



Blair. 161

GAELIC PROVERBS.

A COLLECTION
OF
GAELIC PROVERBS
AND
FAMILIAR PHRASES.

BASED ON
MACINTOSH'S COLLECTION.

EDITED BY
ALEXANDER NICOLSON, M.A., LL.D.,
ADVOCATE.

An sean-fhacal gu fada fìor,
Cha bhriagaichear an sean-fhacal.

SECOND EDITION—REVISED.

EDINBURGH:
MACLACHLAN AND STEWART.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1882.

30 1887

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. NORMAN MAC LEOD, D.D.,
MINISTER OF ST. COLUMBA CHURCH, GLASGOW ;
A MAN WORTHY TO BE REMEMBERED
WITH AFFECTIONATE VENERATION
BY ALL LOVERS OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS,
THEIR PEOPLE, AND THEIR LANGUAGE ;
WHOSE PERFECT KNOWLEDGE OF GAELIC PROVERBS,
AND HAPPY USE OF THEM,
GAVE A SPECIAL CHARM TO
HIS HIGHLAND DIALOGUES,
WHICH IN WISDOM, HUMOUR, TENDERNESS,
IN HEIGHT OF AIM, PURENESS OF SPIRIT,
AND SIMPLE BEAUTY OF STYLE,
HAVE NOT BEEN SURPASSED
IN THE LITERATURE OF ANY COUNTRY.

PREFACE.

THE collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Phrases, on which the present collection is based, was first published at Edinburgh in 1785. Some account of the compiler and the publication will be found at the end of this volume. Though small in bulk, and in several respects defective, Macintosh's collection was a valuable contribution to Celtic Literature. It was at that time, and has continued to be, the only collection of Celtic Proverbs gathered into a book, and translated for the benefit of the world. It had the still greater merit of being a genuine product of the past, the editor's share in the compilation of which consisted in simply giving as correctly as he could the words of sayings familiar to the people among whom he lived, rendering them into English, and occasionally illustrating them by an explanation, an anecdote, or a parallel.

Macintosh contemplated a new edition some time before his death, which took place in 1808, and a new dedication, to Sir John Macgregor Murray of Lanrick, was found among his papers. But the second edition, which did not appear till 1819, shows no other mark of his hand. The additions to the collection were probably found among his papers, but the new editor, Alexander Campbell (author of 'The Grampians Deso-

late,' and other works), says nothing on the subject. A short memoir of Macintosh forms the Preface, and may fairly be characterised as a curiosity in Biography. The title-page says that the collection is 'Englished anew,' and the claim is well founded, much of the English being of a very novel kind. The ignorance of the elements of Gaelic displayed in some of the new translations is still more extraordinary, often so ludicrous, as to make it matter of wonder and regret that Campbell ventured on the task.¹ Macintosh's translations are on the whole creditable, sometimes happy; the new ones substituted for them are rarely changes for the better; much oftener they give nonsense for sense, and turgid commonplace for pithiness. A few specimens are given below.² The spelling in the new

¹ It is with compunction that one speaks thus of a man for whom both Burns and Scott had some regard, and to whom we are in that respect indebted not a little. Several of Scott's best songs, 'Jock of Hazeldean,' 'Pibroch of Donald Dhu,' 'MacGregor's Gathering,' 'MacCrimmon's Lament,' 'Donald Caird's come again,' were written for 'Albyn's Anthology,' a collection of Scottish Songs and Music, edited by Campbell.

² 'A lion beagan 'us beagan,' is rendered *Fill little and little*; 'B'e sin seangan toirt greim a gearran,' *That were the cmmet's bitc bewailing*; 'Cha ghille mur umhailt,' *He is not a disobedient manservant*; 'Léintibh farsuin,' &c., *Narrow shirts*; 'Cha d' ith na coin an aimsir,' *The dogs did not worry the wether*; 'Dalt arain-eòrna Mhic Philip,' *MacGillip's oat-cake foster-child*; 'Gheibh bean bhaoth dlùth gun cheannach, 's cha 'n fhaigh i inneach,' *A wizard's wife will get retribution without buying it, and she will not get a cure*; 'Leigheas air leth a' losgadh,' *Burning is half cure*; 'Leann dubh air mo chridhe,' *Black-beer at my heart*; 'Tro'd nam ban mu 'n scarbh,' *The wife's scolding about the heron* (This is one of the comparatively few mistranslations of Macintosh);

edition is far worse than in the old, which, for the period when it appeared, may be considered very respectable.

A more remarkable defect in both editions is the omission of many of the most familiar and popular proverbs and phrases, such as, *An là a chè 's nach fhaie*, *Am fear a bhios air dheireadh beiridh a' bhiast air*, *An gad air an robh 'n t-iasg*, *Am fear a bhios gun mhodh*, *saoilidh e*, &c., *Aisling caillich*, &c., *Gach dileas gu deireadh*, *Is treasa tuath na tighearna*, *Saoilidh am fear a bhios 'n a thàmh*, &c., *Tarruing am bleidir' ort*, &c., &c.

Thesè various defects in both editions, and the comparative rarity of the book, suggested the present edition. The whole original collection has been translated anew, so far as that seemed necessary, and the additions to it, through the kind assistance of numerous friends, have trebled the number of proverbs and phrases given by Macintosh. The number in the first edition was 1305; in the second, 1538; in this edition it exceeds 3900.

The coming in of fresh materials from time to time, and the desire to make the collection as complete and correct as possible, have delayed the publication to a degree requiring some apology. *Cha bhi luathas agus grinneas*, a very Celtic sentiment, has perhaps been too

'*Tha 'n uail an aghaidh an tairbh*,' *Pride is in the bull's front*. One specimen of Campbell's grandiloquence may suffice. '*Cha 'n ann do 'n ghuin an gàire*,' is fairly rendered by Macintosh, *Smiles are not companions of pain*. Campbell's improved version is, *The laugh is not excited by the sharp lancinating pain of a stitch*.

influential. But the alphabetical arrangement was decided on from the beginning, as the most useful and feasible; and some of the best additions came at the very last.¹

It is fair also to state, that the most of these valuable new materials were received without translations, in most cases without note or comment, and not always in the most legible handwriting. Nor will it be new to any one who has meddled with Proverbs to hear, that the most diverse interpretations of the same saying are sometimes given, by persons of the most competent qualifications as judges of Folk-Lore. This fact consoles one somewhat under the certainty that all the translations and explanations will not please everybody.

We have as yet no absolute standard of Gaelic orthography, and it is no disgrace, considering that William Shakespeare spelled his own great name in several ways, and that even Samuel Johnson's English spellings are not all followed now. Our Gaelic version of the Bible is generally accepted by all reasonable persons as our grammatical standard, but being a human production it cannot claim infallibility, and it was from the beginning too much regulated by deference to the practice of Irish grammarians, and a slight dread of anything too vernacular and simple. The latest edition of it, an admirable one,² proves that it is possible to get three Gaelic scholars to agree in orthography. But

¹ There are still a good many Gaelic sayings which have never got into print. The present Editor will be glad to get any such.

² Published for the Edinburgh National Bible Society, 1880.

Mr. J. F. Campbell does not exaggerate when he questions, whether "there are ten men now living who would write a hundred lines of Gaelic offhand, and spell them in the same way". I have been very desirous to make this book in that respect as correct as possible, and in general accordance with the best authorities. But an occasional divergence from the canonical norm, and even varied spellings of the same word, have seemed to me not only excusable but desirable. The phrases in which these words occur belong to the simplest vernacular forms of speech, and ought to be so given as to represent faithfully the varieties of phrase and pronunciation found among Gaelic-speaking people. The greater part of the two thousand three hundred sayings here first collected were received in MS., mostly from good Gaelic scholars, who spelled sometimes in different ways.

Among these varieties of spelling are *béul* and *bial*, *bréug* and *briag*, *féur* and *fiar*, *sgéul* and *sgial*, *rìs* and *rithist*, &c. To adhere uniformly to any of these would sometimes spoil the rhyme or rhythm on which the charm of a proverb often depends. The only positive innovation in this volume, so far as I know, is a very small one, *seo* for *so*, chosen because it more correctly represents the sound *sho*, the common pronunciation of the word in the Highlands. For the same reason I have invariably substituted *sìd* for *sud*, and *dhaibh* for *dhoibh*, the former being the pronunciation of Inverness-shire, which I naturally preferred to that of Argyllshire. The addition of the acute accent to such words as *béul* and *lóm* is not an innovation, having the sanction of such a

Gaelic scholar as James Munro. It is difficult to see why *féin* and *mór* should be always accented, and *béul* and *lóm* left without it. The use of accents might well be limited to ambiguous words, such as *lon*, *lón*, and *lòn*, all of different sound and meaning. Except for this purpose, they are useless alike to those who know the language, and to those who do not. They are all the more confusing, when it is found that the Irish use of them entirely differs from ours, and that, with us, some people write *mór*, and others *mòr*, the one sounding like *mould*, the other like *more*. Having adhered to the use of accents in this book, I have chosen the former of these, as representing what I consider the better pronunciation; and following the example of Munro, I have given the same accent to *lóm*, *dónn*, *tóm*, &c. The words *ceard*, *fearr*, &c., I have purposely left without accent, because there are two pronunciations of them, equally correct. Some say *kyard* and *fyarr*, accented *ceàrd* and *feàrr*; others say *kyaird* and *fare*, spelled *eàrd* and *fèarr*. For the same reason the accent is omitted over *fhein*, when preceded by the first personal or possessive pronoun. It is a singular peculiarity of speech, in a part of the North Western Highlands and most of the Islands, that they say *ay-hain* (*e-fhéin*), *himself*, but *mce-heen* (*mi-fhein*), *myself*. This curious variety may not be defensible, but the fact has been taken into consideration.

In many cases the vowel in a word is sounded long or short, according to the apposition of the word, and, as in Greek, the presence or absence of the accent should mark this, *e.g.*, *Féill*, where the *e* is long, *Feill-Brìghde*

where it is short. This has generally been kept in view, but occasional slips will be found.

In addition to some misplacings or omissions of accents, there are a few omissions of apostrophes, chiefly after the article *a*, contracted for *an*. Probably they will never be noticed, except by some very critical eyes.

As to the matter of the book, I have followed, and I hope improved upon, the example of Macintosh, in giving such illustrative notes and comments as seemed necessary or suitable. In this respect my original intention, merely to give an improved translation, with a few additions, has been greatly changed, and I found at last that the collection could no more be called 'Macintosh's Collection'. He rightly included Familiar Phrases as well as Proverbs, and I have followed the example, giving a large number of vernacular phrases, which, though not proverbs, are household Highland words, all the more worthy to be preserved, that the use of the Gaelic language in its native land is slowly but surely passing away. The venerable creature dies hard,¹ but the process is going on, some of her heartless children doing their little best to hasten her end. I have included phrases and sayings which may seem of small value, but if that be an error, it is on the safe side. Good Macintosh was not afraid to give some specimens of Gaelic maledictions, and a considerable number has been added in this volume. To very strait-laced people this may seem

¹ 'S e 'm bial a dh' obas mu dheireadh—*The mouth gives in last.*

objectionable; but it is an interesting peculiarity of these Gaelic imprecations, that they are neither coarse nor blasphemous. They never take the divine name in vain; and though not commonplace, there is not one of them to be compared for a moment in malignity with the dreadful ingenuity of Ernulphus.

I have taken all due pains to translate correctly, and, so far as possible, to preserve the pith of the original, which is sometimes as difficult with Proverbs as it is with Poetry. A good many sayings are given of which the meaning is ambiguous or obscure. I have not excluded them on that account, as it sometimes happens that an old saying may have some recondite meaning, or local reference, which the words do not convey on the surface. That the interpretations I have given are always correct is too much to assume. In the case of some of the *dubh-fhacail* or dark sayings, I have thought it better to give no comment, than to offer an unsatisfactory guess. Comments or illustrations have been necessarily limited to such sayings as seemed most to require them, or to invite them. They might have been multiplied indefinitely; but the line had to be drawn somewhere; and it seemed not too much to take for granted, that the readers of this book would be of a class not requiring explanations of things comparatively obvious.

The only improvement in the second edition of Macintosh, excepting in paper and print, was the increased number of parallel proverbs given in the notes, which greatly added to the interest of the book. That practice, of which Erasmus showed such a wonderful

example in his *Adagia*, has been followed in this volume to an extent which to some may seem excessive, to others inadequate. It has added seriously to the labour and time spent on the work, but the labour has been a pleasant one, and the time has not been wasted, if the result be found to have increased the value of the collection, from the point of view of what may be called 'Comparative Parœmiography'. Lest the array of languages sometimes cited might suggest an ostentation of learning, it is right to mention that my acquaintance with some of them is of a very slender kind, but that I have used all available means, and got help from more competent persons, to give the words in these languages correctly.¹ A few errors will be found, but none of them, I believe, of importance.

¹The principal works that have been used in citing these parallel proverbs are, *Erasmi Adagia*, 1646; *Corpus Parœmiographorum Græcorum*, Ed. Leutsch et Schneidewin, 1839-51; *Ray's English Proverbs*, Ed. 1813; *Fuller's Gnomologia*, 1817; *Hazlitt's English Prov.*, 1869; *Kelly's Scottish Prov.*, 1721; *Ramsay's Scot. Prov.* (*Works*, Oliver & Co., N.D., Vol. III.); *Henderson's Scot. Prov.* (Ed. Donald), 1876; *Hislop's Scot. Prov.*, 1862; *Cregeen's Manks Dict.*, 1835; *Kelly's Manx Dict.*, 1866; *Bourke's Irish Grammar*, 1867; *R. McAdam's Irish Prov. in Ulster Arch. Journ.*, Vols. VI. and VII.; *Pughe's Welsh Dict.*, (Ed. Pryse), 1866; *Myvrian Archæology*, Vol. III., 1807; *Prov. et Dictons de la Basse-Bretagne*, par L. F. Sauvé, *Revue Celtique*, Vols. I., II., III.; *Pineda's Spanish Dict.*, 1740; *Burke's Spanish Salt*, 1877; *Roux de Lincy's Prov. Français*, 1859; *Méry's Hist. Generale des Prov.* 1829; *Giusti's Prov. Toscani*, 1871; *Custagna's Prov. Italiani*, 1869; *Bonifacio's Prov. Lombardi*, 1860; *Dict. of Danish Proverbs* (*Danish and French*), 1759; *Sandvoss's So Spricht das Volk*, 1860; *Sprichwörter und Spruchreden von Deutschen*, Leipzig, N.D.; *Bohn's Polyglot of Prov.*, 1857; *Bohn's Handbook of Prov.*, 1855; *Kelly's*

The value of Proverbs, as condensed lessons of wisdom, 'abridgements of knowledge,' as Mr. Disraeli calls them, has been recognised by the wisest of men, from Solomon to Aristotle, from Aristotle to Bacon, from Bacon to Benjamin Franklin. The interest attaching to them as an index of the character of a nation is equally great. They are an unintentional, and all the more truthful, revelation of a people's peculiarities, habits and ideas. In both these respects the proverbs embraced in this collection are entitled to a high place in the unwritten Philosophy of nations. Some of them are common to various countries; others of them are borrowed, gaining oftener than losing in their new form. But a large proportion of them is of native growth, as certainly as is the heather on Ben Nevis, or the lichen on Cape Wrath; and as a reflex of the ways of thinking and feeling, the life and manners, the wisdom or superstition, the wit or nonsense of the Celtic race in Scotland, they are interesting alike to the historian, the philologist, and the student of human nature.

In speaking of them as a representation of the sentiments of a nation or people, it must be borne in mind that, though the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland is now but a small part of the whole, their mother-tongue was up to the time of Malcolm III. (1057-1093) the vernacular speech of the greater part of the people of North Britain, not excepting their native king,

Prov. of all Nations, 1859; *Burckhardt's Arabic Proverbs*, 1830; *Negris' Mod. Greek Prov.*, 1831; *Disraeli's Philos. of Prov.*, in *Cur. of Eng. Lit.*; *Trench on Proverbs*, 3rd ed., 1854.

whose name alone would have bewrayed him as such.¹ These Gaelic proverbs, therefore, so far as they are truly ancient, must be regarded as not merely Highland but Scottish. Where they are found in identical terms in Gaelic and Broad Scotch or English, the presumption is, unless they are on the face of them modern, that the Gaelic is the original, instead of being a translation, that language having been the common speech, not only of the Scotia of the time, but of the Western Coast and Isles, and of Galloway, centuries before either of the other two had come into existence. To some people this statement may be surprising, but to all competent scholars it is the mere expression of a now well-established fact in our Scottish history.²

The growth of Proverbs, like that of Ballad Poetry, is one of the most singular phenomena in the history of Literature. They are universally admitted to embody a great deal of wit and wisdom, artistically expressed. They must have been composed by persons of no ordinary ability; and yet, with the exception of a small fraction out of many thousands, their authorship is utterly unknown. This undoubtedly has added to their influence, for the same reason that anonymous leading articles are so much more powerful than if they were signed. When to this are added the sanctions of antiquity and association, these old sayings seem to address us like impersonal oracles, the voices, not of individuals, but of many generations, like the 'ancestral

¹ 'Calum Ceann-mór,' generally rendered 'Canmore,' Big-head Malcolm. See Note on 'Ceann mór air duine glic,' p. 78.

² See Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. I.

voices' heard by Kubla Khan. And yet it seems very probable that a great many of the best of them were composed by persons in humble life, poor in position and in culture, rich only in mother-wit. Many of them, doubtless, were composed by gentlemen and scholars, some by persons of high degree, at a time when Gaelic was familiar to all the Highland nobility, and when the intercourse between high and low was constant, free, and kindly. Among the aristocracy of intellect, the name of one may be specially mentioned, as a Celt by birth, to whom Gaelic was his mother-tongue, our greatest scholar, George Buchanan. The most of these proverbs, however, so far as native, came from thatched cottages, and not from baronial or academic halls. They expressed the thoughts and feelings of hardy, frugal, healthy-minded and healthy-bodied men, who spent most of their time in the fields, in the woods, on the moors, and on the sea. So considered, they do great credit to the people whose thoughts and manners they represent, proving that there was and is a civilisation in Celtic Scotland, much beyond the imagination even of such a brilliant Celt as Lord Macaulay. The Irish Book of Kells, and the Scottish Hunterston Brooch, reveal to the eye of the artist and the archæologist a degree of artistic taste and skill among our Celtic ancestors, which modern art can imitate, but scarcely equal. Not less plainly do these old Gaelic sayings reflect a high moral standard, an intelligence shrewd and searching, a singular sense of propriety and grace, and, what may be considered one of the tests of intellectual rank and culture, a distinct

sense of humour, never found among savages or clod-hoppers.

The special relations of Scotland to some of the continental nations will account for the close similarity of some of these proverbs to foreign ones. A few of the Hebridean ones have a strong resemblance to some of the sayings of our Norse ancestors. Our old and intimate connection with France is well known. For many generations we sent soldiers and students to that country. Some Scottish priests are still educated at Douay, as in days of yore, and a Scots College was long maintained for their special benefit at Paris. From a very remote date they were in the habit of finding their way to Rome, as a verse by one of our oldest Gaelic poets, Murdoch the Scot, bears record (see Supplement, p. 391). There is still a Scottish College at Rome, and some Scottish students are regularly trained in the Propaganda College. A Scottish College was founded at Madrid in 1627, translated to Valladolid in 1771, where a considerable proportion of our Roman Catholic clergy now complete their education. These facts will help to account for the similarity of many Gaelic Proverbs to French, Italian, and Spanish ones. Our old military connection with Denmark and the Netherlands will help in like manner to account for any borrowed from these countries and from Germany. The few survivors of our much-prized contribution to the ranks of Gustavus Adolphus very probably carried back with them to Sutherland more proverbs than dollars.

The resemblance of our Gaelic proverbs to Irish ones, especially Ulster ones, is what might be expected. The

only wonder is that the number of Irish ones hitherto given to the world is so small, and that those given are so remarkably deficient in that unpremeditated airy wit for which our Hibernian cousins are specially distinguished. The resemblance to Manx sayings is more remarkable. In that interesting island, with which our Celtic connection has for centuries been very slight, sayings are still found in words almost identical with ours, which must have originated in a prehistoric period, when the Isle of Man, the north of Ireland, the south-west of Scotland, and the Hebrides, spoke the same Gaelic tongue, and had constant intercourse. The resemblance between Gaelic and Welsh proverbs, as between the two languages, is very remote. Of the latter, unfortunately, the outside world has never been able to judge, our Cymric relatives not having thought it worth their while to give the benefit of their ancestral wisdom to anybody who did not understand their own beautiful language. A great deal of it is embodied in proverbs remarkable for brevity.

These Gaelic proverbs give very little indication of those ferocious traits which ignorance or prejudice is apt to regard as specially characteristic of our Celtic ancestors. They express very few sentiments of which any muscular English Christian can disapprove. Burckhardt makes a melancholy note on one of the Egyptian Proverbs, of which he has rendered several hundreds into English. He says it is the *only one* of them known to him expressing any faith in human nature. What a comment on the history of that people! Of these Gaelic sayings, on the contrary, almost the very op-

posite can be said. Their view of human nature is keen but kindly, critical, but not contemptuous. The number of them that can be condemned, on the score of morals or of taste, is singularly small, more than can be said of the Proverbs of several great nations. They represent very much the character that is still found among our unadulterated Highland people, which undoubtedly they contributed much to form. That character is a mixture of diverse qualities, some admirable, some not so, but on the whole very respectable, seldom repulsive, oftener attractive, most rarely of all indicating selfishness, stupidity, heartlessness, or treachery. These special faults have ever been regarded among Highlanders with antipathy, pity, contempt, and abhorrence.

In these Gaelic Proverbs there is plain and consistent inculcation of the virtues of Truthfulness, Honesty, Fidelity, Self-restraint, Self-esteem, Sense of Honour, Courage, Caution, in word and deed, Generosity, Hospitality, Courtesy, Peaceableness, Love of Kindred, Patience, Promptness, Industry, Providence. There are none to be found excusing or recommending Selfishness, Cunning, Time-serving, or any other form of vice or meanness. *A salmon from the stream, a deer from the forest, a wand from the wood, three thefts that no man ever blushed for*, is the only saying expressive of any looseness of sentiment in regard to the rights of property, and it is not a very shocking one, coming as it does from times when the lifting of cattle was not considered disgraceful even to men of high degree. *I would give him a night's quarters, though he had a man's*

head under his arm, may sound ferocious, but it might still be used, simply as an emphatic expression of regard, by a person quite incapable of aiding or abetting a homicide.

The specimens now to be given are selected almost exclusively from the purely native proverbs.

RELIGION.—The Scottish Celts are naturally disposed to be religious, but not to speak much or familiarly of sacred things. There is a religion of old date indicated in some of these proverbs, the creed of which is very short and simple, but good so far as it goes. It combines the chief articles of the primitive Hebrew and Greek religion. It is distinctly a Necessitarian system, implying a fixed belief that there is a Fate or Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will. Here are some examples:—

The fated will happen. For whom ill is fated, him it will strike. No man can avoid the spot, where birth or death is his lot. Where folk's fate is to go, ford or hill won't prevent. You can't give luck to a luckless man. Who is born to be hanged cannot be drowned. The man of long life will escape danger. He whose destiny is cast sits on a sharp cope. His hour was pursuing him.

This belief in Fate is associated, as in the Augustinian and Calvinistic theology, with belief in an almighty and just God. The number of proverbs in which the divine name is mentioned is small, but they are good. Here are a few:—

All will be as God wills. What God has promised man cannot baulk. What God bestowed not won't be long enjoyed. Short-lived is all rule but the rule of God. All things have an end but the goodness of God. When God teaches not man cannot. God comes in distress, and distress goes. Not less in God's sight is the end of the

day than the beginning. Two days alike ill God to poor men doth not will.

The certainty that evil has its reward is distinctly taught in these proverbs:—

Do evil and wait the end. There is no hiding of evil but not to do it. Wrong cannot rest, nor ill deed stand. Though there be delay, the evil-doer is not forgotten. As a man makes his bed, so must he lie. What's got at the Devil's head will be lost at his tail. Repentance won't cure mischief. Death-bed repentance is sowing seed at Martinmas.

With much natural reverence for religion, our Celts have combined a wholesome spirit of inquiry and a freedom of criticism on the ministers of religion:—

God has not said all thou hast said. It is not the priest's first story that should be believed. It is his own child the priest baptizes first. The priest drank only what he had. The justice of the clergy to each other. The friendship of the clergy, scraping and scratching one another. Hard as is the factor's rule, no better is the minister's. It's a fine day when the fox preaches.

There is no Gaelic proverb making any worse reflection on the clerical character than the above. The proverbs of Italy and France specially abound in insinuations against priests and women. In both respects, the Gaelic ones form a contrast to them, which testifies equally to the character of the people, their priests, and their women.

The Gaelic idea of the Devil is very different from Milton's. One of the commonest terms for that personage is *Muisca*, literally, *the mean rascal*.

MORALS—General.

Avoid the evil, and it will avoid thee. Love the good, and forgive the bad. Do good against the ill. Every creature but man can bear

well-being. He gets no ease who suffers not. Better wear than rust. A bad man makes his own fate. Pity him who makes a bad habit. Do what becomes you, and you'll see what pleases you. Going to ruin is silent work. Better the long clean road than the short dirty road. He thinks no evil who means no evil. Better the little bannock with a blessing than the big one with a curse. Good is not got without grief. A good name is sooner lost than won. It's easier to go down than to climb. One should salute with a clean hand. Good comes from sadness, and happiness from quietness.

SELF-RESPECT and SENSE OF HONOUR.

As thou valuest thyself, others will esteem thee. He who lies in the mud will rise dirty. Pity him whose birthright is to eat dirt. A man's will is his kingdom. A man is king in his own house. Dead is the dependent. The dependent is timid. When a man goes down, his own back is his support. A king's son is no nobler than his company. Were the wealth of the world yours, weigh it not against your shame. A man may survive distress, but not disgrace. A man will die to save his honour. Honour is a tender thing. Honour can't bear patching. Honour is nobler than gold. Remember those you came from. Follow close the fame of your fathers. (This is Ossianic—Fingal to Oscar.)

TRUTH, JUSTICE, FIDELITY.

Truth is pleasing to God. Truth is better than gold. Better be poor than a liar. Whose word is no word, his luck is no luck. Woe to him that fears not to lie. Blister on the lying tongue, padlock on the hemless mouth! A lie has but one leg. A lie needs a prop. A lie can't last long. None lied that would not steal. The lying mouth will be shut.

Counsel of the bell of Scone, touch not what is not thine own. Ill for him whose goods are another man's. The reaver's goods are ill to keep. The thief is brother to the hound. A mouthful of meat and a townful of shame. He that hides the thief is worse. Put not your sickle without leave into another's corn. Don't put your spoon into kail that's not yours. The wrongful should not be litigious. Don't lend the loan. The loan should be sent laughing home.

He that promises must pay. A promise is a debt. Willing pays no debt. There is no greater fraud than promise unfulfilled.

*The betrayer is the murderer Let the knave be kept down !
Forsake not a friend in the fray.*

COURAGE.

The weak shall not win. Assurance is two-thirds of success. The bashful won't be brave. Fear is worse than fighting. He that flees not will be fled from. Weak is the grasp of the downcast. Neither seek nor shun the fight. (This admirable saying is Ossianic.) Swift goes the rear that's pricked by fear.

TEMPERANCE.

A man may live though not full. One may live on little, though not on nothing. Tighten your belt till you get food. Eat less and buy it. Only dogs eat to surfeit. Hunger is a good cook. Hungry birds fight best. Big belly was never bountiful. A sweet mouth will send you to beggary. Take your thirst to the stream, as the dog does. I like not the drinking fellowship. The uneasy seat in the ale-house is best. Leave the fag-end of a fair.

INDUSTRY, PUNCTUALITY, PROMPTNESS, EARLY RISING.

Better knot straws than do nothing. Will is a good worker. Better try than hope. Long sleeping makes hot rowing. Lazy is the hand that ploughs not. Who won't plough when it is cold shall not reap when it is hot. He who neither works nor pushes, won't get food among the bushes. The diligent weak will beat the lazy strong. The silly body builds the dyke when the corn is eaten. Take the good day early. Get bait while the tide is out. Dry shoes won't get fish. The sea won't wait for a load. Keep the fair on its day. You can't to-day recall yesterday. Time won't wait, nor tide show mercy. The late watcher never overtook the early riser. Lively is the early riser. He that lies long in bed, will be all day hard bestead. Give your 'thank you' to the cock.

COURTESY, HOSPITALITY.—Highland courtesy and hospitality are so well known that a very few out of many sayings will suffice under these heads.

He that is courteous will be courteous to all. The goodman's advice ought to be taken. Forwardness spoils manners. A dog goes

before his company. Courtesy never broke man's crown. The rude jester is brother to the fool.

He's a bad guest whom the house is the worse of. House with closed door can't be kept. Happy is that which is shared—pity him who fares alone. A thing is the bigger of being shared. The scarcer the food, the more bounty to share it. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. A feast is nothing without its conversation. The first story from the host, and tales till morning from the guest.

BENEVOLENCE.

Sense hides shame. Love hides ugliness. Woe to him who won't maintain his own poor one. Woe to him who vexes the weak. None ever did violence but suffered violence. Woe to him who would wish a ruined home to any one.

PATIENCE.

Better weary foot than weary spirit. The day is longer than the brae, we'll be at the top yet. Patience overcomes trouble. Patience never hurt a man. Patience wins victory. Patience wears out stones.

HUMILITY.

The heaviest ear of corn bends its head lowest. Sit lowly, and pay nobly.

SILENCE, CAUTION, WORDS AND DEEDS, APPEARANCES.

It's a big word that the mouth can't hold. A word is big when it's lessened. It's good manners to be silent. Choose thy speech. Say little and say well. It's well that the teeth are before the tongue. Shut mouth incurs no debt. If you tell all you see, you'll tell what will shame you. If you hear a hueless tale, don't repeat it. Believe not the bad report till proved. A man's smile is not his own. Not words prove, but deeds. The worst cow lows loudest. Puffing won't make piping. Fulsome talk won't make kelp. The nodding of heads doesn't row the boat. A rotten stick is often nice to look at. The Devil is often attractive. A rich heart may be under a poor coat. Good sword has often been in poor scabbard.

FOOLS.

It's difficult to give sense to a fool. Who won't take advice is

worthless, who takes every advice is so. *It's bad flesh that won't take salt, worse is the body that won't take warning. As crooked as the fool's furrow.*

BOORS.

The clown is known at morning—he breaks his shoe-tie. If you hit a dog or a clown, hit him well. Give the impudent fellow an inch and he'll take an ell. He that is rude thinks his rudeness good manners. Don't provoke a barbarian.

WOMEN, MARRIAGE.—I don't know any other Proverbs that speak of women so respectfully as the Gaelic ones do. They are not wanting in humour, but they never regard women as inferior creatures and mere causes of mischief, which is the point of view of the Proverbs of several great nations.

Meal is finer than grain, women are finer than men. There was never good or ill, but women had to do with. Modesty is the beauty of women. I like not pullets becoming cocks. Take no woman for a wife in whom you cannot find a flaw. Choose your wife as you wish your children to be. Take a bird from a clean nest. Choose the good mother's daughter, were the Devil her father. If you take a wife from Hell, she'll bring you home there. When you see a well-bred woman, catch her, catch her; if you don't do it, another will match her. Their own will to all men, all their will to women. What a woman knows not she'll conceal. Harsh is the praise that cannot be listened to; dark are the dames that cannot be dallied with. Where a cow is, a woman will be, where a woman is, temptation will be (This is attributed to St. Columba). A man's wife is his blessing or bane. If you wish to be praised, die; if you wish to be decried, marry. You are too merry, you ought to marry. Who speaks ill of his wife dishonours himself. True or false, it will injure a woman. Warm is the mother's breath.

CHILDREN.

Pity those who have them, pity more those who haven't. Better no children than luckless children. The crow likes her greedy blue chick. A house without dog or cat or child, a house without mirth or smile. The motherless child has many faults.

EDUCATION.

Better be unborn than untaught. When the twig is tender, it is easiest bent. The child you teach not at your knee, you won't teach at your ear (i.e., when grown up). The early learning is the pretty learning. A child is known by his manners. The child that's left to himself will put his mother to shame. Ignorance is a heavy burden. Blind is the ignorant. He that knows is strong.

KINDRED, FOSTERHOOD, CLANNISHNESS.

Blood is hotter than water. Blood is stronger than breeding. Blood will withstand the rocks. Flesh will warm to kin against a man's will. All the water in the sea won't wash out our kindred. Bare is shoulder without brother, bare hearth without sister. Pity him who turns his back on his people. Trews like to be among clothes, I like to be among my people. Throw reproach on your kinsman, it will rest on your family. The Clans of the Gael shoulder to shoulder! Dear is a kinsman, but the pith of the heart is a foster-brother. Pity him who has few foster-friends.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is as it's kept. Friends are lost by calling often, and by calling seldom. It's poor friendship that needs to be constantly bought. Two crossing the ford are best near each other. A friend's eye is a good looking-glass. Better coldness of a friend than warmth of an enemy. A silly friend is more troublesome than a wise enemy. A friend can't be helped without trouble. He is not my friend that hurts me. Pity him who has weak friends. Don't say you know a man till you divide a spoil with him.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.—Some of these sayings are remarkable, and worthy of attention, all the more, that the people whose thoughts they express are naturally contented, quiet, tractable, averse to innovation, agitation, or violence.

Tenantry are stronger than laird. (In its original sense this would be, Tribe is stronger than Chief. See Skene's Celtic Scotland, Vol. III., chap. iv. and vi.) A farmer on his feet is taller than a gentleman on his knees. Woe to him that for-

sakes the tenantry without winning the laird. An alder lord will twist an oak tenant. Ill for them that have a weak lord. He that quarrels with the gentry is a miserable man. It's easy to put him out whose own the house is not. Slippery is the flagstone at the great house door. The yield of the land is according to the laird. But for fear of double rent, Tirie would yield a double crop. It's little we complain, though we suffer much. One teat of a cow is better than a quarter of oats. Tenant after tenant makes the lands dear. The sheep's jaw will put the plough on the shelf. Where there are no boys in arms, there will be no armed men.

HUSBANDRY—FOOD.—There are a great many sayings under these heads. They belong to a time when the cultivation of the soil, though of a rude and primitive kind, supplied the chief source of living to the population, and was done with ploughs and not with spades, when the great majority of the peasantry had horses, cows, and sheep, of their own. Their food consisted chiefly of oatmeal cakes, porridge, and gruel, butter and cheese, occasionally fish, very rarely meat. One Gaelic word peculiarly indicates the dependence of the Gael on the soil—‘Teachd-an-tìr,’ *the yield of the land*, the most common term for *living, sustenance*. Scarcity of food, sometimes dearth, was not confined to the Highlands two centuries ago, but it was naturally more common in the remoter and least cultivated parts. One of the sayings very exactly expresses the Highland character in reference to food. *A man can live on little, but not on nothing.* Moderation in meat and drink has always been a Highland characteristic. The use of whisky is comparatively modern. Among the sayings here collected it is only once mentioned by name, while references to ale and wine are numerous.

SAYINGS THAT REFER TO PREHISTORIC TIMES.

The number of sayings that refer to Fionn or Fingal, and the people of whom he was head, the *Feinne*, whom we prefer not to call 'Fenians' (see Note on 'Cha d' thug Fionn,' p. 100), is considerable; and there is no class of sayings more frequently quoted in the Highlands and referred to, since time immemorial. *The Fingalian fairplay, As strong as Cuchullin, Like Ossian after the Feinne, Conan's life among the devils*, and many others, are still among the familiar phrases in every Celtic household in Scotland. Very curiously, not one of them is included in the Irish Proverbs hitherto published. This does not of course imply that they are unknown in Ireland. It would be inexplicable if they were not; and Canon Bourke (who, it is to be hoped, will yet publish the collection of Irish Proverbs of which he gave a specimen in his Grammar,) informs me that he has been familiar with some of them from his childhood. But it strengthens the belief that the whole story and poetry of Fionn and the *Feinne* have been more deeply implanted, and better preserved, whatever the reason be, among the Scottish than among the Irish Gael.

Of Druidism, which some excessively knowing and critical writers, far in advance of the Venerable Bede, and even of Julius Cæsar, have treated as a mere myth, there are at least two curious relics among these Gaelic sayings:—*As clever as Coivi the Druid. Though near the stone be to the ground, nearer is the help of Coivi* (see Note, p. 143). Such sayings as 'Deiseal air gach nì' belong to the same period.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS.—The notion of most Sassenachs anent ‘Scotch Wut’ is derived at second-hand from our dear Elia and Sydney Smith, both of whom, though exquisitely clever and delightful, were quite fallible men. Any one who thinks the Scottish people inferior in humour to the English had better contrast the Proverbs of the one nation with those of the other. At the risk of being considered partial or parochial, the present editor has no hesitation in saying, that the Sassenach is incarnate prose compared with the Scot, that the Northern sayings greatly surpass the Southern in humour, felicity, and love of artistic form. He cannot claim for the Scottish Celts a greater sense of humour than is found among the Lowlanders, but he does claim for them a very delicate edge, with a cut not less severe. As for their being a melancholy people, there could be nothing more absurd imagined. One can be thoughtful, even pensive, and yet very fond of fun, *in loco*. Irony and satire, more than humour strictly so called, are characteristic of the Scottish Gael.

Here follow some specimens:—

Twenty-one captains over twenty soldiers. The birds live, though not all hawks. It's the bigger of that, as the wren said, when it dropped something in the sea. Big egg never came from wren. 'Where art thou, wren' ? said the eagle: 'Far above thee,' said the wren (on the eagle's back). Howling is natural to dogs. He's a fine man if you don't ask of him. The wren spreads his feet wide in his own house. The highway is wide, and may be trod. Better a lobster than no husband. Better peace with a hen than strife. You would be a good messenger to send for death. The longest lay will end at last. The old woman is the better of being warmed, but not of being burned. It would be thick water that would wash his face. Bold is the puppy in the lap of strength. He sat very awry when he did that. You were born far from the house of good manners. You were not in

when sense was being shared. Your grandmother's death is long in your memory. Better 'Heyday!' than 'Alas!' Pity him who would put you in the ship's bow! It's a big beast that there isn't room for outside. An inch off a man's nose is a great deal. He is lucky to whom you would promise the gallows. Geese understand each other. 'There's meat and music here,' as the fox said when he ran away with the bagpipe. The fish in the sea like us mortals be. You spoiled a dwarf, and didn't make a man. Even a haggis will run down hill. Two will have peace to-night, myself and the white horse, as the wife said when her husband died. Like the white horse at the mill-door, thinking more than he said. Like the old cow's tail, always last. It's not easy to put trews on a cat. You may be a good man, as Neil of the Mountain said to the cat, but you haven't the face of one. Pity your sweet mouth should ever go under ground. Women's patience—up to three. The sod is a good mother-in-law. The sea will settle when it marries.

POETICAL SAYINGS.—Among purely poetical and pretty sayings, the Gaelic ones take a high place. Here are a few examples, in addition to some already given.

Blue are the hills that are far from us. Night is a good herdsman; she brings all creatures home. The three prettiest dead, a child, a salmon, and a black-cock. The sea likes to be visited. Thy heart's desire to thy pulse! There is no smoke in the lark's house. Black is the berry but sweet; black is my lassie but bonnie. 'I will keep to my sweetheart,' said the girl, 'a mouth of silk, and a heart of hemp.' High is the stag's head on the mountain crags. Pretty is the mouse in the corn-plat. The ocean hides much. Like stone sent uphill is the long Spring evening, like stone running down glen is soft Autumn evening.

It now becomes me to mention those to whom I have been most indebted for their contributions to this collection, and their help in other ways. The largest and best collections were received from the Rev. J. G. Campbell of Tiree, and Mr. A. A. Carmichael, North Uist. Both came unasked, and were supplemented, as

occasion required, by illustrations out of the rich stores of Gaelic Folk-lore, Poetry, and Tradition, which both these gentlemen are ever ready generously to communicate to those interested in them. Mr. Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, gave me a valuable collection made by his worthy father, a great part of which had been got from Mr. Carmichael. He also lent me a copy of the second edition of Macintosh, which had belonged to the late Mr. Ewen MacLean, a good Gaelic scholar, who had contemplated a new edition, to be dedicated to his friend James Munro. I am indebted to it for several emendations, and two or three very good additional proverbs. To the Rev. J. W. MacIntyre, Kilmodan, I am indebted for a copy of a good collection dated so long ago as 1769 by a certain Ewen MacDiarmid, which came into the possession of Mr. John Shaw, Kinloch Rannoch. From the Rev. M. MacPhail, Kilmartin, I received an excellent collection, made by himself in his native island, Lewis. To my dear old friend, the Rev. A. MacGregor, Inverness, I am indebted for several interesting illustrations, and some good sayings, recovered from memory, out of a large collection made by him long ago in the Isle of Skye, the MS. of which had unfortunately been lost.

To the late Donald C. MacPherson, of the Advocates' Library, a special tribute is due. He was a Lochaber man, steeped in Gaelic lore and sentiment, a scholar, chiefly self-taught, and a genius. He supplied me with a considerable number of proverbs found among the Gaelic MSS. of the Library, besides many fresh additions and illustrations from his own remarkable

memory. Some of his contributions to the *Gael*¹ are such as no other man could have given. Much as I have been assisted in this work by other friends, I received most help from him, and of a constant and ever ready kind. By his early death Gaelic Literature has sustained a great loss, and no one has more cause to lament it than I have.

Of others to whom I have been indebted for contributions of Proverbs are Mr. Donald McLaren, Loch Earn, Mrs. Mary MacKellar, Mr. Alex. Mackay, and Mr. Murdo MacLeod, of Edinburgh, both from Sutherland.

Mr. Donald Mackinnon, M.A., Edinburgh, whose papers on Gaelic Proverbs in the *Gael* showed exceptional knowledge of the subject, and power to deal with it, has given me valuable assistance in many ways. To the Rev. Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, and the Rev. Mr. Stewart of 'Nether Lochaber,' I am much bound for kind help and suggestions. Of friends who helped me in regard to foreign proverbs, I have specially to thank Mr. A. L. Finlay, Dumfries, and Mr. J. A. Hjaltalin, Iceland.

In addition to the various sources above acknowledged, I found a considerable number of proverbs in the interesting columns of the *Highlander*, some in the *Gael*, and a few in the Dictionaries of Armstrong, the Highland Society, and MacAlpine. I carefully searched, and not in vain, in the pages of the *Teachdaire Gaelach*

¹ A well conducted Gaelic Magazine, which lasted longer than any of its predecessors—six years. Its stoppage in December 1877 was much to be regretted.

(1829-31), *Teachdaire Ur Gaidhcalach* (1835-36) *Cuairtear nan Gleann* (1840-43), and *Fear-tathaich nam Beann* (1848), four Gaelic Periodicals, the best contributions to which were made by Dr. Norman Mac Leod, to whose memory this book is dedicated. He was the Editor, the life and soul, of the *Teachdaire* and the *Cuairtear*. Of all men that ever wrote Gaelic prose, he wrote the best and raciest, the language, not of mere propriety and elegance, but of natural genius, equally incomparable in moving laughter or tears. His Gaelic Dialogues, ‘Comhradh nan Cnoc,’ and his answers to correspondents, are spiced with proverbial phrases and allusions, of which no one else could make such happy, sometimes such crushing use. His command of them seemed inexhaustible; his quiver never was emptied, and his arrows never missed.

One other friend I must mention, who has given me neither proverbs nor explanations, but whose assistance, in the shape of stimulus and example, has been quite unique—Professor Blackie. His appreciation of Gaelic proverbs is as great and natural as his love of the Highlands; and if any living man specially deserved to have this book dedicated to him, as a mark of gratitude from a Highlander, on behalf of the people and language for whom he has done so much, that man is he. *Buaidh ’us piseach air a cheann!*

KIRKCUDBRIGHT,
December, 1880.

ACCENTS.

(1) As the use of accents in this book differs a little from that found in the Gaelic Bible and Dictionaries, the following explanations seem necessary—

A. The grave accent over this vowel indicates (1) the sound of the English words *far*, *call*;—e.g., *bàs*, *clàr*; or (2) a diphthong (äu) not recognized in English (except in the pronunciation sometimes heard of such words as *Gow*, as if it were *Gauw*), nor in any Gaelic Grammar;—e.g., *càm*.

The acute accent over A distinguishes the preposition *á*, ‘out of,’ from *à*, pronoun, &c.

E. The acute accent over E marks the sound of *rein*, *tale*;—e.g., *féin*, *sgéul*.

The grave accent over E marks the sound of *maid*, *save*;—e.g., *mèud*, *sèimh*.

I. The grave accent alone is used over I, and marks the sound of *tear*, *mere*;—e.g., *tìr*, *mìr*.

O. The acute accent over O marks (1) the sound of *bold*, *mould*;—e.g., *bó*, *mór*.

(2) As in the case of the diphthongal A, this accent is also used to mark a somewhat similar combination of O and U, in such words as *lóm*, *dónn*. The vowel in these words is pronounced in some parts of the Highlands the same as in *bó*, *bold*, in other parts, with a diphthongal sound, the same as in *down*. The names of Iain Lóm and Rob Dónn are pronounced in Skye as if written *Lowm* and *Down*.

(3) The grave accent over O marks the sound of *more*, *door*, e.g., *òg*, *sròn*. According to all the Dictionaries and the Gaelic Bible, the words *bó* and *mór*, so far as accents indicate pronunciation, are sounded the same as *òg* and *sròn*. That is certainly not the general pronunciation of Inverness-shire and the Hebrides.

U. The grave accent alone is used over U, and marks the sound of *cure*, *poor*, e.g., *ciùrr*, *sùil*.

GAELIC PROVERBS AND PHRASES.

A.

A' bheairt sin nach fhaighear ach cearr, 's e foighidinn a's fhearr a dheanamh rithe.

The loom that's awry is best handled patiently.

The word 'beairt' has various meanings, but in its primary use seems to have been equivalent to the word 'loom,' which meant other tools or engines, as well as weaving looms. In the above proverb, however, the weaving loom seems to have been in view, and the meaning to be, that if it be found to be out of gear, it is better to handle it patiently than to try to put it right, at the risk of breaking the threads. 'What can't be cured must be endured' expresses nearly the same idea, but not exactly.

A' bheinn a 's àirde tha 's an tìr, 's ann oirre 's trice 'chì thu 'n ceò.

The highest hill is oftenest covered with clouds.

So is it with those who tower above the common level of mankind.

A' bhéist a 's mò ag ithe' na béist' a 's lugha, 's a' bhéist a 's lugha' deanamh mar a dh'fhaodas i.

The bigger beast eating the lesser one, and the lesser one doing as it may.

It is interesting to find Modern Science anticipated in an old Gaelic story. This graphic expression of a great physical and moral truth occurs in a description of ocean life, common to several of those West Highland Tales, on the collection and editing of which Mr. J. F. Campbell has bestowed so much generous care. See Vol. II., pp. 201, 210.

A bhi gu dàna modhail, sin lagh na cùirte.

To be bold and courteous is the court rule.

This is a good description of the manner best suited for securing attention in courts of all kinds.

A' bhó a 's mios' a th' anns a' bhuaile, 's i 's cruaidhe géum.

The worst cow in the fold lows the loudest.

AL.—A' bhó a 's lugha féum, 's i 's mò géum.

See also 'Cha 'n i 'bhó', and 'Géum mór'.

A' buain nan àirneagan searbha, 's a' saltairt air na cìrean-meala.

Plucking the bitter sloes, and trampling on the honey-comb.

A' call làn na léidhe air imlich a màis.

Losing the ladle-full licking its outside.

A' call nam boitein a' cruinneachadh nan sop.

Losing the bundles gathering the wisps.

See 'A' sgaoileadh nan sguab.'

A' caoidh nam buideal falamh.

Bewailing the empty casks.

A chailleach, an gabh thu 'n rìgh ? Cha ghabh, 's nach gabh e mì.

Crone, will you have the king? I won't as he won't have me.

There is a humorous philosophy in this.

A' chaor' a théid anns a' chreig cha 'n 'eil aic' ach tighinn aisde mar a dh' fhaodas i.

The sheep that gets into the rock must get out as best she can.

A' chiad sgéul air fear an tighe, 's gach sgéul gulath' air an aoidh.

The first story from the host, and tales till morning from the guest.

This is one of the sayings most purely characteristic of the old manners and customs of the Highlands, carrying one back without difficulty to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, traces of which survive in some of the Gaelic Tales.

A' chlach nach tachair ri m' chois cha chiùrr i mi.

The stone that doesn't meet my foot won't hurt me.

See 'An rud nach laidh'.

The stane that lies not in yir gait breaks not yir taes.—*Scot. P.*

A' chorc'an ionad a' chuinnseir.

The knife in the place of the sword.

A chuid de Phàras da !

His share of Paradise to him !

Al. ‘de Fhlaitheanas,’ of Heaven. The word F., still in common use as the Gaelic for Heaven, has been interpreted by good authorities (Armstrong, *Higl. Soc. Dict.*, &c.) as *Flath-innis*, the Isle of Heroes, an etymology which is both poetical and probable. A simpler and more scientific etymology (Ebel’s *Celt. Stud.*, p. 116) makes it *Flaithemnas*, or *Flaitheamhnas*, sovereignty, dignity, glory. In Bedell’s Irish Bible, ‘Flaitheamhnas,’ and ‘Flaitheasa’ are used in the Old Test. to denote Heaven and Heavens ; but ‘Neamh’ and ‘Neamhdha’ more commonly. In the New Test. ‘Neamh’ only is used for the singular. In our Gaelic Bible the latter alone is used in both sing. and plur.

A’ chuid nach gabh na leanaban gabhaidh an t-sean-bhean fhéin.

What the children won’t take the old woman will.

A’ chùil a bhios fosgailte théid na coin innte.

The dogs will go into the corner that’s open.

A’ chuirm a’s luaithe ’bhios ullamh, suidheamaid uile g’a gabhail.

The feast that’s soonest ready let us all sit down to.

A’ chuisseag ruadh a dh’ fhàsas ’s an òtraich, ’s i ’s àirde ’thogas a ceann.

The red weed from the dunghill lifts its head the highest.

The proudest nettle grows on a midden.—*Scot.*

A chur a ruith na cubhaig.

Sending him to chase the cuckoo.

Literally a ‘gowk’s errand’.

A’ cromadh air na beaga.

Stooping to the little.

A’ cùntas shlat gun aodach.

Counting yards without cloth.

A’ cur a’ bhodaich as a thigh fhéin.

Putting the old man out of his own house.

A’ cur an eich ’s e ’n a fhallus.

Urging on the sweating horse.

A’ cur na snàthaid air a’ choltar.

Putting the needle on the coultar.

A' cur shnaim air na suip.

Knottin' straws.

A' deanamh cuain mhóir de chaolas cumhang.

Making a great ocean of a narrow strait.

A dh-aindeoin có 'theireadh e !

Gainsay who dare !

The Clanranald motto.

A' dol 's na h-eachaibh deiridh.

Going among the hindmost horses.

Said of persons when their failing powers disqualify them for leading places, as in a team of horses.

A' ghaoth 'g iarraidh nam port.

The wind seeking harbours.

Said of an unsteady wind.

A' h-uile cù air a' chù choimheach.

All the dogs down on the strange dog.

Al. Gach ole' an tòin a' choimhich.

A' h-uile fear a théid a dholaidh, gheabh e dolar o Mhac-Aoidh.

Every man that's down in luck will get a dollar from Mackay.

This refers to the enlisting for the Highland regiment raised by Lord Reay for service under the King of Denmark (1626-29), and Gustavus Adolphus (1629-32), in which the Scots so greatly distinguished themselves.

A' h-uile latha sona dhut,

Gun lath' idir dona dhut !

Every day goodluck to thee,

And no day of sorrow be !

A' h-uile ni thun a' bheòil.

Everything to the mouth.

This is primarily true of infants, but has a much wider application.

A' h-uile rud a théid 's an lìon 's iasg e.

All is fish that goes into the net.

A leisgeul sin dhaibh fhéin.

It's theirs to excuse that.

A lìon beagan 'us beagan, mar a dh' ith an cat an sgadan.

Little by little, as the cat ate the herring.

Little and little the cat eats the stickle.—*Eng. P.*

A réir do mheas ort fhéin, measaidh càch thu.

As thou valu'st thyself others will esteem thee.

Autant vaut l'homme comme il s'estime.—*Fr.*

Him who makes chaff of himself the cows will eat.—*Arab.*

Wer nichts aus sich macht, ist nichts.—*Germ.*

A' ruith fear-an-tighe 'n a thigh fhéin.

Taking the goodman's right in his own house.

A' ruith na seiche air a bruaich.

Keeping to the edge of the hide.

Applied to persons in straitened circumstances. A man with plenty of hides would help himself out of the best part ; a poor man would need to begin at the outside.

A' sgaoileadh nan sguab 's a' trusadh nan siobhag.

Scattering the sheaves and gathering the straws.

A shalachar fhéin leis gach rudha.

To every headland it's own foul ground.

A's t-Earrach 'n uair a bhios a' chaora caol, bidh am maorach reamhar.

In Spring when the sheep is lean the shellfish is fat.

A thoil fhéin do gach duine, 's an toil uile do na mnathan.

Their will to all men, and all their will to the women.

Nought's to be had at woman's hand,

Unless ye gie her a' the plea.—*Scot. Song.*

Ce que femme veut Dieu le veut.—*Fr. P.*

Abair rium mu'n abair mi riut.

Speak to me ere I speak to thee.

Abhsadh a' chomain-luch.

Shortening sail kite-fashion.

A Hebridean phrase, applied to awkward handling of a sail—letting it down too suddenly, like the descent of a kite.

Adhare na bà maoile 's duilich a toirt dith.

It's hard to take the horn off the hornless cow.

Adharc 'n a chliathaich !

A horn in his side !

Al. An dunaidh a' d' chliathaich ! *The mischief in your side !*

These are forms of malediction, undoubtedly of native origin. Those which are so are generally less offensive in expression than those of more 'civilised' nations.

Ag itheadh na cruaidhe fo 'n t-sìoman.

Eating the stack under the rope.

Aicheadh na caillich air an sgillinn—nach 'e sgillinn idir a bh'ann ach dà bhonn-a-sia.

The old wife's denial of the penny—it was not a penny but two half-pence.

Aig bainnsean 's aig tòrraidhean aithnichear càirdean 'us eòlaich.

At weddings and at funerals relatives and friends are known.

At marriages and burials, friends and kinsfolk be known.—*The Booke of Merry Riddles*, 1629.

Aig deireadh a' chluiche chìtear co 'bhuinigeas.

At the end of the game the winner is seen.

Al fin del giuoco si vede chi guadagna.—*Ital.*

Air a làimh fhéin, mar a bha 'n ceard 's a' chaonnaig.

For his own hand, as the smith was in the fight.

This seems to be the original of the Scottish proverb, 'For his ain hand, as Henry Wynd fought,' referred to by Sir Walter Scott in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, ch. xxxiv. The word 'ceard,' now applied only to tinkers, was originally applied to artificers in all kinds of metals, gold, silver, iron, &c. ; and the word 'ceard-ach' still means a smithy.

Air an dorus air an tig amharus a steach, théid gràdh a mach.

Where doubt comes in love goes out.

Hvor Mistanke gaaer ind, gaaer Kjærlighed ud.—*Dan.*

Air cheart lomaidh, 's air éigin.

Very barely and with difficulty.

Air do shlàinte, 'ghoistidh ùir, sop air sùil an t-sean ghoistidh !

Here's thy health my new gossip, farewell the old one !

'Sop air sùil' is a curious expression, literally 'a wisp on the eye'. The meaning is that the old friend is to be hidden away, out of sight, out of mind, dead.

Air fhad 's ge'n téid thu 'mach, na toir droch sgéul
dhachaidh ort fhéin.

*However far you go abroad, bring home no ill tale of
yourself.*

Air ghaol an leinibh, pògar a' bhanaltrum.

The nurse is kissed for the sake of the child.

'Kissing the child for the sake of the nurse' is the more com-
mon English phrase, but there is a German saying identical with
the above.

Air ghlaineadh an tobair, bidh salachar ann.

Be the fountain e'er so clean, some dirt in it will be seen.

Air mhèud 's a their na slòigh, cha ghlòir a dhearbhas
ach gnìomh.

*For all the world can say, not words but deeds are
proof.*

Al. Bial a labhras, ach gnìomh a dhearbhas.

Gwell es eun oberer evit kant lavarer.—*Breton.*

I fatti son maschi, le parole femmine.—*Ital.*

Obras son amores, que no buenas razones.—*Span.*

Worte sind gut, wenn Werke folgen.—*Germ.*

Air mhèud 's ge 'm faigh thu gu math, 's lughaid
a gheabh thu gu h-olc.

The more you find of good, the less you'll get of ill.

Air son mo chuid-sa de 'n ghràn, leigidh mi 'n àth
'n a teine.

For my share of the grain, the kiln may go on fire.

For my peck of malt, set the kiln on fire.—*Cheshire, &c.*

Aireamh na h-Aoine air caoraich a bhail' ud thall!

Friday's numbering on the neighbouring sheep!

'Aireamh na h-Aoin' ort!' is simply another form of 'Bad
luck to you!' On the supposed unluckiness of Friday, see
App. I.

Aisigidh leannanachd an tochradh.

Sweethearting brings the tocher.

Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd.

An old wife's dream as her desire.

"Ο τι εἶχεν ἡ γρηὰ 'ς τὸν νοῦν της, τῷ βλεπε 'ς τὸ ὄνειρον της.—
Mod. Gr.

Aiteamh na gaoithe tuath, sneachd 'us reodhadh anns an uair.

After thaw with northern blast, snow and frost follow fast.

Aithne an Leódhasaich mhóir air an Leódhasach eile.

The big Lewis man's recognition of the other Lewis man.

The big man is supposed to say, 'Tha aithne gun chuimhn' again ort,' I recognise, but don't remember you.

Aithneachadh bó badhail, no fáilt a' chruidh.

The wandering cow's welcome, or the kine's salute.

Macintosh's explanation of this saying is, that when a strange beast joins a herd the rest attack it. An ingenious commentator suggests as the proper reading, 'Aithnichidh bó a badhail,' A cow knows her own stall, which makes good sense. But the noun 'badhail' is Irish; 'buabhail' is our word for stall.

Aithnichear air a' bheagan ciamar a bhiodh am móran.

From the little may be seen what the big might have been.

Aithnichear am balach 's a'mhaduinn—bristidh e barrall a bhròige.

The clown is known at morning—he breaks his shoe-tie.

This is a curious illustration of the general amenity of manners characteristic of the Celts. The 'balach' is a combination of 'bully' and 'snob,' and it is meant that he is so rude and impatient that he can't even tie his shoe without showing his roughness.

Curiously enough, a word expressing much the same thing in modern Greek is βλάχος.

Aithnichear an leomhan air sgrìob de 'ionga.

The lion is known by a scratch of his claw.

Ex ungue leonem.—*Lat. P.* Dall' unghia si conosce il leone.—*Ital.* A l'ongle on connaît le lion.—*Fr.*

Aithnichear fear doimeig air fàire.

The slattern's husband can be known afar.

The Ulster version is, 'Aithnighear fear na cuaròige air fàithe a measg chàich'. A South Uist saying is, 'Is luath fear na droch mhna air a' mhachair Uibhistich'—Swift goes the bad wife's husband on the Uist plain.

Aithnichear leanabh air a bhéusaibh.

A child is known by his manners.

Even a child is known by his doings.—PROV. xx. 11.

Aithnichear searrach sean làrach ann an greigh.

An old mare's foal is known in a herd.

Supposed, whether truly or not, to be more lively than others.

See 'Mac bantraich'.

Aithnichidh an truaighe a daoine fhéin.

Misery knows its own people.

Aithnichidh na leth-chiallaich a chéile.

Half-wits recognise each other.

This is a touching fact, of which observant persons must have seen many instances.

Albainn bheadarrach!

Beloved Scotland!

'Bheadarrach' is perhaps oftener used to mean playful, but the above appears to be an expression of simple affection.

Am biadh a dh' ithear anns a' chùil, thig e thun an teine.

The food that's eaten in the corner will come to the hearth.

Am biadh a theachdas os cionn gach bìdh—snaois-ein.

The food that can go on the top of all food—snuff.

The once general use of snuff has given place, in the Highlands as elsewhere, to smoking. A snuff-mull is now rarely to be seen.

'Am bial a' phoca tha 'n caomhnadh.

The saving is at the mouth of the bag.

See 'Am fear nach dean bail.'

Am bolla air an sgillinn, 's gun an sgillinn ann.

The boll at a penny, and no penny to buy it.

The Scotch boll is a measure of grain, sixteen pecks. There is a Danish saying, 'When it rains porridge, the beggar has no spoon'.

Am bréid 'g a thomhas air an tóll.

Measuring the patch on the hole.

Am brògach beag 's an cuaranach mór.

The boy with shoes, the man with socks.

Brought up to wear shoes, and reduced when grown to wearing the 'cuaran,' (Welsh, 'cwaran') a kind of sock, made of untanned leather—the ancient foot-gear, which every man made for himself.

Am bronnach Geamhraidh, 's an seang Earraich.

Squabby in Winter, and skinny in Spring.

The reference is to young cattle.

Am fac thu rud 's a chùl riut ?

Saw you aught with its back to you ?

This was reckoned a bad omen. See 'Chuala mi 'chubhag'.

Am facal a thig á Ifrinn 's e gheabh, ma 's e 's mò 'bheir.

The word that comes from Hell, will get if it bid well.

The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, 'Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw !'

H. M'Neill.

Am fear a bhios a bharra-mhanadh a mach, suidh-
idh e air fail chorraich.

He whose destiny is cast sits on a sharp cope.

There is something very awful in this saying, reminding of that of the Psalmist, 'Their foot shall slide in due time'. The belief in Fate, expressed by such words as *dàn*, *manadh*, *sona*, &c., was as strong in the Celts, as many of these proverbs show, as in any ancient Greek, or modern Islamite.

The word *fàl* is found in the Scottish 'fail dyke'.

Am fear a bhios a' riarachadh na maraig' bidh an
ceann reamhar aige fhéin.

*The man that divides the pudding will have the thick
end to himself.*

Puddings, in the sense familiar to John Bull, were not known to the hardy Celts. But several kinds of pudding, more akin to the sausage, in which oatmeal and suet, blood, and various other savoury ingredients, formed the chief elements, were, and still are, well known, both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. To such dainties reference is made in the well-known song, 'The barrin' o' the door'—

'An' first they ate the white puddin's,
An' then they ate the black.'

Am fear a bhios air deireadh bidh na coin com-aidh ris.

He that comes last will have the dogs as messmates.

Chi tardi arriva mal allogia.—*Ital.*

Am fear a bhios air dheireadh beiridh a' bhiast air.

Him that's last the beast will catch.

This saying seems to have originated in a children's game, but like many such things it has a serious moral.

'Deil tak the hinmost' conveys the same idea.

Am fear a bhios air thoiseach théid a stobadh anns an fhéith.

He that goes first will get stuck in the mud.

Am fear a bhios an diugh 'an uachdar, car mu char a nuas e 'màireach.

He that's uppermost to day, turn over turn he's down to-morrow.

This refers, of course, to the wheel of Fortune.

Am fear a bhitheas ann, nìtear clann ris.

Such a man as there is, children will be got by.

This is susceptible of more than one interpretation. See 'Am fear nach téid'.

Am fear a bhios béudach e fhéin cha sguir e 'dh' éigneachadh chàich.

He that is guilty himself will always be urging others.

See 'Miann an droch dhuine'.

Am fear a bhios carach 's a' bhaile so bidh e carach 's a' bhail' ud thall.

He who is tricky in this farm will be tricky yonder.

Am fear a bhios fad aig an aiseag gheabh e thairis uair-eigin.

He that waits long at the ferry will get over some time.

Tout vient à point, à qui sait attendre.—*Fr.*

Chi aspettar puote, ha ciò che vuole.—*Ital.*

Am fear a bhios fearg air a ghnà 's coltach a ghnè ris an dris.

He who is always angry is of nature like the bramble.

Am fear a bhios fada gun éirigh bidh e 'n a léum fad an latha.

He who lies long in bed will be all day hard bestead.

Uomo lento non ha mai tempo.—*Ital.*

Am fear a bhios gun each gun eathar, 's éudar dha coiseachd.

He who has neither horse nor boat must go on foot.

Am fear a bhios gun mhodh, saoilidh e gur modh am mì-mhodh.

He that is rude thinks his rudeness good manners.

Am fear a bhios modhail, bidh e modhail ris a' h-uile duine.

He that is courteous will be courteous to all.

This shows a knowledge of true courtesy, and of the highest breeding.

Am fear a bhios 'n a thàmh cuiridh e 'n cat 's an teine.

The idle man will put the cat in the fire.

Am fear a bhios 's an fhéithe, cuiridh a' h-uile fear a chas air.

Every foot will tread on him who is in the mud.

Wer am Boden liegt, über den läuft Jedermann.—*Germ.*

Am fear a bhios tric anns a' mhuileann, leanaidh an sadach ris.

He that's often in the mill will be dusty.

Chi va al mulino, s' infarina.—*Ital.*

Am fear a bhrathas 's e 'mharbhas.

He that betrays is the murderer.

Am fear a bhuaileadh mo chù bhuaileadh e mi fhein.

He that would strike my dog would strike me.

Am fear a cheanglas 's e 'shiubhlas.

He that ties best travels best.

He that fastens his knapsack or bundle most carefully will go with least interruption—so of all human affairs.

See 'Ceangail teann'.

Fast bind, fast find.—*Engl.*

Quien bien ata, bien desata.—*Span.*

Am fear a cheannaicheas am fath-each, ceannaichidh e an t-ath each.

He that buys an old hack will have to buy another horse.

Al. Ceannaich sean rud, 's bi gun aon rud.—Buy an old thing, and have nothing.

Am fear a chuireadh a chorrag 'am shùil, chuir-inn mo ghlùn 'n a chliabh.

Who would put his finger in my eye, I would put my knee on his chest.

This looks as if the Trans-Atlantic practice of 'gouging' had been at one time known in the Highlands. If it were so, it must have been very long ago.

Am fear a dh'imich an cruinne cha d'fhiosraich co dhiubh b'fhearr luathas no maille; ach thug e 'n t-urram do dh-fhear na moch-eirigh.

He who went round the globe could'nt tell which was best, speed or slowness; but he gave the palm to the early riser.

Am fear a dh'itheas a sheannmhair, faodaidh e 'h-eanraich òl.

He that eats his grandmother may sup her broth.

When Farquhar the Leech had tasted the 'bree' of the serpent, his master, who knew that his apprentice now had his eyes opened to see the secrets of nature, and his ears to understand the language of birds, threw the pan at him in wrath, crying, 'Ma dh' òl thu an sùgh, ith an fheòil'; If you have supped the juice, eat the flesh! See Campbell's *W. H. Tales*, II., 262.

Al. Ge b'e 'dhith an fheòil, òladh e 'n brochan.

An té d'ith an fheòil, òladh se am brot.—*Irish.*

As good eat the devil as the broth he is boiled in.—*Engl.*

Chi ha mangiato il diavolo, mangia anche le corna.—*Ital.*

'Seanmhair' is also a playful term applied to a pig in some parts of the Highlands.

Am fear a dh'itheas an t-ìm togadh e 'n tota.

He that's to eat the butter, let him build the walls.

The meaning here is, that the man who is to reap the profit should erect the necessary buildings. Butter appears, from several of the old sayings, to have been one of the chief products of the primitive Highlands. A keg of butter, containing about 2

cwt., in good preservation, found in May, 1879, at some depth in a peat-moss, in Kingairloch, is now preserved in the Museum of the Scot. Soc. of Antiquaries. The keg was hollowed out of a solid piece of tree. Several such have been found in Irish bogs. See *Ulster Journ. of Arch.*, Vol. VII., p. 288.

Am fear a dh'itheas an ceann dathadh e 'm bus.

He that eats the (sheep's) head let him singe it himself.

Am fear a gheabh ainm na moch-eirigh, faodaidh e laidhe anmoch.

He that gets the name of early rising may lie in bed late.

Acquista buona fama, e mettiti à dormire.—*Ital.*

Cobra buena fama, y échate á dormir.—*Span.*

Get the word o' soon risin', an' ye may lie in bed a' day.—*Scot.*

Am fear a gheallas 's e 'dh'iocas.

He that promises must pay.

Promise is debt.—*Engl.*

Zusagen macht Schuld.—*Germ.*

Belofte maakt schuld, en schuld maakt belofte.—*Dutch.*

Quien promete, en deuda se mete.—*Span.*

Am fear a ghleidheas a chuid gleidhidh e 'chàirdean.

He that keeps his means will keep his friends.

See *Timon of Athens*.

Am fear a ghleidheas a theanga, gleidhidh e 'charaid.

Who keeps his tongue will keep his friend.

Better lose a jest than a friend.—*Engl.*

Better tine joke than friend.—*Scot.*

Gjem din Mund og gjem din Ven.—*Dan.*

Am fear a ghoideadh an t-ubh-circe, ghoideadh e 'n t-ubh-geòidh.

Who would steal the hen egg would steal the goose egg.

Am fear a ghoideas an t-snàthad bheag, goididh e 'n t-snàthad mhór.

He that steals the little needle will steal the big one.

Am fear a ghoideadh an t-snàthad, ghoideadh e 'm miaran.

He who steals the needle would steal the thimble.

He that steals a preen will steal a better thing.—*Scot.*

He who steals an egg would steal an ox.—*Engl.*

Am fear a labhras olc mu 'mhnaoi, tha e 'cur mì-chliù air fhéin.

Who speaks ill of his wife dishonours himself.

Quien á su muger no honra, á si mismo deshonra.—*Span.*

Am fear a laidheas 's a' pholl togaidh e 'n làthach.

He who lies in the mud will rise dirty.

Gin ye fa' doon i' the dub, ye'll rise up fylt wi' glaur.—*Scot.*

Am fear a mharbhadh a mhàthair a chianamh, bheir-eadh e beò a nis i.

The man that would have killed his mother a little ago would bring her alive now.

Said when a good day appears after a heavy storm, or in any similar circumstances.

Am fear a ni dìorras, is iomadh a ni dìorras ris.

He that is obstinate will often meet his match.

Am fear a ni 'obair 'n a thràth, bidh e 'n a leth thàmh.

He that does his turn in time sits half idle.—Scot.

Am fear a phòsas air son earraais tha e 'reic a shaorsa.

Who wives for dower resigns his power.

Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi.—*Plautus.*

Qui prend une femme pour sa dot,

A la liberté tourne le dos.—*Fr.*

Am fear a phòsas bean pòsaidh e dragh.

He that marries a wife marries trouble.

Have wife, have strife.—*Engl.*

Qui femme a, noise a.—*Fr.*

I have found no Gaelic proverb expressing anything more unfavourable to marriage and to women than this one; which is more than can be said for any of the greater nations of Europe.

Am fear a ruitheas an eathar shalach, théid e air sgeir-mhara uair-eigin.

He that sails a foul-bottomed boat will some day run on a rock.

This saying smells strongly of the Hebridean sea.

Am fear a's fhaide 'bha beò riamh, fhuair e 'm bàs.

He who lived longest died at last.

Am fear a's fhaide 'chaidh o'n tigh, 's e'n ceòl 'bu bhinne chual e riamh 'tiugainn dachaidh'.

To him that farthest went away the sweetest music he ever heard was 'come home'.

East or West, home (hame) is best.—*Engl. and Scot.*

Ost und West, daheim das Best.—*Germ.*

Oost, West, t' huis best.—*Dutch.*

These are all characteristically brief and plain. More tender and poetical are the Italian, 'Casa mia, casa mia, per piccina que tu sia, tu mi senibri una badia,' and 'Casa mia, mamma mia'.

Am fear a's fhaide 'chaidh riamh o'n tigh, bha cho fad aige ri tighinn dachaidh.

The man that went farthest from home had as far to come back.

Am fear a's fhaide saoghal 's e 's mò a chì.

He that lives longest sees most.

Am fear a's fhearr a chuireas 's e 's fhearr a bhuaineas.

He who sows best reaps best.

Chi mal semina mal raccoglie.—*Ital.*

Quien bien siembra, bien coge.—*Span.*

Am fear a's fliche, rachadh e do 'n allt.

Let him that is wettest go to the burn.

It is said that a young wife having made this response to her husband, who asked for some water on coming home wet, he went and fetched a bucketful, which he straightway emptied over her head, adding, 'Co's fliche a nis?' 'Who is wettest now?' There is a Breton story exactly to the same effect.

Am fear a's luaithe làmh 's e 's fhearr cuid.

Quickest hand gets biggest share.

See 'Ge b'e 's luaithe làmh,' 'Bidh a' chuid a 's miosa,' &c.

Am fear a's lugha toinisd 's e 's àirde mòthar.

The man of least sense makes most noise.

A fool also is full of words.—*ECCLES. x. 14.*

Am fear a's luime 's e a's luaithe.

He that is barest runs best.

Let us lay aside every weight, . . . and run with patience the race that is set before us.—*HEB. xii. 1.*

A sillerless man gangs fast through the market.—*Scot.*

Am fear a's mò a gheallas, 's e a 's lugha 'choimh-gheallas.

He that promises most will perform least.

Am fear a 's treas' 'an uachdar, 's am fear a 's luaith' air thoiseach.

The strongest above, and the swiftest in front.

Am fear a th' anns a' chùil biodh a shùil air an teine.

He that's in the corner let him watch the fire.

This is a pleasant reminiscence of the old Highland life, calling up a picture of a cosy gathering round the central peat fire, when stories were told, riddles proposed, or songs sung. The person in the corner, where a heap of peats was piled, was bound to keep his eye on the fire, and throw on peats when required.

Am fear a théid a dh'iarraidh an iasaid théid e dh'iarraidh a'bhròin.

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.—Eng.

Argent emprunté porte tristesse.—*Fr.*

Borgen maakt zorgen.—*Dutch.*

Debts make the cheeks black.—*Arab.*

Am fear a théid a ghnà a mach le 'lìon, gheabh e iasg uair-eigin.

He that goes out regularly with his net will get fish sometime.

The word in Macintosh was 'eun' not 'iasg,' but the latter is the more common form of the saying, the use of nets for catching birds having long ago ceased in the Highlands.

Am fear a théid a mach air na h-uaislean, is duine truagh 'am measg chàich e.

He that quarrels with the gentry is a miserable man.

A very Celtic sentiment, and painfully true.

Am fear a théid do 'n tigh mhór gun ghnòthach bheir e ghnòthach as.

He that goes without business to the great house will get something there to do.

Al., 'Am fear nach toir ghnòthach a mach, bheir e ghnòthach dhachaidh', and 'Am fear nach toir ghnòthach do'n bhaile mhór bheir e ghnòthach as'.

Am fear a théid 's an dris, fimridh e tighinn aisde mar a dh'fhaodas e.

He that goes among the briers must come out as best he can.

Am fear a théid 's an droigheann domh, théid mi 's an dris da.

Who goes through the thorns for me, I'll go through the briers for him.

Am fear a thig anmoch Disathurna,
 'S a dh'fhalbhas moch Diluain;
 B'fhearr leam air son a chuideachaidh.
 An duine sin a dh'fhuireach bhuam.
*Who comes late on Saturday night,
 And early on Monday goes away,
 For any help I get from him,
 I'd rather like him at home to stay.*

Am fear a thig gun chuireadh suidhidh e gun iarraidh.
He that comes unbidden will sit down unasked.

Am fear a thug buaidh air fhéin thug e buaidh air
 nàmhaid.

He that conquers himself conquers an enemy.

He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.—
 PROV. xvi. 32.

Iracundiam qui vincit hostem superat maximum.—*P. Syrus.*
 Wer seinen Zorn bezwingt, hat einen Feind besiegt.—*Germ.*

Am fear aig am beil, cumadh e, 's am fear o 'm bì,
 tarruingeadh e.

He who has, let him hold, he who wants let him pull.

The good old rule, the simple plan,
 That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can.—*Wordsworth.*

Am fear aig am bi an Ròimh, bidh an Ròimh aige ri
 chumail suas.

He that has Rome must keep Rome up.

Am fear aig am bi ìm gheabh e ìm.

He that has butter will get more.

He that hath, to him shall be given.—MARK v. 25.

Am fear aig am bi maighstir bidh fios aig' air.

He that has a master will know it.

Am fear air am bi an uireasbhuidh biodh an
 t-saothair.

The man that wants must take the trouble.

Am fear air am bi an t-anrath,
 Cha'n ann a's t-Samhradh a's fhas' e.
*He whose portion is distress,
 In Summer finds its weight no less.*

Am fear air am bi bial bidh sporan.

He that has a mouth will also have a purse.

This seems to mean that the power of asking and of keeping go together.

Am fear air nach d'fhàinig thig.

He that has escaped misfortune will meet it yet.

Am fear d'an dàn a'chroich, cha téid gu bràth a bhàth-adh.

Who is born to be hanged will never be drowned.

Al. Cha mheall an t-uisg' a'chroich.

The water will never waur the widdie.—*Scot.*

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows.—*The Tempest*, Act I., sc. 1.

Chi è nato per la forza mai s' annegherà.—*Ital.*

Wer hängen soll ersäust nicht.—*Germ.*

Die geboren is om te hangen, behoeft geen vrees te hebben van verdrinken.—*Dutch.*

Han drukner ikke der hænges skal, uden Vandet gaaer over Galgen.—*Dan.*

Am fear d'an dàn an donas 's ann da a bheanas.

For whom ill is fated him it strikes.

Am fear falamh, 's e gun nì,

Suidhidh fada shìos bho chàch;

Air mhèud nam béus a bhios 'n a chorp,

'S ioma lochd a gheabhar dha.

He that is poor and bare

Must not sit his betters near;

Be his virtues e'er so rare,

Many will his faults appear.

Al. 'Suidheadh e' in line 2, and 'na céille' in line 3.

See JAMES ii. 2, 3.

Am fear leis am fuar, fuaigheadh e.

He that's cold let him sew (make clothes).

Am fear leis nach léir a leas, 's mór' de chéill a chailleas e.

He that does not see his good loses much the use of sense.

Am fear nach bi 'n aodann na creige, cha bhi eagal air gu'n tuit e.

He that is not in the face of the rock will not be afraid of falling.

Am fear nach bi ole 'n a aire, cha smaoinich e ole fir eile.

He who means no evil thinks no evil.

Am fear nach biath a chù cha stuig.

Who does not feed his dog will not set him on.

Am fear nach cluinn gu math, cha toir e freagairt mhath.

He that hears badly will answer badly.

Al. 'freagraidh e gu mìomhail.'

En döv Hörer gör en galen Svarer.—Dan.

Am fear nach cluinn ceart cha'n innis ach cearbach.

He that does not hear well will report badly.

Am fear nach cuir a chuid 'an cunnart, cha dean e call no buinnig.

He who hazards not will neither lose nor win.

Naught venture naught have.—Engl.

Chi non s' arrischia non guadagna.—Ital.

Quien no se aventura, no ha ventura.—Span.

Am fear nach cuir a shnaim, caillidh e 'chiad ghreim.

He that doesn't knot his thread will lose his first stitch.

Said to have been communicated for a consideration by a tailor to his apprentice, as the most valuable secret in the trade.

There is a legend that the Devil once took to learning the trade of tailor, but quite failed, because he could never put a knot on his thread. This may have suggested the title of the popular air, 'The Deil amang the Tailors'.

Am fear nach cuir 's a' Mhàrt cha bhuain e a' s' t-Fhoghar.

He that doesn't sow in March will not reap in Autumn.

Am fear nach cuir ri latha fuar, cha bhuain ri latha teth.

Who won't sow when it is cold shall not reap when it is hot.

Per con. 'S fhearr curachd anmoch na 'bhi gun churachd idir. Better sow late than not sow at all.

Am fear nach cùm cuireadh e mach.

He that cannot keep let him deliver.

Am fear nach cùntadh rium cha chùntainn ris.

I'll keep no reckoning with him that keeps no reckoning with me.

The saying of the *Gobha Crom*, Harry Wynd, at the combat

on the Inch of Perth. The story goes that Harry, having killed his man, sat down to rest. The chief of the Clan Chattan came up, and demanded the reason. Harry said he had fulfilled his bargain, and earned his money. 'Him that serves me without counting his hours,' said the chief, 'I reward without reckoning wages'. Whereupon Harry made the above reply, rose up, and resumed the fight.—See *Fair Maid of Perth*, ch. xxxiv.

Am fear nach dean bail air bial a' bhuilg, ni an t-ìochd-ar bail air fhéin.

If you don't spare the mouth of the bag, the bottom will spare itself.

Better spare at brim than at bottom.—*Engl. and Scot.*

Bedre at spare paa Bredden, end paa Bunden.—*Dan.*

Am fear nach dean Nollaig le 'dheòin, ni e Càisg a dh-aindeoin.

He who won't keep Christmas must keep Easter.

The Church of Rome requires communion at least once a year, and that at Easter. He who omits it at Christmas can't avoid it then. Another proverb, however, throws a different light on this one: Am fear nach dean Nollaig shùndach, ni e' Càisg gu tùrsach déurach.—*He who hasn't a merry Christmas will have a sad and tearful Easter, i.e.,* he whose family circumstances prevent him from enjoying Christmas will have greater grief before Easter.

Am fear nach dean obair no gnìomh,
Cha'n fhaigh e biadh feadh nam preas.

*He that neither works nor pushes,
Won't find food among the bushes.*

Am fear nach dean toil a' Phàpa, fàgadh e an Ròimh.

He that won't obey the Pope, let him leave Rome.

Qui veut vivre à Rome ne doit pas se quereller avec le Pape.—*Fr.*

Am fear nach do chleachd an claidheamh, fàgaidh e air a thóm e.

He that's not used to the sword will leave it where he sat.

Am fear nach do thàr gu 'bhogha, thàr gu 'chlaidheamh.

He that did not get at his bow got at his sword.

This alludes to a sudden attack followed by confusion, and probable panic, as is suggested by another saying,

Am fear nach fhanadh ri 'bhogha, cha'n fhanadh ri 'chlaidheamh.

He who wouldn't wait for his bow wouldn't wait for his sword.

A still deeper stage of cowardice is indicated in the saying,
Am fear nach d' fhuair tòll, dh' iarr e dorus.

He that couldn't find a hole sought a door.

Am fear nach 'eil math air aoidheachd na h-oidhche
'thoirt seachad, tha e math air saodachadh an rathaid.

He that is not good at giving a bed is good at showing the road.

See 'Easgaidh mu'n rathad mhór'.

He that's ill o' his harboury is guid at the way-kenning.—*Scot.*

Am fear nach éisd ris na 's olc leis, cha'n fhaic e na
's ait leis.

He who won't listen to what he dislikes won't see what he likes.

Am fear nach fhosgail a sporan fosglaidh e 'bhial.

The man who won't open his purse will open his mouth.

Words cost nothing.—See JAMES ii. 15.

Am fear nach freagair 'athair no 'mhàthair, freag-
raidh e nì 's tàire, craicionn an laogh.

He that won't listen to father or mother will listen to a meaner thing, the calf's skin.

Macintosh interprets this as referring to 'ne'er-do-weels' who enlist and follow the drum. But drum-heads are not made of calf-skin.

Am fear nach gabh comhairle gabhaidh e cam-lorg.

He who won't take counsel will take a round-about way.

The Irish version of this substitutes 'còmhrag' for 'cam-lorg,' which makes good sense. 'Cam-lorg' also means a crooked stick, and the proverb may be rendered accordingly.

Am fear nach gabh 'n uair a gheabh, cha'n fhaigh
'n uair is àill.

He that will not when he may, when he wills he shall have nay.—*Eng.*

Am fear nach gléidh na h-airm 's an t-sìth, cha bhi
iad aig 'an àm a' chogaidh.

He that keeps not his arms in time of peace will have none in time of war.

This is a sound maxim of State policy.

Weapons bode peace.—*Scot.*

One sword keeps another in the sheath. — *Engl., Germ., Dan.*

L'armi portan pace.—*Ital.*

Am fear nach guth a ghuth, cha rath a rath.

Whose word is no word his luck is no luck.

This is one of the testimonies to the value of truthfulness, in which these Gaelic proverbs are not wanting.

Am fear nach marcaich ach anmoch caillidh e a spuir.

He who rides but late will lose his spurs.

Seldom ride, time the spurs.—*Scot.*

Am fear nach mèudaich an càrn, gu mèudaich e 'chroich !

Who won't add to the cairn, may he add to the gibbet !

It was an ancient Celtic custom to erect a cairn, or pile of stones, as a memorial of the good fame or infamy of the person buried beneath it. In either case it was considered the duty of every passer-by to add a stone to the cairn. The above proverb seems to refer specially to the case of a criminal's cairn. The term 'fear air chàrn,' a man on a cairn, is still known in Gaelic as signifying an outlaw, or person whose life is forfeited to public justice. Sayings having a similar reference are, 'B'fhearr leam e 'bhi fo chàrn chlach,' I should rather he were under a cairn of stones ; 'S oil leam nach robh do luath fo chàrn,' I'm sorry your ashes are not under a cairn ; and the Welsh, 'Carn ar dy ben !' (or 'wyneb').—A cairn on thy head (or face) !

A common saying, on the other hand, referring to cairns erected in testimony of respect, is 'Cuiridh mi clach 'ad chàrn.' I'll add a stone to your cairn.

See Smith's *Galic Antiquities*, pp. 49-53, and Rowlands' *Mona Antiqua*, p. 49.

Am fear nach misnich cha bhuannaich.

Who won't venture shall not win.

Fortuna favet fortibus.—*Lat.*

Faint heart never won fair lady.—*Eng. and Scot.*

Le couard n'aura belle amie.—*Fr.*

A los osados ayuda la fortuna.—*Span.*

Am fear nach seall roimhe seallaidh e na 'dhéigh.

He that won't look before him must look behind him.

Am fear nach teagaisg Dia cha teagaisg duine.

Whom God teaches not man cannot.

Am fear nach teich teichear roimhe.

He that flees not will be fled from.

Am fear nach téid e fhéin gu 'mhnaoi, tuigeadh e gu'n téid fear eile.

He that visits not his wife, wot he that another will.

Am fear nach toir an air' air a' bheagan, cha'n airidh air a' mhóran.

He that is not careful of the little is not worthy of much.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.—LUKE xvii. 10.

Die 't klein versmaad, is 't groot niet waard.—*Dutch.*

Am fear nach toir an aire dha fhéin, bidh càch a' fanaid air.

He that cares not for himself will be made a mock of.

Am fear nach treabh aig a' bhaile cha treabh e as.

He that won't plough at home won't plough abroad.

Am fear nach treabh air muir cha treabh e air tìr.

He that will not plough at sea, neither will he plough on land.

This does not bear out the opinion of some who have represented the Highlander as essentially averse to sea-faring.

Am fear 'tha grad gu gealladh, 's tric leis mealladh.

Quick to promise often deceives.

Am fiar a thig a mach 's a' Mhàrt, théid e 's tigh 's a' Ghiblean.

The grass that comes out in March shrinks away in April.

Cito maturum, cito putridum.—*Lat.*

Presto maturo, presto marzo.—*Ital.*

Soon ripe, soon rotten.—*Eng.*

Am fitheach a' cur a mach a theanga leis an teas.

The raven putting out his tongue for heat.

Am fitheach a dh'éireas moch, 's ann leis a bhios sùil a' bheothaich a tha 's a' phóll.

The raven that rises early gets the eye of the beast in the bog.

Am foinne mu 'n iath a' ghlac,

Is niarachd mac air am bì;

Am foinne mu 'n iath a' bhròg,

Is niarachd bean òg air am bì.

Wart on palm is luck to lad,

Wart on in-step luck to lass.

Am mac air an spàrr 's an t-athair gun bhreith.

The son on the roost and the father unborn.

This is one of many ingenious Gaelic riddles, and means the smoke of a fire which has not yet kindled. It is applied as a proverb to the case of anything loudly heralded before it has come into existence.

Am mìos buidh.

The yellow month—July.

Am mìos dubh.

The black month—November.

Am mìos marbh.

The dead month—December to January.

Am port a's fhearr a ghabh Ruairidh riamh ghabh-teadh seirbhe dheth.

The best tune Rory ever played might tire one.

Al. Fàsar sgith de'n cheòl a 's binne.

Roderick Morrison, called Ruairidh Dall, Blind Rory, a celebrated harper, and bard to MacLeod of MacLeod. See App. II.

Amadan an dà fhichead bliadhna cha bhi e ciallach ri 'bheò.

The fool of forty will never be wise.

Quien á veinte no es galan, ni á treinta tiene fuerza, ni á quarenta riqueza, ni á cincuenta experiencia, ni será galan, ni fuerte, ni rico, ni prudente.—*Span.*

Amadan na mì-thoirt, bhiodh meas duine ghlic air na'm biodh e'n a thosd.

The poor fool would pass for a wise man if he held his tongue.

Al. Saoilidh iad gu 'm beil e glic, ma bhios e tric 'n a thosd.

Doeth dyn tra tawo—Wise is man while silent.—*Welsh.*

Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise.—

PROV. xvii. 28.

A wise look may secure a fool, if he talk not.—*Eng.*

Nichts sieht einem gescheidten Mann ähnlicher, als ein Narr der das Maul hält.—*Germ.*

El bobo, si es callado, por sesudo es reputado.—*Span.*

Narren er andre Folk liig saa længe han tier.—*Dan.*

Amaisidh an dall a bhial.

The blind can hit his mouth.

Amas roghainn.

Chance choice.

Amhaire romhad mu 'n toir thu do léum.

Look before you leap.

Amharus a' mhèirlich air Ailein.

The thief's suspicion of honest Allan.

Amhlaireachd Chlann-Mhic-Philip.

The rude absurd play of the MacKillops.

The word 'Amhlaireachd' is very difficult to translate, and probably nobody will be satisfied with the translation, least of all the MacKillops. The saying is given for what it is worth, which is perhaps little. Other clans, still more notable than the MacKillops, are characterised in sayings which the editor has thought proper to give, such as they are.

An car a bhios 's a' mhàthair, 's gnà leis a bhi 's an nighinn.

The twist of the mother is natural to the daughter.

An car a bhios 's an t-seana mhaide 's duilich a thoirt as.

The crook in the old stick is ill to take out.

An car a nìtear a dh-aindeoin bidh e càrn no car-rach.

What is done unwillingly will be done with a twist or roughly.

An ceann 's na casan a' chuid a's fhasa 'roinn; bidh an ceann aig fear an tighe, 's na casan aig a' chloinn.

The head and trotters are the easiest shared; the head to the goodman, the trotters to the bairns.

An ciad latha de'n ghaoith deas,

An dara latha de'n ghaoith niar,

An treas latha de'n ghaoith tuath,

S' a' ghaoith near gach uair 'us ial.

First day south wind,

Second day west wind,

Third day north wind,

East wind always.

This is meant to indicate the order in which the wind generally goes round the compass on the West coast in Summer, when it blows oftenest from the East.

An ciad Mhàrt, leig seachad; an dara Màrt, ma 's éudar; an treas Màrt, ged nach rachadh clach ceann-a-

mheòir an aghaidh na gaoithe tuath, cuir an sìol 's an talamh.

The first Tuesday let pass ; the second if need be ; the third, though you couldn't send a stone a nail's breadth against the north wind, sow your seed.

Al. 'ged nach cuireadh tu dòirneag.'

Other proverbs, such as 'Cuir do shìol 's a' Mhàrt,' indicate that the month of March was formerly considered the right time for sowing in the Highlands. The third week of March, Old Style, would be the first week of April, New Style, which would now be considered too early. The reason for naming Tuesday seems to be, that Monday was considered an unlucky day for beginning any work of importance.

An cleachdadh a bh'aig Nial, bha e riamh ris.

The habit Neil had he always stuck to.

Iann eo, Iann e vo—John he is, John he will be.—Breton.

An cleachdadh a bhios aig duin' a's tigh, bidh e aig' air chéilidh.

As his habits are at home, so they are with strangers.

'An cnocan, an cnocan,' ars' a' chailleach gu leòdach, 'far an do chaill mi mo Ghàidhlig, 's nach d' fhuair mi mo Bhéurla'.

'The hillock, the hillock,' said the old woman, lisping, 'where I lost my Gaelic, and did not find my English.'

This is given as a known saying in one of Dr. Macleod's racy contributions to the *Teachdaire Gaidhealach*. No man had a keener appreciation of the absurd conceit which leads some weak-minded Celts to affect ignorance of their mother-tongue after a few months' absence in the Lowlands, from which they bring home a kind of English so fine as to be unintelligible.

An co'dhalta nach dearbh 'àite, 's mairg a dh' àraich duine riamh.

The foster-child that proves it not, pity him that reared.

The closeness of relationship established by fosterage among the Celts is almost without parallel ; and the sayings and stories illustrative of this are numerous. 'Comh-dhaltas gu ciad, 'us càirdeas gu fichead.'—Fostership to a hundred, blood-relation to twenty degrees, is perhaps the strongest expression of Highland feeling on this point.

'An coinneamh roghainn.

Facing choice.

Prepared for any alternative.

An crann roimh na damh.

The plough before the oxen.

The cart before the horse.

An cron a bhios 's an aodann cha'n fhaodar a chleith.

The fault that's in the face cannot be concealed.

An dall air muin a' chrùbaich.

The blind on the back of the cripple.

'An déigh cogaidh thig sìth.

After war comes peace.

'An déigh gaoithe thig uisge.

After wind comes rain.

'An deireadh an latha is math na h-eòlaich.

At the close of the day the skilled are good.

See 'Is ann air deireadh an latha'.

An dubhan an aghaidh a' chròcain.

The hook against the crook.

An duine 's miosa càradh, an duine gun chinneadh
'thaobh athar no màthar.

*The man of worst condition, he who has no kin by father
or mother.*

An Fhèinn air a h-uilinn.

The Feinn on its elbow.

The 'Feinn' (i.e., Fionn or Fingal and his men) were laid spell-bound, 'fo gheasaibh,' in a cave which no man knew of. At the mouth of the cave hung a horn, 'dùdach,' which if any man ever should come and blow three times, the spell would be broken, and the Feinn would rise alive and well. A hunter one day, wandering in the mist, came on this cave, saw the horn, and knew what it meant. He looked in and saw the Feinn lying asleep all round the cave. He lifted the horn and blew one blast. He looked in again, and saw that the Feinn had wakened, but lay still with their eyes staring, like those of dead men. He took the horn again, blew another blast, and instantly the Feinn all moved, each resting on his elbow. Terrified at their aspect, the hunter turned and fled homewards. He told what he had seen, and accompanied by friends, went to search for the cave. They could not find it, it has never again been found; and so, there still sit, each resting on his elbow, waiting for the final blast to rouse them into life, the spell-bound heroes of the old Celtic world!—See *Gael*, Vol. II., p. 241.

Another version of this fine legend lays the scene in the heart of

that beautiful hill called Tomnahiurich near Inverness. A man found himself one evening at the entrance of a cave leading into the bowels of the hill. He entered, and saw the Feinn lying all around. From the roof of the cave hung a chain that would ring when shaken—‘Slabhruidh—éisdeachd’ audience-chain. He shook it, and it sounded a ringing peal, at which the sleeping heroes awoke, and turned their great cold eyes on the man. The poor creature instantly took to his heels, and rushed out of the cave and down the hill, hearing behind him, amid the howling of wakened deerhounds, a voice that cried, ‘A dhuine dhona ghòraich, is miosa ’dh’ fhàg na ’thuais thu’ ! Thou wretched foolish man, that worse left than thou foundest !

An gad air an robh ’n t-iasg.

The withe on which the fish was.

An gad a ’s faisge do ’n sgòrnan, ’s e ’s còir a ghear-radh an toiseach.

The withe next the windpipe should be cut first.

Before hemp was used in this country the commonest kind of rope was made of twisted twigs of osier or birch, as it was in the days of Samson and the Philistines. When a criminal was hanged with one of these rude ropes (whence the Scottish term ‘widdie,’ = ‘withy’), any one wishing to save his life would cut the withe round his throat, or if a horse fell and was in danger of being strangled by his harness, the same rule would follow.—See Note by R. MacAdam, on Irish proverb ‘Gearr an gad is foisge do ’n sgòrnach’.—*Ulster Journal of Archæol.*, Vol. VI., p. 178. Lord Bacon, in his Essays (‘Of Custom’) says he remembers that “an Irish rebel condemned put up a petition to the deputy that he might be hanged in a wyth, and not in an halter, because it had been so used with former rebels.”

An gog mór ’s an t-ubh beag.

Loud cackle, little egg.

Great cry and little wool.—*Eng.*

Grand vanteur, petit faiseur.—*Fr.*

An gràn a’s luaith’ a théid do’n mhuileann, ’s e ’s luaith’ a thig as.

The grain that soonest goes to mill, will come soonest out.

Ante molam primus qui venit non molat imus.—*Lat.*

Chi primo arriva al molino primo macina.—*Ital.*

Quien primero viene primero muele.—*Span.*

Hvo der kommer først til Mølle faaer først malet.—*Dan.*

Qui premier arrive au moulin premier doit mouldre.—*Fr.*

An Inid, an ciad Mhàrt de’n t-solus Earraich.

Shrove-tide, the first Tuesday of the Spring moon.

An Inid bheadaidh, thig an latha roimh'n oidhche.
The forward Shrove-tide, day comes before the night.
 This means that the Feast comes before the Vigil.

An inisg 'g a cur, 's a bun aig a' bhaile.
The reproach getting spread, and its root at home.

An là a ch' 's nach fhaic.
Every day—present or absent.

This is one of the most frequently used of familiar sayings—usually added to a farewell, e.g. 'Beannachd leat, an là 'ch' 's nach fhaic,' or 'a h-nile latha'. Curiously enough, this favourite phrase was not included in either edition of Macintosh.

An lagh a rinn Solamh fuilgeadh e leis.
Solomon should suffer by his own law.

An là 'bhios sinn ri òrach, biomaid ri òrach; ach an là 'bhios sinn ri maorach biomaid ri maorach.

When we are after gold, let us be at it; but when we are after shell-fish, let us be at it.

The chiefs of the Macleods and of the Macdonalds each kept a fool, and laid a bet which of the two was the greater fool. Both were ordered to go to the shore and gather shell-fish. A piece of gold was placed where it would attract their notice. "Look here," said the Macdonald fool to his companion, "here's gold". "Yes, yes," said the other, "when we are after gold, let us be," &c. It is a question, from the point of view of the highest wisdom, which of the two was the greater fool.

An làmh a bheir 's i a gheabh.
The hand that gives is the hand that gets.
 The liberal soul shall be made fat.—Prov. vi. 25.
 'An làrach nam bonn.

On the spot.
 Literally 'in the print of the soles'.

An leanabh a dh'fhàgar dha fhéin cuiridh e 'mhàthair gu nàire.

The child that's left to himself will put his mother to shame.

An leanabh nach foghlaim thu ri d' ghlùn, cha'n fhoghlaim thu ri d' chluais.

The child whom you teach not at your knee, you won't teach at your ear.

Al. Am fear nach lùb ri glùn cha lùb ri uilinn.

Betwixt three and thirteen thraw the woodie while it's green.

This wise Scottish maxim is now substantially embodied in

an Act of Parliament (35 & 36 Vict., c. 62), Sect. 69 of which enacts that "It shall be the duty of every parent to provide elementary education in reading, writing, and arithmetic, for his children between five and thirteen years of age".

An lionn a ni duine dha fhéin, òladh e a leòr dheth.

The ale a man makes for himself let him have his fill of.

The use and brewing of ale in the Highlands in former times, before any stronger drink was common, is indicated by several proverbs. The application of this proverb, and of the next, is very much the same as that in reference to a man's choice of a bed to lie on.

An lionn a rinn thu a d' dhèoin, òlaidh tu a d' dhain-deoin deth.

The ale you made willingly you'll drink against your will.

An lon-dubh, an lon-dubh spàgach ! thug mise dha coille fhasgach fheurach, 's thug esan dhomh an mon-adh dubh fàsach.

The blackbird ! the sprawling blackbird ! I gave him a sheltered grassy wood, and he gave me the black desolate moor.

Supposed by some (Note in the second edition of Macintosh) to refer either to the Roman or to the Scandinavian invader. It seems more applicable to some recent invaders, but the meaning is obscure.

An luibh nach fhaighear, cha'n i 'chobhras.

The herb that can't be found can never heal a wound.

An naigheachd a 's mò am bliadhna 's i 's lugha an ath-bhliadhna.

The greatest news this year will be least the next.

An neach a ghéilleas do ghiseagan géilleadh giseagan da.

Him that yields to spells, let spells yield to.

AL.—Na géill do ghis, 's cha ghéill gis, dhut.

He that follows freets, freets will follow him.—*Scot.*

An neach a shìneas a làmh sìneadh e 'chas.

He that stretches his hand must stretch his foot.

There are two interpretations of this : the one is, that he that 'lifts' had better run ; the other, that the too liberal may some day need to go dunning or begging.

An neach a's tàire 'bhios a' s 'tigh, 's ann leis a's àirde 'mhuinntir.

The meanest person in the house brags most of his kindred.

'We hounds slew the hare,' quo' the blear-eyed messan.—*Scot.*

An neach nach cinn 'n a chadal, cha chinn e 'n a fhaireachadh.

He that grows not in his sleep will not grow when he's awake.

An ni 'chì na big 's e 'nì na big.

What the little ones see, the little ones do.

An ni 'chluinneas na big, 's e 'chanas na big.

What the little ones hear, the little ones say.

As the old cock crows, so crows the young.—*Eng.*

Wie die Alten singen, so zwitschern auch die Jungen.—*Germ.*

Som de Gamle syngte, saa tviddre de Unge.—*Dan.*

An ni 'chuir na maoir a dh-Ifrinn, farraid an ni a b'fhearr a b'aithne dhaibh.

What sent the officers to hell, asking what they knew full well.

The Maor (a name generally applied to bailiffs and other inferior civil officers) was, and perhaps still is, a person inveterately disagreeable to the Celtic mind.

An ni a chum an eidheann o na gobhair.

What kept the ivy from the goats.

The inaccessibility of the rock or wall. Goats are said to be very fond of ivy.

An ni a gheall Dia, cha mheall duine.

What God has promised man cannot baulk.

What God will, no frost can kill.—*Eng.*

Wham God will help nane can hender.—*Scot.*

L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.—*Fr.*

El hombre propone, y Dios dispone.—*Span.*

Mennesket spaaer, Gud raa'er.—*Dan.*

An ni a tha'n dàn tachraidh e.

The fated will happen.

Che sarà, sarà.—*Ital.*

Det kommer vel der skee skal.—*Dan.*

An ni a thig leis a' ghaoith, falbhaidh e leis an uisge.

What comes with the wind will go with the rain.

Lightly come, lightly go.—*Eng.*

Come wi' the wind and gang wi' the water.—*Scot.*

Ligt gekomen, ligt gegaan.—*Dutch.*

Cha daink lesh y gheay, nach ragh lesh yn ushte.—*Manx.*

An ni nach cluinn thu 'n diugh, cha'n aithris thu màireach.

What you do not hear to-day, you will not report to-morrow.

Al. Mur cluinneadh tu sin, cha'n abradh tu e.

An ni nach 'eil caillte gheabhar e.

What is not lost can be got.

An ni nach fios do na mnathan ceilidh iad.

What the women don't know they'll conceal.

Women conceal all that they know not.—*Eng.*

I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Henry IV., Part I.

A ni nach gabh nighe, cha ghabh e fàsgadh.

What will not wash will not wring.

A ni 'ni subhach an darna aba ni e dubhach an t-ab' eile.

What makes one abbot glad, makes another abbot sad.

Ce qui nuit à l'un, duit à l'autre.—*Fr.*

Non pianse mai uno che non ridesse un altro.—*Ital.*

An obair a thòisicheas Diluain, bidh i luath no bidh i mall.

The work that begins on Monday will be either quick or slow.

Monday, being the first free day of the week, gives a good chance for getting on with work, but if one relies too much on having abundance of time, the work will probably be put off.

An oidhch' a mharbhar am mult, agus an oidhch' a theirigeas e.

The night the wedder is killed, and the night it's finished.

The suggestion is that the repast should be liberal on both occasions.

An òrdag 'an aghaidh na glaise.

The thumb against the palm.

An ràmh a's faisg' iomair.

Pull the oar that's nearest.

An rà'n mòr agus an gal tioram.

Great cry and weeping dry.

An rathad fada glan, 's an rathad goirid salach.

The long clean road, and the short dirty road.

Short cuts often lead into mire. So is it also with those who hasten to 'get on' in the world.

An rud a bhios 'n ad bhroinn, cha bhi e 'n ad thiomnadh.

What's in yir wame's no in yir testament.—Scot.

Fat housekeepers make lean executors.—*Eng.*

Fette Küche, magere Erbschaft.—*Germ.*

Grand chère, petit testament.—*Fr.*

Grassa cucina, magro testamento.—*Ital.*

An rud a chinneas 's a' chnàimh cha tig e as an fheòil.

What's bred in the bane will bide in the flesh.—Scot.

An rud fhàsas 's a chnàimh, ni feadar a dhìbirt as a bh-fheòil.—*Ir.*

Wat in 't gebeente gegroeid is, wil uit het vleesch niet.—*Dutch.*

An rud a chuir an earb air an loch—an éigin.

What made the roe take the loch—necessity.

An rud a chuireas duine 's e 'bhuaineas e, mar a thuirt an òinseach a bha 'cur na mine.

What man sows that will he reap, as the silly woman said when she sowed meal.

An rud a chuireas e 'n a cheann cuiridh e 'n a chasan e.

What he puts into his head goes to his feet.

An rud a dh'fhalbhas cha'n e a dh'fhóghnas.

That which goes won't suffice.

An rud a gheabhar aig ceann an Deamhain, cailleir e aig 'earball.

What is got at the Devil's head will be lost at his tail.

What's gotten ower the Deil's back is spent below his belly.—*Scot.*

Male partum, male desperit.—*Plaut.* Ill gotten, ill spent.—*Eng.*

Hvad man med Synd faaer, det med Sorg gaaer.—*Dan.*

An rud a ni e le 'chrògan, millidh e le 'spògan, coltach ri d' sheana-bhrògan Gàidhealach.

What he does with his hands he spoils with his feet, like your old Highland brogues.

An rud a ni math do bhàillidh Dhiùra, cha dean e cron do'n Rùsgan Mac-Phàil.

What's good for the Jura factor will do no harm to Fleecy M'Phail.

There was a small Jura farmer of the name of M'Phail, nicknamed 'Rùsgan,' whom the factor liked, but took pleasure in chaffing. One day when R. came to pay his rent, the factor helped himself from the bottle which always stood on the table, and said to R. : 'I think you are better without this,' to which R. replied as above, and proceeded to help himself. This saying, trivial as was its origin, has survived for two centuries.

An rud a nìtear gu math chìtear a bhuil.

What is done well, its effect will tell.

An rud a nìtear 's a'chùil, thig e dh'ionnsuidh an teine.

What's done in the corner will come to the hearth.

An rud a's éudar 's éudar e.

What must be must.

An rud a' their a' h-uile duine bithidh e fìor.

What everybody says must be true.

There is no proverb of such general acceptance as this with so little truth in it.

An rud anns an téid dàil théid dearmad.

Delay brings neglect.

An rud nach bi air an t-slinnein bidh e air an t-sliasaid.

What is not on the shoulder will be on the loin.

An rud nach binn le duine cha chluinn duine.

What is not pleasant to his ear a man will not hear.

An rud nach cluinn cluas cha ghluais cridhe.

What the ear hears not, the heart moves not.

Faith cometh by hearing.—ST. PAUL.

An rud nach do bhuilich Dia cha'n fhad a mheal-ar e.

What God bestowed not won't be long enjoyed.

Ill-won gear winna enrich the third heir.—Scot.

Unrecht Gut thut nicht gut.—Germ.

An rud nach laidh ann ad ròd, cha bhrìst e do lurg.

What doesn't lie in your way won't break your leg.

An rud nach tig 's nach d'thàinig dhachaidh, grùthan na h-earba gun bhrachadh.

What never came nor will come home, the roe's liver untainted.

An ruith air an ruaig, 's an ruaig air an ruith.

The chase retreating, and the rout running.

'An rùn nam biodag dh' a chéile. *At daggers' drawing.*

An saoghal a' dol ma seach, 's an t-each air muin a mharcaiche.

The world going upside down, the horse mounted on the horseman.

An sean-fhacal gu fada fìor, cha bhriagaichear an sean-fhacal.

The old saying long proved true shall never be belied.

Paréceme, Sancho, que no hay refran que no sea verdadero.—*Don Quixote.*

An searrach 'bu chòir a bhi 'n a làir 's ann a dh'fhàs e 'n a ghearran.

The foal that should have been a mare grew into a gelding.

Said of an over-presumptuous youth.

'An sinead 's 'an donad, mar a bha cuilein a' mhadaidh-ruaidh.

The older the worse, like the fox's whelp.

Al.—Piseach cuilean a mhadaidh-ruaidh, mar a's sin' e 's ann a 's miosa.

An sneachd nach tig mu Shamhuinn thig gu reamhar mu Fheill-Brìghde.

The snow that comes not at Hallowmass will come thick at Candlemas.

An solus ùr 's a chùl ri làr.

The new moon with her back downwards.

An t-ainm gun an tairbhe. *The name without the profit.*

An taobh a bhios 'an dàn do'n droing dol, cha bhac àth no aonach.

Where folk's fate is to go, ford or hill won't prevent.

Fram eru feigs götur—*The 'fey' man's road is straight—Icel.*

An taobh a chuir thu 'n gruth, cuir 'n a 'shruth am meug.

Where you made the curds to go, you may set the whey a-flow.

An taobh a théid an fheannag bheir i 'feaman leatha.

When the crow flees her tail follows.—Scot.

An taobh a's bòidheche de'n chòmhla.

The prettiest side of the door.

The outside of a maindoor is meant, but not in a metaphorical sense. The outside was usually planed, and sometimes painted, the inside left rough.

An taoman na's mò na'n long.

The baler bigger than the boat.

An t-each a bhuailear 's a cheann bidh e sgàthach.

The horse that is struck in the head will be full of fear.

He will start at every movement of his master, anticipating another stroke. This extreme sensitiveness, painful to see, as the result of brutal treatment, is still more painful to see among school children, as it sometimes, though happily not often, is.

An teine 'ni duine dha fhéin, 's e 'chòir a gharadh ris.

The fire one makes for himself he has a right to be warmed at.

An tì a shireas air gach aithneach.

The one that asks of every acquaintance.

An t-iasg a chrìomas gach boiteag, théid a ghlacadh uair-eigin.

The fish that bites every worm (i.e., bait) will be caught some time.

An tinneas a's fhearr na'n t-slàinte.

The illness that's better than health.

This is a euphemistic Celtic form of describing childbirth.

An tìr do 'n tigear is i 'ghabhhar.

The land that's come to will be taken.

An tobar nach traoigh.

The fountain that dries not up.

This is one of the 'dubh-fhacail' or 'dark sayings,' the meaning of which can only be conjectured. It probably refers to the goodness of God.

'An toiseach an t-saic tha'n riaghailt.

In the mouth of the sack is the measure.

An triùir nach fuiling an cnìodachadh, seann bhean,
cearc, agus caora.

*The three that won't bear caressing, an old woman, a
hen, and a sheep.*

An t-strathair 'an àite na dìollaid.

The pack-saddle in place of the saddle.

An t-suidhe chnaparra. *The sturdy wooing.*

This means, of course, what is called 'Scotch wooing'.

An tuagh 'an déigh an tàil, 's an tàl 'an déigh an
locair.

The axe after the adze, and the adze after the plane.

An t-uasal Leathaineach, 's an ceatharnach Raon-
allach.

*The gentleman of Clan MacLean, and the warrior of
Clan Ranald.*

The MacLeans have generally got credit for a certain high-bred polish, on which they rather plume themselves. 'An cinne mór, 's am pòr mi-shealbhach,'—The great race, and the unfortunate seed, is one of their sayings of themselves. Another is, 'Ged 'tha mi bochd, tha mi uasal,—buidheachas do Dhia, 's ann de Chlann Illeathain mi!'—Though I am poor, I am well-born—God be thanked, I am a MacLean! The Macdonalds, on the other hand, bear the character of manliness and force, with a tendency to swagger. 'Spagadagliog Chlaun Dònuill agus leòin Leathaineach'—The Macdonald ostentation, and the MacLean affectation, is a saying of this import.

An t-ubh a thoirt as a' ghog.

Guessing the egg from the cackle.

An uair a bhios a' bhrù làn, 's miann leis an t-sùil
tàmh.

When the belly is full, then the eye waxes dull.

'An uair' is always pronounced 'Nuair colloquially, and is generally so written. It is sometimes even degraded into 'dar'.

An uair a bhios a' ghaoth air chall, iarr á deas i.

When there is no wind, seek it in the south.

Yn chiuney smoo erbee, gay jiaass sniessy j'ee.—*Manx.*

An uair a bhios a' mhuc sàthach, cinnidh an drabh
goirt.

As the sow fills the draff sours.—Eng., Scot.

An uair a bhios am pobull dall, ni an gille cà'm min-istear.

When the congregation's blind, the one-eyed lad will suit their mind.

'The one-eyed is king among the blind.' See 'Is rìgh an cà'm'.

An uair a bhios am port a' fàs fada, bidh e 'fas searbh.

When the tune gets tiresome it gets harsh.

An uair a bhios an cupan làn, cuiridh e thairis.

When the cup is full it will overflow.

An uair a's làin' an cupan, 's ann a 's dorr' a ghiùlan.

When the cup is fullest it is most difficult to carry.

Al. Is duilich cupan làn a ghiùlan.

A fu' cup is ill to carry. When the cup is fu' carry it even.—*Scot.*

Plenitude of power or wealth is difficult to bear without overbearing. The saying is meant to correct that tendency, specially developed in upstarts.

An uair a bhios an deoch a 's tigh, bidh an ciall a mach.

When drink's in wit's oot.—*Scot.*

Vino dentro, senno fuori.—*Ital.*

Do entra beber, sale saber.—*Span.*

Als de wijn ingaat, gaat de wijsheid uit. Wanneer de wijn is in de man, dan is de wijsheid in de kan.—*Dutch.*

Naar Ölet gaaer ind, da gaaer Viddet ud.—*Dan.*

An uair a bhios càch air an eathar, bidh siubhal nan tighean aig Loiream.

While the rest are with the boat, Trifler goes from house to house.

This is a Lewis saying, applied to contemptible fellows who stay at home, while proper men go hazarding their lives at sea. Similar is, 'Bog-a-loireag, math air tìr, 'us dìblidh air muir'.

An uair a bhios gill' agad, tarruing a chluas.

When you have a servant pull his ear.

An uair a bhios mise thall, gearr an drochaid.

When I am over, cut down the bridge.

An uair a bhios Murchadh 'n a thàmh, bidh e 'ruamhar.

When Murdoch takes rest he delves.

This is said to have been spoken by a farmer's wife in Jura of her husband, who was of a type rather rare in the Highlands. When in to dinner from ploughing in the fields, he would say to his men, 'Nach toir sinn làmh air a' chàl, fhad 's a bhios sinn 'na ar tàmh'—Let us take a turn at planting the kale while we are idle.

An uair a bhios an sgadan mu thuath, bidh Murchadh ruadh mu dheas.

When the herring is in the north, red Murdoch is in the south.

Red Murdoch is the restless, unlucky man, always out of the way when something good is to be got.

An uair a bhios nì aig a' chat, nì e crònan.

When the cat has something she purrs.

'Applied to such mean persons as are too noisy and insufferable when they once become rich.'—*Note by Macintosh.*

An uair a bhios rud a dh'ith air Dònull, gheabh e fhéin e.

When Donald wants anything, he'll get it himself.

Donald represents the pushing man who will not be over-nice in helping himself to what he wants. 'Dònull da fhéin,' Donald for himself, is a somewhat similar phrase.

An uair a bhuaileas tu cù buail gu math e.

When you strike a dog, strike him well.

An uair a chailleas an saor a riaghailt, clionaidh na clàir.

When the carpenter loses his rule the boards will go awry.

An uair a chailleas duin' a stòras, cha'n fhiù a sheòladh no 'chomhairle.

When a man loses his means, his direction and advice go for nothing.

Ffol pob tlawd—*Foolish is every poor one.*—*Welsh.*

Arme lui wijsheid gaat meest verloren.—*Dutch.*

In armer Leute Mund verdirbt viel Weisheit.—*Germ.*

An uair a ch'ì thu bean oileanach, beir oirre, beir oirre; mur beir thus' oirre, beiridh fear eile oirre.

When you see a well-bred woman, catch her, catch her; if you don't do it, another will match her.

An uair a dh'éireas Iain dubh, laidhidh am ministear.

When black John rises, the minister lies down.

The "minister's man"—an important functionary in Scotland. See *Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

An uair a dh'ithear an t-arbhar is ann a thogas an bodach an gàradh.

When the corn is eaten, the silly body builds the dyke.

An uair a gheabh an leibidean a's tigh, 's e fear an tighe 'n truaghan.

When the trifler gets in, pity the goodman of the house.

An uair a lasas sin, ni e teine.

When that lights it will make a fire.

Fire, quoth the fox, when he — on the ice.—*Eng.*

The Gaelic proverb is connected with the same parable as the English one, coarse but comical.

An uair a gheabh sinn biadh gheabh sinn poit.

When we get food we'll get a pot.

A good maxim for young couples, intent upon furnishing a house. Be sure of your living first.

An uair a léumas e an Fheill-Brìghde, cha'n earb an sionnach 'earball ris an deigh.

When Candlemas is past, the fox won't trust his tail to the ice.

There may be hard frost at that season, but it cannot be depended on.

An uair a laidheas a' ghaoth, 's maoth gach sian.

No weather's ill, if the wind be still.—Eng., Scot.

An uair a mhìosaicheas an t-Earrach, tha e sìos 'us suas tuille.

When the Spring is past a month, it's up and down thenceforth.

The husbandman after that can go on steadily with his work.

An uair a's àirde 'sheòlas an ceard-dubhan, 's ann 's an làthaich a thuiteas e.

When the dung-beetle flies highest, it's in the dirt it falls.

An uair a's Ciadaoineach an t-Samhuinn, is iargain-each fir an domhain.

When Hallowmass falls on Wednesday, all men are uneasy.

Supposed, no one knows why, to portend a severe winter.

An uair a's fhearr an cluich, 's fhearr sgur.

When the play is best, 'tis best to cease.

Al. 'Am beadradh,' the 'daffing'.

Tra s' reàie yn chloie, share faagail jeh.—*Manx.*

Lascia la burla quando più piace.—*Ital.*

A la burla, dejarla quando mas agrada.—*Span.*

Wenn der Scherz am besten ist, soll man aufhören.—*Germ.*

Naar Legen er feirest, er han bedst at lade fare.—*Dan.*

An uair a's lugha 'n naigheachd, 's ann a's mò an t-sìth.
Least news most peace.

No news is good news.—*Eng.*

An uair a's mò 'n éigin, dearbhar an caraid dleas.
A friend in need is a friend indeed.—Eng.

An uair a's truim' an t-uisge, 's ann a's giorr' e.
When the rain is heaviest 't will be soonest over.

An uair a's teinne air duine, 's e 'cheann a cheart mhuineal.

When a man is most in straits, his head is his best support.

Literally, 'his head is his real neck,' i.e., he must rely on his own brains to hold up his head. See 'An uair a théid duine'.

An uair a's teinn' an taod, 's ann a's dòch' e bristeadh.
When the rope is tightest it is nearest breaking.

Po tynaf fo'r llinyn cynt af y tyr.—*Welsh.*

Naar Strängen er stindest, da brister han snarest.—*Dan.*

An uair a sguireas am miar de shileadh, sguiridh am bial de mholadh.

When the finger ceases to distil, the mouth ceases to praise.

Irish and Manx nearly in same words, 'làmh' for 'miar'.

An uair a shaoil leat a bhi air muin na muice, 's ann a bha thu làmh rithe 's an làib.

When you thought you were on the sow's back, you were beside her in the puddle.

An uair a thainig e gus a h-aon 's gus a dhà.

When it came to one and two.

An uair a tharruingeas gach duin' a chuid h-uige, 's mairg a bhios gun chuid aige.

When every man draws his share, pity him who has none at all.

An uair a théid a' chailleach 'n a ruith, théid i 'n a deann-ruith.

When the old wife runs she runs with a vengeance.

An uair a théid duine gu luim, 's e 'dhruim a's taice dha.

When a man goes down, his own back is his support.
 Selbst ist der Mann.—*Germ.*

An uair 'théid bior 's an losgann ni e sgriach.

When the toad is pierced he screeches.

An uair a théid na mèirlich a throd, thig daoine ionraic gu 'n cuid.

When thieves fall out, honest men come to their own.

When thieves reckon, leal folk come to their gear.—*Scot., Eng.*

Wanneer dieven kijven bekomen, vrome lieden hare goederen.
—*Dutch.* Naar Tyvene trættes, faaer Bonden sine Koster.—*Dan.*

Les larrons s'entrebattent, et les larcins se découvrent.—*Fr.*

Pelea los ladrones, y descubrese los hurtos.—*Span.*

An uair a théid thus' air d' each mór, théid thu thairis air.

When you mount your high horse, you'll tumble over.

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps its self,

And falls on the other.—*Macbeth.*

An uair a theirigeas gach meas, 's math na mucagan.

When all fruit is done, hips are good.

An uair a theirigeas gual sguiridh obair.

When coal is done work ceases.

The work referred to is the smith's, the coal a kind of charcoal or coke, called *eala-ghual*, which used to be made of peat.

An uair 'thig an Samhradh, togaidh sinn tigh : thig an Samhradh, 's cha tog tigh no tigh,—s' fhearr a bhi muigh na 'bhi 's tigh.

When Summer comes, we'll build a house ; Summer comes, and house or no house, it's better to be out than in.

An uair a thig air duine, thig air uile.

When anything comes on a man, everything comes.

Al. An uair a thig aon ni, thig gach aon ni.

Misfortunes seldom come alone. It never rains but it pours.—*Eng.* Ill comes upon waur's back.—*Scot.*

Een ongeluk komt zelden alleen.—*Dutch.*

Malheur ne vient jamais seul.—*Fr.*

Le disgrazie non vengon mai sole.—*Ital.*

Adonde vas, mal ? Adonde mas hay.—*Span.*

An uair a thig an latha thig comhairle.

With day counsel will come.

Tra hig y laa hig eh choyrle lesh.—*Manx.*

Ἐν νυκτὶ βουλή.—*Gr.* La nuit porte conseil.—*Fr.*

La notte è la madre di pensieri.—*Ital.*

Dormiréis sobre ello, y tomaréis acuerdo.—*Span.*

Guter Rath kommt über Nacht.—*Germ.*

Take counsel of your pillow.—*Eng.*

An uair a thig tionndadh na h-aimsir, tillidh gach ian ri 'ealtuinn.

When the change of season comes, each bird returns to his flock.

An uair a thréigear na dùthchasaich Ile, beannachd le sìth Alba!

When the natives forsake Islay, farewell the peace of Scotland!

The population of Islay has decreased much by emigration, but it is to be hoped the peace of Scotland is safe notwithstanding.

An uair a thubhas e 'cheann tubhaidh e 'thigh.

When he thatches his head, he will thatch his house.

An uaisle 'g a cumail suas a dh-aindeoin.

Keeping up gentility in spite of everything.

A man down on his back, after a wrestle with a 'Tannasg,' was asked by the spectre, 'if this was the worst plight he ever was in?' 'Not at all,' said he. 'What then?' said the ghost. 'An càs is cruaidhe anns an robh mise rianh, an uair a bha mi eadar an fhéile agus an aimbeairt, agus a cumail na h-uaisle suas a dh-aindeoin,—The worst plight I ever was in, was when I was between Hospitality and Want, and keeping up gentility in spite of all'. 'That was hard work,' said the ghost, 'but get up, you'll never encounter these two again'; and so let him go.

The conflict between Hospitality and Want is prettily illustrated in one of Fingal's questions to the daughter of King Cormac. 'What is hotter than fire?' said F. 'A good man's cheek,' said the lady, 'to whom visitors come, and no food to give them—gnùis dhuine mhath do 'n tig aoidhean, gun bhiadh aige dhaibh'. Fingal's greatest strait was when he was between Want and Denial, 'eadar an t-euradh 'us aimbeairt,' *q.v.*

Anmoch gu loch, moch gu amhainn, 's mu mheadh-on latha na h-uillt.

Late to the loch, early to the river, and about noon to the burns.

This is an angler's advice.

Ann am mullach nam meall.

At the top of the heights.

At the height of passion.

Ann an coileach an t-sruth. *In the eddy of the stream.*

Applied to persons in extreme difficulty.

Aon a dh'iarras 's a dhà dhiag a dh'òlas, no pathadh na caorach.

One asking and twelve drinking, or the sheep's thirst.

Aon bhó a bhristeas an gàradh, 's a dhà dhiag a léumas.

One cow breaks the dyke, and a dozen leap it.

Aon mhac caillich, 's aon mhart muilleir.

An old woman's only son, and a miller's one cow.

Aon mhacan na truaighe, is dualach gu 'n téid e 'dholaidh.

The unfortunate little only son, 'tis natural for him to go to the dogs.

Aon nighean caillich, aon ian teallaich.

The old wife's only daughter, the one hearth-chicken.

Aontachadh bradaig le briagaig, 's aontachadh briagain le braidein.

The thief's assent to the liar, and the liar's to the thief.

Al. Ceist bradaig air briagaig.

Ask Jock Thief gif I be a leear.—*Scot.*

Domanda al mio caro se sono ladro.—*It.*

Ar tigh tubhta, 's ar talla tàirngte.

Our house thatched, and our hall nailed.

All ready for occupation.

Aran 'us uibhean tioram, culaidh 'mharbhaidh Mhic-Samhain; Am fear a's math le 'mhnaoi e 'bhi diombuan, chaoidh cha dual da 'bhi fallain.

Dry bread and eggs would be the death of a savage; He whose wife wishes him short life can't be in good health.

This refers to one of the Highland notions about certain food which are often fanciful. See 'Ubh gun im'. An English saying, 'After an egg drink as much as after an ox,' is to the same effect. 'Mac-Samhain' is the name for a kind of mythical savage.

Ardan na poite bige, cha tig e seach an luath.

The pride of the little pot won't go beyond the ashes.

Al. Onfhadh na poite bige.

As a' choire anns an teine.

Out of the kettle into the fire.

As an dris anns an droigheann.

Out of the briers into the thorns.

As an teine do'n ghriosaich.

Out of the fire into the embers.

Ἔς τὸ πῦρ ἐκ τοῦ καπνοῦ.—*Lucian.* De fumo in flammam.—*Lat.*

Cader dalla padella nelle bragie.—*Ital.*

Andar de zocos en colodros.—*Span.*

Fugir do fumo, e cahir no fogo.—*Port.*

Sauter de la poêle sur la braise.—*Fr.*

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.—*Eng.*

At a' bhuinn-duibh, agus bàs an aon mhic.

The swelling of the heel, and the death of the only son.

Said by a Lewis woman who suffered under both pains at once. "Losgadh buinn-duibh losgadh gu cnàimh," is another saying expressive of the agony caused by a sore heel.

Atach seann seòladair, an t-atach a's miosa 'th'ann.

An old sailor's cast-off things, worst of all cast-offs.

This is equally applicable to an old sailor's garments or his used-up craft. 'Atach' = Ath-aodach.

Athair na Dìlinn!

Father of the Flood!

An interjection not unnatural in a rainy climate.

Athais an darna cuir air a' char eile.

The reproach of the one twist against the other.

Al. 'An darna curra,' the one heron, &c.

Athghearr an fhìdhleir dhuibh o'n taobh tuath.

The black fiddler's short cut from the north.

A round-about way. *Al.* Aithghearr an tàilleir dhuibh do Ghleann Cuaich, mu'n cnairt an saoghal—The black tailor's short cut to Glen Quoich—round the world.

B.

Bagair 's na buail. *Threaten and strike not.*

There is something of the Bombastes character in this advice, but its discretion cannot be denied.

Baile Dhuthaich bhòidheach, 's Dornach na gorta,
Sgiobal nan ùbhlán, 's Bil an arain choire,
Euraboll nan adagan, Dunrobain a' chàil,
Goillspidh nan sligean dubha, 'us Druim-uidh an
t-sàil.

*Bonnie Tain, and hungry Dornoch,
Skibo for apples, and Beil for oat cakes.
Eribol for haddocks, Dunrobin for kail,
Golspie for black shells, Drumvie for brine.*

All these places, with the exception of Tain, are on the coast of Sutherlandshire.

B'ainmig leis a' chirc aghartan a bhi aice.

It is not common for hens to have pillows.

Applied to persons affecting luxuries unsuitable to them.

Balach 'us balgaire tighearna,
Dithis nach bu choir leigeil leo,
Buail am balach air a' charbad,
'S buail am balgaire 's an t-sròin.

*A laird's flunkey and his dog,
These are two one should not spare;
Slap the flunkey on the cheek,
Hit the hound upon the nose.*

This verse is said to have been composed by John Morrison of Bragar in Lewis, who lived during the latter half of the 17th century, and was held in high repute for his administrative talent and ready wit. Having come on one occasion to Seaforth Lodge at Stornoway, to explain his refusal to pay an overcharge made by the factor, he was assailed at the door by a big dog, which barked furiously at him. Morrison hit him on the nose with his stick, and sent him away howling. Next came out a flunkey, who addressed himself to Morrison in no polite terms, and got in reply a good whack on the jaw. More noise followed, which at last brought out Seaforth himself. Morrison explained the whole

thing to the laird's satisfaction, and finished his story, it is said, with the above verse. For an account of him and his family, see Captain Thomas's 'Traditions of the Morrisons,' *Proc. of Scot. Soc. of Ant.*, Vol. XII., pp. 526-531.

B' àluinn a' ghnùis, na 'm b' iùlmhor am béus.

The face were lovely were the 'haviour good.

B'amhuil mur b'fhìor.

Probable if it were not true.

This resembles, but wants the point of 'Se non è vero è ben trovato'.

Bàs an fhithich ort! *The raven's death to you!*

This is much the same as 'Droch bhàs ort!'—a very common phrase. It was a popular belief among the Gaël that the young raven kills the old one. Not less emphatic is 'Bàs gun sagart ort!'—*Death without priest to you!*

Bata 's treasa na'n cuaille, gille's uaisle na 'mhaighstir.
Cane stronger than club, servant finer than master.

Bàthadh mór aig oirthir.

A great drowning near the land.

Margr druknar nærri landi.—*Iceland.*

Bàthaidh uisge teth teine.

Hot water will quench fire.

Foul water will sloken fire.—*Scot.*

Bàthaidh toll beag lóng mhór.

A little hole will sink a big ship.

B'e sin a bhi 'cur iomchoir' 'an deaghaidh Chaluum.

That were blaming Malcolm after he's away.

B'e sin a bhi cur na caora air theadhair làmh ri tigh a' mhèirlich.

That were tethering the sheep near the thief's house.

B'e sin a bhi 'dol eadar a' chraobh 's a rùsg.

That were to go between the tree and its bark.

Il ne faut mettre le doigt entre l'arbre et l'écorce.—*Fr.*

B'e sin a bhi 'tìladh seangain air crios.

That were hushing an ant to sleep on a girdle.

Trying to do an absurd thing. Somewhat to the same effect is 'Cala seangain air crios,' An ant's harbour on a girdle.

B'e sin a' chearc a' gairm roimh 'n choileach.

That were the hen crowing before the cock.

Triste es la casa, donde la gallina canta, y el gallo calla.—*Span.*

B'e sin ainmeachadh bà air buachaille, 's a toirt uaithe 'feasgar.

That were to name a cow on a herd, and take her from him at evening.

It was usual, and still is, to allot one of the cows of a herd to the cow-herd for his own supply of milk.

B'e sin am màin air muin an t-saic.

That were the heap above the sack.

B'e sin an dà latha.

That were the change of days.

It is common to hear 'S ann air a thàinig an dà latha' said of a person who has suffered a change of circumstances. See 'Cha robh duine gun dà latha'.

B'e sin an diar 'g a iarraidh air a' chat, 's e fhéin 's an dian mhiamhail.

That were asking a drop from the cat, and the cat mewling clamorously.

B'e sin an diol dubh air a' ghruth gheal.

That were the black usage of the white curds.

Unnatural treatment of a thing or person.

B'e sin an ealain gun rath.

That was the skill without luck.

Many of the proverbs inculcate the dangerous doctrine that luck is better than skill or effort. There is a story about two carpenters, who got their choice from a certain witch or 'glaistig' between 'ealain gun rath' and 'rath gun ealain'. The one chose the former, became a perfect artificer, and yet never prospered. The other chose the latter, never rose above being a botcher, and yet 'got on' in the world. So much for luck! See a story of the same sort in Campbell's W. H. T., II. 86, where 'rath' is mistaken for 'ràdh'—'speech'.

B'e sin an gille 'chur 'an àit' an duin'-uasail.

Putting the servant in place of the gentleman.

B'e sin an gràdh luath 's am fuath clis.

That was the hasty love and the quick hate.

Al. cha tug gaol luath nach tug fuath clis.

Soon hot, soon cold.—Engl.

B'e sin an réul 's an oidhche dhoilleir.

That was the star in the dark night.

Al. B'e sin an rionnaig 's an oidhche fhrazaich. Often said ironically of a pretentious person.

B'e sin an salann 'g a chur 's a' mhuir.

Putting salt into the sea.

Bwrw heli yn y môr.—*Welsh.*

B'e sin fiodh a chur do Lochabar.

That were sending wood to Lochaber.

B' e sin ìm a chur do thigh àirich.

That were sending butter to a dairyman's house.

Sending owls to Athens.—*Gr.* Sending pines to Norway.—*Dan.* Carrying coals to Newcastle.—*Engl.* Ca'in saut to Dysart, and puddin's to Tranent.—*Scot.* Taking blades to Damascus.—*Arab.* Pepper to Hindostan.—*Pers.* Cockles to St. Michel.—*Fr.*

B'e sin an seangan a' toirt greim' á gearran.

That were the ant biting the gelding.

B'e sin an tuagh a thoirt á làimh an t-saoir.

That were to take the axe out of the carpenter's hand.

B'e sin buille 's a' cheann 'us seachainn am muineal.

That were hitting the head, and avoiding the neck.

B'e sin cead iarraidh òrd a bhualadh air bàirnich.

That were asking leave to lift a limpet.

Literally, 'to strike a hammer on a limpet'. Limpets, which are much used as bait in the Highlands and Islands, are naturally considered free to all mankind. The tool used for detaching them is called 'òrd-bàirnich,' though generally it is a chisel rather than a hammer. A huge block of trap, which has slipped from the face of a cliff in one of the islands of Loch Bracadale in Skye, is called 'Ord-bàirnich Fhinn,' Fingal's limpet-hammer.

B'e sin faire 'chlamhain air na cearcan.

That were the kite's watch over the hens.

Such protection as vultures give to lambs.—*Pizarro.*

B'e sin greim de 'n easgainn air a h-eàrr.

That were taking the eel by the tail.

B'e sin "Hó!" fada bho'n chrodh.

That were a call far from the cows.

Out of place, or before the time.

B'e sin iasad an Deamhain do 'n mhuileann.

That were the Devil's loan to the mill.

Bleùd an Diaoul—the Devil's meal.—*Breton.*

There are proverbs of various nations, implying a disbelief in the honesty of millers, and this seems to be one of them.

B'e sin latha 'thogail do shaic, 's cha b' ann do 'n mhuileann.

That was the day for lifting your sacks, but not to the mill.

This refers either to a *creach*, or "lifting" of property against the owner's will, or to a flitting.

B'e sin marag earbsa ris a' chù dhubh.

That were trusting a pudding to the black dog.

B'e sin na smiaran-dubha 's an Fhaoilleach.

That were the bramble-berries in February.

Said of anything out of season.

B'e sin saoradh air ceann a' choin bhradaich.

That were absolving the thievish dog.

B'e sin urras gun earras, mise 'dhol 'an urras ortsa.

That were the security without substance, were I to warrant thee.

Beag agus beag éisg so, ach tuilleadh agus tuilleadh as an t-seilbh chiadna.

Little fish this, but there's more and more in the same store.

Said when one gets a small fish to begin with. Somewhat similar is, 'Fuil air iasg ! mharbh mi sgiollag'.

Beag àidh ort !

Small luck to you !

Al. Beagan pisich.

Bean á tigh-mór 'us bó á baile, cha fhreagair an duine bochd.

A wife from the big house, and a cow from a farm, won't suit the poor man.

The wife accustomed to the style of a gentleman's house might probably be ill to please in a poor thatched cottage ; and a fine Ayrshire cow would be more difficult to keep than a hardy Highland one.

Bean fhada, chaol, dhìreach, miann Dhònuill amadain.

The fool Donald's fancy, a tall, slender, straight wife.

Probably the fancy of the wise man who invented this saying was a stout, strong, and what is called in the Lowlands a ' wise-like ' woman.

Bean 'g a bhuain, dall 'g a mheangadh, curaidh 'g a shnìomh; 's fìgh an reamhar air a' chaol, ma 's math leat an taod a bhi buan.

A woman to pluck it, a blind man to lop it, a strong man to twist it; and weave the thick on the thin, if you wish your rope to last.

This refers to the making of a rope of birch or willow twigs. A woman would choose nice twigs, and a blind man would use his knife cautiously.

Bean 'g a thréigsinn, 'us stiùir 'g a dhiùltadh.

Wife forsaking him, and helm disobeying.

A very sad predicament.

Bean ruadh dhubh-shuileach, cù lachdunn las-shuileach, fear an fhuilt dhuibh 's na fiasaige ruaidhe,—na trì còmhlaichean a 's mios' air bith.

A red-haired black-eyed woman, a dun fiery-eyed dog, a black-haired red-bearded man,—the three unluckiest to meet.

Another Gaelic saying about the red beard and the black head is, 'Fear a' chinn duibh 's na fiasaige ruaidhe, co 'thuig riamh a nàdur?' Still more emphatic are 'Fear a' chinn duibh, &c., na teirig eadar e 's a chreag,' and the old English rhyme,

A red beard and a black head,

Catch him with a good trick and take him dead.

Beannachd a shaoid 's a shiubhail leis! bitheadh e 'nochd far an robh e 'n raoir.

The blessing of his state and his journey be with him! Let him be to-night where he was last night.

This is like an Oriental expression of hospitality.

Beannachd Chalum ghobha—'mo thogair ged nach till'.

Smith Malcolm's blessing—I care not if he come not back.

Beannachd dhut fhéin, ach mollachd do d' oid'-ionnsachaidh!

Blessing to thyself, but a curse on thy teacher!

Beannachd 'n an siubhal 's 'n an imeachd! 'S e 'n diugh Dihaoine, cha chluinn iad sinne.

Blessing on their going and way! This is Friday, they won't hear us.

A charm against Fairies. Friday was the day on which they were believed to visit Fairyland.

Beatha Chonain 'am measg nan deamhan: Ma 's olc dhomh cha 'n fhearr dhaibh.

Conan's life among the demons: If bad for me, for them no better.

Conan is one of the principal characters celebrated in the Fenian Legends, and the only disagreeable one. He is called 'aimlisg na Fèinne,' the mischief of the Fenians, and is described as rash, quarrelsome, and meddlesome. He visited Ifrinn (Hell) in search of some of his departed friends, and gave as good as he got there to the fiends. Sir Walter Scott picked up this story, and made use of it in Waverley, where Mrs. Flockhart asks, "And will ye face thae tearing chields, the dragoons, Ensign Maccombich?" "Claw for claw, as Conan said to Satan, Mrs. Flockhart, and the deevil tak' the shortest nails."

"Is olc do bheatha 'Chonain!" is another saying in reference to this legend.

Beathaich thusa mis' an diugh, 'us beathaichidh mis' thus' am màireach.

Feed thou me to-day, and I'll feed thee to-morrow.

Beinn Nibheis mhór a' glaothaich 'n a laidhe-siùbhla, 's cha d'thàinig aisde ach an luchag fheòir.

Great Ben Nevis crying in travail, and nothing came of it but a field-mouse.

This, no doubt, is a mere version of "Parturiunt montes," but it has the merit of local colouring.

Beiridh am beag tric air a' mhór ainmig.

The little quick will overtake the big slow.

Beiridh bean mac, ach 's e Dia a ni an t-oighre.

A woman may bear a son, but God makes the heir.

Hæredem Deus facit, non homo.—Coke.

Beiridh tu air a bhi gu math 'n uair a thig d' fhiasag.

You will be a good one by the time your beard grows.

Said ironically to forward young people.

Beò bochd gun airgead, mar a bha'n t-Albannach roimhe.

Poor living without money, as the Scot of old had.

Béus na tuath far am bìtear is e a nìtear.

The manners of the folk one lives among will be followed.

Thy neighbour is thy teacher. Live with him who prays, and thou prayest. Live with the singer, and thou singest.—Arab.

He who herds with the wolves will howl.—*Fr., Ital., Span., Germ., Dan.*

When you are at Rome, do as Rome does.—*Eng.*

B' fhada bho 'chéile crodh laoidh an dà sheanar.

Far apart were the milk-cows of their grandfathers.

Said of persons whose ancestors were far removed from each other in place or position; e.g., marrying out of one's sphere.

B' fhaid a 'bhitheadh donas á droch-mhnaoi na bhith-inn-sa 'deanamh sin.

A shrew's ill nature would be longer out of her than I would be about that.

In other words, I should do it "in no time".

B' fhasa Eóghan a chur air each.

'Twere easier to put Ewen on horseback.

In A. Campbell's note on this, he says it alludes to M'Neill of Barra, but that is doubtful. Macintosh, in his note on another proverb, 'Cha 'n ann a' h-uile là a théid MacNèill air each,' says, "There is an ingenious sarcastical description of setting MacNeil on horseback, in Gaelic, in my hands, setting forth the grandeur, antiquity, and valour of MacNeil of Barra." A version of that curious composition, got in 1859 from the recitation of a man in Blair Athol, is given in Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*, pp. 210, 211. After an elaborate description of the dressing and arming of Ewen, the extraordinary virtues of his steed, and the splendour of his harness, the ignominious *fiasco* is thus briefly told—"S chaidh e trì uairean tiomchioll an òtraich, 's ghabh e eagal mór, 's phill e."—He went three times round the dunghill, took a great fright, and returned!

Another version, called 'Cliù Eobhain,' curiously differing from the above, is given by Mr. D. C. Macpherson in the *Gael*, Vol. IV., pp. 112, 113. It was copied from a MS. in the Irish character, apparently about a century old.

B' fhearr a bhi gun bhreith na 'bhi gun teagasg.

Better unborn than untaught.

The English is that of Heywood, given in Hazlitt's English Proverbs, with this old rhyme—

A chyld were better to be unbore,
Than to be untaught, and so be lore.

B' fhearr a bhi gun fhàinne na fàinne luachrach.

Better no ring than a rush ring.

This proverb is both English and Scotch.

B' fhearr a bhi sàmhach na droch dhàn a ghabhail.

Better be silent than sing a bad song.

Macintosh translates the three last words, 'receive an affront'.

B' fhearr a' chreach a thighinn do 'n tìr, na maduinn
mhìn 's an Fhaoilleach fhuar.

*Better foray coming to the land than mild morning
in the cold month of storms.*

Share craght ve sy cheer, na mee ny mannan (*month of kids*)
cheet stiagh meein.—*Manx.*

The Faoilleach, or Faillteach, was the name given to the
time of year nearly corresponding to the present month of
February, usually a time of storms and cold. Mild weather at
this time was and is regarded as unseasonable, and not to be
desired. Some other proverbs to the same effect as the above will
be found further on. See 'Faoilleach'. Of old English and
Scottish ones are the following:—

February fill the dike,
Either with the black or white,
But if it be white it's the better to like.

The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier,
As that Candlemas Day should be pleasant and clear.

A' the months o' the year
Curse a fair Februeer.

B' fhearr a leth an dé, na gu léir an diugh.

Better the half yesterday than the whole to-day.

Ὁκείαι χάριτες γλυκύτεραι.—*Gr. Anth.*

Bis dat qui cito dat.—*Lat.*

The best generosity is the quick.—*Arab.*

One to-day is worth two to-morrow.—*Eng.*

En Skilling er i Tide saa god som en Daler.—*Dan.*

E meglio aver oggi un uovo che domani una gallina.—*Ital.*

Mas vale un 'toma' que dos 'te daré'.—*Span.*

B' fhearr cumail a muigh na cur a mach.

Better keep out than put out.

B' fhearr dha bonnach 'us tóll 'am bruicheadh e e.

Better for him were a cake and a hole to bake it in.

'Than think of such a thing' is understood.

B' fhearr do Mhac-Dhònuill còmhach a bhi aige dha
fhéin.

*Better were it for MacDonald to have as much as would
cover himself.*

I have not been able to ascertain the origin of this saying.

B' fhearr gun tòiseachadh na sgar gun chrìoch-
nachadh.

Better not begin than stop without finishing.

B' fhearr leam 'fhaicinn na 'chluinntinn.

I would rather see it than hear it.

Seeing is believing.—*Arab., Eng., Scot.*

Chi con l' occhio vede, col cuor crede.—*Ital.*

Die Augen glauben sich selbst, die Ohren andern Leuten.—*Germ.*

Hooren zeggen is half gelogen.—*Dutch.*

B' fhearr suidhe làmh ri fear-cuthaich na làmh ri fear-lomnochd.

Better sit next a madman than next a naked man.

'Naked' here means needy. It may be intended to signify that a destitute man is apt to be dangerous, as another proverb indicates, 'S ionann fear na 'éigin 's fear a' chuthaich,' and the Latin, 'Esurienti ne occurras'.

B' fhialaidh an coileach mu chuid an eich.

The cock was very bountiful with the horse's corn.

Ai. Fialachd mhath mu chuid chàich.

Hens are free of horse corn.—*Scot.*

Bha "beir 's cha bheir" aige.

It was "catch and won't catch" with him.

Said of one who just misses, or all but misses a thing.

Bha caochladh clòimhe 'n clò Chaluim.

There were various wools in Malcolm's cloth.

Said of persons whose character or works are inconsistent or heterogeneous.

Bha dorus Fhinn do 'n ànrach fial.

Fingal's door was free to the needy.

In the ballad called 'Urnuigh Oisein' (*Leabhar na Feinne*, pp. 41-46, *Gael*, I. 83), consisting of a dialogue between Ossian and St. Patrick, Patrick says—

Ge beag a' chuil chrònanach,
'Us mònanan na gréine,
Gun fhios do 'n Rìgh mhòralach,
Cha téid fho bhl' a sgéithe.

Small as is the humming gnat,
And the mote in sunbeam,
Unknown to the majestic King,
They pass not 'neath his wing.

To this Ossian replies—

'N saoil thu 'm b' ionann e 's Mac Cumhail,
An rìgh 'bh' againn air na Fiannaibh ;
Dh' fhaodadh gach neach 'bha air thalamb
Teachd 'n a thailla-san gun iarraidh.

Think'st thou then to equal him
 'To our King, the son of Cùal?
 All the world might enter in
 To his hall unbidden.

Bha e 'n a dhlùth 's 'n a inneach air.

He was both warp and woof to it.

He was the body and soul of the thing.

'Dlùth glic agus inneach gòrach' is said of a person who seems foolish, but is really wise.

Bha gnothuichean mòr 'an Aoraisge.

There were great doings at Eriskey.

Eriskey is a small island in Loch Crerar. The story goes, that the wife of the laird of Airds (long ago) kept a paramour on this island, whom she treated luxuriously. The family fool got wind of it, and went on repeating, "Great doings at Eriskey," till his master inquired into the matter.

Bha iasad a ghabhail 's a thoirt, riamh air feadh an t-saoghail.

Borrowing and lending were always in fashion.

Bha là eile aig fear na bracha.

The maltman had other days

Said of people in reduced circumstances. See 'Bu là eile.'

Bha là eile ann.

There was a different day.

Al. Bha là dha sin, or, Bha 'n là sin ann, phrases generally used by old people, recalling the days when they could perform feats to be done no more.

Bha mis' 'an ceardaich gobha roimh so.

I have been in a smithy before now.

The allusion is probably to the common practice of testing men's strength and agility, in a smithy, with the big hammer, and the meaning is something equivalent to "I am no greenhorn".

Bha 'n t-àm ann.

It was high time.

Bha sìneadh saoghail aige.

He had a new lease of life.

Bha 'n uair 'g a ruith.

His hour was pursuing him.

There is something impressive in the picture this suggests, of a man pursued by the 'shadow feared of man'.

Bha rud-eigin de dh' uisge far 'na bhàthadh an gamh-
ainn.

There's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons.—Scot.

Bha sid 'an dàn da.

That was fated for him.

Bha thu 'd' shlàint' an uair a chaidh do chòta
'dheanamh.

You were in good health when your coat was made.

Said to one whose coat is too wide.

Bheir a h-uile Didòmhnuich seachdair leis.

Every Sunday brings a week with it.

Bheir aon duine trìuir bhàrr an rathaid.

One man will lead three off the road.

Bheir aon fhear each gu uisge, ach cha toir dà fhear
dhiag air 'òl.

*One man may lead a horse to water, but twelve won't
make him drink.*

A man may lead a horse to the water, but four-and-twenty
winna gar him drink.—*Scot.*

Bheir duine beath' air éigin, ach cha toir e rath air
éigin.

A man may force a livelihood, but cannot force fortune.

Here again appears the belief in Fate, as a power superior to
human will.

Bheir ao-dòchas misneach do ghealtair.

Desperation drives on cowards.

Put a coward to his metal, and he'll fight the Deil.—*Scot.*

A man who would like to run away sometimes fights like a
lion when escape is impossible.

Bheir duine glic breith-bliadhna air fear na h-aon
oidheche.

*A wise man will from one night's knowledge judge
another for a year.*

He can judge in a night from a man's conversation and
manners, as much as a person less sagacious could do in a year.

Bheir fear na moch-eirigh buaidh air fear na fionn-
airidh.

The early riser will beat the late watcher.

Bheir fóid a bhreith 's a bhàis fear gu 'àit' air éigin.

No man can avoid the spot, where birth or death is his lot.

Bheir mis' ort nach òl thu bainne bhàrr spàin.

I'll make you so that you can't drink milk from a spoon.
This forcible form of threat comes from the Hebrides.

Bheir na daoine beaga rud as an spéur cho luath ris na daoine móra.

Little people will bring things from the sky as soon as big ones.

A hint to big people that they need not aim at things too high even for them. A similar saying is, 'Thoir thusa rionnag as an spéur, 's bheir mise nuas t' eile'.—*Bring you a star down from the sky, and I'll bring another.*

Bheir sin an teang' as a' chlag.

That will take the tongue out of the bell.

Bheireadh e mac-tall' as na creagan.

He would make the rocks re-echo.

Said of a loud-voiced person.

Bheireadh e snìomh air cridhe na cloiche.

It would wrench the heart of a stone.

Bheireadh seillein math mil á sin.

A good bee could get honey out of that.

Bheireadh tu cho fad' a' gléusadh do phìoba 's a bheireadh fear eil' a' cluich puirt.

You would take as long to tune your pipe as another would to play a tune.

Ye're as lang tuning yir pipes as anither wad play a spring.—*Scot.*

Bheirear comhairle seachad, ach cha toirear giùlan.

Counsel can be given, but not conduct.

Bheirinn cuid oidhche dha ged a bhiodh ceann fir fo 'achlais.

I would give him a night's quarters, though he had a man's head under his arm.

Nothing could be more expressive than this of the Highland virtues of hospitality and clannishness in excess.

Bheirinn m'fhalt a mach Diordaoin,

'S dheanainn m'inean maol Diluain;

'S shiùbhlainn 'an sin bho chuan gu cuan.

I would cut my hair on Thursday.

And pare my nails on Monday;

Then I'd sail from sea to sea.

Friday being an unlucky day, a man going on a voyage, for

which Saturday or Sunday would be preferred, would get his hair cut on Thursday. Why Monday should be preferred for paring nails it is hard to see, except that doing it on Sunday was unlucky.

'Bhi 'fadadh teine fa loch,
 Bhi tiormachadh cloich 'an cuan,
 Comhairle 'thoirt air mnaoi bhuirb,
 Mar bhuill' ùird air iarann fuar.
*As kindling a fire on a loch,
 As drying a stone in the ocean,
 Like stroke of hammer on cold iron,
 Is counsel to a shrewish woman.*

An Irish version of this is slightly different :—

Coigilt teine le loch,
 No cathamh cloch le cuan,
 Comhairle thabhairt do mnaoi bhoirb,
 No buille de ribe air iarann fuar.

Bourke's Ir. Gram., p. 279.

This verse was given as part of a song picked up in S. Uist by Mr. Carmichael, which appeared in the Nether Lochaber column of the *Inverness Courier*. It has also been ascribed, but without sufficient warrant, to John Morrison of Bragar. He may have said it to his wife, but it does not follow that he composed it.

'Bhi umhal d'a thighearna, 's e dligh' an òglaich.
To obey his master is the servant's duty.

Bhiodh sonas aig an stròghaire, na 'm faigheadh mar a sgapadh e.

The spendthrift were happy, could he get as he scatters.

Bho bhrògan àrd gu brògan ìosal, 's bho bhrògan ìosal gu breabanan.

From high shoes to low shoes, and from low shoes to half-soles.

Bho'n a rinn mi 'n òirleach, ni mi 'n réis.

As I have made the inch, I'll make the span.

Tra tou jannoo yn trie (*troidh*), jean yn oarlagh.—*Manx.*

Gi'e ye an inch, and ye'll tak a span.—*Scot.*

Give him an inch, and he'll take an ell.—*Engl.*

Bho'n is e 's nì do Chlann Nèill na dòirneagan, gabhadh iad do'n ionnsuidh.

Since the property of the MacNeills consists of pebbles, let them take to them.

Probably said on the occasion of a fight between the M'Neills

and some other clan. The beach at Castle Bay, in Barra, where the chief resided, abounds in sea-worn stones, piled up by the Atlantic waves.

Bho'n is tu 'mharcaich an t-each, crùdh e.

Since you have ridden the horse, shoe him.

Bho'n làimh gus am bial, cuibhrionn a 's fhearr air bith.

From hand to mouth, the best of all portions.

This saying, inconsistent with modern wisdom, but not with primitive Christianity, is neutralised by the following one.

Bho'n làimh gus am bial, cha dean e duine còir am feasda.

From hand to mouth will never make a worthy man.

Bho nach banachaig mi, cha bhi mi 'trod mu'n fhiar.

As I am not a dairymaid, I won't quarrel about the grass.

I won't dispute about what is not in my province.

Bho nach fhaod mi beantainn do'n ghiadh mhór, pronnaidh mi na h-iseanan.

As I cannot touch the big goose, I'll pound the goslings.

If I canna kep guse, I'll kep gaislin.—*Scot.* Very probably said first by a fool, who got bitten by a gander.—See *Lover's Essay on Fools*, in '*Legends of Ireland*'. But there is much of human nature in the sentiment. Even kings and statesmen have exemplified it.

Bho nach leam, cha tarruing.

Since it is not mine I won't draw it.

This, if referring to a rope, is selfish. But it is susceptible of a better interpretation, as a caution to mind one's own business.

Bhuail iad a ceann air an àmraidh.

They struck her head against the ambry.

Said of a servant who looks like her food. "Ambry," or "amry," old English and Scotch for cupboard, originally "almerie," or place for keeping alms in. 'He has broken his face on the ambry,' says Kelly, 'is spoken of bluff, fat-cheek'd boys.'

Bhuail thu 'n tarrang air a ceann.

You have hit the nail on the head.

Bhuain e maorach an uair a bha 'n tràigh ann.

He gathered shell-fish while the tide was out.

Same as making hay while the sun shone.

Bi 'd thosd 's 'ad chuimhne.

Be silent and mindful.

In the story of Fingal's enchantment in the house of the Blàr Buidhe (*Celt. Rev.*, Vol. I., p. 197, *Gael*, IV. 10), it is said of him, 'Bha Fionn 'n a thosd 's na chuimhne,' while he was undergoing dreadful torture.

Bi 'd thosd 's bi 'd chomaidh.

Be silent, and take your share.

Ask no questions for conscience' sake.

Bi gu subhach, geamnaidh,
Moch-thrathach a's t-Samhradh;
Bi gu curraiceach, brògach,
Brochanach 's a' Gheamhradh.

*In Summer time be cheerful, chaste,
And early out of bed;
In Winter be well-capped, well-shod,
And well on porridge fed.*

Dr. John Smith, in his *Galic Antiquities*, attributes the first half of this excellent advice to the Druids. A more probable opinion ascribes it to the "Ollamh Muileach," Dr. John Beaton, one of a family famous in the Highlands for medical skill. He was family physician to the MacLeans, and died in 1657, as a Latin inscription on his tomb in Iona still bears.

"Brochan" means both "porridge" and "gruel". In most parts of the Highlands it is or was applied equally to both, while in some parts, such as Skye, porridge is always called "lite," and gruel alone "brochan". Gruel undoubtedly is more for winter than for summer, while porridge is equally for all the year round.

Bi thusa 'bruidheann, 's bidh na h-uibhean agamsa.

You talk away, and I'll have the eggs.

Biadh a thoirt do'n fhearann mu 'n tig an t-acras air;
fois a thoirt da mu'm fàs e sgìth; a ghart-ghlanadh mu'm
fàs e salach,—comharran an deagh thuathanaich.

*To feed the land before it get hungry; to give it rest
before it grow weary; to weed it well before it get dirty—
the marks of a good husbandman.*

Biadh-gràineachaidh aig seana-chù.

Food of loathing to an old dog.

Biadh math monaidh maragan-dubha.

Black puddings are good food for the moors.

Bial a labhras, ach gnìomh a dhearbhas.

The mouth speaks, but the deed proves.

See 'Air mhèud 's a their.'

Bial gun fhàitheam.

A mouth without hem.

Al. A bhial air a ghualainn.—*His mouth on his shoulder* = his heart on his sleeve.

Bial-sìos air na mnathan, mur faighear 's gach àit' iad !

Confound the women, if they are not found everywhere !

Women's work is never done.—*Eng. and Scot.*

The phrase 'Bial-sìos ort !'—Down mouth to you ! probably means, May you be laid upside down, *i.e.*, dead. 'Bial seachad ort !' is sometimes used instead.

Bidh a' chuid a 's miosa aig a' bhus a 's taise.

The modest mouth gets the smallest share.

Beidh nidh aig an sàrachan, 'n uair a bhios an nàireachan falamh.—*Ir.*

A modest beggar's bag is empty.—*Hungar.*

Bidh adhaircean fad' air a' chrodh 'tha fada uainn.

Far off cows have long horns.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico.—*Lat.*

Al. Adhaircean fad air a' chrodh 'tha 'n Eirinn, or 'a th' anns a' cheò'.

The same idea is more prettily expressed in the saying, 'Is gorm na cnuic tha fada uainn' (*Scot. and Ir.*,—'glas' for 'gorm,' *Ir.*), of which Campbell's beautiful lines are a paraphrase—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,

And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Bidh an coileach-circe 'g obair fad an latha, ach cha bhi nì 'n a sgròban 'am bial na h-oidhche.

The barn-door cock works all day, but his crop is empty at night.

Gallo bom nunco foi gordo—*Good cock was never fat.*—*Port.*

Bidh an duine foghainteach beò, ged b'e 'n clobh' a chòir.

The able man will make a living, had he but the tongs to start with.

The tongs are mentioned as belonging specially to the wife's province, and not an implement likely to be chosen by the man.

Bidh an iall ruighinn gu leòir gus am brist i.

The thong is tough enough till it breaks.

Bidh an iomchoir' 'an lorg a' challa.

The blame will follow the loss.

Bidh an luaireagan-luatha 'n a uallachan gille.
The child that grovels in the ashes will be a jaunty lad.

Bidh an osna dheireannach cràiteach.
The last sigh will be grievous.

Bidh an tubaist a'ruith nan clibistean.
Mishap follows upon misadventure.

Bidh an t-ubhal a's fhearr air a' mheangan a's àirde.
The best apple is on the highest bough.

Die süssesten Trauben hängen am höchsten.—*Germ.*

"Happy would that nation be" says Macintosh, in the Dedication of his collection to the Earl of Buchan, "where every person of distinguished rank would endeavour to distinguish himself still more essentially, by being beneficial to the public, and thereby confirm our old Gaelic saying 'Bithidh meas is fearr,' &c."

Bidh bean-mhuinntir aig an fheannaig a's t-Fhoghar.
The crow has a maid-servant in Autumn.
 Said of people who keep more servants than they need.

Bidh boladh a' mhairbh de 'n làimh fhalaimh.
The empty hand will smell like the dead.
 This is one of the most emphatic sayings on the evils of poverty.

Bidh breith luath lochdach.
A hasty judgment will be hurtful.
Al. Cha tug breith luath nach tug da uair.
He who judges hastily must judge twice.
De fol juge brève sentence.—Fr.

Bidh cas an eòin ghòraich 's an ribe.
The silly bird's foot will go into the snare.

Bidh cnothan aig Iain fhathasd: 'Ma bhitheas, cnagadh Iain iad,' arsa Muisean.

John will have nuts yet: If he has, let him crack them, said the mean devil.

Bithidh e cho mór ri cnoc,
 Mu'm faic duine fhéin a lochd.
Ere a man his fault can see,
Big as mountain it will be.

Al. Bidh cron duine cho mór ri beinn, mu'n léir dha fhéin e.

Bidh cuid an amadain 'am bial a bhuilg.
The fool's share is in the mouth of his bag.

Bidh Dihaoine 'an aghaidh na seachdain.

Friday will be contrary to the week.

Selde is the Friday all the weke y-like.—*Chaucer.*

This groundless fancy is perhaps connected with the supposed unluckiness of Friday.

Bidh dòrn aig fear na h-eadraiginn.

The interposer will get struck.

Cha d-tainig fear an eadarsgàin saor a riamh.—*Ir.*

Bidh dùil ri fear-fairge, ach cha bhi ri fear-réilge.

There is hope of the man at sea, but none of the man in the churchyard.

Bidh dùil ri fear-feachda, ach cha bhi ri fear-lice.

The man of war may return, but not the buried man.

Al. Bidh dùil ri bial euain, ach cha bhi ri bial uaigh.

Biann sùil le muir, acht cha bhiann sùil le cill.—*Ir.*

Bidh e geal 'n uair a thiormaicheas e, mu'n dubhairt an droch bhean-nighe.

It will be white when it dries, as the bad washerwoman said.

Bidh fear na foille fotha. *The deceitful will be down.*

Bidh fear na h-aon bhó uair gun bhainne.

The man of one cow will sometimes want milk.

Bidh fónn air gille nan lùb,—'s e h-uile rud ùr a 's fhearr.

The volatile youth's desire—all that's new is best.

Changes are lightsome, and fules are fond of them.—*Scot.*

Bidh gach fear a' tarruing uisge gu 'mhuileann fhéin.

Each draws water to his own mill.

Chacun tire l' eau à son moulin.—*Fr.*

Ognun tira l' acqua al suo molino.—*It.*

Bidh gach ni mar is àill le Dia.

All will be as God wills.

Bidh iteagan bòidheach air na h-eòin 'tha fad as.

Far awa' fowls hae fine feathers.—Scot.

Bidh latha 'g a dhìoladh, 's latha 'g a phàigheadh.

A day will pay, and a day repay.

Bidh meas air math 'n uair a chaillear e.

The good is esteemed when lost.

Extinctus amabitur idem.—*Hor.* Bien perdu, bien connu.—*Fr.*

Ben perduto è conosciuto.—*It.* Bien perdido y conocido.—*Span.*

Bidh mìr a' ghill' èasgaidh air gach mèis.
The smart lad's share is on every dish.

Bidh na gobhair bodhar a's t-Fhoghar.
The goats are deaf in Harvest.
 Harvest ears thick of hearing.—*Eng.*

Bidh nàdur a' choin mhóir 's a' chuilein.
The big dog's nature will be in the pup.

Bidh rud aig fear na coise fliche.
The man of wet foot will get something.
 This refers to fishing. See 'Cha dean brògan tioram'.

Bidh rud uime nach robh mu'n chul-chàise.
Something will come of it more than of the cheese-back.

Three parties of the Macdonalds of Glencoe went in different directions on a 'Faoigh-Nollaig,' or 'gentle begging' expedition for the Christmas of 1543. They met by appointment at the Black Mount, and proceeded to divide the proceeds, when it was found, after everything else had been divided, that the remnant of a cheese was still to be disposed of. From words on the subject the claimants came to blows—not with fists, alas! but with dirks; and, if the story be true, only one man out of eighteen was left to tell the tale! A small loch at the spot where this happened is still known as 'Lochan-na-fala,' the bloody tarn.—*Cuairtear*, Vol. I., p. 211.

Bidh sannt naoinear air aon mhnaoi gun sliochd.
A childless woman has the greed of nine.

Al. Bidh sannt nan seachd sagart anns a mhnaoi gun laogh gun luran.—A childless woman has the desire of seven priests.

Bidh sonas 'an lorg na caithimh.
Luck follows spending.

This is doubtful doctrine, unless in the sense of Solomon's proverb, 'There is that scattereth, and increaseth'.

Bidh sùilean ghobhar aig na mnathan a' gleidheadh am fear dhaibh fhéin.

Wives have goats' eyes in keeping their husbands to themselves.

Al. 'Ag iarraidh fir.' Goats are very sharp-sighted.

Bidh teine math 'an sin 'n uair a ghabhas e.
That will be a good fire when it kindles.
 See 'An uair a lasas'.

Bidh tu beò am bliadhna.

You will survive this year.

Said to a person who suddenly appears when being spoken of.

Bidh uan dubh aig caora bhàin, 's uan bàn aig caora dhuibh.

A white sheep may have a black lamb, and a black sheep a white one.

Biodh aice an rudha a bheir i 'mach.

Let her take the point she can clear.

Said of a boat, and applicable to human beings.

Biodh e dubh no odhar no dónn, 's toigh leis a' ghobhair a meann.

Be it black or dun or brown, the goat likes her own kid.

Every crow thinks her ain bird white.—*Scot.*

Jeder Mutter Kind ist schön.—*Germ.*

Biodh e reamhar no caol, 's mairg nach beathaicheadh laogh dha fhéin.

Be it fat or lean, pity the man that won't rear a calf for himself.

This was said of a fairy changeling, which turned out such a miserable object that some one seriously proposed that it should be thrown into the burn. The father made the above answer.

Biodh earalas mèirlich agad air gach neach, ach na dean mèirleach de neach idir.

Be cautious with every one as if with a thief, but make a thief of no one.

The doctrine of suspicion here inculcated is not to be admired.

Biodh gach fear a' toirt sgairbh á creagan dha fhéin.

Let every man take scarts out of rocks for himself.

Alleged to have been said by a St. Kilda man to his comrade, who was holding the rope above, and asked if he had secured birds for them both. On hearing the answer above quoted, the holder of the rope is said to have replied, "Let every man hold the rope for himself"—and let him go! The story is probably a fiction. Scarts are certainly not the birds sought after by these bold cragsmen.

Biodh mionach ar n-éisg aig ar n-eòin fhéin.

Oor ain fish-guts to oor ain sea-maws.—Scot.

Blàth nan diar mu'n tig an dìle.

The look of drops before the flood.

Bó a' bhuabhaill-thulchainn.

The cow of the end-stall.

The saying in Lochaber is, 'Am mart a bhios 's a' bhuabhaill-thulchainn, is toigh' leath' e'—*The cow in the end-stall likes it.*

The original meaning of the word 'tulchann' is simply 'gable,' 'end,' 'stern'. The 'buabhaill-thulchainn,' or end-stall was the innermost in the row, and was used for the accommodation of a cow that had lost her calf, in place of which a stuffed imitation-calf was brought in whenever she was to be milked. Hence came the application of the word 'tulchann' to the imaginary calf, and of the term 'tulchan-bishop' to persons appointed to that office in Scotland after the Reformation, simply as receivers-general of the temporalities, for the benefit of the baron or his creatures. 'The Bishop had the title, but my Lord got the milk or commoditie.'—Calderwood's *Hist. of the Ch. of Scotland*, cited in Jamieson's Dict. s. v. *Tulchane*.

Bó mhaol 'am buaile choimhich.

A hornless cow in a strange fold.

Bó mhaol odhar, 's bó odhar mhaol.

A polled dun cow, and a dun polled cow.

Six and half-a-dozen.

Bó mhór 'n a h-aon atha-grùthain.

A big cow all liver.

An old woman in Lewis, living with her married son, went out to look at the weather on a snowy night. Her son asked her, when she came in, what sort of night it was. "Tha," ars ise, "oidhche rionnagach, réulach, gun turadh, gun ghaoith, gun uisge." "Seadh, gu dearbh!" ars esan, "'s iongantach da rìreadh an oidheh' i." "Seadh," ars ise, "ach 's iongantaiche na sin bó mhór a bhi 'n a h-aon atha-grùthain." Her daughter-in-law had been for days serving up the liver of a lately killed cow, and nothing else, till the old woman could stand it no longer. A similar story is told, in Lochaber, of a deaf and dumb girl and her stepmother. The girl spoke for the first and last time on being asked what sort of night it was: "Tha oidhche ghaothar, ghaothar, 's i gu fiathail, fiathail, i gu soilleir, soilleir, 's i gu doilleir dorch; a' ghaoth á shìos 's an t-uisg' á shuas." Her stepmother said it was strange. "Seadh," ars ise, "ach 's iongantaiche na sin gur h-àinean uil' am mart!"—Yes, but more strange is it that the cow is all liver! And she spoke never more.

Bochd 's rud agam, bochd 's mi falamh; bidh mi bochd ri m' bhed.

Poor when I have, poor when I haven't, poor I'll ever be.
Boght, boght dy bràgh.—*Manx.*

Bodach eadar dha cheathairne.

An old man between two bands.

An odd man in a game, such as shinty, who, after each leader has chosen his side, gets the unenviable position of assisting the losing side. "Bodach leth-bhaireach" is another term of the same meaning.

Bogha dh'iughar Easragain,
Ite fìrein Locha-Tréig,
Céir bhuidhe Bhaile-na-Gailbhinn,
'S ceann bho'n cheard Mac Pheidearain.

*Bow from yew of Eragin,
Eagle feather from Loch Treig,
Yellow wax from Galway town,
Arrow-head by Mac-Phederan.*

This verse, descriptive of the best kind of bow and arrows, is quoted by Dr. Smith in his "Sean Dana," p. 4. Eragin is on the N. side of Loch Etive, Loch Treig to the E. of Ben Nevis. The MacPhederans were celebrated smiths.

Bóid a' bhàird ris a' chaisteal, 's an caisteal 'g a thréig-sinn.

The bard's vow to the castle, when the castle turned its back on him.

Al. Mionnan a bhàird, &c.—'cha téid mi fhéin do 'n chaisteal bhreún,—cha téid, cha leig iad ann mi !—*I won't go to the vile castle—no they won't let me !*

Bóid ciaraig ris na fearaibh, 's bóid nam fear ri ciaraig.

The swarthy maid's vow against the men, and the men's vow against her.

Never to marry one of them ! See 'Is dubh'.

Boinn' 'am bial na gaoithe.

A drop in the wind's mouth.

Al. Uisg' 'am bun an t-soirbhis—a wind prophesying rain. A counter-saying is, 'Cha 'n e feád a' bhainn' a th' ann,'—It is not the milk-whistle, *i.e.*, the sound of the wind does not prognosticate rain, which makes the grass to grow and the milk to flow.

Boinne snithe 'n ceann na leapach.

A drop from the roof at the bed-head.

One of the ideals of discomfort.

Bonnach a mhealladh cloinne—oir thiugh 'us cridhe tana.

A cake to cozen children—thick edge and thin heart.

Bonnach air bois, cha bhruich 's cha loisg.

A cake on the palm won't toast or burn.

B'ole an airidh gu'n deanadh an turadh dolaidh.

'Twere a pity that dry weather should do harm.

It's a pity fair weather should e'er do harm—*Scot.*

Breac á linne, slat á coille, 's fiadh á fireach,—mèirle nach do ghabh duine riamh nàir' aisde.

A fish from the pool, a wand from the wood, a deer from the mountain—thefts no man ever was ashamed of.

Al. Slat á coille, fiadh á doire, breac á buinne—tri rudan as nach do ghabh Gaidheal nàire riamh.

The free doctrine of this old saying is still held in the Highlands, but there is very little poaching, notwithstanding.

Bréunan 'us Fudaidh 'an cuideachd a chéile.

Dirty and Rubbishy going together.

A Lewis proverb, taken from a verse by John Morrison of Bragar, on having sent two servants to pull heather :

Chuir mise Bréunan 'us Fudaidh

A bhuain fraoich 'an cuideachd a chéile ;

Thug Bréunan dhachaidh an cudthrom,

'S thug Fudaidh dhachaidh na géugan.

I sent B. and F. to pull heather together : B. brought home the weight, and F. brought home the boughs.

Brìgh gach cluiche gu 'dheireadh.

The essence of a game is at the end.

Bris mo chlaigeann air thùs, 's an sin ciùrr mo chorràg.

First break my skull, then hurt my finger.

Bristidh am ball acrach 'am meadhoin an t-slaodaidh.

The anchor-rope will break in the dragging.

Bristidh an teanga bhog an cnàimh.

The smooth tongue breaks the bone.

By long forbearing is a prince persuaded, and a soft tongue breaketh the bone.—*PROV. xxv. 15.*

A tongue breaketh bone, and itself hath none.—*Eng.*

This figure is applied in the opposite sense by the son of Sirach (xxviii. 17)—The stroke of the whip maketh marks in the flesh, but the stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones.

Bristidh each gun urras cnàimhean.

A horse without warrant will break bones.

Bronnach an t-each, seang an làir.

The horse big-bellied, the mare slim.

This is meant as an advice to buyers.

Bruidheann bheag 'us fuaim dhòrn.

Low speaking and sound of fists.

Bu cheannach leam d'ubh air do ghloc.

Your egg is dear for so much cackling.

Bu cho math dol a dh'iasgach gun mhaorach 's dol a chùirt gun sporan.

As well go fishing without bait as to court without purse.

Bu chòir an t-iasad a chur dhachaidh a' gàireachdaich.

The loan should be sent laughing home.

A loan (or len') should come laughing home.—*Eng. and Scot.*

This pretty saying may be taken to apply both to the giving of the loan and the returning of it. To lend freely is to send the borrower home smiling; to send the loan back laughing is to repay liberally.

Bu dual da sin.

That was his birthright.

This is one of the most familiar and characteristic sayings in the Highlands, where the belief in blood and hereditary tendencies and claims is very strong. It is difficult to translate it literally. It might be paraphrased, 'That is what you might expect of his father and mother's son'. The four following proverbs have the same import.

Bu dual do isean an ròin a dhol thun na mara.

The young seal takes naturally to the sea.

Bu dual do laogh an fhéidh ruith a bhi aige.

It is natural for the fawn to be swift of foot.

Bu dual do'n bhlàthaich tòchd an ime.

It's natural that buttermilk should smell of butter.

Bu dual do'n mheann meagad a dheanamh.

It's natural for the kid to bleat.

Bu ghéur an cù a bheireadh an t-earball uaithe.

It would be a clever dog that would take the tail from him.

Bu là eil' e do dh-fhear buain na mòine.

It is change of days for him who is cutting peats.

Once well to do, now a Gibeonite.

Bu mhath an teachdair' thu 'shireadh an Aoig.

You would be a good messenger to send for Death.

Egli è buono a mandarlo per la morte.—*Ital.*

Bu mhath an t-iasad mur h-iarrteadh rithist e.
The loan were good but for the repaying.

Bu mhath an cudaig far nach faight' an saoidhean.
The cuddy is good when no saithe can be got.

The young saithe is in some parts of Scotland called 'cuddy,' in others 'podly,' in Shetland 'sillock'. It is alleged of the inhabitants of a certain island near Skye, that they go even further than this proverb, and say, 'S math a' sgadan 'n nair nach fhaighear an saoidhean'.—The herring is good, &c. But they now resent this as a weak invention of the enemy.

Bu mhath ìmpidh a' choilich mu shìol a thoirt do na cearcan.

Well pleaded the cook for corn to the hens.

Buaidh 'us piseach ort !
Success and luck to thee !

Bu mhór am béud do bhéul binn a dhol gu bràth fo thalamh.

'Twere pity thy sweet mouth should ever go under ground.
 Said ironically of bad singers.

Bu tiugh an t-uisge 'nigheadh 'aodann.
It would be thick water that would wash his face.

Bu tu 'chuir craicionn do thòin air d' aghaidh !
It's you that put your buttock-skin on your face !
 Said to shameless people.

Bu tu gille mór leth an tighe !
What a great half-the-house lad you are !

Said of a man-servant assuming too much authority in the house.

Buail an t-iarann 'fhad 's a tha e teth.
Strike the iron while it's hot.

Buail an t-iarann fad a 's ta se teith.—*Ir.*
 Bwoaill choud (*cho fad*) as ta 'n yiarn cheh.—*Manx.*
 So in *Eng., Scot., Fr., Ital., Germ., &c.*

Buail do chuilean, agus 's ann h-ugad a ruitheas e.
Beat your puppy, and it's to you he'll run.

Buailidh e bròg ort fhéin fhathasd.
It will hurt yourself hereafter.

Lit. 'strike a shoe on you'. Hitting one with a shoe was a mark of humiliation, as in the East—'Over Edom will I cast out my shoe'.—Ps. lx. 8.

Buainidh aon fhacal ciad.

One word will set loose a hundred.

Builgean air teanga nam briag, 's brangas air bial gun fhàitheam!

Blister on the lying tongue, and padlock for the hemless mouth!

Buill' air gach craoibh, 's gun chraobh 'g a leagail.

A stroke at every tree, without felling any.—Eng.

Buille do chù mo charaide, 's mìr do chù mo nàmhaid.

A blow to my friend's dog, a bite to my enemy's.

Buille gach fir air ceann an fhir charraich.

Every man's blow on the scabby man's head.

A scald head is soon broken.—Engl.

Buille mu seach, mar a bha bàta nan each.

Stroke about, like the horse-boat.

A boat with horses in it is not easily rowed.

Buill' o'n taod, 'us cead dol dachaidh.

A stroke of the rope, and leave to go home.

Buille 's a' cheann, no dhà 's an amhaich.

A blow on the head, or two on the neck.

This applies to the killing of hares and rabbits.

Buille 's an t-sùil, buille 's a' ghlùn, buille 's an uilinn, na trì buillean a 's duilighe fhulang.

A blow in the eye, a blow on the knee, a blow on the elbow, the three hardest blows to bear.

Buinnigear buaidh le foighidinn.

Patience wins victory.

Bùrn dubh ort!

Black water on you!

Bùrn teth do'n fhaochaig, 'us goil gu leth do'n fhiasgan.

Hot water for the wilk, a boil and a half for the mussel.

C.

Cadal a' chlàrsair : seachd ràidhean gun fhaireach.

The harper's sleep : seven-quarters of a year without wakening.

Cadal a' mhuilleir 's an t-uisge 'dol seachad.

The miller asleep, and the water running by.

Meikle water gaes by when the miller sleeps.—*Scot.*

Cadal na caorach 's an dris ort !

The sheep's sleep in the briers to you !

Cadal na deargainn air a' ghreadail dhut !

The sleep of the fleece on the gridiron to you !

Cadal nan con 's a' mhuileann 's na mnathan a' criathradh.

The sleep of dogs in the mill while the women are sifting.

Cadley ny moddee tra ta ny mraane creearey.—*Manx.*

He sleeps as dogs do when wives sift meal.—*Eng.*

i.e., wide awake, but eyes shut—'dog-watch'.

Cadal fada ri gaoith mhóir.

High wind and long sleep.

Cagar na ban-ghrùdair. .

The alewife's whisper.

Ironical—the whisper apt to become loud. The 'ban-ghrùd-air' has long ago died out in the Highlands. In old times most of the ale drunk in Scotland was brewed by women.

Caidlidh duine air gach cneadh ach a chneadh fhéin.

A man can sleep on every hurt but his own.

Mal d' autrui n'est que songe.—*Fr.*

Let er den Byrde som en anden bær.—*Dan.*

Caillear bó an droch mhuthaich seachd bliadhna roimh 'n mhithich.

The cow of the bad herdman is lost seven years too soon.

Caillear bó buachaille.

A herdman's cow may be lost.

Càirdeas Chonain ris na deamhain.

Conan's friendship for the devils.

'Cuff for cuff.' See 'Beatha Chonain'.

Càirdeas na cléire—sgrìobadh 'us sgròbadh a chéile.

The friendship of the clergy—scrapping and scratching each other.

'C'aite 'bheil thu, 'dhreathainn-duinn?' ars an iolair.

'Tha mis' an so, os do chionn,' ars an dreathann-donn.

Where art thou, wren? said the eagle. I am here, above thee, said the wren.

The wren and eagle had a trial which would soar highest. After a considerable ascent, the eagle could see the wren nowhere, and made the above inquiry. The wren was all the time perched on the eagle's back!

C'àit' am biodh na puirt nach faigheadh na clàrsairean?

Where would the tunes be the harpers could not find?

Caith mar a gheabh, 's gheabh mar a chaitheas.

Spend as you get, and you'll get as you spend.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.—PROV. xi. 24.

Caitheamh crìontaig air a cualaig.

The scrub's spending of her little faggot.

Caithidh bó ri bleothann, agus each ri treabhadh.

Cows wear with milking, and horses with ploughing.

Caithidh domhan duine.

The world wears out man.

Call caraid' taghal tric, 's call caraid' taghal ainmig.

Friends are lost by calling often, and by calling seldom.

Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house, lest he be weary of thee, and hate thee.—PROV. xxvi. 17.

A casa de tu hermano no irás cada serano.—*Span.*

Calum beag a chur a dhìth, gu Murchadh mór a reamhrachadh.

Starving little Malcolm to fatten big Murdoch.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Camarenaich bhog an ime.

The soft buttery Camerons.

This, like most similar sayings about clans, originated, of course, among enemies. The Camerons were said to be very fond of butter; but who could deny that they were brave?

Caomhain 's co dhà ? cuimhnich am bàs.

Save and for whom ? remember death.

It is said in the *Teachd. Gael*, Vol. I., p. 282, that this excellent saying was found engraved on a stone at the top of Ben Lawers, but no authority is given for the statement.

Caomhnadh a' chama-chnòdain, caomhnadh a' s miosa na caitheamh.

The saving of the crooked gurnet, worse than spending.

Applied to mean gruff persons.

Caomhnadh math air a' bheagan Bheurla, 's a' Ghallt-achd gu léir romhainn !

Be sparing of the little English, with the whole Lowlands in front of us !

Said by an old man to his son on their way to the Falkirk market when the son, who had a little more English than the old man, began to air it at Dumbarton.

Caora luideagach a théid 's an dris, fàgaidh i 'h-olainn 's an dos.

The ragged sheep that goes into the briers will leave her wool there.

Car 'an aghaidh cuir. *Turn against twist.*

Diamond cut diamond.

Car tuathal d' aimhleis ort !

The left about unlucky turn to you !

This is founded on the old idea, that motion in the course of the sun was lucky, and in the opposite direction unlucky. 'Car tuathal' literally means 'northward turn'. See 'Deiseal'.

Carghus a' chion, an Carghus a's miosa 'th'ann.

Lent for want is worst of Lent.

Fasting for sheer want of food.

Carghus, Ir. Carghios, Manx, Cargys, Welsh, Garawys, = Quadragesima.

Cas air creathail, 's làmh 'an cuigeil, comharradh na deagh mhna-tighe.

Foot to cradle, hand to distaff, mark the good housewife.

The foot at the cradle, the hand at the reel, is a sign that a woman means to do weel.—*Scot.*

Cas circ' 'an criathar. *A hen's foot in a sieve.*

A bad or unpleasant fit.

Casan tioram Chlann-an-Tòisich.

The dry feet of the Macintoshes.

This refers to some occasion when the Macintoshes were supposed by their enemies to have been unduly averse to wetting their feet. 'Fadal Chlann-an-Tòisich' is of the same sort.

Cat a' chinn bhig, 's bean a' chinn mhóir.

The small-headed cat, the big-headed woman.

Supposed to be best of their kind.

Càtachaidh am biadh fiadh na beinne.

Food will tame the mountain deer.

Cath ceann an teallaich.

The fireside battle.

Al. Cath bun an t. Macintosh ascribes this saying to Hay, the mythical founder of the Errol family. The story is, that being asked by Kenneth III. after the battle of Loncarty, in which he decided the day, if he had ever been in a harder fight, he replied that he had a harder battle every day at home, a scolding wife, crying children, and little to give them.

Cead na caillich do 'n laogh mhear.

The old wife's leave to the frisky calf.

When she could hold it no longer.

Ceangail teann, 'us faigh tearuinte.

Fast bind, fast find.—Eng., Scot., Fr., &c.

Kiangle myr noid (nàmhaid), as yìow (gheabh) myr carrey (charaid).—*Manx.*

Shut doors after you : fast bind, fast find,

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

Merch. of Ven. II. 5.

Ceangal nighean an rìgh air a leannan.

The king's daughter's tie to her lover.

Easily broken.

Ceann cnòdain, 's ceann sgadain, 's ceann goibhr' air dhroch fheannadh,—tri cinn nach fhiach itheadh.

A gurnet's head, a herring's head, and an ill-flayed goat's head,—three heads not fit to eat.

Ceann dearg air na bheil a muigh !

Red head on all that's out !

Said for luck when the first fish is caught.

Ceann guin air madainn Earraich,
 'S mairg a chailleadh a chaomh charaid.
A Spring morning with a stinging head.
Who would lose his well-loved friend?

The connection of the two ideas here is far from being obvious. The meaning seems to be, that, as a bitter Spring morning is often followed by a fine day, so is the displeasure of a friend not to be taken as a ground for serious quarrel.

Ceann mór air duine glic, 's ceann-cìrc' air amadan.
Big head on wise man, hen's head on fool.

This is more correct as a general observation than the Scotch 'Muckle head and little wit,' the German 'Dickkopf, Dummkopf,' the French 'Grosse tête, peu de sens,' the Irish 'Cionn mòr air bheagan cèille,' and the Manks, 'Kione mooar er y beggan cheilly'.

Ceann mór 'us muineal caol, aogas an droch ghamhna.
Big head and slender neck mark the bad stirk.
Al. 'Casan caol.'

Ceann nathrach 'us earball péucaig air an Earrach.
Spring with a serpent's head and a peacock's tail.

March comes in with an adder's head, and goes out with a peacock's tail.—*Eng.*

Biting cold, followed by sunny weather.

Ceannach geal 'n uair a thig an sneachd.
White bargains when the snow comes.
 Snow brings the markets down.

Ceannaich mar d' fhéum 'us reic mar d' àilgheas.
Buy as you must, and sell as you please.
Oportet patremfamilias esse vendacem, non emacem.—Cato.

Ceannard air fhichead air an fhichead saighdeir.
Twenty-one captains over twenty soldiers.

With four and twenty men,
 And five and thirty pipers.—*Aytoun.*

Ceannsaichidh a' h-uile fear an droch-bhean, ach am fear aig am bi i.

Every man can rule a shrew save he that hath her.—Eng.

Cearc a' dol a dh-iarraidh geòidh.
A hen going in quest of a goose.

Al. Ubh na circe, &c.

The hen's egg gaes to the ha', to bring the goose's egg awa'.—*Scot.*

Cearc reamhar a' choilich chaoil.

Fat hen and lean cock.

Ceardach dùthcha, muileann sgìreachd, 'us tigh-òsda, na trì àiteachan a 's fhearr air son naigheachd.

A country-side smithy, a parish mill, and a public-house, the three best places for news.

Ceartas na cléire ri 'chéile.

The justice of the clergy to each other.

Impressively illustrated in many decisions of Presbyteries, Synods, Assemblies, and General Councils.

Ceilidh ciall masladh. *Sense hides shame.*

Ceilidh gràdh gràin. *Love hides deformity.*

Ceilidh seirc aineamh. *Love hides blemishes.*

Love covereth all sins.—PROV. x. 12.

Love shall cover a multitude of sins.—1 PET. iv. 8.

Τυφλὸς ὁ Ἔρως.—*Gr.*

Love is blind—Love sees no faults—Love makes a good eye squint.—*Eng.* Love overlooks many faults.—*Scot.*

Falaigheann gradh gràin, agus chì fuath a làn.—*Ir.*

Céilidh nam ban Sléibhteach.

The visiting of the Sleat women.

Sleat is the southernmost parish in the Isle of Skye. Whether the women there are more given now to spending their time in afternoon calls than is the fashion elsewhere, it would be hard to say. The insinuation was, I believe, that their visits were sometimes prolonged till next morning! Jealousy probably had something to do with this saying. See 'Sléibhte riabhach nan ban bòidheach'.

Ceist an fhithich air an fheannaig.

The raven's question to the crow.

The sort of question sometimes asked by a 'Great Power' of another, or perhaps smaller Power, in cases of annexation, oppression, &c.

Ceist bradaig air briagaig.

The question of the thief to the liar.

Asking for a certificate of character. See 'Aontachadh'.

Ceithir busacha ficead 'an Ile, 's ceithir àrdacha ficead 'am Muile.

Twenty-four "buses" in Islay, and twenty-four "Ards" in Mull.

A common termination of names of places in Islay is 'bus' or

‘bos’ (generally ‘bost’ in Skye and Lewis), from the Norse ‘bolstað’ or ‘bustaðr,’ a dwelling-place. The Gaelic prefix ‘àrd’ or ‘àird,’ a height or promontory, is common in Mull and elsewhere.

Cèò Foghair, sneachd Earraich.

Autumn fog, Spring snow.

Céum air do chéum, a chailleach, 's an céum barrachd aig Eóghan.

Step for step to thee, old woman, and the odd step to Ewen.

The story is that Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, coming once from Inverness, was overtaken by a witch, who tried hard to pass him. ‘Céum ann, Eóghain,’ said she. He answered as above, keeping one step ahead of her, which he maintained all the way till they reached Ballachulish ferry, when he hailed the boat, and got in. The ferryman wouldn’t allow the witch to come in, on which she took leave of Sir E., saying, ‘Dùrachd mo chridhe dhut, a ghaoil Eóghain’!—My heart’s desire to thee, dear Ewen! Sir E. knew what was what, and replied ‘Dùrachd do chridhe do’n chloich ghlais ud thall’.—Thy heart’s desire to that gray stone yonder. And at that moment the gray stone split in two! (See *Gael*, Vol. IV., p. 113.) That split stone is still pointed out on the spot where it happened.

Cha b’ann air brochan lóm dubh, 's bainne 'chruidh mhialaich a’s t-Earrach, a chaidh d’ àrach.

It was not on thin black gruel and milk of lousy Spring cows you were reared.

Cha b’ann ‘an uchd a mhàthar a bhà e.

It was not in his mother’s lap he was.

Said of one roughly handled.

Cha b’ann as do bhogha fhéin a thilg thu ‘n t-saighead.

It was not from your own bow you sent that arrow.

Cha b’ann de na h-eòin thu mur bitheadh am bad ort.

You wouldn’t be of the birds, if you hadn’t the tuft.

Cha b’ann mar a fhuair Mac-Rùslain na mnathan.

Not as MacRuslan got the women.

This person, a kind of Celtic Eulenspiegel, figures in several stories under the various names of MacRùsgail, MacCrùislig, MacRùslaig, and MacRùslan. The above saying is founded on an apocryphal story of his having found his way, disguised as a woman, into a nunnery on an island in Loch Tay, or, according to another version, in Iona. (See Campbell’s *W. H. T.*, Vol. II., pp. 304-27. See also Boswell’s *Tour to the Hebrides*, Carruthers’ Ed. p. 129.)

Cha b'e 'cheannach a rinn e.

It was not by purchase he got it.

It comes by kind, it costs him nothing.—*Eng.*

Cha b'e am muileann nach meileadh, ach an t-uisge nach ruitheadh.

It was not the mill that wouldn't grind, but the water that wouldn't run.

Cha b'e an là am fear nach tigeadh.

The day will come, come who may.

Cha b'e là na gaoithe là nan sgolb.

The windy day is not the day for thatch-wattles.

The 'sgolb' is a wattle, generally of willow, used for fastening the thatch, and the meaning is that the fastening of the thatch must not be left till the wind comes and lifts it. Ulster proverb in same words.

Cha b'e 'n clò ciar nach b' fhiach 'fhùcadh.

It's not the dark home-made cloth that deserves not fulling.

This may be held to allude to the change of cloth, as well as of dress, which came into fashion after the despicable prohibition of tartan by Act of Parliament in 1746.

Cha b'e 'n cù mu 'chnàimh e.

He was no dog over his bone.

Cha b'e an tlàm a bh' air a chuigeil.

That was not the stuff on his distaff.

I hae ither tow on my rock.—*Scot.*

She hath other tow on her distaff.—*Eng.*

Same as having other fish to fry.

Cha b'e sin an salann saor.

That was no cheap salt.

In 1669 Charles II. "appropriated an exclusive right to make salt, though only to hand it over to a courtier—the salt was consequently bad and dear. In some districts, as Galloway, the West, and the Highlands, to which the native article could not be carried, salt was wholly wanting, and the people used salt-water instead, 'by which many of them died as of plague; others being forced to buy at intolerable rates, as 16s. the boll, though they formerly had it for 4s.'"—Chambers's *Dom. Ann.* II., 332. So late as 1800, "Salt was taxed to the extent of forty times its cost."—Mackenzie's *19th Century*, p. 76.

Cha b'e sin an t-slighe 'n dorus an tìge.

That was no indoor journey.

Cha b'e sin ciad ghlaodh-maidne 'bu sheirbhe leis.

That were not the bitterest morning call to him.

This may refer to bagpipes or 'bitters,' both of which were at one time familiar morning heralds in Highland gentlemen's houses. If the latter, the play on words may be considered a very fair one.

Cha b'e sin deoch mhór de dhroch cheannach.

That was no big drink of bad bargain.

This seems to allude to the old practice, fortunately falling into disuse, of sealing every bargain with a good big drink.

Cha b'e sin dol do 'n mhuileann 'us tighinn as.

That was no going to the mill and returning.

Cha bheir gad air aithreachas.

A withe won't catch repentance.

Al. Cha leighis aithreachas breamas.—*Repentance won't cure mischief.*

Cha bheir lagh air éigin.

Law can't overtake necessity.

See 'Cha 'n 'eil beart'.

Angen a dydd deddf—Need will break law.—*Welsh.*

Nedé hath no lawe.—*Eng.* Necessity has nae law.—*Scot.*

Noth kennt kein Gebot.—*Germ.* Nöd bryder alle Love.—*Dan.*

La necessità non ha legge.—*It.* Nécessité n'a pas de loi.—*Fr.*

Cha bhi am bochd sòghail saoibhir.

The luxurious poor will not be rich.

Cha bhi aon duine crìonna 'am measg mìl' amadan.

There is not a wise man among a thousand fools.

Cha bhi ath-sgeul air an droch-sgeul.

Bad news is never bettered.

Cha bhi bail air aran fuinte, no air fodar buailte.

No sparing of baked bread or of thrashed straw.

Cha bhi bainn' aig bó fir, 's cha bhi treabhadh 'an each mnatha.

A man's cow won't yield milk, nor a woman's horse ploughing.

This is an exaggeration of the idea that women are the best managers of cows, and men of horses.

Cha bhi bràithreachas mu mhnaoi no mu fhearann.

There is no partnership in women or in land.

Love and lordship like no fellowship.—*Eng.*

Amour et seigneurie ne veulent point de compagnie.—*Fr.*

Amore e signoria non soffron compagnia.—*It.*

Cha bhi cuimhne air a' mhath a bhà, ach cuimhnichear gu bràth a' math a bhitheas.

The good that was is forgotten, the good to come is ever in mind.

Ta bee eoit jarroodit—*Eaten food is forgotten.*—*Manx.*

Eaten bread is forgotten.—*Eng.*

Μετὰ τὴν δόσω τάχιστα γηράσκει χάρις.—*Gr.*

Rien ne viellit plus vite qu'un bienfait.—*Fr.*

Val più un piacere da farsi, che cento di quelli fatti.—*It.*

Cha bhi donas toirbheartach.

Bad won't be bountiful.

Cha bhi dùthchas aig mnaoi no aig sagart.

Women and priests have no birth-tie.

The woman that marries takes her husband's settlement, the priest's must be where the Church bids.

Cha bhi each-iasaid a chaoidh sgìth.

A borrowed horse never tires.

Tw, farch benthyg !—Gee on, hired horse !—*Welsh.*

Fremdes Pferd und eigene Sporen, haben bald den Wind verloren.—*Germ.*

Laant Hest og egne Sporer giör korte Miile.—*Dan.*

Cha bhi fios air a' chràdh gus an tig e.

Pain is not known till it come.

Cha bhi fear a' chiad riaraich falamh.

The first served will not be empty.

Cha bhi féill air blionaich.

Bad meat won't get market.

Cha bhi fios air math an tobair gus an tràigh e.

The worth of the well is not known till it dries up.

Ni wyddys eisiau 'r ffynnon onid el yn hesp.—*Welsh.*

Cha bhi fios ciod a tha 's an truaill gus an tarruingear e.

What's in the scabbard is not known till it's drawn.

Cha bhi fòir air mnaoi gun leanabh.

The childless woman will be helpless.

The Celtic philoprogenitiveness, especially as regards male offspring, is like that of the Hebrews.

Cha bhi fuachd air uallachan, air fuairead an latha.

The fop feels no cold, however cold the day.

Al. Cha laidh fuachd.

Cha dennee rieaw yn voyrn feayraght.—*Pride never knew cold.*—*Manx.* Pride feels no cold.—*Eng.* Pride finds nae cauld.—*Scot.*

Cha bhi gean air Granndaich gus am faigh iad lite.
Grants are not gracious till they get their porridge.

This is merely an alliterative version of the general observation, that a man is not in such good humour before meat as after it. The same thing is said of the Campbells, the Gunns, and the M'Kenzies, substituting 'diota' or 'biadh' for 'lite'.

Cha bhi luathas agus grinneas.

Quick and fine don't combine.

Good and quickly seldom meet.—*Eng.*

Snart og vel er sielden sammen.—*Dan.*

Presto e bene non si conviene.—*It.*

Cha bhi miann dithis air an aon mhèis.

Two men's desire won't be on the same dish.

One man's meat is another man's poison.—*Eng., Scot.*

Cha bhi mo rùn 'g am losgadh.

My desire (or secret) won't consume me.

Cha bhi nàir' air a' ghortach.

The starving man won't be bashful.

Rhag newyn nid oes gwyledd.—*Welsh.*

Cha bhi nàrachan tréubhach, 's bidh don-bìdh air an fhear nach ith a chuid.

The bashful won't be brave, and he'll fare ill that doesn't eat his share.

Cha bhi sinn 'g a innseadh do na feanuagan.

We won't tell it to the crows.

Cha bhi uail gun dragh, 's cha bhi sinn a' draghachadh rithe.

Pride is not without trouble, so we won't be troubled with it.

Cha bhi 'n t-ìm sin air an roinn sin.

That butter won't be so divided.

Cha bhi seana-ghlic òg tric fada beò.

The early wise soonest dies.

᾽Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν αποθνήσκει νέος.—*Gr. (Menand.)*

Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem.—*Lat.*

So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.—*Rich. III.*

Klogt Barn lever ey længe.—*Dan.*

Cha bhi suaimhneas aig éucoir, no seasamh aig droch-bheairt.

Wrong cannot rest, nor ill deed stand.

There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.—ISAIAH, lvii. 21.

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep.—*Macb.* i. 2.

Cha bhi saothreach gun siubhal.

The industrious must be on the move.

Cha bhi sonas air bus lóm.

A bare mouth won't be lucky.

The most rational gloss for the word 'lóm' here seems to be one which none of the Dictionaries give, but which, notwithstanding, is very applicable to the great bard Ian Lóm, viz., curt, cutting. The doctrine is very Celtic=politeness is better than bluntness.

Cha bhi téud réidh 's an fhidhill.

There won't be a tuned string in the fiddle.

Cha bhi thu na 's òige ri d' ionnsachadh.

You'll never be younger to learn.

i.e., the sooner you know it the better.

Cha bhi Tòiseach air Tirìnidh, 's cha bhi Tirìnidh gun Tòiseach.

There shall never be a Macintosh of Tirinie, nor shall Tirinie be without a Macintosh.

Macintosh, in a note on this, calls it 'a ridiculous prophecy concerning an ancient family in Perthshire, now extinct'; ápropos of which he gives the story of their being killed by the Cummings. Tirinie is near Blair Atholl, and it is pleasant to know that a Macintosh still (1880) farms there.

Cha bhinn teanga leam leat,

Cha bhithinn latha bhuat 'us agad ;

Cha ruiginn grinneal mo ghràidh,

'S cha chagnainn cùl mo chompanaich.

The double tongue I love it not,

I would not be now cold now hot ;

Nor put my love upon the rack,

Nor bite my friend behind his back.

Cha bhodach Gill-Iosa do na h-uile fear,

Gillies is no old man to everybody.

This was said by an old man at Duntulm, in Skye, to Iain

Garbh, a celebrated MacLeod, who kept his galley there, where the groove is still shown, worn in the rock of the beach, up and down which she was launched or drawn up. The great John wished, against the old man's advice, to set out on an expedition to Harris, and planting himself against the stem of the galley, exerted all his famed strength to shove her down, while old Gillies, with his back to the stern, resisted his efforts, and with success. When Iain Garbh gave the thing up, calling the other a 'bodach, the old man made the above remark.

Cha bhrìdeach air an fhaich e.

He is no pigmy on the battle-field.

Cha bhrìst mollachd cnàimh.

A curse breaks no bones.

See 'Cha tuit guidhe'.

Cha bhuadhaich am meata.

The weak shall not win.

See 'Am fear nach misnich,' and 'Cha dean tùirse'.

Cha bhuidheach gach ro dhìleas; 's mairg a dh'earbas
á h-aon dìleas.

The nearest is not always dearest; pity him whose trust is in one kinsman.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.—*Hamlet*, i. 2.

Cha b' i an t-suiridhe bean gun chosdas.

Wooring is a costly dame.

Cha b' ionnan O'Brian 's na Gàidhil.

O'Brian and the Gael were not alike.

That O'Brian was an Irishman is all that we know of him.

Cha b' uaill gun fhéum e.

That was no useless pride.

Cha b' uan sin air bial-thaobh óisge.

That were no yearling's lamb.

AL. 'laogh air bial-thaobh maoiseig'—*a calf before a heifer.*

Said of those who do something, rather behind than before the time, such as marrying late.

Cha bu chòir dha cadal 's an fhaiche, am fear air am
bi eagal nan cuiseagan.

He that shakes at stalks should not sleep in the field.

Cha bu dìleab air nàmhaid sin.

That were no legacy to an enemy.

Cha bu leis a laidhe no 'éirigh.

His lying down and rising up were not his own.

Said of one in a state of bondage, or much worried. Some-
what similar is

Cha bu shaoghal dhaibh am beatha tuille.

Their life were life to them no more.

Cha bu rabhadh gun leisgeul e.

It was no unwarranted warning.

Cha bu ruith leam ach léum.

I would jump at it, not run.

Cha bu tu mì, 's cha bu mhì 'n cù.

You are not I, and I am no cur.

A polite Celtic form of telling a man that he is a hound.

Cha chaillear na theid 'an cunnart.

A's no' tint that's in hazard.—Scot.

All is not lost that is in peril.—*Eng.*

No se pierde todo lo que está en peligro.—*Span.*

Cha chall cùise sìneadh latha.

It's not a lost cause that's adjourned.

Cha chall na gheabh caraaid.

It's no' tint what a freend gets.—Scot.

Cha chaochail dubh a dhath.

Black never changes hue.

Al. Gabhaidh gach dath dubh, ach cha ghabh dubh dath.

Every colour will take black, but black takes none.

Black will take no other hue.—*Eng., Scot.*

Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.—*Plin.*

Cha chaoidh duin' an rud nach fhaic e.

A man laments not what he does not see.

When the eye sees not, the heart grieves not.—*Arab.*

What the eye sees not, the heart rues not.—*Eng., Scot.*

Wat het oog niet en ziet, dat begeert het herte niet.—*Dutch.*

Ojos que no ven, corazon que no quiebra.—*Span.*

Cha charaid ach caraaid na h-airce.

The friend in need is the only friend.

Í þörf skal vinar neyta.—*Icel.*

Een vriend in nood is een vriend in der daad.—*Dutch.*

Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.—*Ennius.*

Au besoin l' on connait l' ami.—*Fr.*

A friend cannot be known in prosperity.—*Eccl. (Jes.)*

Câr cynwir, yn yr ing y gwelir.—*Welsh.*

Cha chat mi fhein nach aithnich blàthach.
I am not a cat that doesn't know buttermilk.

Cha cheil amadan a bheachd.

A fool can't hide his thought.

Ni chël ynfyd e feddwl.—*Welsh.*

A fool uttereth all his mind.—*PROV. xxix. 11.*

The fool's heart is in his mouth.—*Eccl. (Jes). Arab.*

A fool's bolt is soon shot.—*Eng.*

Narren Bolzen ist bald verschossen.—*Germ.*

Cha cheil e nì a chì no 'chluinneas e.

He can't hide what he sees or hears.

Cha cheil cearraich' a dhìsnean.

A gamester won't conceal his dice.

Cha cheil gruaidh cuaradh cridhe.

The cheek hides not a hurt heart.

Ni chël grùdd gystudd calon.—*Welsh.*

Cha cheòl do dhuine a bhròn uile aithris.

'Tis no music for a man to tell all his grief.

Cha chiall saoilsinnean, 's cha ghaol ràiteannas.

Supposing is not sense, nor is talk love.

Stultum est dicere, putabam.—*Lat.*

Cha chinn barrag air cuid cait.

The cat's milk makes no cream.

Al. Cha bhi cé air eugainn cait.

Cha d-tig uachtar air bhoinne an chait.—*Ir.*

Cha chinn cóinneach air clach an udalain.

Moss grows not on the oft-turned stone.

Al. A' chlach a thionndaidhear tric, cha tig cóinneach oirre.

This saying is found in almost every European language, ancient or modern. The usual application of it shows that a very popular saying may be founded on a very superficial analogy. It implies that the gathering of moss is a useful and meritorious function for a stone, and that the stone which innocently rolls when set in motion is not so well employed as the one that sits still and gathers moss !

The philosophy of the German proverb, 'Ein Mühlstein wird nicht moosig,' A millstone gets not mossy, is much better.

Λίθος κυλιόμενος φῦκος οὐ ποιεῖ.—Gr.

Saxum volutum non obducitur musco.—Latin.

Pietra mossa non fa musco.—It.

Piedra movediza nunca moho la cubija.—Span.

Pierre qui roule n' amasse point de mousse.—Fr.

Wälzender Stein wird nicht moosig.—Germ.

Een rollende steen neemt geen mos mede.—*Dutch.*
 Den Steen der ofte flyttes, bliver ikke mossegroet.—*Dan.*
 A rolling stone gathers no moss.—*Eng.*
 A rowin' stane gathers nae fog.—*Scot.*
 Cha chruinnigheann cloch chasaidh caonach.—*Ir.*
 Y maen a dreigla ni fsysgla.—*Welsh.*

Cha chinn fiar air an rathad mhór.
Grass grows not on the highway.—Eng.
 There grows nae grass at the market cross.—*Scot.*
 In cammino battuto erba non cresce.—*It.*
 A chemin battu ne crôit pas d'herbe.—*Fr.*

Cha chluinn e glaothaich nan còrr.
He can't hear the cranes' cry.
 Said of a very deaf person.

Cha chluinnteadh gaoir-chatha leibh.
You would drown the battle-cry.
 Said to very noisy people.

Cha choileach a mhealladh a' móll mi.
I am not a cock to be caught with chaff.
 An old bird is not caught with chaff.—*Eng.*

Cha chòir an t-each glan a chur h-uige.
The willing horse ought not to be urged.
 Ni còir gearran èasgaidh a ghréasughadh.—*Ir.*
 A good horse should be seldom spurred.—*Eng.*
 A gentle horse sud be sindle spurred.—*Scot.*
 Williges Pferd soll man nicht treiben.—*Germ.*
 Buon cavallo non ha bisogno de' sproni.—*It.*
 Cavallo que buela, no quiere espuela.—*Span.*
 Cavallo que voa, não quer espóla.—*Port.*

Cha chòir do dhuine a ghràdh 'us 'aithne chur a dh-aon taobh.
One should not set his love and friendship all on one side.

Cha chòir do 'n chiontach a bhi reachdach.
The wrongful should not be litigious.
 Ni ddyly cyfraith nis gwne!.—*Welsh.*

Cha chòir gòisinn a chur 'an rathad an doill.
A snare should not be laid in the way of the blind.

Cha chòrd muc sheasg 'us àl.
A barren sow was never good to pigs.—Eng.

Cha choisinn balbhan earrasaid. 's cha 'n fhaigh amadan oighreachd.

A dummy won't win a mantle, nor a fool get an inheritance.

A dumb man never gets land.—*Eng.*

The use of the word 'earrasaid' here is peculiar, the article of dress it denotes being known to us only as feminine. The second half of the proverb seems to contradict the law of primogeniture, but it means that no fool can win a fortune.

Cha chreach e dùthaich.

He won't ruin a country-side.

An expression of hospitality in reference to a guest.

Cha chreid an òige gu'n tig an aois, 's cha chreid an aois gun tig am bàs.

Youth can't believe that age will come, nor age that death will.

Cha chreid thu 'n t-Aog gus am faic thu 'n t-adhlac.

You won't believe in Death till you see the burial.

Cha chreidear an fhìrinn o bhial nam briag.

Truth is not believed from a lying mouth.

Cha bee breagery credit, ga dy ninsh eh y n'irriney.—*Manx.*

Al bugiardo non si crede la verità.—*It.*

Cha chreidear fear fial gus an ruigear a chùl.

The liberal man is not believed till his purse is drained.

Lit. 'till his back is reached'. His difficulties are not believed so long as he has anything to give.

Cha chudthrom air loch an lach,

Cha chudthrom air each a shrian,

Cha chudthrom air caor' a h-olann,

'S cha chudthrom air colainn ciall.

The wild-duck burdens not the loch,

The bridle burdens not the horse,

Her wool burdens not the sheep,

And sense burdens not the body.

Al. Cha truimid an loch, and, Cha trom leis an loch.

This fine verse is among the 'Sean Fhocail' of Duncan Loudin. It was given as part of the song referred to in note to 'Bhi fadadh teine fa loch,'—*ante*, p. 60.

Cha chuimhnich an dìtheach a chù, gus am bi a bhrù làn.

The empty man doesn't remember his dog till he fills his belly.

Cha chuir duine 'chall 'n a sporan.
A man can't put his loss into his purse.

Cha chuir e 'bhuinnig air a bhrògan.
His gain won't sole his shoes.

Cha chuir e'n luath mu 'n spàrr.
He won't send the ashes to the cross-beam.
i.e., he won't raise a great dust.

Cha chuireadh e gad 's an t-srathair.
He couldn't fix a withe in the pack-saddle.
 Good for nothing.

Cha chuirear gad air gealladh.
You can't put withes on promises.

Cha chuirinn mo thuagh bhearnach 'n ad choille
 chrìonaich.

I wouldn't put my notched axe into your withered wood.
Al. 'n ad fhiodh carraigneach '.

Cha chuirinn mo noigean air a' chial do 'n fhear nach
 cuireadh diar ann.

*I wouldn't incline my noggin to him that wouldn't put
 a drop in it.*

*Al. Na cuir do shoitheach air a' chliathaich do 'n fhear nach
 leasaich e.*

Cha chùm an soitheach ach a làn.
The vessel holds but its fill.

Al. an soitheach Gàidhealach.
Ni choinnighean an soitheach acht a làn.—Ir.

Cha chùm freiteach ach deamhan.
None but devils keep rash vows.

Cha chumar tigh le bial dùinte.
House with closed door can't be kept.
 A very hospitable saying.

Cha daor am biadh ma gheabhar e.
Food is not dear, if it can be got.

Cha daoire 'n giadh na 'shailleadh.
The goose is no dearer than his salting.

Cha deach éug no inrich nach d' fhuair moladh, 's
 cha do phòs nach d' fhuair càineadh.

*None died or flitted without praise, none married without
 blame.*

For a more terse version, see 'Ma 's math leat'.

Cha deachaidh car do theadhrach mu phreas.

Your tether didn't get round a bush.

Said to one who doesn't look starved.

Cha deach Theab riamh le creig.

Almost never went over a rock.

Almost was never hanged.—*Eng.*

Amaist was ne'er a man's life.—*Scot.*

Nærved slaæer ingen. Mand ihiel—Almost kills no man.—*Dan.*

Cha dean a' ghlòir bhòidheach an t-amadan sàthach.

Fine talk wont fill the fool.

Fair words butter no parsnips.—*Eng..*

Mony words dinna fill the firloot.—*Scot.*

Schöne Worte füllen den Sack nicht.—*Germ.*

Belle parole non pascon i gatti.—*It.*

Cha dean am balbh briag.

Dumbie winna lee.—Scot.

Cha deannan balbhan brèug.—*Ir.*

Cha dean a' phluic a' phìobaireachd.

Puffing won't make piping.

Cha dean am bodach briag 's a chlann a 's tigh.

The churl wont tell lies before his children.

Cha deannan bodach brèng, 's a chlann a lathair.—*Ir.*

They might innocently convict him by saying, 'O Papa'!

Cha dean an t-òl ach am fear a dh'fhaodas.

He only drinks who can.

Cha dean aon cheirein duine slàn, 's cha dean aon sàth duine reamhar.

One dose will not cure, nor one feed make fat.

Cha dean aon smeòrach Samhradh.

One mavis makes not summer.

Cha deannan aon àilleog Samhradh.—*Ir.*

Cha jean un ghollan-geaye Sourey, ny un chellagh-keylley Geurey.—*Manx.*

Μία χελιδὼν ἔαρ οὐ ποιεῖ.—*Gr.*

Una hirundo non facit ver.—*Lat.*

Una golondrina no hace verano.—*Span.*

Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps.—*Fr.*

Una rondine non fa primavera.—*It.*

Eine Schwalbe macht keinen Frühling.—*Germ.*

Eene zwaluw maakt geen zomer.—*Du.*

Een Svale gör ingen Sommer.—*Dan.*

One swallow makes not Summer.—*Eng.*

Cha dean brògan tioram iasgach.

Dry shoes won't get fish.

No se toman truchas á bragas enjutas.—*Span.*

Naõ se tomaõ trutas a bragas enxutas.—*Port.*

Trouts are not taken with dry breeches.

Cha dean cas làidir nach ith brù mhór.

What strong foot earns big belly eats.

Ce que gantelet gagne, le gorgerin le mange.—*Fr.* Saying of Bayard. (Disraeli's *Curios. of Lit. Philosophy of Proverbs.*)

Cha dean cas luath maorach.

Hasty foot won't get shellfish.

Cha dean cat miotagach sealg.

Cat with mittens won't catch mice.

The muffled cat is never good mouser.—*Eng.*

Gatta inguantata non prese mai topo.—*It.*

Cha dean corag mhilis ìm, no glaimsear càise.

Sweet finger won't make butter, nor a glutton cheese.

Cha dean cridhe misgeach briag.

A drunken heart won't lie.

Al. Cha tig briag bho chridhe misgeach.

Οἶνος, ὃ παῖδες, ἀλήθεια. Ἐν ὄινῳ ἀλήθεια.—*Gr.*

In vino veritas.—*Lat.*

What soberness conceals drunkenness reveals.—*Eng.*

A fu' man 's a true man.—*Scot.*

Cha dean cù sàthach sealg.

A full dog won't hunt.

Cha dean duine don' ach a dhìchioll.

A poor fellow can do but his best.

Ni eill neb namyn ei allu—None can do but what he can.—*Welsh.*

Cha dean fear a' sporain fhalaimh ach beag farum 's an tigh-òsda.

The man of empty purse will make but little noise in the inn.

Cha dean fuar bliochd.

Cold will not make milk.

The use of the adjective as a noun here is worthy of notice.

Cha dean goile acrach casaid air a' bhiadh.

A hungry stomach won't decry the food.

Cha dean mi dà chliamhuinn do m'aon nighinn.

I won't make two sons-in-law for my one daughter.

Eigi má göra tvá mága at einni dóttur.—*Iceland.*

Cha dean minnein meann, 's cha dean giullan clann.

A kid begets not kids, nor a boy bairns.

Cha dean sinn cruit-chiùil deth.

We won't make a harp of it.

Al. Cha dean sinn òran deth—we won't make a song of it.

'Cruit,' *Scot. and Ir. Gael.*, a harp or fiddle; 'Crwth,' *Welsh*;

'Crowd,' *Engl.*, a fiddle.

The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud.—*Spenser.*

Chevy-chase sung by a blind crowder.—*Sidney.*

Cha dean thusa tóll, nach cuir mise cnag ann.

You won't make a hole that I won't put a peg in.

Autant de trous, autant de chevilles.—*Fr.*

Cha dean 'Tiugainn' céum, 's cha do chailleadh 'Theab'.

'Come on' does not move, and 'Almost' was never lost.

Cha dean sgleogaireachd ceilp.

Fulsome talk won't make kelp.

Cha dean 'tapadh leis an fhìdhleir' am fìdhleir a phàidheadh.

'Thank you' won't pay the fiddler.

Cha dean tùirse ach truaghan, 's fear na lag-mhisnich cha'n fhaigh e bean ghlic gu La-luain.

None but the pitiful pine, and weak heart will never win wise wife.

Faint heart never won fair lady.—*Eng., Scot.*

Jamais honteux n'eut belle amie.—*Fr.*

Verzagt' Herz freit nimmer ein schön' Weib.—*Germ.*

Bange Hierte vandt aldrig fager Mö.—*Dan.*

Cha deanar bañas-tighe air na fraighean falamh.

House-keeping can't be done with empty shelves.

A toom pantry makes a thriftless guidwife.—*Scot.*

Bare walls make giddy housewives.—*Eng.*

Vides chambres font femmes folles.—*Fr.*

Cha deanar buannachd gun chall.

No profit without loss.

Cha deanar duine glic ach air a chosd fhéin.

One gets wisdom at his own cost.

See 'Is fhearr aon chiall ceannaich'.

Cha deanar leas caraid gun saothair.
Friend can't be helped without trouble.

Cha deanar math gun mhulad.
Good is not done without grief.

Cha deanar sagart gun fhoghlum, 's cha dean foghlum sagart.

A priest should be learned, but learning won't make a priest.

Cha deanar salann gun sàil, no leas bràthar gun dìobhail.

Salt is not made without brine, nor brother's help without loss.

Cha deanar seobhag de 'n chlamhan.
You cannot make hawks of kites.

A carrion kite will never make a good hawk.—*Eng.*
 On ne saurait faire d'une buse un épervier.—*Fr.*

Cha deanar tréine gun triùir, 's bidh iad crùbach gun cheathrar.

Three go to make strength, and they'll be lame without four.

Cha deic luas na h-earba gun na coin a chur rithe.

The swiftness of the roe is known without the loosing of the hounds.

Cha deoch-slàint' i gun a tràghadh.
It is no health if not drained.

'No heel-taps'!

Cha d' éug duine beairteach riamh gun dileabach.
No rich man ever died without an heir.

Cha d' fhàg e clach gun tionndadh.
He left no stone unturned.

Char fhàg se cloch gan tionta.—*Ir.*

Cha d' fhàg claidheamh Fhinn riamh fuigheall béuma.

Fingal's sword never had to cut twice.

Cha d'fhuair am madadh-ruadh riamh teachdaire 'b' fhearr na e fhéin.

The fox never got a better messenger than himself.

Cha d' fhuair Conan riamh dòrn gun dòrn a thoirt g' a cheann.

Conan never got a blow without returning it.

See 'Càirdeas Chonain'.

Cha d' fhuair droch bhunaiche riamh deadh chorran.

Bad reaper never got good sickle.

Chan fhuair droch bhuanaidhe a riamh corran maith.—*Ir.*

Cha dooar rieu drogh veaynee corran mie.—*Manx.*

Never had ill workman good tools.—*Eng.*

Per con. Cha d' fhuair buanaiche math droch corran riamh.

Ni ddiffygion arf ar was gwysh.—*Weapon to the brave won't be wanting.—Welsh.*

Cha d' fhuair droch iomramhaiche ràmh math riamh.

Bad rower never got good oar.

Cha d' fhuair duine riamh a thuarasdal gus an do choisinn e e.

No man wages ever got, until for them he had wrought.

Cha d' fhuair sgathadh nach d' fhuiling nàire.

Scorn comes commonly wi' skaith.—Scot.

Eshyn yiw skeilley (*sgéileadh*), yiw e craid (*cnead*).—*Manx.*

Cha d' fhuair sruth leis, nach d' fhuair sruth 'n a aghaidh.

None ever got tide with him, that did not get against him.

Cha d' fhuair sùil ghionach riamh cunnradh math.

Greedy eye never got good bargain.

Cha d' fhuair an Donas riamh marbh air cùl gàraidh.

The Devil was never found dead behind a dyke.

Seldom lies the Devil dead in a ditch.—*Eng.*

It's lang ere the De'il dee by the dyke-side.—*Scot.*

This well expresses the vitality of the Father of Lies.

Cha d' fhuair buaidh air fear na moch-eirigh.

The early riser was never overcome.

Cha d' fhuair cliath-chliata riamh air cladach.

A harrow was never found on a shore.

Cha d' fhuiling fuachd nach d' fhuair teas.

None suffered cold but got heat.

Cha dhubh grian 's cha ghealaich uisg' e.

Sun won't blacken nor water bleach it.

Cha dìol 'toileach' fiach.

'Willing' pays no debt.

Sorrow will pay no debt.—*Eng.*

Cha d' ith na coin an aimsir.

The time was not devoured by the dogs.

'And yet it was wasted.'

The translation of this in the 2nd Ed. of Macintosh is, 'The dogs did not worry the wether'!

Char ith na madaidh deireadh na bliadhna go foill.—*Ir.*

Cha d' ith thu seachd cruachan-arbhair leis fhathasd.

You haven't eaten seven corn-stacks with him yet.

Al. Cha do loisg thu seachd cruachan-mòine leis—*You haven't burnt seven peat-stacks with him.*

Cha diùlt peann briag.

A pen won't refuse to lie.

Polite falsehoods are more easily written than said.

Cha dlighe do pheighinn fois.

Penny's right is not rest.

Argent est rond, il faut qu' il roule.—*Fr.*

I danari vanno e vengono.—*Ital.*

Cha do bhris modh ceann duine riamh.

Courtesy never broke man's crown.

'It's aye gude to be ceevil,' quo' the auld wife when she beekit to the Deevil.—Scot.

Cha do bhris fear riamh a bhogha, nach d' fhéum fear eil' an t-sreang.

No man ever broke his bow, but another needed the string.

Cha do bhuidhinn thu air na cairtean, nach do chaill thu air na disnean.

You won not at the cards that you lost not at the dice.

Cha do bhuidhinn tùs nach do bhuidhinn donas.

Luck at first, loss at last.

Chi vince prima, perde il sacco e la farina.—*Ital.*

Cha do chaill 'n a thoiseach nach do bhuannaich 'n a dheireadh.

Lose at first, win at last.

Cha do chleachd am bodach biodag.

The fellow was not used to a dirk.

Cha do chliath thu na threabh mise fhathasd.

You haven't harrowed yet what I have ploughed.

Cha do chòrd dithis riabh a' cur tein' air.

Two never agreed at the kindling of a fire.

See 'Cha robh dithis'.

Char fhadaigh dìs teine gan troid.—*Ir.*

Cha do chuir a bhun ris nach do chinnich leis.

None trusted him that did not thrive.

Cha do chuir a ghualainn, nach do chuir tuar thairis.

None ever set his shoulder to, that did not what he sought to do.

Cha do chuir Dia riamh bial thun an t-saoghail, gun a chuid fa 'chomhair.

God never sent the mouth but the meat with it.—Scot.

Eng.

Char òrduigh Dia bèul gan biadh.—*Ir.*

Gud giver alle Mad, som han giver Mund.—*Dan.*

Guð gefr björg með barni.—*Icel.*

Cha do dhìrich Fionn bruthach riamh, 's cha d' fhàg e bruthach gun dìreadh.

Fingal never climbed a brae, and he left no brae unclimbed.

This is a puzzle more than a proverb. It means that F., being a wise man, zig-zagged up hills.

Cha do dhùin dorus, nach d' fhosgail dorus.

No door ever shut but another opened.

Al. Ged dhùinear dorus, fosglar dorus.

Mai si serra una porta, che non si apra un' altra.—*It.*

Donde una puerta se cierra, otra se abre.—*Span.*

This proverb is the one quoted by Don Quixote, when he made the interesting reflection on Proverbs, already cited under 'An sean-fhacal'.

Cha do mheall e ach na dh' earb as.

He tricked but those who trusted him.

Cha do mhill foighidin mhath duine riamh.

Good patience never hurt a man.

Cha d' òl an sagart ach na bh' aige.

The priest drank only what he had.

Cha d' òrdaich Dia do 'n duine bhochd an dà latha cho olc.

Two days alike ill, God to poor men doth not will.

Cha d' rinn iad de shiùcar no de shalann thu.

You weren't made of sugar or salt.

This proverb cannot claim great age.

Cha d' rinn sàr nach d' fhuiling sàr.

None ever did violence but suffered violence.

All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.—

MATTH. XXVI. 52.

Cha d' rinn Theab riamh sealg.

'Almost' never got game.

See 'Cha deach Theab'.

Cha d' rinn uisge glan riamh leann math.

Pure water never made good ale.

This may be classed among 'vulgar errors'.

Cha do shéid gaoth riamh nach robh 'an seòl cuid-eigin.

No wind ever blew that did not fill some sail.

Cha do shoirbhich dithis riamh air an aon chnoc.

No two ever prospered on the same hill.

Comp. with 'Cha bhi bràithreachas'.

Cha do shuidh air cloich, nach d' thuirt 'Oich!' mu'n d' éirich.

None ever sat on stone that didn't sigh before he rose.

Cha do shuidh air stiùir nach d' thàinig bho 'làimh uair-eigin.

No man ever held helm that did not some time lose his hold.

Cha d' thàinig ian glan riamh á nead a' chlamhain.

Clean bird never came out of kite's nest.

Cha d' thàinig iasg as a' chuan nach eil cho math ann.

There's as guid fish in the sea as ever cam' oot o't.—Scot.

Al. Tha iasg cho math anns a mhuir 's a thàinig riamh aisde.

Ta iasg 's a bh-fairge ni 's fearr nà gabhadh a riamh.—Ir.

Cha d' thàinig tràigh gun mhuir-làn 'n a déigh.

There never was ebb without flood following.

See 'Cha 'n 'eil tuil'.

Cha d' thàinig ubh mór riamh bho'n dreathann-donn.

Large egg never came from the wren.

Al. 'Cha tig.'

The Scottish version of this is applied, says Kelly, to insignificant gifts from niggardly persons.

Cha do thaisg nach d' fhimir.

Nought was ever laid by that was not needed.

Keep a thing seven years, and ye'll find a use for't.—*Scot.*

Cha do thilg le 'leth-làimh, nach do thionail le 'dhà làimh.

None threw away with one hand that did not gather with both.

Chi butta via oro con le mani, lo cerca co' piedi.—*It.*

Cha do threabh thu 'n t-imir 'tha romhad fhathasd.

You haven't ploughed the ridge before you yet.

Al. Treabh an t-imir a tha romhad an toiseach.

Ars an t-each òg 's a' mhaduinn, 'Treabhaidh sinn an t-imir ud, 's an t-imir ud eile'. Ars an seann each, 'Treabh am fear 'tha romhad an dràsda, 's treabhaidh sinn càch a rithist'. Agus threabh an seann each, 's thug an t-each òg thairis.—Said the young horse in the morning, 'We'll plough that ridge and the other one'. Said the old horse, 'Plough the one before you now, and we'll plough the rest after'. And the old horse ploughed, but the young one gave over.

Cha do thréig Fionn riamh caraid a làimhe deise.

Fingal never forsook his right hand friend.

Cha d' thug Fionn riamh blàr gun chumha.

Fingal never fought a fight without offering terms.

This very old proverb, and the still oftener quoted one, 'Cothrom na Fèinne' (q.v.), indicate a sense of justice and generosity, of which the most civilised nations of the 19th century exhibit too little in the conduct of war. Fionn or Fingal, the ideal hero-king of the Scoto-Irish race, corresponds in character, and in domestic misfortune, to King Arthur, faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, mighty in war, gentle and wise in peace. The name Fingal, and the adjective Fingalian, being now so generally used, are preferable, for that and other reasons, to Finn and Fenian, though the latter are more strictly correct. The name Fingal is not an invention of Macpherson's, as some have imagined. It was used by Barbour in the 14th century, as the name by which the Celtic hero was then known in Scotland—

He said, Mee thinke Martheokes sonne,

Right as Golmakmorne was wonne,

To have from Fyngall his menyie.

The Bruce, Ed. 1620, p. 40.

Cha d' thug gaol luath, nach d' thug fuath clis.

Hasty love and sudden hate.

Love me little, love me long.—*Eng.*

Aime-moi un peu, mais continue.—*Fr.*

Amami poco, ma continua.—*It.*

Elsk mig lidt, og elsk mig længe.—*Dan.*

Cha d' thug leis an truaill, nach d' fhuair leis a' chladheamh.

None gave with the scabbard but got with the sword.

Cha d' thug thu ach breab bheag 's a' ghriosaich.

You gave but a slight kick to the embers.

Cha d' thug thu do lóng fhéin gu cala fhathasd.

You haven't brought your own ship to port yet.

Cha d' thug thu ribeag á 'fhiasaig.

You haven't plucked a hair out of his beard.

Cha dubhairt Dia na thubhairt thusa.

God hath not said all thou hast said.

Applicable to much theology, and other things claiming divine authority. Considering that the Celts are by nature reverential, this saying does them great credit.

Cha dual do rath a bhi air dalta spìocaid.

The step-child of a scrub has a bad lot.

Cha duine duine 'n a aonar.

A man alone is no man.

See note to 'Bi 'd thosd'.

Al. Cha'n fhiach duine 'n a aonar.

It is not good that the man should be alone.—*GEN.* ii. 18.

Eis àνηρ οὐδεὶς àνθρωπος.—*Gr.* Un homme nul homme.—*Fr.*

One and none is all one.—*Eng.*

Compagnia d' uno, compagnia di niuno.—*It.*

Cha duine glic a dh' innseas tric 'an-shocair.

He is not wise who often tells his trouble.

Cha duine glic a théid tric do 'n bhaile mhór.

He is not a wise man who goes often to the city.

Cha ghabh fiadh gointe gaoth.

A wounded deer won't take the wind.

A wounded deer always takes to the nearest water, instead of going, as usual, against the wind.

Cha ghabh i coisiche, 's cha tig marcaiche 'g a h-iarraidh.

She won't take a walker, and a rider won't come for her.

She wadna hae the walkers, and the riders gaed by.—*Scot.*

Dean Ramsay, in his *Reminiscences*, gives this proverb as quoted by Miss Becky Monteith, on being asked how she hadn't made a good marriage.

Cha ghabhar greim air uisge no air teine.
No hold can be got of water or of fire.

Cha ghille mur h-umhailt e.
He is no servant unless he obeys.

Cha ghlac dòrn dùinte seobhag.
Closed fist won't catch hawk.

Cha ghabhann an dorn druidte seabhac.—*Ir.*
 With empty hands men may no hawkes lure.—*Chaucer.*

Det er ondt at lokke Høge med tomme Hænder.—*Dan.*
 Met ledige handen is het kwaad havikken vangen.—*Dutch.*

Cha ghléidh an dall an rathad mór.
The blind can't keep the highway.

This is true only in a metaphorical sense.

Cha ghleidheadh tu clach 's a' chladach.
You wouldn't find a stone on the shore.

Cha ghluais bròg no bruidheann an droch bhean-thighe.
Tramping or talking won't rouse the bad housewife.

Ascribed to Eóghan a' chinn bhig. See App. III.

Cha ghruagaichean gu léir air am bi am falt fhéin.
All are not maidens that wear their own hair.

A' are na maidens that wear bare hair.—*Scot.*

To drop the snood, or fillet, and cover the head, was formerly, both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, the sign of marriage or maternity. The old Highland head-dress of women, called *bréid*, was a square of fine linen, pinned round the head, with part hanging down behind, like some of the head-dresses in Normandy and Brittany.—*Armstr. Dict. s.v. Bréid.*

Cha le duine fhéin a ghàire.

A man's smile is not his own.

I have been told by a wise counsellor, that an old man advised him always to have his consulting chair set with its back to the window.

Cha leannan òinsich e.

He is no foolish girl's fancy.

This and the next are generally said ironically of old or unprepossessing 'parties'.

Cha leannan baothair i.

She is no sweetheart for a fool.

Cha leithne Loch Obha null na nall.

Loch Awe is no broader across than back.

Al. Cha lugh' an uchdach' na 'n leathad. *The ascent is no less than the declivity.* 'It's as broad as it's long.'

Cha leig an leisg d' a deòin, duin' air slighe chòir am feasd.

If laziness but have its will, it keeps a man from virtue still.

For the credit of humanity, there are many proverbs of all nations directed against the vice of sloth.

Cha leig duine d' a dhedìn a chòir-bhreith le duine beò.

No man willingly parts with his birthright.

Cha leigear a leas pòg a thabhairt do làimh an iasgair.

The hand of the fisher need not be kissed.

Cha leighis aithreachas breamas.

Repentance won't cure mischief.

Cha léir dhut a' choill leis na craobhan.

You can't see the wood for trees.—Eng.

Cha lion beannachd brù.

Fair words fill not the belly.—Eng.

Cha lionnan beannacht bolg.—*Ir.*

Muckle crack fills nae sack.—*Scot.*

Schoone worden vullen den zak niet.—*Dutch.*

See 'Cha dean a' ghlòir.'

Cha loisg seana chat e fhéin.

An old cat won't burn himself.

Cha luaithe a sguireas an tinneas diot na thòisicheas an tachas ort.

No sooner does your sickness go than the itch attacks you.

Cha luaithe duine gu 'leas na gu 'aimhleas.

Man goes not faster to his good than to his ruin.

Cha lugha air Dia deireadh an latha na 'thoiseach.

Not less in God's sight is the end of the day than the beginning.

This is a fine sentiment, from every point of view.

Cha lugha an fhoill na 'm freiceadan.

The treachery is not less than the guard.

Cha lugha ceann na céill.

As mony heads so mony wits.—Scot.

Quot homines, tot sententiæ.—*Ter.*

Tante teste, tanti cervelli.—*It.*

Autant de têtes, autant d' avis.—*Fr.*

So many men, so many minds.—*Eng.*

Viele Köpfe, viele Sinne.—*Germ.*

Zoo veel hoofden, zoo veel zinnen.—*Dutch.*

Saa mange Hoveder, saa mange Sind.—*Dan.*

Cha laidh na siantan anns na spéuran.

The storms rest not in the skies.

Ne caldo ne gelo resta mai in cielo.—*It.*

Cha mhac mar an t-athair thu.

You are no son like the father.

'You'll never fill your father's shoes.'

Cha mhair a' bhréug ach ré seal.

No lie lives long.

A lying tongue is but for a moment.—*PROV. xii. 19.*

The liar is short-lived.—*Arab.*

Lügen zerschmelzen wie Schnee.—*Germ.*

Cha mhair an sionnach air a shìor-ruith.

Reynard can't run for ever.

Cha mheallar am fear glic ach aon uair.

The wise man is deceived but once.

Twice bitten, shy.—*Eng.*

Cha mhilllear math ri olc dhiubh.

The good of them won't be thrown away on the bad.

Not much to choose between them.

Cha mhinig a bha móll aig sabhal pìobaire.

Seldom is there chaff at a piper's barn.

Pipers and poets are generally not very good husbandmen.

Cha mhisd' a' ghealach na coin a bhi 'comhartach
rithe.

The moon is none the worse of the dogs' barking at her.

Al. Cha dean e coire do'n ghealaich na coin a bhi deileann
rithe.

The moon heeds not the barking of dogs.—*Eng.*

La luna non cura l'abbaiar de' cani.—*It.*

Was kümmert's den Mond wenn ihn die Hunde anbelln?—
Germ.

Cha mhisde cùil ghlan a rannsachadh.

A clean corner is not the worse of being searched.

Cha mhisde gnìomh math a dheanamh dà uair.

A good deed is not the worse of being done again.

ᾠς καὶ τρίς τὸ κάλον.—*Gr.*

Cha mhisde sgéul math 'aithris dà uair.

A good tale is none the worse for being twice told.—Eng.

Cha mhò air e 's air sean each 'athair.

He cares no more for him than an old horse for his sire.

Cha mhol duine 'shéud 's e aige.

A man doesn't praise his jewel while he has it.

Probably not till he loses it.

Cha mhortar an luchag fo 'n chruaich-fheòir.

The mouse is not crushed under the hay-stack.

A wee mouse will creep under a muckle corn-stack.—Scot.

Cha 'n abair mi mo bhràthair, ach ris a' mhac a rug mo mhàthair.

I will not say brother but to my mother's son.

Al. Cha phiuthar 'us cha bhràthair ach neach a bheireas a' mhàthair.

None is sister or brother whom the mother bore not.

This looks like a relic of a time when birthrights and blood-ties were calculated from the maternal rather than the paternal side, of which Mr. Skene has found traces in the early history of our country.—*Celtic Scotland*, Vol. I., p. 252. See also M'Lennan's *Primitive Marriage*, 2d Ed., p. 129.

Cha 'n aithne dhut dol air d' each gun dol thairis air.

You cannot mount your horse without going over.

Cha'n aithnich am fuachd tighead na lùirich.

The thickest coat of mail won't keep out the cold.

Cha'n aithnicheadh e 'bhròg seach an t-osan.

He couldn't tell his shoe from his stocking.

Very incapable, even beyond pronunciation of 'Bri'sh const-t'-sh'n'.

Cha'n àm cadail an cogadh.

War is no time for sleep.

Cha 'n ann a' h-uile latha bhios mòd aig Mac-an-Tòisich.

It is not every day that Macintosh holds a court.

"Toschach or Macintosh of Monyvaird, chamberlain to the Earl of Perth, held a regality court at Monyvaird: it is commonly reported that he caused one to be hanged each court day, in order to make himself famous, and to strike terror into the thieves, which severity occasioned the above saying."—*Note by Macintosh on this proverb*, 1st Ed., p. 13.

The word *mòd*, the same as the Saxon and Scottish *mote*, sig-

nifies a meeting, assembly, court of justice. The Celtic courts of justice were held on hills or mounds made for the purpose, of which several, called *moats*, or *mutes*, are still to be seen in Kirkcudbrightshire, and elsewhere. Skene, *De verb. signif.*, 1681, p. 93, says, “Quhen King Malcolme the Second gave all his landes to the barrones of this realme; he reteined to himself ‘montem placiti de Scona,’ the mute hill of Scone, quhair he might hald his courtes, and do justice to his subjects, in deciding their pleyes and controversies.”—See Jamieson’s *Dict. s. v. Mote*.

Cha ’n anna’ h-uile latha théid Mac-Néill air ’each.

It is not every day that MacNeill mounts his horse.

This refers to MacNeill of Barra, whose rocky island territory was more suited for boating than for riding.

Cha ’n ann ag éigheach as do dheaghaidh, ach—C’ait am bheil thu dol?

Not calling after you, but—Where are you going?

Cha ’n ann air chnothan falamh a fhuaradh sid uile.

It was not for empty nuts all that was got.

Cha ’n ann ’am Bòid uile ’tha’n t-oile,—tha cuid deth ’s a’ Chumradh bheag làimh ris.

The mischief is not all in Bute,—there’s some in the little Cumbrae near it.

The use of ‘uile’ here as an adverb is peculiar.

Cha’n ann as an adhar a tha e ’toirt a chodach.

It’s not out of the air he gets his living.

Cha ’n ann de ’n ghuin an gàire.

Smiles do not suit with pain.

Al. Gàire mu aobhar a’ ghuin.

Cha’n ann de shìolachadh a’ phoca-shalainn thu.

You are not of the seed of the salt-pock.

Sometimes said to boys sent out in the rain, = You won’t melt.

Cha’n ann gun fhios c’ arson a bheireas a’ chearc ubh.

It’s not for nothing the hen lays an egg.

The husband knows this to his cost, but the wife also knows the value of an egg.

Cha ’n ann gun fhios c’ arson a ni an clamhan fead.

It’s no for nought that the gled whustles.—Scot.

Cha’n ann leis a’ chiad bhuille ’thuiteas a’ chraobh.

The tree fa’s na at the first strake.—Scot.

One stroke fells not an oak.—Eng.

Es fällt keine Eiche vom ersten Streiche.—*Germ.*

Al primo colpo non cade l'albero.—*It.*

Au premier coup ne chet pas l'arbre.—*Fr.*

Τὸ δένδρον μὲ μίαν πελεκεῖαν δὲν κόφτεται.—*Mod. Gr.*

Cha'n atharraich caraid gnùis caraid.

A friend won't change a friend's countenance.

Cha'n aotruim' òr na 'chudthrom.

Gold is no lighter than its weight.

Cha'n e 'm beagan an gràn-lagain, ma ghabhas e togail.

The grain that falls is not trifling if it can be lifted.

The 'gràn-lagain' is the grain that falls through the straw when it is put on the kiln.

Cha 'n e 'm bòrd a theirig dhut, ach am beagan fearainn.

Not your mould-board was done, but your little land.

The mould-board of the old plough was made of wood, like all the rest of it, except the share. But the failing of the plough was a small matter, compared with want of land to plough.

Cha'n e an ro-chabhag a's fhearr.

Great haste is not best.

The more haste, the worse speed.—*Eng., Scot.*

Hoe meerder haast, hoe minder speed.—*Dutch.*

Qui nimis propere minus prospere.—*Lat.*

Plus on se hâte, moins on avance.—*Fr.*

Chi va piano, va sano, e va lontano.—*Ital.*

Quien mas corre, menos vuela.—*Span.*

Cha 'n e ciad sgéul an t-sagairt bu chòir a chreidsinn.

It is not the priest's first story that should be believed.

This is probably a very old saying, and it quite accords with the strain of the Ossianic ballads narrating St. Patrick's attempts to convert Ossian. The Celt is not easily convinced of anything new, or opposed to his old beliefs, but once he believes, he believes intensely.

Cha'n e cruadhachadh na h-àtha sealltainn foipe.

Looking under the kiln won't dry the grain.

Cha'n e dubh a dh'fhuathaicheas, 's cha'n e geal a ghràdhaicheas.

Hate comes not of black, nor love of white.

Cha 'n e faighinn na féudalach a 's miosa, ach a cumail 'an deaghaidh a faotainn.

The getting of the cattle is not so hard, as the keeping after getting.

Cha 'n e gogadh nan ceann a ni an t-iomradh.

It is not the nodding of heads that does the rowing.

Cha 'n e 'mhèud a bhòidhicheas na 'ghil' a ghràdh-aicheas.

Bulk makes not beauty, nor white loveliness.

Cha 'n e mo charaid a ni m' aimhleas.

He is not my friend that hurts me.

'Candid' friends are sometimes the worst of enemies.

Cha'n e 'n latha math nach tigeadh, ach an duine dona nach fanadh.

It is not that the good day came not, but that the unlucky man would not wait.

Cha 'n e na chosnar a ni saibhir ach na chaomhnar.

Not what's gained but what's saved makes rich.

A penny hained 's a penny gained.—*Scot.*

Magnum est vectigal parcimonia.—*Cic.*

Cha 'n e na dh' ithear a ni làidir, ach na chnàmhar.

Not what's eaten but what's digested makes strong.

Cha'n e na léughar a ni foghlumte ach na chuimhn-ichear.

Not what's read but what's remembered makes learned.

Cha'n e rogha nam muc a gheabh fear na faighe.

It is not the pick of the swine that the beggar gets.

This saying suggests an Irish origin, pigs having never been very common in the Highlands. The practice of going 'air faighe' (or 'faoighe,' *Ir.* 'foighe,') was, however, common to parts of Ireland and of the Highlands, and was known also in the Lowlands of Scotland. See *Jamieson's Dict.*, sub voce 'Thig.' In the 'good old times,' when dearth was as common as a bad season, it was not considered degrading for respectable people to go foraging among their friends for grain, wool, &c. See 'Bidh rud uime.' This kind of begging was also practised by or for young couples about to marry, or newly married, to help them in setting up house. The *Highl. Soc. Dict.* (1828) says this custom "is still practised in many parts of the Highlands and Islands". *MacLeod and Dewar's Dict.* (1830) also says that it is "still partially practised". I think it may now (1880) be said to be obsolete. The practice, however, of giving useful presents to young couples is encouraged in the very highest ranks of modern society.

Cha 'n e sealbh na faodalach a faotainn.

The finding of a thing is not the owning of it.

This is good law as well as good sense.

Cha'n e 'n tochradh mór a ni an tiomnadh beairteach.

'Tis not the big dowry that makes the wealthy will.

The greatest tochers mak' not the greatest testaments.—*Scot.*

He that's needy when he's married shall be rich when he's buried.—*Eng.*

Cha 'n 'eil ach a leth-taobh ris.

He has but a half-side to it.

Cha 'n 'eil ach rabhadh gun fhuasgladh ann am bruadar na h-oidhche.

The dream of the night is but a warning unsolved.

Al. Cha taisbeanadh bruadar cadail—*A dream is no revelation.*

In the multitude of dreams and many words there are also diverse vanities.—*Eccl. v. 7.*

Cha'n 'eil ach móran eadar a' bhó 's a' mheanbh-chuileag.

The cow is only a good deal bigger than the midge.

A midge is as big as a mountain—a'maist.—*Scot.*

Cha 'n 'eil 'adharc cho cruaidh 's a tha 'langan àrd.

His horn is not so hard as his roar is loud.

His bark is waur nor his bite.—*Scot.*

Cha'n 'eil agad ach am bogadh, gun bhuidheachas dheth.

You have got but the ducking, and no thanks.

Cha 'n 'eil agams' ach osain ghearr dheth, ach tha triubhas fad agadsa dheth.

I have but short hose of it, and you have long trews of it.

Cha 'n 'eil air a' bhiadh ach teannadh ris.

Eating needs but a beginning.

Taste, you will eat.—*Arab.*

Mangiando viene l'appetito.—*It.*

En mangeant l'appetit vient.—*Fr.*

Eten is een goed begin.—*Du.*

Cha 'n 'eil air duine gun nàire ach duine gun nàire 'thachairt ris.

There's nothing for a shameless man but his match to meet him.

Cha 'n eil airc ann gu airc na h-ainnis.

There is no distress like that of the destitute.

See 'Eadar an t-euradh 'us aimbeairt'.

Cha 'n 'eil àit' 'am bi meall nach bi fasgadh mu 'bhónn.

Wherever a height is, there is shelter below.

Cha 'n 'eil am bonnach beag bruich fhathasd.

The little bannock is not toasted yet.

This is a phrase used at hide-and-seek, or blind-man's-buff, to announce that the players are not ready yet.

Cha'n 'eil am maoidheadh daonnan 'an cois a' chroin.

Threatening does not always follow mischief.

It depends on who does it !

Cha 'n 'eil an cuid 's an onoir aca.

They haven't kept their goods and honour.

Cha 'n 'eil 'an cùil na 'n cuilidh,

Nach fhaic sùil a' Mhuilich,

S' cha 'n 'eil 'an àird na 'n ìosal,

Nach làimhsich làmh an Ilich ;

Na dh' fhàgadh am Muileach,

Ghrad sgrìobadh an Collach uaith' e,

Ach 's mairg a dh' earbadh a chuid no anam,

Ris a' chealgaire Bharrach.

There's not in nook or corner,

What the Mull man's eye won't see ;

There's not in height or hollow,

What the Islay man won't handle ;

What the Mull man would leave,

The Coll man soon would grasp ;

But woe to him, his goods or life,

Who trusts to treacherous Barra man.

These very calumnious estimates are, of course, to be taken *cum grano*. Other similar sayings are—

Muileach 'us Ileach 'us deamhan,

An triùir a 's miosa air an domhain,

'S miosa a' Muileach na 'n t- Ileach,

'S miosa an t- Ileach na 'n deamhain.

A Mull man, an Islay man, and a devil,

The three worst in creation,

The Mull man is worse than the Islay man,

The Islay man worse than the devil.

Cha 'n fhaic am Muileach nach sanntaich am Muileach ; na shanntaicheas am Muileach goididh an Collach ; 's na ghoideas an Collach cuiridh an Tiristeach am folach. *What the Mull man sees*

he covets; what the Mull man covets the Coll man steals; and what the Coll man steals the Tíree man hides.

Sliob am Muileach, 'us sgròbaidh e thu; sgròb am Muileach, 'us sliòbaidh e thu.—*Stroke the Mull man, and he'll scratch you: scratch him, and he'll stroke you.*

Ged a bhiodh tu cho carach ris a Mhuileach, gheabhar a mach thu.—*Were you as tricky as the Mull man, you'll be found out.*

All these dreadful imputations remind one of an Eastern saying, 'The Koords are worse than the Arabs, the Arabs are worse than the Yezidees, and the Yezidees are worse than Eblis'.

Cha 'n 'eil ann ach an t-uan na 's duibhe na 'mhàthair.
It's merely the lamb blacker than its dam.

Cha 'n 'eil ann ach an dara duine 'bhreith, 's an duine eile 'bhreith 'us àrach.

One man needs but to be born, another to be born and bred.

This is an acute observation on the advantages of hereditary aristocracy and primogeniture.

Cha 'n 'eil ann ach fear ri caomhnadh 's fear ri caitheamh.

One man saves and another spends.

Cuid an taisgeair aig an caithtear.—*Ir.*

Narrow gathered, widely spent.—*Eng., Scot.*

Cha'n 'eil ann ach Iain 'us Dònull; Dònull cho math ri Iain, 's Iain cho math ri Dònull.

It is plain John and Donald,—Donald as good as John, and John as good as Donald.

Cha 'n 'eil ann ach leth-phlaide gun fhuaghal.

He is but an unhemmed half-blanket.

Cha 'n 'eil ann ach mogan gun cheann.

He is a stocking without foot.

Cha 'n 'eil ann do 'n t-seann amadan.

No fool to the old fool.—Eng.

Chan 'uil amadan air bith is measa nà sean-amadan.—*Ir.*

Nae fules like the auld fules.—*Scot.*

The head grey, and no brains yet?—*Eng.*

Je älter der Geck, je schlimmer.—*Germ.*

Cha 'n 'eil beart an aghaidh na h-éigin.

There is no contrivance against necessity.

'Ανάγκη οὐδὲ θεοὶ μάχονται.—*Gr.*

Ingens telum necessitas.—*Cic.*

Cha 'n 'eil carraig air nach caochail sruth.

There is no rock where the tide won't change.

See 'Cha 'n 'eil tuil '.

Cha 'n 'eil Clann Mhic Neacail dioghaltach.

The Nicolson's (or MacNicols) are not revengeful.

Cha 'n 'eil cleith air an olc ach gun a dheanamh.

There's no hiding of evil but not to do it.

Cha 'n 'eil cù eadar e 's a' chroich.

There is not a dog between him and the gallows.

Cha 'n 'eil de dh-uaille air an aodach ach am fear a dh' fhaodas a cheannach.

There's nothing in dress to be proud of but the power of buying it.

Cha 'n 'eil de mhath air fuighleach a' chait ach a thoirt da fhéin.

The cat's leavings are fit only for himself.

Applied to men who would palm the dregs on others, after they have drunk the cream.

Cha 'n 'eil dearbhadh gun diachainn.

There is no proof without trial.

Experto crede.—*Virgil.*

The proof of the pudding is in the eating.—*Eng.*

Cha 'n 'eil deathach 'an tigh na h-uisge.

There is no smoke in the lark's house.

This is a pretty saying. The bird of most aspiring and happy song has untainted air in its lowly home.

Cha 'n 'eil deireadh ann a's miosa na'n siolman-coirce.

There is no refuse worse than that of oats.

'Said of mean gentry.'—*Note by Macintosh.* 'Corruptio optimi,' oats being the staff of life, and men the 'crown of things'.

Cha 'n 'eil dìchuimhne ann a's bòidheche na 'n dìchuimhne ghléidhteach.

The finest forgetfulness, forgetting what was kept.

Cha 'n 'eil do dhuine sona ach a bhreith, 's bidh duine dona 'n a lóm-ruith.

The lucky man needs but to be born, the unlucky runs ever bare.

Nid rhaid i ddedwydd namyn ei eni.—*Welsh.*

Char chaill duine dona a chuid a riamh.—*The unlucky man never lost his means (because he had none !)—Ir.*

The happy man canna be harried.—*Scot.*

Give a man luck, and throw him into the sea.—*Eng.*

Cha'n 'eil dorus gun làib, 's tha cuid aig am beil a dhà.

There's a dub at every door, some hae twa.—*Scot.*

Cha 'n 'eil duine creachta 's a lóng aige.

A man is not ruined while he has his ship.

Cha 'n 'eil e pisearlach.

He is no conjurer.

Cha 'n 'eil eadar an duine glic 's an t-amadan, ach gu 'n ceil an duine glic a rùn, agus gun innis an t-amadan e.

'Twixt the wise man and the fool, all the difference is this, that the wise man keeps his counsel, and the fool revealeth his.

The fool's heart is in his mouth, the wise man's tongue is in his heart.—*Arab.*

Cha 'n 'eil eadar an t-amadan 's an duine glic, ach tairgse mhath a ghabhail 'n uair a gheabh e i.

All the difference between the fool and the wise man is in taking a good offer.

Eptir koma ósvinnum ráð í hug.—*After all is done, the unwise thinks of a plan.*—*Icel.*

Quando el necio es acordado, el mercado es ya pasado.—*Span.*

O que faz o doudo á derradeira, faz o sesudo á primeira.—*Port.*

Cha 'n 'eil eadar duine 's tuille fhaighinn, ach na th'aige chaitheamh.

Nothing keeps from getting more, but the spending of your store.

Cha'n 'eil easlainte gun ìocshlaint', ach cha'n 'eil tilleadh air an Aog.

There's no sickness without salve, but for Death no check.

Contra vim mortis non est medicamen in hortis.—*Med. Lat.*

Para todo hay remedio sino para la muerte.—*Span.*

Cha 'n 'eil féill aig na h-ìnean ach Dihaoine 's Didòmhnuich.

There's no holiday for nails but Friday and Sunday.

Paring the nails on these particular days was held unlucky.—

See Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, v. 10, and Chambers' *Book of Days*, I. 526, II. 322.

Cha 'n 'eil féill no faidhir, air nach faighear Maol-Ruainidh.

There's no holiday nor fair, but Mulrony will be there.

M. a nickname for a foolish woman who frequents fairs and other diversions too much.—*Note by Macintosh.*

Cha'n 'eil fhios co as a thàinig na h-eich bhàna 's na droch mhnathan.

Nobody knows where the white horses and the bad wives come from.

Al. Tha 'h-uile nighean gu math, ach co as 'tha na droch mhnathan a tighinn?

All are good maids, but whence come the bad wives?—*Eng.*

A' are guid lasses, but where do a' the ill wives come frae?—*Scot.*

Cha 'n 'eil fhios co dhiubh 's fhearr luathas no maille, 's b' e 'n gille-mirein am pòsadh.

None can tell which is better, haste or tardiness, and marriage is a very whirligig.

See 'Am fear a dh' imich'.

Cha'n 'eil 'fhios air an uair seach a' mhionaid.

The hour (of Death) is as unknown as the minute.

Cha 'n 'eil gach iuchair 's an tìr an crochadh ri aon chrios.

All the keys in the land do not hang from one girdle.

A' the keys o' the country hang na on ae belt.—*Scot.*

Tutte le chiavi non pendono a una cintura.—*It.*

Toutes les clefs ne pendent pas à une ceinture.—*Fr.*

Die Schlüssel hängen nicht alle an einem Gürtel.—*Germ.*

Cha 'n 'eil i beag bòidheach, no mór grànda.

She is neither small and bonnie, nor big and ugly.

Chan 'uil si beag deas, no mòr grana.—*Ir.*

Cha 'n 'eil ian 's a' choille nach bi greis 'n a bhann-traich.

There is no bird in the wood, but is at times in widowhood.

Cha'n 'eil maide càrn no dìreach nach fhaigh féum 'an Ròag.

There is no stick, straight or crooked, but will find use in Ròag.

Trees are still comparatively scarce in the Hebrides, and this saying reminds one of Dr Johnson's reply to Boswell, on being

consoled with the hope that his oak stick, which he had lost, would be recovered. ‘No, no, my friend,’ said the Doctor, ‘it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it. Consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here!’

Cha ’n ’eil math gun mhilleadh.

There is no good but may be marred.

Cha’n ’eil math nach teirig ach math Dhé.

All good has an end but the goodness of God.

Alle dingen hebben ein ende behalve God.—*Du.*

Cha ’n ’eil fealladh ann is mò na gealladh gun choimh-ghealladh.

There is no greater fraud than the promise unfulfilled.

Cas a addawo bob peth ac ni chywiro ddin.—*Hateful is he that promises everything and performs nothing.—Welsh.*

Cha ’n ’eil mi a’ m’ sgoileir, ’s cha ’n àill leam a bhi, mu’n dubhairt a’ madadh-ruadh ris a mhadadh-allaidh.

I’m not a scholar, and don’t wish to be, as the fox said to the wolf.

The fox and the wolf, walking together, came upon an ass quietly grazing. The fox pointed out an inscription on one of his hind hooves, and said to his companion, ‘Go you and read that; you are a scholar, and I am not’. The wolf, flattered by the request, went proudly forward, and coming too close to the ass, got knocked on the head, leaving the fox to enjoy their common spoil!

A different version of this fable is given in Campbell’s *West Highl. Tales*, I. 278.

Cha ’n ’eil m’ earball fo ’chois.

My tail is not under his foot.

Cha’n ’eil mo theanga fo d’ chrìos,—bu mhiosa dhomh-sa na ’m bitheadh.

My tongue is not under your belt,—worse for me if it were.

My tongue is na under yir belt.—*Scot.*

Cha’n ’eil port a nasgaidh ann; tha Port-na-Bànrigh’nn fhéin tasan.

There is no tune for nothing; Queensferry itself costs a shilling.

This is a mild attempt at a pun. ‘Port’ means both ‘tune’ and ‘harbour’.

Cha 'n 'eil port a sheinneas an smeòrach 's an Fhaoilleach, nach caoin i mu 'n ruith an t-Earrach.

For every song the mavis sings in February, she'll lament ere Spring be over.

As lang as the bird sings before Candlemas, he greets after it.
—*Scot.*

Choud as hig y scell greinney stiagh Laa'l Breeshey, hig y sniaghtey my jig laa Boayldyn. *As far as the sun shines on St. Bride's day, the snow will come before Beltane.*—*Manx.*

Cha 'n 'eil ri dheanamh air an dàn, ach an còmhradh a chàradh gu caoin.

The one thing in making of verse is sweetly to order the words.

Cha 'n 'eil rud sam bith gun dà latha, 's tha trì latha aig na h-Oisgean.

Every thing has two days, and the Ewes have three.

Three days in the third week of April, Old Style.—*See App. IV.*

Cha'n 'eil saoidh air nach laidh leòn.

No hero is proof against wound.

Cha'n 'eil thu eòlach air a' ghiullachd each.

You are not skilled in looking after horses.

Cha 'n 'eil tóm no tulach,
No cnocan buidhe fiarach,
Nach bi seal gu subhach,
'Us seal gu dubhach diarach.

*There is no knoll nor mound,
Nor hillock dight with flowers,
That sometimes is not bright,
And sometimes dark with showers.*

Cha 'n 'eil tréun ris nach cuirear.

The brave will be tried.

Cha 'n 'eil tuil air nach tig traoghadh.

Every flood will have an ebb.

Every tide (flood) hath its ebb.—*Eng., Scot.*

Alle vloed heeft zijne ebbe.—*Dutch.*

Cha 'n fhac thu bó de d' chrodh fhéin an diugh.

You saw no cow of your own to-day.

Said of one who seems in deshabelle and out of humour.—*Note by Macintosh.*

Cha'n fhaic thu 'm feasd bàrr na coille còmhla.

The tree tops are never seen on a level.

Cha 'n fhaca mi 'leithid o 'n a chaidh slat 'am chòta.

I haven't seen the like since a yard made my coat.

Cha'n fhacas a' mhuc riamh gun chabhaig oirre.

The sow was never seen but in a hurry.

Cha 'n fhacas fear-faighe riamh gun tombaca.

A beggar was never seen without tobacco.

Cha 'n fhada bhuat a chuir thu 'n athais.

You haven't removed the reproach very far from you.

Cha 'n fhaigh cù gortach cnàimh.

A starving dog gets no bone.

Cha 'n fhaigh fear mabach modh.

A stammerer won't get respect.

So much for the wickedness of human nature.

Cha 'n fhaigheadh tu e na 's mò na 'n t-iarunn a ghearr d' imleag.

You should as soon get the knife that cut your navel as that.

Cha 'n fhaigheadh tu so ged a b'e 'n rìgh bràthair do mhlàthar.

You should not get this were the king your mother's brother.

Cha 'n fhaighear an dé air ais an diugh.

You can't to-day recall yesterday.

Cha 'n fhaighear math gun dragh.

Good is not got without trouble.

Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.—MATTH. vii. 14.

Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά.—*Gr. (Solon).*

Cha 'n fhaod duine fàs beairteach mur leig a bhean leis.

A man can't get rich unless his wife allow him.

A man that would thrive must ask his wife's leave.—*Scot.*

Cha 'n fhaodar a' bhó a reic 's a bainne òl.

Ye canna sell the coo and sup the milk.—Scot.

I cannot eat my cake and have my cake.—*Eng.*

Cha 'n fhearr an séud na 'luach.

The jewel is no better than its worth.

The value, sure, of anything
Is as much money as 'twill bring.—*Hudibras.*

Cha 'n fhearr an t-urras na 'n t-earras.

The security is no better than the principal.

Cha 'n fhearr Sioram na Sarum.

Sheriff is no better than Shariff.

This is one of the jingling sayings, of which the Gael were rather fond, caring sometimes more for sound than for sense. Here, indeed, there is an obvious meaning, if I have rightly rendered it, indicating that aversion to the Saxon office of Sheriff, which Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, several times refers to.

Similar jingling sayings are, 'Cha 'n fhearr singeas na sangas,' and 'Cha 'n fhearr an gille siar na 'n gille sear'. They are not wholly meaningless, however, being much of the same import as Pope's now classic comparison 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee'.

Cha 'n fheòil sgamhan, 's cha bhainne blàthach.

Lights are not meat, nor buttermilk milk.

Cha 'n fheòil grùthan, 's cha shùghan làgan.

Liver is not meat, nor bran-juice sowens.

Cha 'n fhéum an tì a shealbhaicheas an toradh am blàth a mhilleadh.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not spoil the blossom.

Cha 'n fhiach bròn a ghnàth, 's cha 'n fhiach ceòl a ghnàth.

Sorrow always is not good, nor is mirth always.

To everything there is a season . . . a time to weep, and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance.—*Eccl. iii. 1, 4.*

Cha'n fhiach cuirm gun a còmhradh.

A feast is worth nothing without its conversation.

It is creditable to our Celtic ancestors that in their view eating and drinking were not the chief charms of a dinner.

Cha'n fhiach duine gun neart gun innleachd.

A man with neither strength nor art is worth nothing.

Cha'n fhiach e 'bhi 'deanamh dà latha dheth.

It's not worth making two days of it.

Cha 'n fhiach fear furachail Foghar.

A man that's very watchful doesn't deserve a harvest.

This does not seem good doctrine, but it is meant that he should be too busy to have time for spying about anxiously.

Cha 'n fhiach sagart gun chléireach.

A priest is nothing without a clerk.

Cha dùal sagart gan chleireach, a's cha dùal Domhnach gan aifrionn (*Sunday without mass*).—*Ir.*

Cha 'n fhiach sgéul gun urrainn.

A tale unvouched is worth nothing.

Ni fiù sgéul gan ughdar èisdeachd.—*Ir.*

Cha 'n fhiach tigh mór gun straightlich.

A great house without noise is worth nothing.

The Celtic idea of a Chief's house of the right sort is thus expressed by Mary MacLeod in 'An Talla bu ghnàth le Mac-Leòid,'—

Tigh mór macnusach, meaghrach,
Nam macan 's nam maighdean,
Far 'm bu tartarach gleadhraich nan còrn.

Great house gay and cheery,
With young men and maidens,
Where loud was the clatter of horns.

Cha 'n fhiosrach, mur feòraich.

Nothing ask, nothing learn.

Fróðr er hverr fregnviðs. *Who asks will become learned.*—*Icel.*

Cha 'n fhuiling am broc 'n a shloc ach e fhéin.

The badger in his hole no company can thole.

Cha 'n fhuiling an onoir clùd.

Honour can't bear patching.

Cha 'n fhuilig ceann carrach fuachd no teas.

A scabby head can't bear cold or heat.

Een schurft hoofd ontziet de kam (*fears the comb*).—*Dutch.*

Cha 'n fhuirich muir ri uallach.

The sea won't wait for a load.

See 'Cha stad'.

Cha 'n i 'bhó 's àirde géum a's mò bainne.

The loudest lowing cow is not the best milker.

Cha 'n iad na ro-chléirich a's fhearr.

The very learned are not the best.

Merus grammaticus, merus asinus.—*Med. Lat.*

A mere scholar is a mere ass.—*Eng.*

The greatest clerks be not the wisest men.—*Chaucer.*

Les grands clercs ne sont pas le plus fins.—*Fr.*

De geleerdsten zijn de wijsten niet.—*Du.*

Cha 'n iochd leam cnead mo leas-mhathar.

I pity not my stepmother's sigh.

Cha 'n ioghnadh an clamhan a dh'fhalbh le aon isean circe doille.

No wonder if the kite take a blind hen's only chicken.

Cha 'n ioghnadh boladh an sgadain a bhi de 'n t-soith-each 's am bì e.

It's no wonder that the herring vessel smells of herring.

It's but kindly (i.e., *natural*) that the pock savour of the herring.—*Scot.*

La caque sent toujours le hareng.—*Fr.*

Soon after Henry of Navarre had joined the Church of Rome, he was one day out hunting, and, leaving his attendants behind, came to an inn, and sat down to dinner with a company of merchants, to whom he was unknown. Their talk naturally turned on the king's conversion. 'Ne parlons pas de cela,' said one, a dealer in pigs, 'la caque sent toujours le hareng.' The king said nothing, till his retinue came in, when the unfortunate merchant discovered his *bêtise*. 'Bon homme,' said the king, clapping him on the shoulder, 'la caque sent toujours le hareng, mais c'est en votre endroit, et non pas au mien. Je suis, Dieu merci, bon Catholique, mais vous gardez encore du vieux levain de la Ligue.' *Méry's Hist. des Proverbes*, II. 322.

The translation of the above in the 2d Ed. of Macintosh is, 'No wonder that the cask smells of the herring in which they are'.

Cha 'n ioghnadh duine dall

A dhol le allt no le creig ;

Ach thusa do 'n léir a' chòir,

'S nach dean le d' dhedìn d'i ach beag.

No wonder is when blind men fall,

Over rock or into river ;

But strange art thou who see'st the good,

And willingly hast done it never.

Cha 'n ionann a fhreagras dà latha margaidh.

Two days don't suit equally for market.

Cha 'n ionann do fhear na neasgaid, agus do fhear 'g a fàsgadh.

It's different with the man of the boil, and the man that squeezes it.

Cha 'n ionann fear air mhisg 's fear air uisge.

The drunk man and the water-drinker differ.

The only merit of this truism is the clink of the words.

Cha 'n ionann iùl do dhithis, no slighe do thriùir.

Two men will take diverse roads, and three will go different ways.

Raad ta jees ta reih (*roghainn*), as raad ta troor ta teiy (*taghadh*).
Where two go there is choice, where three go there is picking.—Manx.

Cha'n ionann sgéul a' dol do'n bhaile mhór 's a' tighinn dachaidh.

It's a different story, going to town, and coming back.

See 'Cha duine glic,' and 'Am fear a théid do 'n tigh mhór.'

Cha 'n ionann sgéul a bhios air a' chreich 's air an tòir.

The foray and the pursuit have different tales to tell.

This and the next but one are purely Highland.

Cha 'n ionann togradh do dhuine, a' dol a dh' iarraidh mnatha, 's 'g a cur dhachaidh.

Very different is a man's desire, going for his wife and sending her home.

Cha 'n ole a' chreach as an gleidhear a leth.

It's not a bad foray where the half is kept.

Cha 'n òr a' h-uile rud buidhe, 's cha 'n uibhean a' h-uile rud bàn.

All that's yellow is not gold, and all white things are not eggs.

The second half of this proverb is tacked on for the sake of assonance and alliteration. The first half is nearly in the same words in all European languages. The only difference in the Gaelic version is the use of the phrase 'the yellow,' instead of 'what glitters' or 'shines,' which occurs in all the rest. The Gaelic phrase seems the more descriptive.

Cha 'n òrdugh bat aig bàillidh.

A bailiff's staff is not an order.

This is an expression of the Celtic aversion to mere display of authority without the recognised right.

Cha 'n uaisle duine na 'cheaird.

No man is above his trade.

He that thinks his business below him will always be above it.—*Eng.* Schäume dich deines Handwerks nicht.—*Germ.*

Cha 'n uaisle mac righ na 'chuideachd.

A king's son is no nobler than his company.

Cha'n uaisle mac righ na 'chuid (*his food*).—*Ir.*

An Ulster chief of the O'Neills was found by a bard in the act of toasting a cake. He looked rather ashamed, on which the bard addressed him—

Is tu-sa an tighearna O'Neill,
A's mise mac t-sèin Mhic Cuirc,
Tiontamaois a t-sudog air aon,
Cha 'n uaisle mac righ na a chuid.

*Thou art the chief O'Neill,
And I, son of old MacCork,
In turning the cake we are one,
No king's son's above his food.*

Ulster Journ. of Arch., Vol. VI., p. 260.

Cha'n uisge ach á tuath, 's cha turadh buan ach á deas.

No rain but from the north, no long dry weather but from the south.

This saying, which comes from Tíree, is contrary to the experience of most other places.

Cha 'n urrainn domh a' mhin itheadh, 's an teine 'shéideadh.

I cannot eat the meal and blow the fire.

Al. Cha dean mi itheadh na mine, 'us séideadh an teine.

Cha d-tig le duine a bheith ag ithe mine, a's a feadalaigh air a bhall (*whistling at the same time*).—*Ir.*

He canna haud meal in his mouth and blow.—*Scot.*

Niemand kann zugleich blasen und schlucken.—*Germ.*

Met vollen mond is 't kwaad blazen.—*Dutch.*

Soplar y sorber no puede junto ser.—*Span.*

Cha 'n urrainn domh 'h-éigheach agus a h-iomradh.

I cannot raise the boat-song and row her.

The 'iorram,' or boat-song, was generally raised by the man at the helm, if able, and chanted or shouted with great vigour, the rowers joining in the chorus. 'Suidheam air stiùir, 's éigheam Creagag—*Let me sit at the helm, and shout Creagag.*' 'Creagag Mhic-Iain-Ic-Shéumais' was a favourite *iorram*.

Cha nàr do dhuine bean 'g a dhiùltadh, bàta 'g a fhàgail, no làir 'g a thilgeadh.

It is no shame to a man to be refused by a woman, left by a boat, or thrown by a mare.

Cha nigh na tha dh' uisge 's a' mhuir ar càirdeas.

All the water in the sea won't wash out our kinship.

This is intensely Highland, as is the use of the same word, 'càirdeas,' for 'friendship' and 'kinship'.

Cha phàigheadh a' chàin a bh'aig Pàdrraig air Eirinn e.

St. Patrick's tribute from Ireland would not pay it.

'Dh 'itheadh (or 'dh 'òladh) e 'chàin a bh' aig Pàdrraig air Eirinn'—*He would eat (or drink) Patrick's tribute from Ireland*, is another saying in reference to this tax, applied to a great eater or drinker. According to Keating (*O'Connor's tr.*, p. 333), Aengus of Ulster obliged himself and his successors to deliver 500 cows, 500 bars of iron, 500 shirts, 500 mantles, and 500 sheep, to the convents and religious houses founded by St. Patrick in Ulster, instead of three pennies per head for every person baptized. This, probably, was the 'Càin' referred to in the above sayings.

Cha rachadh tu cho deas air mo ghnothach-sa.

You wouldn't go so fast on my business.

Cha reic e 'chearc ris an latha fhliuch.

He'll no sell his hen on a rainy day.—Scot.

Cha n-diolaidd si a cearc a riamh sa là fhliuch.—*Ir.*

Cha riarach briathrachas bàs.

Words will not satisfy death.

Cha robh air dheireadh nach robh air thoiseach, ach fear na droch-mhnatha; 's bhiodh am fear sin fhéin ann a' dol do'n mhuileann.

None was ever last that was not first, except the ill-mated man; and he too would be first going to the mill.

Because his house would be ill-kept.

Cha robh balg falamh riamh sàthach.

Empty bag was never satisfied.

Macintosh translates this in the sense of *Prov.* xxx. 16.

Cha robh balach riamh de Chloinn-Ghriogair, no caile de Chloinn-an-Aba.

There never was a clown of the Macgregors, nor a hussy of the Macnabs.

The Macgregors trace their descent from King Alpin, and their motto is 'S rioghail mo dhream,' *My line is royal.* The

Macnabs are a branch of that great clan. The above saying, unlike most of those referring to clans, was not invented by an enemy.

Cha robh bàs fir, gun ghràs fir.

One man's death is grace to another.

See 'An nì 'ni subhach.'

Ni ddaw drwg i un, na ddaw da i ara'l—*Ill comes not to one, without good to another.—Welsh.*

Baase y derrey voddey, grayse y voddey elley—*One dog's death, another dog's grace.—Manx.*

Cha robh briagach nach robh bradach.

None lied that would not steal.

Very shrewd Ethics. He that can confound Yea and Nay cannot be trusted to respect Meum and Tuum. Truthfulness has, in fact, been laid down by some writers as the basis of all Virtue, and its opposite of all Vice.

Cha robh brù mhór riamh 'n a seise mhath.

Big belly was never good mate.

Al. Cha robh làmh mhór riamh aig caolan gionach—*Greedy gut never had large hand.*

Cha robh bolg mòr fial a riamh—*Big belly was never bountiful.—Ir.*

Cha robh call mór gun bhuinig bhig.

There was never great loss without a little gain.

Cha robh càrn nach robh crosda.

The one-eyed was ever cross.

Cha robh caraid riamh aig duine bochd.

The poor are ever friendless.

The poor is hated even of his own neighbour.—PROV. xiv. 20.

In contradiction to this, those who have had any experience among our poor know that their kindness to one another is often very great, and much beyond that of the rich.

Cha robh coille riamh gun chrìonaich, no linn gun ubh-gluig.

Never was wood without dry brushwood, nor brood without addle-egg.

Al. Cha robh gur gun ghoirein.

Chan 'uil coill air bith gan a losgadh fèin de chrionnlach innti—*(as much dry wood as would burn it).—Ir.*

Cha robh coimheart mór gun choimheart beag.

Great was never without small comparison.

Cha robh cùil an amharuis riamh glan.

The suspicious corner was never clean.

Cha robh dithis riamh a' fadadh teine, nach do las eatorra.

Two were never making a fire, that didn't light between them.

See 'Cha do chòrd'.

There is a neat double meaning here, the suggestion being that the two would quarrel about it. Two seldom agree as to the best way of making a fire.

Cha robh do chuid riamh air chall.

Your portion was never amissing.

Cha robh duine riamh gun dà latha, ach am fear gun lath' idir.

No man was ever without two days but the man who had none at all.

No man ever lived without some vicissitude.

Cha robh duine riamh gun lochd.

Man was never without fault.

Al. Tha 'chron fhéin air a h-uile fear—*Every man has his own fault.*

Odid ddyn teg dianaf—*Scarcely a comely man faultless.—Welsh.*

Man is the son of imperfection.—*Arab.*

Humanum est errare.—*Lat.* Fàr er vamma vaur.—*Icel.*

Cha robh gaoth mhór riamh gun bheagan uisge.

There never was a high wind without some rain.

Cha robh math no olc riamh gun mhnathan uime.

There was never good or ill but women had to do with.

Few of the proverbs in other languages attribute any influence to women except for mischief. This is not only more chivalrous, but more true.

Cha robh meadhail mhór riamh, gun dubh-bhròn 'n a déigh.

There never was a burst of joy, that deep grief did not follow.

Al. Cha'n fhacas riamh meaghar mór nach robh 'n a dhéigh dubh-bhròn.

After joy comes annoy.—*Scot.*

Sadness and gladness succeed each other.—*Eng.*

These violent delights have violent ends.—*Rom. and Jul., II. 6.*

Extrema gaudii luctus occupat.—*Lat.*

Æ koma mein eptir munuð.—*Icel.*

Cha robh reithe leathann liath riabh reamhar.

A broad gray ram was never fat.

Cha robh reothairt riamh 'n a h-àirde, ach Dimàirt 's Dihaoine.

Spring-tide never was at height, save on Tuesday or on Friday.

I can neither confirm nor contradict this.

Cha robh Samhradh riamh gun ghrian ;
 Cha robh Geamhradh riamh gun sneachd ;
 Cha robh Nollaig mhór gun fheòil ;
 No bean òg le 'deòin gun fhear.

*Summer ne'er was without sun ;
 Winter never without snow ;
 Christmas never without flesh ;
 Nor willing woman without man.*

Cha robh saoidh gun choimeas.

Peerless hero never was.

Cha robh 'Seo' riamh gun mhaoidheadh, ach 's fhearr a mhaoidheadh na 'dhìbheadh.

'Take it' was never without grudge; but better grudged than not at all.

Cha robh slibist gun tubaist.

Slips and slovens go together.

See 'Bidh na tubaistean,' and 'Is tróm na tubaistean.'

Cha robh sgéulach nach robh bréugach.

Tale-tellers will tell lies.

Al. Cha robh céileach nach robh bréugach.—*Tattlers will be telling lies.* 'Céileach,' a person addicted to going 'air chéilidh,' making calls and gossiping.

Cha robh thu a's tigh an uair a chaidh an ciall a roinn.

You were not in when sense was being shared.

Cha robh se air faghail, 'n àir a bhi an chiall da roinn.—*Ir.*

Cha robh thu riamh air féill eile.

That was aye your traffie.

Lit. You were never at any other fair.

Cha robh thu riamh gun do bhiadh 's a' mhuileann.

You were never without your food in the mill.

Cha ruig am beagan fuilt air cùl a' chinn 's air clàr an aodainn.

The scanty hair won't cover the back and front.

Some men try it, notwithstanding!

Cha ruig fuachd air airgiod-iomairt.

Gaming-money won't get cold.

Gaming for money was never much practised in the Highlands, one reason being that money was scarce in days of old. One of our historians has even attributed the noble contempt shown for the price offered for Prince Charley's head to simple ignorance of the value of cash, and incapacity to understand the meaning of £30,000! But, though among the class of people who produced most of our Gaelic proverbs, coin of any kind was seldom seen, there is sufficient evidence that not only was gaming with dice and cards practised in the Highlands very long ago, but that so intellectual a game as chess was well known to the Scoto-Irish Celts so far back as the time of Fingal and Cuchullin, whensoever that may have been. Even that game was sometimes played for high stakes, not in money, but in horses, mantles, and armlets of silver. The Norsemen also were very much given to gaming.

Cha sgàin màthair leinibh.

Bairn's mother bursts never.—Scot.

'Because,' says Kelly, 'she will keep meat out of her own mouth to put into theirs.'

Cha sgai cù roimh chnàimh.

A dog won't howl at a bone.

A dog winna yowl if ye fell him wi' a bane.—*Scot.*

Non si offende mai cane gettandogli le ossa.—*It.*

Cha sgaoilear tigh an arain.

Bread's house skailed never.—Scot.

The identity of 'sgaoil' and 'skail' will be noted here. Kelly interprets this proverb as meaning that, while people have the staff of life, they need not give over housekeeping. Hislop, on the other hand, explains it as meaning that a hospitable house never wants visitors.

Cha sgeith bó fiar.

A cow won't vomit grass.

Wise creatures won't quarrel with their bread and butter.

Cha sgéul-rùin e, 's fios aig triùir air.

It's no secret, if three know it.

Al. 'S triùir 'g a chluinntinn'—*if three hear it.* An rud 'bhios eadar triùir, cha'n fhiùgh e 'chleith—*What three know is not worth concealing.*

Ni sgéul rùin e, o chluinneas triuir e.—*Ir.*

Skeal eddyr jees, skeal dyn insh (*gun innseadh*); skeal eddyr tree, te ersooyl (*tha e air siubhal*).—*Manx.*

Nid cyfrinach ond rhwng—*No secret but 'twixt two.*—*Welsh.*

Three may keep counsel, if twa be awa.—*Scot.*

Tre lo sanno, tutti lo sanno.—*It.*

Puridad de dos, puridad de Dios : puridad de tres, de todos es.—*Span.*

Secret de deux, secret de Dieu : secret de trois, secret de tous.—*Fr.*

þjóð veit ef þrír 'ro—*People know, if three are.*—*Icel.*

Was drei wissen, erfahren bald dreiszig.—*Germ.*

Cha shaltair duin' air a phiseach.

No man will trample on his luck.

Cha shaothair ba-laoigh do shaothair, no deagh ghamh-naich.

Your labour is not that of a calving cow, nor of a good farrow cow.

Cha shean de m' shean, 's cha 'n òg de m' òige thu.

You are not an old one of my old ones, nor a young one of my youth.

Cha sheas a' bhriag ach air a leth-chois.

A lie stands on but one leg.

Al. Cha 'n 'eil casan aig briagan, ach tha sgiathan aig tuaileas.

A lie has no legs, but a scandal has wings.—*Eng.*

Truth stands aye without a prop.—*Scot.*

Bugie hanno corte le gambe.—*It.* La mentira tiene cortas las piernas.—*Span.* Lügen haben kurze Beine.—*Germ.*—*Lies have short legs.*

These sayings are true enough, in the sense that lies have no stability, and are easily overtaken. But not less true is the Welsh saying, Goreu cerddedydd, gau—*The best traveller is a lie.*

Cha sheas poca falamh.

An empty bag cannot stand upright.—*Eng.*

Cha seasann sac falamh.—*Ir.*

Sacco vuoto non sta ritto.—*It.*

Ein leerer Sack steht nicht aufrecht.—*Germ.*

Cha shìn duine 'chas ach mar a ruigeas 'aodach.

A man will stretch his foot no farther than his clothes allow.

Κατὰ τὸ πάπλωμα, καὶ τῶν ποδῶν τὸ ξάπλωμα—*According to the blanket must the feet stretch.*—*Mod. Gr.*

Cha shoirbh triubhas a chur air cat.

It is not easy to put trews on a cat.

Cha shuaicheantas còrr air cladach.

A heron on the shore is not peculiar.

Lit. Not an ensign, or escutcheon.

Cha stad na tràithean, 's cha 'n 'eil bàigh aig seòl-mara.

Time won't wait, nor tide show mercy.

Time and tide tarry for no man.—*Eng.*

Time and tide for nae man bide.—*Scot.*

Zeit Ebbe und Fluth warten auf Niemand.—*Germ.*

Tiempo ni hora no se ata con sogá.—*Span.*

Cha teich ach cladhaire, 's cha'n fhuirich ach sèapaire.

None but a craven will fly, and none but a sneak will stay.

Cha teich an earba gus am faic.

The roe won't fly till she sees you.

Cha téid a' bhriag na 's fhaide na 'n craicionn.

A lie won't pierce beyond the skin.

Cha téid an sionnach na 's fhaide na bheir a chasan e.

The fox will go no farther than his feet will carry him.

Cha téid anam á mac bodaich le mùiseig.

Threats won't drive the life out of a churl's son.

Ni lladd gogyfaddaw—*Threats won't kill.*—*Welsh.*

Threatened folks live long.—*Eng., Scot.*

Cha téid àrdan nam ban fo 'n ùir.

The pride of women will never be laid in the dust.

Cha téid bòidhchead na 's doimhne nan craicionn.

Beauty is but skin deep.—*Eng.*

Cha téid dad 's an dòrn dùinte: ' Mur téid, cha tig as,' arsa moisean.

Nothing gets into the closed fist: ' Nor out of it,' said the scrub.

Cha téid e timchioll a' phris leis.

He won't go about the bush with it.

Cha deachaidh se air sgath an tuir leis—*He didn't go behind the bush with it.*—*Ir.*

Cha téid fiach air bial dùinte, 's cha tog balbhan fianuis.
Shut mouth incurs no debt, and dumb men give no evidence.

Al. Cha toirear balbh gu mòd—*The dumb don't get into Court.*
 Repentance for silence is better than repentance for speech.

—*Arab.*

Nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.—*Dion. Cato.*

Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech.—*All's Well that ends Well*, I. 1.

Cha téid plàsd air bagairt.

A threat needs no plaster.

Cha téid pòsadh thair muir.

Marriage goes not beyond sea.

I understand this saying is meant to be jocular, in allusion probably to the fact that sailors have been known to have wives in more than one port.

Cha téid stad ort na 's mò na air eas na h-aimhne.

You no more pause than the waterfall.

Cha tig a nuas an ni nach 'eil shuas.

Nothing can come down that is not up.

Cha tig á soitheach le goc ach an deoch a bhios ann.

A vessel with a cock lets out no liquor but what's in.

Cha tig air a' choluinn nach fhaodar fhulang.

Nothing comes on the body that can't be borne.

Cha tig am bàs gun leisgeul.

Death comes not without excuse.

Al. 'Gun fhios carson'—*Without knowing why.*

Cha daink rieu yn baase gyn lestal.—*Manx.*

Cha d-tig an bàs gan adhbhar.—*Ir.*

Addfed aneu i hen—*Death is ripe for the old.*—*Welsh.*

Cha tig am bàs gus an tig an t-àm.

Death comes not till the time comes.

Death's day is doom's day.—*Eng.*

Ekki kemr ófeigum í hel—*You can't kill an 'unfey' man.*

—*Icel.*

De dood kent geen' almanak—*Death keeps no almanack.*—*Dutch. Eng.*

Cha tig an caitheamh crìonnta ach do shìol nam bodach.

The penurious spending suits only the mean sort.

This saying must have been uttered by a person of the 'superior' sort.

Cha tig an còta glas cho math do na h-uile fear.

The gray coat becomes not every man alike.

Macintosh says, 'King James the V's wearing a gray coat when in disguise might probably give rise to this saying.'

Al. 'An còta fad'—the long coat.

Luthers Schuhe sind nicht jedem Dorfpfarrer gerecht—*Luther's shoes don't fit every country parson.—Germ.*

Cha tig an crodh uile cho math do 'n bhuaile.

All the cows don't come equally well to the fold.

Cha tig an Fhéill-Andrais gu ceann bliadhna tuilleadh oirnn.

St. Andrew's Day won't come to us for another year.

Christmas comes but once a year.—*Eng.*

St. Andrew's Day, 30th Nov., is the festival of the patron saint of Scotland, and as such, holds its proper place in the esteem of Scotchmen and in the ecclesiastical calendar. It regulates, in fact, the beginning and end of the ecclesiastical year. See Chambers's *Book of Days*, II. 636.

Cha tig an latha 's cha chial an tràth a chì thu sin.

The day will never come, nor the evening darken, when you'll see that.

Cha tig an t-anabarr.

Too much never comes.

Cha tig as a' phoit ach an toit a bhios innte.

Nothing comes out of the pot but the smoke that's in it.

Cha tig air crannaibh gu 'n tig Càisg.

Till Easter come no tree will bloom.

Cha tig de 'n àtha ach am bàrr a th' oirre.

You can't take off the kiln but the grain that's on it.

Cha tig fiacaill dhut ach na thàinig.

You'll get no more teeth than you have.

Cha tig fuachd gu Earrach,

Cruaidh-chàs, no droch cheannach.

Cold comes not until Spring,

Hardship and bad marketing.

Al. Cha tig fuachd gu 'n tig Earrach,

Le gaoith tuath 's le cruaidh ghaillionn.

Cold comes not until Spring

North wind and tempest bring.

Cha tig Geamhradh gu cùl Calluinn, no Earrach gu cùl Fheill Pàruig.

Winter comes not till after New Year, nor Spring till after St. Patrick's Day.

St. Patrick's day is 17th March.

As the day lengthens, the cold strengthens.—*Eng.-Scot.*

Wenn die Tage beginnen zu langen,

Dann kommt erst der Winter gegangen.—*Germ.*

Jours croissants, froids cuisants.—*Fr.*

Cha tig muir mhór troimh 'n chaolas chumhann.

A great sea comes not through a narrow strait.

Cha tig olc á teine ach ubh glas na feannaig.

Nothing evil will come out of the fire but the crow's gray egg.

Al. 'Ach feòil na glas fheannaig'—the gray crow's flesh.

There is a strange story in Rannoch about the great Michael Scott, to account for this saying. It is, that fearing his wife, to whom he had taught the Black Art, would excel him in it, he killed her by means of crows' eggs heated in the fire and put into her arm-pits, as the only thing against which no counter-enchantment could prevail!

Cha tig o'n mhuic ach uircein.

From the sow comes but a little pig.

Cha tig piseach air duine a bheir cat thar allt.

He will have no luck who takes a cat across a stream.

Cha tig rath á ràiteachas, no math á milleadh.

No luck comes of idle talk, nor good of spoiling.

Cha tig smaointean glan á cridhe salach.

Clean thoughts come not from a foul heart.

How can ye, being evil, speak good things?—*MATTH. xii. 34.*

Cha tig snàth mo mhnà-sa air snàth do mhnà-sa.

My wife's thread won't match your wife's.

Cha tìgear bho 'n ghàbhadh tric.

Jeopardy is not often escaped from.

Cha toill iarrtas achmhasan.

Asking merits not reproof.

Cha toir a' bhó do'n laogh ach na th' aice.

The cow can give her calf only what she has.

Cha toir a' bhòidhchead goil air a' phoit.

Beauty won't boil the pot.

Al. Cha ghoil an uaisle 'phoit—Gentility won't boil the pot.

Beauty will buy no beef.—*Eng.*

Send yir gentle bluid to the market, and see what it will bring.

—*Scot.*

Cha toir am fitheach an t-sùil dha 'isean fhéin.

The raven won't give the eye to his own chicken.

Cha toir a' ghaoth dhìot, ge teann leat a shéideas.

The wind won't strip you, though it blow hard.

This seems to be founded on the old story of the traveller and his cloak.

Cha toir duine 'chall d' a charaid.

No man gives his friend his loss.

Cha toir duine rath air éigin, 's gheabhar e gun éigin idir.

A man cannot force his lot, and without stress it may be got.

See 'Bheir duine beath' air éigin,' and 'Thig ri latha.'

Cha toir muir no monadh a chuid o dhuine sona; 's cha ghléidh duine don' an t-allt.

Neither main nor moor can make the lucky poor; but the unlucky man can't keep to the burn.

See 'Cha 'n 'eil air an duine sona.'

Cha toir thu 'n aire gus an téid am bior 's an t-sùil.

You won't take heed till the prick is in the eye.

Cha toirear o 'n chat ach a chraicionn.

You can take nothing from the cat but its skin.

Cre yìow jeh 'n chayt agh y chrackau.—*Manx.*

Man faaer ei meer af Ræven end Bælgen—*One can't take more off the fox than his skin.—Dan.*

Cha treabh gach bliadhna d' a chéile.

Each year's ploughing is for itself.

Cha truagh leam cnead mo mhàthar-céile.

I don't pity my mother-in-law's sigh.

The sayings of all nations about mothers-in-law are of the same wicked kind. See 'Is math a mhàthair-chéil' an fhòid,' and 'Mar dhobhran.' One of the liveliest is an Ulster rhyme quoted by Mr Kelly (Walter K.) in his admirable little book, *Proverbs of all Nations* (London, 1859):—

Of all the ould women that ever I saw,
Sweet bad luck to my mother-in-law !

Cha truagh leam cù 's marag m' a amhaich.

I don't pity a dog with a pudding round his neck.

Cha tugadh an donas an car as.

The devil couldn't cheat him.

Cha tugadh 'an Cille-mo-cheallaig breith 'bu chlaoine.

No worse judgment was given in Kilmacheallag.

The parish of Kilmacheallag is as difficult to find out as the town of Weissnichtwo. The story is that a man was tried there by a jury of women, for stealing a horse, and was acquitted, while the horse was condemned to be hanged! The man had been tried before for stealing the same horse, and got off, and the poor horse liked him so well, that he ran away from his proper master and came back to the thief.

This story is referred to by the bard Iain Lóm, as an illustration of his own iniquitous treatment by the murderer of young Keppoch. In his 'Óran do Shìol Dughaill' he says,

Cleas na linne nach maireann,

'Bha 'n sgìr' Chill'-ma-cheallaig,

'N uair a dhìt iad an gearran 's a mhòd.

Lagh cho cearr 's a bha 'm Breatunn,

'Rinn am mearleach a sheasamh,

'Bhi 'g a thearnadh o leadairt nan còrd.

'Like the people of old, in the parish of Kilmacheallag, who sentenced the horse at the court; as bad law as ever was in Britain, which upheld the thief, and saved him from the mangling of ropes.'

See MacKenzie's *Sàr Obair nam Bàrd Gaelach*, p. 38, and Campbell's *West H. Tales*, II. 372, 381.

Cha tugadh i déire do 'n dall air muin a' chrùbaich.

She wouldn't give alms to the blind on the cripple's back.

Cha tugadh na h-eich an casan as.

The horses couldn't take their feet out of it.

Said of very thick porridge, &c.

Cha tuig an sàthach an seang: 's mairg a bhiodh 'n a thràill d' a bhroinn.

The full man understands not the empty: ill for him who is the slave of his belly.

Al. 'Cha 'n fhidir'—*considers not.*

Ni thuigeann an sàthach an seang.—*Ir.*

Cha dennee rieu yn soogh y shang.—*Manx.*

It's ill speaking 'twixt a fu' man and a fastin'.—*Scot.*

Corpo satollo non crede al digiuno.—*It.*

'Ο χορτασμένος τὸν νηστικὸν δὲν τὸν πιστεύει.—*Mod. Gr.*

Cha tuig an t-òg aimbeart, 's cha tuig amadan 'aimh-leas.

Youth foresees not poverty, nor the fool his mischief.

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

Everything falls not that is shaken.

Every wind bloweth not down the corn.—*Eng.*

Ogni vento non scuote il noce.—*It.*

Cha tuit caoran á cliabh falamh.

Peats don't fall from empty creels.

Cha tuit guidhe air cloich no air crann.

Curse won't fall on stock or stone.

The curse causeless shall not come.—*PROV. xxvi. 2.*

Le bestemmie fanno come le processioni ; ritornano donde partirono—*Curses, like processions, return whence they came.—It.*

Chaidh a phronnadh 'n a shùgh féin.

He was pounded in his own juice.

Chaidh an ceòl air feadh na fìdhle.

The music went through the fiddle.

All went into confusion.

Chaidh an taoim os ceann nan totaichean.

The bilge-water was over the thwarts.

Chaidh an tónn gun dìreadh air.

The wave went over him without climbing.

Chaidh e do 'n choille 'ghearradh bata gu gabhail air fhéin.

He went to the wood for a stick to beat himself.

Chaidh mi thar lus.

I went over a plant.

In Macintosh the translation is 'I stepped over a weed,' with this note in the 2d Ed., 'Said when a person is seized suddenly with sickness'. I have not been able to find any trace of the idea that stepping over a plant causes sickness; but it is suggested that it refers to women in an interesting condition, when they have curious fancies. 'Lus' might be a misreading of 'lùths,' *pith*, in which case the proper rendering would be, 'I went beyond my pith'. 'She gaed by hersel' and fell ower' expresses the same thing.

Chaill e 'm baile thall, 's cha do bhuinnig e 'm baile bhos.

He lost yonder farm, and didn't get this one.

At. Chaill e Dall a bha thall, 's cha do bhuinnig e Dall a tha bhos,—in reference to two farms in the parish of Barvas, Lewis.

Chaill e 'n seòl mara.

He lost the tide.

Chaill Eóghan a Dhia, ach chaill an t-Iarla 'chuid airgid.

Even lost his God, but the Eurl his money.

This singular saying is founded on the transaction thus mentioned in an old MS.—

“Sir E. Cameron was bound by alliance, money, and solemn oath to the MacLeans, but renounced all on Argyll's quitting to him a debt of 40,000 merks.”—*McFarlane's Genealog. Coll. MSS. Adv. Lib. II. 191.*

Chailleadh tu do chluasan mur biodh iad 'an ceangal riut.

You would lose your ears were they not fastened to you.

Chì an duin' acrach fada uaithe.

The hungry man sees far.—Scot.

Chì dithis barrachd air aon fhear.

Two see more than one.

Al. Chì ceithir sùilean na 's mò na 'dhà.

Four eyes see more than two.—Eng.

Deux yeux voyent plus clair qu' un.—Fr.

Vedon più quattr' occhi che due.—It.

Mas ven quatro ojos que dos.—Span.

Vier Augen sehen mehr als zwei.—Germ.

Chì mi sin, 's fuaighidh mi seo.

That I see, but this I sew.

A brave tailor in the little town of Beaulieu wagered that he would sew a pair of hose at midnight in the old church of Kilchrist, which was known to be haunted by a very dreadful ghost. He was duly escorted to the place, and left in a seat near the door, with his cloth and thread and candles, about eleven o'clock. He set manfully to work, and sewed away undisturbed for about an hour. At length the clock struck the witching hour of twelve, and as the last stroke vibrated through the dead silence, the tailor with a beating heart became aware of a fearful head bending towards him, and a hoarse voice addressed him, ‘Fhaic thu 'n ceann mór liath, 's e gun bhiadh, a thàilleir?’—‘*See'st thou the big gray head, without food, O tailor?*’ ‘That I see,’ said the tailor, ‘but this I sew, and went bravely on. Then the horrid thing drew nearer, and again the voice was heard, ‘Fhaic thu 'n sgòrnan fada riabhach,’ &c.?’—‘*See'st thou the long grizzled throat,*’ &c.?’ The tailor answered as before, sewing with all his might. Still the thing drew nearer, and the voice said, ‘Fhaic thu 'n cholunn fhada riabhach,’ &c.?’—‘*See'st thou the long grizzled trunk?*’ The tailor answered as before. Still nearer and nearer it came, and asked, ‘Fhaic thu 'n t-sliasaid fhada riabhach,’ &c.?’—‘*See'st thou the long grizzled thigh?*’ and again, ‘Fhaic thu 'n gairdean fada riabh-

ach,' &c. ?—‘See’st thou the long grizzled arm?’ and as it spoke, the horrid bony hand was stretched towards him. Still the tailor sewed away, having now but two or three stitches to do. The spectre was now close to him, its eyeless sockets glaring, its fleshless mouth grinning, the long brown arm and fingers menacing him, and for the last time the voice was heard, ‘Fhaic thu chròg mhór fhada riabhach, ’s i gun bhiadh, a thàillear?’—‘See’st thou the great grizzled paw, without food, O tailor?’ At that moment the tailor had finished his last stitch; he caught up the hose hastily, and made for the door. Behind him clattered the skeleton, and just as he got out at the door, he felt the bony fingers like hot pincers grazing his buttock. They left their mark there, but the tailor escaped alive, and heard the bony hand rattling against the cheek of the church door, knocking a dint there, in the stone, which may be seen to this day, to testify to the truth of the brave tailor’s story!

Chì sinn dé ’n taobh a thig a’ mhaodal as a’ mhart.

We’ll see on which side the paunch comes out of the cow.

This is suggestive of something like the Roman divination from intestines; but it really means nothing more than a joke sometimes played on young people present on the great occasion of killing a winter cow. They would be asked to guess on which side of the animal the paunch would appear, which was of course a matter of mere accident.

Chì sinn, mar a thubhairt an dall.

We’ll see, as the blind man said.

Nous verrons, dit l’aveugle.—*Fr.*

Chì thu thugad e, ’s cha ’n fheairrd thu agad e.

You’ll see it coming to you, and you’ll be none the better.

Chlisg am brochan nach d’ òl e.

The gruel he drank not trembled.

Intended to indicate great trepidation.

Chluicheadh e ’h-uile buidhne rùdain deth.

He would play his very knuckles off.

A desperate gamester.

Chual luchan an àrd-doruis e.

The mice of the lintel heard it.

A supposed secret.

Chluinneadh e ’m fiar a’ fàs.

He would hear the grass growing.

Cho àluinn ri Aghaidh-shneachda.

As lovely as Snow-face.

This is the ‘Agandecca’ of Macpherson, known in Highland story long before his time.

Cho an-ìochdmhor ris an Turcach.

As merciless as the Turk.

The fame of Turkish corsairs found its way to the remotest Hebrides.

Cho binn ri smeòraich air géig.

As tuneful as a mavis on a bough.

Cho bìth ris an luch fo ladhar a' chait.

As quiet as a mouse under the cat's paw.

Al. Cho umhal ri luch fo spòg a' chait.

As quiet as a mouse.—Eng.

Cho bochd ris a' chire. *As poor as a hen.*

Cho bodhar ri cloich. *As deaf as a stone.*

Cho bodhar ri giadh a' s t-Fhoghar.

As deaf as a goose in Autumn.

Cho briagach 's a tha 'n cù cho bradach.

As lying as the dog is thievish.

Cho bròdail ris a' mhac-mhollachd.

As proud as the son of perdition.

As proud as Lucifer.

Cho càrn ri iomair an amadain.

As crooked as the fool's furrow.

Cho carach ri Mac Chrùislig.

As tricky as Mac Cruslick.

See 'Cha b' ann mar a fhuair'.

Cho carach ris a' mhadadh-ruadh.

As wily as a fox.—Eng.

Cho ciallach ri cnoc. *As staid as a hill.*

The alliteration is the chief thing here. The sense, such as it is, is better than the English 'As wise as a wisp'.

Cho corrach ri ubh air dròll.

As unsteady as an egg on a stick.

Mal wy ar trosol.—Welsh.

Cho crosda ris an dris. *As cross as a bramble.*

Cho cruaidh ri seiche Ruairidh—ni i fuaim, 's 'n uair a théid a bualadh ni i srann.

As hard as Rory's hide—it sounds, and when it's struck, it resounds.

Cho cuimseach làmh ri Connlaoch.

As unerring of hand as Connlaoch.

Connlaoch was one of the Ossianic heroes, son of Cuchullin, and brought up at Dùn-sgàthaich in Skye, of which the ruins still remain. There are several ballads on the tragic story of Connlaoch, to be found in Campbell's *Leabhar na Fèinne*, pp. 9-15. It forms the subject also of one of the finest pieces in Macpherson's Ossian.

The name Connlaoch cannot, unfortunately, be represented, as pronounced, by any English letters, the diphthong *ao* in particular (something like the French *œu* and the German *ö*) having no place in the English language.

Cho dall ri bónn do chois.

As blind as the sole of your foot.

Cho dall ri dallaig. *As blind as a dog-fish.*

Cho dall ri damh ann an ceò.

As blind as an ox in mist.

Cho daor ris an t-salann. *As dear as salt.*

See 'Cha b' e sin an salann saor'.

Cho disgeir ri cat. *As nimble as a cat.*

Cho dona dheth ri làir a' ghobha.

As ill off as the blacksmith's mare.

The smith's mear and the soutar's wife are aye warst shod.—*Scot.*

Cho dudach ri circ. *As thin-skinned as a hen.*

Cho eòlach 's a tha 'm brìdean 's an tràigh.

As well acquainted as the oyster-catcher is with the shore.

Cho eòlach 's a tha 'n ladar air a' phoit.

As intimate as the ladle and the pot.

Cho fad 's a bhios bainne geal aig boin dhuibh.

As long as a black cow gives white milk.

This is said to have been once the term of lease of a farm in Uist.

Cho fad 's a bhios craobh 's a' choill, bidh foill anns a' Chuimeanach.

As long as trees are in the wood, the Cumming will be treacherous.

This is one out of several similar sayings, which, it is hoped, will give no offence now to any members of the clans so characterized. The Cumming one is selected as a leading specimen, because it is perhaps the oldest, having probably originated in the time of King Robert the Bruce, who punished the treachery of his cousin the Red Cumyn in such a memorable way at Dumfries.

'Cho fad 's a bhios slat 'an coill, bidh foill ann an Caimbeulach,'

bestows the same character on the great Campbell clan, a saying probably dating from the massacre of Glencoe.

‘Cho fad ’s a bhios maid’ ’an coill,
Cha bhi Mathanach gun fhoill,’

euphoniously proclaims the same of the respectable tribe of Matheson. The Munros are similarly libelled.

More stiffly, and with as little known reason, it is said of the MacPhails,

‘Fhad ’s a bhios fuachd ann a’ stoc càil,
(or, uisge ’am bun càil)

Bidh an fhoill ann an clann Phàil.’

‘While there’s cold in stock of kail,
Will be guile in a MacPhail.’

Lastly, and worst of all, it has been said, probably by some Mainland or Long Island victim of Skye treachery, ‘Fhad ’s a bhios fiodh ’an coill, bidh an fhoill ’s an Sgitheanach’.

Cho fad ’s a bhios monadh ’an Cinntàil’, cha bhi MacCoinnich gun àl ’s a’ chrò.

As long as there are moors in Kintail, Mackenzie won’t want cattle in the pen.

This referred to the ancient lords of Kintail, the last of whom died in 1815. The word ‘crò’ has a double meaning here, being the name of a part of Kintail, so called from the river Croe.

Cho fad ’s a bhios muir a’ bualadh ri lic.

As long as sea beats on stone.

Cho fada ’s a’ cheann ’s a bha Fionn ’s na casan.

As long in the head as Fingal was in the legs.

In some of the Ossianic legends, Fingal figures as a man of gigantic dimensions, and that is the general tradition about him and his followers.

Cho fallain ris a’ bhreac.

As healthy as a salmon.

It is a sad fact that the immunity from disease of this noble fish can be claimed for it no longer, after the evidence of 1879.

Cho fuar ri màthair a’ chléirich.

As cold as the beadle’s mother.

The beadle’s mother was in the habit, where this proverb originated (Tiree, apparently,) of doing duty for her son occasionally, and, in the collection of dues or taxes, she was as coldly severe as any head of a Financial Department could desire.

Cho geal ri sneachd na h-aon oidhche.

As white as the one night’s snow.

Cho glic ri sagart ’s eallach leabhraichean air.

As wise as a priest with a load of books.

Cho gionach ris a' chù. *As greedy as a dog.*

Cho gnù ri broc. *As grippy as a badger.*

Cho gòrach ris na h-eòin. *As thoughtless as the birds.*
Often said of children by nice old women.

Cho labhar ris a' ghaoith. *As noisy as the wind.*

Cho làidir ri Cuchullin. *As strong as Cuchullin.*

Cuchullin is one of the principal characters in Scoto-Irish legendary poetry and history, and is represented as not only a prodigy of strength, but gifted with every manly grace, a Celtic Achilles, and something more. In the wonderful old Irish legend of the 'Tain Bo Cuailgne,' he figures as the hero of the great struggle, in which he perished fighting against fearful odds, simply through his magnificent sense of honour and chivalry, knowing perfectly what he risked. This strange weird story is embodied by Mr. O'Grady in his *History of Ireland*.

The description of Cuchullin in his chariot, in the 1st Book of Macpherson's *Fingal* is one of the passages in that poem of which there can be no doubt that he at least was not the author, and that the original was Gaelic, and old. It contains one amusing example of Macpherson's inaccuracy, or imperfect knowledge of his native tongue. The two lines, describing one of the horses,

Bu shoilleir a dhreach, 's bu luath
'Shiubhal : Sithfada b'e ainm,

are well translated by Dr Clerk,

Shining his coat, and speedy
His pace—Si-fadda his name.

Macpherson's translation is, 'Bright are the sides of the steed ! His name is Sulin-Sifadda !' The word 'Sith-fada' means 'Long-pace,' an admirable name for a horse. Macpherson, misreading and mistranslating 'shiubhal,' 'his going,' imagined that it was part of the horse's name, and tacked it on accordingly.

Cuchullin's name is still associated in Skye with the old vitrified fort of Dùn Sgàthaich at Ord (painted more than once by M'Culloch), where his son Connlaach was supposed to have been born and brought up by his mother, whom Cuchullin in *Fingal*, B. I., speaks of as,

Deò-ghréine Dhùn Sgàthaich nan stuadh,
Ainnir bhràigh-gheal nan rosg mall,
Ise 'dh 'fhàg mi 'n Innis an t-slàigh.

The sunbeam of Dunscaich of waves,
White-bosomed fair of gentle eye,
Whom I left in the Isle of hosts.

The fashion introduced by writers of guide-books and others, of calling the Coolin Hills in Skye 'Cuchullin Hills,' is without

any local or historical warrant. They were never known in Skye by any other name than the *Cuilfhion*, pronounced Coolyun. 'Cuilfhinn,' fair, lovely, suggests a fit etymology, but I believe the name is derived from the fact that the Holly, *Cuilionn*, was found in unusual abundance among the ravines of these mountains. It still flourishes on the rocky banks of several of the streams, and on the most conspicuous of the islets in Coiruisik.

The sweet-scented 'Queen of the Meadow' is named in Gaelic 'Crios-Chuchulinn'—Cuchullin's belt, of which Alexander MacDonald in his 'Song of Summer' sweetly sings,

'S cùraidh fàileadh do nhuineil,
A Chrios-Chomhchuluinn nan càrn.
Sweet is the scent of thy neck,
Thou Belt of Cuchullin of cairns.

Cho làidir ris a' Gharbh Mac Stàirn.

As strong as Garv the son of Starn.

'An Garbh' is simply 'the strong,' a Celtic name bestowed on a Scandinavian champion, who figures largely in the old Gaelic ballads. In Macpherson's Ossian he is Swaran, son of Starno, and brother of Agandecca, whom Cuchullin overcame.

Cho làn 's 'tha 'n t-ubh de 'n bhiadh.

As full as an egg is of meat.

Cho leisg ri seana chù. *As lazy as an old dog.*

Cho lìonmhor ri muinntir Fhionnlaidh.

As numerous as Finlay's people.

This is a Lewis name for the Fairies, of unknown origin.

Cho lìonmhor ris na gathan dubha.

As numerous as the black darts.

This is variously interpreted, and may be held descriptive of midges darting to and fro in myriads, or of the black spikes of small oats.

Cho luath ri aigne nam ban baoth.

As swift as the fancy of foolish women.

A sharp, but not censorious, saying.

Cho luath ris na loin. *As swift as the elks.*

Al. Cho luath ris na luinn—*As swift as the wavetops.*

The primary rendering of this goes back to a prehistoric period. The other is very descriptive, and applies equally to the waving of corn or grass.

Cho marbh ri sgadan. *As dead as a herring.*

No other fish dies so quickly on being taken out of the water.

Cho math 's a's fhiach am mèirleach a' chroich.

As well as the thief deserves the gallows.

As well worth it as a thief is worth a rope.—*Eng.*

Cho mear ri ceann siamain ri latha gaoithe.

As merry as the head of a straw-rope on a windy day.

Trivial, but graphic.

Cho mór aig a chéile ri da cheann eich.

As thick as two horse heads.

Al. Cho réidh ris na ceannaichean—*As well-agreed as merchants.*

This version looks like a pun = *ceann-eich*.

Cho mosach ris na glasan.

As mean as the locks.

Lock-fast places are still comparatively uncommon among the Highland peasantry. As for locking a main-door at night, that is never thought of.

Cho nimheil ris an nathair. *As venomous as a serpent.*

Cho reamhar ris an ròn. *As fat as a seal.*

Cho sgìth dheth 's a bha 'n losgann de 'n chléith-chliata.

As tired as the toad was of the harrow.

Many masters, quoth the toad to the harrow, when every tine (tooth) turned her over.—*Eng.*

Mony maisters, qu' the puddock, when ilka tynd o' the harrow took him a toit.—*Scot.*

Cho sgìth ri cù. *As tired as a dog.*

No animal wearies himself so unsparingly as a dog ; none is so ready, when most weary, to obey his master's call.

Cho sgìth 's a bha 'n gobha d' a mhàthair, 'n uair a thiodhlaic e seachd uairean i.

As tired as the smith was of his mother, when he buried her seven times.

I don't know the origin of this ridiculous saying.

Cho sunndach ris an fhiadh.

As hearty as the stag.

Cho teoma ri Coibhi Druidh.

As clever as Coivi the Druid.

Dr. John Smith, in his *Galic Antiquities* (p. 8, note) says that this was the Gaelic name for the Arch-Druid ; and in Bede's interesting account of the conversion of King Aedwin of Northumbria (*Ecc. Hist.*, Lib. II., cap. 13), the high-priest is called Coifi. In Mr. Moberly's note on this (Ed. of Bede, 1869) he says—“This name has been derived from Coibhi, the Kymric for ‘helpful,’ and thus it has been argued that the Angle hierarchy was British. But see Kemble, *Archæol. Soc. Proc.*, 1845, p. 83. Coifi is only an Anglo-Saxon nickname of easy translation. * * *

The word is equivalent to Coefig or Cêfig, just as Coinræd in the Northumbrian dialect represents Cénræd in West-Saxon. It is an adjective formed from cōf, 'strenuus,' and merely denotes the 'bold or active one'."

I cannot find the word 'coibhi,' or anything like it, in any Cymric dictionary, but whatever its origin, the name has been handed down in Scottish Gaelic for an unknown length of time as that of an important Druid. The above saying might well be applied to King Aedwin's high-priest, who behaved with remarkable wisdom on the occasion above mentioned.

For another saying in reference to Coibhi, see 'Ge fagus clach'.

Cho teth ri gaol seòladair.

As hot as a sailor's love.

Al. 'Gaul tàilleir'—*a tailor's love*. Both sailors and tailors are accused of being apt to change their affections easily.

Cho tric 's a tha fiacail 'ad cheann.

As often as there's a tooth in your head.

Chuala mi 'chubhag gun bhiadh 'am bhroinn,

Chunnaic mi 'n searrach 's a chùlaobh rium,

Chunnaic mi 'n t-seilcheag air an lic luim,

'S dh' aithnich mi nach rachadh a' bhliadhn' ud leam.

I heard the cuckoo while fasting,

I saw the foal with his back to me,

I saw the snail on the flag-stone bare,

And I knew the year would be bad for me.

Attributed to the 'Cailleach Bhéurra,' a distinguished Sybil.

Chuir am maor do thigh an rùnaire' e.

The bailiff sent him to the secretary.

Al. 'An righ' for 'am maor'.

The 'Circumlocution Office' on a small scale.

Chuir Brìghd' a làmh 's a' bhóla.

Bridget put her hand into the bowl.

This seems to refer to St. Bridget's miraculous power of turning water into ale. The following curious old rhyme is among the Gaelic MSS. of the Advocates' Library. (G. MS. LXII.)

TUIREADH BRIGHID.

Gairim is guidhim tu chlach,

Na leig Brìghid a mach.

O 's i géurachadh an deoch,

Is ioma saoidh gun lochd

Dh'an d' thug i bàs.

Do thart a nis o chaidh to thart,

Tart sìorruidh ort, a Bhrìghid.

Chuir e 'bhàt' air acair.

He set his boat at anchor.

Chuir e 'chliath-chaisg air.

He put the harrow-check on him.

He put a stopper on him, or a spoke in his wheel.

Chuir e 'chrodh air àireachas.

He sent his cattle to the hill pasture.

Chuir e 'n dubh-chapaill air.

He quite out-did him.

This is a Lochaber phrase of unknown origin. It used to be the practice at weddings to have a pleasant competition in singing between 'Dà thaobh an t-sabhail,' the two sides of the barn—often the bride's friends against the bridegroom's. The side that held out longest would then say to the others, 'An dubh-chapaill oirbh!'

Chuir e na buinn 's na breabanan air.

He put the soles and half-soles on.

He used all expedition, and finished the job.

Chuir iad am balgan-suain fo 'cheann.

They put the sleeping-bag under his head.

Applied, says Macintosh, to a person who sleeps too much, in allusion to the bag or cocoon in which the caterpillar sleeps.

Chuir thu ceann paib air mu dheireadh.

You have put a tow-head on it at last.

Al. 'Ceann gràineil,' a vile end.

Said, says Macintosh, of those who destroy all the good they have done by an ill deed.

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.—*Hor.*

Chuireadh e na h-eòin 'an crannaibh.

He would make the birds go into trees.

With the sweetness of his voice.

Duncan MacIntyre, describing the Glen Etive women waulking cloth, says

'Nuair a sheinneas iad na h-òrain,

Cuiridh iad na h-eòin 'an crannaibh.

Chuireadh e 'n òrrais air math-ghamhuin.

It would sicken a bear.

Chuireadh e na searraich bho dheoghal.

It would put the foals from sucking.

So bitter or disgusting.

Chuireadh iad na féidh á fàsach.

They would send the deer out of a wilderness.

Said of very noisy people.

Chuireadh tu eagal air na Samhanaich.

You would frighten the savages.

This is an Islay saying.

Al. Mharbhadh e na Samhanaich—*It would kill the savages;*
said of something very overpowering or unwholesome. See 'Aran'.

Chumadh e dha mu'n do chumadh triubhas dha.

It was fitted for him before trews were made for him.

It was predestined for him.

Chunnaic mise dà Mhac-Coinnich romhad !

I have seen two Mackenzies before you !

Two Mackenzie factors.

Factors have rarely been popular in the Highlands. The above was said by an indignant farmer to a disagreeable factor in Lewis, when the Mackenzies of Seaforth were lords of that island. At the burial of a Lewis factor, amid dry eyes, the following verse was made:—

Cuiribh air ! Cuiribh air !

'S e 'chuireadh òirne ;

'S ma dh'éireas e rithist,

Cuiridh e 'n còrr oirnn !

Heap on him ! Heap on him !

It's he that would put on us ;

And if he rise again,

He'll just put more on us !

I have heard of even a stronger sentiment expressed in another island at the burial of a factor who had taken in a great number of confiding people, left lamenting, not for him, but for their hardly earned money. One of these victims, a sturdy old man, stood by the grave when all was over, and shaking his fist at it, said, ' Na'm bu tig a' là a dh'éireas tu-sa as a sin !'—*May the day never come when you'll rise out of that !*

The Celts of Scotland have never, in modern times, so far as I know, maltreated, much less killed, a factor, steward, or magistrate. They have often been treated unjustly ; but they are neither so quick of tongue, nor so unsparing of hand, as their Irish brethren.

Ciall a dh' fhadai's teine ;

Rian a chumas baile ;

Cha mhair sliochd fir foille ;

No iochd ri 'chuid cloinne.

*Sense builds up a fire ;
Order keeps a city ;
False man's seed endures not ;
Nor will they get pity.*

Al. Tùr a thogas teine ; ciall a chuireas as e—Wit to make a fire ; sense to put it out.

Cinnidh a' chrìontachd, 's théid an ro-chrìontachd a dholaidh.

Saving getteth store, over-saving mischief.

Cinnidh Clann-Fhearchair gus an deicheadh linn.

The Farquharsons shall flourish to the tenth generation.

The Farquharsons, says Macintosh, in a long note on this, are also called Clann Fhionnlaidh, i.e., the children of Finlay, "from Finlay More, one of their tall chieftains, who bore the royal standard at the battle of Pinkie ; hence the surnames, Finlay, MacKinlay, and Finlayson. The Farquharsons," he adds, "are descended of Farchard Shaw, son of Shaw of Dalnavert ; the present Farquharson of Invercauld, their chief, seems to deny this, and pretends that they are descended of Macduff, Thane, and afterwards Earl of Fife, for which assertion neither he nor any other can show vouchers."

Cinnidh mac o mhi-altrum, ach cha chinn e o 'n Aog.

A child may survive bad nursing, but he can't escape Death.

Cinnidh Scuít saor am fine,
Mur bréug am fàisdine,
Far am faighear an Lia-fàil,
Dlighe flaitheas do ghabhàil.

*The Scottish race shall flourish free,
Unless false the prophecie,
Where the sacred stone is found,
There shall sovereignty have ground.*

This saying is undoubtedly Irish, and not Scottish, in the modern sense of the latter word. As given by Keating (Ed. 1811, p. 198) it is,

Cineadh Scuít saor an fine,
Mun budh bréag an fhaisdine,
Mar a fuighid an liagh-fháil,
Dlighid flaitheas do ghabhàil,

Keating gives this as his rendering of the Latin of Hector Boece, which must therefore be regarded as the first known version of this saying. Boece's couplet, which he says is engraved on the stone, '*Suprascriptio lapidi insculpta*' (Ed. 1574, fol. 2), is—

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
 Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem,
 thus translated into English,

The Scots shall brook that realm as native ground,
 If weirds fail not, where'er this chair is found.

Keating, however, though indebted to Boece for this verse, quotes a still older one in reference to the 'Lia-Fàil,' from the poet Cinaeth O'Hartigan, who died, according to Tighernach, in 975—

An cloch a tá fám dhá sháil,
 Uaithe ráidhtear Inis Fáil.

The stone that is beneath my feet
 From it is styled the Isle of Fáil.

Keating's Hist., Ed. 1811, p. 118.

The stone in question, so far as Scotland is concerned, was undoubtedly carried away from Scone by that prince of robbers, Edward I., and deposited in Westminster Abbey, in the coronation chair, where every British sovereign has been crowned ever since, down to our dearly beloved Queen Victoria. So much faith has the sturdy Saxon ever had, in spite of all his protests and prose, in Celtic sentiment and prophecy! Why, else, should he have made so much of a rough piece of what Professor Geikie has assured Mr. Skene to be simply a bit of Perthshire sandstone? (See Skene's 'Coronation Stone'). Archæology and Geology combined make sad havoc of traditional faith, for we are assured by Hector Boece that the precious stone in question was the royal chair of King Gathelus in Brigantia, and was carried from Spain to Ireland, and from Ireland to Scotland. Keating, on the other hand, tells us that it was brought by the Tuath de Dannan from Lochlann (Scandinavia) and sent over from Ireland to Scotland by Murtogh Mac Earc, that his brother, Fergus the Great, 'the first of our kings, I suppose,' might be crowned on it (A.D. 503). Some imaginative Saxons, fired by Irish poetry, go a great deal further than this, and believe, or try to make believe, that this sufficiently venerable stone is *the very stone* on which Jacob pilloved his head on that memorable night when he slept and dreamed at Bethel; and that our possession of it in Westminster Abbey is one among a hundred clear proofs that we are the real Children of Israel—the remnant of the lost Ten Tribes!

Apart from all absurdity, that stone is very venerable, and ought, to every British person, English, Scottish, or Irish, to be really sacred. The above rhyme is interesting philologically and historically, whatever be thought of the legend. 'Lia' = Liag = Leac, a flat stone, and 'Fàil' = prerogative, privilege, privileged person, King, whence the old name of Ireland, 'Innis-fàil'.

Another Irish name for the 'Lia-fàil' is 'Cloch-na-Cinneamha,' the Stone of Destiny.

There is a Lochaber saying that possibly refers to the Irish origin of this sacred stone. It is said, when darning or patching a hole on a boy's jacket or trousers while on him—'Fuaigheam

seo mu chloich ghlais an t-sagairt,—a' chlach ghlas a bha 'n Eirinn.'—*Let me sew this round the priest's gray stone—the gray stone that was in Ireland.*

Ciod a b' àill leat fhaighinn 'an nead an fhithich ach am fitheach fhéin?

What would you expect in the raven's nest but the raven itself?

Ciod a dh' iarradh tu air bó ach gnòsd?

What would you expect from a cow but a groan?

The word 'groan' does not quite represent the sound in question. Neither does 'moan' nor 'low'. It is that subdued noise which a cow utters as her ordinary expression of feeling.

Ciod a's fhearr a dh' innseas an cladh na 'n eaglais?

What better guide to the churchyard than the church?

Ciod a's misde duine 'chreach, mur lughaid a phòr e?

What is a man the worse of being plundered if it does'nt diminish his produce?

A very philosophical view of the matter.

Cìrean a' choilich air a' chirc.

The cock's comb on the hen.

The woman wearing the breeks.

Clach 'an ionad càbaig, 's core 'an ionad cuinnseir.

A stone instead of a cheese, and a knife instead of a sword.

'S Mac Eòghainn 'th' ann an dràsda,

Mar chloich an ionad càbaig,

'An àite na bh' ann.

Macintyre's 'Cumha Choire-Cheathaich'.

Clach air muin cloich Mhic-Lèoid.

A stone on the top of Mac Leod's stone.

A MacDonald saying, doubtless, these two clans having been always the great rivals for power in Skye.

Clachag 'n am bhròig, deargan 'n am mhuilehinn, càilein 'n am fhiacail, 's mo leannan 'g am fhàgail.

A pebble in my shoe, a flea in my sleeve, a husk in my teeth, and my sweetheart leaving me.

A combination of annoyances.

Clachan an t-Srath, 'us mnathan Shléibhte.

The stones of Strath, and the women of Sleat.

Strath and Sleat are neighbouring parishes in Skye; the one possessing, among other distinctions, a vein of gray marble, of

which the road-side dykes are to a large extent built,—the other noted, or claiming to be, for the beauty of its women.

Clachan beag a' dol an ìochdar, 's clachan mòr a' dol an uachdar.

The little stones going down, and the big ones coming to the top.

A physical fact, and a human experience also.

Clachan dubh' an aghaidh sruth.

Black stones against the stream.

Clachair Samhraidh, diol-déire Geamhraidh.

Summer mason, Winter beggar.

Sometimes the case still, but seldom compared with old times.

Claidheamh an làimh amadain, 'us slachdan an làimh òinsich.

A sword in a fool's hand, a beetle in an idiot's.

Ne'er put a sword in a wud man's hand.—*Scot.*

Μὴ παιδὶ μάχαιραν—*Don't give a sword to a child.—Gr.*

Ne puero gladium. Ne gladium tollas, mulier.—*Lat.*

Clann Mhic-Codruim nan ròn.

The seal Mac Codrums.

There is a legend about the Mac Codrums having been metamorphosed into seals, too long to be given here. They retained, along with the amphibious shape, the human soul, and at times, human form. They were, in fact, seals by day, but human creatures at night. No Mac Codrum, for all the world, would, if in his proper senses, fire a gun at a seal.

Clann Mhuirich a' bhrochain.

The gruelly Mac Phersons.

'Mac Neacail a' bhrochain 's an droch aran eòrna'—*Nicolson of the gruel and bad barley bread*, is a Skye saying. The same is sometimes said of the Mac Askills. But it is apparently borrowed from a Badenoch song, in which an old woman says—

Tha 'n cnatan orm,

Tha 'n tùchan orm,

Tha 'm brochan 'an coinneamh mo lùths 'thoirt uam.

Am brochan dubh 'n còmhnaidh,

'S an droch aran eòrna,

'S an t-annlann air bòrd 's a chùlaobh rium.

Clanna nan Gàidheal 'an guaillibh a chéile!

The clans of the Gael shoulder to shoulder!

This is one of the best known and oftenest quoted of all Gaelic

sayings. Literally it is 'in each other's shoulders,' i.e., each with his arm round the shoulder of the other, as Highlanders would do in crossing a deep water together.

Claidhidh foighidinn mhath na clachan.

Patience will wear out stones.

Clàr mór fo bheagan.

Big dish and little on it.

The clàr was a big wooden dish, and I suppose is not yet obsolete in the Highlands.

Cleamhnas 'am fagus, 'us goisteachd 'am fad.

Affinity near, sponsorship far off.

Cleas gille-nan-cual—cual bheag 'us tighinn tric.

The porters' trick,—a little load and frequent.

Al. Cuallach a' mhic-leisg—The lazy lad's herding.

Al. Tarring chailleach—Old wives' drawing.

Cloicheirean spàgach, ogha na muile-màig'.

The waddling stone-chat, the frog's grand-child.

A Lismore saying, suggestive of the development theory.

Cluich a' chas a chompaich.

Play the foot, my comrade.

Giving one's companion leg bail.

Cluich a' chuilein ris an t-scan-chu.

The play of the pup with the old dog.

Al. Mir' a' chuilein ris a' mhial-chu.

Cluinnidh am bodhar fuaime an airgid.

The deaf can hear the silver clink.

Cluinnidh an dùthaich 'us cù Rob cheaird e.

The country will hear it, and Rob Tinker's dog too.

Cluinnidh tu air a' chluais a's buidhr' e.

You'll hear it on your deafest ear.

Cluinnear e far nach faicear e.

He'll be heard where he is not seen.

Cnàmhaig na circe reamhair.

The fat hen's refuse.

Cnàimh mór do dhuine gionach.

A great bane to a greedy man.—Scot.

Cnàimh mór 'us feòil air, fuigheal clachair.

A big bone and flesh on it, a mason's leavings.

See 'Fuigheach tàilleir'.

Cnò á uachdar a' mhogail.

A nut from the upper side of the cluster.

Supposed to be the best. See 'Bidh an ubhal a's fhearr'.

Cnatan Dhò'ill Mhic-Mhartainn.

Donald Martin's cold.

A Lochaber saying. Donald was said to take a cold once a quarter, which lasted three months. The Mac Martins in that country are Camerons.

Cnoic 'us uisg' 'us Ailpeinich, ach c'uin a thainig Artaraich?

Hills and water and MacAlpines, but when did the MacArthurs come?

Al. 'Cnoic 'us uillt,' *Hills and streams.* 'Cnoic 'us uile,' *Hills and ills.*

'Meaning,' says Macintosh, 'that the MacGregors are as old as the hills.' As already noted, under 'Cha robh balach,' they trace their descent from Alpin, King of Scots in the first half of the 9th century, and Macintosh quotes an old verse in reference to their descent:—

Sliochd nan rìghribh dùthchasach,
'Bha shios 'an Dùn-s-dà-innis,
Aig an robh crùn na h-Alb' o thùs,
'S aig am beil dùthchas fhathasd ris.
Children of the native kings,
Who reigned down at Dunstaffnage,
Who first the crown of Alba owned,
And still have native claim to it.

The MacArthurs, as the above saying implies, claim a still older lineage, from a King Art, or Arthur, of prehistoric times. In Cormac's Glossary, the word 'Art' has three meanings given,—*'uasal, unde dicitur fine airt, no art fine'*—*noble, whence a noble tribe.*

Cnuasach uircein, buain 'us itheadh.

The pig's contemplation, pluck and eat.

Cnuasachd na gràineig.

The hedgehog's hoard.

This, says Armstrong, is 'expressive of the folly of wordly-minded people, who part with all at the grave, as the hedgehog is compelled to drop its burden of crab-apples at the narrow entrance of its hole.' Lightfoot says (*Flora Scotica*, 2nd Ed., 1792, p. 13) the hedgehog is "not found beyond the Tay, perhaps not beyond the Forth". It is found at this day as far north as Lochaber.

Co air a rinn thu sid ?—Ort fhéin, a ghràidh.

On whom did you do that ?—On yourself, my dear.

Co dhà a b' fhearr a b' aithne an cat a thoirt as a' mhuighe, na do 'n fhear a chuir ann e ?

Who knows best to take the cat out of the churn but he that put her in ?

Ye served me as the wife did the cat,—coost me in the kirn, and syne harled me oot again.—*Scot.*

Co dha bhios Mac-Mhathain gu math, mur bi dha fhéin ?

To whom will Matheson be good, if not to himself ?

Co dhiùbh 's ann air srath no 'n gleann, 's ann as a ceann a bhlighear a' bhó.

Whether on strath or in glen, 'tis from her head the cow's milk comes.

As a cionn a bhlichtear an bhò.—*Ir.*

Godröid buwch o' i phen.—*Welsh.*

It's by the head that the coo gi'es milk.—*Scot.*

As the coo feeds, so she bleeds.—*Do.*

Die Kuh milcht durchs Maul.—*Germ.*

Co dhiùbh 's fhusa bata dheanamh de 'n ghuairne mu ghuairn, no cuaille de 'n ghiùrne mu ghiùrn ?

Whether is it easier to make a stick of the quill-pith, or a stake of the auger-dust ?

This is another version of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the phrases used having reference to the use of a turning-lathe.

Có ni 'n t-olc ach na mnathan !

Who can do ill but the women !

This is but another form of 'Corruptio optimi est pessima'. 'All wickedness,' says the son of Sirach (xxv. 19), 'is but little to the wickedness of a woman.'

Co ris a théid mi g' am ghearan, 's gun Mac-Mhic-Ailein 'am Mùideart ?

To whom can I make my complaint, and no Clanranald in Moidart ?

This natural gush of Celtic feeling refers to the Clanranald who was killed at Sheriff Muir, a chief who was the idol of his clan.

Cobhair nan geas. *The suecour from spells.*

Said of a person to be relied on as an Œdipus, or Hercules, in cases of difficulty, to solve riddles, or break spells.

Coimeas a' gheòidh bhrìc 's a mhàthar.

The comparison of the gray goose to his mother.

Coimhearsnach bun an doruis.

Next door neighbour.

Al. C. na h-ursann—*Door-post neighbour.*

Cóinneach do 'thigh, crìonach a chonnadh, blàth o 'n bhoine, teth o 'n teine.

Moss to his house, brush-wood for his fuel, warm milk from the cow, heat from the fire.

Attributed to the 'Ollamh Ìleach' as an advice for old people.

Coinnichidh na daoine ged nach coinnich na enuic.

Men may meet, but mountains never.—Eng.

Al. Tachraidh na daoine.

Cynt y cwrdd dau ddyn na dau lan—*Sooner will two men meet than two banks.—Welsh.*

Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.—*Eng.*

We'll meet ere hills meet.—*Scot.*

Deux hommes se rencontrent bien, mais jamais deux montagnes.—*Fr.*

Βουνον με βουνον δὲν ἀνταμώνεται—*Mountain doesn't meet mountain.—Mod. Gr.*

Coltach ri earball an t-seana-mhairt, daonnan air dheireadh.

Like the old cow's tail, always last.

Coltach ri mnathan Mhic-Carmaic, glé làidir 's an amhaich.

Like MacCormack's wives, very strong in the neck.

Who M'Cormack was, and where he lived, we know not ; but it may be assumed that he was sadly henpecked.

Coltach ri m' sheana-bhrògan, a' sìor-dhol 'am miosad.

Like my old shoes, ever getting worse.

Comhairle caraid' gun a h-iarraidh, cha d' fhuair i riamh am meas bu chòir dhi.

A friend's advice unasked never got due esteem.

Ulster saying in same words.

Al. Comhairle gun iarraidh, cha robh meas riamh oirre.

Ergyd yn llwyn cysul heb erchi—*Advice unasked is like a shot into the wood.—Welsh.*

Comhairle caraid' gun a h-iarraidh 's i 's fhiach a gleidheadh.

A friend's advice unasked is well worth keeping.

Comhairle do dhuine glic, slat do dhruim an amadain.

Counsel for the wise man, for the fool's back a rod.

A wink to the wise, a kick to the fool.—*Arab.*

A nod for a wise man, a rod for a fool.—*Eng.*

A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.—*PROV. xxvi. 3.*

Comhairle clag Sgàin ;

An rud nach buin dut na buin dà.

Counsel of the bell of Scone,

Touch not what is not thine own.

The voice of the Bell of Scone, the ancient seat of Scottish royalty, was taken to represent the voice of Law and Justice, of which the fundamental maxim is 'Suum cuique'.

Comh-dhaltas gu ciad, 'us càirdeas gu fichead.

Fostership to a hundred, kindred to twenty.

See 'An co'-dhalta'.

Comhfhurtachd an duine dhona—duine eile cho dona ris fhéin.

The bad man's consolation—that there's as bad as he.

Comunn mo ghaoil, comunn nan ceard.

The company I love—the tinkers.

One very distinguished literary man, Mr. George Borrow, would not repudiate this sentiment.

Comunn nam Maor. *The bailiff's brotherhood.*

See 'Mo chomain'.

Contrachd ort! *Bad luck to you!*

Còrdadh a réubas reachd.

Concord (or compromise) that rends the law.

Ammod a dyr ddefod.—*Welsh.*

Law's costly ; tak' a pint and gree.—*Scot.*

Meglio un magro accordo, che una grassa sentenza.—*Ital.*

So *Fr., Span., Germ., Dutch, Dan.*

Cothrom a h-aon. *Fairplay—one to one.*

Two to one is odds enough.—*Eng.*

Ne Hercules quidem contra duos.—*Lat.*

Cothrom na Fèinne dhaibh.

The Fingalian fair-play to them.

The Fingalian idea of fair-play was that of the previous saying, one to one, 'Gaisgeach air ghaisgeach, 'us laoch ri laoch'—*Champion on champion, hero to hero.*

Cridhe na circe 'an gob na h-airce.

A hen's heart in the beak of want.

Croiseam sgiorradh! *The cross between me and mishap!*

Croiseam thu! *The cross be between us!*

Cromaidh an coileach circ' a cheann 'an dorus an tigh' mhoir.

The cock bows his head at the great house door.
See 'Ged is iosal'.

Cruaidh mar am fraoch, buan mar an giuthas.

Hard as the heather, lasting as the pine.

The heather is the badge of the MacDonalds, the pine of the MacGregors.

Cruaidh mu 'n pheighinn, 's bog mu 'n mharg.

Hard about the penny, soft about the merk.

Penny wise and pound foolish.—*Eng., Scot.*

Crùbaiche coin, leisgeul bhan, 's mionnan marsanta—tha iad coltach ri chéile.

A dog's limping, a woman's excuse, a merchant's oath—they are like each other.

No es de vero lagrimas en la muger, ni coxear en el perro—*Woman's tears and dog's limping are not real.—Span.*

Cruinneachadh cruaidh agus leigeadh farsuinn.

Hard gathering and free spending.

The father scraping and the son scattering.

Cruinnichidh na fithich far am bi a' chairbh.

Where the carcase is the ravens will gather.

Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.—*MATTH. xxiv. 28.*

Cù an dà fhéidh, is minig a bha 'fhiadh air chall.

The dog of two deer has often lost his deer.

Al. Coltach ri cù an dà fhéidh, a' call romhad 's 'ad dhéigh.

Rith na con a n-déigh dà fhìadh.—*Ir.*

'Ο δύο πτώκας διώκων ουδέτερον καταλαμβάνει—*He that chases two hares catches neither.—Gr.*

Duos insequens lepores neutrum capit.—*Lat.*

Qui court deux lièvres, n' en prendra aucun.—*Fr.*

Chi due lepri caccia, l' una non piglia, e l' altra lascia.—*Ital.*

Wer zwei Hasen zugleich hetzt, fängt gar keinen.—*Germ.*

Cuid a' ghobha—an ceann.

The smith's share—the head.

The smith's perquisite for killing a cow, which he was generally employed to do. That great event generally took place once a year, at Martinmas, whence possibly the word 'mart' = cow.

Cuid an t-searraich de 'n chléith.

The foal's share of the harrow.

Going beside his dam.

Cuidich leat fhéin, 's cuidichidh Dia leat.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Al. Dean do dhìchioll, 's cuidichidh Dia leat.

Cuidigheann Dia leis an tè a chuidigheas leis fèin.—*Ir.*

Hilf dir selbst, so hilft dir Gott.—*Germ.*

Help u zelven, zoo helpt u God.—*Dutch.*

Hielp dig selv, da hielper dig Gud.—*Dan.*

Aide-toi, le ciel t-aidera.—*Fr.*

Quien se guarda, Dios le guarda.—*Span.*

Chi s' aiuta, Dio l' aiuta.—*Ital.*

Σὺν Ἀθηνᾶ καὶ χεῖρα κίνει.—*Mod. Gr.*

Cuigeal don-sniomhaich. *Bad spinner's distaff.*

Said of an unthrifty or untidy woman.

Cuimhnich air na daoine bho 'n d'tháinig thu.

Remember those you came from.

A very Highland sentiment. Sometimes it is 'Cuimhnich air cruadal nan daoine,' &c.—*Think of the fortitude of your forefathers;* a sentiment which has proved strong on many a battlefield.

Cuir a mach an Sasunnach, 's thoir a stigh an cù.

Put out the Englishman, and take in the dog.

This is a Lochaber saying, supposed to date from the time of Cromwell, whose soldiers scourged that country severely.

Cuir an tuagh air an t-samhaich cheart.

Put the axe on the right helve.

Put the saddle on the right horse.

Cuir ceann na muice ri earr an uircein.

Set the sow's head to the little pig's tail.

Bring the head o' the sow to the tail o' the grice.—*Scot.*

This looks like a case of *hysteron proteron*, but Kelly interprets it, 'balance your loss with your gain'.

Cuir do làmh 's a' chliabh, 's thoir do rogha liabaig as.

Put your hand into the creel, and take your choice of flounders.

If this be a version of the Scottish rhyme on matrimony, it is certainly improved—

Put yir hand in the creel,

And draw an adder or an eel.

Cuir do mhuinghinn 's an talamh, cha d' fhàg e
falamh riamh thu.

Put thy trust in the earth, it never left thee empty.
A good motto for farmers.

Cuir ìnnte, 's cuiridh an saoghal uimpe.

Give her food, and the world will clothe her.

Macintosh's note on this is, 'The back will trust, but the belly
will still be craving'.

Cuir manadh math air do mhanadh, 's bidh tu sona.

Interpret good from thy omen, and thou shalt be lucky.

As Cæsar did, when he fell on the British shore.

Cuireadh cùl na coise. *The back-leg invitation.*

Al. Fiadhachadh cùl na h-ìosgaid.

That of a person who gives a faint invitation, and escorts one
out of the house, saying, 'I am sorry you couldn't stay'.

Cuireadh Mhic-Philip—'gabh no fàg'.

M'Killop's invitation—'take or leave'.

Cuiridh an teanga snaim nach fuasgail an fhiacail.

The tongue will tie a knot which the tooth can't unloose.

Cuireann duine snaim le n- a theangaidh nach bh- fhuasgloch-
aidh 'fhiacail.—*Ir.*

The English and Scottish versions are nearly in the same words.
Matrimony is referred to.

Cuiridh aon bheairt as gu lóm

Do dhuine 's gun a chónn fo 'chéill;

'Us cuiridh beairt eil' e ann,

Ach a gabhail 'n a h-àm fhéin.

One deed may a man undo,

When his reason ruleth not;

And a step may set him up,

If but taken in due time.

Cuiridh aon tràth air ais laogh 'us leanabh.

One meal if it lack, calf or child will go back.

Cuiridh bean ghlic suas duine, ach bheir bean amaid-
each a nuas e le 'dà làimh.

*A wise wife will set a man up, but a foolish one will
bring him down with both hands.*

Cuiridh béul milis thu 'shireadh na déirce.

A sweet mouth will send you to beggary.

Cuiridh e teine ris na tobraichean.

He will set the wells on fire.

This looks like setting the Thames on fire.

Cuiridh peirceall na caora 'n crann air an fharadh.

The sheep's jaw will put the plough on the hen-roost.

This prediction is attributed to a famous Highland seer of the 17th century, Coinneach Odhar, but it was made long before that by no less a person than Thomas the Rhymer. His saying,

'The teeth of the sheep shall lay the plough on the shelf,' is quoted by Dr. Chambers in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, with special reference to the changes of tenantry in the Highlands, in some parts of which sheep-farming has entirely supplanted agriculture. Rushes and heather may be seen now in fields that once yielded fair crops, and sheep in place of the men that tilled them.

Cuiridh mi clach 'ad chàrn.

I'll add a stone to your cairn.

See 'Am fear nach mèudaich'.

Cùl gaoith' 'us aghaidh gréine.

Back of wind and face of sun.

A phrase in the old stories, descriptive of a pleasant retreat.

Cùm an dò-dhuine air do thaobh; bidh an deagh-dhuine agad daonnan.

Keep the ill man on your side; the good man you'll always have.

Cùm an fhéill air a latha. *Keep the fair on its day.*

Keep the feast till the feast-day.—*Scot.*

Cùm an t-eathar bho chladach an fhasgaidh, 's fanaidh i fhéin bho chladach an fhuaraidh.

Keep the boat from the lee-shore, and she'll keep herself from the wind-shore.

Cùm do chù ri 'leigeadh.

Hold your dog till the starting-time.

Don't loose your hound where there is nothing to hunt.—*Arab.*

Cùm do theanga 'n ad chuimse.

Keep your tongue in hand.

The mouth is the tongue's prison.—*Arab.*

'Αργυρὸ τὸ μέλημα, χρυσὸ τὸ σιῶπα—*Speech is silvern, silence golden.—Mod. Gr.*

Cromadh gun ghainne 's a' chaol ;
 Aon eanga diag 's an osan ;
 Seachd eangan 'am bial a theach ;
 Is teare an neach do nach foghainn ;
 Air a chumadh gu dìreach ;
 Agus a trì 's a' ghobhal.
*A full finger-length to the small ;
 Eleven nails to the leg ;
 Seven nails to the band ;
 There are few whom that won't suffice ;
 Let it be shaped straight ;
 And three nails to the fork.*

This quaint rhyme is called 'Cumadh an Triubhais,' *The shaping of Trews*. A 'nail' is $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and Macintosh says 'perhaps some of these nails should be doubled'.

Cumaidh a' mhuc fhéin a fail fhéin glan.

Even the sow will keep her own sty clean.

The tod keeps aye his ain hole clean.—*Scot.*

Cumaidh an gearr-phoca uiread ris a' chorr-phoca.

The little bag holds as much as the big bag.

'Cumaidh mi ri m' leannan,' ars an nighean, 'béul sìoda 's cridhe cainbe.'

I will keep to my sweetheart, said the girl, a mouth of silk and a heart of hemp.

Béul eidhnàin, a's croidhe cuilinn—*A mouth of ivy, and a heart of holly.—Ir.*

Cumhachd do charaid, agus tràillealachd do nàmhaid a dhùthcha !

Power to the friend, and thralldom to the enemy of his country !

This is what used to be called a 'sentiment' for a toast.

Cùnradh math fada bho làimh.

A good bargain far away.

Cuspach, 'us gàg, 'us eill-bhuinn, 's mairg an spàg air am beireadh iad.

Kibe and crack and burning heel, pity the foot they come on.

All these ailments are known only to people that go barefooted. The second one gives rise to another saying, 'Céum air gàig,' applied to persons who walk reluctantly, as if they had a sore foot, or delicately, like King Agag.

D.

Dà bhuille dhiag fodair, 's gun bhuill' idir air son sìl.
Twelve strokes for straw, and no stroke for seed.

Great cry and little wool. See 'Buill'air gach craoibh'.

Dà cheann an taoid, 'us cead a tharruing.
Both ends of the rope, and leave to pull it.

Dà dhiù, gun aon roghainn. *Two evils and no choice.*

At the battle of Inverlochy, 1645, Alexander MacDonell, son of Coll (Colkitto) having made prisoner of Campbell of Ach-na-breac, said he would honour him by giving him his choice, whether to be beheaded or hanged. Campbell answered in the above words, and MacDonell struck off his head with his own hand.—*Teachd. Gael.*, Vol. II., p. 135.

Dà thrìan buidhinn barant.
Assurance is two-thirds of success.

Dàil gu là na sluasaid. *Delay to the day of the shovel.*
The day of burial.

Dàir na coille. *The rutting of the wood.*

Applied, according to Armstrong (*Dict.*), to the first night of the New Year, when the wind blows from the west.

Dàn' ath-bhuailte. *Bold, twice beaten.*

Dallta aran-eòrna Mhic Philip, a' dol 'am feobhas, 's 'am feobhas.

Like Mac Killop's barley bread, getting better and better.

I have been unable to ascertain anything about the M'Killop who gave rise to the various proverbs in which he is named.

The word 'dallta' is not common, and is not given in any of our dictionaries, except Shaw's and MacAlpine's; and in O'Reilly's *Ir. Dict.* Shaw is given as authority for the word. It means 'like, likeness, in manner of'. It is not surprising that it was in the 2d Ed. of Macintosh confounded with 'dalta,' foster-child, and translated accordingly in this and the next proverb.

Dallta 'chinn charraich, nach fuiling fuachd no teas.
Like the scabby head that can't endure cold or heat.

Dàrna bean a' chlàrsair—a' chlàrsach fhéin.

The harper's second wife—the harp itself.

See 'Eud bean a' chruitear'.

Neil Gow's fiddle was said to be his second wife ; and there is a tune so called.

Dé am féum a tha 's a' phìob mur cluithear oirre ?

What's the good of the pipe if it's not played on ?

Dean àill de 'n éigin. *Make a will of necessity.*

Make a virtue of necessity.—Eng.

Dean air d' adhais, 's ann a 's luaithe.

Take it easy, you'll speed better.

See 'Cha 'n e an ro-chabhag'.

Festina lente exactly expresses this.

Dean an t-olc 's feith ri 'dheireadh.

Do the ill and wait the end.

The grave irony of this is very good.

Dean àth no muileann deth.

Mak' a kirk or a mill o't—Scot.

'Dean Eige no Arisaig dheth'—*Make Eigg or Arisaig of it*, is a Mull saying, used when a head wind and dirty weather come on, after the point of Ardnamurchan is passed, going northward.

Dean bonnach mór mu Inid,

'Us fear eile mu Chàisg ;

'S cho fad 's a bhios rud agad,

Cha bhi thu falamh gu bràth.

Make a big cake at Shrove-tide, and another at Easter ; and as long as you have anything, you'll never be wanting.

Dean cnuasachd 's an t-Samhradh, a ni an Geamhradh a chur seachad.

Gather in Summer what will serve for the Winter.

Dean do gharadh far an d' rinn thu d' fhuarachadh.

Warm yourself where you got cold.

Very cold advice, but not without point.

Dean do ghearan ri fear gun iochd, 's their e riut "tha thu bochd".

Complain to a merciless man, and he'll say, 'You are poor'.

Probably he will say, 'Depart in peace, be warmed and filled'.

Dean do shianadh bho 'n Diabhol 's bho chlann an tighearna.

Sain thyself frae the Deil and the laird's bairns—Scot.

This was probably addressed first by a father to his daughters.

Dean fanaid air do sheana bhrògan, 'n uair a gheabh thu do bhrògan nodha.

Make game of your old shoes when you get the new ones.

Don't throw out the dirty water till you get in the clean.

Dean maorach 'fhad 's a bhios an tràigh ann.

Get bait while the tide is out.

Dean math 'an aghaidh an uile.

Do good against the ill.

Overcome evil with good.—ST. PAUL.

Dean math do dheadh dhuine,

'S bidh an deadh dhuine do 'réir;

Dean math do neo-dhuine,

'S bidh an neo-dhuine dha fhéin.

Do good to a worthy man,

And worthy will he be,

Do good to a worthless man,

And selfish still is he.

The Ulster version is nearly identical,—

Dean maith air dheagh-dhuine,

A's gheabhaidh tu d' a reir;

Acht ma ghnidhir maith air dhròch-dhuine,

Beidh an dròch-dhuine dò fèin.

Dean na thig dhut, 's chì thu na 's ait leat.

Do what becomes you, and you'll see what pleases you.

A neat statement of the doctrine of the *πρέπον*.

Deanadh do bhean fhéin brochan dhut.

Let your own wife make gruel for you.

'Deanamh gad de 'n ghainnimh.

Making a rope of sand.

Ex arena funiculum nectis.—*Lat.*

According to tradition, this was a task imposed on his familiar spirit by Michael Scott, the result of which is still to be seen on the sands between Leith and Portobello. Another tradition is that it was imposed on the Fairies by Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, Black Duncan of the Cowl.

Deireadh féille fàg. *Leave the fag-end of a fair.*

An excellent advice.

Deireadh gach luing' a bàthadh,
 Deireadh gach àth a losgadh,
 Deireadh flaith a chàineadh.
 Deireadh slàinte osna.

*The end of each ship her drowning,
 The end of each kiln its burning,
 The end of a prince, reviling,
 The end of health a sigh.*

Al. Deireadh gach comuinn sgaoileadh,
 Deireadh gach bàta 'bristeadh,
 Deireadh gach àth a losgadh,
 Deireadh gach cogaidh sìth.

*The end of all meetings to part,
 The end of all boats to be broken,
 The end of all kilns to be burnt,
 The end of all wars peace.*

The Ulster version is,

Deireadh gach luinge, bàthadh,
 Deireadh gach àiche, losgadh,
 Deireadh gach cuirne, caitheamh,
 A's deireadh gach gàire osna.

Deireadh mo sgeòil mo sguidseadh, dol h-ugam air mo dhruim.

The end of my story a switching on my back.

The identity of 'sguidseadh' and 'switching' is obvious.

Deireadh nan seachd Sathurn' ort !

The end of the seven Saturdays to you !

No satisfactory explanation can be got of this very familiar saying. It has been ingeniously interpreted as referring to the end of the seven weeks of Lent, when mutual congratulations are given in some Christian countries, in remembrance of the Resurrection-day. But unfortunately for this explanation, the saying with us has always conveyed a bad wish instead of a good one. It is, in fact, an emphatic form of malediction. The word 'seachd,' seven, is used, in Gaelic as in Hebrew, to express completeness ; e.g., 'Tha mi seachd sgith'—I am utterly tired. In this sense, 'the end of the seven Saturdays to you' might be meant to express the wish that the mere fag-end of time might be all one would have to enjoy. But the more probable interpretation is, that it refers to the Crucifixion and the end of Judas.

Deiseal air gach nì.

The sunward course with everything.

Deas=South, right-hand, ready, dexterous, proper, handsome.
 Deiseil=Deis-iùil, south course, right direction.

The belief, and the customs associated with it, on this point, are very natural, and common to all the principal races of the world.

Deoch air a' phathadh nach d' thàinig.

Drink for the thirst that came not.

Too common an indulgence.

Deoch-an-doruis. *The door-drink.*

The door-drink, or stirrup-cup, is one of the oldest of institutions. The following pretty verses were composed by a very good man, Duncan Lothian :—

Slàn do d' mhnaoi ghil, slàn do d' mhacaibh,

Slàn do d' theach o 'm binne ceòl ;

Slàn do d' shràidibh geala gainmhich,

Slàn do d' bheanntaibh o 'm bi ceò.

Bho 'n a thàrladh dhuinn 'bhi sona,

'Us beairt dhona nach tig ruinn,

Air ghaol sith, 's air eagal conais,

Thugar *Deoch an Doruis* dhuinn !

Deoch Chlann-Donnchaidh.

The Robertsons' stirrup-cup.

Deoch mhór do Bhrian, 's b'e sin a mhiann.

A big drink to Brian, and that's his desire.

Brian's habits would not be considered so singular now as to become proverbial.

Dh' aithnich mi gur meann a bheireadh a' ghobhar.

I knew it would be a kid the goat would bear.

Dh' aithnichinn air do sheirc do thabhartas.

I would know your gift by your graciousness.

Dh' amais thu air do thapadh.

You lighted on your luck.

Literally, 'tapadh' means activity, cleverness, manliness ; secondarily, the luck which follows. The only vernacular equivalent of 'Thank you' in the Gaelic language is 'Tapadh leat'.

'Dheanadh e rud-eigin do dh-aon duine, ach is beag a' chuid dithis e,' mar a thuirt Alastair Uaibhreach mu'n t-saoghal.

It would be something to one man, but it's a small thing for two, as Alexander the Proud said about the world.

Alexander the Great is always called 'Uaibhreach' in Gaelic.

Dheanadh e teadhair de 'n ròinneig.

He would make a tether of a hair.

Dheanadh Niall clàrsaichean, na 'n cuireadh càch ceòl annta.

Neil would make harps, if others would put music into them.

"Dheanadh sin e," mu 'n dubhairt an cù mu 'n chè.

'That would do it,' as the dog said about the cream.

When the dog was desired to lick cream, he asked, 'Why?' 'Because it is spilt,' replied his mistress. 'That would do it,' said the dog.—*Note by Macintosh.*

Dheanadh tu caonnag ri d' dhà lurgainn.

You would quarrel with your own two shins.

Al. Bheireadh tu conas â d' leth-lurga—You would get a quarrel out of one of your legs.

Dh' fhalbh 'b' fhearr leam,' 's cha b' fhearr beò e.

'Would that' is gone, and it's no loss.

Dh' fhalbh e 'n a phrìneachan 's na shnàthadan.

It went away in pins and needles.

Dh' fhalbh Peairt, thuit an drochaid!

Perth is gone, the bridge is down!

This is said on the occasion of some great catastrophe. The fall of the bridge of Perth in 1621, probably originated the saying. The old bridge, described by Cant as "a stately building, and a great ornament of the town," was carried away by successive inundations in 1573, 1582, and 1589. On 14th Oct., 1621, says Calderwood (cited by Cant in *Muse's Threnodie*, 1774, pp. 80-82), "the stately bridge of Perth, newly completed, consisting of 10 arches, was destroyed by the high swelling of the river Tay". The destruction and alarm caused on this occasion appear to have been very great. Another saying in reference to that calamity is, 'An uair a thuiteas drochaid Pheairt, ni i glag'—*When the bridge of Perth falls, it will make a noise.*

Dh' fhan do mhàthair ri d' bhreith.

Your mother waited for your birth.

Said ironically to one in an excessive hurry.

Dh' fhaodadh dà chailleach a chur an dàrna taobh, gun dol o thaobh an teine.

Two old women could dispose of it, without leaving the fireside.

Dh'iarr a' mhuir a bhi 'g a taghal.

The sea wished to be resorted to.

A poetical idea, suggested by the daily return of the tide, which seems to invite acquaintance.

Dh' ith e 'chuid de 'n bhonnach-shodail.

He eat his share of the flattery-bannock.

Said of sycophantic people.

Dh' ith e 'm biadh mu 'n d' rinn e 'n t-altachadh.

He eat the food before saying grace.

Dh' itheadh e 'chàin a bh' aig Pàdrùig air Eirinn.

He would eat St. Patrick's tribute from Ireland.

See note to 'Cha phàigheadh'.

In a story about Ossian, given in Campbell's *West Highl. Tales*, II. 105 (also in Smith's *Summer in Skye*), it is said of him, 'Bha e dall, bodhar, bacach, 's bha naoidh dealgan daraich 'n a bhroinn; 's e 'g itheadh na càin a bh' aig Pàdrùig air Eirinn'—He was blind, deaf, lame, and had nine oaken skewers in his belly; and was eating the tribute Patrick had over Ireland. This story was found in Barra and in Skye.

Dh' itheadh na caoraich an cuid roimhe.

The sheep might eat through it.

Said of thinly woven cloth.

Dh' òladh e Loch Slaopain.

He would drink Loch Slapin.

A Skye loch between Strath and Sleat.

Dh' òladh e 'n sgillinn nach fhac e.

He would drink the penny he hadn't seen.

Dh' òladh e 'pheighinn-phisich.

He would drink his luck-penny.

Even if he had the 'penny of Pases,' he would drink it.

Dhùraichdeadh tu mo luath le uisge.

You would wish my ashes borne off on the waters.

Dian-fhàs fuilte, crìon-fhàs cuirp.

Great growth of hair, small growth of body.

Didòmhnuich Shlat-Phailm,

'S ann ris 'tha mo stòirm;

Didòmhnuich Crum-dubh,

Plaoisgidh mi 'n t-ubh.

On Palm Sunday is my stir; on crooked black Sunday I'll peel the egg.

This saying is obscure. 'Crum-dubh,' apparently for 'crom-dubh,' is known in Ireland as the title of the first Sunday of August, but in Lochaber it is applied to Easter.

Diluain a' bhreabain. *Shoe-sole Monday.*

Monday of chastisement, the terror of boys.—*H. Soc. Dict.*

Diluain 'an deaghaidh na féille. *Monday after the fair.*

A day after the fair.—*Eng.*

Dìochuimhneachadh a' phòsaidh, leis cho suarach 's a bha 'bhanais.

Forgetting the marriage, from the wretchedness of the wedding.

I had nae mind I was married, my bridal was sae feckless.—*Scot.*

Dìoghailt fear na dàlach. *The tardy man's revenge.*

Dìolaidh saothair ainfhiach. *Industry pays debt.*

Diombuil buaile, bó gun laogh.

A fold's reproach, a yeld cow.

Diongam fear ma dh' fhuiricheas mi, agus fuilingeam teicheadh.

I'll match a man if I stay, and I can suffer a retreat.

Dirdaoin' a' bhrochain mhóir. *Great gruel Thursday.*

It was at one time a custom in the Long Island, if the usual drift of seaweed were behind time, to go on Maunday Thursday and pour an oblation of gruel on a promontory, accompanying the ceremony with the repetition of a certain rhyme.

Dirdaoin là Chaluim-Chille chaoimh,

Là 'bu chòir a bhi deilbh,

Là 'chur chaorach air seilbh.

When Thursday is dear Columba's day, the warp should be prepared, and sheep sent to pasture.

St. Columba's day is 9th June. The epithet applied to the Saint is interesting.

Dìreachadh na cailliche air a lurga.

The old woman's straightening of her leg (breaking it).

Dithis a chur cuideachd agus am bualadh ri 'chéile.

To put two together, and knock them against each other.

Dithis leis nach toigh a chéile,

Bean a' mhic 's a màthair-chéile.

Two that love not one another,

The son's wife and his mother.

Diù na comhairle, a toirt far nach gabhar i.

The worst advice, given and not taken.

Diù rath an domhain, 'us diù dath an domhain ann;
buidhe, dubh, 'us riabhach.

Worst lot in the world, and worst colours on earth are there, yellow, black, and brindled.

A punning satire on Jura, by a discontented poetess—Campbell's *W. H. Tales*, II. 353.

Diùthaidh nam beathaichean firionn.

The refuse of male creatures.

Said of a very contemptible man.

Dleasaidh airm urram. *Arms merit honour.*

Dlùthas nan càirdean ri chéile.

The nearness of kindred to each other.

Do rogha leannain, 's do theann-shàth spréidh' ort!

Thy choice of sweet-heart, and full store of cattle to thee!

Do spuir fhéin 'an each fir eile.

Your own spurs in another man's horse.

Al. 'Mo shlat fhéin'—*My own switch.* See 'Cha bhi each'.

Dona uime, dona aige. *Ill with it, ill with him.*

This means that a curmudgeon gets little good of that which he so grudges to part with.

Dònull da fhéin. *Donald for himself.*

Dorcha, doirionnta, dubh,

'Chiad trì làithean de 'n Gheamhradh;

Ge b'e bheir géill do 'n spréidh,

Cha tugainn fhéin gu Samhradh.

Dark, sullen, and black,

The three first days of Winter;

Whoever depends on the cattle,

I would not till Summer.

It was considered a good sign to have Winter beginning with dark weather; but the reference to the cattle seems to imply, that one ought not to be sanguine about them, notwithstanding.

Droch bhàs ort! *A bad death to you!*

Al. 'Droch dhìol'—*bad usage;* 'droch sgiorram'—*bad stumbling.*

Droch còmhhdhail ort! *Bad meeting to you!*

The wish conveyed is, that one may meet a person or animal whom it was considered unlucky to meet.

Druidear bial nam briag. *The lying mouth will be shut.*

Druididh gach ian ri 'ealtainn.

Each bird draws to his flock.

Eunlaith an aon eite a n-èinfheacht ag eitiollaigh.—*Ir.*

The birds will resort unto their like.—*Son of Sirach.*

Ὅμοιον ὁμοίῳ φίλον.—*Gr.* Simile appetit simile.—*Lat.*

Pares cum paribus facillime congregantur.—*Cic.*

Birds of a feather flock together.—*Eng., Scot.*

Vögel von gleichen Federn fliegen gern beisammen.—*Germ.*

Elk zijns gelijk, 't zij arm of rijk.—*Dutch.*

Qui se ressemble s'assemble.—*Fr.*

Simili con simili vanno.—*Ital.*

Cada oveja con su pareja.—*Span.*

Druim a' sgadain, tàrr a' bhradain, 's cùl-cinn a' bhrìc-dhuibh.

The herring's back, the salmon's belly, and back of head of black trout.

The choice parts.

Duais fir dhathaidh a' chinn.

The reward of the man that sings the head.

Duine còir an rathaid mhóir 's béisd mhór a's tigh.

A fine man abroad, and a great beast at home.

Angel penfford, a diawl pentan.—*Welsh.*

A causey saint, and a house deil.—*Scot.*

See 'Euchdach,' and 'Olc mu 'n'.

Duine dùr, duine gun tùr.

A stubborn man, a senseless man.

Duine gun rath gun seòl, 's còir a chrochadh; 's fear aig am bi tuille 's a chòir, 's còir a chrochadh.

A man with no luck or shift should be hanged; and so should a man with too much.

Hang him that has nae shift, and hang him that has ower mony.—*Scot.*

Dùnan math innearach, màthair na ciste-mine.

The muck-midden is the mither o' the meal-kist.—Scot.

Dùthaich nan cluaran, nam fuaran, nan cuaran, 's nam fuar-bheann!

The land of thistles, and fountains, of brogues, and of mountains!

This is a toast.

E.

Eadar a' bhaobh 's a' bhuarach.

'Twixt the vixen and the cow-fetter.

'Betwixt the Devil and the deep sea.'

It was a superstitious fancy that if a man got struck by the 'buarach' he would thenceforth be childless !

Eadar a' chlach 's an sgrath.

'Twixt the stone and the turf.

Eadar a' chraobh 's a rùsg.

Between the tree and its bark.

Eadar am bogha 's an t-sreang.

Between the bow and the string.

Eadar am fiar 's am fodar.

Between the hay and the straw.

Eadar an lóng nodha 's an seann rudha.

Between the new ship and the old headland.

'Nodha' is a less common form of 'nuadh'.

Eadar an sùgh 's an t-slat.

Between the sap and the sapling.

Eadar an t-euradh 'us aimbeairt.

Between denial and want.

This was said by Fingal to be the worst plight he ever was in.—
See 'An uaisle'.

Eadar an tuthadh 's an raineach.

Between the thatch and the bracken.

Eadar dhà chathair tuitear gu làr.

Between two seats one comes down.

Thainig a tònn chun talamh eadar a dha sdòl.—*Ir.*

Eddyr daa stoyl ta toyn er laare.—*Manx.*

Between two stools the tail goeth to ground.—*Eng.*

Tusschen twee stoelen valt de aars op de aarde.—*Dutch.*

Entre deux selles, le cul à terre.—*Fr.*

Eadar dhà lionn. *'Twixt sinking and swimming.*

Lit. 'Between two liquids,' i.e., the upper and lower water.

Eadar dhà sgial. *By the way.*

Lit. 'Between two stories.' *Al.* 'dhà naigheachd.'

Eadar dhà theine.

Betwixt two fires.

Eadar lóng 'us làimhrig.

Betwixt ship and landing-place.

Eadar fheala-dhà 's a rìreadh.

Betwixt fun and earnest.

Eadar làmh 'us taobh.

Betwixt hand and side.

Eadar leòir 'us eatorras.

Betwixt plenty and mediocrity.

Eadar na sruthaibh.

Betwixt the currents.

Eadraiginn nan ceard.

Going between tinkers.

Those who in quarrels interpose

Must often wipe a bloody nose.—*Gay.*

See 'Bidh dòrn'.

Eallach mhór an duine leisg.

The lazy man's great burden.

Who more busy than they that have least to do?—*Eng., Scot.*

Uomo lento non ha mai tempo.—*Ital.*

Earbsa á claidheamh briste.

Trusting to a broken sword.

Earrach fad' 'an déigh Càsga, fàgaidh e na saibhlean fàs.

Long Spring after Easter makes empty barns.

Earrag-chéilidh. *A visiting stroke.*

Said of one hurt when on a visit.

Easgaidh mu'n rathad mhór seach a dhorus fhéin.

More quick to show the high road than his own door.

See 'Am fear nach 'eil math'.

Eibheall air gruaidh—mnathan-luaidh 'us tàilleirean.

Live-coal on cheek—waulking-women and tailors.

The good-wife who had to provide for a company of vigorous women coming to assist her in waulking cloth, or tailors coming to work in the house for days, and expecting, of course, to be well treated, might be supposed to have no sinecure.

Eirigh tónn air uisge balbh.

Wave will rise on silent water.

And calm people when stirred may astonish.

Eisd ri gaath nam beann gus an traoigh na h-uisg-eachan.

Listen to the mountain wind, till the streams abate.

Eisd le goith na m-beann, go d-thraoghaidh na h-uisgibh.—*Ir.*

Eòin a chur do 'n choille.

Sending birds to the wood.

Sending owls to Athens, &c.

Euchdach a muigh, 'us bréineach a's tigh.

Distinguished abroad, disgusting at home.

See 'Olc mu'n'.

Eud bean a' chruiteir.

The harper's wife's jealousy.

See 'Dàrna bean,' and 'Cha dean sinn'.

Eudail de dh' fhearaibh an achaidh !

Treasure of all men of the field !

Al. de dh' fhearaibh na dille.

Eudail de mhnathan an domhain !

Treasure of all women of the world !

These emphatic phrases are sometimes used jocosely, sometimes in real earnest.

Eug 'us imrich a chlaoidheas tigheadas.

Death and flitting are hard on housekeeping.

Eug a's imirce a chlaoidheas tigheabhas.—*Ir.*

F.

Fad a chois do'n laogh, 's fad an taoid do'n chuilein-choin.

The length of his foot to the calf, the length of the leash to the whelp.

Fad fin foinneach an là. *The live-long day.*

Al. Fad fionna-fuaireanach.

Fada bho'n t-sùil, fada bho'n chridhe.

Far from the eye, far from the heart.

Al. As an t-sealladh, as a' chuimhne.

A bh-fhad as amharc, a g-ciann as intinn.—*Ir.*

Ass shilley, ass smooïnagtyñ.—*Manx.*

Allan o olwg allan o feddwl.—*Welsh.*

Qui procul ab oculis, procul a limite cordis.—*Lat.*

Far from eye, far from heart—Out of sight, out of mind.—*Eng.*

Aus den Augen, aus dem Sinn.—*Germ.*

Langt fra Öine, snart af Sinde.—*Dan.*

Uit het oog, uit het hart.—*Dutch.*

Loin des yeux, loin de cœur.—*Fr.*

Fada bhuaithe, mar a chunnaic Ailein a sheanmhair.

Far off, as Allan saw his grandmother.

At a distance, as Paddy saw the moon.

Fadal Chlann-an-Tòisich.

The delay of the Macintoshes.

Fàg cuid dithis a' feitheamh an fhir a bhios a muigh.

Leave the share of two for him that is away.

Fàg, fàg! thuirt an fheannag, 's i mo nighean a' gharrag dhónn.

Go, go! said the crow, that brown chick is my child.

This is an imitation of the cry of the bird. Of the same kind are the following expressive nursery rhymes:—

The Gull.—'Gliag, gliag,' ars an fhaoileag, 's e mo mhac-s' an daobh-gheal dónn.'

The Crow.—'Gòrach, gòrach,' ars an fheannag, 's e mo mhac-s' an garrach gorm.'

The Raven.—'Gròc, gròc,' ars am fitheach, 's e mo mhac-s' a chrimeas na h-uain.'

The Eagle.—'Glig, glig,' ars an iulair, 's e mo mhac-s' a's tighearn oirbh.'

Fàgaidh sìoda, sròl, 'us sgàrlaid,
Gun teine gun tuar an fhàrdach.

Silk and satin and scarlet leave the hearth cold and colourless.

Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.—*Eng.*

Sammt und Seide löschen das Feuer in der Küche aus.—*Germ.*

Fàgaidh tu e mar gu 'm fàgadh bó a buachar.

You leave it as a cow her dung.

Fàgar an t-inneach gu deireadh.

The woof is left to the last.

Faicill a' chuain-mhóir air a' chaol chumhang.

The wide ocean's watch o'er the narrow strait.

Faicill gach duine dha fhéin, 'an sabhal, no 'n ceardaich, air lath' an Fhoghair.

Every man for himself in barn or smithy on a harvest day.

Fàilte na cìree mu 'n àrd-dorus.

The hen's salute at the lintel.

Fàinne mu 'n mhiar, 's gun snàithne mu 'n mhàs.

Ringed finger and bare buttock.

Fàl fa'n mear, 's gan ribe fa'n tòin.—*Ir.*

Of empty stomach, yet he chews incense.—*Arab.*

Falach a' chait air a shalachar.

The cat's hiding of the nasty.

Trying to hush up an offence after it has been exposed.

'Falbhaidh mis' am màireach,' ars an rìgh.

'Fanaidh tu riumsa,' ars a' ghaoth.

'I shall go to-morrow,' said the king.

'You shall wait for me,' said the wind.

'Sail,' quoth the king; 'Hold,' quoth the wind.—*Eng., Scot.*

Fanaidh duine sona ri sìth, 'us bheir duine dona duibh-léum.

The fortunate man waits for peace, and the unlucky man takes a leap in the dark.

Fanann duine sona le sèun (for luck) agus bheir duine dona dubh-lèum.—*Ir.*

Once upon a time a great man was getting a sword made. The smith's advice for the perfect tempering of the blade was that it should be thrust red hot through the body of a living man. A messenger was to be sent for the sword, on whom it was agreed

that this experiment should be performed. The lad sent was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and took refuge till it had passed. Meantime the chief sent another messenger for the sword, who duly went and asked for it, and was served as had been arranged. Presently the first messenger came in, got the sword from the smith, and took it to his master. The great man was not a little astonished to see him, and asked where he had been. He told him how he had done, on which the great man uttered the above saying.

For another version, see Campbell's *W. H. Tales*, III. 110, 394, where the story is connected with the making of Fingal's famous sword, *Mac-an-Luinn*.

Fanaidh Moisean ri 'latha.

The Devil waits his day.

'Moisean' or 'Muisein,' means literally 'the mean fellow,' and it is very commonly applied to the Devil by old Highlanders.

Fannan de ghaoith near, leannan an t-sealgair.

A gentle easterly breeze, the hunter's delight.

Faodaidh a' chaora dol bàs, a' feitheamh ris an fhiar ùr.

The sheep may die, waiting for the new grass.

Faghann na heich bàs, fhad a's bhios a fèur a fàs.—*Ir.*

Live, ass, till the clover sprout.—*Arab.*

Ζῆσε, μᾶνρέ μου, νὰ φᾶς τριφύλλι—Live, my donkey, till you eat trefoil.—*Mod. Gr.*

Mentre l'erba cresce, muore il cavallo.—*It.*

Indessen das Gras wächst, verhungert der Gaul.—*Germ.*

Ne meurs, cheval, herbe te vient.—*Fr.*

While the grass groweth, the seely horse starveth.—*Eng.*

The coo may dee ere the grass grow.—*Scot.*

Faodaidh cat sealltainn air rìgh.

A cat may look on a king.—Eng.

Al. Faodaidh luach sgillinn de chat sealltainn 'am bathais an rìgh—*A twalpenny cat may look at a king.—Scot.*

Sieht doch wohl die Katze den Kaiser an.—*Germ.*

Een kat kijkt wel een' keizer an.—*Dutch.*

Faodaidh duine dol air muin eich gun dol thairis air.

A man may mount a horse without tumbling over.

Faodaidh duine 'chuid itheadh, gun a chluasan a shalachadh.

A man may take his food without daubing his ears.

Faodaidh duine sa' bith gàir' a dheanamh air cnoc.

Any man may laugh on a hill side.

Faodaidh e 'bhi gur duine math thu, ach cha 'n 'eil gnùis deadh dhuin' agad, mu'n dubhairt Niall nam beann ris a' chat.

You may be a good man, but you have'nt the face of one, as Neil of the mountain said to the cat.

Faodaidh fear na ruith léum.

He that runs may leap.

Faodaidh fearg sealltainn a steach 'an cridh' an duine ghlic, ach còmhnaichidh i 'n cridh' an amadain.

Anger may look in on a wise man's heart, but it abides in the heart of a fool.

Anger resteth in the bosom of fools.—ECCL. vii. 9.

Faodaidh freumhan càrn a bhi aig faillean dìreach.

A straight sapling may have a crooked root.

Faodaidh gnothach an rìgh tighinn 'an rathad cailleach nan cearc.

The king's business may come in the way of the henwife.

The king may come in the cadger's gait.—Scot.

Faodaidh luingeas 'mòr dol air taisdeal fada,

Ach féumaidh sgothan beaga seòladh dlùth do'n chladach.

Big ships may sail to distant strand,

But little boats must hug the land.

Faodaidh seann each sitir a dheanamh.

An old horse may neigh.

Faodaidh sinn eag a chur 's an ursainn.

We may cut a notch in the doorpost.

Said on the occasion of a long expected or unexpected visit, = marking the day with a white stone. Macintosh's version is—'Feudaidh sinn crois a choir 's an tuire; crois an tuire, crois an sguirre,' translated, 'We may strike a hack in the post.' Nay, 'tis unlucky, replies the guest.'

'Eag,' or 'crois,' 's a' chlodha,' a notch, or cross in the tongs, or 's a' ghothal,' in the supporting-beam, are variations.

Faodar an t-òr fhéin a cheannach tuille 'us daor.

Gold itself may be bought too dear.

Féadain ór do cheannach go daor.—Ir.

Gowd may be dear cost.—Scot.

Aurum irrepertum, et sic melius situm.—Hor.

Faigh' a' ghliocais. *The prudent begging.*

Begging for assistance in setting up house. See note to 'Cha 'n e rogha'.

Faighe fir gun chaoraich.

The contribution of a man without sheep.

Al. 'Fir falaimh.' A contribution of wool from a man without sheep would be suspicious.

Faoileag an droch chladaich. *The sea-gull of a bad shore.*

Applied to poor creatures, still preferring their wretched home.

Faoileag na h-aon chloiche. *The sea-gull of one stone.*

Faoilleach, Faoilleach, làmh 'an crios,

Faoilte mhór bu chòir 'bhi ris;

Crodh 'us caoraich 'ruith air theas,

Gal 'us caoin bu chòir 'bhi ris.

February cold and keen,

Welcome hath it ever been;

Sheep and cattle running hot,

Sorrow that will bring, I wot.

Al. Faoilleach, Faoilleach, crodh air theas,

Gal 'us gaoir nitear ris,

Faoilleach, Faoilleach, crodh 'am preas,

Fàilt' 'us faoilte nitear ris.

February, cows in heat,

Sorrow will the season greet;

February, cows in wood,

Welcome is the weather good.

Faothachadh gille 'ghobha; bho na h-ùird gus na builg.

The relief of the smith's lad, from the hammer to the bellows.

Sgiste ghiolla an ghobha, ò na builg chum na h-inneoin.—*Ir.*

Far am bi a' mhuc, bidh fail.

Where the sow is a styce will be.

Far am bi an deadh-dhuine, is duin' e 'n cuideachd 's 'n a aonar.

Where a good man is, he is a man, whether in company or alone.

Far am bi an t-iasg, 's ann a bhios na h-eòin.

Where the fish is, the birds will be.

Far am bi bó bidh bean, 's far am bi bean bidh buair-eadh.

Where a cow is, a woman will be, and where a woman is will be temptation.

Al. For 'buaireadh,' 'mollachd,' 'dragh,' 'aimhreit,' mischief, trouble, strife.

This saying is attributed to St. Columba, who for the time must have forgotten that he and his brethren needed mothers.

Far am bi cearcan bidh gràcan.

Where hens are will be cackling.

Far am bi cnocan bidh fasgadh.

Where a hillock is will be shelter.

Far am bi do chràdh bidh do làmh; far am bi do ghràdh bidh do thathaich.

Where your pain is your hand will be; where your love is your haunting will be.

Al. Far am bi mo ghaol, bidh mo thathaich.

Far am bi geòidh, bidh iseanan.

Where geese are will goslings be.

Far am bi mi fhein, bidh mo thuagh.

Where I am myself, my axe will be.

Said by a smith who always carried an axe, on being asked to leave it behind him. He added, 'Gach ni riamh ge 'n d'fhuair, 's ann air mo thuaigh a bhuidheachas'—*Whatever I have got, thanks to my axe for it.*

Far am bi saoir, bidh sliseagan,

Far am bi mnàì, bi giseagan.

Where carpenters are, will be shavings,

Where women are, will be spells.

Al. 'Far am bi cailleachan'—*Where old wives are.*

Far am bi toil bidh gnìomh.

Come will come deed.

Where there's a will there's a way.—*Eng.*

Far an caill duin' a sporan is ann a 's còir dha 'iarraidh.

Where a man loses his purse, he should look for it.

Donde perdiste la capa (cape), ay la cata.—*Span.*

Far am faic thu tòll cuir do chorag ann.

Where you see a hole put your finger in.

Far an laidh na fir, 's ann a dh' éireas iad.

Where men lie down they will get up.

Al. 'Far an suidh'—Where they sit.

Far an sàmhach' an t-uisge, 's ann a's doimhn' e.

Where water is stillest it is deepest.

Is ciùn agus sostach sruth na linnte lána,

Ni h-é sin do 'n t-sruth eadtrom, si bhagras go dána.—*Ir.*

Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labuntur.—*Curtius.*

Dove il fiume ha più fondo, fa minor strepito.—*It.*

Do va mas hondo el rio, hace menos ruido.—*Span.*

Stille Wasser sind tief.—*Germ.* Stille waters hebben diepe

gronden.—*Dutch.* Det stille Vand har den dybe Grund.—*Dan.*

Deepest waters stillest go.—*Eng.* Smooth waters rin deep.—*Scot.*

Far an taine 'n anhuinn, 's ann a's mò a fuaim.

Where the stream is shallowest, greatest is its noise.

'S e an-tuisge is éadomhuine is mò tormàn.—*Ir.*

Basaf yw'r dwfr yn yd lefair.—*Welsh.*

Far nach bi am beag, cha bhi am mór.

Where no little is no big will be.

Far nach bi na coin, cha leigear iad.

Where dogs are not they can't be started.

Far nach bi na féidh, cha réidh an toirt as.

From the place where deer are not, they're not easy to be got.

Far nach bi na fireinich, cha bhi na fir mhóra.

Where there are no mannikins, there will be no big men.

Far nach bi na mic-uchd, cha bhi na fir-fheachd.

Where there are no boys in arms, there will be no armed men.

So long as Britain keeps an army, this saying ought not to be forgotten, especially in the Highlands.

Far nach bi na failleanan, cha bhi na cnothan.

Where no suckers are, there will be no nuts.

Far nach bi nì, caillidh an rìgh a chòir.

Where no cattle are, the king will lose his due.

Where there is naething, the king tines his right.—*Scot.*

Far nach cinnich an spàrr, cha chinnich na 's fhearr.

Where the hen-roost thrives not, neither will what's better.

Far nach ionmhuinn duine, is ann a's fhasa 'éigneachadh.

Where a man is not beloved, it is easiest to overcome him.

Faram, 's na toiream, fasan Chlann-Dònuill.

Give me, but let me not give—the MacDonald fashion.

Al. 'S ann de shliochd 'Faram 's cha toirinn' thu.

Ye come o' the Mac Taks, and no' o' the Mac Gies.—*Scot.*

Farraid air fios, farraid a's miosa a th' ann.

Asking what one knows, the worst kind of asking.

Al. Foighneachd air fios, foighneachd a's mios' air bith.

See 'An rud a chuir na Maoir'.

Farraid de dhuin' a ghalar.

Ask a man what his ailment is.

Farraididh a h-uile fear, 'cò a rinn e?' ach cha 'n fharraid iad, 'cia fhad a bha iad ris?'

Every one will ask, 'who made it?' but they won't ask, 'how long was it in making?'

Fàs a' ghruinn'd a réir an uachdarain.

The yield of the ground is according to the landlord.

This is an important truth in Political Economy.

Fàsaidh an fheòil 'fhad's is beò an smior.

The flesh will grow while the marrow lives.

See 'Gleidhidh cnàimh'.

Fead air fuar-luirg. *Whistling on cold track.*

A wild-goose chase—no scent.

Feadag, Feadag, màthair Faoillich fhuair.

Plover, Plover, mother of cold Month of Storms.

This was the name of certain days in February. See *App. IV.*

Feadaireachd bhan 'us gairm chearc, dà ni toirmisgt'.

Whistling of women and crowing of hens, two forbidden things.

Al. Nigheanan a' feadaireachd, 'us cearcan a' glaothaich.

Al. Gairm circe, 'us fead maighdne.

A whistling wife, and a crowing hen,

Will call the old gentleman out of his den.—*Eng.*

Une poule qui chante le coq, et une fille qui siffle, porte malheur dans la maison.—*Fr.*

See 'B' e sin a' chearc'.

Feadaireachd mu'n bhuail' fhàis, 'us gàradh mu'n chnàmhaig.

Whistling round the empty fold, and wall round the refuse corn.

Feannadh na frìde air son a geire.

Flaying the tetter for its tallow.

Fear a' chinn duibh 's na fiasaige ruaidhe, na teirig eadar e 's a' chreag.

Black head, red beard—don't go between him and the rock.

Fear a chuirear a dh-aindeoin do 'n allt, bristidh e na soithichean.

He that goes unwillingly for water will break the pitcher.

Fear a' ghearain-ghnà, cha 'n fhaigh e truas 'n a chàs.

He that always complains is never pitied.—Eng.

Fear 'am baile 's aire as, 's fhearr as na ann e.

A man in a farm and his thoughts away is better out of it than in it.

Fear 'an àite fir 's e 'dh'fhàgas am fearann daor.

Tenant after tenant makes the land dear.

Fear an ime mhóir, 's e 's binne glòir.

The man of great wealth has the sweetest voice.

Lit. 'Of great butter.'

Fear an t-saoghail fhada, cha bhi baoghal h-uige.

The man of long life will escape danger.

He can't die before his time. See 'Cha tig am bàs'.

Fear cléite gun bhogsa, 'us bleidire gun amharus.

A quill-driver without a box, and a beggar without suspicion.

Extraordinary things.

Fear dubh dàna; fear bàn bleideil;

Fear dónn dualach; 's fear ruadh sgeigeil.

Black man bold; fair man officious;

Brown man curly; red man scornful.

Fear dubh dana; fear fionn glideamhuil, (timid);

Fear donn dualach; fear ruadh sgeigamhuil.—*Ir.*

Fair and foolish; black and proud;

Long and lazy; little and loud.—*Eng., Scot.*

Fear faire na h-aon sùla. *The one-eyed watcher.*

This is a legendary character—Argus, but one-eyed.

Fear gealtach 's an aoir.

A timid man at the main-sheet.

The wrong man for the place.

Fear gu aois, 'us bean gu bàs.

A man to full age, a woman till death.

A son must be maintained till of age, a daughter, if unmarried, for life.

My son is my son, till he's got him a wife,

My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life.—*Eng., Scot*

Fear na bà fhéin 's a' phóll 'an toiseach.

Let the cow's owner go first into the mire.

He that owes the coo gaes nearest her tail.—*Scot.*

Fear na foill' 'an ìochdar !

Let the knave be kept under !

Fear nach cuir cùl ri 'charaid no ri 'nàmhaid.

A man that won't turn his back on friend or foe.

Fear nach reic 's nach ceannaich a' chòir.

A man who will neither sell nor buy the right.

Fear nach tréig a chaileag, no 'chompanach.

A man that won't forsake his lass nor his comrade.

Fear sa' bith a dh'òlas bainne capaill le spàin chrioth-uinn, cha' ghabh e 'n triuthach ach aotrom.

He that drinks mare's milk with an aspen spoon will take hooping-cough lightly.

The first part of this prescription is rational ; the virtue of the spoon was supposed to be derived from the sacred character of the aspen tree.

Fear sa' bith a loisgeas a mhàs, 's e fhéin a dh'fhéumas suidhe air.

Whoever burns his bottom must himself sit on it.

Fear uiread fuighill rium, ag iarraidh fuighill orm.

A man with leavings as big as mine asking leavings of me.

Fèath Faoillich 'us gaoth Iuchair, cha mhair iad fada.

February calm and Dog-days' wind won't last long.

Al. F. F. 'us trod chàirdean, cha 'n fhad a mhaireas—*F. calm and friends' quarrels.*

Al. F. F. 'us gaol seòladair—*F. calm and sailor's love.*

Al. F. F. 'us gaol guanaig, dà nì air bheagan buanais—*F. calm and flirt's love, two things of short endurance.*

Feith ri 'dheireadh. *Await the end.*

Respice finem.—Lat.

This is the Kennedy motto : *Avisez la fin—Consider the end.*

Feitheamh an t-sionnaich ri sithionn an tairbh.

The fox's waiting for the bull's flesh.

Feitheamh fada ri eòrna na gainmhigh.

Long waiting for the sandy barley.

Barley sown in sand comes to nothing.

Féuch an laogh blàr buidhe dhomh, 's na féuch a chuid domh.

Show me the white-faced yellow calf, and not what he is fed on.

Taisbean an laogh biadhtha, acht na taisbean an nidh a bhiadhthaigh e.—*Ir.*

Dangos y llo, ac na ddangos y llaeth—*Show the calf, and not the milk.—Welsh.*

Ne'er shaw me the meat but the man.—*Scot.*

Féuch gu bheil do theallach fhéin sguabte, mu 'n tog thu luath do choimhearsnaich.

See that your own hearth is swept, before you lift your neighbour's ashes.

Sweep before your own door.—*Eng.* Veeg eerst voor uwe eigene deur, en dan voor die uws buurmans.—*Dutch.*

Féuch nach gabh do shùil air.

See that your eye doesn't rest on it.

Alluding to the dreaded gift of the Evil Eye.

Féumaidh am fear a bhios 'n a éigin beairt-éididh a dheanamh.

He that's in straits must make a shift to clothe himself.

Féumaidh an talamh a chuid fhéin.

The earth must have its portion.

This means the Grave, = All must die.

Féumaidh fear caithimh fhaoilidh spréidh no bunachar.

A liberal spender needs cattle or substance.

Féumaidh fear na h-aona-bhà car dh' a h-earball mu 'dhòrn.

The man of one cow must twist her tail round his fist.

He must look well after her. This is an Uist saying.

Féumaidh fear nan cuaran éirigh uair roimh fhear nam bròg.

The man of the sock must rise an hour before the wearer of shoes.

The lacing on of the 'cuaran' was a tedious affair.

Féumaidh gach beò a bheathachadh.
Every living thing must have a living.

Féumaidh na fithich fhéin a bhi beò.
The ravens themselves must live.

'Fhad 's a bhios a shùil 'an céilidh an t-saoghail so.
As long as he has an eye to sojourning in this world.

'Fhad 's a bhios cù càrn, no duine dìreach.
As long as a dog is bent, or a man straight.

Fhuair e car troimh 'n deathaich.
He got a turn through the smoke.

It was the custom to put a newly christened child into a basket, and hand it across the fire, in order to counteract the power of evil spirits.—*Note in 2nd Ed. of Macintosh.*

Fhuair thu fios an eagail.
You have learned what fear is.
 Said when one has had a narrow escape.

Fialachd do 'n fhògarach, 's cnàimhean briste do 'n éucorach !

Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the oppressor !

A generous and good sentiment.

Fìor no briag, millear bean leis.
True or false, it will injure a woman.

Alas ! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun !—*Hood.*

Fios fithich gu ròic.
The raven's boding of a feast.

Fir a' chladaich 'us bodaich Nis ; daoine-uaisle Uige.
The shore men and bodies of Ness ; the gentlemen of Uig.

Ness is a district in the north of Lewis ; Uig a parish in the west of the island. The above saying must have originated in the latter, the Ness men being generally regarded as fine specimens of mixed Scandinavian and Celtic blood.

Fitheach dubh air an tigh, fios gu nighean an dath-adair.

A black raven on the roof, warning to the dyer's daughter.
 Probably a death omen.

Fliuch do shùil mu 'n gabh i air.

Wet your eye lest it light on him.

Al. 'Mu'n cronaich thu e'—Lest you hurt him.

This again alludes to the Evil Eye, against which wetting the eye acted like a counter-spell.

Fo mhaide na poite. *Under the pot-stick.*

Said of a henpecked man.

Foghar an àigh—ial 'us fras.

Finest autumn, sun and shower.

Foghar fada 's beagan buana.

Long harvest and little reaping.

Foghar gu Nollaig,

'Us Geamhradh gu Feill-Pàdruig;

Earrach gu Feill-Peadair;

Samhradh gu Feill-Màrtainn.

Autumn to Christmas; Winter to St. Patrick's Day;

Spring to St. Peter's Day; Summer to Martinmas.

St. Patrick's Day, 17th March; St. Peter's Day, 29th June.

Foghar nam ban bréid-gheal.

The harvest of young widows.

A prophecy of a time when all the men would be slain in battle.

Fóghnadh 'us fuigheal.

Enough and to spare.

Fóghnaidh salann salach air ìm ròinneagach.

Dirty salt will do for hairy butter.

Foighidinn nam ban—a trì.

Women's patience—till you count three.

Fois luchraig 'am balg, 's fois deargainn 'an osan.

A mouse's rest in a bag, and a flea's in a stocking.

Fois radain 'an cònlach.

A rat's rest among straw.

Freagraidh a' bhriogais do'n mhàs.

The trousers will suit the seat.

Al. Is coltach an triubhas ris, &c.

This is a Cowal saying.

Fuachd caraid', 's fuachd anairt, cha do mhair e fada riamh.

The coldness of a friend and of linen never lasted long.

Fuaim mór air bheagan leòin.

Great noise and little hurt.

This might apply to platoons of musketry, before arms of precision were known.

Fuath giullain, a chiad leannan.

A boy's hate, his first love.

Fuighleach an tàilleir shàthaich, làn spàine 'chabhruich.

The leavings of the full tailor, a spoonful of sowens.

Al. Fuighleach tàilleir, dà bhuntàta—*A tailor's leavings, two potatoes.*

Fuil bhàn, 'us craicionn slàn.

White blood, and whole skin.

Said to children who fancy they have been hurt.

Fuilingidh gach beathach a bhi gu math ach mac an duine.

Every creature but the son of man can bear well-being.

Fuine bean a' mhuilleir, làidir, tiugh.

The miller's wife's kneading, strong and thick.

Fuirich thus' 'an sin gus an tig féum ort, mar a thuirt am fear a thiodhlaic a bhean.

Stay you there till you are wanted, as the man said who buried his wife.

Furain an t-aidh a thig, greas an t-aidh 'tha 'falbh.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Foster the guest that stays, further him that maun gang.—*Scot.*

G.

Gabh an dileag leis a' chriomaig.

Take the drop with the sop.

Gabh an latha math 'fhad 's a gheabh thu e.

Take the good day while you may.

Gabh an toil 'an àit' a' ghnìomh.

Take the will for the deed.

Gabhadh iad air mo chrodh 's a' chladach; an uair a bhios mo bhreacan air mo ghualainn, bidh mo bhuaile-chruidh ann.

Let them pelt my cattle on the beach; when my plaid is over my shoulder, it's my cattle-fold.

Said by one who has nothing to lose, = *Omnia mea mecum porto.*

Gabhaidh biadh na cnò roinn.

The kernel of a nut can be divided.

Al. Gabhaidh dà leth deanamh air an éitein.

Al. Ge beag éitean na cnò, gabhaidh e roinn.

Gabhaidh an connadh fliuch, ach cha ghabh a' chlach.

Wet fuel will burn, but stones won't.

Gabhaidh connadh ùr le 'bhi 'g a shéideadh.

Fresh fuel will burn if blown.

Al. Gabhaidh fraoch nobha—*New heather will burn.*

Gabhaidh fear na sròine mòire a' h-uile rud g' a ionnsaidh fhéin.

The big-nosed man takes everything to himself.

He that has a muckle nose thinks ilka ane speaks o't.—*Scot.*

Gabhaidh gach sruth a dh-ionnsaidh na h-aimhne, 's gach amhainn do 'n chuan.

Every stream runs into the river, and every river into the sea.

All the rivers run into the sea.—*Eccl. i. 7.*

Gabhaidh lothag fhiadhtha sìol á boinneid.

A shy filly will take corn out of a bonnet.

Gach cailleach gu 'cùil fhéin.

Every old woman to her own corner.

Gach dàn gu Dàn an Deirg ;

Gach laoidh gu Laoidh an Amadain Mhóir ;

Gach sgéul gu Sgéul Chonaill ;

Gach cliù gu Cliù Eóghain ;

Gach moladh gu moladh Loch Cé.

All songs up to the Song of the Red One ;

All lays up to the Lay of the Great Fool ;

All tales up to the Tale of Connal ;

All fame up to the Fame of Ewen ;

All praise up to the praise of Loch Key.

Each of these was regarded as a masterpiece or *ne plus ultra* in its own kind.—See *App. V.*

Gach dileas gu deireadh. *The best loved last.*

Lit., the faithful, but the above is the sense in which the phrase is generally used.

Al. Gach roghainn air thoiseach, 's gach dileas gu deireadh.

The choice to the front, the faithful to the last.

Gach olc 'an tòin a' choimhich.

Let the blame of every ill be on the stranger.

This is clannishness in its worst aspect.

Gach diù gu deireadh. *The worst to the last.*

Gach fear 'n a ghreim. *Every man in his place.*

Lit. 'His hold' ; = 'All hands upon deck !'.

Gach fiodh as a bhàrr, ach am feàrn' as a bhun.

All wood from the top, but alder from the root.

This is a maxim as to the splitting of wood.

Gach ian gu 'nead, 's a shràbh 'n a ghob.

Each bird to its nest, with its straw in its beak.

Gach ian mar a dh' oileanar. .

Bird is as his bringing up.

Gach eun mur oiltear e.—*Ir.*

Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór,

Olc no math le càch e !

We will take the high road,

Let them take it ill or well !

This is the chorus of a song set to one of the most popular of Highland 'quick-steps'. It was composed on the occasion of a

body of MacGregors, MacNabs, and Stewarts, commanded by Major Patrick MacGregor of Glengyle, marching boldly through hostile territory to join Montrose at the battle of Inverlochy. See *Gael*, Vol. I., p. 288, where the words are given, with a translation by the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Nether Lochaber.

Gad riabhach Samhraidh, gad geal Geamhraidh.

Summer withe brindled, Winter withe white.

The bark would be left on the twigs cut in Summer.

Gàdag 's a dà cheann sgaoilte.

A straw-rope with both ends loose.

Applied to a slovenly woman.

Gàire mu aobhar a' ghuil.

Laughing at the cause of weeping.

Al. Gal 'us gàire, craos gun nàire—*Weeping, laughing, shameless mouth.*

Gàire Mhàrtainn ris an lite.

Martin's smile at his porridge.

Gàire na caillich 's a' chùil dhìonaich.

The old woman's smile in the snug corner.

Gairm Mhic-Mhannain air na gobhair—'Ma thig, thig, 's mur tig fan.'

The Manxman's call to the goats, 'If you are coming, come, if not, stay'.

Galar a 's truime na 'n luaidhe, galar a 's buaine na 'n darach.

Disease more heavy than lead, more lasting than oak.

This is a 'dubh-fhacal,' or dark saying.

Galar fada 's éug 'n a bhun.

A long disease and death at its root.

Tinneas fada, a's èug ann a bhun.—*Ir.* Bod yn hir yn glaf, a marw eisys—*To be long sick, and die besides.—Welsh.*

Gall glas. *A sallow Lowlander.*

This epithet was formerly applied to the Gael, as is seen in Mr. M'Lean of Kilninian's verses to Lhuyd of the *Archæologia* (1707), where 'Sliochd an Gháoidhil ghlaiss,' is contrasted with the 'Dúbhghall,' or black Lowlander. The term 'glas' is never applied to the 'Sassenach' or Englishman.

Gaol an fhithich air a' chnàimh.

The raven's love for the bone.

Al. Suidhe air son a bhronna—*Pot-wooing.*

Gaol nam fear-diòlain,
 Mar shruth-lionaidh na mara ;
 Gaol nam fear-fuadain,
 Mar ghaoith tuath 'thig o'n charraig ;
 Gaol nam fear-pòsda,
 Mar luing a' seòladh gu cala.

*Paramours' love, like the sea's flowing tide ;
 Wayfarers' love, like north wind from rock ;
 Married men's love, like ship sailing to harbour.*

Gaoth Deas, teas 'us torradh ;
 Gaoth Niar, iasg 'us bainne ;
 Gaoth Tuath, fuachd 'us gaillionn ;
 Gaoth Near, meas air chrannaibh.

*South wind, heat and plenty ;
 West wind, fish and milk ;
 North wind, cold and tempest ;
 East wind, fruit on branches.*

Al. Gaoth á Deas, teas 'us torradh ; gaoth á Tuath, fuachd 'us feannadh (*skinning*) ; gaoth á Niar, iasg 'us bainne ; gaoth á Near, mil (*honey*) air crannaibh, or, tart us crannadh (*drought and parching*).

This weather-prophecy is said to have specially referred to the direction of the wind on the last night of the year.

Gaoth o'n rionnaig Earraich ;
 Teas o'n rionnaig Shamhraidh ;
 Uisg' o'n rionnaig Fhoghair ;
 Reothadh o'n rionnaig Gheamhraidh.

*Wind from the Spring Star ;
 Heat from the Summer Star ;
 Water from the Autumn Star ;
 Frost from the Winter Star.*

Gaoth gun dìreadh ort !
Wind without direction to you !

Al. Gun dìreadh ort !—*Want of guidance to you !*

Gaoth niar 'an déigh uisge reamhair.
West wind after heavy rain.

Gaoth niar gun fhrois, bidh i 'g iarraidh deas.
West wind without shower will be seeking south.

Gaoth roimh 'n aiteamh, 's gaoth troimh thóll, 'us gaoth nan lóng a' dol fo sheòl; na tri gaothan a b' fhuaire 'dh' fhairich Fionn riamh.

Wind before thaw, wind through hole, wind of ship when hoisting sail; the three coldest Fingal ever felt.

Al. Gaoth ath-thionndaidh—*An eddy wind.* Gaoth troimh shabhal—*Wind through barn.* Gaoth nan tonn a' tigh'n fo'n t-seòl—*Wind of waves coming under sail.*

Ny three geayghyn a' feayrey dennee Fion M'Cooil; geay hennew, as geay huill, as geay fo ny shiauill.—*Manx.*

Gaoth fo sheòl agus sròn coin, dà rud cho fuar 's a th' ann.

Wind under a sail, and a dog's nose, are two of the coldest things.

Garbh-innse nan ùirsgeulan.

The big telling of stories.

Ge b'e air bith 'tha thu 'g ithe no 'g òl, 's léir a bhlàth air d' aghaidh gu bheil aghaidh do chrobhan ri d' chraos.

Whatever your meat and drink be, it's very clear on your face that your hands and your mouth are good friends.

This was said by a master to a servant, who protested that she ate nothing but bread and milk.

Ge b'e 'bhios gu math rium, bidh mi gu tric aige.

Whoever is good to me, I'll be often with him.

Ge b'e 'bhios 'n a fhear-muinntir aig an t-sionnach, féumaidh e 'earball a ghiùlan.

Whoever is servant to the fox must bear up his tail.

This may possibly have been suggested by the curious spectacle of a dignitary going in procession with his train upheld by pages.

Ge b'e 'bhithas saor, cha dean gaoth torrach.

Whoever be innocent, wind won't make pregnant.

Ge b'e 'chaillear no nach caillear, caillear an deadh shnàmhaiche.

Whoever is lost or not, the good swimmer will be drowned.

Ge b'e 'chaomhnas an t-slat, is beag air a mhac.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son.—PROV. xiii. 24.

Ge b'e chì no 'chluinneas tu, cùm an cat mu'n cuairt.

Whatever you see or hear, keep the cat turning.

This was said on the last occasion that a horrid species of

sorcery, called the *Taghairm*, was performed by two men in Mull. It was said to be one of the most effectual means of raising the Devil, and getting unlawful wishes gratified. The performance consisted in roasting cats alive, one after another, for four days, without tasting food; which if duly persisted in, summoned a legion of devils, in the guise of black cats, with their master at their head, all screeching in a way terrifying to any person of ordinary nerves. On the occasion in question, the chief performer was Allan M'Lean, a man of boundless daring, who adopted this means of securing additional power and wealth. His companion, Lachlan M'Lean, was equally greedy, and not less brave, but as the house began to get filled with yelling demons, he cried out to Allan, who made the above answer to him. The performance, as the story goes, was successfully accomplished, and the result was that both men got a great accession of all worldly goods. See L. M'Lean's *History of the Celtic Language*, p. 264.

Ge b' e do 'n d' thug thu 'mhin, thoir dha a' chàth.

Give the bran to him to whom you gave the meal.

Ge b' e fear a's luaithe làmh,

'S leis an gadhar bàn 's am fiadh.

He that is of quickest hand will get the white hound and the deer.

Al. Am fear a 's treasa làmh gheabh e, &c.

An tè is luaithe lamh, biodh aige an gadhar ban 's a fiadh.—*Ir.*

This occurs in 'Laoidh an Amadain Mhóir'.—See Campbell's *W. H. T.*, Vol. III. 163.

Ge b'e 'gheabhadh a roghainn, 's mairg a thaghadh an diù.

Pity him who has his choice, and chooses the worse.

Ge b'e 'ghleidheas a lóng gheabh e latha.

He that keeps his ship will get a day.

Al. gheabh e fàth—he will get a chance.

Ge b'e mar a bhios an t-sian, cuir do shìol anns a' Mhàrt.

Whate'er the weather be, sow your seed in March.

See 'An ciad Mhàrt'.

Ge b'e 'n coireach, 's mis' an creanach.

Whoever is to blame, I am the sufferer.

Ge b'e nach beathaich na coin, cha bhi iad aige latha na seilge.

He that does not feed the dogs won't have them on the hunting-day.

See 'Am fear nach biath'.

Ge b'e nach dean a ghnòthach cho luath ri 'sheise, ni e uair a 's aimh-dheis' e.

He that doesn't do his work as quickly as his mate must do it at a less convenient time.

Ge b'e nach fuiling docair, cha 'n fhaigh e socair.

He gets no ease who suffers not.

This is substantially the Platonic doctrine of Pleasure and Pain.

Ge b'e nach stiùir coire-'bhrochain, cha stiùir Coire-Bhreacain.

He that can't steer the porridge-pot won't steer Corry-vreckan.

The moral seems to be the same as 'reason in roasting eggs,' with a play on the words. In a well-known comic song, describing a sea-voyage of two land-lubbers, this verse occurs—

'Cia mar a stiùireadh tu poit ?'

Arsa Calum figheadair ;

'Ladar a sparradh 'n a corp,'

Ars' Alasdair tàilleir.'

Ge b'e 's miosa, ma 's e 's treasa, bidh e 'n uachdar.

The worst, if strongest, will be uppermost.

Al. Thèid neart thar ceart.

Ge b'e 'thig 'an tùs 's e 'gheabh rogha coisrich.

Whoso comes first gets the best of the banquet.

First come first served.—*Eng., Scot.*

Ge beag an t-ubh thig ian as.

Though the egg be small, a bird will come out of it.

Ge bu leat earras an domhain, na cuir e 'n coimheart ri d' nàire.

Were the wealth of the world yours, weigh it not against your shame.

Ge cruaidh reachd a' Bhàillidh, cha 'n fhearr reachd a' Mhinisteir.

Hard as is the Factor's rule, no better is the Minister's.

See 'Gléidh do mhaor'.

The Factor and the Minister are naturally the most influential persons in rural parishes, and the most popular, or unpopular, as the case may be. The above saying is given by Dr. MacLeod in one of his delightful Gaelic Dialogues. A somewhat profane saying, attributed to a satirical person in one of the Western Islands, described the three chief powers as 'Fear a —, Ni Math, agus Maighstir —'.—*The Chamberlain, Providence, and the Rev. —.*

Ge cruaidh sgarachdainn, cha robh dithis gun dealachadh.

Though separation be hard, two never met but had to part.

Ge dàil do dh-fhear an uile, cha dearmad.

Though there be delay, the evil-doer is not forgotten.

Al. Ge fada ré fear an uile, cha teid e gun dìoghailt bho Dhia—*Though the time of the wicked be long, he won't go unpunished of God.*

Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished.—PROV. xi. 21.

Ὁψέ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά—*The mills of the gods grind late, but grind fine.—Gr.*

Ge dlùth do dhuin' a chòta, is dlùithe dha a léine.

Though near be a man's coat, nearer is his shirt.

Ma 's fogus damh mo chòta, is foisge na sin mo léine.—*Ir.*

Near's my sark, but nearer's my skin.—*Scot.*

Near is my kirtle, but nearer is my smock.—*Eng.*

Het hemd is nader dan de rok.—*Dutch.*

Più mi tocca la camicia che la gonnella.—*Ital.*

Ge don' an t-ian, 's mios' an t-isean.

Though bad the bird, the chicken is worse.

Al. Ge dona mise, 's miosa Iain òg—*Bad though I be, young John is worse.*

Ge dubh a cheann, 's geal a chridhe.

Though black his head, his heart is fair.

Ge dubh am fitheach, is geal leis 'isean.

Black as is the raven, he thinks his chicken fair.

Every crow thinks his ain bird whitest.—*Scot.*

Ge dubh an dearcag, 's milis i; ge dubh mo chaileag, 's bòidheach i.

Black is the berry but sweet; black is my lassie but bonnie.

Al. Ge geal an sneachd, is fuar e—*Though white the snow. 'tis cold.*

Ge dubh an saor, is geal a shliseag.

Though black the carpenter, white are his chips.

Al. Ge h-ole an saor, is math a shliseag.

Ma 's ole a saor, is maith a sgealbog.—*Ir.*

Ge fad' an duan, ruigear a cheann.

The longest chant has an end.

Ge fagus clach do 'n làr, is faisge na sin cobhair
 'Choibhi.

*Though near the stone be to the ground, closer is the help
 of Coivi.*

This saying is a very old one. See 'Cho teoma ri Coibhi'.

Ge fagus dhuinn, 's faisge òirnn.

Though to us be near, upon us is nearer.

Ge fuar an tràigh, is blàth an coire.

Though cold be the shore, the corrie is warm.

Ge glas am fiar fàsaidh e.

Though gray the grass it will grow.

Ge h-ole am bothan bochd, 's e tha ole a bhi gun ole
 gun mhath.

Bad as is the poor bothie, worst is without bad or good.

An Ulster rhyme on this subject given by Mr. MacAdam in
Ulst. Journ. of Arch. is very characteristic:—

Cùradh mo chroidhe ort, a bhothain !

'S tù nach m-biann a choidh acht a g-cothan ;

Acht càil bheag bhuideach de do shochair,

Moch no mall a thiginn,

Gur b' ionnad is fusa damh mo chosa shìneadh !

Plague of my heart on thee, bothie !

'Tis thou that art always in confusion ;

But one nice little virtue there's in thee,

Late or early that I come,

It's in thee I can easiest stretch my legs !

Ge h-ole gill' a' ghille, 's miosa gill' an ath-ghille.

*Though bad be the servant's servant, worse is the substi-
 tute's servant.*

Ge h-ole "sud" cha 'n e "siad" a's fhearr.

This appears to be a protest against certain modes of speech
 common in some parts of the Highlands, but regarded in other
 parts as affected. *Sud*, 'That,' is pronounced *Sid* in Inverness-
 shire. *Siad*, instead of *Iad*, 'They,' is never used in that county.

Ge math a' chobhair an t-sealg, cha mhath an saoghal
 an t-sealg.

Hunting is a good help, but a bad living.

Ge math an ceòl feadaireachd, fòghnaidh dhuinn
 beagan deth.

*Whistling may be good music, but a little of it will do
 for us.*

Al. Fidileireachd—Fiddling. See 'Ma 's ceòl'.

Ge math an gille càrn, cha fhritheil e thall 's a bhos.

Good though the one-eyed servant be, he cannot attend here and there.

Al. 'Ge beadaidh,' 'Ge èasgaidh'—'cha fhreagair e.' 'Ge math an cù càrn.'

Ge milis a' mhill, co a dh' imlicheadh bhàrr na dris' i ?
Sweet as is the honey, who would lick it off the brier ?

Ma 's milis a mhill, na ligh-sa de 'n dreàsoig i.—*Ir.*

Dear bought is the honey that's licked from the thorn.—*Eng.*

Trop achète le miel qui le lèche sur les épines.—*Fr.*

Theurer Honig den man auf Dornen muss lecken.—*Germ.*

Hij koopt den honig wel duur, die ze van de doornen moet lekken.—*Dutch.*

Ge milis am fion, tha e searbh ri 'dhìol.

Though sweet the wine, 'tis bitter to pay.

Al. Ge milis ri 'òl, is goirt ri 'phàigheadh e.

Is milis fion, is searbh a ioc.—*Ir.*

Millish dy ghoail, ach sharroo dy eek.—*Manx.*

Ge mór àrdan na h-easaich, cha tig i seach an luath.

Great as is the gruel's rage, it won't go beyond the ashes.

Al. Ge mór aintheas na poite bige, cha tig e, &c.

Ge teann dòrn, 's faisge uileann.

Though fist be near, elbow is nearer.

Sniessey yn uillin na yn doarn.—*Manx.*

Nesoc'h eo ilin evit dorn.—*Breton.*

Nes penelin nag arddwrn.—*Welsh.*

Γόνυ κνήμης ἔγγιον—*Knee is nearer than leg.—Gr.*

Ge ùrag, cha 'n ùrag mu 'n bhiadh.

Though bland she be, she is not so about food.

The word ùrag = a nice, bland, young woman, is not in any of the Dictionaries, but is used in various districts. The above saying is from Lewis.

Gealach bhuidhe na Feill-Mhìcheil.

The yellow moon of Michaelmas.

The Harvest moon.

Al. Gealach an abuchaidh—*The ripening moon.*

Gealladh bog socharach 'ni duine air sgàth nàire ;
gealladh gun a choimhghealladh 's miosa sid na diùltadh.

The soft yielding promise, made for shame's sake ; promise unfulfilled, worse than refusal.

Gealladh math 'us droch phàigheadh.

Good promise and bad payment.

Geallaidh am fear féumach an ni bréugach nach faigh ;
saoidh am fear sanntach, gach ni a gheall gu'm faigh.

*The needy man will promise what he cannot give ; the
greedy man will hope to get everything that's promised.*

Geallar faoigh do cheann-cinnidh, 's leigear dha fhéin
tighinn g' a shireadh.

*A gift will be promised to the chief, and it will be left
to him to come for it.*

Al. Geallar faoigh do Mhac-Griogair, 's biodh eadar e fhéin 's
a togail.

*A gift will be promised to MacGregor, and the lifting will be left
to him.*

The old practice of taking presents of corn, cattle, &c., was not
confined to the poor. Chiefs expected them on certain occasions
as well as humbler people : they were, in fact, not so much gifts as
taxes. See 'Cha bhi rogha'.

Geamhradh reòdhtanach, Earrach ceòthanach, Samh-
radh breac-riabhach, 'us Foghar geal grianach, cha d'fhàg
gorta riamh 'an Alba.

*Frosty Winter, misty Spring, checquered Summer, and
sunny Autumn, never left dearth in Scotland.*

Arragh chayeeagh, Sourey onyragh (*cloudy*),

Fouyr ghrianagh, as Geurey rioeeagh.—*Manx.*

Gean a' bhodaich, as a bhroinn.

The churl's suavity, from off the stomach.

Ged a bhiodh bean an tighe lachdunn,—na'm biodh i
maiseach mu'n bhiadh !

*Were the housewife ever so plain—if she were only fair
with the food !*

Ged a bhiodh do phoca làn, bu mhiann leat màin
'chur air a mhuin.

Were your bag full, you would wish to heap it over.

Ged a chual' iad an ceòl, cha do thuig iad am port.

They heard the music, but understood not the tune.

Ged 'bheir thu 'n t-anam as, cha toir thu an aghaidh
dhuineil as.

*You may take the life from him, but not the manly look
from him.*

Ged 'bhiodh na trì gill 's an aon mhaide.

If I had engagements three, I would fly to succour thee.

Lit. 'Were there three wagers on one stick,' in allusion to the old style of keeping a score, by those who couldn't write.

Ged 'bhris thu 'n cnàimh, cha d' dheoghail thu 'n smior.

Though you broke the bone, you didn't suck the marrow.

Ged 'chaochail e 'innis, cha do chaochail e 'àbhaist.

He changed his haunt, but not his habit.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.—Hor.

Ged 'chitheadh tu do mhàthair a' dol cearr, dh' inns-eadh tu e.

If you saw your mother going wrong, you would tell it.

He was scant of news who told that his father was hanged.—*Eng., Scot.*

Ged 'chluinn thu sgéul gun dreach na h-aithris e.

If you hear a hueless tale, don't repeat it.

Ged 'chuirinn falt mo chinn fo 'chasan.

Though I should lay the hair of my head under his feet.

Ged 'dh' éignichear an sean-fhacal, cha bhréugaichear e.

Though the old saying be strained, it cannot be belied.

Al. Ged 'shàruichear. See 'An sean-fhacal'.

Plant gwirionedd yw hen diarhebion—*Old proverbs are children of truth.—Welsh.*

Ged 'dh' imicheadh tu 'n cruinne, cha 'n fhaigh thu duine gun choire.

You may go round the world, but you'll not meet a man without fault.

Ged is ann o 'n bhior, cha 'n ann o 'n choire.

Escaped from the spit, but not from the caldron.

Ged is e 'n duine an tuathanach, 's e 'n t-each an saothriche.

The man is the farmer, but the horse is the labourer.

Ged is e 'n tigh, cha 'n e 'mhuinntir.

Though it be the house, these are not its people.

Said when an old house is tenanted by new people, a common thing in the Highlands.

Ged is fhad a mach Barraidh, ruigear e.

Though Barra be far out, it can be reached.

Said by Mac Iain Ghearr, one of the Mac Ians of Ardnamurchan, to M'Neill of Barra, who had been very hard on him at a Court of Justice.

Ged is fearrd a' chailleach a garadh, cha 'n fheairrd i a losgadh.

The old woman is the better of being warmed, but not of being burned.

Is fearde do 'n chailleach a goradh, acht is misde i a losgadh.
—*Ir.*

This has been supposed to refer to the atrocious practice of burning women for witchcraft, which was the statutory punishment in this country from 1563 to 1736.

Ged is òsal an coileach, cromaidh e 'cheann.

Though the cock be humble, he bends his head.

Ged 'leagas tu mise, cha 'n 'eil duin' 'an Nis nach leag thu fhéin.

Though you knock me down, there's not a man in Ness but can knock you down.

Said by one of two pigmies, belonging to the parish of Ness in Lewis, to the other.

Ged nach beirteadh bó 'an Eirinn.

Should never a cow be calved in Ireland.

Ged nach bi mi bruidhneach, bidh mi coimheach, cuimhneach.

Though I won't be talking, I'll be shy and mindful.

See 'Bi 'd' thosd'.

Ged nach biodh ach dà leth-pheighinn 's an sporan, taobhaidh iad ri 'chéile.

Were there but two half-pence in the purse, they'll come together.

Al. dà thurn-odhar—*two mites.* 'Turn-odhar' is uncommon, but is found in MacAlpine's Dictionary.

Pfennig ist Pfennigs Bruder.—*Germ.*

Ged nach biodh agad ach an t-ubh, 's e 'm plaosg a gheabhainn-sa.

If you had but an egg, I should get but the shell.

Ged nach biodh ann ach an rìgh 's 'fhear-muinntir,
dh' fhaodadh duin' a chuid ionndrain.

Were nobody by but a king and his man, one might miss his own.

Ged nach duin' an t-aodach, cha duin' a bhios as 'aogais.

The clothes are not the man, but he's no man without them.

Man tager meere Hatten af for Klederne end for Personer—
More hats are taken off for clothes than for persons.—Dan.

De kleederen maken den man.—*Dutch.*

For the apparel oft proclaims the man.—*Hamlet* I. iii.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,

The rest is nought but leather and prunella.—*Pope.*

A man's a man for a' that.—*Burns.*

Society is founded upon Cloth.—*Sartor Resartus.*

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw,
addressing a naked House of Lords?—*Id.*

Ged nach 'eil e sìos 's a suas, tha e nùll 's a nall.

Though it be not up and down, it is baek and forward.

Ged nach 'eil geir ann, tha fuil ann.

Though there be no fat, there is blood in him.

Ged a rachadh Cromba leis a' mhuir.

Though Cromarty should go with the tide.

Ged 'robh e gun mhòine, cha bhi e gun teine.

Though without peats, he won't want fire.

Ged 'tha mi bochd, cha 'n 'eil mi bleideil.

Though poor, I'm not a parasite.

Ged 'tha mi 'n diugh 'am chù-baile, bha mi roimh' 'am
chù-mòintich.

Though to-day a farm-dog, I was once a moor-dog.

Ged 'tha mise òg, tha seana chluasan agam.

Though I be young, I have old ears.

Little pitchers have wide ears.—*Eng.*

Ged 'theirtadh riut an cù, cha bu tu ach smior a'
mhadaidh.

Though you were called a dog, you are but the very marrow of a hound.

Ged 'threabhadh tu dùthaich, chaitheadh tu dùthaich.

If you tilled a country side, you would spend its produce.

Al. dh' itheadh tu i—you would eat it.

Ged 'thug thu béum dha, cha d' thug thu mìr dha.
You gave him a taunt, but never a morsel.

Geòlach ort! *The death-bandage on thee!*

Geinn dheth fhéin a sgoilteas an darach.
A wedge of itself splits the oak.

Géum bà air a h-èolas. *A cow's low on known ground.*

Géurad an leanna-chaoil. *The sourness of small beer.*

Ghabhadh Mac-a-Phì 'n a rabhadh e.

Mac Phie would take it for warning.

A Mull saying. Mac Phie, chief of Colonsay, went to a feast at Duart Castle, Mull, where his hospitable friend MacLean intended to kill him. The door-keeper, being of friendly mind, asked him if he had come down Glen Connal? He said he had. 'S am faca tu m' eich-sa, 's d' eich fhéin?—*Did you see my horses and your own there?* Mac Phie took the hint, and escaped with all speed.

Ghabhamaid na cruachan móra, 's dh' fhóghnadh na cruachan beaga.

We would take the big stacks, and the little ones would do.
 Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair.—*Burns.*

Gheabh airc eirbheirt. *Need will find means of moving.*
 Need makes the naked man run.—*Eng., Scot.*

Need gars the auld wife trot.—*Scot.*

Besoin fait vieille trotter.—*Fr.*

La necesidad hace á la vieja trotar.—*Span.*

De nood doet een oud wijf draven.—*Dutch.*

Gheabh baobh a guidhe, ged nach fhaigh a h-anam tròcair.

A wicked woman will get her wish, though her soul get no mercy.

Gheabh bean bhaoth dlùth gun cheannach, 's cha 'n fhaigh i inneach.

A silly woman will get the warp without paying, but won't get the woof.

Gheabh bronnair mar a bhronnas e, 's gheabh loman an lóm dhonas.

The liberal will get as he spends, but the niggard will get mere wretchedness.

The word 'bronn' or 'pronn' = give, distribute, is now obsolete in vernacular Gaelic, but occurs in Ossianic ballads.

Gheabh burraidh barrachd coire na 's urrainn duine glic a leasachadh.

A blockhead can find more fault than a wise man can mend.

Un matto sa più domandare, che sette savi rispondere.—*Ital.*

Ein Narr kann mehr fragen, als sieben Weise antworten.—*Germ.*

A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years.—*Eng.* *

Gheabh cearc an sgrìobain rud-eigin, 's cha 'n fhaigh cearc a' chrùbain dad idir.

The scraping hen will get something, but the crouching hen will get nothing.

Gheabh cobhartach spionnadh-iasaid.

Helper will get loan of strength.

A very fine sentiment.

Gheabh Gàidheal fhéin a leth-bhreac.

Even a Gael will find his fellow.

The Gael, with all his self-esteem, has sense enough to know that there are as good in the world as he

Gheabh foighidinn furtachd, 's gheabh trusdar bean.

Patience will get help, and filthy fellows get wives.

Patience and persévérance

Got a wife for his Reverence.—*Ir.*

Gheabh rìgh feachd, 's gheabh domhan daoine.

Kings will find armies, and the world men.

Gheabh sìth sìth, ach gheabh caise cothachadh.

Peace will get peace, but heat will get contention.

Gheabh thu air òran e.

You'll get it for a song.

Gheabh thu e far am fàg thu e.

You'll find him where you leave him.

Said of a man to be relied on.

Gheabh thu e 'n uair a gheabh thu nead na cubhaig.

You'll get it when you find the cuckoo's nest.

Gheabhadh tu na feannagan-firich.

You would find the forest-crows.

Said to persons who boast of doing impracticable things.

Gheabhar bean-chagair, ach 's ainneamh bean-ghaoil.
A dear-wife may be got, but a love-wife is rare.

This is a nice distinction. 'Mo ghaol' is a warmer expression than 'mo chagar'.

Gheabhar deireadh gach sgeòil a nasgaidh.
The end of a tale is got for nothing.

Gheabhar laogh breac ballach 'an tigh gach àraich, Là Fheill-Pàdruig Earraich.

A spotted calf will be found in every cowherd's house on St. Patrick's day in Spring.

Gheabht' iomramh 's an ràmh gun a bhristeadh.
Rowing could be got from the oar without breaking it.

Ghlacadh e 'n a lion fhéin.
He was caught in his own net.

Ghoid am mèirleach air braidein e.
The thief stole it from the pilferer.

Gille cas-fliuch. *Wet-foot lad.*

Al. Gille uisge 's aimbhne—*Water and river lad.*

A servant that carried his master across streams, fetched water, and made himself generally useful.

Gille-firein 's e ri fàs, ithidh e mar bhleathas bràdh.

A growing boy will eat as fast as a quern can grind.

Al. Seana-ghiullan 's e ri fàs, dh' itheadh e mar mheileadh bràdh.

Gille gun bhiadh gun tuarasdál, cha bhi e uair gun mhaighstir.

A servant without food or wages won't be long without a master.

A boy-servant of all work without food or wages.—*Arab.*

Glac am mèirleach mu'n glac am mèirleach thu.

Catch the thief before the thief catch you.

Take the thief before he take thee.—*Arab.*

Glac thusa foighidinn, 's glacadh tu iasg.

Get you patience, and you'll get fish.

Glanadh mosaig air a màthair-chéile.

The slattern's cleaning of her mother-in-law.

Glas air an tigh an deigh na gadachd.

Locking the house after the theft.

Locking the stable door when the steed is stolen.—*Eng.*

Glas-labhraidh air nighinn, gun fhios, teang' an abhira
'dh 'iomraicheas.

When a maid is tongue-tied, her eyelids tell a tale.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lover's een,
When kind love is in the ee.—*Burns.*

Gleac nam fear fanna. *The wrestling of faint men.*

Gléidh do mhaor 's do mhinistear, 's cha'n eagal dut.

*Keep your bailiff and your minister, and there's no fear
of you.*

Gleidheadh a' chlamhain air na cearcan.

The kite's guarding of the hens.

See 'B'e sin faire'.

Gleidheadh an t-sionnaich air na caoraich.

The fox's keeping of the sheep.

Gleidhear cuirm an déigh Càisge.

A feast will be kept after Easter.

Gleidhidh aire innleachd, ged nach gléidh i oighreachd.

Need will make a shift, though it keep not an inheritance.

Gleidhidh cnàimh feòil, fhad 's is beò smior.

Bone will keep flesh, while marrow lives.

*Al. Gheabh feòil cnàimh, 's gheabh cnàimh feòil—Flesh will
get bone, and bone flesh.*

Gleidhidh sùil seilbh. *Eye keeps property.*

The eye of the master does more than both his hands.—*Eng.*

Gléus ùr air seana mhaide. *A new lock to an old stock.*

Glòir fhuar bharr uachdar goile.

Cold talk from stomach surface.

Glòir mhór 'an colainn bhig. *Great talk in small body.*

Al. Glaodh mór á colainn bhig.

Glòir nan càirdean a 's mìlse na 'mhil.

The praise of friends is sweeter than honey.

Glòir mhillis a mheallas an t-amadan.

Sweet words beguile fools.

Fair words make fools fain.—*Eng.*

Fair hechts (*promises*) will mak' fulis fain.—*The Cherrie and
the Slae.*

Fagre Ord fryde en Daare.—*Dan.*

Gnè firionn falbh. *The male's nature is to move.*

The man to go abroad, the woman to stay at home.

Gnothach duine gun chéill, 'dol gu féill gun airgid.

A fool's errand, going to market without money.

Gnothaichean móra fo thuinn.

Great things under the waves.

Said of those who boast of things they neither have nor can have.

Gob a' chalmain-chàthaidh, bidh tu slàn mu'm pòs thu.

Beak of the moulting dove, you'll be well before you marry.

The word 'calman-càthaidh' is not in any of the dictionaries, except A. McDonald's Vocabulary, where it is rendered 'Hoop'. The saying is applied to sick children.

Goirteas a chinn fhéin a dh' fhairicheas a' h-uile fear.

Every man feels his own headache.

'S i a chneadh fèin is luaithe mhothiugheas gach duine—*A man feels his own hurt soonest.—Ir.*

Gramachadh bàrr òrdaig. *Holding by a thumb-top.*

Greadan feasgair, 's cead dol dachaidh.

Evening spurt, and leave to go home.

Greim cruaidh aig curaidh. *A champion's hard grip.*

Greim cùbair. *A cooper's grip.*

A firm hold.

Greim fad' an tàilleir leisg. *The lazy tailor's long stitch.*

Al. Greim fada, 's grad 'bhi ullamh—Long stitch, and soon done.

Snaithie fada an tailliar fhallsa.—*Ir.*

Costurera mala, la hebra de a braza—*Bad seamstress' thread, a fathom long.—Span.*

Greis mu seach, an t-each air muin a' mharcaiche.

Time about, the horse on the back of the rider.

Gu dòmhail doimh, mar a bhios màthair fhir-an-tighe, 'an solus na cloinne, no 'n rathad nan ian.

Crowding, cumbersome, like the goodman's mother, in the children's light, or in the way of the fowls.

Gu dona dubh, mar a bha cas Aoidh.

Bad and black, as Hugh's foot was.

Hugh was on a visit to the laird of Coll, and got his foot accidentally wounded. He was so well taken care of that he was in no hurry to get out of hospital, and continued to describe the state of his foot as 'bad and black'.

Gu h-olc innte, 's gu h-olc uimpe.

Bad within, and badly clad.

Gu'm biodh e 'n ceann-uidhe dha fhathast.

That he would yet be the end of him.

This was one of the sayings attributed to James Stewart of Acharn, 'Séumas a' Ghlinne,' on the strength of which, chiefly, he was most iniquitously executed in 1752 for the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure. Stewart's brother had forfeited his lands of Ardsheil for taking part in the Rebellion of 1745, and Campbell, judicial factor on the estate, was proceeding to eject a number of tenants, when he was shot dead. Stewart was not accused of having committed the deed, but of having instigated Allan Breac, a kinsman of his. The presiding judge was the Duke of Argyll, Lord Justice-General, and eleven of the jury were Campbells.

Gu'm bu droch drùighleach dhut! *Bad dregs to you!*

Gu ma fada bhios tu beò, agus ceò bharr do thighe!

Long may you live, and smoke rise from your roof!

Al. Gu ma fada beò thu, 'us ceò as do thigh.

This is a very favourite and kindly saying.

Gu'm ann a ghonar am fiosaiche, mu'n tig an fhiosachd fìor!

Perish the prophet, ere the prophecy come true!

Gu 'm beir an riabhach mór ort!

The great grizzled one catch thee!

One of the epithets applied to the Devil.

Gu ma h-anmoch dhut! *May it be late to thee!*

Gu ma h-olc dhut! *Ill befall thee!*

Gu'm meal thu do naidheachd!

May you enjoy your news!

Said to a person who is to be congratulated.

Gual fuar 'g a shéideadh. *Blowing cold coals.*

'Gùg, gùg,' ars a' chubhag, latha buidhe Bealltainn.

'Coo, eoo,' says the cuckoo, on yellow May-day.

The cuckoo is seldom heard so early now.

Gun aon tàmh air bial na bradhan, 's gun aon ghràinn' air chionn an latha.

Without ceasing of the quern, and not a grain at the end of the day.

Labour like that of the Danaids,—the 'toradh' or fruit of the grinding being carried away by a Fairy as fast as it was made.

Gu 'n gabh a' bhoichdainn thu! *Poverty take thee!*

Gun mheas gun mhladh, mar Mhànus.

Without esteem or honour, like Magnus.

This refers to a Scandinavian king, whom Fingal overcame and slew.—See Dr. Smith's *Sean Dàna*, p. 113, and Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*, pp. 71, &c.

Gunnaiche mór gun srad fhùdair.

A great gunner without a grain of powder.

Gus am bi Mac-Cailein na 'rìgh, bidh I mar 'bhà.

Till Argyll be a King, Iona will be as she was.

This saying was familiar in Kingairloch more than 60 years ago to the person from whom it was got. The repair of the ruins of Iona by the Duke of Argyll, soon after the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne to the Princess Louise, was noted by some old people in connection with this saying.

An older saying, attributed to St. Columba, is—

An I mo chridhe, I mo ghràidh,

An àite guth mhanach bidh géum bà;

Ach mu 'n tig an saoghal gu crìch,

Bithidh I mar a bha.

In dearest Iona, the isle of my love,

In place of monks' voices shall cows' lowing be;

But ere ever the world shall come to an end,

As once was Iona, Iona shall be.

Gus am faigh thu deoch a's fhearr na 'm fìon, cha 'n fhaigh thu biadh a's fhearr na 'n fheòil.

Till you find better drink than wine, you'll find no better food than flesh.

The Binny fish said, 'If you can find a better fish, don't eat me'.—*Arab.*

Gus an gabh a' mhuir teine, cha 'n fhaigh duine clann duine eile.

Till the sea takes fire, you can't be the sire of another man's children.

Gus an tràighir a' mhuir le cliabh, cha bhi fear fial falamh.

Till the sea is drained with a ercel, the generous man won't want.

A good sentiment, but unfortunately not a fact.

Guth na cubhaig 'am bial na cathaig, 's guth na faoileig 'am bial na sgaireig.

The cuckoo's voice in the jackdaw's mouth, and the sea-gull's in the young scart's.

I.

I nam ban bòidheach. *Iona of pretty women.*

Iallan fad' á leathair chàich.

Long thongs of other men's leather.

De alieno corio liberalis.—*Lat.*

Del cuoio d' altri si fanno le correggie larghe.—*Ital.*

De cuero ageno correas largas.—*Span.*

Du cuir d' autrui large courroie.—*Fr.*

Het is goed snijden riemen uit eens andermans leer.—*Dutch.*

A large thong of another man's hide.—*Eng.*

Lang whangs aff ither folk's leather.—*Scot.*

Iarr gach nì air Camaronach, ach na iarr ìm air.

Ask anything of a Cameron but butter.

See 'Camarenaich'.

Iarraidh Mhic Chrùislig air na h-eich.

Mac Cruslick's search for the horses.

M.'s master sent him to search for his horses. 'Where shall I look for them?' said M. 'Look for them wherever they are or are not likely to be,' said his master. Presently M. was seen on the roof of the house scraping away with a sickle. On being asked what he was about, he replied that he was searching for the horses where they were not likely to be.—*Campbell's W. H. Tales*, II. 309.

Iasad a' chaibe gun a chur 's an talamh.

The loan of the spade without using it.

Iasad caillich gun diasan, iasad a' s fhas' fhaotainn.

An old wife's loan without ears of corn, the casiest loan to get.

I.e., loan from one who has nothing to give.

Iasgach muinntir Bharbhais.

The Barvas folk's fishing.

Barvas is a parish in Lewis. It was alleged of the natives that they delayed going to fish till they heard of their neighbours' having got fish. The coast of Barvas strictly so called is peculiarly unsuited for boating, which might well excuse the natives for being slow to go to sea. Ness, on the other hand, which is part of the 'civil' parish of B. has a port, and is inhabited by a very dauntless fishing population.

Iasg no sithionn, àth no muileann.

Fish or venison, kiln or mill.

Iasgach amadain, corr bheothach mór.

A fool's fishing, an occasional big fish.

The meaning is, that only fools despise littles.

Iasgach na curra. *The crane's fishing.*

A model of patience.

Im ri ìm cha bhiadh 's cha 'n annlann e.

Butter to butter is neither food nor kitchen.

Imrich Shathurna mu thuath,

Imrich Luain mu dheas ;

Ged nach biodh agam ach an t-uan,

'S ann Diluain a dh'fhalbhainn leis.

*Saturday's flitting by north, Monday's flitting by south ;
had I but a lamb to move, 'tis on Monday I would go.*

In other words, Saturday is an unlucky day for removing,
Monday a lucky day. See 'Deiseal'.

Imridh briag gobhal. *A lie needs a prop.*

See 'Cha sheas a bhriag'.

Imridh fear nam briag cuimhne mhath a bhi aige.

Liars should have good memories.—Eng., Scot.

Be of good memory, if you become a liar.—*Arab.*

Mendacem memorem esse oportet.—*Quintil.*

Il bugiardo deve aver buona memoria.—*Ital.*

Lügner muss ein gut Gedächtniss haben.—*Germ.*

Een leugenaar moet een goede memorie hebben.—*Dutch.*

Innleachd Shasunn agus neart Alba.

England's art and Scotland's force.

The truth of this saying still holds good.

Innsidh a' chruinneag, có 'dh'ith a' chriomag.

The tidy lass will tell who ate the tid-bit.

Innsidh na geòidh a 's t-Fhoghar e.

The geese will tell it in Autumn.

Innsidh ùine 'h-uile rud. *Time tells everything.*

Foillsightear gach nìdh re h-aimsir.—*Ir.*

Tempus omnia revelat. Veritas temporis filia.—*Lat.*

Time trieth truth.—*Eng.* Zeit gebiert Wahrheit.—*Germ.*

Iomairt 'coma leam'. *The 'I don't care' play.*

Iongantas muinntir Mhuc-Càirn.

The queerness of the Muckairn people.

M. is a parish in Argyllshire, the inhabitants of which somehow

have the reputation of being uncommonly shy, unwilling to partake even of the simplest hospitality from strangers.

Ionnlaididh bùrn salach làmhan.

Foul water will wash hands.

Ionnsaich do d' sheanmhair brochan a dheanamh.

Teach your granny to make gruel.

Al. 'lit' òl'—*to sup porridge.*

Seòl do shean-mhathair lachanaidh a bhleaghan (*to milk ducks*).—*Ir.*

Teach your grandam to suck eggs—to spin—to grope her duck—to sup sour milk.—*Eng.*

Learn yir gudewife to mak milk kail.—*Scot.*

Dysgu gradd i hen farch—*To teach a pace to an old horse.*—*Welsh.*

'Gradd' is possibly a 'family' edition of what in a similar Gaelic saying is 'bram'.

Is adhaiseach cuid an fhir nach toir an dorus air.

His share is slow who doesn't take to the door.

The best interpretation of this is, that he who doesn't go out for his living will be ill off.

N.B.—In most of the sayings commencing here with 'Is,' the 'I' is in pronunciation entirely omitted. 'S ann, 'S e, and 'S fhearr, are the vernacular phrases, and not 'Is ann, 'Is e, &c.

Is aimhleasach gach nochd.

Nakedness is hurtful.

This is a very Celtic sentiment. The chief idea conveyed is, that the destitute are liable to injury.

Is àirde 'n géum na 'm bleoghann.

The low is greater than the milking.

See 'A' bhó'.

Is àirde ceann na gualainn.

Head is higher than shoulder.

Uwch pen na dwy ysgwydd.—*Welsh.*

Is àirde tuathanach air a chasan na duin'-uasal air a ghlùinean.

A farmer on his feet is taller than a gentleman on his knees.

Al. Is fhearr—is better.

This is a very suggestive saying.—See 'Is treasa tuath'.

Is aithne do'n chù a choire fhéin.

A dog knows his own fault.

Al. Tuigidh cù a chionta.

Is amaideach a bhi 'cur a mach airgid a cheannach aithreachais.

'Tis folly to spend money in buying repentance.

Is anfhann a thig, 's làidir a théid.

Weak they come, and strong depart.

Al. Is lag na thig. This refers to infants.

Is ann a bhios a' chòir mar a chumar i.

The right will be as it's kept.

Al. Bidh a chòir mar a chumar i, 's bidh an t-suiridhe mar a nìtear i—*The right, &c., and the wooing will be according as it's done.*

Possession is nine points of the law.—*Eng.*

See 'Am fear aig am beil'.

Is ann a cheart-éigin 's a dh-aindeoin, a dh'aithnicheas bean a ciad leanabh; mar a thuirt Iain Mac-Mhurchaidh-Mhic-Ailein.

It's barely and in spite of everything, that a woman knows her first child, as John, son of Murdoch, son of Allan, said.

Is ann a dh fhàsas an sìol mar a chuirear e.

The seed grows as it's sown.

Is ann a tha 'n càirdeas mar a chumar e.

Friendship is as it's kept.

A very true and good sentiment.

Is ann a tha 'n sgoileam air an sgoileir.

It's the scholar that's the talker.

Is ann agad 'tha 'bhathais! *What a front you have!*

Said to impudent people.

Is ann aig duine fhéin is fhearr a tha fios c'àite am beil a bhròg 'g a ghoirteachadh.

Every man knows best where his shoe hurts him.

The wearer best knows where the shoe wrings him.—*Eng.*

Every man kens best where his ain shoe binds him.—*Scot.*

Chacun sent le mieux où le soulier le blesse.—*Fr.*

Ognuno sa dove la scarpa lo stringe.—*Ital.*

Cada uno sabe donde le aprieta el zapato.—*Span.*

Jeder weiss es am Besten, wo ihn der Schuh drückt.—*Germ.*

The first use of this saying is attributed by Plutarch to Æmilius Paulus, who being remonstrated with for divorcing his wife, an honourable and irreproachable matron, pointed to one of his shoes, and asked his friends 'what they thought of it?' They

all thought it a handsome, well-fitting shoe. 'But none of you knows,' he said, 'where it pinches me.' This is now called 'incompatibility'.

Is ann aige-san a's mò 'their a's lugha 'tha ri 'ràdh.

He that says most has least to tell.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Is ann air a' bheagan a dh'aithnichear am móran.

From the little the much is known.

Is ann air a dh' éirich a' ghrian !

It is on him that the sun hath risen !

Is ann air a' mhuic reamhair a theid an t-ìm.

It's on the fat pig the butter goes.

This applies metaphorically to some living animals.

See 'Am fear aig am bi ìm'.

Sin tòna na muice meithe do ghrèisiughadh.—*Ir.*

Al puerco gordo untarle el rabo.—*Span.*

Is ann air an tràghadh a rugadh e.

He was born when the tide was ebbing.

Unlucky man, or born out of date.

Is ann air a shon fhéin a ní 'n cat an crònan.

It's for itself the cat croons.

Is mur gheall air fein a ghuidheas a cat crònan.—*Ir.*

E wŷr y gath pa farf a lyf—*Cat knows what beard he licks.—Welsh.*

The cat is a thoroughly selfish animal, and there are human beings, aimed at in this proverb, of the same nice, soft, selfish sort.

Is ann air gnùis a bheirear breith.

It is by the face we judge.

Vultus est index animi.—*Lat.*

In the forehead and the eye,

The lecture of the mind doth lie.—*Eng.*

Is ann air deireadh an latha 's fhearr na Dònnullaich.

The MacDonalds are best at the end of the day.

This is a very complimentary saying. See 'Is ann feasgar'.

Is ann an àm a chruadail a dh' aithnichear na càirdean.

When fortune frowns then friends are known.

Is ann 'an ceann bliadhna a dh' ìnnseas iasgair a thuiteamas.

It's at the year's end the fisher can tell his luck.

Al. 'amhaltas—*his trouble.*

Is a g-cionn na bliadhna innsidheas iasgaire a thàbhachd.—*Ir.*

Is ann an sin a thathas 'g a chaitheamh, eadar an t-srathair 's am plàta.

So is it worn, 'twixt the pack-saddle and the straw-cloth.
Said of people assuming airs beyond their position.

Is ann an uair a's gainn' am biadh a's còir a roinn.
'Tis when food is scarcest it should be divided.

Is ann as a' bheagan a thig am móran.
From the little comes the much.

Many littles mak a muckle.—*Scot.*

The proverbe saith that many a smale makith a grete.—*Chaucer.*

Is ann bòidheach 's cha 'n ann dàicheil.
Bonnie rather than graceful.

Is ann da fhéin a dh' innsear e.
It's to himself it will be told.
It's his own affair.

Is ann dà latha roimh 'bhàs, 'bu chòir do dhuine shàr-fhacal a ràdh.

Till two days before he die, man should not speak his weightiest word.

There is much wisdom in this saying.

Is ann de'n aon chlòth an cathdath.
The tartan is all of one stuff.

Cath-dath = battle-colour.—*Armstrong.*

Is ann de'n cheaird a' chungaidh.
The tools are part of the trade.

Al. Is i 'cheaird.

'S i leith na ceirde an ùirleis—*The tools are half the trade.*—*Ir.*

Is ann de'n tuaigh an t-shamhach.
The haft belongs to the axe.

See 'Cuir an tuagh'.

Is ann le làimh ghlain bu chòir altachadh.
One should salute (or say grace) with a clean hand.
See PSALM XXIV. 3, 4.

Is ann feasgar a dh' aithnichear na fir.
It's at evening the men are known.

Is ann fhad 's a bhios an t-slat maoth is fhasa 'lùbadh.
When the twig is tender it is easiest bent.

Am meangan nach snìomh thu,
Cha spìon thu 'n a chraoibh e.—*Dug. Buchanan.*

Best to bend while it is a twig.—*Eng.*

Piega l'albero quando è giovane.—*Ital.*

Den Baum muss man biegen, weil er jung ist.—*Germ.*

Is ann goirid o d' bhial a mholadh tu e.

It is near your mouth you would praise him.

Is ann goirid roimh 'bhàs a mholadh tu e.

It is near his end you would praise him.

Is ann mu seach a shéidear na builg.

By turns the bellows are blown.

Is ann mu seach a thogar an dùn.

It is by degrees the fort is built.

Al. 'S ann uidh air uidh a thogar na caisteil.

Rome was not built in a day.—*Ital., Fr., Germ., Eng.*

Is ann mar a bhios neach e fhéin a dh' fhidireas e 'choimhearsnach.

As a man is himself he thinks of his neighbour.

Is ann oidhche roimh a bhàs bu chòir do dhuine athais a thilgeadh.

A man should not vent his reproach till the night before his death.

Macintosh's gloss on this is, 'make a satire or proverb'.

Is ann oidhche Shamhna 'chnagadh tu cnò.

On Halloween you would crack a nut.

One of the favourite Halloween pastimes was burning of nuts.

Is ann ort a chaidh uisge nan uibhean.

You had the egg-water spilt on you.

Macintosh says, 'water in which eggs are boiled is reckoned destructive to the constitution,' and that 'this proverb is applied to those that are seized with a fit of illness'.

Is ann ort a thàinig an ceal.

What a stupor has come over thee.

Is ann romhad a dh' éirich an naosg.

It's before you the snipe rose.

This was reckoned a good omen.

Is aobhach duine 'an taice ri 'chuid.

A man is cheerful near his own.

Is aotrom air do dhruim an t-iomradh.

The rowing is light on your back.

Is aotrom gach saoghalach sona.

Light is the lucky long-liver.

Is àrd ceann an fhéidh 's a' chreachann.

High is the stag's head on the mountain crags.

Is bàigheil duine ris an anam.

A man is tender of his life.

All that a man hath will he give for his life.—JOB. ii. 4.

Life is sweet.—*Eng.*

In one of the West Highland Tales (Campbell, II. 355), Brian, son of the King of Greece, is asked by a Giant, whether he would rather lose his head, or go to steal the White Sword of Light in the realm of Big Women. 'S bàigheil duine ri 'bheatha—kind is a man to his life,' said Brian, and chose the latter alternative.

Is balbh gach sian ach a' ghaoth.

Dumb is all weather but the wind.

See 'An uair a laidheas'.

Is beadarrach an nì an onoir.

Honour is a tender thing.

This is very Celtic. 'Take my honour, take my life.'

Is beag a dheanadh gròt do 'n fhear a dh'òladh crùn.

Little would a groat do for him who drinks a crown.

This probably refers to a soldier's pay, which was 4d. a day at no very ancient date.

Is beag a ghearaineas sinn, ge mór a dh'fhuilingeas sinn.

Little we complain, though we suffer much.

This saying is given by Macintosh without any note. Whenever it may have originated, it expressed with native gentleness a very sad truth in reference to a considerable part of our Highland population. It was true a century ago, and it is true still.

Is beag a th'eadar do ghal 's do ghàire.

Your crying and laughing are not far removed.

Is beag an déire nach fhearr na 'n t-éuradh.

Small is the alms that is not better than a refusal.

Is beag a rud nach fhearr na diultadh.—*Ir.*

Is beag am fathunn nach cluinn dithis.

It's a faint rumour that two won't hear.

Is beag an leisgeul a bheir a' chailleach do 'n chill.

It's a little excuse that brings the old woman to the churchyard.

Excuse = cause, and churchyard = death.

Al. Is faoin an gnothach. *It's a slight thing.*

Is beag an rud a bheir duine do 'n chùill, 'n uair a bhios a leannan innte.

It's a small thing that brings a man to the churchyard, when his sweetheart is there.

Is beag an t-ioghnadh amadan a bhi leannanachd ri òinsich.

It's no wonder to see a fool courting an idiot.

Is beag cuid an latha fhlich dheth.

The rainy day's share of it is small.

Meaning that little has been saved.

Is beag an ni nach deireadh a's t-Fhoghar.

It's a little thing that doesn't hinder in Autumn.

Is beag fios aig fear an tàimh air ànradh fear na mara.

The household man knows little of the seaman's hardship.

Is beag 's is mòr a th' eadar a' chòir 's an eucoir.

There is little and much betwixt right and wrong.

Is beag a ta eadar an chòir a's an eugcòir.—*Ir.*

'S moor ta eddyr y chair as yn aggair.—*Manx.*

Ge mòr an diùbhras beusan

Eadar eucoir agus còir,

Cha 'n eòl domh àite seasaimh,

Gun a chos air aon diubh dhò.—*Rob Donn.*

Is beag orm an rud nach binn leam.

I like not what I find not sweet.

Is beag orm troidh air ais an t-seann-duine.

I like not the old man's backward step.

Al. Is coma leam fhein an rud a bhiodh ann, céum air ais an t-seann duine.

Said by young Ronald MacDonell of Strontian, at the battle of Kin-Loch-Lochy, 'Blàr nan Léine' (1544), on seeing his father give way after receiving a wound in the head from 'Raonull Gallda'. The remark was suggested by that of his father, on seeing his son for the first time for several years, after having been deserted by him in the hour of need, 'S coma leam fhein an rud a bhiodh ann, armachd a' ghill' òig, 's e 'teicheadh—I don't care for the arming of the youth who runs away'. Young Ronald is said to have added to the above remark, 'Seo mar bu chòir a bhi, am mac a dhol 'an ionad an athar—This is as it ought to be—the son in the place of the father'; and rushed upon the enemy, whom he overcame. There is something wildly noble, though unpleasant in this. See *Cuairtear*, Dec. 1841, pp. 282-3.

Is beag orm na 'm biodh ann sruth-bheannachadh a' chreachadair.

I should dislike to hear the fluent blessing of the plunderer.

This is still true, even though highway robbery be no more in fashion. Some grave and reverend Bank Directors have illustrated this shockingly in modern times.

Is bean-tighe an luchag 'n a tigh fhéin.

The little mouse is mistress in her own house.

Is maighistreas an luchog air a thigh fèin.—*Ir.*

Is beò duine 'an déigh a shàrachadh, ach cha bheò e 'an déigh a nàrachadh.

A man may survive distress, but not disgrace.

Al. an déigh a dhaoine—*after his people*—an déigh a nàire—*after his shame.*

The Ulster version is identical with the latter. The sentiment is very Celtic and honourable, but common to all the higher races. 'Death before dishonour' has been the motto of all heroes and martyrs of every nation.

El hombre sin honra peor es que un muerto.—*Span.*

Is beò duine air bheagan, ach cha bheò e gun dad idir.

One can live on little, but not on nothing.

A good motto for Parochial Boards.

Is beò na h-eòin, ged nach seobhagan uil' iad.

The birds live, though not all hawks.

A fine quiet suggestion for statesmen and conquerors.

Is beò duine ged nach sàthach.

A man may live though not full.

This is nowhere more illustrated than in the Highlands; what phrenologists call 'Alimentiveness' is at a very low figure there.

Is bicheanta na tràithean.

The meals are frequent.

This saying must have originated with a very abstemious and probably miserly person.

Is bigid e sid, is bigid e sid, mar a thuirt an dreathan, an uair a thug e làn a ghuib as a' mhuir.

'Tis the less for that, the less for that, as the wren said, when he sipped a bill-full out of the sea.

Is binn gach ian 'n a dhoire fhéin.

Sweet sings each bird in his own grove.

Al. 'S binn guth an eòin far am beirear e.—*Sweet is a bird's voice where he was born.*

Is binn gach glòir bho 'n duine bheairteach,
 Is mil bho 'bhial a' ghobaireachd ;
 Is searbh a' chòir bho 'n ainbheairteach,
 Is cian a ghlòir bho ghliocas.

*Sweet is the talk of the wealthy man,
 Like honey is his prattling ;
 Harsh is the right from the poor man's mouth,
 Far is his talk from wisdom.*

Milis glór gach fir
 Am-bidh cuid agus spreidh ;
 Searbh glór an te blitheas lomm,
 Bun-os-cionn do labhrann se.—*Ir.*

Is bior gach sràbh 's an oidheche.
Every straw is a thorn at night.

This must have been said by a Celtic Sybarite.

Is blàth an fhuil, ged is ann an craicionn nan con i.
Blood is warm, though it be but in a dog's skin.

Al. 'an sròn muice—*In a pig's nose.*

Al. Is blath fuil nan cat 'nan craicionn fhéin—*Cat's blood is warm in their own skin.*

Is blàth anail na màthar.
Warm is the mother's breath.

The mither's breath is aye sweet.—*Scot.*
 A beautiful saying.

Is blàth lodan na bròige.
Warm is the pool in the shoe.

Said to youngsters complaining of leaky shoes.

Is bochd am fear nach fhaigh a leòir a's t-Fhoghar.
He's a poor man who won't get his fill in Autumn.

Is bochd am pòsadh nach fhearr na 'n dubh-chosnadh.
It's a poor marriage that is not better than hard service.

This seems a foolish sentiment, but the 'dubh-chosnadh,' literally 'black-service' refers to out-door work, seldom desirable for women.

Is bochd an ainneamh lomanach.
Truly poor is the naked needy.

Is bochd an rud nach fhiach iarraidh.
It's a poor thing that's not worth asking.

Is bòidheach an luchag 's a' mhìr arbhair.

Pretty is the mouse in the corn-plot.

This sentiment is worthy of Robert Burns.

Is bòidheach leis an fheannaig a gorm garrach fhéin.

The crow thinks her own ghastly chick a beauty.

See 'Ge dubh am fìtheach'.

Is bràthair do'n amadan an t-amhlair.

The rude jester is brother to the fool.

Is bràthair do'n chadal ceann ri làr.

Head laid down is brother to sleep.

Is bràthair do' n chuthach an òige.

Youth is the brother of madness.

Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child.—Prov. xxii. 15.

Is bràthair do 'n diosg an tuairnear.

The turner is brother to the dish.

Is bràthair do'n mhadadh am mèirleach.

The thief is brother to the hound.

A very respectable sentiment.

Is bràthair do Niall Gille-Calum.

Malcolm is brother to Neil.

'Par nobile fratrum,' no doubt.

Is buaine aon diùltadh na dà-thabhartas-dhiag.

One refusal is longer remembered than a dozen offers.

Al. Millidh aon diùltadh, &c.—*One refusal spoils, &c.*

Is buaine 'm meangan a ghéilleas na 'n crann mór a lùbas.

The twig that yields will outlive the great tree that bends.

Is buaine an buinneàn maoith (*tender twig*) nà an craun bròn-
anta (*stubborn tree*).—*Ir.*

Is buaine bladhdh na saoghal.

Renown is more lasting than life.

Is bùaine cliù nà saoghal.—*Ir.*

See 'Is beò duine'.

Is buaine bliadhna na Nollaig.

Year lasts longer than Christmas.

Is buaine dùthchas na oilean.

Blood is stronger than breeding.

Is treise an dùchas nà an oileamhuin.—*Ir.*

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.—*Hor.*

Is buaine cùl na aghaidh.

Back lasts longer than front.

A cheese, a stack of hay, peats, &c., would be more freely used at first than at last. The moral meaning may be, that feuds last longer than friendship.

Is buaine na gach nì an nàire.

Shame is more lasting than anything.

This is very Celtic.

Schande duurt langer dan armoede—*Shame lasts longer than poverty.*—*Dutch.*

Is buaine séud na 'luach.

A gem lasts longer than its value.

Is buaireadh gach sìne a' ghaoth.

All change of weather is due to the wind.

Is buan meachdann na folachd.

Long lasts the rod whose root sprang from blood.

Al. Is buan cuimhne, &c.—*Long is the memory, &c.*

A proverb worthy of Iceland or Corsica.

Is buan gach ole. *Evil lives long.*

'S beayn dagh olk.—*Manx.*

Onde Urter voxte mest, og forgaae senest—*Ill weeds grow best and last longest.*—*Dan.*

Is buidhe le amadan imrich.

Fools are aye fond o' flittin'.—*Scot.*

Al. Is miann. Is toigh.

Is miann le amadan imirce.—*Ir.*

Is buidhe le bochd beagan.

A poor man is glad of a little.

Is buidhe le bocht a bh-faghann (*what he gets*).—*Ir.*

'S booiaigh yn voght er yn veggan.—*Manx.*

Is buidhe le bochd eanraich, ged nach bi e làn-bhruich.

The poor are glad of broth, though it be not well boiled.

Poor folks are glad of pottage.—*Eng.*

Is buidheach Dia de 'n fhìrinn.

Truth is pleasing to God.

Is buileach a thilg thu clach oirn.

You have thoroughly thrown a stone at us.

Is càirdeach an cù do'n bhanais.

The dog is friendly to the wedding.

Is call do chaillich a poca, 's gun tuille aice.
The loss of the old wife's poke is heavy, when it is her all.

Is càrn 's is dìreach a thig an lagh.
The law comes crooked and straight.

See 'Is beag 's is mór'.

Is caol an téud as nach seinn e.
It's a slender string he can't take a tune from.

Is caomh le fear a charaid', ach 's e smior a chridhe a chomh-dhalt.

Dear is a kinsman, but the pith of the heart is a foster-brother.

This is the strongest of all the sayings on this subject.

Is càraid sin, mar a thuirt an fheannag ri 'casan.
That's a pair, as the crow said to her feet.

Al. Is dìthis dhuinn sin.

They're a bonnie pair, as the crow said o' his legs.—*Scot.*

Is ceannach an t-omhan air a' bhainne-theth.
The froth is scarcely worth the hot milk.

'Omhan' is the switched-up froth of warmed milk or whey.

Is ceannach air a mhìreanan a bhéumanan.
The morsels are scarcely worth the cuts.

Is cliùtich' an onoir na 'n t-òr.
Honour is nobler than gold.

Is àisle onoir nà òr.—*Ir.*

Beter arm met eere (*poor with honour*) dan rijk met schande (*rich with shame*).—*Dutch.*

Is co domhain an t-àth 's an linne.
The ford is as deep as the pool.

Is co fad' oidhch' 'us latha, Là Fheill Pàdruig.
Night and day are equal on St. Patrick's Day.
 This is nearly correct.

Is co ònmhor osna aig an rìgh 's aig an duin' a 's ìsle staid.

The king sighs as often as the meanest man.

This occurs verbatim in D. Buchanan's 'Bruadar'.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.—*H. IV., P. II., iii. 1.*

Is co math dhomh mo chorràg a ghabhail do 'n chloich.
I might as well try my finger against a stone.

Al. Bu cho math, &c., a thumadh 's a' luath—as well dip my finger in the ashes.

Is co math na 's leòr 'us iomadaidh.

Enough is as good as abundance.

Al. Tha gu leòr cho math ri cuilm—Enough is as good as a feast.

Is co math peighinn a chaomhnadh 'us peighinn a chosnadh.

A penny hained is a penny gained.—Scot.

Is coimheach an tòm ùire.

Strange is the earthy mound.

This seems to refer to the grave.

Is còir comhairle fhir-an-tighe a ghabhail.

The goodman's advice should be taken.

A polite and sensible suggestion.

Is còir ni a thasgadh fa chomhair na coise goirte.

It's well to lay something by for a sore foot.

Is còir nìdh a thaisgidh le h-aghaidh na coise galair.—*Ir.*

Keep something for a sair fit.—*Scot.*

Lay by something for a rainy day.—*Eng.*

Is còir smaoineachadh air gach gnothach 'an toiseach.

Every business ought first to be thought over.

An excellent advice.

Is coltach an gunna ris a' phìob.

The gun is like the pipe.

Like it as a means of living, somewhat precarious.

Is coltach an gunna ris an urchair.

The gun is like the shot.

This would apply to many speeches of persons in and out of Parliament.

Is coltach an trù ris an troich.

The fool and the dwarf are alike..

The word 'trù' is not found in any Dictionary, and is not now in use. But it is given by Macintosh, with the translation of the above proverb—'It is all alike, whether the great man's fool or his dwarf'. I have therefore retained this saying as Macintosh gave it. The word 'tnù' means 'envy,' 'wrath,' &c., and the Irish word 'tru' means 'face,' 'gaunt,' &c.

Is coma leam an rud nach toigh leam, eireagan a' dol 'n an coilich.

I like not pullets becoming cocks.

This is wittier than most of the oratory against Female Medical Education and other Women's Rights.

Is coma leam comunn an òil.

I care not for the drinking fellowship.

Is euma liom cumann bean-leanna (*ale-wife*).—*Ir.*

This saying illustrates the fact that the Celts, in Scotland or elsewhere, are not prone to excess either in meat or in drink.

Is coma leam comunn gille na geire ; ge math a thois-each, bu ro olc a dheireadh.

I like not the tallow lad's company ; however good at first, very bad at last.

Al. mur bi an toiseach searbh, gu dearbh bidh an deireadh ann.

This is a Lewis and Long Island saying, of which no explanation has been given.

Is coma leam fear-fuadain 's e luath labhar.

I don't like a wayfarer who talks loud and volubly.

Is coma leis an rìgh Eóghan ; 's coma le Eóghan co dhiùbh.

The King doesn't care for Ewen ; and Ewen cares not whether or no.

Who Ewen was, is not said, but he was perhaps the independent miller that lived on the banks of Dee.

Is coma leis an t-saoghal c' àit 'an tuit e.

Wealth cares not where it falls.

There is a rich truth in this observation.

Is corrach culaidh air aon lunn.

A boat is unsteady on one roller.

Is corrach gob an dubhain.

Uncertain is the point of the hook.

See 'Is olc a' bhó-laoigh'.

Is corrach ubh air aran.

An egg on bread is slippery.

Is crìon a' chùil as nach goirear.

It's a small corner from which no cry can come.

The propagation of the Penny Press and Telegraph illustrates this beautifully.

Is cruaidh an cath as nach tig aon fhear.

It's a hard fight from which one man doesn't come.

Al. Is olc am blàr as nach tàr cuid-eigin.

It's a hard-fought field, where no man escapes unkilld.—*Eng.*

It's a sair field where a's slain.—*Scot.*

Is cruaidh a leònar an leanabh nach innis a ghearan.
The child is sadly hurt that doesn't tell his illness.

Al. Is olc a bhuailear an leanabh nach fhaod gearain—*The bairn is sair dung (beaten) that maunna complain.—Scot.*

Is cruaidh an leanabh a bhriagadh, nach urrainn a ghearan a dhianamh.

'Tis hard to soothe the child that cannot tell his ailment.

Is cruaidh an t-Earrach anns an cùntar na faochagan.
It's a hard Spring when the wilks are counted.

Al. Is lóm an cladach air an cùntar, &c.—*It's a bare shore, &c.*

This is a painfully graphic illustration of the extent to which dearth in the 'good old times' often prevailed in the Highlands; when wilks were resorted to as the last resource from starvation.

Is cruaidh na dh' fhéumar. *What's needed is hard.*

Is cumhann bial do sporain.

Narrow is the mouth of your purse.

Is cuinge brù na biadh.

There is more food than room for it.

Said of a hospitable house.

Is dà thrìan tionnsgnadh. *Begun is two-thirds done.*

Al. Is trian oibre, &c.

Is trian de 'n obair tùs a chur.—*Ir.*

'Αρχὴ ἡμισυ παντός—*Beginning is half of the whole.—Hesiod.*

Dimidium facti qui cæpit habet.—Hor.

So *Fr., Ital., Span., Port., Germ., Dutch, Dan.*

Is dall duine ann an cùil fir eile.

A man is blind in another man's corner.

Al. far nach eòlach—*where he is not acquainted.*

Is dall sùil a g-cùil duine eile.—*Ir.*

Is dall gach aineolach. *Blind is the unacquainted.*

Dall pob anghyfarwydd.—*Welsh.*

Dall fyddar pob trweh—*Blind and deaf is the blockhead.—Do.*

Is damh thu, 's gu'm meal thu d' ainm.

You are an ox, and may you enjoy the name.

Is dàna cù air a dhùnan fhéin.

A dog is bold on his own dunghill.

Al. aig a dhorus fhéin—*at his own door.*

Is teann gach madadh air a charnan fein.—*Ir.*

Every dog is valiant at his own door.—*Eng.*

Chien sur son fumier est hardi.—*Fr.*

Al. Is ladarna coileach air òtrach fhéin—*A cock is bold, &c.*

Every cock is proud on his own dunghill.—*Eng.*

Every cock craws crousest on his ain midden.—*Scot.*

Gallus in suo sterquilinio plurimum potest.—*Seneca.*

Cada gallo canta en su muladar.—*Span.*

Een haan is stout op zijn eigen erf.—*Dutch.*

Is dàna cuilean 'an uchd trèoir.

Bold is the puppy in the lap of strength.

Al. Is làidir an lag—*Bold is the weak, &c.*

This is finely illustrated sometimes in cases of the *Cives Romanus*; at other times more amusingly, or offensively, by puppies 'dressed in a little brief authority,' or representing a 'great party'.

Is dàna duine 'n a chùil fhéin.

A man is bold in his own corner.

Diau cynnaddl taiog o' i dŷ—*Bold talks the boor at home.*—*Welsh.*

Is dàna 'theid duine air a chuid fhéin.

A man is bold with what's his own.

Al. Is leomhan gach duine, &c.—*Every man is a lion, &c.*

A man's aye crouse in his ain cause.—*Scot.*

Men's belief in their right to do what they like with 'their own' sometimes makes them forget entirely that 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof'.

Is deacair a' chaora 'ghoid làmh ri tigh a' mhèirlich.

It's difficult to steal the sheep near the thief's house.

Is dìblidh cìochran gun mhàthair.

Helpless is the motherless suckling.

Is dìchiollach duine air a shon fhéin,

A man is diligent for himself.

Is dìleas duine dha fhéin.

A man is faithful to himself.

Is diombuan an tòm 'us teine ris.

Soon burns the hillock on fire.

The allusion is to the burning of heather, called in the Lowlands 'Muirburn'.—See Professor Veitch's *Hillside Rhymes*, p. 14.

Is diombuan gach cas air tìr gun eòlas.

Fleeting is the foot in a strange land.

Very characteristic of Celts, in whom the love of home, however far they may wander, is quite indestructible.

Is diù a' cheaird nach foghlumear.

It's a poor trade that is not learned.

A trade can't be worth much that is not popular. It may also mean that those who half-learn their trades are of little use.

Is diù teine fearn ùr ;
 Is diù duine mì-rùn ;
 Is diù dibhe fìon sean ;
 Ach 's e diù an domhain droch bhean.

*Worst of fuel, alder green ;
 Worst of human, malice keen ;
 Worst of drink, wine without life ;
 Worst of all things, a bad wife.*

The literal meaning of 'fìon sean' is 'old wine,' but I think the old Celts knew what was what in wine as well as in other things.

Is diù nach gabh comhairle, 's is diù 'ghabhas gach comhairle.

Who won't take advice is worthless ; who takes all advice is the same.

Al. Is truagh—is pitiful.

Is diùid fear na h-eisimeil. *The dependent is timid.*

Is dòbhaidh an companach an t-acras.

Hunger is a violent companion.

Is don' an fhèil air nach gabh salann ; 's miosa na sin na daoine nach gabh comhairle.

The flesh that won't take salt is bad ; worse are they that won't take counsel.

Is don' an fhéile 'chuireas duine fhéin air an iomairt.

It's an unhappy generosity that drives a man to his shifts.

This is true of many a good Highland family.

Is don' an gnìomh a bhi luchdachadh na luinge air sgeir-mhara.

It's a bad thing to load a ship on a tidal rock.

Is don' an leisgeul a' mhisg.

Drunkenness is a bad excuse.

This saying is worthy of the wisest of judges, before whom intoxication has often been pleaded in mitigation. Lord Hermand's saying is specially memorable.—See Cockburn's *Memorials*.

Per con. Is fhearr a' mhisg na 'bhi gun leisgeul—*Drunkenness is better than no excuse.*

Is dona 'mharcachd nach fhearr na sìor-choiseachd.

It's a bad mount that's not better than constant walking.

Is don' an t-suiridhe leth-cheannach.

The sheepish wooing is contemptible.

Is draghaile caraid amaideach na nàmhaid glic.

A silly friend is more troublesome than a wise enemy.

Better a wise enemy than a foolish friend.—*Arab.*

Save me from my friends !—*Eng.*

Is dù do chù donnalaich. *Howling is proper to a dog.*

Is dual do 'n bhàrd 'athair aithris.

It's natural for the bard to tell of his father.

Is dubh dha fhéin sin.

That is black (sad) for himself.

Is duilich a cleachdadh 'thoirt bho làimh.

The hand hardly gives up its habit.

Al. Is duilich toirt bho 'n làimh a chleachd.—*It's hard to beat the skilled hand.*

Al. Is ionmhuinn leis an làimh na chleachd.—*The hand loves what it has practised.*

Is duilich am fear nach bi 'n a chadal a dhùsgadh.

It is hard to waken him who is not asleep.

Is duilich an coileach-dubh a ghleidheadh bho 'n fhraoch.

It is difficult to keep the black-cock from the heather.

Is duilich an nàire 'thoirt as an àit' anns nach bi i.

It's difficult to get shame where it is not.

Is duilich bó a chur air laogh, 'us a gaol air gamhainn.

A cow won't take to a calf, when her darling is a stirk.

Is duilich bùrn glan a thoirt á tobar salach.

It's difficult to draw pure water from a dirty well.

Is duilich camadh 'thoirt á daraig, a dh'fhàs anns an fhaillein.

It's hard to take the twist out of the oak, that grew in the sapling.

See 'An car a bhios'.

Is duilich ciall a thoirt do amadan.

It's hard to give sense to a fool.

This is the same as Dr. Johnson's saying, about giving understanding to his hearer.

Is duilich cupan làn a ghiùlan.

A full cup is hard to carry.

Is duilich duin' a lorgachadh troimh amhuinn.

It is difficult to track a man through a river.

Our greatest Scottish king, Robert the Bruce, once proved the truth of this, when followed by blood-hounds in Galloway, set on by less respectable creatures. See Barbour's *Bruce*, B.V., ll. 300-50.

Is duilich rath a chur air duine dona.

You can't put luck on a worthless man.

Ekki má feigum forða—*The fey one cannot be saved.*—*Icel.*

Is duilich roghainn a thoirt á diù.

'Tis hard to choose the best of worst.

Is duilich triubhas a thoirt de mhàs lóm.

It's ill to take the trews off a bare buttock.

Is deacair brighiste a bhaint de thòin lom.—*Ir.*

It's ill to tak' the breeks aff a Hielandman.—*Scot.*

Is duine còir e, 's na iarr a chuid.

He's a fine man, if you don't ask of him.

There is a delicate Celtic irony in this.

Is duine còir fear dà bhó ;

Is duine ro-chòir fear a trì ;

'S cha 'n fhaigh fear a cóig no sia

Còir no ceart le fear nan naoi.

The two-cow man is a worthy man ; very worthy is the man of three ; and the man of five or six can do nothing against the man of nine.

Is duine dona gun fhéum a chuireadh cuireadh orm fhéin 'us caitheamh.

He is a pitiful fellow who would invite me and leave me to pay.

Is duine gach òirleach dheth. *He's a man every inch.*

Is e am bial a dh' obas mu dheireadh.

It's the mouth that gives in last.

Is e am brag a ni an cruadhachadh.

When the cracking begins the grain gets dried.

Is e 'm broc a 's luaithe dh' fhairicheas 'fhàileadh fhéin.

The badger is the first to smell himself.

Is e am bròn a's fhasa fhaotainn.

Grief is easiest to get.

Is e 'm bualadh cluigeineach a ni an crodh trothanach.
The bad thrashing makes the brisk cows.

Careless thrashing leaves ears of corn on the straw, which makes the cows all the more lively.

Is e 'm fàth mu 'm bitheadh tu, ciod e 'gheabhadh tu.
Your quest always is, what you can get.

Is e am Foghar gaothmhor a ni an core càthmhor.
The windy Autumn makes the chaffy oats.

Is e 'n cadal fada 'ni 'n t-iomradh teth.
Long sleep makes hot rowing.

Is e an ceann gòrach a ni na casan luaineach.
Giddy head makes gadding feet.

Is e 'n ceò Geamhraidh a ni 'n cathadh Earraich.
The Winter mist makes the Spring snow-drift.

Is e 'n ciall-ceannaich a's fhearr.
Bought wit is best.—Eng.

Al. Is fhearr aon ghliocas ceannaich na dìthis (or dhà dhiag) a nasgaidh—*Better one wisdom bought, than two (or a dozen) got for nought.*

Keeayl chionnit yn cheeayl share, mannagh vel ee kionnit ro gheyr—*Bought wit is best, if not bought too dear.—Manx.*

Is i an chiall cheannaigh' is fearr.—*Ir.*

Παθήματα μαθήματα.—*Herod.* Nocumenta documenta.—*Lat.*

Wit bought mak's wise folk.—*Scot.*

An ounce of wit that's bought is worth a pound that's taught.
 —*Eng.*

Per con. Is fhearr aon chiall-caisg na dà chiall-diag ionnsaich
 —*Better one mother-wit than twelve taught.*

An ounce o' mither-wit is worth a pund o' clergy.—*Scot.*

Is e an ciad thaom de 'n taigeis a 's teotha dh' i.
The first squirt of the haggis is the hottest.

The first fuff o' a fat haggis is aye the bauldest.—*Scot.*

Is e 'n cleachdadh a ni teoma.
Practice makes expert.

Usus promptum facit.—*Lat.* Practice makes perfect.—*Eng.*

Is e an cùntas ceart a dh' fhàgas na càirdean buidheach.
Correct counting keeps good friends.

Cuntas glan fhàgas càirde buidheach.—*Ir.*

Be brothers, and keep between you the accounts of merchants.
 —*Arab.*

Count like Jews, and 'gree like Christians.—*Scot.*

Short reckonings make long friends.—*Eng.*

Kurze rechnung, lange Freundschaft.—*Germ.*

Elfene rekeningen maken goede vrienden.—*Dutch.*

Les bons comptes font les bons amis.—*Fr.*

Conta de perto, amigo de longe.—*Port.*

Is e 'n dealachadh-beò a ni 'n leòn goirt.

Parting with the living makes the sore wound.

There is much truth in this. Parting with the dead is irremediable, and therefore tolerable,—separation from the living is all the sorer, when re-union is possible, yet hopeless.

Is e 'n duine dìomhain a 's fhaide mhaireas.

The idle man lives longest.

See MacIntyre's 'Oran do 'n Mhusg'. This is generally true, though many of the hardest workers have attained great age.

Is e 'n Geamhradh luath an Geamhradh buan.

Early winter lasts long.

Is e 'n gille 'n t-aodh ch, ach 's e 'n laochan am biadh.

The clothes are the boy, but the food beats all.

Is e 'n saor gobhlach 'ni 'n gogan dìonach.

It's the squatting joiner that makes the tight cog.

Is e 'n seasamh a 's mò, ach 's e 'n suidhe 's ciallaiche.

Standing is bigger, but sitting is wiser.

Is e 'n suidhe bochd a ni 'n garadh beairteach.

The poor seat makes the rich warming.

Al. For bochd 'lòsal,' and for beairteach 'uasal'.

Ghnidh suidh isiol goradh àrd.—*Ir.*

The lowest seat is nearest the fire.

Is e an suidhe docharach 's an tigh-òsd' a 's fhearr.

The uneasy seat in the alchouse is the best.

Another testimony to the sober habits of Highlanders.

Is e 'n t-àicheadh math dara puinc a 's fhearr 's an lagh.

Good denial is the second best point in law.

'Denied' and 'Quoad ultra denied' are stereotyped forms of expression in our Scottish law suits.

Is e 'n t-ionnsachadh òg an t-ionnsachadh bòidheach.

The early learning is the pretty learning.

Al. a ni foghlum gun taing—makes the sure learning.

Al. a ni ealanta—makes expert.

Is e 'n t-uisge salach a ni 'nighe' ghlan.

The dirty water makes the clean washing.

Is e ath-thilleadh na ceathairn' a 's miosa.

The return of the reavers is worst.

Because they would carry off what they spared before.

'Ceatharn' = troop, fighting band, banditti—whence 'cateran' and 'kern'.

'Ceathairne' = peasantry, males fit to bear arms.

Is e bacadh duin' òig 'aimhleas.

Thwarting a young man is his mischief.

Is e deireadh gach cogaidh sìth.

The end of each war is peace.

Is e deireadh nan ceannaichean dol a shnìomh shìoman.

The end of merchants is twisting straw-ropes.

A Lewis modern saying. The 'merchants' referred to are the small dealers in country places, who often come to grief through ignorance of business and bad debts.

Is e Diluain iuchair na seachdain.

Monday is the key of the week.

A good, sensible maxim.

Is e do chab nach deach' fhalach 's an làr an là a rugadh tu.

Your 'gab' was not hidden under ground the day you were born.

Said to forward talkative young people.

Is e do chiad chliù d' alladh.

Your first repute is your renown.

Al. Is e cliù duin' a chiad iomradh.

Al. Is e ciad iarraidh duin' a chliù.

Is e do shùil do cheannaiche.

Thine eye is thy merchant.

To thine eye, O merchant.—*Arab.* Caveat emptor.—*Lat.*

Is e duin' a nì, ach 's e cù a dh' innseas.

He's a man who does; he's a dog who tells.

Manly men may do things, which to go and speak of is not manly. To boast of things never done is worse still.

Is e farmad a ni treabhadh.

Emulation makes ploughing.

In letters of gold, put up in the Logic Class-room of Edinburgh University by Sir William Hamilton, are these words of Hesiod, stirring to young minds,

'Αγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἦδε βροτοῖσι.

Is e fortan no mìfhortan fir bean.

A man's wife is his fortune or misfortune.

Is e galar a bheireadh air na gobhair nach itheadh iad an eidheann.

Disease only would keep goats from eating ivy.

See 'An rud a chùm'.

Is e innleachd seilge a sìor leannmhuinn.

The art of hunting is ever pursuing it.

Is e iomadaidh nan làmh a nì an obair aotrom.

Many hands make light work.—Eng., Scot.

Al. lionmhorachd nan làmh.

Is e 'leanabh fhéin a's luaithe 'bhaistean an sagart.

The priest christens his ain bairn first.—Scot.

'S e a leanabh fein a bhaistean a sagart air tùs.—*Ir.*

This saying must be held, by all who respect priests, to have originated before marriage was forbidden to them.

Is e meathadh gach cùise dàil.

Delay makes causes dwine.

Al. a bhi 'g a sìneadh—*adjourning.*

Is e miann a' chait a chniadachadh.

The cat desires to be caressed.

Is e miann na lach an loch air nach bì i.

The duck's desire is the water where she's not.

Is e mo charaide caraid na cruaidhe.

My friend is the friend in straits.

Is e mo roghainn a tha 'n uachdar.

My choice is uppermost.

Is e moch-eiridh na Luaine 'ni an t-suain Mhàirt.

The Monday early-rising makes the Tuesday sleep.

Is e 'n griasaiche math an duine 's briagaich' air thalamh.

The good shoemaker is the greatest of liars.

Is e na déuchainnean a nì na dearbhainnean.

Trials make proof.

Is e sgéul an àigh a b' àill le Pòl.

It's a lucky story that would please Paul.

Who Paul was we can't say—doubtless a critic of the 'nil admirari' school.

Is e sgéul an duine bheadaidh na gheabh e 'n tigh a choimhearsnaich.

The mannerless man tells what he gets at his neighbour's.

Is e sin an tóll a mhill an t-seiche.

That's the hole that spoiled the hide.

Is e sin cnag an sgeòil. *That's the peg of the story.*

Is e sin maide 'g an stad e.

That's the stick where he'll stop.

Al. mu'm beil e 'g iomairt—which he's playing at = He'll come to that. The reference is to a game played at sticks or pegs, fixed at certain distances.

Is e sùil a ni sealbh. *The eye makes wealth.*

Das Auge des Herrn schafft mehr als seine beiden Hände—*The master's eye does more than both his hands.—Germ.*

Is e 'thòn a bha trasda 'n uair a rinn e e.

He sat very awry when he did it.

Is èasgaidh an droch ghille air chuairt.

The bad servant is brisk abroad.

Al. 'an tigh a' choimhearsnaich—in the neighbour's house.

Esgud drygfab yn nhê arall.—*Welsh.*

Is èasgaidhe nòin na madainn.

Noon is more lively than morning.

Is èasgaidhe nòin nà maidin.—*Ir.*

'Nòin,' derived doubtless like 'noon' from 'nona,' = 3 P.M., means both noon and afternoon in our Gaelic. In Irish and Welsh it means the former, in Manx, 'traa nonney' = evening. Most people are more lively in the evening than in the morning.

Is éibhinn an obair an t-sealg.

Hunting is delightful work.

This saying occurs in our oldest hunting song, known as 'A Chomhachag,' The Owl, by Donald MacDonald.

Nid difyrwch ond milgi—ond gwalch—*No diversion like a greyhound—like a hawk.—Welsh.*

Every run in the desert exhilarates.—*Arab.*

Is éigin dol far am bi 'n fhòid.

One must go where his grave awaits him.

See 'Bheir fòid'.

Is éigin do 'n fhéumach a bhi falbhanach.

The needy must keep moving.

This is a recognised maxim of Metropolitan Policemen.

Is éudar do chàirdean dealachadh. *Friends must part.*

Is éudar gabhail le each mall, o 'n nach faighear na 's fhearr.

The slow horse must be taken if no better can be got.

Is fad an amhainn air nach fhaighear ceann.

It's a long river whose head can't be found.

Al. an rathad—the road.

Is fad an dàil o 'n oidhirp.

Long is the delay from the attempt.

Is fad an éubh o Loch-Obha, 'us cobhair o Chlann O'Duibhne.

Far's the cry from Loch Awe, and help from the race of O'Duine.

The Campbells claim descent from Diarmad O'Duibhne, Dermid, grandson of Duine, the Launcelot of the Fingalian tragedy. The above saying is supposed to have originated at the time of a great defeat of the Campbells under the Earl of Argyll, by the Gordons under the Earl of Huntly, at Allt-Chuailleachain in Glenlivet, in 1594; where Campbell of Lochnell proved signally treacherous to his chief.—See Gregory's *West. Highl.*, &c., p. 256.

Is fad' an oidhche gu latha do fhear na droch mhnatha.

It's a long night till morning for the husband of the bad wife.

See Mrs. Caudle's *Lectures*.

Is fad' an oidhche gu latha, arsa casan loisgte.

Long is night till day, said the burned feet.

Is fad an timchioll nach tachair.

It's a long round that meets not.

Is fada cobhair o mhnaoi 's a muinntir 'an Eirinn.

Far is aid from her whose folk are in Ireland.

Is fada làmh an fhéumaich. *Long is the arm of the needy.*

Al. Is fada làmh an airc, ach ma 's fhada, cha reamhar—*The hand of poverty is long and lean.*

Is fada slíos na bliadhna. *The year's length is long.*

Lit. The year's 'slope' or 'side'.

Is faoilidhe duine a chuid a thairgse, ged is fheairrd' e aige fhéin e.

He is the more generous who offers his own, though he would be the better of keeping it.

The Moral Philosophy of this is excellent, and is just that of the Saviour about the widow's mite. The virtue of donations implying no sacrifice is very small indeed.

Is farsuing an rathad mór, agus faodar fhalbh.

The highway is wide, and may be trod.

Is farsuing a sgaoileas an dreathann a chasan 'n a thigh fhéin.

The wren spreads his feet wide in his own house.

Al. Is farsuing tigh an dreathainn—*The wren's house is wide.*

There is something felicitous in the idea of a wren spreading his legs like a potentate at his own hearth.

Is farsuing bial a' bhothain.

A wee house has a wide mouth.—Scot.

Ulster proverb in same words.

Is fàs a' choill as nach goirear.

It's a desert wood whence no voice is heard.

Is fhad a bhà thu, 's luath a thàinig thu.

You are long of coming, and have come full soon.

Is fhad' a chaidh an Liùnasdail annad.

The Lammas went far into you.

I.e. You are far gone; Lammas being the time of year when things had reached the verge of dearth before harvest, in olden times.

Is fhad' a dh' fhalbhas cas bheò.

A living foot will go far.

Is fhada bho'n dà latha sin, 's bho bhliadhna 'n Earr-aich dhuibh.

It's long since these two days, and the year of the black Spring.

The 'two days' mean 'changed times'; the 'black Spring,' a peculiarly bad year.

Is fhada bho'n uair sin, bho'n a bha cluas air ròn.

It's long since the time when the seal had ears.

The seal's ears are hardly visible. The common phrase, on meeting an old acquaintance is, 'S fhad o 'n uair sin—*It's long since that time*'.

Is fhad' o thigh a' mhodh a rugadh tu.

You were born far from the house of good manners.

Is fhada tha bàs do sheana-mhair 'n ad chuimhne.

Your grandmother's death is long in your memory.

Said to over-sentimental people, or to those who keep up too long the remembrance of anything.

Is fhaid' an latha na 'm bruthach; bidh sinn uiread nair-eigin.

The day is longer than the brae; we'll be at the top yet.

A very cheery and plucky sentiment.

Is fhaide d' fhiacail na d' fhasag.

Your teeth are longer than your beard.

Tak a piece; yir teeth's langer than yir beard.—*Scot.*

Is fhaide gu bràth na gu Bealltainn.

Its longer to Doomsday than to Whitsunday.

Ulster proverb in same words.

Is fhaide gu Nollaig na gu Feill-Màrtainn.

It's longer to Christmas than to Martinmas.

Is fhasa cumail na tarruing.

Better to haud than draw.—Scot.

Possession is nine points of the law.—*Eng.*

Is fhasa deadh ainm a chall na 'chosnadh.

A guid name is suner tint than won.—Scot.

Is fhasa sgapadh na tional.

It's easier to scatter than to gather.

Is fusa sgapadh nà cruinneaghadh.—*Ir.*

Is fheairrd' an càl an cat a chur ann.

The kail will be the better of putting the cat in.

Better a mouse i' the pat as nae flesh.—*Scot.*

Is fheairrd' an luch sàmhchair, mar a thuirt luch a' mhonaidh ri luch a' bhaile.

The mouse is the better of quietness, as the moor-mouse said to the town-mouse.

This seems to be taken from the well-known fable of the Town mouse and Country mouse.

Is fheairrde briagadair fianuis.

A liar is the better of a voucher.

Is fearrde a dhearcas brèng fiadhnuise.—*Ir.*

See 'Imridh briag gobhal'.

Is fheairrde bràdh a breacadh gun a bristeadh.

A quern is the better of being picked without being broken.

Is fearrde do 'n m-brò a bhreacadh gun a bhriseadh.—*Ir.*

Picking the quern consisted in refreshing the roughness of the stone, which required to be cautiously done. The use of hand-

mills was prohibited by the Scottish Parliament as far back as 1284, but continued privately notwithstanding, and is probably not entirely obsolete yet. The above saying is supposed to refer to the orders given by the lairds to have all the querns broken.

Is fheairrde cù cù a chrochadh.

A dog is the better of another dog being hanged.

Is fheairrde cù sgaiteach cnàimh a chur 'n a bhial.

A biting dog is the better of a bone.

Gwell cariad y ci na'i gas—*A dog's friendship is better than his hate.*—Welsh.

Is fheairrde cuideachd cùis-bhùrd.

A company is the better of a laughing-stock.

Al. culaidh-ghàire.

Is fheairrde gach cneadh a ceasnachadh.

A wound is the better of being probed.

Is fheairrde gach math a mhèudachadh.

Every good is the better of being increased.

Is fheairrde h-uile cù a dhion a chinn a dhranndan.

A dog's snarl defends his head.

Is fhearr a bhi bochd na 'bhi briagach.

Better be poor than a liar.

Is fhearr a bhi cinnteach na 'bhi caillteach.

Better be sure than lose.

Is fhearr a bhi cuimhneachadh air a mhath a bha, na 'bhi 'smaoineachadh air a mhath nach 'eil 's nach bi.

Better thinking of the good that has been, than of that which is not, and never will be.

A thoroughly Celtic and respectable Conservative sentiment.

Is fhearr a bhi 'dhìth a' chinn na 'bhi dhìth an fhasain.

Better want the head than want the fashion.

Al. Is fhearr dol as an amhaich na dol as an fhasan—Better out of neck than out of fashion.

A very human and especially feminine sentiment.

Is fhearr a bhi dubh na 'bhi bàn ;

Is fhearr a bhi bàn na 'bhi ruadh ;

Is fhearr a bhi ruadh na 'bhi carrach ;

Is fhearr a bhi carrach na 'bhi gun cheann.

Better be black than fair ;

Better be fair than red ;

*Better be red than scabby ;
Better scabby than no head.*

Al. Is fhearr an dubh na 'n dónn ;
'S fhearr an dónn na 'm bàn ;
'S fhearr am bàn na 'n ruadh ;
'S fhearr an ruadh na chàrr.

*Better black than brown,
Better brown than fair,
Better fair than red,
Better red than scabby.*

Is fhearr a bhi gun chloinn na clann gun rath.
Better no children than children without luck.

Is fhearr a bhi gun mhart na 'bhi gun mhac.
Better have no cow than have no son.

Is fhearr a bhi leisg gu ceannach, na ruighinn gu pàidheadh.

Better be slow to buy than stiff to pay.

Is fhearr a bhi sona na 'bhi saothaireach.
Better be happy (or lucky) than laborious.

Is fhearr a bhi sona na crìonna.
Better be happy (or lucky) than wise.

Both these sentiments are very Celtic ; and yet the wise Englishman, the cautious Lowland Scot, and the astute Italian, say the very same thing in the same words—'Tis better to be happy than wise'—'Better be sonsy than soon up' ; 'E meglio esser fortunato che savio'. So much faith is there in luck, even among the wisest people.

Is fhearr a bhiadhadh na 'ionnsachadh.

He's better fed than bred.—Scot.

Feàrr a oileamhain na a oideachas.—*Ir.*

Mieux nourrit qu' instruit.—*Fr.*

Is fhearr a' chlach gharbh air am faighear rud-eigin, na 'chlach mhìn air nach faighear dad idir.

Better the rough stone which yields something, than the smooth stone that yields nothing.

This, of course, has a moral meaning, but the physical reference is to the species of Lichen called respectively Corcur and Crotal, which grow on rocks, and were used extensively for dyes in the Highlands, the one a shade of crimson, the other a reddish brown. See Lightfoot's *Flora Scotica*, 2nd ed., Vol. II., pp. 812, 818.

Is fhearr a' chlach na 'bhi gun mhathachadh.

Better stones than no manure.

Instances have been told of stones having been gathered off a field so carefully as to do the land more harm than good, and even to lead to their being replaced !

Is fhearr a thomhas fo sheachd, na 'mhilleadh uile a dh-aon bheachd.

Better measure short of seven, than spoil all at once.

This seems to refer to the measure for a kilt, for which seven yards are required for a well-grown man.

Measure twice, cut once.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr àdh na ealain.

Luck is better than skill.

Al. Is fhearr an t-àdh na 'mhoch-eirigh—*Luck is better than early rising.*

See 'Is fhearr a bhi sona' and 'Ealain gun rath'.

Is fhearr aithreachas fuireach na aithreachas falbh.

Better repent for staying than for going.

Al. suidhe na aithreachas ruithe—for sitting than for running.

Is fhearr altrum ràidhe na altrum bliadhna.

A quarter's nursing is better than a year's.

Is fhearr am fear foghainteach feargach na 'm mìn-chealgaire 's e ro chiùin.

Better the sturdy passionate man, than the smooth-deceiving and very mild.

Is fhearr an cù a ni miodal riut, na 'n cù a ghearras tu.

Better the dog that fawns than the dog that bites.

Better a dog fawn on you than bite you.—*Eng.*

Al. Is fhearr an cù a bhogas 'earball na 'n cù a chuireas drainng air—*Better the dog that wags his tail than the dog that grins.*

Is fhearr an cù 'dh'fhalbhas na 'n cù 'dh'fhanas.

Better the dog that goes than the dog that stays.

Is fhearr an cù a ruitheas na 'n cù a mbeathas.

Better is the dog that runs than he that gives in.

Is fhearr an dìchioll lag na 'n neart leisg.

Better the weak diligence than the lazy strength.

Is fhearr an fhìrinn na 'n t-òr.

Truth is better than gold.

Is fhearr an giomach na 'bhi gun fhear-tighe.

Better a lobster than no husband.

Al. am portan tuathal—the awkward crab.

Two women lived together, one of whom stole the other's meal out of her bag. The sufferer then put a live lobster into the bag, and the next time the thief put her hand in she was caught. She cried out 'Tha'n Donas 'na do phoca!—*The Devil's in your bag!*' 'Tha,' said the other, 'n uair 'tha thus' ann—*Yes, when you are there.*' Hence the origin of this proverb.

Sease velado, y sease un palo—*Let it be a husband, though it be but a hedge-stick.*—*Span.*

Is fhearr an rath so far am beil e, na 'n rath ud far an robh e.

This luck is better where it is, than that where it was.

Is fhearr an rathad fada glan na 'n rathad goirid salach.

Better the long clean road than the short dirty one.

Is fhearr an saoghal ionnsachadh na 'sheachnadh.

Better teach (or learn) the world than shun it.

A very wise saying.

Is fhearr an sneachd na 'bhi gun sian, 'an déigh an sìol a chur 's an talamh.

Better snow than no rain-storm, when the seed is in the ground.

Al. Is fhearr an sneachd na bhi gun uisge 's a' Chéitein.

Better snow than no rain in May.

Is fhearr an teine beag a gharas na 'n teine mór a loisgeas.

Better a little fire to warm us than a great one to burn us.—*Eng., Scot.*

Is fearr teine bheag a ghoras nà teine mòr a losgas.—*Ir.*

Is fhearr an toit na 'ghaoth tuath.

The smoke is better than the north wind.

Is fhearr an t-olc a chluinntinn na 'fhaicinn.

Better hear the evil than see it.

Per con. 'S fhearr an t-olc fhaicinn na 'chluinntinn.

Is fhearr an t-olc eòlach na 'n t-olc aineolach.

The known evil is better than the unknown.

Al. Ma tha aon chron 's an eòlach, bidh a dhà dhiag 's an aineolach—*If the known have one fault, the unknown will have twelve.*

Is fearr eòlus an uile nà an t-olc gan eòlus.—*Ir.* Share yn olk shìone dooin na yn olk nagh nhìone dooin.—*Manx.*

Gwell i ddyn y drwg a wŷr na'r drwg nis gŵyr.—*Welsh.*

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of.—*Hamlet*, III., 1.

Better the ill ken'd than the guid unken'd.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr am bonnach beag leis a' bheannachd, na 'm bonnach mór leis a' mhollachd.

The little bannock with a blessing is better than the big one with a curse.

This saying occurs in some of the old Gaelic tales, when a son is going from home, and is asked by his mother which he prefers. See Dr. M'Leod's *Caraid nan Gaidheal*, p. 273.

Al. an t-ubh beag—the little egg; an leth beag—the little half.

Is fhearr aon ian 's an làimh, na 'dhà dhiag air iteig.

A bird in the hand is worth a dozen on wing.

Fearr dreoilin ann dorn na corr air chàirde (*free*).—*Ir.*

Ta ushag ayns laue chammag (*cho math*) as jees (*dithis*) sy thammag (*bush*).—*Manx.*

Gwell aderyn yn (*one bird*) y llaw na dau ynnllwyn (*two in wood*).—*Welsh.*

A bird in the hand is worth two in the wood.—*Eng.*

A bird in the hand's worth twa fleein' by.—*Scot.*

A thousand cranes in the air are not worth a sparrow in the fist.—*Arab.*

Mas vale pajaró (*sparrow*) en la mano, que buitre (*vulture*) volando.—*Span.*

Beter eene vogel in de hand dan tien in de lucht (*sky*).—*Dutch.*

E meglio un ucello in gabbia che cento fuori.—*Ital.*

Is fhearr aon laogh na dà chraicionn.

One calf is better than two skins.

Is fhearr aon oidhche Mhàirt na trì latha Foghair.

One night in March is worth three days in Autumn.

For growth.

Is fhearr aon sine na ceathramh coirce.

One teat (of a cow) is better than a quarter of oats.

Al. Is fhearr aon sine bà na bolla dhe 'n mhin bhàn—*Better one teat of a cow than a boll of Lowland meal.*

Would that all lairds and sheep-farmers considered this, who have crofters on their lands, with children, but no cows to give them milk! Unhappily, there is less of milk, both of cows, and of human kindness, in some places where once they were not wanting.

Is fhearr aon taisgeach na seachd teagraidh.

Better one secure than seven to be gathered.

Is fhearr aon tigh air a nighe' na dhà dhiag air an sguabadh.

Better one house washed than twelve swept.

Is fhearr aon tòrradh na dà chommanachadh dhiag.

One funeral is worth twelve communions.

For drink, especially—a very suggestive saying.

Is fhearr bàrr mór, ach fógnaidh bàrr beag.

A big crop is best, but a little crop will do.

Is fhearr beagan stòrais na móran chàirdean.

Better a little of one's own than many friends.

Is fhearr bean ghlic na crann 'us fearann.

Better is a wise wife than a plough and land.

Is fhearr bó na bà ; is fhearr duine na daoine.

A cow is better than kine ; a man is better than men.

I.e., a good cow and a good man.

Is fhearr bréid na tóll, ach 's uaisle tóll na tuthag.

A patch is better than a hole, but a hole is more genteel.

Is fearr paiste na poll, acht is onoraigh poll na paiste.—*Ir.*

Gwelloc'h pensel evit toull.—*Breton.*

The sentiment of this is very Celtic, and the Spanish saying is similar, 'Hidalgo honrado antes roto que remendado'—*A true gentleman would prefer his clothes ragged than patched.*

Better a clout than a hole out.—*Eng.*

Besser ein Flick als ein Loch.—*Germ.*

Al. Piseag air tóll, 's e sin an tairbhe ; ach piseag air piseig, 's e sin an lùireach—*Patch on hole is economy ; patch on patch is tatters.*

Patch by patch is good housewifery, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.—*Eng.* Clout upon a hole is guid gentry, clout upon a clout is guid yeomanry, but clout upon a clouted clout is downright beggary.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr buille na ionradh.

A blow is better than gossip.

The meaning is that corporal punishment is less painful than being made a subject of disagreeable remark.

Is fhearr caitheamh na meirgeadh.

Better wear than rust.

A fine saying.

Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright ; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.—*Troil. and Cress., III., 3.*

Is fhearr caraid 's a chùirt na crùn 's an sporan.

A friend in the court is better than a crown in the purse.

Al. na bó 'am buaile—than a cow in the fold.

Is fearr carad 's a g-cúirte ná bonn sa sparán.—*Ir.*

Gwell câr yn y llys nag aur ar fys.—*Welsh.*

A friend at (or in) court is worth a penny in purse.—*Eng., Scot.*

One of the best illustrations of the want of judicial purity in olden times, which gave rise to this maxim, is Lord President Gilmour's remark on hearing Cromwell's judges praised for their impartiality—'Deil thank them! they had neither kith nor kin'. Even in 1737, the advice given in a law-suit in regard to the management of the Bench was as follows:—'By Lord St. Clair's advice, Mrs. Kinloch is to wait on Lady Cairnie to-morrow, to cause her to ask the favour of Lady St. Clair to solicit Lady Betty Elphinston and Lady Dun'. The ladies last mentioned were the wives of two of the judges. Lord St. Clair's exquisite caution, in leaving the management of Lady St. Clair to other people, is interesting. See Chambers' *Dom. Ann.*, III., 291.

Is fhearr coimhearsnach 'am fagus na bràthair fad o làimh.

Better a neighbour at hand than a brother far away.

Al. Is fhearr coimhearsnach math 's a' bhaile seo, na caraid anns a' bhail' ud thall. Better a good neighbour in this town than a kinsman in yon town.

Eun amezek mad (*math*) a zo gwell,

Evit na e kerent (*na caraid*) a-bell.—*Breton.*

God Nabo er bedre end Broder i anden By.—*Dan.*

E meglio un prossimo vicino che un lontano cugino.—*Ital.*

Is fhearr crathadh na cainbe, na crathadh na cirbe.

The shaking of canvass is better than the shaking of a rag.

The meaning of this is not apparent.

Is fhearr cù beò na leomhan marbh.

Better a living dog than a dead lion.

This is a translation of ECCLES. ix. 4.

Is fhearr cù luath na teanga labhar.

Better a dog swift of foot than loud of tongue.

Is fhearr cuid na ciad oidhche, na na h-oidhche mu dheireadh.

The first night's fare is better than the last night's.

The first and last night of the winter beef.

Is fhearr cùl caraide na aghaidh coimhich.

Better back of friend than face of stranger.

Gwell gwegil câr na gwyneb estron.—*Welsh.*

Is fhearr deadh chainnt na h-asail no droch fhacal fàidh.

The good speech of an ass is better than the bad word of a prophet.

This of course refers to Balaam. It is the only Gaelic saying in which the ass is mentioned. The animal was unknown in the Highlands until modern times.

Is fhearr deadh earbsa na droch fhoighidinn.

Full trust is better than impatience.

Is fhearr deathach an fhraoich na gaoth an reothaidh.

Better the smoke of heather than the wind of frost.

Is fhearr deireadh cuirme na toiseach tuasaid.

Better the end o' a feast than the beginning o' a fray.—

Scot.

Al. Is fhearr teachd 'an deireadh—*Better come at the end, &c.*

Féarr deire fleidhe 'na tús bruidhne.—*Ir.*

Is fhearr deireadh math, na droch thoiseach.

Better a good end than a bad beginning.

Macintosh translates this, 'The refuse of the good is preferable to the best of the ill'.

Is fhearr dhut do chuid fhàgail aig do nàmhaid, na dol 'an innibh do charaide.

Better leave your goods with an enemy, than go to extremes with your friend.

Lit., than go into the bowels of.

Is fhearr dìol-farmaid, na dìol-truaighe.

Better be envied than pitied.—Eng., Scot.

Al. Is fhearr 'Fire faire!' na 'Mo thruaighe!'

Better 'Hey day!' than 'Alas!'

There is more wit in this version.

Is fearr dìol tnu nà dìol truaighe.—*Ir.*

Φθονέσθαι κρέσσον ἐστὶν ἢ οἰκτεῖρεσθαι.—*Herod.*

Κάλλια νὰ σὲ ξηλεύουν, παρὰ νὰ σ' ἐλεοῦν.—*Mod. Gr.*

So *Fr., Ital., Germ., Dutch, &c.*

Is fhearr dol a laidhe gun suipeir na éirigh ann am fiachan.

Better go to bed supperless than rise in debt.—Eng.

Share goll dy lhie fegooish (*as aogais*) shibber, na girree ayns lhiastynys (*debt*).—*Manx.*

Is fhearr do dhuine 'bhreith 'an deadh uair na deadh athair.

Better be born in good time than a good father.

One of the questionable sayings on the importance of luck.

Is fhearr do dhuine 'bhi 'snaim nan sop na 'bhi 'n a thàmh.

Better knot straws than sit idle.

The Scotch saying is the opposite—'Better be idle than ill employed'.

Is fhearr duine na daoine.

One man is better than many men.

Gwell gwr nà gwŷr—('S fhearr fear na fir).—*Welsh.*

Is fhearr e na 'choltas.

He is better than he looks.

She's better than she's bonnie.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr éirigh moch na suidhe anmoch.

Better rise early than sit late.

Is fearr éirigh moch nà suidhe mall.—*Ir.*

Gae to bed wi' the lamb, and rise wi' the laverock.—*Scot.*

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three hours after.—

Eng.

Is fhearr eòlas math na droch chàirdeas.

Good acquaintance is better than bad relationship.

See 'Theid an t-eòlas'.

Is fhearr 'fhiachainn na 'bhi 's an dùil.

It's better to try than to hope.

Very good doctrine.

Is fhearr freasdal na gàbhadh.

Better caution than danger.

Guid watch hinders harm.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr froiseachan am bliadhna na sguab air cheann an uiridh.

A shaken sheaf this year is better than the standing sheaf of last year.

Al. Is fhearr sguab am bliadhna na adag an uiridh—*A sheaf of this year is better than a shock (twelve sheaves) of last year.*

Is fhearr fuachd caraide na blàs nàmhaid.

Better the coldness of a friend than the warmth of an enemy.

An excellent saying.

Is fhearr fuigheall fanaid na fuigheall farmaid.

The remains of ridicule are better than the dregs of envy.

Is fhearr fuigheall na braide na fuigheall na sgeige.

The residue of theft is better than that of scorn.

Macintosh's translation is, 'The thief may have some profit, but the scorner none'. The doctrine is dubious.

Is fhearr fuigheall na uireasbhuidh.

Better leavings than want.

Is fhearr fuigheall na bheith air easbhuidh.—*Ir.*

Is fhearr fuine thana na 'bhi uile falamh.

Thin kneading is better than no bread.

Bannocks are better than nae bread.—*Scot.*

Half a loaf is better than no bread.—*Eng.*

Is fhearr greim caillich na tarruing laoich.

An old woman's grip is better than a hero's pull.

Al. Is fhearr cumail caillich na tarruing tighearna.

Better to haud than draw.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr guth na meidh.

A word is better than a balance.

This is a 'dubh-fhacal'. The meaning probably is, that the voice of a powerful friend is of more value than strict impartiality. In his first edition, Macintosh gives the word 'mèithe,' and his translation is, 'Better speak than lose right'.

Is fhearr iarunn fhaotainn na airgiod a chall.

Better find iron than tine siller.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr iasg beag na 'bhi gun iasg idir.

Sma' fish is better than nane.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr iomall a' phailteis na teis-meadhoin na gainne.

Better the border of plenty than the centre of want.

Al. na h-airce.

Is fhearr làn an dùirn de cheaird na làn an dùirn de dh-òr.

A handful of trade is better than a handful of gold.

A handfu' o' trade is worth a gowpen o' gowd.—*Scot.*

A handful of trade is a handful of gold.—*Eng.*

This is undoubtedly a borrowed proverb. The trade of the smith, or armourer, was the only one the old Highlanders looked on with any respect.

Is fhearr leisgeul salach na 'bhi gun leisgeul idir.

Better a bad excuse than none.—*Eng.*

Is fhèarr léum-iochd a's t-Fhoghar na sguab a bharr-achd.

A balk in Autumn is better than a sheaf the more.

The 'léum-iochd,' or 'baile,' (Scotch 'bauk,') is a strip of a corn-field left fallow. The fear of being left with the last sheaf of the harvest, called the 'cailleach,' or 'gobhar bhacach,' always led to an exciting competition among the reapers in the last field. The reaper who came on a 'léum-iochd' would of course be glad to have so much the less to cut.—*See App. VI.*

Is fhearr lùbadh na bristeadh.

Better bow than break.—Eng., Scot.

So *Fr., Ital., Span., Port., Germ.*

Is fhearr màthair phocanach na athair claidheach.

A begging mother is better than a sworded father.

This saying is borrowed from the south. The sworded and riding father means a freebooter.

Better a thigging mither than a riding faithier.—*Scot.*

Is fearr mathair phòcain na athair seistrigh (*ploughing*).—*Ir.*

The sentiment of this is not so respectable.

Is fhearr meomhair luchd an tagraidh na cuimhne luchd nam fiach.

The memory of creditors is better than of debtors.

Is fhearr na 'n t-òr, sgéul innseadh air chòir.

Better than gold is a tale rightly told.

This applies to the telling of stories, but still more to the telling of truth.

Is fhearr na toimhsean na na tuairmis.

Measures are better than guesses.

Measure twice, cut but ance.—*Scot.*

Measure thrice what thou buyest, and cut but once.—*Eng.*

Is fhearr òirleach de dh-each, na troidh de chapull.

An inch of a horse is better than a foot of a mare.

Is fhearr ònrachd na droch cuideachd.

Better be alone than in bad company.—Eng.

Better alane than in ill company.—*Scot.*

Besser allein als in schlechter Gesellschaft.—*Germ.*

Mas vale solo que mal acompañado.—*Span.*

Is fhearr peighinn an fhortain, na 'n rosad 'us cóig ciad.

The lucky penny is better than misfortune and five hundred.

Hap and a ha'penny is world's gear eneuch.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr piseach annoch na 'bhi gun phiseach.
Better late luck than no luck.

Is fhearr rogha coimhearsnaich na rogha fuine.
Better choice of neighbour than choice of baking.

Is fhearr rud fhàgail aig nàmhaid na rud iarraidh air caraide.

Better leave a thing with an enemy than ask of a friend.

Is fhearr sean-fhiachan na sean-fhalachd.
Better old debts than old feuds.

Al. na seana-ghamhlas.

Is fhearr seòladh na obair thróm.
Directing is better than heavy work.

Better direct well than work hard.—*Eng.*

Better guide weel than work fair.—*Scot.*

Is fhearr sgìos chas na sgìos meamna.
Better weary foot than weary spirit.

Is fhearr sgur na sgàineadh.
Better cease than burst.

A facetious addition to this is, 'ach 's e sgàineadh a 's ìomraitiche'—*but bursting is more notable.* The supposed reply, 'S fhearr sgàineadh na 'm biadh math a mhilleadh,' is merely a translation of the Saxon saying, *Better belly burst than good meat spoil.*

Is fhearr sìol caol coirce fhaotuinn a droch fhearann na 'bhi falamh.

Better small oats than nothing, out of bad land.

This is a characteristic Hebridean saying. Small black oats are the chief corn crop.

Is fhearr sìor-obair na sàr-obair.
Better steady work than severe work.

Is fhearr sìor-ruith na dìan-ruith.
Better steady running than full speed.

Is fhearr sìth á preas na sìth á glais.
Better peace from the wood than from under lock.

Bedre at tinge ved Busken end ved Boien—*Better make terms in the bush than in prison.*—*Dan.*

The identity of these sayings is curious.

Is fhearr sìth na circe na 'h-aimhreit.
Better peace with a hen than strife.

This shows the hand of a hen-pecked philosopher.

Is fhearr suidhe goirid na seasamh fada.

Better short sitting than long standing.

Is fearr suidhe gearr na seasamh fada.—*Ir.*

Share soie son veg na roie (*ruith*) son veg.—*Manx.*

Is fhearr tàmh na obair a nasgaidh.

Better rest than work for nothing.

A Miso-Celt might point to this as illustrative of Celtic laziness, but for the Scottish saying, 'Better sit idle than work for nought,' and the English one, 'As good to play for nought as work for nought'.

Per con. Is fhearr saothair fhaoim na daoine diomhain—*Better useless work than be idle.*

Is fhearr teicheadh math, na droch fhuireach.

Better a good retreat than stay to suffer.

He that fights and runs away,

May live to fight another day,

is the common form of what in Hudibras is,

For those that fly may fight again,

Which he can never do that's slain.

Older still, however, is the Greek saying, quoted in self-defence by Demosthenes, when twitted for leaving his shield on the field of Cheronæa, *ἄνθρωπος ὁ φεύγων, καὶ πάλιν μάχησεται*, thus translated by Udall (1542), from the Adagia of Erasmus,

That same man that runnith awaie

Maie again fight another daie.

Is fhearr tilleadh am meadhon an àtha, na bàthadh uile.

Better turn mid-ford than be drowned.

Is fearr pilleadh as làr an atha, nà bàthadh 's a tuile.—*Ir.*

Better wade back mid-water than gang forat and droon.—*Scot.*

Beter ten halve gekeerd (*turn halfway*) dan ten heele gedwaald (*be wholly lost*).—*Dutch.*

Is fhearr tobhairt caillich na geall rìgh.

An old wife's gift is better than a king's promise.

There is a democratic sharpness in this, very uncommon in Gaelic sayings.

Is fhearr treabhadh anmoch na 'bhi gun treabhadh idir.

Better late ploughing than none at all.

Is fhearr uair de bhean-an-tighe na obair latha ban-oglaich.

Better an hour of the mistress than a day's work of the servant.

Is fhearr unnsa toinìsg na punnd leòm.

An ounce of sense is better than a pound of pride.

An ounce of wisdom is worth a pound of wit.—*Eng.*

Is fhiach each math breab a leigeadh leis.

A good horse may be forgiven a kick.

Is fhurasd am bà a mhealladh, gun a làmh a lomadh.

The simpleton may be deceived, without being robbed.

Is fhurasd a chur a mach, fear gun an teach aige fhéin.

'Tis easy to put out a man, whose own the house is not.

The ejecting of a troublesome visitor may sometimes be a commendable process, but that is not the whole meaning of this saying. It is interpreted, not unreasonably, in the note of A. Campbell, as referring to the ejection of poor tenants in the Highlands. The ease with which that process has generally been accomplished is remarkable, pleasing in one point of view, sad and shameful in another.

Is fhurasd aicheadhail na buille nach buailear a thoirt a mach.

It's easy to avenge the blow that's not struck.

Is fhurasda buill' an tréun-fhir aithneachadh.

The mighty man's stroke is easily known.

The fox found the wren one day thrashing corn with his twelve sons, and wishing to find out the father, made the above flattering remark. Whereupon the old wren turned round, and leaning on his flail, said, with a smile of gratification, 'Bha latha dha sin—*That day was,*' adding, with a nod, 'Cha tuig iadsan, na garraich, sin—*They little know that, these chickens*'. What the fox did thereupon is painful to contemplate.

Is fhurasda caisteal gun séisdeadh a ghleidheadh.

It's easy to keep a castle that's not besieged.

It is easy to keep a castle that was never assaulted.—*Eng.*

This was probably first said to a censorious old maid.

Is fhurasda clach fhaotuinn gu 'tilgeadh air cù.

It's easy to find a stone to throw at a dog.

Facilmente si trova un bastone per dar ad un cane.—*Ital.*

The ancient proverb will be well effected, A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.—*Henry VI., P. II., iii., 1.*

Is fhurasd coire fhaotuinn do dh' obair leth-dheanta.

It's easy to find fault with half-finished work.

Is fhurasda dol 'an cuid fir, ach 's e 'chùis fuireach ann.

To usurp is easy, to keep is another thing.

Is fhurasda duine gun nàire 'bheathachadh.

A shameless man is easily fed.

He that has no modesty has all the town for his own.—*Eng.*

Is fhurasda fear fhaotainn do nighinn gun athair.

It's easy to get a match for a fatherless maid.

Is fhurasda fuil a thoirt á ceann carrach, 'us gal a thoirt á craos càrn.

It's easy to draw blood from a scabby head, and cry from a wry mouth.

A scald head is soon broken.—*Eng.*

Is fhurasda fuine 'dheanamh làmh ri min.

It's easy to bake near meal.

Is furas fuineadh a chois mine.—*Ir.*

It's guid baking beside the meal.—*Scot.*

Anhawdd pobi heb flawd—*Hard to bake without flour.—Welsh.*

Is fhurasda tein' fhadadh 'an cois craoibhe.

It's easy to kindle a fire at the foot of a tree.

Is furas teine a lasadh a chois connaidh.—*Ir.*

Is fhusa car a chur 's an teanga na 's an luing mhóir.

It's easier to turn the tongue than a big ship.

This seems meant for an emendation on JAMES iii., 4, 5.

Is fhusa 'chiad togradh a stamhnadh, na na thig 'n a dhéigh a thoileachadh.

It's easier to subdue the first desire than to satisfy its followers.

A good statement of one of the most important principles of Moral Philosophy.

Is fhusa comhairle thoirt na comhairle ghabhail.

'Tis easier to give advice than take it.

Do as I say, and not as I do.—*Eng.*

Is fhusa dà theallach a thogail na teine 'chumail ri h-aon diubh.

It's easier to build two hearths than to keep a fire on one.

Is fhusa duine 'chumail a muigh, na 'chur a mach 'n uair 'thig e 's tigh.

It's easier to keep a man out than to put him out when in.

Better hand oot than put oot.—*Scot.*

Is fhusa sgapadh na tionnal.

It's easier to scatter than to gather.

Is fusa sgapadh nà cruinniughadh.—*Ir.*

Is fhusa tearnadh na dìreadh.

It's easier to go down than to climb.

Haws dringo na disgyn—*Easier to climb than to descend.*—*Welsh.*

The Gaelic saying is true both literally and metaphorically. The Welsh saying is true only of climbing in very steep or rocky places.

Is fiach air duine na gheallas e.

A man's promise is a debt.

Dyled ar pob ei addaw.—*Welsh.*

See 'Am fear a gheallas'.

Is fiamhach an t-sùil a lotar.

The hurt eye is timorous.

Is follaiseach fuil air cù bàn.

Blood is noticeable on a white dog.

Is fuar an coimpir' an fhòid.

The turf is a cold companion.

There is some pathos in this ; and yet the saying may have been invented by a bereaved person, on the look out for a new companion.

Is fuar an innis an càrn.

The cairn is a cold shelter.

Is fuar an goile nach tèòdh deoch.

It's a cold stomach that drink won't warm.

It's a cauld stomach that naething hets on.—*Scot.*

Is fuar comunn an ath-chleamhnais.

Cold is the society of a second affinity.

Macintosh's translation gives the meaning, which is not obvious — 'Cold is the connection with a first alliance, when a second is formed'.

Is fuar don'-chleamhnas.

Cold is ill-sorted affinity.

Is fuar gaoth nan coimheach.

Cold is the wind that brings strangers.

Possibly applied first to the wind that brought Norsemen, afterwards to the coming of Southrons.

Is fuar leaba gun choimh-leapach.

Cold is the bed without bedfellow.

Is gann a' ghaoth nach seòladh tu.

Light would the breeze be that you couldn't sail in.

Al. Is fann a ghaoth ris nach, &c.

Applied to trimmers and time-servers.

Is geal an airidh air an aran sgalagan a' chliathaidh.

Well worthy of the bread are the farm-servants of the harrow.

Is geal an cùnradh a thig fad as.

Fair is the bargain that comes from afar.

Far sought and dear bought 's guid for ladies.—*Scot.*

Is geal gach nodha, gu ruig snodhach an fhearna.

Everything new is white, even to the sap of the alder.

See 'Is odhar'.

Is geal-làmhach bean iasgair, 's is geal-fhiaclach bean sealgair.

The fisher's wife has white hands, the hunter's wife white teeth.

This is a Hebridean saying. The meaning is ambiguous.

Is gearr gach reachd ach riaghailt Dhé.

Short-lived is all rule but the rule of God.

Is giorraid an Gall an ceann a chur dheth.

The Lowlander is the shorter of losing his head.

This, no doubt, has been said more than once, with the action suited to the word.

Is glic an duine 'bheir an aire dha fhéin.

He is a wise man that takes care of himself.

Is glíce an saoghal a thuigsinn na 'dhìtheadh.

Better understand the world than condemn it.

A philosophical and Christian sentiment.

Is glic duine 'n a earalás.

Wise is he who keeps a look-out.

Is glic nach meallar, ach cha ghlic a mheallar tric.

He is wise who is never deceived, he is not wise who often is.

See 'Cha mheallar'.

Is gnìomh nàr an guraban.

Crouching is a shameful thing.

This would be rendered in Scotch, 'Sitting on one's hunkers'. The practice of 'hunkering' at prayer in church, instead of standing, has been seriously denounced by some of our divines, as a shameful thing.

Is gloinid am bail' an cartadh ud.

The farm (or town) is the cleaner of that clearing out.

Said when any nuisance is got rid of.

Is goirid an Carghus leosan d' an éudar airgiod a dhìol air a' Chàisg.

Lent is short to them who have money to pay at Whitsunday.

Is gorm na cnuic 'tha fada uainn.

Green are the hills that are far from us.

Is glas iad na cnoic a bh-fad uainn.—*Ir.*

See 'Bidh adhaircean'.

The word 'gorm' means both blue and green, and the former is really the more true description of distant hills. What the saying means, however, is that the distant is most admired, and green grass was considered the best thing that could be on a hill.

Is i 'n àilleantachd maise nam ban.

Modesty is the beauty of women.

For this beautiful saying we are indebted to Armstrong (*Dict.*), who translated it 'Delicacy is the ornament of females'. The word 'àilleantachd,' translated by him and M'Leod and Dewar, 'Personal beauty, delicacy, bashfulness, modest reserve,' is unaccountably omitted in the *Higl. Soc. Dict.* 'Maise' means both beauty and ornament. The meaning here is not unlike that of St. Peter, 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit'.

Is i 'n Aoine bhagarrach a ni an Sathurna déurach.

The threatening Friday makes the weeping Saturday.

Is i 'bharail a mhill a bhan-tighearna.

It was supposing that destroyed the lady.

The wife of the Laird of Keppoch (1650-80) ventured to cross the river Roy when in full flood. 'Tha barail agam,' she said, 'nach bàth Ruaidh bhoehd mise co dhiùbh—I think poor Roy won't drown me at any rate. But the merciless river did.

There is another more amusing account given of the origin of this saying, with the variation of 'dùil' for 'barail'. The story is that the poor lady allowed some liberty to be taken with her, and on being taxed by her husband, replied, 'Bha mis' 'an dùil gur sibh fhéin a bh' ann'—*I thought it was yourself.*

Is i 'bhonnaid bhiorach a ni 'n gille smiorail.

The cocked bonnet makes the smart lad.

The truth of this saying has been practically recognised in the British Army, and even in some foreign navies, in the adoption of the Glengarry bonnet, for undress or dress uniform.

Is i 'chiad dubhaile dol 'am fiachan, 's an ath te teannadh ris na briagan.

The first vice is to get into debt; the next is to go telling lies.

Is i 'chneadh fhéin a ní gach duine a ghearan 'an toiseach.

It's his own hurt a man complains of first.

Is socair a chodlas duine air chneadh dhuine eile—*A man sleeps sound on another's wound.—Ir.*

Is i 'chuileag bhuidhe bhuachair a 's àirde srann.

The yellow dung-fly makes the loudest hum.

Is i 'n deathach a bhios a's tigh a thig a mach.

It is the smoke that's within that comes out.

Is i an dias a 's truime a 's ìsle 'chromas a ceann.

The heaviest ear of corn bends its head lowest.

Ulster saying in same words.

The empty stalk holds its head up.—*Hungar.*

Is i 'n fhoighidinn mhath a chlaoidheas an anshocair.

Patience overcomes trouble.

Al. a bhristeas cridh' an anrath—breaks the heart of distress.

Patience with poverty is all a poor man's remedy.—*Scot.*

Is i 'ghaoth tuath a ruaigeas an ceò.

It's the north wind that drives away mist.

Is i 'n làmh shalach a dh'fhàgas a' ghualainn glan.

The dirty hand makes the clean shoulder.

Al. a ni a' mhuilichean ghlann—makes the clean sleeve.

Ni buttra llaw dyn er gwnenthur da iddio ei hun—No man's hand is dirtied with his own business.—Welsh.

Dirty hands make clean money.—*Eng.*

Is i 'mhàthair bhrisg a ni 'n nighean leisg.

The active mother makes the lazy daughter.

Al. Is minig a thainig nighean leisg o mhàthair èasgaidh.

Is olc a bhean tigh inghean na caillighe èasgaidh.—Ir.

A light-heeled mother makes a heavy-heeled daughter.—Eng.

An olight mither maks a sweir dochter.—Scot.

Madre ardida hace hija tullida.—Span.

Mãi aguçosa, filha perguçosa.—Port.

Per con. Is i 'nighean èasgaidh a ni 'mhàthair leisg.

The active daughter makes the lazy mother.

Al. Is minig a thainig nighean èasgaidh o mhàthair leisg.

Is i 'mhuc shàmhach a dh'itheas an drabh.

It's the silent sow that eats the draff.

Yr hwch a daw a fwyty'r soeg.—Welsh.

Still swine eat all the draff.—Eng.

De lumske Sviin æde Masken—The cunning swine eat the mash.—Dan.

Is i 'n Nollaig dhubh a dh'fhàgas an cladh miath.

A black Christmas makes a fat churchyard.

A green Yule maks a fat kirkyard.—*Scot.*

En grön Jnul giver en fed Kirkegaard.—*Dan.*

A green winter makes a fat churchyard.—*Eng.*

Is i 'n oidheche 'n oidheche, na'm b'iad na fir na fir!

The night is the night, were the men the men!

A watch-word in view of a foray.

Is i an taois bhog a ni am màs rag.

The soft dough makes the stiff buttock.

Raw dads make fat lads.—*Scot.*

Is i 'bhó fhéin a's luaithe a mhothaicheas d' a laogh.

The cow is the first to notice her own calf.

Is i nàmhaid duine a' cheaird nach cleachd e.

The trade which he practises not is a man's enemy.

Is namhaid an cheird gan a foghlaim (unless learned).—*Ir.*

Is iad na h-eòin acrach a's fhearr a ghleacas.

The hungry birds fight best.

Is ioma bó fhada reamhar, nach deachaidh riamh air theadhair.

Many a long fat cow was never tethered.

Applied to women who never marry.—*Macintosh.*

Is ioma caochla 'thig air an t-saoghal fo cheann bliadhna.

Many changes come over the world in a year.

Is ioma car a' tha 'n saoghal a' cur dheth.

Many a turn the world takes.

Gur mairg a bheir géill

Do 'n t-saoghal gu léir,

'S tric a chaochail e 'chéum gàbhaidh.—*Mary MacLeod.*

Is ioma car a thig air an oidhech' fhad Fhoghair.

Many a turn comes in the long Autumn night.

Is iomad taod (change) a thig ann a là Earraigh (Spring).—*Ir.*

Hverb er Haust-grima—*Unstable is the Autumn night.—Iceland.*

Is ioma mùthadh a thig air an oidheche fhada Gheamhraidh.

Many a change comes in the long Winter night.

This is said to have been uttered as a warning to his host by one of the murderers of Glencoe.

Is ioma ceann a théid 'an currag mu'n tachair sin.
Many a head will go into a cap before that happens.
 The cap meant is the 'currag-bàis,' the death-cap.

Is ioma cron a bhios air duine bochd.

The poor man will have many faults.

Is iomad cron a chithear air a duine bocht.—*Ir.*

Is ioma cron a bhios air leanamh gun mhàthair.

The motherless child will have many faults.

Is ioma deadh ghnìomh a dheanteadh mur b' e a dholaidh.

Many a good deed would be done but for miscarriage.

Is ioma dòigh a th' air cù a mharbhadh, gun a thachdadh le ìm.

There are many ways of killing a dog, without choking him with butter.

Is ioma dragh a thig air aois.

Many troubles come on age.

Is ioma fàth a th' aig an Earrach air a bhi fuar.

Spring has many reasons for being cold.

Another version, with the merit of assonance is, 'S ioma leisgeul, fada, salach, 'th' aig an Earrach gu 'bhi fuar—*Many a weary, foul excuse Spring has, &c.*

Is anamh Earrach gan fuacht.—*Ir.*

Is ioma fear a chaidh a dholaidh, le deadh chùnradh a cheannach.

Many one has been ruined by getting a good bargain.

Is ioma fear a chaidh do 'n choille air son bata dh' a dhruim fhéin.

Many a man has gone to the wood for a stick to beat himself.

Is ioma fear a chuir gàradh mu lios, nach d'thug a thoradh as.

Many a man has walled a garden, who never tasted of its fruit.

Is ioma fear a ghoid caora, nach deachadh leatha air taod do Steòrnabhaigh.

Many a one has stolen a sheep, that didn't lead her in to Stornoway.

It is hardly necessary to say that this is a Lewis proverb.

Is ioma fear a tha glé mhór as a shlabhraidh, ged is e maide-cróm a bh' aig a sheanair.

Many a one is proud of his pot-hanger, though his grandfather had but a crook.

The *slabhraidh* is an iron chain suspended over the fire-place, with a hook at the end, on which pots are hung for cooking. The *maide-cróm* (*al. cròcan*) was simply a wooden crook.

Is ioma leannan a th' aig an aois.

Old age has many followers.

Al. Is ioma ni 'tha leanmhuinn na h-aois—*Many things follow age.* See 'Thig gach olc'.

Is ioma lóng cho briste 'thainig gu tìr.

Many a ship as broken has come to land.

Is ioma mìr a thug thu do 'n bhial a mhol thu.

Many a morsel you have put in the mouth that praised you.

Is ioma ni a chailleas fear na h-imrich.

Many a thing is lost in flitting.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.—*Eng., Fr., Germ.*

Cha bhiann imirce gan chaill.—*Ir.*

Is ioma ni 'thig air an laogh nach do shaoil a mhàthair.

More things befall the calf than his dam dreamed of.

Is ioma rud a dh'fhéumas an euslaint nach fhéum an t-slàinte.

Sickness needs many things which health requires not.

Is ioma rud 'tha 'm bùth a' cheannaiche nach leis fhéin.

Much is in the merchant's shop which is not his own.

Is ioma rud a tha 'n cuan a falach.

The ocean hides much.

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scattered in the bottom of the sea.—*Richard III., I., 4.*

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!

Restore the dead, thou sea!—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Is ioma rud a th' eadar creathall agus uaigh.

Much lies between cradle and grave.

Is ioma rud a tha e cur fo 'earball.

Many are the things he puts under his tail.

Said of shifty people.

Is ioma rud a thachras ris an fhear a bhios a muigh.
Many things happen to him who goes abroad.

Is ioma té 'bhios cearbach aig a' bhaile, 'theid gu
 rìomhach thun na féille.

Many a home-dowdy goes gay to the fair.

Is ioma té 'chuir càl 'n a dhiosg.

Many a she has put kail into his dish.

Is ioma teine beag a bheothaichear.

Many a small fire is kindled.

Is ioma teine mór a chaidh as.

Many a great fire has gone out.

Is ioma tonn a th' eadar thu 's tìr.

There is many a wave between thee and land.

Is ioma tonn a thig air a' chladach mu'n tachair sin.

Many a wave will come on the shore ere that happens.

Is iomadh urchair 'tha 'dol 's an fhraoch.

Many a shot goes into the heather.

Donald can tell many a tale of Messrs Briggs & Co.

Is iongantach cho gearr 's a tha thu, 's nach bu bhàrd
 a b' athair dhut.

It's wonderful how curt you are, not being a poet's son.

Is ionmhuinn leis gach neach a choltas.

Everyone likes his like.

Adar o'r unlliw a hedant i'r unlle—*Birds of one colour fly together.* Pob byw wrth ei ryw yr aeth—*Every living joins its kind.*—*Welsh.*

See 'Druididh gach ian'.

Is ionann aithreachas-crìche 's a bhi 'cur sìl mu Fheill-
 Màrtainn.

Death-bed repentance is sowing seed at Martinmas.

Is ionann deoch nimbe 's balgum.

A mouthful of poison is as good as a draught.

Is ionann duine na 'éigin 'us duine air a' chuthach.

A needy man is even as a madman.

See 'B' fhearr suidhe'.

Is ionnan tosd 'us aideachadh.

Silence is consent.

Aidigheann a tosdach.—*Ir.*

Silence is often an answer.—*Arab.*

Ἄντὸ δὲ τὸ σιγᾶν ὁμολογοῦντος ἐστὶ σου.—*Eurip.*

Qui tacet consentire videtur.—*Lat. Law Maxim.* Chi tace acconsente.—*Ital.* Quien calla otorga.—*Span.* Wer schweigt bejaht.—*Germ.* Silence gives consent.—*Eng.*

Is labhar na builg fhàs.

Noisy are the empty bags.

Macintosh's translation is, 'Loud is the bouncing of the blown-up bladder,' which is free but felicitous. The bag, to make a noise, must have been made of skin of some sort.

Is lag greim fear an neo-shùnn.

Weak is the grasp of the downcast.

Is lag gualainn gun bhràthair, 'an àm do na fir teachd 'an làthair.

Weak is shoulder without brother,

When men are meeting one another.

Berr er hverr á baki, nema sér bróður eigi—*Bare is one's back, unless he have a brother.—Iceland. (Saga of Burnt Njal.)*

See 'Clanna nan Gàidheal,' and 'Is maol'.

Is làidir a théid, is anfhann a thig.

Strong they go, and weak return.

All that was left of them,

Left of six hundred!—*Tennyson.*

Is làidir òglach deadh thighearna.

A good master's servant is strong.

Al. Is math gille deadh thighearna.

Corn him weel, he'll work the better.—*Scot.*

Is làidir tathunn coin 's a shàth 'n a bhroinn.

A dog barks loud with his belly full.

Is le duine an greim a shluigeas e, ach cha leis an greim a chagnas e.

What one swallows is his own, but not what he is chewing.

This is going further even than the 'Twixt cup and lip' saying.

Is leam fhein an gleann, 's gach nì 'ta ann.

The glen is mine, and all that's in it.

These words have given its name to one of our favourite pibrochs, certain to be heard at any Highland gathering. The saying seems to be a curious parody on the well-known verse,

The earth belongs unto the Lord,

And all that it contains.

Is léigh fear an ath-chneidh.

A man is surgeon for his second wound.

Is leigheas air gach tinn
 Cneamh 'us im a' Mhàigh;
 Ol 'an fhochair sid
 Bainne-ghobhar bàn.

*Garlick with May butter
 Cureth all disease;
 Drink of goats' white milk
 At same time with these.*

The garlick here mentioned is the wild kind, commonly called 'ramsons' in England, which is found in most parts of Scotland. Its medicinal virtues are well known; but, like many other plants, once valued and used by our Highland ancestors, it is now quite superseded by pills and doses prepared by licensed practitioners. May butter is always the finest, the pastures then being in their most delicate and fresh condition. Goats' milk also has always been supposed to have some special virtues. Goat-milk whey is now run after in some parts of Switzerland as a specific cure for certain affections of the chest.

Is leis a' Ghobha fuigheall éibhle;
 Is leis an Léigh salach a làmh;
 Is leis a' Bhàrd a theanga fhéin;
 Is leis an t-Saor a shliseag bhàn.

*To the Smith belong the embers;
 To the Leech soiled hands;
 To the Bard belongs his tongue;
 To the Carpenter white chips.*

Is leis a' mhèirleach mhath na cheileas e, ach cha leis na ghoideas e.

What the clever thief conceals is his, but not all he steals.

Is leis an fhithreach a's moiche 'dh'éireas sùil a' bheothaich anns an fhéith.

The raven that rises first will get the eye of the beast in the bog.

See 'Am fithreach'. This version is more rhythmical. It is not so pleasant as the 'early bird' proverb, but it is more forcible.

Is leisg an làmh gun treabhadh.
Lazy is the hand that ploughs not.

Is leisg an ni 'Is éudar'.
'Must' is a lazy thing.

Muss ist ein harte Nuss—*Must is a hard nut.—Germ.*

Is leisg le leisgein dol a laidhe, 's is seachd leisge leis éirigh.

Loath is the lazy to go to bed, seven times loather to rise.

Léisge luidhe, agus léisge ag éirigh, sin mallachd Choluimchille.—*Ir.*

Litcheragh goll dy lhie, litcheragh dy irree, as litcheragh dy gholl dys y cheeill Jedoonee.—*Manx.*

Ever sick of the slothful guise,

Loth to bed and loth to rise.—*Eng.*

Is leòir luathas na h-earba gun na coin a chur rithe.

The roe is swift enough without setting the dogs at her.

See 'Cha deic'.

Is léir do 'n dall a bhial, ge càrn a shùil.

The blind can see his mouth, though blind his eye.

Is lìonmhor bàirnich mna gun òrd.

The hammer-less woman sees many limpets.

Is lìonmhor bean-bhleoghainn, ach is tearc banachaig.

Milking-women are plentiful, but dairy-maids are rare.

The milking of cows is a small matter, compared with the making of butter and cheese, and the whole management of a dairy, which requires brains as well as hands.

Is lóm an cladach air an cùntar na faochagan.

'Tis a bare beach where the wilks can be counted.

See 'Is cruaidh an t-Earrach'.

Is lóm an leac air nach criom e.

It's a bare stone from which he can pick nothing.

Al. air nach buineadh tu bàirneach—on which you wouldn't get a limpet.

In other words, he is a skinflint.

Is lóm an t-sùil gun an rosg.

Bare is the eye without eyelash.

Is lóm teanga na meidh.

The tongue of the balance is bare.

Mjótt er mundangs hófit—*Narrow is the mean of the balance.*
—*Icel.*

Is luaithe deoch na sgéul.

Quicker is drink than story.

Al. Is giorra deoch, &c. *Shorter is drink.*

'S girrey jough na skeeal.—*Manx.*

Is túisce deoch na sgéal. *Drink before story.*—*Ir.*

A drink is shorter than a tale.—*Scot.*

This saying appears to be of purely Gaelic origin, though it found its way into the Lowlands, and from thence was duly translated into English. The very word ‘tale,’ in the Scottish and English version, shows it to be a translation, and does not fully represent its meaning, which includes *news* and information of any kind. There is no saying more characteristic of Highland ideas of hospitality, of which one of the first laws is to offer a drink of some kind, the best in the house, whatever it be, to a visitor. Mr. Hislop with all his sagacity and knowledge of Proverbs, seems to have misunderstood this one. He calls it ‘an excuse for drinking during the telling of a story’. I have heard the saying hundreds of times in the Highlands, but never once in that sense. The proverb first appeared in print, so far as I can trace, in Allan Ramsay’s collection of *Scottish Proverbs*, 1736. That was long before Macintosh’s collection of Gaelic ones, but it does not follow that it was not a translation from the Gaelic. It first appears, so far as I know, as an English proverb, in Mr. Hazlitt’s valuable compilation (1869), along with a large number not only of Scottish, but even of Latin, proverbs, which Mr. H. thinks it proper to call “English Proverbs”. Being of opinion, apparently, that no good thing can grow in Scotland, Mr. H. ventures to say that “the Scots appear to have as few proverbs of their own as they have ballads,” a statement which sufficiently shows that his knowledge is not quite equal to his pretensions.

Canon Bourke says (*Ir. Gr.*, 289) this proverb is “suggested by the ancient practice of giving story tellers a drink before they began to rehearse their tales”.

Is luaithe féum na sìde ; faodaidh a’ chaora, &c.

Need is quicker than weather : the sheep may die, &c.

See ‘Faodaidh a’ chaora’. A worthy Lochaber man had a flock of goats, which he went to look after one day in Spring, after a very severe Winter. He found them lying here and there, dead or dying. ‘Thig sìde mhath fhathasd,’ said he, ‘U thig ! ach an Diabhol mìr dhibhse ’chì e !—Good weather will come yet, O yes ! but Devil a bit of you will see it !’

Is luaithe gnìomh na tuarasdál.

Work is before wages.

See ‘Cha d’ fhuair duine’.

Is luaithe ròn na rionnach, is luaithe giùmach na ròn.

Seal is swifter than mackerel, lobster swifter than seal.

Al. Sitheadh giùmaich, sitheadh rionnaich, sitheadh ròin, na trì sìthean a’ s luaithe’s a’ chuan mhór—*Rush of lobster, &c., the three swiftest in the great ocean.* The swiftness with which the lobster propels himself by his powerful tail is not generally known ; as a Scottish proverb shows, ‘Ye look like a rinner, quo’ the Deil to the labster’.

Is luaithid a' chas a bristeadh, mar a thuirt am fear a chunnaic gas rainich a' falbh leis a' ghaoith.

The leg that breaks is all the quicker, as the man said who saw a stalk of bracken going before the wind.

There is something comical in this, though trivial.

Is luath agus mall comhairle an duine.

Swift and slow is man's counsel.

This way and that dividing the swift mind.—*Tennyson.*

Is luath an tòn 's an teid an t-eagal.

He is swift on whom fear comes.

Is luath fear doimeig air fàire, latha fuar Earraich.

Swift goes the slattern's husband over the brae, on a cold Spring day.

See 'Aithnichear fear doimeig'.

Is lugha na frìde màthair a' chonnsachaidh.

The mother of dissension is smaller than a mite.

The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing.—*Eng.*

Is luibh-chridhe leam fhein e. *It is heart's-ease to myself.*

Is maireann gus an crìon. *Lasting till it wither.*

Is mairg a bheireadh as a' chlachan thu !

Pity him who would bring you back from the church !

Said of ineligible young women—a saying belonging to the time when Highland marriages were performed in church.

Is mairg a bhiodh a' biathadh nan each agus gun phrìs orra.

Pity him who would keep up horses when there is no price for them.

Is mairg a bhiodh a' breith dhaoine, 's na h-eich chogann !

Pity them who would bring forth men, when horses are so scarce !

That is, useless men.

Is mairg a bhiodh 'n a chrann air dorus duin' eile.

Pity him who is a bar on another's door.

The 'crann' is a wooden bar fastened across the door when the inmates go out—the ordinary way of closing a Highland cottage. A person who helps to keep other people's doors closed as well as his own, is not to be envied.

Is mairg a chailleadh a's t-Earrach e.

Pity him who would lose him in Spring.

Said of a good workman or horse.

Is maìrg a chaillear 's an an-uair !
Alas for him who is lost in the storm !

Is maìrg a chitheadh adhaircean fad' air a' chrodh
 ghuineideach.

Pity him who would see long horns on the butting cow.

Al. Is math nach 'eil adhaircean fad' air na bà luinneanach—
It's well that the frisky cows haven't long horns.

The puttin' coo should be aye a doddy (*hornless*).—*Song by Sir A. Boswell.*

Is maìrg a chuireadh a làmh gun aobhar 'am bial a'
 mhadaidh.

*Pity him who would put his hand without cause into a
 dog's mouth.*

Is maìrg a chuireadh 'an toiseach na luing' thu.

Pity him who would put you in the ship's bow.

As pilot, or look-out man.

Is maìrg a chuireadh an ùir air sùil a charaide.

*Pity him who would put the earth on the eye of his
 friend.*

Who would do him to death.

Is maìrg a chuireadh 'uile dhòigh 'an aon duine 'chaidh
 'n deò 'n a chré.

*Woe to him that puts all his trust in any mortal sprung
 from dust.*

Is maìrg a chuireas a chuid far nach urrainn da a
 toirt as.

Pity him who puts his means where he cannot get it out.

Is maìrg a chuireas air chùl a dhaoine fhéin.

Pity him who turns his back on his own people.

Is maìrg a chuireas farran air fann.

Woe to him who vexes the weak.

Is maìrg a dh' àraicheadh a laogh gu moilleach, 's an
 galar guineach 'n a dhéigh.

*Pity him who would pamper his calf, and sharp disease
 following.*

Applied to spoiled children.

Is maìrg a dheanadh bàthaich dhe 'bhroinn.

Pity him that makes a byre of his belly.

Is mairg a dheanadh subhachas ri dubhachas fir eile.
Woe to him that would rejoice at another's grief.

Is mairg a dh' earbadh an oidhche fhad' Fhoghair ris.
Pity him that would trust the long Autumn night to him.

This was said, no doubt, of a notorious reaver or thief.

Is mairg a ghuidheadh làrach lóm.

Woe to him who would wish a ruined home to any one.

Is mairg a loisgeadh a thigh roimh 'n chreich.

Pity him who would burn his house before the sack.

Is mairg a loisgeadh a thiompan dut!

Pity him who would burn his harp for you!

This alludes to the story of a Hebridean harper, who having nothing else to make a fire with to warm his wife, broke his harp in pieces and burned it. His wife's heart, it seems, was colder than her body, as she ran away with another man before morning! This story forms the subject of one of Hector McNeill's poems.

The word 'tiompan,' *tympanum*, is used in the Scottish and Irish Gaelic Bible as the translation of timbrel, but the Dictionaries give it as a term for 'any musical instrument'.

Is mairg a ni de 'n olc na dh' fhaodas e.

Woe to him that does as much ill as he can.

Is mairg a ni droch chleachdadh.

Woe to him who makes a bad habit.

Is mairg a ni tarcuis air a bhiadh.

Pity him that despises his food.

Is mairg a rachadh air a bhannaig, 'us a theann-shàth aige fhéin.

'Twere pitiful to go begging bannocks, with plenty of one's own.

The bannock here referred to is the 'Bannag-Challuinn' or New-Year cake, called in Brittany 'Calanna,' or 'Calannat,' in Wales 'Calenig,' given as a New-Year gift to those who came on New-Year's night, chanting certain rhymes. The Highland and Breton customs in this matter are very similar.

Is mairg a's màthair do mhicein maoth, an uair a's e Dirdaoin a' Bhealltainn.

Alas for tender infant's mother, when Beltane falls on Thursday.

This is one of the superstitious fancies of which no explanation can be given.

Is mairg a shìneadh làmh na h-airce do chridhe na circe.

Pity him that stretches the needy hand to the hen-hearted.

Is mairg a thachair dh' an tìr thalmhanta, far nach snìomh cailbh' cuigeal.

Pity the one who comes to the land where a partition won't spin a distaff.

This absurd saying was uttered by a half-witted young woman, who had a good and too kind mother. The young woman was fond of going out 'air chéilidh,' to make long calls, and she would leave her distaff with its wool on it resting against the partition-wall, that divided the 'but' and 'ben'. Her worthy mother would take it herself, spin the wool, and leave the distaff where her daughter left it; and the foolish creature believed that the spinning was done for her by some supernatural means. At length her mother died, and the poor girl went for some time to friends at a distance, where she tried the old trick with her distaff, and, to her disappointment, found it on her return just as she left it. Then she made the above remarkable observation. It is applied to lazy or silly people, who expect to have their work done for them.

Is mairg a theid do'n tràigh an uair a tha h-eòin fhéin 'g a tréigsun.

Pity him who goes to the shore, when its own birds are forsaking it.

Who goes in search of shellfish.

Al. Is mairg a thaghladh a chreag, 's a h-eòin fhéin 'g a fàgail—*Pity him who visits the rock which its own birds are leaving.*

Is mairg a thréigeadh a chaomh charaid.

Woe to him that would forsake his dear friend.

Is mairg a thréigeadh a leannan buan, air son fear-fuadain na h-aon oidheche.

Woe to her who would forsake her constant love, for the stranger of one night.

Is mairg aig am bì iad : 's mairg aig nach bì iad.

Pity those who have them ; pity those who haven't them.

Al. Is truagh aig am beil iad ; 's truaighe aig nach 'eil iad—*Pity those who have them ; pity more those who haven't.*

This refers to children, and reminds of the advice about marriage, 'You'll repent if you marry, and you'll repent if you don't !' The Lowland Scottish saying, though kindly, is rather too frugal—

Waly, waly ! bairns are bonnie ;

Ane's eneuch, and twa's ower mony.

Is mairg aig am bi 'n tighearna fann ;
 Is mairg aig am bi clann gun rath ;
 Is mairg aig am bi 'm bothan gann ;
 Ach 's miosa 'bhi gun ole no 'mhiath.

*'Tis ill to have a pithless lord ;
 To have children without luck ;
 Ill to dwell in bothy poor ;
 But worst is, neither ill nor good.*

The Irish version of this (*Bourke's Ir. Gramm.*, 288) is almost identical, the only difference being in the last words of the first line, where, strange to say, the Scottish Celt is more outspoken about lairds—

Is mairg a m-bidheann a cháirde gann ;
 Is mairg a m-bidheann 'chlann gun raith ;
 Is mairg a m-bidheann bothán gann ;
 Is mairg a bhidheas gan ole no maith.

Is mairg air an tig na dh'fhuilingeas.
Pity him on whom comes all that he can suffer.

Is mairg air nach bi eagal na bréige.
Woe to him that fears not to lie.

Is mairg do 'm bial-iochd sùil a' choimhich.
Pity him who is an object of pity to the stranger.

Is mairg do 'n cuid cuid duin' eile.
Pity him whose goods belong to another man.

Al. Is mairg do 'm faodail, &c. The meaning is that it is ill for him who has nothing but what he picks up of another man's property.

Is mairg do 'n dual am póll itheadh.
Pity him whose birthright is to eat dirt.

This is a forcible way of expressing the disadvantage of being born of bad blood.

Is mairg do 'n dùthchas droch ghalar.
Sad is the inheritance of a bad disease.

Is mairg do 'n sguaban-stòthaidh bó mhaol odhar
 Mhic-Ghill-Eoinidh.

Pity him whose resource is MacGillony's hornless dun cow.

Macintosh says that MacGillony was a famous hunter in the Grampians, and that several vestiges of his temporary huts are still to be seen (1785) in the mountains of Atholl. His dun cow was the wild mountain doe. The text of this proverb in Macin-

tosh is puzzling and unintelligible. 'Is maigr g'a 'n scuab bun staghail bo mhaol odhar Mhicalonabhaidh,' translated, 'Woe to him whose main support is the white cow of Macgilony'. The word 'staghail' is unknown, and the assonance required a word in which 'o' is the first vowel, which 'stòthaidh' supplies. 'Stòthadh' means the cutting of corn short, as would be done for a hasty supply. The MacGillonies belonged to the Clan Cameron, but originally, as the name implies, were allied to the MacLeans. See Gregory's *Hist. of the W. Islands*, p. 77.

Is maigr 'g am bi càirdean fann.

Pity him who has weak friends.

Is maigr 'g am bi comhaltas gann, 'us clann gun rath.

Pity him who has few foster-friends, and luckless children.

Is maigr nach beathaich a thruaghan.

Woe to him who won't maintain his own poor creature.

This good old sentiment sometimes receives sad illustration in our Courts, in Poor Law and Filiation cases.

Is mall a mharcaicheas am fear a bheachdaicheas.

He rides slowly who observes.

Is mall adhart na leisge. *Slow is the progress of the lazy.*

Is mall céum nan dall.

Slow is the step of the blind.

Is maol guala gun bhràthair; is lóm an làrach gun phiuthair.

Bare is shoulder without brother; bare is home without sister.

See 'Is lóm'.

Is marbh fear na h-eisimeileach.

Dead is the dependent.

Is math a bhean-tighe 'bheir a nuas an rud nach 'eil shuas.

She's a clever housewife that can bring down what's not up.

Al. a braigh an tighe rud nach bidh ann—from the inner room what's not there.

Is math a bhiodh na cait, gus an d' thugadh na luch-ain na cluasan dhiubh.

The cats would do well, till the mice would take their ears off.

This saying must have been invented by a man of the world.

Is math a' chobhair e, ach 's bochd an sabhal e.

It's a good assistance, but a bad barn.

Said of such occupations as fishing, hunting, &c.

Is math a' chùirt 's am faighear rud ri iarraidh.

It's a good court where a thing can be got for the asking.

Is math a dh' fhimireadh an dàn a dheanamh, 's a liuthad fear-millidh a th' aige.

The poem would need to be well made, since it has so many spoilers.

Bad reciters and carping critics.

Is math a dh' fhóghnas fir odhar do mhnathan riabhach.

Sallow lads suit swarthy lasses.

Fòiridh fear odhar do bhean riabhach.—*Ir.*

Is math a ghabh e tomhas mo choise.

Well did he take the measure of my foot.

I have got the length of his foot.—*Eng.*

Is math a' margadh a riarraicheas an ceannaiche.

It's a good market that satisfies the merchant.

Is math am bathar a chòrdas ris a' cheannaiche.

The goods are good that please the merchant.

Is math a' mhàthair-chéile am fòid.

The sod is a good mother-in-law.

A green turf is a guid guid-mither.—*Scot.*

Die beste Schwieger, auf der die Gänse weiden—*The best mother-in-law, on whom the geese pasture.—Germ.*

Is math a' modh a bhi sàmhach.

It's good manners to be silent.

Is math am baile 's am faighear biadh ri iarraidh.

It a good town (or farm) where food can be got for the asking.

Is math am buachail an oidhche; bheir i dhachaidh gach beothach 'us duine.

Night is a good herdman: she brings all creatures home.

Al. gleidhidh i crodh 'us caoraich 'us cearcan—*she keeps cattle and sheep and hens.*

The e'ening brings a' hame.—*Scot.*

This is a pretty and poetical saying; the Scottish version has perhaps a deeper meaning.

Is math an cearcall-màis deadh bhean-tighe.

A good housewife is a good under-hoop.

The lowest hoop on a cask is the most important of any. So long as it holds, the vessel will hold something.

Is math an cluich a lionas a' bhrù.

It's good sport that fills the belly.

Al. an fheala-dhà—an spùirt.

Is math an còcair' an t-acras.

Hunger is a good cook.

Maith an t-anlan an t-oerus.—Ir.

Fames est optimus coquus.—Lat. Optimum cibi condimentum fames, sitis, potus.—Cic. Buon appetito non vuol salsa.—It. Il n'y a sauce que d'appétit.—Fr.

Hunger ist der beste Koch.—Germ. Hunger er det bedste Suul.—Dan. Honger is de beste saus.—Dutch. Hunger is the best sauce.—Eng. Hunger's guid kitchen.—Scot.

Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, son of Robert III., after being defeated at Inverlochy (1431) by Donald Balloch, suffered great hardships, wandering through Lochaber. One day in Glen Roy he met a poor woman, and asked her for some food. 'I have nothing,' she said, 'but a handful of barley meal, to which you are welcome.' The Earl took it thankfully, and sitting down by the side of a burn, Allt Acha-na-beithich, took off one of his shoes, and mixed the meal in it with water from the stream. Thereupon he is said to have made this verse,—

Is math an còcair an t-acras,
'S mairg a ni tareuis air biadh,
Fuarag eòrn' ann' sàil mo bhròige,
Biadh a b' fhearr a fhuair mi riamh.

*Hunger is a cook right good,
Woe to him who sneers at food,
Barley crowdie in my shoe,
The sweetest food I ever knew.*

Is math an ealag a' chlach gus an ruigear i.

The stone is a good chopping-block till it's reached.

Is math an fhiacal a bhi roimh 'n teanga.

It is well that the teeth are before the tongue.

Da daint rhag tafod—Good are teeth before tongue.—Welsh.
The mouth is the tongue's prison.—Arab.

Is math an gléus toil.

Will is a good putter-in-trim.

See 'Far am bi toil'.

Is math an latha 'ni a' madadh-ruadh searmoin.
It's a fine day when the fox turns preacher.
 Quando la volpe predica, guardatevi, galline !—*Ital.*
 See *Reynard the Fox*.

Is math an naigheachd a bhi gun naigheachd.
No news is good news.

Is math an rud a thig ri 'mhithich.
It's a good thing that comes in season.

Is math an rud air an tig piseach.
It's a good thing which luck follows.

Is math an saoghal seo ma mhaireas e.
This is a good life if it would last.

Is maith a saoghal è, ma mhaireann se a bh-fhad.—*Ir.*
 It's a guid eneuch warld, if it haud.—*Scot.*

Is math an sgàthan sùil caraide.
A friend's eye is a good looking-glass.

Is maith an sgathan sùil charad.—*Ir.* Drych i bawb ei
 gymnydog—*One's neighbour is his mirror.—Welsh.*

The best mirror is an old friend.—*Eng.*

The image of friendship is truth.—*Arab.*

No ay mejor espejo que el amigo viejo.—*Span.*

Is math an t-aighear a bhi glic.
To be wise is good cheer.

Understanding is a well-spring of life.—*Prov. xvi. 22.*

Is math an t-aoidh a thig sonas ri 'linn.
He is a good guest who brings good luck.

Al. Is olc an t-aoidh a 's misd' an tigh.

Is math an t-each a thoilicheas am marcaiche.
He's a good horse that pleases his rider.

Is maith a t-each a shàsuigheas gach marcach.—*Ir.*

Is math an t-each nach tuislich céum.
He's a good horse that never stumbles.

Is maith an gearran nach m-bainneann tuisleadh àir èigin dò.
 —*Ir.* See 'Tuislichidh'.

Is math an tóm air am bi sealbh.
It's a good hillock on which cattle are.

Is math an tràth a dh'fhóghnas da fhéin.
It's a good season (or meal) that suffices for its time.
Al. Is math an là a bheir e fhéin as.

Is math an t-uaireadair a' bhrù, an t-sùil, 's an coileach.
The belly, the eye, and the cock, are good timepieces.

Men of old could guess the time of day very nearly by the sun. Their sensations informed them when it was breakfast or supper-time. The crowing of the cock was their morning-call.

Is math an urra fear mulain.

A man with some corn is a good security.

Is math bean an deadh fhir, ach is fhearr dha a faot-ainn math.

The good man's wife is good, but it is best if he find her good.

That is, *find* her good, instead of *making* her good.

Is math conach. *Wealth is good.*

'Conach' is a word obsolete in our vernacular.

Is math cruinneachadh na pille farsuinn.

Good is the gathering of the wide winnowing-cloth.

Is math cuid na ciad oidhche roimh 'n ath-oidhch'.

The first night's stock is good for the second night.

It is good to have so much that the first night's provisions may be spared for next night.

Is math dhuts' an t-sùil nach fhaca.

Good for you the eye that saw it not.

A curious form of expression, meaning, 'It's well for you that So-and-so didn't see you'.

Is math do chù nan gobhar nach robh cù nan caorach ann.

Good for the goat-dog that the sheep-dog was not there.

The sheep dog would be the superior officer.

Is math esan a bhi ann gus a' chas a chur air.

Good that he was there to get the foot set on him.

Al. gus a' choire 'chur air—to get the blame.

Is math far an saoilair.

It's well to be well thought of.

Lit. *It's well where it's supposed.* The meaning is, that there is an advantage in getting credit, however erroneously, for more than is possessed.

Is math gach fliuch air a' phathadh.

Whatever is wet is good for thirst.

Al. Lag no làidir, 's math gach fliuch, &c.—*Weak or strong, what's wet, &c.*

Is math gach meas air a bhlas fhéin.
Every fruit is good of its own taste.

Is math gach urchair troimh 'n chlàr.
Every shot is good that hits the mark.
Lit. goes through the board.

Is math gu'm foghainn im-odhar do chàbhruich.
Dun butter does for sowens.
 Like to like.

Is math gu'm foghainn nighean gobha do dh-ogha ceaird.

A blacksmith's daughter is a good match for a tinker's grandson.

Is math lìonmhorachd nan làmh, ach mu 'n mhèis seo.
The more hands the better, except round this dish.

Al. Is math na fir ach mu'n mhèis.
 Said to have been a warning given by an attendant who brought in a poisoned dish.

Is math ma mhaireas. *Well if it last.*

Is math na seirbheisich, 's olc na maighistirean, Teine, Gaoth, 'us Uisge.

Fire, Wind, and Water, are good servants, but bad masters.

Fire and water are good servants, &c.—*Eng., Scot., Germ., Dan.*

Is math nach 'eil iuchraichean an domhain fo chrìos na h-aon mhnatha.

It's well that all the keys of the world are not under one wife's girdle.

Al. air do chrìos—on your girdle. See 'Cha 'n 'eil gach'.

Is meanmach gach moch-thrathach.
Lively is the early riser.

Is miann le triubhas a bhi 'measg aodaich, is miann leam fhein a bhi 'measg mo dhaoine.

Trews like to be among clothes; I like to be among my people.

Is miann leis a' chléireach mias mhèith 'bhi aig an t-sagart.

A fat dish to the priest is the clerk's wish.

Is miann leis a chléireach mias mhèith comh maith leis an t-sagart (as well as the priest).—*Ir.*

Is miannaiche aon ghille breac-luirgneach na seachd mnathan torrach.

One spotty-legged lad has more appetite than seven pregnant women.

Is milis corrag theth, ma 's milis cha mhath.
Sweet is a hot finger, but not to be desired.

Is mìne min na gràn, is mìne muài na fir.
Meal is finer than grain, women are finer than men.
Very Celtic, and polite to women.

Is minig a bha bial luath aig droch charaide.
A bad friend has often had a glib tongue.

Is minig a bha breith luath lonach,
A quick judgment is often wordy.

Is minig a bha claidheamh math 'an droch thruaill.
Good sword has often been in poor scabbard.

Is minig a bha craicionn an laoigh air an fhéill roiml.
chraicionn a mhàthar.

The calf's skin often goes to market before his mother's.
Aussi tôt meurt veau que vache.—*Fr.*

Daar komer zo wel kalver huiden als ossen huiden te markt.—*Dutch.*

Al. Is tric a bha craicionn an uain air a' chléith, cho luath ri craicionn na seana-chaora—*The skin of the lamb has often been hung up as soon as that of the old sheep.*

As soon comes the lamb's skin to the market as the auld tup's.
—*Scot.* So *Eng., Germ., Port.*

Is minig a bha dreach breagh air maide mosgain.
A rotten stick is often nice to look at.

Is minig a bha droch bhròg air mnaoi griasaiche.
Often has a shoemaker's wife had bad shoes.

Is minig a bha droch laogh aig deadh mhart.
Many a good cow hath an evil calf.—Eng.

**Ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων τέκνα πῆματα—Gr.* Heroum filii noxii—*Lat.*

Is minig a bha laogh math aig boin sgàirdich.
A skittering cow has often had a good calf.

Is minig a bha ùth mhór aig boin chaoil-chasaich.
The slender-legged cow has oftenest a large udder.

Al. a bha boinne mhath—a good drop.

Is minig a thainig comhairle ghlic á ceann amadain.

Often has wise counsel come from a fool's head.

Al. á bial an amadain—the fool's mouth.

Al. 'S minig a bha comhairle rìgh 'an ceann amadain.

Is minig a fuaras comhairle ghlic ò amadán.—*Ir.*

Is minig a bha leigeadh fad' aig fear gun chù, 'us urch-air aig fear gun ghunna.

A man without a dog or gun has often got a chance at game.

Is minig a bha 'Math-an-airidh' gun nì, agus nì aig 'Beag-an-toirt'.

'Well-deserved' has often been empty-handed, and 'Little matter' well-off.

Is minig a bha muir mhór 'an caolas cumhang.

A great sea has often run in a narrow strait.

Is minig a bha 'n Donus dàicheil.

The Devil is often attractive.

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.—*K. Lear*, III., 4.

Is minig a bha rath air leirist.

A silly has often been lucky.

Al. air mall-thriallair—a slow traveller.

Is minig a bha sùil-chruthaich air liana bhòidheach.

A fair meadow has often had a quagmire.

Is minig a chaidh a' màs á soitheach dìonach.

The bottom has often gone out of a tight vessel.

Is minig a chaill bodach làir, agus a rinn e treabhadh.

An old man has often lost a mare, and done his ploughing.

Is minig a dh' éirich muir gharbh á plumanaich.

Rough sea has often followed noise of surge.

A muffled roar from the sea at night in calm weather often precedes a storm. The word 'plumanaich' is also applied to a chopping sea, which, when seen in a calm, is a sure sign of coming storm.

Is minig a dh' fhàg làmhan luath cluasan goirid.

Quick hands have often made short ears.

Alluding to the old punishment of cropping the ears.

Is minig a dhiomoil an ceannaiche 'n rud 'bu mhath leis 'n a mhàileid.

The merchant has often dispraised what he would like to have in his pack.

Al. Is minig a chàin am marsant' am bathar, &c.

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer.—Prov. xx. 14.

The 'merchant' generally referred to in these proverbs was simply a packman or pedlar, an important person in the Highlands before shops were common; of whom Wordsworth chose one as the hero of the *Excursion*.

Is minig a fhuair fear na h-eadraiginn buille.

The interposer has often got a blow.

See 'Bidh dòrn'.

Is minig an fhìrinn searbh ri h-innseadh.

Truth is often harsh to tell.

Al. Tha 'n fhìrinn fhéin searbh air uairean.

Is minig a thainig boganach á blàthaich.

Butter-milk has often made a bumpkin.

Is minig a thainig air laogh mear, galair nach do shaoil a mhàthair.

A merry calf has often taken a disease which his dam never dreamed of.

Is minig a thainig fìor á fanaid.

Mockery has often turned to earnest.

See 'Is tric a chaidh'.

Is minig a thainig gnothach na bain-tighearna gu bothan cailleach nan cearc.

The lady's affairs have often found their way to the hen-wife's bothy.

See 'Faodaidh gnothach'.

Is minig a thainig meathadh o mhathadh.

Forgiveness has often caused degeneracy.

Is minig a thainig tart air deadh mhuileann.

A good mill has often wanted water.

Is minig a thog fear-rogha diù.

A chooser has often taken the worse.

Is minig a thugadh seachad air an stràic an rud a fhuaradh air bhleid.

What was got with importunity has often been given away with swagger.

Rhoi 'r dorth a gofyn y dafell—*To give the loaf and ask for the slice.—Welsh.*

Is mios' amaideachd na h-aois na amaideachd na h-òige.

The folly of age is worse than the folly of youth.

See 'Cha 'n 'eil amadan'.

Is mios' an fhead na 'n éubh.

The whistle is worse than the cry.

The whistle of a thief or cateran.

Is mios' an t-eagal na 'n cogadh.

Fear is worse than fighting.

A wise and manly sentiment.

Is mios' an t-sochair na 'mhèirle.

Carelessness is worse than theft.

More loss is caused by the one than by the other.

Is miosa na 'n uireasbhuidh tuille 's a chòir.

Too much is worse than want.

Per con. 'S mios' an t-uireasbhuidh na tuille 's a' chòir—*Want is worse than too much.*

There is some truth in both these, combined in the prayer of Agur, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches'.

Is mios' an t-urras na 'n t-earras.

The security is worse than the principal.

Is miosa droch earbsa na 'bhi gun earbs' idir.

Ill-placed trust is worse than none.

Is miosa 'fear a chleitheas a' mèirleach na 'mèirleach fhéin.

He that cloaks the thief is worse than him.

Is miosa 'fear beag na Frangach.

The wee man is worse than a Frenchman.

This is said to have been spoken of a little Strathspey man called John MacAndrew, a noted bowman, who shot down his enemies one after another, as they appeared at the door of his house, which they had invaded. See *Cuairtear*, 1842, p. 131.

Is miosa seo na 'n t-alum!

This is worse than the alum!

A Highland minister once ordered some 'sugar-candy' from Glasgow by a little 'merchant,' one of his parishioners. When the sugar was tried, it turned out to be alum. The minister was naturally displeased, and to soothe him, the shop-keeper, on the advice of a knowing brother of the minister, determined to bring a peace-offering to the manse, in the shape of a small 'pig' of Ferintosh. Not feeling sure of his reception, however, he hid the

jar outside, while he went in to make his call. The worthy minister was easily appeased, and Donald hastened out for the great reconciler, and proceeded at once to fill out a glass. To his astonishment, the minister had no sooner tasted than he spat it out again, exclaiming, with a strong interjection, ‘S miosa so na ’n t-alum!’ The parson’s wicked brother had emptied the jar, and filled it with salt water.

Is misde na bochdan a bhi lìonmhor.

The poor are the worse of being numerous.

Is mis’ a bha thall ’s a chunnaic e, ’s a thàinig a nall
's a dh’innis e.

'Tis I that was over and saw it, and came back and told it.

Is mithich a bhi ’bogadh nan gad.

It's time to be steeping the withes.

This native Gaelic saying, meaning ‘It’s time to be going,’ belongs to the time when withes of birch or osier were used for halters and all the fastenings of horse harness (See note to ‘An gad’). These withes would become stiff and brittle, if laid by for some time, and would therefore be steeped for a while before taking to horse. There is an Ulster saying in the same words.

Is mò am fuaim na ’bhuil.

The noise is greater than the effect.

Nid cymmaint Bleddyn a’ i drwst—*Bleddyn is not so great as his noise.—Welsh.*

Plus sonat quam valet.—*Seneca.*

See ‘Fuaim mór’.

Is mò an-t-sùil na ’bhrù.

The eye is bigger than the belly.

Al. Is mò làn do shùla na làn do bhroinn—*The fill of your eye is more, &c.*

His eye is bigger than his belly.—*Eng.*

Die Augen sind weiter denn der Bauch.—*Germ.*

De oogen zijn groter dan de buik.—*Dutch.*

The eye is not satisfied with seeing.—*ECCL. i. 8.*

The dust alone can fill man’s eye.—*Arab.*

He’ll hae eneuch some day when his mouth’s fu’ o’ mools.—*Scot.*

Is mò do mhóll na do shìol.

Your chaff is more than your grain.

Is moch a dh’ éireas am fear a bheir an car as.

He will rise early that outwits him.

Is moch a dh’ éireas am fear nach laidh.

He rises early who goes not to bed.

Is mòid a' mhuir Lòchaidh.

The sea is the bigger of Lochy.

The Lochy, a fine river flowing out of a lake of the same name, falls into the sea near the base of Ben Nevis.

Is mòid i sid, mu'n dubhairt an dreaghan-dónn, 'n uair a rinn e dhileag 's a' mhuir mhóir.

It's the bigger of that, as the wren said when he added a drop to the sea.

Scottish Proverb to same effect.

Is mòid rud a roinn.

A thing is the bigger of being shared.

A generous sentiment.

Is mór a dh' fhaodar a dheanamh fo làimh deadh dhuine.

Much may be done under a good man's hand.

Is mór a dh' fhuilingeas cridhe glan mu 'm brist e.

A clean heart will suffer much ere it break.

Meikle maun a guid heart thole.—*Scot.*

Were na my heart licht I wad dee.—*Burns.*

Is mór am beothach nach tìochd a muigh.

It's a big beast that there isn't room for outside.

Al. Is mór am fear—*He's a big man.*

The irony of this is delicate. It is applied to persons so mighty that no house or hall seems big enough for them.

Is mór am facal nach tìochd 's a' bhial.

It's a big word that the mouth can't hold.

There is a wise irony in this also. For the word 'tìochd' or 'teachd' the word 'toill' is used in Skye.

Is mór a rinn thu de dheireadh air cho beag de bhrod.

You made much refuse to so little grain.

See 'Is mò do mhóll'.

Is mór a theid thar ceann slàn.

A sound head will come through much.

Is mór facal 'g a lughadh.

A word is big when it is lessened.

Qui s' excuse s' accuse.—*Fr.*

Is mór fiach na foighidinn;

Is lughaid fearg fuireach;

Cha 'n e 'n t-ànradh a th' ann,
Ach cion foighidinn gu fuireach.

*Of great price is patience ;
Wrath declines with waiting ;
Not the evil is so great,
As impatience to wait.*

Is mór thugam, 's is beag agam.
Great appearance and little value.

Is mór le doimeig a cuid abhrais ; 's cha 'n e mhòid
ach a dhorrad.

*The slattern's spinning-stuff looks great to her ; not the
bulk, but the bother.*

Defnyddfawr pob anghelfydd—*Unskilful requires much stuff.*—
Welsh.

Is mór òirleach bharr sròin duine.
An inch off a man's nose is a great deal.

Possibly this Celtic saying may have been known to M. About
when he composed his 'Nez d'un avocat'.

Is mór stà na h-Airde do Mhac-Shimidh.
Great is the profit of the Aird to Lovat.

The Aird is a district belonging to the Lovat family.

Is mór toirm cuilce gun dol troimhepe.
The storm of reeds is loud till you go through them.
More formidable in sound than in reality.

Is ni air leth cè dòirte.
Spilt cream is a thing by itself.
An irremediable loss.

Is niarachd do'n gealladh tu 'chroich.
Lucky for him to whom you would promise the gallows.
Said to people whose word does not go for much.

Is obair latha duine thiodhlaiceadh.
To bury a man is a day's work.

So it used to be, and not in the Highlands only. Lord
Brougham's account of the funeral of his grandmother gives an
amusing illustration of this.

Is obair-latha tòiseachadh.
Beginning is a day's work.

Deuparth gwaith ei ddechreu—*Two parts of a work is beginning.*
—*Welsh.* See 'Is dà thrìan'.

Is odhar gach sean, 's is geal gach nobha, gu ruig
snodhach an fhearna.

*Every old thing is dun, every new thing white, even to
the sap of the alder.*

The alder when stripped of its bark is very white, but very
soon the colour changes to reddish brown and dun.

Is òg an Nollaig a' chiad oidhche.

Christmas is young the first night.

Is olc a bhi slaodadh cait air 'earball.

It's ill to drag a cat by the tail.

Is olc a' bhó-laoigh a' chreag, oidhch' air mhór, 'us
oidhch' air bheag.

*The rock is a bad milch-cow, one night fertile, another
night barren.*

Al. Is corrach gob an dubhain,

Is mairg do 'm bó-laoigh a' chreag,

Oidhch' air bheagan, 's oidhch' air mhóran,

'S oidhche gun a' mhór no 'bheag.

Uncertain is the point of the hook;

Ill for him whose milch-cow is the rock;

One night little, another plenty;

Some nights neither much nor little.

Is olc a' chliath fhearna nach toir bliadhna's an ursainn.

*It's a poor alder hurdle that won't hang for a year to
the post.*

Al. Is olc an cabar fearna nach dean ràidhl' air tigh—*It's a bad
stick of alder that won't make a rafter.*

Alder is one of the poorest kinds of timber.

Is olc a' chreag a thréigeas a h-eòin fhéin.

It's a bad rock which its own birds forsake.

Is olc a fhreagradh tu 'n iochdar Thròtairnis.

You wouldn't suit well in the lower end of Troternish.

Troternish (Trodda-ness) is a general name applied to the
northern part of Skye. The climate and soil there are somewhat
colder than in the rest of the Island, so that a lazy or delicate
person would not do well there.

Is olc a' ghaoth leis nach seòl cuid-eigin.

It's an ill wind with which no one can sail.

Al. nach seid ann an seòl fir-eigin—that doesn't blow in some
man's sail.

It is an ill wind that blows no man to good.—*Eng.*

It's an ill wund that blaws naebody guid.—*Scot.*

Is olc a' muileann a chuireas a chuid a dh' aon taobh.
It's a bad mill that sends all its meal one way.

Is olc a' sgrìoban nach lion a' sgròban.
It's poor scraping that won't fill the crop.

Is olc a thig muc-saille air sóbhraichean na coille.
The fat sow is ill-fed on the primroses of the wood.

Is olc a thig saor sàr-bhuilleach, gobha crith-lamhach,
 agus léigh tiom-chridheach.

A heavy-handed joiner, a trembling-handed smith, and a soft-hearted leech, do not suit.

A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lady's hand, and a lion's heart.—*Eng.*

The use of 'thig' = fit, without a preposition, is peculiar, and not according to present usage.

Is olc am bodach nach fheairrde cailleach eadar i 's an dorus.

He's a wretched old man that an old wife is not the better of having between her and the door.

Is olc am pàisd' nach cuir sop air dòigh.
It's a bad child that can't arrange a wisp.

Is olc an còcair nach imlich a mhiar.
He's a poor cook that doesn't lick his finger.

Sá er brytinn vestr er sjalfan sik tælir.—*It is the worst cook that stints himself.—Icel.*

Is olc an comunn dheth 'm bi dithis diombach.
It's bad company with which two are displeased.

Al. an còmhradh—the colloquy; an cluich—the game; an gnothach—the business.

Is olc an dithis nach fhoghainn do dh-aon duine.
It's a poor pair that are no match for one.

Is olc an fheòil nach gabh ri salann; is miosa a' chòlainn nach gabh guth.

It's bad meat that won't take salt; worse is the body that won't take warning.

Is olc an goile nach tèòth a chuid.
It's a bad stomach that its food won't warm.

Is olc an ni a bhi falamh.
It's a bad thing to have nothing.

Proverbs of this kind must have suggested 'Proverbial Philosophy'.

Is olc an obair latha nach toir duine gu cala mu oidhche.

It's a bad day's work that won't bring a man to port for the night.

Is olc an ràmh nach iomair rudha.

It's a bad oar that won't row round a point.

Is olc an t-ana-charaid an rìgh.

The king is a bad un-friend.

Is olc an t-aoigh a 's misd an tigh.

He is a bad guest whom the house is the worse of.

A kindly and hospitable sentiment.

Is olc an t-each nach fhiach a chrudhadh.

He's a bad horse that's not worth shoeing.

Is olc an t-each nach giùlain 'fhasair.

It's a poor horse that can't carry his harness.

He's a weak baist that downa bear the saiddle.—*Scot.*

Al. Is don' an t-each nach giùlain a shìol—*He's a wretched horse that can't carry his corn.*

Superbo è quel cavallo che non si vuol portar la biada—*He's a proud horse that won't carry his oats.—Ital.*

Is olc an teanga a 's luaithe na 'n teine.

Bad is the tongue that's swifter than fire.

Is olc do'n luing an uair a dh'éigheas an stiùireadair.

It's ill for the ship when the steersman sings out.

To 'sing out' is the duty of the man at the bow ; if he fail in his duty, then the ship is in great danger.

Is olc cuid a' cheatharnaich ri 'thasgadh.

The reaver's goods are ill to keep.

Is olc maoin gun leasachadh.

Bad is property that gets no addition.

The moral is that of the Parable of the Talents.

Is prìseil a' chas air tìr.

Precious is the foot on shore.

Loda il mar, e tienti alla terra.—*Ital.*

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground!—*Tempest*, I. 1.

Is rìgh an càrn am measg nan dall.

The blind of an eye is king among the blind.

In the kingdom of blind men the one-eyed is king.—*Eng.*

Au pays des aveugles les borgnes sons rois.—Fr.

Unter den Blinden ist der Einäugige König.—*Germ.*

In het land der blinden is een-oog koning.—*Dutch.*

En tierra de ciegos el tuerto es rey.—*Span.*

The one-eyed is a beauty in the country of the blind.—*Arab.*

In terra di ciechi beato chi ha un occhio.—*Ital.*

Is rìgh duine 'n a thigh fhéin.

A man is king in his own house.

Halr er heima hværr—*Every one is somebody at home.*—*Icel.*

An Englishman's house is his castle. This saying, singularly enough, is not in Mr. Hazlitt's collection.

Is rìgheachd do gach duine a thoil.

A man's will is his kingdom.

My mind to me a kingdom is.—*Byrd's Psalms.*

Lord of himself, though not of lands.—*Wotton.*

Mens regnum bona possidet :

Rex est qui metuit nihil ;

Rex est qui cupit nihil ;

Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat.—*Seneca.*

Is sàmhach an obair dol a dholaidh.

Going to ruin is silent work.

Al. Is fàs a bhi dol a dholaidh.

Is sealgair math a mharbhas gèadh, 'us corr', 'us guilb-neach.

He is a good sportsman who kills wild-goose, and heron, and curlew.

Three particularly wary birds.

Is sean an duine a dh' fhaodas 'fhortan innseadh.

He is an old man that can tell his fortune.

Is searbh a' ghlòir nach fhaodar éisdeachd ; is dubh na mnathan ris nach bìtear.

Harsh is the praise that cannot be listened to ; dark are the dames that none can flirt with.

Is searbh clàrsair an aon-phuirt.

Harsh is the harper of one tune.

Al. pìobair' an aon phuirt, the piper, &c.

Still harping on my daughter.—*Hamlet*, II., 2.

Is seasgair sàmhach a' chearc air a h-iris fhéin.

The hen is snug and quiet on her own roost.

Is seile air do bhrat fhéin sin.

That is spitting on your own mantle.

Wie tegen wind spuwt, maakt zijn baard vuil—*Who spits against the wind fyles his beard.*—*Dutch.*

Quien al cielo escupe, en la cara le cae—*Who spits above him will get it on his face.*—*Span.*

Is sgéul eile sin. *That's another story.*

Is sleamhain an laogh a dh'imlicheas a mhàthair.
Smooth is the calf that his mother licks.

Is sleamhain leac dorus an tigh-mhóir.
Slippery is the flag-stone of the mansion-house door.

There's a sliddery stane at the ha' door.—*Scot.*

Ha' binks (*benches*) are sliddery.—*Do.*

Is sleamhuin leac dorus tigh mòir.—*Ir.*

John Morrison of Bragar is said to have illustrated this saying once in a lively manner, by taking some sand out of his pocket at the door of Brahan Castle, and carefully sprinkling it on the flagstones. Being asked what he meant, he quoted the above proverb.

Is soilleir cù dubh air liana bhàin ;
Is soilleir cù bàn air liana dhuibh ;
Na 'm bithinn ri fiadhach nam beann,
B' e 'n cù riabhach mo roghainn.
*The bright field shows the sable hound ;
The white is seen on dusky ground ;
Were I chasing the deer in forest free,
The brindled hound my choice should be.*

Is soilleir mìr á bonnach slàn.
Bit from a whole cake is soon seen.

Is soimeach fear-fearainn, is sona fear-ceairde.
Easy lives the man of land, happy is the tradesman.
This is modern.

Is sona a' chailleach a thig ri linn an fhaothachaidh.
Lucky is the old wife that comes at the turn of the disease.

She would get credit for the cure.

Is sona am fear a thig an ceann a chodach.
He is lucky who comes in time for his share.

Is sona gach cuid an comaidh ; is mairg a chromadh
'n aonar.

Happy is that which is shared ; pity him who fares alone.

Lit. who stoops, or bends. A good social sentiment.

Is stuama duine làimh ri 'chuid.

A man is moderate near what's his own.

Is suarach an càirdeas a dh' fhéumas a shìor cheannach.

It's poor friendship that must be constantly bought.

Is suarach uisge teth a shireadh fo chloich fhuair.

It's silly to seek hot water under a cold stone.

To seik het water beneith cauld ice,

Surely it is a greit folie ;

I have asked grace at a graceless face,

But there is nane for my men and me !

—*Ballad of Johnie Armstrong.*

Is taom-boileach an t-sealg, is farmadach an t-iasgach.

Hunting is distracting, fishing is envious.

Is tearc each a dhiùltas a mhuing.

Seldom will a horse refuse his mane.

Is tearc teanga mhìn gun ghath air a cùl.

Seldom is smooth tongue without sting behind.

Is anamh bhios teangaidh mhilis gan gath ann a bun.—*Ir.*

Belle parole, ma guarda la borsa.—*Ital.*

Is teotha fuil na bùrn.

Blood is hotter than water.

Al. Is tighe—is thicker.

Is tibhe fuil nà uisge.—*Ir.*

Ta fuill ny s chee na ushtey.—*Manx.*

Blood is thicker than water.—*Eng., Scot.*

Blut ist dicker als Wasser.—*Germ.*

The Gaelic version is the better. The Spanish 'La sangre sin fuego hierva,' Blood boils without fire, is similar, but not so good.

Is tiughaid' am brat a dhùbladh.

The mantle is the thicker of being doubled.

Is teòide (*warmer*) do 'n m-brat a dhùbladh.—*Ir.*

Applied to the marriage of relatives. Here the Irish version is better.

Is toigh le bó mhaol bó mhaol eile.

A hornless cow likes another without horns.

Al. bó sgàirdeach.

Is toigh leam aran a' bhodaich, ach cha toigh leam anail a' bhodaich.

I like the old man's bread, but not his breath.

Most proverbs have been composed by men ; this seems to be an exception, and not a pleasant one.

Is toigh leis an fheannaig a h-isean garrach gorm.
The crow likes her greedy blue chick.

Is treasa dà chailleach lag na aon chailleach làidir.
Two weak old women are stronger than one strong one.

Is treasa deadh-àrach na meath-ghalar.
Good nurture overcomes disease.

Is treasa Dia na Doideag; is treasa Doideag na Mac-
 Illeathain.

God is stronger than Doideag; Doideag is stronger than MacLean.

Doideag was a witch, at one time much feared in the island of Mull. She was peculiarly dreaded for her power in raising storms. MacLean of Duart, the Chief of that great Clan, was of course paramount in Mull. See *MacLeod's Rem. of a Highl. Parish* (2d ed.), p. 247.

Is treasa dithis 's an àtha gun 'bhi fada bho chéile.
Two crossing the ford are best near each other.

Is treasa slat na cuaille.
A rod is stronger than a club.

This is perhaps a hyperbolical way of saying that due chastisement is more effectual than extreme measures.

Is treasa Tuath na Tighearna.
Tenantry are stronger than Laird.
 Stroshey yn Theay na yn Chiarn.—*Manx.*

This is a remarkable saying, to have originated among a race distinguished by their subordination and fidelity to their natural chiefs and lords. It belongs to a time when the rights of the Clan or Tenantry were real, and believed in by themselves.

Is tréun fear an eòlais.
The man that knows is powerful.
 Knowledge is power.—*Bacon.*

Is trian suiridhe samhladh.
To be 'evened' is a third of courtship.

The Scotch phrase 'even,' to couple a man and woman in conversation as a likely match, is the only word that expresses here the meaning of 'samhladh'.

Is tric a bha am beag tréubhach.
The little are often brave.

Is tric a bha beag beag an toirt.
The little is often of little account.

Is tric a bha bean saoir gun chuigeil, 's bean griasaiche gun bhròig.

A carpenter's wife has often wanted a distaff, and a shoemaker's wife shoes.

Is tric a bha breagh air an fhéill, mosach 'n a thigh fhéin.
Fine at the fair may be mean at the fireside.

Is tric a bha claidheamh fada 'an làimh gealtair'.
A long sword has often been in a coward's hand.

Is tric a bha dìchioll air dheireadh.
Diligence has often been behind.

And luck in front.

Per con. Cha bhì dìchioll air dheireadh.

Is tric a bha fortan air luid, 's a fhuair trusdar bean.
Slatterns have often had luck, and dirty fellows got wives.
See 'Gheabh foighidinn'.

Is tric a bha gaoid 'an ubhal bòidheach.
Often has flaw been in a fair apple.

Is tric a bha mór mi-sheadhail.
The big is often stupid.

Giants are always so represented in the old stories.

Is tric a bha 'n galar a bh' air Aodh air an fhear a bha ri 'thaobh.

Hugh's neighbour has often had the same disease as he.
This is true both physically and morally.

Is tric a bha na h-aimhnichean a' dèabhadh, 'us na h-uillt a' ruith.

The rivers are often dry, while the brooks are running.
Before a flood.

Is tric a bha na loingis mhór a' crìonadh, 's na h-amair-mhùin a' seòladh.

Often have large ships been rotting, while the little pots are floating.

Al. Na loingis mhór a' dol fo 'n chuan, 's na h-amair-fhuail a' seòladh.

Is tric a bha sliochd na seilge air seachran.
The hunting tribe has often been at fault.

Is tric a bha slaodaire beairteach, 'us caonnag air duine tapaidh.

Many a lout is wealthy, and clever man hard put-to.

Is tric a bha sonas air bial mór.

Large mouth is often lucky.

Muckle-mou'd folk has aye hap to their meat.—*Scot.*

Is tric a bha suaib-chuthaich air leanabh bodaich.

An old man's child has often had a touch of madness.

Is tric a bha urrainn gun nì, agus nì gun urrainn.

The worthy has often lacked means, and means been enjoyed without merit.

Is tric a bheothaich srad bheag teine mór.

A small spark has often kindled a great fire.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!—*ST. JAMES.*

Parvula scintilla sæpe magnum suscitavit incendium.—*Lat.*

A single spark can burn the whole quarter.—*Arab.*

Piccola favilla accende gran fuoco.—*Ital.*

Von einem Funken kommt ein grosses Feuer.—*Germ.*

A small spark makes a great fire.—*Eng.*

A wee spark maks muckle wark.—*Scot.*

Is tric a chaidh an fheala-dhà gu feala-rìreadh.

Joke has often come to earnest.

Mows may come to earnest.—*Scot.*

Is tric a chaillear fear na mór-mhisnich.

Daring often leads to death.

'S mie ve daaney, ach s'olk ve ro ghaaney—*It is good to be bold, but bad to be too bold.*—*Manx.*

Be bold, but not too bold.—*Eng.*

Is tric a chinn an cneadach, 's a dh' fhalbh an sodar-nach.

The delicate often survive, while the vigorous go.

Is tric a chinn fuigheall fochaid, 's a mheath fuigheall farmaid.

The refuse of mockery has often waxed, and that of envy waned.

Macintosh's rendering is, 'Oft has the object of scorn arrived at honour, and that of envy fallen into contempt'.

Is tric a fhuair 'olc an airidh' car.

'Poor fellow' has often been crossed.

Lit. 'Ill-deserved' has often got a turn.

Is tric a fhuair fear na roghainn diù.

The man with choice has often got the worse.

Is tric a fhuair gunna urchair-iasaid.

A gun has often got a loan-shot.

It was sometimes believed that an unloaded gun might go off notwithstanding, and kill, if incautiously handled—an exaggeration of the proper horror of a reckless handling of fire-arms.

Is tric a mheall e sheis, an neach a gheall a bhi tairis da.

Often has one failed his fellow, who promised to be true to him.

Is tric is daoire 'chomain na 'n dubh-cheannach.

A favour often costs more than what's hard-bought.

Spesso i doni sono danni—*Gifts are often losses.*—*Ital.*

Is tric a thainig trod mór á aobhar beag.

Often has great quarrel sprung from little cause.

Is tric a thug fear na ciad chéilidh fíor bharail.

The man of first visit has often judged truly.

Glöggst es gestz augat—*Sharp (gleg) is the eye of a guest.*—*Icel.*

Is tric leis an droch-sgeul a bhi fíor.

Bad news is often true.

Is tric nach tig ath-sgeul air droch-sgeul.

Ill news is not often contradicted.

Is tric nach robh ach beagan sneachd air tigh a mhèirlich.

There has often been but little snow on the roof of the thief.

He would probably be out at night, and have a fire kept on while honest people were in bed, which would melt the snow on the thatch.

Is tróm air tigh gun nàire.

A shameless house has its burden.

Is tróm an cat ri 'shìor-ghiùlan.

The cat is heavy if carried constantly.

Children are fond of carrying cats; but even a grown-up person would tire in time of a light burden.

Is tróm an éire an t-aineolas.

Ignorance is a heavy burden.

Al. Is cruaidh cuing an aineolaich—*Hard is the yoke of the ignorant.*

Is trom an t-uallach aineolas.—*Ir.*

Is tróm an iorram 's an t-iomradh.

'Tis heavy to chant and row.

See 'Cha 'n urrainn domh 'h-éigheach'.

Is tróm an uallach an aois. *Age is a heavy load.*

Grave senectus est hominibus pondus.—*Lat.*

Is tróm buill' an t-sean laoiach.

Heavy is the old hero's blow.

See 'Is fhurasda buill'.

Is tróm dithis air aon duine.

Two to one are heavy odds.

See 'Cothrom'.

Is tróm dithis air an aon mhèis, gun ac' ach an t-aon ghléus.

Two are heavy on one dish, when there is but one ration.

Is tróm eallach gun iris.

Heavy is the load without a rope to hold by.

None of the Dictionaries give this meaning of the word 'iris,' which in the Hebrides is the common term for the rope with which a creel or a bundle of any kind is carried.

Is tróm géum bó air a h-aineol.

Heavy is the cow's low in a strange fold.

Is àrd géum bò air a h-aineòlas.—*Ir.*

Is tróm na tubaistean air na slibistean.

Mishaps many fall on slovens.

Is tróm snithe air tigh gun tubhadh.

Rain-drops come heavy on a house unthatched.

Is truagh a' bhantrach a' phìob.

The bagpipe is a miserable widow.

Pipers have generally been very improvident.

Is truagh nach bu cheaird sinn gu léir an diugh.

'Tis a pity we were not all tinkers to-day.

Said by Alexander MacDonell, son of Colla Ciotach (Colkitto), after having received great help in a fight from an Atholl tinker named Stewart.

Is truime 'chnead na 'n eallach.

The groan is heavier than the load.

Is tu fhéin a thòisich an toiseach, mar 'thuirt an t-amadan ris an tarbh.

You began it yourself, as the fool said to the bull.

The story is that a fool was passing through a field where a

bull was pasturing, and hearing him growling, began to mimic him, which naturally excited the bull to give him chase, bellowing furiously. The fool was clever enough to get over a dyke just in time, and then, safe behind the wall, he addressed the bull as above. The Lowland version, which I have heard told in Gal-loway of a baronet, is, 'Boo to yirsel'! Who begoo'd it?'

Is tu thilg a' chlach air a' chaisteal!

What a stone you threw at the castle!

Said ironically, when some small person hits his superior.

Is uaine fiar na faiche a' s fàsaiche.

Green is the grass of the least trodden field.

Is uaisle tòll na tuthag.

Hole is genteeler than patch.

Per con. Is mios' an clùd na 'n tòll—*The clout is worse than the hole.* See 'Is fhearr bréid'.

Is uasal a bhi 'n ad shuidhe, 'n ad ruith.

It's noble to be sitting and running.

Said of driving in a carriage.

Is uasal mac an an-uasail an tìr nam mèirleach; is an-usal mac an uasail, mur bi e tréubhach.

The lowly-born is a gentleman among thieves; the gentleman's son is no gentleman, if he be not brave.

A very characteristic sentiment.

Is ùrachadh atharrachadh.

Change is refreshing.

Caghlaa obbyr aash—*Change of work is ease.*—*Manx.*

Isean deiridh lìnne, cinnidh e no theid e dholaidh.

The last chicken of a brood comes to either grief or good.

In the case of the more prolific lower animals, the last of a brood or litter is generally the weakest. It is not so, however, with the youngest offspring of the higher animals, especially of human beings. But the youngest is sometimes spoiled by petting.

Ith do leòr, 's na pòc dad.

Eat your fill, and pocket nothing.

Eat yir fill, but pouch nane, is gairdener's law.—*Scot.*

Ith na 's lugha, 's ceannaich e.

Eat less, and buy it.

Lay yir wame to yir winnin'.—*Scot.*

Itheadh na goibhre air an nathair.

The goat's eating of the serpent.

It is believed, in some parts of the Highlands, that goats eat

serpents, and that they eat them tail foremost, first stamping on the head. It is said that while the goat is thus engaged, it utters a querulous noise, not liking the wriggling of the adder. A verse in reference to this is,

Cleas na goibhre 'g ith' na nathrach,
'G a sior-itheadh, 's a' sior-thalach.

*The goat's trick with the serpent,
Eating away, and still complaining.*

Be this as it may, it is positively affirmed by persons of experience, that serpents disappear where goats pasture.

Itheadh nan con air a' bhlianaich.

The dogs' eating of the carrion.

For want of any better.

Itheam, òlam, caidileam.

Let me eat, let me drink, let me sleep.

Quite a Carlylean saying, supposed to be uttered by one of the 'fruges consumere nati'.

Ithear cruach 'n a breacagan.

A stack can be eaten in cakes.

Ithear na cruachan móra, 's nìtear leis na cruachan beaga.

The little stacks will do when the big ones are eaten.

By that time the new corn will be nearly ripe.

Ithidh a cheann a chasan dheth.

His head will eat his feet off.

This is like the common saying about an idle horse eating his head off. It might refer also to human beings.

L.

Là a' bhlàir 's math na càirdean.
Friends are good on the day of battle.

Là air mhisg, 's là air uisge.
To-day drunk, to-morrow on water.
 La er meshtey, as la er ushtey.—*Manx.*

Là buain an lìn. *The day of lint-reaping.*
Nevermas, lint being never cut, but plucked up.

Là buidhe Bealltainn.
Yellow May-Day.

Là Fheill-Brìghde bàine, bheir na cait an connadh dhachaidh.

On fair St. Bride's day the cats will bring home the brush-wood.

Another saying, apparently better founded, associates this with St. Patrick's day, about which time (17th March) the weather is generally dry, compared with Candlemas.

The Manx 'Laa 'l Breeshy bane' corresponds with the above.

Là Fheill-Brìghde thig an rìbhinn as an tóll; cha bhean mise dha'n rìbhinn, 's cha bhean an rìbhinn riùm.

On St. Bride's day the nymph will come out of the hole: I won't touch the nymph, and she won't touch me.

Al. Seachdain roimh Fheill-Brìghde,
 Thig nigh'n Iomhair as an tóm;
 Cha bhi mise ri nigh'n Iomhair,
 'S cha mhò 'bhios nigh'n Iomhair riùm.

A week before St. Bride's Day Ivor's daughter will come out of the knoll; I won't molest her, and she won't hurt me.

The 'rìbhinn' and 'nigh'n Iomhair' are both euphemistic or deprecatory names for the adder; the one known in Skye, the other in Rannoch. A lady called 'Nighean Iomhair,' wife of John M'Kenzie, constable of Eilean-Donnain Castle, was suspected of having poisoned there (1550) John Glassich of Gairloch, who claimed the Kintail estates. This may possibly have given rise to the application of her name to the serpent. Another version is 'an niomhair,' the venomous one.

La Fheill-Eòin a 's t-Samhradh, theid a' chubhag gu 'tigh Geamhraidh.

On St. John's day in Summer, the cuckoo goes to her winter home.

St. John's day, 24th June.

Là Fheill-Eòin, their iad aighean ris na gamhna.

On St. John's day they call the stirks heifers.

St. John's day is ordinarily called *Feill-Eathain*, as the M'Leans are called *Clann-'Ill-Eathain*, a mere phonetic spelling of *Eòin*, or *Iain*, John, or Ian.

Là Fheill Math-Cheasaig bidh gach easgann torrach.

On St. Kessock's day, every eel is pregnant.

St. Kessock's day is 21st March. Fairs named after this saint are still held at Callander and at Cumberae, on or about that date. Kessock Ferry at Inverness is also named after him.

In the MS. Collection of Ewen MacDiarmid, mentioned in the Preface, of which the present editor has had the benefit, the word 'easan,' little waterfall, is substituted for 'easgann'. This is intelligible, though the use of the word 'torrach' as applied to water is anomalous. The reference to eels is more singular, that fish being of ill-repute in the Highlands. The fresh-water eel, in particular, is never eaten in Scotland, though at one time it appears to have been largely used as an article of diet. See Innes's *Scotland in the Mid. Ages*, p. 124. I have been unable to get any scientific information as to the spawning time of eels.

Là Luain. *The moon-day.*

Another version of Nevermas, or the Greek Kalends.

Là sheachnaidh na bliadhna.

The day of the year to be avoided.

Armstrong (*Dict.*) says this term was applied to the 3rd of May; others say the 2nd, others the 5th. It was held unlucky to begin any important work, and unpardonable to commit any crime, on that day; for the extraordinary reason that on that day the fallen angels were believed to have been expelled from Heaven.

Laideann aig na gabhraibh, tuigeim ged nach labhram.

Goat-Latin I can understand, but speak not.

Al. aig na gadhraibh—Dog-Latin.

Said of people who pretend to know and say more than the hearer understands. It may possibly have been first applied to priests.

Laidhe fada air taobh tighe duin' eile.

Lying long in another man's house.

Laidhe leis an t-sùil, 'us falbhan leis a' ghlùn.

Lie still with a (sore) eye, and move about with a (sore) knee.

Laidhidh dubh air gach dath, ach cha laidh dath air dubh.

Black will lie on any colour, but none other will lie on black.

See 'Cha chaochail'. It appears now that this old belief is not correct, and that black will take more than one other dye, such as brown and green.

Làir chaol-chasach agus each bòn-chasach.

A slender-legged mare, and a stout-legged horse.

Làmh ann an earball a' ghill.

Holding the pledge by the tail.

Làmh 'an ceann bó maoile.

Holding a hornless cow by the head.

Làmh d' athar 's do sheanar !

By the hand of your father and grandfather !

Properly, 'Air làmh,' &c. Martin in his *Western Islands* (2d Ed., p. 120), says this form of adjuration was considered very insulting. It would be more correct to say that it was an insult to be thought capable of disregarding it.

Another form, 'Làmh d' athar 's do sheanar ort !' is used as a threat ; and a story is told of its application by a blacksmith, who strongly suspected that his wife's baby was a changeling, and satisfactorily proved it. He came in one day exclaiming, 'An sìthean ri 'theine !' *The Fairy is on fire !* on which the little imp, thrown off his guard, cried out, 'O m' òrd 's m' innean !' *O my hammer and anvil !* The smith now saw that the creature was not only a Fairy, but a fellow-craftsman ; and taking him out to the smithy, placed him on the anvil, and swinging his big hammer, said, 'Gobha mi fhein, gobha m' athair, gobha mo sheanair ; 's làmh d' athar 's do sheanar ort ! an t-òrd mór !'—*Smith am I, smith was my father, smith my grandfather ; thy father's and grandfather's hand on thee ! the big hammer !* Before the hammer could descend the little sprite vanished, and when the smith returned home, he found his own true and pretty child sitting cosily at the fireside !

Apparently another version of this saying is, 'Làmh a thart, tart do sheanar dhut !'

Làmh fhad', agus cead a sìneadh.

A long arm, and leave to stretch it.

Làmhan leinibh, agus goile seann-duine.

The hands of a child, and an old man's stomach.

Làn beòil de bhiadh, 'us làn baile de nàire.

A mouthful of meat, and a town-(or farm-)ful of shame.

Làn duirn de shògh, agus làn baile de nàire.—*Ir.*

A mouthfu' o' meat may be a tounfu' o' shame.—*Scot.*

Supposed to allude to a stolen egg.

Laogh buabhall-an-doruis.

The calf of the door-stall.

Likely to be first attended to.

Lasair créathaich 'us éigheach caillich.

Brushwood flame, and the ery of an old woman.

Both easily excited, and soon over.

Le muinneal na cuing a bhristeadh bheir thu misneach do fhear na h-airce.

Breaking the neck of his yoke will encourage the man in distress.

Leac 'us ùir eadar sinn !

Stone and earth divide us !

Said of those whom one would wish to be separate from, even in the grave.

Leaghaidh a' chòir 'am bial an anfhainn.

Justice melts in the mouth of the feeble.

Leaghaidh am bròn an t-anam bochd.

Sorrow melts the miserable.

Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shìnnse.

Follow close the fame of your fathers.

This is supposed to be Ossianic,—said by Fingal to Oscar.

Leanaidh blianach ris na sràbhain.

Bad flesh sticks to straws.

Applied, says Macintosh, to mean or worthless people who cleave to each other.

Al. Leanaidh a' bhì ris a' bhòrd, 's an sop ris an sgait—*The sap will stick to the wood, and the straw to the skate.*

Leathan ri leathan, 'us caol ri caol.

Broad to broad, and small to small.

Caol le caol, agus leathan le leathan.—*Ir.*

This is an old rule of Gaelic orthography, devised by Irish grammarians, and in modern times upheld by some as of absolute authority, by others denounced as inconvenient and vicious. The broad vowels are *a, o, u*, the slender *e, i*, and the rule is, that where a consonant intervenes, a broad or narrow vowel must be followed by one of the same kind ; *e.g.*, 'leathan,' instead of

‘leathin,’ which would better represent our pronunciation; while the comparative degree of the same word is written, not ‘leathne’ nor ‘leithna,’ but ‘leithne’. For an explanation and discussion of this rule, see Stewart’s *Gaelic Grammar*, Part I., sect. 3; and for citation of the authorities on both sides, see Bourke’s *Irish Grammar*, pp. 16-20.

Leig an t-earball leis a’ chraicionn.

Let the tail go with the hide.

Shegin goaill ny eairkyn marish y shea (*seiche*)—*The horns must be taken with the hide.*—*Manx.*

Let the tail follow the skin. Let the horns gang wi’ the hide.
—*Scot.*

Leig do cheann far am faigh thu ’s a mhaduinn e.

Lay your head where you’ll find it in the morning.

Leig fad na teadhrach leis.

Let him have his tether’s length.

Give him rope enough.

Leig troimh na meòir e.

Let it through the fingers.

Leigear cudthrom na slait air an sgòd.

The weight of the yard will be on the sheet.

Leigheas air leth, losgadh.

Burning is a singular cure.

The technical term for the actual cautery is *leigh-losgadh*.

Leigheas air sùilean goirt.

A cure for sore eyes.

Léintean farsainn do na leanban òga.

Wide shirts to young bairns.

Barnið vex, en brókin ekki—*Bairns wax, but the breeks don’t.*—*Icel.*

The moral significance of this, in favour of freedom of thought to new generations, is remarkable.

Leisgeul arain gu ith’ ime.

The excuse of bread for eating butter.

Leisgeul duine ’s e air dram.

The excuse of a tipsy man.

Leth na Galldachd ort!

Half the Lowlands be upon thee!

Al. dhut—to thee.

Léum an gàradh far an ìsl' e.

Leap the dyke where it is lowest.

Every ane louns the dyke where it's laighest.—*Scot.*

Where the hedge is lowest, men may soonest over.—*Eng.*

Waar de hegge het laagste is, wil elk er over.—*Dutch.*

Ou la haie est plus basse on saute dessus.—*Fr.*

Léum chasa tioram. *A dry foot jump.*

Lianar bearn mhór le clachan beaga.

Great gaps may be filled with small stones.

Lianar lóng le sligean.

A ship may be loaded with shells.

Lionn-dubh air mo chridhe. *Melancholy on my heart.*

Lit. Black humour.

Loisgidh sinn na cruachan móra, 's fóghnaidh na cruachan beaga.

We shall burn the big stacks, and the little ones will suffice.

This refers to peat-stacks.

Lón tuathair, 'us sguabach dheisear.

Meadow facing north, corn facing south.

The best exposure for each crop.

Losgadh do chridhe ort! *Heart-burning to thee!*

Losgadh sona, 'us losgadh dona.

Lucky burning and unlucky burning.

Luath no mall g'an tig am Màigh, thig a' chubhag.

Late or early as May comes, so comes the cuckoo.

Luathas a 's fhaisge air a' mhaille.

Speed that's nearest to slowness.

Raw haste, half sister to delay.—*Tennyson.*

Lùb am faillean, 's cha 'n artlaich a' chraobh ort.

Bend the twig, and the tree won't defy you.

Luchd a' chrùin 'dol thun a cheapa, 's luchd a cheapa thun a' chrùin.

Crowned heads go to the sod, and tillers of the soil to crowns.

See I. SAM., ii. 7, 8; and LUKE, i. 52.

Luchd nan casag. *The long-coated folk.*

Lowlanders.

Ludh an spioraid, 'dol timchioll na drochaid.

The way of the ghost, going round the bridge.

Macintosh's translation of this saying, which Armstrong also gives, is, 'Go about the bridge as the ghost did'. The superstition here referred to is illustrated in *Tam o' Shanter*, where the infernal pursuers have no power to go beyond the key-stone of the bridge. Another saying is, 'Thainig mi mu'n cuairt, cleas a' bhòchdain'—*I came round about, the ghost's trick*; in reference to which the following story is told. A certain man was haunted by a ghost, which met him wherever he went, so that he became known in the country-side as 'Dònull Mór a' bhòchdain'—*Big Donald of the ghost*. Weary of his life, he went away to America, hoping there to be rid of his tormentor—but in vain. The very night of his arrival, the first person he met in the streets was his old friend. He cried out in amazement, 'Ciamar a thainig thus' 'an seo?'—*How did you come here?* 'Thainig mi mu'n cuairt,' said the imperturbable ghost. Donald in disgust returned home.

Ludh an t-sneachda—'tighinn gun sireadh, gun iarraidh.

The way of the snow, coming unsought, unasked.

Al. Mar a thàinig a' ghaillionn a's t-Fhoghar, gun sireadh, &c.

As the storm came in Autumn, unsought, &c.

Thig se gan iarraidh, mur thig a do-aimsir.—*Ir.*

Luibh Chaluim-Chille, gun sireadh gun iarraidh, 's a dheòin Dia cha bhàsaich mi 'nochd.

St. Columba's wort, unsought, unasked, and please God, I won't die to-night.

Said by children on unexpectedly finding this flower, called in English St. John's wort.

Lus Phàra lia, cuiridh e 'ghoimh as a' chnàimh.

Grey St. Patrick's wort (grundsels) will drive pain from the bone.

M.

Ma bheir thu Muile dhiom, cha toir thu muir 'us tìr dhiom.

You may take Mull from me, but you can't take sea and land from me.

Ma bheir thusa dhomhsa dealg fhraoich, gun dhath dhubh, gun ghaid, bheir mise dhutsa buaile de chrodh geal maol.

If you give me a heather pin without black or flaw in it, I'll give you a fold of white hornless cows.

Ma bhios taod agad, gheabh thu each.

If you have a halter, you'll get a horse.

Ma bhristeas bun-feann, bidh fios aig do cheann, co dhorchaidh an tóll.

If the tail breaks, your head will know who darkened the hole.

The story is that two men went to a wolf's den, when wolves still flourished in Scotland, for the purpose of carrying off the whelps. The den was in a cairn with a narrow entrance, through which one of the men crept in while the other stood on guard outside. Presently the yelping of the young ones called their mother to the rescue, and she bolted past the man outside, who was dexterous enough, however, to seize her by the tail while she was disappearing. So they stood, the she-wolf blocking the entrance and darkening the den, while the man outside held on like grim death. The man within finding the light suddenly obscured, called out to his companion, 'What's that darkening the hole'? To which the reply was made as above. See Campbell's *W. H. T.*, Vol. I., 273, for a Sutherland version of this story.

Ma bhuaileas tu cù no balach, buail gu math e.

If you strike a dog or a clown, hit him well.

See 'Balach'.

Ma chaidh i do 'n allt, cha b' ann le clùd nan soithichean.

If she went to the burn, it was not with the dish-clout.

Ma chuaidh si chun a srotha, ni leis a dis-cleàd.—*Ir.*

In a note on this in 2nd Ed. of Macintosh, it is said to be used as an apology for a woman's going astray with a gentleman. Mr. MacAdam in his note on the Ulster version, says it is applied to such women, when they make a good marriage unexpectedly.

Ma cheannaicheas tu feòil, ceannaich feòil laoigh, 's ma cheannaicheas tu iasg, ceannaich iasg sgait.

If you buy meat, buy veal, and if you buy fish, buy skate.

This is said to mean that you will get a good bargain in weight, as the bone in veal is soft, and that of skate is eatable.

Al. Ma tha iasg a dhìth orm, cha 'n iasg lean sgat—*If I want fish, skate is no fish to me.*

The Highland prejudices against certain meat and fish are sometimes very absurd. The skate is most unjustly undervalued by the natives of the western coasts of Scotland.

Ma cheannaicheas tu rud air nach 'eil féum agad, 's éudar dhut 'an ùine ghoirid do ghoireas a reic.

If you buy what you don't need, you'll soon have to sell what you do need.

Ma chuireas tu do làmh 'am bial a' mhadaidh, féumadh tu 'toirt as mar a dh' fhaodas tu.

If you put your hand in the hound's mouth, you must take it out as best you can.

Ma chumas tu do dhubhan fliuch 'an còmhnaidh, gheabh thu iasg uair-eigin.

If you keep your hook always wet, you'll get a fish some time.

Ma dh' éir'eas dut a bhi air d' aineol,
Na cuir earbs' 'an còmhradh banail;
Mar a 's fhaide ni thu 'n leanail,
'S ann a 's mò a theid do mhealladh.

*If you chance on foreign parts,
Do not trust in female talk;
The longer after them you follow,
The more you'll be cheated hollow.*

Ma dh' fhadaidh thu 'n teine 'n ad uchd, altrum e, ge duilich leat.

If you kindled the fire in your breast, nurse it, though you like it not.

Ma dh'fhalbh an t-ian, faodaidh an nead a dhol 'n a theine.

If the bird be flown, the nest may burn.

Ma dh'innseas duine na's léir dha, innsidh e na's nàr dha.

If a man tell all he sees, he'll tell what will shame him.

Quien acecha por agujero, ve su duelo—*Who peeps through a hole will discover his dole.*—*Span.*

Ma gheabh duin' idir rud, 's e firionnach falbhaiteach.

If anybody can get anything, it's the man that keeps moving.

Ma mharbhas tu beathach Dihaoine, bidh ruith na h-Aoin' ort am feasda.

If you kill a beast on Friday, the Friday fate will follow you for ever.

Ma ni thu pìobaireachd do Mhac-'Ille-Chalum, ni thu pìobaireachd dhòmhsa.

If you pipe to MacLeod of Raasay, you will pipe to me.

This is apparently a Skye saying, but its origin has not been ascertained.

Ma ruitheas an sionnach 'am broilleach a' ghadhair, co aig' 'tha 'choire?

If the fox rush into the hound's embrace, who is to blame?

Ma 's àill leat a bhi buan, gabh deoch gu luath an déigh an uibhe.

If you wish to live long, drink quickly after an egg.

After an egg drink as much as after an ox.—*Eng.*

Ma 's beag leat e, crath sonas air.

If you deem it little, shake luck on it.

Ma 's beag mo chas, cha mhò mo chuaran.

If small my foot, my sock is no bigger.

Ma 's bunnach brist' e, is bonnach itht' e.

A broken bannock is as good as eaten.

See 'Cha bhi bail'.

Ma 's briag bhuam e, is briag h-ugam e.

If it be a lie from me, it's a lie to me.

This is a favourite expression, when one has something to tell which is not well vouched.

Ma 's ceòl fìdileireachd, tha gu leòir againn deth.

If fiddling be music, we have enough of it.

This was said by the famous harper, Rory Morrison (See App. II.), after having had to endure the performance of all his favourite airs by a fiddler, whose instrument he naturally looked on as a contemptible squeaking thing. 'Fìdileireachd' expresses more contempt than the ordinary 'fìdhleireachd'.

Ma 's dubh, ma 's odhar, ma 's dónn, is toigh leis a' ghobhair a meann.

Be it black, or dun, or brown, the goat loves her kid.

Ma 's dubh, ma 's odhar, nà donn, is da meannan fèin bheir a gabhar a fonn.—*Ir.*

Ma 's duine 'tha 'n seo, 's aotrom e, mu'n dubhairt an t-each-uisge.

If this be human, its light, as the water-horse said.

The story is that the water-horse came in the shape of a young man (*riochd fleasguich*) out of his native element, and sat down beside a girl who was herding cattle on the banks of the loch. After some pleasant conversation, he laid his head in her lap, in a fashion not unusual in old times, and fell asleep. She began to examine his head, and to her alarm, found that his hair was full of sand and mud. She at once knew that it was none other than the 'Each-Uisge,' who would certainly conclude his attentions by carrying her on his back into the depths of the loch. She accordingly proceeded, as dexterously as she could, to get rid of her skirt, leaving it under the head of the monster. No sooner did he awaken than he jumped up and shook the skirt, crying out several times, 'Ma's duine 'tha 'n seo,' &c., then rushed down the brae, and plunged into the lake.

Ma 's fearail thu, na biodh gruaim ort.

If you are manly, don't be gloomy.

A very good sentiment.

Ma 's fhiach an teachdaire, 's fhiach an gnothach.

If the messenger be worthy, the business is.

Al. Ma 's fiù an gille, 's fiù an gnothach.

The embassy is judged of by the quality of the ambassador.

Ma 's lite dhut i, cha mhór leat i.

If it's porridge to you, it's not much to you.

This is one of the few specimens of Gaelic puns, and a fair one. A young man in Lochaber went to woo a young girl called *Mór*, Marion. The father entertained him hospitably, and after dinner proposed a smoke, saying, 'Gabhaidh sinn a nis am biadh a ghabhas os cionn gach bìdh—We'll now have the food that goes

above all food'. 'An e sin an lite?' said the stupid young man—
'Do you mean porridge?' The father, disgusted by his stupidity,
made the above reply, indicating that Marion was not for him.

Ma 's math an t-each, 's math a dhreach.

If the horse be good, his colour is good.

A bep liou marc'h mad.—*Breton.*

A good horse cannot be of a bad colour.—*Eng.*

Ma 's math leat do mholadh, faigh bàs ; ma's math leat
do chàineadh, pòs.

*If you wish to be praised, die ; if you wish to be de-
cried, marry.*

This is a shrewd saying, neatly expressed.

Ma 's math leat sìth, càirdeas, agus cluain,—èisd, faic,
'us fuirich sàmhach.

*If you wish peace, friendship, and quietness, listen, look,
and be silent.*

Ma's maith leat sìochaint, cairdeas, a's moladh, èisd, faic, a's
fan balbh.—*Ir.*

Audi, vide, tace, si vis vivere in pace.—*Lat.*

Odi, vedi, e taci, se vuoi viver in pace.—*Ital.*

Oy, voy, et te tais, si tu veux vivre en paix.—*Fr.*

Ver, oir, y callar, si quieres vivir en paz.—*Span.*

Ouve, ve, e calla, se queres viver em paz.—*Port.*

He that would live in peace and rest,

Must hear, see, and say the least.—*Eng.*

Ma 's olc a' phìobaireachd, cha'n fhearr a duais.

If the piping be bad, the pay is no better.

Ma 's olc am fitheach, cha 'n fhearr a chomunn.

If bad be the raven, his company is no better.

Myr 's doo yn feeagh, yiow eh sheshey.—*Manx.*

Ma 's olc an leanabh, cha 'n fhearr a luasgadh.

If the child be bad, his rocking is no better.

Ma sheallas bean air a glùn toisgeal, gheabh i leisgeul.

*If a woman but look on her left knee, she will find an
excuse.*

Is foisge do bhean leithsgeal nà bràiscin—*A woman's excuse is
nearer her than her apron.—Ir.*

Ma tha Dia ann, 's cha 'n 'eil fhios a bheil, fàg eadar
sinn fhein 's na biodagan !

*If there be a God, and no one knows whether there be,
leave it between ourselves and the dirks !*

The fervent prayer for fairplay of an old Highland heathen on
the eve of a fight.

Ma tha mise truagh, 's e mo thruaighe Mac Aoidh !
If I am miserable, woe's me for Mackay !

Ma tha mo chuid airgid anns a'chapull, thig e dhach-
 aidh uair-eigin.

If my money is in the mare, it will come home some day.

Ma tha thu coma, dean comaidh ris a' mhuic.

If you don't care, go and share with the sow.

Every man to his taste, as the man said when he kissed his
 cow.—*Eng., Scot.*

Ma tha thusa na d' fhear-ealaidh, cluinneamaid annas
 do làimhe.

If you are a man of skill, let us hear your master-piece.

Ma théid gus an téid, théid fear an t-sìor-ghalair.

*Whoever goes or does not go, the man of long disease
 will.*

Ma tha 'n lóng briste, cha 'n 'eil a' chreag slàn.

If the ship be broken, the rock is not whole.

Ma their mi fhein 'Mach thu!' ri m' chù, their a' h-uile
 fear e.

If I say 'Get out!' to my dog, everybody will say it.

Ma thuiteas clach leis a' ghleann, 's ann 's a' chàrn a
 stadlas i.

*If a stone fall down the glen, it's in the cairn it will
 stop.*

Ma thuiteann cloch le fànaidh (*slope*), is annsa g-càrnan a
 stadaidh si.—*Ir.*

Another case of 'like to like'.

Mac Artair Srath-churra o bhun an stoc fhearna.

Mac Arthur of Strachur, from the root of the alder.

Strachur, on Loch Fyne, is said to have been the original seat
 of the Mac Arthurs.

Mac bantraich aig am bi crodh,
 Searrach seann-làrach 'an greigh,
 Madadh muilleir aig am bi min,
 Triùir a 's meanmnaich' air bith.

*The son of a widow rich in cows,
 The foal of an old mare in a herd,
 The dog of a miller rich in meal,
 Three of the merriest things alive.*

Mac Illeathain Loch-a-Buidhe, ceann-uidhe nam mèirleach.

MacLaine of Loch Buy, the chieftain of thieves.

This epithet is shared with another great Highland chief, Camaronach bhog an ime, ceann-cinnidh nam mèirleach.

Mac-Leòid no 'n t-airgiod. *MacLeod or the money.*

MacLeod of MacLeod was once on a visit to Edinburgh, and was suddenly called away, leaving his servant behind him, without any money. The servant now found that nothing but MacLeod's note, or hard cash, would avail him anywhere.

Mac mar an t-athair. *Like father like son.*

Al. Mac an daidein—*Dad's son.*

Mab diouc'h tad (*Mac an déigh daidein*).—*Breton.*

Sic faither, sic son.—*Scot.*

Mac màthaireil 's nighean athaireil.

A son like the mother, and a daughter like the father.

Al. Mac ri 'mhàthair, 's nighean ri h-athair.

Maighdeann Sàbaid, 'us capull Liùnasdail.

A Sabbath maiden, and a Lammas mare.

Al. Each Samhna, 's bean Dòmhnuaich—*A Hallow-Fair horse, and a Sunday wife.*

More showy at those times, and therefore not to be hastily chosen.

Choose your wife on Saturday, rather than on Sunday.—*Scot., Eng.*

Si quieres hembra, escogela el Sabado y no el Domingo.—*Span.*

Maise nam bonnach a bhi faisg air an teallaich.

The beauty of bannocks is to be near the fire.

Màm air an t-sac gun fhéum.

The handful heaped on the sack, where it is not needed.

Manadh do chrochaidh ort!

The omen of your hanging to you!

Maor èolach, maor a 's mios' a theid 'an crò.

A bailiff acquainted with the stock, the worst to send among the flock.

Maorach caillich Mhic Artair, partan 'us dà fhaochaig.

Old Mrs. MacArthur's shellfish, a crab and two wilks.

Mar a bha 'chailleach air Eóghan, a dheòin no dh-aindeoin.

Like the old woman upon Ewen, will he, nill he.

See 'Céum air do chéum'.

Mar a bha gille mór nam bram—cha 'n fhuirich e thall no bhos.

Like the great windy lad—he won't stay there or here.

Mar a bha 'n t-each bàn 'an dorus a' mhuilinn—a' smaoineachadh tuilleadh 's a bha e 'g ràdh.

Like the white horse at the mill-door, thinking more than he said.

Al. Mar a bha 'n gamhainn 's an dorus, a' feitheamh 's ag éisdeachd—*Like the stirk at the door, waiting and listening.*

Mar a b' umhail gu 'm b' fhìor.

As foreseen, so has been.

Mar a chàireas duine a leabaidh, 's ann a laidheas e.

As a man makes his bed, so he must lie.

As you make your bed, so you must lie on it.—*Eng., Scot.*

Comme on fait son lit, on se couche.—*Fr.*

Quien mala cama hace, en ella se yace.—*Span.*

Som man reder til, saa ligger man.—*Dan.*

Mar a chaitheas duine a bheatha, bheir e breith air a choimhearsnach.

As a man leads his life, so he judges his neighbour.

Mar a' mhill air bhàrr nan cuiseag.

Like honey on the top of the stalks.

Mar a's àirde theid an calman, 's ann a's dòch' an t-seobhag breith air.

The higher the dove goes, the likelier is the hawk to catch it.

Mar a's fhaide 'bhios sinn gu math, 's ann a's giorraid a bhios sinn gu h-olc.

The longer we are well, the shorter will our illness be.

Mar a's fhearr iad, cha'n ann a's buain' iad.

The better they are, they live not the longer.

God takes the good, too good on earth to stay,

And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

Mar a's gainn' am biadh, 's ann a's fial' a roinn.

The scarcer the food, the more bounty to share it.

Mar a's luaithe a' ghaillionn 's ann a's cruaidhe 'ghaillionn.

The swifter the storm, the stronger it is.

Mar a 's lugha 'theirear, 's ann a 's fhusa 'leigheas.
The least said, the soonest mended.—Eng.

Mar a 's mò gheibh an cù, 's ann a 's mò a dh' iarras e.
The more the dog gets, the more he desires.

Mar a 's sine 'm boc, 's ann a's cruaidhe 'n adharc.
The older the buck, the harder his horn.

Mar a's truime 'n uallach, 's ann a's teinn' an crios-guailne; mar a's teinn' an crios-guailne, 's ann a's luaithe 'bhristeas.

The heavier the load, the tighter the shoulder-strap; the tighter the shoulder-strap, the nearer to breaking.

Mar a theid an t-ian o dhuilleag gu duilleag, theid a' mianan o dhuine gu duine.

As the bird goes from leaf to leaf, the yawn goes from man to man.

Al. Theid a' mianan, &c., mar 'theid an t-ianan o dhoire gu doire.

Mar a thuiteas a' chraobh, 's ann a laidheas i.
As the tree falls, so shall it lie.

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.—ECCLES. xi. 3.

Mar an crodh a' dol do'n bhuaile, cuid romham 's cuid 'am dhéigh.

Like the cattle going to the fold, some before me, some behind me.

Mar astar doill 'an cabaraich,
 No imeachd air garbh-leacannan,
 Mar thathuinn gadhair 'an gleann fàs,
 Tha teagasg dha na h-aineolaich.

*Like blind man going through a wood,
 Or walking on rough rocky slopes,
 Or bark of hound in desert glen,
 Is teaching to the ignorant.*

Ni 'l acht tapan gadhair a n-gleann glas, a bheith tagradh le cionn gan eolus.—*Ir.*

Mar cho-shogan ris a' chuideachda, mar a chaidh an luid a dhannsa.

For mirth to the company, as the slattern went to dance.

Mur dean mi spàin, millidh mi adharc.

I'll make a spoon, or spoil a horn.

He'll mak' a spune, or spoil a horn.—*Scot.*

Mar dhóbhnan 'am bun uisge,

Mar sheobhag gu ian sléibhe,

Mar chù gu cat, mar chat gu luch,

Tha bean mic gu 'màthair-chéile.

Like otter at a river-mouth,

Like hawk to mountain bird,

Like dog to cat, like cat to mouse,

The son's wife is to his mother.

Mur faigh fear d' a dhùthaich, 's math leis a bhi ma 'coinneamh.

If a man can't get to his country, it's good to be in sight of it.

Mar fhear air chàrn.

Like a man on a cairn.

An outlaw. See 'Am fear nach mèudaich'.

Mar Fionn nam buadh, na fhasgadh do shluagh na Fèinne.

Like peerless Fingal, a shelter to the Fcinne.

Mar gu'm biodh cearc air tòir nid.

Like a hen in search of a nest.

Mar gu'm biodh an teine air do chraicionn.

As if the fire were on your skin.

Dean sin mur a bheidheadh teine air do chraicionn.—*Ir.*

Mar gu'm biodh e air a leaghadh, mar 'bha caman Neacail.

As if it had been cast in a mould, like Nicol's club.

Mar is miann le broinn, bruichear bonnach.

As the belly craves, bannoek will be baked.

Mar is toigh leis na gobhair na coin.

As goats like dogs.

Mar itheadh na goibhre air an dris.

Like the goat's eating of the brier.

Mar lus an Dòmhnuaich, gun mhath, gun dolaidh.

Like the herb plucked on Sunday, it does neither good nor ill.

Mar mhart caol a tigh'n gu baile, tha cabhanach na maidne Earraich.

Like a lean cow coming to a farm, is the dawn of a Spring morning.

Mar Oisean an déigh na Fèinne.

Like Ossian after the Feinne.

The last of his race.

Mar thathunn coin ris an ré.

Like dog's barking at the moon.

Mur madadh a' tathfun an-aghaidh na gealaighe.—*Ir.*

Mar thig triubhas do 'n mhuic.

As trews become a sow.

Like a sow playing on a trump.—*Scot.*

Marbhaidh droch ainm na coin.

A bad name kills dogs.

Give a dog an ill name and hang him.—*Eng., Scot.*

Marbh-phaisg ort! *Death-wrapping be on thee!*

Ma's tù 'th' ann, 's tu 'chaidh as.

If it be you, you are sadly changed.

Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!—*Virgil.*

If thou beest he, but O how fallen, how changed!—*Milton.*

Math air seann-duine, math air feall-duine, 's math air leanabh beag, trì mathan caillte.

Good done to an old man, good to a worthless man, good to a little child, three goods thrown away.

One of the few objectionable sentiments found in these proverbs; partly true, but unchristian.

Meal 'us caith e! *Enjoy and wear it!*

Meallaidh am biadh am fitheach bho 'n chràobh.

Food will lure the raven from the tree.

Measar an t-amadan glic ma chumas e 'theanga.

The fool may pass for wise if he hold his tongue.

Meath am facal mu'n leig thu mach e, 's cha chuir e dragh ort fhéin no air duin' eile.

Weaken the word before you utter it, and it won't trouble yourself or any other.

Mèinearaich bhog a' bhruthaist'.

The soft brose Menzieses.

'Bruthaist' is the original of the 'kale brose o' auld Scotland,'—oatmeal with boiling water poured on it, much used formerly in the Menzies district in Perthshire, 'Apunn nam Mèinearach'.

A childish Fortingall rhyme is,

Bruthaiste bog,
Ga shuathadh le stob,
Ga chur ann an gob
Nam Mèinearach.

Mhealladh e 'n t-ubh bho 'n chorra-ghlais, ged bhiodh a dà shùil ag coimhead air.

He would cheat the heron of her egg, though her two eyes were fixed on him.

Ghoideadh se an ubh o'n chorr, a's a chorr fèin fa dheireadh.
—*Ir.*

Al. Bheireadh e á sùilean nam feannag e—*He would take it from the crows' eyes.*

Said of a very greedy person.

Mhic an rath-dhorcha!

Son of the moonless night!

'Rath-dorcha,' the dark or interlunar time.

Mhic na gréine! *Son of the sun!*

Mhill e troich 's cha d' rinn e duine.

He spoiled a dwarf and didn't make a man.

Mi fhein 's mo bhean air a' bhradhain.

My wife and I at the quern.

Mianan bodaich air àiridh 's a shàth 'n a bhroinn.

An old man's yawn on a hill-pasture after meat.

Miananaich, iarraidh gun fhaighinn.

Yawning, wishing and not getting.

Miann a' chait 's an tràigh, 's cha toir e fhéin aisd' e.

The cat's desire is on the shore, but she won't go for it.

E fynai y gath bysgod, ond ni fynai wlychu ei throed.—*Welsh.*

Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.—*Med. Lat.*

The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her feet.—*Eng.*

Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' the adage.—*Macbeth*, I. 7.

La gatta vorrebbe mangiar pesci, ma non pescare.—*Ital.* Le chat aime le poisson, mais il n'aime pas à mouiller la patte.—*Fr.*

Miann an duine lochdaich, càch uile a bhi contrachd.
The wicked man's desire, mischief to all others.
 Malus malum vult, ut sit sibi similis.—*Lat.*

Miann de mhianntan an iarsalaich, cuibhrionn mhór de 'n bheagan.

The wish above wishes of the covetous, a great share of the little.

Miann mnà mac, miann fir feachd ;
 Miann eich aonach, miann coin sneachd ;
 Miann bà braon, miann caora teas ;
 Miann goibhre gaoth, 's dol 'an aodann creig.

*A woman's desire a son, a man's desire a host ;
 A horse's desire a heath, a dog's desire snow ;
 A cow's desire a shower, a sheep's desire heat ;
 A goat's desire wind, and climbing up a crag.*

Rhyme is more considered than reason in some of these.

Miann na maighdne aig a' chaillich.

The maiden's desire in the old woman.

See 'Nàire nam maighdean'.

Mil fo thalamh, currain Earraich.

Underground honey, Spring carrots.

Exceptional luxuries. The Spring-carrot is the root of the silver-weed, *brisein*, very palatable.

Milleadh dàna, 'bhi 'g a ràdh far nach tuigear.

Waste of song, reciting where not understood.

Millidh air iasad. *Poverty destroys lending.*

Millidh an ainnis an t-iasacht.—*Ir.*

Wha canna gie will little get.—*Scot.* When ye are puir naebody kens ye ; when ye are rich a'boddy lens ye.—*Do.*

Millidh an cleas thair fhichead am fichead cleas.

The twenty-first game may spoil the twenty.

Millidh an t-srathair an t-each.

The pack-saddle will spoil the horse.

Millidh aon leibid a' chuinneag.

One little mishap will destroy the pail.

Millidh aon óisg chlainmheach an tréud.

One scabby ewe will spoil the flock.

See 'Salachaidh'.

Millidh aon tarrang an t-each, 's millidh aon each an t-seisreach.

One nail will spoil the horse, and one horse spoil the team.

Al. 'crann' for 'seisreach'.

For want of a nail the shoe is lost; for want of a shoe the horse is lost; for want of a horse the rider is lost.—*Eng.*

Por un punto se pierde un zapato.—*Span.*

Millidh bó buaile, 's buairidh bean baile.

One cow will spoil a fold, and one woman will lead astray a town.

Millidh dànadas modh. *Forwardness spoils manners.*

Al. Thig dànadas gu droch oilean.

Millidh droch chomhlúadar deadh bhéusan.

Evil company corrupts good manners.

This is a translation of Menander's Φθείρουσιν ἡθὴ χρηστὴ ὁμιλία κακὰί, quoted by St. Paul in I. Cor. xv. 33.

'Truailidh' for 'millidh' is the word in the authorised Gaelic version.

Min air iasad, itheadh na cruaiiche fo'n t-sìoman.

Lent meal, eating the stack under the rope.

Consuming things before the time.

Ministeir-maide. *A wooden minister.*

Mionach a' bheathaich a's maoile, air adhaircean a' bheathaich a's bioraiche.

The entrails of the blunter (hornless) beast on the horns of the sharper one.

Mìos bho aon déis gu làn déis, 'us mìos bho làn déis gu crìon déis.

A month from the first ear to the full ear, and a month from the full ear to the withered ear.

Mìos 'chrochadh nan con.

The dog-hanging month—July.

Mìos Faoillich; seachdain Feadaig;

Ceithir-la-diag Gearrain; seachdain Caillich;

Trì là Sguabaig—suas e 'n t-Earrach!

A month of the Stormy; a week of the Plover;

A fortnight of the Gelding; a week of the Old Woman;

Three days of the Brushlet—up with the Spring!

For explanation of these terms see App. IV.

Mios roimh gach ràidh a choltas.

A month before each season, its appearance comes.

Apparently this is a correct observation.

Mir 'am bial na béiste. *A bite for the monster's mouth.*

Cast a bane i' the deil's teeth.—*Scot.*

This saying is probably founded on the story of the traveller and the wolves, whom he temporarily stopped by throwing out one thing after another.

Mir a chur'am bial na h-éisge.

A morsel for the lampooner's mouth.

Mir' a' chuilean ris an t-seana-chu.

The play of the pup with the old dog.

Al. ris an aois—with the aged.

Chwarae hen gi a chenaw.—*Welsh.*

Mire ri cuilean, cha sguir e gus an sgál e.

Play with a puppy, it ends in a howl.

Mire gach struidhear ris an t-struidhear mhór.

The sport of every spendthrift with the big spendthrift.

Misg gun lionn a 's miosa 'th' ann.

Intoxication without ale is the worst of all.

Al. Misg an leanna nach d'òl e.—*The intoxication of the ale he drank not.*

The meaning seems to be that stupid or disorderly conduct, without the excuse of drink, is much worse. Ale, and not whisky, was the common stimulant when this saying arose.

Mo chomain-sa 's comain a' mhaoir,

Do mo thaobh-sa bhiodh e gann ;

Is math leis comain a null,

Ach cha mhath leis comain a null 's a nall.

The bailiff's favours and mine would be all on one side ; he likes to get, but not to give and take.

This is attributed to John Morrison of Bragar (See note to 'Balach'), with great probability. Another version, with 'comunn' for 'comain' is,—

Cha 'n ionann 'us comunn nam maor,

Air an taobh-san nach bi fann ;

'S e 'n comunn-sa tarruing a null,

'S cha chomunn ach a null 's a nall.

Very unlike the bailiff's fellowship,

On their own side never weak ;

Draw all one way is their rule,

And 'giff-gaff' is the only fellowship.

Still another version is given in Duncan Lothian's 'Sean Fhocail' q. v., p. 403.

Mo chuid fhein, mo bhean fhein, 'us 'tiugainn dachaidh,' trì faclan a 's blaisde 'th' ann.

My own property, my own wife, and 'come home', three of the sweetest of words.

Al. Na trì rudan a's mìlse 'th' ann—mo chuid fhein, &c.

Al. M' ulaidh, m' ulaidh ! mo chuid fhein.

My treasure, my treasure ! my own goods.

Mo chuideachda fhein, coin Thròtairnis !

My own friends, the dogs of Troternish !

See 'Is olc a fhreagradh tu'.

Mo nàire 's mo leaghadh !

My shame and my melting !

Mo thruaighe fear gun fhear-cronachaidh !

Alas for him that has no reprover !

Mo thurus dubh a thug mi 'dh-Eirinn.

My sad journey that took me to Ireland.

Said in a story by a king's daughter, transformed into a swan.

Modh na circe, gabhail ealla rithe.

Hen politeness, letting her alone.

Mol an latha math mu oidhche.

Praise the good day at night.

Moyle y laa mie fastyr (*mu fheasgar*).—*Manx.*

Ruse the fair day at night.—*Scot.*

Praise day at night, and life at the end.—*Eng.*

La vita il fine e 'l dì loda la sera.—*Ital.*

Schönen Tag soll man loben, wenn es Nacht ist.—*Germ.*

Mol am monadh, 's na ruig e; diomuil a' choille 's na fàg i.

Praise the moor and avoid it, dispraise the wood, and keep to it.

Al. Mol a' mhachair, 's na treabh; diomuil a' choille 's na tréig—*Praise the plain, and plough it not, &c.*

Al. 'lombair,' for 'monadh'.

Praise the hill, but keep below.—*Eng.*

Loda il mare e tienti alla terra.—*It.*

Il faut louer la mer et se tenir en terre.—*Fr.*

Different, but creditable, is the Welsh saying, 'Canmol dy fro, a thrig yno'—*Praise thy country and tarry there.*

Moladh gach fear an t-àth mar a gheabh.

Let every one praise the ford as he finds it.

Moladh gach duine an t-ath mur gheabhaidh se e.—*Ir.*

Moyll y droghad myr hen harrish.—*Manx.* Canmoled pob y bont a' i dyes drawo—*Welsh.* *Praise the bridge as you get over.*

Ruse the ford as ye find it.—*Scot.*

Moladh na maraig a fiachainn.

The praise of the pudding is tasting it.

Cruthughadh na putoige a h-ithe—*The proof of the pudding is eating it.—Ir.*

The prui'f o' a puddin' 's the preein' o't.—*Scot.*

Moladh mairbh. *The praise of the dead.*

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.—*Lat.*

Moladh na daoidheachd. *Praise from the worthless.*

Molaidh an t-each math e fhéin.

The good horse commends himself.

Mollachd au fhir a ghoid air an fhear a dh' ionndrain
—‘An làmh a rinn gun dean a rithis!’

The curse of the thief against the man that missed his own—‘The hand that did it will do it again!’

Mór a muigh, 's beag a's tigh.

Great abroad, small at home.

Mór bhuam, 'us beag agam.

Much thought of until got.

Mór orm, 'us beag agam.

Mighty to me, but little esteemed.

Said of an offensively patronizing but not superior person.

Móran gleogaireachd, 'us beagan gleidhidh.

Much talk and little done.

Móran sgalan, 's beagan ollainn, mu'n dubhairt Muisein
's e 'lomairt na muice.

Great cry and little wool, as the Devil said when he sheared the sow.

Great cry and little wool, quoth the Devil when he sheared his hogs.—*Eng.*

Móran shligean 's beagan bhiadhan.

Many shells and little meat.

Mu thionndadh na boise bidh a' chrois a tighinn.

In the turning of the hand the mishap will come.

Mult mnatha gun chaoraich, is saothrach a ghlacadh.

The wedder of a woman without sheep is difficult to catch.

Al. 's e 's saoire gheabhteadh—would be cheapest got.

Al. 's e 's faoilidhe 'th' ann—is the most freely given.

Mu'n cailleadh e buileach an t-iteach, bheireadh an t-ian a bhiodh glic ris an t-snàmh.

The wise bird would take to swimming before he lost the power of flying.

Mullach do bhaistidh. *The top of your baptism.*
The forehead.

Mur b'e an reodhadh, threabhtheadh gach tìr.
But for the frost, all lands might be tilled.

Mur b'e eagal an dà mhàil, bheireadh 'Tiridhe an dà bhàrr.

But for fear of doublerent, Tìree would yield a double crop.
Very suggestive, and not confined to Tìree.

Mur bhiodh 'Mur b'e,' cha bhiodh duine beò.

But for 'Were it not,' no man would be alive.

Si ce n' etait le 'Si' et 'Mais,' nous serions tous riches à jamais.—*Fr.*

If 'Ifs' an' 'Ans' were pots and pans, where wud be the tinklers?—*Scot.*

Mur bhiodh na suidheachan, thuiteadh na tighean.

But for the roof-supports, the houses would fall.

This is used as a retort when some stupid 'If it weren't' is mentioned.

Mur bi thu ris an olc, na bi coltach ris.

If you are not doing ill, don't look like it.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—*ST. PAUL.*

Mur biodh 'Mur-bhith' marbh, 's fhada bho'n a thàinig e.

If 'Were it not' were not dead, he would have come long ago.

Mur 'eil thu air son goid mo chàil, na tig air sgàth mo lios.

If you are not coming to steal my kail, don't come for the sake of my garden.

Al. Mur bi thu 'goid a' chàil, na bi air sgàth an lios.

Stealing kail-stocks out of a neighbour's garden was part of the recognised usages on Old New Year's Night.

Mur bitheadh an dris 's an rathad, cha rachadh a' chaor' innte.

If the brier were not in the way, the sheep would not go into it.

Mur biodh mu 'n phoit ach Mac Sheoc 's an liadh——

If there were none about the pot but Jock's son and the ladle——

An aposiopesis. The omitted conclusion is, 'I should fare better then'.

Mur biodh tu 'm sheomar cha'n fhaiceadh tu mo chuid.

If you hadn't been in my chamber you wouldn't have seen my goods.

This reminds one of Posthumus and Iachimo in *Cymbeline*.

Mur chluinneadh tu sin cha'n abradh tu e.

If you hadn't heard that, you wouldn't have said it.

Mur comas dut téumadh, na rùisg do dhéudach.

If you cannot bite, don't show your teeth.

Na taisbean do fhiacal, 's an àit nach d-tig leat greim a bhaint a mach.—*Ir.*

Ne'er shaw yir teeth, unless ye can bite.—*Scot.*

Mur dean e lionn, millidh e braich.

If he can't make ale, he'll spoil malt.

Same as making a spoon or spoiling a horn.

Mur 'eil e 'còrdadh riut, cha 'n 'eil e pòsda riut.

If he doesn't please you, he is not married to you.

Al. Mur 'eil mi, &c.

Mur gu 'n tigeadh saighead á bogha.

Like an arrow from a bow.

Mur h-e Bran 's e bhràthair.

If it be not Bran, it's his brother.

Bran was said to be Fingal's favourite hound.

Mur tig ach Pàl, gabhar Pàl; ach ma thig na's fhearr na Pàl, cha'n fhiach Pàl bonn-a-h-ochd.

If none come but Paul, Paul will be taken; but if better come, Paul won't be worth a piece of eight.

A piece of eight was less than a halfpenny.

Mur tig an rìgh, nach fhuirich e.

If the king won't come, let him stay.

Mur toir thu 'chuid do 'n duine bhochd, na bi deanamh fochaid air.

If you don't give the poor man his due, at any rate don't mock him.

This seems a truism, but needs to be kept in mind.

N.

Na abair ach beag 's abair gu math e.

Say but little, and say it well.

Na abair 'diug' ris an ian gus an tig e as an ubh.

Don't say 'chuck' to the chick till it be out of the egg.

Al. Na abair bìg.

Count not your chickens before they be hatched.—*Eng.*

Non far conto dell' uovo non ancor nato.—*Ital.*

Na abair do shean-fhacal gus an toir thu do lóng gu caladh.

Don't quote your proverb till you bring your ship to port.

Na àireamh a chaoidh an t-iasg gus an tig e as a' mhuir.

Never count the fish till they come out of the sea.

Na beannuigh an t-iasg go d-tiocaiddh se a d-tir.—*Ir.*

Na bi 'bogadh do liob 's an lite nach òl thu.

Don't be dipping your lip in the porridge you sup not.

Na bi 'g a shireadh 's 'g a sheachnadh.

Don't be seeking and shunning it.

An excellent advice to shilly-shallying people, of either sex.

Na bi teann orm, 's na bi fada bhuam.

Don't be near me, and don't be far from me.

This was said by a Highland Catechist, the prototype of *Lachunn-nan-Ceistean* of Dr. MacLeod's Dialogues. On one occasion he went to Inverness, accompanied by his wife, whom he did not think sufficiently presentable in 'society'. The above was the characteristic direction given to her.

Na biodh do theanga ann ad sporan.

Let not your tongue be in your purse.

The meaning of this is not obvious at first, but it is good advice.

Na buail ach mar a bhiadhas tu.

Don't strike but as you feed.

Strike as ye feed, and that's but soberly.—*Scot.*

'A reproof,' says Kelly, 'to them that correct those over whom they have no power.'

Na caill am màgh air a' chluain.

Lose not the field for the meadow.

Na creid an droch sgéul gus an dearbhar i.

Believe not the bad report till it be proved.

Na creid gu'r h-aithne dhut duine, gus an roinn sibh creach.

Don't suppose that you know a man till you come to divide a spoil with him.

A very shrewd observation, applicable equally in the 19th century, whether to potentates or private persons.

Na cuir a mach an t-uisge salach gus an toir thu 's tigh an t-uisge glan.

Don't throw the dirty water out till you bring in the clean.

Nà cuir an t-uisge salach a mach go d-tiobraidh tu an t-uisge glan a steach.—*Ir.*

Cast na oot the dowed water till ye get the clean.—*Scot.*

Cast not out thy foul water till thou hast clean.—*Eng.*

Man muss unreines Wasser nich eber weggiessen bis man reines hat.—*Germ.*

Na cuir do chorran gun chead ann an gead fir eile.

Put not your sickle without leave into another man's corn-patch.

Al. gart fir eile—*another man's standing corn.*

Na cuir do chorran a n-gort gan iarraidh.—*Ir.*

Na cuir do làmh eadar a' chlach 's a' sgrath.

Don't put your hand 'twixt the stone and the turf.

Na cuir do spàin 'an càl nach buin dut.

Don't put your spoon in kail that's not yours.

Al. Na loisg do theanga 'an càl fir eile.

Dinna scaud yir mou' wi' ither folk's kail.—*Scot.*

Na cuir 'n am ruith le leathad mi,

Na greas a' dìreadh bruthaich mi,

'S na caomhain air a' chòmhnhard mi.

*Don't make me run down a decline,
Don't urge me going up a hill,
But spare me not on level ground.*

Up hill spare me ;
Down hill bear me ;
Plain way spare me not ;
Let me not drink when I'm hot.—*Scot.*

Excellent advice from a horse to his rider or driver.

Na cumain bheag a' seòladh, 's na luingeas mhór a' sìoladh.

The little cogs sailing and the big ships sinking.
See 'Is tric a bha na loingis'.

Na dean baile air iomaire math treabhaidh.

Make no balk in good plough-land.
Make not balks of good ground.—*Eng.*
Mak nae bauks in guid bear-land.—*Scot.*
See 'Is fhearr léum-ìochd'.

Na dean tàir air na 's leat ; an ni nach leat cha 'n e dh'fhóghnas dut.

Despise not what is your own ; nothing else will suffice you.
Lit. What is not your own will not be sufficient for you.

Na dean uail á cuid duine eile.

Boast not of another's means.

Na deanadh duine tùirse, an earalas nach faigh e cuimse.

Lct no man despond of hitting the mark.

Na dìobair caraid 's a charraid.

Forsake not a friend in the fray.

Na dòirt e ; cha tog na cearcan e.

Don't spill it ; the hens won't pick it up.
Said of the spilling of drink.

Na earb thu fhéin ri gràisg.

Don't trust the rabble.

The 'many-headed beast'. The maker of this Proverb may have read Plato, but it is not very likely.

Na falbh Diluain,
'S na gluais Dimàirt,
Tha Diciadainn craobhaidh,
'S tha Diordaoin dàlach,

Dihaoine cha 'n 'eil e buadhach,
'S cha dual dut falbh a màireach,

*Go not upon Monday,
Stir not upon Tuesday,
Wednesday is nervous,
Thursday is dilatory,
Friday is not fortunate,
And 'tis not right for thee to go to-morrow.*

This is called 'Triall a' bhodaich as a thigh,' a wife's reasons for not letting her husband go away. Another version of the first part is,—

Siubhal Dòmhnuch na toir bhuat,
Diluain na éirich moch,
Iom-sgaradh Dimàirt,
Leig seachad na trì làithean sin.

Na feann am fiadh gus am faigh thu e.

Don't skin the deer till you get it.

First catch your hare.—*Mrs. Meg Dods.*

Na gabh té air bith mar mhnaoi, ach té air am bi athais agad.

Take no woman for a wife in whom you cannot find a flaw.

Na gabh bean gan locht—*Take no faultless wife.—Ir.*

This is an admirable saying, which I have not found in any other language. The Irish version is more laconic.

He is lifeless that is faultless.—*Eng.*

Na gearr do sgòrnan le d' theanga fhéin.

Cut not thy throat with thine own tongue.

Take heed that thy tongue strike not thy neck.—*Arab.*

Na géill do ghis—cha ghéill gis dhut.

Don't give in to spells—they won't give in to you.

Na innis do rùn do d' charaide gòrach, no do d' nàmhaid glic.

Tell not thy mind to thy foolish friend, nor to thy wise enemy.

Na innis d' uile inntinn do d' mhnaoi no do d' chomp-anach.

Tell not all your mind to your wife or your companion.

Al. Na dean fear rùn dheth d' dhlùth chompanach.

Trust ye not in a friend; . . keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom.—*MIKAH vii. 6.*

He is master of himself who keeps his secret from his friend.--
Arab.

Open not thine heart to every man.—*Sirach*, VIII., 19.

Que ta chemise ne sache ta guise.—*Fr.*

Di' all' amico il tuo segreto, e ti terrà il piè sul collo.—*Ital.*

A quien dices tu puridad, á ese das tu libertad.—*Span.*

Na ith am bonnach 'tha briste, 's na brist am bonnach
'tha slàn.

Don't eat the broken bannock, nor break the whole one.

A story is told of a hungry servant-maid to whom her mistress gave the above order, when the girl told her, in the harvest field, that she was fainting for hunger. The mistress said,

Theirig dhachaidh, 's ith do shàth,

Na ith am bonnach 'tha briste, &c.

Go home, and eat your fill,

Eat not the bannock that's broken, &c.

The girl thought she was justified in evading this prohibition, by taking enough to appease her hunger out of the centre of the whole bannock.

Na ith 's na ob cuid an leinibh bhig.

Neither eat nor refuse the child's bit.

Very good manners.

Na'm b'e 'n diugh an dé!

Had to-day been yesterday!

How often is this thought felt.

Na'm b' Eileineach mi gu'm b' Ileach mi; 's na'm b'
Ileach mi, bu Rannach mi.

*Were I an Islander I should be an Islay man; and
were I an Islay man, I should be a Rinns man.*

This should compensate for the ill opinion of Islay men expressed in 'Cha 'n 'eil 'an cùil,' &c. The Rinns of Islay, like the Rinns of Galloway, is a low-lying and fertile tract of land, compared with the upper country. The Gaelic is 'Roinnean,' n. pl. of 'roinn,' of which gen. is 'ranna,' whence 'Rannach'.

Na'm beireadh tu ubh, dheanadh tu gloc.

If you laid an egg, you would cackle.

Na'm biodh a' chòir air a cumail, cha bhiodh Rìgh
Deòrsa 'n Lunnainn.

*If the right had been maintained, King George had not
in London reigned.*

This is comparatively modern, but has the proper ring of a popular saying, now harmless.

Na'm biodh an t-earball na bu rìghne, bhiodh a' sgialachd na b' fhaide.

Had the tail been tougher, the tale would have been longer.

This is the abrupt wind-up of a story, of which there are various versions, where the whole depends on the strength of the animal's tail, which gave way at the critical moment. See Campbell's *West Highl. Tales*, II. 477. The English admits of a play on words, which is not in the Gaelic.

Na'm biodh cugainn aig a' chat, 's tric a rachadh e g' a feuchainn.

If the cat had standing milk, she would often go to try it.
See 'Cha tig cé'.

Na'm biodh mo chù cho ole ionnsachadh riut, b'e 'n ciad rud a dheanainn a chrochadh.

If my dog were as ill-bred as you, the first thing I should do would be to hang him.

If I had a dog as daft, I wud shoot him.—*Scot.*

Na'n biodh na coin air do dhìot itheadh, 's air falbh le d' shuipeir, cha bhiodh tu cho mear.

If the dogs had eaten your dinner, and run off with your supper, you would not be so merry.

Na'm bu bheò bu mhithich.

If alive, 'twas high time.

Said of one who appears, or does a thing, after long expectation and delay.

Na'm bu bhuan bu mhath.

Good if it lasted.

Na'm bu chaomh leat mi, bu bhinn leat mi.

If you liked me you would like my voice.

Na'm bu duin' eile gu'n deanadh, 's mise gu'n dìoladh!

If another man had done it, it's I that would avenge it!

Said by a Giant, on being told by his son that *Myself* had hurt him, that being the name which the person gave him who inflicted the punishment on the innocent, and (as usual) stupid young Giant. For another version of the story, see Campbell's *W. H. T.*, II. 189.

Na'm bu mhac bu mhithich.

If a son, 'twas high time.

Applied to the birth of an heir long looked for.

Na'm bu toigh leat mi fhein cha bhuaileadh tu mo chù.
If you liked myself, you would not strike my dog.

See 'Am fear a bhuaileadh'.

Love me, love my dog.—*Eng.*

He that strikes my dog wud strike mysel', if he daur'd.—*Scot.*

Qui aime Bertrand, aime son chien.—*Fr.*

Chi ama me, ama il mio cano.—*Ital.*

Na'm bu toigh leat mi, cha bu tróm leat mi.

If you liked me, you would not think me heavy.

Na'm bu tu Brian, b'àrd a ghoireadh tu.

Were you Brian, you would cry out loudly.

Na'm faigheamaid an t-ìm a's t-Earrach,

'Us uachdar a' bhainne a's t-Samhradh,

'S ann an sin a bhiomaid fallain,

'S cha bhiomaid falamh de dh' annlann.

*If we could get butter in Spring, and cream in Summer,
 it's then we should be healthy, and well off for kitchen.*

A Highland housewife's sarcasm on unreasonable men.

Na'm faighteadh ciad sagart gun 'bhi sanntach ;

Ciad tàillear gun 'bhi sunntach ;

Ciad griasaich' gun 'bhi briagach ;

Ciad figheadair gun 'bhi bradach ;

Ciad gobha gun 'bhi pàiteach ;

'Us ciad cailleach nach robh riamh air chéilidh ;

Chuireadh iad an crùn air an rìgh gun aon bhuille.

Were a hundred priests got, not greedy ;

A hundred tailors, not cheery ;

A hundred shoemakers, not lying ;

A hundred weavers, not thievish ;

A hundred blacksmiths, not thirsty ;

And a hundred old women that never went gossiping ;

They would crown the king without a blow.

Ceathrar sagart gan a bheith sanntach,

Ceathrar Frangach gan a bheith buidhe,

Ceathrar grèusaiche gan a bheith breùgach,

Sin da fhear dheùg nach b-fhuil 's a tìr.—*Ir.*

A hundred tailors, a hundred weavers, and a hundred millers,
 make three hundred thieves.—*Eng.*

Cien sastres, cien molineros, y cien texederos son trecientos
 ladrones.—*Span.*

Honderd bakkers, honderd molenaars, en honderd kleêrmakers,
 zijn drie honderd dieven.—*Dutch.*

Na mhealam mo shlàinte !

May I forfeit my health (or salvation) !

A form of abjuration.

Na 'n deanadh mo làmh mar a dh' iarradh mo shùil !

If my hand could do as my eye would desire !

This might be the utterance of grasping ambition, but a better interpretation makes it the yearning of a true artist towards his ideal.

Na 'n ruigeadh an daingeann an ceart.

If the strong could attain the just.

Which it seldom does.

Na 'n sealladh cù air comain.

If a dog could but see his obligation.

Al. Cha sheall cù air comain. Cha chuimhnich cù comain.

None of these sayings do justice to the dog, which is a grateful animal.

Na 'n tugadh aithreachas air ais, cha deanadh neach na b' aithreach leis.

If repentance could restore, none would make his own heart sore.

Na nì am bodach le 'chrògan, millidh e le 'spògan.

What the earl does with his hands he spoils with his feet.

See 'An rud a nì'.

Na phiuthair-màthar do'n t-sluagh.

A mother's sister to the people.

A warm saying, applied to a very kind friend of the peasantry.

Na pòs a's t-Fhoghar,

'S dean foighidinn 's a' Gheamhradh,

Bidh tu cabhagach a's t-Earrach,

'S bidh gainn' air aran a's t-Samhradh.

Marry not in Autumn,

And have patience in Winter,

In Spring thou wilt be busy,

And in Summer bread will be scarce.

A bachelor's excuses for delaying marriage.

Na sia buadhan a bha cumail suas na Fèinne,—Àgh Fhinn, làmh Ghoill, bras-bhuillean Oseair, iomairt ealamh Oisein, ruith chruaidh Chaoilte, agus suidheachadh Chonain air a' chath.

The six virtues that kept up the Fèinne,—Fingal's fortune, Gaul's hand, Oscar's impetuous strokes, Ossian's deft

play, Coilt's hard running, and Conan's planning of the battle.

Na séid sop nach urrainn dut fhéin a chuir as.

Kindle not a fire which you can't put out.

Lit. a wisp.

Na sìn do chasan na 's fhaide na theid d' aodach.

Stretch not your feet further than the clothes will go.

See 'Cha shìn duine'.

Stretch your legs according to your coverlet.—*Eng.*

Man muss sich strecken nach den Decken.—*Germ.*

Steek uw voeten niet verder dan uw bed reikt.—*Dutch.*

Cada uno estiende la pierna como tiene la cubierta.—*Span.*

Na sir 's na seachain an cath.

Nor seek nor shun the fight.

Al. Na seachain an iorghuill 's na h-iarr i.

Neither shun the strife nor seek it.

Nà seachain a's na h-agair an cath.—*Ir.*

This resembles, but expresses more pithily the sentiment of 'Defence not Defiance'. It is an Ossianic line.

Bellum nec timendum nec provocandum.—*Plin. Jun.*

Na spìon fiasag fir nach aithne dhut.

Don't pluck a man's beard whom you don't know.

Na tagh Binneagag, no Grinneagag, no Gaogag ;

No ruadh bheag, no ruadh mhór, no ruadh mhàsach ;

Ach ciarag bheag air dhath na luch, na sir 's na seachain i.

This is supposed to be an old man's advice to his son about choosing a wife, 'Comhairle Charmaic do 'mhac'—*Cormac's advice to his son* ; and there are several versions, all with words which it is impossible to translate, being mostly fanciful inventions, not to be found in any Dictionary, but not meaningless.

Al. Na tagh Cinnebheag, 's na tagh Ainnebheag, 's na tagh pìobaire na tot' ; 's na tagh meallaire-slugaid ; 's ciarag bheag, &c., &c.

Na pòs Ginnebheag, 's na pòs Innebheag ; na pòs maoltach thràghad ; na pòs glag-air-gàradh ; 's na pòs maighdean Shàbaid ; ach pòs bean bheag odhar, 'n a seasamh 'an dorus a sabhail fhéin, fuath aic air fir an domhain, 's gràdh aic air a fear fhéin.

The conclusion is in favour of a sallow little woman, with charms more substantial than birth or beauty. The son is supposed to reply—

Bean-uasal do 'm bì stòras
Cha phòs i mis' am bliadhna,
'S bean-uasal lóm fhalamh
Cha teid mis' 'ga h-iarraidh.

Na tarruing mi gun aobhar, 's na pill mi gun chliù.

** Draw me not without cause, nor return me without honour.*

An inscription for a sword.

Na tilg dhìot an sean aodach gus am faigh thu 'n t-aodach ùr.

Cast not the old clothes till you get the new,

Na tog mi gus an tuit mi.

Don't lift me till I fall,

Nà tog me go d-tuitidh me.—*Ir.*

Dinna lift me before I fa'.—*Scot.*

Na tog trògbhail air an aineol.

Don't quarrel with a stranger.

Na toilich do mhiann gus am fiach thu do sporan.

Try your purse before you please yourself.

Ask yir purse what ye sud buy.—*Scot.*

Na toir bean á tigh mór no bó bho ghàradair.

Don't take a wife from a big house, nor a cow from a gardener.

See 'Bean á tigh mór'.

Na toir bó á Paibeall, 's na toir bean á Bororaidh.

Don't take a cow from Paible, or a wife from Borerary.

Paible is a farm and village in N. Uist, Boreray another island near it.

Na toir breith a réir coltais ; faodaidh cridhe beairteach 'bhi fo chòta bochd.

Judge not by appearance : a rich heart may be under a poor coat.

Na toir breith chabhagach air mac luideagach, no air loth pheallagaich.

Don't judge hastily of a ragged boy, or a shaggy colt.

A raggit cowte may prove a noble aiver.—*Scot.*

A ragged colt may make a good horse.—*Eng.*

Méchant poulain peut devenir bon cheval.—*Fr.*

Cavallo formoso de potro sarnoso.—*Port.*

Aus Klattrigen Fohlen werden die schönsten Hengste.—*Germ.*

Na toir iasad air an iasad.

Don't lend the loan.

Na trì rudan a's daoire 'th' ann : uibhean chearc, fèil mhuc, glòir chailleach.

The three dearest of things : hen-eggs, pork, and old women's praise.

Na triùir mharbh a 's bòidh'che air bith, leanamh beag, breac geal, 'us coileach-dubh.

The three prettiest dead : a little child, a salmon, and a black-cock.

Nàdur circe, 's nàdur muice, 's nàdur mnatha—gabhaidh iad an rathad fhéin.

The nature of a hen, of a sow, and of a woman—they take their own way.

Swine, women, and bees, cannot be turned.—*Eng.*

Donne, asini, e noci, voglion le mani atroci.—*Women, asses and nuts, need strong hands.—Ital.*

Nàire nam maighdean 'an luirgnean nan cailleachan.

Maidens' modesty in old women's shanks.

Nead air Brìghde, ubh air Inid, ian air Chàisg ;

Mur bi sin aig an fhitheach, bithidh am bàs.

Nest at Candlemas, egg at Shrove-tide, bird at Easter ;

If the raven have them not, death then is his lot.

Neart teine, neart mara, 's neart balaich air bàinidh.

The strength of fire, the strength of sea, and the strength of a mad fellow.

Al. Neart mara, neart teine, 's droch bhean, na trì a's uamhasaich a th' ann.

The strength of sea and of fire, and a bad wife—the three most dreadful of things.

Neo 'r thaing do rìgh na Fraing, cha 'n 'eil mi 'n taing a shiùcair.

No thanks to the king of France, I don't need his sugar.

This is modern, and probably originated in the time of the Napoleonic war.

Ni amaidean cuirmean, ach ni daoine glic an itheadh.

Fools mak feasts and wise men eat them.—Scot., Eng.

So *Ital., Fr., Span., Dutch.*

This is undoubtedly an importation from the South, but worth giving, if only for the sake of the happy repartee made by the Duke of Lauderdale, when at a great entertainment given by him

in London, he heard this proverb maliciously cited by one of his guests. 'Ay,' said he, 'and wise men mak proverbs, and fules repeat them.'

Ni an imrich thric an àirneis lóm.

Frequent flitting bares the furnishing.

See 'Eug 'us imrich'.

Ni aire innleachd. *Necessity devises.*

Necessity is the mother of invention.—*Eng.*

De armoede is de moeder van alle Kunsten.—*Dutch.*

Necessité est mère d'invention.—*Fr.*

Need maks a man o' craft.—*Scot.*

Noth lehrt Künste.—*Germ.*

Ni an sporan falamh ceannach tais.

Empty purse makes slow purchase.

A toom purse maks a blate merchant.—*Scot.*

Ni càilean 'am fiacaill inntinn loisneach.

A husk between the teeth disturbs the mind.

See 'Càilean'.

Ni Carcair càise 'n uair theid crodh chàich 'an dìosg.

Carcar will make cheese when other people's cows run dry.

A Lewis version of this is, 'N uair a theid crodh a' bhaile dìosg, 's ann a ni catalach càise'. The interpretation of this must be left to conjecture. 'Carcar' is an unknown name, and 'Catalach' a rare word, unless it be simply a corruption of 'cadalach'.

Ni cridhe subhach gnùis shuilibhir.

A glad heart makes a cheerful face.

Ni droch dhuine dàn da fhéin.

A bad man makes his own destiny.

An exceedingly wise saying, especially among a people believing so firmly in Fate.

Ni droch thaisgeach móran mhèirleach.

Bad keeping makes many thieves.

Opportunity makes the thief.—*Eng.*

L' occasion fait le larron.—*Fr.* La commodità fa l'uomo ladro.—*Ital.* La ocasion hace el ladron.—*Span.* Gelegenheit macht den Dieb.—*Germ.* Leilighed giör Tyve.—*Dan.* De gelegenheid maakt den dief.—*Dutch.*

Ni dubh-bhreac a' loch suain; bidh sàr-bhreac srutha a' sìor léum.

The loch-trout sleeps; the prime stream salmon ever leaps.

Ni e dhìotsa féumannach, 's ni e dhìomsa bréugadair.

He will make of you a tool, and of me a liar.

Ni òigear leisg bodach brisg.

A lazy youth will make a brisk old man.

Ni robh còta dubh air cealgaire, no còta dearg air cladhaire !

No black coat cover hypocrite, nor red coat a coward !

A toast for Clergy and Army.

Ni sid féum, 'n uair a ni am poca dubh a chaidh leis an amhainn.

That will be of use, when the black bag is that went with the stream.

Ni thu gàire 'n uair a gheabh thu min.

You'll smile when you get meal.

This is said to be part of a verse composed by John Morrison of Bragar to his wife, who was somewhat shrewish—

Ni thu gàire 'n uair 'gheibh thu min ;

Is misde do ghean a bhi gun bhiadh ;

'Us b' fhearr leam fhein na 'n t-each dearg,

Nach tigeadh fearg ort-sa riamh.

See *Proc. of Scot. Soc. of Ant.*, Vol. XII., p. 530.

Nigh' a' mhadaidh air a mhàthair.

The dog's washing of his dam.

Nighean an droch mhairt, 's ogha 'mhairt mhath.

The daughter of the bad cow, the grand-child of the good one.

The meaning probably is, that a good ancestry is more important than a good mother.

Nigheanan a' feadaireachd 'us cearcan a' glaothaich.

Girls whistling and hens crowing.

Two things considered unnatural. See 'Feadaireachd'.

Nimh gun neart, nimh na cuileig, a bheir fuil air a' chraicinn.

Pithless poison, the fly's bite, that bleeds but the skin.

The Arabic saying is wiser, 'Despise not a weak man in his conversation, for the gnat pierces the lion's eye'.

Nìtear càrn mòr de chlachaibh beaga.

A big cairn is made of little stones.

Nollaig an diugh, 's Bealltainn am màireach.

Christmas to-day and May-day to-morrow.

This is the result of an ingenious calculation, showing, e.g., that if Christmas-day falls on Monday, May-day will be Tuesday. It is generally, but not absolutely, correct.

O.

Obair an doill.

The work of the blind.

Obair gun bhuannachd, a' cur sìl ann an talamh gun todhar.

Profitless work, sowing in unmanured ground.

Obair gun iarraidh, cha deannainn do chliamhuinn no 'charaid i.

Work unasked, I would not do for son-in-law or relative.

Obair gun iarraidh, is e 'fiach a lochd.

Work unasked, the better the worse.

Obbyr dyn (*gun*) oardagh, obbyr dyn booise (*bhuidheachas*).—*Manx.*

Obair 'us ath-obair. *Work and work again.*

Work hastily or ill done.

Oidhch' am muigh, 'us oidhch' a's tigh,

Math na caorach, 's olc an eich.

In to-night, out to-morrow,

Good for sheep, but horse's sorrow.

Oiee mooie, as oiee elley sthie,

Olc son cabbil, agh son kirree mie.—*Manx.*

Oidhche Shamhna, theirear gamhna ris na laoigh ;

Oidhch Fheill-Eoin theirear aighean ris na gamhna.

On Hallowe'en the calf is called a stirk ;

On St. John's eve the stirk is called a heifer.

Oidhche Challuinn, bu math cuillionn 'us calltuinn a bhi 'bualadh a chéile.

On Hogmanay-Night it were good that holly and hazel should be striking each other.

A windy night was considered a good sign of the season.

Ol Mhurchaidh 'us Fhearchair; dithis aig Murchadh,
's aig Fearchar a h-aon.

*Murdoch and Farquhar's drinking; two to Murdoch,
one to Farquhar.*

Ole mu 'n fhàrdaich, 'us math mu 'n rathad mhór.
Bad at home, good abroad.

Ole na cuise gu deireadh.
Leave the disagreeable part of the case to the last.

Ole no math mo bhriogais fhein, 's i 's fhearr dhomhsa.
Be my breeches good or bad, my own are the best for me.

Ole no 'mhath le fear 'g a h-iarraidh, thig i niar 'an
déigh an uisge.

*Let it please a man or no, after rain from west 'twill
blow.*

See 'Gaoth niar'.

Oufhadh na poite bige.
The raging of the little pot.

When the pat's fu' it will boil ower.—*Scot.*

Oran na bà maoile—'tha mi ullamh dhìot.'
The song of the hornless cow—'I am done with you.'

Oran na circe beadaidh.
The song of the pert hen.

P.

Pàidhear e, Diluain mall.

It will be paid on tardy Monday.

Same as Nevermas.

Pàidhidh a' ghaoth niar a' ghaoth near am bliadhna fhathast.

The west wind will pay the east wind yet this year.

Pàidhidh am feaman am fiarach.

The tail will pay the grazing.

Each beast will pay for its feeding with the manure it leaves.

Paisg mo chaibe, faigh mo ribe, chuala mi 'Gug-gùg' 's a' chuan.

Put by my spade, get my snare, I heard the bird's cry out at sea.

This is an Uist or Harris invention, supposed to be spoken by a St. Kilda man, on hearing the first indication of the coming of the birds on which his living chiefly depends.

Pathadh na caorach ort !

The sheep's thirst to thee !

This is a bad wish, = death to thee ! The sheep can exist without drink, man cannot.

Peata caillich, pigheid clachain, 'us dalta spìocaid, trìùir a' s còir a sheachnadh.

An old wife's pet, a village magpie, and a scrub's step-daughter, three to be avoided.

Peileir a' ghumna bhig 'g a chur 's a' ghumna mhór.

The bullet of the little gun put into the big gun.

Phòs mi luid airson a cuid;

Dh'fhalbh a' chuid, ach dh'fhan a'luid.

I married a trull for her gold so fine,

The gold is gone, but the trull is mine.

Piseach mhath ort !

Good luck to thee !

Al. Buaidh 'us piseach ort !—*Success and luck to thee !*

The latter is a very favourite expression of good wishes.

Piòbair an aon phuirt.

The piper of the one tune.

Al. Piòbair an aona chuir—*The one-bar piper.*

It appears that at one time there were professing pipers so miserably furnished that they could play only the first bar of a tune, the repetition of which was too much for the most patient human ears. When the ancient order of Bards fell into disrepute, they used to go about the country in bands, living as best they could. Once a band of them came to a farmer's house in Islay, where they were hospitably entertained for a week, got plenty of dry bread, and a piper to play to them his one tune. He happened to be of the one-bar species, and when the bardic company departed, their leader ('*Ceann-steòcaire*') made the following impromptu :—

Piòbair eachd 'us aran tur,
'S miosa leam na guin a' bhàis ;
Fhir a bhodhair mo dhà chluais,
Na cuir pìob a suas gu bràth !

*Piping and dry bread to me
Are worse than agony of death ;
Thou man who hast deafened me,
Never, never pipe again !*

N.B.—The word 'tur' here is noticeable, as now quite obsolete in the sense of *dry*. The word 'turadh' = dry weather, is derived from it.

Pògadh an leinibh air sgàth na banaltruim.

Kissing the child for the sake of the nurse.

See 'Air ghaol'.

Port ùr air an t-sean fhiodhail.

A new tune on the old fiddle.

Pòsadh thar na h-innearach, 'us goisteachd thar muir.

Marriage o'er the midden, sponsorship o'er sea.

Better marry ower the midden than ower the muir.—*Scot.*
Better wed over the mixen than over the moor.—*Cheshire.*

R.

Rachadh e troimh thóll tora gu ni fhaotainn.

He would go through an auger-hole to get anything.

Rachainn a thaomadh na fairge dha na'n iarradh e orm.

I would go to drain the sea for him, if he asked me.

Rathad càrn thun a' chaisteil.

A roundabout way to the castle.

Rathad muilinn Drongaidh.

The way to the mill of Dron.

Al. Rathad mór leathan réidh, rathad muilinn D.—*A broad level highway, &c.*

There was no made road.

Reic e 'pheighinn-phisich.

He sold his luck-penny.

Reodhadh an lodain làin.

The freezing of the full pool.

Reothairt na Feill-Moire, 's boile na Feill-Pàdrùig.

The Spring-tide of Lady-day; the fury of St. Patrick's day.

High tides and winds occur about these times.

Ri fheuchainn bi fios agad.

You'll know when you try.

Ri fuachd Calluinn, 's math clò ollainn;

Ri fuachd Feill-Brìghde, fògh'naidh cìsfheart.

For New Year cold good is woollen cloth;

For Candlemas cold mixed stuff will do.

Riaraich am pailteas gu math, 'us riaraichidh a' bhochdainn i fhéin.

Divide the plenty well, and the scarce will divide itself.

When there is much, it requires to be carefully distributed, to prevent waste or inequality; where there is little, the division is more easy, and there is no danger of waste.

Rìghneas an laoiġh fhìrinn.
The toughness of the bull-calf.

Rinn e baothaire dheth.
He made a fool of him.

Rinn e coileach-dubh dheth.
He made a black-cock of him.

He shot him dead.

This suggests the saying of the bard Iain Lóm, when he was shown a quantity of black-cocks' heads at Inveraray, and asked, if he had ever seen so many? 'Yes,' he said, 'I saw more of them at Inverlochy'; alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells at the battle there.

Al. Rinn e biadh ian deth—He made birds' food of him.

Al. Rinn e pasgadh na pìob air—He doubled him up like a bagpipe.

Rinn e faraiche de'n fharaiche.
He made a plug of the plug-driver.

Driving out a plug with another, and that other sticking in its place.

Rinn e luath 'us deargannan ann.
He made ashes and fleas there.

I.e., he staid there long enough.

Rinneadh air son toil na cuideachd e, mar 'chaidh an tàillear do Pheairt.

It was done to please the company, as the tailor went to Perth.

Roghainn de 'n chuid a's miosa.
Choice of the worse part.

Roghainn de 'n chuid nach fhaigh e.
Choice of what he will not get.

Roinn a' mhic ri 'mhàthair.
The son's sharing with his mother

Roinn mic 'us athar.
The sharing of father and son.

Roinn Mhic Crùislig air na crùbain.
MaeCruslick's dividing of the crabs.

He put the contents of the best-looking ones into the worst-looking ones, which he afterwards got for himself.

Roinn na màthar ris a nighinn.
The mother's sharing with her daughter.

Ruaig coilich air dùnan.

Putting a cock on a dunghill to flight.

Rud-eigin 'an àit an earchaill.

Something in place of loss.

Rug bó laogh dha. *A cow has borne him a calf.*

Rug iasg orm. *A fish has caught me.*

Said by a person when seized with a fit of sickness.—*Note by Macintosh.* This saying is unintelligible, and not in use.

Rughadh an leinibh Ilich, rughadh an teine.

The bloom of the Islay child, the bloom of the fire.

The 'leanabh Ileach' was a remarkable boy, with a hard step-mother, who fed him badly, and heated his face at the fire, when she wished to pass him off as a well-fed ruddy child.—See *Cuairt-ear*, 1842, p. 79.

Rughadh shuas an àm laidhe,

Dh' éireadh Fionn moch 's a' mhaduinn ;

Rughadh shuas 's a'mhoch mhaduinn,

Dheanadh Fionn an ath-chadal.

With a rosy sky at bed-time,

Fingal would rise early,

With a rosy sky at dawn,

He would take another sleep.

My ta 'n ghrian jiarg tra giree teh, foddee shin jerkal rish fliaghey—*If the sun rises hot and red, we may look for a wetting.*—*Manx.*

When it is evening ye say, 'It will be fair weather, for the sky is red,' and in the morning, 'It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowring'.—*MATTH. xvi., 2, 3.*

Evening red and morning gray

Are sure signs of a fair day ;

Evening gray and morning red,

Sends the poor shepherd home wet to his bed.—*Eng.*

E'ening red and morning gray,

The taikens o' a bonny day ;

E'ening gray and morning red,

Put on yir hat or ye'll weet yir head.—*Scot.*

Ruigidh an ro-ghiullachd air an ro-ghalar.

The best of nursing may overcome the worst disease.

Ruigidh dàil dorus.

Delay will arrive at the door.

Ruigidh each mall muileann, ach féumaidh fear fuireach a bhristeas a chas.

A slow horse will reach the mill, but the horse that breaks his leg must lie still.

Al. ach bristidh each tuisleach a chas—but a stumbling horse will break his leg.

Rùisgidh brù bràghad.

The belly will bare the breast.

Y bol a bil y cefn.—*Welsh.*

Your belly will never let your back be warm.—*Eng.*

The back and the belly hauds ilka ane busy.—*Scot.*

Rùisgeadh e 'thigh fhéin a thubhadh tigh a choimhearsnaich.

He would strip his own house to thatch his neighbour's.

Ruith choin an dà fhéidh.

The runniny of the dog that chases two deer.

Losing both. See 'Cù an dà fhéidh'.

Ruith na caorach caoile le leathad.

The lean sheep's run down the slope.

Rhuthr enderig o'r allt—*The run of the steer from the hill.—Welsh.*

Ruithidh an taigeis fhéin le bruthaich.

Even a haggis will run down-hill.

Strange to say, this does not occur in any of the collections of Scottish Proverbs; but it is quoted, with his usual wonderful felicity, by Sir Walter Scott. On the eve of Prestonpans, Evan Dhu M'Combich (*Waverley*, ch. XLVI.) is made to say, 'Even a haggis, God bless her! could charge down-hill'.

Ruithinn air bhàrr an uisge dha.

I would run on the water for him.

Rùn caillich gu'n trod i.

A crone's secret (or delight) is to scold.

Rùn caillighe a' sgollaireacht (*scolding*).—*Ir.*

Rùn do chridhe air do chuisle!

May your pulse beat as your heart would wish!

This is a very pretty saying.

S.

Sac tróm air a' chois chaoil.

A heavy load on the slender leg.

A burden imposed on a child.

Saighdearan a' chlobha. *The tongs soldiers.*

Al. Saighdear-sitig—*Dunghill-soldier.*

A term contemptuously applied to holiday soldiers.

Sàil-chuaich 'us bainne ghobhar,
Suath ri d' aghaidh,
'S cha'n 'eil mac-rìgh air domhan,
Nach bi air do dheaghaidh.

*Wash thy face with lotion
Of goat-milk and sweet violets ;
There's not a king's son in the world
But will then run after thee.*

This is a solitary specimen of Highland skill in cosmetics.

Salaichidh aon chaora chlainheach an tréud.

One scabbed sheep's enough to spoil a flock.—Eng.

Salachaidh aon chaora chlamhach sreud.—*Ir.*

Ta un cheyrey screbbagh doghaney yn slane shioltane.—*Manx.*

Ae scabbit sheep will smit a hail hirsel.—*Scot.*

Eet skabbet Faar fordær ver en heel Flok.—*Dan.*

Grege totus in agris

Unius scabie cadit.—*Juv.*

Una pecora infetta n' ammorba una setta.—*Ital.*

Il ne faut qu'une brebis galeuse pour gâter tout le troupeau.—*Fr.*

Sannt gun sonas éirigh an donas dha.

Luckless greed won't succeed.

Sannt caillich 's a' chruaich mhòine.

An old woman's greed at the peat-stack.

Saoghal fada 'n deadh bheatha dhut !

Length of good life to thee !

Saoilidh am fear a bhios 'n a thàmh gur e fhéin a's fhearr làmh air a' stiùir.

The looker-on thinks himself the best steersman.

De beste stuur-lieden (*pilots*) zijn aan land.—*Dutch.*

Saoilidh an duin' air mhisg gu'm bi a' h-uile duin' air mhisg ach e fhéin.

The drunk man thinks all drunk but himself.

Saoilidh bradaidh nam bruach gur gadaichean uile càch.

The thief of the braes thinks all others thieves.

Saoileann gaduighe na g-cruach gur slaididh an sluagh.—*Ir.*

Piensa el ladrón que todos son de su condición.—*Span.*

O ladraõ cuida que todos taes sao.—*Port.*

Sàr-dhubh do ghonaidh ort !

The worst of bewitchment to thee !

Al. Seun do ghonaidh ort !

Sàth mór ainmig do na leanaban firionn, sàth beag minig do na leanaban boirionn.

A large feed seldom for the male child, a small feed often for the female child.

Seach gun d'thug mi 'n réis, bheir mi 'n òirleach.

As I have given the span, I'll give the inch.

Seachain an t-àth far an do bhàthadh do charaid.

Shun the ford where your friend was drowned.

Seachain an t-olc 'us seachnaidh an t-olc thu.

Avoid evil and it will avoid thee.

Shaghyn dagh olk.—*Manx.*

Seachain mo chluas, 's cha bhuail m'adharc.

Avoid my ear, and my horn will not hit.

Seachd bliadhna 'an cuimhne na bà, 's gu là a bhàis 'an cuimhn' an eich.

Seven years will the cow keep in mind, all his life the horse.

The horse remembers his stable longer than the cow her byre.

Seachd bliadhna saoghal a' chait ;

Sin gu h-éibhinn agus ait ;

Seach sin cadal agus tur-chadal.

Seven years lives the cat,

Joyfully and cheerfully,

All the rest is sleep and dozing.

Seachd bolla 'shneachda Gearrain,
'Dol a's tigh throimh aon tòll torra.

*Seven bolls of February snow,
Through an auger-hole to go.*

Considered seasonable weather. See 'Theid cathadh'.

Seachd seachdainean bho aois gu bàs eadar Càisg
'us Inid.

Seven weeks always between Pasch and Shrove-tide.

Al. eadar Càisg 'us Nollaig—between Pasch and Christmas.

Seachd sgadain, sàth bradain; seachd bradain, sàth ròin.

Seven herring, a salmon's feed; seven salmon, a seal's feed.

This saying is interesting, as showing that our ancestors were well acquainted with the fact that the salmon eats herring, which has in modern times been a matter of question and inquiry among ichthyologists.

Seachdain an t-sionnaich, 's bu mhath nach bu
bhliadhn' i.

The fox's week, and 'tis well that it is not a year.

Wythnos y llwynog.—*Welsh.*

The first week in lambing-time;—end of April.

Seachnaidh duin' a bhràthair, ach cha sheachainn e
'choimhearsnach.

A man may do without a brother, but not without a neighbour.

Lit. may avoid. See 'Is fhearr coimhearsnach'.

Sealladh àrd na seana mhaighdinn.

The high look of the old maid.

Ye breed o' auld maids, ye look heich!—*Scot.*

Seann sgial Earraich. *An old Spring story.*

Told in the long nights.

Searrach na seann làrach cha bhi tighinn-a-mach ann.

An old mare's foal will never come to much.

See 'Mae bàntaich'.

Searrach seann òigich cha robh e riabh sgairteil.

The foal of an old stallion was never vigorous.

Seasadh gach soitheach air a mhàs fhéin.

Let every vessel stand on its own bottom.

Let every tub stand on its own bottom.—*Eng., Scot.*

Séid agus séid an gual, ach séid gu ruighinn cruaidh an sop ; sin mar theid an tein' a lasadh.

Blow and blow again the coal, but a long, hard blow to the wisp ; so the fire will lighted be.

Séididh aon sròn shalach an clachan.

One snotty nose will set a whole church a-blowing.

Seileach allt, calltainn chreag, fearna bhog, beithe lag, uinnseann an deiseir.

Willow of the brook, hazel of the rock, alder of the bog, birch of the hollow, ash of the sunny slope.

Al. beithe a' chnuic—the birch of the knoll.

Seo mo chuid-sa, 's do chuid fhéin ; sid cuid Dhònullain.

This my share and yours ; that for little Donald.

Once upon a time, when crofters lived at Druim-Uachdair, in Badenoch, a poor widow at the end of a severe Spring was in great straits. She went to a neighbour, and begged her, for the love of God, to give her as much meal as would make porridge for herself and her children. 'The Devil a grain have I,' said the other woman. 'God bless my share, mother,' said her little boy, who was sitting at the hearth. The poor woman went away sore-hearted ; and presently there came in to the house she had left no less a visitor than the *Fear Mór*, whose name had just been mentioned. He immediately went to the meal-chest, and proceeded to take it out in handfuls, two for himself and the mistress of the house, one for little Donald. The former he put into a sack, the latter he left ; and having finished the work, went out, emptied the sack into the burn, and disappeared in a cloud of smoke !

Sgadan gearr gun mhealag gun iuchair, 's mairg brù a 'n téid e.

Short herring without milt or roe, pity him that eats.

Sgal créathaich, 'us éubh caillich—dà nì nach mair fada.

The noise of burning brushwood, and the cry of an old woman, don't last long.

Sgaraidh aimbeairteas deadh chomunn.

Poortith pairts guid company.—Scot.

Poverty parteth fellowship.—Eng.

Sgian an fhir ud shìos 'an truaill an fhir ud shuas.

This man's knife in that man's sheath.

Sgiobair tòn-ri-creig, math air tìr 's dìblidh air muir.
Shore-skipper, good on land, craven at sea.

A long-shore skipper makes a lubberly sailor.—*Eng.*

Sgoiltidh farmad na creagan. *Envy will split rocks.*

Sgoiltidh sùil a' chlach.

An eye can split a stone.

The evil eye. See note to 'Céum air do chéum'.

Sgriach na muice a' dol do 'n iolainn.

The screech of the sow on her way to the stackyard.

Sgriob liath an Earraich.

The gray track of Spring.

Al. Bheir sgriob ghlas Earraich cairt bharrach Foghair—*A green Spring will fill the cart in Autumn.*

Shaoil leis gu'm bu leis fhéin an cuan fo gheasaibh.

He thought the ocean his own under his spells.

Applied to persons with an overweening or insane idea of their own importance.

Shuidh mosag air a sasaig.

The scrub sat on her easy chair.

'Sasag,' or 'sunnag,' an easy chair made of wicker-work and straw.

Sian fala mu d' shùilean!

A shower of blood round thine eyes!

Sid a' bhuille aig an stadadh m'athair, arsa nighean a' chùbair.

That's the blow where my father would stop, said the cooper's daughter.

A blow too many would set the hoop flying, instead of fixing it.

Sid mar 'thaghadh Fionn a chù,

Sùil mar àirneig, cluas mar dhuilleig,

Uchd mar ghearran, speir mar chorrán,

'S an t-alt-lùthaidh fad' o'n cheann.

Thus would Fingal choose his hound,

Eye like sloe, ear like leaf,

Chest like horse, hough like siekle,

And the pith-joint far from head.

Al. Gnos mar chuaille,

Cluas mar dhuilleach,

Earball mu 'n speir,

'S an speir mar chorrán.

Muzzle like club, ear like leaf, tail to the hough, and hough like sickle.

This refers to the old Scottish deerhound. The English greyhound is thus described in a rhyme given by Ray :

A head like a snake, a neck like a drake,
A back like a beam, a belly like a bream,
A foot like a cat, a tail like a rat.

Slod' air cabar, 's bidh e breagh.

Put silk on a stick, and it will look fine.

Slol nam pudharan. *The seed of injuries.*

Sionnach ag iarraidh a ruagaidh.

A fox asking to be chased.

Sireadh caimein 'an cònlaich,
Sanas a thoirt do chuaille,
Duine 'toirt a chomhairle,
Far nach gabhar uaith i.

*Searching for a mote in straw,
Hinting to a fool,
Is the giving of advice
Where it is not taken.*

Sireadh sop 'an connalaich.

Searching for a wisp in stubble.

Sìth do d' anam, 'us clach air do chàrn !

Peace to thy soul, and a stone on thy cairn !

Siubhal a' chait a chaidh do 'n eas dhut !

The way of the cat that went to the waterfall to you !

Siubhal Artair ort ! *Arthur's journey to you !*

Siubhal Mhurchaidh bho 'n bhothan ort !

Murdoch's way from the bothy to you !

Siubhal na Samhna dha !

Let him go like Hallowmas !

Never to come back. The two preceding sayings have the same meaning. Can Arthur mean the king ?

Slàn far an innsear e !

May it be well where it is told !

The word 'slàn,' healthy, whole, is here used elliptically, without a verb.

Sladadh an arain anns a' bhrochan.

Trailing the bread in the gruel.

Sléibhte riabhach nam ban bòidheach.

Russet Sleat of pretty women.

See 'Clachan an t-Srath'.

Sliochd nan sionnach, Clann Mhàrtainn.

The race of the foxes, Clan Martin.

The fox is sometimes called 'An gille-Màrtainn'.

Sliog am bodach 'us sgròbaidh e thu, buail am bodach
's thig e gu d' làimh.

*Stroke the churl, and he will scratch you, strike him,
and he will come to your hand.*

If you gently touch a nettle,
It will sting you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
It as soft as silk remains.

Smiaran dubha's an Fhaoilleach, 'us uibhean fhaoileag
a's t-Earrach.

Bramble-berries in February, and sea-gull eggs in Spring.

Things out of season.

Sniomhaidh tighearna fearna tuathanach daraich.

An alder lord will twist an oak tenant.

Al. Toinnidh an t-uachdaran fearna an t-ìochdaran daraich.

Alder is soft wood, of comparatively small value. The story of the man who was encouraged by his wife to 'gang up and be hangit, to please the laird,' may be taken as an illustration of this saying from the 'good old times'. Somewhat similar pressure is still exercised occasionally in modern times.

Socraichidh am pòsadh an gaol.

Marrying sobers love.

Sonas a chodach air a' bhial fharsuinn.

The wide mouth's happiness in its food.

Sop as gach seid.

A wisp from every truss.

Applied to any miscellaneous collection or farrago.

Soraidh leat fhéin, ach mollachd aig bial d' ionnsachaidh !

Blessing on yourself, but curse be on your teacher !

Spagadagliog Chlann-Dònuill agus leòm Leathaineach

MacDonald swagger and MacLean airs.

Al. Spagadagliog Chlann-Illeathain. See 'An t-uasal'.

Sradag a' ghobha, tha i duilich a bàthadh.

The smith's spark is hard to quench.

The smith has aye a spark in his throat.—*Scot.*

Sròn cho biorach 's gun tugadh i biadh á faochag.

A nose so sharp that it would pick a periwinkle.

Sròn ri monadh. *Nose hill-ward.*

'Nez retroussé'. Applied to persons easily offended,—'nosey'.

Stiùbhartaich, cinne nan rìgh 's nan ceard.

The Stewarts, the race of kings and of tinkers.

Stewart is a very common name among tinkers, often adopted for the sake of the supposed respectability it conferred.

Stoc suiridhe. *A wooer's block.*

In Lochaber a block of old bog-pine was sometimes kept, as a test of skill and patience in chopping wood, for young men coming a-courting.

Suas a' luideag!—'s e 'n duine an t-aodach.

Up with the rag!—the dress is the man.

'S e an t-èadach a ghnì an duine.—*Ir.*

See 'Ged nach e 'n duine'.

Suas leis a' chuigeil bharraich! 's ioma là fada gu Bealltainn.

Up with the loaded distaff! there's many a long day till May-day.

Supposed to be the language of procrastination.

Suidh gu h-ìosal, 'us dìol gu h-uasal.

Sit lowly, and pay nobly.

Suidh' an deigh éiridh a' chuid a's miosa de 'n chéilidh.

Sitting after rising, the worst part of gossiping.

Suidhe a' gheòidh 'an dorus tigh an t-sionnaich.

The sitting of the goose at the fox's door.

Suidhe bochd 'an tigh na h-airce.

A poor seat in the house of want.

Sùil a' chait air sìoman.

A cat's gaze at a straw-rope.

This is applied to the bestowal of much attention on trifles.

Sùil mu 'n t-sròin. *Eye to nose.*

This is the *ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν* of Homer, describing a haughty disdainful look, eye downward to nose.

Suipeir ghabhail soillse là oidhch' Fheill-Brìghde;

Dol a laidhe soillse là oidhch' Fheill-Pàdruig.

*On St. Bride's eve supper with daylight,
On St. Patrick's, bed by daylight.*

Al. Suipeir 'an soillse là, mach o là Fheill-Brighde.
Laidhe 'n soillse là, mach o là Fheill-Pàdruig.

Suiridhe fada bho'n tigh, 's pòsadh 'am bun an doruis.
Courting far from home, and marrying next door.

Al. Suiridhe air na h-aonaichean, 'us pòsadh aig a' bhaile.
Wooing o'er the moor, and marrying at home.

See 'Pòsadh'.

Sùlairean sgìre na h-Uidh, 's muinntir aoidheach nan
Loch.

The solan-geese of Uy, and the hospitable folks of Lochs.

Two neighbouring parishes in the island of Lewis, the former of which is now called Stornoway, a great station for herring-fishery and fish-curing—hence the allusion to solan-geese.

Sult searraich air a leis.

A foal's fat is on his quarter.

Sùrd air Suaineard! chaidh Aird-nam-Murchann a
dholaidh.

Stir thee, Sunart! Ardnamurehan is done for.

Two neighbouring districts in Argyllshire. The saying is used as a spur to emulation in work.

T.

Tachraidh d' fhiadh fhéin riut.

Your own deer will come in your way.

Tagh do bhean mar a 's math leat do chlann.

Choose your wife as you wish your children to be.

Tagh do bhean 's i 'n a currachd-oidhche.

Choose your wife with her night-cap on.

Tagh do chainnt. *Choose your specch. (Be civil.)*

Tagh do chomhludair mu'n tagh thu d' òl.

Choose your company before you choose your drink.

Al. Tagh do chuideachd mu'n tagh thu do dheoch. *Al.* Tagh do chompanach mu'n suidh thu—*Choose your companion before you sit down. Choose thy company before thy drink.—Eng.*

Tagh nighean na deadh mhàthar, ged a b' e 'n donas a b' athair dhi.

Choose the good mother's daughter, were the devil her father.

Taghlaidh bó a h-ath-bhuaile mur h-òlc an innis.

A cow will re-visit her fold, if the pasture be not bad.

Tàillear a chronachadh tàilleir.

Set a tailor to check a tailor.

Tàirneanach 'an déigh nòine, tàirneanach an toraidh mhóir;

Tàirneanach roimh nòine, tàirneanach gort' 'us fuachd.

Thunder in the afternoon, the thunder of plenty;

Thunder in the forenoon, the thunder of want and cold.

Tàirnidh gach neach ri 'choltas.

Like draws to like.

See 'Druididh,' and 'Is ionmhuinn'.

Taisg bónn, 'us cosg bónn, 's bidh tu sona; taisg bónn, 's na cosg bónn, 's bidh tu dona.

Save a coin and spend a coin, and you'll be happy; save a coin and spend none, and you'll be wretched.

Talach a' ghille ghlic, 'g a itheadh 's 'g a chàineadh.

The wise lad's grumbling—eating it and abusing it.

Al. Talach a' ghille ghlic—gabh na gheabh, 'us iarr an còrr.

The wise lad's grumbling—take what you get, and ask for more.

Talach air mèud a chuibhrinn.

Complaining of the greatness of his portion.

Al. Talach 'uallaich—*Complaining of his load.*

Not uncommon among people bloated with wealth.

Tàlaidhidh am biadh fiadh na beinne.

Food will entice the mountain deer.

Al. an t-ian athair—the bird from the sky.

See 'Càtaichidh' and 'Meallaidh'.

'Taomadh na mara làine. *Baling out the full tide.*

Tapan gòraig air cuigeal crìontaig.

The silly one's tuft of wool on the thrifty one's distaff.

Tarruing am bleidir' ort, 's bidh e oidhech' agad.

Encourage the sorner, and you'll have a night of him.

Al. Taghladh am bleidire, 's bidh an oidhech' ann.

The beggar takes care to call at evening.

Tatha mhór nan tónn, bheir i sgriob lóm air Peairt.

Great billowy Tay will sweep Perth bare.

This was an old prophecy, fulfilled more than once.

See 'Dh' fhalbh Peairt'.

Tàthadh goirid a' ghobha, agus tàthadh leobhar an t-saoir.

The short welding of the smith; the long joining of the carpenter.

Té gheal bho fhear gu fear; té odhar 'an dorus a sabhail.

A fair one goes from man to man; a dun one stands at her own barn door.

This is a suggestion that the plain woman will make a better wife. See 'Na tagh'.

Teanga fhada 'n ceann Dhònuill fhìdhleir.

A long tongue in Donald fiddler's head.

Teanga cho géur ri ealtuinn.

A tongue as sharp as a razor.

Teannaich do chrìos gus am faigh thu biadh.

Tighten your belt till you get food.

This is a known practice of American Indians.

Teine chaoran 'us gaol ghiul'an.

Fire of peats and love of boys.

Not of long endurance.

Teirigidh Cruachan Beann, gun dad a dhol ri 'cheann.

Ben Cruachan will waste away, if nothing be added to it.

Al. Theirigeadh Cruachan Beann, le 'bhi sìor thoirt as, gun dad idir 'g a chur ann.

Teirigidh gach ni ri 'chaitheamh.

Everything will end with wasting.

Teisteanas a' choimhearsnaich air gach neach.

A neighbour's testimony is the test of everybody.

Al. Teist a nàbaidh.

Teodhaidh fèil ri fine, ged nach deòin le duine.

Flesh will warm to kin, against a man's will.

Al. Teodhaidh an fhuil ris an fhuil—*Blood warms to blood.*

See 'Is tighe'.

The sentiment and the double rhyme here are equally pretty.

Tha àm air an achmhasan, a's tràth air a' chéilidh.

There's a time for rebuke, and a time for gossiping.

To everything there is a season.—ECCL. iii. 1.

Amser i fwyd, amser i olychwyd—*A time for meat, and a time for prayer.* Pob peth yn ei amser—*Everything in its time.*—*Welsh.*

Tha aon chas na 's leòr do 'n fhìrinn, ach tuitidh a' bhriag le 'tri.

One foot is enough for truth, but a lie falls with three.

See 'Imridh briag'.

Tha aon saighead as a bhalg.

There is one arrow out of his quiver.

Tha bial gun fhàitheam draghail.

A hemless mouth is troublesome,

Tha 'bhial air a ghualainn.

His tongue is on his shoulder.

Wearing his heart upon his sleeve; the opposite of 'teanga fo 'chrios,' tongue under belt.

Tha 'bhioran air a bharran daonnan.

His stick is always on its point.

Always on the move, and fidgetting about.

Tha blàth do chodach ort.

You look like your food.

Tha 'bhlàth ort nach 'eil dad agad air.

You look as if he owed you nothing.

'Tha 'bhuil,' ars' am breabadair, 's a bhean air a mhuin.

'The effect is seen,' said the weaver, with his wife on the top of him.

He had apparently given in rather too much to his better half.

'Tha biadh 'us ceòl 'an seo,' mu'n dubhairt a' madadh-ruadh, 's e 'ruith air falbh leis a' phìob.

'There's meat and music here,' as the fox said, when he ran away with the bagpipe.

If there were nothing else to show the humour of our Celtic ancestors, this saying would.

Tha caitheamh ann 'us caomhnadh, 's tha caomhnadh ann 'us caitheamh.

There is a spending and a saving; a saving and a spending.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.—PROV. xi. 24.

Al. Tha caitheamh sona agus caitheamh dona ann.

There is a happy spending and an unhappy spending.

Tha car eil' air ruidhl' a' bhodaich.

There's another turn in the old man's reel.

Ta lane chyndaaghyn ayns carr y phoosee—*There are many turns in the marriage tune.—Manx.*

Tha car eile 'an adharc an daimh.

There's another twist in the ox's horn.

An imaginative traveller gave an account of a wonderful ox, whose horns reached the sky when he lay down. On being asked 'What became of the horns when the ox stood up?' he gave this answer.

Tha 'cheann eadar a' chliath 's an ursainn.

His head is between the door and the side-post.

'In Chancery.' 'In a fix.'

Tha 'chomhachag ri bròn, thig tuiltean òirnn.

The owl is mourning, rain is coming.

Tha 'chomhairle 'n a cheann fhéin.

His counsel is in his own head.

Tha chridhe 'mireag ris.

His heart is merry-making.

Tha claimh mo chaorach fhein air.

He has the scab of my own sheep.

Tha cuibheas air a' h-uile rud, gu ruig òl a' bhrochain.

There's a measure for everything—to the drinking of gruel.

Al. a' chàil—of kail.

Mae dogn ar bob peth.—*Welsh.*

When moderately used it our lives does prolong.

The Kail Brose of Old Scotland.

Tha currachd air a' bheinn; sid an t-uisge 'tighinn.

The mountain has a cap on; that's the rain coming.

When Cheviot ye see put on his cap

Of rain ye'll have a wee bit drap.—*Eng., Scot.*

Tha dà bhall dubh air an adaig, 's earball fad' air a' chuiteig.

The haddock has two black spots, and the whiting a long tail.

Tha dà thaobh air bean a' bhaile.

The farmer's wife has two sides.

Al. Tha dà thaobh air bean a' bhàillidh, 's dà thaobh air bàt' an aiséig—The factor's wife has two sides, and so has the ferry-boat.

Al. Tha dà thaobh air a' mhaoil (or rudh a' chuain)—The headland has two sides.

Al. Tha caoin 'us ascain air—He has a soft and a hard side.

Tha deargann 'n a osan. *He has a flea in his stocking.*

A flea in the ear.—Eng.

Tha dlùth glic ann, agus inneach gòrach.

He has wise warp, but foolish woof.

Said of one who is wiser than he seems.

Tha do dhà chrann air do bhois.

Your two lots are on your palm.

Tha e air a ghearran guanach.

He is on his flighty horse.

Said of a restless person.

Tha e cho fileanta ri bàrd. *He is as fluent as a bard.*

Tha e gu math, ach na tarruing fhiasag.

He is well, but don't pull his beard.

Tha e mar a bha cat Mhic-Aoidh—fhathast 's an fheòil.

He is like Mackay's cat—still in the flesh.

Tha e 'n geall na 's fhiach e.

He is pledged for what he's worth.

Said of one in great danger.

Tha e nis air fòid na fìrinne.

He is now on the sod of truth.

He is dead.

Tha e nis air slighe na fìrinne.

He is now on the way of truth.

Ta se nois a staid na fìrinne, agus sinne air staid na brèige—
He is now in the state of truth, and we of falsehood.—Ir.

He is dying.

Tha e 'ruith air an rud a gheabh e.

He is running on what he'll get.

Al. air 'aimhleas—on his hurt; air salachar—on foul ground.

Tha esan na Iain feadh an t-saoghail, mar a bha e riabh.

He is John all over the world, as he ever was.

Iann eo, Iann e vo—*John he is, John he will be.—Breton.*

Tha fear ann a leigeas a mhaidean le sruth.

There is one that lets his wood go with the stream.

Tha 'fhàgail fhéin aig gach neach.

Everyone has his fate.

Lit. his abandonment—left to himself.

Tha 'fhortan fhéin air Mac-Cuaradh, biodh e cruaidh no biodh e bog.

MacQuarrie has his own luck, whether it be hard or soft.

This refers to the ancient chiefs of Ulva's isle.

Tha fios aig an luch nach 'eil an cat a's tigh.

Well knows the mouse that the cat's not in the house.

Pei y gath fyddai gartref, gwaeth 'd fyddai—*Were the cat at home, it were worse for you.—Welsh.*

An uair fhàgas na cait am baile, bian na luchdògaidh a rince (*dancing*).—*Ir.*

When the cat is away, the mice may play.—*Eng.*

Absent le chat, les souris dansent.—*Fr.*

Quando la gatta non è in casa, i topi ballano.—*Ital.*

Vanse los gatos, y estienderse los ratos.—*Span.*

Wenn die Katze ausser dem Hause ist, tanzen die Mäuse.—
Germ.

Als de kat slaapt, spelen de muizen.—*Dutch.*

Naar Katten er borte, löbe Musene paa Bænken.—*Dan.*

Tha fios aige c' àite 'bheil na muca-mara 'breith.

He knows where the whales breed.

Said of one who pretends to knowledge of everything.

Tha fios aige cia mèud a ni cóig.

He knows how many make five.

Ta fios aige ca mhèud gràinne pònair a ghnidh cùig—*He knows how many beans make five.—Ir.*

Tha fios fithich agad.

You have a raven's knowledge.

That is, knowledge more than is natural. The raven was believed to possess supernatural knowledge, and of coming events in particular. This was also the Norse belief. Odin was said to have two ravens, which communicated everything to him.

Tha fuasgladh a cheiste aige fhéin.

He has the solving of his own question.

Tha fuil féidh ort, 's cha tu fhéin a mharbh e.

There is deer's blood on you, and you did not kill it yourself.

Tha fuil ghointe 'n a cheann.

He has bewitched blood in his head.

Said of a person who seems infatuated.

Al. sùil ghointe—a bewitched eye.

Tha fuil mo mhuic-sa cheart cho mèith ri fuil do mhuic-sa.

The blood of my pig is just as rich as the blood of yours.

Tha gu leòr cho math ri cuilm.

Enough is as good as a feast.—Eng., Scot.

Ni helaethrwydd heb ddigon—*No abundance without enough.—Welsh.*

Genoeg is even zoo goed als een feest.—*Dutch.*

Tha 'h-uile duine còir gun 'fheuchainn.

Every man is good till he's tried.

This was the ground taken on a remarkable occasion by the Enemy of Mankind.—See JOB I.

Tha 'h-uile fear 'n a leomhan air a chuid fhéin.

Every man is a lion over what's his own.

See 'Is dàna'.

The word in Macintosh is not 'a chuid,' but 'a cheaird,' which was probably a mistake.

Tha i cho math air snìomhadh ris a' bhana-Ghréugaich.

She is as good at spinning as the Greek woman.

This seems to refer to Penelope.

Tha iad air bhòrdaibh móra, 's air thubhailtean geala.

They are at big tables, with white table-cloths.

Al. air bhòrd mór, 's air àrd onoir, 'am broilleacha bùtha—at big table and high honour, in the very centre of the booth.

Said of 'upsetting' little people, getting among good company.

Tha iad cho mór aig a chéile ri dà cheann eich.

They are as thick as two horse heads.

Tha iad fad' air roinne nach urrainn leanailt.

They are far behind that cannot pursue.

'Air roinne' is an old phrase, equivalent to 'air deireadh,' generally obsolete, but still used in Tiree.

Tha dà ian bheag 's a' choill ud thall, 's their an dara fear ris an fhear eile, 'S toigh leam thu, 's toigh leam thu'; 's their am fear eile, 'Dearbh sin, dearbh sin'.

There are two little birds in yonder wood, and the one says to the other, 'I like you, I like you'; and the other says, 'Prove it, prove it'.

This is an imitation of the chirping of birds, but with a moral meaning.

Tha làrach buain-fhòid air an athar, ni e latha math am màireach.

There's the mark of turf-clearing in the sky, 'twill be fine to-morrow.

This is a graphic description of a break among cirro-stratus clouds.

Tha losgadh a chorraig 'n a chuimhne.

He remembers the burning of his finger.

Tha maragan 'us bantraichean ri 'n gabhail anns an teas

Puddings and widows must be taken while they're hot.

There are coarser English and Scottish versions of this saying.

Tha 'mhedir an déigh na sgait.

His fingers are after the skate.

Said of a bad piper. The saying originated with a young piper, who was being instructed at the Piper's College, at Boreraig in Skye. Having got skate to dinner one day, which he did not approve of, and playing afterwards indifferently, he was asked what was wrong with him. 'The skate sticks to my fingers,' was his reply.

Tha mi na 's eòlaiche air coille, na 'bhi fo eagal na caillich-oidhche.

I am more accustomed to a wood than to be afraid of an owl.

I have lived too near a wood to be frightened by owls.—*Eng.*

Tha mise cho mór as mo phoca 's a tha esan as a bhalg.

I am as proud of my poke as he is of his bag.

Tha 'n an-shocair 's an t-an-fhacal aige.

He bears the skaith and the scorn.

Tha 'n cat 's an luath, thig frasan fuar.

The cat's in the ashes, it's going to rain.

Tha 'n clamhan gobhlach 'n am measg.

The fork-tailed kite is among them.

Tha 'n deala 'snàmh, thig fràsan blàth roimh fheasgar.

The leech is swimming; warm showers will come ere evening.

Tha 'n duine ionraic ionraic eadar bhun 'us bhàrr.

The upright is upright from head to foot.

Tha 'n éubh a'm' chluais; gu'n gleidheadh Dia na' s caomh leam!

The cry is in my ear; God keep all who are dear to me!

A plaintive sound ringing in one's ear was considered a presage of death or calamity.

Tha 'n seillean fo dhìon; thig gaillionn 'us sian.

The bee keeps close; a storm is at hand.

Tha 'n t-àm cur anns na maidean.

It is time to be starting.

Lit. It is time to put (motion) into the sticks, i.e., the oars. This is a Tìree phrase.

Tha 'n t-iasg 's a' chuan mar 'tha 'n sluagh air tìr.

The fish in the sea like us mortals be.

Easily taken with bait, and generally going in shoals.

Tha 'n tigh dorcha, ach an cridhe soilleir.

The house is dark, but the heart is bright.

Tha 'n t-ìm gann 's an Olaint.

Butter is scarce in Holland.

Said when anything is scarce where usually abundant. This saying probably originated with some Dugald Dalgetty.

Tha 'n t-òlach ann an cliabh.

The mad fellow is in a creel (strait-jacket).

M'Alpine (*Dict.*) says this is applied to people who have bad Gaelic !

Tha 'n t-seamrag a' pasgadh a còmhdaich, roimh thuiltean dòirteach.

The shamrock is folding its garments before heavy rain.

Tha 'n uaill an aghaidh na tairbhe.

Pride is opposed to profit.

The translation of this in the 2nd Ed. of Macintosh is 'Pride is in the bull's front' !

Tha 'n uaill 'n a bleidire cho mór ris an easbhuidh, agus ro mhóran na 's uaibhriche.

Pride is as importunate as poverty, and much more arrogant.

Tha 'n uaisle mar a chumar i.

Nobility is as it's kept up.

Tha 'n uchdach goirid ged 'tha 'n eallach tróm.

The brae is short, though the load be heavy.

Tha na brògan 'an ceann shìos an tigh-mhòine.

The shoes are in the far end of the peat-house.

When the peats are done, people must put on their shoes, as they can't warm their feet any more at the fire.

Tha rathad làimh ris an rathad mhór.

There's another road near the highway.

Tha rionnach air an athar, bidh latha math am màireach ann.

There's a mackerel-sky, 'twill be fine to-morrow.

Tha sin aig coin a' bhaile.

The town (or farm) dogs know that.

Aeth hyny ar gyrn a phabau—*That is gone upon horns and pipes.—Welsh.* It has become the talk of the town.

Tha sin sgrìobht' 'am bathais a' chait.

That's written in the cat's forehead.

Tha sinne mar a dh'fhaodas sinn, 's cha'n 'eil an rìgh fhéin mar bu mhath leis.

We are as best we may, and the king himself is not as he would wish to be.

Tha 'smùideag fhéin 'an ceann gach fò'd.

Every peat-end has its own smoke.

Tha 'smùdan féin á ceann gach fòid,

Is dòruinn ceangailt ris gach math.—*D. Buchanan.*

Ys id ar bawb ei bryder—*To every one is his care.—Welsh.*

Tha e 's a' chuideachd, mar 'bha cù luideach a' cheaird.

He is in the company, like the tinker's shaggy dog.

Tha taobh dubh 's taobh geal air, mar 'bha air bàta Mhic Iain Ghearr.

He has a white side and a black side, like the boat of Short John's son.

Mac Iain Ghearr (or Ghìorr)'s proper name was Archibald MacDonell. See 'Ged is fada'. He was a noted reaver, and followed a known practice of pirates in having his boat and sails of different colours on each side. See *Teachdaire Ùr*, Jan., 1836, p. 52.

Tha teas an teine 'n a luirgnean.

The heat of the fire is in his legs.

Said of a 'cat griosaich,' one too fond of the fireside.

Al. Tha teas na luathre 'n an lurgann, or, a' d' labhran.

Said of people going hastily from the hearth on business.

Tha 'thapadh air teang' an Eirionnaich, ach 's ann an déigh làimh 'tha n Gaidheal glic.

The Irishman's wit is on his tongue, but the Gael is wise after the time.

Cha vel y Vanninagh dy bragh creeney, dys y laa lurg y vargee—*The Manxman is never wise till the day after the fair.—Manx.*

A Scotsman is aye wise ahint the hand.—*Scot.*

Tha thu cho lùrdanach ris a' bhalgaire bheag.

You are as sly as the little fox.

Tha thu cho sona 's ged a robh clach 'ad chàbaig.

You are as happy as if your cheese weighed a stone.

Tha thu ro mhear—b'fheairrd' thu pòsadh.

You are too merry—you ought to marry.

The alliteration in English was too good to be avoided, but it is right to say, that 'mear' in the original may mean more than merriness.

Tha thusa 'sin fhathast, 's do bhial fo do shròin.

You are still there, with your mouth under your nose.

Tha thusa mar bha thu 'n uiridh, 's ged bhiodh tu na b'fhearr, cha b'uilear.

You are as you were last year, and if you were better, it would be no more than was needed.

Tha togail do bhothain fhéin ort.

You have the up-bringing of your bothy.

Said to an ill-mannered person.

Tha trì faobhair air lurga caillich, 'us bòrd-urchair air a taobh.

An old woman's leg has three edges, and her side a gunwale.

Tha trì là Iuchair 's an Fhaoilleach, 's trì là Faoillich 's an Iuchar.

There are three of the Dog-days in February, and three February days in the Dog-days.

Tha tuille 's a phaidir aige.

He knows more than his paternoster.

Ta nios mò nà phaidireacha aige.—*Ir.*

Al. Tha 'chreidimh catharra (= *cathedra*) aige. *He has his pater and creed.* It has been heard as an objection to a man's evidence being allowed, that he hadn't his 'creidimh catharra'.

Tha uaisle fo thuinn 'an Clann Lachain.

There is a hidden nobleness in the MacLachlans.

Tha uiread de ainmeannan air ris an naosg.

He has as many names as the snipe.

The snipe is known under many names, e.g., Naosg, gobhar-adhair, meannan-adhair, croman-lòin, butagochd, eun-ghurag.

Thachair a bhràthair mór ris.

He has met his big brother.

Thachair an cat riut air bàrr na stairsnich.

You met the cat on the threshold.

The cat was considered an ill-omened creature.

Thachair cleas tuath an droch thighearna dhaibh.

The trick of the bad landlord's tenants befell them.

Thachair ludh an uinnsinn fhiadhaich dha; cinnidh e gu math, ach millidh e 'chraobh a bhios an taice ris.

The way of the wild ash befell him; it grows well, but kills the tree that's near it.

Thàinig gille gu Mac-a-leisg.

Mac-Lazy has got a servant.

Said when a lazy messenger is saved the trouble of going on an errand, by the coming of another messenger.

Thàinig caoraich Gheansaidh a' raoir, s' dh' ith iad e.
The Guernsey sheep came last night and ate it.

Said of anything that has mysteriously disappeared, or that never existed. 'Caoraich Gheansaidh' is applied to any imaginary creatures. The saying is Hebridean, but the origin of it is unknown. Guernsey potatoes used to be known in Skye.

Thàinig ialtag a steach, bidh frasan a mach air ball.
A bat has come in, it's going to rain.

Theab 's cha d' rinn, cù 's miosa 'bha riamh 's an Fhèinn.

Almost, but didn't, the worst dog in the Fingalian pack.

Theagamh gu'n tig do bhó gu m' bhuaile-sa fhathast.
Perhaps your cow may come to my fold yet.

Wha wats wha may keep sheep anither day.—*Scot.*

Theid an fheala-dhà gu feala-trì.

The joke may end in earnest.

See 'Is tric a chaidh'.

Theid an leanabh a dholaidh eadar a mhuime 's a mhàthair.

Between his nurse and his mother, the child will be spoiled.

Theid an sannt os cionn na h-aithne.

Greed will overcome acquaintanceship.

Theid an t-annmhunn dìchiollach thar an làidir leisg.
The diligent weak will beat the lazy strong.

Theid an t-eòlas thar a' chàirdeas.

Acquaintance goes beyond relationship.

See 'Is fhearr caraid'.

Theid barail an duine ghlic faisg do 'n fhìrinn.

The wise man's opinion will go near the truth.

Theid cathadh Earraich troimh bhòrd daraich.

Spring snow-drift will go through an oaken door.

Theid dubhag ri dualchas.

The swarthy girl takes after her blood.

Al. Theid cuilean ri dualchas.

Theid duine gu bàs air sgàth a nàire.

A man will die to save his honour.

See 'Is beò duine'.

Theid dùthchas an aghaidh nan creag.

Nature will withstand the rocks.

This might be rendered, 'Blood against everything,' an intensely Highland sentiment, expressive of the feeling known as 'clannishness'.

Theid molt dheth 'n fhear chadalach, 'us mart dheth 'n fhear chéilidheach.

The sleepy man will lose a wedder, the gad-about a cow.

The loss of the lazy man is small compared with that of the trifler.

Theid neart thair ceart.

Might will prevail over right.

Theid seòltachd thar spionnadh.

Cunning beats strength.

Oni byddi gryf, bydd gyfrwys—*If thou art not strong, be cunning.—Welsh.*

Theid trian daltachd ri goistidheachd.

A third of fostership goes to sponsorship.

This means that the bond to a foster-father is three times as strong as that to a godfather.

Their gach fear 'Ochóin, mi fhein!'

Every one cries 'Alas for me!'

Thig a' mharcachd 's na h-eich mhóra leo fhéin.

Riding comes naturally to full-grown horses.

Applied to hereditary tendencies.

Thig an fhèrinn a mach le tubaist.

Truth comes out by accident.

Thig an itheadh air an imlich.

Eating comes of licking.

Thig an t-acras na 's trice na aon uair.

Hunger comes oftener than once.

Thig an donas ri 'iomradh.

Evil comes by talking of it.

Al. Thig an t-òle ri 'iomradh.

Speak o' the Deil, and he'll appear.—*Scot.* Talk of the Devil, and see his horns.—*Eng.*

Als men van den duivel spreekt, dan rammelt reeds zijn gebente (*you hear his bones rattle*).—*Dutch.*

When you speak of the wolf, prepare the stick for him.—*Arab.*

Wann mann den Wolf nénnnt, so kömmt er gerennt.—*Germ.*

Quand on parle du loup, on en voit la queue.—*Fr.*

Thig dànadas gu droch oilean.

Boldness leads to bad manners.

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.—*Lat.*

Too much familiarity breeds contempt.—*Eng.*

La mucha familiaridad engendra menosprecio.—*Span.*

A muita conversação he causa de menos preço.—*Port.*

Thig Dia ré aire, 's cha 'n aire an uair a thig.

God comes in distress, and distress goes when he comes.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Thig eairleigeadh air an rìgh.

Exigencies come on kings.

Thig fear an t-saoghail fhad' as gach càs.

The man of long life will come out of every trouble.

See 'Fear an t-saoghail fhada'.

Thig fear na h-iarraidh gun sireadh, ach fear na fiach cha tig idir.

The man that wants comes unasked; the man that owes comes not at all.

Thig gach olc ri aois—thig baothachd, thig boile, thig bàs.

Every ill comes with age—silliness, raving, death.

See 'Is ioma leannan'.

Thig innleachd ri aimbeart. *Want breeds ingenuity.*

Ἐυρέτις ἀρα ἐστὶ λογισμῶν ἡ ἀνάγκη.—*Gr. (Heliodorus).* Necessity is the mother of invention.—*Eng.* Nécessité est mère d'invention.—*Fr.* Need makes a man o' craft.—*Scot.* Noth lehrt Künste.—*Germ.* De armoede is de moeder van alle kunsten.—*Dutch.*

Thig iomad olc á aon olc. *Many ills flow from one.*

Δίκη δίκην ἔτικτε, καὶ βλάβην βλάβη.—*Gr.*

Litem parit lis, noxa item noxam serit.—*Lat.*

Thig là a' choin duibh fhathast.

The black dog's day will yet come.

In olden times, MacPhie of Colonsay had a great black hound, of which it was predicted that it would never do but one day's good service. It grew up an idle useless animal, but its master resisted all proposals to have it given away or killed. The day came when it did noble service for its master, though it could not save his life.

Thig Latha-Nollaig. *Christmas-day will come.*

Said of persons long of coming.

Thig math á mulad, 's thig sonas á suaimhneas.

Good comes of sadness, and happiness from quietness.

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting.—ECCLES. vii. 2.

Thig nòs do mhàthar as do shròin.

Your mother's first milk will come out of your nose.

Al. Thig sin as do shròin, 's théid an cràdhadh innte.

That will come out of your nose, and pain will go into it.

These are threats or predictions of chastisement.

Thig ri latha nach tig ri linn.

There will come in a day what won't in an age.

Al. Thig rud ri àm (or uine) nach tig ri aimsir.

Al. Thig ri aon uair rud nach tig ri dhà dhiag.

Accidit in puncto, quod non contingit in anno.—*Lat.*

Accasca in un punto quel che non accasca in cento anni.—*Ital.*

Τὰ φέρεi ἡ ὥρα, χρόνος δὲν τὰ φέρεi.—*Mod. Gr.*

Il advient souvent en un jour ce qui n'advient en cent ans.—*Fr.*

It happeth in one hour, that happeth not in seven years.—*Eng.*

Thig sgrios air àlach na mollachd.

Destruction shall come on the cursed brood.

The seed of the wicked shall be cut off.—PSALM xxxvii. 28.

Thigeadh dha fhéin a bhi 'n a oighre, an ti a shireas air gach aon neach.

It would well become him to be an heir, who begs from everybody.

Thiginn gu d' choimhead ged bhiodh tu ag còmhnuidh an còs creige.

I would come to see you, though you lived in a rock-cave.

Thilg e 'n cearcal-màis. *He has cast the bottom-hoop.*

He has thrown off all restraint.

Thoir bean á Ifrinn, 's bheir i dh' a tigh fhéin thu.

If you take a wife from Hell, she'll take you home with her.

Al. bheir i rithist ann thu—*she'll bring you back there.*

Thoir dhomh comith. *Let me share your food.*

Thoir do 'ghlu-robh-math' do'n choileach.

Give your thanks to the cock.

A recommendation of early rising. Gu'n robh math agaibh, *good be with you* (= *thank you*), is the ordinary addition to a reply to 'How do you do?'

Thoir do phathadh do'n allt, mar a ni an cù.
Quench your thirst from the stream, as the dog does.
 An excellent motto for Temperance Societies.

Thoir ian á nead glan.
Take a bird out of a clean nest.
 Choose a wife of good parents. See 'Pòs nighean'.

Thoir leat a' bhó do 'n chaisteal, 's theid i dhachaidh do'n bhàthaich.

Take the cow to the castle, and she'll go home to the byre.
 Ca' a coo to the ha', and she'll rin to the byre.—*Scot.*
 An ox remains an ox, even when driven to Vienna.—*Hungar.*

Thoir òirleach do 'n bhalach, 's gabhaibh e 'n réis.
Give the impudent fellow an inch, and he'll take an ell.
 Gie a carl yir finger, and he'll tak' yir haill hand.—*Scot.*

Thoir spìd do d' charaid; 's ann air do mhuirichinn fhéin a laidheas e.

Throw reproach on your kinsman; it will rest on your family.

A very good and wise advice: clannishness in its commendable phase.

Thoir thusa nuas an rionnag sin, 's bheir mise nuas an rionnag eile, ars' an duine beag ris an duine mhór.

Bring you down that star, and I'll bring down another, as the little man said to the big man.

Thug e breab 's a' bhuarach.
He kicked in the shackles.
 Buarach = cow-fetter.

Thug e 'cheann fo'n choille.
He betook him to the wood.
 Al. Thug e 'choille fo 'cheann.

A common thing in olden times for outlaws or men in peril.

Thug iad aghaidh am buill 's an caman air.
They turned all their force against him.
 Lit. turned their balls and shinty clubs on him.

Thuigeadh mo sheanmhair sin, 's bha i dà linn air a h-ais.

My grandmother could understand that, and she was two generations behind.

Thuit a dhà làimh ri' thaobh.
Both his hands fell at his sides.
 A case of total collapse.

Thuit an Tarbh-coill' orra.
The forest-bull fell on them.

Macintosh says this means, that a misfortune befell them. The 'tarbh-coill' was a dark cloud, which, if seen on New Year's eve, portended a dark and stormy season. The ideas connected with this 'Tarbh-coille' and the 'Dàir na coille' (*q.v.*) remind of the 'genitabilis aura' of Lucretius.

Thuit an tubaist air an Dùghlas.
Mishap has fallen on the Douglas.

This saying applies to more than one of the great house of Douglas, as may be seen by those who read Home of Godscroft's delightful history.

Tigh a thubhadh gun a shìomaineachadh, saothair dhìomhain.

Thatching a house without roping it, vain labour.

Tigh do sheanar dhut!
Your grandfather's dwelling to you!

Tigh Eóghain mhic Iain bhuidhe dhut!
The house of Ewen son of yellow John to you!

Tigh gun chù, gun chat, gun leanabh beag, tigh gun ghean, gun ghàire.

A house without dog, without cat, without child, a house without cheerfulness or laughter.

Al. gun cheòl-gaire.

This pretty proverb appears to be purely native.

Tigh òsda, muileann, 'us ceardach, na trì àitean a's fhearr air son naigheachd.

An inn, a mill, and a smithy, the three best places for news.

Tinneas-feachd. *Army-sickness.*

Sickness on the day of battle, = cowardice.

Tinneas nan Dònnullach. *The MacDonald sickness.*

Armstrong (*Dict.*, p. 297) says this was a kind of pulmonary affection called 'glacach'. It is said that the family of the Lords of the Isles received a charm from some shipwrecked foreigner to whom they showed kindness, by which they could heal this complaint. A 'duan' was repeated over the patient, who was then

touched with the right hand. In the following rhyme this healing gift is alluded to :—

Mór Dhònnullaich Shléibhte,
D' an géilleadh an galar,
Teichidh Glacach an éig,
'S théid as da gu h-ealamh.

Tìodhlac na cloinne bige, 'g a thoirt 's 'g a ghrad-iarraidh.

The little children's gift, given and soon asked back.

O' bairns' gifts ne'er be fain ; nae suner they gie but they seek it again.—*Scot.*

Tabhartas Ui-Néill, 's a dhà shùil 'n a dhèigh—*O'Neill's gift, and his two eyes after it.—Ir.*

Tionailidh maoin maoin ; agus tionailidh fiachan fiachan.

Wealth draws wealth, and debt draws debt.

Tìr nam Beann, 's nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach.

The land of Mountains, Glens, and Heroes.

This is a favourite motto and toast. Another version is,

Tìr nan gleann, 's nam beann, 's nam breacan.

The land of glens, and bens, and tartans.

Tiugainn, ars' an Rìgh ; Fuirich, gus am faod, ars' a' Ghaoth.

Come away, said the King ; Wait till you may, said the Wind.

Tiugh no tana, 's math teth e.

Thick or thin, it's good hot.

Togaidh an obair an fhianais.

The work will bear witness.

Togar càrn mór de chlachan beaga.

A big cairn may be raised of small stones.

Toiseach agus deireadh na sìne, clachan mìne meallain.

The beginning and end of the rain-storm, small hailstones.

Toiseach na coille, 'us deireadh na féithe.

Go first through the wood, and last through the bog.

Tosach coille a's deire móna.—*Ir.*

A wise practical advice.

Toiseach teachd 'us deireadh falbh.

First to come, and last to go.

The motto of Gaul Mac Morn. See Gillies's 'Sean Dàna,' p.

Toradh math 's a' chuid eile !

I wish you good of the remainder !

An expression of thanks, when one has received part of anything.

Toradh na féudalach gun am faicinn.

The fruit of the cattle that have not been seen.

Tràth bhios tuar a' dol as air na gobhair, cha bheir iad ach buic.

When the goats die out, they bring forth only bucks.

Treabhaidh na daoidhean, 's cha dean na saoidhean ach treabhadh.

The wicked till, and the good can but till.

He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.—MATTH. v. 45.

Treabhaidh an treabhaiche math fearann an amhlair.

The good ploughman will plough the land of the fool.

The wise and able will, in the natural course of things, take the place of the incapable.

Treas donas a' ghille-ghnothaich, a bhi fada 'muigh gun dad fhaotainn.

The third vice of the message-lad, to be long away and bring back nothing.

Treas sonas mhic an tuathanaich, nighean air a' chiad chloinn.

The third good-luck of the farmer's son, a daughter for his eldest child.

Tréubhach a muigh, agus meadhrach a's tigh.

Brave abroad, and cheery at home.

The Highland type of a man of the right sort.

Tréubhantas an duine bhig—fead 'us fuaim.

The small man's valour, a whistle and a noise.

Trì aois coin, aois eich ;

Trì aois eich, aois duine ;

Trì aois duine, aois féidh ;

Trì aois féidh, aois firein ;

Trì aois firein, aois craoibh-dharaich.

Thrice dog's age, age of horse ;

Thrice horse's age, age of man ;

Thrice man's age, age of deer ;

Thrice deer's age, age of eagle ;

Thrice eagle's age, age of oak.

There are stories told of deer attributing ante-diluvian age to them ; but that here said of the eagle has not even such authority.

Trì mollachdan an tuathanaich, an Taoitear Sàileach, reodhadh Céitein, 'us ceò Iuchair.

The tenant's three curses, the Tutor of Kintail, May frost, and July fog.

This is a Kintail saying, referring presumably to Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail during the minority of his nephew, the first Earl of Seaforth. He ruled with a rod of iron, and made himself detestable to the tenantry.

Trì rudan a's mios' a rinn duine riabh—éirigh bho 'bhiadh gun altachadh ; éirigh bho 'mhnaoi fhéin gu mnaoi fir eile ; 's éirigh bho Aifrinne gun a h-éisdeachd.

Three of the worst things man ever did—to rise from food without grace ; to rise from his own wife to another man's ; to rise from Mass without listening.

Trì rudan cho fuar 's a th' ann, glùn fir, adharc mairt, 'us sròn coin.

Three of the coldest things, a man's knee, a cow's horn, and a dog's nose.

Trì subhailcean a' Bhàird—ciocras coin gu làn a bhronn' ; fios fithich a' ruith gu ròic ; tart frithir gu òl a dhràm.

Three gifts of the Bard—the dog's hunger for a feed ; a raven's bidding to a feast ; an impatient man's thirst for his dram.

This is not very ancient, nor very true. But it did apply, and does, to some men calling themselves Bards, and passing for such with the ignorant.

Triùir a thig gun iarraidh—Gaol, Eud, 'us Eagal.

Three that come unbidden—Love, Jealousy, and Fear.

Trod a' bhodaich ris a' cheathairn.

The old man's scolding of the caterans.

Very ineffectual—like some protests that have been seen in modern times against military invasions and grand spoliations.

Trod a' mheasain 's a chùl ri balla.

The barking of the lap-dog with his back to a wall.

Ye're like the dowgs o' Dunragit, ye winna bark unless ye hae yir hinner end to the wa'.—*Scot.* See 'Is dàna cuilean'.

Trod chàirdean, 'us sìth naimhdean, dà rud nach còir feairt a thoirt orra.

The scolding of friends, and the peace of enemies, two things not to be regarded.

Trod nam ban mu'n sgarbh, 's an sgarbh a muigh air an loch.

The scolding of the wives about the scart, and the scart out on the loch.

Like disposing of the hare before it's caught.

Trodaidh na builg fhalamh.

Empty bladders make a noise.

See 'Is labhar'.

Tromb gun teanga. *A trump without a tongue.*

'Trump' is Scotch for 'Jew's harp'.

Tuarasdal a' cheaird—pàidheadh roimh làimh.

The tinker's wages—paid beforehand.

In other words, money thrown away.

Tuarasdal na circe, làn a sgròbain.

The hen's wages, her crop-full.

Tubhadh na h-àtha air a' mhuilinn.

The thatch of the kiln on the mill.

Tir the kiln to thack the mill.—*Scot.*

Robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Tuig thus' an t-eathar, 's tuigidh an t-eathar thù.

Understand the boat, and the boat will understand you.

An excellent Hebridean saying. A boat, a horse, a man or woman, can be managed only by one who understands them, and whom they will understand accordingly.

Tuigidh bean bean eile.

One woman understands another woman.

They generally do so better than men.

Tuigidh cù a chionta. *A dog knows when he does wrong.*

Tuigidh e rud 'am broinn suip.

He'll understand a thing hid in a wisp.

He'll understand a hint conveyed in some trivial shape.

Tuigidh fear-leughaidh leth-fhacal.

A reading man will understand half a word.

One word is enough for the wise.—*Arab.*

Verbum sat sapienti.—*Lat.*

Tuigidh na bailbh a chéile.

The dumb understand each other.

Tuigidh na geòidh fhéin a chéile.

Even the geese understand each other.

Tuilleadh air a' chàrnan.

More upon the little cairn.

Tuireadh a réir an fhuinn.

Lament according to the tune.

Tuislichidh an t-each ceithir-chasach.

The four-footed horse may stumble.

Gheibh bèathach cheithre g-cos tuisleadh.—*Ir.*

A horse wi' four feet may snapper by a time.—*Scot.*

A horse stumbles that hath four legs.—*Eng.*

Anco il cavallo si stanca, sebben ha quattro piedi.—*Ital.*

Een paard met vier pooten struikelt wel.—*Dutch.*

Il n'y a cheval si bon qui ne bronche.—*Fr.*

Tuiteam eadar lóng 'us làimhrig.

Falling between ship and landing-place.

Tuitidh a' chraobh a bhithear a' sìor shnaidheadh.

The tree that is constantly hewed at will fall.

Tuitidh cliabh gun iris, 's theid a' bhriag do h-ionad fhéin.

A ropeless creel will fall, and the lie will go to its own place.

Tuitidh tòn eadar dha chathair, agus tigheadas eadar dha mhuinntir.

Seat comes down between two chairs, and housekeeping between two families.

Turus nam ban thun a' bhaistidh.

The wives' journey to the christening.

U.

Uaisle gun chuid, 'us maragan gun gheir.

Birth without means, and puddings without suet.

Al. Clag mu chuaille, bean-uasal fhalamh.

A cudgel hung with bells, a lady without means.

Ubh aig eireig, 's bean aig sgalaig.

A young hen with an egg, and a farm-servant with a wife.

Creatures with a sense of their superior importance, in respect of what they have achieved.

An addition sometimes given is, 'Bréid air sean-nighinn, 's i 'g a shìor-chàradh—*An old maid with a head-dress, continually getting mended.*

Ubh gun ìm gun salann, 'an ceann sheachd bliadhna thig a ghalar.

An egg without butter or salt will breed a disease after seven years.

See 'Aran 'us uibhean'.

Ubh na circe 'dol a shireadh ubh a' gheòidh.

The hen-egg going to seek the goose-egg.

The hen's egg gaes to the ha' to bring the guse's egg awa.—*Scot.*
'Spoken when poor people give small gifts to be doubly repaid.'

—*Kelly.*

Al. Ubh na circe duinne 'dol do'n tigh-mhór, gun ubh a' gheòidh a thoirt as.

The brown hen's egg going to the big house, without bringing back the goose-egg.

Uidh air n-uidh thig an t-slàinte, 's 'n a tonna mór' an easlainte.

By degrees comes health, but in great waves comes sickness.

Al. Muin air mhuin thig an easlainte, ach uidh air n-uidh thig an t-slàinte.

Uilleadh na bà am mach 's a steach, mur leighis sin
an Gàidheal, cha 'n 'eil a leigheas ann.

*The oil of the cow, without and within, if that won't
heal the Gael, there's no cure for him.*

Al. Uraireachd na bà—The fat of the cow.

Milk, cream, butter, neat-foot oil, are all included.

Uir, ùir, air sùil Odhrain! mu'n labhair e tuille còmh-
raidh.

Earth, earth on Oran's eye! lest he talk more.

The story to which this saying is supposed to refer is, that at the time of founding his religious establishment at Iona, St. Columba received divine intimation that one of his companions must be buried alive, as a sacrifice necessary to the success of the undertaking, and that St. Oran offered himself, and was duly interred. On the third day St. Columba went and opened the grave, to see how his friend fared. Presently Oran raised his eyes, and uttered these words,

Cha 'n 'eil am bàs 'n a iongantas,

No Ifrinn mar a dh' aithrisear.

Death is no wonder, nor is Hell as it is said.

The story goes that St. Columba, shocked by such sentiments, exclaimed in the words above given, and covered up St. Oran again as fast as possible.

The above is the substance of a quotation given by Macintosh, in a note on this saying, but without naming the author. A better version of Oran's words, got from Tiree, is

Cha 'n 'eil an t-Eug 'n a annas,

'S cha 'n 'eil Ifrinn mar a dubhrar ;

Cha teid math am mugh,

'S cha bhi olc gun dioladh.

Death is nothing strange,

Nor Hell as has been said ;

Good will not perish,

Nor evil be unpunished.

It was part of this tradition, that Oran used to dispute with Columba about the torments of the future, and entertained laxer views.

The story of St. Oran's burial appears first in the old Irish life of St. Columba, of which Mr. Skene gives a translation by Mr. W. M. Hennessey at the end of Vol. II. of his *Celtic Scotland*, and of which the original was printed for the first time by Mr. Whitley Stokes in his *Three Middle Irish Homilies*. It is as follows,—
'Colum Cille then said to his people, 'It is well for us that our roots should go under ground here'; and he said to them, 'It is permitted to you that some one of you go under the earth of this island to consecrate it'. Odran rose up readily, and thus he said,

'If thou wouldst accept me,' he said, 'I am ready for that'. 'O Odran,' said Colum Cille, 'thereof thou shalt have the reward, viz., to none shall his request be granted at my grave unless from thee he seek it first.' Odran then went to heaven. He then founded the church of Hii.' There is no mention here, or in any other writing, of the strange event of the third day.

Oran is not even named by Adamnan; nor is he included in the oldest list of the twelve companions of Columba. The Oran after whom *Réilig Odhrain*, Oran's burial-place, is named, is designated 'Abbot' by Angus the Culdee, and his death is recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters in the year 548, i.e., fifteen years before Columba came to Scotland. The result is, that the above curious story and saying are left without a particle of historical foundation. As an invention, however, they are both interesting and instructive.

Uisge beatha 'bhalaich mhóir, òlamaid gun taing e.

The great churl's whisky, let us drink it, and no thanks to him.

This is the only proverb in all the present collection in which whisky is mentioned; and it is not an old one.

Uisge dónn na duilleig; uisge dubh nam friamh, 's uisge glas a' Chéitein, trì uisgeachan a's mios' a th' ann.

The brown rain at the fall of the leaf; the black rain at the springing of roots; and the gray rain of May; the three worst of waters.

Of a quite different import is another similar saying, Uisge dónn na duillich, tha e ro-mhath do na fearaibh òg—*The brown rain of the foliage is very good for young men.*

Uisge mór a sgaoileas ceò.

Heavy rain scatters mist.

See 'Gaoth tuath'.

Uisge teth bho'n bhuain, 's uisge fuar bho 'n àr.

Hot water after reaping, cold water after ploughing.

Al. bho 'n chrann.

For washing; hot water in warm weather, cold water in Spring; very sensible advice.

Urchair a' mhaodail air a' bhrochan.

The paunch's hit at the porridge.

Urchair an doill mu'n dabhaich.

The blind man's shot at the tub.

Al. Mar 'thilg an dall a phloc—*As the blind man threw his cudgel.*

Mal dall yn tawlu eiffon.—*Welsh.*

According to a certain story, Dabhach was the name of Ossian's wife, and the blind old bard one day, provoked by something, threw a deer's bone at her, and missed.—See Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*, p. 38.

Urnuigh an diugh, 's briagan am màireach.

Prayers to-day, and lies to-morrow.

Urnuigh maraiche ré stoirm.

A sailor's prayer in a storm.

Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo.—*Ital.*

See Rabelais, B. IV., c. 19, Of Panurge and Friar John in the storm.

Urram a' bhleidire do 'n stràcair.

The sneak's deference to the swaggerer.

SUPPLEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT.

OUT of a number of proverbs and phrases, got too late for insertion in their alphabetical places, or omitted, the following have been selected :—

A' cur bruic á 'ladhran.

Kicking badgers out of his heels.

Said of one in a great rage.

A' cur a' sgileam air a' sgoileam.

Making a noise about a trifle.

This is a specimen of unmeaning words used to express something.

A mhic a' chait d'am bu dual am bainne òl !

Son of the cat, born to drink milk !

Air a' ghabhail sin fhéin.

On that footing, be it so.

Am fear a bhios tric 'an gàbhadh, theid a bhàthadh uair-eigin.

The man who often is in danger will be some day drowned.

This is undoubtedly Hebridean.

Am fear a chriomas, ionnlaideadh.

Let him that picks wash.

He that soils his fingers must clean himself.

Am fear a 's mò a gheabh, 's e a's mò a dh' iarras.

He that gets most will ask most.

An dubh-liath cuid an amadain, 's a' sgamhan cuid na h-òinnsich.

The spleen the fool's part, the lights the silly woman's.

An rud a bhios sàmhach cha chluinn na luchain e.

What is silent the mice won't hear.

An rud a theid 's a' bhrù, theid a shùgh do na casan.

What goes into the belly sends its sap to the feet.

An taobh a bheir thusa do chùl, na 'm bu tig an t-aon là a bheir thu t-aghaidh !

Where you turn your back, may you never turn your face !

An uair a thig rìgh ùr, thig lagh ùr.

When a new king comes, new laws come.

Anail a' Ghàidheil—air a' mhullach.

The Gael's breathing-place—on the the summit.

Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.—*Scott.*

Aon là 's-t-Earrach, naoidh a's t-Fhoghar.

One day in Spring, nine in Autumn.

Bainne nan gobhar fo chobhar 's e blàth, 's e chuir a' spionnadh
's na daoine a bha.

Goat milk foaming and warm, that gave their strength to our fathers.

Baobh sam bith a ni guidhe, far an teoth' an gaol, 's ann a's
truim' am buille.

When a wicked woman curses, where the love is hottest, there the blow is heaviest.

Barail a' bhrùic air a ladhran, barail bhoichd.

The badger's opinion of his own claws, a poor opinion.

Bheireadh e gàir' air gamhainn.

It would make a stirk laugh.

Bhrist thu air gàradh an t-sagairt.

You have broken the priest's wall.

Said to children when they lose teeth in their seventh year, at
which time they are supposed in the Roman Church to become re-
sponsible.

Bodachan beag 'an taobh tigh' a mhna.

A little old body at the side of his wife's house.

Breac a' mhuiltein air an athar; là math am màireach.

A dappled sky to-day; a good day to-morrow.

Caib air no dheth, cùm do chas air a' sgonnan.

Iron on or off, keep your foot on the peg.

The 'caib' of the old crooked spade, 'cas-chróm,' was the iron with
which it was pointed; the 'sgonnan' was the peg on which the right
foot was pressed. The meaning is, 'Keep working, even with a defective
implement'.

Carraig Phàidein fo na brìdich.

Pat's rock under pigmies.

This is a Tíree saying, probably of Irish origin, applied to anything
venerable under foot of the unworthy. The Rev. Mr. Campbell,
from whom I got it, says that Pàidein is the diminutive of Pàdruig,
and = Pat or Paddy, whence MacFadyen. But he knows no place of
the name of 'Carraig Phàidein,' neither do I. Can it possibly refer to
'Creag-Phàdruig' near Inverness? Another version, however, makes
it 'Carraig-Fhearguis,' Carrickfergus, a well known place.

Cha b'fhearr a' chreach air an d'fhuair.

The spoil by which it was got was no better.

Said when a tenant comes to grief in land taken unmercifully from
another.

Cha bhi cuimhn' air an aran nach fhan anns a' sgòrnan.
The bread is forgot that passes the throat.

Cha bhi 'trod ach an cuid aodaich.
Only their clothes will quarrel.

Cha bhòrd bòrd gun aran, ach 's bòrd aran leis fhéin.
A table sans bread is no table, but bread is a table itself.

Cha chumadh an Rìgh snaoisean ris a' ghaoith.
The King himself couldn't keep the wind in snuff.

Cha chumar cas bheò 'am balg.
Living legs can't be kept in bags.

This 'dubh-fhacal' seems to refer to the same thing as 'Cha do chuir thu do dhà chois fhathast 's an aon osan—*You haven't yet put both your legs in one hose, = shroud.*

Cha dean làmh ghlan eòrna.
Clean hand won't make barley.

Cha do chailleadh bàta riamh, 's i 'giulan nan seòl.
A boat was never lost that carried her sail.

Cha do loisg duine riamh a thigh roimh 'n chreich ach aon duine, 's ghabh e aithreachas.

None ever burnt his house before the foray but one, and he repented.
The anticipated foray never came !

Cha d' rug fear na caithris riamh air fear na moch-eiridh.
The night-watcher never overtook the early-riser.

Cha leasachadh air droch obair-latha bhi fada gun tòiseachadh.
It's no mending of a bad day's work to be long of beginning.
Al. gun sgur—without stopping.

Cha mhair a' ghrian mhaidne ré an latha.
The morning sun won't last all day.

Cha 'n aithnichinn e ged thachradh e 'n am bhrochan orm.
I shouldn't know him if I met him in my gruel.

Cha 'n ann de mo chuideachd thù, cha 'n ann de mo chuideachd thù, ars an colman.

You are not of my flock, not of my flock, said the dove.
This is a pretty imitation of the cooing of a dove.

Cha 'n 'eil bradan gun a leth-bhreac.
There's no salmon without peer.

Anglers sometimes need to be reminded of this.

Cha 'n 'eil earbsa sa bith ri 'chur anns na h-Eileanaich.
There is no trust to be put in the Islanders.

A Lorn saying, originating probably in the difficulty of Islanders, who had to depend on the weather, in keeping their engagements.

Cha 'n 'eil fhios có a's glìce, fear a chaomhnas na fear a chaitheas.

None can say which is wiser, he that saves or he that spends.

Cha 'n fhiach òrdugh oidhche.

Night orders are not good.

This is of the same sense as 'Day will bring counsel'. There are old legends of hunters and others, who wished for their loves at night, and were visited by Fairy women or vampires, and killed.

Cha robh corca math riamh gun shìolman.

No good oats ever were without refuse.

Cha robh cron air ach an cron a bh' air Fionn.

He had no fault but that of Fingal.

Fingal's one fault was that he was only 8 feet high, while all the rest of his comrades were taller.

Cha robh molach nach ro sona.

None was hairy but was happy.

See 'Cha bhi sonas air bus lóm'.

Cha sheas càirdeas air a' leth-chois.

Friendship won't stand on one leg.

Cha tugadh cu gearr 'earball as uat.

A tail-less dog wouldn't take his tail from you.

Said of very sharp people.

Chaidh tu gu Dunbheagain orm.

You went to the extreme with me.

Lit. to Dunvegan. A Lochaber saying.

Cho fileanta ri uileann fìdhleir.

As tuneless as a fiddler's elbow.

Clann Diarmaid nam busa dubha, cuiribh riu 'us beireabh orra.

The black-mouthed MacDiarmids, go at them and catch them.

This probably refers to the MacDiarmids of Glen Lyon.

Clann Fhionghain nam faochag.

The Mackinnons of wilks.

A common nickname in Skye. This surname is usually written 'Mac Iomhuinn,' founded on a pretty but fanciful etymology. A more probable derivation traces the clan to one called Fingan.

Cnàmhan a' chinn-aghairt.

The pillow-head gnawing.

A curtain lecture.

Coin bhadhail 'us clann dhaoìn' eile.

Stray dogs and other people's children.

Coltach ri casag Iain Ruaidh Bhuidhe, gun chumadh gun eireachdas.

Like yellow red John's coat, without shape or elegance.

Crann a réir a' bhàta.

A mast to suit the boat.

Dail-na-cille, 's Dail-a-ghlinne, 's Dail mhór Chrònaig, 'n uair
'theid sin a threabhadh, theid a' ghort á Cinn-a'-Ghearr-Loch.

*Dalnakill, Dalglen, and great Dalchroanaig; when these are
ploughed, there will be no more dearth in Kingairloch.*

Three sequestered and uncultivated spots in Kingairloch. The saying points to a state of things common in olden times, but which now, happily, need not be feared.

Dean suidhe, 'thàilleir; 's dean suidhe, 'thuirnear; suidheadh càch mar a's deise; suidhidh mise ri taobh an leisteir.

Sit down, tailor; sit down, turner; let the rest sit as is best; I'll sit beside the arrow-maker.

In the Preface to Ronald Macdonald's Collection of Songs, a more imperfect version of this proverb is given, as an illustration of the fatherly hospitality of Highland lairds to their dependents.

Dh'itheadh daoine na cruachan, ach thigeadh iad suas air na tudanan.

People could eat the big stacks, but they could do with the little ones.

Dithis a gheabh fois a nochd, mise 's an t-each bàn, mu'n dubhairt a' bhean 'n uair a chual i mu bhàs a fir.

Two that will have peace to-night, myself and the white horse, as the woman said when she heard of her husband's death.

Duin' a sheasadh an gràpa 'n a dhùnan.

A man in whose dunghill the fork would stand.

A man of substance.

Eireachdas mnathan Loch-Obha, am bréid odhar a thionndadh.

The elegance of the Loch Awe women, turning the dun clout inside out.

A Lorn saying.

Facal ann, a Mhaighstir Iain, 's am Brugh a' lionadh.

Get on, Mr. John, the channel is filling.

The Rev. John McLean was minister of Kilninian (see p. 190) in Mull, including Ulva and Gometra. These islands are separated by a narrow channel called the 'Brugh,' which is passable on foot except at high water. Mr. M. was preaching at Gometra, and the beadle reminded him in the above words, proverbial in Mull, that it was time to be winding up.

Far am bi cairbhean cruinnichidh coin.

Where carcasses are dogs will gather.

Fear eil' air son Eachainn!

Another for Hector!

Said at the battle of Inverkeithing, 1652, in reference to the chief of the MacLeans, Hector Roy of Duart, who was killed there, with hundreds of his clan.—*Cuairtear*, 1842, pp. 96-7. Sir Walter uses this saying in his description of the Clan fight in the *Fair Maid of Perth*.

Fear farumach, 's e cothromach ; ceann 'us casan math aige ;
'us gun a mhàthair beò.

*A man of energy, and well-to-do ; with good head and good legs ;
and his mother not alive.*

The Lochaber 'beau-ideal' of an 'eligible' man.

'Farumach' expresses the cheerful stir made by a man whose foot
will have 'music in't as he gaes up the stair'.

Fòghnaidh fear nach d' fhàs do 'n laogh nach d' rugadh.

Grass that hasn't grown will suit the unborn calf.

Gabh an latha math as a thoiseach.

Take the good day early.

Gabh eòlas Rudh-a'-bhàird air.

Take it like the Bard's Point.

Avoid it. This is a Lewis saying.

Gàire ri do mhì-chiatadh.

Laughing at your shame.

Ge b'e ghoideadh an t-ubh ghoideadh e 'chearc, nam faodadh e.

Who would steal the egg would steal the hen.

Ge b' oil leis a' mhnaoi, tha 'n còta saoi bhir.

In spite of the wife, the coat is unstinted.

A Lochaber saying. The goodwife, who made the cloth, wished to
scrimp the measure, in the spirit of 'Tak yir auld cloak about ye.'

Ge bu don' an saor bu mhath a shliseag, mu'n dubhairt bean
an t-saoir 'n uair a chaochail e.

*Though bad was the carpenter, good was his chip, as his wife said
when he died.*

Ged a gheabhteadh duin air chòir, cha bu chòir a shàruchadh.

A good man should not be overtaxed.

If thy friend be honey, do not eat him all. — Arab.

Ged is don' an Donas, thoir a chothrom fhéin da.

Give the Devil his due.

Al. Thoir a dhlighe fhéin do 'n Donas, ged is don' a chòir air.

Is ann 'an casan coin a bhios 'earal.

A dog's caution is in his legs.

Is breagh cuid ceaird dhith.

The tinker's part of her is fine.

Said of a cow with fine horns, but poor otherwise.

Is cruaidh an cnoc air nach criomadh e.

It's a hard hill where he couldn't get picking.

Is cuagach ceartas an eucoirich.

The justice of the unjust is twisted.

Is e dh' itheas móran am fear nach fhaigh ach beagan.

He will eat much who gets little.

Is e 'n duine 'n t-aodach, 's cha 'n i 'cholainn bhriagach.

The clothes are the man, not the lying body.

Is e farmad a ni treabhadh, 's e còmhstri a ni buain.

Emulation ploughs and rivalry reaps.

Is fhada bhios duine triall, far nach miann leis a dhol.

A man goes slowly where he doesn't wish.

Is fhada Dunéideann bho 'n fhear 'tha 'g éirigh 's a' Stòir.

Edinburgh is far from the man who rises at Stoer.

Stoer is a parish in the west of Sutherland.

Is fhearr an cumadair na 'n cronadair.

The maker is better than the critic.

Is fhearr aon sine bheò na dà bhoin mharbh.

One living teat is better than two dead cows.

Al. na dà làmhaig—*than two axes.* The axe was the weapon with which the cow was killed.

Is iomadh 'thuir' 'us 'thairt' a bhios 'an tigh an tuathanaich.

Many are the 'on dits' in the cottage.

Is luaithe aon chù a' ruith na dhà dhiag 'g a ruagadh.

One dog fleeing is swifter than twelve pursuing.

Is luaithe cù na 'chuideachd.

A dog goes before his company.

Al. Cuiridh cù e fhéin air thoiseach.

Said of forward ill-mannered persons.

Is mairg a thréigeadh an tuath, 's nach buannaicheadh an tigh-earnas.

Woe to him that would forsake the tenantry, without winning the laird.

Is math Bréinein an déigh na cloinne sèimh.

The bad boy is good when the gentle ones go.

When the good children die, the worst child becomes more valued.

Is math cobhair nam bioran le 'chéile.

The union of sticks is helpful.

This is the old Roman parable.

Is math na fir, ach na chì iad.

The men are good, but for what they see.

This is a feminine saying, meaning that men who stick at home and pry too much into domestic matters, are out of place.

Is math na h-eòin far an gintear iad.

The birds are good in their native place.

A very Highland sentiment, deeply felt even in St. Kilda.

Is olc am bathar nach mol an ceannaiche.

It is bad ware which the merchant praises not.

Is olc am mèirleach a dh' itheas 's a dh' innseas.

He's a sorry thief who eats and tells.

Is olc an t-òlach nach gabh 's nach toir.

He's a bad fellow that won't take or give.

Is teann leam inneir an eich air an arbhar.

I think the horse's dung too near the corn.

Said to aggressive or presuming people.

Ithidh na cait fuigheall nan caolan.
Cats will eat the refuse of small guts.

Leathaineach gun bhòsd; Dònnullach gun tapadh; Caimbeulach gun mhórchuis.

A McLean without boast; a McDonald without cleverness; a Campbell without pride.

Three rarities.

Luideag 'us Doideag, 'us Corrag nigh'n Iain Bhàin; Cas a' mhogain riabhaich á Gleann Còmhain; 'us Gormshuil mhór bhàrr na Màighe.

Raggie and Frizzle, and fair John's daughter's Finger; brindled Hoggan-foot from Glencoe, and big Blue-eye from Moy.

The names of a gathering of witches. See Dr. MacLeod's *Rem. of a Highl. Par.*, p. 249.

Ma dh'itheas tu cridh'an eòin, bidh do chridhe air chrith ri d' bheò.

If you eat the bird's heart, your heart will palpitate for ever.

This and the next are meant for children.

Ma dh'itheas tu teanga na caora, bidh tu 'mèilich ri d' bheò.

If you eat the sheep's tongue, you will bleat for ever.

Ma stad iad mu Ghott, stad iad mu Ghott.

If they stopped at Gott, they did stop there.

A Tìree saying, applied to people who stop halfway. Gott is a hamlet a little way from the port of Scarinish.

Mac an Luin a bh'aig Mac Cumhail,

Nach d'fhàg fuigheal do dh'feòil dhaoine.

The son of Lun, Fingal's sword,

That left no remnant of men's flesh.

From the 'Ceardach,' Gillies, p. 236; Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*, p. 65. See 'Cha d'fhàg claimheadh Fhinn,' *ante*, p. 95.

Ma 's tuath a ghoireas an cù cain, 's gearr gu bàs fear dhe 'mhuinntir.

If the dear dog bark to the north, soon shall one of his household die.

Mac Cuaraig an lóin, 'chuir a' chuag air a bhròig.

Kennedy of the meadow, who put his shoe out of shape.

Mar chlach a' dol 'an aghaidh bruthaich, feasgar rìghinn Earraich; mar chlach a' ruith le gleann, feasgar fann Foghair.

Like stone sent uphill is the long Spring evening; like stone running down glen is soft Autumn evening.

Millidh smugaid cuideachd.

A spittle will spoil a company.

This is an extreme but not extravagant illustration of the Celtic sense of propriety. Our Celts require to cross the Atlantic to get rid of this objection to careless spitting.

Na ith sùil, no ùth, no àra, 's cha bhi galar cìeh gu bràth ort.
Eat not eye, or udder, or liver, and thy breasts shall ail thee never.

Rathad Mhórinis do Chill-Fhinichein.

Going by Morinish to Kilfinichen.

A round-about way. This is a Mull saying. A Tíree saying is, 'Rathad Hogh do Hoighnis'; a Coll saying, 'Rathad Feall do dh' America'. An Ardnamurchan saying is, 'Rathad nam Mealla Ruadh thun na Ranna,' or 'Cuartachadh Iain Ruaidh thun na Ranna'; the Ranna being on the north of Ardnamurchan, and the 'Mealla Ruadh' the precipitous red rocks on the south side.

'S e do bheatha fuireach, ach 's e do bhuidheann falbh ; chì thu dorus do thighe fhéin bho dhorus mo thighe-sa.

You are welcome to stay, but you had better go ; you can see your own door from mine.

Sgéul 'g a innse do'n ghearran, 's an gearran a' cur bhram as.

Telling a story to the gelding, and the gelding breaking wind.

Sgugairneach de dh' ian deireadh Foghair, 's mairg a dh' fheith ri d' bhreith 's a' Mhàrt.

Useless bird at Harvest end, pity those who waited for your birth in March.

Al. Gugarlach.

Applied to clumsy workers, more in the way than helpful.

Tàillear a' ghogan ime, 's figheadair na fuaraig.

The tailor of the butter cog, the weaver of the crowdie.

Tha e mar chù an déigh seilg.

He is like a dog after the chase.

Thoir tlachd do'n mhath, 'us math an t-olc.

Love the good and forgive the bad.

Trì coilceadha na Fèinne, bàrr gheal chrann, cóinneach, 'us ùr luachair.

The three Fenian bed-stuffs, fresh tree-tops, moss, and fresh rushes.

See Lihuyd's *Arch. s.v. coil ceadha.*

Here follow some sayings in verse, which, for various reasons, were not included in the body of this collection. Some of them can hardly be reckoned as proverbs, but are worth preserving. Translations of these, and of the didactic verses that follow, must be dispensed with.

A mhic a' bhodachain lachduinn,

A bun Lochabar nan craobh,

Cleas a' chait a dh'òl an t-uachdar,

Theid a' chluas 'thoirt dhìot mu'n mhaoil.

A mhic, ma theid thu 'g an taghadh,
 Na tagh na dubha móra, no na donna-mala ;
 Na tagh Cinneagag, no Cruinneagag, no Snàthdag,
 No Léum-air-mheall, no Cnap-air-sluigein,
 No Luinneagag-liana, no Pìobaire-na-tota ;
 Ach tagh bean dhónn, mar thónn air uisge glan ;
 Ciarag bheag air dhath na luch, na sir 's na seachain.

This is one of the most complete versions of that already given at p. 330.

An Srath-'Ion'ineach gea',
 'S an grinne béus gun smal ;
 An Srath 's an cruaidhe clach,
 'S an sgaitich cù 'us bean !

This refers to the parish of Strath in Skye, the old territory of the MacKinnons.

C'arson a bhithinn mar chroman-lóin,
 A' tional lóin air bhàrr gach pris ?
 C'arson nach caithinn-sa an saoghal,
 'S gur ciunt' gu'n caith an saoghal mis' ?

Gaoth an iar air rudh' na Feiste,
 Oidhche dhorch, ceò 'us uisge,
 Clann Dònuill air bhòrdaibh briste,
 Leam cha mhisde !
 Birlinn chaol chorrach,
 Siùil àrd bhinneach,
 Sgioba fhann fheargach,
 Gun urram aon d' a chéile.

This expresses the bad wish of a MacLeod for the MacDonalds, when these two great clans were at deadly feud, and nothing could be more terribly graphic. There is genius in the imagination of the accumulated horrors. The 'Feiste' is a wild black rocky point on the west of Skye, near the grand cliff of Vaterstein, a place of dread for any distressed bark, in a dark night with west wind. The description of the galley, as 'slender and crank, with high peaked sails,' and that of the crew as 'weak, angry, none respecting his fellow,' is the beau-ideal of nautical risk and of anarchy.

A version somewhat similar was given to me as a MacDonald prayer for the MacLeods, but this is the better one.

Is fearr beagan na 'bhi gun nì,
 Is fearr caraid' na con-amhìr,
 Is fearr a bhi sona na 'bhi glic,
 Ach coisnidh an t-aithneach an t-anam.

This is given by Macintosh, and the word 'con-amhìr' is translated 'enemy,' but it is to be found nowhere else.

Is ioma fear buidhe,
 'N a shuidh ann an Uibhist,
 Nach itheadh na h-uibhean 's a' Charghus ;
 A rachadh do 'n aonach,
 'S a ghoideadh na caoraich,
 Ged chrochte' le taod no le cainb e.

This is a good specimen of Gaelic satire.

Ma bhios mi beò, beiridh mi mac ;
 Gheabh mi fear ged nach coi-dheas ;
 Bho'n is i mo mhiàthair nach beir mac,
 Is e mo bhràthair mo roghainn.

This is said to have been the answer of a matron, whose husband, son, and only brother had been captured, and who got her choice, which of the three to have released. It is pleasant to know, on the authority of Macintosh's note, that the whole three were restored to the spirited matron.

Mar an iadh-shlat ri balla,
 No mac-talla ri creig,
 Leanaidh amhluidh gu daingeann
 Ri fear-tagraidh nam bréug.
 Good sentiment, but bad rhyme.

Mèirle 'dheanamh air a' mhèirleach,
 Gu'm b'e sin a' mhèirle bhorb ;
 Cha 'n 'eil taobh a theid a' mèirleach,
 Nach 'eil mèirleach air a lorg.

Mèirle salainn 's mèirle frois,
 Mèirl' o nach fhaigh anam clos ;
 Gus an teid an t-iasg air tìr,
 Cha 'n fhaigh mèirleach an lìn clos.

This illustrates the great value attached to salt and lint-seed, especially among a fishing population, at a time when the duty on salt was excessive, and lint was cultivated in the Hebrides. Another version is—

Mèirleach salainn 'us mèirleach lìn,
 Dà mhèirleach nach fhaigh fois ;
 Ge b'e thig no nach tig a nìos,
 Cha tig mèirleach a' lìn ghlais.

Mi 'm shuidhe air cnocan nan déur,
 Gun chraicionn air méur no air bónn ;
 A Rìgh, 's a Pheadair, 's a Phòil,
 Is fada an Ròimh bho Loch-Lóng !

This deep-felt utterance is ascribed to Muireadhach Albanach, (*circa* 1180-1220), the first distinguished representative of a great Clan, *Clann*

Mhuirich, commonly called Macpherson, as he sat down at the head of Loch Long in Argyleshire, on his return from a pilgrimage to Rome, having walked the whole way, save the ferries.

Muileann Bhun-Màigh—‘Theid agam air, theid agam air’;

Muileann Choire-Chuinnlidh—‘Leig h-ugam e, leig h-ugam e.

This is a pleasant imitation of the sound of a mill-hopper. The two mills mentioned are or were in Lochaber, the one at Moy, the other at Coirachoilly.

Na biodh ro-ghaol, 's na bitheadh fuath,

Agad-s' air sluagh Innis-thréud ;

Na smaintich air na chaidh 'thoirt bhuat,

'S a' chuid nach deachaidh bhuat gun téid.

This is from one of Dr M'Leod's papers in the *Cruairtear*, Jan., 1842, p. 311. These words were said to have been heard by a man sitting at midnight on his wife's grave.

Nic Gleosgair mhór, 's a triùir nighean,

'S a beairt-fhighe, 's a fùcadair.

This refers to three remarkable stacks of rock, called MacLeod's Maidens, off the coast of Idrigill, on the west of Skye, compared by Sir Walter Scott to the Norse 'Choosers of the slain,' or 'Riders of the Storm'. One of the three smaller rocks, and the 'fùcadair' (*fuller*) have disappeared; and the 'beairt-fhidhe' (*weaving-loom*) is now scarcely visible.

Seachd bliadhna roimh 'n bhràth,

Thig muir air Eirinn ré aon tràth,

'S thar Ile ghuirm ghlais,

Ach snàmhaidh I Choluim Chléirich.

An elegant but periphrastic translation of this by Dr. John Smith is given in his *Life of St. Columba*.

Seasaidh an fhìrinn,

Gu dìreach, daingeann, réidh,

Cha 'n ann air a' ghainneamh,

Ach air creig mar stéigh.

This seems to be a paraphrase of MATTH. vii. 24-27.

'S e 'm buileachadh 'ni 'n cruinneachadh,

'S e 'n cruinneachadh 'ni sguaban,

Na sguaban 'ni na mulanan,

'S na mulanan na cruachan.

Seinn-féin riamh ni mholamar,

Tha'm balbh mar na linnnte làna,

An sruthan a's endoimhne

Is e labhras gu dàna.

This is given in the first ed. of Macintosh, but not in the second.

Siadair sin 'us Siadair,
 Cha do chinnich duine riamh ann,
 'S ged is lìonmhor do chnocan,
 Leaghaidh do chuid mar am fiar ann.

This saying, in reference to a farm near Uig in Skye, is attributed to Coinneach Odhar, the Brahan Seer.

'S mór an dearmad mearachd focail,
 'S ann a' tha 'n t-olc anns a' mhi-rùn ;
 'S fearr fear foghainteach feargach
 Na fear min cealgach 'us e ciùin.

Tha 'n uaisle 'n a h-éire thróm,
 Air an fhóinn nach faighear nì,
 'S mo chreach ! ma gheabhar an crodh 's a' bhuaile,
 Cha 'n fhaighear an uaisle leis a' mhnaoi.

Al. Far am faighear an crodh cha 'n fhaighear am modh.

This is part of the son's reply to the father's advice on marriage (p. 330) in one of the versions.

Teirgidh gach nì ri 'chaitheamh,
 'S a bhi 'g a chaitheamh gu minig ;
 'S an nì sin nach caithear,
 Ged nach caithear gu 'n teirig ;
 Bho 'n a theirgeas gach nì gun chaitheamh,
 Grathunn mu 'n tig am bràth ;
 Is còir gach nì a chaitheamh,
 Mu 'n caith e fhéin as a thàmh.

Trì mìosan cù,
 Cóg caogad cat ;
 Is ionann bean 'us bó,
 'S bliadhna mhór do'n làir.

This refers to the time of going with young. The usual meaning of the word 'Caogad' is fifty, but here it is used to signify *nine days*.

Triughas air na luirgne loma,
 Bonnaid air na maolanaich,
 Féileadh air na daoine tapaidh,
 Casag air na slaodairean.

Tùs mì-rath nam bheachd,
 Ge b'e aca neach 'g a foirm,
 An coileach a bhi 'n a thàmh,
 Us a' chearc a bhi dha 'gairm.

COMHAIRLEAN DUINE GHLIC DO 'MHAC.

The following verses are from John Gillies's Collection of Gaelic Poetry, published at Perth in 1786, now a rare book. In the *Cuairtear* of June, 1842, five verses are given, entitled 'Comhairlean an t-sean Duine,' substantially the same as some of these, but with variations. Among the MSS. of a Kintail poet, Duncan MacRa, dated 1688, in the possession of Mr. Donald Mackinnon, Edinburgh, in a piece called 'Pairt de Chomhairle Mhic Eachain 'Ic Fhearachair do Mhac an Toisich a Dhalta,' two verses occur which correspond nearly verbatim with two verses of Gillies's edition. Other two are in Macintosh's collection. In the collection of Irish Proverbs appended to Canon Bourke's Grammar are still other two verses, headed 'Comhairle an t-Seanduire,' somewhat different, but apparently part of the same poem. An additional verse, appended to the ironical advice, was got by Mr. A. A. Carmichael, in Uist. It is evidently a part of the same poem. All these fragmentary relics illustrate how rhymed compositions are preserved, in whole or in part, from generation to generation. A few emendations of Gillies's text are given, the more important of which are noted. His grammar and spelling are not of the best. The wisdom, good feeling, humour, and pithiness of these verses are remarkable.

Comhairle 'thug ormsa Brian ;
 Gun mo chiall a bhi gu tais,
 Gun dol 'an cogadh no 'n sgileò,
 Mur saoilinn teachd beò as.

Thug e orm comhairl' eile,
 'S ar leamsa nach i bu tàire,
 Ge bu leam earras an domhain,
 Gun a chur 'an coimheart ri m' nàire.

Cuimhnich sìor-thathaich an teampuill,
 'S na cuir do theann-gheall 's an éucoir ;
 'S na tugadh ort òr no beatha
 Mionnan eithich a thoirt air féudail.¹

Ma chluinn thu faoin-sgeul air fann,
 Na cuir do leth-làmh 'n a luib ;
 Na bi 'nad urrainn anns a' bhréig,
 Leig an sgéul ud seachad uait.

Bi ciatach macant' air d'eòlas,
 'S na tog trògbhail air d'aineol ;
 Na abair gu'n diùlt thu 'chòir,
 Na ob 'us na iarr onoir.²

Bior 'nad dhearn fhéin na fàisg ;
 D' easbhuidh ri d' nàmhaid na rùisg ;
 Roinn ³ sgeine ri d' fheòil na éisd ;
 Béist nimhe ri d' bheò ⁴ na dùisg.

Na bi gu sracanta borb ;
 Na taghail gun lorg an sruth ;
 'S na tigeadh a mach as do bhéul
 Aon ni 'thoilleas duit féin guth.⁵

Na dean tàir air buirbe fir ;
 Na òl balgum garbh á goil ; ⁶
 N' tra 'chì thu 'n caltuinn ghlan ghéur,
 Saltair gu sèimh seach a saidh.⁷

Na bi ro mhór 'us na bi beag ;
 Air fàl-ni ⁸ na caith do chuid ;
 Air ghràdh h-òinich na tog trod,
 'S na h-ob i ma 's h-éiginn duit.

Na bi caithriseach air sràbh ;
 Na dean cnàid air duine bochd ;
 Na mol 's na dimoil an daoil,
 Na gu 'm faighear saoi gun lochd.

A laoigh, o 's leòr d' òige,
 Na còmhdaich cùis chònnspaid ;
 Na rùisg le rabhladh do bhladh ; ⁹
 'S na tog aobhar gun ùghdair.

¹ 'eadail' in Gillies. ² *Al.* urram. ³ faobhar in G. text in Macintosh.
⁴ do d' dheoin in G. text in M. ⁵ *which will earn you reproach.*

⁶ *Al.* Na cuir fearg air fuirbidh fir,
 'S na toir balgum á dian-ghoil.

Al. Na buail dòrn, &c.

⁷ *Tread softly by its edge.* ⁸ *a trifle.* The 'Cuairtear' version of the second and third lines of this verse is,

'S 'an co-òil na cosd do chuid ;

A tigh milidh na tog greigh.

⁹ *Don't expose your character by coarse jesting.*

COMHAIRLEAN CHORMAIC DO 'MHAC.

These verses follow those above in Gillies's Collection ; the first three ironical, the rest serious.

An tùs, 'g a fheuchainn, thubhairt e.

'N uair a théid thu 'thigh an òil,
 Tionndaidh a' chòir bun os cionn ;
 Suidh gu somalt' air cuid chàich ;
 Dimoil 'us na pàidh an leann.

Smachdaich d' athair 'n a àm,
 Tuig nach fhearr e na thu féin;
 Aon fhacal air am bi blas
 Na leig a mach as a' bhéul.

Bi neo-shìobhalta ri mnaoi,
 'S bi gu garbh ri duine bochd;
 Bi gu dìchuimhneach air d' arm,
 'S bi gu tlàth ri dol 'an troid.

The following verse, got in Uist by Mr. Carmichael, plainly belongs to this composition, and may take the place of an omitted verse, coming second in Gillies's version, which is coarse, without any special merit.

'N uair a theid a' chùis mu'n cuairt,
 Seal mu'n togar duais a bhùird,
 Fear dha 'n fhearr is léir a chòir,
 Buail do dhòrn air anns an t-sùil.

An Cormaig ceudna da rìreadh.

Seachain caonnag dhìomhanach,¹
 'Us ni e ciall a ghleidheadh dhuit.

Seachain a' mhuinntir mhi-runach,
 D' am bidh ² an teanga bhaoth-radach,
 Leis an annsa ³ bréug na fireantachd,
 Mu 'n toill e nàire saoghail ⁴ duit.

Na bi struidheil friotalach,⁵
 'An tigh an òil ma thuiteas tu;
 Gléidh teanga shàmhach ⁶ shicir ann,
 Nach toill nàir 'an cuideachd dhuit.

Dean taghal beag nan companach,
 O 's òl 'tha costail ⁷ millteach dhoibh;
 Bi ceart air cùl gach aon duine,
 'S cha 'n fhaod iad aon lochd innseadh ort.

Na innis-sa do d' chompanach,
 'An uaigneas d' nìle inntinn,
 Air eagal 's ma thig àmhghar air,
 'Am feirg gu 'n dean e inns' ort.⁸

Thoir gaol do d' mhnaoi a rithistich;⁹
 Ma 's àill leat gràdh ¹⁰ mu chomhair sin,
 'S aon fhuil 'us fheòil 'n ur dithis sibh,
 An fhad 's is beò air domhain sibh.

Na bi bruidhneach 'an tigh mór,
 'S na bi sòradh ¹¹ air sean-fhear.

An onoir nach fhaigh thu do ghnàth
 Na bi 'g a h-iarraidh aon tràth ;
 An fhàilt bhruidhneach gun 'bhi buan,
 Mar rionnach 'an cuan a' snàmh.

Beannachd ort 's na cùm an fhearg,
 'S na dean cealg air duine bochd,
 Na bi dìan ge d' robh ort dìth,
 Oir 's e Dia a bheir nì dhuit.

Thoir do chomhairle mu seach,
 Air gach neach a bhios 'n a féum ;
 An rud a dhimolas tu 'chàch
 A shamhuil gu bràth na dean féin.

Comhairle de chomhairlean Phòil,
 Na teirig 'an spàirn le d' dheòin ;
 Na dean sùgradh riutha sud,
 O 's tric friogh air an fhìor bhrùid.

The words in Gillies altered above are here given :—

¹ dhiomhidis. ² biodh. ³ ionnsa. ⁴ saoghalt. ⁵ frisealair. This word is unknown. Gillies in a note gives 'doichiollach' as a gloss. 'Friotalach' means fretful. ⁶ sheamhaidh. ⁷ costach. ⁸ See Sirach, viii. 19. ⁹ *Provin.* for ris. ¹⁰ gras. ¹¹ saoth'reach ; in Macintosh, 'saraichte' : 'sòradh,' 'grudging,' the Cuairtear version, is better in sound and sense.

DUNCAN LOTHIAN'S PROVERBS IN VERSE.

This collection forms part of a tract of 36 pp., being the 2nd edition, 'Edinburgh, Menzies, Lawnmarket, 1834'. It contains 1. a Dialogue in verse, 'Deasbaireachd eadar am Papa agus an t-Athleasacha,' a Discussion between the Pope and the Reformation ; 2. 'Sean Fhocail agus Comhadan,' Proverbs and Similitudes ; 3. 'Deoch an Doruis,' The Door-Drink, already given on p. 165 ; 4. David Mackellar's Hymn to the Creator ; 5. an anonymous Hymn ; 6. the Christian on the Brink of Jordan, a Hymn by the Rev. John Macdonald of Urquhart, afterwards Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh. The first three are by Lothian, a brief memoir of whom forms the Preface, signed by John McLachlan, Elder in Fincastle. It states that Lothian, 'Donnacha Loudinn,' was a native of Glen Lyon ; served for a time as a turner under Dugald Buchanan at Kinloch Rannoch ; came thence to Struan ; and finally to Fincastle, where he died about the age of 80. The first edition of these verses was published at Edinburgh in 1797 ; the third at Edinburgh in 1844. McLachlan says he had great difficulty in finding a copy. In Reid's *Bibliotheca Celtica*, p. 76, this entry occurs—"COMH CHRUINNEACHHIDH Orainnigh Gaedhaelach

agus Bearla le Donacha Loudin. *Seria mixta jociis, Ovid.* Aber-
rain Clo-bhuailt ann le Sheumais Chalmers Airson Wm. Sharp,
ann 'n Inverness. 1780. 12^o, 6d." It is difficult to believe that
there were two Duncan Loudins ; and yet the above title is very
unlike the character of this Duncan's muse ; and the publication
it refers to was evidently unknown to MacLachlan or his pub-
lisher. He was intimately acquainted with Duncan, of whom he
says, ' bha eolas cridhe agam air ' ; characterising him as a sober
godly man, a good speaker, deeply earnest in exhorting others,
who spent his life in great esteem, shunning every appearance of
evil. The influence of Buchanan is apparent in these verses, the
composition of which was probably suggested by his ' Bruadar '.
They are very good, and deserve to be known and kept in mind
wherever Gaelic is spoken.

SEAN FHOCAIL AGUS COMHADAN

LE DONNCHA LOUDINN.

'N uair a chailleas neach a mhaoin,
'S gnothach faoin 'bhi 'g iarraidh meas ;
Ge do labhair e le céill,
'S beag a gheibh e 'dh'éisdeas ris.

'S beag sgoinn de mhòintich am monadh ;
'S beag sgoinn de choille am fàsach ;
'S lugha meas tha 'dhuine falamh,
'N uair 'tha 'earras an déigh fhàgail.

'S ioma caraid 'th' aig fear saibhir,
Tha daoine bochda gun phris ;
'S gann a dh'aidicheas an càirdean
Gu 'm buin iad dhaibh, 'us iad 'bhi 'n dith.

'S fearr a bhi bochd na 'bhi breugach,
'S fearr fheuchainn na 'bhi 's an dùil ;
'S fearr am fear a chostas beagan
Na 'm fear a theicheas ann an cùil.

Tha 'n fhìrinn gu cliùteach sona,
Cha chron air duine 'bhi fial ;
S fearr beagan auns an onoir
Na 'n donas 'us ceithir chiad.

Is ainmig a dh' éir'eas fortan
Le fear crosta 'bhios gun chéill ;
'S fearr do dhuine fuireach sàmhach,
Na droch dhàn a chur an céill.

Eiridh tónn air nìsge balbh ;
 Gheibhear cearb air duine glie ;
 Eiridh gnothach le fear mall ;
 Bristidh am fear 'tha call gu tric.

Tha 'ghaineamh fhéin anns gach sruthan ;
 Cha 'n 'eil tuil air nach tig tràghadh ;
 'S don' an càirdeas gun a chumail,
 'S cha 'n fhaighear duine gun fhàiling.

Is coltach fear 'tha ris an fhoill,
 'S nach 'eil sgoinn aige de 'n chòir,
 Ris an duin' a thaisg an luaidhe,
 Agus a thilg uaithe an t-òr.

'S dona thig maighdean gun 'bhi beusach ;
 Cha dean fear gun ghéire dàn ;
 Cha dean fear gun fhoghlum leughadh,
 'S cha tig léigh gu duine slàn.

'S math 'bhi sìothchail anns gach ball ;
 Caillidh duine dall an t-iùl ;
 Is sona neach a bhios gun bheud,
 Ach caillidh luchd nam breug an cliù.

Smuainich mu 'n dean thu labhairt,
 Ma 's àill leat do ghnòthach 'bhi réidh ;
 'S fearr dhut sealltuinn beagan romhad,
 Na sealltuinn fad' air do dhéigh.

Is tróm snith air tigh gun tubhadh ;
 'S tróm tubaist air na dràichdean ;
 'S duilich do mhnaoi beanas-tighe
 Dheanamh air na fraighean fàsa.

Cha tróm leis an loch an lach,
 Cha tróm leis an each an t-srian,
 Cha tróm leis a' chaor' a h-olainn,
 'S cha truimid a' choluinn a ciall.

Cha tróm leis an fhiadh a chabar,
 Cha tróm leis a' choileach a chùrein ;
 Nì 'mheasas aon neach mar leth-trom,
 Chì neach eile mar thoilinntinn.

Tha 'n neach 'tha 'gleidheadh seanchais dhiomhain,
 'S a leigeas diadhaidheachd fo 'bhónn,
 Mar a bha 'n té a thog a chàth,
 'S a dh' fhàg an cruineachd air an tóm.

Caillear mart an droch mhuthaich
 Seachd bliadhna roimh a mithich ;
 Tha sud a' feuchainn 's a' dearbhadh
 Gu 'n tig an t-earchall le mi-fheairt.

Cha 'n fhuirich muir ri uallach,
 'S cha dean bean luath maorach ;
 Cha dean bean gun nàire eugann,¹
 'S cha dean bean gun fhuras aodach.

Far am bi bó bidh bean,
 'S far am bi bean bidh buaireadh ;
 Far am bi fearg bidh bruidheann,
 'Us as a' bhruidhinn thig tuasaid.

Am fear a bhrathas 's e 'mharbhas ;
 Cha deanar dearbhadh gun deuchainn ;
 'S gann a dh' aithn'eas tu do charaid,
 Gus an tachair dhut 'bhi 'd' éigin.

Cha 'n 'eil saoi gun choimeas,
 Cha 'n 'eil coille gun chrìonaich ;
 'S fearr beagan a mhathadh
 Na sean fhalachd a dhioladh.

'S math caraid anns a' chùirt,
 Ma thig neach gu trioblaid ;
 Ach 's fearr aon ian² 's an làimh,
 Na dhà dhiag air iteig.

Leig d' eallach air làr mu 'n lag thu,
 Ma dh' aithn'eas tu d' eallach tróm ;
 Is mór gur fearr an cù a ruitheas
 Na 'n cù a shuidheas air tòm.

Bean thlachdmhor, gun ghuìomh, gun ghleidheadh,
 Ge do thaitinn i ri d' shùil,—
 Ciod am feum a ta 'an lann,
 Mur bi làmh air a cùl ?

Pigheid chaileig air bheag céill,
 Ged 'robh feudail aic 'us stòr,
 Cha 'n fhaod a fear a bhì sona,
 Ma bhios i gnogach anns an t-sròin.

Bean gun nàire gun ghliocas,
 Bean mhisgeach, gun bheusaibh,
 B' fhearr dhut cù a chur mu d' amhuich
 Na do cheangal ri té dhiubh.

Bean ardanach labhar,
 Bean ghabhannach³ chéilidheach,
 Is tùs trioblaid 'us aimbeairt
 Dol gu d' cheangal ri té dhiubh.

Am fear a gheallas 's e 'dh' òcas,
 'S e 'm fear a dh' iarras a phàidheas ;
 Cha chòir do neach a bhi ullamh
 Gu dol 'an cunnart no 'n gàbhadh.

Am fear nach dean àr ri latha fuar,
 Cha dean e buain ri latha teth ;
 Am fear nach dean obair no gnìomh
 Cha'n fhaigh e biadh feadh nam preas.

'S fearr sìth á preas na strì ri glais ;
 Bi faicilleach mu d' ghiùlan,
 'S furas seasamh 'an gnothach ceart,
 Ged 'theid gach cùis gu dùbhlán.

Is tùs a' ghliocais eagal Dé ;
 Cha dean eucoir do chur suas ;
 Co dhiubh is math no 's olc 'ad chré,
 'S ann do réir a gheibh thu duais.

'S fearr an ceartas glan na 'n t-òr ;
 Is beag air duine còir an fhoill ;
 An neach a mheallas tu o d' chùl,
 Chuir e 'dhùil 'an cuid an doill.

Is ciatach gnothach follaiseach,
 Ach 's dona comunn cealgach ;
 An rud a gheibhear aig ceann an Deamhain,
 Caillear e aig 'earball.

Is olc an toiseach cogaidh geilt ;
 Cha 'n ionann sgeul do 'n chreich 's do 'n tòir ;
 Is searbh glòir an fhir a theich,
 'S am fear a dh' fhuirich nì e bòsd.

Is fearr 'bhi tais na 'bhi ro bhras,
 O 'n 's e a's lugha cùram ;
 Is fearr suidh' 'an tigh a' bhròin,
 Na 'n tigh a cheòil 's an t-sùgraidh.

Cha toir neach air éigin beairteas ;
 'S duilich droch chleachd a chuir fàs ;
 Bheir gach Dòmhnuch leis an t-seachduin,
 'S bheir am peacadh leis am bàs.

Na bi ealamh air trodadh,
 'S na bi toileach air tuasaid ;
 Ach ma 's toigh leat do leanabh,
 Na bi leisg air a bhualadh.

Bi 'n còmhnuidh air taobh na sìochaint,⁴
 'S na bi dì-chaisg⁵ air bheag aobhar ;
 'S fearr dhut amadan a bhrengadh,
 Na dol g' a fheuchainn ann an caonnaig.

Na bi talach air do chuibhrinn,
 Ge do robh i baileach⁶ sòmhail,⁷
 'S fhearr greim tioram le sìochaint,
 Na tigh làn iobairt le còmhstri.

Dol a strì ri rud gun choslas,
 Cha 'n 'eil ann ach gnothach faoin ;
 Cha tig feur tre na clochan,
 'S cha tig folt tre chlaigionn aosd'.

Tha e cruaidh air duine lag
 Dol ri bruthach cas 'n a steud ;
 'S tha e tearc am measg an t-sluaigh
 An neach sin a gheibh buaidh air fhéin.

Na bi 'cuir na ciont' air càch,
 Ma tha 'n fhàiling agad fhéin ;
 Is duilich neach a rib' 'an slaod,⁸
 'Us ceann an taoid aige fhéin.

Neach 'tha gu math is còir dha fuireach,
 Gun 'bhi 'strì ri rud nach iomchuidh ;
 Is tric 'bha call an déigh an turuis,
 Ach 's buidhe le amadan imrich.

Is fearr cù beò na leomhan marbh ;
 'S fhearr min gharbh na 'bhi gun bhleth ;
 An rud a chì thu 'thogas fearg,
 Na dean dearmad air a chleth.

Thoir aire cia mar 'ghluaiseas tu ;
 Cha toir thu buaidh le farmad ;
 Is tric le gnothach mìrunach
 Gu 'n crìochnaich e neo-shealbhar.

Bi eòlach mu dhuine an tùs,
 Mu 'n innis thu do rùn g' a cheann ;
 Na cuir do chlàr air a thaobh
 Do neach nach saoil thu 'chuireadh⁹ ann.

Na gabh farmad ri neach idir,
 Ged 'shaoil thu a staid 'bhi mór ;
 A' bheann a 's àirde 'tha 's an tìr
 'S an oirre 's trice 'chì thu 'n ceò.

'S math an gille greasaidh 'n t-eagal ;
 Tha rud air theagamh duilich 'innseadh ;
 'S fhearr dhut teicheadh le onoir,
 Na dol 'thoirt oidhirp neo-chinnteach.

'N uair a theid thu do 'n tigh-leanna,
 Na iarr a bhi 'g amailt na pàirti ;¹⁰
 'S mithich druideadh chòir an dornis,
 'N uair a theannas an sporan ri àicheadh.

Is diomhain dut a bhi 'toirt teagaisg
 Do neach a chuir cùl ri eòlas ;
 Mar 'thionnda's a' chòmhla' air a bannaibh,
 Pillidh an t-amadan ri 'ghòraich.

Ge do robh thu dripeil,
 'S còir dhut a bhi air d' fhaicill ;
 'S iad na toimhsean trice
 'Ni na toimhsean cearta.

Tha ar n-ùine 'ruith gun stad,
 Ceart co luath 's 'thig clach le gleann ;
 Ni i stad 'n uair ruigear¹¹ lag,
 'S bidh a h-astar aig a cheann.

Ceart mar a thig gaillionn na sian,
 'N uair nach miann leat a bhi ann,
 Is amhluidh sin a thig an t-aog,
 Ge do shaoil thu nach b'e 'n t-àm.

Ceart mar a sgaoileas an ceò,
 'N uair a thig teas air o 'n ghréin,
 Is amhluidh sin a shiubhlas glòir,
 'Us ioma dòchas air bheag feum.

Cha b' e comunn an dà ghamhna
 A bha shannt orm 'dheanamh riut,
 Ach rud 'bhiodh agad 'ghabhail uat,
 'S an rud 'bhiodh uat a thoirt dhut.

Nach b' e sud an comunn saor ?
 'S cha b' e comunn nam maor mu 'n chlàr ;
 B'e 'n comunn-sa 'bhi 'toirt a null,
 'S cha chomunn ach a null 's a nall.

Ma 's fìor gach sean fhocal,
 A labhradh le luchd géire,
 Bheir fòid breithe agus bàis
 Duine air athadh 's air éigin.

¹ 'cugann,' milk set for cream. ² 'aon' and 'dhiag' are supplied here for better version and metre. ³ 'gabhannach,' flattering. ⁴ 'sìothchaint,' subst. for 'sìothchaidh'. ⁵ 'dì-chaisg,' uncontrollable; not a dictionary word. ⁶ 'baileach' more commonly 'buileach'. ⁷ 'sòmhail,' small, opposite of 'dòmhail,' bulky; more generally 'sùmhail,' and 'dùmhail'. ⁸ 'rib' 'an slaod,' to entangle in a coil. ⁹ Subst. for 'chuir rud ann'. ¹⁰ Don't interrupt the *party*. ¹¹ 'ruigear,' subst. for 'thig i 'n,' as preferable.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

‘Aireamh na h-Aoine,’ &c., p. 7.

Counting cattle on Friday was considered peculiarly unlucky. *Ruith na h-Aoine*, The Friday fate, was sure to follow. See to the same effect, ‘Ma mharbhas tu beathach Dihaoine,’ p. 305.

Eòlas na h-Aoine, the Friday spell, was a name applied to the evil eye. If one possessing this unfortunate *eòlas* saw another bathing, the bather was sure to get drowned.

Friday has long been held an unlucky day in various Christian countries. This is generally supposed to be founded on the fact that it was the day of our Lord’s Crucifixion. Accordingly, it is a fast day in the Church of Rome, whence the Gaelic name ‘Di-h-Aoine,’ literally ‘Fast-Day’. The belief in the unluckiness of Friday is not confined, however, to Christian countries. It prevails also among the Brahmins, who hold that no business of any importance should be commenced on Friday. *Asiat. Res.*, Vol. VI., p. 172; *Chambers’s Book of Days*, Vol. I., p. 42.

The Scottish proverb ‘Friday flit, short time sit,’ and the English ‘Friday’s hair and Sunday’s horn, goes to the dool on Monday morn,’ illustrate this superstition.

II.

‘Am port a’s fhearr,’ &c., p. 25.

Roderick Morrison, the most famed of Highland harpers, and a poet of no mean powers, was son of John Morrison of Bragar (see Note *ante*, p. 47), and born according to MacKenzie (*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, p. 85) in 1646. His father, who was a man of some mark, and of varied ability, had five sons, of whom three became clergymen. Rory was sent as a boy with two of his brothers to be educated at Inverness, and there he lost his eyesight from small-pox. Instead of theology music became thenceforth his study, and his father is said to have declared that the education of Rory as a musician cost him more trouble and expense than that of the three ministers. On his return from a

visit to Ireland, Rory met in Edinburgh the Chief of the MacLeods, Iain Breac, described by MacKenzie as "that sterling model of a Highland Chieftain," and said to have been one of the last that had in his retinue 'a Bard, a Harper, a Piper, and a Fool—all of them excellently and well provided for'. This spirited Chief engaged Rory in the double capacity of Bard and Harper, in both which offices he earned a reputation that still lives. His Lament for his beloved patron, *Creach na Ciadain*, and his *Oran Mór Mhic Leòid*, full of praise of the dead, combined with plain but dignified strictures addressed to the young Chief, are very creditable, and still worthy of remembrance in that ancient and hospitable house. Few families anywhere can boast of having had two such bards in their service as Mary MacLeod and Roderick Morrison; and no sentiment more appropriate could be addressed to a MacLeod Chief than this of Roderick:—

Bi gu fùghantach smachdail,
Rianail, reachdmhor, 'n Triath Leòdach,
Na faic frìd 'an sùil brìdean,
Cha chuis dìon do Mhac Leòid e !

Cha chùis dìon do Mhac Leòid
A bhi dòlum 's rud aige,
Lean an dùthchas bu chòir dhut,
'S biodh mòr-chuis 'n ad aigne !

After the death of Iain Breac, change of days came to Dunvegan and to Rory: in his own pathetic words,

Chaidh a' chuidhle mu'n cuairt,
Gu 'n do thionndaidh gu fuachd am blàths.

The Chief had given him the farm of Totamór in Glenelg rent free, from which he appears to have been ejected by the new laird, Roderick, of whom he says:—

Dheadh mhic athar mo ghràidh,
Bu tu m' aighear, 'us m' àdh, 'us m' olc.

After this he returned to Lewis, where he died at a good old age, and was buried in the old churchyard of Uy, near Stornoway.

The above facts are taken chiefly from MacKenzie's sketch, in which a few mistakes occur. The poet's father is said to have been an Episcopal clergyman; he was a farmer. At the time of Rory's visit to Edinburgh it is said that the Scotch nobility and gentry were at the Court of King James in Holyrood House. James VII. never was in Scotland after he became king. Macintosh says Rory was harper to MacLeod in the reign of Queen Anne, which is probable enough.

Sir Walter Scott thus alludes to Roderick in *Waverley* (ch. xvii.), "Two paces back stood Cathleen holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands".

Macintosh in a note on the above proverb (2nd Ed., p. 199), gives the following interesting reminiscence :—

“Harps were in use in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland time immemorial, till the beginning of last century, and even later; for Mr. Robertson of Lude, General Robertson's great-grandfather, the gentleman whom the elegant poet Struan immortalises in his poems, was a famous performer upon that instrument, and I have heard my father relate the following anecdote of him :—

“One night my father said to Lude that he would be happy to hear him play upon the harp, which at that time began to give place to the violin. After supper Lude and he retired to another room, in which there were a couple of harps, one of which belonged to Queen Mary. ‘James,’ says Lude, ‘here are two harps, the largest one is the loudest, but the small one is the sweetest; which do you wish to hear played?’ James answered, ‘the small one,’ which Lude took up, and played upon it till daylight.

“Upon a visit to my native country of Athole, about five years ago, I had the curiosity to enquire of General Robertson if the harps were still in the family. The General told me they were, and brought them upon the table, at the sight of which I was quite overjoyed in viewing the musical instruments of our ancestors, as well as those of the renowned heroes of Ossian.

“After my return to Edinburgh, I immediately gave notice of the harps to the Highland Society of Scotland, who wrote to General Robertson requesting a sight of the harps, which he was so obliging as to grant.

“Mr. Gunn, teacher of music in Edinburgh, has since published an Essay upon the Harp, with representations taken from these very harps. I have the vanity to think the bringing these harps before the eyes of the public to be one of the most pleasant actions of my life, as in all probability they must either have been lost or destroyed by time, without ever having been known to the world; and those fastidious gentlemen who take pleasure in opposing everything respecting the antiquity of the Caledonians, would have persisted in denying the use of the harp among these people, as they do many other things.”

The two harps above mentioned are now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, to which they have been kindly lent by the owner, Mr. Steuart of Dalguise.

Campbell, Macintosh's editor, adds to the above, that when visiting the Western Highlands and Islands in 1815 collecting melodies for his ‘*Albyn's Anthology*,’ he visited the grave of Rory Dall's pupil, the last of our Hebridean harpers, Murdoch MacDonald; and that Mrs. MacKenzie of Dervaig in Mull remembered his playing on his harp in her father's house. This Mrs. MacKenzie was the Miss MacLean specially mentioned by Boswell in his ‘*Tour through the Hebrides*’. She was the

daughter of a Dr. MacLean who lived near Tobermory at that time, 1773. Dr. Johnson said of her, 'She is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, Music and Drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-work, and can milk cows; in short, she can do everything. She talks sensibly, and is the first person I have found that can translate Erse poetry literally.' She accompanied her singing on a spinnet, which Boswell said was well-toned, though made in 1667.—*Carruthers' ed.*, p. 249.

III.

'Cha ghluais bròg,' &c., p. 102.

'Eóghan a' chinn bhig,' Ewen of the little head, was the eldest son of one of the first lairds of Loch Buy in Mull, and married a daughter of MacDougall of Lorn, a very ill-tempered and niggardly woman, who got the nickname of *Gortag*. He quarrelled violently with his father, and is said to have struck him. The old man complained to his relation MacLean of Duart, who was glad of a pretext for invading Loch Buy, and came down with an armed force against Ewen. On the evening before the battle, Ewen consulted a witch, of whom he asked whether he was to win the fight. She said he would win, if on the morrow his wife would give him *butter without asking for it*, 'im gun iarraidh'. Next morning Ewen sat and waited long for the butter, rubbing his hands and stamping with his feet. At last his wife said, 'Cha 'n fhàg breabadair na seana bhròig craicinn air dearnaibh,' *The kicker of the old shoe won't leave skin on palm*; on which Ewen responded as above, *Neither shoe nor speech will move the bad housewife*. He went away in a rage, leaving his food untasted, turned his dogs into the milk-house, and hastened to the fight, from which he never returned alive. It took place in Glen Caimnir near Loch Buy, where a stroke from a broadsword swept off Ewen's little head. The horse then rushed from the fight with his rider on his back, and was so seen again for days, careering wildly through these glens, up and down passes and precipices fit only for goats or birds. For many generations thereafter this headless rider, still in full armour, continued to be seen or heard, a well-known and dreaded object, and always appearing when any important member of the Loch Buy family was in danger or near death. The name of Ewen of the little head is still a power to frighten children in Mull and the neighbouring islands. In the *Teachdaire Gaelach* of August, 1830, there is a slightly different version of this legend, written with the usual vivid power of the Editor, Dr. Norman MacLeod. He gives it as if told at Iona, where a tombstone with the figure of a horseman in full armour was said to be that of Eóghan a' chinn bhig; and the last vision of him, racily described, was

said to have been only 'twelve years ago'. The reason given for the restless activity of Ewen's spirit is admirable—'thuit e 'n a thrasg'—*he fell fasting!*

IV.

The season of Spring was more specially a matter of observation and interest to our ancestors than any of the other seasons, on account of its importance as the time of year on the character of which their existence and comfort so much depended. Accordingly we find it divided into various periods, with fanciful names, founded, so far as their meaning can be guessed, on the imaginary causes of the various changes of weather. The longest of these is the Faoilleach, or Faoillteach, on the etymology of which Armstrong says, 'The original meaning was perhaps the wolf month (*faol*, a wolf), from the circumstance that wolves, with which the Highlands once abounded, became more daring and dangerous in the depth of winter. *Faoillteach* may also be derived from *faile*, welcome, joy. The Highlanders regard stormy weather, towards the end of January as prognostic of a fruitful season to follow, and *vice versa*.' The former of these etymologies is supported by the word 'Wulfes-Mónað,' said to have been the Anglo-Saxon name given to the month of January, Old Style, for the reason above mentioned. The other etymology is supported by the rhyme given at p. 178, *ante*,

Faoilleach, Faoilleach, làmh'an crios,
Faoilte mhór bu chòir 'bhi ris.

The Faoilleach corresponded roughly to the present month of February, embracing the last two weeks of Winter, O.S., and the first two of Spring. Sometimes the first half was called the 'Faoilleach Geamhraidh,' and the other half the 'Faoilleach Earraich'.

Some time in this month three Summer days were supposed to come in exchange for three cold days lent to July, and the saying is, 'Tha trì là Iuchair 's an Fhaoilleach,' &c.—see *ante*, p. 363. The occurrence of such mild days early in February is still a matter of common observation, and is never considered reasonable.—See 'Cha 'n 'eil port,' &c., *ante*, p. 116.

After this came a week called the Feadag, the Plover or Whistle, so called probably because of the piping winds then prevalent. The following rhyme refers to it:—

Thuirt an Fheadag ris an Fhaoilleach,
'C'àit' an d'fhàg thu 'n laoighein bochd?'
'Dh'fhàg mis' e aig cùl a' ghàraidh,
'S a dhà shùil 'n a cheann 'nam ploc'.

*Said the Plover to the Stormy,
'Where did'st leave the poor wee calf?'*

*'I left him behind the wall,
With his eyes mere swollen lumps'.*

Another rhyme makes the Feadag the *mother* of the Faoilleach and of course preceding it,

Feadag, Feadag, màthair Faoillich shuair.

For this, however, there is no other authority.

After the Feadag came the Gearran, the Horse or Gelding, a period as to the duration of which authorities differ very considerably. The Highland Society's Dictionary, MacLeod and Dewar, and MacAlpine, all make it 'the days from March 15th to April 11th inclusive,' four weeks. Armstrong says, more vaguely than usual, that it is 'the latter end of February,' and no more. The saying given on p. 316, *ante*, 'Mios Faoillich,' &c., makes it two weeks, while several living authorities make it one week. The presumption is in favour of a short period, which is supported by the only suggested meaning of the name Gearran (garr-shian—*H. S. Dict.*, *McLeod* and *Dewar*), and the words 'an gearran gearr' in the rhyme given below.

The Feadag is severe, but the Gearran is no better, as the rhyme says,

Is mis' an Fheadag lóm, luirgneach, luath,
Marbham caora, marbham uan ;
Is mis an Gearran bacach bàn,
'Us cha mhi aon bhónn a 's fhearr ;
Cuiream a' bhó anns an tóll,
Gus an tig an tónn thar a ceann.

*I'm the bare swift leggy Plover,
I can kill both sheep and lamb ;¹
I'm the white lame Gelding,
And not one one bit better ;
I'll put the cow into the hole,
Till the wave comes o'er her head.*

or otherwise,

An sin thuirt an Gearran gearr,
Ni mi farran ort nach fhearr,
Cuiridh mi 'bhó mhór 's a' phóll, &c.

After the Gearran came the Cailleach or Old Woman, which lasted a week,—12th to 18th April. The grass has by this time begun to grow, and the Cailleach, representing a hostile and withering influence, sits down and tries hard with her 'slachdan'² to beat down

¹ If this is to be taken as with any approximate accuracy characterising the Seasons, it follows that lambing was earlier in those days than now. There are various indications in these old sayings that Spring and warm weather came sooner in former days than now.

² A 'slachdan' is a beetle ; but a more poetical version makes it 'slachdan-druidheachd,' magic wand.

the grass, and keep it from growing. Finding her efforts vain, she flings away her mallet in wrath, and vanishes with a shriek into the realm of Night, exclaiming,

Dh' fhàg e shìos mi, dh' fhàg e shuas mi,
Dh' fhàg e eadar mo dhà chluais mi ;
Dh' fhàg e thall mi, dh' fhàg e bhos mi,
Dh' fhàg e eadar mo dhà chois mi ;
Tilgeam seo 'am bun preas cuilinn,
Far nach fas fiar no duilleach !

*It escapes me up and down,
'Twixt my very ears has flown ;
It escapes me here and there,
'Twixt my feet and everywhere ;
This 'neath holly tree I'll throw,
Where no grass nor leaf shall grow !*

This is a lively description, and the selection of the holly in particular shows felicitous accuracy.

After the abortive attempt of the Cailleach, the time came to sow, and that *quamprimum* :—

Ge b'e 'r bith mar bhios an t-sian,
Cuir do shìol anns a' Mhàrt.

The 'Màrt' corresponded probably to the month of March, but it was used as a term for the sowing-season, more than for any definite period. The term 'Gibleann,' in like manner was applied to the month of April. See 'Am fiar,' &c., p. 24.

Another period not so commonly mentioned is the 'Gobag,' Little-Gab, or Dog-fish, sometimes called a week, sometimes three days, and coming in apparently between the Feadag and the Gearran. A saying that refers to it is,

Feadagan 'us Gobagan e, tuilleadh gu Feill-Pàruig,
which may be rendered,

Whistling and biting winds on to St. Patrick's day,
i.e., 30th March, O.S., when the equinoctial gales and worst weather should have passed.

'Neòil dhubha na Càisge,' the dark clouds of Easter, came in the fourth week of March, followed by the 'Glasadh na Cubhaig,' the cuckoo's greening, or preparation time.

The Oisgean or Ewes, called 'trì là nan Oisgean,' the three days of the Ewes, or 'là nan trì Oisgean,' the day of the three Ewes, were three days immediately following the Cailleach, which would bring them into the third week of April, O.S. The name suggests the "three borrowing days" of the Lowlands, but the period and character of the 'Oisgean' is quite different. According to the Lowland tradition (*Chambers' Pop. Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 143, 4 ; *Book of Days*, I., 448) these three days were the last of March, and said to be borrowed from April. According to the

English version, referred to by Sir Thomas Browne, and thus given by Ray,

April borrows three days from March, and they are ill.

The Stirlingshire version quoted by Chambers gives, as he says, the most dramatic account of this tradition, and seems to throw light on the Gaelic name, substituting 'hogs' for 'ewes,' though otherwise not satisfactory :—

March said to Averill,
 'I see three hogs on yonder hill,
 And if you'll lend me dayis three,
 I'll find a way to gar them dee' !
 The first o' them was wind and weet,
 The second o' them was snaw and sleet,
 The third o' them was sic a freeze,
 It froze the birds' feet to the trees ;
 When the three days were past and gane,
 The silly poor hogs cam' hirplin' hame.

In point of fact the few days in March that might with any propriety be called 'borrowed' are warm and summery, and not the opposite. The idea of April lending cold days to March seems rather absurd.

Be that as it may, the three days of the 'Oisgean' are more probably to be considered mild days borrowed from Summer than killing days borrowed from April. There is a Highland tradition to that effect, which ascribes the origin of the borrowing to the three days allowed to the children of Israel for their journey into the wilderness to eat the Passover. That the name was derived from the idea that a few mild days are given in lambing time, for the sake of the ewes and lambs, is at once more probable and more pleasant than the opposite version.

After the withering Cailleach comes the lively Sguabag, the Brushlet or Little Blast, and thenceforth the Spring goes on merrily—Suas e 'n t-Earrach !—*Up with the Spring!* Last of all came the pleasant Céitein, foretaste of Summer, supposed to include the three weeks up to 12th May ; followed by the cheery note of the Cuckoo on yellow May-day, 'Là buidhe Bealltainn,' when the powers of Cold and Darkness have been overcome once more, and the world is gladdened by the returning reign of Light and Warmth.

V.

'Gach dàn gu Dàn an Deirg,' &c., p. 190.

(1) *Dàn an Deirg* has always been one of the most popular of Ossianic Ballads, though, in the various forms in which it has been handed down to us, its merits seem scarcely equal to its reputation. One verse, in one of the shorter versions, is singu-

larly beautiful. The wife of the Dearg, whose love for her husband had been so silent and restrained that he felt doubtful of it, was thus expressed when the concocted story was brought to her of his having been killed, which killed her,—

Chì mi 'n t-sheobhag, chì mi 'n cù,
Leis an deanadh mo rùn an t-sealg,
'S o na b' ionnmhuinn leis an triùir,
Càirear sinn 's an ùir le Dearg.

*I see the hawk, I see the hound,
With which my love was wont to chase;
And as the three to him were dear,
Let us with Dearg be laid in earth.*

See Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*, pp. 107-113, for the various versions, in which, however, the above will not be found *verbatim*.

(2) *Laoidh an Amadain Mhóir* has always been held in great esteem as a suitable piece for recitation, the story being interesting. Mr. Campbell, in his *West Highland Tales*, III., 154, gives the best version of it hitherto printed, the text of which, however, is in some places very unsatisfactory.

(3) 'Sgeul Chonnail,' the Tale of Connal. There are several tales of this name: the most elaborate is the story of Conall Gulban, given by Mr. Campbell in Vol. III., p. 188.

(4) 'Cliù Eóghain.' For an account of this poem see Note to 'B'fhasa Eóghan a chur air each,' *ante* p. 54.

(5) 'Loch Cé,' Lough Key, is described by Dr. O'Donovan, in his Notes to O'Daly's *Tribes of Ireland* (p. 38) as "a beautiful lake, with several islands, in the barony of Boyle, County of Roscommon, near the margin of which stands Rockingham, the magnificent residence of Lord Lorton".

VI.

'Is fhearr léum-íochd,' &c., p. 248.

A different interpretation of this saying has been received from Aberdeenshire, viz., that in lands allotted on the 'run-rig' system, the crofter who got a 'balk' attached to his rig was considered luckier than his neighbour with a somewhat larger rig, but without the balk, the grass of which was of more than compensating value. The Rev. Mr. Michie of Dinnet has heard the above saying used in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire in this sense.

The customs as to the 'Cailleach' and 'Maighdean-bhuana' seem to have varied somewhat. Two reapers were usually set to each rig, and according to one account, the man who was first done got the 'Maighdean-Bhuana,' or 'Reaping-Maiden,' while the man who was last got the 'Cailleach,' or 'old woman'. The latter term

is used in Argyleshire; the term 'Gobhar-bhacach,' the lame goat, is used in Skye.

According to what appears to be the better version, the competition to avoid the 'Cailleach' was not between reapers but between neighbouring crofters, and the man who got his harvest done first sent a handful of corn called the 'Cailleach' to his neighbour, who passed it on, till it landed with him who was latest. That man's penalty was to provide for the dearth of the township, *gort a' bhaile*, in the ensuing season.

The 'Maighdean-Bhuana,' again, was the last cut handful of oats, on a croft or farm, and was an object of lively competition among the reapers. It was tastefully tied up with ribbons, generally dressed like a doll, and then hung up on a nail till Spring. On the first day of ploughing, it was solemnly taken down, and given as a 'Sainnseal' or handsel for luck to the horses. It was meant as a symbol that the harvest had been secured, and to ward off the Fairies, representatives of the ethereal and unsubstantial, till the time came to provide for a new crop.

Jamieson in his *Scot. Dict. s.v.* 'Maiden,' 'Carlin,' Rapegyrne,' 'Kirn,' and 'Claaick,' gives some interesting information regarding this ancient custom, which was not peculiar to Scotland. He says the harvest-home, when early finished, was called in Aberdeenshire the *Maiden Claaick*, when as late as Hallowmas, the *Carlin Claaick* (= 'Cailleach'). Additional particulars regarding the Aberdeenshire customs will be found in the Rev. Walter Gregor's work on the Folk-lord of the North-East of Scotland.

VII.

THE REV. DONALD MACINTOSH.

The good man to whom we are indebted for the first collection of Celtic Proverbs ever made was born in 1743, at Orchilmore, near Killiecrankie, on the north side of the Garry. His father was originally a cooper, married early in life, retired to his native Orchilmore, and there spent the rest of his days as a small farmer or crofter. According to Campbell, he was "descended from the ancient Thanes of Glentilt," a claim which need not be called in question. These Thanes, formerly Stewarts, and before that Macdonalds, appear to have used the name of 'Toshach' (sounded long, *Toiseach* = *First*), as a surname, in 1501 (Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. III., p. 273), and that of 'Mac Toschy' as early as 1382 (*Id.* p. 358). Macintosh, in Gaelic *Mac-an-Toisich*, means the Son of the Toiseach, or Captain. After attending the parish school, and acting for some time as teacher to the younger members of his father's family, and such of the neighbouring children as were committed to his care, Donald removed to Edinburgh, in the hope of bettering his fortune. He probably found some difficulty in getting any congenial occupation there,

and Campbell says he remembers seeing him in 1774 or 1775, as one of Peter Williamson's Penny Post men, "with his bell in his hand, and uniform cap on his head, on which were painted in gilt letters 'WILLIAMSON'S PENNY POST,' alternately collecting and delivering letters in his useful though humble vocation". He next found employment as a copying clerk, and after that for some time as tutor in the family of Stewart of Gairntully. There was at that time some wakening of literary activity in the direction of Gaelic poetry and antiquities, stimulated no doubt by the success of Macpherson's Ossianic labours. Macintosh appears to have done something in the way of collecting old poetry, but being of a very modest disposition, he preferred to assist others than to attempt anything in that line on his own responsibility. One piece got by him in Lochaber in 1784 from a namesake of his own, John Macintosh, 'Ceardach Mhic Luin,' appears in Gillies's *Sean Dana*, p. 233. The idea of making a collection of Proverbs and old sayings was a happy one, and the merit of it appears to be entirely due to Macintosh himself. His design, as expressed in the 'Advertisement' prefixed to his collection, was "to preserve the language, and a few remains of the ancient customs of Scotland, by bringing so many of the proverbial sayings of the people into one point of view". In this laudable undertaking he received sufficient encouragement and assistance. He returns special thanks to Sir James Foulis of Colinton, for the use of "some valuable Gaelic MSS.," to Professor Ferguson, "a gentleman to whom this country is much indebted," and to Neil Ferguson, Esq. of Pitcullo. Others to whom he renders his thanks are the Rev. John Stewart of Luss, Rev. James MacLagan, Blair Atholl, Rev. Joseph Macgregor, Edinburgh, Mr. William Morrison, writer in Edinburgh, and Mr. Robert Macfarlane, schoolmaster, "all of whom were particularly obliging, having procured him the perusal of many curious manuscripts, which considerably augmented this collection". Nor does he omit a special paragraph of thanks "to John Macintosh from Lochaber, formerly a tenant under Macdonald of Keppoch, a worthy, honest man, well versed in old Gaelic sayings". Campbell says that a considerable proportion of the collection was got from this man in 1784, and that previous to this the collector had got a valuable and extensive portion of his materials from John Wallace, residing at Lettoch, near Moulin.

In addition to those above-mentioned as having assisted the collector, Campbell mentions the venerable Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' as one of those who gave him the benefit of their literary judgment and advice.

The following is the Title page of the book--

A COLLECTION of GAELIC PROVERBS and FAMILIAR PHRASES ; Accompanied with an ENGLISH TRANSLATION, Intended to facilitate the Study of the LANGUAGE ; illustrated with NOTES. To which is added, the WAY TO WEALTH, by DR. FRANKLIN, trans-

lated into GAELIC. By DONALD MACINTOSH. *Ge d' dh' èignichear an sean-fhocal, cha bhreugaichear e.* Edinburgh : Printed for the Author, and sold by Messrs. DONALDSON, CREECH, ELLIOT, and SIBBALD, Booksellers, Edinburgh ; JOHN GILLIES, Perth ; JAMES GILLIES, Glasgow, and by all the Booksellers in Town and Country. MDCCLXXXV.

The modest little book was dedicated "to the Right Honourable David, Earl of Buchan, Lord Cardross, Founder and President of the Society of Scots Antiquaries," &c., in appropriately warm and complimentary terms. The Proverbs, with translation on the opposite page, occupied 142 pp. The translation of Franklin's 'Way to Wealth' was done by R. Macfarlane above-mentioned, by desire of the Earl of Buchan. In a short address in Gaelic prefixed to it, from the Earl to the Highlanders of Scotland, he says he was the first man who donned their manly dress in the Lowlands, after the prohibition of it was revoked, and that in time of snow and storm.

Soon after the publication of the book, Macintosh obtained employment in the office of Mr. Davidson, Deputy-Keeper of the Signet and Crown-Agent, in which he continued for several years. A more distinguished but less substantial acknowledgment of his merits was his appointment on 30th Nov., 1785, as 'Clerk for the Gaelic Language' to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. There was no salary attached to the office, which Macintosh held till 1789, when it was reported that there was a vacancy in it "by the removal from Edinburgh of Mr. Donald Mackintosh," and the Rev. Joseph Robertson Macgregor was chosen "Secretary for the Gaelic Language". The office was abolished long ago. Macintosh presented a number of things, chiefly coins, to the Society. Among others were "A piece of Prince Charles Edward's brogues, which he left with Mr. M'Donald of Kingsburgh in 1746, now in the possession of Mr. Oliphant of Gask," and "A parcel of that Prince's hair".

The death of Prince Charles Edward in 1788 led to a curious result in the Scottish Episcopal Church, and an important change in the career of Donald Macintosh. In the lofty language of his biographer, it "paved the way for a more exalted station in society," that, viz., of a priest of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

"Well do I remember," says Campbell, "the day on which the name of GEORGE was mentioned in the morning service for the first time—such blowing of noses—such significant hems—such half-suppressed sighs—such smothered groans, and universal confusion, can hardly be conceived ! But the deed was done—and those who had participated could not retract." Some staunch Jacobites, however, who held that the person to be prayed for, as King of Great Britain and Ireland, was not GEORGE but HENRY (Cardinal York), protested against what they called a 'schism' on the part of their weaker brethren, and forthwith formed themselves into a separate body, claiming to be the true old Scots

Episcopal Church as by law established after the Restoration. How many clergymen remained true to the White Cockade cannot be ascertained. The number must have been very small, but it included one prelate, Bishop Rose, now far advanced in life, and described by Campbell, himself a warm Jacobite, as "almost in his dotage". He resided at Doune (called by Campbell 'Down'), and there a Mr. Brown, of the same persuasion, was consecrated as his coadjutor and successor. On the death of Bishop Rose, Bishop Brown, says Campbell, "had to look about him for a successor, and who should fall in his way but the subject of this memoir". From this it would appear that Brown was now the sole representative of the nonjurant Episcopal clergy of Scotland, as Macintosh became after his death. In June, 1789, Macintosh was ordained Deacon by Bishop Brown, and thereafter, in due time, Priest. This, doubtless, was the cause of his removal from Edinburgh in 1789. "Here then," says Campbell, "we hail our worthy countryman placed in a relatively higher position in society than even his predecessors the Thaners of Glentilt." In touching contrast with this elevation is Macintosh's simple statement in his Petition to the Court of Session, that he officiated at first with a salary of £5, thereafter £8, from a Fund raised in 1739 for the relief of poor Scottish Episcopal clergymen, with the addition of £1 from the interest of £100 bequeathed by a Mrs. Buntine to that Fund. Campbell gives no information as to Macintosh's residence from 1789 to 1794. The probability is that he had no fixed residence, but moved from place to place, as a missionary or untitled bishop of Jacobite Episcopacy, till he finally settled in Edinburgh. Even after that it appears, so far as anything definite can be gathered from Campbell, that he made an annual tour through the Perthshire Highlands, by Loch Katrine and Glenfinlas, on to Glen Tilt, up to Glenshee, and as far north as Banff, administering the sacraments and religious instruction among the scattered remnant who owned his pastoral authority. Campbell, with characteristic grandeur, says, "The destinies willed it not that he should enjoy his exalted station long with dignified ease and honour; for his reverend brethren, who had 'bowed the knee to Baal,' questioned the validity of his ordination, which embittered his life in secret, and caused other embarrassments, particularly to those well-meaning individuals who considered him as the only spiritual pastor left of *the true Church*, against which 'the gates of hell should not prevail'. Meanwhile our compiler pursued his path of duty as a clergyman, but did not forget those secular pursuits which went hand in hand with his more serious avocations." In 1794 Macintosh distinguished himself by raising an action in the Court of Session against the Managers of the Fund above-mentioned, to which he claimed sole right, as the only representative of the true Scottish Episcopal Church. In the Petition he is described as 'Episcopal Minister in Bailie Fyfe's Close'. The action was dismissed with a some-

what unnecessary display of wit and loyalty on the part of the Court, the Lord President, Sir Ilay Campbell, remarking that he was "at a loss whether to frown at the audaciousness of the pursuer, or to smile at the high pitch of folly of his witless advisers, in wantonly thrusting a plea of so extraordinary a nature into his Majesty's Supreme Court of Justice. What! a person claiming a right in virtue of his refractory adherence to obsolete opinion, long since exploded—nay, glorying in his disloyalty to the best of kings and existing governments."

From the 'Session Papers' (Campbell's Coll., 103) containing some of the Prints in this case, the following additional facts have been got. The Petition, with which the case commenced, sets forth that the Petitioner is "a minister of the Scots Episcopal Church, and pastor of a congregation of that persuasion, which, though respectable, is far from being numerous; that the income he derives from them is, and always has been, altogether insufficient to raise him above indigence, from which he was for many years saved almost entirely by a small pension of £9 a-year, paid him from a fund held by Trustees for the relief of Scots Episcopal Clergymen in his situation; that of this salary he has been deprived by the present defenders," &c. The prayer of the petition was to ordain the defenders to pay him this £9 per annum from 1795 onwards, "or such salary as to the Court seems proper". The ground for refusing the petition seems to have been, that the Petitioner declined to take the oaths to the existing government, and to pray by name for King George, which an Act passed in 1792, repealing all penal statutes against the Episcopal Clergy, and restoring the privileges formerly conferred on them, prescribed as a condition of such restoration.

In 1801 Macintosh was appointed Gaelic Translator and Keeper of Gaelic Records to the Highland Society of Scotland, in succession to Mr. Robert Macfarlane, which office he held till his death. A salary of £10 a-year was attached to it. That it was not a sinecure is indicated by the Catalogues of Gaelic MSS. belonging to the Highland Society and others, given in Vol. III. of the London Highland Society's *Ossian*, pp. 566-573. These were compiled by Macintosh, who also transcribed some of the MSS. The office of Gaelic Translator and Keeper of MSS. to the Highland Society was conferred after Macintosh's death on the Rev. John Campbell, who held it till 1814, after which it was not again filled up.

Macintosh's circumstances were somewhat improved in his later years, though his income was but small. Campbell mentions two legacies left to him by kindly members of his scattered but faithful flock, one of £100, by Mrs. Eagle, Edinburgh, another of £150 by Mrs. Paterson, Banff. "These sums," says Campbell, "together with his annual savings, enabled him to leave behind him a property, which he apportioned in several small legacies, as specified in his will." In that will, which Campbell had before him, but of which, with all his other MSS., no other trace can be found,

he thus designated himself: "I, the Reverend Donald Macintosh, a priest of the Old Scots Episcopal Church, and last of the non-jurant clergy in Scotland."

In 1808 his health rapidly failed; he was unable to undertake his annual journey to the Highlands; he made his will, set his house in order, called in the Rev. Mr. Adam, of Blackfriars' Wynd Episcopal Chapel, received the Sacrament from his hands, and soon after, on 22d November 1808, breathed his last. He was respectably buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, but no stone marks the spot where he was laid.

Macintosh never married. "He had a taste," says Campbell, "for his native melodies, and performed them not unskilfully on the violin." He even extended his musical accomplishments so far as to play upon the spinet. He purchased an old one for a few shillings, took lessons from a lady, and in less than two months "he could thrum nicely 'I'll mak' ye fain to follow me'."

The chief part of the "property" above-mentioned consisted of his library, which, considering the smallness of his income, did much credit to his literary taste. This collection, numbering about 2000 volumes, he bequeathed, after the worthy example of a greater man, the saintly Leighton, "for the purpose of establishing a library in the town of Dunkeld, under such regulations for the preservation of my books and manuscripts, and for promoting the access of the public thereto, as to the said trustees shall seem good". The books were chiefly connected with Scottish history, political and ecclesiastical, and included a considerable collection of pamphlets, about 60 vols. The bequest was accepted and carried out, and the library is still maintained in Dunkeld, under the name of "The Mackintosh Library," to which numerous additions have from time to time been made. None of Macintosh's MSS., however, appear to have found their way to Dunkeld. At any rate, they are not there now, nor can they be traced to any other quarter, with the exception of some unimportant documents, believed to be in his handwriting, among the Gaelic MSS. in the Advocates' Library. Their value may not have been great, but it is to be regretted that the wish of the estimable testator in regard to them was not respected. In the Edinburgh University Library what appears to be his handwriting will be found, in a copy of the Gaelic 'Blessing of the Ship,' appended to the old copy of Carsewell's Prayer-Book.

There is no authority for spelling the name of 'Donald Macintosh' otherwise than as it appears in the only authentic specimen of it under his own hand, in the first edition of his book. In the second edition, and in various other notices of him, the 'k' is introduced, which some people think of importance. The 'k' is harmless, but quite superfluous, as much so to Mac Intosh as to Mac Indoe, Mac Inroy, or Mac Intyre. Its omission has the authority, so far as any is required, of two such Celtic scholars and historians as Gregory and Skene.



