodadh e bhith air mòran eòlas a tharraing a thaobh sgeul is bàrdachd na Fèinne.

Ach cha robh a thurus do na h-eileanan gun tairbhe. Tha e coltach gun thill e le ultach de làmh-sgrìobhainnean. Anns an Eilean Sgitheanach chuir e seachd lathaichean a' sgrìobhadh bàrdachd bho aithris Alasdair Mhic-a-Phearsain, a bha 'na ghobha, agus aig a robh deagh eòlas air bàrdachd Oisein. Fhuair e bhuaithè cuideachd seann làmh-sgrìobhainn a bha an gobha air fhaighinn 'na òige ann an Loch Carrain. Tha amharus làidir againn gur h-e bha anns an làmh-sgrìobhainn so *Leabhar Deadhan Liosmoir*, 's e sin, leabhar de sheann bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig cho prìseil 's a tha air mhaireann an diugh.

Mura b'e Mac-a-Phearsain tha e a cheart cho dòcha nach biodh sgeul againn an diugh air an leabhar so—ni a dh'fhàgadh beàrn mhór air ar n-eòlas mu litreachas nan Gaidheal.

Ann an Uibhist a rithist, agus ann am Beinn-a-Bhadhla, tha e coltach gun d'fhuair e dòrlach eile de làmh-sgrìobhainnean Gàidhlig, cuid dhiubh bho thriath Chloinn Raghnaill, agus cuid eile bho Niall MacMhuirich, iarmaid nam bàrd 's nan seanchaidh a bha aig Clann Raghnaill fad linntean. Is dòcha gur h-e trusadh Mhic-a-Phearsain a shàbhail dhùinn beagan de shaothair nan daoine foghlumaichte sin, oir, anns a' bhliadhna oichd ceud deug thuir Lachlann MacMhuirich, mac Neill, gu faca e dhà no trì de na seann làmh-sgrìobhainnean "aig tàillearan 'gan gearradh sìos gu crìosaibh tomhais".

Nach bu shuarach a' bhuaidh a thug na fasanan Gallda, agus ceannairc nan Gall, air seann fhoghlum ar daoine! Tha Lachlann so ag innse dhùinn gum b'esan an t-ochdamh glùn deug bho Mhuireach Albanach, am bàrd Eireannach bho na shìolaich Clann Mhuirich. Bha a' chuid mhór de a shinnsearan 'nam bàird 's 'nan seanchaidhean aig Clann Dòmhaill fad chòig linntean, bho'n tritheamh linn deug agus an ochdamh linn deug, ach cha b'urrainn dà-san leughadh no sgrìobhadh a dheanamh, araon an Gàidhlig no am Beurla.

Bha cuimhne mhath aig Lachlann "gun tug Mac Mhic Ailein air athair an Leabhar Dearg a thoirt seachd do Sheumas MacMhuirich a Bàideanach".

Nise, de a b'urrainn Mac-a-Phearsain a thoirt as na seann leabhraichean ud? Tha *Leabhar*

Deadhan Liosmoir air a sgrìobhadh ann an dòigh cho annasach 's gur h-e fìor sgoilear math Gàidhlig a bheir brìgh as an diugh. Chan eil mi'n dùil gun tugadh Seumas Mac-a-Phearsain a bheag as, ach a mhàin gun tuigeadh e gu robh iomradh ann air Fionn 's air Oisean is a leithid sin.

Is dòcha gu robh e uair de'n bhàrail gu robh aige an so dhan fada, air a roinn 'na earrainnean, air eachdraidh na Fèinne. Bhiodh e na b' fhasa dha cuideachadh fhaighinn gu leabhraichean Chloinn Mhuirich a leughadh, agus tha e ag aideachadh gu robh feum aige air cuid-eachadh de'n t-seòrsa sin. Air dha tilleadh à Innse Gall thadhail e air Anndra Gallie, misionaraidh a bha ann am Braigh Bhàideanach, agus thug iad le cheile ionnsaigh air na làmh-sgrìobhainnean.

Bliadhnan mòra an dèidh sin, an dèidh bàs Mhic-a-Phearsain, sgrìobh Gallie iomradh air na coinneamhan sin a bh'aca ri chèile. Thug Mac-a-Phearsain a mach, ars esan, grunnan leabhraichean a fhuair e bho Mhac Mhic Ailein, cuid dhiubh air a sgrìobhadh le Cathal MacMhuirich, mu thoiseach na ceathramh linn deug. Bha iad air a sgrìobhadh gu snasail, air craicinn laogh no chaorach, is cuid de na litrichean le dath dearg, is buidhe, is gorm, is uaine orra. Bha e 'n comas Ghallie aig an àm ud an leughadh, le beagan trioblaid, agus aig amannan bhiodh connspaid eadar e fhéin is Mac-a-Phearsain mu mhìneachadh fhéac anns na làmh-sgrìobhainnean. Uaireannan; arsa Gallie, nuair a bhiodh Mac-a-Phearsain 'gan leughadh, ghriosadh e, ag ràdh mu'n t-seann bhàrd a sgrìobh iad, "An donas air, 's e fhéin tha labhairt an dràsda, 's chan e Oisean."

Aig an àm so, nuair a bha Mac-a-Phearsain a' fuireach còmhla ri Gallie, bha e a' deanamh an eadartheangachaidh a chuireadh an clò aig deireadh na bliadhna seachd ceud deug trì fichead 's a h-aon. Duine eile a bha 'nan cuideachd aig an àm, 's e Lachlann Mac-a-Phearsain à Srath Mhathaisidh, bàrd comasach agus duine aig a robh mìon-eòlas air a' Ghàidhlig. Chan urrainn dhùinn gun amharus a bhith againn gu robh làmh aige-san ann an saothair Sheumais Mhic-a-Phearsain. Bha luchd-cuideachaidh eile aige, mar a bha Eóghan Mac-a-Phearsain, a chuidich leis anns an Eilean Sgitheanach agus an Innse Gall, agus Alasdair MacGhilleMhoire, a chuidich leis an uair sin agus an dèidh sin an Lunnainn.

Co dhiùbh, chuir Mac-a-Phearsain amach an leabhar aige fhéin, fo'n ainm *Fingal*, air dha tilleadh as a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus dà bhliadhna an dèidh sin chuir e amach leabhar eile, fo'n ainm *Temora*.

Bha e a' cumail amach gur h-e eadartheangachadh bho sheann bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig a bha anns an dà leabhar so. Ach cha b'fhada gas an do chuireadh teagmhas as an agradh a bha so, agus bha na sgoilearan an amhaichean a chéile, cuid ag ràdh gur h-e eadartheangachadh a bh'ann, agus cuid eile ag ràdh gu robh a' bhàrdachd so air a h-ùr-dheanamh le Mac-a-Phearsain e fhéin. Bha bloigh de'n fhirinn aig gach buidhinn.

Thàinig an deasbad so gu bhith 'na chogadh litreachail, air an dara làmh eadar Albainn is Sasuinn, agus air an làmh eile eadar Albainn is Eirinn. Fiachaidh mì ri adhbhar an dà chogaidh sin a chur ann am beagan bhriathran. Bha rud air fhàgail de'n t-seann ghamhlas eadar Albainn is Sasuinn, agus bha gu leòr an Sasuinn am beachd gum b'e sluagh borb a bha anns na Gaidheil—sluagh gun shìobhaltachd, gun litreachas, gun fhoghlum. B'e an t-Ollamh MacIain ceannard nan Sasunnach aig an àm ann an gnothaichean litreachais. Cha b'fhiach leis-san bàrdachd Mhic-a-Phearsain co dhìubh—cha robh e a' faicinn brìgh innte—agus cuideachd, bha e gu làidir de'n bharaill nach robh ri fhaotainn an Albainn làmh-sgrìobhainn an Gàidhlig Albannaich nas sine na ceud bliadhna a dh'aois. Bha e am mearachd. Ged a bha eòlas farsaing aige air iomadach nì bha e aineolach anns a' chùis so. Nan robh e air cuairt a ghabhail gu bùth an leabhar-reiceadair Becket ann an Lunnainn, anns a' bhliadhna seachd ceud deug trì fichead 'sa dhà, bha e air làmh-sgrìobhainnean fhaicinn a bha na bu shine na sin—pàirt de na thruis Mac-a-Phearsain.

Bha daoine fiosrachail ann an Albainn aig an àm a bha air a chur as a bharaill nan robh e air comhairle a chur riutha—mar a bha Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair agus Dòmhnall MacNeacail, ministear Liosmóir. Bliadhnachan an déidh do'n Ollamh cunntas a thruis a dh'Albainn a chur an clò, thug MacNeacail freagairt sgar-teil dhà, ach bha an ceòl air feadh na fìdhle fada roimhe sin. Bha Mac-a-Phearsain fhéin gu math dùr. Mar bu mhotha bha dearbhadh 'ga iarraidh air gum b'ann o sheann bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig a thug e na sgrìobhaidhean aige fhéin, 's ann bu lugha a theireadh e. Cha tugadh e bonaid a nuas do dhuine geal, is bha an luchd-deasbud ann a sin, làn iongantais is aineolais. Chan eil iomradh againn gun dh'fhiach duine aca ri Gàidhlig ionnsachadh.

Bha an gearain fhéin aig na h-Eireannaich. A dh'aindeoin ùpraid, no leis an ùpraid, bha Mac-a-Phearsain a' soirbheachadh, agus leis an t-soirbheachadh dh'fhàs e na bu dàine. Bha a chuibhrionn fhéin de dh'aineolas aige cuideachd, agus chum e mach nach roib' gnothaich

aig sgeulachd is bàrdachd Oisein ri Eirinn, agus ma bha bàrdachd de'n t-seòrsa so an Eirinn gur h-ann diolain a bha i. Chuir e mar sin eachdraidh Albainn is Eirinn bun-os-cionn, ach an tigeadh i na b'fheàrr ri a bhacadh fhéin.

Agus nuair a bha a' ghlaodhaich aig a h-àirde dh'fhàg Mac-a-Phearsain aca i, is theann e ri obraichean eile. Cha bu bheag an obair a chuir e as a dhéidh anns na deich bliadhna fichead an déidh sin; sgrìobhadh eachdraidh, greis an Ameireagaidh, a' sgrìobhadh leabhran a' cur an céill beachdan an Rìghaltais, agus a' cumail smachd air na paipèaran-naidheachd do'n Rìghaltas, 'na bhall-Pàrlamaid an Lunnainn, agus 'na fhear-gnothaich aig Nabob Arcot as na h-Innseachan. Rinn e càrn mòr airgid, thog e tigh mòr ann a Ruadhain, is cha robh dhà fortain no cliù air.

Bha bàrdachd Oisein 'ga h-eadar-theangachadh thall 'sa bhos—anns an Eadailt, anns a' Ghearmailt agus anns an Fhraing.

Chaochail e fhéin, 's gun e ach trì fichead, anns a' bhliadhna seachd ceud deug ceithir fichead 's a sia deug, agus dh'fhàg e mìle not gus a' bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig aig Oisean a chur an clò—nì a bha a naimhdean is a chàirdean ag iarraidh air a dheanamh bho chionn deich bliadhna fichead. Rinneadh sin anns a' bhliadhna ochd ceud deug 's a seachd, is tha iad ann fhàthast a tha a' creidsinn gur h-e so bàrdachd Oisein an da-riubh.

Ach ma bheir duine sùil chùramach air a' bhàrdachd so, agus air eadartheangachadh Mhic-a-Phearsain, agus air a' bhàrdachd Oiseanaich a tha againn ann an làmh-sgrìobhainnean Albanach is Eireannach, no ma dh' éisdeas e ri corra sheann bhodach aig a bheil a' bhàrdachd so bho bheul-aithris, chì e nach ionnann na trì seòrsachan idir. Tha e an diugh an ìre mhath air a dhearbhadh gur h-ann mar so a bha a' chùis; thionail Mac-a-Phearsain bàrdachd bho bheul-aithris agus bho làmh-sgrìobhainnean, agus tha dearbhadh againn gu bheil pàirt de'n bhàrdachd Oiseanaich, co dhìubh an Eirinn, a' dol air ais chun an dara linn deug; rinn Mac-a-Phearsain feum de phàirt dhe so, mar a thuigeadh e i 's mar a bha i a' tighinn ri a chàil; chuir e mòran rithe nach buineadh rithe idir bho thùs; chuir e an t-eadartheangachadh Beurla so ri chéile, is chuir e dh'obair feadhainn, mar a bha Lachlann Shrath Mhathasaidh, a dheanamh eadartheangachadh Gàidhlig de'n Bheurla aige-san, agus gu tric chan eil an t-eadartheangachadh sin coltach ris an t-seann bhàrdachd no ri saothair Mhic-a-Phearsain.

An do rinn Mac-a-Phearsain feum? Rinn e feum is doinn e call. Rinn e feum ann a bhith a' sgaoleadh ainm nan Gaidheal fad is farsaing,

agus thug e sealladh ùr, gu h-àraidh air obraichean Nàduir, do bhàird eile. B'esan bu choireach, ann an tomas mhór, gun do chuir-eadh bàrrachd ùidh ann an lámh-sgrìobhainnean Gàidhlig, agus am bàrdachd Ghàidhlig air fad.

Rinn e call a chionn 's gun do thàlaidh e cuid de na Gàidheil gu bhith a' deanamh ulaidh de sheòrsa bàrdachd anns a bheil cus gaoithe, cus fhacal gun bhrìgh, ro bheag de smuain. Tha e cubhaidh gu bheil dà chuimhneachan againn air amach air na sgrìobh e; tha e 'na shineadh fo lic ann an Abaid Westminster, dlùth air 'Oisean nam Bàrd', agus tha na lámh-sgrìobhainnean a chruinnich e, cuid dhiubh, sàbhailte ann an Leabharlann Nàiseanta na h-Albann an Dun Eideann.

Thugadh an t-iomradh so air an radio.

Rudha Nam Marbh

Nuair a b' àbhaist do na Leòdaich agus do na Dòmhnallaich a bhith cho mór a mach air a chèile cha robh gu dearbh mórán foise aig cruitearan Uibhist a Tuath o Leòdaich an Eilein a bhitheadh an còmhnuidh a' tighinn a ghoid an cuid spréidhe orra. Bhitheadh gach creach is ruag a bheireadh na Leòdaich a' deanamh call mór air na daoine bochda aig nach robh beòshlainte ach an cuid bheathaichean.

Latha de na làithean, air feasgar dorcha foghair, gu dé a thigeadh a steach do'n t-seòlaid air taobh an iar Uibhist eadar Eilean Chircioboist agus tìr ach bàta le sgioba as an Eilean. Cha do thuing na h-Uibhistich cò a bha ann oir b'ann an còmhnuidh o thaobh eile a thigeadh iad. Ach nach iad na Sgiathanaich a bha bragail. Air dhaibh tighinn a steach do'n phort far an robh na daoine air cruinneachadh an coinneamh nan "iasgairan" dh'iarr iad fear-iùil a shealladh na h-oitirean iasgaich dhaibh. Fhuair iasdan sin, brod an stiùiriche, Iain Beag a Cladach Chircioboist.

Aon uair 's gun robh Iain aca sa' bhàta bha iad air an dòigh tuilleadh. Cha do thuing Iain glé mhath an gnòthach an toiseach gus an do dh'iarr iad air an toirt gu cladaichean Héisgir far an robh agus far a bheil prìomh bheathaichean Uibhist air an àrach. Rinn Iain mar a dh'iarr ach cha do rinn e air an acarsaid a bu chòir dha. An àite sin stiùir e iad air a' bhàd bu chunnartaiche a b'urrainn dha smaoineachadh air, far an robh creagan biorach dubha ag éirigh as an uisge.

Bha am feasgar a nis a' ciaradh agus am muir ag éirigh searbh. Dh'fhàg Iain an stiùir agus chaidh e suas chun na tobhata bràghaid. "Dé chanas ris an àite uamhasach so?" arsa fear

de na Leòdaich, air do'n bhàta tighinn glé dh'lùth do na creagan. "Chan aithne dhòmhsa," fhreagair esan as a ghuth thàmh, "gu robh ainm air gu so, ach an déidh so canar Rudha Nam Marbh ris a chaidh tuilleadh," agus anns na faicil leum e bhàrr na tobhata chun nan creagan.

Chailleadh am bàta an oidhche ud agus bhàth-adh na bha innte. Agus dìreach mar a thubhairt Iain canar Rudha Nam Marbh ris a' ghob ud agus an latha an diugh.

MAIRI B. NICHOMHNAILL,
Sgoil Inbhirnis.

A' Gheugag Fhraoich

Oidhche dhomh 's mi gabhail cuairt
An Glaschu cruaidh nan sràid
Gun thachair ormsa ni bha neònach
Bhith air sheòl san àit—
Geugag fhraoich a thog mi suas
Bhàrr cabhsair cruaidh gun bhlàths,
'S bha fàileadh cùbraidh gleann mo ghaoil
Air geugaig fhraoich mo ghràidh.

O gheugag fhraoich 's e d'iomhaigh ghaoil
As bòidheche leam thar chàin,
Gun d' dhuigs thu smaointean ann am chom
A thogas fonn do m' dhàn,
Ach 's e am fàileadh tha bho d' ghéig
A rinn mi féin a chràdh,
Toirt 'nam chuimhne luchd mo ghaoil
Tha measg an fhraoich a' tàmh.

A gheugag fhraoich nach bruidhinn thu rium
'S nach cuidich thu mo dhàn.
Gu dé an t-àite measg nam beann
'S nan gleann san robh thu tàmh?
An robh do dhachaidh fada shàs
Os cionn nan cruach gu h-àrd?
Nan robh thu tàmh an cois a' chuain
Le osnaich bhuan gu bràth?

A gheugag fhraoich am bruch an loch'
An robh do mhoch 's do thràth
Ag éisdeachd slapraich a' bhric bhric
'S e tighinn a steach o'n t-sàl?
An robh thu 'g amharc air fo'n bhruaich
'S e dol gu luath gu thàmh
An lochan ciùin am measg an fhraoich
Far eil na laoiach a ghnàth?

A gheugag fhraoich os cionn an t-sruth'
An robh thu crocht' a' fàs,
'S tu faicinn aibhnichean gun sgur
'Nan ruith 's 'nan leum gu tràigh,
A' giùlan naidheachd chon a' chuain—
Gach maise 's buaidh tha'n sàs
Ri beanntan gorma tir mo ghaoil
Nach cuir an aois gu bàs?

A gheugag fhraoich gur truagh an nochd
 Is tu gun loch mar bha,
 A dhòl 'gad spionadh as an uchd
 San robh do thaic 's do bhlàths:
 Na có idir làmh gun truas
 A bhuaib thu far a' bhàrr
 Airson do thilgeadh sìos gun iochd
 Air clachan glàs' na sràid'.

A gheugag fhraoich, ma bhios mi buan
 Gun toir mi cuairt thar sàil'
 Do na h-Eileanan an Iar
 Far eil a' ghrian cho blàth,
 'S gum paisg mi thu gu socair ciùin,
 'S mi caoineadh air do sgàth,
 Am broilleach caomh nam beanntan fuar',
 'S cha dean iad uaille mi d' bhàs.

MURCHADH MOIREASTAN.

An Lon-Dubh

Robh fios agad gu faodadh an lon-dubh a bhith beò cho fada ri fiadh? Ma bha, cha robh fios agam-sa. Ach ged a dh'fhaodas lon-dubh latha fada fhaighinn tha e air a dhearbhadh nach eil barrachd air aon as a' cheud a' faicinn ceann nan deich bliadhna, agus tha fios aig an fheadhainn aig eil fios air a h-uile ni, nach eil ach mu leth à na bliadhna a' mealtainn crìoch na h-ath-bhliadhna.

Tha an coileach cho coltach ri coileach sam bith eile, agus a' chearc ri cearc sam bith eile agus gu faod sinn a bhith smaoinichadh gur h-e an t-aon chàraid a tha tadhal oirnn anns an lios chùil air an earrach-sa 's a bha cho càirdeil ruinn mu'n am-sa an uraidh. Faodaidh gur h-e, ach có aige tha fios? Mur eil comharradh sònruichte agad air na h-èòin-sa cionnas as urrainn dut a bhith cinnteach?

Ma bhios tu gu math do'n lon-dubh fad a' gheamhraidh, cha dòchuimhnic e thu san earrach. Thig e chun na h-uinneig agad airson criomag arain, agus mus teid mòran làithean seachad bheir a ghob as do làimh na bheir thu dha. Ma bheir thu ceum chun na nide aige bithidh e romhad an sin a chum fàilte a chur ort, agus cha ghluais e ged a shliobadh tu a dhruim min, blàth.

Is iomadh nàbaidh as miosa na'n lon-dubh.
 S. D. T.

Toimhseachan

1. Chaidh mi do'n bheinn is fhuair mi e;
 Shuidh mi air bruaich is dh'iarr mi e;
 A chionn nach d'fhuair mi e thug mi dhachaidh leam e.

(bior sa' chois.)

2. Théid e do'n teine 's cha loisgear e;
 Théid e gu bòrd an rìgh 's cha chaisgear e.
 (solus gréine.)
3. Chì mi, chì mi muigh mu thuath
 Fir gun fhuil gun fheòil gun anam
 Dànnsadh air an talamh fhuar.
 (clachan meallain.)

Comunn Na h-Oigridh

Mr. Alistair Mackenzie, Heathmount, Tain, provided money prizes for "the best letters written in Gaelic" from the children who attended the Fluent Speakers Camp at Cnoc-nan-Ròs last summer. The following is the prize list, and the best letter is shown below:—

- 1st. Norman MacAskill, Daliburgh J.S. School.
- 2nd. Roderick MacNeill, Castlebay;
 Ewan Campbell, Castlebay;
 Valerie MacPherson, Daliburgh J.S. School;
 Mary MacDonald, Torlum J. S. School.
- 3rd. Morag MacDoanld, Torlum J. S. School;
 James MacDonald, Daliburgh J.S. School;
 Neil MacLean, Castlebay.

A Charaid,

Tha mi gu math toilichte gun d'fhuair mise an cothrom seo innse mar a chòrd Campa Comunn na h-Oigridh aig Cnoc-nan-Ròs rium. A chionn agus gur h-e seo an dara turus agamsa a bhith ann bha mi na b'èòlaiche agus fada na bu toilichte. Bhitheamaid a' chuich ball-coise a h-uile latha, agus ag iomain. Nuair a dh'fhàsamaid sgìth de sin thòisicheamaid air dannsa. Bhiodh céilidh goirid againn a h-uile h-oidhche. Tha mi cinnteach gun cuala a h-uile duine an céilidh a bh'air an ràdio a Cnoc-nan-Ròs. An rud a chòrd ruinn uile math gu leòr b'e a' chuairt do Bhaile Dhubh-thaich far an robh na bùthan nach fhàgadh sgillinn 'nad sporan.

Nis on tha mi gu crìochnachadh chan fheumainn an deagh chòcaire a dhìochuimhneachadh. Fhads a bhiodh ise an sud cha bhiodh an t-acras air duine beò. Chaidh na deich latha ann an Campa Comunn na h-Oigridh seachad mar aon latha anns an sgoil. Tha mise an dòchas gum faigh mi an cothrom a dhòl do Chnoc-nan-Ròs turus eile.

Is mise le deagh dhùrachd,
 TORMOD MACASGAILL,
 Sgoil Dhalabrog.

Aiseirigh

Anns a' ghlèann na cnàmhan tioram—
Dubh-chas rainich, mieran lom'
An fhraoich, cròm, aisneach, cìar.
An caorunn seachda, slatan seilich
Air dìobhail fàsagaidh o ghwin nan sian.

An cois na slighe preasan rùisgte
Gun bhrat duilich, lùgach crìon
Am bròn gearhraidh marbh-phaisgt' fuar;
Prasgan bhìoran 'feitheamh dùsgaidh
Sa' ghutha dhìomhair bhreiseas suain.

Preasan ciar-dhubh as eughmais duilleig,
Mulad bàis 'na ealach trom
Le dhubhachas a' lùbadh gheug,
Anail gaoith' troimh'n ghlèann a' tuiream—
Clàrsach ghlac a pong o'n eug.

Shir mi còsagan dlùth dìomhair
'S cha d'fhuair mi gealladh beatha ann;
Peirceal odhar reòt' nam bruach
Fo lion-eudach na còinich chiarghlais;
Culaidh bhàis air dhreach na tuaim.

Alltan glais' fo'n stàlainn reòta,
Iasg gun bhrisgeadh, druidheachd bhalbh
Cur fo gheasaibh smuais an sùrd.
Ealtainn na speur gun bhinneas ceòlraidh;
Nèamh is talamh fo bhrat na tùirs'.

'S mar a sheas mi trom dubhach
An cill nàduir gun sgeul beatha ann,
Bhean oiteag carraich blàth ri m' ghruaidh;
Anail chùbhraidh a rinn mi subhach
Le cogar ùr-bheatha 'n am chluais.

Chuala cnàmhan marbh' a' ghlinne
A' chaismeachd shochoir gu bhì air ghluas'd.
Chaidh clisgeadh aiseirigh troimh'n ghlèann.
Bhris an guth dùsail na cruinne
A' cur sgaòileadh air a cuibhreach theann.

Air meanglan nochd gucag na h-ùr-bhreith,
Ghluais sùgh beatha 's na cuislean marbh'.
Dhùsg cuinlaith le seirm a' chòisridh chiùil.
Tharruing grian o inneag nan speur an
cuirtair,
'Cur gu fògradh na duibhre le mùirn.

An t-alltan ri briodal, saor o gheasaibh
Crònag socair a thàladh mìn;
Iasg meadhrach cluich 's gach cuartaig réidh.
Ceòl, beatha 's gluasad a' co-fhreagairt
Lagh gun chaochladh a' chruinne-ché.

Chunna mi'n glèann, cladh mo dhòchais,
'S chuir e sgàil' air aigne mo dhùil.
Ach 'na aiseirigh chinn m'eagal faoin.
Dh'ath-nuadhaich e dhomh gealladh mo
shòlais
'S lan chinnt neo-bhàsmhorachd chlann
daoin'.

CAILEAN T. MACCOINNICH.

An Comunn Gaidhealach NATIONAL MOD—STIRLING, 1961 Kennedy-Fraser Vocal Solo Competition

As 'Deirdi's Farewell', prescribed for the above is out of print, competitors will be allowed to sing their own choice of song from the Kennedy-Fraser volumes. Competitors must sing with piano accompaniment and a copy of the song, in the appropriate key, must be provided for the accompanist.

Branch Reports

LEWIS

The seating capacity of the Masonic Hall was strained to the utmost by the large attendance at the first ceilidh of 1961.

Piping selections by Pipe Major Donald Maclean supported by pipers K. Macleod and M. Mackenzie came as a pleasant introduction to a programme of solo and quartette singing by members of the Stornoway Gaelic Choir and accordion music by Murdo Macleod. Colin Morrison gave an interesting talk on the life and songs of Dòmhnall Chràisgein, the Barvas bard.

John Macarthur, president of the Branch, presided and Murdo Morrison proposed the vote of thanks.

DUNOON

The first ceilidh of the year held in the Imperial Hall attracted a very good attendance. The programme was sustained by local artistes. The president, James Macdonald, welcomed the company and introduced fear-an-tighe, Neil Maclean, the noted Gaelic singer. Gaelic and English songs were rendered, readings and recitations were given. The accordionist was Robert Lamont, the piper was Billy Maclean, and Mrs. Maclean played the accompaniments.

TIREE

A. H. MacPhail was fear-an-tighe at a well supported ceilidh sponsored by the Cornaig Branch in January. Those who contributed to the evening's entertainment were all local artistes, and they were well received by the audience. The aims of the Branch were re-stated and new members were enrolled. It is planned to have further ceilidhs in February and March.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Bha balach a Tarasaigh latha ann am bùth air an Tairbeart, agus, arsa bodach a bha sa' bhùth ris, "Càite as an tàinig thu bhalaich?" "Thàinig mi a Tarasaigh." "Agus cò leis thu an Tarasaigh?" "Tha mi le a leithid so a dh'fhear." "Agus a bheil fhios agad, a bhalaich, gu bheil thu càirdeach dhòmhsa?" "A bheil?" "Tha, bhalaich; tha mi fhin agus do sheanamhair anns an h-iar-oghaichean." "Iain," ars an ceannaiche, "nach tu tha math air sloinntearachd!" "A bheil fhios agadsa," ars Iain, "dè bha mi deanamh an oidhche roimhe agus gun an còrr agam ri dheanamh; bha mi fiachainn an deidhinn air ais gu Adhamh."

Tha daoine san t-saoghal so agus iad a' deanamh uail a sloinneadh an cuid chon, chaorach is each, agus chan eil fhios agam nach eil a sloinneadh chat is chearc, agus chan eil fhios aca dé an sloinneadh a bha air an seanamhair na dé chiad ainm a bha air aon sinn-seanair a bha aca. Bha té sa' Scarpa a b'athne dhomh agus shloinneadh i gu Mac-Leòid Dhunbheagain. Is e teampull a chanar sa' Scarpa ris an àite adhlaic. Tha eachdraidh sin fhacal sin. Bha daoine sa' Scarpa mu'n am a fhuair mise na faclan a chunnaic an seann chaibeal agus am mullach air. Leag maighstir sgoile Gàidhlig a thàinig a Leódhas an caibeal agus thog e tigh-còmhnuidh le na clachan.

Tha eilean an loch mór am meadhon an Scarpa, agus an uair a phòsadh càraid sa' Scarpa chuirte iad a chadal do'n eilean so airson na ciad oidhche co dhiùbh. Is dòcha leam gun robh Scarpaich sa' linn sin cho fada bho eaglais agus a bha Diabhaig o lugh, agus tha amharus agam gun robh eachdraidh air an eilean ud, agus ceangal aige ri cràbhadh is eoradh bho shean.

Mas math mo bheachd so mar a bha na linn-tean sa' Scarpa: linn mo sheanar; linn nan creach; linn Oisein; agus linn Chailbhein. Is dòcha leam gur h-ann mu linn nan creach a b'fhearr leibh beagan a chluinntinn. Is ann an dèidh do MhacDhòmhnaill nan Eilean a chòraichean a chall agus a dh'fhàgadh an tìr fada agus farsaing gun stòladh a bha linn nan creach ceart ann, agus mar a thuirte Dòmhnall MacFhionnlaigh nan Dàn:

"Bu lionmhor cogadh is creachadh,
Bha'n Loch-abar san uair sin."

Bha gu leòr aca san Eilean Fhada, agus bha iad paill feadh Leòdhais is na Hearadh, agus is e Leódhas bu mhiosa dheth na na Hearadh, oir thàinig cùisean an Leòdhais gu bhith buileach gruamach, fuilteach agus borb.

A boy from Taransay was in a shop in Tarbert one day, and said an old man who was in the shop to him, "Where did you come from, boy?" "I came from Taransay." "Whose son are you in Taransay?" "I am the son of so and so." "And do you know, lad, that you are related to me?" "Am I?" "Yes, lad; I and your grandmother are second cousins." "John," said the merchant, "what a good genealogist you are." "Do you know," said John, "what I was doing the other night as I had nothing else to do; I was trying to go as far back as Adam."

There are people in this world who pride themselves over the lineage of their dogs, their sheep and horses, and I do not know but they do over the lineage of cats and hens, and they do not know the surname of their grandmother nor the first name of one of their great-grandfathers. There was a woman in Scarp I knew and she could trace her genealogy to MacLeod of Dunvegan. The cemetery is called the temple in Scarp. History is woven into that world. There were people in Scarp, at the time I got my teeth, who saw the temple with a roof on it. A schoolmaster who came from Lewis raised the temple to the ground and he built a dwelling place with the stones.

There is an island in a large loch in the centre of Scarp, and when a couple married in Scarp they were sent to sleep in the island for the first night at all events. Possibly the people of Scarp were as far from church as Diabhaig was from the law, and I suspect that island had its own story, and that it was associated with piety and worship of ancient times.

As far as I know this is how they named the eras in Scarp: my grandfather's generation; the age of raids; the era of Oisein; and the age of Cailbhein. I suspect that you would prefer to hear a little about the period of the raids. It was after MacDonalld of the Isles lost his rights, and the country far and wide was unsettled, and that real period of raids existed, and as Donald Finlayson of the Songs said:

"Numerous were wars and raiding,
In Lochabar at that time."

There were plenty of them in the Hebrides, and they were numerous throughout Lewis and Harris. Lewis was worse off than Harris for matters in Lewis reached a very gloomy, bloody and fierce state.

THE DEATHBED OF MANX GAELIC

(By IAIN MACKINNON.)

SOME ten years or so ago students of Celtic Languages were grieved to discover that only a handful of Manx native speakers existed, the youngest of them being 70 years of age and the eldest 89. Recordings were then taken of their voices. Whether there are any of these people alive today I do not know. Actually these people are, or were, exceptional in the generation to which they belonged, for they had been brought up by their grandparents who spoke Gaelic, Manx having virtually died out many years ago. Besides these native speakers there are however other Manx people who can speak Gaelic, roughly about a hundred students of the language classes held in the island. These students, in order to gain as much knowledge as possible of the language, used to cycle round the island visiting the remaining native speakers. They plan to obtain as many recruits as possible in order to save the language from utter extinction, though their efforts do not always meet with approval by some Manx people. "You don't speak Gaelic the way my father used to", they are occasionally told, just as if a Highlander expected a Lowlander to be able to speak Gaelic without flaws or faults.

In 1948 a Welshman, Mr. A. Stanley Davies, visited the island, and afterwards published a brochure entitled "In Search of an Ancient Heritage", dealing with his investigation into the state of the language. All former associations with the language, he found, had long since disappeared from the churches, although he did find at Lezayre Church a memorial tablet to the late William Kneale Lace, Parish Clerk (1856-1940). On it appeared the inscription: "Nee e harvaantyn eshyn y hirveish as hee ad yn eddin echey" (His servants will serve him and they shall see his face). I further quote from his experiences: "In the north (of the island) there were three native speakers alive. In the south they only numbered half-a-dozen, and they were people who had been brought up by their grandparents. I was deeply shocked. I came in the spirit in which Edward Lhuyd (eminent Celtic scholar of his time) visited Cornwall, to study the living language. I found myself like Daines Barrington (Welsh judge and scholar who went to Cornwall to hear Dolly Pentreath speak Cornish) hearing the last of the language from the lips of one of the remaining few to whom English is an acquired tongue. This was not, I realised, enquiring into the remnants of a language.

This was standing at the death-bed of a language. Soon time will touch the retired sailor and the old lady in her fuschia strewn cottage, and when they are gone I will feel like the woman in the north of the island who told me she had tried to learn the Manx, but had given it up. 'For there is no one to talk to'."

Gaels are no doubt aware of the attempts of the Dean of Lismore to write Scottish Gaelic according to English phonetics. It did not succeed, as there already existed a Gaelic literature, though it may not have been of any considerable extent. No such literature however was known to exist in the Isle of Man. Clergymen coming there mainly from England found themselves at a disadvantage in that, at that period, the early 17th century, very few people understood English. It was therefore necessary with the assistance of their Manx colleagues to translate sacred books into Gaelic in order to administer their services. As Gaelic is as unlike English as French, the orthography, as may well be imagined, was chaotic.

Manx is nearer to Scottish Gaelic than Irish, for Manx and Highland fishermen used to understand one another quite well in the old days. From my own knowledge of Scottish I can read Manx fairly well, even allowing for the spelling. Here are some words at random to illustrate the point:—

Scots	Manx	English
Drochaid	Droghad	Bridge
Dona	Donney	Bad
	<i>Pron. (Donna)</i>	
Saor	Seyr	Joiner
	<i>(Ir. or Sc. Pron.)</i>	
Dubh	Doo	Black
Searbh	Sharroo	Bitter
Gobhainn	Gaue	Blacksmith
	<i>(Gayoo)</i>	
Smeur	Smeyr	Bramble
	<i>(Smair)</i>	

There is a great proximity to Scottish Gaelic, especially in the use of the Negative Particle *cha* in preference to the Irish *ni*. But it shares with Irish the use of Eclipsis and the shifting of the stress to the last syllable, which in Scots is practically always stressed on the first. It has of course many features distinct from either of the other two Gaelic languages.

During the seventeenth century and most of the eighteenth English was not generally known in the Isle of Man except by the gentry and, later on, the traders. Church services had to be conducted in Gaelic. First Bishop Phillips in 1610, and later the Manx Clergy

under Bishop Wilson in 1765, published the Manx version of the Prayer Book, but it was not until 1775 that the Manx Bible was printed. There must have been some amusing occasions in church when howlers were made by one or other of the clergy insufficiently versed in one or other of the languages. For instance "Hail, King of the Jews" was translated as "Sniaghtey claghagh, Ree ny Hewnyn", that is in Scots using Sneachd-clachach (or Meallan) instead of Fàilte, or in English applying the noun "hail" instead of the interjection. Another clergyman gave his flock a sermon on the Prodigal Son, describing the fatted calf (yn lheyi beiyht) as the drowned calf (yn lheyi baiht).

For a long time now there had been English schools throughout the island as Bishop Wilson mentions, but the language was not understood by two-thirds of the people, "so hard is it to change the language of a whole country." When English services were first introduced into the churches they met with considerable opposition from the people. With the dawn of the nineteenth century, however, started the gradual decline of the language. People began to regard their mother-tongue as uncouth, and to despise it generally. Consequently its decline was rapid. It may be of interest to Scottish Gaels to compare the following passage and its English translation with their own Gaelic.

In 1872 the Rev. J. T. Clarke wrote: "Ta ard-reittee Vannin noi'n Ghaillck. Ta shir-veishee yn Ghoo jeh dy-chooilley chredjue noi eck. Ta aegid troggit seose nish ny's meehush-tee jeh chengey ny mayrey na va maase y vagheragh cliaghtey ve.

Ayns traa Aspicky'n Wilson as Hildesley, cha voddagh dooinney aeg erbee geddyn stiagh ayns oik y taggartys fegooish Gailck vie ve echey. Ayns yn Chaire-as-feed she Gailck ooilley v'oc—as ayns traa ny briwynn Kaye as Crellin cha b'loys da turneyr erbee cheet kiongoyrt roo nagh voddagh arganey ayns Gailck.

Ta cooinaghtyn aympene, ayns laghyn m'aegid, dy re ayns Gailck va shin ooilley loayrt rish nyn gabbil as nyn ollagh. Eer ny moddee hene mannagh loayragh shin roo ayns Gailck, cha jinnagh ad cloh dooin—agh jeeaghyn myheart y moo, goaill yn yindys s'moo 'sy theihll c' red va shin laccal ad yannoo dooin. Cha row ny moddee voghtey hene toiggal Baarl, son she Gailck ooilley v'oc, as cha row ad goaill nearey jee noadyr."

The Manx Government are against Gaelic. Ministers of the Gospel are believed to be wholly against it. Young people are now brought up more disdainful of their mother-tongue than the beasts of the field used to be.

In the time of Bishops Wilson and Hildesley no young man could enter holy orders without having good Gaelic. In '24 it was entirely Gaelic that they had—and in the time of Judges Kaye and Crellin no solicitor need come before them who was unable to argue in Gaelic.

In my own recollections, in the days of my youth it was in Gaelic that we all spoke to our horses and our cattle. Even the dogs themselves would not work for us unless we spoke to them in Gaelic, but would look about in the greatest surprise wondering what we were wanting them to do for us. The poor dogs themselves did not understand English, for it was all Gaelic they had, and they were not ashamed of it either.

About this time a private census of the language was held by Mr. Henry Jenner of the British Museum, London. He addressed his questionnaire to clergymen in various parishes in the island. English was the general language used in church, although in one or two places Manx services were held once a month. The children as a rule spoke English, though there were a few places where they also spoke Gaelic. One sometimes had three generations, the old people speaking Gaelic only, the parents Gaelic and English, and the children English only. Servants kept up the Gaelic as a class language not understood by their masters. Manx was no longer essential for the discharge of parochial duties.

As the century closed the language had reached such a pitch of neglect that sympathisers felt it necessary to do something about its preservation, and accordingly in 1899 Yn Cheshaght Ghailckagh (Manx Language Society) was founded. Literature has never been a strong point in Man, and there has been considerably less published in Gaelic than in Scotland. Reasons for its decline can be attributed to the attitude of the Church, the immigration of many non-Manx people which soon swamped the natives, emigration of Manx people themselves, and of course the apathy of the Gaelic speakers. The Isle of Man may have a separate government, but its rules being of alien origin, self-government hardly counts. Despite the efforts to arrest its decline that decline continued. In 1901 Gaelic speakers numbered 4,419; by 1921 that number had dwindled to 896, roughly from 8 per cent of the population to under 2 per cent.

What are the lessons to be drawn from all this? The deplorable thing is that a government finding more than one language on its soil considers a small language as a nuisance and tends to introduce uniformity. Thus in Scotland there are children who hear nothing but Gaelic until they go to school when they

are required to adjust themselves all at once to speaking an entirely new language, to them like a foreign language, and which few people in this country see anything wrong with. Surely it would be better to give the child an opportunity of education in his own tongue for two years before being required to learn English. Again, if a language is in danger of extinction, there will always be enthusiasts who will keep, or endeavour to keep, it alive as long as possible, nay, in some cases as in Cornwall, even try to revive it. In spite of our Gaelic Jeremiahs and our utilitarians our language will survive the youngest of us, if not on the mainland at least in the islands. It may even be spoken for centuries to come. Languages no longer go into oblivion as was formerly the case. While Manx may no longer be a native language, it is still spoken by the enthusiastic band of students already mentioned. Whether one agrees with them or not is another matter.

Executive Council

Thirty-six members were present at a meeting of the Council held on 14th January. The President, Mr. Hugh Macphee, was in the Chair, and after extending a warm welcome to members, many of whom had travelled long distances, he wished them all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Sympathetic reference was made to the passing of Mr. A. N. Nicolson, the well-known Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Her Grace The Duchess of Atholl who showed such an interest in the Gaelic cause, Mr. Euan MacDiarmid, an enthusiast in Gaelic and Piping circles, and Mr. Malcolm G. McCallum, the eminent conductor of Campbeltown Gaelic Choir.

It appears that there are good prospects of having Gaelic concerts at this year's Edinburgh Festival, and while awaiting confirmation from the authorities concerned, a Sub-Committee of the Advisory Committee have given consideration to draft programmes for a Concert and Ceilidh.

A minute of the Finance Committee revealed that application is to be made to secure some relief from payment of Rates for Headquarter's premises, the Inverness office, and Cnoc nan Ros.

Miss Macleod has resigned from the office staff and she is leaving on 31st curt. to take up educational studies with a view to entering

the teaching profession. Good wishes were expressed for her future in her chosen career.

On the recommendation of the Education Committee it was decided not to have a Gaelic Summer School in Oban this year but to make every endeavour to hold a Summer School there in 1962. Anyone interested will be welcome at the Course in Celtic Studies, under the auspices of the W.E.A. and An Comunn, in St. Andrews, from 22nd to 29th July of this year. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. G. Arnot, W.E.A., 177 Hill Street, Glasgow, C.3.

It was agreed that in the event of a fifth university being established in Scotland, An Comunn should give full support to Inverness.

It was also agreed, with the co-operation of the Edinburgh Branch, to make full investigation of the position with a view to making a further approach to Edinburgh Education Committee to introduce the teaching of Gaelic in a Secondary School.

At a joint meeting of the Publication and Propaganda Committees serious consideration was given to the cost, distribution and sales of *Sradag*. Investigations are proceeding with a view to securing advertisements for this quarterly. It was agreed that every effort should be made to try and reduce the price and publish the paper once a month.

The Propaganda Committee are making a drive to recruit members for An Comunn, and books of enrolment forms were distributed to members of the Council. Anyone interested in the aims of An Comunn is cordially invited to apply for membership—5/- per annum for Ordinary Members and one payment of three guineas for Life Members.

A minute of the Mod and Music Committee recommended that the ceremony of the Crowning of the Bard should be the second last item (before *French*) on the programme of the first house of the Grand Concert but the Committee retained judgment as to its position at the second house.

Two minutes of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee were submitted. Arrangements have been made to hold the annual camps for fluent speakers and learners of Gaelic. A large number of learners is expected this year and it is likely that two camps may be necessary.

The Committee recommended that the Northern Area Sub-Committee should hold a conference of Gaelic-speaking teachers from the Western Isles and the North, in connection with Comunn na h-Oigridh activities, along with the Northern Area Branch Conference, at Cnoc nan Ros during the Easter holidays.

The President, on behalf of An Comunn accepted with gratitude a photograph of the founders presented by Mr. Farquhar Macleod, Edinburgh.

It was arranged to hold the Gaelic meeting of the Executive Council in Glasgow on Saturday, 11th March, at 10 a.m.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Donald Grant, Vice-President, proposed a vote of thanks to the President for his conduct of the meeting.

Statistical Account of Argyll

The recent Statistical Account of the County of Argyll, under the able editorship of Dr. Colin M. Macdonald, makes interesting and informative reading, though, in parts, depressing too. The task, which, in a county like Argyll with such vast contrasts and changes, has not been an easy one but has been accomplished with marked success.

Depopulation, prevalent throughout the Highland counties, makes a sad enough story here too, but should the pace of depopulation stop short of depleting the manpower of the glens and hamlets beyond economic recovery there are real possibilities that those who remain have every chance of making a comfortable living of it.

The way of life has changed almost out of all recognition within the last half century. The crofter-fishermen has practically ceased to exist, and apart from Oban there is no important fishing port now in the whole county. Agriculture, though different in form, is still important. Notwithstanding the fact that excessive freights are a pressing burden and distance from the markets is a deterrent, the renewed interest in cattle-rearing, and the good profits from sheep-farming are encouraging.

The importance of forestation is rightly stressed. The Forestry Commission has done good work in planting so extensively, but it is doubtful whether further extension is desirable, especially if it has to be made at the expense of good agricultural land. The Tourist Industry, so valuable in both rural and urban areas, is being encouraged, and the need for better trunk roads and modern piers is not overlooked.

Less encouraging is the tale of closing schools in rural districts, the ageing population in many communities, the lack of provision for

church services in Gaelic; and the gradual decay of the Gaelic language in the mainland parts of the county makes distressing reading. Argyll, as far as the Gaelic language and culture are concerned, is at present in the transition stage. What the future pattern will show is becoming more and more evident with the years.

S.D.T.

Corrections

1. In the second last paragraph of the article on Campbell's West Highland Tales in our February issue the names of Neil Macalpine and Hector MacLean were omitted, and Pattison's Christian name should be Thomas, not Neil.

2. The genealogy of the Rev. M. Maclean should read, "Is mise Calum MacDhòmhnaill Oig mhic Dhòmhnaill mhic Chaluin mhic Iain mhic Gille Phàdraig mhic Iain Duibh".

The Genuine Gaelic Ballads

"The place in time occupied by these compositions is one of considerable length—it extends at least as far back as the third century of our era. It is very interesting to note that this body of oral popular literature has been loved, preserved, and rehearsed by the Gaelic clans of Albin for at least a thousand years; for a much longer period, indeed, if we rely on fairly credible tradition.

The inter-tribal struggles described in these ballads—the patriotic resistance against the Norse attempts to obtain supremacy, mixed up as they are with the encroachments of Christianity within the realms of heathenism—took place mainly within the Albinic area. The geographical limits of this area in those early times were very vague and shifting. In a general way they may be said to have embraced the Western Isles, the North-West, and part of the central Highlands, as well as the Isle of Man and Ireland. Over all these regions we watch in these ballads the shadowy movements of our brave ancestors. We hear faint echoes of their names, and the fame of their deeds, the war-cries and voices of their almost semi-mythic heroes."

MACNEILL.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVI

AN GIBLEAN, 1961

Aireamh 4

OIGHREACHD NAN CEILTEACH

THA e soilleir gu leòr gur h-e na Gaidheil, no na Ceiltich, a' chiad rìoghachd mhòr a bha tuath air na h-Alps, agus gur h-e so am fonn as na dh'èirich na rìoghachdan a dh'fhàs suas an déidh làimhe air taobh an iar agus am meadhan na Roinn Eòrpa. Tha e airidh air aithris mar an ceudna nach eil nas sine na litreachas nan Gaidheil, a dh'fhan beò o chian ann an Eirinn agus anns a' Chuimrigh, anns an Roinn Eòrpa air fad ach litreachas na Gréige agus na Ròimhe. Tha e do-sheachnaichte feumail air an aobhar sin gum bi làn eòlas againn air eachdraidh nan Gaidheil ma tha sinn airson sealladh tuigseach a bhith againn air friamhan sluagh na Roinn Eòrpa nuas troimh na linntean.

Feumar cumail air chuimhne nach eil na Gaidheil gu h-iomlan a' labhairt cainnt nan Gaidheil, agus nach e Gaidheil a tha anns na h-uile a labhras an cànan. Chaidh na Ceiltich a bith mar chinneach am mór-roinn na h-Eòrpa an déidh an sgrìos a thug Iulius Céasar orra. Is ann am Breatainn is an Eirinn a mhàin a lean àireamh mhath sluagh an dlùth cheangal mar chinneach gu bhith gleidheadh oighreachd nan Gaidheil.

Chan eil e 'nar sealladh idir iomradh a dheanamh air gluasad nan Ceilteach agus air an t-soirbheachadh a lean iad roimh am eachdraidheadh. Fàgaidh sinn sin aig neach sam bith a tha an dùil gu bheil e mion eòlach air nithean falaichte. Tha e fada nas riarachail iomradh a dheanamh air na nithean a ghabh àite o chionn cheudan bliadhna, nithean air a bheil dearbhadh againn, agus taic a leigeil gu sònraichte air clùis is oighreachd a' chinnich as ainmeile a measg nan Gaidheil—Gaidheil Alba.

Tha e iomchuidh gum biodh fios againn fhìn dé tha sinn a' ciallachadh leis an ainm "Ceilteach." Chan eil cinneach Ceilteach ann an diugh, nas motha na tha Sasannaich fìor-ghlan ann; agus tha teagamh againn nach eil dòigh-beatha Ceilteach ann a bharrachd, ged nach fhaod sinn sin a ràdh anns a h-uile cuideachd. Tha aon ni cinnteach; tha spiorad Gaidhealach no Ceilteach ann fhathast, sealladh beatha a tha Ceilteach 'na nàdur. Is e an spiorad Ceilteach-sa agus na dòighean anns a bheil e faighinn cleachdadh a tha sinn a' ciallachadh leis na facail "oighreachd nan Gaidheil." Chan eil e furasda subhailcean a' Ghaidheil a cheangal an taobh a stigh do chrochan àraidh. Faodaidh aghaidh Gaidheil a bhith air duine gun spiorad a' Ghaidheil a bhith aige, agus faodaidh spiorad ceart a bhith aig neach air a bheil gach ni tarraingeach eile air chail.

Bha a' bhuaidh a bha aig na Gaidheil air cinnich eile na Roinn Eòrpa, agus air an t-saoghal mhòr, a' sruthadh bhuaipa chan ann mar shluagh aonaichte ach gu h-àraidh troimh a' ghnè spioraid a bha 'gan riaghladh. Leis an inntinn mhisneachail sheòlta a bha nàdurach dhaibh, agus le neart am macmeanmna dhealbh iad cruthan eugsamhlaidh 'nan litreachas aig an robh buaidh mhòr air litreachas na Roinn Eòrpa agus litreachas America. Bha comas inntinne anabarrach aca, agus chan fhaodar na h-uirsgeulan a chuir iad ri chéile agus air a bheil ùidh aig mòran a thilgeadh an dara taobh mar nithean nach fiù. Bha e 'nan comas na smaointean a b' àirde is bu doimhne a chur an cruth àghmhor, taitneach.

Sruth an caomhalachd agus an dàimh cho-fhaireachail a bha aca ri nàdur, anns gach

cruth, o 'n spiorad fhaireachail agus o 'n mhacmeanmna a bha 'gan riaghladh fhéin. Ghlac iad sólas nach bu bheag ann a bhíod dol air leth leotha fhéin agus le an smaointean fhéin, cleachdadh a tha tur eadar-dhealaichte ri dòigh nan daoine aig nach eil ach an comhfhurtachd fhéin san amharc, agus a tha air an slugadh suas le saoghaltachd.

Ghluais an spiorad ceudna na Gaidheil anns gach cearnaidh gu bhith toirt àite dligeach do na mnathan, agus gu bhith riochdachadh 'nan litreachas an dealbh-inntinne a bha aca air mnathan coitcheanta, eisimpleir a leanadh gu mór ann an litreachas na Roinn Eòrpa. Bha a' bhuaidh a lean an sealladh a bha aca air inbhe is còir nam ban 'na bheannachd nach gabh tomhas. Cha bu chòir do mhnaoi sam bith a dhol seachad air Gaidheil air an taobh eile, oir tha i fo fhiachan dha gu siorraidh airson an t-saorsa a ràinig i agus an inbhe àird a tha aice anns an dachaidh agus a measg a' mhóir-shluaigh.

Tha an saoghal anns a bheil sinn beò an diugh, saoghal a tha leigeil taice cho mór air maoin is cumhachd, a' cur feuma air mothachadh a' Ghaidheil air àilleachd, a shealladh air an nì a tha ion-mholta, a shreadh air an nì nach gabh glacadh, agus air an doimhneachd spioradail a tha 'na ghnè. Cò aige tha fios nach cuidich fìor spiorad a' Ghaidheil agus an t-oileanachadh a tha aige, ann a bhith fuasgladh nan ceanglaichean a tha sannt, féinealachd agus amharus a' cur air rioghachdan an t-saoghail. Cò aige tha fios nach eil aig na dùthchannan beaga Ceilteach an iuchair a chuireas an saoghal saor o eagal? Tha e glé chinnteach nach e eòlas dhaoine air a' chruithcheadh, no an spàirn 's an saothair, no maoin no cumhachd, no seòltachd no feall, a bheir buaidh mhàireannach a mach. Cha tachair sin ach troimh choibhneas agus deagh-ghean, agus troimh féin-àicheadh ann a bhith cuideachadh leis an fheumach.

Ann an gnè a' Ghaidheil tha uaisleachd a thaobh fialaidheachd, ceartas eadar duine is duine, agus treunachd. Chan eil na subhailcean sin marbh idir. So an dearbh spiorad a ghleidheas an saoghal o ghrodadh. Tha an saoghal mór fo chomain do dh'inntinn is do ghnè a' Ghaidheil airson na buaidhe tha aca air dòigh-beatha dhaoine.

Ma tha na Gaidheil ladarna tha iad sin a thaobh gu bheil iad fada 'nan ceann, agus nach e a h-uile dad a bhacas iad. Chan eil iad gun mhothachadh air an nì tha ceart; chan eil iad saor o shaobh-creideamh; agus cha mhór an rud a chuireas iad air bhoil a chionn gu bheil iad beothail 'nan aignidhean. Fhuair, agus gheibh iad fuasgladh o fhaireachdainnean bròin troimh àilleachd nàduir m'an timcheall, tre chèol agus tre dhathan loinnreach. Cò nach

cuala mu Leabhar *Kells*? So far na ràinig ealain a' Ghaidheil àrd ire. Is mór an rannsachadh a rinn luchd ealain mus do dh'fhàg iad aig na ginealach a thàinig 'nan dèidh saoihbheas luachmhor an leabhair so.

Mar a nochd na Gaidheil am faireachdainnean tre dhathan nochd iad an spiorad a bha anna tre chèol, agus gu h-àraidh tre mhith-chèol. Tha an cèol-sa a gheibhear gun sòradh anns na h-Eileanan agus an latha an diugh, agus a ghlac aire luchd-ciùil cho mór air feadh an t-saoghail, a' toirt an fhuinns as na dh'fhàs e gu soilleir fo ar comhair. Na tuinn a tha sibhhal troimh ghluasad nam fonn sa' chèol Ghaidhealach 's e tuinn a' Chuain a Siar fhéin a tha ann. Dh'fhasgain iomadh ginealach na h-òrain anns am motha gheibhear de ghluasad a' chuain, agus anns an lorgar na bha an cuan a' ciallachadh do na seinneadairean. Tha tàladh a bharrachd anns a' mhith-chèol, agus tha cumhachd ann mar am fàileadh cùbhraidh gu bhith dùsgadh aoibhneasgun ghaoid. Thamothachadh a' Ghaidheil air àilleachd anns an t-seadh as fharsainge 'ga nochdadh fhéin 'na ealain, 'na òrain, agus anns a' bhreithneachd spioradail a tha aige.

Tha spiorad a' Ghaidheil-sa 'ga chomharrachadh a mach o chinnich eile an t-saoghail. Tha aomaidhean domhain spioradail nàdurraich dha. A chionn gu bheil e tèò-chridheach tha aignidhean furasda an gluasad araon le aoibhneas is le bròn, agus tha co-fhaireachadh làidir aige ris an neach a tha anshocrach, feumach, nì a tha 'ga fhàgail ullamh gu bhith sineadh làmh-chuidich an deagh am.

Tha àirde is doimhne 'na ghnè mar thoradh air gu bheil e air a thogail a measg nam beann, no an aonaranachd nan gleann, no an cois a' chuain mhóir. Fo chomhair a shùla doannan tha dathan an fhuinng agus nan uisgeachan a' caochladh gun sgur; tha srann na gaoithe 'na chluais gu minic, agus borbhan nan sruth a' labhairt ris 'na chadal agus 'na dhùisg; ruigidh beòlraigaich nan tonn air tràigh e a latha is a dh'oidhche, no cumaidh buillean troma a' chuain air na creagan 'na dhùisg e. Mar sin chan eil teicheadh ann dha o nàdur m'a thimcheall, agus tha ceangal diomhair eatorra. Chan urrainn e spiorad an iongaidh a leigeil air dearmad uair air bith. Tha mac-talla 'na chridhe a' co-fhreachairt do na guthan a tha bualadh air o gach taobh. Leanaidh guthan a sheann eòlais e do gach àite do'n téid e. Labhaird iad ris 'na smaoin agus 'na chridhe. Togaidh na beanntan an cinn as ùr nuair is fhaide bhuapa e, cluinnidh e gair a' chuain mhóir agus gaoir nan eas, no borbhan an uilt air a thurus gu tràigh. An ceangal a bha aige ris an dachaidh chan fhàg e air a chùl.

Chan eil e duilich idir a chreidsinn gu bheil

neach a tha cho fosgailte do dh'iongnaidhean agus do mhórachd nàduir ullamh gu bhith gabhail le aoibhneas agus le làn chreideas ris na taisbeanaidhean as motha a choinnicheas ris. Gheibh maitheas is creideamh fonn freagarrach an inntinn agus an aignidhean an neach a tha cho furasda a ghluasad le àilleachd an t-saoghail anns a bheil e beò. Tha an Gaidheal iongantach beothail 'na smaoin agus 'na fhàireachdainn; ann an gnùis nàduir lorgaidh e samhlaidhean is iongnaidhean a chumas meòmarachadh ris. Air a thogail am meadhon suidhichean far a bheil feum cho mòr air dian shaothair airson a theachd-an-tìr a chosnadh dh'ionnsaich e a bhith riarichte le beagan. An ionadan aonaranach na Gaidhealtachd, a measg gach cruaidh-chàs, dh'àraicheadh daoine is mnathan le inntinnean geurhuseach, le cumadh an fheallsanaich, comasach ceistean domhain a rannsachadh agus a fhreagairt gu pongail, solusach. Seasaidh iad so an àite ge b'e cuideachd anns a faighear iad, gun sochair gun deireas.

Chithear gun do dh'fhoillsich an spiorad air na rinn sinn iomradh e fhéin ann an iomadh dòigh, ach gu sònraichte anns na dòighean a leanas. Lorgar e 'na chaint, 'na litreachas, 'na òrain agus 'na chèul. Tha cainnt sluaigh daonnan a' nochdadh ciod a' ghnè dhaoine a tha 'ga cleachdadh. Ma tha iad laghail agus cruaidh-chridheach bithidh an cainnt fuar is cruaidh; ma tha iad ealanta 'nan gnìomharan bithidh an cainnt sgoimneil, liomhaidh; ma tha iad 'nan luchd-aoraidh mar na h-Ìubhaich bithidh an cainnt cràbhach, uasal, àrd.

Aig na Gaidheil, a tha saobhear ann am faireachdainnean uasal agus a tha coibhneil, càirdeil 'nan dòigh, gheibhear cainnt a tha blàth agus tairiseach agus anns a bheil tàladh is fagaisgeachd.

Ann an litreachas a' Ghaidheil lorgar tobar an eòlais agus a' ghliocais, maille ri àbhacas gun ghò. 'Na uirsgeulan gheibhear farsaingeachd gun chrìoch. Tha doimhne is fad an cuid aca a tha nochdadh nach robh dìth seallaidh no ùine air a' mhuinntir a thug bith dhaibh, no a rinn aithris orra.

'Na bhàrdachd tha ceòl is toinise mar as trice a' coiseachd làmh air làimh. Gheibhear innte mar an ceudna dealbh-inntinne ealanta solusach, aignidhean sònraichte, dealtradh gach dath, agus a nàdur seisealta fhéin. Anns na mith-òrain, a tha beò fhathast agus air bilean an t-sluaigh, co dhùibh anns na h-eileanan, tha ceòl is mìlseachd is tarraingeachd. Ged nach eil na h-òrain ghlìomha air an cleachdadh an cois na h-oibreach mar a bha, tha móran diubh fhathast air an seinn. Saoil sibh am biodh e cus dòchas altruin gun tig an latha anns am bi sgoilean-ciùil air an stéidheachadh air mith-chèul air an cur air chois an cuid de na

dùthchannan Ceilteach mar a tha aca sa' Ghearmailt agus an Lochlainn? Carson nach tig?

Is dòcha gur h-e an t-seirbhis as motha a rinn Gaidheil Alba do shluaigh an t-saoghail a' bheannachd a shruth uapa an lorg an àite a thug iad do Dhia 'nam beatha làitheil, agus 'nan obair. Tha Alasdair Mac'Ille Mhìcheil, a bha cho mion eòlach air cridhe nan Gaidheal a measg na ghluais e air tìr-mòr agus anns na h-eileanan a Siar, a' deanamh iomraidh air an àite a bha fìor spiorad na diadhachd a' faighinn 'nan cleachdadh. Lean sin gun an latha an diugh. Mar luchd-àitich an tìrean céine, mar lighichean, mar luchd-teagaisg, mar luchd-ceàird, agus mar mhinistearan an iomadh dùthaich thug iad daoine anns gach fìne aghaidh ri aghaidh ris na nithean as uaisle agus as àirde am beatha an duine.

Aig an tigh bha barrachd làimhe aig Gaidheil Alba ann a bhith togail an dùthcha chum an ìre a ràinig i na tha cuid againn an dùil. An cois gach gleann is eilean a théid fàs anns a' Ghaidhealtachd tha cànanan subsainteach, agus dòigh-beatha uasal a' crìonadh agus a' dol air dòichuimhne.

Thug sinn iomradh mar a tha a' ghnè àite anns na dh'àraicheadh na Gaidheil a' toirt a chumaidh fhéin air sealladh beatha an luchd-àitich. Is dòcha gur h-e an t-àite mór a thug iad do'n Bhìobull Ghàidhlig anns an dachaidh agus anns an eaglais o chionn suas ri dà cheud bliadhna nis a dh'fhàg iad 'nan daoine sònraichte troimh bheil buaidh éifeachdach a' ruighinn trompa air an t-saoghal 'nar latha fhin.

Do Chalum

Dh' fhalbh mo charaid dileas lurach;
Thug e sgrìob do thìr a' bhàis.
Thuit am blàth is shearg an duilleag
Bha mar thùis air machair 'fàs.

Shil na neòil an deòirean mulaid,
Shéid a' ghaoth orm as gach àird.
Dòruinn m'inntinn!—sint' san tulach—
Leth mo bhòin, mo chridhe sgàinnt'.

Cuimhne chùbhraidh air a' churaidh,
Rogha seanachaidh 's an sàr bhàrd.
A' bhith 's a' bhuaidh a bh'aig an urra
Seasadh suaint' ri m' bheatha 'sàs.

'S diomhain dhòmhs' a bhith fo mhulad,
Cha dean bròn mo chridhe blàth.
Soiridh leat an dràs 's tu ullamh
Gu'n coinnich sinn an Tìr an Aigh.

S.S.

“NA BRAITHREAN”

Le POL MACAONGHAIS.

THOG an t-eathar, le sraon math oirre, a mach o'n laimrig agus sméid na bha na broinn 's na bha de shluagh aig oir a' chladaich 'g an coimhead . Bha h-uile duine riamh de na bha air tìr, co dhiùbh—ag eubhach còmhladh 's a' lasganaich gu cridheil agus, os cionn fuaim an eathair, chualas rudan conasach, di-bhearsaineach 'ga thilgeil as déidh na muinntir a bha falbh.

Bha triùir san eathar, Seòras Fhearchair Mhóir agus Màiri, a bhean òg a phòs e aig meadhon-latha an lath' ud fhéin agus, shìos air tobhta na stiùireach, le lasadh an uisge-bheatha 'na shùil, a bhráthair, Calum.

Nuair a thog iad beagan o thìr, 's nach chluinnte tuilleadh an eubhach san othail chridheil o luchd na bainnse, thuit sàmchuir eatorra agus thàinig nàdur de ghruaim, nach robh uile gu léir freagarrach air bathais fear-bainnse, air aodan Sheòrais. Cha robh gnoth-uichean a' còrdadh idir ris. Cha bi so idir an t-eathar anns am bu chòir dha a bhith togail air, le mnaoi òig ri ghualainn, agus gu dearbh, nuair a chluinneas sinn barrachd, faodaidh gun gabh sinn a leisgeul airson am beachd sin a bhith aige.

Cha robh teagamh nach robh h-uile duine measail air Seòras agus air Calum, dithis ghillean Fhearchair Mhóir. Bha'n dithis cho eu-coltach 'sa bha'n latha bho'n oidhche, ach, air a shon sin, bha iad 'nan gillean laghach le chéile.

Bha an t-eadar-dhealachadh so, a bha cho mór an diugh, follaiseach eadhon nuair a bha iad a' dol do'n sgoil. Bha Seòras socair, stòlda, caran sàmhach 'na dhòigh agus Calum—uill, bha Calum 'na Chalum—toirmeasg ma rugadh fear riamh gun chùram aige do ni sam bith.

Cha robh mì-mhodh no conas a' dol nach fhaighte Calum 'na mheasg ach bha e de'n treubh sin air nach gabhar gràin am feasda ged air bith dé ni iad. Bha eanchainn mhath aca le chéile ach cha robh teagamh nach b'ann aig Seòras a bha an té b'fheàrr. Rinn am maighstir-sgoile a dhìcheall ris nuair a thuig e gun deanadh Seòras deagh sgoileir agus cha b'fhada gun an deach a chur do'n Ard-Sgoil far an do rinn e cho fìor mhath 's gun robh moit mhór air athair, air a' mhaighstir-sgoile agus gu dearbh air gach duine bha san eilean.

Ach nuair thàinig am dol do'n Oil-thigh, rud ris an robh dùil aig gach duine, is ann a chaidh Seòras, mo liadh, a dh'obair do bhùth marsantachd ann an Glaschu. Cha robh an seann Ghrandach air a dhòigh nuair a thachair

so agus cha robh, gu dearbh na Fearchar Mór fhéin, ged nach tuirt e mórán.

Co dhiùbh, chuir Seòras mu seach dòrlach math airgid aig a chosnadh so agus an ceann ceithir bliadhna thàinig e dhachaidh, thog e bùth mhór shnasail aig ceann an rathaid, agus thòisich e air marsantachd. Shoirbhich gu math leis agus rinn e airgid mór. Bha h-uile duine ag ràdh gum bu mhath an airidh, cuideachd. Bha meas air Seòras.

Bha Calum e fhéin math air deanamh airgid. Feadhainn a chanadh gu robh e deanamh nan ceudan ann an aon ràithe air giomaich 's air sgadan ach cha robh e, air a shon sin, ro mhath air a ghleidheadh. Bha chuid bu mhòtha dol ann an gòraiche agus chanadh iad mu dheidhinn uaireannan gu robh e caran déigheil air a' bhòt. Faodar a thigsinn nach robh cosg an airgid a' cur uallaich mhóir sam bith air Calum còir. Bha toireadh sa' chuan agus cha robh mórán anns na h-eileannan an iar—ma bha duin idir ann—d'am b'fheàrr a b'aithe thoir as na e fhéin. Bha shlàinte aige agus deagh mhiseachd agus, gun bhòsd sam bith, bha fios aige fhéin gu robh e 'na dheagh mhar-aiche. Carson mar sin a bhiodh uallach air mu airgid a chur mu seach?

Nan tigeadh gnothuichean teann air (rud nach tigeadh) nach fhaigheadh e iasad o Sheòras, dìreach mar a gheibheadh esan bhuaithe-san e nan tachradh e bhith aige 's nan tachradh do Sheòras iarraidh air? Dé b'fhiach a bhith deanamh airgid, co dhiùbh, gun beagan spòrs a bhith 'na chois?

Beagan an déidh do Sheòras tòiseachadh air marsantachd, chaochail an seann Ghrandach agus thàinig Màiri, nighean òg a Earra-Ghaidheal a chumail sgoile air an eilean. Chan e mhàin gu robh Màiri so òg ach bha i cho maiseach 's gun do chuir i droch thuaineal an ceann gach fireannach a bha san àite. Thuir na cailleachan (rud beag, biodach farmadach) nach biodh cion suiridheachan air an té ud, co dhiùbh. Thuir na bodaich—uill, thuir iadsan iomadach rud agus feadhainn a dh'aidich gu'm b'òlc an rud an t-seann aois; mur biodh i bhiodh iad fhéin shuas mu'n tigh-sgoile!

Ach, co dhiùbh, 's e bun a bh'ann gu robh Seòras is Calum Fhearchair Mhóir an tòir oirre le chéile agus fad ùine mhóir cha robh fios aig duine cò fear de mhic Fhearchair a phòsadh i air a cheann thall. Cha robh cinnteach ach aon rud—bha i measail orra le chéile.

Ann an suidheachadh de'n t-seòrsa so feumar taghadh a dheanamh uaireigin; cha ghabh e cur a thaobh o latha gu latha agus nuair a

rinn Màiri a roghainn mu dheireadh thall, b' e Seòras fear d' an tug i a làmh.

Rinneadh ullachadh mòr airson na bainnse agus, mar a shaoileadh freagarrach, rinneadh ullachadh cuideachd gu falbh air an turas air am bith luchd an ùr-phòsaidh a' falbh am bitheantas an diugh. Nuair a bhiodh a' bhanais an deagh ire, bha an dithis òg a' dol a thogail orra ann an eathar Thormoid Bhàin agus bhiodh iad ann an Loch Ròmasdal roimh dhòl fodha na gréine, far an glacadh iad am bàta bheireadh gu tìr-mòr iad.

Ach, mo chreach, nuair thàinig an uair, cha b'urrainn do Thormoid aon dig a thoirt as an eathar. Eathar Mhurchaidh? Bha ise thall aig saor na h-àirde an iar. Cha robh dol as mar sin ann ach iarraidh air Calum, a bhràthair, an t-aiseag a thoirt dhaibh gu Loch Ròmasdal.

Agus 's e sin bu choireach gu robh an trìubair aca a' togail a mach as a' bhàgh an is is gun fhacal eatorra. Ach ma bha an suidheachadh so a' toirt mì-thlachd do Sheòras 's do Mhàiri, cha robh e, a réir choltais, a' cur dragh sam bith air Calum. Thòisich e air plòlachan òrain agus nuair a nochd iad a mach air a' ghrioba 'sa chunnacas mu'n coinneamh an t-eilean sèimh Sgitheanach taobh thall a' chuain dhaibh, lion a chridhe le sòlas agus shaoil e, air an fheasgar ghrianach ud, gu robh eireachdas air a' chruinne.

Ged a bha 'm feasgar socair bha an cuan rudeigin an-fhoiseil o'n t-seachdain 'sa chaidh agus bha'n t-eathar a' deanamh bogadaich gu leòr nuair a chaidh a sròn a mach air an t-seòlaid. Thug Calum sùil air Màiri ach cha robh an tulgadh-mara a' cur uallach sam bith oirre.

Bha e deanamh deiseil gus an t-eathar a chur air a tarsainn agus a tionndadh do'n tuath nuair a thug e'n aire do dh'eathar eile mu mhìle deas orra agus, 'na bheachd-san, b'ann glé fhaig air bogha na bèist a bha i. Agus gu dé bha fa-near do na daoine idir? Le sruth mar so bha còir aca an deagh aire thoirt air a' bhogha agus a sheachnadh gu math. Dh'fheith e greis agus mar a b'fhaide choimheadadh e 's ann bu chinntiche bha e gu robh an t-eathar 'na stad. Ma bha dad ceàrr, bha na fèaraibh ann an cùnnart—chluinneadh tu am bogha bristeadh agus abair nuallan! Chuir e'n t-eathar a deas, cho luath 'sa bh'aise agus thug e dhith làn a h-astair. Nuair a sheall Seòras is Màiri air, sheall e dhaibh am bàta 's dh'innis e mar a bha.

"Uill, rachamaid g' an cuideachadh gun teagamh", arsa Seòras (rud a bha iad a' deanamh) "ach feach nach cuirear maill ro mhòr oirnn. Air chor sam bith, cha'n fhem sin am bàta a chall". Cha tuirt Calum dad.

Gu fortanach bha eathar Chalum luath agus

leis an t-sruth leotha, cha b'fhada gus an robh iad a' teanadh faisg air an eathar eile. Bha dithis innte is gun aca ach aon ràmh. Leis an uigheam bhochd so bha fear dhiubh a' deanamh a dh'ichill air an cumail o'n sgeir is am fear eile 'na fhalus crom am meadhan an eathair, a' feachainn ri rudeigin a chàradh gu cabhagach. Cha ruigte leas-innse dhaibh gur ann cunnartach a bha'n staid—bha fios aca fìor mhath air.

"Gu dearbh, 's ann 'na uair a thàinig sinn". arsa Calum, 's e ag éirigh 'na sheasamh, "So, a Sheòrais, gabh an stiùir agus thoir ruaig a stigh cho faisg 's as urrainn dhut. Chan eil am ball agam ach goirrid 's mar a faigh mi thuca e sa' mhionaid bidh iad air a' chreig!"

Leum e do'n toiseach 's phaisg e'n ròp an deisealas agus chuir Seòras a h-aghaidh air an sgeir. Bha fuaim eagalach bhàrr a' bhogha nis agus leis an dìon-thràthadh b'ann na bu mhiosa bhitheadh e. Bha na stuaghan a' sìor éirigh le cireanan eaglach orra—'gam bualadh fhéin air an stalla le fuaim a tha mar thurtar gunna mhóir, 's nuair a shùighe air ais na h-uisgeachan bha sèitean oillteil aca mar anail nan uile-bhéist.

Troigh air throigh dhùlthaich iad ris an eathar eile. Nis, feumar a chuimhneachadh nach robh Seòras idir tur aineolach air gnothuchean mara agus, mar sin, thuigeadh e cunnartan cuain na bu luaithe na mòran mharsantan. Cha ghann a ghabh e'n stiùir na dh'fhaicidh e le iomagain, mar a bha a' mhuir a' spionadh an eathair 's a' deanamh a toil fhéin oirre agus gu dé bha dol a thachairt nuair a rachadh iad na b'fhaide stigh? A Thigearna, dé mar a rachadh aige air a toirt as? Bhùrhdh fallus fuar troimhe 's e feitheamh ri focal o Chalum. Dia 'gar gleidheadh, carson nach robh e toirt comharradh bha a' cumail a mach—an ann as a rian buileach glan a bha e? Agus Màiri—robh for aige idir air Màiri, san eathar chaol so a bhiodh an ceartuair 'na biorain air a' chreig mur a tilleadh iad?.

Dh'fheith Seòras cho fad 'sa b'urrainn dha ach mu dheireadh ged a bhiodh a bheatha an crochadh ris cha b'urrainn dha dhòl òrleach na b'fhaig air a' chaoch uamhasach ud a bha goil 's a' beacadh mu choineamh. Le uile neart chuir e'm falmadair a null cho fad 'sa rachadh e agus gu h-ealamh thionndaidh an t-eathar caol a h-aghaidh a mach.

Shuas anns an toiseach theab Calum a dhòl thar na cliathaich leis mar a chaidh an t-eathar cho ealamh air a tarsainn.

"Cum a stigh i, 'n ainm Dhia riut, cum a stigh i!" dh'eubh e 's e cionn fuaim nan uisgeachan, ach cha tug Seòras feairt. Cho luath 'sa ghabhadh deanamh thilg Calum am ball cho fad 'sa b'urrainn dha gu na truaghain a bha

nis ri oir a' bhogha ach ged a ruith an ròp a mach gu dìreach réidh cha ruigeadh e buileach na làmhna a bha sinnte mach 'ga fheitheamh. Gun mhaill tharraing Calum air ais e agus dh'eubh e.

"Mu'n cuairt i, mu'n cuairt i, cuir a ceann a stigh!"

Thug Seòras mu'n cuairt i cho luath 'sa thigeadh i ach cha ghnann a bha h-aghaidh air ais a stigh na dh'éirich a' mhuir fo ghualainn an eathair a bha mu'n coinneamh agus spionadh air falbh i mar gun spiontadh bàta-sealasdair agus chaitheadh ris a' bhogha i!

Cha do ghluais duine an eathar Chalum. Ach . . . dad ort . . . A Thi Naomha, cha ghabhadh e creidsinn! Bha'n t-eathar eile fhathast sàbhailte—co dhùibh gus am beireadh an ath stuagh oirre. Ach ciamar air thalamh bhuan . . . ?

B'ann nuair a shìolaidh a' stuagh mhór a thog an t-eathar eile, a thuig iad gu robh seòrsa chachlaidh dhomhain ann an teis meadhon a' bhogha agus le fìor mhiorbhuile, chaidh aig an eathar air seòladh troimh 'n chlai chumhang so agus bha i nis, Dia beannaich sinn, air an taobh thall—air bhog, 's gun eadhon làrach oirre! Ach cha b'fhad' a mhaireadh so. Mur a togadh iad a mach as an t-saor-uisge a dh' aithghearr chuireadh bristeadh no dhà bhàrr a' bhogha do'n ghrinneal iad.

Anns an eathar aige fhéin ruith Calum chun na stiùireach is ruig e Seòras suas far an robh Màiri. Bha Seòras air eubh a thoirt as, oir bha iad ro fhada stigh a nis 's cha robh duine bheireadh as i ach Calum fhéin agus bhiodh a dhiall aige. Fad na h-ùine cha do leag Calum a shùil bhàrr a' bhogha agus far am fac e an sgoltadh. Chrom e ris an *engine* agus thug e dh'fà h-astar. Thòisich na pluitheanean air turtraich 's air deanamh cop fo sliasaid agus theann-ghreimich e'n stiùir.

Cha b'e eubh a rinn Seòras ach sgiamh nuair a chunnaic e dé bha dol a thachair, ach cha tug Calum feartir sam bith. Cha robh dol as ann a nis agus rug a' mhuir orra gu sgoineach mu'n do thàr dhaibh anail a tharraing, agus suas air druim na stuaidh chaidh an slaodadh. Thug iad leum asda nuair a chuala iad an d'osgan a rinn cliathach an eathair air té de na sgeilpichean oillteil a bha fo cruachan, ach taing do Dhia, cha robh ann ach slòbadh beag agus, mu'n abradh tu dig, bha iad air taobh thall a' bhogha!

Cha robh ùine aig Calum air stad nuair a chunnaic e Màiri a' tuiteam bhàrr na tobhta ann an laigse. Bha e trang ris an *engine* 's bha e cho math gu robh, neo bhiodhtadh air an sàdail air muin an eathair eile. Chaidh aige, co dhùibh, air a toiseach a chur ri deireadh na t-eile gun sgailc ro mhór a thoirt dhi agus aon

uair eile, chuir e eathar fhéin air adhart cho luath 'sa rachadh i, 's tuipad na t-eile roimpe. Rinn na bha san dà eathar an urmigh bu dùrachdaiche rinn iad riamh oir chual' iad uile am fuaim uamhasach air an cùlthaobh. Nuas as an déidh thàinig am bristeadh bhàrr a' bhogha. Ach bha'n t-eathar caol a' deanamh a dichill, agus ged a rinneadh loineadh math orra, thug i as iad 'na uair.

Abair gu robh còmhradh ann, nuair a thàinig an dà eathar còmhladh pìos o'n bhogha! Fhuair Calum gu leòr a ràdh ris agus ged a mhol iad a mhisneachd fhuair e dheagh chàineadh o'n dithis choigreach airson an rud a b'uamhasaiche 's bu lugha tìr a chunnaic iad riamh 'g a dheanamh aig muir a dheanamh. Cha do rinn Calum ach gàire dheanamh. Bha fios aige glé mhath dé bha 'nan cridhe aig an am ud. Cha tuirt Màiri no Seòras dig mu dheidhinn. An déidh balgam uisge bheatha agus crathadh no dhà air ceann bha Màiri ann an deagh chàradh a rithist.

An déidh togha thoirt do'n eathar eile gu Rudha an Fhéidh, rinneadh air Loch Ròma-aisdeal cho luath 'sa ghabhadh deanamh agus bha'n t-sàmchair eadar an trìuir cho trom 'sa bha i nuair a dh'fhàg iad.

Bha am bàta mòr a' togail a mach o bheil an Locha nuair a nochd iad, ach stad an sgiobair dhaibh nuair a chunnaic e Calum a' sméideadh. B' aithne dha an t-eathar caol glé mhath agus am fear leis am bu leis i. Le snodha gàire chrath an sgiobair a cheann 's thug e daingean air an *telegraph*. Bha e cuimhneachadh air oidhche mhór a bh'aca bho chionn dà bhliadhna mu'n tàinig beagan gliocas thuige. A shiort-uidh, nam biodh fios aig a mhnaoi aige cho gòrach 'sa bha e uaireanan!

Fhuair Seòras is Màiri air bòrd agus thugadh cuideachadh dhaibh leis na bagaichean. Nuair a thog eathar Chalum air falbh mu dheireadh thall cha b'urrainn Màiri gun a bhith dol fo smaointean. Agus gu dé bha 'na beachd?—Dé ach gun robh i sìor fhàs cinnteach gun do thagh i 'm fear ceàrr de mhic Fhearchair Mhóir.

Dh'innseadh an naidheachd-sa air an ràdio.

Morair Is Ban-Tighearna

Bha ban-tighearna nan Gòrdanach cho cumaidh dealbhach 'na bodhaig 's a dheanadh Alba air dad, agus bha i eireachdail da réir. Ghabh morair Sasunnach an t-sealg is an t-iasgach air an oighreachd. Ged nach robh e riamh roimhe san dùthaich bha moit mhór air airson cho math 's a thog e a' Bheurla Albannach. Mu'n deach e air ais a Lunnainn

rinn e cuirm mhór do mhaithean an àite, agus bha a' bhan-Górdanach sa' chuideachd. Rinn an Sasunnach uaill airson cho math 's a bha cainnt nan Albannach aige, agus chuir e geall nach robh duine an lùthair a chanadh ris rud nach tuigeadh e. Thuirt ise ris, "Cum pree ma mou ma canty callant". An déidh làimhe bha esan air a dhórranachadh nach do thuig e dé bha ir a ciallachadh. Mur eil a' Bheurla Albannach aig duine agaibh, is e sin an dearbh chuireadh a thug an t-Eirionnach do'n bhan-altruim a bha sealltainn ris is e air a leòn anns a' chogadh. Thuirt esan ris an té a bha frithealadh dha, "Tabhair póg mo chailin òg". Ach is beag a bha dh'fhios aige gun robh Iain Dòmhnallach, a thuigeadh e, san ath leabaidh ris.

AN TARAN.

Uibhist A Tuath:

geàrr-chunntas air maoin-eachdraidh an eilein

(A' chiad duais aig Mòd, 1960.)

THUIRT fear d'am b'áithne gu robh maoin-eachdraidh na dùthcha gu ire bhig na bu chudthromaiche na gach seòrsa eachdraidh eile a chionn gu robh ceangal do-sgarichte eadar i agus an sluagh gu léir anns gach linn. Thatar an diugh a' deanamh móran sgrúdaidh air maoin-eachdraidh agus tha an rannsachadh so a' tilgeil soluis air caithe-beatha ar sinnsrean agus air gach eadar-dhealachadh agus coimeas a tha eadar sinne agus iadsan 'nar crannchur agus 'nar n-obair.

A thoradh air a bhith iomallach b'fheudar do na h-Eileanan a bhith leagailte ri cion cosnaidh bho thùs, agus gu ruig an latha an diugh cha do bhuannaich iadsan am beartas a fhuair an còrr de'n dùthaich ri linn obair is ealain. Ach chan eil sin a' ciallachadh nach buin maoin-eachdraidh do na h-eileanan cho cinnteach ri àiteachan eile. Ged nach robh na cothroman mór bha an sluagh daonnan dripeil an sàs anns an teachd-an-tìr bho chd a bha aca. B'e muir is fearann bu chùl-taice dhaibh, ach thigeadh obraichean eile an rathad an comhair gach ama a bheireadh cobhair. Ni airc innleacht, agus gu dearbh tha sin fìor a thaobh caithe-beatha nan eileanach. Chan ann suas ri calpa na rìoghachd a bha na seann laoidh idir. Mu'n timcheall dh'fhaodte ràdh le cinnt, "Le fallus do ghruaidh ithidh tu aran."

Anns an oidhirp so air beagan de mhaoin-eachdraidh aon de na h-eileanan a libhrigeadh, tha mi an dòchas gun soilleirich mi cho fìor 's a tha an ràdh sin a thaobh ar n-athraichean. Gus m'fhacal a theannachadh treòraicheam

bhur n-aire a dh'ionnsaigh aon de eileanan Ìnnshe Gall—Uibhist a Tuath.

Is ann mu'n am anns an robh na h-Eileanan a Siar fo chuing nan Lochlannach a gheibh sinn a' chiad iomradh earbsach air eachdraidh Uibhist. Bho riaghladh nan Lochlannach bhrùchd Tighearnas nan Eilean, agus r'e iomadh bliadhna bha Uibhist 'na aobhar connspaid aig na fineachan a bha sìreadh seilbh air, gu h-àraidh na Dòmhnallaich agus na Leòdaich. Mhair an connsachadh gu déidh bliadhna Thearlaich, nuair a theann ùghdarras nan ceann-cinnidh agus dilseachd nam fineachan air seacadh. Aig toiseach na seachdamh linne deug rinneadh oidhirp air ceannairich nan eilean a chur fo smachd agus dh'fhàgadh riaghladh cuid dhiubh an urra ri Iarla Huntlaidh. Chaidh màl ceud punnd Albannach a chur air airson fearann Uibhist. B'e Caitligeach a bha anns an Iarla, agus nuair a chunnaic na Pròsd-anaich an inbhe anns an do shuidhicheadh e dh'èirich i shuas orra is cha ghabhadh iad ris a muigh no mach. Mar sin cha b'fhada gus an do chail e an t-ùghdarras a fhuair e.

Thug luchd-àiteachaidh Uibhist bho thùs am beò-shlainte as an fhearann. Anns na linntean a dh'fhalbh bha iad an crochadh air talamh àitich na bu mhòtha na bha iad air talamh ionaltraidh. Ach airson ùine mhór cha robh an t-adhartas a rinneadh ach mar làimh. Bha an talamh air a threachaid anns an t-seann rian ris an cante "roinn-ruith", agus ann am baile no dha tha iarmad dheth fhathast. Bha am modh tuathanachais so 'na cheap-tuislidh do leasachadh sam bith a dh'fhaodadh tighinn an rathad. Bha cnap-starra no dha eile ann cuideachd. Uair no dha thainig bochdainn agus uireasbhaidh an luib tinneas gabhaltach a bhiodh a' bualadh a' chruidh agus a' toirt beàrn mhór ann an àireamh na spréidhe. Bho am gu am, cuideachd, bhiodh an làn-reothairt ag éirigh cho àrd 's gun robh e cur móran de thalamh àitich bho fheum. Thug an Cuan Siar caochladh nach bu bheag air fearann Uibhist. Anns a' bhliadhna 1542 chaidh màl Uibhist a Tuath a lughdachadh mar thoradh air gun do bhris a' mhuir a steach air cuid de'n fhearann. Roimhe so bha am fearann air a mheas aig trì fichead marg, agus chaidh so a leagail gu dà fhichead marg agus a sia.

Dà ceud bliadhna an déidh sin thachair an dearbh rud a rithist. Ann an litir a chaidh a sheòladh a Uibhist a Tuath anns a' bhliadhna 1721 a dh'ionnsaigh Luchd Ùghdarras nam Fearann Arbhartaichte tha iomradh air plàigh a bhith a measa a' chruidh anns na bliadhnan 1717 agus 1721. Bha an calltachd air a mheas aig còrr is seachd ceud mart, suas ri sia ceud beathach eich agus còrr is ochd ceud caora. Anns a' cheart bhliadhna, 1721, aig an Fhéill

Bhrìghde bhris a' mhuir a steach air an fhearann "a' leagail mhóran thighean agus a' cur dhaoine ann an cunnart an beatha".

An comhair gach ama dheanadh an droch shìde milleadh air a' bhàrr agus bhiodh an talamh dìtheabhach ri na siantan. Bha éis is cion b'ìdh a ghnàth a' tighinn an luib an driad-fhortain so. Anns a' bhliadhna 1817 b'fheadar do'n Rìaghaltais cobhair a dheanamh air caochladh àiteachan feadh na Gaidhealtachd le bhith cur arbhair dh'an ionnsaigh. Bha Uibhist air fear de na h-àiteachan sin.

Tha e air innseadh dhuinn gur h-e eòrna agus coirce beag an dà arbhar a bhatar a' giollachd, eòrna gu h-àraidh. Aig deireadh na h-ochdamh linne deug bha mu cheithir mìle bolla gràn air am bleith gach bliadhna ann an trì muilnean na sgìre. Bha na muilleanan a' faighinn an treas cuid deug de'n ghràn so mar mholltair, agus as a sin bhatar a' toirt naoidh fichead bolla do'n uachdaran. A' bhliadhna nach cinneadh bàrr dh'fheumte siol a thoirt bhàrr tir-mór aig prìsean 17/- agus 24/- am bolla.

B'e am buntàta an aon bhàrr eile bha fàs. An uair a thugadh a Eirinn e ann an 1743 cha ghabhadh na h-eileanaich cuid no gnothach ris. An uair a bhiodh an t-uachdaran 'gam faochnadh gu bhith 'g a chur is e am freagairt ceacharra a gheibheadh e, "Bheir thu oirn a chur ach cha toir thu oirn itheadh!" Gidheadh, roimh dheireadh na linne b'e am buntàta biadh nan Uibhistean fad dara leth na bliadhna.

B'e crodh, caoraich agus eich an spréidh a bhatar a' togail, ach fad ùine mhóir cha do rinneadh adhartas ann an àrach spréidhe ri linn cion margaidh. Ged a thòisich na h-eileanaich ri féilltean na Galldachd a fhrithealadh roimh 1566 cha robh an ceannachd agus an reic mór. Bha féill chruidh, féill Chnoca Breaca mar a theirte, anns an sgrì dà uair sa' bhliadhna—anns an Iuchar agus anns an Lunasdal. A réir coltais bhiodh dròbhairean a' tighinn bhàrr tir-mór chun na féille agus a dh'aiseag a' chruidh air ais gu Galldachd. Ann an 1794 dh'aiseagadh trì cheud beathach cruidh thar a' Chuain Sgìth gu iomain na Galldachd an déidh féill Chnoca Breaca.

Chan eil iomradh gu robh féill mhór sam bith air caoraich ged a bha àireamh cuibheasach dhiubh anns an eilean. Cha robh eich idir a' fàgail Uibhist ach bha na ceudan a' tighinn a steach. Tha Calum Gray, anns an leabhar "Maoin na Gaidhealtachd" ag ràdh, "Anns an ochdamh agus an naoidheamh linn deug bha cuid de na h-eileanan trang ri malairt each. Bha Ile, Arainn is Eige 'g an cur a dh'Eirinn; Leòdhas agus na Hearadh a dh'Uibhist a Tuath".

Chan eil teagamh nach e am modh àiteachaidh a bu mhàthair-aobhair do'n mhalairt so. Anns a' chiad *Statistical Account* thatar ag

ràdh gu feumte ceithir eich gus an crann treabhaidh a tharraing agus dà each gu bhith slaodach inneal eile a bhiodh a' bristeadh a' ghlais mus rachadh an crann air. Air a' mhodh so dh'fheumadh duine aig am biodh leth-peighinn fearainn cóig eich air a' char bu lugha. Ann an 1793 bha mìle agus sia ceud each ann an Uibhist a Tuath.

Roimh an naoidheamh linn deug bha an t-uachdaran a' leigeil a mach na h-oighreachd 'na tacaichean. An sin bha fear na taca, no fear a' bhaile, a' roinn an fhearainn air an tuath agus iadsan a' pàigheadh màil, uairean le airgead tioram, uairean le toradh na talmhainn agus uairean eile le làithean oibre. Bhiodh iadsan aig nach robh fearann 'nan sgalagan air mhuinntearas aig na tuathanaich.

B'ann air aonta a bha am fearann aig fir nan tacaichean. Bithear uaireanan a' cur cion adhartais as an leth agus theirear gu h-e giorrad na h-aonta agus dìth na tearainnteachd 'na chois a dh'aobharaich an suidheachadh sin. Gu coitcheann bha nachdaran Uibhist a Tuath a' toirt aonta fhada. Bha beul-aithris ag ràdh gum biodh seilbh aig Clann MhicCuinn air Oransaidh "fhad 's a bhitheas bainne aig boin dhuibh is Cnògair MhicCuinn 'na bun'". Cha b'ann mar sin buileach a bha. Ann an 1619 thug Dòmhnall Gorm Oransaidh do Choinneach MacCuinn rè "dà dh'ath beatha duine agus naoidh bliadhna deug 'na dhéidh".

IAIN A. MAC A' PHEARSOIN.

(*'a leantainn*)

Ro Fhad' Air A' Mhullach

Seo do threis de Choir' Odhar,
's tu 'nad ghothar air tòrr
Air Slia; 's an stailc ort,
am fan thu ri d'bhèò?
Thig an ceoban gu ciùnn ort,
thig an ciùran 's an ceò,
thig am feasgar gun fhios ort;
och, glidigh 's bi folbh.

Thig am feasgar gu clis ort,
thig an Grioglachan oir,
thig an òidhche gun ghealach
a' falach gach fòid.
Bi teàrnadh, a bhalaigh;
och, caraigh, 's bi còir.
Thig an ceathach 's an dubhar;
glidigh thusa, 's bi folbh.

Coir' Odhar an Cnapadal, air slìos a tuath Shliabh Gaoil (Slia'.) Glidigh; glidich—agus mar sin air aghaidh.

MAC IAIN DHEORSA.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Air do'n Arm Dhearg a chluinntinn gun robh am Prionnsa an Ratharsair leum iad air an eilean mar ealta fhitheach, agus rinn iad a leithid de sgrùdadh, de gharbh spùilleadh, agus de chreachadh, agus nach d'fhuair an tuath os a chionn fad iomadh bliadhna. Chaidh trì bailtean deug an cur 'nan teine, agus cha deachaidh bàta fhàgail slàn air cladach ach aon a fhuaras fhalach faisg air ceann a tuath an eilein. Chaidh an tigh mór a chur 'na smàl cuideachd.

An uair nach d'fhuairleadh am Prionnsa thugadh oidheirp dhian air gréim a dheanamh air Mac'Ille Chaluum, ach chaidh aige-san air teicheadh do Chnòideart. Mar sin thuit cùram a' chinnich air guailleann Chaluum MhicLeòid, agus bha mòran de na naimhdean de'n bheachd gum b'esan an ceann-feadhna. Is e sin a dh'aobharaich teanntachd na tòire a bhith cho cruaidh air an diùlnach so—fear cho misneachail, tapaidh agus a dh'àraich a' Ghaidhealtachd ri a linn. Theirear fhathast mu a dheidhinn gun robh e cho seasmhach ri darag na beinne, cho dìreach ri giuthas a' ghlinne, agus cho sùbhaile ri seileach nan lòn.

Agus chuireadh e uile fheum air a thapachd agus air a theomachd oir bha an tòir a nis cho dian air agus gur ainneamh a b'urrainn da eadhon oidhche a chur seachad 'na thigh fhéin. Ged a bha e 'na chleachdadh aige àite falaich atharrachadh gu tric, cha do chum sin e bho ghàbhadh. Air madainn mhoich, agus e ag èaladh gu beul na h-uamha anns am bitheadh e a' cur seachd an latha, thàinig e air còmhlain de na saighdearan dearga, agus b'ann le fìor luathas nan eang a chaidh aige air tarraing bhuaip. Rinn e air mullach àrd an eilein, ach mar a bha am mi-shealbhan an dàn da, cìod air an tigeadh e ach cuideachd eile de arm an rìgh anns an robh eadar leth-cheud agus trì fichead duine. Cha robh gràisg mhial-chon riamh cho dian a' ruith an fhéidh air creachan beinne agus a bha na saighdearan sin an déidh MhicLeòid, agus iad de'n bharail gum b'e os gu cinnteach Mac'Ille Chaluum. Ach dh'aindeoin an cuilbheartan agus an ruagadh, fhuair e car mu chnoc a ghabhail orra agus a shaorsainn fhaotainn aon uair eile. Cha b'fhada a mheal e i; an oidhche sin fhéin agus e air fannachadh le acras rinn e air tigh caraide gus biadh agus fàsgadh fhaotainn. Fhuair e sin agus ri sheachnadh, agus ghabh e mu thàmh. An camhanaich na maidne thug bean an tìghe an aire do na saighdearan a' deanamh air an tìgh agus air ball thog i an iollach.

After the Red-Coats heard that the Prince was in Raasay they attacked the island like a flock of ravens, and they searched so hard, ravaged so terribly and pillaged in such a manner that the peasants did not get over it for many a year. Thirteen townships were set on fire, and not a boat was left intact on the beach but one that was concealed near the north end of the island. The manor-house was also burnt to the ground.

When the Prince was not found a serious attempt was made to capture MacCallum, but he managed to escape to Knoidart. Thus the care of the race was placed on the shoulders of Calum Macleod, and many of the enemies were of the opinion that he was the chief. That was the reason why the pressure of the pursuit of this warrior was so keen—as courageous and powerful a man as the Highlands reared in his time. It is still said about him that he was as steadfast as the mountain oak, as straight as the fir of the glen, and as supple as the willow of the marshes.

And he needed all his strength and his skill for the pursuit was by this time so vehement that he was seldom able to spend a night in his own house. Though he had the habit of changing his place of concealment frequently, that did not save him from danger. On an early morning, as he crept to the mouth of the cave where he passed the day, he came upon groups of Red-Coats, and it was due to real speed of foot that he managed to escape from them. He made for the high summit of the island, but as misfortune was his fate, what but he met with another body of the king's troops consisting of between fifty and sixty men. A pack of greyhounds never chased the deer as vigorously on a mountain summit as those soldiers pursued Macleod, thinking that this was certainly MacCallum. But in spite of their tricks and their chase he managed to give them the slip, and to find his freedom once more. He did not enjoy it for long; that very night, faint with hunger, he set out for a friend's house to get food and shelter. He got that and to spare, and retired to rest. At daybreak the lady of the house noticed the soldiers making for the house, and immediately she shouted.

Education in Iceland

THE history of education in Iceland strangely reminds us of the story of education in the Highlands of Scotland. As in the Highlands, the Church in Iceland played a prominent part at the initial stage, and for a long time thereafter.

As far back as the middle of the eleventh century a Church school was established in southern Iceland, and fifty years later another was founded in the north of the Island. These schools functioned until the time of the Reformation when Latin schools were substituted for them. We are not too clear as to the course of instruction in these two types of schools. At the beginning of the 19th Century the Latin schools were replaced by a single school in the capital of Iceland.

The meagre provision for education up till now was at no time adequate for the needs of the people. In fact only a small fraction of the population directly benefited. Hence parents were constrained to pass on to their children the maximum of what they themselves knew. During the 19th century itinerant teachers held classes in farmhouses wherever the demand for education existed, and in this way the leavening gradually proceeded.

It was not till 1880 that the first law prescribing compulsory education throughout the Island was passed. Instruction in writing and arithmetic was obligatory. Twenty seven years later, that is in 1907, primary education was made compulsory, and in 1930 general provision was made for secondary education. Two years previously a Teachers' Training School was established, followed in 1911 by the founding of the first University in Iceland. This University gathered within its fold three faculties which already existed.

In 1946 a big step forward was taken. Important laws were passed in this year dealing with general education and the national school system, followed by others dealing with teachers' training and vocational education. During the last fourteen years education in Iceland had made great strides. Provision for nursery schools is increasing, particularly in Reykjavik. Primary schools in the Capital are so taxed for accommodation due to the increase of population that double shifts are necessary. School buildings of the latest designs are being put up and equipped with all the modern requirements.

Even now, however, there exists in Iceland some distinction between compulsory education and compulsory schooling. Provided he can pass an appropriate school examination, a child

can still be educated at home until he is fifteen but in practice this option is rarely followed. The itinerant teacher, however, is allowed to practise his art, and in isolated communities his services are welcome. Parents who are aware of the defects of this system of education are demanding the establishment of boarding schools, fees for which they are willing to pay. These boarding schools cover courses from primary to grammar schools, and produce results comparable with those shown in the day schools in the smaller towns. They are very popular.

It must be noted, however, that in sparsely populated rural districts itinerant teachers are still employed, and needed. The aim has been to establish a national basis for the Island's educational system and to secure a recognised standard of instruction throughout the whole country. Iceland is increasingly aware of the necessity of educating its people if they are to hold their own in the world's competitive struggle.

At the age of seven the children begin their primary education, and at thirteen they go to a secondary school which they are free to leave at the age of fifteen. Two types of secondary schools make suitable provision for those who desire to continue beyond this age. In sparsely populated areas provision is made for two-year courses, but anyone wishing to continue can attend for a further year in a three-year secondary school. The Higher Middle Schools in the larger towns have a four-year course making provision for those who hope to enter a Grammar College or a University.

The following points are significant: 1. The generous provision of different types of opportunity; 2. The large percentage of pupils who remain at school beyond the minimum leaving age; and 3. The attempt to provide adequate training in practical subjects for those not mentally equipped for academic courses.

J. THOMSON.

Celtic Congress

The Scottish Branch of the Celtic Congress held their A.G.M. on the 18th of February, when the following office-bearers were appointed: President, Rev. T. M. Murchison; Vice-Presidents, Mr. James Thomson, and Mr. John Macrae; Secretary, Mr. Donald Grant; Treasurer, Mrs. C. Dunlop.

It was resolved to hold at least one function in Scotland every year to maintain funds. This year's International Congress will be held

in Galway, Ireland, from 14th to 19th August. A joint meeting with the Welsh Society in Glasgow will be held in the Conference Rooms on 15th March when the principal speaker will be Mr. John Smith of Jordanhill College.

Ferindonald—The Country of the Munros

By FRANK MACLENNAN

FERINDONALD, the Munro country, you are unlikely to find marked upon a map.

It comprises the parishes of Kiltearn and Alesn, on the northern shore of the Cromarty Firth; and a Munro may be excused for claiming that it is a good country. Over seven miles of sea-shore; between that and the foot-hills, two miles of fat land, level or easily rising. Three glens extend inland, glens of good croft ground, giving access to mile after mile of high swelling moor, which culminates to the west in the sprawl of Ben Wyvis, 3429 feet high. Good arable land, good sheep country; and, one must add, considering the timber which clothes much of the lower ground, good tree country.

Ferindonald is the anglicised form of Fearann Dhòmhnaill, Donald's land. The Donald thus commemorated was one of the earliest, perhaps the earliest, of the Munro chiefs: he is assumed to be the founder of the House of Foulis, the main stem of the line, from which, through the centuries, a considerable number of cadet branches have sprung.

Foulis Castle as it is today is a comparatively recent structure, on the site of the Tower of Foulis, which was built in the 12th century, and gave the clan its rallying cry, Caisteal Folaiss 'na Theine. It is said of the present building that it has a window for every day of the year; for this the writer hesitates to vouch. It stands inconspicuously amid woodland, a mile from the sea, and about four miles from Dingwall.

Balconie Castle, perched on a low cliff above the River Skiach, two miles east of Foulis, has somewhat of the aspect of a grim mediaeval keep. In its initial purpose it was a stronghold of the Earls of Ross, who were, until the Earldom came to an end in 1476, feudal superiors to the Munros. A Munro family held it thereafter for about two hundred years.

The parish of Kiltearn takes its name from what was the ecclesiastical centre for many centuries, Kiltearn on the shore of the Firth. The old parish church still stands; it was in use until a few years ago when a more convenient building in the village of Evanton

took its place. The meaning of Kiltearn is doubtful. In his "Place Names of Ross and Cromarty" Professor Watson considers various theories and concludes that "the most feasible explanation is a dedication to Tighearnach". The Munro chiefs have been buried here since the Reformation; before then they were buried at Chanony near Fortrose. The Western part of the present parish was of old a separate parish, called Leclair; the combination seems to have taken place at the time of the Reformation. The most noteworthy of a long line of ministers is Rev. Thomas Hog, who for his opinions suffered imprisonment in the Bass Rock in Covenanting times.

The one village in Kiltearn parish is Evanton, which came into being in 1805-6. It is said to take its name from Evan Fraser, son of the Laird of Balconie who was instrumental in founding it. In its planned lay-out of streets and house "lots", it is probably unique among Highland villages. Prior to Evanton, the parish metropolis was half-a-mile to the west, on the farther bank of the River Skiach. It is now difficult to recognise any remains there, although two or three cottages lingered until about fifty years ago, and the old parish school continued there until the 1850s. That old village had two markets yearly. Tradition says they were held in a field close by, known now as "the Aonach"; the Gaelic is "An t-Aonach", aonach meaning a place of assembly, a fair or market (Watson). Evanton stole away the markets from what was to become truly another Auburn, a deserted village; and in Evanton they flourished throughout most of the 19th century, to fade out at last in the early years of this century.

Alesn, the eastern parish, according to Watson owes its name to a low damp area close to the parish church: from Gaelic Alanais, a boggy place. The village of Alesn is cut in two by the River Averon. That part on the eastern bank is in the parish of Rosskeen, and therefore outside the bounds of what was, strictly, Ferindonald. Alesn had three markets yearly, and in addition it had a monthly cattle-market held from April to November. As in the neighbouring village, these markets flourished until towards the end of the 19th century. Two factors contributed to the decay of those local fairs: the coming of the railway in 1863, and the establishment of weekly auction-marts in Dingwall in the 1890s.

To the traveller passing through by road or rail, the most prominent feature of Ferindonald is Cnoc Fyrisch with its monument. It is the rule that a monument is erected to commemorate something or somebody. The peculiarity of this monument is that it com-

memorates nothing. In the latter part of the 18th century Novar estate—which includes Cnoc Fyriish—belonged to General Sir Hector Munro, who in course of a long military career had amassed a large fortune in India. He spent much money—£120,000, it is recorded—on improving his property. After all the utilitarian work was done, there naturally followed a certain amount of unemployment in the district. To alleviate this somewhat, Sir Hector had those great pillars built on the summit of the ridge behind Novar House. To the same end he had two or three small “forts”—they are merely hollow shells—on the lower grounds.

Ferindonald boasts of three rivers—the Skiach, the Avern, and the Granda. The Skiach and Avern are typical Highland streams, the former originating in the south-western flank of Ben Wyvis, the latter flowing out of Loch Morie on the north-eastern boundary. The Allt Granda is of a different nature. It comes from Loch Glass, which lies curled round the base of the great mountain. After flowing for two miles it tumbles over the Conneas, a series of spectacular cascades. For two further miles it goes quietly through Glenglass. Then it suddenly passes into a waterworn chasm, called the Black Rock. This chasm is over a mile long; the average depth from ground level to the surface of the water may be taken as 100 feet. The width varies from 15 to 40 feet at the top, and narrows to very little at the bottom. From only a few vantage-points it is possible to see the water, as it surges through a tortuous and restricted passage. The Black Rock is an awe-inspiring sight, and to it the river owes its name, Allt Granda, the Ugly Stream. At length emerging from its prison, through a rocky portal of titanic grandeur, the river flows a final two miles peacefully and pleasantly, and runs into Cromarty Firth a few hundred yards east of the mouth of the Allt Skiach. It would be strange, and the Munros would not be Highlanders, if there were no legend associated with the Black Rock.

(to be continued.)

Book Review

Scottish Studies, Vol. 4, Pt. 2: (*University of Edinburgh*).

This issue of Scottish Studies which is published twice a year provides interesting and informative reading on a variety of subjects. Two short articles, one in English by B. R. S. M., and the other in Gaelic by A. D., give touching accounts of the life and work of the late Mr. Calum I. Maclean, the distinguished folk-

lorist of international reputation. Mr. Maclean devoted many years to the study and collection of folklore both in Ireland and Scotland. “It has been estimated that the enormous Gaelic collection made by him amounts to nearly a hundred miles of tape”. His book, *The Highlands*, gives a picture of the Highlands as seen from within by an understanding Highlander, and is unique among books on this subject.

An article by J. H. Delargy, Professor of Irish Folklore, University College, Dublin, deals with the contribution to folklore by the Three Men of Islay—J. F. Campbell of *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, Hector Maclean his collaborator, and Lachlan MacNeill who was considered in his day to be one of the best story tellers in Western Christendom. A picture of the three of them at work round a table with scroll, pen, and bottle is an interesting find.

Thomas Davidson, research physicist, writes exhaustively on the subject *Animal Treatment in Eighteenth-Century Scotland*. He lists the many forms of folk cures—charm cures and amuletic folk-cures—practised widely in the past.

A Collection of Riddles From Shetland, is the title of a treatise by Calum I. Maclean and Stewart F. Sanderson, Director of Folk Life Survey, University of Leeds. Over 300 riddles in Shetland English are listed by them. These riddles reflect in some measure the typical way of life in Shetland in the past; but in skill and aptness they compare unfavourably with their counterpart in Gaelic Scotland.

Interesting Notes and Comments, and Book Reviews also find a place in this attractive volume.

Branch Reports

STIRLING

A party from the Highland Society at Dunfermline sustained the programme at the recent monthly meeting in the Burghmuir Hall, when the duties of fear-an-tighe were carried out by Mr. Alastair Lister, President of the Dunfermline Society. A cordial welcome was given to the visitors by Mrs. C. Mackenzie, a member of the local committee, and Mr. Allan MacKinnon proposed votes of thanks to all who had contributed to the evening's entertainment.

LUING

The Nether Lorn Branch held their February ceiliidh in Toberonochy, when Mr. Niall Iain McLean, Dalmally, presided over a goodly audience. The artistes were—A. Campbell, Barcaldine; Anne Gillies, Oban; Linda MacDougall, Oban; Misses MacLaren and MacKay, Oban; and the instrumentalists were Erik Spence, Alastair Brown, J. A. McLean and Niall Iain McLean. Mr. Jim Cleland accorded the artistes a vote of thanks.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVI

AN CEITEIN, 1961

Aireamh 5

“THA AN SAMHRADH AIR TIGHINN”

Tha fios gun dùisg briathran a' bhàird smointean eadar-dhealaichte an aigidhean na chluinneas no na leughas iad. Is iongantach mur tog iad dealbh-inntinne fa chomhair gach aoin a bheil suil orra a réir a chor aig an am, no a réir na cuideachd anns a bheil e agus an ionndrainn a tha air a chùl.

Bha am bàrd fhéin, aig an am, ag iarraidh dhachaidh; co dhiùbh, bha a thogradh 'g a thàladh air ais gu dachaidh na cuimhne. Cha mhùch ùinich a' bhaile mhóir no dian shaothair na h-oibre anns a bheil e an sàs cuimhne nan ciad làithean anns a' ghleann no an cois a' chladaich. Tadhlaidh ise, gun fhios gun rabhadh, far an àill leatha agus gu tric far nach saoillear. Dùisgidh i an ionndrainn a bha car ùine 'na cadal, agus glacaidh i sealbh gun chuireadh gun iarraidh.

Rinn am bàrd breacan a baile—'na inntinn —le tighinn an t-samhraidh mus do rinn e ullachadh sam bith airson an turuis. Thog e air is lorg e a' chuideachd a bha a dhìth air gun iomradh air turus-cuain no ànradh na slighe. Thuit ceanglaichean an t-saoghail dheth mus do charaich e a làrach nam bonn, agus fhuair e e fhéin far am bu mhiann leis fuireachd "air uillinn air mullach Dùn-Sgéith." Dh'éisid e aon uair eile ri ceileireadh nan eun am meas nam preas; chuala e borbhan an

t-sruthain air a thurus gu cuan; agus las a shùil le glòir nam blàth.

Is math turus-samhraidh na cuimhne nuair nach eil na 's fheàrr ann. Ach 's e tha mùirneach agad an t-astar a chur as do dhéidh, agus suil eile fhaighinn air beinn 's air fireach, air gleann is allt, air eilean is cuan; agus, le fáilte is furan, fàsghadh làimhe fhaighinn air seann eòlaich. Is fheàirde brà a breacadh. Uraichear càrdeas gach uair a choinnicheas luchd eòlais gu bhith a' roinn an naidheachdan, agus leanaidh ath-chuimhne fad iomadh latha gu bhith fàgail na slighe na's fhasa, agus na cuideachd na's sona.

Ma tha tighinn an t-samhraidh 'na am saorsa do chuid, tha e do mhóran eile 'na am uallaich is gniomha. Tha connadh na bliadhna r'a arach—buain is togail is tarraing mhònach. Tha buntàta r'a ghlanadh, fear r'a chaoineachadh, spréidh r'a ionaltradh, caoraich r'an rùsgadh, agus fichead rud eile air nach do smaoinich muinntir a' bhaile mhóir a riamh. Ach cha mhill sin an samhradh air sluagh nan gleann 's nan eilean. Ma tha comunn a' gheamhraidh gu math a stigh, tha cuideachd shuairc furasda lorg a muigh nuair a tha blàths an t-samhraidh ag iadhadh gach tulaich is raoin. Agus carson a mhùchadh an geamhradh nach tàinig an samhradh a tha grianach, àillidh?

“Ar leam gum faic mi fada bhuam
Eilean Leòdhais na taobh tuath,
Tir nan gallan smiorail cruaidh,
Nan àrdaibh stuadhach 's nam fear mór’.

Is bòidheach an uair dh'éireas grian,
Uibhist nam beann g'eannach ciar';
Barraidh am beucaich A' Chuain Shair,
Is Eilean Sgiathanach a' Cheb'.”

AN LEINE GHEAL

Le ALASDAIR MAC GILLE MHAOIL

NUAIR a fhuair Ruairidh Dubh a chas air Tir-mór, agus an Cuan Sgìth eadar e fhéin is Seónaid, b'aotrom, aighearach a cheum. Chuir e a' phìob-mhór an gleus, am màl blàth carthannach fo achlais. Sgal na creagan liatha le sunnd air a' mhadainn ud,

"A' toirt nan gobhar as a' chreig,
'S e feileadh beag bu docha leam."

Agus 's e sin da-rìreadh a thachair aig a' cheart am. Thog am boc goibhre a bha shuas an Creag-an-Fhithich a cheann. Thug e cruinn-leum as sìos an catha agus ann am mìonaid bha cas-cheum aige ri pongannan a' chiùil, air sàil Ruairidh.

Thàinig clann a' bhaile a mach, le frogan, agus mu dheireadh bha treud bhrogach is chaileagan 'nan déidh. Cha robh mothachadh aig a' phìobaire mar a bha cùisean air a chùlaibh, ach air a' cheann thall, leis gach ùpraid a bha ann, chaidh an gobhar bochd as a rian. Gu dé bh'anns gach beucail is donnalach ach dùbhlán gu cath marbhtach. Le sin deth sheas an gobhar riabhach air a chasan deiridh agus le roid sgaiteach bhuail e Ruairidh mu na h-ìosgaidean. Chaidh an ceòl air feadh na fìdhle. Mus d'fhuair Ruairidh air a chasan bha a' bhrùid le sùil cholgach ag ullachadh gus an ath ionnsaigh a dheanamh. 'S ann air a' phìob a nis a bha aire. Shàth e adharc foipe agus thog e an àirde i agus anail bheag fhathast sa' mhàl. Thug a' phìob an gog deireannach aise agus 's e an torghan sin a chuir am beathach air a' chuthach dhearg. Dhanns e is leum e 's a' phìob an crochadh ris. Rinn Ruairidh cruaidh spàirn gus cobhair a dheanamh air an aon chul-taice a bh'aige. Shrac iad a null 's a nall, am pìobaire an uachd-air an dràsda, agus a rithist an gobhair le teine 'na sùil agus séidrich bho chuinnlean fuilteach.

'Na sheasamh a thaobh a' gabhail ealla ris an tuasaid bha Seumas Beag Chaluim Bhuidhe. Ruith e dhachaidh agus le anail 'na uchd thug e an naidheachd dh'a mhàthair. "Bheil fhios agaibh," thuirte e, "gu dé chunnaic mise an diugh?" Agus gun cothrom freagairt a thoirt dh'i chum e air. "Chunnaic mi," ars esan, "shìos air an Leathad Bhàn *Saint George* agus an dràgon a' sabaid ri chéile. Cha robh iad idir coltach ris an dealbh a bhios aig na Sasunnach oir bha dà adhairc agus feusag liath air an dràgon agus 's e feileadh beag a bha air *Saint George*."

Ach ann am meadhan na sgeòil thàinig gnogadh chun an doruis, agus có dh'èalaidh a steach ach Ruairidh.

'S ann le lachan-gàire a dh'fhàiltich Màiri e.

"'S e so *Saint George* fhéin," ars ise, "abair *Saint*!, Ruairidh Dubh, ogha mo sheanar."

"Fàgaidh sin an dlùth dhàimh sinn," fhreagair e, "agus gu dearbh is mór m'fheum air carthannas mo dhaoine an dràsda fhéin."

"'S eòlach mise air do chuilbheartan is do mhìodal" thilg Màiri 'na aodann. "Cha b'e so a' chiad uair a chunnaic sinn thu air an allaban. Ach suidh suas agus thoir dhuinn do naidheachd. Ciamar a dh'fhàg thu Seónaid?" "Dh'fhàg gu sunndach, le fonn suigeartach air a bilean," thuirte e. "Tha mi cinnteach gu robh," fhreagair i. "Fhuair i faochadh nuair a chunnaic i chul do chinn." "Càite bheil Calum?" dh'fheòraich esan gu sìobhalta. "Tha an ceann a chosnaidh far mu chòir dhutsa bhith. Mas math mo bharaill tha e an dràsda air a thurus bho Ghrianaig le 'Màiri Laghach'" "Le 'Màiri Laghach'" thuirte e le athadh, "nach cinnteach mise gu fòghnadh aon Màiri Laghadh dha." "Cha robh thusa, bhòrinein, air a' chnoc an latha bhàtar a' roinn na céille," ars ise. Ach rinn i an ni soilleir dha.

B'e 'Màiri Laghach' am bàta ùr a bha Calum air a cheannach, agus leis an robh e nis a' deanamh deagh ghnòthaich eadar na h-Eileanan a Siar le gual, aol, na luchd sam bith eile a thigeadh 'na luib.

"Nach bu chòir dhut-sa," chomharraich Màiri, "fiachainn ri àite fhaighinn sa' sgioba nuair a thig iad gu cala?" Cha do rinn Ruairidh mòran gairdeachais ris an earal so, ach thug a' chùis rann beag gu a chuimhne.

Nam biodh agam bàta biorach,
Sgioba ghillean agus ràimh,
Rachainn a null air an linne
Shealltainn bheil an nighean slàn.

Rinn e snodha gàire nuair a smaoinich e air Seónaid, a bhean, a' nighean air na chuir esan car-mu-chnoc, thall am Breasaidh.

Cha robh iarraidh sam bith aige air siaban is cathadh-mara mu sròin. B'fheàrr leis gu mór an rathad fada cruaidh fo chois, 's a' phìob air a' ghualainn. Is ann mar sin a chuir e seachad a' chuid bu mhotha de bheatha. Cha robh a' dhuais ach beag air uairibh, ach bha saorsa an aonaich agus cead a chois priseil aige. Ach 's e thàinig as a' ghnòthach gu robh Ruairidh còmhla ri gillean sgairteil na 'Màiri Laghach' air feasgair breagha samhraidh is iad a' deanamh ùil dhith sìos an Linne

Sheilich. Bha e 'na sheasamh san toiseach, a shùil air a' mhuir far an robh e gearradh-geal ri sròin a' bhàta. Agus, mar a b' àbhaist, crònan aige ann an co-sheirm ri monmhar nan uisgeachan.

"Nach toir thu dhuinn port a Ruairidh," thuir Calum, a' cur a chinn a mach as an tigh-chuibhle. Chrath Ruairidh a cheann. "Bithidh buaireadh air bòrd ma ni mi sin." "Ciamar a tha sin?" fhreagair am fear eile. "O, tha cuid ann nach taobh ri ceòl uasal Gaidhealach."

"Cò iad sin?" Cha robh fios aig Calum mar a bha cùisean. "Nach eil am bleidire sin, an còcaire Sasunnach a tha agad air bòrd," arsa Ruairidh. Rinn Calum seal gaire. "Coma leat, thoir dhuinn A' fàgail Ghlinn Urchardainn". "Tha sin glé mhath," fhreagair Ruairidh, "ach a' bheil fhios agad gu dé thuir an trusdair rium an raoir? Thuirt gun cuireadh e a' chorca mhór a bha aige troimh 'n mhàil; agus leum e àirde fhéin leis a' chuthach. Ma chuireas a bhalaich bithidh màl chuideigin aig na fithich."

"Och, leig leis," arsa Calum, "nach fuaraich e sa' chraiceann anns na dh'fhàs e teth." "Sanas beag 'nad chluais," thuir Ruairidh, a' cur a chinn a steach air an uinneig. "Dé tha thu 'g ràdh!," fhreagair Calum le éigh ghointich nuair a chuala e an naidheachd. "Cha chreid mi guth dheth."

"Creid no nach creid, sud mar a bha."

"Nach b'e an dearg mhadadh e," chnag Calum 'na fheirg. "Ach mo bhòid dhut chan fhada gum faigh esan cùl an doruis."

Dh'fhàg e Calum a' goil 's a' dranndail is thug e ceum socair sìos chun an deiridh far an robh Coinneach Mór. "Gu dé tha ceàrr air Calum?" dh'fhaighnich e do Ruairidh. "An e an déideadh a tha cur dragh air a rithist?"

"Tha na's miosa na sin a' cur dragh' air, rudeigin a chumas greisag cagnaigh ris," arsa Ruairidh. "Dh'innis mi dha mu na chunnaic mi an raoir. Anns an dol seachad dhomh nach d'thug mi sùil a steach do'n *Ghalley*. Bha prais mhór a' goil gu briosg ann an sin. Thog mi an ceann dìth an dùil gun robh an gille caol ag ullachadh suipeir annasach dhuinn. Agus, a Choinnich, a bheil fhios agad gu dé bha bruch 's a' plubairtich innte?" Stad Coinneach 's a shùilean a' biorachadh 'na cheann. Lean Ruairidh air gu ceann an t-seanachais. "Bha," ars esan le sgreamh, "leine an t-Sasunnaich!"

Leig Coinneach as an ròp a bha 'na làimh le clod air a' chlàr, agus thug e ceum air ais 's adhart mar dhuine a bhitheadh air a thùr a

chall. Theich Ruairidh, oir cha robh e idir cinnteach gu dé a thachradh nuair a thigeadh Coinneach as an tuainealach a dh'fhàg gun treòir e. Ràinig e an seòmar iosal far an robh Iain Murchaidh gu dripeil ag ùilleadh gach acfhuin a bha ri sàthadh na "Màiri Laghaich" gu ruige a ceann uidhe san Oban. Os cionn na glathair a bha sin chaidh aig Ruairidh air an t-seanachas a chur an cluais Iain. Agus le sin bha an sgioba gu léir air an steigeadh anns an t-Sasunnach. Nuair a ruigeadh iad cala 's e siubhal gun siùcrair a bha feitheamh air a' chòcaire. Ach chuir freasdal car eile an ruidhle a' bhodaich.

Gus an so bha an latha geal grianach, leis a' ghaioth o'is iar, ach mu fheasgar, is iad sìos ri cladach Lios Mór, thàinig ciùran uisge. Thuit a' ghaioth agus ann an ùine ghoirid thionndaidh an t-uisge min gu ceò dhùmhail a dh'fhàg gun sealladh fearainn iad. Leig iad dhi beagan astair, agus le cluasan furachail chum iad air adhart gu socrach, fiatach. Bha Calum eòlach gu leòr air na caolais so agus fhad's nach robh soitheach eile san t-seòladh cha robh iomagain mòr sam bith air. Ach b'e sin an dearbh chunnart a bha an còmhnaidh an cois ceò mara.

"Thoir ràn air an dùdaich, a Ruairidh," arsa Calum, "agus cum a' dol i gun fhios gu dé tha romhainn."

Eadar gach tarraing dh'éisid iad gu mion-aideach agus cha b'fhada gus an d'fhuair iad rabhadh a chuir Calum air fhaicill. Thàinig torman trom o dheas a chriothaich an iarmailt. Chum Calum air falbh, agus dh'éigh e ri Ruairidh, "Sgal goirid eile oirre." Ach a dh'aindeoin gach dìchill, smid cha tigeadh as an fhìdeag. "Beannaich mise," arsa Ruairidh is fhallus 'g a dhalladh leis an eagal, "chan eil smeach aice." Bha an dùdach gun teagamh gun fheum agus rudeigin 'g a tachdadh.

Chluinneadh iad a nis beagan astair bhuapa slacadaich dhian an roth-sàthaidh aig an t-soitheach eile. Sheas iad 'nan còmhlan san toiseach agus thog iad iolach àrd an dùil gun deanadh sin cobhair orra. Ach bha an guth air a mhùchadh san dùmhachd agus bha fuaim na dunaidh a' tighinn na b'fhaigse.

'S ann a nis a ghrad leum Bertie, an còcaire, a thaobh agus 'na dhearg-dheann theich e an iosal. Shaoil leotha gun do thréig a mhisneachd e, agus cò chuireadh coire air. Ach bha iad ceàrr. Le spid na loin 'na shàilean thàinig e an àirde, agus a' phìob mhór aige. Spàrr e i an làimh Ruairidh, agus ann an Gàidhlig cho math 's a leigeadh a theanga Ghallda leis ghlaodh e, "Séid suas a Ruairidh." Tuigidh fear leughaidh leth-fhacal, agus ann am prìobadh

bha a' phìob air dòigh. Shéid Ruairidh agus dhanns a mheòir le ceòl drithleannach luath, mar gum biodh gach beatha air bòrd an crochadh ris gach beum—mar a bha. A null air an linne sgaoil an ceòl bagarrach; shrad e air ais bho gach ailbhinn chais,

Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór
Olc air mhath le càch e.

Ràinig e gu cinnteach cluas an fhir a bha air stiùir a' bhàta choimhich. Is dòcha gun do shaoil e gu robh e a' deanamh dìreach air talladann's Thobair Mhoire. Co dhiùbh chaidh e a thaobh. Beag air bheag chaill gillean na "Màiri Laghaich" fuaim nam buillean a chuir an teinn cho mór iad.

Thàinig clos air a' cheòl. Thug iad sùil mu'n cuairt. Cha robh lorg air Bertie, ach thàinig fàile cùbhraidh bh'o'n *ghalley*. Agus b'e sin an t-suipeir, eadar feòil is iasg, gun gheath air a' bhotul a chuir Calum fhéin am meadhon a' bhùird.

Dh'òl iad slàinte Bhertie is Ruairidh. Bha ceòl aca cuideachd. Agus ma mhothaich duine aca cho breagha e lan 's a bha léine air druim an t-Sasunnaich cha d' thàinig lideadh as am bial.

Dh'innseadh an sgeul-sa air an radìo.

Mac Rìgh Eirinn

BHA ceithir mnathan ann, trìuir nighean agus am màthair. Agus 'se Niùll Fhionn agus Niùll Dhonn, agus Niùll Charach agus Niùll Gheal, a theireadh iad ris na boireannaich. Agus bha dà nighinn diùbh 'nan nigheanangasda, agus cha robh i so cho gasda. Agus cha robh iad airson gu rachadh i latha na Sàbaid dh'an eaglais còmhla riutha idir on nach robh i cho gasda riutha fhéin. Agus bha i Di-Dòmhnach—latha na Sàbaid—bha i fiadhaich duilich dhi fhéin nach fhaigheadh i do'n eaglais còmhla ri càch. Agus thuir a muime rithe, "Fan thusa," ars ise, "agus ma bhios sinn a làthair seachdain o'n diugh," ars ise, "gheibh thusa do'n eaglais agus cha bhì nighean anns an eaglais as gasdaiche na thu." Agus is ann mar sud a bha. Chuir a muime air dòigh i agus dh'fhalbh i do'n eaglais. Agus bha sluagh mór anns an eaglais agus bha Mac Rìgh Eirinn anns an eaglais agus bha e gleidheadh a shùil air a' bhoireannach ghasda a bha so. Ach co dhiùbh bha aice-sa ri éirigh roimh chàch a thighinn a mach agus bha each dubh aice agus dlollaid aice air a bha i marcachd a dol ann. Bha aice ri éirigh roimh chàch mu'n tigeadh

càch a mach. Ach co dhiùbh is ann mar sin a bha an Dòmhnach so. Fhuair i leatha co dhiùbh gun duine a thighinn a mach far a robh i. Ach an ath Shàbaid a chaidh i ann thuir Mac Rìgh Eirinn ris fhéin, "Uill, feumaidh mi fiachainn ri dhòl a bhruidhinn riut an diugh co dhiùbh," agus e an déidh nóisean a ghabhail dhi. Co dhiùbh, mar a dh'éirich ise mach chaidh Mac Rìgh Eirinn as a déidh ach cha d'fhuair e gréim ach air a' bhòrig aice nuair a leum i mharcachd. Agus thuir e sin ris fhéin, "Uill," ars esan, "cha phòs mi té sam bith," ars esan, "ach té ni bhòrig so feum dhi."

Agus is ann mar sud a bha. Thòisich e dol mu'n cuairt agus a' bhòrig aice agus e fiachainn na bhòrig air na h-igheanan, agus cha robh i a' freagairt dhaibh—cha robh a' bhòrig a' freagairt dhaibh. Ach bha e tighinn a dh'ionnsaigh an tìghe so cuideachd agus bha peathraichean ag ràdhainn rithe, "Ho! cha phòs e thusa co dhiùbh." "Ma tha, chan eil fhios 'am," ars ise. "O gu dearbha pòsaidh e i," ars a muime, "ma fhreagras a' bhòrig i."

Agus thàinig e agus bha i so a cheart cho gasda ris an dà phiuthar nuair a thàinig Mac Rìgh Eirinn. Agus dh'fhiach e oirre a' bhòrig, agus bha a' bhòrig mar gu fàsadh a cas innte. Uill bha sud mar sud co dhiùbh. "Uill," ars esan "chuir mi bòid orm fhìn," ars esan, "nach pòsainn té ach té a fhreagradh a' bhòrig so dhi, agus is tusa nise tha mi dol a phòsadh." "O, uill," ars ise, "nach fheum sinn a bhith leagte ris a sin ma tha."

Ach co dhiùbh phòs iad is bha iad glé mhath dheth tacan agus thuir a muime ris nuair a phòs e, "Nis," ars ise, "nuair a thig am pathadh ort anns an oidhche," ars ise, "cha bhì agad ach gearain agus silidh na meòir aice," ars ise, "rud a chuireas am pathadh dhìot." "A, uill," ars esan, "nach eil sin fiadhaich math."

Agus bhiodh a piuthar ag obair oirre daonnan. Cha robh e fìor chòrdadh rithe-se a bhith còmhla ri Mac Rìgh Eirinn, agus bhiodh a piuthar ag ràdhainn rithe, "Nach leig thu mi fhìn ann." Uill, a' latha so co dhiùbh dh'aidich i gu leigeadh i a piuthar ann, agus chaidh a piuthar ann. Agus feumaidh gu robh iad gu math coltach ri chéile nuair nach do chuir Mac Rìgh Eirinn umhail oirre. Ach an oidhche so bha iad 'nan laighe agus thàinig an pathadh air agus cha tìgeadh diar as na meòir. Ach co dhiùbh bha sud mar sud, agus thuir a muime ri Mac Rìgh Eirinn,

"An do shìl na meòir," ars ise,
Na'n do ghoir na h-eòin,

Na bheil an t-each dubh air a chuid,
Na subhach Mac Rìgh Eirinn?’

Agus fhreagair esan i agus thuir e,

“Cha do shil na meòir,” ars esan,
‘S cha do ghoir na h-eòin,
‘S chan eil an t-each dubh air a chuid,
‘S cha subhach Mac Rìgh Eirinn.’”

IAIN MACUARAIG.

(*Le cead Sgoil-Oilein na h-Alba.*)

An Ròcais

Mar a tha fios againn uile tha eòin ann a tha comharraichte airson bòichead an culaidh, agus cuid airson binneas an ciùil, agus feadhainn eile a chionn nach fhaicear is nach cluinnear iad ach ri aimsir bhàth an t-samhraidh.

Cha chuala mi riamh duine a' moladh an ròcais airson cho dubh 's a tha e, na a chionn gu bheil e daonnan maille ruinn, agus lionmhor an àireamh. Agus nan canadh neach rium gu robh tlachd aige 'na cheòl bheirinn sùil an uamhais air!

Tha dà ni fìor a thaobh an ròcais. Tha e furasda aithneachadh a measg nan eun eile. Is iomadh eun bòidheach nach aithnich sinn, ach balach na nighean nach aithnich ròcais bu chòir dhaibh fuireachd aig an tigh. Mur aithnich thu e air a dhath na air a chumadh is cinnteach gun aithnich thu e air a ghuth. Chan eil eun san ealtainn a ni atharrais air a ghuth aige—guth dha fhéin, guth cròchanach cruaidh, guth anns nach lorgar bàidh na carthannas, agus nach meall neach a chluinneas e. Cha chuir an ròcais car 'na chòmhradh airson iosal na uasal; anns an ni so tha e dìleas dha shinnsre.

Cha tric a chithear an ròcais leis fhéin; air sgéith na air fonn is math leis cuideachd ged nach bi e an còmhnuidh rèidh ris a' chuideachd a bhios aige, co-dhiùbh aig am neadachaidh na mu'n chuirrm. Aig am de'n t-seòrsa sin chuireadh e eagal air gealtaire, na'n dùisgeadh cànan is ùspairn eagal.

Is math leis an ròcais a nead a chàradh far nach ruig na spùinneadairean oirre. Gu tric ceangailidh e i am bàrr craoibhe air dhòigh 's nach spion an doineann as àirde shéideas i. Tillidh e bliadhna an déidh bliadhna do'n t-seann dachaidh, lorgaidh e a lòn far am bi e, agus bheir e neo-ar-thaing do'n fhear as àirde mhaoidheas air.

S.D.T.

Calum Iain MacGilleathain

Dhubh an là o bhith grianach,
Chinnich faileas air iarmailt ar n-àbhachd.
Trom a' bhuille 's gur piantail
A liubhair uirigleadh sgeula do bhàis dhomh.
Ged bha dòchas air mùchadh
Gum biodh e deònaicht' dhut ùrachadh
slàinte,
Nuair thàinig naidheachd na criche
Gun tug i gearradh 'nam chridh' mar gu
sàbht' e.

'S a Chaluim Iain 'ic Ghilleathain,
Tha 'n diugh a' crionadh fo leathad an
t-Hàlain,
Tha carragh-cuimhne nach tuislich
An cridh', an cuinnseas 's an cuislean do
chàirdean
Air sàr churaidh na tuathadh,
Gràinne-mullaich na h-uaisl' ann an nàdur;
'S creach do dh'Alba 's dh'an linn so
Do bhodhaig thalmhaidh cho iosal bhith
'n càradh.

'S creach do dh'Alba gu siorraidh
Thu bhith air falbh as a fianuis cho tràth
oirm.
Far na shaothraich thu dian-mhath
Na h-aobhair gaoid eadar iarmaid is cànan.
'S mór an ulaidh 'g a dìth thu,
Chriochnaich bunaitean dilinn na Gàidhlig;
Thuit clach-iuchrach a h-ùil-sa
'S gun fear eil' ann a dhùineas a' bhearna.

Tràth an cùrsa do réise
Gun chuir thu d'ùidh ann an euchdan do
nàsain.
B'e do bheachd-sa bu léirsinnich'
Ann an cleachdaidh, am beusan 's an
gnàthsan.
Le saothair thug thu buaidh dhuinn,
'S gun thog thu bratach ar sluaigh bhàrr an
làir dhuinn,
'S bidh linn ri teachd ann ad fhiachaibh
Airson na dìleib ro-fhiachail a dh'fhàg thu.

Do thìr nam beann thug thu bùthas,
Gun dh'innis do pheann a cuid ùisealachd
àraid.
Bha spiorad aiteis do dhùthcha
'Nad bhallaibh pailt a' so-dhrùghadh do
chnàmhan.
Air feadh Alba 's an Eirinn
A chaidh bidh t'ainm air a leughadh le
blàths ann

Mar aoih, mar oilean, 's mar uasal,
Mar shamhla duinealais 's uachdar nan
sàr-fhear.

Com na h-onair 's na h-uaisle;
Gliocas, modh agus stuamachd am pàirt
riuth';
Tuigs' is foghlum thar chunntais,
Gu robh gach aon diubh 'nad ghiùlan mar
sgàthan;
Samhl' a' cheartais 'nad sheanachas
Nuair bhuidh eachdraidh fo argumaid làidir.
'S na bhuilich Dia ort de bhuaidhean
Chà d'rinn thu riamh an cur tuathal air
àithne.

Leam is urram ro-luachmhor
Gun d'thug thu buileachadh buan domh dhe
d' chàirdeas.
'S gibht' an tasgaidh mo smuaintean
Meamhair air aiteas gach uair an co-phàirt
riut.
Sa' ghiorra-shaoghail a mhùch thu
Cha d'fhuair sin aont' air bhith 'n dùil ri
nas àill leinn
Ged dh'eadar-sgar i le ùir sinn
Tha spiorad maireann air giùlan cho-
bhraithrean.

Ach crìoch gach comunn bhith sgaoleadh
Mar a lomar a' chraobh de cuid bhlàthan.
'S crìon clach-ursainn an r-aonta
Rè ar tursan air saoghal nan sgàil so;
'S ged tha do cholunn fo fhòdaibh
Mo ghuidhe t'anam bhith 'n glòir anns na
h-àrdaibh,
'S a siol a' mhathais a phlannt thu
Gu meal thu toradh neo-ghann deth do
ghràsan.

DOMHNALL IAIN MACDHOMHNAILL.

Uibhist A Tuath

(2)

AIG toiseach na naoidheamh linne deug
chaidh oidhirp a dheanamh air fearann
àitich a roinn air an tuath. Ach bha am
freasdal aig an am a' cath an aghaidh an leas-
achaidh so, agus b'fheudar tilleadh air ais gu
''roinn-riuth.' Ann an 1880 bha fearann
Uibhist gu léir air a threachaid air a' mhodh
so: na h-ìomairean air an roinn air an tuath
as ùr gach bliadhna. Dé bu choireach gun do
mhair an ''roinn-riuth'' an Uibhist cho fada?
Ar leam gur h-e cnag na cùise mar a bha àireamh

an t-sluaigh a' meudachadh. Ann an 1841
chaidh Comhairle Thaghte a stéidheachadh gus
sgrùdadh a dheanamh air àireamh agus cor an
t-sluaigh air Ghaidhealtachd. Chaidh a chur
fa'n comhair gu robh feum air cartadh agus
nach bu mhise Uibhist a Tuath e nan rachadh
dà mhìle agus cóig cheud duine a leigeil air an
allaban gu dùthchannan céine. Bha àireamh
an t-sluaigh air a mheas aig ceithir mìle agus
sia ceud.

A cheana bha am ''fuadach'' air toiseach
tòiseachaidh a dheanamh. Theann an tuath,
mean air mhean, ri cùl a chur ri Uibhist mu
1770, an déidh do uachdaranachd an eilein
tuiteam air Ridir Alasdair, Triath Shléibhte.
Cha robh ùidh aige-san ann an cor 's an crann-
chur an t-sluaigh mar a bha aig a shìnnsean,
agus cha robh san amharc aige ach buannachd
mhór dha fhéin. Chuir e suas am màl air ball
agus cha b'fhada gus an do thuit cuid de na
bailtean ann am fiachan. Is e bhuiil a bha ann
gun deach còrr agus dà cheud duine air imrich
eadar 1771 agus 1775.

Chan e aintighearnas an uachdaran a mhàin
a bha brosnachadh an fhalbhain. Bha àireamh
an t-sluaigh a' sìor dhol am meud. Anns a'
bhliadhna 1775 bha suas ri dà mhìle duine ann
an Uibhist a Tuath; ann an 1765 bha 2465 ann;
ann an 1796 bha 3218 ann agus ann an 1821
bha 4973 ann. Bithear gu coitcheann a' toirt
dà aobhar air cho cas 's a bha an sluaigh a'
meudachadh. An toiseach, bha fir is mnathan
a' pòsadh aig aois na b'òige agus mar sin bha
na teaghlachaean a' fàs na bu mhòtha. Agus
a rithist, cha robh beatha duine cho diombuan
ri linn a bhith cur na banacraich, a bha casg
tinneis is fiabhruis. An uair a bha an sluaigh
a' dol an lionmhorachd mar so chan eil rian
gu robh e furasda dhaibh uile teachd-an-tir a
thoirt as an fhearann. Thug droch fhogar
no dha an tuilleadh rosaid air crannchur nan
diolacha-déirce.

Mar is trice bidh sinn a' leagail coire airson
nam fuadaichean air druim nan uachdaran.
Saoilidh mise gu robh fir nan tacaichean móran
na bu chiontaiche, oir is ann riutha-san a bha
riaghladh na h-oighreachd an urra. Ann an
1763 bha màl Uibhist air a shuidheachadh aig
£1200. Ochd bliadhna an déidh sin bha e air
a dhol suas gu £1800. Ar leam gu bheil e air
leth sònraichte gur ann anns a' bhliadhna 1769
a thàinig an t-àrdachadh. Sin an dearbh
bhliadhna anns an do chuir an t-uachdaran
naoidh bliadhna deug ri aonta nan tacaichean!

Bha caochladh tuair a' tighinn air tuathan-
achas cuideachd. Bhatar a' tòiseachadh a'
gabhail an barrachd suime do thalamh
ìonaltraidh agus na bu lugha do thalamh
àitich. An déidh plàigh a' chruidh ann an

1771 chunnacas gum biodh cumail chaorach mórán na bu bhuanachdaile. Chan fheumte nis uiread de sgalagan agus 's e a' bhuil a bha ann gum b'fheaduir do mhórán duibh sin an saoghal a thoirt fo'n ceann. Roimh mheadhon na naoidheamh linne deug bha na seachd dunaidh air tighinn air cùisean. Bha an imrich a' sìor dhòl am meud.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1849 chaidh tuath an fhearainn Sholaisich a ruagadh as an tighlean le lamhachas-làidir. Aig an am bha ceud teaghlach agus a deich an Solas, agus sia ceud duine agus a trì. Bha £382 de mhàl orra, ach ann an 1849 bha iad air tuiteam ann am fiachan gu ìre £624. Bha Pàdruig Cùpair, bàilidh an uachdarain, a' cumail a mach gu robh am fonn cho neo-thorach 's nach gabhadh leasachadh deanamh. Bha na h-urracha móra air a chùl agus ann an 1852 chaidh cha air dà mhìle duine fhuidhach as an eilean. Thug a' chuid mhór de na h-eilthirich an aghaidh air an Talamh Fhuar, ach bha cuid eile ann nach deach seach crìochan Alba. Eadar 1803 agus 1831 fhuair feadhainn aca almsadh air cosnadh aig cladhach slighe-uisge Chaledonia. Bha feadhainn eile air an cur a dheanamh rathaidean móra feadh na Gaidhealtachd—obair air an do chosgadh £540,000 aig an am. Mu mheadhon na naoidheamh linne deug thòisich cùisean air a dhòl am feabhas an Uibhist. Ann an 1855 cheannaich an Ridir Iain Orde an oighreachd agus leis a sin fhuair an slugh a' chiad togail.

Beag air bheag chuireadh air bonn riaghailtean ùra chum leas an fhearainn. Chaidh bailtean ùra a stéidheachadh, le "constabull" anns gach fear gus rian a chumail air an tuath agus air an obair. Thugadh barrachd tèarainteachd do'n chroitear agus fhuaras tairgse air cuideachadh bhò na h-urracha móra. An uair a shuidhicheadh "Bòrd a' Chongest", mar a theirte, ann an 1897 theann iad air tuathanachais anns an robh meudachd chuibheasach a bhriseadh 'nan croitean. B'ann an Uibhist a Tuath a rinn iad toiseach tòiseachaidh, agus dhearbh iad nach robh ann am Pàdruig Cùpair, a bha ràdh nach robh am fearann freagarrach air croitearan, ach an dearg shlaointire. Bhris iad sìos fearann Sholais 'na dhà chroit deug, le £10 màil air gach té, agus fearann Ghreinat-obht 'na dhà chroit thar fhichead le £5 màil air gach té. Thug am Bòrd £2296 mar chuid-eachadh airson togail rathaidean, ùtraidean, challaidean agus thighean còmhnuidh. Ann an 1912 bha am màl pàigete agus cha robh sgillinn fhiach air an tuath.

Ged a b'ann a obair fearainn a bha na h-Uibhistich gu cunbhalach a' toirt an teachd-an-tir bha ceàrdean is ealainean eile

anns an sgìreachd cuideachd. Anns an ochdamh agus an naoidheamh linn deug bha mórán a' deanamh am beò-shlaint air obair na ceilpe, cugallach 's g'an robh i aig amannan. B'e Uisdean MacDhòmhnaill, no Uisdean a' Bhaile Shear, a thug obair na ceilpe a dh'Uibhist a Tuath ann an 1735. Dh'fhasdaidh e Eireannach, Ruairidh MacDhòmhnaill, gus an obair a chur air chois. 'S e Ruairidh na luathadh am far-ainm a fhuair e. A réisd faodaidh sinn a thuigsinn nach do shoirbhich leis an toiseach. An am losgadh na feamadh air an ùrnais cha robh de thoradh ann ach luath ghlas an àite ceilpe. Gidheadh, an uair a fhuaras àthan ceilpe fo uidheam agus a chaidh an obair an ìre b' fheàrrde tuath agus tighearna toradh na saothrach.

Ann an 1770 chaidh 400 tunna ceilpe a ghiollachd ann an Uibhist a Tuath; ann an 1790 ràinig an àireamh thunnachan 1200; agus fichead bliadhna an dèidh sin 1500 tunna. Ann an 1824 cha robh uiread de dh'fheàil oirre agus 's e 1200 tunna a chaidh gu margadh. Is e b'aobhar dha so gu robh barilla na Spàinne 'g a reic am Breatunn aig prìs bu shaoire na prìs na ceilpe.

B'ann eadar an deicheamh latha de'n Ogmhios agus an deicheamh latha de'n t-Sultain a bhith ris a' cheilp. Bhiodh na croitearan agus na coitearan a' deanamh na h-imrich gu àirighean an cois a' chladaich. Ann an 1837 bha ceithir cheud teaghlach an sàs an obair na ceilpe an Uibhist, agus gach duine deanamh mu cheithir puinn Shasunnach anns a' bhliadhna. Chuir Alasdair MacDhòmhnaill mu choinneamh na Comhairle Taghte ann an 1841 gun d'fhuair an t-uachdaran £14,000 airson ceilpe eadar 1808 agus 1810. A réisd feumaidh gu robh e deanamh £18 de bhuanachd air gach tunna.

Mu'n bhliadhna 1862 chaidh tigh-ceàirde ùr a thogail an Glaschu gu bhith giollachd na ceilpe agus fhuair urrachan an tigh-cheàirde aonta air cladaichean Uibhist bhò Ridir Iain Orde airson mìle puinn Sasunnach sa' bhliadhna. Ann an 1865 chaidh dà mhìle tunna aiseag gu Cluaidh, an luchd-obrach a' faighinn eadar còig tasdain fhichead agus trì puinn 's a' trì an tunna. Cha robh rian aig a' cheilp farpuis ris a' bharilla, agus ri ùine chaidh obair na ceilpe a bith buileach glan.

IAIN A. MAC A' PHEARSOIN.

'a leantainn

Bha iad a' cur air nach robh e ann gu léir. Chuir e roimhe a bhith air mo neo-ar-thaing. Teich mus teid thu fo mo shùil.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Bha bodach ann an sud a roimhe a' fuireach ann am bothan beag air cùl beinne. Cha robh mòran de mhaoin an t-saoghail aige, agus bha gach ni a bha anns an tigh glé aosda. Latha de na làithean bha a bhean bho'n tigh agus b'fheudar do'n bhodach a bhìadh fhéin a dheasachadh. Bha e glé mhi-sgiobalta agus leis a' chhibisteachd thuit aon de na praisèan as a làimh agus bhris i.

Anns a' mhadaoin dh'fhalbh e chun a' bhaile mhóir a cheannach té eile; fhuair e sin agus thog e air dhachaidh leatha is i ceangailte air a dhruid le sreing. Air an t-slighe thachair caraid—Dòmhnall Mór—ris air an robh e glé eòlach. Bha Dòmhnall cho làn àbhachdais is a tha an t-ugh de bhìadh, agus rinn e airson fealla-dhà a bhith aige air a' bhodach.

"Ach," ars esan, is e a' sealltainn air druim a' bhodaich, "cìod a tha ceàrr air a' phrais iur agad?"

"Cìod a tha ceàrr oirre?" fhreagair am fear eile le feirg.

"Chan eil oirre ach trì casan an àite ceithir," arsa Dòmhnall.

"Nach b'e an trusdar am fear a reic rium-sa i?" ars am bodach, "cìod a ni mi?"

"Till leatha, a dhuine bhochd!" fhreagair Dòmhnall.

"Sin dìreach," ars esan, "ach ma gheibh mise greim air mac—"

"Stad! Dean air do shocair," arsa Dòmhnall, "cìod a tha thu dol a dh'iarraidh?"

"Tha dìreach," ars esan, "prais le ceithir chasan agus chan e té le trì nach seas còmh-nard."

"Ceart," ars am fear eile, "gabh romhad."

"Ràinig am bodach a' bhùth air ais agus loig e air an fhear-reice.

"Cìod e so a rinn thu ormsa an diugh a' chealgair?" ars esan, "prais le trì chasan an àite ceithir; rud nach seas còmh-nard air làr."

"Leig sìos chun an làir i," ars am fear-reice. Rinn e mar a dh'iarraidh air agus sheas a dhà shùil 'na cheann le iongnadh; bha a' phrais cho còmh-nard ris fhéin. Rinn am fear-reice gloc mòr gàire, thog am bodach a' phrais air a mhuin agus dh'fhalbh e. An uair a bha e a' dol a mach an dorus chuala am fear-reice e ag ràdh air a shocair ris fhéin; "Mac na truaighe, Dòmhnall Mór. Cha bhì aon chas fhéin ortsa ma gheibh mise greim ort. A mhic nan car. Trì chasan, ceithir chasan. Ha! Ha! nach bu mhise an t-amadan gòrach. Ach, a Dhòmhnall Mhóir, gheibh mise greim ort!"

Once upon a time there was an old man living in a small bothy behind a mountain. He did not possess much of the world's goods, and everything in the house was very old. One day his wife was away from home and the old man had to prepare his own food. He was very untidy and through clumsiness one of the pots dropped from his hand and it broke.

In the morning he set off to the town to buy another one; he got one and set off home with it tied on his back with a string. On the way a friend—Big Donald—whom he knew very well met him. Donald was as full of fun as the egg is of food, and he tried to have sport at the old man's expense.

"But," said he, looking at the old man's back, "what is wrong with your new pot?"

"What is wrong with it?" replied the other in anger.

"It has only three legs instead of four," said Donald.

"What a rascal is the fellow that sold it to me," said the old man, "what can I do?"

"Turn back with it, poor man," replied Donald.

"That is the very thing," said the other, "but if I catch the son of—" "Stop? Take it easy," said Donald, "what are you going to ask for?"

"Just," said he, "a pot with four legs and not one with three which cannot stand straight."

"Right," said the other one, "go ahead."

The old man arrived back at the shop, and he scolded the merchant. "What is this you have done to me today you crook," said he, "a pot with three legs instead of four; a thing that will not stand straight on a floor."

"Let it down on the floor," said the merchant. He did as he was told, and both his eyes stood stock-still in his head in wonder; the pot was as straight as he himself. The merchant guffawed; the old man lifted the pot on his back and went away. While he was passing through the door the merchant heard him saying gently to himself; "Wretched man, Big Donald. You will not have even one leg if I catch you, trickster. Ah! Ah! was I not a stupid fool. But, Big Donald, I will catch you!"

FERINDONALD—

THE COUNTY OF THE MUNROS

(continued)

At some unspecified date in the past, the story goes, there was a Lady of Balconie who was a witch. It would seem that she was a daughter of the Castle: for the first public whisper of her power came when she was a young girl. Her nurse was a witch who trained her in the black art. One day visitors were at the Castle. They walked, chatting, on the lawn. The talk turned to witchcraft, and some scoffing remark annoyed the girl. "See what I can do!" she exclaimed; and in answer to her gesture the Castle rose several feet from its foundations. The startled party beheld, between the building and the ground, the Cromarty Firth out beyond, the sunlit slopes of the Black Isle, the far distant blue mountains. Then the Castle settled gently back, and not a stone out of place.

The story leaps a few years. The girl became Lady of Balconie. As a result of her long commerce with the forces of evil the time came when she was required to rendezvous with the Devil himself at midnight on a bridge that spanned the Black Rock, two miles from Balconie. The Lady brought her maid along with her, and made her tie her apron strings in front. The maid went first on the bridge; close behind, the Lady kept firm grip of the apron. The canny wench loosened the strings and held them together in her hands.

The Devil swooped upon them and seized the Lady. The maid let go the strings, and her mistress was whirled into the abyss. In the air, she flung from her the Castle keys, which she wore on her girdle. One struck an immense boulder which to this day perches on the brink of the chasm. It made an impression as if the stone were soft wax. The maid fled home with the story.

Some years after, one Donald, servant to a lady in the district, was fishing in the river below the Black Rock on behalf of his mistress. He hid a part of his catch by the river bank, to take it to his old mother later on. But when he returned the fish was gone. A trail of scales offered a clue, which he followed until he found himself at last in the depth of the chasm, at the mouth of a cave. Thither led the trail; boldly he went in.

There was the lost Lady, chained to the wall, and baking over a great fire. And there lay

the fish; but Donald had no desire for the fish. "My Lady," he exclaimed, "you must come away from this horrible place!" "I cannot," she replied. "And you — I fear me you will be hard put to it to get away yourself. Look behind you." Donald looked and trembled. Within the entrance, one on either side, were chained two huge dogs. They snarled at him. How, indeed, was he to get past these brutes? They had let him in — but out, no!

"Maybe I can help you," said the Lady. She threw a lump of dough to each dog. "Now run," she cried, as the dogs leaped on the tit-bits. Donald ran, and got safely away and out of the chasm. But afterwards neither he nor any one else could find the path that had taken him in and out. And that was the last time mortal eye saw the Lady.

It is still said, when mist rises from the water and lies along the course of the Black Rock, that it is smoke from the Lady of Balconie's fire, and a sign that she is baking — baking bannocks for her master the Devil. Of course we smile at such tales nowadays. But we must bear in mind that in the old days the practice of witchcraft had a grim and purposeful influence on the lives of our ancestors. In the annals of Ferindonald there is a strange factual record which might almost pass for fiction.

Two cases concerned with witchcraft were tried in Edinburgh on the same day, 22nd July, 1590. The "private prosecutor" in the first was Hector, XVIIth Baron of Foulis, chief of the Munros; and the accused was his stepmother, Katherine, Lady Foulis, widow of the XVth Baron, Robert Mór, who had died on 5th November, 1588. The second trial was that of Baron Hector himself.

The case against the Lady referred to events of thirteen years earlier. It is likely that respect for her husband, a man of high repute, had shielded her during his lifetime. The indictment detailed how, but employing witches and warlocks and their spells and poisons, she had sought to destroy her stepson, Robert, heir to Foulis, and the young wife of her brother, George Ross, Laird of Balnagown; her intention being to make a match between her brother and the stepson's widow.

Balnagown, Katherine's native place, is but

a few miles from Tain. To Tain she resorted for at least some of her accomplices—she used several. For obvious reasons she would have avoided approaching any of the witches native to Ferindonald. It is a strange and involved story. From John Macmillan in Dingwall she bought an elf arrow-head for four shillings. She gave a man eight shillings to go to Elgin to buy rat poison. William Macgillivray, *Damh* of Tain, sold her a box of witchcraft. Marjorie or Neyne McAllister, alias Laskie Loucart, also of Tain, played her part by shooting elf arrow-heads at images in clay and in butter which represented the victims. Laskie was no marksman; most of her shots, it is stated, missed. The heir of Foulis came to no harm at the time; but the Lady of Balnagown "contracted deadlie sickness" in 1577, and was "yet incurable" in 1590. Two of the witches, Macgillivray being one, were tried by a Ross-shire court on 28th November, 1577. They confessed, and were burned at the stake. The famous warlock, Coinneach Odhar, the Brahan seer, was apparently implicated, but was not brought to judgment. The Edinburgh court of 1590 found Lady Katherine innocent and acquitted her.

Baron Hector then took her place in the dock. He had been bred to the ministry, but had resigned from holy orders when his older brother, Robert, died about eight months after succeeding to the Barony. It was charged against him that he had employed a witch to cure him of sickness by transferring it to his stepbrother, George, Lady Katherine's eldest son. Hector pled not guilty, and was acquitted.

It may be of significance that in both cases the juries were composed of Ross-shire people, who would be either friends of the accused or sensible men not wishful to incur the displeasure of powerful neighbours by giving an unfavourable verdict. From such intimate glimpses—and they are few—we may see that social life in Ferindonald was much the same as that in any Highland district.

The same may be said of its pre-history. Stone cairns in Boath in the Alness valley; a stone circle in Clare in the Skiach valley; a stone circle (unfortunately demolished this century) at Woodlands west of Foulis; the stories these tell, the archaeologist deciphers for us. Are the natives of Ferindonald the descendants of the men who reared those stones? We do not know; it may well be that, in part, they are.

Tradition makes the Munros incomers. It is said that they came from Ireland; it is said, with more probability, that they came out of

the province of Moray. The name comes into the clear light of history for the first time in 1232, when George, Vth Baron of Foulis, witnessed a Sutherland charter. His mother seems to have been a daughter of that Hugh Freskyn of Moravia (Moray) who became Thane of Sutherland and progenitor of the Earls of Sutherland. The Earl of Ross was, in the beginning, their feudal overlord. But that earldom, as mentioned above, came to an end in 1476, and thereafter they were direct vassals of the Crown. It is in consequence of this that their tenure of certain lands was dependant on supplying the King, when so required, with a snowball at midsummer. That was no unfair condition, for Ben Wyvis in most years retains snow in some of its northward facing corries until mid-August, and sometimes even all the year round.

Always remembering that Ferindonald does not properly extend outside of Kiltearn and Alness parishes, it is interesting to find various properties, as far north as Caobisdale on the Sutherland border and westward to Lochbroom, held at various times by the Chief, or by cadet branches.

FRANK MACLENNAN.

(To be continued)

Executive Council

The Gaelic Meeting of the Council was held on the 11th of March, the President in the chair. There was a good attendance, and keen interest was shown in the proceedings.

Dr. Bannerman presented the Minute of the Mod and Music Committee which listed the prescribed songs for choirs and soloists for the 1962 Mod in Oban. These were all approved. Two Minutes of the Finance Committee were approved without discussion. The treasurer, Miss Young, mentioned that she was now in a position to make a statement regarding the finances of the Edinburgh Mcd. The post of assistant in the Office was offered to and accepted by Miss Margaret A. Macinnes, at the initial salary of £234 per annum.

The convener of the Publication Committee submitted a Minute referring to the proposed Gaelic/English and English/Gaelic Dictionary, the efforts made to extend the sales of *Sradag* and the recent publication of Gaelic Poems For Interpretation. It is hoped that increased sales in primary schools and through shops may make it possible to reduce the price of *Sradag*.

The Minute of the Art and Industry Committee, presented by Mrs. Edgar, noted the various competitions both for seniors and juniors arranged for the 1962 Mod.

Mr. Donald A. Macdonald reported on the meeting held by Clann an Fhraoich recently.

This meeting took the form of a Brains Trust and proved very successful. It was arranged to have another meeting in March.

Arrangements are being made for the summer camps for Learners and Fluent Gaelic Speakers. It was agreed that the convener of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee should prepare a Statement of the aims and work of the Committee, and that a copy be sent to the Scottish Advisory Committee on Youth work.

It was reported that Gaelic was to find an honoured place in this year's Edinburgh International Festival. A grand concert will be staged in the Usher Hall and a ceilidh in Leith Hall. The following were appointed to draw up suitable programmes: Mr. Hugh MacPhee, Dr. J. M. Bannerman, Mr. Donald Grant, Mr. James Thomson and Mr. Donald MacPhail.

Royal Celtic Awards

Pipe-Major Donald Macleod, of the Queen's Own Highlanders, won the "Royal Celtic Society Prize" of five guineas which is awarded at the discretion of the Colonel of the Highland Brigade to the pipe-major, piper n.c.o., or piper within the Highland Brigade who has each year done most to foster the objects of the society either by his piping or by teaching of piping, Highland dancing, the use of the Highland dress and the proper use of Gaelic toasts.

The Society also award a prize of five guineas which goes in alternate years to the best all-round piper either at the Argyll Gathering or at the Northern Meeting. For 1960 the prize has been awarded jointly to Hugh McCallum, Campbeltown, and Ronald Lawrie, Glasgow Police, for piping at Oban.

The report of the Council noted that during 1960 donations were made as follows:—10 guineas to the Edinburgh Celtic Society, 5 guineas to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, 3 guineas to the North Uist Highland Gathering, 2 guineas to the Clarsach Society, and 5 guineas to the Argyll Gathering. A donation of £50 was made to the funds of the National Mod of 1960.

Book Review

Gaelic Poems For Interpretation: (An Comunn Gaidhealach.) This valuable text book meets a long felt need, and should prove an interesting and useful aid in the teaching of Gaelic in Secondary Schools. There are twenty-two short Gaelic poems suitable for Lower Grade work, and twenty for Higher Grade classes. In addition there are Specimen Papers and S.L.C. Papers—Higher, Lower and Ordinary, together with a list of subjects suitable for Gaelic compositions. Searching and adequate questions, in English, to be answered in English or Gaelic, are asked on each passage to guide the reader and to test his grasp of the contents. The questions on grammar suggest that the extent of grammatical knowledge expected of the pupils at the various stages is somewhat limited.

One would welcome a sprinkling of brighter passages; there is a preponderance of the *cumha* variety, and, perhaps, too little material that is new or unfamiliar or fairly recent.

The general set-up of the book is pleasing, the paper and type are good, and the editing throughout is excellent. An Comunn Gaidhealach who sponsored the work, the Central Gaelic Committee of the E.I.S. who selected the poems for interpretation, and the general editor deserve much credit for a very useful and desirable piece of work.

Branch Reports

STRONTIAN

The Ardnamurchan Mod executive committee decided to hold a Mod at Strontian on 27th June. Means of raising funds and the provision of a Comunn music teacher were discussed. The Hon. Mrs. MacLean of Ardgour, convener, presided.

ACHARACLE

Under the auspices of the College of Piping, a ceilidh was held in the Shielbridge Hall recently at which Fr. Joseph Campbell, Mingarry, presided. The artistes were—Messrs. John MacFadyen and Seumas MacNeill, piping; Miss Ina MacDiarmid, Mr. John MacRae, and Mr. Iain Darroch, singers.

FALKIRK

A very successful ceilidh was held on 24th February. Piper A. Mochar opened the proceedings with a stirring selection, and the programme was sustained by Miss Betty Sinclair, Bo'ness, Miss A. McDougall, Glasgow, Mr. Ian Carmichael, Islay, and Mr. Ian Watt, Dunfermline. The accompanist was Mr. Jack Roberts. Mr. Calum MacLeod, secretary of An Comunn, conveyed the best wishes of the Association and complimented the branch on their efforts to promote interest in Gaelic and to raise funds for the Stirling Mod.

AYR

At the final ceilidh for the session in Troon the President made a plea to have the National Mod in Ayr at an early date. He said there are plenty of hotels and halls in Ayr, Prestwick and Troon to provide the necessary accommodation. The chairman for the evening, Rev. A. M. Beaton, created the ceilidh spirit by his amusing anecdotes and interpretation of the Gaelic songs sung. The artistes were Piper Andrew McKissock, Alasdair Grant, Christine Grant, and Jean Dawson, all from Glasgow. The Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir were in good voice, the readings by Frances Mathews and Aileen Fraser were well received, and Norma M. Campbell accompanied the artistes.

DUMFRIES

The President, Rev. John Fletcher, presided at the February ceilidh. Mr. Neil Shaw represented the Propaganda Committee and conveyed greetings to the hundred members present. He said how pleased he was to meet three members who were present when he formed the branch 31 years before. These were the Hon. President, Donald Morrison, aged 91 years, Neil Alex. MacVicar and W. Wilkie. Colin Morrison, the secretary, conducts a progressive Gaelic class. The guest artistes were Sheilagh MacPhail and Iain Thomson, Glasgow. Local singers also contributed to the programme and stirring selections of Scottish airs were given by the Ceilidh Branch.

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—STIRLING, 1961

Received at Stirling—

Ceilidh 5/11/59 ..	£10 18 6
Whist Drive on 20/11/59 ..	4 12 9
Raffle—Star Bar ..	1 10 —
Ceilidh 3/12/59 ..	12 2 —
Donation—Mr. J. P. Ross, Stirling ..	20 — —
Highland Ball 13/12/59 ..	99 10 —
From Football Cards ..	19 7 6
Raffle at Ceilidh 13/11/60 ..	7 16 —
Ceilidh 17/11/60 ..	14 17 —
Ceilidh 28/1/60 ..	7 8 6
Whist Drive 22/2/60 ..	15 15 —
Coffee Morning 5/3/60 ..	10 14 4
Donation—W. J. McDonald ..	— 10 —
Raffle at Licensed Trade Dance 9/3/60 ..	28 13 6
Coffee—Ladies' Committee ..	45 4 —
Donation—Miss Annie Fraser, Stirling ..	3 — —
Mrs. McNicol—House Whist Drive ..	14 2 —
Raffle per Peter Campbell ..	4 — 9
Ceilidh 24/3/60 ..	9 14 3
Proceeds of Dinner Dance 18/3/60 ..	35 17 —
Concert—Albert Hall, Stirling on 20/4/60 ..	2 1 —
Prize Draw 15/4/60 ..	196 15 —
Mannequin Parade 15/4/60 ..	45 — 6
Donation—Mr. James Oliver ..	— 10 —

Ceilidh at Dunblane 20/5/60	14 — —	
		£623 19 7
<i>Received at Glasgow—</i>		
Lochearnhead Branch	£10 — —	
Sutherland Provincial Mod Committee ..	10 — —	
The Gaelic Society of Glasgow	5 — —	
D. MacLean, Esq., Skye	— 14 —	
Mr. Duff, Corpach ..	3 3 —	
Miss E. S. MacKerracher, Stirling	— 18 —	
H. D. Welsh, Esq., Aberdeen	1 1 —	
Ceilidh Nan Gaidheal ..	5 — —	
		£35 16 —
		<u>£659 15 7</u>

NATIONAL MOD—EDINBURGH, 1960

<i>Received at Edinburgh—</i>		
Previously acknowledged		£3,647 7 10
<i>Received at Glasgow—</i>		
Previously acknowledged ..	£328 15 9	
John A. MacRae, Esq., Glasgow—Arranging Fee Relinquished ..	2 2 —	
Glasgow Oban & Lorn Association	3 — —	
Col. Maule Horne, Dorset	10 — —	
		£343 17 9
		<u>£3,991 5 7</u>

MAGAZINE FUND

Previously acknowledged	£6 6 —	
Anonymous	— 14 —	
		<u>£7 — —</u>

COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH FUND

Previously acknowledged	£59 1 —	
Proceeds of Ceilidh (held by Pupils of Royal Academy and High School, Inverness) and Concert (Mr. A. J. MacLean's)	10 — —	
		<u>£69 1 —</u>

CENTRAL FUND

Previously acknowledged	£170 10 9	
Govan Branch	10 — —	
Skelmorlie and District Highland Association	1 1 —	
Anonymous	— 7 6	
Kinross Branch	5 7 6	
Kilmarnock Branch	10 — —	
Dumfries Branch	3 — —	
Dunkeld Branch	3 — —	
Mrs. Marion Gillies, Ballinluig ..	— 5 —	
		<u>£203 11 9</u>

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVI

AN T-OG-MHIOS, 1961

Aireamh 6

COILLTEAN DOSRACH

IS mór an t-airgead a tha an rìoghachd a' cosg air fìodh a tha a' fàs ann an dùthch-annan céine nuair a dh'fhaodadh earrann mhath de na thatar a' cur am feum a bhith a' fàs anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Tha mìltean acair fearainn a' coimhead an athair anns a' cheàrnaidh sin de'n dùthaich, gun sùil ann a chì iad mur laigh sùil èdìn air iteig orra. Air slios nam beann air feadh nan Garbh-chrìoch, agus an iomadh àite eile air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, tha rùm gun leòr fhathast aig Bòrd Nan Craobh airson an obair mhath ris a bheil iad a chur am farsaingeachd. Ged is mór an obair a rinn iad a cheana air feadh Alba, chan eil i ach beag an coimeas ris na dh'fhaodadh iad a dheanamh nam biodh an Riaghaltas a' cuideachadh leotha mar bu mhath leinn, agus mar bu chòir. Ann an iomadh clachan anns na glinn air Tir-mór, agus ann an eileanan a' chuain, tha mòran a' glaothaich airson oibreach 's gun an obair ann. Tha àireamh an t-sluaigh sìor chrìonadh a chionn nach eil e furasda a bhith beò an diugh air na choisnear dlùth air baile. Mur cothaichear beòshlainte aig an tigh 's e falbh a dh'fheumar, agus fad nam bliadhnanach lionmhor 's e falbh a bha ann.

Is dòcha nach eil obair eile ann a chumadh àireamh an t-sluaigh gun sìoladh as buileach, agus a bheireadh air ais cuid de na dh'fhalbh, coltach ri àiteachas craobh. Tha an ùine a' ruith; agus tha tighean ann am bailtean dùthchail na Gaidhealtachd a' tuiteam 'nam broinn gun duine ann a thogas iad, an fhàsach a' sìor sgaioleadh, agus an fhalamhachd a' glaothach 's gun i faighinn èisdeachd. B'

fheàrr leinn gu mór gun gleidheadh sinn na daoine far a bheil iad an toiseach na a bhith lionadh nan àiteachan falamh uaireigin le cosnadh ro anmoch. B' fheàrr leinn cainnt agus dòighean ar sinnsearachd a dhìon an diugh, mus bi e ro fhadalach, na bhith 'g an teagaisg do choigrich an màireach.

Anns na h-Eileanan an Iar, far a bheil an daingneach mu dheireadh aig Gàidhlig Alba an diugh, is dòcha nach deanadh cur craobh mòran atharrachaidh ann a bhith toirt oibrich-ean do'n t-sluaigh. Chan fhàs a h-uile seòrsa craobh ro mhath far a bheil stoirmean a' séideadh cho tric agus far an ruig cathadh-mara iad leis gach rotach. Ach tha craobhan ann a sheasas ri fuachd is gaillinn, agus ged nach deanadh iad sin fìodh math bheireadh iad fàsaghadh do bhàrr is do spréidh. Agus nach mór an fheum a tha air fàsaghadh ann an eileanan a' chuain.

Tha sinn toilichte a chluinntinn gu bheil cuireadh aig luchd-teagaisg an àite a ghabhail ann an sgoil oileanachaidh Bòrd Nan Craobh ann am Beinnmhóir, an Earraghaidheal, o'n deiceamh latha gun a' chòigeamh latha deug de'n Iuchar. Gheibh na sgoilearan eòlas air gach seòrsa craobh aithneachadh, bidh cothrom aca craobhan òga a chur 's a làimhseachadh, agus nochdar dhaibh na feuman eadar-dheal-achichte gus a bheil fìodh air a chur. Tha cinnt againn nach cum an luchd ionnsachaidh na dh'fhoghlumas iad anns an sgoil fo ghlais; agus có aige tha fios nach fhaicear àl òg ag éirigh air feadh Earraghaidheil aig am bi ùidh ann an obair coille.

Cha Teid Tuilleadh

ACHIONN nach robh an còrr agam ri dheanamh thug mi sgrìob leam fhìn sìos am baile. Mus robh mi fada air mo thurus b'fheàrr leam air na chunnaic mi riamh gu robh mi air fuireachd am broinn an tìghe. Ach is ann a bhiodh "cha téid tuilleadh" agam mur bithinn air coinneachadh ri mo charaid caomh air an dean mi ionradh mus bi mi ullamh. Ghléidh esan mi bho thubaist agus bho dhragh do chàch. Dh'fhaodainn a bhith air cumail romham, leis na smaointean faoine a bha agam aig nach robh ceangal idir ri ionad mo chois, agus cò aige tha fios càite an robh mi air stad air a' cheann thall, càite an lorgainn mi fhìn, na cò lorgadh mi fa-dheòidh.

Bha sluaigh gun àireamh air an t-sràid nuair a ràinig mi, mar gum biodh deagh fhios aca gu robh mi tighinn; ach cha b'è sin idir a thug a mach iad air a' mhadainn ud. Cha robh fear a bha dol seachad nach robh 'na dheann mar gum b'è sud a' mhionaid dheireannach aige air an talamh. Na leig duine aca air gu robh mi ann? Feuch thusa na leig. Dh'fhaodainn a bhith anns a' ghealach airson na bha dh'fhios aca; dh'fhaodainn a bhith air fuireachd a stigh san tìgh airson na bha de iarraidh na de ionndrainn orm. Ma bha fios aca fhéin càite an robh iad a' dol chum iad sin am falach ormsa. Ma bha sùil aca ri companach cha bu mhise bha san amharc aca. Chum iad orra seachad orm mar gum biodh an teine air an craiceann, dìreach mar nach bithinn air an aon sràid riutha.

Cha b'è sud an seòrsa air an robh mise eòlach nuair a bha mi òg. Sin seòid nach ruithheadh seachad ort gu bog, balbh air meud na cabhaig. Dh'fhàgadh iad beannachd agam anns an dol seachad agus té eile anns an tilleadh. Air a' mhadainn ud cha do leig duine air gu robh mi air an talamh; cha do dh'fhoignich aon aca dhomh càite an robh mi dol na co as a thug mi a' choisèachd; chan fhaca duine gu robh ad ùr air mo cheann agus bata cromagach 'nam làimh. Bu cho math dhomh a bhith air am fàgail air mo chùl airson na bha de chùram air luchd na slor choisèachd, agus ma théid mise an t-slighe ud a rithist is e am fàgail aig an tìgh a ni mi.

Ma bha cabhag air na fir, cha robh cabhag air an t-saoghal air na mnathan agus air na caileagan. Bha iad an sud, sean is òg, liath is daite, dìreach is crùbach, suairce is gruamach, 's iad uile a' goradaireachd a steach air uinneagan nam bùthan aodaich mar nach biodh stail aca a chuireadh iad umpa. Ach dh'fhàg mise iad far an robh iad, agus chum mi orm troimh an

t-sruth shluaigh a bha tighinn 'nan deann 'nam choinneamh. A' chiad chothrom a fhuair mi thug mi ceum gu taobh eile na sràide, ach ma thug cha robh sin an an-fhios do aon fhear carbaid co-dhiù. Cho luath 's a chunnaic e mi rinn e orm 'na chàr loinneil, mar gum biodh e ag ràdh ris fhéin: Beiridh mi ortsa co-dhiù. Feuch thusa na rug! Ach ghabh mi barrachd eagail na ghabh mi riamh anns a' Chogadh Mhór. Bha an truthair seachad orm mus d'fhuair mi air m'anaid a tharraing, agus cha robh fo mo chothrom ach maoidheadh air le mo chromaig. Mu mo choinneamh bha dithis bhraisicèan 'nan suidhe gu dòigheil air being a' glocadaich ghàireachdainn mar gum biodh iad toilichte cho faisg 's a chaidh an càr air mo mharbhadh. Nam biodh duine eile 'nam chuideachd bha mi air foighneachd mar a rinn fear eile ann a leithid de chunnart, "Cia meud a mharbh am fear ud?" Cha do leig mi orm gu robh iad ann, ach chum mi mo shùil air fleasgach beag a bha le pasgan phàipeirean naidheachd aig oisinn na sràide. Bha esan a' glaochaich àird a chlaiginn mar nach biodh duine dol seachad air nach robh mall an claisneachd. Am meadhon na sràide, astar beag air falbh, bha cuanail fhear shìos chun nan cluasan ann an toll a chladhaich iad a' lorg phoban. Ma fhuair iad lorg orra cha robh cabhag sam bith orra dad a dheanamh riutha. Am fear nach robh le pìob 'na phluic bha a shùil air a ghualainn mus rachadh duine seachad gun fhios dha.

Ghabh mise seachad mus éireadh na bu mhiosa dhomh, ach a dh'aindeoin na thachair rium—agus cha b'è sin am beag—chan fhaca mi creutair beò a chanainn a chunnaic mi riamh. Bha mi cho aonaranach 's ged a b'ann a saoghal eile a bhithinn air tighinn air a' mhadainn ud. Aonaranach am meadhon a' bhaile mhóir! Bha agus na b' aonaranache na ged a bhithinn leam fhìn ann an eilean iomallach a' chuain. Chuimhnic mi rithist air a' chlachan anns a' ghleann, agus air comunn blàth na cuideachd bhig a bha chòmhnuidh ann. Chail mi sealladh air ball air tighean àrda, rìbheach a' bhaile mhóir; chan fhaca mi, car ùine, luchd imeachd na sràide, cha chuala mi gleadhraich nan carbaidean na ùinich oibricean. Bha sàmhch-air a' ghlinne 'nam uchd, seinn nan eun 'nam chluais, agus buille fhann a' chuain air cladach a' mùchadh na falamhachd a bha agam am measg a' mhór shluaigh. Nuair a thàinig mi thugam fhìn, cò bha 'na sheasamh air mu bheulaibh ach fìor charaid dhomh nach fhaca mi o chionn iomadh bliadhna. Sud far an robh an fhàite chridheil. An déidh beagan còmhraidh lorg sinn tìgh-bidh far an d'fhuair sinn cothrom is ùine gu leor airson eachdraidh nan

seann làithean aithris is éisdeachd, a' deanamh ath-chuimhne air fir is caileagan air an robh sinn eòlach le chéile, air gach sùgradh is cleas a bhiodh againn 'nan cuideachd, air gach caochladh is ionndrainn a thàinig leis na bliadhnanach. Chaidh an latha seachad, ach cha do theirig seanachas. Ma bha mise aonaranach anns a' mhadainn, thug an comunn caomh a bha againn rè an latha cuideachd air ar beulaibh—cuideachd nach fhaca 's nach cuala duine bha stigh aig bòrd ach sinn fhìn.

Chan e duilleag na dhà a dh'fheumte, ach leabhar tomadach, mus tugte iomradh mion-aideach air gach cuspair air na rinn sinn iomradh mus deach a' ghrian fodha. Cha robh an latha samhraidh fada gu leòr airson na h-eachdraidh a chaidh seachad aithris gu léir.

Bha dùil agam nuair a thòisich mi dealbh cubhaidh a sgrìobhadh air madainn Sathuirne air sràid iomraideach a' bhaile mhóir. Chaill mi am baile leis na bh'ann an cuideachd an t-seann eòlach, ach fhuair mi mòran a bharrachd air na chaill mi.

EILEANACH.

Ceistear

Bha dithis sa' bhaile againne, seann fhear agus balach, agus ged is e an t-aon ainm agus sloinneadh a bha orra cha robh iad tric air an aon ràmh. 'S e Iain a bha orra le chéile, agus b'ainneamh dà Iain air an aon iteig. Chanadh muinntir a' bhaile mu Iain Òg gun robh e solta, sàmhach, ach nuair a chluinneadh na caill-eachan sin theireadh iad, "Cha do dhragh thu fhiasag." Co-dhiù bha teanga sgaiteach aige nuair a thogradh e fhéin. Bha an seann duine math air ceasnachadh.

Chaidh am fear òg latha 'na dheise, agus rinn e breacan a baile. 'S e air tilleadh bho a chuairt, có a' chiad duine a choinnich ris ach Iain ud eile. Ars am bodach, "Càit as an tug thu a' choiseachd?" "As na casan," fhreagair am balach. Thuir an seann duine, "'S e tha mi ciallachadh, càit as an tàinig thu?" Ach 's e am freagairt a fhuair e, "Fear as an robh mi." Dh' fhoighnich am bodach, "Càit eil thu dol?" Thuir am balach 's e toirt a chasan leis an taobh a bha e dol, "Dh'an àit tha romham; agus am biodh e modhail dhòmhsa na ceistean sin a chur oirbh fhéin?"

S.S.

1. Cha do leig i oirre gu robh mi ann.
2. Thug e an saoghal fo a cheann.
3. Is fhada o bha sin agam air mo theangaidh.

An Cluinn Thu Mo Mo Ribhinn Chiuin

An cluinn thu mi mo ribhinn chiuin?

Nach éisd thu rium an tràth so,
'S nach gabh thu suim de m' chor an diugh;
Ochoin! cho truaigh 's a tha mi.

An cuimhne leat an uair a bha
Thu rium-sa daonnan càrdeil,
'S a gheall thu dhomh gun dàil do làmh,
'S nach dìobradh tu gu bràth mi?

Nach beachd leat fhéin am feasgar sèimh
A dh'imich sinn do'n bhràighe,
'S a thuir mi riut am briathran blàth',
O 's tu a ghaoil is àill leam?

Bha còisir bhinn na coill air ghleus,
Gun teud neo-réidh san àireamh;
Mi féin le sòlas, meas do bheus,
'S tu luaidh ri caidreamh làmh rium.

Ach thuir an samhradh 's ceòl nan geug;
Thuit duibhre gearmhraidh tràth orm,
'S tha mise 'n diugh 's mo chridh' fo leòn,
'S gun Anna Bhàn 's a gràdh rium.

Chan eil fois a stigh na muigh,
'S chan fhaigh mi tàmh san amnoch,
'S mo smaoin cho tric air dealbh is cruth
Na maighdinn òg a chràidh mi.

Their cuid gur gòraiche do neach
Bhith nochdadh bròn san dòigh so,
Ach 's galair sàraicht' leòn a' ghaoil;
Tha bhlàth sud air mo shnuadh-sa.

TAOBH-TUATH EARRAGHAIDHEIL.

Idir

Is dòcha gu bheil sibh eòlach air dà chù a bha aig Fionn—Luath agus Bran. Ach bha coin eile aige dh'an tuilleadh. An tuig sibh dé an t-ainm a bha air cù bho'n toimhseachan so?

Chaidh Fionn do'n bheinn 's cha deach idir;
Thiodhlaig e a bhean, 's cha do thiodhlaig idir."

Bha fear eile ann agus cù aige air an robh Idir. Cha robh a leithid idir ann, agus chuir na clobairean eile sùil ann. Latha bha so chaidh Coinneach chon na féille agus Idir 'na chois. Seach nach robh e cho glic air an fhéill

's a bhiodh e aig baile 's ann a reic e an cù. Mu'n robh an fhéill seachad thog e air dhachaidh agus e air fàs beagan na bu ghlice. Cha robh e air a dhol fada nuair a dh'ionndrainn e an cù. Sheas e air mullach cnucis os cionn na féille, agus e ag eubhach árd a chlaiginn, "Cha robh féill mhath ann an diugh idir, idir, idir." Cha b'fhada gus an robh an cù air ais 'na chois.

S.T.B.

Am Peata Uain

Le DOMHNALL MACRATH

A Cháirdean, tha mi cinnteach gur tric a chuala sibh mu Linn an Aigh:-

An uair bha Ghàidhlig aig na h-eòin
Bha am bainne air an lòn mar dhùrùchd,
A' mhil a' fàs air bhàrr an fhraoich
'S a h-uile ni cho saor 's am bùrn.

Cha robh daoìn a' pàidheadh màil,
Cha robh càin orra no cis;
Iasgach, sealgach agus coil
Aca gun fhaighneach is gun phrìs.

Nach grinn an dealbh a thog am bàrd. Chan eil teagamh nach robh maise is pailteas, bàidh is càirdean 'na bhriathran ach tha mise dearbhte nach ann air a' Ghaidhealtachd an linn ar seanar a bha e a' bruidhinn. Is beag de chuid an t-saoghail a bh'aig ar daoine 's na làithean sin. Cia mar sam bith a dh'fhaodadh e bhì mu na h-eòin is an cuid Gàidhlig tha aon rud cinnteach agus is e sin nach robh uiread is cead aig mo sheanair-sa uiread ri peata uain a chumail.

Gu sgeul an uain a thoirt dhuibh air, innsidh mi dhuibh dìreach mar a thachair. Aig an am air a bheil mi a' bruidhinn ghabh Ameriganach mòr beartach, fear Winans, oighreach Chinn t-Sàile air mhàl rè aon bliadhna' thar fhichead, bho'n Ridire Tómas MacCoinnich, an t-uachdaran.

Bha a chòmhnuidh aige-san ann an Gleann Muice an Siorramach Obair Dheathain. Bha oighreachd Chinn t-Sàile mòr farsaing, a' sìneadh air son dà cheud mìle acair bho'n Mhanachainn gu Ceann Loch Dùthaich. 'S e fìor dhuine beartach a bh'ann an Winans so. Rinn e airgead mòr ann a bhì a' togail rathaid-ean iaruisin 's na Stàtan Aonaichte. Cha robh e fada gus an do leig e aon co aige a bha an t-ighdarras. Bha e de'n bheachd gu'm faodadh e deanamh mar a thogradh e. B'e an t-sealg bu mhiann leis is chan fhaodadh dad sam bith gnòthach a ghabhail ris a sin. Cha cheadaich-eadh e do dhuine uiread is beathach ionatrhadh

air an oighreachd. Bha mo sheanair a' fuireach ann an Ceann t-Sàile aig an am, agus, mar a dh'èirich do chàch, b'fheudar dha am beagan chaorach a bh'aige a chur air falbh. Gu fortanach dha-san bha fìor dhuine gasda, Alasdair MacIlleinnein, a thug cead do m' sheanair na caoraich aige a chur cuide ris na caoraich aige fhéin.

Is iongantach mar a thachair. Latha bha sud chaidh mo sheanair a bhuaibh na mòna. Air an rathad eadar Lianasaidh is a' Mhòraich thug e an aire do dh'uan beag ri taobh na h-aibhne. Thug e sùil air agus cha robh teagamh sam bith gu'm b'e so fear a chaill a mhàthair. Air dha tilleadh dhachaidh thug mo sheanair leis an t-uan so 'na uchd an taobh a stigh a sheacaid.

An uair a ràinig e dhachaidh dh'innis e do m' sheanamhair mar a fhuair e e. Ghabh ise truas de'n uan is thòisich i air a bhìadhadh le bainne agus an uair nach robh bainne ann, bhuaileadh i suas ugh is sìucar is bheireadh i sin dha. 'S e fhéin a ghabh gu togarrach ris a so. Ghabhadh e na gheibheadh e.

Mar a dh'fhaodas sibh a thuigsinn dh'fhàs an t-uan gu bhith 'na pheata agus bha Murchadh, bràthair m'athar, a dh'innis an eachdraidh so dhomh 'na bhalachan beag aig an am. Tha Murchadh, tha mi toilichte a ràdh, gu slàn fallain fhathast an Cinn t-Sàile is ged a tha e ceithir fichead is a deich tha an deagh mheomh-air aige. Mar sin tha làn dearbhadh agam uaithe-san air na lean an déidh do'n uan a bhith a' ruith an mach is a stigh thar na starsnaich. Cha robh aon de'n teaghlach nach leanadh e is ghabhadh e suas air uairean do'n bhùth ghreusachd a bh'aig mo sheanair agus chan eil teagamh nach bitheadh e ag criomadh bìdeagan feòir a bha a' fàs ri taobh an rathaid san dòl seachad. B'e an t-ioghnadh mar a' deanadh e sin. Gu dé an aithne a bh'aig an uan bhòchd mu'n òrdugh a thug Maignstir Winans nach robh sin ceadaichte dha.

Chuala Maignstir Winans mar a bha an t-uan ag ithe an fheòir a bha air an oighreachd aige-san agus 'se cheud fhiosrachadh a fhuair mo sheanair air gu dé bh'an dàn dha, an latha a thàinig Uilleam Ros, an geamair, agus Iain Mac an Leigh, aon de'n luchd faire air an oighreachd, far an robh e, le rabhadh teamn gu'm feumadh e faighinn cuideas an t-uan. Dh'innis mo sheanair dhaibh mar a fhuair e an t-uan agus mar a bha e nis 'na pheata aig a' chloinn. Cha tug iad éisdeachd sam bith dha, bha an dleasdanas aca-san ri dheanamh, tubhairt an Rosan, agus mur a deanadh mo sheanair mar a dh'iarradh gu'm faigheadh Maignstir Winans òrdugh cuirte no "interdict" a bheireadh air an t-uan a chur air falbh.

Cha b'e fear a bha 'nam sheanair, ged a bha

e gu math socrach 'na nàdur, a ghabhadh ri maoidheadh de'n t-seòrsa sin is thionndaidh e air an Rosach agus ars esan—"Aon ròinneag de chaig cha chuir mis' air falbh air son Winans no airson neach eile agus faodaidh tu sin innseadh dha bhuan-sa. Is beag na th' aige ri dheanamh mas e uan bochd a tha ag cur dragh air."

An sin thubhairt Mac An Leigh ris gum feumadh e a bhith furachail gu de bha e ag ràdh—"Cuimhnich" ars esan, "tha Maighstir Winans saoihbreach agus cumhachdach." "Biodh e cho beartach is a tha e," fhreagair mo sheanair, "tha Dia agus daoine na's cumhachdaiche na esan." Le sin dhoibh an clàr an aodainn thog iad orra.

Beagan làithean an déidh sin, air an fhicheadamh latha de mhìos deireannach an t-samhraidh sa' bhliadhna ocd ceud deug ceithir fichead is a ceithir fhuair mo sheanair litir bho luchd lagha an Inbhir Nis gu'n robh aige ri gealladh a thoirt is a chumail nach cuireadh e crodh no caoraich air an talamh, oir nan deanadh e sin gu'm bitheadh an lagh ac' air. Cha tug mo sheanair suim sam bith do'n litir so, is cha robh an còrr air gus an d'fhàinig dithis a h-uile ceum a Inbhir Nis le paipear aca a' toirmeasg dha, le òrdugh cùirte, beathach a chur air oighreachd Winans. Bha eagal air a nis gu'n cuireadh iad sa' phrìosan e agus cha robh air ach gu'm b' fheudar dha an t-uain a chur air falbh ged a bu ghoirt leis sin a dheanamh a chionn am bristeadh crìdhe a bh'ann do'n chloinn a bhith a' dealachadh ris.

Cha b'urrainn a leithid so a chleith agus fad an fhoghair ud bha mòran a' tadhal an tìghe agus b'e a' chomhairle a bha iad uile a' toirt dha, a' chùis a chur air beulaibh an t-Siorram a chum is gu'n rachadh éisdeachd ri ghearran. Sin mar a thachair. Fhuair mo sheanair fios gu'm biodh a' chùirt air a cumail ann an Inbhir Pheofharain air a' choigeamh là fichead de'n Fhaoilteach. Cha b'ann gun iomagain a thog e air. Rinn e tìgh na cùirte dheth agus bu mhìlis an sgeul dha an uair a chual e an Siorram Hill ag ràdh gu'n robh a' bhualadh aige-san agus gun robh cosguis na cùirte a' tìghinn air Winans. Faodaidh sibh a bhì cinnteach gu'm bu choma leis an ocd mìle deug a bh'aige ri choisèachd air an rathad dhachaidh troimh an t-sneachd bho Port an Troim gu Ceann Loch Dùthaich.

Bha an ceòl air feadh na fìdhle nis ma bha e riamh. Cha b'e fear a bh'ann an Winans a bha dol a ghabhail ri binn de'n t-seòrsa sin. Nach do phàidh e airson an oighreachd agus nach robh na h-uile còir aige ùghdarras a shealbhadh thairis air na bhumeadh dha.

Chuir e na fìr lagha an gréim a rithist agus b'e a' bhuil gun deach an gnothach a chur air beulaibh an Ard Shiorraim Mac an Tòisich an Inbhir Nis. B'e a' bhreith a thug esan gun robh na cùmhnantan a bha a' toirmeasg do m' sheanair crodh no caoraich a chumail air an oighreachd a réir an lagha agus gu'n robh aige-san ri cosguis na cùirte a sheasamh. Bha a' chùis a nis seachd uairean na bu mhiosa na bha e riamh, oir cha robh comas idir aig mo sheanair air a leithid sin de dh'airgead a phàidheadh.

Cha robh ann ach duine bochd. Ach cha robh e gun chàirdean. Chaidh an naidheachd mu'n pheata air feadh na tìre agus thòisich an sluagh air airgead a thional agus le comhairle an Urramaich Ruaraidh Moireasdan, ministear na sgrìre, agus MacCoinnich, an t-uachdaran, cho-èignich iad mo sheanair le gealladh gu'm biodh iad 'nan cùl taice dha a' chùis a dhearbhadh aig cùirt nam Morairean Dearga an Dùn Eideann. Bha ceathrar de na Morairean mòra 'nan suidhe na sud air an treas là de mhìos meadhonach an t-samhraidh sa' bhliadhna ocd ceud deug ceithir fichead is a' còig—Am Morair Mac a' Chléirich, am Morair Young, Am Morair Craighill agus am Morair Rutherford, urrachan mòra an lagha. B'e a' cheist a nis gu dé bhinn a bheireadh iad-san.

Faodaidh sibh a bhith cinnteach gu'n robh mo sheanair fo throm chùram is fo iomagain. Mu dheireadh an déidh mean-sgrùdadh a dheanamh air na bha fa'n comhair labhair iad. Chaidh iad thairis air eachdraidh an uain; thug iad tarraing air còirichean an t-sluaigh agus a' tìghinn gu cnag na cùise leig iad ris gu soilleir gun robh a' bhuaidh gu h-aona ghuthach aig mo sheanair, agus iomlanachd na cosguis air Winans.

Bha iomradh na cùirte anns gach paipear-naidheachd agus anns an "Albannach," paipear mór Dhùn-Eideann, bha e air a ràdh "gun robh a' mhór chuid de'n luchd dùthcha de'n làn bheachd gu'n robh Winans air dì-chomhairle a leithid de gnothach a thoirt gu lagh idir," agus cha b'e an cliù a b'fhearr a thug iad dha airson mar a rinn e. Bha so de mhaith-eas air na rinn e gun robh mòran de na thubhairt na Morairean mu chòirichean sluagh na Gaidhealtachd air gabhail ris an Achd nan Croitèaran a chaidh a stéidheachadh an ath bhliadhna.

Thàinig cosguis an lagha gu còrr is trì mìle pund Sasunnach. B'e airgead mòr a bha sin 's na làithean sin. Goid an déidh do'n chùirt a bhith seachad, chaidh Winans iar an robh mo sheanair agus ars esan, "Well, chaidh an latha leat agus bhiodh e na bu shaore dhòmh-sa iomhaigh an uain mhosaich sin agad a thoirt dhuit ann an òr."

Cha b'fhada gus an do chuir e a chùl ri Cinn t-Sàile. Is coltach gun robh an t-eagal air fuireach oir bha e air a ràdh aig an am gun deach an carbad aige a chlachadh a' dol troimh Inbhir Pheofharain. Thog e air do cheann a deas Shasuinn far an do chaochail e.

Cha robh an tarbh a b'fheàrr is a b'àirde prìs am Peairt riamh cho iomraideach ris an uan so. Bha MacCoinnich, an t-uachdaran, cho toilichte leis mar a thachair is nach deamadh dad an gnothach ach gu'm feumadh e thoirt leis gu Gleann Muice. Bha cead aig an uan an sin gach criomag is bileag a chrìomadh mar a b'àill leis agus cha robh neach a thigeadh an rathad nach biodh a' tighinn 'ga choimhead. Bha e an sud gus an d'fhuair e bàs nàdurach. Chaidh a chlà an sgrìobhadh agus is iomadh neach a rinn luaidh air. 'Nam measg bha am bàrd, Coburn, a sgrìobh ceithir rianam deug thar fhichead mu'n pheata a dh'aobharaich a leithid de dh'aimhreit. Biodh sin mar a tha e, tha so fìor, nach robh uan riamh air Gaidhealtachd a thug fianuis mar a rinn esan ann an Cùirt nam Morairean Móra gu ceartas a thoirt do dhaoine bochda agus a chuidich cho mòr gu còirichean ar daoine a dhaingneachadh ann an lagh na rìoghachd: mar a rinn am peata uain a bh'aig mo sheanair.

Dh'innseadh an sgeul so air an radio.

An Ron Glas

Tha an fheadhainn do'n aithne ag innseadh dhuinn gu bheil còrr math air deich mìle fichead ròn, eadar ròin ghlasa is ròin chumanta, air ais is air adhart timcheall cladaichean Alba. Is math is aithne dhaibh càite an tadhail iad airson bìdh. Chan eil oitir na bun aibhne far am faighear iasg nach ruig iad; chan eil lion air chruaidh na air bhacan nach lorg iad. Agus bìdh an cuid fhéin acasan mus fhaic an t-iasgair toradh a shaothrach. Tha sin a' fàgail nàimhdeas nach beag an crìdhe an iasgair do na creachadairean.

Is mùirneach leis an ròn iasg beò sam bith airson a lòn, agus cha dùlt e iasg sligeach nuair nach bi nas fheàrr ann. Tha an ròn cumanta coma dé seòrsa éisg a bhios mu choinneamh, ach is e am bradan tàrr-gheal roghainn an ròin ghlais. Fàgaidh sin an ròn glas a' cuachail gu minic, aig amannan sònraichte de'n bhliadhna, an cois a' chladaich, anns na bàigh aonaranach, na am beul an t-srutha far am bi na bradain 'nan cliathan air an turus gu loch uisge.

Ged is siùbhlach an ròn agus ged is luath e an déidh na creiche tha lorg mhath aige gur h-e

bradan anns an lion as cinntiche dha. Tha sin dha fhàgail a' cuairteachadh nan lion anns am bi na bradain an gréim. Chan fheith e gus am bàsaich am bradan a tha an sàs; stiallaidh e caob as a' bhèd agus fàgaidh e an còrr aig an iasgair bhochd. Gu tric chan eil aig an iasgair air fhàgail ach conablaich gun fheum, na cnàmhlach gun sìgh. Is e sin is coireach gum faic thu fear nan lion a' gluasad gu fàthach am beul na tuinne an ciaradh an fheasgair le ghunna fo achlais.

Is mòr an luach airgid a tha iasgair nan Alba a' call ri linn nan ròn, ach suarach sin acasan ma bhios am broinn fhéin làn.

S.D.T.

Uibhist A Tuath

(3)

Bha còrr cheàird eile anns an eilean cuid-eachd, ach 's e beagan a bha an crochadh orra airson teachd-an-tìr. Ann an 1794 bha an luchd-ceàird so anns an sgìreachd: dà ghreusaiche, trì breabadairean fichead, coig goibhnean, coig tàillearan fichead, trì muilleanan, deich saoir luinge agus trì clachairean.

Fad na siathamh linne deug bha Loch nam Madadh, ceann-bhaile na sgìre, 'na phort iasgaich. Ach aig toiseach na seachdamh linne deug sguir na bàtaichean a bhith freasgairt a' phuirt. Tha iomradh anns an *Register of the Privy Council* gu robh e fo amharus mar chala a bha toirt fathamas do spùinneadairean mara agus gun d'fhuair cuid de na bàtaichean bàirlinn iad a bhith 'g a sheachnadh. Anns an ochdamh linn deug bhiodh e 'na acarasaid aig soithichean Eireannach a bhiodh air an turus do'n Bhaltaiç.

Aig deireadh na h-ochdamh linne deug theann an t-iasgach air seargadh agus a thoradh air sin cha robhas a' togail tuilleadh bhàtaichean. Ann an 1794 bha naoidh fichead sgoth an Uibhist agus a h-uile h-aon aca air a togail anns an eilean. A réir cunntas na bliadhna 1837 bha àireamh nan soithichean air tuiteam. Bho'n sin faodar a thuigsinn gu robh obair an iasgaich air lughachadh. Chan eil cinnt agam dé a' bhuanachd a bha aig an uachdaran a obair an iasgaich. Tha mi smaoineachadh gur e fir nan tacaichean bu mhotha rinn an seacaid dh'a thoradh. Thug mi tarraing a cheana air MacCuinn Oransaidh. Tha cunntas againn gum biodh esan a' togail cis uapa-san a bhiodh a' cutadh agus a' sailleadh éisg air an oighreachd aige. Tha cunntas againn cuideachd gun d'fhuair e seilbh air còraichean iasgach bhradan. Is e so an aon

iomradh air breacach a tha againn anns na tha sgrìobhte de sheann eachdraidh Uibhist.

Bho ainmean àiteachan tuiigidh sinn gu robh lion a' fàs an Uibhist a Tuath aig aon am, ach tha e an duathar oirm co-dhiùbha bha an obair buannachdail gus nach robh. Ann an 1793 chuir a' bhean-uasal, Mairead NicDhòmhnaill, a Sléibhte, tigh-cèairde lìn air chois an Loch nam Madadh ach sguir an obair an ceann beagan bhliadhnaichean. Chan eil teagamh nach do mhair obair lìn mar obair tìghe greis an déidh so. Is e Cnoc an Lìn a theirear fhathast ri aon de bhailtean na sgrìre Phaiblich.

Faodaidh mi gearr-iomradh a thoirt air caochladh obraichean eile a gheibhte anas an eilean, a réir cunntasan 1791 agus 1837. Roimh dheireadh na h-ochdamh linne deug bha cóig goibhnean anns an sgrì. Bha Clann 'ic Rìuiridh 'nan goibhnean is 'nan luchd deanamh arm aig Dòmhnallaich Shléibhte. Tha beul-aithris a' cumail a mach gum biodh iad a' deanamh lann ann an ceardaich an Uibhist roimh bhliadhna Theàrlaich. Chì sinn cuideachd gu robhas ri calanas is ri tàillearachd. Gu toiseach na linne so fhéin bha iomadh beairt-lìghe ann an Uibhist air am bithte deanamh clò, drògaid agus plaideachan. Tha an t-Ollamh Eanruig Hamilton ag ràdh, "Anns an Eilean Fhada bhatar a' deanamh phlaideachan is bhreacan; bha iad sin a' dol gu pàidheadh roinn de'n mhàl air oighreachd Dhòmhnail MhicDhòmhnaill an Uibhist a Tuath ann an 1718". Ceud bliadhna an déidh sin bha breabadairachd a' teannadh ri dhòl a cleachdadh, nuair a thòisich cotan is calico air tighinn as a' Ghalldachd.

Anns an t-saoghal anns a bheil sinne beò tha mòran ghòireasan nach robh aig na daoine bho shean. Bha iadsan riamh làmhchraicheach gus an ìre a b'fheàrr a thoirt as na bha ri an làimh. Cha bhiodh iad gun chonnadh taisealach fhad's a bha mòine is feanntach air monadh; cha bhiodh iad gun tughadh fhad's a bhiodh muran air bearradh cladaich; agus nam biodh maorach is feamainn ri'm faotainn bhreireadh iad an cuid as an tràigh. Thatar a' buain na mònach fhathast, agus bithidh an dà latha so, fhad's a bhios pris a' ghuail cho àrd's a tha e. Thatar a' cur a' mhuirain gu feum cuideachd. Chaidh a chur an toiseach airson casg a chur air siabadh na gainmich; bhithte 'g a chur gu feum a' tughadh thighean, a' deanamh iris deth agus acuinn each.

Bhatar aon uair a' deanamh feum anabarrach de'n fheamainn. Bhiodh iad a' bruch na feamann chirean agus 'g e toirt do chrodh air am biodh tiormachd. Is math an tobhar a d'fheanadh i.

Anns na linntean doirbhe a dh'fhalbh dh'fhuiling an sluagh cruaidh-chàs is anacothrom nach bu bheag. Anns na h-amannan carraid-each roimh na fuadaichean bha mòran suas air déirc bho Bhòrd nam Bochd. Mu dheireadh thairg am Bòrd so airgead cuideachaidh gus an sluagh a chur do Chanada—pund Sasunnach airson nan inbheach agus deich tasdain airson na cloinne. Bha an t-uachdaran a' toirt fiach £60 de mholltair nam muilnean do'n fheadhainn bu truaighe 'nan crannchur. Cha robh mòran bidh r'a sheachnadh, ged a dh'fhaodadh e bhith gu robh saill ròin is aran eòrna taisealach le cion a chaochlaidh.

Theirear gu tric gur h-e cion rathaidean móra is goireasan siubhail is malairt a chuir casbhaicidh air adhartas anns na h-eileanan. Chan eil teagamh nach eil trian de'n fhìrinn an sin, ach chan e sin uile gu léir an cnapstarra. Ann an 1837 bha ceithir fichead mìle de rathad ann an Uibhist a Tuath. Ri linn sin fhuaras almsadh air bathar a ghiullan le cairt bho àite gu àite. Bha naoidh fichead cairt anns an eilean ann an 1837 ged nach robh ann ach ochd ann an 1794.

Mu mheadhon na naoidheamh linne deug thòisich pacaid-aisig, am *Persistence*, a' seòladh uair sa' cheithir latha deug eadar Loch nam Madadh agus Dunbheagan. Ri tìde bha i ruith trì uairean san t-seachdain, gus na thòisich, ann an 1876, aiseag eadar Uibhist agus an t-Eilean Sgitheanach gach latha. Deich bliadhna an déidh sin thòisich bàtaichean Mhic a' Bhruthain a' freasgairt Innse Gall agus a' dol gu ruige Mallaig is Caol Loch Aillse.

Anns an linn so thàinig caochladh mór air tuar an eilein, gu h-àraidh mar thoradh air na goireasan ùra. Eadar 1930 agus 1939 chaidh leasachadh a d'fheanadh air rathaidean. Chaidh rathad mór an Rìgh a thearradh agus chaidh ùtraid a chur gu ruige gach baile. Is ann air an fhearann a thatar a' deanamh a' mhòrchuid de theachd-an-tìr fhathast, ach tha còrr obair ann mar chul-taice. Tha tigh-cèairde an Loch nam Madadh airson giollachd feamad. Tha muileann snìomhe is càrdaidh ann an Loch Ephort. Bha chionn bliadhna no dhà thàinig beagan cosnadh an luib cabhsair na Fadhhlach a Tuath.

A réir coltais chan eil an òigridh air an tàladh gu obair fearainn agus tha mòran a' sireadh beò-shlaint air tìr-mór. Mur tig obraichean ùra agus cosnadh riatanach air àruinn an eilein faodaidh gun tig fàisneachd an fhiosaiche gu teachd: 'Bidh Uibhist a Tuath fhathast air fhàsachadh; bidh e 'na lag-tàmh aig na geòidh ghlasa'.

IAIN A. MAC A' PHEARSOIN.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Chan eil fhìcis agam cò thubhairt an toiseach "Mo chomunn fhéin comunn nan ceàrd," ach bu dearbh bhràthair dhòmhsa e. Riamh on a b'urrainn domh coiseachd bha eòlas math agam orra, an dà chuid anns na h-eileanan agus air tìr-mór. Chan e bodach a their sinn ri seann ceàrd a tha 'na cheannard air sgaoth de mhic agus de nigheanan agus de dh'oghachan—is e their sinn ris, An Ceàrd Mór, ged nach bu mhotha e na druid. Ach an Ceàrd Mór air a bheil mi toirt iomraidh an nochd, chan e aon duine a tha ann ach fichead.

Is tric a their sinn ri càch a chèile, "Dé an saoghal a tha agad an diugh?" mar gun biodh a h-uile duine agus saoghal aige dha fhéin. Tha sin fìor co-dhiù a thaobh nan ceàrd. Tha saoghal saor farsaing aca dhaibh fhéin, agus tha iad a' cur seachad an làithean ag gleachd ris an t-saoghal sin eile a tha fantainn ann an tighean—saoghal nan *gadgie* (nam fear-tighe) mar a their na ceàrdan fhéin. Thubhairt mi ag gleachd, ach is e cluich a tha ann, agus chan e gleac da rìreabh.

"Matà, a ghaolaich," ars an Ceàrd Mór rium latha, "is beag a fhuair mi fhéin riamh air tàilleabh mo shaothrach, ach is iomadh rud a fhuair mi le beul-bochd 's le beul-bòidheach."

Ma tha a' chluich a' dol air a' cheàrd còrr uair, cha chuir sin gruaman sam bith air. "Uair a bha sid," ars esan, "smaointich mi am inntinn fhéin nan iarrainn na bu lugha gum faighinn na bu mhotha; agus nan tainginn pàidheadh airson na dh'iarrainn gur h-e bhiodh ann gun cumainn an dà chuid, m' airgead agus mo chliù. Ach feuch thusa na chum. A' chiad bhean-tighe dh'an tug mi tairgse ghabh i mo chuid airgid, agus cha d'fhàg i agam-sa mo chliù. Is i nach robh cearbach, a' cheart té. Ma théid thusa gu bràth air an t-siubhal a ghaolaich, fàg beul-mór as do dhéidh, agus thoir leat am beul-bochd"—comhairle a gheall mi gun gabhainn an uair a thigeadh an t-am.

Ach cò iad na ceàrdan? Tha mi deanamh dheth nach eil ach glé bheag de dh'fhuil nan *gipsies* anns na ceàrdan againn fhéin. Gun teagamh tha mòran diubh cho dubh ris an fhìcheach, ach gheibhear gu leòr de dhaoine beaga dubha air taobh siar Alba agus air taobh siar Eirinn, ach is ann de na h-Ibìrianach iadsan. Their eadh an Ceàrd Mór, na bha no nach robh e ceart, gur h-ann a Galla-Ghaidheil a thàinig na ceàrdan ruadha, agus gun do thòisich a' chuid bu mhotha de na ceàrdan Gaidhealach air an t-siubhal an uair a bha na fìneachan an sgòrnanan a chèile.

I do not know who first said, "My own fellowship, the fellowship of the tinkers," but he was my real brother. Ever since I could walk I was well acquainted with them, both in the islands and on the mainland. We do not call an old tinker who commands a troop of sons and daughters and grandchildren, the old man—we call him The Big Tinker, though he were not bigger than a starling. But the Big Tinker of whom I speak tonight, is not one man but twenty.

We often say to one another, "What kind of 'World' have you today?" as if every man had a world of his own. That is true, at all events, concerning the tinkers. They have a free, wide world all to themselves, and they pass their days wrestling with that other world that dwells in houses—the World of the gadgie (house-dwellers) as the tinkers themselves say. I said wrestling, but it is a game, and not real wrestling.

"Well, my dear one," said the Big Tinker to me one day, "little I myself ever got as a result of my efforts, but I got many a thing by begging and flattery."

If the tinker loses the game occasionally, that will not leave him in the least sad. "Once upon a time," said he, "I thought in my own mind that if I asked less I would get more; and that if I offered payment for what I asked for that the result would be that I would keep my money and my reputation. But, not a bit of it. The first housewife to whom I made the offer took my money, and she did not leave with me my good name. She was not imperfect, that very one. If you ever go on the move, my dear, leave bigness behind, and take 'poor-mouth' along with you."—an advice which I promised to follow when the time came.

But who are the tinkers? I consider that there is but little gipsy blood in our tinkers. Doubtless many of them are as black as the raven, but plenty small dark men are to be found in the west of Scotland and in the west of Ireland, but they are of the Iberians. The Big Tinker, whether right or wrong, would say that the red tinkers came from Galloway, and that most of the Highland tinkers set out on the road when the clans were attacking one another.

Ferindonald

(continued)

In 1410 George, Xth Baron, succeeded to lands so far away as Lybster in Caithness, through his mother who was a granddaughter of Sir Reginald Cheyne, a wealthy potentate. This Baron George, with his eldest son, was killed at the Battle of Bealach nam Bròg in 1452. The events which led to this battle are an example of the unreasonableness of the times. Euphemia, Dowager Countess of Ross, was desirous of marrying Alexander Mackenzie, Vth Chief of Kintail. She invited him to her residence in Dingwall. Unsuspectingly he came, and on his rejecting her advances she threw him into prison. Thereupon Mackenzie's vassals made a foray into Easter Ross, and seized Walter Ross, Laird of Balnagown, a close relation of Euphemia, with the intention of exchanging him for their Chief. The Earl of Ross at once sent a force, including many Munros, in pursuit of the western men; it came up with them in the middle wilds of Ross-shire. A fierce battle ensued, with much slaughter. But the Mackenzies got away with Balnagown, and in time were able to exchange him for their Chief. Bealach nam Bròg, Pass of the Brogue, got its name, it is said, from this action, because many of the combatants tied their brogues upon their chests to act as breastplates. Two years later the clan fought again at Clachnaharry near Inverness; here again we have an instance of the turbulence of the age. The new chief, John, was a minor. His uncle, John Munro of Milntown, was his guardian and so was known as Tutor of Foulis. The Tutor had been on some business in the south, and, on his return journey, spent a night in a field in Strathardale in Perthshire. The owner of the field resented this and cut off the tails of their horses while the Munros—a small party—slept. Nothing could be done at the moment to avenge this insult, and we can appreciate in what mood the Munros hurried home. When, at the head of over 200 men, the Tutor returned to Strathardale and helped himself to all the cattle he could lay hands on. Homeward bound, he passed through the territory of the Mackintoshes, who asked him for a "road collop", a share of the plunder in payment for the privileged of crossing their lands.

Munro offered 24 cows and a bull. The Mackintosh dealing with the matter would not accept this, and demanded a third of the whole. (One account says a half.) Munro laughed at the absurd demand. "You get none," he said, and carried on. After fording the River

Ness above the islands, he was overtaken by a strong force of Mackintoshes. Some men were sent ahead with the cattle; the remainder turned at Clachnaharry, and there was a fierce conflict. Many fell on each side. We may say that victory lay with neither, but the advance of the Mackintoshes was stayed. The Tutor was badly wounded, losing an arm, whence he got the cognomen *Baclmahach*. This action is commemorated by a monument, now in much disrepair, on a prominent spur on the hills above Clachnaharry.

Robert Mor, XVth Baron, was Chief at the time of the Reformation and was among the foremost in promoting the new faith. The first Reformed preaching is said to have been in the Chapel of St. Bride, on the shore by the western border of Ferindonald. All that remains of the old chapel is a shapeless mound in a narrow area between the road and the shore rather more than two miles from Dingwall.

In the '15 and the '45 the Munros were on the Hanovarian side. Sir Robert, XXIVth Baron, was killed at the Battle of Prestonpans; he was the seventh chief of the Munros to lose his life in battle. It is said that when the Duke of Cumberland was in Inverness after the Battle of Culloden the Munros sent him, in his capacity as representative of the King, and with reference to the ancient rental, not a snowball but "some snow from Ben Wyvis," to cool his wine.

The Munros were never but a small clan. The Forbes of Culloden Report of 1745 credits them with a fighting strength of 300; a tiny force alongside the 2,000 Sutherland, the 2,500 Mackintoshes. Even the Rosses, their immediate neighbours to the east, could muster 500. Rosses, Mackenzies, and MacDonalds predominate in numbers in the Ferindonald of today; but the old district name, which you may seek on your map in vain, will always be associated with the Munros.

Strathconon Branch Hold Class

The Strathconon Branch held another Class in "Gaelic Language and Song" during the Session 1960/61, which was well supported, and was under the Tutorship of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacLeod, lately of Stornoway.

The Mixed Voice Gaelic Choir continued to support local functions.

Branch held their own Ceilidh and Dance on 10th February, 1961, in aid of Funds: this was voted a great success.

Currie Dubh An Ropa

(Black-Haired Currie of the Rope)

MANY years ago, the beautiful daughter of the then Laird of Glendhu and surrounding districts (Sutherland) fell in love with a fierce sea-captain of the name of Currie, who belonged to Gairloch in Ross-shire.

According to the legend, Currie's ship—a fishing vessel—hit a rock somewhere near Kylesku on her way into Loch Glendhu, but the skipper managed to run her aground and save the crew. It was while waiting there for repairs that he made the acquaintance of the Laird's daughter, and their friendship quickly ripened into love. Before Currie left Loch Glendhu for far-away ports she had promised to wait for him, and he swore to be true to her and to marry her the next time he came back on his ship to Kylesku. They arranged to correspond regularly when he was away.

Sir John Mackenzie of Achmore, Assynt, was also seeking the girl's hand in marriage and although she had no fancy at all for Sir John, her father was very anxious that she should marry him, and did his utmost to make her forget her seaman lover.

The Laird in those days had certain powers even over the mails, and was able to intercept all letters between Currie and his daughter, so that she despaired of ever seeing him again.

In her soreness of heart, she is said to have sung the following song (which has since been set to music and is still a popular one in the district).

1. Currie dubh an ròpa
Cò bhiodh brònach uime?
Ach b'anns' le mac an t-seòid
Falbh le cleòc 's gunna.

Chorus:

*Cadal cha dean mi
Sùgradh cha dèan mise;
Nochd cha chaidil mi.
Tha mo luaidh a' tighinn,
Cadal cha dèan mi.*

2. Currie's am fear bàn
Fhuair mi gràdh bho'n dithis;
Thug iad bhuam mo chàil,
'S chan eil mo shlàinte fligheadh.
3. Shéid a' ghaoth o'n tuath
Suas an Caolas-Cumhang;
Thug thu i mu'n cuairt,
'S bhuail i air an rudha.

4. Bhuail i air an tràigh
Far nach d'fhàs an duileasg;
Leum thu dhith a ghràidh,
'S shàbhail thu iad uile.
5. Ged gheibhinn Coille Stròm,
An tigh mor 's am fearann,
B'annsa leam bhith air bòrd
Measg nan ròp le Currie.
6. Théid mi thar a' Chuirm Bhàin,
Ni mi àite suidh ann
Coimhead air an Stòr
Far an seòl na longan.
7. Am MacCoinnich ùr
A' togail sùil ri gunna;
Ach Currie a' Chuain tuaith,
Thug thu bhuaithean an t-urram:
8. Cha b'ann an sabhal feòir
Fhuair mi 'n tòs a bhruideheann,
Ach an seòmar àrd
An tigh bàn a' ghlinne.
9. B' òg a thug mi dhuit an gaol
'S daor a rinn mi cheannach;
Cha b'e gaol gun uail
Dh'fhàg mo ghruaidhean cho tana.

10. Ged gheibhinn leaba ùr
'S i dèanta suas le itean
B'fhear leam leaba chaol
'S an darna leth aig Currie.

Black Currie of the rope
Who would feel sorry for him?
The heart's desire of the son of the gentleman
Would be walking out with his cloak and his gun.

*I will not sleep
I will do no courting, I will take no pleasure;
I will not sleep to-night
My dear one is coming—
Sleep I will not.*

Currie and the fair fellow
I gave my love to both,
I lost my appetite
And am now love-sick.

The wind blew from the North
Up Kylesku;
You turned her about,
And she struck on a point.

She struck on the shore
Where the dulse did not grow;
You leaped out of her, my love,
And you saved them all.

Although I would get the wood of Strome,
The big house and the land,
I would far rather be on board ship
Among the ropes with Currie.

I will go on foot to Cairnbawn,
I will make a place to sit there
Looking at Stoer Head
Where the ships sail.

The new Mackenzie (Sir John)
Is aiming his gun,
Oh, Currie in the Northern Ocean
You beat him in deserving honour:

It was not in the hay-barn
That I got the beginning of the talking
But in the high room
Of the white house of the glen.

I was young when I fell in love,
But it was a hard bargain;
It was not love without honour
That left my cheeks so thin.

Though I would get a new bed,
And make it up with feathers,
I would rather have a narrow bed
And share it with Currie.

At last, however, she yielded to her father's
persuasions and married Sir John.

Some time afterwards, Currie came back to
Loch Glendhu and was told about the grand
marriage of the Laird's daughter. Furious
with anger, and determined to prove that he
at least had been faithful, he shouldered his
gun and set off for Achmore. When Sir John
saw him approach he fled in seeming terror
to the hills. Currie spent all that day and the
next night with his former sweetheart, and
then set off for Kylesku.

Knowing that now she could never be his, he
tried to drink himself into a state of oblivion
at Kylesku Inn, and being in a fuddled condition
as he left for the shore, he did not notice Sir
John, who having only feigned terror, had
concealed himself until Currie left Achmore and
had followed him to Kylesku and then shot
him through the heart as he was leaving the
inn.

He dragged the body up to Lochan Dubh
by the road to Kylesku Post Office, and dumped
the remains into the lochan (now the small
reservoir that supplies Kylesku Hotel with
water).

He then returned to Achmore where, after
shooting his faithless wife, he turned the gun
on himself.

The ghost of the murdered skipper is still
said to haunt Lochan Dubh; and those who
have passed by Achmore late at night when the
moon is full, declare that they have seen the
pale wraith of the unhappy bride, and have
heard the strains of her plaintive song—
"Currie Dubh an Ròpa."

R. MACDONALD ROBERTSON.

Interesting Recital

A recital of "The Songs of Craig and Ben"
was given recently to the Perth Gaelic Society.
The Gaelic of the songs was finely sung by the
Skye singer, Mrs. Flucker; some of "the
Runes of Worship" were spoken in native
speech by the Rev. Mr. Robertson; and the
translations into English were led, to the
violin, by the translator and editor of Volume
I of "The Songs," Dr. Arthur Geddes.

Thus instead of a Gaelic concert of which the
poetry of the songs remains unknown and
meaningless to most of the audience, those
gathered together listened with growing under-
standing and enjoyment, and took part in
ringing chorus. This participation was effected
simply by using Volume I, a slim volume, at
the low "Community Price," guaranteed
under the auspices of the Outlook Tower,
Edinburgh.

It has been Dr. Geddes' aim to make trans-
lations true to sense and sound, to life and
feeling. With every song is printed its own
story, retold to listeners. In this way, the
Gaelic—understood by ever fewer and older
folk—is renewed by help of translation. And
even for those who cannot study the Gaelic,
the spirit of the bards is renewed in English,
which to all but a few Scots, is now their own
expressive mother tongue.

While Volume I contains thirty songs and
poems of "Daring, praise and worship,"
Volume II (in the press) gathers "Songs of
farewell, of love and of laughter."

Treasurer's Notes

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Proceeds of Garden Tea ..	48 14 —
W.R.I. Federation, Kippen	5 — —
Ceilidh Raffle, 16/6/60 ..	6 8 —

Ceilidh and Dance—Gartmore, 16/6/60	14 5 —
Garden Tea, Powis Mains	138 10 —
Donation—Mrs. Robertson	2 — —
Raffle, 12/9/60	3 2 6
Dance, Golden Lion Hotel, 10/9/60	69 2 —
Ceilidh at Kippen	15 16 —
Sale of White Heather, Per Mrs. R. A. Burnett ..	8 — —
Coffee Evening, Mount Hope, Bridge of Allan ..	42 — —
Ceilidh, the Cameron Family, 25 Belmont St., Glasgow	5 — —
Raffle at Ceilidh, 30/9/60 ..	9 14 —
Barn Dance at Cambusbarron	78 15 6
Ceilidh at Stirling, 30/9/60	7 4 —
Miscellaneous Donations ..	3 — —
Donation—Mrs. Isabella Muirhead	5 — —
Ceilidh at Bridge of Allan, 25/10/60	25 13 —
Donation—National Farmers Union, Port-of-Menteith	2 — —
Proceeds of Blairdrummond Concert, 28/10/60	18 — —
Donation—Miss McFarlane	— 10 —
Raffle at Whist Drive, 21/11/60	2 13 8
Whist Drive, 21/11/60 ..	3 11 6
Donation—Mrs. McAlpine	5 — —
Donation—M. C. D. Ds-bury	1 — —
Remittance from Alloa and District Area Branch, 30/11/60	10 — —
Gartmore Ceilidh, 30/11/60	8 — —
	<hr/>
	£1,194 13 9

Received at Glasgow—

Previously acknowledged	£35 16 —
Vale of Leven Branch ..	5 — —
Blyth & District Caledonian Society	3 3 —
Miss B. Mackay, Lairg ..	1 — —
Neil Leitch, Esq., L.D.S. Glasgow	— 9 —
Mrs. & Mrs. W. MacDonald, Edinburgh ..	1 1 —
Thomas Hope, Esq., Moffat	1 — —
Malcolm MacAffer, Esq., Inveraray	— 10 —
Miss Mary C. MacKenzie, Glasgow	1 — —
Mr. & Mrs. M. P. Kidd, Glasgow	1 1 —
Charles Fraser, Esq., Glasgow	1 1 —
Rev. & Mrs. Blackwood, Campbeltown	1 1 —
Mull and Iona Association	5 — —
Brian G. Lane, Esq., York	— 5 —
Dr. Mary Shaw, Perth ..	1 — —
Donald M. Cameron, Esq., Glasgow	— 10 —
Miss Kelso, Glasgow ..	1 — —
William Adams, Esq., Fife	— 5 —

Lothian Celtic Choir ..	2 2 —
Miss Jessie F. MacKinnon, Edinburgh ..	1 1 —
Mr. David Scott of Glenarros, Mull	— 10 —
Mrs. Wm. Denny, Blairgowrie	2 — —
Anonymous Donor ..	6 — —
Mr. & Mrs. Neil MacLeod, Tighnabraich ..	1 1 —
Proceeds of Concert held at Craigton School ..	4 4 —
	<hr/>
	£76 — —
	<hr/>
	£1,270 13 9

CENTRAL FUND

Previously acknowledged	£203 11 9
Vale of Leven Branch	5 — —
	<hr/>
Total as at 31st March, 1961 ..	£208 11 9

MAGAZINE FUND

Previously acknowledged	£7 — —
	<hr/>
Total as at 31st March, 1961 ..	£7 — —

COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH FUND

Previously acknowledged	£69 1 —
	<hr/>
Total as at 31st March, 1961 ..	£69 1 —

An Comunn Gaidhealach

LIFE MEMBERS

On Roll at 31st March, 1960	1001
Additions to Roll	52
	<hr/>
Less Deceased	1053
	<hr/>
On Roll at 31st March, 1961 ..	1032

ORDINARY MEMBERS

On Roll at 31st March, 1960	2176
Additions to Roll	213
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Less transferred to Life and Representative Memberships, Deceased, Resigned and Lapsed	2389
	<hr/>
On Roll at 31st March, 1961 ..	1767

JUNIOR MEMBERS

On Roll at 31st March, 1960	123
Additions to Roll	7
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	130
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Less transferred to Ordinary Membership, Resigned and Lapsed	43
	<hr/>
On Roll at 31st March, 1961 ..	87

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

Editor — J. THOMSON, M.A., F.E.I.S., 116 WEST SAVILE TERRACE, EDINBURGH
to whom all correspondence should be addressed except that concerning advertising, which should
be addressed to the Secretary, while Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer.

65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Telephone: DOUglas 1433.

Leabhar LVI

AN T-IUCHAR, 1961

Aireamh 7

“LEAC NAM FEART”

MA chreidear muinntir an àite fhéin chan eil ionad eile air uachdar na cruinne no an rìoghachd na doimhne a bheir bàrr am maise 's an dreach air Uig an Eilein Fhada. Ged is lionmhor tràigh dhreachmhor bhàn an achlais nan òb is i Tràigh Mhór Uige an aon tràigh san dùthaich. Bha i an sud, aosda an làithean, eòlach air ceòl agus atair-eachd bhuan nan tonn mus robh duine ann a dh'èisdeadh.

Ghìullainneadh thar bheann is mhonadh an fhàilte chuir i air laoch a' chuain mhóir nuair bu chruaidhe shéideadh gailionn a' gheamhraidh, agus chualas i air uair le eòin na mara a' beòlragach gu càrdeil ri sùigh a' bhàigh leis an bu mhithich an anail a leigeil an aiteal na gréine air a h-uchd min-gheal.

Fada mus d'aiticheadh na criochan mu'n cuairt, fada mus cualas geum bà no tathunn ghadhar thadhladh an Tràigh le ainneir fhìnealta, ghrinn, òighe thug bàrr an dreach air a' mhàighdinn mhara, agus bu ghile cneas na sneachda nan càrn. B'aonarach i an cois a' chladaich, b'fhuar a tuineachas an aigeal a' chuain, ach chòimhlionadh aimsir a bròin nuair a liùbhairt i a sgeul air an Tràigh Mhóir.

Gu minic, an dorchan nan tràth, nuair a bhiodh sgàile air a' ghealaich, chiteadh leus soluis a' snàmh gu fann air uchd nan tonn barra-gheal, air uairibh luaineach mar neach a' sireadh na chaill, 's a ris 'na stad an cois a' mhuir-làin.

B'iongnadh le luchd àitich an fhuinn an sealladh; labhair iad os iosal r'a chéile, agus dhùisg eagal an cridhe nam ban oir thuig iad nach b'e manadh a' Lheò bha tighinn air a' leithid de dhòigh.

Aon oidhche shocair, shèimh, gun ghuth air sgèith an àile ach torman nan allt agus buille shìthcheil na tuinne air cladach bha Coinneach Odhar leis fhéin an cois na tràghad, le smaoin air an t-solus neònach mu'n cuala e iomradh o làithean a leanabachd ach nach fhaca a shùil a riamh. “Tha mi am barail,” ars esan, “nach eil ann ach taoineas sgeòil, uirsgeul gun stàth.” “Uirsgeul gun stàth,” fhreagair an tonn 's i briseadh 'na cobhar gheal mu a chasan.

Ag uidhearachd os cionn a' bhàigh agus a' slòr thighinn na bu dluite air an àite san robh e 'na sheasamh bha leus fann soluis a' sgaol-eadh mar leadan na gealaich air uachdar nan uisgeachan. An tiota chaochail a shnuadh agus sheas air a bheulaibh ainneir chuimir a b'aghmhoire na blàth nan gleann. Gun fhiamh gun eagal, ged is iomadh gaisgeach treun an cath fuilteach nan lann nach obadh geilt a ghabhail, thug Coinneach ceum an coinneamh na h-òighe, agus thuir e, “An e sìth do chlan daoine; no bàs, fàth do thadhail a' nochd?”

Fhreagair i am briathran fonnmhor, tiamhaidh, milis agus mar so labhair i:

“Is mis Gràdhach, nighean Rìgh Lochluinn thar chuain. Cha d'araicheadh mac no nighean a riamh bu mhùirniche gabhail na bha mise aig Suaran nam buadh. Cha robh sonas a dh'ith orm an luchairt m'athar; cha robh comunn suairce nach robh agam. As gach dùthaich mu'n cuairt thainig armuinn is laoch àrd an inbhe agus buadhmhor an cath a shireadh mo làimhe, ach 'na meag cha d'fhuaradh leamsa riar mo chridhe.

Chaidh cuibhle an fhortain mu'n cuairt, agus dh'fhàs mi suas mar chrann sa' choille. Dh'fhàs m'athair ann an cumhachd gun nach robh

an Lochlainn air fad nach do mheataich roimh a ghnùis ach Struman, gaisgeach flathail, eudmhor. Chuir esan Suaran gu dàbhlán, ach thuit e air an àraich am broilleach a dhaoine. Am measg an luchd braidhinn bha Sagairt Odainn, fàidh mór sin Arna, do'm b'èol nithean ri teachd ach cha bu leòir sin a chum a theasairginn o fhraoch m'athar. Thug e òrdugh Arna a chur gu bàs—binn nach fhaoidte cur 'na h-aghaidh.

Rùisg mise m'uchd do'n gath a bha'n dàn am fàidh a chur gu bàs. Chaisg an rìgh an gaisgeach a bha tarraing a bhogha agus thugadh a shaorsa do'n phrìosanach. Mus d'fhàg e lùchairt an rìgh chuir e cagar 'nam chluais. "Tar orm," ars esan, "is gheibh thu riar do chridhe oir dhòmhsa rinn thu gnìomh an diugh a mhaireas san aithris gu bràth." "Thoir dhòmhsa," fhreagair mi, "Leac nam Feart, agus bheir mo dhuais bàrr air mo gnìomh."

"Is duilich leam," thuir e, "gur e sin d'iarrtas a nis. Gheibh thu do mhiann ach bidh dolaidh san dàn."

Bha Leac nam Feart ainmeil fad iomadh linn. An neach do'm buineadh i bha eòlas aige air nithean a bha gu teachd, ach bha deuchainn daonnan 'na lorg. Phaisg mi gu mùirneach seachad i am measg usgraichean luachmhor eile. Chaidh iomadh là seachad mu'n d'thug mi am follais i dh'fheuchainn a brìgh. Chuir mi mo shùil ris an toll a bha 'na teis meadhon, agus feuch beanntan àrda, uaine gu'm mullach, agus an cuan mór le thonnan uaibhreach gun fhois ag iadhadh umpa. Air slìos nam beann àrda chunnaic mi feachd do-àireamh de ghaisgich, ar leam, bu churanta a chunnaic a riamh. Bu chogarra an seal-ladh, 's an sùil air an tràigh far an robh cabhlach an nàmh 'san cuid àrmuinn a' brùchdadh gu tìr.

Dh'amhairc mi ris agus dhearc mi air seal-ladh nach dì-chuimhnich mi gu dilinn—Clann Lochluinn san ruaig aig Fionn agus Maigh Léinidh daithte le fuil.

Am measg nan curaidh bu déinne san tòir bha aon a thug bàrr air càch an cruth 'san dreach agus dh'aithnich mi gur e Diarmad a bha ann—Diarmad mu'n do sheinn na bàird, cuspair gaoil nam ban. Lionadh mo chridhe le gràdh, is bu mhiann leam sgiath a' chalmain chum itealaich thar chuain dh'iarraidh m'-ulaidh, mo rùn.

Nuair dh'innis mi do'n rìgh an sealladh a chunnaic mi, thug e àithne d' a fheachd cruinn a thoirt á coille a dheasachadh cabhlaich a sheòladh thar chuain gu Mór-bheinn nan sruth. Thòisich an iomairt—lìomhadh nan crann, bualadh nan òrd, agus snìomh nam beart.

An ceann là is bliadhna bha gach birlinn deas le cuid ràmh is sheòl is afhuinn. An camh-anaich na maidne thionndaidh gach long a sròin ri Eire gorm an fheòir, Suaran le bhra-taich air thoiseach na cabhlaich. Leum mise air bòrd na luinge mu dheireadh a thog siùil bhaidealach àrda ri soirbheas, còmhdaichte an trusgan òigeir an tòir air euchdan. Cha chumadh onfhadh fairge no eagal tuasaid air ais mi o shireadh an àrmuinn an Tìr nam Beann Arda.

Bu shùbhlach a ghluais an cabhlach, b' iollagach a dhànns na tuinn ri èarrlainn gach birlinn. Fa dheòidh dh'èirich an doineann, shéid na goathan garga, is fhreagair an fhaige le gair. Sgpadh an cabhlach agus chail an long san robh mise sealladh air càch.

Fad là is oidhche luaisneadh i air bhàrr nan stuagh mar neach a chail còir air imeachd-cuain. Bha nuallan na gaoithe am measg nam beart 's nan crann rùisgte faramach, àrd; bha beucaich na fairge bha ruith seachad 'na deann 's a' goil mu thimcheall na luinge mar thorrunn tartarach nan speur; bha slacraich nan tonn ri gualainn na h-ùbhraich is diosgail a slìos a' coimeasgadh sa' ghàirich dhoscuinich, uamh-uinn. Ach chath an iùbhrach gu sgairteil fad là is oidhche. "Cho fada 's a sheasas bòrd ri chèile seolaidh mise an cuan," agus le sin thog is a sròn os cionn nan uisgeachan uaibhreach is chrath i a ceann, agus le buille thruim a sgàineadh na creagan bhris i cìrean na tuinne bha teicheadh roimpe.

Roimh mhadainn an ath là neartaicheadh feachd an oitir-sa le eachradh co-gheal druim a' chuain, agus mu d'èirich a' ghrian air na beanntan ud thall chinn an iùbhradh sgiath, fann. Chrom i ceann le cudthrom a bròin. Ghabh an nàmh an cothrom, dh'èirich e air a chorra-bìod is shluig e leis i eadar bheart is afhuinn is dhaoine.

Is fuar tuineachas mo chaomh chàirdean o'n oidhche ud, air an tolgadh le onfhadh fairge is air am bioradh air aigeal anshocrach a' Chuain a Siar. Ach dhùilt an cuan sealb a ghabhail air Leac nam Feart a thug dhomhsa cheud sealladh air a' churaidh nach thaic mi gu bràth, agus a lion mo chridhe le sòlas. Bha an leug 'nam bhroilleach o'n là dh'fhàg mi Lochlainn gus an do chaidil mi air uchd mìn-ghéal na tràghad-sa far an tric mo thadhal mu dhorchana-tràth a dh'fhaicinn tuineachas na lice far an d'adhlaiceadh i leis a' chuain mhór nach gabhadh a cùram. Thig agus faic ionad a tàmh." Leis na briathran sin ghluais an ainneir rìomhach, shuairec; chaochaill a snuadh ruiteach, is theich i mar cheò nam beann roimh éirigh na gréine, agus an sin chaidh i as an t-sealladh.

Chladhaich Coinneach Odhar an tràigh far an do chomharraicheadh dha leis an rìbhinn, agus fhuair e an sin slàn mar a bha i o thùs Leac nam Fearnt no Clach na Fiosachd mar a theirear le cuid. Thug a dhachaidh leis i gu cùranach, agus tha fios aig an t-saoghal mar a bha an déidh sin.

SEUMAS MAC THOMAS.

Turus Nan Giomadh

1. Bidh e a' cur uamhais orm uairean cho beag seagha 's a tha cuid de na bhios a' searm-onachadh an t-soisgeil. Canaidh feadhainn aig am bu chòir mothachadh a bhith rudan glé neònach.

Thàinig soisgeulaiche turus do'n Scarpa, agus nuair a chunnaic e gun robh muinntir an eilein cho fritheilteach air na meadhan thòisich e cumail choinneamhan a h-uile h-oidhche de'n t-seachdain. Bha sin ceart gu leòr fhad's bu gheamhradh e, ach bha fhios a' chaochlaidh aige nuair a thàinig an t-earrach. As t-earrach bidh na Scarpaich a' deanamh cur-latha air na clèibh-ghiomach, agus eadar an dà chur bidh iad ri curachd eile. Am beagan cadail a ni iad is ann san fheasgar. Chuir an soisgeulaiche am umhaid daibh nach tigeadh na h-iasgairan do'n choinneamh. Bha e oidhche an tigh Aonghais Mhóir, agus thàinig Dòmhnall Ruadh a steach le airgead ghiomach. Thuirnt air diadhaire, 's e tilgeil saoghaltachd air Dòmhnall "Fiach nach bi gréim aig fear aca air sgòrnan ort an Ifrinn". Bha fear gearrte, conasach 'na shuidhe air ceann na beinge agus fhreagair e as a ghuth thàmh, is e a' leigeil ann fhéin, "Cha ruig iad beò againne *Billingsgate* fhéin gun luaidh air Ifrinn?"

GREIM

2. Chaidh Dòmhnall Ruadh agus dithis eile a Uibhist a Tuath turus a thrusadh do Héisgeir. Thug iad air ais leotha as an eilean beothach eich anns an eathar bheag a bha aca. Cheangail iad an loth gu cùramach air ùrlar na geòla. Bheothaich a' ghaoth an ceann orra, agus dh'fhuasgail an ceangal 's bha cunnart gum biodh iad fhéin 's na bha san eathar air grunn nach tràigheadh nan cuireadh an t-each a ladhnan troimh ùrlar na geòla. Dh'éirich Dòmhnall agus chuir e an loth air slainsich a droma san leabaidh-amara agus chum e an sud i gus an tug an dithis eile a mach tìr. Nuair a tharraing iad an t-eathar thuirnt fear aca, "A Dhòmhnail, is tu a dh' fhaodadh a ràdh gur ann agad a tha na gréim." F'fheagair am fear treun, "Ged tha, 's ann a

bha an gréim aig a' ghat-muinge a bha san lothainn."

'S cinnteach nach e so an seòrsa greime a bha aig Dòmhnall còir:

Gréim air sgéith air muc-mhara
Bu shleamhain sud riamh,
Gréim air cliathach na luinge
'S i dol ionnan 's a gnìomh,
Gréim air èarr air a' bhradan
Dol an coinneamh sruth dian.

AN TARAN.

Thachair So

THACHAIR so o chionn fhada 'n t-saoghail, agus chan eil duine beò de na bha air bòrd ach mise 'nam anor. Tha gach ni mar a bha cho soilleir 'nam inntinn agus ged a b'ann an dé a bhiodh ann. Chan e idir cho déidheil 's a bha mise air muir a ghluais mi, ach bha sinn a' miannachadh annlann blasda leis a' bhuntàta ùr. Agus càite a bheil annlann na's fheàrr leis na adag no leòbag ùr?

An déidh an lion-beag a bhithadh gu dòigheil anns an sgùil le coileagan móra, bàna na fadh-lach thog mise orm leis an sgùil fo m' achlais, agus rinn mi air a' chladach far an robh an t-eathar geal air a gualainn air a' mhol. Bha dithis de'n sgioba, Iain Dhòmhnail Ruaidh agus Dòmhnall Og, a chait an beatha air muir, a nis air fàs suas ann am bliadhnanach ach sundach, fearail gu leòr airson obair an lìn-bhig. Cha robh Donnchadh móran na bu shine na mi fhìn; cha robh eòlas air gothaichean iasgaich cus air thoiseach air an eòlas agamsa agus bha sin suarach gu leòr. Airson Shutharlain deth cha b'fheàrr e aig an am na partan-tuathalan. Ach cha do leig an dithis laoich, ris an robh an t-eathar agus an dòigh iasgaich an urra, orra nach robh trì làmhan tapaidh aca air an cùl.

Chuireadh a mach an t-eathar agus an déidh balaiste a shocrachadh eadar na reangan chaidh an crann a thogail agus an t-aodach a sgaioleadh ri soirbheas o dhéas. A' sitheadh gu h-aotrom air bhàrr nan uisgeachan chumadh a sròn ris an àird an ear gus an tug i mach an oitir iasgaich. Cha b'urrainn loch sàile a bhith na bu chàirdeile ri droch mharaiche na bha an Loch a Tuath air an fheasgar ud. Cha robh caitean air aghaidh a' chuain a bha sineadh gu rèidh o chladach gu cladach; na nìeal a bha seòladh os a chionn, cha robh cabhag orra no gruaim; agus bha dearsadh na gréine eadar sinn 's an àird an iar a' fàgail dreach an òir air a cnuic a bha togail an cinn ri faire.

Is math a bha fhios aig na seanairean càite an cuireadh iad na l'n; bha lorg ro mhath aca air comharraidhean nan grunnid iasgach anns an loch. Air an turus-cuain dh'ionnsaigh àite cura bha an dithis bhodach a' deanamh ath-aithris air na bliadhnanach a chaith iad ri obair iasgach le l'n-bheaga is le l'n-mhóra anns na h-eathraichean, agus ag iasgach a' sgadain leis na bàtaichean mu chladaichean an Eilein agus anns na puirt a sear—an Gallaibh, an Bun Ilidh, an Ceann Phàdraig agus anns a' Bhruaich. Cha robh àird as na sheid gaoth, leotha no an ceann, nach robh sgal aca air an déidh bliadhnanach móra a dhol seachad. Cha robh cur math a bha aca air dhearmad, no pris ìosal, agus nach ann ìosal a bha i an còmhnuidh, nach robh deagh lorg aca air fhathast. Fhuair an trìuir bhalach sealladh, air an turus ud, air cuideachd agus air puirt iasgach nach fhaca iad a riamh le an suilean, dh'fhoghlaim iad leasain nach do thog iad a leabhar, agus dhùisg togradh falbh, nuair a thigeadh an t-am, gus an àite a sheasamh mar a rinn an dàimhean rompa. Bha cuideachd agus còmhradh nam bodach dh'an deasachadh gu dìomhair airson farsaingeachd an t-saoghail mhóir.

Sguir na naidheachdan agus na brudairean car ùine oir bha a nis na l'n ri an cur gu dòigheil is gu faicilleach. Ged nach robh na gillean òga math air cur na togail dheanadh iad fannadh fhad's a bha làmhán an dithis eile an sàs. An déidh tìdeachadh iomchuidh thòisicheadh a' tarraing lìon an déidh l'n gus an robh na cóig air bòrd. Bu bhòidheach an sealladh adag is leòbag a' tighinn air bòrd 'nan grunnanan, ach cha robh sgròbadh an éisg, a bha an urra rinne, cho taitneach.

Cho luath 's a thugadh am puta cinn a steach chaidh an seòl a chur ris an eathar agus chumadh a h-aghaidh ri cala. Bha an siubhal dhachaidh mall oir bha am fannan fann. Mus do ràinig sinn bun-na-fadhlach bha an oidhche air tuiteam, ach fo sholas na gealaiche bha an cala rèidh soilleir romhainn. An ùine ghearr bhiodh sinn air casan tioram air a' mhol. Ach cha b'e sin a bha san dàn. Bha an caolas eadar gob na tràghad agus chluas na sgeire air ghoil le sruth tràghaidh 'na dheann. Thuig an sgiobair nach robh e sàbhaithe feuchainn troimhe fo sheòl, agus mar sin thug e òrdugh a phasgadh agus na ràimh a chur a mach. Rinneadh sin air ball agus chum sinn cho dlùth air gob na tràghad 's a shebladh an t-eathar oir bha sgeirean corrach, giara, air an làimh dheis. Dh'aingeoin sineadh is fàsadh air chùl nan ràimh cha robh adhartas mòr 'g a dheanamh. Anns an tionndadh ri slìos a tuath na tràghad fhuair an sruth grèim air an eathar agus dh' fhalbh e leatha, mar gum b'e slige bhàirmich a

bha innte, air fiaradh a' chaoilais a bha nis a' fàs tana. Cha robh dad fo ar comas ach falbh far an togradh an sruth an-ìochdmhor a toirt. Bhuail an t-eathar air clachan cruaidhe an aigeil le buille cho uamhasach 's gun cuala iad aig na tighean e. Thuig iadsan an cumart anns an robh sinn, agus rinn gach mac a chuala air a' chladach 'na leum.

Chunnaic mi gun do spàrr na bodaich na ràimh fo an achlaichean gus an cumail air uachdar an uisge nan tachradh na bu mhiosa. Rug Donnchadh air a' bheul-mór, agus rinn mise grèim bàis air gualainn Dhonnchaidh, oir cha robh an còrr faisg orm; co air a rug Sutharlan chan fhaca mi. An tiotadh bha an t-eathar air a cliathaich air bodha falaichte, agus thaom an sàl a steach innte. An gleidheadh i a grèim? Sin a' cheist a bha agamsa agus aig càch uile tha mi creidsinn. Thug an sgiobair rabhadh dhuinn gun ghluasad air eagal gun deanadh e call. Bha gach mionaid a bha dol seachad a' fàgail misneachd bheag air a cùl, oir bha an t-uisge air a' bhodha a' fàs tana. Bha na dàimhean air a' chladach beagan estair air falbh ach cha robh dòigh aca air furtachd sam bith a dheanamh oirn. Cha robh 'nan comas ach an cinn a chromadh ann an ùrnuigh dhùrachdaich as ar leth. Gu h-obann chunnaic mise sealladh nach fhaca mi iamh roimhe. Air mo bheulaibh sheas cuideachd air an robh mi eòlach agus ris an robh mi ceangailte, troimh m'inninn ruith nithean a thachair o chionn fhada, agus cha robh mi faicinn air thoiseach orm ach falamhachd gun stéidh. Bha Donnchadh ag innse dhomh an déidh làimhe gu robh esan a' deanamh deiseil airson grèim a ghlacadh air an fheamainn a bha e faicinn air a' ghrund le solus na gealaiche! Dé bha càch a' fair-eachdainn chan aithne dhomh oir ghleidh iad sin aca fhéin.

Fa dhéidh thràgh na h-uisgeachan eadar sinn is tìr agus fhuair sinn gu cladach le casan fiucha. Bha greadhnachas aig a' mhuintir a bha feitheamh rinn. Nuair a rinn e lionadh math dh'fhalbhadh le eathar eile a dh'iarraidh na té a bha sàthte air a' bhodha. Cha luaithe a thugadh dheth i na chaidh i fodha, a' seòladh eadar dha-lionn. Sin an uair a thug sinn gu soilleir an gàbhadh anns an robh sinn. Air dhuinn an t-eathar a shladadh chun a' mhùil chunnaic sinn gun do shradadh an t-slige bho'n druim leis a' bhuille a fhuair i air na clachan.

Ràinig an dithis iasgairean aois mhór mus do chaochail iad. Chailleadh Donnchadh an Cogadh a' Chésair, agus bhàthadh Sutharlan air cladaichean a' Chuain Shèimh. Tha mise ann an sò fhathast, ach cha deach mi riamh tuilleadh le lion gu muir.

GEALTAIRE.

“AN DROCHAID UR”

Le MAIRI NICGHILLEATHAIN

NUAIR a thòisich obair na drochaid ann an Geàrraidh cha robh teagamh aig muinntir an eilein nach biodh iad fhéin agus an cuid air an smáladh do'n iarmailt leis an iomairt uamhasaich a bha dol air adhart cho faisg air làimh. Bha mhad'orra a' faicinn nan crecain bhòidheach 'gan sadail as a chéile le sgàirneach chruaidh. An diugh, far am b' àbhaist Eilean nan Ròn agus Sgeir Ghlas a bhith, cha robh ri fhaicinn ach sluic ghrànnda le slugain dhubha, dhomhain a chuireadh eagal air duine. Agus cha b'e sin uile gu léir a bha cur dragh orra. Bha e ri ràdh gun robhar a' faicinn solus dhreach aig ceann na drochaid (solus m'-thalmhaidh) agus bha e 'na aobhar eagail gu robh rudeigin neo-chumanta a' dol a thachairt anns a' bhad sin.

Co-dhiù, bha an obair a nis deas, agus bha an drochaid ùr 'na laighe gu geal, deàrrsach, cho fad 's a chitheadh an t-sùil, agus i a' ceangal Dail-uaine, thall, agus Geàrraidh, a bhos, ri chéile. Cha b' fhiosrach neach gun do thachair sgiocradh air bith ri linn na h-obrach, a dh'aindeoin mhanaidhean. Bha iomadh rud beag éibhinn timcheall oirre, air a shon sin, rudan a thug gaire air daoine. Am blast mór ud a thug air Bellag a' Bhealaich tuiteam anns a' pholl, le poca mór de mhòine chruaidh dhuibh air a druim! (Cha robh daoine ro ghaolach air Bellaig bhòid agus tha eagal orm gur h-e fealla-dhà a rinn iad de'n tubaist sin.) An t-Eireannach beag, peallach, a thàinig a stigh do bhùtha Iain Oig, agus ann am Beurla cho neònach 's cho mabach 'sa chuala duine riamh, a dh'iarr dà ubh ri'n ceannach! Dà ubh! Cò chuala riamh a leithid? A' chaileag òg a Glaschu a bha 'g obair ann an oifis fear de na h-àrd dhaoiné, agus aig an robh—'se sin a bha na cailleachan ag ràdh, co-dhiù—peant air a gruaidhean, agus *cascara* 'na sùilean! Bha moran de na nithean sin a cumail ceòl-gaire ri muinntir Geàrraidh, fada an déidh do'n obair a bhith seachad.

Is e tigh Curstaidh Robastan a b'fhaisge air an drochaid ùr. Cha robh ceann na drochaid ach mu fhichead slat o cheann an tìghe, agus bha an rathad mór a' ceangal rithe an sin 's a' gabhail tarsuinn an eilein a dh'ionnsaigh an taobh eile. Bhiodh carbadan is rothairean gu tric air an rathad feadh an latha, agus cha leigeadh *Cuachag*, an cù aig Curstaidh, gin dhuibh seachad gun ruith as an déidh mar gum biodh dùil aice cumail suas riutha gus an ruigeadh iad an ceann-uidhe.

'Na seasamh anns an dorus air madainn ghrianaich ann an deireadh an Fhoghair bha Curstaidh fhéin, agus i' coimhead a mach airson a' phuist. Boireannach bòidheach. Bha a h-aghaidh fhinealta da-rìreamh tlachdmhor. Ach bha sgàilean àraidh air cùl nan sùilean sèimh a bha dearbhadh gun deach i troimh èmhghar an t-saoghail charraideich so. Cha do phòs i riamh, oir dh'fhalbh Ruairidh Bàn, a rogha an measg nam fear, do'n cheud Chogadh Mhór, agus cha do thill e tuilleadh.

Rinn "Cuachag" tabhann beag, agus an ceann tacain nochd am post le 'mhàileid air a dhruim. "Madainn bhriagh", ars esan, oir 'se duine ge'rr-chainnteach a bh'ann, nach cosgadh leth-dusan facal far an deanadh a dhà an gnothuch. "Tha madainn ghriinn, againn a Chalum!", fhreagair Curstaidh, an gaire easgaidh a' lasadh suas a sùilean, "Is e side phrìseil a tha 'n so".

"Tha 'n t-am aice", fhreagair Calum gu dùr, 's e sineadh dhìth pasgan litrichean, "tha mòran de dhroch shìde air tighinn. Tha am bàrr air a dhòl a dhòlaidh".

'Na biodh cùram ort mu dhéighinn sin, a Chalum!", ars ise, "chuir an Cruithfhear am bàrr gu fàs dhuith, agus tha e comasach air a thoirt air aghaidh gus an téid a chur fo dhion".

"Huh" ars esan agus e 'coiseachd air falbh. Thug e ceum air ais. "A Churstaidh", ghlaodh e, "bha mi fhìn agus Cailean Ciobair ag iasgach a raoir. Nuair theid mi dhachaidh cuiridh mi nuas a' chlann le adag na dhà thugad". Thug e 'chùl dhìth mu'm b'urrainn dhìth taing a thoirt dha.

Cha robh duine ann an Geàrraidh a bu choibhneile na Calum Post, ach bha e ruideigin grad 'na nàdur, agus aig an dearbh am so, bha e fo uallach mu obair an fhearainn, a bha aige ri dheanamh a leth-obair air a phostachd. Mar a bha e coiseachd suas am Bidein Mór, bha e 'g ràdh ri fhéin, nam b'e té sam bith eile a bha air bruidhinn ris mar sud mu'n t-side 's mu'n Cruithfhear gun robh e air i fhéin innse dhi! "Ach", thuirt e ris fhéin, 's e toirt na pìob-thombaca as a bheul 'sa cuimseachadh smugaid air lorg mairt, "chan urrainn dhomh bhith crossa ri Curstaidh".

Chaidh Curstaidh a stigh. Thòisich i air leughadh nan litrichean. Bha grunnan math ann dhuibh, oir b'e 'n diugh co-ainm latha a breith. Tri fichead bliadhna 's a' deich! Thug i greis air leughadh nan litrichean 's nan cairtean briagha fhuair i, agus an sin dhùin i a

sùilean. Thòisich i air beachd-smaoineachadh air a' liuthad cacchladh a bha air tighinn air eilean a gaoil o bha i 'na h-ìghinn òig. Is math a bha cuimhne aice air an am, nuair nach robh guth air drochaid, a dh'fheumadh iad an Fhadhail Mhór a ghrunnachadh cas-ruisgte, agus 's docha, fuireach uair a thide ann an Eilean nan Ròn gun an tigeadh an tràghadh. Eilean nan Ròn; An Sgeir Ghlas; Eilean an Fhaing. Ainmeach a bha beartach le céill 's le brìgh dhìse 's d'a co-aisean, ach nach robh ciallachadh ni do òigridh an latha 'n diugh.

Ghabh a h-inntinn an uairsin cùrsa eile air raointean a bu dlùithe. Bha na bliadhnaichean mu dheireadh doirbh. Dh'fhàs a h-uile rud cho daor. B'fheudar dhi an radio agus pairt de a cuid leabhraichean a reic. Agus an diugh fhéin thug e 'n aire gun robh feadhainn de na sgleatan air fàs dona air cliathaich an tighe. Thug i sùil air a fón. Bha eagal oirre gum feumadh sin falbh cuideachd, oir cha robh e furasda dhi a bhith 'ga cumail suas. Ciod a dheanadh i nan tigeadh tinneas oirre gu cabh-agach, agus gun i faisg air dothair, nan toirte air falbh am fón? An diugh fhéin bha i faireachdainn sgith 'n am éirigh sa' mhadainn, agus bha tuaineal neo-àbhaisteach 'na ceann. . . . Agus thug an smuain sin air ais i dh' ionnsaigh na litreach a bha i leughadh mu dheireadh.

Is ann o Mhòraig, nighean a peathar, a bha pòsda ann an Sasuinn, a bha an litir. Bha Mòrag a' toirt cuireadh coibhneil dhi a thighinn a dh'fhuireach còmhla ri the fhéin 's ri teaghlach los nach bitheadh i 'na h-aonar ann an deireadh a latha. Rinn Curstaidh osna. B' fheàrr dhi, thubhairt i ri the fhein, deanamh mar a bha Mòrag ag iarraidh oirre, agus a bhith taingeil gun robh neach ann a dheanadh còmhadh leatha. Ach, O!—cho searbh 'sa bha e a bhith smuaineachadh air Gearraidh fhàgail 's gun tilleadh gu bràth. Cha robh fios aice ciamar a b'urrainn dhi na bannan gràidh a bha 'ga ceangal ris an eilean 's ris an t-sluaigh a reubadh as a chéile. Bha sgàil imoigaineach air a h-aghaidh airson tacain, ach cha robh e fada ann, oir dh'fhoghlaim Curstaidh o chionn iomadh bliadhna co thuige rachadh i leis gach uallach is dragh. Chaidh i sìos do'n rùm, far nach cuirte dragh oirre, ged thigeadh neach a stigh. Nuair a thill i nuas bha gach ni gu math, oir bha i air gnothuch a dheanamh ris an Athair Neamhaidh, agus bha i mothachail air a làthaireachd maille ri the. 'Do thoil-sa gu robh deanta'. B'e sin an suaicheantas a bha air bratach na beatha aice, agus bha fhios aice ma bha Easan air an stiùir, nach biodh eagal do'n luìng, ged a dh'fhaodadh sloisreadh garbh nan tonn riasladh a thoirt dhi car ùine.

Tràth feasgar thainig an dithis chloinne bige aig Calum Post a stigh agus gad éisg aca, a shìn iad gu moiteil do Churstaidh. Bha a' chlann uile déidheil air a bhith 'na cuideachd. Nigheanan beaga, ceithir 'sa' còig de bhliadhnaichean, agus balaich mhóra luirgneach a' streap ris na ceithir bliadhna deug—bha iad uile gaolach oirre!

Cha robh an fheadhainn bheaga fada stigh a nuair a mhothaich i gun robh iad glé shàmhach seach mar a b'abhaist dhaibh a bhith. Dh' fhaigheach i dha'n ghille an robh dad ceàrr. Dh' éirich na deòir 'na shùilean. "Bhàsaich Lassie", fhreagair e gu muladach.

"O, Iain, a ghaoil, tha mi duilich", arsa Curstaidh, a' cur a gairdein timcheall air— "Cuin a thachair sin?"

"Feasgar an dé", thuirt am fear beag. "thiodhlaic mi fhìn 's Màiri i fo'n Bhidein Mhór". "Na bi caoineadh idir, a luaidh. Gheibh thu cù eile. An còrdadh 'Cuachag' agam-sa riut?"

Sheall Iain agus Màiri air a chéile. 'Se Màiri a fhuair a guth an toiseach. "Nach bi feum agaibh féin air Cuachag?" "Chan eil mi smaointeachadh gum bi, agus is ann agad fhéin 's aig Iain a b'fheàrr leam a fàgail, ma ghabhas sibh i". "Am bheil sibh a' falbh?" dh'fheòraich Màiri, a sùilean móra ag amharc suas le iongnadh.

"Tha eagal orm gum bheil . . .". Ach leis na facail sin stad Curstaidh, agus cha b'urrainn dhi a dhol air adhart. Cha b'urrainn dhi bruidhinn air an dealachadh chruaidh a dh' fheumadh àite 'ghabhail ann an ùine ghoirid. Thainig an cù beag a stigh 'na ruith agus ghabh i dìreach gu Iain. Air ball bha a ghàirdean timcheall oirre, agus a bhus air a leigeadh an taice ri 'ceann a bha cho mìn ris an t-sìoda. "Tha mi smaointeachadh gum bi sibh glé thoilichte, còmhla", arsa Curstaidh, le gàire. "O bithidh, gu dearbh", fhreagair an gille. "Cuin a bheir mi leam dhachaidh i?"

'Faodaidh tu tighinn a nall 'ga h-iarraidh anns a' mhadainn", thuirt Curstaidh.

"O, tapadh leibh-se", ghlòidh iad le cheile.

Dh'fhalbh iad sìos a chluich chun na drochaid far am biodh roinn mhath de chloinn an eilean a' cruinneachadh a dheanamh chleas. Chaidh Curstaidh a mach agus shuidh i anns a' ghréin ri taobh an tighe. Thòisich "Cuachag" air drannan, agus an ceann tacain nochd Bellag a' Bhealach a nuas an rathad, le colg greannach oirre mar a b'abhaist.

"Càite 'n robh an dà bhleigeard ud a' dol?" B'e sin an fhàilte a chuir i air Curstaidh. "An e Iain is Màiri? O, na creutairean beaga, gaolach. 'S cinnteach gur h-ann chun na drochaid a chaidh iad. Bha iad cho duilich an diugh. Bha Iain ag innseadh dhomh gun

do bhàsaich an cù aige". "S bochd nach bàsaicheadh feadhainn eile dha seòrsa", arsa Bellag gu dorcha, is i a' toirt sgail do "Chuach-aig", "agus airson clann an àite so chan eil ann ta ach na dearg thrusdair". Mar gum biodh i airson a briathran a dhaingneachadh shad i dhith a' bheannag, agus sguab i bhàrr a guailleadh i. "Ma tha, Bhellag", arsa Curstaidh, "is toigh leam fhéin a' chlann uile, agus is fhlòr thoil leam Iain is Màiri—dithis phàisdean laghach .

"Dà pheasan gum mhodh, 's cha b'è cheannach a rinn iad", sponch Bellag, "ged nach biodh ach am balgair 's athair dhaibh".

Bha sàmhchair ann airson mionaid no dhà, agus an sin dh'fhaighneachd Curstaidh:

"Ciamar a tha an lònidh agad, a Bhellag, san am so?" "Glé thruagh. Chan eil fhios agam de ghabhas deanamh. Tha mi air mo phianadh leatha".

"Nach bu chòir dhuit an dotair fhaicinn", thuir Curstaidh, "tha iad ag ràdh gum bheil am fear òg ud glé mhath".

"Bu cheart cho math leam coilleach-gaoithe ris" spreadh Bellag gu feargach, "ach tha 'n t-am agam a bhith togail orm. Feasgair math leat".

Leatha fhéin a rithis chaidh Curstaidh a stigh. Bellag bhochd! Bha truas aice rithe. Bha dòigh neònach, choirbte aice, agus mar thoradh air a sin bha na còimhearsnaich glé chema dhi. Ach bha àite aig Curstaidh dhi 'na cridhe fialaidh.

Thuit an oidhche. Bha deagh theine air, agus na cuirteinean air an tarruing gu comhfhurtail. Suas mu dheich uairean thuit i 'na cadal agus thòisich i ri bruidar. Ar leatha gun robh neach-eigin air an drochaid a bha glaothaich air a h-àirm—neach aig an robh gnòthuch sònraichte rithe. Dhùisg i. Bha an aistich cho soilleir dhi 's an glaoth cho fuaimneach fhathast 'na cluasan 's gun robh i air a co-èigineachadh gu a dhol a mach chun na drochaid fiach cò bha 'ga h-iarraidh. Thog i leatha leus-dealain bhàrr a' bhùird, agus chaidh i mach. Ràinig i 'n drochaid ach cha robh dad ri fhaicinn no ri chluinntinn. Bha gach nì sèimh agus aig clos, agus i fhéin mothachail air sith neo-chricnachd 'na h-anam. Gu h-obann thuit sgòs mòr oirre, agus dh'fhairich i an tuaineal 'na ceann a rithist. Dh'fhairich i rèdhtachd anacneasda 'ga cuairteachadh, agus an duaichneachd thiugh 'ga tarruing dlùth 'na ghlaicaihb. Chuir i suas a làmhan mar gum biodh i a' cumail bhuaipe nì a bha deanamh gréim oirre. Ach aig an aon am chuala i guth tlùsail cinin ag ràdh, "Na bitheadh eagal ort, is Leam-sa thu". Agus dh'fhalbh an tuaineal agus an doilleireachd agus am fuachd

Fhuair iad anns a' mhaduinn i 'na sìneadh aig ceann na drochaid 's Cuachag 'na laighe ri 'taobh a' deanamh faire. Bha na stuadhan beaga a' srùthladh gu sèimh mu na puist iaruin. Bha na faoileagan ag itealaich gu h-àrd. Bha a' ghrian ag amharc a nuas le cungadh slàinteil 'na gathan òr-bhuidd. Ach cha robh nì ann a dh'inneadh cuin no cionnus a thainig an Teachdaire a dh'iarraidh Curstaidh. Tlachdmhor 'na beatha bha i maiseach anns a' bhàs, an sgeimheachd shòluimte a bha air a h-aghaidh a' taisbeanadh gun robh dòlasan na beatha so air an call gu bràth ann an sòlas na sìorruidheachd.

Dh'inneadh an sgeul so air an ràdio.

(Continued from page 84)

From all this it might be inferred that a new set of Long Tunes could be in process of formation in the Isles. Unfortunately however there are signs that this unique way of singing the Psalms may pass away in its turn. At one Congregational practice where I went to record I found this old way so much modified that I asked the precentor what the reason could be.

Slurs and grace-notes

He told me that he had been doing his best to get the Congregation to drop their slurs and grace-notes, and to sing the tunes in what to him was a more civilised manner. I begged him to restore them for this once for the purpose of my recording, which he did by simply asking the Congregation to "sing as they used to do." But as he shook hands with me afterwards, he shook his head reprovingly at the same time and said that I had "undone six months hard work."

One could wish that this unique, devout and essentially Scottish Highland way of singing the Psalms should continue in strength and without interference. With the existence of so many factors in modern communication to influence and change the old ways however, including, perhaps most of all, church singing of a more conventional character over the radio, one fears that this ancient style of Praise may eventually go the way of the Long Tunes.

By courtesy of the "Scotsman".

The lamented death of Mr. Neil Shaw, O.B.E., is announced as we go to Press. Appropriate tributes will be paid in the next issue.

The Highland Problem

THE Highland Problem is complex and many-sided. It is mainly economic, but the social implications are by no means unimportant. The main causes of the present situation have their roots deep in Highland history, and in order to understand and appreciate them we must examine at least some of the salient factors.

Depopulation is a disquieting symptom of the present position, but it is also a major problem in itself for many communities both on the mainland and in the islands are so depleted that it is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain the old way of life any longer.

The patriarchal regime which was in force for many centuries terminated with Culloden. Under this system the subtenants cultivated their small plots, herded their cattle on the common pasture, and rendered seasonal help in return for the privileges which they enjoyed. They lived simple and contented lives, while land and sea furnished them with the bare necessities.

National policy after the '45 aimed at reducing the arbitrary power of Highland chiefs and landed proprietors who were no longer allowed to maintain powerful retinues. Large landowners had to find new ways for maintaining themselves and their families, and many of them decided to sell or rent extensive areas of their estates to the highest bidders. Lowland farmers were ready to buy or pay high rents for sheep farms in the north. This led to wholesale evictions to make room for sheep farming, and at a later period for deer forests. Some of the dispossessed settled on inferior land on the foothills or by the seashore to eke out a precarious living as best they could, while many more crossed the seas to foreign lands where their descendants are to be found to this day. The Highland clearances during the latter part of the 18th century left desolate glens in many districts. Little was done by the State to support either those who remained or those who were compelled to leave their homeland. Bitter memories smouldered long, and the tragic story of those times has not been forgotten and may still be colouring the political allegiance of Highland people.

Rapid decline in population began first in Sutherland, and affected the whole Highlands before the end of the 19th century. There have been successive waves of emigration throughout the present century, some due to failure of one basic industry or another, some resulting from

the spirit of adventure, or the world-wide depression of the period between the two World Wars. Within the last half century 500,000 have left the Highland counties, either drifting into the cities of the south or going overseas. Now, less than one quarter of the population of Scotland occupy three fifths of the whole area of the country, a fact which cannot be regarded as in any way satisfactory.

The application of the National Insurance regulations in rural areas exercises serious effects on the life of a considerable section of the people of the Highlands. Framed to meet the needs of industrial areas, these regulations impose higher burdens for smaller benefits on crofters and other so-called self-employers with meagre means, with the certain result that depopulation will be still further accelerated.

The effect of good or bad transport are reflected both in the social and economic conditions of the people. Trade and industry are necessary to maintain people in adequate numbers anywhere, but these cannot prosper where transport is too costly or deficient. Excessive freight charges, such as prevail in most Highland districts today, have a throttling influence on industry. Why should isolated areas be so burdened by oppressive freight charges? While these remain it is difficult to encourage or improve existing industries, and impossible to attract new ones.

One after another of the basic industries of the Highlands have been fading out gradually. Fishing, at one time of prime importance, has ceased to be a major industry there any longer and unless drastic Government action comes to the rescue very shortly the prospect of a healthy revival is doubtful. Crofting is no longer regarded as an attractive industry in the North, nor does it produce very high dividends at present. It has, however, definite advantages in that the crofter has security of tenure, at least at the moment, a cheap home and the requisite qualification for Government grant or subsidy to provide better housing conditions and agricultural improvements.

Tweed manufacture has proved an excellent ally to crofting in some of the islands of the west. Whether any great expansion of this industry is possible depends largely on world markets, which again are at the mercy of fashion.

Afforestation has made great strides in recent years over wide areas in Scotland, and should provide increasing employment and good prospects. There are extensive territories in the North, particularly in the mountainous regions, which offer plenty of scope for this valuable industry, and which are not well

suitable for any other form of farming. We shall await further developments with interest.

A variety of light and widespread industries is required to provide economic stability, but inadequate transport and communication militate against the establishment or success of private or public enterprise. In certain areas in the Highlands now electric power and manpower are available, but other essential facilities are lacking; and these are dependent on Government action.

Now the serious problem of the preservation of the Gaelic language and culture is very closely linked with the economic and social problems that we have been considering. Gaelic is identified with the Highland people living in the Highlands. Continued depopulation there leads inevitably to the final disappearance of Gaelic as a living language.

J. THOMSON.

An Ribheid Chiuil

This is an interesting and in some ways an arresting collection of Gaelic poetry by Iain Archie Macaskill of Berneray, Harris, mostly composed during the author's stay in Western Australia from 1924 to 1933 when he died at the early age of thirty five. The poems deal in the main with common everyday topics, and are strongly patriotic and nostalgic in treatment. Many of them are set to well known tunes which do not always suit the sentiment. The form is traditional, the rhythmic structure is pleasing, but end rhymes are not always true. Good imagery is employed in places, and descriptive gifts are in evidence. The command of correct idiomatic Gaelic is worthy of note, but the quality of the poetry rarely reaches a very high standard. Frankness and forthrightness are attractive features.

Greater consistency in the use of accents is desirable.

There is a most interesting Introduction by the Editor which pictures the seasonal changes in Berneray and provides the necessary background for the detailed biography of the poet in that island, in Glasgow and in Australia. The Notes on personal and place names which occur in the Introduction, and those on references in the poems themselves have both a strong local and general interest.

This handsome volume, price 12/6 post free, may be had from the Editor, Alex. Morrison, 21 Herriet Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow, or from Alex. Maclaren & Sons, 268 Argyle Street, Glasgow.

Psalm Tunes Of The Highlands

By FRANCIS COLLINSON

IT would be an omission to conclude an account of the Scottish Psalm Tunes of the Reformation without reference to the Psalm tunes of the Highlands and to the Highland way of singing them, a way of singing that is as unique as it is impressive.

Particular mention must be made of the old Gaelic "Long Tunes" which were sung within living memory in the counties of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross and Inverness-shire, and which were undoubtedly sung all over the Highlands before that.

There were originally six of these Gaelic Long Tunes, and they all bore the names of well-known tunes of the Scottish Psalter—French, Martyrs, Stilt, Elgin, Dundee and Old London. Yet beyond the identity of name, all resemblance, as far as the ordinary hearer could tell, seemed to end.

The most notable feature of these tunes, as their name implies, was their length, which to the Lowlander seems frankly inordinate. Taking the tune "Martyrs" as an example, we find that the Highland tune of the name is more than three times as long as the Lowland, even leaving out of account the preliminary chanting of every line of the Psalm by the precursor before the Congregation sing it; while as far as the melodies are concerned, they seem to be quite different tunes.

It was long thought in the Highlands that the Long Tunes were in fact of different origin to those of their lowland namesakes. In even a comparatively recent publication authorised by the Free Church, we find the following ingenious suggestion regarding them:—

"It may be stated as a possible origin of these Long Tunes that they are Swedish airs picked up from fellow soldiers by the Highlanders who served in the army of Gustavus Adolphus in the early part of the seventeenth century. The fact that the tunes were confined entirely to those districts of the Highlands from which the soldiers were recruited makes the conjecture of this origin almost a certainty."

Research ignored

It is impossible of course, for the musicologist to agree with any such reasoning which does not attempt to explain the fact that the tunes bear the well-known names of tunes in the Scottish Psalter, and which ignores published musical research upon them.

The first man to investigate the Long Tunes from a musical standpoint appears to have been Joseph Mainzer. In succession coal-miner, priest, abbe, opera-composer, musical journalist and apostle of a popular singing method for the masses, Mainzer came to Scotland in 1842. He lived in Edinburgh for five years, during which he applied unsuccessfully for the Reid Chair of Music at Edinburgh University following the fiasco of Henry Bishop's tenure of the office.

During his stay in Scotland, Mainzer made and published a painstaking study of the Gaelic Long Tunes. By this he was able to demonstrate that these were in fact profusely ornamented and extended versions of the Old Common Tunes of the Scottish Psalter whose names they bore.

The ornamentation of them by the singers of the Highland Congregations had grown and become elaborated during the passage of time to such an extent that there remained eventually only the slenderest connection between the Long Tunes and their originals, a connection that could only be detected by the musicologist.

Each note of the Psalter tune indeed may correspond to as many as ten of the Long Tune, all ten being sung to one single syllable of the words of the psalm, the melody of the Long Tune twining around the notes of its Psalter original like a Celtic knot-pattern.

Mainzer was able to show however that the two sets of tunes corresponded with each other in the following essential points:—(a) the notes of the Psalter tune could be found among the notes of the Long Tune; (b) wherever the Psalter tune rises or falls the Long Tune does likewise; (c) the first notes of each line of the two tunes nearly always correspond to each other—to which the writer would add that the end-notes of each line significantly only fail to correspond also where the last note of the Psalter tune is one that the Highland ear, with a partiality for its own gapped scales, finds ungrateful and hard to accept; (d) finally, the tunes bear the same names in the Highlands as in the Lowlands, these being in English and not Gaelic.

Mainzer arranged one of the Gaelic Long Tunes, "French" for voices in four-part harmony; an arrangement which, though of dubious propriety to the folk-musician, paradoxically now probably provides the only survival of the Long Tunes in actual congregational performance, being sung by the massed choirs at the closing concert of the annual National Gaelic Mod.

The Gaelic Long Tunes were noted afresh and published in 1862 (20 years after Mainzer's notation) at the instance of the Psalmody

Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, by T. L. Hatley, who achieved celebrity as the precursor who led the singing at the first meeting of the Free Church Assembly at Tanfield at the Disruption.

The tunes as noted by Hatley again bear the names of French, Martyrs, Stilt, Dundee and Old London. He sets down two different versions of the tunes—the version as sung in Ross, and that as sung in Sutherland and Caithness, Hatley's notations were reprinted in the 1910 edition of the Free Church Psalmody, where they can readily be found by the interested reader.

Comparisons between these transcriptions, noted down in different districts and at different times, is illuminating, for it shows just the kind of differences one would expect to find in an oral tradition, particularly that of a people with the Celtic genius for ornamentation, as in the classical example of Pibroch in music, and in the sculptured stones of Iona and the West in a visual medium.

Translation into Gaelic

The Psalms in metre were not translated into Gaelic till 1659, 100 years after the Reformation. Until they did appear in that language, the singing of them in the Highlands where it could be attempted at all, must have been a woeful performance; for the only language available was of course the English of the Psalter, which was a tongue little less foreign and infinitely more unfamiliar than the Latin which the Reformation had suppressed.

This state of things is well indicated in the Minutes of the meeting of the Synod of Argyll at Rothesay in May, 1653, at which it was formally decided that the Psalms should be translated into the Gaelic tongue that they might be understood of the people. The Minute reads:—

"The synod thinks it convenient that the psalmes to turned to Irish (i.e., Gaelic) mitre so as they may be soonge with the comon toones, in regard . . . that the ordinance of singing, through want of the Irish mitter, never has been gone about by such as are ignorant of the English language . . . therefore ordanes the psalmes be translated." (The Synod's own command of English seems not to have been without its own Highland piquancy).

In point of fact, the actual metre employed in the task could scarcely be described as Gaelic metre in the real sense of the term, for the method used was to set the Psalms (to quote the published preface) "in Gaelic metre that fits the Lowland tunes to which it is customary to sing them in churches and in households."

—A type of metre which, it is admitted by the translators was "strange and unknown to the Gaelic tongue."

It was a metre which forced even the abandonment of internal rhyme, which unlettered bards to-day are still careful to observe, to quote an eminent Gaelic scholar to whom the writer referred the point, and who continues, "these tunes and translations must have been considered a horrible innovation in the seventeenth century, by persons who knew the rules of Gaelic metres and the tunes to which poems in the old metres were sung (which I take to be similar to the chants to which the Ossianic ballads are still sung in Uist)."

Geneva parallel

It was a curious parallel to that which went on at pre-Reformation Geneva, when English and Scots versifiers laboured to write in metres which would fit existing French psalm-tunes, and turned out a good deal of pedestrian doggerel in consequence.

Under such conditions the task of translating the psalms into Gaelic did not proceed over rapidly. It took six years for the Synod to bring to publication the first 50 psalms, and another five to complete them; the 50, or "Caogad" appearing in 1659 and the whole 150 psalms in 1694.

Before these last were completed however the complete psalms appeared in Gaelic independently from the hand of Robert Kirk, the celebrated minister of Balquhider.

Robert Kirk is to be remembered also as the first man to translate the Bible into the Gaelic tongue, an achievement which in its own way must rank with that of Tyndale, Coverdale and all the great translators who made the Bible available to the English speaking peoples.

Robert Kirk seems to have been a remarkable man. To keep himself awake at his huge self-imposed task, he is said to have invented a device which, when he dozed off into sleep, splashed cold water in his face from a bowl nearby, and so awakened him to the continuance of his labours.

What makes him perhaps equally remarkable in the popular imagination is that, being a seventh son of a seventh son, he was locally credited with powers of communication with the fairies, a belief which did not lose credence from the fact that he followed his labours upon the Scriptures with an account, set down in considerable detail, of the life and doings of the Little Folk—"The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Faunes, and Fairies."

Early Introduction

It is fairly evident from the above, with its references to Lowland and "common toones" that the tunes of the Scottish Psalter were introduced into the Highlands, in however rudimentary a fashion, at an early period following the Reformation.

These would of course be learned orally and not from the printed music, for to this day the Scottish Gael makes little use of music—staff notation, preferring the sol-fa system—perhaps because it is more nearly akin to his ancient "cantaireachd," the notation of pibroch music by vocables. It may be surmised that it was at that early time that the process of ornamentation and eventually, of complete metamorphosis of the tunes began; a process which crystallised finally in the Long Tunes—though perhaps crystallised is not the ideal word, for as we have seen, they retained a certain fluidity between one locality and another.

The Gaelic Long Tunes apparently went out of use towards the end of last century. Fortunately this most interesting Scottish folk music (for that is what it is) still survives here and there in the memories of those who heard their parents sing the tunes, and it has been recorded by the School of Scottish Studies.

Though the full flowering of musical decoration may have gone out with the passing of the Long Tunes however, the process which evolved them is still very much alive in the Highlands in the singing of such tunes as Torwood, Martyrdom, St. David's, Stornoway and the like, as well as in the short Psalter versions of the tunes which gave rise to the Long Tunes.

A few years ago, the writer was privileged, by the kindness of the Free Church authorities, to be allowed to record congregational Psalm singing in the Isle of Lewis. It was a most stimulating and uplifting experience. There the custom still survives of the reading, or rather chanting to each line of the Psalm in full by the Precentor, to a strange, sometimes almost oriental-like chant independent of and musically unconnected with the Psalm tune itself with which it alternates.

The attitude and demeanour of the precentor in these Highland churches is impressive. Often he sings with eyes closed, rolling out the softly sonorous Gaelic of the Psalm from memory sometimes in a curious nasal quality of voice reminiscent of the old Puritans. The Congregation sing in unison as is the custom of the Gael, but with the melody profusely ornamented with grace-notes ("slurs" they call them), each singer improvising his or her own pattern of ornamentation of the tune as the spirit moves him.

The result is astonishing, for it creates a shimmering kaleidoscopic harmony of its own,

a harmony which bears a strange resemblance to the echoing acoustics of a cathedral, and against which the tune stands out in great strength and dignity. In the slow, quantitative rather than rhythmic measure of the tune, it is almost unavoidable that some voices should move on to the next note before the others, and the resulting effect is obviously one which the Congregation like to create deliberately for the sake of its further clashing harmonies.

To crown the whole musical structure, the precentor often breaks in with the next line before the Congregation have come to the end of theirs, causing a further deliberate collision of tones. From the description one might imagine that it must result in ear-splitting cacaphony; in actual fact the whole effect is of quite astonishing and unforgettable beauty.

(Continued on page 79)

Forestry Tour

To mark the planting of 100,000 acres in the county by the Forestry Commission a special visit to forestry areas in Argyll was arranged for May 24th. The tour will help to indicate the economic and social benefits which extensive operations can bring to a district. On this occasion visits were made to a modern sawmill on Loch Fyneside and to a forester training school at Benmore. The Commission's plantations lying between those two places were also seen.

Branch Reports

BUNESSAN

Bunessan and Pennyghael Branch held a successful ceilidh in Bunessan Hall in May, when Mr. Hugh Lamont, president, extended a cordial welcome to Mr. Hugh MacPhee and to Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Bannerman who had come to visit the Branch. Dr. Bannerman, who presided in his usual breezy manner, made an ideal chairman. He paid tribute to the Branch for their efforts to maintain the Gaelic language. Mr. MacPhee, who recorded part of the ceilidh, stressed the value of teaching Gaelic to the children, and Mrs. Bannerman, convener of the Propaganda Committee of An Comunn, also addressed the audience.

Mr. D. Lamont and Mr. M. MacPherson played piping selections. Songs were supplied by the following:—Misses Jenny Morrison, Betty Logan, Elsie Ann Lamont, Mrs. C. Briggs, Mrs. J. Watson, Messrs. H. Lamont, Neil MacDonald, Anda Campbell, J. Maclean Fullarton and Dr. Bannerman. The local Gaelic Choir gave their support, and accordion selections were rendered by Mr. Angus Campbell.

EDINBURGH

The ceilidh held towards the end of May in aid of the funds of the forthcoming National Mod in Stirling was a great success. The programme, arranged by Mr. Archie Maclean, was presented by Mr. Angus Mackenzie, president of the Stirling and Larbert Branches. The following artistes took part:—Pipe-Major George Stoddart, Misses Ina Macdiarmid, Catriona Fraser, Moira Connacher, Agnes Henderson, Lottie Seggie, and Messrs. John Kidd, Kenneth MacRae. Mr. George Henderson gave selections on his accordion. Mrs. Blair Oliphant of Ardblair Castle told stories with a charming Irish lilt, and a team from Edinburgh University gave a fine exhibition of dancing. Mr. Finlay Maclean proposed a generous vote of thanks.

MANCHESTER

This Branch closed its winter's activities with its usual ceilidh (arranged by Mrs. Hugh MacCallum) in aid of Mod funds. Approximately 100 members and friends attended, the guest artiste being Mrs. Bernadine Lees, accompanied by Miss Winifred Davies, both of whom are well known in Northern concert circles. The evening was a great success socially and financially, resulting in a profit of £42 5s 6d, which will be forwarded to Stirling in due course.

The activities of the Branch were saddened by the death of three active members—Mr. Peter MacLeod, Lewis (one of the early members of the Branch and Secretary for many years), Mrs. Seaton, wife of Mr. A. W. Seaton (who has been associated with the Branch since its inception), and Mr. Alec Hamilton.

At the first ceilidh in October the President and his wife (Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Morrice) accepted on behalf of the Branch the very beautiful badges of office which had been presented by Dr. J. Chas. Kerrin (Secretary) in memory of his wife, Jean Miller, late of Helensburgh. After supper one of our own members, Mr. J. Cornock, showed some coloured slides of Barra.

In November we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Hugh MacPhee, President of An Comunn, the guest artiste on this occasion being our old friend, Kenneth MacRae.

At other ceilidhean we had as guest artistes, Kenna Campbell, Rhona MacLeod and Alistair Gillies.

Mr. and Mrs. Maclean are now planning the annual picnic to be held at Sutton, near Macclesfield, on Saturday, the 10th June, when we hope the weather will be as kind to us as it was last year.

The Manchester Gaelic Choir (under Mr. P. D. Curley, Newtonmore) and the Manchester Gaelic Circle under Mr. Girvan MacKay continue to make good progress.

AFFILIATED SOCIETIES

On Roll at 31st March, 1960	65
Additions to Roll	2
Less Lapsed	67
On Roll at 31st March, 1961	65

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVI

AN LUNASDAL, 1961

Aireamh 8

SUIL AIR ADHART

IS dòcha gu bheil na Gàidheil tuilleadh is ullamh gu bhith cumail an sùla air an gualainn, agus 'g an call fhéin ann an dalla-cheò na h-ath-chuimhne. Gun teagamh tha feum air sùil air ais a chum feuman an ama a tha an làthair a dheasachadh gu cothromach, agus a chum sealladh soilleir fhaighinn air na tha falaichte aig faire.

Tha cor na Gàidhealtachd agus na Gàidhlig an diugh mar thoradh air an t-sìol a chuireadh leis an Rìaghaltais anns na linntean a chaidh seachad; agus tha freumhan cion-toil agus eu-dòchas mhòrain 'nar latha fhìn an sàs gu domhainn ann an eachdraidh nan ginealach a dh'fhalbh. Ach chan eil feum no stàth ann an eachdraidh mur a cuirear gu feum i.

Ma tha sinn mar Ghaidheil ag iarraidh ar cànan agus ar dòigh-beatha a dhìon 's a neartachadh feumaidh sinn, gu duineil agus gu h-a-na-ghuthach, a bhith faireil a chum ar còraichean dlìgheach a thaobh cranchur is cleachdadh. Chan eil soirbheachadh ann an leigeadh-seachad. Aig an am is e dìon ar cànan—a' Ghàidhlig—a tha air an n-aire. Tha e iomchuid agus ceart gach meadhan feumail a chur gu buil, agus gach cothrom a chur an cleachdadh.

Tha Comunn Rannsachaidh, le ùghdarras an Rìaghaltais, air geur-fhaire a thoirt o chionn ghoirid do obair a' Bh.B.C. agus an déidh an comhairle a chur ri iomadh buidheann aig a bheil ùidh anns an obair so. Bidh na dòighean a mholas iad air an cumadh ann an tomhais leis na beachdan a fhuair iad 'nan rannsach-dh. Chuireadh beachdan a' Chom-

uinn Ghaidhealaich a thaobh na Gàidhlig fa'n comhair.

Chan eil an teagamh as lugha nach e meadhon éifeachdach a bhiodh anns an radio chum leas na Gàidhlig anns an dachaidh agus anns an sgoil nam biodh ùine gu leòr air a chheadachadh do'n Ghàidhlig. Ach fhathast chan eil an ùine ach suarach; agus gu so cha chualas lideadh an Gàidhlig ann an sgoil ann an Alba.

Tha fios gu ruig an *television* taobh an iar na Gàidhealtachd agus na h-Eileanan a Siar luath no mall, ach cò aige tha fios dé an t-àite a bhios aig a' Ghàidhlig anns a' ghnòthach nuair a thachras sin. Tha e iomchuidh gun cumadh sinn sùil air a' mhuintir a bhios ann an ùghdarras, agus nach bi sinn balbh nuair a bhios feum air comhairle agus air tagradh. Tha e ceart gun dleasadh sinn ar còraichean agus nach leigeadh sinn fois le cumhachd sam bith a tha cumail uainn ar dlìghe. Chan ann le aon bhuille a leagar a' chraobh; agus cha chumar tigh le beul dùinte.

Mas e Beurla a mhàin leis an tig *television* thugainn 's e buille-bàis do'n Ghàidhlig a bhios ann. Ach ma ruigeas e sinn ann an Gàidhlig airson òigridh is imbich tha fios gun deanadh sin feum mhòr gu bhith tàladh aire an luchd-éisdeachd dh'ionnsaigh feartan ar cànan, agus gu bhith cosnadh dhì an ùidh agus an t-àite air a bheil i airidh. Faodaidh Gàidhlig ar ruighinn le droch bhlas dìreach mar a dh'fhaodas cainnt sam bith eile. Is e guth an fheadhainn do'n aithne agus anns a bheil earbsa aig ar cinn-ùil bu chòir éisdeachd fhaighinn ann a bhith ag ullachadh lòn do gach seòrsa cuideachd.

“MAIRI CHALLAIRD”

Le NIALL MACDHOMHNAILL

THA mi creidsinn nach eil duine agaibh nach cuala uair no uaireigin mu'n phlàigh uamhasa'ch a bha ann an Lunnain dìreach trì cheud bliadhna an ama so, nuair a bha na miltean 'gan sguabadh air falbh gach latha leis a' ghalair so. Tha iomradh ann an eachrdaidh cuideachd air a' cheart thinneas so a bhith anns an Eadailt, agus anns an t-Suain, 's chan eil teagamh nach robh a' cheart phlàigh so anns a' Ghaidhealtachd; ciod eile a theireadh sibh a thachair ann an Callard?

Bha Donnchadh Camshron (Fear ChallaIRD) 'na thuananach aig an robh seibh air baile fearainn, agus ged is lom uaigneach an dùthaich sin an diugh bha i mu'n am air a bheil sinn a' labhairt, a' toirt lòn is teachd-an-tir gu pailt saibhir do mhóran dhaoine.

Am measg an teaghlaich aig Donnchadh bha Màiri, nighean òg bhriagha a bha romheasail aig gach aon. Cha robh té eile anns a' bhaile a thigeadh suas rithe; chan ann a mhàin airson a bòidhchead ach airson a coibhneis agus a bàidh. Cha robh neach air am biodh dìth no éis air nach deanadh ise fuasgladh. Bha i iriosal usal 'na giùlan agus blàth-chridheach, coibhneil ri gach aon a thigeadh an rathad. Cha robh tigh anns a' choimhearsnachd anns nach robh i eòlach, far a faigheadh i fàilte chridheil bho gach aon, sean is òg.

A' bhliadhna bha so thachair gun robh gorta mhór anns an tìr; bha droch bhàrr air an achadh agus an àite 'm pailteas a bhì aca mar a chleachd iad, cha robh leth gu leòir aca nis fa chomhair feum nan teaghlaichean rè a' gheamhraidh. Mu'n d' thàinig an Dùbhlachd a stigh cha robh baraille no ciste mhine san àite nach robh gu bhith falamh, agus far am b' àbhaist gàire is sìgradh a bhith, cha robh ann a nis ach caoidh agus mulad air gach taobh.

Cha robh neach a bhiodh 'na éiginn nach ann air tigh Dhonnchaidh Chamshron a chuireadh e aghaidh, agus mar bu trice 's i Màiri a bhiodh a' frithealadh dhaibh, 's cha do thill Màiri duine riamh air falbh falamh; bha ise a' toirt dhaibh gu pailt 's gu fialaidh de chuid a h-athar.

Latha de na làithean gu d' ach gun d' thug e'n aire gu robh an siol a b' fhearr a bh' aige . . . an siol cura bha e gleidheadh gu cùramach airson an Earraich, aig Màiri ach beag air a thoirt seachd. Ghluais so a nàdur glé mhór, agus dh' àithn e dhi gun a leithid sud a dheanadh tuilleadh.

Cha robh e ceadaichte dhi nis frithealadh air duine a thigeadh an rathad, ni a bha 'na

dhoilgheas dhi. Le i bhì faicinn na h-ùibhir de luchd a h-eòlais air bheagan bìdh ghoirtich briathran a h-athar i cho mòr is gun do chuir i roimpe falbh. Dh' fheith i gun an do ghabh an teaghlach mu thàmh is an sin sgioblaich Màiri i fhéin agus ghabh i an rathad a mach as a' bhaile. Choisich i gun an d' ràinig i tigh bràthair a h-athar ann an Lunnabhrath an Lochabar, fiuch fann agus glé sgith. Mar a dh' fhaodar a thuigsinn ghabhadh rithe gu coibhneil, ach nuair a chual' iad an t-aobhar airson na dh' fhàg i tigh a h-athar cha robh iad idir toilichte, agus chomhairlicheadh dhi tilleadh dhachaidh. Cha robh i idir deònach so a dheanamh ged a bha bràthair a h-athar ag ràdh rithe gum biodh iad cho toilichte a faicinn air ais sàbhailte 's nach canadh iad aon fhacal na h-aghaidh.

Timcheall mu'n am so thainig soitheach Suaineach do'n àite dh' iarraidh clòimhe, agus nuair a ghabhadh aig a' bhàta cha robh duine ann an Callard nach deach air bòrd innte, cuid a dh' fhaicinn an t-soithich eireachdail so agus cuid eile a reic an cuid clòimhe. Am measg an fheadhainn a chaidh air bòrd le clòimh bha Donnchadh Camshron. Reic e chuid clòimhe agus a bharrachd air sin rinn e ceannachd innte.

Thill Donnchadh Camshron dhachaidh le làn ciste de dh' aodach rìomhach grunn; aodach nach fhacas riamh roimhe a leithid ann an Callard, agus is esan a bha làn toilichte leis a cheannachd a rinn e.

'Nuair a ràinig e dhachaidh, agus mu'n do bhlaiseadh air gréim bìdh chaidh a' chiste aodaich fhosgladh, agus abradh sibhse greadhnachas am measg teaghlach Dhonnchaidh air an fheasgar ud. Thòisicheadh a' fiachainn orra nan deiseachan, agus cha robh beag no mòr, sean no òg, a stigh air an doras nach robh air an sgeadachadh leis an aodach ghrinn ud; bha an dara neach a' coimhead na bu rìomhaiche na neach eile.

An oidhche so fhéin thill Màiri air ais a Lunnabhrath, ach an àite sùil a thoirt air an aodach ghrinn a bh' air a' chòrr de'n teaghlach, thug i oirre gun ghuth no facal a ràdh suas do'n t-seòmar uachdrach far am biodh i cadal. Chuir i seachd an oidhche leatha fhéin ann an uaigneas, agus air dhi dùsgadh sa' mhadaoinn cha b' urrainn dhi faighinn a mach air doras an t-seòmair aice . . . bha ni air choireigin air a chùl. Mu dheireadh chaidh aice air i fhéin fhaothachadh a mach air an doras, agus dé a bha sud air cùl an doruis ach corp a h-athar, 's e fuar marbh air an làr.

Thug i sùil mu'n cuairt agus chunnaic i sealladh a chuir uamhas oirre—bha a màthair 's a piuthar 's a còigear bhràithrean 'nan sineadh marbh fa comhair. Ghnuil Màiri gu goirt agus leis an sgios 's am bristeadh cridhe thuit i seachad 'na cadal.

Cha robh duine ri fhaicinn a' gluasad mu thimcheall tigh Dhonnchaidh Chamshroin air a' mhadaimn so, ni a chuir iongnadh air muinntir a' bhaile. Chruinnich na fir agus an déidh beachdachadh air a' chùis cha b'fhada gus an tàinig iad a dh'ionnsaigh a' cho-dhunaidh gu'n robh a' phlàigh air tighinn do'n àite ged nach robh làn dearbhadh aca air. Dh'fheumadh iad casg a chur air a' ghalair uamhasach so, agus ged bu chruaidh e cha robh ach aon dòigh air an gabhadh sin a dheanamh; an tigh 's na bha na bhroinn a chur 'na theine. B'è cheist a nis có a ghabhadh an obair so as làimh. Cha robh duine ri fhaighinn a bha deònach agus mu dheireadh dh'aontaich iad có air bith air an tuiteadh an crann b'esan a dh'fheumadh an tigh a chur 'na theine.

Thuit an crann air Raonall Mór agus b'ann le cridhe trom a chaidh e gu tigh a' charaid a chur 'na smál. Rinn e trì cuairtean air an tigh ag eubhach fad na h-ùine feuch an lorgadh e aon duine beò a bhith air fhàgail ann mu'n rachadh e ri gn'omh. B'ann air an treas cuairt a thug e an aire do làmh a' crathadh gu fann aig uinneig an uachdar an tigh.

B'è làmh Màiri a bha sud agus chaidh aice air innse do Raonall a mach troimh 'n uinneig mar a bha cùisean a stigh. Dh'iarr i air fios a leigeil gu a leannan, Diarmad MacDhonnchaidh (Mac Caimbeulach Inbhir-Atha). Dh' fhalbh Raonall le each diollaide nuair thàinig an dorcha gus a theachdaireachd a chur an céill. Bha an t-slighe fada agus doirbh. Ach is iongantach mar a thachair; bha Diarmad an dearbh fhear ris an robh a ghnothach air a shlighe gu Callard. Ann an cadal huaisgeanach chunnaic Diarmad aisling agus bha e fo mhór amharas nach robh cùisean le Màiri mar bu chòir. Choimnich Raonall ris shios taobh Loch Creagar. An déidh dhaibh fàilte chur air a chéile, dh'innis Raonall dha fàth a thurais.

Nuair a chuala Diarmad an naidheachd bhronach, chuir e chuip ris an each, agus thill e air ais gu Inbhir-Atha. Dh'fheumadh esan Màiri a thoirt a mach as an tigh ud, agus sin gun cus dàlach a dheanamh. Dh'fheumadh e aodach a thoirt leis gu Màiri agus thug a phiuthar dha aon de na deiseachan aice fhéin air a son.

Fhad 's a bha Diarmad a' faighinn deiseil bha sgiobadh tapaidh ag uidheamachadh a' bhirlinn dha. Nuair a bha gach ni an òrdugh aice sheòl e fhéin 's a ghillean air falbh gu luath sàmhach am beul na h-oidhche. Sios

Loch Eite 's a' sruth leotha agus as a sin suas a' Linne Sheilleach. Am bristeadh an latha chaidh iad a falach ann an Camus an Tàillear, is b'ann dhaibh a b'fheudar oir cha bu tilleadh slàn dhaibh nan d'fhuaradh fath air na bha rompa a dheanamh. Nuair a thàinig am feasgar shìob a' bhirlinn gu cìramach faicill-each do'n t-sruth a bha ruith gu bras troimh 'n chaolas.

Bha teine mór air an rudha mu'n coinneimh agus fear eile air an taobh eile le luchd faire a' cumail geur shùil nach fhaigheadh duine seachad. Anns an dorachas a bh'ann, agus am beagan soluis a bha na teineachan a' deanamh shnàig Diarmad 's ghillean seachad. Suas seachad air clach Phàdrùig far an do bhàthadh Prionnsa Lochlannach, a mach gu camas Eoghainn far an do shaoradh Lochiall bho'n bhuidseach, gus mu dheireadh an déidh iomadh iomagan an do bhuail i a stigh air Port Eachainn far an robh tigh Dhonnchaidh Chamshroin fa'n comhair.

Leum Diarmad gu tìr agus thug e roit suas a dh'ionnsaigh an tìghe. Bha Raonall an sid an déidh tilleadh is e a' feitheamh ris na chuireadh roimhe a dheanamh. Cha tìgeadh aon neach eile an còir an tìghe. Dh'eubh Diarmad ri Màiri, agus ann am beagan bhriathran dh'fhàiltich iad a chéile. Dh'iarr e oirre a h-aodach fhéin a thoirt dhith agus i fhéin a shuaineadh sa' bhreacan aige-san; i' ga nigheadh fhéin san allt agus an sin an t-aodach a fhuair e bho a phiuthar a chur oirre. Is e sin a rinn i agus cha b'ann roimh'n am oir bha a' chabhanaich dlùth. Cha luaithe a fhuair i do'n bhirlinn na sid na fir le buillean làidir èasgaidh an gréim 's na ràimh le luathas an eagail. Nam faigheadh muinntir Challaird fios air gu dé bha iad ris cha bhiodh dol as ann doibh. Rinn iad Eilean nam Ban deth agus an sin chaidh iad am falach. Thàinig solus an latha agus solus eile leis, tigh Challaird a' dol suas 'na theine. Rinn Raonall a dhleasdanas ach cha b'ann gus am fac e Màiri gu sàbhailte a leannan. B'è sealladh a bh'ann a dhruidh air cridhe Màiri is nach do dhl-chuimhnich i ri beò.

Air do'n oidhche tuiteam, thill iad uile do'n bhirlinn is thog iad orra agus gun aon tuibast no sgioradh ràinig iad Inbhir-Atha gu sàbhailte.

Nuair a chuala Caimbeulach Inbhir-Atha mar a bha, is gun robh Diarmad a' dol a phòsadh Màiri Challaird, cha do chòrd an naidheachd idir ris; cha robh Màiri math gu leòir dh'a mhac-san, ach a dh'aindeoin gach bacadh a chuireadh an rathad Dharmaid cha strìochdadh e do iarttas no comhairle a bha athair a' toirt dha.

Goirid an déidh do'n phòsadh a bhith seachad b'fheudar do Dhiarmad bean òg a ghaoil

fhàgail agus armachd a thogail air taobh a cheann-cinnidh gu coinneachadh ri Montrois. B' e sud turas a' chruaidh fhortain do Dhiarmad; air an latha mhór ud aig Inbhir-lòchaidh, nuair a dh'aom na slòigh an coimeimh a chéile bu lionmhor com gun cheann a bh' air làr. Fhuair Diarmad, 's e air ceann a dhaoine droch leòn agus ged a ràinig e dhachaidh beò cha b'fhada gun an do thuit e anns a' chadal as nach tig dùsgadh. Chaidh adhlacadh maille ri dhaoine an seann chladh Aird-chatain.

Bha Màiri a nis gu h-aonararach truagh, gun chùl-taice no aon a shealladh rithe 'na h-éiginn, agus a' caoidh fear a gràidh a latha 's a dh'oidhche.

Thug am Prothair no am Prior anns an Eaglais Mhòir an Ard-chatain an aire dhi agus bu tric a chual e i ri caoidh is ri bròn leis an ionndrainn a bha 'na cridhe. Bha truas mòr aige rithe agus dh'fheuch e ri gach comhfhurtachd a b'urrainn dha a thoirt dhi. Mar sin bha e 'ga faicinn is a' bruidhinn rithe gach latha. Thuit e an trom ghaol oirre.

Dh'ihlt i iomadh tairgse pòsaidh uaidh ach mu dheireadh thug i dha a làmh. Chaidh cuirm mhór ullachadh airson na bainne, agus ged a bha ceòl is aighear an measg na cuideachd air an fheasgar ud cha robh togail sam bith ann do Mhàiri, bha ise fo throm smuain gun ghean gun ghàire.

Am meadhon an t-subhachais a bha dol air adhart chaidh Màiri suas gu a seòmair fhéin, agus air dhi sealltainn a mach troimh'n uinneig chunnaic i far an robh a ceud ghaol 'na laighe fo'n fhòd 's an uaigh aige còmhdaichte le sneachda, is ise a nis pòsda aig fear eile.

Chaidh an smuain so mar gath bàis gu a cridhe, agus ghabh i an t-òran sin a tha aithnichte mar òran Màiri Challaird, 's faodar a ràdh gun do shnàmh a h-anam air falbh air fhonn 'g a ionnsaigh-san a bha 'ga feitheimh air an taobh thall; agus so mar a tha briathran an òran a bh' aice air tighinn a nuas 'g ar n-ionnsaigh air rud a thachair bho chionn trì cheud bliadhna.

'Eudal a dh'fhearaibh na dàlach,
Thug thu mi a tigh na plàigheach:
Far an robh m' athair, mo mhàthair,
Mo phiuthar, a 's mo chòigear bhàrithéan.

M'eudal, m' aighear, is m' annsachd,
'S ann ad thigh nach biodh a' ghainntear;
Gheibhte sithionn ghlas nam beanntan,
'S na geala bhradain a bu reamhra.

Saoil nach mise th'air mo sgaradh,
Bhi 'dol le fear eile 'laighe;
A 's m' fhear fhéin air cùl a' bhalla,
Sealgair nan damh donn 's nan aighean.

Saoil nach mise th' air mo sgaradh,
'S ioma rud a rinn mi fhaicinn;
Chunna' mi bhi roinn do bhreacain,
A' tiodhlacadh do ghunna glaise.

Fhuair mi dusan de d' chrodh bainne,
'S ceud na dhà de d' chaoiraich gheala;
Ach ged fhuair chan fhada mhaireas,
Théid mi leat gun dàil fo'n talamh.

Théid mi ann mu'n odhraich t' anart,
Bidh mi leat an cùirt nan aingeal;
'S fheàrr bhi leat na 'n so air m' aineol,
'Fhir bu chaoine guth na 'n cainneal.

Thug thu ginidh air mo bhrògan,
Còig dhiubh air mo bhreacan pòsaidh;
Cha d' fhuair mo leithid a bha beò e,
Saoil am b' iognadh mi bhi brònach.

'S a Mhic Dhonnachaidh Inbhir-atha,
'S coimheach a ghabhas tu 'n rathad;
Bho 'n tha Màiri Chamran romhad,
'S òg a chaill mi riut mo ghnòthach."

Sin dhiubh mar a dh'innseadh dhòmh-sa agus ged a tha làrach seann tigh Challaird ri fhaicinn fhathast dha-san do'n léir, faodar a ràdh gu bheil am fear is a' chòimheach air brat a chur thairis air an àrdaich san d'fhuair Màiri a h-àrach agus far an d' fhuair mise brìgh mo sgeòil.

Chualas an sgeul so air an radio.

(Continued from page 45)

The characteristics, possible origins and functions of the songs in the collection are commented on, and the changing social conditions in the Highlands during the last two centuries reflected in the songs are noted.

The Musical Aspects of the songs of Nan Mackinnon are succinctly analysed by Francis Collinson, who says that her traditional songs "embrace an almost complete cross-section of the whole of Gaelic song-culture," and, "presents material for complete study of Gaelic folk-music." This repertoire is a unique contribution to the study of Gaelic song and melody.

In addition this excellent production contains informative articles on Sub-letting in the Crofting Community" by Alan Gailey, and on "Some Shielings in North Skye" by Malcolm Macsween. Notes and Comments on a variety of topics are also included.

AN T-OLLAMH IAIN L. MACDHONN- CHaidh

Le SEUMAS MacTHOMAIS

THOG an t-Ollamh Iain Linsay Mac-Dhonnchaidh, no an Robastanach, mar bu trice a shloinntte e an Leódhas, carragh-cuimhne dha fhéin anns a' Ghaidhealtachd le sár obair a bheatha, agus bu mhath leinne an nochd clach bheag eile a chur air a chàrn. Tha e airidh air clùib agus urram o gach Gaidheal a bha beò 'na latha, agus o shliochd nan daoine sin gus an latha an diugh.

Rugadh e ann am baile Steòrnabhaigh o chionn còrr is ceud bliadhna, anns a' bhliadhna 1854. Thàinig cuideachd athar mas math no chuimhne, a Machair Rois, agus rinn iad nead dhaibh fhéin ann an Steòrnabhagh far na shoirbhich leotha gu math. Bha athair Iain 'na chaitcan soithich mar a bha iomadh fear eile anns a' bhaile-puirt ud r'a linn agus bha soithichean malairt leis a' seòladh nan cuaintean fad is farsuing. Bhuineadh a mhàthair, o'n d' fhuair e an sloinneadh Linsay, do Mhontrose far na choimhich athair rithe air a thuruis timcheall cladaichean an ear Alba.

Cha robh sliغه an fhoghlum ro fhasda ann an Leódhas 'nuair a bha an Robastanach 'na bhalach, agus bu tearc iad a fhuair an t-sochair iad fhéin a dheasachadh mar sgoilearan. Ghlac esan an cothrom a fhuair e agus 'na ghille og mus deach e riamh do'n Oil-thigh, bha e teagasg an sgoil bheag Steòrnabhaigh.

Anns an Oil-thigh thug e mach foghlum fir-lagha, agus a thuilleadh air sin chriochnaich e gu soirbheachail am foghlum a bha feumail airson fear-teagasg no fear-ceasnachaidh.

Bha e mar sin làn uidheamaichte airson na h-obreach a roghnaich e, agus cha b' fhada gus an do nochd e gu soilleir an t-ighdarras a bha 'na ghné agus 'na ghuth. Cha robh eagal aige roimh dhuine geal; cha leigeadh e a thaic air neach eile, agus cha shùileachd e o aon de a luchd cuideachaidh obair sam bith nach robh e fhéin ullamh gu bhí sàs innte nam fheudar e. Choisinn e air an aobhar sin, deagh-ghean na bha fo a riaghladh o am gu am.

B'e obair shòraichte a bheatha dreuchd fir-ceasnachaidh an sgoiltean na Gàidhealtachd, agus fad iomadh bliadhna bha e air ais 's air adhart air feadh gharbh-chrìoch is eilean a' neartachadh làmhnan nam muinntir ris an robh teagasg na cloinne an urra, agus a' deanamh gach ni a bha 'na chomas airson cothrom na Féinne a bhith aig an òigridh. Bha e 'na dhuine àrd, eireachdail; calma 'na bhodhaig, agus làidir, greumail 'na inntinn. Anns a h-uile seadh bha an ceann 'na na gailleann aige os cionn an t-sluaigh chumanta. Cha b'urrainn

duine coinneachadh ris ann an cuideachd no air sràid gun ath-shùil a thoirt air. Mar fhear-labhairt bha e barraichte, agus bha barrachd àbhacais 'na dhòigh na lorgte 'na ghnùis. 'S iomadh sgeul annasach a thog e 'na chuaritean agus 's iomadh té a dh' aithris e ann an cuideachd.

'Se duine fad-sheallach a bh'ann, le shùil daonnan air math na Gaidhealtachd, ullamh gu còirichean nan Eileanach a sheasamh, agus an dlìghe a dhleasadh do gach mith agus maith, gun claonbhàidh ri iosal no uasal. Duine toiniseil, muinghinneach, le inntinn fhosgailte, agus gnìomhach 'na dhòigh.

Chuir mise a' cheud eòlas air 's mi 'nam rud beag, socharach air cùl suidheachain ann an sgoil Ard Thunga, agus esan a' stàbhachd air ais 's air adhart air an làr a' cur cheisd nach robh soirbh am freagairt. Chi mi fhàsthas le sùil na h-inntinne an t-seacaid bhreac chlà aige agus a bhriogais ghoirid teann mu na glùinean, an ceum sgoinneil, an sealladh bior-shuileach, le guth sgairteil nach leigeadh cadal fada le duine againn. Chuir mi eòlas air fad an déidh làimhe mar charaid agus mar chomhairliche, agus dh' fhàg sin mise air àireamh na muinntir a bha deanamh uail as mar dhuine foghainteach, mar ghaisgeach dileas dha dhuilchas agus do dhòigh beatha a shinnsearachd, fìor earbsach, dìcheallach, agus soirbheachail anns an obair mhór anns an robh e sàs.

Aig an am cha robh pàrantan na cloinne anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, co-dhiùbh anns na h-eileanan, a' faicinn luach ann am foghlum cho mór 's a chunnaic iad an déidh sin. 'S ann a bha eagal orra gun tugadh a' chlann an casan leotha air feadh an t-saoghail nam faigheadh iad sgoil—agus sin an ni mu dheireadh a dh' iarradh iad. Chunnaic An Robastanach glé mhath gu robh an t-am a' tighinn anns am feumadh mòran de na Gaidheal cùl a chur ris na seann dachaidhean oir bha an sluagh a' sìor fhas lionmhor, agus cha robh teachd-an-tìr r'a sholar mar a dh' fheumadh iad aig an tigh. Ach chunnaic esan mar nach fhaca càch gur e sgoil mhath anns gach sgìre agus baile an cothrom a b' fheàrr airson muinntir a dh' fheumadh luath no mall a dhol a mach do'n t-saoghal mhór a chosnadh am beò-shlainte.

Bha esan airson dorus fosgailte a chur rompa. Cho fada 's a bha e 'na chomas-san fhuair òigridh na Gaidhealtachd cothrom iad fhéin a dheasachadh chum an àite sheasamh gu duineil agus gu feumail am measg choigreach air feadh rìoghachdan an t-saoghail. Agus cò their nach

do rinn iad sin, air muir agus air tír? Gheibhear sliocht nan daoine air na chuir e eòlas 'na imeachd, agus a chuidich e, anns gach rìoghachd, cuid diubh, araon fir is mnathan, ann an ionadan inbheil, agus a' mhorchuid diubh 'nan cuimhneachain bhèò air an t-slighe a dh' fhosgail esan rompa.

Mar a chithear o na thuir mi cheana chuir an Robastanach seachad a' chuid mhòr de bheatha ann an siorramachdan na Gaidhealtachd. A thuilleadh air an àrd ùghdarras a bha aige anns a' cheàrnaidh fharsuing sin de'n dùthaich an gnothuichean an fhoghlum bha Leòdhas, na Hearadh, an t-Eilean Sgiathanach, an t-Eilean Dubh, agus Mòr-thìr Siorramachd Inbhirnis air a chìram mar fhear ceasnachaidh. Lean so gus an d' fhuair e an inbhe a b' àirde bha fosgailte dha 'na dhreuchd—an t-àrd cheann air uile luchd-ceasnachaidh Alba. Mar sin bha eòlas mionaideach aige air cor na Gaidhealtachd anns an fharsuingeachd, agus sealladh soilleir air feum gach ceàrnaidh fa leth, eòlas a chuir e ann an cleachdadh anns na meadhonan a mhol e gu bhith cur ri leas an t-sluaigh.

Nis, dé na nithean sònruichte a rinn an Robastanach a choisinn dha spéis Bòrd an Fhoghlum an Lunnainn 's an Dun-Eideann, agus leis na thàlaidh e deagh-ghean na Gaidheal 'na latha? So cuid diubh:

1. 'Nuair a thuit cuid de Bhìrd Sgoile nan Eilean ann am fìachan cho domhain 's nach b' urrainn dhaibh an casan a shlaodadh as an làthaich, chuir rùnaire Bòrd an Fhoghlum mar nallach air àite sheasamh air ceann gach buidheam, airson an casan a shocrachadh air carraig as ùr.

'Se obair nach robh idir soirbh a bha so, agus chan ann gun ùine, gun saothair, agus gun fhoighidinn a bha e comasach a thoirt gu buil. Ach ceum air ceum shoirbhich leis 'na oidhirp, agus chan e a mhàin gun do chuir e na Bhìrd Sgoile air an casan a ris ach chum e air an casan iad.

Chan eil teagamh nach robh luchd teagais ann nach robh an còmhnuidh buidheach leis a' ghleidheadh agus leis an ro-chìram a bha air a nochdadh ann a bhith suidheachadh tuarasdail agus ann a bhith roinn goireasan feumail air na sgoiltean. Ach bha làn fhios aige-san càite an robh e dol, agus ann a bhith ruighinn a' chinn-nidhe choisinn e fàbhar agus àrd mheas an luchd riaghlaidh.

2. A ris, 'nuair a chaidh Comunn Ionadail (Secondary Education Committees) a chur air leth an dèidh Achd an Fhoghlum anns a' bhliadhna 1908 gu bhith ri suidheachadh no leasachadh àrd fhoghlum ann an sgoiltean na dùthcha b'e an Robastanach a shuidhichadh mar cheann-suidhe air ceann nan Comunn sin an Gallaidh, an Dùthaich MhicAoidh, an

Siorramachd Rois, agus Inbhirnis. Dhearbh e anns an t-seasamh-sa mar an ceudna gu robh inntinn ghloimhach aige, gu robh e fad-sheallach, cùramach is dicheallach agus bha an t-adhartas a lean e 'na shaothair nìle soilleir r'a fhacinn. Dh' aicidh an fheadhainn a b' fheàrr fios gu robh làmh-thoisich aige-san anns an toradh ionmholta a dh' fhàs air oidhirpean nan Comunn a bha so. 'Nuair a leig e dheth a dhreuchd anns a' bhliadhna 1923 chuir riochdairean nan ceithir siorramachdan a dh' ainmich mi urram air a' cheann-suidhe le cuirm ghreathnach ullachadh dha am baile Inbhirnis. Thaom iad sruthan molaidh mu na cluasan aige airson cho seaghail, duineil 's a sheas e àite, agus airson an adhartais a thàinig an cois a shaothrach.

Bha e air a ràdh gur ann tearc a gheibhte a leithid mar fhear gnothuich an àite sam bith.

3. Ma chuir e a' Ghaidhealtachd gu h-ìomlan fo fhìachan leis gach seirbhis mhath a rinn e as a leth, chuir e Leòdhas fo fhìachan dà-fhillt airson gach dòigh anns na nochd a cho-fhearachdaim ri suidheachadh an Eilein, mar a thuig e feuman an t-sluaigh 'na latha fhéin agus anns na bliadhnanach a bha air thoiseach orra, agus mar a dh'leas e dhaibh sochairean foghlum nach robh aca riamh roimhe.

Bha e fàbharach gun do shuidhich eadhaig sgoileir taghte, inntinneach, geur-sheallach mar a bha Uilleam Gibson, air an robh cuid a tha 'g eisdeachd glé eòlach, gu bhith air ceann Ard Sgoil Steòrnabhaigh aig an am a bha an Robastanach ann an ùghdarras. Le chéile, agus nach tric a chunnaic mi iad an cuideachd a cheile, stéidhich iad meadhonan airson àrd fhoghlum a chur an tairge òigridh Leòdhais o chionn còrr is trì fichead bliadhna air ais.

Cha robh saothair sam bith tuilleadh 's a' chòir leotha airson gum biodh doras fosgailte aig gach balach is caileag air feadh an Eilein a b' urrainn feum a dheanamh de'n chothrom.

Cha robh àrd sgoil an Leòdhais gu so anns an robh e comasach do sgoilear e fhéin a dheasachadh airson an Oil-thigh. An beagan a roghnaich an inbhe sin a ruighinn dh' fheumadh iad bliadhna no dhà a chur seachad ann an sgoiltean nam bailtean móra. 'Cha robh so gun chosgais, agus 'se beagan aig an am a bha comasach a' chosgais a phàidheadh. A so suas bha e na b' fhasa do chlann Steòrnabhaigh iad fhéin uidheamachadh. Ach dé mu dheidhinn clann na tuathadh? Cha robh sgoil fhreagarrach aig na dorsan acasan. Bha sgoil Steòrnabhaigh fada air falbh agus cha robh e furasda do chroitèaran no iasgairèan Leòdhais cosg air a' chloinn an Steòrnabhaigh ged bu mhath le cuid aca iad fhéin àicheadh air an son.

Chunnacas iomchuidh leis an Rìghaltas còmhnaidh airgid a thoirt do sgoilearan as gach

sgoil air an dùthaich a dhearbhadh anns a' cheasnachadh gu robh iad comasach feum a dheanamh de àrd fhoghlum. Cheum air cheum ghlac clann as gach baile an cothrom agus fada roimh an diugh gheibhear mòran a bharrachd de chloinn na tuathadh anns na clasan àrda an Sgoil Steòrnabhaigh na gheibhear de chloinn a' bhaile mhóir.

Rinn Sgoil Steòrnabhaigh àite dhith fhéin am beatha an t-sluaigh fo riaghladh Ghibsoin agus an Robastanaich anns na bliadhnan a lean, agus chuir i a séile air na ceudan a choisinn inbhe is cliù air feadh an t-saoghail o chionn leth-cheud bliadhna is còrr.

4. Ged a streap an Robastanach suas gu inbhe àird, agus ged a chuir e seachad a' chuid mhór de a bheatha air Tir-mór bha a chridhe daonnan an Eilean a bhreith, agus ghléidh e cuimhne chùbhraidh air na daoine o'n tàinig e agus air a' chuideachd a bha ag éirigh suas còmhla ris 'na bhalach. Bha e tadhal an Eilein cho tric 's a bha sin 'na chomas a dh'ùrachadh eòlais air na seann chàirdean agus air bradain na h-aibhne agus dubh bìreac nan loch.

Mus do chaochail e chuir e suim mhath airgid air leth gu bhith còmhndadh le cuid a b' aithne dha an Steòrnabhaigh nach robh cho dòigheil 'nan crannchur 's a bha iad uaireigin. Bha iad sin a' fàs lionmhor oir cha robh obair cho pailt anns an latha ud, agus cha robh an Riaghaltas cho fialaidh gu bhith sìneadh a làimhe do'n bhochd. Tha luchd riaghlaidh a' bhaile a' còimhead as déidh an airgid-sa fhathast. Is iomadh creutair bochd gus an latha an diugh a tha guidhe beannachd air ceann an fhir a dh'fhàg ullachadh cho tròc-aireach.

Bha daoine is mnathan an Leódhas a bha roghnachadh o am gu am a dhol a shìreadh an fhorstain do threan céine do nach robh e furasda am faradh a phàidheadh. Fhuair cuid aca còmhndadh as an ullachadh cheudna.

Chuir an Robastanach air leth airgead airson cuideachadh le gillean a Leódhas leis am bu mhath dreuchd lighiche a thoirt a mach an Dum-Eideann. Tha fear is fear as aithne dhuinn air feum mhath a dheanamh de'n t-sochair so.

Chuir Oil-thigh Dhun-Eideann an t-urram LL.D. air ar caraid goirid an déidh dha a dheagh-ghean a nochdadh anns an dòigh-so, urram air an robh e làn airidh. Tha cuimhne mhaireannach air ainm an Leódhas, agus tha muinntir Steòrnabhaigh uasal as na bha e, agus as na rinn e. Chan eil duine beò aca nach cuirheadh clach air a chàrn.

Niall Mac Ille Sheathanaich

Air an t-seachdain-sa chaidh thriall Niall Mac Ille Sheathanaich air an t-slighe bhuain. Rinneadh luaidh air gu farsainn le sgrìobhadh, labhairt is craobh-sgaoileadh agus cha leig mise leas gabhail orm gun cuir mi mòran ri luchd no seadh nam briathran sin. Ach aig coinneamh Aird Chomhairle a' Chomuim Ghaidhealaich tha e gu sònraichte iomchaidh gun cuireamaid dàil air ar gnòthach rè sealainn gu cuimhneachadh air ar caraid nach maireann.

Ged a dh'fhuiling e gaisidhean follaiseach anns na bliadhnan mu dheireadh le call a chéile ghràdhach agus le tinneas, cha bu tric àite falamh aig coinneamh na h-Aird Chomhairle; ged nach togadh e a ghuth ach ainneamh, bha a bhith 'ga fhaicinn anns a' chuideachd 'na neartachadh dhuinn, agus 'na bhrosnachadh gu cumail oirnn a dh'aindeoin gach diachainn a dh'fhaodadh a bhith air thoiseach.

An sùilean mòran, araon air Gaidhealtachd is Galldachd, b'e Niall Mac Ille Sheathanaich An Comunn Gaidhealach. Nuair a rachadh An Comunn ainmeachadh, b'e dealbh a phearsa allail agus seirm a chòmhradh dheis-bhriathraich a thigeadh gu aire na cuideachd. Bhe e feumail do'n Chomunn gu robh sin mar sin, oir bha an dlùth-cheangal a bh'aige ris an obair so fad mòran bhliadhnanach 'na dhearbhadh nach gabhadh ni suarach no leibideach a chur as a leth.

Gaidhealtachd is Galldachd, thuir mi. Ged a bha sùil Neill cho furachail air adhartas na Gàidhlig cha d'fhàg sin a bhreithneachadh cumhaing air chor sam bith. Bha eòlas farsaing aige air litreachas is cleachdaman dhùthchannan eile, eòlas a choisinn e chan ann a mhàin mar thoradh air a thursan air feadh an t-saoghail, ach o dhòimhneach 'na thuigse a bha dualach dha.

Ach 's ann mar Ghaidheal is toigh leinne a bhith a' smaointeachadh air. Bhuineadh e dhuinne ann an seadh air leth. 'S toigh leam fhìn a bhith a' cuimhneachadh air na sgeulachdan beaga éibhinn a bhitheadh e a' cruinneachadh air a thursan, agus air an toil-intinn leis an aithriseadh e iad coltach ri sgeulaiche eile, a charaid Dòmhnall Mac-phàil nach maireann. Bha am fearaschuideachd sin ann, an t-àbhachdas a bha 'na thomas air géiread intinn.

Bu mhath leinn ar co-fhaireachdainn a nochdadh ris na dàimhich. Saoilidh mi cuideachd ann a bhith a' tighinn thairis air na buadhan a bhuilicheadh air Niall gum bu chòir dhuinn ar co-fhaireachdainn a nochdadh ri fear a dh'ionndrainneas e cho mór ri duine, Calum

Macleòid. Cha'n fhaodar stad aig co-fhaireachadh, oir de a dh'iarradh an Rùnaire nach maireann na b'fheàrr na gun toireamaid dearbhadh do Rùnaire an latha an diugh gun teid sinn uile air adhart comhla ris a ghleachd ris an obair a tha romhainn. Seasamaid mata tacan a dh'fhoillseachadh, chan e bròn, ach spéis do ainm agus buidheachas airson eis-eamplair.

DOMHNALL GRANND.

Neil Shaw

“CHA till e tuille”. The poignancy of that phrase makes permanent the sense of loss sustained by the passing of a great man. With the depth of feeling it conveys it may truly be applied to the passing of Neil Shaw, for he too was a great man. Indeed, there was no one of our generation whose name was more respected and esteemed.

Born in Kilmartin, yet it was to Jura he gave his allegiance, for it was there he was reared and nurtured in a home where Gaelic traditions were maintained and the moral standards of Christian living were the daily example. In his school days he was fortunate in having as his teacher one who understood that the intellectual development of the Gaelic-speaking child could best be achieved by imparting instruction in the only language known to his charges. There was no pupil in that small school at Inverlussa more eager or responsive than Neil Shaw, while his place was seldom vacant in the local ceildh houses where song and story held spellbound attention. These influences were the chief factors in the moral, intellectual and aesthetic qualities which were so marked a feature of his character. As a young man the sea called him. He voyaged to the distant lands far beyond the horizons of home, yet his thoughts were ever centred on the familiar scenes of his childhood and the kindly folk he knew. This is manifest in his early pieces in which the love and longing of his heart found expression. His gifts as a bard and as a singer won recognition at National Mods, while as a piper his notes were true and always fingered with fine rhythmic quality. He was certainly richly equipped in experience, culture and personality for the Secretaryship of An Comunn to which he was appointed in 1913.

Neil scarcely had time to become familiar with the duties of his office when the first World War began. He volunteered and served with The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and The Scottish Horse. On his return much leeway had to be made up but he undertook the task with enthusiasm. In his visits throughout

the length and breadth of Gaeldom he infused his own ardent zeal into the many branches he had formed. To a great extent the influence An Comunn was able to exert was largely due to the vigour of his work. The affection and respect in which he was held were strengthened and deepened by the courtesy and tact which were so much a part of his nature. There was a dignity in all that Neil Shaw did. He was truly a tower of strength to the Gaelic cause. This was made abundantly evident by the large company which assembled in his honour when he retired from the Secretaryship in 1953. Never was compliment more sincerely made or regard more truly uttered than by the speakers on that occasion. His elevation to the presidency was the natural sequence to devoted service.

In 1957 the honour of O.B.E. was bestowed upon him. He also had the distinction of being elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, this in recognition of his qualities as a bard and prose writer who wrote easily with a flow of rich, idiomatic Gaelic.

Neil Shaw has gone to his rest. His sojourn with us is over but his memory will endure as one of the great men of our race. His name will be mentioned with honour by those who have regard for all that is noble and true in our traditions. It is fitting that we should record our gratitude for his work and for the inspiring example he has bequeathed to us. A CHUID DE PHARRAS DHA. E.M.

NATIONAL MOD—STIRLING, 1961

Entries

Junior

Literary	11
Oral	202
Solo and Duet	281
Choral	40
Instrumental (Pianoforte)	8
Art and Industry	74

616

Senior

Literary	18
Arrangement	4
Oral	93
Solo and Duet	369
Choral	90
Instrumental (Pianoforte and Violin)	16
Clarsach	15
Art and Industry	23

628

Total—1244

LEARNER'S PAGE

Albainn aosd' air uchd an t-sàil,
Tìr nan cruach 's nam fuarbheann àrd',
Is t'èileanan mu'n iadh an tràigh,
Is tu mar lach le h-àl air òb.

Ar leam gum faic mi fada bhuan
Eilean Leódhais 'san taobh tuath,
Tìr nan gallan smiorail cruaidh,
Nan àrdaibh stuadhach 's nam fear mòr'.

Is bòidheach an uair dh'éireas grian,
Uibhist nam beann gleannach ciar;
Barraidh am beucaich a' Chuain Shair,
Is Eilean Sgitheanach a' Cheò.

Tha Rùm is Eige fada shìos,
Ris an éirich stoth 'na mill;
Is Cola creagach sheasas sìan,
Ri taobh tìr iosal mhìn an eòrn'.

Ged is beag e, Eilean I—
Creathall foghlum agus sìth—
Is Muile mòrbheannach 'ga dhion;
'S i sud an tìr an cinn am pòr.

Nuair a sheòlas mi troimh 'n chaol
Chì mi 'n sin Lios Mòr an aoil,
Cearara, Sgarbaidh, Luìng is Saoil,
Is Sìuna sam bi chraobh fo chròic.

Colbhasa mu'n séid an stoirm,
Orosaidh mu'm faighte 'n learg,
Diùraidh caol nam fraochbheann garbh',
Is làimh ris Ile ghoram an fheadir.

Tha mo ghaol air tìr nan sonn,
Innsean nam bó-laoigh 's nam meann,
Is fiùrain as deise shùbhlhas fonn,
Air bhàrr nan tonn iad mar na ròin.

Cha deanainn lideadh a mach de na thuirt e.

Chuala mi sud aice o chionn fhada.

Bha an ceann aige mach air an uinneig.

Bha e bruidhinn ris fhéin gach ceum a bha e deanamh.

Is ann dìthse b'fheadar fuireach an ceann a' ghnòthaich.

Tha an t-am ann a bhith toirt ceum as.

Old Scotland on the bosom of the sea,
Land of hills and high cold mountains;
Your islands encompassed by sand,
And you like a wild duck with her brood
on the bay.

I seem to see far away
Isle of Lewis in the north,
Land of brave and hardy lads,
Of wavy points and tall men.

Beautiful when the sun rises
Is Uist of mountains with dark glens;
Barra midst the roaring Atlantic,
And the Misty Isle of Skye.

Rum and Eig are far to the south,
Against which the billow rises in spray;
And rocky Coll that stands the storm,
Close by the low, smooth land of corn.

Though the Island of Iona is small—
Cradle of learning and peace—
With Mull of lofty mountains sheltering it;
That is the land where the crop grows.

When I sail through the sound
I see there Lismore rich in lime,
Kerara, Sgarba, Luìng and Saoil,
And Shuna where the tree bears foliage.

Colonsay round which the storm blows,
Oronsay where the hill slope is,
Narrow Jura of rugged, heather covered
mountains,
And close by green grassy Islay.

I love the land of warriors,
Islands of cattle and kids,
Of youths who move the readiest on land,
On the wave tops they are like seals.

I could not make out a syllable of what he said.

She told me that long ago.

His head was out of the window.

He was soliloquising every step he made.

It was she who had to stay in charge of the business.

It is time to get a move on.

Executive Council

The Extraordinary Meeting of the Executive Council was held on 24th March, and in the President's absence, Mr. Donald Grant, Vice-President, was in the chair, and he extended a welcome to members.

Tribute was paid by Mr. Grant to the late Mr. Neil Shaw, O.B.E., F.S.A. (Scot.), former Secretary and Ex-President. (Mr. Grant's remarks in Gaelic appear elsewhere in this issue).

The Minute of the Gaelic meeting of the Council (11/3/61) was unanimously approved.

Two minutes of the Advisory Committee were submitted. At the meeting held prior to the Council Meeting it was reported that a deputation consisting of Rev. T. M. Murchison, Mr. Donald Grant, Provost Donald Thomson and Mr. James Thomson, appeared before the Pilkington Committee on 7th June in support of the memorandum previously submitted and were favourably received. The issue of the Pilkington Report is awaited with expectancy.

Reviewing the Census figures recently released An Comunn Gaidhealach regrets that the figures indicate a further, but not an unexpected decline, in the number of Gaelic speakers in Scotland. It was felt that the census figures do not reflect the full extent of interest in Gaelic. Although Gaelic does not yet enjoy the position it should have nevertheless it has a better place in the educational system than ever before. An Comunn further points out that the decline in the number of Gaelic speakers is not unconnected with the continuing drastic depopulation of the Gaelic speaking areas, and calls for effective action by the Government in view of the serious rural depopulation of Scotland.

Further, An Comunn recognises that the situation constitutes a challenge to rethink its own efforts for the attainment of its objects.

The Advisory Committee recommends to the Annual General Meeting the appointment of an independent committee to review the present organisation of An Comunn Gaidhealach and make recommendations.

The minutes were unanimously approved.

A minute of the Finance Committee was submitted and approved. The Committee had considered Draft Balance Sheet of the Association as at 31st March, 1961, and relative Income and Expenditure Account for year ended that date, together with Supplementary Statements, also first Draft of the Edinburgh Mod, 1960, which showed a surplus of £5,186. The Balance Sheet and Statement of Income and Expenditure for the year indicated a surplus of £1,472,

a surplus almost entirely due to the success of the Edinburgh Mod. Again An Comunn is deeply indebted to Mr. Moffatt-Pender for his generosity in meeting the cost of grants towards expenses of Junior Choirs which was exceptionally high.

A minute of meeting of the Education Committee was presented. The Council approved of the Committee's action in writing to the Scottish Universities' Entrance Board asking that the footnote on page 35 of the New Regulations be deleted.

In the absence of the Convener, Mr. James Thomson, Mrs. C. M. B. Dunlop moved the adoption of a minute of the Publication Committee. After a lengthy discussion the Committee was asked to reconsider the whole position concerning its proposals regarding a Gaelic-English dictionary and a comprehensive dictionary bearing in mind standardisation of spelling and vocabulary. The Council agreed that a complete scheme of work, including plans to meet the cost of such a project, should be submitted.

A statement on the first three issues of *Sradag* indicated a deficit (subject to alteration) of £264.

By a majority decision the Council agreed to continue publication of *Sradag* for another year and to reduce its retail price to 6d.

The Publication Committee was asked to appoint from its members a Sales' Committee to look after the distribution and sales of the quarterly comic with a view to increasing its circulation and securing advertisements.

Two minutes of the Propaganda Committee were presented. The Convener, Mrs. Bannerman, mentioned the lack of enthusiasm shown by members of the Council in recruiting members for An Comunn.

An Comunn had had a stand at the recent Highland Show. Its position was not favourable and the number of visitors and the business transacted was very small but it brought An Comunn to the notice of many people who were unaware of its existence before.

Reference was made to an excellent conference of Branch representatives in the North held at Cnoc nan Ròs in April.

Two minutes of meetings of the Mod and Music Committee were submitted and approved.

The Executive Council asked the Publication Committee to consider investing the amount shown in the Malcolm MacLeod Memorial Fund and make recommendations.

Reports of Standing Committees for the year 1960/61 were submitted and approved.

Thirteen nominations were received for eleven vacancies on the Executive Council. At last year's Annual Meeting a change was made in

the Constitution to the effect that the Editor of An Gaidheal be an *ex-officio* member of the Council. The Council agreed that as a result the present Editor, Mr. James Thomson, need not stand election.

Two notices of proposed alterations to the Constitution were submitted:—

- (a) By Mr. Donald Grant—Rule 14. Alter 'five' to 'ten' and alter 'June' to 'April'.
- (b) By Mr. I. R. Mackay—"In terms of Article 53 of the Constitution I hereby give notice to you of proposed alteration to the Constitution, namely, to the effect that Article 27 should be altered by the inclusion of an additional Standing Committee to be known as the 'Northern Committee'."

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, Mr. Donald Grant, terminated the meeting.

Scottish Studies, Vol. V, Part I.

In a brief review it is quite impossible to do justice to the wealth of information and variety of themes dealt with in this volume.

Francis Collinson gives a detailed survey from printed, manuscript and oral sources of the oyster dredging songs of the Firth of Forth, quoting snatches from these labour songs with melodies in several cases. History and local lore connected with these songs is interesting and informative.

An intimate study of Nan Mackinnon of Vatersay's extensive repertoire of Gaelic songs, over 450 in all, is given by James Ross. The tradition of oral transmission, he thinks, is coming to an end, for "the audience of avid young listeners, which alone can perpetuate a tradition, is absent". Such traditional songs must be considered in association with the typical environment and work of the people that produced them.

(Continued on page 38)

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Stirling, 1961

Received at Stirling—

Previously acknowledged	£1,194 13 9
Adjustments	1 2 —
Mrs. Drummond's Draw	2 10 —
Ceilidh at Rob Roy	
Roadhouse	47 17 6
Arnprior West per Ladies	
Committee	28 — —
Ceilidh and Dance at	
Buchlyvie	50 — —

Ballachulish Gaelic Choir	£ 5 5 —
R. L. K. Common ..	— 7 6
Ceilidh per D. Ferguson,	
Buchlyvie	15 10 —
Film Show—Miss	
Christine MacLean,	
Dunipace	29 — —
Ladies Committee Jumble	
Sale	30 — —
Cruachan Branch ..	5 5 —
Clyne Branch	10 — —
Dunoon Branch	7 — —
Bunessan and Pennyghael	
Oban Branch	5 — —
The Celtic Union, Edin-	
burgh	10 — —
Miss Fraser, Causeway-	
head	5 5 —
Ladies Committee—Pro-	
ceeds of Stall at Local	
Exhibition	3 — —
Ladies Committee Coffee	
Evening	18 — —
Logierait Branch ..	42 — —
Comunn Tir nan Beann,	
Duneideann	10 — —
5 — —	
Bridge Evening per Mrs.	
W. Macfarlane Gray..	52 1 —
Prize Draw—Mrs. Drum-	
mond	101 — —
Dance — Golden Lion	
Hotel	75 5 —
Bazaar, Albert Hall ..	260 3 —
Prize Draw by R. R.	
Henderson Ltd. ..	224 17 6
Concert at Lochearnhead	
Hotel	53 1 —
G. Grier, Esq.	5 5 —
Miscellaneous Donation	
Broadcast Fee at Ceilidh	
Highland Ball, Golden	
Lion Hotel	1 — —
Miscellaneous Donation	
Mrs. Janet S. McAlpine	
Mrs. George Reid ..	18 7 6
Ceilidh — Golden Lion	
Hotel	96 17 11
Mannequin Show—Gol-	
den Lion Hotel	— 10 —
Mrs. Robertson	100 — —
Whist Drive per Mrs.	
Kelly	1 1 —
3 1 7	
Amulree Branch	5 — —
Ruskie W.R.I.	2 2 —
Helensburgh and Clan	
Colquhoun Highland	
Association	2 2 —
Maryhill and District	
Highland Association	
Gaelic Society of Perth..	1 — —
Cornaigmore Branch ..	20 — —
Elgin and District Branch	
Ceilidh—Crieff and Dis-	
trict Highland Associa-	
tion	2 2 —
15 — —	
Falkirk Branch	5 — —
Collected by Kinross and	
Clackmannan Area ..	135 — —
Newtonmore Branch ..	5 5 —
Clan Cameron Society,	
Glasgow	5 5 —
Hon. Mrs. MacLean of	
Ardgour	5 — —
Greenock Gaelic Choral	
Society	2 2 —
Miss May Walker ..	10 — —

Edinburgh Branch ..	£50	—	—
Aultbea Branch ..	5	—	—
Miss Marion C. de Glehn	1	1	—
Seumas MacGaraidh, San			
Bruno, California ..	—	7	—
Vancouver Branch ..	7	1	10
Marks & Spencer Ltd.,			
39 Port Street, Stirling	1	1	—
Donation per Mrs.			
McKenzie	1	5	—
Barn Dance at Hillhead			
Farm	64	4	—
Dance—Plaza Ballroom	12	10	—
Raffle at Rob Roy Hotel	17	7	6
Ceilidh and Dance at Rob			
Roy Hotel	33	17	—
	<hr/>		
	£3,003	9	7

Received at Glasgow—

Previously acknowledged	£76	—	—
Miss Flora Macmillan,			
Glasgow	1	1	—
Gen. Sir A. F. P.			
Christison, Bt., Mel-			
rose	2	2	—
John A. Smith, Esq.,			
Glasgow	1	—	—
Glasgow Lewis and Harris			
Association	25	—	—
Mrs. Mary H. M. Gil-			
mour, Sutherland ..	1	—	—
Robert McQuaker, Esq.,			
Ayrshire	—	10	—
Dr. Alasdair McL. Smith,			
Port Ellen	1	1	—
Miss Margaret A. Mac-			
Kinnon, Greenock ..	—	10	—
Dr. H. M. Morgan, Forres	2	—	—
Wm. Hume, Esq., Glas-			
gow	1	1	—
Forres Branch	10	—	—
Mr. and Mrs. D. Mac-			
Niven, Dunkeld ..	—	10	6
Miss Margaret M.			
Cameron, Aberfeldy	—	5	—
Miss Catriona Macdonald,			
Kyle	—	10	—
Mrs. C. M. Donaldson,			
Dornoch	—	10	—
Arch. MacLean, Esq.,			
Tiree	—	10	—
Mrs. Raatgever-Fraser,			
Holland	1	—	—
Miss I. A. MacLeod,			
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AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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AN T-SULTUIN, 1961

Aireamh 9

FACLAIREAN GAIDHLIG

Ma tha neach ann a their nach eil feum againn air faclairan Gàidhlig a bharrachd air nas aithne dhuinn an diugh, chan eil fhios aige co air a tha e bruidhinn. Cha ghann nach deach faclairan Gàidhlig a chur an clò fad na linne dh'fhalbh. Bha iad uile feumail, agus 'nan cuideachadh mór do luchd leughaidh is luchd ionnsachaidh. Bha cuid aca na b'fheàrr na cuid eile, ach cha robh gin aca, a réir ar barail, coimhlionta. Mar a thachair do leabhraichean Gàidhlig eile cha do leanadh air an cur an clò as ùr mar a bha feum ag agradh. Agus a nis is gann a gheibhear leth-bhreac de'n chuid mhóir aca idir.

Tha feum mhór air faclair math Gàidhlig airson sgoilean, faclair anns am faighear gach facal beag na mór a tha sgrìobhte anns na leabhraichean a thatar a' cleachdadh anns na sgoilean, agus gach facal eile air an cuir na h-oileanaich feum. O chionn ghoirid tha faclair MhicEachainn air a chur an clò as ùr. Tha e so mór gu leòr, saor gu leòr, agus feumail fhathast mar a bha e anns na bliadhnanach a chaidh seachad. Ach tha esan a' cur feum air leasachadh oir chan eil e uile coimhlionta. Nan robh an fheadhainn a chuir a mach e air leasachadh a dheanamh air cuid de na facail mar a mholadh dhaibh le sgoilearan do'm aithne b'fheàrrde an leabhar an cartadh.

Gun teagamh tha faclair *Dwelly* tomadach, toirteil, ach tha e ro chosgail airson a bhith an làimh gach sgoileir, agus tha an sgrìobhadh a tha ann ro mheanbh airson na cloinne.

Chan eil faclair le Beurla gu Gàidhlig ri fhaighinn ann am bùth an diugh, ach aon a

mhàin, agus cha robh beachd còir againn air a riamh. 'S fheàrr fuine thana na bhith falamh uile, ach có bhios riarachta le fuine thana? Chan ann nas lugha a bhios feum air faclair math Beurla gu Gàidhlig a' dol oir is ann nas lionmhoire tha luchd ionnsachaidh gun Ghàidhlig a' fàs. Bu chòir a h-uile dicheall a dheanamh gu faclair cothromach, earbsach, coimhlionta de'n t-seòrsa so a dheasachadh. Chan ullaichear e gun saothair mhór na gun chosgais mhór dh'a réir. Ach bidh sinn easbhuidheach as aonais. Càite am faighear duine a tha freagarrach airson na h-oibreach agus a tha deònach an t-uallach mór a ghabhail os làimh, agus cionnus a phàidhear a' chosgais? Sin ceistean bu chòir dhuinn a rannsachadh gu dicheallach oir tha iad ag iarraidh freagradh.

Chan urrainn An Comunn Gaidhealach an suilean a dhùnadh air an dleasdanas anns a' chùis; cha mhotha a tha sinn a' creidsinn gun dean iad sin. Tha fios, mar an ceudna, nach caill na h-Oilthighean anns a bheil Gàidhlig air a teagasg sealladh air an fheum. Ma chailles cha cheil sinn ar beachd orra. Tha feum air misneachd, creideamh agus dian shaothair o gach aon aig a bheil ùidh 'nar cànanain gu bhith réiteach na slighe agus gu bhith togail air bunait earbsaich, cheart.

An latha a bhios faclair Beurla gu Gàidhlig ullamh mar bu mhath leinn bidh an t-am ann tòiseachadh air saothair fada nas motha agus nas dorra—deasachadh faclair Gàidhlig gu Beurla a dhleasas àite a measg faclairan inbheach na rioghachd. Ach chan eil an sin ach sgial eile.

Eoin Shealbhach Agus Mhi-Shealbhach Ann An Saobh-Chrabhadh Nan Gaidheal

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

ANN am measg fineachan lionmhor an domhain, cha robh iad ach tearc, ma bha iad idir ann, aig an robh eòlas cho farstuig 's a bha aig na seann Ghaidheil air obair nàduir, agus aig an robh dol a steach cho breithneachail anns gach diomhaireachd a bhineas dhi. Tha iomadh aobhar ri bhith air a thoirt seachad air a sin.

Anns na làithean bho chian, bha ar n-athraichean a' caitheamh a' chuid bu mhòtha de'm beatha air a' bhàr a muigh. Bho mhoch gu dubh, bha an obair làitheil 'gan cumail a mach air feadh raoin, sléibhtean, is an cois na tuinne. A dh'aindeoin na bha ri dheanamh, cha robh iad riamh cho dripeil 's nach faigheadh nithean eile aire mar leth-obair. Cha robh cuing gréigheir a' cumail an cinn anns an làr 's 'gam fàgail bodhar, dall, do na bha gabhail àite ceithir thimcheall orra.

An ceann gach gnìomh, biodh e beag no mór, bha uile bhuidhean na h-inntinn a' dol air ghealus 's a mac-meanmainn a' deilbh mar a bha an làmh ri saothair.

Bha an cluas a ghnàth fosgailte do gach guth a thigeadh air sgiathan na gaoithe; gàir a' chuain, torman nan allt, ceileir nan eun, a' togail an aire 's a' labhairt mar gum b'ann 'n an cànan fèin.

Chan eil eun anns a' Ghaidhealtachd mu nach eil sgeulachd iongantach air innse. Ann an ceòl nan eun, chluinnte puirt Ghàidhlig a bu choimhlionta ranntachd. Uime sin, fhuair cuid de na h-eòin an ainm a réir na seinn no an gloc a dheanadh iad.

'Se ni glé mhi-shealbhach a ta ann nead eun sam bith a chreachadh agus bho'n is i a' Ghàidhlig as fearr leis na h-eòin a bhith seinn, bha e air innse dhuinn glé thric gun do rinn an uiseag an rann toirmisgte so :

Big big bigein,
Cò chreach mo neadan ?
Ma's e duine beag e
Cuiridh mi le creig e!
Ma's e duine mór e
Cuiridh mi le lòn e!
Ma's e duine gun tùr gun bhàigh e.
Fàgaidh mi aig a mhàthair fèin e!

Chaidh a' cheist a chur, 's cha d'thubhairt mi nach eilear 'ga cur fathast: "Saoil cò as binne a sheinneas an uiseag no an smeòrach?" Faodaidh sinn a freagairt mar so. Nuair a ta aon ag èisdeachd dà òran briaghna Ghàidhlig air an seinn, ta buaidh fa leth aig gach aon diubh air inntinn 's air a spiorad air a leithid

de dhòigh is gum bi e glé dhoirbh leis a ràdh cò an aon a ta toirt bàrr-urraim air an aon eile. Is ciatach seirm na smeòrach sa' mhadainn mhoich agus ann an ciaradh an fheasgair, ach is ro thaitneach a bhith ag obair a muigh sa' mhonadh ré an latha ri ceòl na h-uisge.

Ta dà phort aig coileach na smeòrach; an aon a chluinnear aige mu Fhéill Bhrìde, nuair a ta e a' togail ri leannanachd, agus am port a ghabhas e san Oig Mhios do'n isean an déidh dha an nead fhàgail 's a bhitheas e fathast am feum a bhithadh. Ta rudeigin de eadar dhealachadh eadar na dhà. Ta beagan a bharrachd phoncan no thionndaidhean ann an òran an Oig Mhios. So mar a chualas e anns an Eilean Sgitheanach:

'Ille ruaidh bhig,
'Ille ruaidh bhig,
'Ille ruaidh bhig,
Trobbhad dachaidh,
Trobbhad dachaidh,
Trobbhad dachaidh,
A dh'ionnsaigh do dhinnear!
Dé'n dinnear?
Dé'n dinnear?
Dé'n dinnear?
Bloigh boiteig,
Bloigh boiteig,
Bloigh boiteig.

Is tric a sheas mi mar aon-obair a chur dearbhadh air an t-seanachas so am feadh a bhiodh an smeòrach a' ceileireadh gu sìrdail air bàrr preas agus shaoilinn gur e na dearbh bhriathran ud anns a' Ghàidhlig a bha i feuchainn ri luaidh.

Is e sgolachan a theirte ri isean sam bith mum fàg e an nead.

AN CALAMAN

Chan eil e iongantach ged a bhiodh an calaman air a mheas 'n a eun beannaichte a bhàrr air e bhith 'n a eun sealbhach. A réir gach sgeul a chaidh aithris mu dheidhinn, bha e a riamh a' riochdachadh gach àigh agus maitheis. Gidheadh, 's e eun glé leiteachail, coimheach a ta ann; chan eil e déidheil air gum biodh eun sam bith ach a sheòrsa fèin a mhàin a' sireadh a chomuinn. Nach minig a chuala sinn e gu h-àrdanach a' glacadhaich ri cearc a rachadh 'n a rathad:

Chan e mo chuideachd thu!

Chan e mo chuideachd thu!

Ach cò againn a bheir beum do'n chalaman bhochd airson a bhith deanamh uaill a

chinneadh! 'Se gun cailleadh e a' Ghàidhlig a bheireadh atharrachadh a chleachdadh. Agus sin aon rud nach dean e, ge b'e air bith ciamar a nì an cinneadh daonna.

Bha nighean òg Ghaidhealach uair air leabaidh a bàis a' labhairt ri a màthair mu aoibhneas agus mu ghloir na beatha sin a bha i gu bhith sealbhachadh cho luath agus a thigeadh uair a h-aiseig. "Bheir mi so dhuibh mar dhearbhadh," ars' ise, "fosglaidh an dorus an uair a chì sibh mi a' toirt suas an deò, ma's ann gus an ionad shona ud a théid mi, thig calaman a steach air a sgéith, ruigidh e mo leabaidh agus grad phillidh e a mach air ais. Mur a faigh mi thun an àite sin ris am bheil mi an dùil, thig fitheach a stigh."

Chuir a màthair beachd air a cainnt. 'Nuair a thàinig a' chrioch dh'fhosgladh an dorus agus an sin thachair a cheart nì mar a thubhairt a' chaileag. Thàinig calaman a steach, ràinig e leabaidh a bàis agus phill e mach leis an luathas cheudna.

AN FHAOILEAG

Nan tigeadh grunnan fhaoileagan bhàrr na mara agus gun laigheadh iad 'n an aon treud cruinn air an raon, dh'fhaodadh neach a bhith cinnteach nach robh uisge agus droch shìde fada air falbh. Ta an fhaoileag a réir beul-aithris a' toirt bàrr air gach eun 's an ealtainn ann am fiailaidheachd, nì a thug an seanfhacal fainear; "Cho còir ris an fhaoileig." Cha luaithe bheir aon fhaoileag an aire do bhìadh ann an ionad sam bith air muir no tìr, na theannas i air sreuchail ri càch gu tighinn a chum na cuirm maille rithe:

Cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh,
Cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh!

Get nach biodh faoileag eile ri faicinn, an taobh a stigh de thri mionaidean cruinnichidh i dhà-dheug timcheall orra.

'N am faicte faoileag 'n a seasamh air cràgaisgean, no air gath-drcma tigh còmhuidh, theirte gu robh bàs cuideigin de'n teaglach 'ga chur air mhanadh.

SPIDEIR

Is ann do Ameriga a bhùneas spideir. Chan fhac e Alba riamh, ach ged nach faca, ta e a cheart cho Gaidhealach 'n a dhòigh agus 'n a chainnt ri aon eun a ta tuath air a' chrich Shasunnaich. 'Se eum beag, bòidheach a ta ann mu mhèdachd na h-uisge. Is ann a null an am drip an earraich agus toiseach an t-samhraidh a bhios e 'seim a phort milis, goirid, anns na craobhan. Their e:

Spid oirbh,
Spid oirbh!

a cheart cho coltach ris na facail 's a ghabhas e cur.

Cho luath 's a thàinig na h-eilthirich a Alba,

thug iad fainear gum bheil aon eun co-dhùil, anns an tìr chéin so aig am bheil port Gàidhlig.

AN COILEACH

Bu chaomh leis na seann daoine an coileach a chluinntinn sa' mhadainn mhòich. B'fheàrr leotha e gu mòr na uaireadair. Ach bha e 'na dhroch comharra nan sìneadh e air gairm mu àird fheasgair an déidh gabhail mu thàmh. B'e sin teachdaireachd dhuilich a' tighinn a chum a' bhaile.

Nam biodh an latha fiuch, mosach, 's gun teannadh an coileach air gairm 's e caismeachd a bha ann gun robh an latha a' dol a thionndadh math. Nam biodh e a' sìor ghàim air sam bith eile, 'se naidheachd mhath a bha dol a thighinn.

A' CHUTHAG

Shaoileamaid gum biodh gach buaidh is piseach co-cheangailte ris a' chuthaig an sabh-chràbhadh nan Gaidheal, a thaobh 's gur h-ann an tìs an t-samhraidh a mhàin, a chithear 's a chluinnear i. Ach chì sinn nach ann mar sin a ta 'chhìs.

Dheanadh na seann daoine sòlas mòr ris a' chuthaig a chluinntinn a' chiad uair san t-samhradh aig am sam bith de 'n latha ach mun gabhadh iad biadh sa' mhadainn. Nan cluinneadh iad a "Gu, gùg," mum blaiseadh iad air aran, bu nì cinnteach gun rachadh a' bhliadhna sin 'n an aghaidh. Cha robh mart a bhàsaicheadh, gamhainn a rachadh am poll no call sam bith a thigeadh 'n an caraibh, nach i a' chuthag a rinn sud.

Nuair a thigeadh an t-earrach a stigh gu math, bha uiread de eagal roimh an chuthaig is gu robh e 'n a chleachdadh a bhith cur caob de aran coirce fo'n chluasaig airson gun toirte gréim as cho luath sa' dh'fhosgladh daoine an suilean. Theireadh iad ris a sin—"Gréim chuthaig."

AM FITHEACH

Cha bu toigh le daoine am fitheach bho thùs. Anns gach sgeulachd a chaidh a thoirt a suas bho na linntean a dh'aom, ta e air a chomharrachadh mar eum nì-shealbhach.

Is mòr an t-eagal a chuireadh e air cuid, fitheach fhaicinn ag itealaidh timcheall air long 's i' dol gu faire. 'Se taradragh bàthaidh a bha an so. Tha e air aithris mu Iain Garbh Mac Ille Chalum a chailleadh anns a' Chuan Sgith, a' dol a Leòdhas gu Ratharsair, gu facas dà fhitheach a' sgiathail mun bhirlinn mun do sheòl iad bho'n chala agus dh'aithnich na daoine an uair sin féin, gum b'e sin turus a chreiche do Iain Garbh.

A' tilleadh dhachaidh, shéid a' ghaoth, dh'éirich na tonnan dubh-ghorma, agus le fiadhantachd na h-aimsir, chaill na bha air

bòrd an neart 's an treòir ag iomramh. Airson greis bha iad air an luasganadh a null 's a nall le iomachathaidhean o'n eara-dheas is reubadh stuadh a bha 'toirt froineadh air a darach, gus fadheòidh an deach a' bhrlinn 's na bha innte a shlugadh suas le garbh bhàirlinn, taobh a muigh Loch Stafain. B'e s'rd an oidhche a chàrnadh a' mol a ta air cladach Staiseall thun an latha an diugh. Roinne sin, a réir beul-aithris, cha robh ann ach gaineamh mhìn.

Mar a thachair do gach dùil bhèd, ta a mhath féin co-cheangailte ris an fhitheach agus deagh shealbh, a cheart cho cinnteach ri m-shealbh. Nach e fitheach a bheathaich 's a chum bèd an fàidh o shean, moch is anamoch gu cunbhalach am feadh 's a bha a cho-luchd dùthcha a' bàsachadh leis a' ghorta. Chan eil ann ach beagan bhliadhnachan bho na rinn fitheach gnìomh feumail do mhinistear Gaidhealch, agus cha b'ann an còsaibh nan creag, no ann an iomall glinne, ach an teis meadhon baile mòr Ghlaschu!

Air maduinn Di-sathuime, bha am ministear gu luasganach a' coiseachd sìos is suas air ùrlar an t-seòmair leughaidh aige. B'e aobhar a luasgain gu robh e 'feuchainn ri 'inntinn a a leagadh air searmon a chur an eagan a' chéile fa chomhair an latha màreach.

Bha gainne tombaca air mar a bha air iomadh fear a bhàrr ann an am a' chiad chogaidh mhóir.

Cha robh uair a rachadh e a dh'ullachadh searmoin nach feumadh e a' phìob a lasadh airson a chuideachadh, ach an latha so, cha robh an tombaca ann, is ceann cha ghabhadh cur air searmon.

An déidh tacan a thoirt air ais is air adhart anns an t-suidheachadh sin, sheas e an teis meadhon an t-seòmair agus nach ann a thàinig fitheach a steach thar bàrr leth-àrd na h-uinneig a bha fosgailte, is caob mòr tombaca aige 'na ghob. Leig an t-eun sud as air an ùrlar is phill e mach air ais is cha robh an còr seallaidh air. Is gann gun creideadh am ministear a shùilean leis an toileachadh a rinn e ris an tombaca. Cha deach mionaid dàlach a chur air lasadh na pioba agus is cinnteach mise, mun robh uair an uaireadair seachad, gun tàinig an deagh shearmon as a' bheairt.

Cha bhèd an duine còir. Fhuair mi an sgeul bho aon do'm b'aithne am ministear.

Chuala mi uair agus uair mu "Fhios An Fhithich." Cha b'e na Gaidheil an aon sluagh a bha 'creidsinn gu robh fios nam fàidh air na ta 'n dàn 'na ghuth. Nach robh Odin, Dia mòr nan Lochlannach, an eisimeil dà fhitheach airson a bhith toirt sgeul-rùin thuige gach latha. Bha an aon bheachd aig na Ròmanaich.

AN CLACHARAN

Ta an clacharan air aon de na h-eòin a dh'fhaodas rath no ml-rath a chur air neach a

rèir an suidheachadh anns an nochd 's e e féin a' chiad uair 's an earrach. Is droch sanas e fhaicinn air 'gàradh toll.' Is ann fo chloich mhóir a ta e 'neadachadh agus ma chluinneas e duine no creutair a' tighinn faisg fàire dha, éirigh e gu grad do'n iarmailt a' glaochaich—"Seachainn, Seachainn!"

AN DRUID

De gach eun de'n d'fhuair mi a riamh tàire, mo sheachd gràin-sa air na druidean! Chan e a mhàin gun robh iad ro thrìc a' cumail obair rium le bhith a' neadachadh an luidhear mo thighe 's 'gam thachdadh le toit, gach uair a bheirinn oidhirp air teine a chumail air, ach, cho luath 's a rachainn a mach a ramnsachadh ceann-fàth na deathaich, chithinn caigeann diubh gu h-àrd air spiris agus fìach thusa riut, an àite coltas dhìude, athach a bhith air ua béistean airson an dò-bheairt, is ann a theannadh iad le chéile ri aithrisbhalain orm, agus airson am barrachd cuthaich, mholadh iad a' mhadainn dhomh gu ladama ann am Bèurla!

Mar a ta fos aig a' chuid as motha, is ann an toll dorcha, domhain, ann an seann bhalla, no tobhta tighe, a ta an druid a' deanamh a nid. Bheir i a mach barrachd agus aon linn anns an ràith agus anns an dearbh am anns am bheil a' chiad àlach a' dol air inrich, ta i a' breith an tuille-dh uibhean.

Cha luaithe ta an druid a' mothachadh gum bheil an linn air tighinn gu ìre airson a bhith 'ga fàgail na ta i a' dol gu saothair mhór a chum an tàladh a mach as an toll dhubh. Nuair a thig i le làn a guib de bhoiteagan g' an ionnsaigh cha téid i idir a steach thuca mar a bha i 'deanamh an toiseach am feadh 's a bha iad beag, lapach. Seasaidh i nis aig beul an tuill 's cha téid i òirleach nas faide.

Ann an sin bheir i caithream air an gairm thuice, gus mu dheireadh gun tig aon mu seach a mach am fradharc an t-saoghail mhóir, a ta cho ùr, annasach dhaibh. Nì an druid so ma dh'fhaodte ceithir no còig de uairean, air a leithid de dhòigh 's gum bheil an fheadhainn òga a' fàs dàna 's a' sìor dhòl uidh air an uidh nas faide bho'n nead, agus fadheòidh a' togail an sgiathan 's a' dol a sholar dhaibh féin.

Thug mi an aire uair do sgoilachan a dhiùit gu tur an nead fhàgail. Thug an dà sheann druid a bha ag iarraidh an tuill airson an ath linn, fad dà latha a' cusadh an eòin as àite. Och an riasladh 's an sgrìachail 's an ròiceil a bh' ann sin! Chluinnta a' chathalaid fada mun ruigte an t-ionad. Is e bu deireadh do 'n isean rag gun tug iad a mach marbh e 'n a mheanbh chriomagan!

AN AOG

'Se eun geal a bha anns an aog, mu uiread circe ann am meudachd agus is ann ùine gheàrr

mum biodh bàs anns an teaghlach a chite 'tighinn a chum an dachaidh e. Bha a' leithid de eagal aig sean is òg roimh an eun gheal fhaicinn is gur ann uaithe sin a dh'éirich am facal—"Gràin an aoig."

Bha sud uair, dithis sheann daoine, fear 's a bhean, a' fuireach leotha féin ann am bothan beag an aon de na h-Eileanan an Iar. Dh'innseadh a' chailleach do a céile, is tioma a' tighinn oirre, cho dìogmhalta, treibhdhreach 's a mhair a gràdh dha a riamh agus cho mór 's a bhiodh i 'ga ionndrann nan toireadh am bàs air falbh e roimpe féin.

Dh'éisdeadh esan rithe gach am gu tosdach, sàmhach, ach mu dheireadh thall, thubhairt e ris féin gun cuireadh e dearbhadh air a gràdh.

Anns an inntinn so, chaidh e mach agus fhuair e cearc bhàn a chuir e steach roimhe air an dorus. Tiotan beag 'n a déidh, chaidh e féin a steach.

Leig an té bha 'n a suidhe shuas ri taobh an teine is i car beag goirid anns an fhradharc, glaoch àrd aise—"A Chagair, A Chagair, dé an t-eun mi-nàdurra coltas a ta mi 'faicinn an sud?" "Ta" arsa a companach "An Aog!" "Teich bhuam thu Aoig, teich bhuam thu Aoig," dh'éigh a' chailleach, "hoir leat esan, thoir leat esan!"

Anfhois

Ged chiuinich stoirm tha 'n cuan
Gun chlos gun tàmh
Sior iarraidh fois' air creagan
Cruaidhe bhàigh,
Le srùladh sìorruidh mu'n charra
Lìaghagach bhàn
Ag iomairt gun iaradh mu rudhachan
Liath-ghlas 's air tràigh.

Muir tràghaidh is lionaidh a riamh
Air cladaich an òb'
A' dìreadh 's a' sìoladh mar uchd
Fo iargain bròin,
Gun anacail, cadal no suain,
A' faire gu ló
Ri iomairt nan stuagh o chuan
Gun iomall gun chòir.

Tha 'n cridhe gun urras, gun iùil
Luasganach, fann;
Bidh dubhar air lòn is gealach
Fo sgòth gach am.
'S e sealladh air faire àrd
Thar mhullach nam beann
Bheir sonas is sìth do'n tì
Tha 'g imeachd sa' ghleann.

S.D.T.

"Air Aineol 'S Air Allaban"

Le COINNEACH CAMARAN

CHAN EIL aon de na dùthchannan a bheanas do Bhreatunn anns nach eil sliochd nan Gaidheal. An uair a thòisich iad air dol thairis còrr 's dà cheud bliadhna air ais rinn iad air America; agus gu tric mar a bhitheadh iad fhéin ag ràdh san òran bhitheadh iad 'a' dol a dh'iarraidh an fhortain do North Carolina."

Anns na làithean sin agus gun sònruichte an déidh Bliadhna Thearlaich, bha 'long mhór nan eilthreach' a' fàgail nan cladaichean an Iar loma-làn de Ghaidheil—daoine a bha air an sgiùrsadh leis an luchd-riaghlaidh aig an tigh ach nach do dhiochumhnich riamh an dàimh a bha aca ris a' Ghaidhealtachd.

B'e àite tlachdmhor a bha an Carolina—fearann grianach ag cur thairis le coiltean, beothaichean, còin agus éisg. A dh'aindeoin deuchainnean fhuair gach duine earrann mhath de chuid an t-saoghail so. Bha mòran dhiubh a' fuireach faisg air bruachan na h-aibhne Cape Fear timcheall air a' bhaile ris an can sinn an diugh Fayetteville, agus anns na còig sìorramachdan mun cuairt cha mhór gun robh ach na Gaidheil.

Gu mì-fhortanach bha riaghladh Bhreatuinn ro throm air luchd-àitichidh nan dùthchannan sin, agus mu dheireadh dh'éirich a' mhór-chuid de mhuintir America an aghaidh a' Chrùin. Lean na Gaidheil gu dìleas. Chruinnich iad 'nam mìltean an Réisimeid Ghaidhealach Charolina. Ach ged a rinn iad na bha 'nan comas bha cus 'nan aghaidh. B' fheudar géilleadh. Chaill Rìgh Seòras a Trì a ghréim air na Stàitean Amerigianach, agus thainig air na h-oifigich Ghaidhealach teicheadh.

'Nam measg bha caipitean sgairteil do 'm b' ainm Iain MacArtuir. Ged a chaidh a shadadh do phrìosan Cross-Creek dh' amais e le neart 's le innleachd toll a dheanamh air a' bhalla fiodha. An oidhche sin fhéin ràinig e dhachaidh. Bu ghann a rinn a bhean, Beathag, toileachadh ris 'nuair a chuir e a' cheist oirre an teicheadh i leis gun dàil. Càite? Bha an cuan mór far an tadhladh coitichean-mara Bhreatuinn sia fichead mìle air falbh. Air an t-slighe bha coiltean mòra le craobhan dìreach, àrda nach falaicheadh creutair, bogalaich chunnartach agus droch rathaidean air an robh na nàimhdean a' faireadh. A bharrachd air sin, bha duais mhór air a gealltainn do'n neach a ghlacadh e.

A dh'aindeoin gach droch-sgeul thog iad orra mu mheadhon-oidhche—beagan bidh aig Beathag, an naoidhean agus an gunna aig Iain.

Shiubhail iad air a' ghainmhich far an robh a' còiseachd cho mall 's gum b' fheudar dhaibh an rathad-mór a leantainn.

Sa' mhadainn chunnacas gun robh am prìosanach ma sgaoil. Chaidh saighdearan air muin each air a thòir, agus fios aca-san glé mhath de bha 'na bheachd. Chuala na Gaidheil iad a' tighinn agus leum iad a steach do'n choille. Fasgadh cha robh innte! Thàinig iad air an ais agus ri taobh an rathaid chaidh iad 'nan crùban fodha gu na glùinean ann an lochan beag agus fo sgàil phreasan. Stad na saighdearan. Am faca iad na truaghain a bha am falach? 'S ann a bha iad a' toirt uisge do na h-eich. Chualas gach facal a bha iad ag ràdh—"Am madadh Albannach," "Bàta Breatunnach," "Ma gheibh sinne grèim air an t-slaughtir ladarna!"

Bha teàrnadh caol orra. B' fheàrr dol thuna na h-aibhne ged a bha i deich mille air falbh. Bha Iain cho eòlach air an uisge ri tunnaig agus dh'fhaoidte gum faigheadh e bàta beag. Gu dìcheallach chaidh iad air adhart—brònach, lag, fiuch, salach, air an reubadh le drisean 's gach bad acdaich air a stialladh as a chéile. Mun deach a' ghrian fodha ràinig iad an abhainn.

B' fheudar campachadh far an robh iad. Fo chraoibh mhóir fhuair iad fasgadh o'n drùichd, agus rinn iad teine a chum nathraichean is biastan fadhaich o thighinn 'nan còir. Dh'ith iad na bha aca de bhìadh. Shìn Beathag i fhéin air breacan, a nighean bheag 'na gairdeannan, agus an tiotan bha iad 'nan suainchadail.

Bha Iain a' sràideamachd air ais 's air adhart, a' meòrachadh ciamar a shìubhladh iad air an abhainn. Mu dheireadh shuidh e agus thainig l'chd cadail air agus chaidh trì uairean seachad mun do dhùisg e. Leum e air a chois. Bha gach ni gu math agus càch fhathast 'nan cadal. Thug e ceum sìos gu bruachan na h-aibhne agus bu ghann gun creideadh e a dhà shùil. Chunnac e bàta beag no mar a chanas iad "canoe" a' tighinn a nall o thaobh thall na h-aibhne. Cha robh innte ach aon duine duib a thainig air tìr 's a dh'fhàg i an sud ri oir a' Chladaich.

Cha robh ruith ach leum! Dhùisg e a bhean agus am beagan mhionaidean bha an canoe air bhog agus an teaghlach innte. Shuidh Beathag san toiseach, an leanabh aice fo sgàile o'n ghréin. Bha Iain san deireadh agus aon rann 'na làimh air an robh dà liagh agus e a' bogadh fear mu seach dhiubh air taobh clì is taobh deas a' bhàta.

Cha tainig maille orra gus am faca iad bàta mór a' teannadh dlùth orra. Bha a h-uile còltas gum bitheadh Gaidheil innte ach nach fadhadh nàimhdean a bhith oirre cuideachd. Cha robh ach dol air tìr agus an canoe fhalach

gu cùramach. Chaidh iad air cuairt do'n choille agus chunnac iad fosgladh anns nach robh craobhan comharradh gun deach an leagail agus gun robh tuathanas faisg air làimh. Gheibheadh iad aigheachd mur b'e an t-eagal dol air adhart.

Am prìoba na sùla sheas nathair mhór air am beulaibh—beothach oilteil, slatan de fhaide. Bha i gun phuinsean ach shuaimeadh i i fhéin timcheall air creutair agus bhuaileadh i gu bàs e le a h-earball. Chuir Iain an gunna rithe. An cuala caraid no nàimhad am fuaim? Thainig bodach dubh 'nan coinneamh agus e an dùil gum b'e so a mhaighstir air tighinn dhachaidh. Co dhìubh, threòrach e iad gu a bhòthan fhéin far an do chuir a bhean fàilte orra. Bha a lethid de othail oirre-se 's gun do thuit a' phìob-tombaca aice 'na bloighean air an làr. Bha i mór aiste fhéin gun tigeadh daoine geala a chur urraim air an tigh aice-se.

Gun teagamh sam bith bheireadh i biadh is deoch dhaibh; agus fhads a bha i 'ga dheasachadh chaidh càch a mach. Fo sgàil craoibhe thuit iad 'nan cadal. 'Nuair a dhùisg iad bha sùnd math orra agus dh'ith iad feòil agus measan de gach seòrsa. Air dhaibh a bhith buidheach thug iad taing do'n t-Slànuighear a cheannaich gu daor 'sa thug seachd gu saor.

Bha àird an fheasgair ann a nis agus bha e freagarrach falbh a ris. Thug iad eallach bidhe leo. Bha na daoine dubha air am pàigheadh gu falaidh agus anns an dealachadh thug Beathag fàinne òir do'n chaillich dhiubh. Dh'fhosgail ise a beul le iognadh, thainig na deòir 'na sùilean agus ghuidh i gach bean-nachd 'nan lorg. Ghuidh am bodach dubh gach buaidh is piseach a bhith orra.

Bha neart agus misneach ùr 'nan cridhe agus bha e 'nam beachd cumail air adhart fad an dorchadais. Mu mheadhon-oidhche chunnac Iain ann an solus fann na gealaich 'bàta mór eile faisg orra. Cha robh ach dol am falach ri taobh na h-aibhne. Chuala iad còmharradh an sgioba agus fear dhiubh ag ràdh, "A dhuine chridhe, nam faighinn-sa an duais sin bu mhi an duine toilichte agus rachainn dìreach dhachaidh do Shasunn." Bu mhath a bha fhios aig Iain de an duais a bha e ag ciallachadh. Chuala e feadhainn eile a' maoidheadh air an t-seòladair agus dh'aithnic e dithis—Alasdair agus Aonghas. Cha robh math dad a leigeil air; bhithheadh iadsan dìleas dha ach nach fadhadh feadhainn eile a bhith miannach air an airgid mar a bha an seòladair Sasunnach.

Bha baile-puirte do'm b'ainm Wilmington a' tarraing dlùth ach bha e astar o'n chuan. B'i a' cheist ciamar a rachadh iad seachad air—am b'ann air muir no air tìr? Roghnaich Iain fantuinn air an abhainn agus cothrom na h'oidhche a ghabhail. So an cunnart a bu mhotha a thainig 'nan car fhathast. Bha an

suidheachadh cugallach. Nam faiceadh neach iad dh'éigheadh e na creachan agus bhithheadh saighdearan 'nam bad.

Bhuail e an ràmh gu sgiobalta san uisge. Chaidh e seachad air bàtaichean móra ri taobh nan ceidheachan, an tràs 'sa ris bhuaile soluis na laimhrig air, agus rud bu mhiosa chaidh dà long bheag tarsuing an abhainn air thoiseach air. Nach b' e an rud fortanach gun robh a' mhór-chuid de mhuintir a' bhaile 'nan suain.

Cha b'fhada gus an dh'fhàg e am baile 'na dhéidh. A nis bha fáile a' chuain a' tighinn leis a' ghaoith 's eòin-mhara ag itealaich mun cuairt air, agus bha an làn 'ga ghiùlain gu bras. Air an làimh eile bha na tuinn a' fàs na bu mhòtha, bha am bàta beag a' roladh agus a' turraman agus i a' bagairt dol fodha.

B'fheudar dhaibh dol gu cladach agus an canoe fhàgail—rud nach robh iad am beachd a dheanamh cho luath sin oir bha iad beagan mhiltean fhathast o cheann na slighe. Dh'fhàg iad an canoe an sud, a' dealachadh rithe mar gum b' ann ri caraid. Thug Iain leis an ràmh mar chumhneachan, mar a thubhairt e fhéin, 'Bha e na b' fheumaile dhomh na claidheamh a chaidh riamh a chur 'nam làimh.'

Thug iad a' choiseachd a nis leotha gus an d'ràinig iad faisg air beul na h-aibhne far am faca iad baile beag ris a' chladach. Ach nach b'e sud an sealladh gasda! Bha bàta Breatunnach a muigh sa' bhàgh an impis seòlaidh. Nan ruigeadh iad i bhithheadh gach cunnart seachad orra. Bha tèarainteachd cho faisg orra 's gun do choisich iad sìos thun na tràghad gu òllaiseach. Cha robh fhios aca gun robh nàimhdean sa' bhaile so cuideachd 'gan lorg.

Ràinig Iain 'sa theaghlach an cladach. Chunnac iad fear-aiseig agus a sgalag dhubh ann am bàta. Dh'fhoighnich Iain an toireadh e iad a mach far an robh an soitheach mór. Bha droch amharus air an duine ach thubhairt Iain gun robh aige ris an sgiobair fhaicinn mus seòladh e agus gum faigheadh esan pàigheadh math air sgàth a shaotbrach. Chaidh an t-eathar a chur air sàile. Bha iad leth an rathaid an uair a thug na saighdearan an aire dhaibh, agus ruith iadsan thun a' chladaich ag éigheach 's a' maoideadh, agus o nach dh' thuair iad freagairt thòisich iad air losgadh leis na gunn-achan.

Cha d' rinn iad càil de chron ach ghabh fear a' bhàta an t-eagal oir thuig e gun robh am prìosanach a theich air bòrd aige-san. Thubhairt e gun robh e a' dol a thilleadh oir gun robh e fhéin an cunnart a bheatha. Thilg Iain bonn òir air a bheulaibh ag ràdh, 'Feumaidh mise an sgiobair fhaicinn mun seòl e.' Aig a' cheart am thog e a ghunna. Cha robh aige ris a' chòrr a ràdh. Chaidh na fir ris na ràimh agus an ùine ghoirid bha iad air bòrd an t-soithich.

Bha e doirbh a chreidsinn gun robh iad sàbhailte mu dheireadh. Chaidh fáilte 's furan a chur orra. Thog am bàta an acair agus dh'fhàg i cladaichean Charolina. Ràinig iad Breatunn agus fhuair iad dachaidh an aon de eileannan na Gaidhealtachd. Tre ùine thainig am pàisde gu ire mnatha agus phòs i. Tha e coltach gur icmadh oidhche a bha muinntir na céilidh ag éisdeachd ri Iain ag innseadh mun chogadh a bha an Amèrica agus mar a bha e fhéin agus a theaghlach air aineol 's air allaban.

Glimpses of the Past

FROM 1753 to 1762 the Board of Trustees for fisheries and Manufactures in Scotland established and maintained linen stations at Lochbroom and Loch Carron. Before the establishment, reports were submitted by Richard Neilson, General Surveyor of the Manufactures in the Highlands of Scotland. Also submitted was a letter from William Tod, one of the Managers of the British Linen Company. The purpose of these stations was to relieve the destitution in the Highlands following the disastrous results of the 1745 Rebellion. Some extracts from these reports make interesting reading.

The trustees considered that when "idleness and lawless practices had too long taken place and when people were easily deluded and prevailed upon by incendiaries from abroad to ruffle the tranquility of his majesty's reign no means so effectual as industry could be devised to civilise the wild and unruly spirit nursed and cherished by their arbitrary chiefs." So it was hoped, under the wise guidance of the Trustees to make of the Highlanders useful members of Society. In 1753 Parliament passed an act for encouraging and improving Linen Manufactures in the Highlands of Scotland, and a sum of £3,000 yearly for a period of nine years was allocated for this purpose. Neilson who was appointed Surveyor of Manufactures in the Highlands of Scotland was accompanied by a person with a knowledge of Gaelic and by a Mr. Wm. Tod.

Here are extracts from Neilson's Reports:

With reference to Lochcarron he states—"The inhabitants during the summer season live on milk, butter, cheese and fish such as salmon, ling, scate, whiting and herring. Also veal with which they are from time to time supplied by a custom they have of killing at eight days old one half of all their calves. The remaining half is suckled by the cows in general. They observe the same custom with regard to their goats. In the harvest season they live on

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LEARNER'S PAGE

Tha a' Ghàidhlig air a cleachdadh fhathast mar chaint na cagailte ann am mór roinn nan Eileanan-a-Siar, an cois a' chladaich air Tìrmór Alba tuath air Maol Chinntire, agus an àiteachan eile an siorramachdan Earraghaidheil, Rois agus Pheairt. An icmhadh ceàrnaidh air feadh an t-saoghail far a bheil sliochd nan Gaidheil a dh'fhàg an dachaidhean, no a dh'fhògradh le làmhachas-làidir agus a sheòl thar chuain a shireadh an lòn, cluinnear an t-seann chànan gu beò, sgairteil air uairean. Ach beag air bheag tha a còraichean air a spìneadh bhuaipe.

Dh'fhalbh an latha anns an cluinnteadh a fuaim an lùchairt an rìgh, agus an cùirt nam maithean. Tha i toedach far an tric a bhrosnaich na seann naoimh an slugh borb gu àill-eachd beatha, agus cha chluinnear a mac-talla an ionad tathaich nan clìar mar o shean.

Cò ris a tha ar gearan? Is e ar barail gur h-e muinntir a teaghlach fhéin fìor nàmhdean na Gàidhlig. Is iad sin a gheidheadh beò, sultmhor i nam b'è sin am miann. Is iad sin agus cha b'è muinntir eile a leig bàs di ceum air ceum. Mura seas slugh na Gaidhealtachd cainnt an athraichean, mura labhair iad i ri an cloinn agus mura labhair an clann i, cha dean strì a luchd tagraidh anns na bailtean mòra a dìon.

Is e beachd coitcheinn a' Ghaidheil nach eil mór stàth anns a' Ghàidhlig mar mheadhon foghlum agus nach fheàrrde ach gur misde neach aige i nuair a theid e an ceann a chosnaidh. Nis chan eil stèidh aig a' Ghaidheil no aig neach eile airson nam beachdan a tha sin. Tha iad tur clì. Agus chan ann a chum buannachd ar cloinne a tha e gum biodh iad air am beathachadh le leithid a mhearachdan. Chan e uiread na Gàidhlig ach cion na Beurla an cnap-starra gu minic, agus cò dhearbhas ormsa nach ionnsaichear Beurla gun a' Ghàidhlig a chall, no gun antromaich eòlas na Gàidhlig foghlum an cainnt choimhich.

Nan tuigeadh agus nan creideadh na Gaidheil gur h-e a' Ghàidhlig an *soitheach* anns am faighear taisgte spiorad nan daoine o'n tàinig iad, gur h-i a ghléidh dhuinn na subhailcean sin an eachdraidh ar sinnsr air am miann leinn beachdachadh, gur h-i a tha toirt cunntais air gràsan ar n-athraichean, tadhal an dòchais agus an rùintean, agus a luaidh air gnìomh an làmh; nan tuigeadh iad sin agus nan creideadh iad gu bheil aca an sin luach thar nithean diomain mar a tha airgead agus òr, cha bhiodh iad caoin-shuarach a thaobh an còir-bhreith agus cha mheasadh iad mar chàirdean an dream a spionadh an dileab o'n dlìgheach.

Gaelic is still used as the language of the fire-side in most of the Western Isles, along the coast of the Mainland of Scotland north of the Mull of Kintyre, and in other places in the counties of Argyll, Ross and Perth. In many places throughout the world where descendants of the Gaels who left their homes, or were driven into exile by force and who sailed across the ocean to seek their livelihood, the old language is heard at times alive and vigorous. But gradually its rights are snatched from it.

The day has gone when its sound was heard in the king's palace, and in the court of the lords. It is silent where the old saints urged the barbarous people to live a noble life, and its echo is not heard in the haunts of the bards of old.

Against whom is our complaint? It is our opinion that the members of her own family are the real enemies of Gaelic. It is they who would keep it strong and lively if that was their desire. It is they and not others who allowed it to die gradually. If the people of the Highlands do not support the language of their fathers, if they do not speak it to their children and if their children do not speak it, the the vigorous efforts of those who plead on its behalf in the cities will not shield it.

The general opinion of the Gael is that there is not much use in Gaelic as a means of learning and that he is not better off, but worse off, for having it when he engages in work. Now the Gael or any other one has no foundation for these views. They are completely wrong. And it is not to the advantage of our children that they should be fed on such errors. The stumbling block frequently is not the amount of Gaelic but the lack of English; and who will convince me that English cannot be learned without forgetting Gaelic, or that knowledge of Gaelic will make the learning of a strange language more burdensome.

If the Gaels understood and believed that Gaelic is the *vessel* in which the spirit of their people is deposited, that it preserved for us those virtues in the history of our ancestors which we like to think about, that it is Gaelic that gives an account of the good qualities of our forebears, the haunting place of their hope and their purposes, and that mentioned their works; if they understood that and if they believed that they have there value greater than transitory matters like silver and gold, they would not be indifferent regarding their birthright and they would not regard as friends those who would snatch the legacy from the one to whom it is due.

ILE GORM AN FHEOIR

This is the first of a series of articles on Scottish Isles that have made a significant contribution to the making of Scotland socially, economically, or culturally.

ISLAY has been called "The Queen of the Hebrides", a title of which Ilich are justly proud but on which we need not dwell for some of our readers may remark with Fraser Darling, "She could and should be" or dispute the claim as a sign of insular arrogance. We do not argue the point, for Islay has other claims to fame. Unfortunately the past glories of the island are largely forgotten and its history is unknown even to many born within sound of Tràigh Mhachair or sight of Beinn Tartabhaill. Apart from some sculptured stones in old cemeteries and the great Celtic Crosses of Kildalton and Kilchoman there are few traces of the glory left. Who looking at a white stone on a dull stretch of moorland road would imagine that here lies Godred Crovan, a great Norse warrior who, after defeat in one kingdom, set out to create another for himself. Fortunately he provided inspiration for a modern Islay bard, Duncan Johnstone, and is now immortalised in the song of the royal voyage from Man to Islay, a voyage oft repeated for Godred was King of Man and of the Western Isles.

Or stand on the shores of Loch Finlagan and look at the ruins across the water—ruins of chapel and castle—and try to picture the place as it was in, say, 1400. It is indeed difficult to imagine that here was the seat of a ruler who sent ambassadors to Westminster and whom a King of England sought as an ally against the King of Scots. Who would guess that here were installed those Lords of the Isles who dominated the western seaboard of our land and whose writ ran from the Butt of Lewis to the Point of Man? Who would associate that insignificant little island in the loch with their place of council? But even yet its name, Eilean na Comhairle, has an echo of past greatness. The Council of the Isles would have many things to discuss and sometimes the subjects would lead an intruder to believe that here was an independent power. That, indeed, is what MacDonald tried to be during part of the medieval period, and it was here, on Islay, that he had two of his principal residences—the Castle on Eilean Finlagan and the stronghold on Dun-naomhaigh with a less important fort, strongly defended, on Loch Gorm.

The family was styled "de Isla" before they rose to greater pretensions and when the Lordship was forfeited to the Crown and the glory departed they were still "Of Islay".

It was from Islay that Aonghas Og took the men who helped Bruce to gain the victory at Bannockburn; it was from the harbour in Lochindaol that the ships set out which imperilled Scotland's very existence and it was at Dunyveg that the last struggle took place and Clan Donald became just that. With the morality, or the politics we are not concerned, only with the glory and the grandeur now departed.

Rather unexpectedly Islay came to the forefront again towards the end of the 18th century. Malcolm Gray, who has made a special study of the Highland economy of those times, put it like this, "Islay had its day when its glory as a centre of agricultural enlightenment was shouted by the improving propagandists." In other words the island shared in the glory and gain brought to Scottish agriculture by the "improvers" and still retains an important place in the farming world. Even when Pennant visited such farms as Balinaby and Sunderland in 1772 he could see that wheat, flax and potatoes were grown in addition to the staple crops of oats and bear. At Sunderland he found an apple orchard, which bore fruitfully and "a planting of strawberries." The new methods of agriculture which had been tried and proved in some parts of the Scottish Lowlands, as well as in England, were in process of being introduced into Islay. Campbell of Sunderland was a notable "improver", and the main proprietor in the island, Campbell of Shawfield, had the same idea. This gentleman, incidentally, acquired the island with money grudgingly given by the city of Glasgow: it was compensation for damage done to his mansion at Shawfield by the city mob protesting against the malt tax. Campbell, one of their own members of Parliament, had voted for the tax. To the £9,000 of compensation he added £3,000 of his own, and the Calder family was very glad to part with the island for £12,000. This was in 1726. Of Shawfield's zeal as Islay's laird Malcolm Gray remarks that he drove through a complete re-organisation of agriculture with the aid of a band of farmers who combined elegant manners with professional assiduity. I take it that these represented the class called tacksmen who in other parts of the Highlands within the next fifty years were to become leaders of the first great movement to Canada and the New England colonies. One or two figures may be quoted in support of the above assertions. Anyone really



Bogha-mór

interested in this phase of Islay history should study the great Ramsay productions "The Book of Islay" and particularly "The Stent Book of Islay" along with Malcolm Gray's work.

In 1775 the island imported 3,000 to 4,000 bolls of meal; by 1786 it was exporting 5,000 bolls. Cattle were now properly wintered and no longer would numbers die in March for want of fodder. In 1795 eight hundred black cattle were sold out of the parish of Kilcoman alone, and horses too were a valuable export. "As the country is champaign and the roads good an Islayman will scarcely stir from home without his pad." (Old Statistical Account.) The increasing prosperity is reflected in the population figures. According to Webster the population of the island in 1755 was 5,344; the Old Statistical Account (1794) shows a total of 9,500, an increase of over 4,000 in these forty years. This increase continued till 1841 when the total was 15,161. Land pressure then compelled emigration, and though there were no clearances in Islay many young Ilich joined their fellow-islanders from Lewis and Skye and set off for new worlds. It should be mentioned that about the same time as the Campbell improvers were at work a Mr. Fairbairn became interested in the old lead workings near Ballygrant. He took them over in 1873 and began to develop the lead mining industry on scientific lines.

From this period dates the village of Bowmore which was laid out in 1768 and built to a regular plan to replace the old village of Kilarrow which had stood near the head of Lochdaal. The circular church, a development of the octagonal buildings erected at Eaglesham and Dreghorn, was opened in 1769 at a cost

of £1000. It occupies a splendid position at the head of the main street "and provides the right measure of well-mannered dominance over the surrounding houses". We learn from the New Statistical Account that in the twenty years from 1820 to 1840 the other Campbell proprietor, Sunderland, had more than trebled the value of his property—by draining, enclosing, and improving waste land. But in the midst of all this the parish minister of Kilchoman notes that already Gaelic was losing ground as English was the language of the educated and of the incomers.

Islay's third claim to fame derives from its contribution to Gaelic literature and folklore. About the middle of last century, according to Sheriff MacMaster Campbell (preface to "The Literature of the Highlanders") the island was of all districts in the Highlands the most distinguished. One of the earliest of folklore collectors as he was one of the greatest, fit to take his place beside Grimm and Hans Andersen, was John F. Campbell of Islay. His "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" first published in 1860 is one of the great classics in this field of study. It may be noted that one of his most valued helpers was the schoolmaster of Ballygrant, Hector MacLean.

Neil MacAlpine produced one of the earliest Gaelic dictionaries; Nigel MacNeill, a native of Portnahaven, published a standard history of the literature of Gaelic Scotland; Thomas Pattison translated many of the great Gaelic poems of the 18th century masters into English verse, and his work "Gaelic Bards" can bear comparison with any other such translation. Not very far from Skerrols where Pattison was born lies the farm of Gartmain where William

Livingstone wrote one of the finest pieces produced by a minor poet in Gaelic 'Fios thun a' bhàird.' Professor Magnus MacLean called him 'the most forceful poetic personality of the Gaelic poets of the 19th century.' His longest poem tells, in dramatic fashion, the story of the Danes in Islay. A fervent lover of his native island, he wrote of battles long past like that of Tràigh Ghruinaird and of the prowess of the Celt in his own day.

A few years ago a society for the study of the archaeology and natural history of the island was established and we look forward to valuable material being made available from their researches.

J. MACINTYRE.

Herbal Lore

By F. G. THOMSON, F.S.A.(Scot.)

A GLANCE at the "Doctor Replies" pages of many newspapers and magazines will reveal that the old cures for aches and pains are still going strong, despite the many useful medical aids that modern science has made available to us. Many of these old cures, and the materials used in the effect, have been in existence for many centuries now and will probably never cease to be popular because they are based on generations of practical experience in their use and their legitimacy is most always based on results.

One often hears about such concoctions as MacBeth's witches were alleged to have brewed in their bubbling pots of double trouble: spiders' webs, frogs' legs, crows' hearts, toads' skins and such like. No doubt the result was an evil-smelling mixture, and whether it ever cured anything or anyone is a matter for conjecture.

Many traditional cures are attributed to the use of herbs and plants of a widely-varying nature. Sea-plants, for example, are a real food and also possess some recognised medicinal properties. Corraigin is one sea-plant which can be eaten raw, though it requires a strong and patient mouth for its chewing. It also forms the basis of a dish that was once well-known in the Western Isles.

Almost every common wild plant, bush or tree is supposed to be effective in the cure of something. Sometimes their medicinal properties were attributed to their supposed association with a saint. In other cases, their

effectiveness was not complete unless the aid of the Trinity was invoked. And again, the illness had to be attended to by certain persons, such as the seventh son of a seventh son.

As a result of much natural observation and experiments of a trial-and-error nature, a large amount of superstitious beliefs and practices centres around the ailments of the human body and the remedies effective in their cure. Before the development of medicine as a scientific subject, people in the past had to rely on local sources for the relief of their troubles: herbs and their use by traditional healers.

No doubt today we would smile at some of the remedies and so-called cures which were applied to relieve the body's ailments. But we should remember that it was once taken for granted that the "cures" would be effective. In many cases they were. Belief in a cure (perhaps there was an element of faith-healing) was thus the normal and rational attitude of those who used it.

The lore of plants (herbs) has a firm place in folk tradition. In olden times, those persons in possession of herbal lore were valuable members of any community. Such a person was the herb-woman (bean na luibheanna) who travelled about the countryside, within a well-defined area. She combined with her knowledge of the medicinal value of plants the use of charms, and therein lay the reason for the "mystery" of cures. The common folk were always kept in ignorance of how such matters were obtained, with the result that the herb-woman was regarded with fear and respect.

Travelling people, too, were skilled healers: a natural thing for them to be because they had to depend on their own resources.

It was often said that a child born after the death of its father would possess great curative powers. Also, a woman whose surname was the same in single and married life was thought to be able to effect cures for ailments. Some herb-doctors were supposed to have been given their healing gifts by fairies, but this derivation of curative powers must be believed by those who wish to do so.

Most of the plants to be found in bogs, hedgerows and fields are said to possess special curative and medicinal properties. Of such is the bog-bean, which can be used as a blood purifier and as a remedy for boils. Bog-sorrel was used for heart troubles. Burdock was often used in poultice form for ringworm and could also rid one of pimples. And Camomile, in the form of a "tea," was used as a tonic and a remedy for pleurisy and consumption.

Centaury, Chich-weed, Comfrey, Dandelion, Nettle, Dock-leaves, Ferns, Figwort, Foxglove, Groundsel and Henbane are only a few of the other herbs which were, and still are in some country districts, used in a variety of cures for ailments such as warts, sudden pains, weak hearts, sprains and sore feet. It seems to have been a case of "Say what you have and there's a cure for it somewhere!"

Certain shrubs, bushes and trees were also used for medicinal purposes. The leaves of the elm were used to make poultices for swellings. Those of the holly were used in the cure of asthma and other similar complaints. Nine pieces of the boor-tree were used to get rid of warts. This cure was a novel one. The nine pieces were buried in the ground and as they gradually rotted away, so did the warts disappear. Sometimes, nine pieces of straw were used in the same way. Wood from the bog-deal was used to cure whooping-cough. Clay from under an elm tree was often applied to an aching tooth.

Not all of a plant was used. Sometimes it was the root, the stem, the leaves, the flower or the fruit. Some plants had to be picked at a certain time or else they would be of no use in a cure. The figwort was one plant that had to be picked at the flow of the tide. Other plants, like the yarrow, were hung up inside the house to ward off sickness.

One important feature in the use and effectiveness of herbs was the saying of a charm, which usually took the form of an invocation to some saint. St. Bride, for example, would be asked to aid in the relief of toothache. St. Columba and Michael were variously asked to help in the cures of other ills. The Trinity, the Sacred Three, were asked collectively to turn their good influences to make a cure effective.

Apart from their uses for medicinal purposes, many plants were used as a food, in times of plenty but more often in times of famine. Many persons of an older generation, some within living memory, were forced to trek to the bogs or the shores for what edible plants they could find. Farther inland, chick-weed, dock-leaves and club-moss were used for food and, though they may have contained some nourishment, were certainly not fit for human beings.

Tradition gives us a reason why certain herbs are so difficult to identify because of some similarity to poisonous ones. The Devil is supposed to have made these near duplicates in order to confuse people when they searched around for a plant to cure an ailment. Which is just the kind of thing he would be expected to do.

Glimpses from the Past

(Continued from page 53)

mutton and goat which with fish is their winter provision. Their meal is so very scarce that they seldom use it in bread but mostly in brochan or water gruel. The people here live much better than in other parts of the country we were in. The price of meal just now at Dingwall is 9 merks per boll. The carriage of it to Lochcarron varies according to the season of the year. In summer the hire of a horse which will carry about 126 lbs. wt. is 2/6; in harvest and winter 3/4 and in spring and seed time 4/- to 5/-.

Few ships come up this loch, but ships are sometimes freighted from Leith to the Isle of Skye with malt, bean and meal. Freight charges for meal is from 8d to 10d per boll, and 1/4 to 1/8 for malt and bear. Farm produce is sold to drovers and pedlers, but twice a year there are two great fairs at Contin and Redcastle to which the inhabitants go with their produce. Servants are engaged by the half year and are allowed for wages 8 to 9 merks and three pairs of boots each pair worth 1/-. They are allowed one peck of meal every four days for their maintenance. The women for the half year receive 3 to 4 merks, an apron to the value of 1 merk, two pairs of shoes valued at 8d each, and a peck of meal every six days. Inhabitants employed by the day receive 4d to 6d."

J. CAMERON.

The Clarsach Society

It is well known that the clarsach, the oldest musical instrument used in Scotland, preceded the bagpipe by several centuries. The clarsach was for long played throughout Scotland from the extreme north to the Border counties. Every chief of note had his own harper to cheer his guests and sing the praises of his heroic deeds. In return the harper was held in high esteem, and was a distinguished member among his followers.

The Clarsach Society, as we know it today, was founded in 1931 to re-establish the clarsach as a national instrument, and good progress has been made since that date, particularly in the cities. It encourages learners by lending instruments, by subsidising teachers, and by publishing suitable music.

These are some of the objects of the Society—(1) to promote and encourage the use of the clarsach; (2) to establish its proper place in the national life of Scotland; (3) to collect, produce, and distribute music for the clarsach as funds permit; (4) to give demonstrations and arrange competitions as opportunity offers.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVI

AN DAMHAR, 1961

Aireamh 10

COMHDHAIL NAN CEILTEACH

TOISEACH an fhoghair chruinnich riochd-
airean as na sia dùthchannan Ceilteach
ann an Gaillimh an Eire gu bhith ag
ùrachadh an sean eòlais air càch a chéile, agus
gu bhith beachdachadh aon uair eile air na
nithean sònraichte a tha 'g an ceangal cho dlùth
agus 'g an comharrachadh a mach o chinnich
eile an t-saoghail.

Bha an aimsir fàbharach; bha coibhneas agus
fiailaidheachd an t-sluaigh ion-mhiannaichte,
agus bha lòn cuirp agus imtinne an làthair gun
sòradh. Chan e facal san dòl seachad a fhàidh-
eadh na fiachan fo na chuireadh sinn leis gach
deagh-ghean agus cùram a nochdadh dhuinn fad
na seachdaineach. Tha cridhe an Eireannaich
ann am fàsgadh a làimhe, a shuilibhreachd an
sealladh a shùla, agus eud 's a dhùrachd 'na
ghluasadan uile.

A bheil feum ann an co-chruinneachadh nan
Ceilteach o bhliadhna gu bliadhna ann an
dùthchannan a chéile? Agus ma tha, co dha?
Tha ùrachadh imtinne agus cridhe ann an
comunn chàrdean a tha tuigsinn a chéile agus
a' miannachadh math a chéile, ni air a bheil
mòr feum anns an t-saoghal charraideach anns
a bheil sinn. Chan eil teine a lasair nach las
teime; chan eil smuain chòir a dhùisgear nach
gluais aigne chaomh, choibhneil; chan eil rùn
math gun mhilseachd air a chùl.

Faodaidh nach fhaicear mòran soirbheachaidh
an cois nan cruinnichidhean-sa an diugh na
màireach. Ach far am bi dàimh is dòchas cha
bhi call, agus far am bi dilseachd do'n chòir
cha bhi nàire. Is math an ni a bhith lorg luach
anns an dileab a dh'fhàgadh againn, co-dhiùbh

is e càinain na dòigh beatha ar sinnsre a tha ann.
Tha nithean an sin a tha nas luachmhoire na
airgead agus òr, agus nas buannachdaile na
inbhe agus cumhachd.

Is mòr an t-eadar-dhealachadh a lorgar anns
na dùthchannan beaga Ceilteach a thaobh
eachdraidh is a thaobh staid. Ach tha iad uile
a' cur urraidh nach beag air nithean an spioraid,
gun a bhith air an glacadh tuilleadh 's a' chòir
le fàrmad is sannt is eud is do-riarachas. Tha
an spiorad a tha iad ag altrum a thaobh an
eachdraidh a tha air an cùl 'g an tàthadh ri
chéile ann an co-fhaireachadh agus ann an eud
spéiseil. Na fghlumadh na rioghachdan móra,
cumhachdach gur treise agus gur maireannaiche
dilseachd is caomhalachd is tairiseachd na
maoin is sealbh is cumhachd, nan tuigeadh iad
mar a tha na Ceiltich a' tuigsinn gur feàrr ceòl
na tàirneanach, agus ceum goirid na duibh-
leum, is dòcha gun tigeadh iad gu 'n céill mus
bi e ro anmoch.

Cha bhi buannachd aig na Ceiltich fa-dheòidh
ann a bhith coimhead air ais agus a' gleidheadh
dhaibh fhéin an còraichean. Chan ann le
bhith dheasadh ach le bhith roinn ri muinntir
eile a ghlaidheas iad na nithean a tha luachmhor
aca, agus a bhios iad a chum buannachd do'n
t-saoghal mhór. Tha feum aig an t-saoghal
air na gheibhear gun an ceannach, a ghlaidhear
le bhith 'g an toirt seachad, a riarachas gun
searbhadas 'nan dèidh. Chan eil na riogh-
achdan beaga Ceilteach a' sireadh oighreachdan
chàich, chan eil iad ach a' dlion an oighreachd
fhéin agus a' dheasadh cothrom na Féinne. Tha
e ceart is feumail gun biodh muinntir nan

tirean Ceilteach a' cuimhneachadh air na freumhan as na dh'fhàs iad, air na dileaban luachmhor air a bheil iad 'nan oighreachan, agus air a' bhuaidh a leanas, luath na mall, ann a bhith togail fa chomhair aintighearnas nan cumhachdach an oighreachd a tha falaichte anns a' chridhe fhialaidh, iriosal. Ged nach can sinn gu bheil na Ceiltich nas fheàrr na muinntir eile, tha sinn a' creidsinn nach misde an saoghal iad a bhith ann, agus tha sinn cinnteach gu bheil làn fheum aig cinnich eile an t-saoghail an diugh air spiorad tairiseach, fhialaidh, duineil mar a lorgar an oidhirpean nan rioghachdan beaga do'm buin sinn.

Post Abrach

Ged a tha mu cheud bliadhna o bha Mac-an-Tòisich beò bithear ag innse fhathast seanachasan éibhinn uime. Nuair a bha mi fuireach faisg air Gearasdan Dubh Inbhir Lochaidh so dà sheanachas a chuala mi mu a dheidhinn.

Bha Fear Chalaìrd an seirbhis a' Chrùin thall thairis. Turus is e air tighinn dhachaidh bha apa na muncaidh aige 'na chois agus bha e air ionnsachadh do'n bheothach mar a dh'fhosgladh is a dhùineadh e an dorus nuair a thigeadh daoine chon an tìghe. Latha a bha so agus an t-nachd-aran aig an uinneig chunnaic e am post a' tighinn a nuas an ceum chon an tìghe. Smaoinich e gum faigheadh e spòrs air Mac-an-Tòisich. Dh'fhalaich e e fhéin air cùl an doruis bhig agus chuir e an t-apa a dh'fhosgladh an doruis mhóir do'n phost. Nuair a chunnaic am post an "duine" annasach a bha roimhe shìn e thuige na litrichean 's e ag ràdh, "So a bhalaich, thoir sud dha d'athair!"

Bhithheadh iad a' cur air Mac-an-Tòisich gun robh e déidheil air an uisge bheatha. Latha na Bliadhna Uire bha e caran tioram, agus seach nach robh àite eile freagarrach dha smaoinich e nach b'e turus an asgaidh dha a dhol a chéilidh air an Urr. Alasdair Stiùbhard. Thuig am ministear fàth a thuruis. Cha b'ann as a leth-lamh a bheireadh esan seachad rud, agus thug e gloinne le taosg math innte do'n phost. Nuair a dh'òl e na bha innte thuirt e, "A mhinistear, 's toigh leam sibh—'s fheàrr leam sibh na Dia fhéin." "Is cinnteach," ars an Stiùbhardach, "gur ann orm fhìn as còlaiche thu!"

AN TARAN.

Trì casan nach gluais,
Dà chluais nach cluinn,
Beul mór nach bruidhinn.

Prais.

Bodaich Eibhinn Nan Laithean A Dh'Aom

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

Có bhuaithe thug an Gaidheal an eirmseachd neo-fhàillinneach a tà cho nàdurra dha? An ann an féin a dh'éirich i, no an tàinig i bho dhualachas? Tà mi deanamh dheth gun d'fhuair an Gaidheal trian de 'eirmseachd bho dhualachas, trian bho chruaidh-chàs a bheatha féin, agus a' chuid eile bho bhearradaireachd is fealla-dhà a' chéilidh.

Tà an diugh an céilidh air dol gu ìre bhig a cleachdadh agus 'n chois chailleadh chan e a mhàin cuir-seachad is fearas-chuideachd cheòlmhor, ach mar an ceudna mòran de sheann eòlas, beul-aithris, is oideas a bha ro fheumail airson geurachadh buadhan na h-inntinne.

Co-dhùit a b'ann an cois na slighe, no an druim a' chosnaidh a thachradh iad, bu ro thoigh leis na seann bodaich geuranachd cainnt agus an rud a ghabhadh daoine an diugh gu goirt anns an t-sròin, cha robh e dhaibhsan ach 'n a dheagh cheòl-gàire.

Air latha fuar earraich, bha mo sheann charaid nach maireann, Uilleam MacCoimnich, maighstir-sgoile Bhaltois, a' gabhail an rathaid nuair a thachair e ri fear a mhuinntir an àite a bha 'dol dhachaidh a' giùlan eallach mór mine air a dhruim. "Tà an t-eallach trom," ars Uilleam. "Bidh e trom mu Bhealltainn!" fhreagar air bodach, 's e cumail air.

Cha robh an t-airgid ach gann anns an là bh'ann. B'e Bealltainn aon de na h-aman anns an robh beagan dheth a' ruigheadh croitearan, nuair a reicte na gamhna, ach bha a' chuid bu mhòtha de sin a' dol an coinneamh a' mhàil 's an còrr 'ga thoirt seachad an iomlaid bhòid, aodaich, caisbheirt, is beagan ghnòth-aicean eile.

Ged nach robh guth sgoile an ceann mòran de na croitearan, cha rachadh sgoilearan an latha an diugh ann an uisge na stiùrach dhaibh an am reic mart, each, no gamhainn. Gus am faighte mu dheireadh thall an t-airgid a chaidh iarraidh, chumhadh iad connspoid fad leth latha ri dròbhair cruaidh, carach, a dh'fheuchadh ri beothaichean nan truaghan a cheannach ion 's a nasgaidh.

Bha bodach Sgitheanach uir a' reic deagh ghamhainn agus is e dà phunnd Sasunnach an tairge a chuir an dròbhair 'n a cheann. "Dà phunnd Sasunnach ars am bodach le frioghan, 'is fhiach na tà de ghaoisid air a' bheathach agamsa barrachd is sin!"

Chaidh balach ann an Leòdhas, a bha 'suirghe greis air cailin, g'a h-iarraidh air a h-athair

airson a pòsadh. Ràinig e tigh na ìghne mu àird fheasgair agus an dèidh ùine a thoirt a' seachas mu iasgach, side, is iomadh nì a bhàrr, fhuair e fa-dheòidh de mhìsnich na leig ris na bha aige anns an amharc.

— “Thàinig mise,” ars am fleasgach, “an so an nochd a dh'iarraidh bean!” “Seadh,” fhreagair fear an tighe is fiamh a' ghàire a' brisdeadh air aodann, “chan eil ann an so ach an aon *bhean* agus chan fhaigh thusa i!”

Bha Eileanach eile ann aig an robh ùidh ann am pòsadh ach an dèidh sin 's na dhéidh, cha robh e a' dol 'n a char. Air do athair an òganaich a bhith iomadh uair 'ga comh-airleachadh airson bean fhaotainn, thubhairt e ri mhac an latha so: “Nach iongantach leam fhìn nach eil thu a' dol a dh'iarraidh té seach té de na tà de nigheanan bòidheach anns an sgìre. Nuair a bha mise mu t'aois, is mi nach do chuir maille anns an gnothach.” “O athair,” fhreagair am fear òg, “is e a phòs sibhse ach mo mhàthair!”

Bha dà bhodach a' bruidhinn mu thear a b' aithne dhaibh a bha latha no dhà roimhe sin air caochladh. “An saoil thu na dh'fhàg e dad as a dhéidh?” dh'fhòraich aon dhiubh, a' ciallachadh maoin no airgid. “Nach do dh'fhàg e a h-uile rud a bh'ann as a dhéidh!” fhreagair a charaid.

Mun do thogadh na sgoilean air feadh nan sgìreachdan Gaidhealach, is e duine glé ainneamh am measg an t-sluaigh a b'urrainn leughadh no sgrìobhadh. 'S e sud a dh'fhàg ceistearan an latha cho trang a' ceasnachadh agus a' teagasg ceistean Leabhar Aithghear nan Ceist, do shean is òg.

Choinnich fear dhiubh so ri bodach a mhuinntir an t-Sràth air an rathad mhór. Chuir an ceistear roimhe gun ceasnaicheadh e an seann duine, ach aig a' cheart am bha e airson cothrom a thoirt dà, agus cha do chuir e air ach a' cheud té a tà anns an leabhar: “Cìod is crìoch àraidh do'n duine?”

Cha chuala an croitear a' cheist cheudna a riamh agus is e am freagradh a thug e: “Chan eil crìochan a' cur càil de dhragh oirne bho dh'fhàgas sinn Ealaghollo gus an ruig sinn crìoch Camusfhionnairidh!”

Bho chionn còrr is deich bliadhna fichead air ais bha samhradh anabarrach fiuch aca anns an Eilean Sgrìthanach. Fhuair daoine tàire mhór mus deach aca air an cuid feòir a choinneachadh, agus b'èiginn do gach neach aig an robh a' bheag air an t-sràc, a bhith ag gabhail a h-uile fàth, goirid 's 'gam bitheadh e, eadar na frasan trèma airson beagan tìormachaidh a dheanamh air.

An latha so, thuit do cheistear a bhith a' gabhail an rathaid nuair a chunnaic e bodach 'n a dhrìp a' toirt ath chrathadh air na bha

'n a laighe fo na siantan ann an cocannan 's an gòlagan, air do aiteal tioram a bhith ann.

“Crath thusa e,” ars an ceistear, “agus caoinichidh an Cruithear e,” “U ma tà,” fhreagair am bodach, “dh'fhairtlich e oirnn le chéile am bliadhna!!!” Rinn an ceistear gàire agus chum e roimhe.

Air latha fiuch, fadhaich Faoillich, choinnich an ceistear ceudna ri bodach eile a ghlaodh àird a chinn anns an dol seachad: “Nach anabarrach dona an side tà ann!” Bha còta-ola a' cheistear a' ruigheachd a shàiltean agus theagamh nach robh gaillionn a' cur mòran dragh air. B'e am freagradh a thug e co-dhiù: “Nach math nach e teine is pronnasg a tà 'tuiteam!” “Nam b'e,” ars an aon eile, “cha mhór a dheanadh an còta-ola dhuit!!!”

'S e ministearan Gaidhealach, bho Alba, a bha air tùs air an suidheachadh ann an uile sgìreachdan Cheap Breatunn, an Canada. Cha robh sin iongantach nuair a b'i a' Ghàidhlig an aon chainnt a bha luchd àitichidh na càrn ud a' bruidhinn. 'S e dùthaich choillteach a tà an so agus anns a là ud bha crìomag fearainn air an robh coille aig gach ministear.

Mhòthaich pears-eaglais aoin de na sgìreachdan uair gu robh cuideigin a' toirt leis a chuid chraobhan agus air do'n chall dol air adhart car fada smaoinich e gu robh an t-am aige stad a chur air.

Dh'fhòraich a' ministear de fhear de 'n choithional an robh amharus aige có a bha a' goid an fhiodha.

Nis bha e soirbh gu leòir do'n duine so luchd na dìobhail ainmeachadh ach do bhrìgh 's nach robh e airson iuath is dioghaltas a chosnadh dha féin, dh'fhreagair e a' cheist ann am briathran éibhinn agus seòlta gun oillbheum a thoirt dhasan a chuir i: “Is sibh féin a mhinistear an aon duine anns an sgìre so a tà air bhur pàidheadh airson a bhith ag innse 'n firinn!”

Air latha seachdain, bha boirionnach a' còmhradh ri seann mhinistear còir a bha air a bheatha gu léir a chur seachad anns an aon sgìre ann am fear de na h-Eileanan an Iar. “A chiall a mhinistear,” thuirt ise, “cha chreid mi fhìn nach cuala mi an ceann-teagaisg a ghabh sibh an dé anns an eaglais, dà uair agaibh roimhe.” “Seadh, seadh,” fhreagair esan, “agus am bheil cuimhne agad gu de na cinn a bha agam?” “O dearbh chan eil,” dh'aidich a' bhean. “O mur am bheil,” ars am ministear, “feumaidh mi a thoirt dhuit fathast!!!”

Choinnich dà bhodach Ileach ri chéile a muigh an àiteigin air latha anabarrach fiuch. Bha am brod chòta-uisge air an dara fear ach cha robh air a charaid.

Thubhairt esan a bh'air a chòmhdach airson

an t-side: "C'arson nach robh còta ort?" "Chan eil mise am feum còta a chaitheamh ge b'e air bhith dé cho garbh 's a bhios an aimsir," dh'éibh am fear eile. "Nach ann do shìol Adhamh a bhùneas thusa mar a bhùneas sinn uile?" "Chan ann, is ann a bhùneas mise do fhìor shìol Chlann Ghill 'Eathain Lochabuidhe", thuirt an duine tapaidh aig nach robh feum air còta!!

Is minig a fhuair eadhon eirmseachd eadhon am measg nan daoine bochda anns an tigh-chuthaich.

Air do fhear dhiubh so a bhith ag obair air feasgar anns an lios, chunnaic e sgalag tuathanaich an taobh a muigh de 'n ghàradh àrd chloiche a bha a' cuartachadh an tighe mhóir ud. Thàrlaidh gun robh an sgalag a' deanamh na h-obrach ann an rathad cearbach, tuath-aisteach. "A dhuine," dh'éibh am fear a bha anns an lios, "tà thu air an taobh chearr de'n bhalla!"

Ach c'ait an do dh'fhàg sinn na boirionnaich? Cha bu tric leo-san a bhì air dheireadh air na fìr le deasfhacal.

Chaidh duine tinn a sgìreachd Ghaidhealach is aithne dhomh, mu dheas uair do aon de na tighean-eiridinn airson laimhseachadh léigheil. An dèidh-làimh thàinig banacharaid dhaibh a dh'fheòrach de bhean an fhìr so ciamar a fhuair a céile air adhart. Thubhairt bean an tighe is i a' toirt mion iomraidh air mar a bha dol leis: "Tà e a' tighinn air aghaidh gu math a nis, buidheachas do'n t-sealbh. Nuair a dh'fhosgail na lighichean e chunnaic iad a' chogais aige!"

Anns an là anns am bheil sinn beò, am feadh 's a tà a leithid de iomairt mhì-chneasda air carbadan luatha de gach seòrsa, air an talamh agus anns an athar, chan eil e soirbh le daoine òga a chreidsinn gu robh am ann is cuimhne le feadhainn a tà fathast luath, làidir, anns nach robh uidheam no inneal giùlain anns an Ghaidhealtachd na bu luaithe na an rothair (bicycle).

Bha eadhon an rothair féin air sgàth a luaithe 'n a mhór iognadh do bhodaich 's do chaill-eachan a chunnaic e airson a' cheud uair, mar a thachair do'n chàraid a bha a' fuireach ann am bothan beag ri taobh an rathaid anns an Eilean Sgitheanach.

Air feasgar sònraichte, air do'n chaillich a bhith 'n a seasamh anns an doras mhór, noch duine usail a' marcachd rothair dlùth do'n tigh. Ghlaodh i ris an fhear a bha stigh: "Thig a mach, thig a mach, tà Satan a nuas an rathad a' marcachd cuidhle-shnìomh agus mur a greas thu ort bidh e anns na Hearadh mum faigh thu a' cheud sealladh dheth!"

Is ann an Ontario a chualam i an naidheachd mu dheireadh. Cha robh na h-eilthirich Ghaidhealach ro fhada anns an tìr, agus mar

a dh'fhaodas sinn a thuigsinn, bha bùthan is margaidhean car ainneamh, fada bho chéile.

Air an latha so cheannaich cailleadh Ghaidhealach bocsa lasadan anns an bhùth. Nuair a chaidh i dhachaidh, dh'fheuch i ri fear mu seach dhiubh a lasadh ach cha deachaidh leatha agus is e bu chrìoch do na h-oidheirpean gun do chaitheadh am paipearcarrach bharr cliathach a' bhucas.

Chaidh am boirionnach an ath latha air ais leis a' gheòtan gun tà agus thubhairt i ri fear na bùtha: "Chan eil nì de fheum anns na lasadan so a fhuair mi bhuaht, feumaidh tu m' airgid a thoirt dhomh air ais."

Dh'fhosgail an ceannaiche am bocsa, thug e a mach aon de na bha 'n a bhroinn, shuath e gu cruaidh ri shliasaid e agus las an lasadan an àird ann am prìobadh na sùla. "So, so," ars a' chailleach, "thoir dhomhsa air ais mo sgillinn. Chan urrainn mise idir a bhith a' coiseachd dà mhìle a sgrìobadh do mhàsan-sa gach uair a bhios feum agam air aon diubh sin a lasadh!"

Lionadh na chuala mi, de naidheachdan de'n t-seòrsa-sa iomadh leabhar.

GNATHASAN CAINNTE

Thog e air bho chuir e roimhe pòsadh. Is fhada bho bha i an geall air àite dhi fhéin. Am beul an latha thog iad Mùirneag air faire. Chuir an raon bàrr math dheth am bliadhna. Cò bu leis an t-each a chaidh air chall? Roghnach mi a bhith leam fhìn. Cha tug i guth air a' chall a thàinig oirre. Bha iad a' cur air nach robh e riamh glé mhath air a làmhann. Tha cuid a' tilgeadh air gu bheil e leam-leat. Chuir e dréin air nuair a thuig e nach deidheadh leis.

"Chan eil àite an trice am bi mi, no an trice an robh mi, na anns a' ghoirtean-fhoghaidh is anns an àirigh. Bha tighinn-beò a' chlachair riamh anns a' ghoirtean is anns an àirigh. B'annas an t-sitheann is b'annlann an t-iasg; bu mhath a' choibhair ach bu bhòch an sabhal iad; b'e ar teachd-an-tìr, mar a dh'innseas an t-ainm, eòrna gu bonnach is fear gu bainne. Is b'fheàrr corran, no cuman na clàrsach gu scan is òg a chur gu seinn is gu cridhealas. Is iomadh hóro-gheallaidh a chunnaic mi féin anns a' ghoirtean, ged nach do thachair dhomh bhith ann an latha thàinig a' Ghrugaich 'S a rug i 'na làimh air a' chorrann, 'S a lion i le sonas an sguab."

COINNEACH MACLEOID.

“NA GAIDHEIL A BH’ANN”

TEAGHLACH MHCNEACAIL

SAOILIDH mi gu bheil mòran de ar luchd leughaidh leis am bu mhath cunntas aithghearr fhaighinn air an teaghlach fhùithail-sa a thog cuimhneachan maireannach air an deagh-ghean do bhaile an àraich, agus a chuir sluagh Leòdhais fo fhiachan siorruidh dhaibh airson àrd-sgoil MhicNeacail a dh’fhosgladh leotha am baile Steòrnabhagh anns a’ bhliadhna 1873.

An là dh’fhosgladh an sgoil so, a bha am beagan ùine gu bhith cho ainmeil sa’ Ghaidhealtachd, dh’fhosgladh gu farsuing doras am mach do’n t-saoghal mhór do òigridh Steòrnabhagh agus an Eilein, agus tha fios againn an diuga a luathad fear agus té a ghluais leis na bliadhnanachan troimh an doras-sa gu bhith seasamh an àite gu buadh-mhor agus gu duineil an iomadh gairm agus ionad.

So agaibh matà, gearr iomradh air an teaghlach usal do bheil na h-uibhir againne an Leòdhas fo dhìachaibh cho mòr.

Bhuineadh seannair an teaghlach, Aonghas MacNeacail, do sgìre Uig agus bha e pòsda aig té a’ Chlann MhicAoidh à Carlabhagh. Bha tuathanas fearainn aige an Col agus an Tolstadh bho Thuath, ach tha cuimhne air gu h-àraidh airson an àite toisich a bha aige an obair an iasgaich anns an Eilean, agus airson nam luingeas aige a sheòl na cuantean. Dh’fhàg e suim mhath airgid airson bochdan a chinnidh fhéin. Bha mac aige do’m b’ainm Ruairaidh, aig an robh soithichean bathair e fhéin, agus a bha aon vair ‘na thuathanach an Col Uarach.

‘S e mic Ruairaidh cuspairean ar sgeòil. Bha seisear aca ann, agus dhearbhadh iad uile an gràdh do thír am breith, agus thaisbein iad gearchuis agus uaisleachd nach bu bheag.

Bha Aonghas, am mac bu shine, ‘na innleachdair (engineer). An déidh a thìde thoirt a mach an Glaschu shoirbhich leis an Sasunn nuair a bhàtar a’ leagail nan rathaidean iarunn san dùthaich sin air tùs. Bha e car ùine ‘na shiamalan, agus a ris ag àrach chruidh, ach ‘s ann air muillnean clòimhe an Scipton, far an do chaochail e anns a’ bhliadhna 1896, a rinn e an t-airgid.

Fhuair a bhràthair, Cailean Iain, oileanachadh mar ionmhasair an Glaschu cuideachd. Thog e air gu ruige Orleans ‘s na Stàitean far an d’fhuair e sealbh air raointean cotain an cois abhainn mhór Mhississippi. Bha e ‘na oifigeach àrd san àm ri am an ar-a-mach ‘s na Stàitean. An déidh iomadh fiosrachadh cruaidh bhris air a shlàinte agus chaochail e sa’ bhliadhna 1877.

B’e Pàdruig an t eas mac. Chaidh esan a sheòladh glé òg, mar a chaidh iomadh fear a bharrachd air as an là ud, agus ri ùine bha e seòladh le shoithichean fhéin eadar na h-Innseachan agus Astràlia, far na rinn e dhachaidh air dha am muir a leigeadh seachad.

‘S e Ruairaidh an ath fhear de’n teaghlach. Bha e ‘na mhinistear an toiseach sa’ Chomraich, agus an déidh sin ‘na mhinistear airm an Lunnainn airson fichead bliadhna. Chuir e seachad a’ chuid mu dheireadh de bheatha an Tigh na Bruaich, an Earra-Ghaidheal, ach thug e iomadh cuairt do threan céine ‘na là.

B’e Coinneach am mach a b’òige. Bha esan ‘na thuathanach an ceann a deas Alba, agus a ris an ceann a deas Africa. Nuair a bhàsaich a bhràthair, Cailean, anns a’ bhliadhna 1877, thàinig e steach air na raointean cotain a bhuineadh dha, agus an déidh bàis Aonghas anns a’ bhliadhna 1896 fhuair e sealbh air na muillnean clòimhe aige an Sasunn.

B’e Alasdair Moireasdan, an coigeamh mac, a thug an toiseach mu’n airidh cuideachadh le òigridh Steòrnabhagh. An déidh fhoghlum a chriochnachadh am baile a bhreith agus an Àird Sgoil Ghlaschu, thug e mach a chéird mar innleachdair an Abhainn Chluaidh far an d’fhuair iomadh gille eile oileanachadh. Cha robh e fada gus an d’fhuair e obair le deagh thuarasdal air aibhnichean Shinaidh. Am beagan bhliadhnanachan bha sealbh aige maille ri cavaid dha air àite togail shoithichean ann an Shanghai. Anns a’ bhliadhna 1862, aig aois naoi bliadhna fichead, bha cor a cho-aisean an Steòrnabhagh gu mòr air aire, agus gu minic bha e cnuasachadh air an dòigh a b’fhearr air leasachadh crannchur agus còthrom an sliochd.

Rinn e tiomnadh aig an am-sa. Bha treas earrann a mhaoin an déidh a bhàis gu bhith air a chur ri creideas na sgoile bu mhòtha chuideachadh le uireasbhuch òga baile Steòrnabhagh, chum, an dòigh air choireigin, gu freasgradh e air clann nam balach a bha maille ris fhéin anns an sgoil.

Fhuair e bàs aithghearr le tubaist air bòrd té de na soithichean aige fhéin ceithear bliadhna an déidh so, aig aois trì bliadhna deug ar fhichead. Chuireadh a chuid airgid (£6000) do thigh an ionmhais an Lunnainn, agus thug na trìuir bhràithrean, Ruairaidh, Coinneach agus Aonghas, a bha beò fhathast an t-airgid so do’n Ridire Seumas MacMhathain a bha ‘na uachdaran air Leòdhas aig an àm, agus a bha cosg air dà sgoil anns a’ bhaile mhór, sgoil nan caileag, agus sgoil Iain Mhic Aoidh.

Chomharraich esan an t-airgid airson leasachadh le sgoil MhicAoidh, ach bha an sgoil-sa aosda agus am maighstir sgoile 'na sheann duine. Air an aobhar sin thug an Ridire Iàrach seachad airson sgoil ùr, agus thogadh i an cois rathad an Rudha anns a' bhliadhna 1873, agus shuidhicheadh Iain Sutharlan air a ceann.

Bhaisteadh an sgoil trì uairean, ach lean an t-ainm "The Nicolson Institute" rithe o'n bhliadhna 1901 gus an là an diugh.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1888, dh'fhàg Macmhathain riaghladh na sgoile aig Bòrd na Sgoile an Sgìre Steòrnabhaigh agus chuir e an t-ionmhas uile 'nan làmhnan. Dh'fhàs an sgoil o bhith 'na sgoil bhig le 105 de chloinn gus an inbhe aig a bheil i an diugh le còrr air mìle, eadar bhalach is chaileagan.

So mar a thàinig oighreachd Chlann Mhic Neacail gu bhith stéidheachadh agus a' togail suas àird fhoghlum an Leòdhas.

Nuair a rainig naidheachd bàis a bhràthar, agus an tiomhadh a rinn e, Aonghas, chuir e £500 ri maoin Alasdair. Rùnaich Pàdrug gu faigheadh a bhraithrean, Ruaraidh agus Coinneach, a shealbh-san an deidh bàs na bantraich aige. Thug iasdan na thuit orra, £7000, do Bhòrd na Sgoile, cuid Ruaraidh gu bhith cuideachadh le foghlumichean an Eilein anns na h-oil-thighean, agus cuid Choinnich gu bhith leasachadh feuman na sgoile an Steòrnabhagh. Chosg iad le chèile air an tùr agus air an uaireadair a tha 'na mhullach a thog iad mar chuimhneachan air am bràthair, agus thog iad tigh luchdchleas làimh ris an sgoil ùr.

Dh'fhàg Coinneach aig am a bhàis anns a' bhliadhna 1907 na muillnean còimhe an làmhnan Bòrd na Sgoile, agus reic iasdan iad airson £13,000, oir cha robh e laghail dhaibh na muillnean a chumail a' dol. Tha treas earrann riadh an airgid so a' cuideachadh obair ealainn sa' sgoil, agus an còrr airson còmhnaidh le feumaich innte.

Tha an t-ionlan a' tighinn gu £20,000, agus tha riadh an airgid sin uile ann an dòigh air choireigin airson math nan sgoilearan a tha dol troimh'n fhoghlum an sgoil Steòrnabhaigh.

Nis, chan eil àrd sgoil an Leòdhas ach sgoil MhicNeacail a mhàin agus air an aobhar sin chan eil balach no nighean a tha leantuinn an fhoghlum san eilean nach eil greis innte. Tha mar sin dàimh aig gach sgoile is clachan rithe, agus a math a' sgaoleadh am measg an t-sluaigh uile.

Is mòr am bàrr a chuir sgoil MhicNeacail dìth o chionn trì fichead bliadhna; is lionmhor iad a dh'fhàg i gu bhith 'gan ullachadh fhéin an dreuchd na ministrealachd, an lighiche, agus luchd ealain de gach seòrsa. Gheibhear iad sin

an ionadan inbheach an Alba 's an Sasunn, agus an t-rean céine cuideachd. Is beag cèrnaidh de'n dùthaich nach lorgar luchd teagaisg a dh'òileanaicheadh innte, agus cha mhòr sgoil an Eilean Leòdhas aig an am nach eil fo ùghdarras muinntir a fhuair àrd fhoghlum an sgoil mhóir MhicNeacail.

An cuimhneachan as luachmhoire air teaghlach usal MhicNeacail gheibhear e air a thasgadh domhain an cridhe an t-sluaigh, agus air fhighe anns an t-seirbhis a tha an luchd fiach a' deamamh gu tàmh ann an céithear ranna ruadh an domhain.

SEUMAS MACTHOMAS.

"Scottish Gaelic Studies"

This periodical is published annually by the University of Aberdeen, and is edited by Derick S. Thomson. Vol. IX, Pt. 1, recently published, maintains a high standard of scholarship and research, and contains varied articles which are both stimulating and informative.

The late Calum I. Maclean has an article on the song "Is Daor A Cheannaich Mi 'N T-Iasgach" noted down in Benbecula. Other versions are noted and compared, and the version in the McLagan M.S. is given Literatim.

R. L. Thomson gives a detailed dissertation on two Manx songs contained in the McLagan Manuscript 180, and gives copious quotations with translations.

"The Royal Payment of Mackay's Regiment" is the title of a paper by Ian Grimble in which he traces the exploits of a regiment raised in 1626 by the Chief of Mackay and serving under Christian IV of Denmark in the Thirty Years' War in Germany.

The R.I.A. Text of the "Birlinn" is analysed at great length by J. L. Campbell. Comparison is made with other well known Texts of this poem. The R.I.A. Text is given in full and generous notes are appended.

A Note on "Feasgar Luain" by Iain C. Smith underlines the improbable nature of John MacKenzie's account of the incident that inspired the poet. He makes brief comments on the imagery of the poem.

A short article by the Editor on the phrase "Bualadh Bhrog" is based on written references to this practice, some dating as far back as 1702, and establishes the original and metaphorical usages of the words, thus correcting dubious interpretations.

The current issue is well worth 9/-, the price of single parts, or 15/- per volume, consisting of two annual parts, post free.

GAELIC POETS OF THE 18th CENTURY

(6) ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR

DERICK S. THOMSON

None of the Gaelic poets presents such a vast craggy image as Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. In a poet, or in any man, built on so generous a scale it is vain to look too closely for a pattern of consistency. It is even more misguided to attempt to force his work into any preconceived mould. It will not do to present him as a Gaelic patriot, or as a Jacobite, or as a life-long rebel. We may come near to the truth in some of these generalisations, but we must not expect them to be infallible. For there are emotional, and perhaps intellectual, forces which transcend whatever logical system we erect to contain his work: explosive elements which destroy the convenient departments in which the work of poets is too often confined.

Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's work is nearer the centre of the Gaelic literary tradition than that of any other of the eighteenth century poets. There can be no doubt that he cultivated his knowledge of that tradition. This is evident from his poetic vocabulary, his knowledge of Gaelic metrics, and from references in his poetry. Robert Forbes (*The Lyon in Mourning*, Vol. 1, 354) refers to his skill in Gaelic, including the old script: "He is a very smart, acute man, remarkably well skilled in the Erse, for he can both read and write the Irish language in its original character, a piece of knowledge almost quite lost in the Highlands of Scotland, there being exceedingly few that have any skill at all in that way."

This gives us one aspect of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair: the man of letters, the scholar. Reid, the author of *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*, gives us another aspect: "In person McDonald was large and ill-favoured. His features were coarse and irregular. His clothes were very sluggishly put on, and generally very dirty. His mouth was continually fringed with a stream of tobacco-juice, of which he chewed a very great quantity". Donald Mackinnon's comment on this description is also well worth quoting: "This description seems to us a not inept representation of his mental and moral endowments. Large, strong and powerful his mind was, beyond most, if not all, modern Gaelic poets; but its texture was coarse, and the filth and tobacco-juice appear frequently at the core, and not merely on the fringes" (1892 ed. of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's poems, p. vi).

Having indicated something of the complexity of the task of assessing Mac Mhaighstir Alas-

dair's work, we may now attempt some sort of orderly consideration of that work and of its significance in the history of eighteenth century Gaelic poetry.

To give a few biographical details first, the poet came of notable MacDonald stock, being a great-grandson of Ranald MacDonald of Benbecula and of Mary, daughter of Angus MacDonald of Dun Naomhaig in Islay, and thus claiming descent from Robert II, King of Scotland. The famous Flora MacDonald was Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's first cousin.

Alasdair was the second son of Mhaighstir Alasdair, minister of Islandfinnan. It is thought that he was born about 1690, but we know little of his movements until 1729, when he is on record as the teacher of a charity school at Islandfinnan, and as catechist in the same parish. We have references to his work in these capacities at various times between 1729 and 1745, when he deserted his post then (in Corryvullin) and devoted his energies to the Prince's cause, later receiving a Captain's commission in the Prince's army.

There is a strong tradition that he spent some time as a student at the University of Glasgow, but that an early marriage (to Jane MacDonald of Dalness) cut short his academic career. His son Ranald was acting as substitute for him in the school at Corryvullin in 1744, but we have no indication of Ranald's age at that time. Nor can we be certain that Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair took part in the '15 rising. There seem to be no references to such participation in his surviving poetry, although if we accept his authorship of the *Journall and Memoirs of P—C— Expedition into Scotland, etc., 1745-6* (Lockhart Papers, Vol. 11 (1817) it would seem likely that he was involved in that campaign. This writer (who was almost certainly Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair (says: "... we were most cheerfully welcom'd by the Duke of Athole to whom some of us had been known in the year 1715" (p. 480). And later, "It was in this neighbourhood that many of our fathers and severalls of us now with the P. fought for the same cause just thirty years ago at the battle of Sheriffmuir." (p. 486).

Probably Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair was a student at Glasgow before the '15 Rising. While there are a fair number of bookish echoes in his classical references to the Muses, Phoebus, etc., there is little else to recall his student days, except a line that will be quoted in a reference

to his use of English loanwords, and an interesting couplet from Oran Rìoghail a' Bhotuill:

'S binne no cluig-chiùil ud Ghlascalha

T' fhuaim le bastal dol sa' chorn

(*Ais-eiridh*, p. 80).

The Rev. T. M. Murchison had shown (*An Gaidheal* (1952), 79) that Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair had probably set two of his songs, *Allt an t-Siucair* and *Oran a' Gheamhraidh*, to airs which used to be played by the chimies in the Tolbooth Steeple at Glasgow Cross, near the old College in the High Street. The poet's reference to "those musical bells of Glasgow" serves to underline Mr. Murchison's conclusion.

Why are there these large lacunae in our knowledge of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's career? Partly, no doubt, because the subject has not been studied thoroughly enough, at any rate in published work. But we may be sure also that much of the relevant material is lost, or was never written down. It seems likely that the surviving body of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's work represents only a fragment of his output, and it is easy to believe that he was no self-important scribbler, noting down biographical details and personal reactions for posterity (although he was prepared to do something of this sort on the express injunction of Bishop Forbes). Nor does he seem to have been a conscientious, or consistent toiler, like the eighteenth century collectors of Gaelic material, James McLagan or Donald McNicol. Certainly he compiled the Gaelic *Vocabulary*, published in 1741, and this represents a spurt of dedicated activity. He also wrote down some of his own poetry: Gaelic MS. 63 in the National Library is in his own hand, and contains a number of his poems; he prepared the first edition of his poems for the press in 1751, and Dr. J. L. Campbell has suggested (*Scottish Gaelic Studies*, IX, 41) that the text of the *Birlinn* recently discovered in the Royal Irish Academy collection goes back to a fair copy of the poem, while the text in the Eig Collection goes back to a rough copy. It may be, then, that to some extent the surviving poetry is what Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair wished to survive. But one would hesitate to press this argument very far.

The conditions in which he lived his life were not conducive to an orderly development or to excessive documentation. He seems to have embarked on matrimony hurriedly, and to have lived, with his growing family, on scant resources. In 1741 he is reported as being absent from his school, having gone from home to provide meal for his family. On one of his several visits to Leith he told Bishop Forbes that "all his effects had been plundered and pillaged". After the '45 he and his wife and children "wandered through hills and mountains

till the act of indemnity appeared, and in the time of their skulking from place to place his poor wife fell with child, which proved to be a daughter, and is still alive" (*The Lyon in Mourning*, I, 354). From 1749 onwards he did not settle for long in any one place, but moved from Canna to Eignaig, and thence to Knoydart, Morar and Arisaig. It is not known when he died: 1770 is sometimes given as the approximate date. He did not have the good fortune of Donnchadh Bàn—to die in Edinburgh.

There is much of the fanatic in Mac Mhaighstir and the life of the fanatic is almost doomed to end in disappointment. The fulfilment of the ambition must always be denied: natural forces prevent systems and societies from conforming to the fanatic's dream. On both the political and the literary planes his ambitions were not fulfilled: the '45 failed, and was followed by repressive measures; he was unable to follow up his publication of 1751 with the anthology he then promised in the Preface. Perhaps at one time he had imagined that he would be a Gaelic Poet Laureate: he had been close to the Prince once, and the Prince might have become King.

What pattern does his verse make? Much of it is public verse, linked to public and political events, and often having a propagandist purpose. This is in the same tradition as Iain Lom, who undoubtedly influenced Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. The greatest public event of the period, in the Highlands, was the '45 Rising, and it was inevitable that this should be his central theme. More than a third of his surviving poems are concerned either directly with the '45 or with the clans which took part, including the Campbells on whom he pours his scorn as scathingly as Iain Lom had done a century earlier, but with a bitter satiric humour which is more effective than Iain Lom's bitterness.

Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's Jacobite crusade was conducted with a religious fervour. In proposing a toast to the Old Pretender he refers to the glass as *a' chailis naomh* "the holy chalice":

Ach ma ta giamh air bith 'nur stamaig

A' chailis naomh na truaill

(*Ais-eiridh*, 51).

Much of his poetry of exhortation has an evangelical flavour, as in this verse from a song made in 1746:

O sheanachaidhnbh nan clann,

Suas deanaibh eachdraidh éifeachdach!

O sheanachaidhnbh san àm,

Glaicibh dubh is peann!

So a' bhliadhna chòrr

An tilg a' ghrian le meadhbhhlàths biadhchar

Gathain chiatach oirn:

Bidh drìchud air bhàrr an fheòir,

Bainn' is mil gun luach, gun mhargaadh,
Airgead agus òr.

(*Ais-eiridh*, 117-8).

The subtle, singing metre in such poems casts a persuasive spell over the mind. One cannot but be struck by the fluency and eloquence of his verse argument, and be the mesmeric quality of the rhythm.

The movement of the stirring rallying song *O hi ri ri, tha e tighinn* is also well suited to its purpose (here I may confess that I find difficulty in agreeing with Dr. J. L. Campbell's doubts that this song is by Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair). Evangelical fervour appears again in *Oran eile do'n Phrionnsa* (i.e. *Hug o lathail o*). The various songs entitled *Brosnachadh gu eirigh le Prionnsa Tearlach* have vigour and fluency, and some heady writing, as in the stanza in which the poet lists some of the earlier battles in which the Gaels had given short shrift to their opponents:

Gur h-ann diùbh Là Bhanocburn
An dug sinn deanna cruaidh;
Is Latha Choille-chnagaidh sin
'N do chrag sinn iad d' an uagh.
(1294 ed., p. 136).

Sometimes the gory details are supplied with great vividness, as in this remarkable verse from *Oran nam Fineachan Gaidhealach*:

'S mór a bhios ri corp-rùsgadh
Nan closaichean sa' bhlàr,
Fithich anns an rocaidh
Ag itealach 's a' cnocaireachd,
Ciocras air na cosgarraich
Ag òl 's ag ith an sàth.
Och! 's tìrsach fann a chluinntir moch-
thraht
Ochanaich nan àr.

(*Ais-eiridh*, 58).

Anger and patriotism often seem to lie behind Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's most stirring and moving verse. No doubt verse of this kind succeeded in its purpose of creating a mood of excitement, of inciting the Gaels to join the Prince's cause, or to fight on once they had joined it. Is the poetry too much thirled to that aim, too utilitarian in its conception, to be good poetry? It is hard to give any absolute or dogmatic answer to this question.

One of the most moving in this whole series of public poems is the poem on the Disclotting Act of 1747. There is an impressive bitter vehemence behind the lines, but one can also sense in them the sadness of approaching disillusionment. Perhaps it is this personal note (so often subdued in Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's poetry) that adds depth to the poem, and releases it from the predominating eloquence and rhetoric of the Jacobite verse in general.

Na no mheala mise casag,
No mo chòta gearr do'n tartan,
Mar h-eil mi toileach a dhol d'a sracadh
Chartadh Dheòrsa Hanòbhar dhachaidh.

Na no mheala mi mo léine,
Gidh h-ì 's blàithe th' orm d'am éideadh,
Mar h-eil mi sanntach a dhol 'ga spéiceadh
A dh'fhògradh Dheòrsa 's a chrunadh Sheum-
cis.

Na no mheala mi mo bhreacan,
M' uile mhaoin, mar sin 's mo phearsa,
Mar h-eil mi toileach an Iobradh 'n ceartuair,
An aobhar an rìgh 's a' cheartais.

An t-anam féin, ga geur ri ràdh e,
Na no mheala mise ràith e,
Mar h-eil mi toileach, le rùn chàirdean,
A dhol 'ga sgiachdadh an aobhar Theàrlaich.

(See *Scottish Gaelic Studies*, IV, 82 for transcription of MS. 63 text.)

(to be concluded.)

The Celtic Congress 1961

Meetings of the Celtic Congress were held in Galway from 14th to 19th August, and were voted a great success both socially and culturally. There was a record attendance, there being about 50 delegates from Scotland alone, and the interest shown in all the proceedings was very gratifying.

A royal welcome was extended to delegates on Monday evening by the Galway Chamber of Commerce. This get-together informally created an auspicious atmosphere, and provided an opportunity at the outset for renewal of acquaintances and linking of new ones.

On Tuesday a visit was paid to the Arran Islands, some 30 miles out in Galway Bay, and entailing a three hours' sail there and back. The day was ideal and the stay on the Islands was a delight. The Gaelic natives shared in the festivities and entered into the free and easy spirit of the visitors.

After church services on Wednesday morning, the Official Opening was staged when addresses of welcome were given by Tiarna Easpoig na Gaillimhe, Gearóid Uas. Mac Phartholáin, Michail Mac Carthaigh, Fintán O Cuagáin (Mayor of Galway), and the President of the Galway Branch. The early afternoon was devoted to addresses on the development of Celtic Studies by speakers from Scotland,

Wales and Brittany. These accounts were highly appreciated. Dr. Annie Mackenzie spoke for Scotland, Bobi Jones for Wales, and M. Per Denez for Briotain na Fraince. A symposium of Celtic Music followed. An t-Athair Oirmh. C.O Scathail led the discussion on Irish Folk Music. Folk Songs of Wales were dealt with by a Welsh lady who illustrated her remarks by singing typical songs feelingly and attractively. May Macmillan and her sister, Helen, did full justice to Scottish Folk Song and Music.

Delegates met in the Ostán C.I.E. Gaillimh for the Congress Dinner Reception at night when representatives of the six Celtic Countries spoke in elegant and humorous vein.

On Thursday morning the National Secretaries outlined activities and linguistic developments in their respective countries: Thereafter an informative lecture on the reforming of Irish Gaelic was delivered by An t-Ollamh Tomas O Maille, professor of Irish in Galway. Discussion followed. The afternoon was devoted to papers on Irish literature and Folk Lore by Dr. Tomas O Broin and An Seabhac. At night a most enjoyable International Concert was held, including vocal and instrumental music and country dancing.

Friday morning was free for shop-gazing and relaxation. In the afternoon three large buses took the delegates through the largely desolate Gaelic districts of Conemara. After a visit to Pearse's holiday home in bygone days a sumptuous tea was provided in a local school, and this was followed by the presentation of two short plays by local actors. For many a day one will carry happy memories of the little boy in one of these plays for his unconcerned and convincing acting. *Bha e fíor mhath.* The return journey to Galway after midnight will remind some of us of the Irishman's contempt for time.

Gilderoy

IN the "Lyric Gems of Scotland" and in a hundred other places there appears a tune entitled "Gilderoy" along with some words selected from a ballad bearing the same name. The tune is without doubt old but the words now associated with it are modern.

Without showing any proof writers on the ballad have claimed it as Scottish. It is true that the song as we now know it is in a Scottish dress, and the hero Gille Roy, hanged at Edinburgh, 1738, along with several of his accomplices, head of a gang of robbers creators of much strife in the north-east Highlands. The

ballad is supposed to be written by his sweetheart.

In none of the accounts connected with this robber's career and trial is he ever referred to as Gille Roy but always as Patrick Roy, nor is any mention made of his wife, if he had one, or of a sweetheart.

The able critic William Motherwell when printing the ballad in his collection took Gilderoy to stand for Gille Roy as those before him had done, yet Motherwell had the clue before his eyes as to who Gilderoy really was. He missed the connection.

It takes some ingenuity to transform Gilderoy into "Gille Roy". There is that stubborn "d" which refuses to budge from its position. To the older etymologists it presented no trouble, they looked the difficulty boldly in the face and marched on, but we are more scientific in these days and the "d" must be accounted for.

The name stands for what it is Gilderoy, that is Gilde-roi, the last element being French roi, king, not Gaelic roy, red. The bearer of the name was a Frenchman, a robber, footpad, and cheat. He is even credited with the picking of Cardinal Richelieu's pocket while he was celebrating High Mass in the King's presence at St. Denis. Knowing the Cardinal's vengeance would be swift he fled to England, where he continued his career of footpad and highwayman. At Barnet, opposite the Green Man Inn, on the Great North Road, stood a very large oak tree behind which tradition relates Gilderoy lay in wait for his victims. This oak was still there about fifty years ago but a search for it drew a blank a few years ago as the area is now all built up. Justice, however, overtook Gilderoy, he was caught, tried and hanged.

Highway robbery led to execution, and the ballad makers always had one ready when a notorious criminal was to be executed. These songs, set to familiar airs, were hawked through the streets the evening before the hanging and among the crowd gathered to witness the event.

Gilderoy was honoured with a ballad, which, however, was couched in a very vulgar strain, and so bad was it that even early eighteenth century editors pruned and toned the words down, so that it is now polished and elegant. Some one, exactly whom is not known, rewrote the ballad as if it was spoken by Patrick Roy's sweetheart, and this is the version usually found in our collections. The words in the older collections vary exceedingly.

The air first appeared in print about 1650, but there is no doubt it is older. D'Urfev gives it in his "Pills to purge Melancholy," 1719, but so badly barred as to make nonsense. Allan Ramsay in his Tea-Table Miscellany

directs the song "Ah, Chloris could I but sit" to be sung to the air "Gilderoy." This song is not by Ramsay but by Sir Charles Sedley and appears in his play "The Mulberry Garden." Since Ramsay's time the tune has appeared in many collections.

In all the collections the tune varies much, being not only ornamented with passing and grace notes, according to the fancy of the editor, but also undergoing radical changes in the melody itself. The air was popular and widespread in England. There are at least four Christmas carols sung to versions of it. It is the air of "The Red Barn or the The Murder of Mariá Martin." Other songs sung to it are "The thresher and the squire," "Cold blows the wind," "Our general, bold captain," and some other folk songs. In Kerr's (Glasgow) Collection of Merry Melodies it is entitled "The shores of Amerikay," the name of an Irish song. Other Irish songs to versions of the air are "Oh, love it is a killing thing," "When first I left old Ireland." Dean Christie gives a fine variant to a sea song "The Minerva," which he collected in Buchan. Chappell gives a version he noted down in the streets of London. It is almost the same as that of Kerr's.

There are three or four other Irish songs sung to variants of Gilderoy than those mentioned above. In Scottish Gaelic the air is claimed as the basis of the tune to Duncan MacIntyre's song to his bride, Màiri Bhàn Og. This air is number 173 in Patrick MacDonald's collection and number 73 in Fraser's. There are no notes in MacDonald but Fraser says the tune was well known in his day. He claims no antiquity for the tune, which is unusual for him.

A history of Gilderoy and his deeds is given in History of notorious highwaymen, etc., London, 1719, and in one or two similar publications. No doubt these accounts of him are highly coloured.

J. E. S.

Gaelic at the Festival

An Comunn made history in staging two very successful functions at this year's Edinburgh International Festival, a Gaelic concert in the Usher Hall on 1st September, and a Gaelic Ceilidh in the Leith Town Hall on 8th September. The remarkable support received from native Gaelic speakers drawn from far and near and from visitors from many countries at both functions augurs well for the inclusion of Gaelic items in future Festivals.

Concert:—Mr. Hugh MacPhee, President of

An Comunn Gaidhealach, who presided, welcomed the large audience and promised a feast of good things. The generous applause after each item provided ample evidence of real appreciation and enjoyment. While it was impossible to do full justice to every type of song in Gaelic a good representative collection was presented.

The artistes, most of whom were past Gold Medallists, were in good form, and did full justice to their contrasting songs. A brief summary of the history and contents of each song given on the official programme helped the listeners to appreciate all the more what was sung. The singing, the Highland and Country Dancing, and the instrumental music provided a first class entertainment. The choral items by the Greenock Gaelic Choir, the Greenock Gaelic Choral Society, the Glasgow G.M. Association, the Edinburgh Gaelic Choir and the Lothian Celtic Choir were highly applauded.

The artistes were:—Rhona Macleod; Donald Macvicar; Iain R. Douglas; Joan Mackenzie; James C. Smith; Florence V. Wilson; Evelyn Campbell; Kenna Campbell; Archie Maclean; Pipe-Major John Maclellan; Jean Campbell, accompanist.

The Royal Scottish Pipers' Society Pipers played traditional airs; The Scottish Official Board of Highland Dancing supplied music for Highland dancing, and the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society played appropriate dance music for the Reel, Medley and Jig.

Ceilidh:—The Leith Town Hall was packed to the door, and the less formal nature of the entertainment made a strong appeal. John M. Bannerman, fear-an-tighe, strove hard to approach the traditional form of ceilidh, but with such a mixed audience this proved difficult. The standard of singing and the great variety of songs rendered proved most popular; the puirt-a-beul and more traditional type were great favourites. To be called upon to perform without previous notice was a characteristic of the old ceilidh. On this occasion, Joan Mackenzie and Donald Ross, whose names did not appear on the programme, responded manfully to the summons of fear-an-tighe and warmed the hearts of all present.

The official artistes were:—Archie Maclean; Aunice Gillies; Carol Galbraith; John Macrae; Catherine Macniven; Neiliann MacIannan; Nina MacCallum; Hugh Macinnes.

The Edinburgh and Lothian Choirs, The Royal Scottish Pipers' Society Pipers, and The Royal Scottish Country Dance Society all gave their support generously. Memories of this homely ceilidh will long linger with us.

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—STIRLING, 1961

Received at Stirling—

Previously acknowledged	£3,003 9 7
The Glasgow Islay Association	10 — —
Proceeds of Concert at Bannockburn per Mrs. J. Buchanan	46 — —
Greenock Gaelic Choir ..	5 — —
The Arran Society of Glasgow	5 — —
Stirling Branch	30 — —
Edinburgh Argyll Association	5 5 —
Manchester Branch per Mrs. MacCallum	42 5 6
Proceeds of Ceilidh and Dance, Blackbull, Gartmore	24 16 6
Proceeds of Ceilidh—Golden Lion Hotel, Stirling	9 16 11
Proceeds of Share of Dance Golden Lion Hotel, Stirling	25 5 —
Mrs. Robertson	1 — —
Net Proceeds of Mod Bazaar	472 19 11
Ceilidh at Kinlochard, per Mrs. M. MacGregor and Mrs. Laing	28 18 6
Dingwall Branch	3 3 —
Skelmorlie & District Highland Association	2 2 —
Ceilidh at Perth organised by Mr. & Mrs. Ian MacLeish	10 — —
Edinburgh Southern Association	2 2 —
D. Ferguson & Son, Gartmore	2 8 —
Gartmore Ceilidh	1 14 —
Collected by East District Treasurer at Braco	366 7 10
	<hr/> £4,097 13 9

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	<hr/> 212 7 11
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AN GAIDHEAL

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Leabhar LVI

AN T-SAMHUIN, 1961

Aireamh 11

AM MOD

THA Mòd eile nis air ar cùl. Saoilidh sinn nach bicdh e seach an rathad aig an am-sa sùil as ùr a thoirt air buaidh is luach A' Mhòid anns gach oidhirp a tha sinn mar Ghaidheil a' deanamh o chionn icmadh bliadhna gu bhith a' dion ar n-òighreachd. Facadh nach lorgar buaidh chòir sam bith an cois A' Mhòid Nàiseanta ann a bhith cur maille air an t-seargadh a rinn gréim air a' Ghàidhlig mar chaint na dachaidh anns a' Ghaidheal tachd. Ma tha Gàidhlig beò, fallain air bilean an t-sluaigh an diugh ann an ceàrn-aidh sam bith chan eil sinn fo chomain ro mhór do na tha gabhail àite aig A' Mhòd, ann an aon seagh co-dhiùbh. Nach eil e fìor gu leòr gun cuireadh e iongnadh oirn nan cluinnadh sinn a' Ghàidhlig air a cleachdadh gu dàna, neo-eisimeileach aig cuirmean A' Mhòid Nàiseanta? An àite a bhith sgairteil leatha mar bu chòir is ann a gheibhear mòran bog, balbh. Anns a' Chuimrigh agus an Eirinn, air an làimh eile, tha an cànan Ceilteach a' faighinn a' chiad àite, agus àite mór, anns gach gnòthach a bhios a' dol air adhart aig na cuirmean aca. Is coma leis an luchd-labhairt anns na dùthchannan sin cò a bhios an làthair nach tuig an còmhradh—bicdh sin orrasan!

Gun teagamh tha co-fharpuisean aig A' Mhòd a chum a bhith brosnachadh luchd sgrìobhaidh is luchd aithris gu bhith cur an gnìomh na tàlanta a tha aca. Ach cò tha 'g èisdeachd riutha, agus cò a tha faighinn math an saothrach? Chunntadh tu air do mheuran, mar is trice, na thig a dh'èisdeachd ri sgialachd mhath Ghàidhlig air a deagh aithris, ri ros

air a leughadh gu tuigseach, coimhlionta, na ri bàrdachd air a liubhairt gu fearail, drùidh-teach. Chan eil a dhìth air na Gaidheil as aithne dhuinne ach ceòl is sùgradh gun dragh.

Tha sinn ro thoilichte gu bheil mòran ann a tha air an tàladh le òrain mhath Ghàidhlig; chan eil dad ceàrr air an sin. Tha fios gu bheil gach deasachadh a tha air a dheanamh air cloinn agus air gach còisir beag na mór fa chomhair gach Mòid 'na chuideachadh math ann a bhith dìon agus a' neartachadh cor na Gàidhlig anns gach àite far a bheil an obair sin a' dol air adhart. Ach bhiodh sinn buileach toilichte a bhith faicinn luchd labhairt is luchd èisdeachd Ghàidhlig a' dol an lionmhorachd. Chan eil sin a' tachairt idir.

Tha e cinnteach gu leòr gu bheil An Comunn an crochadh gu mór air A' Mhòd Nàiseanta agus na Mòdan Ionadail mar na meadhanan as èifeachdaiche a tha aca gu bhith toirt gu buil an obair a ghabh iad os làimh. Faodaidh gu bheil dòighean eile ann bu freagarraiche agus bu bhuaidhaiche air nach d'fhuaradh lorg fhathast.

Chan eil sinn làn chinnteach gu bheil buaidh mhór an cois A' Mhòid ann a bhith gleidheadh 's a' daingneachadh dòigh-beatha nan Gaidheal 'nan tìr fhéin, agus cha mhòtha tha e comasach dhuinn a ràdh gur h-e a' mhuinntir as trice a chithear aig A' Mhòd as dluite a tha leantainn ri clù an sinnsre. Biodh sin mar a bhios e, ach so dà ni a tha fìor:—

1. Is math is fhìach Am Mòd Nàiseanta a bhith air a chumail bliadhna an dèidh bliadhna. So féisd chiùil ion-mhiannaichte aig a bheil

tàladh mór air Gaidheil gu bhith tional an ceann a chèile dh'fhaotainn toilinntinn gun lochd, a dh'fhaighinn ùrachadh is neartachadh eòlais air càch a chèile, a lorg ann an tomhas bheag na mhór gnè agus luach an dìleib, agus a gheurachadh ath-chuimhne uair sa' bhliadhna gu bheil nithean ann as luachmhoire na òr a theid am mugha.

Tha Am Mòd do'n t-saoghal mhór mar uinneig troimh am faigh iad sealladh taitneach air uaisleachd ar cànan, 'na h-òrain agus 'na ceòl. Mur biodh e bhiodh mìlseachd ar fonn agus grinneas ar n-òran air chall air a' mhòr-shluagh.

2. A rithist, cha bhiodh e an comas A' Chomuinn Ghàidhealach a bhith cur air adhart nan nithean airson na stéidhicheadh e air tùs mur b' e an còmhnaidh a tha tighinn gach bliadhna

an cois oidhirpean A' Mhòid. Am measg nithean eile tha feum air leabhrachean Gàidhlig, agus gu sònraichte air leabhrachean sgoile. Is e An Comunn a tha deasachadh a' chuid as motha dhiubh, agus is ann le airgead A' Mhòid a tha a' chosgais air a coinneachadh. Mur biodh saothair is uallach A' Chomuinn is gann a chite labhair Gàidhlig ann am bith an dùbh. Tha ultach de òrain bhlasda Ghàidhlig agus de fhuinn thiamhaidh agus aighearach ann an clò nach biodh idir am follas nan robh An Comunn Gàidhealach 'na thàmh.

Tha an Comunn agus Am Mòd cho toinnte 'na chèile airson ùine cho fada a nis agus nan leigte seachad Am Mòd chailte cuimhne air A' Chomunn. Chan eil teagamh nach eil gu leòr ann a tha de'n bheachd gur h-e Am Mòd An Comunn.

ORAIÐ A' CHINN-SUIDHE

AMHNATHAN is a dhaoim' uaisle—Fàilte, mìle fàilte oirbh uile. Tha sinn uile air tighinn còmhla an nochd gu bhì ag cur an cèill ar spéis do'n chànan sin a tha mar chomharradh daingeann air ar daoine troimh na linntean bho thùs ar n-eachdraidh. Tha i a nis an earbsa ruinne agus 's e 'cheist a tha f'ar comhair an diugh agus a dh'fheumas sinn a fhreagairt—am bheil sinn mothachail air meud ar dleasdanas d'a taobh? Tha cunntas an t-sluaigh a fhuair sinn bho chionn ghoirid a' leigeil ris gu soilleir gu bheil àireamh na muinntir a tha dileas do'n Ghaidhlig a' dol an lughaidh gach bliadhna mar a thig. Tha iomadh aobhar air a sin agus tha sinn buailteach air a bhith a' cur a' mhòr-chuid de'n choire air cion ghoireasan agus gach ana-cothrom eile a tha a' tighinn an luib sin.

Cha ghabh e àicheadh gu bheil suidheachadh na Gaidhealtachd ag co-èigneachadh mòran gu dol air imrich an tòir air sochairean a' bhaile mhòir far am faigh iad cosnadh cinnteach is far am faigh an teaghlach cothrom a bharrachd gu an lòn a chothachadh. Ach, mar a tha'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh—"Chan ann am Bòid uile tha'n t-òle"—agus is fìor gu bheil roinn de'n choire againn fhéin. Chan eil sinn cho eudmhor no cho dealasach as leth na cànaire is a dh'fhacadamaid a bhith. Tha a leigheas fhéin aig gach neach, ach tha'n galar a' dol na's mìosa.

Am measg gach lethsgèul a chluinnear, agus sin gu tric, theirear gur e cor na Gàidhlig gnothach a bhuineas do'n Chomuinn Ghaidhealach agus fàgar a' chùis mar sin. Ach, a chàird-ean, mar a tha fìos agaibh uile, cha seachainn neach sam bith a dhleasdanas le bhith a' cur

sin mar uallach air neach eile no air Comunn sam bith.

Is fhada bho'n a bhuin An Comunn Gaidhealach ris a' ghnòthach so. Chan e mhàin gu'n do ghabh An Comunn gnothach ri suidheachadh na cànaire ach bhuin e mar an ceudna ri staid na Gaidhealtachd. Faodaidh sinn uail a ghabhail anns na rinn An Comunn agus an t-àite a thigeadh dhith a bhith aig a' Ghàidhlig, agus uail cuideachd airson gach tagradh a rinn An Comunn a chum leas muinntir na Gaidhealtachd.

Sheas An Comunn còir na Gàidhlig an uair nach robh na càirdean ach tearc. Nach bu tric a chuala sinn bho ar pàrantan mar a bhuineadh riutha na'n cluinnteachd iad a' labhairt san aon chànan a bh' aca san sgoil? Bha e air a dhinneadh anna bho'n òige nach robh anns a' Ghàidhlig ach cainnt bhorb, gun fheum, gun stàth, a chuireadh grabadh orra 'nan dol a mach air feadh an t-saoghail. Dh'fhalbh an latha sin agus nach mór an t-atharrachadh a tha ri fhiosrachadh a nis! Clann na sgoile ann an Siorramachd Inbhir-Nis aig a bheil a' Ghàidhlig mar chaint mhàthaireil a bhith 'gan teagas is 'gan treòrachadh anns a' chànan as ìnèar a thigheas iad. Tha ar taing aig an deagh Ghaidheal, an t-Ollamh Iain Mac'Illeathain, Fear-stiùiridh an Fhoghlum, airson sin. Nachdameid ar buidheachas dha. Ach, cha tachradh sin mar a b'e mar a bha An Comunn a' strì gun laseachadh as leth na Gàidhlig.

B'e An Comunn, le còmhnaidh bho na h-Eaglaisean, agus càirdean ùghdarrasach, a

dhaingnich ann an lagh na Rìoghachd a h-àite dhigheach a bhith aig a' Ghaidhlig anns na sgoilean far a bheil i mar chainnt an t-sluaigh. Is gann leabhar teagaisg nach b'ann fo làimh agus air cosgais a' Chomuinn a chaidh a chlàdh-bhualadh agus tha An Comunn ris a sin fhathast. Gu dearbh, tha comhairle air a bheil Ard Oidean foghlum na Gàidhlig 'sna h-Ard Oilthighean a' beachdachadh air faclair ùr Gàidhlig a chur an taigse dhaoine a bhitheas, ma thig e gu buil, na's coimhlionta na aon a chlàdh-bhualadh fhathast.

Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a shaoileadh iad-san a stéidhich An Comunn gu'n tigeadh an latha, mar a thàinig bho chionn mìos air ais, 'sam biodh cùirmean-ciùil againn ann an Gàidhlig a' lìonadh na tallachan as motha an Dun Eideann a mach air an doras agus a bheireadh riarachadh agus tlachd do mhòran á dùthchannan eile a tha fiosrach an ceòl.

Is mise tha dearbhte gur beag a shaoileadh iad-san a bha ann an Còisir-Chiùil Eaglais Chaluim Chille, bho chionn còrr is trì fichead bliadhna is a deich air ais, gu'm fiosraicheadh sin, oir thubhairteadh riutha gu'm bu dàna dhoibh feuchainn ri Cuirm-Chiùil gu h-iomlan an Gàidhlig a chumail ann an Talla a' Bhaile, an Glaschu. Cha deach a' leithid de rud feuchainn riamh roimhe. Bha muinntir a' bhaile an coitcheannas, agus mòran Ghaidheil 'nam measg, cho tàireil mu'n Ghaidhlig aig an am sin, gur beag dùil a bh' aig neach sam bith gu'n soirbhicheadh leis an oidhirp.

Is cinnteach gur mòr an gàirdeachas a rinn muinntir na Còisire an uair a fhuair iad na dhìol a' chosgais dhoibh is beagan a bharrachd. Nach mòr an t-atharrachadh gu dearbh! Theagamh gu'n abair sibh nach eil an sin uile ach seann eachdraidh ach, a chàirdean, cha toirinn mar fhreagairt dha sin ach briathran an t-sean-fhacail: "Is searbh a' ghloir ris nach fhaodar éisdeachd." Tha e 'na thomhas dhuinn co-dhùibh air meud an adhartais a rinneadh.

A thaobh crannchur ar daoine, chan eil is cha bhì ceangal sam bith aig A' Chomuinn ri buidheann sam bith a tha ag agairt creud Pàrlamaid, ach chan eil e ach iomchuidh gu'n leiginn ris dhuibh nach eil An Comunn idir riarachta leis mar a tha cùisean air feadh na Gàidhealtachd. An uraidh thaghadh còmhlan a chaidh gu oifis Rùnair na Stàide gu bhith a' leigeil ris dha cho iomchuidh is a tha e gu'm biodh guth a' Ghaidheil ri chluinntinn anns gach tagradh a tha na Comhairlean a tha a' toiri earail dha mu na tha cubhaidh dha a dheanamh gu bhì a' leasachadh cor na Gàidhealtachd.

Leis a sin tha mi'n dòchas gu'n tuig sibh is

gu'n toir daoine fa-near nach eil An Comunn idir 'na thàmh. 'S e a' choire as motha a gheibhinn-sa dha nach eil gu leòr de dh' airgead againn gu bhith a' deanamh na bu mhath leinn.

Tha aon rud sònruichte a bu mhath leam a chur f'ar comhair. Tha sinn an so aig a' Mhòd agus le ar làthaireachd a' cur an cèill is a' deanamh follaiseach ar spéis do'n Ghaidhlig. Nach e sin a tha 'na aobhar is 'na stéidh do'n Mhòd? Mar sin, nach e ar dleasdanas eiseimpleir a thoirt air cho fìor 's a tha ar spéis dhith le bhith a' labhairt ri càch a chéile ann an Gàidhlig. Cha chumar beò i le bhith 'ga moladh anns a' Bheurla.

Bu mhath leam-sa gu'n nochdamaid ar dlseachd dhith anns an aon dòigh a tha a chum stàth sam bith agus is e sin a bhith 'ga cleachdadh ri càch a chéile aig gach cothrom. Ma nithear sin, chan e màin aig a' Mhòd ach aig gach am is gach uair air feadh na bliadhna uile, bheir sin beothalachd agus togail do'n chànan againn. Mhìsnicheadh agus bhrosnaicheadh sin iad-san a tha meadh-bhlàth aig an tigh agus o'n tigh. Na'n deanamaid sin rachadh againn air a' Ghaidhlig a chumail gu slàn fallain gu'n cnuicheadh sam bith eile ach cuideachadh nan càirdean leis an ionmhuinn i. 'S e cion cleachdaidh am measg a daoine fhéin a tha 'ga cur fodha.

Tha mi cinnteach gur e an neach a tha làn mhothachail gur e a dhleasdanas a bhith dileas, seasmhach d'a chànan, an neach a choimhlionas a dhleasdanas d'a dhùthaich. Bith-eamaid dileas dhith agus nochdamaid le'r cainnt is le'r giùlan gu bheil sinn airidh air na theagaisg ar n-athraichean dhuinn. Cuimhnicheadh gur Gaidheil sinn!

Mo Dhurachd

Le suigeart is aibh dh'fhalbhainn an dràs'd
Gu tìr mo chàirdean is m' èblais,
Gu tìr nam beann àrd' is dachaidh nan sàr,
Is tìr nan aibhnichean bòidheach.

Chithinn na coillean sam biodh na h-èoin
A' seinn 's a' beadradh le suaimhneas,
Chithinn na fuarain an creachan nam beann
'S fo sgàile nam barrach uaine.

Ach eadar mi fhìn is muinntir mo dhàimh
Tha uisgeachan mòr' a' beucadh,
Tha frithean is beanntan sgapt air gach taobh
Is coillean dlùt' ag éirigh.

I. NìCAOIDH.

“ATH-LEASACHADH”

BHA mi fhéin agus nábuídh bun-na-h-ursainn agam, Dómhnall cóir, an déidh an ionnairidh a chur seachad a' còmhradh a null 's a nall mu chor an t-saoghail, agus a' cnuasachd mar a bu' fheàrr a b' aithne dhuinn na dòighean a bh' fhreagarraiche airson an t-saoghail a chur ceart. Bha sinn aonaichte gu leòir gur e dall da rìreadh, agus duine gun eanachainn 'na cheann nach lorgadh gu leòir de nithean dochair anns an là anns a bheil sinn beò, gu h-àraidh anns an àl òg a bha 'g éirigh suas o bha sinne 'nar balaich. Agus cha robh fear seach fear againne gun an dà chuid, fradharc agus eanachainn. Cò b' fhaide agus bu doimhne chitheadh na sinn, agus càite faighte fear a bheireadh breith far nach grunna'cheadh sinne le chéile. Air an aobhar sin cha robh sinn a' faicinn dad ceàrr nach robh 'nar làn chomas a chur ceart nam faigheadh sinn daoine dh' éisdeadh ruinn. Ach sin far an robh a' cheisd.

“Nach iongantach”, arsa mo charaid rium fhéin, “cho tearc 's a tha iad 'nar measg an diugh, agus anns a' bhaile as fhaisge, a dh' éisdeas ri comhairle a' ghliocais no chreideas gur aithne dhuitsa nithean a tha'n dubhar orrasan, no gu bheil iocshlaint agadsa air a' ghalair a dh'fhairtlich orra fhéin”. “Sin e dìreach” arsa mise, “thug thu na facail as mo bheul ach dé dh' iarrar air sluaigh an là an diugh, nach eil iad mar a tha iad?”

Chuir sinn beachdan chàich air chùl an oidhche ud, agus mheas sinn suarach an oidhirpean air gnothuichean an t-saoghail a leasachadh, agus lean sinn fad na h-ionnairidh mar a dh' ainmich mi a' réiteach 'nar mac-meanmna na bha cli agus cha b'e sin am beag.

'S ann dìreach nuair a sheas mise an ceann a' làir airson tilleadh dhachaidh 's a' ghealach air dol fodha, 's gun fhios nach biodh bean an tighe 'gam ionndrainn, 's ann an uair sin a thòisich Dómhnall gu socair, sàmhach, “Stad ort”, arsa esan, “cha do dh' innis mi riamh dhuit,” thubhairt e rium 'se toirt dhomh an stùil air an robh e fhéin 'na shuidhe agus e sparradh a dhà làimh 'na phòcaidean chon nan uillnean, “cha do dh' innis mi riamh dhuit mar a dh' fh' sgail mi fhéin agus dithis eile air an robh mi eòlach o m' òige ceisdean do nach d' fhuair na chaidh romhainn freagairt, agus nach tuig na thig as ar déidh. Tha ùine nis o thach-air e ach cha d' thuirt mi facal ri duine beò mu dhéidhinn gus an nochd. Chan eil fh' s agam fhathast cionnus a dhùsg smaoin cho cud-thromach an inntinn an triùir aig an aon am, agus chan urrainn dhomh a thuigsinn cionnus a dh' eirm's sinn, gun ar comhairle chur r'a chéile roimh làimh air tigh mo sheanar mar àite

tional gu bhith beachdachadh air nithean cho deatamach agus cho susbainteach. Ach sud far na choinnich sinn mu mheadhon oidhche agus càch 'nan cadal.

Chuir sinn fad mu'n teine agus shuidh sinn t' mcheall air gu gairm a' choilich a' cur an t-saoghail air dòigh, dìreach mar a bha mi fhéin 's tu fhéin an nochd. 'Se sin an dearbhadh ni a thug gu mo chuimhne e aig an àm'.

“Gabh air d' adhart”, arsa mise, “agus cabhag orm. Greas ort mus fhaic mi an té tha feitheamh an dorus an tallain air mo thòir”. “Shuidh sinn mu'n teine mar a dh' innis mi”, arsa esan, “agus thòisich fear an déidh fir a' toirt a bheachd fhéin air : m aon dòigh anns an gabhadh na bha ceàrr a chur ceart. Mar tha fios agad fhéin glé mhath, chan eil athadh aig Coinneach Bàn ro dhuine geal. Bheireadh e a bheachd do'n rìgh gun sochair gun mhaile. 'S esan a bhruidhinn an toiseach”. “Tha mi deimhinnte” arsa Coinneach “nach tig an là anns am bi sìth air an talamh, agus riarachas is adhartas am measg dhaoine gus an caill am fear an t-ùghdarras a ghlac e o'n cheud là agus a dhleas e mar chòir gus an là an diugh. O chruthaicheadh an duine an toiseach nach e am fear ceann na mnatha, agus nach e dh' fheumas a bhith air ceann gach gnothuich uasal no ìosal, co-dhùbbh is aithne dha a ghnòthuich no nach aithne. Agus nach eil a' bhuil. Tha na bha ceart a' dol ceàrr agus na bha ceàrr a' dol nas miosa gach là. An àite sonas agus sa-risa a bhith tighinn, mar a ghealladh, nach ann a tha mì-riarachadh a' sgaioleadh 's a' sgaioleadh. Cha tig leasachadh gu bràth gus an tilgear am fear a nuas bhàrr na cathrach, agus an crùnair 'na àite an té a dh' ionnsaich coiseachd dha air tùs, a bheathaich e 's a dhian e, agus a roinn ris eòlas agus gràdh a cridhe”.

Thug Murchadh Beag sùil air Coinneach, agus thug e sin sùil ormsa, a' crathadh a chinn, ach cha dubhairt e biog. Cha do leig Coinneach air gu faca e, ach lean e air adhart. “Innsidh mi rud eile”, arsa esan, “bu chòir atharrachadh. An àite a bhith cur cis thom air òl is tombaca agus air nithean fèumail eile gu bhith tional airgid na rìoghachd, chuirinn-se cis air gach facal amaideach agus gach cleachdadh truaigh a tha cho lionmhor 'nar là. Ann an cùrsa na bliadhna bheireadh sin a steach airgead gun chrìoch”.

“Cò”, arsa mi fhéin air mo shocair, “a chumadh lorg air a h-uile facal diomhain agus air gach amaideas ris am bi òigrìdh an diugh?” “Nach eil constabuil againn”, fhreagair e, “anns gach baile, e 's iad air an deagh phàigh-

eadh, gun mórán aca 'ga dheanamh. Nach math a dh'fhaodadh iadsan a bhith dol timcheall le telebhisions. Tha iad ag inneadh dhómhsa, an fheadhainn aig am bheil iad, gu faic agus gun cluinn iad a h-uile ni tha dol air adhart. Agus mus sguir mi, canaidh mi so cuideachd. Bu chòir feadhainn mar sinne a tha call a' chadail a' coimhead as déidh gnothuichean dhaoine eile tuarsadal suidhichte fhaighinn. Bhiodh sin beag gu leòir dhuinn'.

Rinn sud a' chùis le Murchadh. Cha b' urrainn e éisdeachd na b' fhaide. "Ud! Ud! a' Choinnich", ars esan, "nach tu tha air thu fhéin a chall. Tha mi'n dòchas nach cluinn an t-éildear facal a thuir thu an so an nochd. Bheireadh tusa riaghladh an tìge agus comhairle na rìoghachd do na boirionnaich'.

"Bheireadh am màireach fhéin", fhreagair Coinneach, "agus cha b' fhada gus am faiceadh tusa sìth is rian air an talamh nan tachradh sin'."

"Rian agus sìth far eil na boirionnaich a' riaghladh", arsa Murchadh, "cò chuala riamh a leithid?"

"Nach eil fhios agad", thuir Coinneach a rithis, "gur fhada o fhuair iad riaghladh an fhir agus an teaghlach anns an dachaidh, agus nach eil thu faicinn le do dhà shùil gur e sin an t-aon àite anns am bheil sìth is rian is adhartas an diugh. Muigh anns an t-saoghal mhór far eil na fir a' riaghladh chan fhaigh thu ach mì-rian is mort is milleadh'."

'S ann a ghabh Murchadh eagal gu robh rud-eigin an ceann Choinnich nach robh gu math, co-dhùibh 'se còrr na bliadhn' ùire no rud bu mhiosa na sin, cha b' urrainn dha thuigsinn, ach air eagal gun tìgeadh an tuilleadh amaideis as a bheul, thionndaidh a rium fhéin ag ràdh: "Dé do bheachd-sa a Dhòmhnail? 'Se duine tuigseach, geur-chuiseach a th' annadsa, agus tha deagh fhios agam nach eil thu gus an so gun a bhith cnuasachadh gu domhain agus gu minic air suidheachadh an t-saoghal uile anns a bheil sinn beò, agus ma tha thu coltach ris na daoine o'n d' thàinig thu chan eil thu gun làn earbsa agad anns na beachdan a th' agad. Nach e do sheanair air taobh do mhàthar a bha 'g ràdh nach fhaca e riamh duine a chuireadh e air thoiseach air fhéin? Seadh mata, dé tha thusa ag ràdh?"

"Bha mo sheanair a dh' ainmich thu glé mhath 'na là, agus tha seanair agam an ceann eile an tìge nach eil ceum air dheireadh. Ach 'se tha na dubh-cheisdean a tha againn an nochd ag iarraidh inntinn fharsuing, bhreithneachail gu bhith 'gam fuasgladh. Is fhada o thug mise glé mhath dé tha ceàrr air sloigh an domhain, agus tha fios agam cionnus a chuirear na nithean a tha ceàrr ceart nam faighinn duine dh' éisdeadh rium. Ach chan fhaigh, chan eil a' chiall sin aca'."

"Agus dé 'n dòigh tha sin?" arsa Murchadh. "Tha dìreach an toil fhéin a leigeil leis gach sean is òg, gach frionn is boirionn. Tha cus laghannan anns an t-saoghal an diugh. Tha 'dean sud 's na dean so, fàg so agus gabh sud' a' dùsgadh an droch spioraid a tha 'na chadal an cridhe gach neach. Seall air na beathaichean, chan eil lagh orra, agus 's ann ainneamh a théid iad a mach air a chéile'."

"A thoil fhéin do gach duine! An e sud a thuir thu? 'S mi a thagh a' chuideachd an nochd. An dara fear ag iarraidh an t-ùghdarras gu léir a thoirt do na mnathan, agus am fear eile ag iarraidh a thoil fhéin fhàgail aig na h-uile. Tha thìde agamsa bhith falbh dhachaidh mus éirich nas miosa dhomh'."

"Tha mise ag inne dhuit, a Mhurchaidh, nach tig an là thig an duine gu chiall gus am faigh e thoil fhéin an toiseach, agus an téid e mach do'n t-saoghal far an coinnich e daoine eile 's an toil fhéin aca, gach fear a' deanamh mar is àill leis, a' dheasadh 's a' glacadh mar is miann leis. 'S ann an uair sin a thuigead e nach eil an saoghal farsuing gu leòir airson daoine air an toil fhéin buileach, nach eil sìth no fois no tearuinteachd ann dha. 'S ann an uair sin a chreideas e gu bheil feum air maighstir as fheàrr na e fhéin a threoraicheas e gu glé agus gu ceart. Gus am faigh an duine maighstir air a chridhe fhéin bidh nàimhdean a stigh a dhùisgeas aimhreit a muigh'."

"Dé thachras," arsa Coinneach, "mus fhaigh daoine gu leòir de'n toil fhéin? Na smaoinich thu air an sin?"

"Tachraidh dìreach so. Bidh gach neach cho searbh de bheatha 's nach iarr e gu bràth tuilleadh a bhith beò far nach eil cìs no lagh'."

Bha Murchadh 'na thosd car ùine, a' druid-eadh a bheòil agus a dhà làimh mu cheann, 'se feuchainn ni-eigin a thuigsinn de na bha mi ciallachadh. Mu dheireadh dh' fhuasgail e dhà shùil agus ag amharc suas a dhruim an tìge thuir e: "Chan eil teagamh agam nach éisd iad ri do shearmon anns an eilean-sa, ach air feadh na rìoghachd far nach eil iad a' cluinntinn searmon as fhìach an t-saothair fad am beatha cha toir iad bonn-a-ochd air na thuir thu. 'S ann a ni iad gàire fàire ort agus dé mu dheidhinn cinnich bhorba an domhain? An éisd na Ruiseanaich dubha, na h-Eiphitich, agus Buidheanaich bheaga Shìna ri d' amaideas? Ma chreideas tu sin creididh tu gur e càise tha sa' gheallaich? 'Cluinnidh sinn do bheachd fhéin a réisd', fhreagair an d' thig againne a beul a chéile. Sheas Murchadh air a chasan, 'ga shineadh fhéin gach òirleach dhe chòig troighean is trì òirlich—agus gu sgariteil thug e sin dhuinn.

"Chuala mi sibh le chéile", ars esan, "agus chan eil mise ag ràdh nach robh là ann anns a

measadh iad glic na thuir sibh, ach 's fhada o dh' fhalbh an là sin.

An tuilleadh ùghdarras do na mnathan, tha Coinneach ag iarraidh. An cuala e riamh an rud a theagaisgeadh dhuinne 'nar cloinn, gur ann leotha thàinig màthair an uile a steach do'n t-saoghal an toiseach. Nach do rinn iad call gu leòir le sin gun an tuilleadh cothrom thoirt dhaibh?

An toil fhéin do na h-uile, tha Dòmhnall a' moladh, chum 's gu'n ionnsaich iad air an cosg fhéin dé tha freagarrach is ceart'. Ach 'se tha Murchadh ag ràdh so. "Deanaibh ri muinntir an ath bhaile agus ri sluagh na rìoghachd againn fhéin mar a thogras sibh, ach thugaibh dhòmhsa boms mhóra Ameriga airson am frasadh mu chluasan nan Ruiseanach agus nan cinneach fiadhaich eile dh' ainmich mi. Cha dean dad eile an cur 'nan tàmh ach sin. Ni fras an de na balaich sin pronnadh nam meanbh-chuileag orra, agus gheibheadh an saoghal cartadh math agus fois".

Leis na faacil sin dh' éirich Murchadh air a' chorra-bìod agus bhuail e buille le dhòrn air an dreasair. Leis a' bhrag a thug e dhùisg am fear a bha shuas anns a' chùlaist agus le glaoth nan creach leum e mach as a leabaith 'se an dùil gur e manadh a bhàis a bha e cluinn-tinn aig an teine.

Dhùisg mise cuideachd agus dh' aithnich mi gur e brудар a bh' agam, còrsa de throm laighe, agus thuig mi gu robh giomach mhór Bhearnaraidh a dh' ith mi air mo shuipeir ro-làidir air mo shon.

"Thu fhéin 's do ghiomach! Nach sibh a bh' ann a Hiort le chéile. An iongnadh mise ach ag éisdeachd cho furachail ri sgeul na firinne mar a shaoil leam 'nam amadan 's chan ann ri uirsgeul cadail. 'S ann a bhios am boma a' feitheamh ormsa ma gheibh mi dhachaidh an nochd".

S.D.T.

An t-Slabhraidh

A' chiad duais aig a' Mhòd

Thug rinn na spaide gliong nuair bhuaill i cruas,

'S mi ruamhar fuinn air gairtean buan na cròic Bha 'n talamh beò, is b' iongnadh leam r' a luaidh

Mar dhùisg mi as a' chluain an t-slabhraidh bhreidit'.

Thog mi faicleach i, le iomadh smuain A' sruthadh bho'n mhac-meanmnain luath gun treòir;

Shaoileam gu robh iomadh diomhaireachd ri' fuaight' Nach fhacdainn fhuasgladh ged b'e sin mo dheòin.

Nam bithinn fileanta mar bhàrd nan rann, Na briathran faisg dhomh, 's brìgh mo smuain d'a réir, Lùginn a chur an céill an cainnt neo-ghann A liuthad bann nach fhuasglar dhomh fo'n ghréin.

A liuthad ceist nach mìnchear a chaoidh, Air nach eil buaidh aig eanchainn chloinn nan daoin'; A mhaireas diomhair gus ar cridh' a chlaoidh A' strì ri freagairt, 's gun am freagradh saor.

Cha robh 'nam làimh ach slabhraidh aosda bhreun, A chunnaic latha b'fheàrr 's a chail a cli; Spùin rèim na h-aimsir grinneas bhuaip' is feum, 'S thug dreach na meirge caochladh air a lì.

Ionann leam a cor ri càs an t-saogh'l, Ri càs mo dhùthcha is mo dhaoine fhéin; Bha uair nach fhaichte air a siubhal gaoid, Ach a nis, mar sinne, bha i chaochladh gné.

Bha tuar na meirg' a' truaillleadh mo dhà làimh, 'S mi laimhseachadh gach dul le meòirean caomh', Eagal 's gum briseadh iad o chéil' 's nach fhaighte slàn An t-iarmaid dh'fhàgadh de'n an t-slabhraidh aosd'.

Shaoileam gu robh diomhaireachd àrsaidh rithe fuaight'.

Dé b'fheum dhi no co as a thàinig i bho thùs?

Am fac i cothachadh is triall nan iomadh àl Mun do chnàmh a neart le seacadh anns an ùir?

'S iongantach mur robh i uair de chruaidh na Spàinn,

A dhealbhadh ann an neart 's nach toireadh géill

Mun do chinnich gaiseadh, le cion suim is tàir,

Thug laigs' is meirg is breothadh leis 'na cheum.

Co-ionann sin 's ar daoine troimh gach linn. An tùs ar sinnsir bha iad dìreach slàn,

Ach shiòlaich gaoid a spùin an uile chli 'S a dh'fhàg iad meata, balbh gun chomas spàirn.

'S e sin a' chuibhrionn fhuair a' Ghàidhlig chòir;

Dh'fhàg cion na diù i seachte breun 'nar linn:

Bha uair a chualas i an cùirt Chinn Mhòir; An diugh cha chluinnear i ach tearc 'nar tir.

Co-ionann ris an t-slabhraidh ud a dhùisg mo smuain

Chaill i a smuais nuair theothaich dhi mi-rùn; Chinnich a' mheing is leigheas dhi cha d' fhuair,

Chaill i a buaidh gu neo-chiontach san ùir.

Mun do theasd gach smuain a ghluais san aigne bheò

Bha fa mo chomhair sealladh air mo dhaoir'— Am faileasan tighinn eadar mi 's an tòic De dh'iarann meirgeach fòtusach ri m' thaobh.

Chuir mi na ceistean ris na tinnean balbh' Nach b'urrainn freagairt libhrigeadh gu rèidh,

Ach a dh'fhan 'nan tosd le clos an tir nam marbh,

Is mise strì ri fosgladh chur an céill.

(*r' a leantainn*)

IAIN A. MAC A' PHEARSAIN.

Boireannach Neonach

Le MORAG NICHOMHNAILL

Shios anns a' mhachair a tha aig ceann a tuath a' bhaile againn tha bothan beag geal agus anns a' bhothan sin tha cailleach aosda fuireach. Chan eil fhios aig duine dé cho ceann 's a tha i, ach tha i seachad air ceithir fichead bliadhna co-dhiùbh. Chan eil aithne aig duine mu'n cuairt air a sinnsearan, no co as a thàinig i no cuin a thàinig i do'n bhaile againn, ach tha i an sud gu sunndach agus bithidh airson iomadh bliadhna fhathast.

Tha a falt liath, riobach, ach a h-uile samhradh bithidh blàthan 'g a sgeadachadh. Tha a h-eadach glé sgiobalta, tha a brògan fasanda ged tha an tigh làn dhamhan-allaidh. Tha fios agam a chionn gun robh mo sheanamhair eòlach oirre agus bhithheadh sinn a' dol air chéilidh. Air uairean bheireadh i sinn gu seòmar beag aig cùl an tìge, agus anns an t-seòmar sin bha botail agus tubaichean, agus chunnaic mi cat mór dubh ann a chuir beagan eagail orm. Bha an òigridh a' cumail a mach gur e buidseach a bha innte agus gum bhithheadh i ri rudan neònach anns an t-seòmar ud. Bha mise creidsinn so,

agus gu dearbh bha eagal agam roimpe, agus bha an t-eagal so air a neartachadh nuair a chaidh mi air chall sa' cheò.

Shuidh mi sios aig taobh tomain agus thug mo chridhe breab as oir shaoil leam gum faca mi i dol seachad air druim maighich. Nis, shios anns a' mhachaireadh bha cladh ach an diugh tha e air a chòmhachadh le feur. Chaidh a' chailleach fhaicinn a' bùrach anns a' chladh so air a' mheadhonn oidhche togail "bodach crèmhach", agus 'g a thoirt dhachaidh do'n t-seòmar anns an robh na buidheil. Coma co-dhiùbh bha mo leòr eagail ormsa, agus an ath latha nuair a dh'iarra mo sheanamhair orm dol còmhla rithe bha cas a' falbh is cas a' tilleadh agam, ach fhuair neònachas làmh an uachdair agus thug sinn ceum chon a' bhothain. B'e sud an té a bha coibhneil ruinn agus fhuair sinn ar deagh ghabhail againn. An ceann greis thuirt i ri mo sheanamhair, "A bheil cuimhne agad air do sheanair a chaidh a bhàth-adh? Ma-tà fhuair mise a chorp nuair a bha mi air mo shiubhal. Na faidhniche dé 'n dòigh. Fhuair mise e agus tha sin mar sin. Thigibh agus chì sibh. Thug i sios sinn gu seòmar nam buidéal far am faca sinn am "bodach crèmhach" 'na shuidhe ann an cathair! Bha fiamh a' ghàire air aodann na caillich cho grànda 's gun do theich mi le mo bheatha, agus cha robh mo sheanamhair fada as mo dhéidh. Shiubhail mo sheanamhair seachdain as déidh sin. Airson na caillich, tha i ann an sud fhathast gu sunndach, agus bithidh airson iomadh bliadhna.

A' chiad duais am Buidheann E. (sgoilean).

Iain M. Moffatt-Pender

Chaochail Iain M. Moffatt-Pender air an treas latha deug de'n Dàmhair an déidh a bhith car ùine gu foighidneach air an leabaidh. So far an robh an duine usal 'na ghnè agus 'na dhòigh, sèimh 'na ghluasad agus tairiseach, ciùin 'na dhéiligeadh ris gach creutair. Cha chluinntea a ghuth air a ghalainn ann an cuideachd no a ghearan an aghaidh dhaoine eile aig am sam bith. Bha e dileas do a chàirdean agus a luchd eòlais, ullamh gu bhith freagairt air an fheumach, cuimhneach air a dhleasdanas agus air a ghealladh, agus iasgaidh, togarrach anns gach deagh obair.

Chuir mise eòlas math air o chionn dà, fhichead bliadhna, agus a riamh o'n chiad latha a choinnich sinn fhuair mi e 'na dhùth charaid dhomh, suilbhir, carthannach daonnan, le sealladh duineil 'na shùil agus le fiamh a' ghàire air a ghnùis. Ann am fàsghadh a làimhe bha fìor ghràdh.

Chuir cuid eòlas air mar ghaisgeach treun anns an arm, agus cuid eile mar dhuine calma a' siubhal bheann is ghleann na Gaidhealtachd fo bhreacan an fhéilidh. Lorg An Comunn Gaidhealach ann sàr chùl-taice 'nan saothair a' dìon dileib a' Ghàidheil—a' Ghàidhlig. Ged nach b'e a' Ghàidhlig cainnt na dachaidh aige 'na òige ghabh e tlachd innte a measg nan Leòdhasach anns a' Chiad Chogadh. An ùine nach robh fada fhuair e gréim math oirre. Leughadh is sgrìobhadh e i gu coimhionta, agus labhradh e i air a shocair fhéin gu cothromach.

Chosg e mòran airgid fad bhliadhnanachan a' cuideachadh leis a' chloinn 'nan dol is 'nan tighinn chun a' Mhòid Nàiseanta ge be àite am biodh e. Choisinn e duaisean airson sgrìobhaidh agus beul-aithris aig iomadh Mòd, agus anns a' bhliadhna 1956 fhuair e àrd urram a' Mhòid nuair a chrìonadh e mar Bhàrd A' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach.

Bidh cuimhne bhlàth air Moffatt-Pender air feadh na Gaidhealtachd fada, fada airson a dhìlseachd do'n cànan, agus airson a choibhneis 's a chaomhalachd. Tha ar co-fhaireachdainn aig a' mhnaoi 'na h-aonaranachd agus 'na bròn.

S. MAC THOMAS.

Mod Week

AS an appropriate prelude to the Official Opening of the Mod in Stirling there was a special broadcast service in Gaelic from the Church of the Holy Rude on Sunday, 9th October. Rev. M. MacCorquodale, Callander, and Rev. J. MacDougall, Falkirk, conducted the service. The Provost, Magistrates and Councillors were present, and a large representative congregation was in attendance.

On Monday evening at the formal opening in the Albert Hall the President of An Comunn Gaidhealach, Mr. Hugh MacPhee, presided over a large gathering. After prayer by Rev. M. MacCorquodale, the President before calling on Provost Wm. Macfarlane Gray to address the audience complimented the people of Stirling and surrounding district on the very successful preparations for their second National Mod. Provost Macfarlane Gray extended a royal welcome to all who during the week were to be associated with the great gathering and gave his blessing to the week's proceedings.

Mr. MacPhee, speaking first in Gaelic and then in English, detailed with assurance and conviction, the outstanding services rendered by An Comunn to the cause of Gaelic and the

distinctive heritage of the Gaels. He made a challenging demand for better economic opportunities and social conditions in the Highlands without which depopulation could not be arrested nor the treasured heritage of language and culture maintained. He emphasised the fact that language, culture and people were bound together, and that suitable industry was essential for the Highlands in order to secure a stable and contented population there.

Delegates from the Welsh Eisteddfod and from the Irish Oireachtas gave greetings from their respective countries. Thereafter an interesting ceilidh organised by the local Mod Committee created a homely atmosphere.

Tuesday was the children's day—a real royal day for them. They were present in large numbers from widely scattered districts, but the fringes of the Gaelic area rather than the centres where Gaelic is still the vital language of the home were most in evidence among competitors. The continuance of Gaelic as a spoken language rests with the young, and their place in the Comunn's plan of campaign must always have priority.

The Junior Concert in the evening, presided over by Mr. William J. Goldie, Director of Education, was sustained by the prize winners, and gave much enjoyment.

The results of the written competitions for Seniors and Juniors were announced, and prizes for individuals and choirs were distributed by Mrs. J. M. Bannerman.

The whole of Wednesday was devoted to Vocal Music in the Senior Section, the main attractions being the Learners' Final Competition and the three competitions for men and ladies qualifying for the Final Competition in the Gold Medal series. Thirty men and twenty-four ladies entered for the Gold Medal Competition but quite a number of these withdrew. In practically all the competitions throughout the day large numbers took part, and the packed audiences in the various halls testified to the marked public interest.

In the evening a Civic Reception in the Municipal Buildings was well attended by representatives of An Comunn and of the Town Council and citizens of Stirling. Provost Macfarlane Gray, who presided, extended a cordial welcome to all present, and complimented the Local Committee on their fine and successful team work. After refreshments a homely and informal ceilidh followed. Meanwhile an official ceilidh, with Mr. Angus Mackenzie as fear-an-tighe, was in full swing

in the Albert Hall where well known artistes and local singers took part.

It may be noted here that during the week an interesting exhibition of old Gaelic books and manuscripts was given in the Public Library, and a very creditable display of handwork featuring Celtic art and designs was housed in the Highland Bothan in the Albert Hall.

Excitement was running high by Thursday morning in anticipation of the Gold Medal Finals. The Albert Hall was packed before the competition was due to start. The musical adjudicator paid high tribute to the rich quality of the men's voices, and described Miss MacNiven's performance as "something quite superb which deeply moved us all."

In the forenoon Oral Delivery competitions were held. The number of entries in several of these was quite good, but disappointing in others. The standard of performance was high; the interest shown by the public was as usual meagre.

Forty entered for the Gold Medal presented by the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies, four in three of the Clarsach Competitions, and five choirs competed in the Ladies' Rural Choirs Competitions.

The final day of the Mod was devoted in the forenoon to Duet and Quartette Singing, instrumental Music, Men's Choirs and Ladies' Choirs.

In the afternoon interest was focussed on the Margrat Duncan Competition which attracted ten choirs, and on the Lovat and Tullibardine Competition in which ten other choirs from Stornoway in the north to London in the south took part. The standard in both language and music was very favourably commented on.

The Grand Concert on Friday night had to be spread over two houses, and the Regal Cinema was filled to capacity on both occasions. Provost Macfarlane Gray presided over the first concert and Brigadier Lorne Campbell, V.C., presided over the second. The generous applause gave evidence of the satisfying fare provided by the artistes.

The concert ended with the impressive ceremony of the crowning of the Bard, Mr. John A. MacPherson, North Uist, and the singing from a Gaelic psalm to the tune French.

Publication of the Magazine this month was unavoidably delayed through waiting for accounts of Mod proceedings.

Gaelic Poets of the Eighteenth Century

(6) ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR
(continued).

DERICK S. THOMSON

THE poems on the Campbells, although they are closely connected with the Jacobite poems, fall into a slightly different class. There is more than a hint of the old clan enmity in these, but that is not their mainspring. We can appreciate this more readily when we consider a poem such as *Moladh an Leòghainn*, ostensibly a Clan MacDonald poem. It is eloquent enough, but is more of a set-piece than many of the purely Jacobite songs. For all its wordiness it lacks fire. It would seem that for Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, clan was not put before cause. He did not share the myopia that leads some modern Highlanders to clan-idolatry and a total neglect of the more important aspects of the Gaelic heritage. Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's dislike of the leading Campbells of his day sprang from other considerations. He emphasises their greed and desire for wealth, and history is on his side here. He regards them as traitors to the Highland cause, and in *Aoir do na Caimb-eulaich* he pours scorn on them, suggesting strongly in the earlier section of the poem that they are far better trencher-men than fighters. Giving a sardonic twist to his theme he considers the feast they will make for the Maiden, or Scottish guillotine. In *Aoir do na Caimb-eulaich airson an reubainn air dùthaich Chlann Raghnaill* he is again insistent on the Campbells' partiality for certain foods, such as tripe and sowans. They are warriors in the MacCon-glinne tradition. It is evident that the poet enjoyed giving rein to this biting, scathing humour, and this goes far to explain the genesis of such poems. The poem *An Airce* is another calculated denunciation of prominent people in Argyll, many of them Campbells, who had opposed the Jacobite cause. From the historical point of view it has considerable interest; it is of no significance as poetry.

In Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's work humour tends to be confined to poems of a certain type, and is strikingly absent from the rest of his work. For him it is an aspect of literary composition, not an all-pervading attitude of mind. Psychologically this is easily understandable. The cast of the poet's mind was serious, or perhaps even fanatical. There was no urbanity in his make-up. In considering such a mind it is almost meaningless to talk of light relief. There can be no light relief for

a mind in which tremendous tensions are built up—only an explosive release of the tension. The form which this relief takes, poetically, in Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's case, is the composition of bitterly humorous songs such as those to the Campbells, on the one hand, and bawdy songs on the other hand. To remove these from the corpus of his work is to amputate, and that is no part of the literary critic's, or the literary historian's, task. Nor is it his task to censor. We fail to understand the poet's work if we consider only certain aspects of it.

It is true that some of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's poems are extraordinarily lewd, notably *Mi-mholadh Móraig* and the *Aor Eile do Bhan-bhàrd an Obain* (1924 ed., p. 334). There is little to commend such poems apart from the richness of their vocabulary. The case is different with others of the bawdy poems, such as *Oran a rinneadh do dhà bhodach àraid a bha ann an Ardnamurchan* or even *Tinneas na h-Urchaid*, the account of an outbreak of sexual disease in Ardnamurchan. The former provides the poet with the sort of situation in which he can give full rein to his bawdy, satirical humour. Even *Marbhrainn na h-Aigeannaich*, lewd though it is, is partly redeemed by its cleverness and wit. The vocabulary used in these poems is quite remarkable, as is the general dexterity of expression.

It has to be remembered that the taste for bawdy verse (despite the evangelical tendencies of certain sections of the Gaels) is quite widespread, and runs right through the Gaelic literary tradition, as it does through the Scottish tradition also, not to go farther afield than that.

Yet it is with a peculiar sense of relief that one turns from the political and the bawdy poems to consider the rest of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's output. The suspicion lingers that here we will find the essential core of his poetic achievement. I think we can find it here, although I should not care to be dogmatic about the reasons for its being in this part of his work. Chronological and biographical reasons might lead us to expect that his poetic development was far advanced before the great series of political and exhortatory poems began in the middle 1740's. By 1745 Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair must have been at least forty-five years of age—probably in fact over fifty. We can be reasonably sure that the poems on Summer and Winter, and *Allt an t-Sivcair*, were composed in the late thirties or early forties of the eighteenth century. There are some strong reasons for thinking that the poems in *Ais-eiridh* follow in the main a chronological sequence, so that we may suspect

that the following poems are also pre-1745: *Moladh an Ughdair do'n t-Sean chàrnain Ghaidhlig*, *Guidhe no Urnuigh an Ughdair do'n Chedòraidh*, *Moladh Móraig*, *Mi-mholadh Móraig*, *Oran nam Fineachan*, *Oran Nuadh*, *Moladh air piob-mhòr Mhic Cruimein* and *Oran a rinn duine uasal d'a chèile*. (It is doubtful if the last named is a young man's song; on internal evidence it seems to belong to the period around 1740.)

The following sequence for his poems may be suggested (although this still needs to be worked out with considerable care and detail):

1. Pre-1745. Poem to Gaelic; Poem to the Muses; the Nature poems; *Moladh Móraig*; the initial poems in the political series; certain of the bawdy and humorous songs.
2. 1745-51. The main series of political poems, together with the satires on the Campbells.
3. Post-1749. The Birlinn.
4. Post-1751. A fairly small group of poems, e.g. *Fàille na Mòrthir*; *Smeòrach Chlann Raghnaill*; *Imrich Alasdair á Eigneig and Aoir a' Chnocain*.

It is unlikely that many, if any, of his early poems survive. We make his acquaintance as an experienced, mature poet, with definite views about Gaelic poetry, but still dissatisfied with his own work as a poet. The poems of the first group are the work of a literary man, experienced in technique. In the second period he puts that technique to use for mainly political purposes. In the third category is the *Birlinn*, in which he may be said to have reverted to the status of "literary man", using his subtle technique and great experience to full advantage. In the fourth group we have only occasional poems. His creative impetus is apparently over, but some of the old themes recur, and the old anger and bitter humour are still at call, especially in *Imrich Alasdair and Aoir a' Chnocain*. Another side of the poet's nature, recalling that seen in the earlier Nature poems, is evident also in the so-called *Fàille na Mòrthir*, which in fact consists of a series of short evocations of Morar—its scenery, flora, fauna, people, food and drink. The touch is light throughout. It is a joyful, sunny poem, and this may be part of the evidence for his MacDonald editors' statement that in his later years, spent in Morar and Arisaig, Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair mellowed considerably.

It seems likely that it was in the poems of the first group named above that he established the right, in his own eyes, to be called a poet. These poems are still central to his reputation. Of the two surviving seasonal poems *Oran an t-Samhraidh* is much the better. In *Oran a'*

Gheamhraidh, which is more laboured, Winter is written largely as the antithesis of Summer, which may argue that the poem on Winter was written after that on Summer, and written with waning enthusiasm. (If has been argued that *Oran a' Gheamhraidh* was composed in 1743 (*Scottish Gaelic Studies*, VIII, 53).) The description of Summer gives a wonderfully vital impression of teeming activity. It is full of movement and sound and colour. The metre and consonantal music contribute largely to this impression of movement and vitality. The salient words have a sharp consonantal cut-off, so that the poem reminds one of a pipe-tune cleanly played. Indeed it can be regarded as a pattern in sound, with the emphasis on the consonants. Vowel music is emotional music; might we say that this consonantal music is more intellectual than emotional? Nature is here described as much in sonic as in visual terms. Some of the above points may be illustrated by this quotation:

Sud na puirt as glan gearradh

'S as ro ealanta roinn,

Chuireadh m' inntinn gu beadradh,

Cliath-lùth t' fheadain m'an eadradh . . .

In *Allt an t-Siùcair* there is rather more emphasis on visual imagery. The poet sees natural objects as forming a lovely visual pattern:

Is grinn an obair ghràbhaill

Rinn Nàdur air do bhruaich.

The usual name for this poem is really a misnomer, and one for which Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair was not responsible. He entitled it *Oran a rinneadh do bhaill àraid ann an Ardnamurchan, do'n ainm Coire-mhuilinn, agus do dh' alltan a tha ruith roimh 'n bhaile sin, do'n gairear Allt an t-Siùcair*. The advantages of the shorter title are obvious! But the poet in fact describes the surrounding countryside, the corrie, the bay, and so forth, giving an idyllic picture of plenty. (Who would have thought that he had to go from home to seek meal for his family?). There is some telling selection of detail here, as well as some exhaustive treatment of particular aspects. Yet even in the "exhaustive" passages each epithet adds to the picture. It is not a case of language running riot.

There can be no doubt that Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, at least at this period, tried to follow his own precept, given in his prayer to the Muses, where he asks the Muses not to give him a poetry which resounds in the ear, but lacks content:—

Na tugaibh dhomh saothair nì glagan sa' chluais

'S de thuigse bhios fàs.

There is sound enough, but the words are the instruments of the sense, not of the sound. In

making this prayer he was implying a criticism of some of the Gaelic poetry he knew, and it is a valid criticism. For his own part, he apparently feels that he is not learned enough in his craft, and perhaps what he implies is that he lacks the training of the professional poets. Yet here, as in *Allt an t-Siùcair* and *Oran an t-Samhraidh*, the orderly development of the poem is notable. Each of the Muses is addressed in turn, and asked for help in one special particular. The Celtic artist's desire for completeness can perhaps be seen in this, but the points are for the most part relevant enough. After this piecemeal consideration of the gifts the poet needs, he goes on to considering the type of end-poem he wants, and to reflecting on his own poetic shortcomings. I know of no other eighteenth century Gaelic poet who subjects himself to this sort of rigid self-examination, although Dugald Buchanan and William Ross may have had inklings of such a critical approach.

The intellectual approach to a poem is also illustrated by the poem in praise of Gaelic. The successive themes are (1) the purpose of language. (2) the antiquity of Gaelic, and its former extensive sway in Scotland. (3) a comparison with Latin, Greek and French. (4) its usefulness for poetry (including satire), business, incitement (to battle), and pleading at the bar, and (5) its characteristics, especially of vocabulary. Although the poet claims that Gaelic does not need to borrow, he is notably free-and-easy in his own attitude to using borrowed words. His poems are speckled with English loanwords, many of them introduced by himself for the first time into Gaelic verse. One line from his poem to Ragnall Og (*Phas a chòrs an Colaist cruadail*) would pass for mid-twentieth century Gaelic! The majority of his borrowings are nouns, but he uses verbal loans also, another example being *Ged nach fhaiceadh tu do namhaid! Ach air fair', gun starta tu*. Part at least of the truth of the matter is that he was too big a man to be a pedant.

The longest and most ambitious poem in this early group is *Moladh Mòraig*. The command of vocabulary and rhythm here is very striking, and on metrical grounds alone the poem is of considerable interest. It has been denied recognition to some extent because it is not all *virginibus puerisque*, and the adult public for Gaelic poetry is very small. The poem has great verve, more humour than we normally expect of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, a lively feeling for Nature, some very effective imagery (as for example the piping metaphor, cleverly introduced into a poem which is itself constructed as though it were a *piobaireachd*), and a

touch of bawdiness. Its ambience is thus greater than is usual with Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's poems.

But undoubtedly his greatest poem is the *Birlinn*. Only a few inadequate remarks can be made about it here. This is terse business-like verse, with a hard and brilliant, a granitic texture. The clean rhythm of the lines seems to have the movement of cold sea-water along the side of a boat. The poem contains a great deal of technical detail, and close observation both of the parts of the galley and of the functions of the various members of the crew. But one of its most interesting features is the vivid description of the physical appearance of the men, and the connections that are established between appearance and character. The human observation may sometimes be obscured by the technical detail, but this is a human drama, and ultimately it is this which gives the poem its power.

It is particularly noticeable also that, despite the extravagant nature of the storm, the poet is in complete control of his subject all the time. The words do not run away with him, even at the height of the storm. There is no slackness or flabbiness of thought or expression here. It is the ultimate demonstration of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's hard, exact intellectual power.

It is difficult to believe that the man who wrote this poem had developed his gifts erratically. What is erratic is our knowledge of his development. Yet we know enough about him to demonstrate his central position in the Gaelic poetic tradition. He both absorbed and radiated influence. He had undoubtedly learnt from the moralistic Nature poets represented in the *Fernaig MS*, and from such seventeenth century poets as Iain Lom, An Ciaran Mabach and perhaps Iain Mac Ailein. The folk-tales had coloured his diction. Study of the work of the classical Gaelic bards, such as the MacMhuirichs, had influenced his style and outlook. (Probably in the *Oran do Raghnaidh Og Mac Mhic Ailein* it is justifiable to see the direct influence of Cathal MacMhuirich's poem of welcome to Dòmhnall Og, also a brave soldier and a member of the Clanranald family.) Yet he had learnt also from Thomson's *Seasons*, and to some extent from Latin writings. He was an innovator, for example in the specific type of seasonal verse which he pioneered in Gaelic, in his introduction of the *p'obaireachd* metre in *Moladh M'craig*, and in his imaginative masterpiece, the *Birlinn*. But he was also the most deeply versed of the eighteenth century poets in the Gaelic tradition. As to the ways in which he radiated influence: Donnchadh Bàn, Rob Donn, Dugald Buchanan, William

Ross and Ewen MacLachlan followed in the tradition of seasonal poetry which he initiated; Donnchadh Bàn initiated, and developed, his *p'obaireachd* metre, picked up some of his mannerisms in Nature poetry, and was probably inspired by his example in other ways; his fellow poets composed drinking songs and clan songs after the pattern of his; they followed his lead in printing their poems. Yet for all that he appears to us as a lonely figure, too forceful in his prime to be lovable, an unkempt prophet whose dreams are still unfulfilled, coarse and irregular, and very large.

Eigg

THE significant contribution made by the small Island of Eigg to the life of Gaelic Scotland and beyond cannot be better expressed than in Dr. Kenneth Macleod's own words.

"Canna Isle, now so unknown owing to quicker transports by steamers which are always passing by, was then the midway port between the Outer Isles and the mainland, and, as such, was a veritable mart of lore and music. The folk of the isle never hung pot of fish or potatoes on crook without putting into it the stranger's share, and seldom, if ever, went that share unclaimed. The herdman, night, which brings all creatures home, brought the boats of all the isles into the harbour; and for kindness received, the strangers ever paid handsomely, if not in gold, at any rate in song and tale. The writer owes something to Canna Isle and to the boats which struck sail in its harbour.

He owes even more to his native Eigg, the little island, six miles by three and a half, which now dreams in the Western Sea, of the time when it was an independent kingdom, with a queen of its own! In its day it has been the scene of dark deeds, picturesque ceremonies, and plots without number. The martyrdom of St. Donnan in the sixth century, the crowning of a Lord of the Isles in the fifteenth, and the burning of all the inhabitants by the Macleods of Dunvegan in the sixteenth, are but the outstanding events in the history of an island which for centuries was the recognised centre of the Clanranald territories. Such a place was the natural home of tale and ballad, and tales and ballads there were, as plentiful as the blaeberries—so plentiful, indeed, that a man might live his full fourscore years in the island, and yet hear something new at the ceilidh every night of his life. The writer was fortunate enough to spend his boyhood in Eigg just before

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Mod Prize List

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

ADJUDICATORS—Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A.; Donald A. MacDonald, M.A.; Derick S. Thomson, M.A., B.A.; Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B.; John A. MacDonald, M.A.; J. N. McConchie, M.A., F.E.I.S.

Junior Section

Group "D"—Gaelic essay on the life of Isaac. Boys—1, Calum Robertson, Ferrindonald Public School; 2, Donald J. MacLeod, Sir Edward Scott Junior Secondary School. Girls—1, Margaret A. Macdonald, Ferrindonald Public School; 2, Mary Macdonald, Ferrindonald Public School.

Group "E"—Gaelic essay on a local personality a local incident, or a place of historical interest (Prizes presented by Col. Maule Horne). 1, Morag MacDonald, Cornaigmore; 2, Nancy Kennedy, Cornaigmore.

Senior Section

Short Story: The Hugh MacCorquodale (Fingal) Memorial Prize—Mrs. Christina MacLeod. Long Story: Prize presented by the Gaelic Society of Glasgow—Mrs. Christina MacLeod.

Essay on any subject—Mrs. Christina MacLeod. Arrangement in harmony of a Gaelic song (Angus Robertson Memorial Prize)—Constance MacKenzie.

Poem on any subject (Ailsa Trophy)—1, John A. Macpherson; 2, John A. Macpherson.

ART AND INDUSTRY

ADJUDICATORS—Miss Margaret Rodden, Miss Taylor, Mr. James T. Paterson, all of Corporation of Glasgow Education Department.

Senior Section

Section "A"—Home Industries. (1) Lady's or gent's pullover in double-knitting wool—1, Mrs. Mary Heeps, Stirling; 2, Mrs. Agnes R. Macinnes, Bunnassan; (2) Wool doormat—1, Murdo Macdonald, Stirling; 2, Mrs. Agnes R. Macinnes, Bunnassan.

Section "C"—Handcraft. (1) Incorporating the use of tartan and a clan crest embroider a small cushion—2nd Prize award, Miss C. Macpherson, Paisley; (2) Ladle, scoop or similar article made from a block of wood—Captain Hay of Hayfield, Turriff.

Section "D"—Set of four table mats or a Duchess Set embroidered in Celtic design—1, Miss Katie MacDougall, Tobermory; 2, Mrs. Margaret J. K. Logan, Stirling.

Section "E"—Shepherd's crook or walking stick—John MacKendrick, Campbelltown.

An Comunn Gaidhealach Trophy for the most outstanding article in Sections A-E—Mrs. Mary Heeps, Stirling.

Junior Section

Section "F"—(1) Traycloth embroidered in Celtic Design—1, Margaret A. MacRae, Inverasdale; 2, Rose A. Mellor, Inverasdale; 3, Jane Cameron, Inverasdale; (2) Tea-tray in wood—1, John Cassidy, Glenwood Secondary School; 2, Andrew Henderson, Glenwood Secondary School; 3, John Fisher, Glenwood Secondary School.

Section "G"—(1) Hand-knitted tea-cosy—1, C. Colville, Alloa Academy; 2, E. A. Alexander, Alloa Academy; 3, J. Gibb, Alloa Academy; (2) Poker or toasting-fork—1, R. Harvie, Crookston Castle School; 2, Iain Lassen, Crookston Castle School; 3, John Muir, Glenwood Secondary School.

Silver Cup for the best exhibit in Sections F and G—C. Colville, Alloa Academy.

TUESDAY

Junior Section

ORAL DELIVERY

ADJUDICATOR—John M. Mathieson, M.A., F.R.G.S.

Reading Prose (Fluent) (12-16)—1, Kenneth MacMillan, Oban High School; 2, Ethne Nicholson, Greenock High School; 3, John Macdonald, Oban High School; 4, Marion MacGillivray, Woodside Secondary School; 5, Christopher A. Anderson, Ballygrant and John Morrison, Oban High School (equal).

Reading Prose—Learners (under 12)—1, Ishbel M. Brown, Port Charlotte.

Narrative—Fluent—1, Elizabeth Weir, Ballygrant; 2, Roderick McLeod, Woodside Secondary School; 3, Calum MacKinnon, Woodside Secondary School.

Reading at sight—Learners—1, Mairi MacCallum, Oban High School; 2, Farquhar MacGregor, Kyle of Lochalsh; 3, Elizabeth Cairns, Greenock High School; 4, David MacLeod, Oban High School.

ADJUDICATOR—Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S.

Reciting from Memory—Fluent—(Prizes presented by the Cruachan Branch)—1, Morag Morrison, Glasgow; 2, Kirsteen Grant, Glasgow; 3, Roderick MacLeod, Woodside Secondary School.

Reading at sight—Fluent—1, Mairi Morrison, Oban High School; 2, Elizabeth Weir, Ballygrant; 3, Morag McLarty, Greenock High School; 4, John Morrison, Oban High School; 5, Ethne Nicholson, Greenock High School.

Conversation—Fluent—1, John Macdonald, Oban High School; 2, Morag Morrison, Glasgow.

Rev. George W. MacKay, D.D., Memorial Cup for the highest aggregate marks in Oral Competition (Fluent)—John Morrison, Oban High School.

ADJUDICATOR—John MacDonald, M.A.

Reading—Learners (12-16)—1, David MacLeod, Oban High School; 2, Farquhar MacGregor, Kyle of Lochalsh; 3, Katharine A. M. Ross, Lochinver J.S. School; 4, Mairi MacCallum, Oban High School; 5, Donald C. Macfarlane, Glasgow.

Reciting from memory—Learners (Girls)—1, Ishbel M. Brown, Port Charlotte; 2, Iona MacDonald, Glasgow; 3, Christine MacLeod, Lochinver J.S. School.

Verse-speaking—1, Oban High School; 2, Greenock High School, Group A; 3, Greenock High School, Group C.

ADJUDICATOR—Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A.

Reciting from memory—Learners—1, Mary R. Davies, Troon; 2, David MacLeod, Oban High School; 3, Ishbel M. Brown, Port Charlotte and Farquhar MacGregor, Kyle of Lochalsh (equal).

Reciting from memory—Learners (Boys)—1, Oliver MacKenzie, Lochinver; 2, Kenneth Mackenzie, Lochinver.

Reciting from memory (under 18)—1, Mary MacInnes, Oban High School; 2, Flora Macdonald, Oban High School.

Conversation (under 18)—Mary MacInnes, Oban High School and Flora Macdonald, Oban High School (equal).

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATOR—Jack Roberts, Dip.Mus.Ed., R.S.A.M., L.T.C.L.

Playing of a slow Gaelic air and March on the pianoforte—1, Andrew J. Sutherland, Brora; 2,

Barbara Metcalf, Clyne J.S. School; 3, Katharine A. M. Ross, Lochinver J.S. School.

(Margaret Hill-Boyle Memorial Trophy and Kilt pin presented by Mrs. J. M. B. MacLean, J.P.)

VOCAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald W. MacKenzie, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of an unpublished song—Fluent—1, Mary C. Maclean, Castlebay; 2, Margaret I. M. MacLeod, Peterhead; 3, Patricia Torrance, Glasgow.

Solo singing of "Mo nìghean dubh" (Boys). Silver Medal Competition—1, Roderick MacRitchie, Bellahouston Academy; 2, John J. Mackay, Oban High School; 3, Kenneth MacMillan, Oban High School.

Solo singing of "Luchd nam breacan" (Girls). Silver Medal Competition—1, Murlina Campbell, Ness; 2, Patricia Torrance, Glasgow; 3, Margaret I. M. MacLeod, Peterhead.

Silver Cup, presented by Mrs. Helmut Schroder of Dunlossit, Islay, for the highest marks in Gaelic in Silver Medal Competitions—Roderick MacRitchie, Bellahouston Academy.

Solo singing of "An làir bhàn" (Boys, Learners)—1, Cowan Payne, Ayr; 2, Andrew Campbell, Ayr; 3, Donald M. MacNeill, Colonsay and Angus MacLean, Glasgow (equal).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Arch. M. Beaton, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Howells.

Solo singing of "Bothan an fhuarain" (Boys and Girls 16-18)—Queen Elizabeth Coronation (1937) Trophy—1, Frances Matthews, Ayr; 2, Anne Gillies, Oban High School; 3, Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth.

Solo singing of "Hó mo lhan" (Girls)—1, Morag M. Mackay, Clarkston; 2, Rhoda MacKenzie, Cabarfeidh Choir; 3, Lauren Jack, Cabarfeidh Choir.

Solo singing, own choice (Boys and Girls), Former 1st Prize-winners—Skelmorlie and District Highland Association Quach—1, Margaret I. M. MacLeod, Peterhead; 2, Barbara Davidson, Inveraray Grammar School; 3, Mary C. Maclean, Castlebay.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: Dr. Gordon Slater.

Solo singing of "Tha mo rùn air a' ghille" (Girls 14-16)—1, Kathleen Weir, Ardrishaig; 2, Catriona Steele, Oban High School; 3, Morag M. McLure, Glasgow.

Solo singing of "Ille duinn" (Girls 12-14)—1, Barbara Davidson, Inveraray Grammar School; 2, Margaret McVicar, Ardrishaig; 3, Wilma McGregor, Ardrishaig.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. Gordon Slater.

Unison singing of "A bhannrach chaoin," "I dall u dall," "Null thar nan eileanan" (Mrs. Campbell Blair Trophy)—Fluent—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association; 2, Oban High School Gaelic Choir.

Choral singing of "Ba hó mo leanabh" and "Null thar an aiseig" (Oban Times Challenge Trophy)—1, Oban High School Gaelic Choir; 2, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association. Mrs. Hobbs of Inverlochy Trophy for highest marks in Gaelic—Oban High School Gaelic Choir.

Action song (Shiant Shield)—1, Clyne Junior Secondary School Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald W. MacKenzie, M.A. Music: Dr. Gordon Slater.

Duet singing—own choice (Learners)—1, W. Macdonald and M. Macrae, Cabarfeidh Choir; 2, Katharine Ross and Rosemary MacKenzie, Lochinver J.S. School.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Arch. M. Beaton, M.A., Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Choral singing of "Diura thall ud" and "Tha smebrach 'sa' mhadaoinn chiùin,"—Learners (Mrs. Millar Trophy)—1, Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir; 2, Clyne J.S. School Gaelic Choir.

Duet singing, own choice—Fluent—1, Christine Campbell and Jeanette Morrison, Lagavulin.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John MacDonald, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Howells.

Unison singing of "Tàladh," "Seinn o churadhail o," and "A chur nan gabhar as a' chreig," (Rhona MacVicar Trophy)—Learners—1, Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir; 2, Cabarfeidh Choir.

WEDNESDAY

Senior Section

VOCAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic and Music: John M. Mathieson, M.A., F.R.G.S., and John MacDonald, M.A.

Folk Songs (Scotia Trophy)—1, Chrissie M. MacDonald, Lochboisdale; 2, Neil MacCalman, Ardrishaig; 3, Hugh Lamont, Bunnassan.

Solo Port-a-Beul (Duncan Johnston Memorial Trophy)—1, Neil MacCalman, Ardrishaig; 2, Calum S. Ross, Glasgow; 3, John Campbell, Perth.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald W. MacKenzie, M.A., Rev. Arch. M. Beaton, M.A. Music: Dr. Gordon Slater.

Solo singing of "Nìghean mo ghaoil" (Men)—Learners—1, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh; 2, Niall Iain MacLean, Lochgilphead; 3, Alex B. Mollison, Dundee.

Waulking Songs (Ladies)—Learners—1, Margaret C. Mitchell, Greenock; 2, Marion M. MacLeod, Bowmore; 3, Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A., Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of "Thug mi gaol do'n fhear bhàn" (Ladies)—Learners—1, Catriona M. Fair, Lochgair; 2, Alexis MacLeod, Oban High School; 3, Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth.

Rowing Songs (Men)—Learners—1, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh; 2, Brian M. Duxbury, London; 3, Kenneth Ross, Dingwall.

Solo singing of an unpublished song (Mull and Iona Association Prizes)—1, Elizabeth M. Cattanaich, Mull; 2, Shelagh M. MacPhail, Iona.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S., Music: Dr. Herbert Howells.

The Oran Mór (Men) "Cath Ghairtheadh". The Bessie Campbell Memorial Prizes—(F.S. Cameron-Head Memorial Trophy)—1, D. Raibeart McCallum, Campbeltown; 2, Ian A. Carmichael, Glasgow; 3, Alasdair MacKechnie, Bunnassan.

Solo singing of "An gille dubh cha tréig mi" (Ladies)—James Grant Memorial Prizes—1, Joan C. MacNeill, Colonsay; 2, Marion C. M. Gray, Lenzie; 3, Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow.

Solo singing, own choice (The Mrs. Quintin MacLennan Prizes)—1, Ruth M. Cameron, Glenshee; 2, Ronald MacKellaig, Glenfuran.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John MacDonald, M.A., Rev. Donald W. MacKenzie, M.A. Music: Dr. Gordon Slater.

The Oran Mór (Ladies) "Oran do Iain Bieac MacLeòid"—The Jessie N. MacLachlan Memorial

Prizes (Trophy presented by the Dundee Highland Society in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Macdonald, Longforgan)—1, Margaret Hulse, Stornoway; 2, Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow; 3, Janet Macdonald, Lochs.

Solo singing of "Tiugainn leam a ribhinn òg" (Men)—The L./Cpl. Lachlan MacLean Watt Memorial Prizes—1, Hugh MacQueen, Luing; 2, Ken Sutherland, Brora; 3, James Crockett, Stornoway.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Arch. M. Beaton, M.A., Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Howells.

Solo singing of a song (own choice) from any of the Kennedy-Fraser collections. (Prizes in memory of Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser)—1, Bruce Burns, Lochs; 2, Alasdair M. Grant, Blyzefield.

Learners' Final Competition

Solo singing of "Mac òg an Iarla Ruaidh" (Ladies) and "Mo rùn-sa Màiri bhòidheach" (Men). The late Mr. Charles Campbell M.B.E., Memorial Prize (£1 10/-) awarded to the first prize-winner in each section. (Silver Pendants for the lady and gentleman gaining the highest marks in the series.

Ladies—1, Margaret C. Mitchell, Greenock; 2, Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth.

Men—1, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh; 2, Kenneth Ross, Dingwall.

Finals (Learners)—Ladies—1, Margaret C. Mitchell, Greenock; 2, Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth; 3, Charlotte L. Beaton, Kirkintilloch.

Men—1, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh; 2, Kenneth Ross, Dingwall; 3, Niall Iain MacLean, Lochgilhead.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A., John M. Mathieson, M.A., F.R.G.S. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of "Caisteal a' Ghlinne", or "Coire a' Cheathaich," (Gold Medal and Prizes presented by the Glasgow Oban and Lorn Association)—1, Anne Gillies, Oban High School; 2, Hugh Lamont, Bunnassan.

THURSDAY Senior Section

ORAL DELIVERY

ADJUDICATOR—John M. Mathieson, M.A., F.R.G.S.

Gold Medal (Presented by the Glasgow Skye Association for highest aggregate marks in Oral Competitions (Fluent)—Nan MacLeish, Perth.

Reciting from memory, "Marbhrann do Iain Garbh MacGilleChaluim Ratharsaidh,"—1, Nan MacLeish, Perth; 2, Christina MacLeod, Cupar.

Reciting from memory, "An Cat"—1, Nan MacLeish, Perth; 2, Mary MacInnes, Oban High School.

Reading at sight—1, Mary Pringle, Lochs; 2, Mary A. Hutchison, Perth.

ADJUDICATOR—Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A. Recitation of Poetry composed by the competitor (Calum Macfarlane Memorial Prizes)—1, Donald A. MacNeill, Colonsay; 2, Kenneth D. Smith, Lochs.

Folk Tales (Anglo-Chilean Trophy)—1, Christina MacLeod, Cupar; 2, Murdo MacLeod, Glasgow.

Speech—1, Murdo MacLeod, Glasgow; 2, Mary A. Hutchison, Perth.

Dialogue by two performers—1, Mary MacInnes and Flora Macdonald, Oban High School.

ADJUDICATOR—John Macdonald, M.A.

Dr. John Cameron Memorial Trophy for highest aggregate marks in Oral Competitions—Learners—Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow.

Reciting from memory, "Miann a' bhàird aosda", —1, Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow; 2, Anne Bone, Glasgow.

Recitation of prose, own choice—1, Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow; 2, Jessie T. D. Nisbet, Kilmarnock.

Reading at sight—1, Anne Bone, Glasgow; 2, Jessie T. D. Nisbet, Kilmarnock.

Speech—1, Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow; 2, Jessie T. D. Nisbet, Kilmarnock.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Arch. M. Beaton, M.A., Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: Dr. Gordon Slater.

Solo singing of "Gleann Bhaite Chaoil," (Gold Medal and Cash Prizes by the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies)—1, Kenneth Ross, Strathpeffer; 2, Anne Gillies, Oban High School; 3, Calum S. Ross, Glasgow and Mary A. Currie, Glasgow (equal).

Gold Medal Finals

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald W. MacKenzie, M.A., Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. Herbert Howells, Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of "Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh" (Ladies), "Cailin donn a' chuailein rèidh" (Men), and a song of own choice. Ladies—1, Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow; 2, Joan C. MacNeill, Colonsay.

Men—1, Ian A. Carmichael, Glasgow; 2, D. Raibeart MacCallum, Campbeltown.

Final aggregate marks in Gold Medal Competitions:

Ladies—1, Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow (G. 358; M. 354; Total 712); 2, Joan C. MacNeill, Colonsay (G. 346; M. 343; Total 689); Margaret Hulse, Stornoway (G. 348; M. 336; Total 684).

Men—1, Ian A. Carmichael, Glasgow (G. 358; M. 352; Total 710); 2, D. Raibeart MacCallum, Campbeltown (G. 343; M. 350; Total 693); 3, Alasdair MacKechnie, Bunnassan (G. 344; M. 344; Total 688) and Ken Sutherland, Brora (G. 342; M. 346; Total 688) (equal).

Rural Choirs

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A., John Macdonald, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Choral singing of "Till, till dhèigh mo rùn," and "Na Gaidheil an guallbiha a' chéile"—confined to Choirs from Rural Districts with at least 50 per cent. of Gaelic speakers (Lorn Shield)—1, Laxdale Gaelic Choir; 2, Lochs Gaelic Choir; 3, Kilchoman Gaelic Choir; 4, Bowmore Gaelic Choir; 5, Bunnassan and Pennyghael Choir.

Dalriada Cup for highest marks in Gaelic—Laxdale Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A., Rev. Donald W. MacKenzie, M.A. Music: Dr. Gordon Slater.

Ladies' Rural Choirs, Choral singing of "Gille mo luaidh", and "Gael nam fear dubh",—1, Lochs Gaelic Choir; 2, Lochgilhead Gaelic Choir; 3, Kilchoman Gaelic Choir and Badenoch Gaelic Choir (equal).

Choral singing of "Aillte" and "Clachan Ghlinnda-ruidhail," (Sheriff MacMaster Campbell Memorial Quitch)—1, Badenoch Gaelic Choir; 2, Lochgilhead Gaelic Choir; 3, Lochalsh Gaelic Choir.

Clarsach

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Miss Rhoda Macpherson.

Playing of two Gaelic Airs or accompanying of two songs chosen by the competitor (Charles MacEachran Memorial Clarsach presented by Rev. J. Reid Christie). Prizes by Argyll Branch of Comunn na Clarsaich and Mrs. Fairbairn and extra Prize by Puffa Kennedy-Fraser to winner of Competition.—1, Ishbel MacLean, Plockton; 2, Madeleine Lloyd-Bogie, Stewarton.

Playing "Dùthaich m'òige," and a contrasting piece of competitor's choice (Prizes by Mrs. A. E. Matheson, and Silver Tulip Brooch presented by Mrs. M. Raatgever-Fraser)—1, Gwendolen McGill, Ayr; 2, Margaret M. Low, Oban.

Solo singing with self-accompaniment on the Clarsach (Hilda M. Campbell Clarsach, and Silver Brooch). Prizes by Mrs H. M. Campbell of Airds—1, Gwendolen McGill, Ayr; 2, Margaret M. Low, Oban.

FRIDAY

DUET AND INSTRUMENTAL

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John MacDonald, M.A., Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. Herbert Howells.

Duet singing, own choice—1, Cameron McKichan and Archie MacTaggart, Glasgow; 2, Carol Galbraith and Ann MacLean, Aberdeen.

ADJUDICATOR—Jack Roberts, Dip.Mus.Ed., R.S.A.M., L.T.C.L.

Co-ADJUDICATOR—D. Martin Matheson.

Playing a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel (bagpipe setting) on the pianoforte (Aberdeenshire Targe).—1, N. MacTavish, Bunchrew; 2, Agnes R. MacInnes, Bussanac.

ADJUDICATOR—George C. McVicar.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel on the Violin (Sutherland Cup)—1, Angus Grant, Kinlochil; 2, Margaret Murdoch, Blairgowrie; 3, Farquhar MacRae, Inverailort.

Playing of Strathspey and Reel on the Violin (Mrs. Quintin MacLennan Prizes)—1, Angus Grant, Kinlochil; 2, Farquhar MacRae, Inverailort.

CHORAL SINGING

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A., John M. Mathieson, M.A., F.R.G.S. Music: Dr. Gordon Slater.

Choral singing (Men)—Mull and Iona Shield—1, Greenock Gaelic Choral Society; 2, Glasgow Islay Choir; 3, Stornoway Gaelic Choir.

Quartette (Mixed Voices)—1, Cruachan Quartette; 2, Lochs Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Arch. M. Beaton, M.A., Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Choral singing (Ladies)—Esmé Smyth Trophy—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association; 2, Glasgow Islay Choir; 3, Greenock Gaelic Choir.

Choral singing (Greenock Gaelic Choir Cup)—1, Campbelltown Gaelic Choir; 2, Aberdeen Gaelic Choir;

3, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association and Glasgow Islay Choir (equal).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Malcolm MacCorquodale, M.A., Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman, Dr. Gordon Slater.

Choral singing (Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy)—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association; 2, Aberdeen Gaelic Choir and Campbelltown Gaelic Choir (equal); 4, Greenock Gaelic Choir.

Weekly Scotsman Quaiich for the highest marks in Gaelic—Greenock Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A., Rev. Donald W. MacKenzie, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Howells.

Choral singing (Margrat Duncan Memorial Trophy)—1, Dingwall Gaelic Choir; 2, Dunoon Gaelic Choir; 3, Lotherian Celtic Choir.

John McNicol Memorial Trophy for the highest marks in Gaelic and two cash prizes from John McNicol Memorial Fund—1st Prize and Trophy—Dunoon Gaelic Choir; 2nd Prize—Dingwall Gaelic Choir.

Continued from page 82

the old order of things had quite passed away. Several of the folk could boast that their parents had taught a little reading and writing, and a great deal of poetry by *Raoghall Dubh*, son of the famous bard, *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, while everybody in the island over sixty years of age had been themselves pupils of *Iain Og Morragh*, poet, musician, dancer, courtier, and, last of all, dominie. My thousand blessings on *Iain Og Morragh*—may his soul have found rest.

Eigg was in those days, and until recently, a nest of antique Celticism. Every inch of it was alive with legends and other-world beings. Mysterious tales made the caves and the kirk-yard a terror by night; the sealwoman crooned on the reefs; the mermaid bathed in the creeks; the fairies sang and piped in the knolls. Such was the Eigg night under the stars. Within doors, however, at the ceildh, the folk told the tales and sang the ballads of the Féinn, or of the less ancient heroes, the Lord of the Isles, Macleod of Dunvegan, and "our own treasure, Clanranald," with for Sundays and holy days, beautiful legends of Iona and Ornsay. But ever, whether on holy or on other eve, as midnight drew nearer, the tales and the songs, and the distant roar of the Western Sea grew weirder, until at last song and tale ceased, and the fire smouldered, and the cruise-light flickered and the folk whispered, while over the ceildh crept the shadow of night and the mysteries hiding therein. "Sweet is the song of the lark at dawn," said the Eigg folk, "but sweeter the crow of the cock at midnight."

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVI

AN DUBLACHD, 1961

Aireamh 12

AITHRISICH ARD-GHUTHACH

Le RUAIRIDH MACFHIONGHUIN

S AN t-saoghal charraideach chabhagach a th'ann, chan eil mòran ùine gu leughadh leabhraichean, agus is mòr am beud sin, oir tha fhathast iarmad bheag sgrìobhadairean 'nar measg a tha sgrìobhadh airson gu bheil rudeigin aca r' a ràdh, chan ann airson gu bheil rudeigin aca ri chosnadh.

Aig an dearbh am so tha mi a' gabhail a chuide cothruim air leabhar a leughadh a tha air ùr thighinn na mach, agus a tha a' cur soluis glé iongantach air iomadh nì a bha chuige so an cleth oirn. 'S e ainm an leabhair, *The Democratic Intellect*, agus tha e air a sgrìobhadh leis an Ollamh G. E. Davie, fear-teagaisg ealain-reusanachaidh agus àrd-fheallsanachd an Oilthigh Dhun Eideann. Tha ainm is prìs an leabhair 'na aghaidh, oir tha 'n t-ainm a' cur bagraidh air daoine meata agus, aig dà phunnd 's a deich, tha a' phrìs trom air a' phòcaid. Nuair a gheibh sinn thairis air an dà chnap-starra sin, tha raointean ùra m' ar coinneamh a chumas annlan ri ar smuaintean fhad 's beò sinn.

An cainnt ghoird, tha an leabhar a' sealltuinn dhuinn, riamh o aonadh nam pàrlamaidean nach do lasaich na Sasunnaich dheth bhith sparradh an dòighean 's an nòsan fhéin air Oilthighean 's air Àrd-sgoilean Alba—agus chan e Sasunnaich a mhàin a bha ris an obair so ach Albannaich mar an ceudna—ach chan eil sin a' cur iongnaidh sam bith oirn, oir tha sinn an còmhnaidh a' mothachadh ma tha dad sam bith a bhùineas do dh'Alba ri chur an dimeas nach eil Albannaich fad air falbh agus an dì-mholadh a ghabhail os làimh—nì a tha toirt dearbhadh dhùinn as ùr gur h-ann an comh-shinteachd ri rùintean Lunnainn a tha rathad an adhartais.

Ann a bhith leughadh an leabhair so, chan e gu robh oidhirpean air an deanamh gus foghlum Alba a chur fodha tha cur an iongnaidh oirn, ach cho obann, dian, diorrasach 's a bha na h-oidhirpean air an deanamh, agus gach clic is car a bh'air an cleachdadh gus dòighean coimheach a sparradh oirn a dheòin no dh'aindeoin, eadhon gu ìre a bhith cumail o na h-Oilthighean Albannach an t-airgead a bu dligheach dhaibh—agus so uile gun spéis do fheabhas no do mhathas. Agus nuair a ràinig an gnothach Tigh nan Cumantain 's gann gu robh guth o na buill Albannach air taobh an an dùthcha—dìreach caran mar a tha cùisean an diugh fhéin. Gidheadh, bha feadhainn an Oilthighean Alba a sheas gu daingean air taobh an dòighean, an cleachdaidhean 's an còirichean. Ach gabh beachd air a so: fhuair-eadh ainm dhaibh. 'S e seann 'aithrisich àrd-ghuthach' (*vociferous traditionalists*) a theirteadh riutha.

Tha e coltach gu bheil na daoine neònach so (*vociferous traditionalists*) sa' Chomunn Ghaidhealach cuideachd—an diugh fhéin—co-dhùit 's e sin a tha Fionnlagh MacDhòmhnuill ag innse dhuinn sa' *Weekly Scotsman* 's e deanamh ionraidh air coimheimh bhliadhnail a' Chomuinn. Bha e riamh basanta a bhith cnagadh nan athraichean agus 's fheàrr a bhith dhith a' chinn na bhith dhith 'n fhasain. Ach tha aon rud a bhitheas an còmhnaidh a' cur iongnaidh orm fhèin: ged nach leig na Sasunnaich le leud an ròine de 'n dualchas tuiteam gu làr chan eil 'aithrisich àrd-ghuthach' ann an Sasuinn idir! B' àbhaist dhaibh a bhith an Eirinn: chan eil iad a nise ach an Alba agus sa' Chuimrich! Tha iomadh dòigh air dualchas a chur an neo-bhrìgh.

Có aig tha fhios nach eil an t-am aig na h-aithrisich àrd-ghuthach an guth a thogail beagan nas àirde ?

Tha an leabhar aig G. E. Davie a' cur smuaintean eile ma sgaoil. Nach robh an cath ceudna an aghaidh na Gàidhlig? Carson a bhiodh Gàidhlig air a teagasg anns na sgoiltean? 'S e bha dhith air clann na Gaidhealtachd ach làn claignn a Bheurla—agus nam b'e Beurla chruaidh Shasunnach a bhiodh ann 's i b' fheàrr buileach! 'S i Bheurla dheanadh an t-airgead. An ceann dà fhichead bliadhna nach biodh Gàidhlig marbh co-dhiù? Dé feum a th' air facalir ùr Gàidhlig agus faclairéan againn a mhaireas dà fhichead bliadhna? 'S ma bhitheas na seann aithrisich àrd-ghuthach cho rag-mhuinealach 's nach bi iad leagte ri 'm binn, nach eil dòighean eile air déileigeadh riutha? Nach gabh dùthaich cur fàs agus sluagh a sgapadh air feadh an t-saoghail? Tha iomadh dòigh air so a dheanamh gun a bhith 'gan lionadh am bàtaichean 's 'gan giùlan thar sàil.

So an suidheachadh anns a bheil An Comunn Gaidhealach a' dol a chur comhairle air bonn gus sgrùdadh a dheanamh air obair a' Chomuinn Gaidhealaich.

'S dòcha gun innis iad dhuinn ciamar a chuirear

Gàidhlig air bhonn ceart anns na sgoiltean air chor 's gun tig crìoch air suidheachadh anns a bheil clann Gaidhealach a' fàgail sgoilean Gaidhealach 's iad eu-comasach air Gàidhlig a leughadh no sgrìobhadh. 'S dòcha gu faigh iad seòl air Gaidheil a bhruidhneas Gàidhlig a chumail anns na glinn. 'S dòcha gun innis iad dhuinn nach fan cànan fada beò gun fhaclair anns a faighear gach facal a dh'iarrar. Gu dearbh fhéin, 's dòcha gur e làmh an is cinn nach buin do'n Ghaidhealtachd idir a ni furtachd air ar feum. Có aig tha brath?

Mar sin, chan eil mise an aghaidh na Comhairle so idir. Tha sinn eòlach gu leòr air Comhairlean air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, agus cha b' e so a' cheud uair a fhuireas Comhairle a' toirt comhairle air Comhairle! 'S e tha annam-sa ach "aithriseach àrd-ghuthach" a th' air fàs glé amhrusach—agus amhrusach buileach on a leugh mi an leabhar aig G. E. Davie. 'S e sin is coireach mi bhith de'n bheachd gum bu chòir stùil gheur a chumail air Comhairle sam bith a chuirear air bonn a chum leas Gàidhlig no Gaidhealtachd. Tha sinn eòlach o shean air a' ghaoith tuath, agus tha fhios againn gu bheil i fuar ge b'e àird as an tig i! Bidh i uaireanan a' tighinn o'n deas!

An t-Slabhraidh

Air a leantainn

Carson a dhealbhadh thu an tùs do réis?
An ann gu cur ri neart an ni bha fann?
Le ceangal daingean dìongmhalta nach géill
Ged theannadh streupair bagradh briseadh bhann.

Mar sin a sheas ar n-athraichean air tùs,
Guaillan ri chéil' cur casg air nàmhaid borb;
Ach thàrmaich laigs' thug sgaradh air na laovich,
'S bhrùchd nàimhdean mì-runach thug gaoid 'nan lorg.

'S dòch' gur e d' fheum bhith cur fo chuing 's fo chis,
Cur chuiphrichean air neach a dh'iarradh saors',
'S bristeadh gu 'shith 's gu 'shonas bho gach strì
Bha 'ga thoirt gu inbhe b'isle cus na brùid.

Dhearc sùil a' mhic-meanmairn fad an cian
Air deòraidh' bhoichd' fo chuing nam maighstir'
meallt'—
Uireasbhach, lag, an coluinnean fo phian,
Fo chuip fhir-fuadain fhuair an cuid le feall.

Tha iomadh feum gu'n cuirte slabhraidh chruaidh—
Gu neartachadh, gu crioslachadh 's gu cur fo chis;
Ach bheir ruith na h-aimsir caochladh air a snuadh,
Thig anfhannachd is fois an déidh an sgìos.

Co-ionnan sin ri eachdraidh chorrach ghairbh
Nan laoch bha mu na cailbhichean so tàmh;
Ge mòr an treis' bha 'm beath' anshocair searbh,
'S cha d'fhuair iad fois mur d'fhuair am plog a' bhàis.

Tha 'r cainnt 's ar cleachdaidhean an diugh air chall,
Mar bha an t-slabhraidh bhreòit 'na tosd fo'n ùir:
Smal na meirg' toirt bhuaipe a dreach aig a' cheann thall,
'G a fàgail fann 's a' brosnachadh a mùig.

Shaoileam gun chuinn mi tuiream anns a' ghleann—
Dunal gun fhois ag caoidh na dh'fhalbh 's nach till,
Cumha na chaidh air faondradh bhuainn 's air chall,
'S nach tog an ceann troimh dhoimhneachd bhuain na cill.

Bha'n t-slabhraidh mheirgeach fhathast 'na
mo làimh,
Smuain air muin smuain a' ruith troimh 'n
eanchainn bheò,
Iomagain is briseadh dùil toirt buaidh air càch,
An lorg na samhla dhùisg mi as a' chòs.

Samhla air neart is lagchuis, taobh ri taobh,
Samhla air cuibhrichean gu cur an sàs,
Samhla air cumhachd gramail chaill a lùths,
Samhla na diomhaireachd tointne ri ar n-àl.

Samhla i air aonachd dh'fhacadh a bhith buan
A' filleadh cànan, daoine 's nòs ri chéil',
Aonadh nach gabhadh briseadh sìos 'na bhruan
Ge mòr a' bheithir bhagradh bhith 'ga reub.

Ach cha chrioch mo sgeòil cion misnich 's
briseadh dùil,
Ach plathadh dòchais tighinn gu fann air
sgéith;
An t-samhla cur tuar slàinte 'na mo ghnùis,
'S a' sluaisreadh aigne bheò taobh stigh mo
chléibh.

Ghàrlain mi dhachaidh leam an t-slabhraidh
chriod',
'S ri leac an teintein dh' fhuadaich mi a meirg;
Le buillean bras' an ùird 's le faobhar gear
Dh'ùraich mi 'n loinn a bhuiin dhì seal 's a
their'g.

Fo smal na meirg' bha dul is dul gun ghaoid,
Drihtleannach uair, an tuar a nis air falbh,
Ach iarmad ann de'n neart 's de'n treis' a
dh'aom,
Fuidheall air nach do bhuadhaich lèbhachd
marbh.

Smàlar gach teine ach mairidh sradag beò;
Seargaidh an ròs, ath-chinnidh e fo'n driùchd;
Fo chlàmhainn shion thig aiteal gréin' troimh
sgòth;
'S an tinneas bhreun thig brèoch-shlàint mur
tig aog.

Ruaigeamaid sal na meirg' le spàin bho'r tìr,
Dh' aiseag na loinn' a bhuineadh dhì bho chian;
Mosglamaid as an sgleò a chòmhdaich sinn,
Bìdh spionnadh ùr a' smuaiseachadh 'nar
cliabh.

Iosal ge bheil ar staid, lapach ar rùn
Gu togail tòrachd na tha ion 's air dìth,
Bìdh èibhleag bhras na h-oighreachd tha
dhuinn dlùth
A' beothachadh le sùrd nach mùch ri tim.

JAIN A. MAC A' PHEARSAIN.

Iain Moffatt-Pender

B' ANN an àm do'n Mhod a bhith aig àirde
iomairt air feasgar Di-h-aoine, na
càrdean a bu mhùirneach leis a'
nochdadh an spéis do'n chànan do'n tug e
gràdh, is an cèol a bu mhìlse 'na chluais ag
èirigh o'm bilean, a bha Iain Mór na Gàidhliche
a' siubhal air falbh do'n dachaidh bhuaian. Bu
mhòr an call do aobhar na Gàidhliche e bhì 'gar
fàgail, oir cha robh neach eile a nochd mar a
rinn esan a dhéigh do'n chànan ann an dòigh
a bha an dà chuid cho falaidh is cho tarbhach.

Cha robh e de ar daoine agus b' e a mheas air
euchdan nam fìuran deas calma a bha cuide
ris san Fhraing sa' Cheud Chogadh a bhros-
naich e gu tighinn na's dluithe dhoibh an
daimhealachd. Bu tràth a bhreithnich e nach
bu chomasach dha sin as éugmhais a' chainnt
a bha mar thobar as an robh an smuaintean
is an gluasad a' sruthadh. Chuir e roimhe
gu'm bìdh e mar aon leotha, agus b' e meud
a dhùrachd nach bìdh e fada gus an robh a'
Ghàidhlig gu sìubhlach air a bhilean ag cur an
cèill rùn cridhe.

An déidh a' chogaidh ghabh e a' cheud
chothrom air a chòmhnaidh a dheanadh maile
riutha agus mar bu mhòtha a bha e nam measg,
's ann a bu mhòtha a bha e a' toirt fa' near nach
robh còthrom na Féinne idir aca ann an cùisean
aimsireil mar a bh' aig sluagh coitcheoin na
dùthcha. Sheas e trì uairean 'ga thairgsinn
fhéin mar Fhear Parlamaid gu an crannchur a
leasachadh. Anns gach tagradh a rinn e b' e a'
Ghàidhlig a mhàin a chleachd e anns gach
foillseachadh a rinn e air a rùintean. Ged nach
do shoirbhich leis cha do lagaich is cha do
mhùighich sin a chaomhalachd.

B' ann goirid an déidh sin a sgrìobh is a
chlo dh-bhuail e an leabhran grinn sin "Mo
nighean donn bhòidheach" anns an do nochd e
a ghràdh d'a mhàthair. An àm dha bhì
'fuireach ann am Poll Iùbh chuir e eolas air
Alasdair Camshron, Bàrd Thùrnaig, agus bu
tric dhoibh a bhì an cuideachd a chéile, esan
ag éisdeachd is a' brosnachadh a' bhàird agus
am bàrd ag cur ris a' mheud is na sgrìobh e
roimhe gu bhì ag cur ri sòlas a' charaid. As a'
chompanas sin thàinig an leabhar "Am Bàrd";
leabhar inntinneach anns a bheil dealbhan
eireachdail.

B' e an leabhar mu dheireadh a thàinig bho
làimh "Lorna" co-chruinneachadh de na còmh-
raidhean air cuspairean eachdraidheil leis an
d' fhuair e prìomh dhuaisean aig Mòdan
Nàiseanta. Tha e 'na chomharradh air cho
ionmhuinn is a bha e mu'n Ghàidhlig gu'n tug
e aon de'n leabhar so, saor is a nasgaidh, do
mhìle balach is nighean anns na sgoilean ann an

Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba is ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Eireann.

B' esan gu dearbh fìor charaid na Gàidhlig agus chan ann do neach eile ach dha-san a dh'fheumar clù a thoirt gu "Clann an Fhraoich" a thoirt am bith. Cha robh e riaraichte leis cho beag Gàidhlig is a bha 'ga cleachdadh, eadhon aig coinneamhan a' Chomunn, agus cha do stad e agus an do ghabh An Comunn ri Comhairle sheasmaich ùir anns nach biodh ach Gàidhlig a mhàin mar chaintinn gnothaich. B' ann as a' Comhairle sin a thàinig Comunn na h-Oigridh. Thuig esan, mar nach do thuig mòran eile, nach 'eil mòran tairbhe ann am briathran mar 'eil toil agus gnìomh 'gan dearbhadh.

B' ann gu sàmhach is gun fhios do neach sam bith a chaidh e do Oifis a' Chomunn is a dh' iarr e cead an roinn sin de'n chogais a bha aig a' Chomunn ri sheasamh gu bhith ag cuideachadh leis na còisirean òga a tha a' tighinn a dh'ionnsuidh a' Mhòid a phàidheadh, rud a rinn e bliadhna an dèidh bliadhna.

Cha robh urram eile 'na bheatha a thug uibhir thoileachais dha ri Crùn na Bàrdachd aig a' Mhòd. B' e sin clach mhullaich an t-solais dha.

Duine ciùin, bàigheil, fialaidh 'na nàdur, usal macanta 'na ghiùlan agus an còmhnuidh aoidheil ris na h-uile. B' e math na Gàidhlig agus an t-sluaigh do'm bu chainnt i rùn a' chridhe. Bu dìleas e do'n rùn sin. Bithidh sinne 'ga ionndrainn is 'ga chaoidh agus is airidh e air ainm a chumail air chuimhne an measg fìor chàirdean na cànaire. Tha ar co-fhaireachduinn aig a bhantraich. C. S.

Sgeul A' Bhodaich

'S e latha dorch gearhraidh, bho chionn bliadhna, a bh'ann, agus bha mise 'nam shuidhe ris an teine gu tursach, brònach le droch chnatan. Cha robh mi air a bhith anns an sgoil o chionn seachdain. "Nàch b' fheàrr leam-sa gun tigeadh Dòmhnall a steach," arsa mise ri mo mhàthair. "Bithidh Dòmhnall còir aig na caoraich an diugh, ach carson a tha thu 'g a iarraidh co-dhiùbh?" "Sgeul bhuaithe agus bhithinn sona a chaoidh tuilleadh. Eisd! Dòmhnall, an dearbh dhuine."

"Chuala tu fhéin," thòisich esan, "iomadh duine a' bruidhinn mu dheidhinn na creige mòire ud air taobh a' chnuic, agus iad ag ràdh gur ann aig na sìthichean a bha i." "Chuala," arsa mise, "ach innis thusa dhomh."

"Ceart gu leòr. Bho chionn fhada nan cian, nuair a bha an saoghal glé òg, bha boireannach beòchd a' coiseachd sìos taobh a' chnuic agus crìth innte leis an eagal oir bha e dubh dorch,

nuair a chuala i guth ag ràdh, "Gabh air do shocair agus chì thu sealladh nach fhaca tu riamh agus nach fhaic thu a chaoidh tuilleadh." An sin chunnaic i a' chreag a' tosgladh, agus ceudan de sìthichean beaga a' dannsadh mu thimcheall oirre. Ghabh i eagal a bheatha, agus chuala i guth ag ràdh, "Till thusa tuilleadh agus chan fhaic thu do dhachaidh gu bràth." Ruith i cho luath 's a b'urrainn dhi.

Cha do chreid mòran an sgeul aice agus leis an sin chaidh i as a cuimhne fhéin cuideachd. Iomadh seachdain an dèidh sin chaidh i a steach do thigh nan cearc agus cuala i an ùpaid a b' uamhasaiche. An sin, am measg nan cearc, bha bodach beag, éibhinn ag éigheachd àird a chlagainn. "Mach a so, mach a so," ghlaodh ise. "Gu dé a thuirte mise riut-sa roimhe so?" ars am bodach. "Cha do rug mi ort fhéin ach beiridh mi nise air do chearcan."

Mharbh e iad gu léir, agus ruith an ceann baile as a dhéidh suas an cnoc chun na creige. Is ann an sin a chreid càch sgeul na caillich mu na sìthichean. Chan fhacas iad a riamh tuilleadh, ach gus an latha an diugh 's e Creag nan Sìthichean ainm na creige ud."

D. A. NICHATH.

An Eala Bhan

Cha leig duine a leas a bhith a' smaoinichadh gur e na bàird fhéin a sgrìobh gu h-iomlan na bhitear a' cur as an leth. Cha mhòtha na sin is e an rud a chluinneas a' chluas na chì an t-suil a bha aca anns an amharc. Bha cainnt ruiteach, shiùbhlach, dhealbhadh an gnàth-chaintinn an t-sluaigh a bhiodh feadhainn san robh nàdur ciùil a' snìomh is a' toinnibh an rann-aigheachd. Mar sin faodaidh dà bhàrd nach cuala riamh iomradh air a chéile a bhith glé choltach ri chéile 'nam bàrdachd. Chan eil teagamh a bharrachd nach eil feadhainn ann a tha deanamh atharrais air cuid chàinn, agus mar is trice tha sin furasda gu leòr aithneachadh.

Aig mòd na banais, nuair a chluinneas sinn fear na té a' seinn an "Eala Bhan" bu chòir dhuinn a bhith tuigsinn nach e eun na leannan a bha aig a' bhàrd san amharc. Ri Linn nan Creach bha bàta ainmeil air an robh an Eala Bhan, agus nuair a bha i togail na creiche mu chladaichean na h-Alba faodaidh sinn a chreidsinn gun robh iorram aig an sgioba agus aoir aig an fheadhainn a bha iad a' creachadh. Is fhada o'n dà latha sin a bha an Eala Bhan a' buain nam bàirneach thall mu Orasaig agus is fhaide na sin o bha an Iùbhrach Bhallach le a bréidean sgallach mu Rùdha na Caillich. Ni sinn seanachas orra le chéile uair eile.

S.T.B.

Learning Gaelic by Sight and Sound

ARTHUR GEDDES

ENTHRALLED from childhood by the sweep of Gaelic songs heard on voice and violin, on broadcasts and records, and loving the land and the croft on which he goes to work in holidays, a young Edinburgh school-boy said to me, "How can I learn Gaelic?" Not as one more "school subject," I thought to myself; "not with still more grinding home work." Then, how? How do young people come to grasp the words of a language so that real things embodying the spirit of an intimate tradition can become alive to them, become their own? One answer is that words come over by sounds linked to sights, when the vision of the thing named can be linked to the noun and actions linked to the verb, then both come true, alive through the "living word."

Beinn to Cladach

Things and the names for them come first, on the whole, and it is with one simple step that this note is concerned. My schoolboy had asked for maps of Blair Atholl and Glen Tilt which he knows, so as to see it as a whole in his mind's eye, and these were easily got: a one-inch (and half-inch) to mile map, and a six-inch map with every croft and field, with the place-names he knew and others he could soon learn of, but of which he could not tell the meaning. Here might be a start for him.

Now, with the one-and-half-inch maps of the Highlands and Isles a "Glossary of Gaelic (and Norse) Place Names" is issued as a four-page leaflet by H.M. Ordnance Survey and by Messrs. Bartholomew, the great Edinburgh map makers. So with its map before us and a leaflet at hand, we turned together to the glen we knew and named each place, each glen and ben (*gleann agus beinn*), river and burn ('*avon*' or *abhuinn 'us allt*), pointed hill and knobby knock or hillock (*tom 'us cnoc*), moss and meadow (*moine 'us cluaine*), "from *beinn* to *cladach*" or pebble bed of stream and shore.

Eagerly the boy spoke and then wrote down each word which, one by one, he recognised and identified by the spots he knew, with many he liked or loved. The sights he knew were translated into sounds, recorded and recognisable in writing. In half-an-hour he found he had the fair beginning of an essential vocabulary of the commonest elements of Highland life, the land itself, his own land, a *dùthaich fhéin*.

The next ambition was to work right through the little Glossary in a new, but simple way.

Starting with a plain sheet of paper, he wrote down each Gaelic word, with the familiar Lowland equivalent where given, *abhuinn* or *anhuin* with *Avon* or *Almond*, *cnoc* and *knock*, or *baile* and *bal*—. For each thing and its name we sketched a simple symbol: for *allt* a single sinuous line; for *abhuinn* a double winding line; for *anbher* or *inver* two sinuous lines joining, or one emerging on to a loch, by inlet or by delta, *sugach* or "Succouth"; and for the rough shape of each hill or hillock he knew by name, progressively more pointed from *meall* and *cnoc* to *tulach*, from *màm* to *cioch*, from *càrn* or *cairn*-fringed steep to *creag*, *craig* or *crag*. The image of the inner eye and the expressive sound to listening ear, were linked and became "one." Instead of the grammarian's cold blooded lists as items to memorise, each known thing naturally called up its visual symbol (however crude) and its heard (and written) sound. It is not for a geographer (such as the Writer) to pretend to supplant the trained language teacher; yet our linguistic colleagues do learn their trade indoors in class rooms, not out of doors where Gaelic begins. I hope the hint will add, not in any way detract from the language teacher's special skill.

Now "No good idea is new," brand new; and the excellent Gaelic course of the B.B.C. by John Bannerman with its attractive pamphlet rightly brings in place-names. All that we tried together, the boy and I, was to take it a step further, using the simple means at hand; the map of a place we knew with one of these handy Glossaries. Highland schools are encouraged to buy the local maps for the children. Many or most of our rural teachers from Dee and Spey to the Outer Isles know little Gaelic, yet most are ready to learn and very few are hostile to the native tongue. Highland Directors of Education are sympathetic. Here may be one small way of "co-ordinating" learning for the rural bairns who, one hopes, may grow up to be rural workers and co-operators, whether "abroad" or, best of all, at home.

Translation for the Learner

Those to whom the willing recruits of *An Comunn* (such as the writer) owe the fine work done by our native-speaking organisers, editors and committees, may sometimes not be fully aware of our difficulties. The need to translate is greater than native speakers quite realise. For example, we recruits would wish not only to maintain the *Gaidhlig* section of *An Gaidheal*, but to see the purely Gaelic periodical *Gairm* be noised abroad. Yet when, we turn to a scholarly series of essays in *An Gaidheal* such

choinneamh a' cur an comhairle ri chèile airson dé bu chòir a dheanamh ris a' chiomach.

Is e thàinig as gu robh a' chuideachd gu léir an rùn a chumail gus an dioladh 'athair dhaibh maoin is spréidh an éirig na chail iad.

Am feadh 's a bha a' bhruidhinn so a' dol air adhart, dh'èalaidh fear de na bha làthair gu cùl an tighe is thòisich e air rùsgadh an tughaidh 's na sgrathan gus an do rinn e toll mòr tromhche. Sheall e stigh is chunnaic e an t-Abrach 'na shuidhe gu h-iseal fodha agus làmh air gach glùn aige, a' leigeil dheth a sgios.

Tharruing an Sgitheanach a' bhiodag is chuir e anns an fhear eile i eadar a dhà shlinnean, is dh'fhàg e marbh gun sgrid e air an làraich.

Bha càch glé dhiombach airson a' ghnìomh so oir cha robh iad idir ann an dùrachd a bheatha thoirn de'n Abrach ged a bha iad air an ruigh-eachd gu ro mhór.

Anns a' bhad, chaidh litir a sgrìobhadh gu 'athair ag innse gun deach a mhac a mharbhadh agus a' toirt cothrom dha airson tighinn air tàilleabh a' chuirp.

An sin, sheall iad a mach airson teachdaire smiorail, luath, a rachadh leis an litir gu Lochabar. Fhuair iad so ann am baile gun a bhith ro fhada air falbh, gallan lùthmher, treun, mu aois sè bliadhna deug.

Cha robh an t-astar bu ghiorra is bu diriche do Lochabar ach mu bheagan dà bhichead mìle bho Ghleann Eilg, le bhith 'gabhaill na frith-rathadan is na ceuman coise tre na beal-ach. Thugadh a' comhairle air an òganach e a ghabhail air a shocair a' falbh, ach aig a' cheart am, àithne theann e a dheanamh na cabhaig bu mhotha rinn e riamh a' tilleadh, oir bha amharus gum biodhte air a thòir.

Thug am fleasgach leis deagh phasgan de fheòil 's de aran-coirce, a chumadh a chridhe ris an cois na slighe, is thog e air.

Nochd e ri Lochabar tràth an ath mhadaoin agus bha e aig tigh an tuathanaich nuair a bha na bana-chosnaichean a' cur a' bhìadh maidne, truinnsaran lite is bainne, air a' bhòrd. Sheas mo liagh anns an dorus. Gun dìog a ràdh thilg e an litir a null am measg nan soitheichean bidhe is rinn e gu bras ri gorm.

Air do fhear an tighe teachdaireachd dhùilich na litreach e leughadh, chaidh e air bhoil le feirg is àrdan. Dh'èibh e air na coin mhóra a bha aige airson na seilge, chuir e an litir ri am bus airson a snòtach agus an sin thug e a mach iad is stuig e na madaidh fhuileachdach air lorg an ruithiche.

Cha robh esan mòran mhlitean air adhart an uair a chual e a' chomhartaich a b' oillteil as a dhéidh, ach smaoinich e air innleachd a chuireadh beagan dàil ann an tòirreachd nan gadhar. Dh'fhosgail e am pasgan is thilg e beagan de'n bhìadh air gach taobh de'n rathad.

Bha sud a' dol air adhart an ceann gach greis, oir mhothaich an gille gu robh na coin a' stad 's a' deanamh maille anns gach bad de'n t-slighe anns an robh an fheòil 's an t-aran.

Mu dheireadh thall, thàinig e am fradharc Ghlinn Eilg is 'anail' na uchd agus gach blabhd cruaidh a bheireadh na béistean ud asda air gach fàire, a' cur gairisinn fhuar tre 'fhuil 's tre 'fheòil.

Chaidh e seachad an sud 's an so air bothan dhaoine a b' aithne dha, ach cha leigeadh eagal a bheatha leis dol a steach oir bha fios aige gun toireadh na coin na dorsan agus na bha 'n taobh a stigh dhiubh, as a chéile.

Mu dheireadh thall thilg e dheth a pheitein, shuain e so timchioll air na bha air fhàgail de'n bhìadh is dh'fhàg e air druim a' cheum e.

Mar a bha an t-àgh san dàn dha, thàinig e an ceann ùine gheàrr am fianuis na mara aig Caol Reithe. Bha eathar an sin a' feitheamh agus nuair a chunnaic an sgioba coltas a' bhalaich air a chlaoidh, theann iad air dol suas ceum bho'n chladach 'na choinneamh ach ghlaodh am fear eile riutha iad a dh'fhuireach far an robh iad 's am bàta a bhith deiseil.

Cha robh am fear turuis ach gann air e féin a thilgeadh a stigh air an tobhta nuair a nochd a' chùis-eagal.

Chuir càch gu grad na ràimh oirre agus cha robh iad sìon ach ann am meadhon a' chaolais nuair a chunnaic iad na madaidh gharga 'nan suidhe air an casan deiridh air an tràigh 's an sròn ri athar agus an donnalaich aca a' toirt fuaim air mactalla nan creag a chionn nach b' urrainn dhaibh dol mir na b'fhaide.

An ath latha thàinig an tuathanach le each, càrn-slaod, agus còmhlan chàirdean, chuir iad am marbh air an uidheam-ghiuilain is thugadh dhachaidh mar sin e gu Lochabar.

Riamh bho 'n latha ud, cha deach creach eile a thogail anns an Eilean agus fhuair fear ar sgeòil air sgàth a threubhantais gabhail beag fearainn saor a grunn, a bha mar sin aige féin cho fad 's bu bheò e, agus aig na thàinig a mach bhuaithe airson iomadh linn.

Leac Na Bean-Nighe

Bho chionn iomadh bliadhna air ais bha duine anns a' bhaile againn ris an canadh iad Alasdair Bàn. Aon latha briagha samhraidh dh'fhalbh e chun na mòintich air tòir caorach oir bha faing an rùsgaidh gu bhith ann. Dh'fheumadh e a dhol deagh astar oir bhiodh na caoraich ag ionaltradh mar bu trice mu'n am-sa bhliadhna timcheall air na Tulaich Ghlasa mar a thireadh iad. Uaireannan bhiodh dìthis no triubh a' falbh a dh'iarraidh nan caorach, ach an latha ud cha robh duine aig Alasdair ach e fhéin.

Lean e a mach an cois na h-aibhne gus an d' thainig e tarsainn air boireannach le aodach fada dubh a bha i nighe air lic anns an abhainn. 'S e a chùlaibh a bha rithe agus cha do rinn e ach a làmh chli a chur air a gualainn. Thionndaidh ise air le feirg agus thubhairt i, "'S ann cearragach a rug thu orm. An làmh a rug ormsa cha bheir i air neach eile.'" Leis na briathran so chaidh i as an t-sealladh.

Thog Alasdair air dhachaidh leis na caoraich. Nuair a ràinig e an fhaigh dh'èibh e air Aonghas, caraid dha, agus dh'innis e dha mu thimcheall a' bhoireannaich. Cha deach an còrr a ràdh mu'n chùis, agus chaidh Alasdair a steach do'n fhaing còmhla ri a chompanaich.

Thachair gu robh caora dhubh aige a' bhliadhna ud, agus 's i a' chiad tè air na dhearc e. Rug e oirre leis a' chearraig. Ach ma rug, thuit e marbh as a sheasamh. Gus an latha an diugh theirear Leac na Bean-nighe ris an lic ud am bruaich na h-aibhne.

MORAG NICDHOMHNAILL.

Aitreabh Ur Nan Gaidheal

Dh'fhosgladh an Aitreabh so an Glaschu air an naoitheamh latha deug de'n Damhair. A measg na muinntir a labhair gu cubhaidh aig an am bha Ceann Suidhe A' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich, agus so mar a labhair e:

A Mhnathan is a dhaoi'n uaisle,

Is e so Aitreabh ùr nan Gaidheal agus le ar làthaireachd an so an nochd tha sinn a' deanamh aidmheil air gach cuimhne a tha an luchairt so ag ath-bheothachadh dhuinn agus a' daingneachadh 'nar cridheachan.

'Nar gairdeachas ann a bhith a' deanamh luaidh air na sochairean a tha an Aitreabh so a' buileachadh oirnn is cubhaidh dhuinn a bhith a' toirt fa-near an t-obhar sònruichte airson an do stéidhicheadh e.

Tha e gu bhith ag cur an céill dhuinne agus dhoibh-san a thig 'nar déidh nach fhaodar dearmad a dheanamh a chaoidh air na rinn is na dh'fhuilig ar n-òigridh Ghaidhealach, fir agus mnathan, a chum is gu'm biodh sith agus saorsa aig na h-uile dhaoine.

B' àrd a thog iadsan cliù ar daoine. Nach b' ann mu'n athraichean anns a' Cheud Chogaidh airson an do thogadh a' cheud Aitreabh, a thubhairt Prìomh-fhear na dùthcha an uair a bu déistinniche an cunnart:—

'Bithidh iomradh air an euchdan buan mhaireannach, chan e mhàin ann an eachdraidh

a' chogaidh ach ann an eachdraidh an t-saoghail."

B' e Prìomh-fhear eile, Maighstir Churchill, ann a bhith a' toirt iomraidh ann an Tigh nan Cumantan air an deagh sgeul mar a bhuailleadh is a sgapadh an nàmhaid aig El Alamein, a thubhairt:—

"De na saighdearan Breatunnach as an dùthaich so, sheas na Réiseamaidean Gaidhealach tromlach a' chatha agus choisinn iad urram as ùr do'n tìr a dh'àraich iad."

An am do Sheanlair de Gaulle a bhith ag cur an céill gu dé thug air cumail air an uair a strìochd an Fhraing, b' ann mar so a labhair e:

"B' e am bràithreachas catha eadar na réiseamaidean Frangach air an robh e mar urram agàm-sa a bhith 'nam Chomandair agus na réiseamaidean curanta Gaidhealach anns a' bhàr aig Abbeyville a bhrosnach mi gu cumail orm a dh' aindeoin gu dé thachradh."

Sin agaibh teisteanas dhaoine do'm b' aithne na feartan a tha fuaighte ri ar daoine; na feartan air a bheil an Aitreabh so a' deanamh luaidh. Cuimhnicheamaid cuideachd gur e so talla na h-ionndrainn do iomadh neach a tha ag caoidh nam fùran deas, calma, a dh'fhalbh is nach do thill. 'S ann mar chumhneachan orrasan gu sònruichte a tha an Aitreabh ùr so.

Mar sin, bitheamaid airidh air na tha an Aitreabh so ag co-sheasamh dhuinn. Cuidicheamaid leotha-san a shaothraich gu toirt gu buil agus bitheamaid mothachail air iomchuid-eachd ar dleasdanas ann a bhith ag cumail na h-Aitreabh so mar ionad anns a bheil taisgte cliù mhaireannach ar laochraidh.

Gach deagh shoirbheachadh do'n Aitreabh so bho gach aon anns a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach.

1. A' bhliadhna bha so cha robh toradh na talmhainn cho math idir, idir: cha robh airson dhà na trì de bhliadhnan an déidh a chéile. Thubhairt ministear an àite gum bu chòir do dhaoine a bhith 'g ùrnuigh airson toradh fhaotainn mar a b' àbhaist. Fhreagair bodach a bha an làthair, nach b'e ùrnuigh a bha an talamh a' feumachdainn ach tobhar.

2. Bha bàta siùil latha a' tighinn a Uig an Eilein Sgiathanaich tarsainn a' chuain gu fearann na Hearadh. Mu leitheach slighe bha a' ghaoth a' séideadh gu làidir ionnus gu robh am bàta beag le crùban siùil ann an cunnart. Mu dheireadh thugadh dhith an seòl buileach agus ligeadh ruith leatha le crann rùsgte. Bha an t-acras air na fir a bha air bòrd ach cha leigeadh eagal am beatha anns a' chunnart anns an robh iad leotha dad a dheanamh. Mu dheireadh thòisich fear aca deanamh bonnach

stapaig eadar a bhoisean. Thionndaidh fear eile ris agus thuir e, "A Dhòmhnail, an ann air sin tha d'aire 's tu an cunnart do bheatha a chall?" Fhreagair am fear eile, "Ged a chailleadh tu do bheatha fhéin bu mhath dhuit do bhroinn a bhith làn. D.R.M.

Allan, I would go with you

*Translation from
"Ailein Duinn shiubhlainn leat."*

By IAIN C. SMITH

I feel no joy tonight, but pain,
brooding on the wind and rain
which drove him out to sea again.
O Allan, most beloved of men,
I heard that you had crossed the sea
in a narrow boat of the oaken tree
and you were wrecked on the Isle of Man.
Such port would not have been my choice
but Stiadair Strait in the Isle of Harris
or Miabhaig Loch in the hills alone.

O Allan, sweetheart of my youth,
I loved you with the truest faith.
Bitter the message of your death.
It's not the death of cattle but
the soggy wetness of your shirt,
and whales tearing you apart.

No rich rewards can cure this loss,
no happy herds of brindled cows.
I would not ask for another man
but to be with you on top of the ben.

Allan whom I loved is drowned.
Would that I had been at hand
whatever reef ebbed you ashore,
whatever tide has slacked you there.
And I would drink, in spite of kin,
not from the red wine of Spain
but of your blood to slake the pain.

May God Himself in heaven see
the wealth of talk you've given me,
your bountiful generosity.
Lengths of silk I cannot make
into fine dresses for your sake.

This is my prayer to God above—
not to be placed in shroud or grave
nor in a pit of the dusty ground
but where, dear Allan, you were drowned.

Allan, I would go with you.

Annual General Meeting

OF AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH,
SATURDAY, 14th OCTOBER, 1961.

Mr. Hugh Macphee, President of An Comunn, was in the Chair, and 178 members attended the meeting.

In his opening remarks, the President referred to the loss sustained by An Comunn in the passing of Mr. Neil Shaw, and paid tribute to his work on behalf of Gaelic. The members joined the President in this tribute.

An apology for absence was intimated from Miss May Margaret Macmillan.

In his address the President made reference to the importance of members attending the Annual General Meeting and welcomed those present. Minute of last meeting was accepted as read.

Intimation of result of Election of Office-Bearers was read by the Secretary. Provost Donald Thomson offered to serve on the Executive Council for two years, and ten members were appointed to serve for three years.

The President recorded thanks to the local committee in Stirling for such a successful Mod. It was most gratifying to An Comunn that such a welcome was extended to the Mod by the people of Stirling. Mr. McCaskie, who was present at the meeting, was asked to accept the grateful thanks of An Comunn to all his committee members for the magnificent efforts they made in raising the Mod Fund, and for their assistance during Mod week. Mr. McCaskie suitably replied.

Thanks were recorded to our Gaelic judges who come each year to the Mod, and give their services free. Their work is not easy and to them grateful thanks are given.

Adoption of Reports and Accounts was moved by Mr. Allan Cameron, and unanimously agreed.

The Secretary read two letters, one from the Town Council and one from the committee of the Gaelic Society of Perth, inviting the 1963 Mod to Perth. Rev. Ronald Robertson addressed the meeting, and the invitation to Perth was accepted unanimously with thanks.

Motion by Mr. Donald Grant to alter Rule 14 of the Constitution, "five" to "ten" and "June" to "April" was fully discussed and seconded by Mr. George Sutherland. This alteration was unanimously agreed. The suggestion that *An Gaidheal* be issued free to Ordinary Members was remitted to the Executive Council on the motion of Provost Donald Thomson, seconded by Mr. Roderick MacKinnon.

Motion by Mr. I. R. Mackay to form an additional Standing Committee to be known as

the "Northern Committee", was seconded by Miss Kay Matheson. A lengthy discussion followed and several members gave their views. Finally the motion was agreed.

Mrs. J. M. Bannerman explained the Advisory Committee's recommendation regarding the appointment of an independent committee and a lengthy discussion followed. The members of such a committee would be appointed by the Executive Council. Several members gave their views on the matter, and Mrs. Bannerman was asked to withdraw the word "independent" from the recommendation—this she agreed to do. The outcome of the discussion was that the Advisory Committee was asked to appoint a committee to review the present organisation of An Comunn Gaidhealach and make recommendations. This was approved.

Intimation was given to the members that Mr. James Thomson was retiring as editor of *An Gaidheal*, and thanks and appreciation were recorded to him for all he has done in this connection. A cordial welcome was extended to his successor Mr. Donald Grant. The President congratulated the editors of *Gairm* which is now in its tenth year, and hoped that Mr. Finlay J. MacDonald and Mr. Derick Thomson would continue this good work.

Mr. Donald Grant, referring to his acceptance of the Editorship of *An Gaidheal* said that the survival of the magazine depended on the members of An Comunn. He would accept the office for a period of two years and it would depend on the support given him as to whether or not he would continue beyond that period.

Mr. Finlay MacLean suggested that an up to date copy of the Constitution and Rules of An Comunn should be available to members.

The President intimated that all suggestions should be given in writing to the Special Committee once it had been formed, and that this committee would look into all matters concerning the organisation of An Comunn.

Provost Donald Thomson referred to the increase of ordinary membership subscriptions, and how it would affect Branch Members. This was remitted to the Propaganda Committee for consideration—suggestion by Mr. Donald Grant was 2/6 for Branch Membership and 7/6 to Headquarters for Ordinary Membership.

Members who raised a number of points under "any competent business" were asked to submit these in writing for consideration.

Rev. M. A. MacCorquodale gave thanks to Mr. MacPhee, President, for his leadership from the chair and Mr. J. M. Bannerman thanked the President for all his work during Mod week. Thanks were also given to the office staff.

This concluded the business of the meeting.

M.M.

President's Address

National Mod of An Comunn Gaidhealach,
Stirling, 1961

IT is my duty, and a pleasant one it is, to welcome you to the Fifty-Eighth National Mod of An Comunn Gaidhealach. I hope it will provide happy memories of our visit to Stirling. I am sure it will inspire us all to united effort in the cause we strive to serve.

It is appropriate, too, to acknowledge our deep sense of indebtedness to the local Committee for all that they have done, not the least being that the financial success of the Mod has been well secured by their efforts. We thank them and all those who have worked with them most sincerely.

As you have said, Mr. Provost, fifty-two years have passed since the Mod made its first visit to this historic town, and a comparison between the entries then and those of today will indicate the growth of interest in, and the influence of the Mod during the past half century.

In 1909 the entry of 600 was considered very satisfactory. This figure showed an increase of 168 over the previous year. Nine Junior and thirteen Senior Choirs came forward.

This year, the entries number 1,236 and the Junior Choirs alone exceed the entire Choral entry of fifty years ago. A gratifying feature is that these junior singers should be so representative of all Gaeldom. We are heartened by their presence, for the custody of the language is in their keeping in the years that lie ahead. With the senior entry of 34 individual choirs no fewer than 56 Gaelic Choirs will be heard in Stirling this year.

While the Mod directs attention to the musical aspect of An Comunn's work, it is much more than a musical festival. We would like it to be realised that it is only one of the many efforts An Comunn is making continuously on behalf of Gaelic.

The entries in both the Senior Oral and Literary sections indicate the emphasis that is placed on proficiency in the language, and we would appeal for as large an attendance as possible at the Oral competitions.

I can assure you all that you will find it a stimulating and rewarding experience.

Here are some of the names in the prize list at the Stirling Mod of 50 years ago. Murdo Morrison, the Barvas Bard; The Rev. D. W. MacKenzie, whose widow, the subject and inspiration of his well known song "An cluinn thu mi mo nighean donn", is happily still with us as an active member of the Stirling Local Committee.

Then there was John MacFadyen, "An t-Eileanach", Duncan MacNiven, Islay, the Kilchoman bard; John MacCormick, that gifted and prolific writer from Mull; Hector MacDougall, Coll; and in that company our late and much respected Secretary, Neil Shaw, has an honoured place, for he, too, was a prizewinner in the language competitions.

These are names that have a worthy and a permanent place in Gaelic literature.

If only for the encouragement and confidence it has given to such Gaelic writers throughout the years, the Mod has earned the gratitude of all who value the language and all that it represents in the culture of our people.

One of our former Presidents, Malcolm MacLeod, a great leader of his time, spoke wisely when he said:—

"Even were the Mod exclusively a Musical Festival, justification for its existence could be found in the great amount of work of first class importance it has done for Gaelic music.

"It has raised Gaelic singing to a high level, while preserving its native characteristics; it has rescued from neglect many of our loveliest melodies; it has helped effectively to reveal to the world the great wealth and variety of Gaelic music and song, and it has given Highlanders themselves a new interest and an enhanced pride in these possessions of theirs."

How true that is when we realise that 75 years ago, just prior to the institution of An Comunn, the promotion of an all Gaelic concert in Glasgow, with its large Gaelic population, was considered a bold and somewhat rash experiment, as Gaelic was then so little countenanced on the public platform.

Gaelic song collections in those days were few indeed, scarcely half a dozen, and, when procurable, the price was beyond the means of the people. How changed the situation today with so many collections available.

The universal acceptance now accorded to our music through the agency of An Comunn was amply demonstrated by the crowded and appreciative audiences at the Gaelic concerts presented this year under the auspices of the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama.

In addition to all that, one of the features of the Mod is the manner in which our music is sustained as a living tradition. The songs of the modern bards find a place with the works of the old masters.

By so doing, it is ensured that the language in this mode of expression is not stultified by over emphasising a reverence for the past to the neglect of the present, with all its importance and urgency.

Whether the modern song will commend itself and survive is a question for posterity. As that great authority on folk music, Sir Hubert Parry, first President of the Folk Song Society, said: "Folk song grew in the hearts of the people . . . and it grew there because it pleased them to make it, and because what they made pleased them; and that is the only way good music was ever made."

Many of the Mod songs have passed the test of that high authority.

While we may take justifiable pride in what the Mod has accomplished, we are nevertheless conscious of the background against which we have to maintain the cultural elements of our race.

All concerned with the welfare of our native land must surely be dismayed by the continued decline of the rural population. The figures revealed by successive census returns give an imperative call to all who set any value on the preservation of what was once the National language to lend their support to ensure that it will be maintained as one of the most distinctive features of our Scottish heritage.

During the past hundred years the population of the counties of Argyll, Inverness, Ross and Cromarty and Sutherland fell by 61,365. From the turn of the century the loss amounted to 41,817, and from the last census in 1951, that is during the past ten years, the drop in population in these counties came to 8,650.

The Gaelic speaking Island of Barra provides a good example of the cause and the effect of this situation. Up to the beginning of the first world war it was a prosperous fishing community, but after the war this lucrative industry which provided full employment disappeared. The effect of this on the island's economy can be imagined.

This was made manifest to me when I visited the Junior Secondary School at Castlebay. It has a roll of 230 pupils and the average number leaving each year is 25. When I asked what opportunity these children had of employment at home, I was told that, with very few exceptions, they would have to leave the island and prepare themselves for their livelihood elsewhere. The result is an unbalanced population, comprised mostly of elderly folk. Need we be surprised that this island of 1476 inhabitants lost 22 per cent. of its population during the past ten years, and it is not the most seriously affected.

How encouraging it is to know that the first Barra boat built under the Outer Hebrides Fishery Scheme has now entered the water with another being built. Lewis, too, is taking advantage of this scheme. It is to be hoped that the heavy charges that have to be met

to repay the loans will not destroy the initiative and the determination of these islesfolk to seek a living for themselves and their families. Their only capital is in their labour. We wish them well.

One noteworthy fact does emerge from the census figures. It is that the decrease in the number of Gaelic speakers in the counties I have mentioned is 2,026 less than the total decrease in the crofting counties.

There are slight increases in certain areas and where these occur they indicate what is essential if the population is to be maintained. In each case the increase is due to opportunities of employment.

Industry is *essential* if a stable and viable population is to be made secure, but what incentive is there to industry in continually rising charges? Let me give an instance. A friend required a small quantity of bricks to complete a job at his home in a village on the West Coast of Mull. The cost at the brickworks was £5, but the transport charge would raise that figure to £20. A similar freight oncost has to be added to the essential purchases made in the village store.

The economic factor consequent upon the drop in population may make a re-organising of the transport service desirable, but no curtailment should be permitted to take place without an adequate alternative being provided sufficient for the needs of all communities. These facilities are essential, and to reduce them would be to strangle all hope for the future.

The interruption in the plans of The North of Scotland Hydro Electric Board fill us with dismay. We shall always be grateful to the Board for the miles of roadways they have built, for the employment that has been provided, and especially for having banished the paraffin lamp era. The housewife in most parts of the Highlands can now enjoy the advantages of the modern aids which are commonplace throughout the country.

We hope the Board may continue until the islands and all the areas that are still without electricity receive this benefit. By all means let us preserve the beauty of our countryside, so that it may be admired and enjoyed by the visitors who come and make a short stay in our midst, but never at the expense of denying to the people who stay there the whole year round those things that are regarded as vital amenities of modern living.

If I have stressed the material things that make for comfort and contentment; if I have referred to the frustrations and expense of the transport service—it is because they so seriously affect the life of our people. These factors are the basic causes of the depopulation which now presents a serious national problem. These

matters concern us deeply, for we do realise that language, culture, and people are indivisible. While always eschewing politics, as our constitution demands, we shall use all the influence we possess to ensure that justice shall be done, that Gaels have their share of the benefits, opportunities and amenities enjoyed by most of the people in our land.

We shall be made aware soon of the reports of the Scottish Council of Development and Industry; that of the Toothill Committee on its study of Scottish economy, and the report of the Eogood Committee on natural resources. We shall look forward with special interest to the report of the Enquiry made into Highland transport and that of the MacKenzie Committee on Power supplies.

Never, may I say, have so many reports been made on the living of so few, with so little evidence that time is on our side, even though measured by the calendar.

That the Gael is ready and willing to help himself is well exemplified by a noteworthy Lewis experiment. It has been described as a miracle in land regeneration. It began in 1957. In the first year, by a process of surface seeding 273 acres of sour, almost barren, peat land were transformed into pasture for sheep and cattle. That new grazing area has now, within four years, been extended to 5,730 acres.

This has not been achieved without much labour, and in many cases, where mechanical aids could not be employed, the shell sand and lime had to be carried on their back by these crofter folk, sometimes for a distance of several miles. This shows that the present generation of Highlanders, given the opportunity, can secure a livelihood for themselves and be as enterprising as were their pioneering kinsfolk who had crossed the seas and won prosperity for themselves and their descendants from the clearings they made in the forests and from their labours in making fertile the empty plains.

The achievements of these emigrants are recognised in history, but what is so encouraging to us is that their descendants should still take pride in their Gaelic origins. The Gaels of Nova Scotia, who have their own annual Mod, have made tangible their unity with us in the medals they have presented for several years for annual competition. Now, this year, at the Stirling Mod, medals presented by the Federation of Highland and Gaelic Societies of Canada, will be awarded for the first time.

The area represented by this Federation extends across the Dominion from East to West, along the MacKenzie trail. The request that these medals should be awarded to the winners in the Learners' competitions, is indicative of the support and appreciation given

to the Mod by entrants other than those native born. These medals enable us to acknowledge how much An Comunn appreciates the interest of the thousands now devoting their leisure to acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic. This awareness by so many of the importance of this ancient language as a means of providing a fuller understanding of the history and culture of their native land, is one of the most encouraging and inspiring results of An Comunn's efforts throughout the years.

On that note, which embraces and welcomes all who esteem Gaelic, and who seek to buttress our racial edifice, I shall end.

Into our keeping have been placed the traditions of our race which, in themselves, enshrine much of the spirit and the soul of Scotland. Let us be worthy of these traditions so that, come what may, future generations may say of us that we held true and kept vigilant regard for all that has been entrusted to us. Let us then express that faith not in words alone but also in our actions. Cuimh-nicheamaid na daoine bho'n d'thàinig sinn agus leanamaid an còmhuidh gu dlùth ri cliù ar sinnsrìbh.

Branch Reports

FORRES

The winter session was opened on 19th October with a ceilidh. The interest in the Gaelic movement is maintained. The proceedings opened with bagpipe solo by Mr. J. Macdonald of Forres Pipe Band. Vocal and instrumental items were given by Mrs. Mackenzie, Dingwall; Miss Campbell, Nairn; Messrs. J. C. Campbell, London; R. Macdonald, Inverness; K. Ross, Dingwall; Ian Macgregor, Nairn; Ron Wilson, Kinloss; Ian Johnston and G. Gourlay, Forres. Dr. H. M. Morgan, president, was fear-an-tighe, and the accompanist was Miss B. McWilliam. The vote of thanks was proposed by Iain Macarthur.

OBAN

The opening ceilidh in aid of the 1962 National Mod was so well attended that an overflow audience had to be accommodated in another room. The artistes gave of their best to both audiences and were enthusiastically applauded. They were—Neil McLean and Jenny Currie, Catherine MacNiven and Ian Carmichael. These were ably supported by Anne Gillies and Hector Campbell. The Oban Male Voice Gaelic Choir contributed, and instrumental selections were given by Colin Campbell's Band, and Piper Hugh MacFarlane, while Mrs. Macdonald played the accompaniments. Fir-an-tighe were Provost D. Thomson and Mr. D. Morrison.

AYR

The President, Mr. A. Fraser, welcomed a large audience of members and friends to the opening ceilidh. The Junior Choir, conducted by Mr. D. McIsaac, sang a number of Gaelic songs as did Cowan Payne, Mary Rose Davis and Frances Matthews, members of the choir, and Kathleen Mooney and Margaret Macdonald. The visiting artistes were Mod Metallists Alasdair Grant, Glasgow, and Ina MacDiarmid, Greenock.

ROSS AND CROMARTY MUSIC COMMITTEE

Here is a short quotation from the above Report:—

"It has been said that the language of the Gael is slowly but surely fading out, and that it holds little or no interest whatever to those who are living outwith Gaelic-speaking areas. Indeed it has been stated that, in general, Gaelic-speaking parents are so apathetic regarding their mother tongue, that it is only in exceptional cases that the children are taught the language by the parents themselves. That the fault does not rest with the youth is shown by the greatly increased number of competitors in the Gaelic section of the 1961 County Musical Festival. No less than 478 competitors took part in classes which included Piping, Speech, Vocal Solos, Duets, Quartettes and Choirs. The standard attained in recent years at Provincial Mods has been very satisfactory, owing in large measure to the competent work done in schools under qualified and enthusiastic teachers.

The National Mod continues to attract many competitors from Ross-shire. The Education Authority and the County Music Committee continue to encourage and assist An Comunn in its work. Stornoway, Kyle and Gairloch once more held successful Mods."

The set-up in Ross-shire regarding Mods and Festivals is as follows:—

Annual—Provincial Mods in Stornoway, Kyle and Gairloch.

Biennial—County Music Festivals in Dingwall with Area Festivals held in Stornoway, Kyle and Easter Ross.

The Black Isle will have its first Area Festival in 1962.

The Songs of Craig and Ben, Vol. II, by Arthur Geddes: W. Maclellan, 240 Hope Street, Glasgow.

This Volume, which is the complement of Volume 1, is made up of three groups of songs—farewells to the bens; love of the hills; laughter, lilts, and dance music. In a few cases the original Gaelic is given alongside the English rendering, but most of the songs are in translation only. It is true that the translations are not always literal or very close, at least in parts, but the sentiment and rhythm of the original are successfully reproduced.

There is a very interesting Introduction indicating how labour gave rise to appropriate songs, and how music gave labour its rhythm. It points out that while Gaelic is in retreat, traditions live on, and suggests that translation may help to restore the link. How life in the Highlands is reflected in popular song and melody is carefully traced, and some reference is made to "model principles."

The main characteristics of the three groups of songs given are summarised under their respective headings, and the story of each song is related in outline. The music is rendered both in staff and sol-fa.

The main object of this collection is to give the non-Gaelic speaker in Scotland some idea of this part of his national heritage of song and music, and, through translation, to arouse his interest, and his desire to perpetuate it. A great deal of labour has gone to the production of this book, as well as no small measure of scholarship. It is well worth the modest price of 7/6; 5/- for the Community issue.

D/2.
23. MAY 1963

An Gaidheal:

(Formerly AN DEO GREINE)

The Monthly Magazine of An Comunn Gaidhealach

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AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH
65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW

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OF

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65 WEST REGENT STREET

GLASGOW

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVII

AM FAOILLEACH, 1962

Aireamh 1

NA DAOINE BH'ANN

NUAIR is cuimhne leam fhìn, gun a dhol nas fhaide air ais na sin, bha mór-shluagh an eilein againn tur eadar-dhealaichte 'nan dòighean, 'nan crann-chur agus 'nan rùn-cridhe, ris an àl a th'ann an diugh. Chan eil mi ag ràdh gu robh iad na b'fheàrr, na bu ghlice, no na bu sheòlta, ach canaidh mi so: bha iad mòran na b'iasgaidhe agus na bu shona.

Cha robh sùil aca ri teachd-an-tir ach na choisneadh an dà làimh, agus ged bu doirbh air uairean na dh'fhoghnadh a sholar, cha b'ann gruamach, cànrach a gheibhte iad. Ar leam nach robh sluagh eile ann a bha cho toilichte riutha. Dh'fheitheadh iad ri bhith sona ged bhiodh an-obair cruaidh agus an duais beag. Nuair a b'isle an staid bha dòchas aca ri latha na b'fheàrr a thighinn. Dheanadh iad a chùis le beagan agus cha robh iarraidh no ionndrainn aca air mòran. Bha iad sona chionn 's gu robh iad saor. Agus dé an dà ni as luachmhoire do'n duine nàdurach na saorsa agus sonas? Cha robh iad fo chuing na daorsa aig duine riamh, agus có air bith a dh'fheuch ri dronnag na daorsa a chur orra b'fheudar teicheadh le luathas nan eang.

Dé an fhearas-chuideachd a bha aca? Cha robh ach cuideachd a chéile, agus bu leòr sin. Air an àirigh am mìosan an t-samhraidh bha sùgradh, mànrán is ceòl-cridhe gu 'n toil aig na banachagan, maille ri slàinte cuirp is inntinne, gun chùram gun uallach. Rè a' gheamhraidh, am marbh na bliadhna, nuair a bha gach beag is mór aig baile, b'e an tigh céilidh an oilthigh aca mar an ceudna far an robh iad a' teagasg a chéile an eòlas gnothaichean mara is tìre, na nìthan sin anns an robh an tlachd. Cha robh mòran foghlum eile aca no ionndrainn air.

Cha robh bailc gun tighean céilidh ann, agus cha bhiodh aon diubh gun a chòmhlán fhéin. Cha bhiodh an oidhche fhada gheamhraidh fada dol seachad le seanachasan, le òrain, toimh-seachain, is ceòl, le gearr-ghobaich is sùgradh gun lochd. Ach ceum air cheum thòisich cleachdaidhean ùra tighinn a steach; uidh air n-uidh dhùineadh na tighean céilidh agus cha do dh'fhosgail na b'fheàrr.

Có as a bha an sluagh a' toirt an teachd-an-tìr? Bha an dà chuid as an talamh agus as an fhaireg. Bha muinntir an eilein gu léir, gillean is clann-nighean, a' leantainn an iasgaich. B'e àrd iarrtus a' bhalaich bhig peitean mór an iasgair fhaighinn air a dhruim, agus gheibheadh a' chaileag luath-chasach polca teann is beannag. An gille òg no am braisiche a dh'fhuireadh aig an tigh rè mìosan an t-samhraidh, nuair a bha càch uile anns na puirt a sear ag iasgach an sgadain, theirte gur h-e leth-chiallach a bha ann.

Bha acfhuinn iasgaich an ceann gach tìghe — linn bheaga is linn mhóra, putan dubha agus linn sgadanach. Dheanadh am balach beag cliùcair mus b' àirde e na'm bata, agus chàireadh an seann laoch lion fhad's a chitheadh e mogal. B'e am a' gheamhraidh am càradh nan lion agus am aithris nan sgeul air iasgach Ghallaibh, A' Bhruaich, Inbhir-Sheòrsaidh agus Bhun Illidh. Cha robh àirde as an séideadh gaoth, no ionad anns na chuir iad lion, no basgaid sgadain a mharbh iad nach cuireadh iad an cuimhne a chéile bliadhnan an déidh làimhe mar gum b'ann an dé a thachair e.

Bha obair fearainn r'a dheanamh 'na h-am-àiteach, cur is buain, feur is connadh. Ach 's ann air na mnathan a bha tromlach na h-oibreach-sa a' tuiteam. Eadar mòine is talamh, feur is spréidh, cha robh aon aca

dìomhain. Bhiodh na fir aig baile ri am na buain. Nuair a bha an t-arbhar anns an iodhlainn agus am buntàta anns an t-sluic b'e sin am foise nuair a dh'fhoadhad fear a làmhan a chur 'na phòcaidean agus am fàgail annta gu Nollaig.

Ged nach robh mór shaoibhreas a' tuiteam air an t-sluagh bha iad iongantach riarachite le'n staid, agus mur do dh'fhàg iad mòran maoin aig an cloinn, dh'fhàg iad aca dileab a b'fheàrr—saorsa, spiorad neo-eisimeileach, carthannachd is iochd; dh'fhàg iad aca eisimpleir uasal air cruadal is fearachas, air dilseachd is ceartas, air uaisleachd is falaidhadh gun tomhas.

Suil Air Ais

Nach mise 'n dràs d bhiodh sona
A measg a' chomuinn ghaoil,
Le càirdean uasal m' òige
'Gam chòmhdach air gach taobh,
Ach dh'fhalbh iad uile air turus
Gu dùthaich fad as fheàrr,
Far nach eil sgeul air mulad,
'S gach là de aoibhneas làn.

Nach iomadh oidhche thoilicht'
Bha againn measg a chéil'
A' bàrdachd, seinn 's ag aithris,
'S a' dawns ri puirt-a-beul;
'Nar suidhe mu an chagailt
Ri seanachas is ri gàir.
A Rìgh gur duilich, duilich leam
Nach till iad rium gu bràth.

Ach dh'fhàg sibh mise cuimhneachadh
An gleann nan deòir leam fhìn,
Is dh'fhalbh sibh astar fada uam
Gu cathair an Ard Rìgh.
Ach bha e 'n dàn duinn dealachadh,
'S cha choinnich gu là dealan.
Tha sibh an tràth so falaichte
'S a' ghrian 'gur cumail bhuam.

CATRIONA NIC GILLE MOIRE.

Cha robh dad air mo làmhan ach tilleadh air
mo chas cheum.

Chuir e roimhe an saoghal a thoirt fo cheann.
Cò ris nach còrdadh a bhith air a thoil fhéin?
Tha aithne gun chumhne agam ort. Ach co
leis thu?

Thog i a dealbh gun fhios carson.
Theab mi tuiteam as mo sheasamh.
Bha ceannach aige air a dhol-a-mach.
Bhuail e 'nam inntinn gu robh blas na ßeurla
air a' Ghàidhlig aice.

“Mac An t-Sionnaich”

“F^AILTE stigh.” B'e sin mo bheann-
achadh a' fosgladh an doruis 's mi
tighinn air chéilidh. “Fáilte oirbh
fhéin,” fhreagair bean an tighe. Agus bu
chridheil an crathadh-làimhe a fhuair mi o'n
teaghlach gu léir ann an dachaidh choibhneil
chomhartaíl Dhòmhnail 'ic Alasdair an
Gearraidh-crò, mar anns a h-uile tigh a thadhail
mi air mo chuairt an eilean mo ghráidh is
m'àraich. Shuidh sinn cruinn còmhla mu'n
chagailt, a' gabhail naidheachd a chéile.
Thug mi tarraing air an atharrachadh a thàinig
air obair an fhearainn on chaidh mi air inncch
gu Tir-mór; cho gann 's a bha na h-eich far am
b'abhaist na ceudan a bhith. “Chunnaic mi
tri agad fhéin, a Dhòmhnail, is iad mar bu
trice 'nan tàmh. Chan eil gin agad an diùgh 's
tha do shuidheachadh nas fheàrr na bha e
riamh.” “Tha tractor agam,” arsa Dòmhnail,
“'s e cus as fheàrr sa' h-uile dòigh. Chan fheum
e fù 's deoch ach nuair a tha e 'g obair. Chuala
mi gur h-ann o'n Laidinn a thugadh an t-ainm.”
“S ann,” thuirt mise, “is tha cheart uibhir
a chòir aig a' Ghàidhlig air 's a tha aig a'
Bheurla Shasunnaich.” “Tha cuimhne agaibh
air a' Chlaidesdaíl a bha agam,” ars esan.
“S e bha chosgail dhomh; dh'itheadh e a'
chàin a chuir Pàdrug air Eirinn. Chan e
mhàin sin ach rachadh e am poll far an coisich-
eadh an fheadhainn eile gu seasgair. An cuala
sibh mu'n each a fhuair Seumas Ruairidh a
Obairheadhain o chionn fhada?” “Cha chuala
facal,” arsa mise.

“An ta, tha sin a' cur iongnaidh orm.
Shaoil leam gu robh e am beul na h-uile duine,”
fhreagair Dòmhnail. “Ciamar a bha,” dh'
fheòraich mi. “Och, cha robh ach gu robh
each sgairteil nach biodh gealtach 's a bhiodh
saor a dhith air Seumas, ach bha e a' fairtl-
eachadh air fear a chòrdadh ris a lorg. Mu
dheireadh thall dé leugh e ann am paiper ach
criomag a chuir Mac an t-sionnaich ann 's e
a' reic air £20 each soitheamh nach teicheadh
am feasda, agus gun cuireadh e a' chairt 's an
acfhuinnt 'na chois. Cha bu léir do Sheumas
facal tuilleadh le cho math 's a chòrd an tairge
ris. Ruith e is chàirich e an t-suim bog pailt
air falbh leis an telegraf, eagal gun cailleadh e
cothrom cho iongantach. Cha mhòr gun d'
fhuair an duine bochd norra cadail, a' smaoin-
eachadh a h-uile h-oidhche air an each
ghallda, cho briagha 's a bhiodh e, agus a'
farmad a bhiodh aig a choinhearsnaich ris
nuair a chluinntea farum nan riothan ùra air
rathad mór an rìgh. Mar tha fios agaibh 's e
Aonghas Beag aig an am ud, leis a' chàr bu
mhotha bha san dùthaich, a bha ruith na saic

litricean bho Lochboisdeil a tuath gu Faodhail-na-Peighinn (agus gu dearbh bu laghach ann e). Bha postaireachd bailtean a' mheadhoin so an urra riumsa. A' mhadainn ud, nuair a bha e a' sineadh dhomh mo chuid de'n luchd, dh' iarr e orm brath a leigeil gu Seumas gun do chuir am bàta beothach leis air tìr an raoir, agus gum b' fheàrr dha a chùram a ghabhail air ball mun briseadh e mach as a' chrò 's gun deanadh e call."

Thuir mi gu faicinn Donnchadh Bàn, a bhràthair, agus gu faodadh esan an teachdair-eachd a chur thuige. Nuair a ràinig mi Dalandroma bha Donnchadh 'na sheasamh air an stairsnich agus dh'innis mi dha gun d' thàinig an t-each aig Seumas. Dh'fhosgail Donnchadh a shùilean gu farsaing mus do dh'fhosgail e a bheul. "Chan eil fhios agam dé an fhearas-mhór a tha air an duine chearbach sin," ars esan, "chan eil àit aige far an téid a leithid sin a bheothach a stigh. Feumaidh e àrd-dorus an stàbuill a thogail troigh no dhà co-dhùbh. B' fheàrr dha cus bean a thoirt dhachaidh, gun a bhith 'na thruaghan leis fhéin, cho math 's 'g a bheil e air obair a stigh 's a mugh. Ach cha leig thusa no mise a leas comhairle a thoirt air."

Sheall Dòmhnall Post orm le fiamh gàire 's thuir e. "Cha leigeamaid a leas iomagain a bhith oirnn mu'n teachdaireachd. Bha Seumas air falbh an glasadh an latha air an earalas. Ràinig e Lochboisdeil 'na chabhaig is thug e sùil timcheall a h-uile h-àite gleidhidh, ach chan fhaca e coltas beothaich idir. Chaidh e bhùth Fhearghuis is dh'innis e fàth a thuruis. "An tug thu cliabh no poca no bara leat?" Seall sìos a rithist, agus mur a faigh thu na tha thu sireadh is dòcha gu faic thu rud a chuireas iongnadh ort." Cha b'urrainn e a thuisinn dé bha e ciallachadh ach thug e cuairt eile dh' an chrò agus fhuaire e ann an oisein, ri fasgadh sguabh arbhair, creutair beag biodach air leth-shùil a' cnàmh a chìre, 's e air faighinn seachad air an tinneas-mhara, Sealtanach simildh, 's cha robh air an t-saoghal na bu lugha mur a robh searrach eile aig a mhàthair o chionn ghoirid. Dh'èigh e air fear a' chidhe 's thuir e ris nach robh aige ach an dosgaidh phealagach bhronach ud a thilleadh an taobh o'n d' thàinig e, nach gabhadh esan cas dheth. "Troghad ort," ars am fear eile, "tha tuilleadh leat fo dhion an so." Thug e pilleag cainbe a bha còmhachadh dhùin bathair, agus shlaod e mach cairt bheag. Rinn Dòmhnall gàire is thuir e rium, "Is cinnteach gu faca sibh pram uaireigin?" "Chunnaic," fhreagair Seumas, "thog sinn seachdnar ann a dhà no trì dhùbh." "Ma tha," arsa Dòmhnall, "cha robh a' chairt cho àrd sin no dad na bu luchdaile."

Bha Seumas a' sgrìobhadh airson a chuid airgid gun an tug e thairis. Fhuair e litir o Mhac an t-Sionnaich ag ràdh mas e each nach teicheadh a bha dhith air gun d'fhuaire e sin, agus nach robh an còrr ach an asgaidh.

Dh'fhaighnich mi an robh gnothach aige fhéin uair sam bith ri Mac an t-Sionnaich. "Bha, roimhe sud", dh'aidich Dòmhnall, "bhithinn a' faicinn trealaich aige anns a' phaipeir, rudan a bha mi samointeachadh a ghabhadh cur gu feum. Bha an crann treabhaidh a bha agam aig an am ro aosda. Is aithne dhuibh an talamh a tha agam ri threachladh—riag is luachair, mòran deth. Sgrìobh mi gu Mac an t-Sionnaich 's thuir mi ris gum bithinn fada 'na chomain nan cuireadh e thugam crann math iarunn. Dh'innis mi gu robh fir a' bhaile air tòiseachadh, ach nach deanainn-sa sgrìobh gu an tigeadh an crann ùr, agus e a chur leis an Dunàra gu Lochansgiobair cho luath 's a b'urrainn da. Fhreagair e gun deanadh e sud gu toilichte nuair a gheibheadh e ceithir puinnnd 's a deich. Chuir mi sin thuige gun dàil, agus gu dearbh is mi a ghabh an fhadachd a' feitheamh a' chròinn. Chuala mi mu dheireadh thall gu robh an Dunàra a' tighinn air an rathad (mar a bha Caristiona Chaimbeul). Leum mi air an each iarunn agus tharraing mi air Lochansgiobair cho luath 's a ghabhadh rothan cur mu chuairt. Cò thachair rium letheach sliag ach Coinneach Ileach is luchd aige air an làraidh o'n bhàta.

"Na chuir i crann leamsa air tìr?" dh' fhaighnich mi. "Chuir," fhreagair e. "Carson nach tug thu leat e?" Cha d' thuir e diog; thainig snodha gàire air aodann 's dh' fhalbh e. Smaoinich mi gur h-ann ro mhór a bha an crann airson a chur air mullach na bha aige. Chum mi air adhart chun a' chidhe. Bha iomadach rud sgaoilte air, ach cha robh crann ri fhaicinn. Bha mi bagairt air falbh nuair a thug mi an aire do phoca falamh air uchdard ruedeigin. Thog mi e, 's dé bha fodha ach crann—'s b'e sin an crann. Cha robh e mòran na bu mhòd na clobha ceàrdaich. Cha robh ann ach rud a rinneadh airson clann bheag a bhith cleasachd leis. Cha b' aithne dhòmhsa gu robh e airson feum fo'n ghréin, agus dh' fhàg mi e far an robh e.

An ath uair a chunnaic mi an t-Ileach shìne e dhomh bileag phaipeir. "Dé tha so?" arsa mise. "Tha," ars esan, "cunntas 15/- a tha agad ri phàidheadh, faradh a' chròinn a' tighinn 's a' falbh air an Dunàra."

"Dé thuir thu? Còig tasdain deug a bharrachd air na chaill mi mar tha! 'S mi nach dean dad dheth." Nochd e dhomh gu feumadh esan am faradh a thogail agus nach robh dol as agam. Sin mar a bha: cha robh agam ach an t-earball a leigeil leis a' chraiceann.

Smaoinich mi gun toirinn an t-ìomlan a Mac an t-Sionnaich. Ach bha mi fhathast gun fàs eòlach air an dòigh malairt a bha aige-san. Sgrìobh mi litrichean gu leòr ach iarraidh mo chuid airgid air ais 's a' maoidheadh lagha air; ach bu cheart cho math dhomh iarraidh air an fhear a tha sa' ghealach. An ceann mìos no dhà fhreagair e nach robh e ann; na riaghailtean aige idir a bhith tilleadh prìs ni sam bith a reic e, ach gun cuireadh e thugam luach an airgid ann an stuth sam bith eile a dh'ainmichinn, agus gu robh e an dòchas gun tigeamaid cho dlùth air a chèile ann an còrdadh ri dà bhràthair. 'S ann a thug e orm a chreidsinn gur e bh'ann fìor dhuine ceart agus còir. Thug mi taing mhór dha is dh'iarr mi sinteachan treabhaidh, seach gun robh an t-sean fheadhainn agam air fàs meirgeach 's air cnàmh. Ach nam faicheadh sibhse dreach na h-ìomlaid a chuir e orm! Dà shlabhraidh iarunn 's a h-uile failbheag dhìubh o cheann gu ceann 'nan cop 's 'nan cnapan meirge. Cha do rinn mi ach an tilgeadh a mach air an loch, far nach tigeadh iad am fradharc am feasda tuilleadh. Sud mar a rinn Mac an t-Sionnaich ormsa agus air Seumas, agus air iomadh fear eile, ged nach cuala sinn sin gus an ribh e ro annoch.

Arsa Dòmhnall, 's e lasadh na pioba, "Chan eil sion air an t-saoghal cho saor ri rud a dh' fhaodar a sheachnadh. Riamh o'n uair ud tha mi deanamh cinnteach as mo cheannachd mus dealaich mi ri m'airgead."

"'S e sin a dh'fhàg Seumas cho cùramach is a tha e an diugh," arsa mise. "Och, bha an duine sin cùramach riamh," fhreagair Dòmhnall. "'S e farmad a bha cur air. 'S math a bhith cùramach, ach seachainn thusa a bhith farmadach." Thug mi mo ghealladh dha, is thug mi òrm. Is math a chòrd mo chéilidh riom-sa. Bha a' ghealach a' deàrsadh air an uinneig nuair a dh'éirich mi o bhlàths na cagaillte.

CALUM LAING.

An t-Seann Larach

IS iomadh smaoin thiamhaidh, agus smaoin thoileach cuideachd, a tha an t-seann larach a' dùsgadh air an fheasgar so, smaointean nach iarrainn a mhùchadh no a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Far eil an làrach uaine ud an diugh tha sùil na h-inntinne a' faicinn an tìghe a bha aon uair làn de chuideachd shuilbhir, sgoinneil nach robh aon chuid càranach no do-riarachtaiche le'n crannchur. 'S e tìghe a bha ann a thogadh le làman nan daoine leis an robh e, no le còmhndadh fir-ceàrde nach d'fhuair oilean no duais fir-ceàrde. Cha robh

e cosgail r'a thogail ged nach ann gun saothair mhór a sgealbhadh na clachan as a' chreig, no as a' mhonadh, no as a' chladach, agus ged a' thuit iomadh boinne falluis gu làr a' feannadh nan sgrath agus a' cladhach glutaidd airson nam ballachan a chumail 'nan seasamh.

Ged nach robh an tìghe dubh bòidheach an sealladh na sùla, bha e iongantach coltach ri cumadh na talamhainn air an robh e stéidhichte, agus bheireadh e dùbhlán do'n ghaoith a b'airde a shéideadh. Nuair a bha e air a dheagh thubhadh le pailteas connlaich fo lion is fo acraichean chuireadh e dheth na tuiltean bu mhòtha dhòrtadh air. Ged a bhiodh an aimsir fuar chumadh an teine mór craosach air a' chagailt blàths is deathach a stìgh. Cha robh dìth connaidh ann 's an riasg cho faisg air an doras, agus fir is mnathan iasgaidh ann gu bhith 'g a bhuaian agus 'g a àrach. Bha sòchairean nach bu bheag an cois an tìghe dhùibh, agus neo-ar-thaigh greadhnachas agus sonas.

Ach chan ann air an tìghe fhéin bu mhatth leam iomradh a dheanamh aig an am ach air dòighean agus subhailcean nan daoine a bha a' còmhnuidh ann. Theireadh duine do nach b' aithne na b' fheàrr gu robh slugh na Gaidhealtachd somalta, leisg, gu faodadh iad a bhith fada na b' inbheile na bha iad nan sìneadh iad an làman agus an casan na bu bhitheanta.

So beachd a' bhalaich bhig air Dòmhnall Iain. Gun teagamh bha Dòmhnall còir ainmeil anns a' bhaile airson a shlaodaireachd. Aon latha bha seanar a' bhalaich a' cur leasan a' Bhiobuill roimhe. "Agus", arsa esan, "éiridh iad uile aig an Aiseirigh." "Tà," fhreagair am balach, "chan éirich Dòmhnall Iain." Cha chanadh duine gu robh an slugh leisg a chunnaic iad a' saothrachadh an fhearrainn le cliabh is spaid is cliath, no air chùl nan ràmh, no a' càradh nan lion sgadanach ri droch sholus. Cha chanadh duine a bha an cuideachd nam ban gu robh iad neo-sgoinneil fo'n chliabh mhònach, no a' sniomh 's a' figheadh 's a' fuigheal nuair bu chòir dhaibh a bhith 'nan leapannan. Cha robh an latha fada gu leòr leotha airson na bha ri dheanamh gu bhith cumail biadh is aodach is connadh riutha fhéin.

Bha an slugh-sa toilichte le'n crannchur, agus sona an cuideachd a chéile. Cha d' fhuair iad a riamh eòlas air tuilleadh 's a' chòir de na goireasan a bha mòran de shluagh na rìoghachd a' mealtainn, agus mar sin cha robh iad idir duilich an riarachadh. Fhad 's a gheibheadh iad na dheanadh a chùis an diugh cha robh an latha màireach 'na uallach orra. Cho fad 's a dheidheadh aca air na fàchan a phàidheadh cha robh sùil aca ri airgead san sporan.

Nuair a bha an obair ri deanamh, agus cuin nach robh, b'i an obair fhéin am fearas-chuideachd. Gus an obair aotromachadh sheinneadh iad luinneagan freagarrach air gach saothair. Bha an iorram-chuain a' deanamh an iomraidh agus togail an t-siúil na b'fhasa. Bha na h-òran shiùbhlaich, aighearach a' fàgail na cuibhle shníomha, agus luadh a' chló, na b'aotroma, agus bha òran beadruidh 'na chur-seachad do'n bhanachaig mar a bha an t-òran tàlaidh a' cumail na creathlach air ghluasad.

B'e an céilidh a chruinnicheadh òg is sean rè a' gheamhraidh. Bhíodh sgeulachd is òran mu seach timcheall an teine mònach; bhíodh naidheachdan na dùthcha air an aithris, ceisdean ramnsachail air an cur, beachdan air an toirt seachad, agus lámh eile air a thoirt air na rinneadh agus na chunnacas anns na puirt iasgach. Cha bhíodh being no séis no stòl nach cuirte feum air, agus cha robh ionndrainn air ceòl no aighear an sin oir bheireadh iad fhéin a steach leotha na bha feumail.

Is e luadh a bhith sa' bhaile an aon ní a bheireadh faochadh do'n tigh chéilidh. Cruinnicheadh sin cuideachd agus bu chridheil iad an ceann a chéile. A' bhliadhna a bhíodh an t-iasgach gu math bhíodh bainnean ann. Far am biodh banais bhíodh cuannal an làthair, agus cha lorgte gainne air biadh no deòch no annlan. Leanadh an greadhnachas troimh 'n oidhche 's gu madainn an ath latha.

Cha robh umhail aig duine ann an duine eile; bha iad a mach 's a steach a tigeann a chéile. Cha robh glas air doras no air preas. Bha "fáilte stigh," agus, "thig a steach is suidh a nuas," air bilean an t-sluaigh moch is anmoch agus meadhon latha. Bha iad falaídh le'n cuid agus cáirdeil, cathrannach ri chéile. Nam biodh fear no té sa' bhaile falamh ruigte iad le còmhnaidh mine, no feòla, no éisg bhó'n coimhearsnaich, agus nam biodh teaghlach lag air dheireadh le obair earraich na fhoghair gheibheadh iad lámh chuidich air gach taobh.

Bheireadh an ceannaiche seachad air dhàil gun eagal nach fhaigheadh e a chuid luath no mall, agus shíneadh e a lámh ris an fheumach gun súil ri páidheadh. Bha iad mar sin 'nan cúl-taice dha chéile, a' giùlan uallaichean a chéile. Cha robh fiamh air duine fheum a nochdadh agus còmhnaidh iarraidh.

Na dh'fhágadh rím di-molaidh idir air a' chuideachd-sa? Dh'fhágadh, ach dh'fhalbh an sruth-lionaidh leis!

Tobhtaichean uaine

Gun doras gun uinneag gun bhlàths,

'S a' chagailt gun sguabadh

Cho aognuidh, fuaraidh, fàs.

Na raointean fo luachair

'Sam facar am fochann fo dhéis,

Na buailtean gun mhainnir

'S na cluaintean falamh gun spréidh.

An sruthan gun mhaile

Ruith seachad gun aire gun maoin,

Gun ionndrainn air céile

Gun amas air stéidh-thigh nan laoch.

Na h-eòin anns an doire

Gu briodalach, beadarrach, caomh,

Gun chluas ann a dh'éisdeas,

Gun chridhe bhios éibhinn ri'n gaoir.

Tha fògraich le'n cuimhne

Iorram nan laoch air an ràmh,

Is luinneag air buaile

Aig banaraich ghuanach an àil.

'Nam faire 's 'nam bruadar

Tha dachaidh is raointean an gaoil,

Cho seasgair 's cho ùrar—

An sealladh an sùl anns an fhraoch.

Tha sùilean ri sileadh

'S na coilltean a siar fada thall

Nach amhairc gu siorruidh

Air tadhail am miann anns a' ghleann.

S.T.

Tomas Shantar

Mu cheud bliadhna air ais bha fear ris an abrar Tómas a' fuireach maille ri a mhnaoi ann am bothan beag ann an àite aonaranach an ceann a deas Alba. Cha robh aca ach bó chaol agus each beag bochd. Bha an t-each aca airson a bhith toirt Thómais do'n bhaile mhór, ach gu h-àraid airson a bhith 'g a thoirt dhachaidh oir bha esan ro dhéidheil air an deoch làidir. 'S e Seònaid an t-ainm a bha aig Tómas air an each. Bu tric a thuit a bhean ri Tómas gun tachradh rudeigin dha oidhche dhorch air choireigin mur a sguireadh e dh'òl. Ach cha tug esan a riamh cluas dhí. Fhuair e mach aon oidhche fhuar gheamhraidh nach robh i fada ceàrr.

Bha an tigh-òsda dìreach a' dùnadh nuair a dh'fhàg Tómas 's e faireachdainn glé shona ged a bha phòcaid falamh. Bu shuarach aige ged a bha an oidhche fhuich, fadhaich le tàirneanaich is dealanaich. Cha b'fhada gus na dh'fhàg e fhéin is Seònaid am baile air an cùlaibh. A steach troimh chòille a bha eadar iad 's an tigh chaidh iad. Ri taobh an rathaid bha seann eaglais, agus nuair a bha iad a' dol seachad oirre mhothaich Tómas gu robh solus anns an eaglais.

Aig an aon am chuala e ceòl na pìoba. Cha robh ciall aige eagal a ghabhail, ach is ann a leum e bho 'n each agus suas leis chun na h-uinneige a dh'fhacinn dé bha dol air adhart a stigh. Dé bh'ann ach danns. Is e a chuir iongnadh air Tòmas gu robh a h-uile duine a bha e faicinn air bàsachadh o chionn fhada. Bu choma leis sin oir bha a fhéin ag iarraidh a steach chun an dannsadh. Dh'éigh e àird a chinn, "Thigeadh cuideigin a dh'fhosgladh an doruis."

Air ball chaidh na soluis as agus sguir an ceòl. Thàinig Tòmas thuige fhéin agus leum e air an each. Mach a ghabh Seònaid na bu luaithe na ruith i riamh roimhe. Bha feachd de dhaoine geala mì-nàdurach a' sruthadh a mach air dorus na h-eaglaise 'nan deann as an déidh. Bha fios aig Tòmas nach fhaigheadh sìthichean no daoine mì-nàdurach sam bith tarsaing air uisge a bhiodh a' ruith, agus rinn e air allt nach robh fad as. Bha Seònaid a nis a' fàs sgith, agus bha aon bhodach a bha fad air thoiseach air càch glé fhaig air a h-earball. Dìreach nuair a chothaich i an t-allt rug am bodach air earball oirre. Leig Seònaid sìtir aise agus leum i. Airson mìonaid ghabh Tòmas eagal nach ruigeadh iad taobh eile an uilt, ach 's e nach leigeadh e leas. Ged a dh'fhàg Seònaid a h-earball ann an làimh a' bhodaich ràinig i an taobh thall agus bha i fhéin agus a maighstir sàbhailte.

Chan fhaca an t-òsdaire Tòmas a riamh tuilleadh, agus thug esan barrachd éisdeachd d'a mhnaoi.

CAILEAG OG.

Ulaidd A' Chuirn Mhoir

LE TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

SHIOS fo chreagan Chùl-nan-cnoc, tà leathad mór, farsuing, a' ruigheachd bho cheann a deas Bhaltois gu Port Earlais. Tà aghaidh an leòthaid so gu léir 'n a aor gharbhlach aimhreiteach le clachan anns am bheil garbh mheudachd agus eatorra tà saobhaidhean is tuill dhomhain, dhorcha, as am fàs gu briagha an rìgh-raineach, craobhan calltuinn, seilich agus drisean.

Mu Latha Féil Sheathain san t-samhradh, bu ghasda leam seasamh air an àrd bhearradh agus amharc bhuan a null air a' Chàrn Mhór, mar a theirear ris an ionad so, 'nuair a bhios gach preas fo bhlàth, le 'uchd clachach, sòrnach, am fianuis a' chuain.

Faisg air dà cheud bliadhna air ais, bha cailleadh bhochd a' fuireach ann an tigh beag ann am Buaille Earnol, shuas os cionn a' chuirn.

Ged nach robh sgillinn ruadh de mhaoin aig a' chaillich bho'n dara bliadhna gus a' bhliadhna eile, cha robh cus éis oirre co-dhiù, eadar toradh na criomag fearainn a bha i féin gu saothrachail a' ruamhar agus stuth a' chladaich is anns na bliadhnanachan ud bha an cuan féin mar nach eil e an diugh, làn de iasg.

Tà an seanfhacal, agus chan aithne dhomh gun d'fhuaireadh riamh ceàrr e, ag ràdh nach eil cuairt beatha an diol-déirce féin as eugmhais latha a' chothrom. Ged is beag a shaoileadh neach e, thàinig latha a' chothrom mu dheireadh thall ann am beatha na caillich, mar is gnàth leis tighinn a chum nan uile, is i ann an ceum a' chosnaidh.

Air oidhche shoilleir gheamhraidh, bha i 'tèarnadh sìos 'n a cabhaig ri oir a' chuirn am beachd dol do'n tràigh a chruinneachadh duileasg agus faochagan. Bha gealach làn air a coinneil ann àird an adhair, a' soilleireachadh gach àite cho meadhrach 's nach mór nach faiceadh duine rud cho beag ri bior giogain a rachadh an sàs ann am bonn a choisie.

Thuit do bhean ar sgeòil sealltainn air a fiaradh a null air a' chàrn. Cha bu thàrr dhi so a dheanamh ach gann an uair a laigh a sùil air plathadh de'n ghealach a bha 'toirt air nì-eigin deàrrsadh le solus neo-àbhaisteach air mullach tè de na clachan móra.

Rinn i air an t-solus, agus air dhi a ruigheachd dé fhuair i anns an dearbh àite ach coire anns a robh deagh mheudachd. Cha bu luaithe a thog i an coire na dh'fhairich i gu robh cudthrom ann nach bu bheag. Thug i an ceann as gu h-ealamh agus bu mhór a h-ìoghnadh am feadh 's a chunnaic i gun robh e loma làn de bhuiinn òir.

An àite falbh dhachaidh dìreach leis an ulaidd anns an robh fortan dhi cho fad 's bu bheò i, is ann a chuir a' chailleadh roimpe air dhi mothachadh do'n lionadh a' tighinn, gun deanadh i air an tràigh agus gun cuireadh i an coire am falach fo'n chloich airson a bhith tearuinte gun a tigeadh i air ais. Is ann mar sin a thachair.

An déidh do bhean na Buaille an coire fhàgail fo'n chloich cheudna, gum i oirre do'n chladach an làn chinnt gum faigheadh i e air an t-slighe 'dol dhachaidh. Cha b'eagal gun rachadh i iomrall, oir nach robh am boillsgeadh de sholus na gealaich a bha a' dealradh air a' chloich, 'n a leòr chomharra.

An ceann greis, thill a' chailleadh e an tràigh air dhi a riarachadh fhaotainn de dhuil-easg is de fhaochagan agus chum i oirre a steach do'n chàrn thun an ionaid anns an do shaoil leatha a dh'fhàg i an ulaidd, ach mo thruaighe léir, cha robh sin cho soirbh a dheanamh.

Tacan roimhe sud chaidh a' ghealach fo na

neòil a bha nis air an adhar a lionadh. Dh' fhalbh an comharra. Gu tubaisteach dh-chuimhnich ise an fhìor chlach far an do dh'fholuich i an fhaodail is thug i an còrr de'n oidhche, is iomadh oidhche a bhàrr oirre, a' siubhal bho chlach gu clach, 's bho tholl gu toll ag amharc airson a' choire is ged a chaith-eadh i a' chuid eile de a beatha ris an aon saothair, cha bhiodh ann ach dìomhanas.

Bha na ceudan 's na mìltean an sud de chlachan aibheiseach is tuill timcheall orra ach cha robh fios gu dé an té dhiubh a ghabh i mar chomharra air an toll anns an do chuir i an fortan. Uime sin, cha robh aice ach dol air ais gu a bothan cho bochd 's a dh'fhàg i e, ach le cridhe a bha cus na bu truime air dhi an ulaidh fhaotainn 'n a glaic agus a call gu bràth an déidh nan uile ni.

Co aige tà fios nach tig cuideigin fathast, air oidhche gheal ghealaich, air ionmhas a' Chùirn Mhóir, ach feumar a chumail air chuimhne nach faighear ulaidh le h-iarraidh 's nach lorgar i le sireadh.

Ma tà e an dàn do neach a bhith cho rathail 's gun amais e air an toll anns am bheil i, is e mo chomhairle-sa dha ge b'e air bith meud a chabhaig no dé an obair eile a bhios air aire aig a' cheart am, e a sguabadh a' choire òir leis cho luath 's a ni e fhaicinn agus gun stad air an t-slighe ged a chluinneadh e éigheach-tathaisg na caillich, gus am faigh e an t-ionntas a chur fo ghlais 's fo iuchair ann an cùlaist a thighe.

Taladh A' Chuain

Bha cagar a' chuain mhóir air an tràigh 'nam chluais. Dh'fhoghlaim e an seòl-labhairt ud nuair nach robh na gaathan garga 'g a luasgadh 's 'g a mhaistreadh agus 'g a scailceadh ris na creagan cruaidhe, corrach. Am beul na h-osaig ciùin, blàth cha robh lorg air an ànradh as cuibhrionn dha ri am tuasaide. Nuair a tha sìth nan eun ann carson a chuimhniceadh e air an oidhche ghrumaich, ùdlaidh, ghreannaich? Carson nach biodh saorsa aige anail a leigeil air a' ghainimh bhui, rèidh? Carson nach cuireadh e cagar 'nam chluais a dh'innse mu na tìrean fada thall air nach laigh mo shùil tuilleadh gu bràth? Nach eil esan a' ceangal dùthaich ri dùthaich mar a dhlùth-cheanglas màthair a clann ri chèile; nach math leis fios a' bheò a thoirt do'n bheò a dh'éisdeas, is naidheachd na sìthe aiseag 's a mholadh am feadh 's a tha sìth ann. Cò dh'éisdeas ri cagar comh na sìthe nuair a tha an aimreit air a bonn? Ann an sealladh a' chuain tha an

t-eilean beag, iomallach cho mùirneach ris an tìr as fharsaing. Cuairtichidh e gach fear diubh, agus pògaidh e iomall a thrusgain; thig e steach do'n gheodha as cuinge cho math agus cho tric 's a thadhaileas e am bàgh as doimhne agus as farsaing. Chan eil leth-bhreith 'na dhòigh.

Eisd ri guth ciùin a' chuain a tha sgaoileadh a bhroillich ri luchd siubhail a chum 's gu ruig iad dùthaich an rìin 's gum faigh iad am miann. Cuir an iùbhrach air sàile agus cum a sròin air tìr an dòchais, le cairt-ihil a threò-aicheas tu gu cala sàbhailte. Gabh an soirbheas mar a thig e; gléidh am fasgadh ri an-uair, 's bi faireil ri ra-dorcha. Agus ma bhuaielas an stoirm gun fhios dhut glac misneachd, iarr còmhnaidh, is dean dìcheall. Ma bhithaes na trì nithean sin agad, ged a ghlacte thu le teanntachd is sàrachadh, ruigidh tu an taobh thall gun dochann.

Tha an cuan mór 'na thosd ri am fèatha do'n neach a ch'ì troimh an sgàil. Cluinnidh esan an guth caol, ciùin leis an labhair e, agus chì e le sùil na h-inntinne nithean nach fhaic sùil a' chinn.

S.D.T.

New Gaelic Vocabulary

A new Vocabulary of modern and technical Gaelic words has been prepared by Mr. Girvan McKay, Principal of a Manchester school of languages and some Scottish organisations are co-operating in a scheme to publish it. Although there are already a number of Gaelic dictionaries they do not include many words that have recently come into the language. If a language is to live it must keep pace with new developments, and coin or adapt terms to express new ideas. Technical and scientific terms are sadly lacking in modern Gaelic.

The Vocabulary, which has taken several years to prepare, will include words like aeroplane and helicopter, atom bomb and telegraph, chemical names and medical terms. Many of these were coined in Nova Scotia, where the language is still spoken widely. Several Scottish publications are supporting this new venture.

We extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B., who has been appointed Editor of "An Gaidheal," and wish him much success.

Executive Council

Forty members attended a meeting of the Council held in An Comunn Office, Glasgow, on Saturday, 18th November, 1961. The President, Mr. Hugh Macphee was in the Chair.

The Chairman extended a warm welcome to members, particularly those who were attending a meeting of the Council for the first time.

Fitting reference was made to five distinguished members of An Comunn who had passed away in recent months. These were:—Mr. John MacLean, a former General Secretary and Organiser of An Comunn Gaidhealach, Mr. Neil Cameron, Sunderland, a native of Mull, Dr. Donald MacDonald, Lewis, Miss Jessie MacKenzie, Inverness, and Mr. Iain M. Moffatt-Pender.

Regret was expressed at the illness of Rev. John Mackay, Gorbals-John Knox Church, a member of Council, and the wish was expressed that he would have a speedy recovery.

Minutes of two meetings of the Executive Council were unanimously approved.

Minutes of two meetings of the Advisory Committee were submitted, the main business at the first meeting being the impending resignation of Mr. James Thomson from the Editorship of *An Gaidheal*. Members were gratified to learn that Mr. Donald Grant, Vice-President, was prepared to undertake the duties of editing the magazine for a trial period of two years, it being stressed that continuance in that office depended on the support by way of literary contributions he would receive from members and others. A special appeal was made to members to lighten the Editor's task by submitting contributions.

At the second meeting consideration was given to who should be invited to serve on the Special Committee which is to be formed to review the present organisation of An Comunn and make recommendations. The Council gave full powers to the Advisory Committee to invite persons to serve on the Special Committee.

Acting on a recommendation from Comunn Gaidhealach an Obain and the Mod Local Committee (Oban, 1962) the Council approved that a tablet, with a Gaelic inscription, to commemorate the founding of An Comunn Gaidhealach be set up at a suitable place in Oban and unveiled on Monday of Mod week.

After a lengthy discussion it was agreed that *An Gaidheal* should be sent free to Ordinary Members and at an annual subscription of 5/- to Life Members. This decision will become effective at the beginning of the next magazine year, August, 1962.

On the motion of Provost Thomson the Council agreed to send telegrams to the Scottish Universities Entrance Board and the Scottish Education Department requesting that they receive a deputation from An Comunn in connection with the new regulation governing Ordinary Gaelic as it will affect learners of the language.

A minute of the Finance Committee was submitted and approved.

In dealing with a minute of the Publication Committee the Council agreed that the Publication and Special Dictionary Committees should proceed as originally planned with their investigation and work in regard to a Gaelic-English dictionary for schools and on English-Gaelic dictionary.

A minute of the Propaganda Committee made reference to a request from Mr. Edgar Macintyre that a *mother branch* of An Comunn be set up in Los Angeles, which branch would be responsible for forming branches throughout the United States. The Council agreed, on the recommendation of Mr. Farquhar MacRae, that the Los Angeles Branch should be called *Comunn Gaidhealach nan Stàidean Aonaichte* (The Highland Association of the United States).

Mr. John A. MacDonald recommended that discussion groups should be sent to rural areas in the Highlands and Islands in order to create an interest in the work of An Comunn.

A minute of the Art and Industry Committee gave a review of the exhibition staged in Stirling during Mod week and thanks were expressed to competitors, exhibitors, local people and Committee members who contributed to its success.

Two minutes of the Mod and Music Committee were submitted and approved, the first minute dealing with arrangements for the Mod in Stirling. The second minute primarily dealt with arrangements for the 1962 and 1963 Mods.

Clann an Fhraoich: Shocraicheadh Cèilidh le sgiallachdan is òrain a chumail an Aitreach nan Gaidheal air an 6mh latha de'n Dùlachd. A' cumail ri prìomh rùn na Comhairle cha chleachdair ach Gàidhlig a mhàin aig a' Cèilidh so. Tha a' Chomhairle a' beachdachadh air coinneamh Gàidhlig eile a chumail 'sa' Bhliadh'n Uir. Thatar an dòchas gum fritheil na h-ùile aig a' bheil spéis do'n Ghàidhlig na cèilidhean sin.

A minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee was presented by Miss Kay Matheson, the new Convener, who was accorded a special welcome by the President. The minute referred to two successful camps held last summer at *Cnoc nan*

Ròs and gave the dates fixed for next year's camps and arrangements are being made to bring the camps to the notice of schools. The Council approved the recommendation to provide practice shinty sticks for the use of the *Feachdan* in Poolewe and Minard.

The meeting noted with interest that the Convener is to visit schools in Lewis in connection with the work of Comunn na h-Oigridh. Gratitude is expressed to the Directors of Education of Ross and Cromarty and Inverness-shire who are both co-operating with the Committee.

Two minutes of a new Standing Committee, the Northern Committee, were submitted and approved on the motion of the Convener, Mr. I. R. Mackay. The Council approved the purchase of a tent to be used for Propaganda purposes at Highland Gatherings and holiday resorts in the Northern Area. The President paid tribute to this Committee for the many interesting and worthwhile projects which its members have in mind.

The next meeting of the Executive Council will be held in Glasgow on Saturday, 13th January, at 10 a.m. A vote of thanks to the President for presiding terminated the meeting.

Book Review

Selected Highland Folktales, by R. Macdonald Robertson: Oliver and Boyd, 16/-.

Many folktales have a perennial vitality, and not a few, with minor modifications, are found in widely separated districts throughout the Highlands. Such tales, while they may have ancient origins, are often related as if closely connected with quite recent happenings.

For a quarter of a century the author of this collection has garnered his material at first hand in many parts of the Scottish Highlands and Islands. The selection in this volume is part of a rich oral tradition, and Mr. Macdonald Robertson in providing such interesting evidence of the spiritual fibre of the Celts deserves our gratitude.

The tales, commendably short, are classified under seven headings—fairies; haunted houses; witchcraft; monsters; merfolk; second sight; and miscellaneous. They are told in a clear, convincing manner, and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions. The stories, generally speaking, are fascinating in themselves, and should prove interesting to natives and visitors alike.

The book is handsomely produced; the print and paper are of high quality.

Am Faigh A' Ghaidhlig Bas?

Le GARBHAN MACAOIDH (GIRVAN MCKAY)

CAN the Gaelic language be saved from extinction? Like many of those who regard our ancient tongue with affection, I have been pondering this question and endeavouring to bring to bear on it some of the experience gained as a teacher of languages. In the first instance I should like to make it clear that the opinions expressed in this article are my own and should not be taken as a reflection of An Comunn policy.

For many years An Comunn Gàidhealach has been quietly pursuing its aims, taking care to remain aloof from other Scottish bodies with similar objectives but with a political bias. While the advantages of this policy are obvious, it is completely at variance with that of the language movements in other Celtic countries. It is difficult to see how, in countries where official policy is definitely not in favour of fostering the Celtic languages, it is possible to eschew those public activities which are most instrumental in deciding the fate of minority languages. However much we dislike the idea (and some of us dislike the idea very much indeed), it is self-evident that the Highland and Island problem—and hence the future of the Gaelic language—is largely a political and economic one.

The initiative taken by An Comunn with regard to the B.B.C.'s Gaelic programmes is admirable, and could perhaps be extended to other bodies. It may well be that Gaelic's greatest need is to have effective "public relations officers" after the American pattern. Unless a language is expanding, it is declining, and one of the many reasons for the decline of the Gaelic is its unfamiliarity and "foreignness" to the vast majority of Scots. Few people like to feel strangers in their own country, and the Highlander is no exception. In their own attempts to revive the Gaelic, the Irish people have made many mistakes, but one important lesson we can learn from them is the efficacy of making the language familiar to the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time. There is probably no one living in the Republic of Ireland today who is not familiar with the written appearance and sound of the Gaelic tongue. This is far from being the case in Scotland. There are no doubt several members of An Comunn who can recollect experiences such as that of the Gaelic speaker who was referred to as a —— foreigner in an Ayrshire

shop! There is no reason whatever why Gaelic should be such a closed book to most Scots. Even the southernmost counties of Scotland, such as Kirkcudbrightshire, are full of Gaelic place-names and the old language has an influence out of all proportion to the number of its speakers.

I would like to suggest—with a certain degree of diffidence—that an approach be made to the more public-spirited Scottish manufacturers asking them to include some Gaelic on their labels and the packaging of their goods. This is already done to a limited extent by at least one knitwear manufacturer and two distillers. It may come as something of a shock to the more abstemious supporters of the Gaelic cause to observe that a certain amount of advertising in Gaelic is carried out by liquor and tobacco firms, while less controversial manufacturers are extremely backward in recognising the existence of the language. A recent article in a prominent Gaelic magazine* stressed the value of such advertising to the propagation of Gaelic, and called for more written Gaelic in public places. Our lives are ruled by written exhortations: NO SMOKING, ENTRANCE, EXIT, DO NOT WALK ON THE GRASS, and many others. Could we not follow the example of the Irish and put these inscriptions in Gaelic as well as English, even outside the Gaelic-speaking areas? If the written language is not made familiar to Gael and non-Gael alike, it will certainly die. In a highly technical world the purely oral languages are doomed, and to many a Gael his language is an unwritten one. More towns could follow the example of Stornoway in having their street names in Gaelic as well as in English. It should not be impossible to persuade a public-spirited town council in Stirling and Inverness to enhance their town's tourist attractions by putting up Gaelic inscriptions. The writer knows of more than one visitor who has made the trip to Stornoway mainly for the "thrill" of being "abroad" without the disadvantages of a Continental journey. Bilingualism is one of the fascinations of such cities as Brussels and Montreal. Could not Glasgow, and even Edinburgh, be made to follow suit?

The fact that Gaelic is in its present weak state should not deter us in our struggle for our most valuable cultural asset. The Celtic language of our distant cousins in Cornwall became *totally extinct* a few generations ago. It is now experiencing a remarkable revival, schoolchildren and adults alike taking up the study of Cornish with the greatest enthusiasm. A Cornish writer has pointed out that when language dies, it takes with it faith, culture

* *Gairm*

and all that is finest in racial inheritance. We are experiencing this phenomenon in the Western Isles. As the Gaelic is abandoned, so is religious faith together with moral standards and good taste. The same defects of character which make us despise our language can make us atheists, puerile television addicts and even vandals and criminals. The decay, once it has started, does not stop.

It will not be sufficient to persuade a few people to pay lip-service to the Gaelic cause. We must strive with all our might to pass on to a generation without an ideology, the priceless moral, linguistic and cultural structure built up over the generations by centuries of thought, trial and error, and wisdom learnt of experience. Our Gaelic inheritance must be our gift to the whole of Scotland, and thus our contribution to the rich pattern of human culture. Without it, it would indeed be little tragedy if we were to perish like the Babylonians of old.

The Clarsach

The Instrument, its Music and its Players

By F. G. THOMPSON, F.S.A. (Scot.)

TO make music by plucking strings has been the pleasure of Man for countless generations. There exists today an astonishing variety of stringed instruments used by people in all parts of the world. And the harp, one of the oldest of stringed instruments has been associated with the Celts and their racial forebears for thousands of years.

Ireland at the present day is still identified with the harp, both as a device used in Irish heraldry and on coinage since the fourteenth century. But before this date the harp was a familiar instrument and the popular conception of a bard as an old white-bearded gentleman in flowing robes playing a harp, lyre or cruit is not too far wrong, although the bard there was not usually a harp-player. In the social structure of the Celtic tribes in the Ireland of over two thousand years ago the bard was a prominent member of a chief's household. The order of precedence was: house steward and men, the bard, the seannachie, the harper and gillie and then the piper and his gillie.

The harp in its many forms has been mentioned in literature from ancient times. Among the many writers who have praised the music-making qualities of the instrument are Heccataeus, the ancient Egyptian historian and compiler of the *Dinusenches* (544 A.D.), St. Adamnan (chronicler of St. Columba), Ekkhar

(1040 A.D.), Tighernach (1080 A.D.), Gerald Barry and Dante. The latter has written that the Italians got the harp from the Irish.

When the Irish tribes began to colonise ancient Caledonia very early in the Christian era they most certainly brought the harp with them. It was then only a short step in the development of the social structure of the Celtic tribes to the social arrangement of the later Scottish clans with the bard now combining his traditional duties with those of the seanachaidh and the harp-player, or clarsair. The clarsair remained an important member of the household of the Highland chief until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the Statutes of Iona made outlaws of many retainers. So it was that the harper was forced to make his living as best he could by travelling about the countryside.

The devolution from bard to itinerant harper in Ireland was very similar to the enactment of the English Statutes of Kilkenny (1367), which outlawed those retainers who had no visible means of support. So also in Ireland was the harper a familiar figure in the countryside and, despite English laws, the profession of itinerant harper was a fashionable one up until the middle of the nineteenth century.

With the gradual emergence of the Highland clans from comparative obscurity to martial roles, the clarsair was replaced by the piper who, with his loud war-pipes, was able to make a noise that was ideal for stirring up the Highland warriors to fighting pitch. Thus the piper gained prominence in the social structure of the Highland clans, a state of affairs which continued until harp-players native to Scotland were few and far between. Most of those seen in Scotland were usually Irish players, many of whom made regular and extensive tours of Scotland, testifying to the fact that peoples' ears were still tuned to the strains of the clarsach.

Some of these itinerant harpers even journeyed as far afield as Lewis. In the Uig district of the Island there is a patch of land known as 'Feannag a' Chlarsair', with a gruesome story attached to it.

One Irish harper in particular was blind Denis Hempton (1695-1805). He toured Scotland on two occasions, on the second of which he played his harp before Prince Charles Edward at Holyrood Palace in 1745. Another Irish harper was Ecklin O' Cahan, alluded to by Boswell in his 'Tour of the Hebrides'.

Of the very few harpers native to Scotland, probably the most famous, at least the last of any note, was Roderick Morrison, popularly known as Rory Dall, or the Clarsair Dall, the Blind Harper.

He was born in Lewis in the late seventeenth century, the son of an Episcopal minister in the Island. He was sent to be educated at Inverness and was probably prepared for a preaching or teaching career. But his career was cut short by a severe attack of smallpox which left him totally blind. Faced with a bleak future, he resolved to make the best of his affliction by becoming a harper, a decision not so unusual as it may seem because blindness was a characteristic of most harpers.

So Morrison made his way to Ireland for a period of tuition on the instrument which lasted several years. Eventually he made his way back to Scotland after having proved himself an excellent clarsair and a composer of no small merit. While in Edinburgh his playing was heard by the Laird of MacLeod of Dunvegan who offered him the position of harper in his household. An Isleman at heart, the Clarsair Dall took up the offer at once and went with MacLeod to Dunvegan. There he devoted his time to composing for the instrument.

(To be continued)

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—STIRLING, 1961

Received at Stirling—

Previously acknowledged	£4,097 13 9
Mr. and Mrs. McInnes, Dalburch	1 1 —
Comunn Gaidhealach Leodhuis (Lewis Branch)	10 — —
Loch Tayside Branch	3 3 —
Largs Branch	5 5 —
Per Callander Committee	211 5 4
Glenrothes Branch	5 — —
Mrs. Janet Gray, St. Ninians	30 — —
Stirling Ladies Com- mittee—Coffee Evening	35 — —
Stirling Gaelic Choir	15 — —
G. D. Donald, Esq.	1 — —
Ceilidh held at Strathrye on 28/8/61	5 9 6
Ceilidh held at Killearn Dance in Plaza Ballroom, Stirling	14 — —
Collected by South Stirlingshire Com- mittee	544 8 —
Glasgow Central Branch	10 10 —
Lochinver Branch	4 4 —
Mrs. Joan McLean	— 5 —
Golspie Branch	5 5 —
Dundee Branch	20 — —
Dumfries Branch	2 — —
Aberfeldy Branch	10 — —
Inverness Branch	1 — —
Glasgow Highland Club	— 5 —
Tobermory Branch	3 3 —
Mrs. MacAskill	2 — —

Ceilidh at Aultbea, Wester Ross	18 10 —
Mrs. McDonald	1 1 —
Buchanan Branch—pro- ceeds of Ceilidh at Rob Roy Road House	50 — —
Collected by Ladies Com- mittee per Mrs. McNicol	3 1 3
	<hr/> £5,139 9 10

Received at Glasgow—

Previously acknowledged	£212 7 11
Mrs. Anne MacDonald, Fort William	— 10 —
David Skae, Esq., Cardiff	2 2 —
Miss Mary MacArthur, Glasgow	1 1 —
Highland Society of Dun- fermline	5 — —
Iain MacLeod, Esq., Conon-Bridge	5 — —
Mrs. Jessie A. MacLeod, Lewis	1 — —
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D. Rankin, Esq., West Lothian	— 8 —
Dr. A. M. Campbell, Edinburgh	1 1 —
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P. Fletcher, Esq., Wake- field	— 5 —
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Miss Mary Cameron, Ballachulish	— 5 —
Miss M. Urquhart, Kyle Mrs. May Bell, Muir of Ord	2 — —
Miss Mary H. Crawford, Dunoon	1 — —
David W. Christie, Esq., Carluke	2 — —
Colin Macinnes, Esq., Glasgow	1 — —
Angus Carmichael, Esq., Cruden Bay	1 1 —
James H. Ramsay, Esq., Kinross	2 2 —
Miss K. Barry Milner, Plockton	— 11 —
Donald A. MacNeill, Esq., Colonsay	— 17 7 —
Miss Mairi MacCaffer, London	1 — —
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Paisley Highlanders, Association	10 — —
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D. W. MacRitchie, Esq., Helensburgh	— 11 —
Colonsay Branch	8 — —
Cruachan Branch	2 12 6
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Angus Duncan, Esq., Edinburgh	1 1 —
Miss Isabella Hewitt, Clydebank	— 5 —

Miss Flora Hewitt, Clydebank	— 5 —
Miss Jessie Nisbet, Kilmarnock	1 — —
Evan Mackay, Esq., Dingwall	1 5 —
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Cromarty Branch	3 3 —
Miss K. A. MacDonald, Lairg	5 — —
Col. Maule Horne, Dor- set	5 — —
Mrs. H. M. Campbell of Airds, Bucks	1 — —
Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies ..	19 2 6
Wm. Kellock, Esq., West Lothian	5 5 —
Mrs. Robertson, Jura	— 10 —
Mr. and Miss Fletcher ..	1 — —
Col. M. B. H. Ritchie, Acharacle	1 — —
Mr. and Mrs. Goldie, Stirling	— 10 —
Miss C. Kelso, Glasgow	1 — —
Comunn na Clarsaich ..	6 — —
Beaulay Branch	10 — —
	<hr/> £340 14 6
	<hr/> £5,480 4 4

CENTRAL FUND

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Lochtayside Branch	2 2 —
Logierait Branch	2 2 —
Dumfries Branch	2 — —
Mrs. E. Croll, Cheltenham	16 6 6
Golspie Branch	2 2 —
Lairg Branch	1 1 —
Lewis Branch	5 — —
Sutherland Provincial Mod Committee..	30 — —
Strathconon Branch	5 — —
John MacDiarmid, Esq., Morven ..	1 — —
Aberfeldy Branch	4 — —
Lochalsh Gaelic Choir	2 2 —
Beaulay Branch	10 — —
	<hr/> £161 11 3

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W. D. Murray, Esq., Yorks	1 — —
William Christie, Esq., Dundee	— 4 —
Archie M. MacDonald, Esq., Bearsden	— 14 —
Rev. John MacKay, Glasgow	— 4 —
Rev. J. L. Munro, Edinburgh	1 — —
Miss Jean C. Campbell, Edinburgh ..	3 15 —
W. MacLean, Esq., Canada	1 — —
	<hr/> £13 3 —

COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH FUND

Previously acknowledged	£120 17 —
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Dumfries Branch	2 — —
Lairg Branch	1 1 —
Glasgow Central Branch	10 10 —
	<hr/> £135 8 —

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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

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Leabhar LVII

AN GEARRAN, 1962

Aireamh 2

“CLANN-SGOILE LE GAIDHLIG”

THA leabhar air a' chuspair seo* air ùr-thighinn a mach fo ughdarras “Buidheann-Rannsachaidh air Ceisdean Foghlum an Alba.” A réir an roimh-rádh anns an leabhar, chuir a' Bhuidheann seo o chionn cóig bliadhna Comhairle air bonn as ùr gu a bhith a' beachdachadh air a' bhuaidh àraidh a dh'fhaodas tighinn air daoine bho eòlas air dà-chànain. 'S e Fear-Gairme na Comhairle seo Mgr. Iain Mac-a-Ghobhainn, Iar-Phrionnsapal Colaiste Jordanhill, agus 'ga chuideachadh tha naoinear eile aig a bheil, ann an caochladh dhòighean, obair shònraichte co-cheangailte ri teagasg sgoilearan is oileanach — is sianar dhiubh le Gàidhlig.

Tha am Fear-Gairme a' nochdadh gu bheil cuid a thig as an Roinn-Eorpa agus as na h-Innsean a' gleidheadh an cànan fhéin còmhla ri Beurla, ach chan 'eil àireamh 'sam bith dhiubh sin ('s math nach 'eil) a' tighinn faisg air an àireamh aig a bheil Gàidhlig is Beurla. Mar sin chuir a' Chomhairle rompa, mar an ceud dleasan, beachdachadh air suidheachadh nan cànainnean anns na h-eileanan agus air taobh siar na Gàidhealtachd. Rinn iad dà sgrùdadh, a' cheud fhear anns na bun-sgoilean ann an 1957, a' gabhail ealla gu sònraichte ri cloinn cóig gu seachd bliadhna a dh'aois, agus an dara fear ann an 1959, a' cur cheisdean air na h-àrd-sgoilearan anns a' cheud bliadhna aig an robh beag no mòr de'n Gàidhlig.

Chuireadh paipearan le ceisdean àraidh gu na sgoilean, aon phaipear airson na sgoil gu h-ìomlan agus aon leth mu choinneamh gach sgoilear. Nuair a thill na freagaritean rinneadh mion-sgrùdadh orra agus tha na

* Gaelic-speaking Children in Highland Schools, University of London Press, 10/6.

h-àireamhan air an cur sìos an seo fo iomadach ceann gu h-òrdail.

Cho math ri figirean tha mapaichean a' toirt dhuinn dealbhan soilleir air na h-earrannan de'n dùthaich anns a' robh a' Ghàidhlig beò, a réir fiosrachadh nan cunntasan nàiseanta bho 1881 gu 1951. Ged a thàinig an leabhar a mach roimh innseadh mu chunntas 1961, tha dearbhadh againn a nise nach d' thàinig maille 'sam bith air lughdachadh àireamh na Gàidhlig anns na deich bliadhna bho 1951.

Theagamh gun cuir cuid de leughadairean an leabhar seo na ceisdean; Dé am feum a ni rannsachadh dhe'n t-seòrsa seo? Am b'fheudar do na sgoilearan comasach seo uiread de dhragh a ghabhail a chum tighinn gu codhunaidhean mar seo (t.d.46) “A h-uile uair as i a' Ghaidhlig cainnt na dachaidh, tha Gàidhlig, gu ìre bhig, aig an dithis phàrantan?” Agus a rithist, “Tha an earrann dhe na pàrantan le Gàidhlig nach 'eil a' cleachdadh Gàidhlig ris a' chloinn mòran nas motha anns na cearnaidhean far a bheil a' Bheurla làidir am measg an t-sluaigh.” Codhunaidhean, faodar a ràdh, a tha follaiseach do na h-uile gun rannsachadh idir.

Ach 's e aon rud a th'ann barail aotrom a bhith aig duine air staid na Gàidhlig, agus rud eile na h-àireamhan a bhith an seo mu a choinneamh an dubh 's an geal. Nach toir a leithid seo crathadh air cogais, ma tha a leithid air fhàgail? De chlann nam bun-sgoilean,

anns na Hearadh, le Gàidhlig, 94%,
anns an Eilean Sgitheanach, 51%,
ann am Muile, 8%.

A thaobh nan àrd-sgoilean Gàidhealach, chan 'eil anns a' cheud bhliadhna aig a bheil Gàidhlig ach 17% de'n ìomlan; tha sin nas lugha na

aon 's a' chiad de chlann na bliadhna-toisich an Alba air fad.

Ach cha b'ann idir airson ar misneachd a thoirt bhuainn a chaidh an leabhar seo a sgrìobhadh. Tha e ag ràdh, ged a chaidh cànaichean a bu làidire mar a bha Sanskrit is Laidinn à bith, nach leig sinn a leas codhunnadh gun tachair a cheart ni do'n Ghàidhlig. Tha eachdraidh chànaichean eile, mar a tha Cuimris, Gréigis, Lochlainnis, is Afrikaans, a' sealltainn nach leig e leas tachairt, ma tha luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig deònach nach tachair e.

A dhearbhadh nach do chaill iad fhéin air chor sam bith a misneachd, tha ùghdair an leabhair seo ag ràdh nach robh anns an oidhirp a rinn iad ach toiseach tòiseachaidh. Tha iad eòlach air na h-oidhirpean a tha a' dol air adhart anns a' Chuimrigh agus an dùthchannan eile. Tha iad a' dol a bheachdachadh a nise air meadhanon a bhitheas feumail, gu h-àraidh anns na sgoilean far a bheil fuigheall na Gàidhlig fhathast. Guidheamaid soirbheachadh le an saothair.

Laoidh Do'n Ghaidhealtachd

1. A thàr àrsaidh nam beanntan àrda
Nan tulach àill 's nan còs
Is cianail cràiteach an diugh do bhlàthsa
Gach leathad àlainn 's òb
Le iargainn 's ionndrainn air gach làimh
Fo phràmh 's gun dùil tighinn beò
Far 'n robh làn abhachd, mùirn is mànan
Càirdeas, dùthchas 's ceòl.
2. Do ghlinn bha ciatach torach miadhar
Le connadh biadh 's le pòr
An diugh gun tuar gun bhlàths gun bhuaidh
Fo ghruaim gun bhuar gun dòigh
'S gach fàrdaich ghaòil gun loinn gun fhaòilt
Gach cagailt aognaidh reòt'
Air caochladh tha do dhreach 's do ghruaidh
'S do thuar bha faoilidh còir.
3. Bu tric a chualas caithreim 's cluaineis
Air àirigh 's cluan nam bò
Bu lionmhor guanag a' siubhal bhualitean
Le cuman, buarach 's còrn
Bhiodh spréidh a' nuallan ri uchd nam fuar-
bheann
'S an gleannan uain' an fheòir
Bhiodh laoidh a' ruagail le mireag 's luathad
Gu fínealt, uallach còir.

4. Gun long gun bhàta gach cladach 's bàghan
Gun acfhuinn sàil gun seòl
Gach bothag iasgaich air dhol air di-
chuimhn'
Gun chàradh lion na ròp
Far 'n robh beò-shlaint' aig bun na tràgh'd
Le fealla-dhà gun ghò
Tha nise fàsach 's gach tobht 'na làraich
'S cha chluinnear gair na spòrs.
5. O thàr ar cànaich ar sùnd 's ar càirdean
A dh'àraich lùthmhor seòid
Armuinn 's dùilnaich bu dhealbhadh mùinte
B'fheairil cùrteil dòigh
Co-chomunn gràdhach gun fhoill gun
stràiceas
Gun fhìaradh grannd' gun leòm
Ach dileas daonnan do'n tìr 's do'n daoine
Gun faoineis chlaon gun bhòsd.
6. 'S droch thionnsgainn aimsir a chur air
theirbheart
'S a' thearb bhuat sean is òg
'S a rinn do mhùchadh gun chothrom
dùsgaidh
Gun lùth gun sùrd gun deò
Ach biodh ar n-ùrnuigh ri Rìgh nan Dùilean
Ag iarraidh stiùraidh 's fòir
'S E gabhail cùram de'r tìr 's de'r dùthaich
'S E thoirt dhith iùil is treòir.

I. A. M.

Taladh Duthcha

1. Do làmhnan paisgte mu'm sgòrnan
'Gam fhògadh le sùnd is aighear
Faileasan boillsgeach, lainnir òirdhearca
Do dhealb-bhrat bhòidheach 'gam
mhealladh.
2. Rionnagan seudach air guirm do speuran
Teud-chleasachd éibhinn am reothaidh
Muir shàmhach a' drìlseadh fo thonnagan
mingheal
Le'm bogadaich shlobhalt 'cur m' inntinn
gu fodhail.
3. Ag amharc air d'iomhaigh throm-dhait uile-
chiatach
'S ag eisdeachd do bhriathran as ceutaiche
sanas
Togaidh gach pian dhìom gach buaireas is
riasladh
Thig sìth-thàimh mar dh' iarrainn 'n àit
iargain a' bhaile.

I. A. M.

GEARSDAN BHEARNARaidH

Le TOMAS M. MACCALMAIN

A bheil fhios agad, a leughadair, càit a bheil "Gearsdan Bhearnaraidh"? "An e Bearnaraidh Leòdhais," arsa tusa, "no Bearnaraidh na Hearadh, no Bearnaraidh Bharraidh?"

Chan e gin sam bith dhiubh sin, ach Bearnaraidh Ghlinn-Eilge. Ged as e "Bearnaraidh" an t-ainm a tha air barrachd is aon eilean ann an Innse-Gall, chan e eilean a tha am Bearnaraidh Ghlinn-Eilge ann, ach gleann a' fosgladh suas eadar Tràigh Bhearnaraidh agus Glas-bheinn, dlùth do Chaol-Reithe, an caolas eadar an t-Eilean Sgitheanach agus tirmòr.

Ma thachras dhuit a bhith air bòrd bàta a' dol eadar Malaig agus Caol Loch-Aillse, thoir sùil gu cladach na mòr-thìr am Bàgh Ghlinn-Eilge, dìreach mus tig thu gu Caolas an Làmh-achaidh, far a bheil an sruth mara a' ruith gu bras troimh Chaol-Reithe. Thoir sùil gu cladach na mòr-thìr, agus chì thu seann togail air còmhndar dlùth do'n chladach beagan a tuath air Eaglais na Sgìre—togail de chlachan dorcha, ballachan gun mhullach, coltach ri seann chasteal. Sin agad, ma thà, Gearsdan Bhearnaraidh, àitreabh a tha a nis còrr math is dà cheud bliadhna a dh' aois.

Chan e seo an t-àite no an t-àm gu dol a steach gu mionaideach ann an eachdraidh na Gàidhealtachd. Fòghnaidh a ràdh gu robh déidh mhór aig an Ard-riaghaltas anns an ochdamh linn deug air na Gàidheil a chumail fo cheannsal—na Gàidheil a bha 'nan dragh cho mòr do dhaoine sìobhalta leis mar a bhiodh iad a' togail na creiche agus a' sapaid ri chèile agus a' diùltadh géilleadh do reachd na Rìoghachd.

Bha dà dhòigh gu sònraichte aig an Ard-riaghaltas gus na Gàidheil a' chumail fo smachd. B' aon dhiubh buidhnean de gillean Gàidhealach a ghabhail a steach do 'n arm, agus an òrdachadh mar ann an réisimeid ainmeil, "Am Freiceadan Dubh," a chumail faire agus a ghleidheadh na sìthe air feadh na taoibh tuath. Bhiodh na saighdearan seo daonnan a' siubhal, 'nam buidhnean, bho ghleann gu gleann agus thar nam monaidhean. B' i an dòigh eile dòigh a ghabh Cromwell air tús, agus b' e sin daingnichean a thogail an àitean sònraichte. Ri linn Chromwell chaidh daingnichean a thogail an Inbhir-nis agus an Inbhir-lochaidh, agus as déidh sin chaidh feadhainn eile a thogail an Ruadhainn am Bàideanach, an Cille-chuimein, agus am Bearnaraidh Ghlinn-Eilge. Bha na daingnichean sin mar àitean-fuirich agus àitean-

didein do shaighdearan an Riaghaltais.

Chan urrainnear a bhith cinnteach cuin a thogadh Gearsdan no Daingneach Bhearnaraidh. Bha a' bhliadhna gearrte air cloich mhóir os cionn an doruis mhóir, ach cha leughar an diugh ach "17—." Bhiodh e coltach gum b' ann eadar 1719 agus 1722 a chaidh an Gearsdan a thogail. Anns an Leabhariann Nàiseanta an Dun-éideann tha dealbhan is planaichean a chaidh ullachadh fa chomhair togail a' Ghearsdain, agus chaidh an clò-bhualadh anns an *Scots Magazine* o chionn còrr is cóig bliadhna fichead còmhla ri eachdraidh a' Ghearsdain a sgrìobh mi fhìn am Beurla.

Bha saighdearan anns a' Ghearsdan blo 'n là a dh'fhosgladh e gu timcheall air 1790—mu thri fichead bliadhna agus a deich. Ged a tha còrr is dà cheud bliadhna bho thogadh e, tha na ballachan 'nan seasamh an àrde fhathast, agus chithear gur e aitreabh eireachdail a bha ann. Bha e air air a thogail 'na dhà thaigh mhór, le ceithir stòiridhean anns gach taigh, a' deanamh ceithir seòmraichean air fhichead uile gu léir, a chumadh dà cheud saighdear. Is coltach nach robh riamh dà cheud saighdear aig an aon àm anns a' Ghearsdan, ach bhiodh 's dòcha suas ri ceud ann an toiseach, agus as déidh Bliadhna Theàrlaich ghearradh an àireamh sìos gu na's lugha na dusan. An 1772 cha robh ann, a réir leabhar Thómais Pennant, ach aon oifigeach (*corporal*) agus siathnar saighdearan. An ath-bhliadhna, agus an t-Ollamh Somhairle MacIain agus Seumas Boswell air chuairt, tha iomradh air aon oifigeach (*sèirdsean*) agus 'beagan dhaoine' a bhith ann. An 1786 thadhail fear-turuis d'am b'ainm Iain Knox anns a' Ghearsdan. "Fhuair mi aoigheachd bho'n àrd-oifigeach agus bho'n ghearsdan aige," sgrìobh e. "B' e an t-àrd-oifigeach seann corporal, agus b' e an gearsdan bean a' corporail, agus b' i an aoigheachd a fhuair mi snaoisean agus uisge-beatha!"

Toiseach Lùnasdail 1745 sheòl an long-chogaidh Fhrangach, "*La Douille*," gu tuath troimh Chaol-Reithe, an déidh dhi am Prionnsa Teàrlach a chur air tìr an Loch nan Uamh a thogail a bhraataich aig ceann Loch Seile. Sgrìobh sgiobair na luinge 'na leabhar-latha: "Aig meadhon-là chunnaic sinn thall bhuainn àitreabh mhór air còmhndar eadar dà mhonadh, agus chunnaic sinn saighdearan a' dol mun cuairt." Cha do chuir saighdearan dearga a' Ghearsdain cus eagail air an Fhrangach, oir beagan ùine as déidh sin ràinig e Rubha na Caillich agus ghlac e ceithir soithichean-

seòlaidh Sasannach, làn mine, agus chuir e a' mhìn gu armailt a' Phrionnsa.

An ath-bhladhna (1746) ann an Gearasdan Bheàrnraidh chaochail an Ridire Alasdair MacDhòmhnaill, ceann-feadhna Dòmhnallaich Shléibhte. Ghabh esan taobh an Ardi-riaghaltais an aghaidh Theàrlaich, agus choisinn sin dha fuath luchd-leanmhainn nan Stiùbhartach. Rinn iad rann Beurla m'a dheighinn, an uair a chuala iad gun do bhàsaich e, a tha ag ràdh rud-eigin mar seo: "Ma tha nèamh toilichte an uair a sguireas peacach de 'n pheacadh, agus ma tha ifrinn toilichte an uair a ruigeas peacach an t-àite uamhasach sin, agus ma tha an saoghal toilichte a bhith cuibhteas a leithid de mhealltair—tha iad a nis uile toilichte, oir tha an Dòmhnallach anns an uagh!"

Gu mì-fhortanach chan 'eil Leabhar-Seisein Ghlinn-Eilge a' dol air ais cho fada ris an ochdamh linn deug, ach ann an leabhraichean Cléir Loch Carrann, a chuireadh air chois an 1724, tha iomradh àireamh uairean air Gearasdan Bheàrnraidh. Bha feadhainn de na saighdearan a fhuair iad fhéin an crois agus thogadh casaid orra fa chomhair an t-Seisein agus na Cléire. Tha iomradh cuideachd, ann an 1744, air Alasdair Watt, *Deputy Barrack Master*, a bhith a' ceasnachadh clann na sgoile còmhla ris a' mhinistear aig a' cheasnachadh bhliadhna. A rithist an 1756 rinn Iain Forbes, *Barrack-master Depute*, an cleasdanas sin.

Ann an Glinn-Eilge gus an là an diugh tha teaghlach d' ainm MacGilleathain a shiòlaich bhò shaighdear a bha anns a' Ghearasdan. B'e an saighdear seo "An Corporal Dearg," agus bha mac òg aige, Aonghas MacGilleathain. Thug an Corporal Dearg Aonghas do fhear-antaigh-òsda an Glinn-Eilge, MacGhille-bhràth, gus a thogail dha, agus ars esan, "'S dòcha, an uair a dh'fhàsas e suas, gun pòs e an nighèan agad fhéin." B'ann mar sin a bha. Phòs Aonghas MacGilleathain, mac a' Chorporail, Anna NicGhille-bhràth an 1799, agus tha an siathamh ginealach a thàinig bhuapa ann an Glinn-Eilge an diugh.

Dh'fhàg na saighdearan cuimhneachan eile ann an sgrì, agus is e sin cleachdadh sònraichte a tha aig muinntir Ghlinn-Eilge. Aig adhlacadh an Glinn-Eilge tha an sluagh a' coiseachd air thoiseach, agus tha a' chiste 'ga giùlan aig deireadh na cuideachd. Anns na sgrèan eile mun cuairt, mar a tha Gleann-seile agus Cinn-t-sàile, tha a' chiste 'ga giùlan air thoiseach, agus an sluagh ag imeachd as a déidh. Tha e air aithris gu bheil cleachdadh Ghlinn-Eilge a' leantainn cleachdadh nan saighdearan a bha anns a' Ghearasdan. Anns an t-seann chladh, timcheall air Eaglais Ghlinn-Eilge, tha leac-lighe bhriagha, air a gràbhaladh

gu snasail agus "1730" gearrte oirre, air uaigh aoin de oifigich Gearasdan Bheàrnraidh.

Is e "Grundn an Rìgh" a their muinntir Ghlinn-Eilge fhathast ris na h-achaidhean mun cuairt air a' Ghearasdan. Tha e air aithris gu robh e mar chleachdadh aig fìr òga na sgrìre a bhith a' dol uair 's an t-seachdain do 'n Ghearasdan a dh'fhaotainn teagas-airm.

B'ann air ghliob a' mhinistear a chaidh an Gearasdan a thogail, agus b'fheudar do 'n uachdaran, MacLeòid Dhun-bheagan, gabhaltas fearainn eile a thoirt do 'n mhinistear. Thug e dha tuathanachas Bhuarblaich, eadar trì cheud is ceithir cheud acair fearainn, a tha mar ghliob aig ministear Ghlinn-Eilge gus an là an diugh.

Tha e air a ràdh, ann an togail a' Ghearasdan, gun tugadh na clachan á caistealan na Féinne, seann dùin anns a' Ghleann-bheag an Glinn-Eilge. Tha e air aithris mar an ceudna, an uair a thogadh an Eaglais Shaor an Glinn-Eilge an 1846, gun do chuireadh orra sglèatan a thugadh de 'n Ghearasdan.

Dh'fhàg na saighdearan an Gearasdan, mar a thubhairt mi, timcheall air 1790, ach greis a bhliadhnanach as déidh sin, an uair a chaidh mórán de 'n t-sluagh a chur a mach as an fhear-ann aca, fhuair feadhainn dhiùbh dachaigh, air son ùine ghoirid co-dhiùbh, anns a' Ghearasdan no ann am pàirt dheth. B' aithne dhomh fhìn seann duine an Glinn-Eilge, a chaochail o chionn còrr is cóig bliadhna fichead, agus dh'innis e dhomh gum b'ann anns a' Ghearasdan a rugadh a mhàthair fhéin. Tha e air a ràdh gur e tughadh a bha air a' cheàrn de 'n Ghearasdan anns an do ghabh na daoine bochda fasnadh, agus gun do loisg am bàillidh an tughadh gus an cur a mach.

Is toigh leam fhìn sgrìob a thoirt mu sheann bhallachan a' Ghearasdan, is mi a' gabhail beachd air far an robh an taigh-fuinne agus stàball nan each agus ionad-tasgaidh nan arm. Tha drisean is deanntagan air na cabhsairean far an do sheas na saighdearan dearga cho eireachdail is cho èasgaidh. Bidh mo mhac-meanmna m' falbh air sgiathan a steach gu cèò nan ginealaichean, agus saoilidh mi gun cluinn mi guth àrd a' glaochaich bhò oir a' bhalla, no fear-faire ag èigheach, "Cò tha sin?" no each a' sùtrich, no airm a' ghlionarsaich. Ach chan 'eil dad fa mo chomhair ach seann bhallachan, coinean beag a' ruith mu 'n doras mhór, agus ann an ciaradh an fheasgair cailleach-oidhche gu h-àrd air bonn-uinneig agus sùil amharasach aice orm. Far an robh daoine curanta treuna, an deise an rìgh, a' cumail faire a là is a dh'oidhche, chan 'eil an diugh ach coinean is cailleach-oidhche agus srann na gaoithe anns na simileirean àrda fosgailte.

Aig a' Chruinneachadh Bhliadhnail

(Ruairi mac Alasdair, Ceann-Suidhe a' Chomuinn, leis fhéin ann an seòmar beag anns an talla, a' spaidsearachd air ais 's air adhart, 's a' sealltainn air fhéin ann an sgàthan an dráda 's a rithist. Tha túchadh air.)

RUAIRI: Càit a bheil mo phaipear? Seo an cothrom mu dheireadh air ionnsachadh:— 'A chàirdean ionmhainn, tha mi a' cur fàilt oirbh an seo an nochd . . . ? (B'fhearr leam gun tigeadh Màiri leis na lasaingearan.) . . . agus gu h-àraidh oirbhse a thàinig air astar . . . (Chan 'eil an t-ablach Rùnaire againn an seo fhathast) . . . 'Tha an Comunn againne a' dol a dhianamh nas urrainn dhoibh airson rathaidean móra agus cidheachan fhaotainn o Rùnaire na Stàta . . . ' (Saoil cuin a thig Fear-na-Cathrach; tha mi 'n dòchas nach bruidhinn e ro fhada. Càit an robh mi? . . . Rathaidean móra agus cidheachan.) (Gnogadh aig an doras.) Seo Màiri. Nach tu a thug an ùine, a bhean. An d'fhuair thu na lasaingearan?

MAIRI: Fhuair.

RUAIRI: Thoir dhomh fear dhiubh 's mi 'mbach cho tioram.

MAIRI Seo: 'S ann a tha thu 'nad fhallas.

RUAIRI: A bheil móran a' cruinneachadh a muigh? Am faca tu an Runaire? No Fear-na-Cathrach? 'Eisd ri mi 'òraid ach am faic mi a bheil cuimhn agam oirre.

MAIRI: Dian air do shocair. Tha an sluagh a' feitheamh 'nan sreithean gu oisean na sràide ach chan fhaca mi Rùnaire no Fear-na-Cathrach. Ach tha e tràth dhe 'n fheasgar fhathast. Dé tuilleadh a tha a dhìth ort?

RUAIRI: An éisd thu ris an òraid?

MAIRI: O, an òraid sin! 'S cinnteach gu bheil i agad air do theangaidh a nise.

RUAIRI: A chàirdean ionmhainn . . .

MAIRI: Nach d' thuir mi riut gun sin a ràdh. Their thu, 'A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle'

RUAIRI: Carson? 'Se, 'A chàirdean ionmhainn as fheàrr leam-sa.

MAIRI: Coma leam dé as fheàrr leat-sa. 'S e 'A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle' as còir dhut a ràdh agus 's e a tha thu a' dol a ràdh.

RUAIRI: Ceart gu leòir. (a' cur a mach a bhroilleach.) A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle. Seall a mise mar a rinn thu . . . an stud air falbh a broilleach na léine.

MAIRI: Dé an cothrom a bh' agam-sa air a sin?

RUAIRI: Nan robh thusa air leigeil leam 'A chàirdean ionmhainn' a ràdh an àite 'A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle' cha robh seo air tachairt.

MAIRI: O, bi sàmhach. Dh' fhaodadh tu a ràdh gun do cheann as an adhar mar a bha e.

RUAIRI: Cuidich mi leis an stud seo. Tha mi an dòchas gum bi i air ais agam mun tig Fear-na-Cathrach. Chan urrainn dhomh mo làmh a chur fo 'n léine mhallaichte seo. Gu ma h-anamoch dhìth.

MAIRI: Thoir an aire no bithidh i uile fosgailte agad. Fàg thusa agam-sa i. Sin agad i a nise. Tha an t-am aig an Runaire sin tìgininn.

RUAIRI: Tha mi 'n dòchas nach tachair siud 's mi 'nam sheasamh air an àrd-ùrlar. Nach e Uilleam Eachainn a dhianadh an lasgan.

MAIRI: Na bitheadh cùram ort mu Uilleam Eachainn.

RUAIRI: Ciamar seo?

MAIRI: Cha bhì esan 'gad éigheachd. Thàinig e dhe 'n aon bhus riom fhìn agus ghabh e a nunn tarsainn na sràide.

RUAIRI: Càit an robh e a' dol?

MAIRI: A ghabhail cupa tea, tha mi cinnteach.

RUAIRI: Nach 'eil e a' tighinn gu 'n chruinneachadh.

MAIRI: O tha. Thig e a steach aig leth-uair an déidh a h-ochd, nuair a bhitheas na h-òraidean seachad.

RUAIRI: Nach 'eil sin glan . . . Dé . . . Am buamastair . . . nuair a bhitheas na h-òraidean seachad gu dearbh!

MAIRI: Duine glic, a réir mo bhàrail-sa.

RUAIRI: An Runaire! Càit a bheil e? Fhalla, a Mhàiri, is seall a bheil e a' tìgininn. (Màiri ag éigheach ri fear-éigin a muigh, Iain, am faca tu an Runaire? Ruairi a' monnhar ris fhéin. 'A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle. A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle'.)

MAIRI: (A' tilleadh.) Chan 'eil sgial air fhathast.

RUAIRI: Ohh, ohh! Tha mi 'n dòchas gum bi e seo roimh Fear-na-Cathrach.

MAIRI: 'S fheàrr dhut suidhe a dhianamh na a bhith a' coimhead ort fhéin anns an sgàthan an sin.

RUAIRI: Chan urrainn dhomh suidhe leis an léine seo. Cha shuidh mi gus an fneudar dhomh. 'A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle, tha mi a' cur failte . . .'

MAIRI: Mar a tha mi leat, a dhuine. Cuir air falbh am paipear sin agus cum trì cinn 'na do chuimhne. Abair riut fhéin, a' cheud cheann, fàilte, an dara ceann, Fear-na-cathrach, agus an treas ceann, suidhe.

The Clarsach

The Instrument, its Music and its Players

By F. G. THOMPSON, F.S.A. (Scot.)

(Continued)

During his stay at Dunvegan he took a number of pupils under his care. One of his most promising was Murdoch MacDonald, who afterwards became harper to the family of the Coll MacLeans.

With holding the position of harper in the MacLeod household, Roderick Morrison lived on the standing of a gentleman until his death early in the eighteenth century. In death he returned to Lewis, his remains being buried in the old churchyard of St. Columba at Aignish. The present whereabouts of his grave is unknown and, indeed, would be impossible to find because of the overgrowth of weeds and lack of care and attention of the grounds.

Of his compositions, at least six have been published. All possess great merit and show an individual musical ability. Possibly his best-known work is his lament on the death of his master, a work which was arranged for the clarsach by the late Francis George Scott. The airs of many of his songs are still familiar to Gaelic traditional singers. Other compositions of the Clarsair Dall include "The Terror of Death", "The Lament of Rory Dall's Sister", "The Fiddler's Content", and "Lude's Supper."

In Scotland, after Rory Dall's death, there was no harper of great merit to keep alive the fast-declining interest in the clarsach. In Ireland, however, an interest was, for a time at least, maintained by the popularity of such excellent harpers as Hempson, Carolan and others. Interest in the instrument took on a political colour when a harp festival was organised in 1792 by the Society of United Irishmen in Belfast. But, despite the efforts to revive Irish traditional music and music-making, the decline of the harp continued until professional harpers became an extinct race and the instrument itself became almost a museum piece.

At the turn of the last century, a revival in the Irish Gaelic heritage began and efforts were made to give the language, music and literature a new lease of life. Among the cultural interests revived was that in the clarsach. Gradually the instrument gained a restricted popularity in Ireland and in Scotland. In the latter country, interest was furthered by the publication of the collections of Gaelic songs by Marjory Kennedy Fraser, from which it became apparent that the most suitable medium for the accompaniment of traditional songs was the clarsach. This was one of the reasons

RUAIRI: Suidhe. Chan 'eil mi a' dol a bhruidheann air suidhe.

MAIRI: Chan 'eil. Ach feumaidh tu cuimhneachadh air suidhe. Trì cinn, bithidh sin gu leòir.

RUAIRI: O, cha bhi, a Mhàiri. Dhi-chuimhnich thu na rathaidean móra is na cidheachan.

MAIRI: A nis, a Ruairi, cha toir thusa guth air aon chuid rathaidean móra na cidheachan.

RUAIRI: Tà 's mi a bheir.

MAIRI: Thoir an aire. Tha thu ag a' leis an fheing a rithist. Tha an stud mheadhonach deiseil gu leum.

RUAIRI: Ach bu mhath leam-sa mo bheachdan a thoirt dhaibh air rathaidean móra is cidheachan.

MAIRI: Uisid a nise. Fàgaidh tu na cuspairean sin aig Fear-na-Cathrach.

RUAIRI: O, tha mi ag iarraidh aon dhiubh co-dhù. Bruidhnidh mise air rathaidean móra agus fàgaidh mi na cidheachan aig-san. Cumaidh sin e o bhruidheann ro fhada.

MAIRI: Fiaich nach bruidhinn thu fhéin ro fhada. Nach cuala tu mar a thuir Domhnall Fhearchair?

RUAIRI: O am bumailear sin. Dé thuir e?

MAIRI: Thuir e nan d'rachadh tu seachad air trì mìonaidean gun tòisicheadh e air casadaich shìos an meadhan an talla.

RUAIRI: Mac a sheanmhar. Ma gheibh mise greim air bheir mi casadaich air. Ach dé an uair a tha e? An Runaire sin!

MAIRI: Thu fhéin 's an Runaire. Thig e, thig e.

RUAIRI: Ciamar a tha mi ag coimhead, a Mhàiri? A bheil mo cholair 'san àite cheart?

MAIRI: Tha, tha e mu d'amhaich, far am bu choir dha a bhith.

RUAIRI: Agus an t-fhéileadh. Ciamar a tha e ag coimhead?

MAIRI: Tha taghta.

RUAIRI: Chan 'eil e ro fhada? Chan 'eil e 'san fhasan ma tha e ro fhada.

MAIRI: O, bithidh e goirid gu leòir nuair a shuidheas tu air an àrd-irlar. An ainm an àigh, fiach gun cum thu do ghlùinean ri chèile co-dhù.

(Gnogadh aig an doras.)

RUAIRI: O, an Runaire mu dheireadh. Tha an t-am aige—A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle (Màiri a' fosgladh an dorais.) Thig a stigh, ille. Gu dé an saoghal! O, 's e Fear . . . na . . . Cathrach a th'ann agus a' bhean. A mhnathan agus a dhaoin uaisle—chan e—A chàirdean ionmhainn—Tha mi a' cur fàilt oirbh.

D.G.

behind the formation of Comunn na Clarsaich in 1931.

The Society faced a difficult task. It was not just a case of continuing and expanding a restricted interest in the instrument, but it had to build up a repertoire of music and increase the number of players. There was also a considerable amount of public apathy to be overcome, a state of affairs that is only now beginning to show signs of waning.

As a solo instrument, for the accompaniment of songs and for the provision of background music for verse recitals, the clarsach is now heard quite often and the present-day extent of the public awareness of this small harp is due solely to the efforts of the Clarsach Society.

The present-day form of the clarsach is the result of a continuous development of the instrument from a very simple form such as that found at the Sutton Hoo Viking burial-ship (c. 800 A.D.). The shape of this early harp is as three sides of a rectangle with three strings provided. From the development of this form emerged the crwt or cruit and, with the addition of a greater range of strings, the harp eventually reached a fairly stable design form in mediaeval times. That the resultant form is very similar to that known today is evidenced by references in illuminated manuscripts and sculptured monuments.

There were two types of harp: a small instrument, the cruit, which could be carried about and held on the knee while the player plucked the strings to provide a chordal accompaniment to verse and prose recitals. The number of strings was around twenty. The other type, the clarsach, was larger with the number of strings ranging from twenty-nine to fifty-eight and designed for the accompaniment of songs and for use as a solo instrument.

The early music of the clarsach was developed from the bardic traditional use of modes for the chanting of verse, each mode being appropriate for the accompaniment of a particular verse-form. There is evidence that this aspect of the use of modes was continued by the later harpers. In Gaelic poetry, both Scots and Irish, what the harpers called "teud" (a musical string) meant or represented a mode, tone or tuning and a particular string was selected as being the most suitable accompaniment for a song, melody or the musical setting of verse specially written to be spoken or chanted.

There are many allusions in Gaelic literature to "teud an dàin"—the string of the song or poem—and to "teud a' chiùil", meaning the string of the melody in the same way that one speaks of the "key of a song".

As might be expected in a literature possessing a large volume of love poetry, many references

can be found which make use of an imagery with a particular relationship to the sister craft of making music. The bard expresses his love for the chosen of his heart with reference to the things of which he has a direct knowledge: "Léigh mo chéille 's teud mo dhàin"; "Mo theud chùil 's gach àit am bithinn"; "Bu bhinne na teud chiùil a guth".

There are also references to the existence of a form of the present-day major and minor modes or keys. The harpers of old, it seems, had a fondness for extemporising and exercising their prowess on the instrument by using the "string or sound of power"—"lur-gàluse". And that they practised the musical form of variations of tunes in the major mode is also alluded to in literature.

The technique used by the old harpers for playing the strings of their instruments was with their fingernails, which they always kept as long as was comfortable to them. The Irish harper, Denis Hampson, already mentioned, was one of the last to use this now-forgotten technique. He was steeped in the Irish musical tradition and certainly his adherence to the traditional ways of the clarsair resulted in his justified reputation as the best harper of his day and since.

Edward Bunting, the Irish folksong collector, who met Hampson, then aged ninety-five, said of the latter's technique: "In playing he caught the string between the flesh and the nail; not like the other harpers of his day who pulled it by the fleshy part of the finger alone. He had an admirable method of playing staccato and legato in which he could run through rapid divisions in an astonishing style. His fingers lay on the strings in such a manner that, when he struck them with one finger, the other was instantly ready to stop the vibration, so that the staccato passages were heard in full perfection. In fact, Hampson's staccato and legato passages, double slurs, shakes, turns, graces, etc., comprised as great a range of execution as has ever been devised by the most modern improvers".

That long nails were essential tools to the clarsair of old is known by the stories of harpers who were punished by having their nails cut, thus depriving them of their living and reputation.

ALTACHADH O RAIBEART BURNS

Tha biadh gu leòir aig cuid gun chàil,
Tha càil aig cuid le gainne,
Fhuair sinne biadh is càil le chéil,
'S le gràs Dhé bidh sinn taingeil.

An Tarbh-Uisge

CO 'nar liun féin, no ann an iomadh linn roimpe, nach cuala iomradh nu uile-bheist Loch Nis? Cha mhór gu bheil bliadhna 'dol seachad nach eil duine no dithis co-dhiù, 'ga faicinn airson aiteil ghoirid ann an àite air choireigin de'n loch.

Tà mi-féin air aon dhiùbhsan a chunnaic i agus de a thug i 'nam chumhne aig an am ach am bodach air an do chuir na sìthichean na h-ochd croitean! Theirinn gun robh an t-eadar-dhealachadh so ann co-dhiù. Chaidh na croitean a stacadh air a' bhodach bhochd 'nan aon chàrn air muin a chéile. Is ann a bha croitean Niseig (chunntais mi a sia) air an càradh gu h-òrdail air fad a droma, té as déidh té, bho bhun an earbaill gu ruig an amhaich, agus lag farsuing eadar gach croit. Bhà an dà chuid, an ceann agus an t-earball, fodha anns an uisge.

'Se latha ciùin earraich a bh' ann, ann am mìos a' Ghearrain, agus mi 'nam sheasamh ann an cladh ùr na sgìre a tà glé fhaig air bruachan Loch Nis.

Thug mi sùil air thuairream thar na linne agus bha Niseag ann an sin ann am meadhan an locha a' snàmh aig astar gun a bhith ro luath 's a' deanamh dìreach air cladach Foithir. Bha mi 'ga h-amharc faisg air deich mìonaidean mun deach i a sealladh.

Ma tà, gus nach eil, Niseag 'n a cadal, no 'ga falach féin fad' a' gheamhraidh, is minig a nochd si i féin airson a' cheud uair anns an bhliadhna, ann am mìos a' Ghearrain.

Ach cha'n ann an Loch Nis, leis féin, a bha daoine a' faicinn uile-bheist bho chionn ceud bliadhna air ais. Cha mhór gu bheil loch fìoruisg air còmharnad monaidh no ann am mòinteach uaigneach anns an Eilean Sgitheanach, anns nach robh cuid a' faicinn na béist sin ris an abradh iad an tarbh-uisge.

Chan e mhàin gu robh an tarbh-uisge 'n a chùis-eagail mhóir do fheadhainn a bhiodh a' dol seachad air na lochan anns an robh e 'gabhail còmhnuidh, ach tà e air aithris gu robh e 'deanamh call ann am measg na spréidhe, agus gu sònraichte air aighean òga a bha 'fuirreach a muigh air a' mhòintich fad na bliadhna. Bha e air a ràdh gu coitcheann gu robh laoiigh aig na h-aighean bhuidhe, agus b'e sin na laoiigh ghrànnda! Chan eil iomradh air àl a bhith aig a' chrodh bu shine bho'n bhéist cho fìor thrìc.

Tà loch anns an fhìrth air cùl Steinnseil, air taobh sear Eilean a' Cheò, ris an abair iad Loch Cleip. A rèir coltais bha an tarbh-uisge a' fuireach ann.

Thachair do bhoirionnach a bhùineadh do Stafain a bhith a' buachailleachd air latha

briagha samhraidh ri taobh Loch Cleip. Am feadh 's a bha i 'n a suidhe air bruaich ann am fianuis a' chruidh is a' leughadh a' Bhiobuill, chual i fuaim mòr mar fhuaim tàirneanaich a' tighinn bho'n taobh a tà 'n loch. Air dhi a sùil a thogail bhàrr an leabhair, chunnaic i druim dubh a' dol fodha gu grad anns an uisge agus airson beagan mhionaidean bha luasgadh anns an dearbh làraich anns an deach a' bhias a sealladh, a chuir tuinn uaithe gu cladach. Do bhrìgh 's gu robh aire na mnatha cho mòr air leughadh, cha d' fhuair i sealladh ceart de'n chreutair.

Tà loch ris an abair iad Loch an Druim Bhàin, air a chuartaichadh le sliabh aonaranach, deas air an Atha Leathann. Bha lorgan an tairbh-uisge ri'm faicinn ceithir thimcheall a bhruachan. Bha na lorgan ceudna tur eadar-dhealaichte 's lorgan beathaich sam bith eile is a rèir coltais bha an tarbh-uisge a' gabhail còmhnuidh ann an sìod cuideachd 's a' deanamh call ann measg aighean.

Chaidh fìr le gunnathan iomadh uair air tòir na béist ach mar is tric a tà tachairt, 'nuair a tà an gunna làn is deas, cha bhì sealladh air an nì a bhithear a' sealg.

Mu dheireadh thall, chuir Fear a' Choire agus feadhainn eile rompa gu sgriobadh iad an loch.

Feasgar sònraichte, chaidh iad a mach leis gach achfhuin is uidheam a shaoileadh iad a bhiodh feumail ach cha d' fhuair iad nì. Mhòthaich iad an uair sin do lorgan an ainmhidh a' fàgail an uisge. Lean iad na lorgan astar goirid is thuig iad gun do dh' fhàg e an t-ionad ud airson àiteigin latha no dha roimhe sud.

Tà lochan beag, dorcha eile, nas faisge air an rathad-mhór na Loch an Druim Bhàin.

Bho chionn còrr mòr is ceud bliadhna roimhe so, bha bean a bhùineadh do sgìre an t-Srath air latha samhraidh a' togail na mòna ri taobh aom dhiubh. Thachair do phàisde niginne leatha féin, mu aois ceithir bliadhna gu leith, a bhith maille rithe. Chaidh an nigean sìos a chluich gu bruaich an uisge agus 'nuair a dh'ionndrainn a màthair i 's a thug i fainear far an robh i, gùlaodh i rithe le eagal gun éireadh rud dhi, 'Is fearr dhuit tighinn a nuas as an sin mu faisg thu an tarbh-uisge!'

Cha robh a' bhean ach air na faclan a ràdh 'nuair a chunnaic a' chaileag bheag beathach fìadhaich a' leum as na craobhan seilich a bha 'fàs mu'n oirthir. Chaidh a' bhias seachad orra 'n a deann, thug i duibhe leum a mach gu meadhan an uisge agus le aon tumadh chaidh i a sealladh.

Air do'n té bhig a bhith cho faisg air an tarbh-uisge, ghabh i sàr bheachd air.

Bha am beathach mu mheudachd boc goibhre agus glé choltach ri boc ann an sealladh. Is

ann donn a bha a dhath; bha gaoisid fhada, ghibeach air is bus fada, nas fhaide na bus goibhe, ach cha robh aon adharc air. Thug i an aire cuideachd gu robh dà shùil fhìadhaich 'n a cheann.

An ceann àireamh bhliadhnanach an dèidh sud, bha bannabaidh aig an nighinn cheudna aig an robh agh a bha faisg air am breith. Cha robh bó-laigh eile aice. Latha àraidh ghairm a' bhean air a nighinn a steach do'n bhàthaich. "Thig a stigh," ars ise, "is faic gu dé a' chùis-eagail a rug an t-agh agam."

Chaidh a' chaileag a steach mar a dh' iarradh oirre agus chunnaic i an sud dearbh chruth is coltas an tairbh-uisge a choinnich rithe ri taobh an locha bliadhnanach roimh an am ud.

Bha an creutair cho fhadhaich 'n a choltas is 'n a nàdur 's gu robh e furasd aithneachadh nach ann do bheathach nàdurra a bhuneadh e. Leig e aon sreuch chruaidh as a chuir uamhas air na boirionnaich is bha dà shùil a b'fhìadhta 'n a cheann.

Thug a' bhean a stigh daoine a chuir as do'n laogh is b' éiginn dhi an t-agh a rug e fhàgail a muidh anns a' mhonadh gus an d'fhuair eadh cuidhteas e ri tìde.

'S e so cunntas as feàrr a chuala mi riamh mu choltas is mu ghné an tairbh-uisge.

TORMOD DOMHNALLACH.

"Oin Ell Renig Leish"

(Aon eile 'rinneadh leis)

To the tune of "Over the Mountains"

AT page 70 of *Reliquae Celticae*, vol. 2, there is printed a song from the Fernaig Manuscript bearing the above heading. Calum Macfarlane transliterated it from the phonetic spelling of the compiler, and published it in the *Celtic Monthly* for January, 1915, prefixed by the following note.

"There is, as far as known, no tune having this name, but in William Gunn's *Bagpipe Music Book*, there is a tune called 'Fad as thar nam beann,' far away over the mountains, which fits to an exactness the words of this song. The probability is that this is the tune named."

That the name of the tune intended for the song is given in English should have warned Calum Macfarlane that it had to be sought after in English sources. The tune is not only in print for three centuries but is, or was a popular air with ploughmen in various parts of Scotland, who sang the words associated with the air at greater or lesser length, for it is a long song. In the 17th century the excellence of a song was in its length. It is the other way about today, and few could listen with patience as the singer went through verse after verse.

"Over the mountains" is the 45th song in the *Aberdeen Cantus*, 2nd edition, 1666, twenty years before the Fernaig Manuscript was compiled. The melody is an excellent one, and was very popular down the years. My opinion is that it came from far south of the Borders, where it was well known. Several songs were set to it and sung at Vauxhall Gardens and other places of public entertainment during the 18th century. I have handled an old broadsheet containing a plaintive little song entitled "The Beggar Girl," set to the tune, "sung with great applause at Vauxhall by Mrs. Bland." On another broadsheet of the 18th century that I have handled is another song set to it, but the tune and the words do not fit very well; probably the printer is at fault.

The title of the tune that Macfarlane has taken from Gunn's bagpipe collection bears a strong resemblance to that of a tune in the ballad opera "The Cobbler's Opera," 1729. My copy of Gunn is on loan at the moment and not available for comparing the tunes.

The original ballad to "Over the mountains" is very long. At the same time it has great literary merit. It is now rather late in the day to inquire who wrote it or who composed the tune, as both may go back a long time before 1666. It seems to have escaped the eagle eye

Treasurer's Notes

CENTRAL FUND

Previously acknowledged	£161 11 3
Hector MacFadyen, Esq., New York City	6 15 4
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Miss Lucy Cameron, Caol (Mod Travelling Expenses relinquished)	3 — —
	<u>£171 13 7</u>

MAGAZINE FUND

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Previously acknowledged	£135 8 —
	<u>£135 8 —</u>

NATIONAL MOD—STIRLING, 1961

Received at Stirling—	
Previously acknowledged	£5,139 9 10
Received at Glasgow—	
Previously acknowledged	£340 14 6
Kilmarnock Branch	10 — —
	350 14 6
	<u>£5,490 4 4</u>

of Robert Burns but Allan Cunningham lighted upon it and was loud in his praises. Robert Ford found it among farm workers and noted both words and air down from their singing. It may be that the excellence of the song kept it fresh in men's minds down the centuries.

Dr. Callcott arranged the opening stanzas for three voices and this was often sung in the Glee Club (London) towards the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries.

J. E. S.

Notes from a Highlander's Log

JOHN BOYD, retired Master Mariner

I WAS born and brought up on the west coast of Ross-shire, only a few yards from the sea at high tide. It's not surprising that I followed the sea for a living. As a matter of fact the only two professions spoken of when I was a boy were the sea and the army. Again I came of a race of sailors going back on my father's side to the Middle Ages. He himself was Captain in sail and in command of some fine ships, the last being the four-masted barque the Cedarbank.

I was born in the little village of Auchentraad on the shores of Loch Kishorn, received the best part of my education under a Mr. Donald Ross at the school there. "Tolan," as he was called, a hard taskmaster but a grand teacher. Gaelic was spoken by all of us then. There were, in those days, over seventy years ago, 60 to 70 pupils attending school, to-day none. Mr. Ross couldn't speak the language and he tried hard to stop us talking in Gaelic. He said that we were ignorant and it kept us back in our studies. I remember once him remarking, "Look out there. Do you see those sheep grazing? Well the only difference I can see in you and them is you have no tail." That was all he thought of his scholars' intelligence. However he certainly could hammer education into one.

My grandfather had a few acres of a croft, and I was well acquainted with working at planting, sowing, and reaping and looking after cows as we could keep three, and a few sheep, on the croft. Yes, it was a fine healthy life for a boy to grow up in and free as air.

I was 15 when I went to Inverness. I attended the Raining School and then Inverness High School and then I started my sea life, keeping at it for 40 years, eleven deep sea and thirty out east.

The croft is still in the family, a cousin of mine being the occupier. Like other places changes have taken place in Auchentraad. The old schoolhouse is a hostel although the meeting house sees a sermon oftener than in my young days. Still stands the pulpit of that great divine Rev. Lachlan Mackenzie of Lochcarron, who, when Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo that Sunday morning exclaimed out loud from the pulpit. "Taing dha'n Tighearna gun deachaidh dubhan a chur am beul an uilebheist," and it was 24 hours later that Britain heard of the victory at Waterloo. Another story I heard of Mr. Lachlan in my young days was to prove that he was speaking the truth he said, "You will see from where I am now speaking a tree will grow up to bear me witness." I have seen that tree myself.

Lochcarron like the rest of the Highlanders kept to the simple form of worship of their forebears. Many and many the Sunday I have walked six miles from Kishorn to Lochcarron to sit from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. to listen to a sermon I was too young to understand, and then walk back home another six miles, more often than not without anything to eat being too shy to go into a house although we were strongly invited to do so. During the Communion held once a year in those far-off days from the Thursday to Monday all services were held in the open air the ministers having a box erected to preach from and the Lord's Tables served in the open air and having to do all that I thought no hardship. Again in my young days we were not allowed to go to school in the morning nor to retire at night without family worship or "The Book" being said.

(To be continued)

Glasgow Gaelic Drama Association

The sixth *Gaelic Drama Festival* will be held in the Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow, on Wednesday and Thursday, 9th and 10th May, 1962. Teams from any part outwith Glasgow will be welcome.

Entry forms and all particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary,

(Mrs.) NAN C. DOUGLAS,

20 Belsyde Avenue,

Glasgow, W.5.

Closing date for entries:—Saturday, 17th March.

Support the Glasgow Gaelic Drama Association and so help the Gaelic cause.

Ar Cànan

ARCH. MACPHERSON

How many of us have not seen that Gaelic "enthusiast" with sentiments and optimism as joyful as some poor devil standing blindfold and sweating with fear, against a wall, waiting for the officer-in-charge of the firing-squad to shout the fatal "Fire!"?

This "joy" and "confidence" goes back a long way. Craig, the famous lawyer and jurist, wrote, nearly four hundred years ago, that in his day indigenous Gaelic had disappeared from Ayrshire, Dunbartonshire, Stirlingshire, etc. and as far as he could see it would all be gone, even from the Isles, by 1699! Without, of course, giving any constructive remedy. Well, chan eil sinn marbh fhathast! We're no' deid yet!

This twentieth century has brought great changes to which we must adapt ourselves because our organisation and form of battle-formation is geared to the nineteenth century days of the steam train, the learned journal and the local school-board. Cavalry just can't stand up to tanks.

"Ar cànan 's ar ceòl" has been our proud boast for the best part of a century. "Ar ceòl"—our music—has certainly caught on, and has made a tremendous impact on the whole of Scotland and even far beyond our Borders. But have we as much to boast about on the side of "Ar cànan"—our language? the census figures are enough to decry that. How many shop-signs do we see in Gaelic, or even bi-lingually in English and Gaelic?

No, don't reach for your hankie or poison-bottle in despair! Although the twentieth century has brought the English language—T.V., paperbacks and films, etc., it has also brought a new sputnik-age means of, not only saving "Ar Cànan," but spreading it to every single pair of lips the whole length and breadth of Scotland—human lips, that is.

In re-organizing the defence of our language let us look at the three fundamental reasons for its decline and see how best this particular remedy will help turn the tide. Though mark you, this is not the only remedy nor the only difficulties that must be overcome.

FIRSTLY: by Gaelic-speaking parents using only English to their children; we needn't go into the crank defeatism that makes them do this, we must find a way round this problem.

SECONDLY: though the parents do their duty

by the most beautiful language in Europe—our own Scottish Gaelic—by using it on every occasion to their children; the children lose it because they can't stand up to the pressure of the all-English-speaking, at play, and in school, outside the home. This is most clearly the case when a family is either in a shrinking Gaeltachd area—or have moved out of the Gaeltachd altogether. This is another problem that must be overcome.

THIRDLY: where one of the parents is wholly English-speaking and cannot, or won't, learn our speech—most adults find it pleasanter to grow their teeth in again than learn a new language, thoroughly! We can't blame them. We can only find a way round this problem.

What do we do? Look around for help. Another twentieth century invention—the nursery school—probably we have one in our own town, probably with a waiting list of anxious mothers glad to see their wee Johnnies into them for the day. But listen to the language and music that they use—all, exclusively, in English.

Experience in Israel has shown that, with complete freedom to the home language, the child is able to enter school speaking the native language (in our case Gaelic), if *all* its Nursery school time is spent speaking and playing in that language. Presuming that this Gaelic is used as the language of instruction throughout his or her school-days (and college too, if they go there) in all school subjects then the child will grow up imbued and loving Gaelic and the culture that belongs to it. Of course, this does not prevent the child from gaining a complete mastery of the English, French or any other language as long as the native language is used as the medium of instruction. This would in no way undermine Gaelic, no matter if the other language instruction began as early as Primary Three for an hour or two a day.

Public opinion, another great twentieth-century force when well-led and well-organized gets things done. Unless we preach and teach the resurrection of our language throughout the whole of Scotland we are doomed. Remember the views of the converts at the parish-pump to-day are the laws and public money appropriations of the parliament-house to-morrow.

We are no longer living in an English-speaking Empire but are moving into a multi-lingual Europe. Change is painful, but the penalty for failing to re-adjust ourselves to these changes is DEATH, as the Dinosaur found out.

Executive Council

Thirty-four members attended the meeting of the Executive Council held in An Comunn Office, Glasgow, on Saturday, 13th January.

The President, Mr. Hugh Macphee, was in the Chair, and he conveyed to members good wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. Sympathetic reference was made to the passing of the following who were all staunch supporters of the Gaelic cause—Mr. Duncan Macmillan, Portree; Miss Mary Cameron, Caol; Miss Cathie Cameron, Glasgow; Mrs. Mary Barron, Glasgow; Mrs. John Cameron, Glasgow. After the President's tribute members observed a period of silence to show their respect.

The Executive Council agreed to give a grant of £100 to the Special Dictionary Committee to cover the initial cost of this project.

On the recommendation of the Advisory Committee the Council agreed that a special meeting should be arranged between those invited to serve on the Special Committee and the Advisory Committee.

Tentative arrangements have been made to hold a ceillidh and a Gaelic concert at this year's Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama.

A party of Bretons will be visiting Glasgow on 12th February, and the Council agreed that hospitality should be extended to the visitors if time and circumstances permit.

A minute of the Finance Committee revealed that by Will of the late Honourable Mrs. Esmé Smyth, Ness Castle, a legacy of £2,000 was left to individuals for their own benefit but in the hope that it would be used for the encouragement and advancement of the Gaelic language, Literature, Music and Celtic Art and Handicrafts. An Comunn has now received the legacy and is indebted to the original beneficiaries for their thoughtfulness.

The decision at the November meeting of the Council to issue An Gaidheal free to Ordinary members as from August, 1962, is causing concern in view of the estimated expenditure which will be involved. This matter led to a lively discussion at the meeting, but it was pointed out that the decision could not be rescinded until a period of six months had elapsed.

The Education Committee is arranging a Summer School of Gaelic, which will include classes in Gaelic at all stages, Clàrsach, Art and Crafts and Music appreciation, including

Piping. The fee for the Course, which will be held in Oban High School from 2nd to 7th July, is £2 2/-. The local Branch of An Comunn will assist in finding suitable accommodation for students.

Tribute was paid by the President and the Convener of the Publication Committee to Mr. Roderick Mackinnon, Editor of "Sradag," who has intimated his resignation on completion of the eighth issue of the paper in June. Provost Thomson associated himself with what was said and he also expressed thanks to Mr. Donald Grant for his work in translating and preparing the series of illustrated Gaelic readers.

A minute of the Propaganda Committee dealt with projects the Committee have in mind to spread the influence of An Comunn to the Outer Isles, an area where it is felt the Association has up till now made little or no impact. It was recommended that new Branches in some areas could be formed through the good offices of existing Branches, a recommendation which will be considered later by the Propaganda Committee.

Gratitude was expressed to the Glasgow Lewis and Harris Association for their gesture in presenting a Gold medal which will in future be awarded annually to the Bard at the National Mod.

The Mod and Music Committee was asked, in view of the increased ordinary membership subscription (10/- as from 1/4/62), to consider reducing Mod entry fees.

Miss Matheson, Convener of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee, intimated that recently she had established three new feachdan. Her proposed trip to Lewis had to be cancelled due to inclement weather but she hopes to go there at Easter. Of special interest was the news that Miss Matheson has been invited by Dr. MacLean to attend a representative Youth Conference in Inverness next month.

Mr. Donald M. McPhail intimated that the name of Duncan Bàn Macintyre has now been included on the board which gives the names of illustrious persons buried in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.

Provost Thomson reported that the monument to Duncan Bàn Macintyre in Dalmally was in a state of disrepair and the Advisory Committee were asked to consider ways and means of collecting subscriptions to cover the cost of repairs.

The next meeting of the Council will be held in Glasgow on Saturday, 31st March.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

Editor—DONALD GRANT, B.A., 95 MUNRO ROAD, GLASGOW, W.3,

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

65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Telephone: DOUglas 1433.

Leabhar LVII

AM MART, 1962

Aireamh 3

Suas—No Sios

BHA mi Di-satharna aig Mòd Knightswood, no Mòd Coille-nan-Ridirean, mar a their cuid.

Annas an dol seachad i se mo bheachd nach 'eil e a' cuideachadh na cànan a bhith a' cur cruth Gàidhlig air a leithid seo de ainm àite. Tog-aidh an t-ainm seo fhéin na ceisdean:

Có na ridirean a bha seo?

An robh iad a' fuireach ann an coille agus, ma bha, carson?

Cia meud a bh'ann dhiubh?

No, gu dearbh, an robh gin idir ann?

Agus, mura robh, a bheil e gu feum 'sam bith a bhith ag ainmeachadh an àite orra? Chan 'eil e dad nas pongaile, tha mi a' smaointeachadh, na Poll-a-ghriathain a ràdh ri Liverpool, no eadhon Bó-na-Cóinnich ri Moscow.

Is cinnteach gu bheil feadhainn ann aig a bheil beachdan làidir air ceisdean dhe'n t-seòrsa seo, agus beachdan eadar-dhealaichte. Ma tha, bu mhat leam cluinntinn uapa agus an barailean a chur gu follaiseach anns a' Ghàidheal. Seo an t-àite. Feumaidh mi aideachadh nach d'fhuair mi mòran dhe'n t-seòrsa thuige seo, ach 's dòcha nach 'eil e ach tràth dhe'n bhliadhna fhathast.

A nise carson a bhitheadh Mòd aig Knightswood? Wéil tha mòran Ghàidheal anns a' chearnaidh seo dhe'n bhaile agus an déidh cogadh Hitler stéidhich feadhainn dhiubh comunn dhaibh fhéin. Gun teagamh faodaidh cuid a ràdh nach e an gliocas a thug orra sin a dhianamh, ri linn 's gu bheil gu leòr, agus faodaidh e bhith, tuilleadh 's a' chòir, de chomuinn ann mar tha. Mar a tha fhios agaibh cha sheachainn An Comunn Gàidhealach fhéin air uairean beum dhe'n t-seòrsa seo.

Ged nach robh Comunn Knightswood mór an aireamh bha iad beothail. Chuir iad rompa

gum b' ann air an òigridh a bhitheadh ann prìomh aire, rùn 's dòcha, a choisinn dhaibh beagan cliù bhuatha-san a bha 'gearan an toiseach. Chum iad orra agus o chionn dusan bliadhna thòisich iad air Mòd a chumail, far am bitheadh balaich is caileagan a' seinn, ag aithris, agus a' piobaireachd. B'e am Mòd aig an robh mise an treas fear diag dhiubh sin.

Tha oidhirpean dhe'n t-seòrsa seo, ma tha iad a' dol a shoirbheachadh, an crochadh air misneachadh bho fheadhainn aig a bheil de dh'ùidh anns a' chùis na bheir orra tadhal agus éisdeachd. Tha feadhainn mar sin a' cuideachadh le an cuid airgid, ach tha iad a' cuideachadh an dòigh eile. Ged a rachadh iad a steach do'n talla a nasgaidh, rud nach 'eil farasda, tha talla làn, no eadhon leth-làn, 'na bhrosnachadh anabarrach do neach 'sam bith, òg no sean, a théid a labhairt no a sheinn air àrd-ìrlar.

Fo'n t-slaith-thomhais seo bha Mòd Knightswood fìor-shoirbheachail anns na ciad bhliadh-nachan. Ach chan 'eil e farasda dealas nan ciad bhliadh-nachan a chumail aig àirde. Tha cuid a' fannachadh fo chomhair uallach agus teas an latha.

B'ann mar seo a thachair do'n Mhòd bheag seo an bliadhna. A mach air na co-fharpais-ich fhéin cha robh dusan uile gu léir ag éisd-eachd. Agus sin anns a' bhaile, tha iad ag ràdh, as Gàidhealaiche air an t-saoghal. 'S cinnteach nach robh càch uile le cnatan, no mu choinn-eamh an T.V., no ag amharc air a' bhall-coise.

A' faicinn a leithid sin de dhèimeas cuiridh an Comunn seo, agus Comuinn eile, a' cheisd riutha fhéin an fhiach e an t-saothair a bhith a' cumail air adhart Mòdan dhe 'n t-seòrsa seo. Tha fhios againn gun do chuireadh a' cheisd sin mar tha an àiteachan agus gun d'thugadh an fhreagairt nach fhiach.

Tha feadhainn a' cumail a mach nach 'eil na Mòdan fhéin a' cuideachadh an aobhair. Their iad sin mu'n Mhòd Mhór fhéin. Feumar freagairt a thoirt do'n luchd-casaid sin cho modhail 's a ghabhas dianamh, agus 's dòcha, mas e modh a dh'fheumas a bhith ann, gur fheàrr dhomh-sa an fhreagairt sin fhàgail aig cuideigin eile.

Feasgar an latha a dh'ainmich mi chum Comunn Knights ood an céilidh àbhaisteach. An turus seo b'ia an talla làn. Fhuaras cuideachadh o dhà Chomunn eile, a chuir dheth an céilidhean fhéin gu a bhith an làthair. Aig a' chéilidh chuala mi fear a' bruidhinn air a' chiad chuid dhe'n latha. "Càit", ars esan, "an robh an fheadhainn a bhitheas cho fonn-mhor a' seinn, 'Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig?'"

Call Ghaig

Le IAIN MACFHIONGHAIN

(Chaidh seo a chraobh-sgaoidleadh)

AN uaigneas tiamhaidh nam beann mu dhusan mìle deas air Cinn a' Ghiùthsaidh tha frith rioghail Ghàig—"Gàig dhubh nam feadan fìar", "Gàig nan creagan gruamach" mar thuir na bàird. Chì thu an sin ceann uachdrach glinne mu mhìle air leud, air a dhaingneachadh air trì taobhan le beanntan casa, creagach, fiadhaich, 'san aodann air a riabhadh 's air a riasladh le siantan gailbheach a' gheamhraidh. Air ùrlar rèidh a' ghlinne tha trì lochan 'gan sineadh fhéin gu balbh, sèimh fo dhion na callaid bheanntan. An so tha thu da-rìreadh air cùl an t-saoghail, ann am prìosan a dheilbh nàdur 'nuair shuidhicheadh a' chruinne air a bunait. Tha sìth is sàmhchair shòlumaichte an so nach buin do'n t-saoghal againne. An Gàig tha thu mar phàisdean a' dlùthachadh air cladh am marbh na h-oidhche. Is e so gu cinnteach glèann dorcha sgàil a' bhàis. An làthaireachd mhòraìl uamhasach Ghàig, tha thu làn mhothachail air neoinidheachd dhiblidh an duine an coimeas ri cumhachd obair a' chruthachaidh. Tha iomlaineachd an t-seallaidh drùidhteach, tha e eagalach, tha e maiseach—ach maise oillteil, anacneasda.

B' ann anacneasda bha e riamh aig muinntir Bhàideanach. Uruis ean, is amhuisegan, eich-uisge, buidsichean, is gach creutair neònach eile bha an dachaidh an Gàig. Agus cò theireadh nach b' iomchuidh an t-àite còmhnuidh a roghnaich iad? B' ann an so a chaidh an Cuimeanach o shean a riabhadh gu bàis leis na bana-bhuidsichean an riochd dà iolair. B' ann an so a dh' éirich an cleas-cianda do'n

t-sealgair a mharbhadh le a leanan neothalmhaidh. B' ann an so a choinnich Muireach Mac Iain air a' bhana-bhuidseach oillteil ud, Cailleach an Lagain. B' ann an so a thachair a' ghniomh as bun do'n rann:

Chì mi'n toman caoruinn cuilinn

Chì mi'n toman caoruinn thàll

Chì mi'n toman caoruinn cuilinn

'S laogh mo chéill air uilinn ann.

B' ann an so—ach c'arson a shàraichinn sibh leis a' chòrr. Tha na creagan dubha taobh Loch an t-Seilich 's an rùintean dìomhair fhéin 'nan earbsa.

An àite iomallach eadar Gàig is Cinn a' Ghiùthsaidh bha aon uair bothan-àirigh. Ged is e subhachas is àbhachdas as trice a tha co-cheangailte ris an àirigh b' fhada uaidhe so a ghabh e aon oidhche 'sa' bhòthan so. A null mu dheireadh an fhoghair 's a' bhliadhna 1799 bha bean is teaghlach òg 'nan cadal suain. Am marbh na h-oidhche chuala iad ùpraid is stairich mar gu'n robh còmhlan dhaoine mu'n dorus. Chaidh iad á grad chochull an cridhe. Airson na chunnaic i riamh cha d' rachadh a' bhean a shealltainn dé bh' ann. Aig gormadh an là, thug i stùil a mach ach cha robh ni siorruidh r'a fhaicinn ach mar bha gach maduinn eile. Fìor ghothach neònach gu dearbh! Chaidh an naidheachd feadh Bhàideanach, agus creid-eadh sibhe gur h-iomadh breithneachadh a thugadh aise. Bha mìos no dhà r'a dhol seachad mu's do thuga daoine dé bu chiall do'n ùpraid 's do'n stairich.

Mu àm na Bliadhna Uire bha an Caiptean Iain Mac a' Phearsain is feadhainn eile an dùil r'a dhol a Ghàig a shealg an fheidh—sithionn Bliadh' Uire. A nis 'san dhol seachad, facal no dhà air a' Chaiptein. Am feadh 's a bha e an seirbhis a' chrùn chuir e seachad greis de shaoghal an Bàideanach fhéin. B' e a dhleasdanas a bhi trusadh bhalach do'n arm. Tuigidh sibh mar sin nach robh iarraidh sam bith aig na màthraichean fhaicinn a' tighinn rathad an tìghe. Bha eagal amharasach aca roimh an Othaichear Dhubh mar a bh' aca air, agus cha b' fheàirde a chliù sin dad. 'Nuair a dh' fhàg e an t-arm thòisich e ri tuathanachas am Baile Chròthain—baile fearainn ri taobh Chinn a' Ghiùthsaidh. A chionn 's gu'm faca e beagan de'n t-saoghal mhòr theann e ri dòighean ùra, neònach fheuchainn an obair fearainn. A nis cha robh Gaidheil an là ud dad na bu déidheile air fasain ùra na tha Gaidheil an là'n dùgh. 'Nuair a chunnaic iad an obair nodha ris an robh e, shaoil leotha gur e dìth-céille a bh' air. Mur e sin a bh' ann, 's e'n droch-fhear a bha 'ga stiùireadh 's ga threòrachadh. Gu dearbh, bha cuid aig ràdh nach robh 'san Othaichear Dhubh ach an Sàtan 'san fheòil. Dh' éireadh

a' bhochdainn dha là-eigin—cha robh ni na bu chinntiche na sin. Bhiodh a pheanas fhéin an luib an dol a mach a bh' aige. Rinn iad seorsa de bhòchdan dheth. Cha robh ach an t-Othaichear Dhubh a' mhaoideadh air a' chloinn 's bhiodh iad cho modhail, umhail ris na h-uain. Co-dhùibh, gu mo sgeul.

Thàinig an là air an robh na fir ri dhòl a Ghàig air lorg an fhéidh, ach ged thàinig an là, cha tàinig na fir uile. Bha fear ag gearain sud, ag gearain so, is roghnaich iad fuireach aig a' chagailt. Beagan làithean an déidh làimhe thuig daoine carson a dhùilt iad siubhal. Ach Di-juain a mach am monadh an t-Othaichear Dubh is ceathrar chompanach chalma leis. Bhiodh iad air faibh là no dhà, a' sealg ré an là 's ag cur seachd na h-oidheche ann am bothan-seilge. Di-ciadain thàinig stoirim ghaoithe le cur is cathadh nach robh cuimhne air a' leithid am Bàideanach. Am briathran a' bhàird:

Dh' éirich stoirim anns na speuran
Theich na reultan 's a' ghealach air chall
Cha robh grian ann r'a fheuchainn
Chluinnteadh farum aig geugan le srann.

B' uamhasach a bhi muigh ri leithid a' dh' oidheche; b' uamhasach buileach a bhi an uaigneas oillteil Ghàig. Ach bhiodh na fir tearuinnte gu leòir 's a' bhothan, 's bhiodh iad dhachaidh Di-haoine. Thàinig Di-haoine ach cha tàinig na fir. Bha iad-san aig an tigh fo iomagain—saoil an d' éirich dad dhoibh? Bha cuid eile ri cùl-chainnt is cagarsaich r'a chéile—Nach d' thubhairt mi riut gu 'n éireadh a' bhochdainn do'n Othaichear Dhubh 's a chuid chleasan? A mach a Ghàig ceathrar ach saoil dé thachair, agus cha b' e' chuairt shamhraidh a bha rompa. Rinn iad air a' bhothan-sheilge ach bothan cha robh ann. Far am bu chòir dha bhith, cha robh r'a fhaicinn ach tòrr sneachda 'san fhàsaich dhùmhail, ghil. Air ais a Chinn a' Ghiùthsaidh fear de na fir cho luath 's a leigeadh a chasan e a dh' innse mar bha. An ath là, bha gach duine a bha air chomas a mach a Ghàig, agus fios aca gu ro mhath gu robh am na cobhair seachd. Cha bhiodh aca ach an gad air an robh an t-iasg—na'm biodh sin fhéin. Ràinig iad. Thòisich a' chladhach 's a' bhùrach is ri uine fhuair iad ceithir cuirp raga, rèata—cha robh sgeul idir air a' chòigeamh. Fìor ghnòthach duilich, fìor ghnòthach dùrinnach.

Chaidh sgeul bàis nam fear fada is farsuing an Bàideanach 's an ceannan eile de'n Ghaidhealtachd. Is iomadh fìradh a chaidh innte air a turas. Thuirt cuid gur e breitheanas o shuas a thàinig air an Othaichear Dhubh 's a chompanach—nach b' fhada o chuireadh sin air mhanadh dha! Chuir an t-Uile-Chumhachdach a nuas teine-adhair a shad am bothan

's na h-iarmailtean. Bhiodh cuid eile 'g ràdh gu'n do chuir an Droch Fhear gaoth-chuartain a rinn léir-sgrìos air a' bhothan. Agus iad-san a dhùilt a dhòl a shealg leis an Othaichear tha e coltach gu'n d' fhuair iad rabhadh o shaoghal nan spiorad air na bha ri tachairt. Nach bu shuarach iad gu dearbh nach do chuir a' chòignear eile 'nam faireachadh! An là bha na cuirp 'gan toirt dhachaidh, dh' éirich gaoth ghreannmhor, ghuineach, gheamhraidh. Dh' iarr fear de'n luchd-giùlain corp an Othaichear Dhubh a thoirt gu toiseach na giùlan. Mar a dh' iarr rinn. Thàinig fiath nan eun. Nach bu bhòch nach robh a' chumhachd éifeachdach so a bh' aige 'na bhàs aige 'na bheatha!

Ma bha an t-Othaichear Dubh dubh roimhe bha e a sheachd dhuibhead a nis. Ma bha Gàig oillteil, ana-cneasda roimhe, bha e nis 'na Iuthair air thalamh. 'S e duine as a rian air an tigeadh an dorchadas ann—gu h-àraidh mu'n Bhladhna Uir. Oir an dùbhradh nan tràth, cha bhiodh e idir 'na aonar. Bhiodh companaich neo-fhaicsinneach ri éigheach, ri seinn, 's ri àbhachdas mu'n cuairt air. Mur b' e sin chluinneadh e fir a' sgrìachail 's ag glaodh airson meachainn, is coin ri caoindeadh tiamhaidh is rànaich sgreataidh. Có bha so ach an t-Othaichear Dubh 's a' chompanaich?

Feumaidh mi fhéin aideachadh gu'n robh mi uair no dhà an Gàig aig dùbhradh nan tràth ach chan fhaca mi fhathasd 's cha chuala mi duine na bu mhiosa na mi-fhéin. Gun teagamh cha b' ann aig am Bliadhn' Uire a bh' ann.

Chaidh mòran faoinéis aithris mu bhàs an Othaichear Dhubh. Ach 'nuair shéideas oiteag chaoin na firinn ceò na faoin-sgeul an dara taobh, ch' sinn mar thachair. A réir eachdraidh sgrìobhta cha robh an Captein Iain Mac a' Phearsain dad na bu mhiosa no na b' fheàrr na thusa no mise. Dh' fhaoidte gu'n robh e cur adhartach airson an àma san robh e beò. Dé thachair dha fhéin 's na bha còmhla ris? A réir coltais, bha iad a' gabhail mu thàmh nuair thàinig tuiteam sneachda le bruthach mar bheum-sleibhe a chuir an togalach ri làr. Fhuair iad an t-Othaichear Dubh 'na shineadh air a bheul fodha air an leaba. Bha dithis eile 'nan laighe 's an gàirdeanan thairis air cach a chéile. Bha an ceathramh fear 'na chrùban mar gu'n robh e cur dheth a bhrog. Beagan sheachduinean an déidh so, fhuair eadh an còigeamh fear 'nuair a dh' fhalbh an sneachd. Bha e beagan cheud slat o'n bhothan. Bha na gunnaichean 's gach ni eile a bha 's a' bhothan air am briseadh 's air am pronnadh, 's bha na clachan air an sgapadh ceudan slat uaidhe. Nach ann a bha an an-uair!

Air an t-slighe dhachaidh leis na cuirp stad a' giùlain a ghabhail analach agus greimean bidhe. B'e 'n t-àite shònraich iad am bothan-

airigh a dh' ainmich mi cheana. B' e so an ùpraid 's a' stairich a chuir eagal a beatha air a' bhean 's a teaghlach mìos no dhà air ais. An abair sinn faoin-sgeul no fìor sgeul ri so? Fàgaidh mi fuasgladh na ceisde sin sgaibh fhéin.

Tha Gàig an sud fhathas—duatharach, bagrach, mar a bha, araon ri dcàrrsadh aoibhinn grian an t-samhraidh agus ri siantan gailbheach o dhoinn a' gheamhraidh. Tha 'n damh ruadh 's na h-éildean air na firichean mar bha riamh; tha am breac an Loch an t-Seilich, 's an iolair 's na creagan dubha. Tha Call Ghàig am beul an t-sluaigh fhathas, agus tha an t-Othaichear Dubh ag gabhail a thàimh siorruidh fo lic an seann chladh Chinn a' Ghiùthsaidh—

'Iolach na seilge chan éisd e
Guth aoibhinn na maidne cha chluinn e
Cha ghluais e le gaoir a' chatha
'Na leabaidh gun latha gun reulta.'

Turas Adhair Do Albainn

Le IAIN A' CHAOIL

Fonn. Mo nìghinn dhonn, ho ro hu

Ràinig mi Tir nam Beann,
Ann an dùthaich nan Sàr;
Mar am peileir le luathas,
Chaidh an "Jet" troimh an adhar.
Rinn i astar thar chuan,
Mar sheillean ruadha 'san ghaoith,
'S cha b' fhada bha sinn a mach,
Gus robh Breatuinn 'tighinn dlùth.

Leth chiad bliadhna air falbh,
Ghabh mi luing mhòr a null;
Ca-la-deug air a mhuir,
Bha na h-aisgich 'siubhal,
Nis an déidh oidhch' is là,
Bha mi measg chàirdean buan,
Cuid na b' àirde na an stoirm,
A rinn cobhar air a chuan.

Thàinig sinne sìos do ghrund,
'N uair a ruig sinn Sra-Chuaidh,
'S bha sinn taitneach gu lèor,
A ruiginn slàn ar ceann-uidh.
Ann an Glaschu Mór na smùid,
Bha mi measg chàirdean dlùth
'S thug sinn seachdain na còrr,
'Dol ma thimcheall nam bùth.

Cha robh duine seo 'nam eòl,
Ach dà phiuthar ri mo thaobh,
'S b' fheudar domh a dhòl tuath,
'S tìde 'falbh mar a ghaoith;

'S iomadh àite bha air m'ùidh,
Far an d' àraicheadh mi òg;
Gearrloch Tuath is Port-rìgh,
'S mi dol cas-ruisgt gun bhòig.

Ann an Earbasaig, Loch-Aillse,
Chaith mi ann làithean-féil,
Mu'n do dh' fhalbh mi mu sgaoil,
A dh'fhàgail Alba gu léir.
Bha mo phàrantan a' tàmh,
Mu dhà mhìle bho na caoil,
'S bidh mi cuimhneachd gu bràth,
Làithean sona ri an taobh.

'S ann air Gearr-loch bu mhò,
Thàinig buille ro-throm,
Leis na cogaidhean searbh,
Toirt na laoiach as na glinn.
Thàinig bàs do na seòid,
A bha curanta treun;
'S chuir iad nise fo 'n fhòid
Na bha ciùrt' as an déidh.

Thàinig atharrachadh truagh
Air an tìr 'dh'fhàg mi céin;
Luchd m'èblais nis fo 'n fhòid,
Anns gach cearnaidh fo 'n ghréin.
Ghoid a Ghallachd ar n-òig,
'Gar fàgail bacach is fann,
'S leis a sin 's am bàs,
Dh'fhàg e m'inntinn-sa trom.

Ann am féile beag srachd,
Bha mi sgeadaichte le pròis,
Boineid bhiorach air mo cheann,
'S gach ni eile mar bu nòs;
Chuir e iognadh air na h-ìghnean,
Cò an còigrich a bh'ann;
'N ann á Sasuinn a thàinig e,
Ri seilbh fhaotainn 'sa ghleann.

Bha cruth ùr air Port-rìgh,
Leis an dealan 's na "Cars",
Saoil am b'e so mo thìr fhìn,
Neo an d'ràinig mi "Mars".
'"Dé 'fear uasal a tha siud?"
Chualas boireannaich ag ràdh,
'"Se th'ann 'Canadian' spaideal mòr"
A thàinig nall air son trà.

Mu iomall Phort-rìgh,
Far 'eil cridheachan blàth,
Cha robh Gàidhlig a dhìth,
'S Clann MhicLeòid mar a bha.
Fhuair mi fàilte bhlàth chòir,
Mar bu dual daibh a bhith,
'Sa h-uile h-anam le mùirn,
Ag cur gràidh mhóir 'nam chrìdh.

Letter to Editor

22 CRAIG STREET, AIRDRIE.

18th January, 1962.

THE EDITOR,
An Comunn Gaidhealach,
65 West Regent Street,
Glasgow, C.2.

DEAR SIR,

We read with interest the article in the current issue of *An Gaidheal* by Girvan McKay regarding the use of some Gaelic on manufacturers' labels, etc. We seek no publicity, but would respectfully draw his attention to our own little efforts in that matter. We enclose a price ticket which we use with Rock which we make for holiday resorts, carrying the Gaelic "Fior Deantas Albannach". We send this card to all parts of Scotland with that particular size of Rock, and we also print the same words on Tartan Cartons of Rock when it is for a Gaelic speaking area, or if there is at least some spoken in the area. We know it is unlikely that the locals will buy the Rock, as it is mainly for taking home as a wee present for the family or neighbours, but we think it will arouse some curiosity in folks who do not have the Gaelic, and therefore we are one firm outside the distillers and tobacco lords who perhaps help to make the Gaelic more familiar. Though it may be considered heresy, we sometimes think a simplification of Gaelic spelling would go a long way to making it more popular. When we consider how difficult many people find the spelling of English, it is understandable that they are put off attempting to understand Gaelic. Few people even know how to pronounce "Slainte Mhath." It would certainly be easier for children to study in a simplified form, phonetic perhaps, and it is surprising how many adults we meet who can speak but cannot read or write in Gaelic. We offer these observations in a constructive spirit in the hope that they will be of some interest to those who have the maintenance of Gaelic at heart.

Yours faithfully,

For and behalf of

WM. KIDD & SONS (Confectioners) LTD.

MATTHEW N. KIDD

Director.

The use of Gaelic in advertisements is to be encouraged, but directors of firms who have this in view ought to seek the best advice available before deciding on wording.

ED.

Bha gach tigh-òsda làn,
Le luchd turuis o Dheas,
'S iad cho fuathasach daor,
Nach do dh'fhan mi ach greis;
Chuirinn suas leis an tuath,
Air robh m'èol o chionn chian;
Buntàt is sgadain le tea;
B'e sin biadh do mo mhiann.

Bha ann deagh uisge-beath',
Chuireadh blàths an cridhe fuar;
Bha e mòran na b'fhèarr
Na bhi slugadh greim tur.
Bha fear-an-tighe air a dh'òigh,
'S bha'm biadhtachd gu leòr,
Agus fada bìdh mi 'smuain
Air an oidhch 'san Taigh-mhór.

A Mhàiri Dhonn An Tìr nam Beann,
'S fhad bho ghlac mi do làmh.
Ach 'nam bhruadar thar chuain,
Tric leat, luaidh, bhithinn 'tàmh;
Taitneach uasal anns gach dòigh,
Thàinig liathadh do chinn,
Alainn mar a bha thu riamh,
Le clàr-aodainn glan min.

Tric mu thimcheall Caisteil Maoil,
Bu ghnà leinn a bhi triall,
Dùn ro-ainmeil na là fhéin,
'Son nan daoine 'bha fial,
Riamh an Eilean a' Cheò
Rinn e faire is dìon;
Nis 'na làraich lom treigt,
Udlaidh, crannda is crìon.

Ann an Eilean a' Cheò,
Chithear fàrdaichean fàs;
Rainneach còmhachd nan cluan,
Far robh uair saorsa sàs.
'S e chùis-truagha a th'ann,
Agus suarach a' bhuaidh;
An déidh trioblaid is bròin,
Faighinn càradh 's an uaigh.

Ann an Leódhas tìr an fhraoich,
Tha na beairtean air ghluais,
Le clòithean 's aodaich a ghnà,
Ag cumail teachlaich le duais;
'S ged tha'n iasgachd car lom,
Tha so-fhaotainn gach lòn
'S aig an tigh tha ann leas,
Bha roimh-làimh anns an dòimhn',

Théid a' chuidhle mu'n cuairt,
An déidh oidhche thig an là,
Ach chan fhaicear a chaoidh,
Nithean tuille mar a bha;
Tha gach tìr fo na ghréin,
A' dol air adhart le àigh,
Ach tha muinntir a' ghlinn,
A' sioladh as mar an tràigh.

Hannah

GLEUS G. Faclan. Le DUNNACHADH MACNIOMHAIN.
(Bàrd Chille-chomain.)

Seist.

Fonn le IAIN MACRATH.

{ s : - : d | m : - : s₁ | m : - : r | d : s₁ : - }

Och nan och, gur mór mo mhul-ad,

{ d : - : r | m : - : s | f : - : n | r : - : - }

Och nan och, 'se leòn mi'n gaol.

{ s : - : f | m : - : d | r : - : d | l₁ : f₁ : - }

Och nan och gur mór mo mhul-ad,

{ s₁ : - : d | m : s₁ : - | m : - : r | d : - : - ||

'S mi air m'uil-inn anns an fhraoch.

Rann

{ d : - : r | m : - : s | l : - : s | s : - : m }

1. Thu - sa théid an null do'n Chàrn-aich,

{ d : - : r | m : - : s | m : - : r | r : - : - }

Thar nan àrd-bheann do Loch Bhraoin,

{ m : - : r | d : - : s₁ | l₁ : - : d | l₁ : - : s₁ }

Thoir an t-sor-aidh so gun dàil ann

{ d : - : r | m : - : s₁ | r : - : d | d : - : - ||

Dh'ionnsuidh *Hann-ah*, nighean mo ghaoil.

2. Innis dhi gu bheil mo ghràdh dhi
Buan mar bha e anns a' chaol,
Far an tric le m'ghaol a bha mi
Anns na làithean sona' dh'aom.

3. Na'n robh mise mar a b' àbhaist,
'S agam bàta fo a siùil,
Ruiginn féin Tigh-Sgoil na Càrnaich,
Ged robh càir gheal air Loch-Bhraoin.

4. Nuair a gheibhinn thu 'nam ghlacaibh,
'S mi 'ga t'altrum air mo ghlùin,
Chluinninn féin le meud mo thlachd dhìot,
Mo chridhe plapadh 'na mo thaobh!

5. Nach bu shòlas dhomh air thalamh,
Thu bhì d'laighe ri mo thaobh,
Ged a b'e tom fraoich mo leaba,
Ann am ghlacaibh taobh Loch-Bhraoin.

6. Mo cheud mìle soraidh slàn leat,
Ge b'e àite 'gam bì thu
Cha dì-chuimhnich mi gu bràth thu
Gus an càirear mi's an ùir.

Branch Reports

Report on Branch Conference (Southern Area) held in An Comunn Office, Glasgow, on Saturday, 20th January, 1962.

Forty representatives from twenty-two Branches were present. In addition, Mrs. J. M. Bannerman, Convener, and five members represented the Propaganda Committee.

The President, Mr. Hugh Macphee, was in the Chair and the Secretary, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, was in attendance.

The representatives were given a cordial welcome by Mr. Hugh Macphee, President, and Mrs. M. C. Edgar, Vice-President. The President expressed his pleasure at seeing such a large gathering and stressed the importance of the fact that many of those present not only represented Branches in cities and towns, but rural and more isolated areas as well. He also made the point that Branches with representatives on the Executive Council, had to make decisions on behalf of their Branches and that it was only with the close co-operation of Branches and Headquarters that the Gaelic language could be maintained.

Representatives were then invited to give reports on the points discussed at the previous Conference and on the success with which Branches were able to implement the recommendations.

Rev. D. Cameron reported that a Joint Gaelic Service held by the **Logierait, Dunkeld and Blair Atholl Branches** had been highly successful.

Mrs. McNicol intimated that a Gaelic Service under the auspices of the **Stirling Branch** would be held in May, a practice which the Branch had established eight or nine years ago. The Branch had been able to interest quite a number of its members in joining An Comunn as Branch representative members and later on the Branch hopes to interest these in becoming Ordinary members. The Branch was responsible for selling 50 copies of each issue of *Sradag*.

Mr. Shaw reported on the activities of the **Dunkeld Branch**, and said that two ceilids were held last year, both being well attended. The Branch promoted a Gaelic class of 30 members under Further Education. A Gaelic choir which as yet consisted of 12 members had been formed.

Mr. Donald Smith, reporting on the **Falkirk Branch**, referred to the part played by the Branch in raising the 1961 Mod Fund. Through their efforts they had raised the sum of £600. At the same time the Branch continued its own activities which were successful. Branch membership stands at 96, there is a Gaelic class of 40 members and a Choir with 28 members.

Mrs. Angus MacKenzie said that the **Larbert Branch**, a comparatively young Branch, started as a result of having a Gaelic class in the town. The Branch is small but enthusiastic and last year contributed to the Stirling Mod Fund.

The membership of the **Dunoon Branch** had increased by 15 last year. Mrs. Murray referred to the impending departure of Mr. and Mrs. Neil MacLean, both of whom had been stalwart supporters. The Senior Choir have been fortunate in securing a teacher to take over as conductor in place of Mr. MacLean. The Junior Choir has a membership of 46, none of whom is a native speaker. The Branch is in session from October till April, when monthly ceilids are held and in addition an annual concert.

Arising from Mrs. Murray's report the President said that Branches wherever possible should make use of Education Authority teachers. He suggested reading classes and practice in writing Gaelic from

which would follow an understanding and an appreciation of the language.

The President said that An Comunn was anxious to learn how Branches regarded *Svadag* and if it were possible to increase sales.

Mr. Donald M. McPhail presented a report of the activities of the **Edinburgh Branch**. The Branch organises 8 ceilidhs, followed by a short dance, each session. Attempts had been made on occasion to introduce a 15 minutes' talk at these ceilidhs. The Branch gave some support to the two Senior Choirs in the City and were responsible for a Junior Gaelic Choir. A grant and books were given annually to the Gaelic class in Norton Park J.S. School. The Branch has a membership approaching 100 and more than double that number attend Branch functions.

Mr. Finlay MacLean, reporting on Gaelic services, conveyed that no progress had been made in that direction.

The President intimated that the Branch had given a ceilidh in an hospital, a commendable gesture worth the consideration of other Branches.

Mr. MacLean Fullarton in his report on the **Bunessan and Pennyghael Branch** spoke of the Ross of Mull as being one of the last outposts of Gaelic. There was a resuscitation of interest in the language in the area following the visit of Mr. Macphee and Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman last year. As a result of a memorandum sent to the Education Committee Gaelic is now taught in Bunessan School.

Mr. Colin Morrison said that the **Dumfries Branch** held successful ceilidhs, one of which was housed in Annan, and a Whist Drive. The Branch had 106 paid up members, a number of which were Branch Representative Members. So far the Branch had been unable to organise a Gaelic Service. The Branch undertook the sale of a number of *Svadag*.

Mr. Donald Morrison referred to the **Oban Branch** as being the first branch and one of the largest. The Branch was responsible for holding monthly ceilidhs, one of these being a Donnachadh Bàn night, and a local annual Mod. Visits were paid by the Branch to places in the area and an invitation had been received to visit Bunessan. *Svadag* was sold in Oban High School and to a Gaelic class in Easdale but Mr. Morrison thought that copies could also be sold at Branch ceilidhs.

The President said that other Branches should honour the memory of other Gaelic bards by holding a function at which songs of local bards would form the programme.

He also commended, wherever possible, exchange visits between Branches.

Miss Nisbet reported on the activities of the **Kilmarnock Branch** which were well attended and drew people from neighbouring Branches and places outwith Kilmarnock. A Senior Gaelic Choir, under the conductorship of Mr. McIsaac, continues to flourish and there is a Gaelic class taught by the Branch President, Rev. Arch. M. Beaton. Branch membership (60) fluctuates as some are nurses who are not resident all the time in Kilmarnock. For a time the Branch tried to sell 50 copies of *Svadag*, the order for which has been discontinued, but Miss Nisbet promised that a new effort would be made to encourage sales. A letter had been sent to B.B.C. on behalf of the Branch, asking for a repeat of the Gaelic lessons.

Mr. R. S. Trevor gave a brief report on the work of the **Branch in Logierait**. A Gaelic Choir has been formed and is making progress, a Gaelic class is conducted by Rev. D. Cameron and Branch ceilidhs are very well attended. The Branch miss very much the leadership and enthusiasm of former President, Mrs. Tom Gilmour, who had left the area.

Mr. MacKenzie referred to the difficulty experienced by the **Kinross Branch** in carrying on at its first year, a difficulty happily surmounted. A Gaelic class (present membership, 19) has been in existence for six years. The Branch has an attendance of up to 70 at its ceilidhs and are able to sell 24 copies of *Svadag*. Beside its own activities the Branch were able to contribute to the 1961 Mod Fund.

Mrs. Carmichael referred to the **Kildalton Branch** as a strong branch and the only active branch of An Comunn in Islay. As far as Church Services were concerned unfortunately no Gaelic-speaking minister is available. Mrs. Carmichael urged that representatives from Headquarters should visit Islay and help to resuscitate Branches and encourage them to take an active interest in the work of An Comunn. The Branch up till now had not ordered *Svadag* and the sale of *An Gaidheal* had ceased some time ago but Mrs. Carmichael said that sale of these publications would be considered. Gaelic Choirs in the island are independent of the Branch and a music teacher is not available to conduct a Branch Choir.

The President stressed the importance of Comunn na h-Oighridh and said that children from Islay would be made very welcome at the annual camp.

The **Ayr Branch** programme, as reported by Mrs. Davies, consisted of the usual ceilidhs and a "Haggis Night". The Branch has 80 members and a number of adherents. The junior Choir, prominent prize-winners at the National Mod, has a membership of 70. *Svadag* is not popular with the children who are unable to read it.

In reply to a question by the President if the time was now ripe to make an approach to have Gaelic taught in schools in Ayrshire, Mrs. Davies agreed.

In presenting the recommendation that Branches should try to vary their programmes, Mrs. Bannerman explained that the Propaganda Committee were rather concerned.

Members felt that ceilidhs, although enjoyable, do not help to promote the language. Consequently the Committee suggest that short talks, limited to 20 minutes, or so, in English and Gaelic according to local circumstances, should be introduced. Local bards and local place-names would make interesting subjects for such talks. Story-Telling should be encouraged by Branches and would be an added interest. Mrs. Bannerman said that any suggestions from representatives would be welcomed.

Mr. Finlay MacLean said that Brains Trusts, and translations of Place-names and Surnames had been tried out by the Edinburgh Branch. Some Branches used lantern slides on occasion. It was agreed that Headquarters should compile a list of suitable colour films which were available on hire. Mr. MacRae referred to a film on bird protection, available at a hire fee of five guineas, which he proposed to book for the Blair Atholl Branch.

Mr. Smith recommended that part of ceilidh programmes should be devoted to community singing and he enquired if An Comunn would provide song sheets with phonetic Gaelic.

Rev. D. Cameron spoke of the difficulty experienced by some Branches in getting a "free" evening because they had so many other interests and associations to contend with.

Mr. MacLean Fullarton recommended visits to isolated Branches by concert parties in order to stimulate and maintain interest. Mrs. Bannerman intimated that singers had been invited to participate in such a scheme and that definite arrangements were to be made at the next meeting of the Propaganda Committee.

Mr. Donald Morrison said that dialogues and plays would be welcome additions to Branch programmes. Rev. John MacDougall agreed and said that the writing of Gaelic plays should be encouraged. Mention was made that An Comunn has a stock of over 20 one-act plays.

Mr. Colin Morrison said that not being a qualified Gaelic teacher he and others like him who undertook teaching in evening classes would welcome "hints" on teaching the language from Gaelic teachers.

The Propaganda Committee recommend to the representatives to consider the formation of Branches in suitable places in their areas.

The President appealed to the representatives to make the Summer School (2nd-7th July, in Oban) known to potential students. Rev. D. Cameron proposed that in this connection a supply of enrolment forms should be prepared and sent to Branches and it was agreed to refer this proposal to the Education Committee.

Representatives agreed to the President's suggestion that partly-printed posters, provided by An Comunn, would help in advertising their activities.

In view of the importance of such a meeting and in order to allow more time to give full consideration to Branch affairs it was unanimously agreed that the next conference should begin at 1 p.m. instead of 2.30 p.m.

The President, in conclusion, said that it gave him great pleasure to see such a good attendance and that it was at a gathering such as this that Headquarters could feel the pulse of the movement. It also gave an opportunity to hearten and strengthen each other. Mr. Macphee expressed grateful and sincere thanks to the representatives for their attendance and their contributions to the proceedings.

A vote of thanks was accorded to Mrs. Edgar, Vice-President for providing tea to Mrs. Bannerman as Convener of the Propaganda Committee for arranging the Conference and to the Secretary for his attendance.

Mrs. Edgar thanked the President for taking the chair at the meeting.

A Visit to the Island of 'Rhum

IAIN CAMERON

(Some account of the island by one whose home was there for many years. Its latest phase, as a reserve under the control of the Nature Conservancy, is not dealt with here.)

The Island of Rhum—"The Forbidden Isle"—so named, no doubt, by those who looked with longing and desire at its rugged outline has, during our time, sheltered behind a screen other than the mists which so often enshroud its peaks; a screen which prevented the tourist from setting foot on and exploring its hills and valleys. The curtain of privacy which surrounded this island gave birth to many stories which bore no relation to the true facts and which led the uninformed to look on Rhum as something in the nature of a settlement where the natives slaved in the employment of a harsh master.

I hope to draw aside this screen and reveal

part of the interesting history of this lonely island.

Rhum, with its neighbouring islands of Eigg, Muck and Canna, is in the Parish of Small Isles; it is in the Inner Hebrides, in the County of Inverness and sixteen miles west of Mallaig, the nearest mainland town. It is the biggest of the four islands being eighteen to twenty miles in circumference. Its coastline is magnificent and recalls the stern beauty of the Norwegian coast with peaks towering from ocean level to hide their summits in cloud. The peaks bear Norse names such as Halival, Askival, Orival, and Trallaval, and these peaks must have been prominent landmarks to the old Vikings when they sailed the seas around Scotland.

The origin of the name is not clearly defined. In the Statistical Account of Scotland, dated 1846, the suggestion is made that it may have been derived from the Gaelic equivalent signifying roominess or capacity but Johnston in his *Place Names of Scotland* appears, in my opinion, to come nearer to a true definition in stating that the name is derived from the Gaelic *i-druim* (ridge) meaning the Isle of the Ridge.

In olden times Rhum formed part of the lands of the proud Clanranald branch of the illustrious Clan Donald. It is mentioned as having in the thirteenth century provided for King Robert the Bruce a ship of twenty-six oars with its complement of men and victual. In the early 19th century we find the island listed among the possessions of the McLeans of Coll, a neighbouring island, and housing a population of about 400 persons. The McLeans were considered sympathetic and kind land-owners but the agricultural value of the land was not sufficient for the maintenance of a large peasant population and it is not surprising to read that in the year 1826 almost the total population went from there to seek fortune in Nova Scotia.

The McLean lairds adopted the Presbyterian religion and so strong a convert was one of the McLeans that he did not hesitate to urge reluctant followers by physical means and the liberal use of his yellow walking stick prompted the Rhum tenantry to call Presbyterianism "The Religion of the Yellow Stick".

At the time of the McLeans' ownership it is interesting to note that there were 600 persons over six years of age in the Parish of Small Isles who could neither read nor write. There was only one school in the Parish and it was on the Island of Eigg. The pupils attending numbered between twenty and thirty. The Rev. Donald McLeod of that period makes reference to "... the present schoolmaster

being not noted for his attention to the scholars and often finds himself with none as parents consider they make no progress under him''. Considering that the schoolmaster's salary was £30 per annum it is not surprising that he was not over-attentive to his duties.

McLean of Coll disposed of the island to the Marquis of Salisbury in 1840 and the population had by this time again risen to the number of 100 persons. During his period of ownership the island was heavily stocked with blackfaced sheep and, at the end of the 19th century, carried a stock of between eight and ten thousand giving employment to six shepherds housed at Harris, Dibidil, Kilmory and Guridil, lonely outposts, miles from each other. It was generally recognised at that time that it was difficult to find throughout the Highlands quality to equal that of the mutton supplied from this stock. I can confirm, from my own knowledge, that during the early part of the 20th century the standard was indeed high. During the period immediately following the first World War the sheep stock was considerably reduced in order to give more scope to the red deer which abound on the island.

Bloodstone Hill on the north side of the island derives its name from a mineral stone which exists there and which was quarried on the island during the Marquis of Salisbury's time. This stone when polished was of a high ornamental value and a table made from the stone was presented by the Marquis to Queen Victoria. The continuance of quarrying was apparently to be uneconomical and was abandoned. Today pieces of bloodstone are to be found in the river beds and it is possible that a source of revenue for an enterprising person still lies in this hill.

The Marquis of Salisbury, in an attempt to improve the fishing on the island rivers and lochs, erected a dam of stone and lime across the upper reaches of the main island river. Due to the heavy rainfall from the steep hill sides the dam collapsed and was never rebuilt. "Salisbury Dam" remains to this day in the form of a breached wall across the river about four miles from the village, a silent tribute to the power of nature.

In 1888 the island was purchased from the Marquis of Salisbury by Mr. John Bullough of Meggernie, Perthshire, on whose death it passed to his son Sir George Bullough, whose enterprise and love for this lonely island created an island paradise housing priceless treasures from all over the world and maintained wholly as a private estate welcoming only invited guests to enjoy what it had to offer in the way of sport and scenery.

Having touched briefly on the state of the

island from early times to the present century it is with the period covering Sir George's proprietorship I now wish to deal.

Previous to the 1914/18 War the weekly sailing to Rhum was from Oban via the Outer Hebrides and the mail boat's time of arrival at Rhum was erratic and uncertain being often during the very early hours of the morning. It was on this route that the once well known mail stamer *Plover* was attacked between Rhum and the Island of Barra by a German submarine in 1917. Carrying, as she always did during these war years, a heavy complement of passengers there was no shortage of military and naval passengers to support the captain in his brave decision to engage the submarine with his fore and aft guns. Civilian passengers were ordered away in the life boats and landed safely on the island of Rhum while the *Plover* steamed on engaging the submarine as best she could. She was not sunk, but on her arrival at Rhum two days later she was seen to bear distinctive marks of the engagement. After this engagement, the Battle of Jutland was considered by the islanders as being of secondary importance.

Leaving Mallaig by the *Lochmor* about 1.30 p.m. we pass the Point of Sleat in Skye and head westwards towards the Island of Eigg, the first island call after leaving Mallaig. The captain, a man of vision and humour, had always his topical comments to make on the weather and in this part of the country he gets a varying issue. On my last visit to Rhum in 1950 he summed up the general situation in these few words, "Aye, we get nine months winter and three months bad weather up here . . . but what can one expect from a Labour Government?" Whether a change of Government has brought a corresponding change in the weather on our western seaboard I have not been able to ascertain. On leaving Eigg, where goods, mails and passengers have been taken ashore in a small ferry boat, we travel along the coast of that peculiarly shaped island for a considerable distance before clearing the headland known as the Sgurr of Eigg which has afforded us considerable shelter from the Atlantic waves rolling uninterrupted from Ardnamurchan Point, the most westerly point of the Scottish mainland, through the Sound of Rhum. As the *Lochmor* receives the buffeting of the seas the words of the well known "Skye Boat Song":—

"Mull was astern, Rhum on the Port,
Eigg on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul;
Where is that glory now"?

become very real and the rugged outline of Rhum is now closely seen. Within a very

short time and with a few short sharp blasts on the siren, which rouse thousands of seabirds from the rocky shore to wheel suspiciously before alighting again, the steamer enters Loch Scrisort, a well sheltered anchorage about three miles long. The pier at the head of the loch is not suitable for steamers and, in reply to the siren blasts, we see approaching us the modern motor ferry boat in contrast to the ferry boat of earlier times which was manned by oarsmen who for hours on mail days in stormy weather battled against rain and wind in their constant endeavour to maintain contact with the outer world before the advent of the wireless receiving set brought the islands within the circle of modernisation. These men are due a place in history which their descendants of modern times can hardly lay claim to.

From the steamer a magnificent view is obtained of Kinloch Castle built at the end of the 19th century by Sir George Bullough and occupying an imposing site at the head of Loch Scrisort, surrounded by lawns and woodland. As the *Lochmor* leaves Loch Scrisort and continues on her westward journey to the Outer Hebrides we approach the pier in the ferry boat and as we set foot on Rhum are forced to compare the present state of neglect and loneliness with the high degree of maintenance and human activity which existed throughout the island up to the 1914/18 War.

Kinloch Castle is beautifully and lavishly furnished and contains in this day articles of priceless value collected from all over the world during yachting cruises undertaken by Sir George and his guests in the steam yacht *Rhouma*. One article of unique design is an ivory eagle of life size said to be the only one of its kind in existence. On close examination one finds an almost impossible achievement in art as every single feather and feature of the smallest degree has been separately carved. During the earlier years of this century a staff of twenty-four people found full employment in the castle. Today it is looked after by a caretaker who, in the course of his daily duties, must find much from a bygone age to interest him.

The employment of eighteen gardeners before 1914 maintained the gardens, green houses, lawns and policies in excellent condition. A walk through the gardens with their range of glass houses extending to between five and six hundred yards made it difficult to believe that one was on a Western Atlantic island. Palms and bamboo plants, which one usually imagines to be the products of warmer climates, were to be found flourishing in the open.

(To be continued)

Love Song

Translation by IAIN C. SMITH

Three things will come without seeking,
jealousy, terror, and love.
Nor is it shame to be counted
among those whom such agonies grieve,
since so many great ladies
have suffered the crime that I have,
being exiled by passion.
They gave but they did not receive.

You who are climbing the defile
bear my love to the glen of the north:
take this vow to my sweetheart:
"I am his while I live on the earth.
I will marry no other
nor allow such news to go forth.
Till, my dear, you've denied me
I'll distrust the words of their mouth."

You, of the blue eyes beguiling,
(from the glen where the mists would arise)
your eye-brows showed courteous mildness
like the moor-cotton dewed from the skies:
when you aimed as you lay on your elbow
the stag would be caught by surprise:
my love, if you lived in my dwelling,
none could mock or despise.

My dear, if I saw you arriving
and knew that it really was you,
my heart's blood ascending
would break like the sun into view:
and I'll give you my promise
each hair that was grey would renew
its greyness to yellow
like the flowers that the waters pursue.

It was not for your riches
and not for your numerous herd:
it was not for a weakening
that my heart was troubled and stirred:
but the son of a noble
who conquered a land with his sword:
we'd suffer no hunger
for many would furnish our board.

If you're never returning
I'll know an exchange has been made,
that being more healthy
another has suited your trade.
I'd not give my courage,
my wisdom, the love you betrayed,
for a field of bright cattle,
and a girl without sense at their head.

Notes from a Highlander's Log

(Continued)

By JOHN BOYD

I was sixteen when I first went to sea in a three-masted barque as an apprentice to China to a place up the Gulf of Tonkin called Houghay belonging to the French. I joined ship in London Ordnance Wharf where she was loading pitch.

We took five months to get there round the Cape of Good Hope. I remember when we anchored off the island of Java I was aloft one morning. The sound of singing came across the water. This was a boat with Javanese coming to our ship. They were selling all kinds of fruit. I bartered a shirt for a monkey which I had for two years.

Discharging our cargo we had to dig it out as it had melted in the tropics. Then took in ballast for Hongkong where we loaded general cargo for Callas, in Peru. It took three months to get there round S. Australia, and New Zealand, across the Pacific.

This was my first time round the Horn, the first of four times in sail and one in steam. On the way to Falmouth called at Gibraltar. The trip round the world took two years. This was in 1901.

On our last trip in sail, homeward bound, we ran out of drinking water. Water-tanks had been filled up west coast of S. America. It turned black, was undrinkable. All hands put on one pint of water per day.

In tropics south of line in heavy rain squalls, we managed to fill tanks. Rain water took us to Falmouth. Ran out of salt beef and salt pork. All hands on short rations, one pound salt pork per week; next week one pound salt beef. Fortunately we had enough hard tack to last to Falmouth. It took us 180 days.

The reason for the short rations was that off Cape Horn in S.E. gale the steering screw broke, casting rudder loose and bending sheering screw. It took 24 hours to secure rudder, the ship lying hove-to under goose-winged main lower topsail. The gale moderated in 48 hours. Repaired steering gear and steered ship by capstan on poop.

This time did not sight land nor ships for 180 days until we sighted Land's End before entering Channel. Dropped anchor in Falmouth, expecting all our troubles over, but not a bit. It came on to blow from S.E. a howling gale. Vessel started to drag her anchor. This went on all night. The ship's port anchor held only quarter-mile off rocks. Gale moderated. Hove up and was taken in tow by two

tugs. Towed to West Indian Dock, London. Timber discharged and ship dry-docked. New rudder. Thoroughly overhauled and then sold to Italians who loaded her for Port Elizabeth. By that time I had left her. She got out to S. Africa and was lost on the E. coast.

While I was in the *Erroll* we were chartered by the Russians to transport some of their troops to Odessa on the Black Sea. The Russo-Japanese War had finished and when Port Arthur fell the Russians had thrown their troops into Vladivostok and we took 200 of them (Cossacks) to the Black Sea. Some had never seen the sea before, having been marched across Siberia, but they were a very quiet lot.

Once left Marseilles loaded with oil-cake for the Baltic in the three-masted *Mobile Bay*, registered at Glasgow. Loaded timber and left Baltic. With deck load ship was cranky owing to not having taken enough ballast to counteract deckload. While in Norkopping, Sweden, three negroes we had shipped in Marseilles ran away. The Swedes being well in the country had never seen blacks before and had some peculiar ideas about them and were afraid.

After loading left for S. Africa, Port Durban. While in the Elsinore Straits clearing the Baltic, we ran down another ship lying at anchor. This did a lot of damage to the after-end of our ship, denting a number of plates. Had to go into dry-dock in Elsinore for 2 months.

After we left and got into North Sea found had to take down upper yards top gallant and royals on fore and main masts. Ship very cranky. We had to sail to S. Africa in that rig for 130 days.

Discharged and loaded ballast for Rangoon to load rice for S. America, Valparaiso and coast ports. Ran into cyclone in Bay of Bengal. Got into trouble, lost a full suit of sails, good weather ones. Had they been used near Cape Horn the ship would have been dismantled.

EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA

Following An Comunn's successful participation in the 1961 Edinburgh Festival, two evenings have been allocated again this year.

A Ceilidh will be held in the Leith Town Hall on Friday, 24th August, 1962, and a Grand Gaelic Concert will be held in the Usher Hall on Friday, 31st August, 1962.

Tickets may be obtained from the Edinburgh Festival Society Office at 11 Cambridge Street, Edinburgh.

Editor's Comments

Some recent publications

In the latest issue of the Scottish Geographical Magazine Joy Tivy gives the results of an exercise in Geographical field studies in which groups of students surveyed four small Scottish burghs, Aberfeldy, Biggar, Dingwall, and Pitlochry. These towns are compared with respect to such features as site, social services, shops, residences, industries, and administration. Dingwall, third in point of population (3367 in 1951, 3752 in 1961) is found to have the largest "sphere of influence" measured on the basis of areas served from the town. Its "urban field" extends beyond the county boundary and includes part of the hinterland of Inverness.

The Scottish Council for Research in Education have published *The Level and Trend of National Intelligence*, a summary of the results of mental surveys made in 1932 and 1947. In these years group tests were given to 11-year old children and individual tests to a small sample of these. The Council is still following up the careers of 1000 persons who sat the 1947 individual test.

A general drop in average intelligence in the years between 1932 and 1947 had evidently been anticipated, but the average group-test score was actually higher in 1947, and there was no significant change in the average individual-test score. The 1947 survey was used to obtain information about such questions as the intelligence of large and small families, intelligence and social conditions, comparison of twins and of siblings (children of the same family).

There was a general trend showing the highest average score in the South East and the lowest in the North-West! James Maxwell, who compiled the results for the Council, hesitates to take the obvious explanation that children in the North and West are less intelligent. He says that if the data are accepted at their face value "there are some implications for educational practice and provision".

The writer of *The Islander*, Allan Campbell McLean, has, according to the wrapper, gained a reputation as a writer of exciting boys' stories. *The Islander* itself begins excitingly enough with a poaching episode in which a policeman comes off second best. So far so good, but does this and the rather disreputable commentary which follows deserve to be described as taking place in the "authentic Highlands"? Good for sale returns, yes, with its furtive allusions in the modern style to bodily functions in the heather and the

lavatories. But the authenticity I should call in question.

Even with the help of these notorious subsidies the authentic crofter cannot spend money in the bars on the scale described here. Even when drunk he is unlikely to be cajoled into entering the caber competition; even if he consents he is unlikely to be admitted. In the most primitive village hall the platform is unlikely to collapse so that the kilted Sassenach entertainer may conveniently expose his unconventional underwear to the public gaze.

All this and the sneering at Church personages leave an unpleasant taste. The author complained when one reviewer came to the conclusion that he did not like island policemen. I would go further and conclude that he did not like anyone else on the island either. For surely a book claiming authenticity ought to include at least one likeable character. The author certainly has made it very difficult for the islanders to like him.

It is a relief to turn from the ways of the islanders to the ways of the tinkers told by F. Rehfish in *Marriage and the Elementary Family among the Scottish Tinkers*, appearing in *Scottish Studies*, *The Journal of the School of Scottish Studies*. To carry out this piece of field work the writer and his wife lived for some time in a tinker encampment. Rehfish puts the number of tinkers in Scotland at 20,000 to 40,000.

There is often confusion in the literature between gypsies and tinkers, and great difficulty in obtaining reliable information, due to the tinkers' reserve in the presence of "flatties", as they call all non-tinkers.

The Rehfishes gained their confidence, and record what they saw and heard in a way which should make their observations useful to all who are concerned with the solution of an admittedly acute social problem. The general conclusion is that "in spite of the fact that fantastic moves are attributed to the Tinkers, their customs are in no way extraordinary".

Scottish Studies also contains *Funeral Resting Cairns in Scotland* by B. R. S. Megan; *Tobar nam Maor* (near Dunvegan, Skye) by Anne Ross; *A Folk-Tale from St. Kilda*, with English translation by John Macinnes; and a review by Derick S. Thomson of *More West Highland Isles, Vol. II*.

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Faclan Ura

THA mòran aobharan a' cumail dhaoine aig a bheil a bheag no mhòr de Ghàidhlig o a bhith 'ga bruidhinn ri a chèile, cion suim 's dòcha, no leis, no a' bharrail gu bheil i a' milleadh na Beurla. Tha a' Bheurla a nise cho làidir is cho beartach am faclan, is air a' cleachdadh air raon cho farsaing, is gu bheil e 'na bhuaireadh do dhaoine a bhith ag earbsa ris a' chànan seo a mhàin, is a bhith a' cur cùil ri gach cànan eile.

Chan fhaodar àicheadh nach 'eil lethsgèul math aca-san a chleachdas Beurla an àite Gàidhlig. Chì thu fear a' fiachainn ris na tha 'na bheachd a chur an cèill an Gàidhlig. Cia meud uair a dh' fheumas e stad, a mheòrachadh dé an ath fhacal as fheàrr a chuireas an cèill an smuain a tha a' tighinn gu 'aire. Aithnichidh tu air 'aodann an t-srìth a tha a' dol air adhart a staigh. An cuir e am feum am facal Beurla air a bheil e eòlach agus a thuigeas am fear a tha 'g éisdeachd gu h-ealamh, no an dian e sgrùdadh 'na inntinn a lorg faicail air a bheil seòrsa de bhlas is cruth na Gàidhlig ?

Gun teagamh faodaidh am fear a tha 'g éisdeachd a bhith foighidneach agus feitheamh gu modhail gus an tig am facal a tha air chall. Ged a bhithas e sin, nach gràinneil leis an fhear-labhairt na tiotaidhean, goirid 's gam bi iad, anns nach 'eil guth air a ràdh air taobh seach taobh.

Tha an sbàirn chruaidh seo gu facal a lorg e fhéin a' milleadh na socair agus na sìth air a bheil feum anns an leithid seo de chruaidh-chàs, agus a' sìneadh ùine na sàmhchair, math dh'fhaoidte a' cur an dithis (no còrr) an cunnart a dhol a mach air a' chèile.

Fiachadh am fear a tha ag éisdeachd ri a charaid a chuideachadh le facal a chur air adhart e fhéin; 's dòcha nach fheàrrde a' chùis sin dad, oir tha e anns an dòigh sin 'ga àrdachadh fhéin an coimeas ri a charaid agus

aig a' cheart àm a' gintinn an inntinn an fhir eile an dmeas a dhùisgeas eucordadh eatorra.

O seo leanaidh gur i mo bheachd-sa (agus, tha mi cinnteach, beachd feadhainn eile) gur e deasachadh agus taghadh faclan ùra Gàidhlig an gnothach as cudthromaiche a tha mu choinneamh a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich agus buidhnean eile aig a bheil iarratas a' chànan a neartachadh. 'S fhada gun teagamh o thogadh a' cheisd seo an toiseach agus tha i a' tighinn an uachdar o àm gu àm, ach chan 'eil duine no comunn fhathast le ùghdarras gu leòr 'ga gabhail os làimh.

Chan e gnothach farasda a tha seo. Chan 'eil e farasda an toiseach na faclan ùra a thaghadh. Chan 'eil e farasda a rithist na faclan sin a chur fo chomhair an t-sluaigh ann an dòigh a cho-èignicheas iad gu an cur gu feum.

Tha a' cheisd seo ann an tomhas mu choinneamh na h-uile cànan. Feumaidh a' Bheurla fhéin an dràsda 's a rithist faclan ùra a dheilbh airson cumail suas ri innleachdan a' chinne-daoine. Tha na faclan ùra sin 'nan cùis-ioghnaidh airson ùine ghoirid, ach chan fhada gun gabhar a steach iad an luib na cànan.

Tha a' Ghàidhlig a' gleachd am measg chàich airson àite, theagamh àite iriosal, ach co-dhùil cothrom mairsinn beò. 'Se an cnap-starraidh as motha a tha mu a coinneamh cion nam facal, deiseal air an teanga. An coimeas ri cànanen eile thuit i fada air dheireadh anns an dòigh seo. Cò a lionas a' bheàrna?

Seo, tha mi 'smaointeachadh, dleasanas a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich. Bithidh daoine glice a' magadh air comhairlean (no coimithidhean). Ach tha feum air Comhairle ùir a gabhas an dleasanas seo os làimh.

Tha an ùine a' ruith. Anns na deich bliadhnaich, 1951-1960, chailleadh còig mìle diag de luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig. Cia meud a chail sinn o 1960? Tha an ùine a' ruith. Na dianar dearmad air oidhirp 'sam bith a thraogas an sruth.

Bodaich Ghleusda nan Laithean a Dh' Aom

Le

TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

AITHNICHEAR am fìor Ghàidheal air a ghleusdachd. Ach tà gleusdachd is gleusdachd ann. Gheibhear gleusdachd ar cinnidh daonnaig a feabhas an àm gàbhaidh, no a' fuasgladh dubh-cheist.

Tà beul-aithris is seann eachdraidh a' cur an cèill nach robh baile, no cò-dhùih sgìre, de'n Ghàidhealtachd anns nach robh uaireigin saoidh a bha a ghnàth deiseal airson a bhì 'rèiteach chùisean a bha cho cruaidh, duilich an tuigsinn 's gu robh iad air tur fhairtleachadh air an cò-luchd-dùthcha.

Tà cuid de na daoine glic so, mar a bha Taog MacCuinn, eadhon fathast ro ainmeil airson am breith chothrom agus an comhairle eagnaigh. Gheibhear uiread de thabhail ann am breithneachadh Thaoig 's nach b'urrainn dha bhì dad na bu choimhlionta tighinn bho bhilean Socrates.

Bhuineadh Taog do'n Eilean Sgitheanach. Chithear thun an latha an diugh tobhta an tighe an an robh e a' fuireach, faisg air Port Righeadh.

Seadh, is gleusda gach Gàidheal an àm cruadail is cruaidhchàis. Cha bu bheag an àireamh sgeulachdan éibhinn a dh'fhàgadh againn a tà 'toirt làn fhoillseachaidh air a sin.

Uair a bh'ann, fhuaib bodach ann an aon de na h-Eileanan an Iar fios gu robh aige ri cùirt lagha a sheasamh ann an Loch na Madadh air latha is uair a chaidh ainmeachadh.

Nuair a thàinig an t-àm, thug am bodach géill gu modhail, umhail, do'n ghairm agus cho luath 's a ràinig e am baile ceudna, chaidh e sìos thun a chladaich agus dh'fhasdaidh e iasgair airson a thoirt a mach air a' mhuir anns an eithear aige.

Chum an laoch an t-iasgair ag iomaradh sìos is suas an loch bho mhoch gu anamoch 'us cha do cuir e cas air ùrlar an tighe chùirt fathast. Shuidh am breitheamh air a' chathair, 's an fheadhainn eile de'n luchd lagha 'n an àite féin, ach sgial cha robh air an aon ris an robh iad an dùil.

Dé nis a thachair? An deach càin throm a leagail air an neach a shaoil leo-san a rinn cùis-bhùrta dhiubh? Cha deach fù aon sgillinn ruadh. Cha robh fear-lagha air thalam a b'urrainn càin no rud eile chuir air. Thug am bodach géill do'n t-sumanadh, choimhlion e gu mean na bh'air a chuir mu choinneamh. Dh'fheith esan ris an luchd lagha gu foidhidinn-each ach gèd a bhiodh e an sud gu sìorruidh,

cha robh coltas gun amaiseadh a' chùirt air suidhe ann an *Loch na Madadh* !!

An àite càin a dhol air a' bhodach, chan'eil fios nach ann a dh'fhaodadh esan càin a chur orra-san a chum e a muigh air an Loch ann am bàta beag, fosgailte, airson ùine cho fada, nuair a dh'fheumadh e bhì air ceann a chosnaidh.

A riamh tuilleadh, cha robh brath gu mòd nach robh air a sgrìobhadh na b'fhacailliche agus an t-ionad 's am feumte a fhriththeadh air ainmeachadh gu pongail, dòigheil: "*Ann an tigh-cùirte Loch na Madadh*" !!

Chan 'eil ann ach mu cheithir fichead bliadhna bho na bha tuasaid mhór an fhearainn anns an Eilean Sgitheanach. B' aithne dhomh gu math an àireamh bu mhotha de na cinn-iùil a dh'éirich gu duineil, treun, an aghaidh an anacothroim uamhasaich a bha croitearan bochda na Gàidhealtachd a' fulang tuilleadh a's fada agus is iomadh céilidh mór Geamhraidh a chuir mi seachad ag éisdeachd ris na seòid a bha ri uchd bualaidh 's a fhuair tàire nach bu bheag a' tagradh an còraichean dlìgheach mun deachaidh cùisean leotha fa-dheòidh.

Anns a' cheud dol a mach, chuireadh mu choinneamh maoirshith an Eilein casg a chuir le ainneart air gum nan croitearan.

Do bhrìgh 's gur e làn Ghàidheil a bha anns na maoir ud gu léir, aig an robh taobh is truas ri an co-chreutairean, leig iad gu leòir mun cluais de na bh'air agair orra mar dhleasnas. Mu dheireadh thall, chuireadh fios air feachd de mhaoir a Glaschu smàlhad ceart a dheanamh.

Cha robh na diùnlaoich sin fada a' fàighinn a mach nach e cluich a bh'air thoiseach orra ann an Eilean a' chèd ! Chaidh an ruag gu dubh air na Goill. Mun do thill iad air ais do'n taobh deas, fhuaib mòran dhiubh de dhroch ghiollachd a dheanamh orra anns gach arrabhag a bh'ann, na chuir bho fheum an t-saoghail iad.

Cha b'urrainn gur e an t-Agh a chuir an ceann dhà de na maoir ud a dhol a ruith Iain brathair m'athar, latha 's e siubhal an t-sléibh. Cha robh Iain ach òg, mu bheagan a's fichead bliadhna de aois is ann an tréine a neirt is a spionnaidh.

Cha bu luaithe mhothaich e do a luchd tòrachd na rinn e 'na shinteanan air àite cunnartach de mhonadh an Taobh Sear, ris an abrar am Blàth-Lon. Chan 'eil anns an Bhlàth-Lon ach aibhnichean, glumagan is sùilean-cruthaich, oir ri oir, 's cha d'fhuaireadh riamh grunn aig aon diubh.

Bha fios aig an dearbh laoch far an treòraicheadh e an fhaghadh, c'àite an robh an deagh rioba 'gam feitheamh!

Is gann gun cumadh na maoir fàite air Iain a' cheud chuid de'n astar. Bha e luath air a

chasan, cha robh cho luath eadar dà cheann na sgìre, no iomadh sgìre eile.

Thug bràthair m'athar faineam gun feumadh e cothrom a thoirt do luchd na ruag faighinn faisg dha, cho faisg 's a ghabhadh deanamh gun dol an cunnart gum beirte air. Siod mar a thachair.

Tà aon linne anns an àite do nach toir neach an aire gus am bheil e gu ìre bhig aice, a chionn a bruachan a bhàird air gach taobh. Tà de fharsuingeachd anns an linne so 's gun toireadh e a dhìol do'n fhear a b'fheàrr lùth leum thairis orra. Dìreach nuair a leig Iain leis na maoir tighinn ceithir no còig de shlatan bhuidhe, thug e an rotach ud as, is bha e cho aotrom ri eun air taobh eile an uisge.

Leum na maoir as a dhèidh. Ma leum, is iadsan nach robh air an stiùireadh. Chaidh an dìthis aca fodha 's a sealladh ann an teis meadhan na doimhneachd eagallaich. Is ann aig Nì Math féin a tà fios ciamar a thàrr na culaidhean-truais a làthaich cho gabhaidh. Le mòr spàirn rinn iad an gnothach air a' bhruaich a dh'fhàg iad a ruigheachd. Le tuilleadh dìchill chaidh aca air faotainn gu tìr is mìle sruth asda. Bha Iain 'na sheasamh thall mun coinneamh 's e 'dol 'na lùban a' gàireachdaich ag amharc cor nam maor.

Mar a tà leabhar Iain Bhunain a' toirt fo ar comhair a thachair do Shocharach air dha faighinn a mach a Làthach Na Mì Mhisnich, thill an dà churaidh air ais an rathad a thàinig iad, cus na bu fhluiche agus rud beag na bu ghlice na dh'fhàg iad e !

Bha seann lighichean na Gàidhealtachd 'n an daoine cho gleusda 's air am bheil iomradh. Chan iognadh idir ged a bhiodh iomadh cumhneachan buan againn air luchd sgìle an leithid Alasdair MacLeòid, no an "Dotair Bàn," mar a theirte ris, agus Iain MacLachlainn, — "Dotair Raththuaithe."

Nuair a chuimhniceas sinn air an t-soirbheachadh mhòr a lean an saothair, a dh'aindeoin an cian astar a bha eadar na sgìreachdan anns an robh an còmhuidh agus bailtean na Galldachd le an goireasan, chan urrainn dhuinn gun a bhì ag gabhail annais ciamar a chaidh aca air a liuthadh neach a leigheas gun chungaadhachan, acfhuinnean, no gach cothrom a bhì meudachadh an eòlais a bha aig an coimpiorean mu dheas.

B' ann do Leòdaich Rigg, anns an Eilein Sgitheanach, a bhùineadh an Dotair Bàn. 'S e meur de Leòdaich Ra'ar-sear a bh'anns an teaghlach uasal so. Uime sin, bha fuil iomadh triath reachdmhor a' ruith 'na chuislean.

Chan e mhàin gu robh an Dotair Bàn ainmeil 'na dhreuchd féin, ach rinneadh beairtean miorbhaileach leis a' leasachadh fearainn an Uidhist 's an dùthaich a shinnsearachd. A

thuilleadh air na dh'ainmich mi, b'e fìor charaid nam bochd e.

Chan e aon eilean leis féin air an robh Alasdair a' freasdal. B' esan 'na latha, prìomh léigh nan Eilein air fad. Thigeadh daoine easlainteach thuige as na ceàrnan a b' iomallaiche.

Mar a thachair do iomadh fear a rinn obair fheumail a' furtachd gun dìobradh air bochdainn crannchuir nan iochdarain, bha naimhdean aig an Dotair Bàn. Dhùisg de ghamhlais is fharmad dhaoine eucorach 'n a aghaidh nach biodh a chaoidh sàsaichte gus am faighte air sheòl-eiginn a chuir as an rathad.

Thugadh cuireadh do'n lighiche gu dìothad. Ghabh esan gu suilbhir ris an fhìadhachadh ged a bha amharus féin aige mun rùn a bh' air a chùl agus bu mhat dha-san gun robh.

Mun do dh'fhàg e an dachaigh, chuir an Dotair dà uinnean leth ri chraiceann, aon ann am bac gach achlais.

An dèidh dhà seòmar na h-aoidheachd a ruigheachd 's a theann e air gabhail a bhìdhe, cha do dh'fhàgadh Alasdair fada an teagamh mu dhùrachd na h-aiteam a bha'n làthair. Fhuair e blas an phuinnsein is b'fheudar dha sguir de ithe ! Cha do leig MacLeòid dad air, ach cho luath 's a thill e dhachaigh, thug e na h-uinneanan a mach bho achlais agus bha na dhà cho dubh ri cnapan suith ! B'e sud a chaomhainn a bheatha. Moire, 's ann airsan a chaidh an caol thèarnadh ; a thaing sin da ghleusdachd ! Cha b'e an Dotair Bàn am fear mu dheireadh ris an do dh'fheuchadh anns an dearbh dhòigh !

Thàinig bàs aithghearr air an urradh dhìleas, fheumail so ann an Cnòideart. Chaidh e le creig, air oidhche dhòrcha 's e dol a dh'amharc air duine tinn. Ri linn Alasdair, cha robh a leithid de rud ann ri bìucan-dealain a shealladh an ceum-coise dhà.

Ma chumas na bailtean fearainn a thionndaidh an Dotair Bàn a chum leas an t-sluaigh, a chuimhne air mhaireann, cha téid dì-chuimhn' air MacLachlainn cho fad 's a bhios a' bheag air am fàgail a sheinneas òrain Ghàidhlig. B'e féin am bàrd ceòlmhor nuair a readh e gu ranntachd.

Chreidinn gu robh ceòlraidh MhicLachlainn a' deanamh a' cheart uiread de fheum ri a chun-gaidhean ann an tigh an tinnis. Ta aon rud cinnteach, cha bhiodh gruamhean an sud na b'fhaide aon uair 's gu nochdadh an léigh anns an dorus. Air dhà ceartachadh a dheanadh orrasan a bha 'n a fheum, shìneadh MacLachlainn sìos air a dhruim-dìreach air seis, no air leabaidh fhalamh agus bheireadh e hùgan èilleadh air òran an deidh òrain a sheinn.

Is ann 'n an àineadh mar so a bha na seann bhàird Ghàidhealach a' deanamh am bàrdachd.

Ge b'è dè an àite anns an dùisgeadh a' cheòlraidh Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, a muigh air liana ghuirm, no am broinn an tighe, laidheadh e air fad, a dhroma agus leac mhór chloiche air a bhroinn. Gun teagamh 'sam bith, tà suidhichean sònraichte anns anns an suidh no anns an laidh a' bhodhaig, a tà toirt barrachd cuid-eachaidh do'n inntinn agus do'n eanchainn, mar a tà na h-Iogaich, feallsanaich nan Innsean, a' teagasg thun an latha an diùh.

Bha nighean òg ann mu naoi no deich de bhliadhnanachan, a bhuineadh do Eilean Mhuile, a fhuair a sàrachadh le glùn ghoirt. Ged a thugadh caochladh lighichean a choimhead orra, dh'fhairtlich orra gu léir a dheanamh a mach de bu mhàthair-aobhair do'n chràdh. Anns na làithean ud cha d' fhuair eadh eòlas air a' ghath chumhachdach sin a sgrùdas taobh stigh a chuirp eadar feòil le cnàmhan.

Ri tìde, chuireadh fios air MacLachlainn tighinn 'ga faicinn. Air do'n léigh sealltainn car ùine air an àite anns an robh an g'iamh, bha e greis 'n a thàmh. An sin dh'fheòraich e de'n chailinn an robh i a' buachailleachd mun do thòisich a glùn air cur dragh orra. Thubhairt ise gu robh. "B'e mo bharail e," ars' esan. "An robh e 'n a chleachdadh agad a bhi 'n a do shuidhe is do chas fothad air bruaihc?" "Bha, da rìreabh," fhreagair ise. "Sìod agadsa ceann-fàth do thrioblaid," mhìnich an Dotair. "Air latha de na làithean air an robh thu 'buachailleachd chaidh gartan an sàs 'n a d'fheòil. An ceann ùine dh'òibrich e roimhe gun d' fhuair e a steach fo'n fhailmean far an do ghabh e tàmh. Feumaidh sinn am failmean a thogail."

Rinn an lighiche mar a thubhairt e. Fhuair e an gartan far an do shaoil leis a bha e, sgrìob is ghlan e mach an at is ann am beagan sheachdainnean cha robh ni ceàrr air a' chois.

Uair eile, chunnaic MacLachlainn teine-éiginn air a lasadh air mullach cnoic, an taobh thall de'n Chaol, ann am Muile. B'e sud an dòigh anns an robh teachdaireachd chabhagaich air a craobh-sgaoileadh fada mun d' fhuair eadh aithne air fios-an-dealain.

Cha robh an Dotair gun a bhi ann an dùil ris an teine fhaicinn, a chionn 's gu robh bean anns an ionad ud a bhiodh gun dàil air an laidhe-siùbhla. Ge b'e air bith c'ait an deach fear aiseig an àite le a bhàta, cha robh a h-aon diubh ri'm faotainn 's cha robh fios de an taobh an deach iad.

Cha b'urrainn an lighiche a thuigsinn ciamar a rachadh aig air faighinn thar a' Chaòil. Ged nach robh an linne farsuing ann an sìod, cha rachadh aige air a snàmh.

Am feadh 's a bha an càs anns an robh e 'ga chumail a' cnuasachadh, thug an Dotair ceum slos thun a' chladaich.

Mu leitheach slighe, thachair crodh ris ag ionaltradh air rèidhlean agus tarbh mòr, briagha Gàidhealach 'n an teis-meadhon. Cha do laigh sùil MhicLachlainn ach gann air an tarbh na theann solus air bristeadh air 'inntinn.

Air do'n bheathach a bhi solta, còir, dh'iomain Iain sìos e gu ir na mara, chuir e an tarbh air an t-snàmh, leum e féin air a mhuin agus chaidh aige air an ainmhidh a stiùireadh fodha gu tèarainte agus an d' fhuair e gu tràigh a chinn-uidhe. Ràinig an Dotair Raththuath air té bha ri sàothair ann an deagh àm agus chaidh gach cùis air aghaidh mar bu mhiann leotha.

Cha bu rud ùr e idir do tharbh Gàidhealach, caolas a shnàmh. Thachair e gu bitheanta do bheathaichean a bh'air an togail ri oir na mara anns an Eilean Sgitheanach, 's an àiteachan eile, gun snàmhadh iad na caoil, air ais agus air adhart gu somalta, èasgaidh an geall air atharrachadh feuraich. Is ann air an t-snàmh a bha an crodh bho shean air an aiseag bho iomadail eilean gu tìr-mór.

Bha ann roimhe so, tighearna fearainn aig an robh mòr shaibhreas. A bhàrr air a bheartas, bha aon nighean aige do'm b'ainm Fionnaghal, a bu bhriagha na tè eile a chunnacas a riamh ann an seachd sìorrachdan na Gàidhealtachd.

Mar a dh'fhaodas sinn a thuigsinn, cha robh cion féill air an rìghinn aig maithean is mithean, fada as is faisg orra. Cha robh òganach a dhearc air àilleachd a h-aodainn chiùin-ghil, 's a pearsa dhealbhadh, annsanta, nach i bu bhruadar dha ré an latha 's a chionn cadail air an oidhche.

Am b'ìoghnaidh idir nach robh oighre òg air taobh tuath na h-Alba nach robh 'ga h-iarraidh air a h-athair airson a pòsadh. Dh'fhàg a liuthad tairgse bho àrd uaislean na tìr, an tighearna ann an trom imcheist co dhà a bheireadh e an nighean. Mu dheireadh thall, smoinnich e air dòigh anns am b'urrainn dha céile a thaghadh dhì.

Air an laimh eile, bha àilleagan ar sgeòil air a roghainn a dheanamh bho chionn fada. B'e so oigear mun aon aois rìthe féin, aig an robh baile beag tuathanachais ris an abradh iad Baile an Dail, air oighreachd a h-athar.

Ged bu bhochd a chrannchur, bu diùlnach esan a bu fhlahtail coltais agus nàduir na gu leòir de na bha h-athair a' cuir am fiacham dhì. Cò-dhùit, chan fhaiceadh an ainneir dath air mac diùc no iarla ach e féin.

Rinn an morair cuirm mhór. Thug e cuireadh a dh'ionnsaigh an fhleadh do gach usal a bha an geall air a' chailin agus thug ise feinair gum faigheadh fear a cridhe am fios ceudna a fhuair càch. Cha do shaoil am morfhear càil de iartas na té òig, anns an àm, oir cha d' thàinig fathann fathast gu chluasan mun a' ghaol falaich a bha eadar a' chàraid.

Air feasgar na cuirm ràinig gach marcaiche treun, cridheil, 'n a làn earradh rìomhach, an caisteal, 's gun nì air aire ach an aon nì, aiteal gearr a mhealtainn ann an cuideachd na h-òigh a rinn a bhuaireadh.

(*Ri a leantainn*)

An Caolas Ud Thall

Le NIALL MACD. BROWNLIE

'S tim dhomh dùsgadh á suain. Gu bhì luaidh ann an dàn,
Air an Eilean is àill' air bheil grian a' cur sgàil,
Sin an tìr a' rinn m' àrach 'n am phàisde glé òg,
Aite còmhnuidh an t-sluaigh a tha usal is còir.

Tha càirdean mo ghaoil thar a' chaolais ud thall,
Anns an eilean bheag uain'; thug mi luaidh dha thar chàich.

Tha daingneachd nach fuasgail g'am bhuaireadh gach là,
Gu 'n dachaidh is miann leam, an Tìrìodh mo ghràidh.

Tha cuid dhùibh 's an uaigh ann an suain-chadal bàis,
A shaoraich le dìchioll an Tir-ìosal mo ghràidh,
Tha m' athair 's mo mhàthair a' cnàmh anns a' chill,
Ach bìdh mo mhian agus m'ùidh anns an ùir 's bheil iad sint'.

A sealltuinn mu chuairt dhomh, 's e' tha gluasad mo bhròin
Na làraichean fuar air bheil an clùaran a' fàs,
Leac-an-teintean 's i falamh gun lasair 's gun fhàilt,
'S na fiùrain bha sgairteil air an sgapadh 's gach àit'.

Ach 's e aobhar mo ghearain, bhì cho fad bhuait an dràs
Mi a' còmhnuidh 's a' bhaile, gun aighear 's gun chàil.
'S tric tha m' inntinn a' tilleadh gu innis nam bò,
Far an tric rinn mi mireadh 'nam bhalachan òg.

'N uair a' bha mi 'nam bhalach gun smalan 's gun ghò
Le companaich ghasda, bha seasmhail is còir,
'S beag a shaoil mi gu'n caochladh an saoghal cho mòr.

Tha iad an diugh air an sgaioleadh, 's cha taobh iad 'nam chòir.

Ged nach faicear am fraoch air do raontan a' fàs,

Tha do réileanan torrach' toirt cinneas air bàrr

Is do mhachraichean còmhnaid fo chòmhdach nam flùr

Nach glòrmhor an sealladh, 'gam faicinn fo'n driùchd.

Nuair thig ciaradh air m' fheasgar 's an uair a' tighinn dlùth

Thoir dhomh neart gu dol dhachaidh gu eilean mo rùin.

Nuair thig crìoch air mo làithean 's a dhùineas mo shùil,

'S ann 'na ùir théid mo thasgadh 'sa' chadal nach dùisg.

Maileid A' Phuist

PEEL PARK,

BUSBY,

LANARKSHIRE.

Am Màrt 21, 1962.

A charaid chòir,

Tha mi an dòchas gun gabh sibh mo leisgeul air son sgrìobhadh chugaibh air rud mach 'eil, theagamh, ro mhór.

Chan 'eil mi ach ag ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig agus tha mi a' leughadh "An Gaidheal" gu riaghailteach.

Cha chomasach mi air tuigsinn na tha sgrìobhte ann ur mìosachan uile gu léir agus tha fios agam gum bheil mi a' call mòran air a shon sin.

Leugh mi "An Gaidheal Og" an uair a bha e air mhaireann agus tha mi 'ga iondrainn gu mòr.

Am bheil e coltach gum bi sibh 'ga chur a mach a rithist?

Fhuair mi mòran math dheth agus tha e cinnteach gum bheil iomadh duine eile cosmhail riunsa.

Is mise, le urram,

GEORGE F. B. HILL,

Fhìr-dheasachaidh

An Gàidheal.

Tha mi an dòchas gun cum Mgr. Hill air a' leughadh is a' sgrìobhadh na Gàidhlig. Tha e soillear gun d' rinn e adhartas mòr mar tha.

Bhitheadh e 'na chuideachadh mòr nan gabhadh aon de luchd-teagaisg nan sgoiltean, no neach 'sam bith eile, as làimh aon taobh-duilleig gach mìos a sgrìobhadh airson feum luchd-ionnsachaidh.

F. D.

An Approach to Scottish Gaelic Literature

By DERICK S. THOMSON

(The above with minor modifications, is the text of a talk given at the Gaelic Teachers' Conference, sponsored by Jordanhill College of Education, and held at Portree in July, 1958.

A Charaid,

Bu toigh leam còmhadh a dheanamh leat anns an obair ùr a thog thu. Ghuidhinn gach soirbheachadh a bhith leat.

Tha mi uasal asad air son an liodairt a thug thu air Mac Ghilleathain agus a bheachdan air na Sgiathanaich. Is geal a thoill e an dolanachadh a thug thu dha, agus is riatanach gun cuirteadh a' ghlasghuib air sgeigearan d'a sheòrsa; agus rinn thu-sa sin gu sgoinneil.

Thug thu cuireadh do d' luchd-leughaidh am beachdan a chur an cèill mu'n chleachdadh a tha gu tric aig cuid, gu eadartheangachadh a dheanamh air ainmeannan àitean o'n Bheurla gu Gàidhlig; agus sheall thu cho baoth agus a dh'fhaodas an oidhirp a bhith. Ach an déidh sin 's an dhéidh, tha mòran dhaoine de'n bheachd gun deachaidh tuilleadh agus a' chòir de ar n-ainmeannan a shìolpadh bhuainn gu Beurla agus nach b'eucoir idir an aiseag air ais chun a' chànain dhìghlich anns an robh iad air an ainmeachadh o thùs. Carson, mar sin, a cheadaicheamaid focail mar tha, Middleton, air son Baile Meadhonach, Cornhill, air son Cnoc an Arbhair, Blackmount, an àite Monadh Dubh, Broadford, airson Ath Leathann, agus gu h-àraidh feadhainn a tha cho cearrail ri Freetown, air son Allt na Frithe, faisg air Tom Aitinn.

Nis chan 'eil teagamh nach robh a' Ghàidhlig gu math siùbhlach anns a' cheàrn ris an canar *Knightswood* an diugh an uair a chuireadh ainm air an ionad sin an toiseach. Mar dhearbhadh tha na h-ainmeannan Gàidhlig: Dalmuir, Duntocher, Cochno (a fhuair an t-ainm o na cuachan agus na cearcaib, cup and ring markings, leis am bheil creag mhór dhilinn air a còmhachadh), Yoker, air a choirbeadh o Eochair (bruch aibhne), agus nach 'eil Bruach Chluaidh (Clydebank) r'a thaobh.

Thugadh *Knightswood* mar ghabhail-fearainn do bhuidheann de Knights-Templars a shuidhicheadh an seo ri linn a' Chogaidh Naomha (Crusades). Tha an clachan beag (Temple) agus, cuideachd, Jordanhill mar chumhneachain orra, air chor agus nach bitheadh "Coille nan Ridirean" idir as an rathad mar ainm Gàidhlig air an àite.

Leis gach dùrachd bhìlth,

Is mise,

A. MACNEACAIL.

WE suffer, as has often been said in the past, from a lack of adequately graded and varied school text-books in Gaelic, and on Gaelic subjects. This lack is particularly noticeable in the field of literary criticism, where the existing histories of literature are by now out of date, old-fashioned in their language, and ponderous to use in schools. I think that the only one I would except from this sweeping condemnation is Donald Maclean's short study, *The Literature of the Scottish Gael*, and it is perhaps too closely concerned with bibliography for school use. These literary histories need to be replaced by one comprehensive book, providing a detailed account of the development of Scottish Gaelic literature in all its branches, beginning with the emergence from the stage of Gaelic-Irish literary unity, and proceeding right down to the middle of the twentieth century. This book would be a compendium of our knowledge of Gaelic writers and Gaelic literary works, and would consider in detail the professional bardic verse, with the social organisation that lay behind it, during the period of its strength and of its decline; it would consider the folk-poetry which appeared at the other end, so to speak, of the bardic hierarchy, and the stages which lie in between; it would give an account of the content, the nature and the achievement of Gaelic poetry in the various periods, whether these be distinguished as centuries or otherwise; it would discuss poetry which can be distinguished by type, or *genre*, such as the *oran mor*, satire, nature poetry, etc.; such a book would also trace the development of Gaelic prose, discussing its affinities with the prose of the Middle Gaelic or Early Modern Irish period, and considering the influence of English prose on it, especially in the 18th century and afterwards; it would discuss the translations into Gaelic which have done so much to mould the later Gaelic prose style, and to influence the vocabulary generally (I am thinking especially of the translations of the Bible); it would consider the essay form in Gaelic, and the changes in fashion which have affected this form; it would treat of periodical literature generally, of the development of the short story, of the stunted growth of the novel, and the meagre development of dramatic work.

FIFTY-NINTH MOD AT OBAN,

2nd-5th October, 1962

Mod Entries close on 28th May, 1962.

In attempting all this, the book I have in mind would not only be a compendium of factual knowledge (and perhaps some conjecture!); it would also contain opinions, or literary assessments, which would be clearly distinguishable from facts.

A history of Gaelic literature on this scale has never been attempted before. It would be a most useful tool in the hands of teachers, of whatever stage in the school, and it might be directly usable by senior secondary pupils. But a more modest text-book is required for the use of the pupil in school, and such a text-book should concentrate on literary movements, *genre*, and the more notable authors. The experiment of writing such a book in Gaelic should be tried.

We lack this literary tool at the moment, What I propose to do here is to sketch, in a little more detail, the form that such a book might take, and to suggest some of the areas of Gaelic reading which might profitably be undertaken in schools. For part of that reading no suitable school texts are at present available, but if we were to reach some measure of agreement on a desirable programme, the provision of the texts, or some of them, might be a less troublesome undertaking than we sometimes imagine.

I would hold it as an axiom that no student who professes Gaelic as a subject throughout the Senior Secondary course should be ignorant of the main developments in Scottish Gaelic literature from the 16th century to the present day. The mass of this literature is not overwhelming, and in this mass, there is, as in most literatures, a fairly substantial proportion of literary work which is highly derivative, repetitive, or of little account, as literature, in some other way. When due account is taken of this, it should not be impossible to introduce school pupils to specimens of the worth-while literature of most periods, and also, possibly, to develop more deeply their knowledge and appreciation of one or more special periods, or the work of several individual authors. But the net result should surely be that the pupil leaves school with a broadly accurate picture in his mind of the nature and extent of the literature of his own country—general picture of the content, style and social background of that literature, and a reasonably accurate notion of its chronology. He will have acquired, by the way, some knowledge of where to find books or passages which he may want to return to, for pleasure or for other purposes. If this were not the result of his years of Gaelic study, we would have to ask whether that study was a profitable one, in a literary sense.

What then, is the outline, or the framework, which such a pupil should have in his mind?

(1) He should have some notion of the early organisation and content of Gaelic literature, here using Gaelic to include Irish as well as Scottish Gaelic. It is of importance to stress the aspect of organisation for two reasons (*a*) because this gives us an opportunity to consider a system very different from that we know today (with regard to law, religion, social obligation, etc.), and a system, moreover, that was characteristically Celtic, and so of interest to the descendants or representatives of the Celtic people, and (*b*) the literary organisation, with its scribes, bardic schools, ranks and types of bard, influenced the type of literature which was produced for centuries in Ireland and Scotland, and may still influence Gaelic poetry, perhaps unknown to the writer. But this aspect of literary history would probably, in schools, be dealt with in very general terms.

(2) Every student of Gaelic should, secondly, know something about the folk songs which form such a valuable and interesting part of the Gaelic poetic heritage—verse which was, in the earlier part of our period produced by non-union members, so to speak, or perhaps occasionally by bards who did not have their union cards on display. This poetry can be brought vividly alive in different ways. Much of it, indeed, needs no bush: the poetry is vital and pulsating; the story is vivid, the emotions are bared. Take as an example the song dealing with the rough treatment which Uisdean Mac Gille-easbuig Chléirich meted out to the MacVicars of N. Uist in the late 16th century:

A fhir mhóir o shliabh a' Chuillinn
'S làidir thu féin, 's treun do bhuille;
Mo sheachd mollachd aig do mhuime
Nach d' leag i glùn ort no uileann
Mun d' mharbh thu na bráithrean uile.

* * * * *

Ghabh Dòmhnall Odhar a' chuartaich,
'S olc am faothachadh a fhuair e,
'Ga ruith le biodagan fuara,
'S na coin mhór 'ga chur gu ruagadh,
Na coin sheanga, loma, luatha,
'Ga chur fo chruidhean each uaislean.

* * * * *

Uisdein mhóir 'ic Leasba Chléirich,
Far an laigh thu slàn na h-éirich,
Sgeul do bhàis gu mnathan Shléite,
Do mhionach a bhith 'n cirb do léine,
Agus dhómhsa mo chuid fhéin dheth.

(*Carmina Gadelica*, V)

There was no need for this poetess to invent plot or situation, no need to make an imaginative reconstruction of the instincts for

vengeance: this is a direct, passionate transcription from life, and it brings vividly alive for us an aspect of 16th century life in the Highlands. It is not a pretty aspect, but there is no reason why we should not look at it. Certainly it is less sordid than the Manuel trial, which provided literary pabulum for this country for some weeks in the summer of 1958.

Some of this poetry, certainly, would not be easy to read in school, as for example the curse (pronounced by a woman who had lost her children) on another woman who had defamed her:

A bhean a chuir orm an ailis
 Cha ghuidh mise sgrìos dha t'anam,
 Ach bhith agad fios mo ghalair,
 Do chloch bhith làn 's do ghluin falamh.
 Chuir mi cùigear anns an talamh,
 Una 's Sine, Mór is Alasdair,
 Ailean a' chùil rinn mo sgaradh.

(MACDONALD COLLECTION, 254)

But much of this song-poetry can, I think, be read with profit in school, and can be used to illumine Highland history and the Gaelic life of earlier centuries. Consider this vivid caption to a picture of cattle-raiding:

A mhnathan a' chruidh, an crodh a' geum-
 naich,
 Gaoir nan creach 'gan cur o chéile.

(MACDONALD COLLECTION, 242)

Or, to take just one more example, consider Mary MacLeod's idyllic picture of Dunvegan:

'S ann 'na thigh mór
 A fhuair mi am macnas,
 Danna's le sùnn air
 Urlar farsaing,
 An fhùidhleirachd 'gam
 Chur a chadal,
 A' phìobaireachd
 Mo dhùsgadh maidne.

That picture can be contrasted, mournfully, with the narrow way offered by some contemporary Highland ecclesiastics.

But I need not linger too long over this type of poetry, as its interest is better acknowledged now than it was a few years ago. What I wish to stress is this: by judicious selection a valuable school anthology of this verse could be made, with poems that would serve as landmarks in the pupil's mind, pin-pointing historical events, social (or anti-social!) customs, ways of thought, among his Gaelic ancestors; and poems, too, that would tell an exciting story with a remarkable economy of words and of detail.

(3) Coming to the better-known poetry of the 17th century, we find a number of difficulties in the way of studying it in schools. It is, as yet, imperfectly and incompletely edited and published; so that there is a chronic shortage

of usable texts. The admirable edition of Mary MacLeod's verse has been out of print for years. An exhaustive edition of Iain Lom's poetry is to be published shortly, edited by my colleague at Aberdeen, Dr. Annie Kackenzie, and I understand that Mr. William Matheson is well advanced with his edition of An Clàrsair Dall. When these books appear, the position will be greatly improved. But the difficulty of much 17th century poetry will still remain a formidable obstacle for school purposes. Yet the importance of the history of the 17th century Highlands is very great, and some attempt must be made to have this literature more adequately represented in Gaelic curricula. Much of this literature is a commentary on the history of the Highlands, and the study of both literature and history should here be very closely integrated. The poetry throws light on clan feuds and politics, e.g., Iain Lom's on the Campbell-MacDonald feud, Eachann Bacach's on the Clan Maclean. It gives us some of the Highland background to national events—the Montrose Wars, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1688-9, the Union of the Parliaments at the beginning of the 18th century. But perhaps more important, this poetry was written out of a thoroughly Gaelic background, before the Anglicising of the chiefs had gone very deep, before Evangelism, or national schemes of education, had brought non-Gaelic influences to bear on the people. The poetry of the 18th century is usually studied in preference to this, because it is more comprehensible, less foreign to our now semi-Gaelic culture. But it should be our aim to arrive at a fuller understanding of the Gaelic way of life.

How is this to be achieved? The matter needs much careful thought, and I can offer only a partial solution here. Much work remains to be done in studying this period, and building up a picture of life in the Highlands in the 17th century. Without doubt, such later collections of folk-literature and J. F. Campbell's *West Highland Tales*, and Alexander Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*, together with the collections made in this century, are vitally important sources of information in this connection. We should attempt to distil from such sources the essence of Gaelic civilization in the early modern period. It would be desirable to include fairly copious selections from such collections in Gaelic school anthologies accompanied perhaps by explanatory and illustrative notes. If the aim in Gaelic studies is to comprehend *the Gaelic way of life as a whole*, the study of individual aspects, as of language or poetry, will become less arid, more fruitful.

(To be continued)

Ar Canain (Canned)

GILLELSBUIG MACMUIRICH

HAVE you ever wished that you could recall a long-dead friend's words?

Have you ever wished that you had put down your own ideas even for such a trivial thing as shopping needs? Yes? then you are not alone; mankind has been trying to can words to keep keep them ever-fresh in the same way as he has been trying to keep food.

In the days of the Druids our only record was *sgriob*—scratching or scraping. These words were written right to left in a series of notches on, above or below a line. This kind of writing was called Ogham, and has come down to us on beautifully carved stones and in manuscripts but not in the Druid fan-rib books that the early Christians burned.

Christianity aspirated the last letter of *sgriob*, to give us the verb "to write",—*Sgrìobh* and this solitary, anti-social means of recording has been the only one open to us from the days of Colm Cille and his Iona monks till to-day.

All of us went through hell in school learning how to can words with a pencil and decode words that printers had canned for us, in our reading-books. As like as not, our instruction was wholly in the English language. (If we did indeed have any instruction in what Alasdair MacMhaighstir Alasdair calls "Seann Chànain Albannach"—the old Scottish Language, you can be sure that it was taught in the English language.)

For many centuries food was kept sort of "fresh" only by drying or salting it. Now we have cans and deep-freeze. None of us will deny that this is a boon—even if they haven't got as far as putting the labels in Gaelic yet! (Because we haven't attacked and wheeled them into doing so.)

That is service to the mouth for eating. What about that higher product of the mouth—speaking? The service to speaking ought to bind us together in our fight for Scotland's own language which is fighting desperately for its life at this very minute? These post-war years have seen a weapon that most of us haven't yet discovered, and one that is within our financial reach—the tape-recorder.

A vast array of all different sizes and kinds are in the shops to-day, either for electricity mains or torch batteries.

Tape-recorder uses are legion; I heard of two friends, thousands of miles apart—neither had been taught in these all-English institutions called "schools" how to read and write Gaelic, so they each bought a tape-recorder. They

used the same speed, and now send each other a good "letter" in Gaelic without scraping a stone or a piece of paper.

To be quite frank, this matter of writing, though more enduring than the tapes (what is the Gaelic for tape-recorder?) is only the ghost of speech. What learner can possibly learn the correct *blas*, or the thick Celtic "ls", or assonance from writing? What teacher could possibly endure repeating his words as often as a tape-recorder can? A book of poetry is a dead thing compared to the living words. Who can compare the dead printed page of *Ben Dòrain* and *Agus hó Mhórag* to hearing the live voices singing them or even reciting them. I look forward to the day when An Comunn will have a tape lending library, sending tape-commentaries of Grammar books and complete tapes of all our great Gaelic literature, *bàrdachd* and *beul-aithris*? Most people would not mind paying a moderate fee to buy or borrow such tapes. How many an isolated crofter or shepherd, who knows the language well, would not be delighted to gather with his family round the tape-recorder to hear the latest *sgèulachdan* and *ceilidh* that has come through the post?

At the moment the only use of the tape-recorder has been to collect and store all our wonderful songs and *beul-aithris* in the School of Scottish Studies. The School's publication of three records does not even scrape the surface of the wealth of *beul-aithris* available. While it is most worthy to have a central store of nuts, like a squirrel, that can be looked up now and again; again like the squirrel—is it not more life-giving to sow all the varied treasures of Gaelic oral tradition where they will grow? Namely, in the ears of those of us who know the language already, of the learners and of the children that will come after us?

Trevadennad An Buhez Keltiek

A New Celtic Movement

By GARBHAN MACAÓIDH (GIRVAN MCKAY)

AMONG the many suggestions which have been put forward with the object of preserving the Gaelic language, perhaps the most ambitious was that made by somebody who, according to press reports, proposed that some body such as An Comunn should purchase a Scottish island and establish an all-Gaelic centre there. It now appears that a group of Celts (mostly Bretons) have been thinking along similar lines and have come up with what is perhaps the most drastic proposal made by any

Celtic association. This group, which calls itself *Trevadennad an buhez keltiek* ("The Celtic Life Colony") has abandoned all hope of saving the Celtic languages from within the areas where they are now spoken. It is therefore proposed to recruit a nucleus of speakers of the Celtic languages from Brittany, Scotland, Isle of Man and Cornwall (and possibly Ireland) with a view to establishing an all-Celtic colony far from the influences of English and French linguistic pressure. *Trevadennad* apparently has in mind something on the pattern of the Gaelic Community in Cape Breton or the Welsh of Patagonia, but of a much more autonomous nature. It is hoped that such a community may thus be able to keep alive the Celtic languages long after they have become extinct in their homelands, and perhaps even inspire persons in those homelands to re-adopt their ancient languages. The leader of this "extremist" wing of the Celtic language movement is a young Breton, Alain-Yves Le Goff—or, as he prefers to call himself, Alan Youinn ("Eoghan") Ar Gow—who is at present working with the Department of Agriculture at Andapa, Madagascar. Mr. Le Goff is disappointed with the effects of modern life on the Celtic areas and wishes to see a return to something more closely resembling the way of life of our ancestors. As an agriculturalist he would like the Celtic peoples to go back to pastoral farming and fishing, supplementing their income with art work and other pursuits of a traditional nature. He does not feel that the Celtic nations can compete with other highly industrialised communities, nor does he think it desirous for them to attempt to do so. It appears that the choice of a location for this pastoral community has not yet been finally settled, but already several persons in various countries are reported to have expressed interest in the scheme, and advertising for recruits has already commenced in the French, Scottish and Cornish press. It now remains to be seen whether this plan will have any more success than the many schemes which have been started with a view to improving the lot of the Celtic peoples or their languages, and of which little is now heard. It may well be that any form of enthusiasm for the language and culture of the Celt is to be welcomed in these days of apathy, and certainly Mr. Le Goff is to be admired for his zeal, however utopian his ideas may seem to be. Even those who do not agree with his conclusions will find his views stimulating. His address is: Monsieur A. M. Le Goff, Service de L'Agriculture, Andapa, Madagascar, and he is always pleased to hear from Scottish Gaels and to exchange ideas with regard to mutual linguistic problems.

A Visit to Rhum

IAIN CAMERON

The varying temperatures, tropical or otherwise, governed by the plant life existing in each greenhouse as well as the wide variety of fruit being grown, carried one far beyond the boundaries of western Scotland. Turtles and tropical reptiles were to be found, surrounded by tropical vegetation, in huge glass covered water tanks. Sea water, heated to the proper temperature, was pumped from the seashore to fill the tanks. In time some of the reptiles became dangerous and it was found necessary to dispose of them. Some of them contained in jars of preservative spirit are still to be found on the island. A huge glass conservatory contained tropical birds of all descriptions whose gay plumage and varied calls gave one an insight of bird life in lands far removed from Rhum.

The home farm modelled on modern lines was run at a high level of efficiency and the breeding of Highland ponies produced more than one animal which returned from several Highland Agricultural Shows throughout Scotland carrying premier awards to the island. In the book *Highland Ponies* by John Macdonald, an authority on the subject, it is suggested that the ponies, which are still to be found roaming in a group of between twenty and thirty on the island, are descended from Spanish ponies which came ashore from boats of the Spanish Armada wrecked on the coast. The boats from the Armada wrecked on Rhum would appear to have carried ponies instead of gold and treasure which is said to lie awaiting salvage at the bottom of the sea not far distant from Rhum. During Sir George Bullough's proprietorship the introduction of new blood from the New Forest in England improved the breed immensely and these ponies formed a valuable reserve from which hill ponies used in the deer stalking season were drawn as well as providing throughout the year an endless source of enjoyment to the youths in the island when ponies were being "broken" for general farm work.

Around the farm was developed the village of Kinloch comprising cottage-type houses of modern design bearing not the least relation to the thatched cottages so common at that time in Western Scotland. Roads were constructed from the village to Kilmory and Harris seven and five miles distant respectively and the introduction of two Albion motor cars completed the transformation from the old to the new. Rhum must be one of the few places where at that time motor cars were run without Road Fund licences and without Certificates of Insurance which comply with

Part 3 of the Road Traffic Act, 1930. Gradually the island, so long described as a lonely and barren Atlantic outpost, became, to those fortunate to be within its bounds, a haven of comfort and beauty and to those to whom entry was denied, a lavish rich man's playground absorbing without any profitable return the profits of the Lancashire cotton mills in which Sir George Bullough had controlling interests.

The intention of Sir George Bullough was, of course, to make Rhum his permanent home but circumstances, and possibly the influence of Lady Bullough decreed otherwise and he made his home at Newmarket where his interests in horse breeding and racing met with considerable success. Each year the event eagerly looked forward to by his employees in Rhum, particularly the children, was the arrival in Loch Scriort of the yacht Rhouma, in May, to commence a season extending to October in which house parties including many celebrities of the day, roused from their beds each morning at 8 o'clock by a piper in full Highland dress playing round the castle, took part in yachting, fishing, deer stalking and grouse shooting. The annual sports run solely for the enjoyment of the employees and families were on an expensive scale and competition between gardeners, farm workers, gamekeepers, shepherds and the crew of the Rhouma, numbering forty-three, maintained excitement which gave the onlooker the impression that more than local prestige was at stake.

The importation of new stock from English forests soon brought the deer on the island to a high standard and it was as the importance of the deer forest increased that the privacy of the island was rigidly enforced. Poaching raids from the mainland became a menace and, on one occasion, in the wake of a boat returning from the shores of Rhum to Mallaig sixteen deer skins were counted. This indicated the result of one profitable raid on the island where no respect would be paid by the poachers to the class or standard of deer slaughtered. Could a proprietor, who had carefully built up a deer forest stock and who took care to shoot only the poor heads, be blamed in such circumstances for taking precautions to protect his own property just as a poultry keeper would be forced to take precautions to prevent damage by persons raiding his stock? I understand that during the present time sheep stealing from the tenant who rents the island for grazing is not uncommon and is carried out in the same manner—raids by boats from the mainland. Sheep stealing would appear to have been commonplace in much earlier times as is borne out by the story of a native from Rhum on his first visit to Glasgow being shown round by one

well acquainted with the varying scenes of city life in the far off days. A query from the islander as to the reason for a large crowd being gathered at a certain spot brought the reply that a man was being hung for sheep stealing. The islander, shocked at this method of dealing with a sheep stealer, stopped in his tracks and exclaimed, "Man, Man; hanging a fellow for stealing sheeps! Could he no have bought the damn things and no paid for them?"

Sir George Bullough built a modern school and church combined on the island. Before and during the 1914/18 War the school attendance was in the region of twenty-five pupils. The numbers have gradually decreased until now there are two pupils attending. There is no resident doctor on the island as the one doctor serving the Parish of Small Isles resides in Eigg. He can make the journey to Rhum, if called on and if the weather is good, by motor boat in less than an hour. It is not uncommon though for the doctor, in bad weather, to make use of the post office telegraph to obtain his patient's symptoms and pass on his medical advice in the same manner. Although Rhum is, like many other places, too thinly populated to justify a resident doctor the authorities may be guided by the following few lines in which, no doubt, lie some truth:—

"The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of the evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow."

The Island of Rhum breeds, I am afraid, more midges than any other place I know. The same density of insect life appears to have been present in the very early days and it is said that the midge pest was made use of as a means of punishment. The story is told of a man who was stripped of his clothes and tied hand and foot to a tree and within the hour was found dead, covered by midges. The tale surrounding this unfortunate man's punishment and death is that, with another man, he was sent to the village churchyard at Kilmory, about five miles from Kinloch, to bury the body of a child. The journey was on foot and a snowstorm overtook the men, who decided to bury the child on the hillside halfway to the churchyard. Some time later the two men quarrelled and one told the story to the child's father who, in anger, seized the other man, stripped him and tied him to a tree. His wife, hearing of this, pled with her husband to release the man and he was prevailed upon to do so but before he got back to him he was dead. What truth there is in this story I do not know but today the midge menace is formidable and a child's

gravestone stands on the hillside in an isolated spot between Kinloch and Kilmory.

For the first fifteen or twenty years of this century Rhum was recognised as a progressive though strictly private estate and a common period of service by the employees was between twenty and thirty years. The outbreak of the 1914/18 War, however, brought many changes and within months of its outbreak the garden staff was reduced to three while the remaining male population of military age was correspondingly depleted. The Rhouma disappeared to take up naval patrol service and the house parties which had so enlivened the summer seasons were no more. Loch Scrisort became a regular base for patrol boats and mine sweepers and vegetables from the gardens along with venison were supplied in season to supplement the food reserves on these boats. Sir George visited the island rarely during the war years and so matters were left pretty much in the hands of an estate factor whose popularity decreased with his length of service. There is a lot of truth in what an old gamekeeper said in describing the two worst forms in vermin in the highlands. He placed the factor first and the hoodie crow second. Any one who knows the menace of the hoodie crow in a gamekeepers' life can imagine the popularity or otherwise of the factor.

As the war years progressed it was evident that Rhum would never again regain its standard of wealth so apparent in its short twentieth century life; the gardens soon showed signs of neglect; the green houses, through lack of heating and repair, soon became a liability and gradually different portions were allowed to fall into disuse. The lawns around the castle, once as smooth as bowling greens and the pride of those who cared for them were now used to produce hay crops, while roads and avenues received little attention. The Rhouma had disappeared for good and, after the war, Sir George on his short visits to Rhum travelled by ordinary mail steamer and perhaps chartered a small motor yacht for a few weeks to cover his stay. As the years progressed between the wars the shadow of neglect fell more and more across the island. Parents, whose life on the island extended to forty and fifty years and whose families had grown up and left to seek employment on the mainland only to return for short annual holidays, thought it was time to make a move and gradually the number of occupied dwelling houses became less and less and some, which had been occupied by one family from the time of their construction, have remained unoccupied since that family moved out. The curtain slowly but surely began to come down on an era in which Rhum and many

other private estates throughout Scotland, which had provided homes and employment for large families, had reached their peak and were obviously on the decline.

The hiker and the geologist have in recent years found their way to Rhum and with permission have been permitted to stay on the island for a few days, the hiker to explore the hills and glens previously reserved for deer stalkers and the geologist to collect interesting information about this island to which so few reference books give space. Day trips from Mallaig by motor boat are arranged during the summer months allowing one hour ashore. The well known post office telephone kiosk made its appearance in Rhum in 1951 for the first time and the number "Rhum 1" appearing in the telephone directory is surely another step in abolishing Rhum's policy of isolationism which has been the subject of so much criticism and a contact with the mainland far in advance of the old telegraph system which an old Highlander so aptly described to his less well informed neighbours in the following manner:—"Look you", he said, "this telegraph line is like this; if you was to stretch my collie dog from Rhum to Arisaig and if you was to tread on its tail in Rhum and it barked in Arisaig—that's the telegraph".

And so, as we leave Rhum by the only outward steamer on a Thursday morning, we look back on a island where there is no housing shortage but on an island which in the short period of twenty years or so rose from obscurity and loneliness to an unbelievable state of wealth and comfort and which has, just as rapidly, descended to perhaps a poorer state, economically, than that in which we found it at the beginning of my talk.

As we leave the *Lochmor* at Mallaig to join the train for the south we look across the sea to the outline of Rhum, an outline which time has not changed throughout the centuries but we hesitate to forecast what the future holds for this land of majestic hills and mist filled corries. Only history as yet unwritten, can supply the answer.

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Aireamh 5

Leasachadh Na Canain

CHAN 'eil a' Ghàidhlig farsainn gu leòr airson feuman an latha an diugh. Tha faclan ùra a dh'ith oirnn agus chan 'eil iad ri am faotainn. Chan e nach 'eil cuid a' cumail a mach nach e cion nam faclan ùra as miosa, ach call nan seann faclan. Feumar aideachadh gun teagamh gu bheil na seann faclan a' dol à cleachdadh. Dé a their sinn mu Ghàidhlig an fhir a bha ag innseadh mu'n bhàta a' seòladh troimh an chaol, "Dhropaig i 'n t-anchor agus dh' fhoulaig i 'n cable'".

Cha b'e aon chuid aineolas air na faclan a bh'ann, no cion nam faclan a dh'fhaodadh a bhith ann, a bu chuireach an seo, ach fìor-shuarachas mu na faclan a tha againn fhathast ('s math gu bheil) ann am pailteas.

Tha a' Ghàidhlig a' fàs meirgeach, ach chan 'eil i cho meirgeach sin buileach. Tha i a' fàs meirgeach far a bheil i air a cleachdadh mar dhara canain. Faodar a ràdh gur e Gàidhlig mheirgeach as fheàrr na a bhith gun Ghàidhlig idir, ach far an ruig a' mheirg an ìre a dh' fhoillsich mi shuas, chan urrainn a' chrìoch a bhith fad air falbh. Agus cha leig sinn a leas aithreachas a ghabhail: chan fhiach a leithid seo de Ghàidhlig a bhith air a caomhnadh.

Chan e sin deireadh an sgeòil. Tha mòran ann fhathast a tha deònach a' Ghàidhlig a bhruidhinn agus a' cur am feum anns gach suidheachadh anns an dòigh as fheàrr a ghabhas dèanamh. Tha iad seo airidh air cuideachadh agus 's e dheanasan nan uile aig a bheil ùidh anns a' chànan a bhith 'ga h-uidheamachadh air son feum an latha seo fhéin.

Mar a tha gnòthaichean an dràsda, tha leisgeul math aig an neach a chleachdas a' Ghàidhlig agus a' Bheurla a measg a' chéile. Ma their e nach 'eil a' chànan còmhfhionta, cha ghabh sin àicheadh. Aon uair 's gun nochd sinn co-fhàireachadh leis anns a' bheachd seo, chan 'eil fhios càit an stad e. Faodaidh e cumail

air gus an ruig e an staid mhuladach air an d'thug mi iomradh mar tha.

Ma nithear saothair a chum a' chànan a chur air an aon stéidh ri cànaichean eile, bheir sin dhi neart ùr. Nì e inneal ghleusda dhith nach cuir nàire air duine 'sam bith, oir bithidh i comasach mu chomhair gach suidheachaidh a dh'fhaodas éirigh.

Tha e furasda a ràdh gu bheil faclan ùra a dh'ith oirnn ach chan 'eil e cho furasda innseadh cia as a thig iad. Tha comuinn is sgoilearan ris an obair. Thogadh a' cheisd iomadh uair. Tha mòran meòrachaidh a' dol air adhart, agus beagan saothair, ach chan 'eil an toradh follaiseach.

A leigeil ris aon de dhuilgheadasan na cùise, faodar a thoirt fanear gu bheil trì faclan air an cur air adhart airson *aeroplane*—itealan, soith-each-adhair, agus pleuna. Tha iad sin a' foillseachadh nan trì dòighean anns a bheil daoine a' dol an sàs anns an obair, facal ùr a dheilbh aig a bheil buntannas ris an nì air a bheil sinn a' bruidhinn, dà fhacal a chur ri chéile (dòigh a tha gu tric sladach), no cruth Gàidhlig a chur air an fhacal Bheurla.

An dèan e a' chùis na faclan fhàgail aig an t-sluagh gus an dèan iad fhéin roghainn? 'S dòcha gum b'e sin an dòigh cheart nam bitheadh na faclan a' tighinn gu 'n cluasan no gu 'n sùilean tric gu leòir, ach mar a tha cùisean an dràsda, theagamh nach e gin dhe na trì faclan sin a rachadh a thaghadh ach am facal Beurla fhéin gun mhùthadh 'sam bith.

Bithidh clann-sgoile uaireannan a' cleachdadh dà sheòrsa seòl-bruidhne, aon anns an sgoil agus aon eile ri an companaich. Tha eagal orra, ma chleachdas iad na faclan cearta a' bruidhinn air a' bhàr-a-muigh, gum bi càch a' smaointeachadh gu bheil iad a' fàs car mór asda fhéin agus gum bi iad a' magadh orra. Tha an nì ceudna a' tachairt mu inbhich a' labhairt na Gàidhlig. Cha m'ath leotha gun cuirear fearas-mhór dhe'n t-seòrsa seo an leth.

Chan 'eil rathad rèidh ri fhaicinn as an làthaich a tha seo. Faodaidh sinn ionnsachadh o dhùthchannan eile. Tha faclair 'ur aig na h-Eireannaich. Tha am B.B.C. a' dèanamh cuideachaidh. Tuilleadh leabhraichean a dh'ith oirnn, tha mi cinnteach, leabhraichean a theid a leughadh. Searmonan Gàidhlig: dealbhan-cluiche.

Bodaich Ghleusda nan Laithean a Dh' Aom

Le

TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

Dh' ullach an triath cuirm mhòr dhaibh-san a bha an geall air a nighinn . . .

Bu ghasda còmhhdail nam fùran a shuidh sìos mu na bùird a lion an seòmar aoidheachd. Ghabh an tighearna 'àite aig ceann an àird bhùird agus ri thaobh chunnacas a' dealadh mar aon reult an fheasgair, sùil a' mheallaidh, ùidh gach leannain.

Annas a' cheud dol a mach, sheas am fiath a chuir fàilte fhurbhaiteach air a' chòmhlán. Air dhà am beatha dhèanamh, mar bu mhath a b' àithne dhà, labhair e na briathran a leanas: "Nuair a chuireas an luchd frithealaidh na trinnsearan bidhe air gach bòrd, séididh iad as na coinnlean gu léir. An sin, sinidh gach fear a mach a làmh is ni e greim air cnap feòla dà féin. Theid na coinnlean a lasadh a rithisd agus am fear aig am bi an cnap as motha gheibh esan Fionnaghal mar a mhnaoi."

Thàinig na trinnsearan a steach agus cha bu trinnsearan ach iad! Bha de mheadachd anns gach aon diubh agus anns a' chàrn feòla de na h-uile seòrsa a bh' air an uachdar 's gun tug e a leòir do dhithis fear gach trinnsear a ghiùlain eatorra.

Chuireadh na soluis as. An ceann tiotadh ghlaodh an tighearna: "Am bheil sibh deiseil? Am bheil laoch gun fheòil 'n a làimh?" Ghlaodh na h-uile: "Tà sinn deas!"

Lasadh na coinnlean 's b'e sud an sealladh! Cha robh mac màthar gun deathad feòla 'n a làimh. Am fear aig nach robh ceathramh caorach bha tunnag no giadh aige, 's an aon aig nach faicte eum chite maigheach no muc-fheòil, no caob féidh 'n a spòig. Ach a dhuine chridhe, cò bha thall air cùl cathrach na h-ighe is a ghàirdeanan foghainteach gu teann mu timchioll, ach gum b'e ceathairneach Baile an Dail!

"Mo liagh thu fein!" ghlaodh am mórhear, "Ged nach eil maoin no mòran seilbh agad, chan 'eil cion eanchainn no misnich ort. Choisinn thu làmh Fhionnaghal! Is tusa a rinn greim air a' cnap feòla as luachmhoire tà fa ar comhair an nochd. Mar nach eil dth

bhuadhan ort, cha mhocha bhios dth saoihbheis ort bho so a mach!"

Thogadh àrd iolach! Mun tàinig an oidhche gu crìch, bu lionmhor deoch slàinte a chaidh òl gu duineil, caithreamach do'n dithis a fhuair còimhillionadh do aon achan dhùrachdach an cridhe.

Phòs an chàraid an ùine gheàrr, agus cho fad 's is fiosrach mise, bha iad tuilleadh cho sona 's a bha an làithean cho fada.

Nuair a bhithear ag agairt nan Caimbeulach airson mort Ghleann Cumha, feumar a chuimhneachadh mur a b'e oircheas Caimbeulaich òig, ghleusda, nach robh duine idir air tàrragh as bho'n chlàidheamh air a' mhaduinn dhòbhaidh ud. So mar a thachair.

Chuireadh na saighdearan air am mìonnan nach innseadh iad do neach na bh' air àithne dhaibh a dheanamh le an ceannardan cuilbheartach. Chuir an ceanaltas 's an càirdeas a nochd na h-aoidhean, muinntir a' Ghlinne tur á barail gu robh foill 's am bith fainear dhaibh is cha robh dachaigh anns an àite nach do dh'fhàiltich an t-arm le fùran.

Bha aon saighdear de'n fheachd chealgaich anns an robh fiùghantachd is mòralachd inntinn nach robh ann an càch. Chuir esan roimhe nach soirbhicheadh le cluipearachd an-ìochdmhor chladhairean 'n an gabhadh e leasachadh.

Bu shàr phòbaire e agus dh'èirich e gu ro mhoch, ùine mhath roimh an uair a bh' air a chuir a mach airson an sgrios. Shéid e suas a' phòb mhòr is chum e air 'ga cluich tre'n Ghleann.

Cha chualas am port a bh' aige riamh roimhe, do bhrìgh 's gur e féin a rinn e airson an aobhair: Mhnathan a' Ghlinne so, Mhnathan a' Ghlinne so, Mhnathan a' Ghlinne so 's mithich dhuibh éirigh!

'S mis' rinn a' mhochéirigh, 's sibhse chuir feum air'.

Thachair gu robh boirionnach anns an Ghleann aig an robh cluas-chiùil. Nis, 'se buaidh iongantach a bha anns a' chluas-chiùil agus is ann air neach anabarrach ainneamh a bhàirgeadh i.

Tà cluas-chiùil a' ciallachadh barrachd agus géiread claisneachd gu ceòl a thogail 's a chumail air chuimhne. Ged nach cluinneadh a' chluas-chiùil ach a mhàin an ceòl 'ga chluich, thogadh is thuigeadh i briathran a' phuirt mar an ceudna.

Cho luath 's a dhùisg am port a' bhan-Dòmhnallach, thuing i an teachdaireachd. Cha robh de thide aice ach air na dlùth choimhearsnaich a chuir 'n am faireachadh agus b'e sud an àireamh bhig a rinn air na bealaich, 's a fhuair am beatha leotha.

Is tric a chaidh gleusdachd a' Ghàidheil a dhearbhadh an cùirt stàit is eaglais.

Nach e croitear ann an Dùthaich MhicAoidh, a thug do aon de na morfhearann dearga an fhreagairt bu ghéire a fhuair e riamh. Am feadh 's a bha an croitear ag innse aig aon de chùirtean an fhearainn, cho caol 's a bha an crodh aige, dh'fhebraich am breitheamh dé cho caol 's a bha iad. "Cho caol ri crodh caol na h-Eiphit!" ars' am bodach. "Dé cho caol 's a bha iadsan?" dh'fhaighneadh am morfhear. "Cho caol 's nach faiceadh tu iad ach ann am brúdar!" fhreagair an Caoidheach.

Bha té uaireigin anns an Eilean Fhada ris an abradh iad Cailleach Bàrnaidh. Bhiodh am boirionnach so a' dol le cairt is each bho àite gu àite, leis gach seòrsa bathair air an smaoineachadh tu, agus an measg a h-uile iomasgaoilidh eile, bha i 'reic deur de dheoch làidir.

Uair de na h-uairean a thadhail i ann am baile iomallach de Leódhas, fhuair bodach a bha ann an sin beagan ghlainneachan thar na dh'fheumadh e bho'n chaillich, a chuir an dubh dhaorach air. Thàinig an rud a bh'ann gu cluasan an t-seisein agus chuireadh fios thun an bhodaich airson tighinn fa'n comhair. B'éiginn dà so a dheanamh. An déidh do'n a' choinneamh a bh'air a fosgladh, sheas esan mar a dh'iarraidh air an làthair nam foirbheach.

Bhruidhinn am ministear air a' mhodh so: "Chaidh a ràdh ruinn gun robh thu air an daorach aig cairt Chaillich Bàrnaidh. Feumaidh tu innse gu fìor de uiread 's a dh'òl thu agus carson a dh'òl thu uiread!" "Ni mi sin, a mhinistear. Le bh' 'fuireach air an fhirinn, gun nì a chumail an cleith, dh'òl mi còig ghlainneachan," dh'aicidh am fear eile.

"Còig ghlainneachan!" dh'aithris an ceasnaichair le uamhas. Nan òlainn-sa làn aon ghlainne féin chuireadh i air slaic mo dhroma mi!" "A mhinistear," fhreagair am bodach, "Is fearr gu mòr aon ghlainne de'n uisge-bheatha agaibh-se na còig de'n digh' aig Cailleach Bàrnaidh!"

Chaidh an seisean uile gu gàireachdaich, is leigeadh am bodach mu sgaoil gun aicbheil, gun ascaoin.

Ann a bh' 'leughadh an iomlain leabhraichean a chaidh a sgrìobhadh mu 'n Ghàidhealtachd, bheireadh iad a chreidsinn oirnn gu robh dìth sgoile cho mòr air ar dùthaich is gun robh an sluagh gu léir, anns gach linn, fo dhoille an aineolais, gus an do dhaingnicheadh Achd an Fhòghluim eadar na bliadhnan 1872-76.

Chan'eil teagamh nach robh na Gàidheil airson ceud no dhà bliadhna air bheagan fòghlum *coimheach*, ach bha am fòghlum féin aca 's cha bu shuarach idir e. Ma dh'iadh dorachdas an aineolais air a sluagh, is ann anns na

linntean ud roimh Achd an Fhòghluim a thuit e 'n a thighead.

Anns an t-seann aimsir, cha robh na bu lugha na trì oil-thaighean air taobh an iar na Gàidhealtachd, oil-thaighean cho math 's a bha ann an ceàrn eile de Bhreatainn. Bha aon diubh sud ann an Aird-Chatain, an Earraghaidheal, aon eile 's an Mhanachain (Beaulieu) agus an treas fear ann an Càirinnis, an Uibhist a Tuath.

Bha uair a bhruidhneadh Gàidheil Aird-Chatain, na Manachainn, agus Chàirinnis an Laidionn a cheart cho fileanta ri cainnt an dùthcha, a' Ghàidhlig.

B'e Dòmhnall Ruadh Caolas Bhearnaraidh, an sgoilear mu dheireadh a chaidh oileanachadh ann an oil-thaigh Chàirinnis agus bu ghleusda, ionnsaichte an duine e!

Cha robh Dòmhnall ach 'n a threise, an am bliadhna Theàrlaich. Sheas e gu dileas air taobh a' Phrionnsa agus nan robh Teàrlach air a chomhairle a ghabhail an oidhche roimh bh'lar Chuil-lodair, bha a' bhuaidh air a bh' leis gu cinnteach. An àite deanamh mar a ghuidh Dòmhnall air, is ann a chuir am Prionnsa earbsa ann an stiùireadh fìr eile a b' àrde inbhe 's mórchuis agus b'e sin a chuir air an t-seachran e.

Bhuineadh Dòmhnall do theaghlach mòrairean Chloinn Dòmhnail Shléibhte, aig an robh an còmhnuidh ann an caistéal Dhuntuilm, agus an déidh 1730, ann an Mogstat, an Cille-Mhoire. B'esan an treas mac aig Raonull Dòmhnallach, Fear Bhailesear, an Uibhist a Tuath. B'e an Raonull so mac diolain do Sir Seumas Mór Shléibhte.

Rugadh Fear Bhailesear anns an bhliadhna 1660, no dlùth do'n am sin, ann an Cille-Mhoire, far an deach a thogail. Air dha éirigh suas, ghabh e fearann Bhailesear, far an do dh'fhuirich e ré na cuid eile de a bheatha. Bha e airson grunnan bhliadhnanach 'n a bhàilidh air oighreachdan fìr-cinnidh Sir Dòmhnall MacDhòmhnaill, ann an Uibhist.

Fhuair Dòmhnall Ruadh a' cheud chuid de fhòghlum bho Iain Mac-a-Phearsoin, maighistir-sgoile Orboist, faisg air Dunbheagan. Bha Maighistir Mac-a-Phearsoin ainmeil airson 'fhòghlum anns na seann chànanachan, Laidionn agus Gréigis.

B'e Iain an dara mac do'n Urramach Dùghall Mac-a-Phearsoin, M.A., ministear Dhiùranais an Eilean a' Cheò. Bha Clann a-Phearsoin so 'nam ministearann anns an Eilean fad' àireamh linntean. Fhuair iad cliù mòr mar sgoilearan Laidionn. B'e fear diubh, an Urramach Iain Mac-a-Phearsoin, M.A., D.D., a bha ann an Sgìre Shléibhte, nuair a thadhail an t-Ollamh MacIain air agus a rinn e a leithid de mholadh air a' phears-eaglais Sgitheanach

airson a chomasan. Mar sin, cha bu ghann nach d'fhuair Dòmhnall Ruadh deagh oilean. Mar a thubhairt sinn cheana, chuir e crìoch air 'ionnsachadh ann an Càirinnis.

Chan e mhàin gu'n leughadh agus gu'n sgrìobhadh Dòmhnall Ruadh ann an Laidiann agus ann an Gréigis, ach rinn e na h-uireid de bhàrdachd anns an Laidiann.

Ged bha dachaigh Dhòmhnaill ann an Uibhist, bha e air ainmeachadh cho fad' 's bu bheò e air Cnoc O, àite tuinidh a dhaoine.

Thachair do fhear ar sgeòil a bhi maille ri a dhlùth charaid Sir Alasdair MacDhòmhnaill, ann am Mogstat, nuair a thàinig am Prionnsa do Alba anns an bhliadhna 1745. Anns an dearbh latha thàinig an teachdaireachd, bu mhiann leis falbh a chuideachadh Theàrlach, ach chuir Sir Alasdair stad air.

Cha chumadh comhairle no earail chàirdean bacadh air Dòmhnall Ruadh aon uair 's gun cual e gun d'fhuair am Prionnsa a' bhuaidh aig Prestonpans. Rinn e air tìr-mòr gu h-ealamh. Chum e roimhe mu dheas gus an tàinig e suas ri Clann MhicFhionghuin an t-Srath, faisg air baile Chraoibh.

Cho luath 's a ràinig an Dòmhnallach Dùn Eideann, ghabh e ann an rèiseamaid Fir na Ceipich. An deidh Blàr na h-Eaglaise Brice, chaidh àrdachadh gu bhi 'n a chaptin, ann an rèiseamaid Chloinn Raonuill, a lean e gus an deach a leòn anns a' chois ann am blàr Chuil-Dolair.

Leòinte 's mar a bha e, chaidh aig a' Chaptin air coiseachd còig mìle gu Bun-Chraoibh (Bunchrew) far an d'fhuair e each a rinn e a mharachd gu Caol Loch Aillse. An deidh faotainn thar a' Chaolais rinn e dìreach air taigh an lighiche Iain MhicGill' Leathain, ann an Shulista, dlùth do Dhuntuilm. Dh'fhuirich Dòmhnall ann an taigh an lighiche cheudna gus an deach a chas am feabhas.

Bha aithrichean MhicGill' Leathain ùine fhada 'n an lighichean ann an Shulista, far an robh baile fearainn aca.

'S e sgoilear mòr Laidiann agus Gréigis a bh'anns an léigh Iain, agus chuir an Capitin seachd a thìde 'n a dhachaigh gus an d'fhuair e na b'fheàrr, a' leughadh bàrdachd Homer anns an Ghréigis. Mar leithobair, rinn e dàin anabarrach math anns an Laidiann, do'n a' chois chrùbaich.

Tà an t-iomradh so, mar a tà iomadh iomradh eile, a' sealltainn dhuinn an inbhidh àird gus an tàinig sgoilearachd ann an dachaidhean dhaoine cothromach air feadh an Eilein Sgitheanaich, anns na làithean ud.

Fa-dheòidh, nuair a ràinig Teàrlach Cille-Mhoire, bha Dòmhnall Ruadh ann an sin 'ga

fheitheamh, a' deilbh gach innleachd bu sheòlta na chèile, airson a dhìon, gus an d'fhuair e a llobhraigeadh gu sàbhailte fo sgeith thearmuinn Caipitin Chaluim MhicLeòid Ratharsair, glé mhoch 's an mhaduinn Dì-Màirt, a' cheud latha de mhios deireannach an t-samhraidh, 1746.

An oidhche roimhe sin, bha Dòmhnall agus Fionnaghal Nic Dhòmhnaill a' feitheamh Theàrlach ann an tigh-òsda Phort Rìgheadh. Choisich am Prionnsa á Cinnseborg thun an ionaid-chòmhhlachaidh so, maille ri buachaille Fir Chinnseborg, balach mu aon-bhliadhna-deug de aois, do'm b'ainm MacCuinn. Air do uisge trom a bhi ann, fad' na slighe, dhrùidh air Teàrlach gu na seiche. Fhuair e cò-dhiù, deathad bidhe is 'aodach fhuair a chuir dheth agus thug Dòmhnall dha fhéileadh féin a bha blàth tioram. Is ann anns an tigh-òsda so, 's cha b'ann air a' chladach, mar a tà an t-Ollamh Urramach Alasdair MacGriogair air ràdh 'n a leabhar, a ghabh Fionnaghal beannachd leis a' Phrionnsa. B'ann air a' chladach a dh'fhàg e beannachd aig Dòmhnall.

Ri tìde, thill Dòmhnall Ruadh air ais do Uibhist, far an do dh'fhosgail sgoil anns an robh e a' teagasg clann nan uaislean, iomadh bliadhna. Is ann dha féin a thigeadh! Nan dèanadh eòlas chànaicnean e, bu mhath a ghnòthach ris an dreuchd.

Biodh sin mar a bhiodh e, cha chumadh an tuarasdal ud neach ach ann am beòshlaint' mheadhonach, oir cha b'urrainn gu robh àireamh nan òganach aig an rachadh air pàidh-eadh airson sgoile, ro lìonmhor anns an latha bh' ann, agus cha b'loghnadh ged a ghabh an Dòmhnallach tuathanachas Caolais Bheàrnaraidh, an ceann a tuath Uibhist, goirid roimh an bhliadhna 1764.

Saoidh mi gu robh na briathran anns an do mhol MacCodrum Sir Seumas MacDhòmhnaill, a cheart cho freagarrach do churaidh a' Chaolais:

Mo rùn an sàr ghaisgeach,

Fear òg a' chùil chleachdaich,

Fear mòrdhalach gasda

Gun ghaiseadh gun tàire;

Curaidh nam brataichean—

Guineach ri m' bagairt iad—

Chuireadh an t-sradag

'N a lasair gun smàladh,

A bhuaileadh a' chollaidh

Mu'n chluain air an cromadh iad,

Ghluaiseadh gun somaltachd

'N coinneamh nan nàmhaid,

Le Spàinneachaibh loma,

Le musgaidibh tromha,

Le fùdar caol meallach

'N am teannadh ri làmhach.

“Da Rogha Bhuaidh Le Na Seoid”

RUGADH mi is fhuair mi m'arach ann an eilean beag is a chùil ri Aimeirioga agus 'aghaidh ris na Hearadh. 'Se am bith-beò a bha aig sluagh an eilein a bhith ag iasgach ghìomach. Cha robh laimrig no cala ri fhaighinn ach mar a dh'fhàg an cruthachadh an cladach. B'fheudar na h-eathraichean a tharraing gach oidhche suas air mol cas, agus uairean cha bhithheadh an sgioba ach gann. Bha bodach 's a' bhaile ris an canadh iad Aonghas Ruadh. 'S tric a chunnaic mi e am bearradh a' chladaich is e a' faicinn beagan dhaoine an spàim is a' dol gu uchd an dìchill, agus théid cha téid aca air eathar suas am mol. 'Se 'gam brosnachadh, dh' éigheadh e, “Dà rogha bhuaidh le na seoid”. Nam bithinn-sa 'na mo shearmonaiche—rud nach 'eil—'s e sin an ceann teagaisg a chuirinn air na rainn-sa:—

Dé is ciall do'n t-strann 'tha 'togail sunnd
An uchd nan treubh mu thuath—
An e gu bheil an Fhéinn 'nan dùisg
As ùr o 'n tàmh 's an uaimh?
O sud na feachdan òg a' gluasd
Do 'n dual bhith 'seasamh teann
Air chùil gach beus 'tha fillte suas
An dualchas tìr nam beann.

Rinn Clann an Fhraoich co-cheangal leinn
A dhaingneachadh 'g ur miann.
As seo bidh sinn 'nar rogha Gàidheil
'S cha chaill sinn feasd d' a chionn.
Ach coma ged nach tig air làimh
Aon saibhreas, duais, no stàth,
'Se toirt gu crìch na gheall sinn daibh
'Ni saibhir sinn do ghnàth.

Ni sinn ar n-inntinn àrdachadh
Le bàrdachd 's aithris beòil,
Na gnàthan-cuimhne altrumadh
A b' àill le ar simnsrean còir;
Ar cuirp le cruas a thoirt gu gleus
Nan seann laoch treun a dh' aom,
'S ar n-aighe a chumail strìochta sèimh
Gu feum ar cinne-daond.

Ach nì sinn sùrd air iomain bhìll
Air campaichean 's air spòrs,
Air cleasan aighearach 's dealbh-chluich,
Is cuirmean-cnuic 's an còrr.
Thoir dhuinn gach nì 'nar cànan chneasd—
Oir 's ceart a cumail slàn—
'S chan iarr sinn ach bhith beò am feasd
'Nar beatha Ghàidhealaich làn.

SGEIR-A-CHROGAIRE.

Cumha Do Niall Mac Gille Sheathanaich

Na faicil agus am fonn le
EOGHANN MAC LAOMUNN, BUN-EASAIN.

GLEUS F.

{ d | n : -s; s | l; s; -l | d : -n; n | r : d : - }

Mo thriall - ghe is m'airsneul o'n dh'eug oirn au gais-gach

{ n | s : -n; s | l : s : -l | r : - : - }

Bha dùr-achd-ach cumh-achd-ach treun;

{ d | n : -s; s | l; s; -l | d : -l; s | l; d : - }

Neo-ghealt-ach 's neo-sgàth-ach, 's cul-taic - e nan Gàidheil-eal

{ r . r | n : -r; n | l : s : -s | d : - : - }

'S lìonmhòr crìdh - e tha brùil-te 'nad dhéig.

2

O'n chualas gun dh'eug thu tha smal air mo léirsinn,
Is cadal cha tig air mo shùil;
'S gur mise tha deurrach o'n chail mi mo spéiread—
Tha m'aighear is m' éibhneas air chùil.

3

S ann an Tìr nam Beann Arda a fhuair thusa t'arach.
Ann an cuideachd do chàirdean 's luchd-dàimh;
'S o'n sheas thu gu dìleas ri d' chànain 's ri d' shinnsear
Gheibh thu dioladh am Pàrras nan Naomh.

4

Tuilleadh 'sa' chéilidh cha chluinn sinn do sgeulachd,
'S chan éisd sinn ri éibhneas do luaidh;
O'n tha thu nis sinte aig socair is sìochaint
An caol-chiste dhùinte na truaigh.

5

Cha till thusa tuilleadh ged thilleas an duill-each,
Cha till thu gu dùthaich nan sonn;
Oir tha thu 'san àireamh 'tha cadal gu sàbhailt'
'S nach dùisg gu an séidear an tromb.

Uaislean Uige

Chan 'eil duine a tha eòlach ann an Leódhas nach tug an aire an t-eadar-dhealachadh mór a tha eadar muinntir Uige agus sluagh eile an eilein. Nuair a bha an troimh-a-chéile mu easaontachd nan eaglaisean ann an Leódhas, thug Camshronach a' Bhac ratoillidh air a' choithional aige agus thuir e seo, 'Tha clann an dorchadais ann an Uig nas soilleire na clann an t-solais 'sa' chòrr de Leódhas''. Chuala mi Nisich is Rudhaich agus muinntir nan Loch 'nan cois a' toirt seachad am beachd air na h-Uigich, ach gu dearbha chan 'eil mi fhéin buileach cinnteach fhathast an e cho faisg is a tha na h-Uigich air na Hearadh no cho fada 's a tha iad o an Eilean Sgiathanach a dh'fhàg iad mar a tha iad.

S. T. B.

An Approach to Scottish Gaelic Literature

By DERICK S. THOMSON (*Contd.*).

As regards the main representative 17th century poets, the selection made by Watson in *Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig* was excellent, and perhaps the main point to stress here is that for an adequate understanding of 17th century poetry, this selection should be regarded as a minimal one, to be supplemented by additional poems by the major bards, and some of the folk-poetry mentioned earlier.

(Perhaps this is as suitable a place as any to state a belief which I hold almost passionately—that we should strive by all means to avoid leaving pupils with an impression that Gaelic literature is contained within the covers of two or three books. Some people have gone through school and University hardly realising the existence of other Gaelic books beyond *Bàrdachd* and *Rosg*, and sometimes taking a flying leap from these straight into Old Irish. But there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in that philosophy!)

(4) I need not, I think, say very much about the choice of 18th century poetry. Here we have adequate editions of the main poets, and this poetry is much more widely read in schools than 17th century poetry is. But there are two topics in particular that may be worth discussing. The first is the advisability of studying in *depth* the work of one poet or of more than one. Anthologies are sometimes like *Readers' Digests*, conducive to superficial knowledge, in this case of a poet or a period. Also, the idiosyncracies of the anthologist may produce an unbalanced picture. It is a help towards the understanding of the nature of

poetry, and the understanding of human nature and human failings, to read a poet's work entire. This can sometimes be very depressing, but young people are resilient, and may come to no harm by reading the whole of Donnachadh Bàn or Rob Donn, or even Wordsworth or Tennyson. By such an exercise we can form a more complete, rounded estimate of a poet's achievement and worth, and can then begin to appreciate why some poems are anthologised, and not others. By having consumed so much roughage, so to speak, we can by contrast enjoy the dessert or the savoury. Also, the interplay of biography and poetry, which is often interesting although not always relevant, can begin to be more meaningful when we are dealing with a poet's entire works.

Such an exercise, again, may encourage the growth of discrimination and taste. T. S. Eliot, in his essays on *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, says

"I doubt whether it is possible to explain to school children or even undergraduates the difference of degree among poets, and I doubt whether it is wise to try; they have not yet had enough experience of life for these matters to have much meaning. The perception of why Shakespeare, or Dante, or Sophocles holds the place he has is something which comes only very slowly in the course of living"

(p. 35)

That seems certainly to be true, but the discrimination I have in mind is a much more modest one. We have no author of the stature of Shakespeare or Dante or Sophocles in Gaelic literature, but we can surely hope that pupils will appreciate the distinction between, let us say, *Mairi Bhàn Og* and *Ceanag Mòir*, and go on from there to make ever finer distinctions!

Besides studying a poet, or poets, in depth, I would suggest that we make some attempt, in schools, to study a *genre*, or more than one *genre* of literature in depth. But perhaps *genre* is too wide a term for what I have in mind. Gaelic poetry, like most other poetries, is full of themes which have been banded about from one poet to the next. It is useful, and interesting to take one such theme, and follow it throughout the course of Gaelic poetry. T. F. O'Rahilly did this with a limited period of Irish love-poetry, in his *Dánta Grádh*, and the same could be done with Scottish Gaelic love-poetry, ranging, let us say, from Iseabail Ní Mhic Caillein's *Mairg d'an galar an grádh* to a poem like this one of Iain Smith's, which recalls, I suppose, an old love affair, where the lady has become as elusive (in a mental rather than a physical sense) as the treasures of the Spanish ship sunk in Tobermory Bay, and where the

poet pictures himself as a diver, searching the floor of the sea, and hoping to bring the old treasure to the surface:

Gun fhios dhomh tha thu air aigeann m'
inntinn
mar fhear-tadhail grund na mara
le chlogad 's a dhà shùil mhóir,
's chan aithne dhomh ceart t' fhiamh no
do dhòigh
an déidh cóig bliadhna shiantan
time dòrtadh eadar mise 's tù:

beanntan bùirn gun ainm a' dòrtadh
eadar mise 'gad shlaodadh air bòrd
's t' fhiamh 's do dhòighean 'nam làmhan
fann.

Chaidh thu air chall
am measg lusan dìomhair a' ghrunna
anns an leth sholus uaine gun ghràdh,

'S chan éirich thu chaoidh air bhàrr cuain,
a chaoidh 's mo làmhan a' slaodadh gun sgur,
's chan aithne dhomh do shlighe idir,
thusa ann an leth sholus do shuain
a' tathaich aigeann na mara gun tàmh
's mise slaodadh 's a' slaodadh air uachdar
cuain.

(*Gairm*, Vol. 1, issue 2, p. 87)

It seems to me that one can see an interesting, and indeed exciting, progression from the 16th to the 20th century, in this theme of poetry. Other themes show a less violent fluctuation. Some, indeed, show a depressing monotony, as in the case of "clan-poetry, i.e., the sort of verse in which a chief is indirectly praised by saying that this and that clan would come to his banner in time of battle. You can see this type of theme in *Mary MacLeod's An Crònan*:

Is leat MacShimidh o'n Aird,

Is MacCoinnich Chinn t-Sàil . . .

Iain Lom indulges in this sort of versifying too, as do Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'ic Ailein (*Oran nam Fineachan Gàidhealach*), Alasdair MacMhaighstir Alasdair, Donnchadh Bàn and John MacCodrum. No doubt the best-known example is *Cabarféidh*. As poetry much of this is tedious enough, but if questions on clans and their chiefs are still set in the "Highers", this is a way of preparing for them, and at the same time learning how bad habits can be copied by poets as well as good!

More instructive, perhaps, would be a study in depth of Nature poetry in Gaelic. This should properly begin with Old Irish poetry, but even in Scottish Gaelic a good range can be got, from the incidental natural imagery in religious verse of the 16th and 17th centuries, through the great period of the 18th century, and down to such a poem as Angus Robertson's

Cnoc an Fhradhairc or a poem by George Campbell Hay on Kintyre.

This kind of treatment helps to give unity and perspective to the study of Gaelic literature.

When we come to the 19th century, and particularly after the middle of that century, the content of Gaelic literature alters to a considerable extent. De-nationalising influences have done much by this time to change the character of Gaelic life; the particular brand of evangelism popularised in the 18th century and reinforced in the 19th by a crude fanaticism, have produced guilt complexes about some cultural activities; the drift from the Highlands has gathered great momentum, and much of the printed literature is by now composed by Gaels living in the cities, or exiled overseas; after 1872 the structure of Highland education puts English on a pedestal, and helps to foster an inferiority complex about Gaelic and its literature. The century had brought much strife and bitterness to the Highlands—sectarian strife, and strife connected with evictions of the tenantry. It would seem as if the energies of the people had been sapped to a large degree, and many of the men of intelligence and energy who were left in the Highlands devoted their talents to social reform. Some of the poets were reformers also, as William Livingstone and to a lesser extent Mairi Mhór nan Oran. But many of them were content to make sweet little nostalgic songs. Many of the love-songs of this period seem to arise out of induced moods; many of the songs of exile, even, have an artificial ring, and they have been ringing out in the céilidh halls for fifty years, ousting many better songs.

In some respects, then, the 19th century shows us the spectacle of a culture in decline. Yet there were distinct elements of growth too. Periodical literature began to thrive before the middle of the century, and continued to thrive until the time of the first World War. Instead of the almost exclusively religious prose of the 18th century (most of it translation from English), a much more varied prose literature began to grow, with Caraid nan Gàidheal and Donald MacKechnie of Jura as two of its most distinguished figures. By all the laws this development in prose should have produced novelists, as were produced in Wales, but apparently the Gaelic community was not quite strong enough to foster any significant development in this way. But these developments, or the lack of them, belong to the 20th century—in the 19th the essay was the characteristic prose form. There is room for a good anthology of 19th and early 20th century essays, and with a good introduction, both historical and critical, this could be a valuable

tool in teachers' hands. As it is, of course, such books as MacKechnie's *Am Fear Cùil* and the prose writings of Donald Mackinnon and Donald Lamont can be used. It seems to me particularly important that more prose should be studied in schools, since Gaelic literature gives the impression of being lopsided, with its heavy emphasis on verse. Also pupils should be encouraged, or indeed required, to read Gaelic more widely at home, partly because it is unreasonable to expect to read widely enough in school hours, and partly to combat the idea which I mentioned earlier—that Gaelic reading is a ritual which can be observed only when holding a red or a green or a black-covered book in the hands, *Bàrdachd Rosg* or the Bible.

To sum up, then, what seem to me to be the main requirements in school courses on Gaelic literature, they are these:

1. The achievement of a reasonably clear picture of the development of the literature, with reference to periods and movements, together with a reasonably accurate notion of the chronology.
2. The reading, either in school or at home, of a sufficient volume of work from each of these periods to allow the pupil to assimilate the flavour of each period. This may involve a somewhat larger prescription of 17th century verse, both folk-poetry and the work of recognised bards, than is normal in most schools. It may involve also more systematic reading of 19th century texts than is usual.
3. The study of the works of one poet, or more, *in extenso*, with the provision of adequate biographical and historical background. This, to use an Irishism, would be a horizontal study in depth.
4. The study of some trends of schools in literature, either prose or poetry, but normally in poetry, e.g., Nature poetry in Gaelic. This would be a vertical study in depth.
5. The development, by the above means, of powers of discrimination and taste.

—

GLASGOW LOCAL MOD

in The Highlanders' Institute
on 14th, 15th and 16th June, 1962.

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Letter to Editor

33 CORSTORPHINE HILL AVENUE,
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10th April, 1962.

The Editor,
An Gaidheal.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Iain Cameron, writing about the Island of Rhum in the March issue of *An Gaidheal*, points out that the name is of obscure origin and very rightly rejects the derivation from *rùm* proposed in the Statistical Account. This word is simply the English 'room', and anyway does not agree in vowel quantity with the Gaelic name which is *Rum*, genitive *Ruim*. For a true homonym it would be better to take *rumach*, defined as 'a slimy tough kind of marsh or puddle', together with the adjective *Rumach* seen in an *Cuilinn Rumach*, the *Coolin* of Rhum; indeed, *Blackie's Dictionary of Place-Names* interpreted *Romney* in Kent by reference to 'Gael. *Rumach*' (Isaac Taylor: 'ruinne', *sic*), a marsh, but this could not apply equally to Rhum in any case. The genitive *Ruim* appears as *Ruimm* in the older Irish literature, where the forms *Ruimean* and *Ruiminn* also occur (W. J. Watson, *History of the Celtic Place-Names of Scotland*): compare Dean Munro's spelling 'Ronin'. In its earlier prehistoric form the name would be *RUM(EN)*—or something like that.

Since the loss of an unspirated initial 'd' could not be accounted for phonetically, we must also discard Johnston's construction 'I-druim' although Ratcliffe Barnett, in *The Road to Rannoch and the Summer Isles*, agrees with Mr. Cameron that 'the Isle of Ridges' would be appropriate for Rhum. Evidently no satisfactory explanation of the name is forthcoming from Gaelic. Perhaps therefore I may be permitted to carry the search further among the sister languages of the group that comprises British or Welsh, 'Tritenic' or Pictish, and Gaulish.

Now the *History of the Britons*, first compiled about the year 685, states that *Ruim* (or in a variant reading *Ruoihm*) was the British name for the Isle of Thanet: hence allegedly Ramsgate, 'the passage of *Ruim*'. One is tempted to believe that both islands bore forms of the same name; yet, close as the resemblance appears, it proves to be impossible to reconcile the vowels of *Ruim* and our *Rum*. Precisely from that period—the second half of the seventh century (K. H. Jackson, *Language and History in Early Britain*)—the long 'e' of Common Celtic representing original 'ei' became 'ui' in British; e.g., *luit*, Welsh *lwyd* now *llwyd*,

grey, Early Irish and Gael. liath, Comm. Celt. LETOS, originally (P)LEITOS, cf. Sanskrit palitās. Probably therefore *Ruim* stands for an Old British or Gallo-Brittonic REMA, REMO-, cognate with Old Irish *riam*, before, formerly, Ir. and Gael. *riamh*, ever (of past time), Orig. Celt. (P)REIMO-, cf. Lithuanian *pirmas* and Gothic *fruma*, Old English *forma* (PRMO-S), first. It would mean literally 'Foremost Land'—the North *Foreland* of Kent is in Thanet. Likewise the Remi, a powerful tribe in Belgic Gaul, would be the 'Foremost People'.

On the other hand Rum cannot be from REMO-, unless just possibly it can be shown to have entered Gaelic somehow through the medium of Pictish. Such a thesis might be maintained if, as Professor Jackson thinks possible on the basis of the names *Uuid* (Wuid) and *VEDA* (*The Problem of the Picts*, ed. Wainwright), Pictish had changed long 'e' to 'ui' even earlier than British. The Gaelicised forms of Pictish *Uuid*—*Foith*, *Fathe*, etc.—tell against this, however, while two other names *Brude Uip* (Wip); Caledonian and Gaulish VEPO-S, O. Ir. *fiach*, Orig. Celt. WEIQOS, raven (of battles), cf. Icelandic *vigr*, fit for war) and *Uipog uainet* or *Vipog-ueneth* (translated *Fiacha the White*: Wipog-Fiacha is for VEPAX-VECAX orig. WEIQAK-S, 'Crow'?) illustrate the regular Pictish development of long 'e' to 'i'. No doubt the Picts would have said *Rim* rather than *Ruim*.

Stokes valiantly tried to save Rhum for Indo-European philology by identifying it with Greek *rhombos*, *rhumbos*, whirling motion, bull-roarer, a lozenge-shaped figure, although the last is a derived meaning and the verb *rhémbein* proves by 'e/o ablaut' that the form with 'o' is original. True, our island does present a somewhat rhomboid shape on the map, but we must remember that the people who named it possessed neither maps nor aeroplanes.

The remaining possibility is the one mentioned already by Professor Watson that 'Rum may be pre-Celtic'. This solution seems the more acceptable because several other islands of the Inner Hebrides, notably Coll (*Colosus*) and Tiree (Land of *Eth*), probably also Mull (Malaiois), and perhaps Islay (*Ile*), have preserved what may be their prehistoric non-Celtic, non-Indo-European names through the Old Gaelic and Norse periods and down to the present day. Almost certainly the correct ancient name of the Hebrides, *Ebudae*, is non-Celtic too. The Hypothesis that both Rhum and Coll represent a late pre-Celtic language survival may be in some measure strengthened by the fact that the connection

between these two islands goes back at least to the middle of the 16th century, when Dean Munro wrote that Rhum "pertains to Mkenabrey of Colla"—i.e., MacIain Abrach or MacLean of Coll. Buchanan, who followed Munro's descriptions, mentions "the high rocks of Rum" (*History of Scotland*); and although the meaning of pre-Celtic RUMM is irrecoverably lost, we may perhaps surmise that it bore some reference to those "high rocks" or the characteristic high peaks of which Mr. Cameron writes.

Yours faithfully,

K. B. JAMIESON,
(Coinneach Brus MacSheumais)

Comunn Gaidhealach Loch Fin

A meeting of all interested persons was held in the Public Hall in Ardrishaig for the purpose of forming a branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach in the Loch Fyneside area, which, for many years, had no such organisation. The meeting commenced with a Ceilidh during which the business of electing Office bearers, etc., took place. Present at the meeting were Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, Secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach and Mrs. Edgar, Vice-President. Mr. Alasdair MacLeod, Achnaba, was Fear-an-taighe.

Mr. Malcolm MacLeod gave an introductory talk on the aims of An Comunn while Mrs. Edgar spoke of the work of the Propaganda Committee. Both welcomed the interest shown in the formation of the new branch and wished it every success.

The following Office Bearers were elected:—
President: Mr. William Galbraith, Ardrishaig.
Vice-Presidents: Mrs. Isabel Campbell, Lochgilphead.
Mr. Alasdair MacLeod, Achnaba.
Secretary: Miss Jean Ross, 16 Argyll Street, Lochgilphead.

Treasurer: Mr. Harry Fyfe, Tayvallich.
Committee: Mrs. M. MacVicar, Ardrishaig.
Mr. A. Henry, Tarbert.
Miss MacKay, Tarbert.
Mr. Duncan MacDonald, Tayvallich.
Mr. John Macdonald, Lochgilphead.

As there was no one present from the Craignish, Kilmartin and Minard areas, it was left to the Committee members already elected to co-opt representatives from these areas and at their first committee meeting, it was decided to send invitations to persons who were known to take an active interest in Gaelic. To date, invitations have been accepted by Mrs. E. C. MacIntyre, Minard, and Rev. N. MacKay, Craignish.

The first function to be organised by the branch was a Ceilidh in Tayvallich on the 4th of May, followed by a Whist Drive in Cairnbaan on 15th May. It is hoped to hold functions in all the areas represented in the branch.

At the inaugural meeting and Ceilidh, singers from Lochgilphead, Ardrishaig and Tayvallich took part. Accompaniments were provided by Mrs. J. J. Crawford, Lochgilphead, music for dancing was supplied by Fraser McGlynn, Tarbert, and Pipe music by Pipe Major Neil Crawford, Lochgilphead. Tea was served by the ladies of Ardrishaig Gaelic Choir. The branch are grateful to the Mid-Argyll Association in Glasgow for a very generous donation to the fund.

Executive Council

The Gaelic Meeting of the Executive Council was held in An Comunn Office on Saturday, 31st March. The President, Mr. Hugh Macphee, was in the Chair, and he extended a cordial welcome to the twenty-seven members who were present.

Sympathetic reference was made to the passing of five staunch supporters of the Gaelic cause. These were Miss J. C. MacDonald, sister of Colonel J. MacDonald, Viewfield, Portree; Mrs. J. A. MacLeish, Chieftainess of the Gaelic Society of Perth; Rev. John Robertson, Strathay, who associated himself with the Gaelic cause in Perthshire and particularly the Aberfeldy Mod; Mr. MacDougall, a native of Mull, and a brother of Rev. John MacDougall, Falkirk; and Mr. Angus Mackay, who was Local Treasurer of the National Mod held in Dunoon in 1950.

Minutes of two meetings of the Advisory Committee were submitted. The Advisory Committee had met those invited to serve on the Special Enquiry Committee to discuss the remit.

Members were pleased to learn that An Comunn had again been invited to arrange a Gaelic Concert and Ceilidh at this year's Edinburgh Festival. The Concert will be held in the Usher Hall on Friday, 31st August, and the Ceilidh in Leith Town Hall on 24th August.

The Council agreed to the recommendation to make an appeal for contributions at the Oban Mod to a fund to repair the monument to Duncan Bàn Macintyre. Members were also asked to assist in the maintenance of the monument and grave of Rob Donn Mackay.

The Committee congratulated the B.B.C. on introducing Gaelic programmes on Television. As a result of representation made by An Comunn, Scottish Television will begin to transmit Gaelic programmes at an early date.

A minute of the Finance Committee, dealing with matters relating to *Cnoc nan Ròs* and the decoration of the Inverness Office, was submitted and approved. The Council agreed that An Comunn should meet the rentals of the house telephones and the cost of legitimate calls made by the Secretary and Northern Organiser.

In presenting a minute of the Publication Committee the Convener, Mr. James Thomson, said that so far the Committee had no one in view to undertake the editorship of *Sradag* in succession to Mr. Roderick Mackinnon. Mr. Thomson appealed to members to give serious consideration to this matter.

Tribute was paid to Mrs. Bannerman and her assistants for the handsome sum raised to support the publication of the children's paper.

It was intimated that delivery of a reprint of the third illustrated Gaelic reader and of the fifth and final reader of the series is expected shortly.

The Committee felt the need for a publicity and sales committee and three members—Mrs. J. M. Bannerman, Mr. Roderick Mackinnon, Mr. Calum Morrison—were nominated to serve on this sub-committee.

In the minute of the Propaganda Committee it was intimated that music teachers had been engaged for the Mods in Ardnamurchan and Sutherland. A new Branch, the Lochfyne Branch, was recently formed at Ardrishaig.

The minute of the Art and Industry Committee, presented by the Convener, Mrs. M. C. Edgar, gave details of the competitions prescribed for next year's National Mod in Perth. The Council approved the recommendation made by the President to send details of these competitions to schools in the Highland Counties.

A minute of the Mod and Music Committee, giving the songs prescribed for the 1962 Mod, was approved.

Thug am Fear Gairme, Mgr. Dòmhnall A. MacDhòmhnaill, iomradh air A' Chéilidh "Oidheache sgialachdan is òran" a ghléidh Comhairle Clann an Fhraoich 'san Dùlaidh. Rinneadh ullachadh gu Céilidh eile, fo'n ainm "Orain le'n eachdraidh", a chumail air an ath mhìos.

Bha cùntas 'san iomradh air rùn Mhgr. Mhurchaidh Mhìc 'Ille Mhoire a thaobh coinneamh a chumail fo riaghladh a' Chomuinn ri riochdairean bho Chomuinn Ghaidhealach Ghlaschu gu beachdachadh air clasaichean Gàidhlig a stéidheachadh air an ath gheamhradh. Le riochdachadh iomchuidh bho Chomhairlean a' Fhoghluium agus a' Chraobh-sgaoilidh dh' aontaicheadh coinneamh a chumail aig a' cheud chothrom gu aire a thoirt do'n chùis.

Miss Kay Matheson, Convener, Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee, referred to a Conference she had attended in connection with the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme and sought the Executive Council's permission to include Comunn na h-Oigridh in the Scheme. The Council approved.

Mr. R. Mackay, Convener, gave a brief review of matters which had been considered by the Northern Committee. The Council agreed that consideration of the Northern Organiser's salary be remitted to the Finance Committee. It was also approved that the badge and tie of An Comunn should be sold in the Inverness Office and by Branches of An Comunn who were prepared to undertake sales.

The next meeting of the Executive Council will be held in Glasgow on Saturday, 9th June.

The Spread of Gaelic

IAIN G. MACNAIR-SMITH

SOME people may say: why not let Gaelic die a natural death and decline like many other languages of the world and reduce them to two: English and Russian? People who say such a thing would doubtless be hastening the end of the world if nothing else, for this could be best achieved by dividing humanity in two blocs opposing each other by this megalomaniac centralization, whereas one of the main forces that prevent such a catastrophe are the existence of other languages and customs that diminish international tension through diverting attention to other forms of civilization and culture.

It has often been said there can be no sound international life till there are proper nations, and is Scotland not a nation? If so then everything that is characteristic of our land should be fostered and cherished. Those who think that Scotland can preserve its identity without keeping its language are victims of an illusion. Not only Scotland would be poorer for the loss of Gaelic, but the rest of the world besides: do the English (or does anyone, to be philosophical) really know what they want when they discourage the use of Gaelic? Dr. Johnson was one of the most energetic opponents of Scottish life, yet when he visited the Highlands he lamented the decline of local customs and language. No! One cannot both have one's cake and eat it!

We should, however, not blame the English so much as ourselves if Gaelic declines, for in this country many are victims of the pessimistic "Culloden complex" or rather it should be called "Culloden simplicity". On account of a battle they consider that the history and identity of the country came to an end in many respects. What nonsense! What was lost in a few hours can be regained in a few hours. Besides, is it so certain that Scotland lost anything at Culloden? After this "defeat" Scotland has just as many friends if not more than before and if we look at the matter "sub specie aeternitatis" it is only love and affection that counts. Nobody can force anyone to love anything, but suffering and toil is usually the money with which friendship is bought.

Those who pin such faith in a united Europe and international synthesis, might first bear in mind the importance of attention to detail: and in their hurry to unite they discard the elements that make uniting attractive. It is like starting a building with the roof: the detail of digging the foundations may seem hard and dull work at times, but then we don't want the building to collapse by neglecting details.

Gaelic is more than a detail in our national life, but it will not spread if everyone waits for someone else to move. We are living in an age when nothing physical seems impossible, but ambitious projects like interplanetary flight coast astronomical funds, whereas we can spread Gaelic and revive our culture without any funds at all, though of course the latter would certainly come in useful too.

We should point out that Scots Gaelic is easier to learn than Celtic languages of the Southern group, through the comparative absence of "mutations." Welsh and Cornish are like mountains only for expert climbers, whereas our language is not only accessible to the linguist. But in some ways Gaelic is too oral and in others it is not written enough: to spread the language it needs to be used in all walks of life, not only in poetry and song, but in business and public life. However, to make Gaelic attractive is a very individual as well as a collective task.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Oban, 1962

Received at Oban—	
Mrs. M. C. Edgar ..	£5 — —
Jumble Sale and Wheel of Fortune ..	72 16 9
James Livingstone, Esq.	5 — —
Gaelic—Oban ..	25 — 11
Dance—Oban ..	21 15 —
J. Kennedy and Neil MacLean, Dalmally.	64 12 6
Ceilidh—Ballachulish ..	13 — —
Ceilidh—Oban High School ..	10 10 —
Ceilidh—Oban ..	13 18 6
Concert at Tarbert ..	3 14 —
Ceilidh—Creagan ..	50 — —
An Comunn—Oban ..	42 — —
Ceilidh—Minard ..	10 9 6
Ceilidh—Kilninver ..	20 — —
Dance Committee ..	41 5 3
Concert—Oban High School ..	13 — —
Jumble Sale—Oban ..	20 — —
Dance Committee ..	58 1 9
J. Kennedy, Esq.	5 — —
Entertainments Committee ..	26 18 6
Ceilidh at Easdale ..	3 5 2
Ceilidh at Toberonochy ..	6 3 9
Dr. K. Burn Murdoch ..	— 10 —
Stop Watch Competition ..	76 10 —
Lecture—Oban ..	4 7 1
Dance—Taynuilt ..	50 — —
Lecture—Oban ..	12 13 3
Dance—Oban ..	14 — —
Lecture—Oban ..	10 13 —
Wheel of Fortune ..	55 — —
Dance—Oban ..	39 17 —
Lecture—Oban ..	16 15 6
Lecture—Oban ..	28 — —
Lecture—Oban ..	11 3 —
Mr. & Mrs. J. Livingstone ..	5 — —
Lecture—Oban ..	13 3 6
Mrs. Hilda M. Campbell of Airds ..	5 5 —
Ceilidh—Dunrobin ..	10 4 —
Spotlight of Sport—Oban ..	67 5 6

Dance—Oban	6 6 —
Ceilidh—Oban	47 13 6
Lochearnhead Hotel ..	85 2 3
Miss Ewing	— 10 —
Clan Maclean Association	5 5 —
Mr. & Mrs. H. Maclean ..	5 — —
Ceilidh—Kilchrenan ..	21 — —
Ceilidh—Cairndow ..	20 — —
Ceilidh—Easdale	6 — —
Dance—Oban	10 — —
Lecture—Oban	6 — 6
Raffle	6 15 —
Wheel of Fortune	46 5 9
Ceilidh—Oban	23 6 9
Prize Draw	116 16 7
Ceilidh—Oban	19 16 6
An Comunn—Taynuilt ..	20 — —
Dance—Oban	10 16 —
Ceilidh—Kilmartin ..	17 14 —
Ceilidh—Cairnbaan ..	11 7 —
Ardrishaig Gaelic Choir ..	10 10 —
Mrs. Stewart—Knitting (Individual Efforts) ..	10 — —
Greenock Gaelic Society ..	21 — —
Ceilidh—Oban	19 9 —
A. M. Davidson	3 15 —
Oban High School—F.P. Association	50 — —
An Comunn—Dunoon ..	10 — —
Ceilidh—Ballachulish ..	15 — 4
Ceilidh—Oban	17 8 —
Ballachulish Choir	10 — —
Ceilidh—Lochawe	25 1 —
Ceilidh—Oban	63 12 6
Clan Colquhoun Association	3 3 —
Ceilidh—Lochgilhead ..	12 — —
Mrs. M. C. Edgar (Individual Efforts)	50 — —
Glasgow Sutherland Association	2 2 —
An Comunn—Taynuilt ..	5 5 —
Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Cameron (Concert, Oban)	150 — —
Kinlochleven School ..	13 — —
An Comunn—Kinross ..	5 — —
Salen Gaelic Choir	6 — —
Coffee Morning—Oban High School	2 — —
“Matter of Opinion” ..	— — —
Mull	11 — —
Comunn Tir nam Beann, Edinburgh	5 — —
Ceilidh—Killin	35 — —
	£1,992 19 1
<i>Received at Glasgow—</i>	
Sutherland Prov. Mod Committee	£10 — —
Miss C. A. Macfarlane, Dundee	— 15 —
D. G. Duff, Esq., Oban ..	3 3 —
Edinburgh Branch of Comunn na Clarsaich ..	2 2 —
Vale of Leven Branch ..	5 — —
Miss M. M. Morrison, Ayr	1 1 —
Blyth & District Caledo- nian Society	3 3 —
Miss B. Mackay, Sutherland	1 — —
Gourock Highland Association	3 — —
Mull & Iona Association ..	5 — —
Thomas Hope, Esq., Edin- burgh	1 — —
	35 4 —
	£2,028 3 1

Central Fund	
Previously acknowledged ..	£171 13 7
Anonymous	— 10 —
P. Sandeman, Esq., Edinburgh	— 7 11
Vale of Leven Branch	5 — —
Skelmorlie & District Highland Association	— — —
tion	1 — —
Dunoon Branch	5 — —
Kilmarnock Branch	10 — —
Total as at 31st March, 1962 ..	£193 11 6

Magazine Fund	
Previously acknowledged ..	£13 6 6
Andrew Torrance, Esq., Johnstone, understated in January Magazine ..	— — 6
Mrs. Mary MacLeod, Skye	— 5 —
Anonymous	— 14 —
Anonymous	— 18 —
Total as at 31st March, 1962 ..	£15 4 —

Comunn na H-Oigridh	
Previously acknowledged ..	£135 8 —
W. Graham, Esq., Lennoxton ..	— 8 —
Total as at 31st March, 1962 ..	£135 16 —

An Comunn Gaidhealach

Life Members	
On Roll at 31st March, 1961	1032
Additions to Roll	42
	1074
<i>Less Deceased</i>	27
On Roll at 31st March, 1962 ..	1047

Ordinary Members	
On Roll at 31st March, 1961	1767
Additions to Roll	249
	2016
<i>Less transferred to Life and Representative Memberships, Deceased, Resigned and Lapsed</i>	341
On Roll at 31st March, 1962 ..	1675

Junior Members	
On Roll at 31st March, 1961	87
Additions to Roll	58
	145
<i>Less transferred to Ordinary Membership and Lapsed</i>	16
On Roll at 31st March, 1962 ..	129

Affiliated Societies	
On Roll at 31st March, 1961	65
Additions to Roll	1
	66
<i>Less Lapsed</i>	5
On Roll at 31st March, 1962 ..	61

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

Editor—DONALD GRANT, B.A., 95 MUNRO ROAD, GLASGOW, W.3,

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

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Telephone: DOUGLAS 1433

Leabhar LVII

AN T-OG-MHIOS, 1962

Aireamh 6

Iomain-Chaman

BHA mi an latha roimhe air raon an iomain. Ma dh'inneas mi an fhirinn—tha mi 'creidsinn gur i as fheàrr—cha robh mi air an raon, ach aig an oir. Bha latha eile ann, nuair nach bitheadh duine idir 'na sheasamh aig an oir. Bhitheadh a h-uile fear, 's dòcha ceud air gach taobh, le caman 'na làimh am meadhon an achaidh. Chan 'eil cuntas againn air na creuchdan a dh'fhuingeadh anns na làithean sin a dh'fhalbh. Chan ann orra a tha mise a' bruidheann, ach air an latha roimhe, mar a thuir mi.

Tha cuid ann, nuair a dh'ainmicheas tu iomain riutha, a bheireadh ort a chreidsinn mas fhìor, gu bheil iomain an latha 'n diugh a cheart cho mi-riaghailteach 's a bha i ciad bliadhna air ais. Cha toir iad sin a chreidsinn air mòran oir tha amharus againn nach 'eil iad ach a' tarraing asad, airson spòrs dhaibh fhéin. Chan 'eil iad fhéin 'ga chreidsinn.

'S bochd gu dearbh nach d'rachadh tuilleadh a choinhead na h-iomain an diugh. Cha toirear camain ach do cheithir duine fichead anns gach geama, ach tha na camain a tha air an cleachdadh an diugh cho daor 's gu bheil feum air mòran cuideachaidh bhùatha-san nach bi ach a' seasamh no 's dòcha a' gabhail cuairt timcheall na pàirce.

Ged a thigeadh neach gu aois anns a bheil bata airson taice dha 'ghlùinean nas fheumaile na caman, 'se ni thachdmhor a th'ann, mar a bh'ann air an latha ud a dh'ainmich mi, a dh'ol a dh'amharc na h-iomain. Siud far an coinnich thu ri seann eòlaich nach fhaic thu an àite sam bith eile. Cuiridh an fhàilte a gheibh thu utapa as do bheachd iomagain 'sam bith a dh'fhaodadh a bhith ort mu'n àm ud a thug thu an caman dha'n fhear ud anns an lurgainn. Anns a' cheart dòigh bithidh tu fhéin deònach gach buille a dh'fhuingidh thu a dhìochuimh-neachadh.

A dh'aindeoin truiteadh nam bliadhnachan is math le feadhainn dhiubh-san a th' air an oir a bhith a' toirt a chreidsinn orra fhéin, nam b'e 's gun earbadh duine caman riutha, gun dèanadh iad mòran na b'fheàrr leis na an fheadhainn aig a bheil iad.

Thug mi an aire do thri seorsachan dhiubh seo.

An toiseach tha feadhainn ann aig a bheil a' bharail seo orra fhéin, ged nach leig iad sin fhaicinn le facal a ràdh. Aithnichidh tu orra, airson sin, ciamar a tha cùisean a' còrdadh riutha. Ma tha bata aig fear mar seo, is glìce dhut sùil a chumail air, mun tig e ort gun rabhadh anns an aobhrann. Tha iad seo, am bitheantas, gun lochd 'nan cridhe.

A rithist tha an fheadhainn a bhruidhneas fad na h-ùine, uaireannan riutha fhéin, uaireannan ri duine 'sam bith eile a dh'èisdeas riutha air an oir, agus uaireannan ris na cluicheadairean fhéin. Ge b'e có ris a bhruidhneas iad, tha iad a' leigeil fhaicinn cho math 's a dh'aithnicheas iad cluich mhath seach cluich shuarach. Gun teagamh tha an t-eòlas sin aca an còmhnaidh. Bheir iad seo comhairle air na cluicheadairean, gu tric 'gan ainmeachadh air an ainm. Tha fhios aca seo glé mhath nach toir duine feart air an comhairle. Air son aon rud chan 'eil na cluicheadairean 'gan cluinntinn; airson rud eile, ged a chluinnteadh, ruigeadh a' chomhairle iad greiseag an dèidh an ama anns am b'urrainn daibh a cur gu buil. Tha an seòrsa amharcair seo nas neo-lochdaiche eadhon na a' cheud sheòrsa.

Chan 'eil an treas seòrsa ro phailt aig an iomain. Airson fhaicinn aig àrde dh'fheumadh tu a dh'ol gu 'n chluich ris an abair iad ball-coise. Seo am fear a bhruidhneas fad na h-ùine, ach chan ann le guth ciùin ri cluicheadairean nach 'eil 'ga chluinntinn, ach le guth àrd borb a chluinnteadh na h-uile gu furasda, ach nach 'eil soirbh a thuinginn do bhrìgh

nàdur nam facal agus do bhrìgh gu bheil barrachd is aon dhe'n ghnè seo ag èigheach còmhla. Tha an seòrsa seo cunnartach; chualas iad a' dèanamh gu frionasach as déidh cluicheadair nach toir feart orra.

Aig an iomain a chunnaic mise an latha ud, bha strìth chruaidh le camain bho thoiseach gu deireadh, ach chan fhacas duine le aobhar gearain air beum no bruthadh.

Comhradh

“Air Trean Mhalaig”

eadar Màiri,

Seumas, an duine aice,

Iain, an gille aice,

agus Mór, bana-choimhearsnach.

MAIRI.—Nach e Loch Laomtinn fhéin a tha eireachdail an diugh!

SEUMAS.—A bheil sinn ach aig Loch Laomtinn fhathast?

MAIRI.—Uisge an locha mar a' ghloinne agus na crutic, iad cho gorm. Duilleach bòidheach nan craobh. Fosglaidh mi an uinneag rud beag eile. Iain, a nise, cum do chasan sìos dhe'n t-suidheachan.

IAIN.—Cùin a ghabhas sinn ar braiceast?

MAIRI.—Tha e tràth fhathast, Iain. Stad gus an ruig sinn a' Chrìon-làraich. Siud agad crodh shìos agus caoraich cuideachd. Seal.

IAIN.—Ge ta tha an t-acras orm.

MAIRI.—Innsidh mi dé a ni thu. Sin thusa thu fhéin anns an oisean sin agus caidil, agus 'nuair a dhùisgeas thu gheibh thu tea

SEUMAS.—Chaidlinn fhìn nam bitheadh sibh sàmhach. Sin dhomh am pàipear, a Mhàiri. 'S mi a tha sgèth dhe'n trèan seo. (A' gabhail a' pàipeir.)

MAIRI.—Uch, 's toigh leam fhìn an trèan gu Malaig. Tha mi a' faireachadh mar gum bitheadh cùbraidheachd nan eilean 'ga mo chuariteachadh mar tha. Sin thu a nis Iain, bheir mi dhòt do bhrògan agus caidlidh tu gu snog. Cha chuir duine dragh ort.

IAIN.—Agus an uair a dhùisgeas mi gabhaidh sinn ar braiceast.

MAIRI.—Gabhaidh.

IAIN.—Agus gheibh mi tea teth as a' fhlasg?

MAIRI.—Gheibh gu dearbh.

IAIN.—Agus ithidh sinn na sandwiches?

MAIRI.—Ithidh, ithidh. Siuthad a nise, na can an còr. Caidil.

IAIN.—Cia meud seòrsa sandwich a rinn sibh, a Mhamai?

MAIRI.—Uis' a nise, coma leat.

IAIN.—Chuir sibh pìosan dhe'n chirc air cuid dhiubh, nach do chuir?

MAIRI.—Chuir, chuir, caidil a nise.

IAIN.—'Se sin an seòrsa as fheàrr leamsa.

MAIRI.—Ceart gu leòr. Dùin do shùilean a nise.

IAIN. Agus gheibh mi pìos cèic cuideachd?

MAIRI.—Gheibh, gheibh.

IAIN.—Agus briosaic?

MAIRI.—Gabh gu fois a nise, a ghràidh, agus chì thu 'nuair a dhùisgeas thu.

IAIN.—Tha mi a' dol a (An guth a' fàs fann is a' tuiteam 'na chadal). Sandwiches agus cèic agus

SEUMAS.—A bheil sinn faisg air a' Chrìon-làraich fhathast, a Mhàiri?

MAIRI.—Chan' eil fhathast. Chan' eil seo ach tràth. (A' crònan "An Rathad chun nan Eilean.")

SEUMAS.—(A' leughadh anns a' pàipear.) Seal seo. Murt tamhasach eile. Dithis ann an taigh còmhla.

MAIRI.—Obh obh!

SEUMAS.—Ach b'ann an Sasunn a bha e. Chan' eil sin cho dona.

MAIRI.—Nach cianail thu? (A' cumail oirre leis an òran.)

SEUMAS.—Agus còig mìle diag air a' ghoid air beulthaobh banca. Sin agad naidheachdan dhut! Cùin a bhitheas sinn anns a' Ghearasdan?

MAIRI.—Cha bhì gu deich uairean. Tha Iain beag 'na chadal mu dheireadh, an truaghan. ("A' bruidhinn gu socair, iseal.")

SEUMAS.—B' fheàrr leam gu robh sinn ann am Malaig. Tha aon ni feumail, gun d' fhuair sinn an t-àite seo dhuinn fhìn cò-dhù.

MAIRI.—Tha. Bha dùil agam an toiseach gum bitheadh Mór Mhór còmhla ruinn. Am faca tu aig an stèisan?

SEUMAS.—Chunnaic, ach thug mi an deagh aire nach fhac ise sinne.

MAIRI.—A nise cha robh sin laghad dhut.

SEUMAS.—Laghach! Tha an turus seo fadalach gu leòr mar a tha e, ach chuireadh Mór Mhór an truaighe buileach air.

MAIRI.—Ma tà air a leithid seo de thurus, bhithinn fhìn aoidheil ri Mór Mhór fhéin an diugh.

SEUMAS.—Bleadar boirionnach cho mór 's a chunnaic mi riamh! Gu dearbh fhuair mise mo leòr dhith an oidhche mu dheireadh a bha i staigh againn. Cha chluinn thu aice ach "Seònaid againne an siud, agus Seònaid againne an seo".

MAIRI.—Boirionnach bochd a' fuireach leatha fhéin.

SEUMAS.—Agus a faca tu mar a chaidh i ris an tea? Cha mhór nach do chuir i crìoch air

na bh' air a' bhòrd. A' fuireach leatha fhéin! Có a . . . ?

(*Fuaime aig an doras agus Mór Mhór a' tighinn air adhart.*)

MOR.—(A' bruidhinn le guth mór, làidir.) O tha sibh an seo. Chunnaic mi aig an stèisean sibh ach bha a leithid de chabhadh oirbh. Tha mise a' falbh a ghabhail mo bhraiceist. Chan 'eil sibhse a' dol sìos?

MAIRI.—Chan' eil. Tha e ro dhaor . . .

SEUMAS.—Ach cha bhi sinn 'gad chumail, a Mhór.

MOR.—O tha e daor do chuid, tha mi cinnteach. Ach mar a thuirte Seònaid againn fhìn rium an uiridh is i 'gam thoirt a ghabhail braiceist anns an trèan "Tud, a Mhór" ars' ise, "chan 'eil e tachairt ach uair 'sa bhliadhna."

MAIRI.—O, ghabh sinne ar braiceast mu'n d' fhàg sinn. Ach's dòcha gun gabh sinn cupa tea aig a' Chrìon-làraich.

MOR.—Seo Iain beag. A bheil e 'na chadal? 'Se chuis-eagail a th' ann an cloinn ann an trèan. A bheil e na chadal?

SEUMAS.—Tha e 'na chadal, 'se a tha. Tha sinn uile a' dol a dhèanamh greiseag chadail an ceartuair.

MOR.—O, tha e 'na chadal, a bheil? O, clann an latha diugh is iad cho mlobhuil. Chan' eil ni a dh' iarras iad nach fhaigh iad. An cuala sibh mar a rainn peasanan a' bhaile air Seònaid againne?

SEUMAS.—Chuala, chuala. Thig iad . . .

MOR.—Bha Seònaid ag ràdh nan gabhadh iad an bata dhaibh na bu trice gun dèanadh e feum dhaibh.

SEUMAS.—Cha chuala mi gu robh duine cloinne aig Seònaid agaibhse.

MAIRI.—Chan' eil a Sheumais, ach tha fhios agad fhéin. . . .

IAIN.—(A' dùsgadh.) Tha mi ag iarraidh mo bhreacaist.

MAIRI.—Uisde a nise. Caidil greiseag eile.

MOR.—O 'se nach caidil. Chan e cadal a th' air 'aire.

IAIN.—Chaidil mi mar tha agus thuirte sibh gum faighinn tea agus . . .

MAIRI.—Gheibh, gheibh thu tea. Seo agad Antai Mór. Thig is beir air làmh oirre.

MOR.—Trobhad an seo, Iain. Nach toir thu pòg do Antai?
(*Iain a' cnàmhan.*)

SEUMAS.—Tha e car dreamach, ach thig e thuitge an ceartuair.

IAIN.—Tha mi ag iarraidh mo bhreacaist.

MAIRI.—Stad ort ma tà. Sin a nall am бага, a Sheumais. Seo, beir air na cupannan.

Gabhaidh tu fhéin cupa còmhla ruinn, a Mhór?

MOR.—Gabhaidh, ma thogras sibh, air sgàth na cuideachd.

IAIN.—C' àit a bheil na sandwiches?

MOR.—De thuirte thu? *Sandwiches*, facal Beurla. A bheil iad ag ionnsachadh Gàidhlig dhut idir, 'ille? Nam bitheadh sibh a' dol do'n Chéilidh coltach ri Seònaid againne gheibheadh sibh a' Ghàidhlig cheart air a h-uile facal.

SEUMAS.—Dé a' Ghàidhlig cheart a th' air *sandwiches*?

MOR.—Nach' eil sanbhuidsearan?

IAIN.—Tha mise ag iarraidh na *sandwiches* eile.

MOR.—Tri seòrsachan sanbhuidsearan! Cha chreid mi nach' eil ròic agaibh. Agus sanbhuidsearan firce.

SEUMAS.—De tha sin, sanbhuidsearan firce?

MOR.—Feòl-circe—firce. Tha sin furasda gu leòr ionnsachadh. Gu dearbh cha ruig mise leas braiceast no braiceast an déidh seo. Nam faiceadh Seònaid againne . . .

SEUMAS.—Chan fhaic ge ta.

IAIN.—Tha na *sandwiches* math.

MAIRI.—Sanbhuidsearan, a luaidh.

Rhum No Rum

A Charaid,

Leugh mi gu fùghaireach litir Choinnich Bhrùis Mhic-Sheumais ann an Gàidheal a' Chéitein, ach feumaidh mi a ràdh nach robh mi mòran na bu riarichte an déidh stad na bha mi tòiseachadh. Bha mi, mar bha, eòlach air beachdan Stokes agus Mhic Bhàtair, agus a thaobh Mhic Iain (R. B. Johnston) saoilidh mi nach misde neach air uairean beagan de bhlas a bhìdh (salann) a bhith làmh ris nuair a bhitheas e 'ga chnuasachd,

Faodaidh nach 'eil màthair no athair an ainm ri fhaotainn ann an cànan Cèilteach, ach ged a bhitheadh sin fìor, saoil nach 'eil 'h' 'na dhilleachdan ann. A bheil i gu feum do 'R' 's na cuideachadh do 'u'?

Theagamh nach fiach seo aire, Dhomhnaill, 's gu bheil mise 'fàs maol-cheannach, neo car coltach ris a' bhean-tighe a bha a dhith air seann "Seventy" a bha an Sròn-an-t-Sithein, *gun tìr, gun toimse, gun tuisge*. "Chì sinn", mar a thuirte an dall.

TAOBH-TUATH EARRAGHAIDHEAL.

Diarmad Ri Grainne

Thréig mi mo mhuintir;

Chaill mi m' oighreachd 's mo chàir-dean;

Chaill mi coibhneas is gràdh mhuintir

Eirinn 's an Fhiann;

Chaill mi taitean an ceòl

Agus sòlas am bàrdachd,

'S gach meas a bh'aig càch domh,
—air sgàth d' ana-mianns';

Fo'n choill roimh mo dhaoine

Chaill mi 'n t-urram bha dual dhomh;

Fo gheasaibh na bhutair thu, m' àrd-uaisleachd
gun stàth;

'S nuair chrionas do bhuaireas

Bidh talla dhuit fuasgailt,

Ach dhomh-sa—bidh tuaileas is
fuachd tall' a' bhàis.

AM BARD BOCHD.

pears' aotrom gun ainnis, gun mhaille, gun
bhruailean,
stuigeartach, uallach, aighearach, òg.

Falt dualach, donn, bachlach a' crathadh m'a
guillean,
mar thonnan na mara an cala gun bhuaireas;
da shùil as glain' sealladh a mhealladh na
h-uaislean,
ghoid i mo shuaimhneas maille ri m' cheòl.

Tha gruaidhean na màldaig' cho nàdurra
sioladh,
mar lili an fhàsaich nan càirteadh am fion i;
beul milis mar shirist o'm milis thigh bria-
thran,
m'ulaidh 's mo mhiann bhith mire ri Móir.

Ged bhitheadh tu astar bhuan tacan de
dh'ùine,
cha lughdaich mo thlachd dhut, cha lapaich
mo rùn-dhut,
bidh dùil a'm ri d'litir thigh 'nn tric le do
dhùrachd,
sgriobhte gu dlùth le grinneas do mheòir'.

Seist. GLEUS Eb

{ | m : -r : n | d :-t: d | r :-d: r | m : - : d |

{ | m : -r : n | d :-r: d | d' :-t: l | s : - : d' |

{ | m : -r : n | d :-t: d | r :-d: r | m : - : d |

{ | l :-t: d' | s :-f: m | f : m : r | d : - : - ||

Ho Ho Ro Chailin

Le TEARLACH A' PHOSTA

Ho ho ro chailin tha carachd ri m' inntinn,
bheirinn dhut gealladh's cha b'aithreach
leam fhìn sin;

òg-bhean as luraiche chunnaic no chì mi,
b'aighearach mi' bhith sireadh do phòg.

Nam faighinn-sa gealladh o'n chailleig a
chlaoidh mi,
dh'fhalbhadh gach galar is anshocair theinn-
tich.

Chuir Cupid am char i le sealladh o mìog-
shuil',
's thug i fo chìs mi tuilleadh's a' chòir.

Tha buadhan na h-ainnir, 'gam tharrainn 's
a' strith rium,
on fhuair mi oirr' sealladh tha m'aighe fo
imcheist,
's mi'm barail nach meal mi mar leannan
dhomh fhìn i,
's fleasgaich na tire uil' air a tòir.

Liuthadh buaidh th'air a' chailin chan
fharasd dhomh luaidh orr',
a bhàrr air a h-àilleachd 's a nàdur tigh'nn
suas ris,

Bhuineadh Teàrlach Mac Mhathain, no
Teàrlach a' Phosta, mar theirteadh ris, do
Bhràighe Phort-rìgh anns an Eilean Sgiath-
anach. Bha a athair (Dòmhnall Mór, duine
cho gasda agus a dh'ìarradh coimhearsnaich)
'n a phosta fad iomad bhliadhna anns a'
Bhràighe, a' dol 'g a chois, a shìde math 's a
dhroch shìde, seachd mìle gu leth air ais 's
air aghaidh gu Portrìgh, trì latha anns an
t-seachdain, gum ghuth air a bhith a' ruith air
na taighean anns na h-ochd bailtean.

Nuair a chuir an aois grabadh air a obair,
ghabh Teàrlach a mhac a àite agus ma bha meas
air an athair air son a threibhdhìreis agus
earbsa, cha bu lugha an tlachd a bha air a'
mhac air son fearas-chuideachd agus deas-
chainnt, aig gach doras anns an tadhlaidheadh e.

Cha do phòs Teàrlach riamh ach, mar
thachair do gach fleasgach eile, cha d' fhàg sin
e saor o leòn a' ghaoil, mar tha an t-òran seo
gu soilleir a' taisbeanadh.

A. McN.

Ainmean Gaidhlig

A MHIADHAICH,

ANNS an *Scots Magazine* tha Seumas S. Grant a' sgrìobhadh a bharaillte mu ioma n' bhios ann, 'nar ré féin. Agus mar as mince, is math mar a chòrdas a bharaillte riumsa. Araid de mhiosan seachad, rinn e beagan iomradha air ainmean Gàidhlig air sràidean Chlagain, mu Ghearastan Dubh Inbhir-Lòchaidh. Anns an dol seachad, thuir e gur e "Shaw" as ainm meadhonach dà féin, agus gu bheil a eòlach, aig am bheil Gàidhlig, ag inns dha gur e "Mac Gille Sheathanaich" a gheibhear an Gàidhlig air an ainm sin. Theag-amh gu robh e' leigeil ris cia dùmhail, clupach sa bhios ainmean Gàidhlig air uairibh. Cha duirt e gu robh "I" againn air "Iona"; "ó" againn air "grandson"; "a" air "that, which, whom", etc. Ach chan e sin fàth is cuspair mo sgrìobhaidh. Seo e. An e "Shaw" am beurla Shasainn, a riochdaicheas 'Mac Gille Sheathanaich' an Gàidhlig? No, an e "Mac Gille Sheathanaich, an Gàidhlig, a riochdaicheas "Shaw" am beurla Shasuinn?

Rinneadh atharrais de an ainm sin, le sgrìobhairean na beurla Sasunnaiche, mar seo—McIllshennoch, McIllhennoch, Shennoch, Shannoch, ach chan 'eil dearbhadh agam gun tàinig e gu "Shaw" aig neach 'sam bith.

Bha duine còir, nach maireann, ag goirsinn deth féin "Shaw" am beurla Shasuinn, agus "Mac Gille Sheathanaich" am beurla Ghàidheal. Cha robh sin a' dearbhadh ni sam bith, oir tha duine còir eile ag goirsinn deth féin "Murchison" (=Mac Mhurchaidh?) am beurla Shasuinn, agus Mac Calmain, an Gàidhlig. Chan 'eil co-cheangal ainm eadar an dà ainm sin, ach gun d'fhuir a dhaoine, anns an t-sean aimsir, an dara ainm o shinnsear sonraichte, agus an t-ainm eile o shinnsear eile, agus "Murchison" (Mac Mhurchaidh) ach air roinn de na Mic Calmain.

Fo an ionnas cheudna, tha dream ag goirsinn diubh féin "Mac Dhonnachaidh" an Gàidhlig, agus "Robertson" (=Mac Roba?) am beurla Shasuinn.

Anns an leabhar sin "Clans and Tartans of Scotland", le Robert Bain, air a ath-rian le Mairead Nic Dhùghaill, nach maireann, á Baile Inbhir-Nis, gheibhear seo.

Shaw (Gaelic—Mac Gille Sheathanaich) agus, an uair sin, thàtar ag aisneis eachdraidh Chloinne Sithich á Ràta-Murchuis, air nach robh an t-ainm "Mac Gille Sheathanaich" riamh.

Thàinig "Mac Shithich" aca-san gu "Shaw", an Sasnaig, ge gheibhte "Shiach, MacKeoch, McGeoch", etc. 'nan atharrais Shasunnach de an ainm, an cèarnan eile.

Bha Mic Shithich an Earra-Gàidheal. An ann air teaghlachean sonraichte diubh a bha am fo-ainm "Mac Gille Sheathanaich"? agus am b'e "Mac Shithich", is cha b'e "Mac-Gille Sheathanaich" a thàinig gu "Shaw" aca. Mhothaich mi "an t-Aos-dàna Mac Shithich" agus "Mac Gille Sheathanaich" agus "Shaw" air an aon tuine.

Bha Clann t-Sithigh an Eirinn, agus bha beulaithris ag ràdh gum bu bhuanndha, no amhais, iad (i.e. dream a chog air tuarastal) a thàinig o Earra-Gàidheal an Albainn. Bha "Ua Sithigh" (O Sheehg) ann, cuideachd. Ge b'ionann an t-ainm (Sitheach) cha b'ionann fine; amhail nach b'ionann Mac Dhòmhnail (Albannach) o ghleanntan Aontruim agus Ua Dhòmhnail á Tir-Chonaill.

Bha ainm Sasunnach ann, "Shaw" nach tàinig a Gàidhlig idir, ach a focal Sasunnach "Shaw", air "barraich uaine"—tattie shaws, turnip shaws—ach a bha air "rosach, no preasach, maoth uaine" mus tàinig buntàta do an tìr seo riamh. Thàinig an t-ainm-sloinnte o ainm-àite, ach cha bu iolarra an dream air an robh e.

Bha "Seadhgh" air "Shaw" aig Mac Bheathain. Air fire, cha robh a leithid ainm riamh. Cha robh ann, co-dhù, ach atharrais saobh-Ghàidhealach air fuaim an ainme Shasunnaich, coltach ri "Robastan" air "Robertson" an ionad "Mac Dhonnachaidh" no "Mac Roba"; no "Moireastan" air "Morrison" an ionad "Mac Mhoiris" (á Leamhanach) no "Mac Gille Moire (á Leódhas).

Le sin uile, is barail lean gur e "Mac-Shithich" a bha air sinnsearan na coda bu mho de an dream air am bi "Shaw", am beurla Shasuinn, a nis; agus, a mach o an ainm fhlòr-Shasunnach, nach bu phailt, thàinig "Shaw" o an ainm "Sitheach" sin aca; agus is e "Mac Shithich; is chan e "Mac Gille Sheathanaich", an Gàidhlig, a riochdaichear le "Shaw" am beurla Shasuinn, ged nach ann le "Shaw" a mhàin a riochdaichear e.

GLASACH.

Toimhseachan

Chan fhaicear e 's chan fhairear e;
Cha chluinnear e 's cha shàmhbar e;
E cùl nan reul, is go na cnuic,
E 'n doimhne cuain, e 'n doimhne sluic;
Aig deireadh beatha tuath is rìgh,
Roimh thoiseach Tìm 's a' leantuinn Tìm.

An dorchadas.

Alexander MacBain, M.A., LL.D.

By ANGUS DUNCAN

TAKEN all in all, it may be said that Dr. Alexander MacBain of Inverness was the greatest Celtic scholar Scotland has produced.

MacBain was born in humble circumstances in Badenoch in the year 1855, and after attending Insh parochial school and serving for a short time on the Ordnance Survey, he went to Old Aberdeen Grammar School with a MacPhail bursary when he was nineteen years old. Two years later, he entered King's College, Aberdeen, as second bursar, graduating in 1880; and, after a few months' teaching experience, he was appointed Rector of Raining's School, Inverness. When the school, then run by the Highland Trust as a free school, was taken over by the School Board in 1894, MacBain was put in charge of the secondary department of Inverness High School, where he taught until his death early in April, 1907, while in Stirling arranging for the publication of a second edition of his *Etymological Gaelic Dictionary*.

MacBain, who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from his Alma Mater in 1901, is best remembered in Inverness and the North for his work in Raining's School. Here, young lads from the Western Isles were prepared for the university, some of them coming long distances, attracted by the fast-growing fame of the school. When MacBain graduated in 1880, he was a first-rate classical scholar, and was already familiar with the work German scholars had done in the scientific study of Gaelic. At home, the Rev. Alexander Cameron, LL.D., of Renton, and later of Brodick, who also belonged to Badenoch, had contributed a valuable series on Gaelic philology to the old *Gael*, a series that was to form the nucleus of an *Etymological Gaelic dictionary*, but, as Dr. Cameron, at his death in 1888, had only covered a third of what such a dictionary should contain, MacBain's dictionary, first published in 1896, was an entirely new work. It was the first *Etymological dictionary* produced in any of the Celtic countries. Four years later, Victor Henry published a similar dictionary of Breton, the main difference being that the latter gives at the end an index of the cognate words from other languages cited in the text, the Scottish Gaelic list alone running to five hundred words. The editor's debt to MacBain is acknowledged in the Introduction as follows: "*Lé récent Dictionary de M. MacBain m' a été d' un immense secours*".

Dr. MacBain was a tireless worker in his chosen field. A full list of his published books, articles and addresses would at once reveal the

wide choice of subjects of which he was master. Next in importance to his dictionary is the newspaper and magazine articles which his friend and former neighbour, Professor W. J. Watson, gathered in one volume, and published in 1922. Captain Thomas, R.N., whose manuscripts are in the Signet Library, Edinburgh, had paved the way for the study of the Norse element in place-names, while Professor MacKinnon, first occupant of a Chair of Celtic in Scotland, had awakened interest in Gaelic place-names by a series of eighteen articles contributed to *The Scotsman* seventy-four years ago. MacBain's contribution, which, of course, covers every aspect of the subject, is underlined at many points by his insistence that the Picts, whether aboriginal or the earliest settlers of our country, spoke a Celtic language of an early Brythonic type. This, if true, rules out the view that they spoke Gaelic. MacBain on many a page and principally, in criticism of the historian, W. F. Skene, maintains that, in Professor Kuno Meyer's picturesque words, "No Gael ever set foot on British soil save from a vessel that had put out from Ireland", the last clause referring to small numbers of Irishmen who came to our shores in the first century of our era, and to the settlers from Dal Riata, in Ulster, who formed the Scottish colony of Dalriada in the second century. Dr. Whitley Stokes in England and our own Professor W. J. Watson agreed with MacBain in this, and this is also the view of present-day scholars.

MacBain lived all his working life in Inverness, where he was far from city and university libraries, where he could have kept up, with less labour and expense, with the advancing tide of Celtic scholarship on the continent. He did not study abroad like his contemporary at Aberdeen University, Professor John Strachan, LL.D., who was in the front rank of classical scholars, and did much work on Welsh and Early Irish, nor like his former pupil, Dr. George Henderson, whose personal copy of MacBain's dictionary, full of annotations, notes, and references, is in the Scottish National Library, and not under lock and key with the Henderson collection of books in the Burns Room of the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, where one would expect to find it. In the event, MacBain had to learn French and German at home.

It was, however, fortunate, if not providential, that Inverness had an active Gaelic Society when MacBain came to the town, and, in this, he not only found, ready-made, such company as he would anywhere desire, but also a forum for the expression of his views on the subjects that interested him most. As an organisation with many influential members, a close watch

was kept on the tardy movements made by Government for the teaching of Gaelic, MacBain himself, as one would expect, taking a leading part in negotiations that led to the better provision of Gaelic instruction in Highland schools. To his interest in the teaching of Gaelic, we owe the Gaelic Reader, with a concise, but full Grammar, published in 1905, and revised, to meet changed regulations, by the late Dr. D. J. MacLeod in 1919, also the publication in 1902 of a revised and enlarged edition of MacEachen's Gaelic Dictionary, along with John Whyte, the well-known librarian of Inverness. This small and handy dictionary has now run into five or six editions. Nor should it be forgotten that MacBain was editor of *The Celtic Magazine* for the last four years of its existence as a monthly periodical, its date being 1875-1888, and for five years joint editor of the Highland Monthly, which ran from April 1889 to June 1893.

Even during his early years as student, MacBain aimed at a full knowledge of any subject with which he dealt in public, and the standard of perfection he himself attained, he looked for in every writer who undertook to present his views to others. In this way, he was a severe critic of more than one writer on our Scottish place-names, who did not have the necessary training, or did not know the living language; but he was no mere critic but ready, and even eager, to help those whom he felt obliged to criticise. As an example, the Rev. J. B. Johnstone's *Place-names of Scotland* may be cited, the first edition of which, in 1892, was made a subject of sport by MacBain, but the second edition, published eleven years later, acknowledges the assistance received from MacBain right up to the time of his death. A third edition, published in 1934, again acknowledges Dr. MacBain's help, and expresses regret at his all-too-early death.

Just as MacBain brought to full fruition the etymological studies of Dr. Cameron, he undertook, along with a third Badenoch man, the Rev. John Kennedy, also of Arran, to edit the mass of manuscript material Dr. Cameron had on hand when he died in 1888. All this material, which included a full transcription of the Book of the Dean of Lismore, our oldest Gaelic Ms. and the Fernaig Ms., which is our second oldest source for Scottish Gaelic, as well as the Red Book and the Black Book of Clanranald, was published in two volumes, under the titles, *Reliquiae Celticae*, in 1892 and 1894.

On February 4, 1885, MacBain gave an address on *The Book of Deer* to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, transcribing and translating the Gaelic entries, which he assigns to

the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and adding general notes, linguistic notes, and a full vocabulary. This long lecture, which Professor Watson calls one of his most important papers, is published in Volume XI of the Society's *Transactions*. Truly a great scholar, to whom his native land owes an enduring debt!

In the present writer's opinion, the most original work done by MacBain was his study of Highland Personal Names, a study to which two papers are devoted in the *Transactions* and one in *The Celtic Review* (No. 5). Truly a great scholar, to whom his native land owes an enduring debt!

Interpret, Bard, My Dream To Me

IAIN G. MACNAIR-SMITH

Beneath the life of ceaseless toil,
Business, pleasure, active all,
Lies a heart that slumbers deep
And sets at naught what meets the eye.
For outwards nothing strikes a flame,
I listened for that hidden voice,
But all around no echo came.

In my distress I sought the Bard
And in my nauighis said to him:
"In my heart I nurse a dream
Nor shake it off, nor can or may.
Interpret now in secret night
What none dare utter in the day!"

Methought I felt a gentle touch
Upon the cords of my heart's lyre
And timid tunings brought to light
Strange meodies that he laid bare.
The long lament of Scotland's glens,
Silenced by mysterious wand
Of music that charms more than ear,
For it reveals the inmost heart.

Though little of the land remains,
The land of which my heart does dream,
The day will come when a new Spring
The pristine glories all restore.
Scotland's tongue and dress and song,
Will flourish and be heard again.
See not the grey ashes of today,
All those tears are not in vain,
For the Phoenix will arise
Making strangers see with awe
Scotland's comely type made clear.
Nothings lost it is but hid!

Conference Report

Report on the Conference of the Northern Area of An Comunn Gaidhealach, held at Cnoc-nan-Ros, Tain, 23rd-24th March, 1962, and Recommendations of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committees and Northern Committee.

In the Chair.—Mr Hugh Macphee, President of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

Guests.—Mr. Hywel Roberts, Principal Lecturer in Education and Bi-lingual Studies in City of Cardiff Training College for Teachers; Mr. R. W. Munro, Editor of the Highland News Group; Dr. J. A. Maclean, Director of Education for Inverness-shire; Mr. Ronald Macleod, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Mr. Murdo Macleod, Gaelic Supervisor for Inverness-shire; Mrs. John Bannerman; Rev. Fr. Ireland, Kingussie; Mr. Derick Thomson, Aberdeen; Mr. J. A. Smith, Vice-Principal of Jordan Hill Training College; Dr. D. J. Macdonald, former Rector of Inverness Royal Academy.

There were thirty delegates from Branches, Comunn na h-Oigridh and the Northern Committee.

Purposes of the Conference.—That the delegates should consider (1) An Comunn's work for the language, particularly through Comunn na h-Oigridh, (2) An Comunn's propaganda and use of the press, (3) An Comunn's failure in the Western Isles and (4) the methods and success of the Inverness-shire Education Scheme in Gaelic.

First Session, 23rd March, 1962.

Mr. Hywell Roberts spoke on the *Welsh Youth Movement or Urdd Gobaith Cymru*.

The following is a short precis of his talk:—

Mr. Roberts said he was born and brought up in a small village at the foot of Snowden, among almost 100 per cent Welsh-speaking people, and had grown up in the Welsh youth movement. A change of attitude to the Welsh language had been brought about among Welsh people and educationalists by the late Sir Owen Edwards, Chief Inspector of Schools in Wales, whose son (now Sir Ifan ab Owen Edwards) had founded the Welsh League of Youth (Urdd Gobaith Cymru) in 1921. The speaker was one of the founder members at the age of 11. The movement spread like wildfire, especially in the Welsh-speaking districts, with branches in schools (they would never have prospered without the teachers), churches and chapels, etc. They competed in local, county and national festivals, and they had many different activities, such as singing, drama, history, book drives, and the new tradition in physical

education, with camping, mountain climbing, walking, swimming, athletics, canoeing, etc. The League had formed a bridge between North and South Wales, and was a staunch supporter of the annual Goodwill Message of the youth of Wales to the Youth of the World. Every member took a threefold promise of loyalty to Wales, to fellow-man and to Christ.

The years 1920/40 were the period of growth. Organisers were paid partly or wholly through Government and Local Authority grants. With the influx of non-Welsh speakers caused by war-time evacuation schools were established in which everything except English was taught through the medium of Welsh; the first of these, of which the speaker was headmaster until the local authority took it over, started with only seven children (every one of them passed to the Grammar School) and now there were 240, and the pupils secured from 88 up to 94 per cent marks in English papers. It had been proved beyond doubt that, by teaching people in Welsh they could hold their own with other children and did not suffer in any way. There were now 53 of these Welsh medium schools, including one in London.

Membership of the movement cost 1s. per annum and the badge 2s. 6d. The branches in schools were the most successful. To help isolated members they held weekend meetings when they did not mind coming into the town or village. If they were keen they brought the magazine *Yr Aelwyd*, which kept rural boys and girls in touch with the movement. They also had priority when summer camps were organised. "If you have any boys or girls who would like to come to our camp this summer you are welcome to send them", under 14 to the seaside camp at Llangrannog, on Cardigan Bay, and over that to the Glan Llyn camp near Bala Lake in Merioneth. "You could ask Local Authorities for financial help to send boys and girls to camp." Special weeks are allocated to learners. The League depended largely on voluntary leaders—members of the teaching profession had been the best, and ministers and curates had been very faithful—and he did not think there were more than half a dozen full-time leaders in Wales; their salaries were paid partly by the Urdd and partly by Local Authority and the Ministry. The League's depended on subscriptions and donations, proceeds from functions such as dances and folk festivals, the National Eisteddfod, and a handsome grant from the Ministry of Education. The movement was non-sectarian and non-political, had no connection with the nationalist political movement; but included members of that and all parties.

The following points were noted at random during the talk:—

Activities:

Book Drives: On St. David's Day, the children sell Welsh Books and literature from door to door.

Physical Training: includes canoeing, camping, climbing, fell walking.

Camps: one result is to reunite Wales and heal divisions Separated camps for Welsh fluent and non-fluent speakers.

Spiritual Life: Urdd special religious services—Peace Will Sunday.

Membership: subscription 1/-, badge 2/6d. Certificates issued, entitles children to compete at competitions. Isolated members are kept in contact by letters, week-end groups, they are given priority in getting to camps

Adolescents: follow-on movement for them, club rooms, pleasant places with adult committees in the background Choirs—Public speaking competitions choral speaking, folk and other dancing

Magazines: for adolescents, for children and for non-Welsh speakers.

Leaders: Teaching profession, some half dozen full-time leader organisers.

Finance and Funds: Voluntary donations, covenants, money-making functions.

Grants—Headquarters £5000 approximately, Ministry of Education—leaders and premises, Local Authority.

Language: In English speaking areas medium English—always attempt to teach Welsh Rise of Welsh medium schools on demand of Welsh speaking parents.

The following points from the discussion were noted.

Mr Macphee said they would like to have the same official assistance in Scotland, and suggested An Comunn send an official or deputation to Urdd Headquarters or camp so that they come back and tell what was done and how.

During discussion, Dr. Maclean said that with Scotland's scatter of population children had to be gathered into centres for education, and such activities as were undertaken in Comunn na h-Oigridh might be incorporated in the school even if it necessitated the lengthening of the school day. Education Authorities were never slow to give financial help to movements with leaders of enthusiasm. "We assist people to go to Germany, Norway and

France, so why not to Wales?" Gaelic would never become a national language like Welsh, but it was taking a more prominent part in training young people than it had ever done in our schools, but that must be supplemented by such movements as Urdd.

Replying to Miss Matheson, Mr. Roberts said they hoped to make a great deal of use of the Duke of Edinburgh's scheme in the movement, but they had only appointed a P.E. organiser last year. The movement began with the language and would always emphasise it: It was the cornerstone of their heritage. There was no one method of arousing and sustaining interest among learners, and in the end it depended on the enthusiasm of the teacher. A survey made last year showed that 17.6 per cent of the children under 15 in Wales spoke Welsh in 1961, compared with 21 per cent in 1950. There were increases in some unexpected areas, probably because of the founding of Welsh medium schools.

Mr. Roberts illustrated his talk with a film, film strips, publications and magazines, handed round, and by means of wall maps showing distribution of language in Wales. His enthusiasm, fluency and interesting matter held his audience during the three hours of his talk.

24th March, 1962.

Mr. Roberts spoke on *Publicity for the Welsh language*. The following is a short digest of his talk:—

Mr. Roberts said Wales was bristling with linguistic problems, and it was not easy to apply one policy throughout the country. There were islands and boxes of English-speaking areas inside 100 per cent Welsh-speaking, and changes due to the arrival of a university, industry, military installation, and summer visitors. The biggest job was to convince people in the English-speaking parts of Wales that there must be some reclamation and people must not be allowed to drift away. Unless they did that now it would be too late. It was important to save these areas, which were Welsh at heart, and the only way was to be bold enough to tackle Welsh not as a second but as a first language. After two years hard work the "Glamorgan scheme" had been adopted by the Education Authority and accepted by the teachers; the policy was that half of the teachers must be Welsh speakers. "What Glamorgan does today Wales will do tomorrow." Cardiff had now agreed that there should be one specialist teacher of Welsh in every school. Importance of coloured and up-to-date posters, use of film strips, television, etc.

The following noted at random:—

Rocket Ranges, etc., alter the linguistic character. Difficult to apply same policy all over Wales.

Non-Welsh speaking areas: Children must be saved for Wales—Welsh taught as second language—this must be done between 1960-70.

Glamorgan Scheme: Series of charts and pictures, with lists of names: these can be purchased by others.

Support for the Cause: Lobbying of councillors, full use is made of Television, great support given by B.B.C. and particularly I.T.V. in Cardiff.

Educational Policy: Authorities in full sympathy, and many have language organisers to help teachers to conduct refresher courses, etc.

In answer to questions relating to the problem of indifference and hostility amongst people to the language, Mr. Roberts emphasised that they were dealt with at *child level*. The state of the language had been raised by declaration that Welsh was desirable for public posts, for college appointments, etc.

Mr. W. G. Munro gave a talk on *The Press and the Gaelic Movement*. The following is a precis of it:—

Those who believe in the Gaelic movement could obtain publicity for it, and at the same time help the Press to perform more completely its function of being a mirror of the life of the community, by sending to local papers reports of meetings, Mods, and other activities. They would be welcomed, especially if they contained new ideas, and names of those taking part; senders should not be discouraged if they were out, held over or omitted, as there might be various reasons. Press representatives could be helped to report events by making prize-lists available, identifying speakers, and even translating or spelling Gaelic words. More factual news of An Comunn activities would be an inoffensive but perhaps influential form of propaganda amongst those who know little about them, as was done for example, by the S.W.R.I. (in which each Institute appoints a Press secretary to send in regular reports). Reports could also be issued at area and national level, to promote understanding and awareness of the movement.

New Approaches in the Western Isles

An account of Mr. Derick Thomson's talk on this subject will be given in the next issue.

The Braes of Strathblane

THIS is the title of a song that enjoyed wide popularity among country people from the misty glens of Argyll to the fair and fertile fields of Moray. It is yet widely and frequently sung in the area, though it may be stated that it is in less request since the advent of radio. It is not easy to account for the song's popularity as the words are poor, pure doggerel in fact; so it is not surprising that no author has come forward to claim the song.

The first appearance of the song in print, as far as I can discover, is in *Genuine Scottish Melodies, 1866*, and I can find no further printing of it until the late Robert Ford collected it among the farm workers in his native parish in Perthshire, and published it in his *Vagabond Songs and Ballads* at the beginning of the century. He was probably unaware that it had previously been printed in *Genuine Scottish Melodies* as he makes no reference to this printing.

The song probably got into circulation by being printed on broadsheets which pedlars hawked at fairs, feeing markets, and other rural gatherings, and also from door to door, and sold at one penny. This traffic in broadsheet songs appears to have come to an end during the Kaiser War; at least I have never come across any sellers of them since.

The tune is an Irish one known as "Down among yon green bushes", from the first line of a song set to it, a much better song than the "Braes of Strathblane", and, oddly enough, this song is also popular among rural people on the north-east coast and in the Kintyre district of Argyll. It was probably brought over in the pre-reaping-machine times. It is strange to find this tune in a collection that professes to give only Scottish tunes, but to give the editors their due they admit that it is Irish.

In one of the later volumes of the *Celtic Monthly* there is a tune to a Gaelic song ("Twas on a Wednesday evening" is the title in English) which has a strong resemblance to the Irish tune, "Down among yon green bushes", and suits the "Braes of Strathblane" even better than the usual one.

Perhaps it was due to the popularity of the "Braes of Strathblane" that an Islay man named Orr translated it into Gaelic and had it published in the "Highlander" newspaper in the 70's of last century. His translation does not appear to have caught the taste of singers as I have never heard it sung. Even singers with more Gaelic than English preferred the original version.

J.E.S.

Treasurer's Notes

NATIONAL MOD—OBAN, 1962

Received at Oban—

Previously acknowledged	£1,992 19 1
Knightswood Highland Association — Ceilidh held at Oban	21 6 —
Oban Branch	20 — —
Alex. McLeod, Ganavan	1 — —
E. A. Hutchison, Appin	2 2 —
C. Mackenzie, Stirling (Individual Effort) ..	15 — —
Larbert Branch	5 5 —
The Music Shop, Inverness	2 — —
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Edinburgh Branch ..	25 — —
Donald J. Macdonald, Lochmeddy (Individual Effort) ..	3 4 —
Dr. A. M. Smith, Port Ellen	2 2 —
Dance Committee—Oban	17 4 2
Dance Committee — Lochgilphead	17 — —
Grantown-on-Spey Branch	5 5 —
Mr. D. V. Webster— Film Show	6 — —
Mr. D. V. Webster— Film Show	10 12 6
Kilmallie Branch ..	12 — —
Roderick Smith Ltd., Stornoway	1 1 —
G. D. Donald, Tiree ..	1 — —
Mr. D. V. Webster — Film Show	5 10 —
Newtonmore Branch ..	5 5 —
Edinburgh Argyll Association	5 5 —
Ceilidh at Oban	8 17 6
Lochtayside Branch ..	3 3 —
	£2,195 3 3

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Miss C. Wanklyn, Cambridge	1 1 —
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Editor's Comments

THE subscriber to Scottish Gaelic Studies will find good value for his money in the latest Volume IX, Part 2, issue. There is something here, if not to suit all tastes, at least to engage the attention of persons of wide ranges of scholarship.

Professor Magne Oftedal of Oslo University contributes a chapter on "Frequency of Norse Loanwords in Scottish Gaelic" in which he shows that the influence of Scandinavian upon Scottish Gaelic vocabulary, as distinct from place-names, is not nearly as strong as is commonly supposed. Scandinavian students of Scottish Gaelic might expect, from the historical evidence of Norse domination in the Hebrides for over four and a half centuries, to find a language abounding in Norse loanwords.

Professor Oftedal discounts much of the evidence adduced in this connection by George Henderson in his book on Norse influences. He concludes that "the number of Norse loanwords in the narrower sense hardly exceeds 300 in present-day Gaelic". On the other hand Norse has influenced English to a far greater extent, while Latin and English have influenced Gaelic vocabulary far more than Norse has.

Supplementary discussions are provided by Professor Oftedal himself, W. B. Lockwood and Anthony Dilworth respectively on the etymology of *barp* (N. hvarf), *ugsa*, and *Strathavon* (Strath Athfhinn or Strath Abhainn?).

David Greene of Trinity College, Dublin, supplies a poem, with English translation, taken from the Book of the Dean of Lismore, "Na leig mo mhealladh, a Mhuire", stated to be one of a type of Mary-poems common in Irish and European literature from the 12th century onwards.

Included also in this volume are excerpts from the sermons of the Rev. John Mackay, who was ordained at Durness in 1707 and translated to Lairg in 1714. According to the editor it is likely that we have here "a genuine specimen of Sutherland Gaelic of the first half of the 18th century".

Somewhat more concentration than is required for any of these articles must be brought to bear on "Notes on some noun initial mutations in a dialect of Scottish Gaelic", by Donald MacAulay of Trinity College, Dublin. The dialect referred to is that of Mr. MacAulay's own native island, Bernera, Lewis. While many (including this editor) will have to take the writer's abstruse arrangement of symbols for granted, it is good to know that our own native scholars are now active in fields often reserved for workers in other countries. For the sake of the reputation of the rest of us I must confess that I should like to find someone

questioning some of Mr. MacAulay's statements and maintaining, say, that a certain letter in a certain line on a certain page should be not N, but n. I am sure Mr. MacAulay would also welcome such an intrusion.

From the Educational Company of Ireland come three compact little books, excellently bound, which cannot fail to have a ready sale among learners of the Irish language. They are (1) *Learner's Grammar of the Irish Language*, a simple outline of the grammatical structure of the language; 48 pages for 2/-. (2) *Learner's Irish-English Pronouncing Dictionary*, 7,500 words in common use, 4/9. (3) *Learner's English Irish Dictionary*, 4,000 words in everyday use, with phrases, 3/3.

All three have been compiled by the enthusiastic veteran statesman and scholar, An Seabhadh.

While these are intended mainly for learners of Irish Gaelic, they would, at an inclusive cost of 10/-, be an excellent investment for those who are concerned with Gaelic in schools and evening classes, and with the task of making Scottish Gaelic vocabulary meet present-day requirements.

Scottish Studies (not to be confused with *Scottish Gaelic Studies*) is a twice-yearly journal issued by the School of Scottish Studies, 27 George Square, Edinburgh, and published by Oliver and Boyd. The annual subscription is £1; single copies, 12/6. Volume 6, Part I is a mine of interest for students of the Highland economy, folklore, and language. Along with articles on pibroch, the *wells and severed heads* cult, Barra resettlement schemes, and notes on two short poems, ascribed to Duncan Ban, I found most absorbing, and particularly relevant in view of recent work in the same field, James Ross's account of *Bilingualism and Folk Life*, dealing with English penetration of everyday speech in Glendale in Skye.

Also to hand are *Reclamation*, published (2/6 and 3/- post free) by the Scottish Peat and Land Development Association, and *Taintean*, the lively and well-got-up magazine of Lionel Secondary School, Lewis.

Treasurer's Notes—Continued

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AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVII

AN T-IUCHAR, 1962

Aireamh 7

Feis-Drama Ghaidhlig

Annas a' Chéitean a chaidh chumadh an t-siathamh Féis-Dràma Ghaidhlig an Glaschu. Aig a' chiad Fhéis an 1957 bha othail agus tarraing-iuntinn timcheall air rud ùr, ni nach d' fhuachadh an àite sam bith riamh roimhe. Anns na bliadhnan a dh' fhalbh bha corra dhealbh-chluich air tighinn am follas an siud 's an seo. Rinn Céilidh nan Gàidheal agus buidhnean eile an oidhirp-ean fhéin. Thairg an Comunn duaisean gach bliadhna airson sgrìobhadh dhealbh-chluiche. Ach Féis-Dràma cha robh ann gu 1957.

Cha robh e furasda a leithid a chur air ghluasad, ach rinn daoine dealasach an gnothach. Chan' eil e furasda a leithid a chumail air ghluasad, oir tha a' chiad ùidh a th' aig daoine ann an rud ùr buailteach air fàs fann. Mar sin tha feadhainn air an call. Air an làimh eile tha na bliadhnan a' cur ri eòlas an luchd-cluiche, agus tha an t-adhartas seo a' tìladh feadhainn a ghabhas àite na feadhainn a chailleadh. A thaobh na Féis-Dràma seo, tha iadsan aig an còir fios a bhith ag ràdh gu bheil an luchd-cluiche a' fàs nas ealanta gach bliadhna.

Ged a tha an Fhéis seo air mairsinn sia bliadhna a nise, cha d' fhuair i fhathast an taic ris an robh dùil aca-san a th' air a cùl. Their air gu minic an òraidean is sgrìobhar gu tric air pàipear gur e dealbh-chluiche aon dhe na dòighean as éifeachdaiche air a' Ghaidhlig a neartachadh. Dé as aobhar mar sin do shuarachas a' mhóir-shluaigh mu'n chothrom a dhol a dh' éisdeachd ri dealbh-chluiche?

Tha craobh-sgoileadh (fuaim is dealbhan) an diugh a' toirt dealbh-chluiche gu aire dhaoine nach d' fhuair fiosrachadh dhe 'n t-seòrsa riamh roimhe. 'S e buannachd a tha sin a tha aig a' cheart am a' cumail dhaoine aig an taigh agus a' fàgail nan tallachan falamh.

Tha cuid dhe na Gàidheil, mar a tha cuid

dhe na Goill, car teagamhach mu dhealbh-chluiche agus car amharasach mu 'n ghné duine aig a bheil gnothach ri taighean-cluiche. Faodaidh gu robh barrachd aobhair airson na barail sin aon uair na th' ann an diugh; faodaidh gu bheil beagan aobhair air a son fhathast. Tha móran phàrantan air Gàidhealtachd 's air Galldachd leis nach bu mhat duine dhe 'n teaghlach fhéin fhaicinn a' sireadh am beo-shlàint á obair nan taighean-cluiche. An sùilean an leithid sin chan 'eil anns an obair sin ach, ann an seadh, obair an t-Sàtain.

Tha feadhainn eile a' creidsinn nach 'eil e ann an nàdur a' Ghàidheil a bhith a' gabhail pàirt ann an dealbh-chluiche. Ach chan urrainn dhuinn aontachadh leis a' bheachd sin gus am faic sinn iad a' faotainn a' chothrom an toiseach. Cha robh an cothrom aca a chionn nach robh na dealbh-chluiche aca, dìreach mar nach robh sgrìobhaidhean eile dhe 'n t-seòrsa aca 'nan cànan fhéin.

Tha comas an actair eadar-dhealaichte bho chomas an sgrìobhaiche. Nuair a gheibh e an cothrom cha tig an Gàidheal gearr air càch ann an comas an actair. 'S aithne dhuinn uile feadhainn dha 'n tig e gu nàdarra innseadh facal air an fhacal mar a thuir am fear seo no am fear ùd eile, agus sin gun a bhith an còir sgoil-actaireachd riamh. Chunnac sinn uile cuideachd mar a rinn ar co-Cheiltich an Eirinn agus anns a' Chuimrigh air an raon seo.

Tha féisean Dràma a nise air an cumail gach bliadhna an caochladh àiteachan air a' Ghàidhealtachd agus anns na h-eileanan. 'S e féisean Beurla a tha seo, fo ùghdarras an S.C.D.A. (Scottish Community Drama Association). Corra uair aig na féisean thig buidheann air adhart le dealbh-chluich an Gàidhlig.

A h-uile bliadhna on a thòisich Féis-Dràma Ghlaschu, fhuaras misneachadh is cuid-eachadh bho 'n S.C.D.A.

Bodaich Ghleusda nan Laithean a Dh' Aom

LE TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

Nuair a bha am Prionnsa Tearlach 'n a fhògarrach bochd air feadh eileanan agus tìr-mór na Gàidhealtachd, cha b' ann aon uair, no dà uair, a chaidh caol theàrnadh air bho a naimhdean lionmhor. Gheibhear gu leòir de naidheachdan mun chùis ann an leabhraichean eachdraidh. Ach a dh'aindeoin na chaidh a sgrìobhadh mu theasraiginn a Phrionnsa, chluinntea air bilean an t-sluaigh, eadhon ri mo cheud chuimhne fhìn, sgeul na dhà nach deach a riamh a chlà-bhualadh. Tà sinn a' cuir sìos aon duibh so mar a leanas.

Ràinig Tearlach Lochabar, dùthaich nan càirdean nach do lasaich 'n an dùlseachd bho 'n a' cheud latha anns an do dh'èirich iad fo a bhraiteach ann an Gleann-fionain.

Mar a dh'fhaodas sinn a thuigsinn, cha robh tigh mór no beag air feadh na dùthcha nach robh fo amharus agus fo shùil fhuarach air airm Shasunnaich. Anns na làithean ud bu mhór an cunnart do neach fàsaghadh a thoirt do dhuine 's am bith a rinn aithnichte gu robh claonbhàigh aige ris na Stiùbhartaich, gun tighinn air aoidheachd a thoirt do fhear dhiubh féin.

Ach chuir aon Abrach acfuinneach roimhe nach biodh Tearlach 'n a allaban truaigh am freasdal uamhan froighnigh nan creag mar ionadan dìon, cho fad 's a bhiodh e anns a' chearn ud cò-dhùit.

Air do 'n Abrach a bhì 'n a dhuine snasmhor, rinn e creathall mhór air cumadh creathall leanaibh. Bha de fhad innte 's gum faodadh am frìonnach bu mhotha meudachd e féin a shìneadh 'n a broinn gun a bhodhaig a bhì ro nochta.

Fhuair eadh cothrom air a' Phrionnsa a sheòladh gu tèaruinte gu bothan an t-saoir. A chionn 's nach robh fios c'uin a dh'fhaodadh foireann tighinn orra, bha feum a ghnàth air faicill. Airson bhraithadairean a chuir à barail, shuidheadh cuideigin ri taobh an aoidh 'ga thulgadh, cho luath 's a ghabhadh e mu thàmh.

Cò-dhùit no cò-dheth, cha robh e an dàn do Theàrlach fois na creathall a mhealtainn ro fhada. An ceann latha no dhà thàinig fear de na freiceadannan a steach is 'anaid 'n a uchd, a dh'innsa gu robh dithis de shaighdearan an Diùc a' deanamh air an tigh.

Gu grad laigh am Prionnsa sìos 'n a àite dèidein agus bean an tìghe crom thairis air a' cheann-adhairt a' cuir falach air na bha 'n a bhroinn, a dà làimh gu trang a' tulgadh agus sùrd math orra a' seinn ceithreamhan de "Mhaolruainidh Glinneachan," mar òran tàlaidh.

Nochd fir an éididh dheing anns an dorus,

thug iad sùil gheàrr a nùll 's a nall, agus cho fad 's a bha iadsan comasach air faicinn tre leus fann an latha a leig uinneag bheag gu h-àrd air a' ghlas-ceap a steach air éiginn, agus ceò an teine mòna air meadhon an ùrlair, cha robh sìon a' dol air aghaidh anns an fhàrdaich dhùblidh ud ach creutair de bhoirionnach neochiontach a' deanamh oidhirp air a leanabh cànrnach a chuir a chadal. Thill na saighdearan a mach cho sàmhach, balbh 's a b'urraim dh'aibh 's fhuair an Sùaineas Bàn a chasan as.

Tà ar sgeul a' leigeil fhaicinn dhuinn e fìor phort rìoghail a tà ann am Maolruainidh Glinneachan. Mur do chuir e mac an rìgh 'n a chadal an latha ud, ar leam nach do dh'fhàg e' e' escairdean gu ceart 'n an dùisge!

Theirinn nach robh am an eachdraidh anns an do thaisbean an Gàidheal am barrachd gleusdachd na ann an làithean nan cùil-mhùtairean, mar a theirte ris an fheadhainn a bha 'deanamh an uisge-bheatha gu falachaidh. Bha an obair ud a' dol air adhart anns gach eilean is sgìre agus cha bheag an ceòl-gàire dhuinn a bhì 'beachdachadh air a liuthad uair a thug cùil-mhùtairean nach sgrìobhadh an ainm, an car a gaidsearan is earraid a' chrùin.

Mun do dh'fhàg an tuath Eilean Phapaidh, fhuair eadh a mach gun robh muinntir an àite ris an uisge-bheatha. Rinn na gaidsearan air an Eilean 's cha mhór nach robh na cùil-mhùtairean air an glacadh gu h-obann.

'S an cheart am am facas an nàmh air fàire, cha robh de thide aig na Papaich na chuireadh am falach gach prais-dhubh, soitheach is braich a dheanadh an ditedadh. "Leigeadh sibhse leamsa," arsa fear de na bha 'n làthair, "théid agamsa air an saodachadh gu ceann an Eilein agus gheibh sibhse pailteas ùine airson a h-uile rud fhalach anns na h-uamhan!"

Thog am bodach tocsaid fhalamh, chuireadh ball canb mu timchioll air a dhruim, is dh'fhalbh e gu cnoc far am faicheadh na gaidsearan e.

Cha b'fhada gus an do nochd iadsan ri baile! Anns an mhionaid 's an tug fear na tocsaid an aire dhaibh theich e cho clis 's a dheanadh a chasan e thun a' bhaid a b'fhaide as de Phapaidh.

Thug na gaidsearan a mach gu bras 'n a dhéidh. Chum iad a' ruagadh a' bhodaich gu diorrasach fad' fin-foinneach an latha, nuair a shaoileadh iad a bha e air bhial a bhì air a ghlacadh, rachadh esan à fianuis is chailte e.

Is e thàinig as gun d'fhuair na cùil-mhùtairean eile an diol ùine airson an soithichean a chuir far nach faigheadh coigreach iad a chaoidh.

Fa-dheòidh, leig gaisgeach a' bhuideil leis na gaidsearan greim a dheanamh air, ach cho luath 's a mhothaich na balaich nach robh air a mhuin ach soitheach falamh! . . . cha bu leòir e a ràdh gun do ghabh iad an cuthach! 'Se ghabh iad an cuthach bìdeineach!

Eilean Shothaidh

Le CALUM CAMSHERON

Chaidh seo a chraobh-sgoileadh

Tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu math tric an diugh mu àiteachan anns a' Ghàidhealtachd far am bheil obraichean ùra air tòiseachadh mar an Tiriodh agus an Cataibh, gu bheil an sluagh air a mheudachadh, agus dùil aig na Gàidheil ri barrachd cosnaidh anns na h-àiteachan sin.

'Se comharradh math a tha so. Bithidh sinn an dòchas gun téid gu math dhaibh, gun téid iad air adhart gu aimsir bheartach, agus gum bi iomadh eilean is baile Gàidhealach eile ri aithris fhathast air naigheachd cho taitneach.

Ach gu dé mu dheighinn nam bailtean a tha falamh mar tha, is nach gabh cuideachadh tuilleadh. Bu thoil leam-sa innseadh dhuibh a nochd mu aon bhaile, an eilean mar so, air an robh mi gu math eòlach uair dhe mo latha.

Ged a tha Sòthaidh ainmeil an diugh air Gàidhealtachd agus air Galltachd, an uair a b' aithne dhomhsa 's mo chuideachd an toiseach i, cha robh a dhealbh cho tric anns na paipèaran naigheachd. Tha Eilean Shòthaidh a' laighe mu mhìle deas air tìr-mòr an Eilein Sgiathanaich. Bidh beagan a bharrachd air mìle fhaid ann, agus leth-mìle leud. Trì no ceithir a mhìltean de chladach creagach, an cnoc is àrde tri-cheud troigh, agus alltain gu leir a' ruith gu cuan. 'Se MacLeòid Drunbheagain a bha 'na Uachdaran air Sòthaidh, ged a bha an t-eilean air mál aig tuathanaich mar bu trice.

Chan 'eil cinnte sam bith cuin a chaidh daoine a dh' fhuireach dh'an Eilean. Anns a' bhliadhna 1792 cha robh ann ach buachaille, an dràsda 'sa rithist air son obair cruidh, crodh-dubh tha mi cinnteach. Ach anns a' bhliadhna 1830, bha teaghlachan air an Eilean, agus rugadh mo sheanar fhéin ann, anns a' bhliadhna 1837. Thàinig aon teaghlach á Rudh-an-Dùnain, agus teaghlach eile á Minginis, ach dh' fhàillich e ormsa faighinn a mach ó as a thàinig mo chuideachd fhéin, agus an còrr. Mu thoiseach na linn so chaidh mòran de na Gàidheil a' sguabadh as na croitean, 's an dachaidhean, air son àite a dheanamh do chaoraich. Tha mi cinnteach gur e so a thachair do na Sòthaidh.

Air cùl-thaobh an Eilein, 'se sin air an taobh tuath, tha acarsaid far am bitheadh sgothan nan Sòthach anns a' gheumhradh ach 's ann air an taobh an Ear, ann an Camus-nan-Gall, a bha na tighean agus na daoine.

Cuairtiche mun a' chamus so bha mu dheich taighean, a' coinneadh a mach gu Ealaghol, trì mìle air falbh, air tìr-mòr an

Eilein Sgiathanaich, le na h-eileanan beaga gu deas; Blath-bheinn agus an Cuilinn gu tuath.

Cha robh e soirbh faighinn gu Sòthaidh, no faighinn as air son sin, ged a bha dòigh no dhà air. Dh' fhaodadh neach a thiginn na ceithir mìle thar nam monaidhean á Gleam Bhreatail; smùid a dhéanamh an uair sin aig àite ris an canar Na Lice, agus feitheamh a sin gus an tigeadh geòla 'gad iarraidh. Rathad eile, le bus gu ruige Ealaghol agus fios a chur as a sin le oifig-a-phluis a dh' iarraidh aiseig. An uair a bha m' athair 'na bhalach òg, b' àbhaist dhaibh an t-Eilean fhàgail aig ceithir uairean anns a' mhaduinn, agus na seachd-mìle-deug gu Malaig iomradh air son tràan Ghlaschu. Cha robh mise riamh cho cruaidh so. 'Se rathad Mhalag mar bu trice a bhithheadh na Sòthaich a' gabhail do'n dachaidhean, air an eathair thapaidh sin, na "Marys" a bha ag aiseag eadar Sòthaidh agus Malaig a h-uile Di-Màirt.

'Se slighe gu math taitneach a bha sin, na do shuidhe 'san toiseach air toisaid "paraffin," peile faisg air làmh air son creutairean bochda air am biodh an tinneas-mara. A h-uile frithealadh a dh' iarraid tu. Seòladh seachad air Rudha Shléibhte, air Eige agus Rùm, agus fad na tìde fear-eiginn a' pìobaireachd an deireadh na h-eathar, neo Alasdair Caimbeul e fhéin a' dalladh air "Bu cheomh leam bhì m'ireadh" gu h-òsal.

Air oidheche Di-Màirt 's ann anns a' bhaile 'bhiodh an aighear. Na "Marys" air acair ann an loch, dhachaidh á Malaig, a h-uile duine cothromach anns an Eilean cruinn mu oifig-a-phluis a' feitheamh litrichean agus ghnothaichean eile á tìr-mòr. 'S iomadh oidheche a dh' fhuirich mise 's mo sheòrsa 'nar dùsg gu math annoch fiach am faiceamaid na "Marys" a' tighinn a stigh. Bhiodh mu dheich duine fichead, eadar sean agus òg air Sòthaidh, na mo latha-sa a tàmh ann an deich tighean faisg air a' chladach, cuairtiche mu Chamus-nan-Gall. Ri àm m' athar bha còrr is ceud neach air an eilean ach lùghdaich so eadar an dà chogadh. 'Se tighean matha geala a bha aca, a chosg iad fhéin ri'n togail. Còig seòmraichean co-dhiubh agus tighean a mugh a bhàrrachd, le uisge ruith a stigh aig cuid. Anns an sgoil, mu cheithir sgoilear deug ag ionnsachadh an sin gus an tigeadh orra falbh a Phortrigh aig aois nan trì-bliadhna-deug.

'Se an Eaglais Shaor a bha a' cumail misionaireadh air an eilean, ach chuireadh na h-eaglaisean eile fear teagaisg ann aig amannan cuideachd. Tha cuimhne agam fhathast air maduinn na Sàbaid, an deidh dhuinn an Leabhar a' leughadh, a bhliath a'

feitheamh gus an d' rachadh an teaghlach sònraichte so seachad air beul-thaobh an tigh, bha an t-àm againne an uair sin a bhith falbh cuideachd.

Nam biodh ministear a' teagasg uair sam bith, dh' fhaodadh gun tigeadh luchd-eathair no dhà á tir-mór an Eilein Sgiathanaich 'ga éisdeachd. Bha'n eaglais bheag gheal loma-lan a mach air an doras an latha sin.

'S ann air creitearachd agus iasgach a bhatar a' deanamh an beo-shlàint' re na bliadhna. Ag obair cruaidh moch is amnoch, le pris bhochd air na giomaich uaireannan, agus teaghlachan móra ri thogail. Bha croit leis a h-uile tigh, a dhà'sa trì le cuid 's dòcha.

Crodh agus caorach Shealtanaich air a' mhonadh agus cuideachadh gu leòir bho gach nàbaidh 'nuair a dh' fheumar e.

Aig àite ris an canar Leac na Faoilinn tha "quarry" anns an d' fhuaras leacan air son nam bailtean mu dheas, ach sguir an obair so ro àm a' chiad chogaidh. B' àbhaist iasgach sgadain gu leòir a bhì ann cuideachd, còrr is da fhichead cutair aig an àm bu trainge, agus Camus-nan-Gall làn bhàtaichean.

An deidh a' chogaidh mu dheireadh, stéidhichheadh iasgach chearaban air Sòthaidh Chaidh fàrdach ùr a thogail air cùl an eilean, agus bha dùil gun toireadh so obair gu leòir do'n bhaile. 'S duilich ri ràdh, cha do mhair e mòran is dà bhliadhna. As t-samhradh a rithist, iasgach bhradan na thaise dhaibh. Mu'n àm so dhe'n bhliadhna cuideachd, air dà latha dhe'n t-seachdainn bha Daibhidh MacBhruthinn a' ruith bàta-smùide do Loch Sgathabhaig le luchd-turuis a dh' fhaicinn Choiruisge agus an Cullionn.

Bha so a' ciallachadh dà rud; gu robh a nise doigh eile air faighinn à Sòthaidh, agus bha fir an eilein a' faighinn obair a chionn's gur iad a bha ag aiseag eadar bàta-na-smùide agus tìr.

Cha robh rathad idir air Sòthaidh, ach ceum ris an robh sinn ag ràdh rathad mór, a' leantuin bh'o'n acarsaid, seachad air cùl-thaobh a Cheann-a-stigh, sios troimh 'n bhaile cho fada ri tigh a Charraidh.

Dh' aindeoin na gainnidh so, thug aon ghaisgeach carbad-ola do'n eilean air son mòine a thoirt dachaidh, agus rinn i sin gu dichollach dhà, iomadh latha.

Ged nach 'eil Eilean Shòthaidh ach beag, mar a thuir mi, air na monaidhean tha trì-lochan-deug. Tha cinnte agam as a so, a chionn 's gun d' rinn caraid agus mi fhéin cuirt orra uile ann an aon oidheche air son geall. Lochain beaga taitneach le ainmeanan blasda Gaidhealach mar a tha Loch-na-teangadh-riabhach; Gair-nan-Goil; Doire-cneamh agus an còrr. Aig toiseach a latha bha eagal againn roimh na h-eich uisge a bha

tàmh anns na lochan so, ach le aois thàinig misneachd; 's minic a chosg sinn feasgar sona a' snàmh annta. 'S fheudar gun do theia na h-eich uisge.

Ged is e cuimhne shona a tha agamsa air Sòthaidh, bha'n cuid thubaistean aca, mar a tha aig bailtean eile. 'Se latha duilich a bh' ann, 'nuair a chaidh na "Marys" air an robh mi' bruidhinn mar tha 'na teine air a cùrs dhachaidh a Malaig. Gu fortanach chaidh na daoine a bha air bòrd a shàbhaladh, ach chaillear am bàta, na bh' innte, agus aiseag Shòthaidh ann a leth-uair a thìde. Neo an latha Geamhraidh, nach do thill Padruig Macrath as a' mhonadh. Seachdainnean an déidh so, fhuaras a chorp fuar 'na laighe ri taobh cnuic. 'Nuair a bhris eigh chomhnard Loch-an-nuadh-chrom fo chasan Choinnich Chaimbeul is e air a rathad goirid a' ghabhail thairis an loch. Chan e aon tigh a bha fo bhronn aig àm mar so, ach am baile air fad.

'Nar n-oige cha robh sinne ri céilidh thighean, ach ré nam bliadhnaichean a bha sinn a' fàs suas, fhuair sinn an toiseach cho fada ri Doire-nam-bó gus mu dheireadh 'nuair a bha a' bhriogais fhada suas, ràinig sinn tigh Nèill MhicRath, ard-thigh céilidh Shòthaidh. So far am biodh na bodaich agus fir òga a' bhaile a' cruinneachadh.

Dh' fhaodadh gun tacadh aon tombac' thu anns an dol-a-stigh ach aon uair 's gun do thòisich na sgeulachdan agus na naigheachdan cha robh neach a' cur uibhreacht sam bith air. Chan e sgeulachdan móra mar a tha aca ann an Uibhist, ach aighearachd agus fealadh-dha an latha fhéin. So far na chuala mi air son a' cheud uair: "Fear a ni teine math dha fhéin, is math an airdh e air a dheagh gharadh fhaighinn" neo "Cha téid cuileag ann am beul dùinte," agus iomadach sean-fhacal eile.

'Se mo bheachd-sa gu robh sinn car gann de dh' òrain ann a Sòthaidh ach ged a bha, cha chuala mi "Oran an Eireannaich" ann an àite sam bith ach an seo fhéin. Ciamar a nise tha e dol?

Aig toiseach a' gheamhraidh gur ann a bha sinn

Le smaointeanan trom air cho gann 'sa bha 'n tìr

'S ag ràdh mun tigeadh an t-Earrach gu crìch

Gum biodh am baile le gainn' air a chlaoidh.

Chan urrainn dhomh ràdh nach e burraidh a bh' ann

A chaidh gad do leigeil air cladach a nall Gun d' thug e dhuit acaid nach téid as do 'chuimhn'

'S gun toir e air d' aisean falbh bh'o'n druim.

'Nuair a chunnaic 'sa leugh sinn am beud a bha ann

'S mur a faiete gu feum i gum b' éiginn a call

'S ann thug na fir aotrom leum air a crann
Is chuir iad ri chéile na bréidean a bh' ann.

Tha 'n t-òran so mu dhéidhinn bàta Eireannach a chaidh air sgeir faisg air eilean Rùm, gu fortanach do na Sòthaidh aig an àm.

C' àite eile, an eualas "Oran na Tunnag Fhìrionn" a rinn Aonghas Mac an t-Saoir á Malaig, mu obair neònach a thachair anns a' bhaile aon latha, far an d' thuir e ann am bàrdachd cho geur 'sa thogradh tu:

Chan' eil an duine beannaicht' ach
Mar neart a' chinne-daonnadh
'S beag air bhì toirt seachad rud
'S ro-mhaith leis a bhì slaodadh
Dh' ith e'n tunnag agamsa
Gun fharraid no gun fhaotainn
Gu'm bu dubh an latha gheibh
E gearradh dheth troimh chaolan.

Nise bha aon latha dhe'n a' bhliadhna a sheas a mach a bharrachd air càch. B'e sin latha gearmachan Shòthaidh. Cha b' fhiach gearmachan Phortrigh no Thobair-Mhoire horo gheallaidh ri'n taobh. Thigeadh iad á Àineort, Carbost, Breatal, Ealghol agus a h-uile cearnaidh mu'n cuairt cho fad air falbh ri Malaig.

B'e sin na co-fharpaisean, bàtaichean beaga is mór, a' strìth air muir, agus daoine beag is mór a' strìth air tìr. A' ruith, a' leum, a' cur nan clach, agus aig an deireadh thall cogadh-nan-ròp, le Sòthaidh air aon cheann agus an saoghal air a' cheann eile. 'S ann oirne bhiodh an cùram mur a deanadh Sòthaidh an gnothach air a' chùis.

'Nuair sin gu biadh. Chan 'eil fhios gu dé cho blasda 'sa bha a h-uile greim an latha ud seach latha eile. Feasgar, bhiodh dannsa mór anns an t-sabhal aig Alasdair Cairbeul, dìreach mar a bha aca ann am Portrigh, ach gu robh na b' fheàrr. 'S duilich ri ràdh bha mise car òg air son sin mu'n àm ud.

Bhiodh e soirbh gu leòir dhomhsa a h-uile tigh a bha anns an eilean ainmeachadh, oir fhuair mi'n aon fhàilte chridheil anns gach aon dhiubh, ach cha leig ùine leam.

Gu dé thachair do Shòthaidh agus do na Sòthaidh, an uair a b' fheudar dhaibh dealachadh an déidh a bhì cho réidh còrr is ceud bliadhna?

Thug iomadach aobhar an gnothach gu ceann ach tha mise a' smaointeachadh gu

robh an dealachadh ri thighinn. Cho duilich is gu robh sinn a' fàgail eilean ar breith, cha b' urrainn dhuinn fuireach.

Coltach ri bailtean eile, thogte na fir òg anns a' chiad chogadh, fir agus mnathan anns a' chogadh mu dheireadh. Dhiubh sin bha ann nach do thill idir, do na thill bha obair na b' fheàrr dhaibh air tìr-mór agus anns na bailtean mu dheas. Có chuireadh bacadh orra?

Cha mhaireadh na daoine bha air fhàgail gu bràth, na sean daoine a' fàs na bu shine, gus latha air choir-eiginn nach biodh ann ach aosda, gun neart gun chothrom. Tha na daoine a' b' aithne dhomhsa ann a Sòthaidh sgapte feadh na dùthcha an diugh. Guidheam sonas maireann dhaibh.

'S ann air Sòthaidh a bha na daoine càrdeil a bh' ann, a bhitheas mise cuimhneachadh ri m' bheò.

Do M. I., Baile Ailein

Gàirich nan tonn air creagan na h-Airde;
Monmhor nan allt air monadh nan àirigh;
Ceileireadh fialaidh nan eunlaith ri dàn
domh—
Lon-cridhe m' àraich an earrach mo là:

Tha monmhor nan allt, is ceilear nan eunlaith,
'S gàirich nan tonn, sìor chaochladh, gun
chrìonadh,
Is ged a tha sneachda ro-gheal air mo chìabhaig
Bidh òg-gheas an trianaid am' chliabh
gu la bhràth.

AM BARD BOCHD.

Toimhseachain

Tha i gun ghuth ach éighidh i;
Tha i gun sgiath ach sgéithidh i;
Tha i gun spuir ach reubaidh i,
Tha i gun bheul ach sgeilmidh i.

A' Ghaoth.

E beò gun anail,
'S cho fuar ri rag;
Gun tart na ghné,
E 'g òl gun stad;

'S ge mór a luaths 'na dheise shligeach,
Cha chluinn thu gum, cha chluinn thu gliog
aig.

IASG.

Tearlach A' Phosta

Mar thugadh cheana fainear ghabh Tearlach a' phostachd air do a athair a dhòl air cluain; ach bha e soilleir, o thoiseach, nach robh ùidh aige anns an obair agus a' mhuir a ghnàth 'g a thàladh.

Nach bu tric leis a bhith, agus a uchd air gàrradh na buaile, le prosbaig r'a shùil, a' dhòl amharc air na bàtaichean a bhithheadh, 's an àm ud, a' seòladh, tuathl agus deas, troimh an Linne Ratharsairich. Cha robh smuain air obair fearainn, agus carson a bhithheadh, oir cha d' fhàg dìomhanas Theàrlach an obair riann an éis, agus gillean na sgoile ro èasgaidh gu buntàta a chur agus a ghlanadh, gu togail uime agus a bhuain 'n a àm, air sgàth nan òran ùra a bhithheadh Tearlach a' seinn dhaibh.

Latha bha siud, agus sgaoth de gheàtaichean fo 'n làn sheòl, a' cath an aghaidh gaoithe agus, a réir coltais, a' fiachainn geallréis, bha Tearlach, mar b' àbhaist, le glaine fhada, luachmhor a fhuair Dòmhnall Beag (dill-eachdan a thog iad) an iasad o fhrithear a bha air ùr-thighinn do'n àite. Thàinig Dòmhnall air Tearlach gu h-obann agus, le spochadh cruaidh, thubhairt e: "Cuir bhuaht a' ghlaime sin agus tu an déidh glag-bheairt a dheanamh dith." "Seo dhut i," fhreagair Tearlach air a shocair, "agus bu cho math leam maide-tòn-eich rithe."

Flur Nan Cailin

Air dha a phostachd fhàgail thug Tearlach a' mhuir air, agus rinn e an luinneag ghriinn seo do nighinn Ghàidhealach (Iseabair Nic Dòmhnall) air an do chuir e eòlas ann an Liverpool—A. MacN.

Séid: —

Flùr nan cailin 's tu gun leanainn,
Sùil a' mheallaidh, ùidh gach leannain;
Flùr nan cailin 's tu gun leanainn.

O gur h-i mo ghlaol-sa 'ghruagach
Dh' fhàs cho faiceallach 'n a gluasad;
Thug mi spéis a mhaireas buan dì
Nach dean astar cuain a sgaradh.
Flùr nan cailin, etc.

Tha a cruth, a dealbh 's a h-ìomhaigh
Tigh'inn an còmhnaidh beò am fhianais,
Sùilean taitneach, laiste, lonta,
'S gile bian na cliabh na h-eala.

Gur h-i mo cheist a' mhaighdean bhòidheach
Chaidh a shniomh o shìol Chloinn Dòmhnall;
Dream nach strìodadh do luchd do-bheairt
'S nach dean fòirneadh air an ainneis.

Buidheann euchdmhor, cholgarr', chinnteach,
Réidheadh gu treun a dhìon na rioghachd;
'S fad bha 'n eachdraidh air a sgrìobhadh
Sios le pinn o linn Mhic Ailein.

Gur h-e suaicheantas nan àrman:
Leómhann, làmh dhearg, fraoch nan àrd-
bheann,
Craobh, is bradan thig far sàile,
Long nam bréid, nan spàrr 's nan crannag.

Fhir a sheòlas as mo dhùthajach,
Thoir mo shoiridh leat le m' dhùrachd;
'S ma thadhlas tu am Poll a' ghrùdhain,
Beannachd dùbailte gu Beileig.

Bidh mi crìochnachadh mo dhàin dhut,
Oidhe mhath leat, soiridh slàn leat;
Tha gach seòrsa maise fàs ort
Nach cuir buadhan bàird an ealaidh.

Séid

{ d : - : r | m : s : - : | s : - : d | l : s : - : }
{ s : - : s | l : s : - : | s : - : d | m : r : - : }
{ d : - : r | m : s : - : | s : - : m | l : s : - : }

Rann

{ m : - : s | s : - : s | l : - : l | l : s : - : }
{ m : - : s | s : - : s | l : - : l | d' : r' : - : }
{ m' : - : m' | m' : - : r' | d' : - : d' | d' : s : - : }
{ l : - : l | d' : - : l | s : - : d | m : r : - : }

Na h-Iomadaidh Ann Diubh

Bha ceistear uaireigin an Cataibh agus chaidh e a choimhead air banntnach Eóghainn is i a' fuireach am bothan beag leatha fhéin. Chuir e a' cheisd oirre, "Cia meud pearsa a tha 's an Diadhachd?" Fhreagair i, "Tha na h-iomadaidh ann diubh. Nach 'eil Mgr. Ruairidh, Dòmhnall Deucon is Tormod Bildear is ur leithid fhéin!" "O!" arsa an ceistear, "nach e seo a tha dorcha!" agus fhreagair a' chailleach, "Nam faiceadh sibh e mun do chuir Eoghann an uinneag ann!"

Chan 'eil fada o choinnich seann fhear-ceasnachaidh sgoiltear ri fear a bhithas a' sgrìobhadh fo iomadh ainm-pinn. Thuir am fear-ceasnachaidh ris, "Nach tu a sgrìobh an rud ud (is e 'ga ainmeachadh) ann an Gairm?"

Chuidh am fear eile as àicheadh. Thuir am fear-ceasnachaidh, "Cha leig thu a leas a bhith 'gad fhòlach fhéin orm-sa. Aithnichidh mi do chuid o thug thu freagradh caimeadalach orm is mi a' ceasnachadh sgoile an S . . . ! Carson nach bitheadh tu mar dhaoine eile agus a bhith riarachta le aon ainm, gun ainm fa leth gach uair a bhitheas tu a' sgrìobhadh?" Fhreagair am fear eile, "Ma ghabhas mise comhairle duine as glìce agus as fiosaiche na mi fhéin, nach dèan mi sin — Legion."

Seo a' cheist agus freagradh a' bhalaich. "Ma gheibh mise fichead sgadan air ochd sgillinn deug agus punnd éisg air cóig sgillinn deug, dé an aois a tha mi?" Gun sòrdh thuir am balach, "Dà fhichead." "Ciamar a tha thu a' dèanamh sin a mach?" arsa an ceistear. Fhreagair e, "Tha leth-chiallach 's a' bhaile seo air am bheil am Bourach. Tha esan mu fhichead agus mar sin feumaidh gu bheil sibhse dà fhichead."

AN TARAN.

Conference Report

Report on the Conference of the Northern Area of An Comunn Gaidhealach, held at Cnoc-nan-Ros, Tain, 23rd-24th March, 1962, and Recommendations of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committees and Northern Committee.

Mr. Derick Thomson spoke on "New Approaches in the Western Isles." The following is a report:—

There are two approaches to the question of how to work for the revival of Gaelic: (1) by interesting the maximum number of Lowlanders (e.g., by Mods, Television, etc.), (2) by trying to strengthen and then to revitalise the existing Gaelic areas.

I believe that any hopes we can have must be based on the second of these approaches. To think otherwise is a form of escapism or self-deception, practised by many people living outside the Gaelic area: they may be carried away by their own enthusiasm, or their hard work, into thinking that activities in the Lowlands, among Lowlanders, are going to affect the future of Gaelic in a vital way. (This might be the case if we had a strong pro-Gaelic government in Scotland, but I need not stress that we have neither a pro-Gaelic government nor a government in Scotland.)

Activities in the Lowlands, then, are of marginal value. I do not suggest that they are valueless. Far from it. But they hardly touch the vital question — is the number of

Gaelic speakers in the homogeneous Gaelic area going to continue to decline? This is the only foreseeable reservoir for the supply of Gaelic in Scotland — if it runs low, or dry, that will be the end.

If An Comunn has ever made this seemingly simple analysis of the situation, it has certainly not acted on it. Of the fifty-two branches listed in the 1960-61 Report of An Comunn (not a complete list), only eight can be said to be in the Gaelic area, and it is doubtful if some of these eight are properly speaking in Gaelic areas. But the startling thing is that only one branch (the Lewis one) appears for the Outer Isles as a whole. In the Inner Isles there are six branches (Mull (2), Islay, Tiree, Colonsay, Portree). It is this situation in the islands, particularly in the Outer Hebrides, that I want to look at more closely to-day.

There are various reasons for the existence of this situation: (1) historical reasons — An Comunn was founded in the southern Gaelic area, and had an Argyllshire bias for the early part of its history, and through the late Neil Shaw this bias continued, to some extent subconsciously, until very recent times; (2) psychological reasons — in the last two hundred years at least, concern for Gaelic has usually been stronger where the language was weaker. An Comunn took root most easily, therefore, in areas where Gaelic was dead or dying (apart from immigrants). It took root also in areas where Gaelic could be a hobby, not a part of everyday life. After all, in Glasgow one could dress up to be a Gaelic enthusiast, whereas in Skye perhaps one would dress up to go and speak English to Dame Flora MacLeod or some such dignitary. At the beginning of this century in Harris, e.g., it might have seemed just as sensible to found an Association for the Encouragement of Breathing as to found a branch of An Comunn. They spoke Gaelic anyway, just as they breathed.

There is an element of exaggeration in what I am saying now, but it does help to underline one important point. An Comunn had not, and has not, found the right approach in the Gaelic areas. The Gaelic people have been in the position of the grandmother whose grandchildren came to her and tried to teach her how to suck eggs. She thought they were very foolish, and hadn't grown up. Similarly, the Islanders sometimes thought that An Comunn officials and representatives were soft in the head, and that living in the cities had gone to their heads.

Unfortunately, in some ways they were right!

The Hebrideans, in general, are not

attracted to theoretical argument. Perhaps there is one large exception, in the case of Calvinistic and Evangelical religion — but generally speaking the Hebridean (especially in the Northern Hebrides) is of a practical turn of mind. He will not undertake pasture regeneration because he has been told it works, or how it works, or that it is profitable. But he will undertake it if he sees it working in the next village. If he wants to do it he will work like a slave to see it through. But if he has not been convinced by example, he will make elaborate fun of the reformer, and will pass the time profitably in that way.

Thus it is worse than useless to go out into the Hebrides to make speeches about the future of the Gaelic language, and the foundation of branches to save our ancient culture. The typical reaction to such an apostle is likely to be "*A! amadan na bidseadh.*"

All this does not mean that nothing constructive can be done. What I have been concerned to do up to now in this talk is emphasise that there are hazards, of an historical and of a psychological nature, in the way of spreading Comunn branch activities to the Hebrides. If these hazards are ignored there is not likely to be much progress.

Indeed, I am very doubtful if there should be any campaign to found new branches in the Hebrides — at least for the present, until it can be seen whether An Comunn is willing to change its way of thinking about branches. You may well say that some way of canalising activities is desirable. It might be worthwhile thinking about setting up an informal body within the Comunn, or the Northern Area of An Comunn — a sort of Council of the Isles, except that representatives of truly Gaelic areas on the mainland should be included. This body would not meet as a committee at all, although it might have an annual conference. But it could have a very small, rotating executive, which could meet two or three times a year, to sift business and suggestions received by post from the larger body. I would suggest that this larger body should have a member in each parish or island in the Gaelic area, and that each member should form a small local committee of people prepared to work in the Gaelic cause. This body should work almost anonymously, reserving all the publicity for the work done, not for the workers or the organisation. I would make it an inflexible rule that all members of this body must be fluent Gaelic speakers (whether native or not).

I now want to put forward suggestions as to the work these people could do. (It is not essential that they should be organised in the

way I have suggested, but it is essential that there should be selected people in each parish or island.)

- (1) Propaganda, e.g. (a) by press activity (letters, etc.), (b) by posters — the posters could be sponsored by the parent body, or perhaps better, an attempt could be made to co-operate with existing bodies. Thus, the North of Scotland College of Agriculture might be interested in using Gaelic posters to help on the surface — seeding campaign, or campaigns for better stock management. The Crofters' Commission might be interested in this also. Similarly, the Education Committees, the Tourist Board (or Local Tourist Associations), Agricultural Shows, Football Clubs, and the Churches. The network of members, or cells, to be used to distribute posters, as well as to initiate new ideas for local propaganda.
- (2) The same body might form the nucleus of a scheme for the distribution of Gaelic literature of various kinds, and might help with the scheme of improving Gaelic library facilities, already started. With regard to the general expenses of the Gaelic literature scheme, these might be met by commissions on sales, and also by an initial levy on publishers taking part in the scheme.
- (3) The members of this body might make local arrangements for entertainment tours of various kinds throughout the Gaelic area, e.g., for
 - (a) small concert parties;
 - (b) touring plays (perhaps in conjunction with the Glasgow Gaelic Drama Festival, or the Inverness Group, or the Ossianic Society of Glasgow University, etc.);
 - (c) touring exhibitions of various kinds, e.g., Celtic arts and crafts, books.
- (4) It might be possible to make arrangements whereby these representatives acted as news correspondents for the Gaelic Department of the B.B.C., or were used from time to time in B.B.C. Audience Research in their own areas. There may be a much greater opportunity for this sort of co-operation when the new V.H.F. Stations are set up in the Gaelic area, and when Gaelic T.V. spreads its wings further.
- (5) An attempt should be made to establish new types of evening classes in Gaelic, run in the Education Committees, with local interest being stirred up by members of this proposed body. These classes could be of the following kinds:—

- (a) Classes in Gaelic reading for older people.
- (b) Gaelic song circles—i.e., appreciation classes in Gaelic music.
- (c) Gaelic literature circles, e.g., reading Gaelic literature generally, and making collections of local songs.
- (d) Local lore and history.

Generally speaking, the Church is a stronghold of Gaelic—particularly the Free Church. Why do we not try to meet it half-way and effect some sort of link with this powerful Gaelic agency?

* * *

Mr. Murdo Macleod spoke on "The Inverness-shire Education Scheme in Gaelic" and the following is a full report:—

1. GENERAL APPLICATION.—Gaelic is now being used in a much wider context than was formerly the case. Whereas it was for many years the rule to use Gaelic only when necessity demanded, i.e., when the children were completely unfamiliar with English, the scope of the language has now been extended to all stages throughout the primary school, in Skye and the Outer Isles. More emphasis is now placed on, and more time devoted to, the teaching of Gaelic as a subject, and in certain schools a limited use is made of Gaelic as a medium of instruction in the teaching of other subjects.

2. AIMS.—(a) To provide for the Gaelic-speaking pupil a fuller and more appropriate education by making as much use as is reasonable of his mother-tongue, and by incorporating in the curriculum his own culture, environment and experience

(b) To assist in the perpetuation of Gaelic as a spoken language.

This second aim, while important, is incidental to the first. It is to be hoped that an increased emphasis on the use of Gaelic in school activities will result in a more sympathetic attitude towards the language, but the main purpose of the education scheme is to provide better educational facilities. Underlying the efforts of the schools to promote the use of Gaelic is the principle that a child is effectively taught only if adequate use is made of his native language. The purpose of the scheme of instruction in Gaelic is not to exclude, or even to restrict, provision for the acquisition of English, which would be unreasonable, but to enhance progress in all subjects, *including English*, by using Gaelic whenever it is appropriate to do so.

3. METHODS.—(a) *Reading*. There is a severe shortage of suitable text-book material in Gaelic, and this scarcity is felt particularly by those teachers who would like to introduce infants to reading in Gaelic. Nevertheless,

remarkable progress has been made in some schools, where the existing text-books are supplemented by simple reading lessons based on oral composition, resumés of the material contributed by children during daily "news-periods," suitably modified English text-books, labels attached to objects, captions attached to pictures, etc.

In a small number of schools the introduction to reading in English has been postponed, with extremely favourable results in the acquisition of the reading skill in *both languages*.

The most outstanding progress in Gaelic reading has been at the middle primary stage, where no provision was formerly made for the teaching of Gaelic. The new series of text-books produced by An Comunn Gaidhealach has proved attractive and stimulating. These books have been most effective in those schools where the content has been developed and enlarged.

At the later stages of the primary school, the reading material available in print is inadequate in quality and scope, but the importance of supplementing the existing text-books is being recognised, and some schools are devising suitable material, more relevant to their own situation.

(b) *Written Work*. In the infant classes this is of a very elementary nature, consisting of simple sentences, captions for pictures, transcriptions of the reading lessons, etc. Many schools have introduced the practice of having the formal writing lessons occasionally in Gaelic instead of in English, and this helps to establish familiarity with the written word in Gaelic at an early age.

It would appear that the best stage at which to establish skill in the writing of Gaelic is in the middle primary classes. It has been the experience of many teachers that children at this stage generally find Gaelic spelling less difficult than do pupils in the late primary classes. The difficulty presented by the Gaelic spelling system is often due to pre-occupation with English spelling rules, and can be anticipated by regular practice in writing at an early age.

Some pupils have achieved a remarkable facility in the writing of Gaelic in a comparatively short time, in schools where little emphasis was formerly placed on this aspect of Gaelic teaching. Various devices are used for promoting this skill, e.g., transcription of rhymes, poems, stories, etc., formation of simple sentences involving words frequently met in the reading lessons, simple interpretation questions, commentary on pictures, supplementary lessons on cards containing reading and writing exercises, reproduction of

reading lessons, etc. Many schools encourage pupils to produce individual work-books containing a miscellany of items of the pupils' own choice, one school regularly produces a small magazine devised and printed entirely by the pupils, and several schools have engaged successfully in the inter-school correspondence schemes in Gaelic. While it is true to say that the emphasis is chiefly on reading in most schools, there are encouraging signs that the writing of Gaelic is not being neglected.

(c) *Oral Expression.* The promotion of fluent, natural oral expression in Gaelic is important at all stages, but particularly at the infant level. Encouragement to make free use of the Gaelic medium not only increases the confidence of the Gaelic-speaking child but contributes towards the acceptance of Gaelic as an appropriate part of the curriculum. This freedom of expression is fostered in various ways, e.g., stories provided by the teacher or the pupils, followed by interpretation questions and occasional dramatization, recitation of rhymes and poems, "news-period" activity, when the child is encouraged to comment on his own experience and to introduce the topics which interest him most. The Gaelic lesson in the past was too often an academic exercise, confined to mechanical reading and translation. The emphasis is now generally on interpretation, which provides a more natural and useful approach.

(d) *The Use of Gaelic as a Medium of Instruction.* The recommendation that certain subjects should be taught through the medium of Gaelic is generally difficult to follow. In many schools it is felt that the heavy demands of other subjects preclude a generous use of the Gaelic medium. This is particularly the case in the smaller schools, where children ranging in age from 5 to 12 are taught by the same teacher, and in schools where there is a wide variety in the linguistic background. Encouraging progress has been made, generally however, in the teaching of religious education and nature-study in Gaelic, and several schools have used Gaelic to good effect in the teaching of geography. There is a greater emphasis than formerly on Gaelic songs, which are a very important means of arousing the interest of children who are not fluent Gaelic speakers. In one school history is taught exclusively in Gaelic, and it has been found that the impact made by the lesson is stronger and more permanent than was formerly the case, when history was taught through the medium of English.

(e) *Visual Aids.* To ensure that the formal Gaelic lesson is not treated as an isolated activity, and that Gaelic is regarded as an

integral part of the curriculum as a whole, many schools are producing suitable material to provide a *Gaelic milieu*, e.g., illustrated versions of rhymes, poems, stories, e.c., charts showing personal names, surnames, names of days, months, trees, flowers, animals, birds, fishes, shells, insects, etc., maps showing placenames in Gaelic, Gaelic calendars, diaries, news-sheets, posters, etc. All these help to promote the status of the language and to persuade children that Gaelic is just as relevant to the classroom situation as English.

4. *EFFECT ON THE SPOKEN LANGUAGE.*—There is little evidence that the increased emphasis on Gaelic in the classroom has had any measureable effect on the general position of Gaelic in the community. It is true that a great deal of enthusiasm for the new methods of teaching has been generated among school children, but it is not always the case that this interest has been maintained and pursued outside school. It is frequently found that even fluent speakers of Gaelic tend to use English in their play activity although the home language is Gaelic. This tendency seems to be increasing generally, and it is difficult to say whether the influence of the schools will be able to arrest it. It is, however, interesting and encouraging to find that several pupils who were monoglot English speakers and would normally have taken no interest in the language, have become fluent speakers and readers of Gaelic as a result of the provision made in the schools.

To See Ourselves As Others See Us

Recently I took a trip to Seattle to see "The World's Fair," and while there I visited their public library and became interested in a book, "The Races of Mankind," from which I will give you a few extracts in the section dealing with Scotland. This very large book, published by Huteson & Co., is a veritable mine of information for the uninformed, as it contains 776 pages and 442 illustrations sponsored by Britain's most eminent specialists, including Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., R. Lydekker, F.R.S., Dr. A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S., H. N. Hutchison, B.A., F.R.G.S., A. H. Savage Landor, Dr. R. W. Shufeldt and Professor Longford.

"According to the Westminster Confession (1905), p. 139," states Professor Donaldson, "it shews that Highlanders have a Protestantism of their own, which can be described as distinctly hostile to that of the Lowlanders, and the Church of Scotland,

which nearly all left after the Disruption of 1843. They even stoned those who ventured to go on Sundays to the Parish Churches, which they regarded as the haunts of the Devil. They were deeply steeped in the atmosphere of Jewish thought, and their religion was closely akin to that of Kruger and his Boers. The Devil would appear to various members of a community in widely separated districts at one and the same time, and frighten them by unearthly noises, like heaps of stones rattling. He would blast their fields at the instigation of witches and prey upon the credulous, and was ever present with believers disturbing their devotions and making mischief in one way or another" (p. 595).

"The Highlanders are an extremely mystic people like their Breton kindred, and are noted for other delusions such as a firm belief in second sight which plays such a large part in Gaelic lore and legend. This 'gift,' regarded almost as a speciality of the Highlanders, has, strange to say, been attributed to poor and monotonous fare, such as oatmeal porridge, potatoes, fish, and even seaweed or carrageen moss." The picture of an old Scots salt which accompanied this harangue was anything but complimentary, showing a dirty, unshaved wretch with a clay pipe in his mouth and a night-cap on his head.

Mr. Hope Moncrieff in his book, "The Highlands and Islands," published in 1906, states that the crofter fisherman leaves most of the hard work to the women folk who, with the ceaseless drudgery, soon grow haggard, their eyes bleared with the smoke of their huts. In these hovels, hardly to be distinguished from the neighbouring peat stacks, one can still see the quern mill and the cas-crom or crooked spade — relics of the stone age. In the Island of Lewis the dwarfed horses, cows, sheep and poultry share with the family the wretched abodes, the heat and smoke of which are intolerable to strangers. Feminine softness, so highly characteristic of the English lady, is rarely met with in Scotland, where the woman seems to us as a rule rather hard featured, but sometimes a peculiar comeliness is seen in natives of the lower class, particularly New-haven fishwives (see p. 597). Her drawn-up striped skirt, shawl and apron are characteristic. Nor will a fair share of the domestic virtues be denied to the thrifty Scotch housewife making the scones, brose and herring broth which constitute the ordinary cottage fare. Of course, the national dish, of which she is so proud, is all her own, made of sheep's liver, lights, hearts, tripe, etc., which we call offal. Even the word "haggis" is taken from the French "taxis."

ELLTHREACH.

Ardnamurchan Mod

Ardnamurchan Provincial Mod was held at Strontian on 26th June, 1962. Adjudicators were:— Music—Miss Madge Campbell Brown, Edinburgh; Mr Donald McIsaac, Ayr. Gaelic—Rev. Donald MacKenzie, Inveraray; Rev. Hector Maclean, Ballachulish; Mr Malcolm MacLeod, Secretary, An Comunn Gàidhealach.

PRIZE LIST.

JUNIOR SECTION.

Competition 2—Reading at Sight—1, Alastair MacKenzie, Acharacle; 2, Flora MacGillivray, Acharacle; 3, David Smith, Acharacle.

Competition 3—Gaelic Speaker's Recitation—1, Robert Laurie, Lochaline; 2, Elma MacPhail, Kilchoan; 3, Alastair MacKenzie, Acharacle.

Competition 4—Learner's Recitation (Part 1, under 10 years)—1, Isobel Mary MacKenzie, Lochaline; 2, Gillespie Cameron, Kilchoan; 3, Catherine Boyd, Ardour. (Part 2, 10 years and over)—1, Sandra MacMillan, Mingary; 2, Donald MacLaren, Polloch; 3, Elizabeth King, Lochaline.

Competition 5—Conversation—1 (equal), Flora MacGillivray, Acharacle, and Alastair MacKenzie, Acharacle; 2, John Allan Cameron, Acharacle; 3, Anne Cameron, Acharacle.

Competition 6—Solo Singing—Girls—1, Catherine Park, Strontian; 2, Linda Livingstone, Lochaline; 3, Anne Cameron, Acharacle.

Competition 7—Solo Singing—Boys—1, Alastair MacKenzie, Acharacle; 2, Donald MacIntyre, Strontian; 3, Robert Laurie, Lochaline.

Competition 8—Solo Singing—Learners (Part 1, under 10 years)—1, Gillespie Cameron, Kilchoan; 2, Caroline MacCrone, Lochaline; 3 (equal), Robert Herbert, Polloch; Malcolm Laurie, Lochaline, and Isobel MacDonald, Strontian. (Part 2, 10 years and over)—1 (equal), Helen Richardson, Polloch, and Donald Fairbairn, Polloch; 2, Caroline MacCrone, Lochaline; 3 (equal), Elizabeth King, Lochaline; John Burgess, Kilchoan; Isobel Sinclair, Lochaline.

Competition 9—Duet—1, Donald Fairbairn, Polloch, and William Fairbairn, Polloch; 2, Helen Richardson, Polloch, and Donald McLaren, Polloch.

Competition 10—Junior Choirs—Unison—1, Lochaline School Choir; 2, Acharacle and Mingary Schools Choir; 3, Kilchoan School Choir. Harmony—1, Lochaline School Choir; 2, Glenhurich School Choir.

SENIOR SECTION.

Competition 12—Reading at Sight—1, Mrs. MacLaren, Glenborrodale.

Competition 13—Recitation—Mrs. MacLaren, Glenborrodale.

Competition 14—Solo Singing—Ladies, own choice—1, Mary Fraser, Strontian; 2, Morag Brown, Strontian.

Competition 15—Solo Singing—Men, own choice—1, James Millar, Lochaline.

Competition 17—Solo Singing of a Morvern Song—Prizes presented by Glasgow Morvern Association—1, Mary Fraser, Strontian; 2, Morag Brown, Strontian.

Competition 18—Solo Singing—Prescribed Song, Ladies—Mary Fraser, Strontian.

Competition 20—Solo Singing—Learners—1, James Millar, Lochaline; 2, Donnie Macpherson, Strontian.

Competition 24—Solo Singing—Former First Prize Winners—1, Mary Fraser, Strontian; 2, Morag Brown, Strontian.

SPECIAL PRIZE.

Junior Choir with highest number of marks for Gaelic—Prize presented by Mr. Alastair Cameron, "North Argyll"—Lochaline School Choir.

Hon. Secretary of the Mod was Miss Catriona L. Maclean of Ardour.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod — Oban, 1962

RECEIVED AT OBAN—

Previously acknowledged ...	£2,195	3	3
Ladies' Committee:—Coffee Morning — Station Hotel	37	13	6
Illustrated Talk on "Mountain Rescue" given by Dr. Duff in Esplanade Hotel	10	4	—
Coffee Morning — Balmoral Hotel	26	13	1
Talk on "Old Oban," by Dr. Ivor Campbell	23	18	6
Demonstration by "Dorothy Gray" representative — Columba Hotel	8	1	—
Coffee Morning — Palace Hotel	62	13	—
Coffee Morning — County Hotel	26	11	1
Baby Show and Afternoon Tea run by Ladies' Committee	19	14	6
Cruise on Loch Etive — by courtesy of Mr. Lunn	31	19	8
Sale of Work — Ladies' Committee and Raffle arranged by Mrs. Black	325	15	6
Dance organised by Mrs. McLean, Knipoch	9	—	—
Mannequin Parade organised by Mr. T. Stewart in Columba Hotel	19	4	6
"Matter of Opinion" — Parish Church Hall	15	19	—
Dance organised by Mrs. Bessie McArthur, Kilmore	21	—	—
Ceilidh organised by Mrs. Steele and Miss Fraser, County Hotel	20	14	6
Ceilidh organised by Miss Black, Torwood	9	5	—
Dancing Display by Mrs. Barel's Pupils in Corran Rest	13	12	9
Coffee Morning — Station Hotel	23	17	10
Whist Drive — Royal Hotel	25	5	—
Whist Drive organised by Miss McPhee, Kilchoan Hotel	15	—	—
Donation from Mrs. McKenzie, Argyll Hotel, Oban	15	—	—
Donation from Mrs. Mottram, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. McLeod	60	—	—
Donation from Crieff Highland Association	30	—	—
Concert organised by Mrs. Atholl Robertson	14	14	6
Talk on "Old Oban," by Dr. Ivor Campbell	17	19	6
Coffee Morning — Palace Hotel	70	—	—
Ceilidh at Barcaldine, organised by Miss C. McGillivray	13	4	6
Concert organised by Mrs. Atholl Robertson, Party of Artists arranged by Mrs. Petrine Stewart	20	3	—

Donation from Logierait Branch	10	—	—
Ceilidh organised by Mrs. Bessie McArthur, at Tighantruish Hotel	10	—	—
Donation from Mrs. Mellor, Knipoch	5	—	—
			<u>£3,207 7 2</u>

RECEIVED AT GLASGOW—

Previously acknowledged	£154	10	7
Mrs. Raatgever Fraser, Holland	1	—	—
Mrs. M. J. K. Logan, Stirling	1	—	—
Miss C. A. Macfarlane, Dundee	—	10	—
Mrs. Mary H. M. Gilmour, Sutherland	1	1	—
Mrs. M. A. Matheson, Ross-shire	1	—	—
Miss Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth	—	5	6
John A. Smith, Esq., Glasgow	2	—	—
Miss Mary C. MacKenzie, Glasgow	1	1	—
Mrs. Anne M. Graham, Dunblane	1	—	—
Thomas A. Roberts, Esq., Glasgow	—	10	—
Rev. M. Laing, Alness	—	4	—
Miss D. J. MacKay, Caithness	—	5	—
Miss I. Campbell, Perth	—	10	—
The Glasgow Islay Association	—	10	—
			<u>£174 17 1</u>
			<u>£3,382 4 3</u>

Central Fund,

Previously acknowledged	£37	2	—
Largs Branch	3	3	—
Port Glasgow Branch	5	—	—
Aberdeen Branch	2	2	—
Cromarty Branch	2	2	—
Dundee Highland Society	2	10	—
Falkirk Branch	5	—	—
Miss Chrissie MacGillivray, Oban	1	1	—
Mrs. Isabella R. H. Duke, Dumfries	2	—	—
Dingwall Branch	10	—	—
			<u>£70 — —</u>

Magazine Fund.

Lochtayside Branch	£2	2	—
James Gardiner, Esq., Inverness	—	9	—
G. E. Anderson, Esq., Canada	—	5	—
			<u>£2 16 —</u>

Comunn na H-Oigridh.

Lochtayside Branch	£2	2	—
Aberdeen Branch (for Summer Camps)	5	5	—
Cromarty Branch	2	2	—
Forres Branch	—	10	—
Dumfries Branch	2	—	—
			<u>£21 9 —</u>

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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

65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Telephone: DOUglas 1433

Leabhar LVII

AN LUNASDAL, 1962

Aireamh 8

Feis An Drama

Thug mi tarraing air féis an dràma anns an Iuchar. Bu mhath leam beagan eile a ràdh mu 'n chuspair seo. Ni mi sin ged chuireadh cuid a' cheisd, "Am faod ni math 'sam bith tighinn as a' bhaile mhór?" Feumaidh muinntir a' bhaile mhóir bruidheann air na thig fo 'n combair. Bheir iad fanear, aig an aon àm, dèanamh air a' Ghàidhealtachd, mar a gheibh iad cothrom, airson ùrachadh spioraid, agus, tha mi 'n dòchas, ùrachadh Gàidhlig.

B'è còig buidhnean a thàinig air adhart gu féis na bliadhna-sa. Chualas trì dealbhan-cluiche air a' chiad fheasgar agus a dhà air an dara. Thugadh breth air na trì a' chaid oidhche agus air a h-uile dad a bh' ann aig an deireadh. A thaobh breitheachaidh, chan 'eil e farasda breitheamh fhaotainn aig a bheil an dà chuid eòlas air Gàidhlig agus air dràma. Am bliadhna chuireadh am prìomh dhleasan an earbsa ri fear gun Ghàidhlig, ach bha fear eile le pailteas Gàidhlig ri a thaobh gu a chuideachadh.

Nan d'rachadh àireamh nam buidhnean aig an fhéis na bu lugha na còig, theagamh nach b' fhuach e 'n t-saothair féis a chur air adhart idir. Cha tig luchd-éisdeachd a mach mur a b' feasgar chumseach aca 'san amharc. Cha téid a leithid seo fada as aonais luchd-éisdeachd. Tha cosgais timcheall air an obair, cosgais an talla fhéin, cosgais dhreup is sholas is gach airneis eile. Dh' fhalbh latha an àrd-ùrlair luim, is macmeanmain na cuideachd a' togail sheallaidhean mu 'n coinneamh théin mar a b' fheàrr a dh' fhaodadh iad.

B' iad na briathran a labhradh a bu chudthromaiche an uair ud; 's iad as cudthromaiche fhathast agus as motha a bheir de thoil-inntinn do na tha an làthair.

Aig a' cheart àm tha an suidheachadh no an dealbh anns a bheil an luchd-labhairt a' seasamh agus a' gluasad a' cur gu mór ri tlachd na cuideachd. Mar sin, tha sinn a' faotainn rudeigin a bharrachd á dealbhan-cluiche anns a' chollainn na gheibh sinn o fhilmichean no o chraobh-sgaoileadh no eadhon o 'n television fhéin.

Dé cho feumail 's a tha co-fharpaisean dràma? Tha cuid aig a bheil suim an dealbhan-cluiche ag ràdh nach 'eil ùidh aca an co-fharpaisean. Their iad nach 'eil duaisean a dhith orra. Cha dean duaisean, a réir am beachd-san, ach mi-rùn a thogail.

Theagamh gun éirich tomhas de mhi-rùn is de fharmad anns a h-uile suidheachadh anns am bi daoine a' strìth còmhla. Cluinnear cuid a' cur slos air duaisean anns na sgoiltean air son an aobhar cheudna. Ach aig a' cheann thall is cinnteach gu bheil co-fharpaisean an raon an dràma, mar an raointean eile, a' dèanamh mòran barrachd de fheum na de mhilleadh. Co-dhiù nach 'eil na duaisean gu tric cho pailt 's gu bheil gach sgioba a' faotainn comharraidh air choireigin, agus mar sin tha na h-uile air an dòigh?

Thuir mi gum b'è còig buidhnean a bha an làthair aig an fhéis mu dheireadh. Anns na sia bliadhnaichean o na thòisich an fhéis b'è a h-òchd an àireamh a bu mhotha a thàinig air adhart. Chan 'eil 'san amharc air chor 'sam bith gum bitheadh an fhéis airson muinntir Ghlaschu a mhàin. Tha an cuireadh a' dol a mach fad is farsaing. Aon bhliadhna thàinig buidheann a h-uile ceum á Siabost, an Leòdhas, agus buidheann eile a Boghmór. an Ile. Bliadhna eile thàinig còmhlan tapaidh á Peairt. Am bliadhna fhéin bha buidheann an làthair a Portnaulong anns an Eilean Sgitheanach.

An Laogh A Rug A' Bho

Riabhadh

An déidh móran bhliadhnaichean a chur seachad anns a' bhaile mhór smaoinich Dunchadh gum bu toil leis greiseag ùine a nis a chur seachad ri obair fearainn. Fhuair sinn tigh beag cobair anns na Garbh Chrìochan leis an robh bàthach mhór fharsuinn. Cheannaich sinn cóig mairt a ghealladh dhuinn a bha ri breith aig amannan àraid anns a mhìos a bha romhainn. Ach cò dhùibh a bha sinne air a mealladh no 'se an crathadh a fhuair iad anns a' làraidh a' tighinn o'n mhargaid no bha'n t-eud 'gam bualadh té ma seach 'nuair a bha i a' faicinn an té ri taobh le laogh, 's ann a rug a h-uile bó riamh an oidheche sin fhéin. Bha na laoigh a tighinn 'nan deann agus leis a' chabhaig a' ruith le deochanan blàth is le feur, a' bleoghainn beagan o gach té is a h-uile h-ùpraid a bh'ann, feumaidh nach do thioramaicheadh fear dhe na laoigh cho math 's a bu chòir agus fhuair e fuachd.

Tha'n laogh sin a nis air sinne dheanamh ainmeil air feadh an àite agus tha Dunchadh a smaoinichadh gum biodh e cho math dha tilleadh do'n bhaile mhór.

An la-arn-a-mhàireach thàinig air Dunchadh a dhol a chuideachadh nàbaidh a' cruinneachadh chaorach agus thuir e riumsa deoch de bhainne blàth a thoirt dh'an laogh.

Chuimhnich mi fhéin gun robh e 'na chleachdadh aig mo sheanair a bhi toirt ugh air a bhualadh agus uisge-beatha do bheothach nach biodh gu math agus smaoinich mi gun toirinn sin do'n laogh. Bhuail mi ugh, theasaich mi bainne agus chuir mi làn spàin-bhùird de Thalagsair dha'n deoch. Dh'òl an laogh seo á botul, 'sè dh'òl, agus anns a' mhionaid bha e air a chois cho smiorail, cha mhór, is a bha e riamh. 'Nuair a chunnaic mi cho math is a thàinig an deoch ris, smaoinich mi gun cuireadh t-éile dhe'n aon t-seòrsa a feobhas gu buileach e agus thug mi dha an ath dhòs. An déidh na té so òl bha e car cearbach air a chasan agus bha mi an dùil nach robh na sùilean aige cho soilleir 's a bu chòir. Chuir mi 'na shìneadh e agus plangaid air uachdar agus an ceann uair a thìde thug mi dha an ath deoch. 'S dòcha gun robh beagan crith anns a' làimh agam agus gun robh beagan a bharrachd air a' spàin-bhùird dhe'n uisge-beatha a' dol dha'n deoch, oir bha am botul a' dol sìos gu math luath. Lean mi air an dotaireachd a bha seo an ceann a h-uile h-uair ach aig cìaradh an fheasgair, nuair a thàinig Dunchadh dhachaidh, cha dreachadh aig an laogh air a cheann a thogail. Bha e

a' coimhead gu math bochd — bha e dìreach 'na chloc!

Chuir so ioghnadh air Dunchadh agus 'sann a thionndaidh e riumsa gu fiadhaich a' foighneachd, "Am bheil thu cinnteach gun tug thu deoch theth dha mar a dh'iarr mi ort?"

"O thug gu dearbh," arsa mi fhéin, "thug mi grunn dha."

"Cha robh e cho dona 's gun leigeadh e leas a bhi anns a' staid tha so a nis," arsa Dunchadh. "Feumaidh mi fios a chur air a Vet."

Thàinig a' Vet annoch an oidheche sin fhéin agus an déidh móran sgrùdaidh is bruthaidh is fàsghaidh thuir e nach b'urrainn dha thuigsinn gu dé bha cearr air a' bheothach idir idir. Bha e ann sin air a dhà ghluir ri taobh an laoigh, a' shobaidh a chinn agus a chùis a' cur ionghnaidh mhór air. Tharruing e anail gus éirigh 'na sheasamh ach stad e gu luath agus chrom e rithist chun a laogh agus tharruing e an ath anail. Chunnaic mi fhéin a shùilean cha mhór a' leum as a cheann.

"Gu dé bha thu toirt dha ri òl?" dh' fhoighneachd e de Dhunchadh.

"Mo bhean a bha 'ga dhotaireachd," arsa Dunchadh.

"Cha tug mise dha ach deoch theth mar a dh' iarr thu orm agus druthag uisge bheatha iunte," thuir mi fhéin.

"Cia mhéud a thug thu dha fad an latha?" dh' fhoighneachd a' Vet.

"Mu sheachd na h-ochd," arsa mi fhéin, agus beagan soluis a' tighinn air a' chùis.

Leig a' Vet lasgan mór gàire.

"Tha laogh agaibh 'ga sheann dubh dhalladh," arsa esan, "is iomad bhliadhna o'n thòisich mise air obair bheothaichean ach cha'n fhaca mi an leithid so riamh. Tha cuibheas air a h-uile rud. Leigibh fois cadail leis agus bitidh e ceart gu leòr an ceann latha no dha."

Dh' fhalbh a' Vet an déidh dha a chuid fhaighinn dhe'n stuth a theib foghnachdain dh' an laogh agus e fhathast a' gaireachdadh ris fhéin.

Bha e gu math faisg air meadhon-oidheche mus do dh' fhalbh e ach cha robh duine a bha tachairt ri Dunchadh an la-arn-a-mhàireach nach robh a' faighneachd dheth, is fiamh a' ghàire air aodann, "Agus ciamar a tha an laogh agaibh sluas an sin an ùgh?"

Fad an latha mar a bha muinntir a' bhaile a' tachairt ri chèile 'se am beannachadh a bh' aca, "An cuala sibh cho math 's a tha bean Dhunchadh Oig dha na beothaichean?"

Cha leig an nàire lumsa nochdadh air an W.R.I.!

C. C. D.

Tir Is Teanga

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

“Tir is teanga,” sin cuspair a tà daonnan dlùth do chridhe agus do aignidhean an fhìor Ghàidheil, agus thachair e do fheadhainn a bha caoin-shuarach mun dà chuid tir is teanga, an feadh a bha an còmhluidh fathast far an do rugadh 's na thogadh iad, gur ann bliadhna no dhà an déidh dhaibh dol air imrich do threan céin a thàinig iad gu bhì 'faicinn luach an dùthchais agus gu bhì a' cuir meas na còrach air.

Saoidh mi gum bheil dàimh ro dhlomhair eadar an dà nì, tir is teanga. Cha b' ann idir le teuiteamas a thàinig a' bhàrdachd as buadhmhoire agus as ceòlmoire as na sgìreachdan sin de'n Ghàidhealtachd anns am maisiche obair nàdur. Cha 'n ioghnadh leam ged do ghleus Màiri Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh a clàrsach le leithid de bhuaidh ann an Dun Bheagain agus anns na h-Earadh; ged a thàinig bàrdachd Mhic Mhaighstir Alasdair á dùthaich àillidh nan Garbh-chriochan, agus òrain Dhonnachaidh Bhàin bho mhonaidhean maiseach Dhruimliaghart agus Dhail-Mhàilidh. Nach dubhairt Mac-Codrum:—

Ma mholas gach eun a thìr féin,
Cìod am fàth nach moladh mise,
Tìr nan curaidh, tìr nan cliar
An tìr bhiachar, fhialaidh, mheasail,
'N tìr is bòidheche tà ri fhaicinn,
'M bi fir òg an còmhach dreachmhor,
Pàilt nì 's leòr le pòr na machrach,
Spréidh air mòintich; òr air chlachan.

Cha robh Murchadh MacLeòid dad air dheireadh ann a bhì taisbeanadh meud a ghràidh do a dùthaich féin:—

Gach duine 'bha riamh ann
Bha ciatamh ac' dhà,
Gach ainmhidh air sliabh ann,
Cha'n iarr as gu bràth;
Gach eun 'théid air sgiath ann
Bu mhiann leis ann tàmh;
'S bu mhiann le gach iasg
A bhì 'cliathadh ri 'thràigh.

Sin agaibh buaidh obair nàdur air inntinn an duine 'ga cur féin an céill gu cubhaidh.

Ach ma tà dàimh dhlomhair eadar tìr is teanga anns an t-seadh gur ann fo bhuaidh gràidh a' Ghàidheil do 'n an sgméih eugsamhuil a tà e 'faicinn timehioll air dùthaich a bhreith is àraich, a chuir e ri chéile an roinn as fearr de ar litreachas, ar leam gum bheil dàimh nas dlomhaire buileach eadar teanga, no cànan, agus buadhan inntinn is anama.

Cò bhuaithe a fhuair an Gàidheal na

fairichean dhlomhair, an fhàisneachd iongantach, fhaguisgeachd do na saoghail neo-fhàisinneach, a tà 'cur a leithid de eadar-dhealachadh eadar e féin agus iadsan do nach eòl a chaint? Faodaidh mise bhì ceàrr ach is i mo mhór bhàrail gu bheil dàimh do-thuigisneach aig caint a' Ghàidheil ri 'innsin 's ri mhac-meannainn bheò, a thùr 's a thuigse nàdurra.

Mar sin, is i a' Ghàidhlig, no an comas a bhì 'ga labhairt, a tà 'deanamh neach 'na Ghàidheal, agus cha 'n i fuil bhodhaig.

Is tric a chuala sinn gum bheil fuil a' cuir eadar-dhealachadh eadar treubh is treubh, mar gum biodh fuil air leith aig gach treubh dha féin a tà tur eadar-dhealichte bho fuil treubh eile. Chan 'eil ann an seo ach beachd mhearachdach air leith. Chan 'eil am mughadh as lugha eadar an fuil aig duine dubh, no duine dearg, no duine buidhe, agus fuil an duine ghil. Sin ri ràdh, chan 'eil an duine 'ga bhreith a' toirt a steach do 'n t-saoghal leis fuil treubh seach a' chéile. Chan 'eil an leanabh eadhoin a' toirt leis thun an t-saoghail boirene de fuil athar. Faodaidh an dà fuil a bhì glé choltach ri chéile 'nuair a dh' amhaircear orra fo na ghlaime-mheudachaidh, ach cha dubhairt sin gur fuil an athar i. Ann a bhì 'labhairt mun a' chinne-daonna anns a' choitcheann, cha 'eil ann ach an aon fuil, fuil an duine.

Uime sin, chan urrainn an Gàidheal a ràdh gur Gàidheal e do bhrìgh 's gu bheil fuil a' Ghàidheil ann. Is i a' Ghàidhlig, no a bhì a' labhairt na Gàidhlig, a tà 'deanamh neach 'na Ghàidheal. Tà an duine a rugadh 's a thogadh ann am meadhoin Lunnainn, no ann an America, no ann an Africa, 's a tà a' labhairt na Gàidhlig, a cheart cho cinnteach 'na Ghàidheal ris an nach do dh' fhàg na h-Eileanan an Iar a riamh.

Dé tuilleadh a their mi air a cheann seo? Is i a' Ghàidhlig iuchair-eòlais, no iuchair-tuigse nan seann chànanan. Fhuair mi fhìn cuideachadh nach urrainn mi innse bhuaipe ann a bhì ag ionnsachadh Gréugais agus Eabhra. Bha mi uair ag éisdeachd àrd-ollamh a bha a' teagasg Eabhra ann an America — sgoilear mór a bha mìn eòlach air iomadh cànan. Is ann an Eabhra a bha e a' labhairt ruinn an latha ud agus thàinig e thairis 'na leughadh air gnàths-cainnte Eabhra a bha rudaigin annasach agus duilich eadar-theangachadh gu Beurla. Ars' esan, “cha 'n aithne dhomh cànan anns am bheil mac-samhuil a' ghnàths-cainnte seo.”

Cha b'urrainn mise gum freagairt agus thubhairt mi: “Sin dìreach mar a their sinne e anns a' Ghàidhlig, tà a cheart gnàths-

cainnte sin againn-ne 'ga chleachdadh 'na ar cànan fhìnn."

"Tà mi toilichte sin a chluinntinn," ars' esan, "is minig a chuala mi gu bheil an dà chainnt, an Eabhra agus a' Ghàidhlig, car coltach ri chèile."

An i seo a' chainnt bheannaichte, bhuaidhmhor, air an do rinneadh a leithid de thàire anns na làithean a dh' fhalbh — iuchair-eòlais is tuigse a tà 'toirt dhuinn dol a steach ann an iomadh dìomhaireachd a bhùneas do'n t-saoghal seo agus do'n t-saoghal ri teachd; a tà 'toirt dhuinn tuigse shoilleir air na nithean as deacair anns na cànanean as aosda, nithean a chumas cagnadh ri daoine eile agus a chumas a' cnuasachadh iad gu latha am bàis. Nach fìrinneach, iomchuidh, briathran a' bhàird MhicGilleathain:—

"S mòr an onair anns gach am
Do 'n aon a labhras i le ceartas."

'S iad na Gàidheil féin naimhdean as motha tà aig a' Ghàidhlig an diugh, agus fada roimh an diugh. Bha mòran ann a dh'fhàg a' Ghàidhealtachd le ro bheag de Bheurla 'n an ceann, agus cha bu luaithe a rinn iad an sùilean anns a' bhaile mhòr na chuir iad a' Ghàidhlig tur air chùl. Cha b'fhiach 's cha b'fhiù leotha i; cha robh iad airson aidealachadh a muigh no mach gu robh lideachd Gàidhlig aca, am feadh 's a bha e soilleir gu leòir do 'n t-saoghal nach b' aithne dhaibh ro mhath an còrr. "An cabhsair, an cabhsair," ars' a' chailleach a bh' ann roimhe, "far an do chaill mi Ghàidhlig 's nach d'fhuair mi Bheurla!"

Ach tà feadhainn eile ann, luchd a chothlamsaidh neònaich, agus bu mhath lean teime-sionnachain a chuir ris na h-earbail aca. Ma labhras iadsan naoidh faclan, feumaidh sà dhiubh a bhì 'n am Beurla! Tà a leithid sud de shluagh air am barrachd de chron a dheanadh do'n Ghàidhlig na rinn a' mhead 's a dhìnl a bhì 'ga labhairt idir.

Nach mi-sheamsnach, neo-dhùineal a' mhuinntir a tà deanamh tàire air an cànan mar chomunn-airidh ri daoine uaimhreach, aineolach, a tà de'n bharail, agus is cli a' bharail i, nach eil anns a' Ghàidhlig ach cainnt shuarach dhaoine borb, dìblidh nach tàinig riamh gu inbhe. Nam b'fhuir seo, is mise nach toireadh beum do neach 'sam bith a leigeadh a' Ghàidhlig gu luath à cleachdadh.

Tà luchd-àichidh na Gàidhlig a' toirt naidheachd gheàrr mu amadan 'na mo chuimhne. Bha an duine truagh seo déidheil air a bhith daonnan air an t-siubhal, bho

bhaile gu baile, bho sgìre gu sgìre. Thachair duine còir air uair a bha ann an rùn a bhì fialaidh ris an diol-déire. Chuir e a làmh 'na phòcaid is shù e oclid-sgillinn-deug dha. Nuair a chunnaic an t-amadan an t-airgead is ann a thubhairt e: "Cuir an oclid-sgillinn-deug 'na do phòca agus thoir dhomhsa tasdan!" Air do'n tasdan a bhì gèal, bha e 'smaoineachadh gu robh e rud mòr na bu luachmhoire nan oclid-sgillinn-deug air dhaibh a bhì 'n an sgillinnean. 'Se sin a dh' fhàg cho ullamh e gu iomlaid cho gòrach a dheanamh.

Nach lionmhor iadsan a rinn iomlaid a cheart cho amaideach mu cànan féin, a' Ghàidhlig. Saoil dé theireadh iad nan rachadh inmse dhaibh nach eil cànan eile air thalamh as uaisle na i; gur ann aice a tà an ceumtoisich, ann an òirdhearcas a h-oideachd, air àireamh mhòr de theangannan an t-saoghail.

An t-òran mara as feàrr a chuir filidh riamh ri chèile, is ann an Gàidhlig a tà e — Birlinn Chlann-Raonuill, le Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. Am moladh bu chomasache a rinneadh air beinn, is ann an Gàidhlig a tà e fhéin—Moladh Beinn Dòrain, le Donnachadh Bàn.

Cha cheadaich ùine dhùinn cus a ràdh mu ar rosg. Gun teagamh 'sam bith chan 'eil na sgrìobhadh ann an rosg Gàidhlig ach beag ann an coimeas ri litreachas threan eile, ach gheibhear ann an cuid dheth, mar a tà saothair Charaid nan Gàidheal, alt air sgrìobhadh do nach d'fhuair eadh coimeas ach glé ainmig ann an eachdraidh. Gheibhear 'na oibrìbh snas, grinneas, tiamhaidheachd, agus tèò-chridheachd anns a' chainnt as drùitiche. Gheibhear anna na comasan as eirsicse gu bhì toirt nan linntean a dh' fhalbh fo ar comhair; an cranachuir shaoghalta, an caidreabh nàdurra, agus am fearras-chuid-eachd, cho geur-riochdail ris an dealbh as fìrinne a thàinig riamh bho làimh dealbhadair. Cha b'ìoghnadh idir ged a thubhairt an t-Ollamh Iain MacIllethuìbh, a bha teagasg na Gréugais ann an òil-thigh Dhun Eideann, gur e Tormod MacLeòid bu dùithe thàinig anns na buadhan sin a dh' ainmich mi. do ùghdaran mòra na Gréige, mar a tà Plato agus Lucian, na ùghdar eile air an do chuir esan eòlas.

Ged nach rachadh sinn buileach cho fada ris an t-seann bhàrd Heach, Uilleam Mac-Dhùnléibhe, cha b'ann gun aobhar a thubhairt e agus e toirt comhairle air caraid dha mar bu chòir dha ullachadh a dheanamh airson latha bàis, breitheanais agus sìorruidheachd, "Cum thusa a' Ghàidhlig riutha," ars' esan. "agus biodh Sàr Obair Nan Bàrd Ghàidh-

éalach agad air do mheomhair, agus théid mise
an urras nach cuir iad ite asad!"

Is fada bho'n a chuala sinn gu bheil a'
Ghàidhlig coltach ri duine a bhiodh air laidhe
na leapa le tinneas marbhteach, fadalach,
agus a tà nis an geall is fhiach e. Cha'n
urrainn dhùinn a ràdh mu sin ach seo, ge b'e
dé a dh' éirich do'n duine bhoehd, tà a'
Ghàidhlig ann fathast, agus mar a thubhairt
sàr Ghàidheal a rugadh 's a thogadh thall ann
an Ceap Breatuinn: "Bithidh i ann cho fad'
's a bhios sinne ann!"

Thuit an oidhche gu dubh air ar cànan,
ach tà ar sùil ris an aseirigh. Thig am seinn
nan eun fathast gu ar glinn, ar srathan, agus
ar Gàidhealtachd. Théid an roth mun cuairt
agus an ceann ceud-gu-leith bliadhna eile,
bidh daoine aig nach eil i a' cur faclan
Gàidhlig air feadh na Beurla, a' nochdadh
gum bheil iad fìor fhoghluinte.

Chan 'eil ann ach aon dòigh air a'
Ghàidhlig a chumail gun dol bàs agus tha e
mar fhiachaibh air gach Gàidheal a chuid
féin a dheanamh a clum na crìche seo, le bhì
gu cunbhalach 'ga bruidhinn. Ma tà a'
Ghàidhlig ri bhì buan-mhaireann 'na ar tìr,
feumaidh i bhì daonnan air bilean an t-sluaigh
aig am bheil i. Dé is fearrè a' Ghàidhlig mise
bhì 'ga moladh mur a labhair mi fhìn i nuair
a tà mi ann an comunn neach a labhras rium
i. Mur a dean mi sin, chan 'eil ann a bhith
tagradh as a leith aig coinneamhan is
cruinnichean a mhàin, ach comhairle bluum
nach d'fhuairheadh agam.

Buam Na Dha

Dàin dìreach 's dàin eile,
Dealbhan brist air fuaran sléibhe—
Atharrais air leanabh as a léine.

Rannaigheachd ro-comarcach beag,
Is rannaigheachd ro-dhialtach mór,
Seudna agus uaithe 'gan séideadh
's 'gan suaineadh
Mu chamagan bileagach feòir.

Buamasdaireachd bluaisdearan
Cha ghluais iad mi le 'n dànaibh.
Le bùrn is aran biadhann iad
Am prìosan-sàil Cheannphàdraig.

BUAMASDAIR.

Comhfhurtachd

Mas e do chàil,
air sgàth na sìth,
An t-srith a chur
A beachd gu tur,
Cha chuir ri d'chliù
nach fìù leat gu.

Cha chuir ri d'chliù
An sunnd a th'ort
Ri toirt na gréin,
'S an saoghal breun
Gun cheill mu'n cuairt
le' bhruaillean fhéin.

Air saoghal breun
Nach tréig a dhòigh
An còir do thaic
A bhith cho tric?
Am bi do sgeul
Cho deurach sin?

A bheil an sgeul
Gu léir gun dreach,
A' teachd gu d'chluais.
Mu'n bhagrachd chruaidh.
Bho'n fhuair thu fios
Air sgrios bho shuas?

Tha fiosan clis
A nis 's a' ghaoith
Air claoidh is leòn
Is sluagh ri bròn.
Do shòlas fhéin
Air tréigsinn fòs.

Do shòlas fhéin
'Bha réidh a' fàs
A' gabhail céill
Bho cheòl nan eun,
Ged léireadh cuid
Le spuirean gear.

Ged léireadh cuid,
Cha sguir an ceòl.
Ged leònadh pàisd
Air sràid gu bàs
Is tràth a' chlann
Le fonn mar bha.

Mar chithear clann
Tha clann nan daoin
A' faotainn brath
Mar thuirt Nì Math,
Gum fàg E ghnàth
Am bàs gun ghat.

D. G.

Ainmean

Chualas tric, "Dé chuir am fear sin ri labhairt Gàidhlig, no ri pìobaireachd, no ri caitheamh féilidh, agus ainm co Sasunnach air?"

Cha chualas, "Dé chuir am fear eile sin ri labhairt beurla Shasuinn, no ri caitheamh brìg, no ri cluich acòrdeon, agus ainm Gàidhealach air?"

Carson? Nach e an t-aon ni a th' ann?

Air fire, chan 'eil ainmean-sloinntte, de an gné bhios oirnn a nis, a' dearbhadh mòrain do thaobh dùthcha, no cainnte, no sinnsearachd, o an eadar-phòsadh is measgadh pobuill bhios anns gach tìr, is anns gach cinneach 'san là an diu.

Tha ainm Gàidhealach air Prìomh-ministear Shasuinn, mar a ghoir e de féin trobh bha siud, ach tha esan co Sasunnach 'sa ghabhas. Tha ainm Gàidhealach (Eireannach is Albannach) air Ceann-suidhe nan Stàitean Aonaichte Ameiriceach, ach tha na Pacastàn-ach an Steòrnabhagh na 's Gàidhealaiche na esan.

Chan 'eil ainm-sloinntte Sasunnach buileach tearc am measg an dreim a ghabhas iùdh an Gàidhlig Albann — Bannerman, Thomson, Morrison, Smith, etc. Gun teagamh, cuirear éideadh Gàidhealach air ùrmbor de na h-ainmean sin, ach creidim gur e an rian Sasunnach sin a gheibhear air cairt-breth is leabhar-pension aca. Chan iongnadh sin, o is cian o fhuair beurla nan Sasunnach làmh an uachdair anns an Ghàidhealtachd mhóir, a shìn gun bhriseadh o Chataibh gu Corcaigh anns an t-sean aimsir, ré ceudan de bhliadhnanachan.

Tha dithis phàrantan aig gach gin, agus ceathrar sheanphàranta. Uime sin, se' glhìn seachad o neach sam bith, bha seasgadh 'sa ceithir de dhaoine ann, fireann is boireann, o an do shìol an neach sin. Theagamh gu robh an t-ainm bhios air-san air tuille na aon diubh sin, ach b' ann o aonar a mhàin a thàinig an t-ainm chuide, anns an rian dhìreach fhìreann. Le sin, faodar a bhith gu robh 63 de shìnnseara Gàidhealach aig gin eigin (sè glhìn seachad uaidhe féin) agus làn a chinn de Ghàidhlig aige uatha, agus aonar de shìnnseara Sasunnach o an tàinig ainm-sloinntte Sasunnach chuide. An Sasunnach esan?

Do an leth eile, faodaidh atharrais Shasunnach de ainm-sloinntte Gàidhealach a bhith air neach, gun dad bhios Gàidhealach uime ach an t-ainm sin féin is gun ann ach atharrais. An Gàidheal esan, a réist?

Cha ruigear leas a bhith mó is ragbharraileach mu ainmean. Gheibhear atharrais, is eadar theangachadh, is coirbeadh air ainmean a bha Gàidhealach an toiseach. Có a shaoileadh gu rachadh "Mac Ambróis" atharrachadh gu "Cambridge"; no "Mac Guirmein" gu "Blue" (an Ceann-tìr); no "Mac Mhuirich" gu "Currie" (an Arainn).

Nach Sasunnach an fasan-sloinntidh bhios oirnn uile, tan ghoirear "Macdonald" de bhòireannach? Có is deagh Ghàidheal — am fear a labhras Gàidhlig, agus ainm Sasunnach air? No, am fear aig nach 'eil Gàidhlig idir, no spéis dith, ach atharrais de ainm-sloinntte Gàidhealach air?

Cha bu dòig domhsa na ceistean sin a fhreagairt, ach is claonbhrèitheach mise umpa, oir tha ainm Sasunnach orm féin, agus bha Gàidhlig agam riann.

MAC CHOINNICH BHIG.

Na Garain Ghallach

An seacaid sìos gu 'n iosgaidean
'S am féileadh sìos mu 'n sàilean—
Truaghain 'thog an trusgan ud
O 'n Turcach 's Ali Baba.

Spealtan chas a' dol ma seach
Fo aodach grinn an fhéilidh,
Calpan cruinne gun bhith cuimr
Leam gur sud as éibhinn,
'S Caschasaich Aràbia air sràid
Ann an Dunéideann.

S. S.

Dealbh

Lite gun salann
Air stailleart na h-annlathch
Meidhean gun chothrom
A' tomhas na canntarachd,
Poit-dhubh gun strùp oir
Cuir thairis 's i' drannan—
'S fir-bhréig a' cur cùil
Ri an cuid càinain.

S. T. B.

Conference Report

Report on the Conference of the Northern Area of An Comunn Gaidhealach, held at Cnoc-nan-Ros, Tain, 23rd-24th March, 1962, and Recommendations of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committees and Northern Committee.

THE INVERNESS EDUCATION SCHEME.

5. GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

- (a) The language enjoys a greater scope in the schools than ever before.
- (b) The general attitude of pupils towards the use of Gaelic in the classroom is more favourable than formerly.
- (c) The general curriculum has been enlivened and widened by the addition of fresh interests.
- (d) The presentation of lessons in Gaelic shows more variety and imagination.
- (e) There has been an obvious improvement in Gaelic reading, writing and recitation.
- (f) No ill effect on the acquisition of English has been observed. There is, indeed, some evidence that a judicious use of Gaelic promotes progress in the second language.

* * *

FINALLY.—The Convener of the Northern Committee reported briefly on the last year, noting the following points:—

The Creation of the new Standing Committee—The Northern Committee.

Informal Education in the Branches.—Mr. John Mathieson has circularised all the branches on this subject and had received helpful and appreciative letters. There is a great need of simple lessons in the manner of those in "Gairm" and also conversation lessons.

Gaelic Libraries.—Mr. Farquhar Mac-Intosh reports good response to his circulars and the branches have contributed £43. The Directors for Inverness-shire, Ross and Sutherland will now be consulted as to the most suitable schools.

Propaganda.—A small committee has been formed to prepare suitable posters and hand out literature — a suitable tent will be purchased, and an information booth will be set up at Glenfinnan Games and other suitable locations.

Drama.—Mr. Alex. Fraser reported on this. A group has been formed in Inverness and will play at Torridon this spring. It is also intended to try and spread the movement in the area and even to have a local Gaelic Drama Festival.

The President closed the Conference with a vote of thanks to the speakers and guests and to Miss Kay Mathieson and the ladies who catered for the conference and others who had helped.

The delegates expressed great appreciation of the talks, but it should be recorded that their own enthusiasm and friendliness contributed greatly to make the Conference a most enjoyable experience.

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RECOMMENDATIONS OF COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH COMMITTEE ON REPORT OF CONFERENCE.

An Comunn Gaidhealach should consider the deep implications of Mr. Roberts' talk on the Welsh Movement, particularly:—

1. The powerful union between the Movement and Educational Authorities.
2. The existence of a small staff of full-time officials and larger body of leaders drawn from the teaching profession and paid.
3. The payment of grants towards salaries of staff and leaders.
4. That the Movement is run by the staff and the leaders — the lay committee meeting as a whole only once a year.
5. That the work of laymen is largely fund-raising to implement the grants.
6. That the Welsh Movement is spontaneously patriotic and that they know where they want to go.
7. That there is an open invitation to our children to attend the Urdd camps.
8. That our leaders would benefit from a visit to the Urdd and would be welcomed in Wales.

On contrasting Comunn na h-Oigridh there is noted:—

1. A complete absence of grants.
2. Not one full-time organiser and very few leaders.
3. Until recently no relations with the Education Authorities.
4. Apart from the Annual Camp and the Gairloch and Minard Feachds, no activities.
5. A lay committee has met regularly in Glasgow during the last 25 years, but there is little to show for the great amount of trouble and thought involved. During 1961-62 meetings have been in Inverness.
6. The appointment recently of a convener who has had experience at Feachd leader level and who has, by her successes, proved her ability.

It is the opinion of the Committee that unless the Association agrees to re-organisation of Comunn na h-Oigridh so as to obtain full co-operation with the Authorities, grants, staff and leaders, matters will not improve greatly,

and the recent progress will, almost certainly, not be sustained.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF NORTHERN COMMITTEE.

Propaganda.—Mr. Roberts' talk again raises the question, "Is our propaganda to be for the Association with the assumption that the right publicity for the language will automatically follow, or should we concentrate on the language first and let the Association's works speak for themselves?"

Mr. Roberts' insistence on the correction of bad trends "at child level" raises the question whether "An Comunn's constitution and organisation is suitable to tackling anything seriously at child level. Are not its deliberations much more concerned with adults?"

The importance of informal Gaelic classes run by branches cannot be stressed strongly enough and the need for suitable lessons. The Glenmorgan Scheme charts might well be used in this. Could not the Education Committee turn to this aspect of education and perhaps create a great adult educational movement?

Press Propaganda.—The treatment by the Big Dailies of the National Mod is sufficient evidence of lack of Press relations. This should be taken up at all levels.

The Western Isles.—An Comunn's efforts over many years have been a complete failure; the fact that there have been no fewer than four organisers visiting the Islands over this period would suggest that what we have to sell is to blame rather than the organisers. Mr. Thomson's advice should be taken seriously and An Comunn must work out a new approach. Having done so, it must bring it into operation quietly without fanfares.

All operations, other than Comunn na h-Oigridh, should be suspended in the Outer Islands until full consideration has been given to Mr. Thomson's recommendations.

Inverness-shire Education Scheme.—The Committee records its gratitude to Dr. Maclean and Mr. Macleod for their courtesy and kindness at all times and for their most interesting and encouraging report. It recommends that it should be read by all. Here is a great example of "correction and publicity for the language" at child level.

The Committee believes that An Comunn's greatest contribution to the language at child level could be, apart from Comunn na h-Oigridh, in the financing of the text books required by the schools. The Committee particularly notes the section of Mr. Macleod's talk entitled "Methods (a) Reading." This need is so urgent that time should not be lost, waiting for others to finance these publications. A generous contribution now could well be repaid by good results. The Committee

recommends that An Comunn should advise the Director of Education for Inverness-shire that it has set aside £500 which will be payable to him or his nominee, on request, to aid the Inverness-shire Education Authority in publishing text books.

Note.—The Education Authority is not allocated any money to finance publishing, it may only purchase existing publications.

The Clan Tartan

(Notes of a Talk given to the Glasgow Rotary Club by Arthur J. Lawrie)

In 1746, immediately after the Rising of the Clans under Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and as a result of it, the Government passed an Act prohibiting the use of Highland dress and the wearing of tartan. Apart from certain Army Regiments, no one was permitted to use tartan at all until 1782, when the Act was repealed.

So meagre and unsubstantial therefore is the History of Tartans before the nineteenth century that it is only possible to propound and not dogmatize.

The earliest reference to what we know as tartan is in the Statutes of the Church of Aberdeen of the 13th century! The original name was "Breacan," which means "spotted or chequered" and is precisely the Gaelic descriptive adjective for an infantry camouflage Denison smock. If, as has been suggested, tartan was originally camouflage and the purpose of camouflage clothing being to "break up" a plain coloured surface, then the imagination needs little stretching to appreciate how the complex patterns of tartan evolved. In the last war it took little time for the Army to brighten up their drab battledress with regimental brigade, divisional and even Army coloured insignia. The Highlander of four hundred years ago was no less interested in and fond of colour in his wearing apparel. He would be an unusual Gael if he were not. No one has raised any serious objection to this theory. It is also generally accepted that at some period when communications were at their worst certain chequered or striped patterns were peculiar to certain glens or areas.

Remembering that cloth was woven by the women of the family for use by the family and to suit their tastes, using the native dyes available, this is a reasonable conjecture. It is common knowledge that these glens or areas were peopled by persons of one family or Clan, their Septs, dependants and followers. It must have been possible then at one time

to recognise in Oban a man from Glen Coe or Cowal by his clothes or at least guess at it and thus guess his Clan. Just as there is nothing to *compel* an American to wear the clothes he does there was nothing to *compel* the Highlander to wear the popular pattern of his area, but he was equally recognisable when he did. Since there was no Heraldic significance in these patterns whatsoever, the Highlander wore what he chose to wear. As the years passed, and communications improved and social intercourse increased, it was natural that if he could afford it and so wished, he would buy and wear tartan patterns other than the one he was accustomed to in his area or family or Clan.

It is not difficult on this hypothesis therefore to understand how a particular pattern of tartan was associated with a Clan and its Septs, dependants and followers. Since this association was not a livery the Johnsons of Coll and the MacIans of Ardnamurchan would by 1745 probably only wear the MacDonald tartan for sentimental or æsthetic reasons. Would anyone doubt that the Highlander is sentimental or æsthetically minded?

No one can doubt that at the time of resurgent interest in tartan in 1822, many tartans were invented and categorically associated with specific clans. Who can say which were and which were not?

Tartan was worn continuously from 1746 until 1782 by military formations, and although against the law was worn blatantly in the Highlands in 1773, and by men wholly loyal to King George. There was therefore little real pause in the practice of wearing tartan clothes. Clan tartans did exist before the '45 and were "cashed in" on by weavers and tailors who assisted the new wearers in 1822 to build up a pseudo heraldic hocus-pocus around them. It is interesting to note that in a poem, "Tartan or the Plaid," written in 1724 by Allan Ramsay, no less than eight tartans are mentioned by name. Who can doubt, after a study of what evidence we have, that the enormous tartan smokescreen of the last 150 years had a fire behind it?

The belief of some people that tartan has a semi-holy quality which limits its users, and its uses, is quite clearly historically completely inaccurate. The visitor to the Highlands in the early 17th century certainly was *obliged* to wear tartan if he wished to be socially accepted. In later days it was and still is a compliment for a stranger to wear tartan. A man was entitled to wear a tartan if he had paid for it. As far as uses are concerned, at no time did the Highlander hesitate to use tartan for purposes other than

that of wearing apparel. He made no bones about selling it indiscriminately, and a hundred years before 1822 it was being steadily exported.

In "The Present State of Scotland" (1711) it says: "... Plaids, a manufacture wherein they exceed all Nations both as to Colour and Fineness. They have late been pretty much fancy'd in England and are very ornamental as well as durable for Beds, Hanging Window-Curtains and Dressing Gowns for men and women."

To those whose name is associated with a particular tartan sett, it is right that they should wear it for reasons of sentiment. To those who have no such association they are equally entitled to wear whatever tartan they choose, judged by æsthetic standards. In doing so they are following historical precedent and at the same time complimenting the Clan whose tartan they have chosen to wear.

Extracts from Gaelic Poetry

English renderings by Hugh Laing

19 Garden Street,
Swanbourne,
Western Australia.

To the Editor of *An Gaidheal*,

Enclosed please find, for publication in *An Gaidheal*, if considered suitable, two free renderings of extracts from MacMhaigstir Alasdair and Diorbhail Nic a' Bhriuthainn. They are much on the same lines as previous renderings of mine which appeared in *An Gaidheal* about two years ago — the original rhythm is retained (not an easy matter, particularly in the case of extract from Mac D's Birlinn) and the original sentiment is retained, though liberties have been taken with the imagery. My aim throughout has been an English version which, if not always poetic, at least has the appearance of being poetic. My original intention was to render the whole of the Birlinn into English, but I soon found out that, by retaining the rhyming of the long lines and the short lines, it would be the work of a life-time — and I am 72 years old now!

I trust you are, as Editor of *An Gaidheal*, experiencing the co-operation which you hoped for.

With every good wish,

HUGH LAING.

(a) From Dorothy Brown's

"ORAN DO DH'-ALASDAIR MACCOLLA."

Alasdair, my love, my idol,
Whom saw you in distant Ireland?
Among her thousands, none your rival,
None your peer in blood and fibre.
On starless moors your manly stride blazed
Tracks for men and fired their pride in
You, fair captain of war defiant,
Firm maker of peace abiding;
Though Campbells daily may deride you
Who so fit for kings to ride with?

Unlike Glen Facehan's shuffling land-lord,
Black Duncan and his ragged ganglers,
Your sire, true scion of pure Hebrid clan-folk,
Nurtured you in castled grandeur,
In port of ships and billowing canvas
Where men from joyful galley-landings
Drank wines of France and gaily sang there.

One evil wish, I hope, my last one:
Old Colin's grizzled pate tight packed in
Blood between my arm and ribs and dastard
"Crownner" locked and keyed. Which granted
My soft white limbs I'd lay down gladly
And sleep on rocks and no couch asked for!

Lone hero—Earth has not your fellow—
No cow-herd you in starveling meadow,
But ruling chief where fearless men are;
Rider of steeds of heart and mettle,
Your men's reward is crowns aplenty,
For you they laugh at swords' sharp menace.
When you return, in sun and heather,
My lips, awakening from quiescence,
Will spill my soul in willing measure
Of love that burns—though kingdoms perish!
Let gossips talk . . . it is their pleasure!

Your voice, like violin appealing
Or harp strings quickening flesh and feeling
Shivers the root-springs of my being.
In maiden days, by young love driven,
To none my shy kiss would be given,
But you . . . No gift more willing!

Dearer you are than ever man was
And pedigreed without the brand of
Rumours foul or whispered scandal.
Ah, well I know your snow-white candour,
Your streaming hair's controlled abandon,
Your lissom wrists with gold-lace banded,
Your musket's sober steel and walnut,
Fit for a royal guardsman's splendour,
. . . And island maidens pale with envy!

(b) From Alexander Macdonald's

"BIRLINN CHLAINN RAONUILL."

Sunbeams from their muffled day spring
Straggling thinly,
Through urgent fury's airy playground
Tortured grimly;

All the dyes of tartans varied
In sky texture:
Grey, blood-red and sage-green,
Purple, jet-black;
Clouds, dog-driven by sharp freezing,
Gust and cross-winds
Razed the fevered, seething, sea-wastes
Storm in prospect.
Then wide-open flew the casements
Of the tempest
And out leapt gaunt hounds unsated,
Blasts ill-tempered.
Ocean donned his winter mantle,
Rasp-rough, jagged,
Striding fast, cloud-peaked, deep-chasmed,
Hell-bent on ravage,
Opening dripping jaws voracious
Demoniac unnumbered,
Breathing hard with will ferocious
And venom unnumbered.
Twixt ridges, heaving spraying, rearing,
Abysswards we speeded,
The plunging iron keel nigh searing
The shell-floored seabed.
Great Whales and monsters of ocean,
Pounded and beaten
By rampant waters reposeless,
Moaned in self-pity.
As galley's sharp plunging battered
And sea-jolts shivered
Frail brains loose scattered
In wave-crests' mirror.
Demons, inhuman, designing,
Ruthlessly racked us;
Blinded by salt spray flying,
Deafened and dazzled
By thunder-bursts and lightning sportive
In devil's orgy,
While hissing meteor cinders scorched the
Sails and cordage,
Half-choked by acrid fumes ascending
From damp sheets burning,
We fought, steel-willed, unbending
Poes evil, infernal.

National Mod, Oban, 1962

ENTRIES.

	Junior.	Senior.
Literary	22	26
Oral	305	94
Vocal Solos and Duets	321	551
Choral	45	95
Clarsach	1	8
Instrumental (Pianoforte and Violin)	13	12
Arrangement	—	1
Art and Industry	76	31
	783	818
Total:	1601.	

Letter

Edinburgh, 17th July, 1962.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry that your correspondent, "Taobh-Tuath Farraghaidheal," is dissatisfied with my conclusions. While my chief concern was to prove the comparison between Rum(m), Ruim(m), etc., and British *Ruim* (O. Gael. **Riam*, Piet. **Rim*) to be a false one, I naturally wished to give due weight to every etymology before abandoning Celtic as a source of the island's name. The suggestion of R. B. Johnston, however mistaken, had the merit of a simple aptness in the meaning assigned, which encouraged my final speculative remarks as to a relation of the pre-Celtic name to the distinguishing physical features of the island. Again, as the "h" of Rhum does not appear in the Gaelic or any other old forms, it is certainly inorganic, a recent intruder, or an "orphan" as your correspondent puts it; nevertheless, it may serve to remind us that if Rum were originally Celtic, a prehistoric base **Prumm*- would be theoretically possible. However, we have seen that the name is likely to have been adopted from an earlier population and in such a case initial "p", had it existed, would have been taken over and preserved.

Lest it be felt that the mountain has laboured and brought forth a mouse, one should perhaps add that further study may identify pre-Celtic survivals not only in the island-names of the West but in many place-names of northern and eastern Scotland (*The Problem of the Picts*, pp. 153f.) — especially rivers. *Nab-ar-os* (Nabhar, the Naver) and *Tu-es-is* (renamed in Celtic Pictish **Spiat*-/*Spiath*, the Spey) present the same formations as the apparently non-Indo-European *Tam-ar-os*, Tamar and Italian Tammaro, *Tam-es-is*, Thames, *At-es-is*, the Italian Adige, *Bed-es-is* in Emilia, and *Ver-es-is* in Latium. Similarly Watson compared **Narava* (Abhainn Narunn, the Nairn) with the Umbrian river *Nar*, now *Nera*.

There is also the non-Celtic language of the Pictish ogam inscriptions, to which a few of the earlier names in the Pictish king-list would appear by their phonetic character to belong: e.g., *Canutu-lachma* and *Blies-blituth* (cf. vowel structure of the Inchyra ogam *i-nehhetes-tiet-dinne*, F. T. Wainwright, 1961).

What affinities did the pre-Celtic Bronze Age people of our country possess with the rest of the British Isles and Western Europe? Can there be a link between them and the pre-Indo-European linguistic substratum of Danubian antecedents known in Italy as "Raeto-Tyrrhenian" (somewhat as their

Celtic successors were linguistically nearest to the Indo-European Italic dialects of "Latinian" and Umbro-Sabellic)? "Chì sim," gu dearbh.—Yours faithfully,

COINNEACH B. MACSHEUMAIS.

Notes on Recent Publications

The appearance of a volume from the Scottish Gaelic Texts Society is always a literary event. With their latest publication, entitled *Adtimchioll an Chreidimh*, the Society have again put those who value Gaelic scholarship in their debt. The main content of this volume is a facsimile reprint of the Gaelic version of John Calvin's Geneva Catechism, which was written in Latin: the only known copy of this work, the second Gaelic book to be printed, is in the National Library of Scotland. Some religious poems are also reproduced from the MSS., and the 1659 second edition of the Gaelic Shorter Catechism is appended for purposes of linguistic comparison. The whole is edited with introduction, notes and glossary, by R. L. Thomson of Leeds University. Acknowledgment of generous assistance is made to the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies.

It had been assumed that Bishop Carswell, the author of the translation of the Book of Common Order, which was the first printed Gaelic book, was also the author of this work. In dismissing this theory from linguistic and other evidence, and considering possible authors, the editor makes a case for Neill McEwen, son of the family bard of the Earl of Argyll.

It was at this time, the first half of the sixteenth century, that written Scottish Gaelic began to diverge from written Irish. The Geneva Catechism conforms mainly to Irish usage, whereas the Shorter Catechism, appearing about thirty years later, shows the beginning of the development to modern Scottish Gaelic. The spoken languages, on the other hand, had begun to diverge much earlier.

Here, for comparison, are the opening question and answer in each work:—

Geneva Catechism (c. 1623)—

"Creud is crìoch arid no phriondsipalta do bheathaidh an duine?"

"Ata na daoine fein abheith eolach ar andia sin le cruthuightheadh iad?"

Shorter Catechism (1653)—

"Creud is crìoch arid don duine?"

"Is i is crìoch arid don duine Dia do ghlorughadh agus do mhealtin gu suthaine?"

Cò nach dèan sogan ris "A' Chabairneach,"
 air ùr-thighinn o Chomunn na h-Oigrìdh,
 Feachd Phortrìgh? Cho cabach, aighearach,
 's a bha e riamh, le rosg is rann, agus air a
 dheagh chlo-bhualadh (an Steòrnabhagh!),
 tha e saor aig (co-dhiùbh) leth-chrùn.

So sgeulachd bheag as:—

"Thàinig Sasannach bragail, àrd-ghuthach
 aon latha a steach do bhutha 'J. G.' ann am
 Portrìgh agus ars esan ri fear na bùtha, 'A
 bheil briosaidean chon agaibh anns an toll
 ghrànnda seo? 'Tha gu leòr,' arsa 'J. G.', an
 cuir mi ann am poca dhuit iad — na an ith
 thu an seo fhéin iad?'"

Corriechatachan

By the great house of Corriechatachan
 In Eilean a Cheò,
 Under the mists of Blaavinn
 And the Red Coolins' Glow;
 By the old walls of Corriechatachan
 I stood awhile entranced;
 I heard the pibroch sound again
 As the kilted clansmen danced.
 By the ruined stones of Corriechatachan,
 I thought of an earlier day,
 Of how a Sage from England
 Came venturing this way;
 And how the road to the Hebrides
 Has uttered its ageless cry
 To every man with a song in his heart
 And wonder in his eye.
 And I took of the stones of Corriechatachan,
 And it goes now wherever I go,
 A stone from the House at the Edge of the
 World,
 In Eilean a Cheò.

MAC ILLE BHAIN.

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National Mod — Oban, 1962.

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AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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

65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Telephone: DOUglas 1433.

Leabhar LVII

AN T-SULTUIN, 1962

Aireamh 9

Seanfhacail

Is tric a chuala sinn mu luach nan seanfhacail. Nach ann anns na seanfhacail Ghàidhlig gu h-àraidh a tha freumh a' ghliocas agus smior na firinn? Tha sin mar sin, ach tha mise a' dol a chur air adhart mo bheachd fhìn an seo, 'se sin gu bheil iad air uairean air an cur gu mì-fheum.

Cò uair no uaireigin nach robh air a shàrachadh leis an duine dheas-bhriathrach a bheir dhut seanfhacail a fhreagas a h-uile suidheachadh, sean-fhacail a tha gu tric calg-dhreach an aghaidh a chèile?

Faodaidh tu a bhith ann an cuideachd far a bheil feadhainn a' bruidheann a null 's a nall air cuspair cudthromach air choireigin—abair suidheachadh na dùthcha againn fhìn agus suidheachadh na Ruis. Faodaidh cuid a bhith ag ràdh gum bu chòir dhuinne cuireadh a thoirt do thuilleadh dhe na Ruiseanaich tighinn a choimhead oirne, agus cuid eile ag ràdh nach bu chòir dhuinn gnothach a ghabhail riutha. Tha an còmhradh a' dol air adhart gu h-inntinneach.

Chan 'eil an luchd-labhairt a' faotainn seòl air gnothaichean an t-saoghail mhòir a chur ceart, ach tha iad a' cur de sholus air a' chùis na thoilicheas iad fhéin. Mar sin tha an còmhradh a' dol air adhart gu rianail ris an abair fear-eigin nach do chuir mòran ris an deasbhad thuige seo, "Cha tig muir-tràigh gun mhuir-làn 'na dhéidh." Tha stad obann a' tighinn air a' chòmhradh. Chan 'eil an còrr ri ràdh. Sgapaidd a' chuideachd fear an déidh ri gu socair, le seòrsa de fhàireachadh gun do chuir iad seachad ùine gun fheum.

Mu na facail a chuir crìoch air a' ghnòthach. Tha iad air an cur ri chèile an dòigh cho snasail, le snuadh na h-àise air laighe orra, 's nach 'eil de mhiseachd aig duine foighneachd dé tha iad a' ciallachadh. Tha

muir-làn, 's cinnteach, a' seasamh airson daingneachadh càirdeis eadar an dà dhùthaich a chaidh ainmeachadh. Glé mhath—ach dh' fhaodadh am fear aig a bheil barail eile air a' cheisd an seanfhacail a thionndadh mar seo, "Cha tig muir-làn gun mhuir-tràigh 'na dhéidh." Tha seo a cheart cho fìor ach tha muir-tràigh a nise air a chur aig an deireadh agus tha sin mar eàrlas gur ann ri lasachadh, chan ann ri daingneachadh, càirdeis a dh' fhaodas dùil a bhith againn.

A bheil mi-rùn sam bith air a nochdadh an aghaidh an fhìr a bheir còmhradh gu crìch anns an dòigh seo? Ni iongantach. Chan 'eil. 'S ann a tha a' chliù air a mheudachadh gu mòr an measg a chàirdean. Nam faigh-eadh e mar a thoill e, 's ann nach bitheadh càirdean idir aige.

Chuala sinn uile am fear aig am bi an duan an còmhaidh, "Tha a' chòir mar a chumar i." An innis duine dhuinn dé tha seo a' ciallachadh? An e gu bheil ni 'sam bith ceart agus cothromach ma tha daoine 'ga dhèanamh gu cunabhalach? Mas e sin brìgh nam facal dh' fhaodadh iad a bhith air an cleachdadh le fear 'sam bith dhe na daoine borba sin mu 'n cuala sinn ann an eachdraidh, Mgr., N. no Mgr. H., no Mgr. K., nam b' e 's gum bitheadh fear ann ri an linn a bhithheadh cho dàna 's gun canadh e riutha, "Chan 'eil sin ceart," no "Chan 'eil sin a réir na còrach." Nan gabhamaid ris an ràdh seo, dh' fhaodamaid beannachd a ghabhail leis a' chòir uile gu léir. Chan 'eil a leithid idir ann, dreach a' cheart rud a chanadh na daoine borba sin a dh' ainmich mi.

Faumaidh sin a' chùis a dhèanamh an dràsta. Togaidh mi cliù nan seanfhacail uair eile ma gheibh mi an cothrom.

Taog Mor MacCuinn

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH.

Cia liugha ainm bòidheach Gàidhlig, air an deach dhochuimhn' bho chionn fada, a bha uaireigin coitcheann do fhir is mhnathan ar Gàidhealtachd. C'ait' an duigh an cluinnear Taog, Iomhair, Dearg, agus Aoidh, 'g an éigheach ri cloinn no ri daoine inbheach. Gidheadh, gheibhte gach aon dhiubh sin air feadh an Eilein Sgitheanaich, 's an eileanan eile, iomadh ceud bliadhna air ais.

Mur a b'e gun do chum na h-àiteachan anns an robh iad a' fuireach, no ri saothair, cuimhne nan daoine ud buan, cha bhiodh fios aig ar linn féin gu robh iad idir ann. Ach tà Dun Deirg, agus Achadh Aoidh, air an Taobh Sear, aithnichte do na h-uile a tà a' còmhnuidh faisg orra.

Is Ìonmhor na mearachdan a rinneadh air tús ann a bhi a' sgrìobhadh sios ainmean àiteachan. Tà Achadh *Ghaoith*, mar a chaidh a litrigeadh, tur ceàrr. Is ann a bheireadh am facal *Ghaoith* a chreidsinn air neach gur e so am bad as stoirmeil air clàr na dùthcha. 'N am b'ann bho shìde no aimsir a dh'èirich ainm an ionaid, is e bu chòir a bhi air ach Achadh Fàsach, oir cha b'urrainn àite eile a bhi cho neo-ghaothar agus chan iognadh leam, nuair a tà monaidhean àrda as lethoir a' chéile, bho Bhein an Stòir thun a' Chuithe-Fhraing, a' cur dìon air blo gach doininn a shéideas bho'n àrde an iar agus tuath. Air an taobh an ear agus a deas, tà enocan cas Bhaltois, Chulnanenoc, a' Bhreacraidh, agus Ghrèalin, 'n an deagh dhìdein a' bristeadh nan slontan gàbhaidh.

Bha Achadh Aoidh anns an t-seann aimsir 'ga shealbhadh aig a' bhuaichille-fàsaich nuair a bha spréidh na tìr air an cumail a mach ris a' mhonadh. Feumaidh gum b'e Aoidh a' cheud fhear dhiubh sin.

Ach cha robh MacCuinn am freasdal enoic no achaidh airson 'ainm-san fhàgail air mhaireann. Bha Taog ro iomraiteach 'na latha féin, agus riamh bho'n uair sin, airson a bhuanhan intinn eug-samhuil.

Ann a bhi rannsachadh a mach brìgh an fhaicil Taog (can e *Aoidh*, mar a chaidh a fheallsanach, anns an fhìor sheann Ghàidhlig, is ciall dà. Chi sinn le sin cho math 's a chaidh cuspair ar sgeòil ri 'ainm.

Tà tobhta Thaoig fathast ri faicinn mu dhà mhìle deas air baile Phort Rìghheadh. Is ann an sud a bha e ri tuathanachas mu thoiseach na h-ochdamh-linn-deug.

Ma bha an rìgh Solamh clùiteach ann an Israel, airson glòcas a chomhairle is a riaghailt, is amhuil a bha Taog, ann an Eilean

a' Cheò. 'N a latha-san b'iad na h-uachdarain fearainn an luchd-lagha, ach nuair a bhiodh cuisean ro dhuilich dhaibh an rèiteach, rachadh iad gu MacCuinn airson comhairle. Gheibheadh iad sin agus na snaimeannan cruaidh a dh' fhàirtlicheadh orra-san, dh' fhuasgladh esan iad dà'n riar.

Thàinig dithis de'n tuath fa chomhair MhicLeòid Dhun-bheagan, latha, a' tagradh ris ceartas a dheanadh eatorra.

Bha eithear aig aon dùibh 'n a laighe ann am bràighe a' chladaich, fo bhonn creige. Thachair gun do thuit bó leis an fhear eile thar na creige ceudna agus cho luath 's a bhuail i gu h-ìosal am broinn a' bhàta, air an tug i droch toll, bhàsaich i.

Nis, bha esan do 'm buineadh an eithear ag agairt pàidhidh airson a challa, rud a bha ann fear a chaill am mart a' diùltadh air gach cor a thoirt seachad, do bhrìgh 's gu robh e de'n bharail gur e am bàta a bhi far an robh e, a b'obhar gun do mharbhadh am beathach. Cha b'urrainn MacLeòid riarachadh a thoirt dhaibh, ach thug e an dà fhear maille ris gu tigh MhicCuinn.

Dh'èisd Taog gu geur ris na tagraidhean. Cha bu luaithe a chriochnaich iad na chuir e ceist ghearr: "Cò leis a' bhó?" "Tà a' bhó leamsa," threagair am bodach bochd, gu mall, faiteasach, oir bha e a làn smaoineachadh gun robh an lagh a' dol 'n a ghaidh. "Cò leis an eithear?" arsa MacCuinn. "Tà an eithear leamsa," choithich am fear agraidh ann an guth cruaidh, tapaidh, a chionn e bhi cinnteach gun rachadh an gnothach leis. "Cò leis, ma tà, a' chreag?" dh' fhaighneachd Taog. Cha do smaoinich aon seach aon air an té so. "Tà a' chreag le MacLeòid," thuir gach fear à beul a' chéile. B'e so anns an t-seasamh bonn breith Thaoig: "Tà mise de'n bharail gur e MacLeòid a dh' fheumas dlòadh airson an dà chall. Mur a biodh a' chreag, cha robh a' bhó marbh, is cha robh am bàta air a mhilleadh."

Chòrd a' bhinn so ris an triùir, ri MacLeòid cho math ris na h-ìochdarain, oir bu chomasach esan air luigheachd fhreagarach a chuir an àite na dh' fhalbh.

Uair eile air do dhà fhìrionnach a bhi ag iasgach air creig faisg air Port Rìghheadh, dh'èirich sgairt mhath air gaoith. An ceann tacaìn, dh' fhàs i na bu mhòtha agus mun tug fear aca an aire, thàinig tonn mòr a steach air a sguab e mach air a' mhuir. Cha b'urrainn a charaid a ruigheachd, ach chaith e an acfhuinn le cuimse mu thuairmse. Gu mì-fhortanach, chaidh an dubhan an sàs an sìid an aoim a bha 'n a éiginn. Le mòran spàirn is foighidinn, fhuair eadh a shlaodadh gu tìr gu tearuinte, gidheadh, chaill an t-sùil a fradharc, rud nach robh iongantach.

Chaidh beagan ùine seachad, ach an latha bha'n so, nach ann a chaidh an dà iasgair gu dubh far a' chéile. Is e bu chrìoch do'n airmhreit gun tug am bodach cam gu lagh an neach a mhìil a shùil.

Air latha na cùirte, dh' fhairtlich air an luchd-lagha breith chothrom a thoirt agus cha robh ann ach gun b'èiginn dhaibh dol far an robh Taog.

Air do MhacCuinn fàh an turuis a chluinntinn, labhair e ris an dioghaltach anns na briathran a leanas: "Taghaidh tusa latha a bhios a cheart cho fiadhaich, théid thu thun na sgeire far an do thachair an tubaist dhuit, leigidh tu thu féin a mach air a' mhuir agus ma théid agad air faotainn gu cladach gun chuideachadh, dleasaidh tu an uair sin a' chàin a tà thu ag iarraidh."

Cha leigear a leas a ràdh gun do chluir a' bhinn ud stad air a' chonnsaid. Chan iarraidh esan a bh' air an leith shùil dol an darna h-uair anns an dearbh ghàbhadh!!

Bu duine Taog a bha mór, làidir ann am bodhaig, agus anabarrach fialaidh 'n a dhachaidh. B'ainneamh latha nach robh cuideigin 'ga fhàilteachadh aig a bhòrd. Air an làimh eile, bha cleachdadh iongantach aige a chuir neònachas gu leòir air a' chuid aoidhean an am dealachadh ris. Rachadh MacCuinn maille riutha astar goirid de'n t-slighe agus an àite beannachd a ghabhail leotha, bha e a' toirt garg sgiùrsadh orra.

Thàrlaidh gun robh duine sònraichte ag gabhail bidhe an tigh MhicCuinn agus air dà a leithid a chluinntinn mu dhéidhinn dòigh fir an tìghe, bha e fad' na h-ùine a' toirt a làn fhaicill nach canadh agus nach deanadh e ni a bhèireadh oibheum seachad.

Nuair a chuir an t-aoidh mu dhéidhinn falbh, choisich Taog sìos an rathad maille ris. An ceann aiteil stad e is ghabh e beannachd leis a' choirgeach gu ciùin, coibhneil.

Chuir e uiread de loghnadh air an fhear turuis gun do thàrr e féin as gun an laimhseachadh fhaotainn a fhuair càch 's gun dubhairt e: "Tà mi faicinn nach 'eil sibh a' dol a thoirt an smachdachaidh dhomhsa a fhuair feadhainn eile uabha."

"Chan 'eil mise," arsa Taog, "uair sam bith a' smachdachadh uaislean. Is duine uasal thusa, a dhearbh sin aig mo bhòrd. Nuair a bha sinn gu sguir de ithe, chuir mi lm air crioman arain, shìn mi sud dhuit agus thubhairt thu: "Bhon a chòrd an biadh rium cho math, feumaidh mi nis crìoch cheart a chur air leis an chuid so a ghabhail as blur làimh. Rinn thu sin gu modhail, a' nochdadh gun d'fhuair thu togail mhath. 'S i so an deuchainn a tà 'nochdadh dhomh có a tà

uasal, agus có nach 'eil. An fheadhainn leis nach b'fhàid an t-aran a chuir 'nam beul, bha iadsan airidh air an ursgartadh a chaidh a dheanamh orra!"

An ceann beagan bhliadhnanach, nuair a chuala na h-uile mu dhearbhadh Thaog air modh, cha robh neach nach gabhadh an caob arain mu dheireadh bhuaithe, nì a thug an cronachadh gu crìch.

'S e fìor sheann teaghlach a tà ann an Clann MhicCuinn Thròtarnais, bhò'n do dh' éirich anns gach linn, urrachan buadh-mhor arann ann an seirbhis na h-eaglaise agus an airm. Their beul-aithris gun tàinig iad air tùs do'n dùthaich maille ri Anna nighean a' Chathanaich, bantighearna Iain Oig Ile, gaisgeach Blàr Allt a' Bhonnaich. Bha iad riamh fo sgeith Chloinn Dòmhnuille nan Eilean agus measail aca. A rèir coltais, b'e Mùideard a' cheud chearn' de'n Ghàidhealtachd anns an do ghabh iad tàmh, ach roimh dheireadh na seathamh-linn-deug, bha fearann Rìg, anns an Eilean Sgitheanach, aca.

Bu torrach an talamh-àitich Rìg, mar a ta Calum Bàn Mac Mhannain, bàrd Shartail an Taobh Sear, ag ràdh 'n a dhàin. Chaidh Calum, maille ri mòran eile, do Eilean a' Phrionnsa air an t-soitheach Am Polly, an 1803. 'Sheòil long mhòr nan eilthreach á Port Rìgheadh agus a' dol seachad air Rìg, thug e an aire do cheò trom a' teirmadh bho aghaidh an Stòir. Dhùisg an sealladh iomadh cuimhneachan taitneach:

Moire! 's minig a bha
Mise treis air a sgàth
Ann an Rìg, 's gum b'e 'n t-àite blò e,
Nuair a thigeadh am Màrt,
Bhiodh an crodh anns a' Chàrn,
'S bhiodh na luibhean co-fhàs ri neòinean..
Bhiodh an luachair ghorm ùr,
Nìos a' fàs anns a' bhùrn
Fo na bruthaichean cùbhraidh, bòidheach,
Bhiodh na caorach d'a rèir
Ann, ri mire 's ri leum,
'S iad a' breith, anns a' Chéit, uain òga.

B'e Aonghas Mór, dròbhair ainmeil, a' cheud fhear de Chloinn MhicCuinn Rìg air am bheil iomradh againn. B'i Sìne, nighean do Dhòmhnall Dubh, Camshronach Lochiall, bu bhean dha. Bha dà mhac aig Aonghas, an t-Urramach Fòghann, agus Coimneach aig an robh Orasa, an Ùibhist a Tuath, agus baile a' Gharaidh-fhada, ann an Tròtarnais.

Lean an Garadh-fada ri sliochd Choinnich airson trì cheud bliadhna. Thug am Morair Dòmhnallach dhaibh seilbh air "Cho fad" 's a bhuaileas tonn air tràigh 's a bhios bainne aig boin duibh." Cha robh màl orra ach gum feumadh iad a bhì cumail bhreac ri Mac-

Dhòmhnuill gach bliadhna. Cha robh an dleasnas so trom agus cuan an Taobh Sear agus Abhainn Chille Mhàrtainn, anns an robh am pailteas éisg, glé fhàgach orra.

B'e an t-Urramach Eòghann, air an tug sinn iomradh, sinnsear nan iomadh linn de mhinistearan a rinn obair mhór air feadh an Eilein Sgitheanaich, Uibhist agus ionadan eile de Alba is Amerigea. Shuidhich eadh Maighistir Eòghann ann an Ròdal, an 1604 agus ann an Dùirinis, 's an t-samhradh 1614.

Fhuair an t-Urramach Gilleasbuig MacCuinn, tritheamh oighre Rìg, 'fhòghlum ann an oil-thigh Ghlaschu, far an tug e mach an inbhe M.A., anns an bhliadhna 1636. Shaothraich esan mar aoghair, an toiseach ann an Cille-Mhoire (Thròtarnais) an 1659, agus ann an Sniothasort ann an 1660. Chaochail Maighistir Gilleasbuig anns an bhliadhna 1684. Bha triùir mhac aige, de'n robh dithis 'n am ministearan, agus b'e an treas mac Taog Mór, mu an robh sinn a' labhairt.

Anns an bhliadhna 1688, rugadh mac do Thaog do'm ainm Jeremiah. Is ann aige-san a bha gabhaltas Ghlinn Bharagail, agus mar bu dual, thàinig treud de a shliochd-san cuideachd, gu bh' 'nam ministearan. 'S e aon dhiubh so a bh'anns an Urramach Iain MacCuinn, a rugadh an Uig (1814), a shaothraich ann an Sròn-an-t-sithein (1853-1867) 's an Deimhidh (1867-1891) searmonaiche drùidh-teach mun dubhairt an bàrd:—

“ Chuir thu biadh air bàrd an t-oisgeil,
'S dh'innis thu gun robh 'n chosdas
pàidhte.”

Ach e' àite 'n a linn, air Gàidhealtachd no air Galltachd, an robh pears'-eaglais eile aig an robh buadhan agus àrd fhoghlum an Urramach Dòmhnall MacCuinn, M.A., D.D., F.S.A. (Scot.), a bha cho comasach ann am Beurla, an Laidiunn, an Grèigis, an Eabhra, agus a bha e anns an Ghàidhlig.

Có riamh a leugh an leabhar taitneach a chuir Boswell a mach air a thurus maille ris an Ollamh MacIain, nach do mhothaich do'n tlachd a ghabh an Sasunnach oileanta ann an comunn 's an còmhraidh ministear Chille-Mhoire. Nach e MacIain a ghabh an ceann air nuair a dh'fhàg e beamachd aige anns na briathran so: “Uasail ionmhainn, na di-chuimhnich mi!”

Chan e mhàin gu robh Maighistir Dòmhnall, mar a theirte ris, ro eòlach air seann sgoilearachd na Ròimhe, na Grèige, is nan Eabhraich, ach bha e min eòlach air na bha dol air adhart ann an litreachas a choimpirean. Cha robh leabhar ùr a b'fhiach fhaotainn nach robh e féin agus a bhràthair, ministear Shniothasort, a' ceannach.

Nuair a bha a' cheud Bhobull Gàidhlig 'g a eadar-theangachadh bho'n chànan Eabhra, leis an Ollamh Urramach Iain Stiùbhart, Lus (1783) agus sgoilearan 'eile, chuir iad feadhainn de na làmh-sgrìobhaidhean, mar a tà Leabhraichean nan Aireamh, agus Deuteronomy, gu MacCuinn airson an ceartachadh. Rinn an t-Ollamh Dòmhnall sud gu fìor mthach, agus tà a phàipearan an diugh ri'm faicinn ann an Leabharlam nan Tagradairean (Advocates' Library) an Dun Eideann. Tà mar an ceudna beagan de na sgrìobh e ann an leabhraichean Comuinn Gàidhlig Inbhirnis.

'Na leabhar air eachdraidh na h-Eaglaise, chleachd an t-Ollamh Iain Erskine Dhun Eideann, na faacil chotbromach a leanas a' moladh MhicCuinn: “Ministear a' chridhe mhór, a chrùn a bhuidhan nàdurra le uiread de uaisleachd is ged a rachadh àrach ann an cùirt an rìgh, agus le oilean cho àrd is ged a b'e Oxford no Cambridge a b'ionad còmhnuidh dha.”

Chaochail an t-Ollamh cliùiteach ann an tigh Ratharsair, air a' cheud latha de'n Ghearran 1785. Thadhail e an sud air a shlighe thun na Comraich, a dh'amharc air a mhac Maighistir Iain, a bu mhinistear anns an sgrìud. 'S e dlùth chàirdean a bh' anns an Ollamh agus ann am MacLeòid Ratharsair. Bha iad anns na ceud oghaichean.

Bhiodh e iomchuidh earrann no dhà de'n Mharbhrann chiatnach a rinn Iain Lom do'n Ollamh Dòmhnall, a thoirt am follais mun crìochnaich sinn:—

'S mór bha thaitneachdan sùla
Ann do ghiùlan, 's do nàdur,
Chan fhaca fear riamh thu
Nach robh lonta le gràdh dhuit,
Bha mais' ann ad' aoduinne,
Agus faoilte le càirdeas,
Bha taruing nan ceud ort,
'S móran ceutaibh aig càch dhìot.

D'fhalbh ar tuigse, 's ar gliocas,
Nuair a sgiobaicheadh uainn thu,
Bu neart air ar cùl thu,
Anns 's gach cùis a bhiodh cruaidh oirnn,
Bu tu ceann-uidhe nam feumach,
'S tu an déigh air am fuasgladh,
Tha d' luchd leanmhuinn fudh smaointean,
'S iad mar choraich gun bhuachail.

Nis o chàireadh an ùr ort,
'S nach eil dùil ri thu thiginn,
Bu tu sgoltadh na coràch,
Fhir chòraidh, chridheil,
Agus iuchair na glaise,
'Nuair a rachadh tu bhruidhinn,
Agus casg na mi-riaghailt
Far an iart thu na d'bhritheamh.

Nach bu mhiorbhaileach ma tà, a' bhuidh a' bha le Cloinn MhicCuinn Rìg, agus de a' chaint is urrainn meud an oibrìbh ann am fionlos am Maighistear a mheas gu ceart. Chuala mi mu theaghlachlean anns an robh ministear a' leantail ministear gu na chóigeamh no'n sèathamh glùn, an t-athair, am mac, an t-ogha, an t-iar-ogha, an dubh ogha, agus am fionn-ogha; ach is gann gun tàinig crìoch idir air pearsachan-eaglais a shìolraich bho theaghlach Rìg. Tà mi de'n bharrail gu bheil iad fathast ri saothair do'n eaglais ann an dùthchannan taobh thall a' chlainn.

Gaidhlig Agus Gaeilge

Seán Mac Maoláin

(Oifig an t-Soldháir, 3/-).

This book, which has just been published in Dublin, introduces some stories, songs and proverbs which have been brought out in Gaidhlig. Explaining that he has an old affection for the Scottish Gaelic, Seán Mac Maoláin discusses in Irish certain things which he has particularly enjoyed over the years, and quotes liberally from them, either giving a rendering in Irish or explaining such words as he thinks the reader of Irish may not readily understand.

From "Seanchaidh na Tràghad," by Iain Mac Cormaic, he has taken "Seán Chuimhneachan a' Choire Ghlas" and "An Gille-Gibeach." In addition to two other stories by Mac, Cormaic — "Gu'n d'fhug i spéis do'n Armunn" and "Oighre 'n Dùin-Bhàin" — he also has a story by Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, "Litir o Fhionnlagh Pìobaire g' a Mhnaoi," "Clach na Lànainn" by Caitriona Nic-Ille-Bhàin Ghrannnd and a little story by Aonghas Bàn, "Tàilleair Dubh na Tuaisge."

The proverbs he gives are, no doubt, a fair general selection. Some are succinct and penetrating, others pedestrian enough. "Is tric a bha fortan air luid, 's a fhuair trusdar bean." "Cha riarach briathrachas bàs." "Tro'd chàirdean agus sìth nàimhdean, dà rud nach còirt feart a thoirt orra." "Is glie nach meallar, ach cha ghlic a mheallar tric." Sayings like these come of an ancient, acrid wisdom.

Some of the love poetry Seán Mac Maoláin places before us is strongly reminiscent of Irish love poetry:—

A ghruagach a' chùil shnìomhanaich, 'bhean òg is miannach leam.
Do phearsa dhireach chumachdail, 'si chuir mi ort an geall;
Is maiseach banail cliùiteach thu, 's ro mhodhail aig gach àm,

'S tha blàth mar dhruichd na h-iarmailt ort, mar dheàrrsadh gréin air fonn.

There is the song of the young girl married to an old man, common to all languages:—

'Nuair bhéitheas càch 'sna bailtean
A' crathadh an cuid ghùntan
Bidh mise leis an t-seann fhear
'Us grann aig' air mo chùlaibh!

Mac Maoláin not only cites an Irish parallel to this — he does give many parallels from Ireland when dealing with Gaidhlig poetry — but also quotes a Burns quatrain on the same theme:—

He hums an' he hankers, he frets an' he cankers;
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows—
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

I am not myself a keen advocate of pan-Celticism, for the difficulties in any realistic attempt to implement a pan-Celtic policy seem to me greater in many cases than the possible advantages. On the other hand, it might well be a good thing to have some machinery for exchange of new books in Irish and Scottish Gaelic. The very widespread use of roman type in writing and printing Irish to-day should be a certain help. The Irish in this book, by the way, is in Gaelic type, and, whatever about the clash between the two types on the page, the contrast enables one to distinguish quickly between the Gaidhlig and the Gaeilge.

This book can do nothing but good. At the very least, it reminds us of common features in differing traditions.

RISTEARD O. GLAISNE.

An t-Each Ban

Chaidh seo a chraobh-sgaoileadh.

"Gu dearbh 's iomadh uair a thuirt mi ris," arsa Seumas, "nach fhaca mi duine riamh cho rag ris." Bha Seumas ag innseadh dhomh mu Dhòmhnall a bhràthair, is e an deidh togail air gu deas an latha roimhe siud. Chuir seo iongnadh nach bu bheag air muinntir na Glaic-uaine, gus an cual iad mar a thachair. Dh' fhalbh Dòmhnall an cabhaig, agus cha robh fois aig duine anns a' Ghlaic-uaine gus an d' fhiosraich iad aobhar na cabhaig. Bha mi fhéin cho èolach ri duine 'san àite air an dithis uid, ach cha robh dad de dhùil agam gu'n cluinnim sgeul cho neònach 's a chuala mi an lath uid.

Bha a h-uile duine a' smaoineachadh 'n uair a leig Dòmhnall dheth obair agus a thàinig e dhachaidh a dh' fhuireach còmhla ri a bhràthair, nach fhalbhadh e tuilleadh. Cho fad 's a bha fhios, bha an dà bhràthair, is iad le chèile gun phòsadh riamh, còrte gu

leòir còmhla. Ged a bha fathumh an dràsda 's a rithisd air beagan còmhstrith a bhith eatorra, bha iad a' tighinn ri chèile gu dòigheil. An t-àm a bha Seumas leis fhéin, cha robh aige ach taigh ròpach. Airson sin, bha iad ag ràdh gu robh e fìor-mhath air còcaireachd is air fuine. Cha toireadh boirionnach 's a' bhaile bàrr air air dèanamh aran coirce.

Air an làmh eile, cha robh suim aig Dòmhnall air an obair seo! Bha esan gun teagamh sgiobalta 'na phearsa, agus dh' fheumadh gach ni air feadh an taighe a bhith sgiobalta aige mar an ceudna. 'S iomadh uair a chuir e dorran air Seumas, is e a' sìor chur badan aodaich is seithrichean is soitichean gu h-òrdail 'nan àite fhéin. "Dé am feum a tha anns an sgioblachadh seo?" arsa Seumas. "Àite fhéin aig a h-uile rud agus a h-uile rud 'na àite fhéin," fhearraig Dòmhnall. "Ud," arsa Seumas, "chan 'eil cuimhne agam an diugh càit a bheil ni. Bha mi mòran na b' fhèarr dheth 'n uair a bha a h-uile rud riamh còmhla am mèadhon an ùrlair agus ma bha dhad a dlhth orm cha robh agam ach mo làmh a shìneadh agus bha e an siud deiseil rium."

Cha b'e trod a bha seo ach seorsa de tharruing as. Cha b'e seo a chuir Dòmhnall air imrich cho obann a dh' ionnsuidh na h-àirde deas. Thuig mise glé mhath gur e rud-eigin mòran na bu chudthromaiche a bh' ann, agus fhuair mi an sgeul gu léir an lath ud a thadhail mi air Seumas.

B'e Di-sathurna a bh' ann, an latha an déidh do Dhòmhnall falbh. Bha mise càirdeach do na bràithrean; bha sinn anns na h-iar oghaichean, tha mi smaointeachadh. Co-dhiù eadar an càirdeas a bh' ann agus an t-astar (mu sheachd mìle) eadar ar dachaidhean, bha an t-seann nòs a' suidh-eachadh gun rachamaid a chòimhead air a chèile dà uair 's a' bhliadhna. Nan dèanamaid e na bu trice na sin, bheireadh e a' cheart uiread de oilbheum 's a bheireadh e nan rachamaid ann na b' ainneamha.

Co-dhiù, b'e seo aon de na tursan agamsa, agus bha eagal orm 'n uair a chuala mi gu'n robh Dòmhnall an déidh falbh, gu'n d' thàinig mi aig am car mi-shealbhach, ach cha do leig Seumas ris an dòigh 'sam bith nach robh e toilichte m' fhaicinn. Gun teagamh bha mi air bhioran gus an cluinninn mar a thachair, agus bha mi glé thoilichte gun cuala mi an sgeul gu ceann gun mhóran ceasnachaidh a dhèanamh. Gu dearbh bha Seumas na bu dèanaiche air a h-innseadh, nan gabhadh e bhith, na bha mise air a cluinntinn.

A réir Sheumais, cha robh an Dòmhnall ach duine saoghalta, fear a bha a' smaointeachadh gu'n robh beatha an duine gu léir fo bhuidh riaghailtean faicsinneach an t-saoghail. B'e

sgoilear a bh' ann. Fad àireamh iomchaidh bhliadhnanan fhrithheil e air clasaichean nam feallsanach anns an Oil-thigh. An déidh sin chuir e an céill do'n t-saoghal gu'm b'e duine òrdail reusanta a bh' ann fhéin, fear nach creideadh gu'm b' urrainn ni tachairt mur a toireadh eanchainn dha urras air a shon. Bha e fad dà fhichead bliadhna a' teagas ann an sgoil Ghallda, agus ré na h-uine sin rinn e a dhìchioll gus a' cheart sheòrsa reusonachaidh a bh' aige fhéin a gheintinn an imtinnear a sgoilearan.

"Chuala tu mu mhinistear maide," arsa Seumas. "Matà, cho robh am an Dòmhnall ach maighstir-sgoile cloiche."

'N uair a thàinig Dòmhnall a dh' fhuireach 's a' Ghlaic-uaine cha do sguir e a dh' fhuachainn ri adhartas a thoirt air muinntir a' bhaile. Uair no dhà leig na coimhearsnaich an céill do Sheumas nach robh searmonachadh Dhòmhnall a' tighinn uile gu léir ri an càil, ach chuir Dòmhnall roimhe nach robh e an còmhnaidh a' dol a dh' aontachadh leotha an aghaidh a bhàthair fhéin. Ged a bha beagan an dràsda 's a rithisd a' tighinn eatorra, is iomadh uair a bha moit air Seumas gu robh a leithid de bhàthair briathrach, ealanta aige.

Cha robh ni a' foillseachadh an t-eadar-dhealachaidh a bha eadar an dà bhàthair na b' fhèarr na na connsoidhean a bhitheadh aca gu tric mu shamhlaidhean, mo bhòcain, mu thaibhsichean, mu eich-uisge, is an leithid sin. Bha Seumas, coltach ris a' chuid eile de mhuinntir na Glaic Uaine a' creidsinn amta gu dèingeann, ach cha bhithheadh gnothuch aig Dòmhnall riutha a muigh no mach. "Eich Uisge," arsa Dòmhnall, "faoinas"! "An dà shealladh. Buamastaireachd! A bheil an dà shealladh agad fhéin? Chan 'eil. An aithne dhuit duine aig am bheil e? Chan aithne. O cha leig thu leas innseadh dhomh mu bhodach an t-saibheir. Chuala mi tric gu leòir mar tha e. Na dhì-chuimhnich mi mar a thachair do Mhàiri an Oib an oidheche roimhe?" Gu casg a chur air briathran Dhòmhnall agus an sgeul a ghiorrachadh, tha e coltach gu'n d' thàinig Màiri seo dhachaidh o bhith air chlàidh an tigh an t-saor, agus a h-anail na h-uchd agus a h-aodann cho geal ris an anart agus i ag ràdh gu'm faea i samladh air lot Alasdair Chrùbach. Ge b'e air bith dé a bh' ann, bha Màiri an impis a dhòl á cochull á eridhe. Ach cha robh fhios aice nach robh ann ach each bàna a bha aig Alasdair Chrùbach airson toirt dhachaidh na mòna. Fhuair Alasdair iasad dheth o mhac bràthar athar anns an Druim uaine. Cha robh e soirbh Màiri a chur as a barail.

"Coimhead fhéin sin," arsa Dòmhnall. "Each bàna—cha robh ann ach each bàna. Innis thusa dhomhsa duine a tha ag ràdh

gu'm fac e taibhse agus cuiridh mi geall riut nach robh ann ach each bànn. Cha tachair rud sam bith gun aobhar, ma chleachdas duine foighidinn gu sealltuinn air a shon." Bha am facal mu dheireadh aig Dòmhnall mar a b' abhaist, ged a bha a bharail fhéin aig Seumas, 's ann aige a bha.

Aon oidhche mu chealla-deug an déidh do Mháiri an Oib an t-eagal uamhasach a ghabhail, bha Seumas agus Dòmhnall air an rathad dhachaidh as a bhúthaidh mhóir. Thaireadh cuid gu'n robh barrachd uídh aca anns an taigh-sheinnse taobh na bhúthadh na bh' aca anns a' bhúthaidh fhéin. Dh' fhaodadh sin a bhith a taobh Sheumais mu'n d' tháinig Dòmhnall dhachaidh, ach cha robh Dòmhnall ach ga mheas 'na amaideas a bhith a' tadhal air an tigh-sheinnse idir. Nam faigheadh Seumas ruith a stigh an dráda 's a rithisd gun fhios da, cha robh an còrr ann.

Co-dhiù bha an oidhche seo car dorch, ach cha robh tàire sam bith aig na seòid cumail air an rathad. Le sùil a chumail air bàr nam preasan a bha a' fàs air gach taobh, bha e furasda gu leòir dhaibh cùrsa dhireach a stiùireadh.

Direach 'n uair a bha iad a' dlùthachadh air geata Alasdair Chrùbaich stad Seumas an làrach nam bonn. Chuir e làmh le gréim teann air guallain Dhòmhnall agus thuir e le guth tùchanach: "Seall siud." Thug Dòmhnall sùil agus gu dearbh bha rud-eigin ann, cumadh glas eadar iad agus leus air lochdar lot Alasdair Chrùbaich. Bha ceann aige, agus bodhaig, agus casan. "Seadh, de th' ann?" arsa Dòmhnall, "Tha an t-each a chunnaic Máiri an Oib, each bànn Alasdair Chrùbaich. Gu dearbha, ga fhaicinn 'na sheasamh an siud cho stòlda anns an t-solus seo, cha chuirinn a' choire air duine faoin ged a shaoileadh e gur e cumadh duine a bh' ann. Ach thig thusa a null còmhla riumsa agus cha bhí mise fada a' dearbhadh dhuit gur e each a th' ann." "Nach tu a chaidh as do chiall!" arsa Seumas. "Gu dearbh 's mi nach téid. Théid sinn a nunn air a' ghàrradh air an taobh eile agus gabhaidh sinn an rathad àrd dhachaidh." "Seo fear nach 'eil a' dol a theicheadh," arsa Dòmhnall. "'S fhada o bha mise a' feitheamh ri cothrom de'n t-seòrsa seo. Tha mise deimhin gur e each a tha siud. Agus stad ort, gur a dhearbhadh dhuit gur e each a th' ann, tha mise a' dol 'ga mharcachd dhachaidh." "Ma tha, dall ort," arsa Seumas, agus gun an còrr sùil a thoirt an rathad an rud a bh' ann, dhìric e an gàrradh agus thug e a chasan leis a nunn an rathad àrd.

Cha do chuir seo Dòmhnall a null no nall, mar a thigeadh do dhùine rianail reusanta. Thionndaidh e ris an each agus b'e sin an

t-each. Ghabh Dòmhnall a nunn troimh na preasan agus 'n uair a ràinig e thall, b'e each a bh' aige ceart gu leòir, each gun sgàim gu fhiamh. Sheas e an toiseach gu còir socair, agus choisich e gu ciùin gu taobh na bruaiche 'n uair a rug Dòmhnall air mhuing air agus a threòraich e a nunn gu'n a' bhruaiche e, is e a' bruidheann ris fad na tìde leis na faclan a bha e a' smaointeachadh a bu chòir do dhùine a chleachdadh ri each. Cha robh Dòmhnall comharraichte mar mharcach e 'n uair a b' òige bha e, ach mas e marcachd a bha a dhith air, cha b' urrainn dà beothach na bu shoitheamha fhaighinn na am fear ud. Sheas e ris a' bhruaich gun an do shreap Dòmhnall le móran shàirn air a mhuing agus ged a ghreimich Dòmhnall air a mhuing air eagal tuiteam dheth, cha leigeadh e fhéin a leas e. Dh' fhiach e ri ceann an eich a thionndadh an rathad a bha e ag iarraidh a dhòl agus cha robh feum air a' chòrr.

Bha dùil aig Dòmhnall gu'n leumadh an t-seach thairis air clais an rathaid agus rinn e greim na bu daingean air amhaich, ach 's ann a ghabh e a mach rathad a' gheata gun mhoille 'na cheum. "'S fheudar nach do dhùin Alasdair an geata an nochd," arsa Dòmhnall ris fhéin. Chaidh an smuain seo as a chuimhne mar a thàinig i, agus bha aire Dhòmhnall gu h-ìomlan air an ainmhidh ghrinn a bha fodha. Bha iad a' mise a' deanamh deagh astair, ach bha iad a' sibhal cho socair 's gu'n saoiladh Dòmhnall gur gann a bha casan an eich a' bualadh an làir idir. Shìn e air mar gu'm bitheadh a' ghaoth. "Gu dearbh," arsa Dòmhnall ris fhéin, "'se each air leth a tha seo, no is e marcaiche air leth a th' annamsa is gun fhios agam air thuige seo."

Cha robh ùine aige leudachadh air na smuaintean sin, oir siud e air a' lath fhéin. Stad an t-each dìreach mar a dh' iarr e air shìos fo'n taigh, leig e le Dòmhnall tearnach, agus ann am prìobadh, mu'm b' urrainn do Dhòmhnall co-dhùnadh co-dhiù a mholadh e e an Gàidhlig no am Beurla, bha e air falbh cho luath 's cho sàmhach 's a thàinig e, dìreach as an t-sealladh.

Bha Dòmhnall air a dhòigh. Mìle gu leth an seachd mìonaidean. Cha robh siud dona, thairis air atharnaich is claisean is bruaichean. Dh' fheumadh e foighneachd de Sheumas am b' urrainn daibh fhéin each a cheannach. Leis a sin eò a chunnaic e ach Seumas fhéin a' tighinn 'na leth ruith. Chuir iad fàilte air a chèile gu sunnach, Dòmhnall làn de'n each mhìorbhuileach aig Alasdair Crùbach, agus Seumas car mar gu'm bitheadh nàire air gu'n do thréig e a bhràthair ri aghaidh cunnairt. Bha e toilichte Dòmhnall fhaicinn slàn

fallain, ged a thug e an aire air a rathad suas gu'n taigh gu'n robh coiseachd Dhòmhnuille car na bu spàgaiche na b' àbhaist: cha robh sin 'na iongnadh.

Chaidh iad mu thànha agus an la-iar-na mhàireach bha Dhòmhnull air a chois gu math tràth agus an dèidh dha soithichean a' bhreacaist a ghlanadh, thug e taigh Alasdair Chrùbaich air. 'S dòcha gu'n robh 'na bheachd iarraidh air Alasdair a lethsgul a ghabhail airson an t-each a thoirt leis, no theagamh nach robh e ach a' sireadh cothroim air a' bheothach iongantach seo fhaicinn ri solus latha.

Cha robh fhios aig Seumas de bha 'na bheachd, ach 'n uair a thill Dhòmhnull an ùine gun a bhì ro-fhada, thug Seumas an aire nach robh e ach ann an droch shunnd, gun ghuth, cha mhór, aige ri radh. "Am faca tu Alasdair?" arsa Seumas. "Chunnaic," fhreagair Dhòmhnull. "Am faca tu an t-each?" "Chan fhaic." "C' ait a' bheil e?" arsa Seumas. "Anns an Druim-uaine," fhreagair Dhòmhnull. "Dè tha thu 'g ràdh?" arsa Seumas, is e a' faireachadh an fhuil a' fàgail a ghruaidhean. "Thug mac bràthair athar Alasdair dhachaidh an t-each a bhòin-dé," arsa Dhòmhnull. Thuig Seumas nach robh an còrr còmhraidh ri càil Dhòmhnuille agus dh' fhuirich e sàmhach.

"Sin mar a bha," arsa Seumas rium fhéin, "agus dh' fhalbh e gu deas an dé." "Saoil an tig e air ais tuilleadh?" arsa mise. "O thuirnt mise ris," arsa Seumas, "gu robh e di-beathie còmhla riumsa uair sam bith. Ach mar a thuirnt mi riut, bha e cho fada 'na bharaill fhéin, is dùil aige gu robh fios aige air gach nì fo'n ghréin. Chan 'eil cothrom air; mur a bi agam ach mi fhéin a' cur a' bhuntàta, cha bhì ann ach mi fhéin 'ga itheadh."

D. G.

Rum

(To the Editor)

Sir,—I am much obliged to "MacSheumais" for his further observations. My chief concern in writing was to raise the question of "Rhum" in preference to "Rum," and I am pleased to note that he does not dismiss my "orphan" claim. I think we should adhere to Rum till further proof that Rhum is more correct comes up. Official acceptances are not always correct as witness Acharacle for Atharacle.

TAOBH-TUATH EARRAGHAIDHEIL.

BAILE THEARLAICH.

Beurla

B'e 'cánain, cainnt' a bu chiall do an fhocal "beurla" anns an chleachd againne, agus bu tric leam cluinntinn 'beurla na Frainge, beurla Spàinte," etc. Agus, do réir gach coltais, bha an t-aon chleachd anns an t-sean Ghàidhlig, oir mhothaich mi àit-eigin, uair-eigin, "Bérta Féne bérla Cruitine, bérla Lochlainn, Gallberla, Scotbérla (= Gáidhlig) agus focail coltach ri "ílbérta."

Ach mhothaich mi "Beurla" air "beurla Shasuinn" (a mhàin) aig móran a nis. Theireadh na sean daoine againne gur mearachd e, a thlionnsgain mar seo. Theirimid an coitcheannas "Gáidhlig Albann, Gáidhlig Éireann, Gáidhlig Mhanann," i, ainmean tìre; ach "beurla Shasuinn" (i, language of Saxon) oir b' ann air aonair fireannach de an chinneach sin a bha an t-ainm, céudus is cha b' ann air an tìr aca, oir is dòich gum b' ann le Breatnaibh an tìr dara thàinig an t-ainm sin gu Gáidhlig céudus. An uair nach biodh an difir eadar Gáidhlig Albann is Éireann fo mhonaid, is e theirte "Gáidhlig" ri "Gáidhlig Albann." Le atharrais air sin, theireadh cuid "Béurla" an ionad "bérla Shasuinn," gun smuain aca nach robh an t-ainm "Gáidhlig," agus an t-ainmear coitcheann "beurla" air an aon roinn idir idir.

Faodar bith gur deabhal, gòrach na leanas, ach thug mise do m' ùidh e, o chuireadh beagan taice ris an chleachd againn, fàr nach bu dòich domh a leithid fhaotainn.

Mu thòs geamhraidh, bha mi a' freacadh céilidh aig meur Inbhir-Nis de an Chomunn Gháidhealach. Bha Doctair Whittet anns an chathair aca, agus bu mhath a chòrd riumsa a bhruidhinn. Thùirt e nach robh aige féin ach glé bheagan de Gháidhlig, agus mar abhcaid, dh' innis e mu bhodach, àit-eigin, a thùirt ris am beurla Shasuinn, "that Gaelic was his first English." Ràidh an Doctair gu robh e féin do an àird eile agus "that English was his first Gaelic."

Ged bha an Doctair a' deanamh abhcaid choibhneil deth, thuig mise gu robh am bodach ceart gu leòir nan robh e a' labhairt Gáidhlig; agus gu robh aige an cleachd a bha againne; agus gum b'e bha 'na smaointe "gur i Gáidhlig a bu chéud bhéurla (i, cainnt) dhà"; ge rinn e sgiordadh anns an eadar-theangachadh, o charramsg eadar an cleachd ceart aige féin, agus an cleachd càrr bhios co coitcheann aig iol-daoine a nis.

The Anglo-Scottish Language Difficulty

I am not here referring primarily to Gaelic or even Broad Scotch, but to English words that have a different meaning in Scotland to England. As long as these differences remain and the real translation not understood, there can be no true friendship between the two countries. It is not difference of tongue that separates: Gaelic, French, English or German speaking people can live together on the best of terms, provided, of course, that each respects what belongs to the other.

Thus it is not a dictionary that we need so much as understanding, and without this all the millions spent on industrial or social improvement in Scotland is just money thrown out of the window. Those that are perhaps most to blame for lack of understanding are the educational authorities: instead of encouraging the youth of the Highlands to speak and develop their native tongue and customs, they (with some notable exceptions) tend to make them despise their parents' language and tell children that without English and English ways, they are not likely to get "on in the world."

In the past century children were whipped and victimised for speaking Gaelic even during their recreations, but since the beginning of the century we have had teaching in schools and universities. However, this teaching should be obligatory in order to make an act of reparation for past wrongs and artificial depopulation of the Highlands. The teaching of Gaelic should also be extended to the Lowlands, since ignorance of a language spoken within the borders of one's own country seems strangely lacking in patriotism and intellectual curiosity.

While every encouragement should be given to languages such as Gaelic with a fine literature in six Celtic countries (knowledge of Scots Gaelic opens the door to Irish and Welsh culture) it seems strange that there should be intellectuals who advocate the use of a dialect such as Lallans, or Broad Scotch. It is no argument to say that Burns wrote in Lowland dialect. We have only to read the insipid false sentiment, imitations of Binkie Whistle (who is an anthology of the best of Burns' imitators; Lord preserve us from those of lesser worth) to realise that Burns is inimitable, just as "The Shropshire Lad" is unique of its kind.

No! A dialect is nothing else but a language badly spoken, and it is an absurd

compromise to look for Lowland Scots as a compromise between English and Gaelic. We do not suggest such infringement of individual liberty as to force good English or Gaelic on people, but at least let us keep dialect out of print as far as possible and not stimulate its use artificially.

Let us insist on the truth that it is not difference of speech, customs or dress that keeps nations apart, but lack of understanding. The moment there is a suspicion of propaganda and desire of domination or absorption of one country by another, let us call Halt! It is variety that is the spice of life, not uniformity. The latter has the force of lead while the former is the very air we breathe. Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig!

IAN G. MACNAIR SMITH.

Musings at the Mod

By KENNETH ROSS.

The annual Mòd has grown over the years to be a colourful song-filled upsurge of the mystic Gaelic soul, free for an interval from hill, croft and cow, and vowing to spread itself among the unsuspecting townies.

Every year, as mature autumn labours to bring forth prodigal winter, and the lights are going up, some brave town or city opens her gates — and presumably her heart — to the invader. They converge vocally from all quarters, from the east and the west and the north and — more sedately — from the far south, determined to sing, sing, and sing again, in hall, street, hotel and bar, and to be, till daybreak on Saturday, if not "Gàidheil gu'n cùl," at least "Gàidheil 'sai spiorad."

The anxious Provost of the favoured town convenes huddled councils, the burden being how best to tackle the kilted guests, whether to overawe them into submission by flaunting the ancient dignity, or to be distantly friendly and keep a stiff upper lip, or to be hail-fellow-well-met - slap - on - the - back - suas - leis - a - Ghàidhlig, or just to look the other way and keep their powder dry; unless, of course, the Provost himself happens to be a Gàidheil and "in league" with the invader — then anything can happen!

At such a time in the city, with a variety of aspiring voices — plaintive, raucous, and plain indifferent — mingling in my ears, I have, as is my way, turned aside off the tartan-lit street, into a nearby Art Gallery, to pay my respects to some old friends, forever imprisoned in paint, but very much alive for

all that. On entering I am suddenly shut off from the outside world, the voices fade, the city's roar recedes, and the Mòd could be in Manchester. In the still calm, the fair forms gaze down, radiant as of old — the elegant, the soulful, the masterful, the learned, the winsome, the quizzical, all gleaming and fresh as May Day. The handsome huntsman is forever about to mount his magnificent horse, with his hand on the saddle, the soldier's grip on his musket is unaltered, the lovely Raeburn lady still clutches, with that perfect hand of hers, her fine ribbons, and noble old Rembrandt, tragic as ever, looks again into my soul, because he looked long into his own. "The Mòd?" they seem to say; and where is the Mòd?" "And where indeed?" I reply, glancing round the spacious room, innocent of tartan — except, of course, for that splash on Ramsay's "Flora MacDonald." No, it seems that my fellow-Gaels have not yet discovered you, my fine friends. Shall I go out on to the steps and shout to them to come quickly and meet my shining friends, before they go off again, to Barra and Lewis and Skye and Appin and Ullapool, perhaps never to return? They come but once in a decade and pass by the home of the shining ones and the place of beauty in imaginative creation; which I begin to think a great pity. But the framed figures on the wall give me no answer; they hold their counsel, for they inhabit their own individual worlds.

Then suddenly I remember that the Mòd, of course, does have an arts section — an arts and crafts section. So, saying adieu to my brilliant, silent friends, I go out where the town's din assails me, and I am again among the swirling tartans and the warm Gaelic. I make my way down past the great hall where vast orchestras play Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and a world of magic music (do the Mòdsters ever . . . ? No! foolish me) musing that although we have nothing like the shining ones, the Celts have an ancient and distinctive art of their own. I arrive at the focal centre of things, the arena of close contests, of harassed chairmen, of scribbling adjudicators, and elusive competitors, and, following the direction plainly indicated on the prominent notice in the main entrance hall, I step down the stairs to inspect our own artistic products.

Here again, the stillness laps me round, although of a different texture this time. I seem to be alone — but no, not quite — over there are two ancient ladies admiring the embroidery, and oh, yes, a young lady is talking softly in very refined English to the lady-in-charge, over in that corner. She seems to be admiring the attractive carved objects

on that table. She may purchase what she fancies, of course, as there is no rush to buy anything here. I pass a pleasant hour looking at some admirable things, and the lady-in-charge seems glad to see me and to talk in Gaelic once again, for she sees few people here, she tells me — is lonely, in fact. But I expect she will be hardened to it, if she perseveres for a number of years; and she can, of course, read or knit or write a book.

On ascending the stairs again, I have to shove and shoulder my way through a seething sea of people in the entrance hall, and I notice that the prominent notice of direction to the arts and crafts section has been knocked down off its stand on to the floor. The singing competition is over.

Walking down the street a short distance, I enter a door marked "oral competitions" and find myself in a small room where two men are judging the reciting of prose and poetry. I take my seat among the dozen or so interested auditors and listen likewise. The few competitors are keen, the matter for competition is good, but where is the audience? There is seating capacity for at least ten times the number here. So I get to thinking that singing must be the chief business of the Mòd, its being and essence, in fact. I would certainly jump to that conclusion if I were a visitor from some other country or planet.

Is our aim, I ask myself, or is it not, to preserve a whole culture? And not only this, but should we not, in doing so, belatedly awake to some consciousness of the arts and cultures of man? Not only "Leanaibh dlùth ri cliù bhur sinnisr," but "Thoiribh sùil air saothair chàich"? Should we not remind ourselves to take a note, however scrappy, of the abundant wealth of the world's cultures? We cannot do so, of course, as long as we persist in the narrow, superficial, unimaginative habit of plugging at one strand of our own culture, to the neglect of the others. To preserve the whole is An Comunn's aim, and we should make an attempt to implement that aim.

There is an affinity between the cultures of all peoples. This is borne out for us in the work of our best contemporary Gaelic poets, which is enriched and informed by the arts and history of mankind. But when all is said and done, is there really a scrap of "culture" about the happy songsters and their songs, and am I just pipe-dreaming?

In the midst of my day-dreams, which the patient reader — if he, or she, is still present — will probably pronounce pompous and far-fetched, the competition ends.

The Celtic Congress

This year's Celtic Congress was held in Treguier, Brittany, from Saturday, 18th August, to Wednesday, 22nd August. Sixteen delegates attended from Scotland, rather more from Wales and Ireland, and a smaller contingent from Cornwall. There were no delegates from the Isle of Man this year, but a letter from the Manx secretary, read at the business meeting, showed that the branch there had been active during the year.

Treguier is a picturesque town situated on a slope rising from a tidal estuary, about five miles from the open sea. It is distinguished for its impressive Gothic Cathedral which dominates the town and dates back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The town is also noted as the birthplace of Ernest Renan, whose niece is there to show visitors over his house and explain, if one's French is equal to it, the numerous literary and personal relics displayed throughout the rooms.

After dinner and welcoming speeches on Saturday evening, the delegates were entertained at a brief ceilidh. The usual Protestant and Catholic services were held on Sunday. In the afternoon a visit was paid to Plougrescant, five miles to the north on the coast, where M. Omnes, proprietor of a hotel at which some of the Scottish delegates were staying, provided tea and Breton-baked delicacies.

On Monday the delegates got down to the real work of the Congress, and from then until Wednesday there were six sessions at which various aspects of the language problem were discussed at length. As was fitting, this was very much a Breton congress, the Bretons being in the majority at all the meetings, and thus having an opportunity for the first time of stating their case before an international audience. By their constant use of their own language and the obvious fluency with which they tackled all the subjects under discussion, they demonstrated that Breton is still very much alive.

Their speakers told us that it is estimated that one million people speak the language. The French census provides no figures of Breton speakers either to elate or depress its supporters, because the language has no official recognition and is merely tolerated, if not actively discouraged, by the Government. The Breton enthusiasts, however, are just as apprehensive as the friends of the other Celtic languages about what will happen if a forward policy is not pursued now.

The speaking at the various sessions was shared among the delegates. The Secretary, Mr. Donald Grant, gave a brief summary of the educational provisions made for Gaelic in Scotland. Unfortunately, the Rev. T. M. Murchison, who is Chairman of the Scottish Branch and also International Treasurer, was unable to attend the Congress; his masterly survey of modern Gaelic literature was read by the Secretary. Miss May Hunter, Fairlie, took the chair at this meeting.

Miss May Margaret MacMillan dealt with the social and official position of Gaelic and Mr. John MacRae with movements working for the language. Inevitably the remarks of the speakers from all the countries overlapped and the time taken by the Breton "interpreters," who gave a summary of all the English speeches in their own language, left little time for subsequent discussion.

The contributions of the speakers on the Common Market as affecting the Celtic countries aroused a good deal of interest in the press. Professor Liam O'Buachalla of the Chair of Economics at Galway University and Chairman of the Irish Senate, opened this discussion. He was followed by Mr William Hume for Scotland. Most of the speakers were guarded in their conclusions in view of lack of knowledge of the implications. The Bretons seemed to expect most benefit from this development.

Mrs. Dunlop rounded off the Scottish contribution with some original, yet practical, proposals for "inter-Celtic co-operation." There was a serious tone underlying the proceedings throughout, and an obvious desire to achieve practical results. At the concluding sessions the members heard an appeal sent out by fifty Swedish professors, asking scholars in all countries to induce their National Unesco Councils to intervene on behalf of a large number of minority languages which are threatened with extinction. The Congress gave unanimous promise of support. Committees were formed (1) to consider the possibility of interchange of information about language teaching methods and (2) the economic position of the Celtic countries. One speaker advised that the countries ought to consult each other when forming new words. Irish speakers maintained that their language is now fully equipped to deal with any subject. Breton itself, as has been said, seemed to be a wonderfully efficient instrument of communication.

Mention should be made of the three concerts which were held on the evenings of Congress

week. They were particularly memorable because they were held in the cloister of the Cathedral, the massive walls, the background formed by the stained-glass windows, and the starry night sky above, combining to make an impressive setting for the music.

At the business meeting, M. Per Denez, Brittany, Mrs. Eluned Bebb, Wales, and Rev. T. M. Murchison, Scotland, were re-appointed International President, Secretary, and Treasurer, respectively. The members unanimously accepted an invitation to hold the 1963 Congress in Cornwall in the week beginning Easter Monday.

D. G.

Treasurer's Notes

Received at Oban—

Previously acknowledged	£3.521 7 7
D. V. Webster, Esq.—Film Show	13 17 6
Arran Society, Glasgow	5 — —
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Dance Committee	35 9 9
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"Spotlight" Programme	58 1 7
Miss M. McLaine, Oban	1 — —
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	£3,796 13 11

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"Baile an Obain"
by
Webster of Oban

Paigheadh Nam Fiach

Bho'n sgeulachd Chuimreach "Y Taliad Olaf"

CHÀIDH stoc na croite a reic an dé. An diugh sa' mhaduinn rinn Gruffyd agus Ffanni Rolant imrich dh'an taigh ùr san robh iad a' dol a chur seachad feasgar an làithean. Am beul na h-oidhche sheas Ffanni mu choinneimh a' chloc 's i sgioblachadh a h-aide air a ceann. Thug i sùil luaineach air a' chloc, mar phàise a' feuchainn ris an uair innseadh.

Chan e gun robh a fradharc buileach cho fann ach, dìreach, gun robh a h-inntinn air a beòghlacadh aig smuaintean diomhair an latha bh'ann. Thug i greis mhath 'ga sgioblachadh fhéin agus ged a bha i nise deiseil bha i, mar gum b'eadh, a' cur dàil san turas a bha roimhe. Co dhiùbh cha leigeadh i leas falbh an nochd; nach fòghnadh am màireach na eadhon an ath sheachdainn. Ach is dòcha gum b'fheàrr falbh. B'e seo an cleachdadh 's bu cho math a bhith ris. Nach iomadh feasgar a dh'fhalbh i do'n bhùth mar seo air latha pàighidh. Mar a falbhadh i cha bhiodh air ach suidhe an taic an teine a' feitheamh geum na gluasad na bà an ath-dhorus—geum na gluasad nach robh ann—no a sior smaoinichadh air an t-seann taigh 's na chuir i seachad còrr is leth cheud bliadhna. Rud eile dheth, cha b'fhuilear dhith bhith cur eòlais air an rathad chun an taighe ùir.

Bha fear an taighe 'na shuidhe a'leughadh ri taobh an teine. cho comhfhurtail 'sa bha e riamh san t-seann taigh; 's gann a chreideadh tu nach robh ann ach cóig uairean a thide bho'n chuireadh crìoch air an imrich. Chluinnt e an dràsda sa rithis a' monmhor ris fhéin mar a bha e a' leughadh, 's gathan na griosaich a' cleasachd mu chasan. 'S e bha còrdadh ris.

Cha mhór a chuir an imrich airsan; 's ann

a bha e toilichte bhith cuidhte 's a' chroit 's gach riasladh a bha 'na luib.

Bhiodh barrachd ùine aige airson leughaidh a nise. Cha mhò a chuir fàgail na dachaidh san robh iad bho'n phòs iad, dorran na cùram air. Cha b'ionnan sin 's do Ffanni; bho'n cheud latha bhruidhneadh air imrich bha ise air bhoil, air uairean dubhach, brònach, ach air uairean eile làn toil-intinn is subhachais. An oidhche seo fhéin bha ise sona da rìreadh. Riamh roimhe bho'n phòs iad cha deachaidh aice air a dhòl do'n bhùth 's a cuid fhiachan a phàigh-eadh ceart cruinn còmhla. Ach rinn iad airgid math an dé.

"Tha mi falbh," ars ise, 's i cur màileid fo a h-achlais. "Glé mhath," thuirt esan: a cheann san leabhar.

Nach b'iongantach a bhith cho somalta. Cha robh i de'n bharaill gun do chuir e riamh eòlas air doimhneachd bròin na mullach sòlais; bha e cho somalta. Dhùin i an doras is bha i leatha fhéin. Cha robh i de'n bheachd gun robh móran 'ga tuigsinn, a nàbaidhean na eadhon a céile. Bha a smuaintean, mar gum b'eadh, air leth agus leatha fhéin. Ach bu choma; b'e an smuain bu chudtromache an nochd gun tigeadh i dhachaidh as a' bhùth 's gun sgillinn ruadh aig neach a bha beò oirre.

An uair a phòs iad cha robh am Pentre Isaf ach an aon bhùth—a' bhùth aig Emwnt—a bha mu dhà mhìle bhuapa. A h-uile oidhche Di-Haoine thug i an sgrìob sin a dh'iarraidh nan gnothuichean 's a h-uile mìos thigeadh an ceannaiche leis a' mhìn.

Mar a bha i a' coiseachd roimhe air an fheasgar seo 's ann air na bliadhnaichean a dh'fhalbh a bha a h-àire 's a smuaintean. Cha tàinig Di-Haoine ach ainneamh nach tug i a' cheart sgrìob. Rì fuachd is gaillinn, rì tinneas is mì-fhortan choisich i an t-astar seo chun na bùtha. Bha cuimhne aice air aon Dhi-haoine an uair a chuir an galair as do na mucan aice is gun fhios có as a thigeadh na phàigheadh am màl na idir an ceannaiche. Air uairean eile bha an t-airgid na bu phailte, ach cha b'ann tric. Bha am pàigheadh bochd mìos an déidh mìos is bliadhna an déidh bliadhna.

Is dòcha, shaoil i, gur e an t-astar rathaid seo a carragh cuimhne. Cha d'fhuir i riamh an còthrom a cuid fhiach a phàigheadh gu h-ìomlan. Nan d'fhuir cha leigeadh i leas a bhith gabhail an rathaid an nochd. A nise bha bùthan gu leòr am Pentre Uchaf, bùthan a cheart cho math is pailt cho saor. Co dhùibh, bha beagan aig Emwnt oirre fhathast is b'fheadar dith a dhòl an rathad. Cha robh air ach sin, is i nise rì fìched bliadhna is a trì deug. Còrr uair bha i an ìre mhath saor o fhiach ach, cha bu luaithe thachradh sin na thigeadh driad-

fhortan air choir-eiginn an rathad. Uair na dhà dh'fhaodadh i a bhith air a h-uile sgillinn a phàigheadh ach bu toigh le Ffanni aodach rìomhach is gnothuichean beaga a chuireadh dreach air an fhàrdaich. Cha b'fheàrrde na fiachan sin. 'S ann dhith fhéin a b'athne rud math a cheannach. Bha cuimhne air seo uile an nochd, cho tlachdmhor 'sa bha e bhith ceannach ach cho doirbh 'sa bha e phàigheadh. An nochd, co dhùibh, bha bhiodh sgillinn oirre 's nach bu mhór an t-aobhar taingeachalach e.

'S mór an toileachadh a thug seo dhith o chionn greise ach a nise 's i aig an doras cha robh i buileach cho cinnteach. Thog i an dealan is thug i ceum socrach sìos eadar an dà dhorus do'n bhùth. Thug i an aire do gach nì mu'n cuairt is bu mhath a cuimhne air àileadh na h-ola is an t-siabainn. Cha robh an solus ach fann. Bha sgleò air an uinneig. De na b'athne dhith air an t-saoghal mhór, ar leatha nach b'athne dhith aon àite eile cho muldach 's cho tiamhaidh.

Mar a b'abhaist bha móran 'sa bhùth Di-haoine; b'e boirionnaich a bu mhò bh'ann is iad uile cho sàmhach, mar nach b'athne dhaibh a chéile. Cha b'ionnan 's mar a bha iad 'sa mhaduinn, a mach 'sa steach 'sa còmh-radh rì chéile.

Cho mì-thalmhaidh 'sa bha coltas na bùtha; bha fear na bùtha fhéin le chòta geal thall air a' chùl a' sgrùdadh nan leabharichean mar a thigeadh iad. Thug Ffanni sùil mu'n cuairt air na fraighean 's air na meidhean dubha; air a' bhòrd gheal, 's air gach bocsa is botul shìos is shùas. Air an ath sheachduinn bhiodh i ann am bùth eile, bùth ùr is fear-bùtha ùr.

Cha chluinnte dìog ach "feasgar math" an dràsda 's rithis. Thug aon té sùil air an aid a bh'air Ffanni. An uair a shin i an leabhar cha d'fhuirt fear na bùtha dad. Cha do leig e air gun robh i a pàigheadh a h-uile sgillinn. Thug e dhith deich tasdain 's gu dearbh cha robh dùil aice rì leithid. Cha do smaoinich i riamh roimhe air na chosg i 'sa bhùth—còrr is dà mhìle punnd Sasunnach bho'n phòs iad. Cheannaich i rud beag na dhà eile is phàigh i air an son.

"Tha mi cinnteach nach bi mi tighinn an rathad tuilleadh," thuirt i. Chrath e a cheann a' nochdadh gun robh e tuigsinn mar a bha, is choisich ise mach eadar an dà dhorus is dhùin i an doras a muigh as a déidh.

Thug i sùil a steach air an uinneig agus chunnaic i fear na bùtha a' sgrùdadh an ath leabhair.

JAIN A. MACDOMHNAILL

Bho Ard-sgoil Mhic-Neacail

'S mi 'ghabh an t-iongantas.

Thàinig a' chailleach bheag a steach do'n talla agus shuidh i. B' e suidheachan oisein a bh'aise mu'n mheadhon. Cha robh i latha na b'òige na trì fichead 'sa deich, agus dh'-aithnichinn air a h-aodann nach robh an saoghal air déiligeadh ro-mhath rithe. Dé bha i a' déanamh an seo có-dhùì? Cha shaoilinn gun cuireadh e dragh 'sam bith oirre có a bha a' dol a dh'fhaighinn a steach do'n Phàrlamaid. Bha i a' faighinn a' pheinsein, agus bha taigh beag tughaidh aice am meadhon a' bhaile.

Thàinig Iarla Chinntàile 's a bhean, agus shuidh iad ri a taobh. Bha a còta ruadh glé thana ri taobh seacaid bhianaich na mnà uaisle. Chuir a' chailleach iongantas orm, ach bha i treun. Thaom àrd-uaislean na dùthcha a steach, a' còmhradh 's a' cur fàilt air a' chéile ann am Beurla chruaidh; chiorlaich ise i fhéin, agus cha dubhairt i smid. Bha ad dhubh oirre, agus dà ite anns an taobh aice.

Sheas sean agus òg. Sheas ise cuideachd agus dh'fhuirich i 'na seasamh gus an do ràinig Ball-Pàrlamaid sgìre Chléireaboist beulaibh an talla, far am bruidhneadh e ris an t-sluagh. Dh'fhàs a h-aodann dearg agus thàinig lasadh 'na sùilean. 'Si a bha a' coimhead moiteil, ach carson? Bha i a' cur iongantais orm. Shuidh i agus dhùin i a dà shùil. Ghluais a bilean airson mionaid.

"A dhaoine agus a mhnathan uaisle," arsa fear Chléireaboist, bruidhnidh sinn an nochd air an achd a chuir a' Pharlamaid"
Bha i 'ga choimhead gu mion, mar gum bitheadh ni air choireigin eatorra. Bha esan mar gum b'ann 'ga coimhead-se cuideachd, ach ann an tiota thug e a shùil chun a' phaiper a bh'aige 'na làimh. Bha a' ghrian a' dealradh a steach air an uinneig os a cionn, agus chithinn failleas itean na h-aide air a' bhalla. Dh'fheumainn faighinn a mach mu a déidhinn. Choimheadadh e glé mhath anns a' phaiper agam, "Seann bhoireannach aig coinneamh Fear na Pàrlamaide anns a' bhaile mhór, am measg uaislean na dùthcha. Dh'fheumainn a dealbh agus a beachdan fhaotainn.

Thug mi sùil eile agus chuala mi a' bhrag. Bha siucar mór geal air tuiteam aig a casan, an seòrsa bhithheadh aice anns a' choinneimh aig an taigh. Thug i fear eile as a' phoc, agus chuir i 'na beul e.

"Chan 'eil seo ceart," arsa fear na Pàrlamaide. "Bu chòir dhuinn uile faighinn a mach gu dé as coireach gu bheil againne ri na tha an sin a phàigheadh agus" Bhuail e a làmh

air an t-suidheachan gu fiadhaich. Bha an sluagh air an dòigh. Bhuail iad am basan. Bhuail ise iad na bu chruaidhe na duine. Thug i siucar eile as a' phoc. Cha do ghabh duine suim dhith; duine ach fear na Pàrlamaid nuair a stadadh a shùil oirre an dràsda 'sa rithist.

Dh'éirich gach neach a rithist agus an do ràinig fear Chléireaboist an dorus. Bha a' Bheurla chruaidh 'na cluasan. B' ise a' cheud té a bha am muigh. Rug i air fear na Pàrlamaid. Chuir e a làmh mu a gualainn, agus dh'fhalbh iad 'nan dithis.

"Tha mi uasal asad, a mhic," arsa ise.

NORMA NIC-ÌOMHAIR (V.)

An Sgoilear

DOMHNALL: An t-urram thar gach rùm aig an t-seòmar seo,
Na àit sam bith fo'n ghréin 'sann is dòigheil mi.
Cadal fada sèimh, a h-uile dad cho réidh,
'S e an t-àit as fearr leam bhith còmhnaidh ann.

AM FEAR-

TEAGAISG: Nach coimhead thus an t-amadan,
'Na shuidh an siud 'sa' chùl,
Dùisgidh e 's na caileagan
A' cluich a' muigh fo 'shùil.
Chan fhàs e sgith de amharc orr
Gun tig mi suas ri 'thaobh,
'S gum feòraich mi dé 's aithne
dha
Mu Dhonnchadh Mac-an-t-Saoir.
Chan 'eil dad aig a chanas e—
Tha e nis air ais 'san t-saoghal.

IAIN DOMHNALLACH (V.)

Turus a' ghobha do'n chreig.

B'e seo an Fhianh fhéin, 'nan suain-chadal air a bheulaibh. Ach anns an teas-mheadhon bha Fionn MacCumhail agus a phìob fhiodha r'a thaobh. Ghabh an gobha iongnadh. Có a riamh a smaoinich gum faiceadh e na laoch seo a bha cho ainmeil? Thog e a' phìob—a' phìob sin a thogadh Fionn théin le a dhà mheur agus nach togadh esan ach air éiginn. Shéid e oirre.

Chaidh a' chreag air chrith. Shéid e a rithist ach oeh o, ma shéid! Thog Fionn a cheann agus rinn càch mar an ceudna. "Na's miosa a tha sinn na bha!" Bha siud gu leòr. Leum an gobha a mach, gun sùil air a chùlaibh, agus cha do thill.

DOLINA NIC-RATH (V.)

Turus Do'n Chuimhrigh

Nuair a thairg An Comunn Gàidhealach an còthrom dhomh a dhòl do 'n Chuimhrigh a dh' fhaicinn mar a bha Urdd Gobaith Cymru no Comunn na h-Oigridh Chuimhrich ag obrachadh, ghabh mi ris a' ghnòthach gu togarraich, on a bha mi glé dheònach rud 'sam bith ionnsachadh a dheanadh feum do Chomunn na h-Oigridh againne.

Nuair a ràinig mi Aberystwyth far a bheil an Ard-Ofis aca bha clàr-eagair air a dheasachadh a chuireadh feagal air na fineachan. Coimneamh na Fir-Stiùiridh an Fhòghluim, luchd-teagaisg nan oilthaighean 's nan sgoiltean, fear-stiùiridh is fir-deilbhe an Urdd, fear-deasachaidh leabhraichean an Urdd, na campaichean, na sgoiltean, an Eisteddfod is Phaid Cymru. Fàgaidh mi an Eisteddfod on a bha cunntas air a thoirt air iomadach uair. Fàgaidh mi cuideachd obair an fhòghluim anns a' Chuimhrigh, ach a mhàin far a bheil e co-cheangailte ri obair an Urdd.

Na Sgoiltean.

Gu dearbh tha obair an Urdd agus na sgoiltean cho co-cheangailte ri chèile 's gu bheil e glé dhoirbh innseadh far a bheil aon a' tòiseachadh 's am fear eile a' crìochnachadh. Tha iad a nis air sineadh air Cuimris a theagasg do na leanaban fo aois na sgoile. Tha seo air a dhèanamh gu saor thòileach le feadhainn a leig dhiubh obair-sgrùdaidh nan sgoiltean is a leithid sin. Tha iad a' creidsinn, "An leanabh nach fòghlum thu ri d' ghlin chan fhòghlum thu ri d' ehluis." Dh' fhoighnich mi de Fhear-stiùiridh an Fhòghluim ann an Aberystwyth mu 'n chloinn gun fhacal Cuimris a bha 'dol chun nan sgoiltean (air iarratas ann pàrantan), far an robh iad a' teagasg a h-uile cùil anns a' chànan Chuimris. Fhreagair e, "Tha aca ri snàmh no dol fodha." Sin sin, no "Bhuail mi mo dhòrn air a' bhonnach," mar a thair iad an Siorrachd Rois.

Tha feachdan dhe 'n Urdd air an stéidheachadh ann na sgoiltean feadh na Cuimhrigh, is tha an Urdd a' cur luach mhór air deagh-ghean an luchd-teagaisg is an obair a tha iad a' dèanamh as leth na cànan 's na h-Oigridh, 's mar a tha iad 'gan deasachadh airson a bhith 'nan ceann-feachd anns na còmhlaing-dìgridh nuair a thig iad gu ìre. Is tha an luchd-teagaisg iad fhéin 'nan ceann-feachd anns na feachdan a tha air an cur air bonn, airson dìgridh 15-25 bliadhna a' dh' aois, a mach á uair na sgoile. Dhruidd e orm gu mór mar a tha luchd an Urdd is luchd an Fhòghluim a' tighinn air a' chèile 's ag obair còmhla airson adhartachd is maith an dùthcha 'san cànan.

Urdd Gobaith Cymru.

An déidh dhomh dealbh fhaotainn air mar a bha cùisean troimh shùilean luchd gun fhòghlum thug iad gu Oifis an Urdd mi. Cha b' urrainn do Fhear-stiùiridh is do F'hir-deilbhe an Urdd gu leòr a dheanamh airson mo chabharachadh is cha robh dad 'na dhragh dhaibh. Thig thu á oifis an Urdd air d' ath-bheothachadh is air do mhìneachadh as ùr.

Chan 'eil e a' cur ioghnaidh 'sam bith orm an déidh dhomh eòlas a chur air na daoine a tha air sìas an obair an Urdd gu bheil e cho beò fallain, a' sìor-fhàs 's a' sgoileadh. Chan 'eil e ach deich bliadhna nas sine na Comunn na h-Oigridh ach tha e an déidh a fhreumhan a sgoileadh mu dheas 's mu thumh, an ear 's an iar feadh na dùthcha is anns na bailtean móra. Ciamar a rinn iad seo? Thòisich Urdd Gobaith Cymru bho oisean beag anns an leabhar mhìosail "Cymraeg," ag iarraidh air an dìgridh a bhith 'nam buill de chomunn a bha air a stéidheachadh air gaol do 'n Chuimhrigh, do 'n chànan, is air earbs ann am bràithreachas saoghalta. Thairg iad bràisdean, is teist, is co-fharpaisean dhaibh.

Ghabh uiread ri seo is gun do thòisich feachdan air am bonn féin. Le a bhith a' sgrìobhadh gu "Cymraeg," 's ag innseadh mar a bha iad a' dèanamh, chum iad buntanas ri feachdan eile. As an tòiseachadh shìmplidh sin thàinig Urdd Gobaith Cymru — le campaichean, Eisteddfod is mabolgampau (cleasan) air an suidheachadh eadar dùthchannan, is 50,000 'nam buill 's a h-uile duine dhiubh sin a' pàigheadh cìs. 'S e fear-teagaisg a bh' anns an fhear-stiùiridh a th' aca an dràsia is bha e anns an Urdd bho 'n a bha e 'na ghille beag 'san sgoil. Nuair a ghabh e 'n dreuchd an toiseach b' fheudar dha leth an tuarasdail aige a dheanamh suas le oidhùrpean fhéin.

Campaichean.

'S e té-dheilbh a tha coimhead an déidh nan campaichean. Tha dà àite campachaidh aca, aon aig Glan Llynn am measg nam beanm is fear eile aig Llangranog ri taobh na mara. Bha timcheall air 200 aig gach campa nuair a thadhail mise orra. Tha campaichean fileanta is campaichean ionnsachaidh aca is tha gach ni air ullachadh dhaibh gu cìramach. Cha mhór gun cuala mi facl Beurla, fiù aig campa an luchd-ionnsachaidh. Chan 'eil e aca mar chànan a bheir iad a mach airson an àird-ùrlair neo airson a dha no trì fhacal fàite a chur air duine. Tha e gu sìubhlach air am bilean fad na h-ùine ge bith càite a bheil iad. Chan 'eil iadsan a' dèanamh leisgeul modha airson Beurla a bhruidhinn. Tha iad ag ràdh gur iad na coigrich a tha

tighinn beò 'san dùthaich gun a' chànain ionnsachadh a tha mi-mhodhail. Gu dearbh tha iad a' creidsinn "beus na tuath, far am bithear 'se nithear." Nan tòisichinn air innseadh a h-uile dad mu na campaichean 's e sgeul gu latha a bhithheadh ann.

Clò-bhualadh.

Tha trì leabhraichean miosaile aca mu mheud "Gairm," agus leabhraichean beaga òibhinn cuideachd, ach 's e "Cymraeg" as soirbheachaile dhiubh. Tha e air a dheasachadh is air a chlà-bhualadh le comunn fo Bòrd an Fhòghluim an Siorrachd Glamorgan, is le cùl-taic Bùird an Fhòghluim an siorrachdan eile. Tha an leabhar air a chur am feum ann an teagasg Cuimris anns na sgoitean, agus tha cruinneachannan riaghailteach aig an Urdd is luchd an Fhòghluim. Chan 'eil iad a' call air na leabhraichean, bhon a tha iad a' cur duilleig chun nan sgoitean gus am bi fhios aca dé an àireamh a reiceas iad.

Plaid Cymru neo Buidheann Nàiseantach Chuimrigh.

Chuir e iognadh orm gu robh seo air a' chlàir-eagair dhomh, oir tha an Urdd mar An Comunn — chun 'eil iad a' gabhail gnothaich ri polataics. Seo cruinneachadh de shàrshluagh a tha 'toilltinn àrd-urraim bho gach neach. Bha iad aig a' cho-chruinneachadh seo a' deasbaireachd anns a' chànain aca fhéin mu na nithean as fheàrr a ghabhas dèanamh airson an càinain 'san dùthaich fhéin. An t-eadar-dhealachadh bho an lethbhreac an Alba! Anns a' cheud àite b' i a' Chuimris a bha iad a' bruidhinn; 'san dàrna àite tha iad a' toirt gu deagh bhuil nan rùintean ris an d' aontaich iad.

Thachair aon rud aig Plaid Cymru a chuir dragh is smaointinn orm. Thug mi coinnidh do dhithis a bha 'nan teachdairean a' Alba is a bha, air an aideachadh fhéin, 'nam buill chearta de 'n Chomuinn Ghàidhealach. Ach cha chual iad riamh mu Chomuinn na h-Oigridh! Tha an fhìrinn sin bho dhithis de bhuill a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich a' sealltainn an difir eadar an Urdd Gobaith Cymru, a' dol o neart gu neart, is Comunn na h-Oigridh, a' fàs nas laige 's nas laige. Thòisich an Urdd mar chraoibh bhig, òig, fhallain, ann an talamh a bha nàdarra dha, thog e maitheas as an fhonn sin, agus mar a dh' fhàs e na bu làidire, sgaoil na geugan feadh na dùthcha, is thug e brìgh bho chuspair 'sam bith a thigeadh an rathad cho fad 's nach ruigeadh e a leas a dhreach atharrachadh. Tha Comunn na h-Oigridh mar

fhàillinn neo-thorrach dhe 'n chraoibh phàrantail (An Comunn) a thòisich fada bho 'u talamh nàdarra aige. Tha an t-am air tighinn gun cuireadh Comunn na h-Oigridh sìos freumban dha fhéin ann an talamh a tha nas torraiche na cabhsairean a' bhaile mhóir, ach fo sgàil na seann chraoibhe, is air àrach is air oileanachadh le daoine a tha an sàs an obair òigridh na Gàidhealtachd anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. An sin éiridh ginealach de bhuill a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich a chli nach bi duine ceangailte ris do nach aithne dé tha Comunn na h-Oigridh a' ciallachadh. Oir "far nach bi na fir-uchd cha bhli na fir-cheachd."

CEITIREIN NIC-MHATHAIN.

An Siud 'San Seo

Tha am Mòd air ais a rithist anns an Oban, far an do chumadh a' cheud chruinneachadh dhe 'n t-seòrsa o chionn trì fichead bliadhna 'sa deich. Fhuaradh am baile seo freagarrach aig an am ud agus tha e mar sin fhathast. Tha am Mòd air a bhith an seo deich tursan uile gu léir, barrachd 'sa bha e an àite sam bith eile. Gheibhear ann na tìghean-aoidheachd is na tallachan air a bheil feum.

Tìghean is tallachan, cha dian am Mòd an gnothuch as an aonais an diugh. Tha maise ri fhaicinn timcheall air an Oban mar a bha e an 1892, muir is sleibitean, feur is duilleagan gorma a' cur an dreach air an àite. Suidheachadh fàsag, àile glan a' tarraing an seo daoine as gach ceàrnaidh aig nach 'eil ùidh am Mòd no an Gàidhlig.

Chan e sin uile. Tha mòran de 'n bheachd nuair a thig iad do 'n Oban gu bheil iad a' tighinn do 'n Ghàidhealtachd. 'S math gu bheil am faireachadh sin aca fhathast, oir chluinnear a' ghearrain gu tric gu bheil an Mòd ro thrìc air Galldachd. Cha dèan feum ach baile an diugh, agus 's i a' cheisd a bheil baile Gàidhealach a tha mòr gu leòr againn.

Cha 'eil suidheachadh baile 'sam bith ro choibhneil ri càinain coltach ri Gàidhlig. Tha na bailtean a' tarraing g' an ionnsaidh fhéin òigridh nan ionadan dùthchasail agus nuair a gheibh iad grein orra, 'gan deilbh ri an cumadh fhéin.

Aig Mòd an iubail anns an Oban an 1953, thugadh ionradh air na h-atharrachidhean a thàinig do 'n chumadh a' cheud Mòd. Ghabhadh iomadh cothrom gu innseadh dhuinn mar a dh' éirich àireamh nan co-fharpaiseach ré nan bliadhnan, agus mar a dh' fhàs



Mr. HUGH MACPHEE,
 President, An Comunn Gaidhealach.
(Alex Scott, Glasgow)



Mr. WILLIAM PEDDIE,
 Hon. Secretary, Mod Local Committee.
(Webster of Oban)

An Comunn ann an comas agus ann an ùghdarras.

Tha breithneachadh ùr air dèsgadh. Tha cunntas an dèidh cunntais a' leigeil fhaicinn mar a tha luchd-labhairt na cùnamh a' dol an lughad. Tha mòran a' foighneachd a bheil An Comunn air an t-slighe cheairt. A bheil an t-saothair a tha iad a' dèanamh air a chur gu deagh bhuil?

Cha ghabh na ceisdean sin cur an dara taobh. A thaobh a' Mhòid, chan 'eil teagamh nach e soirbheachadh a tha ri aithris. 'S e sin ma bheir sinn gèill do àireamhan. Tha luchd taghail



Mrs. MARGARET BLACK,
 Convener, Ladies' Committee.
(Webster of Oban)

air an tarraing le ceòl nan co-fharpaisean 's nan cèilidhean. Tha an ceòl glé mhath 'na àite fhéin, ach cha b' ann airson seo a stéidhicheadh An Comunn o thùs. Molamaid ar Féis-Ciùil, carson nach moladh, ach mur a bi a' chànain againn, am bi Féis-Ciùil againn nas mò an ùine gun a bhith fada?

'S fhiach dhuinn cuimhneachadh gum b' e Eisteddfod nan Cuimreach a bha 'san amharc aca-san a chuir am Mòd air chois. Tha an Eisteddfod cho làidir 'sa bha e riamh, ach cha d' thug sin air na Cuimrich dearmad a dhèanamh air a' chànain. An raon a' chiùil

cha tig móran suas riutha, ach cha d' thugadh a thaobh iad le ceòl. Chan' eil iad idir gun ionnagain mu staid na cànan, ach tha i gu math nas fallaine na a' chànan againne, agus a thaobh dealas an cois an aobhair cha tig sinne faisg no faireadh orra.

Air duilleig eile chithear iomradh air beagan dhe 'n t-saothair a tha air a thaisbeanadh anns a' Chuimrigh, gu h-àraidh am measg na h-òigridh. Bheir an cunntas seo aobhar-ceasnachaidh dhuinne timcheall air feumalachd a' Mhòid agus gach oidhirp eile a th' aig a' Chomunn os làimh.



Mr. DONALD THOMSON,
Convener, Mod Local Committee.

(Webster of Oban)



Miss ISA McINTYRE,
Assistant Treasurer, Mod Local Committee.

(Webster of Oban)

Thàinig gum' làimh a' chiom ghoirid dà leabhar*, fear ag innseadh mu na làithean a bh' ann, dìreach mu àm-tòiseachaidh A' Chomuim, am fear eile air a dheasachadh fo chomhair feum an latha an diugh. Cha leig mi leas innseadh dé am fear as motha a thug dhomh de thogail-inntinn. Bheir "Bàrdachd Mhurchaidh a' Cheisdeir" smaointean an luchd-leughaidh air ais gu deireadh an fhicheadaimh linn, agus is feumail an obair a rinn an t-Urr. Aonghas Duncan (tha aon de nigheanau a' bhàird pòsda aige) ann a bhith a' cruinneachadh na tha ri fhaotainn de



Mr. R. C. HENDERSON,
Hon. Treasurer, Mod Local Committee.

(Laird Parke)

sgriobhadh an duine fhoghaintich ud, agus ann a bhith ag ùrachadh ar n-eblais air Leòdaich sgairteil nan Lochan. Bha clù orra an eilean ann breith. Tha sin orra fhathast an iomadh eilean eile, agus air tìr-mór, agus is gasda a bhith a' fiosrachadh còmhla ri ùghdar an leabhair gu bheil an gineal fhathast a' cur ris a' chliù sin 'nar meas.

Tha Murchadh a' Cheisdeir conharraichte mar ùghdar an òrain (no an abair mi "an amhrain") ainmeil, "Eilean an Fhraoich." Chan 'eil e soilleir o 'n leabhar cò rinn ann fonn, ma tha fios idir air. Tha mòran eile dhe na h-òrain is na laoidhean anns an leabhar nach tig suas, 'nam bheachd-sa, ri "Eilean an Fhraoich." Cò-dhiù 'se chuireas iognadh air daoine ciamar a ghabhas leabhar cho gasda a bhith air a chur mu 'r coinneimh aig 7/6, agus tha mi cinnteach gum bi fèill air.

Bheir an leabhar eile a dh' ainmich mi, leabhar-leughaidh sgoile, leis an tiotal thogarrach "Làithean Geala," oirnn a bhith a' smaointeachadh gu bheil iadsan aig a bheil ùghdarras a' tighinn g' an ionnsaidh fhéin, agus gu bheil iad a' tuigsinn an fheuma a tha air leabhraichean dhe 'n t-seòrsa, ma tha sinn a cheart-da-rireadh mu theagasg na cloinne, air a bheil neart na cànan cho mór an crochadh.

Tha an leabhar ag innseadh mu theaghlach Gàidhealach agus mu chùr na tha 'tachairt dhaibh aig an tigh agus bho 'n tigh. Chan 'eil euchdan iongantach ri an aithris. Chan 'eil a leithid a dhìth orra-san leis an àill ùidh na cloinne a thogail. Gabhaidh clann-sgoile ris na sgeòil is ris na dealbhan. Ionnsaichidh iad mar seo gun fhios daibh.

Tha ceisdean aig deireadh gach leisein. Bhitheadh cuid de luchd-teagaisg a' meas cheisdean mar sin an suarachas, a' smaointeachadh gun tigeadh ceisdean fada na bh' fheàrr gu 'n aire fhéin. Tha deagh leth-sgeul air an son an seo, oir bithidh iad feumail do chloinn a th' air am fàgail leotha fhéin, ni as fheudar tachairt an iomadh àite an diugh. Tha beagan àbhachdais a' ruith troimh 'n leughadh cuideachd a chuireas ri aotromas na h-obair.

Tha mi toilichte fhaicinn nach 'eil eagal air fear-deasachaidh an leabhair, Murchadh MacLeòid, faclan mar a tha rùm, làraidh (am feum sinn an-dh?), cidsin, a chur am feum. Mholainn a dhànachd eadhoin nuair a chì mi *lof, polsman, silidh*. Chan 'eil mi cho einteach mu *platform*, agus bh' fheudar dhomh sealltainn dà uair cò-dhiù air *aids-criom*.

Chuala mi gu robh an E.L.S. a' deasachadh sgeòil-litreachaidh air faclan. Bh' mhatht sin fhaicinn. 'Se a' chùis, mar a chi mise e, ged a chitheamaid mòran fhaclan naclì càrd rium, bhitheamaid deònach an cur am feum, nam

bitheadh fhios againn gu robh ùghdarras buidhe àraidh air an cùl, agus nam bitheadh dearbhadh againn gu robh sinn uile air an aon ràmh.

Bithidh an fheadhainn a chì an leabhar seo an dòchas nach 'eil ann ach a' cheud fhear de shreath leabhraichean dhe 'n t-seòrsa, agus gum bi làithean de dhathan eile againn an tìne gun a bith *uamhasach* fada.

* "Bàrdachd Mhurchaidh a' Cheisdeir" (John Grant & Sons, 7/6).

"Làithean Geala," Murchadh MacLeòid, fo stiùireadh Oilthigh Obairheadhainn.

An Cat Buidhe

Bha na gillean-seilge a' leigeil an sgiòs diubh, Di-dòmhaich ann, 'nan creisgin féin mu chùl an treabha, agus iad air siubhal a' mhonaidh o mhoch gu dubh gach là eile ré na seachdaine. Bha iad, mar bu nòs, ag gallamh is a' deasbud mu ioma cuspair, agus thàinig orra brìd fa dhéidhinn glocais no seòltachd ann an ainmhidhean. Gu beachdaidh, ghabhta iongnadh de chuid sgeùl a bha aca fa dhéidhinn each agus bhuar agus chon.

Bha fear ann, agus MacEanruig a ainm, o Airceig no Lòchaidh, agus cha robh guth aige ach mu chat a chunnaic e àit-eigin. Thùirt fear eile de na bha an làthair "Innis duinn beagan mu dhéidhinn a' chait sin, mata." Fhreagarair MacEanruig "Nì mi sin. Ach tuigibh nach comas domh innseadh dhuibh ach mìr bheag bheag; non ni as a' ch'ig eud, agus sin féin ach suarach, is dòich, seach ioma glonn eile a rinneadh leis." Ràidh am fear eile, "Foghnaidh beagan féin los a leigeil ris cé seòrsa de chat a bh' ann." Agus thòisich MacEanruig air a sgeul.

Bha an cat aig Eachann Ruadh a bha 'na aoghaire chaorach shuas an Gleann Allt. Creag Innis nam Bó, agus tha fios againn uile cà bheil sin. Rugadh an cat an longart nan Comando, sìos an Achadh-na-Caradh, far an robh a phàrantan a' deanamh saoghail mhaith dheth am measg nan rodan reamlar a bhios pailt mu gach àite de a leithid.

Trà chuireadh an longart fàs, ràinig an cat sin taigh Eachainn, agus rinn e dachaidh dà féin ann gun chead iarraidh o neach de na bha ann.

B'e beothach tionnsgalach a bh'ann, agus bòidheach. Cat buidhe riabhach, agus na riabhann donnbhuidhe agus fionnbhuidhe car mu seach, glè sgiamhach.

Bh' mhatht an sealgair e, agus maigr an luchd no ròdan a thigeadh toisgeal air. Ach bha e math, os ceann gach cat riabh, air na coinein. Bha coinean aige aig domh an taighe gach màduinn ach Di-dòmhaich; agus cha do chuir e riabh spull no deud ach air coinean

sgairteil fallan a b' fhéarr a thigeadh do an aghann fhícheaidh.

Ach tháinig lá-bréin. Cha robh coinean aig doras an taighe, agus bha an cat air snágaíl dachaigh air trí cosuit. Cha robh fágta aige ach glé bheagan de a dhara cois thoisich, amháil gu robh e air a bhíth ann an glacadan, far an d' fhág e a chos. Chaidh e am feabhas tre thid, ach bha e mó is mall los coinean a ghlacadh tuilleadh. Dh' fheumadh coinean a bhíth sean, agus fóidhth is siataig 'ga chlaoidheadh, mus beireadh an cat air.

Feasgar de na tháinig, bha deannan bhalach air céilidh an taigh Eachainn, agus thóisich iad ri feuchainn an deanadh iad cos-fhíodha do an chat. Dh' fhartlaich orra an tús, ach dh' ionnsaich iad gu feumadh i bhíth na bu ghiorra na chosan féin, is i gun lughadh glúin, los nach ruigeadh i lár roimh chéach, a chuireadh dragh an ionad fóir air a' chat, agus los nach cuireadh an cat air lár i ach trá thogradh e féin. Fa dheire is fa dheói, shoirbhlich leo agus bha cos-fhíubhaidh air an ainmhídh agus asáir leathrach mu a ghuailinn 'ga cunail gu táiceil ri bun a choise mílte. Ge bu liobasta car trill e a, b'fhéairde an cat a chos-chrainn a bhíth air, agus b'asaide a choiseach dá. O an t-án sin, cha robh e a' síor-thuitem fa chomhair a shréin, mar a bha gu soithe sin, is e an urra ri cois nach robh ann tuillidh.

Treall an déidh sin, bha closach coinein ri doras na fúrdaich a ris, maduinn a bha ann; agus air an ath mhaduinn, agus an ath mhaduinn a ris. Agus bha iad gun ailt orra a leigeadh ris cionnas a mharbhadh iad. Roimhe, mus do mhúilleadh cos a' chait, bha ailt is siltean fola far an d' fhuair deudach rinnghéur a' chait greim báis air na coinein, ach cha robh a thionnail sin ann tuilleadh.

Ghabh Eachann iongnadh cé mar a bha an cat a' déanamh na cúise, ach dh' fhartlaich air fios fhaighinn gus an táinig maduinn áraidh. An mhaduinn seo, rinn Eachann moch-éirigh co tráth 'sa bu léir dha, los síil a chumail air grúinne chaorach a dh' fhág e air an leathad fa chomhair an taighe am feasgar roimhe. Thog e air do chnocan íosal, fagus do an taigh, agus a phrosaic aige. Bha e ag amharc an leathaid is e a' déanamh rim air na caoraich mar a bha e 'gam faicinn. Fhuaras áireamh ceart diubh, agus bha e an amhar foib air ais an taigh, nuair a mhóthaich e do rdh-eigin buidhe air an fháin, na bu dlúithe ris na bha na caoraich. Chuir e a phrosaic air lagh los amharc a b' fhéarr fhaighinn, agus mar bu dúil leis, b'e an cat a bh'ann. Bha e 'na chrúban gu táimhídh air cúl cloiche, baol ri blot-choinean, amháil gu robh e a' feitheamh air a tighinn a mach los fáilt a chur orra.

Chuir Eachann rian air féin agus air a phrosaic a chum fantainn gus am faiceadh e na thachradh. Tháinig coinean a mach, gun deifir air, is e a' déanamh mírnn an siud 'san sco los bileug fheóir itheadh. Clu tug an cat monaid air. Is dóich nach robh esan de an stannair air an robh an cat ag cur iarraidh. Tháinig brosgan de choinein óga as a' bhrúgh. Cha d' rinn an cat smíogal. Gar beag iar sin, nochd coinean eile a mach, creutair daiceanta ciulcach. Ag dol dá-san seach a' chloich, thog an cat a chos-lunna agus thug e sgleog leis do an choinean air cúl a chinn, agus thuit an coinean 'na chlosaich. Bha faobhadach ri doras an taighe air an mhaduinn sin a ris.

Is e cat luimeil reabhal a bha ann gun teagamh.

Nuair a sguir MacEanruig de a sgeulachadh, thuir fear de na bha ann " Am bheil thusa cinnreach, Mhic Eanruig, nach robh an cat a' feadaireachd 'Là Inbhir-Lóchaidh' agus e a' lúimsearachd air ais do an tigh agus closach a' choinein trasd a ghuaillean? "

Fhreagair MacEanruig, " Is furasa do bhaoghlan fanoid a dheanamh air gach uile ní, ach is i an fhírinn a sheasas. Ach b'e an ní a dh' fhág Eachann fo iongnadh riamh, gu robh an cat sin a' bualadh nan coinean anns an dearbh bhád sin, mu chúl an amhaich, a theagaisgeadh do na comandoi an Acha-nacaradh, los an naimhde, gu h-áraidh saighdearan-faire agus coimheadaich, a chur do eug obann an tosd agus an traide, nuair a bha na comandoi a' déanamh till agus feachd air na h-eirthrean thairis. Is deagh-fhios duinne cá d' fhuair an cat an teagasg sin, ach cionnas? "

" Ach, " thuir MacEanruig gu tasbach, " theagamh gur furasa dhuibh, a lúchd foichaid, a leitidh sin a shorehair oírne. "

Bailie-lúib.

Ord

I will take the road that runs from Knock
To the sea where shines the marble rock,
Go down the glen that keeps in view
The jagged peaks of Coolins blue,
And look across the endless bay
To far off Camasunary;
To Suisnish and Kilmaree
And green Strathtaird and Sgur na Stri;
See arching high in stricken air
Sgur Dearg and Sgur Alasdair:
Then take the road with lightsome feet
By Tokavaig to Point of Sleat,
By Tarskavaig and Bil na Dail
The road that goes nowhere at all.

MAC ILLE BHAIN.

Parental Responsibility

By G. MACULLEIM.

As the father of a small child, I feel it is high time that someone said a few hard words to parents who are members of An Comunn. I shall no doubt be criticised for doing so, as my own child is being brought up far from the Gaidhealtachd, but I am prepared to put the cap on myself where it fits. As a member of An Comunn Gaidhealach I am tired of hearing high-minded speeches on the need to preserve the language from persons who rarely, if ever, speak a word of Gaelic to their children. For years I have listened sympathetically to what the Irish call "friends of the language" (i.e., those who protest how much they love the Gaelic but who never use it in their daily life). I am prepared to listen sympathetically no longer. In the field of Gaelic, as in the field of religion, lip service can often do more damage than open opposition. It was a very clever man who suggested that the best way to revive the Gaelic would be to ban it.

Although I live in an English-speaking area, I have several Gaelic-speaking neighbours and numerous acquaintances who are members of An Comunn. Of all these, I know of only one who intends to bring her daughter up to speak Gaelic. Whether she will be successful is highly doubtful, as her husband speaks only English. The rest make no pretence of intending to teach the language to their children. Some state quite frankly that they are opposed to the idea.

The atmosphere in which we live is not at all conducive, therefore, to the teaching of Gaelic to a child. Let me give an example: we were recently in the company of a number of friends — all enthusiastic members of An Comunn, professing to love the language and music of the Gael. A number of those present were horrified when they overheard my wife speaking to the child in Gaelic. They did not mince words in expressing their disapproval. They implied that we were hindering the child's development by speaking to him in Gaelic. What on earth, they said, would we do when the child had to go to an all-English school? They were frankly incredulous when we said that he would probably speak English better than the average Englishman by then. The fact that children in other countries grow up to be bi-lingual and even tri-lingual did not impress them. He who wishes his child to speak the Gaelic must expect to be criticised.

It is difficult to understand this fierce opposition. It is a proven fact that bi-lingual children grow up brighter and with greater

cultural potential than monoglot children. The writer was brought up to speak three languages and never found this a disadvantage — rather the contrary.

When we come to the question of education, the matter is not so simple. Although we have laid in a good stock of children's books in Gaelic, our child will no doubt be tempted to do most of his reading in English. His playmates will certainly discourage him from speaking Gaelic, unless he is fortunate enough to find other children whose parents encourage them to speak it. This is a problem which is acute even in Gaelic-speaking areas, as anyone who knows Lewis will testify. On the other hand, it is often forgotten that Gaelic is an examination subject and, provided one takes obligatory subjects such as English, proper study of Gaelic as a school subject can only be an advantage, as the well-taught child has a good chance of passing and thus enhancing his examination result. It is obvious that a child who is used to speaking and hearing a language is much more likely to obtain a good examination result in it than in a language like Latin which (for all its value) is never heard as a spoken language. An additional advantage is that the number of school children studying Gaelic is relatively small, and the child is thus sure of almost individual attention from his teacher. It is well known that a student can increase his chances of passing examinations by including one or two subjects which are in little demand. He benefits from the smaller classes and from the fact that the examination papers are not deliberately made difficult in order to reduce the number of students, as is often the case where too many students are studying one subject.

If I may be excused for (if I may use the expression) "teaching others to suck eggs," the first task of Gaelic associations would seem to me to be that of impressing on parents the need to speak Gaelic with their children. It will not be sufficient to endeavour to maintain the reduced number of persons speaking our ancient language; it is necessary to *increase* that number. A language which is merely holding its own is dying, and Gaelic is not even holding its own. An increase can only come by teaching more children to speak the language. Surely parents could set aside a little time each day to read a page or two of Gaelic to their children. Our forefathers never considered it onerous to read a passage of Scripture every day.

Impetus was given to the revival of Hebrew in Israel by parents who insisted on their children speaking the ancient tongue. Hard

as this may have seemed at the beginning, Israel has seen the wisdom of this policy and Jewish children are now able to gain a higher education in their own land and inherit a rich tradition. Ukrainian parents in this country still teach their children their native language. If only Gaelic parents did the same, there would be no "Gaelic problem." A child's tongue, like his faith, is learned at his mother's knee. Surely it is not too much for members of An Comunn who are parents to say, "My child shall learn his own language and inherit the gift of his forefathers." Without an ethnic inheritance we shall have a nation of rootless "beatniks" and Teddy boys. To bring a child up without a background is dangerous folly. In spite of all opposition and persecution, the Jewish people have never forgotten this. They have never considered that it was wasteful to teach an ancient language and lore to their children. Now they have their reward in their own land. We must learn from them or perish as a separate race with a culture of its own.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor.

Since I first became a Life Member of An Comunn after competing in my first Mod (Inverness, 1949) I have regularly taken *An Gaidheal* as I feel that it is only right to support our magazine. I have not, however, always found it very interesting, for too often the articles have been mere reminiscences and news. I have always felt that at least one article each month should have an educational flavour to spread Gaelic knowledge to the readers.

My own particular interest in Gaelic is its song. Alas, though I have learnt enough Gaelic, with the help of many An Comunn friends, to be able to compete in the Annual Mod and to take an active part in ceilidhs, I have not had the time or opportunity to be able to hold a conversation in Gaelic (although I have passed the Mod Gaelic test on two occasions under the old rules!). Gaelic song being my main interest, I have always hoped that An Comunn through *An Gaidheal* would publish informative articles on various aspects of Gaelic song. You have recently published the words and music of some Gaelic songs, but to my great regret the background information has been entirely in Gaelic. Surely such important articles as these should be in both Gaelic and English so that all readers, learners as well as fluent Gaelic speakers, can gain from the articles. It does

seem wrong to ask for more English, but what are the facts — how many readers of *An Gaidheal* can read the Gaelic articles, and how many only the English? Of all members of An Comunn, how many can only speak and read English? I wonder if this is behind the lack of support for the one and only An Comunn magazine.

After my first Gaelic Mod in Inverness I was appalled at the incorrect Gaelic stress of singers in competitions — even among native speakers who should have known better. I was even more shocked when I found that An Comunn was publishing incorrect stress in the Mod booklet. I therefore wrote some articles and letters on this subject in the hope that they would stimulate discussion, and more articles from Gaelic speakers with academic qualifications — for surely it is from them that the criticism and teaching should come, and not from a non-Gaelic speaker like myself!! There was no response whatever from the right quarter. Since that time I have discussed this stress problem with Gaelic Mod adjudicators, school teachers and ministers, and they have all led me to believe that I was right in my early criticisms. I have urged them all to do something about it at An Comunn committees, but they usually say it is no good, or the lack of money prevents An Comunn from producing new corrected Gaelic song editions. I was very depressed at the lack of practical response, but I was greatly heartened when I saw in *Aon-Neach* "Gaelic vowel values and stresses take precedence." I like to think that perhaps I may have had something to do with this!

During the years one thing has caused me surprise and great regret — the apparent "iron curtain" between the University Gaelic scholars and An Comunn. Most An Comunn members I have met seem to have much enthusiasm but little academic knowledge. Some I have met, such as Lachie Mackinnon (my first teacher), Rev. Donald W. Mackenzie, Rev. William Matheson, Rev. John MacDougall, and the late Angus Ross, who speak the same academic language and who seem to understand the problem. But they (and others) don't write educative articles for the poor editor of *An Gaidheal*!

At the Perth Mod some years ago I was most interested in the illustrated lecture by Rev. William Matheson on "Traditional Gaelic Singing." This lecture was not published in *An Gaidheal*. There is an immense amount of traditional Gaelic song and singing locked behind the walls of the "School of Scottish Studies" in Edinburgh University —

why cannot *An Comunn* and *An Gaidheal* make use of some of this knowledge? To hear "Coire Cheathaich" sung in the traditional way is a revelation, for it is nearly unrecognisable from the modern version. I would like to see the traditional version written down so as to see where the Gaelic stresses come. I would also like to learn about traditional grace notes so that I may be able to put them back into some of our thoroughly "washed-out" modern versions.

I hope this letter will give you something to think about.

BRIAN McD. DUXBURY.

To the Editor,

It seems a great pity that Mr. A. J. Lawrie, notes of whose excellent talk on Clan tartans to the Glasgow Rotary Club appears in your August issue, should have struck such an unfortunately wrong note in his peroration.

He has so clearly traced the origins of tartan, the decline of its use to a limited degree in the eighteenth century and its resurgence during the early part of the 19th century, and rightly points out that there are no laws governing the use of individual setts, nor historically is there precedence for prescriptive rights to individual tartans.

But he seems to ignore the fact that 150 years or so is ample time for a greatly cherished tradition to have grown up, even though it may, originally, have been based on misinterpreted fact.

Far from considering themselves complimented by "strangers" adopting their tartan, most Clan members would tend to regard it, if not as usurpation, at least as being in very bad taste. The feelings of others are always worth considering, and tact and good manners are as important in the wearing of tartan as in anything else.

Moreover it is entirely unnecessary for those wishing to wear tartan to adopt existing Clan setts. There are many "district" tartans available, some of which may well pre-date most of those now associated with specific families.

These can quite properly be worn by any who live in, or whose families hail from, the localities concerned. They include Huntley, Angus, Kinnoul, Strathearn, Lennox, Lorne, Glenurquhart and Lochaber.

In addition to these there are a few "town tartans" — Dundee, Crieff, Dunblane and Fort William are among them.

Moreover there is absolutely nothing to

prevent anyone at all from designing an original sett and having it woven for himself and his family. In recent years several new tartans have been registered at Lyon Office, and this, while in no sense conferring copyright, acts as a useful record which members of the family may consult in years to come.

Why then should it be necessary for anyone to risk causing misunderstanding by wearing a sett which has become closely associated with a particular Clan or family?

ILAY M. CAMPBELL.

To the Editor.

Re: *Ar Canain (Canned)*, by Gillesbuig MacMhuirich, *An Gaidheal*, April, 1962, page 45.

I have read and re-read with intense interest the above-mentioned article regarding tape-recording the Gaelic.

Within the last year or two, while listening to a broadcast from Radio Station, Pullman, Washington, I heard the poem entitled "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes. Judge how thrilled I was to learn at the conclusion of the broadcast that it was the recorded voice of the poet Noyes himself that I was hearing. How wonderful it would be if this were undertaken for Scots Gaelic. Two interesting fields are open in Gaelic poetry. One is to make tape-recordings of the poetry of living contemporary poets. This should be undertaken without delay for men like Macdhunleibhe and MacGaraidh are no longer young, and tape-recordings should be made before it is too late. The second, the poems of Donnachadh Ban nan Oran should be put on tape, the readings being made by the best Gaelic speaker to-day of the Gaelic of his district in Argyllshire, the same being done for MacCodrum by someone in the Outer Isles, for Rob Donn in the Reay Country, etc. One or more duplicates of these tapes could be made and loaned or rented to persons such as myself, who have an earnest desire to improve the grasp of Gaelic pronunciation. They would be useful in parts of Scotland where there are persons eager to master Gaelic, but where teachers are lacking.

I am sending a copy of this letter to Pretoria, with the hope that Donnachadh Macdhunleibhe will consent to join in this program. I shall do likewise with Seumas MacGaraidh. I hope something can be undertaken along this line in Scotland.

MARCUS J. WARE.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVII

AN T-SAMHUIN, 1962

Aireamh 11

Am Mod

B'i a' bharaile a bu trice chualas bho feadhainn a bh' ann, agus feadhainn nach robh ann, gu robh deagh Mhod againn anns an Oban. An t-Oban, baile tlachdmhor ri amharc air anns an dol seachad, agus gu h-araidh measail aig luchd-turuis, mar a tha aireamh nan taighean-seinnse is nan taighean-oidheachd eile a' dearbhadh. An side cuideachd cho math 's a dh' iarradh duine; dreach is fallaineachd is deagh-ghean air am foillseachadh air gach laimh.

Riinn Comhairle a' bhaile is a' Chomhairle ionadail na bha 'nan comas gu deagh-ghean a sgoileadh. Sanas-an-failte an Gaidhlig air gach taobh air feadh a' bhaile. Bha na h-osairean fialaidh mu uaireannan-tadhail. Mar sin bha na ceilidhean pailt agus de a b' fhiach Mod an diugh gun cheilidhean. Bha uair, 's chan 'eil e uamhasach fada, nuair nach toisicheadh ceilidhean gu deireadh na seachdainne. Tha iad againn a nise feasgar di-Luain.

Chinnear barailean endar-dhealichte mu na ceilidhean. Dhaibh-san a their gum bu choir An Comunn obair a clur air thoiseach air spors an seachdain a' Mhoid, cha bhi anns na ceilidhean ach faoinis. An saoil iadsan a chumas seachdain dhe an saor-lathèan bliadhail, a dh' aon chuid airson a' Mhoid, gur e gliocas a th' ann dhaibh sin a dheanamh? 'S math dhaibh ma gheibh iad aite-taibh far nach ruig fuaim na h-upraid iad aig da uair no trì 'sa' mhadaoinn. Mo thruaighe ma cho-eignichear iad gu frithealadh nan ceilidhean iad fhein! 'S ann a bhlitheas iad nas fheumaile air saor-lathèan aig deireadh na seachdainne na bha iad roimhe.

Airson sin dheth, mur a faigh iad an t-urachadh bodhaig ris an robh duil aca, 's docha gum faigh iad urachadh air choireigin eile a ni suas airson dìth fois is cadail. Tha sinn an dochas gu faigh.

Bha cìou aon talla mhoir, agus an t-astar a bh' eadar na fallachan a bh' ann, na chuis-dhragha dluibh-san a ghabh os laimh deasachadh nan co-fharpaisean is nan cuirmean ciuil. B' iongantach nach robh barrachd gearain ann do thaobh seo, agus 's ann do 'n luchd-deasachaidh a bhuineas an clu.

Tha an aire a tha am Mod a' tarraing a' dol an meud gach bliadhna. Chan 'eil teagamh nach 'eil suim a' Bh.B.C. agus nam paipearan 'na chuideachadh mor. Mar sin bithamaid taingeil. Ach feumar aideachadh gu bheil uidh paipearan naidheachd na Galldachd air a nochdadh nas motha ann a bhith ag innseadh mu ni-eigin a theid iomrall, an aite a bhith a' toirt cunntais mu ghnothaichean a tha a' dol air adhart gu reidh ordail. Tha iad, a reir coltais, dhe 'n bheachd, agus 's cinnteach gur ann aca as fhearr a tha fios, gur fhearr leis na leugladairean a bhith a' cluinntinn mu 'n aon duine a chumadh air ais anns a' cheasnachadh na mu 'n fhichead a chaidh air adhart. Ma bheir am fear sin dhaibh faclan feargach mu bhreitheamh no mu'n Chomunn, 's e sin as fhearr uile gu leir. Cha tig air a seo ach craiceann tiugh agus snodha gaire mu choinneamh fanaid.

Nuair a theid an corr air di-chuimhne bithidh cuimhne air Mod an Obain airson nan riaghailtean ura a chuireadh an bonn-steidh a' Chomuinn, agus gu h-araidh airson an ullachaidh uir a rinneadh do Chomunn na h-Oigridh.

[Briathran a' Chinn-Suidhe, Mgr. Eoghann Mac-a-phi, aig foillseachadh a' chuimhneachain dhaibhsan a steidhich An Comunn Gaidhealach.]
A mhathas is a dhaoin' uaisle,

Is taitneach gu dearbh a bhli a' faicinn na h-ubhir an luthair an so is gu sonraichte Probhaisit is maithean a' bhaile. Tha sinne anns a' Chomunn Ghaidhealach ag gabhail ris mar urram mor gu bheil iad-san, mar a tha sibhse, ag cur bhur n-aonta ris an aobhar a thug an ceann a' cheile sinn an so an diugh.

Mar a tha fios agaibh, b'ann anns a' bhaile so a steidhicheadh An Comunn Gaidhealach. Tha trì fichead bliadhna is a dha-dheug 'uaithe sin, agus aig toiseach Moid mar so is cubhaidh dhunn a bhith a' deanamh luaidh air na sair a shaothraich cho dileas as leth ar canain, ar litreachais, is ar dualchais. Bu bheag suim a ghabhadh de'n chanain againn is na bhli a ag co-sheasamh 's na laithean sin. Gu dearbh bu bhoelch a cor. Bha fulang aice air gach tair is fuath a rinneadh oirre.

Tha eachdraidh ag cur an ceill gu'm b'e run suidhichte na muinntir a bha an ughdarras cur as dhith agus b'e an dteadh oirre nach robh innte ach cainnt bhorb a bha ag aobharachadh easantais is aimhreit. Cha robh luach no maitheas innte. Leis gach diol a bh' oirre is gach ana-cothrom a dh' fhuiling i cha chluir e iognadh oirbh gu'n robh a daoine fhein 'ga cur an suarachas agus 'ga toirmeasg do an cuid chloinne.

B'e sin m suidheachadh a ghluais luchd-steidhichidh a' Chomuinn gu gnìomh ionmholta, gnìomh a tha ag cur an ceill meud an dealais is an dilseachd do chanain aosda bhrioghmhor ar sinnsre. B'iadsan na diùnaich nach do dhiobair i 'na eas. Bha iadsan mothachail air maise ar dualchais is gu'm b' i a' Ghaidhlig an iuchair a bha a' fosgladh na sliغه gu raointean farsaing, saibhir ar n-eachdraidh is ar litreachais.

Nach mor an t-atharrachadh an diugh seach na laithean 'san do theann iad ri saothair. Tha ait' agus inbhe aig a' Ghaidhlig mar nach robh aice riamh roimhe. Tha i mar chuspair foghlum ann an sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd agus ann an Oil-thighean na dutheha, ach aon a mhaìn. Tha aithne agus meas air ar ceol air feadh an t-saoghail.

Tha a' chliu airson sin uile aig luchd-steidheachaidh a' Chomuinn. Ainmicheamaid iad le uaill, is le urram:—

IAIN CAIMBEUL,
IAIN MACMHAIGHSTIR CAIMBEUL,
EOGHAN MACCOMHAIN,
agus
DUGHALL MACISAAC.

Thog iad aitreabh anns a bheil dìon agus tasgadh air na nithean sin a tha uasal,

maiseach agus prìseil ann an eachdraidh agus caitheamh-beatha ar daoine.

Dh'fhag iad sin againn agus is e ar dleasdanas a bhli dileas do gach eiseimplear a thug iad dhunn a chum is gum bi sinne airidh, mar a bha iad-san, air gun gabhadh ruinn mar Ghaidheil a bha mothachail agus dileas do dhualchas ar daoine.

Na Laoich

[Rainn a chuireadh ri cheile le Seumas Mac Thomais agus a labhradh leis aig foillseachadh a' chuimhneachain.]

So laoch a bh' ann, 's a mhaireas beo
An oirdhearcais an gnìomh',
A leag an steidh gun chlach gun aol
Ach dealas gaol a' dìon
An dileib luachmhoir, uasail, aill'—
Crann-ubhal ard ar miann.

Air chuimhne cumaidh sinn na suinn
A dhleas 's na glinn a' choir,
A thog a' bhratach suas ri crann,
'S a smeid air sean is og
Gu seasamh fearail, feasd, 's gun taing,
A dhion an cainnt 's an ceol;

Gun fhois gun thamh, mar thuinn air traigh,
Gun lasadh is gun sgios,
A' sparradh air gach linn 'nan deidh,
An cogadh is an sith,
Bhith dileas, daingean, durachdach
Gun mhuthadh anns an t-stri.

An dileab ud a sheas na laoch,
Nach airidh i air cliu?—
An soitheach anns na thaisgear dhuinn
Cion-fath ar sluaigh, 's an run,
An spiorad duineil, abhachdach,
Is manran ciun a' chiuil.

Do'n mhaoin tha suant' an cainnt 's an ceol,
'S nach ceannaich ar gu brath,
Nach iobair sinn ar fuil 's ar feoil
A nis le deoin gun sgath
A chomhmadh leis gach feachd is ti
A chumas cis air namh.

Chan aithreach leinn an cath bhith cruaidh
Ma bheirear buaidh fa-dheoidh.
An oighreachd chuannta, aillessach
Cha teid gu brath fo'n fhoil
Ma leanas Gaidheil gnaths nan laoch
A sheas le faoil' an coir.

Bheil Alba 'n diugh gu fann gun treoir,
'Na laighe reot' a' tambh,
'S a' fagail dileib shuairce, chaoimh
Ri crionadh sìos 's a' bhlas?
An coigreach saltraidh i fo bhonn;
Is tir nan sonn dol fas.

An duisg mac-talla chaoidh a suain
Le seist is fuaim nan dan
An canain bhrioghmhoir Thir nam Beann
Air feadh gach gleann is aird?
A Ghaidheil, seasamaid gu dhuth
Le spionadh ur is cail.
'N crann-taraidh greasadh air a churs'
A dhugadh eud is spairn
A sgaras cuibhrichean nach fiu . . .
Neo-shuim, cion diu, is tair.

Bha duine as an Rudha a' dol dhachaidh
air a' bhùs aon latha bho na h-ordaighean
agus shuidh cailleach bhleideil a' thaobh.

Dh' fhoighnich i dheth, "Cia as a tha thu?"
"Tha as an Rudha," fhreagair esan.
"Agus de theirear riut an sin?" ars ise.
"Their feadhainn 'Helo' rium, agus
feadhainn eile, cha chan iad cail idir." Is e
sin am freagairt a thug esan dhì.

MAIRI NIC DHOMHNAILL, 2a
(Sgoil Mhic-Neacail.)

O, nach maing dhomhsa bhòs anns a' bhaile
ghrannda seo! Ged a their cuid nach 'eil
aite ann an Eilean Leodhais cho boidheach ri
baile mor Steornabhagh, chan e sin mo
bheachd-sa idir. Tha feadhainn eile a' cumail
a mach gur e an Gearradh-Cruaidh aite cho
alainn 'sa chunnaic iad riamh, ach b' fhearr
leam-sa fichead uair a dhol cuairt troimh 'n
mhonadh a thabhairt dhachaidh a' chruaidh,
na dhol cuairt troimh 'n Ghearradh-Chruaidh.
Sud far a bheil an sealladh boidheach — fraoch
dearg, geal, agus gorm. Cait am faicear fraoch
ann an Steornabhagh? Is e a' mhuir an
t-aon ni a bhios a' togail mo chridhe, an uair
a bhios mi gu leigeil thairis leis a' chianalas,
agus ged nach fhaigh mi mach ann an eathar,
'se torr a tha ann a bhith a' faicinn na mara
a' bualadh mu na creagan, dìreach mar a
chithear anns a' bhaile againn fhìn. Chan
'eil mi fhìn a' smaointeachadh gu bheil aite
ann an Eilean Leodhais cho boidheach ris a'
bhaile bheag anns a bheil mi a' fuireach—
Dun Charlabhaigh.

CHRISTINA NIC LEOD, 3a,
(Sgoil Mhic-Neacail.)

Fhir-dheasaichidh,

Fhuair mise na sreathan a leanas bho
chailin oig a thuit rium nach robh aice ach
na sgrìobh mise an seo dhe 'n oran a chuala
i air a sheinn uair le a seanair nach maireann.
Bha iad a' dol rud-eigin mar seo:—

'S beag orm do shuil, a rodain,
'Tighinn air sailleamh mo chuid cosnaidh.
Innsidh mise dhuit, a rodain,
Falbh a nochd 's na tig a chaoidh.

Na tig idir far bheil Ruairidh
Chan 'eil aig ach beagan chruachan

Thig a mach far am bheil Eachann,
Far am faigh thu biadh am pailteas

'S far am bi do chas air tìr.

Chan 'eil fhios nach fhaod aon de
leughadairean, "A' Ghaidheil" solus a chur
air (1) co a b' ughdar do 'n oran, (2) cuin a
rinneadh e, (3) cait am bheil e ri fhaotainn?
Seadh, a bheil e an clo ann an leabhar sa
bith no an sgrìobhadh?

D. R. M.

Fhir-dheasaichidh,

Tha mi a' fas seachd sgith a' sireadh
troimh "A' Ghaidheil" airson rud is fhiach a
leughadh, agus air uairibh thig mi air rud
nach bu choir a bhì ann. Mar eisemclair
na sreathan le "Mac 'Ille Bhain." Anns an
duan seo tha e a' bruidhinn mu dheidhinn
'An t-Olla Mac Iain," le a Bheurla, le
Laideann is Greugais-chainnte. Dh' fhaig
stuth uabhras nan Gaidheal teanga a'
chananaich ud mall. An aite 'bhi "a Sage
from England" cha 'n fhiach an duine bochd
seo 'bhi air ainmeachadh am measg nan
Saoidh eadhon 'na dhuthaich fhein; cha robh
ann ach duine aineolach, agus bhia e gu tur
aineolach mu dheidhinn cainnt nan Gaidheal;
cha robh anns an dithis, Boswell agus
Johnson, ach dithis air mhìsg.

Tha aois nan Saoidh air dol seachd, eadhon
am measg nan Gaidheal, agus daoine aig am
bheil Gaidhlig a' toirt cliu daibhsan aig nach
robh facal Gaidhlig — daoine nach fhiach
smauin.

Is fhada blo'n a thuit na Gaidheil 'n an
cadal, agus tha feum mor agaibh an dusgadh
a suas.

Le mor speis,

SEUMAS MACGARAIDH.

Fleadhachas An Fhoghair

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH.

Ta ceann dubh an fheasgar 'ga shineadh fein 's ag innse dhuinn gun do dh' fhalbh an Samhradh. Chithear cheana gne de chaochladh a' tighinn air trusan nan sleibhteau agus air gach bileag de dhuilleach na coill'.

Thriall uainn aireamh de na h-eoin a thainig air sgeith thar astar cuain is fearainn, a thoirt caismeachd dhuinn mu theachd an t-Samhraidh. Cho luath 's a labhair guth naduir air mhodh diamhair riutha, thuig iad gun robh an ceilidh 's na tìrean so air tighinn gu crìch agus chaidh cìos air an ribheil bhinn leis am bu tric a chuir iad failt' air an og mhaduinn cheitein.

Dh' ionndrainn sinn feadhainn dhiubh uainn bho chionn cunntas sheachdainnean.

A reir gliocas nan seanairean, bheir sinn fa-near gu bheil latha araidh, mar gum biodh, air a chuir a mach aig na h-eoin airson dol air imrich do'n tigh Geamhraidh. Is tric a chuala mi an seanfhacal—"Nuair thig Latha Feill-Sheathain 's an t-Samhradh, theid a' chuthag 'na tigh Geamhraidh." Air an latha cheudna, a reir beul-aithris, cruinnichidh gach cuthag ann an ionad sonraichte agus fagaidh iad an duthaich 'n an aon chomhlán.

Ta latha araidh aig na gobhlainn-ghaoithe cuideachd, airson cruinneachadh, mun fag iad an tìr. Bu tric a chunnaic sinn iad 'n an sgaoth mor ag itealach mu mhullach nan tighean agus gu cinnteach cha b'ann samhach, balbh a bhiodh iadsan, ach a h-uile aon diubh a' beadradh aig an aon am mar gum biodh deasbairachd 'n am feadh mu dheidhinn na slighe no na h-ionadan cein gu an robh iad a' dol.

Ach ged a ta chuid as motha de na h-eoin a' cuir an cul ruinn 's a' sguir de cheilearadh an toiseach an Fhoghair, chan 'eil an raidhe so idir gun a cheol 's a thoil-intinn fein. Bho chionn fada, nuair a rachadh na buanaichean a mach 's a theannadh iad le 'a corrain ri gearradh an arbhair an oir na geadhail, sheinneadh iad gu loinneil na h-orain bhuaana. 'S e maighdean og, shunndach dhiubh sin a chual' an aon mun do leugh am bard ainmeil Wordsworth, 's e 'gabhair an rathaid agus ged nach do thuig e facal de a cainnt, gidheadh thug a ceol uiread de thogail intinn dha 's gun robh e 'n a mheadhoin air gun do chuir am filidh ri cheile dan mu deidh cho eireachdail 's a ta sgrìobhte anns a' Bheurla.

Gheibh sinn seann eachdraidh ag aithris mu Chalum Cille nuair a thainig e leis an

t-soisgeul thun na Gaidhealtachd, gun tug e comhairle air an t-slugh a bhì seinn dhuanaig aig gach gnìomh agus gun deanadh sin an obair na b'aotroma. Ach 's e gle bheag a gheibh sinn an diugh, an aite 'sam bith, de na h-orain bhuaana. Coltach ri nithean eile, chaidh iad gu tur a mach a cleachdadh nuair a thainig na h-innealan ur a ni an obair cus na's cabhagaiche.

Chan 'eil gnaths a bha cho-cheangailte ri obair an Fhoghair aig nach eil a chiall fein, agus eachdraidh a ta anabarrach sean. Cha b'e na Gaidheil a' cheud fheadhainn a bha ri seinn air an achadh bhuaana, is cha b'ann gu leir airson aotromachadh na h-obrach a dh' eirich an cleachdadh 'n am measg.

Thoisich seinn nam buanaichean anns an Eipth. Cho fad 's gun teid sinn air ais 'n an eachdraidh, bha na h-Eiphtich a' creidsinn, mar a bha na Gaidheil uine mhor 'n an deidh, gun robh anam no spiorad aig an arbhar. Cho luath 's a bha an coran no an speal a' toirt a' cheud bheum, bha an spiorad a' faighinn a' bhais. Uime sin, thogadh na bha an lathair fonn tursach cumha gu bhì 'leigeil fhaicinn am broin da, agus a' tagradh ris tilleadh air ais thuca an ath bhliadhna.

Gheibhear a' bheachd so 'ga cuir an ceill anns an aon doigh, aig na Sirianaich, na Phrìgianaich, na Phoenìcianaich agus na Bithìnianaich.

Ni motha a b'ann an Alba a thoisich na Gaidheil air gabhail nan oran bhuaana, bha iad riutha iomadh ceud bliadhna mun do dh' fhag iad an Roinn Eorpa.

Ta seann luchd eachdraidh Greugach, mar a ta Herodotus agus Diodorus Siculus ag innse dhuinn gu robh orain bhuaana nan Eiphteach air leith trom, muldach, ni a thug Wordsworth fa-near mu cheol na cailin Ghaidhealaich. 'N a ealaidh, ta e 'leagail cudthrom sonraichte air tiamhaidh-eachd a h-orain.

Cha bu toil le cuid toiseachadh air gearradh an arbhair Di-luain: "An rud a ni thu air Di-luain, bidh e luath no bidh e mall." Ged nach buaineadh iad ach mu uiread sguab Di-sathuirne, 's ann a b'fhearr leotha toiseachadh.

'S e latha mor a bha ann nuair a rachadh an t-arbhar uile a ghearradh. Air an fheasgar sin, bha cleachdadh aig an fhear a bha deiseal buana, seorsa de chrois a dheanamh ris an abradh iad "A' Ghobhar Bhacach" de'n bhad mu dheireadh de arbhar na geadhail a thilgeadh e a null air talamh a nabaidh nach robh fathast ullamh de buain. An uair sin theireadh e ris le facal: "Chuir mi ghobhar bhacach thugad!" no ann am briathran eile—

“Rinn mi ‘n gnothach ort a’ buain!”
Ghabhadh na seann daoine ris a leithid so de amhaitean gu soireiteach. Cha robh ann ach fala-dha dluibh taobh air thaobh.

Ciamar a nis a dh’ eirich a’ bheachd so, no an ainn aig na Gaidheil a’ mhain, a gheibhear i?

Thug sinn cheana fa-near gu robh treubhan araidh bho chian a’ creidsinn ann an spiorad an arbhair. Bha na Gearmailtich, na Bhabharianach, muinntir Lochlan, Phrussia agus Shitserland de’n bharaill gun robh an spiorad ud gu minig a’ dol ann an riochd ghoibhair. Nam fasadh neach tinn a muigh a’ buain ann am Prussia, theirte mu dheidh: “Thug a’ ghobhar utag dha!”

Theireadh iad gur e a dh’ fhadh a’ ghobhar bacach, gun deach an spiorad a bha i ‘riochdachadh a leon leis a’ chhorran, no an speal, agus nuair a bha arbhar an dara croit gu leir air a ghearradh, gun robh a’ ghobhar a’ deanamh gu grad air barr na croit eile a bha fathast gun bhuaibh, gu bhli faighinn fagsaidh agus biadh an sud.

Nuair a rachadh toradh na talmhainn uile a chuir do’n iodhlainn, mheasadh daoine gun robh iad airidh an latha sin, air an tìrbhuan—soitheach math lan de uachdar air a mheasgadh le min chorca. B’e so aon de na laithean sonraichte de’n bhliadhna anns an deasadh luchd obrach stapag mhòr uachdair.

Is e fìor chrabhadh, a rìobhadh, a bu bhunachas do’n tìrbhuana. Cha’n fhiosrach mi gun robh dùthaich air feadh na Roinn Eorpa, anns nach robhas a’ deanamh min de na sguaban corca mu dheireadh a rinn iad a bhuaibh. Dh’ fheumte a’ chuid ud de’n mhìn ithe mar shacramaid, mar a bh’ air a dheanamh air an stapaig, anns an Eilein Sgitheanach.

An ionadan eile rachadh bonnach fhùine agus ithe. Mar sin bha iad gu samhlaichail ag ithe spiorad an arbhair, a chum a bhì ‘cumail co-chomuinn ris, nì a bh’ air a mheas ro eifeachdach.

Cha’n aithne dhomh gu robh dùthaich air uachdar an t-saoghail anns nach robh an luchd aiteachaidh ag gabhail de cheud thoradh na talmhainn mar shacramaid, oir b’e am beachd gun robh an spiorad, no an dia, an lathair anns an bhiaidh.

Ann an aiteachan, ‘s e cruithneachd, no peasair, no rice, no measan bu tìrbhuan dhaibh, a reir gu de bu toradh do’n tìr.

Cha robh ceann de’n Ghaidhealtachd anns nach faighte iomradh air a’ Mhaighdeann Bhuanu, no dachaidh anns nach robhas ‘ga cuir air gheus le othail is greadhnachas nach bu bheag. Faodaidh gun abair iomadh neach an diugh: “Ach co ise, no cia as di?” Is ann a chaidh a’ mhuirneag so a dheanamh de lan duirn de na diasan arbhair mu dheireadh

a chaidh a bhuaibh air gach croit. Chleachd strì dhian a bhli eadar na buanaichean og, feuch co a ghearradh a’ mhaighdeann; b’e esan, no ise, a bu luaithe a phosadh.

Dheante ceithir bhadan de na diasan, rachadh bad a chuir cas mu seach air bad, air cumadh ceithir-chearnach, agus stiomanann boidheach air dath gorm, no dearg, ‘gan ceangal ri cheile. Mar bu trice, b’e na diasan bu truite sil a rachadh a thaghadh. Bhadar an sin ‘ga crochadh air tarung os cionn sgeilp an luidheir, far an robh i ri fagail a’ chuid eile de’n uine gus an rachadh an ath mhaighdean a chuir suas ‘n a h-aite.

Cha robh deagh shealbh nach robh ceangailte ris a’ Mhaighdein Bhuanu. Chumadh i ma b’ fhìor buidsichean, sìthichean, ‘us iomadh ole eile air falbh bho’n dachaidh anns am biodh i. Chunnac mi fhin a’ chruinneag rathail so, ann an Eilein a’ Cheo, cha b’ ann aon uair ach iomadh uair.

Ann an aiteachan de’n Ghaidhealtachd, bhiodh cuirm chiuil aca an oidhche a bheirte dhachaidh a’ Mhaighdeann. Air ceann gach deoch-slaime, dh’ fheumte te shonraichte ol do’n te uasail, bhuaidmhor mun do chuireadh am feadhachas air bhòmh.

Bu chleachdadh leatha a bhì ‘bristeadh suas an Fhoghair ann an coig earrannan: Lunasdal, An Iuchar, Feill Moire, Latha Feill Roid, agus an Fheill Micheil, ach do bhriugh ‘s gum bheil na h-uireid de iomradh air a cheud ceithir cheana air sgial, bheil sinn seachad na’s aithne dhuinn mu Latha Feill Micheil.

Mar bu trice, bhiodh obair an Fhoghair gu leir ullamh mu Latha Feill Micheil agus bha e air a chuir air leith airson cleasan agus sugradh. Cha b’e so a’ cheud ainm a bha air an latha idir.

Is ann an deidh do’n chreideamh Chrìosdail tighinn do’n aite, a fhuair e an t-ainm Latha Feill Micheil. Roimhe sud ‘s e Latha na h-Odaidh, no Latha na h-Odainn, a theirte ris.

Air Latha Feill Micheil, bha e na chleachdadh aig sluagh an aite cruinneachadh air an traigh, ma bha gaineamh chomhnard oirre. An sin, theannadh iad air ruith reis, a’ maracadh nan each ri taobh nan tonn ‘s a’ crìochnachadh le bhli dol a mach am beul na mara cho fad’ ‘s a rachadh an t-each agus a’ stialladh an uisge le slatan feamainn.

Air cul gach fleasgaich, bhiodh a leannan ‘n a suidhe. Cha robh diollaid, srian no brangas, air aon de na h-eich, ach gadag a’ mhain an lamh a bharaic a’ stiùireadh a’ bheathaich.

Gheibheadh an fheadhainn a dheanadh gu math anns an t-strì, bho na caileagan, cneibitean ioma dathach, a rinn iad fein

flighe airson an aobhair. Bheireadh na gillean dhàibhsan sgianan, no sporain, mar thiodhlac. B'ainmeanh eilein, ma bha aon idir ann, anns nach robh marcachd nan each a' dol air adhart air Latha Feill Mhicheil.

Chan 'eil teaganh nach ann bho na Lochlannaich a thugadh an cleachdadh nuair a bha na h-Eileanan an iar fo an riaghladh. B'e Odin prìomh dhia nan Lochlannach, agus ta e gle choltach gun robh an latha so air a choisrigeadh airson aoraidh dha. A reir beachd a luchd leanmhuinn, bha nachdaranachd aige air muir agus talamh. B'e an dleasnas mar sin, a bhì a' cruinneachadh an deireadh na bliadhna, nuair a thaisgeadh iad toradh na talmhainn, gu bhì 'toirt buidheachais dha air an traigh.

An deidh do'n chreideamh Chrìosdail tighinn, thug an sluagh an t-urram so do Mhicheil, an aite Odin, agus a thaobh 's gu robh a' mhuir a nis fo churam-san, thugadh 'ainm air an latha.

Chuala mi an toiseach mun Odainn, is mi air cheilidh air seann mhinistear Sgìtheanach nach maireann. Thachair esan, nuair a bha e gle og, ri seann duine a mhuinntir Uibhist, aig an robh deagh chuimhne air an Odainn (no an Odaidh) fhaicinn an tus a latha.

Dh' fhaodadh gum bheil cairdeas fad' as aig Odaidh ris an fhaecal Lochlannaich ota, sabaid no cath. Nach eil an aon bhrìgh ann an ainm an de Odin, a ta gu litireil a' ciallachadh— ceannsalach 'n a fheing 's 'n a chorruich.

Co-dhiu, ta mi fein gu laidir de'n bharail gur ann an urram do'n dia Lochlannaich a thoisich marcachd na h-Odaidh (no Odainn) 'us gur ann bho chrabhadh a dh'èirich e. Mur a b'ann, carson a bha an Fheil Mhicheil air a cumail air an dearbh latha so? Ta fios aig na h-uile gun robh e 'na abhaist aig Calum Cille, 's an fheadhainn eile a thug an creideamh Chrìosdail do Alba, a bhì aig atharrachadh ainmean nan laithean feille a bh' air an ainmeachadh air dee nan cinneach, gu ainmean nan naomh Chrìosdail.

Fadheoidh, nach leor an dearbhadh gun robh an Odaidh air a meas 'n a gnìomh naomh n'ar a b'e so an aon latha de'n bhliadhna, anns an robh e laghail gu leoir do neach each a nabaidd a thoir leis gun chead gun fhoighneachd, agus a mharcachd, ach aig crìoch a choimhlìongaidh, dh' fheumadh e an t-ainmhidh a thilleadh gu a shealbhadair, gun dochann gun chioram.

An oidheche rachadh crìoch air buain a' bhuntata 's an bhaile, chruinnicheadh na bodaich air cheilidh, gach aon duibh a' giùlain 'n a phocaid am buntata bu mhotha, a thachair ris 's an gheadhail. Am fear de na chuideachd aig an robh am buntata a b'fhearr,

ghluaineadh esan urram an tuathanaich a b'fhearr a' bhliadhna sin.

Am Ministear 's an t-Amadan

Ri am mo sheanair bha mar bu trice leth-chiallach, no amadan, ri fhaotainn a' dol mu'n cuairt anns gach sgìreachd. Bha an roinn fhein dhìu 'sa' Mharbhairne ghleannach, agus aon diu neach ris an goirteadh Tearlach Pharuig. Rugadh agus thogadh Tearlach ann an eilean beag an Loch Suameard do 'm b' ainm Orasa. Chuir e greis de a bheatha seachad 'na mharraiche, gus an d' fhas e cho neònach 's nach robh e comasach air 'aran laitheil a chosnadh 'san doigh seo. Thoisich e an sin air dol mu'n cuairt bho aite gu aite anns na Garbh-chrìochan.

Aig an am seo b'e am Fìor-Urramach Iain MacLeod, "Am Ministear Mor," mar theirt, a bha 'sa' Mharbhairne. Bhliththeadh e fhein is Tearlach a' tachairt gu tric agus turas a bha seo thainig e an imtinn a' Mhinistear feuchainn ri cuideachadh fhaotainn do Tearlach bho 'n "Mariners' Society."

Le seo 'san anhare thoisich e air a cheasnachadh mu thimcheall soithichean air an robh e agus na sgiobairean a bh' orra. Bha e' faighinn air adhart gasda, gus an do chuir e a' cheist, "De an long mu dheireadh air an robh thu, agus c'ainm a bheir an sgiobair?" 'S e an fheagairt a fhuair e, "Tha e soilleir gu leoir gur sibhe as fhaide 's na casan, agus tha mi cinnteach gur sibh as fhaide 'sa' cheann cuideachd, 's mar sin faodaidh sibh fhaotainn a mach."

Cha deach MacLeod na b' fhaide agus cha d' fhuair Tearlach aon sgillim.

TAOBH-TUATH EARRAGHAIDHEAL.

A Tribute

Those who were privileged to know Miss C. M. Macpherson would learn with much regret of her untimely passing last month.

During the war years she served in An Comunn office, assisting in the day-to-day work and in the charity efforts on which, at that time, An Comunn was so much engaged. To all her undertakings she brought sincerity of purpose and organising ability, and her enthusiasm and tireless energy contributed in no small measure to the success of many a function. Of sterling quality, Miss Macpherson worked hard for the cause — An Comunn and all it stands for was ever near her heart. Those who knew her respected her and those who knew her well admired and loved her.

Sympathy is extended to her relatives and friends in their grievous loss. M. S. Y.

Opening of National Mod

Part of President's Address

This is the tenth occasion on which the Mod has come to Oban, the place of its origin. Despite the decline in the census figures, a gratifying feature of this year's Mod is that the total entry of 1,601 is higher than at any previous Mod held in this town, and exceeds the figures for the Jubilee Mod of nine years ago by 165.

That, of course, is most satisfactory, and while we take encouragement from this evidence of expanding interest in our affairs, we do realise that other factors have to be considered if a true balance of progress has to be made in such a movement as ours.

To most people the Mod and An Comunn are synonymous, but that is not truly the case. The Mod, which has now reached national status, and attracts participants from many distant parts, is but one of the agencies through which An Comunn maintains its endeavours on behalf of our language. It is not, as is commonly believed, an entirely musical festival. The fact that at this year's Mod alone over forty per cent. of the entries in the Junior Section will take part in the oral competitions is indicative of the desire of our youth to become proficient in the language.

The main purpose of An Comunn has been, and still remains, "the teaching and use of the Gaelic language." From the very beginning that has remained our principal objective. At the first meeting of the original Executive Council, and that was before the first Mod, it was agreed that one of the main essentials was to provide a suitable text-book for the teaching of Gaelic in schools. And Gaelic was then merely a permissible subject.

The importance An Comunn attached to this, its first venture, can be realised when the book, "Gaelic as a Specific Subject," was prepared and published within the short space of nine months. Since then An Comunn has issued a steady stream of text-books suitable for all grades of instruction from the elementary to the highest stages of learning. This work continues, and a further issue of illustrated readers has been made available recently to meet the increasing demand from the schools.

The proposal for a new and comprehensive dictionary received immediate approval and a Committee has been appointed to proceed with the work. We are grateful to the senior representatives of the Celtic Departments in

our Scottish Universities who have all agreed to assist with this project.

The long list of Gaelic publications since the establishment of An Comunn, and especially within recent years, bears witness to the favourable and sympathetic climate that has been created for Gaelic matters. This encouraging state of affairs is to a large extent due to An Comunn's exertions to have Gaelic fully recognised as a school subject. This was accomplished in 1918, after many years' striving.

A further development is now taking place, and we in An Comunn extend our thanks to Dr. John MacLean, Director of Education for Inverness-shire, and his Committee, for their wisdom in ensuring that the education of our Gaelic-speaking children should begin through the medium of Gaelic.

The results are already apparent in the children's progress to quicker and greater understanding. We hope that their example will be adopted as a general principle by the other Education Authorities in the Highlands.

Our thanks are also due to Aberdeen University for undertaking the publication of a new Gaelic text-book. This is the first time that such a venture has been made by any of our Universities.

The scheme for instituting Gaelic libraries in schools is a new and significant contribution by our Northern Committee. The authorities in Inverness-shire, Ross-shire and Sutherland are co-operating, and several of these school libraries have already been established. By means of this scheme there will be a new and increasing demand for Gaelic literature for both children and adult readers. The money to inaugurate the scheme was provided by the branches in the area, and its continuance must be ensured by all of us giving our fullest support.

So the Mod is but one factor, and a very important one, in An Comunn's efforts to stimulate a greater interest in our Gaelic language. It is through the Mod that we derive our income to prosecute our many other activities, and we have every right to be proud of what it has achieved. To mention one aspect only, there was not a single Gaelic choir in the Highland area prior to the inception of An Comunn. This week twenty-six Junior Choirs and thirty-three Senior Choirs will compete in Oban. To be added there is the large number that take part in the Provincial Mods throughout the Highland area.

We cannot say that all is as it should be in Gaeldom. The future is uncertain. The

already inadequate transport service is under threat of curtailment. We are glad to have the assurance from the Secretary of State that the transport services will not be impaired. Should that happen, the Highlands will be rendered still more isolated and still further removed from the point of recovery. If the railways close, the question which must be answered is—will the narrow roads in the Highlands be able to maintain the essential needs of the people? The neglect of the past adds its burden to the present, and that neglect is now seriously menacing the future.

There is an enterprise now afoot to organise the many Scottish Societies at home and abroad to promote the marketing of traditional Scottish homeland products in world centres of trade. This organisation has moved beyond the preliminary stage, and I am glad to say that there is a consciousness of the value of Gaelic among the promoters and the need to maintain it is realised by their resolve to encourage the native industries of Gaeldom. This organisation will be known as Enterprise Scotland. May prosperity attend its efforts on behalf of our people.

The tourist industry also gives some assurance for the future. It is now one of our most lucrative industries. We know that in the peace, the quiet and the solitude of the Highlands, the tired and jaded city and town dwellers will find ease and solace. But these simple amenities can be found in the silent and empty places of which there are plenty. Full enjoyment requires much more. It needs the presence of men and women who will give a welcome and manifest a way of life that makes for a new and happy experience for the visitors. In the pamphlet, "Scotland for the Tourist," published by the Bow Group in Edinburgh, it says: "One way of bringing tourists to a place is by offering an organised programme of culture or sport which will attract visitors for its sake alone."

An Comunn has long been aware of this necessity and has offered its assistance. It is well equipped to give the strangers what they seek to make their sojourn in our midst a memory that shall be pleasant to dwell upon. With our Ceilidhs we can provide entertainments, such as are now being emphasised, as one of the examples that should be provided. By such social gatherings where all meet and get to know each other, we are maintaining our language and our culture where it is vital to do so. Knowing the value and the importance of this co-operation, An Comunn has already offered its assistance. Gaelic seems to be well established officially as part of the

Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama. The success of our Ceilidhs and concerts and the widespread interest they create, support the idea that visitors to our country and especially to the Highlands should have an opportunity of hearing and seeing something of our traditional culture.

In all the sports that are referred to, no mention is made of the attractiveness, the excitement and the skill of shinty, the ancient and traditional sport of the Gael, as something that should be seen and experienced.

We, in An Comunn, realise — as one of our former Presidents said on such an occasion as this:—

"In any reconstruction of social life which takes place in the Highlands, it will be the business of An Comunn to see to it that the non-material, the impalpable, the spiritual interest for which it stands, shall be duly conserved and fostered."

To-day we unveiled a Plaque to manifest publicly our regard and indebtedness to the founders of our movement. It has been my good fortune to have known three of them intimately. I am sure that in the simple ceremony we were drawn very close to the important events in our history. It is proper that we should remember them, but to do so in itself is not sufficient. Appropriate as it is, it can only be an empty gesture to amend an omission unless we pledge ourselves to follow the founders' example and be worthy always of our responsibilities to our language and our race. No less is expected of us and to that we must remain true.

Industry and material prosperity may be necessary, as indeed they are, but they in themselves will not save the language. To do so we must match the founders' determination with our own. The encouragement of youth must be our aim. We must go forward boldly and with conviction. If we do that, and only by doing that, shall we ensure for Gaelic its rightful place in the homes, the schools and in the worship of our people.

Treasurer's Notes

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£8 11 6
Alexander Macaulay, Esq., Fife	— 5 —
T. MacGregor Jamieson, jun., Esq., Edinburgh	— 10 —
Hector McFadyen, Esq., New York	— 17 6
Neil Carruthers, Esq., New Zealand	— 7 —
Rev. H. C. Donaldson, Edinburgh	— 5 —
	<hr/>
	£10 16 0

Mod Prize-List

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

ADJUDICATORS—Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A.; John MacKay, M.A.; James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S.; Donald A. MacDonald, M.A.; Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B.; Finlay MacNeill, M.A.; John A. MacRae, M.A., L.R.A.M.

Junior Section

Group "D"—Gaelic essay on the life of Solomon. Boys—1, John MacSween, Leverhulme Memorial J.S. School; 2, Donald Angus MacVicar, Leverhulme Memorial J.S. School. Girls—1, Marion MacLennan, Leverhulme Memorial J.S. School; 2, Sheila Macdonald, Leverhulme Memorial J.S. School.

Group "E"—Gaelic essay on a local personality, a local incident, or a place of historical interest—1, Norma Maciver, The Nicolson Institute; 2, Donald E. Meek, Cornaigmore J.S. School; 3, Alex. Gunn, Cornaigmore J.S. School.

Senior Section

The Earl and Countess of Cassillis Silver Cup and The Miss Millar Weir Gold Medal for highest aggregate marks in Literary Competitions—Mrs. Mary Macleod, Contin.

Poem on any subject (Ailsa Trophy. Gold Medal presented by the Glasgow Lewis and Harris Association)—1, Angus MacInnes, Clarkston; 2, Hugh McLachlan, Glasgow.

Short Story: The Hugh MacCorquodale (Pingal) Memorial Prize—Mrs. Mary Macleod, Contin. Long Story: Prize presented by the Gaelic Society of Glasgow—Miss Danina Langley, Tیره.

Play: Founders' Memorial Prize presented by Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, Glasgow—Donald U. Johnston, Glasgow.

Essay on any subject—Mrs. Mary Macleod, Contin.

Songs for children—Mrs. Margaret MacLean, Newtonmore.

ART AND INDUSTRY

ADJUDICATORS—Miss Margaret Rodden, Andrew Nairn, James T. Paterson.

Senior Section

Section "A"—Home Industries. (1) Shoulder shawl in two-ply Shetland lace wool—1, Miss Elizabeth MacRae, Golspie; 2, Miss Ann L. Campbell, Bonhill. (2) Wool doormat—1, Murdo Macdonald, Stirling; 2, Mrs. Agnes R. Macinnes, Bunessan.

Section "B"—Design—Mrs. Mary Heeps, Stirling; 2, Mrs. Margaret McLean, Newtonmore.

Section "C"—Handcraft. (1) Shade for bedside lamp in Celtic Design—1, Mrs. Macphail, Connel; 2, Miss Katie MacDougall, Tobermory. (2) Ladle, scoop or similar article made by hand from a block of wood—Alasdair MacKechnie, Bunessan.

Section "D"—Trolley Set embroidered in Celtic Design—1, Miss Elizabeth MacRae, Golspie; 2, Mrs. Macphail, Connel; 3, Miss Katie MacDougall, Tobermory.

Section "E"—Shepherd's crook or walking stick—1, Allister Campbell, Tarbert, Argyll; 2, John McKendrick, Campbelltown; 3, Allister Campbell, Tarbert, Argyll.

An Comunn Gaidhealach Trophy for the most outstanding article in Sections A-E—Alasdair MacKechnie, Bunessan.

Junior Section

Section "F"—(1) Handkerchief sachet embroidered in Celtic Design—1, Sandra Hay, The Academy, Alloa; 2, Christine MacPherson, Achtercairn School; 3, Kay Murray, The Academy, Alloa. (2) Wooden stand for pot plants—1, William Cassidy, Glenwood Secondary School; 2, Rene Gordon, Glenwood Secondary School; 3, Neil Mackay, Glenwood Secondary School.

Section "G"—(1) All-wool knitted slippers—1, Christine Chisholm, Achtercairn School; 2, Kenina MacPherson, Achtercairn School; 3, Valerie Parrot, Woodside Secondary School. (2) Any article in wire—1, John Sheddon, Glenwood Secondary School; 2, Andrew Leven, Glenwood Secondary School; 3, Roddy MacKenzie, Achtercairn Secondary School.

Silver Cup for the best exhibit in Sections F and G—Christine Chisholm, Achtercairn School.

TUESDAY

Junior Section

ORAL DELIVERY

ADJUDICATOR—Donald A. MacDonald, M.A.

Reading Prose (Fluent) (12-16)—1, Nancy Kennedy, Cornaigmore J.S. School; 2, Morag MacDonald, Cornaigmore J.S. School; 3, Morag McLarty, Greenock High School; 4, Mairi Morrison, Oban High School; 5, Marion MacGillivray, Woodside Sec. School.

Reading Prose (Fluent)—Children under 12—1, Donald MacLennan, Calgary; 2, Catriona MacFadyen, Kerrera; 3, Morag MacFadyen, Kerrera.

Narrative—Fluent—1, Elizabeth Nicolson, Plockton Sec. School; 2, John MacDonald, Oban High School; 3, Morag MacDonald, Cornaigmore J.S. School.

Reciting from memory (under 18)—1, John MacDonald, Oban High School; 2, Mairi Morrison, Oban High School; 3, Donald MacGillivray, Oban High School.

Conversation (under 18)—1, John MacDonald, Oban High School; 2, Moira MacDiarmid, Oban High School; 3, Mairi Morrison, Oban High School.

Verse-speaking—1, Greenock High School "A"; 2, Oban High School "A"; 3, Oban High School "B".

ADJUDICATOR—Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S.

Reciting from memory—Fluent (Prizes presented by the Cruachan Branch)—1, Elizabeth Nicolson, Plockton Sec. School; 2, Nancy Kennedy, Cornaigmore J.S. School; 3, John MacDonald, Oban High School.

Conversation—Fluent—1, John MacDonald, Oban High School; 2, Morag MacDonald, Cornaigmore J.S. School.

Reading at sight—Fluent—1, John MacDonald, Oban High School; 2, Moira MacDiarmid, Oban High School; 3, Ethne Nicholson, Greenock High School; 4, Mairi Morrison, Oban High School; 5, Morag MacDonald, Cornaigmore J.S. School.

Rev. George W. MacKay, D.D., Memorial Cup for the highest aggregate marks in Oral Com-

petitions (Fluent)—John MacDonald, Oban High School.

ADJUDICATOR—Alex. J. MacAskill, M.A.

Reading—Learners (12-16)—1 (equal), Mairi Sandeman, Ardeonaig, Mary R. Davies, Troon; 2, Elizabeth MacIntyre, Rockfield School; 3 (equal), Ishbel M. Brown, Port Charlotte, Duncan Brown, Oban High School; 4 (equal), David MacLeod, Oban High School, Fay C. MacKenzie, Oban, Farquhar MacGregor, Kyle; 5, Mairi MacCallum, Oban High School.

Reading—Learners (under 12)—1, Ian Greig, Kerrera; 2, William Macphail, Calgary; 3 (equal), Iona Macdonald, Glasgow, Patricia Crawford, Dervaig; 4, Ross McKay, Glasgow.

Reciting from memory—Learners (Boys)—1, Malcolm Laurie, Lochaline; 2, Ross McKay, Glasgow; 3, Ian Greig, Kerrera.

Reciting from memory—Learners (Girls)—1, Isobel M. MacKenzie, Lochaline; 2, Sandra MacKenzie, Lochaline; 3, Linda Livingstone, Lochaline.

ADJUDICATOR—Rev. John A. MacDonald, M.A.

Reciting from memory—Learners—1, Ishbel M. Brown, Port Charlotte; 2, Mary R. Davies, Troon; 3, Mairi Sandeman, Ardeonaig.

Reading—Learners—1, David Macleod, Oban High School; 2, Margaret Campbell, Oban High School; 3, Mairi C. B. Macintyre, Glasgow; 4, Farquhar MacGregor, Kyle; 5, Mairi MacCallum, Oban High School.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATOR—Mrs. Claire Kelday.

Playing a slow Gaelic Air and March on the pianoforte—1, Andrew J. Sutherland, Brora; 2, Jan MacKenzie, Loth; 3, Derek Whyte, Kingussie.

(Margaret Hill-Boyle Memorial Trophy and Kilt Pin presented by Mrs. J. M. B. MacLean.)

VOCAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Rev. Hector MacLean, M.A. Music—Maurice Jacobson.

Solo singing of an unpublished song—Fluent—1, Mary C. MacLean, Castlebay; 2, Margaret I. M. MacLeod, Peterhead; 3, Ethne Nicholson, Greenock High School.

Solo singing of "Taladh Phabail" (Girls). Silver Medal Competition—1, Margaret I. M. MacLeod, Peterhead; 2, Christina A. MacLean, Glasgow; 3, Morag McLure, Glasgow.

Solo singing of "Moch Di-uaain" (Boys). Silver Medal Competition—1, Murdo J. Macdonald, Glasgow; 2, Duncan MacRae, Lochaline; 3, Ian Kennedy, Tobermory.

Silver Cup, presented by Mrs. Helmut Schroder of Dunlossit, Islay, for the highest marks in Gaelic in Silver Medal Competitions—Murdo J. Macdonald, Glasgow.

Solo singing, own choice (Boys and Girls 16-18)—1, Anne Gillies, Oban High School; 2, Rhona C. MacKay, Clarkston; 3, Dougal G. Campbell, Cromdale.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Dr. Annie M. MacKenzie. Music—J. Gilmour Barr.

Solo singing of "Am Bata Rannach" (Boys, Learners)—1, William McBride, Dunoon; 2, Alistair Stewart, Kinloch Rannoch; 3 (equal), Stanley Munro, Evanton, Willie Crerar, Aberfeldy.

Solo singing of "Chi mi bhuan" (Girls 14-16, Learners)—1, Margaret McCulloch, Ayr; 2, Barbara Davidson, Oban High School; 3, Leslie Paterson, Ayr.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Neil MacLeod, M.A. Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of "M'ionan air a' ghille bheag" (Girls 12-14)—1, Norma MacLean, Jordanhill; 2, Constance A. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh; 3, Linda Taylor, Caberfeidh Choir.

Solo singing of "Cronan Charsaig" (Girls under 12)—1, Anne Maciver, Shawlands; 2, Alison Tough, Inveraray Grammar School; 3, Catherine Park, Strontian.

Alexander Hamilton Trophy for the highest mark in Gaelic in Competitions 23, 24a and 24b—(equal) Margaret McCulloch, Ayr; Leslie Paterson, Ayr; Sandra Gardner, Ayr; Barbara Davidson, Oban High School.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Rev. Hector MacLean, M.A. Music—J. Gilmour Barr.

Unison singing of "Soraidh do Mhuile," "Fhir a dh'ith am bonnach mor," "Tha toll air a' bhàta mhor" (Mrs. Campbell Blair Trophy)—Fluent—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Junior Choir; 2, Govan Junior Gaelic Choir. The Angus M. Ross Trophy for the highest marks in Gaelic—Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Junior Choir.

Choral singing of "An Gaidheal a' fagail a dhuthcha" and "Tir nam Beann Ard" (Oban Times Challenge Trophy)—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Junior Choir; 2, Oban High School Gaelic Choir. Mrs. Hobbs of Inverloch Trophy for highest marks in Gaelic—(equal) Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Junior Choir and Oban High School Gaelic Choir.

Duet singing, own choice—Fluent—1, Katie A. Beaton and Morag McLure, Glasgow; 2, Morag MacFadyen and Iain MacFadyen, Kerrera.

ADJUDICATOR—Gaelic—Rev. John A. MacDonald, M.A.

Duet singing, own choice—Learners—1, Kathleen Mooney and Margaret McCulloch, Ayr; 2, Christine MacLean and Catriona MacLean, Woodside Sec. School.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S. Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Unison singing of "Duanag an t-seoladair," "S ann an Ie," "Domhnall beag an t-siucair" (Rhona MacVicar Trophy)—Learners—1, Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir; 2, Greenock High School Gaelic Choir.

Action song (Shiant Shield)—1, Kildalton Junior Gaelic Choir; 2 (equal), Bowmore Junior Gaelic Choir and Contin Junior Group.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Alex. J. MacAskill, M.A. Music—Maurice Jacobson.

Choral singing of "Am bothan beag" and "Leis an lurgainn"—Learners (Mrs. Millar Trophy)—1, Greenock High School Gaelic Choir; 2, Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir. The Dugald Macdonald Quich for the highest marks in Gaelic—Greenock High School Gaelic Choir.

Solo singing, own choice (Boys and Girls)—Former 1st Prize-winners—Skelmorlie and District Highland Association Quich—1, Mary C. MacLean, Castlebay; 2, Morag M. Mackay, Clarkston; 3, Morag McLure, Glasgow.

WEDNESDAY

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Alex. J. MacAskill, M.A.
Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of "Fagail Wisamor" (Ladies)—
Learners—1, Morven N. MacKenzie, Aberdeen;
2, Alrod Macleod, Bowmore; 3, Margaret Mac-
Rae, Kyle of Lochalsh.

Rowing songs (Men)—Learners—1, Hector M.
Burnett, Ardrishaig; 2, Brian McD. Duxbury,
London; 3 (equal), Donald A. MacDougall,
Kincraig, and John McKendrick, Campbelltown.

Solo singing of an unpublished song (Mull and
Iona Association Prizes)—1, Ronald H. Mac-
Rae, Kyle; 2, Anne MacLean, Oban.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Dr. Annie M. MacKenzie.
Music—J. Gilmour Barr.

The Oran Mor (Men), "Blar na h-Eiphit."
The Bessie Campbell Memorial Prizes, F. S.
Cameron-Head Memorial Trophy—1, George T.
MacCallum, Glasgow; 2, Iain Thomson, Giffnock;
3, Angus M. Ruthven, Melvich.

ADJUDICATOR—Gaelic—Rev. John A. Macdonald,
M.A.

Solo singing of "Oighear a' chuil-dualaich"
(Ladies)—James Grant Memorial Prizes—1,
Anne Gillies, Oban; 2, Sheila A. MacDougall,
Bearsden; 3, Margaret A. MacKinnon, Brora.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Neil MacLeod, M.A.
Music—Maurice Jacobson.

Solo singing of "Eilidh" (Men)—Learners—1,
Duncan Johnston, Oban; 2, Argo Cameron,
Bonar Bridge; 3, Hector M. Burnett, Ardrishaig.

Waulking Songs (Ladies)—Learners—1,
Frances M. D. Mathews, Ayr; 2, Deirdre S. C.
MacLeish, Perth; 3 (equal), Jean Sutherland,
Golspie, and Helen H. D. Taylor, Greenock.

Solo singing, own choice (The Mrs. Quintin
MacLennan Prizes)—1, William McIntosh,
Daviot; 2, Ruth M. Cameron, Glesnech.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic and Music—Donald A.
MacDonald, M.A., and Lachlan MacKinnon,
B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S.

Folk Songs (Scotia Trophy)—1, Ann Campbell,
Glasgow; 2 (equal), Mary Macdonald, Dingwall,
and Anne Gillies, Oban.

Solo Port-a-beul (Duncan Johnston Memorial
Trophy)—1, Hugh Lamont, Pennyghael; 2,
Duncan MacCalman, Port Ellen.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Rev. Hector MacLean,
M.A. Music—J. Gilmour Barr.

The Oran Mor (Ladies)—"Cumha Ghriogair
MhicGriogair"—The Jessie N. MacLachlan
Memorial Prizes, Trophy presented by the
Dundee Highland Society in memory of Mr. and
Mrs. Archibald MacDonald, Longforgan—1,
Anne C. Gurney, Prestwick; 2 (equal), Sheila A.
MacDougall, Bearsden, and Margaret Hulse,
Stornoway; 3 (equal), Joan C. MacNeill,
Colonsay, Anne Gillies, Oban, and Sandra Watt,
Stornoway.

ADJUDICATOR—Gaelic—Rev. John A. Macdonald,
M.A.

Solo singing of "Mo chruinneag Ìeach"
(Men)—(The L./Cpl. Lachlan MacLean Watt
Memorial Prizes)—1, D. Raibeart McCallum,
Campbeltown; 2, Murdo F. J. MacLeod, Edin-
burgh; 3, David C. MacBride, Glasgow.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Alex. J. MacAskill, M.A.
Music—J. Gilmour Barr.

Solo singing of "Chi mi na mor-bheanna" or
"Cumha nan gillean" (Gold Medal and Prizes
presented by the Glasgow Oban and Lorn
Association)—1, Janet A. Macdonald, Lochs; 2,
Mabel Kennedy, Glasgow.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Neil MacLeod, M.A.
Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of a song (own choice) from any
of the Kennedy-Fraser collections (Prizes in
memory of Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser)—1, Alrod
MacLeod, Bowmore; 2, Sheila A. MacDougall,
Bearsden.

Learners' Final Competition

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Donald A. MacDonald,
M.A., and Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M.,
M.A., F.E.I.S. Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of "Thug mi mo lamh do'n
Eileanach" (Ladies) and "Ghruagach dhonn"
(Men), and a song of own choice. The late
Mr. Charles Campbell, M.B.E., Memorial Prize
(£1 10/-) awarded to the first prize-winner in
each section (Silver Pendants for the lady and
gentleman gaining the highest marks in the
series)—Ladies—1, Catriona M. Fair, Lochgair;
2, Frances M. D. Mathews, Ayr. Men—1,
Duncan Johnston, Oban; 2, Brian McD. Duxbury,
London.

Finals (Learners)—Ladies—1, Catriona M.
Fair, Lochgair; 2, Frances M. D. Mathews, Ayr;
3, Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth. Men—1,
Duncan Johnston, Oban; 2, Brian McD. Duxbury,
London; 3, Hector M. Burnett, Ardrishaig.

THURSDAY

Senior Section

ORAL DELIVERY

ADJUDICATOR—Donald A. MacDonald, M.A.

Gold Medal presented by the Glasgow Skye
Association for highest aggregate marks in Oral
Competitions—Fluent—Mary M. Macleod,
Barvas.

Reciting from memory, "Luach na saorsa"—
1, Mary M. Macleod, Barvas; 2, Kenneth D.
Smith, Stornoway.

Reciting from memory, "MacAsgail Mor"—
1, Mary M. Macleod, Barvas; 2, Hugh Lamont,
Pennyghael.

Reading at sight—1, Mary M. Macleod, Barvas;
2, Danina Langley, Tiree.

ADJUDICATOR—Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A.,
F.E.I.S.

Recitation of Poetry composed by the com-
petitor (Calum Macfarlane Memorial Prize)—
1, Donald A. MacNeill, Colonsay.

Folk Tales (Anglo-Chilean Trophy)—1, Hugh
Lamont, Pennyghael; 2, Isa A. McIntyre,
Lochgilthead.

Dialogue by two performers (Queen Elizabeth
Coronation 1937 Trophy)—1, C. L. Christie and
Neil MacLeod, Oban; 2, Alasdair Macphail and
Donella Murray, Glasgow; 3, D. A. Morrison
and A. J. MacLean, Inverness.

ADJUDICATOR—Rev. Hector MacLean, M.A.

Dr. John Cameron Memorial Trophy for
highest aggregate marks in Oral Competitions—
Learners—Kenneth Ross, Strathpeffer.

Reciting from memory, "Uaimh an oir"—1, Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow; 2 (equal), Kenneth Ross, Strathpeffer, and Anne Bone, Glasgow.

Recitation of Prose, own choice—1, Kenneth Ross, Strathpeffer; 2 (equal), Jessie T. D. Nisbet, Kilmarnock, and Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow.

Reading at sight—1, Anne Bone, Glasgow; 2 (equal), Catherine Carter, Loch Awe; Fiona M. Orr, Glasgow; Charlotte L. Beaton, Kirkin-tilloch; Kenneth Ross, Strathpeffer.

Speech—1, Kenneth Ross, Strathpeffer; 2, Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Alex. J. MacAskill, M.A. Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of "Eilean Fraoich" (Gold Medal and Cash Prizes presented by the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies)—1, Alrod MacLeod, Bowmore; 2, Catriona M. Fair, Lochgair; 3, Hannah Govan, Lochgilphead.

Gold Medal Finals

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Rev. John A. MacDonald, M.A., Neil MacLeod, M.A. Music—J. Gilmour Barr, Maurice Jacobson.

Solo singing of "An t-aileagan" (Ladies), "Braith Loch-iall" (Men) and a song of own choice. Ladies—1, Anne Gillies, Oban; 2 (equal), Margaret Hulse, Stornoway, and Sheila A. MacDougall, Bearsden. Men—1, George T. MacCallum, Glasgow; 2, David C. McBride, Glasgow. Final aggregate marks in Gold Medal Competitions:—

Ladies—1, Anne Gillies, Oban (G. 369, M. 356, Total 725); 2, Sheila A. MacDougall, Bearsden (G. 368, M. 352, Total 720); 3, Margaret Hulse, Stornoway (G. 366, M. 351, Total 717).

Men—1, George T. MacCallum, Glasgow (G. 369, M. 350, Total 719); 2, David C. MacBride, Glasgow (G. 363, M. 348, Total 711); 3, Murdo F. J. MacLeod, Edinburgh (G. 369, M. 340, Total 709).

Rural Choirs

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Dr. Annie M. MacKenzie, Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S. Music—J. Gilmour Barr.

Choral singing of "O 's tu 's gura tu th'air m'aire" and "Oran do Reisleid Earr-Ghaidheal." Confined to Choirs from Rural Districts with at least 50 per cent. of Gaelic speakers (Lorn Shield)—1, Laxdale Gaelic Choir; 2, Ballachulish Gaelic Choir; 3, Kilchoman Gaelic Choir; 4, Bewmore Gaelic Choir.

Dalriada Cup for highest marks in Gaelic—Laxdale Gaelic Choir and Ballachulish Gaelic Choir (equal).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Rev. Hector MacLean, M.A. Music—Maurice Jacobson.

Ladies' Rural Choirs—Choral singing of "Crodh Chailein" and "Chluinn mi na h-eoin" (Trophy presented by Grampian Television Limited)—1, Bowmore Gaelic Choir; 2, Lochs Ladies' Choir; 3, Salen (Mull) Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Rev. John Macdonald, M.A. Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Choral singing of "Muile nam fuarbheann mcr" and "A' bheairt fihge" (Sheriff MacMaster Campbell Memorial Quach)—1, Lochgilphead Gaelic Choir; 2, Lochalsh Gaelic Choir; 3, Badenoch Gaelic Choir; 4, Grantown-on-Spey Gaelic Choir; 5, Benderloch and North Connel Dramatic Club Gaelic Choir.

FRIDAY

DUET AND INSTRUMENTAL

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Rev. John A. MacDonald, M.A. Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Duet singing, own choice—1, Carol Galbraith and Ann Maclean, Aberdeen; 2, Elspeth Cleland and Nan Boyd, Luining.

ADJUDICATOR—Gaelic—Donald A. MacDonald, M.A.

Quartette, own choice—1, Greenock Gaelic Choral Society; 2, Lothian Celtic Choir A.

ADJUDICATOR—Mrs. Claire Kelday.

CO-ADJUDICATOR—Major Archie MacNab.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel (bagpipe setting) on the pianoforte (Aberdeenshire Targe)—1, Anne Bone, Glasgow; 2, Agnes R. MacInnes, Bunessan; 3, Alex. Low, Connel.

ADJUDICATOR—Dr. Atholl Robertson.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel on the Violin (Sutherland Cup)—1, Farquhar MacRae, Inveralort; 2, David Scott, Ardrishaig; 3, Angus Grant, Kinlochell.

Playing of a Strathspey and Reel on the violin (Mrs. Quintin MacLennan Prizes)—1, Farquhar MacRae, Inveralort; 2, Angus Grant, Kinlochell.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Alex. J. MacAskill, M.A. Music—J. Gilmour Barr.

Choral singing (Men)—Mull and Iona Shield—1, Comunn Ciuil an Obain; 2, Greenock Gaelic Choir; 3, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

ADJUDICATOR—Gaelic—Neil MacLeod, M.A.

Choral singing (Ladies)—Esmé Smyth Trophy—1, Greenock Gaelic Choir; 2, Glasgow Islay Gaelic Choir; 3, Comunn Ciuil an Obain.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Dr. Annie M. MacKenzie. Music—Maurice Jacobson.

Choral singing (Greenock Gaelic Choir Cup)—1, Campbeltown Gaelic Choir; 2 (equal), Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association and Govan Gaelic Choir; 3, Glasgow Islay Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Alex. J. MacAskill, M.A., Rev. Hector MacLean, M.A. Music—Dr. Herbert Wiseman, J. Gilmour Barr.

Choral singing (Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy)—1, Govan Gaelic Choir; 2, Comunn Ciuil an Obain; 3 (equal), Campbeltown Gaelic Choir and Glasgow Islay Gaelic Choir.

Weekly Scotsman Quach for the highest marks in Gaelic—Govan Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic—Dr. Annie M. MacKenzie, Lachlan MacKinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S. Music—Maurice Jacobson.

Choral singing (Margat Duncan Memorial Trophy)—1, Inverness Gaelic Choir; 2, Kilmarnock Gaelic Choir; 3, Lothian Celtic Choir.

John McNicol Memorial Trophy for the highest marks in Gaelic and two cash prizes from John McNicol Memorial Fund—1st Prize and Trophy, Dingwall Gaelic Choir; 2nd Prize, Inverness Gaelic Choir.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LVII

AN DUBLACHD, 1962

Aireamh 12

Beatha Agus Obair

Tha comharraidhean ri fhacinn gu bheil An Comunn Gaidhealach 'ga cheasnachadh fhein ach ciamar a tha e a' seasamh mu chomhair feuman an lath an diugh. Nuair a theirear sin, bhitheadh e iomchaidh a bhith cinnteach de tha sinn a' ciallachadh leis na faclan "An Comunn Gaidhealach." An e gu bheil buill A' Chomuinn gu leir, no a' chuid mhor dhiubh, a' cur na ceisd seo riutha fhein?

Theagamh gum bi buill A' Chomuinn a' cur moran cheisdean riutha fhein, ceisdean 's docha nach toir dad de bhuannachd an rathad A' Chomuinn. Cha chluinn sinn moran dhiubh a' foighneachd, "Cait a bheil An Comunn a' dol?," ach cluinnidh sinn gu leor ag radh, "De as fheairrde dhomhsa a bhith a' paigheadh mo chis airson na tha mi a' faotainn as?" Tha an leithid sin an comhraidh a' diochuimhneachadh gur ann orra fhein a tha an t-uallach a bhith a' fiachainn ri ceartachadh a dhianamh air na chi iad cearr.

Tha dleasanas eile a' leantainn bho 'n uallach sin. 'Se sin gun tagh na buill daoine a labhras air an son aig amannan iomchaidh agus a chuireas gu buil na ruintean a tha air an cur sìos anns a' bhonn-steidh. Nuair a theid na daoine sin a thaghadh, 's iadsan a tha a' co-sheasamh A' Chomuinn an suilean na feadhainn a bhitheas a' toirt breith o'n taobh a muigh.

Tha sin ceart agus riatauch fhad 's a chumas na daoine sin 'nan cuimhne gur e riochdairean a th' anna. Air uairean, a' raon an comuinn agus an duthchannan, bithidh riochdairean a' gabhail ughdarras thuca fhein agus a' fas suarach mu iarratasan na morchuidh.

Tha sin furasda tachairt ma tha an sluagh fhein dearmadach agus a' leigeil ruith leis na cothroman a th' aca air an riochdairean a stiùireadh mar as miann leotha. Cha chuirear an suarachas seo as leth buill A' Chomuinn,

ni a bha soilleir bho 'n aireamh dhiubh a bh' aig a' choinneimh bhliadhnaid mu dheireadh anns an Oban. 'S e comharradh fallain a tha sin.

Chluireadh An Comunn air bonn an toiseach a chum leas na canain. Bha crìochan eile air an ainmeachadh — ceol is ealdhain is eideadh is mar sin — ach 's i a' chanain crìoch araidh A' Chomuinn. Bha iadsan a bh' air ceann A' Chomuinn re nam bliadhnanach deonach cothrom a thoirt do na h-uile an taic a chur ris a' phrìomh-aobhar seo. Le sin 'sau run cha robh bacadh ri chur air duine do thaobh a crèidimh no a bheachdan, abair, air doighean-riaghlaidh. Bha feum air fìor-churam, aig coinneamhan nach cuirteadh beachd 'sam bith an ceill a bheireadh oibheum do dhuine eile.

A thaobh crèidimh tha e ceart gun gleidhear an riaghailt sin nuair a chruinneas muinntir A' Chomuinn, ach a thaobh breithneachaidh mu chor aimsireil na duthcha, chan 'eil An Comunn 'na thòsd mar a bha e aon uair.

Chan 'eil e gu feum 'sam bith a bhith a' feuchainn ris a' Ghaidhlig a chumail beo, mur a toirear geill do na suidhichidhean anns am feum luchd-labhairt na canain an teachd-an-tìr a chosnadh. Aon uair 's gun cuir na suidhichidhean sin an teicheadh air an t-sluagh, faodaidh sinn beannachd a ghabhail leis a' chanain, air Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba co-dhiu.

Tha An Comunn mar sin nas trice a' toirt seachad am beachd fhein mu chùisean mar a tha luchd-turuis, iasgach is cròiteireachd. Aig a' choinneimh mu dheireadh thug iad am beachd air co-dhùnaidhean Comatai Mhic-Coinnich timcheall air obair an dealain.

Tha neart A' Chomuinn, air a cheann thall, an crochadh air lionmhorachd agus faicall nam ball. 'S iadsan a dhearbhas de an fheirt a bheirear air.

Am Profasair Aonghas Mac- Mhathain Nach Maireann

Chaill na Gaidheil agus Oilthaigh Ghlaschu fìor-sgoilear agus fear-teagaisg comharrachta nuair a chaochail Aonghas MacMhathain aig toiseach na mìos a chaidh. Dhaibh-san do 'm b' aithne meud a sgoilearachd bha an call cruaidh thar tomhais. Aig an aois a fhuair e, leth-cheud bliadhna, dh' fhaodadh duil a bhith aca ri moran obair luachmhoir bhuidhe fhathast, an da chuid an teagasg nan oileanach, agus an cur sìos an sgrìobhadh toradh a bhreithneachaidh air nithean nuadh agus sean.

Rugadh Aonghas MacMhathain anns na Hearadh agus, an deidh bliadhnanach an Acadamaì Inbhirnis, thug e dearbhadh air uidh agus a chomas anns a' Ghaidhlig an Oilthaigh Dhuneideann. Aig crìoch a chursa an sin thug e a mach an t-urram a b' airde.

Leis a' chuideachadh a choisinn e an ceasnachadh Urrais Mhic-Caoig fhuair e cothrom air tuilleadh eolais fhaotainn air Gaidhlig na h-Eireann agus air Cuimris an Oilthaigh Bhail-a-clìath. An deidh sin bha e greis am Bonn anns a' Ghearmailt comhla ris an sgoilear ainmeil Thurneysen.

An 1936 bha e air ais a' teagasg nan oileanach an Duneideann. An deidh da bhliadhna an sin chuireadh e air ceann teagasg nan canaichean Ceilteach an Oilthaigh Ghlaschu.

Chuir e ceithir bliadhna seachad an seirbhis an Rìaghaltais an am a' chogaidh agus aig crìoch na h-aimhreith bha e air ais an Glaschu. Bha oidhirpean 'gan dianamh a chum gum bitheadh Profasair Ceilteach air a shuidh-eachadh an Glaschu agus bu mhor uaille nan Gaidheal nuair a dh' aontaich an Oilthaigh sin a dhianamh. Cha robh e 'na chuis-ioghnaidh do dhuine nuair a chuireadh an t-urram air a' Mhathanach a bhith air a thaghadh mar a' chiad Profasair Ceilteach an Glaschu.

Tha moran de a sgrìobhadhnan ri am faotainn an siud 'san seo air feadh phaipearan agus leabhraichean-chomunn. Bithidh cuimhne araidh air airson an deasachaidh a rinn e air a choigeamh "Carmina Gadelica" agus an dara "West Highland Tales."

Bha an aireamh dhe a cho-luchd-teagasg anns an Oilthaigh agus de dh' eolaich eile a bha aig an t-seirbhis chuimhneachain 'na dhearbhadh air an aite ard a choisinn e dha fhein.

Crannag A' Mhinisteir

A' bhardaich leis an do choisinn Aonghas MacAonghais a' cheud duais aig Mod an Obain, 1962.

Mineachadh leis an ughdar:

R. III, l. 6—"Molluog," an litreachadh a reir "Book of Saints." "an Lios," Liosmor.

I.

Ged 's lurach Beinn Laomainn fo ghathan na grein',
'S i taobh an loch' aluinn 'tha ainmeil 's gach tir,
Is minig m' air' ort-sa, a Chrannag ro-chaomh—
'S tu Crannag an Obain, barr cubhraidh 'nam chridh':
Bha thu mar fhear-teagaisg nuair bha mi gle og;
A nis, is mi aosd', gur tu iocshlaint do m' smuain,
Ag urachadh eolais na chunna' 's na chual'
Mi le deoin air do chrunan ri aghaidh a' chuain.

II.

De sin do cheud chuimhne, a Chrannag mo ghaoil—
Theagamh teine a' sputadh a beanntan nis mair?
Is cinnteach gu'm faca tu Cruithnich gu leoir
A' trusadh a' mhaoraich 'san traigh bhos is thall;
Is chual' thu a' Ghaidhlig mar ur-chainnt 'nar tir,
'Thug na Ceiltich a Eirinn — sar-chanain gun bheud,
Cho ceolmhor 'na snas is cho snasmhor na ceol;
'S i cobbair ar cridh' nuair is iosal a ghleus.

III.

Bha bratach na Feinne air birlinn no dha
A chunna' tu 'marcachd na mara gu treun,
Gle thric le luchd loin gu na Gaidheil 'san dith,
'S corr uair a' cur ruaig air an namh' a tir cein.
Ach chunna', 's tu chunna' la barraicht thar chaich
Nuair rainig Molluog 'na churach an Lios:
Sheinn na h-eoin bhinn mar choisir, thog mac-talla am fonn,
Le taing'lachd do 'n teachdair a liubhradh am Fios.

IV.

Mar a' ghrian 's i gu glormhor 'deigh eirigh 'san ear,
A' sìleadh a blaiths air gach ni is gach ti,
Sgaoil Solus a' Ghaoil Naomh gu beartach is bochd,

R. V, l. 8—"corcan," corcan-coille.

R. VIII, l. 5—Chumadh croislin an reil seo
"orbit" an t-saoghail.

Chum slainte na h-uile, 's na h-uile 'na dith.
Cha neo-thaitneach am mana 'bha ri tuiteam
d' ar daoin'—

Misneach is Modh, Caoimhneas is Gras . . . ;
'S iad deas, daonnan deas 'dhion ar corach 's
ar saors',

Is a sheasamh ar duthcha gu buaidh no gu bas.

V.

Gur soilleir 'nam mheomhair, a Chrannag, a ris
Na blathan 's na lusan o mhachair gu ard;
Mo roghainn an canach, cho cruadalach, caoin,
'S am fraoch geal as grinne am falach mu'n
Charn.

Is chi mi gach coileach a' togail a ghuth
'S e 'briodal ri cheile 'na nead cuimir, cruinn;
Cha bheag orm an rocais nach d' fhuair
caileachd seinn,

Ach air son grinneis guth', crun corean an uchd
dhuinn!

VI.

'San iar-dheas, a Chrannag,

Bha bothan beag, ban—

B' e sud tigh na ceilidh

'S na h' aiteis a ghnath;

Gann ged bha 'bheartas,

B' e aros a' bhaidh:

Is coir dha bhi 'm chuimhne

Gu latha mo bhais.

Chan sealag sgeoil shubhach,

Ghabh croitear deagh dhain,

'S chuireadh farmad air spideig,

Binneas beanaig nam beus'.

Dannsadh duaire idir, idir,

Cha robh anns an aite,

Ach seors'chan duthch'sach

'Bha cliuiteach 's gach ceum.

VII.

A' mheud 's a tha 'Nadur cho fialaidh mu'n
cuairt,

Is truagh leinn, a Chrannag, gach dream 'tha
cho bochd

'Nach faic breaghachd beinne no cleach-
dainnean cuain,

No 'tha fanachd 'san eigh, no le teas 'tha fo
sprochd.

Ged 's deuch'nach gailleann do gheamhraidh
aig am,

Tha t-aimsir a' maisealachd t-iolla roimh 'n
chiar:

Co nach cuimhnich Beann Cruachan aig eiridh
na grein',

No Caol Muile cho morail 's i 's iaradh 'san iar?

VIII.

'S iomadh miorbhuil a chi thu, a Chrannag,
'san oidhehe—

Lan-ghealaich thar 'Nebheis, righ bheann anns
an rioghachd,

'Grioglachan 's 'Gath-linn, an treoraiche tuath,
'S reultan eile gun aireamh an cumhachd gun
chrich.

'S beag, beag 'tha ar Saoghal seach an reul
Betelgeuse,

'Chumadh cursa an t-Saoghail fad aon chuairt
mu'n grein;

'S chan ise as motha, chan i, chan i;

Nach e miorbhuil nam miorbh'lean an cruth'
chadh gu leir!

IX.

Aig na Greugaich, 'reir eachdraidh, bha
Parnassus—*aon* bheinn—

A mhosgail mac-meanma 's a bhrosnaich na
baird.

Car faisg ort, a Chrannag, tha *iomadh* meall
mor

A bheothaich am fileadh 'nar litreachas tlath:
Air beanntan na Morairn' b' eolach Oisean na
Feinne,

'S an Lighich' MacLachainn, 's sar-Charaid
nan Gaidheal;

'S nach measail baird Mhuile o iochdar nam
beann?

B' aig bun ghlan Beinn-Bhairneach a thogadh
MacPhail.

X.

'Nar Lathurna loinneil tha 'chuis mar an
ceudn':

Le speis mhor d' ar beanntan rinn Iain
Camshron a dhan,

'S b' e Padruig na Leitir a sgrìobh "Cruachan
Beann,"

'S mu Bheinn Dorain le deaschainnt sheinn
Donnachadh Ban.

Na 's fhaisg ort, a Chrannag, bha Iain
Caimbeul, an run,

A rugadh 'san Oban 's a chum ris ro-dluth,
Ged 'mhol e gach maise 'nar daoine 's 'nar
cainnt,

B'e fhein an eisempleir, lan-mhaiseach gu chul.

XI.

An ionghnadh, a Chrannag, gur b'e t-Oban cho
blath

A chruthaich am Mod chum ar Gaidhlig 'bhi
beo?

Ach le bunaitean caithte, bidh an t-aitreabh
fann.

Is clach-oisinn na Ghaidhlig'— na bith'maid
fo sgleo!—

Iomadh dachaidh 'ga bruidhinn is luchd-teagaisg do reir.
Greas, greas uime sin le gach innleachd is seol
A bheir toradh d' ar duthaich 's lan-cheartais
d' ar sluagh;
'S buan, buan gu'm bi beatha ar Canain 's ar
Ceol!

XII.

Le umhlachd do t-ìomhaigh, a Chrannag, a nis,
Cha mhulad 'tha 'm' inntinn ach buidheachas
lan,
Oir dh' ath-bheothaich thu m' aisling air
morachd is muirn
An aite as aille 'san robh mi og, slan.
Mar sin, 'dh' aindeoin 'Laomainn 's an loch
aig a taobh,
Tha mo dhuil 'tilleadh tric riut mar iocshlaint
do m' smuain,
A dh' urachadh eolais na chunna' 's na chual'
Mi le deoin air do chrunan ri aghaidh a' chuin.

Oraid A' Chinn Suidhe

MOD AN OBAIN, 1962.

EOGHAN MAC A PHI.

A mhathann is a dhaoin' uaisle,

Tha bliadh'n' eile air dol seachad oirnn is
tha sinn aon uair eile aig a' Mhòd Mhor
Naiseanta. An toiseach, 's e mo dhleasdanas
faiite bhlat agad dhuraichdach a chur oirbh.
Tha bhur lathaireachd 'na bhrosnachadh
dhuinn oir tha sibh ag cur an ceill bhur
dilseachd do aobhar na Gaidhlighe a chur oirbh.
Tha bhur lathaireachd 'na bhrosnachadh
dhuinn oir tha sibh ag cur an ceill bhur
dilseachd do aobhar na Gaidhlighe a thug bith
agus a 'toirt brìgh do shaothair a'
Chomuinn. Tha feum air na cairdean an diugh
mar nach robh riamh roimhe.

Chan urrainn dhuinn a bhi suaimeach no
riarachte leis mar a tha cuisean, agus tha e
gu sonruichte fo m' chomhair mar a tha
aireamh an t-sluaigh a' dol an lughad. Ni
sinn gearan air cor na Gaidhealtachd agus bu
chubhaidh sin dhuinn, oir is iomchuidh gu 'm
biodh math an t-sluaigh againn daonnan 'san
anhar — oir is e sin an aon bhonn-steidh air
an cumar dìon air a' Ghaidhealtachd. Is e
ana-cothrom as motha a tha a' fasachadh nau
glennan, nan eilean is nan srath far am bu dual
do ar daoine, luchd na Gaidhlighe, a bhi. Ged
nach 'eil sinne mar Chomunn ag gabhail
gnothaich ri buidheann Parlamaid seach a
cheile, leig sinn ris far am bu mhotha
ughdarras 'nar tìr ar beachdan mu'n chuis so.

Ged is taitneach, mar bu mhath leinn uile
gu'm biodh fir is mnathan, leis an oigrìdh

mu'n chagailt, ann an deagh shuidheachadh
is cothrom aca gach sochair saoghalta a
mhealtuinn, chan 'eil na nithean sin ged is
do-mhiannaichte iad, a' dol chur ri leas na
Gaidhlighe mar a bi toil is gnìomh follaiseach
gu a cumail. Faodaidh obricreann ura a bhi
againn agus gach cosnadh a tha 'nan luid, is
co nach iarradh sin? — ach tha e dearbhte
nach cum iad sin leotha fhein a' Ghaidhlig
beo. Tha sin an earbsa ruinn fhein is meud
ar speis dlùth, agus maille ris a sin durachd
seasamh gu daingeann air a sgath mar a rinn
an luchd-steidheachaidh air an robh sinn ag
cuimheachadh an diugh.

Mu'n tig deireadh na seachduinne so bithidh
am baile so is gu sonruichte gach talla a th'
ann loma lan leis na bhios a' tighinn a dh'
ionnsaidh a' Mhòid, agus is sinne a bhiodh
toilichte gabhail riutha uile na'm biodh sin
comasach. Leis an t-ìomlan a ghabhail cha
bhi an aireamh moran na's lugha na a dha no
tri mìle. Bithidh uidhir sin is barrachd aig
na cuirmean air oidheche h-Aoine.

Tha sin uile a' togail na ceiste, cia meud
dhiu' a tha 'nam buill de'n Chomunn? Agus
anns an othail a bhios ann, gu de cho fìor
no cho maireannach is a tha an uidh a tha iad
a' nochdadh do na tha am Mod ag cur an ceill
is a' co-sheasamh? Nach bu mhath na'n
leanadh an spiorad uailleil a tha am Mod a'
brosnachadh fad na bliadhna! Nach bu mhor
a chuireadh sin ris a' Ghaidhlig anns gach
baile beag is mor air feadh na tìre. Cia meud
meur ur ris am faodadh duil a bhi againn,
agus gach meud dhiu' sin air a' Ghaidhealtachd
gu sonruichte eudmhor agus easgaidh gu dol
an gnìomh a chum is nach tigeadh gaiseadh
no cionradh air na tha sinn ag altrum. Na'n
tìgeadh iad 'nam buill maille ruinn agus an
taic thoirt dhuinn bu mhor an euideachadh
sin gu casg a chur air a' chion suim a tha 'na
mhathair-nobhair air an t-suidheachadh a tha
ri fhiosrachadh an diugh.

Gheibhear an leth-seul nach 'eil An
Comunn Gaidhealach a' deanamh dad sam
bith is fhaich. Chan 'eil a sin ach aidmheil
an aineolais. The freagairt dha sin anns na
thachair ann a bhi ag ardachadh cliu na
Gaidhlighe bhon a steidheachadh An Comunn.
Bu bhòchd is bu diblidh a cor an laithean ar
n-atraichean seach mar a tha i an diugh, agus
tha a thaing sin aig a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach.

Ma sheallas neach air aireamh nan
leabhraichean a chlodh-bhuail An Comunn is
a tha ri 'n ceannach an drasd' fhein, chi e
beagan de na tha 'ga dheanamh gu bhi ag
euideachadh leotha-san a tha a' teagasg na
canaine. Tha an aireamh ri fhaicinn air cul a'
Mhiosachain, "An Gaidheal," agus chan 'eil

an treasa cuid ann de na leabhraichean a tha ann an ainm A' Chomunn an sin. Mar eisimpleir, tha e a' leigeil ris gu'n deach da dhealbh-chluich tha' fhichead eadar theangachadh gu Gaidhlig gu bhli ag cuideachadh le obair an Drama.

A thaobh cor na Gaidhealtachd, dh' iarr — agus fhuair — An Comunn cothrom gu bhli ag cur an ceill ar beachdan mu'n chuis so. Ged a thugadh an deagh eisdeachd dhuinn cha do choimhlionadh ar n-iarrtasan fhathast, ach tha e romhain cumail oirnn gus an teid cuid co-dhìu' de ar ruintean a thoirt gu buil.

Tha e ri aithris cuideachd nach do rinn An Comunn dearmad air cead iarraidh agus fianais a thogail air sgath na Gaidhlig fa chomhair na Comhairle a bha a' rannsachadh obair a' Chraobh-sgaoidh air feadh na tìre gu leir. Ged nach deach a' Ghaidhlig ainmeachadh gu sonruichte anns na mhol buill na Comhairle so theid gearr shuil a chumail a chum is gum bi a h-aite dìgheach air a choimhead is a chumail gu curamach.

Tha sinn toilichte a radh gu'n do shoirbhich leis A' Chomunn anns an tagradh a rinneadh, gu Gaidhlig fhaighinn air an S.T.V. agus is taitneach a nis gu bheil an craobh-sgaoidh aca-san ri fhaicinn 'san fheasgar an aite a' mheadhoin-latha mar a bha gu ruige so.

Saoilidh mi gu'm faod sinn a radh gu bheil na curmearan Gaidhlig a nis teidhichte gu soirbheachail ann am Feis Mhor Dhun-Eideann. Bha Ceilidh agus Cuirm-chiuil eireachdail againn am bliadhna agus gach talla anns an robh iad loma-lan de ar cairdean fhein is luchd-tadhail as gach cearn de'n t-saoghal. Chuir Probhaist is maithean a' bhaile an ceill an taingealachd le cuireadh fialaidh a thoirt do'n luchd-seinn is iad-san uile a chuidich leinn gu bhli air aoidheachd maille riutha. Is e so an dara bliadhna do'n Ghaidhlig a bhi air a cluinninn aig an Fheis mar so.

Tha tuille mor a dh' fhaodainn ainmeachadh ach saoilidh mi gu'n d'thubhairt mi gu leor gu bhli 'leigeil ris gu soilleir gu bheil An Comunn dicheallach agus dealasach gu dol an gnìomh air sgath na canaiche. Tha na tha 'ga dheanamh airidh air gach taic is cuideachadh a ghabhas toirt dha. Chan 'eil ach da ni ag cur bacadh air gu barrachd mor a dheanamh: 's e sin cion airgid is cion an luchd-cuideachaidh.

Mar sin, dh' iarrainn air gach neach aig a' Mhod tighinn cuide ruinn. Tha feum orra uile. Gheibh gach comhairle agus eadhon gach gearan a th' aca an deagh eisdeachd, oir is math a tha fios againn gur ann le bhli ag gluasad comhla a ni sinn adhartas.

Leis a sin uile gu bhli a' breitheachadh air bithidh mise 'gur fagail mar Cheann-suidhe aig deireadh a' Mhoid so. Tha mi a' toirt taing dhuibh air son bhur fad-fhulangas rium agus gach cuideachadh a thug sibh domh.

Cuiream an ceill, mata, 'san dealachadh mo dhurachd dhuibh uile an briathran a' bhaid: —

“Tha eachdraidh ag innseadh
Mu mhorachd ar sinnseir
'S gu'n robh iad 'nan limtibh-san
treunmhor;

An cliu a thaobh dìlse
'Cha leigear air di-chuimhn'
Gus an sguirear de sgrìobhadh 's de
leughadh.

Ach 's beag ni e dh' fheum dhuinn
Bhi luaidh air am beusan
Mur bi sinn fhein gleusda chum euchdan,
Ar giulan fìor uasal,
Ar n-onair gun truaillleadh,
'S ar gluasad an gaullibh a cheile.”

Rathad Mor Na Feille

Bha mi air chuairt ann a taobh-deas Siorrachd Pheairt, bho chionn ghoirid, anns an Athdhubh (ma dh' fhaodas mi Gaidhlig a chur air) faisg air Gleann-na-h-Eaglaise. Se cul-shraid a tha a nis anns an t-seann rathad bho Bhaile Rìoghail Auchterarder — am Baile Fada anns nach eil ach aon sraid, da mhìle air fhad — troimh Shliabh an t-Siorraim gu Sruighlea, agus a cheann-uidhe anns an Eaglais Bhric. Choisich mi thar cuid de 'n Rathad Romnach bho Lindum, no mar a theirear an diugh Braco, far am bheil aigeon domhain agus callaidean-togail arda, na bheil air fhagail de 'n Champa Romnach a b' fharsainge a bha am Breatann. Faisg air laimh tha Cars-Breac, far am b' abhaist a bhì' cumail co-fharpaisean mora bhliadhnail air an d-eigh.

Bho chionn latha no dha thug mi tarraing air na seann roidean ri caraid a “Tir mo Ghraidh,” agus thug e gu ar cuimhne “Fionnlagh nan Damh,” a bha uair a' fuireach gle faisg air an t-seann tigh-sgoile anns an robh mo sheanair a' teagasg, an deigh imrich a Muile.

Bhiodh Fionnlagh a' ceannach beagan dhamh is aighean agus a' coiseachd leotha a Gearraidh-a-Chladaich, 'gan aiseag gu Dunbhagain agus 'gan saodachadh troimh an Eilein Sgitheanaich, thar Druim-nan-Cleoc, gu Caol Re, far an robh iad a' snamh aig isle-mara gu tìr mor. Bha an turus fada agus gle thrìc an-sheasgair troimh bhealaichean Chinn t-Saile, Mointeach mhor Raineach, agus 's

math dh' fhaoidte Grianlonaig, gu Margadh Mor na h-Eaglaise Brice. Ach, coma co an rathad, cha b'e sud a' cheud turus a rinn Fionnlagh e, ged a b'e an turus mu dheireadh.

Chan 'eil fios agam de a chuir maille air Fionnlagh coir, ach nuair a rainig e ceann a thuruis — corr agus da cheud mille bho 'n dachaidh agus dluth air mios an deidh a fagail — nach ann a bha cnoc na feille samhach, falamh agus an Fheill Mhor seachad!

De nis? Shuidh e gu sgith, croma-ceannach, ri taobh an rathaid agus tharraing e am breacan na bu tinne mu a ghualann. Ach socair beag! De'n uidheam ghiulain ghleadhrach a bha sud a' tighinn gu cabhagach o'n Earra-dheas? Nach robh ceannaiche le sporran trom a' deanamh air a' cheart laraich! "Is olc a' ghaoth sheideas . . .," ach rinn a' choinneamh annasach seo feum do dhithis mar nach robh duil idir aca. Cheannaich an Sasannach a h-uile speir a bh' aig an eileanach ann an larach nam bonn, agus thill Fionnlagh le ceum eutrom, agus co aige tha fios nach robh a sporran na bu truime na bhiodh e nan robh an Fheill aig a h-àirde!

'Se da dhàmh a chunnaic mise air Rathad Mor Shruighlea fad mo chuairt, agus bha ceithir maor-shithe gan dìon bho na carbadan siubhlach a bha greasad seachad — seachd ceud ann an uair a thide. Nam bu bheo idir, de chanadh "Coirechoillidh," agus de idir a chanadh Fionnlagh!

D. M. (Staffin).

Leasain Ghaidhlig

le IAIN A. MACDHOMHNAILL.

Tha sinn an comain Iain MhicDhomhnaill, fear-teagais na Gaidhlig an Colaisde an Fhoghlum an Jordanhill, a chuir ri cheile na leasain seo. Tha ceithir ann dhiubh agus tha duil ris an aireamh cheudna a thoirt seachad gach mìos fad gearbraidh is earraich co-dhiu.

'Se th' anns an amharc gum bi iad feumail do chlasaichean feasgair agus gum bi aon leasan aca fo chomhairle gach seachdain. Cha d' rinneadh fuaim-litreachadh sam bith air na faclan an seo, oir tha suil gum faigh na sgoilearan na fuaimnean dìreach bho labhairt an oide (teagasgair?), an doigh as cinntiche agus as fhèarr. Air an aobhar cheudna, chan fhacas feum air freagaritean nan ceisdean a chur sìos.

Rachadh an t-oide thairis air an leasan gu leir mun faic na sgoilearan sgrìbhte idir e, is ni na sgoilearan aithris mar a dh' iarrar

orra. Cha togar puingeann gramair ach cho beag 's a ghabhas deanamh gus am buanaich na sgoilearan tomhas de fhileantachd.

A' cheud leasan (the first lesson)

an, the	de, what
oir, because	cuine? when?
mor, big	leabhar, book
agus, and	a' dol, going
ach, but	a' leughadh, reading
eile, other	a' sgrìobhadh, writing
an diugh, to-day	a' cluich, playing
gille, boy	a' deanamh, doing
gilleann, boys	toilichte, pleased
sgoil, school	anns, in
tha, is	aig, at
chaneil, is not	nighean, girl
deich, ten	nigheanan, girls
da, two	achadh, field
co, who	

Tha Mairi agus Iain a' dol do'n sgoil an diugh. Tha iad toilichte a' dol do'n sgoil oir tha gilleann agus nigheanan eile anns an sgoil. Chaneil an sgoil mor ach tha deich gilleann agus deich nigheanan anns an sgoil agus tha iad toilichte anns an sgoil. Tha leabhar aig Mairi ach tha da leabhar aig Iain. Tha iad a' leughadh agus a' sgrìobhadh anns an sgoil agus tha iad a' cluich anns an achadh aig an sgoil.

Co tha a' dol do'n sgoil?
Cuine tha Mairi a' dol do'n sgoil?
Co eile tha anns an sgoil?
De tha aig Mairi anns an sgoil?
De tha iad a' deanamh anns an sgoil?
De tha iad a' deanamh anns an achadh?

An dara leasan (the second lesson)

cladach, shore	ag iasgach, fishing
abhainn, river	gle, very
iasg, fish	cuideachd, also
blath, warm	a bheil? is?
faisg (air), near	bha, was
fuar, cold	cha robh, was not
Di-Sathurna,	fad an latha, all day
Saturday	iad, they
an de, yesterday	i, she

Tha achadh mor faisg air an taigh aig Iain agus tha an cladach faisg air an achadh. Tha abhainn anns an achadh agus tha iasg anns an abhainn. Chaneil Iain agus Mairi a' dol do'n sgoil Di-Sathurna agus an uair a tha e blath tha iad a' cluich anns an achadh agus ag iasgach anns an abhainn.

Tha iad gle thoilichte a' cluich anns an achadh ach tha iad toilichte an uair a tha iad anns an sgoil cuideachd.

Bha e fuar an de agus cha robh Mairi anns an sgoil. Cha robh i a' cluich anns an achadh. Bha i anns an taigh fad an latha.

De tha faisg air an taigh aig Iain?
 De tha anns an achadh?
 De tha faisg air an achadh?
 De tha Mairi agus Iain a' deanamh
 Di-Sathurna?
 Cuine tha iad a' cluich anns an achadh?
 A bheil iad toilichte anns an sgoil?

An treas leasan (the third lesson)

a, her	ad, hat
a mathair, her mother	gorm, blue
buth, shop	geal, white
buthan mora,	cheannaich, bought
big shops	athair, father
baile, town	trang, busy
anns a' bhaile,	ag obair, working
in the town	iad, they
cota, coat	sgith, tired

Bha Mairi agus a mathair anns a' bhaile Di-Sathurna. Bha Mairi toilichte a' dol do'n bhaile oir bha buthan mora anns a' bhaile. An uair a bha Mairi agus a mathair anns a' bhaile cheannaich a mathair cota agus ad. Bha an cota gorm agus bha an ad geal.

Cha robh Iain agus athair anns a' bhaile. Bha iad trang anns an achadh. Bha e gle bhlath Di-Sathurna agus bha Iain sgith oir bha e trang ag obair. Bha Mairi agus a mathair sgith cuideachd oir bha am baile agus no buthan gle bhlath. Bha iad gle thoilichte an uair a bha iad aig an taigh.

Co bha anns a' bhaile?
 De bha anns a' bhaile?
 De cheannaich iad anns a' bhaile?
 De bha geal?
 De bha Iain agus athair a' deanamh?
 Co bha sgith?

An ceathramh leasan (the fourth lesson)

Di-Domhnaich,	rainig iad,
Sunday	they reached
teaghlach, family	chaidh iad, they went
eaglais, church	a steach, into
rathad, road	a' seinn, singing
sios an rathad,	c'aite an robh,
down the road	where was?
caite, where	an robh, was?
duine, man/anyone	do, to, towards
faisg air a' chladach,	
near the shore.	

Di-Domhnaich bha an teaghlach uile anns an eaglais. Cha robh an eaglais faisg air an taigh ach bha an latha blath agus choisich iad do'n eaglais. Choisich iad sios rathad faisg air an achadh agus faisg air a' chladach. Cha robh duine a' cluich anns an achadh Di-Domhnaich. Bha na gillean agus na nigheanan eile a' dol do'n eaglais cuideachd.

Choisich iad sios an rathad faisg air an sgoil ach cha robh duine aig an sgoil agus cha robh duine a' cluich anns an achadh faisg air an sgoil. An uair a rainig iad an eaglais chaidh iad a steach. Bha iad uile a' seinn anns an eaglais.

An robh iad a' cluich Di-Domhnaich?
 An robh an eaglais faisg air an taigh?
 C' aite an robh an rathad?
 An robh duine a' cluich aig an sgoil?
 An robh achadh aig an sgoil?
 De bha iad a' deanamh anns an eaglais?

The Persistence of Superstitious Practices in Connection with Cattle

Two sayings that still enjoy a wide currency in the Highlands are:—*Gun sealladh an sealbh ort* (May the *sealbh* look to you) and *Gun gleidheadh an t-agh thu* (May the *agh* preserve you).

When one enquires to whom these invocations are respectively addressed, it is rare to get a satisfactory answer, except that they may refer to some fanciful concepts or to superstitious deities.

Again, while one often hears the saying: *Ann an ainm an aigh* (In the name of *agh*) as an exhortation or a rebuke, the parallel injunction: *Ann an ainm an t-scilbh* is never extended to the term, *sealbh*.

Adjectives derived from these words are: *sealbhach*, *sealbhmhor* and *agmhor*, all meaning prosperous or fortunate; but the epithet, *aghach*, means warlike or courageous. Thus, while *agh* or *ag*, its early form, was held to be the protector of the person, perhaps a god of war, *sealbh* or *selb*, of old, was considered to be the guardian of property which, in primitive times, consisted of cattle, and was thus a god of the flocks.

A subsidiary to *sealbh* was *gruagach*, a supernatural goddess, often referred to in our folklore, both in prose and in verse. To her was assigned the preservation of the produce of the herds, particularly the young animals, and the quantity and the quality of the milk.

In early Christian times, the attributes of *gruagach* were, in many parts, transferred to St. Bride. Accordingly, when stocks were being driven to fresh pastures at the beginning of summer, the owner would utter the wish:—

Buachailleachd Bhrìde do'n tan:
 buan is slan gun till iad.

(The tending of the herd to Bride; surviving and hale may they return.)

and:—

A Bhride nam basa mine,
dion dhomh an treud:
cum iad o chreag, o chath, 's o allt,
o chadha cam 's o mhilleadh sluib,
o chridh' a' mhiuirin 's o shuil an uilc.
(O Bride of the smooth palms, defend for me
my stock: save them from rock, from
snowdrift, from mountain-stream, from
tortuous pass and destroying pit, from the
heart of malice and the eye of evil.)

Despite these earnest entreaties, and numerous others that were addressed to Christian saints, the faith in the old doctrines persisted and the worship of grugach flourished. Thus, the Rev. Donald MacQueen, minister of Kilmuir in Skye and cicerone to Dr. Johnson when the latter visited the island in 1773, informed the traveller that he himself was the means of persuading the dairymaids on the Island of Troday, to the north of Skye, to discontinue the practice of pouring milk into a hollow scooped out of the top of an erratic boulder, on Monday mornings before sunrise, as a libation to grugach, that the health of the herd and the yield of milk might be preserved. Such stones are still known all over the Highlands, and the writer knows of five of them in Skye alone.

It is indeed remarkable that these superstitious practices, chiefly concerned with stocks, should have persisted for so long a time in the Highlands. When, for example, a pestilence struck the cattle of a district, it was believed that the operation of burying alive a young animal from the affected herd would render the remainder immune. Sir James Simpson, the first to use chloroform as an anæsthetic, has recorded that his father, as a young man, had taken part in offering up a heifer, over whose grave the rest of the cattle were driven in order to stay the ravages of the prevailing murrain.

Again, in the Records of the Presbytery of Dingwall, occur several entries detailing the practice of sacrificing bulls, preferably white ones, for the purpose of restoring health to ailing humans. Thus, some men from Applecross, Locherron and Achnashellach, and whose names and addresses are given, were cited to appear before the Presbytery at Dingwall in order to answer for their action in killing a bull on Isle Maree, on the 25th of August, 1656, as an oblation to "St. Mælrubha, to whom that day was dedicate."

Furthermore, in 1678, the minister of Gairloch declared that he had ordered a father and his three sons to present themselves before the Presbytery for offering up a bull on the same island, "that his wife who was a valetudinary might be restored to health." It may be stated that a note occurs, further on in the "Records," to the effect that the accused had ignored even a fourth citation.

Numerous instances of ceremonies observed for the tending and the curing of animals could be adduced as, for example, the methods employed to countervail the effect of the "evil-eye," the antidotes used against poisoning by adders, and several more, all of which may be said to have now fallen into a state of desuetude, though the writer, as a boy, has a clear recollection of the remedies employed in the case of the two practices mentioned here.

But what one would particularly wish to record is the survival of an amazing custom that is still observed, and of which I was recently a witness.

In that isolated and attractive valley, Gleann na Cailliche, enclosed by the ridges of Beinn a' Chreachain, Bean Achadh Chaladair and Beinn a' Mhanaich, and in which the headwaters of the River Lyon take their rise, four figures carved from local stone—*am Bodach* (the old man), *a' Chailleach* (the old woman) and *An Da Nighinn* (the two daughters)—have been preserved by the herdsman there from time out of mind. Their preservation is supposed to promote the welfare of the live stock of the area and, accordingly, these objects are zealously cared for. They are housed in a shelter made of stone, the side and end walls of which slope inwards after the manner of beehive huts, so that the roof can be covered by one slab. Another slab does duty as a door.

Early in May of each year, these graven shapes are removed from their enclosure and taken to a near-by stream, where they are thoroughly washed. After the "fane" has also received its "spring cleaning," they are returned to it with reverential care, and there they remain undisturbed until the following year.

While some may deplore the perpetuation of so heathenish a practice in a Christian land, there are others who, in entertaining a mild toleration for its continuance, will hope that the remoteness of the site may be the means of preserving these interesting relics of antiquity from the attention of the iconoclast.

A. N.

Old Yule-Tide in Scotland

By F. G. THOMPSON.

Time was in Scotland when the celebration of Christmastide was forbidden by zealous reformers; anyone observing any of the countless customs associated with the season did so under threat of fine and heavy penalty.

From early times, the season of the year when the days lengthened and nights grew shorter was invested with a sacred significance. The sun was now overcoming its temporary abasement by winter and would soon climb high in the sky to give its warmth to mankind. And this was the definite sign that dormant life under the earth's surface was stirring and the world would soon be covered with a green mantle again.

In ancient Rome, the Festival of Saturnalia was held at this time of the year. People wore garlands of evergreen and gave and received gifts. Those who had servants waited on them, a custom reminiscent of the writer's days in the army when the sergeant, who had bawled out at him for the previous twelvemonth, woke him up at eight o'clock on Christmas mornings and poured out a mugful of steaming hot tea, wishing him a Merry Christmas. Libation to propitiate the giver's good feelings during the coming year? I wonder!

When Christianity was given official status in Rome, the Festival of Saturnalia took on a new meaning. It was a Festival of Light. So what better than to rename it "Christmastide," in commemoration of the birth of Christ, the Light of the World? And this was what happened: the once-pagan festival was given a Christian significance and accepted into the Church calendar of fixed festivals.

But for all its new significance, many of the customs associated with the old Festival were retained, despite the fact that their origins pre-dated the Nativity.

In Scotland, Christmas was never given the importance afforded to it by other countries. It was always outshaded by the festivities associated with the New Year. The customs which were observed at Christmas were held more to mark the beginning of a season rather than a specific religious date in the calendar. This season lasted roughly three weeks and contained within that period of time of twelve days, the "twelve days of Christmas."

Christmas Eve was known as the "Night of the Gifts" and the "Night of the Cakes," the latter referring to the "Bridget Cakes" baked on the Eve and then placed by Highland

mothers on the laps of their daughters to commemorate Bridget, the "Aid-woman of Mary" and the "Foster-mother of Christ," who was the first woman to take the infant Christ into her lap to nurse him. The baking mixture for the cakes did not contain any egg and was baked over the Yule log in the fire. The cakes were kept for as long as possible after Yule-tide because it was thought lucky to do so.

All household tasks had to be completed before midnight on Christmas Eve. All manual work was stopped, except that which was deemed to be necessary. There was a tradition that any fern seeds which ripened on Christmas Eve and which were caught before they fell to the ground would enable the catcher to get whatever he wished for. But on his journey to where the ferns grew he had to take care not to exchange words with anyone whom he chanced to meet on the way.

Happenings on Christmas Eve were regarded as being lucky or unlucky. Should the fire go out, it meant ill-luck for all in the house. To ward off the influence of an evil eye, it was customary to go to the byre and say a prayer or read a chapter of the Bible to the animals. In some parts of Scotland, the belief was that ghosts could not appear on Christmas Eve; in other parts, it was believed that they could appear. In the old ballad of "The Wife of Usher's Well" we are told:—

"The Hallow days o' Yule are come,
The nights are long and dark,
An in an' cam her ain twa sons,
Wi' their hats made o' the bark."

At midnight on Christmas Eve the animals were said to groan; some knelt and some rose according to the tradition prevalent in the district. Bees were said to sing out to leave the hive for an unknown destination at midnight, the hour when Christ was born. The bees return about three o'clock on Christmas morning.

Guisers often went about the country-side and were given gifts of food in return for blessings and good wishes for the coming year on the house and household. But if no food was forthcoming, the guisers bestowed their curses on the house and its miserly occupants.

If the weather on Christmas Eve was fair and clear, it was assumed by country-folk that the ensuing year would be plentiful both in wine and fruit. Adverse weather was not a good sign and indicated that the year would be full of hardship.

On Christmas Day folk went from house to house giving and receiving presents. No work was to be done on this day and children were

warned against crying or else there would be much crying in the coming year. No fire was ever given to anyone whose fire had gone out. This was to prevent the embers being used in witchcraft and luck taken out of the house. And if the fire burned brightly on Christmas Day, then prosperity in the ensuing year was assured. As with the weather omen, a dull fire was a bad outlook.

An effort was usually made to wear some piece of new clothing, however small. The livestock were given extra feed and an extra special dinner was made for the household. As in countries furth of Scotland, the goose was traditional Christmas fare in Scots households. The holly and the mistletoe were prominent features of the season: the holly because it was an evergreen and the mistletoe because the fairies who lived in it protected those who sheltered under it.

An unfriendly act was to enter a house without carrying some small thing, very like our first-footing visitors who never come in empty-handed.

Although no work was to be done on Christmas Day, in the Western Islands it was incumbent on the youth of each village to row 707 strokes straight out from the shore and then drop their fishing lines. Whatever fish was caught was then distributed among the poor and needy of the district in the name of Christ, the King of the Sea, and of Peter, the king of fishermen. In Angus, however, it was always thought to be unlucky to fish on the Day. Anyone who did so was sure to catch a blind haddock, a bad omen indeed. But this belief was unsubstantiated when some men did go out to fish, and of the fish they caught no blind haddock was to be seen. And that was *fnis* to the superstition.

The period of time over which the Christmas festivities were observed varied considerably. Sometimes they lasted for the week between Christmas and New Year. They also continued to Twelfth Night (the ancient Scandinavian festival of "Jol" lasted for twelve days) and "Up-Helly-aa Day." Indeed, New Year's Day was called in the Highlands "Nollaig Bheag"—Little Christmas—indicating that the festivities were seasonal and did not belong to one day only.

Altogether, the Yule-tide season was one which featured much social activity, and despite present-day rationalism still presents an oblique view of the commemoration of the Birth of Christ. The fault of the festival in the past was that it retained a surfeit of customs, many of which were meaningless; the fault to-day is over-commercialisation.

But a spirit still prevails during Yule-tide admirably conveyed in a Christmas chant found one hundred years ago by Dr. Alexander Carmichael on one of his collecting visits to the Western Highlands and Islands:—

"The mountains glowed to Him, the plains
glowed to Him,
The voice of the waves with the song of the
strand,
Announcing to us that Christ is born,
Son of the King of kings from the land of
salvation,
Shone the sun on the mountains high to
Him,
All Hail! Let there be joy!"

The Welsh Youth Movement

REPORT BY MISS K. B. MATHESON,
Convener, Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

With a view to gleaning information that might be of help in determining the future development of Comunn na h-Oigridh, the Executive Council appointed me to visit Wales to make enquiries about the corresponding youth movement in Wales, the Urdd. It was considered opportune that I should make the visit when the annual camp of the movement was taking place and, accordingly, I left for Wales on 28th July and returned on 8th August. I found the visit interesting, informative, and generally profitable, and I should like to put on record officially in these notes my gratitude to all the Welsh officials for the trouble they took to show me as much as possible, and for their kind and gracious hospitality at all times.

II.—THE URDD.

(a) FOUNDATION.

The Urdd (Welsh League of Youth) was founded in 1922 by a distinguished Welshman who saw the tremendous possibilities for good of a national youth movement based on love of country and faith in international brotherhood, ideals that have always made a strong appeal to the Welsh people. The new movement went from strength to strength at a commendable speed; it soon came to be regarded as the Welsh National Youth Movement, and in course of time it came to be recognised by the State as one of the principal youth organisations of Great Britain.

(b) ORGANISATION.

The extent to which the movement has developed is clearly indicated by the fact that

to-day it comprises 600 branches or clubs and has a total membership of some 50,000 young people. To maintain the administrative side of the movement there is to-day a large headquarters office at Aberystwyth, with a subsidiary office at Swansea for South Wales. The Urdd employs a large administrative and clerical staff, a team of regional and county organisers, and a number of full-time club leaders. Nevertheless, I was assured that the vitality of the movement depended mainly upon the enthusiasm of hundreds of voluntary workers in all parts of Wales.

The first full-time organiser employed by the Urdd was appointed in 1932. He was a teacher who was in the movement from its inception, and it is perhaps significant that at the outset he had to find half of his own salary.

Local organisation consists of Junior Clubs and Youth Clubs. The Junior Club is for boys and girls under fifteen years of age; it is often a school society, but is sometimes connected with a church. The Youth Clubs cater primarily for young people who have left school, although many senior secondary people belong to them. The age-range is fifteen to twenty-five years. Most youth clubs are housed in independent premises, but many meet in schools.

(c) ACTIVITIES.

To achieve its object the Urdd has devised many schemes. For the annual National Youth Eisteddfod, preceded by a network of some seventy district eisteddfodau, there is throughout the year intensive preparation in music, verse-speaking, action songs, folk-dancing, physical training, first aid, literature, drama, public-speaking, and arts and crafts.

(d) LANGUAGE MEDIUM.

The Urdd is primarily a Welsh-speaking organisation, seeking through its clubs to foster a love and understanding of the Welsh language and Welsh life and culture generally. Its work, however, is not confined to the Welsh-speaking areas nor to the Welsh language as a medium. Wherever it is necessary it conducts its activities in English. Inherent in the movement is the belief that Wales has a significant contribution to make to the welfare of the peoples of the world, and that she can render this service only if her people are made conscious of their own heritage. It is this national basis and international aim that have fostered the idealism and practical outlook that have led to the success of the movement.

(e) THE MOVEMENT AND THE SCHOOLS.

Within seven years of its founding, the Urdd as a movement passed into the schools, from which it continues to get strong support. The leaders of the movement attach much importance to this aspect of its development.

The teachers play a significant part in the provision of suitable leaders, either by acting as leaders themselves, as many of them do, or by encouraging the most promising of the club members to continue in the movement as leaders.

(f) GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION.

When the National Fitness Council was set up by the Government, the Urdd was recognised for Government grant for the first time on equal terms with the other national voluntary organisations. It continues to be so recognised.

Shortly after this, Local Education Authorities began to make grants to clubs within their respective areas.

(g) MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTION.

Most of the large amount of money required to carry out the programme of activities is gathered by the movement in a wide variety of ways, but it is significant that part at least of the money is derived from the subscription that all members must pay.

(h) CAMP ADMINISTRATION.

All arrangements in connection with the annual camps seem to be made in a most business-like way. There is full insurance cover for all personnel and for premises and furniture. All those attending camp must be registered members of Urdd, whether fluent speakers or learners, and each is required to pay £3 10/- a week towards cost of camp. All functionaries — organisers and domestic staff — are paid, but there is a large army of young people, mainly there at the request of colleges, to help with the programme of activities.

(i) EDUCATION AUTHORITIES.

In course of discussion with various persons in the educational service, one acquired considerable information about the use of Welsh in school, but since the purpose of these notes is to give information about the Welsh Youth Movement reference is made to the work of schools only in so far as it has a direct impact on the Youth Movement.

The Urdd publishes three different monthly magazines, one of which, *Cymraeg*, is edited and published in collaboration with the Glamorganshire Education Authority, which is foremost in the teaching of Welsh. With the support of this Education Authority and

others, orders for the magazine are assured. This magazine is used as a text-book by those learning Welsh as a second language, and to ensure that the magazine continues on sound lines there is a regular conference of representatives of the Education Authority, Language Lecturers, Inspectors of Schools, and Teachers.

In a great many cases some of the activities of the Junior Clubs are carried out in school, and not only do the Junior Clubs make use of the *Cymraeg* but they contribute to it. In some instances, Urdd and Education Authorities teaching Welsh are so closely associated that it is often difficult to find where the work of the one ends and that of the other begins.

(To be concluded)

GLASGOW GAELIC DRAMA ASSOCIATION

1963 Festival: Preliminary Notice

The Seventh Annual GAELIC DRAMA FESTIVAL will be held in the HIGHLANDERS' INSTITUTE on 8th, 9th and 10th MAY, 1963. The Committee will welcome entries from any part of Scotland, and are prepared, where necessary, to pay part of travelling expenses.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Oban, 1962

Received at Oban—

Previously acknowledged	£3,796 13 11
D. V. Webster, Esq., Film Show	26 — —
Loch Tayside Branch	32 17 6
D. V. Webster, Esq., Film Show	37 15 —
Oban and District Tourist Association	14 9 6
Tobermory Branch	10 10 —
Concert at Caol per Miss Lucy Cameron and Mr. D. A. Macdonald	120 — —
D. V. Webster, Esq., Film Show	22 11 9
Dundee Highland Society	10 — —
A. Macdonald, Esq., Lewis Mr. and Mrs. R. A. C.	1 — —
Milne	2 — —
Miss Pat Bolton, Taynuilt	— 12 —
Mrs. MacAskill, Taynuilt	— 12 —
John Jack, Esq., Oban	2 2 —
Stirling Branch	10 — —

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Kidd	1 1 —
Fort William Branch	10 — —
Mrs. Janet Mackenzie, Edinburgh	5 5 0
Colonsay Branch	10 — —
Proceeds of Fete	260 8 10
Proceeds of Raffle	300 — —
	£4,673 18 6

Received at Glasgow—

Previously acknowledged	£240 4 1
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302 16 1
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AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XII

AM FAOILLEACH, 1960

Aireamh 1

“BHURSTAIG A’ FOOTBALL”

AIR feasgar o chionn ghoirid is mi gabhail cuairt leam fhìn thàinig mi air pannal bhalach sgoile is iad le an làmhnan 'nam pòcaidean 'nan seasamh gu tùrsach an dorus cuaraiche a bha ri taobh an rathaid. Sheas mi mu'n coinneamh is dh'fhoighnich mi dhaibh carson nach robh iad ri cluiche air feasgar cho brèagha. Fhreagair am fear bu lugha: “Thàinig toll air a' bhall-coise 's cha ghabh e càradh.” Ged nach b' e sin na dearbh bhriathran a labhair e thug mi gu dé bha e ri ciallachadh. Sheall iad am ball-coise dhomh, agus cha b' e a mhàin gun robh an t-aotroman le toll air agus breac le bréidean ach bha a' chéis leathrach air fàs cho tana ri paiper. Bha an gille beag ceart; cha ghabhadh e càradh.

An déidh dhomh am fàgail thòisich m' inntinn a' ruith air an liuthad atharrachadh a thàinig air dòighean cur-seachad na cloinne bho bha mise mi-fhìn aig aois nam balach ud. An diugh “bhurstaig a' football” 's tha an cur-seachad marbh. Cha robh ball-coise air an tuath ri mo lathasa ach bha an àra pailt agus cha robh an caman doirbh ri fhaighinn. Cha robh dimeas 'ga dhèanamh air cabar beag sam bith ach a mhàin an clàr daraich anns an robh gaoid a chuireadh deurach suas troimh ghàirdèan fir. Bhiodh an iomain air bonn 's cha bhiodh luchd amharc ann. Nam biodh camain aca bhiodh na bha an lathair a' toirt do'n àra 'nam màl, ged a bhiodh fichead fear is còrr air gach taobh. Bha sin a dh' aon mhath air cleasachd mo latha-sa, cha robh e gu difir dé an àireamh a bhiodh cruinn de do leithid fhéin ach cha bhiodh duine air a chumail a mach as a' chluich, agus mur gabhadh dà sgìobadh cothromach a dhèanamh le meud an àireamh a bhiodh an làthair bha dithis bheaga ri dol mu choinneamh aon fhear tapaidh. Fhad's a dh' fhanadh solus an latha bhiodh an iomain, a' chluich mhór agus cat-a-bat 'nan cur-seachad 'nan tràth fhéin. Tha mi tuigsinn gur e seòrsa de'n chluich mhóir prìomh chleasachd nan Amèricanach an diugh agus gu bheil an duine dubh a tha ealanta air a' dleasadh urram nach nochdar do fheallsanach a oil-

thigh. An dùil an e na Gaidheil a thug a null leotha a' chluich so is a dh'altrum gu inbhe mhóir i? A thaobh a' chat-a-bat, nach iomadh balach sgoile agus caileag cuideachd a chuidich e leis a' chòigeamh cuntas.

'Nan am fhéin thigeadh cluich nam putan is nam màrabailean, fear an déidh fir. Cha tigeadh as dhaibh a thiginn còmhladh oir cha robh pòcaidean gu leòr an èarradh nam fear air son sin. Nach iomadh bad aodaich a chaidh a thogail a steach o'n sgaoiltich agus na putain adhairc air an sgudaigeadh asda. Is e sgudaigeadh a bhiodh againn air a bhith ri toirt nam putan o bhall aodaich le sgian no, mar bu trice, le ar faclan, agus nach iomadh fear a fhuair a ghreadanadh air son na h-oibreach sin. A thaobh nam màrabailean, bhiodh trì seòrsa cluiche ann—a' bhuail e agus a' chluich bheag, agus toll an tuine. Tha mi cinnteach nam biodh iadsan a bha ealanta air toll an tuine 'nan òige air cothrom fhaighinn air *bowls* a chluiche 'nam bodaich gum biodh iad 'nan sàr ghaisgich air a' chluich sin. Tha fada, fada bho nach fhaca mi a bhith cluiche le màrabailean, agus cha chluinnear an diugh iomradh air popair no air neugail. Cò an giullan sgoile a thuigeadh an dràsda dé tha purrasc, tog do dhuine, chaidh e thuice, no cha téid e eatorra ri ciallachadh? Bha neart is cumhachd anns an òrdaig mhóir air cùl na màrabail.

B' iad sin cuid de chleasachdan an latha, ach bha feadhainn eile ann anns an ionnairidh—*warning, first-by*, agus am madadh ruadh 's a' chearc. Bha mi gu bhith aig aois fàgail na sgoile mus do bhuail e thugam gur h-e facail Bheurla a bha ann a' *warning* agus *first-by*, bhiodh iad cho tric air ar teagaidh. Chan eil sion a dh'fhios agam an ann bho na Goill a thàinig iad ach bha iad 'nan cur-seachad aig m'athair 'na bhalach. Bha *first-by* rud-eigin coltach ri falach-fead ach gu robh an ceannard a bhiodh a mhuigh a' suidheachadh a sgìobaidh air dhòigh 's gun tigeadh fear no dhà dhiubh air fàth air fear-an-tighe nuair a bhiodh esan a' ruith chun na dachaidh an déidh

cuideigin a bha a muigh a lorg. Nam beirte airsan mus ruigeadh e an "tigh" is e bhiodh a stigh a rithist. Cha bhiodh a' chluich a bha so aig amannan gun bhuaireadh, gu h-àraid nuair a dh'èigheadh fear-an-tighe "Tha mi 'gad fhaicinn" is gun nì fa chomhair ach caora dhubb. Cha bhiodh e furasda sin a dhearbhadh air. Bha cluich a' mhadaidh ruaidh 's a' chearc ri tòiseachadh le rabhd rabhaidh bho'n t-sionnach ach chan eil cuimhne agam ach air na faicil mu dheireadh—"An t-isean beag a bhios air dheireadh bidh e agam-sa 'na chorp." Nuair a bhiodh cearc mhath ghreannach a' dìon a h-àil bhiodh deagh spòrs ann.

Sin cuid de na ruith troimh m'inntinn an déidh dhomh na balaich fhàgail aig a' chruaich. "Bhurstaig a' football," is bha iad mar gum biodh am bàs anns a' bhaile. Chan eil cleasachd aig na gillean òga an diugh ach an aon—am ball-coise. Tha e ri toirt toil-inntinn mhór dhomh fhìn a bhith 'g amharc orra a' cluiche, ach bheireadh e togail agus blàths cridhe dhomh nan cluinninn uair seach an uair ris an rath-dhorch *warning* no fead fad as no *first-by*; agus nan tigeadh rabhadh a' mhadaidh ruaidh gu mo chluasan cha chreid mi nach deighinn a chuideachadh na circe, lapach 's mar a tha mi.

TORMOD MACLEOID.

Gille Mo Ghnothaich

O chionn fhada an t-saoghail bha seann tuathanach glic an aon de dhùthchannan na àird-an-iar, agus bha ogha òg dha a' fuireachd còmhla ris. Bha an tigh aca air mullach cnuic. Ceithir thimcheall an tighe bha buailtean farsaing fo làn arbhair.

Aig bonn a' chnuic, agus an cois a' chladaich, bha tighean na muinntire a bha 'g obair air fearann na tuathanaich. Bha iad so a' dìreadh a' chnuic gach madainn a dh'èireadh grian, agus a' cromadh do'n chlachan nuair a thigeadh an t-anmoch. Bha iad cho sona is a bha an latha cho fada—obair gu leòr is biadh gu'n toil.

Aon latha an déidh do'n luchd oibreach a dhol dhachaidh bha an seann laoch agus an t-ogha 'nan seasamh leotha fhéin air bàrr a' chnuic ag òl na h-àile cùbhraidhe agus a' géir amharc air a' ghréin a bha dol fodha sa' chuan mhór. Air fàire chunnaic am bodach sealladh annasach a chuir mór iongnadh air; chunnaic e neul dorch ag èirigh as an fhaire agus a' dèanadh orra 'na dhèann.

"Steach leat, 'ille bhig, cho luath 's a bheir do chasan thu, agus thoir an so dà bhioran laiste as an teine." Cha robh fios aig a' ghille bheag glé mhath dé theireadh e. Nach minic a thug a sheanair rabhadh dha cumail bho'n teine mus loisgeadh e? Ach rinn e dìreach mar a dh'ìarradh air. Chuir an tuathanach an sin teine ris an arbhair, agus an ùine nach robh fada bha na buailtean 'nan smàl. Ma bha, cha b' fhada gus an robh an èigheachd shìos anns a' chlachan oir chunnaic iad dé bha dol air adhart air a' chnoc. An tiotadh bha gach anam beò, fir is mnathan, balaich is caileagan, bodaich is clann, a' bualadh nan lasraichean le sùistean, le sguaban is le'n casan. Bha gach beag is mór 'na fhallas, a' glaochaidh is a' bualadh bhuillean, a' ruith 's a' leum thall agus a bhos, shìos is shuas, nuall 's a nall. Mu dheireadh chuireadh an teine as.

Cha sin thionndaidh a' chuideachd air a' bhodach. "Seall an obair uamhasach a rinn thu nis, amadain air do chasan. Fàgaidh do dhith céille sinn gun bhìadh am bliadhna." Rinn esan lachan mór gàire, agus a' tomhadh a chorraig tharraing e an aire chun a' chuain. "Seallaibh sud," ars esan, "bha sibh uile ann an cunnart mór." Thog an sluagh an sùilean agus chunnaic iad neul mór dorch anns an athar agus tonn àrd a' siubhal mar each meanmnach, luath a dh'ionnsaigh a' chladaich. Gun fhacal gun smid dh'amhairc iad air a' chuan a' taomadh le gàir air a' chlachan shìos fòpa.

Sguab an fhaire leatha gach dachaidh, is dh'fhàg i làraichean loma far an robh na tighean 'nan seasamh.

Thuig iad an sin carson a chuir an seann laoch an t-arbhar 'na theine. Bha fios glé mhath aige-san nach robh dòigh eile air gach beag is mór a thàladh ann an cabhaig a mach as a' bhaile ach an dearbh dhòigh a ghabh e, agus bha làn fhios aige dé thachradh dhàibh uile mur teich-eadh iad le'm beatha an àird as an ìsle.

Bha an sluagh a nis caoin-shuarach a thaobh call an arbhair, agus call nan dachaidhean. B'fheàrr an t-acras nam bàs, b'fheàrr a bhith beò gun dachaidh na bhith an dachaidh shiorruidh fo thuinn. Thuig iad, gun amharus, gun do shàbhail Gille Mo Ghnothaich am beatha le a sheòltachd.

S.D.T.

1. Cha dèan Tiugainn ceum 's cha do chailleadh Theab.
2. Tha aithne gun cuimhne agam ort.
3. Fòghnaidh salann salach air im ròinneagach.
4. Cha chuir duine a chall 'na sporan.





