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LEABHAR-SGEOIL GAIDHEALACH.

AN TREAS LEABHAR.

(AIREAMH 25 GU 36.)

“Mar gath soluis do m’ anam fein

Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.

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AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1874. [25 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

(*Bho Bheurla Sheumais Hogg,
Ciobair Ettrick.*)

I.

O linn cogadh *Mhontrose* dh' eirich einn-fheadhna agus ceannas-cinnidh na Gaidhealtachd gu ire ni 'b' airde ann am meas agus ann an luach na 'bhuineadh dhoibh riamh roimh an am ud. Bha cumhachd agus treubhantas nam fineachan air an cur gu dearbhadh anns a' chogadh ud, agus mar sin, bha uachdaran air a mheas a reir lionmhorachd a chuid iochdaran, a bha 'g a aid-eachadh mar an ceann-fine, agus a dh' eireadh air 'iartas gu cogadh ann an aobhar sam bith a roghnaicheadh esan air an son. Mar sin, bha fabhar agus deagh-ghean chumhachdan na rioghachd do gach uachdaran, a reir aireamh a luchd-leanmhuinn.

B' ann 's an am ud a thachair an gnothuch eagalach is bun do m' sgeul, ann an daimh ri aon de theaghlaichean urramach na Gaidhealtachd, ach a thuit gu mor o chionn ~~roma~~ bliadhna, o'n inbhe aird ~~anna an~~ robh iad aon uair, agus uime sin, air sgath na tha de 'n gineil fhathast beo anns an taobh tuath, is eiginn dhomh ann

an tomhas, an ainmeannan agus an aiteachan-comhnuidh 'athar-rachadh.

Tha Caisteal - Gharnaid, aite-comhnuidh a' chinn-fheadhna chumhachdaich air am bheil mi gu bhi 'deanamh iomraidh, 'n a sheasamh air inbhir fhiadhaich far am bheil dithis de aibhnichean ainmeil na Gaidhealtachd a' coinneachadh a cheile, agus fo dhubhar nam beann arda, creagach a tha 'g eirigh gu cas air a chulthaobh, ris an aird-an-iar. Tha 'aghaidh a' sealltainn ris an aird-an-ear, os cionn na h-aibhne ud, a tha 'giulan uisgeachan fall-ain, fionnar nan allt agus nam fuaran gu cladach aon de na caoil-mhara sheimh, neobhruailleach sin anns an tric am faigh ànrach a' chuain acarsaid thear-uinte. Bha aillidheachd agus duaichnidheachd mheasgaichte nan cluaintean agus nam bruthaichean creagach mu 'n cuairt a' chaisteil, 'n an samhladh riochdail air an linn stoirmeil anns an do thogadh e. Aig iochdar na faiche mu choinneamh dorus-beoil a' chaisteil, bha drochaid-mhaide thairis air da stalla a bha mu fhichead aitheamh air airde, agus eatorra bha eas cumhann, scorrach troimh an robh uisgeachan na h-aibhne air an grad thionndadh

gu leum-uisge cho aillidh agus cho fiadhaich 's a chithear air fad 's air farsuingeachd nan garbh-chrioch, tuath no 'n-iar. Bha an drochaid air a deanamh de shailthean daraich, agus ged a bha i gle ainleathan, lom, gun taobhan no casan air taobh seach taobh dhi, cha robh rathad eile a dh-ionnsaidh a' chaisteil ach i, do mharaichean no do choisichean.

Fo riaghladh buairesach ainghear-nail nan righrean Stiubhardach, chaill Caisteal Gharnaid tomhas nach bu bheag de 'n ghloir, de 'n cumhachd, agus de 'n mhoralachd air son an robh e aithnichte agus iomraiteach roimbe an am ud. B' i crìoch shonruichte ealain-riaghlaidh nan Stiubhardach a bhi 'bristeadh cumhachd agus ughdaras nam fineachan, nan ard-uaislean, nan ceann-feadhna agus nan ridirean le bhi 'g am brosnachadh gu falachd agus naimhdeas an aghaidh a cheile, leis an robh iad ann an tomhas mor air an lagachadh agus air an isleachadh 'n am measg fein. Chlaon agus chrìon tìodal ainmeil, aosda teaghlach Chaisteil Gharnaid, ach bha fhathast fuigheal de an moralachd a lathair ann am pearsa a' chinn-fheadhna a bha beo aig an am so, ach fo thìodal ur-cadhoin, Morair Eidirdeil. B' esan 'n a aonar an t-aon mheanglan a bha lathair de theaghlach ainmeil a shìnnsearachd; mar sin bha mor-chumhachd 'n a sheilbh, oir bha e 'n a cheann air fine a bha fhathast ro lìonmhor, uaibhreach borb, ainmeineach. Ach na 'm basaicheadh e gun sliochd, thuit-eadh an oighreachd agus an

ceannas-cinnidh, a reir coltais, air neach a bha, thar gach duine, 'n a chuspair fuath dha fein agus d' a iochdarain; duine leis an robh e air a chreachadh ann an tomhas mor de 'n onoir agus de 'n t-saibhreas air an robh e aon uair ann an seilbh; agus duine, ged a bha e ann an dluth dhaimh dha, a bha aig an dearbh am ud, a' cleachdadh gach innleachd a bha 'n a chomas gu a thilgeadh a mach as 'aite, agus gu 'thoirt gu bochdainn.

Ann an t-suidheachadh dheuchainneach ud, phos Eidirdeil air comhairle maithean a luchd-leanmhuinn, Silis, aileagan Chlann-Choinnich. Bha iad le cheile ro og; bha ise aillidh, caoimhneil, deagh-bheusach agus so-lubadh; b' i annsachd a companaich i, anns an t-seadh a b' airde, agus cuspair uigh agus deagh-ghean an iomlan de a luchd leanmhuinn. Ach mo chreach! chaidh bliadhna an deigh bliadhna thairis, gun a chàraid og ud a bhi air am beannachadh leis an toradh sin a bha ion-mhiannaichte os cionn gach beannachd eile—eadhoin, oighre og air son oighreachd Ghlinne-Garnaid agus air son Moraireachd Eidirdeil. Ciod a ghabhadh deanamh? Bha an fhine gu h-ìomlan, fo bhuaireas agus ann an imeheist; bha coinneamh an deigh coinneimh aig maithean a' chinnidh mu 'n chuis, agus b' e an codhunnadh aonsgulach gus an d' thainig iad aig a' cheann mu dheireadh, gur h-e a b' fhearr gu 'm basaicheadh eadhoin deichnear de na baintigh-earnan a b' uaisle a bha beo de 'n fhine, na gu 'n tuiteadh an t-ìomlan de 'n fhine, maille ris gach onoir a bhuineadh dhoibh, ann

an lamhan Nagarr, a bha 'n a chuspair fuath agus diomb dhoibh uile.

Mu thuairream seachd bliadhna an deigh do Shilis tighinn gu bhì 'n a mnaoi, ach cho neo-choltach ri tighinn gu bhì 'n a mathair's a bha i riamh; thainig buidheann de mhaithean a chinnidh air teachdaireachd gu Morair Eidir-deil, le seann laoch calma, Tighearna Charnaich air an ceann, am fear a b' fhaisge ann an inbhe agus ann an cumhachd do 'n cheann-fheadhna e fein. Dh'innis iad dha gu 'n d' thainig iad a nis gu codhunadh suidhichte gu 'm feumadh e gun tuilleadh dàil no seamsain dealachadh ris a' bhaintighearna, beo no marbh mar bu roghnaiche leis. Bhrist e mach ann am feirg, agus, ars' esan, "Na biodh a dhanachd aig an fhear is fear 'n ur measg a leithid 'ainmeachadh gu brath an deigh so." Gun eagal, gun athadh, fhreagair seann laoch Charnaich. "Cìod is fiach thusa as ar n-aogaisne? Runaich sinn uile gur fear gu 'm basaicheadh, cha 'n i a mhain, ban-mhorair Eidir-deil, ach gach baintighearna eile a tha beo d' ar fine, na gu 'n tigeadh an fhine gu bhì 'n an traillean fo an-riaghladh agus fo chumhachd Nagairr." Chunnaic am Morair nach robh dol a null no nall dha ach strìochdadh dhoibh. Thuir e gu 'm bu chàs cruaidh e gun teagamh sam bith, ach ma runaich Ard-riaghlair na cruitheachd gu 'm b' esan an t-òighre deireannach de 'n stoc aosda, fhiughail o'n do ghineadh e, a sheilbhicheadh oighreachd agus onoir a shinnsear, nach gabhadh an t-ordugh atharrachadh; agus

na 'n tugadh iadsan gu buil an gnìomh uamhasach a runaich iad gu 'm faodadh iad a bhì cinnteach gu 'n tugadh iad mallachd an Uile-chumhachdaich a nuas orra fein agus air an fhine gu leir. Chuir e 'n an cuimhne nach robh e fein agus a' bhaintighearna ach fathast ro og, nach d' thainig iad eadhoin gu an làn fhàs no gu treine an neart, agus mar sin nach robh e idir mi-choltach gu 'm faodadh ise bhifathast 'n a mathair teaghlach lionnhoir; ach coma co dhiu, gu 'm b' ise thar na h-uile cuspair eile anns an t-saoghal, ailleagan agus annsachd a chridhe, agus gu 'm bu luaithe a dhealaicheadh e ris gach ni a bhuinneadh dha, eadhoin ri 'oighreachd agus ri 'chinneadh na rithese.

Chrath Carnach a cheann liath, agus le gruaim bhagaraich air a ghnuis, thuir e ri Eidir-deil gu 'n robh a chainnt ro amaideach, agus 'n a freagradh cruaidh-chridheach do iartras an fhine d' am bu cheann-fheadhna e, agus nach b' e a chomain e. "Aidichidh sinn," arsa Carnach, "gu 'm bheil a' bhaintighearna fhathast ann an ceitein a h-oige, agus air sgath a h-oige, ged tha ar foighidinn air a cur thuige gu ro mhor, bheir sinn fathast dail thri bliadhna dhi, agus aig ceann na h-uine sin, ma bhios i gun sliochd, gabh m' fhocalsa air gu 'm feum thu a cur uait le dealachadh laghail, no ma-dh' fhaoidte air dhoigh is miosa, agus bean eile a phosadh; agus sin air sgath nam miltean a tha an crochadh riut mar an athair, an cul-taice agus an dochas saoghalta; oir ma thig gu brath an latha sin anns am bi

Gleann-Garnaid gun oighre dligh-cach, bithidh laithean Chlann-Choinnich mar chinneadh, air an aireamh am measg nan nithibh a chaidh seachad.

Smuainich Morair Eidirdeil 'n a inntinn fein, gur h-ioma car a dh' fhaodadh tighinn air an t-saoghal an taobh a stigh de thri bliadhna, agus an dochas ri maitheas an Fhreasdail, dh' aontaich e ris na cumbhachan a chuir Carnach agus na maithean eile ri 'uchd, ni a thug faothachadh agus fuasgladh dha aig an am ud, agus mar sin, dhealaich e fein agus a chairdean, saodmhor, toilichte, taobh air thaobh. Thainig na tri bliadhna gu crich,—an deicheamh o'n a phosadh iad, ach mo thruaighe! bha Morair Eidirdeil agus a cheile uasal fhathast gun oighre, gun bhan-oighre, agus gun choslas caochlaidh. Bha Silis cho cuirteil, cho aillidh, cho fhathail, cho sunndach agus cho iullagach's a bha i riamh, gun smuain, gun umhail, gun amharus mu na combhairlean dorcha, droch-mheineach a bha air an deilbh d' a taobh. Ach mo chreach! bha a binn air a seulachadh leas an iomlan de'n fhine, firionn agus boirionn, ard agus iosal, oir bha an aimheal agus am mi-fhoighidinn air tighinn gu ire bhuaireasaich do-chiosaichte, agus bha gach teanga 'g a casaid gu bàs. Runaich aireamh de sheann mhnathan-uaisle cur as dhi le puinnsean; chaidh te dhiu air aoidheachd do 'n Chaisteal le puinnsean millteach air a giulan, a' runachadh cothrom a ghabhail air a fhrithealadh air dhoigh eigin, ach cha bu luaithe chunn-aic i aghaidh aoibheil, neo-chion-

tach na ban-mhoraire, na bhuaile a coguis oirre, agus thilg i am puinnsean anns an teine. An deigh sin dh' fheuch iad druidh-eachd, ach dh' fhailnich an geasan cho math ris gach oidhirp eile; agus cha robh a nis leigheas air a' chuis ach gu 'n cuirte teachdair-eachd a' dh-ionnsaidh a' Mhoraire, agus air an dearbh latha air an d' thainig na tri bliadhna gu crich, rainig na maithean ceudna Cais-teal Gharnaid, le seann Tighearna Charnaich aon uair eile air an ceann.

MULEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

—o—

AN T-OR-CHEARD.

Bha or-cheard ann am baile araidh ann an Sasunn, agus chuir e suas buth anns an robh e' cumail gach obair-oir a bha freagarrach airson gach ard agus iosal, agus mar an ceudna clachan-luachmhor agus seudan de gach gne. Bha e 'n a dhuine coir, ionraic, agus measail am beachd gach neach a chuir eolas air. Air dha a bhli curamach agus glic, dh' fhas e 'n a dhuine saibhir, agus bha an saoghal a' soirbheachadh leis gu maith. Cha do phos e riamh, agus air dha a bhli gun teaghlach, agus pailteas aige, maille ri eridhe fialaidh, truacanta, bha e ainmeil air son a mbaitheis do na bochdaibh, agus air son a bhli 'roinn a mhaoin a ghiulan air aghaidh gach gnìomh seirceil. Mu dheireadh thainig briseadh air a shlainte, agus runaich e dol a dh-ionnsaidh tobair araidh a bha ainneil air son a bhluadhan gus a' ghnoeuslaint a bha airsan a leigheas. Bha 'n tobar astar mor o'n bhaile anns an robh an duine coir so 'fuireach. Rinn e deas gu falbh; dh' fhag e a bhuth air curam luchd-ceirde dileas a bha 'g obair aige, agus dh' fhalbh e air muin

eich. Thug e leis bocsa lan de na seudan a bu luachmhoire a bha 'n a bluth, a b' fhiach na miltean punnd airgid; agus thuarasdalaich e gille tapaidh a thachair air, chum am bocsa a ghiulan. A thuille air na seudan, thug e leis moran airgid, gun fhios nach cuireadh e feum air mu 'm pilleadh e dachaidh.

An deigh a bli laithean air falbh, agus dol troimh ioma baile agus machair bha iad a' faotuinn gu gasda air an aghaidh, agus bha 'n t-slighe a' deadh-chordadh ris an or-cheard. Air la araidh, bhla 'n rathad-mor air air an robh iad ag imeachd 'g an treorachadh thairis air aitean monadail, aonaranach, far an robh lochan agus garbhlaichean fiadhaich. Dh' inndrinn an lroch-sporad ann an cridhe a' ghille a bha 'giulan a' bhocsa agus aig ionad uaigneach araidh, ri taobh loch dorcha, thairis air an robh beanntan arda, mar dhubh neul a' tilgeadh am faileas, ghrad runaich e a mhaighstir a mhortadh, agus e fein a thoirt as le a mhaoin. Aig a' cheart am thainig a mhaighstir as an diolla-aid, a bheachdachadh air gach sealladh mu'n cuairt, agus a thoirt cothrom do 'n each greim 'itheadh ri taobh an rathaid. Ghabh an seirbhiseach cruaidh-chridheach fath air a mhaighstir, agus bhuaill e sgian mhor a bha 'n a flochar troimh chridhe an duine choir. Bha e marbh ann am priobadh na sula — ghrad thug am mortair an t-airgid dheth—lion e pocaidean a chota-mhoir le clachan—thilg e 'n corp 's an loch—rinn e greim air a' bhocsa agus air an each, agus ann an tri mionaidean ghabh e an t-slighe.

Chaidh an duine truagh so dh' ionnsuidh aite iomallach de 'n tìr, far an do thoisich e air malairt, agus far nach robh fios aig neach sam bith mu aon ni a thachair. An toiseach bho e a' reiceadh obair-chruadhach, agus nithean air bhag

luach, chum nach gabhadh neach air bith amhuras m' a thimchioll. Mar so bha e 'dol air aghaidh bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna, a' chuid 's a' chuid, gus ma dheireadh an d' cirich e gu ard inbhe 'n a cheird. Cha do smaoinich neach air bith nach robh a shoirbheachadh a' sruthadh o 'n dich-ioll a bha e 'gnathachadh 'n a cheird fein, an uair a bha esan le mor sheoltachd a' giulan air aghaidh le bathar luachmhor an duine sin a mhort e. Bha e curamach, measail, agus creideasach. Phos e nighean duin'-nasail, agus roghnaicheadh e an toiseach gu bli 'n a uachdaran, agus an sin gu bli 'n a ard-uachdaran 's a' bhaile 's an robh e a' tamb. Choimhlion e a dhreuchd air sheol a choisinn mor chliu dha o gach ard agus iosal. An da chuid, mar uachdaran agus mar bhreitheamh bha e measail ann an suilibh nan uile, agus bhuaicheadh e mar so re aireamh bhliadhnachan.

Air latha araidh bha e 'n a aite fein 's a' chuir maille ri breitheamhna eile a' bhaile, agus thugadh a lathair duine gu bli air fheuchainn air son a mhaighstir fein a mhortadh. Chaidh na fianuisean a' tharruing agus a cheasnachadh. Labhair na fir-lagha gu deas-bhriathrach air gach taobh. Chaidh an luchd-deuchainn air leth car tamuill bhig, agus thug iad a mach am binn, gu 'n robh am priosanach *ciontach*. Dh' fhan na h-uile 'n an tosd gus an cluinneadh iad binn a' bhais air a toirt a mach leis an ard-bhreitheamh. Chaidh mionaid an deigh mionaid seachad; ach cha do ghluais am breitheamh. Bha suilean nan uile 'bha 'lathair a nis suidhichte air, agus chunnaic iad mor iomaguin-intinn air. Bha e 'g atharrachadh dhreach, agus a reir coslais anabarrach neo-shocrach! Mu dheireadh dh' fhag e 'aite-suidhe fein—chaidh e sios o bheine nam breitheamhna,

agus a chum mor-ioghnadh nan uile, sheas e ri taobh an duine thruaigh a bha gu bhì air a dhiteadh. Labhair e am fianuis na cuirte, agus thubhairt e ann am briathraibh soilleir agus soileimte:—"A bhreitheamhaa, agus a luchd-cisdeachd gu leir. Tha sibh a' faicinn mu choinneamh ur sul, duine bochd, truagh, ciontach, a ta 'g a thoirt fein suas mar neach a ta toillteannach air peanas a bhais a a reir lagha Dhe agus dhaoine. Tha sibh a' faicinn creutair ni's truaighe agus ni's ciontaiche gu mor na'n duine so a fhuair a' nis toillteannach air bas! Is mise an duine! Is mise an creutair aingidh a mhòrt mo dheadh mhaighstir, agus a cheil an gnìomh eagalach re dheich bliadhna fichead! Cha'n 'eil innleachd agam fantuinn ni's faide air mo chlaoidh le h-agartas cogais, agus feumaidh ceartas a bhì air a dheanamh do'm thaobh anns an doigh a's follaisiche, a reir mo thoillteannais. Cha'n 'eil sìth ann domh gus an deanar sin. Is e m' iarrtas-sa ceartas fhlaithenais a bhì deanta, agus gu'n robh Dia na gloire trocaireach ri m'anam."

Cha'n 'eil e comasach ioghnadh a phobuill a chur an ceill an uair a chual iad an aidmheil a rinn esan a bha'n a bhreitheamh co measail beagan mhionaidean roimhe sin. Dh' innis e gach ni gu mion mar a mharbh e an t-or-cheard; agus air 'aideachadh agus air 'iarrtas fein thug na breitheamhna a mach binn a chrochaidh maille ris a' chiontach eile. Chuireadh gu bas iad aig an aon am, agus chaidh iad le cheile stigh do shiorruidheachd ag aideachadh toillteannas an binne fein, agus a reir coslais a' creidsinn's an 'Ti sin aig a bheil slainte do cheann-feadhna nam peacach a ni aithreachas.

SGIATHANACH.

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(Air leantuinn.)

DUGHALLACH.—'Tha mise 's an àm 'n a sheirbheis;
'S cuis shearbh a thoirt deth na dh' iarr thu.
Cha 'n 'eil fear an diugh beo
Is fearr eolas air na mise, na 'bu trice
Sheas r'a ghuallainn le teine 's tuadh
An eriochan Eirinn.
Dh' fhuadaicheadh m' athair 'n a dhuin' og
A duthaich Mhic-Aoidh
An taobh tuath na h-Alba, do Lochlann.
Bha mo mhathair a's coignear eile
Leis 's a' bhirlinn. Cha robh mi ach trì miosan
An uair a rainig iad tìr nam borb gnù :
Thogadh mi gus a so 'n am measg.
An uair a chruinnich Rurach 'fheachd
A dhol do dh-Eirinn,
Rinn e ceannard-ceud dhìom 'n a chabhlach;
Fhuair mi rithist lan cheannas an fheachd mhara.
Cha robh mi 'n cath na deisinn sin thall;
'S e 'n cabhlach mo churam.
Fhuair mi ordugh an de an caladh so 'fhaireadh;
An uair a chuidich mi na bràth'rean,
'S theirinn ribhse, aon a's uile,—
Teichibh, a's innsibh do na Gaidheil
Gu 'm bheil Rurach a' tighinn, le feachd liombor
Air tìr 's air faire, 'ghlacadh Chinntire,
Gnìomh a bhios fad' an seanachas.
Seasaibh mar bhur n-athraichean treun;
Tha latha nan creuchd am fagus !'
AILEIN—'A cheannaird, an leig thu mise gu Dun-cholg
Fo dhubhar na h-oidhche 's an innis thu dhomh
'C' aite 'm faigh mi cònlach no comadh
A thogas an lasair chaoireach,
M' an sgaoil sinn na siuil a theicheadh thairis ?'
DUGHALLACH—'Gheibh thu na dh' iarr thu,
Sopas fodair a's fraoich
Cho math 's a sheid gaoth gu sradan dearg;
Cuir fras diubh ri earball Ruraich !
Coinnich mis' aig a' chreagan bhreac so shuas,
'S gheibh thu na chual' thu 's mo chomh-nadh:
A laoch bi 'd lan armachd,
'S gun fios co 'tha 'scalg 's an oidhche
Le ordugh Ruraich.
A dhaoin'-uaisle, biodh a' bhirlinn ullamh;
Cha bhì fath fuirich ann an deigh sud.'
'Choinnich Ailein 'fhear-rùin
Aig Carn Mhic-Dhughail,

Mar a their an seanachas ;
Ghluais an dìthis gu Dun-cholg
'S an dorcha 's gun leus air speur ;
Thainig iad gu fosgladh cumhann,
Aig bonn bruthaich an uaigneas sàmhach.

DUGHALLACH.—'So an t-aite; tha chuis
mar d' iarrtas ;
Tha 'n ceann so d'an tùr de dharach
tioram,

'S gun uisge dluth ach aon tobar beag
An cul na h-aitreibh.

Faigheadh an teine aon uair greim,
'S cha d' thainig thar fairg' a Lochlann
Na chaisgeas e : loisgear gu gual
Cnamban na fardaich, 's na th' innte.'

AILEIN.—'Ceangail an snathain casta
so ri m' chluais,

'S tarruing e a thoirt sanais dhomh
Ma thig an luchd-fair' ort 's thu 'd aonar ;
'S ole cuis aoin am measg airimh.'

Rainig Ailein an doras daraich,
'S, mar a thuir a charaid ris, fhuair e ;
Chuir e chual ris a' chomhla ;
Bha sop lasrach o 'n laimh gun mhearachd
Am priobadh na sùl' ris na gasan tioram ;
Thill e mach gun duil ri coinneachadh
Ri fichead fear de mhuintir Ruraich
An lagan uaigneach,
Nach cuala's nach faca Ailein, ach, a' faire
Mar ordugh cogaidh—

Comhail gharbh do 'n dìthis threun
D' am b' eiginn comhrag, no 'n glacadh beo
Gu bàs gun iochd.

Chunnaic iad airm nam borb a' dearrsadh
Ri lens na h-oidheche.

DUGHALLACH.—'Cìod e nis, a Mhic
Thorr-loisg ;

Thoir an t-ordugh,
Tha mise le deoin aig do sheirbheis.'

AILEIN.—'Mo sgiath laidir ! tha thu 'n
so ;

An ainm Rìgh Coinneach 's nan Gaidheal
Bitheamaid annta !'

Sheas an dìthis fo sgùrr na caraige,
'S an fhichead fear garg' g am bualadh,—
Namhaid a' tuiteam leis gach buille,

'S an da churaidh gun leon,
Gus an do thuit na fiadh-dhaoine

Gun chomas torrachd no buille.
Laidh iad uile 's an lagan uaine,

'S toirm nan tonn, le mombor,
A' seinn coronaich fhuair,

'S am fuil a' traoghadh.
Rainig na gaisgich am bràth' rean,

'S a' bhirlinn 'n a h-uidheam :

Ghabh iad an uidhe troimh 'n linne
dhomhain.

Gu corsa na h Alba, a's gaath a's fairge
'G an luasgadh—tonnan fuaimneach

Nach ciuinich treise 'n duine—

'S faoin na 's urrainn e 's a' ghnìomh ud.

An uair a shoillsich a' mhadainn,

Sheinn Ailein, 's e air ramh-guaille,
An duan beag so air fuaim clarsaich :—

'Tha 'n linne so buan,
'S fhad' a chithear thu shuas,
A thalainh ghlcannaich
Nan ruadh-bhoc siùhlach.
Ged tha Manainn fo chis,
'S a laoich air tuiteam 's an strith,
Tha thus' a's do Rìgh gun mhuthadh.
'N uair thig na Lochlannaich ghang,
Gun bhaigh ri beo no ri marbh,
Theid biodag chlaiseach 'n an sealbhan,
's i ruisgte !

'S bidh Rìgh nan arm* so ri m' thaobh,
An laimh nan curaidh nach aom,
'S ged 'thig buillean gach taobh cha
lùb e,

Geda chluinnear nuallartaich shearbh—
Nam borb a' tighinn le colg,
Bheir suinn nam boinneidean gorm
dhaibh dùbhlàn !

Ach cliù mo ranntachd a' chual
Shopan dearrsach nam buadh
Air an leitir a bhuain an Dùgh'lach !
A laoich laidir gun cheilg,
Beatha bhuan dhuit gun mheirg ;
Dh' fhag thu 'n sud an ton-ruadh
air Rùraich !'

Dh' ordnich m' athair, Rìgh Mhanainn
duinn

Teachd a's 'innseadh gun dàil
Gu 'm bheil an namhaid fuileach ud an
ordugh,

'S m' an laidh grian dà sheachdain,
Bidh e le 'fheachd air an traigh so.

SUNADAL.—'S mor do sgeul a mhic
Rìgh Mhanainn ;

Cha 'n fhada bhuainn là na deuchainn.
Bidh faobh' ri feusag' 's sleagh ri cneas !

Chi thu cinn-fheadhu' a' chearn so ;
Gheibh sinn an comhairle,

M' an ruith crois-tàra feadh nan gleann
A chruinneachadh nan clann gu cath,—

Laoich nach stad le ag no eagal ;
Cha chuis-an-teagamh an gnìomhsan !

(Ri leantrinn.)

Is i saothair chruaidh an luach a dh'
iarrar air son soirbheis, agus cha cheann-
aichear i le luach sam bith eile.

Tha fireantachd mar chloich-chinn na
h-oisinn ann an giùlan an duine ; agus
mur bi i air a steideachadh gu daingean
ann an laithibh na h-oige bithidh gaoid a
chaoibh anns a' chaith-beatha.

Tha aineolas a' cur sreine ri teangadh
nan daoine glìce, ach a' cur gluasad gun
sgur air teangadh nan amadan.

* An claidheamh mor.

SEANN SGEULACHDAN MU
BHRAID-ALBANN.

I.—DONNACHADH DUBH A' CHURRAIC.

A reir gach fiosrachaidh a tha againn o eachdraidh, bha Donnachadh Dubh, aon de mhoraircan Bhraid-Albann, 'n a dhuine garg, cruaidh-chridheach, gun suim sam bith mu bheatha a cho-chreutairean. Ghairmeadh dheth *Donnachadh Dubh a' churraic*, agus a reir coslais, bha e co dubh 'n a nadur 's a bha e 'n a phearsa. Mheudaich e an oighreachd gu mor le iomadh car agus cleas. B' esan a leag steidh caisteal Bhealach aig ceann an ear Loch-Tatha.

Bha, anns na laithean sin, fear-fearainn ann an Gleann-Liobhann ris an canadh Donnachadh Dubh gu magail, *am Bodach liath*. A chum greim 'fhaotainn air oighreachd bhig an duine so, runaich Donnachadh cur as da, agus shonraich e an gnìomh oillteill so 'earbsa ri tighearn eile a bha an Gleann-Liobhann d' am b' ainm Donnachadh Ruadh. Chaidh fios air Donnachadh Ruadh gu Caisteal Bhealach, agus air dha tighinn, chuir am morair failte ro chridheil air agus rinn e a bheatha le mor ghreadhnachas. A lion cuid a's cuid leig Donnachadh Dubh ris da an gnothach mu 'n do chuir e fios air, agus gheall e duais mhor air son a dheanamh; agus a thuilleadh air sin gu 'n dionadh esan e o gach cunnart o lagh na rioghachd. Ged bha Donnachadh Ruadh 'n a dhuine gle neo-sgàthach, fiadhaich, cha robh e 'n a nadur a lamhan a thumadh ann am fuil an t-scann duine choir a bu choimhearsnach dha, agus dhiult a le grain an gnìomh salach so a dheanamh, ach is ann a bu mho a a dh' earailich, agus a ghrios Donnachadh Dubh air, le iomadh gealladh milis agus sodal, gu a ghabhail os laimh. Aig an am sin bha Donnachadh Ruadh 'g a ro

sharachadh air son airgid, agus an deigh dha smuaineachadh mu 'n chuis chuir e roimhe greim 'fhaotainn air an duais, agus dh' aontaich e a dheanamh mar dh' iarr Donnachadh Dubh air—is e sin ceann a' Bhodaich liath a thoirt do Bhealach.

Oidheche no 'dha an deigh so, bhuail Donnachadh Ruadh gu dana aig dorus a' chaisteil mu mheadhon oidheche, agus dh' iarr e am morair 'fhaicinn gun dàil, ach cha robh aon de na seirbhisich a dhùraigeadh dol a dhùsgadh am maighstir aig an trath sin. Mu dheireadh dh' fheuch iad dorus a sheomair do 'n fhear ruadh; bhuail e gu dana, agus leig Donnachadh Dubh a steach e. Air dha faotainn a steach, thug e sac a's e 'sileadh fola a mach fo 'bhreacan agus leig e 'fhaicinn do Dhonnachadh Dubh e. "Tha mi a' faicinn gu 'n d' rinn thu an gnothach gu h-eir-eachdail mar gheall thu," thurt am fear dubh, agus e 'suadhadh a lamhan le h-aobhneas. "Nach robh mi riamh cho math ri m' ghealladh! ach nach gabh thu sealladh air ceann a' bhodaich?" arsa Donnachadh Ruadh. "Cha ghabh an drasta. Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir gu bheil e an sin agad." Thoisich Donnachadh Dubh air seanachas gu cridheil ach gun fhacal aige mu 'n duais a gheall e. Mu dheireadh thuir Donnachadh Ruadh, "So, so, thoir dhomh an duais air son na cuise so agus leig air falbh mi, fhir-an-tighe." "Duais, mo ghille gasda! cha 'n àm so gu bruidhinn mu airgid agus duaisean agus do bheatha co mor an cunnart. Thoir an carn ort gus am faigh mise mathanas duit bho 'n rìgh. Cha 'n 'eil thu a' tuigsinn a' ghabhaidh anns am bheil thu, a dhuine bhochd. Ma theid do ghlachadh crochar thu gu cinnteach." "An cluinn thu mise?" thuir Donnachadh Ruadh, agus e 'tarruing a chlaidhimh 's e dearg le fuil; "mur paigh thu an duais gun

dail, ann an aon mhionaid theid do cheann-sa anns an t-sac maille ri ceann a' Bhodaich liath." Chunnaic Donnachadh Dubh nach robh seol dol as aige, agus gu'n deanadh a chompanach an nì a bhagair e. Ged ghairmeadh e air a chuid daoine cha robh sin ach gu bhì 'foillseachadh a' ghnìomh mu 'n robh e. Rinn e, uime sin, gaire, agus thuir e nach robh e ach ri beagan feala-dhà. Chunnt e an t-airgiod a mach air a' bhord. Sheall Donnachadh Ruadh air agus thuir e, " Dh' fheuch thu ri mise 'mheall-

adh, agus, air a shon sin, mur dub-laich thu an t-suim theid do cheann a phogadh ceann a bhodaich." Cha robh rathad dol as aige, agus mu dheireadh, rinn am fear dubh mar a chaidh iarraidh air. Thruis Donnachadh Ruadh an duais gu geanail agus ghabh e a chead ag radh, " Seall am bheil muthadh air aogas a' bhodaich." An uair a sheall Donnachadh Dubh air an nì a bha 's an t-sac ciod a fhuair e an aite ceann an t-seann duine ach ceann reithe maoil leis fein !

D. C.

GRIAN M'ANMA.

Grian m'anma 's tu, Fhir-shaoraidh chaoimh,
Roimh d' ghnuis grad theichidh as an oidhch',
Neul talmhaidh 'm feasd, na h-eireadh suas
A thoirt do làith'reachd neamhaidh uam.

'N uair dh' fhaileas druchd a' chodail thlaith
Mo rosgan fann aig crìoch an là,
Mo smuainte biodh mu 'n fhois 's mu 'n t-sìth
Tha 'feitheamh orm an comunn Chrìosd.

Bho mhoch gu h-oidhche dean leam tamh,
Oir m' oighreachd 's tu's mo chuid fo neamh ;
Bho fheasgar fuirich leam gu là ;
Oir 's oillt, as d' eugmhais, leam am bàs.

Ma thionndaidh's aon de d' leanaban uait,
'Toirt cul an diugh ri ceum ma stuaim ;
A cheum biodh dha gun tamh gun fhois ;—
Pill fein an t-ànrach truagh air ais.

Do 'n tinn 's do 'n bhochd gabh curam caoin,
A' freasdal doibh, dhe d' stor nach traigh ;
'S mar chodal naoidhein, aoibhinn, tlath,
Do 'n bhronach biodh an nochd a thamh.

Do bheannachd oirnn gach madainn taom
'N ar turas sgìth a' dol roimh 'n t-saogh'l,
A chum 's an cuan do ghaoil air neamh,
Gu 'm bi sinn feadh gach àil a' snamh.

Eadar. le TOBAR-CHATAIN.

NA 'S DLUITHE DHUIT FEIN.

Na 's dlùith', mo Dhia, dhuit fein,
 Na 's dlùith' dhuit fein ;
 Ged thogar mi a suas
 Le deuchainn 's péin.
 A ghnath 's i so mo laoidh,—
 Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
 Do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith'.

Ged bhithiam, mar sheachranach,
 'N uair laidheas grian,
 Am shuain le cloich fo m' cheann,
 A's dorch gach sion,
 Am aising b' i mo ghnidh',—
 Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
 Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith'.

Faiceam mo shlighe 'n sin,
 'Dirceadh gu gloir ;
 Na chuir thu orm a' teachd
 Bho d' shlainte mhoir ;
 Aingle 'g am ghairm air m' ùidh,
 Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
 Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith'.

An sin 'n uair dhuisgeas mi,
 Le d' chliù 'g a luaidh,
 Togaidh mi Bèteil ard
 Air stéidh mo thruaigh' ;
 Thig mi, troimh bhron a's chaoidh,
 Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
 Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith'.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

—o—

SIR UILLEAM S.-MAXWELL
AGUS A' GHÀIDHLIG.

A DHUINE MO GHÀOIL,—Mar eiseimpleir air an ath-bheothachadh a tha air tighinn air a' Ghaidhlig o chionn ghoirid agus am meas a tha air a chur air an t-seana chanain sin agus air a luchd-labhairt seach mar b' abhaist, tha mi a' cur ad ionnsaidh Litir-bhreugaidh a chuir an t-uasal urramach agus foghlumte, Sir Uilleam Stirling-Maxwell thum na muinntir ann an Siorramachd Pheairt aig an robh coir an guth a thoirt ann an roghnachadh luchd-suidhe na Parlamaid ùir a tha an dràst 'g a taghadh le sluagh na rioghadh so aig iarrtas na Ban-rìgh. Tha mi cinnteach, na theid agad air aite thoirt do 'n litir, gu'm bi e 'n a ni annasach le d' luchd-leughaidh agus

bidh iad toilichte a chluinntinn gu 'n do rinn Gaidheil Siorramachd Pheairt mar bu dual daibh—chuir iad a stigh mar an fear-ionaid anns a' Pharlamaid an duin'-uasal eireachdail a chuir a leithid so de dh-urram orra fein agus air a' Ghaidhlig. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam na 'n d' fheuch fear no dha de na chaidh a sheòtadh a' Ghaidhlig ris an luchd-taghadh mar a rinn Sir Uilleam nach biodh a' chuis an diugh air atharrach !

Liubhair mo mhìle beannachd do m' charaid coir, Murachadh Mac-Mhuirich anns a' Chreig-liath; is ann bhuaith a fhuair mi an litir.

Gu 'n eirich gu math dhuit!—guidhe durachdach do charaid,

MAC-MHARCUS.

Rudha-nam-faoileann,
 Dimàirt Inid, 1874.

ELECTORS

SHIORRAMACIUD PHEAIRT.

A DHÀOIN'-UÀISLE,—Tha cuireadh air a thoirt dhomhsa le buidheann mhoir agus chudthromaich gu mi fein a chur air adhart mar *Chandùlate* no Fear-roghainn air son na h-onair suidhe air ursonsa mar *Mhember* Parlamaid, agus tha mi a' faicinn iomchuidh co-aontachadh ris a' chuireadh.

Tha an t-Ard-Mhinistear a' toirt reusan an seachad air son an *Sgaoileadh ealamh* so a tha gun choimeas ann ar n-eachdraidh. Tha corr agus tri fichead *Member* air a thaobhsan a thuicadh 's a th' air an taobh eile, agus tha e ag radh nach urrainn e an Uachdaranachd a chumail air adhart; agus mar so, ann an doigh, a' deanamh a mach gu bheila riaghailteachadh anfhann am meadhon soirbheachaidh comharraichte.

Tha sealbhachadh mor na rioghaghd air cur fuathas a dh-airgiod an lamhan Mhr. Gladstone, ach bhithheadh e moran na b' fhearr na 'n tigeadh e le Cunntas na bu shoilleanne an lathair na duthcha; agus choisneadh e moran tuilleadh fabhair o shluagh ciallach na 'n do chuir e a *Budget* (no 'Chunntas Solair) mar bu chleachd air benlaobh na Parlamaid, an aite a bhi ga 'Sgaoileadh mar *bhratach* na h-*Election*.

Ma bhitheas an onair agamsa a bhi mar *Mhember* air ur sonsa 'rithidh 's ann mar *Chonservative* (no Riaghladair cìramach) a dh'fheummassa na bhi. Ach tha mian dochas gu'n d'fheuch mi uibhir a mheasarrachd ann mo bheachdan, agus a dheigh air bhi a'faicinn agus a' cluinntinn do thaobh na h-uile ceist, agus a dhearbhadh dhuibh gur duine mi is urrainn seasamh neo-eiseam-aileach mar bu choir do *Mhember* a bhi a shuideadh air son Siorrachd cho cud-thromach ris an t-Siorrachd so.

Tha agam ri a radh a thaobh *votes* nan Siorrachdan agus nam Bailtean a bhi coltach ri cheile, nach aithne dhomh bonn turail sam bith air an gabh cur an aghaidh so, agus bheireadh e moran taitneas dhomh gu'm faigheadh slugh ciallach, cumanta na h-Alba am mian anns a' ghnathach so, no, mar tha Mr. Gladstone ag radh, "Giblit o lamhan na h-Ard Chomhairle gum slaoid, agus la deadh thoil nan uile a bhi air a toirt seachad" —facail a tha toirt oirne a eho dhunadh gur e run uachdaranachd cheart agus cumhachdaich sin a *thoirt seachad*.

Ach nis 'tighinn dh'ionnsaidh ar gnothaichean fein, faodaidh mi a radh mu laghannan an *Hypothec* agus a' *Ghame* gu'm bheil iad a dh-aindeoin gach geallaidh agus cumail a mach a bh'againn ann an 1868, fhathast anns an aon staid's an robh iad aig dunadh Parlamaid na bliadhna sin.

'S e mo bheachd an comhnuidh mu lagh an *Hypothec* gur e ceist a th'ann a bhuineas do'n Tuathnach na's mò na do'n Uachdaran; agus o'n tha an Tuathnach na' aghaidh bhithinn ro dheas gu chur air chul.

Tha laghannan a' *Ghame* o chionn iomadh bliadhna 'n an campar mor, ach tha eagal orm ged rachadh maighichean agus rabaidean a thoirt as an lagh uile gu leir, nach bitheadh a h-uile gnothach ceart fhathast ged tha cuid a' smuaineachadh gu'm bitheadh. Bhitheadh slugh fhathast moran na bu mho air am buaireadh gu dol thaircriochan agus fearann dhaoim eile a dh-aindeoin an lagh. B'e moran a b'fhearr, a reir mo bharail-sa, gu'm bitheadh a' cheart uibhir choir aig an Tuathnach ris an Uachdaran air na beathaichean sin.

Tha moran call aig an tuathnach troimh tuilleadh 's a choir de *Ghame* a bhi air a ghlaidheadh, agus bu mhath leam doigh ghoirid agus shaor a bhi ann gus an call sin a mheas agus 'fhiach a mhathadh do'n tuathnach anns a' mhal.

Tha na *Tollaichean* o chionn fhada, mar an ceudna, 'n an sarachadh mor, ach

tha Siorrachdan ann cheana anns am bheil iad air an cur sìos, agus 's i mo bharail-sa gu'm bu choir an cur a bhàn ann an Siorrachd Pheairt cuideachd, a cheart cho luath agus a ghabhas sin deamh le ceartas air gach lannh.

Tha mathachadh an fhearainn aig deir-eadh nagabhalaich air tighinn ann an doigh ro shoileir an aire sluaigh 's an àm so, agus tha uibhir thairbh' anns a' gnothach so do 'n Tuathnach agus a th'ann do 'n Uachdaran ach b'fhearr leam solar ceart a bhi anns na gabhalaichean mu choinninn, na lagh ur a bhi air a thoirt a mach mu 'dheibhinn. Ach na'm bitheadh lagh ur air a chur an lathair na Parlamaid a dheanadh ceartas agus a bheireadh a choir fhein do na h-uile duine dheanadh uibhir chomhnaidh agus a b'urraim domh ri a thoirt a mach mar lagh na rioghachd.

Mar fhear-fearainn mi fein, bu mhath leam lagh a dheanadh creic agus ceannach an fhearainn na bu shaoire na tha e a bhi ann, agus lasachadh eigin a bhi air a dheanamh ann an lagh an *Entail*, na e a bhi air chul uile gu leir.

Tha ar tim cho goirid agus gu'm bheil eagal orm nach bi mi murrach air dol ach do ro bheagan dh'aiteachan a thachairt ris na *Voters* (no an Luchd-taghaidh) mar bu math leam an onair a bhi agam; agus tha mi an dochas gun dean so mo leisgeul a ghabhail dhoibhsan nach urrainn mi a ruigheadh an drasta.—Tha an Onair agam gur mi ur Seirbheiseach dileas,

UILLEAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.

KEIR, 30mh de Cheud Mhios
na Bliadhna, 1874.

—o—

ORAN AIR FOGRADH NAN GAIDHEAL A TIR NAN ARD-BHEANN.

LE FEARACHAR DOMHNULLACH.

AIR FÒNN:—" *Tha mise fo mhulad 's an am.*"

'S tior airidh air beannachd nam bàrd,
Deadh Chomunn nan àrmun fial,
A bheothaich gach cleachdadh, a's gnàths,
A bha aig na Gàidheil riamh,
O'n 's toileach leoth' 'fhaicinn an dàn,
Mar sgapadh 's gach ceàrn an siol,
Nior mheal mi idir mo shlàint',
Mur enir mi gun dàil e sìos.

Na Gàidheil bha ainmeil 's gach linn,
Gu seasamh an rìgh, 's a chòir;
'S tric dhearbhadh iad le 'n armaibh 's an stri,
Nach faighte fo chis an seors';
'N àm eirigh na 'n èideadh gu grinn,
Le torman nam piob fo shròl,

S iad 'thilleadh mar bhuinne na 'still,
Na thigeadh le spid na 'n còir.

Na beathraichean sgaiteach an streup,
A choisneadh le 'n euchdan buaidh ;
An caismeachd mar thorunn bho 'n speur,
'N àm taruing nan geur-lann cruaidh ;
B' aigeantach, sgairteil an ceum,
A' leantuinn an deigh na ruaig,
'S 'n uair philleadh iad, 'g aithris an sgéil,
B' e 'm fasan bhi eibhinn, suaire'.

Reir naduir 's e thainig mu 'n cuairt,
Gu 'n thaisgeadh 's an naigh na suinn,
'S cha 'n fhaicear an sliochd far 'm bu dual,
Ach ainneamb 'measg sluagh 'theid
 cruiinn ;
'S aun lionadh am fearann a suas,
Le coigrich gun truas, gun suim,
'S gur annsa leo' mèilich nan nan,
Na caitheam bho thuath an fhuinn.

Ghluais acad ro ghineach na m' chrìdh ;
'S gur bras 'frasadh snithe bho m' shùil,
Ri deachdadh na 's fiosrach mi fhìn,
Mu tharruing na sgrìob bha cinirt ;
'Sliochd ghaisgeach le achdan g' am binn,
'Cur aitreibh mu 'n cinn na smùr,
'S ga 'n cartadh a mach as an tir,
Gun charaid, gun ni, gun iùl.

Bu tursach am muigh air an raon,
A chunnaic mi 'n aois, 's an òig ;
A's, geurad an acain, 's an gaoir,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi o m' smaoin ri m' bheò ;
Gun dachaidh, gun fhasgadh bho ghaoith,
Ach tional an taobh nam fròg,
'S e b' eiginn bhi gabhail mu sgaol,
'S a fagail nan caol fo sheòl.

Is furasd' a thuigsinn, 's gur cinnt,
Na th' againn ri inns' na m' sgéil,
Gur lionmhor trioblaid, a 's téinn,
A choinnich riuth' 'n tiribh cèin ;
Ge b' fhendar dhoibh dealach' ri 'n glinn,
Tha pàirt dlèth an crìdh' na 'n deigh,
'S ged chàrnadh iad airgead na mhill,
Cha leighis e mir dheth 'n crèuchd.

O 'n threig iad gach fireach, a's gleann,
Cha 'n fhaicear, ach Gall 's gach cùil ;
Am fochair a chaoirich gu trang,
'S e 'cleachdadh a chainnt r' a chù ;
Le bhreacain air fhilleadh m' a cheann,
A's caogad car cam na 'rùn,
'S gur fhèarr leis an t-anam a chall,
Na riobag bhi gann de rùsg.

O 'n dh' imich na gaisgich thair chuan,
Cha 'n èisdear leinn duan no ceòl,
Cha chluinnear caomh chailin gu suaire',
Ri luinneag aig buar mu chrò ;

Cha 'n fhaicear na fleasgaich bu dual,
A' siubhal gu ruag' fir-chròc,
Am beagan dhiubh sud nach do ghluais,
'S e th' orra 'n diugh, tuar a' bhròin.

Gu 'n d' fhàgadh Mac-talla fo phràmh,
'S gach ionad 'n robh abhaist riamh,
'S ann tha e air leabaidh ri bàs,
A' cumhadh nan sàr fhear fial
A chumadh e 'n cleachdadh gach là,
'S do 'n d' thug e a ghràdh, 's a mhiagh ;
Cha 'n fhuì leis an dream tha na 'n àit,
Cha toir e á 'n cànrann ciall.

Ged shiùblainn bho Ghéarr-loch an fheòir,
Gus an ruiginn an t-Oban ciar,
Cha 'n fhaicinn Ceann-tighe air 'fhòd,
A dh' fhuirich do phòr nan Triath ;
An àite nan leòghann bha còir,
'S e th' ann an diugh seòrsa fiat,
Airson drochart a's airgid na 'spòig,
A thilgeas á còir an siad.

B' e fasan, a's aiteas nan Triath,
Bha barraicht' am miagh 's am muirn,
Bhi fuileachdach, calgach na 'n triall
A' leantuinn nam fiadh 's an stùc ;
Bhi sac'adh an gillean le h-iasg,
'S toirt bhradan air fiar gu dluth ;
Bhi òranach, coranach, fial,
'N àm tional nan cliar gu 'n Dùin.

'S nam b' fheadar dhiobh tachairt 's an àr,
Cha ghabhadh iad sgàth no gruaim,
Bha fir ac' a sheasadh an càs,
'S a rachadh na 'm pàirt le h-naill,
Na mìlìdhean colgarra, dàn,
A dheanadh le 'n stràcan smuais,
'S a ghleidheadh an reachdan bho thàir,
Le iomairt nan stàilinn fuar.

Ach 's mithich bhi crìochn'adh mo dháin,
Le focal na dhà chur sìos,—
Mo shoraidh, le durachd mo ghràidh,
A dh-ionnsaidh gach Gàidheil fìor,
'S e m' aiteas gu 'm bi iad a' fas,
An urram, 's an stàth gach ial,
'S gu 'n tionail iad fathast gu 'n àit,
'S gu 'n sgapar a' chàth romh 'n t-sìol.

—o—

AN T-SOBHRACH MHUILEACH.

Failte an Ughdair do Shòbhraichean a fhuair e á Eilean Mhuile, air dha am planntachadh ri taobh lìlidhean, 'n a gharradh ann am Baile Dhunéidin, anns a' mhios Mhairt, 1870.

AIR FÒNN :—“ *Birlinn bhan a' Chubair.*”
Luinneag—A lìlidh, reul nam fluran,
Ged fhuair thu urram ;
'S taitniche gu mor leam
An t-sòbhrach Mhuileach.

A liliadh chaoin-gheal uasal,
Na biodh eud no gruaim ort ;
Ged nach tu mo luaidh
Cha 'n 'eil mi suarach umad.

Tha thu nigheil luach'or
Aig islean a's aig uaislean,
Bidh na baird ri luaidh ort
Anns gach duan a's luinneag.

Tlachd a's miann mo shul thu,
'Measg nam blath 's nam fluran ;
'S coma leam gach umpaidh
Nach biodh muirneach umad.

Ach fhuair mi deideag lamh riut,
Anns gach buaidh bheir barr ort ;—
Sòbhrach bhanail, mhald'
'Chaidh àrach 's an Leth 'r-Mhuilich.

Mo shobhrach gheal-bhui', thlath,
D'an duthchas a' choill' fhasail ;
Bha do bhreth a's d' fhas
Am braighe Creag-an-Iubhair.

Cha b' e blaths a' ghual
A thug dhuit càil a's tuar,
Ach feartan grein' nam buadh,
A's anail fhuar Chaol-Muile.

'Feadh nan raointean lom ud,
Far nach cinn na foth'nain,
Gheibhte dlòthaibh trom dhiu
Air gach tom a's tulaich.

'S coidheas deas no tuath leat,
'Measg nan carn 's nam bruachag,
Cinnidh tu gu guamach,
Fallain, snuagh'or, lurach.

Ged a thig ort dùiseal
Ann an àm na dùbhlachd.
Cha tig bàs fo 'n tìr ort
Ged robh 'n fhiinntainn guineach.

'Dh' aindeoin cruas a' gheamhraidh,
'S fuachd an fhaoiltich chrainntidh ;
Bidh do thrusgan bainns' ort
Mu 'n tig àm na euthaig.

An tìr na toit 's nan du-Ghall,
Fad o thìr do dhuthchais ;
Tog do Cheann gu sunndach
'S cuir air chul am mulad.

A liliadh, reul nam fluran, &c.

MUILEACH

—o—

Cuimhnich so. Cha 'n e na chosnas tu,
ach na chaomhnas tu, a ni saibhir thu.
Cha 'n e na dh' itheas tu, ach na chnamhas
tu a ni laidir thu. Cha 'n e na leughas
tu, ach na chuimhnicheas tu, a ni fogh-
luimte thu.

COMIRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Fait ort, a Choinnich, is
fhad o'n da la sin. Ciod a dh'
eirich duit o cheann fada, fada, oir
cha do chuir mi suil ort on la sin air
an do chomhlaich sinn r' a cheile 's
an Oban, agus tha tacan maith o sin ?
Chuala mi gun teagamh gu 'n d' thug
thu Eirinn ort, agus gu 'n robh thu
thall re tamuill am measg nan
daoine geur-bhriathrach sin ann an
seann Innis-fail ; agus ma bha tha
e cinnteach gur iomadh ni a chual'
agus a chunnaic thu. Dean suidhe
sios air an tolman bhoidheach so,
agus ni mise suidhe ri d' thaobh gu
an cluinn mi do sgeul agus gus an
toir thu mion-aithris air gach neach
agus ni a thainig 'n ad char o'n
o'n chuir sin an oidhche ud seachad
co taitneach cuideachd ann am fard-
aich fhialaidh Ealasaid, nighean
Ruairidh 's an Oban. So, so, leag
fein 'n ad shineadh, agus innis domh
am bheil Seonaid choir, agus na
paisdean gu gleusda fallain.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh,
chuir thu na h-uiread de cheistibh
orm air muin a cheile, agus bhruchd
thu co bras a mach iad 's nach furast
domhsa am freagairt fa leth, ach
dean socair bheag, agus bheir mi
an t-sreang bharr beul a' bhuilg,
agus an sin cluinnidh tu mo naidh-
eachdan a chuid 's a chuid mar is
cuimhne leam. Tha seonaid mathair
na cuim gu fallain, slan, surdail,
agus tha na paisdean ag eirigh, ag
itheadh, agus ag ol mar a b' abhaist,
agus a thaobh sin tha aobhar taing-
eileachd agam-sa ; agus tha dochas
agam gu 'm bheil an t-aobhar ceudna
agad-sa, a' charaid ionmhuinn a
thaobh do theaghlach fein.

MUR.—Ro mhaith, a Choinnich,
ro mhaith, tha buidheachas orm-sa
a radh gu 'm bheil mo theaghlach-sa,

mar an ceudna, eadar bheag agus mhor air am bonnaibh, agus ann an slainte. Ach ciod mu Eirinn, fhir mo chridhe? Dh' fheadadh tu o'n dh' fhalbh thu dol null air an fhairge mhor gu ruig America, agus do chairdean fhaicinn ann an Canada, no ann an Ceap-Breton, no ann an Eilean Eoin, no ann an ceannadh sam bith de na crìochaibh iomallach sin.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh idir, a Mhurachaidh, nach 'eil na longaithe, na slighean-iaruinn, agus na h-innleachdan sin uile a tha air an dealbhadh, agus air an cleachdadh o cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais, chum muinntir a ghiulan o aite gu aite, 'n am miorbhuilibh annta fein agus cha 'n 'eil iad cneasda, 'n am bharrail fein, fhir mo chridhe, cha 'n 'eil iad sin; oir is leoir iad chum ceann duine a chur 'n a bhreislich. Cha 'n 'eil ann ach gleadhraich, othail, upraid air gach taobh, agus cha chluinnear 's cha 'n fhaicear ach buaireas, eigheach, agus iomairt anns gach aite—daoine a' ruith a null 's a nall, agus a' leum am measg a' cheile mar amadain. Gu dearbh, a' Mhurachaidh, tha na h-uile nithe a' dol co bras air an aghaidh 's gu 'm bheil iad a' cur muinntir troimh' cheile 's a' cheann agus cha cheaduich iad do dhuine fiu anail fein a tharruing, mar a b' abhaist da a dheanamh.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil thu fad am mearachd, a Choinnich, ach cha d' innis thu dhomh fathast, c' ait an deachaidh thu, agus cia lion car a chuir thu dhìot o'n dhealaich sinn na dheireadh.

COIN.—Tha mi 'tuigsinn gu 'n cual' thu gu 'n robh mi ann an Eirinn, agus bu leoir sin fein leamsa, gun America a thoirt orm mar a bha thu ann am feala-dha a' cur an aghaidh orm. Ach bha mi ann an iomadh cearu agus baile air feadh Eirinn, agus chòrd na h-Eireannaich agus

mi fein gu taghta, oir is daoine fialaidh, cairdeil iad ri coigrich, ach 's i mo bharrail-sa gu 'm bheil morau diubh ni 's pailte ann am briathraibh, na tha iad ann an cuid.

MUR.—Moladh gach neach an t-àth mar a gheibh se e, a Choinnich oir cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith agamsa nach 'eil na h-Eireannaich mar tha an crodh anns a' bhuaile, cuid diubh maith, agus cuid eile dona; ach ma bhuin iad gu maith riutsa, a laochain, bu mhearachdach dhuit a' chaochladh a radh mu 'n timchioll. Ach thubhairt an sean-fhocal, “Am fear a theid do 'n bhaile mhor gun ghnòthuch, bheir e gnòthuch as.” A nis, a Choinnich, ciod fo 'n ghrein an gnòthuch a thug thusa do dhuthaich nan Eireanach?

COIN.—A cheart ni a chuir an earb air an loch, an eiginn, a Mhurachadh; is iomadh ni a bheir an eiginn gu crìch! Tha fios agadsa gu 'n do chuireadh as mo leth-sa, gu 'm bheil deadh shuil agam air each, agus air mart, agus caor, agus 's e sin a' cheart ni a chuir a dh-Eirinn me.

MUR.—Cha bu mhaith an gnòthuch gu 'n cuirteadh as do leth, a Choinnich, gu 'n robh droch shuil agad a thaobh ainmhidh 's am bith, 's e sin mor-chrodh, no meanbh-chrodh, no eich, no uain, no ceithir-chosach sam bith, a dh' fheadas an fireach a thoirt air, oir cha mhaith an ni droch shuil. Is fhad o'n 'hual thu gu 'm bheil droch shuil aig a' phiollan bhochd, luideagach sin, Tormaid Leoghasach, an creutair truagh dona sin, nach urrainn amharc air each gu 'n chur as da, no air mart-laoigh gun an toradh a thoirt as a' bhainne aice, no fiu air a' mhuic fein, gun toirt oirre crìonadh air falbh gu neoni. Bha droch shuil ann riamh, ach mo lamh-sa nach 'eil i ann an ceann Choinnich Chiobair.

COIN.—Tha mi an dochas uach

'eil, a Mhurachaidh, agus gu robh mise air mo ghleidheadh o bhi eadhon a' smuaineachadh an uile a thaobh co-chreutair sam bith gun ghuth air a chur gu cleachdadh. Ach is e na tha mise a' ciallachadh so—gu 'm bheil daoine 's a' bharrail nach 'eil mise idir aineolach air gach gne spreidh, agus uime sin gu 'm bi mi chum feum do 'n ti sin leis am miann a bhi ri malairt annta.

MUR.—Gu cinnteach cha b' fhiach thu lan do chluaise dhe 'n uisge mar biodh mor eolas agad orra, oir is i do cheird a bhi 'n am measg. Rugadh tu chum na criche sin, agus beag taing dhuit air son gach fiosrachaidh a tha agad mu gach feudal, agus ainmhidh ceithir-chasach fo 'n ghrein, ach gu h-araidh mu 'n fheudal sin leis am am bu ghnath a bhi 'g ionaltradh air garbhlaichibh na Gaidhealtachd. Ach ciod a thug a dh-Eirinn thu, iunns domh a nis!

COIN.—Is mise a dh' innseas, agus is mi a's urrainn. Tha mi cinnteach, a Mhurachaidh, gu 'n cual' thu mu thimchioll mo mhaighstir uasail, Sir Seumas, aig am bheil, tha eagal orm, seillean 'n a cheann 'air a' bhliadhna so mu 'n oighreachd aige, agus a ta 'cur roimhe moran atharraichean a dheanamh, air son an gabh e fathast aithreachas ceart co cinnteach is gur e Murachadh is ainm dhuit.

MUR.—Cha chuala mi riamh guth mu thimchioll; ach cha chuireadh ni sam bith a dheanadh Sir Seumas iongantais ormsa, a Choinnich, oir bha e riamh o 'n thainig e dh' ionnsuidh na h-oighreachd, luaineach neosheasnach, mi-steidheil 'n a ghnathuichibh fein air fad. Thilgeadh e an ni sin a dheanadh e an diugh, bun os ceann am maireach, agus riaghailt sam bith cha b' aithne dha. Ach, a Choinnich, ciod a ta 'n tras' 'n a cheann?

COIN.—Cha 'n ann chum droch fhreagairt a thoirt ort, a Mhur-

achaidh, ach is comadh ciod tha 'n a cheann. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil upraid agus othail gu leoir ann, agus air amannaibh gle bheag toinisd. Tha e fein agus an tuath a's cothromaiche air an oighreachd aige, an deigh cur a mach air a cheile, agus tha e 'boideachadh nach toir e oirleach fearainn do mhac mathar diubh, ach gu 'n gleidh e na gabhaltais aca 'n a laimh fein.

MUR.—Is mor an naidheachd sin da-rireadh, a Choinnich, ach ciod na fearrainn deth am bheil e 'cur nan tuathanach mar sin air falbh?

COIN.—Tha na gabhlaichean aig am bheil na h-aontan aca a mach, mar a tha Leitir-nan-coileach, an Torran-uaine, an Slios-buidhe, Achan-nan-claidhean, an Torr-breac, agus na h-uiread eile.

MUR.—Ach ciod a thainig eadar e fein agus na tuathanaich choir aig an robh na bailte sin, moran diubh o 'n rugadh iad, agus an sinseara rompa.

COIN.—Thainig eatorra na feidh, na h-earbaichean, na maighichean, na coineanan, na cearcan-fraoich, na coilich-dhubha, na h-eoin-ruadha, agus an leithidibh sin,—creutairean a ta 'deanamh millidh agus sgrios gun choimeas air gach pòrr agus barr; agus cha toir an t-uachdaran taing do 'n tuath air son na calldach. An aite sin lasaidh e am feirg mu labhrar lide gu 'n d' rinn iad dolaidh sam bith air toradh na talmhainn. Ach cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach theid coisridh mhor a mach le 'n eachaibh agus le 'n cuid chon, agus bheir iad steud asda an measg nan raointean arbhair agus gach barraidh eile, 'g an saltairt fo 'n cosaibh, agus 'g am milleadh. Ach an nair a nithear gearan ri Sir Seumas, is ann a thogas e a shroin co ard ri crann soithiche, a chionn gu 'm bheil a dhanadas aig na tuathanaich bhochd fhu aon fhocal gearain a dheanamh.

MUR.—Tha sin gle chruaidh gun teagamh a Choinnich agus gun a chridhe a bhi aig an tuath-anach sharaichte aon srad luaidh a chur 'n a dheannal 'n an deigh. Agus cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach cha 'n fheud e a bheul 'fhosgladh aig am togail a' mhail chum sgillinn lughdachaidh fhaotuinn air son a chaldach. Ach aig a' cheart am so tha gleadhar mor air feadh na riogh-achd a thaobh laghanna ura a bhi air an dealbhadh air son na seilge, agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam-sa olc air mhaith leis na tighearnaibh-fearainn, nach deanar riaghailtean agus reachd-an araidh, chum coir a chumail ris an tuath, agus chum gnothnichean na seilge a shuidheachadh air steidh uir agus chinntich.

COIN.—Tha sin uile fìor, ach an deigh sin, ciod a dh' eireas do'n tuath ma thilgear a mach iad, mar tha Sir Seumas a' deanamh, agus mar a ni iomadh Sir Seumas agus Sir Uilleam eile ag radh gur leo fein an fearann, agus gu'm feud iad an toil fein a dheanamh leis?

MUR.—Cha 'n fhad gus an leigheis am mearachd sin e fein. Cha d' rinn tighearna-fearainn riamh mor-bhuannachd, no buannachd idir, o bhi 'g aiteachadh an fhearainn aige fein; agus cha 'n fhad gus am fas e sgith dhe 'n tuathnachas, agus gus am buidhe leis a thoirt seachd air son mail mar a rinneadh riamh. Ach, a Choinnich, cha d' innis thu dhomh re na h-uine so ciod a thug a dh-Eirinn thu.

COIN.—Cha 'n fhuirst na h-uile nithe a chur an ceill comhladh, a Mhurachaidh, ach inusidh mi a nis mo ghnathuch gu dol a dh-Eirinn, agus 's e so e. Ghabh mo mbaighstir urramach 'n a cheann nach robh ait' ann co freagarrach ri Eirinn chum crodh, caoraich, agus eich a cleannachadh, a dheanamh suas stuic air son nam bailte-fearainn a thuiteas air

a laimh fein ann an uine ghoirid, Uime sin, dh' ainnich e la air an rachadh e null do sheann Innis-fail, chum rogha a's tagha a dheanamh air gach gne fheudail agus mheanbhechruidh 's a bhiodh a dlithair; agus thug e aithne dhomhsa a bhi' deas gu dol maille ris air an la sin.

MUR.—Tha mi 'g ad' thuigsinn a nis, a Choinnich, ach ciod a thubhairt Seonaid mu 'n chuis sin? An robh ise reidh agus lan riarichte chum comas nan cas a thoirt duit, agus chum dealachadh riut re uine co fada?

COIN.—Ochan! Ochan! a Mhurachaidh, is i nach robh, oir an uair a chuir mi an ceill di iartas mo mbaighstir coir 's ann a thoisich i ri eigheach, ranaich, agus basbhualadh, ag radh, “A Choinnich, a ghraidh, cha teid thusa null do 'n droch aite sin far am bheil iad a' mortadh agus a' marbhadh a' cheile, agus far an cuir iad as duit ann am priobadh na sula. Cha teid, cha teid, b' fhearr leam gu mor gu'm fagadh tu seirbhis an duine cluthaich sin, Sir Seumas, na gu 'n cuir-eadh tu do bheatha fein an cunnart. O! smuainich, a Choinnich, orm-sa, agus air na paisdibh lurach, laga sin, na 'n eireadh ni sam bith dhuitse; agus cha 'n carbainn do bheatha aon latha ris na droch chreutairibh a ta chomhnuidh 's an duthaich aimhreitich sin! Ochan! Ochan! cha teid cas no enaimh dhiot ann idir, a Choinnich a luaidh mo chridhe,—cha teid, cha teid.

MUR.—Tha mi 'faicinn nach robh Seonaid deonach air dealachadh riut, a Choinnich, ach ciod a rinn thu? Ciamar a chaidh a' chuis leat?

COIN.—Ciod a rinn mi? an e tha thu 'g radh? A chum an sgeul a dheanamh goirid, thainig Sir Seumas air an la a shonraich e, agus thubhairt e, “Biomaid a' falbh, a Choinn-

ich, tha gach ni deas," agus chuir e airgid ann an laimh Seonaid, ag radh rithe a bhi fo dheadh mhisnich, oir nach b' fhad an uine gus am pill-eadhmaid a ris. Le sin ghabh ni beannachd cabhagach le Seonaid, phog mi na paisdean, agus le mo mhaileid 'n am laimh, ghrad dhirich mi an carbad a bha aig an dorus, agus co luath ris a' ghaoith, bha Sir Seumas agus mi fein 'n ar deann-ruith, gus an d' fhuair sinn greim air an t-slighe-iaruinn a thug do Ghlas-chu sinn.

MUR.—Tha mi 'tuigsinn sin gu ro mhaith, ach ciod an car a chuir thu dhìot a ris?

COIN.—Is iomadh car sin, a Mhurachaidh, agus Ochan! Ochan! b' e' m baile e. Cha robh mi riamh roimhe ann, ged is lionmhor cuireadh a fhuair Seonaid agus mi fein o Mharsali Chaimbeul, nighean peathar m'athar, agus o'n chompanach aice Ruairidh Mac-Dhomhnuill, gu dol g'am faicinn. Ochan! na sraidean-fada, na carbadan, na longan, na soithichean-smuide, na baintigh-earnan agus daoine-uaisle, agus na nithe eile gun aireamh air nach ruig cunntas, a chunnaic mise! Agus ciod a their mi mu na tighean-mora, na h-eaglaisean, na ceardaichean eagalach sin aig an robh simleirean a' ruigheachd nan neoil? Gu dearbh, a Mhurachaidh, chuireadh mo cheann 'n a bhoile leis an stairearaich agus a ghleadhraich gun sgar air gach taobh, direach mar gu'm biodh mìle clach-bhalg 'g an crathadh ri m' chluais uile comhladh.

MUR.—Tha mise gle eolach air a' ghleadhraich sin, a Choinnich, ach c'ait' an do thog Sir Seumas agus thu fein bhur cairtealan?

COIN.—C'ait' ach ann an Tigh-osda na h-Iolaire, far an d'fhuair mi gach goireas. Ach an deigh sin bha mi 'tuigsinn nach bu mhaith

dhomh a bhi 's a' bhaile mhor sin gun aon chuid Sir Seumas no an t-airgid a bhi maille rium.

MUR.—Gle cheart, a Choinnich, gle cheart, cha bhiodh an gnothach idir co taitneach mur biodh aon chuid Sir Seumas no an t-airgid maille riut, agus bu ghasda le cheile iad. Ach cia mar a chuir thu am feasgar seachad, oir bha toiseach na h-oidhche fada gu bhi 'n ud shineadh gu diomhanach a stigh?

COIN.—Cha b' fhad' a bha mi stigh, ach cha duraiginn dol a mach leam fein, air eagal gu'n caillinn an rathad air m' ais. Bha mi ro dheonach air dol a chur failte air mo dheadh charaid, agus b'e sin esan, an GAIDHEAL, gu taing a thoirt da aghaidh ri h-aghaidh air son a naidheachdan tarbhach agus taitneach, ach ged a fhuair mi seoladh thun an aife o bhalach a chomhlaich mi, an deigh sin uile cha deanainn a mach e agus bha bron orm. Thubhairt e rium, "Rach sios gus an ruig thu an treas sraid, a ris rach gu tuath, agus a ris cum chum na laimh deise, agus an sin theid thu seachad air tigh mor lan dhealbh air a mbullach, agus an sin foighnich air son tigh a' GHAIDHEIL, agus cha'n urrainn thu dol am mearachd." Ach gun fhocal breige, a Mhurachaidh, bhiodh e ceart co furast domhsa snathad fhaotainn ann an sguaid fhodair; agus mo thruaigh! b' fheudar tilleadh dhachaidh, agus, Och mo chreach! cha'n fhac mi mo charaid ionmhainn an GAIDHEAL.

MUR.—Ciod a dh' eirich dhuit an sin, ma ta?

COIN.—Innsidh mi sin duit, a Mhurachaidh. Bha mi am shuidhe ann an seomar beag a' gabhail smuid dhe'n phiob, an uair a thainig Sir Seumas a stigh, agus thubhairt e rium gu'm b' fhearr domh dol dh' ionnsuidh an Tighe-chluiche, gus

am faicinn Rob Ruadh Mac-Griogair a bha gu bhi air a chluicheadh an oidhche sin. Chuir e cairt bheag 'n am laimh, agus thubhairt e gu 'n leigeadh i sin a stigh mi, agus gu 'n cuireadh e aon de na gillibh caol, ard, dubh sin a bha 's an tigh maille rium dh'ionnsindh an aite. Lean mi an t-oganaich a bha air 'eideadh ann an sgreadachadh dubh mar gu'm bu mhinisteir ògre; rainig sinn an Tigh-cluiche; chaidh mise a steach, agus an ceann tacain bhig fhogadh suas cuirtean mor, leathann, a bha 'cheart uiread ris a' gharadh chail agam, agus, O! an sealladh a chunnaic mi! daoine, beantaun, uisge, agus na h-uile nithe co soilleir, nadurra, agus co anabarrach aluinn's nach urrainn mi an cur an ceill.

MUR.—Is tu a fhuair do shuilean 'fhosgladh, a Choinnich, agus is ole an airidh gu'm bheil an oidhche a' tarruing dluth oirnn, air chor's nach urrainn mi gach ni a chluinntinn gu ceart, ach tha uair eile a'tighinn, tha mi'n dochas.

COIN.—Cha chuirinn-se an ceill re seachdain na nithe iongantach a chunnaic mi an oidhche sin; ach b'e Rob Ruadh fein an gaisgeach treun. Ochan! 's ann air a bha'n eaididh mhaiseach! Ach cha mhòr nach do sgain mi mo chliathaichean a' gaireachdaich ri creutair beag piullach a thainig a stigh ris an abradh iad Dughall, agus bha mabalaich Ghadhlig aige, oir chunnt e ni eigin suas—aon-dha-tri-ceithir-coig—agus ma chunnt, 's e a thug air an tigh uile an lasgan gaire a chur suas, a's mo a chual' mi riamh. Ach bha dorran orm an uair a bha gach ni thairis, agus a b' eiginn domh Osda na h-Iolaire a thoirt orm co luath 's a bheireadh mo chosan mi.

MUR.—Ciod a dh' eirich dhuit air an ath mhadainn, a Choinnich?

COIN.—Is ann air eiginn a thainig solus an latha a stigh an uair a dh' eirich Sir Seumas, agus thubhairt e rium gu'n robh sinn gu dol air luing-theine aig ochd uairean a bheireadh a dh-Eirinn sinn. Dheasaich sinn gach ni, agus thug sinn an traigh oirnn, agus am measg chabhlaich gun choimeas de shoithichibh dheth gach gne, rainig sinn toit-long mhor, ard, aig an robh gach crann luchdaichte le srolaibh buidhe, dearg, agus gorm a' crathadh anns a' ghaoith, agus chaidh sinn air bord. Cha b'fhad gus an do bhuaileadh clag le gleadhar cabhagach, agus ann am priobadh na sula bha *Mercury* (ainm na luinge) 'a deann-ruith a sios air Cluaidh. Rinn i dail bheag ann an Grianaig, agus cha do lasaich a cuibhlichean tuilleadh gus an deachaidh sinn air tir ann am *Belfast* an Eirinn.

MUR.—Direach ceart, a Choinnich, agus rainig thu gu sabhailt seann riochachd na h-Eireann, agus is cinnteach gur iomadh ni a chual agus a chunnaic thu 's an duthaich mhaisich sin. Ach gus an comhlaich sinn a ris cha toisich thu air mion-sgeul a thoirt domh air do thuras am measg nan Eireannach.

COIN.—Cha toisich, fhir mo chridhe, oir cha b'e so an t-am gu toiseachadh air nithe aithris mu 'n tir sin far an d' fhuirich Sir Seumas agus mi fein dluth air ochd seachdainean. Ach tha mi 'n dochas gu 'm bheil la maith a'tighinn air an leudaich sinn air tapachd agus seoltachd nan Eireannach.

MUR.—Biodh e mar sin, a Choinnich. Gu robh bnaidh leat fein, agus piseach air Seonaid agus air na paisdibh. Oidhche mhaith dhuit, fhir mo ghraidh, agus gu'm bu solasach a chi sinn a cheile a ris.

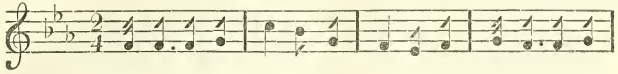
ALASDAIR RUADH.

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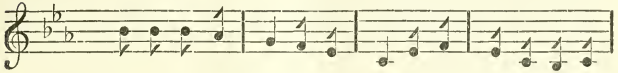
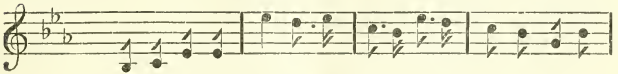
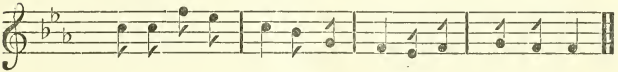
SORAIDH COMUNN CHOMHAIL.

(FONN—*Mor Nian a' Ghiobarlain.*)

KEY E FLAT.



R, r. — : r. m | l : s. M | r : d. r | m, r. — : r. M

s. s : s. f | m : r. D | l₁ : d. r | d. l₁ : s₁. L₁s₁. l₁ : d. d | d¹ : t., D¹ | l., s : d¹., t | l. s : m. Sl. l : r¹. d¹ | l : s. M | r : d. r | m. r : r ||MOLADH AGUS SORAIDH
CHOMHAIL,

AGUS A LUCHD-AITEACHAIDH.

*Le Bard Ghlinn-da-Ruadhail an
Siorramachd Earra-Ghaidheal
ann an Albainn.*

Tha an t-ard sgoilear fialaidh so a nis a chomhnuidh an Eilean Phrionns Eduard, ann am Mor-roinn Chanada. Chuir an duin'-uasal foghluinte so an t-oran a leanas am ionnsaidh air son Comunn Comhalach Ghlaschu, maille ri 'ghradh, a dheadh run agus a bheannachd; agus mar an ceudna, a dhochas durachdach gu 'n soirbhicheadh leo, agus na 'n deonaicheadh iad, gu 'n robh cead aca an t-oran a sheinn aig an coinnimh bhliadhnail a bha ri tachairt ann an Seomraichean na Banrigh ann an Glaschu air an 6mh latha de chiad mhios an Earraich

1874. Chaidh iartas a' bhaird a choimhlionadh le mor ghairdeachas, urram, speis agus buidheachas, an lathair corr agus naoidh ciad de shluagh a tha ainmeil agus fìor mheasail ann an Glaschu agus air feadh Chomhail uile. Tha na Comhalaich, agus gu sonruichte na Glinnich, a' cur ciad nìle beannachd agus taing a dh-ionnsaidh a' Ghaidheil urramach ann an America air son na duais phriseil a chuir e nall thun Comunn Comhalach Ghlaschu—a luchd-duthcha ionmhuinn fein.

GLINNEACH.

GHLASCHU :

At t-Seann Fheil-Brighde, 1874.

FONN :—“ *Ròsan an Leth-Bhaile.*” *

Soraidh nam gu Comhal,
Tir bhoidheach nan luasanan,
Nan seamair a's nan neonain,
Nan ros a's nan subhagan,

* *Mor Nian a' Ghiobarlain.*

Nan coilltean maiseach, ceolmhor,
Le seirm nan smcorach luinneagach,—
Nam machraichean, 's nam mor-bheann,
Nam frog a's nan sruthan glan.

Air fail ithil ó,
Agus hó ró seinidh mi,
Air fail ithil ó,
Agus hó ró seinnidh mi,
Air fail ithil ó,
Agus hoirionn ó, seinnidh mi,—
Gu sláinte Chomuinn Chòmh' laich,
Gu sònruicht' am *President*.

'S i sin tir a' chaoimhnais,
An aoibhnis 's an t-subhlachais,
An oilein, a's an colais,
'S nan seol a tha curanta,
Cumachdail, deas, ordail
Bho 'm broig a suas gu 'm mullaichean;—
'S iad deas-chainteach gun bhòidich,
A's seolta, gun chlupeireachd.
Air fail, etc.

Cha leig mi 'choidhch' air di-chuimhn'
An tim bha mi maille riu ;
Is och is och mo leireadh !
'S e dh' eignich 'thigh'n thairis mi,
'Bhi 'faicinn nach robh sta dhomh
'Bhi tamh a bheag na b' fhaide 'n sin,
'S na glinn ga 'n cur fo chaoraich.—
'S na laoch as an dachaidhean.
Air fail, etc.

Na fineachan, d' an dualchas
'Bhi nasal a's eireachdail,
A's dileas d' an cinn-fheadhna,
'S d' an righ,—'s air taobh na h-caglais,
Ga 'm fogradh a's an rioghachd,
Le mal, a's cis, a's eascardeas
Nan uachdaran mhi-thruacanta :
Cruidh-chridheach, bleidireach.
Air fail, etc.

Ge deacair so 'n ar suil-ne,
Bha 'chuis air a suidheachadh ;—
Oir 's iomchuidh gu 'm bi duthchaman
Ur air an tuineachadh,
'S gun Bhreatannaich a sharach
Gu brath, cha 'n flag an t-eilean sin—
Ged 's mor a b' fhcarr do phairt duibh,
'Bhi 'tamh an *America*
Air fail, etc.

An sin ma bhios iad grideil,
A's dichiollach, oidhirpeach,
'S gun mhi-flhortan bh'i 'n dan doibh,
Ach slan, laidir, adhartach ;
Mu 'm bi iad fada 's tir so,—
A cheart cho chinnt' 's tha coill' innte,—
Bidh aca crodh a's caoraich,
Biadh, aodach, 's mòr ghoireasan.
Air fail, etc.

Ged tha 'n Geamhradh fuar,
Reota, cruidh, sneachdach, gaillionnach,
Bithidh aca tighean blath,
'S teime laidir a gharras iad,
'S cha bhi curan fuachd doibh,
Is coille bhuan ri gearradh ac' :
'S ma thig sibh 'nall a Comh'l
Tha mi 'n dochas nach aithreach leibh.
Air fail, etc.

AN GAIDHEAL ANN AN AMERICA.

—o—

IMRICH NAN EUN.

“ Seadh, is aithne do 'n chorrbbhain ams
an athar a h-am fein, agus is aithne do 'n
choluman, agus do 'n ghoibhlan-ghaoithe
am an teachd.”—*Ieremiah*.

Cha 'n 'eil e comasach smuaineach-
adh air an tuigse-naduir a bhuilich
Dia air an eunlaith, gun bhi air ar
lionadh le iongantais, agus de gach
tuigse tha aca, cha 'n 'eil ni is aith-
ridh air beachd, na mar theid cuid
diubh o thir gu tir air amaibh son-
raichte. Gad a tha iomaduidh seors'
againn 's an t-samhradh cha mhor a
dh' fhuirgheas againn fad a gheamh-
raidh. Cha luaithe a thoisicheas
am fuachd ri teachd na dh' fhalbhas
a' chuthag, an golan-gaoithe, an liath-
truisg, a' chorra-riathach, agus iomad
seors' eile. Italaichidh iad air falbh
do dhuthchaibh is fearr a fhreagras
doibh: agus anns an am cheudna
thig eoin eile oirn o rioghachdaibh
is faide mu thuath n' an duthaich
againne.

Tha da ni ro-chomharraichte 's an
imrich so. 'S e cheud ni gu'n tuig-
eadh na creutairean sin an t-am is
freagarraiche dhoibh gu falbh agus
gu tighinn; agus 's e 'n ni eile, gu'm
biodh fhios aca e'aite 'm bu choir
dhoibh a ghabhail. Tha e air a
thuigsinn gu bheil aig eoin na
h-imrich so sgiathan, agus cumadh a
tha gu 'h-araidh freagarrach airson dol
air asdar fada. Agus tha e ro shon-
raichte gu bheil iad air na h-amaibh
so a' leigeil ris gliocas agus riaghailt
a tha cur mor ioghnadh oirn. Mhoth-

aicheadh ann an cuid de dhuthchaibh gu 'n cruinnich iad 'n an sgaoithibh lionmhor, as gach cearnaidh de 'n tìr, ann an aiteachaibh fa-leth a reir an gne, beagan uine ma 'n gabh iad an turas, mar gu'm biodh iad a' deanamh suas ri cheile mu 'n aite chum an an robh iad a' dol; agus falbhaidh iad an sin le aon f'heachd, agus gun stiuir gun chombaist 's an oidhche dhall dhorch, thairis air chuantaibh, agus rioghachdaibh, do na duthchaibh is iomallaiche. Tha turas nan giadh agus nan tunnaga-fiadhaich, aithridh air beachd sonraichte. Falbhaidh iad 'n an da sbreith a' coinneachadh air an toiseach, mar gum biodh geinn ann. Tha 'n t-aon is toisiche a' gearradh an aile do chach; 's an uair a bhios esan agus an dithis a tha na dheigh sgith, theid iad a chum an deiridh, agus gabhaidh triuir eile an aite. Tha e air a mheas gu bheil cuid diugh so a ni da cheud mìle an aon la, 's gun a bhi air iteig ach sea nairean.

Annas an imrich so tha maitheas agus freasdal De ro-shoilleir. Nach furast 'fhaicinn a chaomh throcair dhoibh ann an solar loin, air an son agus 'g an stiuradh far a bheil so ri fhaotainn, 'n uair tha e failleachadh orra an aite eile. Tuigeamaid uaithe so gu bheil gach ni ann an rioghachd an Uile-chumhachdaich air a shocrachadh le gliocas neo-mhearachdach, agus maitheas neo-chrìochnach. Tha 'n t-eun is faoine 's an ealtuinn fo churam Dhe. Smuainticheamaid air a so, agus gabhamaid naire airson ar n-an-earbsa, ar teagamh, agus ar n-iomaguin. Esan a tha seoladh a mach slighe do na h-eoin, nach mor is mo na sin a ni e dhuitse, O dhuine, air bheag creidimh? — *Teachdaire Gaidhealach.*

COSAMHLACHDAN.

IV. A' CHATHAG UAILLEIL.

Bha cathag araidh cho uailleil mhor-chuiseach 's nach b' urrainn di a bhi toilichte le a crannchur no bhi 'tighinn beo an measg a coinpirean, ach 's ann a ghabh i gu trusadh nan iteag a thuit bho na peucagaibh, 's 'g an stobadh am measg a h-iteach fein, agus anns an eideadh so 'g a nochdadh fein gu neo-sgàthach ann an coinneamhan nan eun briagha sin. Cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuair iad a mach i; stroichd iad a rionhaidhean coinghill bharr a droma; ghabh iad di le 'n guib gus an d' fhuair i am peanas a thoill i airson a ladarnais. Lan doilgheis agus trioblaid, phill i a dh-ionnsaidh a seana chompanaich 's i toileach deanamh a suas riutha, ach bha lan fhios acasan air an doigh ghiulain agus an caithe-beatha a bha aice o'n dh'fhag i roimhe iad, agus dhiult iad a gabhail a stigh d'an cuideachd; aig a cheart am thug aon diubh dhi an t-achamhsan so: A bhana-charaid, na 'm biodh tusa toilichte le d'chor, agus mur deanamh tu tair air an inbh anns an do shuidhich-eadh thu cha d' fhuair thu an t-uisneachadh truagh so uapasan an measg an do nochd thu thu fein, agus cha d' fhuiling thu an tamailt agus am masladh folaiseach so a tha sinne a' meas mar fhiachaibh oirnn a chur ort.

An Comhchur.

Is e tha sinn ri 'thuigsinn leis a' Chosamhlachd so, gu 'm bu choir dhuinn tighinn beo gu toilichte le ar crannchur cìod air bith e, gun a bhi a' gabhail oirnn amharc na 's mò na 'tha sinn le bhi a cur umainn eideann sgiamhaich nach buin duinn.

V. AN LEOGHANN AGUS NA BEATHAICHEAN EILE.

Rinn an leoghann agus cuid de bheathaichean eile co-chordadh air

son cach a cheile 'dhion's a chuideachadh, agus bha iad ri tighinn beo gu cairdeil feadh na coille. Air latha araidh chaidh iad a mach a chum seilg; ghlac iad fiadh reamhar, aluinn agus roinn iad e 'n a cheithir earrannaibh, oir thachair nach robh a lathair aig an am ach an leoghann agus triuir eile. An deigh do 'n roinn a bhi air a deanamh agus na h-earranuan air an cur a mach fa-leith, ghluais an leoghann a nall, agus, a' cur a laimh air aon de na h-earrannaibh, labhair e mar a leanas: Tha mi 'glacadh agus a' gabhail seilbh air an earrainn so mar mo choir a a chionn gu 'm buin mi gu dlighbeach do theaghlach rioghail an Leoghainn. An earrann so (agus e 'deanamh laimh air an dara te) tha mi a' tagar le coir nach 'eil mi a' meas air chor sam bith mi-reusanta, oir tha 'fhios agaibh gu leir gur ann ri m'neart agus mo chruadal a tha soirbheachadh gach comhraig a tha againn ris an namhaid an carbsa; agus aidichidh sibh uile gu bheil cogadh tuilleadh 's cosdail ri 'ghiulan air aghaidh gun chomhnadh freagarrach. An treas earrann tha mi a' gabhail mar mo choir-dhlighe mar uachdaran—coir air am bheil mi cinnteach gu 'n cuir sibhse, mar iochdarain umhal agus dhileas, gach uile mheas agus urram. Air son na ceathraimh earrainn, tha ar n-eiginn aig a' cheart am so cho cruaidh, ar stor cho gann, agus ar creideas cho lag 's gu bheil mi a' tagar gu 'n tabhair sibh dhomb i gun seunadh gun talach; na gearainibh ma tha meas agaibh air ur beatha.

An Comhchur.

Cha 'n 'eil companas air bith tearuinte a tha air a dheanamh riusan a tha os ar cionn ann an cumhachd. Ged a ghabhas iad orra fein na boidean a 's truime 's a 's solaimte aig toiseach na comhdhail, a' chiad chothrom a gheobh iad tha iad air

am buaireadh gus an cumhuant a bhristeadh, agus tha iad daonnan deas le leisgeulan a chum iad fein 'fhirinneachadh. Cha 'n 'eil e furasta 'radh co dhiu is annaidiche do dhaoine iad fein carbsa ann an lamhan muinntir a tha na 's cumhachdaiche na iad fein, na iongantas a bhi orra a rithist gu bheil am muinghinn 's an dochas air am mi-ghnatlachadh, agus an cuid 's an coir ar an spuinneadh.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.



SOP AS GACH SEID.

Cha 'n 'eil daoine sam bith cho falamb riusan a tha lan diubh fein.

Na comharrach a mach mearachdan dhaoine eile le coraig shalaich.

An uair a tha daoine a' fas crabhaidh 'n an seann aois cha 'n 'eil iad ach a' tairgs-eadh do Dhia fuighealach an Diabhuil.

Tha esan a mhionnaicheas, ag aideachadh nach 'eil 'fhacal lom airidh air creideas.

Is ann orrasan a 's mo air am bheil de eagal De is lugha tha de eagal duine.

Ciod e saibhreas? Is e saibhreas gach ni a tha daoine a' solaireadh 's an t-saoghal air son am beò-shlaint agus an toilinntinn fein. Is i saothair a bheil saibhreas gu buil. Tha gliocas a' cumail saibhreis 'n a criochaibh fein trid am bheil i 'meudachadh agus a' fàs cumhachdach. Tha na daoine saibhre air an deanamh suas dhiubh-san a fhuair cuid o mhuinntir eile,—dhiubh-san air an do thuit beartas gun fhios gun aire dhoibh,—agus dhiubh-san a choisinn e dhoibh fein le fallus an gruaidh. Air an dòigh cheudna, tha na daoine bochda air an deanamh suas dhiubh-san a shealbhaich bochduinn o mhuinntireile,—dhiubh-san air an d' thainig i gun fhios gun aire dhoibh,—agus dhiubh-san a thug le h-amaideachd orra fein i. Ginidh leisg agus diomhanas bochduinn. Cha saothraich duine, cha choisinn e a' bheag, agus tha e, nime sin, bochd. Cha 'n 'eil leigheas ann air son na bochduinn sin a ta 'sruthadh o'n leisg, ach dichioll agus saothair. Is coir do na h-uile a bhi dichiollach, ionraic, agus glie.

Faodaidh slaightire tuilleadh a bhuidhinn ann an aon latha na 'ni an duine onorach; ach buidhinnidh an duine onorach tuilleadh anns a' bhliadhna na 'bhuidhinneas an slaightire.

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GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON

(Continued from Vol. II. page 377.)

244. *Cloch* or *clach* and Gr. *krokē*.

Cloch or *clach* (stone) Stokes equates (Goid. p. 29) with Gr. *krokē* (rounded or rolled stone, a pebble). For *r* = *l* cf. *alt* and *artus* above. The Gaelic and Gr. *tenuēs* correspond by rule, and final *c* of *clach* is aspirated because vowel-flanked.

245. *Geal* (a leech), of which *deal* is another form, = W. *gel*, and may be compared with Old H. Ger. *egala*, *ecala* (leech), New H. Ger. *egel* (leech), Dan. *igle* (leech). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, pp. 117. For *y* = *d* cf. *giosgan* = *diosgan*.

246. *Coisrigeadh* (consecration) and *coisrig* (consecrate) are loan-words from Lat. *consecro*. *Coisrigeadh* was in Mid. Gael. *coisegradh* and in Old Gael. *coisecrad* = *consecratus*. Cf. W. *cysegriad*. In Gaelic *n* disappears before *s* by rule.

247. *Miorbhuil* (miracle; in Mid. Gael. *mirbail*) is a loan-word from Lat. *mirabile*. Cf. Stokes' Glosses, p. 88.

248. *Cuid*, gen. *codach* (part, share; anc. *cuil*, gen. *cota*) is connected with Lat. *quota* (how much or how many, the part or share assigned to each). Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 116.

249. *Ach* (but, except), of which *acht* is another form, was in Old Gael. *act*, which is cognate with Gr. *ektos* (without, except), from *ek* (out of). Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 115.

250. *Tagh*, *taghadh*, *rogha*, and *choose*.

Tagh (choose) and *taghadh* (choosing) are modern forms from the Old Gael. *togu* (choice) = *do-fo-gu*, from the root *gus*, which is cognate with Sansk. *gush* (to love, to desire), Gr. *geu-o* (I taste), Lat. *gus-tare* (to taste), Goth. *kins-an* (to choose, to prove), A. S. *ceos-an* (to choose), Eng. *choose*. The root *gus* appears in *ad-gus-i* (he desires), and *usa-guss-im* (I wish). Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 144. *Rogha* (choice; anc. *rogu* = *ro-gu*) is from the prefix *ro* and the root *gu* for *gus*.

251. *Crios* and *ring*.

Crios (a girdle; anc. *cris* = *cri-s*) is cognate with *kri-kos* (= *kir-kos*, a ring, a circle), Lat. *cir-cus* (circle), Ice. *hri-ngr* (a ring), Old H. Ger. *hri-ny* (ring), A. S. *hri-ny* (ring), Ger. and Eng. (*h*)*ri-ny*. Curtius compares Sansk. *kākras* (wheel). Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 81, where see old form *crinna* (a girdle). It has been already frequently pointed out that *c* (= *k*) in Gaelic, Greek, and Latin = *h* in the Teutonic languages.

252. *Dail* and *dale*, *dell*.

Dail (a field, a plain) = W. *dól* and corresponds to Ger. *thal* (dale, vale), Ice. *dalr* (dale), Dan. *dal* (dale), A. S. *dal* (dale), Eng. *dale* and *dell*.

253. *Sean* (old; anc. *sen*) = W. *hen* and is cognate with Lat. *sen-ec* (old; gen. *sen-is*), Lith. *senas* (old), *senis* (an old man).

254. *Maor* (an officer; anc. *máer*) = W. *maer* (mayor). *Maor* and *maer* are loan-words from Lat. *major*. Cf. *mórmáer* (high steward) in the Book of Deer, p. 91.

255. *Sguab* and *sheaf*.

Sguab = *scuab* (sheaf, also besom) = W. *ysgub* (besom, sheaf) and is con-

nected with Lat. *scopæ* (besom) from *scopa* (a thin branch of trees, Ger. *schob* and *schaub* (a sheaf, a bundle of straw), Old H. Ger. *scoub*, Dut. *schoof*, A. S. *scaef*, Eng. *sheaf*).

256. *Columan*.

Columan (a dove, pigeon) is formed by the addition of the diminutive termination *an* from *colum* (cf. *colm*, pigeon, dove, in O'Reilly) = Lat. *columba* (dove, pigeon). In *colum*, *columan*, *m* is not aspirated because it = *mb*. The name *Malcolm* = *Maol-colum* or *Mael-colum* (the attendant of Columba.) *Columcille* is from *Colum* and *cill* (church, cell; anc. *cell*) = Lat. *cella*.

257. *Beannachd*, *mallachd*, *deachd*, *diog*.

Beannachd (blessing; anc. *bennacht*, *bennact*, *bendacht*) is a loan-word from Lat. *benedictio* (a speaking well of one, blessing). *Mallachd* (curse; anc. *mallact*, *maldacht*) is from Lat. *maledictio* (a speaking evil of one, curse). *Deachd* = *decht* is from *dicto* (to dictate) frequentative of *dico* (to say, to speak). *Diog* (a syllable, "vox minima") is perhaps connected with *dic-o*. *D* has become assimilated to *n* in *beannachd* and to *l* in *mallachd*.

258. *Sgannal* and *scandal*.

Sgannal (scandal) = *scannal* (also spelled *sgainneal*) = Lat. *scandalum* and Gr. *skandalon* (that upon which one stumbles, offence), from which is derived Eng. *scandal*.

259. *Spreod*, *spreodadh*, and *sprit*.

Spreod (a projecting beam) may be compared with Dan. *spreed* (sprit), A.S. *spreot* (bow-sprit), Dut. *sprit* (bow-sprit, spear, javelin), Eng. *sprit*. *Spreodadh* (exciting, provoking) is from *spreod*. *Crann-spreoid* is Gaelic for bow-sprit.

260. *Gris* and *grisly*.

Gris (horror, terror, shuddering) may be compared with Gr. *gries-elu* (to shudder), A.S. *a-gris-an* (to

dread, to fear greatly), and *gris-lic* (horrible, dreadful), Eng. *gris-ly* (horrible).

261. *Faire* and *ware*, *wary*, *aware*.

Faire (watch, also to watch) corresponds to Dan. *vare* (guard, care, and also, as verb, to watch), A.S. *warian*, Eng. *ware*, *wary*, *aware*. Gael. *f* regularly = Eng. *w*.

262. *Lus* and *leek*.

Lus (herb) = Manx *lhus* (leeks, herbs), Corn. *les* (herb), plur. *losow*, W. plur. *llysiau* (herbs), may be compared with Ger. *lauch* (leek) from Old Ger. *luken* (to shoot up), Dut. *look* (leek, garlic), Dan. *læg* (onion), A.S. *leac* (leek, onion), Eng. *leek*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 98, and Wedgwood's Dictionary.

263. *Callainn*.

Callainn (New-Year's Day; also spelled *callaind*) is from Lat. *calendæ*, from *callo* (to call out, to proclaim). *Callainn* = *calendæ Januariæ* (1st January).

264. *Nollaig* (Christmas; anc. *nollaic* and *nolloce*) = W. *nadolig*. Both words are from Lat. *natalicia* from *natus* (= *gnatus*). The root is *gen*. See vol. I. p. 246.

265. *Umhal* and *humble*.

Umhal = Lat. *humilis* (low, near the earth) from *humus*, the earth. Eng. *humble* (near the ground) is from *humilis*.

266. *Dearc*, *chunnaire*, *òirdheirc*, and Gr. *derkomai*, Eng. *dragon*.

Dearc (the eye; also to see) was in Old Gael. *dere*. The root is *dark* (to see), which is connected with Sansk. *darç* (to see), Gr. *derk-omai* (to look, to see), from root *derk* = *drak*, from which comes *drakon* (dragon). *Chunnaire* (saw) was in Old Gael. *condaire*, from *con-* and *darc*. Cf. *adcondaire* in Nigra's Turin Glosses, p. 39. *Oirdheirc* (excellent, illustrious) was in Old Gaelic *airdire*, *irdirc*, and *erdirc*, from *air-* (= *ari-*) and *darc* (to see).

Cf. Z. G. C., p. 5. *Dragon* is from Gr. *drakōn*.

267. *Greigh* (a herd, a flock of horses or deer; anc. *graiḡ* [= *grai-s*] and in Mid. Gael. *groigh*) may be compared with Lat. *grex*, *gregis* (a flock or herd).

268. *Gar* and *warm*, *fever*.

Gar (to warm; in Irish *garaim* and *goraim*, I warm) is connected with Sansk. *gharma* (heat) from root *ghar*, Gr. *thermos* (hot), Lat. *formus* (hot, warm), Goth. *varmjau*, Old Ice. *varmr* (warm), Ger. *warm*, A.S. *wearm*, Eng. *warm*. Gr. *thermos* is from *therō* (to heat) with which is connected (cf. Liddell and Scott's Lexicon) Lat. *ferreo* (to be hot) and *febris* (fever; for *ferbis*), Eng. *fever*. For Gr. *th* = Lat. *f* (*ph*) cf. Gr. *thēr* and Lat. *fera*, Gr. *thura* and Lat. *foris*.

269. *Grian* (sun; = *grēnā*) may be compared with Sansk. *ghrui* (sun, ray) from the root *ghar*, Vedic *ghrans* or *ghransa* (sun-glow, light). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 113.

270. *Nighean* (daughter; anc. *ingen*) = Gaulish *aulegena* (cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 119), of which *ande-* = Old Gael. *ind-* (= *in-*) = Lat. *in-*, and *gena* is from the root *gen*. Cf. Vol. I. p. 246, and Z. G. C., p. 877.

271. *Minig* and *many*.

Minig (frequent; anc. *meiuc*) = W. *myrych* and is cognate with Goth. *manags* (much), Dut. *menig* (many), Dan. *mange* (many), A.S. *manig* (many), Eng. *many*. Cf. Old Gael. *meince* (abundance), Goth. *managei* (multitude), and Ger. *menge* (multitude). See Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 116, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

272. *Lann*, *iodhlann*, and *land*.

Lann (land, enclosure; anc. *land*) = W. *llan* (area, yard, church) and is cognate with Goth. *land* (land, country), Ger. *land* (land, ground, country), A.S. *land* and *lond* (ground,

field), Eng. *land*. *Loimn* is now used instead of *lann* in the nominative. *Iodhlann* (corn-yard; = W. *ydlau*) is from *iodh* (corn; anc. *ith* = W. *yl*) and *lann*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

273. *Sicir* (wise, steady, not easily imposed on, sagacious) = W. *siccr* (sure, steady, certain, safe) and may be compared with Dan. *sikker* (secure, sure, safe), Ger. *sicher* (secure, safe, certain, sure), Scot. *sicker*.

274. *Side* (silk) corresponds to Dut. *zijde* (silk). Cf. W. *sidan* (silk).

275. *Struth* and *ostrich*.

Struth (ostrich) = Lat. *struthio* (ostrich), Gr. *struthiōn* (ostrich). *Ostrich* is from Old Fr. *ostruche*, Span. *avestruz*, from Lat. *aves* (bird) and *struthio*.

276. *Strith* and *strife*.

Strith (strife, contest) may be compared with Old Ice. *stridha* (to quarrel, to strive), *stridh* (contest, war), Ger. *streben* (to strive) Bret. *strif*, *striv* (quarrel), *striva* (to quarrel), Old Fr. *estrijf* (strife), Eng. *strife*, *strive*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary of Eng. Etymology.

277. *Sràid* and *street*.

Sràid (street; pronounced also *stràid*) = Lat. *strata* (street, i.e. *via strata*, paved way) from *sterno* (to spread, to strew; to level, to make a path). From *strata* are also derived Ital. *strada*, Ger. *strasse*, Dut. *straete*, Eng. *street*. The W. is *ystryd*.

278. *Sreang* and *string*.

Sreang (string; pronounced also *streang*) corresponds to Dan. *streng* (string), Old Ice. *strengr*, Dut. *streng*, Ger. *srang*, A.S. *streng*, Eng. *string*. Cf. Ital. *stringa* (a lace, tie), Lat. *stringo* (to draw tight, to tie tight), Gr. *straggō* (to draw tight). To the same root belong A.S. *strang* and Eng. *strong* (lit. drawn tight,

firm). Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 342.

279. *Brunaire* (a noisy fellow, boaster) may be compared with Dan. *bram* (boasting), *bramme* (to boast, brag, vaunt).

280. *Ola* and *oil*.

Ola (oil) and *ùillidh* (oil) = W. *olew* and may be compared with Dan. *olie* (oil), Lat. *oleum* (olive-oil), Gr. *elaion* (olive-oil), *elaiu* (olive-tree), Goth. *alev* (oil). Old H. Ger. *öl*, Eng. *oil*.

281. *Olla*, *olann*, and *wool*, *flannel*.

Olla (woollen) may be compared with Old Ice. *ull* (wool), Dan. *uld* (wool), Goth. *vulla* (wool), Russ. *volna* (wool), Old H. Ger. *wollu* (wool), Ger. *wolle*, A.S. *wull*, Eng. *wool*. These words are connected with Gr. *oîlos* (woolly) for *Foîlos* and Sansk. *ârnâ* (wool) from root *var* (to cover). Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 61 and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch. *Olann* (wool), which Bopp refers to Sansk. *ârnâ*, corresponds to W. *gwlan* (wool) from which *gwlanen* (flannel) is derived. *Flannel*, formerly *flunnen*, is from *gwlanen*. *Gw = f*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary.

282. *Fearsaid* (a spindle or whirl; anc. *fersaid*) corresponds to W. *gwerthyd* (spindle), Corn. *garthit* (a spindle), Bret. *gwerzid* (a spindle). It is connected with Lat. *verto* (to turn), *versatilis* (that turns round or may be turned round). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 80.

283. *Dilleachdan*.

Dilleachdan (an orphan) is from anc. *dilechtu* (lit. bereaved), which Stokes regards as the pret. part. pass. of a verb *dileicim = di* (prefix) and *leicim (= linquo)*, now *leig*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 161.

284. *Fion* and *wine*.

Fion (wine; anc. *fîn*) = W. *gwin* and is cognate with Gr. *ôinos* (wine) for *Foinos*, Lat. *vinum*, Ice. *vin*, Ger. *wein*, A.S. *win*, Eng. *wine*.

285. *Fear* (man; anc. *fer = viras*) = W. *gwr* and is cognate with Lat. *vir* (man), Goth. *vair* (man), Sansk. *vara* (excellent). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 72.

286. *Rìgh* and *rich*, *riches*.

Rìgh (king; anc. *rìg*) = Lat. *rex* (king) = *regs* from *rego* (to direct in a straight line, to govern, to guide), Goth. *reiks* (ruler), Old H. Ger. *rîhhi* and *rîchi* (rich), New H. Ger. *reich* (to reign; also rich), Dan. *rig* (rich), A.S. *ric* (powerful, rich) and *rice* (power, dominion), Eng. *rich* and *riches*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 114.

287. *Reachd* and *right*.

Reachd (law, statute; anc. *rect* and *recht*) = Lat. *rectus* (right, straight), from *rego* (to direct; cf. *rìgh* above), Goth. *vaihts* (right, straight), A.S. *reht* (right, law), Eng. *right*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 114, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

288. *Mèay* or *meòg* (whey; in Mid. Gael. *meudhy*) = W. *maidd* (whey) and may be compared with Old Fr. *mègue*, Ger. *matte*, plur. *mutton* (curds). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 96.

289. *Uircean* (a little pig; cf. *oircean* in O'Reilly) is diminutive of *orc* (a pig) = Lat. *porcus* (a hog, a pig), Gr. *porkos* (a pig). Initial *p*, as previously noticed, is frequently lost in Gaelic. Cf. the double diminutive *oivenîn* in Stokes' Gloss., p. 77.

290. *Isean* (a young bird) = Ir. *esíne* (fledgling). *Esíne*, which has dropped initial *p*, is for *pesíne* = *petíne* from the root *pat*, the same from which are derived *eun* (= *etu*) and *ite*. See vol. ii. p. 56, and Stokes' Goid., p. 16. *S* of *isean* arises from *t*. Cf. *treus* and Lat. *tertius* for *trelius*.

291. *Gràs* (grace) = Lat. *gratius* (grace, favour), Eng. *grace*. Cf. W. *gras*.

(To be continued.)

ARGYLL AND BUTE CELEBRITIES.

Professor Fraser, of Edinburgh, in addressing the Argyll Association, adverted to the recent death of Lord Colonsay, an honour to the county, and to the present Duke of Argyll, than whom no name in the long annals of his illustrious house will stand higher in history. "Lord Macaulay," said the Professor, "may be claimed by Argyllshire, as the grandson of one of our ministers, while his grandmother was born at Inveresragan, in my native parish of Ardchattan. The greatest Scotch mathematician of the last century was Colin Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, the friend, correspondent, and expositor of Sir Isaac Newton, was born in Cowal, in the Manse of Glendaruel, and his brother too was one of the most famous of Scotch divines. Turn from Cowal to Bute. In the pleasant parish of Rothesay the Rev. Dugald Stewart lived and laboured as parish minister during all the former half of last century. His son was Matthew Stewart, the successor of Maclaurin in our Chair of Mathematics. Matthew Stewart was the father of Dugald Stewart, the most eloquent moralist and philosopher of modern times. Then, we all remember that the solitudes of Mull and the shores of the Sound of Jura fed the poetical spirit of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and that in Thomas Campbell we have another son of Argyllshire. David Livingstone sheds lustre on the Island of Ulva. Nor can Argyllshire forget her connection with the noble-hearted Norman Macleod. But I must not enlarge on these themes. Yet I cannot sit down without fixing my eye for a moment on a narrower region—that part of Argyll and the

Isles that is associated with all my own earliest recollections of 'life's morning march, when our bosoms are young'—the Land of Lorn, and the adjacent Mull and Morven, with the intersecting seas—and then eastward, around Ben Cruachan, up the Pass of Glen Etive, into the loneliest region in all the Highlands, where Glen Etive stretches into Glencoe—or eastward up the Pass of Awe to Glenstrae and old Kilchurn, and the romantic braes of Glenorchy. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Lorn seems a pleasant region when I look back into it as it was in the days when George the Fourth was king, when railways were unknown, when steamers with cargoes of Lowlanders were only beginning to break the seclusion, when the old families lived in the old ancestral halls, and the traditions of the '45 were still fresh among the cottages in the winter evenings. Much of this is now changed. Nothing can bring back to me 'the hour of splendour in the grass and glory in the flower,' and strength is now to be found 'in the faith that looks through Death, in the years that bring the philosophic mind.' The vision remains as one looks back through more than 30 troubled years, but now I visit the sublime country of Lorn unknowing and unknown. Yet the end may be better than the beginning. That great modern instrument of social change, the railroad, is on its predestined course to Oban, and a new world is rising in the surrounding country out of the ruins of the old. May the railroad carry into the mountain solitudes of Argyllshire influences which shall rouse the dormant energies of the people; and, in return for this, may the thousands thus carried from the crowded cities of the the South be made better and nobler as human

beings by free converse with Nature in these sublime solitudes! Argyll and the Isles may thus invigorate and elevate the too utilitarian civilisation of the South, in the high pressure of a commercial and uncontentplative age. Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world, Oban may, in this and other ways, become the instructress of the Southern regions, as Iona, in a different fashion, was thirteen centuries ago.

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THE GAEL IN THE FAR WEST.

A lecture on this subject was recently delivered by the Rev. Dr. Masson, of Edinburgh, in Inverness. Referring to the Scotch settlers in America, the doctor stated that Perthshire, and more especially Breadalbane, as well as Badenoch and Strathspey, where chiefly represented near the end of last century in the state of New York, and there were still descendants of emigrants from Scotland on the banks of the Delamere, Mohawk, and Connecticut rivers. The people of Inverness settled chiefly in Georgia, and the people of Skye and the Long Island, and the opposite coast of Ross and Sutherland, betook themselves to North Carolina, and it was in this part of the new world that Flora Macdonald had lived with her kinsmen. Until recently in many parts of the districts named, Gaelic was preached to the Gaelic speaking population. He (the lecturer) had travelled among his kinsmen 6000 miles on Canadian soil, and related some very interesting anecdotes about what he saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears. In the eight months he was in Canada he had heard more Gaelic, and met more Gaelic men, than in the previous twenty years at home. Their mother language was spoken fluently in Cape Breton, New Brun-

wick Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, in some parts of the backwoods, and other places too numerous to mention, and in some of these districts he preached in Gaelic to congregations often exceeding 400, and sometimes exceeding 1000. He then referred to the names of places, observing that even names in many parts of the Far West were redolent of the heather—a land where, alas! the tenderest care has never yet been able to make the heather grow. They had their Fingal, Glencoe, Glengarry, Inverness, Tobermory, St. Kilda, Iona, Lochiel, Lochaber, &c. The speaker then described the country lying round about Lake Ontario, where he first came into contact with the Gael after arriving in Canada. He also graphically described Port-Elgin, where he met a large number of Gaels, and where he held Gaelic services. He related a number of anecdotes illustrative of the manners and customs of the people, and their mode of worship. He also drew a vivid contrast between the freedom and happiness of the settlers in the Canadian settlements with the hard-working and in many cases poverty-stricken families still in the Highlands. Speaking of the great towns, cities, and settlements of the new world, the lecturer observed that on the back of the railway guide-books, and on the green covers of the GAEL, there was a standing advertisement which said—"When you are in the Highlands visit M'Dougall's!" and he would say, "When you are at Canada visit Glengarry." It was here that the Canadian Gael might be seen at his best advantage. This was the oldest, largest, and most purely Celtic of all the Highland colonies in the great province of Ontario. With respect to the maritime provinces, he stated that the

Gael in these districts were happy, and lacking for nothing, leading a sort of primitive Arcadian life, which, in many respects, was very beautiful; and if he had gained something in comfort, intelligence, and independence, he had surely lost nothing of the devoutness and keen religious sensibility which he carried with him from Skye and Barra, and the lone straths of Sutherland. Referring to the connection which existed between the Gael of the new and old world, and of the power of example, Dr. Masson stated that when he was in Chicago he saw a book of the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," and that book led to the formation of a similar Society in that city. It was Mr. Mackay, brother to the ex-secretary of the society he was now addressing, that showed him the book, and in Mr. Mackay he found a good and true Gael. Indeed, everywhere he met with kind, hospitable Gaels, anxious to hear something of their mother country, and their friends on this side of the Atlantic.—*Oban Times*.

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GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

The question whether Gaelic should be taught in the Highland schools, which has lately been discussed in Stornoway, is one of considerable importance, and demands the serious attention of School Boards. The Gaelic is no doubt giving way very rapidly before the English, and it is almost certain ere long to disappear altogether. Not being the language of the literature, law, and commerce of the country, the young Celts are laid under the necessity of mastering English if they are to improve their social circumstances; and now that the facilities of communication have brought

Highlands and Lowlands into closer proximity, this necessity is year by year more widely felt. But there is still a larger Highland population almost entirely ignorant of English. In the outer Hebrides, from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head, the vast majority of the people know only Gaelic, and most of the children of course know no other tongue. Hitherto in several of the schools these children have been taught to read English without understanding it, and without any serious effort being made to make them understand it. So far, therefore, as any real knowledge of the English tongue was concerned, they might as well have been taught to read Latin or Greek. Now that we have School Boards in every parish armed with powers of compelling attendance, it becomes a matter for grave consideration whether this kind of tuition is that which should be exclusively given. The better plan seems to be to instruct the Gaelic speaking children in their own tongue; for, unless they afterwards learn to speak English, it is only in this way that they can derive any real benefit from their education. The native Gaelic literature is not very extensive, but it has been enriched with numerous translations, which afford a valuable, if not a very varied means of religious and moral culture; and it is therefore desirable that children who know only Gaelic should be taught to read such books. We do not mean, however, that tuition in English in their case should be suspended, but only that the tuition of Gaelic should not be abandoned.—*Daily Mail*.

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Without a considerable knowledge of Gaelic no person can make any proficiency whatever in philology.—*Dr Murray*.

OBAN AND LORN SOIREE.

Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh University, presided at the annual festival of the Glasgow natives of Oban and Lorn, in the Crown Hall, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. He was supported on the platform by the Rev. Alex. Brunton, Dr. D. C. Black, Dr. Macgillivray, Messrs. D. Cowan, Jas. Reid, Duncan Sharp, Peter Maclean, and D. MacArthur. There was a large attendance.

Professor BLACKIE said—I have to express my wonder and astonishment that the chairman of this or any other public meeting is called upon to make an address at all. I understood that the duty of the chairman was to sit upon the chair to prevent the other people from talking too much—[laughter]—and to see that things were done decently and in order, but not to pretend to do anything like oratory in his own person. [Laughter.] But since the will of the persons who dispense the tickets is despotic, and as I think the best way in this world is to do as you are bid, I shall say a few words, though I shall never make a speech—which is an abhorrence I never do perpetrate. [Laughter.] I am not an Oban man myself; I am merely a kind of exportation—little better than those hordes of Cockneys who come in the summer and fly off the next day. Somehow or other I took a fancy for Oban, and determined in a small sort of way to make a summer settlement there; and I really achieved the dignity of being an Argyllshire laird—being a proprietor, at least under the feudal law, of a property amounting to an acre and three-quarters. My property has, however, this miraculous virtue, that not being fenced round about without with those ugly exclusive things called stone walls, I am supposed by all who go past in Mr. Hutcheson's steamers to be the lord of all the hills round about. [Laughter.] It is to this circumstance, I have no doubt, that I owe the very high compliment paid to me. There is, however, this other circumstance, that though I am a very small laird I never cleared off any people from my estates. [Laughter.] As St. Paul says, though it is extremely foolish a man must sometimes boast; and I had an opportunity of clearing off a person from my estate, though it is only an acre and three-quarters. [Laughter.] But I said—"I prefer to have human beings near me, and for the paltry pride of making a corner look more rounded, I

will not clear off human beings and happy families—cheers—and if there be any laird with 100 or 100,000 acres who would clear off families, then I say I deserve much more than he does, to sit upon this chair. [Cheers.] So far as I could I have done my duty in that part of the world, and I am sure Dr. Macgillivray will say that so far as subscribing to kirks, and delivering all sorts of lectures go, I am as good as the best man there. I shall do you the compliment to suppose that you have good substantial reasons for placing me here. [Laughter.] When I am in the Highlands I feel myself nobly infected by the atmosphere of the Highland. I sympathise with Highland traditions and Highland life; and I desire for the time being to be a Celt to the very backbone. I cannot comprehend how any person living in the Highlands can have any other feelings. I cannot understand how a man could buy a Highland estate, with Highland bens and glens—associated with the most chivalrous songs and the most heroic traditions up to the present day—and think of nothing but grouse and game. [Applause.] I say that the laird is not a man at all who does not think of the people as the first, the second, and the third thing, and the deer as only a minor consideration. I am sorry I have found people in the Highlands, and I have found a great many people in Glasgow, in Dumbarton, in Paisley, and everywhere about, who think the best way to deal with the Highlanders is to extirpate them off the face of the globe; to civilise them out of their character; to make them a *tabula rasa* on which the Saxon may write himself, and nothing but himself, as if God's gifts and graces had been given to the Teutonic race, and to them alone. [Cheers.] I have always protested against that as a narrow-minded, despotic, and tyrannical way of viewing things. . . . Let things die when they die, and must die, and it is perfectly true that Gaelic and Welsh must die; but while they live let us treat them with respect. [Cheers.] Don't let us kick the old grandmother out of the way because she is no longer able to make money. Does she not contain all the traditions of the family, and tell the old stories that stir up the mind of young people to become heroes in their day? [Cheers.] You don't esteem yourselves enough; you are ashamed of your language. After again expressing the pleasure he experienced in visiting the Highlands, Professor Blackie concluded

by reading the following original poem to the company :—

MY HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Some there be that love to roam
In the whistling railway far from home,
East and west beneath the sky—
Far as the travelling bird can fly;
But give me, free from carking care,
The open moor and the mountain air,
The amber stream and the sounding sea,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some seek release from reeky toils
In classic Hella's sunny isles,
Where pillar'd shrines all spotless rise
Beneath the blue, untainted skies;
But give to me the shifting play
Of gleam and gloom on the purple brae,
The silver loch and the shimmering sea,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some there be that love to stare
At saints and virgins painted fair,
Where St Peter's Viceroy reigns
O'er slaves that curse their sacred chains;
But give to me the powers that sway
O'er dark blue tarn and shining bay,
And white clouds sailing silently,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some there be who rinse their veins
With German wells to clear their brains,
And feed their fancy with the revels
Of Brocken hags and Rhenish devils;
But give to me where eagles hover,
Or sea-mew floats, or screaming plover,
To croon my song and wander free.
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some there be that love to clime
Helvetia's frosted peaks sublime,
Then reel to ground, precipitous borne
From Jungfrau, or from Matterhorn;
But give to me! Bens robed not in snow,
But with the bright purpleal glow
Of heather flushing far and free,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some seek beyond the Atlantic tide
For prophet, oracle, and guide,
Where, far from foes, and safe from fears,
Her insolent front young Freedom rears;
But give me friends, a kindly few,
To Queen, and clan, and country true,
With loyal hearts from faction free,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Let them range and let them roam
East and west away from home,
Where the dewless desert glows,
Where the pole is stiff with snows ;
I remain and I will stand
In the green and rocky land
Of foaming flood and fragrant tree,
While ben and glen are free to me
In my breezy home in the Highlandr !

Several other addresses followed, among the speakers being Rev. Alex. Brunton, formerly minister of the U.P. Church, Oban, and Dr. Black.



NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

KILMORACK.—We understand that the Rev. Peter Robertson, of the Gaelic Church, Inverness, has accepted the call and presentation to the church and parish of Kilmorack, vacant by the death of the late Rev. Mr Cameron. Mr Robertson has been known in Inverness as an earnest labourer among the poor, and his removal is much regretted.

GREENOCK—HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—At the February meeting of this energetic society, the Rev. Robert Blair, M.A., of St Columba, Glasgow, delivered a most interesting and eloquent lecture on "Gaelic Poetry," maintaining in the course of the address (delivered in Gaelic), that it had been demonstrated beyond a doubt that Macpherson's "Ossian," about which there had been such a prolonged controversy, was as genuine as Homer, and as full of genius. The Secretary reported that since last meeting the Marquis of Lorne had contributed £10 to the funds of the society, as a subscription towards bursaries for Gaelic students at any Scottish University.

INVERARY AND LOCHFYNESIDE SOIREE.—The eighth annual re-union of the natives of Inverary and Lochfyneside resident in Glasgow, was held in the Albert Hall, Bath Street, last month. There was a large attendance. Duncan Smith, Esq., of Charles Tennant & Co., occupied the chair. After tea, the chairman delivered a brief and interesting address, which was well received by the audience. The Rev. Gilbert Meikle and Rev. D. C. Mactaggart also delivered addresses, which were much appreciated. The vocalists were Miss Fletcher, Mr Jas. Houston, Mr. J. Wood, and glee party, all of whom acquitted themselves creditably, and whose efforts were much

applauded. Messrs A. and D. Macarthur played several tunes on the bagpipes. Mr Hugh Craig, of the Alexandra Palace, London, danced the Highland Fling and Sword Dance to perfection.

BLAIR ATHOLE—COMPETITION IN GAELIC.—The subject of instruction in Gaelic has occupied much attention of late. A good step has been taken in this place, and being under the auspices of the Duke of Athole, we may assume that the example will be followed by many who might not stoop to imitate a lesser man. A number of young persons from different parts of the Athole estates, recently met in the school-room here to compete for prizes for Gaelic given by the Duke of Athole. The examination was conducted by the Rev. Messrs Macleod, of Blair-Athole, and Fraser of Logierait, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess, who, from their practical knowledge of this ancient language, were much interested in the result. After being tested in reading, writing to dictation, and the translation of a short English story, Duncan M'Gregor, Edington, and Margaret M'Donald, Baluaire, were found entitled to the prizes. His Grace, in announcing the decision of the examiners, exhorted all present to persevere in their endeavours to acquire a knowledge of the Gaelic, and do all in their power to prevent it from falling into disuse. It might not, perhaps, be so necessary in the business of their future lives as English; but it could be easily carried about, and would not fail at some time or other to be of service to them. He who could speak two languages was certainly more accomplished than he who had a knowledge of one only. His Grace also stated his intention of giving a present to each of the unsuccessful candidates. It is a grievance in Highland districts that the Scottish code gives no encouragement to teachers who are both able and willing to teach Gaelic as a special subject, while payment is offered for instruction in Latin and French, which in very few instances can ever be turned to any practical account. It is deserving of being recorded here, that the Duke, who figures so creditably in the above proceedings, may be seen almost any day figuring in the garb of his own land and race; and that few figures are more elegant than that which he and his fair Duchess cut amid the thousand natural beauties which combine to make his seat one of the most lovely in Scotland.

EDINBURGH.—The sixty-third annual

meeting of the society for the support of Gaelic schools in the Highland and islands of Scotland was held on Monday afternoon in the Royal Hotel—Mr. John Cowan of Beeslack occupied the chair. The Chairman said the society was now sixty-three years old, and it had achieved work in the remote Highlands and islands for which the country ought to be sincerely thankful. The Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan read the annual report. He made feeling reference to the death by drowning of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, to whose family the Gaelic schools were under deep obligation. The report went on to discuss the question whether, now that the Education Act was in operation, it was necessary to carry on the society. The directors had obtained the opinion of clergymen of different parts of the Highlands, and from these they came to the conclusion that, even where universally spoken, the reading of Gaelic was not likely to be taught, or taught with efficiency, in the national schools, as it was not to be taken into account in the Government examinations. Mr. Thomas Martin submitted the financial statement, which showed that the ordinary income had been £1017, and the payments to teachers £1060, being a deficit on the year of £43. Adding a deficit of £106 from last year, the total deficit was thus £149. They had also to pay at Whitsunday next, teachers' salaries to the amount of £412, so that, for the receipt side of the account, to equal the payment, they would require £561. The superannuation fund showed a surplus of £11. The adoption of the report was moved by the Rev. J. C. Macphail, seconded by Councillor Maclaren, and approved. Resolutions commending the society to the public, appointing office-bearers, &c., were moved and seconded by the following gentlemen:—Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, Mr. Alex. Scott, Beanston; Rev. Alex. Mackenzie, Mr. Wm. Dickson, Rev. W. Ross, Rothesay; Mr. Donald Beith, W.S. Rev. Mr. Macphail thought the society ought to make a strong recommendation to the Education Department to have the teaching of Gaelic recognised in the national schools in the Highlands.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—“Sean Dana,” with Translation, by C. S. Jerram, M.A.—“The Philologic Uses of the Celtic Tongue,” by Professor Geddes, Aberdeen.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1874. [26 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.
SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

II.

Bha Morair Eidirdeil, a nis air a chur thuige gu goirt. Thug e a ghealladh d' a fhine, air 'fhocal agus air 'onoir. Choinh lion iad-san am pairt fein de 'n chordadh a rinneadh eatorra, agus mar sin cha b' urrainn esan air 'onoir claonadh o a phairt fein a choinh lionadh mar an ceudna. Dh' ullaich e dinneir ghreadhnach, chosdail, a thug barrachd air gach fleadhachas a chunnacas riamh an taobh a stigh de thallachan Chais-teil Gharnaid, agus a dh-ionn-saidh an do chuir e na maithean a chaidh ainmeachadh cheana. Shuidha' bhan-mhoraire aig ceann a' bhuird, le deise shioda de bhreacan Chlann-Choinnich, agus i a' dearsadh le usgraichean òir agus le seudan ro luachmhor. Cha 'n fhac iad riamh i a' seall-tuinn cho aillidh, cho aobheil no cho ionghradhach; agus an uair a dh' eirich i o 'n bhord agus a dh' fhag i iad leotha fein, cha robh suil thioram anns an talla; cha b' urrainn a h-aon dhiubh smid a labhairt ri aon eile; shuidh iad gu tosdach sambach ag amharc ann an aodannaibh a cheile.

An uair a chunnaic Eidirdeil an

deargadh druigheach a rinn lath-aireachd agus giulan caoin, flath-ail Silis air faireachduinnean nan aoidhean gu leir, ghlac e misneach gu tuilleadh dalach 'asluchadh orra. Chuir e f' an combair gu 'm b' fhearr leis gu mor a bheatha fein a chur 'n an eumbachd na deal-achadh rithese a b' i annsachd a chridhe; gu 'n robh a bheatha gu buileach ceangailte suas innte, agus mar sin nach b' urrainn e air chor sam bith aontachadh ri lamh a chur 'n a beatha; agus a thaobh litir-dhealachaidh a thoirt dhi, no a fogar o' bhroilleach, ni a bhiodh dh' ise ni 'bu chruaidhe na am bas fein, nach robh e 'n a chomas a dheanamh air bonn laghail no onorach; gu 'n robh a leithid do bhuaidh aice air a chridhe agus air 'aignidhean is gu 'n robh e lan chinnteach na 'n deanta ciurram no ainneart oirre gu 'n diobradh a chiall agus a thabhachd e, agus nach treoraicheadh e gu brath tuilleadh a chinneadh gu iomairt nan lann ann an aobhar an duth-cha; agus labhair e mar an ceudna gu faireachail mu an dian ghradh leis an robh a cridhe uasal neo-chiontach ceangailte, cha b' ann a mhain ris fein ach ris an iomlan de 'n fhine.

Bha nis gach aon de na h-uais-lean a' caoineadh agus a' suathadh

nan dorn; cha d' thug iad focal freagairt do 'n Mhoraire; agus aig deireadh na cuirme, thog iad orra; dhealaich iad ri an ceann-feadhna mar a choinnich iad, ann an an-dochas neo-umhaileach, gun chuing no cumha a leagail air, mar a runaich iad m' an d' thainig iad a dh-ionnsaidh na cuirme; ach air dhoibh a bhi cheana air an gairm gu eirigh a chogadh ri naimhdean an Rìgh, thainig iad gu codhunadh gur h-e a bu ghlice dhoibh gach ni a sheachnadh a dh' fhaodadh troimhe-cheile no easaonachd a dhusgadh am measg an fhine aig an am ud, ach a' cur rompa an ni a chuir iad ri 'n suil a thoirt gu buil 'n uair a thigeadh am a bu fhreagarraiche.

Cha b' fhada 'n a dheigh so gus an robh Eidirdeil, le buaireas iomaguineach inntinn air a leagadh sios le fiabhrus a chuir a bheatha ann an gear chunnart, agus a chuir am fine uile fo eagal agus fo churam d' a thaobh. Cha robh guth a nis air cur as do 'n bhan-mhoraire, oir na'm basaicheadh am Moraire, bha fios aca, am fad's a bu bheo ise as a dheigh, nach b' urrainn Nagaar, ged a b' e a b' fhaisge ann an daimh do 'n cheannfheadhna, seilbh a ghlacadh air an oighreachd, no am fine fhaotainn fo 'smachd agus fo 'ughdarras. Bha Eidirdeil uine fhada, an deigh dha dol am feothas o 'n fhiabhras, mu 'n robh e air a lan aiseag gu neart agus deadh shlainte; agus re na h-uine ud, nochd am fine, eadar mhaithlean agus iochdarain, a leithid de chaoimhneas agus de dhilseachd dha fein agus d' a cheile a's gu 'n robh e nis ann an dochas gu 'n robh a leithid do bhuidh aig

aillidheachd, cliu, agus ard-bheus-an Silis air an cridheachan, a's nach cuireadh iad gu brath tuille dragh no tuairgneadh air as a leth—sliochd a bhi aice no uaipe. Thug an dochas ud a leithid do shonas agus de sholas dha, a's gu 'n robh e 'n a mheadhon air a shlainte 'aiseag air ais dha, ged nach robh car greis, a bheag a dhuil gu 'n tigeadh e idir uaithe; agus an taobh a stigh de chuig miosan, bha e cho slan fhallain's a bha e riamh.

Ach thainig gasaidean eagalach o 'n taobh deas, agus bha Eidirdeil a rithis air a ghairm gu marsadh gun dail air ceann gach mac mathar de 'n fhine d' am b' urrainn lann a ghiulan a chuideachadh *Mhontrois*, air dha bhi ann an cruaidh-chas cunnartach, air a chuirteachadh le naimhdean, roimhe agus 'n a dheigh. Bha Eidirdeil agus a dhaoine cho ullamh a's a b' abhaist; ach cha b' urrainne aig an am, airm a sholar ach airson trì cheud fear, coma co dhiu, mhàrs e leis an aircamh ud fo dhubhar na h-oidheche. Air an t-slighe, mu bhristeadh na faire thainig e tarsuing air na *Rothaich* agus air na *Forbesich*; thug e deannal sgaiteach dhoibh anns an dol seachad, agus rainig e campa *Mhontrois* ann an deadh am gu a phairt fein a ghiulan de bhlar fuilteach *Dhon*, a chuireadh air an dara latha de *July* anns a' bhliadhna 1645, agus anns an d' rinn e fein agus a dhaoine casgairt sgriosail air sgiath chli feachd na Parlamaid—agus an deigh dha an ruaig a chur orra gu dian agus gu dannara, thill a dhaoine dhachaidh d' an glinn fein luchdaichte le creich, gun duine dhiu a chall

ach dithis leointe, a dh'fhag iad 'n an deigh; ach air do'n fheadh rioghail a' Ghaidhealtachd fhagail, thoisich arseann chairdean, maith-ean a' chinnidh air ceannaire agus ar-a-mach a dhusgadh aon uair eile gu h-uaigneach, an aghaidh a' chinn-fheadhna, agus ni bu deine na a rinn iad riamh. Chunnaic iad a nis gu soilleir meud a' chumhachd agus na h-onoir a bhuineadh do cheann-feadhna flathail, prionmhathaireil d'am biodh dian ghradh agus urram aig a chuid iochdaran; agus as eugais a leithid sud de Cheann-feadhna, nach b'fhada gus am biodh Clann-Choinnich air an ditheachadh, no air a, char a b' fhearr, gu'n tuiteadh iad o'n t-seasamh thoisichail, ainmeil a bha aca riamh am measg fhineachan na Gaidhealtachd mu thuath. Dh'fheumta rud eigin a dheanamh—rud sam bith, maith no ole, a thiorcadh iad o chumhachd Nagair, a bhiodh a reir an beachd, 'n a thamailt dhoibh mar fhine, agus 'n a isleachadh tubais-teach o'n chliu agus o'n ainm fhiughail a bhuineadh riamh dhoibh. Bha fiosaichean, buidsichean agus taibhsearan air am fasdadh gu bhi a' faighinn a mach ciod a bha ri tachairt. Bha tais-beanaidhean nam fiosaichean air an cumail 'n an diomhaireachd, agus binn eagalach air a toirt a mach air Silis.

Chaidh na maith-ean aon uair eile le teachdaireachd a dh-ionnsaidh a' Chinn-fheadhna, ach aig an am so, cha b'ann a dh-iarraidh air dealachadh ri annsachd a chridhe, ach a chomhairleachadh dha uidheamachadh a dheanamh airson turus-cràbhaidh soluimte

gu uaigh an Naoimh *Bothain*, air latha Nollaig; oir gu 'n d'fhoghlaim iad o chaochladh fhiosaichean agus thaibhsearan as an robh iad earbsach, mar thoradh air an turus, agus a reir nadur agus luach na h-ofrail a leagta leis a' bhan-mhòraire air naomh-chobhan *Bhothain*, nach b'fhada gus am beirte leatha oighre air teaghlach aosda Ghlinn-Garnaid agus Eidirdeil; agus gu 'n d' thugadh dearbh chinnt dhoibh, nach tuiteadh am fine gu brath fo chumhachd no fo riaghladh teaghlach mallaichte Nagair.

Bha Mòraire Eidirdeil a nis air a lionadh le gairdeachas dòchasach agus le taingealachd. Shaoil e gu 'n robh gach cunnart agus buaireas leis an robh e air a sharuchadh re ioma latha, a nis air tighinn gu crìch. Chur e litrichean-cuiridh a dh-ionnsaidh an iomlain de mhaithean a chinnidh, iad fein agus am mnathan a thighinn gu part a ghabhail anns an turus-chràbhaidh ud gu uaigh Naomh Bothain, oir bha e 'cur roimhe gu 'm biodh an turus ud air a chomharrachadh le greadhnachas morehuiseach. Ach thainig an Nollaig le stoirm cho gaillionnach, a's gur gann a b'urrainn do neach sam bith sealltuinn a mach thar doruis; bha a' ghaillionn uamhasach. Ged tha an geamhradh mar is trice gle iargalta anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, thug an geamhradh ud barrachd orra uile. Bha an sneachd anabarrach trom, agus air an fheasgar roimh latha Nollaig, thainig aiteamh le garbh-fhrasachd agus le gaoith dhoinionnaich nach bu chuimhne leis an fheadhain bu shine a bha's an duthaich, a

leithid 'fhaicinn. Bha an duth-aich uile 'n a h-eabar sluaistreach le sneachd leth-leaghta; uillt chaoireach a' taomadh gach leath-ad; air chor agus nach meastadh neach air bith a bhì 'n a chiall, a smaointicheadh air dol a mach a dorus air maduinn na Nollaig, oir bha gach abhuinn agus allt thar am bruachan, agus mar sinn cha d' thainig de na maithlean a bha air an cuireadh gu Caisteal Gharnaidach ceathrar, gun bhean gun nighean combhla riu, oir b' ann air chunnart am beatha a thainig iad fein. Chuir na maithlean ud rompa, nach faodteadh air chor sam bith dàil no dearmad a dheanamh air a' ghnothuch chudthromach airson an d' thainig iad, eiod air bith cunnart no saruchadh a thigeadh 'n a lorg; oir chaidh 'innseadh dhoibh na 'n cumadh eagal roi fhuachd agus roi fhliuchadh air an ais iad air an latha ud, nach tigeadh latha eile gu deireadh an t-saoghail anns am biodh an turus-crabbaidh air a chrunadh le buaidh, no le beannachd Naoimh Bhotain Bha earrann de 'n rathad gle chunnartach, ach cha robh an t-astar ro fhada; chaidh Silis 'n a h-uidheam gu toileach, sunndach air a comhdach cho math 's a dh' fhaodadh i, agus a mach ghabh iad air an turus. Anns a' cheud dol a mach, bha aca ri dol thairis air an drochaid-mhaide. B' e sud an sealladh eagalach; cha 'n fhacas riamb roimhe a leithid an Albuinn. Bha an abhuinn a' ruith 'n a caoirean mulanach, nuallanach, agus a' leum thar nan stallachan le toirm uamhasaich leis an robh iad ach beag air am bodhradh; bha an tuil 'n a

stioman cobhragach a' ruith fo 'n drochaid le a leithid de luathas a's nach b' urrainn neach a shuil a chumail oirre car mionaid gun dol 's an tuainealaich, agus an drochaid i fein, laidir mar bha i, air chrith mar shlataig chaoil. Chrìothnaich Silis, threig a misneach i, agus tharruing i air a h-ais o 'n t-sealladh uamhasach; ach 'n uair thug i fainear an dannarrachd a bha gu soilleir ri fhaicinn ann an gnuis gach aon de chach, chuir i roimhe gu 'n leanadh i iad; dhuin i a suilean agus ghreimich i gu teann ri gairdean a fir, agus gabh iad an toiseach. Lean Carnach agus mac a bhrathar, Bar-a-mhuilinn, air an sail, agus Achadh-na-sion agus Monar air dheireadh. Air meadhon na drochaid, ghlac Carnach agus Bar-a-mhuilinn Silis, agus ann am priobadh na sul' thilg iad bharr na drochaid i. Bha an gnìomh air a dheanamh cho grad 's nach robh uine aice air sgall no sgread a thoirt aisde, no eadhon a suilean 'fhosgladh; ann an tiota chaidh i as an t-sealladh; bha an sruth cho laidir a's gu 'n do ghiulain e air 'uachdar i cho aotrom ri iteig. Thuit i air a druim 'n a leth shuidhe, cha deachaidh i oirleach fodha, dh' fhalbh i air uchd na tuil mar shaigh-ead o 'n t-sreing, agus ann an uine ro ghoirid chaidh i as an sealladh.

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

— o —

COMHAIRLEAN

MHIC-CAILEIN D' A MHAC.*

MU'N TUATH'S MU'N OIGHREACHD.

A MHC,—Bidh e duilich dhuit tighin air ceart nan nithean so a thaobh gach cuimrig a bhios 's an rathad ort ri linn dhuit tighin a stigh air an oighreachd. Gun

* The Marquis of Argyll's Instructions to his Son. London, 1689.

ghuth thoirt air na shluigeas an Crùn d' i, is ioma fear-fuadain a th' ann gu tagartas a dheanamh oirre, agus sin an ainm na còrach. Cha 'n fhuilear dhut, ma ta, d' uile-dhì-cheall a dheanamh, agus a bhi air do ro-fhaicill, 's na tha de naimhdean mu 'n cuairt dut.

Is e d' fhearann-sinnsireachd gun teagamh is dualaiche leantuinn riut. H-uige so, ma ta, féumaidh tu an t-seann-tuath a chumail air an aon-laraich, agus an táladh gu caidreach riut le mùirn 's le caoimhneas. Le bhi bho chian an làraichean an seanairean fo dhìon Mhic-Cailein, tha iad a nise cho deòthasach umpa 's nach togair iad air chor sa bith gu d' dhìobairt, na 's lugha na thuigeas iad gu 'm beil thu air cìinntinn fuar riut, agus coma mu d' bhuannachd fhéin. Fhad 's is Mac-Cailein is ainm dhut, agus a sheasas an tuath air do chùl, bidh e ionann 's do dhèante dhut do chòir-dhligheach a chall. Tha 'n oighreachd cho farsainn agus bailtean dh' i cho leth-oireach 's gu 'm beil cuid dh' i nach aithne dhòmhsa mi fhéin, gun ruig a' s i bhi fo leagadh làmh na h-arfuntachd: is ioma dligheachas a fhuair mi, agus seirbhis-claidhin a rinneadh dhomh air son còrach nach deachaidh riabh an leabhar. Thaobh an fhearainn-cheannaich, tha farmad-cùirte nach deic mar a thà ris, air chor 's nach comhairlichim dhut moran strìth a dhèanamh mu dhéibhinn a tharrainn a' chòrra ort. Bidh màl na seann-oighreachd 'n a làn phailteas dhut. Cha robh riabh agam air mo thighiu-a-stigh bhàrr na h-oighreachd an Albainn, ach ionann 's mar dhìoladh-fhiach an éirig mo chostais. Cia dhìùbh ni e suas sin dutsa no 'n còrr, cha 'n ion dut bhi cìinntadh air.

Cha 'n àm na timeannan so gu seasamh a mach mar a b' àbhaist: is iomad arfuntachadh a rinneadh air uaislean na h-Alba; ach cha 'n

fhiosrach mi gu 'n cuala mi riabh gin is dòcha dha tachairt da na dhutsa. C' nime cheilinn ort e? mar a dh' innis mi roimhedhut, isculaidh fhuath a' s éud nach 'eil faoin sinn. Air an aobhar sin, féumaidh tu gach meadhon laghail a thàrras tu, a chur an gnìomh, gus do theasraiginn blo léir-sgrios. Féumaidh tu truas a dhùsgadh 'n ad aobhar—rud nach nach duilich dhut. Tàirnidh sin bàigh ort, agus gabhar spéis dhìot; agus bho spéis, thigear gu bun a' s earbsa chur annad—an rud is luaithe sa bith a ni do shocrachadh 'n ad sheilbh.

Ma gheobh thu mar so air a h-ais do chòir-dhligheach,—agus tha h-uile dòchas agam gu 'm faigh, cia dhìùbh, gheobh no nach fhaigh thu d' ainm a' s d' inbhe—cuimhnich nach dean thu dearmad air do thaingeachd a dhearbhalh do d' dhìlsean a bhui gu h-onorach riut; ach thoir an t-seal-airenach teid thu tuilleadh 's fada leis, fàgail a tha mar is trice fuaighte ri uaislean na h-Alba. Oir, bho 'n a ghearrar dhìot sgiathan do mhòrachd, cha teid agad air éirigh suas a dh-aon-ionnsaidh; agus an àite d' earbsa chur 'n ad chumhachd fhéin is ann a dh' fhémmas tu nise do bhun a chur an gaol 's an tairisneachd do chuid tuatha,—oir 's iadsan do chùltaice 's do chala-tiarnaidh.

Dean m' ainm-sa ghlanadh bho 'n droch-alla thogadh orm—a bhi 'n am uachdaran cruaidh-chridheach gun iochd; agus le feotlas do nàduir, fiach am faigh thu le cìùine làmh-an-uachdar air gach buaireas a' s aushoc-air a dh' fhaodas tiglin 'n ad rathad,—nì, 'n a uaireannan, a thug dùlan dómhsa an là a b' fhèarr a bha mi riabh.

Fhad 's a tha 'n ad chomas seach-ainn lagh a' s cònspaid—leò, nìtear do ghluothaichean uaigneach follaiseach. Gabh ealla ris gach calldach a' s éucoir nach dèanar suas dhut gun dol

a dh-iomairt lagha; agus bi strìochdte fo gachainneart nach gabh leasachadh dhut.

Air tùs cruinnich d'fhortan, 's gur sgapteach e, gu dluitheil ri chéile; agus le caitheamh - beatha stòlta, sìtheil, daingnich do ghréim air do sheilbh; air chor 's ma chuirear mu d' choinneamh do chòir-dhligheach a dhearbhadh, nach bi thu 'n cunnart, a thaobh an nì sin nach leat.

Suidhich d' fhearann air cho beag de làmhnan 's a dh' fhaodas tu. Na cuir air imrich tuathanaich a thug thu aonta dhaibh roimhe, no neach sa bith a bha fo d' rian air sheòl eile. Gu h-àraid na cuir air falbh seirbhisich do 'n aithne do gbnòthaichean a mharachadh; oir, a thuilleadh air e bhì 'n a shocair dhut, gleidhidh e dhut tiarainnteachd nach beag.

Mar nach b' àill leam lughdachadh a thighin air do mheas leis an dubhbhochdainn, amhuil sin cha bu mhat leam gu 'n deanadh ailisbheairtis béud ort; agus gus an seachnadh le chéile, féumaidh tu tighin suas air cuibheas—gun chrìne gun strògh, gun a bhì mar a bha *Diogenes* no mar a bha *Divus*. Mar is mò dh' fhidrichear mu staid na h-oghreachd, 's e 'n gliocas dut a' mbiad sin a cumail an ceilt,—rud is urrainn dut a deanamh gun chunnart 's gur h-anu 'n ad leisgeul fhéin a bhios tu.

Ach tha mi creidsinn gu 'm faod an oighreachd a bhì na 's tiarainnte fo bhìùthanas an aua chaidh seachad—is e barail feadhach gu 'n d' fhàg mise i air rian cuimseach, math—na bhios i le seòltachd do ghliocaisa, no air gabhantas, no bonn stéidhe nobha sa bith eile; agus saoraidh sin thu o bhì 'n ad chulaidh-fharmaid.

Cum thu fhéin an luib-a-stigh asgailt an fhortain a bhuilich Dia ort, ciod sa bith e; ma bhios tu làn-thoilichte leis, meallaidh tu rùintean

do naimhdean. Co aig tha fios nach e dòigh is fhèarr. Is ioma caisleach-adh bu mhò fhuair oighreachdan eile; ach an ionad an cur às am bonn, 's ann a fhriamaich iad le barrachd gramalais na bha aca riabh roimhe.

Ge b' e fear ris an earb thu riaghladh na h-oghreachd, thoir an t-seal-aire nach leig thu 'n ailm á d' achlais fhéin. Cùm mion-chùntas air gach bónn a phàidheas tu agus a thig a stigh dhut; cumaidh e d' fhadal dhiot, agus thig e gu d' bhuannachd; oir cumaidh a's gleidhidh e do sheirbhisich ri 'n dleasnas, agus, air an aobhar sin 'n ad dheagh-ghean.

A chaidh na tarrainn téinn ort fhéin le mì-chiall no struidhealachd—le airgead a ghabhail an iasad air urras, no 'n geall na h-oghreachd, no ràthan a' mhàil. Bheir iomfhuasgladh caraid ort dol an urras; ach thoir an aire nach 'eil e saor bho chunnart dut; ach a bharrachd air nach gnòmh duin'-uasail an dà sheòl eile, caillidh tu do chreideas leo, agus bidh iad 'n an réudain ag cnàmh na h-oghreachd.

Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia tecum.

Eadar. le ABRACH.



BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(*Air leantuinn.*)

Thainig air toiseach nan ceannard,
Mac-Mhaoilein mor a' Chuaip—
Air chuairt an Gròb-phort,
'S Mac-Calum, Domhnull Lag-an-fheoir,
'S Duibhneach Bhracluinn
Bho ghleann cas nam preasan tric,
'S Mac-Alasdair Thigh-na-luachrach—
Sgiobair cruadalach de Chlann-Domhnull.
Chuala na maithéan an sgeul;
Dh' iarr iad gu leir crois-tarra
A ruith gu Caradail an toiseach,
A's as a sin da fhear dheug taghta
A dh'ol feadh gach cearn,
'S air cunnart bàis cach a dh' eirigh
A thoirt an sgeoil air fad na duthecha,
'S bantrach Mhic-Dhomhnuill
Le 'macan fo churam na Fine
A chur do Dhun-a'-Chlachain,

'S muinntir a' Chinn-shiar
 A chur leth-chend fear do Dhun-abhar-
 taidh
 A ghleidheadh baideal ard Chlann-
 Dhomhnuill ;
 'S gach ni diubh sin an ainm an oighre,
 'S na daoin' a choinneachadh gun dàil
 Air faiche Bhracluinn 'n an lan armachd,
 'S Mac-Ionmhunn Thigh-nau-corn
 A chur Dhun-Charadail an nidheam seisd-
 idh,
 'S na birlinnean o'n Mhaoil gu Loch an-
 Tairheart
 A bhi aig traigh Shunadail an ordugh
 cogaidh,
 'S Dun-sgiobnais a ghleidheadh na th' ann
 Gus an tig àn sgaoidh gu cath na faiche,
 Ma chuireas an namhaid sinne 'n eiginn
 cunnairt ;
 Tein'-eiginn a lasadh air Beinn-an-tuire
 A thoirt rabhaidh do mhuinntir Ile 's
 Chòmhail,
 Clann-Domhnuill gu leir le 'n luchd-
 leanmhainn
 A theachd a dhion an leanabain, oighr' an
 cinnidh.
 MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Co theid a dh-fhair-
 adh na linne
 M' an tig na uaimhdean oirnn gun fhios ?
 OIGHRE MHANAINN.—Tha sin deant' a
 dhaoin'-naisle ;
 Mac Iain-ghearr le 's gioba treun,
 Ghabh e air fein a' chuiss sin.
 Cha ghluais Rurach clar o'n chladach
 Nach faigh sibh rabhadh o'n fhear
 ainmeil ;
 Bidh e 'n so trath gu leoir
 A dh-aindeoin na tha beo dhiubh
 A Manainn thursach.
 Mar sgaoth bheachan o'n sgeap ;
 A' cruinneachadh air geug an còmhail,
 B' ionann fineachan da ghleann deug
 Chinn-tìre
 A' tional as gach cearn—
 Gaisgich de gach ainm,
 'S Faiche Bhracluinn anns gach beul,
 'G an ceangal ri cheile mar aon ;
 Na birlinnean-cogaidh, le 'm brataichean
 gorm,
 Suaicheantas cabhlach rioghail na h-Alba,
 A' teachd an ear 's an iargu cala Shunadail ;
 Gach caisteal a's tìr-faire
 Air fad a' chladaich sgoibhaich,
 Fo chrannaibh seisdidh,
 'N nair a chunnacas eithear Mhic Iain-
 ghearr,
 'S colhrach m' a guallainn a' srachdadh
 Thonnan Chaolas-Bhranndain,
 'S i 'giulan fios,— 'Tha Rurach a nios an
 linne ;
 Dh' fhag e Manainn an de le cabhlach
 A lionas o'n Mhaoil gus an traigh so ;

Bheir madainn am maireach sinn an greim
 ris.
 Dh' fhalbh gach ceannard gu Faiche
 Bhracluinn
 A rianachadh ceart a dhaoine ;
 Gach ceann-feadhna am broilleach a
 mhuinntir,
 A' comhdach an fhuinn 'n am buidhnean
 liomhor.
 Thagh na maithean, le aon rùn,
 Mac-Mhaoilein mor a' Chuaiþ
 'N a cheannard an iomlain—
 Curaidh iomraiteach 's ceann-feadhna
 Na treubh a shloinnear o'n fhreumbach
 A thug ainm dha.
 Dh' fhalbh e le Mac-Iche mor gu Sunadal
 A chur an combairle runaich ri cheile
 Mar gu 'm b'e sin an là mu dheireadh
 A bha aca ri 'fhaicinn,
 A's Rurach garg a' teachd, nach till
 Ach le claidheamh cosgarrach na h-Alba.
 Bha oighre Shunadail, oigear ciatach
 A' cur airm an tighe an rianachd—
 Luirichean, clogaid, a's sgiathan,
 A's claidheamhan liath gun smùr.
 Bha trì claidheamhan neart
 A bha 'n deigh a cheile aig seanair, mac,
 a's ogha
 Cinn-tighe o shean, sinnsear an fhir
 mhoir—
 Bha na h-airm sonraicht' ud an oisinn,
 Fo chomhdach corcuir a's obair ghreis,
 Le pabagan airgid a' filleadh air am
 faobhair.
 Thainig an t-oighre far an do shuidh
 An dithist a' comhradh.
 Bha claidheamh loimnreach, ur
 A rinn gobha Shunadail, Mac-Thuilleann
 An lamh an oighre, a dh' fheoraich d'a
 athair,—
 'An toir mi leam am fear so ?
 Na ciod e 'thaghas mi 'measg nan arm ?—
 Orduich na 's aill leat.'
 SUNADAL.—Cuist a rudain chriu ! an
 saoil thu
 An cuideachd leamsa a chumail Cnoc-na-
 còmhail,
 Thu fein 's am bioran sin
 'S an cogadh ann ?
 A Mhic-Mhaoilein amhaire an so.
 Fhaic thu geimhleag do shin seanar,
 Alasdair mor a' Chnaiþ: is cuimhne leat
 Gu 'n do bhrist a chladheamh latha
 Ghlinn-Rìgh-'s-dail.
 Thainig e gu tigh Chlachair-an-tuim ;
 Bha 'bhean 's an dorus ; thuir e rithe,—
 'Am bheil arm 's am bith a steach ?
 Fbreagar i, 'Tha mo dhuine 's a' chath ;
 So na th' agam,' shin i dha gheimhleag ;
 Thill e riutha ; sheas e 'm Bealach-na-h-
 iolaire ;
 Leag e saechn air fhichead diubh,

Nach d' eirich fathast.
 Air a thighinn dachaidh
 Dh' fhag e gheimhleag an so ;
 Tha i 's an oisinn sin gus an diugh ;
 Ghleidh mo sheanair 's m' athair i
 Gun smur gun smal.
 Is tusa 'n t-oighre; 's mis am fear-gleidhidh;
 Co dhinn aig am bi gheimhleag am maireach ?
 Abair na 's aill leat, iar-ogha 'n diùlnaich.

MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Cha 'n 'eil feardhinne 'n diugh air thalamh
 Is urrainn a' gheimhleag sin 'iomairt;
 Tha thusa, Mhic-Iche, ad aonar
 De spionnadh nan laoch a shean.

Thuir an t-oighre 's an oidhch' air tuiteam—
 'Tha birlinn an tighe air an traigh
 Am fag sinn i? na ciod è their m' athair?
 MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Fhir Shunadail, thig a nuas

'S dean aon uair eile mar d' abhaist,
 'N uair bhiodh tu 'g a tarruinn,
 'S mise 'g a cumail dìreach.
 Co ni e ma thuiteas tu maireach ?

SUNADAL.—'S fearr a toirt as a sud,
 Na 'faicinn 'n a connadh aig Rurach.
 Dh' eirich an t-oighr' a's triuir eile,
 A dh' fhalbh leis gus a' bhirlinn.

MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Biodh dithist air gach taobh,
 'G a cumail dìreach,
 Ach spionaibh 'n a aghaidh le 'r n-uile neart

Gus am faic sibh ceart am fear mor.
 Ghlac Mac-Iche toiseach na h-eithir;
 Thug e leis i gun stad, gus an do choinnich
 Barr creig' i, am falach 's a' ghaineimh ;
 Mhòthaich e 'n grabadh clis ; las e, 's gun fhacal,

Thug e saidh-thoisich na sè-ramhaich,
 Na cinneadan 's an aillbheag,
 'N an spealgan air grinneal na tragha !

SUNADAL.—A Mhic-Mhaoilein,
 Cha do mhòthaich mi riamh cho trom i.
 MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Cha 'n ioghnadhged a mhòthaich thu trom i;
 Dh' iarr mis' air a' cheathrar tarruinn ad aghaidh

Le 'n uile spionnadh, 's rinn iad sin.—
 Co oighre na geimbleig a nis
 'S a sheasas aite Alasdair Mhoir,
 Ach thus' air foid comhraig ?

SUNADAL.—Cha 'n fhearr thu fein na na balachain,
 'S thu 'faicinn gu 'm bheil mi a' dol air m' ais;

Tha 'n t-am a bhi 'm Bracluinn
 Am measg nan daoine.

(*Ri leantuin.*)

LARACH NINEBHEH.

(*Bho Fhear-tathaich nam Beann.*)

B' e Ninebheh aig aon am ceann-bhaile Iompaireachd mhor Asiria— an t-aite anns an do thuinich prionnsachan agus maithean na rioghachd sin re ioma linn; agus b' e baile a bu mho agus a bu shluaghmhoire a bha 's an am sin air aghaidh an t-saoghail. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn ann an leabhar Gheneses (x. 11.), gu 'n deach Asur, aon de mhic Sheim, a mach o thir Shinar, agus gu 'n do "thog e Ninebheh;" ach cha 'n 'eil sinn a' cluinntin tuilleadh cunntais uime 's na Sgrìobtuirean naomha gus an do chuireadh am faidhe Ionah le teachdaireachd o Dhia a dh-ionnsuidh a luchd aiteachaidh, a chur an ceill doibh gu 'm biodh am baile air a sgrìos an ceann "da fhlichead la," do bhrìgh gu 'n robh an aingidheachd air dol suas 'an lathair Tighearna nan sluagh. Tha Ionah a' cur an ceill gu 'n robh ann an Ninebheh "tuilleadh agus se fichead mìle pearsa (120,000), nach b' aithne an lamh dheas seach an lamh chli," 's e sin de chloinn bhig; air choir 's nach b' urrainn gu 'n robh an luchd-aiteachaidh gu leir dad fo shea ceud mìle sluaigh (600,000) 'n a aireamh—tuilleadh 's a tha 'n Glaschu! Bha e 'n a "bhaile ro-mhor, astar thri laithean," no thri fichead mìle mu 'n cuairt. Cha robh e idir coltach ri bailtean mora nan laithean so—cha robh an luchd-aiteachaidh air am pacadh suas ann an sraidean cumhann, salach, far a bheil sea no seachd de theaghlachian domhail a chomhnuidh os ceann a cheile, mar a tha iad aig an am so 's na bailtean mor a's ainneile 's an Roinn-Eorpa; oir cha 'n e mhain gu 'n robh sluagh lionmhor ann, ach bha mar an cendna "moran spreidh" ann. Mar so, 'n uair a bheir sinn fainear mendachd Ninebheh, agus

mar an ceudna an teistean a tha Nahum a' toirt uimpe; 's e sin gu 'n robh i 'n a "cathair fhuiltich? uile 'n a ceilg, lan de reubainn," cha 'n 'eil e idir iongantach gu 'n d' oidhirpich duine iosal ann an inbhe 's am misnich mar bha Ionah, air "teich eadh do Tharsus o' fhianuis an Tighearna;" oir "bheir eagal duine ribe leis."

Ged a ghabh muinntir Ninebheh aithreachas fo shearmonachadh Ionah, agus a bha iad car uine air an caomhnadh; gidheadh tha e coltach nach robh "am maithreas ach mar neul na maidne, agus mar an druchd moch a shiubhlas air falbh;" oir gle ghoirid na dheigh so tha 'n Tighearna, le beul nam faidhean Nahum agus Sephaniah, a' cur an ceill "trom eallach Ninebheh"—ag innseadh gu'm biodh e air a' dheanamh "'n a larach luim, tioram mar an fhasach," agus gu'm biodh cumhachd agus moralachd rioghachd Asiria air an toirt gu lar. Tha Nahum ag radh mu 'dheighinn gu'm bu bhail' e le moran dhaingneach, le geatachan lionmhor agus croinn-dhruiddidh—gu'n robh luchd-malairt lionmhor thar reultan neimh—gu'n robh a phrionnsachan lionmhor mar na locuist, agus nach robh crìoch air 'ionmhais. "So (arsa Sephaniah) a' chathair luaghaireach a ghabh comhnuidh gu tearuinte; a thubhairt 'n a cridhe, Tha mi agus cha 'n 'eil ann ach mi. Cionnus a dh' fhas i 'n a fasach, 'n a h-aite air son bheathaichean gu luidhe sios ann!" A reir a' chuntais a tha air a thoirt seachad le luchd-eachdraidh creideasach, bha 'n fhaidheadaireachd so air a coi'-lionadh o cheann da mbile agus ceithir cheud gu leth balidhna. Chaidh rìgh Mhedia agus Phersia, agus Nabopolasar, rìgh Bhabiloin ann an co-bhoinn an aghaidh Ninebheh, agus do bhrìgh gu'n robh tomhas aingidheachd a' bhaile sin air

a lionadh, thug an Tighearna thairis e do lamhan a naimhdean. Thainig "esan a phronnasann am bloighdibh a nios fa comhair;" bha "fuaim slait-sgiursaidh, agus torman farum nan rothan, agus nan each meannach, agus nan carbad leumnach" r'an cluinntinn anns na sraidean; "bha geatachan na h-aimhne air am fosgladh, agus bha 'n luchairt air a sgaoileadh;" "cha robh crìoch air na cairbhinnibh;" bha chreach airgid agus oir air "a glacail;" agus "cha chualas guth a teachd-airean ni's mo;" "chunnaic na cinnich a lomnochduidh, agus na rioghachdan a naire."

Tha 'n cunntas a dh' f'haig seann sgrìobhairean 'n an deigh, agus mar an ceudna aithris an luchd-turuis sin a shiubhail troimh 'n aite, a' cordadh air dhoigh ro-chomharraichte ris na dh' innis na faidhean a bha gu tachairt. Tha e air a radh gu'n robh ballachan Ninebheh ceud troidh air airde, trì fichead mìle mu 'n cruairt, agus air an dìon le cuig ceud deug tur (1500)—gach aon diubh da cheud troidh air airde. Tha *Lucian*, aon de luchd-aiteachaidh *Samosata* dluth air an abhainn mhoir *Euphrates*, a sgrìobh mu cheud bliadhna an deigh bas Chrìosd, ag innseadh gu n deach as do Ninebheh gu tur, agus nach b' urrainn neach air bith innseadh urad agus c' ait an robh e 'n a sheasamb.

Re nan ochd ceud deug bliadhna a chaidh seachad onasgrìobh *Lucian*, cha robh aithne air bith air Ninebheh ach a mhain ann an ainm. Chaidh eadhoin a laraichean briste as an t-sealladh; agus an uair a bha luchd-turuis agus daoine foghlumte eile a' tionndadh suas agus a' rannsachadh gach ni bha air mhaireann de riomhadh 's de mhoralachd na Greig agus na Roimh, cha robh ach gann for'ais air bith 'g a dheanamh mu Ninebheh no mu Bhabiloin, no

oidhirp air bith air a toirt gus an t-aite 's an do sheas luchairtean greadhnach righrean Asiria agus Chaldea f haotuinn a mach.

O cheann beagan uine thug cuid de'n luchd-turuis a thaoghail an Asiria fainear aireamh mor de dhuintean 's de tholmain air taobh na h-airde tuath de'n abhainn sin ris an abrar an *Tigris*—abhainn a tha ruith 's an aon chursa ri abhainn *Euphrates*; oir tha iad araon ag aonadh r'a cheile tacan maith mu'm bheil iad a' taomadh a mach ann an Geodha mor Phersia (*Persian Gulf*). Thug aon no dha oidhirp air cladhach am measg nan duintean ud, dh' fheuch am faigheadh iad ni air bith a chuireadh solus air eachdraidh an aite 's an am a dh' fhalbh; ach do bhrìgh nach robh aca gach goireas a bha iomchuidh a chum obair de 'n t-seorsa a ghiulan air a h-aghaidh, b' eiginn doibh sgr gun a bhi dad ni bu ghlice na bha iad an uair a thoisich iad. Air mullach aon de na duintean so tha uaigh ris an abrar "Uaigh Ionah," agus tha beul-aithris ag radh gur h-aun an so a bha am faidhe air adhlacadh.

Air do dhuin' og, tapaidh d'an ainm *Layard*, agus a tha de naisinn Fhrangaich, iomradh a chluinntin air na duintean 's air na tolmain air an robh sinn a' labhairt, thog e air, agus cha deach stad air a chois gus an d' rainig e bruachan na *Tigris*. Cho luath 's a rainig e 'n t-aite, 's a dh' amhaire e gu mion mu'n cuairt air gach coslas balla, agus tuir a bha r'am faicinn; agus air dha beagan phiocaidean agus shluasaidean a sholar, agus muinntireas a chur air leth-dusan de na h-Arabaich a tha fuireach mu'n aite, thoisich e air cladhach anns an aon a's motha de na duin, a tha mu ochd ceud deug troidh air fad, naoi ceud troidh air lend, agus cnig 's tri fichead troidh air airde. Cha deach iad fad' air

an aghaidh 'n uair a thachair iad air seomraichean ro-eireachdail. Bha ballachan nan seomraichean so air an deanamh suas de leachdan mine air an robh dealbhan each agus charbadan cogaidh, saighdearan mar gu'm biodh iad ag caitheadh le'n saighdean, agus moran grabhalaidh eile de iomad seorsa; ach a thaobh 's gu 'm b' ann le teine a chaidh an tur so a mhilleadh, mar a tha gu soilleir r'a fhaicinn, bha 'chuid mhor de na seomraichean air am briseadh, agus na leachdan air an losgadh gu h-aol. Ach ged a bha moran de na leachdan 's de na h-ìomhaidhean a thuit 'n an smur co luath 's a chaidh an rusgadh, gidheadh bha feadhain co cruaidh, shleamhain, agus an grabhaladh co soilleir, cuimir 's a bha iad riamh? Bha cuid de na dealbhan a bha air an tilgeadh thairis le h-or agus le nithibh luachmhor eile; agus 'n uair a chunnaic na h-Arabaich an t-or cha robh teagamh aca nach b' ann air toir ulaidh, no ionmhas foluichte a bha *Mr. Layard*; agus bha mor ioghnadh orra, 'n uair a thuir e riù gur clachan a bha esan ag iarraidh, agus gu 'm feudadh iadsan gach or agus airgiod a gheibheadh iad a ghleidheadh. Bha na daoine so, mar a tha slugh na cearn' sin gu leir, ro aineolach araon air eachdraidh an duthcha fein agus dhuthchannan eile, agus mar sin cha b' urram doibh a thuigsinn ciod an toileachadh no 'bhuanachd a bheireadh e do neach, a mhaoiu agus 'uine chaith-eadh air ni a bha co faoin 'n am beachdsan. Cha d' fhairich iadsan riamh an dian iartas a bha aig *Mr. Layard* gu ni-eigin fhaotainn a chuireadh solus air cleachdadh agus suidheachadh nan Asirianach anns na linntean cian 's an do labhair na faidhean, agus air son an robh e nis "a' rannsachadh mar air son ionmhas foluichte."

Goirid 'n a dheigh so chuir na Mahomadanaich a bha mu'n cuairt an aite stad air *Mr Layard* s air a chuid daoine, a' cumail a mach gu'n robh iad a' milleadh uaighean nam *fìor Chriosduidhean* (na Mahomada-naich!); ach dhearbh *Mr Layard* gu ro sheolta dhoibh nach b' uaighean *Chreidmheach* a bh' anna; "oir (ars esan) nam b' eadh bhiodh an dara cuid an ceann no 'n casan ri Meca (an t-aite 's a bheil am faidhe breige Mahomad adhlachte); ach tha sibh a' faicinn nach ann mar sin a tha, agus air an aobhar sin feumaidh gur uaighean *Ana-creidmheach* a th' anna." Leis a' mhineachadh so bha na Mahomadaich lan riarichte, agus cha do chuir iad tuille grabaidh air. Gidheadh chuir cuid eile de na cinn-chinnidh ioma bacadh air; ach le sìobhaltachd, 's le gleusdachd fhuir e thairis orr' uile.

Aon la, 'n uair a bha iad a' cladhach am measg nan laraichean, ruisg iad iomhaigh shnaidhte demheudachd mhoir. Cho luath 's a chunnaic na h-Arabaich ceann na h-ìomhaigh so, chrith iad le h-oillt agus thug dithis dhiubh as co luath 's a ghiulaineadh an casan iad a chum an *sealladh* eagallach a chunnaic iad a chur an ceill d'an ceann-cinnidh. Ann am beagan uine, 'n uair a bha *Mr Layard* a' togail air falbh na h-urach a bha 'comhdach na h-ìomhaigh, chual' e talmraich chos a' tarruing dluth dha, agus 'n uair a thug e suil os a chionn chunnaic e sgoath de na h-Arabaich le'n ceann-feadhna, uile air mharcachd, 'n an seasamh air bruaich na claise. 'N uair a chunnaic ian ceann na h-ìomhaigh, ghlaodh iad le aon ghuth, "Cha 'n 'eil dia ann ach Dia, agus 's e Mahomad 'Fhaidhe!" Cha chreideadh na h-Arabaich an toiseach nach b'e aon de na *bocain*, no de na *h-urraisean* air a bheil ìomradh ro thrìc ann an seann sgeulachdan an duthcha 'bh' ann; ach an deigh

moran ìompaidh, ghlac an ceann-feadhna de mhìsich na theirinn do 'n t-sloc. 'N uair a laimbsich e 'n ìomhaigh, ghlaodh e gu h-ard, "Cha d'rinneadh an obair so riamh le lamhan dhaoine,—'s iad na famh-airean ana-creideach mu 'n bheil an Faidhe—sith gu 'n robh maille ris! ag radh, gu 'n robh iad na bu mho na chraobh a b' airde 's a' choille—'s e so aon de na h-ìodbalan a mhal-laich Noah,—sith gu 'n robh maille ris! roimh laithean na dile;" agus anns a' bheachd so dh'aontaich gach Arabach a bha 'lathair. 'N uair a shocraich na cuisean thoisich an luchd-cladhaich a rithis, agus mu 'n deach a ghrian fodha ruisg iad ìomhaigh eile de 'n aon mhead, 's de 'n aon choltas ris a' cheud aon! Aig na h-ìomhaighean so bha aghaidhean mar aghaidh duine, bha 'n cuirp agus an cosan mar leoghain, agus bha sgiathan aca mar sgiathan ìolaire. Bha gach aon diubh mu dhusan troidh air fad, agus mu'n tuaiream cheudn' air airde! Leis an toil-intinn a ghabh *Mr Layard* ris na h-ìomhaighean so rinn e feisd ro mhor do na h-Arabaich air an oidhche sin, agus chaith e fein agus iadsan tacan maith 'an cuideachd a cheile, le mor chridhealas agus ghreadhnachas. Chomhdaich *Mr Layard* na h-ìomhaighean so thairis le peallagan 's le luirichean ioma-gnetheach, 's chum e luchd faire orra 'latha 's a dh-oidhche.

S.

(Ri leantuinn.)

Tha briathran coltach ri saighdean—cha bu choir an tilgeil air thuairam.

Tha againn dà chluas ach gun ach aon teanga, uime sin bu choir dhuinn moran a chluinntinu agus beagan a labhairt.

Tha an ti a ta 'deanamh maith do dhuine eile, a' deanamh, mar an cendna, maith dha fein, cha 'n e mhaing an am a ta ri teachd, ach 's an am a ta lathair. Is mor an duais deagh choguis a bhi 'toirt fianuis air deagh dheanadas.

SEANN SGEULACHDAN MU
BHRAID-ALBANN.

II.—DONNACHADH DUBH.

Ann na laithibh 's an robh Donnachadh Dubh 'n a Mhorair air Bealach a's Braid-Albann thainig ordugh mach o'n Rìgh gu Clann-Ghriogair a sgrìos. Chaidh na Caimbeulaich agus Donnachadh Dubh cho fada 's a b' urr' iad gus an ordugh oillteil ud a choilìonadh le bhì murtadh gach neach de Chloinn-Ghriogair a choinnicheadh iad. Bha nighean aig Donnachadh Dubh a thuit an gaol air fear de Chloinn-Ghriogair. Theich an dithis a's phos iad. Bha Donnachadh Dubh gu dian an toir air companach a nìghinn, air feadh nam beann, nan gleann 's nan coiltean; agus mu dheireadh ghlac e e. Chaidh an Griogarach a thoirt gu Bealach, agus an ceann a sgathadh dheth le tnaidh. Rinn nighean Dhonnachaidh (bean Mhic-Griogair) an cunha a leanas, air dì a h'athair agus Cailean a brathair 'fhaicinn a' marbhadh a fir, 's a ceud leanabh air a glun:—

Moch madainn air la Lìnasd
Bha mi 'sùgradh mar ri m' ghràdh,
Ach mu 'n d' thainig meadhon latha
Bha mo chridhe air a chradh.

Ochan, ochan, ochan, uiridh,
'S goirt mo chridhe 'laoigh;
Ochan, ochan, ochan, uiridh,
Cha chluinn d' athair ar caoidh.

Mollachd aig maithean 's aig cairdean
'Rinn mo chradh air an dòigh,
'Thainig gun fhios air mo ghradh-sa
'S a thug fo smachd e le foill.

Na 'm biodh da fhear dheug deth 'chinn-each
A's mo Ghriogair air an ceann,
Cha bhiodh mo shuil a' sìleadh dheur
No mo leanabh fèin gun dàimh.

Chuir iad a cheann air stocan daraich
'S dhoirt iad fhuil mu lar;
Na 'm biodh agam-sa 'n sin copan
Dh'òlainn d' i mo shàth.

'S truagh nach robh m' athair ann an galar

Agus Cailean ann am plaigh
Ged bhiodh nighean an Ruthainich
'Suathadh bhàs a's lamh.

Chuirinn Cailean liath fo ghlasaibh
'S Donnachadh Dubh an laimh;
'S gach Caimbeulach a tha 'm Bealach
Gu giulan nan glas-laimh!

Rainig mise Reidhlean Bhealaich
'S cha d' fhuair mi ann tàmh;
Cha d' fhàg mi roinn de m' fhalt gun tarraing,
No craicìonn air mo laimh.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n rìochd na h-nìseig
'S spionnadh Ghriogair 'ann am laimh;
'S i chlach a b' airde auns a' chaisteal
A chlach a b' fhaisge do 'n làr!

'S truagh nach robh Fionnlairig 'n a lasair
A's Bealach mor na 'smal,
'S Griogair bàn nam basa geala
Bhì eadar mo dha laimh.

Ged tha mi gun ubhlan agam,
'S ubhlan uil' aig cach,
'S ann tha m' ubhal cubhraidh, grinnu
A's cul a chinn ri làr.

'S ged tha mnaithibh chaich aig baile
'S na 'n laidhe na 'n cadal seimh
'S ann 'bhios mis' aig bruaich mo leapa
Bualadh mo dha laimh.

'S mòr a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair
Air feadh coille 's fraoich,
Na 'bhi aig Baran crìon na Dalach
A'n tigh cloich' a's aoil.

'S mor a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair
A' cur a' chruidh do 'n ghleann,
Na bhì aig Baran crìon na Dalach
'G òl air fion 's air leann.

'S mor a b' annsa bhì aig Griogair
Fo bhrata ruibeach roinn,
Na bhì aig Baran crìon na Dalach
'Giulan sìod' a's sròil.

Ged bhiodh cur a's cathadh ann
A's latha nan seachd sìon,
Gheibheadh Griogair dhomhsa cragan
'S an caidreamaid fo dhìon.

Ba hu, ba hu asrainn bhig,
Cha 'n 'eil thu fhathasd ach tlà;
'S eagal leam nach tig an latha
Gu 'n diol thu d' athair gu brath.

B'ì "Nighean an Ruthainich" a
th' air a h-ainmeachadh 's an oran,

mathair na te a bha 'caoidh a fir. Air do'n leanabh fas gu bhi'n a dhuine mor, thug e turus gu Caisteal Bhealaich, agus chaidh an tuadh leis an do mharbhadh 'athair a chur'n a laimh. Sheall e gu bronach oirre, 's an deigh sin thug e i do'n neach a thug dha i. Bha cuid a theireadh gu'm bu ghealtair e bho nach do sgath e'n ceann de'n neach a thug dha i. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach d' rinn an gille na b' fhearr leis mar rinn e.

III.—IAIN GLAS.

Bha Iain Glas, Morair a Bhealaich, 'n a dhuine ro sheolta agus ro chuibheirteach. 'S ann gle ainmig a dheanadh e mearachd ann an ni sam bith anns an cuireadh e 'laimh. Le faicil agus geur-thuigse air nadar na muinntir ris an robh e roinn, bheireadh e air gach ni tachairt mar bu mhiann leis; air an aobhair sin bha sluagh na duthcha 'creidsinn gu 'n robh buidseachd aige; a's cha chuireadh iad diumb air, ni mo dhiultadh iad e. Bha a chuid daoine 'creidsinn gu 'm b' urrainn da an gleidheadh bho gach cumart. Tha 'n sgeul a leanas air 'aithris mar dhearbhadh air a thapachd:—

Bha fearg air Iain Glas ris an Iarla Chatach, agus chuir e roimhe creach a thogail uaithe. Thug e ordugh do 'chuid dhaoine a bhi cruinn air latha araid aig Fionnlairig. Chrùinnich na fir bho gach gleann mar a dh' iarradh orra. An sin ghabh Iain Ghlas doigh air na daoine 'bu thapaidhe a thaghadh airson na seirbhis a bha 'n a bheachd. Chaidh breacan a chrochadh eadar dithis dhiubh gus an robh an oir a 'beantainn do'n làr. Gach fear a leunadh thairis air a' bhreacan mar so fo lan armachd chuireadh air leth e airson dol do Chataobh. Leun trì cheud fear thairis air a' bhreacan; agus an sin dh' ordaich Iain Glas biadh a chur air beulaobh nam fear mu'n

gabhadh iad an turus. An measg nam biadh bha mios bhrochain, agus chaidh iarraidh air gach neach ol aise. Thug na daoine gu'n do chuir e giseagan anns a' bhrochan, agus dh' òl iad an sath dheth. Chaidh iad air an turus. Thug iad creach mhor leo bho na Cataich gun aon duine chall. 'N uair a bha iad a' pilltinn dachaidh dh' fhas fear de na fir gu tinn as dh' eng e. Cha do ghabh an duine so de'n mheis bhrochain mu'n d' fhalbh iad, oir bha e aig an tigh a' toirt leis ni-eigin a dhi-chuimhnich e. Le so bha cach an lan bharaile gur h-i a' bhuaidh a bha 's a' bhrochan a chum iadsan bho gach ole a's aimhleas.

D.C.

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Failte na maidne dhuit, a Choinnich; is moch a dh' fhag thu an Goirtean Fraoich an diugh. Tha duil agam gu 'n robh thu a' strith ris a' ghrein, agus a reir mo bheachd-sa is tusa a's luaithe a dh' eirich oir tha astar fada eadar so a's do dhachaidh-sa agus a thuilleadh air sin tha 'n la fluich, na raointean bog, agus an t-slighe gun teagamh gach ni ach taitneach. Dean suidhe a steach ris an teine, cuir dhiot do chas-bheart, agus dean na's urrainn thu chum thu fein a thiomachadh.

COIN.—Moran taing dhuit, a Mhurachaidh, ach tha mi co tioram ri arcan. Cha d' thainig mi o'n bhaile an diugh; cha d' eirich mi gus an robh e sea uairean, cha do ghabh mi mo lon-maidne gus an robh e seachd, agus cha do choisich mi an diugh ach o thigh Alasdair Mhic-Ruairidh, ogha brathar mo sheanar far an d' rainig mi an raoir, agus far an cuala mi moch an diugh gu 'n do chuir thusa an oidhche seachad an

so maille ri do charaid coir fein, Uilleam Mor. Uine sin, ghreas mi orm chum gu'm faicinn thu, agus fhir mo chridhe, thugadh a nis an solas sin dhomh.

MUR.—Cha 'n fhaca 's cha chual' mi riamh ni sam bith ni 's fortanaich' na sin, oir cha chluinn Uilleam Mor guth air mise so fhagail an diugh, agus ma leigeas do ghnothuch leat-sa e, a Choinnich, fanaidh tu maille riumsa gu feasgar agus bithidh la againn dheth, agus mo lamh-sa dhuit gu 'n altaich Uilleam Mor agus Cairistiona a bhean eireachdail do bheatha an so, ged a dh' fhanadh tu fad seachdain.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil mi 'cur sin 's an teagamh idir, a Mhurachaidh, fanaidh mi gu feasgar co dhiubh, agus cha ghoirid an uine sin. Ach ciamar tha iad uile agad, a Mhurachaidh, eadar bheag agus mhor, agus ciamar tha 'n crodh?

MUR.—Tha sinn uile gun deireas, agus tha dochas agam gu'm bheil Seonaid agus an oigradh gu leir air an cosaibh.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil fath a bhi 'gearan. Bha Seonaid o cheann da la gle chrosda, frionnasach leis a' chneidh-fhiacal, ach is eucail sin nach tarruing moran truais o'n chridhe.

MUR.—Is eucail i gidheadh, a tharruingeas na cnamban asan fheoil, agus cha 'n fhurast do mhac an duine, mar is deagh-fhios domhsa, cur suas le sin. Tha a chneidh-fhiacal gabhadh guineach gun teagamh, ach o nach 'eil i, mar a theirear marbhtach, cha ghabh iadsan nach do mhothuich riamh i suin di, agus uine sin, cha nochd iad ach co-flulangas ro bheag.

COIN.—Ach ciod an leabhar a tha agad an sin, a Mhurachaidh, a tha air a cheangladh co ro ghrinn? Faiceam e. Ochan! mo dheagh charaid, an GAIDHEAL? Nach tu a chuir suas gu riombach, grina e! Seadh, da aireamh dheug. Is mais-

each e, agus c'ait an faighear a leithid?

MUR.—Tha thu 'faicinn, a Choinnich, gleidhear gu curamach, glan, tearuint' e mar sin, agus cha 'n eirich dochunn sam bith dha.

COIN.—Cha 'n eil e co furasd an t-*Ard-Albannach* ceanalta a dheanamb suas mar sin a thaobh a mhead, ach thoill esan curam a bhi air a ghabhail deth mar an ceudna.

MUR.—Tha e ceart co furasd, ma ghleidheas tu gach aireamh gun reubadh, gun mhilleadh.

COIN.—Ma ghleidheas mi iad! gleidhidh ceart co curamach ris na puinnnd Shasunnach, agus moran ni 's cinntiche, oir tha gue sgiathan aig na puinnnd Shasunnach agus gun fhios gun aire dhomh itealaichidh iad air falbh. Le tuiteanas thachair mi an la roimh air duine tuigseach, tlachdmhor, coir a mhuinntir Inbhirnis, agus thainig aige air labhairt mu 'n toilinntinn a bh' aige o bhi 'leughadh nan seann sgeul aig an TEACHDAIRE GHAIÐHEALACH, aig CUAIRTEAN NAN GLEANN, FEAR-TATHAICH NAM BEANN, agus aig a' GHAIÐHEAL, an t-*Ard-Albannach*, agus an leithidibh sin. Rinn mi solas ris a' choigreach cheanalta d' am b' ainm Sim Friseil, duine da-rireadh gasda, ceatharnach foghainteach aig an robh deagh eolas air an *Sgiathanach*, a chaidh, thubhairt e, gu minic a dh-amharc air, an uair a bha e 'fulang le euslaint 'n a chosaibh; ach an uair a chunnaic mise e bha na cosan gu ro mhaith a' deanamb an dleas 'nais; agus bha la ann an uair nach cuir-eadh na h-uile fear druim an Fhriseilich choir sin gu talamh!

MUR.—Tha mi 'cluinntinn gach lide a deir thu, a Choinnich, ach dean suidhe, agus stoldaich thu fein, agus innis domh beagan mu d' thuras Eir-eannach, agus mu gach cearnadh chum an deachaidh Sir Seumas agus thu fein air feadh na seann rioghachd sin?

COIN.—Dh'innis mi roimhe dhuit, a Mhurachaidh, gu'n do chuir an toit-long air tìr sinn ann am *Belfast* agus b'è sin *Belfast* na bochduinn dhomhsa.

MUR.—Ciod a dh'eirich dhuit a Choinnich, ann am *Belfast*, baile mor le sraidibh fada, farsuing, agus lionmhorachd sluaigh?

COIN.—Agam-sa tha fios air sin, a Mhurachaidh, agus fios air mo chosdas. Chaidh sinn dh'ionnsuidh Tigh-osda mor le dealbh feidh os ceann an doruis, agus gun teagamh rinn mo chridhe solas ris a' cheann chrochdach an duil gu'm fac e Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba roimhe so. Ach co dhiubh, an deigh dhuinn gach goireas a dheanadh maith dhuinn 'fhaotuin, chuir mo mhaighstir a mach mi an deigh dhorch-oidhche a dh-iarraidh gne thombaca air an robh ainm neonach a thug e dhomh sgriobhta air cuibhrig geal litreach. An sin dh'fhalbh mi, agus bha na sraidean gle thaitneach agus leth-shoilleir leis na lochranaibh a bha air an suidheachadh aig astar araidh o cheile. Sheas mi aig aite a bha ann an cuil ri taobh na sraide, agus chunnaic mi Eireannach an sin 'n a sheasamh aig dorus tighe big a thogadh le fiodh; agus bha e ag eigheach gu cruaidh, agus le 'uile neart, ris an t-sluagh gu dol a steach, agus gu'm faiceadh iad ni miorbhuileach, eadhon each le'cheann far am bu choir 'earball a bhi. Bha cuireadh aig na h-uile gu dol a stigh air son da sgi'llian. Stigh a ghabh mise maille ris na ficheadaibh eile, agus mar amadan mor sheas mi an sin, agus chunnaic mi an t-each miorbhuileach sin mu'n do ghlaodh an t-Eireannach le 'uile sgairt, chum n' am b' urrainn dasan, gu'm faiceadh na h-uile e.

MUR.—Seadh, chunnaic thu an t-each, agus an robh e mar a thubhairt an duine luideagach, bith-bhriatharach a bha co cruaidh a' cur bhuaidh-

ean iougantach an ainmhidh an ceill?

COIN.—Ochan! is e' bha. Chunnaic mi each beag, ballach, gorm 'n a sheasamh le'cheann a mach agus le thulehainnaigceann shuas na prasaich far am bu choir d'a cheann a bhi. Thuig mi gu h-ealamh an cleas a rinneadh orm, ach cha dubhairt mi diog; mar nach dubhairt neach eile de na bha a stigh. An uair a chaidh sinn a mach air dnuinn a bhi, ma b' fhior, lan iougantais, bhruchd na ficheadan eile a stigh, gu bhi air am mealladh mar a bha sinne. Ach cha'n e sin a mhaing a chuir dorrann orm, oir bu bbeag agam e, ach dh'eirich altrap ro thubaisteach dhomh. Cha luaith' a dh'fhag mi am bothan 's an robh an t-each, agus a rainig mi' an t-sraid na dh' iondrainn mi mo sporrann anns an robh tri puinn Shasunnach ann an or, agus beagan a dh'airgiod briste. Thugadh as mo phoca an sporrann le fear-reubainn gun fhios guu aire dhomh, ams an dombladas sluaigh a bha 'g anhare air an each thubaisteach a bha an sin, agus cha'n flaigh mi e a chaoidh.

MUR.—Cha mhaith a dh'eirich dhuit idir, a Choinnich choir, is daor a phaigh thu air son an t-seallaidh a a fhuaire thu dhe'n each bhallach; ach ciod a dh'eirich dhuit—ciod a rinn thu?

COIN.—Sheas mi tacan beag far an robh mi, a' rannsachadh gach aite mu'n cuairt domh, ach ochan! bha 'n call gun teagamh deunta. Bha duin'-uasal, co dhiubh ann an coslas, 'n a sheasamh ri ni' thaobh, chunnaic e gu'n robh ni-eigin am mearachd, agus dh'fhoighneachd e ciod a dh'eirich dhomh? Dh'innis mi dha, agus thubhairt e rium stad an sin mionaid no dha. Rinn mi sin agus ghlaodh esan fear-eigin air ainm, agus ghrad thainig duine foghainteach, ard, le bioraid bhioraich air a cheann, crios mor, dealrach m'a chom, agus

bàta beag, buidhe 'n a laimh ; agus chuir e lan a' pheice de cheistibh orm. Dh' fharraid e co as a thainig mi, c' ainm bha orm, ciod a bha mi 'deanamh, cait an robh mi fuireach, ciod an dath, a' chumadh, agus an deanamh a bh' air mo sporan, ciod an t-airgiod a bha ann, cuin a dh' ionndrainn mi e, agus ceistean gun cheann gun chrich mar sin, ach dh' fhalbh esan, agus dh' fhalbh mise gu bronach dhachaidh chum Tigh-osda an Fheidh.

MUR.—Cia mar a dh' eirich dhuit a ris ?

COIN.—Dh' innis mi gu saor gach ni mar a thachair do Shir Seumas, agus rinn e lasgan gaire. Thubhairt e, “ A nis, a Choinnich, teagaisgidh fear an eich bhig, bhallaich, ghuirn, gliocas duit, agus feumaidh tu sin mu 'n suibhail thu Innis-fail o cheann gu ceann. Ach c' ait am bheil mo thombaca, air son an do chuir mi mach thu ? An do chaill thu esan mar an ceudna ? ” Fhreachair mi Sir Seumas, agus thubhairt mi gu 'n robh an tombaca far an robh e riamh air mo shonsa, do bhrigh nach robh sgillinn ruadh agam a cheannaicheadh e. Cha dubhairt an duin'-uasal a bheag, ach a mhain so, gu 'n teagaisgeadh cleachdannan an t-saoghail agus nan Eireannach gliocas dhomh.

MUR.—Cha d' fhuair thu do theagasg a nasgaidh, a Choinnich, agus cha 'n 'eil fhios agam c' ait am faigheadh. Comadh co dhiubh, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach d' thug do Mhaighstir sporan ur le 'lan airgid dhuit an ait an fhir a chaill thu.

COIN.—Is esan a rinn sin air ball. Mach a ghabh mi a ris, agus cha do chum each, no asail, no Eireannach mise gun tilleadh gun dail leis an tombaca, agus bha gach cuis ceart.

MUR.—Ach ciod a dh' eirich dhuit a ris, a charaid choir, agus c' ait an deachaidh tu air an ath la ?

COIN.—Dh' fhalbh Sir Seumas agus mi fein air an ath mhaduinn, agus thug sinn Baile-Cliath oirn air an t-slighe-iaruinn ; agus O ! b' e 'm baile maiseach e, le aitreabhan aluinn, sraidean lurach, tighean greadhnach, agus gach ni eile a reir sin. Gu dearbh chod Eirinn air fad rium anabarrach maith. Is briagh an duthaich i, agus is aluinn na glinn, na beannta, na machraichean, na h-aibhnichean, agus na lochan sail agus uisge a chithear ann.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh idir nach i sin an fhirinn, a Choinnich, ach am fac thu moran dhe 'n duthaich re na h-uine a bha thu innte ?

COIN.—Chunnaic mi ach beag gach siorramachd 's an rioghachd. Bha sinn a' siubhal gach la o dheas gu tuath, o 'n ear gus an iar, agus a' taghal bhailtean, agus mhachraichean, thighean nan tuathanach, agus chaistealan nan uaislean, agus mhaithen na tire. Seadh, c' ait anns nach robh sinn, oir bha luchd-eolais aig Sir Seumas anns gach ait agus ionad. Chunnaic sinn moran spreidh de gach seorsa, crodh-dubh, caoraich, agus eich ; agus cheannaich mo mhaighstir na chuireadh stoc air an oighreachd aige air fad ; agus cha 'n fhios domh-sa c' ait an cuir e an darna leth dheth, ach 's e sin a ghnothuch-san.

MUR.—Ach am bheil sgitil aige-san air feudal ? Am faithnich e deagh bheathach cruiddh, no eich, no caorach ?

COIN.—Is ainneamh fear aig am bheil suil ni 's fearr air each agus air damh, ach cha 'n 'eil e co tur eolach air fìor chaora mhaith. Ach dh' earb e na bha a dhith air ri naislibh thall agus a bhos gu bhi air an cur 'n a dheigh air muir aig an am fhreacharrach, agus le sin cha robh iad chum dragh sam bith dhomhsa, ach a mhain gu 'm fac' mi iad ; agus ma chunnaic b' fhearr leam gu mro

feudal nam beann Albannach; ach gach duine d'a thoil fein.

MUR.—Bu mhor a b' fheairrd thu do thuras Eireannach, a Choinnich, oir thug e eolas duit air daoinibh, agus air an cleachdannaibh—eolas nach faigheadh tu re liun's a' Ghoirt-ean-Fhraoich.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh idir air sin, agus cha robh mo shaothair cailte a thaobh gu 'm fac' agus gu 'n euala mi iomadh mi ris nach b' urrainn thu gun ghaira a dheanamh. Tha iad 'n an sluagh air leth air son beumadaireachd, eas-fhreachairtean, agus geur-chainnte.

MUR.—Is fhad o 'n chual' sinn mu thapachd agus mu theomachd nan Eireannach, ach is i mo bharail gu 'm bheil na buaidhean aca air an doigh so air an meudachadh thar tomhais, agus nach 'eil iad ach mar shluagh eile. Gun teagamh fhuair iad an t-ainm, agus tha deagh fhios agad-sa air firinn an t-sean-fhocail, “Am fear aig am bheil an t-ainm gu bhli'g eirigh gu moch, gu 'm feud e cadal a dheanamh gu h-oidhche.”

COIN.—Tha sin uile gle cheart, agus gu sonraichte a thaobh an t-sean-fhocail, ach an deigh sin uile, fhuair mise iomadh dearbhadh, re mo cheilidh ghoirid ann an Eirinn, gu 'm bheil muinntir na rioghachd sin air an deacadh gu nadurra chum a bhli geur-bhriathrach, bearradach, agus thar tomhais beumach. Agus is iomadh gaire mor a thug iad air Sir Seumas a dheanamh, 'n am doibh a bhli labhairt ris anns a' Bheurla, cainnt nach tuiginn-sa ach air mhodh neo-ionlan.

MUR.—Tha mi 'g ad chreidsinn, a Choinnich, ach chum a' chuis sin fhagail gu uair eile an deigh so, theid sin dh' ionnsaidh ni eile, agus 's e so e, an cual thu idir na h-Eir-eannaich a' labhairt na Gaidhlig?

COIN.—A' labhairt na Gaidhlig! Ochan! bha iongantach orm air la

araidh, air domh a dhol a mach a h-amharc mu'n cuairt domh, an uair a bha Sir Seumas a' deanamh ghnoth-uichean maille ri duin' uasal o'n do cheannaich e feudal; thug mi an rathad-mor orm fad leth-mhile, eadar da riagh de chraobhaibh aillidh, dosrach, uaine, ard, agus thainig mi air seisear dhaoine calma, tapaidh, air an robh fallus a' leasachadh an rathaid. Air domh dluthachadh riutha, thog iad an cinn, agus thubhairt iad rium 's a' Bheurla, “Is briagh, blath an la so.” Bha iongantach orm, gun teagamh, ach fhreagair mo gu siobhalta na fir, agus ghrad thoisich iad air an obair fein. Ach, feuch m' iongantach an uair a chual mi iad a' labhairt na Gaidhlig r' a cheile. Dh' eisd mi, agus chunnaic iad gu 'n robh ioghnadh orm, agus an sin bu mhoide an sean-achas aca r' a cheile a' gaireachdaich, agus a'g radh, “Is coigreach so, agus tha iongantach air ann a bhli cluinn-tinn canain nach 'eil e a' tuigsinn.” Bha gun teagamh iongantach orm an uair a chual mi a' Ghaidhlig far nach robh duil agam rithe, ach bha mi 'tuigsinn a' chuid bu mho dhe 'm briathraibh ged a bha iad 'g an labhairt ni 's braise, agus 'g an gearradh ni 's caise na chual mi a' Ghaidhlig 'n ar duthaich fein. Ach co dhiubh, ann an uine ghoirid, thubhairt mi, “Tha mi 'faicinn. fheara, gu 'm bheil Gaidhlig agaibh.” Thog iad an cinn, thig iad an piocaidean air an lar, sheall iad orm mar gu'm biodh adhairean air mo cheann, leum iad air an aghaidh, agus rug iad air mo dha laimh, agus thug iad crathadh cair-deil, cridheil dhoibh, ag eigheach, “Albannaich, Albannaich tha sinn toilichte d' fhaicinn!” Dh' fhan mi maille riu re uair na dinneir aca. Thug iad cuireadh dhomh a dhol maille riu gu tigh-osa a bha goirid o laimh chum deoch a ghabhail maille riu, ach dhiult mi an caoimh-

neas aca le taing, agus dhealaich sinn 'n ar deagh chairdbh.

MUR.—Bha sin uile ro thaitneach, a Choimnich, agus tha mi gle chinn-teach gu'n robh iongantas ort a' Ghaidhlig achluinntinn ann an Eirinn. Ach thuigeadh iadsan thusa a labhairt nì b' fhearr na thuigeadh tusa iadsan. Tha àitean ann an Eirinn far nach tuigeadh thu ach fìor neoni dhe 'n chanain aca, agus àitean eile far an cnuadh tu comhradh ris an t-sluagh dìreach mar a tha thu ag innseadh.

COIN.—Ach tha chùis mar sin 'n ar duthaich fein. Cha dean mise a' bheag de Ghaidhlig Chataobh, no de 'n Ghaidhlig a ta 'g a labhairt ann an Gleann-sithe, no ann am Braigh-Mhàrr goirid o Bhaile - Mhorair, caisteal na Ban-rìgh coir againn fein. Cha tuig mi ach neoni de Bhardach Rob Dhuinn, agus ochan, ochan, cha b' e Donnachadh Bàn againn fein, oir is ann aige-san a bha a' Ghaidhlig bhlasda, ghriun.

“S e Coire Cheathaich nan aighean siubhlach,

An coire rùnach is ùrar fonn,
Gu Iurach, miad-fheurach, min-ghéal,
sughar,

Gach lus a's ur-bhlath is cùbraidh leam.”

MUR.—Sin thu fein, a Choimnich, femmaidh sinn la air chor-eigin an deigh so do chluinntinn ri rannaireachd, agus a' gabhail oran, ach leigidh sinu leo sin aig an am so, gus an cluinn sinn tuilleadh mu Eirinn. Ach a nis, co a chual no 'chunnaic thu anns an rioghachd sin air do thuras, a dhearbhadh dhuit gu'm bheil muinntir na tìre sin nì's gear-bhriathraich, agus nì's ealanta ann am freagairtibh na muinntir eile?

COIN.—Cha robh mise fad anns an duthaich sin mar a ta fios agad; ach an deigh sin, thachair mi air na h-uiread a thug barrachd gaireachdaich orn na's urrainn mi a chur an ceill, agus na'n tuiginn iad gu ceart, cha'n 'eil fios agam ciamar a dh'

fhàgadh iad mi. Air dol a stigh dhomh la àraidh do bhuth grèasaich, bha Eireannach bochd an sin, a bha air a sharuchadh co mor's gu'n robh 'fhallus fein 'g a dhalladh, a' tarruing air a chosaibh bòtan ura a bha tuilleadh's teann dha. Mu dheireadh, a' lasadh be corruch, thilg e air falbh uaith iad gu ceann eile an tìghe, agus ghlaodh e a mach ris a' ghreasaich, “Ochan! cha'n fhaigh mise na bòtan tubaisteach sin orm gu brath, gus an caith mi là no dhà iad air mo chosaibh an toiseach!”

MUR.—Bha sin gasda da-rìreadh, a Choimnich, agus bu mhaith an airidh Pat bochd air na botan fhaotuinn na 'n rachadh iad idir m' a chosaibh, ach ciod tuilleadh?

COIN.—Ciod tuilleadh! So agad, ma ta, a Mhurachaidh; Bha balach beag Eireannach aon la air an t-sraid a' ranaich gu goirt an nair a chunneas e le Ban-tighearna sheirceil a' bha 'gabhail na slighe. Labhair i ris, agus thubhairt i, “Ciod a tha 'cur ort, a bhrogachain thruaigh, an uair a tha thu a' gal mar sin?” “Tha mi 'gal a chionn gu'n do chaill mi sgillinn a thug momhathair dhomh an diugh.” “Bi samhach, bi samhach, mo ghiullan bochd, agus so dhuit sgillinn eile 'n a h-aite,” agus dh' fhalbh i. Cha deachaidh i ach beagan shlat air a h-aghaidh an uair a chual i am brogach ag eigheach nì's cruaidhe na rinn e riamh. An sin, phill a' bhan - tighearna gu h-ealamh air ais, agus dh' fhoighneachd i dhe 'n bhalachan ciod a bha 'cur air a ris; agus thubhairt e, “Tha dìreach so, a bhean-nasail, mur caillinn a' cheud sgillinn, bhiodh a nis da sgillinn agam.”

MUR.—Bha am brogach bochd airidh air an sgillinn eile fhaotuinn, agus a veir coslais fhuair se i. Ach a nis, a Choimnich, faigheamaid aon sgeul eile, agus an sin bithidh sinn, le beannachd, a' bogadh nan gad.

COIN.—Na 'n ceadaicheadh ùine bheirinn nàficheadan dhe 'n leithidibh sin duit, a Mhurchaidh, a chunnaic mo dhà shùil fein; ach aig an àm so foghnaidh aon sgeul eile. Bha Eireannach ann an àit 'àraidh, cha 'n 'eil cuimha' agam air 'àinm, ach rinn e còrdadh air son suim shonraichte airgid chum tobar a chladhachadh ann an ionad a chaidh fheuchainn da; agus bha 'n toll gu bhì da fhichead troidh ann an doimhne, chum an t-uisge a ruigheachd. An uair a chladhaich e sìos dluth air an doimhne sin, thainig e air maduinn mhòich, agus chunnaic e gu 'n do thuit an ùir a stigh gus an robh an toll gu bhì lan, agus ochan, is e a bha cianail, dorranach da-rireadh. Ach ghrad bhuaill innleachd 'n a cheann cìod a dheanadh e. Sheall e mn 'n enairt da air gach taobh, agus cha 'n fhac e mac mathar an fad no 'm fagus. An sin, thilge dheth a' chuid a's mò dhe 'n eudach aige, agus chroch e suas air craoibh e goirid o bheil an tuill, agus dh' fholnich se e fein ann an meadhon pris a bha ann fochair an tobair. Cha b' fhad gus an d' thainig muinntir an rathad, agus ma thainig chunnaic iad an toll air a lionadh leis an ùir a thuit a stigh, agus bheachdaich iad air an endach aig Pat bochd air a' chraoibh. Thogadh glaoth cianail, agus ruith iad thall's a bhos a chruinneachadh sluaigh, oir cha robh teagamh aig neach, nach do thuit an ùir a stigh, agus nach do mhuchadh Pat bochd ann an iochdar an tuill. Chuir iad ris gu maith agus gu romhaith. Chruinnich iad cuinneagan, agus taoid, sluasaidean, agus gach inneal air am b' urrainn iad greim a dheanamh, agus dh' oibrich iad gun sgios gun sgur, agus ann an ùine nach robh fada, rainig iad grunn an an tuill, ach bha iongantach gun choimeas mor orra nach robh *Pat Murphy* ri fhacinn an sin beò no

marbh. Air do 'n obair a bhì crìochnuichte, ghluais *Pat* gu cinin, socaireach a mach as a' phreas, agus thug e moran taing do 'n luchd-oibre air son an caoinhneis agus an dichill ann an cuideachadh leis mar a rinn iad.

MUR.—Mìle taing, slaint is furan duit, a Choinnich, is gle thaitneach na nithe sin uile, an uair a bhios iad air an deagh aithris, mar a rinn thusa. Ach tha mi 'n dochas gu 'm bheil la maith eile a' tighinn fathast, agus gu 'n comhlaich sinn a ris r' a cheile, chum barrachd naidheachd a bhì againn. Ma tha thu 'cur romhad an Goirtean-Fraoich a thoirt ort an nochd, cha 'n eil ùine ri chàll, oir tha 'n t-slighe fada, agus an rathad garbh. An dochas gu 'm faigh thu Seonaid, na paisdean, agus an crodh, gun dith, gun deireas; beannachd leat, a' charaid dhilis; agus gu 'm bu maith a ruigeas tu dhachaidh!

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

AIMSIREAN NA BLIADHNA.

A GHÀIDHEIL RUNAICH,—Bha mi a' runachadh o chionn iomadh latha sgrìobhadh ad ionnsaidh mu 'n doigh anns an do chumt na seana Ghaidheil aimsirean na bliadhna, mar a tha an Faoilteach; an Fheadag; a' Ghobag; “Iomadh sgrìos na Feadaig's nam Faoilteach;” Seachdain a' Ghearrain; Seachdain na Caillich; Neoil dhubha na Caisge; Glasadh na Cuthaige; an Ceitein Earraich; agus “Latha buidhe Beall-tainn.” Ged a chleachd mi gach oidhirp air so a dheanamh gu coimhlionta, gidheadh tha amharus agam nach 'eil e ceart agam; cha 'n fhaighinn dithis a bha a' co-chordadh r' a cheile anns a' chumntas; agus air eagal gu 'n caillear e gu buileach tha mi 'g a chur ad ionnsaidh mar fhuair mi e—theagamh an uair a chithear e anns a' GHÀIDHEAL, gu 'm

bi neach eigin ri 'fhaotainn a chuir-eas ceart e, oir is duilich gu 'n rachadh e as an t-sealladh uile gu leir.

Oidhe agus gearr-mhìoso Shamhain gu Feill-Andrais, agus trì oidhe-cheachan a dh-easbhuidh a' ghearr-mhìos eadar Feill-Andrais agus Nollaig.

Seachdain Nollaig, Seachdain Coinnle, agus Seachdain Sainseil.

Toisichidh am Faoilteach Geamhraidh aig ceann cheithir seachdainean agus trì laithean an deigh Latha-Coinnle, eadhon an 29mh là de cheud mhìos na bliadhna (January), agus crìochnaichidh e air an 12mh latha d'an dara mìos (February). Toisichidh am Faoilteach Earraich air a' 14mh latha agus crìochnaichidh e air an 28mh latha; mar sin is i nìne an Fhaoiltich ceithir-la-deug air gach taobh de Latha-Fheill-Brìghde.

Thig an sin Tri latha Feadaig agus ceithir latha Gobaig — fìor dhroch shìd; mar a theirear:—

“S mise 'n Fheadag sgriosach luath;
Marbham caora, marbham nan,
'S marbham gabhar ri aon tràth.”

Thig a nis Seachdain iomadh-sgobach nam Feadag 's nam Faoilteach: crìochnaichidh so air a' 14mh latha d'an Mhàrt.

Tha an sin ann—

“Sgiorraidhean na Feill-Conain,
'S doinìonn na Feill-Pàraig.”

Is e so àm cur an t-sìl.

“Eisd a' chiad Mhàrt,
'S an dara Màrt,
'S an treasa Màrt ma 's endar e;
Ach olc air mhaith g' am bi an t-sìd.
Cuir an siol 's an fhìor Mhàrt,
Gar an rachadh tu do cheithir fad
fein an aghaidh na gaoith tuath.”

Tha a nis agad an 28mh latha d'an Mhàrt.

'N a dheigh so tha agad Seachdain na Caillich, a chrìochnaicheas air a' 4mh latha d'an Ghiblein (April). Air an latha so tilgidh a' Chailleach uaipe an slachdan-druidheachd leis

an robh i a' cumail fodha a' chiumeis fad na dùbhlachd, agus tha i ag radh:—

“ Dh'fhag e shìos mi,
Dh'fhag e shuas mi,
Dh'fhag e eadar mo dha chluais mi;
Dh'fhag e thall mi,
Dh'fhag e bhòs mi,
Dh'fhag e eadar mo dha chois mi.”

Tilgidh i an sin uaipe an slachdan aig bun craoibh-chuillim air nach cinn duilleach no dos gu toiseach na h-ath dùbhlachd, agus teichidh i le sgread oilleil do' n fhàsach.

Tha an sin ann Neoil dhubha na Càisge, agus Glasadh na Cuthaige, a mhaireas ochd latha deug; an deigh sin ochd latha deug de Cheitein Earraich, agus an sin “Latha buidhe Bealltainn.”

ARGATHALIAN.

Baile 'n Obain,
Am Màrt, 1874.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Esan a tha a ghnath deas gu bhi 'toirt comhairle, tha feum mor aige fein oirre.
Is ann aige-san is mò a their is lugha tha ri radh.

Is aithne do' n duine ghlic 'aineolas fein, ach tha an t-amadan am barail gur aithne dha na h-uile nithe.

Seachain an t-suil a tha teoma air faicinn an uile agus mall a dh-fhaicinn a' mhaith.

Tha eadar-dhealachadh mor eadar a bhi ag urnaigh, agus a bhi ag aithris urnaigh.

Cha 'n urrainnear a radh gu 'n d' thainig bàs ath-ghoirid air-san a chunnaic laithean fada.

Cha 'n 'eil ni sam bith urramach nach 'eil neo-lochdach, no ni sam bith suarach nach 'eil a' tarmachadh an uile.

Iadsan a tha toigheach air a bhi 'cur an ceill a' h-uile ni a' s aithne dhoibh, tha iad ealamh gu bhi 'cur an ceill tuilleadh 's a' s aithne dhoibh.

Do na daoineibh treuna tha deagh shoirbheas agus droch shoirbheas, mar an lamh dheas agus an lamh chli; ach tha iad 'g an cur le cheile gu feum.

Is e arcidhe fein, agus cha 'n iad barailean sluaigh eile, a bhulicheas meas agus urram oirnn am measg ar co-chréatairean fein.

KEY B FLAT.

CHLUINN MI NA H-EOIN.

Slowly.

Chorus.



: M . r , d | d : l₁ . l₁ , s₁ | s₁ . , S₁ : m | r , d . - : r . , m |



| s , s . - : M . r , d | d : l₁ . l₁ , s₁ | s₁ || : M₁ . , f₁



s₁ . , s₁ : l . , d | d . , t₁ : L₁ . l₁ | s₁ . , s₁ : l . , d | r , { s_m } . - ||

NOTE.—I have to express my obligations to my excellent friend and your valuable contributor, *Muileach* (Mr. D. Macphail), for this beautiful lyric, the composition of his grandfather. The Captain Campbell referred to was Captain Alexander Campbell, of Achnacroish, in the parish of Torosay, in the island of Mull. In the version of the air, with which I was familiar, the final note of the verse rose a third higher than in that given me by my friend. I have given the note double, thus $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} s \\ m \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ so that your musical readers may have their choice.

J. W.

LUINNEAG

Chluinn mi ha h-eoin, 's binn leam
na h-eoin,

Na h-eoin, na h-eoin bhoidheach
bhinne.

Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam
na h-eoin.

'S binn leam fhein, na bha mi 'g eisdeachd,
Madainn cheitein 's spreidh a' sileadh.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam smeorach air bharr geige,
'S niseagan 's an speur ri iomairt.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam coileach dubh ri durdail,
'S cearc an t-ùchain dluth 'g a shireadh.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam gog nan coileach-ruadha
'S moiche 'ghluaiseas 's a' bhruaich fhìrich.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam euthag le 'gùg-gùg,
'S a' mhadainn chiùin air stuc a' ghlinne.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam guth na h-eala buadhaich,—
Luinneag is glan fuaim air linne.

Chluinn mi, &c

'S binne na iad sud gu leir
An naidheachd eibhinn a fhuair sinne :
Chluinn mi, &c.

Na *Scots greys* air tigh 'm à Eirinn
Sabhailte gun bheud, gun mhilleadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An *Captain* Caimbeul le 'chomannda,
De na bh'ann 's e b' annsa leinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

O, na 'n greasadh Rìgh na grein' thu
Gu d' thir fein gu' m' b' eibhinn leinn' e!
Chluinn mi, &c.

Gu tigh mor nan tuireid arda,
'S e 'dol fàs gun àird' air inneal.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An tigh a thog dhuit Flath na feille ;
'S iona suil 'bha deurach uime.
Chluinn mi, &c.

Sliochd Iain bhig 'ic-Iain-'ic-Dhòmhull,
G' an robh coirichean Ebraigh'-Ghlinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Thill am Prionns Alfred do'n rioghachd so le a "cheile madh-phosda," "Mairi Bhan og," nighean Impire *Russia* aige air laimh aig toiseach a' mhios a chaidh seachad. Air an dara la deug nochd a' chàraid og iad fein ann am baile-mor Lunainn. Na 'n cuideachd bha ar Ban-rìgh chaomh fein agus cuid eile d'an teaghlach rioghail. Bha an latha sneachdar, fuar, ach cha robh a' so ach rud a chleachd a' Bhan-duic 'n a duthaich fein. Coma co dhiu, ma bha an t-sìd geamhrail, bha aoibh an t-samhraidh air gach gnìis anns an dumhladas mhor shluaigh a thainig a mach a chur failte 's furain air Alfred agus air a "Mhairi bhoidhich 's a Mhairi ghaolaich."

Chaidh a' Pharlamaid ùr'fhosgladh ach cha do chuir iad fathast a' bheag troimh 'n lamhan. Bha soirbheachadh mor aig an rioghachd air a' bhliadhna chaidh seachad; tha suil gu'm bi suim mhor airgid a chòrr thairis ann an sporan mor na duthcha an deigh gach cosdais coitchinn a dhioladh. Cha 'n 'eil fhios ceart fhathast ciod na sochairean, ann an rathad saorsa bho chisean, a thig an lorg an t-soirbheachaidh agus a' bheairtis so; feumar sin 'fbàgail an earbsa ri gliocas na parlamaid agus ràidh gille-sporain na rioghachd.

Tha na saighdearan a bha thall ann an *Africa* a' cogadh ri rìgh an-ìochdmhor, borb *Ashantee* an deigh tilleadh dbachaidh. An measg an airm a bha thall, bha am "Freiceadan dubh" ainmeil, agus tha e air 'aid-eachadh leis gach aon a bha 'n am fianaisean air an giùlan 's an euchdan—ged a bha an t-arm gu leir airidh air gach urram—gu'n do choisinn iadsan gu sonraichte, agus mar bu dual doibh, mor chliu agus onoir air son na gaisge agus na treubhantachd a nochd iad.

"'N uair thainig an trioblaid
S i 'Dhà-'s-an-da-fhichead'
Bha dana le misnich
'S le meas orra fein;
Bras, ardanach, fiosrach,
Gun fhàillinn gun bhristeadh,
'S cuid àraidh d'an gibhteann,
'Bhi 'n gliocas 's an ceill."

Tha gorta ro mhor an drasta ann am *Bengal*, aon de earrainean nan Innsean-an-ear. A thuilleadh air gu'n do chuir Uachdaranachd na rioghachd so suim mhor air leith g'an cuideachadh, tha sluagh na duthcha mar an ceudna a' tionnal airgid a chum còmhnadh a dheanamh le 'r comh-chreutairean bochd ann an *Bengal*. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh againn ma ni airgid e nach deantar fòir orra.

Tha corp an eilthirich ainmeil, *Dr. Livingstone* air an rathad dbachaidh do Shasunn. Tha a run oirnn cunntas a thoirt uime air an ath mhios.

Air an 16mh d'an mhios a dh' fhalbh thainig am prionnsa og, mac Impire na Fraing nach maireann gu aois-lagha—is e sin, a reir lagh na Frainge, ochd bliadhn' deug. Thainig moran de sheann iochdarain athar 'a nall a h-uille ceun as an Fhraing a thoirt umhlachd da's g'a chomh-fhailt-eachadh mar an uachdaran. Faodar a smuaineachadh nach robh a' so ach feala-dha air neo dian-dhealas a tha a' sruthadh o thairiseachd agus o ghradh do'n fhear a dh' fhalbh; ach tha na Frangaich gu nadarra cho neo-sheasmhach 's nach 'eil fhios aca fhein no aig daoin' eile cia cho fada 's a bhios iad toilichte leis a' ghne riaghlaidh fo'm bheil iad an dràst, no cia cho luath 's a ghairmeas iad a nunn Napoleon òg gu cathair-rioghail 'athar, 's a chrunas iad e, "gun bhuille gun urchair," mar Impire na Fraing.

Bu choir do chomhairle tuiteam gu seimh mar an druchd, 's cha 'n ann mar fhrois chlacha-meallain.

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GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.
(Continued from Vol. III. page 26.)

292. *Bàn* (white, pale, wan) is cognate with Gr. *phaeinós* (shining, radiant) of which *phœnuos* is another form. The root of *bàn* is *bá*. Cf. Sansk. root *bhâ* (to shine), from which comes *bhânu* (light). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 776. Gael. *b* = Gr. *ph* by rule.

293. *Ball* (member) corresponds to Gr. *phallos*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 150.

294. *Dàn, duan*.

Dàn (gift; art; fate, destiny; poem) is from the root *dâ* which is common to Gaelic and other Aryan languages. *Dàn* corresponds to Sansk. *dâna* (gift) from root *dâ* (to give), Lat. *donum* (gift) from *do*, *dare* (to give; = *du-re*). *Duan* (poem; = *don*) corresponds to *dàn*. From the same root come Gr. *didômi* (to give) and *dôron* (gift). Cf. Z. G. C., pp. 776, 998.

295. *Sàsaich and sàth*.

Sàsaich (to satisfy) = Lat. *satio* (to sate, to satisfy). *S* of *sàsaich* arises from *t*. Cf. *treas* (= *tres*) and *tertius* (= *tretius*); *gràs* and *gratui* (p. 26). *Sàth* = Lat. *Sat*.

296. *Sòlas* (joy, solace) = Lat. *solatium* (comfort, consolation), Ital. *solazzo*, Eng. *solace*. Cf. W. *solas* (comfort, solace).

297. *Pris* (price) = Lat. *pretium* (worth, price), Eng. *pricc*. Cf. W. *pris*.

298. *Pìos* (piece; anc. *pís*) = Low Lat. *petium* (a piece of land), Ital. *pezza*, Fr. *piece*, Eng. *piece*. In these examples Gael. *s* = Lat. *t*.

299. *Or* (gold) = Lat. *aurum* (gold) for *ausum*. Cf. Sansk. root *ush* (to burn, to shine) in Bopp's Glossary, p. 59. Cf. also Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 83.

300. *Airgid* (silver; in Mid. Gael. *airged* and in Old Gael. *airget* and *argat*) = Lat. *argentum* (silver). In Gaelic *u* is dropped, as already noticed, before the *tenuis* by rule. The Welsh is *uriant*.

301. *Muincheall* or *muinchill* and *manacle*.

Muincheull or *muinchill* (sleeve; anc. *muincille*) = Lat. *manicula*, diminutive of *manica* (a sleeve), from *manus* (the hand). Cf. Old Ice. *mund*. See Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 154. *Manacle* is from Lat. *manicula*.

302. *Aoradh* (worship, adoration; anc. *adrud*) = Lat. *adoratio*. *Adrad* by aspiration became *adhradh*, which has only recently become *aoradh*.

303. *Deur* and *tear*.

Deur (tear; anc. *dér*) = W. *dagr* or *daiyr* and is cognate with Gr. *dakru* (a tear) and *dakruon* (a tear), Lat. *lacrima* for *dacrima*, Goth. *tagr* (tear), Ger. *zähre* (tear), A.S. *tøher* and *tear*, Eng. *tear*. *D* in Celtic, Greek, and Latin = *t* in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and English, and *z* in High German. Cf. *deich* (ten), Gr. *deka*, Lat. *decem*, and Goth. *taihun*, A.S. *ten*, Eng. *ten*, Ger. *zehn*.

304. *Deud* and *tooth*.

Deud (tooth; anc. *dét*) = W. *dant* and is cognate with Sansk. *danta* (tooth), Gr. *odous*, Gen. *odontos*, Lat. *dens*, gen. *dentis*, Goth. *tunthus*, Ger. *zahn*, A.S. *toth*, Eng. *tooth*.

305. *Feith* and *wait*.

Feith (wait) = W. *gwetitio* (to wait)

and may be compared with Old High Ger. *wahen* (to watch, to keep guard), Old Fr. *waiter* (to watch, to attend), Eng. *wait*. *F* in Gaelic = *gw* in Welsh and *w* in English.

306. *Fìor* (true; anc. *fìr*) = W. *gwir* (true) and corresponds to Lat. *verus* (true). *Fìrinn* (truth) is from *fìr*.

307. *Cù* and *hound*.

Cù (dog; gen. *coin*, gen. plur. *con*) = W. *ci*, *cwn*, and is cognate with Sansk. *çvan* (a dog), Gr. *kuôn*, gen. *kunos*, Lat. *canis*, Goth. *hunds*, A.S. *hund*, Eng. *hound*. *C* in Gaelic, Greek, and Latin = *h* in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and English.

308. *Corn* and *horn*.

Corn (a drinking-horn) = W. *corn* = Lat. *cornu* (a horn) and is cognate with Gr. *keras*, gen. *keratos*, Goth. *hauru* (horn), A.S. *horn*, Eng. *horn*. With Gr. *keras*, *keratos*, are connected A.S. *heorot*, *heort* (stag), and Eng. *hart* (lit. a horned animal; a stag).

309. *Vair* and *hour*.

Vair (hour; anc. *uar*) = W. *awr* and corresponds to Gr. *hōra* and Lat. *hora* (hour), from which *hour* is derived.

310. *Las* (loose, slack) corresponds to Lat. *laxus*, from which *lax* is derived. *S* in Gaelic frequently corresponds to *x* in Latin.

311. *Iomhaigh* and *image*.

Iomhaigh (image) = Lat. *imago*, from which *image* is derived.

312. *Laoch* (a hero; anc. *laech*) = Lat. *laicus* (belonging to the laity) from Gr. *laos* (the people). *Laochraídh* (heroes, warriors) is from *laoch*.

313. *Clòimh* and *Clàmh*.

Clòimh (wool; down), pronounced *clàimh* in some parts of the Highlands, is the same word as *clàmh* (down; anc. *clùm*), and is cognate with, if not derived from, Lat. *pluma* (a soft feather, down). *C* in Gaelic frequently corresponds to *p* in Latin.

314. *Bòrd* (a table or board) = W. *burdd*, also *bord*, and corresponds to Goth. *baurd* (a board), Old Ice. *bordh* (a border, table, board), A.S. *bord* (a board), Eng. *board*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 117.

315—*Tart*, *tioram*, *tìor*, *tìoradh*, *tìoraíl*, and *thirst*, *dry*.

Tart (thirst) is cognate with Sansk. *tarsha* (thirst) from *tarsh* (to thirst), Goth. *thurs* (to be dry), *thaursus* (dry), *thaurstei* (thirst), Gr. *tersomai* (to be or become dry), Lat. *torreo* (to dry) for *torseo*, *tostum* for *torstum*, Dan. *terst* (thirst), Ger. *durst* (thirst), A.S. *thurst* (thirst), *thyrstan* to thirst), Eng. *thirst*. *Tioram* (dry; anc. *tìrim*) may be compared with Old Ice. *thurr*, Dan. *ter* (dry), A.S. *thyr* (dry), Ger. *dürr* (dry), A.S. *drig* (dry), Eng. *dry*. *Tìor* (to dry as corn), *tìoradh* or *tìreadh* (kiln-drying), *tìoraíl* (sheltered, warm), are from the same root as *tioram*. To the same root Stokes refers *tìr* (land), which may possibly be connected with Lat. *terra*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 88, Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch, and Bopp's Glossary, p. 168.

316. *Nuadh* and *new*.

Nuadh (new; anc. *nua*, *nu*, *nue*, *nuue*, *núide*) = W. *newydd* and is cognate with Sansk. *nára* (new) from root *nu*, *návya* (new), Lat. *novus* (new), Gr. *neos* (new) for *nefos*, Lit. *navja-s* (new), Goth. *nūjis* (new), Old Ice. *nýr*, Dan. *ny*, Old H. Ger. *nūci*, New H. Ger. *neu*, A.S. *nīwe*, Eng. *new*. Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 211, and Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 111.

317. *Fabhrad* and *bronc*.

Fabhrad or *fabhradh* (an eye-brow; in Mid. Gael. *fabra*, gen. *fabrat*, and in Old Gael. *abra*, gen. *abrat*) is cognate with Gr. *ophrus* (the eye-brow; = *o-phru-s*), Sansk. *bhrû* (a brow, or eye-brow), Goth. *brahv* (eye-brow), Old H. Ger. *brâwa*

(eye-brow), A.S. *bruwa* (a brow), Eng. *brow*.

318. *Fraoch* (heath; anc. *fraech*) is cognate with W. *grûg* (heath), Gr. *ereikê* (heath, heather) Lat. *erice* (heath). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 162.

319. *Leòmhann* and *lion*.

Leòmhann (lion) is connected with W. *llew*, Dan. *leve* (lion), Old H. Ger. *lewo(n)*, Ger. *lowe* (lion), Dut. *leeuw*, A.S. *leon*, Eng. *lion*. Cf. Gr. *leôn* and Lat. *leo(n)*.

320. "A mhàin," *manuch*, and *monk*.

Màin in the phrase "a mhàin" (only) is cognate with Gr. *monos* (alone), from which comes Gr. *monuchos* (single, solitary), Lat. *monachus* (monk), Ger. *mönch* (monk), Eng. *monk*. *Manuch* (monk) is from Lat. *monachus*.

321. *Clìath* (hurdle; = *clêta*) = Old W. and Corn. *cluit*, Mod. W. *clwyd* (hurdle) and may be compared with Lat. *crates* (hurdle), Mid. Lat. *cleta*, Fr. *claise* (hurdle), Provençal *cleida*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 50.

322. *Sèomhar* and *chamber*.

Sèomhar (chamber; in Mid. Gael. *seonra*) is derived through the Anglo-Norman from Lat. *camera* (a vault, an arched covering, arched roof or ceiling), Gr. *kamara* (vaulted chamber). Cf. Fr. *chambre* (from *camera*). *Chamber* is from *chambre*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 50. Wedgwood thinks that the root is probably *cam* (crooked).

323. *Peallach*, *peallag*, and *fell*.

Peallach (shaggy, having rough or matted hair, matted) and *peallag* (a shaggy hide or skin; an ill-dressed or ragged woman) are from *peall* (a skin or hide; a covering, a mat) = Lat. *pellis* (the skin or hide of a beast), Dut. *vel* (skin), Goth. *jil* (skin), Old Ice. *felltr* (skin), A.S. *fell*, Eng. *fell* (skin).

324. *Srathair* (pack-saddle; in

Mid. Gael. *srathar*) = W. *ystrodgr* (pack-saddle) = Mid. Lat. *stratura*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 62.

325. *Cuileag* (a fly; lit. a little fly) is diminutive of *cuil* (a fly; gen. *cuilech*) = Lat. *culex* (a gnat). *Cuil* is, therefore, as pointed out by Stokes (cf. Goid., p. 57, 2nd ed.), a c-stem. The second *c* of *culex* (= *culecs*) appears, not in *gof cuileag*, but in the aspirated *ch* of the gen. *cuilech*.

326. *Cuach* (a cup, a bowl) = W. *cawy* (a basin, a bowl) = Gr. *kaukê* or *kaûku* (a kind of cup).

327. *Bïust* (beast) = Lat. *bestia*, from which Eng. *beast* is derived. The diphthong *iu* = *e*. *Béist*, if not from *beast*, is another form of *biast*.

328. *Céilear* and *céileireadh* (chirping of birds, music; in Mid. Gael. *céileubhar* and *céilebradh*) are from Lat. *celebratio* (celebration, praising). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 92.

329. *Ceatharn* and *ceatharnach*.

Ceatharn (a troop) is either from Lat. *quaternio* or from its derivative *quaternion* (a file of four soldiers). *Ceatharnach* (a soldier, a hero) is from *ceatharn*.

330. *Bràthair* and *brother*.

Bràthair (brother: anc. *bráthir*) = W. *brawd*, plur. *brodyr*, and is cognate with Sansk. *bhratâr* (brother), Gr. *phratêr*, Lat. *frâter*, Goth. *brôthar*, Ger. *bruder*, A.S. *brôðhor*, Eng. *brother*.

331. *Bith*, *bi*, *bha*, *bu*, and Eng. *be*.

Bith (being, existence) and *bi* (be thou), *bha* (was), and *bu* (was) are cognate with Sansk. *bhû* (to be), Gr. *phu-ô* (to bring forth; to come into being), Lat. *fu-i* (I was) and *fiô* (to be, to become), A.S. *be-on* (to be, to exist), Eng. *be*.

332. *Bile*, *bileag*, *duille*, *duilleag*.

Bile (a leaf, a blossom) of which *bileag* is diminutive, may be regarded as cognate with Gr. *phullon* (a leaf) for *phu'lon*, Lat. *folium* (leaf). *Duille*

(leaf) of which *duilleag* is diminutive, may be regarded as related to *phullon* and *folium* as *dorus* is to Lat. *foris*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 94.

333. *Màthair* and *mother*.

Màthair (mother; anc. *máthir* = *matari*) is cognate with Sansk. *mâtar* (mother) from root *mâ* (to fashion), Gr. *mētēr*, Dor. *matēr*, Lat. *mâter*, Ger. *mutter*, A.S. *modor* and *moder*, Eng. *mother*.

334. *Mùth* (to change) = Lat. *mutō* (to change).

335. *Meadhon*, and *mid*, *middle*.

Meadhon (middle; anc. *medon*) is cognate with Sansk. *mudhya* (middle), Gr. *mesos* and *messos* (middle), Lat. *medius*, Goth. *midja*, Ger. *mitte*, A.S. *midde*, Eng. *mid*; Ger. *mittel*, A.S. *middel*, Eng. *middle*.

335. *Gabhar* (goat) = W. *gafr* and corresponds to Lat. *caper* (a he-goat), although irregularly, for the Greek and Latin tenses should be represented, according to Grimm's Law, by the corresponding tenses in Gaelic. There are, however, exceptions to the rule, as *capio* and *gabh, edo* and *ith*. Cf. Old Ice. *hafir*, A.S. *hæfer*.

337. *Capull* (a horse, a mare) = W. *ceffyl* and is connected with Lat. *caballus* (a horse), Gr. *kaballēs* (a nag). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 110.

338. *Iolair* (eagle; anc. *Iur*) = W. *eryr*, Corn. *er* (an eagle), Bret. *erer* and *er*, Goth. *ara*, gen. *arins*, Old High Ger. *aro*, Old Ice. *ari*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 56.

339. *Cearđ* (a mechanic, a tinker; anc. *cerđ*) corresponds to Lat. *cerdo* (a handicraftsman), Gr. *kerdos* (gain, profit). The root is *car* = Sansk. *kr* (to make). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 58.

340. *Ràmh* (an oar) = *rhwyf* and corresponds to Lat. *remus* (an oar). From *ràmh* are derived *rànchain* (to row), *ionranchain* (to row; = *im* and *ràmh*), and *iomrain* (to row).

341. *Ràth* (a float, a raft) = Lat. *ratis* (a float, a raft).

342. *Mulachan* (a cheese; = Ir. *mulchan* = Old Gael. *mulcan*) is cognate with Goth. *miluks* (milk), Old High Ger. *miluh*, New High Ger. *milch*, A.S. *meoluc* and *meole*, Eng. *milk*. Cf. Lat. *mulgere* and *mulcere*, and Gr. *amelgō*. *Mulachag* is another form for *mulachan*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 60, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

343. *Fual* and *wine*.

Fual = *vōla* which may be compared with Sansk. *vār* and *vari* (water), Gr. *oāron* for *foāron*, Lat. *wina*, from which *wine* is derived. Cf. Stokes' Irish Glosses, p. 58, and Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 358. *L* and *r* frequently interchange.

344. *Machair* (a field, a plain; anc. *machaive*) = W. *magwyr* (wall, enclosure, field) = Lat. *maceria* (a wall enclosing ground). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 102.

345. *Prìomh* and *prime*.

Prìomh (chief, principal; anc. *prím*) = Lat. *primus*, from which Eng. *prime* is derived.

346. *Amharus* (suspicion; anc. *amires, amaires, and amiress*) = *am* and *iress*, the priv. prefix *am* and *iress* or *uiress* (faith). *Iress* or *uiress* is formed from the prefix *air*, which also occurs as *ir, er, and ar*, and *sess* from the root *sad*, which corresponds to Sansk. *sad* (to sit), Gr. *hed* in *hezomai* and Lat. *sed* in *seleo*. Cf. *sess* (a seat or car) in Stokes' Glosses, p. 43.

347. *Ith* and *eat*.

Ith (to eat) is cognate with Sansk. *admi* (to eat), Lith. *edmi*, Gr. *edō*, Lat. *edo*, Goth. *ita*, Ger. *essen*, A.S. *ettan*, Eng. *eat*. In *ith* the tenuis *t* represents, contrary to rule, the medial *d* in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin. Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 7, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 41.

348. *Marc, marcach, and mare*.

Mare (a horse; cf. Gaulish acc. *markan*) = W. *march* (a horse), and is cognate with Old H. Ger. *marach*, *march*, and *marh* (a horse), fem. *meriha* and *merha* (a mare), A.S. *nearh* (a horse), *mare* and *myre* (a mare), Eng. *mare*. *Mareach* (a horse-man) is from *mare*.

349. *Maath* (soft, tender; anc. *maeth* = W. *myrth* (soft), and is cognate with Lat. *mitis* (mild, soft, tender).

350. *Mal* (rent, tribute) may be compared with A. S. *mal* (tribute, toll, subsidy), Scottish *mail* (tribute, rent).

(To be continued.)

—o—

OLD HIGHLAND FAMILIES IN CANADA.

The Highlanders of Greenock turned out in great force lately to keep their yearly festival—the Town Hall, which seats 1400 persons, being crowded from floor to ceiling. The *Greenock Advertiser* gives the following summary of an address delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Masson, of Edinburgh:—

“It was no small honour to be asked to address that magnificent gathering of the clans. (Applause.) That honour he owed, doubtless, to the circumstance that some weeks ago he was able to give them some interesting information of their brother Highlanders across the Atlantic. At that time he told them of many Highlanders in Canada who had risen to wealth and influence. Of these he would mention again but one name. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was then the honoured leader of her Majesty’s Opposition. That Perthshire Highlander was now Prime Minister of the Dominion. Beginning life as a journeyman mason, he now wielded, in the name of their gracious Queen, the sceptre

of an empire wider than any it ever entered into the dreams of the first Napoleon to rule over. To-night, Dr. Masson said, it was his intention to break new ground. As he had told them formerly of Highlanders who had made a name for themselves in the Far West, he would tell them to-night of brother Celts who, among the yeomanry of Canada, bore by right of birth names that were dear to all of them, some of which filled no mean place in the Scottish history. Two of these, the Chisholm and Morar, had but recently been recalled from Canada to support the ancestral roof-tree in Scotland. The Chisholm, one of the most popular of their chiefs, was a native of Montreal; and Morar, the handsomest man in the Parliament House and Town Council of Edinburgh, hailed from the far west Glengarry. And last summer the speaker had a visit from another Glengarry Canadian who believed himself, and was believed by others, to be the veritable Morar. In Glengarry, also, he met a claimant of the title and wide domains of Breadalbane—a gentleman, whatever the technical defects of his claim, who was believed by his friends to represent a branch much nearer the trunk of the old Breadalbane tree than the family of Glenfalloch. The name of Corriemony would long be dear to every intelligent Highlander. The honours of that name were worthily borne by a leading physician in the Dominion capital, who was the grandson of the patriotic and learned author of the “Gael.” And Corriemony’s cousin of Achtriachtan, a name closely associated with Prince Charlie, not long ago practised medicine also in the same province. In “Oliver & Boyd’s Almanac” the heir-apparent of the now landless Lord Reay was set

down as the vice-president of the Privy Council of the Netherlands. The Canadian Highlanders thought they knew better, and looked to a certain official of the Grand Trunk Railway as the real Reay that was to be. A late number of *Blackwood's Magazine* gave them a narrative of the Prince's wanderings after Culloden, written in his lifetime by that brave, devoted Macdonald—Glenalladale, he thought it was—who more than shared the perils and privations of that memorable fight. The descendants of that chivalrous Highland gentlemen were highly esteemed citizens of Prince Edward's Island. And their near neighbours were the Bruce Stewarts, whose veins carried the old blood royal of Scotland. One of the Bruce Stewarts, not long ago, claimed the honours and magnificent estates now so worthily held by the young Marquis of Bute—that right royal patron of Ossianic lore—who lately gave them a sumptuous edition of the father of Celtic song. If his voice could reach the ear of the noble marquis, he would whisper that a presentation copy of that beautiful book would be an appropriate gift to the marquis's cousin in the Far West. Dr. Masson believed that his friend, Mr. Bruce Stewart, was 'no connection' of a weak brother of the same name, near Dundee, who had lately been venting sentiments the most repugnant to the feelings of all true Highlanders. (Applause.) For among all her Majesty's subjects, the whole world over, he ventured to say there did not breathe a more loyal man than this grand old Prince Edward Islander; who, with his Greek Testament and Horace, and surrounded by a highly-cultured family of as handsome sons and as beautiful daughters as ever graced baronial hall or bower, lived

a life of pious patriarchal refinement and simplicity on his own fair *seigneurie* in the garden of British North America. In Canada, the language and traditions of the Gael were held in high esteem. But in the States they were not only neglected, but degraded. For example, the grandest Clan names were in a generation or two so changed and caricatured in the States that no Highlander could recognise them, or, if he did, he would be ashamed to own it. The M'ians had degenerated by easy descent into MacKeans, M'Kends, and Keans. And the most tolerable form of Maclauchlan was Maglaughlin. The chaplain of the Celtic Society in the Far West was a Rev. Mr. M'Claffin; and an erring sister in New York, who made the acquaintance of the police for attempting to blackmail the most popular preacher in America, had appropriately degraded the same honoured name into Claffin. One clan name which he met with in Canada completely baffled him. It was M'Noah. He wondered what the Macleans would say to it! (Laughter.) But since his return to Scotland he found that this name was not a corruption, but the name of an old and honoured family, some members of which still survived to tell of the day when Gallo way was a Celtic province."

ARRIVAL OF THE 42D HIGHLANDERS.—The 42d, "the Black Watch," disembarked at Portsmouth on the afternoon of Monday, the 23d March, and were enthusiastically welcomed. Having marched to Governor's Green, they were drawn up in line, and General Lord Templetown gave the word for three cheers from the garrison troops. The regiment were then invited by the Mayor to the banquet prepared for them, and Colonel Macleod having responded, the troops marched to barracks,

FAREWELL TO ROTHIEMURCHUS.

Farewell, Rothiemurchus, farewell, and for ever,
 Adieu to thy woodlands and richly clad vales ;
 For I must now leave thee and fondest ties sever :
 Then farewell to thy mountains, thy corries, and vales !

How beauteous thy woodlands with grey birch and larches,
 That hang in luxuriance o'er crag and o'er fell !
 And shading thy paths by entwining their branches,
 And loading the air with their odorous smell.

How oft in the future I'll think of that river,
 That flows so majestic near by the fair Doune !
 And the thought of that dear spot will make the heart quiver,
 As it fades from my memory, Ah ! sometimes too soon.

Oh, fair Loch-an-Eilan ! thy sides fringed with heather !
 Thy weird-looking grandeur I'll often recall,
 Where bracken and heath-bell commingle together,
 And osprey keeps watch o'er thy grey castle wall.

Yes ! scenes of my childhood from them I must wander,
 Amidst their wild grandeur the stranger may roam ;
 But when parted from them, Ah ! oft shall I ponder
 On fair Rothiemurchus, my dear Highland home.

AYLMER.

SEAN DANA.*

The appearance of a new edition of two ancient Gaelic poems with an English translation, by an *Englishman*, is enough to cause a Highlander to blush for his fellow-countrymen ; and yet such is the neat little volume before us. It is a revised reprint, with a fresh translation of two of the ancient poems which comprise the *Sean Dàna* of the late Dr. Smith, of Campbelton. Were the work but even very indifferently executed, there would be much to rejoice at in its appearance, as a token of a revived interest in the Gaelic language and Celtic matters generally, but we are glad to be able to bear testimony to the remarkable correctness of the Gaelic of this work—a somewhat rare luxury, and the beauty and faithfulness of the translation. In his preface to the

volume, Mr. Jerram, with great honesty, states the arguments on both sides of the Ossianic question without venturing to propound an opinion of his own regarding the authenticity or spuriousness of the poems—this he wisely prefers to leave “to every reader to form his own conclusion.” In addition to the poems we are furnished with a critical Introduction and explanatory Notes, which contain quite a store of literary odds and ends, not only valuable for elucidating the text, but as throwing much light upon the corners and bye-ways of Celtic lore

* DAN AN DEIRG AGUS TIOMNA GHUILL (DARGO AND GAUL): Two poems from Dr. Smith's collection, entitled, *Sean Dana*, newly translated, with a Revised Gaelic Text, Notes, and Introduction, by C. S. Jerram, M.A., Oxon.

in general. While again confessing with regret how little is done for Gaelic literature by our own fellow-countrymen, we would all the more cordially welcome and commend what is being done on behalf of the dear old tongue by such as Mr. Jerram and other southern brethren. Let us no more regard the *Sassenach* and the foreigner, who favour us with their presence, as intruders in "the country of the Macgregor," or as spies coming to expose the nakedness of the land, and to ridicule the people and language, for we have evidence springing up in not a few unexpected quarters that their purpose is far otherwise. The present work is not by any means an insignificant adminicule of such evidence. Instead of idly lamenting the decay of the Gaelic language, if our own fellow-countrymen would "cease shrieking and begin considering" the creating and fostering of an intelligent interest in our literature would not be left to Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen. In the absence of native-born bards, let us gladly and thankfully welcome the labours of our college-taught *senachies*.

"And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore."

GAELIC CLASS IN GLASGOW FREE CHURCH COLLEGE.

The following gentlemen received prizes at the close of the present session in the Gaelic class taught by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Renton, in the Free Church College, Glasgow:—

SENIOR DIVISION.

1. N. M'Neill, Argyllshire, (Bursary of £10, for two years).
2. John G. M'Neill, Argyllshire (£4).
3. D. M'Cormack, Argyllshire (£3) } equal
4. M. Morrison, Ross-shire (£3) }
5. John Ross M'Neill, Ross-shire (£3).

JUNIOR DIVISION.

1. D. Morrison, Argyllshire, (Bursary of £10, for one year).
2. John M'Rury, Inverness-shire (£4).
3. A. M'Tavish, Argyllshire, (£3).
4. Duncan M'Rae, Ross-shire (£3).

Also the following gentlemen, whose examination papers are deserving of special mention, received prizes:—Senior Division—William Mackinnon and Donald M'Innes. Junior Division—John M'Coll, Argyllshire; Donald Mackay and Neil Grant, Inverness-shire.

The class was open for students of all denominations. The money for the prizes was contributed by gentlemen in Glasgow who take an interest in the study of the Gaelic language.

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THE BLACK WATCH AT COOMASSIE.

Mr Henry M. Stanley, in one of his letters to the *New York Herald*, describes the advance on Coomassie, and writes as follows of the bravery of the Black Watch:—The interchange of musketry in our rear lasted until a quarter to two p.m., when Sir Garnet ordered the 42d Highlanders to advance along the road to Coomassie. Sir Archibald Alison was, of course, the brigadier commanding the advance; but Colonel MacLeod, of the 42d, was the officer in immediate command of the regiment. Sir Archibald was more of a looker-on upon the exciting scene of the advance. The conduct of the 42d Highlanders on many fields has been considerably belauded, but mere laudation is not enough for the gallantry which has distinguished this regiment when in action. Its bearings have been beyond praise as a model regiment, exceedingly disciplined, and, individually, nothing could surpass the standing and gallantry which distinguished each member of the 42d, or the Black Watch. They proceeded along the well ambushed road as if on parade, by twos. "The Forty-second will fire by companies, front rank to the right, rear rank to the left," shouted Colonel Macleod. "A company, front rank fire! rear rank fire!" and so on, and thus vomiting out two score of bullets to the right, and two score to the left, the companies volleyed and thun-

dered as they marched past the ambuscades, the bagpipes playing, the cheers rising from the throats of the lusty Scots until the forest rung again with the discordant medley of musketry, bagpipe music, and vocal sounds. Rait's artillery now and then gave tongue with the usual deep roar and crash, and with an emphasis and result which must have recalled to the minds of the Ashantees memories of the bloody field of Amoaful, when Captain Rait and his subalterns, Knox and Saunders, signalled themselves conspicuously. But it was the audacious spirit and true military bearing on the part of the Highlanders, as they moved down the roads towards Coomassie, which challenged admiration this day. Very many were brought back frightfully disfigured and seriously wounded, but the regiment never halted or wavered; on it went, until the Ashantees, perceiving it useless to fight against men who would advance heedless of ambuscades, rose from their coverts and fled panic-stricken towards Coomassie, being perforated by balls whenever they showed themselves to the hawk-eyed Scots. Indeed, I only wish I had enough time given me to frame in fit words the unqualified admiration which the conduct of the 42d kindled in all who saw or heard of it. One man exhibited himself eminently brave among brave men. His name was Thomas Adams. It is said that he led the way to Coomassie, and kept himself about ten yards ahead of his regiment, the target for many hundred guns; but that, despite the annoying noise of iron and leaden slugs, the man bounded on the road like a well-trained hound on a hot scent. This example, together with the cool, calm commands of Colonel Macleod, had a marvellous effect on the Highland battalion, so much so, that the conduct of all other white regiments on this day pales before that of the 42d.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

FISHING NEWS.—So far the winter fishing, both herring and ling, has turned out a failure almost all over the Highlands, principally in consequence of the very rough and boisterous weather experienced over the West Coast within the past three months. As the season for the Spring and Summer herring fishing is approaching, crews are being engaged at the principal stations at about 20s per

cran, with 20s of bounty or arles, per man of the crew. In some cases a larger sum of bounty is given, a shilling or two less being given for the cran of fish. As a rule, however, bounties are not the order of the day, and other perquisites are also dying out, thus causing the fishermen to depend more on their perseverance and attention during the season. Many of the fishermen approve of the new arrangements as being more profitable in the end.

DORNOCH.—INDUCTION.—The Rev. C. M'Gregor was inducted to the church and parish of Dornoch, on the 12th ult.

ARDOCH.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. George Donald Macnaughtan to the church and parish of Ardoch, in the Presbytery of Auchterarder and county of Perth, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Charles M'Gregor to the church and parish of Dornoch.

LOCHFYNE.—At a meeting of fishermen and others recently held in Ardrishaig Hotel, it was resolved to petition Parliament to legislate with a view of prohibiting trawling on Lochfyne.

DINGWALL.—Sir James Mathewson, Bart., of Lewis, has intimated to the Dingwall Town Council that on condition of their enclosing and embellishing it in a suitable manner he will present to the burgh as a public recreation ground, the field in the vicinity of the railway station, which is bounded by the road leading to Conon-Bridge. The Council, at their meeting on Tuesday, accepted the handsome gift, and directed that an expression of their thanks be sent to Sir James.

THE BIRDS OF IONA AND MULL.—This is the title of a work, by the late Mr H. J. Graham, that will shortly make its appearance in Glasgow. It is proposed to include in it all the ornithological papers written by Mr Graham during the last twenty years. Several of these have already been published in the *Naturalist*, but the larger portion will consist of notes drawn up by the author during the last few years of his life, and completed in 1870. The materials have been edited by Mr Robert Gray, author of the "Birds of the West of Scotland," to whom Mr Graham's ornithological correspondence was originally addressed.—*Athenæum*.

THE NATIVES OF MULL AND IONA IN GLASGOW.—On Thursday night, the 5th March, the eighth annual reunion of the natives of Mull and Iona resident in Glasgow was held in the City Hall. The gathering was very large, the hall being crowded. Sheriff Clark, president, pre-

sided, and was supported by Rev. Donald M'Kinnon, Messrs. M'Millan, Dunlop, M'Lean, Captain Hatfield, Lieutenant Sutherland, &c. After tea, Sheriff Clark, who was loudly applauded, said, I can assure you that it would be affectation on my part were I to say that I do not very much feel the honour that has beendone me—so much do I feel the honour that I tell you there is no other association in Glasgow for which I would undertake the same duty. (Cheers.) I have often heard a great deal of talk about the working man and his grievances. There has been a great deal of talk about the nine hours, and even the eight hours. I assure you it would be a very great benefit indeed if there were some Act passed limiting the hours of labour of the Sheriffs of Glasgow—(cheers)—for a set of harder worked men I do not believe exists anywhere. We have to work from ten in the morning; after we get home and dine we have to fall to work again in the evening. Nor is the work always of a pleasant or agreeable kind. Too often we are required to act in such a way as is painful to ourselves, however necessary or salutary it may be to the public. (Cheers.) This is often the case when I sit in the Small-Debt Court, and more so when I am condemned to preside in the Criminal Court. (Cheers.) I often say to myself how much more agreeable would it be to discharge the duties of Mull and Iona—to follow the deer or the partridge over the mountain—or follow the plough in the furrow—to take my turn as a reaper—happy all the while to have the blue sky of heaven over me, and the glorious gales of the Atlantic blowing in my face. (Loud cheers.) I must not, however, lapse into a speech. The Highlanders of Scotland in general have made themselves known by their deeds, not by their words. (Cheers.) We don't require to talk; because all over the world wherever a Highlander is found, you will, as a rule, find him to be a man of sturdy honesty and persevering energy. And something has lately transpired to raise the character of the Highlanders higher than ever. Look at the achievement of the 42d Regiment—the old Black Watch—in reference to the African Expedition in which our country is engaged. (Cheers.) It is admitted on all hands that it was due to their distinguished bravery, their almost reckless courage, that Coomassie was won—won, no doubt, at great loss, but won by the loss of the heroes of the 42d. (Loud cheers.) Hav-

ing referred to the fact that the late Dr. Livingstone was the near descendant of a man who long lived in the Island of Ulva, the learned Chairman went on to condemn the mistaken policy which removed from the Highlands the men who were the ornaments of the world, to make way for sheep or deer. (Cheers.) I think, he said, that this is a great national mistake, and the sooner it is corrected the better. (Cheers.) At intervals during the evening a number of pipers played a selection of Highland airs, and addresses were delivered by Captain Hatfield, Mr. James M'Millan, and Rev. Donald M'Kinnon. In the concert, which was an excellent one, Miss Bessie Aiken, Mr. J. M'Fadyen, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Houston took part. An assembly followed, and brought a very successful meeting to a happy close.

GLASGOW.—Two interesting lectures were delivered in the Hall of Hope Street Free Church last month on behalf of the Glasgow Gaelic Mission—the first by the Rev. Mr. Blair, of St. Columba Church (in Gaelic), on the Early Martyrs of the Christian Church; and the second by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Renton, on Celtic Philology. The lecturers treated their respective subjects with their usual ability; we could have wished that they had been favoured with larger audiences.

NATIVES OF ROSS-SHIRE AT GLASGOW.—The re-union of the natives of Ross-shire took place on the 12th March, in the Queen's Rooms. There was a large attendance. Mr. R. U. Strachan, advocate, Edinburgh, occupied the chair, and on the platform were—Captain Sinclair, Messrs. George Sinclair, James Macdonald, S.S.C.; John Walls, S.S.C., Edinburgh; Wm. Duncan, S.S.C.; John Arthur, D. Ross, H.M.'s Inspector of Schools; Rev. M. M'Lean, D. M'Leay, — Fraser, J. W. Ross, Lieut. Munro, &c. The Chairman, in the course of an eloquent speech, gave an interesting description of the beautiful scenery of the county, and said it was celebrated as the birthplace of Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir George M'Kenzie. In point of agriculture, it had been well described as the "granary of Scotland." He said that in the late Indian mutiny no one could forget that it was the gallant 78th (Ross-shire Buffs) that saved Lucknow, which gained them the appellation of the "Saviours of India," and re-established British supremacy in India. A capital concert followed, and a number of Gaelic songs were given by Mr. M'Leod, and much appreciated by the audience.

AN G A I D H E A L.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1874. [27 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

III.

Cha bu luaith’ a thilgeadh Silis bharr na drochaid-mhaide, na ghlac na maithean ud an ceann-fine ’n an gairdeanan, agus ghiulain iad eatorra e air ais do ’n Chaisteal. Chaidh e gu buileach as a chiall; bha e mothachail air a chall, ach cha robh beachd toiniseil aige ciamar a thachair e, cha b’ urrainn e a thuigsinn. Anns a’ cheud dol a mach mhallaich e Barr-a-mhuillin, agus bhoidich e gu ’m faca e le a shuilean fein e ’g a putadh bharr na drochaid; ach bhoidich each an aite sin, gur h-ann a thug Barr-a-mhuillin ionnsaidh air greim a dheanamh oirre ’n uair a mhothaich e i a’ tuisleachadh leis an tuaineal a chaidh ’n a ceann, leis an t-sealladh uamhasach a bha air gach taobh dhi, agus a thug oirre leum bharr na drochaid; agus nu ’n d’ thainig an oidhche, thug iad air a chreidsinn gur h-ann mar sin a bha chuis.

Cho grad’s a ghabhadh e deanamh, chuir iad eich agus gillean air falbh gu beul na h-aibhne, ann an dochas gu ’m faighte corp Silis an oir a’ mhuir-lain; fhuair iad bataichean agus iasgairan, le ’n lìn agus le an greimichean ann an ordugh cho cabhagach’s bu chomasach dhoibh; sgrìob iad an cladach thall’s a bhos gus an d’ thainig an oidhche orra,

ach cha d’ fhuair iad Silis. N’ uair a chuala am Moraire nach d’ fhuaradh i, chaidh a bhron thar cuimse, chaill e a chiall agus a blreithneachadh gu buileach; chuir e roimhe gu ’m feumadh e fein togail a mach air toir a Silis ionmhuinn ionghradhach; stoirmeil dorcha mar bha an oidhche, an e gu ’m fanadh esan fo dhion no fo fhasgadh gun fhios nach faodadh annsachd a chridhe a bhi ’g a luasgadh ann an oir a mhuir-lain re na h-oidhche, gun duine a sealltuinn a’ mach air a son; O! na ’m b’ esan a bhiodh na h-aite, is i a Shilis ghaoil, nach leagadh a ceann ri clusaig air an oidhche ud mar a bha a chairdean ag asluchadh air a dheanamh. Ri h-uine, gheill e do chomhairle a chairdean; ach bha a bhron cho domhain agus nach e a mhain gu ’n robh a chridhe fein an impis sgaineadh, ach gu ’n robh a leithid de bhuaidh aige air cridheachan bruideil an-ìochdmhor nam maithean uaibhreach ud, a’s gu ’n do chrìochnach iad le uamhann agus le geur-aithreachas airson a’ ghnìomh aingidh, fhuiltich anns an robh an lamhan air an deargadh. ’N a aonarachd dheuchainnich, bha, a reir an aideachaidh, an comh-fhulangas a’ bu chaomhala aca ris a’ cheann-fhine, cha ’n fhagadh iad leis fein e; ach cha ’n fhaodadh iad fuireach ro fhada ’n a chuideachd, agus air falbh bho an teaghlaichean fein: uime sin chomhairlich iad dha, e sgar d’ a chaidh cho ealamh a’s a

b' urrainn e, oir ged a dh' fhaodadh e bhli an aghaidh a thoil agus 'fhair-eachduinn aig an am, gu'm b' e a dhleasdanas—cha b' ann a mhain air a sgath fein, ach gu sonruichte air sgath a chinnidh chumhachdaich air air an robh e 'n a cheann—inntinn a dheanamh suas gun dail gu sealltuinn a mach airson ceile a bhiodh airidh air a laimh, agus air an inbhe aird agus chudthromaich anns an robh e air a shuidheachadh. Agus ged bha a chall agus aobhar a thrioblaid aig an am 'n a fhreasdal dorcha, co aig an robh fios nach b' i toil an Uile-chumhachdaich gu 'n tachradh e, gu bhì toirt as an rathad a' chuspair ud, uasal, aillidh agus ion-ghradhach ged bha i; ach a reir eoslais, a bha seasamh eadar esan agus oighre dligheach 'fhagail 'n a dheigh gu bhì cumail suas ainm agus teaghlach 'athraichean, agus gu bhì tiorcadh a chinnidh o thuiteam n' an traillean agus 'n an iochdarain fo neach do nach robh aon chuid, speis no urram aca. “Aidichidh mi” ars' an Mhoraire, “gu'm bheil na h-aobharan a chuir sibh fo m' chomhair, cudthromach agus reusanta. Ged bha mi riamh mothachail gu 'n robh mo chrannchur a reir toil agus ordugh an Tighearna, gidheadh, bha e 'n a 'dhoilghois dhonib. Ach cha 'n 'eil na nithe so aig duine air bith, 'n a chumhachd fein, agus ged tha cuid ann, aig am bheil an cridheachan cho suidhichte air na nithe d' an crìoch am fein-bhuanachd, a's gu'm bheil am faireachduinnean agus an gnìomharan air an riaghladh leo, cha 'n e sin cor mo chridhe-se aig an am so. Ma thig an latha anns an urrainn mise mo chridhe briste a lubadh gu bean eile a ghabhail do m' ionnsaidh, ni mi sin, ach e' u'n a thig an latha sin orm, cha 'n urrainn mi a radh. Cìamar is urrainn mise mo lamh a thairgseadh do mhnaoi eile fo 'n ghrein? An

gradh a thug mi do Shilis, cha toir mi gu brath do mhnaoi eile. Dh' fhaodainn mo lamh agus mobhoidean-posaidh a thoirt dhi; ach 'n uair a dhuisginn anns a' mhàduinn agus a gheibhinn a mach gu' r te air bith eile ach mo Shilis a choidil 'n am bbroilleach, chuireadh e a leithid de bhuaireas orm a's gu r h-cagal leam gu 'n cuirinn lamh 'n a beatha, agus agus 'n am bheatha fein mar an ceudna. A chairdean gradhaich, calma, creidibh mi agus na cuiribh teagamh ann,—tha call mo Shilis fein, air a dheargadh cho donhain air mo chridhe a's nach urrainn mi gu brath te eile a chur 'n a h-aite. Ach ma 's comasach gu 'n tig atharrachadh air mo chridhe, ge b' e uair a thig e, geillidh mi d' ur comhairle, ach gus an tig, cha gheill.”

Cha robh freagradh a' Mhoraire do chomhairle a chairdean idir cho fabharach 's a bha fughair aca; chuir e fo ghruaim agus fo ambladh iad; chrath gach aon dhiu a cheann le feirg agus le duil - bhristeadh. Thug iad fuil neo-chiontach air an cinn, gun a' chuis a dheanamh dad ni b' fhearr, ach moran ni bu mhiosa. Cho fad 's a bhia Silis beo, bha rud-eigin de dhochas aca nach basaich-eadh Eidirdeil gun oighre fhagail 'n a dheigh, oir mo chreach! ghearradh as i mu 'n robh i ach gann naoi bliadhna fichead a dh-aois; bha a h-aite nis falamh, agus cuisean, a reir coltais, ni bu duirche na bha iad riamh. Bha cridheachan arda-ach nam maithean uaibhreach ud a nis air am bioradh le geur-aithreachas.

Ma bha mi-fhortan a' Mhoraire gach latha, o mhoch gu annoch, 'n a chuis sheanchais eadar e fein agus a chairdean, cha bu lugha bha e mar sin an measg nan seirbheiseach shìos an staidhir, ach bha mor easonachd an measg nan seirbheiseach d' a

thaobh—gach aon fa leth dhiu de chaochladh barail mu'n doigh air an do thachair an sgiorradh craiteach ud leis an do chaill iad banmhaighistir a bha cho uasal, cho aoidheil agus cho so-riaghlach. Am measg nam fineachan Gaidhealach bha gach diomhaireachd agus comb-chordadh an bitheantas aithnichte do'n iomlan dhiu, ard a's iosal, ach dhoibhsan an aghaidh am faodadh falachd no aimhleas a bhi air a dheilbh. Am measg an fhine so, gu sonruichte, gheibhte na h-ìochdarain de'n aon bharail mu gach cuis ris na h-uachdarain. Bha na h-ìochdarain cho trailleil agus cho eisimeileach a's gu'm faodadh na h-uachdarain, gun eagal gun soradh, gach diomhaireachd earbsadh riutha. Re ioma bliadhna, cha robh antlachd agus mi-run nan uaislean do Shilis, 'n an diomhaireachd do neach sam bith ach dhi fhein a mhain; cha do smuaintich ise rianh gu'n robh i ann an cunnart. Bha geur-ambarus aig na seirbheisich gu'n robh lamh aig na maithean cuilbheartach ud, air doigh eigin, 'n a bas, ach 'n an traillealachd dhlìdibh, cha'n aidich-eadh iad e; ciod air bith barail a bh' aig a' Mhoraire agus aig a chairdean shuas an staidhir mu'n chuis, b'i sin am barail-san mar an ceudna. Ach bha caileag og, thapaidh, bhiorshuileach am measg nan seirbhiseach, d'am b'ainm Oighrig Nic-Coinnich, a bha 'n a comhdhalta do Shilis; agus d'an robh mor speis aice. Bha Silis lan-earbsach a dilseachd Oighrig anns na h-uile ni, agus bha Oighrig da-rireadh airidh air a muinglunn. B'i barail Oighrig gu'n robh na maithean ud ciontach do bhas na ban-mhoraire, agus cha b' eagal leatha a h-amharusan aideachadh an lathair neach air bith, comae co e. Bha a h-amharus laidir air seann fhear Charnach, mar cheann agus mar fhear-stiuraidh

do chach; bha i lan-dearbhta 'n a beachd fein, agus cha b'eagal leatha 'chur as a leth, gun athadh, gun soradh, gu'n do mhoirt e a bhan-tigh-earna, agus gu'n robh e a' mealladh a' Mhoraire, a chionn gu'n robh deagh fhios aige gun h-e fein a b' fhaisge ann an daimh do'n cheann-fheadhna, agus na'm basaicheadh am Moraire gun oighre fhagail 'n a dheigh, gu'n tuiteadh an tìodal agus an ceannas-cinnidh air fein agus air a theaghlach, do bhrìgh nach geilleadh am fine gu brath do Nagaar. Ged a bha na seirbheisich 'ga breugnachadh agus a' maoidheadh gu'n casaideadh iad i mur cumadh i a droch theanga fo smachd, a dh-aindeoin gach bagraidh, sheasadh Oighrig gu calma ris na thubhairt i; bha i coma co a chluinneadh e. Chuir i na seirbheisich fo eagal agus fo bhuaireas le a danachd neo-sgathach; chruinnich iad u'a timchioll a' crathadh an cinn, a' splèucadh agus a' dur-shealltainn an aodannaibh a cheile. "Tha mi lan-dearbhta" arsa Oighrig.—"Is math is aithne dhomh na bha de innleachdan diomhair, cuilbheartach air an deilbh le maithean suarach, drochmhuinte ur cinnidh, an aghaidh ur deagh bhan-mhaighistir, uasal, aobhach, neochoireach mar bha i; ach gu sonruichte leis an t-scann nathair lùbach ud, Carnach, a bha air ceann chaich, mar shealgair air ceann lothainn chon-luirge, a' feuchainn gach innleachd gu eur as dhi; mo ehreach agus mo dhiubhail gu'n deachaidh leis; ach beiridh dioghaltas airsan gun dail. Thig fianuis do'n Chaisteal mu'n teid moran laithean seachad, a dhearbhas a chionta; tha mi lan-chinnteach as, oir chaidh 'fhoillsachadh dbomhsa bho an duthaich tha taobh thall na h-uaigh nach fada gus am faic mi a sheann chorp mosach, gun deo gun anail 'n a shineadh air bearradh na creige eadar an abhainn agus an

Caisteal, le 'fheoil air a reubadh agus a chnamhan air am bristeadh."

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

—o—

RAONULL MAC AILEIN OIG.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,—Is math tha fhios agam ciod a their thu an uair a ruigeas sò thu: "Puirt, a's droch-uair!" Direach sin puirt na 'm b' àill leat e. A réir coltais, thachair dhòmhsa 's do na puirt, mar a thachair, ged nach ionann, do Mhac Mhaighistir Alastair agus do 'n Phrionnsa:—

"Cha toir sibh asainn Tèarlach,
Gu bràth, gus an téid ar tachdadh!"

Tha iad ag ràdh nach misde guothach sa bith bristeadh-seanchuis. Bho shean, cha ghabhadh fear no té port no dàn, gun an toiseach, eachdraidh ghoirid a thoirt seachad mu dhèidhinn; theagamh ma tà gu 'n tig dhòmhsa facal no dhà chur an céill an toiseach tòiseachaidh.

B'e Raonull mac Ailein oig—Mac Dhùghaill Mhòrair. Theirteadh gur teaghlach Mhic Dhùghaill a bu dhligich a thàinig na teaghlach Mhic-Mhic-Ailein; ach is coma sin an diugh. Is so agad mar a chuala mi bhi sloinneadh Raonuill: Raonull mac Ailein òig, mhic Dhùghaill, mhic Raonuill bhàin (1513), mhic Ailein (1481-1509), mhic Ruairidh, mhic Raonuill, mhic Iain Ilich, mhic Aonghuis òig, agus eile. Is ann an Cros a bha thuinidh; ach a bharrachd air oighreachd Mhic-Dhùghaill, bha fearann aige an Uithist. A rèir innse-sgeòil cha robh mac-samhuilt ann da air spionnadh; ach bha e ciùin, caomh, agus cho finealta ri maighdinn. Fidheall no clàrsach bu choimh-dheis; agus cha do leag a lùdag air sionnsar, piobaire b'fhèarr. Cha 'n fhac e neach an téinn no 'n airc nach d' rinn e chulaidh-mhathais

gu fuasgladh air. Is ioma diachainn chruadalach a sheas e an aobhar a chinnidh 's na còrach, ach thàinig e slàn às gach cunnart a's téngbhail. Fhuair e aois mhór, agus bàs ri aghart. Thog na piobairean a chumha; agus fhad 's is aithne do fhear dhiubh cuairt a chluith, bidh cuimhne, 's gur h-airidh, air Raonull mac Ailein òig.

Is cuimhne leat mar a rinn e air a' chreachadair-chuain a chuir an geall ri Iain Garbh mac Gille-Chaluim Ratharsaidh. Bha Iain Garbh 'n a mhac peathar dha. Ciod a bh' aig an sgiobair so ach an sgoil-dubh, 's cuirear geall na luinge ri Iain Garbh nach b' urrainn da a thogail bhàrr na cathrach. Chuir Iain Garbh an oighreachd an geall gu 'm b' urrainn, 's thugar bràthair a mhàthar air. Bha Raonull 'n a sheann làithean ach dh' ìmpich Iain Garbh e gu dol còmhla ris. Thàinig an là shònr-aicheadh agus chaidh Raonull an dàil a' chrèineastair air clàr-uachdair na luinge. Thug e dà ionnsaidh, ach cha do ghlidich e e. Air an treas ionnsaidh, slàn far an ìnnsear e, thog e leis na bha os cionn a' chrìos d'è, 's choisinn Iain Garbh a gheall.

Bliadhna bha 'n sid bha coinneamh gu bhi aig Mac Dhònuill Duibh an Achadh-na-carra, 's fhuair Raonull cuireadh. Thog e air, e fhéin 's a ghille. Air an rathad taoghlair am muillionn na Corpaich. Rinn am muilleir prat air chor-eigin orra, 's chuir Raonull stad air a' chuibhle-mhuilinn, agus spion e a bhedh-bhéum bhàrr nan sorchan i. A' ruigsinn Achadh - na - carra, ciod a' cham-chòmhhdhail a thachair orra, ach tarbh mòr caothaich, a leigeadh, mar a shaoil leis-san, fo sgaoil an uair a chunnacas e fhéin 's a ghille tighinn. Ghabh e sàs 's an tarbh, 's shuòmh e an dà adhaire dh' e, 's mharbh e e. Ghabh e mire-chath, 's an uair a ràinig e bha ceannsachadh-chiad aca

air. Is ann an sin rinn e

AN TARBH ÈREAC DEARG.

'S e 'n tarbh, 's e 'n tarbh,
'S e 'n tarbh, 's e 'n tarbh,
'S e 'n tarbh, 's e 'n tarbh,
'S e 'n tarbh mharbh mi.
'S e 'n tarbh breac-dearg, &c.
'S e 'n tarbh mharbh mi, &c.

Ri linn Raonull, bhiteadh a' faicinn "Colainn-gun-cheann"* eadar Cros 's an Tràigh an Mòrair. Bha feadhainn an dùil gu'm b' e 'm bòcan so, spiorad crèutair bhochd a chuir cuid-eigin gu bàs air son a bhì goid air an tuath. Ach coma; bha bràthair-altruim aig Raonull air an robh gaol gun chuibheas aige. Thuit dha a bhì oidhche annoch ag gabhail an rathaid so, agus ma 's fhìor, gu'n do thachair "Colainn-gun-cheann" air. Ach co sa bith a thachair air, fhuaras marbh an là 'n ath-mhàireach e 's a ghunna fhéin air a thoinneamh 's e sìos 'n a amhaich. Bha Raonull, rud nach b' ioghnadh, an barrach duilich air son a bhràthar-altruim, agus bhòidich e 'n aichmheil a thoirt a mach. Goirid an deaghaidh so bha e oidhche ag gabhail an rathaid chiadna eadar Cros 's an Tràigh, 's chluinear glaoth: "An tu 'n sid, a Raonull mhóir?" "Is mi, beannaich a's coisrig sinn! có thusa?" "Is mise 'Colainn - gun - cheann.' Is mi a mharbh do bhràthair-altruim 's bidh do bheatha-sa agam an nochd." Is e bh'ann, a mhic-chridhe, gu'n do ghabh e fhéin 's "Colainn - gun-cheann" an dromannan a chéile, 's ma ghabh cha bu ghleachd e gus an oidhche sin. Mu dheireadh, rinn Raonull pasgadh-na-pioba oirre, agus sparrar 'n a achlais i g'a toirt gu solus, los gu'm faiceadh e có b' i. Ghrìos a's ghrìos i air a leigeil às ach mur do theannaich cha do lasaich e idir a ghréim. Mu dheireadh thall,

* See "Popular Tales," by J. F. Campbell, vol. 11., pp. 89-91.

an uair a thuig i nach robh dol às aice, gheall i dha, nach cuireadh i dragh tuille air beathach no air drine fhad 's a bhiodh gin a bhùineadh dha an Mòrair, 's cha mhò chuir. Air na cumhlaidean so leig e a cead d' i. Leum i 's na spénran a null thair a' chaol rathad an Eilein; agus fhad 's a bha sealladh aige oirre, bha e 'g a cluinntinn ag gabhail a' phuirt so—

BEALACH A' MHORBHAIN.

'S fhada bhuam fhìn
Bonn Beinn Eadarainn;
'S fhada bhuam fhìn
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.
'S fhada bhuam fhìn
Bonn Beinn Eadarainn;
'S fhada gun teagamh bhuam
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.

Bho bhonn gu bonn,
Bonn Beinn Eadarainn;
Bho bhonn gu bonn,
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.
'S fhada bhuam fhìn
Bonn Beinn Eadarainn;
'S fhada gun teagamh bhuam
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.

Bho chùl nam beann,
Bonn nam bealaichean;
Bho chùl nam beann,
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.
Bho chùl nam beann,
Bonn nam bealaichean—
'S fhada gun teagamh bhuam
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.

Cùl nam monaidhnean,
Bial nam bealaichean;
Cùl nam monaidhnean,
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.
Cùl nam monaidhnean,
Bial nam bealaichean—
'S fhada gun teagamh bhuam
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.

Mur b' e dol romh m' sgial bheirinn port-sith eile dbut—port Dhòmull bhàin mhic Aonghuis. B' e Dòmull so, seann sealgair a bha 's a' Bhràighe ri linn Bliadhna Thèarlaich. Bha e tirus a' sealg an Srath-Oiseann 's faicear e sìthiche a' marcachd féidh an combair a chùil 's luinneag aige

air a' phort so. Is cuimhne leat a chluinntinn tric air an truibh.

Di hoidinnean, hidinnean,
Hoidinnean, iribhi, hoidinnean,
Hò ohò.

Di hoidinnean, hidinnean,
Hoidinnean, iribhi, hoidinnean
Hà ohà.

Di hidinnean, hidinnean
Iribhi hidinnean
Hò ohò.—

Di hidinnean, hidinnean,
Iribhi hidinnean,
Hà ohà.

An uair a leig Fear Bhaosdail dh'è an creideamh Caitliceach, chuir e roimhe cleas "a' bhata bhuidhe" dheanamb air an tuath—an tionndadh a dheòin no dh' aindeoin de 'n aidmheil aige fhéin; agus shònraich e air Didònaich àraid gus a rùn a chur an cleachdadh. Thàinig a' chùis gu chluas Raonull, 's ma thàinig cha bu rabhadh gu fhreagairt. Chuir e 'n àrdmhabach fo bheairt, 's thug e leis dà fhear dhiag a's pìobaire, 's bha e 'n Uithist moch Didònaich. Chaidh e fhéin 's a ghille gu tìr 's ruigear tigh a' mhinisteir. B' òlach fosgarra, còir, am ministeir, 's cha robh cùram na moch-eirigh air. Cho luath 's a chuala e an t-aoidh a bha stigh, ghrad-éirich e 's chuir e nìme thrìubhas. Chuir e fàilte 's furan air Raonull, 's thugar tarrainn air an t-slige-chreachainn. Dh' òl iad gu cridheil air a chéile; agus an uair a thuig Raonull gu 'n robh Mac - na - bracha beothachadh ri chompanach, thug e cuireadh dha thun a' bhàta; gu 'n robh enò aige thug e leis de shàr-bhraundaidh, 's gu 'm biodh aon shlige aca dh' i mu 'n dealaicheadh iad. Is e so a rinn iad; ach, eadar a h-nìle rud a bh' ann chaidh guth-thairis air an t-searmoin. A tharrainn dàlach, thuir Raonull na 'n togradhe gu 'n chuitheadh e cuairt airan "Tarbh-bhreac-dhearg," port ùr

a rinn e. Bha 'm ministeir ro-thoil-each, 's dh' iomair iad tacan a mach bho thìr. An uair a bha Raonull ag cluith a' phuirt thugar an aire do Bhaosdal 's co-thional mòr cruinn aige; agus is e bh' ann gu 'n do leig e air tìr am ministeir; ach eadar spionnadh na branndaidh, agus e bhi chiad-lomaidh, an uair a ràinig e 'n sluagh bha e gun chumail-chas. Cha robh aig Baosdal 's aig a' phobull an latha sin ach sgaoileadh. Diluain ràinig Raonull Baosdal, 's thuir e ris, na 'n cluinneadh esan gu 'n teamadh e ri leithid a rithist, gu 'n deanadh e pasgadh-na-pìoba air; ach cha do theann, thug e tuille au toilsaor d' a chuid daoine. Buidheachas do 'n Tì is àirde chaidh linn an ainneirt ud seachad. Tha 'n diugh gach duine "gabhail tàimh gu sìtheil fo chrann-fige fhein."

Sin agad ma tà am fàth mu 'n d' rinneadh

A' GHLAS-MHIAR.*

Bheir mi 'n toiseach dbut ùrlar a' phuirt mar is àbhaist do na pìobairean a chluith; agus an sin, cuiridh mi sìos dhut ceithreamhnan d' e, na th' agam dh' e, mar is cuimhne leat sinn fhìn 'g a ghabhail 'n a phort-à-bial.

URLAR.

Ol, òl, òl; òl, ol, ol; òl, ol, ol;
Ol, òl, ol; òl, ol, ol; òl, ol, ol;
Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol.
Ol, ol, ol; &c.

Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol;
Ol mar a dh' fhaodas, òl, ol, ol;
Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol;
Ol mar a dh' fhaodas, òl, ol, ol.
Ol air an, &c.

FONN—Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol;
Ol mar a dh' fhaodas, òl, ol, ol;
Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol;
Ol mar a dh' fhaodas, òl, ol, ol.

Ol air an dallanaich,
'S òl air an daoraich.
Ol air an, &c.

* See M'Donald's pipe music, p. 7.

Bho dhallanaich, gu dallanaich,
Gu dallanaich na daoraich.
Ol air an, etc.

Ol air mhìsg, òl air mhìsg,
Ol air mhìsg, òl air mhìsg.
Ol air an, etc.

Chuid nach òl sinne dh' e,
Olaidh na gillean e.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh na gillean e,
Iarraidh na gillean e.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh sinn, òlaidh sinn,
Pàidhidh sinn, òlaidh sinn.
Ol air an, etc.

Mach a mach, a mach, a mach,
Fear nach pàidh an tigh, a mach.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh sinn ar boireidean,
Ged lomadh air na maolaibh.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh sinn na gartana,
Th' air na casan caola.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh sinn na breacana,
Ged blimid ris a' ghaoith.
Ol air an, etc.

Theid sinn a dh-òl do chrò nan caorach,
Chrò nan gobhar, do chrò nan caorach
Theid sinn a dh-òl do chrò nan caorach
Theid sinn a dh-òl a dh-òl, a dh-òl.
Ol air an, etc.

Chùm thu, chum thu, chum thu 'n dé mi ;
Chùm thu, chum thu, chum thu 'n dé mi ;
Chùm thu 'n diugh mi, chum thu 'n dé mi ;
Tinn an diugh mi, 'g òl an dé mi.
Ol air an, etc.

Chùm thusa mis', chum mis' thus'
Chùm thusa mis', chum mis' thus'
Chùm thu, chum thu, chum thu 'n dé mi,
Tinn an diugh mi, 'g òl an dé mi !
Ol, òl, ol ; òl, ol, ol, etc.

Sin agad na chuala mise dh' i ; cha 'n
'eil ann ach an con-ablach, agus sin
fhéin 'n a bhrolamas air feadh a
chéile ; ach na 'm biodh i agam na
b'fhéarr gheobhadh tu i.—Buaidh
a's piseach ort, agus,

D' fhaicim slàn,

ABRACH.

An Tom-Buidhe,
Céitein na h-Oinsich, 1874.

SEANN SGEULACHDAN MU BHRAID-ALBANN.

IV.—NA COIN DHUBHA.

An uair a thainig an t-ordugh
rioghail a mach gu Clann-Ghriogair
a sgrìos, agus gun aon sean no og,
beag no mor d'an chinne threun,
mhìsneachail sin 'fhagail beo, cha
robh aon d' an naimhdean fuil-
eachdach a bu deine air an toir na
na Caimbeulaich agus Donnachadh
Dubh, Morair Bhealaich. Cha bu
leoir leo daoine bhì 'ruagadh nan
Griogarach agus 'g am murtadh, ach
fhuair iad da chu a leanadh
Griogarach cho dian agus nach robh
seol dol as aige.

Ghlac na Caimbeulaich bean de
Chlann-Ghriogair agus thug iad
oirre an da chùilean so 'thogail air a
broilleach ; agus an uair a dh' fhas
na coin, bha iad cho deigheil air na
Griogaraich, agus gu 'n togadh iad
faile aoin diubh an measg ceud fear
de chinneach air bith eile. Mar so
chaidh moran d' an chinneach bhochd
sin a ghlacadh 'n an àitibh-folaich
leis na coin dhubha sin, agus a chur
gu bàs, agus mu dheireadh an
deachaidh doigh 'fhaotainn air na
coin a mbarbhadh. Thachair e mar
so :—

Bha duine d' am b' ainm Mac-
Eoghain a' tamh aig Taobh-Loch-
Tatha aig an robh ban-Ghriogarach
mar mhnaoi. Bha eagal air gu 'm
biodh a bhean air a murtadh leis na
coin, agus bha blàths 'n a chridhe do
Chlann - Ghriogair air sgath a
mhnaitha. Chuir e roimhe cur as do
na coin na 'm b' urrainn da. Thoisich
e le bhì ag radh nach robh na coin
a' glacadh ach neach air bith a
thigeadh 'n an rathad, agus gu 'n
robh gach uile neach an cunnant uaja.
Air do fheill a bhì anns a' Cleann-
mhor, chaidh Mac-Eoghain clum na
fèille, ach m' an d' fbag e a thigh
fein fhliuch e a lamh agus a dhorn

le fuil a mhath. Chaidh na coin a leigeil am measg an t-sluaigh a dh-fheuchainn an glacadh iad aon de Chlann-Ghriogair anns a' chuid-eachd. Chuir Mac-Eoghain e fein 'n an rathad an deigh da bhi ag radh ris gach neach' mu 'n cuairt da gu 'n leanadh na coin air Caimbeulach co ealainh ri neach eile. Thog aon de na coin faile na fola a bha air a laimh, agus ann am priobadh na sul bha e an sas ann. Bha 'fhios aig gach neach nach bu Ghriogarach Mac-Eoghain; dh' eirich buaireas am measg an t-sluaigh, agus chaidh aon de na coin a spadadh an sin, agus am fear eile latha no dha as a dheigh: mar so chaidh cur as do na coin dhubha.

V.—MAC-THAMHAIS BEAG NAN SAIGHDEAN.

Bu chleachdadh leis na daoine treuna o'n d' thainig sinn, an uair nach bitheadh iad a' cogadh an aghaidh a cheile no an aghaidh nan Sasunnach, a bhi a' togail creiche. Anns na laithibh sin cha robh e air a mheas 'n a ni tamailteach do neach air bith a bhi ri meairleadh air an doigh so, ach is ann a bha e air a mheas 'n a ni ro mheasail a bhi a' creachadh fine eile. Mar so bha e gle thric a' tachairt gu 'n rachadh ard-uaislean le 'n cuid daoine a ghoid cruidh agus chaorach. Bha buidhnean beag de chreachadairean anns gach gleann, agus mar a b' fhaide a rachadh iad a thogail creiche, is ann a bu mheasail iad am measg an luchd-duthcha.

Anns na linntibh a dh' fhalbh, thog ochdnar de ghillean lùthor, tapaidh orra o Bhaideanach, agus thriall iad gu sunndach air an slighe troimh mhonaidhnean Atholl. Ghabh iad gach ath-ghoirid troimh nan beann gun tighinn am fagus do na bailtean. Chum iad, gun stad air an ceum, air an aghaidh gu deas.

Theirinn iad air Srath-Thattha aig Laganràta, agus ghabh iad an ceum gu Srath-Bhreamhainn. Cha do stad iad an so, ach dhirich iad troimh Ghleann-Gamhar, mu thri mile an iar o Dhunchaillinn, agus an uair a rainig iad ceann eile a' ghlinne, aig dol fodha na greine, rinn iad suidhe car tamuill a leigeil an sgìos. Bho 'n aite-suidhe chitheadh iad ceo deathaich baile Pheairt, agus iomadh achadh ruadh fo bharr tarbhadh. Aig iochdar na beinne, dluth dhoibh, bha Tulaich-Bhealltainn le iomadh mart boidheach ag ionaltradh air a raointean gorm. Is ann a spuinneadh nan raointean sin a thainig na daoine gach ceum a Baideanach. Rinn iad tamh am beul a' ghlinne gus an robh an oidheche dorcha, agus muinntir air dol gu tamh. An sin theirinn iad agus chruinnich iad an spreidh ri 'cheile, agus ghreas iad ris a' bheinn iad gun aon neach 'g am faicinn no 'g an cluinntinn. Cha do chum iad an t-slighe air an d' thainig iad, ach chaidh iad thairis air Breamhainn aig Allt-a'-mhadaidh, ceithir mile ni b' airde, agus rainig iad aite fassail am fagus do Ruith-na-Scotach ris an abradh Ruith-an-t-srathain mu choig mile o Abarpheallaidh. Runaich iad fuireach an so gus an tigeadh an oidheche, agus an sin dol air an aghaidh troimh Shrath-Thattha. An deigh mheadhon latha thoisich na gillean air cluichean, a chur seachad na h-uine gu feasgar. Bha boghachan-saighead aig ceithir dhiubh, agus thoisich iad air bli tilgeadh shaighead air comhar a chuir iad suas. Am feadh a bha iad gu cridheil a' farpais ri 'cheile mar so, thainig gille beag de chiobair d' an ionnsaidh, agus bha e a' sealltainn orra, na b' fhior, le tlachd ro mhor. Thoisich e air ruith a thoirt air ais nan saighead a bha iad a' tilgeadh. An uair a bha e greis mhor a' ruith mar so, thuirte na 'n

tilgeadh iad na bh' aca de shaighdean, gu 'n tugadh e air an ais iad comhla. Rinn iad so, ach 's ann a thrus an ciobair na saighdean agus chuir e iad ann am balg a bh' aige air a dhruim fo 'bhreacan. Thug e ann sin tarruing air bogha beag de stailinn a bha air a chleith fo 'chota. Thionndaidh e an sin ris na creachadairean agus thuirt e mur fagadh iad an crodh agus an rathad a thoirt orra gu luath, gu 'n cuireadh e saighead troimh gach fear dhiubh. Thug iad ionnsaidh air bhì aige, ach an uair a chunnaic iad an t-saighead deas air a' bhogha stad iad. Thuirt an ceannard ris, "Cìod a tha thu ag radh, a phocain leibidich, no co thusa?" "Tha sibh a' cluinntinn cìod a tha mi ag radh," ars' esan, "agus co air bith mi faodaidh tusa bhì cinnteach as an t-saighead so ma thig thu ceum na 's faisge." M' an robh uine aige freagairt a thoirt rinn aon d'a chompanaich cagar 'n a chluais gu 'n robh e am barail gu 'm b' e so Mac-Thamhais beag nan saighdean air an cual' iad moran iomraidh. Bha Mac-Thamhais ro ainmeal mar am fear-bogha a b' fhearr anns an duthaich air fad; agus bha e cheart cho ainmeal air son a luathais. Thug e mach iomadh buaidh air son a theomachd leis a' bogha, agus air son ruith réisean. Rainig a chliu eadhon gu Baideanach gar am fac iad e fein riamb. "An tusa Mac-Thamhais nan saighdean o'n tha thu cho sporsail as do thapachd?" dh' fheoraich an ceannard dheth. "Is mise sin, gu dearbh, le 'r cead," ars' an ciobair. Chunnaic na spuinneadairean nach robh seol aca air cur 'n a aghaidh nis o nach robh saighead aca; agus ged rachadh iad g' a ruith, bha fios aca nach robh aon 'n am measg a b' urrainn a ghlacadh. A thuilleadh air sin, chaitheadh e an saighdean fein orra. An deigh combairle a ghabhail

am measg a cheile, chunnaic iad nach robh ach an aon doigh aca air dol as—falbh agus an crodh 'fhagail as an deigh. A' guidhe mìle mallachd air a chìobair, thionndaidh iad agus thug iad am monadh orra. Chrùinnich an ciobair an spreidh agus thug e iad air an ais gus na daoine d'am buineadh iadaig Tulaich-Bhealltainn. Air son a thapachd fhuair Mac-Thamhais aite fearainn d'an ainm Arachail, am braigh Abar-pheallaidh, saor da fein, a mhac agus 'ogha. Tha a shliochd ann an Arachail gus an latha 'n diugh, ged a mhùth iad an sloinneadh gu Caimbeulaich; agus tha an sgrìobhadh a fhuair Mac-Thamhais beag nan saighdean, fathast aca a leigeil 'fhaicinn mar a fhuair e còir air an àite. D. C.

—o—

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(Air leantuinn.)

An uair a rainig iad Lochan Bhracluinn, Chual iad port - caismeachd Chlann-Domhnuill

A nìos an gleann.

SUNADAL.—“Sin na h-Ilich! pongan-meoir a' Ghruamaich,

A' ruith air an oiteig.

Urram 's lamb-dheas na h-Alba,

Bratach ainmeal Chlann-Domhnuill,

A' so a dhion an oighre.

Suinn gun fhoill an fhine threun ud,—

Tha sinne reidh mar an iartras;

'S e teine Beinn-an-tuire a rinn so.”

MAC-MHAOILEIN.—“An cluinn thu phiob ud eile?”

SUNADAL.—“Cluinnidh a nis: sin na Còmhalaich,

'S Grogair-nam-bò air an ceann;

Sin cuir chathach nan Griogarach

Fo bhatach a' ghiubhais—*'S rioghail an dream!*”

Gluaiseamaid 'n an còmhail.

Treoraich iad gus an fhaiche.

Theirear 'Tachairt nam braithean'

Ris an oidhche so cho fada's a bhios duilleach air coill,

No creag air rudha.”

An ath mhadainn, aig sgarthanaich nan neul,

Chunncas cabhlach Ruraich

Am beul Chaolais-Bhranndain,

'S nuallartaich nam borb a' rànaich

“ *Caismeachd nan ceann,* ”

'S mac-talla 'g am freagradh
Bho chreagan Arainn 's Chinntire, —
Rabhadh gun mhearachd do na Gaidheil.
Tharruing birlinnean Rìoghachd an
Leoghainn

An ordugh-cath' air am fiaradh,
Bho bheul allt beag Ghrob-phort
Gu Rudha Shunadail, le sruth siubhlach
na linne

An taobh a mach dhiubh,
Rìob a ghìac grad na naimhdean
A thoiseich an cath an toiseach an lionaidh.
'S bu chruaidh-strìth ràmhachd

A ghleidh an sreathan gun bhrìtheadh.
Cha robh dìth misnich no eolas-cogaidh
Air feachd nam borb ;

Dh' fhosgail iad le colg na frasan basmhor,
Gathan a's saighdean a' tuiteam,
Mar chlacha-meallain o neul faoilteach,
Air cinn nan Gaidheal

A chuir na naimhdean gu grad an sàs
Le greimichean iarunn a thug gun taing
ud

Gu buillean lamh.

Dh' fheuch na Lochlannaich ri bordadh ;
Cha robh 'sud ach leon as ùr dhoibh.
Sheas na laoch do nach d' uchas eagal,
'N an sreathan, le 'n sleaghan fada

A thoirt dhalain do amas na tuaidhe, —
Saidheadh geur' birlinnean nan Ceanntir-
each,

Comhdhichte le iarunn,
A' sgoltadh gus an uisge 's na bu doimhne,
Buid' a's aisnean daraich nan cìthear
laidir

Bho 'n dromannan gu 'n stocan-beoil, —
Croinn a's slatan, stadhannan a's fàraidh
'G an gearradh le tuadhan trom

Nan Earraghaidhealach d' am bu choingeis
Duine, craobh, no crann luinge !
Bha cinn a's easan nan Lochlannach garg

A' tuitcam 's an fhaireg,
'S an linne 'n a li dheirg.

Lionadh na mara 'g eirigh, 's cuislean a'
trahadh,

Sleagh a' sathadh 's tuadh a' gearradh,
Beuc an leoghainn rìoghail Albannaich
Am beoil nan Ceanntireach o dheas gu
clì,

Sreath nach strìochd a's bord dhiubh 'n
uachdar.

'N uair a dh' fhannaich an sruth
Chruinnich na Lochlannaich gun iochd
A chuartachadh nan Gaidheal

Le rùn an sgaradh o 'n traigh, 's am mort
Le airimh — da fhichead ri aon.

Bha na fineachan air tìr
'N an laidhe air an armaibh
An talamh tolmach nam brnachan tric
Bho chrìoch Shunadail gu Craobh-a'-
Bhaird

Aig allt Dhun-leabhair,
'S an cinn-fheadna air tom-faire
An sealladh a' chabhlaich, a' faicinn
Am braithrean fo thosgan
A' mhathghamhain ghaire, thuathaich,
'S gun doigh air bualadh 'n an aobhar.
An ath mhìonaid chualas
Guth ard misnich, le facal a' chòmhraig —
Ainn rìgh Alba, “ Coinneach ! Conn-
each ! ”

An leoghann 'g a thogail
Am barr gach croinn,
'S a' phìob-mhor a' toirt fuaim o ghlcan
's o charaig.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

COMHRADH.

AM MAIGHSTIR-SGOILE AGUS CALUM
POSTA.

[Chaidh an Comhradh ciatach so
a sgrìobhadh leis an Ollamh
Urramach Tormaid Macleoid, “ Car-
aid nan Gaidheal ” goirid an deigh
an àm anns an deachaidh cosdas-
giulan litrichean a thoirt a nuas gu
aon sgillinn.]

MAIGHSTIR - SGOILE. — Tarruing
do cheum, a Chalum, cha fhreagar
do ghillean na Ban-rìgh a bhi cho
mairnealach, leisg ; tha thu fad' air
deireadh an diugh.

CALUM. — Tha — 's ann agam a tha
fhios ; ach na 'm bitheadh mo
mhaileid air do dhronnaig-sa, agus
d' anail ad uchd, mar thachair
d'homhsa, cha bhitheadh tu cho
ealamh gu achmhasan a thoirt do 'n
t-seana Phosta.

M. SG. — 'S ann da-rìreadh a tha
mi. So, so ! tarruing ort — bha gille
beag a' Bhaillidh an so o cheann da
nair a' feitheamh ort — thuge cheard-
ach air a sheideadh a' bhuilg, a
dh-fheuchainn blàs a chur air fhein ;
ach 's mor m' eagal gu 'n deachaidh e
dhachaidh.

CAL. — Ma chaidh, turus math
dha ; tha mo bhalgsa cho mor air a
sheideadh ri aon bhalg ceardach 's
an duthaich. Ged robh am Baillidh

fhein an so, agus am ministear comhla ris—gun tighinn air gille na brigise buidhe, cha robh comas air.

M. SG.—Ma ta o'n a thachair dhuit 'ainmeachadh, bha 'm ministear an so cuideachd—chail e fhoighidinn agus chaidh e dhachaidh—cha robh e idir toilichte.

CAL.—Nach robh? 'S neonach leam sin! 'S iomadh latha 'thug daoine eile 'breabadh an sailtean aig ceann na h-eaglais a' fòitheamh ris-san, an duine coir, 's gun a' chridh' agad fhein, ged is seorsa de phears'-eaglais thu, a radh ris gu'm b' olc; agus a thaobh 'fhoighidinn a chail e, is suarach an ulaidh i dha-san a dh' amaiseas oirre—bha i gu maith air a caitheamh.

M. SG.—So, so! fosgail do bhroilleach 's thoir dhomh na litrichean.

CAL.—Mo bhroilleach! Fhir mo chridhe chaidh e bh' uaithe sin a nis: cha deachaidh cliabh moine riamh air mo dhronnaig cho trom ris a' mhaileid uir so.

M. SG.—Maileid, a Chalum?

CAL.—'S eadh, maileid—no sac, ma's e's fearr a thuigeas tu—sac eich, 's cha shac air son Criosduidh. Cha b' ionann 's an leobag bheag leathraich a b' abhaist a bh' agam le sreing m'a muineal, cho soirbh r'a giulan ri aon spliucan tombaca' chuir duine riamh 'n a phoca; 's ged nach robh moran litrichean innte bha iad luachmhor—ceir uasal, dhearg orra, cho cruinn, leathann ri bonn cruin; tri no ceithir air son a' mhinistear, agus leobag bheag an ceann gach raithe air son a' Cheannaiche bhain; agus da-rireadh b' fhiach e a pris a' bhraoisg fhaicinn a chuireadh e air 'g a leughadh. Chumnaic mi sinn a' taruing barrachd airgid air tri litrichean 's an am sin na ni sinn air lan cumain de 'n t-seors' ur a thug mi 'n diugh leam—caile ruadh air a h-uile aon diubh, mar a chi thu air na seotaichean uain — “paighte,”

“paighte,” air clar gach aodainn diubh: agus air son phaipeirean-naidheachd! cha 'n eil balach a thug foid moine fo 'achlais do 'n sgoil an diugh nach faod paipeir-naidheachd a thoirt dachaidh 'n a aite. Cha 'n fhoghmadh an t-seann fheadhainn, ach fear ur—fear Gaidhealach, ma's fhior — Cuirtear nan Gleann! Cuirtear—ach cha 'n abair mi tuilleadh. Sin agad a' mhaileid — se ficead litir, agus cuid diubh air son feadhainn nach d' fhuair litir riamh.

M. SG.—Fuir'ibh air ur n-ais gus an seorsaich mi na litrichean—cha 'n fhaodar lamh a chur air a h-aon diubh.

CAL.—Cha chuir sinne corrag orra, ach foadaidh an cat amharc air an rìgh. Co dha tha i sud? a h-uile litir air a cul cho reamhar, gharbh ri n' ludaig, 's cho cam ri iomaire 'n amadain.—Stad, fhuair mi e — *Donald M'Lucas, Esquire, Shooter of Wild Beasts, Big-Craig. Esquire!!* Fheara 's a ghaoil! Domhnall Brocair 's a' Chreig - mhoir 'n a *Esquire!* thug so barr air na chumnaic mi riamh; ach co i so? *Miss Christiana Mac O' Shenag, Old Wife's Point, Mull.* Ubh! Ubh! Ubh! co i so? Feuchaidh so riut fhein, ge h-eolach thu. An aithne dhuit i? *Old Wife's Point*; sin aite nach cuala mise ri m' linn, no fear eile romham.—O! Bheurla, Bheurla, mar a tha i' tolladh a stigh!

M. SG.—Nach cum thu do theanga, Chalum; an e nach aithne dhuit i? Cairistiona mhòr aig Rudha-na-Caillich.

CAL.—Rudha-na-Caillich! *Old Wife's Point.* Mo chreach, mo chreach! C'ait' an stad so? 's culaidh-spuirt so gun teagamh; ach stad—thua mi 'tuigsinn co bhuithe tha litir Cairistiona. Cuiridh mi geall gur e bodach na brigise cainbe 'bha 'g iasgach nan cruban 's nan gionnach air son an t-Sasunnaich

mhoir's a' Chaisteal, a dh'fhag a chleibh's a lin an tigh Cairistiona; ach tha i'mach a' cladadh, 's bidh greis mu'n ruig an litir i.

M. SG.—Uist! a Chalum, air neo cuiridh tu fhein a's mise'mach air a cheile, 's cha bli sin freagarrach.

CAL.—Cha chuir—gu dearbh cha chuir; b'e sin an ordag an aghaidh na glaise, mise 'bhi'stri riut-sa. So agad Eoghan figheadair ag iarraidh litreach.

EOGHAN.—Feuchaibh am faic sibh te air mo shon-sa bho Ailein mo mhac; 's fhad' o'n chuala mi bhuaithe. Bha e ann an Sasunn'n uair a thainig an te mu dheireadh, 's tha mi fo mhor iomagnuin.

M. SG.—Tha i ann an so, Eoghain—am fosgail mi i?

EOGHAN.—Ciod eile, fhir mo ghraidh; nach sibh fhein mo pheann's mo shuilean?

M. SG.—Tha e slan, fallain, gun dith, gun deireas, agus gu dearbh's e fhein aig am bheil an gnothuch ri sgriobhadh; an gille gasda, tha sodan orm litrichean cho poncail, cheart, agus lamh-sgriobhaidh cho reidh, eireachdail 'fhaicinn bhuaithe. Fuirich an deigh chaich agus leughaidh mi air fad i.

EOGH.—So agaibh na dh'fhuasglas i. Reic mi'n coileach ruadh ri Cailleach nan uibhean, 's ar leam gur e tri-sgillinn-deug's bonn-a-se 'bha n te mu dheireadh a thainig.

M. SG.—Cum d' airgid ad sporan, Eoghain, cha'n 'eil dad r' a phaigneadh: dh' fhalbh an latha sin, 's thainig latha's riaghailtean a's fearr.

CAL.—Chi sinn, mar a thuir an dall.

EOGH.—Cha'n 'eil mi gu ro mbaith 'g ar tuigsinn. 'N e nach 'eil dad r'a dhioladh air son litrichean?

M. SG.—Phaigh do mhac i, 's cha robh sin'n a uallach dba; thng an

sgillinn ruadh a Sasunn i, agus cuiridh sgillinn eile fios-freagairt air ais. Sin agad an riaghailt ur. Nach cord sin riut?

EOGH.—Cha chuala mi riamh a' leithid; cha b'fhearr a nasgaidh iad—riaghailt cheanalta?

CAL.—A' Bhan-righ, Eoghain; caileag laghach, Eoghain; ach tha i og; 's beag tha fhios aic' air a lughad ceum eadar so a's Lunnuinn. Cha seas an riaghailt ur so, cha'n urrainn i seasamb; cha'n 'eil ann ach amaideachd!

M. SG.—Uist! a Chalum; cha tig e dhuit-sa bli 'labhairt mar sin mu'n Bhan-righ a tha 'cumail na spaine'm beul do theaghlach. Am bheul duil agad nach 'eil luchd-comhairle maith aice?

CAL.—Theagamh gu'm bheil—theagamh gu'm bheil—ach cha do choisich iad riamh an Leather Mhuil-each, 's cha mho bha iad air an aiseag ri sneachda's ri gaillinn mar bha mise'n de, air neo cha smaointicheadh iad aon litir a chur an rathad so air son sgillinn.

EOGH.—A' bheannachd sin orrasan a chuir ann am chomas seanachas a bhì agam ri Ailein bochd air son sgillinn. Chi sibhse, mbaighstirsgoile, gu'm bi fichead litir a uis air son an aoin a bh'ann roimhe so. Cha chaidil mi'n nochd gus an sgrìobh mi litir a dh-iounsaidd Ailein, agus tha iomadh aon's an sgìreachd a ni'n gnothuch ceudna. 'S mithich do na sgoileirean a bhì 'cur nam peann air midheam—litir do Shasunn air sgillinn!

CAL.—A' pheic air an sgillinn's gun an sgillinn ann.

EOGH.—Tha'n sgillinn ann. Tha mi'n dhùine bochd, ach'd é dheth sin, am bheil agam ach gun ghreim tombaca 'chur fo m' fhiacail fad latha, 's tha mi leis a siu a' caomhadh na chumas suas eolas air mo mhac, na leigeas domh mo chridhe

fhosgladh dha, suidhe le m' ghaoilean mar gu 'm b' ann taobh nan cnoc, no taobh a' ghealbhain; tha mise 'g radh riut gu 'm paigh mi sgillinn cho togarrach 's a rinn mi rud riamh ged nach robh agam r'a innseadh dha ach gu 'm bheil Robag bheag, an abhag beo, 's mar a mharbh i 'm feocallan an la roimhe. Sgillinn ann! —cha 'n 'eil tigh as am bheil smuid nach faod cearc eile ghleidheadh, agus beiridh i de dh-ùibhean air son na cailliche Gallda na chumas seanachas r' an cairdean feadh an t-saoghail. Biodh iad a' bruidhinn, ach ma 's e 'n *Reform*, no ciod a 's ainm dha, an *Reform* a rinn so, 's maith na rinn e—an riaghailt ghasda!

CAL.—'S oil leam nach robh do dha shlinnean air an ruscadh mar tha iad agam-sa; 's cha bu ghearan na 'm paigheadh an guothuch. Tubaist air na h-ambhlairean gun tuigs' a smaointich air a' leithid! Ma tha 'h-uile comhairl' eile 'tha iad a' toirt do 'n Bhan-rìgh cosmhuil rithe so, cha seas ise no iadsan fada; bithidh iad cho bhrìste ri long mhòr an iarninn, no ri marsant' a' ghuirmein.

M. SG.—Ciod so 'n gearan a th' ort? Fhad 's a gheibh thusa 's mise ar tuarasdail cha bhuin e dhuinn a bhi 'faotainn coire dhoibh-san a tha thairis oirnn.

CAL.—Fhir mo chridhe, 's fhasda dhuit a bhi 'labhairt aig nach 'eil a bheag r'a dheanamh ach do sgian bheag, bhoidheach a thoirt a mach a d' phoca's gob ur a chur air do pheann; 's ionann duit-sa miltean litrichean ris an fhichead; ach na 'm biodh a' mhaileid agad r'a giulan, dh' atharraicheadh tu do chainnt. Cha phaigh e gu dilinn, tha mi 'g radh riut.

M. SG.—Stad thusa, Chalum; ged nach 'eil a' bheag r'a fhaotainn air son na thainig, cuimhnich gu 'm bheil sgillinn air son gach fios-freagairt.

CAL.—Nach iongantach leam sibhse, duine tuigseach! c'ait am faigh iad an sgillinn? C'ait am faigh *Miss Christiana Mac O' Shenag* an sgillinn, te nach do shin a lamh riamh ri ladar nam bochd o'n a rugadh i, 's nach 'eil a' faotainn air son a ciridh 's a cladaidh ach rusg cloimhe, no shiasaid bhagsaidh? Tha mise 'g radh riut nach 'eil de dh-airgid odhar 's an duthaich na dhioladh fios-freagairt do na tha 'n sin. Faodaidh na foirich ùra ladair nam bochd a chur air na sparran taobh carbad nam marbh. Abradh am ministear mar thogras e “Cuimhnichibh na bochdan,” no mar thubhairt am ministear og a leugh dhuinn an t-searmoin thioram, chutach a sheachdain o'n Dòmhnaich so 'chaidh, “Cuimhnichibh na buic;” ach coma, cuimhnichidh iad na litrichean. Ar leam gur leir dhomh Eoghan figheadair 's an sgillinn ruadh 'n a ghlaic, 'n uair tha 'm foirfeach mòr a' cur nunn an ladair; tha Eoghan a' toirt sreothairt aird agus a' cromadh a chinn mar le naire gus an teid an ladar seachad; am ministear ag radh “Cuimhnichibh na bochdan,” ach guth beag eile 'g radh, “Cuimhnich litir Ailein 's na dealaich ris an sgillinn.”

EOGH.—Ma ta, Chalum, 's mi nach deanadh e; an aite sinn 's ann a bheir mi barrachd 's a thug mi riamh. Bu neo-shuairce mi-thaingeil mi mar tugadh. Cha robh mo bhonn-a-se riamh air deireadh 's tha dochus agam nach bi; 's beag tha fhios cia luath 's a bhios mi 'n a eisimeil.

M. SG.—Togamaid d' ar seanachas faoin; ach fheara, o'n tha na litrichean a nis air an seorsachadh, nach mor an t-socair so da-rìreadh? Comas aig daoine bochd' eadar da cheann na rioghachd air seanachas a dheanamh r' an cairdean, agus eolas a chumail orra; daoine bochda 's eiginn

dealachadh r' an cloinn a dheoin no dh'aindeoin, 's an cur gu Galldachd gu cosnadh, gu'm faod iad iomradh fhaotainn orra uair 's a' mhìos fad na bliadhna air son fiach an leth-bhodaich gbrainde; agus cluinn mi, Chalum, thor thusa leat gu'm faod gillean bochda, no caileagan blath-chridheach 'tha aig cosnadh a nis, leth-chruin no crun, no' bheag no 'mhor mar a thogras iad a chur dhachaidh a dh-ionnsuidh an cairdean le dol do 'u *Post-Office* a's dluithe dhoibh agus leis an airgid a thoirt a stigh an sin, gheibh iad litir-chreideis a dh-ionnsuidh *Post-Office* an aite 's am bheil an cairdean a chomhnuidh, agus diolar dhoibh e cho poncail, fhirinneach, 's ged thigeadh iad fhein a h-uile ceum air bonnaidh an cas leis dhachaidh: agus cuimhnich so, cha 'n urrainnear a ghoid no 'thoirt as an litir; cha dean an litir-chreideis maith do neach ach dha-san d' am buin i. Faodaidh mac Eoghain da sgillinn - deug Shasunnach, no pnnnd Sasunnach, beag, mor mar a thogras e' chur dhachaidh a Sasunn g'a ionnsuidh gun chunnart a chall no dol an mearachd; agus so le fìor bheagan a phaigheadh air son an saoitreach. Cuiridh se sgillean mar so dhachaidh da phnnnd Shasunnach.

CAL.—Cha 'n fhaod mi radh nach 'eil seorsa de thuigse 's a' chuis sin; cha robh fhios agam air a sin; ach coma, cha 'n fhaic mi fhein cìod am moran rath 'tha 'n lorg an airgid a tha na gillean gaolach 's na caileagan laghach a' cur dhachaidh; cha 'n iad na daoine bochda 'bu mhianu leo-san fhaotainn a tha 'g a shealbhachadh, ach coma co dhiubh, cha 'n abair mi tuilleadh air an am. 'S fhad' o'n a chuala mi, "Mar a leagas Murchan ithidh Mearchan."

M. SG.—Nach taitneach an ni 'bbi 'mothachadh mar tha 'n saoghail a' dol air aghaidh le innleachdan ura,

mar tha eolas a' craobh-sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail; rioghlachdan a' dluthachadh r'a cheile. 'S usa gu mor dol a nis do Lu mhuin na bha e 'n laithean m' oige dol do Ghlaschu; agus air son Ghlaschu, nach 'eil e aig an dors? Na carbadan iarunn a' siubhal deich-mìle-fichead 's an uair; litir o Lu mhuin ann tri laithean; am paiper-naidheachd againn fiuch o'n chlo-bhualadh! Co 'nis a bliodh a' ruith gu bata-deathaich no soith-each-seolaidh le litir? co a dh' earbadh litir ris a' Cheannaiche mhor e fhein, no ri fear eile a chailleadh i air an rathad, ma dh' fhaoidte, air neo a bheireadh dhachaidh 'n a phòc i; 'n uair a dh' fhaodar air son aon sgillinn a cur leis a' phosta, 's e cho cinnteach gu 'n ruig i'n t-aite 'tha air a shonrachadh dh' i's gu 'n ruig a' ghrian ud shuas an cuan mor a tha cul Irt nan eun fionn, an nochd mu 'n caidil i. Mo bheannachd air an riaghailt ghasda, agus soirbheachadh dhoibh-san a smaointich oirre. Cha 'n fhaod an riaghailt so gun chinn-eachadh.

CAL.—Cha 'n abair mi diog, ach chi sinn; air mo shon fhein cha leir dhomh am mor fheum a th' anns a' chabhaig so 'tha 'sgaoileadh thar an t-saoghail a nis, a h-uile h-aon agus a h-uile ni 'n a chabhaig: carbaid iarunn a' falbh leth-cheud mìle 's an uair; gu de dheth sin? Am bheil so ach a' mealladh dhaoin' o'n dachaidh. Nach fhaic thu daoin' a b' abhaist a bhi glic, a nis mar gu 'm biodh teine-sionnachain air an earbail: cha 'n fhan iad seachduin aig an tigh, ach air an ais 's air an adhart; a mach an Dun-eideann an diugh, 's an Lu mhuinn am maireach; aiteachan nach fhaca na daoine coire bho 'n d' thainig iad, riamh; agus nach 'eil a' bhuil, a h-uile sgillinn a chruinich iad aig an tigh 'g a chost air falbh. Am bheil ar tighearnan a nis na's falaidh, na's iochd-mhoire,

na's cairdeile? Cha'n fhiach leo am mal fhein a thogail a nis, ach Baillidh mor 's Baillidh beag, sgrìobhadairean's luchd-lagha maor-coille, maor sratha, agus iad fhein, uachdarain na tìre 'siubhal leth-cheud mìle's an uair, troimh Shasunn no'n Fhraing. Ma thig so gu rath 's iongantach leam-s' e; agus innsibh so dhomh. Am bheil na tuathanaich na's cothromaiche? mo chreach's mo leireadh, 's ann agam a tha fhios nach 'eil. Am bheil ar fleasgaich na's modhala, na's foghaintiche, ar maighdeanan na's modhala, na's malda, na's beusaiche? Am bheil an co-thional a mach air an fhaiche sin shìos air latha na Sabaid na's tlachdmhoire na bha iad an linn d' oige? Ach coma co dhiubh, ars' thusa, tha Glaschu aig an doras; thig litir a Lunnainn an trì laithean; siubhlaidh daoine air rathaidean iarainn na's luaithe na ni gobhlann-gaoithe air iteig—'s mor a' chulaidh-bhosd sin. Thig cnap feola dhachaidh a Glaschu 'n aite 'bhi marbhadh a' mhairt reamhair; gheibhear slinnean tana caorach o'n bhuth an aite bhì 'feannadh nam mult mora—nach mor an t-sochair sin? Coma leam an spìocaireachd thruagh! Tha 'n saoghal a' dol air aghaidh! Tha mi cho sgith de 'n t-seanachas so's a bha 'n losgann de 'n chleith-chliata? Cha robh's na daoine bho 'n d' thainig sin ach na baothairean—ud, ud, cha robh! a chionn nach robh aca litrichean saora; ach bha fearann saor aca, agus cairdeas saor, agus biadh tachd shaor; agus mur robh na paipeirean-naidheachd lionmhor bha paipeirean a bu luachmhoire lionmhor. Gheibhinn iasad choig puinnnd Shasunnach air m' fhocal, far an diugh nach fheoraichear, An tu so, a Chalum? Gabhaibh mo leth-sgeul, ach sin agaibh-s' an fhirinn—thug sibh fhein a mach i lion beagan a's beagan, mar a dh' ith an cat an

sgadan; ach slan leibh—cuiribh a' mhaileid far nach ruig na radain oirre.



FAILTE DO 'N EILEAN SGIATHANACH.

O, failt air do stacan,
Do choireachan ùdlaidh,
Do bheanntainnean sùghor,
Far an sinhlach an meann!
Tha 'n geamhradh le 'dhubhlachd
Mu na meallaibh a' dunadh,
'S gach doire le 'bhùirean,
Air a rusgadh gu bonn.

Chi mi Cuchuilinn
Mar leoghann gun tioma,
Le 'fhiasag d' an t-sneachd
Air a pasgadh m' a cheann;
'S a ghruaidhean a' srùladh
Le easanan smùideach
'Tha 'tuitean 'n an luban
Gu urlar nan gleann.

Do chreagan gu h-uabhbreach,
Mar challaid m' an cuairt dhuit,
'S na neoil air an iomairt,
A' filleadh mu 'm bàrr;—
'S an bonn air a sguabadh
Le srùlaichean gruamach,
Bho bharcadh a' chuain
A' toirt nuallain air traigh.

O, e'ail 'eil na gaisgich
A dh' àraich do ghlaic?
'Bu shuilibeara macnus
Mu stacan a' cheo,—
Le fudar 'g a sgaileachd
Bho 'n cuilbheirean glana,
'S an mìolehoìn 'n an deannaibh,
Nach fannaich 's an tòir.

Na laoch nach robh meata
Ri aodann na batailt,
Nach aomadh gu taise
Ri caismeachd an nàmh;
Cha 'n 'eil raon agus machair
Air na sgaoil iad am bratach,
Nach d' fhag iad an eachdraidh
Gun mhasladh do 'n àl.

Ach tha 'm fàrdaichean sguabte,
'S an seomraichean uaine,—
Iad fein a's an gaisgeadh
'N an cadal fo 'n fhòid;
'S tha osag nam fuar bheann,
Le 'h-osnaidhean gruamach,
'G an caoidh mu na cruchan,
'S a' luaidh air an gloir.

O, c' àit 'eil gach sòlas
 'Bha agam am òige?—
 'Toirt meal' as na ròsan
 Mu d' chòsagan tlàth.
 Tha companaich m' eòlais
 Air am fuadach o' n còmhnuidh,
 Tha mhil air a deothal
 'S tha 'n ròsan gun bhlah.

Ach 's caomh leam do ghleanntan,
 Do shrathan 's do bheanntan,
 'S an ceo 'tha 'n a chadal
 Air baideal nan àrd',
 Na ciobhagan torach,
 Na srònagan corrach,
 'S na sruthain ri coireal
 Do 'n eilid 's d' a h-àl!

Gu ma buan a bhios d' eachdraidh,
 Agus cliu aig do mhacaibh,
 Gus an crìonar an talamh,
 'S am paisgear na neoil!
 Fhad 's 'bhios sìoban na mara
 A' bualadh air caraig,
 Bidh mo dhurachd gun deireas
 Do dh-Eilean a' Cheo!

N. M. L.

LARACH NINEBHIEH.

(Air leantuinn.)

“Is tric (arsa *Mr. Layard*) a sheas mi re iomad uair de thiom a' dil-bheachdachadh air na h-ìomhaighean mìorbhuileach so. Re dha mhìle gu leth bliadhna bha na samhlaidhean iongantach so air morachd Asiria air am folach o shealladh dhaoine; agus tha iad a nis air seasamh a mach 'n an seana mhoralachd aon uair eile! Ach O, cia mor an t-atharrachadh a th' air gach ni mu 'n cuairt doibh! Chaidh innleachd agus sogh a' chinnich threim a thuinich aon uair 's a' mhor-roinn so gu tur as an t-sealladh, agus tha iad air an leantuinn le bochduinn 's le aineolas beagan de fhineachan borba. The beairteas nan teampull agus saibheas nam bailtean-mora air an leantuinn le laraichean briste, 's le duintean salachair. Thairis air an t-seomar anns an do sheas na dealbhan so chaidh an crann-treabh-

aith, agus os an ceann ghearr corran a' bhuaanaiche an t-arbhar! Anns an Eiphit tha carrachan-cuimhne a ghleidh an larach anns gach linn agus a bha ghnath r' am faicinn a' cur an ceill a cumhachd, a h-uabhair 's a h-innleachd ann an laithean a soirbheachaidh agus a cliu, 'n uair nach d' rinn na h-ìomhaighean so ach an cinn a thogail eadhoin a nis ú 'n seomraichean cadail udlaidh, a thogail fianuis leis an fhaidhe gu 'm 'bu chrann-seudair ann an Leabanon an t-Asirianach, le geugaibh mais-each, agus le sgaile dhorcha, agus le airde mhoir; agus bha a bharr am measg nam meangana tiugha. . .

. dh' eirich 'airde suas os ceann uile chraobhan na machrach, agus bha a mheangana lionmhor, agus dh' fhas a gheugan fada, le lion-mhoireachd nan uisgeachan, an uair a sgaoil e mach. Rinn uile eunlaith nan spenr an nid 'n a gheugaibh, agus fuidh a gheugaibh rug uile bheath-aichean na machrach an alach, agus fuidh a sgaile ghabh cruinneachadh mhoran chinneach comhnuidh. . .

. Air an aobhar sin, mar so tha an Tighearna Dia ag radh, A chionn gu 'n d' rinn e ùail as 'airde, agus gu 'n do chuir e suas a bharr ann am meadhon nan nenl, agus gu bheil a chridhe air a thogail suas 'n a airde; uime sin thug mise thairis e do laimh aoin chumhachdaich nan cinneach; buinidh esan gu laidir ris, dh' fhuadaich mise a mach e air son a chionta.'—Esec. xxxi.

Mu thoiseach an earraich, 1846, fhuaradh da ìomhaigh mhor eile, car coltach ris a' cheud dithis; agus goirid 'n a dheigh sin ruisgeadh aon seomar anns an d' fhuaradh sea leoghainn deug, air an deanamh de mhiotailt ruadh, car coltach ri *copar*. Bha cuid diubh so nach robh thar oirleach air fad, agus cha robh an t-aon a bu mho dhinbh ach gann troidh air fad, agus bha iad uile ro

sgeineil, chumachdail. Cha 'u 'eil teagamh air bith nach b' iad so na diathan breige do 'u robh muinntir Niuebheh ag aoradh, agus tha e coltach gu 'n robh na h-ìomhaighean beaga so air an deanamh le luchd-ceird seolta, coltach ri Demetrius an ceard-airgid, a bha 'deanamh beairtis air tailleadh saobh-chrabhadh an coimhearsnaich. 'S iad so "an ìomhaigh shnaughte, agus an ìomhaigh leaghta," a tha Nahum ag radh a ghearradh Iehobhah "a mach a tigh nan dé:" agus da-rìreadh tha na h-ìomhaighean so a' cur soluis ro ìongantach air Nahum, ii. 11, 12. "C' ait am bheil comhnuidh nan leoghann, agus aite-beathachaidh nan leoghann oga? far an do ghluais an leoghann, an seann leoghann, agus cuilean an leoghainn, gu aon air bith a chur geilt orra. Reub an leoghann gu leoir air son a chuileana, agus mharbh e airson a leoghanna-boirionn, agus lion e a thuill le cobhartach agus agus 'uaimh le creich." Mor so tha e coltach, gu 'n robh ann an teampuil nan diathan breige so, mar tha ghnath ri fhaotunn 's gach aite de 'u t-seorsa, sagartan cuilbheartach a bha sìor-spàrradh air an luchd-aoraidh tabhartais a thoirt a steach a bhiodh freagarrach do chail nan diathan, gus am biodh "an tuill air an lìonadh le cobhartach, agus an uaimhean le creich;" air chor 's gu 'n robh am pailteas aca fein a chum an ciocras a shasachadh.

An uair a chualas an Lunainn an soirbheachadh a bh' aig *Mr. Layard* am measg laraichean briste Ninebheh, chuir an Comunn aig a bheil riaghladh a' *British Museum* airgid d' a ionnsaidh a chum comhnadh a dheanamh leis 's an obair mhoir ud. Cha 'n 'eil e 'n comas duinne aigan àn an deicheamh cuid de na ruisgeadh de sheoumraichean 's de ìomhaighean, de gach dealbh agus cumadh, a chur an ceill,

Air iartras a' Chomunn cheudna phac *Mr. Layard* a' chuid a b' usa 'ghluasad de na h-ìongantais a fhuair e, ann am bocsaichean, agus an deigh moran saothair a's cosdais chaidh aig' air an cur gu cladach, far an robh soitheach Breatunnach a' feitheamh gu an gabhail air bord a chum an toirt do Lunainn. An deigh dealbhan na cuid nach b' urrainnear a charachadh a tharruing air paipeir, chomhdaich e le h-nìr iad, agus phill e do Shasunn.

Cha 'n 'eil neach air bith a tha 'creidsinn gu 'n do "labhair Dia o shean gu minic agus air ìomadh doigh leis na faidhibh," do nach toir na nithean a tha mar so air an toirt gu solus moran misaich; oir tha iad 'n an dearbhadh laidir, maille ri ìomadh aon eile de 'n nadur cheudna, gus an "teid neamh agus an talamh thairis, nach teid aon lide no aon phuic" de na labhair Dia "thairis, gus an coi-lìonar gach aon ni."

Biodh ar rioghachd-ne a' foghlun gliocais o na laraichean briste air an robh sin a nis a' beachdachadh. Ma chaidh "crann seudair Leabanoin" a leagail agus "a mheangain a bhriseadh," gabhadh "crannaibh na frithe" rabhadh, air eagal 's gu 'm bi iadsan mar an ceudna "air an toirt thairis gu bàs." Ma bha Ninebheh, "uile 'n a ceilg agus lan de reubainn" air a caitheadh as le teine —ma "rinn Dia a h-uaigh a chionn gu 'n robh i graineil," cìod a thachras do bhailtean mora fuileachdach an ama so, nach 'eil a' toirt geill do shearmonachadh "neach a's mo na Ionah," 's nach 'eil a' pilltinn "o'n fhoirneart a ta 'n an lamhan!" Tha eachdraidh nan Impireachdan a chaidh seachad a' cur an ceill gu soilleir gu 'm feum rioghachdan uaibhreach an t-saoghail tuiteam gu lar. Uime sin tha 'n Crìosdaidh gu tric a' miannachadh sgiathan a'

cholmain a bhi aige, chum gu'n itealaicheadh e air falbh's gu'm biodh e aig fois—far am faigh e lan sheilbh air an “oigbreachd a ta neo-thruaillidh, agus neo-shalach, agus nach searg as, a tha air a coimhead's na neambaibh.” Ach ged a rachadh rioghachdan an t-saoghail so as o na breitheanasaibh coitichionn mu'n robh sin a' labhairt, gidheadh tha'n t-am a teachd anns an “teid na neaman agus an talaich thairis le toirn mhoir, agus anns an leaghar na duilean le dian theas.”

“O'n theid gach ni mar so a sgrios,
Mar fhuair sinn fios o Dhia,
Nach iomchuidh dhuinne deasachadh
Fa chomhair teachd ar Triath ?

Cia naomh bu choir dhuinn bhi gach uair
'N ar smuain', 'nar cainnt's 'nar gnìomh,
'N uair tha ar suil ri crìoch an t-saogh'l,
'S ri caochla gach aon ni ?”

S.

—*Fear-tathaich nam Beann.*

—o—

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Air Disathuirne an t-ochdamh la deug d'an mhios a chaidh seachad, dhuin an uaigh thairis air an nasal urramach agus ainmeil, *Dr. Livingstone*. Ged bha a chliu cho farsainn,—a' ruigsinn thar an t-saoghail gu leir — agus ged dh' fhaodar amharc air mar aon a bha cho mor ann an run no a' chrìoch araid a chuir e roimhe, 's an obair mhoir anns an do chaith e a chuid a b' fhaide's a b' fhearr d' a bheatha—'s gu'm bu dhanadas do aite seach aite a radh, “so far an do rugadh e,” tha sinn toilichte gu'm faod sinn a thagradh mar Albannach, agus cha'n e mhain sin, ach mar fhior Ghaidheal agus mar mhac Gaidheil.

Rugadh e ann am *Blantyre* dluth do Ghlaschu, anns a' bhliadhna 1813. Bha a pharantan ann an inbh ro iosail ; ach ged bha iad bochd 'n an

cor saoghailta, tha e coltach gu'n robh iad, air mhodh sonraichte, “saoibhir ann an creideamh,” agus fo dheadh chliu am measg an coimhearsnaich air son fìor-chrabhadh agus fiachalachd an caithe-beatha. Ann an gearr-eachdraidh air a bheatha fein a chuir *Dr. Livingstone* a mach auns a' bhliadhna 1857, tha e ag innseadh dhuinn mar a leanas:—“Aon de m' shinnseanairean thuit ann am Blar Chuilfhodair a' cogadh as leth sliochd nan seann rìgh, agus bha aon de m' sheanairean 'n a thuathanach ann an Ulbhadh, far an do rugadh m' athair. . . . Is math tha cuimhne agam mar a b' abhaist domh eisdeachd ris le tlachd, oir bha 'inntinn air a lionadh le seann sgeulachdan, moran diubh glè choltach rìusan a chuala mi uaith sin air an aithris leis na h-African-aich, agus sinn 'n air suidhe comhla m' an cuairt air an cagaitean cein, trath-feasgair. B' abhaist do m' shean-mhathair cuideachd a bhi 'seinn orain Ghaidhlig.” Tha e coltach gu 'm buineadh a shìnsrean aig aon am do dh-Eaglais na Roimhe, agus tha e ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n robh iad “air an deanamh 'n am Protastanaich le tighearn an fhear-ainn, a thigeadh m' an cuairt agus duine leis aig an robh bàta buidhe 'n a laimh, a bha a reir coltais a' tarrainn tuilleadh aire na bha a theagasgan, oir b' e a b' ainm do'n chreideamh ur re uine fhada as a dheigh so, agus theagamh gus an latha'n diugh, ‘creideamh a' bhàta bhuidhe.”

Aig aois dheich bliadhna chaidh Daibhidh *Livingstone* a chur a dh-obair ann am muileann-cotain ann am *Blantyre*. Bha de dheigh aige air foghlum agus air leughadh, 's gu'n do chuir e cuid de'n cheud phlaigheadh a fhuair e a cheannach *grammar* Laidinn, a b' abhaist da

a bhi ag ionnsachadh an deigh d' a obair-latha a bhi seachad. Cha robh leabhar air an ruigeadh e nach robh e a' leughadh le deine agus le gionachd do-riaraichte. M' an robh e ach gle og bhuaile iartras mor e gu dol a mach do dhuthchannan cein mar lighiche; agus a chum an rùn so a choimhionadh, aig aois naoidh bliadhna deug, chaidh e do Oil-thigh Ghlaschu, far, ri uine, an d' fhuair e na mhiannaich e. As a dheigh so, chuir e roimhe e fein a thairgseadh do chomunn mor an Lunainn a bha ag uidheamachadh agus a' cur a mach mhinistirean do dhuthchannan fad as; agus air do'n chomunn so gabhail ris, chaidh a chur air leth mar *mhissonary* do dh-Africa a chinn a deas, agus sheol e anns a' bhliadhna 1840.

Cha b' ann an aon aireimh d' an *Ghuidheal* a b' urrainnear a chur an ceill na rinn e ann an Africa—mar a shaothraich e am measg nan daoine dubha, an da chuid chum an leas spioradail agus aimsireil a chur air aghaidh—mar a chaith e a bheatha ann an aobhar a dhuthcha fein, a' farsainneachadh ar n-eolais air cruth, air cor, agus air toraidhean na duthcha duirche sin, Africa, agus a' fosgladh suas rathaid troimh an ruigear air a luchd-aiteachaidh le teachdaireachd phriseil an t-Soisgeil agus leis na buaidhean tarbhach agus feumail a thig an lorg comhalairt agus co-chomunn eadar rioghachdan Crìosdail agus cinnich bhorba agus aineolach—mar a thog e a ghuth, gun sgar gun sgìos, as leth nan daoine dubha bochd, agus an aghaidh na malairt mallaichte sin leis an robh ar co-chreutairean air an reic mar spreidh gu bhi'n an tràillean, agus gu bhi air an gnathachadh air mhodh nach buineamaid ri ainmhidhean na machrach.

Eadar an t-àm anns an d' fhalbh *Livingstone* an toiseach, agus àm a

bhàis, rinn e turas no dha air ais do'n rioghachd so. Is ann's a' bhliadhna 1866 a dh' fhalbh e air an turas mu dheireadh. Goirid an deigh sin thainig fios a nall gu'n d' fhuair e am bàs, agus re uine ghabh moran daoine ris an sgeul mar fhirinn, ach chaidh cuideachd a chur a mach á Sasunn anns a' bhliadhna 1867 a raunsachadh codhiù a bha an t-iomradh fìor no nach robh. Thill iad leis an naidheachd thaitnich nach robh e fìor; agus goirid as deigh sin thainig litir o *Livingstone* fein, a chaidh a sgrìobhadh bhò 'n àm anns an robh e air a radh gu'n do shiubhail e. Bha e fad uine an sin gun ionradh againn c' àite 'n robh e, gus an deachaidh duine og, tapaidh a mhuinntir America, *H. M. Stanley*, 'uidheamachadh agus a chur air falbh a dh-fheucainn an amaiseadh e air *Livingstone*—nà a rinn e, agus thug e fios air ais gu'n robh an t-eilthireach caomh gu lan-mhath 'n a shlainge, ach gu'n robh e feumail gu leoir air a' chuideachadh a thug esan g' a ionnsaidh—caoimhneas nach do dhi-chuimhnich *Livingstone* gu latha 'bhàis.

Cha'n 'eil moran forais againn fathast air a ghluasadan an deigh tilleadh *Mhr. Stanley*. Mu thoiseach na bliadhna so thainig fios gu'n d' fhuair e bàs air a' 4mh latha de cheud mhìos an t-Samhraidh an uiridh, ach bha moran daoine neo-thoileach gabhail ris an sgeul. Mu dheireadh thainig litrichean ag innseadh gu'n robh cuid d' a luchd-leannhainn air an rathad dhachaidh le 'chorp, agus chuir so gu buileach mar sgaol a' h-uile dochas a bha aig daoine gu'n robh am fios so neo-airidh air geill, mar bha gach fios a thainig roimhe.

Tha e coltach gu'm b'e a b' aobhar d' a bhàs, fliuchadh agus baothaiseachadh a fhuair e air a

thuras troimh fhearann bog, féitheach, far an robh e iomadh uair gus na h-achlaisean ann an uisge. Thog so galar a bhàis. Air latha araidh, 's e 'g a mhothachainn fein tinn, thuirt e rìusan a bha leis, "Togaibh dhomh bothan anns am faigh mi am bàs." Chaidh bothan a thogail agus leaba a sgaoileadh dha. Air an treas latha thuirt e, "Tha mi ro-fhuar; cuiribh tuilleadh tuthaidh air a' bhothan." Tha iad ag innseadh gu 'n robh e bitheanta ag urnaigh air leaba a bhais, agus aig aon àm gu 'n cual' iad e ag radh "Tha mi a' dol dachaidh." Chaochail e air a' 4mh latha de mhìos Màigh 1873.

Cha b' urrainn duinn taisbeanadh a b' fhollaisiche 'iarraidh air dills-eachd agus air teas-ghradh nan seirbheiseach dubha a bha aig *Dr. Livingstone*, agus air mar ghabh a chaoimhneas greim air an cridheachan, na mar bhuin iad r' a chorp. An deigh dhoibh a chur an ordugh's a phacadh le salann—agus sin ann an uaigneas, air eagal gu 'n cuirteadh stad orra le uachdaran an aite's an robh iad aig an àm—ghiùlain iad e troimh gach cruadal agus deuchainn, re iomadh latha gu h-acrach sgìth, thairis air tuilleadh agus mìle de mhiltean astair, ann an duthaich gun rathad-mor gun slighe, gus an do rainig iad an cladach far an deachaidh a chur air bord luinge agus a thoirt a nall do Shasunn.

M' an do sheol e air a thuras mu dheireadh thuirt e, an cursa seanchuis, ri caraid da, "Na 'm faighinn m' iarrtas bu mhath leam a bhi air mo thìolacadh ann an meadhon coille far nach cuirteadh dragh orm gu Madainn na h-Aiseirigh." B' i so a roghainn; ach mheas an rioghachd so nach robh urrain a ghabhadh cur air duine an deigh a bhais air nach b' airidh *Dr. Livingstone*. Chaidh a

thìolacadh ann an *Abaid* mhor *Westminster* am measg duslach nan rìgh, agus na dream a bha air am meas airidh air an onair a b' airde. Ann an lathair aireimh mhoir shluaigh, agus maithean as gach cearn de Bhreatunn, às an Roinn-Eorpa, agus America, chaidh a leagail anns an duslach far nach cuirear dragh air "gu Madainn na h-Aiseirigh."

"Na 'm bu daoine bheireadh dhinn thu,
Dh' eireadh miltean air an tòir,

A ràchadh togarrach ga d' dhioladh
Nach obadh dol a sìos le dcòin.

'S ann tha chùis na 's fhearr mar thà i,—
Dochas laidir thu bhi beò
Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Pàrras,
Ann an gairdeachas ro mhor :
Gur e 'n Ti a ghlac air làimh thu,
Thug 's an àite sin duit còir
Air oighreachd is fhearr na dh' fhàg thu,
'N àros àdhmhor Rìgh na glòir'."

MAC-MHARCUIS.

—o—

COINNEAMH CHAIDREACH.

Is e ar beachd gur h-i a' Choinneamh Chaidreach a bha aig Gaidheil Ghlaschu air a' chiad latha d' an Ghiblin so chaidh, coinneamh d' an t-seorsa a bu mhò a chaidh a chumail riabh. Bha an talla is mò anns a' bhaile, agus anns an faod mu dha mhìle sluaigh suidhe aig bord, lan bho dhorus gu dorus, gu h-ard 's gu h-ìosal; agus sin gu h-ìomlan le Gaidheil, sean a's og, firionn agus boirionn. A thuilleadh air gu 'm biodh cothrom air a thoirt do Ghaidheil a' bhaile-mhoir cruinneachadh agus aon oidheche chridheil, chairdeil a chur seachad, mar gu 'm b' eadh mu 'n aona bhord, bhà a run orasan a chuir air chois a' choinneamh, beagan airgid a thional mar chuideachadh a chumail air a h-aghaidh na h-oibre a tha ga 'deanamh le comh-thional Eaglais Chaluim-chille,

ann an ceann tuath a' bhaile, far a bheil eaglais bheag air a cur a suas, agus meadhona nan gràs air am frithealadh ann an Gaidhlig.

Fada roimh àm toiseachaidh, bha an Talla Mor loma-làn; agus chum an sluagh a chur air ghleus, agus an cumail bho fhadal gus an tigeadh àm dol an caraibh na cuirme, bha piobaireaneireachdail a' spaidsearachd air an urlar-àrd's a' cluich—mar a bu ghlan a b' urrainn daibh—cuid de na seana phuirt shughach, inntinneach, spreigeil sin a bu mhinig a chuir sunnd fo chridbeachan ar sinnsearan air feill s' air banais, 's a bhrosnaich ar gaisgich gu euchdan iomraiteach air iomadh faiche dheirg—cho math ri cuid de na fuinn thiamhaidh agus bhinne sin a tharraingear na deoir bho shuilean a' Ghaidheil ann an tìribh cein, no an measg nan Gall, agus a ghiulaineas 'inntinn air a h-ais gus na beanntan fraoich's na leacanna gorma air an b' eolach e an laithibh 'oige, 's a bheir, ma dh' fhaoidte, 'n a chuimhne an cladh tosdach, fuar anns am bheil iadsan a bu ghaolach leis 'n an suain—an cladh anns an cual' e na ceart phuirt so mu dheireadh, an àm a bhi 'g an leagail's an ùir.

Air ceann na cuirme shuidh an t-uasal Donnachadh Mac-a'-Mhaighstir, a bha air 'eideadh gu sgiamhach—mar a bha aireamh nach bu bheag anns a' chuideachd—anns an deise-ghoirid. An deigh do 'n Urramach *Mr. Blair* beannachadh 'iarraidh ann an Gaidhlig, chaidh an *tea*—an t-aon rud a bu Ghallda a bha air a' chuirme—le aran de gach seorsa, bho 'n aran chruaidh, choirce a nuas gu breacagan cruithneachd de gach dealbh agus dath, a sheirbheiseachadh do 'n t-sluagh. Chaidh buidheachas a thairgseadh le bhi a' seinn earrainn d' an 145mh Salm.

Dh' eirich an sin fear na cathrach, agus labhair e gu suasmhor ann an

Gaidhlig ris a' chuideachd. Dh' innis a cho toilichte's a bha e a leithid de choimhne thaituich 'fhaicinn. Bha e an dochas, ged a b' i so a' chiad choinneamh d' an t-seorsa a chaidh a chumail, nach b' i an te mu dheireadh. Thug e buidheachas daibh air son na h-onoir a chuir iad air an uair a roghnaich iad e gu suidhe air ceann na cuirme. Bha e lan 'chiunteach nach biodh a dhleasanasan mar fhear na cathrach duilich a choimhionadh, oir bha làn fhios aige gu 'n deanadh gach aon a bha lathair a dhìchioll a chum 's gu 'n rachadh gach ni air 'aghaidh gu h-ordail agus gu h-eireachdail; agus b' e a mhiann nach e mhaing gu 'n biodh iad nìle air an riarachadh, ach gu 'm faigheadh iad mor bhuanachd o'n co-chomunn cairdeil ri cach a cheile. Chaidh e an sin air 'aghaigh gu labhairt air muinntir a dhi-chuimhneich an Gaidhlig—nach bruidhneadh i agus nach b' urrainn a tuigsinn, ma b' fhior iad fein, agus a bha mar so a' taisbeanadh gu 'n robh naire orra d' an tìr-bhreith agus d' an luchd-duthcha. An robh so nadurra? dh' fheoraich e.—Cha robh; cha robh ann ach meud-mhoir agus cion tìr. Is fhada m' am b' i so barail muinntir eile mu 'n Ghaidhealtachd, oir nach robh iad a tighinn as geach cearn, miltean de mhiltean astair a dh-fhaicinn na duthcha ainmeal agus aillidh sin anns an robh seallaidhean ri 'm faotainn do nach faighteadh coimeas ann an cearn eile air uachdar an t-saoghail. Ma bha an duthaich mar so airidh air mor mheas, neo-ar-thainig mar robh an sinnsearan airidh, a dh' fhaig an ainneannan agus an euchdan, an cliu agus an comharra, sgrìobhte ann an litrichean buan-mhaireannach air clar-eachdraidh an t-saoghail. Nach robh Gaidheil r' am faighinn gus an latha 'n diugh a' lionadh nan àitean a b' airde ann an comhairlean ar

rioghachd, anns an eaglais, agus anns an arm. Co a fhuair urram anns na h-Innsean-an-Ear? co a bhuidhinn cliu anns a' *Chrimea*? co ach na Gaidheil; agus nach robh an duthaich o cheann gu ceann anns na laithibh so fein a' deanamh uaill agus gairdeachais thairis air gaisge agus treubhantas nan Gaidheal ann an *Ashantee*, as an robh am Freiceadan Dubh an deigh tilleadh, luchdaichte le urram agus gloir. Is i a' chomhairle a bheireadh e air gach aon d'an chuideachd,—

“Lean gu dluth ri cliù do shinnsear,
’S na diobair a bhi mar iadsan.”

Dh'earailich e orra gu durachdach iad a bhi dileas agus firinneach araon daibh fein agus do mhuinntir eile, ge b'e suidheachadh anns an tuiteadh dhaibh a bhi, agus an dleasnasan a choimh-lionadh d'an Duthaich, do'n Chrùn, agus, os cionn gach uì eile, do Dhia—le bhi a' deanamh mar sin cha bhiodh iad ach a' leantainn cheuman na dream o'n d' thainig iad. Thagair e an sin gu laidir agus gu deas-bhriathrach as leith na Gaidhlig,—a' chainnt mhilis, bhlàth sin a b' fhearr gu càineadh no gu moladh—agus ged nach robh i a nis, le dith na cleachdainn, cho freagarrach gu gnothaichean malairt a chur troimh lamhan—a' chainnt anns an deachaidh iomadh treud mhor chaorach, agus iomadh buaile chruidh, a reic agus a cheannach. Dh'asluicheadh e orra le uile dlurachd a chridhe iad a leantainn r'an Gaidhlig, iad a dheanamh an uile dhichioll gu a cumail beo, am feadh 's a bha a naimhdean a' feuchainn ri cur as di, agus iad g'a sìneadh sìos mar oighreachd luach-mhoir d'an cloinn agus do chlann an cloinne.

B'e an ath fhear-labhairt an t-Urramach *Mr. Blair*, ministear Eaglais Chalium-chille. Thoisich e le bhi a' moladh choinneamhan coltach

riutha so, ag ràdh gu 'm faodadh iad a bhi chum mor bhuannachd do na Gaidheil a bha, mar gu 'm b' eadh, air an call ann am bailtean-mora na Galldachd, agus aig nach robh cothrom ach fìor ainneamh air coinneachadh r'a cheile. Thug e an sin beagan earailean ro fhreagarrach agus dhurachdach gu sonraichte do'n oigrìdh iad a bhi dileas, stuama agus firinneach, oir mur biodh iad mar so nach biodh moran meas orra agus nach soirbhicheadh leo—iad a ghabhail gach cothrom a gheobhadh iad gu bhi deanamh maith d'an luchd-duthcha, gu sonraichte iadsan a dh' fhaodadh a bhi ann an euslaint no trioblaid, no fo throm uallaich. Dh'earailich e orra iad a chumail air mhaireann le'n uile dhichioll canain an sinnsrean—iad a thional agus a sgrìobhadh sìos a mheud 's a b'urrainn daibh de sheann orain, de thoimhseachain, de sheuna agus de shean-fhacail na Gaidhealtachd, oir gu'n robh an t-am a' tighinn anns nach biodh ann a bhruidhneadh a' Ghaidhlig ach cnuic agus aibhnichean na duthcha. Chaidh e an sin air 'aghaidh gu bhi labhairt air bardachd na Gaidhealtachd,—bardachd a bha gun choimeas air son fallaineachd agus beusachd, agus a bha ach beag gu tur saor o gach truailidheachd cainntea gheobhar ann an ranntachd iomadh duthaich eile. C' aite an robh leithid bardach Oisein agus Dhounachaidh Bhain air son gloinead agus snas de gach seorsa, araon ann am minead bhriathar agus airde smuain. Nach b' eireachdail, mar eiseimpleir, an ranu sin ann an *Coire Cheathaich*,—

“Tha bradan tarra-gheal s a' choire
gharbhbhlaich,
Tha tigh'n'n o'n fhairge 'bu ghailbheach
tonn,
Le luinneasmheamnach a' ceapa' mbeanbh-
chuileag,
Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob crom :
Air bhunne borb, a's e leum gu foirmeil,

An éideadh colgail 'bu ghorm-glas druum,
Le shóislean airgid, gu h-iteach, meana-
bhreac,
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal
sliom."

Is minig a bheireadh e ni sam bith air son a bhi og a rithist a chum 's gu 'm b'urraim da na seann nithean sin a chur sios a bha a nis a' dol air dhi-chuimhne gu bras, agus nach gabhadh gu brath toirt air an ais. Ann an co-dhunnadh dh' iarradh e orra gu leir, le 'n uile eolas agus ionnsachadh, iad a shireadh an eolais sin a b'airde—eolas Chrìosd. As eugmhais so ge b' e air bith cho saoilbhir no cho foghlumte 's a dh' fhaodadh iad a bhi, cha bhiodh stàth ann daibh; ach leis an eolas so, bha iad air an cur an seilbh air sòlasan agus toil-inntinnean an t-saoghail so, agus air sonas siorruidh anns an t-saoghal ri teachd.

Thug Mr. Domhnallach o America beagan fhacal ro thaitneach air cor nan Gaidheal anns an duthaich sin. Chaidh taing na cuideachd gu leir a thairgseadh dhaibhsan a bha aig dragh ann an cur na coinuimh air chois, agus labhair *Mr. Sharp* as an leith ag radh nach bu dbragh idir leo e, ach gur ann a bha lan duais aca air son gach ni a riun iad ann a bhi faicinn cho math 's a shoirbhich leo, agus gu'n robh e an dochas gu'm biodh aca an ath bhliadhna, coinneamh eile d' an cheart seorsa. Thagair e as leith gun rachadh gach cuideachd bheag Ghaidhealach ann an Glaschu combha agus gu'n deanadh iad aon chomunn mor, laidir de mhuinntir tir nam beann, agus mar so, gu'm biodh iad na bu chomasaiche air math a deanamh d' an luchd-duthcha le bhi 'cur suas thighean-taghail air son nan Gaidheal anns an faigheadh iad air neoni, leabhraichean agus paiperan-naidheachd r' an leughadh agus cotlroman air co-chaidreamh a chumail r'a cheile, ceilidh bhuan-

achdail a dheanamh, agus seana chairdeas agus choimhearsnachd 'urachadh agus a chumail air chuimhne.

Chaidh aireamh mhor de dh-orain Ghaidhlig a sheinn an cursa na h-oidhche agus cha robh dìth air pioaireachd 's air dansadh. Guu aon seach aon de ha h-oigearan 'ainmeachadh a chuidich mar so cridhealas agus sunnd na coinuimh a chur air aghaidh, faodaidh sinn a radh gu'n do rinn iad uile an dleasnasan fa-leth gu toileach agus gu tapaidh—ni air son an d' flunair iad mar bu ghlan a choisinn iad, cliu agus taing na bha lathair.

Sgaoil a' chuideachd mu airde mheadhon-oidhche an deigh dhaibh earrann no dha a sheinn ann an Gaidhlig d' an oran iomraideach sin, *Auld Langsyne*.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Na 'm bu mhiann leat do bhìadh a bhi blasda, oibrich air a shon—na 'm bu mhath leat d' aodach a mbealtainn, paigh e—na 'm bu mhath leat cadal gu suaimhneach, thoir coguis ghlan a laidhe leat.

Tha spiorad an fhìor Chrìosdaidh, gu h-araidh spiorad an fhìor chreidimh a' deachdadh caoimhneis agus macantais anns na h-uile. Tha e comunnail, cairdeil, aoibhneach, agus seirceil. Cha 'n eil gnotuuch aige ris an t-saobh-chrabhadh agus an dall-eud sin a ta co dubhach, fuar, agus neo-sheirceil 's gu 'm bheil iad a' combdachadh na gnùise le dubh-bhron, a' truailliadh an nadair, a' tilgeadh an spioraid fo lag-mhisnich, agus a' tarruing cuirtean duibhre agus cianaileis thairis air an dnine gu h-iomlan, eadar spiorad, anam agus chorp!

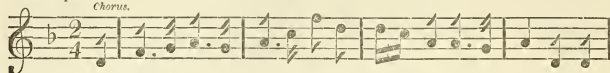
Dean t'obair fein gu ciallach, socair-each. Tha iomlanasg agus ro churam 'n an aobhar do thinneas agus mi-fhoisneachd. Feumaidh sinn ar tuisge a ghnathachadh chum ar ciocras agus dian-thogradh a cheannsachadh, oir mar dean sinn sin, geillidh ar neart corporra, agus theid as duinn. Cuiribhnicheamaid gu 'n toir sinn a mach a' bhuaidh le neart nach leinn fein. Is cogadh e nach 'eil an crochadh aon chuid riu-san a ta luath no laidir.

KEY F or E.

MO NIGHEAN DUBH.

With Spirit.

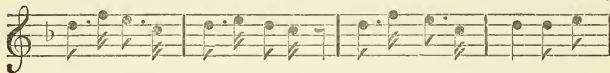
Chorus.



. L₁ | d., r : m., r | m., s : d¹. L | l, s. m : m., r | m : l₁. L₁



| d., r : m., r | m, s. -: l., . D¹ | l, s. m : m. r | d : d. ||



| L., d¹ : t., s | l., t : l., s. | L., d¹ : t., s | l : l. T



| d¹., l : s., s | l., t : d¹. L | l, s. m : m., r | d : d. ||

SEISD.

*Mo nighean dubh, tha boidheach dubh,
Mo nighean dubh, na treig mi :
Ged theireadh cach gu bheil thu dubh,
Cho geal's an gruth leam fhein thu ! **

Moch là Coinnle anns a' mhadainn,
'M leaba's mi gun eirigh,
Gu 'm facas oigh an taice rium,
'S a gnuis ro dhreachmhor, ceutach.

Toisichidh mi aig do chasan,
Chum do mhaise 'leughadh ;—
Didomnuich a' dol an chlachan,
Bean do dhreach cha leir dhomh.

Thig stocaidh gheal air rogha dealbha
Air do chalpa gle-gheal ;
Brogan barra-chumh'nn, 's bucaill air-
gid—

Oigh air dhealbh na grein' thu !
Seang chorp fallain, mar shneachd meall-
ain,

No mar chanach sleibhte ;
Mar fhaoileag chladaich, ri là gailinn,
Air chuan mara 'g eirigh.

'S math thig gùn's an fhasan duit,
Cho math's a tha 'n Duneideann,
Mu d' mheadhon caol 'g a theannachadh,
'S a' chamhanaich 's tu 'g eirigh.

Do shuilean mar na dearcagan,
Do ghruaidh air dhath na ceire,
Cul do chinn air dhreach an fhithich,
'S gradh mo chridhe fhein ort.

Suil chorrach ghorm fo d' chaol mhala
Bho 'n tig an sealladh eibhinn,
Mar dhealt camhanaich 's an Earrach,
'S mar dhruichd meala Cheitein.

Tha falt dubh, dualach, trom, neo-
luaidhte,
'N ceangal sguaid air m' enchdaig ;
Gur boidheach e mu d' chluasaibh,
'S cha mheas' an cuaillein breid e.

Cha dean mi tuilleadh molaidh ort—
O, 's tu mo rogha ceile !
'S ann ort a tha 'n eil fainneagach,
Mar sud 's am braighe gle-gheal.

'S ole a rinn do chairdean orm
'S gu 'n d' rinn iad part ort fein d' e,
'N uair chuir iad as an dù'ich mi,
'S mi 'n duil gu 'n deanainn feum duit.

'S ged nach deanainn fìdhleireachd,
Gu 'n deanainn sgrìobhadh's leughadh ;
'S a Naile ! dheanainn searmoin duit
Nach talaicheadh neach fo 'n ghrein
roir'.

* Repeat the chorus after every verse.

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Gaelic Philology.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 63.)

351. *Mil* and *Milis*.

Mil (honey; gen. *meala*) = W. *mél* and is cognate with Lat. *mel* (honey; gen. *mellis* for *meltis*), Gr. *meli* (honey; gen. *melitos*), Goth. *mīlith* (honey). *Milis* (sweet) is from *mīl*.

352. *Lìon*, *léine*, and *lint*.

Lìon (flax, lint; anc. *lìn*) = W. *lîn* (flax) and is connected with Lat. *linum* (flax, lint), Gr. *linon* (anything made of flax, also the plant that produces flax), Old Ice. *lín* (flax), Ger. *lein* (lint), A.S. *lín* (flax), *linen* (linen), *linet* (flax), Eng. *linen*, *lint*. *Léine* (a shirt) Stokes regards as probably connected with *lín*. Cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 41.

353. *Cùis* and *cause*.

Cùis (cause; anc. acc. sing. *cóis*) is from Lat. *causa*, from which comes Eng. *cause*.

354. *Càs* and *case*.

Càs (difficulty, emergency) = Lat. *casus* (fall, misfortune, calamity) from which Eng. *case* is derived.

355. *Flaith* and *flaitheanas*.

Flaith (dominion, sovereignty) corresponds to the Old W. *gulat* (region, country; now *guláid*) and is cognate with Goth. *valdan* (to govern), Ger. *walten* (to govern). From *flaith*, gen. *flatha* or *flatho*, is derived *flaithem* (lord) from which come *flaithemnas* (glory), now *flaitheanas* (heaven), and *flaitheas* (sovereignty, dominion). *Flath* (a chief, king, prince, noble) is now used for *flaithem*. Cf. Z. G. C., p. 53, and Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 116.

356. *Cùs* (rent, tribute) = Lat. *census* (a census, valuation of every man's estate). In Gaelic *n* is dropped before *s* by rule.

357. *Mias* (a dish, a platter; gen. *mèis* or *mèise*) = Lat. *mensa* (a table to eat on, a dish) from *metior*, *mensus* (to measure). The diphthong *ia* = *e*.

357. *Mios* and *moon*, *month*.

Mios (month; anc. *mīs*, and now in Irish *mì* = W. *mis* and corresponds to Lat. *mensis* (month), Gr. *mēn* (month; gen. *mēnos* from *mēnsos*), Sansk. *mās* (moon, month), and *māsa* (month), Goth. *mena* (moon) and *menoths* (month), Old Ice. *mana* (moon), Ger. *mond*, A.S. *mona*, Eng. *moon*, Ger. *monat* (month), A.S. *monath* (month), Eng. *month*.

358. *Sàl* or *sàile*, *salann*, and *salt*.

Sàl or *sàile* (the sea, salt water) = W. *hal* and is cognate with Gr. *hals* (the sea). *Salann* (salt) = W. *halen*, Lat. *sal* (salt), Gr. *hals* (salt), Sansk. *sara*, Ger. *salz*, Goth. *salt*, A.S. *salt* and *sealt*, Eng. *salt*. Cf. Curtius' Greek Etymology, p. 538. Lottner, quoted by Stokes (Cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 114) says that Gr. *hals* (the sea) is "radically connected with *hallomai* (from *saljomai*), Lat. *salio*, which we find again in Sanskrit in the forms *sal*, *sar* (to go). Hence *salilo* (water), *sarit* (river), *saras* (lake) = *helos*. Hence it clearly results that water is denoted by all these words as the 'bounding, leaping, billowing,' just as this meaning lies in the Greek *salos*, Lat. *salum*, 'the (leaping) sea-flood.' The passage from the fundamental idea to that of 'salty,' could only take

place on becoming acquainted with a great salt sea. And so there can be no doubt that the European peoples were still unsevered when they reached the sea, whilst the primeval abodes of the stem lay remote therefrom."

359. *Càisg* (Easter; in Mid. Gael. *caisc*, but in Old Gael. *casc*) is from *pascha* (the Passover). *C* in Gaelic frequently = *p* in Latin and Greek.

360. *Meadh*, *misge*, and *mead*.

Meadh (mead; anc. *med*, gen. *meda*) = W. *medd* and is connected with Gr. *methy* (wine), *methē* (strong drink, drunkenness), Sansk. *madhu* (honey, inebriating drink), Old High Ger. *metu* (mead), New High Ger. *meth* (mead), Dut. *mede*, A.S. *medo*, Eng. *mead* (honey and water fermented). *Misge* (drunkenness; anc. *mesce*) = *med-cia* (the root *med* and the suffix *cia*, *d* becoming *s* before *-cia*).

361. *Luaidhe* and *lead*.

Luaidhe (lead) corresponds to Dan. *lod* (lead), Dut. *lood* (lead), A.S. *lead*, Eng. lead. *Ua* and also *uai* = *o*. Cf. *vair* and Lat. *hora*.

362. *Fitheach* (a raven; = *fiach*) may be compared with Old H. Ger. *wiho*, New H. Ger. *weihe* (a bird of prey, a kite). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 63.

363. *Garbh* (thick; rough, harsh, haughty; anc. *garb*) = W. *garw*, and is equated by Stokes (Ir. Glosses, p. 159), with Sansk. *garva* from root *garv* (proud, haughty). For Gael. *b* = *v* cf. *fedb* = *vidua*, and the next word.

364. *Tarbh* (bull; anc. *tarb* = Gaul. *tarvos*) = W. *tarw*, and is cognate with Lat. *taurus* (bull, ox), Gr. *tauros* (a bull).

465. *Bior*, *biorach*, *bioran*.

Bior (a pointed stick or stake; anc. *bir*) corresponds to W. *ber* (a spear, lance, or pike), and is cognate with Lat. *veru* (a spit, a spear). Cf.

Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 107. *Biorach* (pointed; anc. *berach*) and *bioran* (a little stick) are from *bior*.

366. *Abhall*, *ubhal*, and *apple*.

Abhall (apple; anc. *aball*) = W. *afal* and is cognate with Old H. Ger. *Aphul* and *aphol*, Old Ice. *apal*, A.S. *apl*, Eng. *apple*. *Ubal* (= *ubull*) is another form of *abhall*.

367. *Iol* (implying variety, many) and *ilar* (multitude).

The prefix *iol* (cf. *iol-bhuadhach*, *iol-ghleusach*, *iol-mhodhach*) was in Old Gaelic *il*. It is cognate with the Goth. *filu* (many), Gr. *polys* (many). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 67. Initial *p* is frequently dropped in Gaelic. *Iur* is from *il*. Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 282. The comparative *lia* (more; cf. O'Reilly's Dictionary and the H.S.'s Dictionary) corresponds to the Greek comparative *pleiōn* (more). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 67.

368. *Seanadh* (synod; in Mid. Gael. *senadh* = W. *senedd* and Corn. *sened*) is from Lat. *synodus* = Gr. *synodos* (an assembly, a meeting).

369. *Iarunn* and *iron*.

Iarunn (iron; anc. *hiarn* and *iarn*) = W. *haiarn*, and is cognate with Goth. *eisarn*, Old H. Ger. *isarn*, New H. Ger. *eisen*, Old Ice. *isarn* and *iarn*, Dan. *iern*, A.S. *isern* and *iren*, Eng. *iron*. *S* between vowels disappears in Gaelic.

370. *Geall* and *giall*.

Geall (hostage, pledge) was in Old Gaelic *gell* = *giall* (*e* = *ia*). This word is cognate with Old H. Ger. *gisal* or *kisal* (hostage), New H. Ger. *geisel* (hostage), Dan. *gidsel* (hostage), A.S. *gisel* (pledge, hostage). The vowel-flanked *s* disappears as in *iarunn*.

371. *Iach* (salmon) = W. *eog* = Corn. *ehog* = Arm. *cheug*, and corresponds to Lat. *esox* = *esocs*, Gr. *isox* (a salmon). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 57.

372. *Laoidh* and *lay*.

Laoidh (hymn) may be compared with Ger. *lied* (song), A.S. *ley* (a lay), Eng. *lay*.

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

GAELIC LECTURE IN
GREENOCK.

The eighth and last lecture of the course, under the auspices of the Greenock Highland Society, was delivered on Monday evening, the 20th April, in the Temperance Institute, by Dugald Macphail, Esq., Glasgow; the Rev. J. M'Pherson presiding. The lecturer handled his subject—"A Criticism on Modern Gaelic Poetry"—in his usual happy style, and was listened to throughout with wrapt attention by an appreciative audience. At the outset, having made a few preliminary remarks on poetry, he went on to show its place and power in the history of nations, ancient and modern, explaining very clearly the origin, status, and emoluments of the Poets-Laureate of Greece, Rome, and England. He highly eulogised Duncan Ban MacIntyre's "Beinn-dorain," and contrasted it very favourably with Tennyson's "Holy Grail." The lecturer then pointed out the advantages and encouragements enjoyed by the ancient Gaelic bards in their cultivation of the muse, and their important functions as family chroniclers, harpers, and poets; and in his own quaint style gave amusing specimens of unpoetic doggerel, published within the present century; at the same time by apt illustrations characterising true poetry as contradistinguished from common-place versification. He, in conclusion, ably recited numerous specimens of choice modern Gaelic poetry, published and unpublished, including selections from the works of Mary

Mackellar, Livingstone, Macleod, MacColl, Buchanan, and MacLachlan, with special remarks on the latter's Gaelic translation of the first Seven Books of Homer's "Iliad." The lecturer concluded with the following eloquent appeal:—I thought I made a summer tour to Lochaber; and while there, I resolved not to return to the Lowlands without paying a visit to Ewen M'Lachlan's grave. On a calm summer evening—the sun descending slowly and majestically to her night's repose in the west, casting long dark-blue shadows across the rugged heights and lonely dells of Glencoe—I wended my way to the sequestered Churchyard of Killevaodiu. Being alone, without guide or companion, I went leisurely over all the gravestones, which lay hither and thither without order or arrangement, expecting to discover somewhere the name of this rare classic poet; but was sadly disappointed. Just as I was turning away regretfully, methought I saw a grey-headed old man, with his drooping head resting on his hand, and reclining on a green sod near me. On approaching, he responded to my salutation in a faint and listless voice. I asked him if he would kindly point out to me Ewen M'Lachlan's gravestone. With a significant shake of the head, he muttered, "Ewen M'Lachlan's gravestone, forsooth!" He rose and led me to a lonely corner covered over with a profuse luxuriance of nettles, and beating them about right and left until he came to a spot where he fixed his staff in the ground, and leaning on it, he gazed ruefully in my face, and said, "Here we stand over Ewen's grave without a stone, slab, or cairn to mark the spot; and when my head is laid under yonder green sod, I shall not leave behind

me in this, or in the nearest parish, one single individual who can tell the stranger or tourist, whose dust rests here ; soon, very soon, all traces of it will be lost, unless the Argyllshire Highlanders may be aroused to the realisation of their duty of erecting to the memory of Ewen M'Lachlan, on this spot, a simple monument such as the Perthshire and Breadalbane Highlanders are about to erect to the memory of Dugald Buchanan at Kinlochranoch." I awoke, and thought to myself that if the Argyllshire Highlanders should ever resolve to emulate the laudable example of the Perthshire men, the honour of planting the first stone on the cairn may belong to the Greenock Highland Society.

Mr. Macphail was frequently applauded during the course of his interesting lecture ; and the Chairman, in moving him a vote of thanks, which was most cordially awarded, expressed the hope that he may favour the society with another lecture next season. This the lecturer kindly consented to do.

At the close of the lecture the monthly meeting of the society was held, at which Mr. Macintosh, treasurer of the Highland Gathering, recently held in the Town Hall, read his financial statement, which was very satisfactory, and for which he received the thanks of the society. Mr. M'Lachlan, secretary, read a letter from the Gaelic Society of London, presenting the society with a copy of the quadrilles recently published by them, and offering to supply the members with copies at the reduced price of 2s. per copy. The meeting instructed the Secretary to thank the London Society for their gift, and expressed the hope that the members will take advantage of the offer made them.

THE CELTIC CHAIR.

SIR,—May I crave insertion of a rambling sentence or two in the GAEL regarding that long-talked-about but interesting subject, "The Celtic Chair,"—a subject which I trust to see exhaustively discussed in the columns of the GAEL ; and if I succeed in diverting the pens of some of your able contributors to the matter, my immediate wish and aim are attained.

From a recent speech of Professor Macgregor's, at Edinburgh, it would appear that for want of pecuniary encouragement the Edinburgh Committee have temporarily shelved "The Chair," suggesting a "Lectureship" in its stead. More recently I observe that this Professor has resigned, and that that "Fior Ghaidheal," Professor Blackie, has been installed Chairman of said Committee. Although I have faith in the Committee doing their work well, I question their wisdom in making public this temporary suspension of their purpose, as tending to cool the ardour of all Gaelic-loving Highlanders on the matter.

I doubt not they may be got to work heartily and to subscribe liberally for "The Chair," but they certainly will look upon the "Lectureships" with anything but favour. If their language is to be raised to a common level with other languages of the civilized world, it must be by the highest and best attainable means, or the true Gael's enthusiasm will never be successfully enlisted in this cause. Despite all counter-acting influences he dearly loves his language, and no half measures for its revival will suit him. Once his real patriotic nature is moved to action, he will make open war against all its enemies, holding firm to his purpose, until the last stone is placed on the cairn.

Now that Mac-'Ille-Dhuibh has taken the reins in hand, we can hopefully look forward to a successful effort being made for the "Celtic Chair." I have little faith, like the Professor, in the Highland Lairds. My trust leans elsewhere—in the multitudes of patriotic Highlanders whom those same Lairds are yearly compelling to abandon the clachan for the city in search of their daily bread.

It has been said, however, that a solitary but generous chieftain has already offered £1,000, and the Cowal Society £200, for "The Chair;" but it is not known to what extent our innumerable Highland Societies and Clubs may contribute. The matter has not been properly brought before them. Every Highland Society, Club, or established "gathering" of "natives" of every town in Gaeldom, should be urged to declare their intentions regarding, perhaps, the last movement that will ever be made to lift their native language from its present position. From America, Australia, and the far away corners of Gaeldom, let the hands and heart of Professor Blackie be filled to overflow. The ultimate influence of the institution of a Gaelic Chair upon the language itself it is needless to conjecture—let the sermons of the Highland clergy of the future testify—and the future *Sgiathanachs*, *Runasdachs*, &c., of the GAEL, the ARD-ALBANNACH, and BRATACH will blaze it over all the world.

GILLE DUBH.

Greenock, April, 1874.

The Rev. Mr. Chatterton tells us he delivered his first sermon in a small village before an audience of seventeen persons. Before he had gone far an old lady fainted, and then a young lady went into hysterics, and as it took four men and two women to take each lady out, there were only three left, and of the three, before he had finished, two were asleep, and one was deaf.

THE PROPOSED CELTIC CHAIR.

At the statutory half-yearly meeting of the General Council of Edinburgh University on the 21st ult., after the transaction of some other matters of business, Professor Macgregor gave in the report of the committee on the endowment of the Celtic Chair, the effect of which was that the efforts of the committee had resulted in nothing being done. Other members of the committee, the Professor said, had more faith than he in regard to the ultimate success of the undertaking, and he decisively intimated that he could continue no longer convener of the committee. He rejoiced, however, that Professor Blackie had accepted the convenership, and as they were going to appeal for funds outside of Scotland, and even of Britain, Professor Blackie's name would have greater influence than his.

Professor Blackie said he was surprised to hear, but not sorry to know, that a Professor of Greek had more faith than a Professor of Theology in the Free Church. (A laugh.) He thought the Free Church would have done very little indeed if it had had as little faith in theology as it had in philology. (A laugh.) He was not the least surprised that no answer had been made to the appeal for endowments for the Celtic Chair, and that there was not a more cordial response from the people of Scotland. That was a subject on which Scotland had a weak side. The Scotch people had a word "utility." What did it mean? Usefulness for some end. There was no end so useful as a Professor of Celtic and Philology in our University. It was useful to recover to Scotland its position on the platform of European Science; it was useful for education in the good teaching of our Highland schools, and for the intellectual filling of our Scottish pulpits. It was the most useful thing in the world; but the weakness of the Scotch mind, the weak side of the Scottish character, the besetting sin of all Scotchmen, was that they meant by utility a step to something that went directly or indirectly into the pocket. He feared they were perfectly right in supposing that the institution of a Celtic Chair would bring nothing either directly or indirectly into their pockets. Though that was the vice of Scotland, as Scotland, it was not necessarily the vice of all Scotchmen, and therefore he would on no account give up an expedient course of treatment for this expectant Chair; for he knew that the best Highlanders

were not in Scotland, but out of Scotland. In this respect, and perhaps in no other, they were like his friends the Greeks. The best, richest, most patriotic, and most influential, and the most large-hearted Greeks were not found in Athens or Greece, but in Odessa, Petersburg, London, Liverpool, and Manchester—all over the world, only not in Greece. (A laugh.) The most influential Highlanders were to be found in Canada, or, as Dr. Begg told them the other day, grand Celtic heroes were to be found in New Zealand. (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) Considering, therefore, that they had to wait hopefully for the enthusiastic and glorious last will and testament of some rich Celt abroad, he saw no reason why their excellent friend (Professor Macgregor), should want faith. Perhaps he might want time, but why he should want faith he (Professor Blackie) did not know at all. (Laughter.) It was a great pity that there were such vulgar ideas about the Celtic language and people, and that some people should follow the Roman maxim—*ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant*—when they make it a solitude they call it a civilization. The best thing they could do for the Highlanders—whom they looked upon as a parcel of barbarians, forgetting what they had done for them not a thousand years ago—was to do away with them altogether, and let the Highlands be a place for grouse and for deer, and for sheep, leaving the mountains and the waterfalls for silly Cockneys to stare at! (A laugh.) But to do anything to encourage the patriotic feelings of the people by cherishing their ancient traditions and their language never occurred to them, especially to those who called themselves the nobility and gentry forsooth. (Applause.) He therefore accepted the function of convener of the committee with great pleasure, to prove, at all events, that he had great faith. He expected he would not have much to do, but perhaps to pay money out of his own pocket; but he would communicate with those who were far beyond the seas, and perhaps something would turn up which would make Professor Macgregor regret that he had lost faith so soon. (Laughter.) At the same time, it was of no consequence whether good works were carried on by a Professor of Greek or a Professor of Theology, and he hoped that before ten years passed over that some Highlander in Otago or Canada might die and leave £20,000 for the foundation of a

Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. (Applause.)

Professor Macgregor said that what he meant to say was, that the result of the experiment he had made in Scotland was to show that any enthusiasm for a Celtic Chair was a very poor business, and mere sentimentalism; that Highland proprietors were stony-ground hearers, and that they need not expect much from them. He was rejoiced that Professor Blackie accepted the office with such manifest appreciation; but being a broken-spirited man he was not the man to carry the scheme on.

Professor Blackie—I never saw a Free Churchman broken-spirited before; never. (Laughter.)

Sheriff Nicholson moved that the report be adopted and the committee reappointed, Professor Blackie convener, with the addition of Sir John M'Neil; Mr. M'Keelnie, advocate; Rev. William Watson; Mr. Donald Ross, Inspector of Schools; Mr. Alex. M'Quarry, Inspector of Schools; and Mr. Donald Beith, W.S., to receive subscriptions in behalf of the council. He was not surprised at Professor Macgregor giving up his post and being highly dissatisfied at the want of response to the appeals he had so extensively made to the class of persons from whom some sympathy might have been expected with regard to an object so interesting to all persons, more particularly to persons connected with the Highlands. He thought Professor Macgregor was justified in coming to the conclusion with regard to those persons that the amount of their sympathy was to be understood by the amount of the subscriptions they were willing to give towards this object. The amount of sympathy in shape of pounds sterling given to the appeal throughout Scotland, and especially from the great territorial proprietors, who were most chiefly interested in the Celtic race, had certainly been far from encouraging, but he quite agreed with Professor Blackie that that was no ground for losing faith, and he hoped by-and-bye to see the professorship endowed.

Rev. Mr. Howitt seconded the motion, and stated that they owed a debt of gratitude to Professor Macgregor for his services in regard to this matter. (Hear, hear.)

Professor Sir Robert Christison said that the committee had never reported to the council exactly what they had done nor how they had failed. He mentioned this because he thought Professor Blackie

had been rather hard on the Highland proprietors. He wished to know whether the great Highland proprietors had been systematically and properly appealed to ; for, if not, it was hard that they should be abused in that meeting. They all knew that Highland proprietors, as well as other people not proprietors, had so many applications of this kind for assistance, that they were obliged to inquire, and not only to inquire, but always to select—and to select from among various applications which might be all meritorious. They all knew that it was no use merely sending printed papers ; the people should be waited on personally, and have the matter properly explained to them. If personal communication was made with all the great principal Highland proprietors, and they declined to give aid, then he thought they deserved what had been given them by Professor Blackie. (Hear, hear.)

Professor Macgregor said he was not a good judge of what was a proper application, but he thought it was a proper application to send a carefully prepared statement along with a lithographed letter signed by the convener of the Committee of the University Council. Perhaps he was mistaken. He did not say anything in the way of denouncing the Highland proprietors—he was not authorised to do so by the committee—but he intimated that the enthusiasm of which there were appearances was a very hollow affair.

Professor Blackie said that what he had stated regarding the Highland proprietors was from personal knowledge and intercourse. Generally speaking, he found ignorance and a want of sympathy with Celtic traditions and language—in fact, a barbarous state of mind. (Laughter.) If it could be possible to take them by the cuff of the neck and compel them to come in with subscriptions, it would be a most delightful exercise for him in the summer time. (Laughter.) He did not think he was the man for getting subscriptions—Sir Alexander Grant, their Principal, would be better—but he assured them he loved all classes, and though he sometimes said a hard word regarding them, he respected the aristocracy. They were gentlemanly fine fellows, and all that, but he did not think they had Celtic enthusiasm in their hearts. (Laughter.) If Sir Robert Christison thought that anything could be done by joining the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*, he would make it

his business this summer to go up all the Highland glens and catechise those gentlemen, and if he came back with £1000 in his pocket he would be very much surprised indeed. He believed the Highland proprietors cared more for the grouse and deer than for the men. (Laughter and applause.)

The motion was then agreed to.

—o—

G A E L I C T O P O G R A P H Y.

No one can have much to do with Gaelic topography without being struck with the descriptive power, careful observation of nature, and often great poetic beauty, embodied in its nomenclature. I could give innumerable examples of this. The haunts of foxes, badgers, otters, wild cats, eagles—of the old forest boar, the wolf, the stag, the seal, and I know not how many other animals, wild and tame, may be learnt from a study of the names of hills, lakes, and streams in the Scottish Highlands. These very hills, lakes, and streams themselves give rise to a rich variety of terms expressive of minute differences in the objects classed under certain generic titles. For example, under the head of hill, we have the “dun,” or fortified eminence, crag, ridge, stack, lump, bump, knob, steeple, nose, cone, shoulder, and there are many more, each applied in its proper place. This shows what a keen sense the Highlander has of individuality and delicate shades of distinction in the mountain scenery of his country, from the smallest knoll to the grandest pinnacle. Then, again, the same discrimination is exercised in describing colour—colours of birds and beasts, besides the innumerable tints of heath, wood, hillside, and water, in what is pre-eminently the land of colour. And there are oftentimes mournful memories, as, for instance, in those heaps of stones and tender green strips one so often comes upon in solitary glens or along seashores—sites of homesteads long since deserted by everything save the name. Or, it may be, a touch of humour comes peeping out of some quaint name when we least expected it. To travellers I would say—treasure up Gaelic names wherever they can be got ; and with the help of a dictionary, if you take the trouble to look into them, they will repay you. For much, very much, of the history, character, and interest of every country, markedly so the country of the Celt, lies stored in its names.—*Captain White, R.E., in “Good Words.”*

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE LATE LORD COLONSAY.—A meeting of natives of Colonsay, resident in Glasgow, was held in Drummond's Hotel, Union Street, on the 18th April last—Mr. Alexander M'Neil in the chair. There was a large attendance. The Chairman, in very feeling terms, referred to the object of their meeting together—the great loss they all sustained by the death of their late distinguished countryman, Lord Colonsay. His eminent abilities as a judge and legislator were spoken of in that august assembly of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, and also in the press; but great as he was in these capacities, he was greater still at home as a laird and a friend, as they all, who knew him so well, could testify, where he took the warmest interest in young and old, going out and in among them, and always speaking in a kindly way to all in their native tongue, the Gaelic. Therefore, it was only natural that they should be anxious to have some lasting memorial of his kindness—it was but a just tribute to the living to the illustrious dead. A committee was then formed, and a subscription sheet opened, to which all present subscribed, in order to co-operate with their friends at home, in America, and other places, to raise funds for a memorial to the late Lord Colonsay.

EDINBURGH.—A concert was given in the Freemason's Hall, George Street, Edinburgh, on Tuesday night, the 21st April, under the auspices of a Highland club which was instituted in Edinburgh a short time ago. There was a very large attendance, the hall being quite full. Councillor Macdonell occupied the chair, and the following gentlemen amongst others were present:—Sheriff Nicholson, Councillor M'Lachlan, Mr. Macdonald of Skeabost, Mr. Duncan Grant, Mr. John Macdonald, Mr. M'Kechnie, advocate, and Mr. W. Mackintosh, advocate. Councillor Macdonell having briefly but appropriately addressed the audience, an excellent concert followed, the Gaelic element of course largely predominating. Mr. Pillans, of the Theatre-Royal, sang several Scotch songs in his usual excellent style, and on each of his appearances was loudly applauded. Mr. Norman Thompson, Miss Isabella Robertson, Miss Sim, Mr. Frederick Lindsay, and other Music Hall artistes contributed a large number of songs; and a pleasing feature in the entertainment was a Gaelic recitation by

Mrs. M'Kellar, the poetess. The programme was at intervals varied by reels and other Highland dances, which were executed by Messrs. A. Grant, George Macdonald, Ross, Johnston, and others. Altogether the concert was a great success.

ROSS.—The Free Church Synod of Ross at its recent meeting agreed to overture the General Assembly “to adopt such measures as they may see fit to secure the teaching of Gaelic” in Highland Schools.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—Honours.—We are glad to see that Mr. William Macphail, son of Mr. Dugald Macphail (our correspondent *Muileach*), has taken the Gold Medal in the Junior Humanity Class and first-class certificate in the Junior Greek Class at the Edinburgh University.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF GLENELG.—The Rev. Dr. Beith, in his “Highland Tour,” says—“The Highlanders of Glenelg and the neighbouring districts are not of the Celtic tribes—not of the same race as the Highlanders of Islay and Argyll. Of Scandinavian origin, their type of person is greatly superior to the other. They are tall, stalwart, ponderous men, with high features and a lofty bearing. Their women, in proportion, are the same. They are of the class of Highlanders who never think of a *great man* but as a man of gigantic stature, who do not care to realise the fact that a great soul can inhabit a body which is not in some due proportion to its greatness. They would have had my friend Dr. Candlish's bodily presence something different from what stood before them. *'Ne so an duine mor?* they said to me repeatedly in a sort of lowered tone.”

To Correspondents.

Can any of our readers favour us with the words of either of the following songs?—

“A Mhairi na'n tigeadh tu thaitneadh tu rium.”

“Ille dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhith;
Slan gu'n till thu 's gu'n ruig thu.”

ERRATA.—In the GAEL for April, page 65, line 6, for “vales” read “dales.”

We omitted to state that the publishers of *Sean Dana* are MacLachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh.

A N G A I D H E A L.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1874. [28 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

IV.

An uair a chunnaic fear de na seirbhisich d'am b' ainm Aonghas Saor, cho dian-bhriathrach agus cho dannarra's a bha Oighrig 'n a beachd fein agus nach cunteadh 'n a tosd i aon chuid le impidh no le bagradh, chaidh e agus dh' innis e do 'n Mhoraire gach ni a bha i 'cur as leth nan uaislean, agus ars' esan, “Mur cuirear stad oirre gu h-ealamh, bheir i masladh air a' chinne gu leir.” Dh' eisd am Mhoraire, gun bhi a reir coslais air a ghluasad gu ro mhor leis gach ni a bha air 'innseadh dha le Aonghas; thug e taing dha air son a dhillseachd; ach thug e breth air a shon fein; bu mhath dha na 'n d' rinn e mar sin roimb laimh. Ach aig an am ud cha bu eomasach dha bhi caoin-shuarach mu ni sam bith a theirteadh no a shaoilteadh mu bhas a Shilis. Mar sin, cho luath 's a bha an dinneir thairis, chuir e fios gu Oighrig Nic-Coinnich gu 'm feumadh i tighinn an lathair nan seachd uaislean de 'n fhline a bha 'n an suidhe leis mu 'n bhord air an fheasgair ud. Ann an tiota, bha Oighrig suas an staidhir, agus 'n a seasamh

gun athadh, gun ghriobhaig air beulthaobh nan uaislean. “So agaibh,” arsa Eidirdeil, ri 'chairdean, “baobh chrosda de shearbhanta, aig an robh comhdhaltas ri m' cheile uasail nach maireann; agus d'an robh mor speis aice. Tha e air 'innseadh dbomh gu 'm bheil i a' sgaoileadh a mach a leithid de chasaidean tuailleasach ann ur n-aghaidhse agus ann am aghaidh fhein a thaobh bas na ban-mhoraire, agus gu 'm feumar a toirt gu cunntas air a shon gun tuilleadh dalach.

Oighrig, thig ni's dluithe; seas air mo bheulthaobh, agus seall dìreach ann am aodann. Ciod e so an tuailleas mallaichte, droch-mheineach a tha thu a' sgaoileadh cho dalma agus cho bathaiseach am measg nan seirbhiseach?”

“Cha d' thubhairt agus cha do sgaoil mi dad ris nach seas mi ann ur lathairse agus an lathair ur cairdean; cha 'n e sin a mbain, ach ri aghaidh an dearbh dhuine sin a tha gu sonruichte ciontach ann ur measg uile.”

“Oighrig, cha 'n urrainn thusa ni sam bith a dhearbhadh, mar fhirinn, air nach robh thu fein ann ad shuil-fhianuis.”

“An e nach urrainn?—Tha fios agam air barrachd na 'shaoileas

sibh. Tha moran air'fhoillseachadh dhomh, nach faca mi riamh le m'shuilean. Tha sibhse a' saoil sinn nach 'eil fhios agam co a thilg mo bhain-tighearna ionmhuinn thar na drochaid. Dh' fhaodadh sibh fein, mo thighearna, a bhil lan dearbhte mu 'n chuis, mur do dhi-chuimhnich sibh gach innleachd a bha air an deilbh 'n a h-aghaidh o am gu am. Ach ma tha sibhse air ur dalladh cho mor, mar is i mo bharail gu'm bheil, innsidh mise dhuibh mar thach-air. Is ann le lamhan na dithis sin a tha 'n an suidhe aig ur lainh dheis agus chli, a thilgeadh leis an t-sruth ur ceile uasal, ionmhuinn, ach gu sonruichte les an t-seann abharsair sin-Carnach, a bha o cheann bhliadhnachan a' sior dheilbh innleachdan cuilbheartach gu cur as d' ur Silis uasail, ionghradhaich; agus a thug gu buil iad aig a' cheann mu dheireadh, le fath a ghabhail air a' bhreislich a thainig oirre fo uamhas na tuil a bha 'ruith fo 'n drochaid-mhaide. Agus cha 'n esan a mhairen tha ciontach de 'n ghniomh mhortail; bha e air a chuideachadh le mac a brathar—Barr-a-mhuilinn, an lasgaire uasal sin a tha air bhall-chrith fa m' chomhair, agus 'n a shuidhe gu statail ri 'r guallainn. Faodaidh iad am fiacian a chasadh rium. Is mise tha coma. Tha deagh fhios agamsa ciod e bu mbathair aobhair d' am feall-chomhairlean ifrinneil. Cha do thuig sibhse fhathast a' chrìoch shonruichte a bha aca 's amharc. Air son crìoch shuarach, fheineil, mhort iad bain-tighearna neochiontach, cho glan, cho uasal, cho ionmhuinn agus cho teo-chridheach 's a

tharruing riamh anail na beatha. Ah! gu dearbh, gu dearbh! cha 'n ioghnadh leam am faicinn a' clisgeadh ann am lathair, agus na deoir a' sileadh o an suilean an-ìochdmhor. Tha sar-fhios aca gur h-i an fhirinn a tha mise ag innseadh dhuibh, agus is e an dibheatha gu bhil enamh an cir oirre."

"Ciod e so tha mi 'faicinn? C'arson a tha thu a caoineadh, a mhic bhrathar-mi-athar?" arsa an Moraire ri Carnach.

"Mar is aithne do gach neach de m' luchd-eolais," arsa Carnach, "bha mi riamh o m' oige, forfhais-each mu nithibh sonruichte a dh' fhaodadh a bhil 's an dan dhomh anns an fhreasdal; agus o chionn bhliadhnachan, bha roimh-bharail agam gu 'n tugteadh a' bhan-mhoraire air falbh uainn le bàs obann agus tubaisteach; agus mar tha beatha aon neach gu tric an crochadh ri beatha neach eile, bha e air m' inntinn gu 'm biodh a bàs air doigh eigin 'n a aobhar air mo bhàs fein a thoirt mu 'n cuairt. Ach ged bha mi ach beag lan dearbhta uine, chaidh e ri h-uine as mo chuimhne, gus an d' thug a' ghaorsach dhalma, bheag-narach so, le a tuaileas mirunach gu m' chuimhne e as ur; agus a nis, tha mi lan-chinnteach gu 'n toir a' bhiasd shuarach dhroch-mheineach so gu buil e. O, mo thighearna agus mo cheann-feadhna ionmhuinn, an leig thu a leithid so de ladarnas as gun pheanas?"

"Cha teid an ciontach as gun pheanas," arsa Eidirdeil, "ach leanaidh peanas air sail dearbhaidh. Cho fad 's a theid m' fhocal agus mo riaghladhsa, cha ditear

neach, co air bith e, as eugais dearbhaidh.—A nis, Oighrig, tha iad uile an so, a bha 'n an suil-fhianuisean air bàs na ban-mhoraire. Tha fhios againn nach faca tusa cia mar a thachair e.”

“Ann e nach faca mise le m' shuilean fein e?” arsa Oighrig “Thugadh na mortairean an aire dha. An saoil sibhse gu'm b' urrainn mise mo bhan-mhaigh-istir uasal, mo bhan-charaid chaomhail, a leigeadh thar na h-aibhne ann an cuideachd nan con-luirge sin, gun sealltainn as a deigh? Tha sar-fhios *aca-san* gu'm bheil mi ag innseadh na firinn, agus dearbhaidh mi orra e. Thugadh iad an aire d' an amhaichean,” ars' ise, agus i a' tarruing a meoir mu'n cuairt a muineil fhein.

Chiteadh gu soilleir air gnuis a' mhoraire, gu'n robh e air a chur thuige le uamhunn agus le iongantais le bhi 'cluinntinn a chardean air an casaid mar so 'n an lathair fein; agus cha'n 'eil e mi-choltach gu'n do thoisich e aig an am ud ri tomhas eigin de amharus altrum a thaobh an cionta agus an dubailteachd; ach dh' eirich Carnach suas ann am braise feirge, tharruing e a chlaidheanb, agus, ars' esan ris a' mhoraire, “Cha'n fheudar a leithid so de chasaid a ghiulan, agus cha ghiulainear leatha ni's mo. Cha'n fhaod a' bhiasd dho-bheartach so a bhi beo ni's faide.”

“Air d'athais, Fhir Charnach?” arsa Oighrig, le a dorn bheag, gheal togta suas ri'aodann. “Cha'n fhaod mi basachadh an nochd, aill ar'n aill leat e. Tha fios agam gu'r h-e sin a riarachadh

do chridhe an-ìochd-mhorsa, mar is math is aithne dhuit do chunn-art cho fad's is beo mi; ach coidlidh mise an nochd far nach ruig do ghairdein brùideilse orm, agus far an bi comh-chaidreamh agam rithese a bha air a tilgeadh sios leis an dearbh ghairdein sin agadsa. Thugaibh deagh aire do na tha mi ag innseadh dhuibh. Na gabhaibh mi' fhocalsa a mhain air cionta nan uaislean so,” arsa Oighrig, agus i a tionndadh ris a' mhoraire; “mur tig fiannis á duthaich eile a dh-ionnsaidh a' Chaisteil, an taobh a stigh de thri laithean, a lan-dhearbas dhuibhse cionta nan daoine so, ceadaichidh mise dhuibh mo chorp a ghearradh 'n a bhloigh-dean, agus m' fheoil a thilgeadh am mach a dh-ionnsaidh nam feannagan agus nan iolairean. Cha bhàsaich mise an nochd, Fhir Charnach, is' eiginn gu'm mair mi beo gus an toir mi lan dearbhadh do'n mhoraire air ur ciontasa. A mhortairean, mar tha sibh ann, tha dearbh chinnt agaibhse gur h-i an fhirinn a tha mi ag innseadh. Fhir Charnach, bhruadair mi gu'm faca mi do chorp sa'n a ablach reubta aig bonn a' chaisteil, agus tha fhios agam gu'n tachair e. Ach, O, tha mi an dochas gu'n crochar thu an toiseach! Oidhche mhath leat; ach cuimhnich, *nach basaich* mise an nochd—bidh mi beo ge b' oil leat e.”

“Cìod a tha an dubh-chaile mhallaichte so a' ciallachadh?” arsa na h-uaislean, agus iad a' sealltainn an aodannaibh a cheile. “Ceadaichidh i dhuinn a corp a reubadh 'n a bhloigh-dean mur tig fianuis gu'r dìteadh á duthaich

eile ; agus gu 'm bi combh-chaidreamh aice an nochd ris a' bhlan-mhoraire nach maireann. Ciod a tha a' bhuidseach ifrinneil a' ciallachadh ?”

“Tha e do-thuigsinn dhomhsa,” arsa Eidirdeil, “ciod a tha i a' ciallachadh ; ach tha mi a' lant-huigsinn nadur na casaid a thog i'n ur n-aghaidhse. Agus bu shona 'bhithinn an nochd na 'm bithinn saor o amharus gu 'm faod i bhi fìor. Coma co dhiu, tha e furasda gu leoir dhuinn feitheamh gu ceann nan trì laithean, gus am faic sinn an tig no nach tig an fhianuis dhiomhair ud mu 'n d' thug i sanas dhuinn. Agus mur tig, an deigh sin, bheir sinn a' ghaorsach gu breitheanas.”

“Faodaidh i dol as oirnn mu'n tig an t-am sin,” arsa Carnach. “Thuig mi air a cainnt gu 'm bheil e 'n a run sin a dheanamh air an oidhche so fhein. Is e 'bu choir dhuinn a' bhiasd a ghlacadh air' a mbionaid so. Is i mo chomhairle-se mata, gu 'n ceanglar a casan agus a lamhan, no gu 'n teid a ghlacadh a stigh anns an toll-dhubh gun tuilleadh seansain. Gabhaidh mi fein orm a bhi am fhear-coimhid a' phrìos-ain.”

“Cha ruigear a leas aon chuid a ceangal no a prìosanachadh,” arsa Eidirdeil. “Theid mise an urras oirre, gu 'n cuirear 'n ur lathair i, beo no marbh, aig ceann nan trì laithean.”

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

Tionndaidh do shuilean ort fein's air do dheanadas, agus na toir breth air deanadas feadhach eile.

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(*Air leantuinn.*)

“*A chlanna nan con,
Thigibh a' so's gheibh sibh feòil.*”

AILEIN-NAN-SOP.—A dhaoin'-naisle 's cruaidh so 'fhaicinn a's 'eisdeachd ;
Sin beuc-dùbhlain an Leoghainn ;
Cha 'n fhag aon diubh beo an larach.
Ceadaichibh dhomh ruith le combhairle ;
Iarraibh orm 'inseadh dhaibh
An ruith air tìr, no caillear
Na chi sibh, gun aon diubh 'fhagail.

NA CINN-PHEADHNA.—'S math a thuir thu, Mhic Thorr-loisg—
Mar sin bitheadh.

Ach ciamar gheibh thu air bord,
'S gun chlar air cladach a bheir am mach thu ?

AILEIN.—Tha na raimh agam fhein,
'S ni Ailein, an eiginn, a' bhirlinn !
Chrislaich e' chlaideamh air a leine ;
Ruith e gu traigh ;
Leum e gun sgàth am buillsgean nan tonn ;
Shnamh e gu birlinn Mhic Iain-ghèarr ;
Dh' innis e 'naidheachd am briathran athghearr :—

“A Mhic-Alasdair's fhir-chinnidh,
Air iartras nan uaislean,
Ruithibh gu luath air an traigh iad ;
Cha dean misneach no toil tuilleadh ;
Cha 'n urrainnear dol thar na rinn sibh ;
Tha 'n t-sreath fhathast an dubhlan gun bhrìtheadh ;

Ghuaisibh mar sin gus an traigh,
Cho dlùth 's a shnamhas iad, bord ri bord ;

Sin an t-ordugh a fhuair mise.”

Sheid Mac-Alasdair an dudach ;
Ghabh na Gaidheil gu tìr,
'S na naimhdean lionmhor 'n an deigh.

MAC-ALASDAIR.—Ciod e 'nis, a Mhic Thorr-loisg ?

AILEIN.—Cuiribh teine riutha ; cumaidh balla lasrach

Eadar sibh fein 's na naimhdean ;
Tha na gaisgich sin thall deas gu bualadh
Cho luath 's a bhios sibh air an talamh.

An ath shealladh a chunnacas,
Traigh Shunadail am buidealaich dheirg
Bho Dhun-sgolb gu lagan Ghrob-phort,
'S na Lochlannaich a' teicheadh
Do dhoimhne na Linne.

Chaill iad dochas aon a ghlacadh ;
Cha d' fhuair iad ach sgrios gun eirig—
Creuchdan nach druideadh colas.

Chaidh maithean nam fineachan an combhairle

Co-dhùibh choinnicheadh iad air an traigh iad

No 'n leigeil an aird air an aonach.

MAC IAIN-GHEARR. — Tha ceart a's ceart
a reir barail :

Tha na naimhdean dannara lionmhor ;
Fanamaid as an t-sealladh
Gus an dirich iad o'n traigh,
S iad an duil gu'n do theich sinn gun
tilleadh.

An uair a gheibh sinn an eangladh nan
glac iad,
Bidh cothrom a' bhruthaich leinne.
Cha'n urrainn iad an sreathan a shineadh,
'S lann ri lann bidh an strith's na bealaich.
Cha'n 'eil fear am shealladh nach triuir
dhiubh !

An uair a gheibh sinn iad air barraibh
Lannan nan ceann Ileach's coma co
dhiubh
A tha iad lionmhor no ainneamh.

SUNADAL. — Air m'onoir, a Leathainich
threin,
'S firinn o d' bheul na chualas.
A dhaoin'-uaisle, leigibh a nios iad
Air lionadh na madainne
Gun tuilleadh dail' ; fanaibh samhach
Air cul ur n-arnaibh.

Air aird' an lionaidh's a' mhadainn
Tharrainn na Lochlannaich an cabhlach
Ri bile na tràghad, 's an deireadh gu tìr,
Taobh ri taobh mar rathad leathann
Air an coisicheadh da fhichead an gvaillibh
a cheile.

Sheas iad gun eagal, gun aon's an t-
sealladh ;
Chaidh iad an ordugh caismeachd
Gun duil ri namhaid. Bruadar foilleil !
An uair a dhirich iad ri bruthach
Nan sgolban glas, — mar gu'm fosgladh an
talamh

A thoirt anail as ur dha—
Chualas beuc an Leoghainn,
'S na Gaidheil a' brucadh troimh na
glacan,
Claidheamh leathann a's tuadh Abrach
A' plathadh ri gathan na greine,
Crios air leine's gairdean ruisgte ;
Fhrcagair cnuic a's sluic
Do nuallan cath-bhuidhnean nam borb
A' bualadh nan Gaidheal,
'S a' spealtadh luirichean ;
Clogaidean, claignn a's cnamhan
Nan coimbeach iargalt,
'G an gearradh mar bharrach crionaich ;
Gargaich ghnù Lochlann a' tuiteam
Le buillean nam fineachan ;
Glacan an aonaich an smùidrich
'N an caochan dearg.
Air bearradh Bhracluinn
Nach b'urraim na creachadairean all'd a
ghlacadh—
A dh-aindeoin na sheas's na thuit dhiubh
'S a' chath gun bhuaidh ud,
Far nach d' fhuaradh iochd

Ri fear a dh' fhadhadh air a leon
De laoich nan earraibh ioma-dathach—
B' e facal-comhraig nan naimhdean
An garg aonach :
“ Na gheibh, casgair's na caomhain ! ” —
Dian, dioghaltach, leanailteach,
Chuir iad an cath
Gun troidh a bhuidhinn no 'chall.
Sheas na Gaidheil gun bhristeadh
Mar a chleachd iad, 's nach cualas riamh
An iartras strìochdaidh an talamh nam
beo—
Coir a thug Nadur dhaibh's gach linn.—
Cha toir tìne dhinne i,
A chlànn nam fear ud !

MAC MHAOILEIN. — A Shunadail, tha
iad searbh de ghreadadh nam faobhar ;
Chi mi gluasad.

Tha na fir-bhogha a' teachd gus an
toiseach

Greasaidh gu cul a' bhearraidh, —
Staing-ghrabadh nam friobhag basmhor ; —
Tha tìr nach seolta ;
'S ma ni e bealach leis na saighdean
Buailidh luchd nan sleagh a steach
Cho grad ri oiteig o'n speur ;
Theid sinne do'n eug—'s an latha cailte.
Laidhibh dlùth ri cul a' bhearraidh
G' am mealladh gus an saoil iad
Gu'n do sgaoil sinn 's an ruaig.

An uair a rainn na naimhdean
An druim thoirmisgte, an ruith chuthaich
'S mar a shaoil iad a dh-fhaotainn buaidh
a's tìracedh,
Far an d' eirich na seoid riù, uchd ri uchd.
'S ged a ghlacadh le giorag.
Na biothanaich ghrag,
Nach do thairg 's nach do ghabh
Maitheanas o namhaid riamh, —
Iarrtas nach cualas 'n an sgeul, —
Thog iad nuallan a' chath as ùr,
Bùireadh mortach nan tuadh
A' bualadh le confhadh an duthechais
Na sreath dhlùth nach do bhrìst ;
Gun taing do sgrios nam borb,
A' lionadh nam bealach
A dh' fhosgail an sgathadh nach d' fhad
beatha
An deigh buillean nan Gaidheal ;
Ròmhann garg cheann-feadhna Lochlainn
A' brosnachadh nan gnùsgach iargalt,
Gus an d' fhailnich anail, cnamhan, as
fèithean.
'S na chaidh as diubh,
Mar mhisgear ag iarraidh a rathaid
An uair a bhios a luithean
A' diùltadh a chumail dìreach,
'S mùn an Diabhuil air ghoil 'n a ean-
chainn.

A CHRIOCH.

— 0 —

MORAIR CHOLASA.

I.—AM FEAR-LAGH.

Tha e 'n a chleachduin aig Gaidheil, agus is ion-mholta a' chleachduin sin, an uair a chruinnicheas iad am measg a chéile, a bhi 'cur cuimhne air daoine ainmeil d'am fuil fein. Beagan bhliadhnaichan roimhe so, an uair a rachadh cunntas a dheanamh air na Gaidheil sin a dh'ardaich, 'n ar latha-ne, cliu an stiuic o'n do dh-fhas iad, a's a dhearbhadh do'n t-saoghal gu bheil buaidhean inntinn co maith ri neart cuirp co-cheangailte ris an fhuil Ghaidheal-aich, bha triuir gu h-araid air an deanteadh luaidh's gach cuideachd—Morair Chluaidh—Morair Cholasa—agus Daibhidh Mac-an-Léighe.

Tha e comharraichte mu thimchioll nan uaislean urramach so gu'n robh an duthchas anns na h-Eileanan-an-Iar. Bho linn Shomhairle Bhuidhe cha do thog Ile gaisgeach cho fogh-aunteach ri Cailean Caimbeul; is urram do Mhuile, ged is iomadh ceatharnach treun a dh'araicheadh 'n a ghlinn, gu bheil coir aige air Mac-an-Leighe; agus dh'fhag Donnachadh Mac-Neill iomraiteach Eilean iomallach Cholasa.

Ged nach 'eil curam gu'n teid iomradh nan laoch so air di-chuimhn' am measg ar luchd-duthcha an cabhaig, tha e freagarrach gu'm biodh cuimhne Ghaidheal air am bu mhiann leis an rioghachd gu leir a bhi 'cur urraim, air a gleidheadh luachmhor agus úrail's an leabhar so. Anns an aireimh so de'n *Ghaidheal* is e ar run a bhi 'toirt cunntais aithghearr air Morair Cholasa *mar fhear-lagh*; ann an aireimh eile, ma dh'fhaoidte, ni sinn iomradh air mar *uachdaran Gaidhealach*.

B' e Donnachadh Mac-Neill dara mac Iain'Ic-Neill, Tighearna Cholasa agus Orasa, dà eilean bheag taobh a cheile, air ceann-an-iar Earraghaidh-

eal. Rugadh Donnachadh ann an Orasa ann am foghar na bliadhna 1793. Fhuair e tus'fhoghlum an tigh 'athar. Bho 'leanabaidheachd thug e dearbhadh air an tùr agus a' gheiread inntinn sin air son an robh e comharraichte re a bheatha. Their iad an Colasa gus an la'n diugh an uair a bha e 'n a choisiche gu'n do thachair Eachann figheadair air 'athair's air fein, agus an t-slat-thomhais aig Eachann 'n a lainmh. An uair a dh'fhag iad am figheadair thuirt Donnachadh: "Nach i 'n t-slat-thomhais a bh' aig Eachann an sud a' deanamh bata dhith?" "Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach i," ars' 'athair, "ach ciod e dheth sin?" "Tha eagal orm," fhreagair am balachan, "ma bhios i tric ris an obair ud, gu 'm feum gu'm bi a tomhas ganu." Smuainich 'athair air briathran a mhic, agus, ma's fìor an sgeul, thuirt e 'n oidhche sin fein, "Ni mi fear-lagh de Dhonnachadh."

An uair a bha e gle og—dabhliadhna-dheug a dh-aois—chaidh e do oil-thigh Chill-ribhinn. 'S an oil-thigh dh'fhag an Colasach og a chompanaich fada 'u a dheigh, ged bha a' chuid mhor dhiubh ni bu shine na e. 'N a ochd-bliadhna-deug, chaidh e 'Dhuneideann a dh-iunnsachadh lagh, agus an uair a bha e tri-bliadhna-fichead thainig e mach 'n a fhear-tagraidh's a' chuir. Bho 'n am sin gu latha'bhais cha robh ainm eile ni bu trice 'm beul slugh Albainn na ainm Dhonnachaidh Cholasa; agus feudar le frinn a radh nach robh fear-lagh riamh an Albainn a choisinn an da chuid uiread meas agus tlachd o gach neach ris an robh a ghnothuch, ri Donnachadh Mac-Neill, Morair Cholasa.

Bha, gun teagamh, moran nithean a' co-chuideachadh a dheanadais fein a chum soirbheachadh a bhuanachd dha. Bha e de theaghlach urramach, agus bha cairdean cumhachdach aige

—nithean a bha nì b' fheumaile do fhear-tagraidh 's an la ud na 'n diugh. Bha a bhuidhean ard, lionmhor, agus air an deagh ghiullachd—inntinn fhallain ann an corp treun, air nach deargadh an saruchadh a bu ghoirte; aignidhean togarrach; cridhe blath; gluasad fearail; teangadh dheas-bhriathrach; cuimhne gheur; colas farsuing; uadur neoghluasadach; agus misneach nach failnicheadh.

A thuilleadh air so, bha e aluinn 'n a dhreach. Chaidh a dhealbh a tharruing iomadh uair agus dearbhaidh gach oidheip re iomadh linn eireachdas a phearsa, ged their na h-eolaich nach 'eil aon diubh a thig a nios ris an fhior dhuine e fein. Bha a cheann air liathadh 's a cheum air tromachadh o'n is cuimhne leam e, ach saoilidh mi gu faic mi ann an gnuis an t-seana bhrèitheimh—stolda, foisneach mar tha i—ciamar a dh'amhairceadh am fear-tagraidh 'n a dheich-bliadhna-fichead, an uair a bhiodh e air a bhrosuachadh gu foirneart a sgiursadh, no gus am prìosanach a chur fa sgaoil. Anns an àm ud, cha robh a' coiseachd sraid Dhuneidinn gille 'bu dreach-mhoire na Donnachadh Mac-Neill. Bha e os cionn se troidhean air airde; lughmhor, fearail. Cha robh iad ach tearc a ruitheadh, no 'leumadh, no 'shnamhadh ris. Pearsa dhreach, dheas; ceann mor, fada, air a chomhdach gu trom le falt dubh; aghaidh shoilleir, thuigseach, fhosgailte, anns am faiceadh tu, mar an sgathan fìor, gluasadan na h-inntinn; "A ghruaidh mar an t-ìuthar caoin, A shuil nach b' fhaoin a sgaioleadh ard, Fo mhala chròm, dhorcha, chaol; A chiabh (dhubh) 'n a caoir mu 'cheann, 'Taomadh mu ghnuis aluinn an fhir."

Is ann 's a' bhliadhna 1816 a a fhuair Mac-Neill comas tagraidh 's a' chuir. Anns an àm ud bha daoine treun 's an lagh. B' i sud

"lìnn an àigh" do luchd-lagh Albainn. Riamh o'n a chaidh an da rioghachd fo 'n aon chrùn, agus gu haraid o'n a chaidh Parlamaid Albainn a shlugadh suas ann an Parlamaid Bhreatuinn, b'ann troimh bhealach an lagha a bha 'n aon slighe gu h-urram agus gu cumhachd 's an rioghachd. Dhruigh, mar so, a' chuid mhòr de dh-uaislean 's de dhaoine foghlumte Albainn a stigh do 'n dreuchd so, air chor 's gur gann a gheibhear, re moran ghinealach, comhairliche, fear-eachdraidh, oid'fhoghlum, ughdar, no sgoilear ainmeil an Albainn nach robh anns a' cheart àm 'n a fhear-tagraidh. An uair a bha, mar so, na h-uiread de dh-eanachainn agus de fhoghlum na rioghachd 's an lagh, feudar a thuigsinn cia cho duilich 's a bha e aite-toisich 'fhaotainn no 'ghleidheadh ann. An uair a thoisich Mac-Neill air tagradh 's a' chuir, bha cathraichean nam breitheamhna air an lionadh le daoine gleusta, foghlumte; am measg an luchd-tagraidh a bu shine na esan, bha fir a thog cliu na rioghachd so le 'n iomadh buaidh; agus gheibhte am measg a chomh-aoisean oganaich air nach deanadh aon ach burraidh tàir.

Gidheadh bha soirbheachadh maith aig Donnachadh Mac-Neill o'n cheud la a dh'fhosgail e 'bheul 's a' chuir. "Cha bhì dicheall air deireadh;" agus a thuilleadh air gach talann eile a bhuilicheadh air an duine ainmeil so, bha a dhicheall comharrichte. Cha robh fein-fhiosrachadh aige air leisg. Cha robh saothair air bith tuilleadh 's cruaidh leis a mheudaicheadheolas. Cha 'n fhagadh e clach ionndadh a shaòileadh e 'chuireadh solus air a' chuis a ghabhadh e os lainh. Cha robh car no lùb 's an lagh nach do rannsaich an inntinn gheur, bheo ud le mor-churam. Cha do lean a sheanair nì bu deine riamh air luig

Mhic-a-Phì, o leab-fholuich gu leab-fholuich gus an do ghlac e's a' Chaolas-iarach an Eilean-nan-Ròn e, 's an do dhaighnich e'chòir air Colasa le fuil a namhaid, na leanadh Donnachadh "a charaid foghlumte air an taobh eile" troimh gach toll, a's fein 'fholach. Bheir na paipearan-naigheachd a' sgrìobhadh 's an am ud fianuis air barail a chomh-luchd-dreuchd mu Mhac-Neill. Thuir *Jeffrey*, aon cho ainmeil 's a bha 'n am measg, "Gearraidh Donnachadh Mac-Neill troimh ehridhe cuise, glan mar sgian gheur." Rinn e gu h-aithghearr ainm dha fein a' dìon phrìosanach. Lionadh iad deagh leabhar gach naigheachd a tha fathasd air an innseadh mu ghleustachd Dhonnaichaidh Cholasa ann an tilgeadh chùisean - dìtidh bun os ceann, a's air gach seol a's cleas a chleachd e chum a phrìosanach fhaotainn á inean an lagha. Thug a theomachd anns a' chearn so de 'n lagh cliu agus buannachd d' a ionnsaidh. Gu h-araid 's a' Ghaidhealtachd chaidh 'ainm am fad 's an farsuingeachd. Cha robh Gaidheal a bhiodh "an teantachd, no an ainmhiach, no fo smuaircan 'n a inntinn," nach feumadh a chomhairle 'chur ris an uasal og a bha 'deanamh ainm dha fein an cuirtean na rioghachd. Anns a' bhliadhna 1820 fhuair e 'n a fhear-tagraidh fo 'n Chrùn, agus bha nis am mion-eolas air an lagh, agus an t-seoltachd a chleachd e cho buadhmbor a' tilgeadh chùisean-dìtidh, air an cleachdadh an cur ri cheile chùisean anns nach faigheadh neach eile failinn. Tha na cuisean-dìtidh a tharruing e 'n an riaghailt fathasd air son soilleireachd agus dìongmhaltachd. Bha nis a chas 's an fhàradh, agus a lion ceum a's ceum, gun tuisleadh, gun mhear-eachd, rainig e 'mhullach. Rinneadh 'n a Shiorramh air Peairt e's a bhliadhna 1824, agus deich bliadhna

'n a dheigh sin, thaghadh e gus an dara aite 's an lagh fo 'n Chrùn; agus bha, mar so, 'cheud aitecinnteach dha co luath 's a bhiodh e falamh.

Tha 'n rioghachd air a riaghladh le aon bhuidheann no buidheann eile, agus is ann aig a' bhuidheann a tha 'n cumhachd a tha comas gach dreuchd 's gach oifig fo 'n Chrùn a lionadh. Thilg Donnachadh Mac-Neill o 'n toiseach a chrannchur leis a' bhuidheann ris an cau iad 's a' chainnt eile na *Tories*. Feudaidh tusa agus mise, ma dh' fhaoidte, a bhi 'saoilsinn gur i bhuidheann eile is fearr a dh' oibricheas a chum leas na rioghachd, ach cha 'n abradh neach do 'm b' aithne Donnachadh Mac-Neill nach b' ann le coguis shaor a roghnaich esan a' bhuidheann ris an do lean e cho dileas re a bheatha. Ach gleusta agus seolta 's mar bha e air son cuis fir eile, cha robh e cho dana air a shon fein. Is i mo bharail gun robh e daonnan car narach—ni bu deise gus a sholus a mhuchadh na 'chur far am bu leir do gach neach e. Tha e air 'aithris gur beag nach do chaill 'fhaiteachas, anns a bhliadhna 1834, 'aite dha. Ach fhuair e 'dhuais, agus air bàs Sir Uilleam Rae 's a' bhliadhna 1842, rinneadh Fear-tagraidh na Ban-rìgh dheth. Nochd a chomh-luchd-dreuchd an earbsa 'n a chumbachd 's an tlachd d' a phearsa le 'thaghadh gu bhi 'n a cheann orra fein 's a' bhliadhna 1843. Chuir a Shiorrachd fein, Earra-ghaidheal, do Pharlamaid e's a' bhliadhna so, agus re nan ochd bliadhna a shuidh e's a' Pharlamaid thug e dearbhadh air farsuingeachd 'inntinn a's air a run gu bhi cothromachadh an lagha ri feum an t-sluaigh—air am bheil againn mar fhianuis "Lagh nam Boehd" (1845), maille ri iomadh atharrachadh feumail air doigh - riaghlaidh an lagha, agus air deanamh soilleir coraichean fear-ainn.

Annas a' bhliadhna 1851 dh'ardaich-eadh gu bh'i'n a bhreitheamh e; agus, anns an ath-bhliadhna, an uair a bha 'chairdean an cumhachd, chuireadh air ceann na cuirt an Albainn e. Bha e 'n a ard-bhreith-eamh an Albainn re chuig-bliadhna-deug, gus an d'ardaicheadh do thigh uachdarach na Parlamaid e 's a' bhliadhna 1867, fo ainm Baran Cholasa agus Orasa—a' cheud fhear-lagh an Albainn a fhair an t-urram o'n a dh'aonadh an dà rioghachd ri chèile. Shuidh e 'n Tigh nam Mòrairean a' toirt seachad a chomhairle luachmhoir agus a' co-chumadh gach Achd a thigeadh fa chomhair na h-ard Chomhairle ri fìor-leas a luchd-duthcha. Chaochail e ann an deireadh a' cheud mhìos de 'n bhliadhna so, air a chaoidh gu goirt leis gach neach d' am b' aithn' e, a's air 'iundrainn gu mor le ard-mhaithean na rioghachd air son a ghleustachd, 'fhoghluin a's a sheire.

Air feasgar aillidh Earraich 's a' bhliadhna 1867, sheas mi an tigh na Parlamaid an Duneideann. Bha 'n luchuirt aluinn sin air a lionadh o thaobh gu taobh—cha robh aite-suidhe ri 'fhaighinn. Thionndaidh naislean a's mnathan-naisle a' bhaile-mhoir am mach. Bha na breitheamhna gu leir, sgeudaichte ann an eideadh an dreuchd, 'n 'n an aite. Bha gach dreuchd 's an lagh—fir thagraidh, sgriobhadairean, cleirich—an t-ard 's an t-ìosal, an sean 's an t-og—cruinn an sud. Bha Donnachadh Mac-Neill a' gabhail a "chead deireannach" do 'n chuir anns an do shaofhraich e, fae leth-cheud bliadhna. Cha robh aite fosgailte dha 's an lagh nach do lion e le mor-mheas dha fein, 's le onoir d' a dhuthaich. Re nan cuig-bliadhna-deug a bha e air ceann lagh Albainn, dhearbh e air gach doigh gu 'm b' e da-rìreadh a b' airidh air an inbhe urramaich sin. Dh' ardaich

e an lagh agus chuir e urram air. Agus bha e nis a' fagail nan luchuirtean sin anns an do chaith e 'bheatha, air a ghairm le ordugh a' Chruin do luchuirt a b' urramaiche gun teagamh, ach do thir choimhich, an measg choimpirean ùra, a lionadh 'n a shean aois—bha e trì deug a's trì fichead—aite nach deach'a lionadh riamh roimhe,—breitheamh Albannach's an ard-chuirtean Lunainn. Chunnaic mi a dhealbhair a chrochadh 's an "Talla 'm bu ghnath le (Mac-Neill)"—urram nach d' thuga bhraithrean re a bheatha do neach riamh ach dhàsan a bhain. Chuala mi 'chliu 'g a seirm le beoil o'm bu bhinn a thigeadh moladh. Rinneadh luaidh air a dhillseachd 'n a dhreuchd;—air an earbsa a bh'aig slugh Albainn 'n a bhreith clothromaich;—air an tlachd a bh'aig ard agus ìosal, sean agus og, do 'n uasal a bha anns gach ceum da bheatha,

"Mar shruth ris na sàir;

Ri laigse nan lann cho cinin

Ri aiteal goith air raon an fheòir."

Chuala mi anns gach beul, "Ma 's e 's gu'n teid fear-lagh a chur do Shasunn, cha 'n airidh neach eile air an urram fhad 's is beo Mac-Neill; ach

'Co nis a thogas an claidheamh,
No 'ni a' chathair a lionadh."

Ciod a ni a' chuirtean as eugmhais Cholasa." Chunnaic mi rugha an gruaidh an t-seana bhreitheamh; chuala mi a ghuth critheach a' freagradh na soraidh chairdeil a chuireadh leis; agus shaoil mi gu 'n do thuig mi cuid de na smaointean a bha 'luasgadh inntinn 'n uair a bha e 'gabhail a chead de 'n aite a bha ceangailte ri 'chridhe le cho iomadh snaim. Bha mi taingeil gu 'm faea mi 'n sealladh 's gu 'n cuala mi 'n guth;—thaisg mi le chèile ann am chridhe iad, oir "bha m' uail as m' uachdaran mor." D. M'K.

DUANAG LEANNANACHD.

(With translation by the Author.)

AIR FÒNN—" *Tha durachd mo chridhe leat.*"

O, theid mi do 'n choill leat,
 Mo mhaighdean deas, òg ;
 O, theid mi do 'n choill leat,
 Mo mhaighdean deas, òg ;
 'S cha chum eagal maoir
 'Bhi 'g ar glaothaich gu stòl
 Mi fein gun dol do 'n choill leat,
 Mo chaomh chailin òg.

'S e miann daormunn suaraich
 'Bhi 'cnuasach gach lò ;
 'S e miann an-laoch cruaidh-chridh-
 each
 Rnagadh a's leon ;
 'S e miann ain-tigh'rn aibhreach
 An tuath chumail fò ;
 'S e mo mhiann-sa 'bhi 'gluasad
 Le m' luaidh 'choill nan cùò.
 O, theid mi do 'n choill, &c.

Mar ghrian-ghath do chuailin,
 'Thug buaidh air an òr ;
 Do mhiog-shuil mar dhrùchd,
 Madainn chiuin air an lòn ;
 Doghruaidh 's do bhilean bith-bhlath,
 Bho 'm millse thig pòg,
 Dh' fhag fann taobh deas nan ùbhlàn
 A's ùr-bhlàth nan ròs.
 O, theid mi do 'n choill, &c.

Nach ann m' an tig an aois oirn
 A shaoileas tu 's coir
 Dhuinn flaitheas 'dheanamh 'n t-
 saoghal,
 'S an gaol chumail beo ?
 'S bho 'n is gearr an ùin'
 Eadar glùn 's caisil-chrò,
 O, caitheamaid i, rùin,
 Ann an sugradh 's an ceòl.
 O, theid mi do 'n choill, &c.

Ma 's e 's gu 'm beil e 'n dàn duinn,
 Mar dha dhuilleag òg,
 Craobh mhor na beatha-s' 'fhagail
 'D é 'm fàth bhi fo bhròn ?
 Tha 'n gliocas fein a' glaothaich,
 Gur faoineachd mar sgleò
 'N uair threigeas togradh gaol sinu
 'Bhi 'n gaol air 'bhi beò.
 O, theid mi do 'n choill, &c.

DOMHNALL MAC-MHURICH.

We'll go, lassie, go,
 To the green wood alone ;
 We'll go, lassie, go,
 To the green wood alone :
 In spite of kirk and elders
 And frowning Mess John,
 We'll go, lassie, go,
 To the green wood alone.

Give misers their treasures
 To count o'er and o'er ;
 Give mad-brained ambition
 His red fields of gore ;
 Give tyrants such slaves
 As ne'er pant to be free ;
 Give me the calm eve
 In the green wood with thee.
 We'll go, lassie, go, &c.

No gold with thy bright flowing
 Ringlets can vie ;
 No dew drops can rival
 The light of thine eye ;
 No wild budding rose
 Whence the bee honey sips
 Can equal the sweets
 Nor the glow of thy lips.
 We'll go, lassie, go, &c.

Since youth is the season
 That Nature has given,
 To taste what this life has
 That savours of heaven.
 Let us seize on its joys,
 Dearest maid, ere it flies,
 Nor spend our gay spring-time
 In groans and in sighs.
 We'll go, lassie, go, &c.

I ask not long life,
 Since by sages I'm told,
 That age is like winter,
 Unpleasant and cold ;
 But let the vital stream
 In my veins cease to move,
 When no longer I feel
 The warm raptures of love !

DONALD MAC-PHERSON.

1847.

ALASDAIR SGIOBALTA, TAILLEAR LAG-AN-DROIGHINN.

Thachair do mhinistear òg, aighear-
 ach a bhi 'cur seachad oidhche
 gheamhraidh ann an Tigh-osda Lag-
 an-droighinn. Cha robh a bheag
 aige r'a dheanamh, 's bha e a'
 faireachdainn na h-uine fada. Chuir
 e fios air fear an tigh-osda dh'
 fheuchainn an robh duine tuigseach,

cracairiche math, no fear a dh'innseadh sgeulachd anns a' bhaile, a gheobhadh e a chur seachad an fheasgair leis. Thuirtear fear an tighe gu'n robh,—an t-aon duine a b' fhearr a dh' aithris naidheachdan, no a ghabhail oran na'm b' eiginne e, eadar Maol-Chinntire agus Tigh-Iain-Ghroid, — b' e sin Alasdair Sgiobalta, an taillear. Dh' iarr am ministear air fios a chur air Alasdair ma tà; rud a rinn fear an tighe, 's cha d' fheith an taillear an dara cuireadh: is duilich leam gur iomadh uair a rachadh e an rathad ceudna gun chuireadh idir. Coma co dhiùbh, thainig Alasdair's chaidh a sheoladh a stigh do sheomar a' mhinisteir. Chaidh am botul a thoirt air bonn agus lan slige a chur leth ri goile an tailleir g' a chur air fonn seanchuis; 's Moire! cha robh sin duilich! An taice nan sgeulachd chaidh an taillear. Bheireadh am ministear dha an deàrrsach eile as a' bhotul, "eadar dha naidheachd," mar their iad—'s faodar a bhi cinnteach nach robh e 'deanamh dearmaid air fhein's a' cheart àm—gus mu dheireadh an d' fhàs an companas cho cridheil's gu'n robh aon air bith d' an dithis—gu sonraichte an taillear—deas air son gnìomh cuimsich sam bith. Mar bha 'n t-olc 's a' mhinistear, ars' esan ri Alasdair, "Innsidh mi dhuit ciod e 'nì mi—bheir mi dhuit *gini* òir air na cumhnantan so: gu'n leum thu air d' ais 's air d' aghaidh thar na cathrach so fad leth-uair—gu riaghailteach, socair—a' glaodhaich am mach aig a' h-uile leum, 'Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta, taillear Lag-an-droighinn;' ach ma bhruidhneas tu aon fhacal eile, no ma stadas tu de d' leum gus am bi an leth-uair thairis, caillidh tu do dhuais."

Chuir neonachas na tairsege a thug am ministear dha, ioghnadh air an taillear, 's bha e tiota beag ann an ag am bu choir dha aontachadh

leatha, 'ach ars' esan ris fhein, "Tarrainnidh mi snathainn no 'dha an Lag-an-droighinn m' an coisinn mi 'urad; agus bidh latha 's bliadhna m' an tig a' cheart tairsege am charaibh a rithist—gabhadh mi rithe." "Is bargan e," thuirtear esan ris a' mhinistear; "cha 'n 'eil ann ach sinn fhein, agus cha 'n 'eil na cumhachan duilich a choimhlionadh;—is mairg a theirteadh Alasdair Sgiobalta rium mur leumainn fad leth-uair, no fad latha na'm b' eiginne e, thairis air cathair!—is iomadh leum a b' airde, agus theagamh a b' amaidiche a thug mi air son duais a bu shuaraiche" Thug am ministear am mach 'uaireadair agus thilg an taillear dheth a chota. A' cur a laimhe air cul na cathrach, thoisich e air leum, 's e gu farumach ag aithris nam facal a chaidh iarraidh air, "Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta, taillear Lag-an-droighinn!" An deigh da so dol air aghaidh fad mu thuiream choig mionaidean, thug am ministear tarrainn air a' chlag 's thainig seirbheiseach a stigh.

"Ciod air an talamh a bu chiall duibh," thuirtear am ministear; "a leithid so de dhuine cuthaich a chur a stigh leamsa? Nach do shaoil mi gu'm bu duine tuigseach a bha ann; an ann toileach amadan a dheanamh dhìom a bha sibh?"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta, taillear Lag-an-droighinn!"

Seirbheiseach.—"Air chinnt, a mhinistear, cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod a dh' fhairich e; cha 'n fhaca mi riabh roinhe e 'dol air 'aghaidh mar so—Alasdair, Alasdair! ciod is is ciall duit?"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Seirbheiseach.—Beannaich mise! Alasdair thailleir, cuimhnich c' àite bheil thu; nach 'eil meas agad air an duin' uasal a chuir fios ort? C'arson a tha thu a' deanamh burraidh dhiot fhein?"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Fear-an-tighe (a' tighinn a stigh le cabhaig).—"Ciod an ainm an Fhreasdail a tha 'so?—tha an duine air mheara-chinn—nach ann agad 'tha 'n dearg aghaidh, dhuine, dol a thoirt maslaidh do dhaoin'-uaisle ann am thigh-sa le 'leithid so de chluich-eachd!"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Fear-an-tighe (ri aon d' a sheirbheisich).—"Ruith air son a mhnaitha, oir cha 'n urrainn domh cur suas le so. A chairdean, tha e soilleir gu bheil an duine air dearg lasair a' chuthaich; agus tha dochas agam nach tig diacas air mo thigh an lorg a' ghnothaich so."

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Bean Alasdair (a' ruith a stigh).—"O! Alasdair, Alasdair, ciod a thainig ort? Nach aithne dhuit mise—do bhean fein?"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Bean Alasdair (a' caoincadh).—"Mur 'eil umhail agad domhsa, cuimhnich air do leanaban aig an tigh, agus thig dachaidh leam."

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alas——"

Cha b' urrainn d' a mhnaoi an gnothach a sheasamh na b' fhaide; leum i 's thilg i a lamhan m' a mhuingeal, 's chroch i ris air a leithid de dhoigh 's nach robh comas aige air leum tuille a thoirt. Is aun an sin a bha a' ghleachd—esan an geall air a' *ghini*, 's a' feuchainn ri ise 'thilgeil dheth; ach chunnaic e nach gabhadh so deanamb, 's gheill e dhi.

"Droch bhàs ort! òinseach gun tìr," thuirt esan gu muladach; "cha do bhuidhinn mi riabh *gini* cho furasda na 'n leigeadh tusa leam."

Fenmar 'iunseadh gu 'n robh an t-òsdair moran na bu toilichte leis a' mhineachadh a chaidh a thoirt air

a' chùis na bha bean an tailleur. A chur saod air Alasdair bochd thug am ministear dha gu saor an *gini* a bu ghle mhath a choisinn e.

MAC-MHARCUIS.

Rudha-nam-faoileann,
A' Bhealtainn, 1874.

—o—

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Is minic a chual'sinn, a Choimnich, "Nach tig an cota glas co maith do na h-uile fear," ach gun teagamh sam bith is maith tha 'n cota glas a' tighinn dhuit-sa, fhir mo chridhe, agus gu mo slan a bliitheas tu g'a chaitheadh. Ach ciod i do naidheachd, agus ciamar tha Seonaid choir, agus an teaghlach gu leir o'n chunnaic mi mu dheireadh thu? Is mi tha toilichte d' fhaicinn. Dean suidhe an sin, agus chuinneamaid gach ùrachd a tha agad ri aithris.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mburachaidh, far greim air do laimh, agus innis domh do chor, agus cor gach sean agus og 'n ad fhardaich. Cha bheag mo sholas tachairt rint an duigh, a charaid ionmhuinn, agus mar an cendna co trath 's an la. Mur 'eil cabhag ort, cuiridh sinn beagan uairean uine seachad cuideachd, a chum gu 'n tig sinn air na cuisean a thachair air feadh an t-saoghail o'n chunnaic sinn a cheile roimhe, agus tha nis ionadh seachdain o sin.

MUR.—Mo lamh-sa dhuit, a Coinnich, gu 'n suidh mise gu socaireach fhad 's a thogaireas tu, chum gach ur-sgeul a chluinntinn, agus comhradh taitneach a bhì againn mu na nithibh a bha agus a bhitheas. Ach, a' charaid, cha laidh mo shuil air do chota glas, oir is maith e. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach i obair Seonaid choir tha 'n sin, agus is

tlachd-mhor a dh'fhag i e; agus rinn an taillear, ge b' e co e, a chuid fein de'n g'hnòthuch gu snasmhor, ceanalta.

COIN.—Tha thu gle cheart, a Mhurachaidh, oir roghnaich Seonaid na h-urad de rusgaibh nan caorach a bh'agam air an Leitear-Bhuidhe, chum an trusgan so a dheanamh do charaid araidh d'an ainm Murachadh Ban. Le 'lamhaibh fein chard, agus cho-thlam, agus shnìomh i e. An sin, thug i do Dhomhnall Breabadair e; a ris chuireadh air a' bhord-luaidhe e, gus an d'rinneadh e co tiugh ri chnais laoigh. An deigh sin ghearradh 'n a dha leth e, agus leis an darna leth rinn Fionnladh Tailleir suas e mar a tha thu 'g a flaicinn, agus tha 'n leth eile aig Seonaid anns a' chiste dheirg, agus á sin cha tig e gus an teid Murachadh Ban g' a iarraidh.

MUR.—Direach, glan, ceart, a Choinnich, tha Murachadh Ban fada fada an comain Seonaid, tha gun teagamh; cha 'n 'eil fios co a dheanadh a leithid ach i fein; ach tha i tuilleadh 's ceanalta, coir, air an doigh sin, agus bu dual athar agus mathar dhi sin, mar is maith tha fios agam-sa. Tha ise a' dearbhadh an t-seanfhocail a deir, "Gu 'm bheil grìde nan sinnsear anns an t-sliochd."

COIN.—Cha tig e dhomh-sa gun 'aideachadh gu saor, a Mhurachaidh, gur gleusda, tapaidh, dileas, agus glic a' bhean Seonaid. Tha i dileas'nachail d' a companach agus da cloinn, cairdeil do 'n bhochd, suairce ris na h-uile, agus air gach seol 'n a deagh bhean-tighe. Na 'm biodh i a chaochladh sin, bhriseadh i mo chridhe, oir is minic a chual thu "Gu 'n ceannsaich gach fear an droch bhean, ach esan aig am bheil i.

MUR.—Ro fhirinneach, a Choinnich, ach chaomhain am Freasdal thusa o gach trioblaid agus briseadh-cridhe air an doigh sin; agus tha

fios aig an t-saoghal gur i Seonaid a rinn duine dhìot, a Choinnich. Mh' u do phos thu, tha cuimhn' agad fein, nach robh annad ach sliomair mor de bhalach luideach, neo-chuimr', agus slaodach 'n ad phearsa agus 'n ad sgeudachadh. Seadh, a charaid, tha deagh fhios agad nach robh anns an am sin aite sam bith cho taitneach leat, agus anns am bu trice am bitheadh tu, na tigh-òsda Dhonna-chaidh Thaileir. Ochan is iomadh sguillinn gheal agus ruadh a dh'fhag thu 's an tigh sin; agus is iomadh la agus oidhche a chuir thu seachad ann, air bheag buannachd do d'chorp no do d'anam. Ach air sin gu leir chuir Seonaid grad chrioch, agus cìna b'ann 'n a thrath. Is cianail ri'smuaineachadh air a liuthad teaghlach's a tha air an creachadh le amaideachd ceannard an teaghlach anns an tigh-òsda. Tha e ciontach do pheacadh a ta 'n a mhathair-aobhair do gach peacadh. Tha e a' milledh a chliu agus a chodach, a' cur as do 'n chloinn aige leis an ocra, agus 'g an sgeudachadh le luideagaibh suarach agus salach. Tha e 'toirt air falbh gach sìthe agus suaimhnis's an t-saoghal a ta lathair, agus 's an t-saoghal a ta ri teachd, agus 'g a sgriosadh fein, le 'shuilibh fosgailte, eadar anam agus chorp.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, cha 'n 'eil duil agam nach deanadh tu ablach mhaith de ministear, oir cha b' fhearr na sin a b' urrainn seann Mhaighstir Domhnall againn fein a chur a mach as a' chupaid aige. Gidheadh, feumaidh mi 'aid-eachadh le taingeileachd, gu 'm bheil Seonaid bhochd airidh air gach cliu a tha thu a' caradh air a ceann. C' uin a thig thu do 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich a dh-fhaotunn do chotaglais oir cha chuir Seonaid 'n ad ionnsaidh e gus an teid thu g'a iarraidh? Thig, a charaid, ann an uine ghoirid le run gu fantuinn

maille ruinn re dha na tri oidhean, agus gabhadh Fionnladh Tailleir do thomas, agus ni e do chota gu freagarrach dhuit mu 'm fag thu an tigh againn.

MUR.—Tha mi fada, fada 'n ad chomain, a' Choinnich choir, agus tha mi morau nis mo na sin an comain Seonaid air sou a' cuimhneachain agus a caoimhneis do m' thaobhsa. Bheir mi oidhirp air dol a shealltuinn ort an uair a bhios comas agam, agus air fuireach maille riut fhad 's a cheadaicheas mo ghnothuichean domh sin a dheanamh; agus cuiridh mi litir do 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich la no dha mu 'n ruig mi, a dh-iunseadh an ama air am feud duil a bhi agad rium.

COIN.—Mo bheannachd agad, a Mhurachaidh, bheir an naidheachd sin solas nach beag do Sheonaid, an uair a dh'inneas mise sin dhi; ach na cuir dail ro fada 's a' ghnothuch air eagal gu 'm bi sinn a' call ar foighidinn.

MUR.—Ach a nis, a Choinnich, air duinn na cotaichean glasa, agus an turas d' on Ghoirtean-Fraoich a chur air doigh, cluinneamaid ma 's e do thoil e, ciamar tha do mhaighstir mor, Sir Seumas, agus ciamar tha an spreidh Eireannach, a' tighinn air an adhairt 's an duthaich so, a tha gu tur coimheach dhoibh, agus air iomadh seol ni 's gairbh' agus nis creagaiche na bha na machraichean combnard' agus reidh air an d' araicheadh og iad, ann an seann Innis-Fail?

COIN.—Direach “an eatorras, mar a bha 'm baile am Baideanach.” Tha Sir Seumas fein gu slan, fallain, ach cha 'n 'eil aon chuid an crodh no na caoraich a' tighinn air an aghaidh mar bu mhaith leinn. Chaill sinn ná h-uiread de na caoraich le gne thuaineal a thainig 'n an ceann; agus tha 'n crodh a' fuireach caol, seargta, agus neo-bheothail. Cha 'n 'eil iad

idir 'g am faicinn fein aig a' bhaile; agus na 'n tugadh an diugh dhachaidh an dè dh' fhagadh Sir Seumas an tuath 'n am fearainn fein, agus cha ghabhadh e gnothuch ri sgrìob dheth 'n a laimh fein; is e nach gabhadh.

MUR.—Tha mi ga d' dheagh chreidsinn, a Choinnich, agus o 'n toiseach cha robh a' chaochladh barail agam; oir, cha 'n fhaca mi riamh uachdaran a' soirbheachadh an uair a gabhadh e am fearann aige 'n a laimh fein. Chan 'eil e ceart sin a dheanamh, agus chau 'eil, cha robh, agus cha bhi beannachd 'n a lorg. Ach is iad na laghanna seilge sin a chuir eadar Sir Seumas agus an tuath agus b' fhearr da gu mor an diugh na 'm biodh e air lanchead a thoirt doibh air gach gearr agus ceare fhraoich, gach fiadh agus earb air an oighreachd a smaladh as, na dealachadh ri deagh thuath mar a rinn e.

COIN.—Ro cheart, oir is fhad o 'n chual sinn gu 'n “teagaisg cleachd agus feiu-fhiosrachadh na h-amadain,” agus theagaisg iad gu dileas Sir Seumas, ge b' e co d' an aidicheadh se e. Gu cinnteach fhuair e a chorrigan a losgadh, agus bithidh tacan maith mu 'n slanaichear iad, oir bha na leoin guineach agus searbh.

MUR.—Cha robh ni sam bith co taitneach mu 'n ghnothuch gu leir ris an toiliintinn a thug do thuras Eireannach dhuit fein, a Choinnich, an uair a chual agus a chunnaic thu iomadh ni a thug lasgan gaire ort, ged nach d' fhuair mise cothrom ort fathast chum a bheag de na nithibh sin a chluinntinn. Ach is e nis an t-am, agus sooraich thu fein re sealain gus an aithris thu dhomh beagan tuilleadh dhe 'n tapachd a dh' fhiosraich thu.

COIN.—Ni mise mo dhichioll, ma ta, air sin a dheanamh. Bha mi aon la air feill, agus co a bha ri m'

thaobh ach saighdear a bhuineadh do'n aite sin. Bha e 'n a sheasamh agus a cas-labhairt, gus an robh e air a' chuairteachadh nu dheireadh leis na-ficheadaibh sluaigh a bha 'g amharc air an aid aige le toll peileir innte. "Seallaibh air an toll so," ars' esan, "agus tha sibh 'faicinn na 'm biodh i 'n a h-aid le crun iosal, chaidh am peileir troimh 'n cheann agam."

MUR.—Is maith a thubhairt an saighdear bochd, ach ciod tuilleadh?

COIN.—Air la eile, bha duine beag, huideagach 'n a sheasamh goirid nam, agus dluthaich coimhearsnach dha fein ris, a thubhairt "Cha deachaidh thu do bhaile Chorc an diugh, a Phat." "Ochan! cha deachaidh, a ghraidh-geal mo chridhe, oir dh' innis duin'-uasal domh gu 'n robh dubhradh gu bhi air a' ghealaich an so an nochd, agus dh' fluirich mi gus am faicinn e."

MUR.—Mo bheannachd air Pat bochd! bha duil aige nach robh gealach idir ann an Corc, mar a bha far an robh e, agus dh' fhan e gu glic gus am faicadh e an dubhradh. Ach am bheil cuimhn' agad air dad tuille.

COIN.—Air la araidh bha Eireannach a' gabhail na slighe an deigh lorg mhor mhaide a ghearradh a' coille oig a bha ri taobh an rathaid. Chomhlaich an t-uachdaran e anns an eudann agus thubhairt e ris, "Fhir gun uaire, innis domh air ball, c' ait an do ghearr thu an lorg sin, oir is maith a' chraobh a mhill thu? C' ait an do ghearr thu e?" Thionndaidh Pat a ghnis ris an duin'-uasal, agus a' cur a chorraig ri barr a' mhaide, thubhairt e, "ghearr mi dìreach tarsuing an sin e."

MUR.—Cha robh an duin'-uasal air a dheanamh a' bheag ni 'bu ghlice leis na ceistibh a chuir e ris a' bhalach bochd. Ach cha 'n 'eil sin co maith ri Eireannach a chunnaic

mise 'g iarraidh oibre air tuathanach a bha goirid o Ghlaschu. Sheas an duine bochd ri taobh an tuathanaich, a thubhairt ris—"Cha ruig thu leas, a bhalaich, cha ruig thu leas a bhi 'cur dragh' orm-sa, oir fhuair an dithis nu dheireadh a bha agam as an duthaich agadsa bàs air mo laimh, agus b' eigiun domh an cur fo 'n talamh air mo chosdas fein, agus agus cha bhi gnothuch agam ri anam tuille as an tir sin, uime sin, bi falbh ma ta." "Ochan! a dhuin'-uasail, cha 'n eagal domh-sa, gu firinn-each, cha 'n eagal domh-sa, oir gu cinnteach gheibh mi teisteanas o gach maighstir aig an robh mi riamh nach d' fhuair mi bàs aig aon diubh. Is mi nach d' fhuair, agus feudaich sibh mo chreidsinn a dhuin'-uasail urram-aich."

COIN.—Cha d' rinn an tuathanach gu ceart mar d' thug e obair do 'n duine bochd an deigh gach dichill a rinn e gu dhearbhadh gu 'n robh e beo. Gun teagamh is ro iongantach freagairtean nan Eireannach air amannaibh. Chual' mi mu dlithis shaighdear a bha ann roimh so aig an robh mor-speis d'a cheile. Bha 'n t-aon 'n a Albannach, agus an t-aon eile 'n a Eireannach. Mu 'n deachaidh iad sios do 'n chath, rinn iad cordadh r' a cheile na 'n rachadh a h-aon diubh a leonadh gu 'n cuidicheadh an t-aon eile leis. Thachair e ann am blar fuilteach gu 'n do leonadh an t-Albannach le peileir air an leis, agus ghrad ghlaodh e ri 'charaid Eireannach air son cuideachaidh. Thog Pat suas air a ghuailibh e, agus d' fhalbh e leis chum an leigh. An uair a bha e air an t-slighe sguab peileir eile an ceann dhe 'n Albannach bochd, gu 'n fhios, gu 'n aire d'a chompanach. Chunnaic an leigh an t-Eireannach a' giulan na cloaich gun cheann, agus thubhairt e ris, "C' ait am bheil thu 'dol le sin, a Phat?" "C' ait am bheil mi 'dol?

Co a chual riamh a leithid, e' ait ach chum an leigh, gus an leighisear an duine truagh a leonadh co searbh?" "Ach, a' charaid," deir am fear eile, "am bheil thu 'faicinn gu'm bheil thu 'giulan ciosaich gun cheann?" "Ochon! mo thruaigh an gnothuch cianail! tha mi 'faicinn sin a nis, ach smuainich air na breugaibh eagallach a labhair an droch-fhear rium; oir co cinnteach ris a' bhas, dh'imis e dhomhsa gur ann a leonadh e le peileir ann an lag na sleisde."

MUR.—Is e fìor Eireannach a bha 's an fhear sin gun teagamh, a Choinnich, an uair a bha e an duil gu'n robh comas aig fear gun cheann labhairt ris, agus na breugan a chur an ceill da. Ach chuala mise mu Eireannach eile a bha cheart co iongantach ris an t-saighdear sin, agus innsidh mi dhuit m' a thimchioll.

COIN.—Tha sin ceart, a Mhurachaidh; ach rach air d' aghaidh, agus cluinneamaid ciod a thachair.

MUR.—Bha Eireannach bochd, luideagach aon la ag ineachd air a shocair, agus a' gabhail an rathaid-mhoir a' feadaireachd dha fein. Ghrad chomhlaich e tarbh mor, fiadh-aich, aig an robh suilean a' lasadh mar theine leis a' chuthach a bha air. Ann am priobadh na sula, leum e air an duine thruagh, thog e suas air adhaircibh e, agus le aon bhras-upag, thilg se e thar garadh-cloiche a bha ri taobh an rathaid. Air do 'n Eireannach bhochd eirigh air a chosaibh mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn e, thilg e suil air an ainmhidh fheargach agus chunnaic se e le 'shroin air an lar, a' sgriobadh agus a' reubadh suas na talmhainn le 'chois thoisich, mar is cleachd le bruit's an staid sin a dheanamh. Rinn Pat bochd snodh-gaire, 'n am da a bhi 'crathadh a chuid luideag, agus a' tionndaidh ris an tarbh, thubhairt e, "A bheist ghrannda, chrosda, mur faicinn thu a' strìochdadh, a' sgriobadh, agus a'

deanamh mor-umhlachd air an doigh sin, air m'onoir gu'n saoilinn gu'n robh thu ann an da-rìreadh, an uair a thilg thu mi thairis air a' gharadh."

COIN.—Nach b' e am blaomasdar gun 'cheill e, le bhi 'n duill gu'n robh an tarbh a' deanamh umhlachd dha, an uair a bha e 'n a chas-fheirg, a' sgriobadh suas an rathad-mhoir. Bu mhaith dha nach deachaidh e 's an am a dheanamh suas na reite ris an ainmhidh fheargach, oir bu ro chinneach gu'n tilgeadh se e an dara uair thar mullach a' gharaidh, mur deanadh e na bu mhiosa air.

MUR.—Moran taing dhuit, a Choinnich, is neonach, ach istaitneach do sgeulan Eireannach, agus tha mi an dochas nach do theirig iad uile fhathast, agus gu'm bheil la maith eile a' teachd. Ach ciod au carbad a chaidh seachad le leithid de ghleadhraich? Seall a mach agus faic.

COIN.—A Mhurachaidh, 's e carbad Shìr Seumas a th' ann. Cha 'n fhac' mi riamh ni 's fearr. Stadaidh iad aig an Tigh-gheal a bheathachadh nan each. Gheibh mise dhachaidh maille riu, agus caomhnaidh sin iomadh ceum coiseachd dbomh. Greas ort do 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich, a charaid ionmhuinn, agus altaichidh Seonaid do bheatha. Gabh mo leisgeul air son a bhi 'dealachadh rint co cabhagach, ach comhlaichidh sinn an ath-ghoirid. Slan leat! le moran bheannachd dhoibh-san gu leir aig a' bhaile. Slan leat!

ALASDAIR RUADH.

Is fhasa gu mor fuireach samhach, na gnn fhacal a thuilleadh 's a chòir a labhairt.

Cha labhair neach air bith gu tèarainte ach esan a tha 'sireadh a bhi 'n a thosd.

Cha 'n 'eil neach air bith tèarainte 'n a mhaighistir ach esan nach ob a bhi 'n a sheirbheiseach.

Cha ghabh neach air bith toil-inntinn tèarainte ach esan aig am bheil teisteanas deadh chogais.

Is mor an gliocas gun bhi cas an gnìomh, no diorasach 'n ar barail fein.

LITIR O FHIONNLADH
PIOBAIRE G'A MHNAOI.

A Mhairi, a Ghraidh,—Is bliadhna leam gach la o'n a dhealaich mi rint fhein agus ris na paisdean. Tha mi 'u tras' ann an Glaschu mor nan *stiopall*, baile na gleadhraich. O! nach robh mi aon nair eil' an shineadh air bruch na h-aibhne far nach chuinninn ach torman nan allt, bairich nam bo, agus ceilearadh nan eun. Tha mi 'nis, mar a gheall mi, 'dol a dh-innseadh dhuit mar fhair mi a mach.

Tha cuimhn' agad fhein mar a dhealaich sinn. Thog mi orm le bocsa na pioba gu beul a' chaolais; 's ann an sin a bha 'u othail: Marsali Mhor agus na buanaichean a bha leatha cho aibhinn, aighearach, 's get nach biodh iad ach a' dol do'n choille-chno. Co 'bha 'm broilleach na cuideachd ach Para Mor le 'eile-beag 's le 'bhoineid, mar a b' abhaist da—cuaille de bhata daraich 'u a lainn—maileid de bhian gaibhre air a dhruim. "Fait' ort, Fhionnlaidh Phiofaire," ars' esan, "gu'm meal thu do bhrigis." "Ma ta," arsa mise, "tubaist oirre—'s i so a' cheud nair a chuir mi orm i; na 'm fuir'eadh i shuas cha bu ghearan e; ach tha mi cheana cho sgith dh' i 's a bha da bhliadhnach eich de 'n ghad, a' cheud oidhch' a chuireadh aire." A mach ghabh sin an coinneamh soitheach na smuide, a' Mhaighdean-Mhorairneach, mar a their iad rithe. Bha i 'teannadh oirnn o Mhuile, a' cur nan smuid d' i. "Tha i so a' tighinn," arsa Para Mor, "an aigeannach mhaol ghanda, le 'gleadhraich, 's le 'h-upraid; cha b' iognadh leam ach a' Mhaighdean a radh rite; b' i sin a' Mhaidhdean gun mhodh, gun eisimeil." Tharraig i oirnn, le caoiribh bana fo 'sroin—a' slachdraich, agus a' sloisreadh na fairge foipe, 'bha 'g eirigh 'u a h-ionairean bana cobhragaich a nunn gu h-Aros.

Thainig i 'nuas oirnn a' bagradh ar smaladh fo 'cuibhleachan. Fa dheireadh stal a' bheist—a's cha luath' a stad na cuibhleachan o' dhol mu 'n cuairt, na 'thng feadan fada caol, a bha suas ri taobh an t-simileir mhoir, aon ran as a shaoil mi 'sgaineadh mo cheann. 'S ann an sinn a bha 'u ninnich 's an othail an dol ri cliathaich na Luinge, a h-uile beul 's a' bhata fosgailte 's an aon am—gun urram fear d' a cheile. Ma 's i Marsali Mhor thug i 'mach a' Bheurla sin nach do chleachd i o' n a bha i 'n uraidh air a' Ghalldadh; co ach ise—bha 'Bhenrla 's a' Ghaidhlig an measg a cheile. "Dean fodha," ars' an dara h-aon; "nach iomair thu, a mhic do mhathar," ars' an t-aon eile: "a stigh an ramh braghad shuas, buille 'g a deireadh shios." "*Cani, cani* illean," arsa Marsali Mhor—"gu reidh," ars' a h-uile h-aon. Mur blith mo naire, 's mar a bha mi ceangailte 's a' bhrigis, bha mi 'mach a shnamb gu tir. Fa dheireadh thainig ball cainbe le fead mu 'r cluasaih, agus ghlaodh gach neach, "Cuu an gu granail, Iain Bhain." Thug a' Gheola aon sathadh aisd' a nunn gu taobh na Luinge, agus shaoil leam gu 'n robh sinn thairis. Fhuair mi 'suas, ach cha 'n fhios domh cionnas; a's cha mho bha 'fhios agam c'ait' an tionndainn.

"Tha thu 'n sin Fhionnlaidh," arsa Para Mor, "mar blo mbaoil an buailidh choimhich. Thig leam dh' anhare mionach na Maighdinn so fhein, a dh' fheuchainn an tuig sin mar tha 'bheairt innleachdach ag iomairt." Ach, ma chaidh, 's ann an sin, a Mhairi, a bha 'm fire, faire!—Sailthean iarunn agus slatan a' gluasad a nunn agus a nall, a sios agus a suas, air an ais 's air an adhart, gun tamh, gun stad; cnagan agus gobhan agus eagan a' freagairt d' a cheile. Cuibhleachan beaga 'n

an deann-ruith mu na cuibhleachan mora. Duine truagh shìos am measg na h-acfhuin, a' cur na smuid deth, far nach saoilleadh tu an b' urrainn do luch dol gun a milleadh; ach bha esan a' gluasad air feadh na h-upraid, cho neo-sgathach 's a rachach Para Mor no mise am measg nan caorach; ag armadh gach acfhuin, achlais, udalain, agus feadain le h-olaidh agus le h-im.—“A dhuine thruaigh,” arsa Para Mor, “s ann agam nach 'eil suil ri d' aite; is daor a tha thu 'cosnadh d' arain.” “C'ar son ars' esan?” 's e 'tionndadh suas a shul a bha 's namh ann am fallus. Ged a labhradh a' gheimhleag iaruinn a bha 'n a laimh, cha b' urrainn duinn barrachd ioghnaidh a bhì oirnn na 'n uair a chuala sinn an duine so a' labhairt na Gaidhlig. “Nach do shaoil mi,” arsa Para Mor, “gur Sasunnach, no Eirionnach, no Gall bochd a bh' ann.” Thainig e nìos, a' siabadh an fhalluis o'ghnuis le bad corcaich a bha 'n a laimh; agus thoisich e air beachd a thoirt dhuinn air an acfhuin. Ach 'eudail, b' i sin an fhaoimeis. “An saoil thu, a Phara Mhoir,” a deir mise, “nach anns a' cheann a smaointich an toiseach air so a bha 'n innleachd?” “Coma leam e fhein a's 'inleachd,” arsa Para mor. “Is mi-nadurra, peacach an innleachd so fhein, a cur sruth' agus soirbheas an Fhreasdail gu 'n dulan, a' dol 'n an aghaidh gun seol, gun ramh.—Coma leam i;—cha 'n 'eil an innleachd so cneasda. B' fhearr leam a bhì ann an geola dhuibh Acha-na-craige—Eoghan an Rudha airan stiùra' ruith le croinn ruisgte, tro' Bhuinne-nam-biodag, na 'bhì innte—tha mi 'g radh riut nach 'eil an innleachd so cneasda.”

Mar a bha sin a nunn gu ceann Mhusdail chuala mi fhein sgàl pioba air mo chul, agus air dhomh tionndadh co bha 'n so ach balach ronnach de mhuinntir Thirithe, a' gleusadh a

phioba, an fhad 's a bheireadh duin' eile cuairt aise. “Ma ta,” arsa Para Mor, “‘Is ceannach air an ubh an gloc.’ Cia mar tha so a' cordadh riut, Fhionnlaidh,” ars' esan? “Is searbh a' ghloir, a deir mise nach fhaodar eisdeachd.” Chluich e, fa dheireadh, “Bodach-nam-brigisean,” agus mu 'n do sguir e dh'i, bha mi cho sgith dheth fhein 's da cheol 's a bha mi de 'n bhrigis lachduinn.

Co 'bha 'n deireadh na Luinge, ach Alastair ruadh Mac-an-Abraich, Tighearna Chola. Mhothaich e dhomh fhein, agus smeid e orm—cha robh maith a dhiultadh—bha moran uaislean shìos leis air clar deiridh na luinge: Sasunnaich, Goill, agus Frangaich. Cuid diubh a' leughadh, cuid 'n an cadal—cuid a' meanaich, cuid ag itheadh. Fear dhiubh le gloin' amhaire fhada, riomhach r' a shuil, mar gu'm biodh e 'dol a losgadh air Caisteal Dubhairt; mhothaich mi fear fada caol, glas-neulach le speuclair air a shroin, 'us bioran ruadh 'n a laimh leis an robh e 'tarruing dealbh a' Chaisteal. Bha baintighearna mhor, riomhach 'n am measg agus measan leibideach de chu beag, molach 'n a h-uchd, ris an robh i a' briodal, agus 'g a phogadh; agus da mhaighdean og leatha, air an robh ruadh nach faca mi riamh roimhe, brigisean geala anairt, fo 'n chuid eile d'an adach. Thug mi fhein a mach a' phiob mar a dh' iarr iad, ach a' cheud sgàl a thug i, theich gach aon diubh ach aon Sasunnach mor, reamhar, a shuidh mu'm choinneamh le dha mheur 'n a chluasaibh, agus sgraing air mar gu'm bithinn a' dol g' a itheadh.

Ma bha ceol am measg nan uaislean, bha ceol agus damasadh an ceann eile na Luinge. Ach mar 'bha sinn a' dol sìos gu Eisdeal, chaidh an ceol air feadh na fìdhle. Bha 'n fhainge 'n a mill agus 'n a gleanntaibh; thoisich soitheach na smuide fhein ri

dannasadh. Cha robh ran a bheireadh am feadan mor as nach saoiladh tu gu 'n robh muc-mhara r' a cliathaich. Cha chluinneadh tu 'nisach osnaichean o gach aite. Bha 'n Sasunnach mor a bha 'focaid air a' phìob, 's a cheann thar beul-mor na luinge, an iupis sgaineadh. "An tuilleadh teanaidh ort," a deir mise; "neo'ar thaing mur 'eil pluic piobair' a nis ort fhein." Rainig sinn an Crìonan. Is priseil, arsa Para Mor, a' chas air tìr; a' cheud fhocal a thainig as a cheann o'n a chaidh sinn seachad air beul Loch-faochann.

Air an la maireach rainig sinn Glaschu, aite ris an abair iad am *Broomielaw*; b' e sin Ceithe na h-upraid. Luingis na smaide a' falbh agus a' teachd lan sluagh, mar gu 'm biodh an saoghal a' dol do Ghlaschu, agus an saoghal a' teicheadh as. O nach d' fhas mi bodhar leis a' ghleadhraich a bha 'm chluasaibh, cha churam leam gu 'n caill mi mo chlaisteachd tuille. Bha sreath dhaoine* air an taruing suas fa chomhair nan soithichean le ball cainbe mu ghuala gach aoìn diubh, agus braiste rìomhach air 'uchd. Bha iad so a' smeideadh oirnn mar a bha sinn a' dol gu tìr, a h-uile beul fosgailte mar gu 'm biodh iad a' cur failt' oirnn; gach lamh sinte, agus gach suil siubhlach mar gu 'm biodh iad ag iarraidh luchd-eolais. Bha aon fhear, gu h-araidh a shoeraich a shuil orm fhein, agus air dhomh amharc air gu geur, a dh' fheuch an cuimhnichinn co e, chuir e 'lamh r' a aid, agus chrom e 'cheann cho modhail, shìobhalta, 's nach b' urrainn domh gun an fhailt a fhreagradh; ann an prioba na sula bha e air clar na luinge, agus thog e leis bocsa mo phioba agus maileid Para Mhoir, cho eusgaidh 's a ghlacadh *Gaidseir* Thobar-Mhoire buideal uisge-bheatha,

gun chuireadh, gun chead. "Air d'athais," arsa Para Mor. "An cuala tu riamh, mo ghille maith, mar thuir Clag Scain, 'An rud nach buin da.'" "Leanaibh mis a dhaoiu' uaisle," ars an duine, agus e 'falbh ceum romhainn. "'S ann 's a' bhaile mhor fhein," a deir uis', "a tha 'm modh. Is fad' o'n a chuala mi, gu 'm bi gill' aig an fheannaig fhein 's an fhoghar." Dh' iarr sin air e g' ar toirt gu tigh Eoghain oig, far an d' rinn iad ar beatha gu cridheil. Slau leat, a Mhairi, a ghraidh, air an am. Cuiridh mi litir eile ad ionnsaidh ann an uine ghoirid, 'n uair a gheibh mi cosnadh. Cha 'n 'eil thu fhein agus na paisdean tiota as mo chuimhne. O! bi furachair mu Lachan beag, mo chuilean gaolach. Am Freasdal a bhì maille riut guidhe durachdach, d'Fhir-phosda ghradhaich,

FIONNLADH MAC-AONGHAIS.

—*Bho 'n Teachdtaire Ghaidhealach.*

—o—

DUAN OISEIN DO 'N GHREIN.

O thusa fein a shiùbhlas shuas,
Co cruinn ri làn-sgiath chruaidh nan triath,

Cia as a ta do dhearrs' gun ghruaim,
Do sholas 'ta cho buan, a ghrian?

Thig thusa nach a' t' àille threim,
A's fal'chidh reultan bhuan ann an triall;
Theid gealach bhreac gun tuar bho 'n speur,

'G a ceiltinn fein fo stuaidh 's an Iar.

Tha thus' a' t' astar mor a mhain;
Oir co 'tha dan gu bhì a' d' choir?
Bho 'n chruachan tuitidh 'n darach ard,
A's caithidh caru fo aois, a's sgorr;

Seadh traighidh agus lionaidh 'n cuan,
A's caillear shuas an ré* 's an speur:
Tha thus' a' t' aon a chaoidh fo bhuidh,
An aoibhneas buan do sholuis fein.

'N uair dhubhas trom mu 'n domhan
stoirm,
Le torunn† borb as dealan beur,‡
'N sin seallaidh tus' a' t' aill bho 'n toirm,
'S fiamh ghair ort fein 's an tailmrich
ghéir.

* Portairean a' cheithe.

* A' ghealach. † Tairneineach. ‡ Uamhasach

Ach dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin,
'S nach faic mo shuil a chaidh do ghnuis,
A' sgaoileadh cùil a 's òrbhuidh ciabh
Air aghaidh àillt' nan nial's an ear,
No 'n uair a chritheas tu 's an Iar
Aig dorsaibh ciar do shuain air lear.

Math dh' fheudt' gu 'm bheil thu mar
mi fein,
An àm gu treun, 's gun fhenm air àm;
Ar bliadhnaibh 'tearnadh luath bho 'n
speur,
A' siubhal cas le cheil' gu 'n ceann.
Biodh aoibhneas ort', a thriath gun
bheud,
'S tu neartar, òg, fo ghleus nach gann.

Is dorch', mi-thaitneach làith' na h-
aois—
Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chàil;
I 'sealltainn sìos bho neòil air raon,
'S an liath-cheo 'gluas' air taobh nan
carn,
A' ghaoth bho thuath air réidh neo chaoin,
'M fear-siubhail aosd fo bheud 's e mall.

—o—

LACHLUNN MAC THEAR- LAICH OIG,

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

Is lionmhor feart agus cumbhachd-
inntinn a leigeadh ris, agus a dh'
fhoillsicheadh leis na Bardaibh
Gaidhealach. Gheibhear moran 'n
am measg a bha ro chomharrachta,
cha 'n e mhain air son deas-bhriath-
rachd agus oirdheirceas cainnte,
ach mar an ceudna air son geiread,
grad-leirsinneachd, agus dian-thuigse.
Rugadh na feartan so maille riutha,
agus bha iad, uime sin, nadurra
dhoibh. Mar bu trice cha do
tharruing iad a bheag sam bith de
na buaidhibh a shealbhaicheadh leo,
o fhoghlum, o theagasg, no air sheol
sam bith o bhardsachd nam filidh
Greugach, no Romanach, no Sasun-
nach, do bhrìgh gu 'n robh iad gu
tur aineolach air gach ni a sgrìobhadh
leo sin fa-leth. Bha 'n luchd-dan a
sgrìobh 'n ar rioghachd fein 's a'
Bheurla anns gach linn air ais,
eolach air na Bardaibh Greugach
agus Romanach, mar a bha Homer,

Virgil, Horace, agus moran eile,
agus bha iad a' feudainn cuideachaidh
o gach samhladh agus riochd-cainnte
a bha air an gnathachadh leo sin
anns na seann linnibh. Ach bha
na nithe so uile, mar gu 'm b' ann
glaiste air luchd-filidh na Gaidh-
ealtachd; agus an deigh sin, c' ait
am faighear ann an cainnt sam bith
bardachd a bheir barrachd air moran
de na danaibh a dhealbhadh 's a'
Ghaidhlig? Tha Oisean mar gu 'm
b' ann leis fein, eadar-dhealaichte o
na h-uile, air son maise agus
freagarrachd nan samhladh a ghnath-
aicheadh leis. Ach gun ghuth
a thoirt airsan, nach aillidh na
samhlaidhean a ta air an dealbhadh
leis a' Bhard-Aosda, le Donnachadh
Bau, Dughall Buchanan, Nighean
Alasdair Ruaidh, Rob Donn, agus
na ficheadan eile? Cha 'n 'eile creag,
no beinn, no sruth, no cuan, no
craobh, no luibh, no gaoth, no ceo,
no ni sam bith ann an oibrìdh a'
Chrìtheir mu 'n cuairt duinn, air
nach d' rinneadh greim chum an
luinneagan aillidh a dheachdadh le
maise agus beothalas!

'N am meag-san, uime sin, a rinn
iad fein cliuiteach agus comharrachta
air son fìor dhuantaireachd bha am
Bard Sgiathanach, Lachlunn Mac
Thearlaich Oig. Ged nach 'eil mor-
eolas aig an t-saoghal air, agus ged
nach 'eil ach beagan a lathair de na
danaibh a chumadh leis, gidheadh is
airidh Lachlunn coir air 'aite fein
fhaotuinn am measg nam Bard.
Rugadh e am an sgiòrachd an
t-Srath, anns an Eilean Sgiathanach,
's a' bhliadhna 1665. Bu mhac e
do Thearlach Og, Mac Thearlaich
Mhic Ionmhuinn, 's a' Cheann-
Uachdarach. Bha Fear a' Chiun-
Uachdaraich 'n a thuathanach co-
thromach, measail, agus 'n a fhoirbh-
each eaglais. Bha edluth ann daimh
ri Mac-Ionmhuinn, Uachdaran an
t-Sratha. B' i bu mhathair do

Lachlunn, Mairi Nic-Leoid, nighean Iain Mhic-Leoid, fear na Droighnich, 's an eilean cheudna. Bha paranta Lachlunn ro mheasail 's an eilean, agus rinn iad an dicholl air gach foghlum 'n an comus a thoirt dasan, agus do 'n chuid eile dhe 'n teaghlach. Anns an linn sin cha robh sgoilean ach gle ana-minic air an suidheachadh 's an Eilean Sgiathanach; agus chum leas a' theaghlach a chur air aghaidh, fhuair Fear a' Chiun Uachdaraich oganach as an Taobh-deas chum teagasg a thoirt d' a chuid cloinne. An uair nach robh Lachlunn ach fathast 'n a leanabh, nochd e gu soilleir gu 'n robh caileachd agus gride na bardachd 'n a chridhe. Aig aois ochd bliadhna nochd e treoir agus beothalas-inntinn nach faicht-eadhach gu tearcannam balachanaibh niread eile na h-aoise sin. Bha e cridheil, sunndach, geur-bhriathrach, agus ro dheidheil air ceol agus bardachd. An uair a rinn a pharantan an dicholl chum gach foghlum 'n an comas a thoirt do 'n cloinn fein aig a' bhaile, chunnaic iad gu 'n robh Lachlunn a' toirt barrachd air cach, agus air an aobhar sin, air doibh a bhi cothromaich 'n an staid fein, runaich iad Lachlunn a chur aig aois shea bliadhna deng gu Inbhir-Nathrann, baile beag mu chuig mìle deng an ear air Inbhirnis, far an robh sgoil ro ainmeil a dh-ionnsaidh an robh ogenaich air an cur as gach cearnadh mu 'n cuairt. Dh' fhan e anns an sgoil so re thri bliadhna, far an robh e cliuiteach, cha 'n e mhain air son tapachd a bhuidhean-inntinn, ach mar an ceudna air son an durachd agus a' bhuan-sheasmhachd leis an robh e 'g an gnathachadh, agus 'g an ath-leasachadh. Cha b' fhad gus an d' thug e barrachd air gach oganach eile a bha maille ris, agus gus an do choisinn e deagh-ghean a luchd-teagaisg gu leir. Dhasan cha b'

urrain a bhi diomhain; agus an uair a bhiodh a chompanaich ri nireadh agus cluiche air na raointibh, gheibhte Lachlunn gu dian aig a leabhar fein. Bha e mar so a' gnathachadh a mhionaidean tainh ann a bhi 'deanamh dhuanaig 's a' Bheurla; agus bha cuid dhiubh gle bhiodheach. Ach do brigh nach b' i a' Bheurla cainnt a mhathar, cha robh na h-inneagan sin airidh a bhi air an samhlachadh ris a' bhardachd ghriun a rinn e 's a' Ghaidhlig. B' olc an airidh da-rireadh nach do sgriobh e sios ach fìor neoni de na nithibh tait-each a rinn e 's a' Ghaidhlig, oir na 'm biodh iad gu leir air an gleidheadh, agus air an clodh-bhualadh ann an aon leabhar, thogadh iad an ughdar fein suas chum na h-ard-inbhe sin an measg luchd-filidh na Gaidhealtachd, air an robh e gun teagamh co ro airidh.

'N a phearsa bha Lachlunn Mac Thearlaich 'n a dhuine-mor, sgiamhach calma, agus cha bu lionmhor iad a chuireadh a dhruim ri talamh. Gidheadh, bha e cinin, macanta, agus stuama. Bha e comharrachichte air son daimheileachd agus fìor chairdeis. Bha tlachd aig na h-uile dha, agus bha a bheatha air a h-altachadh anns gach cuideachd. Bha e uasal 'n a nadur, gidheadh, iriosal 'n a ghiulan do ghnath. Bha gach ceann-cinnidh agus uachdaran air feadh na Gaidhealtachd eolach air, agus cha do mheas iad gu 'n robh cuideachd no common sam bith a chrùinicheadh air son aoibhneis no cridhealais, idir ceart agus iomlan, mur biodh Lachlunn Mac Thearlaich Oig a lathair maille rin.

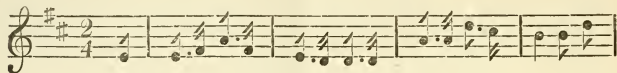
SGIATHANACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

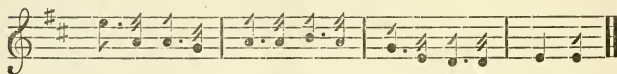
Is e an t-earchall a's miosa a thig an car duine, a bhi eu comusach air 'earchall a ghiulan.

KEY D.

AN RIBHINN DONN.



. R | r., m : s., m | r., d : d., D | s., s : d., t | 1 : 1. D¹



| r¹., s : s., f | s., s : l., S | f., r : d., d | r : r. ||

O's runach leam mo ribhinn donn
'S a' ghleann taobh thall nam fuar-
bheann—
'S an fheasgar chiuin theid mi le m' run
Gu doire dluth nam fuaran.

Mo sheang-choin-seilg tha 'n garbhlach
fhiadh,
'S mo chridhe cian tha 'n comhnuidh,
'S a' ghleann 's an eisd mo Mhairi ghrinn
Ri ceilear binn nan smeorach.
O's runach leam, &c.

Tha eoin an t-sléibh air sgeith mu 'n
cuairt,
'S cha duisg iad fuaim mo lambaich,
A's mis' an phramh an sgath nam bruaich,
'S mo smuain mu 'n ghrugaich ghradh-
aich.
O's runach leam, &c.

'S i's aotruim' ceum 's is dearrsaich' suil,
'S a gair' tha ciuin a's caoimhneil,
'S a guth tha dhomh's mar sholas ciuil,
'S mi falbh nan stuc 's an oidhche.
O's runach leam, &c.

A ciabhan fainneach 's aillidh sgeimh,
'S a braighe 's gle-ghéal boidhche,
Fo osna 'cleibh ag eirigh seimh,
Mar fhaoillinn bhain air Lochaidh.
O's runach leam, &c.

A cridhe aobhach 's aotrom sunnd,
Mar mhang aig surd an reidhlein ;
Ach caomh a's tlath mar bhlatlath fo
dhrinichd,
'S fo mhaise chiuin a' Cheitein.
O's runach leam, &c.

Mo ribhinn ghraidh a's aillidh sgeimh,
'S do 'n araidh beus a's boidhche,
'S a' mhaise dh' fhas air gradh nan ceud
Cha treig i 'n Iubhear-Lochaidh.
O's runach leam, &c.

Ged gheibhinn lu-chuirt 's crun an Rìgh
A d' iunnais dhiobrainn coir orr' ;
'S tu bheann 's a' bhan-rìgh 'bheirinn leam
Gu tamh aig bonn nam mor-bheann.
O's runach leam, &c.
A. M.

CUMHA RAO.

Air dhomh an t-oran a leanas fhaicinn deireadh na bliadhna anns leabhar ris an abrar anns a' Bheurla an "Sunday Magazine," dh' eadar-theangaich mi e le run a chur a dh-ionnsaidh a' Ghaidheil ; agus a nis air dhomh cead fhaot'inn o fhear-ullachaidh an leabhair sin a chur air adhart, tha mi 'g a sgrìobhadh do bhuir n-ionnsaidh. Chaidh an t-oran a dheanamh le bean bhochd ann an aon de na h-eileanaibh fiadhaich anns am bheil daoine ag itheadh feoil a

cheile le mor-bhlas. A reir a' chunntais a chaidh a thoirt, bha Rao agus a fear-posda ro chaomh mu cheile gu aon latha mi-shealbhar a dh' iarr i air an falt a bharradh d' a ceann. An uair a chunnaic e an craiceann cho geal, bhriagh thuir e gu 'm feumadh e a ceann fhaotainn ri itheadh gun dàil, agus thoisich e ri teasachadh na h-àmhuiun, agus ri sgaoileadh dhuilleagan na craoibh pailm air a h-urlar. Thoisich Rao air deanamh a' chumha so dhi fein :

bha fios aice nach robh dol as ann di; agus bha a piuthar-cheile a' gul ri 'taobh, oir bha an tiuneas partanach (cancer) oirre, 's bha *Rao* ro ghrinn rithe. An uair a bha an àmhuinn teth, mharbh a' bhrùid an-ìochduhor a bhean bhochd, agus ròsd e a ceam, a riarachadh 'anamiamn graineil. Chuir e an corr d' a feoil am falach fo chraoibh. An uair a bha e an sin leis thainig da bhrathair *Rao* g' a faicinn; dh' innis a piuthar-cheile an sgeul bochd dhoibh, agus chaidh iad air tòir na beiste. Bha e a' cur falach craoileig lan de fheoil a' bhoireannaich bhochd; leum iad air gu grad, agus mharbh iad e, agus ròsd iad a cheann-san anns a' cheart àmhuinn 's an d' ullaich esan ceann *Rao*. Is fhendar dhomh ainmeachadh gur ann 's na h-eileanaibh a tha 's a' Mhuir *Phacific* a thachair so, gun fhios nach abair am fear-eachdraidh a thig an deigh an fhir a mhuinntir *New Zealand* air an robh Macaulaidh a' sgriobhadh, gur an aig bun Beinn Nibbeis a chaidh *Rao* itheadh, 's gur ann an Gaidhlig a rinn i an cumha bronach, bochd so, na thachras saun aireamh d' an *Ghaidheal* air anns am faice

CUMHA RAO AIR A SON FEIN.

Freamh.

Mo thruaigh, cia minic a bha againn comhradh diomhair!

Guil, guilibh air mo shon!

Slan leibh, tha sin a' dealachadh gu siorruidh,

O guilibh air mo shon!

'S tric bha againn comhradh diomhair leinn fein,—

O nach gabh thu truas diom?

Tha mo thim air fas gearr,

'S dluth an oidhche bhuan domh,—

O guilibh air mo shon,

'S sinn a' dealachadh gu siorruidh!

Guil, guilibh air me shon!

Ho rinn an o—ho ro io ro!

Ceud mheas.

O guilibh air mo shon,

'S mo ghrian 'dol sìos air cul nam beann-tan.

O nach gabh thu truas diom?

'S mi 'faicinn ann an sud an amhninn, A's esan a' gearradh a' chonnaidh A ròsdadh mo chuirp bhochd gu biadh dha.

O guilibh air mo shon,

A's sinn a' dealachadh gu siorruidh!

Dara meas.

O guilibh air mo shon!

Bu shona sinn aon uair combhla

Ann an conaltradh grinn a' ghraidh,

'S sinn gun dealachadh, gun dòlas,—

Mise, run m' athar *Rongoi*;

A's thusa, chliambainn chiatach,

Tri miosan na gorta móire,

Bha 'g a chuideachadh gu gnìomhach.

O guilibh air mo shon,

A's sinn a' dealachadh gu siorruidh!

Treas meas.

O guilibh air mo shon,

A's mi mar iasg air a tharruing

A doimhne na fairge oilleil,

'G a thionndadh thairis a's thairis

Air griosach na h-amhuinn teinntich.

Mo cheile, tha thusa cho sgiamhach

Ri eideadh de chraobh a' mheas-arain,

'N uair a ghealaichteadh ri grian e.

O guilibh air mo shon,

A's sinn a' dealachadh gu siorruidh!

Ceathramh meas.

O guilibh air mo shon,

Gabh thusa truas diom, O mo cheile;

Tionndaidh o d' smuaintean an-ìochdmhor

'S paisg a ris ri d' bhroilleach fein mi.

Guil, guilibh air mo shon!

Ho rinn an o—ho ro éile.

Tha an t-oran agam sgriobhte mar an cendua anns a' chànain anns an deachaidh a dheanamh, ach o nach leugh moran e cha chuir mi gu 'r n-ionnsaidh e.

A' guidhe deadh shoirbheachaidh do 'n *Ghaidheal*, is mi

Bhur ban-charaid dhileas,

MAIRI NIC-EALLAIR.

Duneideann, Mios Maigh, 1874.

Is esan an duine a's saibhre am measg an t-sluaigh, a tha taingeil air son a chrannchuir fein, agus lan thoilichte leis na nithibh a ta e a' sealbhachadh.

Tha fìor obair na h-eanchainn chum deagh shlainte agus beatha fhada, ach air an laimh eile, tha saruchadh na h-eanchainn a' tarmachadh tinnceis agus bais.

CUMHA DHAIBHIDH AIR SON
SHAUL AGUS IONATAIN.

Tha mais' an t-sluaigh air beanntaibh garbh

Ghilboa sinnt' gun treòir ;
Oir thuit ar gaisgich chumhachdach
An àird' an trèin' s an glòir :

Na cluinnte 'n Gat no 'n Ascelon
Gur h-ìosal cinn nan sonn,
Mu'n dean na h-òighean Philisteach
'N ar bròn-ne uail le fonn.

A shléibhtean àrd Ghilboa,
Na silcadh oirbh gu bràth,
'S an earrach fras an gealltannach,
No drùchd 's an t-Samhradh bhàth !
Oir 's ann an sin 'chaidh sgiath an rìgh
A thilgeadh sìos le tàir,
'S a luidh, am measg nam mìltean marbh,
Corp uasal, ungt' an t-sàir.

Bha bogha buadh'or Ionatain
Air thoiseach anns gach càs ;
'S air thùs bha claidheamh millteach
Shaul,
'S na lorg chaidh sgrios a's bàs ;
Mar fhir-còin luath, mar leògh'naibh
treun
Maraon bha 'm beatha chaomh ;
'S a nis 'n an suain tha 'n rìgh 's a mhac,
Neo-sgairte, taobh ri taobh.

A nighnean Israeil, deanaibh caoidh
Air son nan gaisgeach mòr,
A dh' eudaich sibh le sgàrlaid,
A's a chrùn ur cinn le h-òr !

O ! Ionatain, mo bhràth'ir, ad dhéigh
Is goirt mo dheòir 's mo chràdh !
Oir b' iongantach, thar gaol nam ban,
'S bu taitneach dhomb do ghràdh.

Cionnus, mo chreach ! air beanntaibh àrd
Ghilboa 'thuit na sàir !
An àird' an glòir 's an mòralachd,
'S am builgean dian a' bhlàir !
Cionna's a thuit na cumhachdaich
Air faiche dheirg na stri,
A's sinnt' r' an taobh an sgiath 's an
t-sleagh,
Am bogha 's lann, gun chli !

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

Ginidh Subhaile maise, ach ginidh
Dubhaile duaiachneachd. Sinidh Subhaile
beatha an duine a mach, ach greasaidh
Dubhaile e gu bàs.

MAIGHDEAN GHOURI.

(*Bho 'n Bheurla.*)

A mhaighdean og, an teid thu leam,
An teid thu leam, an teid thu leam ?
A mhaighdean og, an teid thu leam
A nunn gu Carsa Ghouri ?

Air feasgar Samhraidh 'n am a' Cheitein,
Cian ro bheag roimh laidhe greine,
Thainig oigh 'n a h-ìr-ghùn ceutach,
Thar an t-sleibh do Ghouri.
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Cha robh am chrìdh' dhi aon ni cearr,
'S mu 'braighe geal gu 'n chuir mo lamh,
A's thuir mi ri am briathraibh graidh—
“ An teid thu sraid do Ghouri ? ”
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Is maiseach ceud-fhàs ros 's an drùchd,
Fo dhearrsa grein' air madainn chiuin,
Ach b' àill' C'atriona na gach flur
A dh' fhas o thùs an Gouri.
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Ni mi sgiamhach thu le sìoda,
'S bheir mi thu do chuir mo shinnsear,
'S ni mi ban-tighearn' àillidh dhiotsa,
Air na chì thu 'n Gouri.

Le pogaibh mìlis a beoil cubhraidh
Sgaoil rugha deirge 'n a gùis ghil ;
Chagair i gu malda cinin rium—
“ Theid mi, ruin, gu Gouri.”
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Thug na seann daoine an deoin doibh,
'S thainig sagairt gu am posadh ;
Feuch a nis a' mhaighdean og,
Le sìoda 's srol an Gouri !
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Chuireadh a' cheist air duine glic
roimh so,—“ Cìod is aois duit ! ” Fhreagair
e, “ Tha mi ann an slainte.” Chuireadh
a' cheist air a ris, “ Cia co saibhir 's a
tha thu ? ” Fhreagair e, “ Cha 'n 'eil mi
ann am fiachaibh.”

Cha d' rinn aingidheachd riamh am
maith a's lugha do 'n duine. Cha 'n
urrainn i neach sam bith a dheanamh ni
's saibhre, ni 's sona, no ni 's glice. Cha 'n
ardaich i duine ann an suilibh nan subh-
ailceach, agus tha i namhasach ann an
sealladh nam firean. Uime sin biodh
aingidheachd air a seachnadh leis na
h-uile.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. III.

JUNE, 1874.

No. 28.

HIGHLAND KILTS ON LOW- LAND LEGS.

(FEILEACHAN GAIDHEALACH AIR
LUIRGNEAN GALLDA),

A Railway Reminiscence.

SIR,—Under the above notable heading, there appeared in the *Aberdeen Journal*, in February, 1861, the following amusingly graphic description, written by an observant traveller to the editor of the periodical named, concerning the signal discomfort, through the medium of a wordy interchange of sentiments, inflicted by an emulative and jealously patriotic “Gaidheal” on a triumvirate of outlandish peregrinators, who, strangers to the Highland commonwealth (as the test of language indisputably demonstrated), had, notwithstanding, arrogating a nationality in costume to which they had no birthright, presumed to array themselves in the “ancient garb our fathers loved,” and were thus, like the daw in the fable, bedecked in borrowed feathers. As the story loses nothing of piquancy through lapse of time, inasmuch as not a few erratic specimens of the same assumptive nondescripts may still be met with on either side of the Grampians—the reputed boundary line of the Highlands—and as it may be new to most of your readers, I venture to lay the *sgèul* before you, in the hope that you may kindly grant it space in the pleasurable pages of the *Gàidheal*. The astute and irrepressible mountaineer who so zealously upheld our Celtic integrity, and effectually cowed the kilted dis-

simulators, must have been of a kindred temperament with the renowned Highland heroes, Lieutenant-General Sir Alan Cameron—“Ailean an Earachd”—and Colonel John Cameron, “the gallant grandson of Lochail, valiant Fassifern,” both of whom are related to have been actuated with Celtic enthusiasm of the most ardent kind. The former of these chivalrous men, when raising the 79th Regiment, and with the determination to have it virtually, as well as nominally, Highland, enlisted none but Gaelic speakers, which distinctive Celtic qualification procured for his battalion the appropriate appellation of the “Cia mar thà-s.” Our loved and loving sovereign, whose well-known predilection for the land of Gaelic and everything therewith connected, some months ago, commendably conferred upon the 79th the regal title of “The Queen’s Own Cameron Highlanders.” “Fassifern,” as tenaciously jealous for the honour of the dress, as was his clansman for the language, of Highlanders, was wont to affirm that “a Southron in the kilt reminded him of a hog in armour;” and, on the first intrusion of an English ensign, bearing the whimsical surname, Mudge, into his corps, the Gordon Highlanders, or 92nd Regt., “whose banners bright are streaming high, with deeds of daring crowned,” the recreant “Sasunnach,” whose antipathy to the kilt rendered him odious, had the effrontery to address the Commander-in-Chief, suggesting the abrogation of the Highland uniform in the 92nd, which was

the means of procuring Mudge's summary dismissal; a consummation with which Cameron and his Highlanders were greatly pleased.

Without further trenching on your space, I remain, yours faithfully,

“MAC A' GHAIÐHEIL.”

Glaschn,

Mios a' Chéitein, bliadhna, 1874.

Would you allow me to describe a scene which I witnessed lately in a railway carriage, for the behoof of such of your readers as are ardent admirers of the Highland garb—of course, I mean chiefly those who can speak Gaelic; for, to any other, the favour for the “Garb of Old Gaul” must be a mere boyish, ball-room fancy, stagy, and disappearing with the first show of beard. The other occupants of the carriage, besides your humble servant, were a bluff, big-whiskered, square-built personage, in rough plaid check, and three young men of divers configuration—one fat and squab, one thin and tall, and one in no wise particular. But these three were distinguished very much indeed by their attire, which was the Highland dress, in which they seemed very ill at ease, or a good deal tuller of it than even it was of them. The bluff, big-whiskered personage eyed them for a few minutes alternately with the pages of an Edinburgh newspaper. He then remarked to me that it was a fine day, and after some friendly conversation, “Fáilte oirbh!” said he to the Highlanders opposite, giving the usual salutation of the hills. No answer. “Am bheil Gàilig agaibh?” which, being interpreted is—“Can you speak Gaelic?” asked the big-whiskered Celt, with an air of great interest. No answer, but evident discomfiture on the part of the kilts. “Bruidhnidh gach fear air an bh féileadh, Gàilig! E!” (Everybody that wears a kilt speaks Gaelic! Eh!) remarked the whiskers, half by way of question, half by way of general statement, turning round to me, as if for confirmation of his views. The whiskers continued looking at the three, *seriatim*, at every substantive. “Breacan, sporan-molach, luirgnean ruisgte, agus cha'n urrainn duibh uiread agus ‘Fáilte oirbh’ a ràdh ann an cainnt nan Gàidheal!”—(Tartan, hairy purse, bare legs, and haven't Gaelic enough to say ‘God bless you!’) That's a very free translation, but

never mind. The curl of the whiskers translated it to the gentlemen opposite, who now began to talk very loudly together. But the Celt went on with his soliloquy. “Cha dean na 's lugha gnothuch na biodagan agus sgeanan dubha!” (Nothing less will do than dirks and skeandus.) The kilts looked out at the window in a great absorption of that negative interest known as indifference. “Laoich na Feinne air tighinn a nuas o na speuraibh, 's cha'n eil smid' theangadh an sinnsir'n an cinn!” (Some of Fingal's heroes come down from the skies, and not a syllable of their fathers' tongue in their heads.) The three kilts now looked fierce; but as the whiskered soliloquist was, to all appearance, addressing the lamp in the roof of the carriage, they could say nothing; and he went on—“Dagachan, adharcan-fùdair, clachan á càrn-gorm! 'N uair chuireas Criosduidh clogaid an Turcaich air, bithidh e mòr da rìreadh!” (Pistols, powder-horns, cairngorms! When a Christian puts on the helmet of the Turk,* verily it will be a big one!) The kilts seemed half inclined to bolt for it, at the risk of breaking their necks. At length one of them asked the whiskers if their owner meant to be impertinent? “Impertinent! Oh dear, not at all,” was the reply. “Nothing more *pertinent* in creation than Gaelic to the Highland dress. In fact, the impertinence, gentlemen, derivatively speaking, is entirely opposite. It's a weakness I have got. I can't help speaking Gaelic in the presence of a kilt and hose. If I have said anything offensive, for any sake tell me, and I'll apologise on the spot. What was it?” “Your manner, sir—your conduct in every respect. I shall complain at the first station,” was the reply of one of the party, to which the others gave a fierce acquiescence. “Manner, manner,” said he of the whiskers, “I thought it had been the matter. If it was only the manner, then it was no matter, as, of course, you know—possibly, at least, that ‘Ilka lan' has its ain laigh, ilk kin' o' corn has its ain hule,’ and I'm a poor body of a Highlander who can't help his Highland manners, and you should be the last people to find fault, seeing that you go about as Highlanders yourselves, eh!” “You have no business with what way we go about, I presume,” said the kilted interloquitor. “Oh, Lor', no?” was the rejoinder, “not the smallest, but I have a right to speak to myself in my mother tongue, or to this gentleman, who seems highly edified by

my conversation." I could not help laughing, as, of course, the unfortunate kilts had not had their feelings specially hurt by any remark in particular; and, as for that matter, provided I was amused, I did not care much how, as all were equally strangers to me. The Celt, evidently, felt in no way disposed to give in, but continued, "An d' fhairich sibh riamh faile an fhraoich? Am faca sibh riamh ruadh-bhoc? No, am breabadarean Ghlaschu sibh a mach air là féill?" (Did you ever smell heather? Saw ye ever a red buck? or are ye Glasgow weavers out on a holiday?) The kilts all looked intensely on their newspapers. "Feil-eachan airbhse! Itean cholamain air a' chathaig!" (You with kilts. Daws with doves' feathers!) The whole three looked as though they were about to fall foul of the whiskers at once, and pull them out by the root; but the owner went on without withdrawing his eyes from the lamp. "Luirgnean! ab, ab! 'Illean, ma ghabhas sibh mo chomhairle, cumaidh sibh ur luirgnean sgarrach am falach fo bhrigis Ghallda, an ath uair a thig sibh air chuairt?" (Legs! ab, ab!—expression of contempt—if you take my advice, you will hide your foul legs under Lowland breeks the next time you take a trip) said the Celt, with a look of solemn admonition, addressed to the lamp in the roof as hitherto. Immediately the whistle sounded, and no sooner did the train halt than the three kilts disappeared, quick-stick, looking dirks, shean-dus, and broadswords as they passed the hirsute expulstator.

"Well, said I, "I think you have been quite hard enough on these gentlemen." "Hard! oh, no," was the reply. "What did they know whether I was hard or soft, barring an unpleasant impression that they were the subject of my remarks?" "But," said I, "they are perhaps Volunteers, and if so, they scarcely deserve to be laughed at." "Well," said he, "I should not like they were Volunteers, by any means. But, even then, what's the use of tagging theatrical bosh to that glorious movement? I'm a Volunteer myself, and I can make allowance in London, for instance, for a larger sprig of heather than is quite real, where you can't get a deuced look at heather, thistle, or Scottish fir, except at Convent Garden Market. But, in Scotland, to get up that sort of thing is all bam; and, let me tell you, when sedentary people take to wearing kilts in winter in the towns, they'll soon bless

the inventors of the braccæ, even although these useful articles did come in with the Lower Empire."

CREAG-AN-DARAICH.

—o—

CELTIC MUSIC.

Not the least important of the monuments of the Celtic race is their music. What an interesting fact, that a race which has run its course in its old home should leave behind it, in its music, a language of grief so affecting; that other people although strangers to its fate, listen with deep emotion to the heart-rending sounds that this fallen race sends forth like a dying swan. It is even more extraordinary, that from among these tones of grief the ear is sometimes pierced by a cry of merriment, sounding like mockery amidst the usual strain of sorrow; it is like the sun breaking through the rain clouds. Such is the music which we inherit from the Celtic race.

Their thoughtless and warm-hearted gaiety, like an inseparable nature, has not been changed by the iron weight of adversity, which has not been able to do more than impart to the merry strain of their tunes, that longing which constitutes their chief charm and most prominent characteristic. It is indeed so prominent that the melodies of this race sound to our ear like the songs of memory. Their fond memory of bygone happier days is characteristically expressed with more or less force in the music of all Celtic races. Both rhythmus and harmony combine to effect this. The first by the long drawn Trochee | — — | which drags itself through all Celtic melodies, and the latter by the equally characteristic sixth major. These are common to the music of all Celtic nations, and notwithstanding the varied development which

the science may have taken in the different branches of this race, these two characteristic marks sufficiently indicate the common origin and kindred nature of the Celtic melodies wheresoever found. Music seems in truth to be interwoven with the whole existence of the Celtic people. It civilized and humanized the race, accompanied it to power, and now mourns over its grave. An emanation of the theocratic institutions, it formed one powerful link in the chain which held together the whole Druidic system. The Bards were from the first most important agents in supporting the sacerdotal and in counteracting the chieftain power, and it was with a jealous eye that the priestly caste watched over the education of those powerful movers of minds and hearts in order to concentrate all light and might in their own body, and to prevent the stray wandering of a single ray that might illuminate with another brilliancy than their own, the gloomy hemisphere of their reign. In vain their watchfulness;—the light came from another side. The Druids fell, but not the Bards, who became more deeply rooted in the hearts of their countrymen, and even after the introduction of Christianity, maintained throughout the Celtic portion of the British Isles their exceptional position, continuing to oppose the power of the chieftains, as we see from the unceasing efforts of the latter to break their galling influence. Amidst all this internal strife, and the long bloody wars with the Anglo-Saxon race, the Celtic music—which, like the whole Druidic institutions; according to Cæsar, had its chief seat in our island, to whose schools all neophytes resorted—attained the highest degree of perfection. At an age when the soft lays

of the troubadours were not yet heard amid the wild turmoil of turbulent and contending nations, before their language had been moulded, the British and Irish bards poured forth their heart-stirring war-songs and rhapsodies.

The purest of the Celtic musical compositions which are preserved to us, are those of the Irish bards, and in their melodies we hear most distinctly that mingling of half laughing and half sobbing sounds which seem to be the voice of the race, while the Scotch tunes laugh more merrily and the Welsh sob more mournfully. The emphatic sixth major is the leading feature of the Irish music. It is there in its original purity, and so strikingly introduced, that it does not need an acute ear to distinguish at once by its guidance an Irish melody from every other.

In the Scotch music we must particularize two very different kinds,—the real Highland tunes, and what we should call the Scotch-Irish melodies on account of their close resemblance to the Irish airs, which is often so great that many of them are claimed by both nations. There was frequent intercourse between the Irish and Scotch bards, in which the former, as the most cultivated, obtained the upper hand, and modified the original character of Scotch music. In the Highlands only, where their influence never penetrated, it remained pure. Notwithstanding this amount of Irish influence, we can easily distinguish Scotch from Irish tunes; a peculiarity in the rhythmus marks the difference. Thus in the most pathetic of Scotch tunes the playful change and inversion of the original Celtic rhythmus, an essential and exclusive Scotch conventionality, is occasion introduced. This is never to be

found in Irish airs, as they preserve the pure Celtic Trochee throughout, without the slightest alteration.

The most striking examples of this playful Scotch rhythmus occurs in the unquestionably Highland pibrochs and strathspeys, and these are the real representatives of genuine Scotch music, which may be said to ring with wild laughter, admirably embodying the merry-heartedness of the Celtic character. The alterations and inversions in the rhythmus go so far as to produce a new rhythmus, a union of the Antispastus of the ancients $|\text{~}|-\text{~}|$ alternately with the Choriambus $|\text{~}-\text{~}-\text{~}|$. This rhythmus is enhanced by the abrupt close of most Highland tunes with the fifth, deluding, as it were, even at the last moment, the ear, which is waiting for the key-note as a rest from that shrewd playfulness that has harassed it through the whole tune. These tunes, full of exuberant joyous spirit and wild enthusiasm, would almost look like a satire, when charged upon our sober, cautious, and calculating northerns, were we not often reminded by many a half humorous, half self constrained look, that the spark of Celtic wit still lurks beneath the serious and shrewd faces of the Scotch people.

In Scotch music we observe, perhaps more conspicuously than in any other music, the influence of the musical instrument on the music itself.

Musical instruments are to music what tools are to a handicraft employment. They are invented and perfected according to the development of music; but as the tools influence the handicraft, so musical instruments in their turn react on the character of music, and impart to it a distinctive character, leading

even to considerable modifications in its general features, and thus form an important agency in the whole development of the art. We have only to remind our readers of the connexion between the grand Erard pianos of seven octaves and the new pianoforte schools. We need scarcely ask, could the one exist without the other? We can thus trace the action of musical instruments in the national music of all countries, and in most instances we can discern in the character of the music, the nature of the instrument which serves to express it. In every Spanish air we hear the sighing of the mandolin or the clinking of the castanet, in the Venetian we have the dreamy sound of the guitar, in the Swiss the echo of the bugle, —and who could mistake in Scotch music the drone of that old worthy the bagpipe? It seems growling at the follies of the small reeds, while it accompanies their mad leaps with its uniform and benignant hum, and largely contributes to the humorous effect by the contrast it presents to the quick high notes of Scotch tunes. To the bagpipe we must attribute in a great measure the predominancy in the Scotch music of fifths and thirds, besides the emphatic sixth major.

The third and last pure branch of Celtic music is the Welsh. Although of a kindred if not the same origin as the Irish and Scotch, its connexion with them must have been early severed, for it has assumed a distinct character. We learn from Hanmer's Chronicle, (p. 197,) that in the latter end of the eleventh century, Griffith ap Conaw, Prince of Wales, who had resided a long time in Ireland, brought over with him into Wales "divers cunning musicians, who devised in manner all the instrumental music upon the

harp and crowth that is there used, and made laws of minstrelsy to retain the musicians in due order." Notwithstanding this importation the diversity between the Welsh and the other branches of the Celtic music remained.

It is true many Welsh tunes possess to a certain degree the two characteristic marks of the pure Celtic muse, the emphatic sixth major and the trochee in their rhythmus, but these particularities do not form the distinctive feature. Another peculiarity essentially Celtic is also retained, and much more prominently than in the Irish and Scotch music, although they preserve it to a certain degree, namely, the frequent and successive repetition of the same note, and this principally at the fall of the rhythmus. This is a characteristic which Welsh music has in common with many French airs. Without entering into disputes about the origin of old Britons and their connection with the Gauls, we may point out this singular fact as indicating national music to be one of the keys which will help to open those long hidden but not lost records of bygone races, that lie buried as secretly if not as deeply as those fossil remains from which the genius of Cuvier and Owen have re-constructed an extinct world of animal life. In Welsh music we perceive the character of that hard struggle which the old Britons sustained for centuries, first against the Romans, and then against the Anglo-Saxon race; and we have only to listen to one of their many spirited and warlike tunes, to understand the policy, or as some may call it, cruelty, of Edward I. after the conquest of Wales, when he raged more against the Welsh bards than against the Welsh chieftains. He very well knew that

those inspired martial sounds were more calculated to stir up the energy of a patriotic people than all the prosaic commands of a chieftain. This military spirit has imbued Welsh music with its energetic character, and speaks, louder than a thousand tongues, of those brave deeds and that burning patriotism which awed even Cæsar's invincible legions, and which only fell after a stern death-struggle, before the expansive force of a more powerful race.

As Welsh nationality yielded to the superior spirit of the conquering race so did Welsh music,—and although, as we have observed, the prominent Celtic character is distinctly visible, many of their tunes now exhibit strong touches of a foreign hand and mind; this influence is chiefly observable in the occurrence of the seventh at the concluding cadence, one of the prominent features of the Teutonic music, and which is never found in pure Irish or Scotch airs.—*North British Review*, Feb., 1854.



NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

HERRING FISHING.—The fishing continues unsuccessful at Stornoway. At some of the Lews out-stations a fair fishing has been made; at others, little or nothing. The catch in the Hebrides this season is now very far short as compared with the catch at this date last year.

THE FREE CHURCH IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.—Dr. Maclauchlan's report contained information as to the state of the Churches in the Highlands. The Free Church, he said, had still about 170 congregations in which the Gaelic language was preached. It might be true that the language was in a state of decay, and that gradually it would disappear, but it was still the language of the homes, the hearts, and the religion of nearly 300,000 of the people of this country, of whom the great mass belonged to the Free Church. The

providing of a Gaelic-speaking ministry for these people fell to a large extent on this Church, and hitherto she had been enabled, notwithstanding the difficulties she had had to encounter, to do so with remarkable success.

WEST COAST FISH TRAFFIC AND THE HIGHLAND LINE.—Advantage is being largely taken of the facilities afforded by the Railway Company for the conveyance over the Dingwall and Skye and Highland Lines of herrings from Stornoway, Lochmaddy, and Loch Boisdale, to the London fish markets, and to the East Coast ports, for shipment by steamer to the continental markets. Since the commencement of the fishing—about the 20th ult.—the Company's steamer, which runs weekly between Stornoway and Strome Ferry, has carried about 660 barrels of herrings, which were conveyed by mail and special trains from Strome to Leith and Aberdeen, for shipment to the Elbe and the Baltic. Private steamers, which run almost daily between Loch Boisdale, Lochmaddy, and Strome, have conveyed nearly 1200 boxes of herrings for the London markets. These boxes are taken from Strome by the 6 a.m. train, go South by the 10.18 a.m. from Inverness, and arrive in London at 4 a.m. on the following morning.

APPLECROSS.—This place on the West Coast of Ross-shire, as its Gaelic name, "Comaraich," implies, had the privilege of sanctuary, which is said to have extended six miles round the monastery, and the monkish chronicles record several instances of the Divine vengeance being visited on those who violated it. The modern name of the place is simply the anglicised form of its ancient designation, viz., "apur," or "aber" (mouth of a river), and "crossan," which would seem to have been by a coincidence the early name of the stream flowing through the glen, and not connected with "crois" (cross). It being so named, however, what could be expected but that the popular mind should have associated this monastery in some way with the holy cross and apples? Accordingly, we find a tradition, probably of quite modern growth, that every apple on a certain tree in the monks' orchard had a cross marked on it.—*Good Words.*

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.—In the Free Church Assembly, the report of the Publication Committee stated that strong representations had been made to the Committee with respect to the issuing some publication in the Gaelic language,

giving information of the work of the Church. Conflicting views on this subject had been frequently expressed, and these arose from the diversity of the circumstances in which different portions of the Highland population existed. With the view to get up the facts of the case, queries had been addressed to the ministers in the Highlands, and replies had been received from many. The result was, that while in some Highland districts such a periodical as that described would be of no use, in others (for example, in the bounds of the Synod of Glenelg), very considerable benefit would, in the opinion of the ministers, be derived from it. It was estimated that, beginning with a quarterly periodical, the total cost of getting up any quantity likely to be required would not materially exceed £100 a year. Against this sum would be placed to the credit of the undertaking the amount received from sales.

PROPOSED NEW CHURCH AT BEAULY.—A proposal has been made to erect a building in connection with the Established Church at Beauly, the parish Church being two and a-half miles distant from the village. The Home Mission Committee approved of the proposal, and reported as follows to the General Assembly:—Until now there has been no Protestant place of worship in the flourishing agricultural parish of Beauly, which the opening of the Highland Railway has brought into importance. It is feared that many of the villagers will become irregular in church attendance, if not wholly negligent of religious ordinances, unless a church be planted in the midst of them. A project has been started for erecting a place of worship in Beauly, to hold 350 sitters, and to cost from £900 to £1000. The parish minister of Kilmorack, whose church is about two and a-half miles distant, has undertaken to have service in the Beauly Church every Sabbath, without asking the Committee to assist in supporting a preacher. They have, therefore, cordially granted 15s. a sitting towards the proposed building.

HIGHLANDERS IN AUSTRALIA.—In the Free Church Assembly, Dr. Adam suggested that a deputation, consisting of one clergyman and one layman, should visit Australia and New Zealand. Dr. Begg said he had no objection to that, but he would like, at any rate, that they would be Highlandmen—(Laughter)—because some of the most eminent men in colonies were Highland men. (Applause). Out there the Highlandmen were far

greater than they were in Lochaber; yonder a Macnab and a Mackellar had stood on two mountain tops and claimed all the land they saw—and more than that, they had got it—(Laughter)—and were now eminent men. (Applause.) He (Dr. Begg) had stayed with a descendant of the Campbells who had half a million sheep, the clip of whose wool was £100,000. These were true Highlandmen. (Applause and laughter.) He therefore thought it would be well if some such men as Dr. Kennedy could be got to act on the deputation to be sent out to these colonies. (Applause.) The *Highlander* suggests, as a counter suggestion, that a deputation of Highlanders should be invited from Australia and New Zealand to inspect their native Highlands. Men who had enjoyed a large measure of freedom in the colonies, and who have prospered there, notwithstanding great difficulties with which they had to contend, might be able to show them better than any others, how the difficulties at home may be overcome, and what ought to be done to insure the prosperity of the their kindred in the old land.

MONUMENT TO A HEROIC GOLSPIE FISHERMAN.—We observe in the North of Scotland Granite Works here, a very neatly executed obelisk of Peterhead polished granite, which is to be placed over the grave of Adam Macdonald, who, as our readers are aware, perished in endeavouring to save the lives of three young lads who were in his boat, and which was partially capsized off Golspie on the night of January 24, 1873. The monument is about nine feet high, and bears the following inscription:—"In memory of Adam Macdonald, fisherman, aged 24 years, who, on the night of January 24th, 1873, swam ashore more than a mile for help to save three youths left on his boat, which had been partly capsized by a squall. They were rescued, but he, the whole support of his aged parents, perished on Golspie Links. In admiration of his heroism, this stone is erected by voluntary subscriptions."

ISLAND OF LEWIS—EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—On Saturday, 23rd ult., the steamer *Fairy Queen* called at Ness, near the Butt of Lewis, and took on board about thirteen families of emigrants bound for Canada. They came into Stornoway in the afternoon, where they were joined by several more, making in all about eighty. The men were all of the labouring class, and presented a very good appearance. They left in the afternoon for

Liverpool in charge of Mr. Angus Nicholson, Emigration Agent of the Canadian Dominion. Mr. Nicholson has been very successful in this district, having sent away quite a large number within the past three years. A number more are expected to follow this year. Those who have already gone are reported as doing well, and sending home very favourable reports. We have seen several of their letters from the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba, and all were very encouraging.

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THE USE OF BOWS AND ARROWS.

Among the last instances of bowmen in the Highlands were two which occurred in the reign of Charles II. After a long and protracted feud between the Lairds of Macintosh and Lochiel, commencing in a claim of the former to lands held by the latter, Macintosh, to enforce his claim, raised his clan, and, assisted by the Macphersons, marched to Lochaber with 1500 men. He was met by Lochiel with 1200 men, of whom 300 were Macgregors. About 300 were armed with bows. When preparing to engage, the Earl of Breadalbane, who was nearly related to both chiefs, came in sight with 500 men, and sent them notice that if either of them refused to agree to the terms which he had to propose, he would throw his force into the opposite side. This was a strong argument, and not easily refuted. After some hesitation his offer of mediation was accepted, and the feud amicably and finally settled. The other instance happened about the same time, in a contest between the Macdonalds of Glencoe and the Breadalbane men. The former being on their return from a foray, in the low country, attempted to pass through Breadalbane, without giving due notice, or pay the accustomed compliment to the earl, who had a short time previously been raised to that rank. A number of his lordship's followers, and a great many others who were assembled at the Castle of Finlarig, to celebrate the marriage of a daughter of the family, enraged at this insult, instantly rushed to arms, and following the Macdonalds with more ardour than prudence, attacked them on the top of a hill, north from the village of Killin, where they had taken post to defend their cattle. The assailants were driven back with great loss, principally caused by the arrows of the Lochaber men.

AN G A I D H E A L.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1874. [29 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

V.

Cha robh focal tuilleadh ri radh mu Oighrig aig an am ud; ach bha dian-chonaltradh am measg nan naislean a thaobh na casaid a thog i 'n an aghaidh. Ged bha an dithis a bu chiontaiche dhiubh a' gabhail orra, an lathair a' Mhoraire, a bhi caoin-shuarach mu'n chasaid ud, chiteadh 'n an gnùis gu 'n do chuir i campar agus buaireas orra nach b' urrainn iad a chleth; agus gu 'n robh iad le cheile fo eagal gu 'n robh stoirm a' tarmachadh mu'n timchioll a bhristeadh gun dail le maoin fhuathasach air an cinn. Bha am buaireas ud ri 'fhaicinn gu ro-shoilleir air gnùis aog - neulaich Charnaich. Bha Carnach uile gu leir 'n a dhuine iongantach—bha e fearail, calma, cruaidh-chridheach agus misneachail; dileas d' a cheann-feadhna, agus baigheil teo-chridheach ris an iomlan de 'n fhine; ach cha robh riamh anns an duthaich ghrisreagaich ud aon chrentair eile a bu mho bha fo bhuaidh thrailleil ant-saobh-chreidimh. Bha lan chreid-eas aige anns an taibhsearachd, agus gheibhleadh e a' sior-mheachranachd ris gach neach a bha 'g aideachadh a bhi ann an seilbh air an tiodhlaic dhiomhair sin. Cha rachadh e aig am air bith de 'n bhliadhna, air thurus-cuain, a dh-fhaicinn chairdean agus luchd-cinnidh dha, a bha 'chomh-

nuidh ann an Eirinn, gun sìd agus soirbheas fabharach a cheannach bho bhuidsich ainmeil a bha 's an Eilein-Sgiathanach. Bha e 'creidsinn ann an tannasgan, bòcain, spioradan-mara agus tire, agus anns a' chumh-achd a bh' aca tharais air beatha agus agus crannchur dhaoine. Uime sin, air do bhagraidhean Oighrig a bhi 'comh-chordadh rifaoin-bheachdan saobh-chreidhmheach a bha 'luidhe air 'inntinn roimhe so, rinn a faistneachd mu na bha an dàn dha, deargadh cho domhain air a chridhe agus gu 'n robh e coltach ri duine as a chiall. Bu leoir e gu a reusan a thoirt uaithe, a bhi fo eagal gu 'n robh fianuis aogaidh, neo-thalmhaidh gu 'thighinn bho taobh thall na h-uaigh a dhearbhadh r'a aghaidh, ann am fianuis a' Mhoraire, anguionh bruideil an-tromaichte d' an robh e ciontach. Cho robh e freagarrach dha fuireach ni b' fhaide air falbh bho 'theaghlach fein, agus mar sin, thoisich e ri deanamh deas gu till-eadh dhachaidh; ach chuir am Mhoraire gu naire e air son a chladhaireachd. “Ma tha thu 'dol a theicheadh air falbh o 'n chaisteal air an doigh so,” ars' Eidirdeil, “is beag nach bi e comh-ionann dhuin ri saor-aideachadh air do chionta.” Air a' bhonn sin, chuir e air 'fhocal e nach gluaiseadh e null no nall bho 'n Chaisteal gus am faicteadh ciod an fhuinid gus an tigeadh casaid-ean agus faistneachd Oighrig. Air an ath oidhche as deigh do Oighrig

abhi air a ceasnachadh, thug Carnach mac a bhrathar a leth-taobh, agus thuir e ris gu 'n d' thainig e gu codhunadh nach robh 'nis leigheas a b' fhearr air a' chuis, na lan aideachadh a dheanamh air an ciorta, gun tuilleadh dalach; ni ris nach aontaicheadh Bar-a-mhuilinn air chor sam bith, "oir tha mi dearbh chinnteach," ars' esan ri brathair 'athar, "gu 'm bheil bron a' Mhoraire cho domhain agus cho geur, agus na 'n aidicheamaid ar ciorta, gu 'n crochadh e sinn le cheile, gun bhreith, gun deuchainn, gun dail, gun soradh; agus a thuilleadh air sin," ars' esan, "ciod is fiach focal caile shuaraich nach faca ciod a thachair, ach aig astar fada naipe, an aghaidh teistias ceathrar dhaoin' uaisle a bha 'n an suil-fhianuisean air. A Charnaich, cha 'n aidich sinn idir e; air dhuinn ar beatha 'chur an cumart air son leas ar cinnidh, seasamaid gu daingean guala ri guala gus a' chuid is faide mach."

Bha an dinneir car anmoch air an fheasgar ud, agus air do 'n Mhoraire 'thoirt faineir gun robh a chairdean, a reir coslais, iosal 'n an spiorad, choitich e am fion orra cho suilbhir agus cho fialaidh 's a b' urrainn e. Bha Carnach anabarrach neo-fhoisneach agns mion-mhothachail, ach rinn an fion ni bu mhiosa e. Bha a shealladh fiadhaich, neo-shuidhichte, agus a ghuth air nairibh ard, sgalanta, agus air nairibh eile mabach, iosal, critheanach. Shileadh a shuilean gu frasach 'n uair a chluinneadh e am focal bu lugha mu bhàs na ban-mhoraire. Anns an t-snidheachadh bhuaireasach so bha fleadhachas an fheasgair a' dol air 'aghaidh, agus direach mu 'n am 's an do ruith an gloine-ùine an naoith-eamh uair, chaidh stad a chur air an cridhealas le aoidh iongantach a bhris a stigh orra gun sireadh. gun iarraidh.

B' oidhche dhorcha i ann an treasamh mios a' gheamhraidh. Shiolaidh an stoirm ghaillionnach ud a mhair moran laithean, gu feath agus ciuine. Bha an speur fo mharbh-bhrat dorchadais. Bha an iarmailt coltach ri seomar-bais, 'n uair theid an ospag dheireannach seachad; agus bu leoir e gus a' chuideachd a lnasgadh agus a lionadh le uamhunn agus le iongantas, gu 'n tigeadh aoidh talmhaidh sam bith a dh-ionnsuidh a' Chaisteil mu 'n am ud, air oidhche a bha cho dorcha agus cho ùdlaidh. An uair a b' airde fuaim agus farum a' chonaltraidh am measg nan uaislean mu bhord a' Mhoraire, chualas maoth - bhuille sgaiteach, sgiobalta aig an dorus-mhor; aig nach buaileadh uair sam bith, ach luchd-tathaich urramach, ard-inbheach. Is cinnteach gu 'n robh rud-eigin anabarrach sonruichte ann am fuaim na buille ud; oir ma-dh' fhaodta nach cualas riamh buille eile de 'n t-seorsa, aig an robh a leithid de bhuaidh air cridheachan agus air aghaidhean dhaoine, a bha cho misneachail, cho fearail agus cho chalma ri aoidhean Eidirdeil. Chuir a' bhuille ud grad-chasg air farum na poiteireachd; bha gruaim dhorcha, iomaguineach air gach gnuis; gach suil air an dorus, oir le meud na h-oillt agus an eagail a thainig orra cho obann, cha b' urrainn aon dhiubh sealltuinn direach 'san aodann air aon eile. Chualas ceuman aotram, sùbailte air an staidhir, agus a' tighinn direach gu cul dorus an t-seomair, far an do stad iad gu samhach car tiota—agus b' i sin an tosdachd uamhasach do na h-uaislean a bha air an taobh a stigh. Ri huine, chaidh an dorus 'fhosgladh gu h-athaiseach, agus dh'èalaidh Oighrig Nic-Coimnich a stigh gu seimh, le a h-aodann cho glas-neulach ri tannasg; air a sgeadachadh le brai'-lin gheal, agus neapaign gheal mu 'ceann.

Is math a b' aithne dhi cliu agus gne an duine ud d' an robh sar-fhuath aice. Gun diog a radh, sheall i gu duairceach ann an aodann Charnaich; thog i a corrag ri 'aghaidh; thionndaidh i air a sail; dh'fhosgail i an dorus, agus leig i stigh Silis, Ban-mhoraire Eidirleil!

Cha'n'eil focal annsan ursgeul so ach smior na firinn—cha'n fhaoin-sgeul mac-meamnach e, no deilbh-imtinn baird no feallsanaich; ach firinn cho dearbhla ri eachdraidh teaghlach sam bith, an taobh a stigh do chriochan Bhreatunn. Is i Silis a bh' ann gun teagamh, agus anns an dearbh eideadh leis an robh i air a sgeadachadh 'n uair a chaidh a tilgeadh 'bharr na drochaid mhaide. Bha a h-aodann glas-neulach; cha robh i idir cho aoigheil no cho failteach 's a b' abhaist dhi bhi; ach a thaobh gach dreach agus cruth, agus comharra-gnuise a bhineadh dhi, cha bu chomasach do neach d' am b' aithne i an teagamh 'bu lugha 'altrum mu a timcheoll. Chriothnaich gach mac mathar a bha mu'n bhord. Ann am priobadh na sul, dh'eirich Carnach, agus a dh'aon sitheadh leum e mach troimh an uinneig a b' fhaighe dha—bha uinneagan sean-fhasanta a' chaisteil air an crochadh le ludagan, agus thachair do 'n uinneig ud a b' fhaighe do Charnach a bhi leth-fhosgailte aig an am ud. Ciod air bith a b' aobhar dha, dhearmaid Oighrig a crannadh air an fheasgar ud. Mu'n gann a bha Carnach thar na h-uinneige, leum Bar-a-mhuilinn a mach as a dheigh; ach cha do ghluais a h-aon de na h-uaislean eile: bho nach robh lamh acasan, da-rireadh, ann am fuil na ban-mhoraire, chuir iad rompa gu'n seasadh iad ris a' chuis gus a' chuid a b' fhaide mach; ach bha iad uile air an grad-ghlacadh le a leithid de chaismeachd, agus nach d' thug gin

dhiubh fainear 's a' cheud toiseach gu'n deachaidh Carnach agus mac a bhrathar am mach troimh an uinneig; ged a thug Oighrig sgread oillteil dhioghaltach aisde, an uair a chunnaic i fear an deigh fir dhiubh a' dol as an t-sealladh. Ged a mbeudaich sgreadail Oighrig breisleach bhuaireasach nan uaislean car tiota, cha b' fhada gus an robh an inntinnean air an dusgadh suas leis an taisbeanadh iongantach a bha fa chomhair an sul. Sheas Silis car mionaid no 'dha air meadhoin an urlair, le a suilean silteach a' dur-amhare ann an aodann a' Mhoraire. Mu dheireadh, thog i suas a suil agus a lamhan ri neamh, agus ann an cruaidh-ghleachd anama, ghlaodh i a mach:—"Ciod e so a thainig orm, no ciod a rinn mi, nach 'eil duine an taobh a stigh de m' thigh fein a chuireas failte no furan orm!" Bha gach teanga balbh, gach suil ris an lar; cha do ghluais, eadhoin Eidirleil, a fein, lamh no cas, gus an do leum an tannusg 'n a dhail. Ghlac i e 'n a gairdeanan, leig i a ceann air 'uchd agus ghuil i gu goirt. "O, a Dhe m'athraichean! mar is beo mi, is i mo Shilis fhein a th' agam—Silis mo chridhe agus mo ghaoil," thuirt Eidirleil, agus e 'g a fàsgadh gu teann ri 'bhroilleach. Is i Silis a bh' ann gun teagamh.

MUILEACH.

[F.S.—Giulaineadh luchd-leughaidh a' Ghaidheil le an teagamhan mu fhirinn an ursgeoil so, gus am faic iad a chrioch anns an ath aireamh. M.]

(Ri leantuinn.)

Na 'n tionndadh duine a chulaobh a h uile uair a thigeadh a' ghaoth 'n a aghaidh cha tig an latha a ruigeadh e ceann a thurais. Mar sin, esan a leigeas leis fein a bhi air 'amaladh leis gach ni a thig cearr air, cha dean e moran adhartais ann an turas na beatha.

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COIN.—Tha 'n Goirtean-Fraoich sona an diugh agus Murachadh Ban an taobh a stigh d' a chrìocheaibh. Cha chomas domh 'innseadh an toillintinn a ta oirne gu leir gu 'n d' thainig thu, a charaid ionmhuinn, a reir do gheallaidh; agus na 'm bithinn-sa co fileanta, snas-chainnteach ri *Mac-Mharcuis* an aigh, chuirinn-sa do chliu an ceill ann an rannaireachd; ach dhiult na deich oighean sin a ta 'chomhnuidh (mar a bha thu ag innseadh dhomb) air stucaibh ard Pharnasuis, comas na teangaidh dhomh chum sin a dheanamh. Ach an deigh sin uile cha lugha an durachd a th' agam dhuit, agus an solas a ta 'lionadh mo chridhe air son do theachd.

MUR.—Cha 'n fhac agus cha chual mi riamh thu cho deas-bhriathrach agus cho gleusda leis an teangaidh, 's a tha thu an diugh, a Choinnich; is cinnteach leam gu 'n d' rinn thu greim air aon no dithis de na h-oighean sin air am bheil thu ag iomradh, agus aig am bheil tàmhachas, mar a thubhairt thu, air mullach Pharnasuis. Ach ciamar a fhuair Fear a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich eolas air na Ceolraidhean sin, agus co a dh'-innis da mu 'n timchioll?

COIN.—A Mhurachaidh Bhain, is neonach leam do cheist. Fhuair Fear a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich eolas air na Ceolraidhibh agus air iomadh nì eile uait fein, a charaid, mar a ta deagh-fhios agad, agus mar an ceudna o mo charaid ionmhuinn an *Gaidheal* ann an Glaschu, agus o 'n *Ard-Albannach* ann an Inbhirnis. Mo mhìle beannachd aca maraon! B' iad na diulnaich thapaidd iad, agus is mi fein a ta 'n an comain. Ach, a charaid choir, snidh a stigh ris an teine, agus dean thu fein co soimeach, socrach 's is urrainn thu.

Ma tha do chaisbheart fiuch no àitidh, tha osain agus brogan ni's leoir aig Seonaid; agus co d' am bu choir di an tabhairt air thoiseach air Murachadh Ban? Ach mo dhi-chuimhne! is luaithe deoch na sgeul, —far nall am botal dubh, agus an t-slige-chreachainn, a Sheonaid, a ghraidh, oir is feàirte do charaid sgaile bheag de dhruichd nam beann, agus am bi goireas ni's fearr agad deas. So, so, air do shlaint, a Mhurachaidh. Far do lamh, agus na h-uile la leat, “An la a mharbhas tu fiadh, agus an la nach marbh.”

MUR.—Tha nair'orm, a Choinnich, an dragh agus an trioblaid a tha Seonaid agus thu fein a' gabhail do m' thaobh-sa. Da-rìreadh, cha 'n 'eil feum idir agam air bad de na tha umam 'atharrachadh, oir tha mi co tioram ri àrcan, o bharr gu bonn, agus cha 'n aithne dhomh an diugh ciod a dh'fhagadh air 'chaochladh mi, oir tha 'n la taitneach, tiorail, tioram, agus ged tha boglaichean air an t-slighe, gu sonraichte anns a' Ghleann-Mhor, tha deagh shuilean 'n an cheann chum an seachnadh.

COIN.—Cuir riut, a Mhurachaidh, cuir riut, gabh deur beag dhe 'n stuth sin aig Seonaid, agus tog greim dhe 'n aran agus dhe 'n chàise, agus am bi ni's fear r'a fhaotuin; dìreach dean thu fein aige a' bhaile.

MUR.—Is druchd nam beann so da-rìreadh, air am bheil iomadh deagh bhuidh. Tha e mar a rinn-eadh e—cha do bhaisteadh e riamh, agus cha 'n 'eil droch fhaile na cise dheth.

COIN.—Cha mheallar gu h-ealamh deagh bhreitheamh, a Mhurachaidh, oir tha thu gle cheart. Tha 'n druthag sin saor o uisge, agus ceart co saor ri sin o 'n chis. Rinneadh e 's a' Ghlaic-Bhuidhe o chionn leth-bhliadhna, le Gilleasbuig Mac Dhonuill-duibh, agus is maith an lamh air an obair e, na 'm biodh

cead na coise aige. Ach tha eagal nan Gaidsear air, agus cha 'n ann gun aobhar. Tha 'n sean-fhocal ag radh. "Nach d'riun Theab riamh cron," ach cha 'n fhior da sin. Theab an Gaidsear Gilleasbuig bochd a ghlacadh an uair a bha e 'deanamh na boinne bige so 's a' Ghlaic-Bhuidhe, 'n a bhothan uaigneach fein. Chunnaic a shuil fein an Gaidsear mar uidh cheud slat o 'n bhothan; bhuail an t-eagal e; 'n a chabhaig chuir e soitheach na ruith-shingilte thairis, agus dhoirt e a dharna leth, agus cha bu bheag an dorran sin.

MUR.—An deachaidh an Gaidsear do 'n bhothan?

COIN.—Cha deachaidh, gu fortanach, oir bha e air a thogail ann an slochd eadar da chreig, air a chomhdachadh le fraoch a bha 'fas os a chionn, agus air a chealachadh co maith 's nach do thuairmeis an Gaidsear idir air, ged a rinn e deagh rannsachadh air a shon, air da a bhi o mhoch gu dubh air feadh chreagan agus choilltean na Glaice-Buidhe.

MUR.—Ciod a dh'fhag co dian, deas, diorrasach e 's a' Ghlaic-Bhuidhe, seach aite sam bith eile?

COIN.—Ma ta, innsidh mi sin duit, a Mhurachaidh, thugadh brath dha gu 'n robh a leithid de bhothan ann.

MUR.—Brath dha! an e tha thu 'g radh? Brath dha! Tha 'n truaigh air a' ghnòthuch; ach tha mi 'n dochas nach 'eil anam co mi-dhileas 's na crìochaibh so, 's gu 'n treigeadh e coimhearsnach, agus gu sonraichte Mac Dhonuill-duibh, mac an deagh athar. Is nair' r'a chluinntinn gu 'm biodh aon neach a bhrathadh a choimhearsnach r'a fhaotuin anns a' chearnadh so, an uair, ann am bliadhna Thearlaich, nach d'fhuaradh fiu a h-aon a bhrathadh am Prionnsa ged a ghealladh deich mìle-fichead airgid mar dhuais air a shon.

COIN.—Tha eagal orm, a Mhurachaidh, gu 'radh riutsa, agus cha 'n ann ri Gall, gu 'm faighteadh na ficheadan an diugh am measg nan Gaidheal a brathadh e air son deich mìle fichead sgillinn Shasunnach.

MUR.—Ach co a rinn brath air Gilleasbuig Mac Dhonuill-duibh a tha 'n a dhuine cho neo-lochdach?

COIN.—Co ach duine dona, suarach—creutair beag, crotach, d' an ainm *Leslie* as a' Ghalldachd, a bha an toiseach 'n a charbadair aig Sir Seumas, agus dhealaich e ris air da nighean Cailleach nan cearcaige a phosadh; agus tha e a nis ann am bothan beag, a' teachd beo, tha mi lan-chreidsinn, air a' mbeirle! Dh'iarr e coingheall an eich bhain air Gilleasbuig coir air là araidh, agus thuirt Gilleasbuig ris, "A phiollain gun diu, tha 'n t-each ban marbh ri taobh a' gharaidh ud thall, ach ged bhiodh e beo cha 'n fhaigheadh tu e." Ghabh *Leslie* so 's an t-sroin, agus air ball rinn e brath air Gilleasbuig; ach cha robh moran a nasgaidh aig *Tomlin* an Gaidsear de 'n ghnòthuch.

MUR.—Ciod a ghne fir a tha 'n *Tomlin*?

COIN.—Tha sgonn-bhalach mor, drabasda, duaichmidh, a' crathadh le reamhrachd, agus aig gach ceum a' sìleadh falluis mar bhuideal eudionach. Bha e 'cur neach 'n am chuimhne nach fhaca mi riamh, agus a chaoidh, a reir coslais, nach faic, agus 's e sin an Tagradair mealltach *Arthur Orton*, a bha 'cumail a mach gu 'm b' e fein *Roger Tichborne*. Chunnaic mi a dhealbh gu tric ann an Eirinn, agus cha 'n fhac mi riamh e, nach do chuimhnich mi air *Tomlin* mor, an Gaidsear dubh agam fein. Ach dh' fhalbh e, agus is comadh co dhiubh, oir cha d'uirig neach poc a chur an toll, no am poll uisge, no poit-dhubh air teine air eagal nam fear sin a tha rannsachadh na duthcha mar brocairean an deigh

nan sionnach. Is anabarrach cruaidh an lagh, a Murachaidh, nach 'eil a' ceadachadh do dhuine gach ni a's toil leis a dheanamh le cluid dhlighich fein. Cha 'n 'eil e idir ceart, oir tha e an aghaidh naduir. Cuid duine fein, an ni sin a choisinn e le fallus a ghruaidh ! nach cruaidh ri's muaineachadh gu'm biodh reachd, no lagh sam bith 'g a bhacadh chum na thogras e a dheanamh leis.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil fios agam air sin, a Choinnich oir “tha dà thaobh air a' Mhaoil,” agus tha da bharail gu bhi air an gabhail de 'n chuis sin. Tha cead agad aran a dheanamh dhe 'n eorna agad fein, agus a chur gu feum mar sin, air son maith do theaghlach, ach cha 'n 'eil cead agad, air chor sam bith, nisge-beatha a dheanamh dheth gun fhios, agus gun ordugh an luchd-riaghlaidh, agus tha sin ro cheart. Na'm biodh an cead so aig na h-uile mhilleadh iad, mar an ceudna, an duthaich le misg agus ana-measarrachd, agus dh' fhadadh iad toll mor, falamb ann an sporan mor na rioghachd, leis na cisean a chumail air ais, a tha 's an am air an tarruing o'n deoch laidir.

COIN.—Tha mi 'faicinn gu 'm bheil moran firinn auns na thubhairt thu, a Mhurachaidh, oir bu mhor am beannachd do iomadh neach nar biodh deur dheth 's an rioghachd air fad. A reir mo bheachd-sa tha e mar shochair eile 'n a aite fein. Tha e ro fheumail air amannaibh—'n a dheagh sheirbhiseach, ach 'n a dhroch mhaighstir. Mo thruaigh an neach air am faigh e ard-cheannas. Gidheadh, mar a thubhairt mi cheana, tha e ann an tomhas cuimseach mar bheannachd aimsireil eile, agus cha chreid mi gur peacadh sam bith do dhuine 'fheumalachd fein a ghabhail deth, mar a ghabhas e de ni sam bith eile a tha toirbheartas an Fhreasdail a' buileachadh air.

MUR.—Cha 'n urrainn mi 'radh, a Choinnich, nach 'eil mi fein gle dhluth air a bhi dhe 'n bheachd cheudna. Ach their cuid riut gur peacadh mor barr na teangaidh a thumadh ann, no am boinne a's lugha dheth a chur 'n ad bheul. Tha iad dian dhealasach 'n am beachd fein, agus cha 'n eisd iad ri reusan no ri tuigse. Tha iad a' deanamb 'mach, do bhrìgh gu 'm bheil deoch laidir 'n a h-aobhar iomadh truaigh agus sgrios anns an t-saoghal, gur peacadh do dhuine an guothuch a's lugha a bhi aige rithe, no eadhon beanntuinn rithe idir. Dh' fheadadh iad co maith a radh gur peacadh greim ubhail a chur 'n ad bheul, a chionn gur e itheadh an ubhail a bha 'n a aobhar air gach sgrios agus amhgar anns an t-saoghal. Aidichidh mi, gibheadh, air an laimh eile, gu 'm bu sholasach an ni do 'n Rioghachd Bhreutannaich nan cuir-eadh na h-uile cul ris an deoch laidir sin, agus nach biodh iad idir 'g a cleachdadh, mur comusach dhoibh a gabhail le stuamachd. Ach deanadh iad sin air steidh cheart, agus deanadh iad e gun ghealladh, gun mhionnan, gun bhoid, gun ni sam bith ach Focal De agus an coguisean fein 'g an stiuireadh. Na biodh iad ag iarraidh cur as do 'n aobhar truaighe sin le bhi 'togail air steidhibh meallta, a' carnadh suas bhoidean agus ghealltanasan, agus 'g an sparradh le danachd air an t-sluagh, mar nach biodh Focal Naomh Dhe 'n a riaghailt iomlan agus freagarrach ann fein, air son giulan agus caith-beatha an duine anns an t-saoghal so.

COIN.—Fagaidh sinn mar sin fein e, a Mhurachaidh, agus bu taitneach an ni na 'n gnathaicheadh na h-uile stuamachd agus measarrachd anns na h-uile nithibh, agus gu 'n giulain-eadh siad iad fein ann an cothrom agus ann an ciineas maille ris gach

neach eile. Bu ghleusda, tapaidh, a thaobh nadair, gun ghuth a toirt air na buaidhlibh spioradail a bhuillicheadh air, an ti a thug a' chomhairle a leanas, o cheann fada, seachad:—"Biodh bhur measarrachd follaiseach do na h-uile dhaoinibh." Tha nadur, reuson, agus taisbean a' deanamh 'mach gu 'm bheil staid mheadhonach ann eadar da iomall criche, agus gur i sin an staid a's sona, a's glìce, agus as fearr. Cha 'n 'eil an duine sin glìce a theid dh' ionnsuidh na cuid a's faide a mach, a thaobh nì sam bith. Cha 'n 'eil e glìce do dhuine a bhi tuilleadh 's dian 'n a bharail fein, no tuilleadh 's balbha. Seasadh e 's a' mheadhon thaitneach, eadar dha anabharr, agus na seoladh e tuilleadh 's ard no tuilleadh 's iosal. Faic cìod an strìth tha crochadan an uaireadair mhoir a' deanamh gu seasamh 'n a thamh, eadar null agus null, nall agus null, na 'n leigtheadh leis; agus ceart mar sin tha gach nì thaobh giulan an duine gu bhi measara, meadhonach, agus stuama.

MUR.—Ud! Ud! Ud! a Choinnich, is tu a dh' fhas geur, foghluinte, agus fiosrach mu gach cuis. Tha mi gu cìnteach ag aontachadh leis gach lide a labhair thu; ach cìamar a thainig thusa gu beachd a ghabhail de na cuisibh sin uile? oir cha tric leo-san aig am bheil e mar dhreuchd a bhi 'gleidheadh nan caorach, an intinnean fein a chur troimh a cheile le ceistibh diomhra de 'n ghne sin.

COIN.—Thainig mise gu beachd a ghabhail air na nìtibh sin o bhi 'lughadh mu 'n timchioll's a' Ghaidheal agus ann an leabraichibh eile. Is mor am fiosrachadh a gheibh neach a ta 'g iarraidh eolais o na sgrìobhannaibh aig *Renton*, an *Runasdach*, *Mac-Mharcuìs*, *Cona*, an *Muileach*, agus na ficheadan eile nach gabh tair ged nach 'eil uine agam an ainmeachadh aig an am.

Tha *Bun-Lochabar* mar thobar nach traoigh, an comhnuidh lan, agus an comhnuidh a' toirt seachad. Tha *Renton*, air an lainh eile, gun choineas a thaobh 'eolais air gach bun agus barr, stoc agus fremh, a bhuineas do chanain na Gaidhealtachd. Is taitneach, mar an ceudna, na teagasgan fallain aig an *Runasdach*. Saoghal fada agus deagh bheatha do 'n triuir sin am measg chaich, oir is maith iad uile. Cha 'n eil a bheag agam ri 'radh aig an am mu 'n chreutair *Sgiathanach* sin. Tha eagal orm gu 'm bheil a cheann air a lionrdh tuilleadh 's mor le taibhsearachd, giosagan, agus seunachd an eilein sin. Ach 's an am, bheir mi guth maith agus cead a choisie dha, do bhrìgh nach 'eil mi ro chìunteach as. Ach so tha mi 'g radh, a Mhurachaidh, tha eagal orm gu 'm bheil thusa a' deanamh tair air dreuchd na buachailleachd, agus na tha, cha 'n eil barrantas sam bith agad air son sin a dheanamh. Tha deagh fhios agad-sa gu 'n robh a' bhuachailleachd 'n a dreuchd ro urramaich anns na ceud lìnntibh. Bha ar roimh-aithrichean ach beag gu leir 'n an aodharaidh, agus cha do mheas iad e 'n a thamailt an ceud mhac agus nighean a chur a ghlèidheadh nan caorach. Agus co a's fearr fios na thu fein, a' charaid, gu 'n robh rìgh Israeil fein an toisich 'n a bhuachaill air machraichibh Bhet-leheim; agus cha 'n e sin a mhaìn ach mar an ceudna Esan air an robh Daibhidh 'n a shambladh a thubhairt le 'bhilibh beannuichte, "Is mise am Buachaill maith, agus is aithne dhomh mo chaoraich fein, agus aithnichear le 'm chaoraich fein mi."

MUR.—Ud! Ud! a Choinnich choir, tha thu 'nis a' ruith air falbh leis na cliathaibh gu buileach orm. Cha do smuainich mise riamh air tair a dheanamh air do dhreuchd, no

ort fein 'n ad thigh fein, no ann an aite sam bith eile fo 'n ghrein; oir tha barrachd meas na sin agam ort fein agus air do theaghlach. Ach gu teagamh chuir thu iongantach nach bu bheag orm le farsuingeachd an eolais a leig thu ris dhomh o'n chomblaich sinn mu dheireadh, an coimeas ris na bha agad an uair a thainig sinn an car a cheile an toiseach.

COIN.—Tha taing a thaobh sin dlighreach dhuit-sa ad aonar, a charaid ionnluinn; oir mar b' e thusa, bhithinn-sa an diugh co aineolach ri loth na h-asail fhiadhaich. Is tu a stiuir mi air mo chairdibh urramach na Gaidheil fhoghlumite sin a thug gach eolas domh ann an caiunt mhilis mo mhathar.

MUR.—Is comadh leam do bholaich agus do ghoileam, a Choinnich, oir is iad do dhichioll agus do dhurachd fein a rinn an gnothuch air. Ach faic, a charaid, faic ciod a chuir Seonaid choir air mo ghluin, o'n chaidh thu a mach—mir mor de 'n chlodh ghlas, chum a leithid eile ri d' thruagan fein a dheanamh dhomh, agus O! nach aillidh an t-endach e! Nach e tha min, molach, maiseach, agus reidh! Cuir fios air Fionnladh tailleir gus an gabh e mo thomas, agus gus an dean e mo chota glas air a' shocair. An uair a bhios e deas is furast dha a chur an ionnsuidh le neach eigin; ach gu cinnteach tha nair' orm air son caoimheas Seonaid.

COIN.—Nair' thall no bhos, is comadh co dhiubh; ach so agad mar a bhios a' chuis, a Mhurachaidh, cha teid ceann no cas dhìot á so, gus an dean Fionnladh tailleir an cota gu maith 's gu ro-mhàith, ged a ghabhadh e caigeann sheachdoin ris. Is tu nach caraich, fhir mo ghraidh, agus bi 'n ad thosd, agus na cluinneam focal tuilleadh as do cheann mu 'leithid do ni amaideach.

Tha greim agam ort, agus cumaidh mi e gu daingeann. Mur urrainn mise annad, foghnaidh Seonaid dhuit, agus cha soirbh an ni dol á liontaibh nam ban. Tiugainn a mach, agus rachamaid a dh-fhaicinn seann chaisteal Shir Senmas, agus a ris bheir sinn suil air a' chrodh Eireannach gus am bi greim dimneir deas aig Seonaid.

MUR.—Ciod a smuainicheas iad aig a' bhaile, a Choinnich? cuiridh iad a mach air mo thoir mur ruig mi dhachaidh gun dail. Cha dean e an gnothuch idir.

COIN.—Cha 'n eagal doibh, oir cha smuainich iad gu 'n deachaidh Murachadh Ban ann an slochd, no air seacharan, o'n tha deagh fhios aca gu'm bheil e crionta gu leoir chum an aire a thoirt dha fein. A Sheonaid, an cluinn thu mi? Cuir air falbh Senmas beag a dh-innseadh do Fhionnladh tailleir gu'm bheil mise 'g a iarraidh am maireach. Biodh e an so aig naoi 's a' mhaduinn, thugadh e a chrios-tombais leis, agus cuiridh sinn an diulnach air deananaich air a' chlodh-ghlas.

MUR.—“Is dan, misneachail an coileach air a dhunan fein,” a Choinnich, agus cha 'n 'eil e modhail domh-sa a bhi 'cur gu dian 'n ad aghaidh, ach tha a la fein aig gach neach, agus cha 'n 'eil fios nach faigh mise greim ort uair-eigin aig mo thigh fein, agus ma gheibh, cha bheo mise mar toirear ortsa an ni so 'iocadh da fhille, ged nach geall mi aon chuid cota dubh no glas dhuit air son do cheilidh. Rachamaid a nis a shìneadh nan cas, agus thugamaid caisteal an Ridire oirnn, agus a ris tilgeamaid air suilean car sealain air an fheudal Eireannach.

COIN.—Rachamaid do 'n chaisteal an toiseach, ma ta, a chum amharc air na seomraichibh greadhnach, agus air gach earnais a chithear

annta, agus an deigh sin, bheir sinn suil air a' chrodh.

MUR.—Cuir ceum ann, a ghille mo chridhe, gus an dean sinn a' chuid a's fearr d' ar n-uine, oir tha 'n la a' dol seachad.

COIN.—Thugamaid an dorus oirnn ma ta, agus a ris an caisteal, air an faigh sinn lan chomus gu rannsachach o h-uilinn gu h-oisinn, air do Shir Seumas fein a bhi ann an Luainn aig an am.

MUR.—Ochan ! a righ ! nach ann an so tha na dealbhan—ach co i a' chailleach bheag, bhiorach ud, aig am bheil sron co geur 's gu 'n gearradh i caise ?

COIN.—Is i sud seann-sean-mhath-air Shir Seumas, agus tha e air aithris gu 'n robh i anabarrach crìon, coirbte, crosda, re laithean a beatha ; agus an uair chaochail agus a dh' adhlaiseadh i ann an Cladh-nan-cath, gu 'n do dhiult a spiorad faire a dheanamh aon oidhche thairis air innis sin nam marbh.

MUR.—Tha e cosmhuil gu 'n robh a' chailleach bho chd dùr, rasgach, ceannairceach, an uair bu bheo agus bu mbarbh i, ma 's fìor an aithris.

COIN.—Ach ciod bu chiall do 'n bharail neonaich sin, a bha moran a' creidsinn, agus a ta cuid a' creidsinn gu ruig an la an diugh ?

MUR.—Tha e cianail r' a sunn-eachadh am measg nam beannachd spioradail a tha sinn a' sealbhachadh anns an tìr shona agus shaor so, gu 'm biodh aon neach r' a fhaotuin a bheireadh geill anns a' chuid a's lugha do nithibh saobh-chrabhach mar so, gidheadh tha cuid ann a ta 'g an creidsinn ; ach ciod a chual thusa mu na nithe faoine sin ?

COIN.—Ciod a chual mi, an e tha thu 'g radh ? Chual mi an uair a dh' adhlaisear duine anns a' chladh, gu 'm bheil a spiorad-san mar fhear-freiceadain air na mairbh a ta 's an àit-adhlait sin gu leir,

agus gu 'm mair e anns an dreuchd dhuis-neulaich, oillteil sin gus an adhlaisear an ath chorp, an uair a ni spiorad a' chuirp sin a dhreuchd a thogail gus an tig an ath adhlac a ris, agus mar sin air adhairt gun sgur. Ach ma 's fìor an sgeul, 's i so an dreuchd ris nach gabhadh spiorad na caillich crosda, greannaich air an do ghabh thu beachd, gnothuch sam bith.

MUR.—Ach c'ait am bheil an saobh-chrabhachd muldach so 'g a chleachdadh ?

COIN.—Ann an iomadh àit air feadh na Gaidhealtachd,—ann an iomadh siorramachd,—agus ann an iomadh sgiorachd ! Ach taing do chumhachd an t-Soisgeil, agus do 'n t-solus fhìor-ghlan, shoilleir, neomhearachdach a tha e a' craobh-sgaoileadh am fad 's am farsuing, cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu 'm bheil neach sam bith air an la 'n diugh a' toirt geill do 'n dian-chrabhachd so ; ach cha robh a' chuis mar sin anns na luantibh a dh' fhalbh. Cha 'n 'eil fad o 'n chunnaic mi mo charaid coir agus ceanalta, Sim Friseil o Inbhirnis,—duine suairce, stuama, creideasach, agus air an aobhar sin duine air am bheul mor-mheas le a luchd-eolais fein air fad. Thainig againn air labhairt mu na seann chleachdannaibh millteach, mearachdach aig na Gaidheil, agus dh' innis e domh gu 'n robh e fein, agus ar caraid an *Sgiathanach* a' comhradh r' a cheile mu na nithibh faoine, amaideach so, agus gu 'n robh deagh-chuimbu' aige air daoinibh 'fhaicinn ann an Cill-taraglain, agus ann an Cill-mhoraig, a bha 'creidsinn nan nithe sin ceart co cinnteach 's a bha iad a creidsinn sgrìobhanna an abstoil Phoil,—agus cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach bha iad a' creidsinn nach fagadh an t-anam corp gu buileach, agus nach biodh fìor dhealachadh eatorra gus am biodh an corp

air a chur 'n a shineadh 's an uigh.

MUR.—O! a Choimnich, a Choimnich, an comas domb do chreidsinn? An urrainn e bhì gu 'm bheil na nithe sin fìor?

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil mise a' creidsinn gu 'm bheil iad fìor, ach tha e fìor gu 'n robh gu leoir 'g an creidsinn, mar a chual thu fein, agus mar a dh'innis mi dhuit a chual mi o bheil na fìrinn, beul Shìm Friseil choir, mu 'n chomhradh aige ris an *Sgiathanach*. Cha 'n 'eil, mo thruaigh! comas nan cas aig an duine cheana, air neo thigeadh e à baile Iubharnis, ga d' chomhlachadh chum moran a chur an ceill duit, mar a bha e 'deanamh ris an *Sgiathanach* mu na cleachdannaibh eagallach sin. Na 'm b' e an *Sgiathanach* fein a leigeadh na nithe sin ris domb, cha bhiodh a dhanadas agam a radh nach robh e ag inuseadh na fìrinn, ach theirinn gur ann as a' ghealaich no as na reultaibh a fhuair e eolas air na nithibh sin nach buin do 'n talanibh so againn idir, agus uime sin, nach 'eil iad airidh air creideas a thoirt doibh. Ach creididh mi Sin coir, oir cha 'n 'eil e 'toirt geill do chleachdannaibh talnhaibh nach 'eil air an steidheachadh air reuson, no do na nithibh saobh-chrabhach sin a dh' aidicheadh am measg a luchd-eolais ann an duthaich a bhreith.

MUR.—Stad, a' Choimnich, stad, agus dean air do shocair. Tha mi 'faicinn gu 'm bheil thu ancomhnuidh a' cur anbaruis agus teagamh anns an *Sgiathanach* a thaobh a reultaireachd an duil, feudaibh e bhì, gu 'm bheil e 'toirt geill do chleachdannaibh nan speuradairean, nan druidhean, agus an luchd-fiosachd, ann an laithibh Dhanieil?

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil mi 'dol co fada ri sin idir, a Mhurachaidh, ach an deigh sin cha 'n 'eil e cneasda, an

uair tha e ag innseadh dhuinn, gu 'm bheil a' ghealach, nach 'eil ni 's mò ann am meud na guit-fhasganaidh co mor 's gu 'm bheil glinn agus machraichean, creagan agus beanntan innte! Och! mo chreach! Co e an ti, le 'shuilibh fosgailte, a bheireadh an creideas a's lugha do na faonachdaibh sin? Aon ni tha cinnteach, agus 's e sin, nach dean Coinneach Ciobair e?

MUR.—Tha Coinneach Ciobair 'n a dhuine gasda, treibh-dhireach, tuigseach, ach an deigh sin, feumar a shuilean 'fhosgladh gus am faic e na diomhrachdan sin mu 'n bheil e aig a' cheart am gu tur aineolach?

COIN.—Chum mo shuilean - sa 'fhosgladh ma ta mur dean an *Gaidheal* agus Murachadh Ban sin a chur air aghaidh, fanaidh Coinneach Ciobair co dall ris a' chloich-niaraidh, agus co da 'n comas cron 'fhaotuinn da an uair tha e 'labhairt a reir an eolais agus na tuisge a bhuilicheadh air?

MUR.—Ro cheart a' Choimnich, ro cheart,—ach is coir do 'n aineolach a bhì iriosal agus tearc 'n a bhriathraibh, oir is glie an ti sin nach labhair ach beagan, agus biodh an beagan sin fein le stuamachd, air eagal gu 'n leig e ris 'eas-eolais fein, oir is trom an èire an t-aineolas. A nis, fhuir mo chridhe, tha sgios a's cadal orm le 'r sraid-meachd. Rachamaid dhachaidh air eagal gu 'n saoil Seonaid gu 'n d' fhalbh na sithichean leinn. Cuarticheamaid dleas 'nas an fheasgair, — cuireamaid sinn fein agus ar luchd-daimbe air curam an Ti Uile-bheannuichte sin a ta 'faicinn agus a' fiosrachadh nan uile, agus le buidheachas agus beannachd, cuireamaid ar cinn far an bheil dochas againn am faighear gu slan fallain 's a' mhaduinn iad.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

DEARMAD NA GAIDHLIG.

A GAIDHEIL IONMHUINN.—An toir sibh aite do charaid a tha toileach tighinn 'steach do 'r fardoich 's ag radh "sith agus soirbheachadh do 'n tigh so?" 'Is tigh leam a' Ghaidhlig, agus is toigh leam an dream leis an toil i, ach cha toigh leam an aimbreit a tha 'n am measg. Oir anns a' cheart am 's am bheil an amhreit sin a' dol air a h' aghaidh tha a' Ghaidhlig bhochd a' fulang, 's air a fogradh as an duthaich le cion a bhi air a teagasg 's na sgoiltean—mar gu 'm biodh na brocairean a' dian-chonnsachadh mu co am fear is fhearr coin, agus 's a' cheart am an sionnach a' toirt leis nan uan.

Cha 'n 'eil facal 'n ar canain is luraiche na "da-rireadh," agus b' fhearr leam gu cinnteach gum biodh e air a chlo-bhualadh air cridhe gach neach a tha 'g aideachadh 'bhi 'n a charaid di. Na 'm biodh sin mar sin, cha b' ann air na nithibh faoin abhuineas di a bhiodh an aire 'socrachadh, ach air na nithibh cudthromach—na nithibh a chumadh ann am bith i—a chumadh suas le sgoinn i, 's a bheireadh oirre freumb a sgoileadh gu domhain 's an duthaich. Ciod is fiach a bhi connsachadh m' a timmchioll, ma leigear bas i; agus cho cinnteach 'sin, bas gheibh i mur teagasgear 's na sgoiltean i. Nach 'eil e soillear do 'n h-uile duine aig am bheil toirt-fainear ma bhunaicheas cùisean car tri fichead bliadhna mar a rinn iad re nan tri fichead bliadhna 'chaidh seachad, gur gann a bhios facal Gaidhlig air a labhairt air Tir-mor. Nach muladach an sealladh 'bhios ri 'fhaicinn leis an fhuigheal bheag a bhios ann de na fìor Ghaidheil, na Cinnirich, na Còmhlaich, na Latharnaich na Braid-albannaich, na Liomhanaich, agus muinntir Raineach, na h-Athollaich, na h-Arduilich, na Marranaich, na Baid-eanaich, na h-Abraich, na Rosaich agus na Cataich, gun ach gann aon smid de 'n Ghaidhlig 'n an ceann: bithidh tuille cofhaireachduinn aca ris na Sasunnaich thioram, fhuara na ris na daoine blath-chridheach, ceolmhor, cairdeil o 'n d' thainig iad. Bithidh na daoine truagh dall, aineolach air ainm gach ni a's aite 's an duthaich.

Ochan nan och! an caochladh truagh
'S a' Ghaidhealtachd 'thig 's gach taobh
mu 'n cuairt,
Ma theid a canain chaoim 'n a suain,
Le cion an t-sluaigh a labhras i!

Luchd-àiteachaidh nan gleann 's nan stùc,
Thaobh ainm gach ni a's ait 's an du'ich,

An teangaidh Ghalld' cha 'n urrainn lùb',
Bidh iad gun tùr gun aithne orr'!
Ochan nan och! &c.

Gach creag, a's sliabh, gach stuc, as carn,
Gach lag, a's cnoc, a's slios, a's learg,
Gach glaic, a's tulaich, eas, a's allt,
Bidh iad gu dall a's aineolach!
Ochan nan och! &c.

Gach dail, a's bail', a's dun, a's tom,
Gach coille, doire, 's leachduinn lom,
Gach clachan, 's eill, gach innis, 's fonn,
Cha chuir fonn 's an anam ac'!
Ochan nan och! &c.

Gach coire dubh, gorm, liath, no glas,
Gach tireach ard a's aodann cas,
Gach achadh, 's raon, a's caochan bras,
Bidh iad neo-bhlaid mar Laidinn daibh.
Ochan nan och! &c.

Gach meall 'tha dubh, dearg, odh'r, no
uan,
Gach sroin a tha fo chaochladh snuadh;
Gach àirdh ghorm, mo chreach! cho fuar
Seach mar bha 'n sluagh a' fanachd innt'!
Ochan nan och! &c.

Gach stair* a's drochaid, 's aiseag bàt',
Gach fuaran tobair, lochan, 's fàir,†
Gach lon a's miadan, 's crìoch gach àit,
An cainnt gu brath cha 'n aithris iad.
Ochan nan och! &c.

Gach rudha, 's àird, gach màin a's maol,
Gach lochan sail, gach traigh a's caol
Gach acairseid a's caladh saors'
Bha 'n cainnt ro chaoim an aithrichean,
Ochan nan och! &c.

Cha 'n aithne 'chainnt, 's cha tuig a fuaim,
Bho ni no àit a tha mu 'n cuairt,
Oir reic am parantan, mo thruaigh!
Iad uil' le 'n uail' 's le 'n amaideachd.
Ochan nan och! &c.

Rinn traillean dhiu do 'n t-Shas'nach mhor,
'S an toirt fo chis do chainnt a bheoil;
A Ghaidhealtachd chur iad fo chleoc—
Nach cian an ceo a chaidleas oirr'!
Ochan nan och! &c.

Beinn-Nibheis ard is flathail snuadh,
Bidh i fo mhuig, 's air 'maladh gruain,
A chionn a' chanain 's binne fuaim,
Nach cluinn a cluas 'g a labhairt i.
Ochan nan och! &c.

Beinn-Cruachan fein is gurme snuadh,
Bidh 'eridh' fo chradh ri tuireadh truagh,
A chionn 's nach cluinn i chaidh gu bhan
Ach goileam cruaidh nan Sasunnach.
Ochan nan och! &c.

* Stair—Stepping stones. † Fair. The highest ridge of a hill as seen against the sky.

Beinn-Ghlòdh nan eag—cha beag an t-ioghn'

A crìdh' bhi goirt 's fo sprochd a' caoin'—
'S nach cluinn i chànan mhillis, chaoin
Bh' aig luchd a gaoil, na h-Athallaich.

Ochan nan och! &c.

'S Beinn-Labhr', bidh i 'n a lasair dheirg—
Ri luchd an fhoghlum bidh i 'm feirg,
A chionn 's gun mheall an sluagh le 'n
ceilg,

'G an cur an geimhlean Sasunnach.

Ochan nan och! &c.

Gach creag a's stachd, gach sgorr a's stuc,
Togaidh am fonn le comh-sheirm ciuil,
Gu tiamhaidh trom le mulad 's tìrs'

'Chionn cainnt an dùthch' nach mairiomni.

Ochan nan och! &c.

* M' an tachair sud, a luchd mo spéis, *
Grad eiribh suas ri guailibh 'cheil,
A' boideachadh gu daingean tréun,
Nach strìochd, nach geill, 's nach tach-
air e.

Ochan nan och! &c.

Nach ceadaich sibh gu 'm bi 'n ur dù'ich,
A' chanain ghaoil 'g a cur air chul,
Le traillean leibideach gun fhìu,
D' an ainm 's d' an cliù bhi fasanta.

Ochan nan och! &c.

Tha luchd aiteachaidh na Gaidh-ealtachd, do thaobh na Gaidhlig air an roinn 'n an trì buidhnibh. Tha an aireamh is lugha teth; an aireamh is mò meagh-bhlath; agus aireamh mhor fuar. Tha cuid mhath de 'n bhuidheann mu dheireadh ni 's miosa na bhi fuar—tha iad a' miannachadh da-rìreadh gu 'm basaicheadh i. Ged a tha moran dhiubh sin mor ann an cumhachd 's ard ann an ughdarras cha 'n 'eil m' fharmaid rin, a chionn ma 's ann de shliochd nan Gaidheal iad, tha rud-eigin gairisneach ceangailte riu; cha daoine iad idir—cailleachan bochd—traillean truagh! Tha iad air an atadh 's air an seideadh suas le uabhar 's le morchuis an cridheachan fein—a' miannachadh bhi uasal, fasanta "cainnt an t-Sasunnaich ann am beul, gu proiseil, féineil, spagluinneach." Fhuair na nithean sin a leithid de bhuaidh orra, a' cur sogan mealltach 's breislich 'n an cinn, a dh'fhag iad cho mi-nadurra ri eich a' geumnaich no crodh a' sitirich—seadh, cho mhi-nadurra ris na Frangaich bhi deanamh Shasunnach dhiubh fein. Tha an aiteam nd a' saoilinn gur coir do gach neach amharc orra-sin mar na daoine, ach chail iad an coir air an ainm—cha 'n airidh air an urram iad. Cha duine duine mur seas e a dhuthaich, seadh agus canain a dhuthcha mar an ceudna.

Do thaobh na muinntir sin a tha meagh-bhlath cha 'n 'eil iad sin da-rìreadh a' miannachadh gu 'm basaicheadh a' Ghaidhlig; tha iad a' saoilinn nach eagal di; ach a chionn 's gu 'm bheil iad a' meas na Beurla feumail do 'n cloinn air son an toirt troimh an t-saoghal, tha iad toileach a teagasg dhoibh ged a bhiodh dearmad air a deanamh air a' Ghaidhlig. Cha 'n 'eil coire 's am bith ri 'fhaotainn daibh air son a bhi toileach colas na Beurla a thoirt d' an cloinn, ach 's i a' cheist—co dhiubh is coir a Bheurla bhi 'n a ban-oglaich dhaibh, na bhi 'n a ban-mhaighstir os an cionn. Aon uair 's gu 'n tig i gu bhi 'n a ban-mhaighstir chuir iad cul ris na Gaidheil. Agus a bharrachd air sin, 'd é am modh is freagraiche air eolas na Beurla 'thoirt do 'n chloinn? Co dhiubh 's ann le tur chul a chur ri 'n canain fein mar a tha air a dheanamh 's na sgoiltean, no le feum a dheanamh dhi mar mheadhon chum ruitheachd air a' Bheurla? 'S e 'm modh mu dheireadh tha mi dearbhta 'tha ceart.' 'S e am modh so tha 'h-uile duine 'gabhail ann a bhi foghlum chanainean coimheach; agus a bharrachd air sin, am bheil ni sam bith is mo a mheadhaicheadh an eolas air an canain fein na bhi 'g eadar-theangachadh o 'n Bheurla 'g a h-ionnsaidh, air chor 's gu 'm bheil na Maighstirean-sgoile cearr ann an da sheadh—gun bhi gabhail a mhodh cheart air eolas na Beurla a thoirt d' an sgoilearan, agus ann a bhi cur tur chul ri 'n canain fein. Faiceadh na daoine meagh-bhlath sin ma ta, agus faiceadh na Maighstirean-sgoil' mar an ceudna, 'd é gus an treoraich an t'oilneachadh so—gus a' Ghaidhlig fhogradh as an duthaich. Tha mi a' feoraich, am buanaich sibh ann a bhi 'g a dheanamh? Ma bhunaicheas, tha sibh 'g ur combarrachadh fein am mach mar dhream a tha toileach cur as gu buileach do 'n Ghaidhealtachd, agus gu bhi 'n ur cnis ghrain do na fìor Ghaidheil. Gu cinnteach cha bu math leam 'bhi 'n ur caiseart! Och mise! Cur as do 'n Ghaidhealtachd! Nach uamhasach an dall cheo a chomhdaich intinnean nan Gaidheil, 'n uair nach 'eil iad a' toirt fairear an ni eagalaich a tha air a chur an gnìomh 'n an tìr! Tha iad a' buntainn ris a' Ghaidhealtachd mar a bhuneas cuid de dhaoine ris na sean eich gun fheum a bhitheas iad toileach a chur gu bàs cho seamh 's is urrainn daibh. Fosglaidh iad cuisle 's leigidh iad dhi sputaidh gus an tuit iad sìos marbh, traighte de fhuil am beatha. Ma 's e 's gu 'm bheil ni ann ris an feud sinn fuil beatha na Gaidhealtachd a radh

's i a canain. An uair a chailleas i a canain, chaill i a beatha. Uime sin, teannaibh, teannaibh air falbh a dhaoine gairisneach, an-ìochdmhor, mì-nadurra! An aill leibh mo dhuthaich chaomh a thraghadh de fhuil a beatha gus an tuit i sìos marbh 'n ur lamhan?

Na 'm biodh mo chomas a reir mo thoil, bheirinn urchair dhuibh a chuireadh an comhair ur cuil sibh agus 's e mo mhianu an mì nach urrainn domhsa 'dheanamh, gu 'n dean mo luchd-duthcha e.

Do thlaobh na h-aireamh bhig a tha leth dhileas—tha iad ann, ach tha iad tearc. Tha chuid is mo dhiu 'g am factainn fein air an guilan air falbh le sruth cho laidir 's nach 'eil feum bhi stri ris; ann am beachd nach seas a' Ghaidhlig—gu 'n cuir beagan de linntean as di gu tur—tha cuid de na daoine gaolach sin a' gabhail misnich ged a bhasaicheas i 's a' Ghaidhealtachd gu 'm fan i beo ann an Canada—baothaireachd mhor! Ma thraghais a' mhathair-thobair cionnas a sheasas na sruthanan? Seasaidh a' Ghaidhlig, agus na h-abradh duine sam bith leis an toil i atharrach. Cha 'n urrainn mac Gaidheil tuilleadh maslaidh 'thoirt air fein na bhi 'g radh nach seas i. Am bheil iad dol a sheasamh air an ais mar na daor ghealtairean ag amharc oirre mar an t-nan ann am fìaclan easgraidh an leoghainn agus gun oidhirp a thoirt air a teasairginn, Mo naire! mo naire! an do chaill iad an gaisge? Na cluinneam a' chainnt tuille 'tighinn o bhilean Gaidheil agus a h-uile duine o 'n tig i, biodh e nasal no inbheach, cuiribh 'n a thosd e. Na 'm bitheadh da fhichead gaisgeach treun againn coltach ri Lachann Mac-Illeathain, ughdar "Adhamh agus Eubh" am b' urrainn daibh sin a bhi 'n an tosd? Cha b' urrainn, cha 'n fhagadh iad clach gun tionndadh, gus am mosgladh iad suas an luchd-duthcha ann a leithid de dhoigh 's nach tugadh iad cadal d' an suilean no clo-codail d' an rosgaibh gus am bitheadh i air a teagasg gu coimhlionta ann an sgoiltean na duthcha; agus tha mi dearbhtha na 'm biodh sin mar sin, le feum a dheanamh dhi mar mheadhon chum ruitheadh air a' Bheurla, gu 'm biodh ar cloinn 'n an sgoilearean Beurla gu mor ni 's fhèarr na tha iad.

Gun teagamh tha daoine eudmhor ann an Comunn Oiseanach Latharn, 's ann an Comunn Gaidhlig Ionar-Nis, ach tha daoine annta air atharrach, air chor 's ged a bhiodh a' chiad chuid ag iomram air an darna taobh, bhiodh each a' deanamh fodha air an taobh eile; 's mar sin am

bàta a' sìor dhol mu 'n cuairt gun an t' àit 's air robh i 'fhagail.

A dh-ionnsaidh bhlaire, a ghaisgich
threim,
Mar chlànn nan Gaidh' ri gnaillibh
'cheil!

Ma leanas càch sibh is math, ach mur lean tilleadh iad dhachaidh mar na daoine bha 'g ol an uisge air an gluinean.

Is e Cluainidh Mac-a-Phearsoin, ceann Comunn Gaidhlig Ionar-Nis, Ceann-cinnidh is cliuitiche 's a' Ghaidhealtachd, air chor 's ged a threig each gu maslach canain an duthcha, tha esan air leth. Urram gu 'n robh dha a's saoghal fada, le sonas sìornidh 's an t-saoghal chein! Mhìannaichinn da-rìreadh gu 'm biodh fìor Ghaidheal cho urramach ris air a roghnachadh mar Cheann-feadhna do na Gaidheil uile, a chionn 's gu 'n do threig an Cinn-chinnidh fein iad. Is mi bhur caraid dileas,

GILLEASB. MAC-IAIN.

An Cragan Soilleir, 1874.

—o—

LACHLUNN MAC THEAR- LAICH OIG,

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

(*Air leantainn.*)

An àm da a bhi mu thri bliadhna fichead a dh-aois, phos e Fionnaghal Chaimbeul, nighean Fir Rannda 's an Eilean Earrach, boirionnach maiseach agus eireachdail. Air da a bhi ro dheigheil air Eilean a bhreith, ghabh e air mal o 'Cheann-cinnidh fein fearann Bhreacais maille ri eilean Phabaidh, ann an sgìreachd an t-Sratha. Re beagan bhliadhnaichean an deigh sin shealbhaich e mor thoilinntinn 's an tuathnachas so, maille r'a bhan-chompanach cheanalta fein; agus an uair a rinn ise, mar a cheile-san, a dleas' nas fein anns gach cuis, cha do chuir riamh fear cas ann am broig a bha ni bu dillse agus dleasnachail mar fhèar-posda, agus mar athair teaghlaich, na bha esan. Ach mo thruaigh! luaineach mar a ta gach toilinntinn thalmhaidh, cha

b' fhad gus an d' thainig crìoch air mor-shonas an deagh dhuine so. Chaochail a cheile ionnmhuinn ann am maise a h-oige agus a neirt, agus air do mhor-speis a bhi aige san d' a mhnaoi ghradaich fein, ghrad bhuaileadh e le buille air nach d' fhuair e rianh thairis. Chaill e a mhisneach gu tur. Ghabh e grain air an aite far an do shealbhaich e re uine ghoirid toiliinntinn agus sonas co mor, agus chuir e dheth an tuathanachas air fad. Thainig duibhre air inntinn an fhilidh, agus cha b' urrainn e a shuil a thilgeadh air ni sam bith a bheireadh solas d' a chridhe. Chuir e cul ris an Eilean Sgiathanach air ball, thug e Ceanntail air, agus ghabh e seilbh fearainn an sin o Mhac-Coinnich. Cha b' fhad gus am fac e atharrachadh mor eadar muinntir Chinntail agus a chuideachd chairdeil fein Clann-Ionnmhuinn an t-Sratha. Bha na cleachdanna agus na doighean aig na coimhearsnaich ura aige co anabarrach fuar, ascaoin, coimheach, agus neo-ghineadail 's nach b' urrainn e cur suas leo. Bha iad air gach seol co tur neo-chaomhail 'n an gae, 's nach robh e 'n a chomas gride na bardachd 'n a chridhe a chumail fo smachd. Uime sinn, rinn e na h-wiread de rannaibh sgaiteach, beumach, agus eisgeil an aghaidh muinntir Chinntaile, agus choisinn sin da gu h-ealamh am mi-ghean agus an corruich. Tharmaich iad 'n an cridhe fein fuath agus gamhlas do 'n Sgiathanach aonaranach, agus cha robh fìor charaid aige no neach ris am fosgladh e 'inntinn fein 's an duthaich sin air fad. Chuir e seachad ceithir bliadhna air an doigh so, anns nach robh aon la sonais aige, agus an sin runaich e dol air ais dh' ionnsuidh sgìreachd a bhreith. Rinn an Ceann-cinnidh aige solas mor ris, agus sluidhich se e a ris 'n a sheann thuathanachas fein ann am Breacais.

An deigh dha a bhi da bhliadhna dheug 'n a bhantrach, chaidh e air turas dh' ionnsuidh baille Iubhinnis a dh-amharc air seann chompanaich a bha 's an sgoil maille ris, agus a bha fantuinn 's a' bhaile sin. Cha robh e fad an sin, an uair a cho'eignich a chairdean e chum beanaasal araidh 's a' bhaile a phosadh. Bu bhantrach i de Chloinn-an-Toisich, agus bha 'n t-ainm gu 'n robh i saibhir. Thug e geill d' an comhairle, ach cha b' ann gu buileach le 'thoil fein. Cha 'n e mhain gu 'n robh Nic-an-Toisich gun sgillinn ruadh aice dhe 'n t-saoghal, ach bha i gu domhain an am fiachaibh. Air an ath mhaduinn an deigh a' phosaidh, thaoghail na maoir air, agus thug iad dha gairm laghail gu cuirt a sheasamh air son cuid fiach na mna aige. Bu chruaidh sin uile air Lachlunn coir, a dh' fheadadh a radh, "An d' fhuair sibh mi, O mo naimhdean?" An uair a bha 'n sumain 'n a laimh, ghlac e peann, dh' fhosgail e Biobull a mhua, agus sgrìobh e na briathra a leanas air clar an leabhair naomh:—

“Tha 'n saoghal air a roinn,
Tha dà dhàn ann;
Tha dàn ann gu bhì sona,
Ach chì mì dàn an donais ann.”

Cha luaith 'a rinneadh am posadh truagh agus mi-fhortanach so na theich sonas Thearlaich, agus dh' fhagadh e 'n a dhuine gun sunnd, gun mhisnich, gun chridhe chum ni sam bith a dheanamh mar a b' abhaist da. Bha a' bhean ardanach, uaibhreach, crosda, agus a' sealltuinn, oirre fein mar stuth moran ni's fearr na companach fein. Mar mhuime, bha i searbh, dalma, coimheach, agus ro chruaidh air a' chloinn aige-san, a chaill am mathair chaomhail fein. Bhiodh i an comhnuidh 'g an smachdachadh gun aobhar, 'g an bualadh 's 'g an cìobadh roimh shuilean an athar fein

aig nach robh a' chridhe a bheul fhosladh. Bha so uile anabarrach cruaidh air a' bhard bhoichd, agus cha robh aon mhionaid sìthe no suaimhneis 'n a thigh, o'n la sin air an deachaidh ise a stigh air an starsnaich aige. Air la sonraichte chuir a' bhean thu aireapach so gu searbh a mach air an nighinn bu shine aig a companach fein, agus thubhairt i ris a' chaileig gu'n robh grain cridhe aic' oirre, agus gu'm bu dubb dhi-se an la sin, air an do chomhlaich i an toiseach gu moch 's a' mhaduinn i. Ghrad fhreagair a' chaileag a muine, agus gu'n teagamh le beagan de gheur-bhriathrachd a h-athar fein, thubhairt i rithe, "Cha 'n iognadh leam ged a theireadh tu gu'm bheil fuath agad domhsa agus tha moran aobhar agad a chreidsinn gu'm bheil e mishealbhadh mise a chomhlachadh, oir bu mhise ceud - chomhlaiche m' athar thruaigh air a' mhaduinn mhisuaimhnich sin air an d'fhag se a dhachaidh fein chum thusa a phosadh."

Rinn Lachlunn dhi-chioll air giulan mar a dh'fheudadh e leis gach amhghar agus trioblaid a thainig air, ach bha a spiorad briste, agus chaill e moran dhe 'n t-suilbhreachd-inntinn a bha aige a thaobh naduir. An deigh sin uile, bu duine e air an robh mor-mheas aig gach ard agus iosal; agus ged is fad an nine o'n dh'fhag e an saoghal, tha deagh chuimhne air fathast ann an duthaich a' bhreith; agus is iomadh linn a theid seachad mu'n di-chuimhnichear Lachlunn Mac Thearlaich Oig, le 'chinnidh agus le 'chaireibh 's an Eilean Sgiathanach. Tha earrainnean de na h-oranaibh aige fathast air an aithris 's an duthaich sin, agus tha moran de na briathraibh-gliocais aige air chuimhne gu ruig an la an diugh. Is anabarrach grunn an t-oran a rinn e air triuir oigh a

chomhlaich e la araidh an uair a bha e air chuairt air na raointibh. Bha iad ro mhaiseach agus aillidh 'n an cruth, agus cha bu bheag an t-iongantais a bha air tachairt air an triuir d'am b'ainm "Iochd a's Gradh a's Fiughantas" Ach innsear ni 's fearr mu 'n timchioll ann am briathraibh Lachluinn Mhic Thearlaich fein, a thubhairt:—

Làtha 'sinbhal sleibhe dhomh
'S mi falbh leam fein gu dlùth,
A chuideachd anns an astar sin
Air gunna glaic a's cù;
Gu'n thachair clann rium anns a' ghleann,
A' gal gu fann chion iùil;
Air leam gur iad a b' aillidh dreach
A chunnacas riamh le m' shùil.

Gu'm b' iognadh leam mar tharladh dhoibh,
Am fàsach fad air chùl,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
Gu'n tagha de cheann iùil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d' fhiaraich mi—"Cò sud?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
Am briathraibh mine ciùin.

"Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiughantas,
'N ar triuir gur e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan uaislean cùramach,
A choisinn clùt 's gach bàll;
'N uair phàigh an fhéile cis do 'n Eug
'S a chaidh i fein air chàll,
'N a thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
Aig maithibh Innse-Gall!"

Bha Lachlunn 'n a dheagh shealg-air. Gun teagamh cha robh a choimeas 's an Eilean air fad chum nam fiadh a lorgadh, agus na faoghaid a ghiulan air aghaidh. Am measg nan iomadh buadh a bhuineadh dha, bha e'n a deagh fhidhleir. Cha robh a leithid air son ciuil de 'n ghne so 's an Eilean uile, uime sin, bu lionmhor iad de gach inbh a bha 'taoghal air, agus is esan a bha fialaidh, fiughantach, ceanalta, a thaobh nan uile. Cha biodh toil-inntinn a dhith orra, fhad's a dheanadh filidheachd, ceol, orain, sgeulachdan, agus glic-bhriathran an riarachadh!

Mar dhearbhadh air fìor dhìllseachd Lachluinn Mhic Thearlaich, chaidh e re na slighe as an Eilean Sgiathanach air a chois do Inbhirnis, fad an aghaidh toil a Chinn-Chinnidh fein, anns a' bhliadhna 1717, chum an t-ainm aige a chur ri Litirghairdeachais do Rìgh Deorsa I., air son a theachd chum na rìgh-chathrach Bhreatunnaich. Chuir e seachad iomall a laithean ann an Eilean agus sgìreachd a bhreith. Chaochail e aig aois naoi agus trì fichead 's a bhliadhna 1734. Bha 'n duthaich fad fo bhron air son bas an deagh dhuine so. Cha chualas riamh iomradh air uiread a bhì air adhlac 's an Eilean Sgiathanach 's a bha 'lathair 'n am a bhì 'cur Lachluinn do 'n chill. Bha, ach beag, gach Ceann-cinnidh 's a Ghaidhealtachd, agus an luchd-leanmhuinn air an adhlac aige. Chunnacas an sin a charaid Alasdair Dubh a' Ghlinn-Garaidh, agus a chuid daoine, Mac-Dhomhnuill nan Eilean, Mac-Leoid Dhunbheagain, Mac-Ionmhuinn an t-Sratha, Mac-Coinnich na Comaraich, Tighearna Ghearrloch, agus moran eile, maille ri 'n comhlanaibh agus luchd-leanmhuinn. Bu la cudthromach sin 's an sgìreachd. An uair a thogadh an t-adhlac bha seachdnar phiobair le 'n nuallanaibh tiamhaidh a' leantuinn na ciste. Bha Beilig, Blath-bheinn, Marsco, agus na beannta mu 'n cuairt a' co'-sheirm le fuaim na piobaireachd, gus an d'rainig a' mhòr-chuideachd Cill-Chriosd, aite-adhlac na sgìreachd 's an d'rugadh esan a chuireadh 'n a shìneadh 's an uaigh chumhainn, dhuirch, maille ri duslach a shìnnsear o lìntibh an cein!

SGIATHANACH.

Mar luing gun stiùir feadh thulgadh nan tonn, 's amhuil duine mairnealach nach lean a ghnòthach.

MORAIR CHOLASA.

II.—AN T-UACHDARAN GAIDHEALACH.

Bha Cloinn-Neill an inbhe urramach an Earraghaidheal o chionn ceithir cheud gu leth bliadhna. Cha toir eachdraidh sin ni's faide air ais; ach tha seanachas air gu 'n d' thainig da bhrathair de Chloinn-Neill á Eirinn iomadh linn roimhe sin; gu 'n do thuinich fear dhiubh an Earraghaidheal, 's gu 'n deachaidh am fear eile mu thuath. Tha e air 'aithris gu 'm be am fear mu dheireadh so a bu phrìomh-athair do theaghlach Bharra. Fhuair clann an fhir a dh' fhan an Earraghaidheal coir air Caisteal Suain o Dhomhnallach nan Eileanan 's a' bhliadhna 1422. Corr a's da cheud bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin, 'n uair a bhriseadh cumbachd nan Domhnallach gu tur 's na h-Eileanan, fhuair Duic Earraghaidheal còir air Colasa. Bhuineadh an t-eilean 's an am sin do Chlann-a-Phi, agus do bhrìgh gu 'n do lean iadsan aobhar nan Domhnallach, thug an Duic seachad a choir air Colasa do Mhac-Neill air son fearann Airidh-Chonain a bh' aig an teaghlach 's an am. Chaidh Mac-Neill le feachd do Cholasa; ghlac a's mharbh e Mac-a-Phi; agus tha 'n oighreachd an lamhan an teaghlach gus an la diugh.

Bha Cloinn-Neill Cholasa 'n an daoine treun, gleusta—baigheil ri 'n sluagh, agus fo mhòr-mheas aig an luchd-aiteachaidh. Tha e air aithris gu 'n robh athair Dhonnachaidh 'n a dhuine dreachmhòr, tuigs-each, foghlumte. Bha 'mhatthair de theaghlach an Dun-mhoir, ainmeil 'n a latha air son eireachdas a pearsa agus beothalachd a h-inntinn. Rugadh do 'n chàraid uasail so teaghlach mor—seisear mac agus ceathrarnighean—agus is fìor e nach robh, da fhìchead bliadhna roimhe so, teaghlach eile 'n Albainn a b' eireachdaile na teaghlach og Cholasa. Cha

b' e Donnachadh a mhain a thug dearbhadh air buaidhean ard 's an teaghlach. Chaidh am mac a bu shine—Alasdair—a bhathadh 's an *Orion*'s a' bhliadhna 1846, air a chaidh gu trom an Earraghaidheal 's gu h-araid an Colasa. Chum an ceathramh mac—Calum Og—a suas cliu an teaghlach mar dheagh shaighdeir. Tha an treas mac—Sir Iain—fathasd a lathair, agus a nis 'n a uachdaran air Colasa. Ann an rioghachdan cein—ann an Persia agus an Russia—choisinn esan mor urram dha fein agus do 'n teaghlach o 'n d' thainig e.

Fhuair Morair Cholasa seilbh air oighreachd 'aithrichean's a' bhliadhna 1844. 'S an am sin, agus fad iomadh ginealach roimhe sin, bha suidheachadh an t-sluaigh 's an eilean sin mar bha e 'm bitheantas air na h-oighreachdan a lean an lamhan nau sean teaghlachan. Bu lionmhoire daoine na caoraich ann. Cha robh mal trom; bha 'n t-eilean torach, ainneil air son buntata 's crodh dubh. B' aite Colasa anns an togteadh teaghlach air gle bheag. Rachadh am mal a phaigneadh le ceilp's le gamhuinn firionn, 's an teaghlach a bheathachadh air beagan mine, moran buntata, im, a's bainne. Cluinnidh sin o chuid gu 'm b' i sud an tim shona do Ghaidheil, 'n uair a bha 'n sluagh lionmhor, caoraich gann, 's tighean 's rathaidean-mora mar a dh'fheudadh iad. Cluinnidh sinn o chuid eile, gu 'n robh sluagh na Gaidhealtachd 's an am ud 'n an trillean, ann an suidheachadh a bha snarach do dhaoine saor a bhith, fo smachd 's fo chumhachd neach a bha dhoibh mar Thighearna 's mar Rìgh. Is i mo bharrail gu bheil beagan de 'n fhirionn air an da thaobh; ach tha 'n so ceist fharsainn, air nach 'eil tim a bhi 'leudachadh air an am, 's air a bheil caochladh barrail aig na daoine is mo a smaoin-tich mu 'deidhinn.

Bliadhna no dha 'n deigh do Mhorair Cholasa an oighreachd 'fhaotainn, dh' fhaillnich am buntata, agus bha mar so, mor-chudthrom air a chur air iomadh uachdaran gu h-araid 's a' Ghaidhealtachd. Bha 'n sluagh lionmhor, 's bha 'm beo-shlainn gu grad air a ghearradh air falbh. Chaidh suim mhor airgid a thogail air feadh na rioghachd air son daoine a bha 'basachadh le gort a chumail beo. Thar cuid de oighreachdan sguabadh air falbh an sluagh bochd gu neo-ichdmhor do bhailte-mora 's do rioghachdan cein. Air cuid eile ghleidh na h-uachdaran, le mor-chostas dhoibh fein, beo an sluagh, choisinn iad mor urram 's an rioghachd air son am fialuidheachd. Air oighreachd bheag Cholasa ghabh an t-uachdaran atharrach doigh air an am chruadalach a bha sud 'fhaotainn seachad. Cha robh e 'creidsinn gu 'm bu ni ceart sluagh a bheathachadh 'n an t-am. Bha e tuillidh 's uaibhreach air son cuideachadh a ghabhail o choigrich; bha e tuillidh 's ceart air son an luchd-aiteachaidh 'iomain air falbh ged a bha 'n uallach air fein. Bha tauachadh feumail gun teagamh do 'n t-sluagh 's do 'n uachdaran, ach bha e ceart a's freagarrach gu 'm biodh an tauachadh so air a dheanamh gu foighidneach 's gu curamach.

Thoisich Morair Cholasa air a bhi 'cur air aghaidh oibrichean feumail a chum leas na h-oighreachd agus an t-sluaigh. Re fhichead bliadhna, gun sgios gun sgar, bha 'n obair a' dol air a h-aghaidh, agus bha 'n sluagh a' faotainn cothrom air a bhi cumail an teaghlachan le obair an laimha fein, 's a 'g iunnsachadh dicheall, aghartas, agus eolas a bhiodh feumail dhoibh, ge be aite a 'm b' eigin dhoibh a bhith na dheigh so. Bha ceann glic an uachdaran a' dealbh gach obair a rachadh air bonn; bha 'shuil gheur

a' faicinn na h-obair air a crìochuachadh gu ceart; agus bha 'eiseimpleir o la gu la, 's o bhliadhna gu bliadhna am measg an t-sluaigh 'n a dheagh iunnsachadh air foighidinn, dicheall, gleustachd, agus soirbheachadh. Re na h-uine a dh'ainmich mi chaidh tighean a's aitreibh, gàraidhean a's geataichean, a chur suas a chosd miltean puund Sasunnach; chaidh rathaidean-mora a ghearradh roimh 'n eilean o thaobh gu taobh; chaidh acarsaid ur a dheanamh; tighean-sgoile nra; an eaglais a chur an ordugh; tigh-ministeir a chur suas, a's ministeir suidhichte 'fhaotainn do 'n eilean; ceudan de dh-acraichean fearainn a thoirt a's ur fo àiteach; innealan a's beairte-treabhaidh a thoirt thar Galldachd, agus Goill 'n an cois a chum an deagh laimbseachadh iunnsachadh do 'n luchd-aiteachaidh; atharrach stuic; atharrach poir; duaisean dhoibhsan a bu sgìleil air treabhadh's air àiteach fearainn. Cha robh, gun teagamh, tuairesdail mor, ach bha obair cinnteach, bha paigheadh ciunnteach, 's bha 'u t-iunnsachadh maith. Bha 'n t-eilean o shean aiumeil air son crodh dubha's spreidh, ach fo uachdranachd a' Mhorair dh' fhas e ni b' ainmeile. Cha robh spreidh air Gaidhealtachd a bu trice 'gheibheadh duais aig cruinneachadh, no b' airde reiceadh air feill na treud Cholasa.

Fhuair Morair Cholasa an oighreachd le tighean air dhroch càramh, le aiteachas fad air ais. Rathaidean-mora cha robh idir ann. Bha 'n sluagh lionmhor,—ann am bheachdsa ro lionmhor,—toilichte ann an tomhas, ach a' mhòr chuid diubh air dhroch cothrom. Fìchead bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin, cha robh oighreachd eadar am Parbh a's Maol-Chinntire anns am faiceadh fear - turuis tuilleadh de chomharan comhfhurtachd am measg an t-sluaigh. Chaidh moran de 'n t-sluagh re na

h-uine sin air inrich do dhuthchann-aibh cein—gu h-araid do Chanada; ach bha so comharrachite mu thimchioll na h-imrich á Colasa, nach d'fhag aon an t-eilein an aghaidh a thoil fein gu 'n d'fhalbh a' chuid mhòr diubh air costas an uachdarain; agus (ged gheibhear barrachd Cholas-aich an diugh air falbh na gheibhear aig baile) gu bheil iadsan a dh'fhag cho maith riusan a dh'fhan, a dh-aon sgeul mu 'n tlachd's mu 'n speis do 'n uasal a b' uachdaran thairis orra. Cia mar fhuair Morair Cholasa, am measg nan dleasdanas chudthromach a bhuineadh d'a dhrenchd, uiread d'a uine 's d'a aire a chur air leth air son gnothuichean 'oighreachd's a shluaigh, tuigidh iadsan a mhain aig a bheil eolas air na chuireas duine gleusta nach 'eil uair sa bith 'n a thamh seachad de dheagh obair. Ged nach robh duine 'n Albainn aig am bu mho bha ri dheanamh, no bu churamaiche 'bheireadh aire air a dhleasdanas na esan, fhuair e cothrom air trì mìosan de gach bliadhna 'chur seachad an Colasa, agus air a bhì mion-eolach air gach neach's gach ni a thachradh ann. Bha iomadh uachdaran Gaidhealach, creididh mi, a bu mho 'tharruingeadh speis sluaigh, air bheag eolais, na Morair Cholasa; ach 's i mo bharail gur gaun a bha Tighearna 's a' Ghaidhealtachd o chionn ceud bliadhna a choisinn uiread urraim agus tlachd o gach neach d'a shluagh fein, 's a choisinn an t-usal ainmeil so o gach Colasach, ge b'e aite an robh no bheil iad. Cha robh Baird an Colasa a sheinneadh a chliu; agus, ma dh'fhaoidte, nach cordadh moran d'a dhoigh ris a' chuid mhoir de na Baird Ghaidhealach a sheinn o chionn da cheud bliadhna. Bu duine e aig an robh fìrinn a's ceartas mar riaghailt stiuridh air 'oighreachd an Colasa cho maith a's anns a' chuir an Duneid-

eann. Duine cruaidh, cumhnantach, theireadh cuid; ach, a reir mo bheachd sa, cruaidh ris an leisgein a mhain. Ris an dicheall, ris an fheumach, bha e caomhneil, seirceil, còir. Agus gheibh firinn agus ceartas buaidh thairis air iinntinean agus cridheachan Ghaidheal cho maith's thairis air duilean a' chruthachaidh mhoir gu leir.

Na 'm biodh uachdarain Ghaidhealach a' buntainn ri 'n sluagh air an doigh so, saoilidh mi nach bu lughaidhe 'n cliu am measg an iochdarain fa dheireadh. Na 'n cleachdadh iad fas ni b'colaiche air cor's air feum an t-sluaigh; a ghabhail orra fein mar dhleasdanas an sluagh a theagasg le 'n focal's le 'n eiseimpleir gu deagh dheanadas; cothrom a thoirt do 'n dicheall, an uair a bheireadh iad achmhasan do 'n t-slaodaire; agus thar gach ni, a leigeil fhaicinn do 'n t-sluagh gu 'n robh iad fein's am fìor-leas gu tric 'n an smuaintean, 's nach fuilingeadh iad eucoir a dheanamh air aon diubh le neach air bith 'n an ainmsan, chluinneamaid ni bu lugha mu thimchioll cruaidh-chas nan Gaidheal, ni bu lugha mu sgapadh theaghlaichean air son aite 'dheanamh do dhaoine's do fheidh. B' ann mar so a chunnaic mi Morair Cholasa—re fhichead bliadhna— a' dol mu 'n cuairt am measg a chuid daoine. Duine e fein a fhuair urram am measg ard-chomhairlichean na rioghachd nach d'fhuair Gaidheal eile 'n ar latha-ne; ach a lean ri canain 's ri cleachduin 'aithrichean cho dlu's ged nach fagadh e riamh Colasa. Cha robh duine air 'oighreachd, sean no og, bochd no beairt-each, air nach robh e mion-eolach. B' aoibhinn leis an soirbheachadh; bu duilich leis an uireasbhuidh. Gu sundach, foighidneach, suairce, labhradh e ris an neach a b' isle 'n a chanain fein. Cha chualas riamh focal suarach as a bheul;

cha 'n fhacas riamh cabhag air 'n uair bha guothuch ri 'dheanamh. Bheireadh e 'thuarasdal do 'n bhuachaille-laogh cho suilbhearra's cho modhail's a ghabhadh e mal o 'n tuathanach. Ri gearan nam bochd bha 'chluas an comhnuidh fosgailte. Cha robh truas aige do 'n lunnair no do 'n mhisgeir; ach b' e caraid na bantraich 's nan dilleachdan e,— uachdaran, a dh' aon fhocal, a bha “chum dioghaltais air luchd-deanamh an uile, ach chum cliu dhoibhsan a ni maith.”

Bu bheatha so, agus b' eiseimpleir so, ann am bheachd sa,—nach 'eil a' creidsinn gu bheil “leughadh a's sgrìobhadh a's cunntas” uile-chumhachdach air son iunnsachadh sluaigh,—a b' eifeachdaiche na obair fichead maighstir-sgoile, agus, le cead na cleire, leth-dusan ministèir. Agus bha 'bhuil. An nach á Gaidhealtachd Albainn tha e do-thuigsinn an t-urram agus an speis a bh' aig a dhaoine dha. Fhuair an luchd-lagh an Duneideann a dhealbh air a tharruing, 's cha 'n 'eil uair a choisicheas mi 'n luchairt aluinn's am bheil an dealbh crochte, nach tog mo chridhe 'n uair a chi mi air a nochdadh an tlachd agus am meas a bh' aig a chomh-luchd-dreuchd air-san a bha cho fada air an ceann; ach cha 'n' e so dealbh is mo a bheothaicheas mo chuimhne air maitheas an uasail a nis nach mairionn. Chaidh a dhealbh a tharruing air 'iarrtas luchd-aiteachaidh Cholasa o chionn se bliadhna, na eudach clo mar bha e cleachdte ri dol mu 'n cuairt 'n am measg; agus chi mi 'n so comharra nach 'eil tric ri 'fhaicinn air speis iochdarain da 'n uachdaran. Chithear an dealbh so crochte an aite-tuinidh a' ghille oig Cholasaich's a' lhaile mhor; chithear an tigh an tuathanaich an Colasa e; chithear am bothan na bantraich e, agus chithear aoibh a gnuis roimh a deoir 'n uair a

dh'innseasid' a dilleachdain lagamu'n uasal urramach a dh' fhaodadh a radh, le Fionn o shean,

“Bha 'm feumach riamh ri mo laimh,
'S dh' fhas an lag dana fo m' chruaidh.”

Cha 'n 'eil eagal gu 'n teid a leithid so de bheatha air dichuimhn'; agus cha maith an comharra ma theid “fhad 's a dh' innsear sgeul an Gaidhlig.” Chi sinn gu bheil uaislean Earraghaidheal a' cur air bonn cuimhneachan dha an tigh na Siorrachd an Inbhir-aora, agus tha so freagarrach. Tha fios againn gu bheil muinntir Cholasa a' cruinneachadh airgid air son a chuimhne a ghleidheadh ur do 'n dream a thig 'n an deigh 'n an eilean fein, agus tha dochas againn nach 'eil Colasach am muigh no aig baile a chluinneas iomradh air rùn a luchd-dùthcha nach “cuir clach 'n a charn.” Gun teagamh, as eugmhais carra-cuimhne, bithidh e fìor an Colasa,

“Gus an crìon gu luathre a' chlach,
'S an searg as le h-aois a' gheug,
Gus an sguir na sruthain a ruith,
'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhtean;
Gus an caillear an dilinn aois
Gach filidh, 's dan, a's aobhar sgéil,”

nach feoraich an t-aineol “Co Morair Cholasa?” ach gidheadh tha e iomchuidh gu 'm biodh cuimhne an uasail agus speis an t-sluaigh dha air an comharrachadh re iomadh linn do choigrich. Cha suidh oighre 'n a chathair. Cha 'n 'eil 'uir am measg a shluaigh. An tir choimhich bhasaich e; an Duneideann dh' adhlaiceadh e. Bu cheol mu 'n cuairt d' a chreathail an Orasa “meaghal mhiol-chon 'cleasadh ard,” geumnaich bha-laoigh, 's gaoir a' chladaich; agus b' e miann muinntir Cholasa gu 'n laidheadh e “an eilean fuar nan geotha crom” ri taobh 'aithrichean “gus am biodh cadal na h-uaigne crìochnaichte.” Ach cha do thachair mar so. Soraidh mhaith, ma ta, agus soirbheachadh

leosan a tha 'deanamb ni's urrainn doibh air son cuimhneachan a chur air bonn do 'n Ard-urramach Morair Cholasa.

D. M.K.

Duneideann, 1874.

—o—

SEALLADH O MHULLACH
BEINNE AN EARRA-
GHÀIDHEAL,
MU DHOL FODHA NA GREINE.

Bho 'n is cuimhne leam beathach no duine b' e mo thlachd a bhi 'sibhal nam beann; agus is minic a ghabh mi sealgair eachd mar leth-sgeul, chum an srath 'fhagail, agus farsuingeachd a' mhonaidh a ghabhail fo m' cheann. Tha toileachas-iuntinn r' a fhaotainn air mullach beinne aird', leis an t-sealladh fharsuing a tha uaithe air muir agus air tìr, nach fhaod gun ardachadh-intinn a dhusgadh a tha air doigh araidh taitneach agus tarbhach. Is ann uaithe so a tha e 'tachairt, gu 'm bheil speis mhor aig gach aon do 'n bheinn a's dluithe do 'n aite 's an d' fhuair e 'arach—baigh a leanas ris fhad 's beo e; agus thigeadh e dhachaidh a Innsibh na h-aird' an Ear no 'n Iar, cha bhi e fada's a' choimhearsnachd gun togradh a dh-ionnsaidh an ait' anns an d' fhuair e, ar leis, a' cheud bheachd air farsuingeachd an t-saoghail; agus bithidh e deidheil mar an ceudna air 'eolas ath-urachadh air gach glaic agus coire a b' abhaist da 'thaghal 'n a oige, 'n uair' a bu luthmhor a cheum, agus a bu bheag a bha 'n saoghal a' cur air a chridhe de churam. B'aluinn an la an an ceitein an t-samhraidh, 'n uair a dh' fhalbh mi gun duine maille rium, le rùn fìor mhullach na beinne a ruigeachd, agus sealladh 'fhaotainn air dol fodha na greine. Bha 'n la's an am siu 'n a fhad agus 'n a bhlàs; bha gach eun a' seinn aig beinn 's aig baile, agus obair na

cruitheachd fo sholas. Dhirich mi o ghuala gu guala, o choire gu coire, agus an d'rainig mi an t-aite 's an robh an airidh ri m' cheud chuimhne; bha laraichean nam bothan fhathast r' am faicinn; bha cro nam meann 'n a tholman uaine, an t-sobhrach 's an neoinein a' fas air. B' aighearach an sugradh a b' abhaist a bhi 'n so moch-thrath agus feasgar an am bleodhan na spreidhe. Bha 'n t-alltan beag a' siubhal gu seimh troimh 'n ailein, le torman cho tuchanach 's a bu ghnath leis. Shuidh mi car tamuill air a' bhruaich ag iarraidh fionnachd 'n a bhraonaibh tlatha. Cha deachaidh mi seachad air aon tobar a chaisg iota m' oige gun 'fheuchainn, no air air eas no leumuisge gun seasamh air an cul a dh'fheuchainn an robh cho liugha bogha-frois r' a fhaicinn 's a b' abhaist. Mar so chaidh moran de 'n latha seachad, ach rainig mi fa dheireadh mullach na beinne. Shuidh mi 'm fasgadh an liath-chuirn a bh' air a mullach, agus dh' amhaire mi air an dutlaich mu 'n cuairt—

“B'aluinn a beinnean 's a srathan;
B' eibhinn dath a gleanntan.”

Bha tir-mor na dutcha ri m' chul, ach bha 'mach calg-dhireach mu m' choinneamh a' chuid 'bu mho a dh-Innse-Gall, an euan mor le 'chaol 's le 'luingeas, agus a' ghrian ghlormhor fhein a' tearnadh o airde nan speur ann an ailleachd an fheasgair.

Cha robh eilean eadar Caol-Ile mu dheas, agus an Caol-Sgiathanach mu thuath; cha robh sliabh eadar Beinn-an-oir an Diura, agus a' Chul'inn ann an Eilean-a'-Cheo, nach robh gu soilleir am bheachd. Bha Muile dorcha, le 'chaol-mara mar abhuinn aluinn ag iadhadh mu 'n cuairt da, direach fo m' shuil. Bha I nan Deoraidh le 'laraichibh briste, ann an uaigneas samhach r' a thaic; *Staffa* ainmeil le uamh' nan tonn mar dhuradan beag a mach air an

fhairge; Tirithe iosal an eorna—Cola creagach—Eig, le 'Sgur ri speur; 's an t-Eilean Sgiathanach, ban-righ an iomlain; agus a mach air an cul gu leir, ann an iomall na rioghachd, an t-Eilean Fada mar mhile sgeir, ag eirigh air aghaidh a' chuain, smuid ghairdeachais ag eirigh o gach aon diubh, 'n uair 'bha 'ghrian a' siubhal seachad os an cionn, 'g am fagail mile de mhiltibh 'n a deigh. Bu diomhain oidhirp a thoirt air a' choilion smaoint a bha taitneach, agus tha dochas agam, tarbhach, a dhuisc suas leis an t-sealladh so. Air a' leithid so a dh-an cha ruigear a leas an inntinn a chumail fo smachd. Bu shona a bhiodh daoine na 'n giulaineadh iad, an measg uinich agus othail na bheatha so, caileigin de 'n aigne mhaith sin, a tha uaigneas agus samhchair a shamhuil so de dh-ait' a' tarmachadh. Oir, gu cinnteach, mar is mo a thairngeas sinn air falbh o iorghuill an t-saoghail so, 's ann is mo a ruigeas sinn air an fhonn spioradail sin, trid an bheil an t-anam air a chur air ghleus gu co-chomunn ard a chumail r' ar n-Athair neamhaidh. Na 'm bu mhaith leinn blasad de 'n aoibhneas so, cha bu neo-iomchuidh dhuinn air uairibh comunn an t-saoghail so 'fhagail, agus a radh ris gach imcheist bhuaireasaich a bhuneas dha, mar thubhairt Abraham r' a oganaich, “Fanaibhse an so, agus theid mise suas a thairgseadh na h-iobairt.”

Bha 'ghrian a' tearnadh gu luath; bha dath an oir air aghaidh nan speur; bha a leadan aillidh cheana 's a' chuan, agus an fhairge, mar gu 'm b' ann, a' dunadh mu 'n cuairt dhi. Is blasd' a' chainnt a chleachd Bard na dutcha so fhein, 'n uair a bha 'n sealladh so aige, ma dh' fhaoidte, o 'n mhullach cheudna, mar a chi sinn ann an “Dan Oisein do 'n Ghrein an àm luidhe.” Ach bu dall sinne mur gabhamaid beachd

a b' aird' air an t-sealladh so na dh' fhaodadh esan 'fhoghlum o thuigse naduir. An neach nach mothaicheadh o'n t-sealladh so, gloir an Ti naomh a chruthaich a' ghrian, agus a sgeadaich an saoghal le 'uile ailleachd, bu bhochd, gu dearbh, a chor, agus cha chulaidh fharmaid a chridhe; oir, gu deimhin, bu ghlormhor an taisbeanadh a bha 'n so air cumhachd agus maitheas Dhe. A bhi 'mothachadh do 'n ghairdein threun sin air am bheil an domhan crochta, a' fosgladh air an dara laimh dhiom dorsan na h-oidhche do 'n ghrein, 'g a cur a mach a shoillseachadh taobh eile 'n t-saoghail, 's a dhusgadh nam miltean as an suain; 's a bhi 'faicinn a' ghairdein cheudna a' togail na gealach dhuinne 'n a h-aite, an robh e comasach gun eigh-each a mach, "Is glormhor thusa, O Dhe uile-bheannaichte! tha neamh agus talamh lan de d'ghloir, a Thighearna nam feart; tha thu 'toirt dhuinne gach beannachd 'n a thrath, agus cha 'n 'eil thu, air am sam bith, 'g ar fagail fo an-dochas no dith!"

Chaidh a' ghrian fodha, agus shaoileadh tu gu 'n robh an saoghal a' caoidh; bha 'n druchd trom, mar dheoir na oidhche 'n a dheigh, a' braonadh gu lar. Dh' fhalbh a' ghrian, ach bha fhathast airde nan speur air an òradh le 'dathan aghmhor a' lubadh a nuas gu fann fhathast air an t-saoghal 's 'g a bheannachadh le eadar-sholus an anmoich. Bha 'n ceo a' sgaoleadh sìos air an leacainn, agus bha 'n t-am dhomh 'nis am monadh 'fhagail. Bu bheannaicht' an t-samhchair a bha 'mach air feadh an domhain; bha corr fhuaim ann, ach cha bu chulaidh eagail no uambais iad—torman nan allt, mar a bha iad a' tuiteam leis an aonach o chreig gu creig—sgriach na h-iolaire, 's i'g itealaich air bile a' chreachainn ag iarraidh a h-àil air an aisridh chorraich; an fheadag

ghuanach o thom gu tom; gogail a' choilich-ruaidh 'g am dhoichioll o 'n bheinn; a' chearc a' gairm a h-àil fo 'sgeith, agus miogadaich nan gabhar ag iarraidh nam meann. O! cia iomadh mìle beo-chreutair air feadh an t-saoghail, smaointich mi, a tha 's a' cheart am so a' dol gu tamh fo shuil-choimhead an Fhreasdail sin a bha 'faireadh thairis orra, agus a dh' uidheamaich aite taimh do gach aon aca fa leth. Tha suilean nan uile ort, O Dhe; tha thu 'toirt doibh gach sochair 'n a thrath. Agus ma tha Dia mar so a' buileachadh orrasan uiread de churam, an dean e dearmad air mac an duine? "Feuch," a deir Criosd, "eunlaith an athair; cha chuir iad, agus cha bhuaib iad, agus tha Dia 'g am freasdal; agus nach fèarr sibhse gu mor na iadsan?" Eisd so, O thusa air bheag creidimh; giulain na smaointean so leat do d'leabhadh; earb thu fhein ri Dia, leis an dochas a tha 'g eirigh uatha, a's bithidh do chadal taitneach.—*Leabhar nan Cnoc.*

A Chaothain nan solus àigh,
Tha do bòchraim' an tràsa fo smal;
Amhuil darag air crionadh gu luath
Tha do pháillinn, 's do shluagh air treig-sinn.
Soir no siar air aghaidh d' aonaich
Cha 'n fhaighear do aon diubh ach larach.
An Seallama, 'n Taura no 'n Tigh-mòr-righ
Cha 'n 'eil slighe, no òran, no clàrsach.
Tha iad uile 'n an tulachain uaine,
'S an clachan 'n an cluainean féin;
Cha 'n fhaic aineol o'n lear no o 'n fhàsaich
A h-aon diubh 's a bhàrr romh neul.
'S a Sheallama, theach mo ghaoil!
An e 'n tòrr so d' aos-làrach,
Far am beil foghnan, fraoch a's fòlach,
Ri bròn fo shileadh na h-oidhche?
Mu thimchioll mo ghlas-chiabhan
Ag iadhadh tha chomhachag chòrr,
'S an earbag a' clisgeadh o 'leabaidh,
Gun eagal romh Oisean a' bhròin.

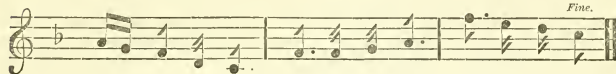
—Sean Dana.

KEY F or E.

NIGHEANAG A' CHUIL DUINN.



D., d:r, m.- | d¹., t:l, s.- | S., f:m., d



m, r, d:l, s₁.- | D., d:r, m.- | d¹., t:l, s.-



S., s:s, l | d¹., l:s., f | m., m:f., l | s., f:m, r.-

Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan
thu?
Fhios a's tir gur mi do leanan.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan
thu?

Nigheanag a' chuil bharr'inn bhoidhich,
Tha mi 'n tòir ort o chionn tamuil.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S ann o 'n bha mi beag am phaiste
Thug mi 'n gradh dhuit a bhios maireann.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'N uair a bha sinn ris a' chuallach,
Thug mi luaidh do d' chuailein barr'ionn.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S leis na dh' fhas de dhreach 's de dh-
aoidh ort,
Thàlaidh thu mo ghaol gu daingean.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Gorm-shuil mheallach aig mo ghaolsa,
Mala chaol a's caoine sealladh;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Gruaidh a's deirge na an caorunn,
'S e fo bhraon am barr nam meangan;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Beul o 'm binne ceol a's gàire,
Deudach aluinn mar a' ghaillionn;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Muineal geal mar chanach sleibhe,
Broilleach ceantach mar au eala;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Seang-chruth cuannda, cuimhir, éntrom,
'S e gun éislein no gun ainneamh.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S tric a fhuair mi treis de d' mhanran,
Air an airidh, anns na gleannaibh
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S minic bha mi riut a' sugradh
Fo na geugan cubhraidh barraich
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S ann 's a' mhadainn latha Càsga,
Thug thu dhomh do lamh 's do ghealladh.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Ach ma dh' fhagas tu an duthaich,
'S trom mi 'giulan do chion-falaich.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

C' uime rachadh tu gu Galdachd
Dh' fhoghlum fealltachd o na Gallaibh?
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Fan, a ghaoil, an tir nan Gàidheal,
Far am bheil an abhaist cheanail.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

—An t-Ailleagan.

S. M.

DARA LITIR FHIONNLÀIDH
PHIOBAIRE G' A MHNAOL.

A MHAIRI, EUDAIL NAM BAN.—Gheall mi sgrìobhadh ad ionnsaidh, agus da-rìreadh is faochadh do m' chridhe conaltradh beag a bhi agam riut. Cha'n 'eil thu fhein no na paisdean tiota as mo chuimhne. Am chadal no'm fhaireachadh tha sibh fa chomhair mo shul agus ann am beachd m'inntinn. Is taitneach leam uaigneas gu bhi smaointeach' oirbh. Is minic a ghoideas mi 'mach's an anmoch, gu bruach an uillt, a tha dluth do'n aite's am bheil mi chum conaltradh dìomhair a chumail ribh; saoilidh mi gur e torman an uillt againn fhein a th' ann agns ceileireadh nan eun buchallach a dh'fhag mi as mo dheigh. Fhuair mi o cheann oidhche no dha, bàta beag seileistir a' snamh's an linne, 's ge faoin e r'a radh, shìl mo dheoir, oir thug i mo lurachan gaolach, Lachann beag, am chuimhne. A Mhairi, a ghraidh, ma dheonaicheas am Freasdal dhomh-sa dol dachaidh, cha bhi e soirbh mo chur a rithist o'n tigh. Tha mi taingeal nach d' thainig moran riamh eadarunn, oir is gann gu'm bheil focal crosda no ath-ghoirid a labhair mi riut nach 'eil a' tighinn gu'm chuimhne; 's cha'n eil eam chomasam fuadach; ach toir thusa eudail maitheanas dhomh.

Bha mi seachdnin ann an Glaschu mu'n d'fhuair mi cosnadh. Chunnaic mi Rìgh Uilleam's an t-each odhar—an Eaglais Mhor, an Tigh-eiridinn, 's am Priosan. Chunnaic mi iad a' sniomh an tombaca's a' chotain—a' deapamh nan gloineachan; chunnaic mi beairtean a' figheadh leo fhein, 's a' falbh cho ciallach's ged a bhiodh Iain figheadair e fhein aig ceann gach snathainn. Stad thus', a Mhairi, 's mur toir mise dhuit-sa naidheachd, ma tha e'n dan domh dol dachaidh. Bha mi ann an tighean moran d'ar luchd-duthcha,

agus b' iad sin, am bitheantas, na frogan dorcha anns nach facas riamh gnuis na greine, cha b' ionann's mo bhothan boidheach. A Mhairi, a ruin, biomaid taingeil; cha b' i'n fhaoineis a chuireadh do'n bhaile mhor mi; ged nach bi againn ach a' chearc bhiananach, maorach a' chlad-aich, faile glan nam beann, agus samhchair bheannaichte, seach mar tha iad ann an so, air an tachdadh le toit, 's air am bodhradh le gleadhraich. Cha d' fhuair mi fhein cadal socrach, samhach o'n oidhch'a dhealaich mi riut. Shaoil leam gu'm biodh fois ann air la an Tighearna, ach mu'n gann a dh'èirich mi thoisich na cluig, 's ma thoisich! 's ann an sin a bha'm farum—fonn air leth aig gach aon diubh—agus a h-uile h-aon a' stri co a b'airde pong. A mach bhruich an sluagh, as a h-uile cuil agus caol-shraid, a' taosgadh a mach'n am miltean; sruth agus saobhshruth, a sios agus a suas air gach sraid, carbadan air an ais agus air an adhart, saighdearan le'n drumaichean tartarach, agus na cluig a' cur nan smuid diubh. An e so, deir mise, la na Sabaid! O! nach robh mise aon uair eile ann an Uladal fo sgaile 'bharraich ri taobh an uillt shamhaich, an t-athar ard as mo chionn, na beanntan mora mu'm choinneamh—mo dhaoine, mo chairdean, 's mo leanaban ri m' thaobh, sith agus samhchair na Sabaid am mach air an t-saoghal; fear teagaisg mo ghradh fo sgaile na creige; anam gach aoine ann am fonn an Dombnaich, agus an co-thional caomh, cairdeil a' togail le Somhairle runach an fhuinn thiamhaidh, a sheann iad gu tric leis na daoine o'n d' thainig iad!

'S mor an cothrom a th' aig na Gaidheil anns a' Bhaile mhor so, thigeadh iad o'n ear no o'n iar gheibh iad Gaidhlig an duthcha fhein ann an eaglaisibh a' bhaile.

An saoil thu 'Mhairi nach do theab Para mor agus mis' a bhi's a' phrìosan an oidhche roimhe. Bha sinn a' dol dhachaidh gu samhach, ciallach, gun fhocal as ar ceann; mise 'giulan bocsa na pioba fo'm bhreacan, 'n uair a thainig triuir no chearthar mu 'n cuairt duinn, agus mu 'n abradh tu seachd, spionar nam bocsa na pioba, agus glacar mi fhein air sgornan. Mar a bha 'n tubaist air Para mor, dh' eirich e air each le 'bhata daraich, agus rinn e pronnadh nam meanbh-chuileag orra. Bha clachbhalg aig fear dhiubh's cha luaithe 'thug e srann aisde, na thainig sgaoth dhiubh mu 'n cuairt duinn, agus giulainear air falbh sinn do dh' aite ris an abrar am *Police Office*. Ait' an uamhais! Tha oillt orm fhathast smaointeach' air. Daoine 'n an sineadh air dall na daoraich thall agus a bhos, a' call fola, a's mallachadh 'n am beul; mnathan (b'e sin an sealladh grain-eil), air an dallanaich, cuid diubh 'caoineadh's a' ranaich; a's cuid eile 'gabhail oran, agus, Ni-maith d' ar teasraiginn! duine marbh 'n a shineadh air an urlar. Dh' fheoraich mi fhein cho modhail's a b' urrainn domh, e' ar son a thugadh an so sinn? "Chi thu sin a thiota," deir fear dhiubh's e 'cur a laimhe ann am bocsa na pioba: thug a' phiob ran bronach aisde, agus chlisg e mar gu 'm biodh nathair iimte. "Faodaidh tus' 'ille mhaith a radh," arsa Para mor, "mar 'thuirt an sionnach a bha 'g itheadh na pioba, Is biadh a's ceol so dhomb-sa." Ciod a tha agad air, 's ann a shaoil iad gur corp leimibh a bh' againn, ach 'n uair a thuig iad mar a bha 'chuis leig iad as sinn.

Fhuair mi cosnadh, 's a' cheud dol a mach, o thuathanach se mile an mach a Glaschu. Thug e sinne agus sgaoth Eirionnach, agus dorlach bhan leis. 'N uair a thainig an

oidhche chuireadh air fad sinn a luidhe do 'n t-sabhal. Is fad' o 'n a chuala mi mu leabaidh mhoir na h-airidh, agus da-rìreadh b'i so i; na mnathan air an dara taobh, agus na 'm biodh meas ceart aig na mnathan orra fhein, ghabhadh iad fasnadh an tuim a roghainn air a leithid a dh-aite; ach is iomadh aon a tha modhail narach na's leoir, do reir coltais, 'n an duthaich fhein (co ach iad, le 'm boineidean connlach, le 'n gnuis-bhrat uaine a' cleth an aodainn), a tha gle shuarach m' an gnathachadh 'n uair a thig iad gu Galldachd? Ged a bhiodh fichead nighean agam (cha 'n e idir, a Mhairi, gu 'm bu mhiann leam an uiread sin a bhi ann) cha leiginn am feasd gu foghar' iad air an doigh so. Gheibhinn dhoibh, ni 'tha soirbh r' a fhaotainn, cosnadh maith seasmhach ann an teaghlaichean measail; ach an cur am mach am measg Eirionnach agus bheistean, o bhaile gu baile, nar leag am Freasdal gu 'm faicim-se aon a bu mhaith leam gu maith air an doigh so.

Dh' fhag mi tigh an duine ud, agus fhuair mi fhein agus Para mor cosnadh a mhaireas gu Samhuinn, ma chaomlnar sinn, an tigh an duine bheannaichte, mu 'n cuala tu Anna mhor nighean Eoghain 'Ic Ailein cho tric a labhairt—fear *Mr. Ponton*. Tha deadh thuarasdal againn, agus cha bhi e cruaidh orm am mal a chur r' a cheile. An saoil thu, Mhairi, nach faca mise luth ann an Glaschu, far nach robh sion saoghalta ach boineidean connlach, agus bha mi 'feoraich luach an aodaich sgarlaid a bhios anns na cleocaichean; cha 'n abair mi bheag, ach cum thusa, eudail, suil air na paisdean, agus cha 'n 'eil 'fhios ciod a dh' fhaodas tachairt. Tha tuiltean coimheach againn's an aite so; bi furachail air Lachann. Slan leat, a ghraidh, na bi fo iomaguin do m'

thaobh ; tha mi gun dith gun deireas. 'S e 'm Freasdal a chuir do 'n teaghlach so mi, far am bheil iomadh deadh chleachdadh r' a fhaicinn. Leig fios do 'n Mhinisteir 's Fhear-a'-bhaile mar a dh' eirich dhomh. Cha 'n abair mi tuilleadh air an am, ach gur mi,

D' fhear-posda dileas,

FIONNLADH MAC-AONGHAIS.

—An Teachdaire Gaidhealach.

—o—

SEARMOIN GHAIHILIG.*

Chaidh an t-searmoin so—bho 'n cheann-teagaisg Ecsod. i, 6, “Agus fhuair Ioseph bàs, agus a bhraithrean uile, agus an ginealach sin uile.”—eadar-theangachadh leis an fhior Ghaidheal chaoimheil, cheanalta sin, Mr. Uilleam Catanach ann an Duneideann leis an robh leas a luchd-duthecha riabh air a thoirt fainear ; agus is iomadh Gaidheal bochd do 'n d' rinn a chairdeas dealasach feum agus fuasgladh ann an aimsir airce. Tha cliu an ughdair fad agus farsuing, 's ged “tha e marbh tha e fhathast a' labhairt.” Tha 'n t-searmoin so barraichte an measg feadhach eile a tha comharaichte air son an teagaisg 's an cumhachd cainnte. A' chuis mu 'm bheil an teagasg buinidh dhuinn, uile gu durachdach a thoirt fainear, mar choigrich 's mar luchd-cuairte air thalamh, chum 's gu 'n deanamaid an aireamb iomchuidh sin air ar laithibh le bhi 'g ullachadh air son ar criche deireannaich. Cha do chaill an t-searmoin a bheag d' a brìgh, d' a cumhachd, 's d' a maise

* DEARBH-SHAMHULT AIR GACH UILE NI—“AGUS FHUAIR E BAS :” Searmoin leis an Ollamh Ard-urramach R. S. Candlish. Eadar-theangaichte gu Ghaidhlig le Uilleam Catanach. Duneideann : Clò-bhuailte le Lorimer & Gillies, an Sraid Chluaidh, 1874.

anns an eadar-theangachadh. Tha a' Ghaidhlig snasmhor agus furasda 'thuigsinn. Tacharaidh beagan fhacal oirnn nach faighear 's an Fhocalair ach b' fhearr do 'n Fhocalair iad a bhi ann no as, ann an aite iomadh facail nach faighear ann an leabhar 's nach cluinnear an cainnt.

Bha aig Iudhaich, aig Cinnich 's aig Criosdaidhean iomadh cuimhneachan seadhar air a' bhàs, 's co dhiubh 's i 'n uaigh 's an lios no chiste mhairbh taice na leapa, no 'n claigionn air bord-taobh seomar na cuirne no searmoin dhruigheach mar i so, a tha mar chuimhneachan air a' bhàs—Rìgh nan uamhas agus uamhas rìghrean—is coma ma 's e 's gu bheil an Spiorad Naomh a' deanamh cuimhneachain air bhith 'n a aobhar brosnachaidh dhuinn gu ullachadh feumail gu codhail a chumail ri r' Dia. Mholamaid do gach Gaidheal an t-eadar-theangachadh so a leughadh no 'eisdeachd gu tric agus gu sonraichte dhoibh-san do 'm bheil a' Ghaidhlig 'n a h-amar araidh no aonarach chum teagaisg dhiadhaidh.

A. M.

—o—

C. SALM.

(Long metre version by J. W.)

Gach uile shloigh air thalamh 'tha,
Seinnibh le iolach àrd do Dhia ;
Le aoibhneas deanaibh seirbheis dha,
'S le binn-cheòl àrdaichibh an Triath.

Tuigibh gur Dia Iehòbha treun ;
'S e 'mhàin a chruthaich sinn 's a dhealbh ;
Mar shluagh 's mar chaoiraich fòs dha féin,
Is leis-san sinn gu léir mar shealbh.

Le buidheachas 'n a làth'r a steach
'N a gheataibh àillidh thigibh dlùth ;
Togaibh, an cùirtibh naomh a theach,
D' a ainm-san moladh àrd a's cliù.

Oir tha an Tighearn maith gu fìor,
Gu bràth cha diobair tròcair Dhé ;
Bidh 'fhirinn maireannach gu sìor,
Gun chaochladh buan o ró gu ré.

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GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON

(Continued from Vol. III. page 95.)

373. *Dian, Déine.*

Dian (eager, vehement; = *dên*) is akin to Gr. *deinos* (fearful, mighty, powerful) from *deos* (fear). *Déine* (eagerness, vehemence; anc. *déne*) is from *dian*.

374. *Croich* (cross; anc. nom. sing. *croch*) = Lat. *crux*, gen. *crucis*.

375. *Uile* and *all*.

Uile (all) = W. *holl* or *oll* (the whole, all) and is cognate with Goth. *alls* (all), Ger. *aller* (all), A.S. *eal* and *eall* (all), Eng. *all*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118, and Diefenbach's Goth. Dictionary.

376. *Spealt* (to cleave, to split) may be compared with Ger. *spalten* (to cleave, to split), Dan. *spalte* (to split).

377. *Ceart, ceartas, ceartaich.*

Ceart (right, just, fair; anc. *cert*) = Latin *certus* from *cerno*. *Ceartas* (justice) and *ceartaich* (to set right) are from *ceart*.

378. *Obair* (work; gen. *oibre*) is from Lat. *opera*. *Obair*, as pointed out by Stokes (cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 106), is a fem. i-stem.

379. *Càis* and *cheese*.

Càis (cheese) = W. *caws* and is connected with Lat. *caseus* (cheese), Ger. *käse* (cheese), A.S. *cese* or *cyse* (cheese), Eng. *cheese*.

380. *Uchd* (breast; anc. *ucht*) is connected with Lat. *pectus* (the breast), initial *p* being dropped in *ucht* as in *athir*, *iase*, &c.

381. *Clù* (fame, glory; anc. *clù*) = W. *clyw* and is cognate with

Sansk. *çravas* (rumour), Gr. *kleos* (rumour, report, fame) = *klefos* (cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 85).

382. *Làmh* (hand; anc. *lám*) = W. *llaw* and is cognate with Sansk. *labh* (to get, to obtain), Gr. *lambanō* (to get, to take hold of), from root *lab* (cf. 2 aor. *elabon*). For *m* = *bh* cf. *nem* (heaven; now *nèamh*) and Sansk. *nabhas*. Cf. Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 331 and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 98.

383. *Làthach* (clay, mire) = *lothach* (mire, mud) from *loth* (mire, mud) connected with Lat. *lutum* (mud, loam).

384. *Nìgh* (to wash) is cognate with Sansk. *nig* (to wash), Gr. *nizō* (to wash, to cleanse) for *nigjō*. Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 318, 658.

385. *Aithreach* and *aithreachas*.

Aithreach (penitent; anc. *aidrech* (for *aithrech* = *aith-rech*) is cognate with Goth. *idreiga* (repentance). From *aithrech* comes *aithirge* (repentance), of which *ithirge* is another form. *Aithreachas* (repentance) is from *aithreach*.

386. *Treun, treise, and dare.*

Treun (brave; anc. *trén* = *tresn*) is cognate with Gr. *thrasys* (bold, daring), Sansk. *dhriśh* (to be bold), Goth. *Gadaursan* and *daursun* (to dare), A.S. *dyrran* and *dear* (to dare), Eng. *dare*. *Treise* (stronger, braver; anc. *tresa* and *tressa* = W. *trêch*, stronger, mightier) is the comparative from *trén* for *tresn*. Cf. the Cambr. *traha* (daring) with *h* for *s*.

387. *Miosa* (worse).

Miosa (anc. *mësa* and *mëssa*), a

comparative of which we find the positive in the prefix *mí-*, is cognate with the Goth. *missa-* (evil, ill), Eng. *mis-* (cf. misfortune, mishap). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 129.

388. *Fearr* (better).

Fearr (anc. *ferr*) = W. *gwel* (better) and is related to Sansk. *varíyáns* (greater, better), comparative from *varu*, Gr. *areíōn* (better) for *fareíōn*. Stokes points out that the second *r* in *ferr* and *l* in *gwel* represent the assimilated *y* of *varíyáns*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 129, and Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 345.

389. *Mò* (more), of which also the forms *móo*, *móa*, *má*, *máo*, and *máa* occur in Old Gaelic, = W. *muy*, Corn. *moy*, and Bret. *muy*, and is cognate with Lat. *major* for *magios*, Gr. *meizōn* for *megjōn*, Sansk. *mahíyáns*, Goth. *maiza*. The Celtic forms have lost a vowel-flanked *g*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 129. The old superlative of *mó* or *má* is *mocm*.

390. *Molt* and *mutton*.

Molt (wether; = W. *mollt*) = Low Lat. *multo*, Ital. *montone*, Venet. *moltone*, Fr. *mouton* (wether), Eng. *mutton*.

391. *Beith* (birch; anc. *bethe*) may be compared with W. *bedw* (birch), Lat. *betula* (the birch-tree).

392. *Balbh* (dumb, mute; anc. *balb*) = Lat. *balbus* (having an impediment of speech, stammering, stuttering). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 99.

393. *Bailc*, also written *balc* (a ridge, a land-mark) = W. *balc* and is connected with A.S. *balc* (a heap, a ridge), Eng. *balk*.

394. *Anail*, *anam*, *ainmhidh*.

Anail (breath; anc. *anal*, gen. *anala*, dat. *anail*) = W. *anadl* (anc. *anadyl*) from root *an* and the termination *dl* for *tl* or *tla* (cf. Z. G. C., pp. 769, 820). The root *an* is identical with the Sausk. root *an*

(to breathe) from which comes *avilá* (wind). Gr. *anemos* (a stream of air, wind) and Lat. *anima* (breath, life, soul) are from the same root. *Anam* (soul; anc. *anim*) = Lat. *anima*. *Ainmhidh* (animal; anc. *ainmide*) is from *anim*. Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 9, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 64.

395. *Dile* (flood; anc. *diliu*) = Lat. *diluvium* (flood) or rather *diluvio*, gen. *diluvionis* (flood). Cf. gen. *dilinn*.

396. *Saile* (spittle, saliva; for which *sile* is now used) = W. *haliw* = Lat. *saliva* (spittle).

397. *Fàs* and *waste*.

Fàs (empty, vacant, void, hollow; anc. *fás* and *fáss*, the *ss* arising from *st*) may be compared with Lat. *vastus* (waste), Old Fr. *guaste*, Ger. *wüst* (desert), A.S. *weste* (waste, barren), Eng. *waste*. Cf. Z. G. C., p. 787.

398. *Siur*, *piuthar*, and *sister*.

Siur (sister; for *sisur*) = W. *chwaer* (W. *ch* = Gael. *s*), and is cognate with Sansk. *svasár* (sister, Lat. *soror* (sister) for *sosor*, Goth. *svistar*, New H. Ger. *schwester*, A.S. *sweoster*, Old Eng. *suster*, Mod. Eng. *sister*. Bopp refers *piuthar*, gen. *peathar*, to Sansk. *svasár*, *v* and *p* interchanging. Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 439, Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 68, and Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 112. For *siur* from *sisur* (the vowel-flanked *s* being dropped) confer Z. G. C., p. 52.

399. *Gath* (a dark, sting, javelin) was in Old Gael. *gai* (adj. *gaide*, armed with a javelin) for *gais*, as *sé* (six) is for *ses*. Cf. the Gaulish tribe name *gaesati* (Gr. *gaisatoi*) from Lat. *gesum* or *gesum* (a heavy dart or javelin used by the ancient Gauls. Ebel compares Old H. Ger. *gêr* and A.S. *gár* (a dart, a javelin). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 52, and Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 117.

400. *Geamh*, *geamhradh*.

Geamh (winter; anc. *gaini*) is

cognate with Sansk. *himas* (snow), *him* (frost), Gr. *chêima* (winter, winter-weather, storm), *cheimôn* (winter), Lat. *heims*, Slav. *zima*, Lit. *zëma*. *Geamhradh* (winter; anc. *gaimred*) is formed from *gaim* and the termination *rad* or *rad*. Cf. Z. G. C., p. 856.

401. *Samh, samhradh.*

Samh (the sun, summer; anc. *sam*) = W. *haf* and is cognate with Old Ice. *sumar*, A.S. *sum̃er* and *sumor*, Eng. *summer*. *Samhradh* (summer; anc. *samrad*) is formed from *sam* and the termination *rad*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118.

402. *Fonn* (land, earth, region, district; gen. *fuinn*) = Lat. *fundus* (field, land, estate).

403. *Banais* (wedding) is a derivative from *ban* (cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 68) which was previously shown (Vol. i. 246) to be cognate with Gr. *gunē*, Sansk. *gani*, Goth. *gveus*, A.S. *cwen*, Eng. *queen*.

404. *Seòl* and *sail*.

Seòl (sail; anc. *seol* and *sóol*) = W. *hwyl* and is cognate with Old Ice. *segl*, Dan. *seil*, A.S. *segel*, Eng. *sail*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118.

405. *Ar* and *ear*.

Ar (ploughing, also to plough) = W. *aru* (to plough) and is cognate with Gr. *aroō* (to plough), Lat. *aro* (to plough), Goth. *arjan* (to plough, to till), A.S. *erjan* (to plough), Old Eng. *ear* (to plough).

406. *Measg* or *masg, cumasg*, and *mix*.

Measg or *masg* (to mix, to mingle; root *misg* or *masg*) = W. *mysgu* (to mix) and is cognate with Gr. *misgō* (to mix), Lat. *misceo* (to mix), Old H. Ger. *miscjan* (to mix), New H. Ger. *mischen* (to mix), A.S. *miscan* (to mix), Eng. *mix*. *Cumasg* (a mixture, contention, strife; anc. *cum-masc* = W. *cymyse*) is from the root *masc* and prefix *com*.

407. *Ain* (fire, heat, brightness, splendour; anc. *áne* from *án*, bright, shining) is cognate with Sansk. *agni* (fire), Lat. *ignis* (fire), Gr. *aiglē* (the light of the sun, radiance) for *agliē* = *agnīē*. Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 155. *G* before *n* frequently disappears in Gaelic.

(To be continued.)

—o—

THE REGISTRAR - GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND ON THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

The Registrar-General is a very useful functionary, and so long as he devotes himself to the collection and arrangement of our statistics, and even to offering suggestions legitimately within the scope of his labours, few will be disposed to quarrel with him; but we beg to protest against the following pragmatically sage advice which he offers in his recently issued report on the census of 1871. After referring to the great disproportion of the sexes in Scotland consequent on the excess of male over female emigration, he says:—"It is quite plain that female emigration should be encouraged to a much greater extent both to our colonies and our larger towns; but a formidable barrier to the migration of females from the rural districts to our towns exists in the fact, that over a great portion of the north and west of Scotland, and in all the western isles, the Gaelic language is still encouraged, and the population are cut off from emigrating to the towns from a want of knowledge of the English tongue. The Gaelic language may be what it likes as to antiquity and beauty, but it decidedly stands in the way of the success of the natives in life, and shuts them up from the paths open to their fellow-countrymen who speak the

English tongue. The Gaelic language ought, therefore, in the opinion of the Registrar-General, to cease to be taught in all our national schools; and, as we are *one* people, we should have but *one* language." We hope the School Boards will direct their attention to this matter; but we should first like to ask the Registrar-General a question or two. Would he kindly inform us how the possession of the Gaelic Language can possibly stand in the way of one's success in life, or shut him out from paths open to English speakers? We were of opinion that it was not the *possession of Gaelic* but the *want of English* that stood in the way of the Highlander when he came among his southern brethren. Not only so, but we are still strongly of opinion that, so long as Gaelic is the prevailing language of so many—so long, indeed, as it continues to be the *only* language understood by a large number of our fellow-countrymen, the surest and shortest road to their attainment of an intelligent knowledge of English is by the teaching of it through, and by means of, the Gaelic language. The Gaelic may be destined sooner or later to die, and give place to the English; and when the time comes we are quite willing that Highlanders should accept, though regretfully, the inevitable; but there are circumstances in which it is people's duty to *resist* the inevitable, and we conceive this to be an instance in point, at least, until the Gaelic shall have done its work in imparting to those who can speak no other tongue, an intelligent knowledge of the English language, and the desirability, nay, the necessity, of possessing it as a pre-requisite to success in life. If we might be allowed to offer the enemies of Gaelic a suggestion as to the best way to

give it an early and an honourable death, we would say—Teach it in all purely Highland schools, or rather use it for the purpose of conveying to our Celtic youth a knowledge of what they are taught to read in English; make the scholars translate from the one language into the other; and thus when you have enabled them to use the English as the language of trade and commerce—and not a mere parrot language which they may be able to read but *not* understand or wield satisfactorily—then the English will, as a matter of course, assert its power and usefulness, and the Gaelic will retire to its place as the language of the affections, and by-and-bye will cease to exist as a spoken tongue altogether. We are quite disposed to agree with Johnson when he says, "every man is more speedily instructed by his own language than by any other." This is the method which nature suggests, and he who teaches naturally teaches best. But perhaps we do the Registrar-General an injury; he means well and has the welfare of our countrymen at heart; and for this kind solicitude we thank him; but we regret that he should allow himself to be swayed by the prejudice which prevails against the Gaelic language in high places, and should so far yield to it as to make the very foolish proposal which has called forth these remarks. Why, if the vernacular tongue is so very inimical to the best interests of Highlanders, let it be proscribed altogether, nor let one Gaelic word be spoken from Kintyre to Cape Wrath upon pain of death. We are confident, however, that such is not the case; the mere possession of Gaelic is no drawback, but the want of an intelligent knowledge of the English tongue is a serious hindrance to our

fellow-countrymen, and we would therefore rejoice to see it increase more and more, nor would our pleasure be any the less were we to see the correct grammatical study of the dear old Gaelic take its place beside the study of its Sassenach neighbour. If the English has utility, the Gaelic has beauties of its own that entitle it to be taught and studied quite independently of the aid which it could afford the Highlander in his pursuit of other languages. We shall allow one of its own bardic sons—Duncan Ban—to proclaim its merits:—

“S i’s binne bli ’g a h-eisdeachd
A thuir bent no ’chuala cluas;
Their Albainn agus Eirinn,
Sasunn fein gur mor a luach;
Aon duin’ aig am bi feum oirre,
Cha treig i e air duais;
’S i chuis is fearr gu ’n d’ eirich i,
An deigh a bhli ’n a suain.

Bu mhor am bend gu ’m basaicheadh
A’ chanain is fear buaidh;
’S i’s treis’ thoir greis air ’bhachd,
’S gach ait an teid a luaigh;
’S i’ fearr gu aobhar-ghaire;
’S i’s binne, blaithe fuaim;
’S i ceol nam piob’s nan clarsach,
Luchd-dhan, a’s dheanamh dhan.

’S i’s fearr gu togail imtinn
Le binn-ghuth combraidh thlach;
’S i’s sgaitiche gu mi-nholadh,
’S is mine ’nochdas gradh;
’N am cruinneachadh nam miltean,
Le piob, gu iomart lann,
’S i’ dhuisgeadh colg air oigrich,
’N uair thogteadh sròl ri crann.”

—o—

THE EDINBURGH SUTHERLAND- SHIRE ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Edinburgh Sutherlandshire Association was held in No. 5 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on the evening of Friday, the 6th ult.

Mr. John Macdonald, vice-president, occupied the chair. The Secretary gave in a report on the competitions, which took place on 15th April last, for prizes offered by the Association to pupils attending the schools in the county of Sutherland. Eight examinations were

held simultaneously in different parts of the county, and these were attended by 39 boys and 13 girls; together, 52 competitors. The questions were prepared in Edinburgh, printed and sent down in sealed packets to clergymen in the various districts, who kindly superintended the examinations on behalf of the Association. The papers in general scholarship had been examined by Mr. Alexander Moody Stuart, advocate; the Gaelic papers by Rev. Thos. Maclauchlan, LL.D. The number of competitors was smaller than in the two preceding years, but this was principally due to the unsettled condition of the educational machinery in many of the parishes, in consequence of the transition from the old system to the new being still incomplete. The subjects of examination were the same as last year, but the questions were somewhat more difficult; and this would partially explain the falling off in the number of marks obtained by the competitors. In the Lairg district the papers show an improved average, and this is also the case in the Durness and Melvich districts; but these are the districts in which the hindrances before alluded to have been least felt. Mr. Moody Stuart’s opinion of the papers submitted to him must be gratifying both to the competitors and their teachers. He writes to the Secretary as follows:—

“I believe it is the privilege, if not the duty, of an examiner to express his opinion on the general results of his investigation, and give any hints that may occur to him as likely to be helpful. Judging from the papers that I have examined, I can with pleasure give a decided opinion that there is at present given in Sutherlandshire instruction of a most efficient description in all the different branches of knowledge embraced in this examination, and cannot doubt that these interscholastic competitions are stimulating the pupils to make the most of the advantages they enjoy. Such examinations are the only available means of judging of the comparative proficiency of scholars, and practice in such will be of the utmost service to any who purpose completing their education at any of the Universities. Still, for the encouragement of those competitors who may feel disheartened at the position they occupy, when judged of by the actual number of marks their papers have obtained, I may state that all who have had any experience in examinations are well aware that the best scholar is not

always the most successful competitor, especially if he have not been accustomed to answer long printed questions in a limited time. As to the comparative proficiency in the various branches in which the pupils have been examined, Sutherland boys seem—like, I believe, all other boys in Great Britain—strongest in Latin and weakest in English, but certainly Highlanders have an excuse for deficiency in English grammar and spelling that Lowland lads cannot plead. The arithmetic papers generally are excellent, and though the average in geometry is, perhaps, not equal to last year, this is owing to the greater difficulty of the questions. The writing of almost all the pupils is remarkably good; and, on the whole, I am satisfied that the scholars of the Sutherlandshire schools will well stand comparison with any in similar schools in Scotland. The girls show, I think, quite as much general proficiency as the boys, but while some of the Latin papers given in by the girls are excellent, I confess I feel it is worthy of renewed consideration whether girls should be examined at all. I think a somewhat difficult paper in English grammar, composition, and etymology might probably, with advantage, be substituted for the Latin paper.

Wishing all success to your Association in its most praiseworthy efforts for the good of the county, believe me, &c.,

(Signed), ALEX. MOODY STUART."

Thirteen boys and three girls competed for the Gaelic prizes. Their papers showed a very marked improvement on former years, although still below the standard that might be expected. The Gaelic prizes have been awarded as follows:—

1. Barbara White, Durness, 65 marks out of 100—20s.; 2. George White, Clyne, 60 marks—Gaelic Dictionary.

The Secretary then stated that he had just received, through Mr. David Grant, a communication from the Secretary of the Caithness and Sutherlandshire Association of Otago, New Zealand, accompanied by a copy of the rules of that Association. It appeared that our Otago countrymen are most anxious to open friendly correspondence with this and similar Associations at home. One of their objects is to welcome and assist new comers on their arrival in the colony, and they ask that the Association here should grant letters of introduction to intending emigrants. The meeting instructed the Secretary, in replying to

this communication, to assure the Otago Association that this Association would cordially assist, so far as in its power, in any measures likely to be beneficial to the natives of Sutherland at home or abroad.

Mr. John A. M'Donald referred to the loss the Association had sustained by the death of Mr. James M'Kay, one of the original members of the Association, and who had all along taken an active and generous interest in its affairs. He moved that Mr. M'Kay's services to the Association be recorded in a minute, expressing a sense of their value, and of the deep regret felt by the members at his early removal from the stage of life. The motion was unanimously adopted.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

INVERNESS.—The annual inspection of the Inverness Administrative Battalion of Rifle Volunteers took place in the Public Park, Haugh Road, Inverness, by Colonel Dunn, of the 99th Regiment. Clear sunshine in the morning gave place about noon to a cloudy sky, and about two o'clock a slight shower of rain fell, after which we had a cool, pleasant afternoon, highly favourable to the assemblage. After the review the officers and their friends dined in the Caledonian Hotel. Major Lyon-Mackenzie occupied the chair; Captain Macandrew was croupier; and among the large company present, in addition to the officers of the battalion, were Colonel Dunn, the inspecting officer; Mr. Stewart, of Brin; Sheriff Blair, Mr. Waterston, the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Aitken, Captain Macpherson, &c. The following was the fare; we hope the guests and waiters understood the Bill:—

AN SOLAR ITHEANNAICH.

Iasg-fhearan Soilleir. Càl Coimeasgta.

IASG.

Leobag. Bradan.

Taobh-Shoithichean.

Giomach Casda.

Slisnean Mhart-fheoil agus Ballag Iosgainn.

MILLSARAN.

Lachan Rosda agus Peasair.

Slisnean Mhuilt-fheoil.

Uain Rosda agus Biadh-lus,

Eireagan Earraich.

Teangaidh. Mart-fheoil Rosda.

Cuileanan Maighiche.

MARAGAN SIRIS.

Slaman Unnein.

Ceathan eug-samhla. Slaman na Banrigh.

Slaman Eighe. Gach gué caise.

CAIL-MHEASAN.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1874. [30 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

VI.

Air taobh thall na h-aibhne mu choinneamh a' Chaisteil, bha, a reir dual-chainnt an aite, duthaich eile nach buineadh do oighreachd Chlann-Choinnich. Is i an abhuinn ud a bu chomharradh - criche eotarra. Air an taobh ud de'n abhuinn, goirid bho'n Chaisteil, bha ceatharnach foghainteach a chomhuidh, d' am b' ainn Mungan Mac-Rath—muilleir Lag-a'-mhuilinn. Anns na laithean ud, cha robh muillnean na Gaidhealtachd—le an clachan, le an acfhuinn, le an cuibhlean, le an linnteachan uisge agus le an tuil-dhorsan, air an togail, no air an deilbh cho dìongmhalta, cho snas-mhor agus cho ealanta agus a tha iad a nis. Is ioma tuil ghailbheach a chunnaic Mungan; ach bi a bharrail, mar theireadh e, “Nach facas riamh o laithean Noah, agus nach faicear tuille gu latha 'bhreitheanais leithid na tuil a thainig le aiteamh na Nollaig air a' bhliadhna ud.” Chuir i Mungan 'n a chabhaig, oir bhruchd i thairis le maoin air callaidean-taobh na linne-mhuilinn air chor agus gu'n robh am muileann agus gach tigh eile a bhuineadh dha, ann an cunnart a bhi air an sguabadh air falbh. Thug e 'mach a bhean, a mhac agus a nighean, adh-fbeuchainn ciod a b' urrainn iad a dheanamh gu bhi 'tionndadh an uisge seachad air a' mhuileann, le bhi a' torradh suas

callaid-dhidein air cultbaobh na comhla-uisge, le maidean, le clachan, le sgrathan agus le loid de'n inneir as an dun-aolaich.

Bha Mungan a' cur na smuid dheth, a' camadh agus a dinneadh ri cul na comhla-uisge, gach ni a thigeadh gu 'lainn; agus a' smàdadh 's a brosnuchadh a luchd euideachaidh gu barrachd adhartachd agus dichill. “A bhean gun mhath, siuthad, siuthad, crom do dhruim ris an obair; na biodh eagal ort do lamhan min a shalachadh; bi falbh gu luath agus lion gach poca a tha anns a' mhuileann leis an inpear; luathaich do cheum; bi grad-charach. A Sheonaid, a ghleosgaid bhog, luideach, ciod e air an bheil thusa a' smaointeachadh? Mar is beo mi; cha 'n 'eil os cionn deich clachan de'n inneir agad anns a' phoca sin air do dhruim. Uisdein, a shlaodaire leisg, cha tusa dad is fearr na cach; nach 'eil thu 'faicinn mar tha sinn an impis a bhi air ar sguabadh air falbh as an t-saoghal, mur dean thu barrachd dichill.” “Athair, an bheil urechair anns a' *Cheapaich*?” “Mo mhile mallachd ort, a bheisd gun chiall, gun naire. Is beag na bheireadh orm do chlaigionn a bhristeadh; ciod e a tha dhith ort a dheanamh leis a' *Cheapaich* aig an am so?” “Chi mi coslas eala bhreagha a' tighinn a nuas leis an t-sruth.” “Ruith, cho luath 's a rinn thu riamh; greas ort; tha a' *Cheapaich* daonnaan làn, gu tioram, glan; greas

ort, agus cuiridh sinn smuid ris an eala, ciod air bith a dh' eireas do 'n mhuileann." "O! a Mhuire 's a Righ! Cha 'n i eala a th' ann, ach boirionnach baite." "Obh! obh! nach mise an duine truagh 'n ur measg. Ciod a thainig ri Uisdean; ciod a tha 'g a chumail cho fada; agus sibhse, ar Inidenn boya, gun tapadh, gun chruadal ri an na h-eiginn, ach caoineadh agus bas-bhualadh." Auns an dol seachad, rinn Mungan greim bais air a' chorp, agus ann am pròbadh na sul, shlaod e gu tir e; ach 'n uair a sheall e mu 'n cuairt, bha a bhean agus a nighean a' teicheadh uaithe cho luath 's a bheireadh an casan iad. "C' aite a nis am bheil sibh a' dol, a' chreutairean gleadhrrach, neo-smaointeachail. Pillibh agus cuidichibh leam a giulan a stigh. Na cluinneam tuilleadh d' ur domalaich. So, a nis, glacaibh mo dha laimhse; leigibh sios a ceann, a dh' fheuchainn an cuir i mach pàirt de 'n uisge a tha air a giulan; cha 'n 'eil fhios nach faod an deo bhi innte fhathasd."

"O, a Mhungain, na dean sin, cum suas mo cheann: cha 'n eil moran cearr orm; cha deachaidh mo cheann riamh fodha 's an uisge."

"O, mo chreach 's mo dhiubhlail!" arsa Mungan, "cho cinnteach agus a theid mise chur air m' fhoel aig a bhreitheanas mhor, is i baintighearna nasal Eidirdeil a tha againn. Gu 'm beannaich an t-Athair Naomh sibh; ciod e a chuir an so sibh; cia mar a thainig sibh; an cualas riamh a leithid?"

"Thainig mi dìreach mar a channaic thu; coma co dhiu, cuir ann an leabaidh bhath mi, agus innsidh mi dhuit an t-ionlan ri h-uine; oir bha taisdeal eagalach agam a dh-ionnsuidh do thighe-se; turus cabhagach da-rìreadh. Cha 'n 'eil thar mionaid de thin bho 'chail

mi greim air laimh a' Mhoraire, a' dol thairis air an drochaid-mhaide."

Cha b' fhada gus an robh Silis air a cluthachadh gu seasgair combhfurtachail ann an leaba bhath, thioran a' mhuilleir, agus air a h-eiridinn leas gach curam agus frileam a b' urrainn a theaghlach caoinleir a bhuilleachadh orre. Dh' asluich i orra, a' chuis a chumail gun an dìomhaireachd gus an faiceadh i ionchuidh i fein a' dheanamh aithnichte; ach cha deachaidh i an feòbhas cho luath 's a bha dhiù air. Thug an clisgeadh namhàrach a' fhuair i, caisleachadh goirt d' a caileachd agus d' a h-inntinn. Bha i air a cur thuige gu mor le amharas piantach gu' r h-e am Mhoraire, e fein, a thig thar na drochaid i. Cha b' urrainn i an t-amharas so, a rinn deargadh craiteach air a cridhe, a' dheanamh aithnichte do' theaghlach a' mhuilleir; ach chuir i rompe fuireach leo ann an uaigneas folajichte, gus an cluinneadh i ciod an cunnas a bheireadh leis a' Mhoraire agus le a chairdean nu' thimchioll a bais.

An dèigh beagan laithean, thairg i dnais mhor do Uisdean, na 'n gabhadh e os laimh dol gu h-uaigneach a dh-ionnsuidh a' chaisteil, agus sanas a' fhoirt d' a' comb-dhalt, Oighrig Nic - Coinnich i' thigheinn g' a faicinn.

"Mo chreach leir!" arsa a' mhathair, "Is beag a ruigear a leas dnais bheag nò mhor a thairgseadh do Uisdein eòir airson dol air guotlach uaigneach gu Oighrig Nic - Coinnich. Tha mo ghille math ni's trice ann an cuideachd Oighrig, na 'chithear 's an Eaglais e; cha bu dnais fhaoin a chumadh naipe e; agus tha ise cho seolta agus cho cuireideach agus nach d' fhuair e a mach iad riamh fhathasd, aon chuid leibhse, nò le neach eile timchioll a' chaisteil. Th' i' mise an ufras dhuibhse, nach 'ceum air ghàig' le Uisdein dol leis

an teachdaireachd gu Oighrig: ach ma ghabhas e aon ruadh-bhonn copair airson a shaothair, beath-aichidh mise e air dubh-blrochan eorua, gun im, gun blainne gu ceann mios an deigh so."

An uair a chuala Oighrig bhoed, sgeul Uisdein, bha a eridhe an impis sgaineadh le aoibhneas, ghuil i gu frasach, agus phaisg i a lamhan geala mu mhuneal garbh a' mhuilleir, phog i e; ach cho robh furas no foighidinn aice airson a bheag d' a bhriodal aig an aon ud; ann an tiota, bha i deas, agus ghoid i air falbh le Uisdein, a dh' fhaicinn a caomh bhan charaid.

Cha bhiodh e comasach cainnt a chur air na faireachdainnean measg-aichte leis an do choinnich Silis agus Oighrig ri 'cheile, 'n an aonar, ann an seomar sambach Mhungain Mhic-Rath. Aig a' choimeinm ud, dh' innis Oighrig gu saor d' a ban-charaid, a mhead agus a b' aithne dhi de gach comh-chorladh, agus de gach innleachd dhorchais agus dhorch-mheinneach a bha air an deilbh le maithear a' chinnidh, gu dealachadh a chur eadar i fein agus a ceile uasal, beo no marbh; agus mar an ceudna, cho daingean agus cho dileas 's a sheas an Moraire an aghaidh an uile chomhairlean, a dh-aideoin gach bagraidh agus dian-iartuis leis an do shruicid iad e d' a taobh o chionn bhliadhnachan; gus mu dheireadh an do bhuaidhaich iad air gu aontachadh ris an turus chrabbaidh ud gu uaigh Naoinn Bhothain; agus gu 'r h-e Carnach, gu sonruichte, le cuideachadh mac a bhrathar.— Bar-a'-mhullinn—a thilg thar na drochaid i; agus gu 'n do ghiulain iad an Moraire eatorra ann an riochd marbh, air ais do 'n chaisteal; agus nach b' fhada gus an d' thug iad air a chreidsinn gu 'm b' ann le a saor-thoil fein, fo eagal breisleachail, a leum i thar na drochaid mhaide.

Thug an fiosrachadh a fhuair Silis

bho Oighrig, faothachadh agus lansaorsa dhi bho gach amharus leis an robh i air a sarachadh a thaobh neochiontas agus treibhdhreas a' Mhoraire; agus air dhi a nis, a bhi lan-earbsach 'n a dhilseachd agus 'n a ghradh, bha i caoin-shuarach mu gach ni, no neach a dh' fhaodadh a bhi ann an droch run dhi, air uachdar an t-saoghail. Mu 'n do dhealaich i fein agus Oighrig, rinn iad suas eatorra, an oidhche, agus an uair, air an tilleadh i dhachaidh, ann an cuideachd, agus fo sheoladh Oighrig. Thachair so oidhche no 'dha, uin 'n robh Oighrig air a ceasnachadh leis a' Mhoraire, an lathair nan uaislean; agus bha e air a choimhlionadh gu seolta, sgiobalta le tapadh Oighrig, mar a chaidh ainmeachadh cheana, agus mar an ceudna, a' chrioch eagalach gus an d' thainig e.

An uair a chaidh iad a mach a shealltuinn as deigh nan uaislean a leum troi an uinneig bha Oighrig, gun sgath gun eagal air toiseach na cuideachd, le leus 'n a laimh. Fhuair iad Carnach 'n a shineadh eadar an caisteal agus bruach na h-aibhne; bha e choana marbh, oir bha e as an amhaich, agus a chorp air a phronnadh gu deistinneach. Goirid o 'n aife 's an robh Carnach 'n a luidhe, fhuair iad Bar-a'-mhullinn air a dhroch bhruthadh ach cha robh e marbh. An deigh dha dol am feobhas, dh'aidich e do Shilis, an t-ionlan de gach innleachd mhallaichte a bha air an runachadh leis na maithear airson a cur as an rathad. Air dhi a thuigsinn, nach b' ann le falachd no le mi-run d' a taobh fein, gu pearsanta, ach le suil ri leas coitcheinn a chinnidh, a bha iad air an glusad gu feuchainn ri a dealachadh bho 'n Mhoraire, thug Silis saor-maithearais dha; agus le a h-eadarghuidhe as a leth, fhuair e as gun pheanas; ach bha e 'n a eirbleach crubach cho fad 's bu bheo

e. Tha an t-aideachadh a rinn e do Shilis, 'n a thaisbeanadh riochdail air dilseachd uaislean nam fineachan Gaidhealach d'an iochdarain, anns na laithean a dh' fhalbh. Dh' imis e dhi nach b'ann gus an d' fhuair e orra, an deigh ioma deuchainn, an Mòraire eigneachadh gu dealachadh rithe, agus bean eile a ghabhail 'n a h-aite, a smaointich iad air an turus-chrabbhaidh gu uaigh Naomh Bhothain, a dh-asluachadh air, na 'm b' fhuair, ise a bheannachadh le leanabh mic, a bhiodh 'n a cheann-seadhna do 'n fhine ann an aite 'athraichean; ach gu 'r h-e a bha da-rìreadh 'n an run, nach tilleadh, aon chuid, i fein no aon de na mnathan-coimheadachd a bha gu bhith comhla rithe beo air an ais bho 'n fheisd chrabhach ud. Cha robh e riannh 'n an run, a bathadh; gus a' mhionaid air an d' fhuair iad i air mullach na drochaid-mhaide. Bha searrag de fhion puinnseanaichte aca, a bha gu bhith air 'òl le Silis agus leis na baintighearnan a' d' inbheach eile a bha gu bhith 'n a cuideachd, a cupan-comanachaidh òir; oir mar nach biodh e comasach dhoibh eadar-dhealachadh a dheanamh, chuir iad rompa gu 'n iobradh iad beatha gach aon de na baintighearnan eile, gu iad fein a shaoradh bho amharas d' a taobhse.

Ach is e deireadh mo sgeoil a' chuid is fearr de 'n iomlan. Co aca is ann o bhith a' cadal fad cheithir-ladeng air leaba chruaidh fhraoich, no le bhith air a beathachadh re na h-uine ud air brochan-bainne agus im; no co dhiu a bha no nach robh bnaith-atharrachaidh aig a' ghàbhadh troi an deachaidh i 'n a cuairt eagalaich air uclh na tnil gu Laga'-mhuilinn, air a caileachd agus air a slainte--còna, co dhiu--mu 'n deachaidh bliadhna eile thairis, rugadh nighean dhi, agus ri h-uine, dithis mhaic. Chaith i fein agus a companach uasal feasgar an laithean ann an sonas agus ann an sìochainnt; chaochail

iad aig seann aois, ann an urram agus ann an ar-d-bhiuthas; ach tha an gineil gus an latha an diugh, fhathast ann an seilbh dhligheach air cuibhrionn chuimseach de sheann oighreachd fharsuing, iomraideach Eidirdeil.

MULLEACH.

A' CHRIOCH.

COMHRADH

EADAR CUAIRTEAR NAN GLEANN
AGUS EACHANN TIRISDEACH.

CUAIRTEAR.--An ann a rithist, Eachainn? Cha chreid mi nach 'eil leannan agad 's a' bhaile-mhor; cha 'n urrainnear do chumail as.

EACHANN.--Cha 'n 'eil, cha robh, agus cha bhith! Chaidh laithean mo leannanachd fhein seachad, 's ged bhithinn og 's air toir innatha, da-rìreadh cha 'n ann am measg ghuanagan a' bhaile-mhoir a rachainn a shuidhe; 's ole a fhreagradh iad do m'leithid--ach suidhidh mi le 'r cead air a' chathair--tha mo cheann 's an tuainealach.

CUAIR.--C'iod so 'dh' eirich do d' cheann, Eachainn?

EACH.--Thig e uaithe ri uine, tha dochas agam, ach cha seasadh ceann iarunn, gun ghuth air eanchainn cumanta an t-aite 'n robh mise 'n diugh.

CUAIR.--C'ait' an robh thu, Eachainn?

EACH.--An robh mi! Ma ta, le 'r cead, cha 'n ann gu droch fhreagairt a thoirt duibh--'s coma c'ait' an robh mi--bithidh latha 's bliadhna mu 'm bi mise 's an aite cheudna 'rithist. Nach robh mi ann am Paisley air carbad na smuide; ach e' arson a bhithinn a' gearan; 's ann agam tha 'n t-aobhar tuingealachd gu 'm bheil mi beo, 's nach do sheideadh a suas mi am bhloighdean anns na spenraibh. O, b'e bhith buaireadh an Fhreasdail, do dhuine sam bith 'n a bheachd, cuid a

chunnairt a ghabhail d' a leithid a dh-aite, fhad 's a tha comas nan cas aige, no dh' fhaodas e suidhe an cairt shocraich, chiallaich, air boitein còmlaich.

CUAIR.—An am mar sin a tha thu 'labhairt mu 'n aon doigh shiubhail a's inleachdaiche 'fhuaras riamh an mach le mac an duine ?

EACH.—Cha 'n 'eil ceist nach 'eil i inleachdach ; cha 'r ann an sin tha 'n fhaillinn ach an cluinn sibh mi—b' fhearr leam latha 'ghabhail g' a choiseachd no dol an dail na h-upraid cheudn' a rithist. Cha robh mi tiota air falbh innte 'n uair a bheirinn na chunnaic mi riamh gu robh mi aon uair eile air bonn no chois air fonn, no ged a b' ann snas gu m' amhaich an mach air a' mhuir. Fheara 's a ghaoil ! b' e sin an carbad siubhlach ; tha mi am barail na 'n gabhadh e air 'aghart uair an uair-eadair na b' fhaide gu 'n robh m' eanchainn mar bhrochan an clai-eann mo chinn.

CUAIR.—Seadh, Eachainn, innis doinn mar thachair.

EACH.—Tha mac agam, mar tha fhios agaibh, 's an aite so—gille deanadaich, glic, grunn-dail. Tha mi 'deannamh dbeth gu 'm bheil suil aige ri nnaoi fhaotaim ann am Paisley, 's cha 'n fhoghuadh leis gun mise 'dhol a mach g' a h-amharc. Cha robh mi deidheil air carbad na smuide, ach bha Niall ('s e sin ainm mo mhic), agus buirdeasach og eile, sgaomaire 'mhuinntir an Obain a bha maille ris, deidheil air feala-dha 'bhi aca air mo thailleadh. A stigh do charbad na smuide chairich iad mi ; ag radh rium gu 'm bithim cho socrach, shamhach, fhoisneach 's ged a bhithim ann an cathair-mhoir taobh an teine. Ghabh mi beachd air a' charbad—chunnaic mi fear na stiurach a' gabhail 'aite, le ailm iarunn 'n a laimh, agus fear eile 's an toiseach mar gu 'm biodh fear-innsidh nan uisgeachan ann, ag

amharc a mach. Bha smuid as an t-simileir 's na h-uile ni saurhach, socrach na 's leon. Chaidh mi 'stigh, agus shuidh mi dhuth do 'n inneig chum sealladh a bhì agam air an duthaich. Tiota beag 'n a dheigh sin chuala mi beuc mor—ran tuchanach ard, agus an sin fead oillteil. “Ciod e so ?” arsa mise ri Niall ; rinn esan 's an Latharnaich gaire. “Sud agaibh, athair” arsa Niall, “sitirich an eich iartim, 's e 'togairt falbh.” “Sitirich na h-oillt ?” arsa mise, “leig a mach mi.” Ach bha 'n dorus air a dhruideadh. Thug an t-each iarunn stadag—bhithail an carbad ann an robh mise am fear a bha roimhe, agus bhual an fear abha 'n adheigh an fear ann an robh sinne ; 's cha mhor nach do phronnadh m' fhiacalan an aghaidh a cheite. Thug e ran eile, agus fead ; agus an sin leig iad siubhal a chas da—'s thar e as. Thoisich an stairirich 's a' ghleadhraich. “An i so a' chathair mhor, a Neill ?” arsa mise. Bha e 'dol a nis 'n a shiubnal, 's cha 'b e siubhal an eich, no luas an fheidh ; cha tugadh ceithir chasan riamh do bheo-chreutair air an talamh a bhòs, no sgiathan do dh-eun 's na speuraibh shuas a chumadh ris. Cha 'd' thubhairt mi fhein diog—rinn mi greim bais, gun fhios c'arson, air an aite-shuidhe. Dhùin mi mo bheul—chas mi m' fhiacalan, mu 'n cuirinn troi' m' theangaidh iad—dh' fhròc mi mo chasan gu daingeann, 's bhithim ceart snarach ged robh mo chlaisteachd 's a' chiste ruaidh ann an Tirithe 's mi fhein cho bodhar ri Iain Balbhan. Chuir Niall a bheul ri m' chuais—“Athair” arsa esan “am bheil sibh 'n uir cadal ?” “Uist !” arsa mise “bi samhach.” Chuir an t-Obanach og a cheann ri m' chlais. “Eachainn,” arsa esan, “nach e 'n t-each iarunn fhein an gille ?” “Uist !” arsa mise. Bha mi 'nis a thigian gu seorsa de thur, ghabh mi misneach, ach bha

seorsa de nair' orm ; oir bhá bean mhór, shíodach, ribeimeach, reanúar, 's a' charbad, agus ge b' ard gleadhraich an each iarúim, bhá a guth cho ard, agus a teanga neo-ar-thaing cho luath. Bhá'n uinneag fosgáilte; dh' amhaire ní'mach a ghabháil, seallaidh air an t-saoghal, ach ghrad spion iad air m' aís mí. "Thoir an aire dhuit fhein," ars' iadsan, "cum a stigh do cheann, air neo theaganbh gu'm fag thu míle 'd dheigh e mu'n iondrainn thu o d'ghuáillibh e." Ghrad tharruing mí air m' aís, 's bhí mhaith gu'n do tharruing, oir chuala mí geunnaich agus ranaich oillteíl a' dlúthachadh oirn. Cha robh a' mhincmhara sin rianh air cuan a dheanadh seidrigh coltach ris. Thainig seorsa de bhreislich orm—ach ghrad chaidh steud-each iarúim eile seachad oirn—'n a ruith 's na dheann-ruith, a' seidrigh 's a' feadal-aich le boile'thug orm criotlnachadh le h-oillt. Bhá na ficheadan carbad 'n a dheigh ach cha deachaidh peileir rianh o bheul a' ghunna-mhoir le luas a bu mho na chaidh iad seachad oirn. Cha robh duil agam gu'n robh leud na ludaig eadar an da charbad, 's ua'm biodh iad air a cheile bhualadh, c'ait' an sin an robh Eachann? Tharruing mí m' anail. "Tha'n sud aon rudha fodhainn," arsa mise rium fhein. Dh' fheuch mí 'nis beachdachadh air an dutaich mu'n cuairt, ach cha robh so comasach; cha robh a' bheag air an b'urrainn an t-suil socrachadh ach a h-níle achadh, a's craobh, a's cnoc, a's tigh, a' ruith mu'n cuairt an deigh a cheile; tighéan mor' a' tighim 's an t-sealladh, ach *ge b' fhada bhainn iad cha fhada 'gau ruigheacht—ann an prioba na sula bhá sinu seachad orra. Chunnaic mí achadh air an robh moran mhadan a's ruidhán feoir. Bhá iad a' ruith mu'n cuairt, a h-níle h-aon air a bhonn fhein mar ghille-mirein,'s

an ionlan mar gu'n biodh iad a' damnsadh ceithir - chuir - fhichead Ruidhle thulachain. Dh' fheuch mí an aireamh ach mu'n do chunnt mí leth-dusan: diubh bhá iad as an t-sealladh. Bhá mí 'nis gan' fhaire chduinn fhein rud-eigin socrach, agus an t-eagal gan m' fhragáil, 'n uair a thainig an dubh-dhorchaas oirn. Cha robh grián no leus soluis ann, creag mhór dhubh ri eliathach a' charbaid agus an aon fluaim fhasail, eagalach, air chor agus eadar ranaich an tseigh iarúim, gleadhraich, na h-achluim agus co-fhreagrath míche-talla 's an naimh dhuirche tre'n robh sin a' dol, gu'n robh mí ude gu leir fo eagal na bu mho na bhá mí fhathast—air mo bhodhradh, air mo dhalladh, 's mo cheann 's an tuain-ealaich. "Cíod e so?" arsa mise ri Niall. "An *Tunnel*," ars' esau. "B'e'n donnal e gu dearbh," arsa mise, "an donnal-aich a's grande 'chuala mí;" ach an prioba na sula bhá sin a mach taobh eile'chnoic—tharruing mí an anail agus thog mo chridhe. Chaidh sin a nis tóimh dhuthaich aillidh—bhá eich, a's crodh, a's caoraich ag ionaltradh—ach cha robh a h-aon diubh, no beo-chreatair, nach do theich o thaobh an rathaíd mar a dhuthaich sin orra, an ciun 's an earbail ri h-athar, 's cha b' iongantach sin, b' e'n t-annas e do na bruidean bochda. Bhá 'nis, mar a shaoil leam, an anail air uelid an eich iarúim—thug e rau. "Fhalbh," arsa mise, "cha'n iongantach leam pathadh a bhí ort." Chuala mí bene—a's fead—bhá'n sibhal a' fas na bu mhoille. "Cha'n urrainn sud seasamb," arsa mise ri Niall. Stad an carbad. "Leig a mach mí," arsa mise; oir saogaintich mí gu'n deachaidh míonach an eich iarúim air aindreit, 's gu'n sgain-eadh an coire mor anns an robh'n t-uisege goileach. "Leig an mach mí," arsa mise. "Air ur socair,

'athair," arsa Niall. — Dh'fhosgail duine modhail, agus cuairt oir mu 'aid, an doras. — "Thigibh a mach, adhaoin' naise," arsesan. — "N e gu'm bheil sinn aig ceann an rathaid?" arsa mise. — "Ochd mìle ann an oehd-mionaide deug!" — Chaidh sinn a mach, ach 's gunn a b'urraion domh seasamh leis an tuineadach a bha ann cheann. — Ciod a th' agaibh air, ach gu'm faca mi leannan Neill, 's air m' fhocal, caile eireachdail! — An uair bha e fhein 's an t-Obanach og ag innseadh mu'n eagal a bha orm, sheas i mi gu gasda, agus chain i an curbad iarmu gu foghainteach. — Sir agaibh mar thachair dhomh.

CUAIR.—Mo mhile taing, Eachainn! ach cia mar a thainig thu air d' ais?

EACH.—Thill mi 's an doigh chendna; cha dealaicheadh iad rium; cha robh fann a bh' cur'n an aghaidh. Chaidh mi stigh, sheachainn mi 'n uinneag, dhainn mi mo shuilean, dh'fhore mi mo chasan. — "Chuir an leann a dh' of mi," arsa mise, "eadar orm, leigibh leam." — Dh' fhuath sinn; thoisich mi air Laoidh Mhìe-Cealair agus gach laoidh eile bhà agam air mò theangaidh 'aithris; ach mu'n d' fhuair mi leth rompa bha sinn aig ceann an tnuis, agus a rithist tearuinte air sraidibh Ghlaschu. — Sin agaibh, a Chuariteir rmaich, eachdraidh mo thurus do Phaisley.

CUAIR.—Agus a nis, Eachainn, nach aidich thu gur mor an t-sochair na h-innleachdan sin? — Is eiginn gu'm bi daoine 'siubhal o aite gu h-aite—tha de ghluothuichean a nis eadar ait' agus aite, eadar duin' agus duine; de mhalairt 's de dh-iorairt de gach seorsa, 's gur anabarrach an t-sochair a tha daoine 'faotainn uapa. — Cha'n urrainnear Lunnainn agus Glaschu 'tharruing na's dluithe d' a cheile na tha iad — Lunnainn a sblaadadh a mas, no Glaschu a sparradh a suas; cha 'n 'eil e comasach an t-astar a dheanamh

na's giorra na tha e; ach ma gheibhear an t-astar a dheanamh anns a' cheatbramh cuid de 'n nine 'b' abhaist da 'ghabhail, nach e sin an t-aon m' 's ged a bhiodh iad air an dluthachadh 's a cheile? — Tha leth-chend mìle 'ois mar bha 'deich' mìle ri linn m' oige. — Sinbhlaidh daoine 'nis ann an ceithir-naise-fichead astar a ghabhaidh seachduin o cheann fhichead bliadhna, agus cha chost e 'n deicheanibh cuid a dh' airgid; agus nach mor an t-sochair sin?

EACH.—Cha leir dhomh fhein gu'm bheil a' chuis mar a tha sibh ag radh. — Ma tha cothrom aig daoine 'nis air dol o aite gu h-aite nach robh ach ciod e sin? — An bheil iad na's lugha cost aig deireadh na bliadhna? — An aite sin tha iad a' cost a' dheich uiread 's a bha na daoine bho 'n d' thainig iad—tha iad a' dheich-tricead o 'n tigh. — Mur biodh cothrom aig ceatbarnaich air dol gu Galdachd ach air bonn an coise, no aig na h-naisean ach air muin eich le *Valise*, no maileid leathraich air cul na diollaid, mar a b' abhaist, cha bhiodh uiread de dh-or 's de dh-airgid dhaoine 'g a chost a ruith o aite gu h-aite, 's bhiodh iad a' cheart cho maith dheth aig ceann na bliadhna.

CUAIR.—Faodaidh tu a radh gu'n robh an dluthaich cho maith dheth 'n nair nach robh drochaid, no rathad no an rìgh, no cairtean, no baracharotha 's an tìr; an ministear fhein a' mairachd do 'n Eaglais, 's a bhean air pillein air a' chul, 's a dalaimeh m' a theis-meadhoin; agus an tuath air chul srathrach, le taod coinlaich.

EACH.—Ma ta cha'n 'eil fhios agam nach robh, agus moran na b' fhearr. — Ged labhradh sibh fad bliadhna, cha toir sibh orm a' chreidsinn nach 'eil bochdainn, agus fuachd, agus dith cairleis a' tighinn a stigh

do dbuthaich mar tha na cleachd-
ainmean ura, Gallda sin a' tighinn
oirnn. Nach taitneach an nì mar-
achd air muin eich, no gu socrach,
ciallach, athaiseach, air cairt, agus
mar a thubhairt mi, boitein connlaich
fo dhuine, agus sealladh a bhi aige
de 'n t-saoghal aillidh mu 'n cuairt
da, gun sgath no imcheist, seach a
bhi air a ghlasadh a stigh 'n a' leithid
a dh-aite 's an robh mise; bruach
ard air gach taobh dheth, agus an
ait eile a' ruith mar nathair fo 'n
talamh; agus cridhe duine 'bualadh
'n a uelid, mar gu'm bu mhaigheach
bhochd, ghealach e 's an mhiol-chu
as a deigh. Coma lean iad!

CUAIR.—Am bheil truas idir agad
ris na h-eich bhochda? Nach
deistiméach an nì 'bhi air do
tharruing air carbad cheithir each,
agus mothachadh mar tha iad air an
liodairt—air an claidh—air an
sarachadh—air an murt—cuid diubh
a' tuiteam, mar a chummaic mi, gun
phlog air an rathad-mhor fo sgiurs-
adh eagalach, neo-ìochd-mhor nan
beistean a tha 'g an iomain. Tha
solas orm gu 'n d' fhuaradh am mach
doigh agus am bi na h-eich ghasda
air an caomhadh. An ceann uine
ghoirid bitheadh malairt na duthcha
air a giulan air na slighean iarum.
A bharrachd air so tha iad ag
isleachadh luach gach seòrsa teachd-
an-tir, agus iomadh nì eile dhuinne.
Faic thusa na carbadan iarum a
a tha air toiseachadh an diugh fhein
eadar Glaschu 's Ionar-Air; nach
anabarrach an fosgladh tha e
'deanamh? Thig iasg a's uibhean,
a's im, a's meas, a nuas a nis o gach
aite eadar sinne agus Ionar-Air;
bruchdaidh gach baile 'mach na th'
aca r' a sheachnadh; thig iad annas
's a' mhaduinn leis gach goireas a
shaoileas iad a ghabhas reic, agus
pilibidh iad dachaiddh 's an fheasgar le
'thiach 'n an sporan! Am bheil soch-
air an sin!

EACH.—Cha leir dbomh gu 'm
bheil. Gun teagamh is sochair e
do Glaschu; tha 'h-nìle cearu a'
dortadh a stigh na tha aca r' a
sheachnadh, a reamhrachadh a'
bhaile-mhoir so, agus tha 'bhùil:
tha e 'fas 's a' fas—tighean ura—
oibrichean ura—sraidean ura—gus
nach eil fhios e' ait' an stad iad—
soithichean smuid' o gach eilean, o
gach cearn an Eirinn 's an Sasunn—
a' toirt luchd air muin luchd a
bheathachadh sluaigh mhoir an aite
so; agus a nis, carbadan iarum a'
slaodadh a stigh gach nì. Tha sin 'n
a shochair mhor, gun teagamh, do
Ghlaschu, ach b' e sin “Calum beag
a chur a dhith eum Murchadh mor
a reamhrachadh.” Ciod an t-sochair
do mhuintir Ionar-Air agus *Irvine*,
agus nan aiteachan sin, anns nach
urraim doibh a nis cudaim, no
bodach-ruadh, no ubh, no im a
cheannach, gun uiread a dhiol air a
shon 's a tha muinntir Ghlaschu a'
deanamh. 'S mor an t - sochair
dhomhsa, da-rìreadh, nach toir mo
bhean ubh dhomh air latha Caisg,
ach 'g an gleidheadh air son Ghlas-
chu. Tha mise 'g radh ribh, na 'm
biodh Glaschu, agus a leithid an
mach air a' mhuir, gu 'n robh pailteas
's an tìr. 'S iad na bailtean-mora
'tha 'g itheadh na duthcha. Nach
'eil a nis lan chinnteach cead mìle
fear a' giulan bidh a lionadh bronna
muinntir Ghlaschu. Tha e 'cur an
chumhne-sa muc mhor a bha mo
bhean aon uair a' reamhrachadh.
Cha robh cal no buntata, no fuigheall
eorna no coirce, no mionach eise,
no nì air an gramaicheadh fiacail
nach robh i u' slaodadh a dh-ìomsaidh
na beiste. Chluimheadh tu na cearcan
a' gogail 's a' sgrìobadh an dunain
leis an acras—an coileach Frangach,
cha d' rinn e guguil fad mìos—am
mada' breac, an t-aon chu-uisge 's
fearr an Tìrthe. 'earball eadar a
chusan, 's a chnapan a' tighinn

troi' chraicinn — na tunnagan 's
 “fag, fag” a' ghearan uapa bho
 mhoch gu h-annoch, agus so uile
 chum an toire breac a reanbrachadh.
 Cho lath 's a mharbhadh e, b' e sin
 latha 'n aigh do gach creutair mu 'n
 doras; chluinneadh tu na geoidh a'
 sgeigil gu farumach, na cearcan a'
 gogail le solas—upraid air gach aon
 diubh—an coileach Frangach 's a
 sprogan cho dearg ris an sgarlaid a'
 guguil gu cridheil—'s an mada' coir
 a' tathunn gu togarrach—na tunnagan
 a' suamh air linne nan geadh
 agus a' mireag gu subhach; agus
 c'arson? Mharbhadh a' mhuc mhor;
 bha na chaith a' bheist air a roinn
 eadar gach creutair eile.

CUAIR.—Tha sin gle mhaith,
 Eachainn, ach c'ait' an deach' an
 t-airgiod a fhuair do bhean air son
 na muice?

EACH.—Ma ta chuir sibh ceist
 orm; sin ni 'tha duilich a' fhreagairt;
 cheannaicheadh sud agus so—gùn
 ur—currachd ur—*umbrella* ur—
 soithichean ura creadha 's na fiach-
 eadan ni eile nach d' ionudraich sinn
 gus an d' thug am fasan a stigh iad;
 —tha mi an mearachd—thug i
 dhomb a' pheiteag so tha orm.

CUAIR.—Ach c'arson nach do reic
 thu fhein a' mhuc, 's nach do phaigh
 thu do mhal leis an airgiod?

EACH.—Fhir mo chridhe, thug
 mi mhuc 'n uair a bha i 'n a
 h-uircean, do m' mhaoi. “So,”
 arsa mise, latha bha i 'g iarraidh ni-
 eigin uam,—“so,” arsa mise, “uire-
 ean; reabraich e 's reic e, agus
 ceannaich na tha dlùth ort.” “Mo
 bheannaclid ort, Eachainn!” arsa
 ise. “Chuireadh ann an cro e,
 thoisich an reambrachadh; ma bha
 'm meog goirt, “thoir do 'n mhuc e”
 ma bha 'bhlathach tana, “thoir do 'n
 mhuc i” —na dallagan a b' abhaist
 duinn fhagail air a' chladach b' eigin
 an toirt dachaidh do 'n mhuc. Ann
 an aon fhocal, bha 'h-uile ni air a

shlaodadh do chro na muice—ach
 chuireadh a' chore innte mu dheir-
 eadh. “Mo mhuc fhein,” arsa mo
 bhean; bha i cho bosdail as na bha de
 shaill oirre 's ged robh i aice air a
 eich. Cha dubhairt mi diog. 'Saithe
 dhuibh na mnathan, a Chuariteir,
 cha 'n eil maith 'bhi' cur 'n an aghaidh
 —'s mor an t-sochair sith. Ach 's
 eigin domh falbh. Slan leibh! fhir
 mo chridhe—ma chaomhar mi
 bithidh mi air m' ais an uine ghoird
 le luchd de bhuanachan, agus chi
 mi sibh. Slan leibh!

CUAIR.—Slan leat! Eachainn. 'S
 e 'm baile-mor mionach na duthcha,
 agus is ole a thig do na lamhan 's
 do na casan a bli' gearan 'n a aghaidh.
 —Ach slan leat!

EACH.—Aon fhocal; tha mi
 'guidhe oirbh gun iomradh thoirt
 anns a' Chuaritear mu 'n mhuc, air
 neo cha ruig mise 'leas tilleadh.
 Slan leibh! fhir mo chridhe.—
Cuaritear nan Gleann.

—o—

SGIALLACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir
 gu Gàidhlig Abraitich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

(DUAN II., *sreathan* 484-492, 658-644,
 729-737. DUAN III., *sreathan* 428-
 449).

URNAIGH NA CEOLRAIDH.

A Cheolraidhean binn an dàin
 Tha 'n gorm-lùchuirtd àrd nan rèil,
 Is dearbh gur leibhse fios na bhà,
 'S fios na thà, 's ann duibh gur léir;
 Is fios duibh neamh 's an talamh cian,
 'S an dubh-dhoimhneachd shios fo 'n
 bhonn;

Ar sùil-ne cha 'n fhaca ni,
 Chualas a mhàin brìgh nam fonn.
 Innsibh cia lian gaisgeach tréun
 A threòirich a' Ghreig gu buaidh:
 Cha 'n fhuilgeadh mo ré 's mo neart
 Gu 'n àirbhinn-sa feachd an t-slusigh.
 Ged chuirteadh deich teanga 'm cheann,
 A's deich beòil gu rannachd dhuann,
 Onfhadh neo-bhristeach an càil
 'S mo sgairt-chuim de 'n stàillinn chruaidh.
 Innsibh leams', a Naoinear Oigh
 Tha 'n tighean àrd Iòbh bhith-bhuain,

Gach ceannard a's long a sheol
Thair an tuinn' gu Troidh nan stuadh.

AIREAMH NAN ETOLACH.

Thòs mac Andromoin chóir
Ceannard nan Etolach garg,
A Pleuron is deine taic,
'S Calidon nan Icaigain dearg,
Ólen nan ciar-aonach eas,
Sgurr Phléne nam bac crom
Calchis iosal air craig' dhuinn
'G a sloistreach le luim nan tonn
Géusais gaisgeil cha robh ann,
E fhéin 's a chlann gun bhí buan,
Meleager, a' chuil oir
Fó thasgadh nam fód 's an uaigh.
Dh' earb na h-Etolach ri smachd
Thois nach bhí lag 's an stoirm;
'S bhá na da fhichead long 'n an sgrib
Null thair diinn nan stuadh gorm.

Sluagh Gchaha thamh an tìr
Euritus bu rioghail smachd,
Daingneach Thirica 's isle stuaidh
'S mur Ithome nan cruach breac.
Chiteadh triall tarsainn an fliuinn
A' mós-giadh nam buidhmean tric
Dá mhac Esculapius àigh
Podalir 's Machaon glig
Dh' fhogradh iad so le sgil lámh
Gach aon ghaoid a thàrr an còm;
'S air trì deich àrdraichean slàn
Sguab iad clàiridh mhìn nan tonn.
Shiochd Ormenium làr a' ghlinn
Hiper nan sruth fìor-ghlan, luath,
Aster d' an eul-taice 'n sliaibh,
'S Titan nialach nan sneachd man.
Euripil air cheam nan tréan
Mac Ehemoin a b' àrd cliù:
'S bha dhá fhichead iurach grunn
Ag crónan thair druim nan súgh.

AN FHREAGAIRT A THUG PARIS
AIR HELEN.

Thainig thu bho 'n ghleachd, a shuinn,
A rìgh nach robh 'n ruinn ad chréubh
Bho lannh neartuhoir an fhìor laoch
M' fhear-gaoid mu 'n do ghabh na 'n teum.
Is tric a chualas naill do bhéil
Mu 'n rìgh Spartach is mòr blagh—
Nach seasadh e riut air bhar,
An neart lámh no 'n còmhraig shleagh,
Falbh, ma tha 'mhìsneich ad chòm,
Fógair an treun gu stìth lam;
Ach 's mòr gur seasgairé tannh
'S gun imeachd air gabhadh teann.
Nochd thus' thu fhéin air an raon,
'S dearbh gur crìoch do 'n chòmhraig
fhaoin
Nach buail thu 'n t-ath laoch 'n a dhéigh.
Fhregair Paris: Ainm' thlàth,
Le gairt-thair na crìaidh no chrìdh'

Fhuair esan a's Pallas buaidh,
Ach buannaichdear leinne rist.
Làime tha diathan 's an spéur,
A chogas gu tréan ri 'r taobh:
Ach thusa 's mise biodh réidh,
Fad ar e ilidh, am buan-ghaol.
Is aill leam dlàth chaidreamh, a rùn,
Ri d' gheal chneas is fùre sgiabh;
Riabh bhò 'n chinnacas do shàr ghnùis,
Mo shannt cha do dhàisg cho dian;
Bho 'n dh' aigis thu 'n luing thair chuan,
A tìr Sparta nam buaidh caoin,
'N eilein Chranac, glac mu ghlaic,
'N uair dhearbh sinn cleas a' a' ghaol.
Fogradh gu fear do dheilbh ghinn,
An drast thug an inntinn barr,
Gach uile bhuidh a tha 'n chòm
Dearg-laste le fonn do ghràidh,
Ghluais esan gu 'uirigh-phòst
Mar ri Helen nan òr-chùd:
Dh' iadh i na 'n òg a glac àigh,
'S mheal a' chàraid an làn rùn.

(Ri leantainn.)

LAIN DUGHALLACH

A BHA ANN AM PICTO, AMERICA MU
THUATH.

Rugadh Iain Dughallach an deigh
bas 'athar ann an Gleann Urchadain
aig taobh Loch-nis air a' 15mh latha
d' an Mhàrt 's a' bhliadhna 1805.
B' iad a pharantan, Iain Dughallach
agus Oighrig Pheuton agus b' esan
a b' oige de 'n teaghlach, anns an
robh deichnear—coigear bhraithrean
agus coigear pheathraichean. Bha
Iain Dughallach 'athair 'n a' ghobh-
ainn-airn, agus bha e fùreach ann
an Dun-Eideann maille ris an
Reiseamaid d' an buineadh e; agus
an uair dh' eng e phill a bhean agus
an teaghlach dhachaidh do Ghleann
Urchadain, tìr an duthchais. B' ann
an deigh dhise pilltim gu Urchadain
a rugadh Iain òg, agus dh' ainmich-
eadh e air son 'athar. Bha a
mhathair 'n a' mnaoi dhiadhaidh aig
an robh breathnachadh gear, inntinn
fhallain, agus tuigse, shoilleir; agus
bluimeadh i do Pheutonach an
Eilein Sgiathanaich a thainig a nùs
o na Pheutonach a bha 'n an
lighichibh ainmeil ann am Muile
agus an Hecla Shean. Leatha-sa bha

Iain òg air a theagasg o aois a leanabaid beachd ann an eòlas nan Sgrìobtur agus an eagal an Tighearna cosmhèil ri Timoteus mac Eunice. Bha cuimhnè ìbhath aige oirre, agus is tric a rinn e luaidh air a h-àrùn le caomhalachd agus gràdh, air dha bhli san nìothachail air a' chomain fo 'n robh e dhi. Ann an laithibh 'oige bha cothrom aige air an t-Soisgeul a chluinntinn o bheul nan teachd-aircan urramach, ainmeil, diadhaidh, Iain Ceanaidheach a' Chlaisteil-Ruaidh, agus Iain Dòmhnallach na Toiseach. Bha e mar an ceudna a' cumail comuin ri daoimibh diadhaidh eile, mar a bha Iain Dòmhnallach ann an Bun-leothaid, fear ceasnachaidh Urchadain a bha ainmeil air son an eòlas a bha aige air teagasgaibh an t-Soisgeil. Dh' fhas Iain òg suas an oilean aig casabh nan daoimibh so, agus nìheudach e ann an eòlas nan Sgrìobtur ionnus gun d' thainig e air adhart thar moran d' a chomhaoisibh ann an fiosrachadh agus ann an foghlum na diadhàireachd. B' abhaist da mar an ceudna a bhì do' gu Inbhir-nis, Inbhir-narunn, Allt-Eireann, agus Aird-chlach, far an do choinnich e ri Crìosdaidhean soilleir, diadhaidh a bha 'n an aithrichibh 's an Eaglais.

Ann am mìos meadhonach an t-Samhraidh (June), 1828 'n uair a bha e corr agus trì bliadhna fichead a dh-aois chaidh e air iarich o thìr a dhùthchais gu Nuadh Albainn an ceann Tuath America. Thainig e air tìr an Pìcton agus an deigh dha beagan bliadhnaich an chur seachad thall 's a bhos air feadh na dùthcha, ghabh e tuineachas fad-leoidh air a' Bheinn Ghùirm os ceann Ghlaschu-Nomha far an robh moran d' a choluchd-dùthcha d' am bu mhinistear aig an àm sin an t-urramach Dòmhnall A'lean Friseal, Ministear Beinn Mhìc Gill-thinncein. An sin phos e Seonaid, nighean Ruairidh

Dhughallaich o Urchadain, ris an robh sliochd aige de 'm bhèil dithis air nìhairionn 'n a dheigh fein—mac d' an ainm Ruairidh, agus nighean d' an ainm Oighrig a tha posda ri Dòmhnall òg mac Dhòmhnall Rois mhìc Uilleim Rois o Urchadain. Fhuair Seonaid Dhughallach, a bhean bàs air an 22mh latha d'ie 'n Mhàrt 1843, agus bha e ann an staid bantrachais corr a's da bhliadhna, le da leanabh òg air a churam; agus an deigh sin phos e a rithist ann an September, 1845, Seonaid Nic-Gill-thinncein an dara bean, a tha fathast air nìhairionn.

Aig an Dealachadh na h-Eaglais 's a' bhliadhna 1843, agus 1844, thig e a chran-chur a stigh leis an Eaglais Shaoir, agus dh' fhuirich e imte 'n a bhall dileas, seasmhach gu latha a' bhais. Rinneadh 'orduchadh 'n a sheanair 's an Eaglais Shaoir air a' bhliadhna 1848, 'n uair a bha an t-Urramach Alastair Caimbeul a' searmonachadh eadar Lochabar, a' Bheinn Ghòrin agus Abhuinn Mairi. Choinnhionn dileasdanasan adhreuchd gu dileas, foghainteach, agus bha e 'n a cheann-ìuil agus 'n a chomh-airliche d' a bhraithribh anns an t-seisean; agus an uair a bhiodh iad ann an imcheist is ann d' a ionnsaidh-san a thigeadh iad daonna air son seolaidh.

Ann am mìos meadhonach a' Gheamhraidh (December) 1855, bhuaicheadh e le teasaich-sganlainn a dh' fhaig breithe 'n a shlaime e fad lathèan a' bheatha an deigh sin; oir cha robh e riabh tuille an dùine a bha e roimhe sin ann am fallaineachd agus neart. Thug so air a bhì 'cuimhneachadh gu tric air a' bhas 'g a shanblachadh fein ri dhìne a' feitheamh ris an aiseag gus an tìgeadh am bàta nall 'g' a thoir a num' thair na h-aibhne. Mhothaich e 'mar an t-Abstol iartas a bhì air snìphal agus a bhì màile ri Crìosd u' bu ro fheart dha, oir bha e m'annachadh

a bhì air choigrich as a' choluinn agus a bhì lathair maille ris an Tighearna; gidheadh dh' fheith e le foighidinn gus an d' thainig an uair. Is minic a chuir e an ceill do 'n sgiobair am miann a bha aige air son caochladh cabhagaich mar a' fhuair an t-Ollamh *Chalmers* agus an Ollamh *Welsh*. Is cosmhuil gu 'n d' fhuair 'uruigh eisdeachd. Air latha na Sàbaid, an 15mh latha de mhìos *June*, 1873, bha e aig frith-ealadh sacramaid Suiper an Tighearna aig Baile-an-tobair air an Abhainn Mhoir (East River, Picton). Air an 22mh latha d' an mhìos chendna bha e aig a' chomunachadh aig Abhainn Bhairnidh. Air Diluain an 23mh latha chaidh e do Ghlaschu Nuadh agus fhritheil e aig an aoradh, latha na taingéalachd an deigh na sacramaid; as a sin chaidh e a thaghal air cuid d' a chairdibh rè na seachdain, agus bha e na bu treise 'n a shlainte na b' abhaist da bhì o chionn bliadhna roimhe sin. Air Diluain an 30mh latha de *June*, 1873, bha e cho treun 's a bu ghnath leis gus an d' thainig am feasgar. Eadar naoidh 's a deich 's an fheasgar chaidh e am mach do thigh a mhic a dh-innseadh dha naigheachd an t-Seanaidh. Mu dheich uairean phill e a stigh agus chaidh e a chadal, ach dhuise e eadar aon agus da uair dheng; dh' eirich e agus shuidh e aig an teallaich anns an ospardaich le dith na h-analach; agus an ceann beagan uine ghiulaineadh air ais do 'n leabaidh e le 'mhnaoi agus le 'mhac. Cha robh e fada 's an leabaidh an uair a thionndaidh e 'aghaidh ris a' bhalla mar gu biodh e ri uruigh, oir bha fios aige gu 'n robh a chrioch air teachd, agus air ball thug e suas an deò, beagan roimh aon uair 's a' mhadainn, Dimàirt, a' cheud la de *July*, 1873, an uair a bha e corr agus ochd a' s trì fichead bliadhna dh' aois. Thriall an Spiorad neo-bhasmhor

a dh-ionnsaidh an t-saoghail shiorruidh.

Tha e air 'ionndrainn leis na h-uile d' am b' aithne e, agus gu sonraichte le coithionail na Beinne Guirme, a dh' fhaodas briathran Dhaibhidh mu Abner a ghabhail doibh fein, "Nach 'eil fios agaibh gu 'n do thuit prionnsa agus duine mor an diugh ann an Israel?" Cha 'n 'eil duine eile anns an aite a bhiodh cho mor air ionndrainn leis na h-uile neach; agus dhearbhadh so air latha a thioaicidh oir ebruinnich iad as gach cearna dhe 'n duthaich m' an cuairt, agus bha muinntir a' choithionail uile a lathair, araon daoine agus mnathan. Bha so a' nochdadh gu 'n robh meas mor aca air an t-seanair a ghairmeadh air falbh as am measg. Bha e eudmhor air son aobhar Chrìosd agus fialaidh do reir a mhaoin agus a chomais. Bha e caoimhneil ris gach neach agus gu sonraichte ris an oigrìdh, aig an robh mor speis da. Bha e 'n a chomhairliche tairis, dileas do na h-anamaibh sin a bha ag iarraidh na slighe gu Sìon, ach nach robh a' faicinn a' cheum gu soilleir. Bha curam mor air mu 'n eaglais agus an uair a chual' e mu bhreith an t-Seanaidh ann an Ceist a' Phosaaidh eadar luchd-daimh, rinn e gairdeachas mar a rinn Sìmeon an uair a thuir e, "A Thighearna, a nis leig do d' oglach triall ann an sìth, oir chumnaic mo shuilean do shlainte." Laidh e sìos air a leabaidh an oidhche sin fein agus ghabh e a' chead d' an t-saoghal. Chuir a theaghlach leac air 'uaigh air am bheil na briathra so air an gearradh ann an Gaidhlig—"Air chuimhne gu brath bithidh am firean."

D. B. B.

Chuir do chomhairle ri duine tìrail agus cogaiseach, agus bi air do stinradh le fear is glioca na thu fein a roghain air do dhoigh fein a leantainn.

LEOMAG.*

Tha ghrian a nis air eirigh,
A's sgaol o na sleibhtean an ceo ;
'S tha solns suilbhear an latha
A' dusgadh aighir anns gach beo.

Tha 'n uiseag air sgiathaibh lùth'or
A' seinn a cinil air aird nan speur ;
'S a' chunthag, le 'deise chùd-ghuirm,
A' gairsinn le sùrd air a' gheig.

Tha na laoi gh a' ruith do 'n bhuaile,
A' freagrach do nuallan nam bò ;
'S a' bhannarach a' falbh gu h-uallach
Le cuinneig a's buarach 'n a dòrn.

Tha 'n tuath'nach as a léine
A' gearradh an fhéir air an raon,
A's buidheann de nigheagan sunndach,
Gu deas 'g a thionndadh 's a' ghaioith.

Tha na h-iasgairean 's a' chladach,
Gu h-ealamh a' sailleadh an eisg—
Chi mi thall 's a bhos m' an cuairt domh,
Gach creutair a' gluasad gu feum.

Ach tha Leomag bho chd 'n a laidhe
An glacaibh a' chadail gu dluth ;
'S gus am buailear an clag-madainn,
Cha 'n fhosgail i baltan a sùl'.

'S duilich leath' a ceann a ghluasad
Bho 'n chluasaig d' an chanach mhin ;
'S cha leig i 'n t-aodach dheth a h-uachdar,
Le eagal fuachd 'thigh' n air a druma.

Ni i dha no tri de mhianain
M' an cuir i a troidh air an làr ;
'S m' an dean i a h-aodann ionlad,
'S eigin do 'n bhurn a bhi blath.

Bidh botail de ola cubhraidh
'N a steathan dluth air a' bhord ;
'S bocsaichean cuimir le fudar,
Tha aice gu sgùradh a beoil.

'N uair a theid i 'n a lan ordugh,
Cha 'n fhaicear cho boidheach 's an tir.
Am faile 'tha 'sgaoileadh 'n a seomar,
'S e "otto nan ròs" e, air chiunt !

Ciod an iomhaigh tha 'n a coinnimh,
Anns an sgàthan shoilleir, reidh ?
'N e' cruth fein a tha i coimhead,
No aingeal sholuis as an speur ?

Tha cneapanan buidhe d' an òmar
M'a muineal geal, mòdhar, min ;
A's ciabhan d' an fhalt is aillidh,
'G an cumail 'n an aite le cir.

Air a broilleach uasal, gasda,
Tha bràiste maiseach d' an òr,

* A lazy, conceited girl.

A's saighead chorrnach 'g a ghlasadh,
Leis an spadadh i na seòid.

Thoir an aire ! gluais gu sicir !
'S na bi idir 'tigh' n 'n a coir ;
Chi mi, as aonais fios-fiosaich',
Fuil do chridhe air a smeoirn !

Fire, faire ! co ach Leomag !
'S i thogas a sroin a suas,
O 'n fhnair i urram na bòidhchead
Thar nan oighean 'tha m' an cuairt !

Tha na h-uile uimpe 'seanchus,—
Fleasgaich chalma 's bodaich mhaol ;
'S is lionmhor iad, na gaisgich ainmeil
'Cheangail i 'm failbheagan a' ghaoil.

Ann am measg nan gillean oga
A thainig do Leomag fo chis,
'S aithne dhuibh Fionnladh Mac-Leoraidh
'Tha 'chomhunnidh am braigh a' ghlinn.

Tha Fionnladh 'n a ghille surdail,
Agus grunnadail anns gach doigh,—
Tha aige fearunn agus feudail,
Le iomadh trend de chaoraich-mhor.

Bha Leomag, air latha faoilich,
Ag imeachd 'n a h-aonar troimh ghleann,
Shil an t-nisge, sheid na gaothan,
'S ard a dh' eirich ^{gaoth} nan allt : *gavir*

Thainig na frasan gu minic,
Le clacha-meallain nimheil, cruaidh,
A's dh' fhagadh Leomag 'n a gibein,
An impis a milleadh le fuachd.

Chaidh Fionnladh gu luath 'n a coinnimh ;
Sheas e le 'bhoineid 'n a laimh ;—
'S is doirbh an latha, *Mhiss* Leomag,
A thug sibh, o 'n t-sroin, a nall.

Tha am monadh momha 's fiadhaich,
Is iargalt tha dreach nan speur,
'S cha bhiodh ann ach ni gun chiall duibh
Dol g' a fhiachainn 's sibh leibh fein ;

Thigibh tiota beag gu fagadh,
'S am faigh mi a' chairt 's an t each bàn ;
Dh' easbhuidh suidheachan is boidhiche,
Bidh boitein math feoir 'n a màs."

Bha gach ni gu deas 'n a uidheam—
Sud Leomag 'n a sinbhal troimh 'n t-sian,
A's Fionnladh 'n a shuidhe lamh rith',
Le 'bhreacan glas, blath 'g a dion.

Thainig i gu ceann a turais ;
Oir cha robh cunnard dhi fo 'laimh ;
'S dh' fhag e i gun chnead, gun fhailing,
Gu sabhailte 'n a h-aite tainh.

“S mor an diubhail,” arsa Leomag,
 “Ma thoid Mac-Leoraibh as gu saor.”
 Thig i an t-saighdean gu seolta,
 ‘S air mo bhoid! cha robh i maol.

M’ an d’ rannig e ceann an rathaid,
 Dh’ fhairich e acad ’n a chom;
 ‘S an nair a dh’ eirich e ’s a’ mhadaim,
 Bha ’osnaidhean fad agus trom.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

THEODORUS, BUACHAILL ORMAL.

Bu bhuaichille chaorach Theodorus caomh; air cluanaibh glasa ghlinn Ormai bha ’n treud sin ag ìonaltradh a bha ’n earbsa r’ a churam. Co bu stolda giulan na Theodorus? Co bu chiuine spiorad na e? Bha gnath ’s a chaithe-beatha co reidh, samhach ’n misgeachan an alltain bhig, lobaich a bha ’n iubhal a sios le borbhan ìosal roimh ghleann Ormai. Bha ’n t-slighe air an robh e ’g’ inneachd do ghnath glan, ’s cha ’n fhuacas riann smal no sal air a thrusgan geal. Dh’ eisd a threud le dealas r’ a ghuth, oir bha ’ghuth taitneach agus binn r’ a eisdeachd, mar cheol o chruit nan teud. Thuit a bhriathran blasda o’ bheil mar mhil o na eiribh meala. Bha ’chomhradh mar dhruich an fheasgair air na lus an maoth. Bu mhacanta, ciun a nadur—bu chaomh, riosal aighe Theodorus. Ach na bha a spiorad macanta, seimh, bha e fein ’s an am chendna gealtach, meath-chridheach. Mnr b’ urrainn e le bhriathran thath an t-uainean geal a dhusgadh o’ shuain, agus sanas a thoirt da gu ’n robh an sìonnach dluth, cha robh de mhisnich aige a ghuth a thogail gu h-ard agus rabhadh smachdail a thoirt seachd. Na ’n tachradh do ’n chaora ghòraich dol air seachran air bilibh nan creagan cas no na sgairnich aird, theagann gu ’n combairlicheadh Theodorus dhi fuirreach air a h-ais agus pilleadh ris an treud; ach air eagal sgath ’chur dèirre, no oillt a dhusgadh ’n a cridhe—air eagal oibheum a thoirt dh’ ìgeadh e leatha gabball air a h-aghaidh mar a b’ aill leatha, agus fuitèam thairis o mhullach nan creag. Labhradh e ris an treud ann an bhriathraibh coitcheion mu chumart nan creag ’s nan tuiltean; agus co a b’ urrainn a chur an ceill ann an caint bu taitneiche, mu neart an leoghainn, seoltachd an t-sionnaich, luathas na h-ìolair air toir na creich, na Theodorus, buachaille nan cnorach ann an gièann Ormai? Co b’ fheurr a dh’ inneadh cumart nan cnorach? agus da-rìreadh bu taitneach, milis a ghloir, ’s bu cheiloirach

an t-oran a sheinneadh e air ’fheadan binn: ach cha duracheadh e radh i h-aon seach ann diùbh, “Seachain sud, no so.” Cha leigeadh a chridhe m’ a’ d’ lè leis a radh, “Is tusa chaora ghorach, sheachranach.” Bu leisg leis a h-aon seach aon diùbh a chonachadh. Cha duracheadh e radh, “Is fusa cheart chaora a bhrist am mach o ìonaltradh nan treud—’s tusa sheas air a’ mhadaim so air a’ bhruaich a dh’ iarradh ort a sheachnadh—’s tusa an t-non aig am bheil an nadur agus an cleachdadh sin a tha ag aomadh gu cumart, gu truaighe agus gu bas, mur caiseag e.” Chanadh e riu ann an bhriathran coitcheion, “Bithibh ’n ar n-earalas an aghaidh an leoghainn agus an t-sionnaich;” ach cha robh de mhisnich aige na thèireadh ri aon chaora seach caora eile. “Tha thusa gu h-àraidh ann an cumart; oir tha thu ’tathach nan aiteachan ams an bheil an leoghainn ’s an sìonnach a’ tath;” Auns an t-slighe sin ’s an deach thusa air seachran, agus a dh’ iarradh ort a sheachnadh, tha naphaid laidir, carach a tha ’g’ iarradh do sgrios.” Do bhrìgh nach do labhair Theodorus gu sgaiteach, smachdail ris na caoraich agus gu ’n robh e do ghnath ciun, seimh agus sìothchail, smaointich iad gu ’n robh anabarr graidh aige dhoibh; agus uime sin ghradhach an treud, esan gu mor. Bha iad da-rìreadh ’n an treud samhach, soirbh, neo-lochdach; agus gèd nach robh Theodorus ’n a bhuaichille eudmhor, durachdach, saothreachail, gidheadh air ioma dòigh shoibhich a’ bhuaichilleachd leis. Bha e fein lan toilichte leis na riu e, gun a thoirt ìdir fainear na dh’ fheadh e a d’beanamh. Thug e buidheachas do Dia gu ’n robh a shaothair air a beannachadh gu mor; gun eagal, gun mhàdadh do bhrìgh nach robh i deich nairean u’ bu mhò air a beannachadh, mar a dh’ fhendadh i’ bhì, nam biodh esan cho eudmhor ’s a bu choir dha. Thug e fainear gu ’n robh buachaillean eile ni bu neo-churamaiche na bha esan. Rìraich so e—bha e lan toilichte leis fein, agus smaointich e gu ’n robh Dia lan toilichte leis mar an ceudna.

Mar so bhruadar Theodorus seachd a laithean agus a bhliadhnan, agus bha e fo lan dochas gu ’m fosgladh e ’shùilean ann an neamh ’n nair a thigeadh a bhruadar ’s an t-saoghal so gu crìch. Lan de na smaointibh solasach sin, dh’ eirich e air feasgar aillich samhraidh ughdach na beinne os ceann gleann Ormai, a bheachdachadh air dol fodha

na greine mar a' bha i' tearnadh ó airde nan speur a chleith a leadain oir air eul a' chuain 's an iar. "O!" deir esan, "is sòna da-rireadh an duine sin a tha 'g imeachd ann am feasgar a laithean, mar a' ghrian ud thall, ann an sith, agus coltach ris a' ghreine sin nach 'eil a' dol fodha ach car' tannuill gu éirigh a ris ann an saoghal eile. Mar so deonaich, O! Dhe, 'n uair a thig mo laithean-sa gu crìch, 's is ciginn domh triall, gur h-ann mar sin a shiubhlas mise, 'chum 's an uair a thig madainn na h-aiseirigh gu 'n tog mi mo cheann le gairdeachas anns an aite bheannaichte, sin far nach bi feum air grian no air gealach—far am beathaich an t-Uan a th' ann am meadhon na rìgh-chaitheach a' chaoirich fein, agus far an treoraich e iad gu tobraichean uisge, agus an tiorraich Dia gach den gu brath ó 'n suilibh."

Air dha labhairt mar so, chual e mar gu 'm b'ann fann'ghuth a' teachd air oiteig an anaoich mar bhorbhan iosal ann measg dhuilich nan craobh air a chul-thaobh. Thionndadh e gu grad, agus chunnaic e urra aillidh, neo-shaoghalta, aig an robh engnhas agus dreach ni bu shoilleire gu mor na gath or-bhuidhe na greine a bha nis a' dol as an t-sealladh 's an iar. Bha 'n fhaluing a bha uime mar aile glau nan neamh. Bha 'ghuth co' flath ri fuaim thiamhaidh na clarsaich, 'n uair a bhuaileadh an oigh na teadan reidh. Lub Theodorus a cheann gu lar, agus bha e 'n thosd—bha 'anam air a lionadh le namhas ard agus naomha. Thuir an t-aingeal ris, "Sith gu robh 'dhuft," agus mar so, ged a bha Theodorus air a lionadh le urram ard, cha robh eagal air a spiorad. "Amhaire a sios air a' ghleann," ars an t-aingeal, "agus thoir faineag gu maith na chi thu." Thionndaidh Theodorus a ghabhail beachd mar a dh' iarradh air. Bha solus gu mor ni bu dealraiche na gathana na greine air a' mheadhon la a' dearsadh air srath a' ghlinne. Chunnaic e ann an sin aitreabh ard agus dhreachmhòr 'g a togail, a' thug barr ann an ailleachd air Teampull iomraiteach rìgh Solamh, no' Pailin ainmeil Thadmòr 's an fhasaich. Bha deich nairean deich mìle lamh a' togail na h-aitreabh; agus am feadh 's a bha e 'beachdachadh bha an obair air a crìochnachadh, agus bha 'chlach-mhullaich air a cur a suas le gairdeachas. 'N a dheigh sin bha gach fuigheal agus spruidhleach mu thimchioll an aite air a chruinneachadh, 's air a thilgeadh ann ann an sloc dhòmhain a bha air a chladhach air a shon. Bha na sailean agns na lobhtaichean air an robh

an luchd-togail 'n an seasamh fhad 's a bha 'n aitreabh a' dol suas fathasd 'n an aite fein. Dh' fheoraicheadh do 'n ardmhaighstir ciod a dheantadh riu? "Gabh a' chuid a's fearr dhiubh," deir esan, "agus deasaich iad gu bhith ann am puist, 's gach aon diubh mar charragh, a stigh 's an teampull far an seas iad gu suthain agus gu brath; ach a' chuid eile cha 'n 'eil feum na's faide agam dhiubh. Fhregair iad a' chrìoch air son an do chleachdadh iad; agus a nis tilg iad maille ris an spruilleach, 's ris an t-salachar eile, agus faic gu 'm bi iad air an losgadh leis an teine a's sgaitiche." Mar a thubhairt an t-ard-chlachair rinneadh, Bha sail an deigh saile air an toirt gu lar—cuid diubh air an caradh air an laimh dheis, gu bhì air an gabhail a stigh gu bhì 'n am puist 's an teampull, agus cuid air an laimh chli gu bhì air an tilgeadh 's an t-sloc. 'N uair a laimhsich an luchd-frithealaidh aon sail araidh a bha 'n sin, 's a bha iad 'g a cur air leth gu 'tilgeadh 's an teine, chrìochnaich Theodorus le oilt—thainig namhas air 'anam—chlig e mar gu 'm biodh mìle d' ughan an deigh a' ghleann, agus ann an doilgheas 'anama ghlaodh e mach, "O! Dhe nìle ghlormhòr, coamhain mi ann ad throcair, mar 'eil e nis tuilleadh a's annoch dhìomhaas guidhe air son trochair no aithreachais." Na 'm biodh e tuille a's annoch," ars an t-aingeal, "cha robh mis air mo chur ad ionnsaidh mar theachdaire grais. Tha tiota beag fathasd de aimsir air a dheonachadh dhuit anns 'n t-saoghal so, ged a tha 'm feasgar a' ciaradh mu d' thimchioll, cha deach do ghrian fathasd fodha. Duisg, mosgail agus bi eudmhòr—bi glie, saothreachail, deauadhach—guidh air an ard bhuaichaille barrachd durachd a thoirt duit; agus na di-chuimnich fhad 's is beò thu an rabhadh a fhuair thu 'n diugh." "O! mo Thighearna," arsa Theodorus, "ciod is ciall do 'n t-sealladh a chunnaic mi 'n so? ged a tha, 'ar leam, seorsà de dh' fhiosrachadh agam air." "An aitreabh a chunnaic thu," ars an t-aingeal, "sin agad Eaglais Chrìosd. 'S iad minis-tearan na h-Eaglais sin na meadhonan a tha esan a' cleachdadh a chum an aitreabh sin a thogail. Tha cuid diubh a bha dileas, durachdach, saothreachail; agus bidh gach aon diubh so n a charragh ghlormhòr anns an teampull shuas. Bha cuid eile dhiubh nach robh nìle gu leir dìomhanach, ach cha d' rinn iad spairm—cha do chleachd iad durachd. Rinn iad beagan ach cha d' rinn iad an deicheamh cuid de na dh' fheadhadh iad a dheanamh. Cha

'n eil feum tuille orra, 's mar nithe suarach gun fheum tha iad air an diteadh. Mhothaicheadh an cunnart anns an robh thusa—gabhaidh tras dhiot—chuireadh mise ann an cairdeas ad ionnsaidh a chum a sparradh air d' intinn nach dean giulan riaghailteach, gun eud, gun saothair, enis—gu bheil durachd agus spairn an anama ri bhi air an cleachdadh. As eugmhais so cha dean gach lethsgent eile feum. Nach do spion mi thu mar aithne as an teine? Imich ann an sith. C'innibhich do chunnart, agus biodh d'anam's an obair, anns an am a tha romhad."

An deigh do 'n aingeal labhairt mar so chriochnaicheadh an taisbein a chunnaic Theodorus ann an gleann Ormai. Sgaoil an t-ingeal a sgiathan aillidh, airgidach 'n uair a dhirich e suas air oiteag an annoich gu neamh. Bha 'n fhuaim mar thorman an uillt's a' ghleann 'n uair a thuiteas e sìos eadar gheugan nan craobh o chreig gu creig, gu aigeal iosal a' ghlinne. T.

—*Fear-tathaich nam Beann.*

—o—

AM MAIGHISTIR AGUS AN GILLE.

Bha uair-eigin roimhe so droch thiomannan ann agus bha moran de sheirblisich ag iarraidh aiteachan, agus cha robh moran de aiteachan ann daibh. Bha tuathanach an sin, agus cha gabhadh e gille sam bith ach gille a dh' fhuireadh leis gu ceann seachd bliadhna, agus nach iarradh de thuarasdal ach na ghlacadh e 'n a bheul de 'n t-sìol, 'n uair bhiodh e a' bualadh an arbhair anns an t-sabhal.

Cha robh gin a' gabhail aige. Mu dheireadh thubhairt e, gu 'n leigeadh e leo an sìol a chur anns an ìre a b' fhearr a bhiodh aige, agus gum faigheadh iad na h-eich, s an crann aige fein a dheanamh an treabhaidh agus na h-eich aige fein thun a' chliathaidh.

Bha gille og an sin, agus thubhairt e, "Gabhaidh mise agad," 's chuir an tuathanach muinntireas air. 'S e an bargan a rinn iad, gu 'm b' e an tuarasdal a bha gu bhì aige a' ghille, na ghlacadh e de graimeanan sil 'n a

bheul, tra bhithheadh e a' bualadh an arbhair, anns an t-sabhal. Agus bha e gus faotuin an sìol sin a chur anns an ìre b' fhearr a bh' aig an tuathanach, agus bha e gus na chinneadh air an t-sìol sin a ghleidheadh agus ciod air bith an sìol a ghlacadh e 'n a bheul, 'n uair bhithheadh e a' bualadh an arbhair, a chur comhla ris, agus sin a chur anns an ìre a b' fhearr a bh' aig an tuathanach an ath bhliadhna. Bha e gu eich 's crann, no goireis air bith eile a bhiodh feumail da airson cur no buain, fhaotuin o 'n uair aigheistir; agus mar sin gu ceann 'n an seachd bliadhna. Gu 'm bitheadh aige, seachd geamhraidhean 's an t-sabhal a' bualadh, seachd earraich gu cur, seachd samhraidhean cinneis de 'n bharr, agus seachd fogharaidhean buana, agus ciod air bith an tighinn an mach a bhiodh ann an sìol a' ghille 's na seachd bliadhna, b' e sin an dnais a bha gu bhì aige 'n uair dh' fhalbhadh e.

Chaidh an gille dhachaidh gu 'n uair aigheistir agus daonnan 'n uair bhiodh e a' bualadh anns an t-sabhal, bhithheadh a 'n uair aigheistir a' bualadh leis. Agus cha d' rug e 'n a bheul, ach air trì graimeanan gus an d' thainig an t-earrach, agus chuir e iad anns an ìre b' fhearr a bh' aig a' bhodach.

Chinn asda sin trì diasan, agus bha air gach dias, trì-fichead graine math sil.

Ghleidh an gille iad sin gu curamach, agus ciod air bith graine sil air an do rug e, chuir e comhla rin iad.

Chuir e iad sin a rithis air an ath earrach. Agus aig an fhogharadh a rithis bha toradh aige, cho math 's a bh' aige a' bhliadhna roimhe sin.

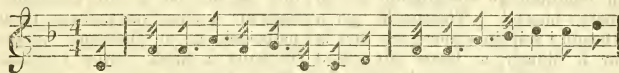
Chuir an gille seachd a shìol gu curamach, agus ciod air bith a ghlac e 'n a bheul, 'n uair bhithheadh e a' bualadh 's an ath gheamhradh, chuir e maille ris a' chuid eile e.

Agus mar sin do 'n ghille, o bhliadhna ga bliadhna gus mo dheireadh, a dheanamh sgeul fada goirid, gu 'n do chuir an gille, air a' bliadhna mu dheireadh na h-uile ire threabhaidh a bh'aig a' bhodach. Agus bha corr sil aige r' a chur agus cha mhor nach robh am bodach air a chreachadh. B' fheudar da mal

a phaigheadh do 'n tuathanach a b' f haisge dha, air son ire's an cuireadh an gille an corr sil a bh'aige, agus pairt de 'n spreidh aig a chreic, achion gruind air an ionaltradh iad; agus cha deanadh e baragan air a' cheart doigh ri gille gu brath tuille.—
Sgeulachdan Gàidhealach, le I. F. Cairnèil.

KEY F.

CLACHAN GHLINN-DA-RUA'IL.



.S₁ | d, d. - : m., d | r., s₁ : s₁. L₁ | d, d. - : m., f | s : s. L



| d₁., t : l., s | s., m : r. S | d₁., l : s., l | d : d. ||

SEISD.

Mo chaileag bhian-gheal, mheall-shuil-each,
A dh' fhas gu fallain, fuasgailt',
Gur trom mo cheum o'n dhealaich sinn
Aig Clachan Ghlinn-da-Rua'il.

Didomhnaich rinn mi 'chòmhlachadh,
Bean og is modhar gluasad;
Tha 'guth mar cheol na smeoraiche,
'S mar bhilean rós a gruaidhean.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'N uair b' fhileant' briathra mhinisteir,
A' fiosrachadh mu'r truailleachd,
Bha mise 'coimhead durachdach,
Na seire tha 'd shuil neo-luainich.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leaba dhomh,
Ga d' fhaicim ann am brudar;
'S am Biobull fein cha laimbsich mi
Gun d'iomhaigh ghraidh ga m' bhuaireadh.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged shuidheas cleir na tire leam,
'S mi 'sgrìobhadh dhoibh le luath-laimh,
'S ann bhios mo smuaintain diomhair-each
Air Sìne dhonn a' chnuach-fhuilt.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Is caoin a seang-shlios furanach,
Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach;
Tha 'gairdean bàn gle chumachdail,
'S deud lurach 'n a beul guamach.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'S ro fhaicilleach 'n a comhradh i,
Gun sgilm, gun sgleo, gun tuailleas;
Gur fiathail 'coiseachd sraide i,
Air bheagan stàit no guameis.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Deorsa àite dhomh,
Cho ard 's a tha 'meag' uaislean,
Air m' fhaicil; 's mor a fhearr leam
A bh' 'n Coire-chnaimh am bhuaichail!
Mo chaileag, &c.

O, 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' àilleagan
Air àirdh 'n cois nam fuar-bheann!
Bu shocair seimh a chaidilinn,
'S i 'm achlais, air an luachair.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ach 's eagal leam, le m' cheileireachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium.—
Ged dh' fhogras iad do 'n Olaind mi,
Ri m' bheo cha toir mi fuath dhuit!
Mo chaileag, &c.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDH-
EALACH.

O chionn corr a's ceithir cheud bliadhna, dh' eirich comh-strìth mhor eadar na Cuimeanaich agus Clann-an-Toisich, aig an robh oighreachd mhath, goirid o fhearann a' Chuimeanaich, Iarla Bhaideanach agus Athull. Bha Ban-Iarla a' Chuimeanaich, a reir na h-aithris 'n a bana-geocaire anabarrach; agus a chum an ciocras so a shasachadh b' eiginn di buntuinn gu ro-chruaidh ris an tuath bhochd. Theirteadh gu 'n itheadh i seipein smior gach aon la air a dinneir, a bharr air iomad goireas soghar, annasach eile. Le 'leithid sin de strog agus de ana-caitheamh, chlaoidh i a cuid tuatha co mor 's iach robh iad 'n an urrainn na mail a dhioladh, no 'm fearann a shaoithreachadh, iomas gu 'm b' eiginn di dol a dh-aslachadh faoidhe air a coimhearsnaich shaoibhir. An deigh dhi an duthaich imeachd ag iarraidh faoidhe, dh' innis i d' a fear an soirbheachadh a bha 'n co-lorg a turais, agus gu 'n d' thug Mac-an-Toisich mor Thir-eni dhi da-bhà-dheug agus tarbh. An aite a thaingeadhadh, is ann a dhuig an fhialachd shomalta so a dhiomb, 'fharmaid, agus a chorruich ri saoihbheas a choimhearsnaich. Bha sgath air r' a bheirteas, agus do thaobh sin, chuir e roimhe gu 'n cuireadh e as da; 's a chum sgail a chur air a' ghnìomh mhì-chneasda sin, chuir e 'n ceill gu 'n robh an t-uasal sin tuilleadh 's mor aig a mhaoi. Air leis gu 'n robh so 'n a dheadh leisgeul, agus 'n a chion-fath freagarach air connspoid. Bha e nis a' feitheamh nam fath chum a run a chur an gnìomh; ni a fhuair e gu grad a dheanamh, le caisteal an duin' eile aig Tomafuir (aite bha goirid o Bhlar-Athull), a chnairteachadh mu mhheadhon oidhche, 'n uair a mharbh iad an teaghlach gu h-ionnan eadar

fhìrionn agus bhòirionn, a bha 'n an suain-chadail gun fhiamh, gun amharas. Le so a dheanamh ghabh e sealbh air a chuid fearainn, a bha ni bu mho na bha aig aon duin'-uasal eile bha 's an duthaich.

Bha, dlu do mhur Mhic-an-Toisich, seann duine a chomhnuidh, aig an robh greim beag fearainn naithe, air nach robh de mhal ach boineid ur uair 's a' bhliadhna; agus thug a mhaighstir an t-seana bhoinid dha an am na te uir 'fhaotainn; agus air a shon sin theirear Croit-na-boineid ris an fhearann sin gus an latha 'n diugh. Bha ioghaadh air an t-seann duine co samhach 's a bha talla muirneach a mhaighstir, 's a' mladaim an deigh a' chas-graidh uhladaich sin, agus chaidh e a dh-fhaicinn an aobhair. Cha luaithe chaidh e stigh na chunnaic e enid de na cuirp bheubanaichte gu deo air an urlar. Le mor ioghnadh agus namhunn leis na chunnaic e, lainsich e gach aon fa leth dhu, a dh-fheuchainn an robh iarmad beatha ann an aon sam bith dhuibh, ach bu diombain a shaothair. Air a lionadh le mulad, thog e suas a' chreathall, a bha bun-os-ceann air an urlar, agus fhuair e 'n leanabh-beag foirdhe, ris an abradh iad am brìdeach Eòghan, agus le mor sholas thuig e gu 'n robh e beo, ach ro lag le cud-throm na creathlach agus an aod-aich. Ghrad rug e air, agus ghlain e e chum a sheanar a thaobh a mhathar, Mac-Glaisein Ionarbhac, a chuir gu grad air falbh leis e gu dlu charaid de shìochd Dhiarmaid ann an Earraghaidheal, chum nach biodh e mar fhad laimhe do 'n Chuimeanach; far an d' fhuair e a dheadh arach. Bha e 'n a ghnathachadh aig an t-seann duine thug an sin e dol gu tric g' a fhaicinn; ach a chionn gu 'n robh na Cuimeanaich co cumhaclidach 's an am

sinn an Albainn, mheasadh feumail a chumail an cleth gu'n robh an leanabh beo, gus an fasadh e suas, agus gu'm biodh e air son 'athar a dhioladh. Ged a bha e car nine lag, gun mhor chiuneas, thainig e air aghaidh, agus dh' fhas e gu laidir, eireachdail, agus bha e ro theoma leis a' bhogha, ni a thug mor mhisneach d' a sheana charaid, an duil gu'n tugadh e aicheamhail a mach air son na sean fhalachd. Air an araidh chaidh e g' a fhaicinn, agus chunnaic e co math 's a bha e air a' chusbaireachd; thuir e ris gu'n robh broilleach an fhir a mharbh 'athair ni bu leatha na'n comharadh ud — ni a chuir mor ioghnadh air an fhleasgach, nach euala riamh roimhe iomradh air. Ghrad leag an seann duine ris an diuras, leis gach durachd a bha 'n a chomas, mu thimchioll a chairdean agus 'oighreachd. Dh' eisd an t-og - fhilath le ro-aire ris an sgeul, agus air dha bhi air a bhualadh gu goirt ri aithris a' chraidh, bhruich e mach, le ard bhas-bhualadh, agus a' bras shileadh nan deur; agus thaosg e mach 'inntinn agus a run an uchd an t-seann duine. Air dha a nis a bhi lan-fhiosrach air na thachair, bha fadal air gu dol a bhuanachd oighreachd 'athar 's a sheanar, agus a dheanamh diogh-altais air naimhdean an-iochdar a thighe. Cha'n urrainnear a chur an ceill an solas a thug e do'n t-seann duine meud na h-iomaguin a bh' air an fhleasgach gu bhi 'triall g' a dhutbaich fein. Dh' asluich iad le cheile air a chairidibh iad a chur ceathuirne leo a bheireadh agbaidh air a naimhdibh, agus dheonaich iad an iartas, le ceithir-fir-fhichead a chur air falbh maille riutha, fo'n lan armaibh agus rainig iad tigh Mhic-Glaisein, a sheanair, a chaidh leo agus ochdnar thaghta fo'n lan armaibh maille ris. Uaithe sin

rainig iad coille Urard-bhig, far an d' fhuirich iad gu seimh sanhach gus an do chuir iad fios a dh-ionnsaidh bualtrum Eoghain. Chaidh e fein g' a h-ionnsaidh, agus rinn e cagar aig a dorus; dh' fheoraich i co a bh' ann aig uair co annoch? Fhreagair e gu'n robh a dalta Eoghan Mac-an-Toisich. "Tha 'n guth coltach r' a ghuth," a deir i; "ach ma sheideas tu t'anail a stigh troimh tholl na glaise, tuigidh mi 'n sin gu cinnteach ma 's tu th' ann." Rinn e sin, agus thug i gu grad gur e fein a bh' ann; agus bha i ro ait a chiomnig a fhaicinn. Chaidh a mhuime chur a dh' fhaighinn sgeoil mu'n Chuimeanach, agus phill i leis an teachd-aireachd gu'n deach e le'chuid daoineibh gu drochaid Teilt, mu thimchioll uile air asdar, a thoirt abhachd dha fein agus d' a chuid daoine. Le so a chluinntinn roim Mac an-Toisich a chuid daoine 'n an da bhuidhinn, agus bha Mac-Glaisein air ceann an dara buidhinn, a chumail freiceadan air Caisteal Bhlair, agus bha Eoghan air ceann na buidhinn eile maille ris an t-seann duine, nach do dhealaich idir ris, agus chaidh iad air toir a' Chuimeanach. Co luath 's a thug e gu'm bu naimhdean a bha ga 'iarraidh, theich e dh' ionnsaidh a' chaisteil, far an do choinnich a' bhuidheann eil' e, a mharbh moran diubh mun do thar iad as, agus lean iad an ruaig a mach Gleann-Teilt, a' marbhadh agus a' leonadh moran diubh. Chaidh an t-sron a chur de dh-fhear aig allt ris an abrar o'n latha sin Allt-na-sroine; lotadh fear eile 's a bhroinn aig Allt-nan-marag. Am feadh a bha iad mar so air an rugadh suas ann gleann le Mac-Glaisein, ghabh muinntir Eoghain falach-talandadh orra, agus thachair iad riutha aghaidh-mu-chuoc Tha e air a radh gur e'n seann duine a bha do ghnath air thoiseach, agus ann am briathraibh smachdail

ghlaodh e, “Sud agad do nanhaid, an Cuimeanach agus ma leigeas tu us e toillidh tu bas cladhraire fbaotainn.” Chuir Eoghan gu grad a bhogha air lagh, agus chuir e'n t-saighead troimh chridhe a' Chuimeanaich. Thuit e air lic leathain ri taobh na slighe, far an do thog iad, mar bu ghnath, carn chlach mar chuimhneachan air an euchd, ris an abrar Carn-a'-Chuimeanaich gus an la 'n diugh. Their na Gaidheil ris na cuirn sin, Cuirn-na-falachd.—*An Teachdaire Cr.*

ALNASCAR.

“Am brудар so, am faoin-sgeul e,
No'm faodadh e bhì fìor?”

Cha robh ann an Alnascar ach luundaire leisg nach oibricheadh car 's nach salaicheadh a lamh cho fhad 's a bu bheo 'athair. Aig am a bhais, dh'fhag 'athair aige coig fichead bonn òir. A chum na cuid a b' fhearr a dheanamh dhiubh, chuir e am mach iad ann an gloineachan, botail, agus soitlichean creatha ro luachmhor agus ro riombach. Iad so chuir e ann am bascaid mhoir, agus an deigh dha bùth beag a ghabhail air mhàl, shuidh e ann; chuir e a' bhascaid aig a chasan, agus leig e a dhruim ris a' bhalla a' feitheamh luchd-ceannaich. Am feadh 's a shuidh e mar so gu socair ag amhàre air a' bhascaid agus air a' bhathair phriseil a bha innte, thuit e ann an trom-smaoin anabarrach taitneach; agus chualas e le cuid de na coimhearsnaich a' bruidhinn ris fhein mar a leanas:— “Chosd an cliath so dhomhsa mo choig fichead bonn òir—mo chuid an t-saoghal. An uair a reiceas mi na th'ann tilgidh e air a' chuid is lugha deich fichead bonn òir. Ann an nine gle ghoirid eiridh an t-suim so gu ceithir chiad agus ri h-uine, cinnidh so a rithist gu ceithir mìle.

Cha bhì e doirbh ceithir mìle bonn òir a dheanamh 'n a ochd mìle. Cho luath 's a bhios mo mhaoin mar so air cinntinn gu deich mìle, cuiridh mi dhìom obair ghloineachan as bhotal, agus gabhaidh mi gu malairt ann an sendan agus clachan luachmhor. An sin reicidh mi gach seorsa dhaoimean, neamhnaid, agus usgraihean briagha. An uair a chuireas mi r' a cheile de shaobhbreas na mhiannaichinn, ceannaichidh mi an tigh is eireachdaile a ghabhas faotainn, maille ri fearann, seirbheisich agus feudail. Tòisichidh mi an sin air toil-inntinnean na beatha so a mhealtainn; agus mur dean mise stairirich anns an t-saoghal! Ach cha chum so idir rium; leanaidh mi air gus an cuir mi cruinn chiad mìle bonn òir; agus, le so fo m' laimh, is dùth dhomh bhì ag amhàre os cionn barr mo shroine; cha bhì prìomsa 's an rioghachd nach bhì mi cho miadhòr ris, agus iarradh mi nighean an Uachdarain air laimh mar mhaoi; an deigh dhomh an toiseach a chur an ceill da an euantas ard a fhuair mi air an eireachdas, an tuigse, agus a' chrionntachd air son an bheil i comharraichte agus ainmeil. Leigidh mi ris da, aig a' cheart am, gur e mo ruin mìle bonn òir a shineadh dha mar thiodhlac air oidliche na bainnse. An uair a phosas mi nighean an Uachdarain gheobh mi dhì deich seirbheisich a dh-fheitheamh oirre, cho math 's a ghabhas faotainn, ma ni airgid e. 'N a dheigh sin thèid sinn le greadhnachas, agus le riombaidh gum a leithid a dh-fhaicinn m' athar-ceile. An uair a chuireas e mi am shuidhe air a laimh dheis—rud a ni e gun teagamh, ged nach biodh ann ach a chur urrainn air a nighinn—sindh mi dha am mìle bonn òir a gheall mi, agus an deigh sin, chum a mhòrioghnaidh, builichidh mi air sporan anns am bhì uidhir eile ag radh rud-

eigin mar so:—‘Tha thu a’ faicinn gur duine mi a sheasas ri m’ fhacal—seadh, is gnath leam daonna tuilleadh’s a gheallas mi a thoirt seachad.’

“An deigh domh a’ bhan-phrionnsa a thoirt dachaidh chum mo luchairt, bheir mi an aire mhath gu ’n oilean-aich mi i gu mor mheas agus urram a chur orm m’ an toir mi an t-srian d’ ar sugradh agus d’ ar gaol. Chum na criche so eunaidh mi ’n a seomar fein i car tamuil, a’ dol an drast’s a rithist g’ a faicinn, ’s gun a’ labhairt ach beagan rithe. Thig an sin a muathan-frithealaidh a dh-innseadh dhomb gu bheil mo nbi-chaoimhneas an impis a cridhe a bhristeadh, agus guidhidh iad orm, le deoir ’n an suilbh, mi ’dhol g’ a caidreadh, agus mi ’leigeil leatha suidhe laun riun; ach gabhaidh mi orm a bhi do-lùbadh agus tionndaidhidh mi mo chul oirre. Thig a mathair agus bheir i a h-ighean an ionnsaidh’s mi leam fhein air suidheachan riomhach. Tilgidh an nighean i fein aig’ mo chasan, a’ sileadh nan deur, agus aslaichidh i orm mi g’ a gabhail air a h-ais a dh-ionnsaidh mo chridhe agus mo ghaoil. An sin a chum’s gu’m bhi i air a lionadh le lau urram domb, agus gu bhi umhal, iriosal, tairngidh mi mo chas, agus tilgeadh mi nam i le breab a chuireas an combair a cuil i thun taobh eil ’n tighe.”

Bha Alnascar cho mor air a shlugadh suas leis an taisbeanadh fhaoin so’s nach b’ urrainn da gum a chur an gnìomh le ’chois an ni sin a bha aige ’n a smaointean; air chor’s gu’n d’thug e gu mi fhortanach breab do’n bhascaid làn d’an bhathar bhrisg, a bha gu bhi na bhunait aig a ghreadhnachas gu leir, a thilg i fein’s na bha innte ’n am prionnsa an mach air meadhon na sràide.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

Latha Mhartainn-bhuilg, 1874.

BAS A’ MHARAICHE.

Ged a b’ iad maraichean agus cabhlach Bhreatainn a dhion an rioghachd ri linn cogadh mor na Frainge, agus ged a tha sinn ’n an eiseinneil air son a bhi ’ginlan ar batbar-malairt do dhuthchan cein air feadh an t-saoghail, ’s a’ toirt moran d’ ar ionnsaidh chum ar beathachaidh’s ar sgeadachaidh; gus o chionn ghoirid’s beag a chaidh a dheanamh air son leas aimsireil no spioradail nam maraichean bochd. Tha, a nis, tighean mor air an cur suas anns na bailtean-puirt a dh-aon ghnòthach air an son, far am faigh iad tuineachadh an uair a tha iad air tìr, gun chunnart a bhi air an spùinneadh le creachadairean mar bu tric a thachair dhoibh roimhe. A tuilleadh air sin, tha àiteachan - aoraidh agus muistearan air an cur air leith dhoibh. Is e an t-àite aoraidh a gheobbar an cuid de chalaichean, seann long air a déasachadh le lobhta agus suidheachain; agus sean seoladair cràbhaidh a chomhmidh innte’s a’ cumail aoraidh moch a’s annoch.

Chuala mi an sgeul a leanas mu bhàs fir a bha fada an aon de na h-àiteachan-aoraidh so. An uair a bhuaill galar a bhais e, thainig cuid d’ a sheann-chompanaich g’ a fhaicinn. Dh’ fheoraich iad ciod am beachd a bha aige a thaobh an turais-mhara air an robh e a reir coslais gu seoladh. Fhregair e, an caint na mara, “Tha ’m fearann an sealladh, tha ’m fearann an sealladh” (*Land a-head, land a-head*)! An ath uair a thainig iad bha e na bu laige. Dh’ fheoraich iad ciod an staid’s an robh e. Fhregair e, “A’ dol timchioll an rudha, a’ dol timchioll an rudha” (*Rounding the point, rounding the point*). An uair a thainig iad a rithist bu ghann a b’ urrainn da an ceistean a fhreagairt; thubhairt e, “Gach ni gu maith, gach ni gu maith” (*All is well, all is*

well). An nair mu dheireadh a thainig iad g' a fhaicinn bha e gun chainnt, ach cha do chaill e a phuip. Bu leisg leo 'fhagail gun sanas eigin fhaotainn a thaobh a mhisnich agus e cho dluth d' a chrìch. An uair a bha iad gu 'fhagail chruinnich e an beagan neart a bha aige 's thuir e,

mar bu ghnàth leo 'n uair a ruigeadh iad an cala miannaichte, "Leig sios an acair" (*Let go the anchor*), a's le sin thug e suas an deo.

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn, 1874.

BROSNACHADH BHRUCE

D' A FHEACHD AIR BLAR BHANNOCKBURN.

Fheachd Alb', le *Wallace*, 'shil fo chrenchd,
'S fo *Bhruce* 'chaidh dan gu blar nan euchd,
'Nis iarraibh bàs an àr nan eng,
No buaidh gu treun 's an strìth !

'N diugh latha chruais—'s i 'n nair tha làth'r!
Feuch feachd fo 'n cruidh, fo ghruaim a' bhlàir;
Feuch Iomhar 's 'fheachd gu gleachd a' tàr
A dheanamh thrailleau dhìbh !

Co thig do 'n strìth, neo-dhìleas, claon?
Co dh'iarraas naigh ach naine 'n raoin?
Co strìochdas sìos gu diblidh faoin?—
Air cul an claon-fhear clìth !

Co, 'n càs a Rìgh, a Rìogh'chd, 's a Reachd,
Bheir beum nan geur-lann treun an gleachd?
Gu buaidh am blàr, no bàs 'n a bheachd!
An gaisgeach leanadh mì !

Air truaigh a's teinn ar n-ainneirt thruaigh!
'S ar sliochd an sàs 'n an geimblibh cruaidh!
Bho 'r cuislibh traight' air sgàth ar sluagh,
Thig saorsa 's buaidh le sìth !

Na coimhich caisgibh, fheachd nan sàr!
'S cruaidh dhaoi gun iochd na thig gu làr!
Thig saorsa fhein o 'r beum am blàr!
(Ar n-aghaidh!) Buaidh no bàs 's an strìth !

Eudar. le A. M.

AN T-EARRACH.

An t-Earrach! am ath-urachaidh na talmhainn. Tha 'n t-Earrach a' giùlan air a sgiathaibh moran a bharrachid air gorm-dhreach na macharach, agus faile cubhraidh nam blath. Tha 'n t-Earrach 'n a ghealltanais air na nithibh sin a dhuisgeas suas gach dochas, an da chuid a thaobh an t-saoghail so agus an t-saoghail a ta chum teachd. Is ann o ath-philleadh riaghailteach an Earrach a ghabh Cinnich o shean beachd gur eiginn a leithid de ni ri Neo-bhasmhorachd a bhi ann. Ma tha 'n saoghal 'n a luidhe gu neo-mhothachail, marbh, fo chuirtean reota a' gheambraidh, agus ma thig aiseirigh thairis air, leis an duisgear suas gach luibh agus blath, agus gach eun-cheol agus suilbhearachd, an urrainn e bhi nach eirich an duine sin a ris a tha ann an trom chodal a' bhais, agus nach duisg e suas chum beatha nuaidh, agus chum gach deagh-dhochas a shealbhadh! Tha sinn gu leir a' creidsinn so, do bhrìgh gu 'm bheil Focal Dé 'g a theagasg dhuinn; ach tha iadsan, ann an seadh, 'g a chreidsinn nach 'eil fathast eolach air an Fhocal sin, air da a bhi air a sparradh orra le oibrìbh Nadair mu 'n cuairt doibh. Ach an deigh sin uile, tha an smuaintean mu thimchioll na firinn cudthromaich so, air an combhadhadh le sgaile diomhaireachd agus neo-chinnteachd. Biodh na h-uile, nime sin, taingeil air son an Taisbein Naomh sin a thugadh dhuinn leis an Ti a's Airde, trid am bheile beatha agus neo-bhasmhorachd air an toirt chum an t-soluis. S.

CRIONTACHD.

Tha e gu tric a' tachairt gu 'm bi a' cheud fichead pundo Sasunnach a chosnas ogranach glie, an deigh gach ni a' chur 'n a aite fein, chum mor bhuanachd dha air son a dèicagh ghiulain an deigh laimh. Tha 'n t-suin sin, ged nach 'eil i ro mhor, a' teagasg curaim agus dìchill dha a leanas ris uile làithean a bheatha. Tha e moran ni's fearr air a shon fein gu 'n cosnadh e le saothair a lamh am fichead pundo Sasunnach sin, na gu 'm faigheadh e mar thiodhlac iad o neach eile. Ma chosnas e an t-airgid sin, tha fios aige air an dìchioll a ghnathaich e ga 'chur r' a cheile. Bha a' chuid a's mo dhuibhsan a ta saibhir 'n ar measg aon nair bockd, agus air doibh le 'n dìchioll onaraich fein beagan a chur mu seach, tha meas ni's mo aca air. Bha iadsan a rugadh le spainibh airgid 'n am beul a ghnath buailteach air bliadhnaichean an oige a chur seachad ann an ruiteireachd agus

diomhanas, agus mar is minic a chunneas, cha d' eirich iad suas gu bhi aon chuid 'n an cliu dhoibh fein, no 'nam bhuanachd idir do 'n t-saoghal mu 'n cuairt doibh. S.

LUCHD-CLUICH NAN CAIRTEAN AGUS NA SEOLADAIREAN.

Tha fhios aig neart de na tha 'dol moran feadh na duthcha, gu bheil muinntir ann a tha 'g an toirt fhein troinne le bi gu foilleil a' toirt an cuid bho 'n muinntir shocharach a gheibh iad a chluich leo air cairtean.

Shuidhich càraid dhuibh iad fein ri taobh an rathaid, dluth do bhaile àraid air latha feille. Chuir iad ionpaidh air tuathanach 's an dol seachad a lamh fheuchann. Fhad 's a chluich iad le argiod-geal leig iad leis a bhi buidhinn ach an uair a thòisich iad air na notaichean, chuir iad "car ùr an ruidhle bhodaich;" le 'n ceilg thug iad eutromachadh air a sporan. Air dha dol do 'n bhaile agus innseadh d' a choimhearsnaich mar chaill e chuid, co 'thuit a bhi lathair ach sgioba soithich de sheoladair-ean. "C' àite bheil iad?" dh' fheoraich iad. "Cha 'n 'eil iad fhathasd fad as," fhreagair esan. "Tingainn as an deigh," ars' iadsan; "thig 's leig fhaicinn duinne na daoine thug uait do chuid 's bheil sinn orra' thoirt duit air ais." Air an toir ghabh iad; 's air dhoibh teachd a nios riutha, "Thugaibh a chuid airgid do 'n duine so," arsa na seoladair-ean. So cha robh iad air son a dheanamh, a' reusanachadh gu 'n d' fhuair iad e gu dligeach. Cach cha 'n eisdeadh ri 'n leisgeul, ach le 'n dorn ris an leth-cheann aca, b' eiginn doibh a h-uile sgillinn d' a chuid a thoirt do 'n tuathanach. Cha b' e a mhaire sin, ach thug iad orra beagan a thoirt doibh a dh-fhaotainn *dram* air son an dragh a fhuair iad ann an tighinn as an deigh.

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhann, 1874.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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No. 30.

CONDITION OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The *Aberdeen Free Press* speaks as follows advertng to an appeal made a few days ago in the public press by Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, M.P., for aid to assist poor Highlanders in emigrating. The writer appears to understand his subject and we fear his remarks are only too pointed and true. He says:—Although the cost of emigration is reduced to something like the small sum required to pay a steamboat fare from Inverness to Glasgow, and to purchase a few cheap articles of outfit necessary for the sea-voyage—in all, we suppose, not exceeding two pounds per individual emigrant, yet even this moderate sum exceeds the means at the command of the unhappy Highlanders. Mr. Fraser Mackintosh says that many of them are utterly unable to provide the necessary outfit, and that aid is required to procure sufficient clothing for them. The amount required to meet the necessities of the case is estimated at a couple of pounds for each emigrant; and to raise this small sum the appeal to the public is made. We agree with Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, in thinking that “it would be an act of great kindness if the sum were contributed, in order to enable the Highlanders to obtain new and better homes beyond the ocean.” Deplorable as the rapid depopulation of the country is, no one would like to see people like those on whose behalf aid is solicited compelled by sheer poverty to carry on longer their hopeless struggle with starvation, when there are

other lands—less beautiful, perhaps, but more kindly—open to them, and where they could speedily attain to a condition far superior to what they have experienced here. The pitiful case to which public attention has thus so pointedly been drawn is, we fear, no exceptional one. We recently had to notice the departure of large companies of Highlanders from the islands of Skye and Lewis—driven on to the step by the same direful necessity which presses on their brethren in the mainland. We may thus conclude that over the Highlands generally the condition of the people is in many cases very far from what it ought to be. Those bodies of Highland men and women would not leave their native glens and break the many tender and tenacious links that bind them to the homes of their fathers, were there not a terrible necessity laid upon them. What that necessity is may be understood by any one who reflects on what the fact of honest and industrious peasants being worth less than forty shillings a head means.

Revelations like these must be somewhat startling to people who have had their information concerning the Highlands supplied to them by the class to whom the country is now greatly given over—sportsmen. According to these gentlemen, the Highlander, who used to be a sort of savage, has been raised immensely in his character and circumstances since he made the acquaintance of sportsmen, and had a chance of becoming a keeper or a gillie put in his way. The evidence

led recently before the Game Law Committee contained a great deal of remarkably distinct information on this point. The member for the county of Inverness—Mr. Cameron of Lochiel—than whom there should be no better authority on the subject, told the committee that he considered the raising of game and the letting of land to sportsmen to be “a very great benefit to the inhabitants.” The Highlanders got themselves engaged as keepers, &c; the shooting lodge had to be supplied with bread and meat by the village baker and butcher; the blacksmith had to shoe the sportsmen’s ponies; the girls got places at the lodge as housemaids; the crofters got a market for their butter, eggs, and milk; and labourers got no end of work making roads, &c. In fact, said Mr. Cameron, “there is hardly any class in the community that does not gain *pro tanto* by the establishment of a shooting lodge where there was none before.” Mr. Horatio Ross, another “great” authority on Highland affairs, had “not the smallest hesitation” in telling the committee that the creation of deer forests had benefited the population of the Highlands to a very large amount, and for this simple reason that the deer forests have brought a very wealthy class of men down to Scotland, and these men have been most liberal in their expenditure.” “Any one,” contends Mr. Ross, “who has lived, as I have done, in the Highlands for so many years, would be able to see a gradual improvement in the people ever since the deer forests and the grouse shootings have been the object of people coming down to Scotland for sport.” Another witness, Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, was at great trouble to show, that on his estate in Inverness-shire, the people had benefited by the introduction of deer

foresteing. He had built ever so many new and improved cottages, and the population had increased to nearly the double during the seventeen years he had possessed the estate. He had paid away £23,000 principally for labour, and wages had risen by one third. The Blacksmiths’ trade had been quadrupled, and Lady Marjoribanks had at Christmas given away to the children at school no less than 60 cloaks. Mr. Edward Ellice of Glengarry gave similar evidence. He said—“I can say that the condition of the people is quite different from what it was 40 years ago. For every half crown which used to be in the country there is a pound at least; the increase of expenditure of money has been very large indeed.”

How are such statements as these to be reconciled with the fact that many hundreds of the Highland people are, in a single season, forced to emigrate for lack of the means of life? How does it happen that while in the olden time a much larger population than at present inhabit the Highlands found meat, clothing, and shelter, sufficient to satisfy their wants, now a-days, when their numbers have been reduced by decades of eviction, and their condition has been so vastly improved by deer foresteing, they should be compelled by starvation to seek new homes, but be utterly unable from sheer lack of means to remove from the scene of their misery? If that great institution, Sport, has brought all those blessings to the Highlands in its train which its devotees claim for it, the misery of the Highland emigrants is a hoax. If that misery be real, the benefits bestowed on the Highland people by the sporting system are purely and absolutely apocryphal. The latter conclusion we have not the slightest difficulty in accepting as the sound one.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FUNERAL.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

In a wild and gloomy vale which skirts the base of a line of dark mountains in the district of Lorne in Argyleshire, and not far distant from the famous pass of Glencoe, with whose fearful tragedy every historical reader must be acquainted, stands, or rather stood—for its ruins only now remain—an humble shieling built of stone and turf, the only building material the valley afforded. If solitude or a sense of the sublime had been an object to its inhabitant, his gratification must have been complete, for a wilder or more romantic site for human habitation could not well be conceived. Reared upon a gentle acclivity, with which the equality of the vale is now and again disturbed, it looks out upon a sheet of water some two miles in breadth, which bears the local name of Loch Lual. A rapid-running stream dashes past it on the north, while, at some distance behind, the bare crags shoot up above the looming mists, assuming the most fantastic forms, and their singularity is increased by the rugged furrows cut out by winter torrents, which have their origin in the top of the mountains. Unlike the principle generally observed in the construction of similar dwellings, it was void of natural shelter, unless a few stunted trees that straggled around it were considered a protection; and when the tempest raged along the vale, the rude structure was wholly unfit to resist its effects, as was amply testified by the rain that oozed through its penetrable roof. Exposed to the piercing winds that blew fitfully from the mountain gorges, it was cradled in the howling blast, and soaked with heavy rains, and, although it outlived their violence, their ravages left impressions of speedy decay. The glen could have no inducements as a residence to any other than the heedless mountaineer, for the stillness and solitude which prevail, instil feelings wide at war with all sociality, and exclude any cheer or comfort which might otherwise exist; and saving an occasional visit from a passing sea-bird, or the sheep that graze upon the hill pastures, there are no indications of life, or the progress of civilisation. The dreariness of the dell may be sometimes broken by the scream of some solitary eagle, as it continues its sweeping flight to its eyry among the rocks.

In this rude hut, along with his aged

sister, resided Ewan Macgregor, the only shepherd on his side of the loch within a circle of twelve Highland miles. Many years ago, when our eyes less lacked lustre, and our tread upon the heath was less feeble and more manly than it now is, we had occasion to pass over this tract of country on a pedestrian tour through the Highlands; and we then met Macgregor for the first time, but his husky voice and stooping gait showed that he was then beyond his prime. It was drawing towards the close of a dark lowering day about the latter end of autumn, when the sere and yellow leaf was twirling from the bough; and though the farmer of the Lothians had his crops safely secured under 'thack and raip,' the ungenial climate of the west prevented the cottar's husbandry being finished until the season was farther advanced. When we halted, the shepherd was putting up his scanty crop into stooks, and from the rank appearance of the stalks, our limited knowledge of agriculture gave us reason to fear that his labour would be but sadly requited in its fruits. Taking a seat upon a rough piece of crag which had rolled down into the valley from its more primitive repose, we saluted the outlaw of Glen Lual, and thereafter entered into conversation with him regarding the objects of interest in that part of the country, and the extreme loneliness of the life he led; and so rarely did he receive a visit from a traveller, that he eagerly indulged in a privilege which seldom occurred with him—a chat with a citizen. An hour or more had thus passed very pleasantly to both—to him on account of the idle gossip which he had got about the doings of a world to which he was so great a stranger, and to us because our limbs required some cessation from the incessant tramp with which we had prosecuted our toilsome pleasures for some days previous—when the sky, which had been foreboding a storm throughout the day, was suddenly overcast, and the rain began to descend. We rose to resume our journey, when the warm-hearted Celt anxiously pressed us to remain with him for the night, and promised that the rudeness of an unkindly couch, and the homeliness of our mountain fare, would be compensated by a hospitable welcome. But few pressing invitations were necessary to induce us to accept of his kindness, for the misty day was merging into a stormy night, and what little of our strength remained would have barely seen us to a more

comfortable halting-place; so, following our host, we were soon seated on a rough oak-root around the red embers of his faggot-fire. When we entered, his sister was away spoiling the errant poultry's nests of the day's eggs; for her domestic brood, wooing even deeper solitude than reigned within her house, sought the fern or the heath for the purposes of incubation. She was a little surprised, on her return, to find her fireside companions, which usually consisted of her brother and sheep dog Oscar, so unexpectedly increased; but the usual salutations over, and a few mysterious words in their native tongue from our landlord, she hastened to prepare a homely repast to refresh us after our fatiguing march. 'Hunger is good kitchen' is an old Scotch saying, and never was its truthfulness so forcibly felt as when we were seated at that rude table in the wilds of Lorne.

Our appetitive wants being satisfied, we then got an outline of his life from the grey-haired Gael, and the cause of his having chosen that solitary glen for his abode. His father was a small farmer in one of the Hebridean islands, and by industry and frugality had managed to bring up a family of seven children. His lot had been like that of many others of his race; able to maintain himself and offspring beyond, although not far above the reach of want, but never realising that position in life which is generally understood by the name of independence. The subject of our tale was but eighteen years of age when the death of his father scattered a helpless family upon the wide world in search of a livelihood, and, after many emigrations, Ewan ultimately settled in the northern extremity of Ross-shire, in the capacity of a farm-servant. Here he remained a good number of years in Arcadian bliss, until well on in man's estate, when he got himself involved in the intricacies of that passion whose feelings are much more ardent than those of friendship. The object of his love was a cottar's only daughter, and, if Ewan's delineations of feminine beauty and innocence were correct; she must at least have been worthy of the purest affection. But Shakspeare says that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and so it seems to have been with Ewan Macgregor. Despite all the troth that was plighted, and the vows that were solemnly made, the fair maiden proved faithless, and slighted her betrothed, she chose a neighbouring rustic

for the partner of her joys and cares. When love is suffered to go unrequited, and laughed at with a sneer of falsity by her who was once all that truth could desire, it speedily evaporates, and is immediately succeeded by a deadlier passion, which changes a man from a loving friend to a dreaded foe. The rejected suitor could ill brook such neglect, and after combating the throbbings of a broken heart for a considerable time, his suppressed troubles burst forth, and in a fit of mad revenge he played the part of an incendiary, by setting fire to their dwelling one night when the newly wedded pair were absent on a visit to the young wife's parents; and sealing his heart against society and its kindred feelings and desires, the love-lorn Ewan fled from the scenes of his mingled joys and griefs, and ultimately located himself in the vale where we found him, and made it the land of his adoption. He built his own house, and brought in the patches of land to a state of semi-cultivation, without deigning to ask the consent of the proprietor, presuming the barren heath was as free to the alien as to the scion of the rightful lord; and he was suffered to remain unmolested in the enjoyment of his self-made possessions. After he had outlived the objects of his malice, or considered himself secure from their retaliation, he invited his sister, the only surviving member of the family besides himself, to reside with him; and uniting the occupation of a shepherd of the flocks which grazed upon the mountains belonging to a neighbouring laird, with the tilling of his cot-land, he lived as when we first met him, 'unknowing and unknown.' Now that the feverish impetuosity of youth had died away, he regretted that he had ever allowed himself to commit such an outrage against one who had shared so largely of his youthful love.

Our host's fireside biography having brought on the hour for retiring to rest, he led us up a rude ladder, into the garret overhead the apartment which had served us for a dining-room, where we found a clean heather bed, upon which we very soon sought repose for our wearied frame; and, despite its ungrateful tendencies, and the storm that now battled around us with all its native wildness, we sprang as lightly from it on the return of daylight as if it had been of fleece or feathers. The poor man's hospitality having been again exercised in purveying for our morning meal, and

which had nearly been the cause of offence because of our profligate recompense in return, we bade him and his aged relative an affectionate adieu, with a promise to see him again, should we ever be in that district; and resolutely betook ourselves to our journey along the beaten sheep-track that wended through the glen. The last time we saw him was standing on an eminence a little distance behind his house, waving his hand, and signalling a long and last farewell.

A considerable interval elapses at this part of our narrative, for a dozen winters and as many summers had fled from the future to the past ere we again visited that lonely glen, and among the many changes which had taken place during that period, the cottage had become a ruin. When we again came within sight of it, part of its walls were a heap of rubbish, and part stood tottering in the blast, while the rotten rafters reared their fragments to the sky. Notwithstanding the short time we had been within its walls in earlier days, and the length of time which had elapsed since then, we recognised familiarities, which, though in ruins, told a tale more impressive than the best woven woof of romance or reality. The cot, ever friendly as a shelter, was now, in its decay, the habitation of some wood-birds who flew away seemingly deprived of a prescriptive right by our intrusion on the unbroken silence of their home. Some few days afterwards, when at a small hamlet on the opposite shore, we learned the subsequent history of our aged friend. The winter after our visit had been too great a trial for old Alice's frame, and after a short illness, she ceased to suffer, by the intervention of death. Two winters more saw the old man's end too. For some days after his death, the villagers on the other side of the loch had not observed any smoke rising from his dwelling, or other indication of things as they used to be, and judging that there must be something wrong or unusual, two men took a boat and pulled across to satisfy their misgivings. On entering the house, the door being only on the latch, they were greeted by the Highlander's sheep-dog, which, on hearing the sound of footsteps, wagged his tail and looked imploringly in the men's faces, as if he wished their assistance in an emergency, of which by the way there was much need. The poor animal was spent with hunger, watching his master, who was found stretched upon his lonely

death-bed. Without any friendly hand to smooth his dying pillow, he breathed his last untended and uncomforted. After a little consultation, one of the men rowed home again, to return with some friends the next day and bury the deceased; while the other, with the dog for his companion, remained with the corpse during his absence—a self-imposed task, which, considering the superstition that exists among the 'sons of the mist,' might be deemed too much for one man's courage. Three boats containing twelve individuals arrived next day, and the coffin, which they had brought along with them, having received its tenant, it was laid athwart the stern of the first boat, which was manned with four rowers, and a fifth took his seat beside the remains. A newly cut sapling, with a black rag fluttering at the top, was placed in the bow, as a befitting accompaniment to the whole. Taking the poor dog as a passenger, the boat thus freighted formed the van, the others following in the rear; and in this order they continued for the half of the voyage, till, owing to the heavy swell upon the loch at the time, all the boats were driven to a distance at different points below their intended landing place, where they were obliged to get ashore as they best could, as it was impossible to row against the gale. When the party in the first boat were landing, by some unfortuitous circumstance, or the negligence of the man at the stern, to whose care the remains were intrusted, the coffin slipped over the side of the boat, and, floating out a short distance, suddenly disappeared, and leaving nothing but the surge and rolling wave, found a grave beneath the tidal waters of a Highland loch. The moment the boat lost its inanimate cargo, the dog nobly plunged into the water to the rescue, but his howling and his efforts were alike unavailing, and, before the rowers could again put off, the funeral obsequies of the voluntary exile were finished.

For many a day after, the dog visited the resting place of his old master, mingling his cries with the whistling winds and now he rests beneath a green sward on the verge of the loch, with the native rock for his headstone, upon which some untutored hand has chiselled the simple word "*Oscar*."

If you would relish your food, work for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

RESTORATION OF THE RUINS IN IONA.

The condition of these interesting ruins has for some time past been engaging the attention of the Duke of Argyll, who seems fully alive to the desirableness of having steps taken for their effectual preservation. Last year, on the invitation of his Grace, Mr. R. Anderson, architect, Edinburgh, visited the island, and, after careful examination, drew up a report, in which he offered various suggestions for the repair and partial restoration of the buildings. On digging into the mounds at the foot of the walls, Mr. Anderson found several relics of ancient sculpture; and, altogether, saw enough to satisfy him that a thorough search would bring to light many characteristic features of the old cathedral. What he recommended, therefore, was to have the mounds opened up, with the view at once of clearing the ground and of recovering the valuable portion of their contents. The material so recovered he proposed to employ in making good defects in the cathedral walls, thus avoiding the error which was made some years ago in repairing the chapel of St. Oran in such a way as entirely to destroy its architectural character. It seems that repairs are specially required in the west gable, which is at present in a very precarious state. In the chapter-house, again, the vault is thrusting out the walls, and measures must be taken to make the structure secure. As to the cloisters, Mr. Anderson believes that a great deal of the original stonework could be recovered from the rubbish heaps—perhaps, indeed, almost as much as would make it worth while to re-erect a portion of the building. How far these anticipations may be realised remains to be seen; but, in

any case, the removal of the mounds from this and other parts of the ruins would seem to be necessary in order to reach the foundations, which in various places require to be underpinned. Irrespective of more elaborate restorations, should such be resolved on, there is a good deal to be done everywhere in the closing of the cracks, the repointing of the masonry, and the protection of the wall-heads so as to keep out rain from the interior. We understand that Mr. Anderson has received from the Duke a general commission to commence operations, and will accordingly proceed to the island with a suitable staff of workmen. The exact nature and extent of the work to be done will probably be determined, in some measure at least, by the result of the excavations, which are, in the first instance, to be undertaken. The public, however, will confidently look to the noble proprietor to carry the improvements as far as, in respect of amenity or antiquarian interest, there seems any substantial object to be gained.—*Scotsman.*



OLD ROME AND CALEDONIA. THE BATTLE OF GLENLYON—ORIGIN OF THE KILT.

In the valley of the Lyon, in front of the ancient valleys of Forthingall (or Fort of the Gael), a decisive battle was fought between the Caledonians, led by one of their most celebrated Kings (lineally descended, by the way, from Adam, the first King or Chief of Caledonia), and the Romans, commanded by the emperor in person, when the latter, comprising the flower of the Roman armies, fled before the victorious Caledonians with great precipitation, leaving thousands of their tunics (or short coats reaching nearly to their knee),

behind them on the field to facilitate their flight. Among these tunics was discovered that of the Roman Emperor himself, which in the fulfilment of his vow, was at once appropriated by the Caledonian monarch; and from this royal garment was formed the first model of the famous, historical, and graceful Highland Kilt.

The Roman master of the world,
With all his warriors, mailed and gnarled;
With glittering spears and flags unfurled,
Invaded Caledonia.

Within wild Lyon's rocky glen,
Where frowns Schiehallion's lofty ben,
The mighty Cæsar and his men
First met the Caledonians.

"Why come ye here?" inquired the Gael,
"With all your spears and coats of mail?
And why with such high pomp assail
The peaceful Caledonians?"

"We come to conquer," Rome replied,
"What, is our royal right denied?
Shall Rome imperial be defied
By naked Caledonians?"

Must *you*, forsooth, be answered why?
Our banners o'er the world should fly!
Enough! at once submit or cry
Farewell to Caledonia."

"So long as rocks our mountains crown,
And our strong arms can hurl them down,
No power on earth shall win renown,
O'er free born Caledonians.

And more than that, proud Roman, know;
Great Rome herself shall be laid low
Before a foreign *cock* shall crow,
In sacred Caledonia.

As for our 'nakedness,' perchance
Yourselves in this may help our wants;
We vow in Cæsar's robes to dance
This night in Caledonia."

Before the Roman hosts could utter
The name of Jove, into the gutter
They sank like melted snow or butter,
Beneath the Caledonians.

And ere the sun that day went down
Behind Schiehallion's lofty crown,
From Cæsar's royal robe had grown
THE KILT OF CALEDONIA.

WILLIAM MURRAY.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY— ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The third annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness was held on Tuesday evening, 28th ult., in the Northern Meeting Rooms. On former occasions the meetings came off during the week of the Wool Market, but this year the committee considered it advisable to postpone it until the week of the Highland Society's Show. In the absence of the Chief of the Society, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway, was in the chair, supported by the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, Captain Chisholm, of Glassburn; Mr. Macdonald, Balranald; Mr. Jolly, R.M. Inspector of Schools; Dr. Carruthers; Mr. John Murdoch, and Rev. Mr. Wright. While the company were assembling, Pipe-Major Maclean played at the entrance to the hall, and he opened the proceedings with an air from the platform, "The Chisholm's Welcome."

Sheriff Macdonald delivered an interesting address, during which he said that the Society was decidedly patriotic, and by no means confined its work to the cultivation of the Gaelic language. Nor did they in the least desire to prevent Gaelic people from learning the modern and commercial languages now in use. Quoting from the constitution of the Society, he stated that its objects were to perfect the members in the use of the Gaelic language, to cultivate the poetry and music of the Highlands, to preserve manuscripts, literature, and traditions, and to establish a library in Inverness, consisting of books in any way bearing on the language or interests of the Highlands and Highlanders both at home and abroad. He reminded them that the Highland and Agricultural Society now holding its show at Inverness began its operations on a very small scale, though it now included the whole of Scotland; and he hoped the motto of both Societies would be "Foremost, not only in valour, but in industry." (Applause.) The second volume of the Transactions of the Society was now in print, and would shortly be in the hands of members. At the date of making up that volume, the number of members was 261, and the roll had since increased. The funds were also in a prosperous condition, the Society having from £70 to £80 in hand. He trusted that every member would take a pride in getting another member to join. In this way they would strengthen the Society, and perhaps be

able to do something to promote the teaching of Gaelic in our cottages and schools.

Several songs and recitations were then rendered in good style by various parties.

The Rev. Messrs. Macgregor and Wright also delivered addresses. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Wright said that in many parts of France, and generally in Germany, the writings of Ossian, the great Scottish poet, were better known than they were in Scotland; and this should not be the case. If they were to make any progress as a society, Ossian should be studied more than he is, for unless his writings received fair justice in Scotland, the Gaelic language could not make any progress. Mr. Wright then briefly referred to the characteristics of Ossian as a poet, the value of his poems as literary productions, and that a knowledge of him would be cultivated by the people among whom he should be well known. (Applause.)

Mr. Jolly proposed a vote of thanks to Sheriff Macdonald, for taking the chair.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

CALL TO THE REV. MR. CAMERON OF RENTON.—The Rev. Alexander Cameron, of Renton, well known to our readers as the author of the able and interesting articles on Gaelic Philology, which have been appearing in *THE GAEL* for the past two years, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the Free Church of Brodick.

The Sutherland and Caithness Railway was formally opened from Helensdale to Wick and Thurso on the 28th ult., and is said to be well patronized, both as to passengers and general traffic. Two trains are run daily each way so as to make close connections with the Inverness trains for the South. The Board of Trade Inspectors expressed themselves well satisfied with the road.

SAD CASE OF DROWNING IN LOCHBROOM.—Two fishermen from Letters, Lochbroom, were recently drowned off Isle Martin. It appears that two boats left Ullapool together, and the night being calm, the crews tied the boats together and rowed quietly along. While lounging on the gunwale of his boat, Duncan Mackenzie, the skipper, tumbled or fell backwards, and seized hold of one of his crew, known as Kenneth Roy's

son. Both fell overboard. The other men were at the oars pulling. John Mackenzie, son of the skipper, jumped overboard, but while attempting to save his father's life, nearly lost his own, and was pulled on board by his companions in an exhausted state. Both men, who retained hold of one another, sank at once, and were not seen again. The rest of the crew returned to Ullapool and reported the sad news. The deceased were both married, and have left large families.

WICK.—A man named Alexander Macleod, belonging to Harris, a hired man on board a fishing boat, was thrown overboard by getting foul of the sheets when setting sail after hauling the nets, and was drowned. Deceased was thirty-two years of age, and unmarried.

AIRS AND MELODIES OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.—Mr. Mackenzie, Bank Lane, Inverness, has issued the Highland airs and melodies, compiled and arranged by the late Captain Fraser, of Knockie, with corrections and additions made by his son, the late Angus Fraser, who inherited the musical tastes of his father. Before the publication of this edition, the work was extremely scarce and dear, and Mr. Mackenzie deserves credit for bringing it out in this cheap and convenient form. Those who are anxious for the preservation of our old Highland music should not miss the opportunity of adding this enlarged edition to their collection.

A TRUE HIGHLANDER.—Let me tell you, as shortly as I can, how it happens that I know something about traditions of any kind. I was "raised" in the Highlands of Scotland, and as soon as I was out of the hands of nursemaids I was handed over to the care of a piper. His name was the same as mine—John Campbell—and from him I learned a good many useful arts. I learned to be hardy and healthy, and I learned Gaelic; I learned to swim, and to take care of myself, and to talk to everybody who chose to talk to me. My kilted nurse and I were always walking about in foul weather or fair, and every man, woman, and child in the place had something to say to us. Thus, I made early acquaintance with a blind fiddler, who could recite stories. I worked with the carpenters; I played shinty with all the boys about the farm; and so I got to know a good deal about the ways of Highlanders by growing up as a Highlander myself.—*J. F. Campbell.*

NEW WORK ON GAELIC.

Dr. Charles Mackay is busily preparing for publication, by subscription, his work, on "The Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe, and more especially of the English and Lowland Scotch and Cant, Slang, and Colloquial Dialects." In his introductory notice, issued to the public by way of advertisement, the learned doctor says—"All philologists who have really studied the subject admit that the Gaelic, like the human race itself, had its rise in the far East, and that it is of greater antiquity than any other language now spoken in Europe. How much it is interwoven with and underlies the vernacular English has only recently been suspected. Two branches of the Celtic language were spoken by the British people prior to the Roman, Saxon, and Danish invasions—the Cymric, or Welsh; and the Gaelic, wrongly called the Erse, spoken to this day in the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Ireland. The proofs are—first, the Celtic names of places in every part of the British isles and throughout nearly the whole of Europe; second, the patronymics of families, not merely Scottish, but English, which are clearly traceable to the Gaelic; and third, the incorporation into the language of a large number of words—used in the vernacular—many of them supposed to be slang or cant, unfit for the purposes of literature; and many others, a puzzle to all philologists who obstinately or ignorantly refused to look for their roots in the only place where it was possible to find them. Cant itself is a Gaelic word, and signifies language; and being used by the aboriginal inhabitants—employed by their Saxon conquerors, as

Johnson suggests, 'in the culture of the ground, and other laborious and ignoble services,' became the language of the people. Johnson cites but four words which he acknowledges to be of Gaelic origin, and six which he calls 'Erse,' unaware that the Erse and the Gaelic are the same language, and that they differ in little except in the orthography. Later lexicographers, notably Mr. Wedgwood, have begun to look into the Cymric and Gaelic for the British substratum of the English language; but the present is the first work that has attempted, either in England or on the Continent, to treat the subject exhaustively, and to trace to its origin the colloquial and un-literary speech of the British people—to show the false foundation of current etymology, and to clear up the obscurity that has so long hung over the words which Johnson and his successors have described as low, vulgar, or without traceable etymology. The work, when completed, will contain a preliminary essay on the rise and growth of the English language, and a summary of the causes which have prevented it from being so essentially Anglo-Saxon as many learned philologists have assumed it to be."

ORDINATION AT LOCHINVER. The Free Fresbytery of Dornoch met recently at Lochinver, and ordained the Rev. Norman Mackay, probationer, to be the minister of the Free Church congregation there. The call has been a harmonious one, and all the proceedings in connection with the settlement have passed over very agreeably. Mr. Mackay, we may mention, is son-in-law of the late Hugh Miller, the Geologist.

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies, and bickerings between neighbours, meddlesomeness, and tattling are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

AN G A I D H E A L.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1874. [31 AIR.

AIR AN DU'IRTICH.

Bha toil mhor agam o chionn iomadh latha dol a dh-ionnsaidh na Du'irtich. Cha robh iongantas ann. Rugadh a's thogadh mi an sealladh na creige. Chiteadh a' sgeir o dhachaidh m' oige, cruinn, maol, a' snamh gu socrach air uchl a' chuain mhoir, an uair a bhiodh an aimsir siochail; ach “'n uair dh' eireadh gail-ionn a' chuain ard,” bu ghreadhuach agus b' namhasach an sealladh a bhi 'g ambarc air na tonnan buairesasach a' sior shlachdraich air a' chreig, 's a' tilgeadh an onfha fein ceudan troidh do na speuran. B' i a' sgeir aonarach, dhubb ud, se mile deug a mach 's a' chuan, an aon bhòcan air son smachd a chumail air cloinn bhig anns a' chearn 's an do thogadh mi. Cha robh taibhse, no manadh, no glaistig, no ban-shith roimh 'n robh a leithid de dh-eagal againn. Mur gabhadh tu do bhiadh an uair a dh' iarrteadh ort, rachadh fhagail air an Du'irtich; ni sam bith a bhiodh a dhith ort, mur biodh toil a thoirt dhuit, bha e air an Du'irtich; agus mur deanadh tu gu h-ealamh gach car a bhiodh air iarradh ort, rachadh do chur air an Du'irtich. Tha e duilich leam a chreidsinn gu 'n robh a' sgeir 'n a culaidh-uamhais ni bu mho do'n t-seoladair a bu ghealtaiche 's a' chabhlach Bhreatunnach, na bha i dhomh fein cuig-bliadhna-fichead roimhe so. Gun teagamh, an inntinn an t-seoladair,

bha 'n Du'irteach co-cheangailte ri oidhecan dorcha, luingeas 'g am briseadh, muathan 'n am bantraichean, 's clann 'n an dilleachdain; agus dhomhsa cha duisgeadh i ach cuimhneachain air brochain fhuar, leasain gun iunnsachadh, 's laoih 's a' ghart: ach, a charaid, 's beag t-eolas air nadur nan òg, ma their thu gu bheil coguis chiurte agus gu sonruichte broinn fhalamh 'n a ni faoin, soirbh a ghiulan do aois naoi bliadhna de bhualach 'n a chorp shlainte. Bho chionn beagan bhliadhnachan chaidh tigh-soluis ceutach a thogail air a' sgeir, agus bha 'so aobhar eile air son dol a chur eolais ni bu dluithe air mo sheana bhana-charaid (no bhau-namhaid). Cha luaithe 'chaidh iomradh air an turas cuain so, na rinneadh suas a thiota dà chuideachd. Chaidh dà bhirlinn chomasach a chur 'n an uidheam; agus bha sinn a' feitheamh, le niread foighidinn 's a dh' fhaodamaid, ri latha freagarrach air son na slighe.

Moch 's a' mhadainn air an t-seath-amh-la-deug de m' bios deireannach an t-samhraidh a chaidh seachad “thog sinn na siuil bhaidealach, bharragheal ri croinn fhada, fhulangach, fhiughaidh” na *Maighdinn Orasaich* 's a bana-chompanaich ann am Port-na-feamanta. “Bha soirbheas beag, lom againn mar a thaghamaid fein.” Bha sinn earbsach as ar teomachd fein, 's gu h-araid as a' *Mhaighdinn*,

“Nach 'eil bata 'n taobh so Chluaidh
A bheir a fuaradh thar a sroin.”

Bha sinn 's a' *Mhaighdeinn* seachdnar a chuideachd, a rugadh 's a dh'araicheadh 's an aon sgireachd. Chaidh seisear dhinn innsachadh 's an aon sgoil ; 's i an aon t-slat a smachdaich sinn. Bha 'n t-seachdamh air an t-saoghal ginealach roimh chach, ach, mo bheannachd air, b' e rogha 's tagha an fhir-thurais e, air muir no air tir ; oir

“Ged nach dean e fìdhleireachd,
Sgrìobhaidh e a's leughaidh,
'S air m' fhacal, nì e searmoin dhuit,
Nach talaicheadh neach fo'n ghreinn oirr'.”

Bha sinn 'n ar cuideachd cho sunndach, thuigseach, 's a gheibhteadh air latha samhraidh ; air coinneachadh aon uair eile “aig an tigh” a dh-urachadh 's a neartachadh eolas a's tlachd ar n-oige. Chaidh, gun teagamh, gach aon againn roimh “amhuinn theinntich” fein, agus bu shona esan, ma bha e ann, a fhuir an amhuinn air a teasachadh nì bu mho le ordugh an Rìgh na le 'dheanadas fein ; ach an deigh gach dathadh a rinneadh oirnn, bha sinn fathasd an trein ar neirt, le ar misneach laidir, ar cridheachan blath, agus sinn gaolach mu chomunn a cheile air dhoigh nach faighear, saoilidh mi, ach an eileana beaga na Gaidhealtachd a mhain. Rugadh 's thogadh sinn taobh na mara ; bu choingeis leis gach fear againn stiuir, ramh, no taoman ; 's gheibhteadh 'n ar cuideachd sgeul, iorram, no searmoin. Feudar a bhì cinnteach gur iomadh cuimhneachan a chaidh a dhusgadh, naigheachd a chaidh 'innseadh, oran a chaidh a sheinn, ceist a chaidh a chur 's a fhreagairt ; 's gur iomadh focal maith Gaidhlig a chaidh a sgoltadh, re nan trì uairean a thug a' *Mhaighdeann* “a' gearradh a h-astair feadh thonn, gun churam,” o chladach bearnach Cholasa gun an Du'irteach.

Bha uiread othail 'n ar measg a' ruigheachd na sgeire 's ged a bhith-

eamaid a' dol a thoirt a mach baile-daighnich. Bha stri co bu luaithe 'bhiththeadh air tir. Chaidh ar beatha 'dheanamh gu cridheil le fir an tigh-sholuis ; 's bu mhor ar moit an uair a dh' innis iad dhuinn gu 'm bu sinn a' cheud chuideachd, a mach o luchd-riaghlaidh 's luchd-freasdail, a chaidh a dh' aon ghnòthuch g' am faicinn o 'n a thogadh an tigh. Chaidh an t-slige mu 'n cuairt, 's ol air slainte na Du'irtich 's a luchd-àiteachaidh.

Tha chreag da cheud 's da fichead troidh air fad, deich is se fichead troidh air leud, 's ag eirigh á doimhneachd a' chuain mu dheich troidhe fichead os cionn airde a' mhuir-lain. Cha 'n 'eil tanalach a' briseadh cumhachd na fairge mu 'n cuairt di, ach a mhain trì sgeirean beaga air an taobh an iar a chithear ri isle-mhara. Cha 'n 'eil sgeir air an deach' togail a dheanamh ceithir thimchioll Bhreatuinn air an d' fhairicheadh buille na fairge cho trom. Leis gach àsaig a b' urrainn innleachd a's airgiod a chur an comas luchd-togail an tighe, cha d' fhuir iad air tir air a' sgeir a' cheud bhliadhna a thoisich an togail ach seachd latha fichead, ochd latha deug thar fhichead an ath bhliadhna, trì fichead an treas bliadhna, agus mu thri fichead gach bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin. Chithear a' chreag air a treabhadh 's air a sgoibhadh, ged 's cruaidh a gne, le cumhachd na fairge — dearbhadh laidir air cho deanachdach 's a tha buille na tuinne a tha 'briseadh oirre.

Is e tigh-soluis na Du'irtich am fear mu dheireadh a chuireadh suas anns an t-sreath a tha 'coinneachadh luingeis a thig o'n chuan air iar-bhord na h-Alba. Maol-Chinntire, Port-na-h-aibhne, Du'irteach, Sgeir mhor nan ròn, Ceann deas Bharra, Haoisgear, Ceann tuath Leoghais,—gach aon o oidhche gu oidhche a' tilgeadh a mach do 'n chuan a sholus dealrachd fein an coinneamh a' mharaiche, a'

cur failte air do dh-Albainn, 's 'g a threorachadh air a shlighe. Tha solus na Du'irtich mu sheachd fichead troidh air airde; solus laidir, *seasmhach* (mar their na maraichean), a' dearsadh geal ris an airde-'n-iar, an airde-deas, 's an airde-'n-ear; ach dearg ris an airde-tuath. Anns a' bhliadhna 1867 thoisich an t-ullachadh air son na togalach. Anns an ath bhliadhna chladhaicheadh steidh an tighe. Bha chlachaicheachd crìochnaichte ann an trì bliadhna eile; agus ann an geamhradh 1872 bha 'n solus laiste, gun sgiorradh gun dochann air neach de 'n luchd-obair.

“Ciosnaichear Nadur le geilleadh dhi,”—is fìor an radh so; agus b' fharsuing, geur-sheallach inntinn an fhir a chuir an fhirinn an cainnt. Cha 'n 'eil e farasda dearbhadh is laidire fhaotainn air a' ghuath-fhocal na gheibhear a' beachdachadh air tigh-soluis na Du'irtich. Is e crìoch araid tigh-soluis, an solus is neart-mhoire anns an togail is tearuinte. Is iomadh lagh Naduir air am feumar a bhi mion-eolach, agus d' am feumar geilleadh mu 'n toirear a' chrìoch so gu deagh bhuil. 'S ann air a ghluinean a thug esan buaidh a dhealbh 's a chrìochnaich tigh-soluis na Du'irtich. Tha steidh an tighe domhain 's a' chreig. Chaidh gach clach 's an togail a chladhach, a thomhas, a chuimreachadh, 's oibreachadh an Eilean - Earraid an iochdar Mhuile, far a bheil a nis dachaidh luchd coimhead's luchd freasdail an tighe. Se mìle deug air falbh o 'n chreig, chaidh gach clach a chothromachadh, gach aon air son a h-aite fein. Cha 'n 'eil seol no innleachd a fhuaradh a mach nach robh air a chleachdadh a chum na clachan a cheangal ri cheile air an doigh a bu laidire 's a bu dìongmhalta. Bha gach aon air an eagadh 's air an ealpadh 'n a cheile, 's air

an tàthadh leis a ghlaodh a bu teinne greim; air chor 's gu bheil an tùr ard a nis cho laidir 's cho seasmhach 's ged a b' aon chlach e o mhullach gu bonn. Agus tha 'n t-eolas 's an t-scoltachd cheudna air an cleachdadh, 's neo-ar-thaing cho buadh-mhor, air son neart a's tearuinteachd an t-soluis.

A' dìreadh gu mullach an tighe, tha os cionn deich troidhe fichead d' an t-slighe air fàradh prais a tha sìnne ri cliathaich an tùir, agus, gun teagamh, is feairrde duine suil a's laimh a's cas chinnteach a bhi aige mu 'n teid e 's an fhàradh. 'N a dheigh so tha 'n tur fosgailte, 's tha 'n dìreadh air an taobh a stigh le seachd staidhrichean—gach te mu dheich no dusan troidh air airde. Tha chuid fhosgailte de 'n tigh air a roinn 'n a sheachd urlair; 's gach aon air a chur air leth air son a ghnòthuich fein. Seomraichean cadail a's suidhe do 'n luchd-faire; aitean-tasgaidh air son gach goireas a bhitheas feumail do na daoine, 's gach ni a bhitheas a dhith air son an tigh a chumail laiste agus glan; —gheibhear so anns na urlair is isle. Os an cionn sud tha clag trom a bhithear a' seirm ri àm ceò, 's a chumar a' bualadh le bhi nis 's a ris 'g a thoinneamh mar nithear air uair-eadair; glaineachdan a's innleachdan air son a bhi 'g innseadh teas na side, luathas na gaoithe, ruith na tìm, 's a leithide sin. Am mullach an tighe tha seomar an t-soluis, agus is leoir a radh nach 'eil innleachd no seol air an d' fhuair luchd-eolais greim gus an latha a chaidh an solus a lasadh, nach 'eil cuideachadh is urrainn curam a dheanamh le eolas o 'n am sin, nach 'eil air an cleachdadh air son cumhachd agus cinnteachd an t-soluis a mheadachadh. Le mor-chaoimhneas threoraich am fear-faire sinn troimh 'n tigh, agus le mor - thoinnis chomharraich e

mach gach aite 's gach innleachd a bh' ann.

Bho mhullach an tighe tha 'n sealladh mu 'n cuairt farsuing, greadhnach ach neo-chumanda. Chithear Tirithe, "tir iosal an eorua" a' sgaioleadh a mach ris an iar-thuath; 's an ear-thuath chithear I-Chalum-Chille, sgarte o "Mhuilennan craobh" le caolas mu mhìle air leud, 's a' sealltuinn marchunnaic Calum-'ille feine 'n uair bha e 'seoladh seachad air an Du-irtich tri cheud deng bliadhna roimhe so, 'n a dhachaidh thearuinte do 'n t-soisgeulach aon an linntibh borb, 's cho iosal 's nach faicteadh Eirinn thar a' chnuic a b' airde dheth; air n ear fearann Cholasa a luidhe iosal fo bheanntan riabhach Dhiùra; 's "Ile ghlas an fheoir" a teicheadh air falbh a dh-ionusaidh na h-airde deas. An cuan mor fosgailte o 'n airde-'n-iar, le 'thuinn air an la ud, a' glasadh gu seimh mu 'n sgeir a bha ri 'faicinn fothainn corrach, dubh, le birlinn air acair air gach taobh dhi. Ag eisdeachd ri osna throm na fairge air a' chreig, shaoileamaid gu robh an cuan mor, mar ghaisgeach treun, a' leigeadh a sgios, 's a' cruinneachadh tuilleadh neart a chum a bli ag urachadh a' chath ris a' sgeir, a thòisich air a' mhadainn "air an do chruinnicheadh na h-uisgeachan a ta fuidh neamh a dh-aon aite, 's an do leigeadh ris an tir thioram." Cia mor an leirsgrios a rinneadh o'n sguabadh an ar-fhaich so 'n toiseach, cia lionmhor beatha a chaidh a chall, cridhe a chaidh a bhriseadh, 's teaghlach a chaidh an culaidh-bhroin, bithidh fios a mhain "an uair a bheir an fhairge uaip na mairbh a bhitheas innte."

B' eigin tearnadh. Sgrìobh sinn ar n' ainm, mar is gnath le luchd-tathaich, ann an leabhar a th' air a ghleidheadh air son a' ghnòthuich so. Sgaoil sinn beagan mhionaidean air a' sgeir — gach aon titheach

air son cuimhneachan a bhi dhachaidh leis — mir de 'n chreig, bàirneach, duileasg, ni eigin a ghabhadh toirt air falbh; agus chruinnich sinn a ris a dh-fhagail beannachd chairdeil aig na fir chaoimhneil, thuigseach a tha' gleidheadh an tighe, 's a dh-ol "deoch an d'ornis." Bha 'n t-am a' chreag 'fhagail. Bha 'n t-slighe buan; cha robh a' ghaoth ach lag, agus na bh' ann cho dìreach 'n ar n-aghaidh 's a b' urrainn di seideadh.

Bha 'n tilleadh fadalach; ach bha chuideachd sunndach. Thuit dallabh-rat na h-oidheche oirnn 's sinn fathasd moran mhilltean o cheann ar turais. Dhealaich sinn fein 's ar bana - chompanach. Dh' eirich a' ghaoth; dh' fhas a' *Mhaighdeann*, a bha cho morasda re an la 's an fheasgair, sunndach, curaideach; 's thug mi 'n aire gu 'n d' fhuiling i do 'n fhairge "mholach, cheannagblas" a beul a phogadh gu tric 's an dorcha. Ged nach "sgoilteadh i cuinnean caol coirce le fheobhas 's a dh' fhalbhadh i," cha robh i fada 'g ar giulan gus a' chialadh,

"A tha crom mar bhogha air ghleus,
A tha seimh mar uchd mo ghaoil."

Cha robh ar bana-chompanach fada 'n ar deigh. Chaidh an glaine uair eile mu 'n cuairt; agus sgaoil a' chuideachd; — am fear a bu ghlice 'n ar measg a' meas gu robh an la air a dheagh chaitheamh, 's am fear a b' oige dearbhtha nach di-chuimh-nich e 'n turas fhad 's a ghleidheas cuimhne a h-aite am measg buaidhean 'inntinn.

D. M.K.

Thigearmaid beo air sheol 's nach creid-ear neach a labhras gu h-olc mar timchioll.

Is sonas aon de na nithibh sin a gheibhear, cha 'n ann aig astar fad as, am measg nan coigreach, ach mu 'n chagailt aig a' bhaile.

SAOBH-CHRABHADH ANNS
NA H-INNSIBH.

Is ceart a thubhairt an Salmadair gu'm bheil "Aitean dorcha na tìre lan de ionadaibh-comhnuidh an fhoirmeirt." Cha 'n fhaicear fo 'n ghrein tìr nìs maisiche agus nìs oirdheirce air iomadh seol na Innsean na h-Aird-an-ear; gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil tìr eile ann, fendaidd e bli, far am bheil nithe 'g an deanamh a ta 'nochdadh truailidheachd nadair an duine air mhodh nìs soilleire agus far am bheil nithe 'g an deanamh a ta nìs leoir chum gach neach aig an bheil an comas, a dheachdadh le dèidh agus deagh-dhurachd, gu cur as do 'n t-saobh-chrabhadh sin leis an bheil na h-Innseanaich air an toirt co cianail air seacharan. Tha 'n duthaich feiu aillidh gun teagamh. Tha gach nì air muir agus air tìr, mar gu 'm b' ann ag oibreachadh le cheile chum gach eolas agus toilinntinn a bhùileachadh air an lùchd-àiteachaidh. Thairis air an duthaich fhad' agus fharsuing sin gu leir tha ghrian a' soillseachadh le toirbheartas ro tharbhach, agus a' toirt air gach nì ann an nadar a bli aobhneach ann an ailleachd a soluis deabraich. An sin, fendar a radh gu 'm bheil uile chraobhan na machrach a' bualadh an basan, agus na glinn a' deanamh gairdeachais air gach taobh. Tha gach nì a' cur an ceill gloire an Tì bheannaichte a ta 'riaghladh os an ceann, agus a' toirt gu cuimhse, ann an seadh, dealbh-choslas nan ionad sin far an do ghluais ar ceud sinseara gun truailidheachd ann am parras. Ach, mo thruaighe! anns a' cheart tìr sin, air an do bhuilich an Tì a 's airde iomadh buaidh urramach, tha nithe cianail 'g an cur an gnìomh air an la 'n diugh! Anns an tìr sin, a dh' fheadadh, a thaobh maise, a bhì 'n a gàradh do 'n t-saoghal gu leir,

tha clann air an co-cigneachadh gu bhì 'faicinn am parantan feiu agus parantan gu bhì 'faicinn an cloinne feiu, a' dol gu muldach a dhith! Tha so a' tachairt, cha 'n ann do bhrìgh nach 'eil lon air na h-achaibh, trendan anns a' mhaimuir, agus fendal air na roinntibh, ach a' chionn gu 'm bheil iad air am buaireadh, agus air an co-eigneachadh le saobh-chrabhadh ifrimeach agus air gach seol, ro dheistimeach chum bas eagallach fhaotunn le lambaibh aoin a cheile.

Faicibh an comhlan cianail sluaigh ud a' deanamh cabaig fo ghathannaibh teth na greine gu taobh an t-sruth naomha, agus a' deanamh grad-sheasamh air a blruaich. Ach faicibh ciod a tha iad a' ginlam air an gnaillibh chum an ionaid far am bheil iad a' seasamh ri taobh na h-aibhne. So agaibh mic agus nigheana, gu crabhach, diadhaidh, a' tarruing air an adhairt an athar no an mathar feiu, a bhuaileadh le timeas, chum gu 'm bhì iad air an tilgeadh mar so le 'n sliochd feiu do 'n doimhneachd mhoir nìsge a ta air an beulaobh, far am bhì iad gu h-ealamh air an bathadh, air son leas an anama. Grad ghniulainidh an an sruth sìos iad far an ithear iad le cunlaith agus le uile-bheistibh nan nìsgeachan! Is eagalach an cleachdadh, so. Tha e co mi-nadurra 's nach 'eil idir cumbachd aig briathraibh an gnìomh oillteil a chur gu freagarrach an ceill.

Ach faicibh a ris, a' chruach ard sin, air a togail suas, agus air a deanamh de fhìodh tìoram, air a sgoltadh as a cheile; agus ciod is ciall do 'n torr sin? Carson a charnadh co cas suas e? Air 'uachdar chithear air an sineadh taobh ri taobh, corp marbh, breun an athar, agus coluinn bheo na mathar! Tha iad air an suidheachadh an sin gu bhì air an losgadh

cuideachd gus am bi iad 'n an luathre! Buidheachas do 'n Ti Bheannuichte a ta 'riaghladh os ceann nan uile, tha na torran fiodh sin air an cur as anns gach cearnadh de na h-Innsibh a bhuineas do 'n Rioghachd Bhreatuinnich, ach cha'n 'eil na reachdan namhasach sin a dhealbh iad air an cur air cul, ni mo tha 'n spiorad a tharmaich iad air a smaladh as. Na 'm biodh gairdean treun na Cumbhachd Bhreatuinnich air a tharruing air ais an diugh, bhiodh air an la maireach mile torr a' lasadh air combh-nardaibh nan Innsean! Far nach 'eil lagh na Rioghachd so a' ruigh-eachd, tha 'n cleachdadh ghraineil so fathast air a gnathachadh mar a' abhaist. Tilgibh bhur suilean, ma ta air an torr chianail sin, air a dheanamh de chnaitibh tiorma agus corp marbh an athar, agus colunn bheo na mathar 'n an luidhe air 'uachdar. Mu'n cuairt da chithear 'n an seasamh a' chlann bhochd, through, a' dil-bheachdachadh air an t-sealladh bhronach. Ach c'arson tha iad 'n an seasamh an sin? An ann a dhusgadh suas truacantais agus co-shulangais na mathar? Cha 'n ann. An ann chum na lasraichean eagallach a smaladh as le 'n deuraibh? Cha 'n ann. An ann gu gach innleachd a gmathachadh chum cuirp an paranta fein a theasair-ginn beo no marbh? Cha 'n ann. Ach tha iad 'n an seasamh an sin, chum, ann an ainm nan dia d'am bheil iad a' deanamh aoraidh, gu'n cuir iad an lens teinnteach ris a' chruaich trid an eirich na lasraichean millteach suas, leis am bheil na creutairean truagh sin air am fagail ann am priobadh na sula 'n an dilleachdanaibh gun athair, gun mhathair, ann an saoghal coimheach, fuar.

An comas do chuilbheartaibh na h-ifrinn fein dol ni 's faide an aghaidh

aitheantan agus iarrtais Soisgeul an Tighearn Iosa Criosd? Fendaidh,— oir tha paranta's na crìochaibh iodhol-aorach sin a ni greim air an cloinn fein, agus chum dia eigin a thoileachadh, a thilgeas a mach iad, aon cluid gu bhì air an itheadh suas le fiadh-bheathaichibh na macharach, no gu bhì air an cagnadh beo, slan, le geur-fhiaclaibh uile-bheistean a' chuain.

Ach anns na crìochaibh iomallach sin, far am bheil gach dichìoll 'g a dheanamh leis gach Eaglais 'n ar measg fein chum teagasgan an t-Soisgeil a chraobh-sgaoileadh, tha cleachdadh eile ceart co deistinneach, graineil' ris na nithibh a dh'ainmicheadh cheana. Tha e air a dheanamh 'mach, gu'n do chuireadh, o laithibh Criosd air an talamb, corr agus ochd ceud deug mile leanabh-nighinn gu bas le 'm mathairichibh fein! O, nach eagallach darireadh an saobh-chrabhadh sin trid an bheil mortadh co uamhasach 'g a dheanamh le mathairichibh air an cuid 'cloinne fein, an duil le sin gu'm bheil iad a' ciuineachadh an diathan fein, agus a' cosnadh an deagh-ghean d'an taobh. Tha na mathairichean so a' deanamh mach gu'm bheil a' chlann-nighean a' toirt gach tubaist, donais, agus mi-sheilbh a stigh do na teaghlaichibh aca; agus, nime sin, gur e an dleas' nas d' an diathaibh agus dhoibh fein na leanaba sin a ghearradh as eadar bhun agus bharr! Gu cinnteach is e so ro mhend gach cumbhachd agus buaidh a bhuineas do Sbatan, thairis air a' cbrentair bhochd, through sin a chaill iomhaigh a Chruteir fein, agus a rinn e fein buailteach do mhearachd agus do sgrios. Is e dleas' nas nan uile a bhì beachd-smuaineachadh air na nithibh so, agus a bhì 'guidhe air an Dia sin, a tha 'riaghladh os ceann nan uile, gu'n tionndaidheadh e a' mhuinntir

shaobh-chrabbach sin o dhorchadas gu solus chum seirbhis a dheanamh dha fein a mhain. Eireadh na h-uile suas air ball, chum an dleas'nas a dheanamh d'am fuil agus d'am feoil fein, agus na fagadh iad clach gu'n charachadh chum na criche sin. Tha, agus bha moran de dhaoiuibh treun 'n ar duthaich fein de gach creidimh agus eaglais, a nochd iad fein tairis agus eudmhor chum an soisgeul a chur a dh-ionnsuidh nan cinneach so. O, nach bu dian, dealaidh anns an obair mhor agus chudthromach so an diadhair urramach sin Tormaid Og Macleoid, a chaidh e fein do na h-Innsibh, gus am faiceadh e le 'shuilibh fein meud, farsuingeachd, agus cumhachd an t-saobh-chrabhaidh a bha 'lionadh na duthcha sin, agus gus an deachdadh e le lathaireachd thaitnich, agns le a chomhairlibh glisce, na teachdairean durachdach agus eudmhor a bha 'cur a' chatha le armachd Dhe an aghaidh dhaimhneachdan nan iodhol-aorach! Ach, mo leon! bha eud cridhe, agus durachd iuntinn an deagh dhuire sin tuilleadh 's mor air son a neart agus a shlainte; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do ghiorrach e a laithean, ann an seadh, agus nach do dh-iobair e a lbeatha agus a bhuaidhean cumhachdach ann an obair chudthromach so a Mhaighstir neanbhuidh fein. O gu'n leanadh na miltean esan 'n a threibhdhreas chum cleachdanna co sgriosach do 'n duine, agus co eas-urramach do Dhia a sguabadh, le cuideachadh an Spioraid Naoimh, bharr aghaidh na talmhainn!

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

Na creid ni sam bith an aghaidh do choimhearsnaich, ach le deagh-ughdarras, agus le lan dearbhadh. Na cuir an ceill an ni sin a dh'fheadadh dochunn a dheanamh do neach eile, mur bi e 'n a dhochunn ni's miosa do mhuinntir eile a chealachadh.

SPIORAD NA H-AOISE.

SEANN SGEULACHD GHAI DHEALACH—
LEIS AN DR. MACLEOID, NACH MAIREANN.

Bha ann roimhe so, air chul Beinne-nan-Sian, aireach ghabhar d' am b' ainm Gorla-nan-treud, aig an robh triuir mhac agus aon nighean. Bha buachailleachd nam meann an earbsa ri ailleagan an fhuilt oir. Latha de na laithean, an uair 'bha i 'mach ri uchd na beinne a' buachailleachd nam meann, theirinn badan de cheo druidheachd cho geal ri sneachda na h-aon oidhche, agus air dha iadhadh mu ghuala na beinne, chnairtich e an t-ailleagan aonaranach, 's cha 'n fhacas i na 's mo.

An ceann latha 's bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin, thuir Ardán, mac mor an airich, "A' bhliadhna gus an diugh dh'falbh mo phiutbar, ailleagan an fhuilt oir, agus is boid a's briathra dhomh-sa nach dean mi fois no tann, a latha no dh'oidhche gus an lorgaich mi 'mach i, 's bithidh mi air cho-dhiol rithe fhein." "A mhic," arsa 'athair, "ma bhoidich thu sin cha bhac mise thu; ach bhineadh dhuit, mu'n deachaidh an focal a d'bhual ciad d'athar iarraidh. Eirich a bhean, agus deasaich bonnach do d'bhac mor, a's e 'dol air thurus fada." Dh' eirich a mhathair agus dheasaich i bonnach mor agus bonnach beag. "A nis," arsa 'ise, "a mhic, an fhèarr leat am bonnach mor ann am feirg do mhathar air son thu dh'fhalbh gun chead, no am bonnach beag le 'beannachd?" "Dhomh-sa," arsa esan, "am bonnach mor, 's gleidh am bonnach beag 's do bheannachd dhoibh-san a roghnaicheas iad." Dh' falbh e: agus ann am prioba na sul', bha e a sealladh tigh 'athar. Chuir e sad a's gach lodan agus o bharr gach tomain; bha e diau-astarach gun chaomhadh air bonn no eang, no ruighe, no feith. Bheireadh esan

air a' ghaoith luath Mhairt a bha roimhe; ach a' ghaoith luath Mhairt a bha 'n a dheigh, cha bheireadh i air. Mu dheireadh bhuaill acras e. Suidhear air cloich ghlais a dh'itheadh a bhonnaich mhoir; thigeadh fitheach dubh an fhasaich agus suidhear air sgorr creige os a cheann. "Mir, mir, a mhic Ghorla-nan-trend," ars' am fitheach. "Mir cha 'n fhaigh thu," arsa mac Ghorla; "mir no deur cha 'n fhaigh thu nam-sa, 'bheathaich ghrainde star-shuilich, star-shuilich, lachduim; tha e beag na 's leoir dhomb feinn." 'N uair bha sud thar bearradh a chleibh, gbluais e 'rithist gu sibhal nan eang—bheireadh esan air a' ghaoith luath Mhairt a bha roimhe, ach a' ghaoith luath Mhairt a bha 'n a dheigh cha bheireadh i air. Chriothnaich a' mhointeach mar a dhinthaich e oirre—thuit an druchd o'n fhraoch bhadanach ghorm, agus theich an coileach-ruadh do 'n chàthar a b' airde. Bha toiseach aig an fheasgar air ciaradh — bha neoil dhubha, dhorca na h-oidhche a' tighinn, agus neoil shioda, sheimh an latha a' triall; na h-eoin bheaga, bhuchullach, bhachallach, orbhuidhe 'gabhail mu thamh ann am bun nam preas 's am barraibh nan dos anns na h-iuns-eagan laghach, 's gach ait' a b' fhearr a thaghadh iad; ach ged a bha, cha robh mac mor Ghorla-nan-trend. Chunnaic e tigh beag soluis fada uaithe 's ge b' fhada naithe cha b' fhada 'g a ruigheachd. 'N uair a chaidh e stigh, chunnaic e seann urra choltach de dhuine mor, toirteil, liath, a' gabhail socair shàsda air beinge fhada air dara taobh an teine, agus gruagach dhreachmhor a' cireadh cul dualach a leadain oir, air an taobh eile. "Gabh a nios, 'oganaich," ars' an seann duine, 's e 'g eirigh; "'s e do bheatha. 'S minic a thalaidh mo leus loimreach, astaraiche nam beann. Gabh a nios,

's leat blàs agus fasgadh, 's gach cobhair a tha 'm bothan an t-sieibh. Dean suidhe; 's ma 's miann leat, cluinnear do sgeul." "'S olach mise," arsa mac mor an airich, "a tha 'g iarradh cosnaidh—thalaidh do leus loimreach mi a dh-iarraidh blàs agus fasgadh na h-oidhche." "Ma dh'fhanas tu agam-sa," arsa 'n seann-duine, "gu ceann bliadhna, a bhuaichleachd mo thri mairt mhaol, odhar, gheibh thu do dhuais, a's cha bhì fathalaich." "Cha b'e mo chomhairle dha," arsa nighean an fhuilt oir 's na cir' airgid. "Comhairle gun iarradh," arsa mac mor Ghorla, "cha robh meas riamh oirre. Gabhaidh mi do thairgse, a dhuine — ann an camhanaich na maidne, 's mise do ghille." Roinn laagan an fheidh 's a' chreachann, bhleodhainn grnagach an fhuilt oir 's na cir' airgid, na tri mairt mhaol, odhar. "Sin iad agad a nis," ars' an seann duine; "gabh m' an cul—lean iad—na pill iad—na bac iad—iarradh iad an ionaltradh fhein—'s leig leo imeachd mar is aill leo—fan thus' as an deigh—agus thigeadh aon ni 'thogras ann ad rathad, na dealaich thusa riutha—biodh do shuil orra agus orrsa-san a nìhain; agus a dh-aon ni g' am faic thu no g' an cluinn thu, na toir suil air. So do dhleasna—bi dileas—earb á m' fhocal—bi saothreach, 's cha bhì do shaothair gun duais."

Dh' fhalbh e mu chul na spreidhe, agus lean e iad. Cha robh e ach goirid air falbh, 'n uair a chunnaic e coileach oir agus ceare airgid a' ruith roimhe air a' bhàr. Ghabh e air an toir; ach ged a bha iad a nis agus a rithist, air leis, 'n a ghlaic, dh' fhairtlich air granachadh orra. Phill e air 'ais o'n t-sibhal fhaoin, agus rainig e 'n t-aite 's an robh na tri mairt mhaol, odhar ag ionaltradh, agus thoisich e 'rithist air am buachailleachd; ach chu b' fhada 'bha e

air an cul 'n nair a chunnaic e slatag oir agus slatag airgid a' cur nan ear dhuibh air an teidhlean, agus ghrad thoisich e air an ruith. "Cha 'n fhaod e bhith," ars' esan, "nach iad so a's usa 'ghlacadh na na h-eoin a mheall mi o cheann ghoirid." Sinear as 'n an deigh; ach ged bhiodh e 'g an ruith fhathast. cha bheireadh e orra. Thug e 'bhnuachailleachd air; agus mar a bha e 'leantainn nam mart maol', odhar chunnaic e doire coille air an robh na h-uile meas a chunnaic e riamh, agus da mheas daeng nach fhac e. Toisichear air e fhein a shasachadh leis na measaibh—thug na mairt mhaol', odhar an aghaidh dhachaidh, agus lean e iad. Bhloothainn gruagach an fhuil oir iad, ach an aite bainne cha d' thainig ach nus glas. Thinig an seann duine mar a bha: "Olaich gun fhirinn 's gun dilseachd," ars esan, "bhris thu do ghealladh." Thug e a shlacan-druidheachd—buaillear an t-ogannach, 's deamar carragh cloiche dheth, a sneas tri laithean a's tri bliadhna ri taobh an teine 'ann am bothan an t-sleibh, mar chuimhneachan air bristeadh focail, agus co-cheangail fasdaidh.

'N nair a bha latha's bliadhna eile air dol scachad, thuir Ruais ruadh, mac meadhonach Ghorla, "Tha da latha's da bhliadhna air dol seachad o'n a dh' fhalbh mo phiuthar aillidh, agus tha latha's bliadhna o'n a dh' fhalbh mo bhrathair mor; 's boid a's briathar dhomh-sa imeachd an diugh air an toir, agus an co-dhiol a bhì agam." Ceart mar thacair do 'n bhrathair a bu shine anns gach doigh, mar sin thachair do 'n mhac mheadhonach; agus 'n a charragh cloiche tha esan an ceann tighe bothain an t-sleibh, mar chuimhneachan air bristeadh focail, agus co-cheangail fasdaidh.

Latha agus bliadhna 'n a dheigh

so, thuir an mac a b' oige—Caomhan donn an aigh—"Tha 'nis tri laithean agus tri bliadhna o'n a chaill sinn mo phiuthar aillidh. Dh' fhalbh braithean mo ghaoil air a toir. 'Nis, 'athair, ma 's deonach leat-sa, ceadaich dhomh imeachd 'n an deigh 's an co-dhiol a bhì agam—agus na deanadh mo mhathair mo bliacadh. Guidheam ur cead—na diultaibh mi."

"Mo chead 's mo bheannachd tha agad, a Chaomhan, 's cha bhac do mhathair thu."

"An deasaich mise," ars' a mhathair, "am bonnach mor as eugmhais mo bheannachd, no am bonnach beag le durachd mo chridhe agus deothas m' anama?" "Do bheannachd, a mhathair, thoir thusa dhomh-sa; agus beag no mor a thig 'n a chois, tha mise toilichte—bu bhochd leam oighreachd an t-saoghail mhoir 's do mhallachd 'n a lorg. Air beannachd mathar, 's mi nach dean tair."

Thug Caomhan donn, mac Ghorlan-treud, air 's mar a bha tigh 'athar's a mhathair 'g a fhagail 's a' cheo, bha 'chridhe lan. Thug e gu siubhal nan eang—ruigear doire nan earb—suidhear fo chraoibh a dh' itheadh a' bhonnaich sin a dh' fhuin a mhathair chaomh dha. "Mir, mir," arsa fitheach dubh an fhasaich; "mir dhomh-sa, Chaomhan, 's mi fann." "Gheibh thu mir, a bheathaich bhochd," arsa Caomhan, "'s docha gu 'm bheil thu na 's feum-aiche na mi fhein—foghaidh e dhuinn le cheile—tha beannachd mathar 'n a chois." Dh' eirich e, 's ghabh e air a thurns. Ghabh e fasdadh aig an t-seann duine; agus dh' fhalbh e a bhnuachailleachd nan tri mart maol', odhar. Chunnaic e 'n coileach oir 's a' chearc airgid, ach thionudaidh e air falbh a shuilean; lean e 'n spreidh—chunnaic e 'n t-slatag oir agus an t-slatag airgid;

ach chuimhuich e a ghealladh, 's cha deachaidh e air an toir. Rainig e an doire—chunnaic e 'm meas a bhla boidheach, aillidh do 'n t-sealladh; ach cha do bhlais e e. Ghabh na trì mairt mhaol', odhar seachad air a' choille, 's rainig iad aonach farsuing air an robh falaisg—am fraoch fada r' a theine—ghabh iad g' a ionnsuidh. Bha 'n fhalaig a' sgaoileadh air an raon a' bagairt e fheiu 's na mairt mhaol', odhar a losgadh: ach ghabh iad troimpe—cha d' fheuch e am bacadh, oir b' e so an gealladh a thug e; lean e iad troimh 'n teine, 's cha do loisgeadh roinne 'dh' fhalt a chinn. Faicear 'n a dheigh sin abhuinn mhor a bha air at le tuiltibh nam beann. Thairis oirre ghabh na mairt mhaol', odhar, agus as an deigh ghabh Caomhan gu ceo-sgathlach. Tiota beag 'n a dheigh sin, faicear tigh-aoraidh geal, boidheach air reidhleiu uaine, ri cul gaoithe 's ri aodann greine, as an cual' e fuaim nan dana milis agus nan laoidhean binne. Luidh an spreidh air a' bhlar, 's chaidh Caomhan donn a stigh a dh' eisdeachd sgeul an aigh. Cha b' fhada 'bha e 'g eisdeachd teachdaireachd an aoibhneis, 'n uair a thainig oganach gnauach a stigh air dorus an tigh-aoraidh, le suil bhuaireasaich a's 'anail 'n a uchd, a dh-innseadh gu 'n robh an crodh maol, odhar anns a' ghart agus e 'dhol a mach g' an saodachadh as. "Imich nam," arsa Caomhan: "b' usa dhuit-sa, 'bhobaig, an cur as thu fhein, na ruith mar so 's an anail ad uchd a thoirt, an sgeoil a 'm ionnsuidh-sa—eisdidh mise na briathran taitneach." Tiota beag 'n a dheigh sin, thainig an t-oganach ceudna air 'ais—buaireas a's boile 'n a shuil agus anail 'n a uchd:—"A mach, a mach, a mhic Ghorla-nan-treud," ars' esan, "tha na coin agaiun-ne a' r'nagadh do chuid mart—mur bi thu 'mach am prioba na

suil', cha 'n fhaic thu 'n t-ath-shealladh dhiubh." "Air falbh, a bhobaig," arsa Caomhan donn, "b' usa dhuit-sa do chuid chon a chasgadh na teachd mar so 's an anail 'ad uchd g' a innseadh dhomh-sa. Eisdidh mise teachdaireachd an aoibhneis." 'N uair 'bha an t-aoradh seachad chaidh Caomhan a mach, agus faighear na trì mairt mhaol', odhar a' cur an sgios, gun ghluasad as an aite 's an d' rinn e 'm fagail. Dh' eirich iad agus ghluais iad air an t-slighe dhachaidh, agus lean Caomhan iad. Cha b' fhada bha e air an cul, 'n uair a chunnaic e machair fharsuing cho lom 's gu 'm faiceadh e 'n dealg a bu chaoile air an lou lar; agus mhothaich e capull agus searrach og meannach, lughmor ag ionaltradh, agus iad cho reamhat, fheolmor ri ron a' chuain mhoir. "Tha so iongantach," arsa Caomhan donn. Faicear tiota beag 'n dheigh sin, machair eile, fo bharr fasaich, air an robh capull agus searrach nach seasadh mibidh nan cuaran 'n an druim leis a' chaoile. Faicear 'n a dheigh so, lochan uisge, agus moran a dh-oigridh aoibhinn, aighearach, ur, aillidh, ag imeachd le caithream bhinn, agus 'n am buidhnean ait, a dh-ionnsuidh ceann ard an lochain, gu tir na greine, fo sgaile nan craobh a bu chubhraidh boltrach: chual' e torman nan allt a bha 'n duthaich na greine—ceileirean nan eun—fonn theud air nach robh e eolach, agus inneil chiuil nach cual' e riamh roimhe sin. Mhothaich e buidhnean eile de mhuintir thruaigh a' triall gu ceann iosal an lochain do thir an dorchadais. B' eagalach an sgreuch a thod iad—bu chulaidh-oilt am bas-bhualadh bronach. Bha ceo agus neoil dhorcha thairis air a' triall, agus chuala Caomhan tairneanach trom. "Tha so," ars' esan, "da-rireadh iongantach." Lean e na trì mairt mhaol', odhar. Bha

'n oidhche 'n sin a' cur roimpe 'bhi fiadhaich, gun bhrath air fasgadh no fardaich anns an cuirte seachad i, ach co 'thachair air Caomhan ach madadh na maole moire? agus cha luaithe 'thachair na thug an co-dhalaiche coir, agus an deadh bhiaidhtaiche dha cuireadh. 's cha b' ann gu gun, doicliollach, ach gu fiughantach, fial, e 'chur seachad tri trianan d'a sgios agus an oidhche air fad maille ris.

(*Ri leanuinn.*)

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—A dhiulanaich mo ghraidh, ciod ris am bheil thu mar so, le d' chaibe mor, le d' gheimhleig fhada, agus le d' phiocaid gheur? Ann an ainm an aigh, ciod is obair duit, agus ciod is ciall do 'n toll mhor, fharsuing a tha thu a' cladhach air a' chomh-nard so?

COIN.—Gleidh mise! Am bheil mo shuilean a' cur an ceill na firinn, no am bheil iad ga m' mbealladh le faoin-sgailibh luaineach, no le taibhs'-shealladh air mo charaid runach? Is tusa th' ann, fhir mo ghaoil, is tu a th' ann gun teagamh. Ochan! ochan! tha solas an diugh mar chaomh-sholus na greine a' boisgeadh anns gach ionad agus oisinn mu 'n cuairt, do bhrigh gu 'n do nochd thu thu fein gun fhios gun aire, gun duil gun dochas riut. Is mairig a their nach 'eil brigh ann am bruaradar. Chunnaic mi 'n am chadal an raoid thu, agus thabhairt mi 's a' mhaduinn ri Seonaid, "Cha 'n fhada gus am faic sinn Murachadh Ban,"—agus nach b' fhior e! Ochan, a Righ!

Is i do bheatha do 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich, 'S aighearach, aobhach an diugh mi; A Mhurachaidh, thig, 's dean suidh' ri m' thaobh,
Dh' fhag d' fhaotainn balbh gun ghuth mi.

Tha Seonaid 'dannsadh air an raoin,
Tha 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich gu cridheil;
Gach beag a's mor a' glaothaich maraon—
"Tha Murachadh Ban air tighinn!"

MUR.—B' e 'n t-ioghnadh e, a Choinnich, b' e 'n t-ioghnadh caraid fhaicinn a chunncas leat gu tric roimhe, a chunncas leat o cheann gheirid, agus a chithear leat fathast gu tric ma bhios cothrom agus comas nan cas aig sean Mhurachadh Ban. Ach tha moran agam r' a fhoigh-neachd mu 'n ghne oibre a th' agad os laimh an sin; mu 'n bhardachd a rinn thu a dh-altachadh mo bheatha aon uair eile do 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich, agus mu chor Seonaid a tha 'dannsadh air na raontibh. ma 's fior a deagh chompanach. Tha eagal orm, gidheadh, nach 'eil anns an dannsadh sin ach aon de na dealbhaibh luaineach a shuidhich na Ceolraidhean anns an inntinn inleachdaich aig Coinneach Ciobair. Ach biodh sin mar a' fheudas, cha d' innis thu riamh dhomh gu 'n robh gride na bardachd 's a' chlaigeann chruaidh sin agad, agus cha do smuainich mi riamh gu 'n robh thu air do dheachdadh le spiorad nan ceolraidh. gus an cual mi na rannan ud a rinn thu air ball, an uair a thainig mi ort gun fhios gun aire dhuit. Tha deagh fhios agam gu 'm bheil thu taghta air na h-oranaibh ged nach robh comas agam aig am sam bith do chluinntinn. Ach cluinnidh mi an deigh so caileigin de 'n rannaireachd air am bheil thu gun teagamh co ro ghleusda. Aig an am so, gidheadh cha 'n 'eil uin' agam r' a bhuileachadh air na nithibh sin, dh'aindeoin co taitneach 's a bhitheadh iad.

COIN.—Nach minic a chual thu, a' Mhurachadh, "gur luaithe deoch na sgeul." Air do 'n chuis a bhi mar sin, fagam an toll mosach, salach so, far am bheil mi, mar a tha thu 'faicinn, co bog, fluich, tartmhor, sgith, agus rachamaid a choimhead

air Seonaid, air am bheil fadal gu leoir, gu d' fhaicinn, agus feuchaidh sinn ciod a dh' fheudas a bhi s' an t-searraig-dhuibh, oir tha e cinnteach gu 'm bheil feum nach beag agad-sa air boinne 's air bonnach an deigh do thurais ; agus cha mhiste mi fein an t-suil a thluicadh an deigh m' aornagain agus mo luidridh 's an t-sloc dhuibh ud. Tiugainn, na ta, thugamaid an tigh oirnn, oir co cinnteach ris an airgid bhaistidh, tha Seonaid air call a foighidinn.

MUR.—“ Co cinnteach ris an airgid bhaistidh,” an e a thubhairt thu, a' Choinnich choir. Bha 'n la sin ann, ach an measg nithe eile, dh' fhalbh e. Cha 'n 'eil guth an diugh air airgid baistidh, ach 'n a aite bheirear seachad mir mor pajpeir co leathann ri dorus a' mhuillinn, air am bheil gach ni mu 'n leanaban air a chur sios ; ach is tu fein a's eolaiche air so a chleachd e. Air mo shon-sa dheth, tha 'n la sin seachad, ach cha d' eirich sin duit-sa, fhir mo ghraidh. Ciod, gidheadh, is ciall do 'n t-sloc nambasach sin anns am bheil thu a' cladhach ?”

COIN.—Is comadh leam sin, a' Mhurachaidh, agus cha 'n ann a thoirt droch fhreagairt ortsa ; ach cha chuireadh e mor-dhuilichian orn, ged dheanadh e leabadh re seachdain do 'n fhear a's coireach ri bhi ga 'dheanamh.

MUR.—Seadh, ach co e 'an fear sin ?

COIN.—Co, ach Sir Seumas an aigh ! So mar a bha 'n gnothuch. Bhruadair e air oidhch' araidh gu 'n robh am fearann aige lan guail, agus nach robh an gual ach beagan shtat sios o bharr na talmhainn, anns a' cheart aite far am bheil mi a' cladhach. Uime sin, dh' orduich e dhombhsa cumadh an tuil a ghearradh a mach, agus a bhi 'erionadh ris mar a dh' fheudas mi, gus an cuir e comunn laidir ga 'oibreachadh air

an ath sheachdain. Theid e sios, tha e 'g radh, gu doimhneachd thri no ceithir fichead aitheamh ; ach ged a rachadh e sios gus an tig e a mach air taobh eile pheileir na talmhainn, cha 'n fhaigh e smad guail.

MUR.—Cha chual mi a leithid riamh ! An e so aobhar a' bhurachaidh a tha thu a' deanamh, a charaid ? Tha 'n obair mor, ach cha 'n 'eil i taitneach, agus gu cinnteach, mar a thubhairt thu, cha bhi i tarbhadh.

COIN.—A reir mo bheachd-sa, a Mhurachaidh, tha 'n gnothuch mar so—cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam ann—agus 's e sin, gu 'm bheil bruillean iongantach ann an eanchainn Shir Seumas riamh o 'n dhealaich e ris an tuath mhor aige, agus o 'n ghabh e na fearanna 'n a laimh fein. Gach la o 'n am sin, bha e cosmhuil ris a' bhuideal a bha cas-ruidhleadh leis an leathad, gun arcan ann, agus a bha sior chur nan car dheth, ach cha robh car ach car gu call. Mar sin, dh' eirich do Shir Seumas. Bho am an dealachaidh so, cha robh tlachd no rath air ni sam bith a bhuineadh dba. Ghabh e searbh aithreachas, ach cha 'n aidich se e. Dh' fhas e co frionasach, crosda, greannach 'n a nadur ri cearc-Fhrangach, agus cha robh e 'faotunn fois 'n a inntinn fein a la no dh-oidhche. Cha do fhreagair an spreidh Eireannach 's an tir so idir. Chaidh na h-uiread de na h-eich a dhiith air, agus iadsan nach deachaidh, dh' fhas iad co caol, cruaidh ri bulas na poite. Chaill an crodh na laogib, shearg na eoraich as leis a' ghalar-greidh, agus cha 'n 'eil ach m-shealbha air gach ni o 'n la dheistinimeach sin air an d' thainig cadar e fein agus na tuathanaich cheanalta a bha 'g aiteachadh an fhuinn aige. Cha sugradh mi-ghean agus droch-ghuidhe an duine bho chd. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach iomadh mallachd a ghuidheadh dha leo-san a chuireadh air inirich, gun fhios

aca c'ait an rachadh iad. Agus is iad na feidh, na gearain, agus na cearcan-fraoich bu choireach ri sin. Bu cho maith, tha mi an duil, le Sir Seumas urchur a losgadh air a chuid cloinne agus a losgadh le tuath-anach air na h-eòin-ruadha, no air nacoilich-dhubha, abhiodh a' milleadh nan adag, agus a' saltairt air an arbhar fo'n cosaibh. Bu chruaidh a bhì ga'm faicinn mar sin a' milleadh toradh na talmhainn, agus gun chridhe bhì aig neach ite a chur as la le fudar agus luaidh, no le innleachd sam bith eile. Cha'n 'eil mi ga'mheas 'n a pheacadh idir, a Mhurachaidh, urchair a ghabhail ma gheibhear i gun fhios; agus cha ruig duine a leas a bhì fo rugha-gruaidhe ged a bheireadh e crann á coille, bradan à sruth, no fiadh à fireach. Ach tha 'u t-am air teachd chum gu'm biodh na nithe sin air an socrachadh le lagh na rioghachd. Tha uachdarana-fearainn mar dhaoine air bhainidh a thaobh na seilg. Tha iad caoin-shuarach, coma, ciod an diombail a ni na creutairean sin air pòr an tuathanaich, agus a dh-aindeoin na ni iad de chall, cha nhathear aon sgillin ruadh air a shon, air an la ams an togair na màil.

MUR.—Chual mi gach lide a labhair thu, a' Choinnich. Tha mi ag aoutachadh leis gach ni a chuir thu an ceill, agus tha duilichinn orm gu'm bheil Sir Seumas co fada, fada 'n a sholus fein, agus co dian an aghaidh soirbheachadh nan daoine ceanalta a rugadh agus a dh' araicheadh air an fhearann aige. Au aite sin, bu choir uail a bhì air, air son muinntir co treun, cliuiteach, gaisgeach a bhì 'n a fhochair, agus ann an seadh a bhì leis fein. Is mor am milleadh agus am mi-shuaimhneas a tha 'n sealg sin a' deanamh. Tha seann oran ag radh :—

“Is aoibhneach an obair an t-séilg,
Is màing nach faigh comas air.”

Ach cha meas na tuathanaich bhochda 'n a ni ro aoibhneach e, a bhì faicinn nan raon aca air am milleadh leis, au deigh gach cosdais a tha 'n an lorg. Cha'n 'eil e furas do Shir Seumas seasamh an aghaidh nan nithe sin, oir tha 'n calldach mor agus dorrnach,—agus cha lughaid e idir nach ruig a leas duil a bhì aige ri co'-fhulangas sam bith fhaotainn uatha-san a ta mu'n cuairt da. Their iad :—“Tha chead aige—thoil e gu leir e—is maith an airidh ga'm faigheadh e a cheannsachadh, oir cha d riun e baigh ri ard no iosal air an oighreachd aige. Cha sugradh gaoir an duine bhochd.”

COIX.—Is mise tha sgith dhe bhì cluinntinn seanachais de 'n ghne sin gach la tha mi 'g eirigh agus a' gluasad, agus o bheul gach neach a dh' fhosgaleas am bilean mu 'n chuis. Tha eagal mor orm gu'm bheil na nithe sin uile a' cur bruaill-ein ann an ceann an ridire oir tha e 'g orduchadh gu'm biodh sud agus so air a dheanamh gun fhios idir c'arson. Nach amaideach an obair so fein, a bhì 'cladhach tuill ann an aite far nach faigh e gu brath fiach na sgillin ruaidh air son a shaothair-each?

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil thu fad am mearachd, a Choinnich, agus cha mhinic a bha, ach fhad 's a bhitheas tu ri sin cha bhì thu ri ni eile, agus cha 'n 'eil comas agad air.

COIX.—Gle cheart, ach is fhad o'n chual sinn gur “cruaidh a bhì 'breabadh an agbaidh nan dealg.”

MUR.—Tha ughdarras againn gu'm bheil sin ceart, ach an deigh sin, a Choinnich, tha thusa cosmhuil ris a' ghiullan Ileach a bha 'breabadh agus a' bualadh a bhroige ri creig, an uair a ghlaodh e gu'm “bu mhiosa do 'n chreig na dhi.” Mar sin, tha do chuid bhrog-sa a' bualadh nan dealg 'n an smuir, gun dochunn sam bith a dheanamh air do bhrog-

COIN.—Tha mi ga d' thuigsinn gu ro maith, ach cha 'n fhuaras idir do dh-fhuil agus do fheoil pheacach giulan leis na nithibh sin. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn, gidheadh, gu 'm faigh foighidinn furtachd, agus air an aobhar sin, feumar foighidinn a ghnathachadh gu 'n fhios c'uin a chuireas “cuibhil an fhortain” car dhi.

MUR.—Is maith nach 'eil fios againn air na nithibh a ta chum teachd, oir n' am biodh, cha bhiomaid sona re aoin la; tha iad gu glic' agus gu trocaireach air an ceitinn uainn. Ach tha 'n t-am agam-sa, a' Choinnich, an gnothuch a thug air car so mi, a chur an ceill duit.

COIN.—Ma ta, Mhurachaidh, cha 'n fhuirast do Choinneach Ciobair mar dean e spairn chruaidh chum do thoil-sa a dheanamh a reir a chonais. Ach, a charaid, ciod a th' air d' aire? oir cha 'n ann gun ghnothuch a thainig thusa do 'n chearnadh-sa, gun fhios gun aire dhuinn.

MUR.—Innsidh mi mo ghnothuch ann am beagan bhriathraibh, a Choinnich, agus 's e so e: tha duil aig Seonaid—a' chaileag is sine againn—ri posadh; agus do bhrìgh gur i a' cheud aon dhe 'n teaghlach a chaidh a mach air an doigh sin, tha sinn a' cur romhainn beagan de na cairdibh a thoirt cuideachd, agus crioman beag bainse a bhi againn; agus thubhairt a' bhean agam nach biodh rath air a' ghnothuch mar biodh Coinneach Ciobair, agus a dheagh-bhean, Seonaid maille ruinn. Dh' fheudainn litir a chur ad ionnsaidh, agus dh' fheudadh tusa an litir a dhiultadh; ach an aite sin thainig mi fein, oir air gnuis bheir-ear breith, agus cha ghabh mi diultadh, cha 'n 'eisd mi ri diultadh, agus cha bhi diultadh 's a' ghnothach idir.

COIN.—Dean air do shocair, a charaid, dean air do shocair, agus na

tig co ro chas orm. Guidheam ort, thoir cead smuaineachaidh agus labhairt dhomh. Sgeul an aigh! Seonaid og gu posadh! Tha i òg da-rireadh, coimh-aois Dhombhuill againn ach aon trì laithean. Ach co tha i 'faotuinne?—a' chaileag cheanalta agus, bu dual mathar di sin!—co tha i faotuinne?

MUR.—Tha deagh dhuine, duine sìobhalta, duine ionraic, agus duine cothromach, eadhon Seumas, aon mhac fir Ach-an-t-seilich.

COIN.—Oganach ceanalta, tapaidh, tlachdmhor. Fhad 's a chi suilean dhaoine, tuitidh Seonaid òg air a cosaibh an la sin, agus gu robh buaidh agus piseach a' leantuinn nighean a h-athar agus a mathar, uile laithean a cuairt! Ach c'uin tha 'n la taitneach sin a' tighinn, no am bheil e air a shonrachadh fathast?

MUR.—Ud! Ud! 's e tha—tri seachdain o maireach 's e sin a' cheud Dimairt de 'n ath-mhios; ach bithidh duil agam riutsa agus ri Seonaid air deireadh na seachdain roimhe sin, gun ath-sgeul, gu 'n leisgeul sam bith.

COIN.—Ma bhios Seonaid agus mise ann an slainte, ged tha 'n uidh fada, cha diobair agus cha treig sinn ar deagh chairdean 'n am an solais agus am mor-thoilinntinn. Ud, ud! cha treig; oir le falbh trath ni an t-each dubh an gnothuch air mu 'n tig an oidhche. Is mor an t-aobhar taingeileachd a ta aig fear agus aig bean-na-bainnse maraon, gu 'm bheil an athraichean beo, slan, fallain, oir “is lom tigh gun bhuanait;” no mar thubhairt an t-oran:

“Cha 'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu 'n tigh,
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh;
Gean no gaire cha bhi stigh,
Is fhear-mo-thigh' air falbh.”

MUR.—Gu ma h-aigbearach dhuit, a Choinnich! dh' aithnich mi gu 'm bu bhàrd thu, agus a nis thug thu

dearbhadh dhomh gu 'm bheil fonn,
cail, agus ceol 's a' cheann sin.
Feumaidh mi an ath-ghoirid an
t-oran sin a chluinntinn o thus gu
déis, agus a nis feuch gu 'm bi e air
mheothair agad.

COIN.—Ma tha sin chum toileach-
adh dhuit-se, a Mhurachaidh, ni mi
mo dhichioll air an oran sin a ghabh-
ail.

MUR.—Buaidh leat ! rach air
d' aghaidh, ma ta.

COIN.—

SEISD.

Cha 'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu 'n tigh,
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh ;
Gean no gàire cha bhi stigh,
Is fear-mo-thigh' air falbh.

'S am bheil làn-chinnt gur fìor an sgéul,
Gu 'm bheil e fallain, slàn ?
Bhur cuibhle tilgibh uaibh gu grad ;
Cha 'n àm gu sniomh an t-snàth.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

An àm gu sniomh no obair so,
Is Cailean dlùth air làimh ?
A nuas mo bhreacan, 's théid do 'n phort,
Gu 'fhaicinn tighinn gu tràigh.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Greas, sguab dhomh taobh an teallaich
glan,
'Phoit shomalta cuir air,
A chòta Dòmhnach do dh-Iain beag,
'S a frògan sròil do Cheit.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Am bróg biodh dubh mar airneagaibh,
An stocaidh bàn mar shneachd,
Gach aon ni 'thoileachadh mo chiall,
'S e 'm faicinn briagh a thlachd.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Tha dà chearc reamhar anns a' chrò,
A bhìadhadh mios a's còrr ;
Grad-shniomh am muineal 's cur air
doigh,
Gu cùim dha 's blasda sògh.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Is cuirnnich bòrd gu h-eireachdail,
Le h-eilein a's le dealbh,
'Chur furain failt' air fear mo ghràidh,
A bha cho fad air falbh.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

O, fair an so mo bhoineid dhomh,
Mo rogha guìn de 'n t-siòd ;

'S do bhean a' Bhàille 'n innis mi
Mu Chailean 'thighinn gu tir !
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Mo bhrògan biorach cuiream orm,
Mo stocnais fiamh-ghorm fann,
A los gu 'n toilich fear mo ghaoil
'Sheas fìor 'n a ghaol gun fheall.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Gur binn a ghuth, gur min a ghlòir,
Mar àileadh 'anail caoin ;
Tha fuaim a' chos 's e tighinn a steach,
Mar èun-cheol àit nan craobh.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Gach fead-ghaoth fhuaraidh gheàmh-
radail,
Mo chridhe tròm a chraidh,
Air séideadh seach', 's e tear'nt' am
ghlaic,
'S cha dealaich—ach am bàs.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Ach 'd e chuir dealachadh am cheann ?
'S maith dh' fhéudt' gur fad' e 'n céin ;
An t-àm ri teachd cha 'n fhac aon neach,
An t-àm tha làthair 's leinn fein.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Biodh Cailean slàn, 's làn thoilicht' mi,
Cha 'n iarr mi 'n còrr gu bràth ;
'S ma bhios mi beò air son a leas,
Gur sona mis' thair chàch.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

An e gu 'n cluinn mi 'ghuth a ris !
Gu 'm faic mi 'ghnùis gun smal !
'S ann 'tha tuaineal inntinn orm,
'S mi 'n-impis dol a ghal.

Cha 'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu 'n tigh,
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh,
Gean no gàire cha bhi stigh,
Is fear-mo-thigh' air falbh.

MUR.—Mìle taing dhuit, a Choinn-
ich, air son an orain thaitnich sin
d' an d' rinn thu fìor-cheartas ga
'sheinn. Is minic a chual mi 's a'
Bheurla e, ach am bheil fios fo 'n
ghrein co a dh' eadar-theangaich air
mhodh co grinn e'?

COIN.—Cha chual mi riamh 's a'
Bheurla e, agus ged a chluinneadh,
cha mhor a dheanainn-sa dheth ; ach
tha e anmoch a nis, a' Mhurachaidh,

* Translated by the late Rev. Dr.
Macintyre, Kilmonivaig.

rachamaid le beannachd an Ti a's airde gu tamh, agus na bi mar cheare air groideil theth, ag eirigh 's a' mhadainn. Direach fuirich ad leabaidh gus an duisg mise thu. Fhir mo ruin, deagh chadal duit. Beannachd leat.

MUR.—(*Ann's a' mhadainn.*)—Failte na maidne dhuit, a Choinnich! Ma dh' eirich thu gu moch, cha d' thainig thu gu moch 'n am char-sa. Tha e fada's an la. Mo nair' orm fein! bu choir domh a bhi leth na slighe dhachaidh.

COIN.—Cha bhiodh tu sin ged dh' fhalbhadh tu an nair a thug thu do leabaidh ort, a' Mhurachaidh chòir. Gabh an gnothuch air do shocair. “Cha 'n ann na h-uile la a bhios mod aig Mac an Toisich,” agus cha b' fhearr gu 'm biodh.

MUR.—Cha dean e an gnothuch idie, a Choinnich, oir bu choir domh a bhi dhachaidh air airde an fheasgair. Tha lubhairt agam ri ghabhail moch 's a' mhaduinn am maireach á deich fichead caora a cheannaich mi air Feill-Chalamain, gu stoc a chur air aite nam molt air Beinn-a-Chlaiginn, agus feumaidh mi mo chasan a thoirt as.

COIN.—Cìod nach dean fear an airgid, a Mhurachaidh? Ach cha 'n fhalbh enaimh dhìot gus an teid thu 'mach a dh-fhaicinn a' bheagain cruaidh a bhuineas domh-sa.

MUR.—Rachamaid, na ta, dh' ionnsaidh na bnaile a dh-fhaicinn a' bheagain a th' agad, ma 's fìor thu.

COIN.—Beagan da - rìradh, an coimeas ris a' moran a th' agad-sa thall's a bhos; ach tha thu ag iomairt gu cruaidh chum do chuid a mhendachadh; agus is minic a chuid sinn—“Cha chaill 's a' bhùinnig, an fear nach cuir a chuid an eumard.” A nis, a Mhurachaidh, an bheil thu a' faicinn na bà riabhaich ud?

MUR.—Is mi a tha, agus is maith i. Cha tric a chithear a leithid,

COIN.—Tha laogh 'n a cois; tha deagh bhainne aice; tha i cho soilidh ri uain; air a ceud laogh; agus cha 'n 'eil i na ceithir bliadhna a mach. Tha mi ga 'sonrachadh mar chuspair comain do bheann-na-bainnse—Seonaid og—agus bithidh i na toiseach piseach dhi, le mìle beannachd o Choinneach Ciobair 'n a cois.

MUR.—Tha chomain mò 's mor; ach chi sinn, mar a thubhairt an dall; agus mu chairdeas Seonaid, cha 'n abair mi, ach a mhaing—“gur mise 'bha thall's a chunnaic.”

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

BRIATHRA CAIRDEAL.

Cha mhor a' chosdas briathra cairdeil. Cha ghabh e uine flada chum an labhairt. Cha tog iad leus aon chuid air an teangaidh, no air na bilidh, air an turas a stigh do 'n t-saoghal, ni mo an dean iad dochunn sam bith do 'n chorp no do 'n anam. Ged nach cosd iad moran, ni iad moran. Tha daoine glìce ag inns-eadh dhuinn gu 'm bheil na briathra feargach a ghnathaicheas duine 'n a dhian-chorrùich mar chonnadh do lasair na feirge, leis an loisgear ni's seirbhe agus ni's seirbhe e. Ach, air an laimh eile, bheir briathra tla agus caoimhneil a mach toradh cairdeis agus sìthe a reir an gne. Meudaichear caoimhneas le briathraibh caoimhneil, agus sin gu h-ealamh cinnteach. Ni briathra caoimhneil iadsan caoimhneil a dh' eisdeas riu, gun fhios gun aire dhoibh fein. Marbhaibh briathra fuara muinntir eile le fuachd; losgaidh briathra teth iad le teas; lotaidh briathra gear iad le lotaibh; nithear gear iad le briathraibh searbh; agus feargach le briathraibh corrùich; ach dealbhaibh briathra caoimhneil an iomhaigh fein air anam an duine, agus is maiseach, aluinn, oirdheire, an iomhaigh e!

S.

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréngais Hómeir
gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

(DUAN IV., *Sreath 419 gus a' chrìoch.*)

CIAD IOMARBHAIDH AN DA AIRM.

Labhair e 's 'n a éideadh grinn,
Thòirleum á charbad an sonn ;
B' earraghlaiseach, 's e ruith 'n a dheann,
Slinntrich nan arm-pràis' mu 'chóm.
Mar shìor ghluasad nan stuadh gorm,
Gu leitir is onfhach fuaim,
'N am maomaibh glas, càirgheal, cian,
Iorghuill nan gaoth dian 'g an ruag.
Ag greannadh air réidh a' chuain,
'S ag garbh-at romh luas na stoirm',
Bristidh gach lùnn le béuchd árd,
Cur sguim bhàin mu 'n charraignich
dhoirbh ;
'S sin mar shìor ghluaiseadh romh 'n lòn
Feachd na Gréige 'n òrdugh-blàir.
Fo 'n aon chéum 'n an tosd a' triall,
'G éisdeachd facail nan clìar àigh.
'B iognadh siubhal sluaigh cho mòr,
Gun aon lide de ghloir-chinn.
Loinntrich 'n an imeachd romh 'n tràigh,
Beairtean mállich nan dealbh grinn.
Chluimnteadh Tròidhich ri árd ghaoir,
Mar chaoirich fìor phailt an sògh,
A' dìol bainne geal nan tràth,
'N an deich mìltean 's an làn chrò ;
Iad a dh-aon deòthas gu léir,
A' freagairt mèilich nan nan ;
Is sin mar chluimnteadh 's an fheachd
mhòr

An iomaghlòir bu bhruidhneach fuaim.
Cha b' aonmhiar-cinnidh an sréud,
Idir cha b' aon an tèis-bheòil :
Cànain measgnach nan ciad brìgh—
B' ioma tìr bho 'n thàrr an slògh.
Thog Màrs na Tròidhich gu sùrd,
'S Pallas nan gorm shùl a' Chréig ;
Dh' éirich gart, a's oillt, a's fearg,
'S confhadh ruaimleach nan dearg
chréuchd ;
Chiteadh còmhstrith 'n goil a fraoich,
'S an fhuil 'g a taosgadh 'n a deann,
Comhstrith, baobh-chaothaich a' ghruind,
Piuthar Mhàrs is pronntach lann.
'S beag an tùs i, 's luath a fàs,
An Tarmasg nach àillidh greann,
'S naibhreach air talamh a triall,
'S árd an measg nan nial a ceann.
'S cràiteach, goirt an cinne-daond'
Gach taobh 's an saltair a bonn.
A' miadachadh ànraidh bhàir,
Sgrios, a's bàis, a's osnaich shonn.
Dhruid gu còmhraig an dà fheachd,
Dhlùthaich beairt ri beairt gu gléus,
Sreathan nan ceann mhàilleach breac,

Ruimnean nan sleagh, neart nan tréun.
Air copaibh sgiathau nan béum,
Dhùisg torunn béuchdach a' bhlaìr.
Bha gaithean iarainn 'n an deann,
'S mìltean lann ag iomairt àir.
'N sin dh' éirich sgreadail nan truagh,
'S caithreim bhuaadhach árd 's an spéur ;
Cuid ri tur mhilleadh gu dian,
Cuid 'g an spealtadh sìos fo 'n éug.
Og-fhùrain bu ghairsneach dìol,
Thuiteadh sear a's siar gu dlùth,—
Fuil an eneas 'n a caoiribh dearg,
A' taosgadh thair learg nan lùb.
Amhuil fuar thuiltean nan sian
'N an dian-ruith le slìos nam beann,
Ag co-thilgeadh nan steall bàn
'S an aon chlais air làr nan gleann.
Am buachaill' air chrith 's an árd
Ag éisdeachd ri gàir nan stuadh ;
B' amhuil, 'n uair mheasgnaich an stréup,
Toirm earraghlaiseich éubh an t-sluaigh.

Mharbh Antilochus air thùs
Gaisgeach armach, ùr bho Thròidh,
Echepolus nan cruaidh-bhéum,
Measg nan tréun an uchd a' ghleòis.
Thilg e 'n t-sleagh air an òg bhras
Mu 'n cheann-bheairt bu bhach dos,
Chaidh an calg frith bhacach, glas,
Romh 'ehlàr-aodainn le tróm lot,
Spealg an t-iarann an cruaidh chnàimh,
Dhorchaich nial a' bhàis a shùil,
Thuit e sìos mar dhaingneach àigh
A dh' aomas gu làr 'n a bhrùchd.

Thainig Elpenor gun dàil,
Ceann Chlann-Àbais bu mhat cruas,
Ghlac e cas a chuirp gu dàn,
'G a tharrainn bho 'n àrfhaich ruaidh,
Bho stoirm mhillich nan gath caol,
'S gu 'n coisneadh e 'm faobh 's na h-airm ;
Ach, 's sid an t-seilbh nach robh buan,
'S bu ghèarr 'uaill os cionn a' mhairbh.
An àm tarrainn a' chuirp a null,
Bheachdaich Agenor an sonn,
Air a leis bha sgiath gun mheang,
A thaobh nochdte 's a cheann crom.
Leig e 'n t-sleagh liomhaidh romh 'chneas,
Thuit esan gun neart air làr,
Shiubhail an deò ás a chorp
Am fuil dheing an lot a' snámh.
An sin gu h-àirde dhùisg am fearg
Mar mhadaidhean garg nan toll,
Dhruid iad gu chéile 's a' ghaoir,
'S leag gach laoch a sheis' air fonn.

Chasgradh leis an Ajax bhorb
Oigeir ùr bu taitneach dealbh,
A rugadh am measg nan tréud,
Air bruaich Shimois nan céum balbh,
Air teachd dh' a mhàthair a nuas
Bho uchd Ìda nan cruach árd,
Mar ri h-athair 's ri 'mathair ghaoil,
A shealltainn nan caorach bàn,
Rug i 'n sin an t-òg gun truaill',

Simoisius nan gruaidh àigh,
 Neart a toil-inntinn 's a mùirn ;
 Ach b' e chrannachur ùine ghèarr
 Bu diomhain an dragh 's an sùrd
 Ag altrum an fhuirain ghràidh,
 Air teachd dha gu cath nan déur
 Thilg an Gréugach sleagh a' bhàis,
 Buaillear 's a' chich dheis an t-àgh
 Leis an ruinn bu ghràineil lot ;
 Shiubhail romh 'n t-sliuinein an calg
 'S thuit gaisgeach nan arm gun phlog.

Amhuil 's craobh-chrithinn air lòn
 Le stoc sleaghach, còmhnard, réidh,
 Dosrach ag einntinn mu 'bàrr,
 'S lùisreadh bhàth air slios a géng,
 'N uair ghearras saori le loinn
 Gu cuibhile a' charbaid ghrinn,
 Aomaidh an t-ùr-ghallan àrd,
 'S tuitidh sios air lár a' ghlinn,
 A' seargadh fo chaochladh shian
 Gun aon mhiagh de sgiamh a cròc.
 B' amhuil an t-òg àrmunn tréun
 'S e sint' air an fhéur gun deò.

Thainig Antiphos le sgoim—
 Tròidheach de chloinn an rìgh,
 Thilg air còm an Ajax bhuirb,
 Cha robh an sid ach cuimse chliith.
 Rainig an t-sleagh Leucus còrr,
 Og do 'n d' thug Uliisses spéis
 'S e tarrainn a' mhairbh a nall
 Bho mhì-chàramh nan lann géur ;
 Chaidh 'n a chruachan an gath
 'S dh' fhosgail e lot-bàis romh 'bhroinn.
 Thuit e fhéin 's an corp mar aon
 Taobh ri taobh air cruaidh an fhuinn.
 Mu éug a chompanaich ghaoil,
 Dh' at Uliisses le fraoch dian ;
 Theann-rnith e gu tàs an t-sluaigh,
 'S chiteadh bho 'chruaidh foidhleus cian.
 Sheas e 'm buillsgein nam paidhe dlùth
 'S bheachdaich dur a null 's a nall ;
 Stiùir e 'n sin le glaic gun chearb
 'S an t-sleagh dhealrach thilg le srann.
 Sgap na Tròidhich le crith-oillt,
 'N uair thilg an saoidb ruinn nam béum,
 'S e mac-diòlain an t-seann-rìgh
 A bhuaill an tri-ghlacach ghéur
 Democoon air teachd às ùr
 O thir nan stéud cruibeach, seang ;
 Aisran chuimsich an sonn garg,
 'S rainig an gath searbh 'n a dheann ;
 Romh chlaigeann bho dheas gu cli,
 Ghluais an calg bu mhillteach toll ;
 Dhùin an doreha mu 'shuil dheirg
 Thuit e, 's ghliograich airm mu 'chòm.
 Dh' oilltich Hector 's na ciad shuinn
 Grad-mhaomar a null romh 'n tréun ;
 Thog na Gréugaich iolach shearbh
 Tharrainn cuirp nam marbh bho bhéud,
 Bhruichd iad a steach a dh-aon bhenm.
 Chunnac Phœbus le fior flaraoch,
 Dhearrs e 'n a làn ghloir bho 'n dùn

'S le àrd-chaismeachd dhùisg na laoiich.
 A ghaisgeacha Thròidh nan steud,
 Na coisneadh a' Ghréig oirbh geall ;
 Cha 'n iarann 's cha chlach am feoil
 Nach snaoidhear le spòltadh lann,
 Tha 'n t-Aicheall gun chuimhn' air féum,
 Deagh mhac Thetis a' chùil òir,
 Fada thall 'n a luing air tràigh,
 Fearg a chuim 'g a chnàmh le bròn.
 Is sin mar labhair dia nan calg,
 Eaglach a' dealradh bho 'n tùr,
 'S Pallas ghàir-chathach 'n a léum
 A' mosgladh na Gréig' le sùrd.
 Fhuair Dioces dàn an Eig
 Bho Phirus làmh-fhéum a' ghleòis
 Ceannard-iùil nan Tracach géur,
 Ghluais bho Ænos le 'thrénn lód.
 Ghrad-thug Pirus 'n a ghlaic ghairbh
 Sgealb de charrag chraimnich, chruaidh ;
 Bhuaill e aobrunn deas an rìgh,
 'S phronn e 'n cnàmh 'n a mhile bruan ;
 Ghéarr am meall bu bhaobhail neart
 Sreang nam faltan taic a' bhuiinn ;
 Bheuchd Dioces le sgreud-chràidh,
 'S thuit e sios air lár an fhuinn ;
 Gu chàirdean shin e 'dha làimh,
 'S aileag-bhàis am bràigh' a chléibh.
 Bha Pirus a' léum a nall
 'S shàth 'n a imleig lann nan créuchd.
 As an lot bu chraosach gág,
 Thaosg am mionach blàth 'n a bhrùchd ;
 Dh' fhalbh an sgàil a dh-ìfrinn fhuair,
 'S dhùin ceathach bith-bhuan mu 'shùil.

Sheas an t-Ætòlach tréun,
 Thug duibh-léum gu Pirus àigh,
 Lot e fo 'n chich an sonn ùr,
 'S chrith an crann 'n a ghrùdhan blàth.
 Sheas air a mhuin Thoas garg,
 Spion e sleagh nan calg á chóm,
 Tharrainn e 'n sin lann nam blàr
 'S bhéum gu gràineil sic a bhronn ;
 Sgap e bheath' air ghaotha luath,
 Dh' aindeoin sid cha d' fhuair e 'm faobh.
 Timchioll dhòirt na Tracaich bhorb,
 'S fad-shleaghan nan gorm-ghath caol.
 Ged bu mhòrdhach, calma, gnùth
 An laoch cliùiteach 's a' chath chruaidh,
 Dh' iomain iad e null bho 'n chairbh,—
 Bu leisg 'fhalbh, 's bu ghreann-dhubh
 'shnuagh.

Is sin mar thuirt an dà fhear-iùil
 An teas carraid dhlùth nan sonn,
 Ceannaird Thracach nan àrd bhéum,
 'S Epeidheach nan éideadh tròm,
 Dh' iadh mu 'n shìlean cadal buan
 'S dhùin iad fo laimh fhuair a' bhàis—
 Léir-sgrìos ag caitheamh mu 'n cuairt,
 'S marbh 'g an cruachadh fad a' bhlàir.

Na 'n sibhlhadh aon neach romh 'n
 leirg,
 'S nach ruigeadh ball-airm a chóm,
 'S gu 'm faiceadh e 'n sluagh gu léir

'G iomairt iorghuill ghéur nau conn,
Pallas 'g a dhion air gach làimh
Bho neart gábhaidh nan ruinn cruaidh,
Mheasadh e foghaint gach seoid
Ionmholta le glóir bhith-bhuain.
B' ioma Tróidheach a b' árd gléus,
B' ioma Gréugach gaisgil, còrr,
A bha 'n là sin taobh ri taobh
Sint' an smùr an raoin gun deò.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

[MEARACHD.—Tha sin duilich gu 'n deachaidh sreath fhagail a mach á “Sgialachd na Troidhe” anns an airimh mu dheireadh. Os cionn na coigeamh sreath o 'n iochdar, air taobh-duilleig 174, an deigh an fhacail “raon” cuireadh ar luchd-leughaidh a stigh an t-sreath so—
“S dùisg an triath gu caonnaig ghéir.”]

—o—

IOMLANACHD.

Bi-sa an toir air iomlanachd anns gach nì, ged nach 'eil e comusach ruigheachd oirre ach gann ann an nì sam bith. Thig iadsan a ta 'g iarraidh iomlanachd, agus a ta 'buannachadh 'n an dichìoll, moran nì 's faisge dhi na iadsan a ta air an coeigeachadh le 'leisg agus mì-churam gun strìth sam bith a dheanamh 'n a deigh.
S.

—o—

AN T-EILEAN.

Bha sinn a chomhnuidh air eilean mor air ar cuairteachadh le farsuingeachd a' chuain. Mar a dh' amhairc-
eamaid m' an cuairt cha robh sìon ri 'fhaicinn ach na h-uisgeachan agus an speur. Bha sinn gun luingis leis am b' urrainn duinn an t-eilean 'fhagail—a' tighinn beo mar so leinn fein. Bha againn fearainn, a's tighean-malairt, 's gach nì dìreach mar a tha againn a nis, ach a mhain gu 'n robh sinn air eilean. Aon nì eile: a h-uile drast 's a rithist thigeadh long mhor a dh-ionnsaidh an eilein; thigeadh an sgiobadh air tìr agus bheireadh iad air ar coimhearsnaich 's ar cairdean, agus shlaodadh iad air falbh iad as an t-sealladh. An ceann latha no dha thigeadh long eile, 's long eile; agus mar so bha iad a ghuath a' tighinn oirnn gun fhios co as agus a' ginlan air falbh sean a's

og, cairdean a's coimhearsnaich, agus cha robh fhios no forais againn cìod a bha 'tighinn riutha. Bha sinn ri gal 's ri caoidh, agus fo gheilt mu 'r tìnchioll fein, ach cha b' eol duinn cìod a dheanamaid. Mu dheireadh faicidh sinn duine a' ruith gu bras a sìos a dh-ionnsaidh na tràighe gu bàta beag a bha e air a thogail aig a chosdas fein. Tha e 'leum a stigh innte, agus a' sgaoleadh a shìnil bheaga ris a ghaoith, tha e 'cur a toisich ris a' chuan mhor 's a' seoladh air falbh air lorg nan luingeas eagalach, a dh-'fhaicinn cìod a tha air tachairt d' ar cairdean. Tha ar suil a' geur-amharc thar a' chuan as deigh na h-eitbir aotroim, bho chd gus am bheil i as an t-sealladh, fo amharas an tìll ar caraid gu brath. Tha na soithichean dubha oillteil a' sìor-thighinn mar bha iad roimhe agus a' glacadh air falbh ar luchd-daimh agus ar luchd-colais a dheoin no dh-aindeoin. Is tric ar suil air a' chuan ag amharc a mach air son ar caraid agus a bhàta beag, agus fo ioghnadh cìod a tha ga 'chumail; oir thuirt e ruinn na 'n amaiseadh e air ar cairdean a chaidh a ghiulan air falbh, gu 'n tilleadh e air ais le brataich ghil am barr a' chroinn. Mu dheireadh faicear am bàta 'tighinn an sealladh. Is i a tha ann gun teagamh sam bith, agus a' bhratach gheal a' crathadh am barr a croinn! Fhuair e ar cairdean. Tha an sluagh gu leir a dian ruith a sìos an cladach a chluinntinn an sgeòil. Tha am bàta beag a' tighinn gu tìr agus ar caraid a' leum air talamh tioram. Tha na h-uile a' glaudhaich a mach, “Cìod an sgeul—bheil naidheachd agad mu 'r cairdean—an d' amais thu orra?”

“Dh' amais.”

“A bheil iad beo?”

“Tha iad uile beo.”

“A bheil iad sona—cìod a tha iad a' deanamh?”

“O, tha iad gu leir air an giulan do dhuthaich fad as, le soithichean an rìgh. An uair a tha iad a’ ruigh-eachd, tha iad air an cur fo dhearbhadh agus iadsan a sheasas an deuchainn so gu math, tha iad a’ faighinn urrainn, tha iad gu seasgair, sona, ann an tighean-comhnuidh anabarrach àillidh, agus cha tigeadh iad air an ais a’ so air son an t-saoghail. Ach iadsan nach urrainn an deuchainn a sheasamh, tha iad air am fuadach air falbh do’n fhàsaich, agus tha iad ann an cor ro thruagh.”

Ach an tig na soithichean air an ais tuille?”

“Thig; thig iad a rithist agus a rithist agus bheir iad air falbh a h-uile gin agaibh. Ach faodaidh sibh sibh fein ullachadh air son na deuchainn, agus an sin bidh sibh sona, agus cha ruig leas eagal a bhi oirbh falbh.”

Ach cìod—ciamar a ni sinn an t-ullachadh so—cìod a dh’fheumas sinn a dheanamh? O! innis dhuinn gu luath, oir faodaidh na soithichean a bhi againn m’am bi sinu deas.”

“Cha’n urrainn domh innseadh dhuibh a nis; tha mi air mo chlaoidh gu bàs. So dhuibh; am faic sibh an leabhar so a tha mi a’ toirt a mach as mo bhroilleach? Innsidh e dhuibh cìod agus ciamar a tha sibh ri’dheanamh. Tha e so-thuigsinn agus lan eolais. Thugaibh geill d’a theagasgan agus bidh sibh uile sona. Seallaibh, o nach b’urrainn domh’fhaighinn air atharrach, dh’fhosgail mi aon de m’chuislibh, agus sgrìobh mi e, ach m’an robh crìoch agam air shìl an fhuil dìreach o m’cridhe. O! gabhaibh e mar chuimhneachan agus mar dhearbhadh deireannach air meud mo gràidh.”

Tha e’sgur a labhairt, agus a’ toirt thairis le sgios agus laigse, tha e a’ tuiteam marbh air an traigh. O! a leithid de charaid!—nach anabarr-

ach an leabhar a dh’fheumas a bhi againn an so!

Tha sibh ga m’thuigsinn, nach’eil? Tha sinne air an eilean: is iad tinnis agus anshocairean na soithichean uamhasach a tha a’ tighinn agus’g ar giulan air falbh; is i an t-siorruidheachd an duthaich chéin gus am bheil sinn air ar giulan; is e Crìosd an caraaid caomh sin a chaidh troimh’n uaigh a stigh do’n t-siorruidheachd; is e am Biobul an leabhar sin a sgrìobh e dhuinn g’ar n-ullachadh air son a’ bhreathanais mhoir; dhoirt e’mach anam gu bàs a chum ar deasachadh mar so gu dol a stigh do’n t-siorruidheachd, agus gu bhi beo ann an sonas neo-chrìochnach. Nach mor an caraaid air am bheil iadsan a’ deanamh tàir agus dimeas nach’eil a’ toirt gràidh do’n Tighearn Iosa Crìosd! Nach ro luachmhor an leabhar sin a tha iadsan a’ cur an neo-shuim’s a’ dearmad a tha’teachd beo o latha gu latha gun lamh no smuain a thoirt air a Bhìobul!—*An t-Urr. Iain Todd.*

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

Rudha-nam-faoileann,
Toiseach an Fhogh. 1874.

Na biodh naire ort’aideachadh gu’n robh thu am mearachd. Cha’n’eil ann ach aideachadh air an ni sin de nach ruig thu leas naire bhi ort—gu bheil tuilleadh tuigse agad’s a bha agad roimhe, gu bhi faicinn do mhearachd, tuilleadh umhlachd gu’aideachadh, agus tuilleadh gràis gu’chur ceart.

MAR A SGRIOSAS TW DO MHAC.—1, Leig a thoil fein leis. 2, Leig leis’airgid a chur gu buil mar thogras e. 3, Ceadaich da sibhal far an toilich e air an t-Sabaid. 4, Thoir lan chothrom da dol an cuideachd dhroch chompanach. 5, Na gairm uair sam bith gu cunntas e ciamar a chuir e seachad am feasgar. 6, Na leig gu dreuchd no obair e. Lean na comhairlean so agus mur faigh thu saoradh iongantach ni thu bron os cionn leinibh air a thruailleadh agus air a sgrios. Dh’fhairich na mìltean an deireadh truagh so, agus chaidh iad sìos do’n uaigh le doilgheas agus le bron.

O R A N.

(Fonn "Cumha Airdmeàrnaig.")

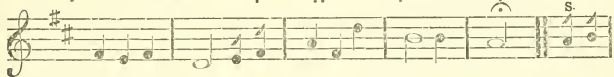
KEY D.



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| d¹ : r¹ : d¹ | 1 : - : D¹. m | m : r : m | d : - : R. m | s : m : d¹ | 1 : - : 1 | s : - ||

SLAN LE BEANTAN AN FHRAOICH AGUS LE GLEANNDARUAIL.

Le Ughdar "Slainte 'Chomainn Chòmhlach." Air a sgrìobhadh amms a' Bhliadhna 1839 air son ogranach a mhuinntir a' Ghlinne a bha 'dol do dh-Australia.

Air Fonn "Cumha Airdmeàrnaig."

Slan le beanntan an fhraoich
Dhosach, ghucagach, chaoin,—
Badan suaicheantais dbeadh Chloinn-
Dòmh'uill,—

Le shugh meala a's céir,
'Tàladh 'n t-seillein, 's an fheidh,
A's 'g an sàsach' dheth fein le sògh ;
'S a' toirt fàsaidh ri fuachd
Do chaoraich 's do dh-uain,
'S, do na cearcagan ruadh, an lòn.
'S a' toirt fàsaidh, &c.

'S le Gleanndaruail mo chridh',
Rìgh gach gleann tha 's an tir !
Far an d' araicheadh mi bho m' oig—
Gleann nan coilltean 's nan raon,
Gleann nan glacag 's nan craobh,
Gleann nan aighean, nan laogh, 's nam
bo ;
Gleann nam bradan, 's nan gris,
Gleann nan cam-lùba min,
Gleann is pailte 's an cinn gach pòr !
Gleann nan bradan, &c.

Far am binne na h-eoin,
Far an grinne na h-òigh'n,
'S iad gu ceileireach, ceolmhor, còir ;
Modhail, beusach, gun ghrunain,
'Teisteil, cuirteil, grinn, suaire',
Tuigseach, foghluinte, stuaim', gun
phrois ;
Dreachail, meachair, gun mheang,
Ann am pearsa 's an cainnt,
'S iad deas, nosail, gun sgraing, gun
sgleò.

Dreachail, meachair, &c.

A's na fleasgaich is àill',
Foinnidh, fearail, lan baigh,
Uasal, smiorail, air sraid 's aig mod ;
'S iad ard-inntinneach, dian ;
'S anns an tir am mor mhiadh—
'S iad a sheasadh gun fhiamh a' choir !
'Reachadh foirmeil 's an strìth,
'Bheireadh naimhdean fo chis,
A's nach geilleadh gu siorrnidh beo.
Rachadh foirmeil, &c.

M' an cuir gleanntan m' an cuairt
 Dhiubh cranndachd an fhuachd.
 Bidh Gleann-daruail nam buadh 'n a
 g'uloir ;
 Bidh chraobh-ubhal fo bhblath,
 Bidh an duilleach aig 'fhas,
 'S ceileir cuthaig an sgath nam fròg ;
 Mac 'S-'Illeathain le 'phìob,
 'N àm na grein bhì 'dol sìos.
 A' toirt fuaim as an tìr le 'cheol.
 'S Mac-'Illeathain, &c.

Achaidh-teangain an àigh,
 Soraidh slan leat gu breath !
 S leis gach neach a tha 'tamh air d'
 fhòd ;—
 Slan le cuideachd mo ghraidh,
 Slan le m' athair 's le m' mhath'ir,
 Slan le m' pheathraichean baigheil, og ;
 Slan le m' bhraithrean gu leir,
 Slan le m' chairdean 's luchd-speis,
 Slan le uiseag nan speur 's a ceol !
 Slan le m' bhraithrean, &c.

'S eiginn domhsa nis triall,
 'Dh-fhagail duthaich nan triath,
 Nam filidh nan clìar 's nan seòd ;
 Na h-earba, 's an fheidh,
 Agus iolair nan speur,
 Na h-eala, nam peuc, a's nan còrr ;
 Nan sithean, 's nan cruach,
 A's nan dùn, a's nam bruaich,
 Nan doire, nan cluan, a's nan còs.
 Nan sithean, &c.

Ged tha 'n dùth'ch so lan bhoadh,
 'S iomadh diomb 'tha rith' fuaight',—
 Cha chum ceileir na cuach rium lòn,—
 Tha na fearainn ro dhaor,
 A's na tuarasdail saor,
 'S cha 'n 'eil farraid air saothair dhaoin'
 òg ;
 Ach tha siuil ris an long
 'Tha gu m' aiseag thar thonn,
 Gu *Australia*, fonn an fheoir.
 Ach tha suil, &c.

—o—

LEOMAG.

(*Air leantainn o'n aireimh mu dheireadh.*)

Bha Fionnladh 'n a dhiunlach laidir
 A shiubhladh an fhasach mar fhiadh ;
 Ach a nis tha 'neart 'g a fhagail,
 'S cha 'n 'eil aige càil gu biadh.

'S i Leomag a rinn a dhoch'nnadh,
 'S a chumas e 'n a bhoil' a chaoidh ;
 Tha i 'n a smaointe 's an latha,
 'S 'n a aisling an cadal na h-oidhch'.

Ann an fheasgar shìochail, bhoidheach,
 'S na h-eoin a' cluich am bavr nau geug,
 An aite 'radh, " An cluinn thu 'n smeor-
 ach?"
 'S e "Leomag" a thig 'n a bheul.

Uair-eigin mu àm na Callainn',
 Chaidh e le caraid gu *bàl* ;
 Mu 'n chois dheis gu 'n chuir e stocaidh,
 'S mu 'n chois thoisgeil osan gearr.

" Cìod a their mi," arsa Fionnladh,
 "Ris na caochlaidhean tha ann?
 Bheil an saoghal air dol tuaitheal,
 No 'n tuaineulaich 'th' air teachd am
 cheann?"

" Bho 'n latha 'thachair mi air Leomag
 Tha m' inntinn fo sgleo gu leir ;
 Mi 'm bhall-fanoid aig na h-eolaich,
 'S am iongantais ro mhor dhomh fein.

" 'S beag nach saoil mi ann am bhreis-
 lich
 Gu bheil an deas air dol gu tuath ;
 'S an uair a sheideas gaoth romh m'
 chlàraidh,
 'S e ceol na clairsich 'bhios am chluais.

" An t-uisge a bha fuar a' sìleadh
 'N a bhoinean miuc o a ciabh,
 Gheobh mi e 'n a shruthean blatha,
 A' siubhal gun tamh troimh mo chliabh.

" Fhad 's a bhuanachas an latha,
 Tha 'h - iomhaigh ga m' leantainn a
 chaoidh ;
 'S an uair nach leir do m' shuil a faileas,
 Thig a h-anail orm 's a' ghaoith.

" Och gur mise 'th' air mo riasladh
 Le spleadhachas a bhos a's thall !
 'S mur a' faigh mi fois o m' iarguin,
 Cha 'n fhada gus an liath mo cheann.

" 'S iomadh cuspair a tha 'dusgadh
 Na ennimh ciùrrail 'tha ga m' leon ;
 Tha 'n druidheachd gu cinnteach laidir,
 A rinn mo shàrachadh cho mor.

" Ma theid mi le m' chairt air thuras,
 Bidh mi muldach leam fein ;
 'S ma bheir mi am boitean feoir leam,
 'S ann chuireas e mo bhron am meud.

" Tha rud a nise nach robh roimhe
 An ceann 's an dronnaig an eich bhàin
 Tha 'm breacau fein air fas neonach,
 Leis 'n do chum mi Leomag blath.

" 'S tric mo smuainte air an àille
 A choisinn anns gach àite buaidh ;

Mus a h-i a rian mi cràiteach.
'S i fein a bheir dhomh slàite bhnan.

“A's ciod air sou a dheana'iu ma'ille ?
Tha bhi 'fantaion 'n a ni faoin ;
Mar bhios an ceangal n' is tric 'the,
'S ann is blaithe bhios an gaol.”

'N sin thoisich Fionnladh gu sgoinneil
Air a thigh a chur air doigh ;
Rinn e na seomraichean soilleir,
A cur gloine 'n aite bhord.

Fhuair e brat air son an urlair,
Agus uidheam baird d' a reir ;
'S dh' fhalbh e 'n sin le mor dhurachd,
Gus a run a chur an ceill.

Rainig 's chunnaic e an og-bhean,
'S thubhairt e an comhradh fann. —
“Bu mhise am fear sona sogbach.
Na 'n tigeadh Miss Leomag an ghleann.”

Fhreagair i le seorsa gaire,
'S an t-ardan a' chuic 'n a beul. —
“'S cuimhne leam do chailleach mathar,
'S thusa 'n ad ghàrtach 'n a deigh.

“Tha thu gun urram gun chairdean ;
'S graisg a tha annaibh gu leir ;
Chaille thu do thuisge 's do naire,
A bhalaich is ro dhàine beus.

“Fuich, fuich, ach am faileadh
'Tha gu laidir 'tighinn am sroin !
Gabh romhad, a bhnamailleur ghràinde,
'S odhar le tearr do dha chròg !”

Chunnaic Fionnladh. a's e 'n tuisgeadh,
An nathair shligeach 's an fheur,
A's sud e a mach an tiota.
Mar gu 'm biodh an t-Ole 'n a dheigh !

Thubhairt e 's e suas am freach, —
“'S ann domh is mithich a bhi saor ;
Ach fhuair mi mo chas as an ribe,
'S dh' fhalbh am bior a bha am thaobh.

“Tha mi nise sundach, laidir —
Cheart cho slan 's a bhi mi riabh ;
'S leumaidh mi cho aotrom mheannach,
Ri boc-earb a th' air an t-sliabh.

“Bheir mi air Leomag mo bheannachd,
A dh' aisig dhomh mo neart cho luath ;
Leighis i chreuchd le tri faacail,
A dh' fhairtlich air an *Doctor Ruadh*.”

Bha Fionnlaidh gun dith, gun dolaidh,
'N a dhuine sona anns a' ghleann ;
Fhuair e bean 'bha ciallach, gleidhteach,
'S bu ghlan 'n am beus i fein 's a' chlann.

Cha robh spiocaicheachd no gorta
'N taobh a stigh d' a dhorsaibh fial ;
Bheireadh e aoidheachd do 'n choigreach,
'S gheobhadh am bochd ann a dhiòl.

Saoil sibh fein nach b' i an tubaist
'Dhiult gu tur an duine coir,
A bheireadh dhi gun dith, gun dearmad,
Im a's aran agus feoil ?

Mar a theid an sgeul am mearachd,
'S fad o 'n ghabh a claigiunn gaoth ;
'S is tric i an toir air faileas,
Nach fhaigh i 'n a glaic a chaoidh.

Tha a suil ri nithe mora,
'S duilich dhomhsa chur an cainnt, —
Saibhreas, a's urram, a's soghachd,
'Dol m' an cuirt mar cheo 'n a ceann ;

'S ann mar sin tha inutinn Leomaig,
Lionta le gorallas ro fhaoin,
Eich, a's carbadan, a's caisteil,
'S brataichean a' suamh 's a ghaoith.

Air sgiath aotrom a mac-meanna
Siubhlaidh i Albainn gu leir,
'S a h-uile ceann a chi i ruisgte, —
Tha sud mar umhlachd dhi fein.

Ach chaochail a nis na laithean ;
Thuit na caisteil ard a nuas ;
Threig a neart, a's dh' fhalbh a h-àille,
'S tha sruth an ardain air fas fuar.

Ann am measg nan armunn oga
Cha 'n olar a nis air a slaint' ;
Cha 'n 'eil iomradh air a bòidhchead,
'S cha 'n fheoraichear mu 'h-aite-taimh.

Tha a maise air a treigsinn ;
Shearg, as a h-aodann, an ròs ;
Tha 'h-amhach feadanach, féitheach,
'S a smig air eirigh r' a sroin.

Tha ghnuis, a bha roimhe tlachdmhor,
Air fas claiseach leis an aois,
Mar bhalg craicinn tioran, preasach,
Bho 'm fada a theich a' ghaoth.

Tuille cha tig neach 'g a h-iarraidh,
Oir dh' fhalbh gach ciatadh a bha ann ;
'S i 'n a briogaid bhochd air liathadh,
Gun urad a's fiacail 'n a ceann.

[Rinneadh an Duan so leis an Urramach
nach maireann, Mr. Eachann Mac-
'Illeathain, Lochaillese. Anus an aireimh
mu dheireadh, taobh duilleig 187, rann 19,
an aite “gaoth nan allt.” leugh, “gaoir
nan allt.”]

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GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 95.)

408. *Ploc* or *pluc* and *block*.

Ploc (any round mass, a piece of earth; a club; a block of wood; = W. *ploc*) is from Old Ger. *bloc*, *bloch*, from which are derived Fr. *bloc* and Eng. *block*. *Pluc* is another form of *ploc*. Cf. Stokes' *Fis Adamnain*, p. 33.

409. *Deamhan* and *demon*.

Deamhan (demon; anc. gen. plur. *demne*, ac. plur. *demnai*) is from Gr. *daimōn* (a god, goddess) from *daiō* (to divide or distribute destinies). From *daimōn* are derived Lat. *dæmon*, Eng. *demon*.

410. *Dus*, *duslach*, and *dust*.

Dus (dust) may be compared with Old Ice. *dust*, A.S. *dust* from which comes Eng. *dust*. *S* frequently = *st*. Cf. *fàs* and Lat. *vastus*, Eng. *waste*. *Duslach* (dust) is *dus* with the termination *lach*.

411. *Imreasan* (a dispute, controversy; anc. *imbressan* and in plur. ac. *imbresna*) is for *imm-fris-an*, which is compounded of the prepositions *imm-* (cognate with Gr. *amphi*, Lat. *amb-*, *am-*), *fris* (cognate with Gr. *pros*, with which it agrees also in signification), and the termination *-an* or *-na*. Cf. Z. G. C., p. 884.

412. *Sùith* and *soot*.

Sùith (soot; in W. *swta*, a borrowed word) corresponds to Ice. and A.S. *sôt*, Dan. *sod* or *sood*, Eng. *soot*.

413. *Locar* (a plane) = Ice. *lokar* (a plane), A.S. *locer* or *locor* (a joiner's instrument, a plane). Apparently borrowed by the Celts from the Norsemen.

414. *Scarbh* (a cormorant) = Old Ice. *skarfr*, Ice. *skarv*.

415. *Sgor* or *scor* and *scar*.

Sgor or *scor* (to scarify, to cut in pieces) is cognate with Old Ice. *skor*, Ice. *skar*, Dan. *skaar* (a cut, a notch), Ice. *skor* (a cutting), Eng. *scar*. Cf. Lat. *scarifico* (scratch, scarify), Gr. *skariphaomai* (to scratch).

416. *Sgrùd* (to search, examine) may be compared with Lat. *scrutor* (to search, to explore) from *scruta* = Gr. *grutē*, *Sgrùd* is probably a loan-word from *scrutor*.

417. *Trosy* (cod-fish) may be compared with Dan. *torsk* (cod-fish).

418. *Trasg* or *trosy* (fast, religious fast) may be regarded as a loan-word from Gr. *thrēskeia* (a worshipping, worship, often with the idea of superstition) from *thrēskos* (religious, superstitious).

419. *Clambar* (wrangling) = Dan. *klammer* (quarrel, contention, strife).

420. *Cloimh* or *clainh* (itch, scurvy) may be compared with Dan. *kløe* (itching, itch).

421. *Trod* (a scolding, quarrel, strife) may be compared with Dan. *trøtte* (dispute, quarrel).

422. *Taom* (to pour out, to empty) may be compared with Dan. *tømme* (to empty), Ice. *tæma* (to empty). Scot. *toom*.

423. *Réis* (a race), may be compared with Dan. and N. H. Ger. *reise* (journey), Eng. *race*.

424. *Ras* (a shrub) and *rasan* (brushwood or underwood) may be compared with Dan. *rîis* (brushwood, faggots), Ice. *hris* (copse-wood), A.S. *hris* (small branches), N. H.

Ger. *reis* (twig, rod, sprig), Old Eng. *ryse* or *reis* (a twig or rod).

425. *Ròs* (St. Anthony's fire, erysipelas) = Dan. *rosen*.

426. *Uig* (a nook, a retired or solitary hollow, cove)—Dan. *vig*, creek, cove), Ice. *vik*, A.S. *wic* (a bay, creek).

427. *Ulla* (beard) may be compared with Ice. *ull* and Dan. *uld* (down, hair) cognate with Gr. *oulos* and Eng. *wool*. Cf. Vol. III., 26.

428. *Caineal* or *canal* (cinnamon) = W. *canel*, Dan. *kaneel*, Scot. *cannel*.

429. *Coinein* (a rabbit, coney) = W. *cwning* or *cwningen*, Corn. *cyuin*, Dut. *conyn*, Dan. *kavin*, Ger. *kavinnen*, Eng. *coney*. Cf. Lat. *coniculus* (a coney).

430. *Reòdh* (to freeze; anc. *reud*) = W. *rhewu* (to freeze), and is regarded by Garnett as cognate with Ger. *reifen* (to rime), A.S. *hrim*, Dut. *rijm*, Eng. *rime* (Essays, p. 257). Compare, however, Stokes' Goid., p. 59.

431. *Cruach* (a heap), may be compared with Ice. *hruukr* (a stack, heap). Cf. Holmbøe's Norsk og Keltisk, p. 13.

432. *Spealy* (to make splinters of, to split) is cognate with Dut. *spalpen* (to splint), Scot. *spelk*, (a splinter), A.S. *spelc* (a splint), Ice. *spelka* or *spjalk*.

433. *Spàl* (a weaver's shuttle) may be compared with Ice. *spolu* (a spool), Dan. *spole* (a spool), Ger. *spule*, Dut. *spoel*, Scot. *spoole*, Eng. *spool*.

434. *Straighlich* (sparkles, flashes) may be compared with Dan. *straale* (ray, beam of light), Dut. *straal* (ray, beam, flash), Ger. *strahl* (beam, ray, flash of lightning), A.S. *stræl* (an arrow, a dart).

435. *Staoig* (a collop, a steak, a piece of flesh) = Ice. *steik* (broiled meat), A.S. *sticce* (a part, steak),

Eng. *steak*. See Highl. Soc. Dict. Cf. Dan. *steg* (roast-meat).

436. *Stannart* (a stint, a limit, a bound, a measuring wand) is from Eng. *standard*. See Highl. Soc. Dict.

437. *Srabh* and *straw*.

Srabh (straw), also pronounced *strabh*, is akin to, perhaps not borrowed from Eng. *straw* (lit. that which is strewed), A.S. *streaw* and *streow* (straw), Ger. *stroh*, Dan. *strau*, Ice. *stra*. Cf. next No.

438. *Struidh*, *struidheas*, and *strew*.

Struidh (to squander, to waste) is connected with Dan. *stræ* (to strew), Goth. *straujan* (to strew), Ger. *streuen* (to strew, to scatter), A.S. *streowian* (to strew), Eng. *strew*. Cf. Lat. *sterno* (to spread), Gr. *stornūmi* (to spread), to strew), Sansk. *star*, *str* (to spread). *Struidheas* is from *struidh*.

439. *Stròch* and *streak*.

Stròch (to delineate, to draw lines; also, as noun, a line, a streak) = Dan. *streek* (a stroke, a line), A.S. *strica* (a stroke, a line), Eng. *streak*.

440. *Stadh*, more correctly *stagh* and *stay*.

Stadh or *stagh* (a stay, the rope that sustains the mast) = Dan. *stag*, (stay), Eng. *stay*. Cognate with Ger. *stehen*, Lat. *sto*, Eng. *stand*.

441. *U'braid* (dispute, confusion, contention) may be compared with Dan. *ufred* (war, troubles, disturbances) from *fred* (peace) with negative prefix *u-*.

442. *Frachd* (freight) = Dan. *fragt* (freight, cargo), Ger. *fracht* (a load), Eng. *freight*. Cf. Dut. *vrachten* (to carry).

443. *Geadas* or *gead-iasg* (pike) may be compared with Dan. *gedde* or *giedde* (pike), Ice. *gedda* (pike), Scot. *gedd*.

444. *Tèarr* (tar) = Ice. *tjara* (tar), Dan. *tjære* (tar), Dut. *teer* (tar),

pitch), Old Dut. *tarre* and *terre*, A.S. *tero* (tar, glue), Eng. *tar*.

445. *Tobha* (a rope) = Ice. *tog* or *taug* (rope), Dan. *tog* (rope), Dut. *touw* (rope), A.S. *tow*, Eng. *tow* (to tug a vessel through the water with a rope).

446. *Seàrr* (a sickle, a saw) = Lat. *serra* (a saw). See Highl. Soc. Dict.

447. *Sìde* or *tìde* (time, season, weather) corresponds to Dut. *tijd* (time, season), Ger. *zeit* (time), Dan. *tid* (time), A.S. *tid* and *tíid* (tide, time, season), Eng. *tide*. For *s = t* cf. *sorn* and *torn*, *sabaid* and *tabaid*.

448. *Sgaoth* (a swarm) may be compared with Lat. *scateo* or *scato* (to gush or spring forth, to come forth in great numbers, to swarm with).

449. *Stràille* (a carpet, mat, rug) = Lat. *stragulum* (a carpet, coverlet, blanket) from *sterno* (to spread).

450. *Spàlal* (a paddle, a broad short oar, the blade of an oar), if not from Eng. *spattle*, is direct from Lat. *spatula* or *spathula*, diminutive of *spatha* = Gr. *spathē* (any broad blade).

451. *Sùgh* (to suck in, to drain) is cognate with Lat. *sugo* (to suck), Dan. *suge* (to suck), Ger. *saugen* (to suck), Dut. *zuigen* (to suck), A.S. *sugan*, *sucan* (to suck), Eng. *suck*. Cf. Sansk. *chush* (to suck). Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 140.

452. *Gloc* (the clucking of a hen) = W. *clwc* (clucking) and may be compared with Dan. *klukke* (to cluck), Dut. *klokken* (to cluck), Ger. *Glucken* (to cluck), A.S. *cloccan*, Eng. *cluck*. Cf. Gr. *klōssō* (to cluck like a hen), *klōgmos* (the clucking of hens), Lat. *glocio* (to cluck as a hen).

453. *Steòrnadh* (steering, by the stars, guiding, directing, ruling) from *steòrn* (to steer, guide, &c.) = Ice. *stjorna* (to direct, govern, reign) from *stjorn* (steerage, rule, management, direction). Cf. Ice. *stjarna* (a star), Dan. *stjerne*, Goth. *stairno*,

Ger. *stern*, Lat. *aster*, Gr. *astēr*, Eng. *star*. Armstrong has an obsolete *steorn* (a star). Cognate with *stiùir* (to steer). Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Lexicon.

454. *Spìd* and *spite*.

Spìd (spite, malice) = Dut. *spijt* (sorrow, grief, spite), *spijten* (to vex, displease), Eng. *spite*. *Spìd* (speed) is from Eng. *speed*.

455. *Spùill* (spoil), of which *spùinn* is another form, = Lat. *spolium* (spoil, booty), akin to Gr. *skulon*, plur. *skùla* (the arms stripped off a slain enemy, spoils) from *skullō* (to skin, flay), Eng. *spoil*.

456. *Spideal* (a spital or hospital) = Eng. *spital* (originally a place for the entertainment of strangers), Ger. *spital* (hospital) from Lat. *hospitalis* (connected with guests), *hospitium* (a lodging for strangers), from *hospes* gen. *hospitis* (a landlord, entertainer, host; also the person entertained, guest).

457. *Speuc* (a spike, splinter) may be compared with Ice. *spik* (a splinter), Eng. *spike*.

(To be continued.)



TREASURE TROVE.

DISCOVERY OF THE "LOGAN GAELIC MANUSCRIPTS."

Sir,—Those who are still alive and who lived in the vicinity of the Serpent's Walk about the beginning of the present century, will remember the old Highlander who lived in the little cottage on the inner side of what was known at that time as "Cubbie's Plantin," but has long been buried in the mass of improvements around where was once the orchard of the Mayor of Cartburn. The little cot which I have referred to was probably one of the outhouses connected with the mansion of the Crawfurds, which at the time I speak of, was a ruin possessed of few features calculated to attract the student of antiquarian or archaeological lore, or induce the artist to transfer them to his canvas; although at a later period an artist of some celebrity did make a

picture of the somewhat artificial falls in the glen on the waterside of these ruins. At the period I refer to Lindsay Logan—for that was the name by which he was known—was regarded by some of the older folks who knew him well as the resident representative of the Crawford family, for he was a person of considerable natural and acquired accomplishments, though there was not much in his outward appearance to denote these; but he was regarded as a person eminently above the average of those he casually associated with, and as his family and origin were alike unknown to even his most intimate friends, this fact was the occasion of all sorts of rumours being hazarded in regard to the one and the other. But those who were not of a very speculative disposition, and disliked all sorts of gossip, were satisfied with a currently received opinion that some one of Logan's family had befriended the Crawford family at a period anterior to the time of Logan's being known to any of the Cartsburn people—indeed it was said that Logan Lindsay was his proper name, and that he was virtually a very remote branch or relation of the Crawford's themselves, but whether the bond was one of blood or of charity, the genuine outcome of the connection was that Logan was provided—as he said himself—in a manner sufficiently ample to enable him to spend the few years he had to pass here without taking too much thought of the morrow.

I have called him what he was always considered to be, a Highlander, but his studies and acquirements, and the length of time he had resided in the low country, had almost obliterated any traces of his Celtic origin, so far as neutralizing the guttural and natural sonorous vocalization of the Highlander, and it was only, or chiefly, on account of what has recently transpired that we knew that he was a Highlander at all.

Well, Logan lived in this asylum, and that there were no luxuries no one ever doubted, but that there was some comfort all were satisfied, and from the fact that he spent so much of his time in that humble dwelling, the people judged there was at least some enjoyment to be found there of a kind which was congenial to his temper. I do not remember seeing the old man but once, for at the time of his death my grandmother lived close by, and my grandfather was one of those who enjoyed his friendship and confidence along with a few others, Robin Taylor, Mr. Boyd the gardener,

and the folks at Castle Spunks—at least so my grandmother said—and when he came to my grandmother's—which was not often—he used to address her in a homely and jocular manner, and called her Mrs. Tambour (Barbour was her patronymic), which was on account, I suppose, of finding her continually at work at her tambouring. The object of his calling was not, as is frequently the case among people, to indulge in a raid of gossip on the neighbours, but was, as I afterwards learned, to consult my grandfather, who had a most uncommon memory, in reference to some matters of pre-historic times, and as soon as his object was obtained he seemed satisfied, and would bid my worthy ancestors good-bye, and shortly after they would see him wend his way by the path through the trees, and disappear behind the old ruin which obstructed their view of his quiet old rustic domicile.

It is now nearly fifty years ago. So far as I can mind, it was about the time when Luke Lindsay's first house was built that old Logan took unwell, and he was attended by my grandmother and Mrs. Spens, who used to stay at the top of Cartsburn Street, or rather at the foot of Cartsburn Brae, and between whom and Logan there ever after existed a deep and solid attachment which only affliction and sympathy call into existence, and which seemed to grow stronger as his days advanced.

I have found it necessary to be thus particular with these few outlines, as they go far to explain what follows, and to make intelligible the remainder of the narrative. It was on a Saturday night, about forty years ago, and about the latter end of November. As my custom was, I had gone to visit my grandmother, and had stayed longer or later than was usual for me to do on such occasions. When I was about to leave we were startled and surprised by hearing some one ascending the stair in a hurried and breathless manner, and without the ordinary and common civility of knocking at the door, rush in, and in a panting and speechless manner hand my grandmother a box, with the request to take care of it, and muttering something about an awful visitation and the safety of Mrs. Spens, he turned and left, descending the stair with a speed altogether unlike his years. This was the only time I had ever seen Logan, for my grandmother, after recovering from her surprise, told me it was him, and she said it was her opinion he

had gone demented, and I mind how sad she and my grandfather were during the short interval of suspense which followed, for in a very few minutes after he had gone away we were attracted by a loud rushing sound as if the trees in the plantation had recovered their foliage and were bending to the blast of a severe and protracted hurricane, which was followed by distant cries of distress, the falling of heavy objects, and a general wail, which left no doubt on our minds that some awful and destructive catastrophe had taken place.

The night was one of fearful terror and alarm and sleepless apprehension, and when the daylight broke over the scene how terrible was the wreck. The floods had descended through Cartsburn Glen roaring and leaping in their wild course, and were dealing death and destruction to everything which opposed their force and fury—embankments, bridges, trees, houses and their inmates were swept away by the mad torrents in their fatal course. And terrible as was the scene of ruin, much more terrible and appalling were the pale, sorrowful, and anxious mothers who were looking for their children, and thrilling was the frantic and despondent wail of satisfaction when some lost one was abstracted from a confused heap of debris a cold and lifeless corpse. Houses which were a few hours before the homes of happy families levelled in the universal wreck, and broken walls and confused and huddled heaps of furniture were to be seen at every turn. There was scarcely a dry eye to be seen as the curious and sorrowful crowd moved from one scene of woe to another, scanning the disaster and terrible ravages of that night of terror. Every place where it was thought possible for a lost one to be sought and explored—the channel of the burn, the timber-yards at its outlet, every heap and pile of debris and mud which were found in the corners—and though many were found and laid out for identification in the old house at Springkell Street, where the mill now stands, the body of Logan was never recovered, and though his name did not appear in the register of the lost at the time, that was more the result of the uncertainty of his fate than any doubt which existed in the minds of his friends in relation to it, for it was ascertained that he never reached Mrs. Spens' house, and he was never seen after leaving my grandmother's on that fatal night; and he must have been in the

vicinity of Cartsburn bridge about the time the heaviest portion of the flood descended through the glen, which carried so many of the heavy metal moulds from the bank behind the foundry where they used to be piled together.

The box which Logan left in my grandfather's care was found to contain, when opened some time after, a number of manuscripts, some of them very much soiled, and written in what was supposed to be a foreign language. But an uncle of mine, who had been at the herring fishing at Tarbert, had seen something of the same sort in a house there, and affirmed it was Gaelic; but this we considered at the time was said more to give him a character for learning than any truth we attached to the statement; and before this time I had heard of a celebrated doctor who had gone the entire round of the Hebrides without being able to discover any similar example of the language in which he said these were written. But as the box latterly fell entirely into my care and keeping, and as an acquaintance of mine knew one of the directors of the Highland Society lately organised in town, I consented that the contents of the box should be submitted to a scrutiny by some of the Gaelic-speaking members with the view of having them translated into English, provided they thought their labour would be of any service to the society and the public.

It was some time ago that my friend spoke to me of the matter, and it had quite gone out of my memory, when a few days ago two of the directors called at my house, and being shown the manuscripts, declared them to be written in very choice modern Gaelic, and pressed me to allow them to take possession of the papers, which, after a little, I reluctantly consented to, for I was afraid that some one might be compromised by publicity being given to their contents; but I thought that the great time which had elapsed since they came into the family, and the fact that they were written in a language of which I knew nothing, were sufficient to exonerate me on that point; but before leaving the house I asked one of the directors, whom they said was a Commissioner of Police, and who was more communicative than the other, what the papers were about, but this he did not really do; but after a while's delay, during which he examined carefully what he said was the introductory part of the writings, he said the

title was peculiar and idiomatic, but the nearest and freest translation he could give was "The Records of the Burgh." I don't know whether he said so for a joke or not, but he smiled and carried off the box, saying that I would likely possess them shortly in another form; and I thought it was only just and fair to the public to inform them that such papers have been taken possession of by a public body of men, so that they may shortly expect their contents either in lectures or by some other medium accessible to the many who are interested in the existence of papers of such importance as they are said to be.

ARTHUR FREELAND.

—*Greenock Telegraph.*

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THE GAELIC LANGUAGE IN SCHOOLS.

SIR,—Having been informed since coming to make my usual summer residence here, that no measures have been taken, under the New School Board, for the regular reading of the Gaelic language in the schools of the district, I take the liberty in my own name, as a practical educationist of some standing, and in the name of those who love the Gael in this place, to request your insertion of the following reasons in favour of the regular teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, so long at least as Gaelic shall be preached in Highland pulpits.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Altnacraig, 6th August, 1874.

1. Because there is a virtue in the mother tongue, the tongue which we have sucked in with our mother's milk, which has grown with our growth, become strong with our strength, and is interwoven with the whole tissue of our existence, that in the nature of things can belong to no acquired language. Its commonest phrases are rich in the most pleasing associations, and its words possess a hue, a fragrance, and an expressiveness that belong to them only, as the hue and scent of the rose belong to the rose. The man who disowns his native tongue

and adopts another one, does so always with the loss of an essential part of his vitality, for which no adequate substitute can be found.

2. This is especially the case when, as in the case of Gaelic, the mother tongue has for centuries been the origin of expression to a people manly in sentiment, gallant in action, and who have for centuries performed a prominent part in the social and military history of the nation to which they belong. The language spoken by the Scottish Highlanders is the bearer of some of the most patriotic traditions and ennobling memories that are the glory of the British nation, and contains embodied in its literature not a few of the most stirring, pathetic, and graphic lyrics to which British genius has given birth; and, as such, deserves to be kindly cherished so long as it maintains a national existence, and puts forth a spontaneous vitality on the soil. That it will die, as Cornish and other Celtic dialects have done, and that at no distant date, is certain; but this unavoidable destiny which belongs to it in common with all mortal things is no reason why it should be contemptuously disowned on its own soil, and despotically extruded, while alive.

3. But in the Scottish Highlands the Celtic language has a special claim to our regard, as the favourite organ of religious instruction and devotional exercise in the Christian Church; and as this Church in our quarter of the world is mainly Protestant, and asserts the right and duty of every individual Christian to search the Bible for himself, it is a most inconsistent and suicidal procedure to preach from the Scriptures in a language which the hearer is not able to read. He thus ceases to be a Bible reader altogether, and, as a Protestant, makes void in practice the principle on which his dissent from Rome was founded.

4. If it be said that, though the Gaelic Christian loves to hear a sermon in the Gaelic tongue, yet he can always read the English Bible, the reply is obvious, that a knowledge of the English Bible is a far more difficult achievement for a native Celt than a familiarity with his own Gaelic. To a large class of the common people, English will always present itself in somewhat of a forced and artificial character, as Latin does to British schoolboys. The Bible will always strike the deepest roots in the heart when it is planted in the same deep and rich soil from which the mother tongue has

grown. The mother tongue, in fact, and whatsoever belongs to it, is always in a special sense a growth; every acquired language is more or less a manufacture.

5. The above remarks do not in the slightest degree proceed upon the notion that the English language ought not to form a dominant and distinctive element in the teaching of all Highland schools. From the peculiar position of the Celtic race in the British empire, it is, before all things, essential that every member of the family should be instructed in the language which is the common medium of expression to the community of which he forms a part. But it is an idle and shallow notion to imagine that the study of any foreign tongue necessarily implies the neglect and abandonment of the mother speech. On the contrary, the foreign dialect will then be best suited when it is used as an element of comparison and contrast with the acquired tongue; and Gaelic and English when well taught ought to help one another in Highland schools, just as English and Latin do in the Lowlands. From Roger Ascham's time (the expert teacher of Queen Elizabeth) down to the present day, no method of teaching languages has proved so efficient in practice as that of translation and free translation, which, applied to Highland schools, simply means that the best method of teaching English is the method by which English is turned into Gaelic to-day that it may be turned back into English to-morrow; and this method cannot be pursued with any profit unless the learner can read both languages, as well as speak them.

6. In a Protestant country, as above stated, the Bible always will be the book of which a minute personal knowledge will always be the sign of a well-educated person. Now, in this view, it deserves specially to be mentioned that, though the Scriptures in the mother tongue will always furnish the natural spiritual food to the Gaelic Christian, it by no means follows that he will receive a most healthy stimulus to Christian intelligence from the accompanying use of the English version. All persons who have made the experiment know that the discriminating perusal of the Scriptures in different languages is the most suggestive of all commentaries. To a bilingual reader who has had the good fortune to be brought up in a well appointed school, while the English version will sometimes help to throw light on the Gaelic, the Gaelic will as frequently serve to remove the ob-

scurity of the English. To a young person, for instance, the word "publican" in the English Gospels always requires to be specially explained; but if, in reading the nineteenth chapter of Luke, which contains the history of Zaccheus, the pupil has had the good fortune to read the Gaelic instead of the English version, he will find instead of the unintelligible and confounding word "publican" the distinctive and expressive word *Cis-mhaor*, or "collector of cess," which requires no explanation. And this one case may serve an intelligent teacher as an example of the manner in which the Gaelic Scriptures may be used as a most suggestive and instructive commentary on the English.

7. In the face of these observations, I confess it is extremely difficult for me to conceive by what arguments the directors of schools in the Highlands can justify themselves for the systematic neglect of the mother tongue which is so frequently observable. There may be practical reasons of some kind, and local differences in special cases, which make the production of this so barren result a necessary evil; but if any man glories in this evil as a good, I can only say that I pity him, and that he appears to me to be destitute alike of the intelligence which makes a wise man, the patriotism which makes a good citizen, and the brotherly love which makes a good Christian. It is no sign of high intelligence but rather the reverse to despise the wild flowers that grow at our feet, and run hunting after botanic gardens full of flaring exotics, beyond our reach; it is no mark of patriotism to endeavour to stamp rudely out of existence the special type of one of the most interesting elements of British society; and the ignoring of the Celtic element in our social arrangements, merely because it is numerically or morally the weaker, certainly does not proceed from an abundance of that Christian love which teaches us, in the words of the great Apostle, not to seek always after high things, but to condescend to men of low estate. I shall therefore await, not without a certain anxious wonder, for an exposition of the reasons which may have induced the directors of public education to neglect the regular reading of Gaelic in the schools of a district where Gaelic sermons are preached to large congregations every Sunday, and how it comes to pass that the poems of Duncan Macintyre are altogether ignored in the educational exercises of Highland

lads and lasses who breathe Highland air and foot Highland heather, within a day's walk of the classic heights of Ben Dorain, and within view of a parish for many years presided over by that wise and good man who, after the Cross of Christ, delighted above all things to inscribe on his banner—"The Friend of the Gael."—*Oban Times*.

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HIGHLAND AIRS & MELODIES.

A double part (the third and fourth) completes the new edition of Highland Airs and Melodies compiled by the late Captain Fraser, of Knockie. The part contains Captain Fraser's preface and notes to the original edition, in which there is much interesting information. The work having been published under the auspices of the Highland Society of Scotland, the compiler presented the Secretary with a written statement, explaining from what sources he had collected the airs and melodies. His paternal grandfather, he states, was one of the most extensive graziers and dealers in the North, and carried on partnership with Mr. Mackay, of Bighouse, in Sutherland, his cousin-german. The nature and extent of their business led them to every corner of the Highlands and Islands; and during the period from 1715 to 1845, they were thoroughly conversant with Highland habits and customs of the purest native type. Mr. Fraser was a fine singer, and Mr. Mackay was landlord and patron of Robert Donne, the Sutherland poet. As a member of the original Black Watch, Mr. Fraser had further opportunities of acquiring Highland songs and melodies. He seems to have left a collection to which his son—an officer who scaled the heights of Abram—made considerable additions. His son, the late Captain Fraser, arranged and published the collection; and he also left a son, the late Angus Fraser,

who made some further emendations and additions. It is seldom that musical, or any other kind of talent, survives in one family through so many generations. The collection has long been a favourite, but, as previously stated, copies had become extremely scarce, and Mr. Mackenzie has done a service in publishing this carefully prepared and handsome edition. The Gaelic names, &c., have been revised and corrected by the present editor, Mr. William Mackay, from whose preface we quote as follows:—

"Captain Fraser, the compiler, was born at Ardachie, near Fort-Fergus, in 1773. He subsequently removed to Errogie, in Stratherrick, and for a long time was tenant of Knockie, in the same district. A warm patriot and an enthusiastic lover of music, the Captain early set himself to collect the sweet melodies of his native Highlands—noting down the airs as sung around the hearth on winter nights, or on summer evenings among the shielings of Stratherrick. For several years he served in the Fraser Fencibles; and during a period of seven years spent with them in Ireland, he found considerable scope for his taste in Celtic music, and became acquainted with the compositions of Carolan, the Neil Gow of that country. Besides being a compiler on so large a scale, Captain Fraser was a composer of no mean merit; and as a performer on his favourite instrument, the violin, there were few to surpass him. A gentlemen who, in his younger days, was an intimate friend of the Captain's—Mr. Colin Maccallum, one of the honorary presidents of the Gaelic Society of London—says:—'An uncle of mine, the late Captain Macdiarmid, of the 42nd Highlanders, a first-rate amateur player on flute and violin, was a great admirer of

Knockie's music, and could play it well; but he used to say, that he did not think any person could do the tunes justice but himself. At all events, *I* never heard any one who could make the fiddle *speak Gaelic* so beautifully!

“Captain Fraser gave his music to the world in 1816, but this did not terminate his labours. From time to time, up to the date of his death in 1852, he added to, and made emendations upon, his large collection; and from the materials thus left to him, his now deceased son, Angus Fraser, prepared an amended copy of the work. This valuable copy became the property of the other honorary president of the Gaelic Society of London, and a life member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Alexander Halley, M.D., F.G.S., through whose kindness the present editor has been enabled to avail himself of its use. In several cases the emendations have not been harmonised. This omission has been supplied by Mr. George Croal, Professor of Music, Edinburgh, whose cultivated hand has been kindly lent to render the present edition as acceptable as possible to the public. In this edition the original names of the airs will be found in correct Gaelic orthography; and, altogether, the care which has been bestowed upon it will, it is hoped, enhance the value of a work already much prized as a faithful compilation of genuine Highland melodies.” — *Inverness Courier*.

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HIGHLAND AND WELSH GATHERINGS.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod took place at Bangor—Lord Clarence Paget presiding. Mr. Watkin Williams, M.P.; Mr. R. Vaughah, Captain Verney, and Mr. Brinley Richards were present. A brief inaugural address eulogising the

gatherings as tending to the encouragement of literature and art was delivered by the president. During the day a gold medal and twenty guineas were awarded—the gold medal awarded for an original musical ode to John H. Roberts, of Bethesda, late of the Royal Academy of Music. Prizes were also awarded for pianoforte-playing, vocalisation, and choral singing. In the evening, the prize ode was performed, Miss Edith Wynne being principal artist. A pavilion 170 feet long by 140 broad, and capable of easily accommodating 4000 people was erected on a hill side near the town, on a site surrounded by large oak trees, sloping down to the high road, and presenting a fine view of the Menai Straits, and the Carnarvonshire Mountains. The seats rising upwards from the platform with the natural condition of the ground and the whole arrangements supplied a striking example of an amphitheatre accommodated to the habits of modern times, with a linen roof to suit the changes of a northern climate. These meetings at which competitions in the ancient music and literature of Wales take place are of periodical occurrence in Wales, and the fact that £500 was offered for prizes at the Eisteddfod indicates the magnitude of the scale on which these assemblies are conducted, and the interest taken by Welshmen in preserving their ancient literature and music in its purity and entirety. Notwithstanding the many centuries during which the Welsh-speaking people have been brought into close contact with their Saxon neighbours, they have never lost their love for their mother tongue, which like its sister tongue the Gaelic of the Scottish Highlands is so full of beauty and expression. Might not the Highlanders of Scotland take a lesson from their brethren in Wales, and by the promotion of similar gatherings help to develop the intelligence and the taste of their own people, and excite in other peoples' minds a deeper interest in the measures possessed by the Gael. It is well to have games and musical competitions, and displays of well dressed men in home-made tartans, but these things would be only enhanced in value by the addition to our programmes of the intellectual elements which form so prominent a part of the Welsh national proceedings.

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AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1874. [32 AIR.

SGEUL AIR MAIRI A' GHLINNE.

A' CHEUD FARRANN.

B' ann air feasgar cend latha na bliadhu' uire, mar a bha mi air mo cheum a' teachd mach a Tigh-eiridinn ann am baile-mor araidh nach 'eil fad' o 'n ait' am bheil mi 'chomhnuidh a fhuair mi a' cheud sealladh de Mhairi a' Ghlinne. 'S maith a tha cinhn' agam air an latha. Bha cridhealas, sunnd, agus leadhar a mach air na sraibh— aobheas air gach gunis; ach tre an aitreibh 's an robh mise, cha robh r' a eisdeachd ach osnaidhean agus bron, gearan agus caoidh. Chaidh mi le lighiche 'n tighe troimh gach seomar, agus da-rìreadh bu chruaidh an cridhe nach faigheadh aobhar smuain agus cuis bhroin anns gach aon diubh. “Tha cuid de na leap- aichean so,” ars' an lighiche, “faladh an diugh, anns an robh daoine an de; agus tha moran an diugh ag osnaich 's an tigh so, a bhithas 'n an cuirp gun deo mu 'n tig an la maireach.” B' aobhar taingeachd an curam agus an aire 'bha air an taisbeanadh do gach aon. Ged dh' abradh sibh gu 'm b' iad mo chairdean a bu dilse 'bhiodh ann, cha 'n iarrainn am barrachd caoimh- neis a bli air a nochdadh dhoibh na 'chunnaic mi 's an tigh-eiridinn eir- eachdail so. Bha mi air mo cheum a dh' ionnsuidh an doruis, 's an ligh- iche 'dealachadh rium, 'n uair a

mhothaich mi dithis no triuir a' cuid- eachadh le og-mhnaoi laig, bhreòite, euslaintich, a' ghlasad a dh' ionus- idh leapa 'bha air a h-uidheamachadh air a son, ann an seomar beag leth- oireach anns an robh da leabaidh: aon air son na h-og-mhna so, agus an t-aon eile air son mnatha coire, tlachdmhor a bha maille rithe, agus a dh' iarr cead fuireach oidhche no dha g' a faire.

Bha 'n dùile bhochd og so cho lag 's a b' urrainn do neach a bhith anns an robh an deo. Cha d' rinn iad ach an cleoc' agus a comhdach ciun a thoirt dh' i, 's leig i i fhein 'n a sineadh air uachdar na leapa le osna thruim. Dh' amhaire mi oirre gu dluth. Is ainmic da -rìreadh a chunnaic mi aodann a bu bhoidhche, no gunis a b' aillidh. Cha robh, gu dearbh, blath na slainte air a gruaidh; bha 'h-aodann geal, ban fo shnuadh a' bhais: shearg gach deirge, ach aon bhoinne beo 'bha fhathast ag iadhadh an deigh chaich, a' tighinn 's a' falbh 'n a gunis chiuin. Thuig mi gu luath nach b' ann 's a' bhaile- mhor a fhuair an ailleg fhaun so a h-arach—bha fonn nam beann air a caint: agus o na briathraibh briste a labhair i, thuig mi gu 'm b' ann an aon de na h-eileanaibh tuathach a flunair i 'togail. Bha seana bhean tlachdmhor maille rithe, a shuidh taobh a leapa fo imcheist mhoir. Bha gunis fhlatbail aig an t-seana mhnaoi so, ged 'bha preasadh na h-aois' agus curam an t-saoghal an

deigh iomadh clais dhomhain a dheargadh oirre. Chunnaic thusa (arsa mise 'm chridhe fhein), latha 'b' fhèarr : mur 'eil mi air mo mbealladh, dh'fhiosraich sibhse le 'cheile bhur cuibhrionn fhein de dh'atharrachadh an t-saoghail chaoch-laidich so.

Dh' aithnich an t-seana bhean mi. "Deanaibh suidhe," arsa 'ise, 's i 'comharrachadh a mach cathrach dhomb, dluth do 'n leabaidh. Tharrning i osna throm, agus thoisich i air a suilean a thiorrachadh. "Thugaibh maitheanas domh," arsa 'ise, "tamull beag."

Dh'fhosgail an oigh a bha 's an leabaidh a suil agus dh'amhaire i mu 'n cuairt d'i. "Co," deir i, "tha 'm choir? Co 'tha lamh rium?" "Mise, 'ghraidh," arsa an t-seana bhean, "do bhana-charaid nach treig thu. Nach aithne dhuit mi, 'Mhairi? Nach labhair thu aon fhocal a thruaghain mo chride; nach innis thu am bheil thu idir na 's fhèarr?" Dh'fhosgail i a suil bhoidheach, ghorm. Bha fianh de ghairne faoin air a gnais—agus braon a dh'fhallus fann a' teachd a mach air a bathais aird. "Tha mise," arsa Mairi, "mar bu mbiann leam a bhith—tha mi air leabaidh mo bhais; ach O! ann an tigheiridinn am measg choigreach—fada, fada o thir m' eolais—an tìr nach faic mise gu brath! Ach nach coma? Cha seas so fada. Tiota beag agus bithidh gach denchainn shaoghail gu brath seachad. O! gu 'n robh mise cinnteach a aon ni; agus an sin"—Dhuin i a suil—tharruing i aon osna throm, mar gu 'n biodh a cridhe bochd an impis sgaineadh. Bha a bilean a' ghlasadh; agus b'fhurasd' fhaicinn gu 'n robh iomagain throm air a h-anam. B'fhurasda 'thuigsinn air caochlaideachd a gnais gu 'n robh smaointean buaireasach, tromha 'n a cridhe; mar chitear air uairibh

neula dorcha, bruaillanach air agh-àidh nan speur, air feasgar aillidh samhraidh. "O! mbathair," arsa an truaghan fann 's i 'fosgladh a rithist a sul; "mo mbathair," arsa 'ise, "na 'm bu leir dhuit mise air an am so—annsachd do chridhe fhein, d' aon duine cloinne, do chaileag bhochd, aonarach! na 'm bu leir dhuit mi 'n so am measg choigreach, gun duine air am bheil mi eolach, no 'dhuineas mo shuilleau!" "A Mhairi," arsa 'n t-seana bhean, "nach 'eil mise 'n so? Cha treig mi thu;—nach do gheall mi fuireach leat? Bi samhach, 'eudail; cha 'u 'eil thu gun charaid. C'ait' am bheil do chreidimh? An do dhi-chuimhnich thu an caraid a thubhairt, "Cha treig 's cha dibir mis' thu gu brath?" An do dhi-chuimhnich thu "an caraid a leanas na 's dhuithe na aon bhrath-air?"

Phaisg 'ise 'bha 's an leabaidh a da laimh air a h-uchd, agus dh'amhaire i suas. "Cha do dhi-chuimhnich," arsa 'ise, "tha esan maille rium; tha mo lan earbs' as; tha, tha; mur bitheadh, bu truagh da-rìreadh mise." Tharruing mi dluth, agus le guth cho caoinhneil agus cainnt cho baigheil 's a bha 'm chomas a chleachdadh, labhair mi rithe. Dhuin mi 'n dorus; leig mi mi fhein air mo ghluinibh taobh a leapa, agus chuir mi suas guidhe dhurachdach a leth. Tharruing mi a h-inntinn gu caoinhneas a h-Athar neamhaidh, a thug fasnadh dh' i an am a h-airce 's an tigh anns an robh i. Labhair mi uime-san aig nach robh aite far an leagadh e a cheann; labhair mi air toillteanas a bhais; gras agus saorsa na slaint' a choisinn e; 'iochd agus a ghradh do pheacaich bhochda; labhair mi air 'aiseirigh 's air an eadar-ghuidhe ghlornhor a tha e 'deanamh as leth a chuid chaorach fein air deas-laimh an Ti a's airde. Labhair mi mu n

Chomhfhurtair, an Spiorad Naomh ; ghuidh mi air son a shòlais, a chul-taic' agus a lathaireachd a bhì maille rithe an am a teinn. Labhair mi rithe nu' ghradh an Ti sin a tha 'faire thairis air an eun a's faoine 'tha's an ealtainn ; athair nan dill-eachdan, agus leigh mor chorp agus anamannan an t-sluagh. Ann an aon fhocal, labhair mi rithe na shaoil mi a bha ceadaichte dhomh a radh ri h-aon air nach robh 'bleag no 'mhòr a dh' eolas agam, ach gu'n robh i do reir coslais air leabaidh a bais agus fo iomaguin spioradail.

'N uair a bha mi deas gu falbh, shiu i'mach a lamb. "Mìle, mìle taing," ars' ise. "O's mise 'fhuair am faochadh ! Bha tart air m'anam, agus thug sibhse dh' ionnsuidh an fhuarain mi. Bha m'anam, meat' air seargadh, ach thainig druchd grasmhòr air. Tha mi 'n duil gu'm faigh mi cadal—tha sith naomh air teachd air mo spiorad. Mise a' gearan ! O ! am bi mi 'gleachd 'n a aghaidh gus an thilg mi 'n deo ? An tig an t-uabhar so gu brath gu lar ? An Ti a's airde 'thoirt maitheanas domh !"

Thug i fàsgadh cairdeil do m'lainmh ; agus an deigh dhomh focal na dha a labhairt, dh' eirich mi gu falbh. Lean an t-seana bhean mi dh' ionnsuidh an dornis. "Mìle buidheachas, fhir mo chridhe," deir ise, "na 'm b' aithne dhuit co i, bhiodh tu baigheil rithe—b' eolach ur da athair air a cheile."

"Pillidh mi 'maireach, deir mi, ma 's beo mi, g' a h-amhaire ; 's cha 'n 'eil baigh no cairdeas a tha 'm chomas a nochdadh dh' i nach dean mi. Ciod a tha 'cur oirre ? "Tha," deir an t-seana bhean, "cridhe briste ; ach chuinnidh sibh sin 'n a dheigh so."

Phill mi mar a gheall mi, 's fhuair mi Mhairi gu mor na bu laidire ;—bha i comasach air seanachas : agus

dh' fhiosraich mi le solas gu'n robh i eolach air a Biobull, air a dheasnas d' a Cruith-fhear, agus air obair na Slainte. Fhuair i cothrom maith 'n a h-oige, agus thug deuchainnean, tinneas, agus bochdainn gu trom-mhothachadh i. Bha iomadh sean-achas taithneach againn. Chinn sinn eolach air a cheile ; dh' fhosgail i a cridhe rium, agus cha do cheil i nam na bha 'cur curain agus bruaillein air a h-anam. "Air son an t-saoghail so," arsa Mairi, "tha mi sgith dheth ; mheall e mi gu trom ; chuala mi iomradh air saoghal a's fearr,—air saoghal aillidh agus sona, agus air na rinn mo Shlanuighear chum a chosnadh dhomh. Saoilidh mi air uairibh gu'm bheil mi a' lan-chreidsinn cairdeis, iochd, agus graidh mo Dhe ; saoillean gu'm bheil mi tearuinte, nach 'eil fath iamaguin. Anns na h-amannan sona sin tha sealaidhean glòrmhòr air am fosgladh dhomh trid creidimh ; arleam gu'm bheil Dia gu cinnteach agus gun teagamh air bith ann an sith ri m'anam, air sgath na rinn Iosa, agus na tha Iosa 'deanamh air mo shou. Agus O ! anns na h-amannan taitueach sin, bu mhiann leam sgiathan na h-iolaire bhì agam, itealaich air falbh, agus a bhì aig fois. Ar leam anns na h-amannan sin gur leir dhomh Criosd aig ceann na slighe, a dhuais mhòr ghrais 'n a lainmh, agus a dheas lamb sinte 'm cho-dhail. Seadh, ar leam gu'm bheil mi 'g eisdeachd caitheam naomh laoidhean arda nan aingeal, agus am focal agh-mhòr sin o bheul m' Athar,— *Thig*, na bi fo eagal, tha do pheacaidhean air am maitheadh dhuit : bhasaich Criosd air do shon-sa, c'arson a tha thu fo eagal ? O ! thus' air bheag creidimh, eirich agus thig dhachaidh.' Ach O ! air uairibh eile tha teagamh, a's amharas, a's eagal, agus eu-dochas ga m' bhuaireadh—stad a' chuisele ard spioradail—tha

marbhantachd agus namhas 'g am ghlacadh. Tha a' cheist mhòr sin, An gabh Dia ri m' anam? a rithist a' dusgadh oillt. Tha mi 'clisgeadh air m' ais o' n' bhruaich, agus ag eigheach, 'O! leig dhomh a bhì beo.' So an cor bronach anns am bheil mi. Is sibhse h-aon de theachdairibh an t-soisgeil — labhraibh agus eisdidh mi — dh' fhosgail mi mo chridhe ribh."

'S ann de theachdairibh an t-soisgeil mi, aeo-airidh 's mar tha mi air urram cho mor, agus so barantas mo theachdaireachd, "Imich air feadh an t-saoghail nìle, agus searmonaich an soisgeul do gach duil." Agus ma tha thu 'feoraich cìod e an soisgeul? innsidh mi sin duit ann an cainnt aingil o neamh. "Feuch (ars' an t-aingeal, Luc. ii. 10,) tha mi 'g innseadh dhuibh deadh sgeil mhòr-aobhneis, a bhithas do 'n nìle shluagh:" agus cìod e an deadh sgeul, no an soisgeul, a bh' aig an teachdaire ghlormhor?" "Rugadh dhuibh an diugh Slanuirghear"—Slanuirghear o pheacadh, o ifrim, agus o thruaighe. Agus co e a thainig air turas an aigh? "Crìosd an Tighearna," "Dia air 'fhoills-eachdh' 's an fheoil." Dhuit-sa tha an Slanuirghear so air a bhreith—dhearbh e 'n a bheatha co e le umhlachd do thoil Dhe—le toilteanas a bheatha agus iobairt a bhais—le 'aiseirigh agus le 'eadar-ghuidhe aig deas-laimh an Athar, choisinn e beatha shiorruidh dhuit-sa agus dhomh-sa, agus do gach aon air feadh an t-saoghal a chreideas ann, a dh' earbas an anamannan ris, agus a tha air an co-eigneachadh gu bhì beo dhasan a ghradhaich iad agus a bhasaich air an son. Creid ann, agus bithidh tu air da thearnadh: earb as, agus cha mheallar thu. So gealladh Dhe; dhuit-sa tha an gealladh so air a dheanamh: earb ann—tha e sgrìobhta

le peann siorruidh—air a thoirt seachad fo bhoid nach faillich. Tha fàsghadh mu d' choinneamh—teich d' a ionnsuidh; 's e do bheatha—do lan bheatha; thig mar a tha thu—thig a nis—na bì fo amharus—is e d' Athair fhein a tha ga d' ghairm—tha e ann an reite riut—fhuair e fhein iobairt air do shon. Thoir an aire nach cuir thu teagamh ann an Dia, agus nach creid thu namhaid d' anama 'roghainn air; oir 's esan a tha 'dusgadh an amharus thruaigh a tha ga d' clumail o uchd d' Athar.

Thog Mairi a suilean ri neamh, a's phaisg i a da laimh air a h-uchd. "Tha mi 'n duil," ars' ise, "gur e. A Thighearna tha mi 'creidsinn; neartaich Thusa mo chreidimh. O! gu 'n deanadh an Spiorad Naomh gach amharus agus teagamh fhuadach, agus gu 'n tugadh e dhomh-sa lan earbsa laidir, shocrach a charadh air toilteanas mo Thighearna—air obair na saorsa!"

Thubhairt mi rithe gu 'm b' e sin miann Dhe—gloir a thabhairt dha le earbsa as. Air falbh ma ta le d' amharus agus le d' eagal; tha d' eagal a' fuarachadh do ghraidh—tha so a' pasgadh a suas sgiathan a' chreidimh a tha 'togairt sgaoileadh a mach agus itealaich air falbh. Earb ma ta ann am focal, ann an gealladh Dhe, agus dean uail 's an t-Slanuirghear. Bochd, mi - airidh, truagh, peacach, mar tha thu, creid; agus abair, Bhasaich Crìosd air mo shon-sa, agus is leam e—'s leam an iobairt reite 'thug e seachad—air mo shon-sa tha e beo, 's a' deanamh eadar-ghuidhe shuas ann an neamh. Abair, 's i so acair m' anama 'tha air a tilgeadh fad' a stigh do 'n ionad naomh; agus ged tha 'n t-eithear beag, breoite, air a luasgadh, 's air a h-udal air aghaidh nan uisgeachan ann an latha na gaillinn agus ann an oidheche 'n dorchadais, githheadh cha 'n eagal d' i. Cha 'n eagal bonn:

oir tha 'n acfhuinn ris am bheil i 'n earbsa ceangailte ri Rìgh-chathair Dhe—an acfhuinn luachmhor nach failnich a chaoidh! Tog do ghuth ma ta, maille ris an t-Salmadair, agus seinn le caithream taingeachd :—

“O m' anam c' uim' a leagadh thu
Le diobhail misnich sìos?
A's c' uim' am bheil thu 'n taobh 'stigh
dhìom
Fo thrioblaid a's fo sgios?

“Cuir dòchas daingeann ann an Dia,
Oir fathast molam e;
Air son na furtachd a's na slàint'
'Thig dhomh o 'aodann réidh.”

Fhuair Mairi solas. Ged a b' e meadhon a' gheamhraidh a bh' ann, bha e dh'ise mar mheadhon an t-samhraidh agus àm seinn nan eun. Dheonaich am Freasdal caomh a beatha 'shineadh a mach; chunnaic mi i gu tric 'n a dheigh so, 's bha i ann an staid shamhaich, shìochail, shona. Bha i ann an caitheamh trom, a' sioladh as o la gu la. Chunnaic mi nach robh an t-ait' auns an robh i freagarrach—'s i 'n eiginn chruaidh a thug air a bana-charaid bhochd a cur ann—cha robh aice na chumadh 'n a seomar beag fhein i—chost i na bh' aice air aghadh an t-saoghail, ach dol a dh' iarradh na deirce cha b' urrainn dh'i. “Thoir air a h-ais i,” arsa mise, “agus na biodh aon ni a dhith oirre 'tha freagarrach, femail air a son. 'S a' bhaile-mhor so tha sporan nan Gaidheal furasd' fhosgladh; cha robh snaim chruaidh riamh air 's bean-duthcha no fear-duthcha an aire. Thoir air a h-ais i,” arsa mise, “dh' ionnsaidh do dhachaidh fhein, agus gheibh sinn mu 'n teid a' ghrian fodha 'n nochd, na dh' fhoghuas. Gheibh—'s cha chluinn cach co dha 'tha sinn 'g a iarraidh no co 'bha an aire.” Thug so fuasgladh mor d' a cridhe, ged dh' fhas i co lag ann an

latha no dha 's nach deachaidh againn air a gluasad.

Latha dhomb, le beau-duthcha cheanalta, a bhi 'g a h-amharc 's i moran na bu laidire, dh' innis i dhomb a h-eachdraidh, agus oidhirp-ichidh nri a toirt seachad 'n a cainnt bhlasda fein.—*Leabhar nan Cnoc.*

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

—o—

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Is e duil do chomhlachadh an so. a Choinnich, a thug o'n bhaile mi, agus cha bheag an solas a ta 'lionadh mo chridhe, aon sealladh eile fhaotainn dhìot, a charaid, agus mar an ceunda de Sheonaid, a thainig, tha mi 'tuigsinn, maille rint. Tha mi 'n dochas gu 'm bheile sibh air fad ann an slainte 's a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich.

COIN.—Tha sin gun dith, gun deireas, a Mhurachaidh, agus tha mi 's an earbsa gu 'm bheil an teaghlach agus an crodh air an cosaibh agad fein, agus gach ni eile ag eirigh leat. Fhìr mo ghraidh. Cha do chuir mi suil ort 's a' bhaile no 's a' mha-chair, o'n chunnaic Seonaid agus mi fein thu re na seachdain sin a bha sin na d' fhardaich fhialaidh fein air banais Seonaid oig; agus Ochan! b' i bhanais i! Cha 'n fhas mi a h-aicheadh riamh, agus cha 'n fhaic. Bha an comunn liomhor, ach bha iad uile co taitneach, beusach, riaghailteach, cridheil—uile mar aon duine, a dh-aon inntinn, agus a' dol gu 'n dulan a thoirt toisich agus urrainn do aon a cheile. Tha mi an dochas gu 'm bheil a' chuideachd og a' tighinn air a cheile gu ro mhaith, agus gu 'm bheil deagh-slaigte agus gach sochair eile air an sealbhachadh leo.

MUR.—Is og an nollaig a' cheud oidheche, a Choinnich, is mò's trath dhoibh a bhì 'gearan fathast; deanadh iad stad gus am bi iad cuideachd darna leth nam bliadhnaichean o'n phos thusa agus mise, a' Choinnich, agus chì iad an sin gu'm bheil iomadh car, agus cleas, agus chuichiomart aig an t-saoghal thrioblaideach so, nach fhac iad fathast, agus air nach do smaoinich iad riamh.

COIR.—Ro cheart gun teagamh, a Mhurachaidh, ach tha iad 'n an dithis glic, agus ged a bhiodh iad air a chaochladh sin, tha deagh fhear - iuil 'n an fochair,—deagh chomhairliche dlùth air laimh, eadhon Murachadh Ban.

MUR.—Bi'n ad thosd, a Choinnich, agus sguir dhe d' mhìodal agus ghoileam. Cha 'n 'eil Murachadh Ban bochd ach mar a tha e, agus ged bhiodh e ni b' fhearr cha bu mhiste se e. Ochan, cha 'n 'eil. Is lag, neo-iomlan, agus amaideach sinn uile, ma dh' fhagar sinn dhuinn fein, agus mur iarr sinn an neart agus an gliocas sin a ta a dhith oirnn chum ar stiùireadh air sligibh ar dleas'nais fein.

COIN.—Tha sin uile gle cheart, a' Mhurachaidh, ach is maith an gnothuch gu'm bheil cuideachadh iomlan agus freagarrach r' a fhaotuin a nasgaidh, seadh, gun airgid agus gun or, ma dh' iarrar e uaith-san a tha 'thoirt air gach ni a bhì ag oibreachadh le cheile chum ar leas aimsireil agus spioradail maraon.

MUR.—Am measg gach uile chuis agus glnothuich, cha 'n fheum sinn dearmad a dheanamh air an dleasnas dha-san o'm bheil ar beatha, ar bith, agus comas ar gluasaid againn, a Choinnich; cha 'n fheum idir, oir cha 'n 'eil fios againn air ciod a bheir aon la mu'n eairt.

COIN.—Is maith nach 'eil fios againn air sin. Tha e gu trocaireach agus gu glic air a chealachadh oirnn,

oir mur biodh, cha b' urrainn sinn a bhì beo air an talamh. Is gasda, grinn a mhinich Maighstir Iain, an seann mhinisteir coir againn fein, an teagasg sin duinn air an t-Sabaid a dh' fhalbh, air da a bhì 'searmonachadh o'n carrainn a ta 'g innseadh dhuinn gu'n "Teid sgiamh an t-saoghail so seachad."

MUR.—Am bheil banais mhor gu bhì againn an so an nochd, a Choinnich? Chuir Seumas Mor fios dh' ionnsuidh na nna, a bhì cinn-teach gu 'n tigeadh i maille rium-sa dh' ionnsuidh na bainnse aig Isiobail agus gu'm faiceamaid Coinneach Ciobair agus Seonaid romhainn an so. Agus ged is e mac brathar mo mhathar Seumas Mor, cha tiginn idir an nochd, mur b' e gu'n cual mi gu'n robh thusa, a charaid, agus Seonaid gu bhì romham. Fagaidh sinn a' bhanais 's a' chuid a's mo de 'n oigrìdh, agus theid thusa agus mise do chuil air chor-eigin, a labhairt air cuisibh an t-saoghail, agus na rioghachd.

COIN.—Mar sin bitheadh e, a Mhurachaidh, gheibhear uine air son gach ni; oir mar a thubhairt an duine glic, "Aig gach ni tha trath, agus am aig gach run fuidh neamh. Am gu gul, agus am gu gaire; am gu caoidh agus am gu dannsadh."

MUR.—Is firinn sin, gun teagamh, a' Choinnich, an aghaidh nach urrainn neach ni sam bith a radh.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil fios againn air sin, a Mhurachadh, tha e air a radh gu'm bheil "am ann gu dannsadh," ach cha 'n e nochd e, oir bha mi bacach, crubach fad seachdunn leis na rinn mi dhe'n dannsadh air banais Seonaid oig agad fein, agus mo lamh-sa dhuit, nach faicear air an urlar an so mi.

MUR.—Na toir boid, a' Choinnich, oir an uair a thainig litir-chuiridh o Sheumas Mor dh' ionnsuidh an tigle gu dol gu banais Isiobail dh' ain-

micheadh gu robh Coinneach Ciobair agus Seonaid gu bhì ann, agus thubhairt an t-seann bhean bhochd agamsa, gu 'n rachadh i ann dìreach chum aon ruidhil dannsaidh a bhì aice maille ri Coinneach Ciobair. Feuch, cìod do bharail air a' chailleach bhochd agam-sa. Ochan! nach bì 'n oisneach i,—te a dh' fheadadh i bhì 'n a sean-mhathair!

COIN.—Gle cheart, a' Mhurachaidh. Tha bhean choir agad-sa co sunndach, cridheil, geanail, 's gu 'm bheil tlachd aice ann a bhì 'faicinn gach neach sona mu 'n cuairt di; agus mar an ceudna gach og agus aosda a' gabhail foil-inntinn neo-chiontaich dhoibh fein, agus c'ait an deanadh iad sin, mar deanadh iad air banais e?

MUR.—Is comadh co dhiubh, a Choinnich, fagaidh sinu sin mar a tha e, agus rachamaid a mach cur tàcaim a dh-amharc an t-saoghail mu 'n cuairt, agus a dh' fhaotuinn do naigheachd.

COIN.—Tha deagh naigheachdan tearc agus gann, agus cha tig mo bheul air an droch naigheachd ged bliodh i ann. Ach cìod i do bharail air a' chogadh rongach sin a thainig o cheann ghoirid gu crìch 's an Roinn-Africa?

MUR.—Seadh dìreach, an cogadh a bha againn ris na h-Ashanteich,—sluagh cealgach, mealltach, dubh air gach doigh, agus lionmhor mar na cuileagan. Cha robh e 'n a chogadh taitneach idir; 's e sin, cha robh moran moralachd, urrainn, molaidh no aird-chliu ri 'm faotuinn o bhì 'ruagadh chreutairean cho suarach, aineolach, agus iodhol-aorach am measg choilltean agus gharbhlaichean na dùthcha aca fein; ach an deigh sin, bha e 'n a chogadh anabarach cunnartach a thaobh seoltachd agus foill nan naimhdean, a bha 'g am folach fein thall 's a bhos. agus a'

losgadh an uaigneas air na saighd-eiribh againn-ne.

COIN.—Tha sin uile, a' Mhurachaidh, gle nadurra dhoibh r' a dheanamh. Tha e nadurra dhoibh iad fein agus an cuid a dhion mar a dh' fheadas iad, agus an dichioll a dheanamh gu cur an aghaidh gach cumhachd eile a dh' fheadas ionnsaidh a thoirt orra.

MUR.—Cha 'n e mhain gu 'n robh sin nadurra dhoibh a dheanamh, ach riun iad e, agus is iomadh mac mathar treun agus gaisgeil a thuit marbh air na raointibh aca, 'n am doibh a bhì 'cogadh nan aghaidh. Thuit aireamh nach bu bheag dhe 'n Fhreiceadan Dhubh, a bha riamh co cliuichte agus gaisgeil o 'n thogadh an toiseach e.

COIN.—Tha mi 'n duil gur fad an uine o 'n thogadh am Freiceadan Dubh an toiseach.

MUR.—Thogadh e air tus aig ceann drochaid Obairfeallaidh 's a' bhliadna 1740, agus cha robh mac mathar 's a' chuideachd air fad ach clann dhaoin'-uaise, agus cha robh a h-aon duibh fo shea troidhean ann an airde! Thug am Freiceadan Dubh buaidh anns gach blar 's an robh iad riamh, ach a mhain aig Ticonderoga, agus aig Fontenoi. Agus eadhon anns na h-aitibh sin rinn iad gaisge do chur an ceill,—gaisge, air son an d' rinneadh iad 'n an Albanaich Rìoghail anns gach linn ri teachd? Na 'n rachadh eachdraidh an treubhantais agus an tairisneachd a sgrìobhadh sìos ann an ordugh, lionadh agus dheanamh e suas leabhar anns am biodh na ceudan duilleag.

COIN.—Cha 'n ioghnadh, ma ta, ged a bheireadh iad, maille ri 'n comblannaibh dileas, buaidh air Rìgh Cofi Calli, agus ged a chuireadh iad Coomassi 'n a lasair theine.

MUR.—Is iomadh oran-molaidh a rinneadh do na tior "Albanaich

Rioghail" so, ach 'n am measg sin gu leir, cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu 'n d' thugadh barrachd air a' chliu a thugadh dhoibh leis an Urramach Roibeart Mac-Griogair, a bha aon uair 'n a Mhinisteir ann an Cill-Mhuire, 's an Eilean Sgiathanach.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu 'n cual mi riamh an cliu sin, a Mhurachaidh, am bheil a' bheag sam bith dheth agad air do mheomhair ?

MUR.—Tha duil agam gu 'm bheil a' chuid a's mo dheth air chuimhn' agam, a Choinnich, ach tha eagal orm gu 'm bheil cuideachd na bainnse 'g ar n-ionndrain air falbh uatha, oir cha 'n 'eil sinn gle chomunnail riutha air sheol sam bith.

COIN.—Ma tha, mo thogair, cha 'n eagal doibh. Cha 'n iad seann bhodaich mar a tha sinne a tha iad ag iarraidh, ach nuinntir chridheil, eutrom, og ; agus theid mise an urras

nach 'eil guth aca idir m' ar timchioll. Le sin, a Mhurachaidh, cuir seisde ris an oran, agus bhear sinn luchd na bainnse oirnn an uair a thig crìoch air.

MUR.—“ Is trian oibre toiseachadh,” uime sin thoir cluas, a Choinnich, agus ged nach 'eil cail agam gu seinn, tha teangadh agam chum na focail a chur an ceill.

COIN.—Tha teangadh agad gun teagamh, a' Mhurachaidh, ach tha mi meallta mur 'eil i gle thioram, cosmhuil, ri mo theangadh fein. Is fearrd sinn ar teangannan a fhliuchadh le boinne beag de dhruichd nam beann, oir tha tart oirnn le cheile, agus tha pailteas an so, agus 's i ar bheatha d' a ionusaidh. A nis rach an t-adhairt leis an oran-molaidh do 'n Freiceadan Dhubh, a tha mar a thubhairt thu, air foun an siubhail fein.

MUR.—

MOLADH DO 'N FHREICEADAN DHUBH.

Faigheadh cliu o gach rànn fhear, gu ceòlmbor 's gu binn,
An Dubh-Freiceadan Gaidhealach a dh' àraich na glinn ;—
Cuimr, fuasgailteach, finealta, slàinteil 's a' chom,
Fearail, ceannsgalach, cruadalach, tréun, agus trom.

'S gu robh buaidh leis na seòid ghuineach, ghàrg, agus bheo,
Chaidh do bhuillsgein nam Fràngach, mar ghaoth 'dol 's a' cheo ;
Is nach d' fheuch fathast cùl do neach riamh nach robh leò ;
Oir cha strìochd sliochd nan ghàrbh-chrìoch, a's annta an deò !

'S maith thig breacan-an-fheilidh, gu leir do na sùinn,—
Osain ghèarr air an calpannaibh dòmhail, geal, cruinn ;
A's iteagan dorch', air slios gorm-uidheam cheann,
Sud i éididh nam blàr, 's cha bi 'n té fhada theann.

'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

'S ceart a labhras iad canain na h-Alba o chiàn,
Mar a bha i aig Fionn a's aig Oisian gu diàn ;
Cha do ghluais chum na tuasaid, 's a' chaoidh iad cha ghluais,
Gun am bolg-fheadain mhèur-thollach, fhuainneach 'n an cluàis !

'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Cha tearc gabhadh a's àit, as an d' thainig le buaidh,
Gaisgich chalma na combraig, 's nan dlùth-bluillean cruaidh ;
Roimh gach diomhanas, sògh, aidhear, 's aoibhneas a thagh,
A bhi 'dionadh an saorsa an duthcha, 's an lagh !

'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

'S iomadh deuchainn a fhuair na fir àrdanach bhras,
Bho 'n nach geilleadh diùbh làmh, 's o 'n nach tionndadh dhiùbh cas ;
Bho 'n nach fhéudadh gun caochaileadh an dualchas n' an cleachd,
Leis an d' fhàgadh gun sàmhladh an sinnsir 's a' ghleachd.

'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Mar a bhláth-mhaduinn shamhraidh, iad ciúin ann an sith,
Ach mar gheámhradh nam beann aca, searbh ann an strith ;
Sgaiteach, gruamach, a' luathreadh nan naimhdean le féirg,
'G an cas-ruagadh 's gan sguabadh á araichibh dearg !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil ùine ni 's mò a' ruith dhàsan nach géill,
Bidh mar dhearbhadh corp mairbh, gu 'm bu ghànn e de cheill ;
Seachnadh 'n ti leis nach fearr guin an éig, na bhì slàn,
Casadh ruisan a suas, a ta millteach a's dàn !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Mar a's gairge an nàmh, mar a's cruaidhe an cath,
'S ann is àirde 'n sin inntinn luchd-trusgain nan dath ;
Tha 's an doruinn a' fàs anam mòr dhoibh air fad,
Leis an rèub, leis am mill, 's leis an claoidh iad gun stad.
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

'S i so 'n fhivinn gu dearbh, air gach seòl agus doigh,
'S ga co'-dhàingneach' gu dìliun, bidh là f'ontenoi ;
Sud an là a thug ainm dhoibh air tús anns an fheachd,
Bha an rùn uile-dhleas do 'n Rìgh 's do gach reachd.
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Och ! chaidh 'n sàruch' 's an leonadh; bhà 'n ceud charraid teth
Oir aig Ticonderoga, ged chàill iad an leth,
Na sheas bhuaidhnaich le còmhnaidh na dh' aom gu ro ghrinn !
Rinn a' chonnstridh ud Rìoghail iad, 'nuas feadh gach linn !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Rinneadh gnìomharra leò anns gach tìr chum an deach',
Bhios 'n an ioghna, 's nam miorbhuil', gu brath do gach neach ;
Cha leig air dearmad an saoghal, an tréun'tas gu sior,
'M feadh 'bhios speis agus mòr-mheas do shaighdaireachd fhior !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Ach co Cheùlraidh no 'n teangair is òirdheirce th' ann,
'S urrainn innseadh mar 'bhuaidhaich 's an Eiphit a' Chlànn ?
Luaidh neo-ghann, gathan-lann, sleaghan-chrann, chaidh gu luath,
'M fir do-cheannsach' do chàch, o na h-armuinn o Thuath !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

As na gairdeanaibh lùth-chleasach, féitheach, ghrad léum,
Goimh a's bás a chuir miltean o chàinnt a's o fhéum !
Ghabh na Laoghaich 's an àn mireadh 'n-searbh-chath a's coun
'Dol troimh dhùintean a's àr-chlosach naimhdean le fonn !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

'S glan a dh' eirich am buaireas air conulann an àigh,
Oir le léir-sgrios, chaidh Frangaich a bhualadh gun bhàigh !
Thuit gach aon air an làr dhiubh, 'n a sheimh-chadal buan,
'S thug na Gàidh'l leò 'n sròl aca nall thar a' chùan !
Mar so buaidh leis na seòid, ghuineach, ghar, agus bheò,
'Theid do bhuillsgeiu nam Frangach, mar ghaoth 'dol 's a' cheo ;
'S nìor fhéuch iad an cùlaobh do 'n dream nach bi leò,
O, nìor strìochd iad gu sìorruidh, a's annta an deò !

COIN.—Is gleusda a rinn am bard
a dhìchioll, agus is gle-mhaith a chuir
e a bhriathran an altaibh a' cheile.
Agus, a Mhurachaidh, is glan a dh'
aithris thu an t-oran-molaidh sin,

agus is iongantach do chuimhne.
Moran taing dhuit, ach bithidh
tuilleadh againn mu bhàrdachd an
deigh so, ma chaomhnar sinn. A
nis, biomaid a' toirt an t-seomair-

iosail oirnn, oir tha mi 'chinnntinn
gu 'n d' thainig am Ministear a chur
na snain sin le 'bhilibh nach fuasgail
eadhon Murachadh Ban le 'fhiaclaibh.
So, so, ma ta, rachamaid sios.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

SPIORAD NA H-AOISE.

SEANN SGEULACHD GHAIÐHEALACH—
LEIS AN DR. MACLEOID, NACH MAIR-
EANN.

(*Air leantuinn.*)

Fhuair Caomhan gabhail aig' air
an oidhe sin gu maith carthantach
maille ri madadh na maoile-moire,
ann an uaimh thioraim, gun tighinn-
fodha no thairis—na'm foghnadh sin
a's feoil mhilis, uanach, mheannaeh,
gun dith, gun ghainne, gun dolun;
agus an am falbh 's a' mhaduinn, gu
leoir air son turuis an latha. "A 'nis,"
arsa madadh na maoile-moire, "slan
leat a Chaomhain! Soirbheachadh
leat ge b' e ait' an teid thu—sonas 'n
ad shiubhal 's 'n ad ghluasad. Thairg
mi aoidheachd, 's cha do dhuit thu
i; ghabh thu gu cridheil, sunndach
na thairg mi: chuir thu oidheche
seachad ann an uaimh madadh na
maoile-moire — dh' earb thu as—
naisg thu a chairdeas, agus cha
mheallar thu. A nis thoir fainear
mo bhriathran. Ma thig cas cruaidh
no eiginn gu brath ort, anns an dean
luas coise agus gnìomharan eusgaidh
feum dhuit, cuimhnich air madadh
na maoile-moire — miannaich e's
bithidh mise ri d' thaobh."

Dh' amais an cairdeas agus an
fhialachd cheudna ris an ath oidhe
o 'n t-sar-bhiadhtaiche iomairteach,
shiubhlach, fitheach dubh choire-
nan-creag, air nach luidheadh an
cadal, agus air nach cireadh a' ghrian,
agus am biodh aige na dh' fhoghnadh
dha fein agus dha-san a thigeadh
s' a dh' fhalbhadh. Gu gearr-
leumnach, clapartach, sgiathach, rinn

e 'n t-iul da air choraibh sgeithe
troimh aisridh chasa-gabhar gu còs
sgorra dhìonaich creige, far an d' iarr
e air trì trianan d' a sgiòs agus an
oidheche gu leir chur seachad maille
ris.

Fhuair e gabhail aige 'n oidheche
sin gu maith 's gu ro mhaith comhla
ri fitheach dubh choire-nan-creag,
na 'm foghnadh feoil a's sithionn,
agus an am falbh 's a' mhaduinn
thuir e ris, "A Chaomhain mhic
Ghorla-nan-treud, thoir leat na dh'
fhoghnas air do thuras—cuid a'
choigrich cha d' ionndraich mi rianh;
—agus cuimhnich mo bhriathran
deireannach. Ma thuiteas dhuit a
bhi 'n càs no an eiginn gu brath anns
an dean sgiath laidir agus misneach
nach dibir, feum dhuit, cuimhnich
orm-sa: 's blath do chridhe, 's
caoinhneil do shuil—dh' earb thu
thu fein riumsa—bheathaich thusa
fitheach an fhasaich roimhe so,
agus roinn thu ris do lon—'s mise do
charaid, chuir thu 'n oidheche seachad
ann an cos nan creag—earb asam."

Air an treas oidheche dh' amais
comhdhail agus biadhtachd nach bu
mhiosa air Caomhan o 'n do bhran-
donn; an sgorr-shuileach, an siri-
che teoma, eusgaidh, air nach biodh cuid
fir no gille 'dhuth fhad 's a bhiodh e
r' a fhaotainn air muir no air tìr.
Ged nach robh 'n a gharaidh r' a
eisdeachd ach sgiamhail a's mealan-
aich chat, a's bhroc, a's thaghan, a's
fheocallan, threoraich e e gun sgath,
gun eagal, gun sgiansgar, gu taiceil,
foghanta, raideil — gu roibeannach,
bìor-shuileach, mion-eolach, gu beul
cuim, far an d' iarr e air trì trianan
d' a sgiòs agus an oidheche gu h-uile
'chur seachad comhla ris. Neo'ar-
thairg mur d' fhuair e gabhail aige
'n oidheche sin comhla ri do bhran-
donn an t-srutha, an sior shiubhlach,
na 'm foghnadh iasg de gach seorsa
'b' fhearr na cheile—agus leaba
thioram, sheasgair, mhaith, de

dhreamsgal ard-lain stoirme reoth-airt, a's feamainn-chirein an dubh-chladaich. "Cuir seachad an oidheche, 'Chaomhain," arsa 'n dobh-rann-donn; "'s e lan dith do bheatha. Caidil gu samhach; 's fear faire furachar an dobh-ran."

'N uair a thainig an latha's a bha Caomhan gu imeachd air a thurus, chaidh an dobh-ran air choimhead-achd greis de 'n t-slighe maille ris. "Slan leat! a Chaomhain," ars' esan; "rinn thu caraid dhìom. Ma thig càs cruaidh no teann eiginn ort anns an deau esan a shnamhas an sruth no 'thumas fo 'n fhairge freasdal duit, cuimhnich orm-sa, 's bithidh mi ri d' thaobh."

Fhuair e na trì mairt mhaol', odhar's an lagan's an d' fhag e iad—dh' eirich iad, agus mu airde 'n fheasgair sin fhein rainig iadsan agus esan, gu sabhailte, socair, bothan an t-sleibh. Bha failte 's furan 's an tigh 'n uair a rainig Caomhan. Fhuair e gabbail aige gun airceas, gun chrine. Dh' fheoraich an seann duine dheth cia mar dh' eirich dha o'n a dh' fhalbh e, thoisich e air sud 'iunseadh. Mhol an seann duin' e chionn nach do ghabh e gnothuch ri aon ni 'chunnaic e gus an d' rainig e tigh nan laoidhean binne, do bhrìgh nach robh annta gu leir ach culaidh-bluaireidh—sgleo faoin a chum a mhealladh. "Fosglaidh mi dhuit dubh-cheist na cuise 'n a dheigh so," ars' an seann duine; "agus leigidh mi ris duit brìgh gach seallaidh a chuir mor-iongantas ort. Bha thu dileas, a Chaomhain. Iarr do dhuais agus gheibh thu i." "Cha bhi sin trom dhuit-sa, tha mi 'n dochas," arsa Caomhan, "agus bithidh e pailt na's leoir leam-sa. Aisig dhomh piuthair mo ghraidh agus da bhrath-air mo ruin a tha agad fo dhruidh-eachd, beo, slan mar a dh' fhag iad tigh an athar; agus bonn oir no

tastan airgid cha 'n 'eil a dhith air Caomhan." "'S ard d' iarrtas, oganaich," arsa 'n duine; "tha duilgheadas eadar thu 's na dh' iarr thu os ceann na tha ad chomas a chothachadh." "Ainmich iad," ars' Caomhan, "'s leig leam-sa 'u cothachadh mar is fearr is urrainn domh." "Eisd ma ta: Anns a' bheinn aird ud shuas, tha earb shiubhlach a's caoile cas; a leth-bhreac cha 'n 'eil ann; 's ballach, caisionn a slios, 's a croc mar chabar an fheidh. Air an lochan bhoidheach dluth do thir na greine, tha lach a thug barr air gach lach—lach uaine a' mhuineil oir. Ann an linne dhorcha a' choire-bhuidhe, tha breac tarra-gheall nan gialan dearga, a's 'earr mar an t-airgid a's gloine snuadh. Falbh, agus thoir dbachaidh an so eilid chaisionn, bhallach na beinne, lach aillidh a' mhuineil oir, agus am breac a dh' aithnichear o gach breac; a's innseadh mise dhuit an sin mu phiuthar do ghaoil's mu dha bhrathair do ruin."

Dh' fhalbh Caomhan donn. Chaidh gruagach an fhuilt oir's na cir' airgid na dbeigh. "A Chaomhain," deir i, "gabh misneach; tha beannach do mhathar agad agus beannachd nam bochd—sheas thu do ghealladh—thug thu urram do thigh nan laoidhean binne; imich, agus cuimhnich mo bhriathran dealachaidh—Gu brath na toir geill." Thug e 'n sliabh air—faicear earb na beinne—a leth-bhreac cha robh 's a' bheann; ach 'n uair a bha esan air aon bharradh bha 'n earb air bearradh eile; 's bha cho maith dha oidhirp a thoirt air neulaibh luaineach nan speur. Bha e 'n impis geill a thoirt, 'n uair a chuimhnich e air na labhair gruagach an fhuilt oir. "O!" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agam-sa 'nis madadh na maiole-moire 's nan casan luthmhor!" Cha luaithe 'labhair e 'm focal, na bha 'm madadh coir r' a

thaobh ; agus an deigh dha cnairt no dha 'thoirt mu 'n bheinn, dh'fhag e eilid chaisiunn an t-sleibh aig bonn a chois. Thug Caomhan 'n a dheigh sin an lochan air, agus faicear lach uaine a' mhuineil oir ag itealach os a cheann. "O !" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agam-sa 'nis fiteach dubh an fhasaich a's laidire sgiath 's a's geire suil!" Cha luaithe 'thubhairt e so, na chunnaic e fiteach dubh an fhasaich a' dluthachadh air an lochan, agus air ball dh'fhag e lach uaine a' mhuineil oir r'a thaobh. Rainig e 'n a dheigh sin an dubh-linne dhorcha, 's faicear an t-iasg tarra-gheal, airgiodach, aillidh a' snamh o bhruaich gu bruaich. "O !" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agam-sa 'n do bhraun-donn a shnambas an sruth 's a thumas fo 'n tuinn !" Ann am prioba na sul' co bha 'n a shuidhe air bruaich an uillt ach an do bhraun coir. Dh' amharc e 'n aodann Chaomhain le baigh—thug e air gu grad as an t-sealladh, agus a mach a dubh-linne dhorcha nan gealag, thug e 'm breac tarra-gheal a bu loinnriche snuadh, agus leigear e aig cois Chaomhain. Thog e air dlachaidh, agus fagar an earb, an lach, agus am breac boidheach air stairsnich bothain an t-sleibh. "Buaidh a's piseach le Caomhan donn !" ars' an seann-duine. "Cha do chuir a ghuala ris nach do chuir tuar thairis. Thig a stigh, a Chaomhain ; 's 'n uair a bhleodhnas gruagach an fhuilt oir 's na cir' airgid na tri mairt mhaol', odhar, fosglaidh mi dhuit dubh-cheist na cuise, agus tairngidh sinn gliocas o fhasdadh agus o thurus Chaomhain."

DUBH-CHEIST NA SGEULACHD AIR A
FOSGLADH.

"Cha d'fhag thusa tigh d'athar 's do mhathar gun an cead. Beannachd d'athar 's do mhathair bha 'n ad chois, a Chaomhain. Cha do

dhuilt thu an greim do 'n acrach 'n a aire. Bha beannachd nam bochd ad chois, a Chaomhain.

"Riun thu fasdadh—gheall thu agus choimhlion thu ; 's tha duais nam firean ad chois, a Chaomhain.

'Chunnaic thu an coileach oir 's a' chearc airgid, buairidhnean an uile —an sgleo 'tha or a's airgiod a' cur air an t-suil—chuirnich thu do ghealladh —ghluais thu ann an slighe do dhleasnais—bha sonas air Caomhan. Dh'fheuch am buaireadair thu a rithist fo shamhladh slataig oir a's slataig airgid. 'S iad so do reir coslais a b'usa'ghlacadh ; ach chuirnich thu do ghealladh, a Chaomhain, agus lean thu an spreidh. 'N uair nach deachaidh aige air do mhealladh le h-or agus airgiod, dh'fheuch e do mhealladh le meas boidheach na coille. Chuir e mu d' choinneamh gach meas a chunnaic thu riamh, a's da mheas dheug nach fac' thu—ach thionndaidh thu air falbh.

'N uair nach do bhuaidh e na bha 'n a bheachd le h-or no airgiod, no leis a' mheas a bha taitneach do 'n t-suil dh'fheuch e do mhisneach —an lasair agus an tuil ; ach chaidh thu trompa ann an slighe do dhleasnais, agus thuig thu nach robh annta ach faoineis. Chual' thu guth nan dan naomha—fuaim nan laoidhean milis—chaidh thu 'stigh—'s maith a fhuaras tu ; ach lean an buaireadair an sin fein thu. 'S maith a fhreagair thu e—'Eisdidh mise 'm focal.' Chunnaic thu 'n t-ionaltradh lom 's an fhalaire ard, mheamnach, le 'sarrach near a' deanamh gairdeachais air. Mar sin gu tric, a Chaomhain, 's an t-saoghal : tha tigh na h-aoidheachd air uairibh gann ; ach tha sith, gairdeachas, agus cinneachdainn 'n a thaic. Chunnaic thu an t-ionaltradh fasail, agus gach ceithir-chasach chum basachadh leis a' chaoile : mar sin 's

an t-saoghal, tigh a' bhodaich chrionna; tha pailteis ann, ach cha 'n 'eil aige cridhe 'chum a shealbhachadh—tha gainne an meadhon a' phailteis—tha daol aig bun gach freunha, agus tha gach blath air seargadh.

“Chunnaic thu an lochan boidh-each—chuala tu caithream nam buidhnean sona 'bha 'triall gu tir na greine. Sin agad iadsan a thug faineas mo ghuidhe-sa agus a bha glic 'n an latha fhein. Chuala tu tuireadh craiteach na muinntir eile bha 'triall gu tir an dorchadais. 'S iadsan an sluagh gun tuigse, gun steidhe, gun fhirinn, gun dilseachd, a chur an suarachas gach sanas, agus a nis tha iad a' caoidh gu truagh. Cha d' rinn thu tair air caoinneas agus aoidheachd nam bochd; ghabh thu ann an cairdeas na thairgeadh gu falaidh; cha do naraich thu an t-ainnis—leis a' so naisg thu an dilseachd. Sheas thu do ghealladh—lean thu an spreidh—choisinn thu do dhuais—dh' earb mi as do mhisnich. Cha do mheat-aich duilgheadais thu; chuir thu do ghuala riutha, 's chaidh leat. Dh' fhiosraich thu nach robh madadh na maole - moire, fitheach dubh an

fhasaich, no dobhran - donn an iasgaich, gun an feum. Cha d' thug thu geill; agus a nis, a Chaomhan, a mhic Ghorla-nan-treud, eisd rium. 'Aisig, 'ars thusa, 'domh mo phiuthar aillidh agus braithrean mo ghaoil a tha agad fo dhruidheachd.' Fo dhruidheachd, a Chaomhain! Ciod e druidheachd? Innleachd charach nan cealgach, leth-sgeul baoth nan gealtach. Ciod e druidheachd? Bòcan nan amadan—culaidh-namhais nan lag-chridheach—ni nach robh 's nach 'eil, 's nach bi. An aghaidh an dleasannaiche 's an fhirein, cha 'n 'eil druidheachd, no innleachd. Do phiuthar, ailleag an fhuil oir 's na cir'airgid, gheibh thu leat dhachaidh; ach do bhraithrean, ged tha iad beo, rinn leisg a's ni-dhìlseachd iad 'n an allabanaich gun dachaidh, gun charaid. Imich thusa chum tigh d' athar, a Chaomhain, agus taisg ann ad chridhe na chunnaic 's na chual' thu.”

“Agus co thusa,” arsa Caomhan, “a tha 'labhairt?”

“'S mise,” arsa 'n seann duine, “Spiorad na h-Aoise. Slan leat, a Chaomhain! Beannachd na h-aoise gu 'n robh air do shiubhal 's air d' imeachd.”

BAS PEATHAR.

(*Le Raibeart Pollock, A.M.*)

Bu trom ar n-osnaidhean, 's bu phailt ar deòir;
Oir b' ionmbuinn ise 'dh' fhalbh, 's bu ghràdhach leinn.
Urail 'n ar cuimhne—ùr mar an là dé,
Tha 'n latha Céitein air an d' fhuair i bàs.
Oigrìdh na Cruitheachd bha gu h-aoibhinn, ait
A' briosgail ann an gathan blàth na gréin',
'S a' gealltainn lànachd inbh'; a's aoibhinn fòs
Bha sinne, agus lèum an fhnil 'n ar crìdh'
Le aiteas fallain, 'n uair a fhuair sinn sgeùl
Gu 'n d' rugadh leanabh: 's thainig fios a rìs
Gu 'n robh an té 'thug breth dha tinn gu bàs.
Cia dlùth air sàiltean aoibhnis, céuma bròin!
M' an cuairt a leaba thionail sinn gu léir,

A's lùb ar glùn an guidhe dhùrachdaich
 Ri Cathair Tròcair, a's le 'r n-urnaighean
 Chaidh osnan agus deura treibhdhireach ;
 Ach 's ann bha sinn a' strìth ri aingeal naomh
 A chumail air an talamh—spiorad deas
 Chum glòir' ; a's Trocair ann a maitheas dhiùlt
 Ar n-iarrtas faoin : na 's trocairiche ruinn
 An uair a's lugha shaoil sinn ! grasmhor fos,
 Mar 's tric, 'n uair shaoileas sinn i bli fo ghruaim !
 An seomar, a's an leaba 's cuimhne leam,
 Anns an do laidh i, a's na h-aodainn fòs
 A chruinnich dlùth a's muladach m' au cuairt.
 A h-athair, a's a màth'r, a' cromadh, sheas ;
 'S a sìos an gruaidhean aosda thuit na deòir
 Gu lìonmhor, goirt ; a's mar an ceudn' an sin,
 Bha a fear-posda gràidh, 's a braithrean caomh,
 'S a peathraichean, a' caoidh gun chomhfhurtachd ;
 Gach nì 's an tigh fo mhulad bha 's fo bhron.
 So 's cuimhne leam gu maith ; ach 's mór is feàrr
 Am bheachd, 's gu bràth cha di-chuimhnichear leam,
 An t-sùil—an t-sùil a mhàin 'bha soilleir, glan,
 'S a dh' fhàs an soilleireachd mar dhlùth'ch am bàs !
 Anhuil mar chuunaic mi am flùran sèimh
 Ag amharc na bu ghrìnn' 's an aiteal ghréin'
 A thilgeadh air troimh nèul dubh tàirneanaich,
 Gu grad a dh' iadh a nuas, a bhuail, 's a sgap
 Am flùran àillidh, sgiamhach, air an raon.
 Smèid i an leanabh òg a thabhairt dlùth ;
 A's chàirich sinn an naoidhean aig a taobh.
 Dhearc i gu caoin air 'agbaidh, nach d' rinn gàir'
 No gal, 's nach d' aithnich có bha 'sealltainn air ;
 Leag i a làmh air 'uchd, a's dh' aslaich i,
 Le sealladh drùighteach suidhichte ri nèamh,
 Do 'n leanabh, beannachdan do-labhairt mor,
 'Bheir Dia a mhàin, aig ùrnaigh-bhàis na dream
 Tha 'fàgail naoidheana 'n an déigh 's an t-saogh'l.
 “ Dhia gleidh mo leanabh ! ” chuala sinn i 'g ràdh,
 'S cha chual' ach sin. Gu dileas mar a gheall,
 Sheas Aingeal a' Chomh-cheangail, deas gu triall
 'N a cuideachd troimh Ghleann Dorcha Sgail a' Bhàis.
 'S a nis a sùilean las, 's cho dealrach dh' fhàs,
 Nach b' urrainn duinne amharc air a gnùis
 Le 'r sùilean déurach làn : dhùin iad gun nèul.
 Chaidh 'n solus às mar réul na maidne gloidh,
 Nach teid a sìos feadh nèula dorch 's an iar,
 'S nach folaichear 'measg ghaillionn garg nau spéur,
 Ach 'shìolaidheas air falbh an solus nèamh.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

AN GOBHAINN SANNDACH.

Bha taillear agus gobhainn a' tilleadh le cheile air feasgar araidh á baile anns an robh iad ag obair air an ceirdibh fa-leth. Mar bha am feasgar a' teannadh orra, chunnaic iad a' ghrian a' dol sìos air cul nam beann, agus a' ghealach ag eirigh 's an airde-'n-ear. Aig a' cheart an chual iad, fad as, ceol binn a bha a' fas na bu chruaidhe mar a ghabh iad air an aghaidh. Bha an fhainn car neo-thaluhaidh, ach bha i cho anabarrach binn's gu'n do dhi-chuinnich iad an sgios, agus ghabh iad an rathad le ceumaidh sunndach.

An deigh doibh dol beagan astair, rainig iad aoinidh ghrinn, far am facaidh iad bannal de dhaoine agus de mhnathaibh beaga, greim aca air lamhan a cheile, agus iad a' dawnsadh gu h-aighearach ris a' cheol a chual iad.

Ann an teas-meadhoin na cuairt mu'n robh na sithichean a' dawnsadh, sheas seann duine daigeil, beagan na b' airde's na bu shult-mhoire na càch. Bha cota de iomadh dath air a dhruim, agus bha 'fheusag cho geal ris an t-sneachd a' ruigheachd sìos gu 'bhroilleach. Sheas an taillear agus an gobhainn ag amharc le mor-iogmadh air na dawnsairean, 'n uair a smeid an seann duine rintha, agus rinn na daoine-beaga bealach dhoibh chum 's gu'n tigeadh iad an taobh stigh d'an chuairt.

Bha an gobhainn 'n a dhuine gaisgeil, le croit bhig air a dhruim, 's leum e stigh 'n am measg gun sgath, ach bha an taillear an toiseach car gealtach, agus sheas e air ais. An ceann beagan uine, ged tha, air faicinn da cho aoidheil agus cho suilbheara's a bha iad, ghlac e misneach, agus chaidh e stigh do'n choisir leis a' ghobhainn. Ghrad dhuin na sithichean m' an timchioll mar mhuinntir air mheara-chinu.

Am feadh a bha so a' dol air aghaidh, tharraing an seann duine 'bha's a' mheadhon, sgian mhòr a bha'n crochadh r'a chrios, gheuraich e air cloich i, agus a' feuchainn a gèiread le barr a mheoir, thionndaidh e agus sheall e air na coigrich air mboadh a thug orra critheachadh le h-oillt.

Cha deachaidh an cumail fada an imcheist. oir rug am bodachan air a' ghobhainn, agus ann am priobadh na sul, ghearr e dheth a h-uile rib fuilt a's feusaig le aon sguide! Thionndaidh e 'n sin ris an taillear, agus rinn e 'n cleas cendna airsàn.

Ach dh' fhalbh an geilt an uine ghoirid, oir, an deigh do 'n t-seann duine an gnothuch a chur seachad mar so, thainig e agus dh' fhàiltich e gu cridheil iad, a' bualadh a lamh air an guallainn, mar gu'm b' ann 'g am moladh air son cho èasgaidh's a cheadaich iad dha an lomadh. Chomharraich e mach dhoibh an sin dun guail a bha dluth 'lainbh, agus smeid e orra iad a lionadh am pòcannan.

Fhregair iad e, ged nach robh fios fo 'n ghrèin aca ciod am feum a bhiodh anns a' ghual doibh. An sin thog iad orra's dh' fhag iad na daoine-beaga, oir bha e 'fas annoch, 's bha toil aca annas air codaichean-oidheche.

Direach mar rainig iad an gleann, chual iad clag a' bualadh da uair dheug. Ghrad sguir an ceol, shiolaidh na daoine-beaga air falbh mar sgàile, 's laidh an aoinidh gu tosdach, ciuin fo sholus fuar na gelaichte.

An ceann ghreis rainig na coisich-ean tigh-osda aig taobh an rathaid, ach cha robh an sin doigh air an cur suas mur laidheadh iad air boitean comlaich; rud a rinn iad gu toileach, 'g an sineadh fein a sìos, le 'n aodaichean orra mar bha iad, agus iad tuilleadh's sgith gu smaointeachadh

air am pòcannan 'fhalachadh d'an ghuail. Moch air madainn, fada na butrathaile na b' abhaist doibh, dhuaisg cudthrom a' ghuaile iad as an cadal, agus 'n uair chuir iad an lamhan 'n am pòcannan, is gann a chreideadh iad an suilean air faicinn doibh, an aite gnail, gur ann a bha an lamhan lan de dh-òr fìor-ghlan !

Cha bu lugha an t-ioghnadh a bha orra an uair a mhothaich iad gu 'n robh an cinn air an comhdach le falt. Bha iad ann an tiota air fàs beairteach ; ach air do 'n ghobhainn a bhi ro shandach 'n a nadur, lion e an dà phòca leis a' ghual, air alt agus gu 'n robh a dha urad òir aige 's a bha aig an taillear.

An deigh so uile cha robh e lan thoilichte, agus chuir e an ceann a chompanaich gu 'm fuireadh iad gus an ath latha, gu 'n rachadh iad air an ath fheasgar agus gu 'm faigheadh iad tuilleadh òir as a bhodachan bheag.

Dhiult an taillear so a dheanamh. "Tha gu leoir agam" ars' esan, "agus tha mi buidheach, riarichte. Cha 'n 'eil a dhìth orm ach cur suas air mo laimh fein, a' mhaighdean àillidh air am bheil mo ghaol a phosadh, agus an sin tha mi am dhuine sona."

Coma-co-dhinbh, a thoileachadh a charaid, dh'fhan e latha eile 's an tigh-osda, agus anns an fheasgar thog an gobhainn air leis fhein, le da phoca air a ghuallainn, agus agus rainig e an aoinidh. Fhuair e na daoine beaga a' dawnsadh agus a' seinn mar a bha iad air an fheasgar roimhe.

Ghabh iad gu cairdeil a stigh do 'n chròileachan e, thug an seann duine dlèth a rithist am falt 's an fheusag, agus smeid e ris mar a rinn e roimhe e 'thoirt leis uidhir ghuaile 's a thogradh e. Cha d' iarr an gobhainn na b' fhearr ; cha 'n e mhain gu 'n do lion e a phòcannan ach an da

phoca-saic cuideachd, agus thill e dhachaidh lan gairdeachais a' smaoin-teachadh air a dheadh fhortan.

Ged nach d' fhuair e leaba an oidhehe sin, laidh e sìos le 'aodach air mar bha e, ag radh : "Mothaichidh mi an uair a dh' fhasas an t-òr trom ; duisgidh e mi ;" agus mu dheireadh thuit e 'n a chadal air a lionadh le duil chinntich gu 'n duisgeadh e anns a' mhadaim lan maoin agus saoihbheis.

Cha luaithe dh' fhosgail e a shùilean na ghrad leum e suas, agus thoisich e air a phòcannan a raunsachadh ; ach ciod a bu mhò a b' ioghnadh leis na am faighinn lan de ghual salach, dubh, mar a bha iad roimhe ! Thig e 'mach lan duirn an deigh lan duirn ach gun aon chrìoman òir.

"Cha 'n 'eil atharrach air" ars' esan ; "tha agam fathast an t-òr a fhuair mi a' chiad oidheche—tha a' chuid sin cinnteach gu leoir ;" ach an uair a chaidh e a shealltainn bha e uile air fàs 'n a ghual a rithist, agus bha e air 'fhàgail gun pheighinn an t-saoghal !

Chuir e a lamhan salach a suas air a cheann ach bha e gun rib fuil agus a smig cho nìnn ri bonn a chois. Ach cha b' e so fathast crìoch a mhi-fhortain, oir bha a' chroit a bha air a dhruinn an deigh fàs fada na bu mhomha na bha i riabh. An uair a chunnaic e mu dheireadh gu 'n robh e a' fulang peanaid air son a shanntachd thoisich e air bron 's air caoidh gus an do dhuaisg e an taillear còir. Chomh-fhurtaich esau e mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaod e, ag radh ris gu caomh-neil agus gu fialaidh, "Sguir de d' chaidh ; bha sinn 'n ar companaich agus 'n ar luchd-turais le cheile agus a nis is e do bheatha fantainn leamsa agus co-roinn a ghabhail de m' chuidse ; bidh gu leoir ann duinn le cheile."

Sheas e ri 'fhacal ; ach cha d'

fhuair an gobhainn riabh saor 's a' chroit a bha air a dhruim, agus b' eigin da daonnan tuille boineid a chaitheamh a dh-fholach a chinn mhaoil, sgailleich.

Eadar. le SIUCRAM-CAM.



SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBIAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBAIDH AN AICHILL AGUS AGAMEMNON.

SUM.—Bho shean bha a' Ghréig nile air a roinn 'n a dùthchannan, 's i fo fhlaitheachd cheann-feadhna, coltach ris a' Ghàidhealtachd romh bhliadhn' a' chomhaich (1745). Mu dhà chiad diag bliadhna romh thighin Chrìosta, an uair a b' e Agamemnon rìgh Argois, agus Menelaus a bhràthair rìgh Sparta, chaidh Paris, d' am bu cho-ainm Alastair Og mac rìgh na Tròidhe, air fuadach do 'n Ghréig, agus thug e air chualach leis Helen, bean Mhenelaus, an t-aon bhoirionnach a bu mhaiseiche a bha beo 's an linn sin. Ghabh na Gréugaich tàmailt anbarrach, agus gu aichmheil a thoirt a mach thug iad de armailt na luchdaich dà chiad diag long-chogaidh; agus leis a' mhòr fheachd so sheòl iad gu righeachd na Tròidhe, ris an abrar an diugh Tuire thuathach Aisia. Bha an cogadh deich bliadhna air chumail; agus nu dbeireadh, an deaghaidh ni gun àirimb de ionmhas a chaitheamh agus mòran fala a dhòrtadh taobh air thaobh, ghlàc na Gréugaich baile na Tròidhe, 's loisg iad e gu lár.

Tha ciad duan na h-oibre so a' tòiseachadh air an t-seanchus aig toiseach an deicheamh earraich bho thùs na h-iorghuille. Ghlac na Gréugaich cuid de bhailtean - dùthcha na Tròidhe, agus thìomsaich iad mòran cobhartaich. An àm a bhì roim na crìche thàinig air rìgh Agamemnon boirionnach òg, àluinn d' am b' ainm Chrìseis, nighean Chrìse, sagart Apollo. Thugadh Èriséis, nighean mhaiseach eile, do Aichioll mòr mac Phelenis, ciad lamh-fhèuma na Gréige. Thàinig sagart Apollo do long-phort na Gréige a dh-iarraidh a nighinne air Agamemnon. Ach dhiùlt an rìgh e, agus mbaoidh e gu h-ascaoin air. Ghabh

Apollo corrùich, agus tharrainn e plàigh air an arm Ghréugach, a chionn nach d' thug iad an t-urram dligheach do Chrìse. Cho - ghairm Aichioll comhairle nan ceannard, agus fhuaradh a mach bho 'n fhàidh Calchus gu 'n d' thàinig a' phlàigh a thoradh na tarhuise a rìgh Agamemnon air an t-sagart 's gu 'n do dhiùlt e a nighean da. Tha 'n duan an sin ag cur an cèill mar a throd Aichioll agus Agamemnon mu 'n dà bhoirionnach, mar a chuir Agamemnon dhachaidh nighean an t-sagart, mar a thug e Brìseis bho 'n Aichioll le fòirneart, agus mar a sgaradh e fhéin agus an t-Aichioll bho chéile an teas feirge, an lorg na brìonglaide.

An deaghaidh do 'n chomhairle sgaoil-eadh rinn an t-Aichioll casaid ri mbàthair, Thetis, té de bhan-diathan na fairge, a thaobh a' mhaslaidh a dh' fhuilig e bho 'n rìgh. Chaidh ise gu Olympus far an robh Iobh, àrdfhath nan dia 's nam ban-dia, agus ghrios i air gu 'n cuireadh e leis na Tròidhich an aghaidh nan Gréugach, mar dhioghaltas. Gheall Iobh d' a réir; ach leis a' ghealladh thug e oibheum d' a mhaoi, Iuno, a thog lasan feirge. Dh' aisig Vulcan réit eatorra; agus chaith na diathan na bha rompa de 'n latha sin an cuilm-éibhneis.

Is e uile aimsir a' chiad duain naoidh latha na plàighe, latha na comhairle, agus an dà latha dhiag a rinn Iobh fuireach an Ethiopia, nu 'n deachaidh Thetis a chasaid ris. Is e an t-ionad-gnìomha an long-phort Gréugach, Eilein Chrìsa, agus sliabh Olimpùis.

AITHERIS, a bhan-dia nam fonn, Fearg mhic Phelenis nan glonn àigh -- Fearg mhillteach a chiurr a' Ghréig
Le bèud nan deich mìle cràdh;
Fearg a sguab do 'n uaigh romh 'n àm
Anmannan dheich mìltean sonn,
An cuirp aig àr-choin an fhuinn,
'S aig ianlaith nan spéur 'n am pronn.
B' e sid rùn an Dùilich àird:
Ach ciod bu cheannfath do 'n strith?
C' uime chog an t-Aichioll còrr
'S ciad-fhlath 'n t-slàigh bu mhòr brìgh?
Co de luchd-àitich nan spéur
A dhùisg àrdan nan tréun borb?

Mac Latona 'sgaoil a' phlàigh
'S lionmhor bàs a thàr 'n a lorg.
Las falachd an dé ga chionn;
Sgap a shaighdean sgrios gun bhàigh,
'S chàrn e marbh air lár an fhuinn.
Ràinig an sagart gun fheall,
Luath-chabhlach na Gréig' air tràigh,
Los inghean fhéin fhuasgladh saor,
Luigh-eachd nan luach daor 'n a làimh,
Crùn Apollo 's an Colbh òir;

'S dh' aslaich e 'n deagh ghean gu fòil,
Air mic Atreuis ghuidh e 'n tùs,
An dà rìgh a stiùir na slòigh :

A dha cheann-riaghailt na Gréig'
'S fheachda tréun nan cas - bheairt
cruadh'ch,

Griosam air flaithean nan speur
Gu 'n éirich leibh éuchd a's buaidh.
Chionn gu 'n leag sibh Tròidh 'n a smùr
'S gu 'n till sibh gu 'r dùthaich slàn.
Fuasglaibh m' òg nighean 's glacaibh
duais

Air fiamh dia nan luath ghath bàis.
An sin dh' éubh le aon-ghuth na laoich
Modh dlìgheach do 'n Aosda dhiol,
Gu 'n grad-ghlacteadh 'n luigheachd
chòrr

'S gu 'n deònaicheadh a réir a mhiann ;
Ach, dh' aindeoin, cha d' impich crìdh'
Agamemnon, rìgh nan sonn,
Dh' fhògair e 'n seanfhear bho 'ghnùis
Gu neo-chiùin le bagradh trom.

As m' fhianais a sheanfhir bhaoth,
Bhàrr an raoin gun stad bi triall ;
Rist, ma thilleas, tuig nach féum
Crùn no colbh an dé gu d' dhion.
D' inghean cha leigim fo sgaol,
Seal mu 'n crìon an aois a blàth,
'S i 'n lùchairt Argois nan rìgh,
Fada cian bho thir an gràidh,
Cùr leaba mo thaoibh air seòl,
'S air bhrat sròil a' dealbh nan gréis.
Mar sin na tog brionglaid fhaoin,
Ma 's miann leat dol saor a's bènd.

Chrìth an liath, a's ghéill air ball,
Dh' fhalbh e 's osna gu trom, trom,
Romh 'n oitir bhàin le céum fann,
Aig slios ioma-shloisreach nan tonn.
Ag imeachd grathuim bho 'n t-sluagh
Thairg e suas an ùrnaigh dian
Do àrd Phoebus nan colg còrr,
Mac Latròna b' òrbhuidhe ciabh :
Ardrigh a' bhogh'-airgid, éisd,
D' an rùn Cilla 's céutach bàrr,
Tenedos do d' neart gu 'n géill,
'S Chrisa 'g éibhneas fo d' chaoin bhlas.
Riabh, ma chroch mi 'd theampall àigh,
Lus-chrùn ùr a b' àillidh dealbh ;
Riabh ma chnàmh air d' altair ghriinn,
Sléisdean ighmhor bhoc a's tharbh ;
Eisd rium, Apollo nam buadh,
Air m' anshocair chruaidh dian fòir ;
Taosg do shaighdean calgach, géur,
'S dioghail air a' Ghréig mo dheòir,
Chual Apollo 'n acain-bhròin ;
An fhearg mhillteach bhòchd 'n a chliabh ;
A nuas le cruaich Olimpùis àird,
Thùrling e 's bu ghàbhaidh triall.
Bogh' air ghléus mu 'ghuailnean àigh,
Balg fo làn-nidhim ri thaobh,
Fhluinteadh 'n a imeachd, 's gach ceum,
Fuainn ghliograch nan réub-bhior caol.

Mar oidhche nan sian a ghreann,
'S e teannadh a chòir nan long ;
Thilg e chiad urchuir 'n a deann,
Thorchuir an tùs 'iùthaidh ghrag
Mnùiledeon is geal-choin luath,
Fad a's liad a' chaimp 'n a dhéigh,
Fhrois e 'n t-éug am measg an t-sluaigh.
Bu lionmhor air lom a' bhlaìr
Teintean-soillse cràmh nam marbh ;
Naoidh làithean gun mhearachd gleòis,
Sgag Apollo 'n dòrlach searbh.
Cho-ghairm air an deicheamh là,
Deagh mhac Phelèus an làn-fheachd ;
An diol le Iuno bu truagh ;
B' ise ghluais an smuain 'n a bheachd.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

—o—

MAC NA BANTRAICH.

SGEUL FIOR.

Ann am baile beag araidh anns
an taobh-deas bha Sgoil-Shabaid,
agus bha moran cloinne 'g a taoghal.
Am measg chaich bha balachan
beag, tapaidh, aon mhac a mhathar,
agus bu bhanaich i. Cha 'n 'eil
teagamh nach do mhilleadh e,
gidheadh, le bhì 'toirt a thoil fein da
anus gach ni, agus le bhì 'g a fhagail
gun smachd a chur air, ge b' e ni a
dheanadh e. Is tric tha na mìltean
dhe 'n oigrìdh a' dol air seacharan,
agns a' clonadh gu tur air falbh o
shlighe na firinn trid mi-churam
sgriosail am paranta fein. Nach
tric a chual sinn uile an sean-fhocal
—“ Nì na big, mar a chi na big ;”
ach tha e ceart co fìor gu 'n nochd
an oigrìdh, an uair a ruigeas iad gu
inbh agus aois, an deagh-ghiulan
siu a sparradh orra ann an laithibh
an oige le 'm parantaibh fein. Nach
glic an ti a thubhairt, “ Teagaisg
leanabh a thaobh na slighe air an
coir dha imeachd ; agus an uair a
bhios e sean, cha treig e i.”

Bha mac na bantraich na dhroch
ghille, steidhichte air a bhì 'deanamh
an uile—fiadhaich, reasgach agus
droch-bheirteach ! Chuireadh chum
na sgoil e, ach cha robh sin chum
feum sam bith. Au ait dol do 'n

sgoil, rachadh e air falbh maille ri droch chompanaich gu bhli ri milleadh agus ris gach ole a thigeadh na 'char. Is ann a thaobh meas a bhli air a mhathair a cheaduicheadh dha a bhli sa sgoil ach mu dheireadh cha do ghabh neach sam bith suim deth, agus runaich a luchd eolais cead a chois a thoirt dha, gus an tugadh a shroin fein comhairle air. An sin, thug e an t-aite so, agus an t-ait ud eile air, a' dol a null's a nall, gus mu dheireadh an do dhruideadh a mach e leis na h-uile air son a dhroch ghiulan fein. La de na laithibh, air da a bhli fann, sgith, ocrach, agus eagal air dol dhachaidh dh'ionnsuidh a mhathair, o'n bhris e a cridhe, ghabh Uilleam bochd anns na saighdearaibh, agus chuireadh e gu cogadh America. Ged a chaidh e do 'n arm, agus fad air falbh o dhuthaich a bhreith, cha d' thainig caochladh idir air chum maith, ach d' fhan e ceart co coirbte, aingidh, agus malluichte 's a bha e riamh. Bha a mhathair bhochd fathast air a caomhnadh gu bhli ri caoidh air a shon, agus gu bhli 'guidhe air an Tighearn' trocair a nochdadh dha. Air di a bhli fo mhor thrioblaid-inntinn air son a mic amaidich, chual i mu shaighdear eile, mac tuathanaich 'n a coimbearsnachd fein, a bhuineadh do 'n aon chuideachd ri Uilleam, agus a bha gu seoladh gun dail thar fairge chum dol dh'ionnsuidh na reismeid. Dh' fhalbh i, agus cheannuich i Biobull beag chum a chur leis an t-saighdear mar thiodhlac luachmhor d' a mac. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do fhliuch si e le 'deuraibh, agus nach do chuir i mile beannachd agus deagh-dhurachd 'n a lorg. Chuir an t-oganach truagh a cheana gu dian an aghaidh gach imleachd agus strith a rinneadh le 'mhathair chum 'ath-leasachadh, ach co a's urrainn a radh nach cuir gras an Tighearna eifeachd anns a'

chumhneachan graidh so chum an t-oganach a chasgadh 'n a bhras ruith gu leir-sgrìos. Rainig an saighdear gu tearuinte, agus ghilac e a' cheud chothrom chum mac na bantraich fhaicinn, agus thubhairt e ris, "Uilleim, fhir mo chridhe, chumnaic mi do mhathair mu 'n d' fhad mi Alba." "Seadh," ars' Uilleam, "am beo a' chailleach chrosda?"—agus chuir e a' cheist air mhodh co min-nadurra 's a nochd gu 'n robh e comadh co dhuibh bha i marbh no beo. "O! Uilleim, Uilleim, an am mar sin a tha thu 'labhairt mu d' mhathair chaoimheil fein? Bha i beo, ach gle dhiblidh, fann, tuirseach, agus air cromadh gu lar le bron; ach chuir i tiodhlac beag leamsa ad ionnsuidh le moran bheannachd."—"Tha mi 'n dochas," deir an t-oganach, "gur e airgid a chuir i thugam, oir is mise tha feumach air." "O! mo ghille maith," deir an saighdear," is tiodhlac e a ta ni 's fear na airgid, agus ma ni thusa feum cheart d' bheith, feudaidh e 'bhi dhuitse ni 's luachmhoire na uile airgid agus or na cruitheachd,—is e Biobull a tha ann, Uilleim, am Biobull, Leabhar naomh an De bheo." Thig e a shuilean air an tiodhlac luachmhor le tair nach gabhadh cealachadh, ach cha dubhairt e gufh. Dh' fhan e 'n a thosd, a' tilgeadh a shuilean ionluasgach air an lar. "Chuir do mhathair 'ad ionnsuidh aon iartas deireannach," deir an saighdear," agus ghuidh i ort an Leabhar so fhosgladh gach la, agus earrann deth a laughadh, ged nach biodh ann ach aon rann."—Ghabh e an Leabhar, agus laimhsich se e, mar gu 'm biodh aon chuid eagal no nair air a mheur a chur air, no 'thogail 'n a lainh. Dh' fhan e tanull 'n a thosd, agus a' togail a chiun, thubhairt e, "Cha 'n 'eil e na ni mor gun teagamh aon rann a lèughadh gach la ma bheir sin

comhfhurtachd idir do'n chaillich sin a's mathair domh. An ceann tacain dh'fhosgail e an Leabhar, agus thubhairt e, "Is iongantach an ni gu'n do thuit mo shuil air an aoin earrainn a bha riamh am chomas ionnsachadh 's an Sgoil-Shabaid, agus 's iad so na briathra, — "Thigibh am ionnsuidh-sa sibhse uile a ta ri saothair agus fo throm nallaich, agus bheir mise fois diubh." Tha so ro iongantach da rìreadh! Ach co e so tha 'g radh, "Thigibh am ionnsuidh-sa?" "Nach 'eil fios agad," deir an saighdear ri Uilleam, "gur e Iosa Crìosd Mac Dhe a tha 'toirt a chuiridh so do dhaoineibh truagh, peacach, saruichte, mar a ta thusa agus mise?" Dh' fhalbh an saighdear, agus air da sealltuinn air ais, chunnaic e mac na bantraich le 'lamhaibh air a shuilibh, agus na deoir a' tuiteam sìos 'n an tuiltibh gu lar! O'n la sin thoisich e air na Sgrìobtuirean a ramnsachadh, agus cha b' fhad gus an robh e co comharraichte air son a naomhachd 's a bha e riamh air son a pheacanna. Bhunaich e tuille an deigh sin 'n a dhuine cluicteach, measail, agus diadhaidh. Cha b' fhad an uine, gidheadh, gus an d' thugadh e a tir lan amhghair agus broin gu rìoghachd a ta "neo-thruaillidh, neo-shalach, agus a chaoidh nach searg as." Chuireadh cath deistinneach beagan an deigh sin, agus air do'n t-saighdear a bhi air a chaomhnadh chaidh e seachad air an araich fhuiltich air a comhdachadh le cloaichibh 'n am marbh, agus chunnaic e Uilleam mac na bantraich 'n a shineadh gu 'n deo fo chraoibh! Ghlac e am peileir mu 'n amhaich, ach bhla e a' leughadh a' Bhiobuill a reir eolais an deigh dha 'bhi air a leonadh, o 'n bha e 'n a luidhe tharais air, agus bhla e fosgailte aig a' cheart earrainn a dh' ainmicheadh a cheana. Thug an saighdear leis am Biobull, agus cha

do dhealaich o ris fhad 's bu bheo e. Chuir e litir dh' ionnsuidh Ministear na sgrìorachd far an robh a' bhantraich a chomhnuidh, chum gach ni a chur an ceill di mu thimchioll a mic. Rinn an Ministear sin, agus bha cridhe na bantraich lan solais a thaobh an atharrachaidh a rinneadh, le gras De, air mac a graidh, agus thug i cliu do 'n Ti a's airde agus dh' fhag i fein gu sona an saoghal beagan an deigh sin, le dochas gu 'n robh Uilleam air thoiseach oirre ann an rìoghachd na gloire. Gu robh Focal naomh an Tighearna, uime sin, air a bheannachadh do na h-uile a ta mi-churamach, mar a bha e, gun teagamh do 'n oganach struidheil air an d' thugadh a nis iomradh.

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

CAOIDH CHRIMINE.

O thaibhse, bho airde nan nial,
Cromaibh a dh' iarraidh ur Deirg!
A's thigibh, oighean an Trein, o'r
talla,
Le ur-fhalluinn leibh do m' ghradh!
C' uime, Dheirg, an robh ar cridh'
Air an sniomh co dlu 'n ar com!
A's c' uim' a spionadh thusa nam,
'S an d' fhadhaidh mise gu truagh trom?
Mar dha lus sinn 's an druchd ri gaire,
Taobh na creige 'm blas na greine,
Gun fhreumh air bith ach an aon,
Aig an da lus aobhach aoibhinn.
Sheun oighean Chaathain na luis,
Is boidheach leo fein am fas!
Sheun a's na h-aighean entrom;
Ged thug an torc do aon diu 'm bas.
Is trom trom, 's a cheann air aomadh;
'N t-aon lus faoin tha fathasd beo,
Mar dhuilleach air seargadh 's a'
ghrein—
O! b' aobhinn bhi nis gun deo!
A's dh' iadh orm oidhche gun chrich;
Thuit gu sìor mo ghriau fo smal.
Moch bu lannair air Mor-bheinn a
snuadh,
Ach annoch chaidh tual an car.
'S ma threig thu mi, sholuis m' aigh!
Tha mi gu la bhrath gun ghean.
Och! mur erich Dearg a phramh,
Is duibh-neul gu brath a bhean!

'S duachnidh do dhreach ; fuar do
chridh' ;

Gun spionn' ad laimh, no cli ad chois.

Och ! 's balbh do bheul a bha binn ;

Och 's tinn leam, a ghraidh, do chor !

Nis chaochail rughadh do ghruaidh,

Fhir nam mor-bhuadh anns gach cath ?

'S mall, mar na cnuic air 'n do leum,

A' chas a chuir eilde gu stad.

A's b' annsa Dearg seach neach fo 'n
ghrein !

Seach m' athair deurach, 's mo mbathair
chaomh.

Tha 'n suil ri lear gu tric 's an eigheach ;

Ach b' annsa leamsa dol eug le m'
ghaol !

A's lean mi 'n cein thar muir a's glinn
thu,

'S laidhinn sinte leat 's an t-sloc ;

O ! thigeadh bas no torc do m' reubadh,

Neo 's truagh mo chàramh fein an
nochd.

A's rinneadh leaba dhuinn an raoir,

Air an raon ud cnoc nan sealg ;

'S ni 'n deanar leab' air leth an nochd
dhuinn,

'S ni 'n sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg !

Tuirlibh, O thaibhse nan nial,

Bho ionadan fial nam flath !

Tuirlibh air ghlas-sgiathan ur ceo,

A's glacaibh mo dheò gun athadh !

Oighean tha 'n tallaibh an Trein,

Deilbhìbh ceo-eideadh Chrìmine ;

Ach 's annsa leam sgiobul mo Dhearg ;

Ad sgiobuls', a Dhearg, biom !

—Dan an Deirg. —Jerram.

—o—

BEINN VESUVIUS.

Annas a' bhliadhna 1717, ann am
meadhon a' ckeitein, rainig mi (arsa
Easbuig Berkley) mullach beinne
Vesuvius, anns am faca mi fosgladh
farsuing' as an robh smuid co mor a'
teachd a nios, 's nach robh e ann
chomas doimhne no cumadh an
t-sluichd fhaicinn. Annas an dubh-
aigean oillteil so, chuala mi fuaim
eagalach, a' teachd a nios, mar gu
'm b' ann, a meadhon na beinne,
agnas air uairibh cosmhul ri tair-
neanach vo fuaim ghunnacha-mora,
no leachdan creadha a' tuiteam o
mhullach thighean air a' chabhhsair.
Mar dh' atharraich an soirbheas air
uairibh dh' fhas an toit ni bu lugha,

a' taisbeanadh lasair dhearg, a bha
mu'n cuairt do bheul an t-sluichd,
ballach dearg, agus air uairibh
buidhe. An deigh dhuinn fuireach
corr a's nair, 's an smuid a bhi air
a h-atharrachadh leis an t-soirbheas,
bha againn air uairibh sealladh
aithghearr air an t-slochd mhor so.
Ann an iochdar an t-sluichd, bu leir
dhomh gu h-araidh da aite-theine
dlu d'a cheile ; bha 'n t-aon air an
laimh chli mu thuairream tri slatan
air leud, as an robh lasair ruadh, a'
tilgeadh os a cheann doirneagan
chlach a bha dearg-theith, le toirn
anabarrach : agus an nair a thuit
iad air an ais, rinn iad an stairich
choimheach sin a dh'ainnich mi
cheana. Air an ochdamb la de cheud
mbios an t-samhraidh, dhirich mi
moch 's a' mhaduinn an dara h-uair
gu mullach na beinne so, agus fhuair
mi beachd agus sealladh ur air an
aite. Bha 'n toit ag eirigh suas co
direach reidh, 's gu 'n d' fhuair mi
lan-shealladh air beul an t-sluichd,
a bha, a reir mo bharail, mile
mu'n cuairt, agus mu cheud slat air
doimhneachd. O'n a bha mi 'n so
mu dheireadh, bha eam mor cruinn
air cruinneachadh ann an iochdar an
t-sluichd. Thachair so o na clach-
aibh a bha air an tilgeadh suas, agus a
thuit a ris air an ais anns an t-slochd.
'S ann : 's a' nheall ur so a bha 'n da
theine a dh'ainnich mi. Bha 'n
dara h-aon diubh, gach tri no ceitheir
de mbionaidibh, a' tilgeadh an aird
le fuaim uanbasaich, aireamh ana-
bharrach de chlochaibh dearg, teinn-
teach, air a chuid bu lugha tri
cheud troidh os mo cheann ; ach do
bhrìgh nach robh gaoth ann thuit iad
sios anns a' cheart ait as an d' thainig
iad. Bha 'n t-aon eile lan do stugh
leaghta dearg, teith, mar cli sibh
ann an tigh deanamh ghloineachan,
air ghoil agus tre a cheile, ag at 's a'
glusad mar thonnaibh na fairge,
le toirn bhras, ghoirid. Air uairibh

chuir an stugh goileach so thairis, agus ruith e sìos air taobh a' chuirn, dearg-theith mar thainig e mach, ach chaochail e 'd' bath 's a choslas mar chruadhaich agus mar chinn e fionnar. Na 'n atharraicheadh a' ghaoth, 's gu 'n seideadh i chum an taobh air an robh sìme, bha sinn an cunnart a bhì air ar marbhadh leis na mill leaghta a bha air an tilgeadh o 'n aigean; ach o 'n a bha 'ghaoth freasdalach, fhuair sinn cothrom air sealladh beachdaidh a ghabhail air an ait iongantach sin car uair-gu-leth a dh-uine. Air a' chuigeamh la de mhios meadhonach an t-samhraidh, chunnacas an sliabh so fad an rathaid o bhaile-mor Naples, a' bruchdadh thairis; agus trì laithean 'n a dheigh sin dh' atharraicheadh an fhuaim thorrannach a thainig as, air chor 's nach e a mhain gu 'n do chrithich gach uinneag, ach mar an ceudna gach tigh, a bha sa' bhaile, chrìochnaich iad o 'n steidh. O 'n am sin dh' at e thairis, agus air uairibh san oidhche chitheadh mill teinnteach air an tilgeil fad' os a ceann anns na speuraibh. Air an deicheamh la 'n uair a shaoil sinn gu 'n do sguir i, thoisich i as ur, ag at agus a' beuchdaich gu h-oillteil. Cha 'n 'eil e 'n comas do neach beachd a's firinniche bhì aige air an fhuaim a thainig naipe, 'n uair bu choimhiche i, na smuainteachadh mar gum biodh doinioun ghailbheach a' gheamhraidh, toirm atmhòr a' chuain mhoir, torrann speur, agus callaid ghunnacha-mora, air an aon am, a' deanamh co'-fhuaim eagallaich le cheile. Ged a bha sinne da-mhìle-dheug air astar, bu chulaidh-uamhais an fhuaim. Chuir sinne romhainn dol ni bu dluithe air an t-sliabh, agus thug triuir no cheathrar againn bàta leimn, agus chaidh sinn air tìr aig bun na beinne. Mharcaich sinn an sin ceithir mìle mu 'n d' thainig sinn a dh-ionusuidh an stugh leaghta

a bha sruthadh a nuas 'n a chaoiribh dearga air slios na beinne. 'S ann a nis a chinn an stairich agus an fhuaim uamhasach thar tomhas. Anns an neul a bha os ceann beul an t-sluicidh, mhothaich mi gach dath a bhiodh ann an breacan. Bha maraon rughadh dearg, uamhasach anns an speur, os ceann an aite far an robh an stugh teinnteach a' tearnadh. Bha, mar gu 'm biodh, abhunn mhor de stugh leaghta a' ruith a nuas o mhuillach gu bonn na beinne, agus le neart nach b' urrainnear a chasgadh, a' milleadh, a' losgadh, agus a lonsgrios gach fion-lios, gach craobh olaidh, agus gach tigh a thainig 'n a rathad; agus sgoilt am beum-sleibhe so as a cheile air gach taobh mar bha creagan agus cruic a' cur grabaidh air 'n a dheamruith mhillteach. Bha 'n sruth bu mho dhiubh mu leth-mhìle air leud agus cuig mìle air fad. Dhirich mi suas beagan ri taobh na h-aibhne teinntich so; ach b' eiginn domh grad-theicheadh air m' ais, a thaobh 's nach mor nach do thachd faileadh a' phronnaise mi. Am feadh a bha sinn a' dol air ar n-ais mu thri uairean s a' mhaduinn, chuala sinn beucaich na beinne, a' ranaich gu h-oillteil fad na slighe; agus chunnaic sinn i a' tilgeadh os a ceann steallan lasrach agus clachan teinnteach, a bha, mar a thuit iad air an ais, cosmhil ri rionnagan drileannach a thuiteas o theine ealanta a ni daoine le fudar. Air leam gu 'n robh na clachan teinnteach sin air an tilgeadh mìle troidh dìreach anns an athar os ceann mullach an t-sleibh. Anns an t-suidheachadh so dh' fhuirich e re sheachd no ochd de laithibh. Air an ochdamh-la-deug de 'n mhios cheudna, sguir gach coltas de 'n t-seorsa so, agus bha beinn *Vesuvius* mu dheireadh gu ciuin sambach, gun smuid, gun lasair.—*Leabhar nan Cnoc.*

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PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

We are indebted to the *Oban Times* for the following report of an interesting lecture delivered by Professor Blackie, on the invitation of the Tobermory Mutual Improvement Society, in the Sheriff Court Room, Tobermory, on Tuesday evening, 29th September. The subject of the lecture was "The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands;" and the attendance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was large. The Professor divided his discourse into three parts—the first part, philological; the second part treating of Ossian and the Ossianic poems; the third part of the other lyric poets and general literature of the Gael. Under the first head he treated of the Gaelic language as one of the oldest and most interesting members of the great Aryan family, which had spread over the world in so many fruitful branches, from the Ganges to Mount Hecla; and pointed out specially, as the distinctive peculiarity of the Celtic branch, the habit of modifying the root for grammatical purposes by softening the initial consonant, or what is technically called *aspiration*. By virtue of this peculiar law, *m* for instance, and *b* in certain cases, are changed into *v* (written *mh* and *bh*) when they commence a word. This change takes place not only in tenses and cases for the purpose of flexion, but in many cases from a sort of infec-

tious influence asserted over the following word by that which precedes; and this influence depends on a certain fine perception of vocalic euphony peculiar to the Celtic race. Under the second head the Professor classed the Ossianic poems published by Macpherson under the same category as the Homeric poems, which are now read under the name of Homer. The Greek and the Gaelic poems alike were put together from materials floating for centuries amongst the people, and gathered into a unity by the shaping power of a presiding genius; only the lecturer thought he had good reasons for believing that the genius of Homer had more to do in moulding the old Hellenic ballads into their present epic shape than Macpherson had in moulding the materials which he found in his manuscripts, or collected from the recitation of the people. There was nothing indeed contrary to the evidence collected—principally by the Highland Society some sixty years ago—in supposing that Macpherson was nothing better than he professed from the beginning, viz., a mere collector, compiler, and editor of existing compositions; and, as an editor, entitled to use such liberties of occasional excision and interpolation as were understood to belong to the editorial function. Under the third head the lecturer briefly indicated the great wealth of excellent lyric poetry which the Celtic intellect in the Scottish Highlands had poured forth, and of which some idea might be got from a cursory inspection of "Mackenzie's

Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." It was, he held, a great mistake in persons who dwelt in the Highlands to allow these rich fields of natural and noble sentiment to lie unreaped—crops of healthy feeling and elevating thought which belong as peculiarly to the Highlands as the deer in the glen, the salmon in the river, and the purple heather on the moors. He hoped the day was not far distant when this discreditable neglect would transform itself into a diligent culture; and he might yet live to see the day when the valuable records of Celtic literature—Scottish, Irish, and Welsh—should be expounded by eloquent teachers in Edinburgh and Glasgow with as much fervour and taste as were now devoted to the most cherished monuments of the Greek and Roman intellect. The

Greeks were wise, and the Romans were strong; but men with Celtic blood in their veins had a natural vocation to give to Celtic learning, Celtic song, and Celtic traditions of all kinds the first place in their hearts above all competitors. The Professor concluded by reciting poetical translations from the Gaelic poets, which he had executed this summer, including specially the three first sections of Macdonald's vigorous and Æschylean poem called "The Launching of the Birlinn;" a humorous song characterising the drinking habits of last century, called "Callum o' Glen;" and the following English version by himself of a modern Gaelic song in praise of the island of Mull, by our own respected contributor, Mr. M'Phail, Architect, Hill Street, Glasgow.

THE ISLAND OF MULL.

FROM THE GAELIC OF DUGALD MACPHAIL.

O the Island of Mull is an isle of delight,
With the wave on the shore, and the sun on the height,
With the breeze on the hills, and the blast on the Bens,
And the old green woods, and the old grassy glens.

Though exiled I live from the land of my race
In Newcastle a gray and a grimy old place,
My heart, thou fair island, is ever with thee
And thy beautiful Bens with their roots in the sea!

O the Island, &c.

There was health in thy breeze, and the breath of thy bowers
Was fragrant and fresh 'neath the light summer showers,
When I wandered a boy, unencumbered and free
At the base of the Ben 'neath the old holly tree!

O the Island, &c.

Where the Lussa was swirling in deep rocky bed,
There the white-bellied salmon, with spots of the red
And veins of dark blue, in young lustihood strong
Was darting and leaping and frisking along!

O the Island, &c.

And a deft-handed youth there would gallantly stand
With a triple-pronged spear, smooth and sharp in his hand,
And swiftly he pounced, like a hawk, on his prey—
And glancing and big on the grass there it lay!

O the Island, &c.

And the red hen was there 'neath the wood's leafy pride,
 And the cock he was crooning and cooing beside ;
 And, though forest or fence there was none on the Ben,
 The red deer were trooping far up in the glen !
 O the Island, &c.

O then 'twas my joy in the prime of the May
 To list to the sweet-throated birds on the spray,
 And to brush the cool dew from the low-winding glen,
 When the first ray of morning streamed down from the Ben !
 O the island, &c.

Bright joys of my youth, ye are gone like a dream,
 Like a bubble that bursts on the breast of the stream ;
 But my blessing, fair Mull, shall be constant with thee,
 And thy green-mantled Bens with their roots in the sea !
 O the Island, &c.

THE LAIRDS OF ARGYLL.

Recurring to the valuable Parliamentary return of owners of lands and heritages in Scotland, we find that there are 144 landowners in Argyllshire who bear the Highland designation of "Mac" prefixed to their sur-names. Eleven of these are Macdonalds, but of that once numerous and potent clan only one—the laird of Largie—is entitled to be ranked among the larger proprietors. His estate consists of 12,775 acres, the rent of which amounts to £4025 a-year. There are nine Macdougalls on the list, seven Macintyres, seven Mackenzies, and nine Mackays. The Macgregors (Clan-Alpine—the royal clan, as they styled themselves) have been completely stripped of their patrimonial estates in Argyllshire, and are now, indeed, "landless—landless." The Campbells—to whom the letters of fire and sword issued against this ill-fated tribe were entrusted—contrived to obtain possession of the territory from which the Macgregors were expelled. Glenstrae, the residence of Alister Macgregor, the luckless chief whom the Earl of

Argyll betrayed by a Highlandman's promise, "keeping," like the witches in Macbeth, "the word of promise to the ear but breaking it to the hope"—is now swallowed up in the vast Breadalbane estates, and so is "Caolchùirn and her towers," on Loch-Awe. The Macneils on the roll—seven in number—all possess respectable estates. Colonsay and Oronsay, the patrimonial inheritance of the chief of the clan, on the death of the late Lord Colonsay, devolved on his brother, Sir John Macneill, and yield him a rental of £2172. The Macneills of Tainish, who received a charter of the lands of Tainish, and of the island of Gigha from Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, early in the 15th century, are now represented by T. Macneill Hamilton of Raploch and Tainish. The gallant Lieutenant-General Roderick Macneill, who fought with distinction in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, was the head of the Macneills of Barra, whose estates have passed into the hands of strangers. The Macalisters claim to be descended in a direct line from

Alaster, eldest son of Angus More, Lord of the Isles, A.D. 1284, who was forfeited for his resistance to Robert Bruce in the War of Independence. Their ancient patrimony of Loup has passed into other hands, but they still retain Glenbarr, returned at £2617, and Crubisdale which yields L.540 a-year. The Maclaines of Lochbuy still retain a fragment of their territory, returned at £2067 a-year; and there are other ten Macleans on the roll, including Ardgor—the 14th, in direct descent from the founder of the family—whose estate yields him £2514 a-year. But the Duart Macleans have disappeared from among the landowners of Argyllshire, and their patrimony, with the old castle of Duart and the celebrated stronghold of Ardtornish, have passed into the hands of a Liverpool merchant. The Stewarts of Appin, so renowned in song and story, have all passed away, and their territory is in the hands of the daughters of the late Mr. Downie of Appin—a model M.P. of the old school, whose opinion might be changed by the speeches delivered in the course of a debate, but his vote never. Their kinsmen, the Stewarts of Ardshiel, have also disappeared; but a minor branch of this house, the Stewarts of Fasnacloch, still possess a small estate, returned at L.736 a-year. The ex-Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Stuart, is a cadet of the Bal-lachulish family, and his nephew, Mr. Stewart of Achnacone, is the owner of 2200 acres in Appin, yielding L.252. Another Stewart is laird of Coll, and has a rental of L.4118 a-year. The Lamonts are the oldest, and in ancient times they were the most numerous and powerful clan in Cowal, and, unlike most other Highland clans, they can prove their lineage by charters, and not by the genealogies of the sennachies. They

affirm that the Stewarts, Maclachlans, and Campbells obtained their first possessions in Argyllshire by marrying the daughters of the Lamont chiefs. Like the other clans in Cowal, Lorn, and Kintyre, they were gradually despoiled of their territories by the greedy "Campbells," and they presented a formal accusation against the celebrated "Gilleaspuig Gruamach," that in 1644 he had assaulted and taken Castle Toward, their principal stronghold, and put to death 200 of its inmates. In spite of spolations and forfeitures, they still retain a remnant of their ancient patrimony. The chief of the clan, Lamont of Lamont, has an estate yielding L.2959, and Lamont of Knockdhu has L.1775 a-year. There are a considerable number of new men on the roll of Argyllshire lairds, some of them self-made men, who having, by dint of industry and economy, amassed a fortune, are proud to return as lairds to the district which they quitted as bare-legged Highland laddies. Others have merely sought a good investment for their money, while a third and more numerous class, comprising English lords and squires, bankers, lawyers, merchants, and manufacturers, have become Argyllshire landlords from the love of sport and a desire for recreation. The most extensive proprietor in the class of new men is Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, who owns 82,579 acres, which yield a rent of L.18,200 a-year; Mr. Hunter of Hafton has L.3569; Mr. Finlay of Castle Toward has L.2867; and Mr. Kirkman Finlay of Dunlossit has L.2882 a-year. Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier owns 18,000 acres, valued at L.2575 a-year. The Earl of Morton's estate of Ardgor consists of 46,883 acres, but it is returned at a rent of only L.1685. Mr. Scarlett of Gigha has

L.2288; Mr. Pender, M.P. for the Wick Burghs, L.1474; Mr. Rankine of Otter, L.1552; Mr. Muir of Inis-trynich, L.1259; and Mr. Hall of Tangy, L.2500 a-year. Skipness, an ancient possession of the Campbells, is the property of the heirs of the late Robert Graham, the eminent merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow, is valued at L.1870. Four of the ubiquitous Smiths have made their way into Argyllshire, and one of them owns Acharanich, yielding a rental of L.1800 a-year. Ardshiel, the patrimony of the chief who led the Stewarts of Appin in the '45, has fallen into the hands of a Yorkshire lawyer, M.P. for Leeds. A Northumberland baronet (Sir John Orde) has emigrated to the shores of Loch Fyne, where he possesses an estate of L.1218 a-year; another baronet, a cadet of the ancient Border family of Riddell, owns 54,418 acres at Suinart, in Ardnarnchan, worth L.3672 a-year. Altogether, there are 581 landowners (of one acre and upwards) possessing 2,030,148 acres, the gross annual value of which is L.359,181; and 2283 owners of less than one acre, yielding L.70,970 a-year. The grand total is 2864 landowners possessing 2,030,948 acres, of the gross annual value of L.430,151.—*N. B. Daily Mail.*

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PROFESSOR BLACKIE AND A GAELIC CHAIR.

The appeal which Professor Blackie has just addressed to the "members of the Argyllshire Gathering," on behalf of a Celtic Professorship, is both earnest in tone and weighty in argument. The learned Professor, though not a Celt, is yet more enthusiastic in support of the study of the Gaelic tongue than the sons of the Gael themselves. For years he has advocated a Gaelic Chair; and

now, filled with all the fervour which the fresh pastures opened up by his Gaelic studies have awakened, he makes another rousing and, let us hope, a final because successful appeal. We have already insisted in our columns upon the importance of such a chair, adducing in support of this, as Professor Blackie now does, the value of comparative philology whose study it would aid, the benefit which would accrue to the Highland pupil through its occupants acquiring by it a more thorough acquaintance with the Gaelic tongue, and the poetical and antiquarian lore which it would more completely open up. It is certainly "a blot on the fair scutcheon of our national intelligence," as he urges, that there should be professors in German universities eminent for their knowledge of Celtic philology, and none in ours; and we do not wonder, therefore, at his present vigorous exertions to have this blot wiped out. It may also be urged that it is exceedingly desirable that our Highland population should not lose their native tongue. Though a knowledge of English is necessary, from its being the language of our literature, science, and commerce, yet its diffusion need not supplant the Gaelic; and our Highlanders should make a vigorous effort to preserve it. The language of a people is one of the traditional roots which connect them with the past, and supply the nourishment to their love of kindred and country. The old Gaelic poetry and the old Gaelic traditions should no more be sealed to the children of our northern hills than the old Gaelic music, if they would perpetuate, as it is important they should, their ancestral life. Now, we are persuaded that the chair which is proposed would aid in maintaining the Celtic tongue.

We do not know whether such a response will be given from the Highland counties to his appeal as the Professor expects. The £10,000 which is needed is not a very formidable sum to such a constituency as the Celts represent. If there were only a hundred more like the scion of the clan Mackay, who has generously subscribed a hundred guineas, the thing would be done. We hope, for the credit of the Gael, that generous donors will not be wanting.—*N. B. Daily Mail.*



THE GAELIC LANGUAGE IN SCHOOLS.

The question raised by Professor Blackie in your issue of the 8th inst. deserves the earnest and thoughtful consideration of all who desire to see the Education Act worked to the best advantage in the Highlands of Scotland. To the genial and learned Professor, as well as to most of those who turn their thoughts to Highland education, it cannot but appear a strange anomaly that Gaelic is not read in more than a few dozen schools; that in these schools the reading (the only "R." taught) is confined to a free translation—made many years ago—of Dr. Andrew Thomson's old-fashioned series of school books and the Gaelic Scriptures; that the "bards" whom the Professor so warmly admires, and Oisean, for whom every Highlander—especially when he goes South—is ready to do battle, are not and never were read in Highland schools. Perhaps the Gaelic-speaking population of Britain are the only people who hold as the first article of their educational creed the ignoring of their mother tongue.

It may be doubted, however, whether many would advocate the reading of Gaelic upon the grounds so ably advanced by Professor Blackie. It is true that there has been manifested of late years a considerable amount of activity by well-meaning people for the revival and, if possible, the perpetuation of the languages; but most Highlanders, I imagine, are too sensible of the advantages of an English education to encourage any movement which may tend to prolong the existence of the Gaelic in the land. They believe that there are forces at

work through the operation of which Gaelic will cease to be a spoken language; and for the sake of coming generations they desire that the end should come as speedily as possible. It is not so clear, however, as your correspondent "A Celt" puts it, that "if the Gaelic language is 'contemptuously disowned' and 'despotically extruded' from our schools it will happen as a natural result that the next generation will be entirely an English-speaking one." For my part, I do not believe that the schoolmaster is the only or even the chief means for bringing about this very desirable consummation. Nay more, paradoxical as it may appear, my experience has led me to believe that the more the schoolmaster, in a purely Gaelic district, "contemptuously disowns" and "despotically extrudes" the language, the more he will retard, instead of accelerating, the process of extirpation.

Let me take the case of my native parish—a secluded parish of Argyllshire, not frequented by tourists, and till lately not approached by a steamer. About thirty years ago the schoolmaster gave the command, "Let there be no Gaelic." Since that time Gaelic has not been read in the school; four generations of scholars have disappeared off the school-roll; the earlier generations (many of them) "have married and had infants, whose baby lisplings have been in Gaelic;" these infants have now become the pupils of the school, and they know as much and as little of English as their parents did thirty years ago. This is not a solitary case. Let "A Celt" visit the schools along the Western sea-board (including the islands) from Cape Wrath to the Mull of Kintyre, and he will find, except in the villages and their neighbourhood, much the same state of matters. He will find that in almost all these schools Gaelic seemed to be taught ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. He will find that generation after generation of school-going children have left these schools able to read English—unable to read Gaelic. He will find further, if he pursues his enquiries, that the great bulk of these children, now men and women, never read an English book since they left school; but that most of them read their Gaelic Bibles, which they learned to read, not at school, but at home of an evening if their parents could teach them, or by following the minister as he read the Bible in the church. Even of those who went south, "A Celt" would be

surprised to learn from ministers in charge of Highland congregations in Edinburgh and Glasgow how few of their Gaelic hearers read an English book or newspaper.

The fact is, that the Gaelic "area" has diminished surprisingly little for the last two hundred years. English has, however, made considerable inroads within the area, especially during the last generation or two. Tourists, sportsmen, steamers, and railways—these have been the chief means; but stray farmers, shepherds, and tradesmen with families from the south have been more instrumental in disseminating a knowledge of English among the people than schoolmasters; while in some districts a factor with expatriating proclivities has dispensed with the necessity for any artificial language. The educational history of the Highlands for the last two generations does not support the opinion of "A Celt," that to cease teaching Gaelic is to cease speaking it. The teaching, except in a few exclusively Gaelic schools, practically ceased a generation ago, and we see the result. That the language, as a spoken language, is doomed, no one can doubt, but the process of extinction is slow. The schoolmaster has not, by ignoring it in the school, effected much during the last forty years. What, then, should be the attitude of School Boards towards the language, in the interests of the generations immediately succeeding, who are, to all appearance, destined to be Gaelic speaking?

It might be urged that even if the teaching of the Gaelic in the schools should lengthen its span of life by a generation, five generations (say) of intelligent Gaelic-speaking men and women would be more conducive to the best interests of the country than four generations of ignorant Gaelic speaking, with the fifth English speaking, and probably as intelligent as the newly-born usually are. But is it not actually the case that an intelligent knowledge of English is best imparted by making a judicious use of the language which the children already know? This certainly is the method followed everywhere except in the Highlands and in the South of Ireland when teaching a foreign language. What is there in the relation between Gaelic and English which forces the Highland schoolmaster to pursue a method different from that of all known teachers? Surely our teachers committed a grave mistake some forty years ago

when they "contemptuously disowned" the language of the children as a means of education. It has been ascertained that a class of Gaelic-speaking children able to read easy narrative in English can learn, in twenty to thirty lessons, to read with intelligence one of the Gospels in Gaelic. If these children were taught systematically a Gaelic lesson—say, once a week—and were compelled to write out at home an English translation of a part of it; if they were led persistently in this manner through a course of Gaelic reading embracing, in prose, extracts from such works as "Campbell's Tales," and "Macleod's Dialogues," and in poetry, Buchanan, the easier parts of Ross, Macintyre, &c., with selections from Smith and Macpherson's collections of ancient poetry, they would, apart altogether from the English reading lesson, at the age of thirteen, leave school with a far greater command of English than the average Highland boy or girl possesses under the present system, and they would carry with them besides a taste for reading which would continue through life, and which would not be confined to Gaelic literature. Surely an hour a week might be spent in making the experiment, since the other system has so completely failed. Objections have frequently been urged of late years against the teaching of religion in the common school, because religion would be apt to be associated afterwards with "pains and penalties" in the pupils' minds. With what feelings the average Highland boy and girl remember the dreary days and years spent in conning over pages which remained through life unintelligible jargon, they alone can tell!

This method of teaching English through the medium of Gaelic to Gaelic-speaking children is not, I am well aware, in favour with the teachers of the North. They do not believe in its success. I would respectfully ask them to consider whether the system of ignoring Gaelic has succeeded. I think those of them who have laboured where English is not spoken will admit that it has not. Is it not worth while to try a system which appears so reasonable? It has been tried in some instances, and, to my own personal knowledge, with a considerable measure of success. I have been told that the late James Munro produced valuable results by the use of it. The system was eloquently advocated by the late Dr. Norman Macleod. It is difficult, if not impossible, to instil a taste for

reading by reading only a language which is understood at the best but imperfectly; and I believe that the schoolmaster will not become a powerful instrument for extirpating the Gaelic language till he makes his scholars readers. The fact is, that it is not at all uncommon to find the best Highland teachers encouraging their more advanced pupils to learn Latin in order to enable them the sooner to acquire the English. If the pupil ever becomes a scholar, he will find out for himself that the road he has been made to travel is a very circuitous one; and he will fall back upon the "disowned" Gaelic in order to perfect his knowledge of both English and Latin.

It is frequently said by those who have known the Highlands best and longest that the present youthful generation are not so intelligent or so cultured as those who preceded them. If this be the case, may not the extrusion of the language as a means of education be, in part at least, held accountable? Before the unintelligible reading now in vogue became so general as it is, a considerable amount of literary information was conveyed by the ear. The practice of recitation and story-telling has all but ceased; and it is doubtful whether it has been replaced by customs intellectually more healthful.

I should be sorry to think that an intelligent knowledge of their native literature, scanty though it be, would tend to make our Highland youth "mere dreamers and song-makers," or "would unfit them to play their part on the world-wide field of action." Certain it is that those of our race who have given the best proofs of energy and success in the world have, in many cases, been known to read the little there was of Gaelic literature worth reading, although they never got a Gaelic lesson in school.

We all admit that the great aim of Highland educationists should be to give our Highland peasantry the best possible English education. Whether this end can best be attained, as I hold, by the judicious and persistent use of the Gaelic language in the school or not, the importance of the question, at the present stage of our educational history, can be denied by none. It is certain to receive thoughtful consideration and full discussion at Highland School Boards and elsewhere; and the thanks of all enlightened Highlanders are due to Professor Blackie for having so energetically opened the discussion in your columns. D. M'K.

Edinr., Aug. 26, 1874.—*Oban Times*.

GAELIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ARGYLE-SHIRE GATHERING.

GENTLEMEN, — We have just brought to a happy conclusion the exercises and festivities belonging to one of those great local Associations which contribute so much to strengthen that bond of unity whose functions it is to gather into a common organism the several groups of which a prosperous Empire is composed. No man that took part in those exercises, whether of a more weighty or of a more light description, but will bear witness to the potency of their virtue in fanning the flame of a healthy life in this district. My masters, the Greeks, always took a special pride in such sports; and no man who knows the history of his species can doubt their efficiency as amongst the best elements that go to the making of a great nation. But in the roll of the exercises so felicitously exhibited on the green fields of Oban on Wednesday last there was one notable omission. The race and the dance, the music and the manufactures, the physical strength and the adroitness of the Celtic people were represented, but not their intellect. The Gaelic language possesses treasures of popular poetry second to none possessed by any people of Europe. The works of Duncan M'Intyre and M'Donald of Ardnamurchan will bear comparison with similar efforts of the best poets in any language; not to mention the admirable grace, humour, and wisdom of the prose works of the good father of the good Norman M'Leod, and the rich mines of early Celtic history that are preserved in the chronicles of the old Irish masters. And yet, somehow or other, by sad neglect and a concurrence of untoward circum-

stances, the venerable language of the Gael, in whose picturesque phrase the sublime scenery of our country has been so admirably photographed, is systematically neglected by those who should naturally cherish it. This most unreasonable and unnatural neglect is the cause of the sad blank in the department of the Celtic language and literature which your festive gatherings in Oban and our learned exertions in the University of Edinburgh equally present. There are Professors eminent for their knowledge of Celtic philology in German Universities, but none in Scotland. The existence of this blank is a blot on the fair scutcheon of our national intelligence, which ought to be removed; and I appeal to you, as intelligent Celtic gentlemen, to give me a helping hand in its immediate removal; if you do so, you will, at very little expense, achieve a five-fold good—you will co-operate with Dr. Muir, the founder of the Sanscrit Chair, Edinburgh, in the creation of a great school of comparative philology in the metropolis of Scotland; you will elevate the tone of the Highland pulpit, by giving to the native preachers a more masculine hold of the venerable language which they wield; you will advance the teaching of English in the Highland schools by that aid which every practical teacher knows can be given only by the apt comparison of the mother tongue; you will enrich the intellect and warm the fancy of the people in the North by cherishing those gallant memories, and fanning those generous sentiments which it is the mistaken policy of some to obliterate and extinguish; and, finally, you will gain for yourselves by one stroke the love of the Highland people, and the respect of all the great scholars and large thinkers of Europe. The plan that I propose to you

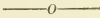
for the creation of a Chair of the Celtic Language and Literature in the University of Edinburgh—which is decidedly the most worthy thing that you could do to fill up the blank in the programme of your gatherings—is a very simple one, and capable of being realised immediately by a very moderate amount of Celtic zeal, and a little decent human co-operation. Suppose there are two hundred members of the Association—I don't know the exact number, but it must be somewhere thereabout—let each one of these subscribe five pounds; and we have a thousand pounds for the County of Argyle. The example of intellectual zeal thus shown by a high-minded aristocracy in the West cannot fail to spread a noble contagion; Inverness-shire, as a special Highland County, will follow with another thousand pounds; Perth, Ross, and Sutherland will do the like; and Elgin, Nairn, Cromarty, Aberdeen, and Banff as counties possessing only a small area of a Celtic population, will club together to make a sixth; in this way we have £6000 sterling, which, with £4000 added from private and personal sources, will easily produce £10,000, the sum wanted for the respectable endowment of such a Chair.

I have only further to mention that my appointment by the University Council of Edinburgh to the office of Convener of Committee for the foundation of a Celtic Chair in the Metropolitan University, forms my natural apology—if, indeed, any apology be necessary—for making this public appeal to you on the present occasion. I have also to state that I have received from a gentleman of the clan Mackay, at present resident in Shrewsbury, a letter guaranteeing a subscription of a hundred guineas towards the proposed object in the name of the

Clan; and I shall put down my own subscription for Fifty Pounds the moment I receive any notice of co-operation from gentlemen of rank and position, who are naturally called upon to take the lead in such a movement.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Altnacraig, Oban, Sept. 12, 1874.



THE SCOTCH HERRING HARVEST.

So far as can be ascertained—the chief statistics will not be published till July 1875—the present year's herring fishery is likely to prove more successful than the three richly productive seasons which have preceded it. On the north east coast of Scotland, from whence the greater portion of our supply of herrings is derived, the annual fishing may be held as closed. The most striking record in the mass of figures detailing this year's herring harvest is the comparative downfall of the great fishery at Wick. For many years Wick has been looked upon as the herring metropolis of Scotland. It was at Wick that the largest fleet of boats used to assemble, and it was in the Bay of Wick that the most productive finds of herrings used to be obtained. But apparently that town is in future destined to hold a second or perhaps even a third rate place as a herring fishery port. It is significant, at all events, that this year only 710 boats have fished from Wick, and, as the boats fishing there had only taken an average of 94 crans as against the average of 218 crans taken at Fraserburgh, it is not at all likely that the number of vessels fishing from Wick will increase next year. The fleet of boats engaged by the Fraserburgh curers is only twenty-eight in number less than the number now at Wick, while the fleet fishing from Peterhead is larger than that of either port, numbering as it does 750 boats—the average take of fish being 198 crans. Very large averages were also obtained at Aberdeen—no less than 209½ crans. The total capture on the north east coast during the four years preceding the current fishing was respectively—in 1870, 343,762 crans; 1871, 350,486 crans; 1872, 375,029 crans; 1873, 479,312 crans. The present year's catch will be 528,206 crans. These enormous quantities of fish represent a great money value, and

are drawn from the sea without let or hindrance. All who choose may embark in the adventure. But, although the average looks well on paper, some boats have this season, even where the aggregate "take" has proved so wonderful, met with very poor success; and at Wick, with its average over the whole fleet of nearly a hundred crans of fish, it is pretty well known that half of the boats have not, during the six weeks of the fishing, taken above a third of the quantity named. On most of the nights on which the boats are able to go to sea a very poor average is obtained; sometimes it is only a cran, but on perhaps two nights of the season, the shoal, or a spot of it, may be so exactly hit that a third of the whole fleet will be loaded to the gunwale with herrings in the finest possible condition for the market. Two hundred and fifty of the boats may have taken each of them a hundred crans—not a bad night's work—but then they may fish for twenty years and never have such luck again. All fishery adventures are doubtful, and this is particularly the case with the herring fishery. This year Peterhead and Fraserburgh may divide between them herrings to the value of half a million pounds sterling, next year they may not take a single fish. This, of course, is putting an extreme case, but it is simply put by way of illustration; although it is not the first time that a great shoal of herring has deserted a given locality and gone away, leaving not a fish behind. Nor is it at all an uncommon incident of the fishery for one boat to capture on a particular evening forty or fifty barrels of herring, while several of the boats fishing close at hand do not take sufficient fish to afford a breakfast to the crew who handled the nets. The successful fishing which has just terminated on the north-east coast of Scotland has, however, one drawback—a large percentage of the fish have been of inferior quality, or, as they are called, "spent" herring; in other words, they had fortunately fulfilled the grandest instinct of their nature before they were captured. But if all our herring were to be taken before they spawned, what would become of future supplies? In the herring fishery "full fish" are of the greatest value; they bring on an average a much higher price than "shoten" herring; and so long as this is so, it is vain to talk of instituting a close time for these fish, which, in the aggregate, are the most valuable product of the British seas.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“Mar ghatth soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHAIK, 1874. [33 AIR.

SGEUL AIR MAIRI A’ GHLINNE.

AN DARA H-EARRANN.

“Rugadh mise,” arsa Mairi a’ Ghlinne, “ann an Eilein a’ Cheo—’s ard e bheanntan gorma—’s fasgach, uaine a ghlinn bhoidheach. Ged is lag, diblidh mi ’n nochd tha fuil dhaoine treuna, air an cuala sibhse iomradh, a’ ruith an chuislibh. Cha robh leanabh aig m’ athair ’s aig mo mhathair ach mi, agus ghradhaich iad mi le toighe mhoir.

“Bha mi, gu truagh, air mo mheas na b’ aillidh agus na bu bhoidheche na aona chaileag eile ’bha ’s an duthaich. Bha crodh a’s caoraich againn, a’s gabhail bheag fhearainn : cha robh dith no uireasbhuidh oirnn, no farmad ri aon teaghlach ’s an eilean.

“’N uair a thainig mi gu h-aois, bha ’h-aon no dha ag iarraidh mo phosadh ; ach cia mar a b’ urrainn domh mo lamh a thoirt do dhuin’ eile, ’s gu ’n robh mo chridhe o cheann fhada aig Manus dom na Beinne ?

“Thogadh sinn le ’cheile, agus mar a dh’ fhas sinn ’suas neartaich ar gaol. Cha ’n ’eil stath innseadh a thricead ’s a bhoidich e nach robh air aghaidh an t-saoghail te d’ an d’ thug e gaol ach Mairi a’ Ghlinne ; agus, mo chreach ! ’s e mo chridhe bochd a dh’ innseadh dhomh-sa cho blath, sheasmhach ’s a bha mo ghaol-sa dha - san. Chaidh an aimsir

seachad gu maith ; bha m’ anam mar gu ’m b’ ann a’ snamh ann an solas. Cha robh cleth no falach eadarainn : c’arson a bhithheadh ? Cha robh ’n a bheachd ach na bha ceart agus measail, agus focal cha d’ thainig as a bheul ach a’ chaint a bu bheansaiche agus a bu chluiciteche.

“Bha cairdean Mhanuis dhomh-sa mar mo mhuintir fhein, gach aon diubh ach a phiuthar, a bha fada, fada ’m aghaidh, gun fhios e’ arson. Cha robh doigh a b’ urrainn i ’chleachdadh nach d’ fheuch i chum cur eadarainn ; ach so cha deachaidh aic’ air an am a dheanamh. Bha ’n uine ’dol seachad, agus bha latha na bainnse bu bhi air a shuidheachadh, ’n uair a thainig litir as na h-Innsibh an Ear, o bhrathair-athar Mhanuis, ag iarraidh air e ’dhol thairis g’ a ionnsuidh agus gu ’m fagadh e ’bheairteas aige. Thainig a phiuthar le cabhaig agus le solas a dh’ innseadh so dhomh. Thainig e fhein air an la ’m maireach ; agus tha mi ’lan-chreidsinn gu ’m b’ fhearr le Manus fuireach leam ’s a’ ghleann air a’ bheagan, na m’ fhagail air son òr nan Innsean. Ach cha d’ fhuair e tamh no fois o ’chairdibh. Bha brathair ’athar aosda, enslan, bha e saobhir mar an ceudna ; ann an uine ghearr bhiodh Manus dhachaidh a rithist, agus an sin choimhionadh e gach gealladh dhomh-sa. Mar so labhair cairdean Mhanuis, agus chunnaic mi gu ’n robh e fhein deonach air falbh. Cha dubhairt

mise gu'm b'ole, agus cha mho 'thubhairt mo mhuintir.

“ Chaidh e mach do Dhun-Eideann a cheannach gach goireis a bha dhith air, oir thainig dhachaidh an pailteas chum na criche so. Fhuair e 'dhealbh fhein air a tharruing, agus coslas na b' fhirinniche cha'n fhacas le suil. Bha'n dealbh so air a shuidheachadh ann an or, le 'fhalt donn fhein agus m' fhalt-sa air an amladh le 'cheile mu 'n cuairt da. Thug Manus an dealbh so far an robh mi an oidhche mu'n d' fhalbh e. 'So,' ars' esan, 'a Mhairi, cuimhneachan beag a thug mi dhachaidh air do shon. Giulain ann ad uchd e, agus fagus air do chridhe; agus ma chluinneas tu tuaileas orm-sa, ma bhios eagal ort gu'n di-chuimhnich mi thu, ambaire air an dealbh sin: chi thu firinu, a's baigh, a's gradh's an t-suil sin, nach caochail an feadh's a tha'n t-anaon am chom.' Chairich mi ann am uchd e. 'S e 'm bas,' arsa mise, 'a dhealaicheas sinu;' agus mar a thubhairt, b' fheor. Ciod a th' agaibh air—b' eigin dealachadh. Bha 'ghealach ag eirigh eul na beinne 'n uair a phill mi o'n traigh. Tha farum nan rann, agus onfhadh trom, tursach a' chuain fhathast am chuimhne mar gu'm b' ann an raoir a dhealaich sinn.

“ Phill mise dhachaidh — ach chaidh an t-saighead am chridhe air an oidhche sin, a dh' fhag guin nach d' thainig, agus nach tig, as. Bha mi gorach, amaideach, aineolach; air mo Chruithfhear bha mi tur di-chuimhneach. Bha iodhol eile aig mo chridhe — a's dhiol mi gu trom air a shon. Air-san bha mi 'smaointeachadh moch agus aumoch; bha e ann am smaointibh 's an latha—bha e ann am aisling 's an oidhche. Ge b' e taobh a rachain bhiodh 'fhaileas fa chomhair mo shul; a' siubhal an rathaid-mhoir,

bhithinn a' meorachadh a bhriathran, agus, ge h-oillteil r' a innseadh e, 's ann air a bhiodh m' iuntinn a' ruith ann an tigh-aoraidh an Tighearna; oir ged a dh' eirinn 's a shuidhinn mar a dheanadh each—ged bhiodh am Biobull am laimh—ged bhiodh fonn nan salm air mo bhlibh, 's ann ann na h-Innsibh, aig Manus na Beinne, 'bha gradh agus tlachd m' auama.

“ O! 's mise 'bha cealgach! 's ann de throcairean an Tighearna nach d' thainig sgrios orm an lorg mo ghiulain fhaoin, ghoraich. 'S ann air an dealbh a bha 'n crochadh ri m' uchd, ag eirigh 's a' luidhe leam a bha 'cheud sealladh 's a' mhaduinn, agus an sealladh mu dheireadh 's an oidhche.

“ Bha 's a' cheud dol a mach litrichean a' teachd uaithe gu tric, lan de 'n chainnt a bu bhlaith 's a bu ghradhaiche; ach chinn iad na b' ainmice agus na b' fhuaire. Mu dheireadh stad iad gu buileach, agus cha robh fios a' teachd am ionnsaidh ach mar a bha naidheachd na duthcha 'g innseadh.

“ Bha *aonta* m' athar a mach; chuireadh mal mor nu choinneamh a' bhaile; bha e fhein breoite, euslan; mbothaich e mar a bha mise 'sioladh as. Is minic a chanadh e rium, 's na deoir a' tuiteam gu frasach:— 'A Mhairi, chuilein mo ruin, cha 'u 'eil thusa mar bu mhiann le d' athair.' Thainig a' bhairlinn—thainig latha Bealltuinn. B' eigin an gleann boidheach 'fhagail. Reiceadh gach crodh a's caoirich; ach mu'n d' thainig latha na h-imrich, bha 'n t-athair a bu bhaigheile fo 'n fhoid?

“ Thog mo mhathair a's mis' oirnn; agus ann am bothan bochd air aon mhart, agus baidnein beag ghabhar, fhuair siun gabhail againn ann an ceann eile na duthcha. Cha b' fhad a sheas mo mhathair. Blialuna an deigh bas m' athar

chuireadh a corp r' a thaobh. Chaith-eadh am beagan a bh' ann, an am a bais, a's dh'fhagadh mise 'm dhuile bhochd, laig, bhreòite, gun athair gun mhathair, gun phiuthar gun bhrathair, gun duine air uachdar an t-saoghail mhoir ann an dluth-chairdeas domh. Ach 's fad' o'n a chuala sibh e, 'Thig Dia ri h-airc 's cha 'n airc 'n nair a thig.' 'S mis' a dh'fhiosraich gu 'm b' fhuir. Chuir E-san caraid am rathad. Bha ministear 's an eilean sin—fear a' chridhe mhoir. 'S iomadh truaghan bochd a fhuair fàsadh 'n a thigh; 's iomadh dilleachdan bochd d'an robh e mar athair; 's iomadh allabanach diblidh a fhuair e air seacharan, 's a bha e 'n a mheadhon 'n an treorachadh a dh'ionnsaidh an Ti aird a chum agus a chruthaich iad—'s b' ann diubh mise. Chaochail thu, 'fhuir mo chridhe!—ach tiota beag, agus coinnichidh sinn ann an duthaich a's fearr! Bha cairdeas fad' a mach eadar sinn, 's cha 'n fhoghnadh leis ach mi 'dhol a dh'ionnsaidh a thighe. Turus an aigh dhomh-sa! A mach o'n latha sinn fhuair mi misueach—fhuair mi beachd ur air an t-saoghal—bha mi 'fas na bu laidire, ach bha mo chridhe fhathast goirt—agus bithidh.

“Thainig bean-usal cheanalta, bheairteach dhachaidh air an t-samhradh sin á Dun-Eideann, 's cha ghabhadh i diultadh uam gun dol leatha gu Galldachd, a' gealltuinn gu 'm faigheadh i cosnadh dhomh, leis an tugainn mi fhein troimh 'n t-saoghal gun a bli 'm uallaich air neach air bith. So na bha 'dhith orm. Dh'fhag mi tigh an duine bheannaichte, 's rainig mi Dun-Eideann. Fhuair mi cosnadh ann an tigh measail, le teaghlach caoimhneil, far nach robh 'bheag agam r' a dheanamh ach curam a gabhail de dhithis phaisdean, cho lurach, aluinn 's a bha riamh ann an aon teaghlach.

Bha mi dileas, faicilleach. Latha de na laithean mar a bha mi 'mach air na sraidibh leas na leanaban, mhothaich mi og-bhean uasal, eir-eachdail, agus duin' uasal ard, fathail a' labhairt r' a cheile, dluth do 'n aite 'n robh mi 'am sheasamh. Dhealaich iad; ach mar a bha esan a' gabhail tarsuinn air an t-sraid, chuala mi ise 'g eigheach gu h-ard 'n a dheigh air 'aun. Ciod an t-ainm a bha so ach an t-ainm a bu bhinne leam-sa eisdeachd? Rainig am fonn mo chridhe. Dh'amhairc mi agus mhothaich mi gu 'm b' e Manus a bh' ann. O! dh'aithnichinn e 'm measg sluagh an t-saoghal. 'S e a th' ann, arsa mise, ach ceum cha robh mi comasach air gluasad. Thainig tuainealach am cheann; thainig breisleach orm; 's mur bithinn air mo thaic a leigeil ri ceann tighe 'bha dluth dhomh, bha mi air tuiteam air a' chabhsair. Ghadh iad (ise 'leigeil a taic air a ghairdean), a nall far an robh mi, agus bha mo fhradharc a rithist a' tighinn. Bha 'h-aon de na leanaban air a' chabhsair, 's thoisich a' bhean-usal ri briodal ris. Dhluthaich iad orm; mhothaich iad nach robh mi gu maith, oir bha mo thaic fhathast ris a' bhalla ged a bha suil agam air na leanaban. Dh'amhairc mi gu geur 'n a aodann. Dh'fhag an deirge a ghruidh—thug e clisgeadh beag as. Cha robh comas agam air aon fhocal a labhairt: thainig reachd am mhuineal. Cha d'aithnich e mi—tha mi lan-chiunnteach nach d'aithnich: ach an deigh, dhoibh dol seachad chunnaic mi e 'toirt suil 'n a dheigh, agus uaithe so thug mi a dh' aon chuid, gu 'n d' thug e fainear gu 'n robh samhlachadh eadar mi 's Mairi a' Ghlinne.

“Thachair dhomh bhi 'mach latha eile, agus choinnich mi te de mhuintir mo dhuthcha, a dh'innis domh gu 'n robh Manus 's a' bhaile;

gu'n do phill e as na h-Innsibh le anabarr beairteis; agus gu'n cual' i gu'n robh e fhein agus maighdean og Shasunnach a' dol a phosadh. Chuala mi an t-aite 's an robh e 'fuireach, ach cha leigeadh mo chridhe leam dol far an robh e. Chaill mi mo shlaointe. B' eigiun mo chosnadh fhagail. Chaidh an teaghlach aig an robh mi do Shasunn, ach cha robh e 'm chomas an leantuinn. Thainig mi do 'n bhaile-mhor so, gun fhios c'arson: agus fhuair mi fasnadh agus cairdeas ann an tigh na mnatha coire sin a chunnaic sibh maille rium 's an aite so. Reiceadh na bh' againn, a chuid 's a chuid: bha mo bhana-charaid bochd—cho bochd 's a bha mise. Thuig mi gu'n robh am bas dluth. Chuala mi gu'n robh Manus posda; ghlac mi 'm peann uair agus uair chum fios a leigeil d' a ionnsaidh air a' chor bhochd anns an robh mi, ach thainig fuil mo shimsirean, 'Sliochd Olghaire an Duin' beo, lag mar a bha mi, agus thilg mi 'm peann as an t-sealladh. Cha dubhairt mi focal na bu chruaidhe riamh 'n a aghaidh na am Freasdal a thoirt maitheanais da. 'S e sin guidhe durachdach mo chridhe. Mheall iad e!—mheall iad e!—cha deanadh Manus riamh mar a rinn e mur biodh iad air a mhealladh. Tha mi 'n so a nis, agus am bas dluth. Is e 'bheatha—failt' air! Tha mi sgith de 'n t-saoghal—tha mi 'nis a' mothachadh gu'm bheil gradh aig mo Dhia orm. Roimhe so bha 'm bas 'n a chulaidh eagail leam, ach mar is dluithe 'tha mo cheann-criche 'tighinn orm 's ann a's soilleire an scalladh a tha 'm Fear-saoraidh a' toirt dhomh air ailleachd an Ard Righ, agus maise na duthcha 'tha fad' as. Tha m' fhuil a's m' fhoil a' failneachadh, ach ams an Tighearna Dia tha neart siorruidh. 'S e mo chul-taice 's mo sholas, nach 'eil diteadh dhoibh-san

a th'ann an Iosa. Air-san a mhain tha m' earbsa air son tearuinteachd. 'S tric a leugh mi 's a' Bhiobull nach 'eil saorsa ann ach tre fhuil Chrìosd; ach a nis tha mothachadh agus fiosrachadh laidir agam air an fhirinn so. 'N uair a dh' amhairceas mi air m' ais air mo chaithe-beatha, cha leir dhomh 'bheag ach aobhar naire agus aithreachais—ach 'n uair a bheachdaicheas mi air mo Shlan- uighear, cha leir dhomh 'bheag no 'mhor ach neart, agus slainte. Tha fhios agam gu 'n do riarach e 'n lagh, gu'n d' thug e steach firean- tachd. Tha 'fhios agam gu 'n d' thug e an gath as a' bhas, agus gu 'n d' thug e buaidh thairis air an uaigh; air chor agus ged a bhasaicheas mi gu 'm bi mi beo, oir tha m' Fhear- saoraidh beo, agus seinnidh mi fhathast a chliu maille ri spioradaibh nan daoine maithe, foirfe, ann an glòir. Tha mo thaic air trocair Dhe ann an Crìosd. O! cia mor a mhaithes!"

Mar so chriochnaich Mairi a' Ghlinne a' h-eachdraidh. Cha robh latha fhad 's bu bleo i 'n a dheigh so, nach deachaidh mi g' a h-ambarc. Bu shoilleir gu'n robh crìoch a turnis saoghalta 'n impis a bhì seachad—bu shoilleir gu 'n robh an teud oir a' failneachadh. Bha a tur 's a tuigse, agus comas labhairt aice gach am. Cha 'n iarradh i ach a bhì 'lengadh a' Bhiobuill. "O! leabhar an aigh!" arsa Mairi bhochd—"cliu dha-san a dh' fflag againn e mar fhuaran fionnar, beo 's an tìr airsnealaich so." 'S iomadh seanachas taithneach a bh' againn le 'cheile. Thogadh i gu tric laoidh le guth fann, briste, 'N uair a shaoileamaid gu 'n robh i 'n a suain, dh' fhosgladh i a suil chinin le aomadh ard—"Tha mi 'n so, a Thighearna, a' feitheamh d' ana-sa, deonach, togar- ach gu falbh: ach ma tha 'm barrachd agad-sa mu m' choinneimh 's an

t-saoghal so, do thoil fein gu 'n robh deanta."

Latha de na laithean, mar a bha mi 'suidhe aig taobh a leapa, agus mo chul ris an doras, thug Mairi sgread ard aisde, agus chumalc mi neul a' bhais air a gruaidh. Dh' fhosgail i 'rithist a suilean--thug i oidhirp air a laimh a thogail—"S e gun teagamh," deir ise, a th' ann—cha 'n 'eil mo fhradhare 'g am mhealladh—'S e a th' ann. O! 'Mhanuis, a Mhanuis, an tu a th' ann!" Tuilleadh cha b' urrainn dh' i—thuit i thairis. Thug mi suil a dh' ionnsaidh an doruis, agus chunnaic mi ard uasal cireachdail 'n a sheasamh maille ri lighichte 'n tighe. Cha robh suim aige de ni: oir cha chual' e na thubhairt Mairi. "Thig a nall," arsa mise, "agus amhaire 's an aodann so." Shaoil mi gu 'n do chaochail i, agus chuir mi romhan 'innsadh dha co i. Bha 'dhealbh fhein aice 'n a laimh. Dh' amhaire e gu geur—dh' fhag an fhuil 'aodann—thainig seorsa de chrith air. "Is i a th' ann," arsa mise, "*Mairi a' Ghlinne*. Sin agad buil agus crìoch do cheilge!"

Thuit e air a' chathair—thilg e an neapaicean shioda 'bha 'n a laimh thairis air 'aodann—tharruing e osna throm: thug e taobh na leapach air—thilg e e fhein air a ghluinibh—ghlac e a lamh fhuair, agus chunnaic mi a dheoir a' tuiteam gu frasach.

Thigibh an so, a luchd na ceilge— a luchd nam breug, a mhealltairean! faicibh toradh an uile! eisidibh na h-osnaicdean, a' tha dusgadh as a' chogais leonta so. Thigibh an so, sibhse 'tha le geallaidhuibh posaidh a' dusgadh dochais nach 'eil a mbiann oirbh a choinnleannadh— faicibh an ailleag thruagh so air leabaidh a bais air tailleadh gheallaidhnean briste!

Thainig Mairi as a' phaiseanadh—dh' fhosgail i a suil ghorm a

rithist—bha 'm fallus fuar air a bathais ghil, ach bha fiamh a' ghaire air a h-aodann ciuin. "Tha thusa 'n sin, a Mhanuis," ars' ise; "thig na 's dluithe dhomh—tha mi lag, lag. Tha mi 'toirt maitheanas duit—tha, o ghrund mo chridhe. Mhealladh thu. O! 's mor a dh' fhuiling mi air do shon—ach nach coma co dhuibh—tha fuasgladh dluth. Tha mise sona, 'Mhanuis. O! gu 'n robh thusa mar a tha mise 'n uair a chairear thu air leabaidh bais. Tha thu posda, 'Mhanuis: gu 'n robh thu sona! ach O! cha ghradhaich te thu gu brath mar a rinn mise. C'ait' am bheil thu? Tha tuainealach an cheann. A Mhanuis, na fag mi—tiota beag." "Cha 'n fhag—cha 'n fhag! O! nach robh mi riamh gun d' fhagail! Cha do mheall duine mi ach mo chridhe uaibhreach fhein. Cha robh mi sona—'s cha bhi; slan le sonas an t-saoghail so dhomh-sa! Mhort mi thu, agus bithidh mallachd an uile air mo shuibhal fhad 's is beo mi. Cha d' thug thu maitheanas domh, a Mhairi—cha 'n urrainn duit maitheanas a thoirt domh!" "Thug," ars' ise: "aige-san a thug dhomh an comas sin a dheanamh tha 'fhios gu 'n d' thug mi lan maitheanas duit;—ach na foghnadh sin leat-sa—guidh air Dia maitheanas a' thoirt duit."

Thug i 'mach an dealbh a bha crochta r' a muineal—"So," ars' ise, "gabh air 'ais an cuimhneachan so—bha Mairi a' Ghlinne dileas—thubhairt thu rium, 'Gleidh e, a Mhairi, gu latha do bhais.' Thainig an latha sin a nis—cha 'n 'eil feum air na 's fhaide. So, a Mhanuis, gabh air 'ais e; ach stad—leig dhomh aon sealladh eile 'ghabhail deth—leig dhomh a chur aon uair eile ri m' chridhe. Is iomadh latha 'thug e solas dhomh. Cha d' thainig atharrachadh air an dealbh sin

riamh: tha blàs na sula sin—tha fiamh a' ghaire sin—tha ailleachd na mala sin, agus cumadh a' bheoil sin, cho baigheil neo - chaochlaideach dhomh-sa gu latha mo bhais, 's a bha air ait a' cheud latha anns an d' fhuair mi uait e air an traigh. O 's iomadh faochadh a fhuair mo chridhe bochd o 'n chuimhneachan bheag sin. So, a Mhanuis, gabh air 'ais e—Slan leis—slan leis an t saoghal !"

Thuit i seachad tamull beag. Cha do labhair sinn focal. Thog i 'rithist a ceann—"Tha mi," ars' ise, "'dol air mo thurus—tha mi deonach. Tha mi 'mothachadh gu 'm bheil tobar na beatha a' traoghadh—gu 'm bheil an teud airgid a' fuasgladh. Tha dorchadas a' tighinn orm. Tha mo chridhe fuar, fuar. Na fag mi, 'Mhanuis. An duin thu mo shuil 's a' bhas? Cha leir dhomh thu—O! trocair do m' anam, a Dhe!"

Thuit a ceann air uchd Mhanuis—tharruing i aon osna—mhothaich mi aon spairn lag. Bha 'n uspairn dheireannach seachad. Bha Mairi a' Ghlinne ann am fois shiorruidh.

—o—

BLAR NA STAIRSNICH.

(Le George Roy.)

Is fuathasach an uaill 's an othail a bhios air daoine mu 'm blaraibh, an euchdan-cogaidh, an gaisgich ainmeil, chluiteach, 's cha 'n 'eil fhios ciod; agus cha 'n iad a mbain na blaraibh fein a tha iomraiteach—feumar farum mor a dheanamh mu eachdraidh nam blar fo linn Oisein a nuas gus an tuasaid mu dheireadh a thachair 'n ar linn 's 'n ar latha fein. An fear is deise 's is eireachd-aile 'chuireas an ceill do 'n t-saoghal mu threubhantas nan curaidh a sheas no 'thuit 's an strith, tha a e air 'ardachadh gus an t-ionad is airde 'n am measg-san a tha air am meas airidh air fleasg 's air suaicheantas na h-onoir. Cha 'n abair mi gu bheil so mar nach bu chd'ir dha;

cha 'n 'eil mi ach a' tighinn thairis air ga m' neartachadh ann a bhi a' tagradh gu 'm faigheadh mo bhana-charaid labhrach, Mairi Nic-an-Rothaich a h-aite fein am measg na dream a mheasar airidh air cliu nan bard 's nan eachdraiche; oir tha mi dearbhte nach 'eil i dad air dheireadh air an fhear is cumhachdaiche dhiubh 'n uair a theid i an cinneal sgeoil mu na batailtean a chuunaic a da shuil fein. Agus tha aon bhuaidh air a naidheachdan: tha iad a' sruladh a mach as a beul gun umhail sam bith aice gu bheil i a' cur an ceill ni air bith ur no annasach. Thachair mi oirre an latha roimhe 's mi a' gabhail ceum a sios an rathad. Dh' aithnich mi air a h-aodann gu 'n robh rud-eigin sonraichte air a h-iuntinn. M' am b' urrainn domh facal a radh thuit i, "A bhean mo ghràidh, nach 'eil naidheachd agam dhuit!"

Arsa mise, "Ma 's naidheachd mhath i mar is luaithe chluinneas mi i 's ann is fhearr."

"Cha 'n 'eil 'fhios agam," ars' ise, "co dhiubh their thu gur math no gur h-olc i; ach 'd é do bharaill, 'n uair dh' innseas mi dhuit gu 'n robh blar na dunach air an stairsnich an dé eadar Anna bean Iain-Mhoir, Peigi bean Dhonnachaidh Mhicheil, agus Mairi bean Dughail Mhic-Pharlain.

"Is naidheachd sin da-rìreadh," fhreagair mi. "Naidheachd," ars' ise, "ris an robh suil agam o chionn iomadh latha. Cha b' urrainn do 'n chairdeas ud a bhi buan; bha iad dìreach gairsinneach—'n an grain do 'n choimhearsnachd gu h-iomlan—Nic-Ille-Mhicheil 's an dara ceann, bean Iain-Mhoir 's a' cheann eile, agus Nic - Pharlain 's an tigh mheadhoin. Bho mhoch gu dubh bha an dorsan sinnte fosgailte, 's rachadh iad a mach 's a stigh 's ghlaodhadh iad a mach 's ghlaodhadh iad a stigh, 's cha robh creutair a

thigeadh an rathad nach feumadh iad a bhli mach aig na dorsan a' spleuchdadh air; agus b' i Nic-Pharlain—o nach 'eil duine cloinne aice fein—a b' aon traill do 'n dithis eile; cha 'n fhaiceadh tu i o mhoch gu feasgar nach robh cuid d' an iseanan aice air a gairdean. Ach cha 'n fhaca mi a bheag de mhiath riabh ag eirigh o 'leithid so de chairdealachd, 's cha mhò 'chunnaic mi e a' marsainn fada. Bha, uime sin, ioghnadh orm cuin a thigeadh e gu aon-cheann; ach 's beag suil a bh' agam gu 'n tigeadh e le cho beag aobhair. Tha e coltach gu 'n robh an da bhalachan, mac Peigi Mhicheil, agus mac Anna Iain-Mhoir, 'a cluicheadh mu na dorsan agus air son ni-eigin faoin chaidh iad thar a cheile, mar is tric a ni clann bheag, agus ghabh an dithis am badaibh a cheile. Tha na balachain mu 'n aon aois, mar a tha fhios agad, agus bha 'choltas air an strith gu 'm biodh i righinn. Tha mac Anna cuid mbath na 's mò d' a aois na an fear eile agus bha 'shaod air lamh an uachdar fhaighinn thairis air Mac-Ille-Mhicheil, 'n uair thainig Peigi Mhicheil a mach agus thugaidh i sgaile 's an leth-cheann do mhaic Anna Iain-Mhoir. Ach mo chreach 's mo sgaradh! bu mbath dhi na 'n do ghleidh i a da lamh aice fein, oir cò 'bha ag amharc oirre ach Anna i fein, agus gun fhacal a radh, a mach thainig i agus rinn i a leithid eile air mac Peigi Mhicheil, agus thoisich a' bhrionglaid ann an da - rircadh. Thuirt Peigi Nic-Ille-Mhicheil 'gu 'm bu neonach leatha Anna Iain-Mhoir a dh' fbuilingeadh do sgonn balaich coltach ri a mac, buille 'thoirt do 'n leanabh.'

“ ‘An leanabh!’ arsa Anna Iain-Mhoir, ‘is i mo bharail gu bheil e cho sean ris-san; agus na 'm biodh a chuid bidh a' dol ann an craicinn

cho fallain, dh' fhaodadh e bhli a cheart cho mor ris; ach,' arsa ise, 'thainig e de chinneach truailidh co dhiubh.'

“ ‘Cinneach truailidh!’ arsa Peigi Mhicheil.

“ ‘Seadh dìreach cinneach truailidh,' arsa Anna; 'cìod a tha 'n a athair ach an troicheilein truailidh, bochd?’

“ ‘Is fearr a bhli beag,' arsa Peigi Mhicheil, 'agus a bhli iomlan, na bhli mor agus a dh-easbhuidh cuid d' a bhuidhean; taing do 'n Fhreasdal tha a chlaisteachd aige.'

“ Bha so 'n a bhuille trom do dh-Anna; oir tha e coltach gu bheil Iain-Mor ro mhaol 's a' chlaisteachd, agus tha iad a' feuchainn r' a chumail uaigneach. Cha 'n 'eil fios cuin a sguireadh na mnaithean mur tuiteadh do Mhairi Nic-Pharlain tighinn a mach. Arsa ise, 'Nach sibh an da oinseach, a' deanamh a leithid de iorgbuill muchonnspaidean cloinne. Shaoil mi gu 'n robh tuilleadh gliocais agaibh. Bidh a' chlann a' falbh 's an lamhan gu cairdeil mu aubchannan a cheile, agus sibhse a' cumail suas gamhlais agus droch rùn; ach na 'm biodh sibh a' deanamh mar bu choir dhuibh, agus 'g an gleidheadh taobh a stigh nan dorsan, bhiodh na bu lugha conn-sachaidh ann.'

“ ‘Nach ann agad a tha 'n dearg aghaidh,' arsa Anna Iain-Mhoir.

“ ‘Cha 'n 'eil mi 'faicinn cìod e an gnothach a tha agadsa buntainn ris a' chuis,' arsa Peigi Mhicheil; 'ach cha ghnòthach doirbh do chuid cloinne-se 'chumail aig an tigh.'

“ ‘Cha 'n eadh gu dearbh,' arsa Anna Iain-Mhoir, 'cha chuir iadsan na truaghain bhochd, moran dragh, air a' choimhearsnachd!'

“ ‘Nis, tha fios agad fein nach 'eil Mairi Nic-Pharlain 'n a boirionnach counspaideach; thill i air a sail, chaidh i stigh, dhuin i an doras,

agus rinn an dithis eile mar an ceudna.

“Ach is fhada m’ am b’ e so a bu deireadh do ’n chluich ; bha aig Peigi Mhicheil coinghioll poite bho Anna Iain-Mhoir ; cha luaithe bha a dorus duinte na thilg i fosgailte e, agus a’ sin a’ fosgladh dorus Anna, thilg i stigh a’ phoit ag radh, ‘ So, sin agad do phoit ;’ agus ciod a th’ agad air ach gu ’n do bhris i a’ phoit.

“Ach, air an laimh eile, bha Anna Iain-Mhoir gu bhì cho fada mach rithe fein ; oir tha e coltach gu ’n robh aice-se coinghioll d’ an eachan aig Peigi Mhicheil ; agus an uair a bhì i’ g a shlaodadh a mach gu thilgeil a stigh mar a rinn an te eile air a’ phoit, thainig i tarsainn air ciobhal an doruis leis agus bhris i e. Bha an da chailleach mar so air an aon ruith—rinn an t-eachan briste mu choinneamh na poite briste.

Dhuin iad an dorsan a rithist agus shaoileadh tu gu ’n robh gach nì thairis ; ach thachair gu ’n robh an tri fir phòsda, Donnachadh Mac-Ille - Mhicheil, Iain - Mor, agus Dughall Mac-Pharlain, a’ tighinn dachaidh comhladh aig a’ cheart am ud agus sheas iad a bhruidhinn car tiota mu choinneamh an doruis. Mar bha an còmhradh gu bhì thairis, a mach chuir Anna Iain-Mhoir a ceann, agus ars’ ise gu croda, ‘ Iain-Mhoir, thig a stigh thun do bhrochain, agus na bi a seasamh a’ sin ri goileam gun seadh ; b’ fhearr leam gu ’n taghadh tu do chuid-eachd.’

Bha na tri fir a’ tionndadh m’ an cuairt le iognadh, an uair tharraing Peigi Nic-Ille-Mhicheil an aire, ag radh gu h-athaiseach, dìongmhalta, ‘ Seadh, a Dhonnachaidh Mhic-Ille-Mhicheil, thig a stigh a’s gabh do *thea* agus leig le Iain-Mor dol a stigh a ghabhail a *bhrochain*—brochan, brochan, brochan a ghnath;

cha ’n iongantach an duine truagh a bhì bodhar ; tha a chlaigeann tiugh, stallachdach air a dhinneadh làn brochain.’

“ Fhreagair bean Iain-Mhoir a cheart cho athaiseach agus neo-arthaing cho nimheil ris an te eile, ‘ Seadh Iain-Mhoir thig a stigh thun do *bhrochain*, agus leig le Donnachadh Mhicheil dol a stigh thun a *thea* ; tha an duine truagh bochail mu ’n *tea* ; is e a’ chiad fhear d’ an t-sliochd no d’ an ghinealach a bhlaìs riabh *tea* ; cha mhor *tea* a fluair ’athair, Domhnall, a bhasaich an tigh-nam-bochd.’

“ Bha Peigi Mhicheil dol a’ fhreagairt le rud-eigin a radh mu shinnsreachd Iain - Mhoir, a b’ abhaist, a reir ionraidh, a bhì a’ togail chorp ; ach chuir an da fhear posda stad air an t-seanchus le f’heoraich ciod air talamh a bu chiall do ’n chainnt sgainnealaich so. Thoisich an dara te air cur as leth na te eile gu ’n do leth-mharbh i a balachan ; agus cha robh a shaod air na fir gu ’n tuigeadh iad cuisean idir, ’n uair a chuir Donnachadh Mac-Pharlain, aig a bheil teangadh gle sgaiteach, a mach a cheann’s thuirt e, ‘ Fhalbh, fhalbh, cha ’n eil ann ach da chat a’ cur a mach air a cheile mu ’n cuid piseag.’

“ Thug so an gnothach gu aon-cheann ; oir dhi-chuimhnich an dithis bhàn an connachadh fein, leis a’ chorruidh auns an do chuir iad iad fein a chionn do dhanadas a bhì aig Mac-Pharlain ‘ piseagan’ a radh ri ’n cuid cloinnesan. Cha bu mhath leamsa tighinn thairis air a’ chainnt a ghnathaich iad ris. Faodaidh tu bhì cinnteach nach do dhi-chuimhnich iad innseadh dha nach ’eil ‘ piseagan’ idir a’ cur dragh airsan. Tha mi dearbh-chinnteach gu ’m b’ fhearr le Mac-Pharlain gu ’n do ghleidh e a theangadh ’n a phluic oir bidh a

cheann air liathadh m' an cluinn e
a' cluid mu dheireadh de 'na cait 's
an cuid phiseagan.' Coma co dhuibh,
tha na coimhearsnaich a' cumail an
dorsan duinte 'nis, 's cha chreid mi
nach faigh sinn sìth gu dol a mach
's a stigh an dà latha so gun suilean
a h-uile aon a bhi oirnn mar a b'
abhaist."

Sin agaibh naidheachd Mairi Nic-
an-Rothaich, facal air an fhacal mar
fhuair mise i; tha mi an duil gu 'n
aidich sibh gur airidh an boirionnach
gleusda air cùileig bhig an meag
na muinntir a dh' aithris dhuinn mu
na blaraibh ainmeil a choisinn cliu
do 'r duthaich.

Eudar. le IAIN IAIN 'IC UILLEIM.

—o—
IAIN GILPIN.

Iain Gilpin bha 'n a bhuirdeiseach,
Bu mhor a chliu, 's a ni;
Gu 'n robh e uair 'n a cheannard-ceud,
Am baile-mor an rìgh.

Thuir bean Iain Ghilpin la 'r a gradh,
"M' aighear thu 's mo chiall,
Ged tha sin fichead bliadhna posd',
La feill' cha d' ghabh sinn riamh.

"S e 'm maireach la co-ainm ar bainns'
Theid sinn gu sugradh 'mach,
'Sios gus an ruig sinn Edmonton,
An carbad le da each.

"Mo phiuthar, a's a leanabh mic,
Mi fein 's mo thrìur le cheil',
'S a' charbad theid, a's leanadh tus'
A' marcachd as ar deigh."

"A bhean mo ghaoil!" ghrad fhreagair e
"Dhuit fein gu 'n d' thug mi gradh
Os ceann gach te a tha fo 'n ghrein,
A's gheibh thu mar is aill.

"Tha mise 'm mharsanta gu bheachd,
Mar 's aithne do gach neach;
'S mo charaid maith Tom Callander
Bheir iasad dhomh d' a each."

"Piseach ort," ars' is' "a ghraidh,
A's o'n tha 'm fion cho daor,
Gu 'n toir mi leam mo shearrag fein,
O'n 'tha e maith, a's saor."

Thug Iain sgailce poige dh' i,
Mar b' abhaist dha gu tric;
Oir bha e subhach, toilichte,
I bhi cho crionna, ghlic.

Thainig an carbad 'nuas gu moch
'S a' mhaduinn mar a gheall;
'S air falbh 'n a dheann-ruith ghabh e leo,
'Troimh eabar, a's troimh pholl.

Bu shiubhlach luath na cuibhleachan,
'S a' chuip mu chluas nan each,
Le gleadhraich shaoileadh tu gu 'n robh
An cabhsair as a bheachd.

Sheas Iain Gilpin taobh an eich,
A's ghlac e 'n huing gu deas;
Ach 's gann a fhuair e 'suas gu h-ard,
'N uair b' eiginn teachd air 'ais.

Cha luath 'a rain' e 'n diollaid shuas,
Le 'thulchainn air an each,
Na chunnaic e triuir cheannaichean
D'a bhuth a' dol a steach.

Theirinn e, a's cha b' ann d'a dheoin,
Oir bha e dian gu falbh;
Ach leis an t-sannt cha duraichdeadh e
'N sgillinn ruadh a chall.

Bu mha 'inneach na ceannaichean,
Bha greis mu 'n robh iad reidh;
'N sin Beati ghlaodh a mach gu h-ard,
"Dh' fhagadh an fion 'n ur deigh!"

"'Nall e!" ars' Iain, "'s maith an t-am;
Thoir dhomh a nuas mo chrios,
Crios leathair mo dheadh chlaidhimh
gheir,
N' uair bha mi 'm shaighdear deas."

Bha aig bean Gilpin (lamh a' ghrunn'd !)
Da shearraig laidir ghlais,
'S am b' abhaist dh' i an deoch a b' fhearr
A chumail teann fo ghlais.

Bha aig gach searraig dhiubh fa leth,
Da chluais tre 'n deach' an crios;
A's chroch e iad mar sin r' a thaobh,
Te dhiubh air gach leis.

'N a dheighidh sin, a chum 's gu 'm biodh
E sgeadaichte le sgoinn,
A chleoca maiseach sgarlaid ghabh,
A's thilg e air a dhruim.

Faic e 'nis 'n a dhiollaid shuas,
Air muin an steud eich dhuinn,
Ag imeachd air a' chabhsair chruaidh
Gu socrach, a's gu ciuin.

Ach 'n uair a fhuair e 'n t-slighe reidh
Fo 'bhrogaibh cruideach cruaidh,
Le sitrich dh' fhalbh gu trotan garbh
'Ruisg masan Iain thruaigh.

"Gu reidh," ars' Iain, "deis de! eich
dhuinn!"
Ach labhair e gun fheum,
O throtan chaidh gu dian-ruith luath,
Gun suim do mhuisle sreinn'.

Chrom e 'sios, mar d' fhimireas iad
Nach urrainn suidhe 's suas,
Ghlac e muing an eich gu teann,
'S e 'dol a nis 'n a luath's.

An t-each a mbothaich air a dhruim
Uallach cho deacair ur,
Theich e le geilt; 's mar theich e, dh'
fhag
An saoghal air a chul.

Air falbh chaidh Iain 'n a shradaibh
dearg',
Air falbh chaidh 'n ad 's a' ghruag;
Is beag a shaoil an duine coir
Dol air a' leithid de rnaig.

Chaidh coin gu tathunn, 's clann gu
sgriach,
Bha cinn a mach 'n an ceud,
A's ghlaodh gach aon, le 'nile neart,
" 'S tu fhein an gill', a steud!"

Air falbh chaidh Iain, co ach e!
Na miltean air a thoir:
" Is reis tha 'n so! 's cha lugha 'n geall,
Na mile bonn de 'n or!"

'S a nis, 'n uair dhluthaich e gu dan'
Air luchd na cise crnaidh,
An tiota thilg iad fosgailte
A' chachaileith gu luath.

'N uair chrom e sios os ceann an eich
Le 'cheann 'n a smuidibh teth,
Bhuail an da shearraig air a chul,
A's spealg 'n am mìle bloidh.

Bu mhuladach an sealladh so,
Am fion dearg mar a dhoirt,
'Thug smuid á cliathaich an eich dhuinn,
Mar cheithreamh muilt-fheoil roist'.

Gidheadh bha e mar mharcaiche,
A' ruith na reis le 'chrios,
A's ambach na da shearraig ghlais,
Ag udal air a leis.

Mar so troimh bhaile Islington,
Faic e le mire 'triall,
A's fos a suas troimh Edmonton,
'S a stigh feadh lub nan giadh.

'S ann an sin bha 'phlubartaich,
'S an t-each a' diultadh smachd,
Mar sgaoth de gheoidh no 'thunnagan
'G an lubradh fein le tlachd.

Aig uinneig ann an Edmonton
Gu 'n d' sheas a bhean a suas,
A's chunnaic i 'dol seachad e
Le iongantais r'a luath s. ;

" Stad, stad, Iaiu Ghilpin, so an tigh!"
Gu 'n d' ghlaodh iad uile ris,
" Tha 'n dinneir reidh, 's tha sinn sgith;"
" Cha lugh'," ars' Iain, " tha mis'!"

Ach 's beag an t-suim a ghabh an t-each,
De ghlaodh nam ban gu leir,
Bha prasach mhaith a mhaighstir fein
Deich mil' air falbh aig *Ware*.

Mar shaigneadh luath o laimh na treoir,
O 'n iughar righinn, chruaidh,
Gu 'n d' theich an t-each—'s tha so g am'
thoirt
Gu dara leth mo dhuain.

Air falbh chaidh Iain le seideadh ard,
'S gu dearbh cha b' ann d'a dheoin,
'S aig doras tigh' Thom Challander,
Gu 'n d' sheas an t-each fa-dheoidh.

'N uair chunnaic esan e mar so,
A' teachd gun ad, gun ghruag,
Thilg e 'phìob thombac air falbh,
A's ruith e 'mach gu luath.

" Do sgeul, do sgeul—thoir dhomh do
sgeul!
Do naidheachd innis dhomh;
C'arson a tha thu cean-ruisgte?
C'arson a tha thu 'n so?"

Bha Iain lan a dh' fheala dha,
De shugradh beag, 's de chleas,
'S a reir so ri Tom Callander,
Gu 'n d' fhreagair e gu deas.

" Tha mise 'n so, oir thigeadh d' each,
'S mur 'eil mi 'm fhaidhe breig',
Bidh m' ad 's mo ghruag an so gun dail,
Oir tha iad as mo dheigh."

Bha solas air Tom Callander,
A charaid 'bhi cho ait,
'S cha dubhairt tuilleadh ris 's an am,
Ach thill e stigh gu grad.

'S a mach gu 'n d' thug e ad a's gruag—
Gruag nìhor nan dualan cruinn,
A's ad a's gann a chuir e riamh
Seachd nairean air a cheann.

Chum e suas iad 's thubhairt e
Le feala-dha 'n a chainnt;
" Mo cheam-sa tha dha mheud ri d'
cheam's',
A's theid iad ort gun taing.

" Leig dhomh an t-eabar sin 's am poll
A ghlanadh bharr do ghnuis;
Fuirich ri biadh, oir 's cinnteach ni
Gu 'm bheil thu 'call do luis."

“S e so,” ar’s Iain, “co-la mo bhainns’,
 ‘S bu sgeigeil e ri radh,
 Gu ‘m biodh mo bhean aig Edmonton
 A’s mise ‘n so fo phramh.”

‘N sin labhair Iain ris an each,
 “Tha cabhag orm gu m’ bhiaidh ;
 Air d’ailghios thainig mise ‘n so,
 Theid thus’ air d’ais do m’ riar.”

O ! bosd na tubaist’ a bha ‘n so,
 Mar dh’ fhiosraich e gun dail ;
 Oir asail fhad-chluasach bha dluth
 ‘Thog raoichdeil choimheach ard.

Le srann gu ‘n d’ thog an t-each a cheann,
 Ceart mar roimh leomhan garg ;
 ‘S air falbh le ‘uile lus a ris,
 Theich e ‘n a shradaibh dearg.

Air falbh chaidh Gilpin, a’s air falbh
 Chaidh ‘ad ‘s a ghrug ‘n an deann ;
 An tiota thuit iad, chionn gu ‘n robh
 Iad momha ‘s mor d’a cheann.

‘N uair chunnaic bean Iain Ghilpin e
 A’ marcachd nuas cho bras,
 Tharruingi ‘n sporan sioda ‘mach,
 ‘S bonn leth-chruin thug i as.

‘N sin thu’irt i ris a’ charbadair,
 ‘S a cridh’ le ionguin lan,
 ‘Gur leat-sa so, mo ghille gleusd’,
 A’s thoir air ‘ais e slan.”

Dh’ fhalbh e, a’s choinnich iad gun dail,
 A’s dh’ fheuch e ‘n t-each a stad,
 Ach ‘s ann a chuir an oidhirp so
 An rosad air air fad.

‘N uair dh’ fhairtlich air na bha ‘n a
 bheachd
 A chur a nis an gnìomh ;
 Gu ‘n d’ chlisg an t-each, ‘s air falbh gu
 ‘n d’ theich
 Na ‘s luaithe’ na rinn e riamh.

Air falbh chaidh Gilpin, a’s air falbh
 An carbadair cho bras,
 Gun straidhlich chuibleachan ‘n a
 dheigh
 Gu meannach a’ dol as.

Bha seathnar uaislean ‘chunnaic e
 A’ teicheadh air an each,
 ‘S an gille-carbaid air a thoir,
 Gu ‘n d’ ghlaoidh iad nìle ‘mach,

“Meirleach ! meirleach ! glacaibh e !”
 Gu ‘n d’ ghlaoidh iad dh’ iarraidh foir,
 A’s dh’ fhalbh iad fein ‘s na chunnaic e
 ‘N an teann-ruith air a thoir.

‘S a rithist dh’ fhosgladh dha gu luath
 Cachaileith mhor na cis’ ;

Oir shaoil na daoine, mar air tus,
 Gu ‘n robh e ‘ruith na reis.

Bha e mar sin, a’s choisinn e ;
 Oir fhuair e buaidh le ‘luath’s ;
 Cha d’ riun e stad gus ‘n d’ rainig e
 An t-ait’ an deach’ e suas.

Nis seinneamaid fad-shaogh’l do ‘n righ.
 ‘S air Gilpin gu ‘n robh agh ;
 ‘S an ath-uair ‘theid e ‘chur na reis,
 Bu mhaith leam fein ‘bhi lathair !

—o—

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir
 gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBHAIDH AN AICHELL AGUS
 AGAMEMNON.

(*Air leantainn.*)

‘N uair thuinich air réidh an lóin,
 Co-chruinneachadh mòr nan cliar,
 Dh’ éirich air toiseach an t-sluaigh,
 Aichìoll uaibbreach nan ruag dian.

A mhic Atreuis, thuit an sonn,
 ‘S iomrallach ‘s an fhonn s’ ar toisg.
 B’ fhèarr dol às le ‘r fuighleach tràth
 Mu ‘n dian plàigh a’s blàir ar cosd.
 Fìdrichear fàidhe gu grad,
 Fear aisling, no sagart géur,
 ‘S e dia bheir do ‘n aisling brigh
 Thoir rabhaidh ‘s gach nì mar théid.
 Mean-rannsaichear fàth gach béud,
 C’ uime tha Phœbus fo throm fheirg.
 An do dhiùlt sibh an cliù bu chòir,
 No iobairt chiad bò air learg.
 Dh’ iobramaid gobhair gun mbeang,
 ‘S na h-nain is reamhra ‘s a’ chrò,
 Na ‘n caisgeadh e shaighdean-cràidh
 ‘S gach truagh phlàigh thug bàs do ‘n
 t-slogh.

Sguir e ‘s shuidh e. Ceart ‘n a dhéigh,
 Dh’ éirich fear faisneachd nan ian,
 Calchas d’ am b’ eòl sgoil nam fàth,
 ‘S mar thigeadh gach dàn gu gnìomh.
 B’ iùl e ‘n lorg fiosachd a dhé,
 Do chabhlach na Grèig’ thair tuinn ;
 B’ fhaicleach a bhriathran ‘s bu chiùin :
 Is so mar thùr e ‘n glìocas cinn :—
 Annsachd Iòbh, Aichill nam béum,
 An àill leat mi gun bhréig a luaidh.
 C’ uime dhith-mhiltair ar suinn
 Fo fheirg Phœbuis nan ruinn luath ?
 Innsim, ge duilich sid leam,
 Saor fhirinn gun sglèò gun fhoill ;
 Ach naisg-sa gealladh do mhionn
 Mo dhidinn le d’ làimh ‘s le d’ lainn,
 Ma spreigeas mi ‘n dàn tha ceart,

'S e m' fhior bheachd gur cunnart cruai dh;
 Lasaidh àrd chorruch air rìgh,
 'G a bheil smachd air mhiltean sluaigh.
 Ma bhrosnuichear falachd rìgh,
 Tha didinn an iochdrain faoin;
 Grathunn, ged adhlaic e 'n fhearg,
 'S maig a chuireadh earbs a chaomh.
 Altruimaidh e 'n gamlas buan,
 'S ni dìoghailt an uair nach saoil:
 Tuig-sa sid, 's thoir d' fhacal fìor,
 Gu 'n dearbh thu bhì d' dhìon ri m'
 thaobh.

Fhreagair Aichioll nan ruag còrr:
 Spreig na 's eòl dhut, spreig gun fhiamh,
 'S bheirim trom mhionnan gun bhréig,
 Air a' ghréin ud seachad siar,
 Dia d' adhraidh bho 'm faigh thu ghnàth
 Fìos gach toisg tha 'n dàn do 'n Ghréig.
 Fhad 's is beo mis' air do chùl,
 'S a dhearcas mo shùil air féur,
 Greugach cha 'n iomair ort olc,
 Mith no math cha lot do chréubh.
 Cha 'n iomair ceann-toisich nam feachd,
 Ge mòr an diugh smachd an tréin.

Ghlac misneach am fàidhe ciùin,
 'S rinn soilleir gach cùis mar bhà:—
 Cha deannal mu chliù an dé,
 Cha dìth iobairt chéud air blàr;
 Tha 'n fhearg mu 'n t-sagart gun fheall,
 Fhuair bho Agamemnon béun,
 'Inghean nach leigteadh fo sgaoil,
 'S nach gabhteadh 'n duais dhaor d' a
 réir.

Sir aobhar gach ciùiraidh-bàis,
 Rinn Fad-thilgeach nam plàigh trom;
 'S tuigibh nach lasaich a lannh
 Ag càrnadh nan èig air fonn,
 Mur till sibh gu h-athair gaoil
 Ainnir chaoim is meallach sùil,
 Gu tìr fhein, gun duais, gun òr,
 'S iobairt nan céud bho air chùl.
 Gniomhaichibh an ni so tràth,
 Ma 's roighneach leibh bàigh ur dé.
 Stad an t-Aosda glie 'n a chainnt,
 'S shuidh e sìos an reang nan tréun.

Agamemnon dh' éirich grad,
 Bhòchd, a's dh' at, a's reachd le feirg;
 Ghoil an leann-cathaich mu 'sgairt,
 'S bha dhà shùil 'n an lasair dheirg.
 Air Calchas dheare e gu gnùth,
 'S brùchd e mach an domblas géur:—

Fhaidhe nan toirmeasg 's nan olc,
 'N tig a chaoth ach lochd bho d' bhéul?
 Le d' fhàisneachd mhallaichte ghnàth,
 'N éibhneas leat bhì cràdh do rìgh?
 Deagh-bheairt am fiosachd no 'n guiomh,
 'S tu fhéin nach d' thug riabh gu crìch.
 An diugh a' tarrainn sgleò bhreng
 Air a' Ghréig le d' chnuasachd chlaoin,
 Gur mise fàth gach truagh chréuchd
 A leag Phœbus nan ruinn caol,
 Bhrìgh gu 'n gléidh mi òigh mo ruin

Thair céile mo leapa-phòst;
 Cha ghéill i dh' ògmhuaoi mo chléibh
 Bho 'n 's anns' i na cùnradh òir;
 Fhuair i gu buileach mo spéis
 An ùr-chéutaibh no 'n céill cinn,
 An uaisle no 'm mòrachd bhéus,
 No 'n dealbh ghréis air éideadh grinn.
 Réubar mi, dh' aindeoin sin, bho m' ghaol,
 Chum gu 'n traoghar fraoch an dé,
 Cha choiglim aon leam, ge cruaidh,
 A dhidinn mo shluaigh bho bhéud.
 Nis bho 'n 's deòin leam gu leas chàich
 Caoin ulaidh nan gràdh thoirt bhuam,
 Fiachar an ionad na thréig
 Gu 'n deasaich a' Ghréig dhomh luach.
 Ma fhuair càch a réir mar thoill
 An là roinn sibh creach nam buadh,
 An ceart gu 'n tilgear mis' air chùl
 Mar neach nach b' fhuì cliù no duais?

Ghrad fhreagair Aichioll gun mheang,
 A rìgh bhuirb an t-sanntais bhréin,
 C' àite 'n do thaisgeadh air chùl
 An t-slainn tha do shùil 'n a déigh?
 Nach math d' fhios nar chaidh, gun dàil,
 Creach bhailtean a's bhàr a roinn?
 Cuid mu 'n goirt a shaothraich càch,
 B' e 'n gnìomh nar a h-ath-chur cruinn.
 Ach géill-sa 'n òigh ur do 'n dia,
 'S ceithir filltean diolar duais,
 Ma chrìochnaicheas lobh ar rùn,
 'S gu 'n tuit Troidh na smùraich ruaidh.

Aichill cblùitich, os an rìgh,
 Ge mòr d' éuchd an strìth nan lann,
 Na saoil gu 'n dean caireachd bheòil
 Mo dhearbh-chòir thoirt thair mo cheann.
 'N e gu 'n leiginn m' òigh air triall,
 'S tus an seibh gach miann is àill,
 C' uime 'm fuilginn do d' bhreith chlaoin
 M' fhàgail falamb, faoin thair chàch?
 Bhrìgh na cùis' ud, fheara fial,
 Na biodh ur ciad thriath gun luach:
 Tìomsaichibh an measg nan cliar,
 'S faiceam gur làn fhiach an duais.
 Mur dean sibh, le toil, mo riar,
 Glacaidh mo lámh diol d' i fhéin
 Luach-saoithreach Ullisseis àigh,
 No 'n t-earras aig Ajax tréun
 Cha sheachnainn Aichioll nan ruag,
 Ge mòr uail a's neart an t-suinn;
 Gheobh mi cuibhrinn àill air n-àill,
 'S de fhraoch 'ardain cha ghabh suim.
 'N a àm fhém thig so gu crìch:—
 Taghteadh 'n dràsta bìrlinn luath,
 'S gradh-bhìodh comblan iasgaidh cruinn
 Gu seòladh thair tuinn a' chuain.
 Biodh iobairt chiad damh air bòrd,
 'S ribhinn òg is àillidh gruaidh,
 'S fear ceannsgalach, glie maraon,
 Chum a h-aiseag saor gu 'suaigh:
 Deagh mac Thid a's Ajax tréun,
 Sàr Ullises bho 'n réidh glòir,
 No thusa 's milltiche fearg,

Aichill ghaisgeil, mheanmaich, mhòir.
Tairgear làn-iobairt nan céud,
Gu fraoch an dé thoirt gu ceann.
Sheall mac Pheleus nan ciar cholg,
Air an rìgh 's bu dorch a ghreann.

A thràill mhiothair, os an tréun,
Beag-nàir' ad éideadh mar chruaidh,
Co theid air ionnsaidh gu bráth,
Le d' òrdugh-sa 'bhlàh no 'ruaig?
'S dearbh nach e Tròidhich nan lann,
Fàth mo theachd-sa nall thair chuan :
Cha d' iomair iad riabh orm foill,
Cha mbò thog no thoill iad m' fhuath.
Air buailtean lionmhor mo mhart,
Air làn ghreighean m' each an gleann,
Air toradh mo dhailtean pailt,
Riabh cha d' rinn iad creach no call,
Bho 'n crìochailb tha Phthia cian,
Daingneach ag iathadh mu 'fonn,
Creagan duatharach bheann àrd,
'S muir fharsainn is gaireach tonn.
Mòrachd do thighe-sa mhàin,
'S cùis do bhràthar, fhir gun sgoinn,
A ghluais sinn gu léir thair sàil' :
'S beag an dràst ar taing ga chionn.
Thu nis a' bagairt orm fhéin,
Ann-rìgh mhiomhail nam béus claon,
Le fòirneart gu 'n réub thu bhuam
'N luach rinn mi chnuasachd daor.
Ged chaisgt' ar lan-mbiann air Tròidh,
'S a leagadh 'n a tòrr 's an tìr,
Dhutsa bhiodh tagha nan roinn,
Dhòmhsa fighleach air bheag diù
Ge tric a chuir neart mo làmh
Cudthrem àraidh nam bàs goirt ;
Dh' aindeoin co choisinn le spàirn,
Leatsa dh' agrar blàth gach toic'.
Le munar gun tail, gun mhiagh,
'S tric mo thriall-sa thun nan long ;
An deigh buan-chumasg na strìth,
Mo chorp sgìth a's m' inntinn trom.
A rìgh chealgaich a' bheachd àird,
Tuig nach mi do thràill na 's mò ;
Gradh-thillim gu m' dhùthaich fhéin,
'S mo chabhlach am dhéigh fo sheòl.
Bhrìgh gu 'n dhòirt thu ormsa tàir,
'S deacair gu 'n dian d' àrdan gléus.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

[ERRATA.—Page 246, line 2 from bottom, for “Fhluinnteadh” read “Chluinnteadh,” and last line, for “Fuaimn” read “Fuaim.”

Ma 's miann leat dol ann an suaimhneas chum siorruidheachd, na cuir do lamh ri ni sam bith a chuireas geilt ort n' am biodh tu 'g a dheanamh aig uair do bhais. Na tarmaich miann no durachd sam bith 'n ad inntinn, air son am biodh nàir ort ged gheibhteadh iad 'n ad chridhe, an uair a nochdar thu an lathair do Chruithear.

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COIN.—Bha duil agam riut an diugh, a charaid ionmhuim, agus mìle taing dhuit a chionn nach do mheall thu mi, ach gu 'n d' thainig thu air m' iarrtas, gu bhì lathair aig bais-teadh a' bhrogaich bhig a chuir am Freasdal oirn ; ach c' ait am bheil mo bhau-charaid choir do bhean ? An e nach d' thainig i maille riut ?

MUR.—Ud ! Ud ! cha b' urrainn i teachd, a Choinnich ; is leoir aon againn a bhì o' n bhaile aig an aon ann, oir cha bhiodh gnothuichean rathach, riaghailteach, reidh, na 'm fagamaid le cheile an tigh combladh, oir tha seirbhisich a nis air atharrachadh an gne agus an dillseachd, agus cha 'n fhurast aon diubh fhao-tuinn anns am bheil fìor earbsadh r' a chur mu thionndaidheas neach a chulaobh.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil comas air, ach bu ro mhaidh leinn uile 's a' Ghoirtean Fraoich, aon seachduin a bhì againn de Mhurachadh Ban, agus a cheile ghasda, cheanalta.

MUR.—Mor-thaing dhuit, a Choinnich, ach cha fhreagradh sin, mar a thubhairt mi a cheana ; ach mo dhichuimhne ! Cia mar a tha Seonaid 'g a faireachadh fein, agus am balach beag ?

COIN.—Tha aobhar taingeileachd agam ri radh gu 'm bheil iad 'n an dithis mar bu choir doibh a bhì. Tha Seonaid air a cois o cheann seachdain, agus tha 'm brogachan a' fas mar isean geoidh, agus cìod tuilleadh a dh' iarramaid ?

MUR.—Cìod tuilleadh a th 'aig an leanabh bhochd r' a dheanamh, am feadh 's a ta slainte aige ? Cleas nan craobh anns an fhìreach, aig nach 'eil ni sam bith r' a dheanamh ach a bhì 'fas ; gidheadh, m' a chaomhnar do leanabh-sa, cha 'n e mhaio gu 'm fas e, ach fasaidd e ann

an gliocas, 's am meudachd, agus le beannachd, ann an deagh-ghean aig Dia agus aig daoinibh.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, is maith tha fios agamsa, gur e sin durachd do chridhe-sa, agus is taitneach an ni deagh-dhurachd caraid; ach mar a thubhairt thu fein mu na seirbhisich, cha'n 'eil fior chairdean dileas furast ri'm faotainn. Ochan, mo thruaigh an neach sin a tha 'cosnadh dha fein nighean, agus droch-run a' chomhearsnaich, oir olc 's mar a ta an saoghal cha tric leis aimbheas no donas a ghuidhe do neach, mar bi aobhar eigin air a shon.

MUR.—Gle cheart, a' Choinnich, 's e dleas 'nas nan uile a bhi 'cuid-eachadh a cheile, a bhi deanamh, maith do aon a' cheile, a bhi 'toirt toisich agus urraim do aon a' cheile, agus a bhi 'leigeadh ris ar neo-iomlanachd do aon a' cheile. Tha duil agam gu'm bheil an t-Abstol Seumas a' deanamh so soilleir, an uair a deir e, "Aidichibh bhur lochdan d' a cheile, agus deanaibh urnuigh air son a' cheile, chum gu'n tearnar sibh: tha mor-eifeachd ann an urnuigh dhurachdach an fhirein."

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh air sin, a' charaid choir, oir tha Focal na firinn 'g a dheanamh cinnteach; ach air an laimh eile, cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil cumhachd mor air a cheadachadh do 'n aingidh chum a dhroch ruintean a shuidheachadh air an neach sin do nach 'eil speis aige. Tha cuid ann aig am bheil droch-cridhe—'s e sin, cridhe ni's miosa na cridheachan nan uile, a tha maraon air an truailleadh, a thaobh nadair, le nimh a' pheacaidh. Tha cuid ann aig am bheil droch shuil, trid am bheil iad a' deanamh millidh agus sgrìos air cuid dhlighich an coimhearsnaich fein; agus a Mhurachaidh, cha 'n 'eil iad sin idir cneasda, oir cha mbaith do neach sam bith teachd 'n an car!

MUR.—Ubh! Ubh! a choinnich, am bheil thusa a' creidsinn ann am faoineis agus am baoghaltachd de 'n ghne sin. Tha thu a' cur iongantais orm gun teagamh. Is cinnteach gu'm bheil thu ri feala-dha; air neo, feudaidh e bhi gu'm bheil do cheann 'n a bhreislich, no gu'n robh thu a' toirt geill do gheasaibh agus do dhruidheachd an *Sgiathanaich* amaidich sin, a bha air a mheas leat fein mar neach aig an robh seilean 'n a cheann, a thaobh an rothlais a labhair e mu na reultaibh, agus mu thaibhsaireachd, agus nithe eile.

COIN.—Ud, Ud! a Mhurachaidh, is tric a chaidh feala-dha gu feala-rìreadh. Agus cha ruig thu 'leas a bhi 'tilgeadh an *Sgiathanaich* orm-sa, oir an uair a mhinich thu fein domh gu'n do labhair e gu ceart, freagarrach mu bhuaidhibh nan reult, cha d' fhosgail mi mo bheul tuilleadh 'n a aghaidh, agus cha 'n fhosgail. Ach biodh sin uile mar a dh' fheadas; b' aithne dhomhsa duine a bha air a chunntas 'n a dhuine coir, ceart, ceanalta, a bha 'n a athair, agus 'n a shean-athair, aig an robh seilbh fearainn, agus moran chairdean agus luchd-eolais, agus ni's leoir denithibh maith an t-saoghail so. Gidheadh, aig a' cheart dhuine so bha droch-shuil! Agus ni ni's iongantais na sin, bha cumhachd millteach na droch shula aige air a ghnathachadh an aghaidh a thoil fein. Rachadh Uilliam Ruadh a mach a dh'amharc air a' bhual-cruidh' aige fein, agus co cinnteach ri airgiod a' bhaistidh, thoisicheadh am mart air an tilgeadh e a shuil ri geumnaich gu cruaidh, agus thuiteadh i gu grad marbh air an raon.

MUR.—Tha sin ro iongantach ma tha e fior, a' Choinnich; ach is tric a chual sinn gur i a bho a's miosa tho's a' bhuaile, a's airde geum.

MUR.—As àirde geum! Feudaidh sin a bhi ceart, a' Mhurachaidh, oir

cha 'n fhurast an sean-fhocal a bhreugnachadh ; ach cha 'n 'eil sinn gu smuaineachadh gu 'm basaich a' bho a 's miosa 's a' bhuaile gun aobhar, agus is e an t-aobhar sin, gun teagamh idir, droch-shuil Ulleim Ruaidh leis an leis i. Bha 'n teaghlach aige fein co eolach air a' bhuaidh mhi-shealbhar so a bha dluth-cheangailte ris, a 's nach leigeadh iad an duine truagh a mach air an doras, na 'm biodh mart, no each, no caor 'n a fhochair.

MUR.—Cha bu choir ainmhidh sam bith a bhi air ainmeachas an duine sin, ma 's e sin an diol a dheanadh e orra ; ach biodh sin mar a dh'fhendas, bu choir da sgail a chur air a shuilibh, no an spionadh gu tur as a cheann ; agus mo lamhsa, air da a bhi dh' easbhuidh nan sul, nach abradh neach sam bith an sin gu 'u robh droch shuil aig Uilleam Ruadh.

COIN.—Thathusa, a' Mhurachaidh, a' deanamh magaidh dhe 'n ghnathuch, ach creid thusa mise, tha iomadh droch shuil ann. Cha 'n 'eil seachdain o 'n dh'innis Ealasaid Nighean Raonuill dhomh gu 'n d' thug droch-shuil neach-eigin an toradh a bainne gach mairt 'n a buaile, agus ged a chuireadh i ri deanamh a' mhuidh gu ruig an la 'n diugh, nach biodh an crioman a 's lugha ime aice air son a' saothreach ! B' eigin di mu dheireadh fios a chur air Donnachadh Glas, agus le seun agus giosagan araidh a ghuathachadh, thug e an toradh gun dail air ais, agus tha crodh Ealasaid an diugh mar bu choir doibh a bhi.

MUR.—O ! a Choinnich, a Choinnich, cha robh duil agam riamh, agus gu dearbh cha chreidinn o bheil neach eile gu 'm bheil thusa co saobh-chrabhach, agus so-chreideach ! Thoir thusa beannachd namsa gu Ealasaid Nighean Raonuill, agus innis di a bhi cinnteach 's an

aimsir bhlatl so, gu 'n sgallt i na measraichean agus na soithichean bainne le h-uisge goileach gach madninn agus feasgair ; agus gu 'n cum i na mairt-bhainne gun a bhi 'ruith air theas, mar gu 'n biodh an euthach orra, agus gu 'n gnathaich i uisge fuar an tobair ann am pailteas, chum gach cuil, oisinn agus sgeilp mu 'n tigh-bhainne, fhagail fuar, fionnar, agus glau ; agus ma ni ise sin, creid thusa mise, nach bi aobhar tuilleadh aice air fios a chur air Donnachadh Glas, no Geal, no air feum a chur air aon seun no giseag a bhuineas da.

COIN.—Ochan ! a' Mhurachaidh, tha mi faicinn nach 'eil thu a' toirt creideis sam bith do dhroch shuil a bhi aig neach, no cumhachd a bhi aig duine sam bith chum dochunn a dheanamh air cuid a choimhearsnaich. Am bheil thu a' creidsinn gu 'm bheil, na gu 'n robh riamh a leithid do ni ann ri buidseachd ?

MUR.—Ma ta, a' Choinnich, cha 'n 'eil mi 'creidsinn air sheol sam bith ann am buidseachd ; ach tha mi 'creidsinn gu 'n robh na miltean a' toirt geill da, agus gu 'n d' rinn-eadh reachdan gu 'n aireamh chum cur as da. Dhealbh Ard-Chomhairle na rioghachd agus Ard-Chomhairle na h-Eaglaise a ris agus a ris laghanna cruaidhe agus teann an aghaidh na buidseachd a chum cur as di, agus an deigh sin uile, cha 'n 'eil mi 'toirt geill gu 'n robh a leithid do ni riamh ann.

COIN.—Tha thu a' cur iongantais orm, a' Mhurachaidh ; dh'fheudadh tu a radh air an t-seol cheudna, nach 'eil a leithid de chreutairibh ann ris na sithichean no na daoine-sithe ; ach co a bheireadh feairt ort, or tha deigh-fhios aig na h-uile gu 'n robh iad sin anns gach duthaich agus rioghachd, agus co aig am bheil a dhanadas gu radh, nach 'eil iad fathast ann ? Is maith tha

cùimhn' agam-sa air seann duine coir anns an Eilean Sgiathanach air an robh Fearchar, agus cha leig mi gu brath air di-chuimhne an t-altachadh a theireadh e roimh 'n bhìadh.

MUR.—Cluinneamaid altachadh Fearchair oir cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach maith e.

COIN.—'N am do 'n chuideachd a bhì 'n an suidhe aig a' bhord, agus an lon deas, theireadh neach eigin, “Cuir riut, Fearchair, cuir riut, abair an t-altachadh.” Spionadh an seann duine bochd a bhonaid bharr a chinn, shliobadh e sìos na ciabhagan tana, geal aige, thogadh e suas a shuilean, agus theireadh e le guth tiamhuidh, trom na briathran a leanas. “O Thi bheannaichte, cum ruinn agus cuidich leim, agus na tuiteadh do ghras mar an t-uisge air druim a' gheoidh. An nair a bhios fear 'n a eigin air gob rutha, cuidich fein leis; agus bì mu 'n cuairt duinn air tìr, agus anns gach aite maille ruinn. Gleidh an t-aosda agus an t-og, ar umathan agus ar paisdean, ar feudal agus ar spreidh o chumbachd agus o cheannas nan sithichean, agus o mhi-run gach droch shula. Bitheadh slighe reidh romhainn, agus chrìoch shona aig ar turas, Amen.”

MUR.—Bu dheagh altachadh a chuir Fearchar suas gun teagamh, ach tha mi 'faicinn gu 'n robh e 'toirt creideis do chumbachd nan sithichean agus na droch shula, agus a reir coslais chòrdadh barailean agus teagasgan mealltach sheam Fearchair gu ro mhaith riutsa, a' Choinnich, oir tha e soilleir gu 'm bheil thu fein agus Fearchar air an aon rath, nu na nithe faoin agus amaideach sin.

COIN.—Tha iongantais orm, a' Mhurachaidh, nach 'eil aig fear d' aois agus d' fiosrachaidh, lan eòlas air gach beachd agus barail d'an robh na Gàidheil, anns gach linn, a'

toirt geill a thaobh nan nithe sin. Lionadh na chual mise mu 'n timchioll, leabhar co mor ri Eachdraidh na h-Alba nam biodh iad air an sgrìobhadh sìos; agus air moran dìubh tha deagh chuimhn' agam gu ruig an la 'n diugh.

MUR.—Air domh-sa a bhì gu tur aineolach air na nithibh iongantach sin, feumaidh tu, nair-eigin eile, leudachadh orra 'n am eisdeachd, oir ged nach 'eil, a reir mo bheachd-sa, brìgh, no blagh, no tairbhe anna fein, gidheadh tha iad freagarrach chum eòlas a thoirt seachad air guathannaibh, cleachdannaibh, agus saobh-chrabbhadh ar luchd-duthcha fein anns na linntibh a dh' fhalbh; oir bithidh beachd nì 's fearr againn air beannachdaibh an t-soluis, mur a 's mo ar n-eòlas air duibhre agus cianalas an dorchadais.

COIN.—Is glie a labhair thu, a' Mhurachaidh, agus is taitneach, tuigseach do bhriathra. Ma bhitheas sinn air ar caomhnadh gu la eile fhaicinn theid sinn cuideachd ann an cuil air chor-eigin, agus nì mise dìchioll air cuid de na nithibh air am bheil cuimhn' agam a leigeadh ris 'n ad eisdeachd. Tha mi' cluinntinn gu 'n d' thainig an Ministear coir Maighstir Domhnall, agus is suairce, ceanalta e. Do brìgh gu 'm feud cabhag a bhì air, tha e co maith gun dail mhòr a chur 's a' ghnòthuch a thug an so e.

MUR.—Tha sin ro cheart, a' Choinnich, oir cha 'n 'eil e beusach no modhail dhuinn fantuinn nì's faide gu 'n fhait a chur air an uasal urramach a thainig re na slighe so, chum do ghnòthuch-sa a dheanamh. Ach cìod an t-ainn tha thu los a thoirt air an leanabh?

COIN.—Sin agad teisteanas a bhreith, thoir suil air, agus chith thu an t-ainm.

MUR.—Far a nall e, a' Choinnich, oir an nair a rugadh, a bhaisteadh,

agus a phosadh thusa agus mise, cha robh guth air na paipèiribh mor, leathann sin idir, agus air mo shon-sa dheth, cha do ghlaodhadh riamh ann an eaglais mi agus cha do chuir neach riamh an aghaidh mo phosaidh; ach faiceam am paipeir.

COIN.—Sin agad e, agus is mor e a'n nasgaidh.

MUR.—“Murachadh Ban!” O! a Choinnich, a Choinnich, an ann mar so tha 'n gnothuch? Ach, stad gus an leugh mi air fad e. “Murachadh, leanabh-mic, a thugadh an lathair le Coinneach,” seadh, seadh “agus le Seonaid” Ud, Ud! co eile! “agus a chuir an ceill gu'n d' rugadh e auns a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich, aun an Sgireachd” ro cheart, agus “ann an Siorramachd,” — seadh, air a' leithid so la dhe 'n mhios—tha mi 'ga fhaicinn ach nach iad tha curamach, eagnuidh, poncail, a Choinnich? Ach car' son, a ghille mo chrìdh, a thug thu Murachadh Ban air an naoidhean? Cha mhor an t-urram do'n leanabh bhochd Murachadh Ban a thoirt mar ainm air,—ach tha mi 'n dochas,—

COIN.—Bi ad thosd, a Mhurachaidh, tha 'n gnothuch deunta, agus tha 'n gnothuch ceart, oir cha luath a chual Seonaid gu'n d' thug i leanabh-mic chum an t-saoghail na thubhairt i, “a Choinnich, cìod air bith a dh' eireas domhsa, ma bhios an leanabh beo, bheir thu Murachadh Ban mar ainm air.

MUR.—Cha 'n e sin a' cheud chomain a chuir Seonaid orm-sa; rachamaid, ma ta, a dh' fhaicinn a' Mhinisteir a' coisrigeadh Mhurachaidh Bhig Bhain anns a' bhaisteadh.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

COMHAIRLE DO MHATHAIR-ICHIBH.

An ni sin a's miann leat a radh ri d' chloinn, abair e a nis; oir feudaidh am bas do ghearradh as ad lan

neart, agus feudaidh iadsan araon do lathaireachd agus do chomhairle a's fearr a chall. Os ceann gach ni guidh a nis air son an ni sin a's fearr leat, oir cha ghnathaichear auail na h-urruigh gu diomhain. Ma shinear a mach laithean do bheatha, tha aobhar taingeileachd agad, ach thoir fainear gu 'm bheil t-uine a' ruith seachad, agus tha do chlann a' fas suas, gu fhios gun aire dhuit gu inbh fhear agus bhan, lan dhe 'm beachdaibh agus dhe 'n innleachdaibh fein. Uime sin, teagaisg iad a nis 'n an oige aig do ghluin fein, agus bheir iad barrachd geill duit aig an aois sin na do 'n t-saoghal. Cuir nithe an ceill doibh a nis a reir an tuigse, agus la an deigh la doirt a stigh 'n an cridhe na teagasgan millis, soisgeulach sin, a sparradh ort le d' mhathair fein ann an laithibh d' oige. Bithidh na nithe sin dhoibh-san 's an am ri teachd mar “thobar uisgeacha beo,” as an ol iad gu pailt agus anns am bi air an ath-urachadh. Anns an am a ta lathair, feudaidh iad a bhi mi-churamach, air doibh a bhi aineolach air luach nan teagasg a ta iad a' faotuinn; ach is aithne dhuitse an luach, uime sin is e do dhleas 'nas iadsan a dheanamh eolach orra mar nn ceudna. Abuichidh do bhriathra gliocais ri h-uine gu bhi 'n an sguabaibh oir, leis an deanar do shliochd da-rivreadh saibhir, cia ac a chi no nach fhaic thu fein e. Cuimbnich gu 'm bheil an Droch fhear dichìollach ann an cur a' choghuill, a' glacadh gach fath agus cothroim chum sin a dheanamh. Ach mar mhathair ghradhaich, dhileis, dhleas'nachail, dean barrachd dichill ann a bhi 'cur an deagh shil. Gabh comhairle an duine ghlic, a thubhairt, “Anns a' mhaduinn cuir do shìol agus 's an fheasgar na toir air do lamh sgar.”—(Eccles. xi-6.)

SGIATHANACH.

AN T-EILEIN MUILEACH.

LE DUGHALL MACPHAIL.

Key A.

THE MELODY IN THE TONIC SOL-FA NOTATION.

(s) | S₁, l₁ : d | r.m : l₁, s₁ | s₁ : s₁, S₁ | l . d : r | m, s. - : m, r | r : d.

(m) | M₁, s : m | r . d : m, r | r, d. - : m₁, M₁ | s₁, l₁ : d₁ | r . m : l₁, s₁ | s₁ : s₁ ||

Some of the lines of the song being a syllable longer than the others, require the bracketted notes.

Ged tha mi 'm fhògarrach cian air m' aineol
 'S a' Chaisteal-nuadh, 's an taobh tuath de Shasunn,
 Bidh tir mo dhuthchais a' tigh'nn fainear dhomh ;
 An t-Eilein Muileach 'bu luach beannaibh.

An t-Eilein Muileach, an t-eilein àghmhor,
 An t-eilein grianach mu 'n iadh an saile ;
 Eilein buadhimhor nam fuar-bheann arda,
 Nan coilltean uaine, 's nau cluaintean fasail.

B' fhallain, cubhraidh 's bu reidh an t-àilean,
 Le 'bhllathan maoth-bhog 'bu chaoine failleadh :
 Bu ghlan na bruachan mu 'n d' fhuair mi m' àrach
 An *Doire'-chuilinn* aig bun *Beinn-bhairneach*.
 An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

Air *Lusa* chaisleach nan stachd 's nan cuartag,
 Bhiodh bradain tharr-gheal nam meanbh-bhall ruadh-bhreach
 Gu beo-bhris, siubhlach, le surd ri luath-chleas
 'N a cuislibh du-ghorm gun ghruid, gun ruadhan.
 An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

Bu chulaidh-shugraidh do dh-og-fhir uallach,
 Le gathan tri-mheurach, rinneach, cruaidh-ghlan,
 Air caol-chroinn dhireach, gun ghiamh, gun chnuachd-mheoir
 'Bhi toirt nan làn-bhreac gu traigh mu 'bruachan.

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

Gheibhteadh 'n ruadh-chearc 's na coilltean iosal,
 'S a coileach tùchanach dluth 'g a briodal ;
 'S ged bha na beanntaibh gun fhaing, gun fhrithean
 Bha daimh na cròice 'n an còrsaibh lionmhor.

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

B' e 'n sòlas inntinn leam a bhi 'g eisdeachd
 Ri còisir bhinn-ghuthach, ghrinn a' Cheitein :
 A' seinn gu suundach an dluth's nan geugan—
 A' choill' fo liath-dhealt, 's a' ghrian ag eirigh !

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

Chlaon gach sòlas dhiu sud mar bhruadar,
 'S mar bhristeadh builgein air bharr nan stuadh-thonn :
 Ach soraidh slan leis gach loinn a's buaidh
 A bh' air eilein aghmhor nan ard-bheann fuara.

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

[An English translation of this song may be found at page 252.]

SGEUL AIR BLIADHNA THEARLAICH.

Air a' mbios mu dheireadh de 'n t-sambradh 1747, chaidh Gaidheal guamach, sgairteil dh' ionnsuidh tigh Innis-Croi, anns an robh uachdaran de na Stiubhartaich a' gabhail combnuidh. Bhuail e aig an dorus, agus dh' fheoraich e an robh an tighearn a stigh. Fhreagair a' bhan-tighearn, agus thubhairt i nach robh duine a stigh ach i fein agus a triuir nighean. Dh' eirich fear-an-tighe le Tearlach—chail e dithis mhac ann an Cuilfhodair, agus b' eiginn da ionad-foluich a thoirt air.

“Co thusa,” ars' a' bhan-tighearn, “agus ciod e do ghnòthuch riunsa !”

“Is mise,” deir e, “Searsan Caimbeul; agus dh' àithneadh dhomh an tigh so a rannsachadh airson t-fhir-posda, airson Fear Chluanaidh, agus na h-uiread de dhaoineibh ceannairceach eile a dh' eirich an aghaidh an Rìgh !”

Air do 'n bhan-tighearn so a chluinntinn, thubhairt i ris, gu 'm b' fhearr leatha an t-aon bushnaraiche de na ceannardaibh Sasunnach fhaidcinn a' teachd a rannachadh a tighe airson cairdean a' Phrionnsa, na aon air bith do na Caimbeulaich an-ìochdmhor sin a dh' eirich an aghaidh a' Phrionnsa dhlighich, agus a chaidh gu 'n dulan chum an luchd-duthcha a sgrios !

“Dean foighidinn, a bhean-uasail,” ars' an Gaidheal ; “oir gun teagamh bithidh tusa agus do chuid nighean ni 's tearuinte ann an lamhaibh fir-duthcha, na bliodh sibh ann an lamhaibh saighdeir Sasunnaich.”

Cha robh a' bhan-tighearn leighte le sin idir; gidheadh thilg i na h-ìuchraichean d' a ionnsuidh, a' guidhe gu 'm faicheadh i an la anns am biodh na Caimbeulaich air an gearradh as, eadar bhun agus bharr, leis na fineachaibh eile ! Thog e

na h-ìuchraichean, agus thoisich e air mion-rannsachadh a dheanamh air feadh gach cuil agus oisinn do 'n tigh! Re na h-ùine so, bha a' bhantighearn aig a shail, a' labhairt ris anns na briathraibh bu tareil' a b' urrainn di a dhealbhadh. Ghrad sheas an Gaidheal. Sheall e an clar an eudainn air a' mhnaoi uasal. Cha d' thubhairt e lide; ach thomh e a lamh ri leabaidh a bha 'n sin, agus chrath e a cheann! Air ball bha ise 'n a tosd—chaochail a gnuis, agus bha i uile air chrith le h-eagal! Aig a' mbionaid sin, thainig ceannard Sasunnach a steach, agus cuignear shaighdear maille ris, fo 'n lan armachd!

“O! faicibh an so,” deir a' bhantighearn, “crochair do na Caimbeulaich a chuireadh a rannsachadh an tìghe; agus tha e ri milleadh agus briseadh, agus a' tilgeadh gach ni bun os cionn.”

“Leig dhìot gu h-ealamh, a shloighteir,” ars' an ceannard Sasunnach, “agus thoir do chasan as; oir ma tha ceannaircìch an so, gabhaibh mise curam dhiubh.”

“Cha dean e 'n gnothach,” ars' an Gaidheal; “oir an fear is luaithe lamh, 's e is fearr cuid. Bha mise an so an toiseach; is leamsa, air an aobhar sin, coir an rannsachaidh, agus leamsa bithidh an duais airson na gheibhear. Air mo chomhairle, mata, thoir thusa gu grad an dorus ort.”

“Feuch dhomh t-ughdarras, a choin Albannaich, airson rannsachaidh.”

“Fench dhomhsa an toiseach cìod a' choir a ta agadsa airson sin iarraidh.”

“Is mise an t-oifigeach *Letam*, aig am bheil ughdarras o *Chobam*, mo cheannard: ach co o'm bheil ughdarras agadsa?”

“Tha m' ughdarras-sa o dhuin-uasal ni's fearr na thusa, agus ni's

fearr na aon a bha no bhitheas os do cheann.”

“O dhuin-uasal ni's fearr na mise, agus ni's fearr na aon a bha no bhitheas os mo cheann! Fhir mo chridhe, glacam thu air ball mar cheannairceach agus mar fhear-brathaidh an aghaidh do Rìgh agus do rìoghachd.”

Le sin, rug e air a' Ghaidheal; ach an uair a chunnaic an Caimbeulach danachd an t-Sasunnaich, thug e buille do 'n dorn dha, leis an do thuit e gun deo air an lar! Ann am mionaid tharruing na cuig saighdeirean an dagaichean, chum an Caimbeulach a thilgeadh; ach ghrad leum e gu cul leapach a bha ann an ceann eile an tìghe, le dag 's an aon laimh, agus a chladheamh 's an laimh eile; agus air do 'n t-slighe dh'ionnsuidh an t-seomair a bhi co aimhleathan 's nach rachadh dithis a steach comhladh, bha esan a rachadh a stigh an toiseach ciunteach gu cuirteadh gu bas e leis a' Chaimbeulach ghaisgeil! Air doibh so fhaicinn, chaidh dithis diubh mach, chum losgadh a stigh air troimh uinneig bhig a bha air cul an tìghe. Cha b' fhuasad a nis do 'n Ghaidheal an triuir a bha stigh a ehumail as an t-seomar, agus e fein a dhionadh o theine na dithis a bha muigh. Ach ghrad dhealbh e innleachd a shoirbhich leis. Shìne mach a bhoineid thar oisinn na leapach; agus air do 'n triuir a bha stigh smuaineachadh gu 'n robh a cheann innte, ghrad las an dagaichean, agus chaidh na trì peileirean troimh na boineid; ach bha 'n ceann tearuinte, agus b'olc an airidh mar biodh! Mar ghrad bhoisge an dealanaich, lean an Gaidheal a mach le a chladheamh ruisgte 'n a dhorn; agus mu 'm b'urraim na Sasunnaich an dorus a thoirt orra, bha dithis diubh air an gearradh as; agus rug e air an treas fear, agus chuir

e gu dith e aig astar beag o'n tigh. An uair a chunnaic an dithis aig an uinneig chuil mar a chaidh na cuisean, leam iad 'n an diollaidaibh, agus thug iad na spuir do na h-eich. Ghabh an Gaidheal each an oifigich Shasunnaich, agus ruith e 'n an deigh, ag eigheach riu, "Stad aibh, a chladhairean!—stadaibh!" Ach cha deanadh iad sin idir; agus ged a bha 'n Gaidheal a' bualadh an eich air adhairt leis a' chladh-eamh fhuilteach a bha 'n a laimh, cha robh e 'n a chomas beirsinn orra. Bha dithis dhaoine, Padruig Grannd agus Alasdair Mac-Eachainn, air a' cheart am sin ann an aite-foluich aig Craig-neart. Chunnaic iad an reis, agus cha 'n fhac iad a leithid riamh roimhe! Mu dheireadh, chaidh each a' Ghaidheil fodha ann am boglach, agus b' eigin da an ruaig a thoirt thairis:

Air do 'n Ghranndach agus do Mhac-Eachainn so fhaicinn, dh' fhag iad Craig-neart, chum failte a chur air a' Ghaidheal ghaisgeil a riun treuhantas co mor. Ach feuch! ciod an t-iongantas leis an do bhuaileadh iad, an uair a chunnaic iad gu 'm b' e an Gaidheal curanta so an ceannard urramach agus ionmhuinn fein — IAIN RUADH STIUBHART!

Phill an triuir gu Innis-Croi, far an d' fhuair iad na ban-tighearnan air chrith le h-eagal, agus na saighdeirean Sasunnach 'n an sineadh gun deo! An sin chaidh cuisean a mhineachadh air gach taobh. Dh' innis a' bhan-tighearn an t-eagal a ghabh i an uair a thomh an Caimbeulaich a lamh ris an leabaidh, a cheann gu 'n robh doras beag aig cul na leapach sin a bha treorachadh dh' ionnsuidh seomair uaignich far an robh a companach, agus uaislean eile a bha air taobh Thearlaich, air am foluchadh. Chunnaic i nach robh am Caimbeulach aineolach mu

'n t-seomar sin, agus lionadh a cridhe le geilt gu 'n glacteadh iad.—Dh' innis Iain Ruadh Stiubhart, air an laimh eile, gu 'm fac e na Sasunnaich a' deanamh dìreach air an tigh; agus air da fios a bhi aige gu 'n robh a chairdean air am foluchadh ann, runaich e a bheatha fein a chur an cunnart chum an teas-airginn.

Is iongantach mar a chealaicheadh an gnìomh euchdach so, air chor is nach d' fhuair Diuc Uilleam no a cheannardan riamh a mach co e an Caimbeulach gaisgeil a rinn an t-euchd a dh' ainmicheadh! Ach cha robh na ban-tighearnan co h-aghmhor ri Iain Ruadh agus a chompanaich; oir, air do Dhuic *Cumberland* mor-thamailt fhaotuinn airson mar a chuireadh as d'a shaighdeiribh, chuir e buidheann eile dh' ionnsuidh Innis-Croi, chum an tigh a chreachadh agus a losgadh, agus chum prìosaich a dheanamh de na ban-tighearnaibh! Bha 'n gnìomh dioghailtais so gu h-iomlan neodhuineil agus eas-urramach ann fein, agus ceart cosmhuil ri uile ghnoimh-araibh eile *Chumberland*, a bha comharraichte airson ain-ìochd agus cruas-cridhe!

SGIATHANACH.

Cia suainmheach an inntinn, cia stolda an aigne, cia suilbhear a' ghnùis, cia binn an guth, cia milis an codal, cia toillichte uile-bheatha an duine sin nach runaich droch-bheairt 'n a chridhe an aghaidh muinntir eile; agus nach smuainich gu 'm bheil a leithid air a runachadh le neach sam bith 'n a aghaidh fein. Air an laimh eile, nach graineil, mì-thaitneach an nì a bhi 'buanachadh ann an staid naimhdeis, counsachaidh, agus corruich, air do na smuaintean a bhi air an claidh gu searbh le curam, amhuras, agus doilghios, a bhi maraon ag oibreachadh annta,

AN T-OLLAMH SEUMAS
GARIE.

Bha 'n duine urramach so 'n a mhinistear soisgeulach, dichiollach agus curamach aig gach am, agus anns gach aite, chum Soisgeul na sithe a shearmonachadh d'a luchd-eisdeachd. Chaidh e maille ri ministeiribh diadhaidh eile a null dh'ionnsuidh nan Eireannach anns a' bhliadhna 1790, a thoirt eolais doibh air briathraibh na beatha maireannaich. Air doibh a bhi 'searmonachadh re aireimh mhiosan ann an Sligo, a reir coslais le morbhuannach d'an luchd-eisdeachd, thogadh eaglais mhor am fochair a' bhaile, a bha ro fhreagarrach air son an t-sluaigh a dh' fhas mu dheireadh gle lionmhor. Bha cuisean a' dol air an aghaidh gle thaitneach car uine, ach mu dheireadh dh' eirich naimhdean suas an aghaidh sheirbhiseach an Tighearna, agus runaich iad an eaglais a thilgeadh sìos gu lar. Thug iad ionnsaidh oirre a ris agus a ris, ach mu dheireadh chaidh a' chuis leo, agus loisg iad tigh an Tighearna gu luathre ! Cha bu leoir sin leis an luchd-drochbheirt so, ach rinn iad geur-leanmhuinn chruaidh, air na deagh-dhaoinibh sin ach gu sonraichte air aon diubh, a bha iad a' dian-lorgadh o aite gu h-aite. Dh' fhas na cuisean anabarrach cunnartach, agus bha eagal mor airsan gu h-araidh air am bu mhiann leo greim a dheanamh. Uime sin, chunnaic e freagarrach a chairtealan fein atharrachadh gach oidhche fa leth. Bhunaich e gidheadh 'n a dhrennd fein, agus cha do dhiobair e idir ann a bhi 'thoirt rabhaidh do 'n aingidh air gach taobh dha. Air feasgar araidh a bha tiamhaidh, dorcha, trom, chualas buille aig an doras. Ghrad dh' fhosgladh e, agus thainig duine, borb, fiadhaich a stigh do 'n t-seomar, le a' ghnuis comhdaichte o chluais gu cluais le feusaig robaich,

dhuibh. Sheas e dìreach air a bhonnaibh, agus bha e mu shea troighean ann an airde. Bha dag aige 'n a laimh dheis. Chum e an t-inneal marbhtach so gu dìreach ri h-aghaidh a' mhinistear, agus bhagair e am peileir a chur gu grad troimh 'eanachainn. Dh' eirich an t-Ollamh suas gun sgath, gun eagal, ghlac e Biobull beag 'n a laimh, chaidh e le gnais chiuin, thlaith, an codhail a' mhortair alluidh, agus dh' amhaire e air gu geur, guo a' n clar an eudainn. Bha am mortair air a bhualadh le coslas seimh, malta, neo-chiontach an duine naoimh. Cha do labhair e lide, ach thionndaidh e air a shail, thug e an dorus air, agus cha do cheòduicheadh dha dochunn sam bith a dheanamh air seirbhiseach dileas an Tighearna !

Is miobhuileach freasdal an Ti a's Airde chum a phibull fein a theasairginn. Gabhaidh esan curam diubh 'n an dol a mach, agus 'n an teachd a steach ; stiuiridh se iad air rodaibh an dleasais, agus bheir e air na h-nile nithibh oibreachadh le cheile chum an leas. Is beannuichte, uime sin, an ti sin a chuireas a dhochas anns an Tighearna.

SGIATHANACH.



Feudaidh sibh caraid na firinn a chlaoidh agus a sharuchadh, ach mairidh an fhirinn fein gu 'n truaileadh. Feudaidh sibh am Bard, am Fear-eadhlain, agus an Criosduidh irioslachadh gu mor, ach cha 'n 'eil e 'n 'ur comas a' bhardachd no ealadh ain, no 'n Creideamh Criosduidh a mhilleadh, no mhaslachadh air sheol sam bith.

Feudar a radh nach 'eil ann an Gamhla ach "domblas na seirbhe agus cuibhreach na h-eucorach." Se Gamhla an toradh a's seirbhe a dh' fhasas air craoibh a' pheacaidh, agus cha 'n urrainn ni sam bith ach teas-ghradh an Ti a's Airde a smaladh as an anam.

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NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 222.)

458. *Murcas* (sadness, gloominess) and *murcach* (sad, gloomy) are connected with Dan. *mörk* (dark, gloomy), *mörke* (darkness, gloom), Ice. *myrkr* (darkness), A.S. *mirk* (darkness), Scot. *mirk*, Eng. *murky*.

459. *Mul* (a conical heap, a mound) and *mulan* (a little hill, heap, stack, rick of hay; dim. of *mul*) are connected with Lat. *moles* (a mass, heap, lump of huge bulk or weight). Cf. *mol* (a heap).

460. *Rùcan* (a small round hill, a small rick of corn or hay) is connected with Scot. *ruck*, N. *röyk*, or *rauk* (a small heap as of corn-sheaves in a field), Ice. *hraukr*, (a small stack), A. S. *hreac* (rick, stack), Eng. *rick*. Cf. Wedgwood's Etym. Dict. The Ice. *hraukr* shows that *rùcan* and *cruach* may be from the same root.

461. *Rong* and *rongas* (a joining spar; a rib or timber of a boat; a staff) is connected with Ice. *röng* (a rib in a ship), Goth *hrugg* (a rod, a stick), Scot. *rung* (any long piece of wood).

462. *Mùr* (a wall, bulwark; a fortified place) = Lat. *murus* (a wall, as of a town). Cf. Ice. *múrr* (a wall), also from Lat. *murus*.

463. *Lùb* (a bend, curvature) is connected with Ger. *lufe* (a loop), Eng. *loop*.

464. *Spàirn* (effort, hard struggle, violent exertion) may be compared with Old Fr. *espreindre* (to force out, to strain) from which is derived Eng. *sprain* (to strain, to overstrain the

muscles of a joint). *Espreindre* is from Lat. *exprimo* (to press out, strain out).

465. *Spoth* (geld, castrate) is cognate with Lat. *spado* (eunuch), Gr. *spadōn* (eunuch) from *spaō*, Eng. *spay*. Cf. Bret. *spaza* and W. *dyspaddu* (to castrate).

466. *Osd* (an inn) is a loan-word either from Eng. *host* (one who entertains strangers, an innkeeper) or directly from Old Fr. *hoste* from Lat. *hospes, hospitis*. In *òsd* initial *h* is dropped as in *ad* (hat), *osan* (hose).

467. *Aifrionn* (the Catholic mass; gen. *aifriunn*; anc. *aiffrend*, gen. *aiffriind*) is from Lat. *offerenda* (offering). In the Highl. Soc. Dict. this word is derived from *nèamh* and *raun*!

468. *Aibhis* (the sea; the great void, the atmosphere) = Lat. *abyssus*, Gr. *abyssos* (bottomless, unfathomable, boundless; the abyss), Eng. *abyss*.

469. *Spàin* and *spoon*.

Spàin (a spoon) is connected with Ice. *spáinn* and *spónn* (a chip, shaving, made by a plain, knife, or axe; a spoon), Dan. *spaan* (a chip), Ger. *span* (very thin board, chip, splint, shaving), A. S. *spon* and *spoon* (a chip), Dut. *spaan* (a chip), Eng. *spoon*.

470. *Spang* or *spann* (any small thin plate of metal; anything shining, or sparkling) corresponds to Dan. *spang* (clasp, buckle), Ice. *spenna* (clasp), Swed. *spänne*, Ger. *spange* (clasp), Dut. *spang* (spangle), A. S. *spange* (clasp), Eng. *spangle*.

471. *Spann* (to sever, cut asunder, divide) corresponds to Old Ger.

spanen (to divide), *span* (strife, split, discord), Dut. *spanen* (splint).

472. *Spann* (to wean a child) is connected with Ice. *speni* (a teat, dug), A. S. *spana* (teats or speanes of females), Dut. *speen* (udder, dug), *spenen* (to wean or abstain from some pleasure), Ger. *spänen* (to wean).

473. *Casd* and *casad* (a cough) is cognate with Ice. *hosti* (a cough), *hoste* (a cough), *hoste* (to cough), Scot. *host*. Garnett compares *casd* (cough) and Lat. *tussis*, like *ceithir* and Gr. *tessares*.

474. *Speur* (the sky, the firmament) is referred by Pietet and Bopp to Sansk. *svar* (the sky, the heavens), but is possibly a loan-word from Lat. *sphæra* (a globe, sphere), Gr. *sphaira* (a ball, globe, hollow sphere), Eng. *sphere*.

475. *Oscarra* (loud, energetic, bold) is connected with, if not derived from Ice. *öskra* (to bellow, to roar).

476. *Coire* (cauldron, kettle) may be compared with Ice. *hverr* (cauldron, boiler) = *hver-r*. *C* in Gaelic frequently corresponds to *h* in Icelandic and the other Teutonic languages.

477. *Leisg* or *leasg* (lazy) may be compared with Ice. *löskr* (weak, idle), Dan. *luske* (to sneak, to sculk about). Cf. Ice. *lidh-leskja* (a bad hand, a laggard).

478. *Snaidh* (hew, cut down) = W. *naddu* (to hew, chip, cut) and is cognate with Ger. *schneiden* (to cut, carve), Ice. *sneidha* (to cut into slices) and *snidha* (to slice, lop, cut), Goth. *sneidhan* (to cut) from root *snaith*, A.S. *snidan* (to cut, cut off) and *snidhan* (to cut, cut off, amputate).

479. *Slaod* (to trail) is cognate with Ice. *slædha* (to trail) and *slodhi* (a truss of fagots trailed along; cf. *slaod* (a trail, a trailing burden), Dan. *slæde* (sledge, sleigh), Ger.

schlitten (sledge), Eng. *slide*. Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Lexicon.

480. *Sgol* (rinse, wash) = Ice. *skola* (to wash), *skol* (washing water), Dan. *skylle* (to rinse, wash).

481. *Sgrìodan* (a stony ravine on a mountain side, the track of a mountain torrent, a landslip) corresponds to Ice. *skridha* (a landslip on a hill-side).

482. *Sleag* or *sléig* (to sneak, drawl) is connected with Ger. *schleichen* (to sneak, crawl, slink), A. S. *slincan* (to slink, crawl, creep), Eng. *slink*. Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Lexicon.

483. *Sìoman* (a rope, a cord, usually made of twisted straw or heather) may be compared with Dan. *sime* (a cord of twisted straw or hair), Ice. *síma* (a rope, cord).

484. *Geò* or *geodha* (a creek or cove formed by surrounding rocks) may be compared with Ice. *gja* (a chasm, rift), *geögr* (a cleft, rift). The Icelandic *gja* is found in the North of Scotland in the forms *geo* and *geow*.

485. *Còs* (a cavern, cave, crevice) may be compared with Ice. *kjós* (a deep or hollow place).

486. *Sgeir* (a rock in the sea) corresponds to Ice. *sker* (a rock in the sea), Dan. *skjære*, Swed. *skär*, Eng. *skerry*.

487. *Crò* (a fold for sheep) corresponds to Ice. *krò* (a small pen or fence, the pen in which lambs when weaned are put during the night), Dan. *kro* (an inn), Scot. *croo* (a hovel, sty).

488. *Cròch* (saffron, red) = Lat. *crocus*, Gr. *krokos*.

489. *Corcur* (scarlet, crimson) = Lat. *purpura*, *c* in Gaelic representing *p* in Latin.

490. *Os* (the mouth of a river) = Ice. *oss* (the mouth or outlet of a river or lake) from Lat. *ostium* (mouth, entrance). *S* of *os* is from *st*.

491. *Lìon* (a net, a fishing-net) may be compared with Ice. *lög*n (a net laid in the sea).

492. *Dealy* (a thorn, prickle; a pin, bodkin) may be compared with Ice. *dalkr* (the pin in the cloaks of the ancients), A.S. *dalc* (a buckle).

493. *Gin* (the mouth, of frequent occurrence in ancient Gaelic) is cognate with Ice. *gin* (the mouth), Gr. *chainō* (to yawn) from root *chan*, Lat. *hio* (to open, to open one's mouth), *hisco* from *hiasco* (to open, gape, yawn), Ger. *gähnen* (to yawn), A. S. *gin* (a gap, an opening), *ginan* and *ginian* (to yawn). Eng. *yawn*, Scot. *gant*.

494. *Criadh* (clay; anc. *criad*) = Lat. *creta*.

495. *Long* (ship = W. *llong*) according to Ebel (see Celtic Studies, p. 103.) = Lat. *longa* (navis), long ship; but cf. Ice. *lung* (ship).

496. *Lorg* (staff, club, cudgel; anc. *lorc*) = Corn. *lorch* (staff) and may be compared with Ice. *lurkr* (cudgel). Cf. also Arm. *lorchen*.

497. *Mol* or *mal* (a beach) may be compared with Ice. *möl* (pebbles), worn stones, the bed of pebbles on the beach or in a river).

498. *Cleit* (a rugged eminence) may be compared with Ice. *kleittr* (a rock, a cliff), Dan. *klint* (a cliff), Scot. *cliett*.

499. *Cnarra* (a ship) is connected with Ice. *knörr* (a ship, a merchant-ship; gen. *knarrar*), A.S. *cnear* (a ship, galley).

500. *Cnap* (a knob, lump, little hill) corresponds to Ice. *knappr* (a knob, stud, button), Mod. Ice. *knappr*, Dan. *knap* (a knob, button), Ger. *knopf* (a button, knob), Dut. *knop* and *knoop* (a button), A.S. *cnæp* (a button, knop), Eng. *knop* and *knob*, Cf. W. *cnap* (a knob, button).

501. *Chuas* (ear) = W. *clust* (ear), and is cognate with Ice. *hlust* (ear), A.S. *hlyst* (the sense of hearing),

Eng. *list* and *listen*. The root is *clu* or *clu*. Cf. Sansk. *gru* (to hear), Gr. *kluō* (to hear), and Lat. *cluo* (to hear). See Curtius' Gr. Etymology.

502. *Dàil* (delay) may be compared with Ice. *dvala* (to delay) and *dvala* = *dvilo* (a short stay, stop, delay), Da. *dvale* (a trance, torpor) and *dvæle* (to dwell, linger, tarry), Eng. *dwell* (lit. to delay, to linger).

503. *Dūs-* in *dūsai* (a slumber) may be compared with Dan. *døs* (drowsiness), *døse* (to doze), Ice. *dús* (a lull, dead calm) and *dúsa* (to doze), A.S. *dwæs* (dull), Eng. *doze*.

504. *Glùn* (the knee; = W. and Corn. *glin*) is derived by Stokes from *glup-no* = *grup-no*, from root *grup* (to bend). Cf. *swan* (sleep; = W. *hun*) = *svapna* and Lat. *somnus* for *sopnus*, Gr. *hypnos*. See Beiträge Z. Vergl. Sprachf., vol. 5, p. 450.

505. *Teine* (fire; anc. *tene* = W. *tân* and Corn. *tan*) is cognate with Zend. *taf-nu* (hot) for *tap-nu*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 89, and Beiträge, vol. 5, p. 450. Cf. also Sansk. root *tap* (to make hot, to burn) and Lat. *tepeo* (to be warm).

506. *Lighe* (flood) = W. *li* and *llif* (flood, deluge, stream), Corn. *lif* and *lyw* (flood) from root *lib*, from which come also Gr. *leibō* (to pour out, to let flow) *loibē* (a pouring), Lat. *libare* (to pour out). Cf. Beiträge, vol. 5, p. 451 and Curtius' Gr. Etymology.

(To be continued.)

TONGUE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.—We are glad to understand that Donald M'Leod, son of Wm. M'Leod, merchant, Tongue, has gained the Macphail bursary of £20, tenable for two years, given by the Free Church to promising young lads to enable them to prosecute their studies at a grammar school, with a view to entering the University. Mr. M'Leod, who is only sixteen years of age, gained the highest prize in the whole county for general scholarship, and also the highest in English Grammar at the competition held at Farr in April last, by the Sutherlandshire Association.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

The massacre of Glencoe was an act which, from its complicated and cold-blooded iniquity, ranks with those wicked deeds which may be called continental in their breadth and atrocity, and which, had it not been an exception to the general policy of William, might have been said to outweigh all the glories of his reign.

The Earl of Breadalbane had received from government a large sum of money to bribe the rebellious clans to submission to King William's authority. Some dispute or difference of opinion had arisen as to the distribution of the bribes. Breadalbane began to suspect that the chieftans meant to deceive and hoodwink him. Whether right or wrong in this belief, he betrayed his suspicions to government. They, on the month of August, 1691, issued a proclamation, enjoining all and each of them to take the oaths to the government of William and Mary, previous to the 1st day of January, 1692. In this proclamation, too, it was threatened that all who did not submit to these terms should be punished by the utmost rigours of fire and sword.

This proclamation was drawn up by Sir John Dalrymple, or the Master of the Stair, in conjunction with Breadalbane. He wished to form a Highland army in favour of government, and to get, if possible, all the Highland chiefs to transfer their allegiance from King James to the new dynasty. This he found, however, very difficult. The chiefs were fond enough of money, but fonder, at heart, of the Stuarts. Many of them, including the MacDonalds, stood out for more favourable terms—the negotiation was broken off, and the fatal proclamation was issued.

We believe it is certain that Stair began now to entertain the private hope that the chiefs would not submit at all, or, at least, that they would hold out beyond the prescribed term, and, in the "gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things," had determined to make the broad Highlands a monument of his vengeance. He had collected troops at Inverlochy—he had resolved to take the advantage of the winter, when the passes would be stopped, when the highlanders would not be expecting an attack, and would become an easy prey. Thus, like a tiger on the edge of his jungle, did this inhuman lawyer lie eagerly waiting for his hour.

The chiefs, however, were on their

guard. Within the prescribed time, they, one by one, submitted to the terms of the proclamation. It has been said that this was at the secret suggestion of King James, who had penetrated Lord Stair's purpose, and had directed his friends rather to forswear their consciences than to lose their lives.

As chief after chief took the oath of allegiance, Stair became more and more chagrined, and increasingly anxious that some one of the clans should refuse and become the victim of his revenge. And one such tribe at last did fall into his vindictive and quivering jaws. This was the tribe of the MacDonalds, inhabiting, as a "munition of rocks," the valley of Glencoe.

Glencoe is a softened Sinai—Sinai scorched and uncrowned with all the leading features of that "great and terrible mountain" transferred to Scotland. There are, indeed, many diversities. Through the valley of Glencoe winds a stream called the Cona—a name of perfect music, soft as softest Italian, and which seems the very echo of the tender and everlasting wail of a lonely river. No such stream laves the foot of Sinai's savage hill. Then there lies below one of the boldest hills of the pass a lovely lake, looking up with child-like, trustful, untrembling eye to the lowering summits above; and a fine verdure here and there creeps up the precipices, and green pastures and still waters encompass hills on which Aaron might have waited for death, or Moses ascended to meet God—features all unlike those of the Syrian wilderness. But the mural aspect of many of the precipices, the rounded shape of some of the mountains, contrasted with the sharp razor-like ridges of others—the deep and horrid clefts and ravines which yawn here and there—the extent, dreariness, solitude, and grandeur of the whole mountain range above—the summits you see, but scarcely see, behind their nearer brethren, as though retiring, like proud and lonely spirits, into their own inaccessible hermitages—the appearance of convulsion, and tearing in pieces, and rending in twain, and fierce unreconciliation, which rests, like a black jagged wing, over the whole region—were all those of Horeb, as it might be seen in pictures and in dreams; and we become, for a season, silent and awe-struck, as if waiting for another avatar of the deity, upon those thunder-split and shaggy peaks. Another image which suggests itself, is that of two ranges of tempest-tossed mountain-waves

of ocean, with a wide interspace of comparative calm between them, suddenly arrested and stiffened into eternal granite. One mountain itself excites peculiar emotion. It is round-headed—knotted too, with round rocks—it comes nearer the valley than the rest, although without impending over it—it is extremely steep, and has a large fissure glaring eastward over the glen, “like a gash on warrior’s breast.” This is called, popularly, Ossian’s cave, and perhaps the hill is also called Ossian’s hill. It might be named Mount Moses; for it seems an exact similitude of the precipitous and one-pathed mountain, up which that lonely man panted and quaked to meet with a thunder-shrouded and lightning-guarded God.

Further down, the valley becomes softer in its character; the mountains retire still further from it; the Cona murmurs gentler measures as it glides onwards to Loch Leven, where it is to be lost; and at a bend of the stream, on a green level meadow, about two miles from the Loch, at a place where, according to Talfourd, “the wild myrtle grows in great profusion,” stood the cottage of the leader of the clan, MacDonald, and was transacted that massacre which all ages shall arise and call accursed.

“As the clime is, so the heart of man.” The MacDonalds were worthy of their savage scenery, and more savage weather. True “children of the mist” were they—strong, hardy, fearless—at feud with the adjacent Campbells—the clan to which Breadalbane belonged—--and, although their number never amounted to more than two hundred armed men, their name was a terror throughout all that country, and repeatedly had the blood of the race of Dermid smoked upon their swords. Their leader bore the patronymic title of MacIain. He is described as a man of distinguished courage and sagacity, venerable in aspect, stately in bearing, and moved among his neighbouring chieftains like a demigod. He had followed Claverhouse to Killiecrankie; he had had, along with the other chiefs, a meeting to adjust differences with Breadalbane, and had come there to open rupture and recrimination with the earl. He knew, and said afterwards, that Breadalbane was his foe, and would yet try to do him injury. And still, with a strange inconsistency, amounting almost to infatuation, he deferred taking the oath, and thereby securing his safety, till the appointed time had nearly expired.

This was a mode of conduct entirely

after Stair’s own heart, who, in a letter dated the 3d of December—a month before the limits of the indemnity were reached—had expressed an ardent hope, that some of the clans, and especially the MacDonalds of Glencoe, would “fall into the net”—(i.e., afford the government some tolerable pretext for their destruction).

A few days, however, before the 1st of January (1692) Colonel Hill is sitting in his room, in Fort-William, when some strangers claim an audience. There enter several highlandmen clad in the MacDonald tartan, with its intense centre of blue lying amid variegated squares of green, and occasional cross-lines of white—one towering in stature and dignity of bearing above the rest—all armed, but all in an attitude of submission. They are MacIain and the leaders of his tribe, who have come, at the eleventh hour, to swear the oath of allegiance to King William. The colonel, a soldier and a gentleman, is glad yet grieved to see them. For alas! being a military and not a civil officer, he has *no* power to receive their oath. He tells them so—and the old chieftain first remonstrates, and at last in his agony *weeps*; perhaps his first tears since childhood—like the waters of the Cona breaking over the stony channels of Glencoe! The tears of a brave old man are the most affecting of all tears, and the colonel, moved to the heart, writes out a letter to Sir Colonel Campbell, sheriff of Argyleshire, requesting him, although legally too late, to receive the submission of the chief; and with this letter in his *sporrán nòlach*, away in haste hies the belated MacIain from Fort-William to Inverary.

The road to Inverary led to within a mile of MacIain’s house, but such was his haste that he did not even turn aside to enter it. He pushed on through horrible paths, rendered worse by a heavy fall of snow—for the very elements seemed to combine in the conspiracy against the doomed MacDonalds. In consequence, notwithstanding all the speed he could exert, he reached Inverary too late—the 1st of January was past.

He told, however, his story, and the sheriff—who seems to have been a humane and sensible man—on considering all the circumstances, did not hesitate to administer the oath, and sent off a message to the Privy Council announcing the fact, and explaining all the reasons of his conduct. He also wrote to Colonel Hill, requesting him to take care that his soldiers should not molest the MacDonalds

till the pleasure of the Privy Council on the matter was known.

Meanwhile, Stair had procured and issued two proclamations. The first, that of the 11th of January, contained peremptory orders for military measures of fire and sword against all that had not taken the oath within the term prescribed, providing, however, that, were they promptly to submit, they might even yet obtain mercy. The second, which appeared on the 16th, while still holding out the hope of indulgence to the other clans, expressly excepted the inhabitants of Glencoe, in the following words:—“As for MacIan of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves.”

In order to procure for the king such savage and wholly needless proclamations (for, be it observed, all the highlanders, without exception, had now submitted) very extraordinary measures had been used. The letter of the sheriff had been suppressed—the certificate of MacIan's having taken the oath had been bloated out from the books of council—and, there can be little doubt, private communications had represented the MacDonalds as obstinate rebels. At all events, King William, with his own hand, and not that of his secretary, subscribed and superscribed orders for the destruction of the entire tribe.

Stair lost no time in executing the bloody commission. He wrote to Colonel Hill enjoining them to be “slaughtered, and that the manner of execution must be *sure, secret, and effectual*.” Hill shrank in grief and horror from the task; and, after trying for some time to evade it, at last transferred the orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, and directed him to take four hundred men of a highland regiment belonging to the Duke of Argyre, and consisting, consequently, of Campbells—the neighbours and acquaintances—some of them friends of, and more of them at feud with, the MacDonalds. This seemed necessary to bring the matter to its blackest point.

Towards the close of January, a company of armed highlanders are seen wending their way up the banks of Loch-Leven to the opening of the valley. The MacDonalds, on hearing of this, are, at first, apprehensive that they have come to seize their arms, and they send them away accordingly to a distant and secure spot. This done, they go forth to

meet them. They find it a party of Argyre's soldiers, commanded by Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, whose niece is married to Alaster MacDonald, one of MacIan's sons. They ask whether they have come as friends or as foes. The reply is that they have come as friends—that as the garrison at Fort-William is overcrowded, they have been sent to quarter themselves for a short period in Glencoe. They are received with all the warmth of highland hospitality. Feuds, political grudges, are all forgotten, and a fortnight passes away in the mutual exchange of every kindly office. Well, indeed, says Skakspere—“A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.” Thus they had continued till, at last, there arrived orders from Major Duncanson, commanding Campbell to put all the MacDonalds below seventy to the sword, at four in the morning precisely, and to take especial care that the old fox and his cubs do not escape, threatening him at the same time that, if he did not fulfil the orders he shall be treated as 'not true to the king and government. Duncanson had been instructed to this by Hamilton, who in his despatch used the remarkable words—“*The Government are not to be troubled with prisoners.*”

This order is dated 12th February, and reached Glenlyon's hands a few hours after. He speedily put it into execution. Well did he, meanwhile, play the hypocritical part. He had every day taken his “morning” as it was called—*i.e.* a draught of raw usquebaugh, drunk on rising—in the house of his connection, Alaster MacDonald, Nor had he omitted it on the morning before the massacre. He and two of his officers, moreover, accepted an invitation next day to dine with old MacIan, whom they had destined to dine with death. And on the night of the 12th we see John and Alaster MacDonald *playing at cards* with their murderer, in his own quarters.

The MacDonalds had all retired to rest with the exception of the two sons of MacIan. Their suspicions had been, in some measure, aroused in reference to Campbell. They had noticed that, when evening came on, the main-guard was strengthened, and the sentinels increased. They had heard, too, (as in that immortal description of Pollok, of the signs preceding the Judgment)—

“Earnest whispers ran along the hills
At dead of night,
And all the words they heard were spoke
of them.”

They had overheard the *sotto voce* talk of the soldiers, complaining that they were compelled to such an infernal service, while, very naturally, laying the chief blame of it upon their officers. Stung to a sudden consciousness of danger which was prophetic, and which, perhaps, secured their safety, the sons of MacIan rushed from their apartment to the military quarters, and found Glenlyon and his men getting ready their arms. They asked him, what was the meaning of all this; and if aught was intended against them. He replied, with dauntless effrontery, that he and his men were thinking of an expedition against Glengarry's people, and added, "If anything evil had been intended would I not have told Alaster and my niece?" Grumbling, yet in some measure satisfied, the two young men return to their dwellings.

All now is silent over that devoted valley. A heavy snow storm has indeed began to fall, but as yet is reserving its full fury for a later hour in the morning, when there shall be fugitives partly to sink, but principally to shelter, under its drifts. The voice of the Cona is choked in ice. The great heights that tower behind have no thunders or voices to proclaim the approaching doom. MacIan himself is sleeping the sound, deep sleep of innocence and security; the fatigues and mortifications of his journeys to Fort-William and Inverary all forgotten. Suddenly, at four precisely, a knock is heard at his door. It is opened immediately, and the old man bustles up to dress himself, and to order refreshments for those early visitors. Without a moment's warning—without a preliminary word—he is shot dead, and falls back on the bed, into the arms of his aged wife! She is next assailed—stripped—the gold rings torn off by the teeth of the soldiers, and so maltreated that in a day she shall die! All the servants and clansmen in the same house are massacred.

All, save one. He, an aged domestic, somehow escapes, and, running to the abode of the two brothers, cries out "Is it time for you to be sleeping when your father is murdered on his own hearth?" They arise in haste—they hurry out, and hear all around them, from every house and habitation, shrieks, shots, shouts, groans, the roar of muskets, and cries of men, women, and children, combined into one harmony of Hell. One wonders how *they* were not assailed as soon as their father, and is tempted to suspect that Glenlyon, after all, had some pity

for his niece's husband. As it was, they made for the mountains, and, by their knowledge of dark and devious paths through that howling wilderness, were enabled to escape.

What a glen did they leave behind them, and what a morning! The snow is falling thick, and is thickening every moment. In the valley there is not a house but there is one, or more than one, dead. Led through the darkness, as by the light of unearthly eyes, the soldiers pass from house to house, from hamlet to hamlet, rush, unbind their victims, lead them out, and shoot them dead. In Glenlyon's own quarters, nine men, including his own landlord, are bound and shot—one of them with General Hill's passport in his pocket! A lad of twenty had, in some strange fit of compassion, been spared by the soldiers, till a demon in soldier-shape, called Captain Drummond, came up, and ordered him instantly to be put to death. A boy of five is clinging to Glenlyon's knees, asking for mercy, and offering to be his servant for life, when Drummond (it was a deed worthy of Claverhouse) stabbed the child with his dirk, as he was in the act and agony of a prayer, by which even Campbell was moved.

Up the glen, a group of MacDonalds—some ten in number—are assembled on that cold morning around the fire of their hut. The men of the massacre, including one Barber, a sergeant, who it seems had been quartered in the house, fire in upon the party, and kill four of them. The owner of the house escaped unhurt, and expressed a desire to be put to death in the open air. "For your bread which I have ate," says Barber, "I will grant the request." He was taken out accordingly; but, while the soldiers were presenting their muskets, he threw his plaid over their faces, broke away, and made his escape up the valley.

And now the blaze of burning cottages begins to illuminate that gloomy glen. The murderers, after massacring the inmates, set their dwellings on fire. Many, however, taking the alarm, escape, half-naked, into the storm; and through profound wreaths of snow, and over savage rocks and ravines, find their way to safety. Some, indeed, are lost in the drifts, others stumble over precipices to rise no more. But the snow avails to save more than it destroys. Duncanson, in his letter to Glenlyon, had promised to be at Glencoe at four in the morning. Had he fulfilled his promise, and been able then to occupy

the eastern passes, he would have intercepted and destroyed all the fugitives. Owing to the storm, however, he did not arrive till eleven in the forenoon, and by this time there was not a MacDonald alive in the glen, save an old man of eighty. Him they slew. The rest of the cottages they burned to ashes. They then collected the property of the tribe, consisting of twelve hundred heads of cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, and drove them off to the garrison of Fort-William. In all thirty-eight were killed, and one hundred and fifty made their escape—having to flee more than twelve miles, through rocks and deserts, ere they reached a place of security.—*George Gilfillan.*



CURIOUS ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY AT DUTHIL.

An antiquarian discovery, which has excited much interest in the district, has lately been made at the house of Shillochan, near Carr-bridge, and in the parish of Duthil. Shillochan is about half-a-mile due south of the Parish Church of Duthil, of which the Rev. Mr. Grant is minister. About three months ago Mr. Grant heard that a curious old carved frame had been found at Shillochan, and accordingly he proceeded and made inquiries regarding it. He found it to be a huge oblong piece of finely grained Scotch fir, having on one side rows of carving of various designs, and executed with much skill. It measures in breadth—that is, in the line in which the carving runs—eight feet; and in height six feet; while its thickness is about four inches. Until six months ago it had formed the ceiling of a room in the old house of Shillochan, which at one time was inhabited by a branch of the Grant family. On the removal of the old house, about six months ago, the old frame was turned out as a useless piece of timber, and as such Mr. Grant examined it.

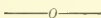
The edges are neatly carved, and

extending in rows along the eight feet breadth, are carvings of various devices. The first row consists of twenty-one carved panels or squares, each the crest of a Highland family, among which are plainly decipherable the crests of the houses of Grant (in the centre), Athole, Cumming, Forbes, Leslie, Lumsden, Fraser. Below these panels is a text of Scripture; then another row of carved panels with different mottoes; then another text of Scripture; and immediately below this is another row of carving. There is no date to be seen, or anything which indicates the probable time at which it was in use. On the back of the frame there is no mark, beyond a mortice cut at each end, which indicates that it must have formed one side of some erection fixed into these mortices.

There is a story about this old wooden square frame current in Duthil. It is that it came from a castle which was situated on the banks of the Spey, a few hundred yards east of Boat of Garten railway station, and where the castle moat is distinctly traced. This was the residence of a lady of the Cumming family, Bigla Cumming, heiress of Gleanncheathannich, who was married to Patrick Grant, of Freuchy (the ancient name for Castle-Grant), some time about the beginning of the fourteenth century. This, however, is a mere vague tradition; and the frame has probably formed some part of the decorations surrounding the altar of an ancient place of worship—either the old church of Duthil—of which scarcely a vestige remains—or of the church of Deshar, on the south side of the parish of Duthil.

The tenant of Shillochan presented the frame to Lord Reidhaven, and a few weeks ago it was placed in the

breakfast-room of Castle - Grant, where it adds to the interesting collection of antiquities already in possession of the Seafield family. Mr. Fraser, of the Register House, Edinburgh, examined it before its removal to Castle-Grant, and pronounced it to be of much value to the antiquarian. On a more minute examination of this interesting relic, further particulars regarding its history will probably transpire.



A HIGHLAND BOATMAN'S SONG.

The September number of the *Saturday Journal* contains three descriptive articles by Mr. Robert Buchanan, entitled, "Among the Hebrides," "A fair in the Hebrides," and "Birds of the Hebrides,"—the third suggested by Mr. Gray's book on the birds of the West of Scotland. In describing a night on Loch Uribol, Mr. Buchanan translates the Gaelic melody sung by one of the boatmen :—

"It is a summer night ; and we are lying in the stern of a fishing-skiff, rowed by two stalwart boatmen. As we glide along under the black swadow of the hills, one of the men is crooning to himself, in a low sort of undertone, a weird Highland melody—one of those exquisitely beautiful tunes which are half a recitative, half a melody—oratory set to cadence and sparkling into music, just as a fountain tops itself with spray. The ditty he is singing may be rendered into English words as follows, but no translation can convey the deep pathos and subtle sweetness of the original :—

'O mar tha mi ! 'tis the wind that's blowing,

O mar tha mi ! 'tis the sea that's white.
'Tis my own brave boatman was up and going

From Uist to Barra at dead of night.

Body of black and wings of red,
His boat went out on the stormy sea.
O mar tha mi ! can I sleep in my bed ?
O gillie dubh ! come back to me !

'O mar tha mi ! is it weed out yonder ?
O is it weed or a tangled sail ?
Oh the shore I wait and watch and wander.
It's calm this day, but my heart is pale.
O this is the skiff with wings so red,
And it floats upturned on the glassy sea.
O mar tha mi ! is my boatman dead ?
O gillie dubh ! come back to me !

'O mar tha mi ! 'tis a corpse that's sleeping,
Floating there on the weeds and sand ;
His face is drawn and his locks are dreeping,
His arms are stiff, and he's clenched his hands.

Turn him up on his sandy bed,
Clean his face from the weed o' the sea.
O mar tha mi ! 'tis the boatman dead !
O gillie dubh ! won't you look at me ?

'O mar tha mi ! 'tis my love that's taken !
O mar tha mi ! I am left forlorn !
He'll never kiss and he'll never waken,
He'll never look on the babe unborn.
His blood is water, his heart is lead,
His dead and slain by the cruel sea.
O mar tha mi ! I am lone in my bed,
My gillie dubh is away from me !

As he sings, keeping time with his oars to the melancholy burden, the summer moon begins to cast a ghostly gleam behind the mountains, and suddenly it arises above the lake—yellow, round, and bright, suffusing the surface of the lake with its rays. Through the ambient darkness glides the boat. All is still as death, save for the sound of the oar, the wild scream of the curlew flitting from one ghostly bay to another, and the faint far-off sound of the sea-birds feeding on the black shores of the fjörd.

Mr. Buchanan seems particularly happy in his descriptions, both in prose and verse, of the Hebridean scenery and manners, with which he is intimately acquainted, and looks upon it with the eye of a poet, as well as the taste of a naturalist.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

INVERNESS — INDUCTION.—The Rev. Lachlan Maclachlan has been inducted as pastor of the Gaelic Church, Inverness, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Mr. Robertson to Kilmorack.

ROSS-SHIRE VALUATION ROLL.—The valuation roll of the county of Ross for the current year, as made up by the Assessor, shows the total valuation of the county (exclusive of railways) to be £246,628 5s. 3d., being an increase of £7350 14s. 4d. over last year.

MURTHLY AND GRANDTULLY—APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Archibald Garden, chief assistant with the late John Sinclair, Esq., and presently in charge of the Glenmoriston and Moy estates, has been appointed factor on the extensive estates of Murthly and Grandtully, owned by Sir Archibald Douglas Stewart, Bart.

PRESBYTERY OF INVERARY—PRESENTATION.—At a recent meeting of this rev. body, the Clerk laid upon the table a presentation to the Church and parish of Tarbert by Colin G. Campbell, Esq., Stonefield, in favour of the Rev. Roderick Morrison, minister of Bracadale, in Skye. The Presbytery took steps to have the settlement made as soon as possible, and fixed the 29th day of October for the moderating in the call.

CALL TO GLASGOW.—The Rev. G. L. Campbell, of Lochs, Stornoway, has received a call, to be colleague and successor to the Rev. Archd. MacDougall, Oswald Street Free Gaelic Church. The call was sustained by the Presbytery, who appointed the Rev. Messrs. A. Macdougall, Isdale, and Mackinnon as their commissioners, to prosecute the call before the Presbytery of Lews. Commissioners from the congregation were also appointed.

THE HIGHLAND HERRING FISHING.—Statistics have been published of the herring fishing which has just been brought to a close. The fishing at Fraserburgh has been successful beyond precedent, 180,000 crans, or an average of 220 crans per boat, having been landed, and the prices having been favourable throughout the season. The above quantity, it may be remarked, represents somewhere about 120,000,000 herrings, and £300,000 sterling in value. In the districts on the north-east coast, next in importance to Fraserburgh — Peterhead and Wick — 150,000 crans, or an average of 198 per boat, and 66,740 crans, an average of 94, have been landed respectively.

THE INSTITUTION FOR HIGHLAND MUSIC.—Highlanders will be glad to know that such an institution has been set on foot, and that we are likely ere long to have a sort of court of appeal as well as a college of instruction in pipe music. Its headquarters are 17 Royal Arcade, Glasgow, under the presidency of Mr. Macgregor, Glengyle, the well known piper and pipe-maker, Donald Macphee, as vice-president and one of the instructors.

SKYE.—DEATH OF MR. MACDONALD, MERCHANT, PORTREE.—On Friday, the 25th September, one of the most esteemed merchants of Portree, Mr. Peter Macdonald, died there after a short illness. Mr. Macdonald was successfully engaged in business in the village for nearly thirty years. The deceased was owner of a large amount of house property in Portree, consisting of seven good shops and a number of dwelling-houses. His remains were interred in Kilmuir churchyard, close to the grave of Flora Macdonald. As a mark of respect, the shops in the village were closed on the day of the funeral.

INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF SHEEP FARMS IN SCOTLAND.—As an instance of the great rise which has taken place in the value of sheep farms in the southern counties of Scotland, it may be mentioned that the rent of Palgown prior to Whitsunday 1865 was £582 10s. per annum, when it was relet to the son of the former tenant at the rent of £913 18s 10d, being a rise of 57½ per cent. on the former rent; while the current rent of £1650 on the new lease represents an increase of £736 1s 2d over the former rent, and of £1067 10s over the rent down to 1865, representing an increase of no less than over 180 per cent. beyond the rent down to 1825, and this though considerably higher offers have been made.—*Galloway Gazette.*

A "PLURALIST" IN SKYE.—There is in the island of Skye a minister of one of the parish churches who occupies the pulpit which his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have filled in succession; and who is training up a son to be his successor. Besides discharging the duties of the ministry in his parish, he is chairman of the School and Parochial Boards, road contractor for the district, a noted breeder of setters, which he supplies to the southern markets, a knowing judge of cattle, and occupant of three large sheep farms in addition to his glebe. He is verging on threescore, and yet he continues to discharge these multifarious duties and preach two sermons every Sunday—one in Gaelic and the other in English.—*Scotsman.*

A N G A I D H E A L.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] CLAD MHIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1874. [34 AIR.

LONG MHOR NAN EILTHIR- EACH.

LEIS AN OLLAMH URRAMACH TOR-
MAID MAC-LEOID NACH MAIREANN.

Air pilleadh dhomh air m' ais o I
Chaluim-Chille thainig sinn, air an
aon fheasgar shamhraidh a b' aillidh
a chunnaic mi riamb, do dh-aite
tearuinte, fasgach, a tha ann an ceann
nu thuath an eilein Mhuilich. Ar
lean, nach faca mi cala luingeis idir
a tha air a dhion o eirigh fairge agus
o chumhachd stoirme mar 'tha e.
Tha eilean fada caol 'g a' chuairt-
eachadh air an taobh a' muigh, a'
sgaoileadh a' sgiathan gu cairdeil
mu'n cuairt air gach soitheach beag
agus long, a tha 'g iarraidh fasgaidh
'n a' thaic o dhruid a' chuain, no 'tha
'feitheamh ri sid mara gus an rudha-
nuor a' ghabhail. Air an laimh dheis
mar a' chaidh sinn a' stigh, tha'm
fearan ag eirigh gu corrach, cas.
Bha sinn a' seoladh ri bile nan creag,
agus bha geugan nan craobh a' lubadh
dluth dhuinn. Thainig faileadh a'
bharrach oirnn air oiteig an t-samh-
raidh, agus bha mile ann beag le'n
ceileiribh binn a' seinn air gach preas,
a' cur failte oirnn 'n uair a bha sinn
a' seoladh seachad orra gu reidh,
samhach. Cha robh taobh a' thionn-
daidhinn mo shuil nach robh 'n
sealladh taitneach. Bha na beanntan
arda Morchuanach, 's iad uaine gu'm
mullach—Suaineart le'chnoicibh 's le
'thulaichibh boidheach, 's an Leathar-
Morthairneach a' deanamh gairdeach-
ais ann am blàs an fheasgair shamh-

raidh. Aig ceann shuas a' choail
chi mi,

—“A' bheinn ard a's aillidh sgiamb,

Ceann-feadhna nam milte beann:

Bidh aisling nan damh 'n a' ciabh,

'S i leaba nan nial a' ceann.”

An uair a' dhluthaich sinn a' stigh,
cha robh r'a fhaicinn ach croinn nan
luingeas, an brataichean a' suamb gu
fann 'ris an t-soirbheas; 's cha robh
r'a chluinntinn ach farum ramh, a's
torman nan allt agus nan eas, a bha
'tuiteam o iomadh sgairneach ard
do'n chala 'bha 'nis a' fosgladh gu
farsuing romhainn. O thaobh gu
taobh de 'n traigh air an dara laimh,
tha sraid de thighean mora cho geal
ris an t-sueachd; 's gu grad air an
cul tha uchdach chorrach chas, far
am bheil an calltuinn, an caoraun,
agus an t-uinseann a' fas gu dosrach,
cho dluth, direach os ceann nan
tighean a' tha fopa, 's gu'm bheil an
geugan, ar leat, a' lubadh m' am mul-
lach. Air braigh' a' bhruthaich chi
thu 'chnid eile de 'n bhaile eadar thu
's faire, ionnus gur duilich dhuit aite
's boidheche agus a's neò-chumanta
'fhaicinn. Ach 's ann a' mach 's a'
chala 'bha 'n sealladh a' b' fhiach
'fhaicinn; na ficheadan soitheach
eadar mhòr agus bheag, iomadh
eithear caol le'u raimh uaine, a bhir-
liun riomhach le'siuil gheala, 's an
long mhòr a' thug barr orra air fad:
bha iomadh bata beag a' gabhail d'
a h-ionnsuidh, a's mhothaich mi gu'n
robh iad a' deanamh deas g'a cur fo
sgaoil. Bha aon duine leinn a' thainig

oirnn aig culaobh Mhuile, a's gann a thog a cheann fad an latha, a bha 'nis ag amharc gu h-iomaguineach air an luing mhoir so. "An aithne dhuit," thubhairt mi ris, "ciod i an long mhor so?" "Mo thruaighe," a deir esan, "'s ann domh is aithne; 's duilich leam gu' m' bheil barrachd 's a b' aill leam de m' luchd-eolais innte; innte tha mo bhraithrean agus moran de m' chaomh chairdean a' dol thairis air imrich fhada, mhuladaich do dh-America mn Thuath; agus is bochd nach robh agam-sa na bheireadh air falbh mi cuideachd."

Tharruing sinn a nunn g'au ionnsuidh; oir tha mi 'g aideachadh gu 'n robh toil agam na daoine blath-chridheach so 'fhaicinn, a bha 'n diugh a' dol a ghabhail an cead dheireannaich a dh-Albainn, air toir duthcha far an faigheadh iad dachaidh bhunaiteach dhoibh fhein agus d' an teaghlach. Cha 'n 'eil e comasach a thoirt air aon duine nach robh 's an lathair, an sealladh a chunnaic mi 'n so a thuigsinn. Cha tig an la a theid e as mo chuimhne. Bha iad an so eadar bheag agus mhor, o'n naoidhean a bha seachdain a dh-a'ois gus an seann duine liath a bha tri fichead bliadhna 's a deich. Bu deistinneach ri fhaicinn an trom mhulad — an iarguin intinn — an incheist, 's am bristeadh-cridhe a bha air an deargadh gu domhain air aghaidh na cuid a bu mho dhiubh, a bha 'n so cruinn o iomadh eilean agus earrann de'n Ghaidhealtachd.

Bheachdaich mi gu h-araidh air aon duine dall, aosmhor, a bha 'n a shuidhe air leth, a's triuir no cheathrar de chloinn ghillean mu'n cuairt da, a sheana ghairdeanan thairis orra, iad a' feuchainn co 'bu dluite a gheibheadh a stigh r'a uchd, a cheann crom os an ceann, 'fhalt liath agus an cuaileanan dualach donna-san ag amaladh 'n a cheile, agus a dheoir gu trom, frasach a' niteam thairis orra.

Dluth dha aig a chasaibh bha bean tlachdmhor 'n a suidhe ag osnaich gu trom ann an iomagnin broin; agus thuig mi gu 'm b'e a fear-posda a bha 'spaisdearachd air ais agus air aghart le cenm goirid agus le lamhan paisgte. Bha sealladh a shul luaineach neo-shuidhichte, agus 'aghaidh bhuarite ag innseadh gu soilleir nach robh sith 'n a intinn. Tharruing mi dluth do'n t-seann-duine, agus dh'fheoraich mi dheth ann an caoimhneas cainnt, an robh esan ann an feasgar a laithean a' dol a dh-fhagail a dhuthcha? "Mise," deir esan, "a' dol thairis! cha 'n 'eil! Air imrich cha teid mis gus an tig an imrich a tha 'feitheamb oirnn air fad; agus an uair a thig, co an sin a theid fo m' cheann do'n Chill? Dh'fhalbh sibh! dh'fhalbh sibh! dh'fhagadh mise 'm aonar an diugh gu dall aosda, gun bhrathair, gun mhac, gun chul-taice; agus an dingh—la mo dhunach, Dia 'thoirt maitheanas domh—tha thusa, 'Mhairi, mo nighean, u' aon duine cloinne, le m' oghachan geala, gaolach, a' dol ga n' fhagail. Tillidh mis an nochd do 'n ghleann ud thall ach cha 'n aithnich mi an lamh a tha ga in' threorachadh: cha tig sibhse, a leanaban mo ghraidh, a mach an coinneamh an t-seann-duine: cha chluinn mi tuilleadh briagail ur beoil ri taobh na h-aibhne; 's cha ghlaodh mi tuilleadh, ge nach bu leir dhomh 'n cumart, Fuir'ibh air 'ur u-ais o'n t-sruth: 'n uair a chluinneas mi tarhunn nan con, cha leum mo chridhe na's flaide, 's cha 'n abair mi, Tha mo leanaban a' teachd. Co a nis a stiuras mi gu fagadh an tuinn, 's a leughas dhomh an Leabhar Naomh? C'ait' au ath oidheche, 'n uair a theid a' ghrian fodha, am bi sibhse, a chlann mo ruin; agus co a thogas lean-sa laoidh an annoich?" "O! 'athair," ars' an nighean, 's i 'dluthachadh ris, "na bristibh mo chridhe." "Am bheil thu 'n so, a Mhairi," a deir e;

‘c’ait’ am bheil do lamh? Thig na ‘s dluithe dhomh—m’ eudail thu de mhnathan an domhain, is solasach leam do ghuth. Tha thu ‘dealachadh rium:—cha-n’eil mi ‘cur-ìomchoir ort, ‘s cha mho tha mi ‘gearan. Falbh, tha mo lan chead agad, tha beannachd do Dhe agad. Bi thusa, mar a bha do mhathair romhad, dleasnach. Air mo shon-sa, cha ‘n fhada bhithas mi ann: chaill mi ‘n diugh mo gheugan aillidh, agus is faoin an oiteag a leagas mo cheann; ach fhad ‘s is beo mi seasaidh Dia mi: bha e riamh leam anns gach cruaidh-chas, agus cha treig e ‘uis mi. Dall ‘s mar tha mi, tha e fein, buidheachas d’a ainm, a’ toirt domh seallaidh air mo charaid a’s fear air a dheas-laimh, agus ‘n a ghnuis is leir dhomh caomhalachd agus gras. Tha mi ‘s a’ cheart am so a’ faotainn neart grais. Tha ‘gheallaidhnean a’ teachd dhachaidh gu m’ chridhe. Faodaidh meanglain eile failneachadh—ach cha searg craobh na beatha. Am bheil sibh air fad lamh rium?” a deir e: “eisdibh; tha sinn a nis a’ dealachadh: tha sibhse a’ dol do dhuthaich fad ‘as, agus ma dh’ fhaoidte mu ‘n ruig sibh i gu ‘m bi mis’ ann an duthaich ard ghrianaich, far am bheil dochas agam gu ‘n coinnich sinn fhathast a cheile, far nach bi inrich no dealachadh a chaidh: cha bhi; oir cha-n’eil sannt no ciocras òir air neamh. Bithidh sinn an sin gu sìorruidh le ‘cheile, agus gu sìorruidh le Dia. Siabar gach deur o’n t-suil, agus bithidh la a’ bhroin thairis. Bithibh cuimhneach air Dia ur n-athraichean, ‘s na tuitibh o aon deadh chleachdadh a dh’ fhoghlaim sibh. Moch agus annoch lubaibh an glun, mar a b’ abhaist dninn, agus togaibh an laoidh. Agus sibhse, mo leanaban, a bha mar shuileau agus mar luig dhomh; sibhse a shaoil mi a chairheadh am foid gorm tharam. an eiginn duinn dealachadh? Dia ‘chuid-eachadh leam!”

Cha b’ urrainn domh fuireach na b’ fhaide: bha ‘gheola ‘bha gus an seann duine a thoirt gu tir a’ tarruing ‘suas ri cliathach na luinge: chaidh iadsan a bha ‘feitheamh air a dh’ iunseadh dha gu ‘m feumadh e falbh. Theich mi uatha: cha robh e ann am chomas a bhi ‘m fhianuis air an dealachadh bhoehd.

Ann an deireadh na luinge, bha buidheann dhaoine a thuing mi ‘bu luchd duthcha, air an earradh; agus mhothaich mi o’n cainnt, gu ‘m b’ ann o aon de na h-eileinibh tuathach a thainig iad. Bha iad gu geur ioma-guineach ag amharc a mach air son bata beag a bha ‘teachd a stigh an rudha fo ‘siuil ‘s fo ‘rainh. Cho luath ‘s a bhabh i steach do ‘n chala ‘s a rinn i air son na luinge, ghlaodh iad a mach, “‘S e fein a tha ann—piseach air a cheann.” Bha aon neach am measg nan daoine so a bha a reir coslais na bu mheasaile na cach. ‘N uair a dh’ aithnich e ‘m bata beag so, chaidh e far an robh an sgiobair, agus mhothaich mi ‘n sin gu ‘n do ghairmeadh orra-san a bha shuas anns na crannaibh, ‘s a mach air na slataibh-siuil, teachd a nuas, agus gu ‘n deachaidh stad air an nidheamachadh a bha ‘dol air aghaidh chum an long a chur fo sgaoil. Dh’luthaich am bata, dh’ eirich seann duine ard, uasal dreach-mhor a bha ‘n a deireadh, agus le ceum daingeann, laidir, ged a bha ‘cheann cho geal ris a’ chanach, dhirich e suas, gun chuideachadh sam bith, ri taobh na luinge. Chuir an sgiobair failt air le mor urram. Dh’ anhaire e mu ‘n cuairt da, agus gu grad mhothaich e ‘bhuidheann ghaolach a bha ‘n deireadh na luinge, agus ghabh e g’an ionnsuidh. “Dia ‘bhi maille ruibh,” ars’ esan, ‘n uair dh’ eirich gach aon diubh, le ‘bhoineid ‘n a laimh, a chur failt air. Shuidh e ‘n am measag; air an luig a bha ‘n a laimh, leig e car tamuill taic a chinn; agus mhothaich mi gu ‘n robh na deoir mhora a’ sruthadh a nuas air

an aon aodann a bu taitniche leam 'fhaicinn a chumhaic mi riamh. Tharruing gach aon diubh mu 'n cuairt da, agus shuidh cuid de'n chloim aig a chasaibh. Bha ni eigin ann an coslas an duine bheannaichte so nach faodadh gun daoine a thaladh ris: bha de mhaitheas agus de chaomh-alachd mu 'n cuairt da's gu 'm faodadh an neach bu lag-chridhiche, misneach a bhi aige teachd 'n a lathair; agus, anns an am cheudna, bha de smachd 'n a shuil agus 'n a bhathais, na bheireadh air an spiorad a bu dalma meatachadh 'n a fhianuis. "Thainig sibhse, le'r cead," ars' iad-san, "mar a gheall sibh: cha d' rinn sibh dearmad riamh oirnn ann an la ar teinn. Tha sinn an nochd a' dol a ghabhail a' chuain fo 'r ceann; 's mu 'n eirich a' ghrian air na beann-taibh ud thall, bithidh sinne gu brath as an sealladh. Is culaidh thruais sinn an diugh—la ar dumach!" "Na cluinneam," ars' am miusteir, "a' leithid so de chainnt. Bithibh misneachail; cha 'n e so an t-am dhuibh meatachadh; cuiribh ur n-earbsa ann an Dia; oir cha 'n ann gun fhios dasan a tha sibh a' dol air an turus so. 'S ann 'n a fhreasdal fein a tha gach ni 'teachd mu 'n cuairt: ach 's ann a tha sibhse 'labhairt mar gu 'm biodh sibh a' fagail rioghachd an Uile-chumhachdaich, agus a' dol far nach ruigeadh a chaoimhneas athaireil oirbh. Mo thraighe! an e so ur creidimh?" "Tha sin fìor," thubhairt iad; "ach an fhairge, an cuan mor, farsuing!" "An fhairge!" fhreagair e; "c'ar son a chuireadh sin sibh fo dhiobhail misnich; nach 'eil Dia r'a fhaotainn air a' chuan cho maith 's air tìr-mor? Fo stiuradh a ghliocais, fo dhion a chumhachd, nach 'eil sibh cho tearunt' air a' chuan 's a bha sibh riamh ann an gleann tiorail? Nach 'eil an Dia a chruthaich an cuan a' dol a mach air a thonn nan naibhreach? cha 'n eirich a h-aon diubh

roimhibh gun fhios da: 's e fein a chaisgeas onfhadh na fairge: tha e 'mach air a' chuan ann an carbad na gaoithe, cho cinnteach 's a tha e ann an neamh shuas. 'O sibhse air bheag creidimh, c'ar son a tha sibh fo eagal?'"

"Tha siun a' fagail ar duthcha," fhreagair iad. "Tha gun teagamh," ars' esan; "tha sibh a' fagail an eilean 's an d' fhuair sibh ur togail 's ur n-arach; gu cinnteach tha sibh a' dol air inrich fhada; cha ruigear leas a chleth gu 'm bheil iomadh cruadal a' feitheamb oirbh; ach cha d' thainig so oirbh gun fhios duibh. A' fagail ur duthcha! an dubhairt sibh; am bheil ceangal seasnach aig mac an duine ri aon duthaich seach duthaich eile? Cha 'u 'eil duthaich bhunail-teach againn air thalamh; cha 'n 'eil sinn air fad ach 'n ar n-eilthirich; agus cha 'n ann 's an t-saoghal chaoch-laideach so a tha e air a cheadachadh dhuinn le Dia an dachaidh sin iarraidh as nach bi inrich."

"Gun anharus," fhreagair iad, "tha sin fìor, ach tha sinn a' falbh mar chaoraich bhochda gun bhuaichaille, gun a h-aon ris an cuir sinn ar combhairle; 's a' dol fad' air falbh. O! na 'n a biodh sibhse"—"Bithibh 'n ur tosd," deir esan: "na cluinneam a' leithid so de chainnt. Am bheil sibh a' dol na's fhaide o Dhia, na bha sibh riamh? nach e'n Dia ceudna 'dh' fhosgail rosgan do shul an diugh 's a dhuaisg thu a suain na h-oidhche, a tha 'g oibreachadh taobh thall an t-saoghail? Co'sheas le Abraham 'n uair a dh' fhag e 'thìr 's a dhaoine? Co a thaisbein e fein do Iacob, 'n uair a dh' fhag e tigh 'athar, 's a chaidil e 'muigh air an raon? Mo maire! a dhaoine; c'ait' am bheil ur creidimh? An dubhairt sibh gu 'n robh sibh mar chaoraich bhochda gun bhuaichaille? Am bheil aon leanabh beag lamh rium an so, nach aithris na briathran sin,

'Is e Dia tein a's buachainn dhèanadh.
Cha bhì mi ann an dìth?'

Nach esan, Ard-Bhuchaille a chuid caorach fein, a thubhairt, 'Na biodh eagal ort, a threud bhig, bi fo dheadh mhìsneach, oir is mise do Dhia.' Cha 'n 'eil, gu dearbh," deir esan, "tighean-aoraidh far am bheil sibh a' dol; agus is docha nach 'eil mìnisteirean ann: ach cuimhnichibh la an Tighearna. Cruinnichibh fo sgail na creige, no fo dhubhar nan craobh; agus togaibh le 'cheile laoidhean Shìoin, a' cuimhneachadh nach 'eil lathaireachd Dhe fuaighte ri aite seach aite: gu 'm bheil e r'a fhaotainn anns gach aite leo-san a dh'iarraas e gu treibhdhèicheach ann an ainm Chrìosd—air mulach na beinne a's airde, aig bonn a' ghlinne a's isle, no ann an meadhon a' bhaile-mhoir, no 's an teampull a's dreachmhoire a thogadh rianh dha le lamhan. Tha gach aon agaibh comasach air focal Dhe a leughadh; mur bitheadh, bu trom mo chridhe da-rìreadh, 's bu bhronach an dealachadh. Tha fhìos agam gu 'm bheil Biobuill 'n ur cuideachd; ach gabhaibh uam-sa an diugh Biobuill ura, air an ur chlo-bhualadh, ann an tòmhad beag, soirbh r'an giùlan; agus cha shuaraidhe leibh iad gu 'm bheil ur n-ainmeannan sgrìobhta annta leis an laimh sin a bhaist an earrann a's mo dhìbh, a thogadh iomadh nair ann an asluachadh as ur leth gu neamh; agus a thogar fhathast ann an deadh dhochas an ainm Chrìosd air ur son, gus an tig marbhantachd a' bhais thairis oirre. Agus sibhse, mo leanaban beaga, am badan Iurach de m' chuid uan, a tha 'nis ga m' fhagail, thug mi d' ur n-ionnsuidhse cuimhneachan beag air mo mhor-ghàradh dhuibh. Dia g'ur beannachadh." "O!" ars' iad-san, "cia taingeil a tha sinne gu 'm faca sinn sibh aon uair eile, agus gu 'n cuala sinn fhathast ur guth."

Bha muinntir na luinge gu leir a'

tarring na bu dlùithe air an aite 's an robh e 'n a sheasamh; ma b' iad na seoladairean fhein, ged nach do thuig cuid diubh a' chainnt, thuig iad gu 'm bu ghuothuch anama a bha 'dol air 'aghaidh. Bha uiread de dhurachd, de bhìlàs, 's de chaoimhneas 'n a choslas agus 'n a chainnt, 's gu 'n do sheas iad gu ciuin, samhach; agus chunnaic mi iomadh aon diubh a' cleth nan deur a bha 'n tuiteam bhò ghruaidhean as an tug iomadh latha garbh, o cheann fhada, an leanabas.

Thug an duine beannaichte a chomhdach-cinn deth, agus sheas e suas; thuig gach aon na bha 'n a bheachd. Thuit cuid diubh air an gluinibh, a's dh' amhairc gach aon air an Iar, 'n uair a thubhairt e le guth, glan fallain, "Iarmanaid beannachd Dhe; deanamaid urnaigh." O! bu chruaidh an cridhe nach leaghadh, agus cha chuis fhairnid an spiorad sin nach gabhadh sin, fhad 's a bha 'n urnaigh d'burachdach, theas-chridheach 'g a cur suas leis an duine mhath so, a bha 'nis e fein 'air 'ardachadh os ceann an t-saoghal so. Is iomadh duile bhochd, lag-chridheach a fhuair misneach: thuit a bhriathran mar dhruchdan fheasgair, a's fhuair na meanglain laga, fhann', fionnachd agus solas. Bu trom aca'n an cleibh, 'n uair a bha iad air an gluinibh 's na h-osuaidhean a dh' fheuch iad a chumail fadha; ach 'n uair a dh' eirich iad, ar lean gu 'n robh misneach ur r'a fhaicinn 'n an suilibh troimh cheo nan deur goirt a bha iad a nis a' tiorrachadh air falbh. Dh'fhosgail e leabhar nan Salm, a's thogadh an naomh cheol a bu tursaiche, 's a bu deuchainniche gidheadh a bu sholas-aiche, a chuala mi rianh.

Rainig an fhuaim thianhaidh gach lough's gach soitheach 's a' chala. Cha robh rianh nach robh air a phasgadh; cha chluinnte fead, no farma, ach an t-samhchair beannaichte, mar a

S heinn iad an dara Salm thar an da fhichead, aig a' cheathramh rann :—

“Tha m' anam air a dhortadh 'mach,
Tra chuimhnicheam gach ni,
Oir chaidh mi leis a' chuideachd mhoir,
Dol leo gu teampull Dhe.

“Seadh, chaidh mi leo le gairdeachas,
A's moladh fos le cheil' :
'S ann leis a' chuideachd sin a bha
A' coimhead laithe feill.

“O m' anam! e' nim a leagadh thu
Le diobhail misnich sìos?
A's e' uim am bheil thu 'n taobh 'stigh
dhiom
Fo thrioblaid a's fo sgios?

“Cuir dochas daingeann ann an Dia,
Oir fathast molam e;
Air son na furtachd a's na slaint'
Thig dhomh o 'aodann reidh.”

—o—

BRON MATHAR.

Chaidh an sgeul bronach a leanas aithris ann an America o chionn ghoirid, le tiomachd agus le blath-chridheachd anabarraich, leis a' bhoirionnach bhochd i fein, an deigh dhi an duthaich sin a ruigsinn mar bhan-eilthireach bho 'n rioghachd so. Re na h-uine a bha i'g a innseadh thug a gnuis chiallach, aillidh, agus na deoir a shruth gu frasach a nuas a h-aodann, dearbhadh air firinn a dh' aidicheas sinn gu leir—gu 'm faighear cridheachan blath agus aignidhean maoth aig muinntir nach do rainig aon chuid air foghlun, no oilein, no inbh na h-uaisle.

“Bha seomar-toisich na luinge air an do sheol sinn lau de dh-eilthirich de gach aois; agus m' an robh sinn ach goirid aig fairge bhrist an-shocair sgriosail a mach am measg na cloinne a bha air bord. Aon an deigh aois, bha iad air am bualadh agus air an gearradh as leis an trioblaid so, agus aon mu seach

dhiubh air a phasgadh suas ann an leine chumhann nam marbh, agus air a charadh auns a' chuan gun mbarbh-rann gun tuireadh ach os-naidhean trom na mathar agus deura goirt nan aithrichean agus nam braithrean agus an luchd coimhid a sheas gu dubhach m' an cuairt. Mar a shlugadh iad anns a' mhuir agus a dhuin na tonnan uaine thairis orra, theannaich mi mo naoidhean fein ri m' uchd agus ghuidh mi gu durachdach gu 'n caomhnadh Dia mo leanabh—m' aon-ghin agus m' annsachd. Ach cha b' e so a thoil. Bhuail an tinneas e, agus latha an deigh latha chunnaic mi gu 'n robh a bheatha a' traoghadh air falbh, agus gu 'n robh obair a bhàis cheana air toiseachadh. Air oidheche Dihaoine fhuair e am bàs, agus a chum nach féumainn esan a bha aon nair cho aillidh, agus fhathasd cho priseil, a thoirt a bheathachadh ainmhidhean a' chuan, cheil mi air na bha m' an cuairt domh gu 'n robh e marbh. A chum 's nach biodh ambarus orra, bheirinn freagairtean tuaitheal do gach aon a dl' fheoraicheadh air a shon; phaisginn gu teann ann au bhroilleach e, agus sheinninn da mar nach biodh mo leanaban gaolach ach 'n a chadal car tamuil, am feadh 's a bha e ann an cadal buan a' bhàis. Chaidh latha 's oidheche chianail seachad, agus thainig an t-Sàbaid. Coltach ri càch chuir mi suas deise ghrinn, ghlan, agus bha feith-ghaire air mò ghnuis; ach O! bu deuchainneach an obair i, oir bha mi a' faireachdainn mo chridhe a' bristeadh. Air Diluain cha ghabhadh bàs mo leinibh cumail na b' fhaide an uaigneas, ach air faicinn do 'n sgiobair teas mo ghraidh, chuir e an corp ann an cisteig bhig agus gheall e gu 'n gleidheadh e fad da latha eile e gun a chur 's a' chuan, fheneh an ruigeamaid tìr m' an tigeadh an t-àm sin. Chaidh a' chiste-mhairbh a chur anns a' bhàta

bheag a bha 'snamh aig deireadh na luinge, agus re thraithean fada na h-oidhche shuidh mi 'g a faireadh—faileas dubh air aghaidh nan toun, a dh'fhaodadh a slugadh air falbh as mo shealladh gu bràth. Is ann an sin a chuimhnich mi air mo dhachaidh bhoidhich, air tìr mo dhuthchais, na càirdean caomh a dh'fhag mi as mo dheigh, agus a bu mhiann leam a bhì ri m' thaobh, chum 's gu'm measgaim mo dheoir le 'n deuraibhsan. Re na h-oidhche bha mi a' faireadh corp mo leinibh, agus re an latha bha mi gu geur ag anbare a mach air son an fhearainn—a' togail mo chridhe ann an urnaigh ris-san aig an bheil na gaoithibh 'n a lamhan, gu 'n tugadh e sinn gu luath gu ceann ar turais. Air an treas madainn, mu bhristeadh na faire dh' eirich an ceo agus chuinnic sinn cladaichean gorma *New Brunswick*. Chaidh an long a thilgeil an ceann; agus dh'fhag an sgiobair agus a dha no trì d' a chnìd daoine an soitheach a' giùlan corp mo leinibh leotha gu tìr. Cha do cheadaich eadh dhomh dol comhladh riutha, ach o chlar na luinge bu leir dhomh iad a' cladhach na h-uaigne fo sgaile tingh na coille, aig ioclaidar bruthaich aillidh a bha a' clauadh a nuas gu oir an làin; agus bheannaich mi iad ann an chridhe, agus ghuidh mi gu 'n ath-dhioladh Dia an caoinhneas araon do 'n bheo agus do 'n mharbh. An uair a thainig iad air an ais, thainig an sgiobair an ionnsaidh agus thubhairt e—' Mo bhoirionnach math, is e ainm an àite anns an do thiodhlaiceadh do mhac, *Greenville*, air corsa *New Brunswick*. Sgrìobhaidh mi air paipear e, chum 's gu'm bi fhios agad c'àite bheil e 'n a laidhe.' Thug mi buidheachas dha air son a churaim, ach thuir mi ris nach ruigeadh e leas—gu 'n robh e cheana sgrìobhte air clar mo chridhe, agus gu 'm maireadh e an sin gus an

coinnichinn fein agus mo bhalachan beannaichte auns an t-saoghal ghlormhor, shona, air taobh thall a' bhàis."

MAC-MHARCUS.

—o—

SGIÀLACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBHÀIDH AN AICBILL AGUS AGAMEMNON.

(*Air leantainn.*)

Ghrad-fhreagair, 's cha b' ann le sìth, Agamemnon rìgh nan tréun:—

Teich 'n uair chitear, teich gun dàil,
Cha ghriosaim do bhàigh no d' fhéum.
'S pailt às d' aonais laoch ri m' thaobh
A's coisnear leam caoin tì nan spéur.
Thair gach triath thug iùl do shluagh,
'S tu fhéin a thoill m' fhuath 's mo ghràin:
'S buan-shólas le d' inntinn ghaireg
Còmhstrìth feirge 's earrghlais bhlar.
Unpaidh anmeinnich, gabh beachd,
Bho dhia tha do neart 's do threòir:
Thoir dhachaidh d' fheachd 'n is àill,
'S triall le d' chabhlach àrd fo sheòl.
Maoidh air na 's leat fhéin 's na saoil
Gur diù leamsa fraoch gun bhrìgh:
Bagram ni eil' ort a bhàrr,
Ordugh thig gun dàil gu crìch;—
Air ghùth Phœbus nan colg luath,
Géillim bhuan Chrìséis chaoin;
Mo long fhuair bheir is' thair sàil
Mar ri còmhlan chàirdean gaoil;
Dians' ullamh an sin, fhuair ghnùth,
Grad-ghlacain ad bhùth gun sgàth,
D' ulaidh, d' annsachd, do dhaor-dhuais,
Og Bhrìséis nan gruaidh tlàth.
An sin dearbhar dhut cìod mo neart,
'S làn-aithnghidh an feachd 'n an crìdh
Gur baoghal riumsa bhì gleachd,
'S nach coineas aon neach d' a rìgh.
Sguir e; 's chit' air Aichioll borb
Aileagail chonghlais le feirg;
Bha 'n imcheist 'n a chliabh le spàirn,
An tàirneadh e 'n lann gun mheirg,
Saighdeadh romh 'n t-sluagh a dhuibh-
léum,
'S an rìgh thoir do 'n éug gun dàil;
No 'n t-olc a mhùchadh, ge searbh,
'S an fhearg a chur greis 'n a tàml.
'N uair bha 'n co-ghleachd so 'n a chom,
'S a leth-rùisg e lann nan créuchd,
Ghrad-thùirling Minerbha nuas,
Bho bhàn-dia uachdrach nan spéur,
Aig miad a h-ìomguin 's a gaoil,

Do 'n dà laoch bu ghairge glóir,
 Sheas i air cùl Aichill àigh,
 'S ghlac 'n a làimh a chuailein òir.
 B' eaglach foidhleus a dhà shùl,
 'N nair thionnsgain e 'm briathran luath:
 A nighean Iobh, rìgh gach dé,
 C' uime do theachd bho 'n spéur a nuas?
 'N ann a dh-fhaicinn nan gnìomh cèarr
 Rinn mac Atreuis nach sèamh colg?
 Cho ceart 's a tha plog am chom,
 Thig airsan diol trom 'n a lorg.

Thuirt ban-dia nan gorm shùl tlàth:
 M' astar tha bho àird' nan spéur
 Los gu 'n nochdaim dhuts' a' chòir,
 'S gu 'n sioladh d' fhearg mhòr gu ceill.
 Iuno leug uilinnach àigh,
 A mhosgail bho nèamh mo thriall,
 Aig miad a h-ìomguin 's a gaoil
 Do dhà laoch nan còmhstrich dian.
 Mar sin thoir falachd gu ceann,
 'S na tarrainn do lann á truaill,
 Ma 's miann leat, cronaich gu géur
 Thaobh nam béud a bhrosnaich d' fhuath.
 Theirim riut, 's thig e gu crìch,
 Strìochdaidh an rìgh 's a mhiad-mhòr,
 Los gu 'n ath-cheannaichear do chaomh,
 'S teann nach càrn e uaoin a's òr.
 Blrigh so leig d' fhearg gu làr,
 'S na diùlt géill do ràdh nan dia.
 Fhreagair le mion-ghlòir an sonn:
 Ge trom, trom, an luchd tha 'm chliabh,
 Dhuibhs', àrd-chumhachdan nam spéur,
 'S dual do dbaoine géill 's gach nì:
 'N dréam a chumas reachd nan dia,
 Leanaidh sealbh an gnìomh gu crìch.

An sin gu h-umbail ghlac an sonn
 'N dò-nchuir airgid 'n a throm laimh;
 Thill e rist a steach 'n a truaill
 Fad lann chosgraidh chruaidh nam blàr.
 Ghrad-imich Pallas 'n a léum,
 Romh 'n chian spéur gu lùchairt Iobh,
 Ràinig sreath shoillse nan dia,
 'S shuidh i sìos an àird' a glóir'.
 Sin cha d' fhàg an t-Aichill borb
 Aig sìochaint bho stoirn a chléibh;
 Air mac Atreuis sheall e garg,
 'S leig srian leis an earghlais ghéir.

A dhall mhìsgeir nam mì-bhéus,
 A chridhe 'n fhéidh, 's a ghnùis a' choin,
 Cìod an ionnsaidh no 'n gnìomh blàir,
 'S 'n a dhìong thus' air nàmhaid cron?
 Dhutsa 's co eaglach 's an t-éug
 Cumasg thréun-fhear nam béum luath;
 B' annsa bhi spùilleadh air d' fheachd,
 Mur léum leat am bog 's an cruaidh.
 Uamh-bheist an-caitheach gun iochd,
 Briathran buan sù, 's briathran buan.
 Air a' cholbh so fhuair mi 'm làimh,
 Bho 'n dh' fhàg e leacainn an t-sléibh,
 Nach cinn roimhe géug no blàth.
 Rìabh bho 'n sgath an ealtainn bhéur
 Na meanglain bu chéutaich bàrr,
 's a dleibh i 'n snaicheantas còrr,

Los bhi 'n dòrn nam britheamh àigh,
 Gu 'n leanadh iad ceart a's còir,
 Mar a dh' òrdaich rìgh nan spéur,
 'S mionn i d' an cudromach suim,
 'S cha shnaoidhear i chaoidh le bréig.
 'S goirt a dh-aithgheas siol na Gréig'
 Iontrain Aichill nan tréun-ghnìomh.
 Thus' a' trom-acain an créuchd,
 Gun tairbhe, gun énehd ad dhion.
 Hector suain-mharbhtach ruag,
 Ag càrnadh chruach air an raon;
 'S do chridhe-s' air bhioraibh mu 'n
 stréup

A leag tàir' air do chéud laoch.
 Labhair e; 's ghrad-thilg air làr,
 Slatag àlainn nan réul òir;
 Shuidh e fhéin; 's mu 'choinneamh thall,
 B' oghuidh greann mhic Atreuis mhòir.

Dh' éirich Nestor gu mall, min,
 Teangair Philois bu bhinn glóir,
 'S tlàith' a shiùbladh reachd bho bhéul
 Na 'mhill ùr bho chéir an lóin.
 Chaidh thairis dà linn do 'n éug
 A b' éibhneach fo 'rìgheachd ghaoil:
 'N aimsir aosa bla 'n treas glan
 'G an stiùireadh le chrìonntachd chaoin.
 Thuirt an cainntear bu mhòr brìgh,
 Ghoecas 'n a cheann, sìth 'n a rùn:—
 Mo shian duilich, 's mo chreach léir!
 Chaill a' Ghréig a meas 's a cliù,
 'S éibhneas le àrd-rìgh na Tròidh'
 'S còrr an solas dh' a mhòr-shluagh
 Sibhse bhi gleachd an strìch chéarr
 Mu 'n nì 's fhéar a chleith no luaidh.
 Sibhse th' air toiseach nan Gréug,
 An rian cinn 's an tréuntachd laoch.
 Ach éisdibh riumsa le ceill,
 'S diolaibh a modh fhéin do 'n aois.
 An àm m' òige 's lionmhor sonn
 A thaobh rium mar chompach beòil;
 An samhuilt cha 'n fhaic mi chaoidh,
 Dh' éisdadh iad le suim ri m' ghloir.
 Chaoidh cha 'n fhaic 's cha 'n fhacas riabh
 Na dh' fhicadh ri Drias tréun,
 Oeneas a's Ecsachus còrr,
 'S deagh Phirithus nam mòr ghléus.
 Theseus fhuair cliù gach blàir,
 'S Poliphemus àigh mar dhia.
 Thair gach sluagh a ghluais air raon,
 Fhuair na laoch ud bàrr an guomh.
 Bu bhuan an còmbrag, 's bu shearbh,
 Rì fiadh-bhéistean garg nam beann,
 Uraisgean ceigneach 'g an sealg,
 Fuil 'n taugsaibh dearg 's gach gleann.
 Ghabh iad sid dhiam speis ge b' òg,
 An lorg rian mo chòmhràidh-cinn,
 Géur-thoirt orm mu bhìudhas laoich,
 'S mo throm ghaol air gaisge ghrinn.
 Nìor chinnich air nachdar fuinn
 Na dhìongadh na suim am blàr;
 Ach threòirich mis' iad le m' bhéul.
 'S dhìol iad géill do reachd mo dhàin.
 Na dh' éisd scann-laòich gliocas òig,

Eisdibhs' a' ghloir thig bho 'n aois;
 Glacair leibh comhairle 's ciall,
 'S grad-bhiodh falachd fhiar fo sgaoil.
 Ge mòr ortsa, cheannaird fhéil,
 'Og-nìon fhéin na réub bho 'n t-sonn,
 Na dh' fhuilig a' Ghreig maraon,
 Luach a shaoithreach, 's a chreuchd trom.
 Strìochd thusa, mhic Pheluis àigh,
 'S na cónsaich cho dàn ri d' rìgh:
 'S àrd an rìgh os cionn gach sluagh,
 'S bheir dia fhéin da buaidh a's brìgh.
 'S leatsa ciad urram nan lann,
 Mac na bau-de, 's ni gun chleith:
 'S leis-san mòrachd a's ciad-ìuil,
 Neart nan slògh gu 'n lùb dha bhìreth.
 Traogh-sa, dheagh Mhic Atruis, d'fhearg,
 'S teancar leams' an t-Aichioll mòr;
 'S cruaidh na theid Aichioll d' ar dìth—
 Ar' sgiath-dhion an strìth nan leòn.

A shaoidh aosmhor, thuirt an triath,
 'S mòr do chiall, 's gur binn do ghloir:
 Ach tha 'n sonn ud eangbaidh, àrd,
 Os cionn chàich, mur bi cha bheò.
 S àill leis làmh-thoisich gach neach,
 Gach aon de m' fheachd thoirt fo smaig,
 Marcachd thair gach dréam mar rìgh,
 Ni nach strìochdainn gu m' uair-bhàis
 Giod na bhuilich ti nan spèur
 Neart cuirp air an stréupaid arm.
 C' uim' an cleachdadh e 'n droch bhéul
 Le théumannan béisdeil, borb?

Fhreagair Aichioll le grad chainnt:—
 Bu mhi 'n òinid fhamn gun sìgh,
 Na 'n géillinn dutsa 's gach ni,
 Ann-rìgh 'spideil is meanbh cliù.
 Eaglaich le d' bhagrachd gach tràill,
 D' an gnàth bhi ball chrìth fo d' smachd;
 Na smaoinich, a chaoidh nan caoidh,
 Gur mise bheir suim do d' reachd.
 Briathar eile, 's taisg e 'd chom,
 Buin leat oigh-nìon nan trom chialh;
 Faiceadh a' Ghreig m' éiginn chruaidh,
 'S mo dhaor dhuais 'g a réubadh dhìom.
 Mathaim a' chiad uair do lochd,
 Ach togaim fo thoisg gun fhéum;
 Cha 'n éirghim le feachd gu bràth,
 'S cha rùisg lann mi mhnaoi fo 'n ghréin
 'S tuig-sa, ma ghlacas do chrìdh',
 Teachd a rist orm càar gu m' ghuin,
 Air chinnt bidh mo throm shìleagh gharbh
 'N a caoir smùidrich dearg le d' fhuil.

An cath beòil mar so cho-dhùin,
 'S dhealaich le greann mhùig na laoi;h;
 Aig cabhlach na Greig' air tràigh,
 Chaidh a' choineamh làn fo sgaoil.
 An t-Aichioll 's Patroclus gràidh,
 Mar ri càirdcan ghluais gu trom,
 Gu 'n roinn fhéin amach bho 'n chùirt
 Far 'm bu lionmhor bùth a's long.

Thug mac Atruis impidh ghrad,
 'S bha bhirlinn luath ghasd air sàil
 Fìched còmhlan iobairt chéud,

'S òg Bhriséis nan gruaidh tlàth.
 Dh' fhalbh Ulysses, mar cheann-ìuil,
 Leis an òigh a b' ùire snuagh;
 Thog iad; 's bu shìubhlach an triall,
 Romh ghorm dhaithean cian a' chuain.
 'N sin dh' àitlun e 'n omoir an dé
 Gu 'n nigheadh gu léir na suinn;
 Ghrad-ionnlaid an slògh mar dh' iarr;
 'S thìlg iad an sal ciar 's an tuinn,
 Mharbh iad iobairt nan làn-chiad,
 Ceart ri bial a' ghrinneil mhòir;
 'S air altairean dia nan colg,
 Loisg iad buie a's tairbh gun ghò;
 Toit chùibhraidh 'n a cearcaill bhàn,
 Chìtheadh 'sniomh gu àird' nan spèur:
 B' amhuil so shaothraich am feachd,
 Ach bha 'n rìgh 's a bheachd air bènd.
 Euribat, 's Taithibius caoin,
 Shìeas ri thaobh gu gairm 's gu féum:
 Orra sid mu 'n Aichioll mhòr,
 Spàrr e 'n t-òrdugh le còlg géar.

As oirbh gu mac Pheleus gnùth,
 'S gu 'n glac sibh 'n a bhùth air làimh
 'N aon-mion ùr a fhuair a speis,
 Og Bhriséis nan gruaidh àigh.
 Mur géill e 'n ulaidh le tlachd,
 Thig mis' agus m' fheachd 'n a dhàil,
 Grad-theid a mhiad-mhòr fo chis,
 'S ni e strìochdadh aill air n-àill.

Spreg an rìgh gu smachdail, garg;
 Dh' imich na maor 's iad balbh, trom.
 Romh 'n oitir ghanimh ghil, réidh,
 Aig cuan béucach nan cuan trom.
 Rameas Mirmiclich neo-mhall,
 Nam buithean, 's nan cabhlach dlùth,
 'S bhuaig gu ionad còmhnaidh 'n t-suinn,
 Faisg ri luing a steach 'n a bhùth.
 Fhuaras ann 'n a shuidhe 'n tréim;
 Leis-san cha b' éibhim an toisg;
 Shìeas iad le geilt greis bho 'laimh,
 'S chòm an nàir' iad fo chian thosd.
 Dh' aithnich e 's labhair gu caoin:—
 A theachdairean dhaoine 's dhia,
 'S e ur beath' agus ciad fáilt.
 Druidibh rium le bàigh gun fhiamh,
 Thàinig sibh mar dh' iarr ur rìgh;
 Rìbhse cha 'n 'eil m' fhearg no m' fhuath.
 Eirich, a Phatroclus ghràidh,
 Thoir dhaibh léug is àillidh snuagh;
 Do bhùth Agamemnon ghaire,
 Stiùireadh an luchd-gairm mo ghaol;
 Ach togadh iad fianais fhìor,
 Dh' iomis 'n dia 's a' chinne-dhaond';
 'S innseadh iad an tìs mo brìgh
 Do 'n ann-rìgh a chaill gach léus;
 Dh' fhaodteadh nach fad às an uair,
 'S an faight' air mo chruaidh-sa féum:
 Froisear a' Ghreig uil' air tràigh,
 Fuil dhearg bharcach às gach còim;
 Mise cha ghluais làmh, no lann
 Gu didinn bho 'n chaldach throm.
 Ceam air bhoil chaothaich gu sgrìos,

Gun smaoin cìod a thig, no bhá ;
'N uair bhios a' Ghreig tur 'n a draip,
Dearbhaidh e gur ceart mo dhán.

(Ri leantainn.)

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COIN.—Fàilte na maidne dhuit,
a' Mhurachaidh, tha dochas agam
gu 'm bheil thu gu surdail, sunndach
an diugh, agus nach do chum
gleadhraich nan gillean, agus meilich
nan caorach agus nan nan gun
chadal thu, oir cha bu beag an
odhail a bha an raoir 's a Ghoirtean-
Fhraoich leo sin gu leir. Cha do
leig iad dhomh fein suil a dhunadh
re na h-oidheche.

MUR.—Ma ta, a' Choinnich, chual
mi gun teagamh meilich nan
caorach agus nan uan, ach is e sin
an ceol a's binne 'n am chluasaibh-sa
ris an comas domh eisdeachd. Tha
mì 'tuigsinn gu 'n robh cruinneachadh
chaorach agad an de.

COIN.—Bha, bha, oir 's e so an
t-am anns am b' abhaist dhuinn a
bhi 'casgadh nan uan, agus thugadh
dbachaidh iad maraon, chum dealach-
adh a chur eadar na h-uain agus am
maithrichean mar a rinneadh air an
fheasgair an de, agus chunnear iad
far nach fhaicear iad a' caoidh gu
goint air son an dealachaidh.

MUR.—Ochan! is math, colach
air an obair mi, a' Choinnich, agus
de gach fuaim agus tuireadh, cha 'n
'eil caoidh idir ann ni 's nadura na
caoidh nan nan an uair a dhealaichear
iad o 'm maithrichibh; gidheadh,
feumar sin a dheanamh. Tha duil
agam gu 'm faigh thu deagh fheill
agus phris air son nan caorach agus
na fh-olainn am bliadhna, ged nach
'eil iad idir co ard 's a bha iad an
uiridh.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil an olann co ro
ard 's a bha i air a' bhliadhna a
chaidh seachad, agus tha na caoraich

eadar crun agus ochd sgiilinn
Sasunnach an ceann sìos, agus is
mor sin.

MUR.—Ni e suim mhaith airgid
ann an stoc a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich,
ach cha 'n 'eil comas air, agus bithidh
duil ni 's fearr ris a' bhliadhna chum
teachd. Mar a thubhairt an sean-
fhocal, "Thigeamaid beo an dochas
ro mhaith."

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil fios agam, a'
Mhurachaidh, oir tha mo choguis ag
innseadh dhomh, gu 'm bheil na
prisean tuilleadh 's ard mar a ta, oir
gun teagamh, cha 'n fhiach punnd
mairt-fheoil, no punnd muil-fheoil
darna leth na pris a dh'iarrar air a
shon, agus is beag a' chùairt ann an
teaghlach.

MUR.—Is ann agam tha fios air
mo chosdas, a' Choinnich, oir cha 'n
'eil mi a' cumail ach neoni de
mheabh-chrodh, a cheann nach 'eil
an t-aite againn co freagarrach
air son chaorach ris a' Ghoirtean-
Fhraoich.

COIN.—Fagaidh sin ni 's buailtich
'thu do 'n cheannachd, agus is lom
an ni teagadh na meidh, a' Mhur-
achaidh.

MUR.—Tha i ann sin gle lom, ach
cha 'n fhaigh neach sam bith na
h-uile nithe mar bu mhaith leis.
Bhiodh e uime sin, 'n a ni taitneach
na 'm biodh na h-uile fear lan ri-
aichte le chrannchr fein.

COIN.—Gle cheart, a Mhurachaidh,
's e dleasnas nan uile a bhi toilichte
le 'n staid fein, gu sonraichte ma
bhios cuisean ag eirigh gu ceart leo,
agus an spreidh aca a' cinneachadh
mar bu mhaith leo.

MUR.—Direach sin, a' Choinnich,
an uair nach laidh droch shuil orra,
agus nach gnathaichear cleas, no
giseag chum cur as doibh, no
dochunn sam bith a dheanamh orra.

COIN.—Seadh, seadh, tha mi ga d'
tuigsinn, a Mhurachaidh, oir tha
thu a' deanamh fochaid orm a nis,

an son na thubhairt mi riut a cheana mu na geasan agus cleasan a rinn-eadh le droch shluagh anns gach linn chum cuid an coimhearsnaich a mhilleadh agus a sgrios. Ach thubhairt mi sin, agus their mi fathast e; cha 'n 'eil feum an fhirinn a chealachadh air chor sam bith.

MUR.—Tha fios agam gu 'm bheil thusa a' toirt lan chreideas do na nithibh faoin sin uile, a' Choinnich, agus air duit eolas a bhli agad orra, feumaidh tu cuid diubh a leigeadh ris domh a reir mar is cuimhne leat.

COIN.—Is minic a chual mi n' athair agus mo shean-athair a' labhairt air an t-seol air an robh muinntir anns na seann linnibh a' toirt lan-chreideas do nithibh dhe 'n t-seorsa sin. Bha iad a' toirt geill do bhuidseachd, dubh-chleasachd, druidheachd, geasadaireachd, fiosachd, agus nithe de 'n ghne sin; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach robh mor-chumhachd aig na sithichibh, oir bha iad lionmhor anns gach sgìreachd, far am faicear gu ruig an la 'n diugh na ficheadan de na tolmanaibh uaine sin, anns an robh iad a' gabhail comhnuidh.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil tolmanan uaine ri 'm faicinn anns gach aite, agus mar an ceudna tolmanan dubh, agus tolmanan de gach meud, cumadh, agus gne, ach ciod dheth siu, a Choinnich, cha d' fhag sin iad 'n an ionadaibh-comhnuidh do na sithichibh ged a theirean "sitheana" gu 'n teagamh riutha.

COIN.—An creid thu so, a' Mhurachaidh, bha mo sheanair air oidhche araidh a' dol seachad air an t-Sithean-Mhor 's a' Ghleann-dubh, agus chual e ceol agus dannsa 's a' chuoc, agus chunnaic e le 'shuilibh boisgean soluis mar ann an seomar farsuing ann an cridhe a' cnuic, agus stad e a dh'-eisdeachd ris a' cheol agus an aighear.

MUR.—Tha eagal orm, a' Choinnich, gu 'n robh boinnean beag ann an suil do sheanair air an oidhche sin, ach biodh sin mar a dh'fheadas, ciod tuilleadh a th' agad ri radh mu 'n timchioll?

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil a' bheag de dhroch ni agam ri aithris mu 'n timchioll idir, a' Mhurachaidh, oir bha iad riamh neo-lochdach mar cuirteadh fearg orra, oir 's e Daoine-sithe a bha mar ainm orra, agus bha iad anabarrach cairdeil rìusan a bhiodh caoimhneil riu, ach mur biodh, dheanadh iad gun teagamh droch cleasan air an luchd-saruchaidh, agus ghoidheadh iad na leanaban aca air falbh, gu sonraichte mar biodh na leanabana sin air am baisteadh. Bha iad, mar an ceudna, ro dheigheil air mnathaibh oga a ghlacadh, agus air an toirt air falbh leo, chum banaltran a dheanamh dhiubh do 'n chloinn bhig aca fein anns na sitheanaibh aca. Dhunadh iad a stigh iad 'n an seomraichibh uaigneach fein, far an gleidheadh iad ficheadan bliadhna iad gun aois a bhli luidhe orra idir. Feudaidh e bhith gu 'm fagadh iad seana chailleachan anns na teaghlachibh sin as an goideadh iad na mnathan oga, agus cha robh na cuisean sin idir taitneach do na companaich aca.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil iognadh orm ged nach biodh, a' Choinnich, oir cha robh an ionlaid a rinn iad idir taitneach. B' fhearr leat fein cur suas le Seonaid choir ged nach biodh i co'fairidh 's a ta i air do dheagh-ghean, na gu 'n tugteadh air falbh i, agus cailleach ghreannach, ghlas fhagail 's a' Ghoirtean-fraoich 'na h-aite. Ach innis domh, a' Choinnich, o'n tha eolas agad orra, ciod bu choslas do na sithichibh sin, agus ciod a' ghne sgendachaidh a bha iad a' cur umpa fein?

COIN.—Bha iouadan-comhnuidh ro mhaiseach aca, seomraichean

aluinn a bha mor, farsuing, ard, agus air an lionadh leis gach greadhnacas. Chumadh iad cuirtean anns na h-èil-airtibh riombach aca, agus rachadh iad cuideachd 'n an buidhneibh sgiamhach. Air amannaibh bheireadh iad na raointean orra 'n an comhlanaibh mora, a' marachd air steud-eachaibh sneachd-gheala! Bha iad air an sgeudachadh ann an trusgan-aibh soilleir uaine, a bha sgiamhach thar tonhais, agus bha iad uile 'g an nochdadh fein anns an aon ghue eididh aluinn sin, a bha dealrach mar sholus na greine. Mar bri trice mu mhheadhon oidheche, bha iad a' fhan-tuinn a stigh 'n an seomraichibh uaigneach fein a' cluicheadh agus a' dainsadh gu am brisidh na faire, agus an sin bhiodh tosd' agus samh-char ann gus an tigeadh an ath oidheche. Ach cha chualas riamh ceol co binn 's a bha air a sheinn leo nan aoidheachd fein. Agus mar a thubhairt mi cheana, chual mo sheanair an ceol sin anns an t-Sithean-Mhor 'n an dha air oidheche araidh a bhi 'gabhail na slighe seachad air.

MUR.—Tha thu a' cur iongantais orm, a Choinnich, agus ma's maith mo bharail, is e an ath ni a chluinneas mi o d' bhlibh gu 'm fac thu le d' shuilibh fein na daoine-sithe sin, agus gu 'n cual thu le d' chluasaibh fein an binn-cheol leis an do chuir iad air eirith na glas-chnocan sin anns an robh iad ri ruiteireachd co mor.

COIN.—Comadh leat-sa, a' Mhurachaidh, tha thusa mar a bha thu riamh, a' deanamh fo-chaid orm-sa, ag radh ruim gu 'm faicinn le mo shuilibh, agus gu 'n cluinnim le mo chluasaibh sud agus so. Ciod leis an faicinn ach le mo shuilibh, agus leis an cluinnim ach le mo chluasaibh? Ach so agad e, a' charaid ionmhuinn, chummaic agus chual muinntir na nithe so, a bha 'n an la 's 'n an linn fein ceart co firinneach, creideasach ri Murachadh Ban no ri

Coimeach Ciobair, agus e'ar son, uime sin, a bheireamaid mi-chliu no smal orra-san a bha co glic, ceart, treibhdhireach 'n an giulan fein ri neach sam bith 's an linn a ta lathair? Na deanamaid tair orrasan a dh' fhalbh?

MUR.—Ud! Ud! a' Choinnich, na gabh co bras 's an t-sroin e, oir cha chuir mise smal no mi-chliu air athair, no seannair, no air neach sam bith, do bhrìgh gu 'm bheil cead aig na h-uile teachd beo 'n an barail fein; ach an deigh sin, cha 'n 'eil mi 'faicinn gu 'm bheil reusan, no tuigse, no taisbean, a' toirt an dearbhaidh a's lugha, gu 'm bheil, ann an firinn, steigh sam bith air son nan nithe sin d' an bheil thusa ag aomadh, agus a' toirt lan-chreideis. Do m' thaobh fein dheth, cha d' thug, agus cha toir mi geill dhoibh, agus cha mhor a bheir, ann an soilleireachd nan linn a ta lathair.

COIN.—Air do shocair ort, a' Mhurachaidh, air do shocair ort, agus na bi gu tur bras agus ceannlaidir, oir thi mi 's a' bharail gu 'm bheil an Fhìrinn fein a' leigeachd ris duinn gu 'd robh muinntir ann o shean aig an robh cumhachd de 'n ghne so, agus a nochd e gu soilleir, agus gu follaiseach.

MUR.—Is maith a tha mi ga d' thuigsinn, a Choinnich, agus is taitneach gu 'm bheil thusa a' raun-sachadh nan Sgrìobtuir gu bhì 'faicinn nan nithe a chuireadh an ceill anna mu'n luchd-fiosachd, na daoine-glice, na druidhean, na speuradairean, agus iadsan aig an robh leannan-sithe, agus an leithidibh sin; ach faic, agus tuig so, fhìr mo chridhe, cha 'n 'eil mise a' creidsinn gu 'm bheil focal na Fhìrinn a' cur an ceill ann an aite sam bith gu 'n robh a leithid do chumhachd air a thoirt leis an Ti a's Airde do mhac an duine, chum nithe de 'n ghue sir a dheanamh.

COIN.—Is iongantach lean do

bhriathra a chluinntinn, a Mhurachaidh. Nach 'eil thu 'faicinn ciod a rinn na druidhean 's an Eiphit, agus ciod a rinn a' bhean aig an robh an leannan-sith ann an Endor? Nach 'eil thu a' creidsinn gu 'n do thog i Samuel o na marbhaibh an uair a thubhairt Saul rithe, Dean fiosachd dhomh-sa, guidheam ort, leis an leannan-shith, agus tog suas dhomh esan a dh' ainmicheas mi dhuit!

MUR.—Ochan! a' Choinnich, is mise nach 'eil a' creidsinn gu 'n do thog an droch bhean sin Samuel riamh o staid nam marbh, ni mo tha mi 'creidsinn so, gu 'n do cheaduich an Cruithear do 'n droch spiorad e fein a nochdadh ann an riochd Shamueil, chum peanas a thoirt air Saul a bha 'n a shamhladh air Satan. Cha 'n 'eil e iongantach gu 'n nochdadh Satan e fein ann an riochd Shamueil, an uair a cheaduicheadh dha "e fein a chur ann an cruth aingil soillse." Na biodh, nime sin duil agadsa gu 'n do cheaduicheadh

riamh do droch-dhaoinibh trioblaid a chur air fois nan naomh, no an tabhairt air ais do 'n t-saoghal so 'a saoghal nan spiorad air iarrtas Sbatain, athair nam breug.

COIN.—Uhh! Uhh! a' Mhurachaidh, is leoir na nithe sin chum ceann duine a chuir 'n a bhreislich, cha 'n 'eil mi fein 'gan tuigsinn; tha iad tuilleadh's domhain agus diomhair air mo shon-sa; ach chi mi ciod a their an seann Mhinistear coir againn, Maighstir Seumas m'an timchioll, agus taoghlaidh mi air gun dail a dh-fhaicinn ciod a their esan mu na nithibh sin.

MUR.—Ro cheart, a' Choinnich, ro cheart, agus aig an am leigidh sinn leis na sithichibh cadal a dheanamh, ach aig uair eigin eile, ma chaomhnar sinn, bithidh tuilleadh comhraidh againn mu na cleachdannaibh eugsamhla sin a bha air an coimhead le'r luchd-duthecha fein anns na liuntibh a dh' fhalbh.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

COMMUNION WITH THE REE WATERFALL.

[The following poem, English and Gaelic, by the same author, a Mr. Cameron, in Australia, has been forwarded to us by the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Nether-Lochaber. Mr. Stewart thinks the poem has much merit, and we agree with him. *Eas Rithe*, or Ree Waterfall, is well known to every Lochaber man and woman, though not so well known to tourists as it should be. In full flood it is as grand and striking an object of the kind as is to be found in all the West Highlands. The author of this poem was born and brought up within sight and sound of it.]

COMMUNION WITH THE REE WATERFALL,
NETHER-LOCHABER, IN A DREAM.

I gaze on thee, thou wondrous fall!
As I had done long years ago:
I travelled far on duty's call
Since last I saw thy current's flow.

In days gone by, when joy was young,
'Twas my delight to sit me here,
When thy grave voice, so full and strong,
A pleasant song was to mine ear.

COMH-CHOMUNN RI EAS RIDHE, AM
BUN LOCHABER, ANN AM BRUADAR.

Mi dearcadh mar 's an tim o chian
Ort fein O Eas! as miadhail cruth:
Air garm mo dhleasnais 's fada a thriall
Mo chom o chopadh dian do shruth.

'S na laithean an robh m' aigne maoth;
B' e m' annsachd suidhe taobh do
bhruaich,
Am fochair toirmrich neart do bhraoin,
A bhiodh mar oran gaoil a' m' chluais.

Methinks I hear thy waters say
In greeting accents bathed in tears :
"Where did thy wandering footsteps stray
These many long and weary years ?

"I missed thee on that rocky brink --
Thy youthful shadow on the pool,
When thou wouldst say, as thou didst
think,
Thy daily lesson for the school ;

"When none but I was to thee near
Save He who guides our varied ways,
To whom creation all is dear,
As joining in His glory's praise.

"But, oh ! how altered is your form,
And silvered over is your hair ;
The voice, alone, retains the charm
Of him who once was young and fair :

"The rocks around me now rejoice
In echoing its well-known ring,
And I'll, too, chime in with my voice,
That nature's anthem we may sing.

"The trees that wave above my head,
With all their warbling feathery throng,
Will join, as by one spirit led,
To swell the chorus of the song."

: : : : :

I journeyed east, I journeyed west,
And dwelt in lands beyond the line,
But dear as friendship to my breast
Was that deep solemn bass of thine.

As burnished silver is thy sheen,
And, when the sun shines on thy breast
The Arc of promise can be seen
To span across thy beaming crest.

Proud dynasties may quit this earth,
And generations pass away,
But thou remainest, from thy birth,
Without addition or decay,

Save when the flood's descending weight
Swells high the volume of thy tide,
When awful majesty and might
Enhance the glory of thy pride.

Words of comparison are lame,
In all their poetry array ;
And art itself is weak and tame
Thy power and greatness to display.

Tha t-nisgeachan, air leam, ag radh,
Am briathran bàigh fo shileadh dheur :
"Ciod e, fad bhlianaibh sgith, an t-ait'
Air ionnral cian 'n d' thàr do cheum?"

Do chruth gu 'n ionndrain mi o m' choir,
A's t-fhailleas òg 's an linne shios,
'N uair 'chuireadh tu, le aithris beoil,
Bladh mbeaghair t'fhoghlum dhuit air
rian ;

"Gun aon duil lamh ruit ach mi fein
'S an Ti tha stiùireadh ceum ar roid—
Lan baigh do 'n chruthachadh gu leir,
Tha 'm boinn a' cur an ceill a ghloir.

"Ach O ! shearg blath do bhuanan as,
'S mar airgiod glas tha gruag do
chinn ;

'S e 'n guth a mhain, 'bha aobhneach
ait,
'Tha cur do chleachdaidh ann am
chuinhn' ;

"Tha gairdeachas nan creag mu 'n cuairt
'Comh -fhreagairt ris le fuaimrich
bhinn,
'S theid seirm mo ghuth-sa leo a suas,
'S ni nadur oran nuadh a sheinn.

"Na crainn 'tha crathadh shuas mu 'n
cheann,
Le 'n cuanail ghreannar 's annsa teis,
Le meoghail ghloirbhuineach neo-ghann,
'Ni comhla 'n rann a chuir air gheus."

: : : : :

Shiubhail mi 'n ear, a's shiubhail mi 'n
iar,
A's thuinich mi 'n tìr chian mu dheas,
Ach taisgt' am chom, mar chairdeas fial,
Do bhorbhain tiamhaidh mhair gun
cheist.

Mar airgiod loinnreach tha do chliabb,
'S 'n uair dhearsas grian air sgiath d'ò
chair,

Gu 'm faiccar bodha 's daithte neul
A' cluich ri ciabhau shian do spairn.

Theid uachdaranachd mhor air chul,
'S theid al nan ioma gineal 'sios,
Ach, mar o d' bhreith-sa, bithidh tu
Gun ni chuir ruit na thabhairt dhiot.

Mar ann 'n uair thaosgais tuille 'nuas,
'Cur at mu d' bhruaich le buathadh cas,
'S bhios moralachd a's neart de bhuanh
Cuir t'inbhe 'suas gu li-uaibhreach bras.

Tha briathran coimeis bacach, mal,
Aig meud am puirp an ranutachd
bhard,

'S tha caldhain lag-chuiseach a's gann
Chuir modh do ghreadnachais air aird.

The voice of many waters wakes
The slumbering echoes of the soul,
To thoughts of Him who undertakes
The vast creation to control.

As time is to eternity so thou
Art placed, by energy divine,
Amid the living here below,
That in thy daily worship join.

Of't here, when young, my tears would
flow,
While musing on God's ways with men,
As I would think of those laid low,
That saw thee as I saw thee then.

But now the sombre future spreads
Its shadow o'er this lovely scene,
To warn, though here my step still treads,
Of me they'll say, he once had been.

Remembrances of other years,
That have made here their dwelling
place.
Each with a smiling face appears,
Though marks of tears I there can trace.

The dawn of hope, with thoughts sublime,
And aspirations more profound,
Associate here, in life's decline,
Commingling with the murmuring
sound. A. C.

Melbourne, Australia,
26th March, 1874.

Gu mosgail guth nan nisgean garbh
Comh-sheirm mbictalla anns a' chom,
Gu smaointean air an Ti a dhealbh
Na neimhne ard, an fhaire, 's fonn.

A's mar tha tin do shiorruidheachd, tha
Do chor, trid Ordugh Dhia nam feart,
Am measg nam beo, bho al gu al,
'Ni aoradh maille ruit gu ceart.

Am shuidhe 'so, an laithean m' oig',
Gur tric a shil mo dheoir gu geur,
'S mo smuainte orra-san fo 'n fhòd,
'Bha roimhe 'n cleachdadh doigh rium
fein.

Ach 'nis an t-am a ta ri teachd
Sgaoil fhaileas ciar thar dreach gach
aigh,
Toirt sanais dbomb, reir chor gach
neach—
Gu 'n tig a chrìoch—'s nach fhada 'n
dail.

Tha cuimhneachan nam bliadhn' a threig,
'Rinn comhnuidh' so le cheile a' d' chòir,
Ri gean rium, ged tha blath nan deur
Ri fhaicinn air eudainn foil.

Tus dochais le chuid smuaintean ard,
A's tograidh anama 's grasmhor stuaim,
Tha 'so an dluth's mu charaidh thrath,
Comh - mheasgnachadh an gairich
t-fhuaim. A. C.

Melbourne, 'n Tir Bonn-ri-Bonn
26 Mar., 1874.

CAIPTEAN RUADH GHLINN LIOBHAN AGUS TUATHAN- AICH LATHARNA.

'Nuair a bha'n Caimheulach fiach-
ail cliuiteach so na *f*factor aig treas
Iarla Bhraid-Albann, air oighreachd
Latharn-iochdrach, an Earragbaidh-
eal, thachair gu'n robh da bhrathair
ann an seibh baile beag fearainn,
leth mar leth aig gach aon diubh.
Bha teaghlach mor maoth aig fear
dhiubh; agus bha e air a sharuchadh
cho mor 'g an togail, 's nach robh e
'na chomas a roinn-sa de'n bhaile a
chumail anns an ordugh bu choir da.
Cha b' ann mar so do'n bhrathair
eile: bha e na dhuine saobhir, agus
air a chunntadh beartaich le muintir
na dutbha. Ghabh e cothram air
dol a dh-ionnsuidh a' Chaipitean

Ruaidh, agus rinn e casaid ris an
aghaidh a bhrathar, gu'n robh e
leigeil le 'chuid de'n bhaile dol an
dolaidh le cion mathachaidh agus
aorannachaidh; agus an deighiomadh
e,—“Cha 'n urrainn duibh ni 's fearr
a dheanamh na leth mo bhrathar
de'n bhaile a thoirt domh fein;”
agus, chum a thagradh a neartachadh,
charaich e deich puinnnd Shasunnach
air a' bhord, a' feuchainn an Caipitean
a chlaonadh. Fhreagair an t-nasal
e gu tioram, “Gheibh thu leth do
bhrathar.” Dh' fhalbh an cealgair
gu moiteil, ard-inntinneach. Goirid
an deigh so, chual' am brathair bochd

a bha 'g a' chlaoidh fabhunn mar a thachair. Chaidh e gu trom-inntinn-each, bronach, a dh' ionnsuidh a' Chaiptein. Dh' innis e na chual' e, ach gu 'n robh dochas aige nach robh e fìor. Dh' aidich e nach robh a leth-sa de'n bhaile 's an ordugh anns am bu choir dha 'bhi; gidheadh, 'nuair a chinneadh a theaghlach a suas, gu 'n rachadh gach gnothach am feothas. "Tha na chual' thu fìor gu leoir," deir an Caiptein: "fluair do bhrathar do leth-sa."

Mar a bha 'n duine truagh a' falbh, gu muladach, bronach, ghairm an t-uasal air ais e, ag radh, "Ged a fluair e do leth-sa de'n ghabhail, cha d' iarr e a leth fein. Rach thusa dhachaidh, agus, 'n uair a thig a' Bhealltuinn, cuiridh mis' thu an sealbh cuid do bhrathar; agus, a dhuine bhochd, so dhuit deich puinnnd Shasunnach, a chuidicheas leat do theaghlach og a thogail, leis an d' fheuch do bhrathair mis' a bhriobadh."—*Cuairtear nan Gleann.*

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

FONN—"Tweedside."

Tharraing grian, rìgh nan planet 's nan reul,
 Gu sign Chancer Diciadaoin, gu beachd,
 A riaghlas cothrom mu'n crìochnaich e thriall,
 Da mhìos deug na bliadhna mu seach;
 Ach gur h-e 'n dara Disathurn 'n a dheigh,
 A' ghrianstad-shamhraidh, aon-deug, an la 's fhaid';
 'S an sin tionnda'idh e chursa' gu seamh,
 Gu seasghrian a' gheamhraidh gun stad.

'S blo 'n dh' imich e nis bhuainn mu'n cuairt,
 Gu 'm bi fuachd oirnn gu 'm pill e air ais:
 Bidh gach la dol an giorrad gu feum,
 'S gach oidheche d'a reir dol am fad;
 Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus feur,
 Na fais-bheotha, crìon-engaidh iad as;
 Teichidh 'n snodhach gu friamhaich nan crann.
 Suighidh gladhain an sugh-bheatha steach.

Seacaidh geugan glan, cubhraidh nan crann,
 Bha 's an t-samhradh trom-stracte le meas,
 Gu 'n toirleum an toradh gu lar,
 Gu 'n sgrìosar am barr bharr gach lìos.
 Guilidh feadain a's creachann nam beann,
 Sruthain chrìostail nan gleann le trom sprochd,
 Caoidh nam fuaran ri meachainn gu 'n eluinn,
 Deoch-thunta nam maioseach 's nam boc.

Laidhidh bron air an talamh gu leir,
 Gu 'n aognaich na sleibhtean 's na cnuic;
 Grad-dhubhaidh caoin uachdar nam blar,
 Fal-ruisgte, 's iad faillinneach bochd.

Na h-eoin bhuchullach, bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,
 Sheinneadh baisgeanta, binn, am barr dhos,
 Gu 'n teid a' ghlas-ghuib air an beul,
 Gun bhogha, gun teud iad 'n an tosd.

Sguiridh buirdeisich sgiathach nan spenr,
 De 'n ceileireadh grianaich car greis ;
 Cha sheinn iad am maidnein gn h-ard,
 No 'm feasgarain chrabhach 's a' phreas :
 Cadal clù-mhor gu 'n dean anns gach còs,
 Gabhail fasgaidh am frogan nan creag ;
 'S iad ri ionndrain nan gathannan blath
 Bhiodh ri dealradh fo sgaile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan sriau-bhuidh' nan ros
 Bharr min-chioch nan or-dhitheìn beag,—
 Sinean gucagach lùidh nan lon,
 Nam fluran 's geal-neoinein nan eag,
 Cha deoghar le beachainn nam bruach,
 Croidhidh fuarachd car cuairt iad 'n an sgeap ;
 Cha mho chruinneicheas seillein a mhal,
 'S thar geal ur-ros chrann garaidh cha streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
 Bho d' iarguin gu fiath-ghrunnd nan loch ;
 'S gu 'm fan air an aigein dhubh-dhonn,
 Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan sloc ;
 Na bric tharr-ghealach, earr-ghobhlach, shlin,
 Leumadh meardha ri usgraichean chop,
 'N an cairtealan-geamhraidh gu 'n tanh,
 Meirbh, samhach, bho 'n thamh thu fo'n *ghlobe*.

Chas a's ghreannaich gach tulach 's gach tom,
 'S doite lom chinm gach fireach 's gach glac :
 Gu 'n d' odhraich na sitheinean-feoir,
 Bu lusnach feirneineach brat ;
 Thiornaich maghannan 's ruadhaich gach fonn ;
 Bheuc an fhairge 's ro thonn-ghreannach gart ;
 'S gu 'n d' sgreataich an dndlachd gach long,
 'S theid an cabhlach 'n a long-phort a steach.

Neulaich paircean a's miodar gu bàs,
 Thuit gach fasach 's gach aite fo bhruid ;
 Chiaraidh moradh nan iosal 's nan ard,
 Theirig dathannan grasmhor gach luig :
 Dh' fhalbh am faileadh bha taitneach 's am fonn ;
 Dh' fhalbh a mhaise bharr lombair gach buig ;
 Chaidh an eunlaidh gu caoidhearan truagh,
 Uiseag, smeorach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhadanaich, ghaganaich, uir,
 Do 'm b'ola's do 'm b'fhudar a' mhil,
 B'i bhath ghrian do thabhachd's gach uair,
 Gu giullachd do ghruaige le sgil :
 'S a' mhadaian-iuchair 'n uair bhoillsgeadh a gnuis
 Air buidheannan drùchdach nan dril,
 B'fhior chubhraidh 's gu 'm b' eibhinn an smuid
 So dh'eireadh bharr cuirnean gach bil.

Gu 'n theirig sùbh-thalnuhann nam bruach,
 Dh' fhalbh an enuasach le 'n trom-lubadh slat ;
 Thuit an t-ubhal, an t-siris, 's am peur,
 Chuireadh bogh' air a' gheig anns a' bhad ;
 Dh' fhalbh am bainne bho 'n callaich air chul,
 Mu 'm bi leanaba ri ciucharan bochd ;
 'S gus 'n till a' ghrian gu *sign Thauruis* nam buadh,
 'S treun a bhuadhaicheas fuachd agus gort.

Theid a' ghrian air a thurus mu 'n cuairt
 Do *thropic Chapricorn* ghrunamaich gun stad,
 Bho 'n tig fearthuinn chruinn, mheallanaich. luath,
 Bheir á mullach nan cruaidhteachan sad ;
 Thig tein'athair, thig torunn 'n a dheigh,
 Thig gaillion, thig eire nach lag ;
 'S cinnidh uisge 'n a ghloineachan cruaidh,
 'S 'n a ghlas-leugan min, fuar-licneach, rag.

A mhios nuarranta, gharbh-fhrasach, dhorch,
 Shneachdach, cholgarr' is stoirm-shìonach bith ;
 Dhisleach, dhall-churach, chathach, fhliuch, chruaidh,
 Bhiorach, bluagharr, 's tuath-ghaothach cith ;
 Dheigheach, liath-reotach, ghlib-shleamhain, gharbh,
 Chuireas sgiobairean fairge 'n an ruith ;
 Fhlichneach, fhuinntainneach, ghùineach, gun tlaths :
 Cuiridh d' anail gach caileachd air chrith.

A mhios chnatanach, chasadach, lom,
 A bhios trom air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh ;
 Churraiceach, chasagach lachdunn a's dhonn,
 Bhrisneach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach, thiugh,
 Bhrogach, niheatagach, pheiteagach bhan,
 Imeach, aranach, chaiseach, gun ghruth ;
 Le 'm miann bruthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's cal,
 'S ma bhios blath nach dean tair' air guèth stuth.

A mhios bhrotagach, thoiteanach, shoigh,
 Ghionach, strodhail, fhior-gheocail gu muic ;
 Liteach, laganach, chabaisteach, chorr,
 Phoiteach, romasach, roiceil, gu sult ;

'S an taobh-amuigh ged a thubh sinu ar com,
Air an t-aileadh gheur, tholltach, gun tlus,
'S eudar dram ol mar lingeadh cleibh,
A ghrad-fladai's fein'-eibhinn 's an uchd.

Bidh greann-dubh air cuid mhoir de 'n Roinn-Eorp,
Bho 'n a lagaich sgeamh ordha do theas ;
Do sholas bu sholas ro mhor,
Ar fradharc 's ar lochran geal, deas ;
Ach 'n nair thig e gu *Gemini* ris,
'S a lannir 's gach righeachd gu 'n cuir,
'S buidhe soillsein nan coirein 's nam meall,
'S riochdail fianh nan or-mheall air a' mhuir.

'S theid gach salmادair ball-mhaiseach, ur,
An crannaig chubhraidh chraobh dluth-dhuilleach, cas ;
Le 'n scol fhein a sheinn *hymns*, 's a thoirt clu,
Chionn a' *planet* so chursadh air ais ;
Gu 'm bi coisir air leth anns gach geig,
An *dasgan* eibhinn air reidh-shlios nan slat.
A' toirt lag-iobairt le 'n ceileir do 'n Triath,
Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bli creutair fo chopan nan spenr,
'N sin nach tionndaidh ri speirid, 's ri 'n dreach ;
'S gu 'n toir *Phæbus* le buadhan a bhlais,
Anam-fais daibh a's caileachdan ceart ;
'S nì iad aiseirigh choitcheom a' n uigh.
Far 'n do mbeataich am fuachd iad a steach ;
'S their iad guileag—"doro-hidala-hann,
Dh' fhalbh an geamhradh 's tha 'n samhradh air teachd !"

—*Alastair Donullach.*

D U A N A G.

Mar chraobh ri sruth, 's i lan de dhuilleach uain',
A' crith le fuaim 's i'sua'dh fo ghaoth nam beann.
Mar sin bha mi 'n àn d'usgadh dhomh o m' shuain.
Mo ribhinn ghaoil, 'n uair bha thu fein 's a' ghleann ;
Ach nis, a rùin, bho 'n dh' fhàg thu mi 's a dh' fhalbh
Mo shainhradh leat, le 'mhaise a 's le 'fhonn.
Tha foghar orm air teachd, le ceumaibh balbh,
A 's fann-ghuth ciùin a dhruigh's air iuntinn throm.
Mar èoin a craoibh 's ann theich mo shòlas nam ;
Mo dhòchas thuit mar dhuilleach, ruadh gu làr.
Thig earrach ur, 's thig duilleach fos 'bheir gràin
Nan geng air falbh, 'g an còmhdaich mach gu 'm bàrr ;
Ach mis', mar chraun a' seargadh 'mach 's a' ghaoith,
Mur till thu fein, 's mur maoth'ch thu mi le suomhach gaoil.

MAC-OIDHCHE.

COMUNN UR GAIDHEALACH.

Tha sinn, le mor dhealas agus leis gach deadh dhurachd, a' toirt faillte chridheil do chomunn ùr d' ar luchd-duthcha gaolach a chaidh, o chionn ghoirid a chur air chois anns a' bhaile-mhor so, fo 'n ainm, *Comunn Gaidhealach Ghlaschu*. Tha cuimhne aig ar luchd-leughaidh air a' Choimeimh Chaidrich ainmeil a chaidh a chumail ann an Talla mor a' Bhaile anns an Earrach so 'chaidh — a' choimeamh Ghaidhealach is mò a chaidh riabh a ghleidheadh ann an tigh no an talla air uachdar an t-saoghail. Air ceann na coinneimh sin bha còmbhan de Ghaidheil thàbhachdach, ghramail, thapaidh, agus cha 'n e mhain gu 'n do chuir iad rompa gu 'm biodh cruinneachadh eile d'an cheart seorsa ann an ath bhliadhna, ach, air faicinn daibh anns an t-soirbheachadh anabarrach a fhuair iad an sin, meud a' chumhachd a dh' fhaodadh Gaidheil Ghlaschu a chur a mach as an leth fein agus as leth an luchd-duthcha na 'm biodh doigh cheart air a gabhail air an aonadh r' a cheile 'u an aon chomunn mor — cha 'n ann a mhain a chum 's gu 'n tigeadh iad cruinn uair 'sa' bhliadhna gu aon oidheche chridheil a chur thairis ann am fearas-chuideachd agus ann an lan-aighear, ach comunn seasmhach a choinnicheadh tric agus aig am biodh leas nan Gaidheal mar chrìoch araid anns an amhare, — chuir iad an comhairle r'a cheile o chionn mìos no dha, agus b' e bu deireadh dha so gu 'n do chuireadh fo uidheam an comunn ur a dh' ainmich sin. Tha, ann an Glaschu, comunn Gaidhealach no dha cheana de mhuintir nan cearnaibh fa leth; tha iad ann comunn Mhuileach, Beach, Lathurnach, Sgiathanach, Leoghasach, Rosach, 's cha 'n 'eil fhios co eile; tha iad uile feumail, agus cha 'n 'eil an comunn ur so 'dol a gabhail guothaich riu ann an

rathad a bhi 'togail comh-strìth no farmaid 'n an measg, no ag iarradh air aon sam bith na comunn sin 'fhagail agus gabhail ris an fhear ur — is fada, 's fhada a ghabh e uaith sin — ach 's ann a tha run orra gu 'm biodh na comunn sin uile air an deanamh 'n an meadhonau air leas nan Gaidheal a chur air aghaidh le comas a bhi air a thairgseadh dhaibh, agus do gach aon aig am bheil cridhe Gaidhealach 'n a chom, air an cumhachd a chum maith a chur air ghluasad agus a chur gu buil air mhòd a's fhearr agus a's buannachdaire na rinn iad roimhe as leth an luchd-duthcha as gach ionad, agus de gach sliochd agus aidmheil. Is e Tighearna Chluainidh, an sàr-Ghaidheil, is ceann-cinnidh air a' chomunn; agus ma 's airidh esau, neo-ar-thainig mur 'eil a luchd-muintir fearail, foghainteach! Cha ruig sinn leas an ainneachadh, ach faodar an urad so a radh, — mur soirbhlich leis na tha aig a' chomunn 's an amhare nach ann aig an sgioba a bhios a' choire. Is iad na nithean a tha gu sonraichte 'n am beachd, a thuilleadh air a bhi 'cumail air ruhaireann seann chanain, eachdraidh, sgeulachdan, bardachd agus ceol nan Gaidheal, gu 'm biodh cothrom air a thoirt daibh air eolas feumail 'fhaighinn a leabhraichean agus paipearan-aidheachd mu chuisean an t-saoghail, 's gu sonraichte cuisean Gaidhealach; agus tha iad, nime sin, a' ruachadh seomar a gabhail anns an bi leabhar-lann agus paipearan air son nan Gaidheal aig an sam bith d' an latha no do 'n fheasgar; tha iad a' miannachadh coinneamhan a chumail o am gu am air son cèilidh agus conaltradh cairdeil, agus far an chummar seann eachdraidh agus bardachd na duthcha air an leughadh gu snasmhor, agus orain agus duanagan binne nan Gaidheal air an seinn gu fonnmhor, cìreachdail. Tha co-

chedl (concert) d'an t-seorsa so aca a h-nìle feasgar Disathuirne, ann an Talla-nan-saor, 7 Alston Street agus tha an seomar sin cheana tuilleadh 's beag air son na h-àireimh a tha 'tarraing a mach. Tha an comunn, mar an ceudna, a' cur rompa clarsèididh a chumail anns an faigh Gaidheil air ùr thighinn do 'n bhaile, no air dlith oibre, fios c'aite an faighear cosnadh. Is i ar comhairle dogach Gaidheal anns a' bhaile mhor so e 'dhol's a ghnuis agus a chuid-eachadh a thoirt do 'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach—cuireadh e ainm anns an leabhar aca. Ma shoirbhicheas leo—agus c'arson nach soirbhich?—is leis-san a chuid fein d'an onair; agus ma dh'fhairticheas na tha iad a' miannachadh orra, tha an toileachadh aige gu 'n do riun esan a dbleasnas as leth a luchd-dutbcha. "*Bi misneachail, agus biomail gaisg-eil air son ar sluagh.*"

—o—

IAIN WILLIAMS AGUS AN DUINE DUBH.

A GHÀIDHEIL GHASDA,—Tha fhios gu ro mhaith agaibhse gur iomadh ni aincheartach agus cleachd-ainn sgreamhail a chi na Soisgeulaich an measg dhaoine borba ann an dutbchaibh cein. Ma shaoileas sibh gur airidh an sgeul beag a leanas air oisinn d'an *Ghaidheal*, theagamh gu 'n cuir micriomageile d'ur n-ionnsaidh 'n uair a ruigeas mo chothrom air.

Is mi. &c.,

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn,
An Fheill Micheil, 1874.

Tha an Soisgeulaiche, Iain Williams, 'n a leabhar, "Missionary Enterprises," ag innseadh, air dha

bhi 'g obair air togail bàta gu 'n do dhi-chuimhnich e air latha araidh a' chearnag (square) a thoirt leis gu 'aite oibre. Ghairm e air duine dubh easgaidh, furachail, agus thug e dha sliseag air an do sgrìobh e cìod a bhla dhith air 's thuir e ris dol le sin gu bean an t-Soisgeulaiche. Sheall an duine bochd air le tarcuais ag radh, "Nach meas i gur fìor amadan mi a' dol 'g a h-ionnsaidh le sliseig?" "Cha mheas, cha mheas, tha an t-sliseag gu innseadh cìod a tha dhith orm." "Cha 'n 'eil beul no cainnt aice, 's cia mar a dh'innseas i sin?" "Bi 'falbh," ars' an Soisgeulaiche, "agus greas ort." "Agus cìod a their mi rithe?" "Cha ruig thu leis diog a radh, ach an t-sliseag a shineadh dhi." Dh'fhalbh an duine dubh agus thug e an t-sliseag a dh-ionnsaidh bean an t-Soisgeulaiche. An uair a sheall i air an t-sliseig, thilg i air an urlar i; dh'fhosgail i a' chiste-ae-fhuinn, agus thug i dha a' chearnag. "Cia mar," ars' esan, "a tha fhios agus gur e sin a tha dhith air?" "Dh'itnis an t-sliseag e," ars' ise. "Ma ta," ars' esan, "bha mise ag eisdeachd gu furachail 's cha chuala mi i ag radh smid." "Ach chuala mise i, agus bi 'falbh; tha e ga d'fheith-eamh." Thog e leis an t-sliseag agus chum e suas 'n a laimh i fein 's a' chearnag, a' glaothaich ris gach neach a choinnicheadh e, "Faicibh gliocas nan daoine geala, bheir iad air na sliseagan labhairt agus an guothaichean 'inseadh." Fhuair e sreang agus chroch e an t-sliseag m'a mhùineal, 'g a giùlan car uine fhada, agus 'g a nochdadh mar an t-ioghnadh a bu mhò air an cual' e riabh iomradh.

Faic agus tuig so, a dhuine. Gheibhear gu tric do charaid a's fearr, agus do namhaid a's miosa annad fein.

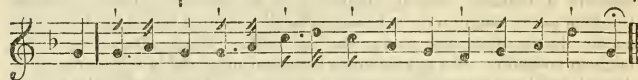
KEY FOR E.

MO NIGHEAN DONN.

Chorus.



: R. m | f : m., r : m : D' : l : d : r. M : l : r



: R | r., m : r : r., m : S., l : s. m : r : d : r. M : l : r

NOTE.—On account of certain prosodial irregularities in the words of this song, I have found it impossible to bar it in the usual manner. I have indicated the accented notes by marks thus (') placed above them. Of course these marks do not interfere with the proper length of the notes; they indicate merely where the accent is to be placed.

J. W.

SEISD.—Their mi hó, robha hó,
'S mithich dhuinn eirigh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S mithich dhomhsa dol dèchaidh,
Tha mi fad' air mo chéilidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Bheir mi m' aghaidh air Muile,
'Ged is duilich dhomh fhein e,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S mor gruaman na h-iarmailt,
'S gaoth an iar a' cruaidh sheideadh;
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na tonnan 's a' ghàraich,
'Tigh'ni gu traigh le greann éitidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na eithead trom sneachda
'Dall-ghileachd anns na speuraibh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na h-uillt le dearg-rànaich
'Sguabadh sgàrnaich nan sleibhteann,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na craobhan mor, miarach,
As am friamhaich 'g an reubadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha eoin bhùchain nan cuaintean,*
Leis an uamhas 'g an leireadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S eoin bheaga na coille,
Gob, 's an doire, fo 'n sgeithe,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S bochd nuallan van aighean
Air na straithean lom, gle-ghéal,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S truagh mise 'n tir Oisein,
'S mi gun soistinn ma m' eudail,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S nach comas dol thairis
Dh' fhios a' bhaile 'm bheil m' eibhneas,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Far an d' fhaig mi mo leannan,
Maighdean chanach na feille !
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

S. M.

—An t-Ailleagan.

(*cuaintean (?)—J. W.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 285.)

507. *Moch* (early) = W. *moch* (ready, quick, early), Corn. *meuch* (quickly, soon), and may be compared with Lat. *mox* (by and by, presently, quickly, soon). Cf. Williams' Corn. Dictionary, and Beitrage, vol. 5, p. 452.

508. *Meus* (fruit, also an acorn) = W. *mesen* (an acorn, plur. *mes*, acorns), Corn. *mesen* (an acorn), and is cognate with A. S. *mæste* (acorns, nuts, &c.), Eng. *must* (acorns, &c.) *S* in Gaelic frequently = *st*.

509. *Daor* and *d-ar*.

Daor (dear in price) is connected with Ice. *dyrr* (dear in price, precious), Dan. and Swed. *dyr* (dear, expensive), Old High Ger. *tiuri* (precious), New High Ger. *theuer* (dear), A. S. *deor* and *dyre* (dear, precious), Eng. *dear*.

510. *Bachall* (staff, crosier; anc. *bachal*), derived in Highland Society's Dictionary from *bà* and *cuaille*, is from Lat. *baculus* (a staff), from which are also derived W. *bagl* (a crook, crutch), Bret. *bichol*, and Ice. *bagall* (an episcopal staff, crosier).

511. *Prìne* (a pin) = Ice. *prjonn* (a pin), Dan. *preen* (a bodkin, awl), Low Dut. *preen* (an awl), Scot. *prìu* (a pin), A. S. *preon* (a bodkin).

512. *Cill* (a cell, church) = Lat. *cella* (a cell, shrine, chapel) for *cerula* diminutive of *cera* (wax).

513. *Caor* or *caoir* (a brand, coal, ember) is cognate with Ice. *hyrr* (embers of fire) = *hyr-r*, Goth. *hawri* (embers of fire). *C* in Gaelic fre-

quently = *h* in the Teutonic languages.

514. *Tosd* (silence, quietness) may be compared with Ice. *twistr* (dismal, sad, distressed, whence *in deep silence, noiseless*; cf. Cleasby's Ic. Dict.), Swed. *tjust*, Dan. *tyst* (silence), all connected, perhaps, with Lat. *tacitus*.

515. *Tosg* (a tusk) = Ice. *toskr* (a tusk), A. S. *tusk* and *tux*, Eng. *tusk*.

516. *Tor* (a bull; cf. O'Reilly's Dict.) = Ice. *thjorr* (a bull), Dan. *tyr* (a bull), all cognate, perhaps, with Gr. *tauros*, Lat. *taurus*, Gael. *tarbh*.

517. *Teagamh* (doubt) = *tégom*, of which *teg-* (*-am* being the affix) may be compared with Ice. *-treggi* (from *treir*, gen. *treggja*, two). Cf. *annur-treggia* (one of two) and *hrárr-treggi* (whether of twain), Swed. *tvika* and *tvicka*, A. S. *twecogan* (to doubt, to hesitate) and *twingan* (to doubt). The double *g* of *-treggi* may account for *g* of *teagamh* being unaspirated.

518. *Coll* (hazel), of which *càlluinn* (cf. W. *collen*) is the modern form, is cognate with Lat. *corylus* (hazel) = *cosylus*, Ice. *hasl* (with *h* for Gaelic and Latin *c*). Dan. *hassel*, Ger. *hessel*, A. S. *hust*, Eng. *hasel* or *hazel*. Vowel-blanked *s* regularly disappears in Gaelic. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 79.

519. *Crèabhag* (a body; also spelled *creabhag*) is a diminutive from *crèabh* or *creabh* (a body), which is cognate with Sansk. *kravya* (flesh), Old Ger. *hréo*, gen. *hréwès* (carcase), Ice. *hrae*, *hrér* and *hreyr* (a corpse), Goth. *hwaiva* in *hwaivadubo* (nuttle-dove), A. S. *hrew* and

kræw (a carcase). Gaelic *cré* (body) is another form of *crèabh*. To the same root Bopp refers Gr. *kreas* and Lat. *cruor*. Cf. Sansk. Glossary, p. 95.

520. *Croghan* (a pitcher) is from *crog* (an earthen vessel or jar), the same word as Ice. *krakke* (a pot), Dan. *krukke* (a pitcher, jar), Ger. *krug* (pitcher, mug), A.S. *crocca* (pitcher, pot), Eng. *crock*.

521. *Dragh* (to drag, pull, tug, draw) is connected with, if not borrowed from Ice. *draga* (to draw, drag, carry, pull), Dan. *drage* (to draw, pull, drag), Goth. *dragan* (to heap together), A.S. *dragan* (to drag, draw), Ger. *tragen* (to carry), Eng. *drag*, and *draw*. Cf. Lat. *traho* (to draw), Ice. *tregr* (dragging, going with difficulty).

522. *Dragh* (trouble, vexation) and *draghail* (troublesome, vexatious, difficult) may be compared with A.S. *trega* (vexation, tribulation) and *drecau* (to trouble, vex, grieve), Ice. *trega* (to grieve) and *tregi* (difficulty, reluctance).

523. *Sùlair* (the gannet, solan goose) is connected with Ice. *sála* (the gannet, solan-goose), Dan. *sule* (the gannet), Eng. *solan*.

524. *Sùdh* (the seam betwixt the planks of a ship) = Ice. *sádh* (a sewing, suture, but only used of the clinching of a ship's boards) from *sjja* (to sew), Goth. *sinjan* (to sew), Dan. *syje* (to sew), A. S. *siwian* (to sew), Eng. *sew*, Cf. Lat. *suere* (to sew).

525. *Sgrath* (the outer skin or rind of anything) = Ice. *skrá* (scroll, dry skin).

526. *Tota* (roofless wall; also spelled *tobhta*) is connected with Ice. *topt* (a green tuft or knoll, a piece of ground, homestead; a place marked out for a house or building, a toft; a square piece of ground with walls, but without roof), Swed. and Norse

tompt, (top, toft), Mid. Lat. *toftum*, Scot. *toft* (a place where a message has stood).

527. *Tota* (the rowers' seat in a boat; also spelled *tobhta*) is connected with Ice. *thópta* or *thopta* (a rowing bench).

528. *Toim* (twist, wreath, twine, is connected with Ice. *twinna* (to twine, twist), Dan. *teinde* (to twine), Dut. *twijn* (to twine), A. S. *twinan* (to twine), Eng. *twine*. *Twinna* is from *twi-* (twice, double), and, therefore, the radical meaning of *toim* and *twine* is to double.

529. *Luidheir* (a vent, a chimney) may be compared with Ice. *ljóri* (a louvre or opening in the roof for the smoke to escape by, and also for admitting light; from *ljós*, light) cognate with Gaelic *leus*, Swed. *liure*, Norse *liore*, Eng. *louver* and *louvre* (an opening in the roofs of ancient houses serving for a sky-light and a chimney).

530. *Mort* (murder) is cognate with Lat. *mors*, gen. *mortis* (death), Ice. *mordh* (murder), Dan. *mord*, Ger. *mord*, Dut. *moord*, Goth. *marorthr*, A. S. *mordh* and *mordhar*, Eng. *murther* and *murder*. Cf. Sansk. *mrtas* (death) and *mrtjas* (mortal) from root *mor* (to die), Gr. *brotos* (mortal; = *mrotos* = *mortos* from root *mor* = *mar*), Lat. *mori* (to die).

531. *Marbh* (dead; = W. *marw*) is from a ground-form *marra* from the root *mar* noticed in last No. Cf. Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 228, and Curtius' Gr. Etymology, pp. 333, 334.

532. *Trus* (truss or tuck up, gather, gird) = Scot. *tross* (to pack up, to truss), Eng. *truss* (to bind up, to pack close) and *truss* (that which is tied or fastened, a bundle) from Fr. *trousser* (to truss), Old Fr. *torser*, Ital. *torciare* (to twist, to tie fast), Lat. *torqueo* (to twist). Cf. Ice. *trúss*

(a trussed-up bundle), Ger. *tross* (the baggage of an army). The Scot. *trouss* (to tuck up, to shorten, as to *trouss* a petticoat) and *trouss* (a tuck or fold in a petticoat or other garment to shorten it) are probably borrowed from Gaelic *trus*, *trusadh*.

533. *Sgùlan* (a large wicker basket) is a diminutive from *sgùl* = Scot. *skull* (a shallow basket of a semi-circular form).

534. *Nàbuidh* (a neighbour) = Ice. *ná-búi* (a neighbour), Dan. *nabo* (a neighbour), Swed. *naboe* (a neighbour). *Ná-búi* is from *ná-* (nigh, near) cognate with Goth. *nehv* (nigh), Ger. *nahe* (nigh), A.S. *neah* (nigh), Eng. *nigh*, and *bui* (a dweller) from *bú* (a house) cognate with Dan. *bo* (an abode, dwelling), Goth. *búan* (to dwell), Ger. *bauen* (to dwell).

535. *Ball* (a ball, globe; the ball in the game of cricket) is cognate with Ice. *bólhr* (a ball, globe), Dan. *bold* (a ball), Ger. *ball* (a ball), Fr. *balle*, Ital. *balla*, Eng. *ball*.

436. *Cop* (the boss of a shield) = Ice. *koppr* (the bell-shaped crown of a helmet).

537. *Cormach* (a brewer) is from *corma* (strong drink) = Gr. *kourmi* (a kind of beer). Cf. Gael. *cuirm*.

538. *Gòrsaid* (a gorget) = Old Fr. *gorgette* (neck-armor) from *gorge* (throat), Eng. *gorget* (a piece of armor for the throat).

539. *Gurg* (fierce, harsh, bitter) is cognate with Gr. *gorgos* (grim, fierce, terrible).

540. *Nàisinn* (care, wariness, vigilance; also spelled *nàistinn* (is connected with Ice. *njósn* (a spying, scouting, looking out), Goth. *niuh-seins* (watching over, visitation, *episkopē*) and *bi-niuhjan* (to inquire after, to seek, to search out), A. S. *neōsian* (to visit, to go to see).

541. *Bogha* (a bow, an arch) is connected with Ice. *bogi* (a bow, an

arch, a vault), Ger. *bogen* (a bow), A.S. *boga* (a bow), Eng. *bow*.

542. *Boc* (a buck) is cognate with Ice. *bokki* (probably a he-goat) and *bokkr* (a buck), Dan. *bukk* (a buck), Ger. *boch* (a buck), Eng. *buck*.

543. *Treabh* (a thrave, two dozen sheaves of corn) = Ice. *threifi* (a number of sheaves, a thrave) Dan. *trave*, A.S. *thraf*, Eng. *thrave*.

544. *Ocar* (interest of money, usury) = W. *ocer* (usury), Ice. *okr* (usury), Dan. *uager* (usury; gain, profit), Swed. *ocker*, Goth. *vroks* (gain, profit, interest), Old High Ger. *wuochar*, Ger. *wucher* (gain, interest), A.S. *wocer* (offspring, produce, fruit, usury), Dut. *woeker* (usury), Scot. *ocher*, *ocere*, and *oker* (usury). Cf. Goth. *akran* (fruit).

545. *Suaip* (resemblance, likeness) is connected with Ice. *svipr* (a glimpse of a person, a fleeting evanescent appearance; a look; a likeness), Scot. *Swap* or *swaup* (the cast or lineaments of the countenance). Cf. Ice. *sripu* (to swoop, flash, of a sudden but noiseless motion), Goth. *sveipan*, A. S. *swapan*, Eng. *sweep*.

546. *Suaip* (an exchange of commodities) = Scot. *swap* (a barter, exchange).

547. *Suòd* (the part of a fishing line to which the hook is fastened) = Scot. *snood* (a short-hair line to which a fishing hook is tied) and is connected Ice. *snúðhr* (a twist, twirl) from *snúa* (to turn), Dan. *snoe* (to twist, twine).

548. *Ioghar* (pus, matter) = Gr. *ichōr* (the ethereal juice, not blood, that flows in the veins of the gods, applied in a secondary sense to impure juices, matter, pus), Low. Lat. *ichor*, whence Eng. *ichor* (colourless matter from an ulcer).

549. *Eifeachd* (virtue, effect) = Lat. *effectus* (effect), from *efficio* = *ex* and *facio*.

550. *Sgann* (a membrane) = Ice. *skán* (a thin membrane, film).

551. *Cac* = W. *cach* and *cachu*, Gr. *kakkē* and *kakkaō*, Lat. *cacare*, Ger. *kacken*, A.S. *cac*, Eng. *cuck*.
(To be continued.)

[ERRATA in article on *Philology* in last number.—Page 283, line 18 from foot, for “*Rony* and *ronyas*” read *Rony* or *ronyas*. Page 284, line 9 from top, for “*Casd* and *casad*” read *Casd* or *casad*; line 12 from top, for “*casd*” read *cas*. Page 285, line 20 from top, for “(ship = W. *llony*)” read (ship; = W. *llony*); line 19 from foot, insert a comma before “*loibē*.”]

THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.

“It’s a far cry to Lochow,” says an old Highland proverb; meaning that the dreaded Campbells were so secure in their fastness, Lochow, that they were far beyond the reach of an invading enemy. It is, historically, a far cry back to the twelfth century, when the Norman Gillespie-le-Camile made his way north and wedded the fair Eva, heiress of Mac-Cailean-Mor, representative of the long line of Highland chieftians who owned Lochow and other fair spots in the western Highlands. The poet, Thomas Campbell, author of the “Pleasures of Hope,” claimed to descend from this Gillespie, and was rather proud of displaying

“The crest

That erst the adventurous Norman wore
Who won the lady of the west,
The daughter of Mac-Cailean-Mor.”

How much prouder would he have been had he lived to see a royal rose grafted on the old stem—a daughter of England’s Queen wooed and won by a Lord of Lorne, the heir to the chieftainship of the famous Campbells!

The mingling of the Norman and

Scotch blood produced a race of martial chiefs, who gradually became paramount in the Highlands, having attained a supremacy which made them at once feared and hated. The next in descent from Gillespie and Eva was Duncan, who attained the title of Lord Campbell (which form the old Norman name *Camile*, pronounced by the Scotch Lowlanders “*Cawmill*,” had by that time assumed); and his grandson, Colin, was created Earl of Argyll in 1457. Fifty-four years afterwards his son, Archibald, was killed at

“Flodden’s fatal field,
Where shiver’d was fair Scotland’s spear,
And broken was her shield.”

With Archibald (the eighth Earl) we seem to come more into the domain of modern history. When the Scotch adopted the Solemn League and Covenant against the endeavours of Charles the First and Laud to impose Episcopacy on the nation, the Marquis (for that title had two or three years before been conferred on Gillespie Gruamach, or the Grim, as he was named from possessing, like John Wilkes, a portentous squint) threw his great influence into the scale against the Royalists, then led by the famous Marquis of Montrose, himself a recusant from the Covenant cause. Argyll proclaimed Montrose a traitor, and offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds for his head. Montrose, though defeated, escaped; but returned, and endeavoured to raise an army in Scotland for Charles the Second, then an exile. He failed, and was captured and executed at Edinburgh in 1650. His name is one of the most venerated among those of the Scottish Cavaliers, and the story “How the Great Marquis Died” is one of the cherished traditions of the past.

The grim Marquis of Argyll, though he accepted the restoration of Charles the Second, and even placed the crown upon his head at Scone a year after Montrose was beheaded, was never forgiven by the Royalists. Finding, probably, that neither honour nor confidence was obtained by this tardy profession of Royalist principles, he submitted to Cromwell, and sat in the Parliament which Richard Cromwell assembled, as member for Aberdeenshire. Evelyn, the Diarist, who knew him well, calls him "a turbulent man," and makes a note of his ignorance when describing a visit paid to him by the old Scottish lord—"The Marquis took the turtle-doves in the aviary for owls." After the Restoration, the evil-eyed Marquis was tried for high treason, and beheaded at Edinburgh in 1662. This is the Marquis introduced by Sir Walter Scott in the "Legend of Montrose," and who was the victim of the clever tactics of Captain Dugald Dalgetty, whom he visited in the dungeon, but who succeeded, by the help of Ranald of the Mist, in changing clothes with the Marquis and leaving him a prisoner in his place.

After his death the title of Marquis lapsed, but his son, also named Archibald, who, unlike his father, was a staunch adherent of the Royal cause, was permitted to retain the older title of Earl. When James, Duke of York, was appointed by his brother, Charles the Second, head of the forces in Scotland, the enemies of Argyll—and the MacCailean-Mórs never lacked enemies—contrived to impeach him for high treason, and he was convicted and condemned to death. Lord Halifax, speaking to the King respecting this condemnation, had the honesty and courage to say, "I know nothing of the Scottish law, but this I know, that we should

not hang a dog here on the grounds on which my Lord of Argyll has been sentenced." Perhaps the King, who did know something of Scottish law, agreed in this opinion, but nevertheless no effort was made to prevent the execution, which probably would have taken place if the Earl had not contrived to escape from prison by exchanging clothes with the footman of his daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, who had visited him. When she quitted the prison, her train was borne by her father, who thus passed the guards unnoticed. Some members of the Scotch Privy Council proposed that Lady Sophia should be publicly whipped through Edinburgh, for aiding the escape of her father. But the Duke of York, who had no scruples about cutting off Argyll's head, guilty or not guilty, was scarcely prepared for such a brutal outrage, and so the lady escaped the degrading punishment, which we doubt not she would have borne with the ancient courage of her race.

Her father escaped to Friesland, where, in anticipation of the chances of those troublous times, the old Marquis had purchased a small estate as a place of refuge. Tradition tells us that he was influenced by the prophesy of one of those seers so prominent in all Highland stories, who had uttered a prediction that MacCailean-Mor would one day be driven from the ancient castle of Inverary. Here, for some years, the Earl lived in obscurity; but when Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles the Second and Lucy Waters, was prevailed on to attempt an invasion of Britain and to seize the crown for himself, Argyll readily entered into the project, and was appointed to the command of an expedition to land in Scotland and call

the Highlanders to his standard. We shall not attempt here to relate the story of this ill-starred movement. Divided authority, conflicting counsels, destroyed the chance of Argyll. In vain did he adopt the superstitious usage of the Highlands, and send forth the fiery cross of yew, dipped in the blood of a goat sacrificed with many a heathen rite. In vain he called upon all of the name of Campbell to rally round the chief. Only about 1800 men responded to the summons. Disaster followed on disaster; the small force was scattered, and Argyll himself, disguised as a peasant, endeavoured to escape through the lines of his enemies. When about to cross one of the small streams that feed the Clyde, he was surprised by a small post of Lowland militia. The Earl sprang into the stream, but was quickly followed by the soldiers, who attacked him on the opposite bank. He stood his ground manfully, but the stroke of a broadsword brought him to the ground, and he was carried captive to Renfrew. The leader of the party of soldiers was named Riddell, and so strong was the popular feeling that for more than a century afterwards no man named Riddell dared to pass, except in disguise, through the land of the Campbells.

The illustrious prisoner was treated with the greatest ignominy. He was compelled to walk bare-headed, through the same streets of Edinburgh which had been traversed, thirty-five years before, by Montrose. At first it was intended to inflict torture, but even the basest of his enemies shrank from that crowning infamy. He was told to prepare for immediate death, and he awaited his doom with calm resignation. He composed a poetical epitaph for himself, spoke cheerfully and bravely,

and lay down to snatch a brief repose. Poets and painters have commemorated the incident of one of the most virulent of his enemies, a Lord of the Council, coming to the prison to enjoy the sight of the Earl in the agony of the expectation of death. He saw him "sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy," with a brow on which the grim King of Terrors had traced no line. Stricken to the heart with remorse, the man fled from the prison in an agony of shame, the paroxysms of which lasted many hours. While he was moaning and frantically imploring forgiveness, the Earl awoke and marched with unfaltering step to the "maiden," the guillotine-like instrument of death, and after a few brave words laid his head upon the block, and his great spirit passed into eternity.

But the revolution came; James was driven from the throne, and with other changes came the restoration of the rights and honours of the house of Argyll. The son and namesake of Earl Archibald had a better fate in store. A year before the death of William of Orange, the earldom was exchanged for a dukedom, and Duke Archibald, who died in the year 1703, was succeeded by his son John, the "great Duke of Argyll," as his countrymen loved to call him—the Duke who figures in the immortal story, "The Heart of Midlothian." He had strenuously exerted himself to bring about the legislative union of England and Scotland, and two years after his accession to the ducal title bequeathed by his father, he was made a peer of England, with the titles of Baron Chatham and Earl of Greenwich. He served with distinction as Brigadier-General under Marlborough at Ramilies, Oudenard, and Malplaquet, and took part in the sieges of Lisle, Ghent, Tournay, and

other fortresses. His loyalty to the Crown was unshaken, and he was impregnable to the influence which shook the fidelity of Marlborough and others. On one occasion when Queen Anne had reason to believe that Marlborough, counting on his great popularity, was conspiring to seize the throne, Argyll assured her that "he would undertake, if commanded, to seize Marlborough at the head of his troops, and bring him before her, dead or alive." He was no common man who would promise that, with the full intention of being as good as his word.

After the accession of George the First, Duke John was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland, and assisted materially to put down the rising of '15. Returning to England, he took an active part in all the political discussions of the day, especially on all matters relating to Scotland. His countrymen looked upon him as their champion, and his high reputation and independence gave him immense weight in Parliament. Andrew Fairservice, in "Rob Roy," doubtless expressed the national estimate of the Duke's character and influence when he said, "This MacCailean-Mor has an unco sway and say baith, amang the grit folk at Lunnon even now, for he canna preecesly be said to belang to any o' the two sides o' them, so deil ane o' them likes to quarrel wi' him." There is a story to the effect that on one occasion the Duke had an angry interview with George the Second, who, in his ignorant, brutal style, ventured to shake his cane in a threatening manner at the chief of the Campbells, who immediately left the room in a rage of indignation, meeting Sir Robert Walpole in the antechamber. Politic Sir Robert, endeavouring to appease the wrath of the aroused

Scot, told him the King meant no harm, and had frequently done the same to him. He probably felt somewhat insignificant when Argyll replied, "You will please to remember, Sir Robert, the infinite distance between you and me." The spirited manner in which the Duke stood up for his country against the indiscriminating anger excited by the execution of Captain Porteous, in 1736, must be familiar to all readers of Scott's powerful story.

The "Great Duke" died in 1743, and, leaving no male heir, the title passed to his brother, who died also without direct heir, in 1761. When George the Second was Prince of Wales, and held a rival court at Leicester House, that "pouting-place of princes," one of the beauties to whom he paid great attention, in his course fashion, was Mary Belenden, one of the Princess of Wales' maids of honour. Horace Walpole describes her as "the most perfect creature ever known;" she was the "smiling May" of Gay; and Pope celebrated her in company with Molly Lepell, and his own especial charmer, Mary Mortley Montague. The gay young beauty treated the boorish Prince with the contempt he deserved, and married Colonel John Campbell, nephew of the second and third Dukes of Argyll, and successor to the title, in 1761.

The Argylls admired beauty, for the son of Molly Belenden, and fifth Duke, married Elizabeth, one of the famous Gunnings, the Irish sister Venuses, the "Beauties" beyond compare, whose bewitching smiles and graceful figures gained them coronets. Elizabeth first married the Duke of Hamilton, and after his death the Duke of Argyll.

We are now writing of living men. The present Duke of Argyll is making a history for himself; and we have

excellent reason to hope that when, in due time, he shall be gathered to the home of his fathers, his son, the husband of an English Princess, will worthily maintain the reputation of the famous Campbells. May we be able to accept as prophetic, as well as historic, the compliment paid by Horace Walpole, a man not given to adulation—"Campbell goodness no more wears out than Campbell beauty. All their good qualities are huckaback."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

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M·DONALD'S GAELIC POEMS.
AISEIRIGH NA SEANN CHANAIN AL-
BANNAICH; NO, AN NUADH ORAN-
AICHE GAIDHEALACH. LE ALASTAIR
DONULLACH. AN SEACHDAMH CLO-
BHUALADH. Edinburgh: Mac-
Lachlan & Stewart, 1874.

This beautiful volume is the seventh edition of the Poems of Alexander M·Donald, familiarly known among his countrymen by the name of *Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*. The great Jacobite poet published a volume of original Gaelic poetry in 1851 with the peculiar title, "The Resurrection of the Old Scottish Language." From the preface to the first edition we learn that the author contemplated the publication of a "collection of poems of the same sort in all kinds of poetry that have been in use amongst the most cultivated nations from those of the earliest composition to modern times," and this, together with the fact that his book was the first volume of Gaelic poetry ever published, is probably the explanation of the description on the title-page. Be this as it may, the "collection" unfortunately never appeared; and the present volume, together with a Gaelic Vocabulary, now out of date, are the extant contributions of the poet to Gaelic literature.

M·Donald was in many respects a remarkable man. He was, we are told, with one exception, the most learned of Gaelic Bards. Physically and mentally, he was a strong, coarse man; of daring courage and ungovernable temper; of great intellect but jealous of his reputation. He lived in stirring times, and his life was an eventful one. The son of an Episcopalian clergyman and a student of the University of Glasgow, we find him in 1745 parochial schoolmaster of Arduamurchan, and an elder of the Church of Scotland. In that year "he laid down the ferula and took up the sword." He followed the cause of Charles Stuart, adopted his creed, and held a commission in the army. After Culloden he managed to elude the fury of the conquerors, and in a few years afterwards had the courage to publish a volume of poetry, in which the race of the Georges are abused with an energy and heartiness which certainly would have endangered his life had his language been intelligible to the Officers of the Crown.

The fame of M·Donald was certainly obscured by the publication of Duncan Ban M·Intyre's poems in 1768. Since that time these two men may be said to have divided the seat of honour among modern Gaelic poets. With a very large (probably the larger) section of his countrymen, M·Intyre is certainly the favourite bard. His light, jaunty air, his mastery of the language, his smooth flowing verse, and his passionate admiration of scenery and of the favourite Highland pursuits of hunting and fishing have captivated the many. We are among those who would yield the palm to the rugged schoolmaster of Arduamurchan rather than to the graceful huntsman of Beinn Dearain. Mac·Donald's knowledge of Gaelic was

never surpassed. Perhaps both he and M'Intyre would have been none the worse poets if their knowledge of the vocables of the language had not been altogether so extensive as it was. Whole stanzas consisting merely of adjectives are frequently met with in the works of both, and not unfrequently admired. We consider this a blot upon our otherwise excellent descriptive poetry; and are reminded painfully of Mac-Vuirich's Address to the M'Donalds at the battle of Harlaw, which has also been called a poem. If accompanied with a translation it would make a pretty good Dictionary. But while M'Intyre excels in ease and grace, M'Donald is superior in the highest qualities of strength and passion. Vigour, energy, and fire are the distinguishing features of his poetry, and in these qualities he is certainly not approached by any of the modern Gaelic poets.

The present volume reproduces all that will permanently remain of the author's poetry. It is very carefully and correctly written, and handsomely got up. It is well worth the careful study of all who understand the language, as the production of a man of great poetic talent, of great energy, and of extensive knowledge of men and books.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

PRESENTATION.—The Rev. Roderick Nicholson, of Bracadale, Skye, has been presented by C. C. Campbell, Esq., of Stonefield, to the above parish. *Death*—Rev. John Campbell, of Tarbert, ordained in 1833.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—A special meeting of the above society was held for the purpose of giving a reception to Professor Jerram, of Oxford, in honour of his recent translation of "Dan an Deirg, agus Tiomna Ghuill," from Dr. Smith's "Sean Dana." Professor Jerram,

in the course of his reply to the compliment paid to him, spoke of the difficulty of mastering such languages as the Celtic, and assured them that the combination of interest and pleasure in the study of the Gaelic branch was well worth the attention given it in accomplishing his translation. Notice was given by Dr. Halley, that at the Society's meeting in October, he would have the pleasure of proposing that the learned professor be admitted a honorary member for his services to Gaelic literature.

THE HARVEST IN SCOTLAND.—The *John o' Groat Journal* of 22nd October says—The harvest is now completed in the North of Scotland, fully a fortnight or three weeks earlier than last year, and, on the whole, with satisfactory results. During the early part of the harvest operations we had a period of the most propitious weather for the ingathering of the crops, advantage of which was fully taken to secure as much as possible in the best possible order. Latterly, however, the weather became more unsettled, with occasional heavy plumps of rain, but almost invariably accompanied by cold winds, and followed by fine, drying, searching breezes, which prevented any evil results, excepting the partial discolouration of any fields of barley then outstanding. Wheat is considerably in excess of 1872-3; barley does not bulk so well, but thrashes better than expected; oats are the most deficient crop of the season, but anticipations are considerable; potatoes have turned out well, and of good quality—not much injured by disease.

LEWS.—The Rev. Alex. Carmichael, *quoad sacra* parish of Knock, Lews, has received a call to be assistant and successor to the Rev. James Armstrong, minister of Foss, Perthshire. Mr. Carmichael has accepted the call. The Rev. George L. Campbell, Free Church, Lochs, Lews, has received a call to be assistant and successor to the Rev. Archibald Macdougall, Argyll Free Church, Gorbals, Glasgow. The Established Church congregation, Stornoway, have arranged to establish a mission station in connection with the congregation. Sufficient funds are already promised to support the new charge, and Sir James Matheson, the heritor, besides a grant of £30, has given the use of the Episcopalian Chapel for the services. A movement is on foot for the establishment of an English charge in the town of Stornoway in connection with the

Free Church. The movement is supported by several of the principal adherents of the Stornoway Free Church congregation.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN ROSS-SHIRE.—The Clerk to the Local Authority for Ross-shire has given intimation that pleuro-pneumonia has broken out on the farm of Rhynie, in the parish of Fearan tenanted by Mr. John Robertson.

RAASAY AND RONA.—The islands of Raasay and Rona, which lie between Skye and the mainland of Ross-shire, have been purchased by Mr. Armitage, of London. These picturesque islands have been for about five hundred years owned by the MacLeods of Raasay, who were descended from the ancient family of the MacLeods of Lewis. In 1846 the estate of Raasay was bought by the late George Rainy, brother of Dr. Harry Rainy, Glasgow University, the purchase-price then being £27,000. Mr. Rainy was succeeded by his son George Hogarth Rainy, who died April 1872. A few months afterwards the estate was sold by Mr. Rainy's executors for £5,500 to George G. Mackay, Esq., who has now disposed of it for the handsome sum of £62,000.

GAELIC SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The annual meeting of the Ladies' Association in support of Gaelic schools in connection with the Church of Scotland, has been held at Edinburgh—Rev. Cornelius Giffen, St. Mary's, in the chair. The secretary (Mr. Colin G. Macrae) read the annual report of the committee, in which it was stated that the number of schools at present supported by the Association was 16, at which was an attendance of 861 scholars. This was a very large reduction upon the number under their management last year. The schools at Ballachullish, Strathlock, and Greenock had been withdrawn as it had been found that the local boards were able to overtake the whole requirements of these parishes. With reference to such parishes as these, the committee had, it was mentioned, always acted on the principle, wherever there was a sufficient population to make the maintenance of a school a duty incumbent upon the School Board, of withdrawing their grant, as its continuance would merely relieve the ratepayers. The work carried on by the association during last year had shown more clearly than at the date of last report the manner in which the Education Act was influencing its operations. There had been much to

encourage them in the prospect of further benefiting the Highlands; but at the same time there were numerous indications of a change in public feeling with regard to such associations as the present one. The result of the Act had been to withdraw from them some of the support, both in subscriptions and personal assistance, on which the association had formerly relied; and the committee regretted the apparently spreading conviction that the Act had entirely superseded the necessity of private charitable effort in the cause of education. Any conclusion more erroneous, as far as the Highlands were concerned, could not well be conceived; for, instead of being less wanted than before, at no time had assistance of this kind been more required for the outlying portions of the large Highland parishes. In many instances children were worse off for education than before the passing of the Act. Under these circumstances, it was thought that the association would for some time to come prove of even greater value than heretofore. The adoption of the report was moved by the chairman, who expressed satisfaction at the way in which the association was being conducted, and unanimously agreed to. The meeting was closed with the benediction.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—For their own convenience and at the request of many Subscribers, in order that the volume should commence and end with the year, the Publishers decided on the issuing of two extra or double numbers during the present year, one of which was published in October, and the other will appear in December, thus commencing the new volume in future in January instead of March as hitherto.

QUERY.—A correspondent desires to know through the medium of the GAEL which is the first month of Spring.

A N G A I D H E A L.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS A’ GHEAMHRAIDH, 1874. [35 AIR.

COMHRADH NAN CNOC.

[Fionnladh-Phiobaire ’n a shuidhe aig ceann an tìghe, a’ caradh seana bhrogan a mhnatha : na paisdean a’ cleasachd air an ailein : Eoghan Brocair a’ dluthachadh air an tìgh, le ’choin air lothbainn ’n a dheigh, agus luinneag ’n a bheul mar bu ghnath leis.]

BROCAIR.—

Gur iad mo ghaol na fleasgaichean,
'Am feasda nach dean posadh ;
Gur ann tha 'bheatha sheasgair
Aig na fleasgaichean an comhnuidh.

PIOBABRE.—Sin thu, Eoghain ;
hug air na h-orain mar is gnath
leat. Co a's meamnaiche na thusa ?

BROC.—Innsidh mi sin duit. An
cual' thu 'n Sean-fhocal :—

Mac bantraich aig am bi crodh,
Searrach seann-larach air greidh,
Nighean muilleir 'g am bi min,
Triuir a's meamnaich' air bith.

Agus cha 'n 'eil fhios agam nach
faodainn Piobaire spreigeil air banais
chridheil a chur 's a' chuideachd.
Am bheil thu fhein, Fhionnlaidh,
agus do chuideachd gu sunndach ?

PIOB.—Tha sinn mar a dh' fhaodas
sinn, 's cha 'n 'eil an rìgh fhein mar
bu mhaith leis.

BROC.—Cha 'n fhiosrach mi gu 'm
bheil fath gearain aig an rìgh againn-
ne, sgiobair mor na duthcha ; ach
na tha na Paipeirean-naidheachd
ag innseadh na firinn ; tha rìgh
bochd na Frainge an deigh a chear-

call mais a thilgeadh ; ach cha 'n 'eil
teagamh nach toirear oidhirp air a
chur fhathast 'n a ghreim.

PIOB.—Tha 'm Maighstir-sgoil' ag
radh gu 'm bheil sin eu-comasach.

BROC.—Ge maith am Maighstir-
sgoile faodaidh e 'bhi am mearachd,
ach cha bhrengaichear an Sean-
fhocal a thubhairt,

Na 'm faighte ceud sagart gun bhi sann-
tachd,

Ceud tailleur gun bhi sunndach,
Ceud greusaich gun bhi breugach,
Ceud figheadair gun bhi bradach,
Ceud gobhainn gun bhi paiteach,
Agus ceud cailleach nach deach riamh
air cheilidh,
Chuireadh iad an crun air an rìgh gun
aon bhuille.

Ach ciod a th' againn-ne r'a dheanamh
ri rìghribh,

“ Is coma leis an rìgh Eoghain,
'S is coma le Eoghain co dhiubh.”

Ciod so a tha thu fhein a' dheanamh
le d' mhinidh 's le d' bhuaicein-iall ?
An do sgain mala do phioba ?

PIOB.—Cha do sgain, ach sgain
brogan mo mhnatha ; agus tha mi
ann an so a' cur fraochainn oirre.
Na 'm biodh bean a's clann agad-sa,
Eoghain, cha bhiodh tu cho uallach,
entrom 's a tha thu, le d' dhuaganan
agus le d' Shean-fhocail.

BROC.—'S ann agam a tha 'fhios :
gu 'm meal thusa, 'Fhionnlaidh, do
bhean 's do phaisdean, ach cha 'n
'eil mo shuil-sa annta. An cual'
thu 'n t-oran,

Na fleasgaichean bidh aighearach,
 Na fleasgaichean bidh ceolmhor;
 Bidh drip, a's donas, agus dris,
 'Cur ris na daoine posda.

PIOB.—Deireadh nan seachd Sathurn' ort, a bheist, is fad' a ghabh donas agus dris nam-sa. Is tus' agus do leithid a tha 's an dris air nach cinn blath. A' d' sgaomaire bochd, a' siubhal o bhaile gu baile le d' chuillbhear fada, caol air do ghualainn, agus donnalaich nan con a' d' chluasaibh, gun fhios ciod an t-aon toil-intinn a th' agad.

BROC.—Co dhiubh is binne donnalaich nan con 's a' mhaduinn, a' togradh gu Creig-nam-faobh, no burralaich nam paisdean ag iarraidh am brochain; agus a thaobh mo chuillbheir fhada, chaoil, cha chuir i fhein agus mis' a mach air a cheile; cha robh canran-teallaich riamh eadar ruinn. M' eudail! 's ann aice nach biodh am focal mu dheireadh: is uallach a shiubhla mi 'm monadh leatha, a' gabhail mo dhuanag:—

“Ho-rò mo chuid chuideachd thu,
 Gur muldach leam nam thu,
 Ho-rò mo chuid chuideachd thu,
 'S mi 'd'ireadh bheann a's uachdanan,
 B'ait leam thu 'bhi cuide rium,
 'S do chudthrom air mo ghualainn.”

PIOB.—Tog dheth 'Eoghain. An ann a' coimeas do ghunna granda, meirgeach agus do chuid chon ri m' mhnaoi agus ri m' phaisdean lurach a tha thu? Marbhaisg air an ole, na cluinneam a' leithid.

BROC.—Cha chluinn, cha chluinn. Gun teagamh sam bith is binne sglamhrunn ard do mhna 's a' mhaduinn, na langan an fheidh 's a' chreachann; ach so i 'tighinn, “Mairi bhan òg, an oigh th' air d' aire;” tha uam dol 'n a co-dhail.

“Hò mo Mhairi laghach,
 'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn,” &c.

Failt' air bean a' Phiobaire, le

ciabhan beag agus le' grapa 'dol a thogail a' bhuntata. Am bheil sibh, le'r cead a Mhairi, 'n ur slainte air an fheasgar bhoidheach so?

MAIRI.—Am bi thu glic gu brath? C'uin a sguireas tu de d' sgeig agus de d' orain?

BROC.—Innsidh mise sin duit, 'n uair a gheibh mi bean a's paisdean. An sin suidhidh mi 'mach aig ceann an tighle, a' caradh bhrog, cho soirbh ri each Gallda agus cairt slaoda ris; gun fhocal as mo bheul, ach cho trom-cheannach, stunama ris a' bhodh-ach chrom a th' anns a' ghealaich, no Fionnladh agad fhein an sud a' caradh do sheana bhrog. 'S fhada mu 'n cluinn thu luinneag no oran uaithe-san, ach ag osnaich mar dhuin' air chann; cha 'n ionann a's mise.

MAIRI.—Cha 'n 'eil m' Fionnladh fhein muldach no trom-chridheach, ged nach bi e ri gleadhraich oran agus amaideachd mar bhios tusa. Nach i so an fhirinn, 'Fhionnlaidh, 'eudail?

PIOB.—Nach gorach thu, 'Mhairi, c'arson a bheireadh tu feairt air a' Bhrocair; ge mor a sgeig an aghaidh posaidh, “Is minic a dhi-moil an ceannaich' am bathar a bu mhaith leis a bhì aige 'n a mhaileid;” agus is minic a rinn neach dochair air fhein “a' buain nan airneagan searbh, a's e 'saltairt air na ciribh meala.”

BROC.—Ciribh meala! 'S e sin am posadh, ma's fhior; bitheadh e mar sin, ach 's fhad' o'n a clualas e, “Ge milis a' mhill co 'dh' imlicheas bharr na dris' i?”

MAIRI.—O'n a tha thu 'tighinn air na Sean-fhocail, an cual' thu riamh, “Gur sona gach cuid an comaidh, 's maing a shloinnear 'n a onrachd?”

BROC.—'S mi 'chuala; ach au cuala sibhse, 'Mhairi, “Gur trom dithis air an aon mheis 's gun ac'

ach an t-aon ghleus;" agus aon fhocal beag eile agus is fìor e, "Cha robh miann dithis riamh air an aon mheis." Cìod a tha 'toirt oirbh-se 'tha posda 'bhi cho tìtheach air buarach a' phosaidh a chur air daoin' eile?

MAIRI.—Cìod ach cairdeas, agus deadh run: ach tog de' d' chanran —b' fhearr leam sgeul fhaotainn uait.

BROC.—Dean suidhe 'n sin air do chliabhan beag, agus gheibh thu sin. Bha sud ann roimhe so sionnach gleusda, agus chaidh e 'mach oidhche de na h-oidhchean a ruagadh nan uan mar a b' abhaist da, agus mar bha mi-shealbh an dan da, caillear 'earball dosach, ruadh ann an rib' a shuidhicheadh chum a ghlacadh. Cha robh comas air. La no dha an deigh sin choinnich na sionnaich eile e. Cìod an tubaist a dh' eirich dhuit, a deir iad, c'ait' am bheil d' earball? Tubaist! ars' esan — an t-earball granda, sgud mi dhiom d' am dheoin e—cìod an maith a bh' ann? Gabhaibh mo chomhairle-sa agus denaibh an ni ceudna, 's ann gu mor a's fearr a dh' amhairceas sibh, agus bithidh sibh cho sgiobalta, uallach, seach mar 'tha sibh. Am bheil thu 'g am thuigsinn Fhionnlaidh?

PROB.—Tha, feuch am bheil coimeas eil' agad.

BROC.—Bha mi 'n sud uair 's a' Bhaile mhor, agus chunnaic mi prìosanaich thruagha, mar shaoil mise, a stigh fo ghlais, le 'n sronaibh a mach eadar tarsannain iarunn a bha 's na h-uinneagaibh. Am bheil sibh seasgair an sin, 'illean? a deir mise. Is sinn a tha, ars' iadsan, agus gu 'm bheil sar chothrom againn air mor abhachd 's an aite so, thig thus' a stigh maille ruinn. Am bheil thu 'g a thuigsinn so Fhionnlaidh?

PROB.—'S mi 'tha: "Miann an duine lochdaich each uile a bhi

amhluidh." Am bheil tuilleadh agad r'a radh? Bheir mi dhuit leth-bhodach 's toir dhuinn coimeas eile; chi mi gu 'm bheil iad a' taitneadh ri Mairi.

MAIRI.—Ma ta gu dearbh cha 'n 'eil; bithidh mi 'g ur fagail.

BROC.—Air d'athais, a Mhairi. Bha mi 'n sud latla shìos ri taobh na fairge, far an robh balachain bheaga 'dol a mach air snamh. Bha 'n latha gu maith fuar, agus bha leisg air cuid diubh dol a mach. Am bheil e fuar? ars' iadsan a bh' air tìr. Fuar! cha 'n 'eil, tha e mar bhainne blath na buaile, deir esan a bha air snamh, agus faclan a' gharr aich a' snagartaich leis an fhuachd. Am bheil thu ga m' thuigsinn, a Mhairi?

MAIRI.—Bi'bruidhinn—theid mis' a thogail a' bhuntata; ach ge don' thu, na falbh gu an till mi.

PROB.—Chuir thu 'n teicheadh air Mairi; ach o'n a thuit duin tighinn thairis air a leithid so de chainnt, chuala mi gu 'n robh suil agad ris a' chaile Ghallda 'tha 's an tigh-mhor. Mhothaich mi, ar leam, cuicheadh eadar ruibh an la roimhe. Cha d' iunnis mi do Mhairi e, no chluinneadh sus' e 'n diugh air a' chluais bu bhuidhre.

BROC.—An i so an te a tha iad' samhlachadh rium an tra so? B' fhad' o cheile crodh laoigh ar da shean athar. Tha 'chaile choir maith gu leoir, ach na 'n rachainn a dh'iarraidh mnatha cha b' ann g'a duthaich-se:—

'S miann le triubhas a bhi 'measg aodaich, 'S is miann leam fhein a bhi 'measg mo dhaoine.

PROB.—Tha mi ga d' thuigsinn. Tha car eile an adharc an daimh.

BROC.—Car ann no as, cha tusa mo shagart, 's cha dean m' fhaoidis riut; ach da-rìreadh, 's e posadh a's lugha 'th' air m' aire. Tha amadain gu leoir ann ged dh' fhuirinn-sa

air m'ais. Nach 'eil posaidhean gorach an deigh bochdainn a thoirt air Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba? A h-uile proitseach bhalaich a shaoileas gu 'm bheil e ann an gaol air guanaig air am fas e eolach air feill no banais, cha 'n fhoghainn leo ach posadh, gun ait' an toir iad an cinn. Cordach aca, ma 's fhior, 's gun uiread na circe no 'choilich aca, gun tighinn air crodh no caoraich. Cuirear a' bhanaid an sin air bonn. Co ach iadsan! riomhadh as gach buth, ach ma 's e fiach a' bhuideil e ('s e b'aill leam a radh am pige beag ruadh, oir chaidh am buideal coir a fasan), cha 'n 'eil aca na gheibh e, ach an dail, gun chuimhne gu 'n tig dail gu dorus. Coma co dhiubh, thainig la na bainnse. Hug air air an dannsadh! hug air an ol! hug air na h-orain. Co ach iadsan! Strai ceag 's a sron ri h-athar, le gun sioda 's le ribeanean riomhach. Esan, am burraidh! a' breabadh nan cas, 's a' cur nan car dheth. Lamhainnean geala, an ainm an aigh, air a chrogan granda! Fuiribh thall, 's e fhein an gille! Hug so fheara, ars' esan, suas e! Ach coma leat, thig an spagluinn so gu lar,

“N uair thig am bothan le' chraos cam,
Am mal, a' chlann, 's a' cheannachd
orr'.”

C'ait' an sin am bi iad? Guanag mo ghaoil 'n a luid bhochd, gun sgrid, gun sgairt:—

“Sin mar bhitheas luchd na straic,
Le curraichdean ard 's le calico,
Ni'm posaidh bochd an toirt gu lar,
Mar shneachda ban na gaillinne.”

Cha 'n 'eil comas air, am fear nach amhaire roimhe, amhaircidh e 'n a dheigh. 'S eigin a nis am bothan a thogail air enoc an acrais, no am baile mor a thoirt orra, far nach duraichd mi an leantuinn. Nach gasd', 'Fhionnlaidh, an ni am posadh? C'ait' am faigh thu dhomhsa bean

phasanta? te aig am bi Beurla, bandannasair sgiolta, co dhiubh 'ni, no nach dean i sniomh no calanas. Mur bi sgillinn ruadh aice 's ann is fasant' i. Ma tha an tochar a tha 'falbh aice foghnaidh e dhomhsa, 's e sin, an gun sioda 's an ad chonnaich, 's an t-*Shawl* riomhach, 's an *Umbrella* bhoidheach, na brogan aodaich agus cliabh-beag nan cnamh, a theannaicheas an cneas cho dluth's nach urrainn iad bar-iall am brog a dhunadh, no bonn oir a thogail o'n lar ged gheibheadh iad e air son an saothreach. Sin agad, Fhionnlaidh, a' chaileag fhasanta, faigh dhomhsa te dhiubh sin, agus ni mise banais gbleadhrach, aighearach a cnumas am feadan a'd' phluic fad seachduin!

PIOB.—Ma ta ged is ann ri fealadh a' tha thu, tha moran de 'n fhirinn agad.

BROC.—Smior na firinn. Tha mis' ag radh riut, gu'm bu choir reachd rioghachd a dheanamh an aghaidh nam posaidhean amaideach. 'N e mis', Fhionnlaidh, a rachadh a phosadh, agus mo mbathair bhochd, dhall agam r' a cumail suas? Cha chuir mis an comas te eile a radh rithe, Tha thu 'n rathad na cloinne, no 'n solus nan eun.

PIOB.—Mo bheannachd oirre, ged nach ann domhsa bu choir a radh, nach dubhairt riamh ris an te nach maireann, gu 'm b' ole.

BROC.—Tha mi ga d' lan chreidsinn, ach cha 'n 'eil Mairi agad-sa r'a faotainn air taobh gach cnoc. Gur ro bhitheant' a chi mi an t-atharrachadh a' tachairt; agus is fad' o'u a chuala mi, “Is maith a' mbathair-cheile am foid;” agus ruigeadh e mo chridhe aon bhean a rugadh riamh a bhi 'labhairt gu sgaiteach ri m' mbathair bhochd. Tha mnathan maith' ann, gun teagamh, ach tha droch mhnathan ann mar an ceudna, agus mar thubhairt

an sean-fhocal,

Is diù téine fearn ùr,
Is diù duine mi-run,
Is diù dibhe fion sean,
Ach 's e diù an domhain droch bhean.

PROB.—Gun teagamh 's i; ach 's i leug a's priseile a fhuaras riamh deadh bhean. An cluinn thu mi, 'ghoistidh, tha treis a nis o'n a phosadh mi, ach faodaidh mi le focal na firinn a radh, nach do ghabh mi riamh aithreachas. Cha 'n 'eil sonas eile air aghaidh an t-saoghail so cosmhuil ris an toil-inutinn sin a tha 'g eirigh o cheile dhileis, phosda, a tha gradhach do dhuine, mar 'anam fhein: te ris am faod e run a chridhe fhosgladh, gun eagal gun sgath, gun chleth air ni.

BROC.—Na paisdean! Fhionnlaidh, na paisdean!

PROB.—Ni-maith a bheannachadh mo mhagaran gaolach. An t-aon stòras a's priseile 'bha riamh aig duine bochd. Cha do chuir Ni-maith riamh beul chum an t-saoghail gun a chuid fa chomhair, agus is mis' a dh' fhiosraich e. Ambaice orra, mo chroilein gaolach, nach laghach iad a mach a' trusadh a' bhuntata le 'm mathair? Co a's urrainn a radh, nach bi cuid de na balachain sin 'n an daoine measail fhathast, agus na caileagan beaga sin 'n am beannachadh cho mor do chuin-eigin 's a tha am mathair bochd dhomhsa.

BROC.—Chuir thu stad air mo bhoilich; tha do phaisdean boidheach a' tighinn air an adhart, agus am Freasdal a shoirbheachadh leo: is iomadh iad a tha 'n diugh 'n an luchd fearainn a's cho beag a shaoil e.

PROB.—Ma ta ged bhiodh iad mar sin fhein, cha toir iad domhsa gu brath am barrachd solais na tha iad a' toirt an diugh, le 'm briagail bhig, mhilis; ach cha 'n fhad' is urrainn duinn fuireach le 'cheile. Ciod a's urrainn doibh a dheanamh 's an

duthaich bhochd so le fuireach innte.

BROC.—Chuala mi gu 'n robh thu 'brath Lachann a chur ri ceird.

PROB.—Gun teagamh 's e sin mo mbiann; oir ciod a's fiu duine gun cheird? 'n a thrail bhochd, an eisimeil gach duine; ach feuchaidh mi 's a' cheud dol a mach ri deadh sgoil a thoirt doibh. Tha iad fhein teom' air a togail, 's tha 'n cothrom aca. Ged reicinn mo phioib, 's mo leine leatha, cumaidh mi 's an sgoil iad. Chuireadh e iongantais ort am fear beag ud leis an fheile-bheag uaine eisdeachd a' leughadh; an t-aon bhalachan a's tapaidd a chunnaic thu riamh.

BROC.—Chuala mi gu 'n robh thu 'dol a dheanamh piobaire dheth.

PROB.—Ma ta cha 'n 'eil; tha la na piobaireachd seachd. Tha na tighearnan mora suarach uimpe. Tha 'm bladaire ronnach a's mo's an duthaich cho taitneach leo ri Mac-'ruimein. Cha bu mhisde leam gu dearbh ged a b' urrainn doibh cuairt a' chluich. Is minic a thug ceol faochadh do m' chridhe fhein. Tha mise 'g radh riut, Eoghain, gu 'm bheil cuairt cheolmhor air feasgar tlath, ri taobh na h-aibhne sin shios, do m' anam-sa mar aiteal an earraich do 'n euslainteach bhochd; mar chiuran uisge, no mar dhruchd an anmoich do na lusaibh maoth. Cha luaithe thogas mi "Failt a' Phrionns' oig," no "Baile Dhuneideann," na thig taisleach' air mo chridhe; tha 'n oig' a' tighinn air a h-ais le cuimhne nan cairdean caomh' a dh' fhalbh. Cha mho orm an saoghal air na h-amannan sin na 'n cluaran a tha 'falbh leis an oiteig. Tha mi air mo thogail mar fhiadh 's a' chreachann; ach cha 'n 'eil togradh a' m' chridhe, ach togradh gu cairdeas agus guiomhara fiughantach. Cha 'n aighear e, agus cha bhron e; ach mo bheannachd air, is iomadh la a sheas e mi.

BROC.—Mo bheannachd ort,—
thoir dhuinn aon chuairt; theid
mise sìos a chuideachadh Mairi leis
a' chliabh bhuntata, agus thoir thus'
a mach a' Phìob.

PROB.—Ma ta nì mi sin, na 'n
cuirinn aon ghreim am broig
Lachainn bhig.



SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréigais Hómeir
gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBBAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBHAIDH AN AICHILL AGUS
AGAMEMNON.

(Air leantainn.)

Ghéill Patroclus do 'n ghuth ghaoil,
'S thug e 'n nighean chaoin air lom;
Ghlac na fir-ghairm i air làimh,
'S thill dhachaidh romh thràigh nan
long.

Dh' fhallb is' ann-toileach, gun mhuirn,
'S bu tric, tric a suil 'n a déigh;
Aichioll trom-ghonte le cràdh,
Fad bho chàch, 's e sileadh dhéur.
Aig taobh cuain chairinn nan gleann,
A bheachd air an aibheis dhuinn,
Ghrios e mhàthair gu teann, teann,
'S e sineadh a làimh' thair tuinn:—

Bho 'n 's fìor e, a mhàthair rùin,
Gur géarr m' àine measg nam beò,
'S tim mi mhealtainn mo chliù fhéin,
Mar gheall rìgh nan spéur bho thòs.
An Torunnach thréig mo chùis,
Mì nise gun chliù gun bhuaidh;
Agamemnon thilg orm tàir',
'S ghlac e le làimh àird' mo dhuais'.

Labhair e, 's na deòir bho 'shtùil;
Chual' a' bhan-dia 'n ùrnaigh chruaidh,
'N a suidhe 's an doimhne shios,
Làmh ri seann rìgh ciar a' chuain.
Bho iochdar a' ghrinneil ghlais,
Dh' éirich nìos mar bhàd ceò;
Shuidh i mu choinnimeh an tréin,
'S e sileadh nan déur le bròn.
Shlob i dheas-lamh 's ghairm gu tlàth,
Cìod e, mhic, an cràdh tha 'd chlaoidh?
Nì na ceil ach spreig gu dàn,
'S gu 'n co-phàirtich mi do chaoidh.

Fhreagair Aichioll nan ruag dlùth,
'S e 'g osnair bho ghrùnd a chléibh:—
Cìod an stàth bhi 'g aithris-bheòil
Dhutsa d' am mion-eòl mo sgéul?—
Gu dùn Thebe thog sinn oirn,
Dùn Eétioin bu mhòr àgh;

Leag sinn e 's an ùir 'n a thòrr,
'S dh' iomain creach gu leòir thair
sàil'.

Chaidh an toic buileach a roinn;
Mheal gach aon mar thoil e duais;
Thagh sinn do mhac Atreuis fhéin
Og Chrìseis bu dearg gruaidh.
Sagart Thébnis, Chries liath,
Thriall gu cabhlach nan long luath,
'S gu 'm fuasgladh e 'nìonag ghràidh,
Bho Ghréugaich nam màilleach cruaidh',
Le duais nan iomadaidh séud,
'S crin ciatach an dé 'n a làimh,
Dh' aslaich e 'n deagh-ghean gu fòill,
'S shin e 'n t-slat a b' òrbhuidh sgiamh.
Ghriosadh leis thair chàch gu léir
An dà rìgh d' an géill na sloigh:
Thog iadsan iolach maraon,
Gu 'n d' aithris an t-Aosd' a' chòir.
Dh' òrduich gu 'n diolteadh 's an uair,
Gach urram bu dual do 'n aois;
Gu 'n sealbhaicht' an luigheachd chòrr,
'S gu 'n grad-leigt' an òigh fo sgaoil.
Ach sin cha d' impich idir eridh'
Agamemnon rìgh nan sonn;
Dh' fhògair e 'n sean-fhear bho 'ghnùis
Gu neo-chiùin le bagradh trom.
Thill esan dachaidh fo ghruaim,
Ùrnaigh cruaidh, 's e sileadh dhéur:
Dh' éisd Apollo 'n acain bhroin,
Oir bu mhòr do 'n Aosda 'spéis.
Thilg e fras-mhillidh mu 'n Ghréig,
Muin air mhuin gu 'n d' éug an sluagh;
Na 'n siubhal a' sgrios romh 'n champ,
Chluinnteadh srannraich nan calg luath.
Shoillsich fàidhe le tùr cinn
Falach an Fhad-thilgich dhuinn;
Dh' iarr mise gu 'n dìongteadh leam
Caomh Apollo thionndadh rium;
Ghabh mac Atreuis fearg a's fraoch,
Dh' éirich e 's baoghal 'n a mhiann,
Bha'air ormsa gu neo-chaoimh,
'S, ceart mar mbaoidh, chuir grad an
gnìomh.

Dh' òrduich e 'n còmhlan thair chuan,
'S nighean Chrìseis gu 'sluagh fhéin,
Mar ri tiodhlac nach beag luach,
Chum gu 'n traointeadh gruaim an
dé.

Rèub e bhamsa mo dhuais dhaor,
Og Bhrìseis is caoin suil:
Air sliochd nan Gréug bhuaile e spid,
'S gach béus rioghail thilg fo 'r cùl.—
Cobhair-s' orm, a mhàthair chiùin,
Ruig Olimpùs, cùrt nan dia;
Aisig gu cuimhn' Iobh gach stàth,
'S an d' fhiach e do ràdh 's do ghnìomh.
An lùchairt m' athar, 's mi òg,
'S tric a dh' éisd mi ri d' mhòr uail,
Mar chath thu 'n aobhar an dé
Dh' ogleicheas an spéur le ghruaim.
Dhion thus' e 's an éiginn chruaidh,

'N uair ghluais ceannaire sluagh nan
 nèamh,
 'S a ghlac iad na slabhraidhean prais',
 Los a chuibhreach le grad thàir.
 Dh' èirich àrd bhian-rìgh nan dia,
 A's iompaire liath a' chuain,
 'S Pallas neartmhor nan cath searbh,
 An glòir mhiann ag earbs' á buaidh.
 'N sin ghairm thus' Egeon garg,
 Mor Bhriareus 'ainm 's an spèur ;
 Nochdadh le chòig fichead làmh,
 Famaire iarnadh nach tlàth méinn,
 Dh' oiltich na nèamhan air fad,
 Romb 'thriall, 's e spalpadh bhonn ;
 Bu treas' e na 'n dia bith-bhuan,
 A luaisgeas an talamh trom.
 Shuidh an fuathach lamh ri Iobh,
 An uil' uail a mbòrachd àigh,
 Chrith-ùmhlaich co-bhann nan dia,
 'S thuit an slabhraidhean sìos gu làr.
 Thoir so 'n a chuimhne gun sgàth ;
 Sléuchd air bialaobh an àrd-rìgh ;
 Do dhà ghàirdein glais nu' ghlùn,
 'S dian griosad le dùrachd eridh',
 Gu 'n combhadh e 'n Tròidh 's a sluagh,
 Chum 's gu'n ruag iad feachd nan Gréug ;
 'S an gainntir nan long air tràigh,
 Gu 'n càrnar an raon le éug.
 Blaisidh an t-iomlan na 's leòir
 De shòlas an ceannaird bhaoth ;
 'S chi esan dosgainn nam béas
 A thilg spid air a chéud laoch,
 Fhreagair Thetis a h-òg gaoil,
 'S na deòir nèamhaidh thaom le gruaidh,
 C'uime rug 's a thog mi 'n tús
 Mo shàr mhac gu dìubhail chruaidh ?
 'S truaigh nach tàmh dhut ad luìng fhéin
 Mu d' chabhlach gun déur, gun phrámh ;
 Seach d' ùine tha gearr mar réis
 Bhi cho lom-làn bhéud a's chràdh.
 Thair gach neach tha 'g imeachd feòir,
 Dhutsa dh' òrduicheadh mòr thèinn ;
 Mo chreach lèir nach b' èug do dhàn
 Mu 'n d' thàinig thu slàn a m' chréubh !
 Mar dh' iarr thu ruigim gu luath
 Àrd Olimpus nan cruach sneachd,
 Gu dia nan dearg bheithir luath,
 Dh' fhiachainn a bheil tras 'n a bheachd.
 Altruim-sa falachd ad chom,
 Aig taobh nan dlùth long air tràigh,
 Fada thall air leth bho 'n Ghréig ;
 'S na measgaich an éuchd a' bhlàir.
 Tha Iobh air imeachd gu féill,
 Mar ris thriall na dé bhith-bhuan,
 Null gu tìr nan Ethiop gràidh,
 Aig cian chriochan blàth a' chuain ;
 Gabhaidh iad furan gun phléid,
 Measg nan tréubh do nach spéis giomh ;
 Tri cheithir soluis 'n a dhéigh,
 Tillidh do 'n spèur sréud nan dia,
 Théidim-sa 'n sin gu teach Iobh,
 Gorm-lùchairt nan còrnard prais ;

Glacaidh mi dhà ghlùn gu fòill,
 'S cha 'n eagal nach fòir air m' airc.
 Dh' fhalbh a's dh' fhàg i mac fo leòn
 Dubh-fheargach mu 'n òg-nhnaoi chaoin.
 Mar réub luchd na spòrs a làimh
 A dhuais bhlàir le ainneart claon.
 'N sin ràinig Ulisses thall
 Tir Chrisa mu 'n iath an tonn,
 Fo chùram air bhòrd 's an luìng,
 Iobairt uibhtheil nan damh trom.
 Aig teachd do 'n chamus a dh' iarr
 'S a' pholl dhomhain, fhiathail, mhin,
 Leag a's phaisg iad na glas shiùil
 Gu sòmhail 's an iùbhraich ghriinn.
 Shaor iad 'n a shlochd fhein an crann,
 'G a fhuaghal gu teann le buill ;
 'S dh' iomair iad i teach 'n a deann,
 Le neart ràmh bu dealbhach luinn.
 Thilg iad gach acair air tràigh,
 'S na ciar chàbuill shnaim air dòigh ;
 Léum an sin gu tìr na laoch,
 'S thriall ri taobh an onfhaidh mhòir.
 Thàinig amach iobairt chéud
 Gu Phœbus nan ruim bhior luath ;
 'S ghluais às a' bhirlinn 'n an déigh,
 Chrisis bu chétach snaugh.
 Dh' fhalbh Ulisses 's an léug ùr,
 Suas gu téampull cùbhraidh 'n dè,
 Los a toirt d' a h-athair gràidh,
 'S nochd e dha gun dàil a sgéul :—
 Ciad fàilt air an t-sagart naomh,
 Thàinig mi an taobh s' le m' rìgh,
 Gu d' nighean thòirt saor do d' làimh,
 'S gu 'n naisg Phœbus bàigh a's sìth.
 Feuch, iobairt nan cèud air tràigh,
 Tairgear leats' air sgàth nan Gréug,
 Los gu 'n teid casg air a' phlàigh
 Bho 'n trom-osnach cràdh nan éug.
 Au sin linnbair e 'n ògbhean ghaoil ;
 Lènn an t-Aosda, 's ghlais mu 'com :
 Dh' iarr e 'n iobairt-chéud gun dàil
 A leanailt bho thràigh thair fonn.
 Aig mòr altair Phœbuis àigh,
 'S an teampall a b' àillidh glòir,
 Le lamhan nighte gun mheang
 Thairg iad an siol sailte 'n tòs.
 Dh' aslaich Chrisis le guth àrd,
 'S e togail a làmh os cinn :
 Eisd-sa rium, a Dhé nan calg
 D' an arm am bogh airgid grinn,
 A thi d' an diol Cilla geill,
 'S Tenedos is cèntach bàrr,
 Tha 'didinn Chrisa fo d' sgéith,
 'S a' sior éibhneas ri chaoin bhlàs,
 Ma dheònaich thu m' achain riabh,
 Gu m' chobhair 's an diachainn chruaidh,
 'S ma bhuaill thu sgrios air a' Ghréig
 Le galar nan léireadh truaigh,
 Eisd m' ùrnaigh gu gràs-mhor, caoin,
 'S thoir deòin shaor do mhiann mo
 chridh' :
 Cuir grad chasg air plàigh nan déur,

'S tionndaidh ris a' Ghréig an sith.

B'i sid ùrnaigh 'n t-sean-fhìr léith,
Chuala Phœbus 's dh' éisd gun ghruaim :
'N uair ghuidh iad, 's a thilg 'n a dheann
An siol saillt' air ceann a' bhuaire :

Lean a ghàirdnean ris an spéur,
Leig iad an fluil, réub a's dh' fheann ;
Sgath iad na sléisdean bho 'n chréubh,
'S shuain umpa dà bhréid de 'n t-saill :

Chàrnadh ùmpa sid gu pailt
Gach mir mar bu taitneach sògh,
Loisg an t-Aosd' iad, 's mu 'n fhiodh ghlas
Thaom e 'n fion bu taitneach cròic.

Bha òg fhleasgaich dlùth ri gléus
Le coigmharaich ghéur 'n an dòrn.
'N uair chnàmhadh na sléisdean ás,
De 'n mhaoth ghrealach bhlais na slòigh,

Ghèarr iad an t-iarmaid gu meanbh,
Shin mu shlios an nan dealg réidh,
'S ri téintean an turlaich mhòir,
Le deas-sheòltachd bhruich a's ghréidh.

Sgaoil iad na bìird tharbhach, fhial,
'N uair thug iad an gnìomh gu crìch ;
Shuidh an comun crùin gu biadh,
'S fhuair gach neach mar mhiann a chridh'.

'N uair chasgadh an t-acras géur,
'S a dh'ion-fhuadaich iad féum lóin,
Bhuail na fleasgaich ealamh, ùr,
Air crùnadh an fhion' gu pòit.

Riaraich iad bho dheas gu clith
An deoch bhrìgheil 's na geal-chùirn :
Fad an là bha 'n sluagh gu léir
Do neart Phœbus a' seinn cliù.

Aon-ghuthach thog iad na fuinn,
'S an laoidh bhinn a b' allaìl glòir :
Bu shòlas do chluais an dé,
Bhi 'g éisdeachd ri téis an ceòil.

'N sin theirinn do 'n fhaire a' ghrian,
'S an dall oidheche dh' iath mu 'n raon :
Aig bial na tuinn' air an tràigh,
Làmh ri 'm bìrlinn thàmh na laoch.

'N uair a sgaoil a' mhadainn òg
A ròsan feadh cùirt nan nial,
Dh' éirich sliochd na Gréig' á 'n suain,
'S ghrad-dheasaich thair chuan gu triall.

Leig am Fad-thilgeach 'n an déigh
An srann-fháfan éutrom, ùr.
Thog iad an crann bidhearg, réidh
'S shìn iad ris geal-bhréid an t-sihil.

'S le anail na failbhe ri 'n cùl,
Bha uchd na cainbe sùchte, cruinn ;
Ise min-phronnadh nam bàre,
Chluinnteadh crònan àrd mu 'druim.

Bu luath a siubhal, 's bu chian
Thair raointean liath-ghorm nan stuadh,
Gu ath-ghabbail am puirt fhéin,
Fo champ Gréugaich nan arm cruaidh.

'N uair ràinig an iùbhrach tìr,
Thàirneadh i 'n a sgrìb gu fonn,
'S chuir mór-shaillthean fo 'taobh ;
'S sgaoil iad feadh nam bùth 's nan long.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

SEAN SGOIL.

Am measg gach atharrachadh a thainig air a' Ghaidhealtachd o chionn da fhichead bliadhna—agus is lion-mhor iad—cha 'n 'eil aon n'is comh-arrichte no n'is cliutiche na 'n t-atharrachadh a chithear am an tighean-sgoil 's am maighstirean-sgoil o 'n am sin. Chaidh moran de sgoilean ura a chur air bonn, agus chaidh na sean sgoilean mar is trice a dheanamh u'is comasaiche air an crìoch a choilionadh na bha iad. Na h-uile cliù do Eaglaisean 's do Chomuinn air son an eud, 's na h-uile soirbheachadh leis gach saoth-air aig a bheil iunnsachadh na h-oigrìdh mar cheann-iuil ! Ach an deigh gach oidhearp ionmholta a chaidh a thabhairt, tha, gun teagamh, moran fathast ri dheanamh 's an rathad so 'n ar duthaich. Tha fathast iomadh Eilean a's Clachan a's Gleann air an iathadh le neoil thugh, dhorcha an aineolais; ach nach 'eil a nis Achd ur Parlamaid againn a chum na neoil so a sgapadh air falbh ? Nach e nis dleasdanas gach sgìreachd gu 'm bi sgoil air a deagh uidheamachadh far an ruig gach sgoilear oirre, agus nach 'eil cuideachadh fialaidh air a thoirt seachad á sporan mor na rioghachd air son costas nan sgoilean a ghiulan ? Nach e nis lagh na h-Alba gu 'm feum gach balach a's caileag a bhi 's an sgoil ? Ma ghleidheas tu do mhac as an sgoil a dhol an tràigh no 'bhuaichilleachd, no do nighean a bhana-trachd, nach bi am Maor air do thoirt cho dian 's a bha e riamh 'n uair a bhitheadh tu air deireadh leis a' mhod ? Gu fìrinneach chuir na saoghal car dheth o linn Iob. An aite Gliocais a bhi 'basachadh leinne, nach ann a bheirear i as ur le ar cloinn ? Nach e " 'n t-al a thig 'n ar deigh " a ni 'n t-amharc-sios air na parantan aineolach a ghlin iad ? Nach goirid gus am bi eagal ort do

bheul fhosgladh an lathair Lachainn bhig, aig nach 'eil ach an da fhuicail fathast, air eagal gun teid do cheapadh air son sliobasdachd do chainnt? Is mor m' eagal nach fada a bhitheas tigh-sgoil gun dorus, gun simlear, le toll-uinneig air son solus a leigeadh a steach, 's toit a leigeadh a mach, le urlar fliuch, 's le suidheachain de chlachan 's de fhoide-moine, no maighstir-sgoil nach labhair ach Gaidhlig, ri 'm faotainn 's au tir. Cha 'n 'eil fios c'aite an stad siun air an deireadh idir.

An uair a tha ar luchd-riaghlaidh, le ughdarras lagh na rioghachd, a' togail aireibh ura 's a taghadh Mhaighstirean-sgoil leis na teisteanais is airde, bu mhiann leam, mu 'n teid cuimhne nan sean tighean 's nan daoine coire a theagaisg annta 'a sgrios gu tur as an tir,' iomradh a dheanamh air aon de 'n t-seorsa anns an d'fhuair mi mo cheud leasain, deich bliadhna fichead roimhe so. Cha 'n fhios domh c'uin a thogadh an tigh, no cia meud sgoilear ainmeil a fhuair tus am foghlum ann. Bha 'n Sgìreachd iomraiteach an Eachdraidh na h-Eaglais an uair a b'e 'n t-aite a b' iomallaiche a bh' air a roghnachadh air son tighean foghlum a's Eaglaisean, agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam, na 'm bitheadh eachdraidh na Sgìreachd air a' gleidheadh air chuimhne, nach faighteadh aon no dha de 'n luchd-aiteachaidh "nach do dhoirt fuil 's nach do rinn cogadh" a bha airidh air clach urramach a chur an teampull na sean Eaglais Gaidhealaich. Ach an uair a mhosgail sluagh na h-Alba as an t-suain aineolaich anns an robh iad re moran liuntean a' gabhail tamh, rinn Eolas imrich as na cuiltean do na bailtean, a's dh' fbagadh na h-eileanan iomallach 's na glinn uaigneach gun Sgoil gun Eaglais. Bho linn an Ath-leasachaidh b' e,

gun teagamh, lagh na rioghachd gu 'm biodh Sgoil a's Eaglais anns gach Sgìreachd; ach bha Sgìreachdan na Gaidhealtachd farsuing, 's cha robh Sgoilean ach tearc. Chomhdaich dorchadas taobh an Iar na Gaidhealtachd. 'S ann a chum an dorchadais so fhuadach a chuireadh air bonn, ochd fichead bliadhna roimhe so, a' "Chuideachd Urramach a ta chum Eolas Crìosdaidh a sgaoileadh air feadh Gaidhealtachd a's Eileana na h-Alba"—Cuideachd a bhreac an taobh an Iar le tighean-sgoil, 's a chuir Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba fo chomain nach urraicnear innseadh. A reir riaghailtean na Cuideachd bha e mar fhiachaibh air Uachdarain an fhearainn tighean freagarrach a thogail, agus croiteag fhearainn a chur air leth do 'n Mhaghlustir-sgoil. B' ann leis a' Chuideachd so a bha 'n t-Sean Sgoil air a cumail suas.

Cha 'n abradh fear-turuis, ma dh' fhaoidte, gu 'n robh an tigh air a thogail an aite ro thaitneach. Cha robh beanntan arda, no gliun fhasail, na coilltean dosrach 's an t-sealladh, no iomadh ni eile a bheireadh aobhneas do 'n t-suil. Ach bha 'n tigh goireasach air na sgoilearan; 's bha reidhlean gorm air gach taobh dheth air am faigheadh a' chlann comas cluiche g' an toil; bha lochan uisge fa chomhair a bhiodh miaghail ris an reothadh; 's bha geodhachan uaigneach mara dluth air lainn mar gu 'm biodh iad air an cruthachadh air son balaich a mhealladh air snamh. 'S cha robh 'an sealladh mu 'n cuairt, lom, cianail, mar a chitheadh am fear-turuis e, gum a luach fein an suilean a' bhalachain a chaidh arach 's an aite. B'e dhachaidh e; agus do bhrìgh so bha gach cnoc, a's allt, a's léanag ni bu mhaisiche leis-san na 'n aon aite a b'aillidh' air an do dhearrs grian riamh; air chor 's gum faodadh

e'radh, gun toibheum, mu dhachaidh mar thuir an Salmadair mu Shìon :

Oir t'oglaich tha a' gabhail tlachd
'N a clachaibh breagh gach uair ;
Tha deagh thoil aig do sheirbhisich
D' a luathre a's d'a h-uir.

A thuillidh air so, chiteadh air gach laimh seallaidhean a thogadh inntinn an sgoilear o dhleasdanas an la. An sud traigh, nach taghail an t-iasgair fathast ach fo gheilt, air an do chuir a shinnsearan blar fuilteach a' dìon an dachaidh o choigrich a' chuain ; an so Dun, le fhrogan dorcha comhdaichte thairis “ le foghnan, fraoch, a's fòlach,” a' toirt dearbhadh follaiseach air na naigbeachdan a dh' innseas sean daoine mu na liuntibh an -iochdmhor a threig ; 's an tolman uaine ud mu 'n cuairt do larach an teampuill tha aithrichean air an tulgadh nan codal sìorruidh le monnhor an t-sruthain air a mhuchadh le buille trom na tuinne air an traigh. Fa chomhair tha Cuan mor na h-airde an Iar, an comhnuidh a' dusgadh suas uambhunn, ioghnadh, a's ardhthoilinntinn, co-dhiubh a chithear e air a luasgadh le doininn a' gheamhraidh, no 'codal gu seimh fo ghrian an t-samhraidh, no mar a chunnaic prìomh Bhard ar duthcha gu minic e mu 'n do sheinn e cho oirdhearc mu 'n “ ghrein 's i gu laidhe 's a chuan :”

“ An d' fhaig thu gorm-astar nan speur,
A mhic gun bheud, a's òr-bhuidh ciabh ?
Tha dorsan na h-oidheche dhuit fein,
Agus pàillinn do chlos 's an iar.
Thig na stuaidh mu 'n cuairt gu mall,
A choimhead fir a's glaine gruaidh ;
A' togail fo eagal an ceann ;
Ri d' fhaicinn cho aillidh 'n ad shuain,
Theich iadsan gun tuar o d' thaobh,
Gabhsa cadal ann ad chòs,
A ghrian! a's till o d' chlos le h aoibhneas.”

Cha 'n fhaicear, taing do 'n Fhreasdal, ach ainneamh a nis coimeas do 'n fhardaich ris an abairte

an Tigh-sgoil. Tigh fada, farsuing, dorcha, le bhallachan iosal de chloich ghlais nach do ghearain air buillean an uird, air an salachadh air an taobh muigh le criadh, air an taobh stigh air an dubhadh le toit. Dorus air gach taobh do 'n tigh ach gun chomhla' mar bu trice ri aon diubh. Chiteadh 's a' gheamhradh sgathach fhraoich ri taobh an fhuaraidh de dhorus an t-soirbheis air a cumail na seasamh le cas camain. Rachadh an Sgathach a chaitheamh a lion beagan a's beagan a' lasadh na teine ; 's bhiodh a' sin boitein comlaich a' gleidheadh fasnagaidh gus an tigeadh mart no each miombail an rathad a dh' itheadh e. 'S an t-samhradh bha 'n tigh fosgailte gu farsuing, fialaidh do sgoilearan de gach seorsa. Urlar de thalamh fuar, fliuch, ach larach na teine a mhaìn. Uinneagan leth-lionte le pluic, 's an corr comhdaichte le lic 's clach ri 'cul. Da tholl air druim an tìghe a' leigeadh a mach na toit nach iarradh a rathad roimh dhorus no uinneig. Da theine air an urlar dluth air meadhon an tìghe agns clach eatorra. B'i chlach so “ Stol (no fann) an aithreachais.” Is tric a rinn mi cron latha fuar geamhraidh a dh' aon ghnothuch air son faotainn air an stol. Bha déileachan a gheibhte air a' chladach sinte air clachan a' deanadh aitea-suidhe ; 's bha da sheana bhord le casan briste air an urlar aig an faighte sgrìobhadh le beagan cunnairt. Agus ma bha airneis an tìghe-sgoil gann, cha robh asaig an sgoilear duilich a ghiulan. Leac-sgliat ghlas le ruith oibreachaidh oirre, paiper-sgrìobhaidh cho saor 's a gheibheadh cailleach nan uibhean an *Grianaig*, dubh de shughadh an daraich, peann de dh-ite an t-Sulanaich, *Gray*, Leabhar Aithghear nan Ceist, Biobull Gaidhlig air a chomhdach le craiceann caorach, agus deagh chaman.

Bhiodh e eu-comasach do 'n fhear-theagaisga bu chomasai che sgoilearan math a dheanamh air a leithid so de chothrom; ach tha mi creidsinn ged bhiodh gach tigh 's gach goireas a b' fhearr aig mo shean mhaighstir (cha n' ann r' a chur na dheigh e), nach faigheadh an sgoil an cliu a b' airde o fhir-cheasnachaidh ar latha-ne. Cha robh eolas a' mhaighstir ro fharsuing; agus cha d' fhuair e cothrom air na doighean a b' fhearr air sgoil a riaghladh, no air eolas fein a theagasg d' a sgoilearan, fhaicinn no iunnsachadh. Bha e, gun teagamb, an Glaschu 'g a cheasnachadh; agus dh' innis an Dr. MacLeod dha nach b' urrainn dasan leasan Gaidhlig a thoirt dha. Air diomhaireachd an lagh "Leathan ri leathan, a's caol ri caol" bha e miu-eolach; ach nam biodh an sgoil air a paigheadh a reir mar a fhreagradh na sgoilearan na ceistean a chuirear air cloinn an diugh, is mor m' eagal nach biodh tuarasdal a' mhaighstir a bheag ni b' airde na bha e. "Na labhair ach maith mu ra mairbh," theirte o shean; agus gu firinneach 's ann le h-urram agus le seirc a b' airidh sean mhaighstirean-sgoil na h-Alba a bhi air an cuimhneachadh. Agus ged nach rachadh mo shean mhaighstir a thaghadh á measg drobh an diugh a lionadh aite falaibh, b' airidh e air meas agus air tlachd, agus is ann le meas agus le tlachd a tha a chuimhne air a gleidheadh aig gach sgoilear a bha fo theagasg. Cha bbithinn seachd bliadhna dh' aois nuair a chaochail e; ach tha mo chuimhne an diugh air a dhreach 's air a dhoigh cho maith 's a bha i an la a dh' adh-laiceadh e. Bha e 's an arm 'n a oige, agus thug an t-oileanachadh a fhuair e an sin seasamb dìreach a's gluasad fearail dha nach do dhealaidh ris re a bheatha. Duine breac-liath, mu dheich-a's-tri-fichead; deas

'n a phearsa; aghaidh thuigseach; cridhe blath; nadur ath-ghoirid; a cheum air tromachadh a's uilt air teannachadh; ach a spiorad gun taiseachadh—a mhisneach cho ard a's aignidhean cho togarrach ri aois ochd-bliadhna-deug. Cha robh balach 's an sgoil a bu deise a bhreth air caman, na bu deine a chur gu taghall. Saoilidh mi gu faic mi an sean duine sunndach a' tighinn am fradharc air maduinn reota gheamhraidh, le 'aid ghibich a bha uair-eigin dubh, le 'chota clo, 's le 'bhäta glas-daraich 'n a laimh. Chi e 'mhiac fein a' leigeadh seachad na cnaige. "A thuaisd, a thrail, a sgagaire bhochd!" their an t-athair, a's a nuas leis a' chota mor. As deigh na cnaige gu lughmhòr bheir e, a' greimachadh ceann caol a bhata; agus an tiota tha i aig an taghall is faide air falbh. Theid ar gairn a steach, a's theid na camain fo 'n bhord. Toisichear obair an la le urnuigh dhurachdaich an Gaidhlig; theid earrann dhe 'n Bhiobull a leughadh 's na Ceistean a chur. Tha 'n sin sgrìobhadh a's cunntas, cunntas a's sgrìobhadh gu feasgar. Leughar am Biobull. Co-dhunar le urnuigh. Bheirear na camain am follais, a's bithear ag iomain gus an toir an oidhe as ar suilean e.

Sgoil thrugh! teagasg bochd! deir an Leughadair. Tigh-Sgoil truagh, deir mise; agus teagasg easbhuidheachd, ach teagasg ann an tomhas, a dh' fhaodadh a bhi air a leantainn le buannachd ann am moran de na Sgoilean Gaidhealach air an la diugh. B' e tighean dona a's droch phaigheadh cuibhrionn moran de mhaighstirean-sgoil na Gaidhealtachd 's an am a dh' fhalbh. Is mor an t-aobhar taingeachd gu bheil cinnt air atharrachadh chum na cuid is fearr agus an rathad so 's an am ri teachd. Tha foghlum a's sgil nan dreuchd air iarraidh o mhaighstir-

sgoil a nis nach robh air iarraidh o'n aithrichean; agus tha so freagarrach. Ach cha 'n 'eil mi gun amharus nach b' fheairrde ar Maighstirean-sgoil ura 's a' Ghaidhealtachd tuilleadh de chleachduinean nan sean laoch a leanntainn na tha cuid diubh deas gu dheanamh. Am measg nan sean mhaighstirean - sgoil Gaidhealach gheibhteadh air uairibh na daoine a b' fhoghlumte's an tìr. Ann an seirbhis a' Chomuinn a dh' ainmich mi, agus ann an tighean nach robh a bheag ni b' fhearr na 'n tigh air an do rinn mi ionradh, shaothraich, re moran d' am beatha, air deich no dusan punnd Sasunnach 's a bhliadhna, an da Ghaidheal—a mach o Oisean — a b' airde buaidhean a sgrìobh's a' Ghaidhlig—Mac Mhaighstir Alastair agus Dughall Buchanan. Cha b' ionann beachd do na daoine so agus do mhoran de mhaighstirean-sgoile òg ar latha-ne mu theagasg cloinne. Tha eagal orm gu bheil an creidimh a' neartachadh 'n ar measg, gur e crìoch araid Maighstir-sgoile uiread airgid 's is urrainn da a bhuanachd le 'sgoil; 's gu bheil clann air an deagh theagasg ma leughas iad gu blasda canain nach tuig iad, a's ma sgrìobhas iad gun mhearachd latha cheasnachaidh 103,070,010 ged nach 'eil fios aca fein no aig duine d' an daoine cìod e fo'n ghrein a tha 103,070,010 a' ciallachadh. Tha Leughadh a's Sgrìobhadh a's Cunntas ro fhemmail 's an sgoil—cha deanar sgoilear as an eugmhais; ach cha 'n 'eil dleasdanas a' mhaighstir-sgoile crìochnaichte le Leughadh a's Sgrìobhadh a's Cunntas, ged a thuigeadh cìod e mu 'm beilear a' Leughadh 's a' Sgrìobhadh 's a' Cunntas. Tha Oilcanachadh cho feumail ri—dh' fhaodte radh u'is feumail na—Foghlum. Cha 'n e Eolas farsuing ach deagh Chleachduin crìoch teagasg.

“ Am meangan nach sniomh thu,
Cha spion thu 'n a chraoibh e;
Mar shineas e 'gheugan,
Bithidh a fhreumhan a' sgaioleadh.”

Bhiodh e duilich leam a chreidsinn gu 'n do chleachd Dughall Buchanan aon doigh air spionadh nan craobh 's an tigh aoraidh air an t-Sabaid, agus doigh 'eil air sniomh nan meangan 's an Sgoil re na seachduin. 'S anns a' chanain a thuigeadh an sluagh a shearmonaich 's a sheinn e—an ann an canain nach thuigeadh iad a theagasg e na Sgoilearan? An uair a bha Mac Mhaighstir Alastair a' brosnachadh nan Gaidheal gu eirigh a sheasamh coir nan Stiubhartach, sheinn e 'Orain iomraiteach an Gaidhlig—an saoil thu an ann am Beurla a bheireadh e earail air cloinn bhig? “ B' fhearr leam,” arsa an t-Abstol Pol, “cuig focail a labhairt san eaglais [nam bu mhaighstir-sgoile e nach abradh e 'san sgoil'] le m' thuigse, chum gun teagasginn daoine eile mar an ceudna, na deich mìle focal ann an teangaidh choimhich.” Ach tha moran de mhaighstirean-sgoil na Gaidhealtachd de atharrach beachd. Nach duilich, an uair a tha tighean-sgoile eireachdail 'g an cur suas anns gach aite, a's an uair a tha 'n rioghachd a' paigheadh moran airgid gach bliadhna air son ar Maighstirean-sgoile iunnsachadh, ma bhithas aobhar againn a radh mu 'n teagasg a gheibhear 'n ar Sgoilean Gaidhealach mar a thuir a' Chailleach Mhuileach, “ B' fhearr leam fein an t-sean doigh.”

D. M'K.

Le bhi buileachadh bheannachd air muinntir eile, tha sinn 'g am buileachadh oirnn fein.

Cha 'n fheum an ti leis am miann an toradh a shealbhachadh, am blath a mhilleadh.

A I N M I O S A.

Cia milis ainm an t-Slanuighfhir chaoimh.
An cluas a' chreidmheich bhochd!
Tha 'leigheas broin a's leon nan naomh,
Gun eagal orr' roimh lochd.

Oir ni e'n spiorad bruite slan,
A' fuadach craidh o'n chridh';
Mar mhana ni e'n t-ocrach lan,
'S bheir fois do'n astrach sgith.

Ainm mhiorbhuilich ! mo charraig
threin;
Mo dhìdein anns gach cas !
'S tu m'ionmhas furtachd anns gach teinn,
Trid iomlanachd do ghrais.

'S ann uait gheibh m' urnuigh freagradh
gaoil,
Ged thoill mo chionta smachd,
'S a dh'aindeoin treunad prionns' an t-
saogh',
A mheasar mi mhar mhac.

Iosa! mo Bhuachailh', is m' Fhear-taigh',
'S tu m' Fhaidh, Sagart, Rìgh!
Mo' cheudfath is ceann-uigh' mo bheath',
Gabh cliu o d' thruaghan sgith.

Ge anfhann, diblidh guth mo ghlaoidh,
Ge fuar mo ghaol 's mo ghloir;
'N uair bhios mi maille riut a chaoidh,
Theid m' fhoghlum mar is coir.

Gu sin, biodh plogartaich mo chri'
A' cli' thachadh do ghrais;
S' biodh d' ainm 'n a cheol domh anns an
t-sligh
'S 'g a sheirm leam anns a' bhàs.
—*The Treasure.*

—o—

AN T-OSDAIR AGUS AN SEOL-
ADAIR,

NO IAIN AGUS A CHNAP CRUAIDH

An cluinn thu, Iain, nach gabh
thu deur beag air a' mhaduinn fhuair
so?' ars' Osdair araidh ri seoldair
a bha 'gabhail an rathaid seachd air
an tigh aige. Bha ar seoldair
roimhe so 'n a fhior mhiseir agus
air iomadh bonn airgid flagail ann
an tigh an duine a bha bruidhinn
ris; ach bha e nis bho chionn
bliadhna an deigh boid a thoirt an
aghaidh deoch laidir.

"O! cha'n urainn mi, a dhuine
choir, cha'n urainn mi òl, tha cnap

cruaidh agam, an so air mo thaobh,
O! an cnap cruaidh tha'n so," ars'
an seoldair, is e 'cur a laimh air a
thaobh mar gu'm biodh e air a
chradh leis.

"Is e thu sgar de'n dram a dh'
aobharaich an cnap sin dhuit; bheir
beagan de dheoch mhaith air falbh
e ann an tiota, ach ma bhitheas thu
cho gorach 's gu'm fuirich thu bho
d' ghrog, is e's docha gu'm fàs an
cnap sin agad na's momha, agus gu
'n tig cnap cruaidh air an taobh eile
agad mar an ceudna."

"Ro cheart, ro cheart, a dhuine,"
ars' an Seoldair, is e 'toirt poc oir a
mach as a phocaid-achlais agus 'g a
chumail suas ann an sealladh an
Osdair. "Tha thu ceart a radh ma
thoisicheas mi air an òl gu'm falbh
mo cnap; ach ma dh' fhuireas mi
uath gu'm fàs e na's momha.
Beannachd leat, osdair, le comhnadh
an Tighearna cumaidh mi mach as
do lion-sa agus feuchaidh mi ri cnap
fhaighinn air gach taobh."

DUANAG DO CHRUACHAN-BEANN.

Le P. Mac-an-t-Saoir.

SEISD.—Cruachan - beann, Cruachan -
beann,
Cruachan - beann, 's mor mo
thlachd dhiot;
Cruachan-beann thar gach meall,
'S a chuid allt' ruith roi' ghlac-
aibh.

Cruachan-beann 's e cho mor,
Tha e sonraicht' r'a fhaicinn—
'Cha'n 'eil a leithid 's an Roinn-Eorp',
'S geal a chota 'n am sneachda.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

Clann-an-t-Saoir d'am bu dual
'Bhi'n ad chluanagan fasgach;
An d'ing cha'n fhaic mi aon d' an al
'Gabhail tamh ann ad thaise.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

'S iomadh linn bho n' fhuair iad coir
Air a' bheinn is boidhech' r'a fhaicinn;
'S cho fhad' 's a ruitheas uillt gu cuan
Bidh an dualchas ud aca.
Cruachan beann, &c.

Fine's duineala, gun ghruaim,
'N am dol suas thun na batailt;
'S an Ceann-cinnidh air an ceann
'Toirt comand' do na gaisgich.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

An Leitir-beann chaidh m'arach òg—
Leitir bhoidheach nam badaid;
Gheibhte fiadh ann air an t-sliabh,
'S earbag ria'ch anns gach glac dheth.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

Aite's maisiche fo'n ghrein
Chaidh cha leur dhomh r'a fhaicinn;
'S bho'n a chuir iad thu fo fheidh,
'S goirt mo dheur 'gabhail beachd ort.
Cruachen-beann, &c.

Fichead mìle tha mu'n cuairt
Anns a' chruaich ud tha maiseach;
Agus trì dhiubh air aird'—
'S iomad bard a ghabh beachd ort.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

Soraidh 'nis le Cruachan-beann,
'S leis gach coire, 's gleann tha'n taic ris:
'S e mo dhurachd Clann-an-t-Saoir
Bhi chombnuidh ri dha's na thaise.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

—o—

RIDIRE GHRIANAIG.

Bha aig Ridire Ghrianaig triùir nighean nach robh an leithid ri fhaotainn no ri fhaicinn an àite sa bith. Thainig béisd bho'n chuan 's thug i leath' iad, 's cha robh fios 'd é an rathad a ghabh iad, no c'áite an rachteadh g' an iarraidh.

Bha saighdear anns a' bhaile, 's bha triùir mbac aige, 's an àm na Nollaig bha iad aig iomain, 's thuir am fear a b' òige gu'n rachadh iad agus gu'n cuireadh iad bair air léana Ridire Ghrianaig.

Thuir càch nach rachadh, nach biodh an Ridire toilichte, gu'm biodh sid a' toirt 'n a chuimhne call a chloinne, 's ag cur duilichinn air. "Biodh sin a roghainn da," ars Iain, am mac a b' òige, "ach théid sinn ann, 's bheir sinn bair, tha mise coma air son Ridire Ghrianaig biodh e buidheach no diombach."

Chaidh iad a dh - iomain 's

bhuidhinn Iain trì bair air a bhràithrean. Chuir an Ridire cheann a mach air ùinneig, 's chunnaic e iad ag iomain, 's ghabh e corruich mhòr, gu'n robh a chridhe aig aon sa bith dol a dh-iomain air a léana, nì a bha toirt call a chloinne 'n a chuimhne, 's ag cur mìothlachd air. Thuir e ri mhnaoi, "Co tha cho mìomhail 's a bhi 'g iomain air mo ghruand-sa, toirt call mo chloinne 'm chuimhne! Biodh iad air an toirt an so a thiota 's gu'n rachadh peanas a dhianamh orra." Chaidh an triùir ghillean a thoirt an làthair an Ridire, 's bha iad 'n an gillean gasda.

"D e thug dhuibhse," ars an Ridire, bhi cho mìomhail 's dol a dh-iomain air a' ghruand agamsa, toirt call mo chloinne 'm chuimhne. Feumaidh sibh peanas fhulang air a shon."

"Cha 'n ann mar sin a bhitheas," ars Iain, "ach bho 'u a thuit duinne tighinn càrr ort, is fhèarr dhut fàrdach de luing a dheanamh dhuinn, agus falbhaidh siun a dh-iarraidh do nighean; 's ma tha iad fo'n fhiorach no fo'n fhuarachd, no fo cheithir rannan ruadh an domhain, gheobh sinne mach iad, mu'n tig ceann latha 's bliadhna, 's bheir sinn air an ais iad do Ghrianaig."

"Ged is tu 's òige, 's ann ad cheann tha chomhairle 's fhèarr; bidh sin air a dhianamh dhuibh."

Fhuaradh saoir, 's an ceann sheachd latha bha 'n long deas. Chuir iad a stigh biadh a's deoch mar a dh'fhéumadh iad air son turais. Thug iad a h-aghaidh ri muir 's a cùl ri tìr, 's dh'fhalbh iad; 's an seachd latha ràinig iad tràigh gheal ghainbhich, agus 'n uair a chaidh iad air tìr bha sia fir dhiag ag obair an aodunn creige 'g a cur as a chéile.

"D é an t-àite tha so?" ars an sgiobair.

“Is e so an t-àite 's am beil clann Ridire Ghrianaig. Tha iad a' dol a phòsadh trìùir fhamhairean.”

“'D é an dòigh a th' air faotainn far am beil iad?”

“Cha 'n 'eil dòigh sa bith ach dol suas 's a' chliabh so ri aodann na creige.”

Chaidh am mac a bu shine 's a' chliabh 's 'n uair a bha e shuas aig leth na creige, thàinig fitheach gèarr, dubh, 's thòisich e air le ìnean 's le sgiathan, gus nach mór nach d' fhàg e dall, bodhar e. Cho robh aige ach tilleadh air ais.

Chaidh an darra fear 's a' chliabh, 's 'n uair a bha e shuas leth an rathaid, thàinig am fitheach gèarr dubh 's thòisich e air, 's cha robh aige ach tilleadh air ais mar a rinn am fear eile.

Chaidh Iain mu dheireadh 's a' chliabh. An uair a bha e shuas leth an rathaid thàinig am fitheach gèarr, dubh, 's thòisich e air, 's ghread e e mu 'n aodann. “Suas gu elis,” ars' esan, “mu 'm bi mi dall an so.” Chuireadh suas e gu bràigh na creige. An uair a bha e shuas thàinig am fitheach far an robh e 's thuirt e ris:

“An toir thu dhomh greim tombaca?”

“A dhaor shlaightire, is beag comain a th' agad orm air son sin a thoirt dut.”

“Na biodh umhail agad do sin, bidh mise 'm charaide math dhut. Nise theid thu do thigh am fhamhair mhòir, 's chi thu nighean an ridire fuaghal, 's a miaran fhuach le a deòir.”

Ghabh e air aghart gus an d' ràinig e tigh an fhamhair. Chaidh e stigh. Bha nighean an ridire fuaghal.

“'D é thug an so thu?” ars' ise.

“'D é thug thu fhein ann nach fhaodainn-sa tighinn ann!”

“Thugadh mise ann gun taing.”

“Tha fios agam air sin. C'àite am beil am fhamhair?”

“Tha e 's a' bhéinn-sheilg.”

“'D e 'n dòigh a th' air fhaotainn dachaidh?”

“An t-slabhraidh-chomhraig ud a mach a chrathadh; 's cha 'n 'eil e 's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd, no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain, a h-aon a chumas còmhrag ris, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, á Albainn, 's cha 'n 'eil e sia bliadh' diag a dh-aois, 's tha e tuilleadh a's òg gu dol a chòmhraig ris an fhamhair.”

“Tha ioma h-aon an Albainn cho laidir ri Iain mac an t-saighdeir ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis.”

Chaidh e mach. Thug e tarrainn air an t-slabhraidh, 's cha d' thug e car aisde, 's chaidh e air a ghlùn. Dh' éirich e suas, thug e 'n t-ath-chrathadh air an t-slabhraidh 's bhris e tinne dh'i. Chual am fhamhair 's a bhéinn-sheilg e.

“Aha!” ars' esan, “Co a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-chòmhraig-sa charachadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's cha 'n 'eil e ach sia bliadh' diag a dh-aois—tha e ro òg fhathast.”

Chuir am fhamhair an t-sitheann air gad, 's thàinig, 's thàinig e dhachaidh.

“An tusa Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn?”

“Cha mhì.”

“Co thu 's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain, a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-sa charachadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn?”

“Tha ioma h-aon an Albainn cho laidir ri Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis.”

“Tha sid 's an fhàisneachd agam-sa.”

“Coma leam 'd é tha 's an fhàisneachd agadsa.”

“'D é an dòigh air am math leat thu fhéin fhiachainn!”

“An uair a bhithinn fhìn 's mo mhàthair thair a chéile, 's a bhiodh toil agam mo thoil fhìn fhaotainn, 's ann an snaimeannan - carachd a bhitheamaid a' fiachainn: uair a gheobhadh i chuid a b' fhearr, 's da uair nach fhaigheadh.”

Rug iad air a chéile, 's bha gramannan cruaidh aca, 's chuir am famhair Iain air a ghluin.

“Tha mi faicinn,” ars' Iain, “gur tu 's treasa.”

“Tha fios gur mì,” ars' am famhair.

Chaidh iad an dàil a chéile rithisd, 's bha iad ag caradh 's a' tarrainn a chéile. Bhuail Iain a chas air an fhamhair 's an aobruin, 's chuir e air slait a dhroma foidhe air an làr e. Ghuidh e gu'm biodh am fith-each aige. Thainig am fith-each gèarr, dubh, 's ghabh e do 'n fhamhair 's an aodunn, 's mu na cluasan, le 'nean, 's le sgiathan, gus an do dhall 's na bhodhair e e. “Am beil tarrainn airm agad a bheir an ceann de 'n bhéisd?”

“Cha 'n 'eil.”

“Cuir do lamh fo m' sgeith dheis-a, 's gheibh thu core bheag, bhiorach ann, a bhios agam a' buain nan braonan, 's thoir an ceann d' e.”

Chuir e làmh fo bhun sgiath dheas an fhithich 's fhuair e chore ann, 's thug e 'n ceann de 'n fhamhair.

“Nise, Iain, theid thu stigh far am beil nighean mhòr Ridire Ghrianaig. Bidh i 'g iarradh ort tilleadh, 's gun dol na 's fhaide; ach na toir thusa feart oirre. Gabh air d' aghart, 's ruigidh tu an nighean mheadhonach, 's bheir thu dhomhsa greim tombaca.”

“Bheir mi sin dut gu dearbh, 's math a choisinn thu e: gheobh thu leth 's na th' agam.”

“Cha 'n fhaigh gu dearbh: is ioma latha fada gu Bealltainn.”

“Nara leigeadh am Fortan gu 'm bi mis' an so gu Bealltainn.”

“Tha fios agad air na tha seachad, ach cha 'n 'eil fios agad air na tha romhad. Faigh uisge blàth, 's glan thu fhéin ann. Gheobh thu ballan-ìocshlaint os cionn an doruis, suath ri d' chraiceann e 's theirig a laidhe leat fhéin, 's bidh tu gu slàn, fallain am maireach; 's am maireach gabhaidh tu air d' aghart gu tigh na h-ath té.”

Chaidh e stigh 's rinn e mar a dh' iarr am fith-each air. Chaidh e a laidhe an oidhche sin, 's bha e gu slàn, fallain 's a' mhadainn, an uair a dh' éirich e.

“Is fhèarr dhut tilleadh,” arsa nighean mhòr an ridire,“ gun dol na 's fhaide, 's gun thu fhéin a chur an tuilleadh cunnairt; tha gu leòir de dh-òr 's de dh-airgiod an so, 's bheir sinn leinn e, 's tillidh sinn.”

“Cha dian mi sin,” ars' esan, “gabhaidh mi air m' aghart.”

Ghabh e air aghart gus an d' ràinig e an tigh 's an robh nighean mheadhonach Ridire Ghrianaig. Chaidh e stigh, 's bha ise 'n a suidhe fuahal, 's i caoineadh, 's a' miaran fliuch le deòir.

“'D é thug thusa 'n so!”

“'D é thug thu fhéin ann nach fhaodainn-sa tighinn ann?”

“Thugadh mise gun taing ann.”

“Tha fios agam air sin; ach, 'd é chuir a chaoineadh thu?”

“Cha 'n 'eil ach aon oidhche agam gus am feum mi bhi pòsta ris an fhamhair.”

“C'àite am beil am fhamhair?”

“Tha 's a' bhéinn-sheilg.”

“'D è an dòigh a th' air fhaotainn dachaidh?”

“An t-slabhraidh-chòmhraig sin a mach taobh an tighe a chrathadh, 's cha 'n 'eil e 's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd, no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain, na chrathas i, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's tha e ro òg fhathast:

cha 'n 'eil e ach sia bliadhn' diag dh-aois."

"Tha daoine an Albainn cho laidir ri Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, ged a bliodh an saighdeir leis.

Chaidh e mach 's thug e tarrainn air an t-slabhraidh, 's thuit e air a dha ghluin. Dh' éirich e 's thug e 'n ath tharrainn oirre, 's bhris trì timneachan. Chual am fannhair sid 's a' bhéinn-sheilg.

"Alà!" ars' esan, 's chuir e an t-sitheann air gad air a ghualainn, 's thàinig e dhachaigh.

"Co a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-chòmhraig-sa charachadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's tha e ro òg fhathast: cha 'n 'eil e ach sia bliadhn' diag a dh-aois."

"Tha daoine an Albainn cho laidir ri Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis."

"Tha sid anns an fhàisneachd againne."

"Tha mise coma 'de é tha 's an fhàisneachd agaibhse."

"'D é an dòigh air am math leat thu fhein fbiachainn?"

"Ann an cruaidh ghramannan-carachd."

Rug iad air a chéile 's chur am fannhair air a dhà ghluin e.

"Is leat mo bheatha," ars' Iain, "is tù is treasa na mise. Fiachamaid car eile."

Dh' fbiach iad a chéile rithist, 's bhual Iain a shail air an fhannhair, 's an aobrunn, 's chuir e air slait a dhroma air an làr e.

"Fhithich, ars' esan, "bu mhath dallanach dhiot a nis."

Thainig am fitheach, agus dhall a's bhodhair e am fannhair, ag gabhail da le 'ghob, le 'inean, 's le 'sgiatan.

"Am beil tarrainn airn agad?"

"Cha 'n 'eil."

"Cuir do làmh aig bun mo sgéithe deise-sa, 's gheobh thu ann core bheag, bhiorach a bhios agam a' buain nam braonan, 's thoir an ceann d'e."

Chuir e a làmh fo bhun sgiath dheas an fhithich, 's fhuair e core ann 's thug e 'n ceann de 'n fannhair.

"Nise théid thu stigh, glanaidh tu fhéin le uisge blàth, gheobh thu am ballan-iocshlaint, suathaidh tu riut fhein e, théid thu laidhe, 's bidh tu gu slàn, fallain am màireach. Bidh i so gun taing na 's seòlta, 's nas bialaiche na bha an té roimhe, ag iarraidh ort tilleadh; ach, na toir thusa feart oirre, 's bheir thu dhomhsa gréim tombaca."

"Bheir mi sin, 's gu dearbh 's airidh air thu."

Chaidh e stigh 's rinn e mar a dh' iarr am fitheach air. An uair a dh' éirich e an làr n-ath mhaireach, bha e gu slàn fallain.

"Is fhéar dhut tilleadh," arsa nigbean mheadhonach an Ridire, 'a gun thu fhéin a chur an tuilleadh cunnaid: tha gu leòir de dh-òr 's de dh-airgiod an so."

"Cha dian mi sin, gabhaidh mi air m' aghart."

Ghabh e air adhart gun an d' ràinig e gus an tigh anns an robh nighean bheag an Ridire. Chaidh e stigh, 's chunnaic e ise fuaghal 's a miaran fluich le a deòir.

"'D é thug thusa 'n so?"

"'D é thug thu fhéin ann, nach fhaodainn-sa tighinn ann?"

"Thugadh mise ann gun taing."

"Tha fios agam air sin."

"An tu Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn?"

"Is mi, c'arson a tha thu caoin-eadh?"

"Cha 'n 'eil de dhàil agam gus am fannhair a phòsadh, ach an oidheche so?"

"C'áite am beil e?"

"Tha e 's a' bhéinn-sheilg."

"D é an dòigh a th' air a thoirt dachaigh?"

"An t-slabhraidh-chòmhraig ud a mach a chrathadh."

Chaidh e mach 's thug e crathadh

oirre, 's thuit e air a mhàsan. Dh'éirich e 's thug e an t-ath chrathadh oirre, 's bhris e ceithir tinneachan d'ì, 's rinn e toirm, mhór. Chual am famhair sid 's a' bhéinn-sheilg, 's chuir o an gad sithne air a ghualainn.

“Co 's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd, no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-chòmhraig-sa chrathadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's ma 's e th' ann tha mo dhà bhrathair-sa marbh roimhe so.”

Thainig e dhachaigh 'n a dheann ag cur an talmhainn air chrith roimhe 's 'n a dheaghaidh !

“An tù Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir?”

“Cha mhi.”

“Co 's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd, no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain, a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-chòmhraig-sa chrathadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn 's tha e ro òg fhathast: cha 'n 'eil e ach sia bliadhna' diag a dh-aois !”

“Nach ioma h-aon a tha 'n Albainn cho laidir ri Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis.”

“Cha 'n 'eil e 's an fhàisneachd againne.”

“Coma leam 'd é tha tha 's an fhàisneachd agaibhse.”

“'D é an dòigh air am math leat d' fhiachainn?”

“Suaimheannan cruaidhe, carachd.”

Ghlac iad a chéile 's chuir am famhair air a mhàsan e.

“Leig as mi, a's 's leat mo bheata.”

Rug iad air a cheile rithist, bhual e shail air an fhamhair 's an aobrunn, 's leag e e air fas mhullach a ghuailne, 's air slait a dhroma air an làr.

“Fhithich ghèarr, dhuibh, na 'm biodh tu 'n so a nis !”

Cha bu luaithe a thuirt e am facal na thainig am fitheach. Leadair e

am famhair mu 'n aodann, 's mu na sùilean, 's mu na cluasan, le a ghob, 's le 'inean, 's le 'sgiathan.

“Am beil tarrainn airm agad?”

“Cha 'n 'eil.”

“Cuir do làmh fo bhun mo sgeithe deise, 's gheobh thu corc bheag, bhiorach ann a bhios agam a' buain nam braonan, 's thoir an ceann dé.”

Rinn e sid.

“Nis,” ars' am fitheach, “gabh fois mar a rinn thu 'n raoir; 's an uair a thilleas tu le triuir nighean an Ridire gu bearradh na creige, theid thu fhéin sios an toiseach, 's theid iadsan sios ad dheaghaidh, 's bheir thu dhòmhsa grein tombaca.”

“Bheir gu dearbh, 's math is airidh air thu: so dhut air fad e.”

“Cha ghabh mi ach greim, is ioma latha fada gu Bealltainn: tha fhios agad 'd é tha ás do dheaghaidh, ach cha 'n 'eil fhios agad 'd é tha romhad.”

(Ri leantainn.)

—o—

AN CEANNAICHE GLIC.

Tha lionmhorachd sluaigh 's an t-saoghal so a ta le 'n giulan fein a' fireanachadh cosamhlachd an Stiubhairt eucoraich. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn gu 'm bheil “Clann an t-saoghail so 'n an ginealach fein ni 's glice na clann an t-soluis,” agus tha e ro fhior. Ceart direach mar 'sin bha 'n ceannaiche glic air am bheil sinn 'dol a thoirt iomraidh, d' am b' ainm Seumas Mac Uilleim Mhic Alasdair. Bha e a chomhnuidh ann Garaidh-Mhuiltein, far an robh buth mor, deagh thigh, agus teaghlach aige. Bha Seumas Mac Uilleim 'n a dhuine ro churamach, teoma, fad-sheallach, agus mar choimhearsnach bha iomadh deagh bhuaidh air. Bha e cairdeil, comunnail, coin-gheallach, agus ro thaitneach ann an comhradh. Bha e, gidheadh, 'n a

nadur fein crion, spiocach, cruaidh, agus fein-speiseil, agus an deigh sin cha soradh e comain a chur air caraid, agus dragh nach bu bheag a ghabhail chum deagh ghnìomh a dheanamh do neach sam bith a bhiodh 'n a eiginn. Cha chaomhnadh e saothair na coluinn chum neach a riarachadh, ged nach bu mhaith leis aon sgillin ruadh a chur mach chum neach a theasairginn 's an sgaile a's mo. Bu cheannaich e ann an aon de na h-Eileanaibh ann an aird-an-iar na h-Alba. Bha buth mhor aige ann am meadhon na sgìreachd 's an d' rugadh 's a thogadh e. Cha robh ni, ach beag, fo 'n ghrein nach faighteadh ann am buth Shenmais Mhic Uilleim. Bha i mor, farsuing, le seomar-cuil, agus le seileirean, agus ionada-tasgaidh air an deanamh gu h-ìosal fo 'n urlar. Ceithir thimchioll bha sgeilpichean air an caramh gu riaghailteach, agus air an suidheachadh aig astairean freagarach o cheile le laimh innleachdaich Sheumais fein. Cha robh ionad falamh 's an tigh air fad. Bha gach cuil agus oisinn air an cur gu deagh bhuil. B' eiginn do 'n chuis a bhi mar sin, do bhrìgh gu 'n robh bathar de gach uile sheorsa 's a bhuth;—seadh, eudaichean de gach gne, agus gach sgeudachadh a bha feumail do 'n duine o 'bharr gu bonn, o 'n bhoineit gu broig,—gach ni, 'u aon fhocal, air son fir no mna, a thaobh an cinn, an cosan, no an coluinn. Bha leann-laidir, leann-caol, portair, fion-geal agus dearg, beoir-dhubh,—spìorada de gach seorsa,—aran, im, caise, ti, suicar, coffi,—obair-iaruinn, agus mar sin sìos, ann am buth Sheumais. Cha robh seachdunn 's a' bhliadhna anns nach robh Seumas a' faotunn luchd nan caru de bhathar bog agus cruaidh as an taobh-deas, agus gach seachdunn bha e 'cur moran a mach, cuid air chreideas, agus cuid air son airgid ullaimh.

Ge b' e cìod a bhiodh a dhith air duine, bha e ciumteach gu 'n riarachadh Seumas Mac Uilleim e. Re aireimh bhliadhnaichean bha gnothuichean a' soirbheachadh gu grinn, taitneach le Seumas, ach mu dheireadh thainig atharrachadh air cuisibh. Dh' fhas na h-amanna cruaidh. Thog bochduinn a ceann am meag an t-sluaigh. Bha moran diubh gu trom air an saruchadh, agus cha robh iad a' seasamh an creideis, no 'cumail an geallanna ris a' cheannaiche mar anns na bliadhnaibh a dh' fhalbh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach d' thug an airc a's an eiginn caochladh mor air nadar nan Gaidheal bhochda. Cha robh e idir co furas doibh creideas a chumail riusan ris an robh iad a' deanamh an gnothuichean fein, agus dh' fhas iad a' chuid 's a chuid ni 's caoin-shuaraiche air an dleasnas a dheanamh air an doigh sin. Ged a chith-eadh an Ceannaichte Glìce, mar a theireadh iad ris, ceart co fada troimh 'n cloich-mhuilinn ri duine sam bith eile, gidheadh, b' eiginn da moran a thoirt air dail, agus dh' aindeoin a chrìonntachd agus a churaim, bha corr is mìle punnd Sasunnach a mach aige, agus dh' fhairtlich air ach neoni fhaotunn a stigh dheth. Ghnathaich e gach innleachd 'u a chomas chum greim fhaotunn air na fiachaibh aige, ach fathast cha deachaidh a' chuis leis. Dh' fheuch e ri sodal, ri miodal, agus ri caiunt chiuin, thla, ach cha deanadh sin an gnothuch. Bhagair e, an sin, ceumanna cruaidh a ghabhail, agus mhaoidh e an lagh orra, ach cha robh gnothuichean idir ni b' fhearr, ach moran ni bu mhiosa. An sin, bha 'n ceannaiche bochd ann an cruaidh sgaile; cha 'n e nach robh gu leir aige, oir rinn e na mìltean, ach bha a chridhe air a shuidheachadh gu teann air na fiachan a bha aige a mach, agus cha robh sin idir

iongantach, oir co nach bitheadh? Mu dheireadh cha robh e 'faotuinncodal na h-oidhche. Bha e 'dol do 'n leabaidh, ach cha dhunnadh e suil. Bha e a' luasgadh a null 's a nall, ag eirigh agus a' luidhe, a' caoidh agus ag osnaich, an uair a bha gach neach 'eile 's an tigh 'n an snain. Bha eagal air a chairdibh gu 'n rachadh e as a rian. Bha na h-uile a' cur beachd air a' chaochladh a thainig air Seumas Mac Uilleim. Bha cuid fo bhron air a shon, agus bha cuid eile caoin-shuarach m'a thimchioll. B'e sin direach cleas an t-saoghail. Mu dheireadh thainig inleachd 'n a iinntinn, agus smuainich e u' an rachadh aige air a cur an gnìomh, gu 'm biodh gach ni ceart maille ris fathast. Ach a chum gu 'r tuigear an inleachd so, feumar na meadhonan a mhineachadh trid an do chuireadh an gnìomh i.

Bha leth-sheann bhoirionnach d'am b'ainm Seonaid Nic Ruairidh, a faotuinncodal ann an bothan beag mar mhìle astair o thigh a' cheannuiche. Bha Seonaid luaineach 'n a nadur, agus a' gabhail mor-thlachd ann a bhi 'taoghal air na h-uile, a' faotuinncodal agus a' giulan gach naigheachd fo 'n ghrein. Chuireadh i deagh chaoin air gach comhradh, agus dh' aithris-eadh i gach ur-sgeul le deagh riadh ann an cluasaibh gach neach a bheireadh eisdeachd dhi. Cha b' urrainn Seonaid ni sam bith a chealachadh a chluinneadh i, ged a bhiodh e chum dochuinn dhi fhein. Bha da phuund Shasunnach agus corr beag aig a' cheannaich air Seonaid, ach ged 'bha e cinnteach a's an airgiod aige, aig am sonraichte anns am b'abhaist di cordadh ris, gidheadh b'i Seonaid an t-inneal trid an do steidhich e air an inleachd aige a chur an gnìomh.

Air la de na laithibh thainig Seonaid a stigh do 'n bhuth, agus chuir i failt air Seumas Mac Uilleim,

aig an robh dha no trì litrichean mora, agus co fada ri broig 'n a lainh. "Failt ort an diugh, a' Sheumais," arsa Seonaid, "Uhh! ubh! is mor na litrichean a th'agad an sin, cha 'a fhac mi an leithid riamh. Cha 'n fhead e bhi nach 'eil naigheachdan an t-saoghail annta sin a thaobh am meud."—"Cha 'n 'eil, a Sheonaid choir," deir an ceannaich, "ach tha naigheachdan gle thaitneach annta d'am thaobh fein, ach cha 'n fhead mi smid a radh mu 'n timchioll car nine, cha 'n fhead,—cha 'n fhead."—"Od! Od! a Sheumais choir, na abair sin idir; tha deagh fhios agad nach mise na h-uile te, agus nach sgaoil mise na naigheachdan agad fhad 's is beo mi,—innis domh, a charaid, ciod a th' ann,—innis domh, oir tha fios agad gu 'm bheil deagh dhurachd agam duit, agus nach thig mi thairis air smid dheth ri neach fo 'n ghrein."—"Cha 'n 'eil mi air son sin a dheanamh idir, a' Sheonaid, cha 'n 'eil gun teagamh, ach do bhrìgh gu 'm bheil mi gle eolach ort, agus gu 'm bheil mi lan-chinnteach nach innis thu do chreutair air thalamh e, leigidh mi ris duitse na cuisean mu 'm bheil na litrichean so air an cur 'n am ionnsuidh; ach feuch, a bhan-charaid, gu 'n cum thu an uaigneas e. Tha fios agam, a Sheonaid, gu 'm bi thu anabarrach toilichte a chluinntinn gu 'm bheil mise a nis 'n am dhuine saibhear, oir tha na litrichean so a' cur an ceill domh gu 'n d'fhagadh mìltean gun aireamh anns na h-Innsibh dhomhsa, le brathair athar domh a chaochail an sin. Uime sin, bheir mi gun dail thairis a' bhuth, ceannaichidh mi oighreachd fearainn, agus gabhaidh mi an saoghal gu socaireach tuille. Ach, a' Sheonaid, chum innseadh dhuitse nach aithris e, cuiridh mi an ceill dhuit ciod a tha mi 'cur romham a dheanamh. Tha moran fiachan agam a

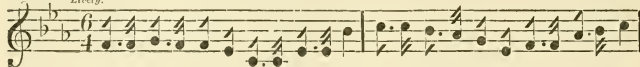
mach, a' Sheonaid, tha na miltean, ach cha 'n 'eil anuta ach neoni dhomhsa a nis. Tha mi dol a mbaitheadh nam fiach sia do na h-uile mar thiodhlac deagh-ruin nam fein, ach feumaidh iad an toiseach am paigheadh, agus an ceann miosa an deigh sin, bheir mi do gach neach gach sgillin diubh air ais a ris, an uair a thig iad an rathad. Ach, air na chunnaic thu riamh, a' Sheonaid, na tig air so do neach sam bith, oir cha 'n 'eil mi 'g iarraidh a bhi 'g eigheach aig oisinnibh nan sraid an gnìomh beag so, a tha mi 'cur romhan a dheanamh. Faicem do chunntas beag fein, a Sheonaid,—tha e 's an leabhar so,—seadh,—so e,—direach da phund is sea tasdain. Cha 'n 'eil ann nach neoni. So dhuit, a' Sheonaid choire, tri puinnid Shasunnach, agus gearraidh mi mach as an leabhar thu. Ni mi an cleas ceudna ris na h-uile, an uair a dh' iocas iad na fiachan aca, agus a thaoghlas iad orm an ceann mhiosa an deigh sin; ach, mar a thubhairt mi, a Sheonaid choir, cum so nìle agad fein. Dh' fhalbh Seonaid gu surdail, sunndach leis na tri puinnid Shasunnach 'n a dorn, agus mu 'n deachaidh i dhachaidh, chaidh i do thri aitean fa leth le gairdeachas a dh'innseadh mu 'n fhortan a thainig air Seumas Mac Uilleim, agus mar bha e 'runachadh a dheanamh ri 'luchd-fiach! Is maith a bha fios aig a' cheannaich ciod a dheanadh Seonaid, agus gu 'm biodh an naigheachd air a sgaoileadh am fad 's am farsuing mu 'n rachadh da la seachad. Ach a nis, chum an sgeul a dheannamh goirid, shoirbhich gach ni leis an innleachd so a dhealbh an ceannaich. Bha 'bhuth aig Seumas Mac Uilleim Mhic Alasdair lan sluaigh gach la an deigh sin, agus gach neach ag iocadh nam fiach air muin a' cheile gu toilichte, agus a' gabhail na slighe dhachaidh. An uair a chualadh an

sgeul, agus gu sonraichte an gnìomh cairdeis a bha 'n ceannaich gu dheanamh, ri m gach neach air an robh fiachan aige strith chruaidh air an airgiod a chruinneachadh, le bhi 'g a ghabhail an iasad, agus le innleachdaibh eile, gus mu 'n deachaidh mios uine seachad, nach robh sgillin ruadh aig Seumas Mac Uilleim air anam beo! Ach feudar a sunnaineachdh gu 'm bu mhor mealladh-dochais nan uile, an uair nach cualas riamh guth air an airgiod fhaotuin air ais. Cha robh greim no gealladh aca air, agus cha d' fhuair an ceannaich ach a dhlighe fein. Gidheadh cha d' rinn e gu ceart, agus cha ruigeadh leas duil a bhi aige gu 'm biodh beannachd an Fhreas-lail air fein, no air a' chuid. Cha robh treibh-dhìreas no firinn anns an innleachd a rinu e. Cha robh idir. Ghnathaich e seoltachd an Stiubhairt eucoraich, agus le sin ghlac e an cothrom gu buannachd a dheanamh á faoineachd agus miann boirionnaich ghoileamaich, chum a ruinte fein a chur air an aghaidh. Rinn e an ni sin a bha peacach ann fein chum a leas aimsireil fein a chur air aghaidh. Cha b' fhad gus an d' fhuaradh a mach an innleachd eucorach aige, agus mar dhioghaltas air a shon, rinn muinntir na duthcha air fad an cinn a chur r'a cheile nach ceannaicheadh iad ni sam bith tuilleadh á bith Sheumais Mhic Alasdair. Ni mo a rinn iad. Sheas iad uile gu daingean anns an run so, agus chaidh ann bathar aig a' cheannaich a chuid 's a chuid a dholaidh 'n a bhuth. B' eiginn da mu dheireadh an dorus a dhunadh, agus air da a bhi air a mhaslachadh ann an sgrìeachd a bhreith dh' fbag e an duthaich, thug e la talmhainnean a mach air, agus cha chualas riamh iomradh air ciod a dh' eirich dha.

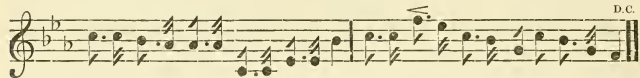
SGIATHANACH.

KEY E Flat.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

Allegro.

R., r : m., r : r. d | L., l : d., d : s | L., l : s., f : m. d | R., r : f., s : l



L., l : s., f : f., f | L., l : d., d : s | L., l : r' l., d' : l., s | M. l : s., m : r

SEID.—Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn:
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Mhairi bhoidheach, lurach,
Rugadh anns na Glinn.

B'og bha mis' a's Mairi
'M fasaichean Ghliun-smeoil,
'N uair chuir macan *Venus*,
Saighead gheur am fheoil;
Tharraing sinn ri cheile,
Ann an eud cho beo,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal,
A thug gaol cho mor.

'S tric bha mis' a's Mairi,
Falbh nam fasach fial,
Gun smaointean air fal-bheairt,
Gun chail gu droch ghnìomh :
Cupid ga n-ar taladh
Ann an cairdeas dian ;
'S barr nan craobh mar sgail duinn,
'N uair a b' aird' a' ghrian.

Ged bu leamsa Albainn,
A h-airgiod a's a maoin,
Cia mar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaol ?
B' aansa bhi ga d' phogadh,
Le deadh choir dhomh fein,
Na ged fhaighinn storas,
Na Roinn-Eorp' gu leir.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis,
Lan do shonus graidh ;
Uchd a's gile sheallas,
Na 'n eal' air an t-snamh :

Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
Mar chanach a' cha'ir ;
Muineal mar an fhaoileann
Fo 'n aodann a's aillt'.

Tha d'fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Mu do chluais a' fas,
Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
Thar gach gruaig a bha :
Cha 'n eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'N a chuir suas gach la ;
Chas gach ciabh mu 'n cuairt deth,
'S e 'n a dhuail gu 'bharr,

Tha do chailc-dheud snaighte
Mar shneachda nan ard ;
D'anail mar an caineal ;
Beul o 'm banail failt :
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris ;
Min raisg chinnealt, thla ;
Mala chaol gun ghruaman,
Gnais gheal, 's cnach-fhalt ban.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
Air ailleas righrean mor,
'S iad ar leabaidh stata, —
Duillich 's barr an fheoir:
Fluraichean an fhasaich
'Toirt dhuinn call a's treoir,
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
A chuireadh slaint 's gach por.

Cha robh inneal ciuil,
A thuradh riamh fo 'n ghrein,
A dh' aithriseadh air choir,
Gach ceol bhiodh againn fein :
Uiseag air gach lonan,
Smeorach air gach geig ;
Cuthag a's gug-gug aic',
'Madainn churaidh Chéit.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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No. 25.

CLUNY MACPHERSON OF 1745.

Cluny, chief of the Clan Chattan (Macpherson), and Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, of the "Forty-five," will long live in history on account of their gallantry, noble devotion, and sufferings. The "gentle Lochiel," contrary to his own sober convictions and views of expediency, was carried captive by the personal graces of Prince Charles at their first interview, and soon after, Lochiel led captive into the same desperate enterprise his relative, the gallant Cluny Macpherson, who was then captain in the king's army. His company was then stationed at Ruthven Castle; and Cluny being in his own castle at the time, Prince Charles proposed that a detachment should be sent to seize the "rebel chief," as the prince designated him. The order was given, and Lochiel was commissioned to execute it. It was no doubt a daring enterprise to attempt making prisoner of a chief in his own castle, in the midst of his own clan, and Lochiel found it expedient to send a detachment consisting of *one man*, who surprised Cluny, and brought him prisoner to the prince, it is supposed, of his own consent; and the prince readily pardoned Cluny's past treasons on his joining his own standard. Afterwards, Cluny accompanied the prince to Edinburgh, was present with his regiment at the battle of Prestonpans, followed him to England, and had the rear-guard in the skirmish of Clifton. At Clifton or Penrith, with about 600

Macphersons, he put two regiments of Cumberland's dragoons to flight.

On the fatal day of Culloden, the gallant Macphersons and their green invincible banner were within a few miles march of the battle-field, and had they come up to take their place beside their kindred clan Mackintosh, and joined in their gallant onset, in all probability the result would have been a very different one. After Culloden, Cluny was the object of Cumberland's special vengeance, and he left no means untried to get him into his meshes; but such was the devoted fidelity of Cluny's clan and countrymen to his person and fortunes, that for the long space of nine years he lived among his people in Laggan, a concealed fugitive, making many narrow escapes from the fangs of his pursuers. On one occasion, when residing at a gentleman's house in Laggan, a party of soldiers were seen approaching; escape seemed impossible. Quickly equipping himself in the habiliments of one of the gillies of the house, with hands and face blackened, and with head and legs bared, *à la gillie*, he went out to meet his pursuers. The officer gave him his horse to keep, while he and his party pursued the search for the chief within the house, and rewarded him with half-a-crown for his pains when the search was over. For a long time he had a small hiding-hole formed in a wooded hill, of sticks and turf, with so much art, that the soldiers stationed in the district knew his concealment was near them, and kept a good look

out, but were never able to discover his place of retreat. On one occasion, the military got information of the old gentleman being unearthed and felt certain of securing their prey, but a faithful clansman was before them. Wrapping him in a plaid, the domestics hastily carried him in the brushwood which skirted the river until the red-coats entered the castle, when the chief was consigned to his place of security. Shortly after, a prattling member of the clan tumbled by accident through the roof of his chief's bower. "What," exclaimed the man in astonishment, "is this you, Cluny? I am glad to see you." "But I am not glad to see you, Donald," replied the chief. The clansman vowed secrecy; but Cluny, knowing his prattling tongue and lack of discretion, lost no time in changing his abode—a prudent precaution, for next day his pursuers visited his deserted haunt. Cluny, in the fashion of other chiefs and nobles, had more than one seat. For a time, a miserable hovel, or cave, at Melanuir, formed his retreat; and a very romantic habitation, called "the Cage," in Benalder, which was fitted up for Prince Charles's reception, for some time formed his covert. Cluny describes it thus:—"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called 'the Cage,' in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks,

were levelled with earth and gravel. There were, betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round, or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at small distances from one another, on the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The case was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idly looking out, one baking, and the other cooking." It may be here stated, that Cluny did not leave Scotland from his "dreary and hopeless state of existence," but in compliance with a special request made to him by Prince Charles in a Letter to Cluny, 4th September, 1754.—*Lectures on the Mountains.*

OUR HERRING HARVEST.—It is estimated that the total catch of herrings in Scotland this year will amount to 940,000 barrels, valued at about £1,500,000.

THE KEBBAC STONE.—Where the counties of Nairn and Inverness divide, is a stone, called in Gaelic, *Clach na Cabboc*; or, in English or Scotch, Kebbac Stone. The tradition is that it is laid over the body of a chief who was there buried. Two chiefs quarrelled in Inverness about a cheese, fought together on this spot, and one of them was killed and buried here.

DEATH OF A KINTYRE MAN IN NEW ZEALAND.

A very melancholy case of sudden death occurred on the 16th July last to Mr. Walter Lorne Campbell, of Waimarama, near Napier, New Zealand, son of Walter Campbell, Esq., of Skipness Castle, Kintyre. The deceased, who was twenty-nine years of age, was busily employed in assisting his men to raft a quantity of timber for fencing posts down the Tuki Tuki River, the water being exceedingly cold at the time. Mr. Campbell probably over-exerted himself, and was much fatigued by the time the work was completed, and died shortly afterwards. The cause of death, as elicited in evidence at the inquest—of which the friend and countryman of the deceased, J. H. Campbell, Esq., Resident Magistrate of Waiapu, brother to the present Laird of Balnaby, Islay, was the former—was prolonged exposure to cold and wet. The deceased was widely known and much respected, and his loss will be generally felt. His funeral was largely attended. The following lines on the death of Mr. Campbell appeared in one of the local papers, the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, a few days after his death :—

It was not in his father's home he died ;
 On no soft pillow was his head reclining ;
 For him no mother wept, no sister sighed,
 No lamp was o'er his dying moments shining.

Dark was the stormy night, and bleak the winds
 That, urged by fierce and wintry gusts, were blowing ;
 And skies where Summer nigh each season finds
 Repose perennial, chilled by frost were snowing.

Close by the river's dark and turbid tide
 He had laid down exhausted, faint, and weary ;
 For aid the clansman galloped from his side,
 Through flooded streams, o'er pathways wild and dreary,

Haste rider ! haste ! Low on his pebbly bed
 Thy chieftain, sprung of Lorne's fam'd house, is lying.
 Chill weep the skies o'er his uncovered head,
 Whilst through his naked locks rude winds are sighing.

And on his pale cheek, through the drifting cloud,
 The Southern Cross looks sad—fast disappearing ;
 Whilst the wild waters, sounding hoarse and loud,
 With swelling waves, the prostrate Gael are nearing.

They come ! they come ! swift gliding down the stream,
 Brave boatmen speed, and urge the splashing paddle ;
 They search the shore ; the lantern's flickering gleam
 Betrays his steed—no rider in its saddle.

Here rests the Gael ! They gaze upon his brow
 That lies, half buried, 'neath the surging river.
 And all is peace !—His lips are breathless now,
 His stagnant pulse hath ceased to throb for ever.

We saw him buried—round the closing tomb
 The throng of mourners, white and sable, gathers.
 Silent he sleeps, cut down in youthful bloom,
 Far from the graves and ashes of his fathers.

THE GAELIC CHAIR.

The opening address of the Edinburgh University Celtic Society was delivered by Professor John S. Blackie. The chair was occupied by Mr. Macdonald, of the High School. The earlier portion of the Professor's lecture was devoted to the advocacy of his favourite project for the establishment of a Gaelic chair in the University, which, he argued, would be a great gain to philology. He afterwards gave a learned dissertation on the nature of the language, which, he said, was the most musical he knew, adding that the result of his investigations would be soon given in book form. The Professor having resumed his seat amid cheering, Principal Sir Alex. Grant returned thanks for the lecture, which, he said, combined much learning, wit, and real wisdom. What struck him most was the Professor's able refutation of the shallow arguments which had been devised for the purpose of depreciating the value of the Gaelic language. That it was not a disadvantage for a people to be bi-lingual, his own experience showed, although it was best for a child to learn first to speak in its mother tongue. It had been determined at the Education Board that Gaelic children should for a time have the English class-books explained in their own language, a measure which he hoped would prevent the early demise of the Gaelic speech. The Principal felt considerable satisfaction in having been connected with that piece of educational policy, and his satisfaction would be increased on the foundation of a Gaelic chair in the University. It would, indeed, be a great day when a chair was established, by which the Gaelic and cognate Celtic languages would, by being collected and placed on record, be preserved

to the world. The chairman remarking that hitherto the power of littles had been too much neglected, explained a scheme by which he thought the sum requisite could be easily obtained. There were, he said, at least a thousand men in the country who would willingly subscribe £1 annually for five years, while he thought the Professor would soon get the other £5000. After a few remarks from the chairman, Professor Blackie acknowledged the vote of thanks accorded him, and the meeting separated.

At a recent meeting of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, Professor Blackie made a verbal report as to the steps taken in furtherance of the scheme to establish a Celtic Chair in the University. In doing so, the Professor stated that he had got favourable answers from some distinguished Celtic proprietors to the amount of some £400 or £500, but he did not see why £4000 or £5000 should not be raised before this year was out. He would go on for two years, and if he did not get £6000 by that time of the £10,000 needed, he would give up his agitation. Professor Macgregor moved that the committee be reappointed. He said he knew of a case of a gentleman who had £5000, which he wanted to lay out in endowing a Celtic Chair; but nobody applied to him for it, and Dr. Duff went down like a whirlwind wanting money for India, and got the £5000. Recently a gentleman, a good friend of the Highlands, undertook to become good for £1000; but from year to year his offer was not availed of, and there was a danger that his patience might wear out, for though Highlandmen were no doubt admirable men, they were not more patient than others. If he might be allowed

to make a suggestion, he thought they should try to dissociate the movement for this Chair from mere Scottish points, and talk about the virtues of the Celts, and put the movement on its proper foundation, namely, the desirableness that in Britain, comprising four Celt nations and tongues, this recognised branch of philological study should be promoted. He concluded by remarking that they were under great obligations to Professor Blackie for having taken up the movement with so much enthusiasm. (Applause.) Mr. Taylor Innes seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

[Since the above was in type, Professor Blackie has succeeded in adding several hundred pounds to his subscription list.—ED. GAEL.]

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HIGHLAND SECOND-SIGHT.

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that uses it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others who were with me.

There is one in Skye, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that after the object disappears he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

This faculty of the second-sight does not lenially descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and *vice versa*; neither is it acquired by any previous

compact. And, after a strict inquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicative any way whatsoever.

The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were made enjoyed perfect health.

One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St. Mary, the most northern in Skye.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried, at the time of the apparition.

If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next to him will undoubtedly be his wife

first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after; and if he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c., that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

I have been seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles' distance; some that saw me in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all three; and this in progress of time comes to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the isle of Skye, where there were but a few sorry cow-houses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons, of which there are several fresh instances.

To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

Some find themselves, as it were, in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if they be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once,

though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions.—*Martin.*

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HIGHLANDERS AT FONTENOY.

In a pamphlet entitled "The conduct of the Officers at Fontenoy considered," speaking of the exertions of the Duke of Cumberland, the author says, that "His Royal Highness was everywhere; and could not, without being on the spot, have cheered the Highlander, who, with his broadsword, killed nine men, and making a stroke at the tenth, had his arm shot off, by a promise of something better than the arm, he, the duke, saw drop from him." On this occasion, the Duke of Cumberland was so struck with the conduct of the Highlanders, and concurred so cordially in the esteem which they had secured to themselves, both from friends and foes, that wishing to show some mark of his approbation, he desired it to be intimated to them that he would be happy to grant the men any favour which they choose to ask, and which he could concede, as a testimony of the good opinion he had formed of them. The reply was worthy so handsome an offer. After expressing acknowledgments for the condescension of the commander-in-chief, the men assured him no favour he could bestow could gratify them so much as a pardon for one of their comrades, a soldier of the regiment, who had been tried by a court-martial, for allowing a prisoner to escape, and was under sentence of a heavy corporeal punishment, which, if inflicted, would bring disgrace upon them all, and on their families and country. The favour of course was instantly granted. The nature of this request, the feeling which suggested it, and, in short, the general qualities of the corps, struck the duke with the more force, as at the time he had not been in Scotland, and had no means of knowing their character, unless, indeed, he had formed his opinion from the common ribaldry of the times, when it was the fashion to consider the Highlander "as a fierce and savage depredator, speaking a barbarous language, and inhabiting a barren and gloomy region, which fear and prudence forbade all strangers to enter."

BELTANE EVE.

“Now the sun’s gone out of sight,
 Beet the ingle, snuff the light;
 In glens the faries skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o’er to France.”

RAMSAY.

Beltane is derived from two Gaelic words conjoined: “*Paletin*,” signifying Pale’s fire, and not *Baal’s fire*, as some suppose. It is a night of considerable importance and of much anxiety to the Highland farmer, as being the grand anniversary review night, on which all the tribes of witches, warlocks, wizards, and fairies, in the kingdom, are to be reviewed by Satan and his chief generals in person, and new candidates admitted into infernal orders. When such a troop, under such a commander, are let loose upon the community, it is natural to suppose that much misery and devastation will follow in their train; and when rewards are only conferred on those most consummate in wickedness, and those most adept in cutting diabolical cantrips, it is natural for every honest man to feel anxious that they may not obtain promotion at his expense. In order, therefore, to be perfectly secure from the machinations of so dangerous a society, every prudent man will resort to those safeguards that will keep them at the staff’s end. Messengers are therefore dispatched to the woods for cargoes of the blessed rowan tree, the virtues of which are well known. Being formed into the shape of a cross, by means of a red thread, the virtues of which too are very eminent, those crosses are, with all due solemnity, inserted in the different door-lintels in the town, and protect those premises from the cantrips of the most diabolical witch in the universe. Care should also be taken to insert one of them in the

midden, which has at all times been a favourite site of *rendezvous* with the black sisterhood. This cheaply purchased precaution once observed, the people of those countries will now go to bed as unconcernedly, and sleep as soundly, as on any other night.

While those necessary precautions are in preparation, the matron or housekeeper is employed in a not less interesting avocation to the juvenile generation, *i.e.* baking the Beltane bannocks. Next morning the children are presented each with a bannock, with as much joy as an heir to an estate his title deeds; and having their pockets well lined with cheese and eggs, to render the entertainment still more sumptuous, they hasten to the place of assignation, to meet the little band assembled on the brow of some sloping hill, to reel their bannocks, and learn their future fate. With hearty greetings they meet, and with their knives make the signs of life and death on their bannocks. These signs are a cross, or the sign of life, on the one side; and a cypher, or the sign of death, on the other. This being done, the bannocks are all arranged in a line, and on their edges let down the hill. This process is repeated three times, and if the cross most frequently present itself, the owner will live to celebrate another Beltane day; but if the cypher is oftenest uppermost, he is doomed to die of course. This sure prophecy of short life, however, seldom spoils the appetites of the unfortunate short-livers, who will handle their knives with as little signs of death as their more fortunate companions. Assembling round a rousing fire of collected heath and brushwood, the ill-fated bannocks are soon demolished, amidst the cheering and jollity of the youthful association.—*W. Grant Stewart.*

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

TOMINTOUL—ORDINATION.—The Rev. A. L. Balfour has been ordained to the above parish.

BRODICK.—The Rev. Malcolm McLean, assistant to Rev. Dr. Burns, Glasgow, has been presented by the Duke of Hamilton to the above parish.

FOSS.—The Rev. Alexander Carmichael of Knock, Lewis, has accepted a call to be assistant and successor to the Rev. J. Armstrong of Foss.

TOBERMORY—DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—The remains of a venerable old lady—Mrs. Macarthur, relict of the late Dr. Macarthur, for many years minister of the parish of Tobermory—were last week consigned to their last resting place in the parish churchyard. The lady is said to have been born in 1773, and till within a very short period of her death, she had full possession of her faculties, and for many years before it she scarcely knew a day's illness.

SIR JAMES MATHESON AND EDUCATION IN THE LEWS.—At a meeting of the Board of Education, Mr. Ramsay, who had been deputed to visit the Island of Lewis and a number of parishes in the Highlands and Islands, where it was proposed to erect schools for a small number of children, submitted a series of reports on these places. At Stornoway he had held a joint meeting of the School Boards of Lochs, Stornoway, Barvas, and Uig—Sir James Matheson in the chair. The main difficulty which these Boards had to encounter was to provide for the instruction of the children during the interval that must elapse before the new schools can be opened. Mr. Ramsay informed them that they could not legally pay out of the rates the expense of supporting the existing denominational schools and the salaries of the teachers, whether certificated or not. As these schools cannot be continued longer without assistance, and their discontinuance would leave the island virtually without any provision for the education of the young, Sir James Matheson had in the most liberal manner not only paid the additional sums already expended in supporting the schools in question, but had offered to continue his assistance until these schools should be superseded by those which the School Boards proposed to erect under the Education Act. The Board agreed to express their gratification with the generous manner in which Sir James had acted in this matter. [We could believe in Sir

James Mathieson's doing nothing but that which would be honourable to his head and heart, and we are glad to see that his generosity is still so worthily exercised and as worthily acknowledged. —ED. GAEL.]

GRANTOWN.—An old man, who was believed to have seen a century, died lately at Grantown. He was a native of Badenoch, named Alexander Forbes, but better known as "Noah." In January, 1800, he was one of the search party that explored Gaick Forest on the memorable occasion when the "Black Officer" and his companions were so mysteriously swept away in that wintry tempest. Deceased was a very active and industrious old man.

DINNER TO CLUNY MACPHERSON'S TENANTRY AT KINGUSSIE.—On Wednesday evening, 24th November, Cluny Macpherson entertained a large number of his tenantry and others to dinner in the Duke of Gordon's Hotel, Kingussie. The dinner was given by the worthy Chief in acknowledgment of the enthusiasm and good-will manifested towards the Cluny family by the Badenoch people on the occasion of the marriage of his youngest daughter to Captain Fitz-Roy, R.A. Interesting and appropriate addresses were delivered by various gentlemen, and a most enjoyable evening was passed.

SIR DONALD MACLEAN, NEW ZEALAND.—The Hon. Donald Maclean, Minister for Native Affairs in New Zealand, and who is a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, has been raised to the higher grade of Knight Commander of that most distinguished order, as a special mark of his Sovereign's approval of the manner in which, as member of the present Ministry, he has aided in preserving peace in the colony, and in promoting friendly relationship between its European and native inhabitants. There is, perhaps, no man in the Australian colonies upon whom such honour could have been more justly conferred. Throughout his life as a colonist, and especially during his tenure of office as Defence Minister, Mr. Maclean has been to the colony and to the Crown of greater service than might have been the expenditure of millions and the presence of an armed host; and upon his elevation to the dignity of knight, he will, no doubt, be congratulated by his fellow Ministers, by the members of both Houses of Assembly, and by the people of the colony generally.—*New Zealand Times*.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—A meeting of the members and friends of the above Society was held on Tuesday evening—the President (Mr. Colin Chisholm) in the chair. Dr. A. Halley read an interesting paper on “The Distinctions of the Gaelic Race.” He warmly eulogised the Gaelic, and said he believed that the primary language was the Gaidhealg, or oldest original stock of the Celtic root.

MARRIAGE OF MISS MACPHERSON OF CLUNY.—On the 29th October, the marriage of Miss Lucy Jenetta Julia Macpherson, to Captain Edward Albert Fitz-Roy, R.A., was celebrated at Cluny Castle, the spacious old mansion situated nine miles above Kingussie, in a romantic garden slope among the rugged mountains of Badenoch. Nine years ago the last marriage rejoicings at Cluny Castle called forth a wide and cordial expression of popular esteem; and the demonstrations were repeated on this occasion to an equal extent and with similar enthusiasm.

THE POST OF HONOUR.—In the warfare of this world it is often wise to hold for a time positions which are not really defensible. We all quote, with approbation, the example of the old Scottish warrior who, ordered to hold an untenable redoubt on the field of Steinkirk, went to his death with the words, “The will of the Lord be done.”—*Lecture of Mr. Grant-Duff.* [The “Scottish warrior” alluded to was General Mackay, of Scowrie, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Steinkirk, July 24, 1692. He had been ordered to a post which he saw could not be maintained, and his men would be sacrificed. He sent back his opinion about it, but the former orders were confirmed, so he advanced to his death, saying only “The will of the Lord be done.”]

PROPOSED INVERNESS AND GLASGOW RAILWAY.—A pamphlet has been issued by Mr. Simon Macbean, C.E., Westminster (son of Bailie Macbean, Inverness), proposing the construction of a line of railway from Inverness through the Great Glen and Glencoe to Garelochhead, the present terminus of the Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Helensburgh Railway. By this line, says Mr. Macbean, a traveller could leave Inverness at six in the morning, arrive in Glasgow at eleven o'clock, transact business for two hours, and “return to Inverness at six p.m. comfortably, not travelling at greater speed between stations than forty miles an hour”—a very high rate of speed, it

may be remarked, for a single line in the Highlands. The scheme includes a branch line to Kyle Rhea, through Invergarry, so as to tap the Skye and West Coast traffic. Preliminary estimates for the main line amount to £1,542,000, or with the branch line, two million pounds, which is at the rate of £10,600 per mile. Of course, as the writer says, a railway through the Great Glen would open up the country. So would a line in any district whatever; but the question is, would this line pay? Recent extensions north and west have not afforded much encouragement in the shape of dividends; and we suspect that the proposed line through the Great Glen is meantime entirely chimerical. The cost is enormous, and there is no indication of a single subscription having been offered.—*Inverness Courier.*

CURIOUS CASE OF SUPERSTITION.—Many people entertain the belief that superstition may now be classed among the things of the past, but the following instance will show that, although in a state of decay, it is not yet dead among the lower orders of the community:—A widow woman, about fifty-eight years of age, residing at Causer, in Abernethy, had the misfortune a short time ago to lose her husband. About fourteen years ago she married John Forbes, Coulnafeadh, Abernethy, who was twenty years her senior, but at the time he was the occupant of a small farm. A few years thereafter Forbes became bankrupt and had to retire from the farm, when he became a subject of the Parochial Board, his wife being paid for attending him, and for some years past both resided in the Parochial lodging-house. About two months ago Forbes threw off this mortal coil, and was buried according to custom. Shortly after his demise his widow informed some of her neighbours that her old husband was coming back again, that he appeared to her in bodily shape, and that he made a great noise, turning up articles of furniture, and blowing out the light. She became so much alarmed at these nocturnal visitations that she secured the services of another woman to watch with her, but she became so frightened by the weird-like stories of the widow that she refused to act as her body guard any longer, and the dead man continued his visits unmolested. The dejected widow could not bear the unnatural intrusion any longer, and in conformity with the practice of wise men of old, she

employed a famous piper, who was to blow up his pipes the moment her departed spouse put in an appearance. This, we are happy to state, had the desired effect; after keeping up music and dancing for several successive nights, the old man disappeared, let us hope never to return.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—It is stated (says the *Mail*) that a young gentleman, who is at present staying in Dunvegan Castle, Skye, wagered one evening last week with some Englishmen staying in the Castle that he would run from the Castle to a certain pool on the river four miles distant, fish a grilse out of it, and be back at the Castle with the fish in 15 minutes! He got his tackle ready and started for the fishing pool—men being stationed along the way to see that the undertaking was properly carried out—and, extraordinary to relate, he was back at the Castle, with a grilse he fished out of the pool before eye witnesses, before 13 minutes were expired!

HIGHLAND SCENERY.—**LOCH MAREE.**—One place of extraordinary wild grandeur is Loch Maree, eighteen miles long (fresh water), full of islands, and surrounded by mountains, peaked or sharp-edged, and half way from the top, white as chalk, and without a blade of grass or any sign of vegetation. I never saw a wilderness before. The region is a deer forest; no sheep, nothing but game and wild deer. A forest it had been, and the remains add terribly to the desolation. Trees still standing with all their branches, but without bark, and white as snow; many of the same colour and nakedness strewed on the ground like bones on a field of battle—nobody to gather sticks (and what a prize they would be!)—thus completing the picture of desolation.—*Letters of Dr. Nathaniel Paterson.*

Chinamen are as imitative as monkeys, and Scotchmen pervade the British colonies. A Mr. Macpherson was, upon the opening of sealed proposals of some public work in Otago, New Zealand, found to be the successful competitor for it. The supposed Scotchman, who was unknown, was invited to attend to complete his contract. To the amazement of all the officials, a Chinaman, with a noble pigtail, put in an appearance. "Where's Mr. Macpherson?" asked the clerk. "Me!" replied John. "How came you to be called Macpherson!" "Oh, nobody gets nothing in Otago, if he be not a Mac," replied the unabashed Celestial. The Celestial might have

said the same of Canada.—*Canadian Paper.*

THE HIGHLAND HARP.—The last appearance of the Highland Harp on the field of battle was at Glenlivet, 3rd October, 1594, when the Earl of Argyll, as the royal lieutenant, encountered the rebel lords, Huntly and Errol. Argyll, brought his harper with him, and also a sorceress, who predicted that, on the following Friday, his harp should sound in Buchan and his pibroch in Strathbogie—the provinces of his enemies. But the battle took place on Thursday, the royal troops were routed, and the Pythoness herself perished in the slaughter. The harp was finally discontinued in the Scottish Highlands about 1834, leaving the Bagpipe master of the field.—*Perth Constitutional.*

LOVE, DRINK, AND CHIGNONS.—Poets sometimes die of love, but dying of love is far better than dying of drink. It is not the worst kind of death. (Laughter). A Celtic poet said of a young lady—

"Thy locks about thy dainty ears
Do richly curl and twine."

There are none of your chignons there! If ever a poet writes a verse to a chignon, I would have him shot. (Applause and laughter.)—*Professor Blackie in Glasgow.*

DANGERS OF HIGHLAND TRAVELLING.—A few days ago, three pedestrians were making their way to Braemar through Glentilt. Reaching the Tarff—the main tributary of the Tilt—they found it very much swollen, and impassable on foot. A good Samaritan, however, appeared in the shape of a gillie on horseback on his way to the shooting lodge of Fealar. Having crossed with some difficulty, he sent his pony back to their aid. Two of them mounted, but the horse had not proceeded far when he lost his footing, and the unfortunate travellers were thrown off. One seized the girth of the saddle, which, however, gave way, and he was forced to grasp the animal by the tail, and thus reached the bank. The other floated with the stream for some distance, his waterproof acting as a life-preserver, until he reached a rock in the stream, upon which he secured a landing. The third preferred trusting to his natatory powers, and having placed his clothes in a bundle on his head, he succeeded in reaching the rock on which his friend had taken refuge, and helping him out to *terra firma*. The saddle disappeared, and has not yet been seen. *Courant.*

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1874. [36 AIR.

RIDIRE GHRIANAIG.

(Air leantainn.)

An là 'r na-mhaireach chuir iad an ordugh asailean, 's chuir iad air am muin an t-òr 's an t-airgoid a bh' aig na fannhairean, 's rainig e fein agus triuir nighean an Ridire bearradh na creige. An uair a rainig iad bearradh na creige, an earalas gu 'n tachradh tapadh-cion do ghin de na nigheanan, chuir e sios iad, te an deigh te, agus a' chliabh. Bha tri ceapan òir orra air an deanamh suas gu gasda le daoimein—ceapan a rinneadh agus an Roimh, 's nach robh an leithidean r'a fhaotainn anns an domhan. Ghleidh e 'bhos an ceap a bh' air an te a b' oige. Bha e 'feitheamh, 's a feitheamh, 's ged a bhiodh e 'feitheamh fathast, cha tigeadh an cliabh a nios g'a iarraidh. Chaidh each air bord, 's air falbh ghabh iad, gus an d' rainig iad Grianaig. Bha esan air 'fhagail an siod, 's gun doigh aige air faotainn as an aite. Thainig am fitheach far an robh e. “Cha do ghabh thu mo chomhairle.” “Cha do ghabh; na 'n gabhadh cha bhithinn mar a tha mi.” Cha 'n 'eil atharrach air, Iain; an t-aon nach gabh comhairle gabhaidh e còmhrag. Bheir thu dhomhsa greim tombaca.” “Bheir.” “Ruigidh tu tigh an fhamhair agus fanaidh tu ann an nochd.” “Nach fan thu fein leam a chur dhiom mo chianalais.” “Cha 'n fhan; cha fhreagair e dhomh.” An là 'r na-mhaireach thainig am fitheach far an robh e. “Theid thu nis gu stabull an fhamhair, agus ma

bhios tu tapaidh tha steud an sin a 's coingeis leatha muir no tir, a dh' fhaodas do thoirt as na càsan so.” Dh' fhalbh iad comhla, 's thainig iad gus an stabull—stabull cloiche, air a chladhach a stigh ann an creig, agus dorus cloiche ris. Bha 'n dorus a' clapadh gun stad, air ais 's air aghaidh, o mhoch latha gu h-oidheche, 's o oidheche gu latha. “Feumaidh thu 'nis faire,” ars' am fitheach, “agus cothrom a ghabhail, feuch an dean thu dheth dol a stigh an uair a bhios e fosgailte, gun e 'dheanamh greim ort.” “'S fearr dhuitse fheuchainn an toiseach, o 'n a 's tu 's eolaiche.” “Bithidh e cho math.” Thug am fitheach beic agus godarleum, 's chaidh e 'stigh; ach thug an dorus it' á bun a' sgeith, 's sgreuch e. “Iain bhochd! na 'm faigheadh tusa 'stigh air cho beag doruinn riumsa, cha bhithinn a' gearan.” Ghabh Iain roid air ais, 's roid air aghaidh; thug e leum as a dhol a stigh; rug an dorus air, 's thug e leth a' mhàis deth. Ghlaoidh Iain, 's thuit e fuar marbh air urlar an tabuill. Thog am fitheach e; 's ghiulain e air barraibh a' sgeith e, mach as an tigh, do thigh an fhamhair. Leag e air bord e, air a bheul 's air a shroin; chaidh e mach; chruinnich e luibhean, 's rinn e ceirean a chuir e ris; 's ann an deich laithean bha e cho maith 's a bha e riamh. Chaidh e 'mach a dhol a ghabhail sraid, 's chaidh am fitheach a mach leis. “A nis, Iain, gabhaidh tu mo chomhairle, 's cha ghabh thu

iongantas de ni sam bith a chi thu feadh an eilein; 's bheir thu dhomhsa greim tombaca." Bha e 'spaisdear-achd feadh an eilein, 's a' dol roimh ghleann; chunnaic e triuir làn laoch na 'n sineadh air an druim, sleagh air uchd a h-uile fir dhiu, 's e na shìoram suain chadail, 's na lòn falluis. "Thar leam fein gur deistinneach so; 'd é choire a bhiodh anns na sleaghan a thogail diu?" Chaidh e, 's dh' fhuasgail e dhiu na sleaghan. Dhuisg na laoiich, 's dh' eirich iad a suas. "Fhianuis air an fhortan 's air daoine, gur tu Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's gu bheil e mar gheasaibh ort dol leinne roimh cheann mu dheas an eilean so. seachad air uamha 'n iasgair dhuibh." Dh' fhalbh e fein 's na trì lan laoiich. Chunnaic iad smùid chaol a mach á uamha. Chaidh iad gus an uamha. Chaidh aon de na laoiich a stigh, 's 'n uair a chaidh e stigh bha cailleach an sin 'n a suidhe, 's an fhiacaill a bu lugha 'n a beul dheanadh i dealg 'n a h-uchd, lorg 'n a laimh, 's maide brosnachaidh do 'n ghriosaich. Bha car d'a h-inean mu h-uilt, 's car d'a falt liath mu ladhran; 's cha robh i aobhach ri amharc oirre. Rug i air slachdan druidheachd; bhual i e, 's rinn i carragh maol cloiche dheth. Bha iongantas air an fheadhain a bha mach de chuir nach robh e 'till-eadh. "Theirig a stigh," ars' Iain ri feareile, "'s amhaire, 'd e tha cumail do chompanaich." Chaidh e 'stigh; 's rinn a' chailleach air mar a rinn i air an fhear eile. Chaidh an treas fear a stigh, 's rinn i airsan mar a rinn i air cach. Chaidh Iain a stigh m'a dheireadh. Bha cat mor claghaun ruadh an sin, 's chuir i bara de 'n luaith dheirg m'a cloimhe, an los a bhodhradh 's a dhalladh. Bhual e barr a chois oirre, 's chuir e 'n t-eanachainn aisde. Thug e lamh air a' chaillich. "Iain! na dean. Tha na daoine siu fo gheasaibh; agus

airson nan geasan a chur dhiu, feumaidh tu dol do dh-eilean nam barr mora, 's botull de 'n nisge bheo 'thoirt as; a's 'n uair a rubas tu riu e, falbhaidh na geasan 's thig iad beo." Thill Iain air ais fo dhubb thiamhas. "Cha do ghabh thu mo chomhairle," ars' am fitheach, "'s thug thu tuillidh dragh ort fein. Theid thu luidhe 'nochd; 's 'n uair a dh' eireas tu 'maireach, bheir thu leat an steud, 's bheir thu biadh a's deoch dhi. 'S coingeas leatha muir no tir; 's 'n uair a ruigeas tu eilean nam ban mora, coinneachaidh sè deug de ghillean stabuill thu, 's bithidh iad air fad air son biadh a thoirt do 'n steud, 's a cur a stigh air do shon; ach na leig thusa dhoibh. Abair gu 'n toir thu fein biadh a's deoch dhi. 'N uair a dh' fhagas tu 's an stabuill i, cuiridh a h-uile aon de 'n t-se deug car 's an iuchair; ach cuiridh tusa car an aghaidh a h-uile car a chuireas iad ann. Bheir thu dhomhsa greim tombaca." "Bheir gu dearbh." Chaidh e 'luidhe air oidheche sin; 's auns a' mhadainn chuir e 'n steud an ordugh, 's ghabh e air falbh. Thug e h-aghaidh ri muir, 's a cul ri tir; 's dh' fhalbh i na deann, gus an do rainig iad eilean nam ban mora. 'N uair a chaidh e air tir, choinnich sè gille deug stabuill e, 's bha h-uile fear ag iarraidh a cur a stigh 's a biathadh. "Cuiridh mi fein a stigh i, 's bheir mi 'n aire dhi; cha d' thoir mi do h-aon sam bith i." Chuir e stigh i; 's 'n uair a thainig e mach chuir a h-uile fear car 's an iuchair; 's chuir esan car an aghaidh a h-uile car a chuir iad innte. Thuir an steud ris gu 'm biodh iad a' tairg-seadh a h-uile seorsa deoch dha, ach gun esan a ghabhail deoch sam bith uapa, ach meug a's uisge. Chaidh e 'stigh; 's bha h-uile seorsa deoch g'a chur mu 'n cuairt an sin, 's bha iad a' tairg-seadh gach seorsa dhasan; ach cha ghabhadh esan deur de

dheoch sam bith ach meug a's uisge. Bha iadsan ag òl's ag òl, gus an do thuit iad 'n an sineadh mu 'n bhord. Dh' iarr an steud airsan mu 'n do dhealaich i ris, e thoirt an aire 's gun chadal, 's a chothrom a ghabhail airson tighinn air falbh. 'N uair a chaidil iad, thainig e mach as an t-seomair, 's chual e 'n aon cheol a bu bhinne chualas riamh. Ghabh e air 'aghaidh agus chual e ann an aite eile ceol moran ni bu bhinne. Thainig e gu taobh staidhreach, 's chual e ceol ni bu bhinne 's ni bu bhinne, agus thuit e 'n a chadal. Bhris an steud a mach as an stabull; thainig i far an robh e; bhual i breab air, 's dhuig i e. "Cha do ghabh thu mo chomhairle," ars' ise, "'s cha 'n eil fios a nis am faigh thu do ghnothuch leat no nach faigh." Dh' eirich e le duilichinn Rug e air claidheamh soluis a bha 'n oisinn an t-seomair, 's thug e na se cinn deug a mach. Rainig e 'n tobar: lion e botull, 's thill e. Choinnich am fith-each e. "Falbhaidh tu agus stablachaidh tu an steud, 's theid thu 'luidhe 'nochd; 's am maireach theid thu 's bheir thu beo na laoch, 's marbhaidh tu chailleach; 's na bi cho amaideach am maireach 's a bha thu roimhe so." "Nach tig thu leam an nochd a chur dhiom mo chianalais?" "Cha tig; cha fhreagair e dhomh." An la 'r na-mhair-each rainig e 'n uamba. "Failte dhuit, Iain," ars' a' chailleach. "Failte dhuitse; ach cha shlainte dhuit." Chrath e 'n t-uisg air na daoine, 's dh' eirich iad beo. Bhual e 'chas air a' chaillich; agus spread e 'n t-eanachainn aisde. Ghabh iad a mach, 's chaidh iad gu ceann deas an eilein. Chunnaic iad an t-iasgair dubh an sin ag obair ri chuilbheartan. Tharruinn e 'bhas, 's bhual e e; spread e 'n t-eanachainn as, 's thug e na laoch dhachaidh do cheann deas an eilein. Thainig am fitheach far

an robh e. "A nis theid thu dhachaidh, 's bheir thu leat an steud—'s coingeis leatha muir no tir. Tha tri nigheanan an Ridire ri banais a bhi aca—dithlis ri bhi posda air do dha bhrathair, agus an te eile air a' cheann-nabhart a bh' air na daoine aig a' chreig. Fagaidh tu an ceap agamsa; agus chi bhi agad ach smaointeachadh orm, 'n uair a bitheas e dhith ort, 's bithidh mi agad. Ma dh' fheoraicheas aon diot co as a thainig thu, abair gun d' thainig thu as do dheigh; 's ma their e rint e' aite 'bheil thu dol, abair gu bheil thu dol romhad." Chaidh e air muin na steud; thug e h-aghaidh ri muir, 's a cul ri tir; 's air falbh a bha e; 's cha d' rinneadh stad no fois leis gus an d' rainig e 'n t-sean eaglais ann an Grianag; 's bha lòn feoir an sin, agus tobar uisge, agus tom luachrach. Thainig e bharr na steud. "A nis," ars' an steud, "gabhadh tu claidheamh, agus bheir thu 'n ceann diomsa." "Cha toir gu dearbh; bu duilich leam a dheanamh; cha b'e mo chomain e." "Feumaidh tu 'dheanamh; 's ann a th' annamsa nighean òg fo gheasaibh; 's cha bhi na geasan diom gus an toirear an ceann diom. Bha mi fein 's am fitheach a' suiridh—esan 'n a ghille òg, 's mise am nighinn òig; 's chuir na fahairean druidheachd oirnn; 's rinn iad fitheach dhethsan agus steud dhiomsa." Tharruinn e' chladheamh; thionndaidh e 'chul; 's thug e 'n ceann dith le sgath bhuille; 's dh' fhag e 'n ceann 's a' chlosach an siod. Ghabh e air aghaidh. Choinnich cailleach e. "Co as a thainig thu," ars' ise. Thainig mi as mo dheigh." "C' aite 'bheil thu 'dol." "Tha mi 'dol romham." "Siù freagairt fir caisteil." "Freagairt gu math freagarrach air cailleach mhiobhail mar a tha thusa." Chaidh e stigh leatha 's dh' iarr e deoch. Fhuair e siod. "C' aite 'bheil t-fhear." "Tha aig tigh an Ridire ag iarraidh òr a's airgid a ni

ceap do nighean òg an Ridire, mar a th' aig a peathraichean; 's gun leithid nan ceapan r'afhaotainn an Albainn." Thainig an Gobha dhachaidh. "De 's ceaird duit, òganaich." "Tha mi 'm ghobha." "'S math sin; 's gu'n cuideachadh tu leamsa ceap a dheanamh do nighean òg an Ridire, 's i dol a phosadh." "Nach 'eil fios agad nach urrainn thu sin a dheanadh?" "'S eiginn feuchainn ris; muran dean mi e, bithidh mi air mo chrochadh am maireach." "So is fearr dhuit a dheanamh—glais mise stigh 's a' cheardaich; gleidh an t-or 's an t-airgid; 's bithidh an ceap agamsa dhuit 's a' mhadainn." Ghlais an gobha stigh e. Ghuidh e 'm fitheach a bhi aige. Thainig am fitheach. Bhris e stigh roimh 'n uinneig, 's bha 'n ceap leis. "Bheir thu 'n ceann dhìomsa 'nis." "Bu duilich leam siu a dheanamh, 's cha b'e mo chomain e." "Feumaidh tu 'dheanamh; is gille òg fo gheasan mise; 's cha bhi iad dhìom gus an tig an ceann dhìom." Tharruinn e 'chlaidheamh; sgath e 'n ceann deth; 's cha robh siod doirbh a dheanamh. Anns a' mhadainn thainig an gobha 'stigh, 's thug e dha 'n ceap. Thuit e 'n a chadal. Thainig oganach ciatach le falt donn a stigh, 's dhuig e. "Is mise," ars' esan, "am fitheach, 's tha na geasan a nis dhìom." Choisich e leis sìos far an d'fhag e 'n steud marbh, 's choinnich boirionnach òg an sin iad cho àluinn 's a chunnaic suil riamh. "Is mise," ars' ise, "an steud, 's tha na geasan dìom a nis." Chaidh an gobha leis a' cheap gu tigh an Ridire. Thug an searbhanta thun nighean òg an Ridire e, 's thuirt i rithe gu robh a' siod an ceap a rinn an gobha. Dh' amhairc i air a' cheap. "Cha d' rinn e 'n ceap so riabh. Abair ris an t-slaightire bhreugach e 'thoirt an fhir a thug dha 'n ceap an so, air neo gu 'm bi e air a chrochadh gun dàil." Chaidh an gobha 's

fhuair e 'm fear a thug an ceap dha; 's 'n uair a chunnaic is' e ghabh i boch mor. Chaidh a' chuis a shoilleireachadh. Phos Iain agus nighean òg an Ridire; 's chaidh cul a chur ri cach, 's cha 'n fhaigheadh iad na peathraichean eile. Chuireadh roimh 'n bhaileiad, le claidheamhnan maide, 's le criosa-guailne conlaich.—*Bho Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach le I. F. Caimbeul.*

—o—

ORAN AN IASGAIR.

Air fonn "Ho mo Mhairi laghach."

SEISD.—Hò mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mo bhàta grinn,
Hò mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mo bhàta grinn,
Hò mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mò bhàta grinn,
Mo bhàta boidheach, lurach
'Thogadh taobh Loch-fin'.

'Sud a' chungaidh 'chàireadh
'M bàta choisinn buaidh—
Druim de'n leamhan ruighinn
'N sàs 's an darach chruaidh,
Fìughanan, a's ùrlar
Sùgha, fallain, buan,
Giubhas glan na Lòchluinn
Fuaight' le copar ruadh.
Hò mo bhàta, &c.

B' àluinn air an tràigh i
Mu'n deach' i air sàil—
A leagail cho boidheach
Air gach dòigh am b'àill;
Ùrlar glan gun chaise—
Saibhair, lan m'a bràigh'—
Suighean dlùth ga 'dùnadh,
Cuimir, cruinn gu h-àrd.
Hò mo bhàta, &c.

B' àluinn i 'n a h-uidheam
Mach 's a' chala chiùin—
Fèath nan eun mar sgàthan
D'a croinn àrd 's d'a siùil;
Eòin na mara aoibhinn,
'S mar le farum ciùil,
'G itealaich mu'n cuairt dhi,
'Cur an cèill a chiù.
Hò mo bhàta, &c.

Bu thogarach mo bhàta
'Mach air aghaidh cuain,
'N uair thigeadh oirnn le caitein
'A ghaoth sgaiteach, chruaidh;

'S ann an sin, air thoiseach,
 Choisneadh tusa buaidh,
 'G iarraidh suas ri fuaradh,
 'S crònan binn fo d' chluais.
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

'N uair dh' èireadh i 'n a meallaibh,
 'S thigeadh oirnn le gair,
 Na cnapan àrda, geala,
 'S cìreìn air am bàrr ;
 'S tusa thilleadh uait
 Na stuaghan ribeach, àrd,
 Rathad aca, 's agad, —
 'S tu nach fliuchadh clàr !
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

'N uair thigeadh i 'n a griosaich
 'Nuas o shliabh nam beann,
 Siobain gheal' ag éirigh
 Suas mu bhàrr nan crann ;
 'S tusa 'sin nach géilleadh,
 Ach, ga h-iarraidh gann,
 Shadadh i bho chèil'
 'N a caoirean dearg mu d' cheann.
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

Sud an té nach diùltadh
 Tilleadh 'n uair a b' fheum ;
 Thigeadh tu le sinteig
 'N uair a dh'iarraim fèin ;
 Do sheòl-cinn mu d' chluais,
 Mu'n cuairt bhiodh tus ad leum,
 Cliathach eile fothad,
 'S cuartag chruinn ad dhéigh.
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

Fhad 's is maireann dòmh's
 Mo bhàta boidheach, grinn,
 'S fhad 's a chaomh'near slàn
 Na gillean gleusd 'tha innt',
 Ged a tha mo dhachaidh
 Air a' chladach luim,
 Gheibh mi lòn, a's stòr
 A grinneal gorm Loch-fin'.
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

Feudaidh sibh caraid na firinn a chlaoidh agus a sharuchadh, ach mairidh an fhirinn fein gu 'n truailleadh. Feudaidh sibh am Bard, am Fear-eadhlain, agus an Criosduidh 'irioslachadh gu mor, ach cha 'n 'eil e 'n ur comas a' bhardachd no ealadhain, no 'n Creideamh Croisduidh a mhilleadh, no 'mhaslachadh air sheol sam bith.

MAR A FHUARAS AMACH AMERICA.

AN DARÀ EARRANN.

(Air leantainn bho *Aireimh* 21.)

[At the author's request we have adhered to his own orthography.—
 Ed. GAEL.]

Annas a' bhliana 1499, chaidh Spainneach d' am b' ainm Alonso Hocheda air turus gu America mu Dheas. Bha an duine so marrai Columbus air a dhara turus ; agus cha robh e'ach a' leantuinn 'n a lborg. Gidheadh l'hean e an oir-thir gu tuath agus siar, bho bheul na h-aimhne mhoir Amason gu ceana an iar morroinn Bhenesuela.

Bha Eadailteach, ris an abrar *Amerigo Bhespucci*, 'n a sgiobair aig Hocheda, air an turus so. Chaidh Amerigo amach 's a' bhliana 1501, gu oir-thir Bhrasil, le daoine a bha fo Rhigh Phortugal. Thill e 's a' bhliana 1504, agus sgrìobh e aithris breugach, 's an robh e ag radh gu 'n deach e air turus, 's a' bhliana 1497, agus gu 'n d' fhuair e mach tir-mor America, air thoiseach air Columbus. Chaidh a bhreug a chreidsinn ; agus uime sin thugar *America* mar ainm air an shaoghal ur. Cha d' fhuair Amerigo amach tir air bith ; ach cha robh fios air a so gus an robh Columbus marbh, nuair a chaidh an fhirinn a dhearbhadh le iomad fianuis, an cuis-lhagha eadar Diego, mac Cholumbuis, agus cuirt na Spainn.

An toiseach a' gheamhraidh, 1499, sheol Bhinsent Pinson, le ceithir longaibh, à port Phalois, agus stiuir e an iar mu dheas, gus an do chroisg e Cearcall-Meadhon na Talmhuinn. Chaill e nise sealladh air an rannaig thuathaich, agus thainig reultan ura fo amhare gu deas. Chuir so mor eagal air na maraichibh ; ach bhuan-aich Pinson air a thurus gus an d' rhainig e Brasil, coig ceud a's leth-cheud mìle gu deas air a' Chearcall-

mheadhoin. Sheol e an sin gu luath, agus rhannsaich e mach beoil fhar-suinn na h-Amason, a tha naoi fichead mìle air leud. Thainig cuid de shluagh na tire, 'n a ionnsuidh a thug do na Spainnich pairt de gach ni a bh' aca; ach ghlac iadsa caochladh dhiu le foill, agus thugar air falbh iad mar thraillean. Thug daoine Phinsoin leotha *oposum*, ainmhidh aig am bheil poca airson nan cuileinean fo broinn. On nach chualas sgeul air a lheitid de chreutair riamh roimhe, chuir i moran iognaidh air slugh na Spainn.

An samhradh na bliana 1508, chaidh Pinson amach a rithisd, marrai maraiche ainmeil eile, Iain Dias Solis. Rhainig iad Rudha Agustin air oir-thir Brasil. Bho sin lhan iad an cladach gu deas agus siar, còrr a's da mhìle mhiltean agus coig ceud mìle, gus an d' rhainig iad Patagonia, tir fhamhair-ean, a reir na h-aithris. An sin dh' eirich conuspaid eadar Pison agus Solis, agus thill iad do'n Spainn.

Chaidh Solis amach a rithisd 's a bhliana 1514, agus rhannsaich e an oir-thir gu beul na h-aimhne mhoir *La Plata*, no *Amhain an Aingid*. Nuair a bha e dol suas an caolas, chaidh e air tir, le beagan dhaoinne, a dh' amharc na h-ìre agus a toradh. Thainig an sin daoine fiadhaich na duthcha air gun fhios; ghlac iad e fhein agus coignear d' a chuideachd agus air ball mharbh, rhoisd a's dh' ith siad iad. Chuir so eagal air a' chuid eile de na maraichibh, agus thill iad do 'n Spainn.

Am faoghar na bliana 1513, thug Innseinich a bha 's a' choimhearsnachd, brath do Nunes Balboa, mu chuan mor a bha astar beagan lhaithcan gu deas air Darien, gu tuath air Panama, far an robh Balboa air ceann aiteachas Spainn-

each Uime sin dh' fhalbh e, le cuideachd shaigdeirean, air toir a' chuain, ach cha b' fhurasd sin a ruigheachd. Chaidh e thair bheanntaibh a's chàr, a's choilltibh garbh, far an robh na h-Innseinich a' tilgeadh saighdean puinnseanta orra. Mu dheire, air dha dìreachd gu mullach beinne, chunnaig e an cuan mor farsuinn ris an abrar a nis am *Pasific*; ach thug esa *A' Mhuir gu Deas* mar ainm air, cheann gu'n robh e a reir coltais a' sineadh gu deas, ged a bha e a rìreadh a' ruith n' as fhaide an taobh an iar. B' e Balboa a' chiad duine geal a' chunnaig an cuan sin. Dh' innis daoine na tire dha gu'n robh am fearann a' sineadh gu deas gun chrich, agus gu'n robh e air aiteachadh le cinnich chumhachdach, aig an robh moran oir agus beothaichean iomchair. Tharruinn iad samhladh nan ainmhidhean sin air a' ghainneamh; agus shaoil na Spainnich gu'm bu chambail iad; ach b' e 'n *lama* mu'n robh iad ag aithris, beothach coltach ris a' chamhal, ach moran n' as lutha.

Chuir Balboa an sin teachdairean thun Iompaire Tearlach a Coig, a bha nise 'n a rhigh air an Spainn, a dh' innseadh mu dbeanadas, agus a dh' aslachadh dreuchd a b' airde. Ach b' fhaoin an turus. Bha Tearlach n' a bu tithich air cumhachd na air ceartas. Chaidh duin' eile, d' am b' ainm Dabhillce a chur an aite Bhalboa, mar uachdaran; agus chaidh esa a dhith-cheannadh 's a' bhliana 1517, le ceithir d' a chompanaich, gun aon chiont' bhi air a dhearbhadh 'n an aghaidh.

An deire na bliana 1519, sheol Ferdinand Magellan á Port San Lucar, an taobh deas na Spainn le coig longaibh a' runachadh America a chuartachadh agus na h-Innsean shios a rhuigheachd. Bhuineadh Magellan do Phortugal; ach bha e a' seoladh

fo 'n Iompaire. Rhainig e oir-thir Bhrasil gun dail gun sgiorra; agus llean e an traigh astar mor gu deas, gus an d' thainig e gu cala tearuinte am Patagonia, air an d' thug e *Port Naomh Iulian* mar ainm. Bha e nise toiseach a' gheamhraidh's an tir sin, far am bheil an aimsir sin fuar agus stoirmeil. Chuir e roimhe fantuinn an sin gu h-earrach; agus chuir e an sluagh fo chruaidh smaoid, mu bhìadh agus gach ni eile. Uime sin bha caipteinian nan longan a' runachadh tilleadh gun dail do 'n Spainn; agus nuair a dhiult Magellan sin a dheanamh, dh' eirich iad 'n a aghaidh. Chuir Magellan a nise teachdaire gu Luthais Mendosa, a bha 'n a cheannard air luchd na ceannairc, le ordugh cuir as da air ball leis a' bhiodaig. Nuair a chaidh sin a dheanamh, chuir e gu bas Cesada, aon de na caipteinibh, agus chuir e fear eile air tir. Mar sin chuir e crìoch air a' cheannairc, ged a bha droch rhun aig na Spainnich naibhreach dha, on bu choigreach e.

Chan fhac' iad neach de dhaoine na tire gus an robh iad da mhios 's a' phort. Thainig an sin fear mor thun na traighe, 'a bha, reir na h-aithris, mar fhambhair air mheud, le guth mar bhuirich tairbh. On a bhuin iad gu caoimhneil ris thainig moran dhiu thun na traighe; agus b' iognhadh leotha na longan mora 's na daoine beaga. Thainig fear dhiu air bord gu tric; dh' ionnsaich iad a' Phaidir dha; agus mu dheire chaidh a bhaisteadh, fo ainm "Iain Fambhair." Chunnaig iad aig na h-Inuseinich an lama, agus bha cuarain d' a chraicinn air an casaibh. Uime sin thug na Spainnich *Patagones* mar ainm orra; 's e sin ri radh "daoine brod-chasach."

Nuair a thainig ant earrach, an deire na bliana 1520, sheol iad gu deas, agus an cean beagan lhaitheau,

rhainig iad an caolas, aig ceann deas America, ris an abrar *Caolas Mhagellain* gus an latha 'n diugh. Tha an caolas so mu thri cheud mile air fad, agus bho lhethe-cheud mile gu ceithreamh mhìle air leud. Bha na maraichean fo aoibhneas nuair a chunnaig iad am fosgladh so, le uisge domhain agus sruth laidir a' ruith siar. Gidheadh dh' fhan aon de na longaibh air ais gu diomhair, agus thill i do 'n Spainn; agus bhrisear te eile le ainneart na sid: ach chaidh Magellan air aghart, leis na tri longaibh, agus air ant sheachdamh latha fichead de 'n naoitheamh mìos, rhainig e an cuan mor, ceann amach a' chaoil. Bha an aimsir fuar, agus bha iomad teine aig sluagh na tire gu deas. Uime sin thug e *Terra del Fuego* (Tir an Teine) mar ainm air an eilein.

Stiur Magellan a nise taobh an iar thuath; agus an ceann thri miosan a's ochd laithean, rhainig e na h-eileinean 's an ear dheas bho Tiona, ris an abrar *Ladrones*, no *Meirlich*. Thug e ant ainm sin orra, on a bha an sluagh ro bhradach. Ged a chaidh e seach iomad eilein air a thurus fada, cha'n fhac' e ach da eilein bheag mio-thorail; agus dh' fhuilinn na daoine bho thinneas agus gorta. Rhainig e Eileinean Philip air an ochdamh latha deug de 'n Mhart, 1521, far an deach a mharbhadh, an còraig ri sluagh na tire. Chaillear dithis de na longaibh an so; agus rhainig an long a bha lha-thair, an Bhiictoria, an Spainn am faoghar na bliana 1522. B' i so a' chiad long a chaidh mu 'n cuairt do 'nt shaoghal. P. MAC-GRIOGAIR.

(Ri leantainn.)

Feudaidh esan aig am bheil cumhachd a chorruich a chiuineachadh air ball, moran laithean amhghair a chumail air ais.

TARSNACHAN.

RANN-CALLAINN DO 'N GHÀIDHEAL.

[Tha ceud litrichean nan sreath a' deanamh nam facal, "An latha chi's nach fhaic, a *Ghaidheil*.]

A n latha chi's nach fhaic, a *Ghaidheil*,
 N a h-uile la 'measg chairdean baigheil ;
 L an do shonas cliùmhòr, buadhmhòr,
 A g ùrachadh d' oige gu snuadhmhòr ;
 T ional meala as na bruachan—
 H -uile meas 'tha 'n gleann 's an cruachan ;
 A' tighinn le d' mhaileid gu loinneil,
 C aithreamach, failteachail, sloinneil.
 H o, gur tu 'n grinneas air cheilidh !
 I nnsidh tu eachdraidh a's sgeula.
 'S miann leat gach oigeir a's ainnir.
 'N an subhailcean arda bhi 'n lannir.
 A ir na linntean a dh' fhalbh 's air na suinn,
 C ha mhath leat gu 'm bitheadh di-chuimhn'.
 H -uile fluran tha 'fas 's na glinn
 F ighidh tu 'n am fleasgan gu grunn—
 H -uile seorsa de mhìn-fhraoch nan stùc,
 A gus fiadh-rosan cubhraidh le driuchd ;
 I s air foid is clach-chuimhne nan sonn,
 C airidh tu le deoin iad 's le fonn.
 A ir cuimhne nam bard anns gach linn
 G hleus clarsach nam beanntan gu binn,
 H -uile maoth bhlatu gu 'n toinn thu le gradh ;
 A gus pogaidd na beo dhiubh do lamh.
 I s a nis bidh mi guidhe leat buaidh,
 D reach is maise na slaint' bhi ad ghruaidh,
 H -uile la dhuit an duthaich an fhraoich,
 E ornach, bonnagach maille ri d' laoich !
 I s an Nollaig bhi dhuit mar a chleachd—
 L an sonais a' bhliadhn' ur ri teachd !

MAIRI NIC-EALAIR.

Lochluinn, Ceud Mhios a' Gheamb. 1874.

N A C U R R A I C E A N - O I D H C H E .

Ann am Baile-na-drochaid, o chiom a nis moran bhliadhnachan, bha a chomh-nuidh duine fiachail, agus figheadair bar-raichte d' am b' ainm Eoghan Mac-Cail-ein, agus a bhean, boirionnach itagach, tapaidh, a bha, ma dh' fhaodas sinn a radh, car beag tilgte 'n a doigh. Thuir sinn gu 'm b' i an fhigheadaireachd a b' obair do Eoghan, ach cha 'n 'eil sinn a' ciallachadh leis a so idir duine aig a bheil ri saothrachadh le fallas a ghuise air son cuibhrionn an latha a tha dol thairis air, agus a tha gu buileach ag earbsadh a obair a lamhan. Cha 'n 'eil idir. Bha Eoghan 'n a dhuine glic 'n uair bha e og, agus am feadh 's a bha tuarasdail ard rinn e maorach 'n uair a bha an traigh ann; chuir e airgid mu seach a dh' fheith-eamh an latha fhluich. Cha 'n e mhain so, ach le cuid de thoradh a shaoithreach

chuir e suas, aig a chosdas fhein, an tigh anns an robh e aig an àm so a chomh-nuidh—tigh beag, combhfurtachail le gáradh air an taobh-beoil anns am b' abhaist do Eoghan 'fheasgair a chur seachad am measg nam flur 's nan lus, anns an do ghabh e mor thlachd agus as an robh e ro nailleil.

Ach cha robh tigh Eoghain leis fhein. Direach lamh ris bha tigh-comhnuidh Iain Mhic-Aindrea, a bha ach beag anns gach doigh 'n a leth-bhrec do thigh Eoghain Mhic-Cailein. Bha Iain fein anns an t-suidheachadh cheudna ri Eoghan—bha esan cuideachd 'n a fhlightheadair agus air beagan a chur mu seach mu choinneamh àm feuma, agus bu leis fein an tigh anns an robh e an drast a' comh-nuidh. Chi sinn, mar so, gu 'n robh Eoghan agus Iain 'n an dluth-choimh-earsnaich; agus uime sin bha am mnathan - posda 'n an dluth-choimh-earsnaich cuideachd; ach cha d' thuirte so gu 'n robh iad idir cairdeil no ann an deadh rùn d' a cheile. Bha an cridheachan lan gamhlais d' a cheile—gamhlais a bha gu mor air a chumail suas le eud agus farmad a bha a' lionadh an imtinn-ean, air eagal gu 'n leigeadh an darra te leis an te eile barr a thoirt oirre ann an coltas soibhreis ann an ni sam bith a bhuneadh aon chuid d' an dreach fein, no an tighean, no am fir-phosda fa leth. Na 'm faigheadh aon duibh ball aodaich ur, dh' fhaodteadh a bhi cinnteach gu 'm faigheadh an te eile a cheart leithid, no na 'm bu chomasach e, gu 'n tugadh i barr oirre; bha an spiorad farmadach so air a nochdadh anns gach cuis a bhuneadh daibh feim 's d' an tighean.

Cha mhò bha moran cridhealais eadar an da dhuine; oir, a thuilleadh air iad a bhi a' cophairteachadh de mhi-run am mnathaibh-posda, bha aobhar-naimhdeis nach bu bheag eadar iad feim. Tha e coltach gu 'n do chlach Iain Mac-Aindrea aig aon àm tunnagan Eoghain Mhic-Cailein á lub a bha 'air an taobh-cuil, agus leth an rathaid eadar an da thigh; a' tagar gu 'n robh an lub an sin air son a thunnagan-san a bhain; agus ciod a thachair ach gu 'n do leòn agus mbill e dràc briagh a bhuneadh do Eoghan. Mar bu dual do Eoghan, bha e fo mhor chorruich mu 'leithid de ghnìomh neo-ghnè-theil; agus a bharr air sin cha gheilleadh e air chor sam bith gu 'n robh tuilleadh còir aig tunnagan Iain air an lub na bha aig 'fheadhain feim. Chonrsaich na bodaich gu searbh, salach, agus is e bu deireadh gu 'n deachaidh iad gu lagh; rud a chosd daibh mu leth-chiad pund-

Sasunnach am fear; agus is i a' bhreth a chaidh a thoirt anns a' chuis gu 'n rachadh lub nan tunnag a roinn eadar rintha, leth mar leth.

Bha, uime sin, fuath uaigneach aig an dithis dhaoine d' a cheile, ach cha robh gamhlais nam ban daonnan an uaigneas; agus bha bean Mhic-Aindrea a' h-uile buille cho smiorail ri Nic-Cailein, agus 'n a seise dhi air aon doigh 'g an gabhar iad.

Thachair do bhean Eoghain Mhic-Cailein a bhi aon latha ag amharc a mach air an uinneig, agus faicidh i Iain Mac-Aindrea a' sraidineachd anns a' gharadh le currac-oidhche ur, stiallach, dearg air a cheann. Cha luaithe chunnaic a suil so na chumhnicidh i air an t-seann churrac lachdunn a bha aig Eoghain aice-se, agus a bha, mar thuirte i rithe feim, "na bu choltaiche ri breid-nrlair na ri rud sam bith eile." Chuir i roimhe gu 'm faigheadh i fear ur dha gun tuilleadh dalach—fear fada a b' fhearr na fear a coimh-earsnaich. Gheobhadh an duine aice-se currac a bhiodh uile dearg; rud moran a bu ghrinne 's a bu bhoidhiche na 'm fear stiallach, mosach aig Iain Mac-Aindrea.

Cha robh i ach goirid a' gabhail mu chul a' ghnothaich; thainig i gu seolta m' an cuairt air Eoghan, mar gu 'm b' ann a' gabhail a chomhairle ach aig a' cheart am a' ceiltinn an aobhair air son an robh i cho deidheil air gu 'm faigheadh e currac-oidhche ur; oir bha i lan chinnteach nach tugadh Eoghan bochd gnais sam bith dhi 'n a leithid de chomhfharpais fhaoin, amaidich. Coma-co-dhinbh, thog i oirre moch air madainn an ath latha, 's rainig i am baile-mor a cheannach a' churraic. Roghnaich i fear lasrach, dearg nach mor nach d' thug sealladh nan sul o Eoghan còir an uair a thill i 's a sgaoil i mu choinnimh e.

"A Sheonaid," ars' esan gu socharach, agus e gu tur aineolach air ciod a b' fhior aobhar do 'n churam a bha a bhean a' gabhail d' a chomhfurtachd aig an àm so—"a Sheonaid, air m' fhacal tha an currac boidheach da-rìreadh," thuirte e 's e 'sparradh a laimhe suas anns a' churrac agus 'g a chumail a mach mu 'choinnimh, 's a' dearcadh air le mor thoil-intinn.

"Mo riar, gu bheil e eireachdail," thuirte e rithist, "agus theid mi an urras gu 'm bi e seasgair."

"Bidh e sin," fhreagair Seonaid, gu buadh-mhor. Agus cha mhor nach d' thuirte i mar an cendua, "Nach mor is boidhiche e na fear Iain Mhic-Aindrea!" Ach leigeadh so a mach tuilleadh 's a' choir de na bha 'n a h-inntinn dhiomhair, agus is ann a thuirte i, "Nis, Eoghain, a

ghraidh, caithidh tu e mu na dorsan agus an uair a theid thu an gharadh. Cuiridh e dreach a's coltas ort nach robh ort anns an loirein a tha thu 'caitheamh—is ann a tha thu na's coltaiche ri fuathaiche a bhiodh ann an talamh-buntàta, na tha thu ri duine Criosdail."

Rinn Eoghan feith-ghaire, ach cha d' thuir e dìog.

An fhad so, ma ta, chaidh a' chuis gu math le Seonaid. Cha robh d' a dìth a nis ach gu 'm faigheadh i Eoghan a chur an gharadh 'n a churra ur, lainnireach, far am faicteadh e le a bana-choimhearsnach—agus cha b' fhada gus an deachaidh so leatha cuideachd. Gu faicilleach, seolta a' comhairleachadh Eoghain, fhuair i gu 'n do ghabh e mach le 'chomhdach-cinn dealrach; agus cha b' urrainn do 'n ghnòthach tachairt na bu fhreagarraiche. Chunnaic bean Iain Mhic-Aindrea an currac-oidheche, gu lau mhath thuing i an snaicheantas-dùlain, 's bhòidich gu 'm biodh dioghaltas aice. Ma bha a h-uail air a toirt a nuas, bha a spiorad air a togail leis a' chiad sealladh a fhuair i de churrac-oidheche Eoghain Mhic-Cailein; chuir i roimhe gu 'n tugadh i air a fearposda an currac stiallach a chur a nuas agus fear ur eile chur a suas—leth-bhreac an fhuair aig Eoghan Mac-Cailein—no na b' fhearr, na 'n gabhadh e faotainn; ach cha robh i cinnteach an gabhadh so ruigheachd air.

Shaoileamaid nach bu ghnòthach furasda impidh a chur air Iain currac-oidheche ur eile a chur suas; oir an fear a bh' aige, cha robh seachdain o 'n fhuair e ur, nobha as a' bhùth e, agus cha robh reusan saoghalta, shaoileadh duine, a ghabhadh cur air aghaidh air son fear eile a cheannach. Ach ciod e nach dean seoltachd nam ban! Mar dhearbhadh air so cha ruig sinn leas 'ainmeachadh ach gu 'n deachaidh aice air; fhuair i gu 'n d' aontaich Iain leigeil leatha dol an bhaile-mhor, currac-oidheche ur, dearg eile cheannach dha, agus thug i air a ghealltainn gu 'n caitheadh e e 'n uair thigheadh i dhachaigh leis. M' an gann a fhuair i a chead, air falbh bha i do 'n bhaile-mhor, 's an uine ghoirid bha i air a h-ais le currac-oidheche boillsgeach, dearg, a' h-uile mir cho lasrach ri fear Eoghain Mhic-Cailein; agus bha de thoileachadh aice gu 'n do tharraing i e mu cheann Iain, a bha a' cheart cho aineolach mu ciod a bh' aice 's an amharc 's a bha a choimhearsnach, Eoghan Mac-Cailein.

Shoirbhich cuisean mar so le bean Iain Mhic-Aindrea; cha robh uaipe ach Iain

a sheoladh a mach do 'n gharadh; 's cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuair i a miann. A mach an gharadh steoc Iain coir le 'cheann-bheairt ur, dhearg; agus O, aobhneas nan aobhneas! chunnaic Nic-Cailein e. Chunnaic—ghrad dh' aithnich i an spiorad a dh' aobharaich an taisbeanadh; 's mhionnaich i nach biodh e a nasgaidh dhi.

"Annag, Annag," ghlaoidh i 's a guth lan corruich—mar so a' gairm a stigh a h-ighinn, caileag bheag, mu dheich bliadhna dh' aois—"ruith a nunn cho luath 's a bheir do chasan thu, agus abair, ri bean Iain Mhic-Aindrea an trinnseir a fhuair i air choin-ghèall uamsa, a thoirt duit air a' mhionaid." Bhuail i a cas air an urlar, las a h-aodann, 's chaidh i ann am feirg oilleit. Dh' fhalbh Annag air a gnothach. A nis, feumar 'aideachadh nach robh an toir so a chuir i air an trinnseir idir ceart no dligeach. Bha sar-fhios aig Nic-Cailein, agus chaidh 'innseadh dhi da fhichead uair gu 'n deachaidh an trinnseir a bhristeadh; agus a bharr air sin, chaidh a luach a thairgseadh dhi a' cheart cho bitheanta—b' fhiach e ur mu thanaiream thri fairdeinean. A thuilleadh air so a rithist, bha tri bliadhna o 'n fhuair an te eile air choin-ghèall e. Chithear bho so nach robh anns an iarrtas a chuir i leis a' chaileig ach leth-sgeul air son innleachd air choreigin eile a chur an gnìomh. Cha b' urrainn ni tachairt a b' aimhealaiche leatha na gu 'n tilleadh an trinnseir; agus bha cinnt aice nach robh eagal sam bith gu 'm faigheadh a' chaileag e. Ann an uine ghoirid thill Annag, leis an fhreagairt ris an robh suil aice—bha an trinnseir briste; ach bha bean Iain Mhic-Aindrea lan thoileach paigheadh air a shon, na 'n abradh Nic-Cailein ciod b' fhiach e. Leis an fhreagairt chuir i beagan fhacal sgaiteach nach do chord idir ri Nic-Cailein. Thuir i "gu 'n robh i a' deanamh moran tuilleadh gleadhraich mu 'trinnseir truaillich, salach, mosach na b' fhiach e uile gu leir," agus ghuidh i oirre gu tamailteach, a ghaoil an fhortain, "i a dheanamh na bu lagha starruim uime 's gu 'n rachadh làn an dusain a chur dhachaigh 'n a àite."

"Mo riar, nach ann aice 'tha an dalmachd," thuir Nic-Cailein an uair a liubhair a' chaileag a teachdaireachd; "nach ann aice 'tha an dalmachd darrireadh," ars' ise 's i cur a lamhan air a cruachainnean, 's a' sealltainn mar aon air an deachaidh eucoir mhor a dheanamh. "An cualas riabh a leithid? An toiseach coin-ghèall a ghabhail de m' thrinnseir,

an sin a bhristeadh, agus a nis, an uair a tha mi 'cur air son mo chodach fhein, 'inneadh dhomh gu bheil mi a' deanamh tuilleadh gleadhraich uime 's a b' fhiach e nile gu leir. Moire! tha aghaidh aice. An t-seana bhanasgal, mhiomhail a tha i ann! Iadsan 's an curraicean-oidheche dearg!" 'A' cur a currac-biorach mu 'ceann thog i oirre i fhé-fhéin a thoirt a mach tòrachd. Rainig i tigh Iain Mhic-Aindrea 's a stigh ghabh i. "Thainig mi," thuirt i gu h-athaiseach, dòigheil, ged is gann a ghabhadh a' chorrnuich a bha 'n a h-uchd ceiltinn, "thainig mi dh' fheuch am biodh sibh cho math agus mo thrinnseir a thoirt domh, ma 's e ur toil e."

"Do thrinnseir," arsa Nic-Caillein 's i 'g a tarraing fhein suas, 's a' nochdadh na feirge 'bha cheana a' toiseachadh air tòcadh 'n a com; "do thrinnseir, a Sheonaid! Ubh, ubh, a bhean, is fuathasach an upraid a tha thu a' deanamh mu 'n trinnseir so agad. Cha robh e cho luachmhor; agus is iomadh uair a dh' innis mi dhuit gu 'n deachaidh a bhristeadh, agus gu 'n robh mi deonach paigheadh air a shon."

"Cha 'n e paigheadh a tha 'dhith orm," arsa Nic-Caillein 's i a' godadh a cinn gu h-naibreach; "tha mi a' sireadh mo thrinnseir, agus bidh mo thrinnseir agam. An cluinn thu sin?" Bhuail i an sin a dorn air a bois, mar is cleachdadh leis na boirionnaich an am a bhi a' trod. "Agus o 'n thainig thu gus a sin, their mi riut nach 'eil annad ach boirionnach miomhail, dalma an uair a theireadh tu rium nach mor a b' fhiach e, an deigh dhuit a bhristeadh."

"Air m' fhacal," fhreagair Nic-Aindrea, le ceann gu h-ard, 's a' gnuis a' lasadh le corruich, "cha 'n 'eil thu sgàthach an uair a theireadh tu an leithide sin de dh-ainmeannan rium ann am thigh fein."

"Their mi sin, agus na 's miosa na sin ruit, ann ad thigh fein no ann an aite sam bith eile," arsa Nic-Caillein 's i a' casadh a fìaclan 's a' cur a dùirn ri peirecall na te eile. "Seadh, a' so, no an aite eile, their mi riut nach 'eil annad ach boirionnach miomhail, gun oilean, gun tuigse. Gu 'n cuireadh tusa suas do dhuine le currac-oidheche dearg!"

"Agus c'arson nach cuireadh?" fhreagair Nic-Aindrea gu h-uailleil; "tha e cheart cho comasach air paigheadh air a shon 's a tha sibhse; agus theagamh, na 'm biodh a chuid fein aig a' h-uile neach, gu bheil moran na 's comasaiche. Currac-oidheche dearg, gu dearbh, a bhanasgal mhiomhail, mhosaich!"

"Abair sin a rithist agus spionaidh mi an teagadh asad!" arsa Nic-Caillein 's i aig a' cheart am a' leum 's a' beireachdairn air bhad-mullaich 's air churrac air Nic-Aindrea 's 'g an spionadh le cheile 'n am mirean mu 'cluasan. Rinn ise a leithid eile oirre-se 's am badaibh a cheile ghabh na cailleachan, 's thoisich an strith 's an sgiabhail, 's an sgreadail. Ghrad lion an tigh leis na coimhearsnaich a dh' fheuch ri an cur bho cheile. Am feadh 's a bha an cath 'n a airde, co thainig a stigh ach Iain Mac-Aindrea, agus aig a shail Eoghan Mac-Caillein, 's an curraicean-oidheche dearg air an cinn mar gu 'm biodh ann brataichean-catha a bhrosnachadh nam bana-churaidh.

"Ciod e air an talamh is ciall d' a so?" arsa Iain Mac-Aindrea 's e 'leum a nunn am meadhon an t-sluaigh.

"O, an aigeannach!" arsa a bhean 's lan na glaise aice de fhalt Nic-Caillein air a thoinneadh mu 'dorn; "tha e nile mu d' churrac-oidheche, Iain, agus m' a trinnseir salach, truailidh."

Thuig Iain gu math mu 'n trinnseir, ach cha do thog e idir mu 'n churrac-oidheche; coma-co-dhiubh, mar dhuine dleasnachail ghabh e taobh a mhna, agus bha e dol a chur na te eile as an rathad, an uair a rug Eoghan Mac-Caillein air chul amhachadh air, ag radh, "Air d' athais, Iain, na tog do lamh, gus am faic sinn ciod idir is ciall do 'n aimhreit so."

"Thoir an uabhar le leathad, Eoghain! —thoir an uabhar le leathad!" arsa Nic-Caillein an uair a mhothaich i gu 'n robh a leithid de chuideachadh aig Iain. "Thoir an uabhar le leathad—nach stroic thu an currac-oidheche bharr ceann Iain. Tha a' bhanasgal ag radh gu bheil iad na 's comasaiche air a phaigheadh na tha sinn."

An seallbhan a cheile nis ghabh na bodaich, 's an taice nam bodach ghabh na cailleachan, gach aon a' feuchainn ri greim 'fhaighinn air currac-oidheche fir na te eile —a' cheathrar a' cur nan car dhiubh air an urlar 's an impis an aitreabh a thoirt a nuas leis a' h-uile uilneag a bheireadh iad.

Ach cha b' urrainn d' a so mairsinn fada, 's cha mho rinn e sinn. Thachair sgiorradh diubhalach a chuir gu grad agus gu buileach stad air an t-sabaid. Ann an aon de na gramannan-gleachd eagalach a bh' aca thainig iad gu mi-flortanach tarsaing air seann *dresser* critheanach air an robh luchd mor de shoithichean creatha de gach gne, as an robh Nic-Aindrea ro uailleil, agus a bha aice air an cur an ordugh 'n an sreathan greadhnach a suas gu ruig anainnean an tìghe. Is gann a

ruigeas sinn leas 'innseadh ciod a thachair. A nuas thainig an *dresser*, agus a nuas leis thainig gach soitheach beag a's mor 'n am bloighdean air leac an urlair; cha d'fhagar aon slàn diubh. Cha 'n fhacas agus cha chualas riamh iomradh air a leithid de sgrios. Stad an iorghuill mar bhuille na boise; agus sheas gach aon ag amharc le h-uamhunn air an t-sealladh eagalach. An uair a chunnaic Mac-Caillein agus a bhean ciod a thachair, agus air doibh fios a bhi aca nach robh an lamhan glan d' an ghnothach, gun diog a radh, shèap iad air falbh dhachaigh.

“Ma tha lagh no ceartas anns an tìr,” arsa Nic-Aindrea, 's i 'trusadh suas nam bloighdean briste, “creanaidh Eoghan Mac-Caillein agus a bhean air so. Na faiceam-sa grian an la maireach mur bi iad agam air beulaobh an t-Siorraim m'an teid seachdain thar mo chinn!”

“Tha 'n gnothach eireachdail da-rìreadh,” thuir Iain; “ach ciod air an talamh a thog an iorghuill?”

“Ciod a thog an iorghuill?” arsa 'ise; “nach d' innis mi dhuit cheana? Ciod ach an trinnseir dubh sin aice! Ach bheir mise oirre gu 'n diol i air son obair an la diugh. Moire, bidh so na 's daoire dhoibh na lub nan tunnag, mur 'eil mise meallta.”

“Cha chreid mise gu 'n robh a' bheag de chulaidh-naill againn fhein anns a' ghnothach sin,” arsa Iain air a shocair fein.

Thoisich e fhein 's i fhein agus chrunnich iad suas a' h-uile crioman de na soitheichean briste bharr air urlair ann an aon chliabh mor, a chum an gleidheadh mar fhianuis air meud a' chiall agus a' mhillidh a dh' fhuiling iad.

Cha d' fhairich Eoghan Mac-Caillein agus a bhean iad fein idir saor o amharus mu 'n sgiorradh a thachair ann an tigh Iain Mhic-Aindrea. Is ann a chuir e mor champar orra, oir cha robh iad a' faicinn ciamar a dh' fhirinnicheadh iad iad fein no a gheobhadh iad an casan a thoirt as an rib, a cheann gu 'n deachaidh iad 'g am foirmeadh fein agus a thogail brionglaid ann an tigh an coimhearsnaich far nach robh gnothach sam bith aca dol. Le inntinn lan d' an iomagnu so, agus le aodann muladach, thuir Eoghan Mac-Caillein r'a mhnaoi, 's i an deigh cumntas falls' a thoirt da mu aobhar na streupaid, “B' eagalach an stairich sud, a Mhor. Cha chuala mi riabh a leithid. Tha an fhuaim oillteil ann am chluasan fhathast.”

“O, 's math leam aca e! Gabhadh iad e!” arsa 'ise 's i mar gu 'm biodh i caoin-shuarach mu 'n chuis, ged a bha e furasd fhaicinn nach robh i idir saor o amharus

mu dheireadh na cluiche. “Bha i tuilleadh 's a' choir moiteil as a cuid shoithichean co-dhiubh; cha b' urrainn na b' fhearr tachairt di.”

“Biodh sin mar sin,” arsa Eoghan, “ach bha am pronnadh ud searbh.”

“Ceol a bu bhinne 'chuala mi riabh,” arsa 'ise.

“Theagamh gur e,” arsa 'esan “ach tha eagal orm gur ann oirine thig paigheadh a' phhiobaire. Bheir iad gu lagh sinn.”

“Deanadh iad sin ma thoilicheas iad. Cha 'n'eil lagh no ceartas anns an duthaich ma bhuidhinneas iad.”

Cha robh an amharusan gun aobhar, oir air feasgar an ath latha co thainig orra 's iad gu seasgair 'n an suidhe mu 'n chagailt, ach maor a dh' fhag da shumanadh aca gu cuirte a sheasamh air beulaobh an t-Siorraim, an da chuid air son gu 'n do bhuail 's gu 'n do mhill iad Iain Mac-Aindrea agus a bhean 'n an tigh fein, agus mar an ceudna, a' tagar luach na chaidh a bhristeadh de shoithichean—còrr agus coig puinnnd-Shasunnach.

“Sin agad a nis!” arsa Eoghan an uair a leugh e na paipearan. “Is i mo bharrail gu 'm faigh sinn ar leoir dheth nis, a Mhor. Is e so amharus a bha orm. Ach coma-co-dhiubh seasaidh sinn ar cuis gu duineil; bheir sinn doibh greim ruighinn ri 'chagnadh.”

“Seasaidh sinn ar cuis,” arsa Mòr, “no riar gu 'n seas, agus theagamh gu 'n dean sinn tuilleadh 's sin. Cha 'n'eil fhiosam nach dean sinn tuilleadh 's seasamh, buailidh sinn orra gu foghainteach 's bheir sinn orra an rathad 'fhagail.”

“Sin agad a nis, a Mhor, far am bheil thu 'nochdadh d' aineolais air an lagh.”

“Lagh ann no as,” fhreagair Mòr, “tha fhios agam ciod e ceartas agus tuigse, agus foghnaidh sin domh. Agus ceartas bidh agam,” arsa 'ise 's i 'bualadh a duirn air a bois, “ma bheir meud an sporain no cruas non dorn a mach e.”

Moch air madainn latha na cuirte thog iad orra 's a stigh ghabh iad gun athadh gun sgàth do thalla a' mhòid. Co bha 'n sin air thoisich orra ach Iain Mac-Aindrea agus a bhean. Sheall na caill-eachan gu colgach air a cheile, 's shuidh iad a dh-fheitheamh an t-Siorraim. Lamh ri Nic-Aindrea bha ùdabac mor de rud nach robh e furasda do na bha 's a' chuirte a bhreathnachadh ciod a bh' ann; ach bha deadh bheachd aig Nic-Caillein ciod a bu chiall da. B' e sin cliabh mor. Ciod a th' agaibh air no dheth, ach gu 'n do shlaod i leatha an cliath loma lan de na soitheichean briste, ann an cairt a' h-uile ceum do 'n chuirte, a' cur roimhe a thilg-

eil fosgailte an lathair a' bhreithimh a leigeil fhaicinn nach bu chall faoin a thug an sin i.

An uair a thainig an Siorram 's a chaidh a' chuir a shuidheachadh, ghairmeadh a mach gu cruaidh ainm Iain Mhic-Aindrea agus a mhna, 's a suas steoc iad agus ghabh iad an aite fa chomhair a' bhreithimh. A cheart cho staiteil chaidh Mac-Cailein agus a cheile fein a suas 'n uair chaidh an ainmeannan a ghlaodhaich, agus sheas iadsan mar an ceudna beagan thun an darna taobh. Chaidh iarraidh air Nic-Aindrea a cuis a chur an ceill, 's cha d' fheith i an darna cuireadh. Thoisich i mar so :—

“Fhaic sibh, a bhreithimh uasail, so agaibh mar thachair an gnothach—agus tha mi a' toirt dulain d' ise ann a' sin,” (thug i suil aingidh air Nic-Cailein) “tha mi a' toirt dulain di facal dheth 'aicheadha; ged tha mi 'lan chreidsinn gu 'n deanadh i e na 'm b' urrainn di.”

“Mo bhoirionnach math,” ars' an Siorram 's e faicinn gu 'n robh shaoil air a teangaidh ruith momha 's bras, “am bi thu cho math agus cumail an sealladh air do sgeul—inis dhuinn dìreach gu h-aithaiseach, firinneach ciod a thachair, 's gun ni tuille.”

“Ni mi sin, fhaic sibh, ma ta, so mar thachair.”

Chaidh i an sin air a h-aghaidh 's chuir i an ceill gu h-ordail gach ni. Cha d' thuir i smid mu na curraicean-oidhche, ach chuir i coire na h-aimbreit gu leir air an trinnseir. A nis ghabh Nic-Cailein beachd air so, agus chuir i roimhe, ciod sa bith mar thachradh, gu 'n deanadh ise a' bhuil a b' fhearr de na curraicean-oidhche—gu 'n leigeadh i ris do 'n t-saoghal, mar shaoil i fein, uabhar agus ceilg Nic-Aindrea.

An uair a sguir Nic-Aindrea chaidh an sin gairm air an dithist eile an taobh fein d' an chuis 'aithris. Chaidh an da chuid Eoghan agus Mor air an aghaidh, mar gu 'm biodh iad le cheile dol a labhairt aig an aon am. Agus is ann mar sin dìreach a bha. Trath dh' iarradh orra labhairt—

“Fhaic sibh,” arsa Eoghan; agus—

“Fhaic sibh,” aig a' cheart am arsa Mor.

“Nis, nis,” thuir an Siorram, “aon mu seach, ma 's e ur toil e.”

“Air a' h-uile cor,” arsa Eoghan, “seas a thaobh, a bhean, 's an innis mise a' chuis do 'n chuir.”

“Cha dean thu ni d' a leithid, Eoghain,” arsa Mor, 's i aig a' cheart am a' beirsinn air ghuallainn air 's g' a chur air ais.

Cho luath 's a fhuair i mar so an fhaiche dhi, fein thoisich i 's dh'innis i gu riochdail gach ni bho thoiseach gu deireadh—mu na curraicean-oidhche 's gu leir; ach a' cur an sgeoil air a leithid de dhoigh 's gu 'm measadh daoine gu 'n robh a cuid fein d' an chuis gu tur saor o dhroch rin 's o gach sion d' an gabhadh coire faighinn; agus nach d' aobharaich ni san bith an aimbreit agus am bristeadh eagalach a thachair 'n a lorg, ach “straic, a' s eud, a' s uabhar” Nic-Aindrea i fein. Am feadh 's a bha i ris an aithris so cha mhor nach do sgain na bha 's a' chuir a' gaireachdaich, agus is gann a b' urrainn do 'n bhreitheamh cumail air gun bhristeadh a mach leotha.

Bha buaidh gu tur eadar-dhealaichte bho so aiga' ghnathach air da fhear-posda nan cailleach. Lan ioghnaidh, naire, agus rugha-gruaidh aig a leithid de thaisbeanadh tamailteach air mar a bha iad, gun fhios doibh fein, air an deanamh 'n am buill-mhagaidh an lathair an t-saoghail, sheap iad le cheile 'mach as a' chuir, 's dh' fhag iad na cailleachan a chur crìch air a' chuis mar b' fhearr a b' urrainn doibh. Ciamar a chaidh dhaibh cha 'n fhios duinn; so mar chrìoch-naich ar sgeul mu fharpais nan curraicean-oidhche.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

—o—

ALASDAIR MAC CHOLLA.

B'ainmeil an duine so an Gael-tachd Alba la 'g an robh an saoghal; agus tha sinn a' deanamh dheth nach miste le 'r luchd-duthcha caileiginn a chluinntinn uime. Bha 'n duin' ainmeil so de Chloinn-Domhnuill Antrim an Eirium. Bu mhac e do Cholla Ciotach, a ghlacadh ann an Dun-naomhaig an Ile, agus a chuireadh gu bas an Dunstaidhinnis. 'N uair a rugadh Alasdair, tha beul-aithris, (as nach ion mor earbs' a chur,) ag innse mu nithibh iongantach a thachair mu thigh 'athar, air chor 's gu 'n do chomhairlich cuid de na cairdean cuir as da, gun tuille dalach. “Cha dean sibh sin,” a deir a mhuime, aig an robh fiosachd a reir barail nan amanna sin; “bithidh e fbathast 'n a ghaisgeach foghainteach, agus eiridh

buaidh leis, gus an sath e 'bhratach an Gocam-go." Dh' fhas e suas gu bhi 'n a dhuin' eireachdail, agus 'n a fhear-claidheamh co maith 's a bha 'n Eirinn. Anns a' bhliadhna 1644 bha buidheam de 'n fheachd ri 'n cur a h-Eirinn chum comhnadh le Montros, as leth an dara Tearlach. 'N uair a chrunnich Maithean na tire a shonrachadh co a rachadh air ceann an airm, bha da fhath uasal Eirionnach aig an robh fughair ris an urram sin, a thaobh meud an cairdean aig a' choinneimh. "Bu choir," a deir Ceann-mhath na cuideachd, "an t-urram a thoirt do 'n ghairdein is treine an Eirinn, nam biodh fios co e." "So e," deir Alasdair, 's e tar-ruing a chlaidheimh, "a dh' aindeoin co theireadh e," "C' ait a bheil an t-ath-ghairdein," a deir an Ceann-suidhe? "So e," a deir Alasdair, 's e tilgeadh a chlaidheimh 'n a laimh chli. Cha do chuir duine 'n a aghaidh, agus fhuair Alasdair a bhi 'n a Cheann-feadhn' air a' chuideachd. Thainig Alasdair le cuig ceud deng fear, air tir air taobh na h-aird an an Iar de dh-Earra-ghaidheal. Tha iomad sgeul beag air aithris m' an duine so, nach fiach a bhi air iun-seadh, ach is iomad guiomh euchdach a dh' fheudt' aithris air, mar tha e againn sios ann an eachdraidh. An deigh dha Caisteal Mhingairidh an Arduamurchann a ghlacadh, ghabh e suas do Ghleanngaraidh, far an do choinnich na daoine sin agus muinntir Bhaideanach e a bha air an aon taobh ris fein; ghabh iad air an aghaidh gus an d' rainig iad Dun-chailleann, far an do choinnich iad Iarla Montros, a thug do dh-Alasdair an t-aite bu tinne air fein 's an fheachd; agus cha b' fhada gus an do dhearbh e gu 'm b' airidh air an urram sin e. Bha fuath anabarrach aig Alasdair Mac Cholla, agus aig Clann Domhnuill air teaghlach Earra-ghaidheal, cha 'n e mhain a chionn

gu 'n robh iad an aghaidh an Rìgh, ach gu 'n do bhuin iad moran d' am fearann o na Domhnulluich, agus chum aicheamhail a thoirt a mach air a shon, dh' aom e Montros gus an Geamhradh 1645 a chaitheamh ann an duthaich Mhic-Cailein. Dh' fhairtlich orra an Caisteal a ghlacadh, ach loisg iad bail' Inbhear-aora, agus chreach iad an duthaich air fad m' an cuairt. 'S gann a dh' fhagadh tigh air bonn, ionnas gu bheil e 'n a ghna-fhocal 's an tir sin gus an la an diugh, "Alasdair Mac Cholla fear tholladh nan tighean," agus bha na h-uiread eagail roimhe, 's gu bheil ainm fhathast air a chleachda mar bhochdan gu clann a chumail samhach.

Dhearbh Alasdair e fein 'n a dhuine ann an ionad cumasg beag, ach 's e la Inbhear-lochaidh a thar-ruing gu mor mheas e. 'N uair a thainig e le Montros roi 'n bhlar sin air toir nan Caimbeulach, 's e Iain lom, am Bard a b' fhear-iuil doibh. Air dhoibh tighinn an sealladh nan Caimbeulach, thuir Alasdair ris a' Bhard, "Theid thu sios leam amaireach gu cath a 'thoirt do na Guimnich." B' e Iain lom an gealtair bu mho a bh' air an t-saoghal; ach cha robh chridh' aige a dhiultadh. "Ma theid mise sios, agus gu 'n tuit mi, co a dh' iunseas sgeul air do ghaisge? ach theirig thusa sios, agus dean mar is gna leat, agus seinnidh mise do chliu." "Ni mi sin" ars' Alasdair. Tha fios mar choisinn Montros an la sin, agus mar chaidh an ruaig air na Caimbeulaich. Bha Alasdair Mac Cholla maille ri Montros ann an iomad cath cruaidh, an deigh sin, gu h-araidh aig Allt-Eirinn, agus Kilsyth: agus tha daoine fiosrach ag radh nach robh buaidh le Montros an deigh dha dealachadh ris.

Rinneadh Alasdair so 'n a Ridire air son a rioghalachd do Rìgh Tearlach. An deigh dha dealachadh ri Montros, leis a' bheagan Eirionnach

a bha lathair, rinn e air son Chinn-tire, far an robh fhathast beagan fearainn agus cumhachd aig Cloinn-Domhnuill; agus as am bu reidh dha dol thairis do dh-Eirinn. A thuilleadh air na h-Eirionnaich a bha leis, bha Mac-Dhughail Latharna's a chuid daoine, agus muinntir eile a bha fhathast dileas do 'n Rìgh, a chaidh sios leis chum comhnadh a dheanamh ri Clann-Domhnuill an aghaidh Sliochd Dhiarmaid, a bha miannachadh a chuid fa dheireadh d' an oighreachd a bhuntainn uatha.

Tha e air aithris mu Alasdair Mac Cholla, mar bha e air a thurus sios do Cheann-tìre gun d' eirich dha air latha araidh, stad e fein's a dhaoine, chum am biadh maidne ghabhail; am feadh's a bha iad'g a dheasachadh, shuidh e a' cur a sgìos, air cnocan boidheach uaine, dlu do mhùileann, air an do shath e' bhratach. "Is boidheach an cnocan so," a deir e, "C'ainm a th' air?" "Tha," ars' am Muilleir, "Gocamgo." Gu grad dh' eirich Alasdair, "Fagamaid, Illean an t-aite so," oir chumhniche e air faisneachd a mhùimbe. Ghabh iad air an adhart, agus mar bha iad a' dol seachad air Caisteal a bha san am sin san Lochan-leathann, an sgìreachd Ghlasraidh, loisgeadh air, agus thuit am fear a bha r'a thaobh. "Is moch," a deir Alasdair, a ch—c a' chuthag ort," oir b'e la Bealltuinn a bh' ann. "Ceum ris a' bhruthach, illean," a deir e, gun tuille suil a thoirt air an fhear a thuit.

Air a' cheart am so bha 'n Triath Earragha idhealach le arm laidir fo 'n Cheann-fheachd urramach sin *Leslie*, a fhuair buaidh air Montros aig *Philip-haugh*, a' gabhail sios do Cheann-tìre, chum an buille deir-eannach a thoirt do chumhachd Chloinn-Domhnuill a bha air taobh an Rìgh. B' fhrasda do Alastair am feachd so a ghearradh as ann an

Garbhach Sliabh-gaoil, far an do theab e fairtleach' air *Leslie* a mharc-shluagh a thoirt air an aghaidh: ach o 'n la a shath e a bhratach ann an Gacam-go, cha robh soirbheachadh leis. Air a thurus mu dheas chuir e fein's a dhaoine seachad oidhche anu an garadh Tighearna nan Learg. Bha trupairean *Leslie* air a thoir, ach bha sgath orra roimhe o uach d' thainig an t-arm-coise air an aghaidh. Dh' fhan iad uime sin air an ais an duil gu 'm biodh an t-arm aca air an ath-mhaduinn. Dh' fhadaidh Alasdair teinntean mora timchioll a' gharaidh, mar gu 'm b' ann chum a dhaoine a bhathachadh, agus an deigh dha fear fhagail a chumail an teine suas, agus Piobaire d' an d' aithn' e seinn fad na h-oidhche, thog e air le dhaoinibh, agus bha e dlu do Chaisteal Dhunabhartaidh m' an d' ionndrain each air falbh e. Ma thruaighe! am Piobaire bochd, chuireadh á' chomas an cleas ceudna dheanamh, oir thug iad gu neo-ìochdmhor dheth na meoir.

Dh' fhag Alasdair trì chend fear ann an Dunabhartaidh, agus thug e Ile air, agus an deigh dha da cheud eile d'a chuid daoine fhagail aig 'athair, Colla Ciotach, ghabh e 'n t-aiseag do dh-Eirinn, far an do mharbhadh e beagan 'n a dheigh sin, ann an cath a chuir e leosan a dh' eirich an aghaidh Iarla *Charlingford*.

Mar so chaochail an Curaidh treun so. Cha robh duine a thug barr air fo stiuradh fir eile, ach cha da choisinn e cliu leis fein. Bha e iomraideach an dan, agus rinneadh iomad oran molaidh dha an da chuid an Eirinn's an Albainn.

Alasdair a laoi gh mo chéille,
Cò chunnaic no dh' fhàg thu 'n Eirinn;
Dh' fhag thu na mìltean, 's na ceudan,
'S cha d' fhag thu t aon leithid fhein
ann.

Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eatruim,
Cas chruinneachadh an t-sluaigh ri cheile;
Cha deanar cogadh as t-eug'ais,
'S cha deanar sith gun do reite;
'S gar am bi na Guimhnich reidh riut,
Gu'n robh an Rìgh mar tha mi fein duit,
&c. &c.

—*An Teachdaire Gaidhealach.*

—o—

BREACAN MAIRI UISDEIN.

*Le Iain Mac Illeathain Baile-mhar-
tuinn, Eilein Thirithe.*

[An uair a thainig muinntir tigh-
soluis na Sgeire-moire an toiseach
do Thirithe, 's e feadhain Ghallda a
bh'annta, nach fhaca breacan riamh.
Bha Mairi Uisdein 'n a nighinn
ghloin, speisealta, math air deilbh 's
air sniomh, 's rinn i dhoibh am
breacan, do 'n deachaidh an t-oran
a leanas a dheanamh.]

SEISD.—'S e 'm breacan lurach, fasanda
Nach fhaighear anns' na buitbean;
Tha dubh, tha geal, tha sgarlaid
Ann am breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Tha 'm breacan measail, ainmeil so,
Measg gharbh-chrioch agus stuc-bheann,
'S o'n dhealbhadh dhuinn le Mairi e,
Chaidh feadh gach aite cliu air.

Bho 'n chuala Clann nan Gaidheal e,
Ni chunnaic each le 'n suilean,
Tha Clann nan Gall ga'm boradh leis,
Am baile mor 's air duth'aich.

M'an cumar anns' an fhasan e
Gu deise 'mhac an Diuca,
Bidh obair mhor aig taileirean,
Air breacan Mairi Uisdein.

'N uairtheid gach sreath air fhiaradhdheth,
Le sioda liath ri chul-thaobh,
Bi earradh ur do 'n Bhan-rìgh
Ann am breacan Mairi Uisdein.

'S lionmher laoch, le brogan fraochain,
Thig gu faoilidh, sunndach,
Fo earraidh sgeanail Gaidhealach
De bhreacan Mairi Uisdein.

Gach teaghlach rioghail bh'anns' na glinn
Fad tim roi linn a' l'hrionna,
'S an clann 'n an deigh, tha gradh aca
Air breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Tha leoghann, bradan tarragheal glas,
Lamh dhearg, a's dealbh a' chruin air,
Ceann tuire a's feidh, mar sgathan,
Leight' air breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Bidh glaoth crois-tarr a's piob dhos ard
'S claidheamhan stailinn ruisgte;
'S e 's comhdach-blair do Chlann nan
Gaidheal,
Breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Chaidh naigheachdan do dh-Ile air,
Do Cheann-tìre, Ghigha, Dhiura;
Tha Muil', tha Coll' air bhainidh
Air son breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Tha Comhal, Bodhd, a's Arainn,
Tha Braid-Albann, Lathurn, Muideart,
'S Morairne nam beann arda
Chuch mu bhreacan Mairi Uisdein.

Bho chriochaibh garbh taobh tuath na
h-Alb'
Thig fir chalma, lughar,
A' tagradh coir air pàirt bhi ac'
De bhreacan Mairi Uisdein.

Ach 's coir dhuinn crìoch le reit' thoirt
dha,
M'an dean Prionns' Tearlach dusgadh,
'S m' an tog e spiorad ardanach,
Mu bhreacan Mairi Uisdein.

—o—

AN SEANN GHÀIDHEAL AGUS AM MINISTEIR.

Bha seann Ghaidheal ann an aite
araidh, 's air dha fas gu tinn, chuir
e fios air a' mhinisteir. Ruith e
thairis air moran de dh-eachdraidh a
bheatha, agus d' a dheanadais nach
gabhadh firinneachadh. Thuirt an
ministeir gu 'n d' innis e moran d' a
dhroch-bheirt, an robh ni math idir
aige r'a innsadh? "Tha sin agam,"
ars' esau;—"bha, o chionn fhada,
Factor cruaidh, feithcheanta 's an
duthaich. Dh'fheumadh an tuath
am mal a bhi deas aca air an latha,
neo bhiodh a' bhairlinn aca. Air
bliadhna araidh nach robh an aim-
sir fabharach, bha na croitearan
air bheagan barraidh. Thainig latha
mhail; 's thainig am *factor*. Sgrìob e
leis gach sgillinn a chuir na daoine
bochda gu h-eiginneach cruinn.

Thachair mi air 's an oidhche 's e
'dol dachaigh; leag mi e, 's le m'
ghluin air 'uchd, thug mi uaith an
t-airgiod, 's thug mi an cuid fein do
na daoine bochda.—Nach robh siu
'n a ghuimh math?'

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn,
An t-Samhain, 1874.

—o—

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómair
gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARHAIDH AN AICHILL AGUS
AGAMEMNON.

(*Air leantainn.*)

Aig taobh a' chabhlaich, fo ghruaim,
Shuidh mac Pheleus nan ruag cràidh,
Fearg mhillteach air ghoil 'n a chliabh,
Gun fhaighneachd air gnìomh a' bhlaìr,
Gun suim de choinninn nan slògh
Thogas an glic gu mòr uaill:
Fuil a's dioghailt, sgrios a's àr,
Ri stoirm-bhàis 'n a aigne cruaidh.

A nis bha 'n dàrna madainn déug
Ag éirigh gu drùchdach nuadh:
Iobh uile-neartmhor, 's na dé,
Dh' fhalbh bho 'n fhéill aig taobh a'
chuain,

'N an sreith shoillse suas gu nêamh,
Dh' ath-thill iad 's e fhéin air thùs:
Ach cha leigeadh Thetis thlâth
Fâinteana a mic ghrâidh air chûl.
Bha h-éirigh gu moch bho 'n stuaidh,
Mar mheall cuairteach de 'n ghorm cheò.
Ràinig i iarmailt nan spéur,
Gu lùchairt gheal, chéutach Iòbh.
Chit' am mòr Thorunnach àigh
Cian bho chàch an àird' a ghlòir
Air mullaich Olimpuis fhuair
'Dh' fhalaicheas a chiad cruach 's na neòil.
Shléuchd ise ri bhialaobh dlùth;
Ghabh i ghlùinean 'n a bois chlith,
Shlib i fhiasag le 'deas-làimh,
'S ghéur aslaich i gràs an rìgh.

Athair chaoimh, ma dhearbhu thu m'
fheum,
'S an fheachd nêamhaidh 'm béul nan
gnumh,

Iarram aon achain gu fòil:
Eisd le bàigh 's thoir deòin do m' mhiann.
Thoir biùthas do m' mbac do 'n dual
Anradh truaighe 's ùine ghéarr:
'S eòl dut mar ghlac rìgh a shluaigh
A dhaor-dhuais le ainneart càrr.
Dioghail-s' e, dhé ghlic, bhith-bhuain,

Eireadh le Tròidh buaidh 's an strìth,
Los gu 'n tig urram bho 'n Ghréig,
Dh' ionnsaidh 'n trèun a fhuair an spid.

Freagradh cha d' thug Iòbh d' a riar,
Ach shuidh cian 'n a thosd fo ghruaim:
Ghlais Thetis gu teann mu ghlùn,
A's spàrr i 'chùis le h-ùrnaigh chruaidh.
Athair na cruitheachd, dean fòir,
'S mur deònaich thu, diult gu fhiamh:
Taisbein domh firim mu chràidh,
Gur mi 's tàire measg nan dia.

Fhreachair dia nan duibh-nial dlùth,
'S e 'g osnaich bho ghrùnd a chleibh:—
C'ùime bhiodh an-ghnìomh ad rùn
A dhùisgeadh dhomh brìonglaid ghéur?
Bhiodh Iùno 'n a lasair dheirg,
'S bhrùchdadh orm sruth garg a beòil,
I casaid feadh nan nêamh gu buan,
Mu m' leth-phairt fhéin ri sluaigh Thròidh.

Bi-sa falbh 's dian faicill chòrr,
Mu 'n gabh Iùno mhòrach beachd:
Leamsa biodh gach ni tha 'd réir,
Thoir am òrdugh fhéin gu teach.
Los gu 'n tuig thu 'n rùn tha 'm chom,
Naisgeam le crathadh mo chinn,
Daingneachadh cudthromach, teann,
D' an toir nêamh gu h-iomlan suim:
Suim nach d' fhuair comharradh riabh,
Saineas nach teid fiar le feall:
'S an dòigh so ceanglam a' mhìonn,
Dòigh a bheir gu crìch na gheall.
Thuirte iompire 'n toruinn chruaidh,
'S thug caismeachd gu 'n d' fhuair mar
dh' iarr.

A theann-nasgadh nam bóid tróm,
A dhubh mhailghean chrom e siar,
Tingh fhalt eùbhraidh 'chùil bhith-bhuain
Dh' iom-luasgadh a null 's a nall,
Timcheill guailnean àigh an dè,
'S ehlig an spéur bho cheann gu ceann.

Còmhradh na deise cho-dhùin,
Léum Thetis gu grunnad a' chuain
Bharr Olimpnis nan cruach sneachd,
'S dh' imich Iobh gu 'aitreamh buan.
Gu grad ás an cathraichean òir,
Romh theachd mhòraich dia nan dia,
Dh' éirich àrd mhaithéan nan spéur,
'S rinn sléuchdadh gu léir le fiamh.
Shuidh esan 'n a chathair àigh:
Ach Iùno bha 'n àird' a fraoich,
Dh' aithnich i comhairl' a chuim,
'S co bha deilbh nan lùim ri thaobh;
Thetis chas-airgidhach, dhomh,
Nigheann sean-fhir nan tonn gorm:
An sin thionnsain Iùno gu géur
A' ghlòir tharsainn, bhéura, bhorb:—

Co i sid, a chinn nan gò,
Ris 'n a dheilbh thu 'n còmhradh-cùil?
'S cleachdadh sìorruith dhut 's gach
beairt,

Mise bhì 'n taobh mach de d' rùn.
Gach leth-bhreth fhalaich d' an dian,

S nial diomhair iad ormsa chaoidh.
Aon neach dh' am fiosrach do bheachd,
Cha 'n fhìu Iùno feairt no suim.

Iùno, tha do chnuasachd faoin;
'S e thuir a' thair dhaoine 's dhia;
Tigh-tasgaidh diomhair no rùn,
Cha sgrùd thusa chaoidh nan cian.
Ma 's ni tha cuimte ri d' chéill,
'S gur féumail dut fios 's a' chùis,
Thair gach bàsmhor 's gach bìth-bhuan,
Riut fhéin theid a luaidh an tús.
Ma 's combhairl' i thaisgear leam
Fo ghlasan an grunnnd no chléibh;
Bh' mion-fhorfhais eiod a brìgh,
Dhutsa 's dhaibhsan 's ni gun fhéum.

Làn-sheall i air rìgh nan dia,
Le 'dà mheall-shuil chiatiaich, ghuirn,
'S fhreagair: C' uim' do bhriathran
cruaidh,

Mhic Shathurn an nabhair bhuirb?
Co tha 'g ad ghrabhadh 's na 's àill,
'G ad chuibhreach an rìdh no 'n gnìomh?
Dh' fhaotainn mion-eolais mun d' rùn,
'S beag mo chùirtsa 's bu bheag riabh;
Aeh mu 'n Ghréig tha m' eagal mòr:
Cha tuiginn leth-chòmhradh-ciunn,
Eadar rìgh nam beithir dearg
'S ban-dia nan cas-airgid grunn.
Sheas ri d' thaobh 's a' mhadainn mhoich,
Nighean riaghlair nan tonn glas,
Ghlac i do dhà ghlùn 'n a bois,
'S barail leam nach b' fhaoin a' ghreis.
'S teann a fhuair i d' a mac gnùth
Gealladh air àrd-chliù 's air buaidh.
Cha 'n ag nach robh 'n crathadh-ciunn,
Toirt binn' air mhiltean sluagh.

Thuir Fear theanal nan nial luath,
'S confhadh ruaimleach 'n a ghruaidh
àigh:

A bhan-sgrùdair nan lùb fiar,
'S mion-chriathradh do bhéus gu bràth.
Fidrich a's cladhach mar chi,
Chaoidh cha tig do mhian gu buil;
Càrnaidh tu m' fhearg-sa air do cheann,
'S aithnghidh tu gur h-ann gu d' ghuin.
Gheall mi ni, cha cheilim ort,
'S ma gheall mi, bheir mi gu teach,
Bhrìgh na cùis' ud na tog lochd,
Suidh ad thosd, 's thoir géill do m'
reachd.

Ma léumas mis' ort, 's gu 'n léum,
Le m' throm làimh is éuchdach gnìomh
Ge d' éireadh uil' fheachd nan spéur,
'S meanbh an gléus 's an stréup gu d'
dhion.

Dh' ogleach Iùno 's shuidh fo oillt,
Chaidh mòrchuis a cuim gu draip;
Mighean ghabh talla nam buadh,
'S sgaoil a' ghruaim feadh nàmh air fad.

Dh' éirich Vulcan nan cèird còrr,
'S dh' aisig sith le glòir neo-bhaoth;
B' fhiathail a chomhairle ghràidh

D' a dhia-mhathair làimh-ghil chaoin.

'S duaichnidh gu 'n togteadh 's an
spéur

Brioglaid ghéur mu chnuimhean truagh;
Dhaibhsan biodh con-ghlas a's strith,
Dhuinne sith a's éibhneas buan.
Ma bhuaidhicheas iorghuill chas,
Air cuim cha bhì blas no miagh:
Striochdsa, mhàthair chaomh gu foil,
'S na brosnach rìgh mòr nan dia.
Na 'n lasadh an 'Tì 'n a fhearg,
Bhiodh dealanaich dhearg 'n au léum,
Sgapteadh gach fiath 'n a bhuan 'chùirt,
'S thilgt' iad do 'n dubh ghrunnnd gu léir.
Taisich a dhùmb le glòir mhìn,
'S deònaichidh e sith gu beachd;
'S ann dàsan d' an iomchuidh géill,
Oir 's e fhéin is tréine neart.

Ghrad-éirich e 's cuach 'n a làimh,
Fo gheal-bhàrr de nectar caoin,
Dhlùth-lean e na briathran tlàth,
'S shìn e 'n dibh d' a mhàthair ghaoil:—
Seas fo 'n luchd ge goirt do chràdh,
'S dean strìochdadh, a mhàthair rùn,
Mu 'm faic mi, 's gun seòl do dhion,
Droch dhìol air na 's ionmhuinn leam.
'S eaglach rìgh nam beithir dearg,
Ge b' e dhùisgeadh fearg a chléibh.
Chaidh mis' uair 's an iorghuill dhoirbh,
Gu d' dhìonn bho stòrn nan créuchd.
Ghlac e mi air chois 'n a dhòid,
'S thilg thair stairsnich mhòir nan spéur;
Shiubhail mi 'n coimhne mo chinn,
Am luath still 's an aibheis chéin.
Fad an là feadh cheareall cian
'Tuaineal romh tholg nan nial faoin;
'N uair laidh grian air cùl nan stuadh,
Thuit mi 'n Lemnos, cluainn mo ghaoil;
M' anam-sa dh' fhosgail am chom,
'S mi 'dhithe càil air lom an raoin;
Fhuair na Sintich mi 'n teinn ghéir;
Thog iad suas mi 's ghréidh le faoil.

Dh' éisd Iùno bu chruinn-gheal làmh:
Le fiamh 'ghàire ghlac i chuach;
Riaraich Vulcan deas a's cèarr
Iocshlaint ùr bu nàmhaidh buaidh.
B' iasgaidh 'n dia balcach le sùrd,
Sios 's a suas feadh tùr nan réul:
Thaitinn ris na flaithean àrd,
'S le buan ghàire chrith an spéur.

Chaith iad an là 's a' chuill fhial
Gus 'n a theirinn grian gu tuinn;
Leth-bhreth cha 'n fhaicteadh 's an diol,
'S fhuair an t-iomlan miann an cuim.
Sheinn Apollo, dia nan calg,
Clàrsach airgid bu chaoin pòng;
Cho-fhreagair a' cheòlraidh ghrinn
Le àrd-laoidh bu mhilse fonn.

'N nair cheileadh 's a' ghaillbhinn ghlais,
Lòchran dearg-lasrach nan spéur,
Sgaoil an làn chomunn bho 'n bhòrd,
'S thriall gach fiath gu chòmhuidd fhéin,

Gu tighean spleadh nasach, àrd,
De 'n aitreabh a b' àillidh sgeimh,
Mar dheilbh Vulcan bu ghlic cridh'
Gach cuirte rioghail fad nan neamh.
Dh'irich an Torunnach aigh
Suas á thàmh air uirigh phòst',
'S chaidil Iuno 'n taic an dé,
'S a' bhuan-leabaidh chéutaich oir.

CRIOCH A' CHIAD DUAIN.

DUAN II.

SUM.—Ann an co-lorg na casaide a rinn
Thetis, màthair an Aichill, chuir Iobh brua-
dar-meallta gu Agamemnon a dh-iarraidh
air an t-arm Gréugach a tharrainn amach
gu cath. Rinn e so los gu 'n tuigeadh e
nach éireadh buaidh leis gun an t-Aichioll
'g a chòmhnaidh. Chruinnich an rìgh
comhairle nan seann cheann-feadhna;
agus chunnacas ionchuidh a thoradh na
comhairle, gu 'm fiosraicheadh cìod an
rùn 's an robh na Gréugaich mu 'n
ghnothach mu 'n d' thainig iad, a thoirt
gu deadh-bhnil. Cho-ghairmeadh an sin,
am mòr-fheachd an ceann a chèile; agus
an deigh do Agamemnon faichead na
h-ùine a bha an cogadh air chumail a
shoilleireachadh dhaibh, agus euideachd,
na chaill iad de dh-ionmhas, agus na
dhòirteadh de dh-fhuil gun fhéum,
chomhairlich e dhaidh teicheadh dhach-
aidh do 'n Ghreig, agus gun fhuireach
na b' fhaide air sgàth gnothaich nach
robh coltach gu 'n gabhadh e toirt gu
ceann a chaidh.

An nair a chuala am feachd comhairle
an rìgh, dhòirt iad 'n an aon-mhaoim a
dh-ionnsuidh nan long, los an cur air
sàile 's a bhi 'grad-fhalbh. An uair a
chunnaic Uilises an slagh anns an dòigh
so a' togail orra gu triall, bhrosnaich e
riu gu garg 'g an cronachadh, 's 'g an
tàmaitteachadh a thaobh mar a thog iad
docharrach beachd Agamemnon. An
lorg na h-impidh so, agus an smachdach-
aidh a fhuair Thersites, duine droch-
bhialach, a chionn a bhi dìteadh an
rìgh, thill an sluaigh gu h-ionnan air an
ais a dh-ionnsuidh na comhairle. 'N an
éisdeachd uile, labhair na h-ard chin-
nfeadhna, fear ma seach, gach ni a bha 'n
an rùn, a' dearbhadh gu 'm bu mhianas
siorruith e, na 'n diobradh iad an cogadh
gus an rachadh e an darra taobh; 's e
bh' ann gu 'n d' thug so air na Gréugaich
nach robh iad riabh na bu togarraiche gu
comhrag ris na naimhdean. Air an
aobhar sin, dh'òrduich Nestor gu 'n

tàirnteadh suas am feachd 'n an sreathan-
catha, agus gu 'n roinnteadh iad 'n am
fineachan air còmhnaidh Scamandar mu
choinnimh na Tròidhe. Tha am filidh,
an sin, a' toirt làn-àirimh air na fineachan
Gréugach, agus mion-sgrìbheadh air na
duthchannan às an d' éirich iad a leanailt
Agamemnon gu cogadh na Tròidhe.

Cha 'n 'eil an aimsir an duain so ach
earrann de dh-aon latha. Is e an t-ionad-
gnìomha an long-phort Gréugach, faiche
Scamandair, agus baile mór na Tròidhe.

Gheobhar toiseach an duain so anns a'
GHÀIDHEAL, Air. 13, taobh, 12.

Dh'uin gach créutair talmhaidh 'n
ros, &c.

—o—

Faigh a mach gach bonn dhe d'
theachd a steach, agus g' e b' e cìod
e, biodh e mor no beag, thig beo
air ni 's lugha. A nis, dean so,
agus cha bi thu chaidh bochd.

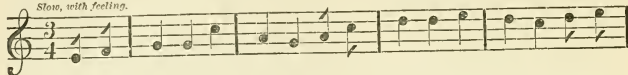
An uair a chith sinn duine do 'm
bheil speis aig na h-ùile, feudaidh
sinn a bli cinnteach g' e b' e co dona
's gu 'm bheil a' chlu, gu 'm bheil
deagh - bhuidhean araidh dluth-
cheangailte ris, agus sin ann an
tomhas mor.

Fendar a radh nach 'eil ann an
Gambhas ach " domhlas na seirbhe
agus cuibhreach na h-eucorach. 'S
e gambhas an toradh a's seirbhe a
dh' fhasas air craobh a' pheacaidh,
agus cha 'n urrainn ni sam bith ach
teas-ghradh an Tì a's Airde a sma-
ladh as an anam.

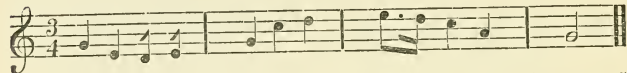
Tha denchainnean againn mar
bhàlaist do 'n luing; tha iad gu tric
'g ar sumail gun dol thairis. An
uair a tha moran againn r'a ghiulan,
ni am Freasdal an druim freagarrach
air son na h-nallaich. An nair nach
'eil ni sam bith againn r'a ghiulan,
cha tric a ghiulainas sinn sinna fein.
Feudaidh an long luchdaichte a bli
mall ann an ruigheachd chum a
calaidh fein, ach tha e cumartach
nach ruig an long entrom an caladh
gu brath.

KEY C.

BRUTHAICHEAN GHLINNE-BRAOIN.

Slow, with feeling.

: M . f | s : s : d¹ | l : s : L . d¹ | r¹ : r¹ : m¹ | r¹ : d¹ : R¹ . m¹



s : m : r . m | s : d¹ : R¹ | m¹ . , r¹ : d¹ : l | s : - ||

SEISD.—Beir mo shoraidh le durachd,
Do ribhinn nan dlu-chiabh,
Ris an tric bha mi 'sugradh,
Ann am Bruth'chean Ghlinn-
Braoin.

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad nait am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiaradh,
'S mi ri iarguin do ghaoil.

Cha 'n fhead mi bhi subhach,
Gur e's beus domh bhi dubhach,
Cha dirich mi bruthach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an lugh'd.

Chaidh m'astar am maillead,
Bho nach faic mi mo leannan;
'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a' chaoil,

Anns a' choill' am bi 'n smudan*
'S e gu binn a' seinn ciuil duinn,
Cuach a's smeorach ga 'r dusgadh,
'Cur na smuid diu le faoil'.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus cach ga n-ar sireadh,
Gus 'm bu deonach linn tilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh.

Sinn air faireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamh thar do mhuineil,

Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh am mullach nan craobh.

Tha mise ga raite,
'S cha 'n urrainn mi 'aicheadh,
Gura iomadach saruch'
'Thig air airidh nach saoil.

Gur mis' tha 's a' champar,
'S mi fo chis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na Frainge,
Fo ainneart gach aon.

Ann an seomraichean glaiste,
Gun cheol, a's gun mhacnas,
Gun ordugh á Sasunn,
Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor.

Cha b' ionnan sud 's m' abhaist.
A' siubhal nam fasach,
'S a' dìreadh nan ard-bheann,
Gabhail fath air na laoigh.

A' siubhall nan stuc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh;
'S le mo fhlasgaichean fudair,
Air mo ghulun anns an fhraoch.

Beir mo shoraidh le durachd,
Do ribhinn nan dlu-chiabh,
Ris an tric bha mi sugradh,
Ann am Bruth'chean Ghlinn-
Braoin.

* The Ringdove.

CAISMEACHD CHLOINN-CHAMROIN.

Cha 'n 'eil óganach treun de Chloinn Chamroin gu léir,
Nach téid deònach fo bhratach Lochiall;
Gu buaidh no gu bàs, 's bidh iad dileas 's gach càs,
Oir géill cha d' thug Camronach riamh.

Chuala mi pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd,
Tighinn àrd thar monaidh a's gbleann;
Agus cas-cheuman eutrom a' saltairt an fhraoich—
'S i caismeachd Chloinn-Chamroin a th'ann.

O, 's nallach an ceum, ged tha fios aig gach treun
Gu'm faod e bli màireach 's an ùir;
Ach gach àrmmun, gun sgàth, theid le 'Cheannard do'n bhlàr,
Far 'm bu dualach dhoibh buaidh agus cliù.
Chuala mi pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd, &c.

Tha 'ghealach ag éiridh, 's tha 'gathan air ceuman
Nan òighear tha treun agus fìor;
'S àrd dòchas an cléibh, 's thuir an 'Cheannard e féin
Gu'r laoich iad nach géill anns an strìth.
Chuala mi pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd, &c.

Ead. le D. MACNEACHDAINN.

AN OIGE.

Dhia, dealraich air ar n-oig' gu leir,
Sar thiodhlaic naomh nan gras:
Mar shìol a' frasadh nuas o'n speur,
A' freumhachadh 's a' fas.

Ge bith an t-aite 's an cinnich gras,
Ged 's ann o neamh tha 'n sìol;
'S i 'n oige t-am 's an dosraich' 'fhas,
'S am fearr a bhlath 's a nial.

Mo chreach! nach eisd an oige thrugh,
Ri cuireadh graidh an Uain,
Oir ged tha 'n crìdh' le peacadh cruaidh,
Gidheach tha 'throcair buan.

Mur biodh an crìdhe cruaidh mar chloich,
Do 'n neach a's oig' air bith;
Cha d'fhuair an ciontach fois na h-oidhch',
Lo geilt, a's bron, a's crìth.

An uaigneas a's am follais fos,
Tha deoir a's urnuigh 'n t-sluaigh
A' tagradh, Iosa, as bhur los;—
Nach gairm sibh fein gu luath!

A's guidheamaid gu 'm foghlum sibh,
Fo lamh an Spioraid Naoimh,
'S nach lethsgèul idir oige dhuibh
Mur lean sibh Iosa chaoidh!
—*The Treasure.*

—o—

FACAL D' AR LUCHD-
LEUGHAIDH.

Tha am mìos a tha nis air tighinn
m' an cuairt a' toirt a' Ghaidheil gu
crioch bliadhna eile—is i an aireamh
so an te mu dheireadh d' an treas
leabhar. Is iomadh ceum a thug e,
agus is iomadh aite dluth agus fad
as anns an do thaghail e bho thois-
each na bliadhna a tha 'nis ach beag

air ruith a mach. Ged a thainig, uair no dha, bacaidhnean's an rathad a chuir maille air a shiubhal's a bhris air an riaghtailteachd leis am bu choir dha tighinn, 's ged a dh' fheum e a bli a' gabhail a leisgeil fein air uairibh air son a bli cho mairnealach; air a shon sin uile, chi a chairdean gu'n deachaidh aige air da chuairt dbeug a dheanamh ann an deich mìosan—no mar dh' fhaodar a radh, rinn e “ bliadhna-leum ” d' an te so; an aite tighinn uair's a' mhios le 'mhaileid air a dhruim, thainig e dà uair a' giulan dà mhaileid loma làn de gach gnè bhathair a chordadh ri clann nan Gaidheal. Is minig a fhuair an t-eilthreach aonaranach, ann an tìr chein, fada bho dhuthaich 's bho chairdean, togail spiorad, agus misneach a's faothachadh d'a inntinn thruim bho'n *Ghaidheal*, oir nach d' thug e seanchus dha araoon air cor a luchd-duthcha anns gach cearn, agus naidheachdan an àm a tha 'lathair cho math ri “ sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh ”—mar so a' cumail air mhaireann a' chomh-cheangail bhlath agus laidir sin a bha, agus a tha, agus tha sinn an dochas a bhios, ann an cridheachan nan Gaidheal ri cheile, c'aite air bith am faighear iad; agus a' neartachadh an tàlaidh a tha aig an aignidhean ri cuimhneachain nan cleachdaimean ion-mholta agus nan sgeulachdan 's nan eachdraidhean ionraiteach a choisinn ainm a's meas a's cliù nach bàsaich do thir nam beann's do shìol nan laoch. Ma thug an *Gaidheal* sgeulachdan agus duanagan taitneach seachad, fhuair e failte 's furan a's aoidheachd an eirig sin o gach neach; agus tha e 'nis, mar is cubhaidh, a' tairgseadh buidheachais do gach aon a shin an lamh dha, no 'chuir guidhe m'ath 'n a chois re na bliadhna dh' fhalbh. A thuilleadh air so tha e nis 'dol a

ghabhail de dhanadas facal beag uail a dheanamh as na tha aige 'n a bheachd air son bliadhna eile—oir their iad “ nach 'eil an uail an aghaidh na tairbhe. ” Cha 'n 'eil an *Gaidheal* idir 'dol a ghabhail “ Cead deireannach nam Beann ” a nis, no 'dol a chur dheth a mhaileid 's a dh' fhagail “ a shoraidh leis na frithean. ” Cha 'n 'eil aon chuid a cheum fann, a cheann air liathadh, no a chiabhagan air tanachadh—is fhada ghabh e naith! Tha e 'dol a leanailt air a thurais, 's cha 'n e mhain sin, ach, le combhadh na muinntir a bha 'g a chuideachadh roimhe so, cho math ri dream eile a tha a' gealltainn an taice 's an àm ri teachd, tha e 'cur roimhe gabhail a mach gach mìos cho riaghailteach ris a' ghealaich, le neart as comas ùr a sgaoileadh a chuid bathair, a's riombaidh, a's annasan thar an t-saoghail gu leir; agus

“ Cha 'n 'eil baile beag 's am bi e,
Nach tamh e greis ann a' cur a sgiòs
dheth;
Bheir e lamh air a leabhar riomhach,
A ghabhail dhuanaig 's a bhuaireadh
nigh'nag. ”

Tha an sgioba ghaisgeil a bha ag aiseag a' *Ghaidheil* air a' bhliadhna dh' fhalbh a' cheart cho togarrach gu falbh leis a rithist; agus a' thuilleadh orrasan tha moran de dhiulnaich ùra, fhuasgailte a tairgseadh an seirbheis 's a' gealltainn, ma leigear leotha dol 'n a chuideachd, nach diobair 's nach geill iad ged dh' eireadh gaillinn nach bu bheag. Bidh aige, uime sin, sgioba air nach tugadh barr eadhon leòsan a thug gu “ cala réidh ” Birlinn ainmeil Chlaun-Raonuill; agus bidh e iongantach mur eirich gu math do 'n luig a bhios fo 'n curam. Ciod sa bith mar thachair roimhe so, cha 'n 'eil an t-eagal is lugha nach teid i as a dheigh so air fuaradh d' an rudha ruighinn sin ri san abrar *A'-chiad-latha-'n-Mhios*.

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THE FAIRY'S PALACE.

It happened several years ago, when I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend, one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still more in sterling moral virtues. For it has been my lot to possess friends and companions from whom I was ever gaining, till my store has become somewhat bulky. Alas! there are so many deserters from the corps by this time, who shall no more return, that I wish to cherish the persuasion, that to be gone and to be with them will be far better. My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains, and rugged rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine; which we visited and explored. It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit, or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning rocks. It is as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all round; thus leaving the furnace or crater dry and empty. It is a terrific throat wide open, on the very edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom.

There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of a rope and windlass, as it were into a coal pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak. To the main rope a machine is attached, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to its distinct

corners. He that descends takes his stand or seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet above his head. A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presentiment of some horrid accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist inquiring if all was right with my friend below. "Hoo, surely," was the answer. "And the cradle will be up for you in a minute; ye are as heavy as twa o' him." "Is the rope frail?" "No very rotten ava; the last aue was rottener afore it brak, and let a man fa," was the alarming reply. "Was he killed, say you?" "Killed! though he had had a hundred lives, he wud hae been killed; he was smashed to pieces down on yonder jagged rock," quoth the hard-hearted Celt. I now examined the rope, and it appeared to be much worn and old. "How old is it?" inquired I. "Just five years auld; the last was a month aulder afore it brak," was his next piece of tantalizing information. With some irritation of manner I put it to him, why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend the descent; and, to make things worse, he provokingly announced, "We are to get a new aue the morn; ye'll likely be the last to try the auld."

But already the cradle waited for me to step into it. I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did; and ashamed to seem to hesitate before the hardy Highlander,

at once I took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me that he said, as he let me off,—“A far heavier man than you gaed down yesterday.” “Then he strained the rope,” cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down. The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy, in the deep crater, clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once; and consists of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropt from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed by thousands of the same sort, that glittered beautifully in the sun-beam; all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of enchantment, for it is called the Fairy’s Palace. But I confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me; for, besides the disheartenings the Highlander filled me with ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears by giving, with startling effect, the following narrative:—“A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top, he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and the moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he took an adventurous leap for the breast of the rock. But the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing place.” “Horrible! most horrible!” was my natural exclamation. “But,” continued my friend, “keep ye your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be safe.” He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

I thought of the young man’s leap and fall; I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound

he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another, and my teeth chattered with terror. When I had descended, I kept my eyes bent downwards, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upwards, I was tremblingly alive to the fact, that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the gripe of death, never moving my eyes from the blackened main-rope. “There! there it goes!” I gasped the words; for did I not see first one ply of the triple-twisted line snap asunder, as it happened to touch a pointed piece of granite? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not untwist and curl away from its coils? Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not long have borne its own weight? I was speechless; the world whirled round, I became sightless, and when within one short foot of being landed, I fell!—I fell into the grasp of my friend, who, seeing me about to tumble out of the cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned, I ran from the edge of the precipice, still in the utmost trepidation, shaking fearfully, and giving unintelligible utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of colour, I was not without such an apprehension; for certainly it stood on end during my ascent from the floor of the Fairy’s Palace.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CAPTAIN PATRICK ROSS AND HIS FATHER.

In the action of the 21st of March 1801, near Alexandria, Lieutenant Patrick Ross, of the Cameron Highlanders, was wounded, and his arm amputated close to the shoulder. Having a good constitution he rapidly recovered, and, with a spirit equally honourable and exemplary, he refused the leave of absence offered him to go home for the cure of his wound. Eager to be at his post, he joined his regiment before the skin had closed over the amputated arm; and on the 25th of April, less than five weeks after his arm was cut off, he mounted picket, and continued to perform every duty, however fatiguing, during the whole campaign; in the course of which, at Rhamanich, he nearly lost his other arm, a six-pound shot having passed under it as he was in the act of giving directions to his men. On all occasions, indeed, he displayed the same spirit; and the Duke of York, with that attention which he always showed to merit, when made known to him, promoted Lieutenant Ross to a company in the sixty-ninth, at the head of which he was killed, at the storming of Fort Cernelis, in Java, in 1811; on which occasion he was animated with the same enthusiastic zeal and heroic bravery.

Those who have faith in the hereditary influence of blood, will also believe that this young man had an hereditary predisposition to firmness and bravery. His father, Mr. William Ross, formerly a tacksman of Brae, in Ross-shire, evinced similar qualities in very early life. In the summer of 1746, when so many gentlemen who had been engaged in the rebellion were forced to take shelter in the woods and mountains, and when the troops of Pit-

calney, a chieftain of the clan, was an object of more than ordinary search, having joined the rebels in opposition to the remonstrances and threats of his uncle, Lord President Forbes. As no concealment from the people was necessary, Pitcalney was in the habit of sleeping, in bad weather, in his tenants' houses, but always going to one or other of his hiding-places before daylight, in case of a search of the house by the troops. One night he slept in the farm-house of Brae; and remaining later in the morning than ordinary, Ross, then a lad of sixteen, was directed by his father to accompany Pitcalney through the most unfrequented parts of the woods, in case the troops should be stirring at that hour of the day. The lad had performed his task, and was returning home, when he met a party of soldiers, who knew him, and suspecting where he had been, questioned him very sharply about his knowledge of Pitcalney's retreat. He pleaded total ignorance, and, persisting in doing so, they threatened to shoot or hang him on the next tree, which, in those times, was the usual mode of extorting confession; but threats having no effect, they proceeded to action, and tied him up to a tree, placing four men before him, with their pieces ready to fire, if he still denied what they were sensible he knew. But all in vain; neither the fear of death, nor the previous preparation, which, to a boy of his age, must have been sufficiently trying, could induce him to betray the friend and landlord of his father. So strong were the principles of affection, and regard to promise and to principle, instilled thus early, by the instruction of his parents, and the example of his countrymen. The party, either respecting the boy's firmness, or not

wishing to go to extremities, released and allowed him to go home. When he told the story, he always concluded—

“When I shut my eyes, waiting to be shot, I expected to open them again in Heaven.” Such was the father of the late brave Captain Patrick Ross.

—o—

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

GLENELG.—The Registrar of the Parish of Glenelg, Invernesshire, remarks regarding marriages:—“They are rare events, and consequently there is scarcely a house in the district in which more than half of the members of the family are not old maids. We might say Aharcle could compete with any parish in so far as old maids and bachelors are concerned; but we are glad to report that the cold weather is making ‘two and two’ creep together.

AUSTRALIA.—We are glad to see that the Rev. Duncan Ross of Sydney, N.S.W., who is a son of Mr. Henry Ross of Kinmahaird, Ross-shire, has been winning golden opinions in our Australian colonies. It would appear that on the occasion of the Rev. Mr. Ross removing from the Presbyterian Church at Muswellbrook to that of North Skene, New Sydney, he was made the recipient of an address and a purse of £226 from the people he was leaving. This speaks well for our countryman, and we are very glad to have the pleasure of recording it—honourable as it is to Mr. Ross and his late congregation.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.—This distinguished gentleman, who is a host in himself, not only fills the Greek Chair of our Edinburgh University in a most admirable manner, but he is to be found speaking and lecturing on the branches of the Gaelic language and kindred Highland subjects with a vigour characteristic of him. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, Inverness, Inverary, this indomitable, genial friend of the Highlanders is to be seen wherever deeds of kindness are to be done to a neglected people, or doughty championship exhibited for a much abused language. The very look of him is enough to encourage the most dispirited, and his hearty, fervent utterances so full of *verve*—his wonderful facility of bringing quaint anecdotes and amusing little incidents

into the thread of his discourse form a combination which keeps his audience in a constant state of laughing and applauding. Long life to him! May his eloquence so fiery and his constancy so remarkable be rewarded by the full endowment of the Celtic chair, and may he long live to see the good done by the institution which, but for him, would never be one at all.

THE GLASGOW FREE CHURCH STUDENTS' CELTIC SOCIETY.—This body met recently and elected Wm. Mackinnon, Esq., of Balinakil, president; Mr. Donald Macdonald, vice-president; Mr. M. Morrison, secretary; and Mr. Donald Connel, treasurer. This society has existed for ten years, and its success is said to be “far beyond the most sanguine hopes of its promoters.” We can well understand that an institution in which that noble Highlander Mr. Mackinnon takes an interest must get on, or some one must blunder. Mr. Mackinnon's munificence is proverbial, and we know that his zeal in any cause affecting the Highland people is worthy of him. With such a president and office-bearers, we augur well for the society under notice.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS IN THE NORTH.—We regret to find that although, on taking an average of the crops of the country, the reports show that 1874 has been a very good farmer's year, we learn that in some parts of the Highlands the past season's returns are far from equal to those of preceding years. We quote from our contemporary the *Northern Ensign*:—“The Registrar of Carloway, in the island of Lews, mourns that crops of all kinds are below the average, especially the potatoes. What a pleasant contrast is the report of the Botrephine cheery official, who says, ‘the parish has been very healthy during the quarter, and an excellent and bountiful crop secured in fine condition.’” The weather has been exceedingly cold and stormy. Heavy falls of snow and gales of wind with frost experienced everywhere. We regret to state that all the bodies of the men wrecked in the unfortunate “Maju” have not been recovered for interment, and we fear that they never will be.

THE 42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS (BLACK WATCH).—This glorious corps has had but a very short period of home service to recruit after the Ashantee campaign, whose dangers and honours it had a large share of, for we find it mustering at Portsmouth in November, and embarking, under Col. Sir John C. Macleod, K.C.B., on board

the S.S. "Himalaya," for Malta, where it is now quartered. We do not feel surprised at finding "the wonderful steadiness" of the regiment spoken of in the public press, while we would be astonished to hear of any Highland regiment being spoken of in any other terms. We know how highly the 78th, 79th, 92nd, and 93rd Highland regiments have always been praised, and *The Gael* is proud of his countrymen. The Black Watch mustered about 700 all told when it embarked for Malta.

ABERDEEN.—NEW BURSARIES FOR THE HIGHLANDS.—We are glad to observe that through the generosity of the heirs of the late Rev. Hugh Munro, Minister of Uig, Lews—to wit, John Munro Mackenzie, Esq., of Mornish, Mull and Garion Tower, Wishaw; Hugh Mackenzie, Esq., of Prospect, Cumberland; and Mrs. Catherine Robertson Walker, of Gilgarran, Cumberland—all children of the late John Mackenzie, Esq., Sheriff Substitute of the Lews, Ross-shire, the monies inherited by the Messrs. Mackenzie and their sister have been handed over by them to the University of Aberdeen, at which their great grandfather and grandfather graduated as Master of Arts, for the purpose of founding bursaries in the Faculty of Arts, and to be called the "Munro Bursaries," to be of the value of £20 sterling, to be obtained by competition, and to be tenable only by youths born within the Synod of Glenelg, of the Synod of Caithness and Sutherland, or of the Presbytery of Mull, and studying at the University with a view to graduation in arts. The Presbytery of Lews has passed a resolution of sincere thanks to the donors.

MARRIAGE OF ÆNEAS RANALD MACDONELL OF GLENGARRY.—The fine feeling which makes Highlandmen continue to respect an old family by calling it by the name of the estate which once it owned is very commendable. Of the occasion to which our heading refers the press has shown that the interest which the public feel in the gallant, honourable family of Macdonell of Glengarry is still keen, by speaking of the recent marriage of the heir to the name as of importance. We say nothing of the *right* of the young gentleman to be styled *Glengarry*, but we are glad to find that he has the spirit to assert it. If we knew no more of the Glengarry family than the splendid defence of Hogoumont on the ever-memorable 18th June, 1815, yields, we could not

but venerate it for Colonel Macdonell of the Guards there made it illustrious. All the Glengarries were valiant, and we wish well to the present representative of the ancient house. One of the last of the chiefs of Glengarry was sent to learn Gaelic in Lochbroom manse, when the late Rev. Dr. Ross was minister of the parish. An able master had there an able, willing pupil. We are very sure that many readers of *The Gael* in Canada and other Colonies of the Empire will feel a deep interest in the subject of this notice; and it will be especially interesting to the numerous members of the clan in the Glengarry of Canada. It is gratifying to be able to speak of the fact that many Macdonell's have highly distinguished themselves in the Colonies—thus proving them worthy of the name they bear.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.—The subject of "Gaelic in Highland Schools" was exhaustively and keenly discussed at the last meeting. Mr. Donald Macrae, of the Highland School, moved a resolution, which was unanimously agreed to, and it was to the effect "that however well the education of the Highlands should be carried out, the experience of generations goes to prove that knowledge of Gaelic, instead of being a hindrance to the acquirement of and progress in English, certainly facilitates instruction in English, no method of teaching languages being so successful as that of double translation; and this being the case, that the new Act should make special provision for the teaching of Gaelic in the Gaelic speaking districts." Mr. Macrae is a native of Plockton, Lochalsh.

The wreck of the ill-fated "Maju" was one of the most fatal catastrophes of the terrible gales of this winter. Every soul on board perished, and so there is no account of how the unfortunate vessel was lost. The "Maju" belonged to Dundee, was commanded by Captain Smith, and was well found in every respect. The disaster occurred on the Barvas Coast, island of Lews, and nothing could be more complete—not a soul escaping out of the twenty-four on board to tell the tale, and nothing being saved that was on board. The bodies of the captain, chief officer, and a number of the crew were cast ashore, but several will, we fear, never be interred in dry land.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

About the end of August 1786, one Roderick Mackinnon, aged 97 years, was drowned at the fishing, between the islands of Skye and Uist. It is remarkable that in the year 1746, this same man fell overboard near the place where he ended his days, while he was piloting the pretender; and being with difficulty brought to life, and congratulated by his friends on his escape, he replied in Gaelic:

“What signifies my life? I had rather that I and 10,000 more had died if my prince had gained his end.”

This same Mackinnon is taken notice of by Voltaire.—*Scots Mag.*

GRANTOWN HALLOWE'EN MARKET.—

This fair, which is one at which masters and servants meet to make their engagements, was well attended by masters, but the servants were scarce—especially females. The latter got from £3 to £4 for the six months readily in consequence. First ploughman were engaged at £9 to £10; second ditto at £8 to £9; cattle-men £7 to £8, with rations.

A Scotch lady, ninety-six years of age, who one day fell downstairs, on being told by her medical advisers that her arm was only bruised, not broken, said—“Oh, I am glad of that, for what a terrible thing it would have been for a pair old wife like me to have broken my arm, and be a cripple for life.”

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TO OUR READERS.

In bringing the GAEL to the close of the third volume, it becomes our duty to express our obligations to subscribers and contributors, for the large and encouraging measure of support which has been accorded to it during the past year. Notwithstanding that, on account of the pressure of other business, its monthly appearance has not been so punctual as we would desire, it will be seen that we have been enabled by the issuing of two double numbers—one in October, and the other in the present month—to make up the leeway, and have made the volume close with the year instead of February as formerly. In the editorial department we have made such

additional arrangement for the ensuing year as we are confident will ensure the regular and punctual appearance of the magazine on the first day of each month. It will be simultaneously published in Edinburgh and Glasgow. During the coming year the GAEL in its general features will remain unaltered. The same eminent Celtic scholars who have kindly lent a helping hand in furthering our past efforts to provide an entertaining and instructive periodical for the special use of Highlanders, and in their native tongue, still promise us their countenance and support. Various other friends have also promised contributions during the coming year; and in announcing their names we would specially thank those of them who have assisted us in the past, and gratefully receive the assurances of them all of their kindly intention of promoting our objects in the future. The following will be among the principal contributors to the new volume;—The Rev. Mr. M'Gregor, Inverness; the Rev. Mr. Cameron, Brodick; Rev. Mr. Blair, Glasgow; Rev. Mr. Farquharson, Tiree; Rev. Drs. Lauchlan and Masson, Edinburgh; Rev. Messrs. Strachan and Macrae, Lewis; Rev. Mr. Macintyre, Kinlochspelve; Rev. Drs. Macnish and Lamont, Ontario; Rev. D. B. Blair, Nova Scotia; Rev. Messrs. Mackay and Macdonald, Prov. of Quebec; Mr. P. M'Gregor, Toronto; the Bard MacColl, Canada; D. Beaton, Australia; Messrs. D. M'Phail, Glasgow; D. C. Macpherson, D. M'Kinnon, Dr. Morrison, and N. Macleod, Edinburgh; Mr. J. Macdougall, Oban; Mr. Clark, Achnagoul; Dr. Halley, London; Mr. Carmichael, Uist; Mr. W. Mackenzie, Inverness; Messrs. J. Whyte, sen., and J. Whyte, jun., Mrs. Mary Mackellar, &c.

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