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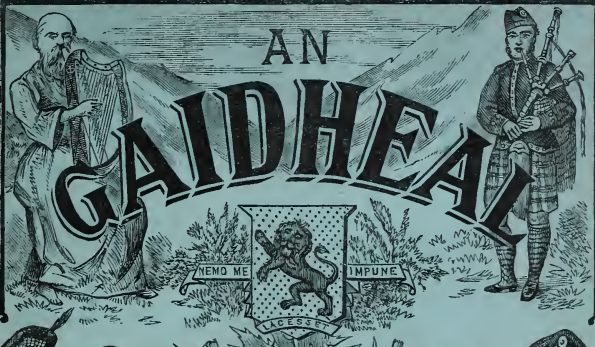
AN
GAIDHEAL

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"Map ġaṫ rolup do nf anam fein
Ta rgeula na h-aimrip a d' falb." OISEAN.

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DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND PUBLIC WORKS,
Toronto, Province of Ontario, 1873.

AN

GAIDHEAL;

PAIPEIR-NAIDHEACHD

AGUS

LEABHAR-SGEOIL GAIDHEALACH.

AN DARA LEABHAR.

(AIREAMH 13 GU 24.)

"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' f habh."—OISEAN.

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An t-Urramach M. Macaoidh, LL.D.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1873. [13 Air.

AN T-URRAMACH MACANTOISICH MACAOIDH, LL.D.

Ann san aireamh so de n' Ghaidheal, tha sinn a' toirt d'ar luchd leughaidh dealbh an Ollaimh Mhicaoidh. Tha sinn a' cur romhainn o àm gu àm, mar a bhios cothrom againn, dealbhan cuid do na daoine is fìughala agus is aithnichte a bhuineas do fhior shliochd nam beann, a chur ann sa Ghaidheal air an doigh cheudna. Chan eil iad ach ainneamh, marbh no beò, is airidh air àite is airde ann am meas agus ann an cuimhne spéiseil nan Gaidheal, na an t-urramach, an-t-Ollamh Macaoidh. Mar nach toigh leinn luaidh air cliu neach air bith ann an cainnt aig am biodh suaip ri miodal no ri brosgul, bheir sinn gearr-chunntas air a bheatha agus air a shaothairean maitheasach, luachmhor, neo-fheineil ann an aobhar leas aimsireil agus spioradail a luchd dùthcha, aig an tigh agus bhuaithe.

Rugadh an t-Ollamh Macaoidh air an ochdamh latha deug, de cheud mhios a' Gheamhruidh 1793, air fearann Dhuaird-bheag, Sgireachd Eadarachaolais ann an Cataobh—an sgireachd ann san robh a sheanair agus a shinn-seanair 'nam ministeirean. An déigh dha dol troimh 'n chursa ghnàthaichte do fhoghlum agus do oileineachadh airson dreuchd na ministrealachd, fhuair e cead searmonachaidh anns a' bhliadhna 1823. Bha e air a shuidheachadh ann an sgireachd Lagain ann sa bhliadhna 1825, agus air atharrachadh gu sgireachd aonaichte Dhunomhain agus Chillemhunna ann sa bhliadhna 1832. Chuir uireasbhuidh spioradail na sgireachd ud sar-dheuchainn air 'uile dhichioll; ach cha b' fhad gus an deachaidh leis Eaglais Dhun-omhainn a mheudachadh, Eaglais sgireachd a thogail ann an Cillemhunna, Eaglais Theachdarail a thogail aig Toll-aird, agus aon eile aig Aird-an-teine, agus luchd saothreachaidh freagarrach a shuidheachadh gu bhi cuideachadh leis ann an obair na ministrealachd.

Aig àm an Dealachaidh ann sa bhliadhna 1843, thug an t-Ollamh Macaoidh suas aon de na beolaindean a b' fhearr a bha 's an Eaglais steidhichte; agus ann an dáimh ris an Eaglais Shaoir, rè uine fhad bha a shaothairean ro mhor agus ro luachmhor. Mar fhear-gairm Comuinn nan Seanaidhean Gaidhealach 'o 1844 gu 1847, bha moran d'a ùine air a caitheamh ann an cuairtean air feadh Eileinean iomallach na Gaidhealtachd, ann 'sà bhirlinn—a' "Bhraidealbunn" a' searmonachadh an t-soisgeil do 'n t-sluagh; agus aig an am cheudna a' sgrìobhadh agus ag ullachadh leabhar mìosail da 'm b'ainm "An Fhianuis."

Nuair a bha a Ghaidhealtachd air a fiosrachadh le gorta, le seargadh a bhuntàta ann 's na bliadhnachan 1846–7 agus 8, thug an t-Ollamh Macaoidh suidheachadh aimbeartach a luchd-dutcha fa chomhair Luchd-gnothuich Ard-sheanaidh na h-Eaglais Saoire, ann san ochd-mhios 1846, agus mar thoradh air a dhian thagradh as an leth bha ciùg mile deug Punnd Sasunach air a thional am measg choithionalan na h-Eaglais, agus tre an robh mòran sluaigh air an tiorcadh o ghorta bhàsmhor.

Ann an Seanadh Earra-ghàidheal, ann sa bhliadhna 1845, Chuir e air chois Ionmhas Cuideachaidh do fhoghlumaich airson na ministrealachd, a tha o 'n am ud air a chumail suas, agus o 'n robh Ceud gu leth Punnd Sasunach air a roinn o chionn bliadhna no 'dha air seachd deug do fhoghlumaichibh ann an Oileamhaideau na h-Eaglais; agus ré uine fhada bha e a solar o chairdean fialaidh 's an taobh deas, sea ceud Punnd Sasunach gach bliadhna gu bhi a cuideachadh le oganaich bhochda Ghaidhealach iad fein oileineachadh airson dreuchd na ministrealachd. Agus le cuideachadh mhnathan uasal cairdeil, chuir e air chois, "Comunn mhnathan uaisle na h-eaglais Shaoir," airson sgoilean a chumail suas ann an cearnaibh iomallach de na h-eileinean Gaidhealach.

Ann sa bhliadhna 1849 bha an t-Ollamh Macaoidh air a thaghadh gu h-aonsgeulach gu bhi na Cheannsuidhe air Ard Sheanadh na h-Eaglais Shaoir,—suidheachadh anns nach do dheairmad e leas a luchd dùthcha.

Aig ám d'a bheatha anns an robh "sgail an fheasgair ag iadhadh air," chaidh e cuairt do *Australia*, far an do dh'fhuiling e ioma cruaidhchas agus uireasbhuidh ann a bhi suidheachadh agus a' meudachadh Eaglaisean ann an caochladh aiteachan do ùr-threabhachais *Victoria* agus *N. S. Wales*. Air dha tilleadh dhachaidh, ghabh e os laimh coithional na h-Eaglais Shaoir anns na h-Earradh, agus an deidh dha moran a chosd ri togail tigh ministeir, tigh sgoil, agus ri caramh na h-Eaglais; fhuair e fear-cuideachaidh d'an tug e suas an t-iomlan de'n obair agus d'a bheòlaind; air dha fhaotainn a mach nach robh a neart co-ionnan ris an obair a bha aige ri dheanamh ann san aite gharbh agus iomallach ud am measg coithional sgapta.

Mar Dhiadhair domhain fallain agus tulchuiseach; mar Theangair agus mar ùghdair, tha aite seasaidh ard agus aithnichte aig an Ollamh Macaoidh am measg ard sgoileirean na linn so. Ach mar sgoileir Gailig, is e is dòcha gum bheil e da rìreadh gun leth-bhreac aig an dearbh am so, ged a tha aireamh ann a tha le eud agus adhartachd cliù-thoilltinneach, a leantuinn a cheumanna. Cha 'n ann an diugh no an dé, a thainig an t-Ollamh Macaoidh gu ire ard agus urramach mar sgoileir Gáilig. Ann an deanamh suas "Foclair mór Gailig Comunn Gaidhealach na h-Alba," ged a bha an obair air a marasglachadh le sgoileirean ainmeil nach maireann: Dr. Iain M'Leoid Dhundonuill, le cuideachadh Eoghain Mhic-Lachuinn, Abarcadhain, Dr. A. Irvine, Dhunchallionn-bhig, agus leis an Urramach Alasdair Domhnullach, a bha ann an Craoibh; is ann leis an Ollamh Macaoidh a bha an obair air a criochnachadh agus air a ceartachadh mar a bha i a dol troimh 'n chlò. Na shean aois agus na 'laigse, tha e fhathasd eudmhor dichiollach gu bhi togail suas na Gailig, mar chanain, a dh' ionnsuidh an t-seasaimh ard a tha dligheach dhi am measg chánainean aosda agus ard-ughdarail nan linntibh a thréig. Chan eil ach ro ghoirid bho na chriochnaich e Eachdraidh na h-Eaglais, ann an Gailig, agus a' dh'ullaich e airson a chlò "Eachdraidh nam Fiughalach Albannach" air a h-eadar-theangachadh gu Gailig leis an Ollamh Mac' Illebhrà.

AIR CRUINN-MHEALLAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

V.—Earrann.

AIR NA REULTAIBH MARS, FHESTA, IUNO, CERES, PALLAS, AGUS, IUPITER.

Tha oibre a' chruthachaidh a' foillseachadh gliocais an Tighearn Dé,

eadhon do'n ìnntinn as mi-chùramaiche agus as neo-mhothuchaile! Nach mòr an gliocas a shuidhich a' ghrìan aig astar co fad o'n talamh, is nach 'eil an tomhas soluis agus teas a ta sinn a' faotuinn uaipe aon chuid tuilleadh's mòr, no tuilleadh's beag? Na'm biomaid na b'fhaisge do'n ghréin na tha sinn, bhiodh an talamh agus sinne air uachdar air ar crionadh le teas; agus nam biomaid na b'fhaide uaipe, dheanadh reodha agus fuachd ar milleadh gu tur. Ach air d'on talamh a bhi aig astar freagarrach o'n ghréin, tha sinn a' mealtuinn a feartan air sheòl iomchuidh agus taitneach; agus air da a bhi 'cur char deth air a mhul fein, tha gach rioghachd agus dùthaich air 'uachdar a' mealtuinn teas agus soluis na grèine 'nan àm fein, gach là dhe'n bhliadhna. Tha solus agus dorchadas a' teachd an déigh a' chéile gu riaghailteach, agus tha iad air an aobhar sin chum leas agus comhfhurtachd gach dùil bheo. "Chuir Dia dealachadh eadar an solus agus an dorchadas," agus mar sin, le gliocas neo-chriochnuichte, rinn e an là chum saoithreach agus oibre, agus an oidhche chum cadail agus foise. Tha'n fhirinn chéudna air a foillseachadh le reultaibh neamhe gu léir, co math is leis an talamh; agus féudar a radh maille ri Daibhidh, "Gur uamhasach iongantach a dhealbhadh, cha'n e mhàin an duine, ach mar an céudna gach ni a ta air aghaidh na cruitheachd."

Tha sinn a nis gu cunntas a thoirt air MARS an ath réult ann an òrdugh. Tha Mars coig uairean nis lugha n'an talamh, ach aig astar mòran nis faide o'n ghréin. Tha Mars mu thimchioll ceithir mìle agus da chéud de mhìltibh troimhe, agus sia fichead agus coig muillean de mhìltibh air falbh o'n ghréin. Tha'n réult so a' siubhal 'na cearcall fein, dà fhichead agus seachd mìle de mhìltibh ann an uair, agus a' criochnachadh a turais ann an aon uair ni's lugha na sia cead, ceithir fichead agus seachd laithean. Tha bliadhna Mhars, uime sin, ach beag co fada ri dhà de na bliadhnaibh againn-ne. Tha'n réult so a' tionndadh air a mul fein ann am fichead agus ceithir uairibh, agus da fhichead mionaid, air chor 's gu'm bheil là Mhars dà fhichead mionaid ni's faide na là na talmhainn. Ma tha créutairean réusonta ann am Mars, cha'n fhaic iad a' ghrian ach leth co mòr is a ta sinne ga faicinn, agus cha'n fhaigh iad ach a leth uiread soluis agus teas uaipe, 'sa ta sinne a' faotuinn. Ma tha gealach idir aig an réult so, cha'n urrainn sinne a faicinn aig a lughad; ach ma tha créutairean ann am Mars, chi iad an talamh agus a' ghealach againn-ne, mar dhà ghealach, tè dhiubh beag, agus an tè eile mòr, a' sìr chaochladh gun a bhi idir làn! Le gloineachaibh-amhairc chithear coslas chuantan agus thìrean ann am Mars; agus chithear, mar an céudna, aogas sneachda air na h-earrannaibh sin deth, a ta air chùl na gréine; agus tha daoine foghluimte a' co'-dhùnadh gur sneachd a th'ann, do bhrigh gu'm bheil e anabarrach geal, agus gu'm bheil e falbh gu h-iomlan, an uair a bhuaileas teas na gréine air na h-ionadaibh sin far am bheil e 'laidhe gu domhain rè géamhraidh na rèilte so. Air d'i a bhi mòran ni's faide o'n ghréin n'an talamh, cha'n fhaicear i a chaoidh a' teachd, cosmhuil ri Mercuri agus Bhénus, eadar an talamh agus a' ghrian, gidheadh, aig amannaibh sònraichte chìthear i a' siubhal mu'n ghréin 'na cuairt fharsuing fein! Air an taobh a mach do Mhars tha ceithir réulta beaga a cuairteachadh na gréine, gach aon 'na cearcall fein. 'S iad so BHESTA, IUNO, CERES, agus PALLAS, agus cha'n 'eil am meùd ach beagan ni's mò na a' ghealach againn-ne. Tha iad da uair co fad o'n

ghréin ri Mars, agus a gabhail a dha uiread ùine chum cuairt a chur air a' ghréin. Cha'n 'eil ach goirid o'n fhuaradh a mach iad, agus tha iad co beag, agus aig astar co fad air falbh, is nach 'eil dùil aig sluagh gu'n rannsaichear iad a chaoidh a mach air mhodh cìnteach. Fhuaradh Bhesta a mach anns a' bhliadhna 1807, Iuno anns a' bhliadhna 1804, Ceres anns a' bhliadhna 1801, agus Pallas anns a' bhliadhna 1802.

Bheir sinn iomradh a nis air IUPITER, an réult a's mò agus a's dìrdheirce de na réultaibh uile, air di a bhi mìle uair ni's mo n'an talamh, agus seachd agus ceithir fichead mìle de mhìltibh troipe. Tha Iupiter ceithir chiad agus sia thar fhichead muillean de mhìltibh o'n ghréin, agus tha e 'siubhal 'na chearcall cuig mìle fichead de mhìltibh anns an uair. Tha'n réult so a' gabhail aon bhliadhna deug agus deich miosan chum aon chuairt a chur air a' ghréin, agus air an aobhar sin tha bhliadhna Iupiter ach beag co fada ri dha dheug de na bhliadhnaibh againn-ne. Tha'n réult mhaiseach so a' tionndadh air a mul fein ann an naoi uairibh agus sia deug agus da fhichead mionaid, air chor is gu'm bheil an là aice ni's lugha na leth an latha againn-ne, ged tha a bhliadhna a dha uiread deug co mòr ri ar bhliadhna-ne. Tha ceithir gealaichean aig Iupiter, a ta 'ga chuairteachadh ceart mar a ta na réultan a' cuairteachadh na gréine. Tha àm laidhe agus éiridh gach gealaich dhiubh so air fhaotuinn a mach air son gach là 'sa bhliadhna, a chionn le so gu'm bheil maraichean a' deanamh mach an slighean air na cuantaibh mòra. Tha na gealaichean aig Iupiter agus Saturn, uime sin, anabarrach féumail duinne, a chionn gur ann leò sin a's cinntiche a gheibh maraichean a mach a' cheart àit air doimhneachdaibh na fairge anns am bi iad na air sheòl sam bi eile. Tha aghaidh Iupiteir air a còmdachadh le fàinnibh, no le criosaibh leathann agus fosgailte, agus tha téallsanaich a' deanamh mach gur neoil iad a ta air an dòigh iongantach so a cuairteachadh na réilte so! Tha e cinnteach gur mòr am fuachd a ta ann an Iupiter, do brigh gu'm bheil e aig astar co fada air falbh o'n ghréin, is gu'm bi a gathann fann agus lag mu'n comas doibh ruigheachd air an réilt mhòir so; agus tha'n seòl air am bheil Iupiter air a shuidheachadh air a mhul fein, a' toirt mu'n cuairt nach 'eil a bheag a dh'atharrachadh eadar a Shàmhradh agus a Gheamhradh.

Mar a's mò a labhras sinn air na réultaibh, 's ann a's mò tha sinn 'faicinn araon gliocais agus cumhachd an Tì uile-bheannaichte "a labhair, agus bha iad ann; a dh' àithn agus sheas iad."—(Salm. xxxiii. 9.) Is miorbhuileachd a' chìnnteachd agus an eagnaidheachd leis am bheil na réultan a' siubhal 'nan cuairtibh fein air feadh farsuingeachd na cruitheachd; agus leis am bheil gach aon diubh fa leth a' criochnachadh a turais 'na h-àm suidhichte fein. Tilgibh bhur sùilean air aghaidh na cruitheachd, agus chì sibh gach ni air àrdachadh chum na crìche a's feàrr. Ach an uair a bheachdaicheas sibh le ioghna air an obair, smuainichibh le iongantas agus le taingeileachd air a' ghàirdean uile-chumhachdach a rinn an obair sin, agus abraìbh maille ris an diadhair Eòin, "Is airidh thusa, a Thighearn, air gloir, agus urram, agus cumhachd fhaotuinn; oir chruthaich thu na h-uile nithe, agus air son do thoil-sa tha iad, agus chruthaicheadh iad."—(Taisb. iv. 11.)

SGIATHANACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

VIII.

(*Air leantuinn o 'n 9mh Aireamh, taobh 223.*)

Sgriobh Seorus Buchanan Eachdraidh na h-Alba ann an Laidinn agus tha e labha'rt innte mu thimchioll a' cheud luchd-aitich a ghabh comhnuidh ann am Breatunn. B'i a bharail-san gum b'e an t-aon sluagh a bha chomhnuidh anns na tiribh ris an abrar a nis an Fhraing, an Spainn agus a'Ghearmailt no an Ollaind, gun do labhair iad an aon chànain, agus gum b'e an t-ainm leis an robh iad aithnichte do na Romanaich *Galli* no *Celtae.* Bha iad roinnte 'nam fineachan no 'nan treubhan eadar-dhealaichte o cheile anns an doigh labhairt, ged a bha an aon chanain aca thaobh duchais. A reir beachd Sheoruis Bhuchanain is ann o oirthir thuath na Frainge ris an abairteadh Armorica a thainig a cheud luchd-aitich do cheann deas Bhreatuinn; thainig na ceud dhaoine as an Spainn do Eirinn; agus thainig a cheud sluagh do cheann tuath Bhreatuinn as a' Ghearmailt no Lochluinn. Ach ged a thainig iad a nall as na tiribh so fa leth gidheadh labhair iad an aon chanain Ghaidhealach le beagan dealachaidh a thaobh gum b'e an aon sluagh a bha a chomhnuidh air tir-mor na Roinn-Eorpa aig an am so. Thachair na nithean so a reir coslais fada mun do thog an sluagh sin an ceann o'n d'thainig na Sasonnaich, na Lochlunnaich agus Gearmailtich an la an diugh. Theirteadh na seann Bhreatunnaich ris an t-sluagh a thainig a nall o Armorica as an Fhraing; b'iad so sinnsearan nam fineachan a tha chomhnuidh ann an Duthaich *Wales*, agus labhair iad cainnt a tha cosmhil ris a' chainnt a labhrar anns an tir sin air an la an diugh. Theirteadh na Caledonich no na Pictich mar ainm ris an fheadhainn a thainig gu ceann tuath Bhreatuinn agus labhair iad Gailig cosmhuil ris a' Ghailig a labhrar an diugh ann an Albainn. Agus theirteadh *Scoti* mar ainm ris an t-sluagh a thainig as an Spainn do Eirinn agus labhair iad Gailig cosmhuil ris a' Ghailig Eirionnaich. Chaidh dream araidh dhiubh so a nunn a Eirinn do Earraghael agus ghabh iad comhnuidh am measg an luchd-aitich a bha an sin o chian. B'ann diu so a bha an teaghlach rioghail a thainig gu bhi rìoghachadh os ceann Albainn gu leir 'nuair a chuireadh an rioghachd fo aon riaghladh.

Tha Buchanan mar an ceudna ag radh gun d'thugadh Caledoniach mar ainm air an t-sluagh a bha ann a Albainn a chionn gun robh iad a chomhnuidh ann an tir a bha lan de choille challdainn; gum b'e Dun-challdainn no Dun-chailleann ceann-bhaile na rioghachd aca agus gun d'fhuair e an t-ainm so o'n aobhar cheudna. A reir sin tha an t-ainm Caledonaich a' cialluchadh Calldainnich. Mar so chi sinn gun robh Seorus Buchanan a' creidsinn gum bu Ghaidhil na Picti, agus gun robh iad fein agus na Scoti cairdeach d'a cheile. Tha e a' nochdadh gun robh Bede dhe 'n bheachd cheudna 'nuair a tha e ag radh gun d'thug na *Picti* do na *Scoti* pairt de 'n tir aca fein anns an earrainn sin a bha air bheag sluaigh no falamh. Tha e ag radh mar an ceudna roimh theachd nan Sasonnach gun robh ach beag an aon chanain air a labhairt le uile luchd-aitich an eilein Bhreatunnaich.

(*Ri leantuinn.*) D. B. B.

CALLUM A GHLINNE.

EARRAN VII.

AIR an oidhche ud nach deachaidh, agus nach teid a' cuimhne Challum rè a bheatha, fhuair e ann am beagan uairean de thiom, barrachd eolais air

cealgaireachd nadar tuiteamach na daonachd na' fhuair e riamh roimhe. Fhuair e mar an ceudna sealladh agus tuigse fhaireachdail air a laigisnean modhanail fein. Bha e air a ghluasad, air a luasgadh agus air a lionadh le uamhas roimh an t-slochd uamhainn anns an robh e ach beag air a shlugadh, gun smaoin agus gun amhararus a bhi aige d'a thaobh; cha bu lugha 'bha e air a lionadh le taingealachd airson an rathaid mhiorbhuileach agus fhreasdalach anns an robh e air a thiorcadh. Thug e aghaidh air a chairtealan taimh cho luath 'sa bheireadh a chosan e; 'Nuair a fhuair se e fein an taobh a stigh de a sheomar, ghlais e an dorus, agus thilg se e fein na shìneadh air an urlar, far an do leig e a mach na aonar na faireachduinean buaireasach leis an robh a chridhe air a reubadh agus 'anam air iomluasgadh. B'i oidhche Dhi-Sathuirne a thachair a bhi ann. Greis an deigh a mheadhoin oidhche, 'nuair a bha tomhas do thosdachd agus do shamhchair air toirt aite do n' ghair agus do 'n utag fhiadhaich, bhorb, allmhara, airson am bheil sraidean Ghlaschu cho comharraichte, gu sonruichte air oidhche 'Shathurna agus air maduinn na Sabaid—dh' eirich Callum o'n urlar, air dha tomhas do fhaothachadh fhaotainn bho 'n teinn-chradh leis an robh a chridhe an impis sgaineadh; thug e mar a b' abhaist da, lamh air a Bhiobul; ach a dh' aindeoin a mhothachaidh air a dhleasdanas, cha b'urrainn e aon chuid a shuil no inntinn a shocruchadh air aon fhocal gu a leughadh le urram no le stoldachd iomchuidh. Dhùin e suas agus chuir e seachad "Focal math na beatha"—chaidh e da leabaidh, ach threig fois agus codal a shùilean; ged a bha e air a ghleidheadh gu miorbhuileach o ghniomharan minosach am measg na cuideachd drochmhuinntir air an robh e tathaich fo threorachadh a dhroch companaich; thug an caitheamh aimsir ud anns an robh e air a chleachdadh, dorchadas cruas agus cionta air a choguis, agus thug a chor air an oidhche chianail ud 'na chuimhne, a bharr air ioma rud eile, cor neach araidh air am bu tric a chuala e 'mhathair chaomh a deanamh iomraidh:—Bu duine e a bha ri aideachadh air an diadhaidheachd—ach ann an aon seadh cha robh a ghiulan air uairibh comhsheasmhach ri 'aideachadh. 'Nuair a thachradh dha tuiteam ann an cuìeachd luchd eolais fuasgailte, bha e ullamh gu bhi air a ghlacadh ann an cleachdadh mi rianail na misg, leis an robh gu tric a leithid do dhaorsa agus do dhorchadas a luidhe air a choguis is nach b'urrain e car uine an deigh gach tuisleadh dheth an t-seorsa ud, am Biobul fhosgladh, no a ghlùn a lubadh air ceann a theaghlaich. Bha an oidhche ud do Challum na h-aimsir fhadalaich neo-fhoisneach, air bheag codail no ùrachaidh. Mu ghlasadh na cambanaich dheirich e; sheall e a mach air an uinneig—cha robh duine no ainmhidh r' am faicinn air an t-sraid. Bha buaireas agus iomluasgadh a choguis fein, an coimeas ris an t-samhchair chiuin choitchionn a bha buadhachadh air gach taobh dheth, na chuis eagail dha. Ann an doimhneachd a theinn agus a thrioblaid, ghrad-las na chuimhne na briathran so. "Co ionnsuidh a theid sinne ach a d' ionnsuidhsa, oir agadsa tha briathran na beatha maireannaich." Le fiamh agus le anmhuinneachd neo-abhaisteach, glac e am Biobull—Dh' fhosgail leabhar nan Gnathfhocal dha, thuit a shuil air aireamh de na h-earranaibh a chomharraich a mhathair mu 'n do dhealaich iad ri cheile; leugh agus bheachdaich e orra le 'uile dhurachd a chridhe. Bha iad a luidhe gu ro fhreagarrach ri a chor; ghlac iad aire air a leithid do dhoigh

is gun robh gach focal mar gum bann air an runachadh gu bhi air an seirm na chluais fein amhain, agus gu bhi air an deargadh air a chognis agus air a chuimhne. Air dha an leughadh thairis agus thairis a ris—ghlac e peann agus paipeir, agus sgriobh e an t-iomlan dhiu mar a leanas :

"Nuair a theid gliocas a steach ann ad chridhe, agus a bhios eolas taitneach do 'n anam, n'i ciall do dhionadh, coimhididh tuigse thu: chum gun gleidh iad thu o n' mhnaoi choimhich, o n' bhan-choigrich a ni brionnal le a briathraibh—Na h-eisd ri mealltaireachd mna; oir mar a chìr-mheala silidh bilean mna coimhich, agus is millse na 'n ola a beul, ach tha a crioch searbh mar a bhurmaid, geur mar chlaidheamh da fhaobhair: tha a cosan a dol sios chum a bhais; ni a ceumanna ghreim air ifrinn. Sheall mi am measg nan daoine baoghalta; thug mi fainear am measg nan oganach, òigfhear gun chiall, a dol seachad air an t-sraid fagus d'a h-oisinn; ghabh e air an t-slighe chum a tighe. Le moran d'a cainnt mhilis thug i air aontachadh, le miodal a bilean chomheignich i e. Tha e dol na deigh gun dail mar theid an damh chum a chosgraidh, no an t-amadan chum peanas a chip; gus an teid saighead troi' 'anam, mar a ghreasas an t-eun do 'n ribe, gun fhios aige gur h-ann a chum a bhàis a ta e. Suidhidh i aig dorus a tighe, air caithir ann an aitibh arda a bhaile, a ghairm orrasan a bhios a dol seachad air an t-slighe. Ge be neach a tha baoghalta, thigheadh e 'stigh an so; agus ris-san a tha 'dhith tuigse their i: 'Tha na h-uisgeachan a ghoidear milis, agus an t-aran a dh'ithear an uaigneas taitneach;' ach cha'n eil fios aige gum bheil na mairbh an sin, ann an doimhneachdan ifrinn gum bheil a h-aoidhean. Threig i oid'-ionnsaich a h-oige, agus dhi-chuimhnich i coimhcheangal a Dè: Air eagal gun cothromaicheadh tu slighe na beatha, tha a ceumanna luaineach, air chor as nach urrainn thu an aithneachadh. Atharraich do shlighe fada uaipe, agus na tig am fagus do dhorus a tighe, oir lot agus leag i sios moran; seadh chaidh moran do dhaoine treuna a mharbhadh leatha; is e a tigh an t-slighe gu ifrinn, a dol sios gu seomraichean a bhàis; cha phill duine sam bith a theid da h-ionnsuidh, agus a rís cha'n fhaigh e sligheanna na beatha. Na claonadh do chridhe chum a sligheanna, na rach air seacharan 'na ceumaibh, chum as nach dean thu caoidh mu dheireadh agus gun abair thu, Cionnus a thug mi fuath do theagasg agus a rinn mo chridhe tair air achmhasan? Is beag nach robh mi anns gach olc am meadhoin a chomh-chruinneachaidh agus a choimhthionail."

Nuair a bha Callum a sgriobhadh sios nan earraneau ud, aon an deigh aon, ann san rian 's an robh iad air an comharachadh leis an laimh chaomhail ud a shaothrich ioma latha gu dian agus gu dileas airson a leas, bha cumhachd diomhair neo-fhaicsinneach gan giulan le buaidh agus le eifeachd gu smior 'anama. mar a dh' ainmich sinn ann an aite eile, bha iad da rireadh air am beannachadh dha. Chaith e a mhaduinn ud 'na sheomar uaigneach mar nach d'rinn e riamh roimhe—aig an uair ghnathaichte, chaidh e do 'n Eaglais, cha b' ann mar a b' abhaist dha, a dh' fhaicinn, agus gu bhi air fhaicinn; ach le beò-iarrtus an deigh air rudeigin a bheireadh furtachd d'a anam leonta, agus a bheireadh saorsa dha bho na saighdean sgaiteach geur a bha an sàs ra' choguis. Nuair a leugh am ministeir an ceann-teagaisg:—"Is fear comuinn mi dhoibhsan air am bheil d' eagal agus dhoibhsan a ghleidheas do reachdan." Smuaintich e nach robh teachdaireachd d' a leithidsan bho an earrain ud, ach

teachdaireachd dìtidh. Dh' eisd e gu dùrachdach ris gach focal de an t-searmoin. Bha cleachdadh-no 'dha, a bha coitchionn do n' chothional d' am buineadh e, a bha air am meas leis riamh on' thainig e 'n am measg, rudeigin mi rianail agus mi-mhodhail a thaobh an fhir theagaisg agus na seirbheis sholuimte a bu dreuchd dha, mar a tha rocail, sreothartaich agus smotadh snaoisein, agus casadaich; agus mar an ceudna, daoine a bhi 'cumail an adaichean agus am boineidean air an cinn, gus an ruigeadh iad an aiteachan suidhe, eadhon ged a bhitheadh an t-seirbheis air toiseachadh mu 'n tigeadh iad a stigh do 'n eaglais. Bha a chasadaich gu sonruichte, 'na campar agus 'na brosnuchadh dha; oir thainig e le beachdachadh orra, gu bhi a co-dhùnadh nach be aon chuid cuatan no cuing-analach a b' aobhar do na chuid 'bù mho de'n chasadaich, ach dìreach, cleachdadh fasanta, comhfhulangach, a bha cumanta 'n am measg ri fuachd 's ri teas, ri blaths an t-Samhraidh co-ionnan ri dùdlachd a Gheamhraidh. Bha gach easordugh de 'n t-seorsa ud n' am plàigh agus n' am buaireas sonruichte do Challum air an latha ud; oir bha 'aire agus a chluas gu dian agus gu durachdach an crochadh ri bilibh an fhir-theagaisg, mar gum biodh a bheatha an eiseimeil aon fhocal a dh' fhaodadh e a chall, no a rachadh seachad air a chluais. Bha am ministeir na fhear teagaisg soisgeulach fallain, dileas, comasach: Na uile shearmoinean, ciod air bith 'bu cheann-teagaisg dhoibh, chluinnte mòran mu chliù Chriosd, agus mu ghloir na saorsa a choisinn e. Fhuair Callum rud-eigin ann an teagasg an latha, a bha mar ola agus mar fhion do lotan 'anama. Chuir na beachdan a leanas, solus dha air aobhar a chruais, an dorchadais agus na h-asìth a thug companas nan andiadhaidh air a choguis. Thug am ministeir fainear gun robh luchdaideachaidh ȝg ullamh gu bhi a saoilsinn nach robh dad do chunnart dhoibh ann an comunn agus ann an companas luchd uilc, cho fad 'sa sheachnadh iad fein an t-olc ann an cainnt agus ann an gniomh. Chuir e solus samhlachail ud, ann an briathran a tha airidh air an cumail air chuimhne. Seall, ars' esan, air closach ainmhidh a' grodadh air an raon, tha an fheoil lobhta sin a bha aon uair 'na biadh fallain beathachail, a nis 'na puinnsean marbhtach; cho puinnseanta is gun cuireadh am mir 'bu lugha a dh'itheadh tu dhi, do bheatha ann an cunnart; an saoil thu gum biodh e tearuinte dhuit seasamh no suidhe dhlù do n' chlosaich ud cho fad 's a b'aill leat, na 'm be is nach cuireadh tu am mir 'bu lugha dhi na d' bheul? Gu dearbh, cha bhiodh e idir tearuinte. Ciod e' tha ann san fhaileadh bhreun ghairsneach a tha thu deothal a stigh troimh do chuinneinean, gu bhi air a chomhmheasgachadh ri d'fhuil agus ri d' chaileachd? Is e a thann, an dearbh phuinnsean sin a tha ann sa chlosaich ghraineil o'm bheil e 'g eiridh, agus leis am bi do chaileachd ann an tomhas air a truailleadh a cheart cho cinnteach agus ged dh'itheadh tu i. Cha mho tha e comasach do neach air bith eadhoin do anam grasmhor, comunn a chumail ri luchd mì-bheus, gun a chaileachd mhodhanail a bhi air a truailleadh le an conaltradh agus le 'an eiseimpleir, ged a dh' fheudadh e gach briseadh air lagh na modhanna a sheachnadh gu h-iomlan ann an cainnt agus ann an gniomh. Ma's miann leat ars' esan, a bhi air do ghlanadh, agus air do choimhead glan o shalchar na feola agus an spioraid, feumaidh tu coimhcheangal a dheanamh ri d' chluasan cho math

agus ri d' shuilean. Biodh do chomunn agus do chompanas, uime sin riuthasan a mhain air am bheil eagal an Tighearna. Mun robh an t-seirbheis thairis, dhealraich an solus air inntinn Challum a thaobh 'fhior chor, mar gun leigte gath greine ann am plathadh a stigh do sheomor dorcha. Thuig agus dh' fhairich e 'nis, mathair-aobhair a bhuaireais agus na h-an-fhois leis an robh e air a luasgadh. Bu bheag a bha dh'amharus aige gus a nis, gun robh a bheusan modhanail air an truailleadh leis a chaitheamh-aimsir anns an robh e air a chleachdadh ann an cuideachd Mhicheil. Mhothaich e da rireadh 'fheum air a bhi air a ghlanadh ann san "tobar a chaidh fhosgladh" cha b' ann a mhain o chionta a pheacaidh, ach mar an cendna o 'neoghloine mhodhanail. Be an latha ud dhasan, latha nam beannachd; Thainig e mach ann sa mhaduinn fo sgios agus fo throm uallach, a sior ghuidhe.

"A priosan m' anam buin a mach,
T' ainmsa gum molar leam"

Thill e dhachaidh le oran nuadh ann am beul anama.

"Mar eun a rib' an aunadair
Shaor thusa m' anam bochd."

MUILEACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

———o———

AM BUACHAILLE-LAOGH AGUS AM MINISTEIR.

Bha balachan òg, mac baintrich bhochd, aon uair 'n a bhuachaille-laogh aig tuathanach araidh. Bha e a' faighinn a bhidh mar thuarasdal o 'n tuathanach, agus bha a mhathair 'g a cumail fein a suas mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn di le 'bhi ag obair do na coimhearsnaich, maille ri cuideacheadh beag a bha air a bhuileachadh oirre o am gu am á airgiod nam bochd. Thuit gu 'n robh fearann an tuathanaich a' criochnachadh ri *glebe* a' mhinistir agus co-dhiu a leig am buachaille na laoigh am measg coirce a' mhinistir, no ciod air bith a b' aobhar, ghabh e fuath agus gamhlas mor do 'n bhalachan, agus cha 'n iarradh e ach a' bhi 'g a smadadh a h-uile cothrom a gheobhadh e. Bha aig a' mhinisteir gille miodalach, trailleil a b' abhaist da a thoirt leis an uair a bhiodh e, le 'charbad beag, a' gabhail a chuairt troimh 'n sgireachd. Thachair dhoibh a bhi a' gabhail sgriob air latha araidh, agus faicidh iad buachaille nan laogh 'n a shuidhe taobh an rathaid mhoir le deise uir aodaich air. Bu mhath a bha fios aig a' mhinisteir c' aite 'n d' fhuair am balachan an deise, agus smaointich e gu 'n gabhadh e an cothrom air a nàrachadh. "Co, mo ghille math," ars esan, "a chuir ort an deise ur, ghasda sin?" "Chuir," thuirt am balachan bochd 's e 'togail a chinn, "le 'r cead a mhinisteir, a' cheart fheadhainn a chuir an deise sin oirbhse,—chuir an sgireachd. An uair a mhothaich am ministeir a' chuis air a tilgeil cho deas 'n a aodann leis a' bhalachan chuir e 'chuip ris an each, agus thàr e as. Ach air dha dol beagan air aghart smuainich e gu 'm bu tamailteach da leigeil leis an ruaig a bhi air a cur air mar so an lathair a ghille fein; stad e an carbad, agus chuir e air ais an gille a dh-fheoraich d' an bhalachan, an gabhadh e muinntireas gu bhi 'n a *bhurraidh* aig a' mhinisteir. Thill an gille le othail mhoir, agus chuir e a' cheist ris a' bhuachaille. "Am bheil thusa dol g' a fhagail?" ars am balachan. "Cha 'n eil," fhreagair an gille. "Ma ta, mar eil," thuirt am balachan, "rach air d'ais agus abair ris a' mhinisteir, gu 'm bheil mise 'meas gu 'm bheil a thighinn a stigh beag gu leoir a chumail a suas *da bhurraidh* gun ghuth air a' bhi ag iarraidh an treas fir!" Dh' fhalbh an gille 's a theanga 'n a phluic a dh'

innseadh a shoirbheachaidh, agus is i mo bharail nach do chuir e fèin no am ministeir a' bheag tuillidh de dhragh air a' bhuachaille-laogh.

MAC-MHARCUIS.

Latha Feill Brighde 1873.

———o———

AN DARA DUAN DE SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE;

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Homeir Gu Gaidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MACLACHAINN.

Taisbeanadh an Fheachda; agus àireamh nam fineachan Gréugach agus Tròidheach.

Dhùin gach créutair talmhaidh 'n rosg,
Slòigh 'us eachraidh chaidil sèamh,
Na dé bhuan na 'n cathraichean òir,
Iar claon-aomadh gu ceò-phramh.
Bha *Iobh* 'na aonar gun suain,
'Inntinn mhòr fo gluasad bras,
Gu cliù thoirt do 'n Aicheall thréun,
'S do 'n arm Ghréugach léireadh cas.
Comhairl' iomchuidh dhùisg 'na cheann,
Bruadar mealltʼ a thogail suas,
'Chur gu righ na Gréig' a mhiann,—
'S dh' éubh e 'n Sgail am briathran luath:
"Grad-imich, a Bhruadair fhaoin,
Dh'fhios a' chabhlaich aig raon Tròidh;
Do shìol Atreuis, righ nam feachd,
Thoir mion sgéul air reachd mo bheòil.
Tairngeadh e fo 'n airm gun dail,
Sliochd na Gréige 's arbhuidh cùl;
Glacaidh e 'n stuaidh fharsuing ard,
'S sgapaidh na liath-charn 's an ùir.
Bho'n rinn Iùno 'n ùrnaigh chruaidh,
Tha 'nt aon rùn aig sluagh nan spéur;
Thuit Tròidh gu buileach fo bhinn,
'S thig maom-sgrios air linn nam béud."
'N uair chriochnaich e, léum an Sgail,
Sios 'na still gu traigh nan long;
Fhuair e 'n righ a's teach na bhùth,
Fo mhìn-dhrùchd, 's e 'n cadal trom.
Sheas an dealbh os cionn a chinn,
An riochd Nestoir bu bhinn glòir,—
Sean-Nestor a ghléidh a ghaol,
Thar gach aosda 'measg a shlòigh.
An sin labhair Taisbean nan spéur—
Shoillsich aithn' an dé do 'nt shonn:
"Am fois dutsa, ghaisgich thréin,
'Ur-mhic Atreuis nan stéud lom?
Dim-brigh do chomhairleach glic
Do 'm buin cùram bhlar a's fheachd,
'S miltean slòigh ag earbs' á thaic
Cian-chaídreamh an cadal leisg.
Eisd gu mion-bheachdaidh ri m' sgéul—
'S mi teachdaire dhé nan dia;
Bho'n 's mòr a thruais diot, a's 'ùigh,
D' ardachadh an cliù, 's e mhiann.
'S aill leis thu ghrad-thoirt gu blar
Sliochd na Gréige 's arbhuidh cùl.
Glacaidh tu 'n stuaidh fharsuing, ard,
'S sgapaidh na liath-charn 's an ùir.
Bho'n rinn Iùno 'n ùrnaigh chruaidh,
Tha 'nt aon rùn aig sluagh nan spéur.
Thuit Tròidh gu buileach fo bhinn,
'S thig maom-sgrios air linn nam béud.
Gabhsa suim de reachd an dé;
Smid dhe 'm bheil mo bhéul a' luadh,
Fiach nach leig mi-sgainn air chùl,
'N uair dh' fhògrar bho d' shùil ant shuain.
Raining na facail a' chrioch,
'S grad ás 'fhianuis thriall an sgleò.
Dh' fhag e 'n righ ri innleachd cuim,
Ag cur mhiltean luim air seòl.
Bi dhùil gu'n leagtadh na 'carn
Daingneach Thròidh, an là sin fhéin.
Umaidh nach d' fhisraich mar bha,
'S ciod bu brigh do dhàn nan spéur.
Gun smaoin air cho liomnhor cràdh,
Osna, 's téinn, a's blar, a's éug,
Bha gu teachd air au da shlògh,
An strith chian nan còmhrag géur.
'S an àm iomchuidh dhùisg an tréun,
'S ghrad-éirich 'n uair thréig a shuain;
Thar leis gu'n robh 'n Taisbean àigh
A' sìr-chagar tlàth na chluais.
Shuidh e dìreach 's dhùin mu 'chliabh,
A mhìn-fhalluinn chiatach, nuadh;
'S thilg e thair uachdar os cinn,
Earradh mòr bu rìoghail tuar.
Mu ' dha chois chumadail, chruinn,
A bheairt shoilleur shnaim e teann;
Claidheamh réul-airgiodach grinn,
Chroch sgibidh ri thaobh bho 'n bhoinn.
Colbh athraichean tréun' na dhòrn,
Slat-riaghailt nan glòir bith-bhuan:
Dh' fhios a' chabhlaich stiùir e chéum—
Tuineadh Gréugaich nan arm cruaidh.
Dh' éirich maduinn òg nan drùchd
'Na 'soillse gu lùchuirt lobh;
'S thair còmhnuidh aluinn nan dia,
Sgaoil i 'brat de 'nialaibh òir.
Chuir an righ air chuairt nan deann,
Gairmfhir a b' oscarra pong,
A theanal nan slòigh air ball,
Gu comhairl' aig taobh nan long.
Thug iad a' chaismeachd mar dh' iarr
'S dhòirt na miltean siar romh 'n raon:
Ach cho-ghairm e, 'n tùs, na seòid
A fhuair gliocas còrr bho 'n aois.—
Chruinnich iad aig bìrlinn shlinn
Nestoir Philich nan radh glic.
'S thionnsgain e, 'n uair shuidh na suinn,
A dheilbh luim an dulchuinn thric.

(Ri leantuinn.)

AN SEOL AIR AN DEANAR AIRGIOD.

Leig seachad gnothuch gach neach eile, agus thoiran aire do d' ghnothuch fein. Na ceannaich an ni sin nach 'eil a dhìth ort. Gnàthaich gach uair chum buannachd, agus feùch gu'n cuir thu t-ùairean diòmhanach gu deagh bhuil. Smuainich a rìs mu'n tilg thu fiu na sea-sgillin air falbh gu h-amaideach, agus cuimhnich gu'm bheil tè eile agad r'a dheanamh na h-àite. Biodh e dhuit mar chulaidh-shùgraidh a bhi 'toirt an aire do d' ghnothuch fein agus mar sin cha dearmadar do ghnothuch an uair a bhios tu an toir air culaidh-shugraidh. Ceannuich ìosal, reic cothromach, agus gabh cùram de'n bhunnachd. Na biodh do shùil an déigh na sgillin a bheir thu do'n deircean thoiltinneach. Gléidh do leabhraicheancùnntais gu riaghailteach, agus ma gheibh thu fiù a' bhònn-sea a'm mearachd faigh a mach agus ceartaich e. Dean ceartas teànn edar duine agus duine, agus ged a bhiodh e 'nad' chomas na meàll neach eile anns a' chuid a's lugha. Na àrr dà phrìs, ach reic air an aon sgillin ris an uachdaran agus ris an iochdaran. Ged a thuiteadh buille mi-shealbhach ort 'nad' cheaird fein, gabh cùram fosgail do shùilean, oibrich ni's cruaidhe, agus ma tha e idir 'nad' chomas na géill. Còmhlaich cruaidh-chas agus téinn le buan-sheasmhachd gu'n sgìos, agus teichidh iad a' chuid 'sa chuid air falbh. Agus ged a dh' fhàilnicheadh thu nad' ghleacadh ri cruadal, measar airidh air urram thu ; ach géill anns a' chùis, agus, nithear dìmeas ort. Na tig beò os ceann do chumhach, agus ged nach robh agad ach sgillin Shasunnach 'san là, caomhain an deicheamh earrann di. Le bhi 'leantuinn nan riaghailt so, le beannachd, cha'n eagal nach teid a' chùis leat. Dean ceartas, diòl gu h-ealamh gach fiàch agus mar sin faigh do dhlighe fein. Na rach a'n urras air neach 'sam bith ged bu bhrathair e. Ma ni thu sin cha'n 'eil teagamh nach dean thu do charaid 'na namhaid, a thuilleadh air gu'm fuiling thu càlldach nach fhurasd duit a dheanamh suas. Cùm t-fhocal gu poncail treibhdhireach, cur do dhòchas ann am freasdal an Ti a's Airde, iarr a bheannachd-san air do dhìchioll, agus cha'n eagal duit.

SGIATHANACH.

SALM NA BEATHA.

LE LONGFELLOW.

(Eadar-theangaichte le A. C.)

Na can rium am briathraibh dubhach,
Beatha 'n duine 's bruadar faoin ;
Is tha 'n t-anam marbh a choidleas,
'S cha 'n 'eil ni réir barail dhaoin'.

Beatha 'n duine 's fior ni luachmor !
'S cha 'n i 'n uaigh dhorch ceann a réis ;
Ris an anam riamh cha dubhradh,
"'S duslach thu 's gu duslach théid."

Cha 'n e sòlas 's cha 'n e àmhghar
'Tha mar àrd-chrich dhuinn fo 'n ghréin,
Ach bhi gniomhach chum bhi fàgail
Astair ùir gach là 'n ar déigh.

Ealdhain 's mall 's tha ùin' ruith seachad,
'S tha ar crì, ge calm' is treun,
Ghnàth mar dhruma 'bhròin a' bualadh
Caismeachd thiamhaidh thruaigh an éig.

Ann an àrfhaich mhòir an t-saoghail,
'N camp na Beatha so na bi
Mar an t-ainmhidh balbh a ghreasar !
Bi mar ghaisgeach anns an strì !

Earbs' na cuir 's an latha màireach !
'N ùin' 'chaidh seach fàg air do chùl !
Saothraich anns an àm 'tha làthair,
Treun an cridhe 's Dia a' d' shùil !

Nochdaidh eachdraidh laoch gu 'm faod sinn
Ar beath' dheanamh buadhach àrd,
'S luirg ar cos 's an t-saoghal fhàgail
As ar déigh 'n uair 'thig am bàs.

Luirg 'n uair 'chi theagamh neach eile,
'S e air cuan na Beath' gun ìùl,
Bràthair faondrach 'rinn long-bhriseadh,
Glacaidh thuige misneach ùr.

Eireamaid nis 's biomaid gniomhach,
Le treun chrì 'bheir buaidh 's gach càs ;
'S fòghlumaid, tre chosnadh 's leanmhuinn,
Dichioll 's foighidin gach là.

UILLEAM MAC-DHUN-LEIBHE, AM BARD ILEACH.

(Air a leantuinn o 'n aireamh mu dheireadh.)

Is gann a b' urrainn dha labhairt mu Shasunn agus Sasunnaich gun ni-cigin searbh a radh mu'n deidhinn. Bha 'inntinn cho làn de dh-euchdan nan laithean ud anns an robh an dà ròghachd an comhnuidh ann an naimhdeas, gu'n do leig e as an t-sealladh gu buileach, an caochladh àigh a thainig ann an lorg na h-aonachd a tha nis eatorra. Bha e 'na ni ro ghoirt leis a ghiùlan gu'm b'e Lunnain, agus nach b'e Duneideann, Priomh Bhaile na ròghachd, a's gu'n robh Albainn do ghnath air a cur as an t-sealladh ann an naidheachdan na duthcha a's iomradh an comhnuidh air a dheanamh air "Arm Shasuinn," "Cabhlach Shasuinn," "Banrigh Shasuinn," &c. Bha dubh fhuath aige air Sasunn a's air gach nì a bhuineadh dhi. Bu ni ro mhi-fhortanach gu'n robh a' chuis mar so, oir chuir e grabadh an dà chuid air a shoirbheachadh feín mar fhear sgriobhaidh agus air a chliù mar fhear eachdraidh. Dhearbh e anns an leabhar a chuir e mach air an d'thug e mar ainm, "Tagradh nan Gaidheal," gu'm b' aithne dha Beurla a sgriobhadh air mhodh a dh' fhoadadh nair chur air imadh aon aig am bheil cliù cian sgoilte mar ughdar; ach chuir a' chainnt laidir a ghnathaich e, agus am fuath a nochd e a thaobh gach aon a rinn aig àm air bith, éucoir air na Gaidheil, cnapstarra ann an rathad soirbeachaidh na h-obair aige. Ach air a shon so uile tha iomadh nì a's airidh a chumail air chuimhne ri fhaotainn ann an "Tagradh nan Gaidheal." Sgriobh e mar an ceudna "Eachdraidh na h-Alba" a bha ri teachd a mach gach mios 'na pairtean aig aon tasdan am pairt. Thainig mu chuig pairtean de 'n obair so a mach, ach chaidh stad oirre le di airgid gu a giulan air a h-aghaidh. Bha an EACHDRAIDH ri bhi air a croichnachadh ann an sia earrannan déug. Cha 'n fhios domh ciod a thainig ris na sgrobhanna so, ach na'm biodh iad ri 'm faotainn, tha iomadh ni annta a dh' fheudadh a bhi chum feum anns a' GHAIDHEAL. A chum onair sheann Uilleam biodh e air innseadh gu'n do dhiult e suim mhaith airgid airson na h-obair so, o neach a thoilich a ceannach, a's feum air bith a thogradh e a dheanamh dhi, ach cha dealaicheadh Uilleam rithe ach air aon chumhnanta, agus b'e sin, gu'm biodh i air a cur a mach direach mara bha i. So cha ghealladh e a's bho nach gealladh, fhreagair Uilleam "ged a bhàsaichinnise leis an acras fagaidh mi as mo dheigh an obair so mar fhianuis air slaoight, agus antighearnas nan Sasunnach. Thig fear eigin a'm dheigh-se a chlo bhuaileas i." Ged nach urrainn sinn ach meas a bhi againn air an spiorad fhearail so a bha as cionn duais a ghabhail, eadhon, an uair a bha cruaidh bhochduinn agus gainne ga theannachadh, gidheadh cha 'n fhaod sinn aicheadh gu'm bu ni amaideach dha an tairgse 'dhiultadh. Ach cha 'n ann mar *Fhear-eachdraidh* no mar *Fhear Tagraidh nan Gaidheal* a bhios cuimhne Uilleam Mhic-Dhunleibhe air a cumail beò ach mar Bhard. Oir tha an obair aige a' dearbhadh gu 'n robh e comasach air a' chlarsach a dhusgadh gu céòl, a's gu'n do thuit air tonnag aon de na Filidhean a dh' fhalbh. Tha Earrannan 'san obair aige nach cuireadh naire air Oisein as a sheasas a bhi air an coimeas ri Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair agus Donnachadh Bàn. Tha smuaintean ard' agus bardail ann am briathra snasmhor, fileanta, reidh ri amas orra air gach taobh duilleig d' a obair. Is i

mo bharail nach eil neach air bith d' an aithne bárdachd nach tog fianuis gum bheil obair Mhic Dhunleibhe a' dearbhadh gu soilleir nach e ranntachd amháin a tha innte ach fior bhardachd. Tha aon ni a tha comharraichte mu a deanamh, agus 'se so e, *mar a's trice leughas neach i, 's ann is deigheile 'dh' fhasas e oirre, agus cha 'n 'eil uair a leughar i nach eil maise ùr eiginn ri fhaicinn innte.* Tha sinn beachdaidh as a so nach eil aon a tha mion eolach air a' bhardachd so, nach tog fianuis gur airidh i air aite fhaotainn taobh nam bard a's measaile am measg luche-ciùil na Gaidhealtachd. Chuir e ri cheile rannan ann an dealbhan eugsamhla, a' gnathachadh ranntachd iomadh uair nach eil idir cumanta am measg obair nam Bard Gaidhealach. Ach cha 'n eil oidhirp a thug e nach eil fiughail. Ma bha cogadh a's creach aige mar chuspair a chiúil, b' urrainn dha briathran garg' agus brosnachail a chleachdadh, a's ma bha tìamhachd a's bròn mar sheisd an orain aige, b' aithne dha a ranntachd a ghleusadh da rein. Ach 'se an doigh a's fearr gu so a leigeil fhaicinn, cuid de na rannan aige a thoirt a lathair. Tha an da ni so agus iomadh dearbhadh eile againn air a chumhachd mar bhard anns an Duan a rinn e mu "Na Lochlannaich 'an Ile." Anns an dàn so tha e a' toirt fa'r comhair cabhlach Lochlainn a' teachd 'sa' leigeil sios an acair ann an Caladh Loch-na-Dalach, a' seinn an orain eagalaich so:

"So sinne 's cha 'n fhalbh mar thainig,
Tuagh, tuagh,
Gheibh sibh 'ur neonach am maireach
Le tuagh tuagh,
Buidealaich dhearg troimh gach fardaich,
Tuagh, tuagh,
'S bhur mnathan, 's bhur creach gu traigh
Tuagh, tuagh. [leinn,
Bithidh sibh a' greasadh 's a teicheadh,
Sgian, sgian,
Bheir sinne bh' uaibh lúth nan easgaid,
Le sgian, sgian,
Na thig dhibh cha till iad am feasda,
Sgian, sgian,
Cha 'n fhaic iad a' mhaduinn 's am feasgar
Sgian, sgian.

An t-oran fiadhaich, neo-chneasda so bha na biasdan bruideil a' seinn, ach bha Maithean Ile aig an àm 'a cumail comhairle anns am bheil am Bard air briathra úr-labhrach a chur ann am beul nan uaislean. An deigh na comhairle anns am bheil íad air an inntinn a dheanamh suas coinneachadh ris na borb-dhaoine o Lochlainn air raon sliabh a' chatha, a's air uchdaichean "Ghart Loisgte," thoisich na h-Ilich air cruinneachadh. Thainig Clann Artair o Phroaig, agus clann Domhnuill as na h-Earraidh. Clann Illean o Thorra, agus Clann Aoidh o'n Rionn.. 'Se so am port meársaidh a sheinn piobaire Chlann Aoidh, mar bha iad a' direadh o'n Traigh a suas "Creagan a' chatha:"

"Tha an namhaid a' tighinn
Air an traigh 'se 'gar sireadh,
Thug e tair dhuinn mar Fhine,
'S cha tig sinn gun éiric.
Tha iad mil' mar a' chiad dhinn,
Leis gach cothrom a's miann leo,
Muir a's tir mar an iarrtus,
Maduinn ghrianach a's reidhlein.

Cladach comhnard nach folaich,
Uaith ar n' aireamh 's sinn annamh,
Chi iad cunntas na th' againn,
S bheir iad barail gu'n geill sinn;
Cha b 'e bhòsd as a' bharrachd
A ghleidh an còir do na Rannaich,
Ach buaidh siol agus claidhimh
A' toirt a dhaineoin na dh' fheumadh.

Tha na coimhich 'an staillinn,
'S fhada chithear an deárrsadh,
Boillsgeadh chlogaid a's mhaille,
'Teachd air fáire na Gréine,
'Sann th' againn mar ábhaist
A bhi rusgadh nan gairdean,
O'n d' f huair Clann Aoidh an "Lamh Laidir,"
Nuas o laithean na Feinne.

Cha chluinn na h-Eileanaich thuathach,
A's Tir mor 'dhruideadh uainn i
Le cearcal fairge mu'n cuairt duinn

Nach brist cruadal no eigin ;
Bi'dh so seachad mu'n innsear
Do laoich Dhiùra 's Chinntire
Gu'n do ghlèidh sinn ar dìleab
Far nach lion deoch reite.

An lamh làidir gu bualadh,
Cinn tri Tuirc agus Ruadh Bhuic,
Riochdan gairg' agus luathais,
A thoill, a fhuair a's a ghlèidh sinn,
A cheann catha nan Ileach,
Tha sinn fhathasd duit dìleas,
'S ged a sgathar gu tri sinn,
Cha striòchd sinn 'na dhèigh sud.

Ach cha b' ann amháin 'n uair a sheinn e mu stri a's mu chogadh a b' aithne do dh'Uilleam na teudan a ghleusadh. Bha suil aige gu maise naduir 'fhaicinn, a's b' aithne dha a dealbh a tharruing le laimh ealanta. Cha 'n eil iad ach tearc a bu ghrinne sheinn maise a' chéitein na rinn esan ann an oran na Buaile, anns an Dan air ainmeachadh "Cuimhneachan Bhraidalba." Tha an t-oran so a' toiseachadh air an doigh a leanas, 's a' dol air aghaidh ann am briathran grinne gu maise maduinn chiúin chéitean a chur an ceill :

A Righ, gur boidheach an sealladh,
Mu'n cuairt do lagan a' chrò,
Doire cubhraidh nam meangan,
Mu'n iadh 'sa' mhaduinn an ccò &c.

(Ri leantuinn.) R. I.

—o—

ORAN.

(GUN DUAIS*)

[Air Fonn—"Ruidhlidh na Coilich Dhubha," &c.]

Na'm biodh caileag agam fhìn
Siomhalt bu mhath leam i ;
Fhad 's a dh' fhanadh i rium bìth,
Bhithinn rithe bàigheil.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
An-tlachd air banasgail,
Is ceòlar an rud a th' ann,
Brioguisean air pàistean.

Ma shaothraicheas tu thar o chòir
'S dògh gu'n tig fallus ort ;
'S ma theid thu domhain anns an òl,
Ni thu bròn am màireach.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
*Fang mu na boirionnaich ;
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Galar a' bhuntàta.

Féumaidh mnathan uaisle tì,
'S dith e mur faigh iad sin,
Ach fèumaidh iad barrachd mar rìth'
'S aran, im 'us càise.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann
'N sannt th' air na caileagan
'Bhi seang uile mun a chneas
'Us tomult mu na màsaibh.

'H-uile fear a bhios gun mhnaoi
Chaoidh cha bhi piseach air,
'S bòidheach an sealladh mart laoigh
'S coiseachan a' bà rith'.
'S neònach an rud a th' ann,
Clann aig na deireasaich,
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Bradain 'bhi 'gàn àrach.

Ged tha 'gealach fada, shuas,
'S suarach an t-astar e.
Nitear inneal dhuinn gu luath,
'Bheir a nuas i làmh ruinn.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Frangaich 'us Sasonnaich
Do'm b' àbhaist a cheile 'sgrios
A bhi nis' 'an càirdeas.

Nian bodaich d'am bi ni
'S cinnt' gu'm bi farraid oirre,
'S nian caillich bhios gu tinn
'S cinnteach gheibh i sàrach.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Bantrach gun mhearachas,
'S neònach an rud a th' ann,
Banarach gun bhlàthaich.

Bheir mi taisdeal thar a' chuan,—
Buailidh mi 'Chanada,
Ged a tha e fada uainn
'S duaismhor e gu h-àiteach.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Gleanntan ar n-ath'richean
Aig caoraich a bhi fo reachd,
'Us feachd nan cabar stràiceil.

'H-uile fear aig am bi sluagh
Buannaichidh arabhaig,
Ach 's beag cobhair ni an tréud.
'N uair a dh'éireas nàmhaid.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Clann gun na ceannardan ;—
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Dimeas air na Gaidheil.

* Tha an t-uasal Urramach a chuir an t-oran so thugainn ag' inseadh gu'n deachaidh a dheanamh le Seumas Mac-an-Roich, ughdar a Ghramair Ghailig, ann an comhstri, do aon de Chomainn Ghaidhealach na duthcha ; agus air do'n Chomunn fhaicinn ionchuidh an t-urram a thoirt do neach elle, chuir an t-ughdar a mach an t-oran aige fhein mar so, "Oran, gun Duais."

* Na cearcail.

Ged a tha iad *math* 's an arm,
Garbh aig a' bhaile iad;
Molar iad fa'n glonn 's an *àr*
'S smadar iad fa'n *àiteach*.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Sannt air a' chonach sin;
Is neònach nach eil na Flaith
A' deanamh rath no stath leis.

Ach, mar thuirt an Guth 's an spéur,
"Tréigidh an gineal so,
'S o'n nach d'imir iad le tùr
Thig siol ùr 'nàn aite."
Is neònach an rud a th' ann,
Faisneachd 'ga coilionadh;—
'S neònach an rud a th' ann,—
'S fiù e aire araidh.

Oran so air rud sam bith,
Mar a shir a' Chuideachda,
'S c'iu a gheibh 's nach faigh e "duais"
'S uaibhreach air a' bhard e.
Is neònach an rud a th' ann
Teangairean ealanta;
Is neònach an rud a th' ann
Simileir gun fhardaich!

Chi thu sìd mu dheas 's mu thuath,
'S truagh leat an sealladh e,—
Far an d' arosaich na *Fir*,
Gheibh thu nise 'm *màgan!*
'S neònach an rud a th' ann,
Ganntar de sgoilearachd:
Is neonach an rud a th' ann,
Aineolas 'g à arach!

May, 1858.

—o—

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Cha 'n 'eil a bheag de naidheachd ur no annasach againn ri innseadh air a' mhios so. Tha Ard-Chomhairle na Rioghachd 'n a suidhe an drast, ach cha deachaidh moran fathast a radh no dheanamh a 's fhiach dhuinn aithris. Cha 'n 'eil athar-rachadh 's am bith 's fhiach aithris air prisean margaidh ach mar a bha iad air a' mhios a chaidh seachad.

Tha rathad-iaruinn *(Railway)* mor 'ga chur air aghaidh ann an Canada a bhios a suas ri tri mile de mhiltean air fad, agus a bheir cosnadh do mhoran luchd-oibre.

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh againn nach cuala cuid d' ar luchd-leughaidh gu 'n do chaill an righ og a chaidh a thaghadh leis na Spainntich a' bhliadhna roimhe, a chrun. Tha e coltach gu 'n d' fhas an t-uachdaran 's na h-iochdarain sgith d' a cheile,—"Bu choma leis an Righ Eoghan, agus bu choma le Eoghan co dhiu." Shaoileadh daoine an deigh na chaidh de fhuil a dhortadh eadar an Fhraing agus Prussia an cois uachdarain freagaraich a chur air leth dhoibh, gu 'm biodh na Spainntich n' a b' fhaide riaraichte leis an fhear a shonruich iad fein. Is fior a thuirt an seanfhacal, "Cha 'n 'eil an Righ fein riar bu mhath leis." Na 'm biodh aige-san 's an Spainnt,

Ceud sagairt gun bhi sanntach,
Ceud tailleir gun bhi sunndach,
Ceud greusaich gun bhi breugach,
Ceud figheadair gun bhi bradach,
Ceud gobhainn gun bhi paiteach,
Agus ceud cailleach nach robh riamh air cheilidh

chuireadh iad an crun air an Righ gun aon bhuille." Ach o nach robh so aige mheas e gu 'm "B' fhearr teiche math na droch fhuireach." Agus dh' fhag e-fein 's a Bhan-righ og an rioghachd, agus is docha gu 'n teid e air ais do thigh 'athar, Righ na h-Eadailt.

Chaochail an t-Ollamh Urramach, Tomas *Guthrie*, ministeir aon de Eaglaisean Saora Dhuneidinn, ann an Sasunn aig deireadh a' mhios a chaidh seachad. Cha robh ann an Albainn duine air am bu mhomha 'bha de mheas aig gach neach d' am b' aithne e, no eadhon a chualaig iomradh air. Bha e ro chliuiteach mar shearmonaiche a's mar fhear-labhairt deas-chainnteach; ach is ann an comh-cheangal ris na sgoilean a bha e 'n a mheadhon air a chur suas air son foghluim agus oilein a thoirt do chlann bhochd nan sraidibh anns na bailtibh mora, a bha a' fas a suas ann an aineolas agus ann an drochbheart, a bhios deagh ainm agus clìu *Ghuthrie* gu sonruichte buan-mhaireannach. Chaidh a thiodh-lacadh ann an Duneideann agus lean maithean a's luchd-riaghladh a' bhaile agus aireamh mhor shluaigh, cleir as neo-chleir an giùlan do 'n chladh. 'N am measg uile cha robh suil thioram an uair a sheas buidheann mhor de chlann nan sgoilean a dh' ainmich sinn, a thainig a nochdadh na comain fo 'n robh iad da-san a bha 'n a fhear-teasargain 's 'n a athair dhoibh, agus a sheinn iad aig beul na h uaigh an laoidh bhoidheach, Bheurla,

There is a happy land, far, far away.

—o—

AN INNTINN.

Am bheil an inntinn ach ni meanbh?
Am bheil na h-inntinn dad ach dealbh?
An riochd is fearr a ni i'thùradh
Ciod e ach dlùth-chuir de iomadh dealbh?

DIA.

Dia na onar, E féin a mhain
'Thug cruth is dealbh do gach ni a ta
'Rinn o thùs iad mar a b'fhearr,
A ta 'gan riaghladh an' cian gu brath.

Athair na h-inntinn, Fear-deilbh a'chuirp
Rinn athair dhaoine 'na iomhaigh chneasd,
Chuir e do'n t-saoghal glan saor o lochd,
Ged rinn es' eucoir da féin 's da shliochd.

Ròidean Dé neo-leirsinn duinn
Troimh an t-solus cha-n fhaic an t-sùil;
Nithe rinn Esan direach, ceart,
Tric bidh sinne cur cas-ma-sheach.

D. M'RAE.

CLARSAIR MHUILE.*

FHAD s' bha *Rosie* dhomh dileas bu shunndach 'bha mi,
Mar Shamhradh blath caoimhneil gu 'm b'aoibhneach gach ni,
Deas ghleusta mo chlarsach, gu gaireil, neo-throm,
'S b' iad beusan mo ghraidh-sa do ghnath 'bha 's an fhonn;
Ach a nis tha mi bronach, gun solas, gun sunnd,
Ma's samhradh no geamhradh 's aon am iad 's gach cuis,
Tha tiugh-neul neo-chiatach ag iathadh mu'n cuairt,
'S fad dilinn nan dilinn tha'n clarsair fo ghruaim.

Measg ghleamtan a's choilltean, neo-aoibhneach, gun tamh,
Bi'dh mi 'suibhal gun solas, ach bronach 's fo phramh,
Mo chlarsach nan teud-bhuidhe gleasta gu binn,
Co-fhreagrach ri 'm oran mu sholas nach pill;
Ach 'ged mheall i mi 'n og-bhean, tha boichead mar 'bha,
Tha smuaintean na gruaigich ga m'bhuaireadh gach la,
'Se cuimhne na ribhinn a dh'fhag mi cho trom,
'Nis a'n gaol air a'bhas dh'f hag i clairsair nam fonn.

Ann an trom-chadal bruadarach fuaran nan tom,
Thainig m'eùdail gun easlainte, ceutach gu 'bonn,
Bha i fathasd 'n am bhruadar mar bu dual di air tùs
'S bha mo chridhe lan sòlais 's an òigh ud orm dlù
Ach bha 'n aisling neo-stéidheil, grad dh'éirich mi suas,
Bha mo phiantan air miadach' s mi fiarasach truagh,
Ach 's gearr gus an cairear mi tra anns an uaigh,
Bi'dh an Clarsair aig tamh's bi'dh a' Chlarsach gun fhuaim.

NETHER LOCHABER.

THE HARPER OF MULL.

WHEN Rosie was faithfu' how happy was I!
Still gladsome as simmer the time glided by;
I played my harp cheerie while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang:
But now I'm as wacfu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
Though Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
And the thochts o' her beauty but feed my despair;
With painful remembrance my bosom is full
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appeared in my dream;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest
As in fancy I clasped the dear nymph to my breast;
Thou false fleeting vision too soon thou wert o'er
Thou wak'd'st me to tortures unequalled before;
But death's silent slumbers my pain soon shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

TANNAHILL.

* A theagamh nach cuala cuid de ar luchd leaghaidh an sgeala a tha cocheangailte ris an Oran so; faodaidh sinn innse ga 'm bheil e air aithris gu'n robh an Clarsair agus a bhean, ribhinn alainn, a folbh na duthcha comhladh, agus air latha araidh thainig tide fhiadhuich ghaileannach orra, bha bhean gu leigeadh thairis, air a meilleachadh leis an fhuachd. Air do 'n Chlarsair bhochd a staid fhaicinn bhris e chlarsach agus rinn e teine dhith airson a bhlathachadh. Bha iada gabhail air an adhairt goirid an deich sin, agus thachair marcaich riutha a tighinn air muin eich, agus air dha an ruigsinn stad e air son bruidhinn ris a bhoirionneach, ghabh an Clarsair air adhairt gu neo-amhurasach, ach air dha stad an uine ghoirid agus sealtuinn as a dheigh 's ann a chunnaic e an marcaiche na dheann ruith air falbh agus a bhean fhein air a chuithaobh air muin an eich. Ars easan's e sealtuinn gu dubhach deurach as an deigh, ga 'm faicinn a dol as fhiannis. "Nach mise a bha gorach a dhol a mhilleadh mo Chlarsaich air do shon."

MUILE NAM MOR-BHEANN.

Key B Flat.

Slowly. Beating twice to the measure. Harmonized by John Whyte.

S. : s_1 | d : t_1 : l_1 | s_1 : — : s_1 | m : —
A. : m_1 | s_1 : s_1 : f_1 | m_1 : — : m_1 | s_1 : —
T. : d | m : m : d | d : — : d | s : —
B. : d_1 | d_1 : d_1 : d_1 | d_1 : — : d_1 | d : —
Am Mui - le nan craobh tha 'mhaigh -

: m | m : r : m | r : d : l_1 | d : — : m | r : — : d
: d | d : t_1 : s_1 | s_1 : s_1 : l_1 | s_1 : — : s_1 | s_1 : — : s_1
: s | d : r : d | t_1 : d : d | m : — : d | t_1 : — : d
: d | d : s_1 : d | s_1 : m_1 : f_1 | d_1 : — : d_1 | s_1 : — : m_1
dean bhan - ail, D'an d'thug mi mo ghaol 's mi faoin a'm'

| l_1 : s_1 : m_1 | s_1 : l_1 : s_1 | m : — : f | s : — : m | r
| f_1 : m_1 : d_1 | m_1 : f_1 : s_1 | s_1 : — : l_1 | s_1 : — : s_1 | s_1
| d : d : d | d : d : m | d : — : d | d : — : d | t
| f_1 : d_1 : d_1 | d_1 : d_1 : d_1 | d_1 : — : f_1 | m_1 : — : d_1 | s_1
bhar - ail; 'S ma chaidh e fo sgaoil, 's nach faod mi 'faigh-

: d : r | m : r : d | l_1 : d : l_1 | s_1 : — : — | s_1 : —
: m_1 : s_1 | s_1 : f_1 : m_1 | l_1 : s_1 : f_1 | f_1 : — : — | m_1 : —
: d : t_1 | d : t_1 : d | d : d : d | t_1 : — : — | d : —
: l_1 : s_1 | d_1 : r_1 : m_1 | f_1 : m_1 : f_1 | s_1 : — : — | d_1 : —
inn, Gu'n taobh mi cai - leag - an Chòmh - aill.

Note.—In some versions of this song the final note of the melody rises to Doh.

Am Muile nan craobh tha 'mhaighdean bhanail,
D' an d'thug mi mo ghaol 's mi faoin a' m' bharail;
'S ma chaidh e fo sgaoil 's nach faod mi'faighinn
Gu'n taobh mi caileagan Chòmhaill.

Seisd.—O'n tha mi gun sunnd, 's is dùth dhomh mulad,
Cha tog mi mo shuil ri sugradh tuille :
Cha teid mi le muirn gu cuirt nan cruinneag,
'S mo run am Muile nam mor-bheann.

Tha maise a's uaisle, suairceas a's ceanal,
A' direadh a suas an gruaidh mo leannain;
Ma bheir thu dhomh fuath, 's nach buan do ghealladh
Ni uaigh a's anart mo chomhdach.
O'n tha mi gun sunnd, &c.

Tha maise no dha ri 'aireamh fhathast
Air bean a' chuil bhain, nam blath-shul meallach;

Ma bheir thu do lamh, gu'n fas mi fallain,
'S bu shlainte mhaireann do phog dhomh.
O'n tha mi gun sunnd, &c.

Do shlios mar an fhaoileann, taobh na mara,
Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgoilt' air mheangan ;
Suil ghorm is glan aoidh, fo chaoin-rosg thana :
'S tu 'n oigh a mhealladh gach oigear.
O'n tha mi gun sunnd, &c.

Tha smuaine no dha an tràth-s' air m' aire ;
Cha 'n innis mi 'chach ceann-fath mo ghalair :
Ged laidheas mi trath, cha tamh dhomh cadal,
'S do gradh ga m' sgaradh an comhnuidh.
O'n tha mi gun sunnd, &c.

Gur math'thig an gùn o'n bhùth do'n ainnir,
'S an fhasan is uire 'n cuirt nan Gallaibh ; *
Troidh ghloin am broig uir—'s i duint' le barr-iall—
Nach lub air faiche am feoirnein.
O'n tha mi gun sunnd, &c.

Do chul mar an lion 'n a mhile camag,
Nach greannach fo chir, a's siod' 'g a cheangal :
Do dheud mar na disnean, dionach, daingean ;
Beul binn, a ghabhail nan oran.
O'n tha mi gun sunnd, &c.

'S e 'sgar mi o m' chiall ro mhiad do cheanail,
'S o'n chaidh thu do 'n t-sliabh, nach b' fhiach leat m' fharaid :
'S e t' aogas a's t-fhiamh 'chuir pian a' m' charamh,
'S cha mhiann a bh' agam air storas.
O'n tha mi gun sunnd, &c.

FIOR GHAISGE.

Dh' ainmich sinn 's a' GHAIDHEAL air a' mhios a chaidh seachad mu bhas duine oig a mhuinntir Ghoillspidh, agus ghcall sinn gu 'n tugamaid tuillidh cunntais mu 'n chuis air a' mhios so. A reir mar chuala sinne, thachair e mar a leanas.—Chaidh ceathrar dhaoine oga á Goillspidh a mach ann am bata beag a sheoladh gu aite a bha mu thuairean tri mile air falbh. An àm tillidh 's an fheasgar thainig spreaghadh laidir de ghaoith orra a chuir an car de 'n bhata agus bha iad air an tilgeadh am measg nan tonn. Bha fear dhiubh, iasgair og d'am b' ainm Mac-Dhomhnuill, dà bhliadhna thar-fhichead a dh-aois, 'n a shnamhdair barraichte agus air dha a thriuir chompanaich a chuideachadh a suas air druim a' bhata, gun feathadh mionaid, thilg e dheth a chuid aodaich agus ged a bha iad os cionn mile dh' astar o thir, thilg e e-fein anns a' mhuir a shnamh air toir cuideachaidh. Gu calma chuir e 'uchd ris an fhairge agus aghaidh air an fhearann. An deigh greis a dh-uine, an uair a thatar am beachd a bha e dluth air tir, chualaig an triuir a bha an crochadh ris a' bhata e 'g am misneachadh, a' glaodhach gu h-ard, "Cumaibh ur greim, tha gach ni gu ccart." A reir coltais b' iad sin na facail mu dheireadh a labhair e. Rainig e tir, ach air dha bhi gu buileach air a chlaoidh leis an spairn a bha aige, agus air a mheileachadh leis an fhuachd, thuit e air a' chladach am feadh a bha e air a rathad a dh-ionnsaidh an tighe 'bu dluithe, agus fhuair e am bas a's e mar fhad na laimh do chobhair. Chuala daoine air tir eigheach chaich agus chaidh an sabhaladh an cursa an fheasgair, ach cha d' fhuaradh corp Mhic-Dhomhnuill gus an ath latha,

* Lowlanders.

agus b' i a mhathair bhochd fein a's i 'mach le muinntir eile 'g a shireadh gu doilgheasach an t-aon a dh' amais air. Tha sinn ro thoilichte a chluinntinn gu 'm bheil tional ga dhéanadh a chuideachadh le 'pharantan d' am b'e a b' aon chul-taic anns an t-saoghal, agus gu dearbh tha an t-aobhar airidh. Faodaidh tabhartas 's am bith air son an aobhair so a bhi air a chur gu ministeir na h-Eaglais Saoire, Goillspidh.* Cho fhad 's a chi sinn a' leithid so de fhior fhiughantachd air a nochdadh, cha 'n aidich sinn, mar a their cuid, gu 'm bheil àm na gaisge air dol seachad. Is beag nach fhaodamaid, gun mhi-urram, aithris mu 'n ghille uasal, ghlan so mar a chaidh a radh mu ar Slanaighear, *Shaor E daoine eile: E-fein a shaoradh ni 'n comasach E.*

———o———

TOIMSEACHAN UR.

Ged shuibhlas tu 'n domhan cha tachair thu orm ;
Cha'n fhaic thu mi fos anns a' chuan :
Is diomhain do rannsach' 's na speuraibh ard, gorm ;
Cha bhuin mi do 'n ghaoith 'n uair a dh' eireas an stoirm,
No na siòntan 'n uair 'tha iad 'n an suain.

Gidheadh, tha mo chomhnuidh 's an talamh a ghnath.
A's na reultan, cha chuir iad rium cùl :
Teas-meadhoin na gaillin, cha 'n fhag mi gu brath ;
Tha mi 'n toiseach na luinge, am sheasamh, gach trath,
'S aig an sgiobair an sealladh a shùl.

An ear no an iar, an deas no an tuath,
Ged nach amais thu ormsa am feasd;
Gidheadh, tha mi 'g imeachd 's an dealanach luath :
Agus fos anns gach baile, a's far am bi sluagh,
Gheobh thu ghnath mi a' tathaich gun cheisd.

Cha 'n eil mi an Sasunn, no 'n Eirinn ud thall,
Ach Albainn cha 'n fhag mi ri m' bheò ;
Cha Gaidheal 'tha as m' eugmhais, a's idir cha Ghall ;
Tha mi 'm bilibh nam balbh, a's an suilibh nan dall,
'S ann an cluaasaibh nam bodhar gun deò.

Anns a' Gheamhradh cho fuar, no 's an t-Samhradh cho blath,
No 's an oidhche cha nochd mi mi-fein ;
Gidheadh, 's mi a' cheud rud a chi thu 's an la :
Tha mi' lathair anns gach lus, anns gach duilleach, 's gach blath ;
Ach seachnaidh mi dearrsadh na grein'.

Ann an cridhe Chuilodair, air latha an air,
Air na laoich, is mi-fein a bu cheann;
Bha mi 'm meadhon nam peileir, 's am buillsgean a' bhlair ;
A's an lamhaibh an namhaid 'n uair leagadh na sair,
'S bha mi 'm falach le Tearlach, 's a' ghleann.

Ged nach iarr mi 'bhi 'n cuideachd no 'n comunn nan daoi,
Gheobh thu daonnan mi far am bi òl:
Ach faic mi 's an eaglais a' tòiseach' na laoidh !
Anns an t-salm 's mi a's airde, 'toirt barr air gach saoi ;
As m' eugmhais ghrad sguireadh gach ceòl.

'S mi priomh-fhear nan luinneag, 's tha mi ard ann an cliù
Air fidheall 's air clarsach le chéil' :
Ged is gramail am buillibh mi, coma co-dhiù,
Do "thoiseach na tapaid" ch 'n fhaic thu mi dluth,
'S ann a roghnaichinn "deire na féill."

Fa-dheoigh, 'n uair a leigeas am bas thu mar sgaoil,
Bidh mi 'n doilgheas 's an trioblaid ro chruaidh :
'S mi 'n cuspair m'a dheireadh a chi thu 's an t-saoghal ;
Bidh mi fos aig ceann-adhart do leabaidh fhuar, chaoil,
Ach cha 'n fhaic thu mi' chaoidh anns an uaigh.

IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

Freagairtean do na Toimhseachain 'san aireamh mu dheireadh.

1. Fùdar.
2. Suil a' mhuilinn.
3. Clach an ard-dorais.
4. Coig aig an dara té, 's seachd aig an te eile.
5. Naoidh daimh dheug, aon chaora, a's ceithir fichead giadh.

* Address, Rev. Charles Mackenzie, Golspie.

IEHOBHAH SEDCENU.

(Iehòbhah ar Fìreantachd.)

Bu choigreach mi aon uair do Dhia is do ghràs,
Gun aithn' air mo chionta, gun eagal roimh 'n bhàs;
Ged àrd-mhol mo chàirdean domh Criosd air a' chrann,
Ishòbhah-Sedcénu—bu neo-ni dhomh 'bh' ann.

Le nigheanaibh Shìoin bu deurach mo shùil,
'S na tuiltean dol thairis air 'anam gu dlù—
Gun smuain gu 'm b' e m' aing'dheachds' a thàirng ris a' chrann,
Iehòbhah-Sedcénu—bu neo-ni dhomh 'bh' ann.

Bu tric mi a' leughadh, le éibhneas is deòin,
Dàn buadhach Isaiah is càinnt shìmplidh Eoin;
Ach eadhon 'n uair 'sgrìobh iad mu Chriosd air a' chrann,
Iehòbhah-Sedcénu—bu neo-ni dhomh 'bh' ann.

Ach 'n uair 'dhùisg saor-ghràs mi le solus o 'n àird',
Rinn eagal mo luasgadh is b' uamhas dhomh 'm bàs;
Dhomh fasgadh no furtachd cha robh annam féin,
Iehòbhah-Sedcénu b' fhear-saoraidh dhomh 'm fheum.

Roimh 'n ainm ud 'tha milis chaidh m' uamhas air chùl,
Chaidh m' eagalan fhuadach, is tharruing mi dlù
Gu tobar a' bheò-uisge dh' òl as gu saor—
Iehòbhah-Sedcénu, mo Shlànuighear caomh.

Iehòbhah-Sedcénu—m' uil' ionmhas is m' uaill;
Iehòbhah-Sedcénu bheir saors' dhomh o thruaigh';
Air tìr is air cuan bheirear buaidh leam tre m' Thriath—
Mo chàball is m' acair, m' uchd-éideadh 's mo sgiath.

'N uair 'shiùbhlam troimh ghleann agus sgàile a' bhàis,
An t-ainm so 'tha buadhach bheir fuasgladh 's a' chàs;
'S o fhiabhrus an t-saoghails' 'n uair 'shaorar mi chaoidh,
Iehòbhah-Sedcénu àrd-luaidheam a' m' laoidh.

Eadar-theangaichte le A. C.

FACAL 'S AN DEALACHADH.

Chi ar luchd-leughaidh gu 'm bheil deise ur air a' GHAIDHEAL air a' mhios so. Is e a bhi a' feathamh air an tailleir—a bha cho mairnealach ri tailleir Rob Dhuinn—a chuir gu 'm bheil an GAIDHEAL cho fada gun tighinn air a' chuairt so. Bheir sinn gach oidhirp air a' GHAIDHEAL a dheanamh cho buannachdail agus cho tlachdmhor o am gu am 's is comasach dhuinn; agus tha sinn an dochas, le comhnadh ar cairdean anns gach aite, gu 'm bi aige saoghal fada, deagh bheatha agus soirbheachadh a chum 's "gu 'm meal 's gu'n caith e a dheise."

Tha Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh a' gearan nach 'eil e 'faighinn a 'GHAIDHEAL cho riaghailteach 's a bu mhath leis. Cha 'n fhios duinn ciod is coireach mur 'eil '*athair* a' faotainn grcim air anns an dol seachad.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

MARCH, 1873.

GAELIC GRAMMAR AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

The readers of the GAEL must not expect from us anything like an elaborate discussion of the principles of Gaelic grammar, for other engagements prevent us at present from undertaking more than the preparation of a series of notes in which some points of Gaelic construction and orthography will be explained and illustrated. We begin with the simple rule, common to Gaelic with many other languages—that "one noun governs another, signifying a different thing, in the genitive;" as, *leabhar Sheumais* (James' book); *pailteas bìdh* (abundance of food); *toiseach na bliadhna* (the beginning of the year); *barail dhaoine* (men's opinions); *cargid nam bochd* (the friend of the poor).

The infinitive in Gaelic, being a noun, governs the genitive in accordance with the above rule; as, *a chluinntinn a' chiùil* (to hear the music, *i.e.*, to hearing of the music); *air faicinn an t-sluaigh* (having seen the people, *i.e.*, on seeing of the people); *a' togail an tighe* (building the house, *i.e.*, at building of the house).

It may be remarked here that Gaelic has only one participle—the passive participle. The English present participle is rendered into Gaelic by the infinitive or verbal noun preceded by the preposition *ag* (at) expressed or understood; as, *hearing* (ag éisdeachd); *speaking* (a' labhairt); *leaping* (a' leum).

The rule in regard to compound prepositions (which are really nouns preceded by simple prepositions expressed or understood) governing the genitive is but an application of the above rule, for the genitive is governed by the noun which forms part of the compound, and not by the noun and simple preposition together. In such phrases, for example, as "an làthair an t-sluaigh" (before the people, *i.e.*, in presence of the people), "an aghaidh nàduir" (against nature, *i.e.*, in face of nature), "air son airgid" (for money, *i.e.*, on account of money), the genitives *an t-sluaigh, nàduir, airgid*, are governed by the nouns *làthair, aghaidh, son.*

In compound nouns, the first term governs the second in the genitive in accordance with the above rule, when the terms are so related to each other that, if separate, the latter would be put in the genitive; as, *fear-gleidhidh* (keeper); *clach-mheallain* (hailstone); *fear-fuadain* (fugitive). But the term, which, when second, is put in the genitive, is not put in that case when it is made the first term. In such phrases, for example, as *lion-aodach* (linen-cloth)=*aodach-lin*, *fion-amar* (wine-press)=*amar-fiona*, *cas-cheum* (foot-step)=*ceum-coise*, *lion*, *fion*, *cas*, are not in the genitive. Apparent exceptions, such as *mairtfheoil* (beef), *muicfheoil* (pork), *caisbheart* (shoes and stockings) we shall afterwards consider.

The above rule, although one of the most elementary rules of Gaelic syntax, is frequently transgressed both in speaking and in writing Gaelic. We do not refer to recognised exceptions to the rule, to which we shall

afterwards call attention, but to mistakes resulting from either carelessness or ignorance. Of such mistakes it may be useful to give some examples, and, therefore, we take the following from "Calum Ciobair's Almanac" for 1872, an interesting little work of 12 pages (Gaelic) which, since it is still for sale, we cordially recommend, although the editor, if we may judge from the unusually large number of errors in grammar and orthography contained in his book, must have sadly neglected the study of his native language :—

1. The moral reflection for 1st January is,

"Tha gach bliadhn' ùr 'toirt am bàs na 's dlùth"—
which should be,

"Tha gach bliadhn' ùr a' toirt a' bhàis ni 's dlùithe."

The infinitive *toirt* governs the genitive, and, therefore, "am bàs" should be "a' bhàis." The comparative of *dlùth* is *dlùithe*. We have substituted *ni 's* for *na 's*, but we do not set the latter down as an error.

2. (1st Feby.) "An leisg: màthair na truaighe agus banaltrum a bhochdainn"—
should be,

"An leisg: màthair na truaighe agus banaltrum na bochdainn."

Bochdainn, which *banaltrum* governs in the genitive, is a feminine noun.

3. (22nd Feby.) "Tha freumh gach peacadh 's an as-creidimh."

Freumh governs *peacadh* in the genitive, and, therefore, "gach peacadh," should be "gach peacaidh."

4. (29th Feby.) "Là a bharrachd; barrachd gràs 'us gnìomh."

Barrachd governs *gràs* and *gnìomh* in the genitive, and, therefore, "barrachd gràs 'us gnìomh" should be "barrachd gràis agus gnìomh'" or "gnìomha."

5. (1st March). "'S e tùs gach aitreabh an stéidh"—
should be,

"'S e tùs gach aitreibh an stéidh."

Tùs governs *aitreabh* in the genitive, which is *aitreibh*.

6. (12th March). "Amaideachd an nighean bhàn a bhitheas tric aig a sgàthan"—
should be,

"Amaideachd na nighinn bàin' a bhitheas tric aig an sgàthan."

Amaideachd governs the genitive, which is "na nighinn bàine." If *a* before *sgàthan* be the article (the), it should be *an*.

7. (14th March). "'Bhi leisg 'us dìomhan, pàrantan gach olc"—
should be,

"Bhi leisg agus dìomhain, pàrantan gach uilc."

Pàrantan governs *olc* in the genitive, which is *uilc*.

8. (4th April). "Call tìm, call dochas, call 'ur n' anama"—
should be,

"Call tìm', call dochais, call 'ur n-anama."

Call governs *tìm* and *dochas* in the genitive—*time* and *dochais*. After *'ur, n'* should be *n-*.

9. (9th May). "A réir a' chuideachd bithidh an cleachdadh"—
should be,

"A réir na cuideachd bithidh an cleachdadh."

Cuideachd is a feminine noun, and, therefore, "a réir a' chuideachd" should be "a réir na cuideachd." *A réir*, or rather *réir*, governs the genitive.

10. (16th May). "'S iomadh Samhradh tioram thug pailteas aran leis"—
should be,

"'S iomadh samhradh tioram a thug pailteas arain leis."

After *pailteas*, *aran* should be in the genitive, which is *arain*.

11. (28th May). "Is iad na *cairtean* leabhar-ùrnuigh an diabhull"—
should be,

"Is iad na *cairtean* leabhar-ùrnuigh an diabhuil."

Leabhar-ùrnuigh governs *diabhul* in in the genitive, which is *diabhuil.*

12. (9th July). "Tha 'n seangan 's an seillean 'tional an stòras a nis"—should be,

"Tha 'n seangan 's an seillean a' tional an stòrais a nis."

The infinitive *tional* governs the genitive, and, therefore, *stòras* should be *stòrais.*

13. (11th July). "'S maith bhi dàn gu cobhair an àm na h-airc"—should be,

"'S maith bhi dàn gu cobhair an àm na h-airce."

The genitive of *airc* is *airce.*

14. (27th July). "Faic gliocas an t-seangan 'n a thionail cho tràthail"—should be,

"Faic gliocas an t-seangain 'n a thional cho tràthail."

The genitive of *an seangan* is *an t-seangain. Tional* is masculine, and, therefore, "'n a thionail" should be "'n a thional."

15. (17th Aug.) "Tiormachadh an cuan le spàin; modhannachd gun mhaitheanas."

The infinitive *tiormachadh* governs the genitive, and, therefore, "tiormachadh an cuan le spàin" should be "tiormachadh a' chuain le spàin."

16. (27th Aug.) "Buaireadar an diabhul—an leisgean,"—should be,

"Buaireadair an diabhuil—an leisgean."

Buaireadair governs *diabhul* in the genitive, which is *diabhuil.*

17. (31st Aug.) "A' cur bròn ri bochdainn—ag iarraidh iasad,"—should be,

"A' cur bròin ri bochdainn—ag iarraidh iasaid."

The infinitives *cur* and *iarraidh* govern the genitive, and, therefore, *bròn* should be *bròin* and *iasad* should be *iasaid.*

18. (4th Oct.) "Is fearr beagan cuideachadh, na mòran coireachadh"—should be,

"Is feàrr beagan cuideachaidh na mòran coireachaidh."

Beagan and *mòran* govern the genitive.

19. (10th Oct.) "Aithnichear anns na geataibh, fear an deagh bhean-tighe"—should be,

"Aithnichear anns na geataibh fear na deadh mhnà-tighe."

After *fear*, "an deagh bhean-tighe" should be in the genitive.

20. (31st Oct.) "Tha luach bean shubhailceach os ceann òr 'us airgid" should be,

"Tha luach mnà subhailcich os ceann òir agus airgid."

After *luach*, "bean shubhailceach" should be in the genitive—"mnà subhailcich," and after *os ceann*, or rather *os cionn*, *òr* should be in the genitive—*òir.*

21. (2nd Nov.) "Tha tuiteam an duileach, a seirm bhi ullamh"—should be,

"Tha tuiteam an duillich a' seirm bhi ullamh,"

or, if *duilleach* be regarded as a feminine noun (cf. Armstrong's Dict.),

"Tha tuiteam na duillich a' seirm bhi ullamh."

Tuiteam governs the genitive, which is *duillich.*

22. (7th Dec.) "Aithnichear droch fhear, air gnùis a mhnaoi"—should be,

"Aithnichear droch fhear air gnùis a mhnatha."

Gnùis governs *bean* in the genitive, and, therefore, "a mhnaoi (dative) should be "a mhnà," or "a mhnatha" (genitive).

(*To be continued.*)

Correspondence.

—o—

AN DUANAG ULLAMH.

SIR,—I notice in your last number a letter from Mr. J. F. Campbell, in reply to my letter on the "Duanag Ullamh," which appeared in your previous number.

It is perhaps right to state that my letter contained no reflection upon Mr. Campbell, for I had no doubt that the poem which he sent you was an accurate transcript of the Duke of Argyll's manuscript. It occurred to me, however, on reading the poem in your columns, that it might be interesting to some of your readers to know that a more accurate copy or version had been previously *twice*, I should have said *thrice*, published.

Mr. Campbell seems to object to my having called the *copy* which he sent you *his copy;* but it does not appear to me that there was any impropriety in distinguishing that copy from the copy which had previously appeared in M'Donald's Collection, by briefly calling it "Mr. Campbell's copy," instead of "the copy sent you by Mr. Campbell."

Mr. Campbell says that he could not judge of the comparative accuracy of the two copies—that which he sent you and M'Donald's—without consulting, by means of a "medium," the bard of 1569. That is much to be regretted, for one who deals so largely with different versions of Gaelic poems would, no doubt, find it useful were he able sometimes, by more available means, to judge of their comparative accuracy.

Unfortunately, I have no faith in "mediums," and, therefore, I must content myself with the ordinary methods of judging of the comparative accuracy of different copies of the same poem. In reference to the two copies of the "Duanag Ullamh," I humbly think that any intelligent Highlander, who takes the trouble of comparing them, will not experience much difficulty in deciding which of them is the more accurate.

Again, let me state that my letter contained no reflection upon Mr. Campbell, and I very much regret if he is under the impression that it did reflect upon him, for I have no desire to speak or write but with respect of one who, without making any pretensions to Gaelic scholarship, has done so much to collect and preserve so many relics of the ancient literature of the Gael.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Renton, Feb. 25, 1873.

RIVER AND HILL NAMES IN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND, IN THE NOVEMBER AND JANUARY NUMBERS OF "THE GAEL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAEL.

SIR,—Let me first refer to Mr. Edmunds' article as being easiest disposed of. Every one must admire his good nature, that he is content to be an "Anglo-Norman," still, I cannot help remarking that his name is not very prominent either in Anglo or Norman records. Cnut's and Harold's, but where is Edmund? This as we pass on, however. Before I come to speak in detail of his paper, let me premise a few words from a far greater philologist than either Mr. Edmunds or Colonel Robertson. I quote from a translation by me, Edward Lhuyd's letter to his countrymen, in his Glossography preface, page 4. "I have to make out that part of these Guydhelians (Gaels) have once *dwelt* in *England* and *Wales*, and whoever takes notice of the *great many names* of rivers and mountains throughout the kingdom, will find no reason to doubt but the Gaels were the dwellers when these names were imposed. Anciently there was no river named more common than *Uisg*, Romanized *Isca Osca* found in several English rivers as *Ask*, *Esk*, *Usk*, *Ex*, *Ax*, *Ox*, and *Ouse*. There is a river of that name in Wales and another in Devon, yet the word is *not found* in *Welsh*, *Cornish*, or *Armoric*. It means water in the Scoto-Hibernian language, (and reasoning thus) if the word *uisg* was once in the British a word so often used could hardly have dissappeared." Besides, he mentions, "*Lechlia*, grey stone, *Loch*, lake, *Beann*, mountain, *Druim*, ridge &c., demonstrating that the Gaels anciently held these places."

Mr. Edmunds says that none of the rivers mentioned by Colonel Robertson are first or second-class rivers, only obscure brooklets not to be called rivers. So much the better for the Colonel's argument, for if the names of brooks and bubbling runnels can be made out Gaelic, so much the more can the large rivers. It only proves how deeply these ancient Gaels held possession of the soil, and the long time they must have dwelt there to have named purling streamlets, nameless to-day, and only found in old Charters. Again, Mr. Edmunds says "all the rivers of any importance in England, have either pure British names, or British names Anglianized, for example, Thames

from *Taf*; Severn from *Hafren*; Dee, Humber, Wye, Derwent, Tees, are all pure British or nearly so." Now Mr. Edmunds falls into a very egregious blunder about the Thames and Severn, instead of *Thames* being derived from *Taf*, the very reverse is the case. *Taf* is derived from the root *Tam*, which is the original form of the word seen in *Tamesis*, *Tamesa*, *Tamaros* now the *Tamar* near the port of Plymouth. The Spanish *Tamara*, *Tamaris*, now the *Tambre*, near Cape Finisterre.

By a law which is fast sapping the primitive consonantal frame-work of the Welsh tongue, original *m* in the middle or end of words, becomes *f*, *v*, or *w* (Zeuss Gram. Celt, P. 115.) See the following examples *haf* summer, from old Welsh *ham*, *gayaf* winter from old *Gaem*, *henaf* older from *Henam*, and this is altered from *senam*.

While speaking of *Tamesis*, Thames; we might take a short survey of the cognate roots. In Sancrit, *tamara* is water, *Tamasâ* is a river name; compare *timira* for original *tamira*, the old German *demar*, A. S. *dim*, Latin *tenebrae* (*n* through the influence of the following *b*.) Here belong also the *Tamarus* of *Samnium*, and the old Gaelic, *temel Teimheil*, dark sombre, obscure, and undoubtedly this is the true meaning of the river in Rannoch, the Tumel in Gaelic *Teimheil* and still further, the *Teith* a tributary of the Forth, in Gaelic *Teimheich*, called by the Highlanders to this day, *dubh uisge*, blackwater. The idea of *darkness* and *obscurity* is pervading all these words, so that the true etymologic meaning of these rivers, is dark sombre, black. *Thames*, therefore, if our explanation be well founded, means, not as is often given quiet, placid, but sombre, dark stream; so too, of the *Tumel*, and I think it expresses the appearance of these streams much better than *placid*.

The same ignorance of the Welsh tongue as in deducing *Thames* from *Taf* is most conspicuous in deriving Severn from *Hafren*. Here, too, the very opposite is the case. *Hafren* is nothing more nor less than a corruption of the ancient *Sabrina*, of which Severn, as Colonel R. well remarks, is a pretty fair imitation, of the original Celtic name. (Zeus's Gram. Celt., p. 122), and which may be rendered as follows—says "Welsh *h* before a vowel is derived from the Celtic *s*. A distinguished example is the river name *Habren* in Nennius, *Hafren*, often in the book of Landaff by Gerald Camb, and during the Roman period it was entire (integrum) *Sabrina*." Examples of this law are *Halen*=Irish *Salaun*, Welsh hir long=Ir, *sir Hil*, seed=Ir *sil*, &c., *Sab-rina* contains the same root as *Sab*-is in Gallia Belgica and Gallia Cisalpina and Caramania, Sava in Arabia, Savo in Campania, Savia in Spain and Saramatia, the *v* in these last examples I make to stand for asperated *b*, *e*, *bh*=*v* or *mh* which comes to the same. Compare here, too, the *Sav-enna* which disembogues at Bologue. *Saone* old *San-cona* perhaps composed of *Sau-cona*, *cona* being the Gaelic in *cinn*, quiet, placid, tranquil stream. Severn, therefore, is not derived from *Hafren*, but the reverse, and undoubtedly contains the root found in *sab* or *sabh*, *sua sa*, *stream*, *torrent*, contracted from the old *sava* tranquil river, or stream. See, too, the Gothic *saivs* sea, lake, old German *seo*, A.S. *seave* Gaelic *sabh*, ointment, saliva, and I know of no root in Welsh that can be eligible here. Indeed, there are none, so that the Gaelic must here again come in to explain the largest of Welsh river names.

Lanark, *Tintock*, *Dumbarton*, &c. "Lanark" Mr. E. says—"comes from *Llanerch* a dearing." I must confess I cannot understand the meaning of *dearing*. *Llan*-erch means dark brown or dun glade, *llan* means a clear area or space to deposit anything on, *per-llan*, an orchard; *yd-llan*, corn yard; *cor-llan*, sheepfold. You will be kind enough to notice *cor* a contraction of the Gaelic *caora*, sheep, a word unknown in the Welsh except in this compound, and without the help of the Gaelic it could not be explained. But let me return. We have in Scotland too many *lans* where no Welshman would dare show himself. When these names were imposed on the various places "without a pass from Roderick *Dhu*," *Lan-ie* near Callander, Lan-rig and Lanrick Mead in the very centre of the Trossachs in the Wilds of Perthshire. I must not omit to mention here too our familiar name for stackyard, *lainn*, which is nothing but the genitive of *lann* or *lain*, a clear space for erecting stacks on, &c.

He was a bold sturdy Welshman that penetrated to the side of Loch Katrine when Lanrick was given to that place, or even an Anglo-Norman, forsooth!

I strongly suspect the word is nearly related to the Latin *plan-us*; English plain, level; Greek, *platus*; German, *flach*; English, *flat*; Anglo-Saxon, *flet*. Perhaps the double *ll* in Welsh may be an assimilation of the Latin *pl*. I fear I

would trespass too much on your space were I to take notice of all the words, but let me just say a word or two of Dunbarton and Lomond.

Dunbarton is not Welsh or it would appear not as *dun*, but *din*, or rather *dinas*, which is a common word for a fortified town in Welsh, see *Dinas Coozym*, *Dinas Faraon*, *Dinas Emrys*, &c. There is no Welsh word *dun* signyfying fort or fortress or even town—*din* and *dinas* being always used. *Barton* is, I suppose, a corruption of *Breatan*, and to this day is the Gaelic name among the Highlanders for the whole island, Scotland and England, *Breatain*, and as invariably they called Scotland, *Albain*. "Lomond, says Mr Edmund, I suspect, too, is none other than the British word *luman*, a standard, &c." This word "Lomond" meets us under several forms in the place names of Scotland and Ireland too. Observe Ben Lomond and the River Leven flowing from Loch Lomond, Dumbartonshire. The two hill Lomonds in Fifeshire and close by Loch Leven and issuing therefrom the River Leven.

In Gaelic we have the following forms of this word, *leamhan*, *leibhin*, *liobhan*, and perhaps *leanhuachd*, *leamhan uisce* is the prototype of the old territorial *Levanax*, now Lennox; here too belong *Lean*, *Lian*, *Linn*, *Liomh* and *Leobh*, (as in *Leobhas* the swampy Island,) all these mean swampy plain or meadow, and pool &c. To this same root I would connect *abhain dhu liobhan* and *beinn leibhan*, *bh* as often for *mh*. Irish *leabar* smooth, *leamain* river. In English the *lein* from lake of the same name in Killarny, *leana* meadow, *leimeas* flatness, and in the Welsh *sly(fu)* for smooth, level in feminine gender *sleon*, whose form comes nearer. Compare here *Leman* lake with its placid shore *lemnos*, *lemnun* Greek *leibo*, *leimo*, *leinne*, *limen*, moist grassy places with either sand or mud, Latin *limis*, *litus*, and English *lime*, *loam*, *level*. I repudiate entirely the fanciful derivation given by Colonel Robertson, who says that *leven* is *liath abhain* grey river, nor is it from yamose elms as Dr. Skene would have *us* to believe, for we have no evidence there were elms there; but Colonel Robertson is wrong when he says the elm is not a native. Dr. Hooker in his last work on the Botany of the British Isles, asserts the elm to be indigenous in Scotland. Throughout all these words, the idea of flatness, level smoothness, runs "no rocks impede thy dimpling course" says Dr. Smollott, of his native Leven "incredible lenitate." I would venture therefore to propose the derivation, placid smooth stream for the Leven, and round, smooth for the Lomonds, without asperities, which are undoubtedly of the same family as *leven*.

A word or two about *Plyn-llymman* and I have done. Plyn and *Pum* with due deference to Mr. Edmunds, must be two different words, or how account for the disappearance of the *l*, and change of *n* into *m*? If we are to allow cutting and carving thus, "Quid misero mihi denique restat." I have read in Camden's Britannia, that he puts *pum* equal to *plyn*, but he is no guide to follow. Mr. Edmunds has been, I ween, trusting too much to Chalmers, in his, no doubt, laborious "Caledonia." Forsooth, Chalmers himself, did not learn his ignorance of the Celtic languages. *Plynllymman* in the Welsh dialect is perfectly pointed, completely sharp or pointed, I think it is not Irish, and a Scottish Highlander like Colonel Robertson could hardly be made, to pronounce it.

I hope I have not trespassed too much on your space.—Most respectfully yours,

FRAOCH.

January 20, 1873.

SCARCITY OF SNUFF.—A severe snowstorm in the Highlands, which lasted for several weeks, having stopped all communication betwixt neighbouring hamlets, the snuff boxes were soon reduced to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging from all the neighbours within reach were first resorted to, but when these failed, all were alike reduced to the longing which unwillingly-abstinent snuff-takers alone know. The minister of the parish was among the unhappy number; the craving was so intense, that study was out of the question, and he became quite restless. As a last resort, the beadle was despatched, through the snow, to a neighbouring glen, in the hope of getting a supply; but he came back as unsuccessful as he went. "What's to be dune, John?" was the minister's pathetic inquiry. John shook his head, as much as to say that he could not tell; but immediately thereafter started up, as if a new idea had occurred to him. He came back in a few minutes, crying, "Hac!" The minister, too eager to be scrutinizing, took a long, deep pinch, and then said, "Whaur did you get it?" "I soupit the ponpit," was John's expressive reply. The minister's accumulated superfluous Sabbath snuff now came into good use.—*Dean Ramsay.*

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

Glenquoich Forest has been let on lease to M. A. Bass, M.P., son of M. T. Bass, Esq., M.P. for Derby, who is so well known in this part of the country. The Duke of Marlborough had the shootings of this forest for the last few years.

THE FISHINGS.—The weather has been generally unfavourable for the active prosecution of the fishing during the past month, and the result has been that while sufficient herrings for bait have been obtainable, only a few crans have been landed for curing purposes. Good hauls of cod have been got, but there is a general impression that the season is about over.

DEATH OF MR. METHVEN, FISHCURER.—The death is announced of probably the largest fishcurer in the world, Mr. James Methven, of Leith, after a protracted illness. Mr. Methven succeeded his father a good many years ago, and carried on the business of fishcuring at every station on the Scotch seaboard, as well as at several of the English and Irish ports. He would have upwards of a thousand fishing boats engaged in catching herrings and cod in one season, and at some stations he would have as many crews in his employment as all the other curers put together. Though Mr. Methven's death had been anticipated for some time, it has caused a great sensation, especially among the communities where his business was engaged in.

NATIVES OF SKYE.—The seventh annual social gathering of the natives of Skye resident in Glasgow, and friends, was held in the Albert Hall, West Bath Street. Robt. Simpson, Esq., presided, supported on the platform by the Rev. Donald M'Kinnon, D. Fraser, Esq., Isle Ornsay; Capt. Sinclair, Capt. M'Laughlan, Messrs. Duncan Cameron, K. M'Crimmon, Dun can M'Donald, Neil M'Kinnon, A. W. M'Leod, &c. After tea, and a brief but genial address from the Chairman, an excellent vocal programme was entered upon, the artistes engaged for which being Miss Bessie Malcolm, Mr. W. T. Rushbury, and Mr. James Houston, our celebrated local *comique;* while "A Friend" contributed one or two effusions in Gaelic, which were received with immense approbation by the many present who were able to appreciate the sentiments they conveyed. Selections on the bagpipes, moreover, by Messrs. M'Donald and Gillies, helped at intervals to modify the so far "Sassenach" character of the programme; and altogether the gathering—which concluded with an assembly—was marked by a full degree of true Celtic fervour, and was greatly enjoyed by those present.

ENDOWING OF POOR HIGHLAND CHARGES.—The Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan has received from Dr. Rainy of Glasgow, the handsome donation of £1000 in aid of his scheme for endowing weak charges in the Highlands. The proceeds of this sum are to be devoted for three years to the charge at Raasay, and after that are to be at the disposal of the General Assembly for allocation in support of any other weak Highland charge which may be selected. James Stevenson, Esq., of Glasgow, has given a subscription of £500 to this scheme; and Robert Macfie, Esq. of Airds, has given £100 for the benefit of the charge at Morven. Similar contributions are earnestly requested, and friends wishful to aid this important object are requested to correspond with the Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan, Free Church Offices, Mound, Edinburgh.—*Daily Review.*

NATIVES OF INVERNESS-SHIRE.—The fifth annual soiree of the natives of Inverness-shire was held last night in the Albert Hall, Bath Street, which was crowded by a respectable assemblage. A piper was in attendance, and played while the company were gathering. Mr. H. C. Macandrew of Midmills, sheriff clerk of Inverness-shire, occupied the chair, and on and around the platform were Messrs. Alex. Kackenzie, W. Carruthers, J. Cameron, John Murdoch, C. Campbell, Donald Mackay, John Fraser, Colin MacRae, and others. After tea, the Chairman gave an appropriate and interesting address, in the course of which he referred to the natural beauties of Inverness, and noticed the rapid way in which the land of the county is changing hands—the old families passing away and giving place to strangers, who come for sport only, and whose early ties and associations are elsewhere. He spoke of the chivalrous feeling with which Highlanders were animated, as evinced by the devoted band who fought for Prince Charles at Culloden, of the illustrious services which the Highlanders had since rendered to the country on many a battlefield, and the enterprise which Inverness-shire had shown with respect to those two great constitutional forces organised for the defence of our native land—the militia and volunteers. An able address was afterwards given by Mr.

Thomas Morrison. The concert portion of the evening's proceedings was of an enjoyable character.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AND THE HIGHLAND RAILWAYS.—In the discussion in the House of Commons on Friday on the Indian railway gauge, Mr. Bourke quoted a statement of the Duke of Sutherland, who, after having seen the Festiniog Railway, said:—"I have expended about £200,000 in promoting and making railways in the north. Had these lines been constructed on the narrow gauge, and had they in consequence cost only two-thirds of the cost that has been expended upon them, I should have obtained a direct return on this large sum, which I have laid out for the benefit of my estates and of the people in those remote districts. As it is, I shall suffer considerable loss."

SOIREE OF THE NATIVES OF TYREE.—The annual soiree of the natives of Tyree was held last month in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street. There was a large attendance. Mr. John M'Fadyen, Newcastle, occupied the chair, and amongst those on the platform were Messrs. J. P. Campbell and D. A. M'Dougall, Iona; Charles Scouller; Captains Mutter and Currie; A. M'Lean, Paisley; D. M'Dougall, D. M'Kinnon, John M'Lean, &c. After tea, the Chairman delivered a short address. At the outset he expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing such a large attendance, and trusted that the movement which had been originated a few years ago for the purpose of getting up these reunions of the natives of the island would progress and culminate in the formation of a benevolent society. He adverted to the advantage which had accrued from the erection of a lighthouse in the vicinity of the island, and hoped that they would all enjoy a happy and agreeable evening. A concert followed, the artistes being Messrs. M'Dougall, M'Adam, Campbell, Johnstone, M'Arthur, M'Kellar, and M'Lellan. An assembly brought the proceedings to a close.

ST. COLUMBA GAELIC CHURCH, GLASGOW.—A congregational soiree of this church was held in the City Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, the 4th of March—the Rev. R. Blair, A.M., the pastor of the church, presided, and was accompanied to the platform by the Rev. Messrs. D. M'Leod, Park Church; M. Cochrane, St. Peter's; J. Scouler, Milton; W. Turnbull, Townhead; D. Dickie, St. Luke's; J. Murray, Calton; Wallace Sweet, Queen Mary Street Church; A. Leiper, Gorbals; J. Dey; M'Lachlan, Tarbert; and Messrs. Thos. Wain, D. M'Master, J. M'William, Captain Hotfield, D. Murray, Highland Society Schools; William Gilchrist, &c., besides the managers and session. From the speech of the chairman it appears the church is in a most flourishing state. At each seat-letting since Mr. Blair's appointment large numbers have been unable to obtain sittings. The communion roll numbers 1600. At last communion 1200 actually partook of the ordinance. The amount collected for all purposes, including balance from last year's account, exceeded £1600. The session numbers 20 elders and 26 deacons. There is a literary association connected with the church, numbering 63 members. There is, besides, a young men's Christian association, which meets every Sabbath morning for religious conference. Two Sabbath schools, with an attendance of 580 scholars and 51 teachers. During Mr. Blair's four years ministry in St. Columba he officiated in 800 baptisms and 450 marriages, and admitted to the communion, either by certificate or for the first time, upwards of 500. Addresses were given by several of the gentlemen present, and the entertainment of the evening was much enhanced by the singing of some choice pieces of music by the excellent choir of the church, under the very able leadership of Mr. Brough, the unrivalled precentor of the church. We may add that, at the beginning of last winter, the St. Columba congregation bought a wooden church in Garscube Road, where services are regularly conducted by a missionary, for behoof of the non-church going Highlanders of the district. The City Hall, which was crowded on the occasion, presented a fine appearance.

GREENOCK HIGHLAND GATHERING.—The newly-constituted Highland Society of Greenock held their first annual gathering in the Town Hall, on Friday, Feb. 7, 1873. The meeting was in every particular thoroughly Highland, and to the entire satisfaction of all concerned—a fact which reflects great credit on the committee. J. J. Grieve, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair, while, to sanction the meeting with classic lore, Professor Blackie sat at his right. The Professor, during the course of the evening, delivered a truly eloquent and highly patriotic speech. He denounced the Highland clearances, praised the Gaelic and Gaelic people, while he seemed to be more in love with the poetry

of *Donnchadh Bàn* and *Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair* than with the heroic strains of the blind minstrel of Greece. Gaelic music was also praised by the learned Professor, his admiration of it being undoubtedly strengthened by the excellent manner in which Mr. John MacGillivray sang "Muile nam Morbheann." Mr. Murdo MacLeod, the author of "Eilean an Fhraoich," sang the following song, which was composed for the occasion:—

LUINNEAG.

Mo rùn air clann nan Gaidheal,
'Si cainnt ar duthch' a' Ghaidhlig,
Co-dhiù 's i cainnt ar mathar
A's fearr leinn na 'n té Shasunnaich.

Co 'chuala riamh a' Ghaidhlig
Nach iarradh i mar chanain?
Tha sluagh gun chiall gun naire
'Chaidh àrach innt' 's nach labhair i.

Na Gaidheil ann an Grianaig,
'Si seo an coinneamh bhliadhnail,
O'n chuir iad fios do m' iarraidh
Cha b'fhiach lean gun tigh 'nn maille riu.

Leughar anns gach àite,
Sgeul beurla, *print'dh* air paipear
Mu chruinneachadh nan Gaidheal,
'S fear-pàrlamaid 'sa 'chathair ac'.

Tha urramach ro spéiseil
A bhuineas do na chleir,
'Thainig thugainn á Dun-éideann
'S gun cheist b' e 'n deagh fhear labhairt e.

'Nuair their na Gaill le tàire
Nach fhiach a' chainnt a' Ghaidhlig,
Nach cuimhnich iad cho ard
'S a tha 'n t-àit' thug Ban-righ Bhreatuinn d'i.

Cha Sheinn mi ach an rann seo,
'San oidhche 'ruith 'na deann uainn,
Ach 's éiginn domh a ghealltuinn
Gu'n tig mi ann an ath-bhliadhna.

Answers to Correspondents.

MUSIC.—On account of the length of the song given in the present GAEL, and its being harmonized for four voices, and consequently occupying so much space, we are reluctantly obliged to withhold the Old Notation, but in future we shall give the melodies alone and in both notations.

W. M'D., Inverness.—We can bind "THE GAEL" for you, if you cannot get it done in your own town. You can send it to us by post, accompanied by 1s. in stamps, and we will return the book to you bound. If any numbers are wanting we can supply them at 6d. each. No. 2 was slightly wider than the subsequent numbers, but a careful binder can manage to bind it with the other numbers without interfering with the reading matter.

THE GAELIC TRANSLATION OF THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND JOURNAL.—In answer to several enquiries as to what has become of this book, we give the following extract from the Nether Lochaber correspondent, in a late number of the *Inverness Courier:*—"We are glad to be able to intimate to our readers that there is every prospect of the early publication of the late Mr. Angus Macpherson's translation into Gaelic of the Queen's Highland Journal. Cluny Macpherson, to whom we took the liberty of writing on the subject a short time ago, informs us that the work, in its present stage, is under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Cameron, Renton; and it could not possibly have fallen into better hands, for since the death of our friend and neighbour the late Mr. James Munro, who in his day as a Celtic philologer and grammarian had no equal, Mr. Cameron perhaps knows more of the genius and grammar of our mountain-tongue than anybody else that we can at the present think of. From the great amount of labour and conscientious care bestowed on his translation by Mr. Angus Macpherson, the work completed under the editorship and superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Cameron cannot fail to prove such a book as every Celtic scholar will wish to have a copy of on his library shelves.

To C. STEWART, London.—The Stewarts are not originally Celtic, but Norman. Our best genealogists agree in saying that they were a branch of the great Norman family of Fitzalan, one of whom first settled in Renfrewshire. In due time the chief of this family became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from this dignity the family derived their name of Stewart, Steward, Stuart, &c., for it is variously spelt, though the first of these is unquestionably the most ancient orthography. Walter Stewart of Renfrew married Marjorie, daughter of King Robert Bruce, whence sprung the royal family of Stewart; for, Walter's son, named Robert, became king of Scotland on the death of his uncle, David II. Our present Prince of Wales is *de facto* chief of the Stewarts, and as such is Baron of Renfrew and Lord High Steward of Scotland. The real *de jure* chief is the lineal male representative of James II. of England and VII. of Scotland, whoever he may be. The *Suaicheantas*

of the Stewarts is the *Thistle*, in some branches of the family the *Oak*. The *Cath-ghairm* of the royal family was "St. Andrew for Scotland," and was again and again shouted by the heroic James IV. at the battle of Flodden. Of the Stewarts of Appin the battle cry was "*Craig-an-sgairbh*," the rock on which Castle-Stalker is built. The *Failte* said to have been played at the battle of Bannockburn was the well known old air of "Hey Tittie-tattie," to be found in Thomson's collection, and with certain variations, which more or less disguise the original, not unfrequently heard in modern music. The best known pipe music connected with the Stewarts is that of the days of Charles I. and Prince Charles Edward, some of which is very fine, such as "You're welcome, Charlie Stewart," and "The Prince's Welcome."

Mr. Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, was well known from his quaint, and, as it were, parenthetical comments which he introduced in his reading of Scripture; as, for example, on reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste all men are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, Dauvid, an' ye had been i' this parish ye might hae said it at your leesure."—*Dean Ramsay.*

A lady in the north having watched the proceedings of a guest, who ate long and largely, she ordered the servant to take away, as he had at last laid down his knife and fork. To her surprise, however, he resumed his work, and she apologized to him, saying, "I thought, Mr. ——, you had done." "Oh, so I had, mem; but I just fan' a doo in the *redd* o' my plate." He had discovered a pigeon lurking amongst the bones and refuse of his plate, and could not resist finishing it.—*Dean Ramsay.*

Markets.

ABERDEEN CORN EXCHANGE, February 28.—Potato oats, 40 lbs. per bushel, 26s. 0d. to 26s. 6d.; common oats 40 lbs. per bushel, 22s. 0d. to 26s. 0d.; wheat (white), 62 lbs. per bushel, 35s. 0d. to 45s. 0d.; wheat (red), 62 lbs. per bushel, 30s. 0d. to 40s. 0d.; bere, 53 lbs. per bushel, 27s. 6d. to 30s. 0d.; barley 53 lbs. per bushel, 28s. 0d.; to 30s. 6d.; oatmeal per boll of 140 lbs., 20s. 9d. to 00s. 0d.; flour (fine), per sack of 280 lbs., 44s. 6d. to 00s. 0d.; do. super., 46s. 6d.; do. extra, 48s. 6d.; do. whites, 50s. 6d.

REPORT OF THE CATTLE TRADE.—The supplies of fat cattle in Edinburgh and Glasgow were rather large, though trade was perceptibly slower, prices were not quotably affected,—and a fair clearance was made in Glasgow. The large supply, nearly 1700, was more than equal to the demand, which was also curtailed by "Lent" beginning, as well as rather heavier trade in the south. The sheep supplies are generally light. Trade continues dull, while prices for anything prime are exceptionally high. The demand is easily supplied, buyers curtailing new purchases as much as possible, and middling classes are a shade lower. There has been a rather slower sale for foreign stock, which of course are affected by the numbers of home stock and prices therefore are more in buyers' favour. There is a marked falling off in the foreign importations generally, prices on the Continent evidently keeping pace with those current here. There is plenty inquiry for keeping stock of all kinds, and well-bred cattle or sheep can be well sold, but there are not sufficient offering to constitute quotations. Best beef, in Edinburgh, 10s. to 10s. 3d.; Glasgow, 9s. and 9d. to 10s.; secondary, 9s. 3d. to 9s. 6d.; inferior, 8s. to 8s. 6d. per stone. Best mutton, hoggets, elevenpence-halfpenny to 1s.; wedder, elevenpence-halfpenny; secondary, 10d. per lb.

Messrs. John Tiernan & Son, Glasgow.—The supply of sheep, although small, was fully equal to the demand, and prices must be reported stationary, with a few left unsold. Top oxen, 80s. per cwt.; secondary, 75s. to 77s.; middling and inferior, 63s. to 70s. Mutton, hoggets, 1s. per lb.; do., blackfaced, 11d.; do., secondary, 10d. Cattle in market, 1640; sheep, 2630.

BIRTHS.

At Portree, on the 26th ultimo, the wife of Mr. John Mackenzie, Road Surveyor, of a son.

At Cromwell Street, Stornoway, on the 1st inst., Mrs. James Fraser, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At the Free Church, Madras, on the 5th Feby., by the Rev. Alex. Walker, Senior Chaplain of the Established Church of Scotland, assisted by the Rev. William Stevenson, M.A., of the Free Church of Scotland Mission, Angus Macinnes, Esq., Coorg, to Mary Helen, third daughter of the late Rev. John Lamont, Waternish, Isle of Skye.

At the Roman Catholic Chapel, Elgin, on the 22d ult., by the Rev. John Thomson, Mr. Alex. Smith, Brewer, Minmore Distillery, Glenlivet, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Donald Bisset, Farm Overseer, Kilmorack.

DEATHS.

At South Norwood, on the 25th ult., Marjory Gerard Cruikshank, widow of Lieut.-Colonel Mackay of Bighouse, late of the 78th Highlanders.

At 9 Douglas Row, Inverness, on the 4th inst., Daniel MacIver, Esq., late of Stittenham, Ardross, aged 69 years.

At Erchless Mains, on Saturday, the 22d ult., Duncan Chisholm, Farmer there.

At Alness, on the 28th ultimo, Mr. Hector Maclean, Merchant, aged 74—much and justly regretted.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] TREAS MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1873. [14 Air.

CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

EARRAN VIII.

Ann an cliu, agus ann an giulan faicsinneach an iomlain de fhior luchd-aideachaidh na diadhaidheachd, tha comh-ionannachd shonruichte air a thaisbeanadh, a dh-aindeoin gach eadar-dhealachaidh a dh' fheudas a bhi eatorra 'n an creudaibh agus 'n an oileineachadh. Tha toradh an atharrachaidh shlainteil, gu neo chaochlaideach, a chum naomhachd; agus a' treorachadh le cinnteachd dosheachnadh a dh-ionnsuidh na h-aon chriche, eadhoin, a' bheatha mhaireannach. Gheibhear cuid d' a thaobh am feudar a radh, gun d' fhuair iad, a reir coslais, seilbh air saorsa an t-soisgeil gun ach gle bheag de fhaireachduinn a bhi aca riamh air daorsa, fo dhiteadh an lagha; agus aig an robh an casan air an socrachadh air a' charaig, gun ach ro bheag a dh-aithne 'bhi aca air uamhasan Slochd na mimhisnich. Gheibhear cuid, bho thoiseach an aideachaidh, saor o theagamhan agus o amharus mu'n staid; 'n uair a tha cuid eile re uine fhada fo chleachdadh inntinn iomguineach, agus fo eagal nach 'eil aca ach mealladh, no air a' chiud is fearr, gluasadan blathmhor nach abuich gu brath gu fior thoradh. Ach ged tha mar so, "eadar dhealachadh oibreachaidh ann, is e an t-aon Dia, a tha ag oibreachadh nan uile nithe anns na h-uile."

Ged nach robh Callum ro fhada fo gheur-mhothachadh no fo dhaorsa, cha robh e idir cosmhuil ri moran de luchd-aideachaidh a gheibhear a' siorghearan ri muinntir eile, air an cruas, air an caoile agus air an dorchadas; no ri cuid eile, a' sior-luaidh air an sith, air an saorsa agus air an landearbhachd. Riamh o'n am ud, b'e "an Criosduidh suilbhir, aoigheil e, biodh daorsa 'stigh no cruas." Fosgailte mar bha a shuil agus a chail roimhe so, gu bhi 'tarruing toil-inntinn á aillidheachd eugsamhuil obair Naduir, bha e nis a' faicinn gloir na cruitheachd ann an solus gloire dothuigsinn agus do-luaidh gliocais, cumhachd agus maitheas an Ti sin a chruthaich na h-uile nithe á neoni, agus leis am bheil iad air an coimhead agus air am mion-riaghladh. Bha cuimhne Challuim mar thightasgaidh air a stòradh le teagasgan fallain sgriobturail o 'oige. Thuig e nis rud-eigin de luach do-labhairt an oileineachaidh a fhuair e o laithean 'oige anns an teaghlach, agus ann an sgoil na sgireachd. Ged a bha na Sailm agus na Ceisdean ioma latha 'n an sgios agus 'n an an-tlachd dha, bha iad mar shiol maith na rioghachd folaichte ann am fonn a chridhe, a' feitheamh ris na frasan beothachaidh o'n airde, as eugais nach bi meadhonan nan gras air an leantuinn le toradh, no le buaidh thearnaidh, c'aite air bith, no co air bith leis am bi iad air am frithealadh. Dh' fheudta nis a radh, da-rireadh, d'a thaobh. "gun deachaidh na seann nithe seachad, agus gun robh na h-uile nithe air an deanamh nuadh." Bha an saoghal a nis gu buileach, 'n a shaoghal ur dha. Bha buairidhean agus deuchainnean air thoiseach air, nach ruigear a leas ainmeachadh; ach, sgeadaichte le armachd a' chreidimh, bha a cheumana anns gach

suidheachadh air an coimhead bho shleamhnachadh, agus a shuilean o dheuraibh goirt.

"Teichidh an t-aingidh, gun neach air bith an tòir air; ach bithidh na h-ionraic dana mar leoghan." Mar is trice, cha'n fhaighear am measg dhaoine, gealtair is lag-chuisiche ri aghaidh cunnairt no deuchainn, no eadhoin ri aghaidh a chomh-chreutair, na an gaothaire spagluinneach, dulan-ach nach aidich umhlachd, urram no eagal do Dhia no do dhaoine. B' amhuil sud giulan Mhicheil. As deigh na h-oidhche ud air an d' fhag e-fein agus a bhan-chairdean, Callum air curam a' *Pholiceman*, cha deach-aidh e air ais do 'n bhuth-obair cheudna. Cha b' urrainn e coin-neachadh ri Callum air an t-sraid as deigh sud, gun sèapadh seachad le 'shuil ris an làr. Cha b' fhada gus an deachaidh e gu buileach as a shealladh, ni mò a chuala e riamh ciod a thainig ris. MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

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MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

IX.

(*Air a leantuinn o 'n aireamh mu dheireadh.*)

Theid sinn a nis air ar n-adhart gu 'bhi 'feuchainn ciamar, a reir ar barail-ne a chailleadh a' Ghailig le cuid de shliochd nan *Caledonach* agus nam *Picteach*. Dhearbh sinn cheana gu 'm bu Ghaidheil a bha a chomnuidh ann an ceann tuath na h-Alba o laithibh *Agricola* gu linn Choinnich Mhic Ailpein, agus Chaluim a' Chinn Mhoir. An uair a bha Calum 'n a righ air Albainn bhuadhaich a' Bheurla air a' mhachair agus anns na h-aitibh dlu do 'n mhachair gu tuath air Caolas na Friuth; oir bha a' Bheurla ann an ceann deas Albainn o linn *Ida*. An uair a thainig *Uilleam nam Buadh* a nall á *Normandy* 's an Fhraing, cheannsaich e Sasunn agus dh' fhuadaich e 'mach an teaghlach rioghail Shasunnach maille ri moran de ard-uaislean na rioghachd. Theich oighre na rioghachd *Edgar Atheling* maille r'a mhathair agus a dha phiuthair agus thainig iad air tir aig Port na-Banrigh, am fagus do Dhun-farlainn far an robh cuirt rioghail Chaluim aig an am sin. Ghabh an righ riutha gu caoimhneil; thug e didean doibh 'n an airc agus phos e Mairearad, piuthar *Edgair*, ban-phrionnsa a bha ro mheasail agus fo dheadh chliu air son creidimh. Theich moran de uaislean Shasuinn maille ris an teaghlach rioghail agus lean moran sheirbheiseach iad so, uime sin, thug an Righ, Calum aitean-comhnuidh dhoibh aig taobh na mara. An uair a shuidh-icheadh iad anns an tir mar luchd-aitich thainig tuillidh d' an cairdean as an deigh a theich o ghnnis Uilleam, Righ Shasuinn, ionann 's gu'n do lionadh Siorramachd Fiofa, taobh deas Pheairt, *Montrose*, Cinn-char-dainn, Abar-eadhain agus taobh na mara air laimh na h-airde 'n ear de dh-Albainn leis na fogaraich so; agus a chionn gu 'n robh iad 'n an luchd-ceairde seolta bha iad feumail anns an duthaich agus ghabhadh riutha gu cairdeil leis na Seann Ghaidheil. Mheasgaich an da shluagh; phos na Gaidheil mnathan Gallda, agus na Goill mnathan Gaidhealach. An ceann aimsir araidh chaill sliochd na muinntir so a' Ghailig oir cha 'n ionnsaicheadh na Goill a' Ghailig ach dh' ionnsaicheadh na Gaidheil a' Bheurla; oir tha e moran ni 's usa do Ghaidheal canain chiomheach 'ionnsachadh na 'tha e do Ghall. Uime sin, chaill sliochd nam posaidh-nean measgaichte so a' Ghailig do bhrigh nach robh i air a labhairt le 'm parantaibh. Is ann mar so a tha e a' tachairt an diugh ann an coill-tichean America far am bheil an sluagh measgaichte feadh a' cheile.

A thuilleadh air so, do bhrigh nach robh Gailig aig Mairearad Ban-righ Chaluim sguir iad de labhairt Gailig anns an teaghlach rioghail, agus cha mho a labhradh i ann an teaghlaichibh nan uaislean Gallda a thainig maille ris a' Bhan-righ á Sasunn. Thoisich mar an ceudna moran de na h-uaislean duthchasach air labhairt Beurla a chionn gu 'n robh sin fasanta, agus gu 'm b'i cainnt na cuirte rioghail. Mar so chaidh a' Ghailig 'fhuadachadh a mach uidh air 'n uidh as a' mhachair agus ghabh i fasgadh am measg nan gaisgeach ann an tir nam beann, far am bheil i air a labhairt gus an latha 'n diugh. Cha b' iad a naimhdean a chuir as d'i ach a cairdean a sguir de 'bhi 'g a labhairt. Ma bhios a cairdean dileas cumaidh iad a suas i mar dhileab a fhuair iad o'n sinnsearaibh; ach mur bi, gun teagamh buadhaichidh a' Bheurla anns a' chuid eile d' an duthaich far nach do rainig i fhathast, agus ma thachras sin cha chluinnear fonn na canain aosmhoir so ni 's mo an aite sam bith air thalamh, mur faighear i aig beagan thall 's a bhos air an sgapadh feadh choilltichean America. D. B. B.

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TRAITHEAN NA BLIADHNA.

I.

Tha an Salmadair ann an aite sonruichte a' labhairt air an doigh so mu dheibhinn an Tighearna, "Shuidhich Thu uile chriocha na talmhainnn; rinn Thu an Samhradh agus an Geamhradh." Ann an aite eile tha e ag eigheach a mach an deigh dha beachd sonruichte a ghabhail air an tuigse, air a' mhaitheas agus air a' chumhachd a tha air an nochdadh le dealbh sgiamhach, iongantach a' chruinne-ce "Cia lionnhor d' oibre, a Thighearna, ann an gliocas rinn Thu iad gu leir; tha an Talamh lan de d' shaoibhreas." Is ann le 'bhi 'socrachadh ar n-aire air na h-oibrean cumhachdach leis am bheil sinn air ar cuartachadh; is ann le 'bhi 'rannsachadh gu mionaideach, dichiollach gne agus feum agus eifeachd nan nithean a cruthaich Dia, 's a tha sgaoilte 'n an uile ailleachd agus 'n an uile mhaisealachd fo chomhair ar suilean, a tha e 'n ar comas dearbhbheachd a 's airde agus a's soilleire a thrusadh mu dheibhinn an De oirdheirc, ghloirmhoir sinn a ghairm air tus gach neach agus ni á neoni, agus anns am bheil againn "ar bith, ar beatha agus ar comas gluasaid." Ma dh' oidhirpicheas sinn air an dreuchd shonruichte 'fhaotainn a mach a tha gach ni a' coimhlionadh 'n a thrath fein agus ma chinneas leinn anns a' cheasnachadh so, chi sinn gun amharus gu 'm bheil 'fheum fein mu choinneamh gach ni agus gu 'n do rinn Dia na h-uile nithe gu maith 'n an aite fein. Ma dhearcas sinn air lochran aghmhor nan speur le gnuis shoilleir, ghrianaich, chairdeil, agus ma bheir sinn fainear gur i a' ghrian a tha 'ruagadh air falbh na h-oidhche duirche a bha a' comhdach an t-saoghail re uine cho fada; ma ghleidheas sinn air chuimhne gur ann bho mhac nan speur a tha blaths a' tighinn agus an solus glan aghmhor mar an ceudna a tha' toirt comais do luchd-aiteachaidh na talmhainn seirbheis agus saothair a dheanamh, aidichidh sinn air ball gu 'm bheil na sochairean lionmhor agus priseil a tha gathan blath na greine a' frasadh air an t-saoghal. Cha 'n 'eil eadhon dorchadas na h-oidhche fein gun bhuannachd mhor ceangailte ris. Is ann aig an am so an deigh do 'n ghrein dol fodha a tha an duine agus ainmhidhean na machrach a' gabhail fois agus a' trusadh an spionnaidh 's an urachaidh sin a tha feumail air son gniomh an latha maireach a dheanamh gu ceart. Is ann aig an am so mar an ceudna, an uair

a tha treise agus teas na greine 'fannachadh agus i-fein a' deifreachadh a dh-ionnsaidh a leabaidh anns an iar a tha an druchd a' braonadh air an talamh, mar so a' taiseachadh nan achaidhnean agus 'g an cur ann an uidheam a 's fearr air son maith a's buannachd a tharruing o theas na greine.

Tha a shochair, a shugradh agus 'aighear fein ceangailte ris gach trath d' an bhliadhna. Anns an Earrach tha gach ni mar gu 'm b' ann a' dusgadh bho chadal fada trom; tha an talamh ag ath-nuadhachadh a thrusgain gu h-iomlan; guirmead agus boidhchead a' deanamh gach fonn a's faiche sgiamhach; uiread agus ailleachd r' am faicinn air gach coille a's preas a's magh; dichioll agus dealas agus tapadh mor air an nochdadh le daoine ann an cur an caochladh oibrichean air an aghaidh. Tha an tuathanach a nis trang a' deasachadh an fhearainn air son an t-sil. Tha eoin an adhair a' gluasad gu dichiollach 'n an saothair uaigneach, sheolta fein. Thig an Samhradh le 'bhlaths agus 'aoibhneas agus thig gach geug a's crann gu luath fo bhlath. Comhdaichidh trusgan aoidheil ann an uine ghearr na barrain a bha dubhach, gruamach roimhe; cluinnear guth binn ceileireach nan eun ag eiridh bho iomadh preas, agus fasaidh suas gu sgipidh toradh brioghmhor na talmhainn. Tha iomhaigh shunndach, shuilbhear, aighearach a nis air aghaidh nan speur agus an t-saoghail gu leir.

Is e toileachas a'saiteas an t-ionmhas a's momha tha an Samhradh a' buileachadh agus cha 'n eil trath de 'n bhliadhna a tha pairteachadh uiread sholais agus shonais.

Thig am Fogharadh agus tha 'obair fein aige r' a dheanamh. Tha aig an am so toradh trom, liontach na talmhainn abuich agus deas airson a ghearadh sios. Tha an lon a ghiulaineas na h-achaidhnean air son duine agus ainmhidh ullamh gu bhi air a thional a stigh. Is e am taitneach a tha ann, oir tha na buanaichean dian a' gearradh sios an arbhair agus tha iadsan a chuir le dochas ann an toiseach na bliadhna' agus a steidhich an aire air an toradh a bhitheadh aca air son an saothrach, fadheoidh a' faicinn an iarrtusan air an coimhlionadh agus an seirbheis air a dioladh gu pailt. Is firinnich, is foghainteach agus is freagarach a tha na briathran a chleachd Daibhidh ann an luaidh a dheanamh air an ni so, "Crunaidh Tu a' bhliadhna le d' mhaitheas, agus silidh do cheuman saill. Silidh iad air cluainibh an fhasaich agus ni na cnuic gairdeachas air gach taobh." Ach anns an Fhogharadh ged tha broilleach na talmhainn sgeadaichte le culaidh riomhach, lurach tha sanas air a thoirt seachad gu 'm bheil an snuadh dreachmhor, eireachdail so a' call a shnasmhoireachd agus gu 'm bheil an uair a' ruith gu luath anns am fuiling deise ghorm nam fonn muthadh mor. Tha na craobhan a' crathadh an duilleagan gorma 's tha barr an fheoir a' seargadh oir tha an Geamhradh a' tighinn. Is e so an trath anns am bheil dubhachas sgriobhta air aghaidh naduir. Tha maise nam beann 's nan comhnard air falbh 's tha na sruthain bhrasa, fhuaimneach air an cuibhreachadh le geimhlean cruaidh. Gidheadh, tha' ailleachd fein aig a' Gheamhradh eadhon mar tha e aig an t-Samhradh. "Rinn Thusa O Dhe gach ni maith 'n a am fein; rinn Thu an Samhradh agus rinn Thu an Geamhradh."

CONA.

(Ri leantuinn.)

COMHRADH NAN CNOC.

(*O'n Teachdaire Ghaidhealach.*)

PARA MOR AGUS DOMHNULL A' BHUTH.

DOMH.—Faìlt' ort a Phàra mhòir. Tha mi 'tuigsinn gu-n robh thu as a' bhaile; cha-n e 'h-uile là a chuireas tu suas am breacan uaine. Cò as a thug thu 'choiseachd?

PARA.—Cha bu mhaith leam droch fhreagairt a thoirt ort, ach ged nach can mi, mar a thubhairt Ailean nan con e, gu-n d'thug as mo chasan, faodaidh mi le fìrinn a ràdh, gur coma leam cò as. Bha mi 'n diugh 's a' bhaile-mhòr, 'us cha b' e baile na biatachd: cùl mo làimhe ris an dà latha so.

DOMH.—Shacilinn thusa 'tha 'chòmhnuidh ann an uaigneas a' Ghlinn-duibh, gu-m bu bheothachadh mòr dhuit sgrìob a thoirt air uairibh do'n bhaile-mhòr a dh' amharc an t-saoghail.

PAR.—Ma tha 'm baile ud 'n a shamhladh air an t-saoghal, cha-n ìoghnadh leam daoin' a chluinntinn ag ràdh, An saoghal bochd, mosach. 'S mi nach iarradh a chabhsair tioram, acrach a choiseachd ri m' bheò. Ged dh' fhàilnichinn air an t-sràid leis a' ghorta, cha-n'eil dùil agam gu-m feòraicheadh iad, Ciod a dh'fhairich an duine bochd?

DOMH.—An robh thu aig mòd an t-Siorraim an diugh; no'n cual' thu cionnas a chaidh do dh-Iain bàn agus do Chailleach an òir?

PARA.—Cha teichd olcas. Fhuair i 'n lagh air Iain bochd, 's cha b'e mo roghainn a bha 'n uachdar. Gnothuch nàr, càin a chur air an duine bhochd, air son ruith de 'n teangaidh a thoirt do'n Chaillich ghràinde; agus 's e 'chuid a's miosa, ged is ann ris na cnoic a tha mi 'g a ràdh, nach dubhairt e focal ach an fhrìnn.

DOMH.—Tha'n fhrìnn fhèin air uairibh searbh; ach is maith gu-m bheil lagh ann; agus nach faod esan no duin' eile a dhroch nàdur a brùchdadh a mach a réir a mhiann, gun e 'dhìoladh air a shon. 'S e'n lagh fhèin an gille.

PARA.—Is minic a chuala mi Gille nan car, agus b'e sin esan; lagh na dunach do gach duine a dh'fheuchas ris. 'S e pailteachd an lagha, gorta na tìre. Bha cáirdeas agus deadh choimhearsnachd, tlus, seirc, agus caoimhneas, onoir agus fìrin eadar duine agus duine, gus an cuala sinn iomradh air na fithich chìocrach sin, na Sgrìobhadairean; creachadairean gun chogais gun iochd; spuinneadairean gun nàire—

DOMH.—Thoir an aire dhuit fhèin, a Phàraig, cuimhnich mar dh'éirich do dh-Iain bàn; agus tha prìosan ùr a nis 's a' bhaile-mhòr.

PARA.—Cha-n eagal domh, tha 'n lagh air mo thaobh, seasaidh a' bhreug mi. Dean a mach gu 'n dubhairt mi e; cha-n'eil dà fhianuis agad mar bha aig Cailleach an òir. Sin agad an lagh; agus mar thubhairt mi cheana, 's e milleadh na dùthcha e. Chunnaic mi là, agus bu tèaruinte do dhuine gleadhar de bhata daraich a thoirt do bhalach 'am fad an leth-chinn, na buidseach a ràdh a nis ri Cailleach an òir.

DOMH.—Nach mòr am beannachadh sin, teang' Iain bhàin, agus bata Phàra mhòir a bhi fo'n lagh; agus gu-m faigh an duine a's bochda ceartas an aghaidh an duine a's saoibhire.

PARA.—Air d' athais; cha-n'eil an lagh r'a fhaotainn a nasgaidh; mur biodh an t-òr aig a' Chaillich cha chluinnte iomradh air teang' Ian bhàin. An t-aon aig am bheil an t-òr gheibh e'n lagh; agus ma tha gamhlas aige ri duine bochd sam bith, cha-n'eil aige ach a h-aon de dh-abhagan an lagha a stuigeadh ris, agus ma gheibh e as gun aileadh am fiacal a bhi 'n a shàil, faodaidh se e-fhèin a mheas fortanach. An cluinn thu, 'Dhòmhnuill, tha mis' ag ràdh riut,

nach robh anns na *Gàidseirean* bochda ach feala-dhà an coimeas riu so; fhad 's a dh' fhanas duine o ghnothuichean mi-laghail, cha ruig e leas bonn-a-h-ochd a thoirt orra-san; ach 's gann is urrainn duine a nis e fhéin a ghiùlan saor o lagh, agus tha de chuir's de lùban ann, gu-m feumadh duine a tha 'n sàs ann a' bheag no mhòr de ghnothuichean, am Maor Ruadh a bhi 'n a chois gach ceum a théid e. Mo bheannachd air an àm a dh'fhalbh 'n uair nach robh Sgrìobhadair, maorrigh, no tèarraid 's an dùthaich. 'S mi 'bha thall 's a chunnaic e.

DOMH.—'S beag 'tha fhios agad ciod a tha thu 'g ràdh. Na-m biodh tus' eòlach air eachdraidh na tìre cha labhradh tu mar sin: an uair nach robh lagh ann, ach focal an uachdarain, agus a dh'fhaodadh e le smèide na corraig leum air cheann a dheanamh air aon neach a thogradh e; agus an uair a bha 'cheatharna bhochd 'n an tràillean. 'S e cothrom an lagha urram na dùthcha.

PARA.—Air do shocair a Dhòmhnuill; bha thusa gu deimhinn fad 'an Glaschu, agus tha sgoil agad, agus comas labhairt; ach air a shon sin uile, feumaidh mi cur a' d'aghaidh; cha-n e cothrom an lagha urram na dùthcha; ach laghanna cothromach, agus ceartas, air am faod daoine bochda ruigheachd gun òr, gun airgiod; agus 's e so sochair a bh' aca 's a' Ghàidhealtachd m' am facas riamh Sgrìobhadair no bàta-smùide 'n ar measg. 'S an àm sin an uair a thigeadh eadar dithis (ni a's éigin tachairt air uairibh), rachadh iad gu h-earbsach an làthair uaislean na dùthcha, na daoine tuigseach, ceanalta, a thogadh, 's a bha 'chòmhnuidh 'n am measg, a bha eòlach air gnothuichibh na tìre, agus a b'urrainn labhairt ruinn 'n ar cainnt fhein; bha focal nan daoine so dhuinn mar lagh; agus cha do chuir sinn riamh an ag e. Bha 'chùis air a socrachadh gun mhoille, gun chostas; bha réit' air a deanamh 's an àm, agus cha robh tuilleadh m'a dhéibhinn. Cha robh smaointeachadh aig duine sam bith, ann an cuid de ghnothuichibh, dol seachad air a' Mhinisteir agus air an t-Seisein, agus ann an gnothuichibh eile seachad air an uachdaran; ach a nis, ma chaogas fleasgach òg a shùil ri caileig, a suas a' bhoineid chonnlaich 's air falbh leatha gu fear-lagha, a' deanamh a mach gealladh-pòsaidh 'n a aghaidh; agus tha e cho maith do'n ghille bhochd a gabhail agus dol gu lagh leatha.

DOMH.—Tha thu 'dì-chuimhneachadh gu-m bheil breitheamhnan anns gach cùirt, agus nach ceadaich iad foirneart a dheanamh air daoinibh bochda. Nach 'eil thu earbsach as an t-Siorram?

PARA.—'S mi a tha. Dh' earbainn r'a fhocal mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal, ged nach 'eil sin mòr; taing do 'n lagh air a shon. Cha-n eagal leam nach bhi ceartas 'n a bhreth; ach is rud a tha mi 'gearan gu-m bi comas aig na Sgrìobhadairean daoine bochd' a shlaodadh m'a choinneamh gun fhios c'ar son, le duine sam bith leis am miann a' choimhearsnach bochd a sgiùrsadh le lagh; agus a dhìolas dhoibhsan air son a dheanamh.

DOMH.—Cia mar a dh'fhaodas sin a nis a bhith? Cia mar a dh'fhaodainn-se cur as duit-se le lagh?

PARA.—Innseam-sa sin duit. Thoir thus' airgiod leat, agus rach do bhail' àraidh nach ainmich mi, agus abair ris an Sgrìobhadair leam leat, Cuir Pàra mòr gu lagh; agus 's meallta mise mur faigh esan dòigh air mis' a thoirt 'an làthair an t-Siorraim, ged nach biodh de leth-sgeul ann ach gu-n do chrath am mart maol agam a dà chluas riut. Lagh 'n a shochair aig daoine bochda! tha mi 'g ràdh riut, ged a spìonadh tu 'n còta breacain so o'n druim agam, a' cur an céill gu-m bu leat fhein e, mur b'urrainn domh

le cruas nan dòrn a chumail uait, b' fhèarr dhomh a thoirt duit, seach dol gu lagh, ni ged a bhuidhninn, a bhiodh dhomh 'n a chall.

DOMH.—Tha beagan de'n fhìrinn anns na labhair thu; ach air a shon sin, tha daoine ni's poncaile 'n an gnothuichibh na bha iad; agus bha feum aig na Gàidheil air a sin: cha-n 'eil iad comharraichte air seasamh r' an latha.

PARA.—Mo thruaighe, is duilich dhoibh! Ach an saoil thu an dean lagh ni 's fèarr iad. Faodaidh e an deanamh gu lùbach, carach, seòlta, ach cha tig an là a ni e fìrinneach, onorach iad. Chunnaic mi latha a bha sgailc air a' bhois, cho maith ri *Bill* agus urras; ach dh' fhalbh an là sin; cha-n fhoghainn a nis ach *stamp* an ceann gach gnothuich. Am faic thu 'chorrag ud, a Dhòmhnuill; chuir mi ri *Bill* i aon uair, ach ma chuir, cha chuir a rithist; b' fhèarr leam a cur air an ealaig fo'n tuaigh; is mis' a thuig cionnas a tha na Sgrìobhadairean a' deanamh am beairteis.

DOMH.—C' ar son a tha thu ri gearan 'n an aghaidh-san: ciod e *Bill*, ach gealladh fo d'làimh gu-n dìol thu na fiachan a tha e 'giùlan air latha àraidh; agus ma sheasas tu ris a sin, cha ruig thu leas puinneag chàil a thoirt air an lagh. "Thig dàil gu dorus," agus bu chòir dhuit-s' an là a chuimhneachadh.

PARA.—A chuimhneachadh! 'S mi 'bha 'g a chuimhneachadh; ma bha, b' iad mìosan a bu ghiorra dh' fhairich mise riamh. Ach sheas mi mo latha.

DOMH.—Ma sheas, ciod an smàdadh a tha agad air na Sgrìobhadairean?

PARA.—Chuir thu stad a' m' sheanachas. Tha cuimhn' agad sinn a bhi air *Roupa* Fir-na-Creige an uraidh. Cò nach robh ann? bha an spréidh cho maith, an dàil cho fada, 's an t-uisge-beatha cho pailt. Chaidh riaghailtean na ceannachd a leughadh ann am Beurla; cha chuala mi aon fhocal a thuig mi ach aon ràn a thug am Maor Ruadh as, "Dàil bliadhn' a dhaoin'uaisle." Thuit am mart maol orm fhéin; agus mu fheasgar dh' iarradh orm dol a stigh maille ri càch. "Am bheil thu maith air an sgrìobhadh," ars' am fear-lagha? "Cha-n'eil," arsa mise, "b'fhèarr leam iomair a' bholla a tharruing dìreach leis an t-seisrich, na sgrìob, leth-oirleach air fad, a tharruing le peann mar bu chòir dhomh; ach feuchaidh mi ris. Nach e seach puinnd agus còig-deug a tha'n so?" "'S e sin do chuid-se dheth," ars' esan, "ach le cion paipeir freagarraich, b' éigin domh Lachann Mac Fhionnlaidh a chur 's an aon bhoinn riutsa, ach 's e'n aon ni e." "Cha-n'eil teagamh nach e," a deir mise; "ma dhìolas esan a chuid fhéin, cha bhi mis' air deireadh." "Tha mi cinnteach as a sin." ars' an Sgrìobhadair le 'pheann fada cùl a chluaise, agus fiamh ghàir' air a ghnùis. "Thugaibh dram do Phàraig còir, agus cuiribh a stigh Lachann." Ciod a th' agad air, ach thàinig an latha, 's bha mise réidh air a shon. Ruigear Fear-na-Creige, agus tairgear luach a' mhairt mhaoil: "Ruig" ars' esan, "an Sgrìobhadair aig am bheil na *Billichean:*" dhùin e 'n dorus air mo shròin, gun fheoraich an robh beul air m' aghaidh. Cha robh comas air. Thug mi fhéin am baile-mòr orm, agus ràinig mi mo charaid an Sgrìobhadair. Bha mòd an t-Siorraim gu suidhe, agus cha labhradh e focal rium gu h-anmoch. "Tha 'n sruth," a deir mis', "a' tilleadh agus an latha 'dol seachad." "Ma tha," deir esan, "tha latha, agus sruth eile a' tighinn." Cha robh comas air! Dh'fhalbh mi 's a' bhabhdaireachd feadh a' bhaile, o uinneig gu h-uinneig. Fa dheireadh thachair am Maor Ruadh orm, agus dh' innis mi dha mar bha. "Marbh'aisg

air an sgadan," ars' esan, "'s e 'tha saillte am bliadhna: tha mi air mo chlaoidh leis a' phathadh." Thuig mi fhéin mar bha 'chùis, 's gu-m bu luaithe deoch na sgeul. Chaidh sinn a stigh, bhuail mi fhèin am bòrd, agus glaodhar leth-bhodach de *Rum* dearg. Fhuair mi mòran seanachais o'n Mhaor, agus gheall e dol leam 'n uair a sgaoileadh am mòd. Rinn e sin; thachair an Sgrìobhadair oirm, agus ultach phaipeirean aige. Lean sinn a stigh e, agus thairg mi dha luach a' mhairt mhaoil. "Nach 'eil e'n sin agaibh," arsa mise, "gun pheighinn a dhìth air." Thòisich e air a chunntas. Chuir am Maor cagar a' m' chluais, "Faigh d'ainm as a' *Bhill*." "Tapadh leat," a deir mise. "Tha do chuid-se de'n t-suim an so," a deir an Sgrìobhadair; "ach c'àit' am bheil Lachann?" "Is coma leam c'àit' am bheil e. Biodh gach fear a' toirt sgairbh a creagan dha fhéin; thugaibh m' ainm as a' *Bhill*." "Sin rud, a bhobaig, nach 'eil a' m' chomas a dheanamh. Tha mi 'faicinn gu-m bheil e *conjunct*." "Ma tha biodh aige, ciod e sin domhsa? Nach do dhìol mise mo chuid féin deth?" "Rinn thu sin, ach tha thu ceangailte air son cuid Lachainn cuidcachd; agus mur bhi thusa no esan an so an ceann seachduinn cluinnidh tu uam-sa air dòigh nach bhi ro thaitneach." "Cha-n 'eil comas air," a deir mise, "Slàn leibh!" Sin a nis, a Dhòmhnuill, an lagh, as am bheil thu 'deanamh na h-uiread mhòrchuis.

Domh.—Ciod eile ach an lagh, agus ceartas cuidcachd.

Para.—Chuipeireachd, a dhuine, agus cha bu cheartas. Nach dubhairt e 'n làthair fhianuisean an là a chuir mi m' ainm ris nach robh mi 'stigh ach air son mo chodach fhéin. Ach ciod e am fàth 'bhi 'gearan. Cha robh sgillinn aig Lachann bochd air an àm, ach ràinig sinn caraid nam feumach, Fear Acha-da-seillean, mac an deadh athar. Fhuair sinn air ar focal uaithe-san na thog am *Bill*, ach ma thog, 's ann 'n a chois a bha 'n sgathadh; cunntas air a tharruing a mach le dubh agus dearg, cho bòidheach ri aon suidheachadh breacain a chumnaic thu riamh' agus os ceann dà phunnd Shasunnach de chostas. Sin agad a nis an lagh anns am bheil na h-uiread thlachd agad.

Domh.—'N a dhéigh sin uile cha d' rinn am fear-lagha ach a dhleasnas. Bha 'n lagh air a thaobh.

Para.—Bha 'n rosad air a thaobh; ach cò 'bu shìobhalta na e 'n là a chaidh mi 'stigh a shocrachadh ris. Is duilich leam, ars' esan, mar a thachair, cha mhaith a fhuaras Lachann ort; ach ma thogras tu bheir mìs' air a h-uile sgillinn a dhìoladh le costas. "Cha-n 'eil teagamh agam, 'ille mhaith; ach rachadh Pàra mòr a dh'iarraidh na déirc' mu-n leigeadh e leat dol an sàs ann an Lachann còir. "Gabh na fhuair thu," a deir mise, "agus slàn leat."

Domh.—Sin agad math an lagha; ni e thusa agus do leithid faicilleach ciod a ni sibh, gun ghealladh a thoirt nach co-gheall sibh.

Para.—Tog dheth; na cluinneam tuilleadh mu'n chùis. Na-n saoilinn gu-n ruigeadh mo ghuth gach cèarna de 'n Ghàidhealtachd, o mhullach Beinn-nibheis, dhìrinn i moch am màireach, agus mar so labhrainn:—"Fheara, 's a dhaoine, sibhse a tha 'g àiteachadh Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nam Breacan, éisdibh ri Pàra mòr oir 'Is minic a thàinig comhairle righ á beul an amadain.' Seachnaibh an lagh. 'Uachdarana na dùthcha, seasaibh 'ur daoine, agus saoraibh iad o làmhan an luchd-lagha. Cha-n'eil sgillinn a bheir iad uatha-san nach fairich sibhs' a chall. A Mhinistirean an t-soisgeil, caralaichibh ur luchd-éisdeachd an aghaidh iad a dhol gu lagh, nochd-

aibh dhoibh a chall, agus comhairlichibh iad gu sìth agus réite. A mhuinntir mo dhùthcha, eadar thuath agus cheatharna, ma thig connsachadh 'n ur measg leigibh a' chùis gu ràdh dìthis de dhaoine còire. Tha uaislean fhathast 'n ur measg, a sgoilteas an lagh, agus aig am bheil bàigh ribh, rachaibh d' an ionnsuidh: agus sibhse a luchd-lagha, agus a Sgrìobhadairean cuimhnichibh gu-m bheil bàs a' feitheamh oirbh, agus breitheamh os ur ceann d'an éigin duibh cunntas a thabhairt." T.—o.—

—o—

AN DARA DUAN
DE SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE;

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Homeir Gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

Le Eobhan MacLachainn.

Taisbeanadh an Fheachda; agus àireamh nam fincachan Gréugach agus Tròidheach.

II.

(Air a leantuinn bho 'n àirimh mu dheireadh.)

Eisdibh, a chàirdean, le feairt,
An ni tha na m' bheachd a luadh;
An raoir tre oidhche nan dealt seamh
Thùirling Cruth bho nèamh gu m' shuain.
Bha 'n Taisbean mar Nestor liath,
Thair na chunnacas riamh air féur;
A leth-bhreac an guth 's an triall,
A dhealbh cuim, a sgiamh, 's a mhèinn.
Thùr e, 's e os cionn mo chinn,
Na briathran seo, pong air phong:
"Am fois dutsa, 'ghaisgich thréin,
Ur-mhic Atreuis nan stéud lòm?
Dìm-brigh do chomairleach glic,
Do 'm buin cùram bhlàr a's fheachd;
'S miltean slòigh ag earbs' á thaic,
Cian-chadal an caidreamh leisg.
Gabh gu mion-bheachdaidh ri m' sgéul,
'S mi teachdaire dhé nan dia;
Bho'n 's mòr a thruas diot a's ùigh,
D' àrdachadh 'an cliù 's e 'mhiann.
'S àill leis thu ghrad-thoirt gu blàr.
Sliochd na Gréige 's àrbhuidh cùl:
Glacaidh tu 'n stuaidh fharsuing àrd,
'S fàgaidh na 'glas chàrn 's an ùir.
Bho'n rinn Iùno 'n ùrnaigh chruaidh,
Tha 'nt aon rùn aig sluagh nan spéur:
Thuit Tròidh gu buileach fo bhinn,
'S thig maom-sgrios air linn nam béud,
Gabhsa suim de reachd an dé,
'S na caill dìog de sgéul mo bheòil."
Siod na thùr am bruadar faoin,
'S as mo shealladh thaom mar cheò.
Nis a laochraidh nam mòr-éuchd
Bho'n 's òrdugh nan spéur a th' ann,
Grad-dheasaichear sliochd na Gréig'
Gu 'n nochdadh ri stréup nan lann.
Dearbham gu faicleach an tùs,
Ciod an dùrachd 's a' ghnìomh bhuan:
Iarraidh mi gu 'n teich iad tràth,
Gu 'm fonn thair bhàrc a' chuain.
Fàgam dhuibhs' 'fheara mo chridh,
Gu'n grab sibh an ni gun chlìù."
Chriochnaich deagh-cheannard nan triath
'S shuidh na 'mhòrachd sìos na 'chùirt.

Dh' éirich Nestor mannta, mìn,
Righ Philois nan oitir bàn,
Cainntear do 'm b' iùl gliocas còrr,
'S thug freagairt le glòir neo-bhàth:
"'Uaislean àrd-inbheach mo rùin—
A stiùireas na miltean tréun,
Bho aon neach eil' air an raon,
Mheaste' 'm bruadar mar chlaon-bhréig;
Ach 's fios e' thùirling bho 'n spéur
Chum ant sheòid d' an géill an sluagh.
Bhrigh siod, 's còir a' Ghréig' gun dàil
Thoirt air blàr fo 'n arma cruaidh."

Labhair e; 's dh' éirich a' chùirt,
An ùmhlachd do rìgh nan laoch;
Thriall gach triath 's a cholbh na 'ghlaic,
'S dhòirt na 'n déigh am feachd romh 'n raon.
Amhuil mar thaosgas na 'n deann,
Beachan srannrach bho 'n chraig-chòis;
Sir-shruthaidh na buidhnean luath,
Sgaoth air sgaoth thair cluain an fheòir;
Chitear am frith-léumraich bhaoth,
Bhos a's thall feadh raon nan driùchd;
'S caignean diubh cruinn air gach bàrr,
Mu bhlàthan an Earraich ùir.
Sin mar thuil-bhrùchdadh na slòigh,
Bho chòmhnuidh nam bùth 's nan long,
Ag gluasad na 'n sréudan cian,
Seachad siar ri bial nan tonn,
Adh ionnsaidh pubull an righ;
Thaosgadh iad romh 'n tir mar nial.
Chluinneadh tu 'g osnaich am fonn,
Aig tartar am bonn 's an triall.
Rompa chaidh Alladh na 'léum,
Ban-teachdair àrd-sgéulach Iòbh.
Dhèarrs i os an cionn 's an spéur,
'S i mosgladh nan tréun gu glòir.
Theanail na deich miltean cruinn,
Le gaoir bhruidhne 's tailmrich chas.
Naoidh maoir gu h-oscarra gairm,
Gu 'n sìoladh an toirm gu fois.
A chlàistinn toil nan deagh righ,
Shuidh air bùird a sìos gach tréubh;
Bha chomhairl' iom-loinntreach, làn,
'S ghabh a' ghleadhraich tàmh gu léir.

(Ri leantuinn.)

UILLEAM MAC-DHUN-LEIBHE, AM BARD ILEACH.

(Air leantuinn.)

Bu tiamhaidh a sheinn am Bard Ileach an lom-sgrios a thug-adh air Eilein a ghaoil, "Eilean iomraiteach an lagha," trid fogradh nan Gaidheal an dèigh do Thighearna dligheach an fhearainn 'oighreachd mhaiseach a chall. Oir a chum cliù teaghlach urramach Ile, biodh e air innseadh nach b' ann ri 'n linn-san a chaidh an t-Eilein a chur fàs. So cuid de na h-earrannan anns an d' thug am Bard iomradh air an fhogradh sin:

"Ged a roinneas gathan grèine
Thus nan speur ri blath nan lòn,
'S ged a chithear spreidh air airidh,
A's buailtean làn de dh-àlach bhò,
Tha Ile 'n diugh gun daoine,—
Chuir a 'chora bailtean fas,
Mar a fhuair 's a chunnaic mise—
Thoir an fios so thun a Bhaird.

"Ged a thogar feachd na h-Alba
Is cliùiteach ainm air faiche 'n àir,
Bithidh Bratach Fhraoich nan Ileach,
Gun dol sios ga dion le each;
Sgap mi-run iad thar na fairge
'S gun ach ainmh'ean balbh' 'nan ait'—
Mar a fhuair 's a chunnaic mise,
Thoir am fios so thun a' Bhaird."

Dh' fhaodamaid iomadh rann eile a thoirt an lathair a' leigeadh ris air mhodh soilleir cumhachd a' Bhaird Ilich, agus maise nam briathran aige ach o'n tha mhiann orm o àm gu àm cuid de 'n Bhardachd aige nach deacha riamh fhathasd a chlo-bhualadh a' GHAIDHEIL, bithidh cothrom aca fein air breith a thoirt agus air fhaicinn am bheil Mac Dhunleibhe airidh air a bhi air ainmeachadh am measg coisridh chiùil Tir nan Treun. Is cha 'n eil teagamh agam nach i a' bhreith a bheirear a mach leo, gu'n robh spiorad na bardachd da-rireadh aige. 'N uair a bha duaisean air an toirt leis a' chomunn Ghaidhealach air son bardachd, bhuidhinn e a' cheud duais air an da bhliadhna anns an robh iad air an toirt seachad. Cha 'n eil da bharail nach bu duine ro ghleasda e, ach cosmhail ri moran eile aig am bheil gibhtean mòr, bha cuid de neònachas ann a sheas eadar e agus a leithid de shoirbheachadh saoghalta a bhi aige a's a thoill a bhuadhan. Am measg nan nithean so, bha, an gnathas a bh'aige, amharc air aon taobh a mhàin de cheisd, agus dubhfhuath a thoirt do gach neach nach cordadh ris anns gach puing; an fhior ghrain a thug e do Shasunn a's gach nì a bhuineadh da, agus a bhi an comhnuidh a' saoilsinn gu'n robh aobhar olc aig muinntir 's an amharc a dheanadh ni air bith as leth nan Gaidheal mar biodh sin air a dheanamh 'n a dhoigh agus 'n a rathad san. Ach air a shon so uile, bha buadhan agus gibhtean aige 'bha anabarrach. Eadhon a thaobh 'fhuath do na Sasunnaich, bheireadh na Sasunnaich fein maitheanas dha air taille nan nithe tapuidh a theireadh e aig àm mu'n chuis. Tha cuimhne agam uair a bha e fein agus neach àraid ann an argamaid mu'n chuis so. Cha'n aidicheadh Uilleam gu'n robh fior Shasunnach riamh 'n a dhuine aig an robh buadhan inntinn a b' fhiach, oir aon air bith a a bhitheadh air ainmeachadh dheanadh Uilleam a mach gu'n robh fuil Albannach 'n a chuislean, air neo bha ni eigin aige ri 'radh a dhearbhadh nach bu Shasunnach a bh' ann da-rireadh. Bha fios aig an neach a bha deasboireachd ris a' Bhard gu'n robh meas aige air Iain *Bunyan* mar dhuine d' am b' airidh urram a thoirt airson a thàlantan. "Nach aidich sibh" deir e "gu'n robh *Bunyan* 'n a fhior ughdar foghainteach, a's nach bu Shasunnach e gu cnaimh an droma?" Ach fhuair am bard a' bhuaidh le bhi 'tionndadh

gaire na cuideachd an aghaidh an neach a bha ag argamaideachadh ris, leis an fhreagairt, "Och, bha, esan, *an ceard.*"

'Nuair a dh' amhairceas sinn air an dichioll a rinn e gu bhi 'trusadh eòlais, cha 'n fheud sinn gun chliù a a thoirt dha. Dh' oibrich e a rathad air feadh roinn mhor de dh-Albainn agus cuid de cheann tuath Shasuinn, a chum a's gu'm faiceadh e air a shon fein na h-àitean anns an robh blàir chogaidh a dhuthcha.

An deigh dha Ile fhagail, thuinich e tamul an Dunbreaton, an Srath Liobhann, an Arochar, 's a suas feadh Siorramachd Pheairt. Ann an Srath Eirionn, am Peairt, fhuair e a' bhean aige, a's gu dearbh cha bhiodh e furasda dha 'fhaighinn aon a bu fhreagarraiche air, a's a b' fhearr a thuigeadh nadur agus seól a' Bhaird. Bha iad 'n an cuideachadh iomchuidh d a' cheile gu crioch an turuis, oir chaochail ise roimhe fein. 'S ann 's a' bhliadhna 1870, ann am Mios deireannach an t-Samhruidh a thainig am bàs air a' Bhard. Cha robh e idir ann an tinneas, ach dh' fhalbh e gu fior ath-ghoirid. Cheannaich cuid de Ghaidheil Ghlaschu aite tiodhlacaidh dha anns a' chladh bhoidheach ris an abrar "*Janefield*," mach aig ceann na h-airde 'n ear de'n bhaile. Chuir iad suas mar an ceudna carragh cuimhneachain snasmhor aig 'uaigh, air am bheil ainm agus cliù a' bhaird air an gearradh ann an Gaidhlig 's ann am Beurla. Ann an siod tha am bard 'n a chadal, a's cha chuir slaoight Shasunnach, no aintighearnas luchd fuadach nan Gaidheal bruaillean air. Slan leis. Gu'n robh a leabaidh socrach agus a chadal foistinneach.

Bha iomadh neonachas aige thubhairt mi. Is ann am measg nan nithe so dh' fhaodainn ainmeachadh an dòigh anns an do litirich e 'ainm. Cha 'n e Mac-Dhunleibhe ach Mac an Leighe, an t-ainm a tha 'chuid mhor d'a chinneadh ag radh riu fein. Ach sgriobh Uilleam e do ghnath "Mac-Dhunleibhe," a's bha e 's a' bharail gu'n robh an t-ainm air a thoirt o Dhun araid a tha 's a' Ghaidhealtachd. Ach biodh sin mar thogras, tha mi 's a' bharail, nach naraich bardachd Uilleim cliu an ainme, ach gur ann a dh' ardaicheas i an t-ainm Mac-Dhunleibhe—ainm a tha cheana air a dheanamh cho cliuiteach trid euchdan a' Ghaidheil smearail sin, an t-Olamh Mac-Dhun-leibhe, fear-rannsachaidh fàsaichean Africa.

R. I.

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AN GAIDHEAL DILEAS.

Bha na Gaidheil riamh cliùiteach air son am fior-dhìllseachd agus an diàn-thairisneachd. Cha'n e mhàin gu'n robh iad mar sin anns gach cogadh agus cath fuilteach, anns an do ghabh iad comhroinn anns gach cearn de'n t-saoghal, ach mar an céudna, anns gach dréuchd eile far an do thilg am freasdal an crannchur. Chithear so o'n sgéul ghoirid a leanas. O cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais thàinig Sasunnach mòr, uasal, beairteach, a dh-ionnsuidh gharbhchrioch na h-Alba aig toiseach an fhogharaidh chum na seilge. Bha e uidheamaichte air gach seòl le 'chuid gillean, con, agus gunnaichean, chum na feidh, na gearran, agus na cearcanfraoich a smàladh sìos 'n an céudaibh air na beanntaibh agus air na gàrbhraointibh. Cha deachaidh e mach air feadh nan garbhlaichean ach amhàin rè aoin seachduin, an uair a thug na gillean tais, neo-chruadalach, Sasunnach aige thairis gu tur; agus là de na làithibh dhiùlt iad as an aghaidh dol maille ris do'n bhéinnshéilge. Ghearain iad gu goirt gu'n do thréig an casan iad, agus nach b'urrainn doibh cur suas ni' b' fhaide leis an allaban agus an treachladh a dh'fhuiling iad re na seachduinn.

Bha an duin'-uasal ceanalta ann am mòr airc, agus glé mhi-thoillichte le cùisibh, gu'n fhios idir aige còd a dheanadh e. Cò a thàinig an rathad 's an àm ach Donull Ruadh Mac Mhuirich, Gaidheal glan, sea troidhean air àirde, òganach ro sgairteil, a bha air a chàramh gu daingean air dà chois cho cuimear, cruinn 's air an do chuireadh riamh osain ghearra. Chuir e fàilt' air an t-Sasunnach mar a b' fhearr a cheadaicheadh a ghainne Béurla dha sin a dheanamh. Thilg an Sasunnach a shùilean air an òganach, agus thubhairt e ris, "Mo ghille tapaidh, am bheil thu dèonach air dol maille riumsa dh-ionnsuidh na beinne, oir thréig mo ghillean fein mi, agus thug iad glan thairis le sgios?" Fhreagair an Gaidheal e, oir thuigeadh e a' Bhéurla ni b'fhearr na labhradh e i, agus thubhairt e ris, gu'n robh e ro dheònach air dol maille ris air feadh gach gleann agus beann agus fireach a thogradh e a choiseachd. Bha 'n Sasunnach ro thoillichte so a chluinntinn, agus cha bu lugha na sin toilinntinn Dhomhnuill Ruaidh, a thàinig an rathad an toiseach a dh'fhéuchainn am faigheadh e car sam bith r'a dheanamh mu'n t-séilg, d'an robh mòr thlachd aige. Cha do dhealaich an Sasunnach ri Domhnull Ruadh fhad 's a dh' fhan e 's an taobh tuath oir cha b'fhurasd da a leithid eile fhaotuinn. B'fhearr e leis fein na leth-fhichead do na tais-ghillean Gallda ud eile a thug thairis cho luath. An uair a thàinig àm na séilge gu crìch, bha e ro chruaidh air an t-Sasunnach dealachadh ri Domhnull Ruadh. Cha'n e mhàin gu'n robh Domhnull sgairteil, tapaidh, deas chum a làmh a chur ri nì sam bith a bha r'a dheanamh, ach bha e stuama, siobhalta, geanail, agus mòran ni b'fhearr air a ghunna n'a mhàighstir. Air maduinn an latha air an robh an Sasunnach chum a' Ghaidhealtachd fhàgail, thubhairt e ri Domhnull gu'n robh òighreachd mhòr, fharsuing aige ann an Sasunn, air an robh mòran séilge àraidh, ach mhilleadh i gu mòr le brat-shealgairibh agus creachadairibh diomhain a bha 'spùinneadh na séilge, 's 'g a reiceadh 's na bailtibh mòra mu'n cuairt. Agus thubhairt e ni' b' faide ris, n'an rachadh e maille ris do Shasum gu cùram a ghabhail de 'n t-séilg gu'n tugadh e duais dhligheach dha air a' shon. Bha Domhnull Ruadh ro thoileach a dhol maille ris, agus chòrd iad air ball. An deigh do Dhòmhnull a bhi cuig no sea mhiosan ann an Sasunn, bha iongantas air a mhàighstir nach do ghlac Domhull rè na h-ùine sin aon air bith de na spùinneadairibh leis am bu ghnàth a bhi 'creachadh na h-oighreachd air na bliadhnaichibh a chaidh seachad. Cha b' urrainn e so a thuigsinn. Ach bha 'chùis mar so, ged nach robh fios aig a mhàighstir air, gu'n robh mòr eagal air an luchdréubainn sin tachairt air Domhnull, air doibh fios a bhi aca ciod a dh'éireadh dhoibh; uime sin, sguir iad a bhi 'taoghal na h-òighreachd. Ach bhuail an t-amharus an duine-uasal nach robh Domhnull co dìleas 's a bha e 'cumail a mach, agus rùnaich e an gnothuch a dhearbhadh. Uime sin, air òidhche àraidh a bha gu math dòrcha, sgeudaich an duine-uasal efein ann an culaidh scalgair, ghlac e gunna na làimh, agus chaidh e mach air na raointibh 's an dorchadas. Cha do loisg e ach urchair no dha, an uair a rinneadh grad-ghreim air o 'chulaobh, spionadh an gunna as a làimh, thilgeadh air an làr e, bhualadh e le bras-bhuillibh cruaidh, agus bhrcabadh gu'n bhàigh leis na cosaibh e, gus an robh e ag aornagan 'na fhuil fein, agus leth-mhàrbh a guidhe air son tròcair. Fhuair e fath mu dheireadh air leigeadh ris cò e. Bha mòrbhròn air Domhnull air son mar a thachair. Dh'iarr e mìle maitheanas, agus chuir e an céill d'a mhaighstir

gu'm b' e iarrtas a chridhe na crochairean a chur dachaidh le làn an seiche de chnàmhaibh briste, do bhrigh gu'n tugadh sin orra nach tigeadh iad le cabhaig air an ais a rìs. Chuidich Domhnull a mhaighstir dhachaidh, agus bha féum aig' air, oir bha e ro bhrùite, agus fann le càll na fola. Chaidh e a'm feabhas an ceann seachduin na dha, chuir e fios air Domhnull Ruadh Mac Mhuirich, agus dh'innis e dha, gu'n robh a thuarasdal gu bhi air a dhùbladh o'n là air an do chuir e cas air tìr an Sasunn.

SGIATHANACH.

AIR CRUINN-MHEALLAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

EARRANN VI.

Féumar aideachadh leis na h-uile, gu'm bheil a' chruitheachd gu miorbhuileach air a dealbhadh, ach nach mòr ni's miorbhuiliche na so, cumhachd an Ti "A rinn na neàmha le 'fhocal, agus le anail a bheoil na sloigh uile. (Salm xxxiii. 6.) Ciod e cumhachd criochnuichte an duine? Ciod e cumhachd nan aingeal a's àirde ann an gloìr, agus nan créutair a's urramaiche a ta idir ann, an coimeas ri cumhachd neo-chriochnuichte Iehobhaidh? Cha'n 'eil ach neoni agus diomhanas anns gach obair a's urrainn na daoine a's inuleachdaiche a dheanamh! Cha chomas doibh a' chlach a's lugha 'dhealbhadh, no toirt air a' bhileig fhèoir a's suaraiche fàs as an talamh! Cia mòr ni's lugha na sin na ta, tha cumhachd aca os ceann réulta soillseach neimhe, no os ceann nan cuairt anns am bheil iad gu ciùin a' siubhal ann an gòrm-astar nan spéur! Cha'n 'eil ach beagan eòlais againn air na réultaibh a ta muilleana de mhiltibh air falbh uaimn, ach tha sinn le taingealachd, a' toirt fainear gach ni a sholair Dia air an réult air am bheil sinne a' gluasad chum maith an duine, agus gach créutair beò eile Rinn esan an talamh 'n a aite-comhnuidh iomchuidh air ar son. Tha e 'toirt air gach pòr, meas agus luibh fàs as an talamh, agus toradh feumail do'n duine a thoirt uatha. Trìd òrduigh a riaghlaidh-san, tha a' ghrian, a' ghealach, agus na réultan a' co'-chur ri aoibhneas, sonas, agus toil-inntinn a chréutairean reusonta fein uile. Agus is cinnteach gu'm bheil am freasdal sin, a tha 'deanamh nithe cho miorbhuileach air ar son-ne a'deanamh solair mar an ceudna air son nan réult, eile oir tha freasdal Iehobhaidh os cionn 'oibre fein gu léir!

Chunnaic sinn nach 'eil an talamh againn ach 'n a bhall beag, cruinn, cuairteagach an coimeas ri cuid eile de na réultaibh. Nach suarach e an coimeas ri Iupiter, a tha mìle uair uiread ris; agus nach beag e an coimeas ri Saturn agus Uranus, air an toir sinn a nis cunntas!

Tha Saturn dlùth air mìle uair ni's mo n'an talamh so agus tha i naoi déug agus tri fichead mile de mhìltibh troimpe. Tha 'n réult àluinn so a' tionndadh air a mul fein ann an deich uairean gu leth. Tha i seachd céud agus ceithir fichead muillean de mhìlltibh o'n ghréin, agus a' gabhail mu dheich thar fhichead de na bliadhnaibh againn-ne chum aon chuairt a chur oirre. Tha 'n réult so comharraichte thar gach réult eile, le dà fhàinne shòillseach, a tha taobh ri taobh 'g a cuairteachadh, agus le ballaibh dorch air a h-aghaidh, air an taobh a stigh de na fainnibh sin, a chithear gu soilleir leis na gloineachaibh-amhairc a's fearr. Tha seachd gealaichean aig an réult so, a tha 'g a cuairteachah, agus a' toirt soluis di, ceart mar a tha an aon ghealach aig an talamh, a' toirt soluis da. Tha na seachd gealaichean so, co math ris na ceithir gealaichean aig Iupiter, anabarrach féumail do'n mharaiche, agus tha am buannachdan eugsamhla, air

an aobhar sìn, air an toirt gu cùramach fainear leò-san a tha 'deanamh suas leabhraichean air son sgoil mhara. Ach ged is uamhasach an t-astar a ta 'n réult so air falbh, cha'n 'eil i co fad' as ri Uranus, an réult a's faide air falbh o'n ghréin a fhuaradh fathasd a mach. Theirear Herschel ris an réult so, agus mar an ceudna Rìonnag Dheòrsa, do bhrìgh gur e an teallsanach Herschel a fhùair a mach i, ri linn Righ Deorsa a tri, ann am mios a' Mhairt 1781. Tha i cuig mìle deug thar fhichead de mhìltibh troimpe, agus ceithir fichead uair ni's mò n'an talamh. Tha i ochd ceud deug muillean de mhìltibh o'n ghréin, agus a' gabhail ceithir de na bliadhnaibh againn-ne chum aon chuairt a chur air a' ghréin. Ged is mòr an reult so, is ana-minic a chithear i leis an t-suil luim, air di a bhi co fad air falbh! Tha sea gealaichean aig an réult so chum dorchadas a h-oidhchean fhògradh air falbh! Chithear beag, soilleir, agus dealrach i gun fhàinne, no crios, no ball dòrch' air bith, mar a chithear aig Saturn. Agus tha e iongantach gu'm bheil gealaichean na réilte so a' gluasad 'n an cearcallaibh calg-dhìreach an aghaidh shlighean gach reilte agus gealaich eile. Thug sinn cunntas goirid, a nis, air a' ghréin, agus air gach réilt a tha 'ga cuairteachadh; agus ged a dh' innis sin an astar ann am mìltibh, cha'n urrainn ar n-inntinnean mèud an astair sin a ghabhail a stigh! Tha maise nan réult a' nochdadh glòire Dhé,—tha am mèud agus an gluasad a' nochdadh cumhachd Dhé,—agus tha an riaghailt agus an eagnuidheachd leis am bheil iad a' siubhal co luath ann an spéuraibh nèimhe, a' nochdadh gliocais Dhé! "Is esan a rinn na neamhan le gliocas; a' ghrian a' riaghladh an la; a' ghealach agus na reultan a' riaghladh na' h-oidhche! Innsidh e àireamh nan rionnag; bheir e ainmean orra uile" (Salm cxxxvi. 8; cxlvii. 4).

Tha fios againn nach soirbh le duine aineolach agus neo-fhoghluimte na nithe so uile a thuigsinn mu na réultaibh; ach feudaidh e beachd a ghabhail air am meùd agus an astar o aon a' cheile, air an dòigh so a leanas. Faigheadh e achadh còmhnard, na loch uisge air a reothadh, tri mìle gach rathad. Cuireadh e peileir mòr, a bhios seachd troidhean mu'n cuairt ann am meadhon a' chomhnaird sin, air son na Gréine. A ris, gabhadh e sreang leth ceud slat ann am fad, agus deanadh e cuairt mu'n pheileir mhòr a shuidhich e air son na Greine; cuireadh e grainne de shiol mustaird air a chuairt sin, agus nochdaidh sin Mercuri. Gabhadh e sreang eile deich agus ceithir fichead slat ann am fad, deanadh e cuairt air an dòigh cheudna, agus cuireadh e grainne peasrach air, agus nochdaidh sin Bhenus. Deanadh e cuairt eile le sreang seachd fichead slat, agus le grainne peasrach eile air sin, nochdaidh sin an Talamh. Cuireadh e grainne de fhras mheanbh luaidhe air cuairt aon fhichead deug slat o'n pheileir mhòr, agus nochdaidh sin Mars. A ris, suidhicheadh e ubhal cuimseach air cuairt leth-mhìle air astar o'n pheileir a ta' ciallachadh na gréine, agus nochdaidh sin Iupiter. Cuireadh e ubhal eile, beagan ni's lugha, air cuairt ceithir cheud deug slat o'n pheileir chéudna, agus nochdaidh sin Saturn. Agus mu dheireadh, deanadh e cuairt mìle gu leth o'n pheileir mhòr, agus cuireadh e peileir muscaid oirre, agus nochdaidh sin Uranus. Mar so feudar beachd a ghabhail leis na daoinibh a's aineolaich' air mèud agus astar nan réult, agus air an doìgh air am bheil iad a' gluasad anns na spéuraibh! Ach tha astar nan réult a's faide air falbh o'n ghrein do-thuigsinn dhuinne. Ghabhadh peileir gunna-mòir ceithir cheud bliadhna 'n a dheann-ruìth mu'n ruigeadh e o'n ghréin gu

Uranus; gidheadh cha'n'eil na tha air an taobh a stigh do chuairt Uranuis, an coimeas ri farsuingeachd na cruitheachd, ach mar bhraon beag uisge, an coimeas ri uile chuantaibh an domhain; agus tha a chruitheachd so uile air a lionadh le làthaireachd an Ti sin a dhealbh gach ni air tùs á neoni. Is esan an Ti àrd agus uasal do'n àite-còmhnuidh siorruidheachd"—an Ti sin "a ghabhas còmhnuidh maille ris-san fòs a ta leònta agus iriosal 'n a spiorad" (Isaiah, lvii. 15). "A rìoghachda na talmhainn, seinnibh do Dhia, seinnibh moladh do'n Tighearna: dha-san a tha marcachd air neamhaibh nan neamh o chian" (Salm lxviii. 33).

Anns an ath Earrann cuirear nithe eile an céill mu na reultaibh. nithe air nach tugadh fathast iomradh.

SGIATHANACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

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CIOD A DH' IOCAS MI?

Air son ro mheud nan gràsan saor'
'Tha teachd gach là as ùr
O làmhan Chriosd, t' Fhear-saoraidh caomh,
Ciod, anam, 'dh' iocas tu?

Mo thruaigh', o chrì mar th'agam féin
Ciod 'dh' éireas 'bheir dha cliù?
Mo nithe 's feàrr tha salach, breun,
'S mo chuids' gu léir cha 'n fhiù.

Gidheadh, so iocaidh mise dha
Air son a ghràsan fial'—
Dlù-ghlacam cupan naomh na slàint';
Is gairmeam air mo Dhia.

Se 'n t-iocadh 's feàrr o neach mar tàims',
Cho gràineil is cho truagh,
Do bhrìgh mòr fhialaidheachd a ghràis
Bhi ghnàth ag iarraidh uaith.

An ùmhlachd chubhaidh thoirt cha tàir
'S is aobhar cràidh mo bheus;
Gidheadh, 's e m' uaill gu léir is m'àdh,
Gu bràth bhi 'n comain Dhé.

Eadar-theangaichte le A. C.

MAR A FHUARADH A MACH AMERICA.

I.

Cha robh eolas sam bith aig sluagh na Roinn-Eorpa mu America gu dlu air coig ceud bliadhna an deigh àm ar Slanuighir, ged a chaidh an tir mhor sin 'aiteachadh bho Asia-an-ear iomad linn roimhe sin. Tha cuid am barail gu 'n robh eolas aig na Lochlannaich air America-mu-thuath bho chionn ochd ceud bliadhna, ach cha 'n 'eil a' bharail sin dearbhta no coltach.

B' e Eadailteach d' am b' ainm Cristopher Columbus a' cheud duine a thug do 'n t-saoghal fios mu America. Rugadh Columbus am baile-puirt mor Genoa an taobh tuath na h-Eadailt anns a' bhliadhna 1435. Bha e 'n a mharaiche seolta, dan, leanailteach a rinn iomad cuan-thuras mu 'n do smuainich e air an oidhirp dhan 's an d' fhuair e a mach an Saoghal Ur, Anns a' bhliadhna 1470 bha e ann an cath eadar luingis a bhuineadh do Genoa agus ceithir luingis o bhaile mor Venice a bha 'seoladh dhachaidh á Fhlanras, faisg air Rugha Vincent am Portugal. Chaidh an long 's an robh Columbus ri theine agus leum esan 's a' chuan. Shnamh e gu tir agus rainig e Lisbon, ard bhaile Phortugal far an d' fhuirich e ceithir bliadhna deug. Chuir e an sin eolas air iomad maraiche sgileil a dh' innis da iomad ni a thug air breithneachadh gu 'n robh tir 's an iar taobh thall a' chuain nach robh ro fhada as.

Fhuaradh ramh Innseineach air a ghràbhadh gu suasmhor, mu thri cheud deug mile an iar bho Phortugal; chaidh slatan fada cuilc a thilgeil air tir am Madeira a's craobhan mora giubhais air eileanan Asores; agus fhuaradh da chorp bàithte, eucoltach ri sluagh an t-seann saoghail air eilean beag Flores. Thainig iad sin uile fo 'n iar. Bha fios aig daoine 's an am ud gu 'm bu chruinne an saoghal ach

bha iad am barail nach robh e mar mhoran cho farsuinn 's a tha e, agus bha luchd-aithris ag innseadh gu 'n robh Asia a' ruigsinn ni 's fhaide sios na 'tha e. Uime sin bha Columbus am barail gu 'n gabhadh taobh an ear Asia ruigheachd le dol suas thar a' chuain bho 'n Roinn-Eorpa agus mar sin gu 'm faigheadh e 'mach slighe ghearr gu India agus na h-Innsean mora 's an ear mu 'n cuairt di, far an robh or a's spiosradh. Ach ghabhadh an oidhirp moran airgid oir dh' fheumadh e luingis agus daoine g' an reir, nach robh doigh aige air 'fhaotainn gun chomhnadh dhaoine inbheach.

Dh' iarr e iad sin an toiseach bho righ Phortugal, ach dhiultadh 'iarrtus. Bha e 'nis 'n a bhantraich le mac og ris an abrar Diego, no Seumas. Dh' fhag e Portugal le 'mhac air lamh aige agus chaidh e do 'n Spainnt, a' cumail an taic a' chuain. An uair a bha e dluth air Palos, baile puirt an taobh deas na rioghachd so dh' iarr e deire air Iain Peres, sagart fiosrach a ghabh ris air ball, oir, bha e 'n a dhuine urramach, le gnuis uasal, aoidheil.

An ath-bhliadhna chaidh e do 'n Eadailt agus dh' fhoillsich e a run do dhaoine mora Genoa agus Venice, ach chuir iad cul ris. Thill e an sin do 'n Spainnt far an robh Righ Ferdinand agus Ban-righ Iseabal a' riaghladh. Thug a charaid, Peres litir dha gu sagart na ban-righ, agus fhuair e beagan airgid bho mharaiche ainmeil ris an abrar Martin Pinson; ach cha do ghabh an sagart so suim dheth, agus bha an righ 's an am sin a' cogadh ri Mùraich Ghranada, air taobh deas na Spainnt. Gidheadh, thug an righ an gnothuch an laimh do dhaoine fiosrach a bha gus a' chuis a ramsachadh agus chaidh Columbus maille ri feachd an righ a chogadh ris na Mùraich.

Chaidh bliadhna a's bliadhna seachad, agus cha d' fhuair Columbus bann no gealladh. Thuirt cuid gu 'm b' fhaoin do neach air bith a bhi 'smaointeach gu 'm bu ghlioca esan na an cinne-daonna gu leir, agus cuid eile nach robh 's a' chuis ach bòilich. Bheireadh Columbus thairis an ghothuch mur biodh e cinnteach gu 'n robh e ceart 'n a bharail. Osbarr, bha e 'n a dhuine crabhaidh a reir eolais. Bha fios aige a reir na faisneachd gu 'm faigheadh Criosd "na cinnich mar oighreachd, agus criochan na talmhainn mar sheilbh," agus bha e an duil gu 'm biodh e-fhein 'n a mheadhon air an t-soisgeul a sgaoileadh am measg nan criochan sin.

Mu dheireadh an deigh do sheachd bliadhna dol thairis thug na daoine aig an robh a' chuis an laimh, breith 'n a aghaidh. Uime sin, thill e gu Palos a thoirt air falbh a mhic agus a' runachadh dol gu Tearlach VIII., Righ na Frainge, ach bha Peres agus Pinson an aghaidh sin. Thuirt Pinson gu 'n uidheamaicheadh e-fhein long; agus sgriobh Peres litir do 'n bhan-righ fhein air an robh e eolach. Is e 'thainig as a sin gu 'n deachaidh bann a dheanamh ri Columbus a' toirt dha tighearnas thar gach tire a gheobhadh e 'mach. Bha e cho dian mu 'bheachd gu 'n ruigeadh e Asia 's gu 'n d' fhuair e litir bho 'n righ agus a' bhan-righ gu Ard-righ nan Tartarach.

Air an treas latha de cheud mhios an fhogharaidh anns a' bhliadhna 1492, sheol Columbus bho Phalos air a thuras gabhaidh le tri luingis, an *Santa Maria*, long mhor fo 'chomannda fhein; am *Pinta*, long bheag fo Mhartin Pinson; agus an *Nina* long bheag eile fo Vincent Pinson, brathair Mhartin. Air an t-seathamh latha d' an ath mhios sheol iad a mach bho eileinibh *Chanary* air a' chuan mhor,

"Far nach d' eirich breid ri crann
A's nach do reub sroin dharaich tonn."

An uair a chaill iad sealladh air tir agus a thainig an oidhche ghabh

iad eagal, agus ghuil iad ag radh, nach tilleadh iad a chàoidh, ach chiuinich Columbus iad agus thug e misneach dhoibh le aithris mu na duthchaibh beairteach a ruigeadh iad. Mar a bha e 'dol air aghàrt cheil e bho 'n t-sluagh an t-astar a bha iad a' seoladh. Bha sea fichead pearsa gu leir 's a' chuideachd. Thug iad an aire gu 'n robh a' ghaoth bho 'n ear latha an dèigh latha agus uime sin bha iad fo eagal nach biodh e 'n an comas tighinn air an ais; ach air an fhicheadamh latha sheid a' ghaoth bho 'n iar-dheas. Tri laithean an deigh sin dh' eirich stoirm agus thuirt an sluagh nach bu choir do 'n chomanndair dol an aghaidh an Fhreasdail n' a b' fhaide.

Thoisich iad a nis air eoin 'fhaicinn a' leum bho 'n iar 's a' mhaduinn agus a' pilltinn mu anmoch. Cha robh an cuan cho saillte 's a bha e agus chunnaig iad feamainn a' snamh mu 'n cuairt. Uair a's uair shaoil leotha gu 'n do rainig iad tir. O-n a bha iad air am mealladh chaill iad an dochas agus bha cuid a' comhairleachadh an ceannard a thilgeadh 's a' mhuir agus tilleadh dhachaidh. Bha esan an lan mhisnich agus chum e air aghart a' seoladh siar a's iar gu deas mar a bha na h-eoin a' leum air an ais.

Air a' cheud latha deug de mhios deireannach an Fhogharaidh an deigh a bhi deich seachduinean air a' chuan thog iad as an t-saile mir fiodha air a ghrabhadh gu snasmhor agus geug sgithich le dearcaibh oirre. Bha Columbus, uime sin, cinnteach gu 'n robh iad a nis dlu air tir. An deigh na h-urnaigh fheasgair dh' orduich e faire dhubailt agus gheall e cleoca sioda do 'n cheud duine a chitheadh tir, a bharr air da fhichead dolar a gheall a' Bhan-righ. An oidhche sin, mu dheich uairean chunnaig e solus, agus aig da uair's a' mhaduinn chualas gunna mor bho 'n Phinta, comhara tire. B'e maraiche d' am b' ainm Ruairidh Triana a' cheud duine a chunnaig an Saoghal Ur.

Anns a' mhaduinn chunnaig iad eilean coilltteach mu shea mile air astar agus sluagh a' ruith mu 'n traigh. B' e Columbus fhein a' cheud duine a chaidh air tir. Chaidh iad uile air an gluinean air an traigh agus thug iad buidheachas do Dhia. An sin sgaoil an ceannard bratach mhor Chastile, rioghachd Iseabail, oir b' ise a dhiol an costas, agus ghabh e seilbh 's an tir as a leth-se. Bha na h-Innseinich a' coimhead orra le h-ioghnadh agus shaoil leotha gu 'm bu diathan iad a thainig a nuas bho neamh. Fhuair iad uapa snath cotain a's seorsa arain agus thug iad doibh am malairt ailleagain a's rudan laoghach. Thug Columbus "San Salvador" mar ainm air an eilean ach 's e theireadh luchd na tire ris "Guanahani" no Eilean a' chait, aon do Innseadh Bahama a tha air an ear dheas bho Florida agus gu tuath air Jamaica 's na h-Innsibh shuas.

P. MAC-GRIOGAIR.

—o—

OISEAN AGUS AN CLEIREACH.

Oisean.

A cléirich a chanfas na sailm,
Air leam féin gur borb do chiall,
Nach éisd thu tamull ri sgeul
Air an Fhéinn nach fhac thu riamh?

Cléireach.

Air mo chubhas-sa,(*a*) Mhic Fhinn,
Ge binn leat bhi teachd air t' Fhéinn,
Fuaim nan salm air feadh mo bheòil
Gur h-e sud 'bu cheòl domh féin.

Oisean.

Nam biodh tu coimheadadh(*b*) do shalm
Ri Fianuachd Eirinn nan àrm nochd,(*c*)
A chléirich gur lán olc leam
Nach sgarainn do cheann re(*d*) d' chorp.

Cléireach.

Sinn fo d' chomraich-sa,(*e*) fhir mhòir,
Laoidh do bheòil gur binn leam féin;
Togamaid suas altair Fhinn,
Bu bhinn leam bhi teachd air t' Fhéinn.

(*a*) Word, Miss Brooke's copy has "mo chubhais," my conscience. (*b*) Comparing. (*c*) Naked. (*d*) From. (*e*) Protection.

Oisean.

Nam bidheann(*a*) tu, chléirich chaoimh,
Air an tràigh 'tha siar fa dheas,
Aig Eas Libhridh(*b*) nan sruth sèimh,
Air an Fhéinn bu mhòr do mheas.

Beanneachd air anam an laoich,
Bu ghairbhe fraoch(*c*) anns gach greis,(*d*)
Fionn Mac Cumhail, ceann nan slògh,
O 'n 's ann air a shloinnteadh an t-Eas.

Là dhuinne fiadhach nan dearg,
'S nach d' éirich an t-sealg 'n ar car,
Gu 'm facas deich mile bàrc
Air an tràigh a' teachd air lear.(*e*)

Sheas sinn uile air an leirg,(*f*)
Thionail an Fhéinn as gach taobh,
Seachd catha-urchaire(*g*) gu prap,
Gur e dh' iadh mu mhac nighinn Taoig.

Thàinig an cabhlach gu tìr,
Greadhain(*h*) nach bu mhìnear leinn,
Bu lionmhor ann pubull(*i*) sròil,
'G a thogail leo os an ceann.

Thog iad an coisridh(*j*) o 'n choill;
'S chuir iad orra an àirm ghàidh,(*k*)
'S ann(*l*) air gualainn gach fir mhòir,
Is thog siad orra o 'n tràigh.

Labhair Mac Cumhail ri 'Fhéinn,
An fhidir sibh féin cò na slòigh?
No 'n d' fhiosraich sibh cò 'bhuidheann bhorb
A bheir an deannal(*m*) cruaidh's an stràc?

Sin 'n uair 'thuirt Conan a ris,
Cò 'b' àill leat, a Righ, bhi ann?
Cò 'shaoileadh tu, Fhinn nan cath,
'Bhiodh ann ach flath no righ?

Cò 'gheibheamaid 'n ar Féinn
'Rachadh a ghabhail sgéil do 'n t-sluagh?
'S a bheireadh thugainn e gun chleith,
'S gu 'm beircadh e breith is buaidh?

Sin 'n uair 'thuirt Conan a ris,
Cò 'b' àill leat, a Righ, dhol ann,
Ach Fearghas fior-ghlic, do mhac,
O 'n 's e 'chleachd bhi dol 'n an ceann?

Beir a' mhallachd, a Chonain mhaoil,
Thuirt am(*n*) Fearghas 'bu chaoin cruth,
Rachainnse ghabhail an sgéil
Do 'n Fhéinn, 's cha b' ann air do ghuth.

Ghluais am Fearghas armail òg,
Air an ròd an coinneamh nam fear,
'S dh' fhiosraich e am briathraibh fòil,
Cò na slòigh so 'thig air lear?

Mànus fuileach, feardha,(*o*) fial,
Mac Righ Beatha nan sgiath dearg,
Ard-Righ Lochainn, ceann nan cliar,(*p*)
Giolla bu mhòr fiamh is fearg.

Ciod a ghluais a' bhuidheann bhorb,
O rioghachd Lochlainn nan colg(*q*) sean?
An ann a mheudachadh ar Fiann
A thàinig an triath thar lear?

Air do làimh-sa, Fhearghais fhéil,
As an Fhéinn ge mòr do shuim,
Cha ghabh sinn cumha gun Bhran,(*r*)
Agus a bhean a thoirt o Fhionn.

Bheireadh an Fhéinn còmhrag cruaidh
Do d' shluagh mu 'm faigheadh tu Bran;
Is bheireadh Fionn còmhrag treun
Dhuit féin mu 'm faigheadh tu 'bhean.

Thàinig Fearghas, mo bhràthair féin,
'S bu chosmhuil ri gréin a chruth;
'S dh' innis e sgeula gu fòil,
Ge b' osgarra(*s*) mòr a ghuth.

Mac Righ Lochlainn sud fa(*t*)'n tràigh
Ciod e 'm fàth dhomh bhi 'g a chleith?
Cha ghabh e gun chòmhrag dìù,
No do bhean 's do chù fa(*u*) bhreith.

Chaoidh cha tugainnse mo bhean
Do aon fhear a ta fo 'n ghréin,
'S cha mhò 'bheir mi Bran gu bràth,
Gus an téid am bàs 'n a bheul.

Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Goll,
Am(*v*) mòr an glonn duinn bhi 'n ar tosd,
Nach tugamaid còmhrag borb
Do Righ Lochlainn nan sgiath breac?

Seachd altrumain(*w*) Lochlainn làin,
'S e labhair Goll gun fhàs-cheilg,
Ge lionmhor aca-san an sluagh,(*x*)
Diongaidh(*y*) mis' am buaidh 's an leirg.

So thuirt an t-Osgar 'bu mhòr brìgh,(*z*)
Diongam-sa Righ Innse-Torc,
'S cinn a dhà chomhairleach dheug
Leig fa 'm chomhair féin an cosg.

(*a*) Second person singular, consuetudinal present. (*b*) "Laoi're" m Gillies' copy. (*c*) Rage, fury. (*d*) Attack. (*e*) The sea. (*f*) Dative of "learg," a little eminence, a plain (O'Reilly). (*g*) From "cath," battalion, and "urchair," shot, cast, throw. (*h*) A band, troop. (*i*) Tent. (*j*) Infantry. (*k*) For "gàbhadh" (H. S. Dict.). (*l*) Gillies' copy has "da shleagh." (*m*) Conflict. (*n*) The M.S. is "an," the Irish idiom.

(*o*) Manly, brave. (*p*) Of poets. (*q*) Of pointed weapons, swords. (*r*) Finn's dog. (*s*) Loud, bold. (*t, u*) The M.S. is "faoi." (*v*) The M.S. is "'S." We adopt "Am" from Gillies' copy. (*w*) Nurslings. Above this line is written in the M.S. in English, "Probably the Baltic, which never ebbs." (*x*) We have adopted these lines (3d and 4th) from Gillies' copy. The M.S. is,

"'S air libhse gur mòran sluaidh,
Bheir mi 'm brigh 's am buaidh, gu léir."

(*y*) Will match, overcome. (*z*) "Brìgh" has been erased in the M.S., and "prios" substituted for it. Gillies' copy has "brìgh," which we prefer to "prios."

Iarla Mhumhain(*a*) 's mòr a ghlonn,(*b*)
So thuirt Diarmad donn gun on,(*c*)
Coisgidh mise sud d' ur Féinn,
No tuiteam féin air a shon.

Gur h-e ghabh mi féin fos làimh,
Ged tha mi gun chàil(*d*) an nochd,
Righ Theurmainn nan còmhrag teann,
'S gu'n sgarainn a cheann re(*e*) 'chorp.

Beiribh beannachd 's buinibh buaidh,
Thuirt Mac Cumhail nan gruaidh dearg,
Mànus Mac Gharaidh nan slògh,
Diongaidh mise ge mòr 'fhearg.

'N oidhche sin duinne gu lò,
B' ainmig leinn a bhi gun cheòl,
Fleadh gu farsaing, fion is céir,
'S e 'bhi(*f*) aig an Fhéinn 'g a òl.

Chunncas, mu 'n do scar an lò,
A' gabhail dòigh anns a' phort(*g*)
Meirg(*h*) Righ Lochlainn an àidh
'G a togail o 'n tràidh 'n an uchd.

Chuir sinn Deò ghréine(*i*) ri crann,
Bratach Fhinn bu gharg a treis,
Lom-làn do chlochaibh òir,
Againne bu mhòr a meas.

Iomad claidheamh dòrn-chrann òir,
Iomad sròl(*j*) 'g a chur ri crann,
'N cath Mhic Cumhail, Fionn nam fleadh,
'S bu lionmhor sleagh os ar ceann.

Iomad cotan, iomad triach,(*k*)
Iomad sgiath is lùireach gharbh,(*l*)
Iomad tòiseach(*m*) is mac righ,
'S cha robh fear riamh dhiubh gun àrm.

Iomad clogad maiseach cruaidh,
Iomad tuath is iomad gath,
'N cath Righ Lochlainn nam pìos,(*n*)
Bu lionmhor mac righ is flath.

Rinneadar an ùrnuigh chruaidh,
'S bhriseadar air buaidh nan Gall;
Chrom sinn ar ceann anns a' chath,
Is rinn gach flath mar a gheall.

(*a*) Munster. (*b*) Exploit, prowess. (*c*) The M.S. is "gun ghuin." Gillies' copy has, "nan con," but it gives "gun on" (without stain or reproach) in a foot-note. We have adopted "gun on" which is most probably the correct reading. (*d*) Strength, vigour. (*e*) From. (*f*) The Irish past indicative. (*g*) The M.S. is "ghuirt," but we have adopted "port" from Miss Brooke's copy. (*h*) Standard, banner. (*i*) Sun-beam. (*j*) Banner. (*k*) The same as "triath." (*l*) Miss Brooke's copy has 'dhearg." (*m*) The M.S. is "draoisich." We have adopted "tòiseach" from the copies of Gillies and Miss Brooke. (*n*) A silver cup.

Thachair Mac Cumhail nan cuach
Agus Mànus nan ruag(*o*) àidh,
Ri 'chéil' ann an tiugh thuiteam an t-sluaigh,
Chléirich, nach bu chruaidh an càs!

Gu 'm b' e sud an tuirleum(*p*) teann,
Mar dheann(*q*) a bheireadh dà òrd
Cath fuileach an dà rìgh,
Gu 'm bu ghuineach brigh(*r*) an colg!

Air briseadh do sgéith an deirg,
Air éirigh dhoibh fearg is fraoch,
Thilg iad am buill air(*s*) an làr,
'S thug iad spàirn, an dà laoch.

Cath fuileach an dà rìgh,
'S ann leinne 'bu chian(*t*) an clos;(*u*)
Bha clachan agus talamh trom
'Mosgladh fo bhonn an cos.

Leagar Rìgh Lochlainn gun(*v*) àdh,
Am fianuis chàich air an fhraoch,
'S air-san, ged nach b' ònair rìgh,
Chuireadh ceangal nan tri chaol.

Sin 'n uair 'thuirt Conan maol,
Mac Morna 'bha riamh ri h-olc,
Cumar rium Mànus nan lann,
'S gu 'n scarainn an ceann re(*w*) 'chorp.

Cha 'n 'eil agam càirdeas no gaol
Riut-sa, Chonain mhaoil gun fholt,
O 'n tharla(*x*) mi an gràsan Fhinn,
'S annsa leam na bhi fo d' smachd.

O 'n tharla thu am ghràsaibh féin,
Cha 'n iomair(*y*) mi beud air flath,
Fuasglaidh mi thusa o 'm Fhéinn,
A làmh threun gu cur mòr chath.

'S gheibh thu do ròghainn a ris,
'N uair 'théid thu do d' thìr féin,
Càirdeas is comunn do ghnàth,
No do làmh a chur fo 'm Fhéinn.

Cha chuir mi mo làmh fo d' Fhéinn,
'N cian a mhaireas càil am chorp,
Aon bhuille t' aghaidh, Fhinn,
'S aithreach leam na rinneas ort.

Mi féin, agus m' athair, is Goll,
Triùir 'bu mhò glonn(*z*) 's an Fhéinn,
Ged tha sinn gun draosaich(*a*) no colg,(*b*)
Ach éisdeachd ri h-òrd(*c*) cléir'.

(*o*) Pursuit. The same as "ruaig." (*p*) Onset, contest. (*q*) Impetuosity, noise. See Armstrong's Dictionary. (*r*) Miss Brooke's copy has "a mbrigh 's a gcolg." (*s*) Weapons. (*t*) Causing pain. (*u*) Hearing, report (O'Reilly's Dictionary.) (*v*) In the M.S. "an" is written above "gun." Gillies' copy has "air an tràigh" for "gun àdh." (*w*) From. (*x*) Came, happened. (*y*) Play, inflict. (*z*) Prowess. (*a*) ? Craoiseach (spear, javelin). (*b*) Sword, any sharp-pointed weapon. (*c*) Miss Brooke's copy has "dord," humming, muttering.

FAILTE THEARLAICH.

A suas, a suas, a shiol nam beann,
Le gaisgich thrèubhach air bhur ceann,
Le launaibh geur, biodh suas n' ur deann,
A ghleachd gu teann le Tearlach!

Failte 'Thearlaich thar nan tonn!
'S leat fein ar cridh' ar lamh 's ar fonn.
Failte, 'ris, gu tìr nan sonn!
O! Failte's buaidh le Tearlach!

Feadh bheanntaibh arda tir nam buadh,
Am faight' aon ghealtair' diblidh, truagh,
Fo' bhratach ard, nach tar gu luath,
Gu bas no buaidh le Tearlach!
Failte 'Thearlaich, &c.

Tha clann nan Gaidh'l am measg nan sliabh,
Ri aodann bais nach d' lasaich riamh;
Ni cridh' gach armuinn leum 'n a chliabh,
A' teachd, 'n uair chi iad Tearlach.
Failte 'Thearlaich, &c.

Biodh cuach ga traghadh, 's deoch ga h-ol;
Le nuallan ard biodh piob ri ceol,
'S an duisg na cnuic, 's an cluinn na neoil
Ar beoil a' luaidh air Tearlaich!
Failte 'Thearlaich, &c.

Ead. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

WELCOME, CHARLIE.

Arouse, arouse, each kilted clan;
Let Highland hearts lead on the van;
And forward wi' your dirks in han',
Tae fecht for Royal Charlie!

Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main!
Our Highland hills are a' your ain.
Welcome to our isle again!
O welcome, Royal Charlie!

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son,
Wha wadna tae his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Auld Scotia's sons 'mang heather hills,
Can nobly brave the face of ills,
While kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
At sight of Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Then let the flowing *quaich* go round,
And loudly let the pibroch sound,
Till every hill and rock resound
The name of Royal Charlie!
Welcome, Charlie, &c.

SEUN AIR SON DEANAMH LEANNA.

Anns an am 's an robh Righ Seumas VI. ag ionnsachadh nan ealaidhean ann an Cillribhinn fo oileineachadh Dheorsa Bochanain bha gach ard fhoghlum agus eolas air an cunntas mar ghisreagan agus mar dhruidheachd, no mar bu bhitheanta leo a radh ris, "An Sgoileireachd Dhubh," agus uime sin bha Deorsa Bochanan le 'mhor eolas air a mheas 'n a bhuidsich.

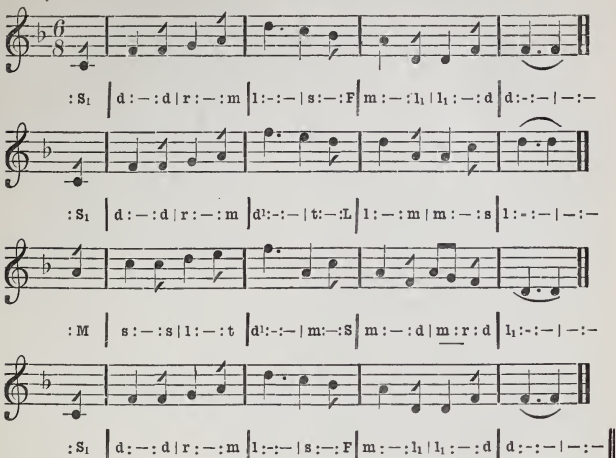
Bha boirionnach bochd a' cumail tigh-leanna ann an Cillribhinn nach robh idir a' deanamh gu math anns a' ghnothuch, agus chaidh i gu Deorsa Bochanan chum gu 'n cuidhicheadh e i le 'dhruidheachd. An deigh comhradh durachdach a bhi aca ri 'cheile thuirt Deorsa rithe na 'n leanadh i gu curamach ris an t-seoladh a bheireadh esan di gu 'n biodh i ann an uine ghearr beairteach. Gheall i gu 'n deanadh i sin. "A Pheigi" ars' an druidh ionnsaichte, "gach am a theid thu a dheanamh leanna tilg a mach as an tuba sea làin ladair do dh-uisge, aig a' cheart am a' tionndadh m' an cuairt ri d' laimh chli eadar gach lan ladair. An uair a ni thu sin cuir sea làin ladair do bhraich mhath anns an tuba aig a' cheart am a' tionndadh ri d' laimh dheis eadar gach lan ladair. A thuilleadh air a sin bi cinnteach gu 'n caith thu an ceanglachan beag so gun 'fhuasgladh gun 'fhosgladh nu d' mhuineal gu latha do bhais." Rinn Peigi gach ni mar a dh' aithn e dhi, agus ann an ceann bheagan bhliadhnaichean chruinnich i mor bheairteas. An uair a fhuair i am bas chaidh an crios-muineil a thug Deorsa dhi 'fhosgladh, agus fhuaradh an taobh a stigh dheth paipeir air an robh sgriobhta,

"Ma ni Peigi leanu math
Gheibh i dha reic mhath."

Eadar. le D. B.

KEY F or E.
Slowly.

MO CHAILIN DILEAS, DONN.



Gu' m bu slàn a chi mi,
Mo chailin dileas, donn;
Bean a' chuailein reidh,
Air an deise dh'eireadh fonn.
'S i cainnt do bheoil bu bhinn leam,
An uair bhiodh m' inntinn trom,
'S tu thogadh suas mo chridh'
'N uair a bhiodh tu bruidhinn rium.

Gur muladach a tà mi,
'S mi nochd air àird' a' chuain—
'S neo-shuundach mo chadal domh,
'S do chaidreamh fada uam;
Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach;
As t-aogais tha mi truagh;
A's mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
Gruaidhean mar an caorann,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin.
Mar d' aithris iad na breugan
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la
O'n uair a d'fhàg mi thu.

Theireadh iad mu 'n d' fhalbh mi,
Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol a' d' choir;
Gu 'n do chuir mi cùl riut,
'S gu'n dhiult mi dhuit mo phòg.

Na cuireadh sud ort cùram,
A rùin—na creid an sgleò;
Tha t-anail leam ni's cùraidh,
Na'n drùchd air bhàrr an fheoir.

Tacan mu'n do sheol sinn,
Is ann a thòisich càch
Ri innseadh do mo chruinneig-se,
Nach tillinn-se gu bràth.
Na cuireadh sud ort gruaimain,
A luaidh—ma bhios mi slàn—
Cha chum dad idir uait mi,
Ach saighead chruaidh a' bhàis.

Tha mòran de luchd aimlisg,
A' seanachas an droch sgeoil;
An cridheachan mar *phuinsean*,
Cha chuimhnich iad a' chòir;
Ach na creid an sgeula;
Ma gheibh a' chleir oirnn coir;
'S ma dh'fhanas sinn o 'cheile,
'S 'n eigin a bheir oirnn.

Tha 'n t snaim a nise ceangailte,
Gu daingean agus teann;
A's their luchd na fanaid rium
Nach eile mo phrothaid ann:—
Am fear aig am bheil fortan,
Tha crois aige 'n a cheann,
'S tha mise taingeil, toilichte,
Ged tha mo sporan gann.

COSAMHLACHD.

III.

AN CROMAN TINN.

Bha croman gu tinn re uine fhada; agus air faireachdainn da nach robh moran coltais gu'n rachadh e n'a b' fhearr, ghuidh e air a mhathair gu 'n rachadh i do gach eaglais agus tigh-aoraidh anns an duthaich a dh' fheuchainn ciod a dheanadh urnaighean agus eadar-ghuidhe as a leth. Fhreagair an seann chroman, —A mhic mo ghraidh, dheanainn-se gu toileach ni sam bith a shaoilinn a chaoimhneadh do bheatha, ach tha eagal mor orm nach biodh ach gle bheag buannachd anns an t-seirbheis a tha thu ag iarraidh; oir, ciod an aghaidh leis an urrainn domhsa fabhar sam bith iarraidh o na diathaibh, as leth aoin a chaith a bheatha gu leir ann creachadh agus drochbheart, agus nach soradh, an uair a gheobhadh e cothrom, eadhon na h-altairean fein a spuinneadh.

An Comhchur.

Tha an cosamhlachd so a' tarruing ar n-aire gus a' phuing chudthromach sin, aithreachas leabaidh-bais. Agus, a chum na h-amaideachd a th' ann a bhi steidheachadh air bunait cho neo-sheasmhach a nochdadh, cha ruig sinn leas ach a' cheist f'heoraich a chuir an croman anns a' chosamhlachd: ciamar a's urrainn duil a bhi aige-san a bha re a bheatha gu leir a' tabhairt oilbheum do na diathaibh le ghniomhara maslach agus eucorach, gu 'm bi iad reith ris aig a' cheann mu dheireadh gu 'n aobhar sam bith ach a chionn gu 'm bheil eagal air nach comasach dha a dhrochbheart a chur an gniomh ni 's mo.

"*Cha ruig goid air aithreachas.*"

Ead, le MAC-MHARCUIS.

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

(Freagairtean 's an ath aireamh)

1. Slat an coille Alastair,
   Cha 'n iubhar i 's cha dharach i;
   Is tha i sin is tomhais i.
2. Each dubh, dubh, a' mire ris an t-sruth;
   'S cha 'n eil an Albainn no'n Eirinn na léumas air a mhuin.
3. Caora dhubh, dhubh, a thilgeas ceud lomara geal's a' bhliadhna.
4. Barr biorach oirre 's cha mhinidh i,
   Tha roinn oirre 's cha scolb i,
   Tha feusag oirre 's cha ghobhar i,
   Tòn odhar oirre 's cha 'n earb i.
5. Rugadh e m'an do rugadh 'athair
   'S shiubhail e m' an do rugadh a mhathair.

FREAGAIRT do 'n *Toimhseachan ur* 's an aireamh mu dheireadh. An litir, L.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

An ni a chi na big's e ni na big.
Is geal leis an fhitheach'isean fhéin.
Tha fhios aig a' chroman co uime 'n dean e fead.
An rud nach cluinn cluas cha ghluais cridhe.
Gheibh foighidin furtachd is gheibh trusdar bean.
Mar dean mi spain millidh mi adharc.
Is ladurna 'n coileach air a dhùnan fhein.
'S math an latha air an dean am Madadh-ruadh Searmoin.
An car a bhios 's an t-seana mhaide, 's duilich a thoirt as.
Buachailleachd an t-sionnaich air na cearcan.

Air do dhuin uasal da 'm b' ainm MacLeoid dol a steach le 'bhàrd mar bu chleachduinn san àm do thigh-òsda, chunnaic iad bàrd eile da'm b' ainm Conull 'n a shìne fo 'n bhòrd air mhisg. Is coltach gu'n robh e beagan roimhe so a' tilgeadh agus air tighinn a steach do na coin aig Mac-Leoid thoisich iad air an sgeith 'ithe. Sheall bàrd MhicLeoid air agus air da' aithneachadh thubhairt esan: "Tha 'm bàrd Conullach gu tinn,
'S e air a dhruim an tigh an òil;
'S ge b' e phàigh air son na deoch
Thug iad biadh do choin MhicLeoid."
Cha robh Conull cho tinn nach cual' e, agus ars esan:
"Thug thu masladh do MhacLeoid
'S dhomhsa cha bu chòir a chleith—
Nach fhaighibh a chuid chon de lòn
Ach na dheanadh luchd òil a sgeith."

MAC-OIDHCHE.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

APRIL, 1873.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 329, Vol. I.)

16. *Cos* and *foot* (?).

Cos (foot) is frequently written *coss* in old Gaelic, and this together with the absence of aspiration in the final letter of *cos*, seems to indicate that a consonant, probably *d* (cf. *mess* and *fiss*, now *meas* and *fios*, from the roots *med* and *fid*), has been assimilated to *s*. Then, *c* in Gaelic frequently corresponds to *p* in Greek, as may be seen by comparing Gr. *híppos* and *each*; *pénte*, Aeol. *Pémpe*, and *cóic* (now *cóig*); *héptu*, and *seachd*. We may, therefore, conclude that *coss*, Gr. *poûs* (for *pods*), Lat. *pes* (for *peds*), and W. *ped* or *pedd* have been derived from a common root, probably *pad*. Cf. Sansk. *pad* (to go), *pad* (foot), *pada* (foot), to which Bopp refers Gr. *poûs*, *podós*; *pes*, *pedis*; also Gr. *pédon* (Glossary, p. 299).

The connection between Gr. *poûs* (*pod-s*), *pes* (*ped-s*), W. *ped*, Ger. *fuss*, A.S. *fot*, pl. *fet*, and Eng. *foot*, pl. *feet*, is easily traced. *P* and *d* in Greek and Latin correspond to *f* and *t* in the Germanic languages. Cf. Gr. *patēr*, Lat. *pater*, A.S. *faeder*, Eng. *father*; Latin, *piscis*, Ger. *fisch*, A.S. *fisc*, Eng. *fish*; Gr. *pûr*, German, *feuer*, A.S. *fyr*, Eng. *fire*. Of *d*=*t* we have already given examples.

To the same root several other words may be referred, as, Gr. *pátos* (a trodden path), Lat. *podium* (cf. Gr. *podíon*), Ger. *pfad*, A.S. *path*, Eng. *path*, also *pad*.

It is proper to mention that Bopp refers *cos* to the Sansk. root *kos* (to go), and that Stokes identifies it with Lat. *coxa* (cf. *des*, now *deas*, with *dex* in *dexter*); but in Sullivan's Translation of Ebel's Celtic Studies the identity of *cos* with *coxa* has been marked doubtful, probably by Dr. Stokes himself, to whom Dr. Sullivan, as he acknowledges, has been indebted for most of his additions to Ebel's lists of affinities. Ebrard, in his Handbuch der Mitt. Spr., identifies *cas* with Gr. *poûs*. It is better to regard them as derived from a common root.

17. *Coslas* and *same*.

Coslas (likeness), anciently *cosmilius* (Zeuss' G. C., p. 871), is compounded of *co* (=Lat. *con*), *samil* or *samail*, and the termination *as* or *us*. *Samail*=*samali-s* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 108), and may be compared with W. *hafal*, Lat. *similis*, Gr. *homalós*, from *homós*; Goth. *sama*, Eng. *same*. Cf. Sansk. *sama* (Bopp's Glossary, p. 409.)

The ancient form of *cosmhuil* was *cosmil*, and of *eug-samhuil* the ancient form was *ecsamil*=*e-cosamil* (Zeuss' G. C. p. 862.)

18. *os* or *uas*, *uasal*, and *high*.

Os or *uas* (above) and *uasal* correspond to *uch* and *uchel* in Welsh (cf. Z. G. b., pp. 99, 634). For *o* or *ua* (Gaelic)=*u* (Welsh) compare *buachaill* (anc. *bochaill*) and *bugail* (anc. *bugel*), *bò* and *bu*, *uachdar* and *uchder*. For *s* (Gaelic)=*ch* (Welsh) compare *chwant* and *sannt*, *chweru* and *searbh*, *chwech* and *sé* (=*ses*).

With *uch* may be compared Ger. *hoch*, A.S. *heah*, *heag*, *heach*, from which Eng. *high* is derived. Cf. Ochill (=Uchel) hills.

19. *Ite*, *eun*, *feather*, *pen*.

We have already referred (p. 216) to these words as an example of cognates between which there is little or no resemblance. We shall here point out the connection between them. The root is *pet* (cf. Gr. *pêtomai*, *petánnumi*, *ptéron*)=Sansk. *pat* (to fly). *Ite* (feather;=*pite?*) has dropped an initial *p* (Bopp's Glossary, p. 226). Examples of the loss of initial *p* in Celtic were given at p. 215. *Eun* (bird;=*ethn*) has lost not only an initial *p* but also *t* before *n*, which accounts for long *é* in *én* (Z. G. C., p. 19, and Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 164). Cf. W. *edn* (bird), anc. *etin*, plural *etinet;* also O. Lat. *petna*.

Feather is from A. S. *fyther*=Ger. *feder*. Cf. Gr. *ptéron* (=*pêteron*). Aor. *épeson* (Dor. *êpeton*); Lat. *peto*, *impeto* (from which are derived Eng. *petition*, *impetus*, *impetuous*); Eng. *fin*, *pin* (Cf. Gaelic *pinne*, a pin). Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 226, and Curtius' Gr. Etym., p. 190.

20. *Meamma*, *cuimhne*, *farmad*, *dearmad*, *mèin*, *muin* (teach); Gr. *mênos*, *mimnēskō*, *mênis*, *mántis;* Lat. *mens*, *memini*, *memor*, *moneo;* Ger. *meinen*, *man;* A. S. *menan*, *mynd*. *man;* Eng. *remember*, *memoir*, *mind*, *mean* (to signify), *man*.

These words, together with a numerous list of cognates and derivatives, are derived from the root *men*, *man*. Cf. Sansk. *man* (to think), *mnâ* (to remember; Bopp's Glossary, pp. 285, 303), and the Gr. roots *men*, *man* (Curtius' Gr. Etym., pp. 279, 280).

Meamma (mind, memory; *macmeamma*, fancy, imagination) was in ancient Gaelic *menme*, gen. *menmon*=*men-man*, *men* being the root and *man* the termination (Z. G. C., p. 775). *Cuimhne* (remembrance; anc. *cuman*) =*co-man* (the prefix *co* and the root). Cf. *cuimnech* (mindful; Z. G. C., p. 810, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 127). *Farmad* (envy; anc. *format*)=*for-man-t;* *Dearmad* (neglect; anc. *dermet*) =*di-ar-men-t* (Z. G. C., p. 885). *N* frequently disappears before *t* in Gaelic.

To this root must be referred *mèin* (mind, disposition), *mùin* (teach; cf. Lat. *moneo*); also *toimtiu* (cogitation) =*do-fo-min-tiu*, *airmitiu* (honour)= *air-min-tiu*, *taidmet* (memory)=*do-aith-menta*, *foraithmet* (memory)=*for-aith-menta*, *domuinur* and *domoiniur* (I think), and many other words which occur in ancient Gaelic manuscripts.

To the same root must also be referred Gr. *mênos* (force, strength), *mimnēskō* (I remind; reduplicated form of the obsolete *mnâō*=*menáō*), *mênis* (wrath; Dor. *mâmis*), *mantis* (one who divines, seer), Lat. *mens,-tis* (mind), *memini* (I remember; reduplicated form), *memor* (mindful, from *memini*), *moneo* (I remind), Ger. *meinen* (to think), *man* (man, the being that thinks), A.S. *menan* (to mean), *mynd* (mind), *man* (man), Eng. *remember* (from Fr. *remembrer;* cf. Lat. *rememoro*, *memor*), *memoir* (cf. Lat. *memor*), *mind* (cf. Lat. *mens*, *mentis*), *mean* (to signify, to have in the mind; cf. Ger. *meinen*), *man*.

To this root Curtius refers (Gr. Etym., pp. 279-280) Gr. *ménō* (I remain), *mémona* (I wish), *maínomai* (I rage), Lat. *maneo* (I stay, remain), *mentio* (mention), *mendax* (lying), and several other words.

21. *Feun* and Eng. *waggon*, *wain*, *way*, *weigh*, *wave*, *wag*.

With *feun* (cart, waggon; anc. *fēn*) may be compared Ice. *vagn*, A.S. *wagen* and *wagn* (waggon), Eng. *waggon* and *wain*. Cf. Sansk. *vâhana* from the root *vah* (to draw, convey), *veha* or *vea* (way), *via* (way), Goth. *ga-WAG* (to move), *vigs* (way), *vagja* (to move), O. Ger. *wag* (to move), *wagan* (chariot). To the same root may be referred N. Ger. *weg* (way), A.S. *wegen* (to bear, carry, move),

weg (way), *wæge* (balance), *wæg* (wave), *wagian* (to wag), Dutch *wægen* (to sway up and down), Eng. *way* (from A.S. *weg*), *weigh* (from A.S. *wegan*, *wæge*), *wave* (from A.S. *wæg*), *wag* (to move from side to side; from A.S. *wagian*), and several other words.

The *g* of *vagn* shows that *fēn* has lost a letter, which accounts for long *é* (Z. G. C., p. 19).

22. *Aitreabh*, *dithreabh*, *treabh*, *treubh*; Lat. *tribus*; Goth. *thaurp*; Ger. *dorf*; Eng. *tribe*, *thorp*.

Aitreabh (building) = *ad-treb* (the prefix *ad* and *treb* = *trab*, to possess, inhabit). Cf. *atreba* (he inhabits; Z. G. C., p. 868) and W. *athref*, *atref* (Z. G. C., p. 897). *Dithreabh* (desert; anc. *dithreb*, also *dithrub*) = *di-treb* = *di-trab*. Cf. *dithrebach* = *dithrubach* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 68). To the same root are to be referred *treabh* (to plough, till the ground), *treubh* (tribe), Lat. *tribus*, Goth. *thaurp*, Ger. *dorf*, Eng. *tribe*, *thorp*. Cf. Z. G. C., pp. 862, 897; Di Nigra's T. Glosses, p. 25; Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 68).

23. *Làn* and *full*.

Although these words have no resemblance to each other in form, they are derived from the same root. *Làn*, which has lost initial *p*, is connected with the Lat. *plenus* (full; cf. p. 215), *pleo* (to fill), and the Gr. *pléos* (full). The root is *ple* or *pla* (cf. Liddell and Scott's Lex. and Curtius' Gr. Etym.), which may be compared with Sansk. *pûr* (to fill), from *par*, *pr*. The liquids *r* and *l* frequently interchange.

Full is from A.S. *full*, which, together with its cognates Ger. *füllen* (to fill), *voll* (full), Goth. *fulls*, A.S. *fyllan* (from which *fill* is derived), are akin to the Lat. *pleo* and the Gr. *pléos*, *f* in the Germanic languages corresponding, as previously noticed, to *p* in Latin and Greek.

With *làn* (full) and *lìon* (to fill; anc. *lin*) may be compared W. *llawn* (full), *llanw* (fulness), *llenwi* (to fill).

To the same root Bopp and Curtius refer Lat. *plebs* (the common people), *populus* (people), Ger. *volk* (= Eng. *folk*), Lit. *pulkas* (multitude). To this root may also be referred Gael. *pailt* (abundant; cf. Sansk. *purta* and Lit. *pri-pilta-s*, full), and, therefore, *pailt* and *plenty*, which are identical in meaning, are also etymologically connected.

24. *Ionnsaidh* and *set*, *sit*.

Ionnsaidh (attack, effort) = *in-sad* (prefix *in*, = Lat. *in*, and root *sad*, to sit). Cf. Gr. root *hed* = *sed* and *sad* (to sit, sink, set, beat; Bopp's Glossary, p. 406). *Ionnsaighim* = *ionnsaidhim* = anc. *insadaim* (to throw, cast; Z. G. C., p. 877) = *in-sad-im*.

Set (to place, make to sit) is from the A.S. *settan*, with which compare Dutch *setten*, Ger. *setzen*, O. Ger. *sezzan*, Lat. *sedeo* (I sit), Gr. *hézomai* (I sit; fut. *hédoumai*), *hédos* (seat). *Sit* (of which *set* is the causitive) is from the A.S. *sittan*, which is connected with *settan*. The common root is *sad* = Gr. *hed* = *sed*.

To the same root are to be referred *suidh* (to sit; cf. anc. *suide*, seat), *suidhich* (to set, plant), *sess* (seat or car; cf. Gr. *hédos*, Lat. *sedes*), *dorósat* (he constituted), *sosad* and *sossad* (position), and several other words which occur in old manuscripts. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 112, and Curtius' Gr. Etym., p. 216.

To the root *sad* may also be referred *sadadh* (beating, striking: one of the meanings of the root is to *beat*, strike), W. *sad* (firm), and Eng. *sad* (cognate with Lat. *sedo*), *saddle* (lit. a little seat; cf. A.S. *sadel*, Ger. *sattel*, Lat. *sella*, a seat, saddle, contr. for *sedela*, dim. of *sedes*, a seat), *sedulous* (from Lat. *sedulus*, *sedeo*),

sedate (from Lat. *sedatus, sedeo*), with many others.

25. *Breagh* and *brave*.

Breagh (beautiful) is closely connected with Scot. *braw*, which is allied to Ger. *brav* (beautiful, courageous), Fr. *brave* (courageous), and Eng. *brave*, the original meaning of which was *fine, handsome*.

(*To be continued.*)

——o——

GAELIC ETYMOLOGY.

In the absence of other interesting subject, we beg to offer a Gaelic word for the consideration of Gaelic readers. King Oscar II. of Norway and Sweden is at present a popular subject. No doubt his grandfather had been versed in Ossianic lore, when he adopted the name of the brave Oscar, son of Ossian, in the family. He might not have known the meaning of the name, and probably many others will not read it as we do, but let them give a better, being led by the antiquarian spirit, and some good may result. It is known from history that the Caledonians were a hunting people, although their exploits of war predominated in their songs. As a race they loved and followed the chase; but when an enemy invaded their country, and only then, or in defence of the oppressed, did they ever handle a sword. The earlier names would seem to denote warriors, such as "Mor," the Great; and "Treunmor," Tall and Mighty; and afterwards the royal titles would seem to denote the vocation of hunting. There is no mention of the royal lion in those days, but the deer and the boar are everywhere met with, and the hound is in every family, till it has a prominent place in every coat of arms in the best families in Scotland. "Cual," offspring of the hound, was the son of Trenmore; "Conal," offspring of the hound, is the name also of a prince. These gave their name to the Macdugalls and Macdonalds. "Finn," or Fingal, the son of Cual, is said to denote white hair, but it must be the hair of some animal, otherwise the word is obsolete. "Ossian," (Oisean) the son of Fingal, denotes, "os," a kind of deer, and the latter part of the word, "ban," white—white deer. "Osgar," son of Ossian, denotes "Osghaothar," phonetic, Osgar, deerhound.

The introduction of Christianity probably occasioned the introduction of the royal lion. As King Donald is said to have been the first convert to Christianity in Scotland—if not in Britain—the sennachies of that clan carefully blotted out every allusion to former barbarism, which makes it very difficult for the antiquarian to get over the stumbling-blocks which meet him everywhere; but in spite of all their obliterations there are thousands of words in the Gaelic language that prove that they once gloried in the name of "Mac Couail." The Annals of Ireland give a history of the introduction of the names of "Con" and "Cee" into the royal family, and how all the families with these abbreviations in their surnames were meant to claim kindred to the royal family. It was the weak son of a king who, when a boy, became so fond of a hound that he afterwards was styled after the dog. The writing is very old, but it is only copying Scotland. They understood the word, and founded a story to give it antiquity, or to rob Scotland of this as they had meant to do in Ossianic affairs. Long live King Oscar II.—*Oban Times.*

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak,
And how—and when—and where.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CELTIC SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual social meeting in Cragie Hall, St Andrew Square, on the evening of Friday, the 7th ult.—Mr. W. Fraser, M.A., Stratherrick, in the chair.

The proceedings were opened by singing the 100th Psalm, after which the company sat down to tea. Apologies for absence were received from Professor Blackie; Sheriff Nicolson; Dugald M'Kechnie, Esq., advocate; and John Carment, Esq., S.S.C.

Diplomas of honorary membership were presented to Messrs. Norman Macleod, Lachlan Maclachlan, M.A., W. Morrison, Ewen Macleod, George Campbell, J. Graham, M.A., Robert Reid, and Alexander Macdonald, M.A.

The Chairman then rose amid applause. He was deeply sensible, he said, of the honour the Society had done him in calling him to occupy the chair at so large and brilliant an assemblage. He then adverted to the benefit of debating societies in general, and of their own in particular. To the Highland student, fresh from home, the opportunities such a society offered for introducing him to the university world, were most invaluable; and there should be a society of this kind at every university seat where the Highlands were sufficiently represented. Perhaps it would be an improvement if they were made to approximate more nearly to the style of conversazioni. He hoped the establishment of a Celtic chair was not far distant. "Time," he said, "has consecrated our traditions and language—a language which is destined to hold a place in classics undreamt of by our forefathers—which is now being acquired by the noblest in the land as part of the highest education—and which is second to none in copiousness of expression or in philological value."

The Rev. Dr. Masson gave an interesting account of the social condition of the Canadian Highlanders, basing his remarks on his recent travels. More Gaelic, he said, was spoken in Canada than in Scotland. He had travelled over 7000 miles of the Dominion and a few of the border States, everywhere preaching to large Gaelic congregations. He found many settlements as Highland as any part of Scotland, and the Canadian Glengarry had a hundred Highlanders to every one in the old home of the Macdonells. In many places the Gaelic services in the open air rivalled the great sacramental gatherings of thirty years ago in the Burn of Ferrintosh; and whatever the exiled Highlanders had gained in independence, they had lost nothing of the simple piety of their forefathers, nor of their love for their mother tongue. Everywhere, too, the world had gone well with them. Many of them were rich, and some had amassed great fortunes. In the Church, at the Bar, and in the Government of the country, not less than in agriculture and trade, the Gael took a high place. The Premier of the Dominion, though born in Glasgow, was every inch a Highlander, and the leader of the Opposition, a very able man, was brought up, like Hugh Miller, a stone mason in the Highlands: the Premier of Ontario was a Caithness man, and the Minister of Public Works, who sometimes addressed the House in Gaelic, came of a worthy family in Argyll. A Ross-shire man whom he had met had given £100,000 to found a college for ladies.

The Rev. Dr. Maclachlan referred to his own experience in Canada some twenty-six years ago, contrasting the state of the country then

with its present condition as eloquently depicted by his friend and brother. With every word that had fallen from him he entirely agreed, and the picture was a most pleasing one. He then went on to speak of the aims of the Celtic society as such, and particularly of the duty that lay on them to cultivate in a scholarly fashion their mother tongue. The prospects of that tongue were at the present moment most encouraging. One thing they should set steadily before them was the formation of a Celtic library, and he had much pleasure in saying that from having the ear of several influential gentlemen, he was in a position materially to aid them in that project.

Mr. Lachlan Maclachlan, M.A., Ardgower, then gave an admirable Gaelic address describing, in graphic terms, the Highlander's love of country, countrymen, and language, and finishing with a highly humourous reading from *Caraid nan Gaidheal.*

Mr. Maclachlan was followed by Mr. Donald Ross, Alness, who gave an eloquent address, dwelling humourously on the phase of life exhibited on the floor of a debating society. The spirit of the Gael, when excited by debate, was hot to a degree that those who saw him only on ordinary occasions could form but a faint conception of; but people were not on that account to suppose that he carried that spirit one step outside the walls of the debating room. He concluded by referring with feelings of personal gratitude to Carlyle as a writer and thinker.

Mr. Donald Mowat, Lybster, expressed his pleasure at seeing so many of the fair sex present, complimenting the society on being the first in connection with the University to take the step of inviting ladies to their social reunions.

A vote of thanks to the ladies present was then proposed by the Rev. William Watson, M.A., assistant professor of mathematics, Edinburgh University.

After a few words of thanks from Mr. J. Grahame, Lawers, to the strangers, for their presence, and specially to Dr. Masson and Dr. Maclachlan, the lady pianists and singers, and Herr Spanier (Hanover), for their valuable contributions to the evening's programme, Mr. A. J. Macquarrie, Stornoway, asked the company to join in wishing God-speed to the members of the Society who had finished their curriculum, and were now about to enter on the active duties of life. These were Messrs. Fraser, M.A., Maclachlan, M.A., Mowat, M.A., and Macqueen. They had all been able and conscientious students, ready debaters, and pleasant companions.

The proceedings of the evening, which were throughout of a highly agreeable and harmonious character, were enlivened at intervals by readings, recitations, songs, and music. After a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman and the committee, the meeting separated at an advanced hour of the evening.

A GAELIC CHURCH BEFORE THE TIME OF OSSIAN.

The oldest *Celtic* Church was probably that of the Galatians, a race of Celts which had wandered from Europe and settled in Asia some two hundred years before Paul wrote his famous Epistle. But these had probably lost their Celtic tongue. And the most ancient Gaelic-speaking Church of which we have any certain information is the Church of Lyons and Vienne, two cities in the south of France. That this Church was Gaelic-speaking we learn incidentally

from Irenæus, who, in the introduction to his great work on heresies, written when he was Bishop of Lyons, apologises for the "rustiness" of his Greek, on the ground that the language which he has long been accustomed to speak is *that of the Celts* among whom he labours. And her character and experience are depicted by the Church herself, in a letter to the Christians in Smyrna and Asia, which is deservedly regarded as one of the finest memorials of early Christian antiquity. Though written in Greek, it is characterized by an oriental profusion of imagery scarcely consistent with our Western feelings of severe good taste, and altogether incompatible with brevity.

The letter was transcribed by Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, about three hundred years after the resurrection of Christ. But it was written about A.D. 171, on occasion of a fierce persecution which in that year had tried the faith of the Church which sent it. The book of Irenæus and letter of the Church were written in Greek, the then language of the learned; while, as we have seen, the pastor spoke Gaelic, because Gaelic was the language of the mass of his flock.—*The Family Treasury.*

It is not a little remarkable that the one island of Skye should have sent forth from her wild shores since the beginning of the last wars of the French revolution, 21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals; 48 lieutenant-colonels; 600 commissioned officers; 10,000 soldiers; 4 governors of colonies; 1 governor-general; 1 adjutant-general; 1 chief baron of England; and 1 judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland. I remember the names of 61 officers being enumerated, who, during "the war," had joined the army or navy from farms which were visible from one hill-top in "the Parish." These times have now passed away. The Highlands furnish few soldiers or officers.—*Rev. Dr. N. Macleod.*

MACDONALD OF CLANRANALD.

The representative of an old race, once potent in the Hebrides, Reginald George Macdonald, Captain and Chief *(Capitanus seu Princeps)* of Clanranald, died on the 11th March, at his house in Clarendon Road, Kensington. He was born in Edinburgh on the 29th of August, 1788, and consequently was in his 85th year at the time of his death. The deceased was the son of Captain John Macdonald of the 22d Dragoons, by a daughter of Macqueen of Braxfield, the famous Tory Lord Advocate and Judge, of whom so many stories are told by Sir Walter Scott and Lord Cockburn. The late Chief was a deputy-lieutenant of Inverness-shire, and represented the borough of Plympton (disfranchised by the Reform Act) from 1812 to 1824. He was first married to a daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and secondly to the widow of Richard Barré Dunning, Lord Ashburton. He is succeeded by his son, Reginald John James George, a retired captain in the Royal Navy, and married to a daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Lord Vernon. The deceased Chief was a good type of the gentleman of the old school—lively, courteous, and affable. About two years since he visited Scotland, and delighted his friends by his never-failing vivacity and comparatively youthful appearance.

As the head of one branch of the great house of Macdonald of the Isles, the Chief of Clanranald, of course, had a long pedigree. Allan Macdonald, grandson of the last King and Lord of the Isles, commanded the clan at the battle of Harlaw in 1412. Another Chief, Alexander Macruari, was one of the Highland Chiefs seized by James I. at Inverness in 1427, and soon after beheaded. Subsequently we find the clan in

various feuds and forays. At the battle of Blar-nan-leine ("the field of shirts") the Macdonalds vanquished the Frasers, and Clanranald was maintained in possession of the chiefship and estates, and transmitted the same to his descendants. A later Chief was knighted by James VI. in 1617. In the civil wars of the 17th century the clan was always on the side of the Stuarts. John Macdonald of Clanranald fought under Montrose, and survived to welcome Charles II. on his restoration in 1660. His grandson summoned his clan to join the ranks of Dundee, and ultimately fell at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715. This Chief, known as Allan of Muidart, appears to have been a great favourite. A song in honour of him is still sung in the Highlands, and Boswell, in his famous tour with Johnson in 1773, boasted that he had learned a verse of it—*Tha tigh'n fodham ëiridh*—which is part of the chorus. The Gaelic bard celebrated Allan as wise in counsel, brave in battle, and matchless as a hunter. He was also remarkable for his fine manly appearance, and when he used to repair to St. Peter's Church in Skye, was followed by admiring gazers—

"And when to old Kil-Phedar came
Such troops of damsels gay,
Say, came they there for Allan's fame,
Or came they there to pray?"

Boswell says that as the servant of this popular chief watched the dead body of his master on the field of battle at Sheriffmuir, some one asked him who it was, upon which the servant answered, "He was a man yesterday!" A later Chief of Clanranald fought with Charles Edward at Gladsmuir and Culloden, and escaping to France served in the French army. The estate was, of course, confiscated, but it was afterwards restored to the family, and when the manufacture of kelp was carried on in the Hebrides, the Clanranald possessions were of considerable value. These, however, have all been lost to the old family; "new people fill the land," and the clan and chiefship of Clanranald are now but empty names.—*Inverness Courier.*

———o———

THE CLANS OF 'FORTY-FIVE.

By Evan M'Coll.

'Ho! landed upon Moidart's coast is Scotland's rightful King!'
Such was the news to which the Gael once gave warm welcoming;
And soon, glad-buckling on their arms, stout chiefs and clansmen true
Have sworn in his good cause to try what good broadswords can do.
No cravens they to count the cost of failure; man alive!
We'll never see their like again—the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Brief time hath passed till Finnan's vale is all alive with men
From east and west in loyal haste proud gathering: To their ken
The royal standard is unfurled—their prince himself is there,
Their loving homage to receive, their dangers all to share;
Grey Chiefs, who for his fathers fought, the fire of youth revive,
To stirring pibrochs marshalling the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Let no man say that to restore a creed proscribed they arm—
They think but of *his* loving trust, his Highland heart so warm,
His royal rights usurped—and they upon his princely brow
Would place his father's crown, or die: Too well they kept their vow!
Let men who prate of loyalty in this *our* day derive
Instruction in that virtue from the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Ay! let them think of brave Lochiel and Borrodale the bold—
Of Keppoch and Glengarry too, those chiefs of iron mould—
The Chisholm, Cluny, Brahan's lord, the Macintosh so keen,
The Appin Stuarts and MacColls, the lion-hearts, M'Lean,

With many a chief and clan besides, who quickly did contrive
To make their names immortal in the famous 'Forty-five!

How well they fought let Falkirk field and Prestonpans declare;
Well might all Europe, as it marked, applaud their valour rare.
Woe's me, for dark Culloden Moor, where, all to rashly brave,
They to a force their own thrice told unequal battle gave!
What mortal might could do, they did,—but who 'gainst fate can strive?
To destiny alone succumbed the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Alas! that their descendants now, upon their native soil,
Can hardly find, for deer and sheep, a spot whereon to toil;
Our good old race of Chiefs give place to mercenary knaves
Who, for a bushel more or less, would plough their fathers' graves.
'The age of chivalry is past,' yet shall its fame survive
Forever, brightened by their deeds—the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Correspondence.

A HEBRIDEAN EPITHALAMIUM.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in sending you a *Hebridean Epithalamium* which I recently received from the Rev. Mr. Stewart, Nether-Lochaber. The introductory note gives it a pedigree, and I need not therefore refer to it further than to state that the translation is by Mr. Stewart himself, and that I deem it admirable. Mr. Stewart got the piece from a gentleman in Cheltingham with a request that he should translate it, and the following is the result. By inserting it in your first number you will, I have no doubt, receive the thanks of your numerous readers.

Yours, &c., W. M.

Glasgow, 19th March, 1873.

It was the custom in the West Highlands of Scotland in the olden time to meet the bride coming forth from her chamber with her maidens on the morning after her marriage, and to salute her with a poetical blessing called *Beannachadh Baird*. On the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. Donald Macleod of Duirinish, in the Isle of Skye, this practice having then got very much into disnetude, and none being found prepared to salute *his* bride agreeably to it, he himself came forward and received her with the following beautiful address:—

[We present our readers with the original lines as they stand in the M.S., only omitting two lines that are partly illegible from their falling into the sharp foldings of the sheet. The sense and tenor of these lines, however, Mr. Stewart has ventured to guess at and to incorporate with the English version.]

BEANNACHADH BAIRD.

Mile failte dhuit le d' bhreid;
Fad' an rè gu 'n robh thu slan.
Moran laithean dhuit a's sith,
Le d' mhaitheas a's le d' ni 'bhi 'fas.
A' chulaidh-cheille-s' a chaidh suas
'S tric a tharruing buaidh air mnaoi;—
Bith-sa gu subhailceach, ciallach,
O thionnsgain thu fein 's an treubh.
An tus do choimh ruith 's tu og;
An tus gach lo iarr Righ nan dul,—
Cha 'n eagal nach dean E gu ceart
Gach dearbh-bheachd a bhios 'n ad run.
Bith-sa fialaidh—ach bi glic;
Bi misneachail—ach bi stold';
Na bi bruidhneachd 's na bi balbh;
Na bi mear no marbh 's tu og.
Bi gleidhteach air do dheadh ainm,
Ach na bi duinte 's na bi fuar;
Na labhair fos air neach gu h-olc,
'S ged labhrar ort na taisbean fuath;
Na bi gearanach fo chrois,
Falbh socair le cupan lan.
Chaoidh do 'n olc na tabhair speis,—
A's le d' bhreid ort, mile failt'!

—o—

A BARD'S BLESSING.

Comely and kerchief'd, blooming, fresh, and fair,
All hail and welcome! joy and peace be thine,
Of happiness and health a bounteous share
Be shower'd upon thee from the hand divine.
Wearing the matron's coif, thou seem'st to be
Even lovelier now than erst, when fancy-free,
Thou in thy beauty's strength did'st steal my heart from me.

Though young in years thou'rt now a wedded wife,
O seek His guidance who can guide aright;
With aid from Him, the rugged path of life
May still be trod with pleasure and delight;
For He who made us bids us not forego
A single, sinless pleasure in this world of woe.

Be open handed, but be *eident* too,
Be strong and full of courage, but be staid;
Aught like unseemly folly still eschew—
Be faultless wife as thou wert faultless maid!
Guard against hasty speech and temper violent,
And knowing when to speak, know also to be silent.

Guard thy good name and mine from smallest stain;
In manner still be kindly, frank, and free!
If thou'rt reviled, revile not thou again;
In hour of trial, calm and patient be;
And when thy cup is full walk humbly still,
A careless, proud, rash step the blissful cup may spill.

With this Bard's blessing on thy wedded morn,
All at thy bridal chamber-door we greet thee;
May every joy of truth and goodness born
Through all thy life-long journey crowd to meet thee;
And may the God of Peace now richly shed
A blessing on thy kerchief-cinctured head!

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

Glasgow.—A Gaelic society is being formed in this city, to be called "The Gaelic Society of Glasgow" *(Comunn Gaidhealach Ghlaschu)*. The objects of the society shall be the fostering of Gaelic literature, preservation of the Gaelic language, establishment of Gaelic library, Gaelic meetings, and the promotion of Highland and Gaelic matters in general. Various interesting and encouraging meetings have been held, and the enterprise promises well.

Gaelic Concert.—The Gaelic singing class taught by Mr. D. Macarthur was brought to an end by a soiree and concert, the first thing of the kind that ever took place in the city, in Summers' Hall, Candleriggs. Captain M. M. Currie occupied the chair. There were also present Captain Menzies, Lieutenant Macadam, and Messrs. D. Cowan, N. Macneil, N. Campbell, &c. All the proceedings were carried on in Gaelic—the many songs sung in that language eliciting the greatest enthusiasm. The piper of the Glasgow Gaelic Society was present, and favoured the meeting with stirring strains on the bagpipe. The following gentlemen favoured the meeting with Gaelic addresses and songs—Messrs. Macarthur, Sinclair, Campbell, MacLean, Macdonald, Macfarlane, &c. An assembly followed.

———o———

A Famous Armourer.—"A great armourer arose in the Highlands," says Smiles, in his Industrial Biography," one who was able to forge armour that would resist the best Sheffield arrow-heads, and to make swords that would vie with the best weapons of Toledo and Milan." This was the great cutler, Andrea de Ferrara, whose swords still maintain their ancient reputation. He is supposed to have learned his art in the Italian city whence he was called, and, under the patronage of the King of Scotland, to have practised it in secrecy among the Highland hills, as all his genuine blades are marked with a crown; and before his time no man in Great Britain could temper a sword in such a way that the point should touch the hilt and spring back uninjured. He is said to have worked in a dark cellar, the better to enable him to perceive the effect of the heat upon the metal, and to watch the nicety of the tempering; as well as possibly to serve as a screen to his secret method of working. Many of his blades, with new basket hilts, are to be found in the Scottish regiments of the present day.—*From Cassell's "British Battles on Land and Sea."*

Answers to Correspondents.

Dunedin wishes to know if the name Christie is Celtic. If so, what clan does it belong to? Can any of our readers supply information?

Erratum.—In No. 13 of The Gael the name of the gentlemen who sung "Muile nam mor-bheann" at the soiree of the Greenock Highlanders, was given as John M'Gillivray, it ought to have been John MacIntyre.

Can any of our correspondents furnish us with a copy of the song, "Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean."

AN
GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] CEUD MHIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1873. [15 Air.

AIR CRUINN-MHEALLAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

EARRANN VII.

Anns na h-earranaibh a chaidh air thoiseach rinn sinn dichioll air cunntas a thoirt air a' ghrein, agus air na reultaibh agus gealaichibh a ta 'g a cuairteachadh. Nochd sinn meud, astar, agus gluasad nan reult mu thimchioll na greine, agus gach buaidh eile is fios duinn a tha dluth-cheangailte riu. Chunnaic sinn gu'm bheil an talamh agus na reultan eile a' siubhal ann an cearcallaibh mu thimchioll na greine, agus gu'm bheil iad a' criochnachadh an cuairtean ann an amannaibh suidhichte, a ta 'deanamh suas am bliadhnaichean doibh fa-leth. Tha na nithe so uile, uime sin, iongantach annta fein, agus is dall agus neo-mhothuchail an neach sin do nach leoir iad chum cumhachd agus gliocas miorbhuileach an Ti sin a dheanamh soilleir, "Aig am bheil a slighe 's an fhairge, agus a cheumanna anns na h-uisgeachaibh mora."

Tha gach reult a dh' ainmich sinn ri 'm faicinn o'n talamh ann an ait air bith d' an cuairtibh, agus tha iad gu leir a' siubhal mu thimchioll na greine ann an cearcallaibh, no air slighibh a tha dluth air a bhi gu h-iomlan cruinn. Ach tha meallan mor soillseach eile 'g an nochdadh fein air amannaibh anns na speuraibh a ta gu h-iomlan eu-cosmhuil ri h-aon air bith a dh' ainmicheadh, a thaobh an gluasaid, an nadair, agus an coslais. Is iad so na *Rionnagan-earballach* a chithear aig amannaibh araidh leis an t-suil luim. Tha na h-earbuill so soilleir mar lasair theine, agus a ghnath a' dol a mach o na rionnagaibh sin air an taobh a's fhaide dhiubh o'n ghrein. Tha iad a' gluasad ann an cuairtibh nach 'eil idir cruinn; oir tha na cuairtean sin air an deanamh ann an cearcallaibh fada, cumhann, a ta 'sineadh a mach air feadh farsuingeachd na cruitheachd. Air an aobhar sin, cha'n fhaicear na rionnagan teinteach so, ach car beagan sheachduinean an uair a thig iad am fagus do'n ghrein. Le luathas do-thuigsinn tha iad a' siubhal a mach ann an gorm-astar nan speur, agus a' pilleadh air an ais a ris 'n an amannaibh suidhichte fein. Is miorbhuileach na rionnagan so, a thaobh gach buaidh a bhuineas doibh. Tha iad a' greasadh air an slighibh fein le luathas do-thuigsinn, agus a' siubhal air an aghaidh air feadh shlighean nan reult eile air an d' rinn sinn cheana iomradh; agus tha iad air an suidheachadh co cothromach, agus co h-eagnuidh is nach buail iad air aon a' cheile. Cha'n urrainn teallsanaich a dheanamh mach gu cinnteach ciod an stubh dhe 'm bheil na rionnagan cearbach so air an deanamh suas. Tha cuid anns a' bharail gur peileirean cruinn teine iad, agus gur lasair an t-earbull aca, a ta 'g a shineadh fein a mach co fada, a thaobh an luathais leis am bheil iad a' suibhal. Tha cuid eile an duil gur meallan cruinn talmhainn iad cosmhuil ris na reultaibh, agus gu'm bheil iad air an cuairteachadh le adhar teinnteach agus soillseach, a ta 'g a sgaoileadh fein 'n an deigh, agus a' nochdadh coslais earbuill. An toiseach chithear iad anabarrach

beag leis na gloineachaibh-amhairc; ach an uair a dluthaicheas iad a stigh ris a' ghrein, tha iad a' fas ni's mo, agus ni's dealraiche, agus air uairibh tha sealladh aluinn agus soilleir r'a fhaotuinn diubh. Air do na slighibh aig na rionnagaibh iongantach so a bhi co anabarrach fada agus farsuing, rinn an teallsanach *Newton* a mach gu'm bheil iad a' siubhal air feadh nan speur, aig astar moran ni's fhaide air falbh na iomall cuairte Uranuis, agus gu'm bheil iad a ris air uairibh a' teachd air an taobh a stigh de chuairtibh Bhenuis agus Mhars. Chunncas rionnag-earballach o chcann naoi fichead bliadhna air ais agus an uair a bha i teann air a' ghrein, bha *Newton* a' deanamh sluaigh cinnteach gun robh a teas da mhile uair ni s teotha na iarunn dearg as an teallaich; agus is teas sin a ta do-thuigsinn dhuinne! Tha na reultairean an duil nach lugha na seachd ceud air-eamh nan rionnag earballach sin, a tha 'cuairteachadh na grein' againne, ach cha'n 'eil fios cinnteach aca mu thimchioll ach aireamh ro bheag dhiubh so. Tha cuid dhiubh a' criochnachadh an turais mu'n ghrein ann an da bhliadhna, cuid ann an tri, sea, agus deich bliadhna, an uair a tha cuid eile a' gabhail tri, ceithir, agus cuig fichead bliadhna, agus tuilleadh, chum aon chuairt a chur air a' ghrein! Anns a' bhliadhna 1835, chunncas rionnag-earballach le *Halley*, agus thugadh an t-ainm sin di, a chionn gur e an teallsair *Edmund Halley* a rinn a mach gu'n tigeadh i ann am fogharadh na bliadhna 1835. Ceart mar a thubh-airt e, thainig i, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach cuimhne le cuid de luchd-leughaidh a' *Ghaidheil* a faicinn leis an t-suil luim, anns a' bliadhna sin. Tha i so a' gabhail tri fichead agus cuig bliadhna deug, agus sea miosan chum aon chuairt a dheanamh, air chor is nach fhaiccar tuilleadh i gus a' bhliadhna 1911, 's e sin, ochd bliadhna deug thar fhichead an deigh so! Gus an do rannsaich na teall-sanaich a mach mu thimchioll nan rionnag siubhlach so, bha iad a' bual-adh dhaoine aineolach, agus saobh-chrabhach ann an iomadh aite le maoim agus eagal. Bha iad an duil gu'n robh Dia 'g an suidheachadh anns na speuraibh mar chomharan air cogannaibh, plaighibh, agus athar-raichibh eagallach eile; ach gu son-raichte gu'n robh iad air am foill-seachadh mar chomharan air breith no air bas dhaoine gaisgeil agus ainmeil! Mar so, chunncas a h-aon diubh re sheachd laithean an deigh breith *Iuliuis Chesair*, agus shaoil an sluagh gu'm b'e anam an duine ainmeil sin a bh' ann air a nochdadh anns na speuraibh! Chunncas a h-aon eile aig *Constantinople* anns a' bhliadhna a rugadh *Mahomet*. Ghabhadh beachd air rionnag so, *Halley* co fad air ais ri sea fichead agus deich bliadhna roimh bhreith Chriosd, agus bha i ach beag an sin co dealrach, tha e air a radh, ris a' ghrein! Chunncas gu tric o'n uair sin i, ach cha robh fios cinnteach m'a timchioll gus an d' rinn *Halley* a mach a gne. Ma'n d' thainig i o cheann ochd bliadhna deug thar fhichead air ais, bha anabharr eagail air moran sluaigh a bha 'g an deanamh fein cinnteach gu'm buaileadh i an talamh, agus gu'n loisgeadh i e gu luaithre! Bha iad fo 'n eagal so, a chionn gu'n robh i gu cuairt-shlighe na talmhainn a ghearradh tarsuing beagan roimh mheadhon oidhche air an naoidheamh la fichead de'n mhios mu dheireadh de'n fhoghar. Ach ged bha ise gu sin a dheanamh, cha d' thainig an talamh dh-ionnsuidh an aite 'n a chuairt anns na robh an rionnag *Halley* gu dol tarsuing air a shlighe gu maduinn an 30mh la de cheud mhios a' gheamh-raidh; agus aig an am sin bha'n rionnag co fad' air falbh a's nach robh

aobhar eagail sam bith aig luchd-aiteachaidh na talmhainn, gu'm buaileadh iad air aon a cheile!

Mar so rinn sinn ar dichioll chum cunntas a thoirt air na rionnagaibh soilleir, earballach, agus siubhlach so; ach feumar aideachadh nach soirbh an ni beachd soilleir a thoirt do shluagh air nithibh mu thimchioll am bheil a' chuid a's mo dhiubh gu tur aineolach. Tha sinn an dochas, gidheadh, gu'n gabh moran de luchd-leughaidh a' *Ghaidheil* tlachd ann a bhi 'beachd-smuaineachadh air na nithibh so gu leir, chum gu'n tuig iad ni's soilleire cumhachd neo-chriochnach an Ti sin a shuidhich iad ann an speuraibh nèimhe. 'N am measg-san a dheanadh mineachadh soilleir agus so-thuigsinn a thoirt seachad air gach oirdheirceas a bhuineas do chruinn-mheallaibh soillseach nan speur, cha'n aithne dhuinn neach d'am b' fhearr an tigeadh an gnothuch, agus a bheireadh barrachd ceartais da na an t-urramach foghluimte, *Bun Lochabar*. Is esan a nochdadh gu soiller an seol air am bheil oibre miorbhuileach na cruitheachd a'cur an geill gloir, morachd agus cumhachd an Ti a dhealbh iad air tus, agus a ta fathast 'g an riaghladh agus 'g an stiuireadh le a chaomh-fhreasdal fein. Thugadh na h-uile, ma ta, gloir do'n TIGHEARNA IEHOBHAH, agus cuireadh iad an ceill a chliusan, oir is Esan a mhain an Ti a ni nithe iongantach!

Anns an ath earrann bheir sinn cunntas air na rionnagaibh suidhichte.

SGIATHANACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

———o———

COMHAIRLE.

Na 'n triallar slighe 'ghliocais leat,
Coig riaghailtean lean gu dluth;
Feuch c'uin—co ris—co uime,—'s c'ait,
A's ciamar bhruidhneas tu.

CALLUM A' GHLINNE.

EARRANN IX.

Air eagal a bhi a' sgitheachadh ar luchd-leughaidh, feumaidh sinn an t-ursgeul so a thoirt gu comh-dhunadh anns an aireamh so de n' GHAIDHEAL.

A dh-aindeoin gach caochladh suidheachaidh, gach soirbheachadh agus gach duil-bhristeadh leis an robh Callum air 'fhiosrachadh anns an fhreasdal, cha do chlaon e bho an run-shuidhichte da-fhillte a chuir e roimhe, 'n uair a dh' fhag e gleann a dhuthchais:—B' iad sin, anns a' cheud aite, a' chuid a b' fhearr a dheanamh de gach cothrom a dh' fhaodadh e 'fhaotainn gu bhi a' togail foghluim agus fiosrachaidh; agus le bhi 'frithealadh air sgoilean feasgair, le leughadh agus le meorachadh, thainig e ri h-uine gu bhi da-rireadh na dhuine foghlumta ann an Eachdraidh, ann an Litireachd agus ann an caochladh chanainean. Eu-coltach ri moran d'a luchd-duthcha, cha do chaill e a' Ghailig far nach d' fhuair e a' Bheurla. Is ann a choisinn e, le leughadh agus le rannsachadh, tomhas de eolas air a h-eachdraidh, air a daimh agus air a samhlachd ri cànainean aosda, ard-ughdarail eile, air nach d' rainig moran 'n a latha.

Faodaidh e bhi 'n a iongantas le cuid d' ar luchd-leughaidh, nach do choisrig se e fein do sheirbheis naomh na ministrealachd; ach is coltach nach d' thainig e riamh gu comh-dhunadh gun robh gairm shoilleir, no barrantas neo-theagmhach aige 'n a inntinn gu 'aghaidh a chur ris an dreuchd chudthromach agus sholuimte ud; mar sin, rinn e suas 'inntinn gu'm fanadh e anns a' ghairm anns an do ghairmeadh e; agus faodaidh e bhi gun d' rinn e barrachd feuma ann an aobhar an t-soisgeil mar fhear-aideachaidh agus mar bhall de 'n Eaglais, na ged a bhiodh e ann an dreuchd na ministrealachd.

Tha moran anns an t-saoghal aig nach eil mor-thlachd, no mor-mheas air an ni sin is e crioch àraid an duine; agus, aig nach eil dad de chomh-fhulangas ri aideachadh glan comh-aontachail air an diadhaidheachd; nach toir creideas a's airde do chaithe-beatha naomh agus neo-lochdach mhinisteirean na gu'm feum iad a bhi coltach ri an ceaird; ach nach urrainn teagamh a chur ann an treibhdhireas luchd-aideachaidh eile, 'n uair a gheibhear iad, le an giulan ionraic, le an eud ciallach, cunbhallach, agus le am fialaidheachd fheinàicheil, a' nochdadh a mach na diadhaidheachd 'n a maise agus 'n a toradh, gun suil ri buannachd shaoghalta. Cha robh Callum riamh 'n a fhearaideachaidh bruidhneach no bathaiseach; ach bha e anns na h-uile seadh, "na fhear-deanaidh an fhocail." B' iomadh oganach bochd, simplidh d' a luchd-duthcha d' an do nochd e fior chairdeas, air dhoibh tighinn mar choigrich do Ghlaschu, agus d' an robh e 'n a fhear stiuraidh agus 'n a chomhairliche; 'g an dion agus 'g an tiorcadh bho na cunnartan agus bho na ribeachan millteach d' an robh iad buailteach; agus a threoraich e gu bhi a deanamh na cuid a's fearr de n' bheatha 'tha lathair, agus de n' bheatha 'tha ri teachd. D'a thaobh fein, shoirbhich leis gu math mar fhear ceaird agus mar fhear gnothuich. Dh' fhoghluim e an "Saoghal a ghnathachadh gun a mhighnathachadh." Cha do chaill e riamh a thlachd ann an toil-inntinnean modhanail, neochoireach na beatha 'tha lathair. Bha ceol, dealbh-tharning, gràbhaladh agus nithe de 'n t-seorsa sin, 'n an am agus 'n an aite fein, ro-thaitneach leis; bha snil agus cluas aige gu bhi 'cur meas orra mar ealaidhean a bha taisbeanadh nan comasan agus nam buadhan modhanail leis am bheil an duine, mar chreutair reusanta air a chuibhrionnachadh, eadar-dhealaichte bho chreutairean eile, agus mar sin air a dheanamh comasach a bhi a' deilbh agus a cumadh le 'laimh, cuspairean solais agus taitneachais d' a shuil agus d'a inntinn fein. Bha mar an ceudna tomhas de ghibht na bardachd air a bhuileachadh air Callum, ged nach do chuir e moran dhi ann an cleachdadh. Bha e 'n a dheagh bhreitheamh air ciod e sin bardachd, eadar-dhealaichte bho ranntachd a mhain. Cha 'n aidicheadh e riamh gu 'n robh a' bheag de chliu na fior bhardachd, dligheach do ranntachd air bith a sgriobh e fein, no a chomhaoisean cho fad 's a b' aithne dha, saor o obraichean Uilleam Mhic-Iain-leith, no mar a tha sloinneadh an fhior Ghaidheil fhughail ud nach maireann air a litireachadh an cumantas—*Mac Dhun-leibhe.* Ged nach d' analaich a' Cheolraidh riamh air Callum am measg gleadhraich agus utag a' bhaile-mhoir, 'n uair a gheibheadh e air falbh an drasda agus a rithis air chuairt do 'n duthaich bha a' leithid de bhuaidh aig aillidheachd obair Naduir air 'inntinn, agus gur tric a bha e air a ghluasad gu bhi a' tarruing dealbh-choltas nam beann agus nan gleann, na mara agus nam monaidhean ann an ranntachd nach eil fad' air dheireadh air cuid de 'n t-seorsa cheudna, aig am bheil ainm agus aite ann an iarmailt na fior bhardachd. Ann san dealachadh cuiridh sinn an sampull a leanas, fo chomhair ar luchd-leughaidh. A' cheud uair a thug e sgriob do 'n Ghaidhealtachd a dh-fhaicinn a mhathar agus a chairdean, dh' fhag e Grianaig anns an anmoch, air te de na Smuid-shoithichean tuathach; ach air do'n oidhche bhi fuar agus dorcha, chaidh e gu trathail d'a leabaidh. Dhuisg e mu ghlasadh na camhanaich aig ceann tuath Chaol-Ile. Dheirich e gu grad a dh-fhaicinn c'ait an robh e, agus ciod a bha ri' fhaicinn; agus sgriobh e na rannan cuimhneachain

a leanas, 'n a leabhar poca, air fonn, "*Johnny stays long at the fair.*"

'N uair dhirich mi suas gu clar-uachdair
na luinge,
Aig braighe Chaol-Ile—bha 'n lionadh air
mhire,
'G a togail gu siubhlach bho Dhiura gu
Muile,
'S a curs' air Loch-buidhe nan seol.

O! chi, chi mi na tulaichean,
Creach-bheinn nam fiadh 's nan liath-charn
mulanach,
O! chi, chi mi na tulaichean;
Chi mi Beinn-bhuidhe fo cheo.

Chi mi na stuadhan nuallach, baidealach,
'Bualadh gu trom ri bonn a' Ghàraidh,
'S ri Othirne chiar nan liath-chreag carrach;
Tha leaba 'n daimh-alluidh 'g a còir.
O! chi, chi mi, &c.

Chi mi Beinn-Charsaig 's braighe Ghlinn-
bathair,
Leth-fholaicht fo shrol de cheo na maduinn;
A's lunn an Iar-chuain le fuaim a' sadadh
Ri Carr'-bhulag stallach nan còs.
O! chi, chi mi, &c.

B'e an dara run-suidhidhte bho nach do chlaon Callum, agus idir nach do dhearmaid e, a dhleasdanas d'a'mhathair. Cha deachaidh seachd-uin riamh seachad oirre 'n a h-aonar-achd gun litir 'fhaotainn uaithe. Thainig i fa-dheoidh 'n a seann aois agus 'n a h-anmhuinneachd gu bhi gu buileach an crochadh ris airson a beolaind, agus cha b' ann gu h-aindeonach no gu spiocach a fhritheil e d'a h-uireasbhuidhean; chum e suas i ann an comhfhurtachd agus ann an eireachdas gus an do chriochnaich i a cuairt anns an fhasach. 'N uair a leagadh sios i leis an tinneas o' nach d'eirich i, dh' fhag e a ghnothuichean fo mharasglachadh a luchd seirbheis; chaidh e gun dail g' a faicinn, agus cha deachaidh e a null no a nall uaipe gus an do thilg i an anail, le a ceann air a ghairdean. 'N uair a thaisg e a corp fo'n fhoid ann an uir a sinn-searachd, agus a chuir e suas clach-chuimhneachain eireachdail thairis oirre, ghabh e a chead deireannach le tir a dhuthchais; agus cha b' fhada gus an do lean e a bhraithrean agus a pheathraichean do Chanada, far an d' fhuair e iad ann an suidheachadh soirbheachail.

"Ni lamh an dhichiollach beairteas" —"Gun bhi leasg ann an gnothuich-ibh: durachdach 'n a spiorad; a' deanamh seirbheis do 'n Tighearna," cha b' ann le sporan falamh a dh' fhag e Glaschu, far an robh e ro-mheasail aig a luchd-eolais anns an t-saoghal; agus aig a bhraithrean anns an Eaglais. Cheannaich e oighreachd luachmhor ann an Canada, far am bheil e ann an socair, a' mealtuinn toradh a dhichill, agus adhartachd onorach, eiseimpleireach a chaithe beatha agus a ghiulain; 'n a fhear-misneachaidh, na chomhnadh agus na chul-taic d'a luchd-duthcha mu 'n cuairt da.

Anns a' chomh-dhunadh, dh' iarramaid ar taingealachd do'n GHAIDHEAL aideachadh gu treibhdhireach, airson na comain fo 'n do chuir e sinn, leis an fhoighidinn agus an fhialuidheachd a nochd e dhuinn o mhios gu mios ann a bhi a' toirt aite faicsinneach do 'n ursgeul so, mabach, liotach agus neo-choilionta mar tha e, le dochas agus le durachd gum faod moran d' a luchd-leughaidh, gu sonruichte am measg na h-oigridh, taitneas agus buannachd 'fhaotainn bho

An sgeul so 'chaidh aithris
Mu Challum a' Ghlinne.

MUILEACH.

AN TELEGRAPH.—Thuirt bean Ghaidh-ealach bho cheann ghoirid ri duine araidh air am bheil sinn eòlach, gu 'n cuala ise aig na gillean a thainig á Gallabh gu 'n robh inuleachd ùr aca an dràsd air son daoine, a thoirt a dh-America; nach bith-eadh dad aca ach dol 'n an seasamh air barr slait mhoir iaruinn agus gu 'm bitheadh iad a null air a' "helegra" nan ceò, ann am prioba na sùla. Thuirt te eile a bha 's an eisdeachd gu 'm b' fhearr leithe fhein dol a null air te dheth na seann soithichean, na'n doigh ùr sin; air eagal 's nach rachadh aice air i fhein a chruinn-eachadh a rithisd thall.

BREITH CHRIOSD.

'N uair 'bha uisgeachan Iordain gu comhnard fo phramh,
A's air sliabh maiseach Shioin 'bha samhchair 'n a tamh,
'N uair 'bha buachaillean Bhetle'm a' faireadh nan treud,
Ri solus nan rionnag 's gan dion o gach beud.

Feuch, fuaimean neo-thalmhaidh gu h-ard os an ceann,
Do chual' iad o chein-astar dorcha nam beann,
A' dlu'chadh le ceol agus moladh ro-bhinn.
Ghrad lionadh an cridh'chan le aoibhneas grinn.

Ach air amharc a suas dhoibh, ghrad chlisg iad gu leir,
Oir, le gathan ur, boillsgeach las gorm-bhrat na'n speur;
Dhoirt na Neamhan a mach troimh an geatachan oir,
Sluagh gun aireamh de ainge 's iad sgeadaicht' le gloir.

Air carbadan dealrach, 's sgiathan geal mar an sneachd,
A nuas air an oidhche do thuirlinn am feachd;
Chual' na Neamhan a b'airde buaidh-chaithream na toirm,
'N uair a bhuail iad an clarsaichean, 's 'sheinn iad le foirm:

O 'Shioin, le subhachas tog suas do shuil,
Tha an t-am a nis faisg ris am b' fhad' 'bha do dhuil,
Tha Nadur uil' aoibhneach 's fiamh-ghair air a gruaidh;
Prionnsa Shaleim tha 'tighinn gu riogh'chadh le buaidh!

Feuch, Trocair, tha 'dortadh á taisg-phraisibh oir,
Do luchd-caoidh sruithean solais, gu fialaidh 's gu leoir;
Tha i 'ceangal le curam gach ciurradh a's leon,
A th' air cridh'chan gun dochas na dream 'ta fo bhron.

A chur misnich 's na cridh'chan lan geilt tha E 'teachd,
A thoirt buaidh air an Diabhull—e fein 's a chuid feachd:
Theich an duibhre roimh aghaidh reul oirdheirc an la,
Ris tha doireachan Edein gu h-urar fo bhlath!

O 'Shioin, le subhachas tog suas do shuil,
Tha an t-am a nis faisg ris am b' fhad' 'bha do dhuil,
Tha Nadur uil' aoibhneach 's fiamh-ghair air a gruaidh;
Prionnsa Shaleim tha 'tighinn gu riogh'chadh le buaidh!

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

NA BANCAICHEAN-CAOMHNAIDH.

Bu choir do gach duine a dh' fheumas, le fallus a ghruaidh, a theachd-an-tir fein a chosnadh, beagan a chur mu seach air son an latha fhluich- la a dh' fheudas teachd air na h-uile an uair a's lugha a shaoileas iad. Is e an seol a's fearr chum so a dheanamh, beagan a chur, air a lughad, anns an Ionad-mhalairt, no 's a' Bhanc-caomhnaidh, far an tog e riadh, agus far an gleidhear cruinn r'a cheile e. Anns an aite sin tha e an comhnuidh tearuinte, agus deas gu lamh a chur air ri h-uchd feuma. An toiseach, ma ta, dean dichioll air co beag ri bonn-cruin a chur r'a cheile; thoir an tigh-malairt ort leis, agus gleibh thu an sin leabhran anns an sgriobhar sios am bonn-cruinn agad ri d' chreideas, agus anns am bheil comas agad tuilleadh a chur an uair a chosnas tu e. Uime sin, dean dichioll air neoni a chur gu riaghailteach a' d' leabhran gach mios, no gach seachduin, ged nach biodh,

ann ach sgillinn Shasunnach. Cha tuig neach sam bith gus am feuch se e, cia co furast 's a ta e airgiod a dheanamh air an doigh so, agus tha fios aig na h-uile nach furast a dheanamh air dhoigh eile. An uair a thoisicheas duine air neoni beag a ghleidheadh mar so, tha toil-inntinn aige ann a bhi 'faicinn gu'm bheil a chuid airgid a' fas mor gu'n fhios gu'n aire dha, agus ni e strith chum a mheudachadh. Cuiridh e a nis, le lan chridhe, anns an leabhran, an tasdan a rachadh roimh sin le gleadhraich 's an stop. Tha'n cleachda taitneach so a' teagasg do na h-uile a bhi curamach, measorra, agus stuama. Cuiridh iad cul ris gach milleadh, ana-measarrachd, agus caitheamh, agus uile laithean am beatha bithidh iad taingeil air son a' chaochlaidh a rinneadh air an giulan, agus air an droch-cleachdannaibh. Gu robh iad lionmhor am measg luchd-leughaidh A' GHAIDHEIL a smuainicheas air so agus a bheir iomadh beannachd dha-san a chomhairlich dhaibh a' cheud sgillinn a chur 'n an leabhranaibh-malairt.

Cha 'n urrainn neach a thuigsinn an toiseach ciod a' bhuannachd a ta ann do theaghlach sam bith, an uair a bhios ceannard an teaghlaich sin curamach agus glic ann a bhi 'gleidheadh, agus a' cur mu seach neoni beag an tras' 's a ris air son an ama ri teachd. Is cruaidh agus is duilich an obair do chosnach bochd airgiod a dheanamh, ach tha e moran n'is dorra dha an t-airgiod sin a ghleidheadh an deigh dha a dheanamh. Uime sin, 's e gliocas gach neach aig am bheil a' bheag no mhor an ceann na seachduin mar thuarasdal air son a shaoithreach, earrann bheag deth a chur 's a' Bhanc-caomhnaidh, agus gun fhios gun aire dha, fasaidh e mor. Cha do ghabh neach aithreachas riamh air son gu'n d' rinn e so. Tha cor is deich bliadhna fichead o-n thoisich na Bancaichean-caomhnaidh sin, agus is mor am beannachd a bhuilich iad air an rioghachd air fad.

Tuigear so ni's fearr le aon eiseimpleir a thoirt air a' chuis.

Bha bean-phosda og, thapaidh anns an Eilean Sgiathanach a chaill a companach, agus a dh' fhagadh le triuir nighean, a bha 's an am gle og. An uair a thoisich gorta mhor 's an Eilean sin, mar a ta cuimhne aig moran fathast, bha a' bhean so air a saruchadh gle chruaidh a thaobh gainne an teachd-an-tir. Runaich i air la de na laithibh, air sgireachd a breith fhagail, agus air Baile-cinn na Siorramachd a thoirt oirre, far an robh duil aice ri cosnadh eigin fhaotainn chum i fein agus a caileagan beaga a chumail beo. Rainig i agus ghabh i bothan tighe o thuathanach am fochair a' bhaile. Bha'n og-bhean so riamh deanadach, dichiollach, agus glic. Cha robh la 's a' bhliadhna nach robh i' faotuinn oibre mu'n tuathanachas, a' deanamh gach ni a thigeadh 'n a caradh air na h-achaibh, agus a' faotuinn duaise bheag, chinnteach air son a saoithreach. An deigh dhi a bhi samhradh no dha a' cur seachad a h-uine air an doigh so thainig i a stigh do'n bhaile air feasgar araidh, o cheann a nis dluth air fichead bhadhna, agus ghairm i airsan a ta 'sgriobhadh so sios, beagan an deigh dha teachd do'n aite, do bhrigh gu'n robh eolas aic' air roimh sin 's an Eilean Sgiathanach.

"An 'tu so 'Mhairearad, tha mi ro thoilichte t-fhaicinn; agus cia mar tha thu fein agus do phaisdean?"

"Tha sinn uile slan, fallain, gun fhath gearain, ach ciamar tha sibhse? Is mor mo sholas gu'n d' thainig sibh a dh-ionnsuidh a' bhaile so. Ochan! Ochan! is mi tha toilichte an diugh."

An deigh do Mhairearad a h-eachdraidh a chur an ceill gu mion, poncail ann am fior Ghailig, thubhairt i:—

"Tha gnothuch beag agam ribh agus tha mi'n dochas gun dean sibh e. So agaibh coig puinnd Shasunnach a chuir mi r' a cheile o-n thainig mi do'n aite so, agus gleidhidh sibh dhomhsa iad air eagal gu'n caill mi iad."

"Tha mi ro thoilichte gu'n deachaidh a' chuis co math leat a Mhairearad, oir is fhada 'bhiodh tu 's an Eilean Sgiathanach mu'n sgriobadh tu na h-uiread r' a cheile; ach cha ghabh mise an t-airgiod agad idir, agus cha ghleidh mi dhuit e air an doigh sin; ach ma thogras tu cuiridh mi e gu buil n'is fearr dhuit, agus gu buil a bhios chum beagan buannachd dhuit, aig an am cheudna."

"Ciod e sin? Bha duil agam gu'm biodh e chum feuma dhuibh fein, agus is i ur beatha a ghabhail, a chionn gu'm bithinn gle chinnteach as an uair a dh' fheudadh feum a bhi agam air."

"Cha ghabh mi idir e, a Mhairearad, air an doigh sin, ach cuiridh mi e a'd' ainm fein 's a Bhanc-caomhnaidh; gheibh mi leabhar beag air a shon anns an sgriobhar sios e, a ghleidheas mi dhuit, agus togaidh e riadh dhuit an sin."

"Banc-caomhnaidh! Cha 'n 'eil agam idir air na bancaichean sin. Tha eagal orm nach 'eil iad cinnteach, agus b' fhearr leam gu mor 'n ur laimh fein e."

"Gabh thusa mo chomhairle-se, a Mhairearad, agus theid mi fein an urras air nach eagal da. Ach tha urras n'is fearr agad na mise. Tha Bhanrigh mhaith

againn fein an urras air, agus ciod tuilleadh a dh'iarradh tu? Tha na bancaichean sin a' cur an airgid aca air son tearuinteachd ann an sporan mor na rioghachd, agus gus am brisear an crun Breatunnach, cha' n 'eagal doibh."

"O, ma ta, tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanais, 's ann agaibh fein is fearr tha fios; so agaibh an t-airgiod le beamachd, agus is iomadh fallus cruaidh, goirt a thug e air mo mhalaidh mu 'n do chuireadh r a cheile e."

"A nis, a Mhairearad, an uair a bhios bonn-cruin, no leth-chruin, no sgillinn-Shasunnach agad, gabhaidh am banc e, seasaidh e an sin ri d' chreideas, togaidh e riadh an ceann na bliadhna dhuit agus bithidh e an comhnuidh a' fas mor."

"Mo bheannachd agaibh, ach c'uin, no ciamar a gheibhear a mach e a ris?"

"Gheibhear a mach e air la sam bith. Gheibhear e gu leir eadar chalp' agus riadh, no gheibhear co beag ris an tastan as aig an aon am, uair sam bith a dh'iarrar e."

"Nach e tha goireasach, freagarrach, doigheil! 'S i Bhanrigh fein,—gu robh i air a beannachadh!—a dheanadh an gnothuch gu ceart; oir tha mi cinnteach nach deanadh Banc Phort-righ againne sin; 's e nach deanadh. Cha ghabhadh e suim co beag. Ach feumaidh mi a bhi 'falbh. Mile beannachd, — mile taing, — slan leibh."

A nis, ciod a dh'eirich do'n bhan-Sgiathanach so, agus d'a gnothuichibh anns a' Bhanc-caomhnaidh? Bha i' tighinn an tras' 's a' ris le beagan air son a leabhrain fein, agus bha i a' gabhail tlachd ann, nach robh aice an toiseach. Mu dheireadh dh'fhag i an duthaich agus an tuathanachas, agus ghabh i aite beag freagarrach 's a' bhaile. Thoisich i air nithe beaga a rciceadh, mar a ta aran, im, caise, uibhean, coinnlean, biorana-fadaidh, soda, siopunn, agus an leithide sin. Bha i curamach mu cheartas a dheanamh ri 'cuid cloinne. Thug i sgriobhadh, leughadh, agus sgoil-fhuaigheil do no h-igheanaibh aice. Dh' fhas iad suas 'n an caileagaibh tapaidh, dreachail; phos iad agus tha iad a nis 'n an tighibh fein. Tha Mairearad choir fein 'n a boirionnach laidir tapaidh, sgairteil fathast, a' cumail a' bhuth bhig aice mar a b'abhaist, agus gun a bhi idir dearmadach air a leabhar beag fein, anns am bheil a nis a cuid airgid air meudachadh gu gle dhluth air da chcud punnd Sasunnach!

Leanadh gach bean agus bantrach, gach oigfhear agus aosda, gach cosnach agus ceannard teaghlaich eiseimpleir na ban-Sgiathanaich dhiichiollaich agus ghlic so; agus an uair a dh' innseas AN GAIDHEAL doibh ann am fior Ghailig ciamar a thainig i air a h-adhart, chi iad, agus tuigidh iad fein, nach biodh, feudaidh e 'bhi, aon sgillinn ruadh aice an diugh, na'n diultadh i 's an am sin comhairle a caraid a ghabhail; agus na'm fagadh i mar a bha i a' bagairt, na coig puinnd Shasunnach aice ann an seotal na ciste an aite an cur a stigh do'n Ionad-Mhalairt sin, far an d' fhas iad uidh air 'n-uidh co mor ann an aireamh 's a tha iad a nis.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

AN DARA DUAN DE SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE;

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Homeir Gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MACLACHAINN.

Taisbeanadh an Fheachda; agus aireamh nam fineachan Gréugach agus Troidheach.

III.

(Air a leantuinn bho 'n àirimh mu dheireadh.)

Mòralach air tùs gach drèam,
Agamemnon dh' éirich suas.
Thog e gu rioghail na 'dhòrn,
An trom cholbh a b' òrbhuidh snuadh—
Dheilbh Bhulcan ant iongnadh grinn
Mar thiodhlaic do righ nan péur.
Thug Iòbh i do Hermes àigh—
Marbhaich Arguis nan sùl géur—
Bhuilich Hermes i na 'dhéigh,
Ortsa, Phéloips nan stéud luath.
'S bho Phélops thàinig i nios,
Gu deagh Atreus, triath nan sluagh.
Atreus dh' fhàg an dìleab chòrr,
'S mheal Thyestes nam mòr-thréud.
Dhealraich i nis ann an cùirt
Agamemnoin, iùl nan tréun;
Chum 's gu'm biodh Argos fo 'smachd,
'S gorm-eileanan pailt a' chuain.
Leig e 'thaic air a' bhall òir,
'S thionsgain glòir bu sheòlta cuairt:
"Fheara cuinn cridhe na Gréig',
A dh' fhoghluim éuchd bho Mhàrs nam buadh,
Ormsa chàirich Iòbh, 's cha b' àm,
Trom-eallach nan ànradh cruaidh.
Mo ghuin 's mo dhiobhuil an gniomh,
Gheall, a's gheall e—'s cian bho 'n là,
Gu 'n lom-sgriosaim Tròidh nan tùr,
'S tilleadh ait gu m' dhùthaich ghràidh;
Nis bho 'n struidh mo mhaoin 's mo loinn
'S gu 'n d'imreadh orm foill nach b' fhiùgh,
Ni cha didein m' fhuighleach truagh,

Ach teicheadh thair chuan gun chliù.
'S e sin òrdugh ti nan ti,
'Bheir air righeachd creach no glòir,
'Luaisgeas fann-phruip earbsa dhaond',
'S romh 'n tuit bàbhuinn nam faoin-thòrr.
Ach fàth mo chiùrraidh 's mo nàir',
Na chluinneas ant àl na 'r dèigh;
Cho fad 's a chum pòr gun mhiagh
Còmhrag dhian ri feachd na Gréig'.
Feachd is mòrach ainm 's gach tir,
A dh' fhàs cho dìblidh ri uchd cruais.
'S gun choltas criche no dùil,
Gu 'n crùnar an toisg le buaidh.
Na 'n roghnuicheadh Tròidh 's a' Ghréig
Còrdadh réidh fo cheangal mhionn,
Chum 's gu 'n gabht' air an dà thaobh
Uil' àireamh nan laoch air cheann,—
Gu 'n tàirngt' air cothrom an loin
Luchd-còmhnuidh baile nan tùr;
'S a' Ghréig roinnt' aig cuilm araon,
Deichnear laoch mu bhiadh gach bùird;
Ged iarr gach deichnear, mar chòir,
Aon bho Thròidh gu dìol air fion,
Gheobhteadh fad gach cèarn de 'n bhlàr
Ioma tùrlach 's tràill d' a dhith.
Ach 's iad fìr 'chomradh ar nàmh—
Luchd àitich nam mòr-roinn dlùth,
'Mhiadaich ar n-allaban cràidh,
'Bhrisd ar cridh 's a chnàmh ar lùths.
Naoidh Bliadhna nan iorghaill cian,
Thriall bho shoir gu siar mu 'n cuairt,
Ghrod oirnn fiùbhaidh nan luath-long,
'S ar n-ùr-ghaisreadh tholl a's bhruan.
'S goirt, tùrsach ar mnathan gràidh,
Ar maoth-phàisdean chaill an ciall,
Na 'n suidh' air nochd-làraich fhàis,
Gun fhusgais gach là mu'r triall.
Dleasnas, tiaraintteachd, a's bàigh,
'S guth nàdair bho ghrùnnd gach cléibh,
Ag éigheach: fheara mo rùin,
Gu 'n diobramaid cùis gun fhéum.
Teichibh ás, le 'r breòchaid bhàrc,
Gu àrois ur gaoil thair tuinn.
Tha Tròidh fo dhìdein nan spéur,
'S do 'r neart-ne cha ghéill i chaoidh."

Labhair e, 's cho-ghluais am feachd,—
Mhiad 's nach d' fhiosraich beachd an righ:
Shaoil mar aon gu 'm bu bhreith cheart,
'S teas-ghràdh caoimhneil las na 'n cridh.
Ghluais iad mar neart nan garbh thonn,
Cuan Icaria doirbh fo ghreann;
Deas a's ear a' taosgadh shian,
Romh bhaideal nan nial le srann.
Mar ghéilleas trom-arbhar dlùth
Romh bhras-thùirling nan gaoth niar;
Raoin a' luath-shiubhal fo'n stoirm,
Na 'n tuinn tholgach, fada 's cian;—
Sin mar chiteadh miltean slòigh,
A' dòrtadh a chòir nan long;
Ceò-sniomhain bho 'n smùraich ruaidh,
Mhosgladh suas le tartraich bhonn.
Ag glanadh claisean nam bàrc;
Greadhnach an gàir—mòr an uaill,
Air ghléus grad-tharruing gu sàil,
Fhreagair an spéur àrd do 'm fuaim.

An sin, thilleadh a' Ghréig gu tir,
Cheart aindeoin gach ni bha 'n dàn,
Mur b' e gu 'n d' thug Iùno 'n éubh
Air ban-dia éuchdach nam blàr:
"Mo léir-chreach, 's mo mhianas truagh!
A nighean Iòbh is naibhreach sgiath,
An teich Gréugaich ás thair chuan,
Fad romh 'n àm gun bhuaidh, gun diol?
'S iad a dh' fhàgadh fàth na h-uaill,
Do chiùrt naibhreach 's do thuath Tròidh.
Helen chéutach nam miann cràidh,
A ghluais bàs do mhiltean slòigh,
Liuthad Gréugach gaisgeil, ùr,
A dh' éug cian an dùthaich ghaoil.
'S Paris gun ath-dhiol 'g a chionn,
An seilbh toradh a mhionn claon;
Ach togs' ort, 's bi sìos na d' léum,
Gu feachd Gréugach nan arm cruaidh;
Grab an triall le d' bhriathran còrr,
Los nach sgaoil iad seòl thair stuaidh."

(Ri leantuinn.)

—o—

SGEULACHD DO'N OIGRIDH.

(O'n Bheurla.)

Is e m' ainm Agib. Is mi mac Righ nan Turcach. An deigh a bhais ghabh mi seilbh air a rioghachd gu leir agus dh' fhan mi anns a' bhaile anns an do rinn e comhnuidh. Tha mo rioghachd air a deanamh a suas de aireamh de oighreachdan aluinn air tir-mor cho math ri moran de eileanaibh luachmhor. B' e a' chiad rud a rinn mi an deigh seilbh a ghabhail, cuairt a thoirt do na h-oighreachdan air tir; an deigh sin dh' orduich mi mo chabhlach gu leir a bhi air an cur fo lan uidheam agus chaidh mi do na h-eileanaibh a chum agus gu 'm buidhinninn le m' lath-aireachd gean-math mo chuid iochd-arain agus gu 'n daighnichinn iad 'n an dillseachd agus 'n an tairiseachd. Thug na turais-cuain so dhomh deigh mhor air seoladaireachd, anns an do ghabh mi a' leithid de thlachd gu 'n do chuir mi romham gu 'n gabhainn an saoghal mu 'm cheann 's gu 'm faicinn ciod a bha 'gabhail aite an taobh a mach de m' rioghachd fein.

A chum na criche so fhuair mi deich luingis a chur an ordugh, chaidh mi air bord air te dhiubh, agus sheol sinn air falbh.

Bha ar turas ro thaitneach agus gun bhacadh fad da fhichead latha; ach air a' chiad oidhche thar da fhichead sheid a' ghaoth 'n ar n-aghaidh cho doinionnach 's gu 'n robh sinn an impis a bhi air ar call. Dh' aithn mi gu 'n stuireamaid air ar n-ais d' ar duthaich fein; ach thug mi an aire aig a' cheart am nach robh fios aig fear-iuil na luinge c' aite 'n robh sinn. Air an deicheamh latha an deigh so thug aon de na maraichean a chuir sinn do bhar a' chroinn dh-fheuch am faiceadh e fearann, sanas duinn nach bu leir dha ni ach an speur 's an cuan, ach direach air thoiseach oirnn gu 'n robh ar leis tiugh dhorchadas.

An uair a chual' an stiuradair so ghrad mhuth e 'chruth agus a' tilgeadh a chomhdach-cinn air clar-uachdair na luinge leis an darna lamh, bhuaile an lamh eile air 'uchd agus ghlaodh e, "O, fheara, tha sinn uile caillte; cha teid aon againn as; agus le m' uile theomachd agus eolas cha 'n 'eil e am chomas ar tearnadh." Dh' fheoraich mi dheth ciod a b' aobhar do leithid de an-dochas. Fhreagair e, "Tha an doinionn air ar toirt cho fada as ar slighe agus gu 'm bi sinn mu mheadhon latha am maireach dluth air a' Bheinn-dhubh, no mèin na cloich-tharruing a tha eadhon a nis fein a' slaodadh do chuid luingis g'a h-ionnsaidh a chiom na tha de dh-iarunn ann ad shoithichibh; agus an uair a thig sinn mar astar araidh do 'n bheinn tha cumhachd na cloich-tharruing cho laidir 's gu 'm bi na tairnnean uile air an spionadh a cliathchaibh agus urlar nan soithichean, agus leanaidh iad ris a' bheinn air alt agus gu 'n tuit do chuid luingis as a cheile agus theid iad fodha. A thuille air a so tha eeu-comasach a' bheinn a dhireadh. Air a mullach tha comhdach de phrais ghrinn air a chumail a suas air ceithir puist phrais agus air 'uachdar sin tha each prais 'n a sheasamh le marcaiche air a dhruim agus clar luaidhe air 'uchd air am bheil sgriobhainean druidheachd air an gearradh. Tha seann eachdraidh ag radh gur iad am marcaiche agus an t-each so is aobhar gu 'm bheil de shoithichean agus de dhaoine air an call 's an aite so, agus gu 'm bi e sgriosail do na h-uile a thig dluth dha gus am bi e air a thilgeadh sios gu lar."

Air do'n stiuradair sgur, ghuil e as ur; rinn an sgioba gu leir an ni ceudna agus dh' fhag iad beannachd aig a cheile.

An ath mhaduinn chunnaig sinn gu soilleir a' Bheinn-dhubh. Mu mheadhon latha bha sinn cho dluth 's gu'n do mhothaich sinn gu 'm b'fhior na chuir an stiuradair air mhanadh; oir leum na bha de iarunn agus de thairnnean anns na soithichibh a dh-ionnsaidh na beinne le fuaim chruaidh; chaidh na soithichean as a cheile agus chaidh an luchd fodha 's a' chuan. Bha mo dhaoine uile air am bathadh, ach bha Ni-math trocaireach dhomh-sa agus chaidh agam air mi fein a thearnadh air mir briste d' an long a sheid a' ghaoth gu tir, direach aig iochdar na beinne. Cha d' fhuair mi an goirteachadh a bu lugha; agus mar a b' fhabhorach bhuail mi an cladach aig aite far an robh mar gu'm b' eadh staidhir a' suas gu mullach na beinne.

Rainig mi am mullach gun sgiorradh sam bith; chaidh mi a stigh fo 'n chomhdach phrais agus a' tuiteam air mo ghluinibh thug mi buidheachas do Dhia airson a throcairean.

Chuir mi seachad an oidhche an so. Ann am chadal thainig seann duine far an robh mi agus thubhairt e "Eisd, 'Agib; cho luath 's a dhuisg-

eas tu cladhaich anns an talamh fo d'chasaibh: gheobh thu bogha prais agus tri saighdean luaidhe. Tilg na tri saighdean air an each, agus tuitidh e fein agus a mharcaiche anns a'mhuir; air d'a so a bhi deunta eiridh an cuan a nios gu ruig am pailliun. An uair a dh'eireas e, chi thu bata le aon duine innte agus ramh aige anns gach lamh; tha an duine so mar an ceudna de mhiotailt, ach eadar-dhealaichte bho 'n fhear a thilgear sios; leum air bord, ach gun Ni-math ainmeachadh, agus leig leis do stiuradh. Bheir e ann an deich laithean thu do chuan eile far am faigh thu cothrom air tilleadh dhachaidh do d'dhuthaich fein, air chumhnant mar a dh'aithn mi dhuit, nach tig thu thairis air ainm Ni-math fad an turais."

An uair a dhuisg mi dh'fhairich mi mi fein gu mor air mo chomhfhurtachadh leis an taisbeanadh agus rinn mi gach ni mar a dh'iarr an seann duine orm. Thog mi am bogha agus na saighdean as an talamh, loisg mi air a'mharcaiche agus leis an treas saighead leag mi e fein agus an t-each. Aig a'cheart am dh'eirich a'mhuir uidh air n-uidh. An uair a rainig i casan a phailliuin a bha air mullach na beinne, chunnaig mi, fada uam, bata ag iomram g'am ionnsaidh agus thug mi taing do 'n Fhreasdal.

An uair a bhuail am bata tir chaidh mi air bord, a' toirt aire mhaith nach ainmichinn Ni-math, ni mo a labhair mi aon fhacal. Shuidh mi, agus thoisich an duine air iomram air falbh o'n bheinn. Dh'iomair e gun sgur gus an naoidheamh latha 'n uair a chunnaig mi eileanan eigin, a thug dhomh dochas gu'm faighinn as o gach cunnart roimh 'n robh eagal orm. Bha m' aoibhneas cho mor 's gu 'n do dhi-chuimhnich mi an rud air an deachaidh mo chur an earalas; "Is mor maitheas an Fhreasdail, cliu gu 'n robh dha!" a deir mi.

Cha luaith a bha na facail as mo bheul na chaidh am bata agus an duine fodha agus bha mi air mo thilgeadh am measg nan tonn. Shnamh mi gu oidhche, ach mu dheireadh an uair a bha mo neart 'g am threigsinn, thilg tonn cho ard ri beinn mi air talamh tioram. B'e a chiad rud a rinn mi m' aodach a thilgeadh dhiom agus a thiormachadh.

Air an ath mhaduinn chaidh mi air m' aghaidh a dh' fhaicinn ciod a' ghne dhuthcha anns an robh mi, cha deachaidh mi ach gle bheagan astair an uair a chunnaig mi gu 'n robh mi ann an eilean fasail, ach aillidh, agus e lan de chraobhan agus de gach seorsa toraidh. Thug mi mi fein a suas do Dhia agus ghuidh mi air gu 'n deanadh e rium a reir a thoile. Air ball chunnaig mi long a' tighinn o thirmor, a ruith leis, direach a dh-ionnsaidh an eilean. Chaidh mi suas do chraoibh a chum, o mheasg an duillich thiugh gu 'n faicinn gun a bhi air m' fhaicinn. Thainig an long a stigh do chamas beag, far an d'thainig air tir deich traillean a' giulan chaibeachan agus innealan eile air son cladhach an talaimh. Chaidh iad air an aghaidh gu meadhon an eilein, far an do chladhaich iad uine mhor gus an d' thainig iad air dorus a ghabhadh togail. Thill iad an sin thun an t-soithich agus chuir iad air tir caochladh sheorsachan de bhiadh agus buill airneis a ghiulain iad a chum an aite anns an robh iad a' cladhach; chaidh iad an sin a sios do 'n ionad-chomhnuidh fo 'n talamh.

Chunnaig mi iad a' dol a ris a chum an t-soithich agus a' tilleadh goirid as a dheigh le seann duine a throraich air lamh giollan og, eireachdail mu thuairean coig bliadhn' deug a dhaois. Dh' fhosgail iad a' chomhla agus chaidh iad air fad a sios. An uair a thainig iad a nios a ris, dhuin

iad an dorus, chuirnich iad e le uir agus thill iad thun a' chamais far an robh an long; ach cha 'n fhaca mi an gille og'n an cuideachd. Thug so orm a chreidsinn gu 'n d' fhuirich e as an deigh anns an uaimh.

Chaidh an seann duine agus na traillean air bord; thog iad an siuil, agus stiuir iad an cursa gus an tir o'n d' thainig iad. An uair a chunnaig mi iad cho fad as agus nach b' urrainn doibh m' fhaicinn, thainig mi 'nuas as a' chraoibh agus chaidh mi direach a dh-ionnsaidh an aite aig an faca mi an talamh air a bhristeadh. Thog mi an uir a lion beag a's beag gus an do rainig mi leac, mu dha no tri' throidhean air fad 's air leud. Thog mi 'suas i agus chunnaig mi staidhir chloiche. Chaidh mi 'sios, agus fhuair mi aig iochdar na staidhreach seomar mor, soillseach, le brat-urlair; suidheachan grinn le obair ghreis agus chasagan sioda air an robh an duine og 'n a shuidhe. An uaira chunnaig e mi bha e fo mhor iomaguin; ach rinn mi umhlachd dha agus thuirt mi ris, "Na biodh eagal ort. Is righ mise, agus cha dean mi dochann sam bith ort. An aite sin, is ann is docha gur e do dheadh fhortan a stiuir an rathad mi gu d' shaoradh as an uaigh eagalaich so, far am bheil thu a reir coltais air do thiodhlacadh beo. Ach is e is mo 'tha cur de ioghnadh orm (oir cuimhnich gu 'm faca mi a' h-uile ni a ghabh aite o-n thainig thu do 'n eilean) gu 'm fuilingeadh tu thu fein a thiodhlacadh anns an aite so gun strith gun chur 'n a aghaidh."

Air chuiuntinn so do 'n duine og ghabh e beagan misnich agus le gnuis shuilbhear dh' iarr e orm suidhe r'a thaobh. An uair a shuidh mi thubhairt e, "A Phrionnsa, cuiridh m' eachdraidh iongantas ort. Tha m' athair na fhear-malairt sheudan. Tha aige moran traillean, agus luchd-ionaid ann an iomadcuirt rioghail a' reic a chuid usgraichean. Bha e uine mhor posda m' an robh teaghlach aige. Bhruadair e gu 'm biodh mac aige ach nach biodh a shaoghal ach goirid. Greis an deigh so rugadh mise, ni a bha 'n a aobhar air mor aoibhneas anns an teaghlach. Ghabh m' athair geur bheachd air am mo bhreith agus chuir e a chomhairle ri teallsanaich mu thiomchioll na bha an dan domh. Fhreagair iad e, 'Bidh do mhac beo gu sona gus an ruig e aois choig bliadhn' deug ach aig an am sin coinnichidh e ri cunnart o 'n bi e cruaidh dha dol as. Ach ma bhios e cho fortanach 's gu 'n faigh e thairis air an am sin bidh e beo gu aois mhor. Tachraidh so' ars iadsan 'aig an am anns am bi an t-each prais a tha air mullach na Beinne-duibhe air a thilgeadh anns a' chuan le Prionnsa Agib, agus, mar a tha na reultan a' cur air mhanadh bidh do mhac-sa air a mharbadh leis a' phrionnsa sin, deich agus da fhichead latha as a' dheigh sin.'

"Ghabh m' athair mor dhragh ann am oileineachadh gus a' bhliadhna so, agus is i so a' choigeamh bliadhna deug de m' aois. Fhuair e sanas an de gu 'n deachaidh an t-each prais a thilgeadh anns a' chuan o chionn deich laithean. Chuir so mor iomaguin air; agus a thaobh faistinneachd nan speuradairean, dh' ullaich e an t-aite-comhnuidh uaigneach so chum mise 'fhalach fad nan deich agus da fhichead latha an deigh d'an each phrais a bhi air a thilgeadh a sios; agus uine sin o-n tha nis deich laithean o-n thachair so, thainig e le cabhaig gu m' fhalach, agus gheall e tilleadh an deigh da fhichead latha agus mo thoirt air m' ais. Air mo shon fein, tha mi lan dochais, agus cha 'n urrainn domh a chreidsinn gu 'n tig Prionnsa Agib gu m' shireadh ann an uaimh fo 'n talamh, agus sin ann am meadhon eilein fasail."

An uair a chriochnaich e thuirt

mi ris le mor chairdeas, "Mo ghille caomh, earb ann am maitheas Dhe, agus na biodh eagal ort roimh ni sam bith. Cha 'n fhag mise thu gus am bi an da fhichead latha air dol seachad mu thiomchioll an robh na speuradairean a cur eagail ort; agus ni mi a' h-uile seirbheis dhuit a tha ann am chomas; an deigh sin le cead t-athar agus thu fein gheobh mi de chomhstath an t-aiseag a ghabhail anns an long agaibh a dh-ionnsaidh tir-mor; agus an uair a thilleas mi gu m' rioghachd fein cuimhnichidh mi mo chomain duibh agus bheir mi oidheirp air mo thaingealachd a nochdadh air mhodh freagarrach."

Chuir na briathran so misneach anns a' ghille og agus lion iad e le earbsa. Thug mi 'n aire mhath nach d' innis mi dha gu 'm bu mhise a' cheart Agib roimh an robh geilt air, air eagal 's gu 'n togainn fiamh no amharus. Fhuair mi e 'n a oganach ro thuigseach agus chompairtich mi d'a chuid loin de 'n robh gu leoir aige a dh-fhoghnachdainn fada os cionn da fhichead latha ged a bhiodh tuillidh 's mise de dh-aoidhean aige. A dh-aon fhacal, chuir sinn seachad naoi latha deug thar fhichead anns an ionad-chomhnuidh uaigneach so cho taitneach s ged bhitheamaid ann an luchairt an righ.

Thainig an da fhicheadamh latha; agus anns a' mhaduinn an uair a dhuisg an t-oganach, thuirt e rium le toil-iuntinn agus aoibhneas nach b' urrainn da a chasgadh, "A Phrionnsa, is e an dingh an da fhicheadamh latha, agus cha 'n eil mi marbh, taing do Dhia agus do d' dheadh chuid-eachd-sa. Cha dean m' athair dearmad air a thaingealachd a leigeil ris dhuit air son do chaoimhneis dhomhsa agus bheir e gach goireas agus gach ni a bhios feumail dhuit chum tilleadh gu d' rioghachd fein. Ach," ars esan "am feadh 's a tha sinn a' feitheamh a thighinn, a phrionnsa mo ghaoil, dean de dh-fhabhor siucar agus measan a thoirt dhomh chum 's gu 'n ith mi beagan g' am fhionnarachadh."

De na measan a bha air am fagail ghabh mi a'chuid a b' fhearr agus chuir mi air triunsear iad; agus o nach b' urrainn domh amas air sgian g 'an gearradh, dh' fheoraich mi d'an ghille og am b' aithne dha caite 'm faighinn te? "Gheobh," ars esan "anns a' bhosdan gu h-ard os mo chionn." Chunnaig mi an sgian gu h-ard, ach ann am chabhaig an uair a bha i agam am lamh, air do m' chas dol an ribeadh anns a' bhrat-urlair thuit mi gu mi-fhortanach tarsuing air an oganach bhochd, agus chaidh an sgian anns an uchd aige gu ruig an cridhe.

An uair a chunnaig mi ciod a thachair ghlaodh mi gu craiteach. Bhuail mi mo cheann, m' aodann agus m' uchd; reub mi m' eudach; thilg mi fein air an talamh le doilgheas agus bron do-labhairt. Na 'n taisbeanadh am bas e fein domh aig an am dh' fhailtichinn gu toileach e —ach an ni a dh' iarramaid ma's math no ma's olc e, cha tachair e a reir ar miann. Gidheadh, air cuimhneachadh dhomh nach tugadh mo dheoir no mo bhron air ais an t-oganach grinn, agus, air do 'n da fhichead latha bhi nis air tighinn gu crioch, gu 'm faodadh athair teachd orm gun fhios, dh' fhag mi an t-ionad uaigneach, chuir mi an leac air beul an tuill agus chomhdaich mi thairis le uir i. Chaidh mi a suas air m' ais do'n chraoibh a chuir fasgadh orm roimhe. Is gann a bha mi shuas an uair a chunnaig mi an soitheach a' dluthchadh ris a' chladach.

Thainig an seann duine agus na traillean air tir gu togarach agus thainig iad, le gnuis lan dochais, a dh-ionnsaidh an aite anns an d' fhag iad an t-oganach; ach 'n uair 'chunnaig iad gu'n robh an talamh air ur

charachadh, mhuth iad neul, gu sonruichte an seann duine. Thog iad an leac agus chaidh iad a sios an staidhir. Ghairm iad an duine og air 'ainm; ach cha d' fhuair iad freagradh. Lion mor eagal iad. Rannsaich iad m 'an cuairt, agus mu dheireadh fhuair iad e 'n a laidhe air an leabaidh agus an sgian troimh a chridhe, oir cha robh de mhisneach agam na spion as i. Air faicinn so dhoibh dh' eigh iad a mach air mhodh cho craiteach 's gun do shil mo dheoir as ur. Bha an seann duine truagh cho fada ann an neul 's gun d' thug iad duil-thairis d'a bheatha; ach thainig e thuige mu dheireadh. Thog na traillean leotha corp a mhic, dh' eudaich iad ann an deise riomhach e, agus air dhoibh uaigh a chladhach chuir iad innte e. Thilg an seann duine 's e 'n a sheasamh le taice dithis de na traillean agus a shuilean a' sruthadh le deoir, a'chiad uir air a' chorp agus an deigh sin lion na traillean a suas an uaigh.

Air d'a so a bhi seachad, thug iad a nios an airneis gu leir agus chuir iad i maille ris na bha air 'fhagail de bhiadh, air bord air an long. Chaidh an seann duine, agus e air toirt thairis le bron, a ghiulan air cro-leabaidh a dh-ionnsaidh an t-soithich; thog iad a siuil rithe agus ann am beagan uine bha iad as an t-sealladh.

MAC-MHARCUIS.

MARBHRANN

DO 'N ARD CHEANN-FEADHNA, AN RIDIRE RAIBEART DICK, K.C.B., K.C.H.

A thuit am feadh 's a bha e air ceann a reiseamaid a' misneachadh a chuid daoine aig blar *Shobraon*, anns a' bhliadhna, 1846.

(Chaidh am Marbhrann anabarrach a leanas a dheanamh le DOMHNULL MAC-FHEARGHUIS *an Dailcharn. Chaidh* MAC-FHEARGHUIS *a mach do* New Zealand *agus cha 'n 'eil fios againn am beo e. Mur beo, tha sinn toilichte gu 'm bheil an cothrom so againn clach a chur air a charn-cuimhneachain le aite 'thoirt do 'n mharbhrann anns a'* GHAIDHEAL.*)*

Air bruachaibh na *Sutlish* tha armailtean Bhreatuinn,
Air trom-shreath an naimhdean a ris air toirt buaidh:—
Le beo-thein' an sinnsear, a' sguabadh na h-ar-fhaich,
Mar fhaloisg an aonaich air aird' an taoibh-tuath.
Mar phriomh-eun na h-ealtuinn, mar leogh'n air a dhusgadh,—
Mar bhras-shruth a' gharbhlaich, thun mor-shlios a' triall,
Tha snas agus giulan feachd ainmeil ar duthcha,
Ioghn'-chuspair na cruinne, a's iul-reul gach ial!

Cha phrabar la-feille 'tha 'sireadh na comhraig;—
Cha dhearrsadh la-faiche 'tha nis air teachd dluth;—
Cha throm-chinn gun eolas, cha bhorb-ghraisg gun ordugh;—
Is minig air ar-fhaich' a bhuannaich iad cliu.
Ach gaisge a's seoltachd a' choigrich, is faoin iad
A's Breatunn 'n a cumhachd a' trialladh g' a choir;
Th' ar bratach neo-chearbach, gun smal a's gun bheuma,
A' snamhadh gu buadhmhor air cein-thur *Lahore.*

Ach 's faileas a's faoineis ar laithean 's a' chuairt so;—
Tha iad mealltach mar chaoin-shruth—ri sgeulachd, cho gearr;
An dochair is searbh i—am milis cha bhuan e,—
Tha copan an dochais 'n a bhloighdibh air lar.
Le ainneart na doininn tha 'n darach ag aomadh,
'N uair 's boidheach 's is ur-dheas caomh-neoinean an loin;
Tha 'n laibhreis gu h-uaine a' crunadh an ard-fhlath,
Ach faic air a cul-thaobh, craobh dhuaichnidh a' bhroin!

Nis fhuair sinn buaidh-larach—buaidh ghlormhor mar 's abhaist,—
Ach dubh-bhrat' tha 'sgaileadh iar-eilean ar ruin;
Tha 'n t-eilthireach bosdail aig Breatunn fo cheannsal,—
Ach 's dubhach gach aogas—is deurach gach suil.
Tha Albainn a' caoineadh nan gaisgeach nach maireann,
'S tha 'n trom-ghaoir a' meudach o mhachair gu gleann;
Is tiamhaidh gach tir-ghradhaich' an luchairt na morachd,
'S am bothan na saorsa, fo dhubhra nam beann.

Ach, 'Adholl nan gorm-chluain, nan dlu-choill' 's nan ard-fhrith,
Trom-bhuille do dheuchainn co 's urrainn a luaidh?
Tha cuspair ard t' earbsa 'n a shuain ann a mhorachd,—
Thuit e 's a' chomhrag 'n àm glacaidh na buaidh.
Cha bhreisleach na h-oidhche, cha chlo-shuain na maduinn
A sgaoileas mar mhin-cheo 'n uair dh' eireas an lò;—
Sir Raibeart cha bheo e;—O, duibhre na doruinn!
'Thulaich-mhaighte cha phill, O cha phill e ni 's mo!

An caol-thigh na samhchair tha 'n gaisgeach 'n a shineadh,
Fad' o dhuslach a shinnsear, Tulaich aluinn a ghaoil;
Cian-astar o 'chairdean 's o 'n chomunn bu chaomh leis
A choinneach' aig euchd-chluich air gorm-bhrat an raoin.
D' a dhuthaich bu bheo e,—'s 'n a h-aobhar a thuit e;
A fior mhac gach am e, an comhrag 's an sith;
'S bidh 'ainm mar an t-ur-dhealt air moch-thrath a' Cheitein;
Luaidh-molaidh gach beul e 's dearbh dheadh-mheas gach cridh'.

Uile bhuaidhean do naduir, 'shar-cheannaird a b' ordheirc',
Cha 'n fhilidh le 'mharbhrann a chuireas an ceill;—
Glic, fearail, cruaidh, calma an comhairl' 's an gniomh thu;
Tha ar-fhaich a' choimhich ag innseadh an sgéil.
A' stiuradh feachd Bhreatuinn le dealas chum comhraig,
Mar bu teinne an strith rinn do mhoralachd fas!
An ionad a chruaidh-chas bha 'n t-armunn air 'fhaotainn,
Le misneach, a' brosnach' chum buaidh no chum bais.

Tha 'n coigreach fein-speiseil, le uaill a's le morchuis
A' dulan an leoghainn a 's buadhaile fiamh;
Le 'steud-each le 'àr-bheairt 's le 'throm-shreath gun aireamh
A' glacadh a sheudan le saobh-eud a mhiann.—
Tha 'n aisling air teicheadh,—tha Breatunn 'nis ullamh,—

A gairdean tha ruisgte, 's a bratach an aird;
Air raon-chath do roghnachaidh, 'eilthirich uaibhrich,
R' a cumhachd an gleachd thu fo chuairt-reul an la?

Tha 'n aisling air teicheadh,—fo cheannsal Shir Raibeart,
Tha mor-euchd na 'n ard-shonn a ris air toirt buaidh;
Mar phriomh-iul na comhraig, fhuair teachdair' a' bhais e,—
Tha rogha nan sar air a charamh 's an uaigh.
Mor an ard-thlus a naduir—faic nis ann a bhas e,
Le h-iolach a' caithream fo chradh-ghuin a leoin;—
A neart dluth 'g a threigsinn, tha 'mhorachd ag eiridh:
Tha 'n curaidh 'nis paisgte an trusgan a ghloir!

An eachdraidh, a thir-bhreith, bidh ard-ainm sior-mhaireann;
Bidh 'fheartan air iomradh, le mor-thlachd 's le speis,
Fo ard-ghrian nan Innsibh, air dus-raon na h-Eiphid,—
B' e 'h-aobhar a chùis-san 's dearbh iul-chairt a reis.
Air euchd-shlios na h-Eorpa, chuir Breatunn fo dhuibhre
An sgiùrs-reul a b' airde, 's chuir gath-nimh air chul;
Am measg nam flath, bhuain e ard-onair a's mor-chliu
Aig *Burgos* a's *Maida* 's air faich' *Waterloo.*

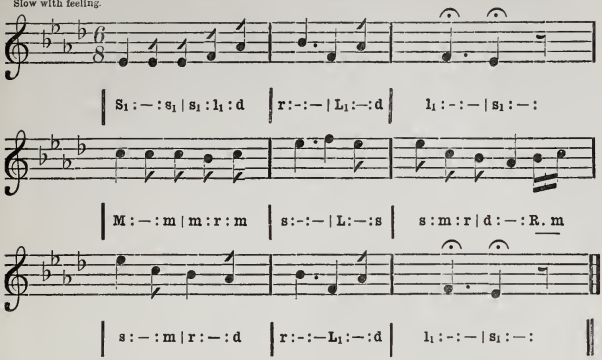
Dual, dual dhomh am blath-fhleasg an onair an armuinn,—
An t-seamrag, am fothannan, 's an t-ur-ros fo bhlath:
Tha Sir Raibeart nis clo-bhuailt' air altair a dhuthcha;
A dhillseachd bu mhaireann 's a chaoimhneas bu tlath.
A chairdeas bu phriseil, 's a chairdean bu lion-mhor;—
A's namhaid cha b' eol da ach naimhdean a thir';
A mach rè gach cian-linn, bidh *Sobraon* ainmeil
Mar thraigh fhad' *Chorùna*, 's mar chaol *Aboukir.*

A bheanntan gorm, urar, O caoinibh! nis caoinibh;
O caoinibh an gaisgeach 's tric 'dhearc air ur snuadh!
A ghleanntan tlath, iosal fo dhubhra na dlu-choill',
O caoinibh am fior Ghaidheal, treun cheannard nam buadh!
'Ard chomuinn bu ghnath leis a choinneach' an Adholl,—
A chomhlain 'bu chaomh leis, O caoinibh an laoch!
An eilid no 'n ruadh-bhoc, 'chaoidh tuille cha shealg e,
A's euchd-chluich cha dhearc e, air ailleachd an raoin.

A thuath-cheatharn 'bu dlu dha, 's a chairdean 'bu dileas,
Bhur soraidh bhuan tha 'g eiridh do chuspair ur graidh:
Is cianail, is leointe, is trom-chridheach, bronach
A' chuideachd a b' eol da an Tulaich an aigh.
'Thulaich-mhaighte ro-aluinn, bu leatsa an sar-shonn;
'S dorch, duaichnidh air t' ailleachd a dh' eirich an lò;—
An caol-thigh a' choimhich tha Sir Raibeart 'n a shineadh,
'S chum talla a shinnscar cha phill e ni 's mò!

KEY A Flat. Slow with feeling.

DH' FHALBH MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN, DONN.



Dh' fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn,
Uam, do 'n Iuraidh;
Dh' fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn—
Cneas mar eal' air bharr thonn—
Och a's och! mo nighean donn,
Dh' fhag thu mi-shunnd orm.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ann an gleann cubhraidh;
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ri h-uisg' ann 's ri gaoith;
'S fo shileadh nan craobh
Bhitheamaid sunndach.
Dh' fhalbh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa spreidh,
Bhithinn gle chuirteil,
Nam biodh agamsa spreidh
Feadh bheann a' s feadh shleibh,
B' ur a gheibhinn thu fein,
'S cha bu cheil' umpaidh.
Dh' fhalbh, &c.

Ged tha thusa an trath-s'
Ann an gleann Iuraidh,
Ged tha thus' ann ad thamh,
Tha d' aigne fo phramh,
Agus mise gun stath,
Le do ghradh ciurrta,
Dh' fhalbh, &c.

Beir mo shoraidh le gradh
Uam do 'n Iuraidh;
Beir mo shoraidh le gradh
Dh' fhios na h-oigh rinn mo chradh;
'S o nach math leath' mar tha,
Tha i fein tursach.
Dh' fhalbh, &c.

RANNAN DHOIBHSAN D'AM FREAGAIR IAD.

A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Coithichibh, coithichibh!
A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Cumaibh a suas.
Ged bhios sibh 'g ur saruch',
'S an-dochas 'g ur bathadh,
Na geilleadh gu brath dha,
A's gheibh sibh a' bhuaidh.

Ged bhios an saoghal
'G ad thionndadh s 'g ad aomadh,
'S tu bitheanta 'saoilsinn
Gu 'm feum thu bhi nuas.
Na cuireadh sud sgath ort,
Do 'n smuain thoir a' bhairlinn,
A's seas a's bi laidir,
A's gheibh thu a' bhuaidh.

Ma 's curam an t-saoghail,
No eagal roimh dhaoine,
No smuaintean air faoineis,
A chuir thu fo gruaim;—
Bi fearail, bi stuama,
A's seas ris a' chruadal,
S bheir Freasdal m'an cuairt e,
Gu'm faigh thu a' bhuaidh.

Biodh onair a's ceartas
A' cumail do neart riut;
A's dochas neo-mheata
'S an lamh a ta shuas;
Le creideamh neo-sgathach
'N a fhocal nach failnich,—
A's bheir E gach la thu
Troimh 'n fhasach le buaidh.

Dun-bhallaire, I. C.
Meadhon an Fhogharaidh, 1872.

TRAITHEAN NA BLIADHNA.

(Air leantuinn o'n aireamh mu dheireadh.)

Is ann bho Dhia a mhain a tha sonas agus soirbheachadh a' sruthadh. Is e a dheasaich solus agus grian, agus a shuidhich uile chriochan na talmhainn. Is e sgaile faoin de 'n ghliocas do-rannsuchadh a tha 'tuineachadh ann fein a tha r'a fhaicinn anns na gniomharan treuna a's anns na cleachduinnean iongantach air am bheil daoine le ioghnadh a' smuainteachadh, agus a dh-ionnsuidh am bheil an aire air a tarruing air gach taobh. Ceart mar is e Dia a rinn air tus a' ghrian a riaghladh an latha, agus a' ghealach a riaghladh na-h-oidhche; ceart mar is e a roinn a' bhliadhna 'n a ceithir trathan, is e mar an ceudna is priomh-aobhar do gach soirbheachadh agus àgh a tha daoine mealtuinn.

"Rinn Thu 'n Samhradh." Thug Dia dhuinn buaidhean-inntinn trid am faod sinn toileachas 'fhaotainn bho na seallaidhean gasda, ciatach leis am bheil an saoghal comhdaichte. Faodaidh sinn gliocas mor' fhaicinn ann an atharrachadh aimsirean na bliadhna, oir as eughmhais na seirbhis chudthromaich a tha gach mios a's raidh a' cuir an gniomh gu dileas agus gu h-uaigneach, tha earrach a's samhradh a's fogharadh a's geamhradh le'n caochladh sgeimh a's grinnead daonnan a' buileachadh oirnn comasan nuadha airson aiteas a's toilinntinn fhaghail. Na'm bitheadh an geamhradh gach am ann a' rioghachadh leis fein thairis air uile mhiosan na bliadhna, dh' fhasamaid sgith, airsneulach, agus bhitheadh ar cothrom air sonas saoghalta 'fhaireachduinn 's a mhealtuinn guh-anabarrach air a lughdachadh. Tha againn anns an ui so fein, mata, nochdadh soilleir agus dearbhadh laidir air cia co grasmhor, caoimhneil, glic 's a dh' orduich Dia gach ni. "Rinn Thusa, O Dhia, an Samhradh!"

Is e so an trath anns am bheil a' chuibhrionn a's momha agus a's firinniche de aghmhorachd agus de thlusalachd air a mhothuchainn. Tha 'n aimsir a nis ann an tomhas mor ceangailte a's suidhichte, agus cha 'n'eil na neoil ach ana-minic a' folach aghaidh na greine. Tha sunnd a's gean a's subhachas a' lionadh an t-saoghail. Cha 'n 'eil e comasach do dhuine air bith, ged dh 'fhaodas e eadhon a bhi air a chradh gu goirt le trioblaid no le euslaint, gun aontachadh ann an tomhas beag no mor leis an ailleachd agus leis an t-sonas a tha air an seideadh le aileadh an t-samhraidh fein. Tha sgeadachadh na talmhainn agus nan speur co-ionnan ann an tosdachd agus ann am boidhichead. Tha 'ghrian anns an iarmailt shuas a' dortadh a nuas a gathan priseil, dealrach, glan, agus a' giulan aiteis a's aoibhneis a dh-iomsuidh gach neach a's ni, gach fonn a's comhnard, gach cnoc a's fasach. Tha 'n cuan mòr farsuing gun ghruaim, gun stoirm; tha 'thonnan, a' stri 's a bheucaich aig fois. Tha sobhraichean a's neonainean lionmhor anns na h-achaidhean. Tha 'm fraoch gaganach, badanach a' sgeadachadh mullach nam beann le culaidh riomhach, agus a' crathadh a chinn agus ag aomadh ann an osag chiuin an anmoich; tha gach faillean a's fiuran urail, dosrach, agus an og-mhaduinn mar an ceudna luchdaichte le druchd a tha 'dearsadh ann an solus og na greine. Co a ghabhas beachd air so, co a thriallas thairis air a' liughad comharradh gliocais 's a tha nis r'a fhaicinn, nach aidich le ioghnadh, gur e Dia a rinn an Samhradh."

Is e Dia a rinn sinn 'n ar creutairean a tha comasach air sonas ard a shealbhachadh. Faodaidh sinn a chreidsinn gu'n bheil tlachd aig bruidean na machrach fein ann an teachd steidhichte an t-samhraidh,

gidheadh cha bhuin e dhoibhsan aobhar an atharrachaidh so a thuigsinn no a rannsuchadh. Cha'n 'eil comasan aca air a' shon. Tha iad nan doigh bhalbh neo-reusonta fein a' comhlionadh ruin an Ti a cruthaich iad mu'n deibhinn, ach tha iad gu tur aineolach air fior ailleachd a's maisealachd nan seallaidhean a tha mu'n cuairt doibh. Na'm bitheamaid as eugmhais nam buadhan arda, fiachail a tha 'g ar togail gu mor oscionn ainmhidhean na machrach, cha bhitheadh comas againn air fiamh a's grinnead a's ciatachd an t-saoghail 'fhaicinn, no subhachas inntinn a tharruing asda. Cha bhitheadh e 'n a chulaidh aoibhnis co mor dhuinn a bhi 'dearcadh gu mionaideach air oibrean an Tighearna. Ach chruthaich Dia sinn "'n a dhealbh 's a reir a choslais fein;" agus air an aobhar so, is urrainn duinn beachdachadh le tlachd air na comharan air gliocas a's caoimhneas Dhia 'tha traithean na bliadhna 'giulan; is urrainn duinn ar n-aire 'shocrachadh air sgeadachadh fonnmhor, eireachdail na talmhainn, agus eigheach a mach le cridheachan iriosal, taingeil, "Rinn Thusa, O Dhia, an samhradh!"

Tha sinn a' foghlum uaithe so, mar an ceudna, gu'm bheil gach sonas fior agus ceart a' tighinn bho Dhia a mhain. Is e so firinn a tha clann nan daoine 'n an staid gu nadurra mall a chreidsinn, oir tha iad a' dearbhadh gu soilleir le 'n comhluadar peacach mi-naomha, agus ceannairceach, nach ann an comhlionadh toil an Tighearna a tha iad deonach a's iarrtusach sonas a shireadh. Tha iomadh dearbhadh muladach, iomadh dearbhadh nach gabh aicheadh no cuir air chul a' tachairt oirrn an sud agus an so a tha 'foillseachadh gu soilleir nach 'eil ach faoineis agus amaideachd uamhasach ann a bhi 'g iarruidh sonais ann an gnathachadh no ann an gniomh air bith a tha dealaichte bho reachdan naomha an Tighearna. Is e so aideachadh Sholaimh aig an robh maoin a's beartas romhor an deigh dha 'radh 'n a chridhe: "Teann a nis, dearbhaidh mi thu le subhachas. Uime sin meal am maith." An deigh dha oibrean mor a dheanamh, garachan agus liosan chrann-mheas; an deigh dha airgiod agus or a charnadh suas dha fein agus ionmhas sonruichte nan righ 's nam mor-roinn, agus gach ni a mhiannich a shiulean a thoirt doibh—b'e so a bheachd air a mhorachd shaoghalta uile, nach robh ach diomhanas anns an iomlan agus buaireadh spioraid, agus nach robh tairbhe ann fo 'n ghrein.

Cha-n 'eil an t-aobhar fada r'a iarruidh a tha 'deanamh gach maith a's aoibhneas saoghalta neo-chomasach air sonas a chosnadh. Saoilidh daoine gu minic gu'm bheil sonas aca 'n uair a tha iad air an cuairteachadh le saoirbhreas, le urram a's onoir; ach cha'n 'eil an dochas a tha iad ag altrum fior no ceart. Oir cia mar's urrainn do'n spiorad neo-bhasmhor a bhuineas duinn a bhi air a riarachadh no air a shasachadh leis an ni ris an canar aighear saoghalta. Is ann bho Dhia a mhain tha sonas fior a' sruthadh. Ni esan da rireadh samhradh a chompartachadh riusan a choimheadeas a reachdan gu dichiollach agus gu faicilleach.

Faodaidh sinn, fios 'fhoglum bho na briathran so, "Rinn Thu an Samhradh," gur e Dia ughdar gach soirbheachaidh. Ged dheasaicheas an tuathanach am fearann agus a chuireas e an siol ann, gidheadh cha'n fhas e agus cha ghiulain e toradh as eugmhais nam frasan blatha 'tha 'sileadh air. Chan 'eil e ach a' gnathachadh nam meadhonan. Buinidh e do chumhachd a's airde an run a bha aige ann an cuir an t-sil a choimhlionadh agus a chriochnachadh. Ciod e a's luach do neart 's do spionnadh dhaoine? Cha 'n 'eil ann aig a' chuid

a's fearr ach anmhuinneachd agus neoni. Do bhrigh, mata, nach fhaodar so aicheadh, o-n dh 'fheumar aideachadh nach 'eil ach laigse 's breoiteachd a's gealtachd anns gach oidheirp a's dichioll a nithear le daoine, chithear gu furasda ma tha soirbheachadh ri bhi air a mhealtuinn, gu'm bheil iul a's comhnadh a's cumhachdaiche a dh-easbhuidh. Ni dichioll a's duraachd moran gun teagamh ann an gnothuichean saoghalta, agus is minic a tha daoine 'tha dealasach, aghartach a' ruigheachd air seasamh ard 's air soirbheachadh mor, gidheadh cha-n'eil soirbheachadh fior a' sruthadh ach bho aon tobar. Cha 'n'eil ach soirbheachadh mealltach agus neo-sheasmhach a' tighinn bho aimhnichean an t-saoghail so. Mar dhearbhadh air an ni so, thugamaid fainear a' chrioch bhronach gus an d' thainig a choimhlion righ am measg nan Iudhach 's a shaoil ann an ardan a spioraid 's ann an morachd a neirt, gun robh eolas a's tuigse aige fein a chum a dheanadais uile 'riaghladh gu ceart as eugmhais stiuradh an Ti a's ro-airde. Nach minic a dh 'eirich gu h-olc dhoibh an uair a dh' inntrig iad ann an comhrag an aghaidh feachdan mora an naimhdean! Nach iomadh bron a's tuireadh a's iarguinn chraiteach a thug baoghaltachd nan uachdaran air na h-Iudhaich bhochda! An uair a rinn iad dearmad air stiuradh an Tighearna iarruidh 's a leantuinn, cha do bhuaidhich iad thairis air an naimhdean, ni mo a phill iad a dhionnsuidh an ionadan comhnuidh fein le gairdeachas a's greadhnachas. Le comhluadar mi-naomha, mi-bheusach a's ardanach cha shoirbhich Dia am feasda oir tha 'leithid so de ni gu buileach eadar-dhealuichte bho 'nadur fein agus cha 'n 'eil tlachd no speis no baigh aige ris. An dream a ghluaiseas gu direach, coir, a's a dh' iarras comhnadh a's cuideachadh an Tighearna, mealaidh esan agus esan a mhain soirbheachadh ceart, firinneach, agus blasaidh e milsead an t-sonais agus an t-soirbheachaidh sin a tha bunaiteach, maiseach a's tlachdmhor, oir da-rireadh rinn Dia samhradh airson an duine ionraic, choir.

CONA.

(Ri leantuinn.)

—o—

MAR A CHUMAR BEO A' GHAIDHLIG.

'FHIR ULLACHAIDH, — Ceadaich dhomh facal no dha a radh mu dheibhinn na Gaidhlig. Tha a' cheist gu bitheanta air a farraid — Ciamar a chumar beo i? Bha cuid a' comhairleachadh Oil-thigh a chur suas ann an I-Chaluim-chille; agus tha cuid, mar tha Comunn Gaidhlig Lunnainn, ag iarraidh Cathair-Ollaimh a bhi air a suidheachadh ann an Dun-eideann no ann an Glaschu air son ard-fhoghlumaiche Gaidhlig. Gun teagamh tha e fior fheumail sin a dheanamh agus sgoilean Gaidhlig a lionmhoraachadh. Is fior dhuilich leam a radh gur gle bheag de na tha 'tighinn de Ghaidheil do na cearnaibh so a 's urrainn an cainnt fein a leughadh, agus iadsan a 's urrainn a leughadh cha 'n urrainn iad a sgriobhadh no idir cunntas a dheanamh innte. Bu mhiann leam gach Gaidheal sean agus og, firionn agus boirionn, a bhi comasach air cainnt an sinnsearachd a leughadh agus a sgriobhadh air a' chuid a bu lugha. Bhiodh e morfheumail gu'm biodh iad eolach air cuid de na h-ealaidhean, oir thuigheadh iad n'a b' fhearr iad anns a' Ghaidhlig; gu sonruichte Uidhreachdas *(Mathematics)*, Cé-thomhas *(Geometry)*, agus co-dhiubh, dhiubh, Innleachdas *(Mechanics)*. Tha Céeolas *(Geography)* agus Aireamhdaireachd *(Arithmetic)* ro fheumail mar

an ceudna cho math ri moran eile nach d'ainmich mi.

Ach, gu tilleadh a chum na ceist, Ciamar a chumar a' Ghaidhlig beo? Is i so mo bharail-sa: Ged a bhiodh Cathair Ghaidhlig agus Ollamh Gaidhlig ann an Dun-eideann agus agus ann an Glaschu gu 'n teid a' Ghaidhlig bas. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach cumadh iad air chuimhne i mar a tha iad a' cumail na Greugais agus na Laidinn, ach c' aite 'm bi sluagh a bhios 'g a labhairt? Gun sluagh gun chinneach gu a cleachdadh 'd e an toirbh a bhios 'n a cumail air chuimhne? Cha bhi ach do bheagan sgoilearan ma dh' fhaoite gu uaill a dheanamh as an aireamh chanainean anns an robh iad ionnsaichte. A nis their mi so ri gach neach a tha deigheil air a cumail beo, "Cum an sluagh a tha 'g a bruidhinn beo agus ri 'cheile; na leig doibh a bhi air an sgapadh do gach cearna d' an t-saoghal; cum sgoilean 'n am measg; oileanaich iad agus tuinicheadh iad le 'cheile agus cha teid a' Ghaidhlig bas." Cha 'n 'eil mi a' ciallachadh an cumail an Gaidhealtachd Albainn, 's mi nach 'eil; tha tuilleadh 's a' choir de bhochdainn ann, ach 's e 'tha mi 'ciallachadh, an fheadhainn a tha deigheil air a cumail air mhaireann, gu 'n deanadh iad doigh gu'm biodh na Gaidheil a dh' fhagas an duthaich cruinnichte anns an aon tir far an gnathaich iad an canain fein. Shaoilinn na 'm biodh na Gaidheil "gualainn ri gualainn" mar a bha iad ri linn nan Roimheach aig a' Mhonadh-Gharbh gu 'n rachadh aca air Tuineachas *(Colony)* a chur air aghart doibh fein far am biodh a' Ghaidhlig air a steidheachadh mar chainnt na duthcha; far am biodh am Parlamaid 's an Cuirtean-lagha a' labhairt na Gaidhlig; far am biodh am marsanta a' cumail a leabhraichean 's a' chainnt cheudna; far an ionnsaicheadh iad an cuid cloinne anns gach foghlum agus ealaidh nan an cainnt bhrioghmhor nan Gaidheal.

Faigheamaid tir anns an dean sinn tuineachas agus rachadh gach Gaidheal a dh' fhagas a dhuthaich a chomhnuidh innte. Deanadh na Gaidheil mar a rinn am brathairean Cuimreach *(Welsh)* mu 'n bhliadhna 1860, ma 's math mo chuimhne; nach do rinn iad a suas Cuideachd gu Tuineachas a shuidheachadh gu cumail a suas an canain? Fhuair iad fearann o 'n *Argentine Republic*, America-chinn-a-deas. Tha e 'n a chumhnant eatorra gu 'm bi iad air an aideachadh mar *Stata* an uair a ruigeas an aireamh fichead mile anam. Tha faisg air deich mile de Chuimrich anns a' chearn sin d'an t-saoghal a' gnathchadh an canain fein anns gach gnothuch a's malairt. Leanadh na Gaidheil an eiseimpleir; faigheadh iad tir; deanadh iad Tuineachas; imricheadh iad agus fanadh iad ann gus am bi iad 'n an cinneach 's 'n an sluagh le an canain bhlasda fein beo agus 'g a labhairt aig gach am agus anns gach aite. Faigheadh iad am fearann air shaor-chunradh mar gheibh iad ann an Canada. Cha 'n e idir fearann a nasgaidh a tha 'dhìth orra ach comas imrich agus lon a chumas iad gus am faigh iad as an talamh e, agus an sin paigheadh iad uiread's an acair gus am bi am faradhan lon agus a riadh paighte; na dheigh sin buineadh am fearann doibh fein. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach rachadh gu leoir ann de dhaoine a bhiodh comasach air am faradh fein a dhioladh agus d' am faoidte tuilleadh fearainn a thoirt; ach cha ruig mi leas bruidhinn mu laghannan fearainn ma 'm faigh sinn am fearann. Aon ni their mi agus is e so e, ma chuireas sibh air aghart Cuideachd Tuineachas nan Gaidheal (a Gaelic Colonizing Company), agus gu 'n sgaoil sibh an sgeul feadh nan duthchanaibh so, tha mi 'smaointeachadh nach bi Gaidheil

Australia air deireadh gu comhnadh a dheanamh ribh,—co dhiubh, am fear nach deanadh, cha b' fhiach e Gaidheal a radh ris agus bu mhath an airidh ged a dheantadh traill dheth uile laithean a bheatha! Na 'n deanadh iad a suas cuideachd chuir-inn f'an comhair gu 'm bheil eilean aig ceann tuath *Australia* a tha mile de mhiltean air fad agus tri chiad mile air leud, a bhuineas do Bhreatunn, anns nach 'eil neach ach daoine dubha, fiadhaich, ach a tha a reir gach cunntais a fhuair sinn fior reachd-mhor ann an talamh agus ann am mèinean. Theagamh gu 'n tugadh an uachdaranachd doibh e, agus bhiodh farsuingeachd gu leoir aig na Gaidheil gu fas lionmhor ann.

Tha mi an dochas gu 'n tog sibhse ar guth 's an aobhar o-n 's ann agaibh a 's fearr comas labhairt. Co-dhuinidh mi an sgriobhadh so le guidhe gu 'n eirich gu math dhuibh anns an oidheirp a tha sibh a' toirt air leas nan Gaidheal a chur air 'aghaidh.—Is mi ur caraid dileas,

D. B.

Australia,
Ciad mhios na bliadhna, 1873.

———o———

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Theid e 's an teine 's cha loisgear e;
   Theid e air bord 's cha 'n ithear e;
   'S theid e 's a' chiste 's cha ghlaisear e.

2. Tighean beag soluis 's a dha dhorus duinte.

3. Crioga-tu, craga-tu cruaidh,
   'S cruaidh craiceann do dha lamh;
   Do shuilean am meadhon do chleibh,
   A's t' fheoil am meadhon do chnamh.

4. Bean bheag mhoganach,
   Suidhidh i taganach,
   Bidh i torach 'h uile bliadhna,
   'S bidh laogh beag, geal aice.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns an aireamh mu dheireadh:—1, Nathair; 2, Roth a' mhuilinn; 3, Groidcal; 4, Luachair; 5, Abel mac Adhaimh agus Eubha.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Tha Naidheachd chianail air tighinn a nall á *Nova Scotia* mu challdach ro dhiubhalach a thachair air corsa *Halifax*. Ruith smuid-shoitheach anabarrach eir-eachdail d' am b' ainm an *Atlantic* air tir agus chaidh or cionn coig ceud pearsa a chall.

Tha Albainn gu leir o Mhaol Chinntire gu Barra air ghluasad an drast a' cur air leth nan comhlan a tha gus na sgoilean a riaghladh fo 'n achd ur a thainig a mach an uiridh. Tha sinn an dochas gu 'm bi an t-achd, fo stiuradh nan comhlan so, 'n a bhuannachd mhor do Albainn agus 'n a mheadhon air eolas agus fiosrachadh a chraobh-sgaoileadh am fad 's am farsuing-eachd am measg oigridh na duthcha.

Tha gach gue loin agus theachd-an-tir fhathasd ro ard am pris ach tha sinn toil-ichte 'radh gu 'm bheil gu leoir de cheird 's do chosnadh anns gach aite, cho math ri tuarasdail arda. Tha gual agus iarunn gu math a nuas ann am pris ach tha e mor orra gu 'n tig iad am feasd air an ais cho iosal 's bha iad.

Facal 's an Dealachadh.

LACHUNN CLAON.—Tha *Lachunn Claon* a' gearan gu 'm bheil sinn a' toirt tuill-eadh 's a' choir de aite do chuid d' ar cairdean anns a' GHAIDHEAL, agus nach 'eil obair cuid eile ri 'faicinn idir. Ma tha an ni a gheobhar againn fallain agus blas-da nach coma le *Lachunn* co bho 'n d' thainig e. Tha a' chuid mu dheireadh d'a ghearan fior gu leoir: tha moran d' am math a b' urrainn cuideachadh leinn nach 'eil a' deanamh a' bheag air bith ach a' talach air muinntir eile; mar a bha an cu anns a' phrasach, nach itheadh an siol e fein agus nach leigeadh le creutair eile 'itheadh. Cuireadh *Lachunn* coir rud-eigin g'ar n-ionnsaidh as a bheairt fein agus chi e gu 'm faigh sinn aite dha.

SEUMAS.—Cagar beag: Na bi cho deas gu burraidh a dheanamh de d' sheise, gun fhios nach faod cuid-eigin eile burraidh a dheanamh dhiot fhein.

Tha ar cairdean tuilleadh 's lionmhor air son buidheachas fhaighinn fa leth air an ainm. Mile taing do *Alasdair Ruadh;* chi e gu 'n do rinn sinn buil de chuid de na chuir e thugainn agus tha sinn an dochas gu 'n dean ar luchd-leughaidh buil mhath d'a chomhairlean. Buaidh a's piseach leis!

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

MAY, 1873.

CELTIC CONVERSAZIONE.

Last month a conversazione was held in the Museum of Science and Art, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Highland Clubs, for the benefit of the fund at present being raised towards the endowment of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. The clubs represented were the Argyle, Dumbarton, Perth, Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness associations, and about 800 ladies and gentlemen attended the demonstration. Guests as they arrived were received at the entrance to the great hall by the Right Hon. Lord Colonsay, and thereafter they dispersed among the various departments and galleries of the Museum, where they inspected the numberless rare, beautiful, interesting, and costly exhibits. Many of the gentlemen were attired in full Highland costume, and what with the gay dresses of the ladies, and the frequent recurrence of the "garb of old Gaul," the Museum presented an animated and picturesque aspect. During the promenade the band and pipers of the 93d Highlanders played alternately a selection of music, embracing peculiarly Celtic airs. Among those present were—Lord Colonsay, Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University, and Lady Grant; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Professor Blackie, Rev. Professor Macgregor, Mr. E. S. Gordon, M.P., Dean of Faculty; the Lord Provost and Mrs. Cowan, Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan, Sheriff Nicolson, Mr. Alexander Paterson of Holly Lodge, Mr. William Macdonald, High School; Col. M'Neil of Redford, Mr. T. Mackenzie, W.S.; Mr. Colin Macrae, W.S.; Mr. T. Brodie, W.S.; Mr. John Logan, W.S.; Mr. John Carment, S.S.C.; Dr. Ferguson, Mr. R. T. Macintosh, Mr. William M'Phie, Mr. M. M'Phail, Mr. J. Jack, Captain Munro, Mr. John Macdonald, Mr. John Maclaren, publisher; Mr. W. N. Fraser, S.S.C.; Mr. Murray Grahame of Murray's Hall; Bailie Howden, Bailie Campbell, Greenock, and a deputation from the Glasgow Celtic Society.

After the promenade the assemblage adjourned to the Lecture Hall, where Lord Colonsay took the chair.

Professor Macgregor stated that Lord Colonsay was not able to speak so as to be heard, and his Lordship had accordingly requested him to say a few words by way of opening the proceedings. He was sure they were greatly obliged to Lord Colonsay for having done them the great honour of presiding at such an important gathering. He (Professor Macgregor) had a special interest in the matter of the Celtic Chair for the University of Edinburgh, and he might be allowed to suggest that were the ladies and gentlemen present to try and do a little towards getting funds for the endowment of that chair, the business might easily be accomplished. Subscription cards were being prepared, and would be left at the booksellers, where ladies might procure them. If each of a number of ladies were to endeavour to procure subscriptions to the extent of £10 or £20, the chair might be endowed within a year. (Hear, hear.)

Professor Blackie, who was received with cheers, said he had been requested to deliver an address, and had been allowed to choose his own subject. But it was hinted to him, and he saw from the programme that he would not be stepping out of his own habitual shop and would be walking directly into their sympathies, were he to make a few remarks on the Gaelic language. (Applause.) Any remarks on that subject would be extremely appropriate not only to the occasion, but to the audience, because the most of them were Celtic born or of Celtic sympathies. However, he was not bound to suppose that even the majority of them knew anything at all about Gaelic. (Laughter.) As Professor Wilson's brother used to say, "Gaelic is a language which few persons can read and nobody can spell." (Renewed laughter.) He assured them that he had found this to be only too true, for going into Highland manses, where they expected to get everything good, he sometimes found fine young ladies mounted in the latest West End toggery, and in every way engaging except one—they did not know a word of Gaelic, though their old fathers preached in Gaelic on the Sundays, and though they heard it, one one would think, from every cottager among their frequent and pious visits. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Yet these young ladies did not, some could not, and some would not speak Gaelic. (Renewed laughter.) He just gave them a good hearty scolding, and then began to try and get over them in a more soft and gentle way. (Laughter.) There was a great deal of nonsense talked about the Gaelic language, just because where people did not know anything they might dream everything. (Laughter.) A deal of nonsense was talked about its antiquity. It was said to be the most ancient language in the world, as old as Hebrew, and perhaps older. This was said in all soberness in a Gaelic poem by the famous Alasdair Macdonald in praise of the Gaelic tongue:—

"'S i 'labhair Adhamh ann am Paras fein,
'S bu shiubhlach Gaidhlig o bheul aluinn Eubh;
Och tha 'bhuil ann: 's uireasach, gann, fo dhith
Gloir gach teanga 'labhras cainnt ach i."

which meant—

"This tongue Sire Adam spake, believe,
In Paradise; and this
Flowed from the sinless lip of Eve,
And seasoned her first kiss."

(Laughter and applause.) They knew, however, that the Gaels were one of the earliest peoples who came from the East, and that they brought with them their language, which of course would be at least 3000 or 4000 years old. But what was the use of talking so much about the language? Was it like wine—was it always the better the longer it was kept? or was wine even always the better the longer it was kept? (Laughter.) He doubted that very much. (Renewed laughter.) He did not see what good could be done to Gaelic merely to say that it was the oldest language under the sun. In fact, they did not know anything about it. Philologists did not know anything about the comparative antiquity of languages as a whole; taking Greek, Sanscrit, Latin, or Gaelic, they could not say as a whole that the one was older than the other. They, however, could say that one had certain forms which were certainly older according to well-known principles of philology. But they could not say that Sanscrit was the mother of Greek. They could only say that these two languages were two sisters, and so he said that Latin and Gaelic were two sisters, and also sisters of Greek. He did not say which was

the older as a whole; but he could prove distinctly that Gaelic was more worn out in the course of time by frequent rubbing than Latin. The next point he wished to direct attention to was the lineage and kinship of the Gaelic language. That was, he thought, perfectly well scientifically known. That was not known, however, very many years ago. He recollected a book written by a Mr. Kennedy, in which that gentleman compared a great number of languages, Persian, German, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, and he declared that Gaelic had no affinity with any known language under the sun. If Mr. Kennedy had begun to count the numbers on his fingers in Gaelic, he would have seen they were the same as Latin. (Laughter and applause.) It was not till 1730 that it was generally admitted that Gaelic was a regular orthodox, full-blooded member of the great Aryan or Indo-European family of languages, in which year Pritchard published his book on the subject. The Aryan family of languages took its name from a word derived from a Sanscrit root signifying respectable or reputable. Originally it was the language of the leading classes on the high tableland of Persia, who divided, one half going east into Hindostan, and the other west into Europe. Gaelic, therefore, was one of the oldest branches of this family. Care must, however, be taken to distinguish this branch altogether from the Semitic family, of which Hebrew was the best known language. There was no recognised affinity between the Semitic languages and the Aryan. He (Professor Blackie) had written to Professor Max Müller not long ago, asking him whether the most learned philologers of Germany—who were the greatest philologers in the world—had made any satisfactory researches scientifically into the Hebrew language to prove whether, at bottom, it might not eventually be traceable to the Aryan family. Professor Max Müller replied that some believed it possible, some thought it probable, but he added it was a slippery question, and he (Professor Blackie) had better let it alone. (Laughter.) His Scotch caution had taught him that before. (Renewed laughter.) It was said that Gaelic was very closely connected with Hebrew. He did not believe a word of it, and he warned his hearers against entertaining any such nonsense, whether spoken by D.D.'s or LL.D.'s, or any other person. (Laughter.) There was no other than a fanciful connection between Hebrew and Gaelic; and he might be allowed to say that fancy was a cunning gentleman—(laughter)—and that there was no kind of madness that so easily got into a man's brain as etymological madness. (Renewed laughter.) He had heard curious nonsense talked of this kind. He once heard a Highland minister talk of the connection between Gaelic and Hebrew. "There you see, sir, is the word Jehovah." "Well," said I (continued the Professor), "I hope I know that word." "Well, that word is composed of three Gaelic words." "I said I know a little Gaelic and a little Hebrew, and I will be happy to hear what you have to say about that word." "Well," said the minister, "there is *Dia*—that is the Gaelic for God; then there is *tha*, which means *is*, and *bha*, which is *was*—*Dia-tha-bha*—God was and is." (Great laughter.) Was not that extremely ingenious? but it was stark nonsense; in fact, there never was greater nonsense. The learned Professor then went on to state that he had proof that Gaelic was an elder sister of Latin. He had gone through the

Gaelic dictionary thrice—think of that! a most capital amusement for a rainy day in the Highlands—(laughter)—and he had made up a list of between 400 and 500 Latin words in it. Examples of these the Professor quoted, and continued—These words were not put down by the old method of conjecture, but by the new and true method of lingual affinity—the affinity of letters to one another. There were in Gaelic a great number of words not referable to Latin, but were Teutonic, and a dispute existed among philologists as to whether Teutonic or Latin roots predominated in Gaelic. The question was what was the character of the language and its relations to Latin and other languages. It was generally supposed that the Gaelic was a very barbarous, harsh, and gutteral language. Not long ago even the fashionable language of Germany was said to be harsh, while now it was said to be a language for gods and philosophers. (Laughter.) In fact, all people spoke of a language which they did not understand as barbarous and harsh. Besides there was the superstition of John Bull in this matter. (Laughter.) John Bull had no gutteral or aspirate in his language. He could not pronounce "he." John Bull was a noble animal, but that was one of his defects. (Laughter.) This aspiration or breathing was the simplest thing for the human organs to do. It was not harsh at all, but soft, and was one of the commonest sounds in Greek as well as in Gaelic. (Laughter and applause.) Another peculiarity of Gaelic was that they were fond of softening by aspiration the hard initial consonants of words. His fault with Gaelic was that it was softened too much. (Laughter.) He would, however, say further in its praise, that it combined some very beautiful dipthongal and liquid sounds which the English language did not possess. Gaelic possessed a literature, and held the very historic foundations of all the old literature of this country. No man could examine into the early documents of the country before the time of Malcolm Canmore without knowing Gaelic, and a great amount of the prejudice and of the ignorant traditions that existed had been caused from a want of a knowledge of Gaelic. The Gaelic language contained some of the most beautiful descriptive poetry to be found anywhere; he confessed there was no more beautiful even in Greek. (Laughter and applause.) Though some people averred that the Gaelic language was dying, and said, "Why not let it die in peace?" why, he said, "My old grandmother is dying, and I have no objections that she should die in peace; but I do not want to kick her out of the old arm chair. I want to cherish and support her there so long as she breathes and brings out of her soul all her old traditions and all the knowledge of her youth. I want to have her blessing from her dying lips and worship her ere she departs." (Loud cheers.)

Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Colonsay for presiding, and to Professor Blackie for his learned and interesting and eloquent address. (Cheers.) He was prepared to say this, and he thought he could establish it, that Gaelic was a spoken language and a written language a thousand years before English existed. (Applause and laughter.) If that was not sufficient antiquity, he did not know what they would ask. At the present moment there were 400 ministers who preached in Gaelic every Sunday, and that did not look like

death at anyrate. (Laughter and applause.) Old as it might be, it would see them and their grandchildren out. Within the last year a chair of Celtic had been set up in the University of Berlin—(hear, hear)—the capital of an empire where no dialect of Celtic was spoken; and he considered that that was a reproof to Great Britain, where no such chair existed, but where no less than four dialects of Celtic were found yet spoken. He expressed the hope that a Chair of Celtic would soon be established in Edinburgh.

Cluny Macpherson returned thanks on behalf of Lord Colonsay.

A concert, in which Highland songs were sung by Miss L. Hunter and Mr. Darling, followed, and the entertainment was brought to a close by the exhibition of a number of beautiful electrical experiments by Dr. M'Kendrick.

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PRESENTATION OF COLOURS BY THE QUEEN TO THE 79TH HIGHLANDERS.

A ceremony of peculiar interest took place recently at Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight. There is at present quartered there, in the interior of the island, the 79th Regiment or Cameron Highlanders, on whose well-worn colours is emblazoned the record of well-won honours, typified by the names of "Egmont-op-Zee," "Egypt" (coupled with the symbol of the sphinx), "Fuentos d'Onor," "Salamanca," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Sebastopol," "Lucknow," &c. Very little of the old colours indeed is left, but a few fluttering silken tatters hanging to battered and weather-worn poles. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Equerries and Ladies in Waiting, was everywhere received with the most hearty manifestations of affectionate loyalty. She arrived in a carriage drawn by four greys shortly before noon, and the scene then presented by the parade was most interesting and impressive. Drawn up in review order were the Highlanders, their picturesque uniform, splendid physique, and statue-like immobility contrasting strikingly with the varied appearance and mobility of the framework of spectators who cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs as the royal carriage reached the ground. The band of the 79th played the National Anthem, and the Regiment gave the Royal salute.

Her Majesty having taken post at the saluting base, the band played "Auld Lang Syne," while the old colours were "trooped" or borne for the last time along the front of the regiment. The Rev. Mr. Morrison, who was engaged with the regiment during the whole of the long period of its service in the Indian Mutiny, delivered an impressive consecration prayer. Lieutenant Walter D. S. Campbell and Lieutenant Charles S. Methuen then came forward, and kneeling, received with a profound reverence the cherished symbols from Her Majesty's hands.

Addressing Colonel Miller, the commanding officer, the Queen, speaking in a clear voice, audible to many of the soldiers and the surrounding spectators said, "It gives me great pleasure to present these new colours to you. In thus entrusting you with this honourable charge, I have the fullest confidence that you will, with the true loyalty and well known devotion of Highlanders, preserve the honour and reputation of your regiment, which have been so brilliantly earned and

so nobly maintained by the 79th Cameron Highlanders."

Loud cheers followed, and then Colonel Miller expressed the gratitude of himself and of the Regiment to her Majesty for the honour which had been done them. Line was then formed, and the new colours having been saluted, the regiment wheeled into open column of companies and marched past.

At the invitation of Viscount Templetown the Highlanders gave three ringing cheers for her Majesty, doffing their bonnets and waving them in the air. The example was followed by the spectators, and amid the loyal shouts of soldiers and civilians, her Majesty, who seemed in excellent health and spirits, and highly gratified by her reception, drove off on her return to Osborne amid the merry pealing of bells, firing of guns, and the cheering of soldiers and spectators.

The officers of the 79th Highlanders (whose unanimous request that the Queen would be pleased to accept their old colours was so graciously acceded to by her Majesty) are highly gratified to know that the honoured and tattered relics are to find a resting place at Balmoral.

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GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

The question of making a knowledge of Gaelic a part of the curriculum in our public schools is beginning to engage the attention of Highland School Boards. Professor Blackie holds very decided views regarding the expediency of such a course, as will be seen from the following communication by the learned gentleman to the Edinburgh Courant. He says:—"I encountered a gentleman the other day who said he had a decided objection to the Gaelic language, that it left the people in barbarism, and the sooner it was stamped out the better. On my expressing surprise at this sentiment (or rather abhorrence, for I was not at all surprised, having heard that sort of talk only too frequently), and asking what he meant, he said if the Celts ever were to do any good in the world, they ought to be taught English. By all means said I; that they should be taught English is imperative; that is certainly the one thing needful for them in the first place, and they know it very well. But what they do not know, and what my decided friend certainly did not seem to know, is that the best way for them to learn the English is to learn the mother tongue thoroughly along with it. The best method of attaining a thorough knowledge of Latin is, according to the well-known practice of the famous Roger Ascham, the teacher of Queen Elizabeth, to practice systematically and unremittingly for a given period translation and retranslation—that is, turning a passage form Latin into English, and a day or two afterwards turning the translation back into Latin, accompanying the exercise by an accurate observation of the difference of the two idioms. Now, exactly for the same reason that by this method the knowledge of the mother English is the best aid to the progress of the Latin student, in the case of the Highland student the knowledge of Gaelic will prove the key to the accurate knowledge of English. Though an admirer of the venerable dialect of our Highland glens, and convinced that the poems of Macintyre, Donn, and Macdonald, as a genuine lusty growth of the soil, are as well worthy of being studied as Homer and Burns, I should be the last person in the world, as a practical man, to wish to preserve it alive

by any artificial process of galvanized vitality. All I say is that, where it lives, and so long as it lives, it should be used, and used wisely; and that the idea of violently stamping out a mother tongue is barbarous and contrary to all sound principles of popular education. If these matters were managed with any regard to natural propriety and educational principle, it ought to be accounted as great a practical absurdity to plant a schoolmaster in a Highland glen who does not know Gaelic, as to appoint a man to teach Latin in a university who does not know English.

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RUINS AT IONA—CELTIC ART.

At the usual monthly meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, a paper was read on the history of the ruins at Iona, by W. F. Skene, LL.D. The chapel of St. Oran may reach back to the twelfth century; but the monastery was founded by Reginald, Lord of the Isles, who ruled from 1166 to 1207, and who is said in the Book of Clanranald to have founded three monastries—viz., a monastery of black monks in Iona, in honour of God and Icolmkill; a monastery of black nuns in the same place; and a monastery of grey friars at Sagadul or Saddle, in Kintyre. The confirmation by the Pope of the foundation of this Benedictine monastery is dated 9th December, 1203; and there is an inscription on one of the pillars of the church itself, which shows that part of it was built by a prior who died in 1202. Mr. Skene found strong reasons for concluding that the monastery belonged to the order of Benedictines called Tyronenses, who were first introduced into Scotland by King David I. The monastery was under the see of Drontheim, in Norway, until it was joined to Dunkeld, on the cession of the Isles to Scotland. Between 1492 and 1498, John, Abbot of Iona, was elected Bishop of the Isles, and in 1506 the Abbey Church of St. Mary's became the Cathedral of the Isles. Mr. Skene showed, from the drawings exhibited by Mr. Drummond, that several of the sculptured monuments had been identified as those of certain Chiefs and Lords of the Isles, whose burials are described in the Book of Clanranald.

Mr. Drummond, R.S.A., followed with a paper on the symbolism of the sculptured Celtic art of the West Highlands. The sculpture on these monuments was too generally looked upon as merely of an ornamental character, whereas in reality it embodied a deep and earnest symbolism. The most common emblem on them was the cross, figured in every variety of form, and often with the most intricate tracery. The sword and galley, emblems of chieftainship, came next in number, and there were also hunting scenes indicated by dogs pursuing deer or hares; fishing and falconry were also portrayed. The emblems denoting the commemoration of a female are the shears, the mirror and comb, and the harp. The clergy are known by the chalice and the ecclesiastical bell. The mystical creatures, the griffin and the dragon, also appeared on many of the stones—the latter being more frequently found in heraldry. Mr. Drummond also showed how the style of Celtic ornament had been disused for monumental purposes at the time of the Reformation, but has been continued to our own time on the weapons of the Highlanders, their targets, dirks, and powder-horns, as also on their brooches.

The paper was illustrated by upwards of 1100 beautiful drawings of the monuments of Iona and the

Western Highlands, and by a large selection of drawings of swords, dirks, shields, powder-horns, brooches, &c., from the pencil of Mr. Drummond. Mr. Drummond expressed his gratification at the improved state of matters at the Cathedral and the Relig Oran of Iona, the grounds of which are now cared for and kept in good order. The Cathedral, however, was in a bad state of repair, especially the east wall of the chancel, which, if not speedily repaired, stood in some danger of being blown down.

At this meeting there were presented, two drawings of the circle of standing stones at Leys, near Inverness, described by Mr. George Anderson in a paper on the Stone Circles of Inverness-shire in the *Archæologia Scotica*.

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TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. GEORGE MACDONALD, ABERDEEN.

On Thursday, the 3rd April, a deputation of the Highland students at Aberdeen waited on the Rev. George Macdonald, of that city, and presented him with a beautiful copy, in two vols., of Fairbairn's Dictionary of the Bible. The deputation at the same time read the accompanying address to Mr. Macdonald, who cordially thanked the students for their kindness, stating that it was to him, not only a duty, but a pleasure, to do all that lay in his power for promoting the interests of Gaelic speaking students in Aberdeen. Others who were present testified to Mr. Macdonald's knowledge of Gaelic, his readiness and ability to impart scientific and practical instructions regarding that ancient and increasingly interesting language, without allowing his ardour in its behalf to interfere with the higher duties of his sacred calling:—

ADDRESS TO THE REV. GEO. MACDONALD, FREE GAELIC CHURCH.

DEAR SIR,—We, as representatives of the Highland Students at present studying in Aberdeen, wish to take this opportunity of thanking you for the very great interest that you have taken in our welfare ever since we came to this city, and of testifying to the esteem in which you are held by us all.

We desire your acceptance of these volumes as a small token of our appreciation of your valuable services in our behalf.

We would refer to the noble and disinterested manner in which, though with hands full of other work, you have conducted the Gaelic class amongst us for the last three sessions. We can all testify to the knowledge you have given us of the structure of our native tongue, and to the interest it has awakened in us to further study in that neglected field.

We would refer also to the students' prayer meeting held during this session in the Gaelic Churches. We are convinced that it has had an influence for good upon the students generally, and that it is very valuable training for those aspiring to the office of the ministry.

We desire you to convey to Mrs. Macdonald our good wishes for the many kindnesses we have received at her hands.

We now conclude, by wishing you both health and happiness, and what to a minister is an object of the greatest importance, continued and increased success in your pastoral work.

Signed in name of the Highland students,

D. MACIVOR.
D. M. FRASER.
W. COWIE.

Aberdeen, 3rd April, 1873.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

We are assembled on the green sward. Each face is sad. Solemnity is everywhere traced in the features and movements of every one present. The scene is one which cannot be studied by itself. As we gaze upon it we are hurried along on the swift wings of imagination, and halt not till we find ourselves, as the sun reddens in the west, among the hushed crowd that assembled on the coast of the shore of the Sea of Galilee, to hear Him "who spoke as man ne'er spoke." Each one seemed to make sorrow his. For my own part, whenever I looked at my neighbour, I felt as if I could weep. I felt that choking sensation which I remember feeling when, for the first time, I left my father and mother—my brother—my gentle sister—my home, with its old and dear associations. (But ah! I have here touched a chord which makes me even now feel as a child!) Many unsympathizing hearts may laugh at me when I say I felt in this wise; while others, who try to study the philosophy of facts, may call me a poor, simple being. Simple I am, or I should not be writing this, and that *simplicity* (we call it simplicity to meet the demands of the philosophy of facts) filled the hearts of all those present—the best and bravest of men on earth. Old men and young, all sat with heads uncovered. Even the sprightliest were loath to enter into conversation. Every person appeared to be thinking (some, perhaps, for the first time) and each one thought it an unholy thing to interrupt the current of thought—whether religious or otherwise — that flowed through the other's mind. With regard to myself, although impressed by the sacredness of the scene, I allowed my boyish fancy free play among those mysterious problems met in the contemplation of death and the grave. But my reverie is suddenly ended. We are arranged in pairs, with a space between each pair. And now the mortal remains we are about to convey to their last resting place are slowly carried out by friends, who experience a mournful pleasure in thus paying the last rites to one who can no more feel grateful for any work of affection. The bier is reverently raised on the shoulders of the first two pairs. Friends and relations walk close behind it. In front there paces a saint like man, with "measured step and slow." He is, in this case, an old soldier. At every hundred or two hundred paces, according as the distance to the cemetry is far or near, he cries out "Relief," which is a signal for those under the bier to halt for a few seconds, until those coming next assume their places. Whenever they do so, those relieved stand still till the whole line passes them, and then they join in the rear. This process is repeated all the way. Were it otherwise the men would be very much wearied; for sometimes they convey the dead in this manner to a distance of twenty miles or more, and very frequently along the roughest roads. Should any person chance to meet the funeral, he would be showing the greatest dishonour to the dead unless he uncovered his head. This idea of respect is something similar to another very common in the Highlands—that of adding a stone to the lonely cairn set up in memory of some poor unfortunate who was not blessed by being buried in the tomb of his fathers. The Russians and most northern peoples observe both customs.

When the churchyard is reached the body is lowered at the gate, and carried to the grave by friends of the deceased. On its being lowered into the grave every one present uncovers his head, and, as freely submitting to the will of the Creator of all, says "Amen." The earth is then returned into its place by some of those present, the chief mourners all the time standing at the head of the grave.

Females do not take part in Highland funerals. It is their chief duty to go to the house of affliction, and to comfort sorrowing ones. In Orkney and Shetland, however, it is no strange thing to see women present at funerals. But in these parts, I have observed, the female portion of the community knows what its rights are. I cannot see why women should not pay the last honour that is in their power to pay to the dead, unless, indeed, the practice might be objected to on account of the ebullitions of sorrow which the fairer and softer sex would naturally give vent to on such occasions.

Here I may say a word or two with reference to a notion that has somehow or other crept to the south—that a great deal of intoxication takes place at Highland funerals. No scandal was ever of a more creeping and lying nature than this. Because the foresight of the "son of the mist" has told him to provide himself with a small supply of his favourite beverage when he is at a funeral where the nearest churchyard is fifteen or twenty miles distant, and where the only road is a sheep-track across snow-covered moors and ice bound hills, are we on that account so destitute of charity as to call him a

drunkard—a savage who celebrates the death of his nearest, his dearest friend in the most repulsive and inhuman manner? I should think not. Those who know anything of Highland character know that it is not characteristic of the Highlander to ridicule the solemn or make light of the sacred. He may claim, without boast, the first place in nobleness of soul, in purity of morals, and in religious sentiment. These are the qualities to which it is owing his name is rendered so notoriously famous throughout the whole world. The most dull eye is all aglow when it sees, on printed page and painted canvas, the noble deeds of heroism displayed in the person of the Highlander; and the ear, at first reluctant to hear, is made to tingle when it hears rehearsed the chivalrous exploits and cool daring of the hardy son of Caledonia. The dreamy philosopher and the sleepy theologian are aroused from their lethargic musings on the selfish and depraved state of man when they find that here, if not elsewhere, is a race whose moral nature is benevolent, and whose soul is filled with an all-inspiring fear of its God. And all, in fact, who are possessed of the rare power of thinking for themselves, and basing their observations on facts, and not on the authority of others, will find that this matter with regard to funeral "sprees" is scarcely worth the paper and ink wasted in its refutation.

RAIBEART MAC-AN-ROTHAICH.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

GREENOCK HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—The usual monthly meeting of this society was held in April—Rev. John Macpherson, vice-pres., in the chair. Mr. James Brown, jr., treas., reported that the receipts had exceeded the expenditure by £11, which would be placed to the credit of the society. We understand the committee entrusted with the promotion of Gaelic Literature has been empowered to offer money prizes for the best Gaelic essays, on subjects to be named at a future meeting.

CHICAGO.—A meeting was held on Monday evening, the 17th February, to consider the propriety of forming a Highland Association in Chicago. The project met with enthusiastic favour, and G. M'Pherson, D. C. M'Kinnon, James Campbell, and John Mackay were appointed to draft a constitution. The objects contemplated are the promoting of social intercourse among the citizens of Chicago who understand the Gaelic language; the establishment of a library, to consist of Gaelic books, and books in whatever language relating to the Scottish Highlands and Highland people; the forming of a museum of Highland curiosities, and articles illustrative of the customs and habits, whether ancient or modern, of the Scottish Gael, and the extending of charitable aid to Highlanders and their immediate descendants.

OBAN.—At a competition for the Oban Celtic Society's prizes, held in presence of a number of influential residents and strangers, the following received awards for proficiency in the knowledge of the Gaelic language. Senior Class—1, Zella Mathieson, St. John's, Oban; 2, Mary Campbell, Barcaldine, and Jessie Macdougall, Kilmore, equal. Junior Class—1, Malcolm Maccallum, Kilmore; 2, Christina Livingston, do., and Donald Macdonald, Muckairn, equal.

THE Senatus of the University of Aberdeen has conferred the honorary degree of D.D. upon the Rev. John Kennedy, minister of the Free Church, Dingwall.

THE LOCHFYNE BARD.

We purpose giving the portrait with a biographical sketch of Mr. EVAN M'COLL, *the "Lochfyne Bard," in our next number.*

Answers to Correspondents.

CALUM CIOBAIR II.—Please furnish your name and address. We cannot make use of anonymous communications.

MUNRO.—Can any of our friends give us the derivation of the name *Mac-an-Rothaich?*

FEARAS-BHOGHA.—An esteemed correspondent desires to be furnished with a specimen of a "*Fearas-Bhogha*," particularly that known as "*Fearas-Bhogha nighean Alastair Ruaidh.*" Any information regarding such compositions will oblige.

ERRATUM.—The answer to *Toimhseachan* No. 4. in THE GAEL for February, ought to have been "seven and eleven" and not "five and seven" as stated in the March Number. We are obliged to our ingenious friend who pointed this out, and desire his better acquaintance.

EOGHAN MAC COLLA, BARD LOCH-FINE.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1873. [16 Air.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

Anns an aireamh so de n' Ghaidheal, thug sinn do a luchd-leughaidh dealbh Eoghainn Mhic Colla, d'an goirte gu coitichionn le 'chomhaoisean an tir a dhuthchais, "*Clarsach nam beann.*" Rugadh e anns a' Cheannmhor, ri taobh Loch-fine anns a' bliadhna 1812. Ged nach robh a pharantan ro shaoibhir, bha iad ann an suidheachadh ni b'fhearr na moran de 'n comh-inbhich anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Bha iad fo dheagh chliu a thaobh bunailteachd an treibhdhiris mhodanail, agus iomraideach a thaobh na fialaidheachd, agus nan subhailcean teaghlachail airson an robh agus am bheil fardaichean nan Gaidheal cho comharraichte. B'e Eoghan an dara mac a b' oige de 'n teaghlach. 'N a leanabuidheachd thaisbean e ciocras do-chiosaichte an deigh air bardachd agus seann sgeulachdan na Gaidhealtachd. Cha robh mor chothrom aige air a bhi a' sasuchadh a mhiann air foghlum agus air fiosrachadh litireachail, coma co dhiu, rinn e a' chuid a b' fhearr de gach cothrom a bha so-ruigsinn dha; gheibhte e gu tric as deigh 'obair-latha ann an uaigneas nan cluainteen samhach leis an robh a dhachaidh air a cuartachadh, a' leughadh agus a' cnuasach gach leabhair air am faigheadh e greim; ach gu h-araidh a' deoghal a stigh smuais agus bladh clarsaireachd a dhuthcha.

Is coltach gun robh aig 'athair—Dughall Mac Colla, meas cubhaidh air foghlum; agus mar nach robh na gheibhte dheth ann an sgoil na sgireachd ro airidh air an ainm, 'n uair a bha Eoghan mu dheich bliadhna dh' aois, dh' fhasdaidh 'athair oid-ionnsuich airson a theaghlaich car bliadhna no 'dha, ged nach robh e idir ro chomasach air a' chosdas a dhioladh. Fo oileineachadh an oid-ionnsuich ud, cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig Eoghan gu bhi na dheagh sgoileir Beurla, ni a dh' fhadaidh 'n a bhroilleach ciocras lasanta an geall air litireachd. Mu'n am ud, choinnich 'athair ri aon de fhigheadairean *Phaisley* a bha air éigneachadh le dìth cosnaidh gu sgriob a thoirt feadh na Gaidhealtachd a reic seann leabhraichean. Cheannaich "Laoch a chuil bhain," an t-iomlan de n' phac o'n fhigheadair, ni a bha do Eoghan 'n a ulaidh thaitnich. A thuilleadh air leabhraichean luachor eile, fhuair e 'n am measg "Am fearr-seallaidh—*Spectator*—Bardarchd Bhurns, agus an t-Oraideach Breatunnach—*British Essayist.* Leugh agus chnuasaich e iad le gionachd dhealasach; dh' fhosgail iad suas, mar gum b' eadh, saoghal ur fa 'chomhair, agus thug iad dian-bheothachadh do-chaisgte do 'n ghradh nadurra a bha aige air bardachd agus air rannaidheachd.

Mu 'n am ud, chuir e ann an deilbh a cheud oran, — oran molaidh air maighdean og a ghoid a chridhe, ach ma dh' fhaoidte, nach do ghleidh e. Bha e mar sud car bhliadhnachan a' cuideachadh 'athar ri obair an fhearainn agus ri iasgach.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1837, thainig e mach gu follaiseach mar bhard ann an duilleagan an Teachdaire Ghaidh-

ealaich, da 'n robh e na fhear comhnaidh aithnichte. Choisinn luach agus feothas a bhardach a' leithid de mheas agus de mhor thlachd a luchd-duthcha, a's gun do dhuisgeadh iarrtus coitchionn 'n am measg airson gum biodh a chuid oibre air an cur a mach ann an leabhar leotha fein, agus mar sin 'n uair a bha Eoghan ach fhathasd 'n a oganach, chuir e mach "Clarsach nam beann"—anns am bheil aireamh nach beag de orain-ghaoil agus de dhain eile ann an Gailig agus ann am Beurla a tha airidh air aite ro ard ann an iarmailt na fior-bhardachd. Cha 'n aithne dhuinn ann an cainnt aosda, uasal nam beann bardachd is oirdheirce, is milse, no is druightiche na "Lochaic," "Loch-dubhaich," agus "Rannan air bas bana-chairid." 'N a ranntachd Bheurla cha 'n 'eil e idir air deireadh, mar a chi ar luchd-leughaidh ann an duilleagan a' *Ghaidheil.*

Goirid an deigh do "Chlarsach nam beann" tighinn a mach, tre chaoimhneas dithis de ard-uaislean a dhuthcha—MacIlleasdair nan Dunan, agus Caimbeulach Ile, fhuair Mr. Mac Colla suidheachadh measail comhfhurtachail ann an seirbheis Tigh-cuspiunn *Liverpool.* Ri h-uine, chaidh e thairis do America, far am bheil e a nis anns an t-suidheachadh cheudna fo Uachdranachd Chanada ann an Tigh Cuspuinn *Kingston.* Cha do chroch e fhathasd a chlarsach air na geugan, mar is aithne d'ar luchd leughaidh. Tha sinn ro thoilichte a chluinntinn gu 'm bheil a run air 'oibrichean a chur a mach as ur. Co aig ann bheil eolas troi a sgriobhaidhean air oirdheirceas a bhuadhan inntinn neochumanta, nach guidheadh dha saoghal fada, sona, sunndach!

MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

X.

INNTREACHDAINN AN T-SOISGEIL.

Do bhrigh gu 'n do dhearbh sinn cheana gu 'm b' iad na *Seann Ghaidheil* sinnsearan nam fineachan sin a tha chomhnuidh an ceann tuath na h-Alba, bidh e iomchuidh a nis beagan a chur sios mu inntrinn an t-soisgeil 'n am measg. Cha 'n 'eil fios cinnteach againn c' uin a thachair so, ach a reir coslais an uair a bha deisciobuil Chriosd air an geur-leanmhuinn leis an uachdaranachd Romanach, bha e dualach dhoibh teicheadh gu tuath thar a' bhalla a bha eadar na Romanaich agus fineachan *Chaledonia.* Gun teagamh bhiodh iad sin eudmhor a chum an soisgeul a chraobh-sgaoileadh am measg nan Gaidheal a ghabh riutha agus a thug didean doibh o an-iochd nan nainhdean; agus mar so bha iad 'n am beannachd do 'n tir, agus 'n am meadhon air an t-soisgeul a thoirt a steach innte. Do bhrigh gu 'n d' fhuair iadsan fasgadh o stoirm na geur-leanmhuinn, threoraich iad an sluagh a thug so dhoibh a dh-ionnsaidh an Ti sin a tha mar ionad-fasgaidh o 'n ghaoith agus mar dhidean o 'n doinionn.

Cha 'n 'eil dearbhadh sam bith againn mu thimchioll an àm anns an d' thainig na ceud theachdairean soisgeulach do 'n tir, ach, mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 209, tha *Tertullian* ag radh, "Anns na h-aitibh sin de Bhreatunn far nach b' urrainn na Romanaich teachd tha an soisgeul a' buadhachadh ionnas gu 'n do gheill iad do Chriosd; agus tha ainm agus rioghachd Chriosd a' ruigsinn a dh-ionnsaidh aitean a thug dulan do fheachd na Roimhe." Tha *Origen* a' toirt fianuis air an ni so mar an ceudna agus sgriobh esan mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 230. A reir teisteanais nan ughdar so chi sinn gu 'n robh eolas an t-soisgeil air a chraobh-

sgaoileadh gu ruig *Caledonia* mu dheireadh na dara linne no mu thoiseach na treas linne; ach cha 'n eil cunntas cinnteach againn mu na ceud theachdairean so a chuir an ceill sgeul aoibhneach na slainte do ar sinnsearaibh. Is e *Ninian* a' cheud neach air am bheil iomradh sam bith againn; aon de na seann Bhreatunnaich a rugadh mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 360 agus a thainig a shearmonachadh do cheann deas na h-Alba mu'n bliadhna A.D. 400. Tha an t-Eachdraiche, *Bede* agradh "Gu'n deachaidh na *Pictich dheas* iompachadh o iodholaoradh agus an toirt gu eolas na firinn le *Ninian*, duine naomh de na Breatunnaich." B' iad na *Pictich dheas* na Gaidheil a bha firinneach, air taobh deas nan Garbh-bheamtan (Grampians) anns an tir a tha 'deanamh 'suas siorramachd Fiofa, pairt de shiorramachdan Pheairt, Shruithleadh agus Aonghais. B' anns na h-aitibh so gu sonruichte a bha *Ninian* a' searmonachadh an t-soisgeil, gidheadh is cosmhuil gu 'n robh e 'dol air thurasaibh n'a b' fhaide gu tuath, do bhrigh gu 'm bheil moran eaglaisean no chilltean air an ainmeachadh airsan agus cuid diubh sin an ceann tuath na Gaidhealtachd. An deigh *Ninian* thainig *Palladius* mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 432. Bha esan air tus a searmonachadh ann an Eirinn, ach á sin thainig e nall do dh-Albainn far an do shearmonaich e an soisgeul agus fhuair e bas ann an siorramachd Chinn-Chardainn ann an tir nam *Picteach*, am measg nan seann Ghaidheal. Gidheadh, a reir teisteanais nan seanchaidhean eaglaiseach bha teachdairean am measg nan Gaidheal roimh na daoine so a shearmonaich an soisgeul, a theagaisg an creideamh agus a fhritheil na sacramaidean dhoibh ged nach 'eil an ainmean an diugh air an cumail air chuimhne. Re fad da cheud bliadhna roimh theachd *Ninian* bha an creideamh Criosdaidh am measg nan Gaidheal a reir briathran *Thertulliain* agus is cosmhuil do bhrigh gu 'n robh an luchd-teagaisg so a' tuineachadh ann am bothanaibh agus an cuiltibh uaigneach, fasail gu 'n d' thugadh "Na Cuiltich" mar ainm orra le luchd-aiteachaidh na tire,—ma dh' fhaoidte ann an sgeig mar a thainig an t-ainm *Puritans* ann an linnibh an deigh so.

Bha na Cuiltich 'n an daoine diadhaidh, foghluimte; agus chuir iad seachad an uine ann an ath-sgriobhadh nan Sgriobturan naomha, ann an urnuigh agus ann an trasgadh. Bha iad a' searmonachadh do na Gaidheil a bha ann an taobh deas na Gaidhealtachd; ach bha na Gaidheil 's an airde tuath—anns an duthaich ris an abrar a nis siorramachdan Inbhirnis, Rois, Chataobh, agus Ghallaobh, maille ris na h-eileanaibh mu thuath agus an iar, air an comhdach le dorchadas an aineolais, agus le tiugh cheo an iodholaoraidh gus an d' thainig Calum-cille d' an ionnsaidh le sgeul aoibhneach na slainte.

D. B. B.

—o—

AN DARA DUAN DE SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE;

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Homeir Gu Gaidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MACLACHAINN.

Taisbeanadh an Fheachda; agus àireamh nam fineachan Gréugach agus Tròidheach.

IV.

(Air a leantuinn bho 'n àirimh mu dheireadh.)

Chuala Pallas nan gorm-shùl,
'S thùirling i romh nèamh na still
Bhàrr mullach Olimpiuis àird,
Gu luath chabhlach nam bàrc grìnn.
Fhuair i mac Laerteis mhòir—
Saoidh mar Iòbh an gliocas cìnn;
A làmh cha do shìn an sonn,
Chum a long thoirt sìos gu tuinn.
Chunnacas a sheasamh leis fhéin,
Cridh a' ghaisgich thréin fo cheal;

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Sheas Minerbha ceart ri 'thaobh,
'S rinn seanchus ri laoch nam fear:
"Mhic Laerteis is mòr brigh,
A chìnn ghlic nan innleachd géur,
An teich sibh gun chliù, gun àgh,
Na 'r n-aon mhaoim thair sàil gu léir?
'S sibh a dh' fhàgadh fàth gu uaill,
Aig cùirt naibhreach 's aig tuath Thròidh.
Helen chéutach nam miann cràidh,
A ghluais bàs do mhìltean slòigh,
Liuthad Gréugach gaisgeil, ùr,
A dh' éug cian bho 'n dùthaich ghaoil;
'S Pàris gun ath-dhìol d' a chionn,
An seilbh toradh a mhionn claon!
Greas, greas ort, Ulisseis àigh,
Fuadaich tàmailt, bac an triall;
Fiach uile dheas-chainnt do bheòil,
'S leig dàn Thròidh gu mèinn nan dia."

Labhair i; 's dh' aithnich an laoch
Guth na ban-dé nach b' fhaoin brigh;
Ghrad-ruith e, 's tilgear air fonn
Fhalluing throm bu sgiamhach lith.
Euribat, fear-gairm ant shuinn,
Thog ant earradh 's phaisg le sgoinn:
Ach dh' imich e fhèin na 'dheann
Gu Mac Atreuis, righ nan lann.
Choinnich e 'm flath 's ghlac a làmh
Colbh neo-bhàsmhor, siol nam bnadh;
'S ràinig far 'm bu dlùth, na 'n sréud,
Luingeas Gréugach nan arm cruaidh.

'N uair thachradh rìs neach a b' fhiùgh,
Milidh no ceann 'stiùradh slòigh,
Dhruideadh e ris gu teann, teann,
'S an réith-chainnt a b' fheartach glòir:

"Cha tig dhutsa, ghaisgich àigh,
Crith-eagail mar thràill gun chlìth.
Snidh a's impich càch bho thriall,
Oir 's ain-fhios dut miann do righ.
'S a ghniomh seo chan bheil air fad,
Ach dearbhadh aigne nan tréun;
Ge lionmhor flath th' anns a' chùirt,
'S tearc na thuig a rùn gu léir.
Gabhaibh toirt—na toillibh fraoch:
'S mòr am baoghall righ fo ghruaim,
Tha cumhachd a's neart na 'làimh,
'S aig tì nan nèamh, 's àrd a luach."

'N uair chìteadh leis neach ga chòir,
De 'n mheasg-shluagh ri bòilich fhaoin,
Spaideadh e 'n trom cholbh ri cheann,
'S bhagradh teann le smachd neo-chaoin:

"Fosadh ort, ainmhidh gun chéill,
Thoir éisdeachd do 'n drèam is fiach;
Cha chonn thusa 'm blàr no 'n cùirt:
Ach diobhag gun chliù gun mhiagh.
An saoil gach ùmaidh 's a' Ghréig,
Gur leis fhèin an colbh mar chòir?
Is riaghailt a chur bun os cionn,
Gràisg a chur a stiùradh slòigh.
Ceannard na biodh ann ach aon,
Righ do 'n toir tì naomh nan spéur,
Ghiocas a's lagh, smachd a's iùl,
Gu stiùradh 's gach cùis le céill."

Mar seo gu ceannsgalach, glic,
Chaisg e iom-ghluasad nam feachd.
Bho 'm bùthan 's bho 'n longan tric,
Thill iad gus an cluinnteadh 'n reachd.
Bha 'n gaoir a' dòrtadh romh 'n fhonn,
Mar shùmaid ghailbhich a' chuain,
Bhrùchdas mu 'n tràigh fharsuing réith,
'S an grinneal gu léir a' fuaim.

(Ri leantuinn.)

———o———

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COINNEACH.—"Failte na maidne dhuit, a Mhurachaidh Bhain, thig-sa, a charaid, agus dean suidhe air a' chnocan ghlan, ghlas so, an cois, an tobair agus chuinneam do naigheachd. Is fhad o'n la sin, a Mhurachaidh choir; tha mi anabarrach toilichte tachairt ort, gun duil idir agam ris. Dean suidhe, agus leig do sgios."

MURACHADH.—"Cha lugha na sin an solas a ta ormsa, a Choinnich, d' fhaicinn aon uair eile, air son an t-seann eolais; agus Ochan! Ochan! a Choinnich, is iomadh la a bha sinn cuideachd, agus is iomadh oidhche a choidil sinn le cheile air an aoin leabaidh. Och! ma ta, is lionmhor atharrachadh a thainig air an t-saoghal o'n uair sin; ach a Choinnich, rinn mi di-chuimhne, tha mi 'g iarraidh maith-eanais, ciamar tha Seonaid choir agus na paisdean? Tha mi cinnteach gu'm bheil na gillean a nis air fas mor, agus mar an ceudna, na caileagan, oir fagar orra-san, na creutairean laoghach, nach eagal doibh aon uair 's gu 'n ruig iad, le 'n lamhaibh beaga, air dorus na h-amraidh?"

COIN.—"Tha iad uile gu slan, fallain, eadar bheag agus mhor, agus tha mi 'n dochas, a Mhurachaidh, gu 'm bheil iad uile 'n an slainte agad fein."

MUR.—"Tha coir a bhi taingeil, agus is dan a bhi 'gearan, a Choinnich; ach dluthaich rium, a' charaid

choir, agus innis domh do naigheachd. Las do phiob, socraich thu fein, agus suidheamaid cuideachd car tacain."

COIN.—"Cha 'n 'eil ùrachd sonraichte agam idir, a Mhurachaidh, ach a mhain gach sgiorradh, gach long-bhriseadh, agus gach tubaist lionmhor, a tha tachairt air muir agus air tir, trid am bheil na ceudan air an cur a dhith ann am priobadh na sula; ach tha thu fein a' faicinn mu na nithibh sin uile anns na Litrichibh-Naigheachd, a tha, mo thruaigh! mar tha iad ag innseadh dhomh-sa, lan diubh gach la."

MUR.—"Cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach 'eil, ach tha deagh fhios agad-sa, a Choinnich, nach teid agam-sa air na Litrichibh-Naigheachd sin a dheanamh mach, dh-easbhuidh na Beurla sin nach urrainn mi aon chuid a leughadh no 'thuigsinn. Tha iad gu tric aig mo chuid mac, a tha 'deanamh mabalaich leughaidh orra, ach is comadh leam-sa co dhiubh, ged tha iad co mor, leathan ri caineab-fhasganaidh, agus gu h-iomlan air an lionadh le nithibh air chor-eigin."

COIN. — "Is call dhuit sin, a Mhurachaidh, call mor gun teagamh, do bhrigh nach fhaic agus nach cluinn thu mu na nithibh a tha tachairt anns an t-saoghal mu'n cuairt duit."

MUR.—"Is mi a chi agus a chluinneas; agus na biodh duil agad-sa, a Choinnich, gu'm bheil gach fiosrachadh, ùrachd, agus eolas air an druideadh suas anns na duilleagaibh leathann, leibideach sin. Cha'n 'eil idir, fhir mo ghraidh, agus dh' innseadh dhomh-sa gu'm bheil moran nithe annta nach 'eil fior—nithe neo-airidh air suim sam bith a ghabhail diubh, oir tha na breugan fein air an clodh-bhualadh, agus tha na breugan a's mo ni's taitniche do mhoran n'an fhirinn ghlan; agus creid thusa mise, a Choinnich, tha suilean nan Gall lan fhosgailte gu 'fhaicinn gur iad na nithe sin a's mo air am bi muinntir an toir, na ceart nithe a chuirear fa'n comhair, co aca tha iad fior no nach 'eil."

COIN.—"Direach ceart, a Mhurachaidh, tha thusa mar a bha thu riamh gun tlachd sam bith agad do na Gaill, agus gun earbsadh, gu'n dochas idir agad na d'chridhe a thaobh nan nithe a theirear, no 'nithear, no 'smuainichear leo! Is i 'Ghailig, agus iadsan tha 'g a labhairt, a bheir morsholas do d' chridhe, agus ge b'e ciod e air nach bi snuadh agus blas nam beann, nan gleann, agus nan gaisgeach Gaidhealach, cha'n 'eil suim agad dheth, agus cha bhi gnothuch idir agad ris. Ach co a tha 'toirt fiosrachaidh dhuit, a Mhurachaidh, air gach sgeul agus eachdraidh air am bheil thu co mion-eolach, an uair a tha thu a' cur cul ris na Litrichibh-Naigheachd Gallda? Dh' innseadh dhomh-sa an oidhche roimhe le d' choimhearsnach fein, Ailean Cam, nach 'eil aithris no ur-sgeul o chrioch gu cruach, air nach 'eil fios agadsa. Nach 'eil sin ceart a nis?"

MUR.—"Cha bheag an t-iongantas a tha thu a' cur orm, a Choinnich, an uair tha thu 'foighneachd dhiom an ni sin air am bu choir deagh-fhios a bhi agad fein! Co a tha 'toirt fiosrachaidh dhomh air gach sgeul agus eachdraidh? Ochan, a Choinnich, b'i 'cheist i! Co ach mo charaid nach treig, — mo dhiulnach laoghach, cuimir, ceanalta, an GAIDHEAL—seadh an GAIDHEAL coir neo-eisiomaileach, a tha teachd air a thuras a'm' ionnsuidh gach mios lan-luchdaichte leis gach caochladh eolais agus teagaisg a tha freagarrach, feumail, taitneach chum an cridhe agus an inntinn a lionadh? O! b'e 'n gille e da rireadh, an laoghach glan gun teagamh! Is cinnteach leam,

a Choinnich, gu'm bheil thu eolach air."

COIN.—"Tha naire orm a radh nach 'eil."

MUR.—"Feudaidh naire a bhi ort, a Choinnich, sin 'aideachadh. Ud! Ud! mo chreach! ciod a thainig ort, a Choinnich, agus gun eolas a bhi agad air a' GHAIDHEAL? Tha esan air bheag naire a thnigeas agus a labhras canain Oisein agus Fhinn, agus nach d' thug fathast aoidheachd 'n a fhardaich do 'n GHAIDHEAL, agus le nile chridhe fein, nach d' altaich a bheatha. Na toir snain do d' rosgaibh, a Choinnich, agus na cur do cheann air cluasaig, gus an toir thu cuireadh cairdeil, fialaidh dha, gu teachd agus failt' a chur ort le 'naidheachdaibh. Thoir an aire d'a so, ma ta, agus so mo lamh-sa nach gabh thu an t-aithreachas. Cha'n 'eil fios agad ciod a tha 'n saoghal a' deanamh gus am faic thu an GAIDHEAL, agus gus an cluinn thu a lionmhorachd ur-sgeul!"

COIN.—"Mile taing dhuit, a Mhurachaidh, is minic a thug thu deagh chomhairle orm; is minic a ghabh mi do chomhairle, agus gabhaidh mi an tras' i. Ach c'ait am bheil an GAIDHEAL cluiteach sin r'a fhaotuim, agus ciamar a chuireas mi fios d'a ionnsuidh, chum gu'n taoghail e orm 'n a chuairtibh, agus gu'm faigh mi eolas air?"

MUR.—"Fag thusa a' chuis sin a'm' laimh-sa, a Choinnich, oir is mise tha eolach air, agus is mi nach dean maille no mairneal sam bith chum gu'n tig e agus gu'm faic thu e; agus cha d' thug thu fein agus Seonaid riamh aoidheachd mu d' chagailt do charaid ni's taitniche, no do neach sam bith ni's comasaiche na esan chum toilinntinn a thoirt do'n teaghlach air fad, eadar bheag agus mhor, eadar shean agus og. Tha comhradh binn, blasda aige-san do na h-uile, agus tha eolas agus gliocas air am foillseachadh 'n a bhriathraibh gu leir! Tha e 'sparradh teagaisg agus fiosrachaidh de gach gne maraon air an og agus air an aosda. Ach mar a thubhairt mi cheana, a Choinnich, b'e'n gille e da rireadh, agus gu mo reidh gach rathad roimhe!"

COIN.—"Tha'n Gaidheal a' d' chomain, a Mhurachaidh Bhain, oir is deas-chainnteach do bhriathra 'n a chliu; ach is cinnteach mise mar biodh an teisteanas a tha thu 'toirt air da rireadh toilltinneach, nach e Murachadh Ban a dh' fhosgaileadh a bheul as a leth. Ach innis so dhomh, am bheil cairdeas no daimh sam bith aig do chaomhan, an GAIDHEAL ri luchd-turais a bha 'taoghal gharbh-chrioch na h-Alba o cheann da fhichead bliadhna, agus ris an d' rinneadh moran solais an uair a thigeadh iad an rathad? Tha deagh chuimhne agam orra-san gu leir, agus cha di-chuimhnich mi a chaoidh a liuthad gaire mor, cridheil, a rinneadh aig a' bhaile ri Fionnladh Piobaire, Eachann Tirisdeach, Para Mor, agus na h-uiread eile. Ach is fhad' o'n la sin a nis. Bha balach taitneach 's an TEACHDAIRE GHAIDHEALACH, ach chaidh e a dhìth 'n a oige, mu'n d' fhuaradh mor-colas air. Leanadh e le CUAIRTEAR NAN GLEANN, agus le FEAR-TATHAICH NAM BEANN,—diulnaich cheanalta; ach mo thruaigh! cha robh a h-aon diubh buan, agus bu laoghach iad. Tha cuimhne mhaith agam orra sin air fad, agus feudaidh e bhi gur caraid dhoibh an GAIDHEAL ainmeil sin anns am bheil uigh co mor agadsa, a Mhurachaidh."

MUR.—"Ma ta, a Choinnich choir, is math gun teagamh do chuimhne, oir is fhad' an uine a nis o laithibh AN TEACHDAIRE, A' CHUAIRTEIR, agus na cuideachd sin eile nach maireann, a bha co dichiollach 'n an la 's 'n an linn feinn, chum an luchd-duthcha 'earalachadh agus a theagasg. Gun

teagamh, mar a thubhairt thu, tha daimh aig A GHAIDHEAL riu sin, oir tha e mach air an aon ghnothuch; tha e air 'arachadh 's an aon tir, tha e 'labhairt na h-aoin chainnte, agus tha e air a dheachdadh leis an durachd cheudna chum gach eolas agus ealaidh a dheanamh aithnichte anns gach aite. Ach tuig-sa so, a Choinnich, tha cothroman aig A' GHAIDHEAL nach robh aca-san, do bhrigh gur iomadh inmleachd. tionnsgnath, agus ealaidh air an d' fhuaradh colas o na laithibh a chunnaic iadsan; agus tha comus ni's fearr aige-san na bha aca-san gu barrachd a chur an ceill d'a luchd-duthcha fein. Ach, a Choinnich, sìn a nall an adharc dhubh, oir is feaird sinn deannan dhe 'n t-snuisean an deigh an uisge. Cha'n 'eil omhail idir agad a nis dhe 'n phiob, tha duil agam, ach bha la eile ann, fhir mo chridhe."

COIN.—"A nis, a Mhurachaidh, na dean dearmad air A' GAIDHEAL a stiuireadh a'm ionnsuidh gun dail. Ach ciamar a dh' aithnicheas mi e an uair a thig e?"

MUR.—"A dh' aithnicheas tu e! O! a Choinnich, a Choinnich! cha'n fhac thu a mhac-samhuil riamh:—

"Fior Ghaidheal e 'n a eideadh,
Le 'bhreacan, 's le 'fheile,
'S e ealanta, euchdach,
Le geur-chlaidheamh 'n a dhorn."

COIN.—"Tha thusa, a Mhurachaidh, ri ranntachd mar a bha thu riamh. Tha mi faicinn nach do chaill thu a' ghride chum bardachd a dheanamh a nochd thu 'n ad oige, an uair a rinn thu an éisg-dhuan shearbh ud do'n tailear chrubach, agus d a' mhnaoi Ealasaid, air fonn 'Brigis Mhic Ruairidh!' Am bheil cuimhne agad air sinn, an uair a chuir Ealasaid an ruaig ort leis an lorg-shuisde, a' bagradh an t-eanchainn a chur asad n'an deanadh i greim ort?"

MUR.—"Bha leithid sin ann, a Choinnich, ach dh' fhalbh na laithean sin a nis, agus chuireadh cul rium-sa gu buileach leis na ceolraidhean gogaideach sin, a tha ceart co luaineach ris a' ghaoith, agus nach fan car an tiota a's lugha chum filidheachd a chur le cogarsaich 'n am chluas, mar a b' abhaist doibh a dheanamh. Cha'n fhaide air ais na'n la an de, chuir mi romhan focal no dha a chur an altaibh a' cheile mar chliu do'n chuideachd cheanalta sin a tha 'deanamh cobhair air A' GHAIDHEAL agus ag innseadh dha lionmhorachd nithe a chuirear an ceill leis d'a luchd-duthcha fein; ach cha tigeadh lide 'n am cheann. Rinn na ceolraidhean gaire-fanoid rium, an uair a bha mi 'g an asluchadh air son cuideachaidh, agus dh' fhag iad mi co balbh ri Creagan-an-fhithich ud thall. Mu dheireadh, an deigh moran guidhe agus griosaidh rinn te dhiubh snodh-gaire, agus thubhairt i, 'Rach air t-aghairt, a Mhurachaidh, agus ni mi combnadh leat re tamuill bhig.' Ach dh-aindeoin na cuise, cha tugadh ach fior neoni comais dhomh mo bheul fhosgladh, ach rinn mi mo dhichioll."

COIN.—"Agus ciod a rinn thu, a Mhurachaidh, ciod a chuir thu r'a cheile. Chuinneam e, chuinneam e, mar a tha e."

MUR.—"Ma ta, fhir mo chridhe, tha naire orm na rannan aithris a thaobh am miosad, ach o'n tha speis co mor agad-sa do'n GHAIDHEAL, cha mhiste leat a chluinntinn co iad a tha, le dualchas agus duchas 'n an cridhe 'g a chomnadh; oir,—

"Is ro lionmhor iad na treubhan,
Tha 'n dluth-dhaimhe ris fo'n sgeith' aig',
Urramaich ro allail, euchdach,
Nach dealaich ris, 's nach treig ri 'm beo!

Coisridh fior-fhoghluimt', ealanta,
A streapas gu dian, dealasach
Gu bras suas air *Parnassus* ard,
Le 'n ceol, 's le 'n ceileireachd gun gho.

Air eachdraidh tha iad barraichte,
'G a sgriobhadh sios gu h-ath-ghlanta,
Le gach seud, seun, is sean-fhacal
A chual, no 'chluinnear leo nis' mo!"

COIN.—"Ochan! a Mhurachaidh, is gleusda a fhuaras tu. Tha mi faicinn gu 'm bheil saighdean 's a' bhalg fhathast, agus nach do chaill thu idir do chumhachdan filidheachd. Ach innis domh co iad a chomhlan eireachdail so a tha maraon a' cuidcachadh leis A' GHAIDHEAL?"

MUR.—"Cha 'n ann, ann an cromadh an anmoich, an uair a tha 'm feasgair a' tarruing dluth, agus a dh' fheumas sinn dealachadh r' a cheile, a thig e dhomhsa leudachadh air a' chomhlan urramach so, a tha co lionmhor, agus co sgaoilte o cheile, ach feudaidh mi fear no dithis dhiubh ainmeachadh 's an dol seachad. Tha "Bun Lochabar" an comhnuidh easgaidh, ealamh, deas-chainnteach, leis gach fiosrachadh air barr a chuid meur; agus is iongantach foghlumta an gaisgeach e. Tha mar an ceudna "Renton" an aigh, curaidh ro cheanalta, dileas, co ealanta, deas air spealgadh bhriathar, agus air an cur, eadar bhun agus bharr an altaibh a cheile. A ris tha sgaoth gun aireamh a' leantuinn, agus gach aon airidh air cliu. Tha 'm "Muileach," agus "D. B. B.," agus "Bard Lochfine," agus "H. M'C.;" tha "Loch-Aillse," agus "Cona," "P. MacGriogair," agus an "Runasdach," "MacAoidh," agus "Callum," an "t-Abrach," agus an "Gille Dubh," "D. C.," agus "MacDhomhnuill Duibh," "Mac-Oidhche," agus mar an ceudna "Mac-Mharcuis" nan deas-bhriathar. Tha 'n "Sgiathanach" am measg chaich le 'speuradaircachd, agus na h-uiread eile nach cuimhne leam aig an am. Sin agad comhlan laidir, togarrach, dileas, agus cha 'n eagal do 'n GHAIDHEAL choir aig am bheil iad uile gu leir co dian air a thaobh."

COIN.—"Mile beannachd agad, a Mhurachaidh, cha chual mi a leithid riamh. Nach iad sliochd nam beann bu choir a bhi taingeil air son gach innleachd agus strith a tha 'g an deanamh aig a' cheart am so chum a bhi 'g an teagasg, agus 'g an ath-leasachadh. An cual thu gu 'm bheil GAIDHEAL mor eile 'g a uidheamachadh fein ann am baile-cinn na Gaidhealtachd, air son na criche ceudna. Cha 'n fhada gus am bi e deas, agus tha mi 'n dochas gu'n teid e air a thuras gu solasach, aiginneach, agus gu 'n eirich gach cuis gu maith leis re iomadh bliadhna ri teachd? An cual thu gu 'm bheil lionmhorachd chomunn ann, a tha air an suidheachadh anns gach baile mor an Alba, agus ann an Lunnain, air son leas gach ni a bhuineas do na Gaidheil. Cha 'n fhad' on dhealbhadh comunn ro chumhachdach ann am baile Inbhirnis, aig am bheil mar Runchleireach MacAoidh an aigh, oganach aig am bheil, mar a thubhairt am bard—

"Fiamh na maighdinn air a mhalaidh,
'S e ro aithnichte 'measg chaich."

Is mithich dhuinn a nis a bhi "bogadh nan gad," a Choinnich, oir tha 'n t-anmoch a' tarruing dluth, agus tha slighe gach fir againn gle fhada. A mach leis an adhairc dhuibh mu 'n dealaich sin, o nach fhaighear ni 's fearr air an raon so, ach is maith e. Innis, le beannachd, do Sheonaid gu 'm fac thu a caraid Murachadh Ban, a bha solasach a chluinntinn gu 'n robh i fein agus a paisdean slan, fallain. Na dean dail gus an tig thu an rathad a ris, a Choinnich. Greas ort, agus bithidh iomradh againn air nithibh o chein, agus air gach atharrachadh agus ur-sgeul a dh 'fheudas teachd gu crich." So, so, "An la a chi 's nach fhaic"—beannachd leat!

ALASDAIR RUADH.

KEY A Flat.
With spirit.

'S FHEUDAR DHOMH BHI BEO.

CHORUS.

M : — : m | m : — : s | l : - : — | L_1 : — : d | t_1 : - : s_1 | l_1 : — :

L : — : l | s : — : f | m : - : — | L_1 : — : l_1 | d : — : d | r : — :

FINE.

M : — : m | m : — : s | l : - : — | L_1 : — : d | t_1 : — : s_1 | l_1 : — :

M : — : m | r : — : d | t_1 : — : s_1 | L_1 : — : l_1 | d : — : d | r : — : d

D. C.

R : — : r | m : — : m | l : — : s | M : — : l_1 | l_1 : — : d | r : — :

'S fheudar dhomh bhi beo,
Ged a robh thu 'm dhìth;
Ciamar gheobh mi 'n smuairein so
Chumail dhìom?
'S fheudar dhomh bhi beo,
Ged a robh thu 'm dhìth.

'S muladach a ta mi
Mach ri Dail-na-Ceardach,
'S gun a' ghruagach lamh rium—
Gaol a's gradh mo chridh'.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

'S i mo ghaol an ainnir
'S deise theid 'n a h-anart;
'S iomadh diuc a's baran
Dh' fharraideas, Co i?
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

'S i mo ghaol an dèideag
'S deise theid 'n a h-eiteadh;
'S coltach ri deo-grein' i
'N uair a dh' eireas i.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

'S ann ort a tha 'n cul-sniomhain,
Nach feum cir g'a chireadh,
'S e mar theudan sioda,
Sios mu chul do chinn.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

Tha 'n t-urram dhuit air dannsadh,
Anns gach coisir ghreannar;
'S mor a thug mi gheall duit,
Ged a mheall thu mi.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

'S muladach a ta mi
Dol a stigh do 'n bhata,
'Dhol a nunn thar saile,
'S gu la 'bhrath cha till.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

Ach 's e dh' fhag mi bruite,
'N ainnir a chur cul rium;
'N deigh na rinn i 'shugradh,
'S tursach tha mo chridh'.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

AIR CRUINN-MHEALLAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

EARRANN VIII.

Cha'n eil ni air bith 's a' chruitheachd a dheachdas an inntinn le smuaintibh n'is oirdheirce mu thimchioll moralachd agus co-dhealbhadh nan speur, na aireamh, meud, agus astar nan reulta suidhichte. Tha, gun teagamh, iongantas oirnn an uair a bheachdaicheas sinn le curam air mor-mheud na talmhainn air am bheil sinn a' gluasad; ach an uair a smuainicheas sinn air cia co suarach 's a ta am meud sin an coimeas ris a' chuid a's mo de na rionnagaibh os ar ceann, agus cia co beag cuairt a shiubhail, an uair a choimeasar e ris na reultaibh suidhichte; an sin, tha smuainte ni's freagarraiche againn mu fharsuingeachd na cruidheachd, agus mu mheud nan oibre eugsamhla a ta innte!

Ged is mor a ta gach reult agus gealach a tha 'g iadhadh mu'n ghrein a' foillseachadh cumhachd neo-criochnuichte an Ti bheannaichte a dhealbh iad; gidheadh, is beag iad sin gu leir an coimeas ris gach corp dealrach eile a chithear air an suidheachadh air feadh fharsuingeachd na cruitheachd. Tha na rionnagan suidhichte, air nach 'eil againn ach eolas ro bheag a thaobh an astair do-thuigsinn nainn, agus an lionmhorachd do-aireamh, a' foillseachadh morachd, maitheas, agus cumhachd De air mhodh do-chur an ceill! Cha'n 'eil sinne 'g am faicinn ach mar bhallaibh beaga, cruinn, soillseach, nomar sheudaibh boisgeach a tha air an suidheachadh anns na speuraibh aigastar neo-chriochnuichte air falbh! Gidheadh, is grianan iad so, a tha 'toirt barrachd air grein na talmhainn againne, an am meud agus ann an soillse! Goirear *Reulta Suidhichte* dhiubh a chionn gu'm bheil iad co fada air falbh a's nach urrainn reultairean a dheanamh a mach gu'm bheil iad a' carachadh idir as an aitibh, agus chum eadardhealachadh a chur eadar iad agus na reultan mu thimchioll am bheil eolas ni's cinntich' air 'fhaotuinn a mach. Tha an aireamh co mor is nach urainn na speuradairean ni sam bith cinnteach a chur an ceill mu'n timchioll. Cha'n fhaicear ach beagan mhiltean diubh leis an t-suil luim, ach fhuaradh a mach gloineachan-amhairc leis am bheil muilleana do-aireamh dhiubh air am faicinn; ach an deigh sin uile, tha e cinnteach gur suarach an aireamh dhiubh a chithear idir, an coimeas ris an lionmhorachd neochriochnuichte de na rionnagaibh boisgeach sin, a tha air an suidheachadh aig astar air nach comus do na gloineachaibh a's fearr ruigheachd. Cha'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach grianan iad uile aig am bheil solus annta fein, cosmhuil ris a' ghrein a tha soillseachadh na talmhainn so againne! Tha aobhar againn a chomh-dhunadh, gu'm bheil reultan agus gealaichean a' cuairteachadh gach greine dhiubh so fa leth, agus gu'm bheil iad air an comhdachadh le coilltibh, feur, agus luibhean de gach gne, agus feudaidh e bhi air an aiteachadh le bithibh reusonta agus tuigseach! Nach miorbhuileach, uime sin, oibre an Tighearna De! Nach soilleir a tha na neamhan a' cur an ceill a ghloir, agus na speuran a' nochdadh gniomh a lamh!

Tha astar nan rionnag so on talamh, agus o aon a cheile, ceart co iongantach ris an aireamh aca. Tha'n teallsanach, *Bessel* a' deanamh dheth gu'm bheil na rionnagan suidhichte a's faigse do'n talamh tri fichead muillean de mhuilleanaibh mile air astar naithe; agus ma tha iadsan a's faigse co namhasach fad' air falbh, ciod a theirear mu'n timchioll-san a tha co fad' as is gur gann a chithear idir iad? Tha'n solus a' gabhail teann air ochd mionaidean gu siubhal eadar

a' ghrian agus an talamh so, ach ghabhadh e cuig, deich, agus fichead bliadhna gu siubhal eadar cuid dhe na rionnagaibh sin agus an talamh! Cha'n urrainn an iuntinn aireamh nam miltean astair a tha na rionnagan sin air falbh a thuigsinn. Ghabhadh peileir gunna-moir, dh' aindeoin a luathais, teann air ceithir muillean bliadhna gu tighinn o'n rionnag ris an abrar *Draconis* a dh-ionnsuidh na talmhainn; agus is leoir sin chum a dheanamh soilleir, nach comus duinn beachd freagarrach sam bith a ghabhail air an astar do-thuigsinn aig am bheil na rionnagan air an suidheachadh uainne! Tha moran anns a' bharail gur lionmhor rionnag a tha ann, a tha co fad air falbh is nach d' rainig an solus aca fathast an talamh so, o àm a' chruthachaidh gu ruig an la an diugh! Thugadh so air na h-uile an smuaintean fein a shuidheachadh air a' chumhachd neo-chriochnuichte sin a dhealbh na soluis mhaiseach so, agus a tha 'g an stiuireadh 'n an cuairtibh ann am farsuingeachd nèimhe! Is ceart a thubhairt an Salmadar, "Is mor an Tighearna agus is mor a chumhachd. Molaibh e, a' ghrian agus a' ghealach, molaibh e, 'uile reulta soluis. Molaibh e a neamha nan neamh." — (Salm cxlviii. 3.)

Cha 'n 'eil neach air bith nach tug fa 'near an crios soilleir sin a chithear air oidhche reota, ann an airde nan speur, do 'n ainm, "*An t-slighe bhainneach.*" Cha 'n 'eil anns a' chrios so, uime sin, ach miltean agus muilleanan do ghrianaibh a tha air an suidheachadh co teann air a' cheile 's gu 'm faicear tri mile agus corr diubh ann an leud na gealaich dhe 'n t-slighe dhealraich so. Mar so, chithear na rionnagan sin le gloineachaibh, dluth do aon a' cheile, ach an deigh sin uile tha e air a dhearbhadh gu 'm bheil muilleanan de mhuilleanaibh mhiltean eatorra! Ghabh na reultairean beachd air buaidh iongantach eile a bhuineas do chuid de na rionnagaibh suidhichte, agus 's e sin gu 'm bheil iad caochlaideach 'n an soilleireachd. Chithear iad aig aon am anabarrach dealrach, agus aig am eile, 's ann air eigin a chithear idir iad. Tha cuid eile dhiubh a chithear gu soilleir re uine shonraichte, agus an deigh sin a theid as an t-sealladh; agus cuid eile a tha 'g an nochdadh fein do 'n t-sealladh, nach fhacas riamh roimhe. Sea fichead agus cuig bliadhna mu 'n d' rugadh ar Slanuighear beannuichte, nochd rionnag shoillseach de 'n ghne so i fein nach fhacas riamh roimhe; agus chunncas rionnag eile tri cheud, ceithir ficheadh agus naoi bliadhna an deigh breith Chriosd, a bha co dealrach ri *Bhenus*, ach ann an tri seachdainibh chaidh i gu h-iomlan as an t-sealladh! Mar so, tha caochlaidhean ri 'm faicinn ann am feachd nèimh ceart cosmhuil ris gach caochladh a chithear air an talamh. Cha'n 'eil ni air bith seasmhach no bunaiteach fo righ-chaithir an De shiorruidh agus neo-chaochlaidich, a tha 'riaghladh os ceann nan uile. Air an talamh tha sinn 'faicinn gu 'm bheil samhradh agus geamhradh a' tighinn agus a 'falbh—gu 'm bheil luibhean a' teachd fo blath agus a' crionadh—gu 'm bheil linn a' greasadh linne do 'n uaigh, mar a ghreasar tonn le tonn gu traigh, agus mar so, gu 'm bheil "aon ghinealach a' siubhal agus ginealach eile a' teachd," mar dhearbhadh gu 'n "teid sgiamh an t-saoghail so seachad." Tha e soilleir, uime sin, gu 'm bheil gach ni cruthaichte maraon anns na speuraibh agus air an talamh, buailteach do chaochladh; ach tha 'n Ti ghlormhor sin a dhealbh iad neo-chaochlaideach, oir, maille ris-san cha 'n 'eil atharrachadh no sgaile tionndaidh! Is Esan Iehobhah, "an dé, and diugh, agus gu siorruidh an Ti ceudna." Tha sinn

'faicinn gu 'm bheil "eadar-dhealachadh oibreachaidh ann, ach is e an t-aon Dia a ta ag oibreachadh nan uile nithe anns na h-uile." Ann-san, uime sin, cuireadh na h-uile an dochas. "O chian leag Esan bunaite na talmhainn, agus is iad na nèamhan obair a lamh. Theid as doibhsan ach mairidh Esan; fasaidh iadsan uile sean mar eudach; mar thrusgan caochlaidh se iad, agus bithidh iad air an caochladh; ach is Esan an Ti ceudna, agus cha chriochnaichear a bhliadhnan." (Salm cii. 25.)

Labhraidh sinn 's an ath earrainn air gluasad agus air dluth-tharruing nan corp-neamhaidh, agus air na seolaibh-mara.

SGIATHANACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

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A' BHAINTREACH.

Bha baintreach ann roimhe, 's bha tri nigheanan aice, 's is e n'a bha aice airson am beathachadh, gàrradh cail. Bha each mor glas a' h-uile latha 'tighinn do 'n ghàrradh a dh'itheadh a 'chail. "Thuirt an te bu shine de na nigheanan r'a mathair theid mise d'an gharradh an diugh 's bheir mi leam a chuibheal, 's cumaidh mi 'n t-each as a' chal." "Dean," ars' a mathair. Dh' fholbh i mach. Thainig an t-each. Thug i 'chuigeal as a' chuibheil 's bhuail i e. Lean a' chuigeal ris an each, 's lean a lamh s-ris a' chuigeal. Air falbh a bha'n t-each, gus an d' rainig e cnoc uaine, 's ghlaodh e. "Fosgail, fosgail a chnuic uaine 's leig mac an righ a stigh. Fosgail, fosgail a chnuic uaine 's leig nighean na baintrich a stigh." Dh' fhosgail an cnoc, 's chaidh iad a stigh. Rinn e uisge blath d'a casan 's leaba bhog d'a leasan, 's chaidh i laidhe an oidhche sin. Mochthrath an la'r na mhaireach 'n uair a dh' eirich esan, bha e 'dol a shealgaireachd. Thug e dh'ise iuchraichean an tighe air fad, 's thuirt e rithe gum faodadh i h-uile seomar a stigh fhosgladh ach an t-aon; air na chunnaic i riamh gun am fear sin 'fhosgladh; a dhinneir-san a bhi aice reidh 'n uair a thilleadh e; 's n'am biodh i 'n a bean mhath gu'm posadh e i. 'N uair a dh' fholbh esan thoisich ise air fosgladh nan seomraichean. A' h-uile fear mar a dh' fhosgladh i bha e' dol n'a bu bhreagha 's na bu bhreagha, gus an d' thainig i gus an fhear a bh'air a bhacail. Thair leatha 'd é 'dh fhaodadh a bhith ann nach fhaodadh i fhosgladh cuideachd. Dh' fhosgail i e, 's bha e lan do mnathan uaisle marbh, 's chaidh i 'sios gus a' ghlun ann am fuil. Thainig i mach an sin, 's bha i 'glanadh a coise, 's ged a bhiodh i 'g a glanadh fathast cha b' urrainn i mir de 'n fhuil a thoirt di. Thainig cat crion far an robh i, 's thuirt i rithe, na'n tugadh i dh' ise deur beag bainne, gun glanadh i i cho math 's a bha i riamh. "Thusa 'bheathaich ghrainnde! bi falbh romhad; am bheil duil agad nach glan mi fein iad na's fhearr na thusa?" "Seadh, seadh! leig dhuit! Chi thu 'd é dh' eireas duit 'n uair a thig e fein dachaidh!" Thainig esan dachaidh, 's chuir ise an dinneir air a' bhord, 's shuidh iad sios aice. Mu'n d' ith iad mir thuirt esan rithe. "An robh thu a'd' bhean mhath an diugh?" "Bha," ars' ise, "Leig fhaicinn domhsa do chas, 's innsidh mi dhuit co-aca 'bha na nach robh." Leig i fhaicinn da an te 'bha glan. "Leig fhaicinn domh, an te eile," ars' esan. 'N uair a chunnaic e 'n fhuil, "O! ho!" ars' e, 's dh' eirich e, 's ghabh e 'n tuagh, s thug e 'n ceann di, 's thilg e 'stigh do 'n t-seomar i leis an fheadhain mharbh, eile.

Chaidh e 'laidhe an oidhche sin, 's mochthrath an la 'r na mhaireach dh' fhalbh e gu garradh na baintrich a rithisd. Thuirt an darna te de nigheanan na baintrich r'a mathair. "Theid mi mach an diugh, 's cumaidh

mi 'n t-each glas as a' gharradh." Chaidh i 'mach a' fuaghal. Bhuail i an rud a bha aice 'g a fhuaghal air an each; lean an t-aodach ris an each; 's lean a lamh ris an aodach. Rainig iad an cnoc. Ghlaodh e mar a b' abhaist da ris a' chuoc. Dh' fhosgail an cnoc, 's chaidh iad a stigh. Rinn e uisge blath d'a casan, 's leaba bhog d'a leasan, 's chaidh iad a laidhe an oidhche sin. Mochthrath an la'r na mhaireach bha esan a' folbh a shealgaireachd, 's thuirt e rithe h-uile seomar a stigh 'fhosgladh, ach an aon fhear, 's air na chunnaic i riamh gun am fear sin 'fhosgladh. Dh' fhosgail i h-uile seomar gus an d' thainig i gus an fhear bheag, 's air leatha 'd é dh' fhaodadh a bhith anns an fhear sin ni's motha na cach nach fhaodadh i 'fhosgladh. Dh' fhosgail i e, 's bha e lan de mnathan uaisle marbh, 's a piuthar fein 'n am measg. Chaidh i sios g'a glun ann am fuil. Thainig i 'mach, 's bha i 'g a glanadh fein, 's thainig an cat beag ma'n cuairt, 's thuirt i rithe. "Ma bheir thu dhomhsa deur beag bainne, glanaidh mi i cho math 's a bha i riamh" Thusa, a bheathaich ghrainnde! Gabh romhad! Am bheil duil agad nach glan mi fein i ni 's fhearr na thusa?" "Chi thu," ars' an cat, "'d é dh' eireas duit 'n uair a thig e fein dachaidh." 'N uair a thainig e dhachaidh chuir ise sios an dinneir, 's shuidh iad aice. Thuirt esan rithe. "An robh thu a'd' bhean mhath an diugh?" "Bha," ars' ise. "Leig 'fhaicinn domh do chas, 's innsidh mi dhuit coaca 'bha na nach robh." Leig i fhaicinn da 'chas a bha glan. "Leig fhaicinn domh an te eile," ars' esan. Leig i fhaicinn i. "O ho!" ars' esan, 's ghabh e 'n tuagh, 's thug e 'n ceann di.

Chaidh e 'laidhe an oidhche sin. Mochthrath an la 'r na mhaireach, ars' an te b' oige r'a mathair, 's i 'figheadh stocaidh. "Theid mise 'mach le m' stocaidh an diugh, 's fairidh mi 'n t-each glas; chi mi 'd é thachair do m' dha phiuthair; 's tillidh mi dh' innseadh dhuibhse." "Dean," ars' a mathair, 's feuch nach fan thu air folbh." Chaidh i' mach, 's thainig an t-each. Bhuail i 'n stocaidh air an each. Lean an stocaidh ris an each, 's lean a lamh ris an stocaidh. Dh' fhalbh iad, 's rainig iad an cnoc uaine. Ghlaodh e mar a b' abhaist da, 's fhuair iad a stigh. Rinn e uisge blath d'a casan's leaba bhog d'a leasan, 's chaidh iad a laidhe an oidhche sin. An la 'r na mhaireach bha e 'falbh a shealgaireachd, 's thuirt e rithise na'n deanadh i bean mhath gus an tilleadh e, ann am beagan laithean gum biodh iad posda. Thug e dhi na h-iuchraichean, 's thuirt e rithe gum faodadh i h-uile seomar a bha stigh fhosgladh ach am fear beag ud,—ach feuch nach fosgladh i 'm fear ud. Dh' fhosgail i h-uile gin; 's 'n uair a thainig i gus an fear so, air leatha 'd é bhiodh ann nach fhaodadh i fhosgladh, ni 's motha na cach. Dh' fhosgail i e, 's chunnaic i 'da phiuthar marbh an sin, 's chaidh i sios g'a da ghlun ann am fuil. Thainig i mach, 's bha i 'glanadh a cas, 's cha b' urrainn i mir de 'n fhuil a thoirt diubh. Thainig an cat crion far an robh i, 's thuirt i rithe, "Thoir dhomhsa deur crion bainne, 's glanaidh mi do chasan cho math 's a bha iad riamh." "Bheir a chreutair—bheir mise dhuit do dhiol bainne ma ghlanas thu mo chasan." Dh' imlich an cat a casan cho math 's a bha iad riamh. Thainig an righ an sin dachaidh, 's chuir iad a sios a dhinneir, 's shuidh iad aice. Ma'n d' ith iad mir thuirt esan rithe, "An robh thusa a'd' bhean mhath an diugh?" "Bha mi meadhonach," ars' ise, "cha 'n 'eil uaill sam bith agam r'a dheanamh asam fein." "Leig fhaicinn domh do chasan," ars' esan. "Leig i fhaicinn da 'casan. Bha thusa a'd' bhean mhath," ars' esan, "'s ma leanas tu mar sin gu

ceann beagan laithean bidh thu fhein agus mise posda." An la'r na mhaireach dh' fholbh esan a shealgaireachd. 'N uair a dh' fholbh esan thainig an cat beag far an robh ise. "Nis innsidh mise dhuit de 'n doigh air an luaithe am bi thu posd' air," ars' an cat. "Tha," ars' ise, "dorlach de sheana chisdeachan a stigh; bheir thu mach tri dhiubh; glanaidh tu iad; their thu ris, an ath oidhche gu'm feum e na tri chisdeachan sin, te ma seach dhiubh, 'fhagail ann an tigh do mhathar, chionn nach 'eil feum an so orra, gu 'bheil gu leoir ann as an ioghnais; their thu ris nach fhaod e gin dhiubh fhosgladh air an rathad, air neo ma dh' fhosglas gum fag thu e; gun d' theid thu ann am barr craoibhe, 's gu'm bi thu 'g amharc, 's ma dh' fhosglas e gin dhiubh gu'm faic thu. An sin 'n uair a theid esan a shealgaireachd fosgladh tu 'n seomar; bheir thu 'mach do dha phiuthar; tairnidh tu 'n slachd-an draoidheachd orra; 's bidh iad cho beo, slan 's a bha iad riamh. Glanaidh tu iad an sin, 's cuiridh tu te anns gach cisde dhiubh, agus theid thu fein 's an treas te. Cuiridh tu de dh-airgiod agus de dh-or anns na cisdeachan n'a chumas do mhathair agus do pheathraichean ceart r'am beo. 'N uair a dh' fhagas e na cisdeachan ann an tigh do mhathar, 's a thilleas e, theid e ann am feirg choimheach. Folbhaidh e 'n sin gu tigh do mhathar anns an fheirg so, 's brisdidh e stigh an dorus. Bi thusa cul an doruis, 's thoir dheth an ceann leis an t-sabh, 's bidh e 'n sin 'n a mhac righ cho aluinn 's a bha e riamh, 's posaidh e thu. Abair ri d' pheathraichean, ma bheir e lamh air na cisdeachan fhosgladh air an rathad iad a ghlaodhach, 'Chi mi thu, chi mi thu,' air alt, 's gun saoil' e gur tusa a bhios a glaodhach 's a' chraoibh."

'N uair a thill esan dachaidh, dh' fholbh e leis na cisdeachan, te an deigh te, gus an d' fhag e 'n tigh a mathar iad. 'N uair a thainig e gu gleann far an robh e smointeachadh nach fhaiceadh ise 's a' chraoibh e, thug e lamh air a' chisde leigeil sios airson faicinn de 'bh' innte. Ghlaodh an te 'bha 's a' chisde, "Chi mi thu—Chi mi thu." "Piseach air do cheann beag, boidheach," ars' esan, "mur am fad' a chi thu." B'e so a bu dual dha air gach siubhal gus an d' fhag e na cisdeachan air fad an tigh a mathar. Nur a thill e dhachaidh air an t-siubhal ma dheireadh, 's a chunnaic e nach robh ise roimhe, chaidh e ann am feirg choimheach. Dh' fhalbh e air ais gu tigh na baintrich, 's 'n uair a rainig e 'n dorus chuir e roimhe e. Bha ise 'n a seasamh air cul an doruis, 's thug i 'n ceann deth leis an t-sabh. Dh' fhas e 'n sin 'n a mhac righ cho aluinn 's a thainig riamh. Chaidh e stigh an sin, 's bha iad ann an toil-inntinn mhor. Phos e fhein agus ise, 's rinn iad banais aighearach, shunndach. Chaidh iad dachaidh do 'n chaisteal, 's bha iad gu math comhla, 's fhuair a mathair 's a peathraichean n'a chum gu math r'am beo iad.—*West Highland Tales.*

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GAIDHLIG-GHALLDA.

Fhir mo chridhe,—Mìle mathanas—fhuair mi do litir bho chionn fhada, agus cha b' e 'n dearmad no 'n diochuimhne thug orm gun sgrìbhadh roimhe seo d' ionnsaidh, ach a' chabhag. Tha fhios agad, bho 'n chiad là a shìnear crann no coibe toiseach an Earraich, gus am falaichear sùil a' bhuntàta fo 'n ùir 's a' Chéitein, nach i 'chléit is leannan duinn air an dùthaich. Gabh mo leisgeul ma ta an dràsta, 's chan bheil fhios, an uair a leigeas mi m' anail, nach innis mi dhut facal no dha mu Dhònull Mac Fhionnlaidh nan dàn; agus ma chaomhnar mi 'n déigh sin, sgial goirid mu Iain Lom

—dithis a tha fo 'n fhòid an Tom-Aingeal.

Chan bheil teagamh nach d' thàinig ioma caochladh air Loch-Abar romh linn na Comhachaig; agus ioma mùthadh a's tionndadh bho bhàs Dhònuill Mhic Fhionnlaidh gus an là an diugh. Co is urrainn innse c' uine bha Mac a' Bhrithimh ann—c' uine Fearghus—c' uine Torradan—triùir a dh' éug mu 'n robh Donnshuil anns an Fhearsaid? An robh an leithid de dhaoine ann? Bhà, agus bha iad a' fuireach 's an Fhearsaid mu 'n robh Aonghus MacAlastair Charraich ann; dhearg iad an ainmeannan air fonn na Fearsaid, ged a bhiodh (mar nach bheil) a' Chomhachag a' togail fianuise-bréige. Ach nach coma, thriall iad fhein 's an iarmad uile! De na bha de chinn-fheadhna 's de chinn-thaighe eadar Cnoc-a'-Chualaich a's Caolas-Mhic-Phàdruic, agus eadar Clach-an-fhuarain a's Màm-chlach-àrd faodar a ràdh gun deach iad uile an talamh-toll, ach Mac Dhònuill-Duibh—oighre Shir Eobhan, na 'n rachd—agus maireann buan da! Mar seo choimhlionadh an fhàisneachd:

"An Loch-Abar a thà thu,
Ach tràghaidh e mar an gaineamh;
Thig linn eile na 'r n-àite—
Bàsaichidh linn nam mollachd!"

Choimhlionadh—fàisneachd "a' Ghuth 's an spéur" a chuala Gille-Moire bha 'n Achadh-a'-mhadaidh 's e dol seachad air Achadh-na-croise—Chan bheil cleith air. Ach is gann a shaoileas mi gun cuireadh Alastair Carrach as gu buileach do 'nt shluagh agus miagh cho mor air daoine 's na h-amannan ud. Air an achd chiadna chan bheil e gabhail agam gun do sgriosadh ás na Piocaich. Ach dubh, dona mar a thà sinn, tha ann is miosa cor. Duan gach duine—"Caoirich a's uain,"—"Luinnseach ghlas am bun gach tuim"—"A' Ghàidhealtachd a' dol gu neoni—na Gàidhil 's an cinn fotha—agus a' chainnt a dh' ionnsaich ar màthraichean duinn—am ball-sinnsireachd a bha ruith air gach duine bho 'n d' thàinig sinn—a Ghàidhlig aosda dol air a h-uilinn, agus sinn fhein (ge nàr e) le 'r coire fhein ga cur aog adh aindeoin! Mo chreach MacLachainn, MacLeoid, agus Munro!"

Gun teagamh tha na Goill na 'r measg agus sinne am measg nan Gall. Ach tha ann a their gu 'm bheil iad cho math ruinn fhein; agus mar biomaid cho simplidh 's a tha sinn, gun ionnsaicheadh iad a' Ghàidhlig.

Is aithne dhomh fhein an ioma cèarna de 'n Ghàidhealtachd teaghlaichean diubh a rinn seo, agus a tha 'n diugh na 's miaghaile uimpe na an tromlach dhinn fhein! Chan fhaic thu balach is urrainn feadghlaic a dheanamh nach fimir e 'chu a leigeadh 's a stuigeadh am bhlalum is gann a thuigeas e fhein na 'chù. Cha chluinnear ach: "*Cam ear ahent*," "*Ger away pack hoot pye*," "*Haud taht*," "*Laidh toon thèr*," "*Cam en to my fuht*," agus griasadan eile air nach cualas iomradh an gleann no 'n coire ri linn ar seanairean.

Is culaidh-mhulaid e! Tha fhios agam gun abair thu: Tha chùis gu h-olc. Ach ciod a their thu an uair a dh' innseas mi dhut, mar nach biodh fios agad air, gum bheil na sgoilearan, (a bhuidhe ri Gobha-nan-duan, cha d' fhuair mi fhein a bheag de sgoil ann agus 's e 's lugha dragh) 's eadh na sgoilearan a' toirt a h-anma-fàis aisde. Ma leanas iad ach goirid air ant sheòl a th' aca—gun fhios dhaibh fhein, ga cuthainneachadh, mar a theireadh ant shean bhean-chlàd e, le ciasan de 'n ollainn Ghallda—éiridh fhathast, agus a' Ghàidhlig na 'suain fo 'n lic, Gearmailtich, agus theagamh Turcaich a bheir a chreidsinn air a' mhac nach d' rugadh, gur *Béurla* bh' aig Gàidhil an latha an diugh—gum bu Ghalldachd a' Ghàidhealtachd!

Nach cuimhne leat balchan beag, breac-luirgneach, leas-ruisgte, bhi air an aon leasan ruinn—Lachann-sgoilear an giullan-siubhail? An uair a ghabh sinne soiridh bhuan leis "An Treòiriche," agus leis an sgoil, lean esan riutha; chuireadh a mach do Dhun-Eideann e, agus fhuair e air aghart gu h-anbarrach math. Tha e 'n dràst aig an taigh, 's e ri 'dhìchioll ag ionnsachadh do 'n òigridh Gàidhlig a léughadh agus a sgrìbheadh; agus is ann dà is aithne. Tha e mion-fhiosrach mu gach rudanachd a bhuineas do thaibseachd na Gáidhlig, agus neothar-thaing mur d' fhuair e làn eòlas mu dheas, air a peathraichean—fhuair 's air a sinnsearan a chrìoch cian mu 'n d' rugadh e. Bu cho math leis duine ga bhualadh 's a' chamaig-gharraidh le tri dùirn de bhata Dho'ch-an-fhasaidh, ri aon tuisleadh fhaotainn ag céum na Staire-nobha, (is aithne dhut i, os cionn Buinne-Mhic-Bheathain)—"Leathan ri leathan, a's caol ri caol." Ach adh aindeoin sin uile tha e fairtleachadh air (ma tha fiach-ris ann) smaoin sa bith a dheilbh ach air uaidnean na beirte - Gallda. Bha e là bha 'n siod am Bruach-Màiri ('s a' Ghearrastan). Bha soitheachsgadan a' fiaradh na Linge-duibhe agus long Lochlannach an acarsaid Chamus-nan-Gall. Bha 'n là fiathail, agus smaoinichear e dol adh fhaicinn na luinge, agus fastaidhear bàta beag. An uair a bha e ga shocrachadh fhein air an tobhta, le tubaist air chor-eigin, tionndaidhear am bàta air a bhialfotha, agus faighear am fleasgach tumadh math bathaidh, agus atharraichear beachd's tillear air'ais. Nise, tomhais cia mar a dh' innis e seo an oidhche roimhe an taigh an tàillear? "Bha mi," ars esan ('s e fiachainn geal na sùla) air là àraidh am Bruach-Màiri. Bha soitheach-sgadan a' bualadh Loch-Linne no Loch-Ial, agus long de Lochlann an Camas-nan-Gall. Bha 'n latha neo-stoirmeil agus shaoil mi dol adh fhaicinn na luinge, agus thuarasdlaich mi bàta beag; ach ann a bhi ga m' shocrachadh fhein air a' bheinge, le sgiorradh air chor-eigin, thionndaidh am bàta bun os cionn, agus bha mis iar tumadh math bàthaidh fhaotainn agus threig mi mo rùn 's thill mi air m' ais. Is beag sin de Ghàidhlig Lachainn. Ged nach bheil e creidsinn 's na sìthichean, 's ged nach d' ionnsaich e sgialachd riamh, tha e na dheadh chnacaiche—ach bheireadh e ort do chlìth chall ag gàireachdaich—tha e cho frithearra, fada na 'bheachd fhein. Tha e fulangach air fuachd 's air acras, ach chan fhuiling e 'sheòladh. Is ann a their e "Bhurraidh tha thu ann, siod mar a their iad 's a' Bhéurla." Cha nàr leis idir tighin a mach le briathrachas mar seo: "Stad air son mineid," an àite "stad beag, moille bheag;" "Leig leam faicinn," an aite, "Cuimhnich orm," "Fuirich orm;" "A' snàmh an àilleas," an àite, "Air snàmh," &c.; "Aitean far am bheil a' Ghàidhlig iar a labhairt" an àite, "Dùthchannan no àiteachan far am beileas," &c.; "Is coigrich sinn do 'n bhainne," an àite, "Tha am bainne na annas oirnn," no "Tha sinn fhein 's am bainne na 'r coigrich" no "na 'r n-aithnichinn air a chéile," "Tha sinn ullamh gu bhi faotainn coire do dhaoine," an àite (ma 's fàgail no laigse-nàdair a th' aige na bheachd), "Tha sinn deas air coire fhaotainn do dhaoine." "Seirbhis-shìobhalta" an àite "Seirbhis na Banrigh" agus "Airgiod-crochaidh" an àite "Pàidheadh-righ"!

Cha dad idir am briathrachas làmh ris an fhaclachadh. Chan bheil urad na cloinne-bige nach bheil ag gabhail seirbhe dheth—rinn iad "pioc-an-coimheach" dheth. Chan bheil àite 's an tachair iad, ge d' tha e maoidheadh béum-clachain orra, 's ag innse gur h-ann mar siod a sgribh

an Stiubhartach e, nach dean iad "Mìle-Chuartaig" ag gabhail a' cheileiridh seo:

Thuit an gavinn
Anns an avinn
Oidhche-Shavinn
'S bhris e avach
A's a chnavan!

Is duilich leam ri ìnnse dhut nach urrainn do Challum-tàillear gluasad gun na luirg; 's e an neoni an saoghal! Bha uair a bheireadh e air na maighichean; agus tha Rob ag cur air gun robh geall-réise eatorra. Ach coma, nach bheil cuimhne agad an là chaidh sinn na 'r triùir a choimhead "Clach-an-turramain" agus "Uamha Shomhairle?" Nach bu chlis siubhlach an latha sin e? Tha iadsan an Gleann-Nibheis fhathast, agus a réir coltais bithidh gu "là nan creach" cia dhiubh. Cha do dhùisg a' chlach as an turra-chadal, agus tha 'n uamha dubh, dorcha 'n siod mu choinneamh Bun-na-Stille—le 'bial cumhang 's le h-ùrlar farsuing. Dh' innis cuideigin do Lachann gur h-ann 's an uamha seo a rinneadh "Cha till sinn tuille," agus, an latha roimhe, togar air 's rachar a choimhead na h-uamha. Is aithne dhut fhein Rob—bheireadh e conas as a leth lurgainn. Thuig e gun robh 'n tàillear ag gabhail seirbhe de Ghàidhlig Lachainn, agus iarrar air a' ghille chòir cunntas a thoirt seachad mu'thurus do Ghleann-Nibheis. Thòisich Lachann: "Ann a bhi dol dhomh a choimhead 'Clach-an-fhulaisg,' air là àraidh, chaidh mi adh 'Uamha Shomhairle' a tha farsaing aig a h-ìochdar agus caol aig a mullach. Chunnaic mi"—An uair a chuala an tàillear seo, chaidh ceòl na h-oidhche air feadh na fidhle—chaill e 'chluas-éisdeachd—ruith an fhoighidinn, 's ghlaoidh e le àird' a ghuth—"*Stop it, Lachie, none of your conundrums here,*" 's thugar togail air a' chrasgaig, 's mur biodh Aonghus mòr, còir làmh ris thuiteadh diùbhail a bu lugha na thuit an Cuilfhodair!

Is mithich sgur de 'n Ghàidhlig-Ghallda mu 'n tilg thu orm: "An inisg ga cur 's a bun aig a' bhaile."—Is mi, &c., ABRACH.

An Tom Buidhe,
Latha Bealltuinn, 1873.

—o—

NAIDHEACHD.

Bha ann an *Normandy*,'s an Fhraing, cosnaiche bha air ur phosadh, duine calma sgairteil, agus bha e fein 's a bhean, mar bu choir dhoibh a bhi, anabharrach caidreach. Thachair dhasan a bhi 'g obair ri latha uisge 's gaillinn o mhoch gu anmoch, agus thainig e dhachaidh air a chlaidreadh gu goirt le h-obair a's drochshid. Bha 'bhean 'n a suidhe aig an teine. "An d' thainig thu 'ghaoil?" ars' ise, "nach e sin an latha! tha e air a bhi cho fliuch 's nach b' urrainn mise dol a dh' iarraidh uisge, agus leis a sin cha 'd fhuair mi do dhinneir a dheasachadh; ach o'n tha thusa nis *co fliuch 's is urrainn duit a bhi*, bhithinn a'd' chomain n'an rachadh tu'dh' iarraidh cuinneag uisge." Thog e 'n da chuinneig, agus thug e'n tobar air; bha 'n tobar greis air astar, ach cha b'fhada gus an do thill e; chuir e aon do na cuinneagan air an urlar, agus thilg e na bha 's a' chuinneig eile air mullach cinn a mhnatha, agus a' chuinneag eile air an doigh cheudna. "Sin, a ghraidh," ars' esan, "tha thusa nis *co fliuch 's is urrainn duit a bhi*, agus tha mi 'n dochas nach misd' thu dol a dh' iarraidh an uisge."

Tha deagh fhios againn nach 'eil a' h-aon do na mnathan Gaidhealach a dheanadh a' leithid so; ach mar thuirt am Frangach, tha sinn "an dochas" nach misd' iad an sgeul beag so a chluinntinn. Bha 'm Frangach bochd 'n a dhuine spurtail, tuigseach: cha b' ionann agus ioma trusdar a bheireadh gleadhar an taobh an leth-chinn di.—*Cuairtear nan Gleann.*

AIR LATHA ORDUIGH DHUNEIDEANN.

Ged tha mi 's an Fhraing 'g éisdeachd srannraich na gaoith,
B'e baile Dhuneideann 'n diugh m' eibhneas a's m' ùigh,
A's cluig bu bhinn orain ri ceòlraidh do m' chrìdh,
Toirt cuiridh gu cuirm ann an cùirtean an Rìgh.

FONN—*Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,*
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Mo rùn air a' chomunn 's mo thogradh bhi leò!

Bhi 'g éisdeachd a' bhuachaill,* a fhuair mi 'n am fhéum,
Gu beanntainnean *Bheuladh* a' stiùireadh mo chéum;
'S air tùs chuir a'm' laimh a' ghloin'-amhairc de 'n òr,
Troimh 'm faca mi sealladh air fearunn na gloir.
Air faillirin, illirin, &c.

A chuideachd mo ghaoil gabhaibh aòbhach an sògh
Th' air a sgaoileadh le faoilt aig Fearsaoraidh nan Slògh;
'S' n uair a thig e air dàil dh' iarruidh bhlàithean a's meas.
Na biodh aon gheug gun phairt oir' ri aireamh 'n 'ur lios.
Air faillirin, illirin, &c.

B'e mo mhiann-sa ur ciocras bhi riariucht' le gràdh
'S ur n' òl bhi gun airceas fo bhratach an àigh;
Ged tha mis' mar neach paiteach air ard-bheannaibh mòr
'G eisdeachd torman nan caochan 's nach fhaod dol nan còir.
Air faillirin, illirin, &c.

A nigheanan Shioin co geal is co dearg,
Ged 's dubh mi seach sibhse na gabhaibh rium fearg;
Bidh mise thar chuaintean ga m' bhualadh le grian,
A's sibhse gu mùirneach le bùthaibh ga 'r dìon.
Air faillirin, illirin, &c.

Gu 'm b' annsa na h-orain tha 'n coisri nan saoi,
Na osag a' Cheitein ged 's éibhinn a laoidh;
'S 'n uair thig cruaidh-ghaoth a' Gheamhraidh 'cur greann air gach dùil,
'S ann o Shinai tha 'm fonn tha 's gach ponc d' a cruit-chiuil.
Air faillirin, illirin, &c.

Ged 's ciatach leam searmoin nan garbh-thonnan mòr
Mu uamhas Iehobhah, mu mhorachd 's mu gloir;
Cha chluinnear a' luaidh iad air Uan Chalbharì,
'S a chaoidh cha toir cunntas mu Chumhnant na Sìth.
Air faillirin, illirin, &c.

* An t-Ollamh Maclachainn, Eaglais Chaluim-Chille, Duneideann.

Ach leanaidh mis' céuman ur tréudsa le deoin,
'S 'n uair ruigeas mi 'n t-aite 'm bi ur tamh mu thra'-neoin,
Mar fhior-uisge *Elim* 'n deigh *Mara* bhi searbh,
Bidh suaimhneas nan cluaintean 'n deigh cruaidh rathaidean garbh.

Air faillirin, illirin, &c.

MAIRI NIC EALLAIR.

Honfleur, anns an Fhraing,
Mios mu dheireadh an Fhoghair, 1872.

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. An uair a chuireas tu 'n t-suil as, is ann is fearr a chi e.

2. Theid e gu bord mor an Righ 's cha ghabh e fiamh no faiteachas.

3. Tha teanga fhada, chaol, chruaidh
Aig mo luaidh, an ribhinn og;
Is lionmhor iad le 'm binn a guth,
'S is ioma fear le 'm blasd' a pog.

4. Baraille gun ton ann, 's e lan de fheoil duine.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns an aireamh mu dheireadh:—1, Gathgreine; 2, Ubh; 3, Cruban, no Partan; 4, Cnu.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Na sia buaidhean a bha cumail suas na Féinne:—1. Agh Fhinn. 2. Làmh Ghoill. 3. Prab-bhuillean Oscair. 4. Iomairt ealamh Oisein. 5. Ruith chruaidh Chaoilte. 6. Suidheachadh Chonain air a' chath.

Tri subhailcean a' bhàird:—
1. Ciocras coin gu làn a bhronn.
2. Fios fithich a' ruith gu ròic.
3. Tart frithir gu òl a dhram.

Na tri rudan is daoire th' ann:—1. Uuibhean chearc. 2. Feòil mhuc. 3. Glòir chailleach.

Na tri rudan is milse th' ann:—1. Mo chuid fhin. 2. Mo bhean fhin. Agus, 3. Tiugainn dachaidh.

Mar is còir teine fhadadh:—
Séid agus séid an gual,
A's séid gu ruighinn, cruaidh an sop.

FUINE.

Ged nach dean thu ach a' h-aon,
Dean am bonnach beag;
Agus ge do dheanadh tu naoidh,
Dean am bonnach-beag a's crois air.

Cha'n 'eil còir aig duine sam bith a dheanamh mar a thoilicheas e, ach an uair a thoilicheas e an ni sin a ta ceart a dheanamh.

—o—

AN T-OLLAMH MACAOIDH.

Is ann le mor dhuilichinn a tha sinn a cur an ceill d'ar luchd-leughaidh gu 'n do chaochail An t-Ollamh Urramach, Mac-an-toisich Macaoidh air an d' thug sinn gearr-eachdraidh (le 'dhealbh) ann an aireamh 13 de 'n GHAIDHEAL. Bha e rè breagan bhliadhnaichean air an ais agus gu sonruichte o chionn mios no dha an am fior dhroch shlainte. Chaochail e ann am *Portobello* dluth do Dhuneideann air an t-seachdamh latha deug d'an mhios a chaidh seachad aig aois cheithir fichead bliadhna. Ghabhaidh sinn cothrom fathast air cuid de 'eachdraidh a thoirt do luchd-leughaidh a' GHAIDHEIL, a nis o'n dh' fhalbh e agus nach ruig leas sgath a bhi oirnn a bhuaidhean ainmeil aithris.

—o—

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Cha 'n 'eil a' bheag sam bith de naidheachdan ur no annasach againn ri thairgse d'ar luchd-leughaidh air a' mhios so.

Ged a tha a' Pharlamaid a nis cruinn o chionn cheithir miosan, cha 'n urrainn duinn a radh gu 'n do chuir iad ach gle bheagan troimh an lamhan. Chaidh a' chas-bhacain a chur air an Uachdranachd ann an

toiseach na chluiche an uair a thilg Tigh-nan-uaislean a mach am *Bill* a chuireadh air am beulaobh le *Mr. Gladstone*, Ard-chomhairleach na Banrigh, air son ath-uidheamachaidh agus riaghailteachaidh nan Oil-thighean ann an Eirinn. Cha do chord e ris an tigh; chuir iad cul ris; thilg an Uachdranachd a suas an dreuchdan, agus ged a chaidh iompaidh a chur orra an gabhail air an ais, cha d' fhuair iad ceart os a chionn fhathast. Is i ar barail nach tig moran cobhair orra gus an teid a' Pharlamaid a chur mar sgaoil agus a thaghadh as ur—ni a thachras air a' chuid is fhaide an ath-bhliadhna, oir, cha 'n fhaod i marsainn ach seachd bliadhna, agus tha an uine sin a nis dluth air teachd gu crioch.

Tha Ard-sheanaidhean Eglais-na-h-Alba agus na h-Eaglaise Saoire a' cumail an coinneamhan bliadhnail an drast ann an Dun-eideann. Thatar ag radh, "gur sona an rioghachd a tha gun eachdraidh," oir, is bitheanta gu 'm bheil eachdraidh rioghachdan gu mor air a deanamh a suas de bhlair, de fhuil-dhortadh agus de euchdan ghaisgeach. Ma tha an ni ceudna fior mu na h-eaglaisean tha iad a' mealtainn an t-sonais so am bliadhna. Ann an Seanadh na h-Eaglaise Steidhichte tha gach ni thuige so a' dol air aghart "gun ghuth mor gun droch fhacal;" tha cunntais thaitneach air an tabhairt a lathair mu shoirbheachadh cuisean na h-eaglais an coitcheann air a' bhliadhna chaidh seachad. Bhuilich a' Bhanrigh choir—saoghal fada dhi! mar is gnath leatha a h-uile bliadhna, da mhile punnd Sasunnach air an eaglais a chum colas a sgaoileadh am measg nan Gaidheal d' am bheil a' leithid de ghradh aice.

Tha an neul dorcha a bha bagairt an Eaglais Shaor a sgoltadh 'n a bloighdibh air a sgapadh air falbh. Tha a' bhuidheann a chuireadh air leith a' dheich bliadhna 'n ama so a dh' fheuchainn am biodh e comasach posadh a dheanamh a suas eadar i fhein agus na *United Presbyterians*, air a cur mar sgaoil, agus ceisd an Aonaidh a dhuisg a leithid de bhuaireas agus de dh-aimhreit feadh na h-Alba gu leir ri bhi, car tamuill co dhiu, air a cur a leth-taobh. Ciod e air bith am beachd a bhios aig cuid a dhaoine, agus tha dearbh fhios againn gu'm bi ioma barail ann, mu cheartachd agus mu iomchuidheachd an Aonaidh na 'n tachradh e mar bu mhiann le aireamh mhor anns an da eaglais, gidheadh, tha luchd trom air a thogail bharr inntinn ioma aon a bha o chionn uine fhada fo amharus gu'm bidh an Eaglais Shaor air a spealgadh as a cheile; agus tillidh moran a chaidh a Dhun-eideann gu gle smuaireineach, dhachaidh le ceum aotrom agus le cridhe aoibhneach. Shocraich an t-Ard-sheanadh air a' cheann mu dheireadh gu 'm faodadh ministear de na *United Presbyterians* a bhi air a ghairm do aon de chomh-thionalaibh na h-Eaglaise Saoire na 'n aontaicheadh e gabhail ris na beachdan a bha i a' teagasg agus a' cur an ceill mu dhleasannas an uachdarain shaoghalta do 'n eaglais—ann an aon fhacal, na 'n tionndadh e do 'n Eaglais Shaor agus na 'n fo-sgriobhadh e a riaghailtean mar aon d'a ministearan fein.

Facal 's an Dealachadh.

NORVAL.—Tha AN GAIDHEAL ag ol a dheoch-eolais ort. Co thu? Bu mhath leinn greim cridheil fhaighinn air do lamh, oir tha sinn gu mor air ar mealladh mur duine suilbhear, aoidheil thu. Dh' aithnicheamaid so air mearachas do litreach. Cha ruig thu leas a bhi cho malda mar gu 'm bu nighean og AN GAIDHEAL; cuiridh sinn geall nach 'eil thu cho sgàthach an lathair do leannain. Chuinneamaid uait a rithisd.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JUNE, 1873.

CELTIC TEMPERAMENT.

Sentiment is the word which marks where the Celtic races, Gael and Cymri, really touch and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterised by a single term, is the best term to take. An organisation quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality, therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and sorrow; this is the main point. The essence of this temperament is to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion; to be expansive, adventurous, and gay. Our word *gay*, it is said, is itself Celtic. It is not from *gaudium*, but from the Celtic *gair*, to laugh; and the impressionable Celt, soon up and soon down, is more down because it is so his nature to be up, to be sociable, hospitable, eloquent, admired, figuring away brilliantly. He loves bright colours, he easily becomes audacious, overcrowing, full of fanfaronade. For good and for bad the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground, than the German. . . . . Sentimental, always *ready to react against the despotism of fact*, that is the description a great friend of the Celt gave of him, and it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament; it lets us into the secret of its dangers, and of its habitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience, these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperament to start with, of high success; and balance, measure, and patience, are just what the Celt has never had. Even in the world of spiritual creation he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. . . . . And yet, if one sets about constituting an ideal genius, what a great deal of the Celt does one find one's self drawn to put into it! The sensibility of the Celt, if everything else were not sacrificed to it, is a beautiful and admirable force. Do not let us wish that the Celt had had less sensibility, but that he had been more master of it. Even as it is, if his sensibility has been a source of weakness to him, it has been a source of power too, and a source of happiness.—*Dr. Matthew Arnold.*

———o———

GIFT OF OLD GAELIC PAPERS TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

A large and valuable collection of old papers has been lately given to the Duke of Argyll by Mr. Campbell of Sonachan, and these have been found to include a curious song* which appears to be a genuine composition of 1528, written in praise of Colin, third Earl of Argyll, upon his being appointed by James V. to command an expedition against the Douglases, who were then in rebellion on the Borders—an incident that is duly recorded by Buchanan in his national history. This

* Our readers will remember that this song appeared in THE GAEL last December.

Colin, like the present head of the Campbells, would seem to have had literary tastes, and is mentioned in Irish annals as a generous, hospitable man, who gave gifts to learned scribes and bards. Mr. J. F. Campbell of Islay, brother-in-law of Earl Granville, and compiler of "The Tales of the West Highlands," has translated the song, with the aid of the Rev. N. Macpherson, the parish minister of Inveraray, one of the most learned men of the Church of Scotland, and who has probably only two equals in the country as a Gaelic scholar. Mr. Campbell also testifies that he was aided in his work of translation by some boatmen on Loch-Fyne as to the meaning of some technical words in the old song. It is interesting, because it gives a portrait of an ancient west country expedition. "They launch their boats, they step their masts, they hoist a square-sail, make the tack of the lug-sail fast to the weather cat-head, set a fore-sail, and beat to windward, using oars. This picturesque old navy of Loch-Fyne were very like the modern herring fleet for size and rig. Such boats are commonly sculptured on tombstones, and are blazoned on coats of arms." Mr. J. F. Campbell also remarks on the small Gaelic equivalents that are found in the song of great titles, and their value when translated. The title of "Riogh," which the bard gave to the earl whom he chose for laudation, was given to a great many petty chiefs in Ireland and Scotland, and clearly is the word "Raja." When given to the Irish monarch who ruled at Tara over five provincial kings, they prefixed a word to make the title "High King" (Ard Riogh). When given to a great monarch in the East, they in like manner prefixed a word, and hence "Maha Raja." Thus, by language, we see the Gael of the Scottish mountains and the people of the sultry plains of India brought together. Mr. Campbell's translation of the old song, and note thereupon, are both deeply interesting.—*Argyllshire Herald.*

MR. EDMUNDS' STATEMENTS.

His letter in THE GAEL for last January has for its title "The River Names of England and Scotland, and what they prove," but he does not adhere to this proposed subject. He introduces what is wholly different and irrelevant—namely, the etymology of "Lanark. Now it is neither a river, nor is it in England. No doubt in doing this he wished to withdraw attention from the English river names, which in numerous instances are of Gaelic and not of Welsh origin. Mr. Edmunds, of course, tries to show, like Chalmers (from whom he has apparently copied), that the derivation of "Lanark" is from the Welsh language; but this is wholly disproved by its ancient spelling, which in 1450 was "Lanrig," and in still more remote times, in 1315, it is also written "Lanrig," which appears in a charter of King Robert Bruce of that year. This confutes Mr. Edmunds' making it to come from the Welsh word "Lanerch." Where did he ever find it so written or called, except by Chalmers? There are several places named "Lanrick" in Scotland, evidently the same word, and derived from the Gaelic.

Regarding "*Ben*lomond" being a Welsh name, there is another statement in his letter. He says it is the same as "*Plin*limmon," from "*Pum*-luman." If this was true then all the *Bens* and mountains of Scotland must be from the Welsh "*Pum*."

Mr. Edmunds in his letter also states that the English river names (given by the writer hereof) *are not* of the first, or even of *the second* magnitude, but are "insignificant brooks." This has been well replied to by your correspondent "Fraoch," in the number for March last, but attention is again drawn to this statement of Mr. Edmunds', as it was proved in your same number wherein his letter appears, that the English river names given are not only of the second but also of the *first* magnitude, and besides are derived from the Gaelic language. They include the Thames, the Severn, the Dee, the Tees, the Tyne, &c., all of them among

the largest rivers of England, which fact fully confutes the assertion made. Mr. Edmunds in his letter states, and informs the public, that he has "devoted many years to philological studies, in which the Welsh language has not been omitted." From this statement every one might expect to receive as the fruit of the "many years study" etymologies of the names of places that must be received. Yet the book on this subject by Mr. Edmunds* contains many most childish derivations. Thus he states "Mam-torr," in Derbyshire, means "Mother hill," proving he does not know what "Mam" signifies. The "Alde" of Suffolk, and thereby also the four streams in Scotland of that name, he states (in his book, p. 14,) that the derivation is from the English word the "Alder" trees that grew at the margin, thus asserting the name was not given till the English race and language came to be established in Britain—that is, not earlier than the middle of the sixth century, so that until that period these streams had no name! At p. 12 of his book Mr. Edmunds states that the names of the Scotch rivers and mountains were given "long before" the Welsh race arrived; therefore, not being named by the Welsh, *they cannot* be in the Welsh language, yet on the opposite and some succeeding pages he proceeds to stultify himself by attempting to show that the river names of Scotland *are* from the Welsh language. He makes one exception, namely, in those called "Eden," which are in Scotland and and also in the counties of Cumberland and Kent. These last he says (p. 15) "must be conceded as Gaelic," and he gives a most extraordinary reason for their being so, namely, that they got their names by the Gael from their "*resemblance to the Scotch Edens!*" Therefore, according to Mr. Edmunds, the Gael had somehow got to the north part of Britain, peopled it, and named rivers called "Eden;" that afterwards they came south to Cumberland, and after that emigrated a great deal further south, namely, to Kent, where they named another river the "Eden." Mr. Edmunds, of course, cannot see that the natural direction and emigration of the Gael must have been the very reverse of what his statement involves, namely, that they came from Gaul, landing in Kent, and thence spreading through the whole of England gave numerous river names therein, and arriving in the north part of the island gave many names to rivers *identical* to those they had given in England. Numerous other instances could be given of the absurd derivations of names of places by Mr. Edmunds, but only one more need be mentioned, that of "Dover." He states (at p. 199) it is derived from the Welsh word "*Dwfwr*" that signifies "*water*," but as every town in the world upon the sea coast or margin of a river is on the "water," we see how ridiculous the derivation is, as they would all be "Dover," on the water.

Mr. Edmunds, at p. 16 of his book, states that the prefix "Aber" is a Welsh word; but he does not make known, as he ought to have done, that it is also a Gaelic one, and ignores the fact that there are more places in Scotland commencing with the prefix "Aber" than in Wales, and, further, that they are invariably joined to Gaelic words. If Mr. E. could show they were always joined to Welsh words, then his assertion might be received.

The next statement to be noticed is the attempt made by Mr. Edmunds to depreciate Gaelic, the language of the Highlanders of Scotland, and most unduly exalt that of the Welsh over it. At pp. 17 and 18 of his book, he says "So far from the Cymric (that is, Welsh) being a secondary or derivative tongue, it seems when tested to possess a greater number of short root words than Gaelic, and therefore to be nearer to the original Celtic." This statement, if he could prove it, would be satisfactory. He next adds (same page), when parallel words of Gaelic and Welsh are examined, in the former language they are "in nearly every case longer" than in the latter; again, he states, "we are led to the conclusion that the Cymric (Welsh) is the oldest existing form of the Celtic, and that the Gaelic represents a later offshoot from the parent tree."

Mr. E., in his attempt to justify this conclusion, gives a comparison of Welsh and what *he* calls Gaelic words, with their significations in English. They are thirty in number and cover the whole of p. 18; when these come to be examined, what is to be thought of Mr. Edmunds when we find that there are at least twenty words out of the thirty that do not mean what he says they do, that many of them have a wholly different meaning, also that many he gives as Gaelic are not to be found *in the language*.

We shall now go through the words

* Traces of History in Names of Places. Second Edition. London: Longmans.

called Gaelic by Mr. Edmunds, and their meanings given by him, and prove thereby what has been said of them. He states that the Gaelic for "a flood" is "leabhar;" it is not, it means "a book;" further, the Gaelic for "a flood" has no resemblance to what Mr. E. gives. He says the Gaelic for "water" is "dubhar;" it is not, but means "darkness," "or shade." He says the Gaelic for "a town" is "treabh," whereas it means "to plough." Mr. E. states that the Gaelic for "a fortified town" is "bruighean;" there is no such word with that meaning in the language, it is mentioned in the Dictionary of the Highland Society of Scotland, and signifies "strife, a scolding, brawling." Mr. E. says that the Gaelic for "a station," is "siol;" it is not, it means "seed, race, or progeny." Mr. Edmunds, in this list of words gives "moin" as the Gaelic one which signifies "the brow of a hill," but there is no such word in the language. He states that "mallach" is Gaelic for a "bare hill;" there is no such word in the Gaelic language, the only one which even resembles it is "mallachd," which means "a curse or imprecation." He says that the Gaelic for the "place where a river issues from a lake" is "balloch;" there is no such word in the Gaelic. Mr. E. states that the word in Gaelic for "a hollow" is "cumach;" it is not, or to be found in the language, he appears to have invented his word from the Welsh "cwm" which means "a hollow." He appears to have done the same thing when he asserts that the Gaelic for "a steep place" is "allthа;" it does not belong to the language, but "allt" is Welsh for it. There is a *stream* in Lancashire called "the Allt," the Gaelic for "a stream" is "allt," but Mr. E., in his book (p. 14), makes this Lancashire brook to mean "a steep place or mountain district;" it would be hard to write a more absurd statement. Mr. E. says the Gaelic for "a ridge" is "cabhach;" no such word is known in the language, and it also appears to be an invented word from the Welsh "cefn," which means "a ridge." Mr. E. says that the Gaelic for "a headland" is "beinn;" it is not, it means "a mountain." He states that "a marsh" is called in Gaelic "morphairge;" there is no such word in the language, but he says the Welsh for it is "morfa," and here again a word seems to have been invented which has a resemblance in the first part of it, and thereby put down as Gaelic. Mr. E. says that the word for "the hazel" is in Gaelic "cuilean;" it is not, but means "a whelp." He states the Gaelic for "a rock" is "creagach;" it is not, the word being "creag." So in a similar manner he states that "maghair" is Gaelic for "a plain;" it is not, but is the genitive of "maghar," which word means "a bait to fish with," it is "magh" which is the Gaelic for "a plain." We have now come to the two last words of Mr. Edmunds' list, the first of them is the Gaelic "seann" meaning "old," and is pronounced "shen," this he contrasts with the Welsh word "hen," meaning the same, but it is not one whit shorter, and moreover the Gaelic word is the root adopted into the Latin language in their word "*sen*-ex," which also means old, the termination ex was added by the Romans, as they did in other words taken from the Celtic, the chief ones they added being "us" and "um."

Having thus gone through Mr. Edmunds' list of pretended Gaelic words (which he throughout contrasts with the Welsh ones), it will be evident to every reader that his list is an imposition on the public, who of course supposed they were all genuine. If he did not invent the words which have been noticed, where did he get them? In Mr. Edmunds' attempt to disparage the language of the Highlanders of Scotland he has wholly failed, and at the same time exhibits his profound ignorance of it and presumption in what he has written respecting it.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

—o—

CELTIC TOPOGRAPHY.

It occurred to me it might be interesting to some of your readers to describe the principal farm names in the basin of the *Orchay*. By the basin of the *Orchay* I mean the whole region drained by the *Orchay* and its sister streams the *Lochay* on the left, the *Strae* or *Main* on the right, all mixing their waters before entering Loch Awe.

I have purposely selected this vale as the most likely to afford us pure Scoto-Celtic place-names. Its central situation close on the old *Druim-Alban*, long the natural boundary between Celtic kinglings in the earlier history of our nation; too far south and inland for the piratical and predatory incursions of the Northmen to have settled there or given name to any place. And I have not observed that Dr. M'Lauchlan ever found any of his chimerical, or perhaps better spelled, *Kymreig*, phantasmatic, *weallisc* elfs vagrant here, so as to drop a name on mountain, bog, or fen.

The nature of the locality, moreover, favours the idea of the ancient and pristine dwellers being most likely to retain their possession of their original locality. Hemmed in on all sides by lofty and impassable mountains, "*quamvis loca montuosa et tuta alpes altos circumsepiebant.*"

Here was the most ancient patrimony of the Macgregors (Glenstrae), the most Celtic of all the Celtic clans, to whom no writer ventures to ascribe any Norman or Irish extraction; so that if these names be the old names of the several localities, they must be pure Celtic or nearly so. And as we proceed you shall see how similar they are to the whole of Scotland's topography. Let me premise that I give the farms nearly in order, beginning at the source of the *Orchay*.

Glen Orchay = "vale of difficulty." *Glen* is from the numerous family, Greek *klin*, English *lean*, Gaelic *claoan*, *claonad*, Welsh *clain*, *clanead*, "recumbent," "prostrate;" compare *glin*, "knee," Cornish *glann*, "bank," *glynn*, Gaelic *gleann*, (Gen.) *glinne*, English "glen." Most likely referring to the impassible character of the region; of same root as *urch* or *orch* in *urchaid*, "harm," *urchaill*, "chains," "fetters," *urghairt* "ill fate," "calamity." Compare Latin *urgeo*, *arceo*, verbs denoting "coercion" and "confining so as to hinder," "impede," Greek *arkeo*, *orkos*, Latin *orcus* "the bourne from which there is no return." Here, too, I would class the *Orkadian* Isles.

Madagan na moina = "little plain of the peat moss." *Madagan* is a diminutive altered from *maghagan*, *madh*, or *magh*, "a plain" a most extensively used vocable in the topography not only of Britain but of the Continent of Europe as well. See our *a mach*, properly *a magh*, "in the field" German, *am feld*, *magh*, *maghcadh*, Gaelic name of *Monzie;* so below, *moliath*, *magh liath*, *Moy* in Inverness. *Machar*, *machars*, with *ch* for *gh* in Aberdeen and Wigtownshire. Here also I would connect *mànas*, "a farm steading," as being generally on a level plot, although the Greek *moné*, and Latin *mansio* may be eligible. Welsh *ma*, modern *fa*, contracted from *mag*. *Aerna* = aer-ma and *catu magus*, *proelii locus* = *blar catha*. *Helna* = *hel-ma*, *venationis locus*, *fearann seilg*. In the classical writers we have a host of such names *Eburo-magus Rigomagus*, *Selgo-magus*. In Sanscrit this word appears under the form of *mahi*, *terra*, "earth," old H. German *ge-mah*, new German *gemach*, Latin *magnus mactus*, Greek *maia maias*. All are descended from a root, *mah*, originally *magh*, "to be great, powerful," hence, from the notion of extension applied to the plains, *Ardmacha*, *Dear-macha* = Oakfield; *mag-lunga*, *campus navis*, &c., in Irish places. *Gortain na gobhar*, "goat's park." This word is clearly related to the English "garden," Latin *horsus*, Greek *chortos*, "yard," "court." This word etymologically means "enclosed space," A. G. *geard*, A. H. D. *gart* (*gart*, *kart*), "frith," "circle." Several Celtic names show this word as *Lion-ghortain*, "the lint park," *gortain eorna*, "the barley park," *gortain-fuarain*, "wellpark." *Baramhuirich* = "hill top." *Bar* is clearly the same as Sanscrit *bhara*, "load," "much," "excessive," from verb *bhri*, "to bear," "form," "possess." Greek *phero*, *phortos*, *pharetra*, *pharos*, &c., Latin *fero*, Gothic *bar bairan*, A. S. *beran*, *bearn*, German *bahren*, *fahren*, all with notion of carrying so as to bring. Gaelic *barr*, "crop," as *bar eorna* "crop of barley." *Farrach* "the topmost twigs," Welsh *bara* means "bread," as *bara ac ymenym* is "bread and butter." The common root means "to bring forth and support," and *muireach* I suspect we may join to the same family as Latin *murus*, "wall," "fortified place," and as forts were often on elevated situations the Gaelic seems to have only retained one meaning of the word, namely, the "elevated position," *Baramhuireach* therefore means "the culminating height."

FRAOCH.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.

The Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* says:—A discovery of considerable archæological interest has recently been made by some people employed in trenching the moss of Ballachulish in our neighbourhood. At a depth of ten feet in the "drift" subsoils underlying six or seven feet of moss only removed within recent years in the ordinary course of peat cutting, was found the remains of what, in the far past, must have been a flint instrument manufactory on a large scale. Within an area of twenty or thirty square yards were disclosed

several cart loads of flint clippings, manifestly broken off in the manufacture of flint instruments, for we have been able to recover several arrow heads, two roughly finished chisels, and a hammer head of curious shape, with a hole in the centre, which must have cost the maker no small amount of time and trouble in the manipulation. What renders this "find" more interesting, is the fact that the material must have been brought to the place of manufacture from a considerable distance, flint being of rare occurrence anywhere in Nether-Lochaber. Underlying such a depth of solid moss and drift, such a discovery necessarily carries us back to a race of men who lived in a very remote period indeed; how remote, even geology is as yet unable absolutely to say. We were unfortunately from home at the time the discovery was made, and were thus prevented from examining the whole *in sitû*. This much, however, is certain, that under a diluvial bed of drift, gravel, and sand, of upwards of two feet in thickness, underlying a thickness of at least six feet of solid moss, a flint instrument manufactory is found, the work of a people who lived before the deposit of that drift and the growth of that moss. How many thousands and thousands of years ago lived that flint working race, who, in view of the extreme slowness of geological changes, can say? We know that in the celebrated case of the discovery of flint weapons at Abbeville and elsewhere in France, the remains of extinct species of elephant, rhinoceros, and other mammals were found at an immense depth in the drift alongside of flint instruments unquestionably fashioned by human hands. Whether our Ballachulish discovery is to be held as a connecting link with a people of an antiquity as remote as those of Abbeville, it would be rash positively to assert; but the flint workers, some remains of whose labours have, as we have stated, been recently brought to light in our neighbourhood, must have lived at a period when the face of the country was geologically very different from what it is now; and remembering how slowly as a rule geological changes are brought about, we shall probably be still within the mark if approximately we fix the era of the earliest flint workers at something like ten thousand years ago, and in the case of Abbeville continental archæologists have had no hesitation in suggesting a still remoter antiquity.

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THE HIGHLANDER.

We cordially welcome *The Highlander*, the first three numbers of which have made their appearance. Its general get up, and the evidences of care and taste displayed in the selection of its varied contents, as well as the healthful vigour of its editorials, augur well for its future success. Its Gaelic department continues to retain its interest; and not the least useful feature is "Notes of Interrogation," with their answers, which are calculated to elicit a great amount of information regarding Celtic and other lore which would otherwise lie buried in oblivion or slumbering only in the memory of some old gossip, and in danger, like much of our unwritten literature, of being altogether lost. We cannot but think that the conductors of this new ally have been unfortunate in their selection of a Gaelic title—*Ard-albannach*, though it was adopted in deference to ourselves. Why do it by translation at all? Rather strike out for a new name that conveys the idea without adhering quite

so closely to the terms as they are in English—*High-lander*. We merely suggest this because we think that considerable hurt is done to our old and revered mother tongue by the literal translation of technical terms and proper names, as if the language were impotent to furnish names in keeping with its own genius and idiom. We are not of those who ask lightly, "What's in a name?" though we grant that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and are willing to acknowledge the excellent flavour of the *Ard-albannach* and wish it a long and successful career.

——o——

STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?

Land of the Bruce! I marvel how,
With scarce a murmur, comest thou
To let it seem
As if thy name
Were off the list of nations now.

Shall a race who ne'er, as foes,
Could their yoke on thee impose,
Not in vain
Ceaseless strain,
Now thy history's page to close?

Up! or evermore disown
Thy once well-won fair renown;
If, of two,
One must do,
Let the Saxon name go down.

Strange how word so brief as Scot
Sticketh in the Anglo throat—
That Maelstrom,
Like a doom,
Gulping down all else we've got!

Is there any noble deed
Told of men born north of Tweed?—
Ten to one
In *Times* or *Sun*,
'T is of Englishmen we read!

If a battle has been won
By a Campbell, Gough, or Gunn;
Take the blows,
Macs and O's,
England takes the praise alone.

What delusion you conceive,
You sometimes your Queen receive!
Yours, indeed!
Can't you read
She's only England's—upon leave.

Scribblers of the Cockney school,
Verily you've crazed John Bull;
Saxon blood,
Clear as mud!
Who but he the world shall rule!

Scotsmen, 't is high time that we
Ceased to feed such vanity;
Time to show
Our old foe
He is only one of three.

Nobler 't were our rights to yield,
Vanquished in the battle-field,
Than thus be
Quietly
Worse than from earth's map expelled.

Teach we then those braggarts tall
Theirs alone their own to call,
And save in drink,
To never think
That England yet is all in all.

C.

——o——

MY ROWAN TREE.

[Written on receiving in Canada a bunch of Rowan Berries taken from a tree planted by the author when a boy.]

Fair shelter of my native Cot—
That Cot so very dear to me,
O how I envy thee thy lot,
My long lost Rowan Tree!

Thou standest on thy native soil,
Proud-looking o'er a primrosed lea;
The skies of Scotland o'er thee smile,
Thrice happy Rowan Tree!

Well do I mind that morning fair
When, a mere boy, I planted thee:—
A kingdom now were less my care
Than then my Rowan Tree.

How proudly did I fence thee round!
How fondly think the time might be
I'd sit with love and honour crown'd
Beneath my Rowan Tree.

My children's children thee would climb,
Inviting grand-papa to see;
I yet might weave some deathless rhyme
Beneath my Rowan Tree.

'Twas thus I dream'd, that happy day,
I'd die to think my fate would be
So soon to plod life's weary way,
Far from my Rowan Tree.

Long years have passed since last I eyed
Thy growing grace and symmetry;
A stranger to me sits beside
My long-lost Rowan Tree;

Yet still in fancy I can mark
Thy lily bloom and fragrancy,
And birds that sing from dawn to dark,
Perch'd on my Rowan Tree.

Like Rubies red on Beauty's breast,
Thy clustering berries yet I see
Half-hiding some spring warbler's nest,
Left in my Rowan Tree.

Fair as the maple green may tower,
I'd gladly give a century
Beside it for one happy hour
Beneath my Rowan Tree.

. . . . . .

The forest many trees can boast,
More fit perhaps for kneel or knee;
But none for grace, in heat or frost,
Can match the Rowan Tree.

How beautiful above them all,
Its snow white summer drapery;
A cloud of crimson in the fall,
Seems Scotland's Rowan Tree.

Well knows the boy at Beltane time,
When near it in a vocal key,
What whistles perfectly sublime,
Supplies the Rowan Tree.

Well knows he too what ills that wretch
Might look for, who would carelessly
Home in his load of firewood fetch
Aught of the Rowan Tree.

In vain would midnight hags colleague
To witch poor Crummie's milk if she
Had only o'er her crib a twig
Cut from the Rowan Tree.

Alas that in my dreams alone
I ever now can hope to see
My boyhood's home and thou my own,
My matchless Rowan Tree!

EVAN M'COLL.

—o—

GAELIC LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

A friend sends us the following:—"On the 30th April a number of brothers and sisters from the 'St. Columba' Lodge, and a few friends, held a meeting in the Hall, 24 Stockwell Street, Glasgow, resolving to institute a Lodge in the Celtic tongue. As the result of said meeting a Lodge has been formed on the evening of Wednesday, 7th ult. The name fixed on is 'The Fingal' Lodge, No. 876. The following officers were duly installed by Bro. Hamilton, D.D., Bro. J. Black acting as Grand Marshal, viz.:—Bro. Hugh Carmichael, W.C.T.; Bro. Simon Findlayson, W.V.T.; Bro. Nigel M'Neil, W.C.; Sister Mary Bayne, W.T.; Sister Maggie M'Phail, W.F.S.; Sister Janet Bain, W.S.; Bro. John Carmichael, W.M.; Bro. M'Phail, W.O.G.; Bro. Dewar, W.I.G. It is hoped that the new Gaelic Lodge will go on and prosper, that Highlanders will come boldly forward and strengthen the good cause, for Good Templarism is well calculated to be the guide, guard, and haven of safety for all those who have suffered, or are likely to suffer (and who is exempt) from the demoralising demon, strong drink. The Lodge meets in the Hall, 24 Stockwell Street, every Wednesday at 8 p.m.

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GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

The subjoined extract is from one of a series of papers on the subject of education which appeared in a Gaelic periodical very popular in the Highlands of Scotland twenty-five years ago. As the views set forth in the paper, especially those bearing upon the teaching of the Gaelic language in schools, are as applicable now to some parts of the Highlands as they were when first published, they may not prove uninteresting at present when the subject of education is absorbing so much attention over the length and breadth of the country. "In acquiring an intelligent knowledge of English," the writer goes on to say, "it is of the utmost importance for Highland children to be able, in the first place, to read their own language. The difficulties encountered, and the amount of fatiguing toil endured in learning a foreign language without the aid of a known language can only be adequately described by those who have tried the experiment. But when a foreign language is taught and explained through the medium of one with which the learner is familiar, the task becomes comparatively easy. Generally speaking, English is a foreign language to Highland children until such a time as they go to school, for however anxious parents may be to have their children taught English, yet it often happens that parents themselves are not able to speak it, and the few that are able to do so prefer speaking the little English they have to their dogs and horses than to their children. So soon as the children are sent to school English books are put into their hands, and they are made to

explain the lessons read by them in a language they know nothing about, certainly a severe task for youngsters. How much better it would be to make the children to read thoroughly their own language, and then set them to learn English by making them translate it into Gaelic! In this way they would soon come to understand English intelligently, and, at the same time, have the means within their reach of extending their knowledge of the language after leaving school. The time thus spent in teaching children to read Gaelic in school is certainly not mis-spent, but time well and profitably occupied. Our young Highlanders would not leave school, as they often do, unable to understand properly the language they have been learning to read, and incapable of reading their own language, which they otherwise understand, if such a course were adopted in Highland schools."—*Oban Times.*

Correspondence.

OISEAN AGUS AN CLEIREACH.

SIR,—In the April number of THE GAEL you give anonymously a most carefully edited version of the above Ossianic ballad. As one who takes great interest in all that pertains to our Celtic ancestors, I beg to offer the following pedigree of the piece in question, and would suggest to your contributors the desirability of giving the source of their contributions when these happen to be of an antiquarian nature:—

M'Nicol's MSS., for an account of which see *Leabhar na Feinne*, xv., pp. 41-43, and THE GAEL, Vol. I., p. 84. Gillies' collection, p 18; Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry, II., p. 271; *Leabhar na Feinne*, p. 72.

I may mention that the text is evidently founded on that given in the last mentioned collection of Ossianic ballads.—I am, &c., D. C. M.

Edinburgh, May 10, 1873.

ON one occasion two irreverent young fellows determined, as they said, to 'taigle' the minister. Coming up to him in the High Street of Dumfries, they accosted him with much solemnity—'Maister Dunlop, dae ye hear the news?' 'What news?' 'Oh, the deil's deed.' 'Is he?' said Mr. Dunlop, 'then I maun pray for twa faitherless bairns.'

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE HERRING TRADE.—The Lewis fishing up to this date has been tolerably successful in catch, if there are not too many caught for the season and quality.

DUNOON AND KILMUN.—At a meeting held in the Parish Church of Dunoon on Monday 5th May, it was resolved to ask the Rev. Robert Blair, A.M., of St. Columba, Glasgow, to accept of the pastorate of the united parish vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Clark, and a deputation was appointed to wait upon Mr. Blair in reference to the matter. We understand, however, that Mr. Blair declines to accept the call, much to the delight of his large and enthusiastically attached congregation in Glasgow.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ARGYLL.—We regret to announce the death of the Right Rev. Alexander Ewing, LL.D., D.C.L., the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. The right rev. prelate was the eldest son of Mr. John Ewing, of Sheelagreen, Aberdeenshire, and was born in 1815. He married first, in 1835, the eldest daughter of Ludovic Stewart of Pittyvaich, in Banffshire, which lady died in 1856; secondly, in 1862, he married Lady Alice Louisa, third daughter of the eighteenth Earl of Morton. Dr. Ewing was ordained in 1838, and consecrated Bishop, in 1847, of the See of Argyll and the Isles (for which Bishop Low left an endowment), at that time disjoined from the Diocese of Moray and Ross. The loss of Bishop Ewing will be generally felt, not only in the Communion of which he was an esteemed and distinguished member, but by all those who knew and appreciated his unobtrusive piety and intellectual cast of character. For some years past, owing to failing health, the deceased had taken but little part in the general business of the Episcopal Church, devoting himself chiefly to literary researches in connection with the early history of Christianity in these islands. He was the editor of a monthly periodical called *Present Day Papers.* He had also written a considerable number of books and tracts. He was the author of one of the most popular of modern hymn tunes, that to which "Jerusalem the golden" is usually sung, and which in most collections bears the name of "Ewing." Theologically Dr. Ewing belonged to the subdivision of the Liberal party in the Church which has been called (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) "Broad, with unction." In private life

he was a very kindly and benevolent man. Dr. Ewing, who was in his fifty-ninth year, died of bronchitis. He leaves a grown-up family by his first marriage. One of his daughters is the wife of Mr. Walter Crum, Glasgow; another is married to Mr. William Ingham Whittaker, Palermo. His eldest son is a staff officer in India; his second is rector of Walmer, in Kent; his third is in the Royal Navy; and the fourth is a student at the Scottish Episcopal Seminary, Logiealmond, Perthshire.

New Zealand.—The Celts of this southern colony have been holding meetings for the promotion of Highland games and customs. A correspondent informs us that everything passed most satisfactorily; the utmost good order and sobriety obtained at all the gatherings. In pipe music there were five competitors—genuine Gaels, all in costume, and good players. A sixth set of pipes was on the ground, in the hands of Mr. Don. Cameron of Riverton, who also, along with several other non-competitors, was in Highland costume. This gentleman kindly acted as judge of music. He has made bagpipe music one of the special studies of his life, and is probably one of the best judges thereof in these Colonies; he also is a true Gael, hailing from Lochaber.

The Rev. Mr. Cameron's *Articles on* Philology *and* Gaelic Grammar *which have been interrupted by the pressure of other work will be resumed in our next number.*

THE GAEL.

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Our Subscribers in Canada (where "The Gael" was originally started) had it for the first year at One Dollar; but as "The Gael" is now nearly Double its Original Size, and we have to pay Four, and in some cases Eight times the amount of Postage required in Canada, we have to charge a uniform rate of One Dollar and a Quarter, or Five Shillings sterling, and the British Postage (which we have to pay) added, will make the Terms of Subscription to the different places abroad as follows :—

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All Communications connected with the Editorial Department of "The Gael" should be addressed to the Editor of "The Gael;" and Communications on the General Business, to the Publishers of "The Gael," 34 Hutcheson Street, Glasgow. Letters intended for the Editor or Publishers should not, under any circumstances, be sent to the individual address of either employés of the office, or the Publishers, as they are apt to be delayed or miscarried, and perhaps lost altogether, in the event of the party addressed being absent.

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The Office of "The Gael," *has been removed at WHITSUNDAY to No. 34 HUTCHESON STREET.*

AN
GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] TREAS MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1873. [17 Air.

AIR CRUINN-MHEALLAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

EARRANN IX.

Le bhi 'beachdachadh air oibribh miorbhuileach na cruitheachd, mar a tha iad air am foillseachadh anns na neamhaibh is ceart a dh' fheudas sinn a radh maille ri Daibhidh, "Cha 'n 'eil do shamhuil-sa am measg nan dia, a Thighearna, agus cha 'n 'eil oibre ann cosmhuil ri t' oibribh-sa." "Nach 'eil Dia ann an airde nan neamh? agus faic mullach nan rionnag, cia ard a ta iad." Is esan an Dia uile-chumhachdach "a ta 'toirt na greine air son soluis anns an la, orduighean na gealaich, agus nan reultan air son soluis anns an oidhche, agus a ta' deanamh na fairge ciuin tra bhios a' tuinn a' beucaich" (Ierem. xxxi. 35).

Thug sinn cheana fa'near ann an earrannaibh eile, cuid de na buaidhibh a ta ri'm faicinn air cruinn-mheallaibh soillseach nan speur. Labhair sinn air an aireamh, am meud, an astar, agus an soilleireachd; ach tha buaidhean eile orra, air nach do labhair sinn fathast; agus 's iad sin, an doigh air am bheil iad a' gluasad, agus an dluth-tharruing nadurra a ta eatorra. Tha e 'n a bhuaidh air gach ni gu 'm fan e aig fois mur gluaisear e le cumhachd eigin eile. Ged is innleachdach an obair a chithear ann an uaireadair, gidheadh cha ghluais e mur teann-aichear a shlabhraidh. Cha charaich am peileir as a' ghunna, gus an cuirear teine ris an fhudair. Ceart mar sin, cha ghluaiseadh an talamh, no na reultan, mur biodh cumhachd eigin air a ghnathachadh chum an greasadh mu 'n cuairt air an slighibh mora agus farsuing fein. A ris, tha e air 'fhaotuinn a mach gu 'm bheil, a thaobh nadair, dluth-tharruing eadar gach aon ni anns a' chruitheachd, chum an dluthachadh r'a cheile. Is buaidh so a chithear anns na smuirn-eanaibh a's lugha, co math is anns na meallaibh a's mo 's a' chruith-eachd. Chithear e anns a' bhraon a 's lugha de 'n druchd air an lus mhaoth. 'S e an dluth-tharr-uingeachd so a ta 'deanamh an druchd 'n a chuirneanaibh cruinn agus boisg-each air bileagaibh an fheoir; agus 's e mar an ceudna a tha 'gluasad nan cruinn mheall soillseach anns na speuraibh. Tha 'n dluth-tharruing-eachd so laidir no lag, a reir meud agus astar nan nithe anns am bheil an cumhachd so air a shuidheachadh. Air do 'n talamh so, uime sin, a bhi 'n a mheall anabarrach mor, tha e a' tarruing gach mill eile a ta am fagus da, g' a ionnsaidh fein. Mar so, tilgeadh neach clach suas os a cheann anns na speuraibh, agus tuitidh i gu h-ealamh a nuas dh' ionnsaidh na talmhainn far an luidh i gun charuchadh. Agus carson? Tha, a chionn gu 'm bheil an talamh a' dluth-tharruing na cloiche d'a ionnsaidh fein! Tha fios againn nach soirbh le moran so a thuigsinn, oir their iad gu 'm bheil a' chlach a' tuiteam le 'cudthrom fein; ach, nach 'eil an cudthrom ceudna aice gu dol suas anns na speuraibh, no gu gluasad air slighe sam bith eile? Gun teagamh sam bith dheanadh i sin, mar biodh an talamh 'g a dluth-tharruing a nuas d' a ionnsaidh fein. Is ann, uime sin, trid na dluth-tharruing so, tha na reulta agus a' ghrian a' buanachadh 'n an aitibh, air an slighibh fein anns

na neamhaibh. Tha Dia "a' crochadh na talmhainn," agus gach reult eile "air neoni," agus tha iad a' buanachadh 'n an cuairtibh fein trid na dluth-tharruing a ta annta agus eatorra fein. Air do 'n ghrein a bhi mor seach na reultan, tha i 'g an tarruing d'a h-ionnsaidh fein, ach tha iadsan, mar an ceudna, a' tarruing aon a cheile, agus air an tarruing iad fein le reultaibh eile mu 'n cuairt doibh; air chor 's gu 'm bheil a' ghrian agus na reulta, mar so a' comh-chothromachadh a cheile. Tha iad air an socrchhadh 'n an dluth-tharruing, mar gu 'm biodh iad air meidh, air sheol is nach toir a' h-aon diubh buaidh air an aon eile! Is do-thuigsinn an gliocas a shuidhich iad air an doigh so, air chor is gu 'm bheil iad cosmhuil ri cuidhleachaibh a' siubhal gu riaghailteach, agus ag oibreachadh gu h-innleachdach an uair a ghluaisear iad le uisge, teine, no toit. Mar so, tha na reultan agus a' ghrian air an suidheachadh aig a' leithid a dh-astar o cheile 's gu 'm bheil iad, trid na dluth-tharruing a bhuilich Dia orra, a' comh-chothromachadh a cheile le eagnuidheachd mhiorbhuilich. Air doibh a bhi mar so air an socrachadh thug Dia orra gluasad le focal a chumhachd, agus tha iad, uime sin, a' gluasad le riaghailt agus laghannaibh a tha gu neo-chriochnuichte ni 's eagnuidh n'an obair-chuidhleachan a's grinne a rinneadh riamh le lamhaibh innleachdach dhaoine. O! gu 'm moladh na h-uile an Tighearna air son a mhaitheis, agus gu 'n cuireadh iad an ceill a ghniomhara miorbhuileach le luath-ghaire agus gairdeachas! Tha Esan a' deanamh mar a's aill leis ann am feachd neimh, agus am measg luchd-aiteachaidh na talmhuinn! Chum a chumhachd neo-chriochnuichte a chur an ceill, tha da eiseimpleir againn far an do chuir e stad air an talamh 'n a chuairt. Tha e air 'innseadh dhuinn ann an leabhar Iosua gu 'n do stad a' ghrian air iarrtas seirbhisich Dhe, ag radh,—"A ghrian air Gibeon stad, agus thusa, a ghealach, air gleann Aialoin. Agus stad a' ghrian, agus sheas a' ghealach" (Iosua x. 12). A ris, ann an Dara Leabhar nan Righ, tha sinn 'faicinn, an uair a rinn Heseciah urnuigh gu 'n d'thug Dia comharadh dha le toirt air a' ghrein dol air a h-ais deich ceumanna air uaireadair-greine Ahais (II. Righ. xx. 11). Chuir Dia an so an toiseach stad air an talamh 'n a chuairt lathail, agus a ris, chuir e air ais 'n a shlighe e deich ceumanna, nithe a ta 'foillseachadh air mhodh miorbhuileach cumhachd an Tighearna Iehobhaidh! Ach ged tha e air a radh anns na h-earrannaibh so dhe 'n Sgriobtur, gu 'n do chuireadh stad air a' ghrein agus air a' ghealaich, gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil sinn gu sin a thuigsinn anns an t-seadh litreachail; oir, cha 'n ann air a' ghrein agus air a' ghealaich a chuireadh stad, ach air an talamh 'n a chuairt air a mhul fein, agus air a' ghealaich 'n a cuairt mu 'n talamh. Dh' innseadh ann an aite eile gu 'm bheil a' ghrian neo-ghluasadach, agus gu 'm bheil an talamh ag iathadh m'a timchioll aon uair 's a' bhliadhna, agus a' cur cuir deth air a mhul fein gach ceithir uaire fichead, agus mar sinn a' deanamh la agus oidhche. A nis, an uair a ta e air a radh gu 'n do stad a' ghrian air Gibeon, tha sin a' ciallachadh gu 'n do chuireadh stad air gluasad na talmhainn air a mhul fein; agus a thaobh a' chomharaidh a thugadh do Heseciah, cha 'n i a' ghrian a chuireadh air a h-ais, ach an talamh, agus an uair a rinneadh sin, b' éigin do fhaileas na gréine dol air ais deich ceumanna air an uaireadair-ghreine. Tha na Sgriobtuirean, mar a's trice, a' cur nithe an céill ann am briathraibh cumanta, agus a' gnàthachadh an dòigh-labhairt a's fearr a thuigear.

Ged a dh' innseadh Maois, far am bheil e'toirt cunntais air cruthachadh nan cruinn-mheall soillseach neamhaidh, gu 'm bheil a' ghrian neoghluasadach, agus gu 'm bheil an talamh 'g a cuairteachadh, cha chreideadh moran e, ged bha e a' cur an ceill na firinn, agus air an aobhar sin, tha e air a radh anns na Sgriobturabh gu 'm bheil a' ghrian ag eiridh agus a' luidhe, a chionn gur e sin doighlabhairt choitchionn dhaoine.

Chum na dluth-tharruingeachd so air am bheil sinn a' labhairt a dheanamh ni's soilleire fathast, bheir sinn eiseimpleir m'a tiomchioll o na seolaibh-mara. Air do'n ghealaich a bhi ni's teinne air an talamh na na reultan agus a' ghrian, tha neart na dluth-tharruing aice air a mhothuchadh gu soilleir. Tha i a' tarruing, uime sin, d'a h-ionnsaidh an aite sin dhe 'n talamh a bhios a ghnath f'a comhair. Air do 'n talamh a bhi 'n a stubh a tha cruaidh agus daingeann cha druigh a cumhachd co mor air; ach air do na h-uisgeachaibh a bhi ni 's fhusa a ghluasad, tha iad gu mor air an luasgadh le dluth-tharruing na gealaich. Tha, uime sin, na h-aitean dhe 'n fhairge a tha direath fo chomh air na gealaich air an tarruing le a neart d'a h-ionnsaidh fein, air chor is gu 'm bheil na h-uisgeachan ag eiridh suas ni 's airde na bha iad, agus an sin their sinn gu 'm bheil muir-lan ann; ach an uair a theid a' ghealach seachad air an aite shonraichte sin, tuitidh na h-uisgeachan air an ais a ris gus am bi muir-tragha ann. Air an doigh cheudna, tha cumhachd aig a' ghrein os ceann uisgeacha na talmhainn a chithear gu soilleir aig amannaibh sonraichte. Tha a' ghealach a' gabhail mios gu dol timchioll air an talamh, agus air an taobh a stigh dhe 'n uine sin, tha i da uair air an aon ruith ris a' ghrein; 's e sin, an uair a ta i lan agus a' caochladh; agus air an aobhar sin, air do dhluth-tharruing na greine agus na gealaich a bhi dol ann an co'-bhoinn r'a cheile, agus a' tarruing nan uisgeachan air an aon rathad, tha an cumhachd, air an doigh so ni's treasa, na 'n uair a bhios iad a' tarruing an aghaidh a' cheile. Air an aobhar sin, ma ta, tha reothairt agus contraigh 'g ar fiosrachadh gach uile cheithir la deug. Tha 'n lanmara teann air uair ni's fadalaich gach la, a chionn, air do 'n ghealaich a bhi 'siubhal 'n a cearcall fein, gu 'n gabh an talamh an uine sin chum an t-aite ceudna anns am bheil muir-lan an diugh, a thoirt fa chomhair na gealaich am maireach. Tha 'n lanmara ni's airde anns an earrach agus anns an fhogharadh na aig uair air bith eile dhe 'n bhliadhna; do bhrigh, an sin, gu 'm bheil dluth-tharruing na greine agus na gealaich ro laidir a thaobh nan aitean d'a chuairt anns am bheil an talamh anns na h-amannaibh sin dhe 'n bhliadhna. An uair a bheachdaicheas sinn air na nithibh miorbhuileach so uile, deanamaid gairdeachas ann-san a ta 'g an cumail suas le 'fhreasdal fein. Is Esan an Ti "a charnas suas mar thorr, uisgeacha na fairge, agus a chuireas an doimhne suas 'n a thighibh-tasgaidh" (Salm. xxxiii. 7).

Anns an ath earrainn bheir sinn cunntas air dubhradh na grein' agus na gealaich. SGIATHANACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

XI.

INNTREACHDAINN AN T-SOISGEIL.

Bha taobh tuath na Gaidhealtachd comhdaichte le tiugh dhorchadas an iodhol-aoraidh, agus ain-eolach air Rathad na Slainte troimh Chriosd gus an d' thainig Calum-cille. Mu 'n bhliadhna A.D. 563, dh' fhag e Eirinn a chum an Soisgeul a shearmonach-

adh do na Gaidheil Albannach agus aig an am sin bha e mu thimchioll da bhliadhna agus da fhichead de dh-aois. Thainig da fhear dheug eile maille ris a chum a bhi 'n an luchd-cuideachaidh aige ann an craobh-sgaoileadh an t-Soisgeil. Bha na daoine so cairdeach dha fhein agus is cosmhail gu 'n robh iad air an dusgadh suas agus air an stiuradh leis an aon Spiorad cheudna. Bhuineadh Calum-cille fein do theaghlach rioghail na h-Eirionn, oir b'e Feilim, mac Fhearghuis, mhic Chonuill, mhic Neill naoigheallaich, a bha 'n a cheann-tighe chlann Neill agus 'n a righ air Eirinn, a b' athair dha. Bha e mar an ceudna cairdeach do theaghlach rioghail nan Scuiteach ann an Earraghaidheal, oir b' e Feilim, mac Fhearghuis a bha 'n a righ an Earraghaidheal; agus aig an àm sin bha Conull, mac Chomhail, mhic Dhomhanairt, mhic Fhearghuis, a charaid fein 'n a righ air na Scuitich. Bha an righ so 'n a iar-ogha brathar sinn-seanar do Chalum, mac Fheilim.

Dh' fhag Calum agus a chompanaich Eirinn ann an curach no eathar de shlataibh caol air am figheadh agus air an comhdach a muigh le seicheachan. Sheol iad astar fada air a' chuan gus an d' thainig iad air tir ann an I-Chaluim-chille aig aite ris an abrar o 'n àm sin, Port-a'-churaich. Tha an t-Eachdraiche urramach, *Bede* ag radh gu 'n d' thug Bruidhi, Righ nam *Picteach*, coir do Chalum air Eilean I gu bhi mar sheilbh aige fein air son feum na h-eaglais. Tha feadhain eile ag radh gu 'n d' fhuair e coir air an Eilean o Chonull, Righ nan Scuiteach, a charaid fein. Faodaidh e bhi gu 'n robh lamh aig an da righ Ghaidhealach so le cheile anns an eilean a dhaingneachadh mar sheilbh do Chalum agus do 'n eaglais, do bhrigh gu 'n robh e mar gu 'm b' ann 's a' chrich eatorra, agus goireasach do gach aon de 'n da rioghachd.

An deigh do Chalum-cille e fein a shocruchadh ann an I, chaidh e air thuras gu Bruidhi, Righ nam Picteach a bha aig an àm so a chomhnuidh aig ceann an ear Loch-Nis far am bheil an abhainn Nis a' fagail an Loch. Bha an turas so ceud gu leth mile air astar bho I-Chaluim-chille. Aig an am sin bha an t-slighe garbh, deacair ri 'siubhal, le beanntaibh agus le aibhnichibh, maille ri caolasan-mara 'n uair nach robh rathaidean-mora sam bith ann, no bàtaichean-aisig ach gann ri 'm faotainn. Chaidh e air a thuras troimh Ghleann-mor-na-h-Alba, seachad air an Apuinn, Coran-airde-gobhar, Inbhir-Lochaidh agus Leitir-Fhionnlaith. Chaidh e troimh Lagan-acha-droma agus Cille-Chuimein; agus thaoghail e an Gleann-Urchadain far an robh seann duine air iompachadh agus air a bhaisteadh. Ghabh e an sin air 'aghart gu ruig am Bàn-ath aig ceann an ear Loch-Nis far an robh caisteal an righ—'s an aite ris an abrar an diugh Caisteal Spioradan. Aig an aite so choinnich e ri Brichean, ceannard nan Druidhneach, sagartan Paganach nan Seann Ghaidheal, a thug ionnsaidh air cur 'n a aghaidh a chum an Righ a thioundadh o 'n chreideamh Chriosdaidh. Ach cha deachaidh so leis, oir thug Calum buaidh air mu dheireadh, agus dh' iompaicheadh an Righ gus an Soisgeul a chreidsinn. An deigh sin bhuadhaich an Soisgeul am measg an t-sluaigh oir lean iad eiseimpleir an Uachdarain, agus ghabh iad ris a chreideamh aige-san, ni a bha dualach do na Seann Ghaidheil a dheanamh. Ann an uine ghoirid bha na Druidhnich air am fuadachadh as an tir; chuireadh an creideamh aca gu buileach air cul; agus fhuair Calum coir o 'n Righ air na h-aiteachan aoraidh a bha roimhe sin aig na Druidhnich.

D. B. B.

(Ri leantuinn.)

AM MARAICHE TAINGEIL.

Tha fios aig gach neach a tha eolach air na maraichean gu 'm bheil iad truacanta, fialaidh. Air dhoibh fein a bhi buailteach do ghabhadh 's do challdach, tha iad ullamh a shineadh na lamh chum comhnadh a dheanamh do 'n uireasbhuidheach. Mar eiseimpleir air a so, chuala mi an sgeul beag a leanas air 'aithris le ministear a bha bitheanta am measg sheoladairean.

Bha seoladair araidh a' gabhail an rathaid eadar da bhaile-puirt a bha astar o cheile. Thuit an oidhche air. Bha e aineolach air an t-slighe, ach ghabh e air aghart gus am facaidh e solus a bha 'teachd o thigh tuathanaich. Rainig e an tigh agus air dha bhi ro sgith, dh' iarr e cead suidhe taobh an teine gu maduinn. Bhuin na daoine ris gu ro chaoimhneil. Thug iad da a shuipeir, a leaba agus greim-cuthaig m' an d' fhalbh e 's a' mhaduinn, agus cha ghabhadh iad ni ach a mhile taing air son an suairceis.

An uair a rainig e am baile-puirt gus an robh e 'dol ghabh e air bord luinge a bha gu seoladh do na h-Innsean. Thug i mu thuaiream da bhliadhna air a cuairt. An uair a thill iad, bha companach dha ag innseadh nach bu chuimhne leis gu 'n do leig e seachad latha d' an uine sin gun iomradh a thoirt air a' chaoimhneas a fhuair e ann an tigh an tuathanaich.

Cha luaith' a rainig iad cala na thug e a chompanach leis agus ghabh e carbad g'a ghreasad a chum an tighe anns an deachaidh buntainn cho caoimhneil ris. Cha d' fhuair e an tigh idir mar a dh' fhag e roimhe e. Bha bean-an-tighe nis 'n a bantraich agus air a' cheart latha sin bha i gu dubhach, deurach a' faicinn a cuid airneis 'g a reic a dhioladh a fiachan.

Cha robh na seoladairean a' tuigsinn na cuise—ball an deigh buill d'a h-airneis 'g a thoirt a mach gun a cead n' a comhairle. Mu dheireadh thainig am fear a bha 'freasdal do 'n fhearreic, a thogail leis na creathaill anns an robh an leanabh aig an àm 'n a chadal. Cha b' urrainn d' an t-seoladair an gnothuch a sheasamh n' a b' fhaide, "Air d' athais" ars' e agus e 'dunadh a dhuirn, "cha 'n 'eil mi a' tuigsinn ciod tha sibh a' ciallachadh—chuir mi suas leis a so tuilleadh 's fada. Bean do 'n chreathaill agus cha 'n fhag mi bior slan ann am fiodhrach-tarsuinn do chuirp!" An uair a thuig e gur ann a phaigheadh a fiachan a bha a cuid 'g a chur gu margadh, tharruing e a sporan anns an robh aige, 'n a bhuinn òir, tuarasdal na da bhliadhna agus thuirt e 's e 'g a thaomadh air an lar, "So, togaibh as a sin na dhiolas a fiachan, agus cuiribh a stigh airneis na mnatha coire 'n a h-aite fein."

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn,
An Siorramachd Pheairt, 1873.

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SEANN SGEULACHDAN GAIDHEALACH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAEL.

SIR,—The study of folk-lore has become an important branch of literature. Books on the subject would fill a small library, and students need to be linguists and mythologists. As all early history was tradition at first, the study of folk-lore manifestly is important, though it may seem to be frivolous at first sight. In 1860-1862 I contributed to the common stock of knowledge four volumes of Gaelic traditions, orally collected in the West Highlands by myself and by my assistants. I have been gathering ever since. In 1872 I printed a volume of heroic Gaelic Ballads, which you noticed as *Leabhar na Feinne*, p. 302, Vol. I., GAIDHEAL. My collection of foolscap manuscript,

bound, now fills a shelf nearly seven feet long, and the collection grows slowly. Amongst traditions current in the Highlands are,—1st, General popular history, such as the history of the *Feinne*, of which an example is in the book named. 2nd, Local popular history, of which I sent you a sample, p. 261, Vol. I., GAIDHEAL. 3rd, Supernatural history; of fairies, ghosts, dreams, warnings, voices, apparitions, and such like immaterial matters and things, which unbelievers call "superstitions," and believers believe to be true. In September, 1870, I left some coin at Tobermory to be expended in writing down traditions of a different kind, which have the greatest value, because they are found all over the old world, but which are condemned as "lies." Samples are in the "Popular Tales of the West Highlands."

In March, 1873, a manuscript, very well written, by John Macdonald, came to me from Tobermory without explanation, and no explanation has followed it. If you think the contents worth printing, your readers will have a sample of my collections fresh from the quarry; untouched, genuine folk-lore, a bit of the popular mind. All the authorities are named, but I omit the names.

No. i. purports to be true, and may be. The four verses appear to be "heroic history," spoken in the character of the ghost of one of the *Feinne*. I have no other version of the ballad, if it be an old ballad.

No. ii. describes an ancient custom, familiar to all Highlanders, in which I have taken part in my youth. It is the only popular *dramatic performance* of which I have found a trace in the Highlands, or in Irish writings. The end is a sample of *local popular history*. It describes a battle, but gives no date.

No. iii. is a sample of *supernatural history*, which may be reasonably explained by the delirium of famine. It is picturesque and interesting. I know that such stories are believed to be true by all classes in all parts of this kingdom, and in most parts of the world.

No. iv. is a sample of *supernatural history*. The belief in fairy sweethearts is common in all Celtic countries. This story also may be reasonably explained, up to a certain point.

No. v. is *supernatural fairy history*. It is a fair sample of a very large class of legends which are believed to be true by thousands of people now living in all parts of these realms. It is a remnant of some forgotten religion, as I believe, whose pagan divinities have been degraded into creatures who cannot withstand Christian symbols, used as spells. The idea is in the opera of Faust, where Mephistopheles is routed by pointing the cross hilts of swords at him.

No. vi. is a good, short sample of *popular local history*. It is minute in detail, but devoid of dates. It may be true in the main, but without the aid of cotemporary writings, or allusions to known events, it is impossible to make "history" of it. Of stuff of this kind I have here six large volumes, collected for the Duke of Argyll by John Dewar, who died at the end of last year. These will be preserved in the library at Inveraary. To the best of my belief, no such collection of popular history ever was made in any country. I have myself carefully read and sorted and noted the whole. Icelandic *sagas* are the only compositions known to me which re-

semble Gaelic popular history in style and incident.—I am your obedt. servant, J. F. CAMPBELL.

Niddry Lodge, Kensington,
London, W., June 16, 1873.

I.—SGEUL GOIRID, FIRINNEACH.

Bha ann an eilean Mhuile dithis fhear. B'e ainm aon diubh, Dughall Mac-na-faiche; ainm an fhir eile, cha'n fhios domh. Bha Dughall cleachdta ri dol do'n chladh a ghearradh feoir. Cha robh so taitneach le'choimhearsneach agus bha e toileach stad a chur air gearradh an fheoir. Dh' fhalbh e agus dh' fholaich se e-fein foidh aon de leacan a' chladh, agus rinn e an rann a leanas an uair a thainig Dughall le'chorran'n a laimh:

I.

"Co thug dhuitse 'Dhughaill ordugh
Air tighinn a bhuain feoir do 'n àit' so?
Fuirich bhuamsa fad an iaruinn,
'S na bi 'tigh'n siar air mo charnan.

II.

Chunnaic mise uair de 'n t-saoghal,
'N uair 'bha Clann-a-Baoth 's an aite,
Dh' fhalbhadh iad 's an coin air iallan,
'S bhiodh iad a fiadhach 's a' bhraighe;

III.

Thigeadh iad, 's an dainh air iomain,
Seachad muineal Chnoc-tabhaid;
Ruigeadh iad Tom-Fhinn na h-aibhne,
'S bhiodh iad 'g an roinn air an cairdibh.

IV.

Cha robh brailis, leann no caochan,
Aig daoine ri fhaighinn 's an al sin,
Ach meadraicheau mora foidh 'n cobhar
De bhainne nan gobhar bana,

's a Dhughaill tarr as." Le so a chluinntinn do Dhughall chlisg a chridhe 'n a chom 's cha 'n fhacas tuille 's a' chladh e.

II.—MU BHLAR NA DUNACH.

Bha na Gaidheil bho shean cleachdta ri da latha sonruichte anns gach bliadhna a ghleidheadh mar laithean feille. B' iad sin latha na Nollaige moire agus latha na Nollaige bige. Bha oidhche na Nollaige bige air a gleidheadh'n a h-oidhche roshonruichte, agus air a h-ainmeachadh "Oidhche Chollainn" anns an robh a h-uile fear agus bean, fleasgach og agus gruagach air an cruinneachadh aig fleagh am measg an cairdean agus an coimhearsnaich, agus bha an cruinneachadh so air a dheanamh le morghreadhnachas, chairdeas agus fhughantas anns an doigh a leanas. Bha caora no mult air 'fheannadh le feannadh-builg airson fleagh na Collainn. Bha crioman beag de'n chraicionn air 'fhagail gun fheannadh air uchd a' bheathaich agus an deigh sin air a thabhairt a mach gu glan agus air ainmeachadh "Caisean Collainn." Bha an Caisean Collainn an sin air a ghiulan le muinntir na Collainn; bha gach fear agus fleasgach aig uair shonruichte de 'n oidhche a' cruinneachadh comhla agus a' falbh a dh-ionnsaidh tighean an cairdean agus an coimhearsnaich. Dh' fheumadh a' chuideachd uile dol deiseal tri uairean timchioll an tighe, gach fear le lorg 'n a lamh agus ag aithris an rainn so a leanas, mar a bha e 'dol air aghart a' cuairteachadh an tighe—aig a cheart am a' slachdadh ballachan an tighe leis an lorg a bha 'n a lamh: "Chollainn, a bhuilg bhuidhe, bhoicinn, buail an craicionn air an totadh. Cailleach 's a' chuil—cailleach 's a' chill—cailleach eile 'n ceann an teine; bior 'n a da shuil; bior 'n a goile: Eirich agus fosgail dhuinn." Bha gach fear an sin ri rann a ghabhail ag an dorus m' am fosgailear dha e. Is e so aon de na rannaibh:

"Eirich thusa 'bhean choir,
'S a bhean og a choisinn cliu;
Liobhair thusa 'Chollainn uait
Mar bu dual dhuit a thoirt dhuinn.
A' mhulchag air am bheil an aghaidh reidh,
'S am fear nach do bheum suil;
'S mar 'eil sin deas ad choir,
Foghnaidh aran 's feoil dhuinn."

Bha an dorus an sin air 'fhosgladh le greadhnachas agus fhughantas nach bu bheag; bha an Caisean Col-

lainn an sin air a thabhairt air bonn agus prabadh dathaidh air a thabhairt air anns an teine agus air a thabhairt do 'n mhnaoi a bu shine bha 's an tigh. Chuireadh ise ri 'sroin an Caisean leth dhaite agus rachadh a chur m' an cuairt air na bha 's an tigh. Bha bord na cuirme an sin air a chuairteachadh le muinntir na Collainn; bha rogha gach bidh agus dibhe air a' bhord agus bha cairdeas, greadhnachas agus toil-inntinn ri 'm faicinn am measg na cuideachd.

A reir a' chleachdaidh so dh' fhalbh tuath Mhic-Ionmhuinn, tighearna Mhisnis a bha 'chomhnuidh 's an am sin 's an Eiridh, baile a tha beagan tuath air Tobar-mhuire, air Chollainn gu Mac-illeathain, tighearna Thorloisg, agus thainig tuath fear Thorloisg gu Mac-Ionmhuinn. Rinn Mac-illeathain fughantas agus suilbhearachd nach bu bheag a nochdadh do chuideachd Mhic-Ionmhuinn; thug e dhoibh rogha gach bidh agus dibhe agus cunntas sonruichte de chrodh a bheireadh iad leotha aig àm pillidh. Cha d' fhuair tuath Mhic-illeathain bho Mhac-Ionmhuinn ach a mhain na dh' ith 's na dh' ol iad. An uair a bha an da chuideachd a' pilleadh, choinnich iad ann an gleann a tha eadar Darbhaig agus Tobar-mhuire, troimh am bheil abhuinn a' ruith bho dheas gu tuath ris an abrar, "Abhuinn-tuil-Ghall." Ri taobh na h-aibhne so thoisich an tabaid—cuideachd Mhic-illeathain a' tilleadh a' chruidh a fhuair tuath Mhic-Ionmhuinn. Anns a' bhlar so mharbhadh seachd fichead Mac-Mhoirein de nach d' thugadh fiasag. Is e ainm a' bhlair, "Blar-na-dunach."

III.—SGEUL MU HAOISGEIR-NA-CUISEIG.

Bha triuir choimhearsnach ann an iochdar Mhuile aig an robh briuthas. Air dhoibh beagan uisge-beatha a dheanamh dh' fhalbh iad leis 'n an triuir g' a reic do Eilean Thiridhe. An deigh dhoibh an t-uisge-beatha a reic phill iad air an ais, ach an uair a bha iad fagus air cladach Mhuile—oidhche na Nollaige bige—sheid a ghaoth 'n an aghaidh le cur ro ghailbheach shneachda. Bha an oidhche dorcha, agus am fuachd do ghiulan, ionnas gu 'n do bhasaich dithis de na fir mu 'n robh iad ach goirid an deigh fuadach a ghabhail. Mhair an treas fear beo agus stiuir e am bata cho math 's a b'urrainn da. Beagan an deigh mheadhon-oidhche chuala e gairich-cladaich; rinn e air, agus an uair a thainig e fagus ghlaodh fear bho thir ri fear a' bhata, "Gabh mar so." "Co thusa?" "Mise Mac-illeruaidh." "Gabh mar so," ars' an dara guth. "Co thusa?" "Mise Mac-illedheirg." "Gabh mar so ars' an treas guth." "Co thusa?" "Mise Mac-illebhain." Fhreagair am fear a bha 's a' bhata, "Gabhaidh mi a dh-ionnsaidh an aite 's an cuala mi a' chiad ghlaodh." Chaidh e air tir agus chunnaic e gur i sgeir-mhara a nis anns an robh e le gle bheagan talanta oirre. Rinn e toll leis a' bhiodaig, anns an robh e 'laidhe gun bhiadh gun deoch, ach aon chard de ìm. Chaidh e 'n sin a shealltainn an robh duine no creutair air an sgeir ach e fein; thuig e nach robh. A thuilleadh air a so sheall e air na h-aiteachan bho 'n cuala e na guthanna agus chunnaic e gu 'n robh e eucomasach dol air tir ach a mhain far an robh a' chiad ghlaodh. Dh' fhan e air an sgeir bho oidhche Nollaige bige gu Latha Feill-Paruig. Bha e 'teachd beo air bairnich a' chladaich air am buain le sgithin agus air an cur ris a' ghrein an uair a bhiodh i 'dearrsadh. Dh' itheadh e 'n sin iad le beagan d' an ìm 'n an deigh. A h-uile h-oidhche chluinneadh e glaodhaich agus sgreadail mar gu 'm biodh muinntir 'g am bathadh; ruitheadh

e sios gus an cladach 's an uair a ruigeadh e, cha robh creutair beo air thoiseach air. Leau e mar sin gus an d' f has e sgith de bhi air a mheall-adh. Bha e air an sgeir gus an do thog bata-iasgaich e an deigh Feill-Paruig agus thugadh e do Uist, far an robh e o thigh gu tigh 'g a eiridinn leis a h-uile caoimhneas gu Beall-tuinn. Thainig e air ais gu ruig Muile agus an latha 'thainig e bha a bhean a' roupadh no a' reic a' h-uile ni a bh' aice. Nochd am fear a bha air a shaoilsinn a bhi baite, e fein 's thill gach duine na nithean a chaidh a cheannach a dh-ionnsaidh na mnatha. Tha an sgeir air an robh e fagus air eilean Chaua, agus is e 'h-ainm, "Haoisgeir."

IV.—SGEUL MU LEANNAN-SITH.

Bha ann an iochdar Mhuile fear d'am b'ainm Domhnull Mac Ruairidh-bhain. A' h-uile oidhche an deigh laidhe b' eiginn da eiridh agus a bhean-phosda 'fhagail 'n a cadal. Bha e uine f hada mar so. Cha robh fios aig aon neach c' aite 'n robh e dol no ciod a bha e a' deanamh. Phill-eadh e air 'ais aig deireadh na h-oidhche, fuar, fliuch. Cha robh so taitneach le 'mhnaoi 's throdadh i ris gu sgaiteach, geur airson a bhi air falbh cho tric bho 'leabaidh. Thois-ich Domhnull air seargadh as gun fhios aig aon neach ciod a b' aobhar dha. Mu dheireadh bhris an t-iom-radh a mach gu 'n robh leannan-sìth aig Domhnull ris an robh e a' dean-amh coinneamh. Chum so a bhacadh choimhairlich iad d'a mhnaoi eolas no soisgeul 'fhaighinn d' a fear. Fhuair i so agus cheangail i e mu 'amhaich. Thainig an leannan-sìth a dh-ionns-aidh na h-uinneig far an robh Domh-null 'n a laidhe agus thubhairt i, "Tha thusa an sin, a Dhomhnuill, 's a' ghealbhain bhoidheach mu t-amh-aich." Dh' f han Domhnull an oidh-che sin 's cha 'n f hacas tuille i air a thoir.

Moran bhliadhnaichean an deigh sin bha marsanta-siubhail a' falbh le bathar aig an robh each a' giulan a' bhathair. Bha e air a thuras eadar Misinnis agus Cuimhnis; thainig e gu beul-atha aibhne ris an abrar Abhainn tuil-Ghall. Dh' f hairtlich air an t-each a chur thairis. Mu dheireadh, thuirt am marsanta, "Cuiridh mise thairis thu an ainm Tri Pearsa na Trianaid ged robh a' h-uile deamhan an ifrinn ann." Air dha so a radh dh' eirich gurraban beag caillich air taobh thall na h-aibhne 's thuirt i, Na 'n abradh Domhnull Mac Ruairidh-bhain sin riumsa a chiad oidhche a choinnich e mi cha robh mi cho fada 'g a leanailt," agus f huair am marsanta thairis.

V.—SGEUL AIR BEAN-SHITH.

Bha tuathanach anns an leth iochd-raich d' an eilean Mhuileach agus chaidh aon de 'n chrodh aige air iom-rall. Dh' f halbh e fein agus a mhac a dh-iarraidh a' mhairt a bha air chall agus ghabh fear gach rathad dh' f heuch am faiceadh iad i. Air do'n mhac a bhi sgith le 'thuras, shuidh e ri taobh sruthain a tha 'ruith troimh aite ris an abrar Coire-nan-caorach, ann am braigh a' bhaile ris an abrar Cille-Mhuire. Bha cu aige, 's bha e 'n a laidhe lamh ris. Thois-ich an cu ri deithlean 's ri comhartaich le braise ro dhian. Thug so air a' ghille a shuil a thogail feuch co ris a bha an cu a' comhartaich. Chunnaic e taobh eile an t-sruthain gurraban beag boirionnaich comhdaichte le aodach uaine agus leth-chuinnean a sroine duinte. Bha an gille aig an am a nitheadh a chas anns an t-sruthan. Thug e mach sgian air son innean a lomadh. Lean lus a bha 'n a phoca ris an sgithin an uair a thug e mach i—b'e an lus, Achlasan Chaluim-

chille. Labhair a' bhean-shith ris mar so, "Caisg an cu 'Dhomhnuill air neo caisgidh mise e." "Caisgidh mi fein e." "Thoir dhomhsa an lus sin." "Ciod a ni thusa d' an lus so?" "Ni mi snaoisein dheth." "Cha 'n fhaic mi aite snaoisein agad." "Galar luchd-falbh na h-oidhche ort!" "Ciod e 'n galar a bhios an sin?" "Cha bhi sin agad ri 'innseadh do d' mhnaoi no do d' leannan, oidhche do sgeoil no do bhainuse." Dh' eirich Domhnull 's dh' fhalbh e, ach dh' fhan an cu. Uair aimoch d' an oidhche thainig an cu dhachaidh agus cha do dh' fhan rib fionnaidh air agus fhuair e bas, ach dh' fhan Domhnull beo.

VI.—SGEUL GOIRID MU MHAC-ILLEATHAIN DHUBHAIRT.

Bha comh-strith eadar Mac-illeathain agus a bhrathair ionnas gu 'm b' eiginn d'a bhrathair Muile fhagail agus dol gu ruig Eirinn. Thug e tri bliadhna ann an Eirinn air choimhich. Mu dheireadh chuir Mac-illeathain fios a dh-ionnsaidh a bhrathar e a thilleadh dhachaidh agus gu 'm faigheadh e 'sith. Air d' a bhrathair an naidheachd so fhaotainn thill e do Mhuile ach 's i 'n t-sìth a bha 'feitheamh air an ceann a chur deth. Dh' iarr Mac-illeathain air duine foghainteach de theaghlach Chola d' am b' ainm Niall Mor, an ceann a thoirt bharr a bhrathar. Thuirt Niall Mor, gu 'm b' fhearr leis a thoirt air duine eile an gniomh ud a dheanamh na airsan a chionn gu 'n robh goisteachd eatorra. Fhreagair Mac-illeathain, "Mur cuir thusa an ceann deth cuiridh fear eile an ceann dhiotsa." Thuirt am fear a bha ri 'mharbhadh ri Niall Mor, "Tha fios agam gur duine treun thu agus gu 'm bheil gniomh duine air do laimh, 's na cum fada mise ann am pein." Air dha so a radh, bhuail se e agus stad an claidheamh air chor 's gu 'm b' eigiun do Niall Mor a chas a chur air a cheann m' an tugadh e an claidheamh air 'ais. An sin thuirt Mac-illeathain Dhubhairt, "Ged a dh' orduich mi am buille cha 'n fhuiling mi an tamailt," agus dh 'orduich e Niall Mor a mharbhadh. An sin theich Niall agus thug e tri bliadhna air theicheadh roimh Mhacilleathain a bha air ti cur as da; agus airson so a dheanamh chuir e fios gu ceatharnach d' am b' ainm Ailein Mac Dhomhnuill. Thainig Ailein gu ruig Druim-na-croise, am baile 's an robh Niall Mor a chomhnuidh le coig fir dheug maille ris agus dh' fhaighnich e an robh Niall aig an tigh. Thuirt a bhean nach robh; gu 'n deachaidh e do 'n cheardaich a dheanamh obair ach gu 'n cuireadh i an treabhaiche air a thoir. Bha Niall 's an àm so foluichte aig a mhnaoi ann an ceann eile an tighe. Chaidh a bhean a sios am feadh a bha an toireachd a stigh agus thug i nios pios de ghàta iaruinn, 's ghlaodh i air an treabhaiche 's thuirt i ris, "Chaidh do mhaighstir do 'n cheardaich 's dh' fhag e fios agadsa dol 'n a dheigh le mir iaruinn," 's i 'breith air a' ghàta 'n a laimh, "saoil thu ciod e na dh' fheumas e, an dean am fad sin gnothuch dha?"—'s i 'comharachadh fad sonruichte d' an ghàta. Thuirt an treabhaiche gu 'n deanadh. Lub i an sin an gàta eadar a da ordaig agus bhris i e 's thuirt i ris a' ghille, "Falbh leis a sin do 'n cheardaich, thoir dha e agus abair ris gu 'm bheil daoine 'stigh a' feitheamh ris." "Cha 'n abair, cha 'n abair a bhean," thuirt Ailein Mac Dhomhnuill cha 'n 'eil a bheag de fheum againne air," 's dh' eirich e fein agus na coig fir dheug a mach 's thuirt e ris na daoine an deigh dha dol a mach, "Nach e Dia a shabhail sinn a chuideachd, nach robh fios aice an guothuch air an d' thainig sinn air neo cha d' fhag fear againn

beo an tigh leis a' ghàta a bha 'n a laimh." 'N a dheigh so chur Dubhairt fios gu Niall Mor, e g' a choinneachadh 's gu 'n deanadh iad sith. Dh' innis e so d'a mhnaoi agus thuirt a bhean ris, "Tha tri roinneagan air sròin Mhic-illeathain agus an uair a bhios sith air 'aire bidh na roinneagan 'n an laidhe air a shròin; agus an uair a bhios fearg air bidh na rionneagan air an cruinneachadh comhla." Dh' fhalbh Niall agus choinnich iad ri cheile anns an Dubh-leitir aig taobh sruthain ris an abrar, Allt-Dubhaig, ri taobh Loch-Phrìse. Bha na fir reith, sìochail gu leoir 's thill e dhachaidh agus dh' fhag e Druim-na-croise 's ghabh e comhnuidh ann am baile ris an abrar, a' Chill-bheag, ach thuirt a bhean ris, "An tug thu fa-near ciamar a bha na roinneagan?" "Thuirt e gu 'n robh e cho sìochail 's a chunnaic esan riamh, agus, ars' esan, "Buidheachas do Dhia faodaidh mise laidhe 'stigh a nochd agus tha tri bliadhna bho nach do laidh mi roimhe 'stigh." Fhreagair a bhean e, "Is i mo chomhairle-se dhuit an oidhche nochd a leigeil le cach." Air an oidhche sin fein thainig an toir air Niall do 'n Chill-bhig. Thainig cuideachd g' a ghlacadh agus bris iad fosgailte an dorus, ach dh' fhag Niall iad air bheag dochainn agus theich e rathad a' Bhealaich-ruaidh agus ghabh e air aghart thairis air a' Chlachan-dubh. Choinnich an ath chuideachd e an deigh dha dol thar a' Chlachain-duibh aig cnocan beag agus thoisich iad air sàbaid ann an sin agus lethmharbh iad Niall Mor. Is e ainm a' chnuic gus an là 'n diugh, Dunan-Neill. Dh' fhag iad e ann an sin a' call 'f hola agus ghabh a' chuideachd air an aghart rathad na h-Airde-duibhe. Ach an deigh 'f hagail thuirt fear a bha anns a' chuideachd d' am b' ainm Dughall Ruadh Mac Ailpein, "Cha d' thuirt mise nach tig Niall Mor beo fathast." Thill iad an sin agus fhuair iad e air a dha ghluin agus air basan a lamh; bhuail iad air a rithist agus thug iad 'n a mhirean beaga as a cheile e, air chor 's gur ann am brata na leapach a thug iad dhachaidh e.

—o—

CLEASACHD NAN GAIDHEAL.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,—Anns an litir a sgrìbh mi'd ionnsaidh mu dheireadh, thug mi treallan air a' Ghàidhlig-Ghallda. Bheir mi 's an té seo, le d' chead, greis air a' Chleasachd, agus faodaidh tu a cur an luib do bhreacain-ghuailne an uair a bheireas do chothrom air.

Thàinig caochladh mòr air nàdar agus air àbhaistean na h-òigridh bho 'n is cuimhne leamsa. Tha giullain an là an diugh cho glic ri 'n seanairean agus cho sean ris na cnuic, mu 'n gann a bhriseas iad air "gàradhant-shagairt." Tha chleasachd iar dol cho mór á cleachdadh 's nach fhada 's aithne do na caileagan fhein uibhir 's cluith air an "Fhrìdeig." Cha chluinnear guth a Shamhradh, a Gheamhradh, a dh-Fhoghar, no a dh-Earrach, air Cluith-na-brataich, Tomhas-nam-prop, am Madadh-ruadh, Cisteag-òir a's cisteag-airgid, Falach-a'-phutain, Gille-iùnnsachan, Nead-Ghille-brigein, cha chluinn no air Currac Mhaighistir Péursal fhéin! Leig na sean-ghiullain diubh, ach beag, ant òrd, a' chlach-neart, a' chruinn-léum, an léum-ruith, an cabar, 's Gille-Callum! Cha 'n bheil cuimhne agam c' uine chuala mi geall-réise ga chur; 's nach bheil a bhlàth; an àite a' ghrama-ruith, an cluinnear ach greim-stamaig; agus na lorg cha 'n fhaicear uibhir "ceann-na-h-òrdaig" de ghlas-ghiullan gun àth-aoil na phluic! Tha chamanachd f hathast ag cumail suas a cinn—thà 's an dallan-dà; ach tha bhuaidh seo air an "dallan"—am fear air an téid

e aon uair gur dùth dha fuireach air!

Tha cuibheas air a' h-uile rud; ach am beilear an diugh na's fhèarr na bhàtar bho shean? Am beilear na's clise 's na's eòlaich air ball-àirm a laimhseachadh bho 'n a chuireadh air chùl Cluith-na-brataich, a's Tomhas-nam-prop? Am beilear na's teóma air seilg, agus na's fhèarr a suas ri àmhuiltean ant shionnaich bho 'n a sguir Cluith a' mhadaidh-ruaidh? An aon fhacal, am beil an Gàidheal na's lùthmhoire shiubhal an fhirich, na's fulangaiche air mìmhodh, na's cruadalaich ri uchd gàbhaidh, na's carantaiche, na's dìlse dh'a chompanach, agus na's fhaide saoghal?

Cha do leig sinne tur fhathast an cabar air ant shlinnein; cha 'n bheil oidhche-sheachdain nach fhaigh sinn a' Ghlas-mhiar bho 'n phìobaire, sgialachd bho Eobhan-mór, agus fios mu ioraltan Mhic-an-tuim bho Dhònull Camron; ach an uair is bàs do dh-Iain mac Ghill-easbaig, tha eagal orm nach cluinn sinn gìn tuille de na seann-òrain.

Ma ghabh na seann-Ghàidheil saothair ri oileineachadh làmh a's chas, cha d'rinn iad dearmad air a' mheomh-air. Mar dhearbhadh air sin bheir mi dhut

A' CHAS-GHOIRT.

Féumaidh ochdnar a bhi 's a' chluith. Am fear air an tig "stoc a staigh" 's e bhios na "bhodach;" agus a' fiachainn co bhios na bhodach, their an rìgh facal de 'n rann a leanas, no dhe 'samhuil, 's e tomhadh a chorr-aige ris gach fear fos leth de 'n ochd-nar, 's a' dol deiseal air a' chròileagan. Is i seo an rann a bhiodh againn, mar is cuimhne leat, an uair a bhimid ag cluith air an "Fhrìdeig." Féum-aidh am bodach seasamh air bialaobh gach fir de 'nt sheachdnar, agus a dhuan a ghabhail 's a dhanns a dheanamh. Bidh dochair air an fhear theid lideag am mearachd:—

Imeadan beag, àmadan beag,
Gioba gobha, gioba gadha, gioba gall,
Gall-seipein, seipein siùbhlach,
Aon bhogh'-Ileach, dà mhiar mheadhoin,
Miar Mhic Iain, an ceann 's a' chaolan,
Dughall glas, ga leigeil ás,
Taobh na slaite, innse cruitein,
Ainnse meitein, boineid na muice,
Stoc a's taigh!

RIGH.—Eirich, a bhodaich, ruig an leathraiche, agus faigh iall a theid air do chois ghoirt.

LEATHRAICHE. — Fàilt ort, 'ille bhig chrùbaich, c' àite bheil thu dol?

BODACH.—A dh-iarraidh éille theid air mo chois-ghoirt.

LEATHRAICHE.—Cha 'n fhaigh thu iall bhuamsa gus am faigh thu sgian bho 'n ghobhainn a ghearras i.

GOBHAINN.—Fàilt ort, 'ille bhig chrùbaich, c' àite bheil thu dol?

B.—Gobha, gobha bòidheach,
Gobha, gobha briagha,
Gobhainn a bheir sgian domh,
Sgian a bheir mi do 'n leathraiche,
Leathraiche bheir iall domh,
Iall a theid air a' chois ghoirt!

G. — Cha 'n fhaigh thu sgian bhuamsa mur teid thu thoirt iteig ás a' chòrr ud shìos a bheir do 'n choill thu a thoirt guail leat.

CÒRR.—Fàilt ort, 'ille bhig chrùb-aich, c' àite bheil thu dol?

B.—Còrr, còrr bhòidheach,
Còrr, còrr bhriagha,
Còrr a bheir iteag dhomh,
Iteag a bheir mi do 'n choill,
Coill a bheir gual domh,
Gual a bheir, &c.

C. — Cha 'n fhaigh thu iteag bhuamsa mur faigh thu dhomh piseag bho 'n chat ghlas ud thall.

CAT.—Fàilt ort, 'ille bhig chrùb-aich, &c.

B.—Cat, cat bòidheach,
Cat, cat briagha,
Cat a bheir piseag dhomh,
Piseag a bheir mi do 'n chòrr,
Còrr a bheir, &c.

C. — Cha 'n fhaigh thu piseag bhuamsa mur faigh thu dhomh diaran bainne bho 'n mhart mhaol.

MART.—Fàilt ort, 'ille bhig chrùbaich, &c.

B.—Mart, mart bòidheach,
Mart, mart briagha,
Mart a bheir bainne dhomh,
Bainne bheir mi do 'n chat,
Cat a bheir, &c.

M.—Cha 'n fhaigh thu bainne bhuamsa mur faigh thu dhomh sop bho 'n ghille-shabhail.

GILLE-SABHAIL.—Fàilt ort, 'ille bhig chrùbaich, &c.

B.—Gille sabhail bòidheach,
Gille sabhail briagha,
Gille sabhail a bheir sop dhomh,
Sop a bheir mi do 'n mhart,
Mart a bheir, &c.

G. S.—Cha 'n fhaigh thu sop bhuamsa mur faigh thu bonnach dhomh bho 'n bhean-fhuine.

BEAN-FHUINE.—Fàilt ort, 'ille bhig chrùbaich, &c.

B.—Bhean-fhuine bhoidheach,
A bhean-fhuine bhriagha,
A bhean-fhuine bheir bonnach dhomh,
Bonnach a bheir mi 'n ghille-shabhail,
Gille-sabhail a bheir sop dhomh,
Sop a bheir mi do 'n mhart,
Mart a bheir bainne dhomh,
Bainne bheir mi do 'n chat,
Cat a bheir piseag dhomh,
Piseag a bheir mi do 'n chòrr,
Còrr a bheir iteag dhomh,
Iteag a bheir mi do 'n choill,
Coill a bheir gual domh,
Gual a bheir mi do 'n ghobhainn,
Gobhainn a bheir sgian domh,
Sgian a bheir mi do 'n leathraiche,
Leathraiche bheir iall domh,
Iall a theid air a' chois-ghoirt!

Fiach a nise an cuir thu fhein càch romh 'n "Isein-chirce" agus romh na "Deich amaill," air ant sheòl chiadna:

Cóig stallain dhiag,
Dhubha, dhubha, dhùghorm;
Le 'n cóig earrabuill dhiag,
Dhubha, dhubha, dhùghorm.
Ceithir capaill dhiag,
Dhubha, dhubha, dhùghorm;
Le 'n ceithir searraich dhiag,
Dhubha, dhubha, dhùghorm.
Tri mnathan diag, geala,
Geala, geal-bhreideach.
Dà ghille dhiag, bhreac-luirgneach.
Aon fheadag dhiag, fhad-speireach.
Deich bà ceanfhionna,
Croidhionna, làirceach.
Naoidh tairbh mhaola,
Dhonna, chorc-chluasach.
Ochd cailleachan miogagacha,
Magagacha, màgach.
Seachd gobhair ghiorragacha,
Gharragacha, dhàite.
Sia mucan-biadhta.
Còig fainneachan òir.
Ceithir sraibh-mhuillcinn.
Tri eòin-ghura,
Dà chrann-lacha,
'S isein-circe, 's a chas briste,
'S beairt air a mhuin!

Cuir seachad seo. 'D é th' ann an seo? Isein-circe 's a chas briste, 's beairt air a mhuin. Cuir seachad seo? Agus mar sin sìos.

Deich amaill a's deich tuill
Na 'n deich cinn.
Naoidh amaill a's naoidh tuill
Na 'n naoidh cinn.
Ochd amaill a's ochd tuill
Na 'n ochd cinn.
Seachd amaill a's seachd tuill
Na 'n seachd cinn.
Sia amaill a's sia tuill
Na 'n sia cinn.
Cóig amaill a's cóig tuill
Na 'n cóig cinn.
Ceithir amaill a's ceithir tuill
Na 'n ceithir cinn.
Tri amaill a's tri tuill
Na 'n tri cinn.
Dà amall a's dà tholl,
Na 'n dà cheann.
Amall agus toll na cheann.

Cuir seachad seo. 'D é th' ann an seo? Dà amall a's dà tholl na 'n dà cheann, amall agus toll na cheann. Agus mar sin sìos.—Is mi, &c.,

ABRACH.

An Tom-Buidhe,
Oidhch' Fheill-Eathain, 1873.

Bha seann bhanaltrum aig Righ Séumas I., agus ghuidh i air, ag radh, "O! a righ, dean mo mhac-sa 'n a dhuin'-uasal." "Cha dean, cha dean," deir an Righ, "ma thogras tu ni mi tighearna dheth, ach tha dhuin'-uasal a dheanamh dheth os cionn mo chumhachd,

AN DARA DUAN DE SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE;

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Homeir Gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

Le Eobhan MacLachainn.

Taisbeanadh an Fheachda; agus àireamh nam fineachan Gréugach agus Tròidheach.

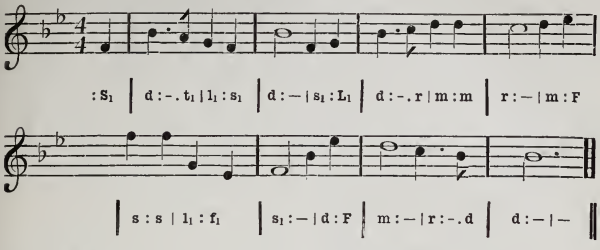
V.

(Air a leantuinn bho 'n àirimh mu dheireadh.)

Shuidh càch air cathraichean, cruinn,
'S an àrd-shlinntrich ghabh gu clos;
Ach ghlaodh *Thersites* gun tàmh,
Le téis sglannraidh bu bhuan lochd:
Bu torach an toibheum beòil—
Dòlaire 'n aignidh neo-ghrinn;
Eisgealachd na ùgh 's gach tràth;
Air laoich àigh ag gnàth-chur binn.
Leis-san bu taitneach an ràdh,
A bhrosnaicheadh gàir ant shluaigh;
'S e bu mhi-chliùtiche béus,
De na sheòl bho 'n Ghréig thair stuaidh.
Leth-chas bhacach, sgionn-shùil chlaon,
Guaillean crom roimhe na 'n stùic,
Ceann gogaideach binneach, baoth,
'S cloimh-ghargach air maoil gun sùgh.
Aicheall, a's Ulisses àigh,
Bu ghràin leis thair chàch gu léir:
'S buan a bha dhranndan gun bhrìgh,
Mu mhac Atreuis, righ nan tréun.
Le reasg-ghuth piochanach, caol,
Dhìt an daormunn flath nam buadh.
Aon cha robh am feachd na Gréig,
Nach d' òrduich a chréubh 's an naigh.
Seo mar bhèuchdadh an craos bàth:—
"'S eadh! 's eadh! a chinn àird nan cliar,
Ciod fàth nan iarradas dlùth,
No 'm beil tiomsach ùr ad mhiann?
Liuthad tasgaidh de phrais dhaoir,
Ga càrnadh ri d' thaobh 's gach bùth;
Liuthad ògbhean bho stuaidh àigh;
A leag sinn air làr na smùr!
Ma bhuannaichd mi fhìn 's a' Ghréig,
Bannal céutach, no toìc òir,
Bho Tròidheach an éiric mic
A ghlac sinn gu tric 's an tòir;
An àill leat am bun 's am bàrr,
'S ciad roghainn nan sàr-bhean caoin,
Luigheachd nan toilleanach tréun,
A chaidreamh riut fhéin an gaol?
Is inisg an ceann air tréun an fheachd,
Righ miothor fo smachd a mhiann:
Fhad 's a bhios tus' air an stiùir,
Cha dògh gu'm bi cliù na 'r gnìomh.
A mhnathan sleamhain gun mheas,
De nach gairmear fir nas mò,
As thair chuan sibh gu 'r tìr fhéin,
'S fàgaibh righ nan éuchd aig Tròidh?
Fàgaibh e 'gur air ur toìc,
Cosnadh docrach nan cath crnaidh;
A's tuigidh e 'n sin c'iù rinn féum
A lámh fhein no neart a shluaigh.
Lámh do 'n riaghailt neart gun cheart,
'Thug mi-mhodh do 'n ghaisgeach mhòr.
Cha sheis' thu dhà 'm blàr no 'n ruaig,
Ged éignich thu bhuaith a' chòir.
Na 'm b' fheargach ant Aicheall àigh,
Seach laidhe mar thràill fo spid,
Ghrad-bhiodh ant aintheas na thàmh,
'S cha dioladh tu tàir a risd."
Deagh Ulisses, dh' éirich grad,
Colg na shùil mar lasair dheirg;
Airsan a chàin righ nam feachd,
Sheall e gnùth 's thug smachd na 'fheirg:
"A bhriosg-ghlòirich bheadaidh, bhréin;
Cuir fosadh air béul gun mhodh:
Thusa toirt oilbheum do righ,
Mar bhuanna 'm biodh cliù no blagh,—
Leibid cho suarach riut fhéin,
Cha d' aisig bho 'n Ghréig thair chuan;
Air leanmhuinn Chlann-Atreuis àigh,
Thoirt theas-bhàr do Tròidh nan stuadh.
'S mir-cagnaidh do dhiù nan éisg,
Cinn-fheadhna do 'n éuchdach gnìomh:
Thu brùchdadh gamhlais do chléibh,
'S ri tuairisgeal bhréug mu'n triall.
Is dearbhte gur ceist oirnn gu léir,
Mu'n toisg seo, ciod è tha 'n dàn,
An cas oirnn, no 'n éirich leinn?
An tilleadh dhuinn tinn no slàn?
Thusa ga d' chnàmh ás le tnùth
Ri buachaille cùl ant shluaigh,
Ga thathann gu tarsuinn béurr,
Bhrìgh gu 'n d' thug gach tréun dha duais!
C' àit an robh do raths', a thuaisd,
An tiomsach, no 'n cruadal gleòis?
'N d' thug thusa uat riamh a luach,
Ach lon luath a's toibheum beòil?
Innseam dhut gu saor an ni—
'S bheirim le fior-chinnt gu teach:—
Ma thachras tu orms' air fonn,
Ri ath-sgeig bho chom gun bheachd:
Nar sheas an ceann s' air mo chorp,
'S nar éighear orm mac mo ghaoil,
Mur fiach mi thu le m' gharbh-ghlaic,
'S de d' chairbh bhric gu'n srac mi'm faobh.
D' earradh uachdair a's d' arm-bhrat,
'S an léine tha cleith do nochd;
'S d' iomain 's an raoicich romh 'n fheachd,
Le trom bhéumai créuchdach goirt."
Labhair e; 's ri ghualuinn chruim,
Dh' fhiach e'n colbh le spuinnseadh cruaidh;
Chuir esan air amhaich giùig,
'S thaom na deòir gu dlùth le 'ghrnaidh.
Dh' éirich meall fala air a chroit,
Far 'n do spaideadh ant shlat òir;
'S shiab bho mhùsg-shtùl na ronn-dheòir.
Chuir aogasg an Aobhair-bhùirt,
Iomguin bhròin a nùll 's a nall;
Ag gàireachdaich mu 'n tràill thruaigh,
Theab na sluaigh am plosg a chall.

KEY B Flat. HO RO, MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHOIDHEACH.

Beating twice to the measure, slowly.



Ho ro, mo nigh'n donn, bhoidheach,
Hi ri, mo nigh'n donn, bhoidheach,
Mo chaileag laghach, bhoidheach,
Co phosainn ach thu? *

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shul,
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit:
Tha t' iomhaigh ghaoil a's t' ailleachd,
A ghnath tigh'n fo m' ùidh.
Ho ro, &c.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal,
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
Cha chaochail mo run.
Ho ro, &c.

'N uair bha mi ann ad lathair,
Bu shona bha mo laithean;—
A' sealbhachadh do mhanrain,
A's aille do ghnuis.
Ho ro, &c.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda
Na h-oigh a's caoimhe nadur;
I suairce, ceanail, baigheil,
Lan grais agus muirn.
Ho ro, &c.

Ach riamh o 'n dh' fhag mi t' fhianuis,
Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh
Le iarguin do ruin.
Ho ro, &c.

Ge lurach air a' chabhsair
Na mnathan oga Gallda,
A righ! gur beag mo gheall-s'
Air bhi' sealltainn 'n an gnuis.
Ho ro, &c.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach Shamhraidh,
An gleann fad' o shuil.
Ho ro, &c.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
Bheir mise sgriob do 'n ghleann ud,
'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
Gu h-annsail, am flur.
Ho ro, &c.

* No, "*Cha phosainn ach thu!*"

AN TAILLEAR AGUS NA BUIDSICHEAN.

"Bha e urramach 'n a thaillear."—*Donnachadh Ban.*

Mur biodh na taillearean gu nadurra cridheil, aighearach, cha bhiodh an sean-fhacal a' cur "Ciad taillear gun bhi sunndach" am measg nan nithean sin a bha e doirbh, no eadhon eucomasach, 'fhaotainn. Faic an taillear an uair a gheobh e mach air dorus an tighe! An saoil thu an teid e a ghabhail a chuairt gu h-athaiseach, ciallach, cho socair ri fear air tiolacadh? Mo creach, is e nach teid! Is ann a chi thu e a' toirt nan sinteag 's nan surdag as thar an reidhlein. Cha chum rathad-mor no callaid ris—cha 'n fheith e ri bhi 'fosgladh cachaileidh no 'streap garadh-tota, ach m' an abradh tu "Seachd," tha e thairis orra le duibhleum cho aotram luth-chasach ri earbag nan tom. Is ann a bheir e am

chuimhne-se mart a bhios 'g a beathachadh a stigh fad a' Gheamhraidh, a' chiad uair a gheobh i mach air maduinn chubhraidh Earraich. Faic i 's a sailtean os cionn barr a breamain, a' cur nan car dhi—a ceann 's a h-earr ri adhar uair mu seach! Agus nach 'eil so gu leir mar a bhiodh suil againn, agus mar a bu choir dha? Tha e cheart cho nadurra do 'n taillear, no do fhear sam bith a tha air a chubadh a suas ann an tigh fad fin-foineach an latha, e fein a ghiulan air a' mhodh so, 's a tha e do 'n bhó bhochd nach fhaca grian no speur fad a' Gheamhraidh. Tha doigh no dha ann air anail a leigeil agus fois a ghabhail, — direach a reir na dreuchd no na h-oibre a tha aig neach. Ma 's gobhainn no fear aig am bheil obair throm, ghoirt, a tha ann, is solas agus faochadh dha suidhe am measg a theaghlaich 's an fheasgar an uair a tha 'obair seachad, no cadhon ceum a ghabhail, le 'bhalachan aige air laimh, a dh-fhaicinn ailleachd agus maise na cruitheachd. Ma 's cleireach no maighstir-sgoile a tha ann, gabhaidh e 'anail rud-eigin mar a ghabhas an taillear, no ma dh' fhaoidte ann an tilgeil a' chabair no na cloiche-neirt. Mar so chi sinn nach e idir dith saothaire no oibre a bhi gabhail fois, ach, iomadh uair gur e muthadh oibre an fhois a 's fearr agus a 's freagaraiche do dhuine. Thug ar sinnsearan an aire do 'n ni so, oir, nach d' thuirt iad anns na sean-fhacail, "An uair a bhios Murachadh 'n a thamh, bidh e 'ruamhar," agus, "Faochadh gille 'ghobhainn, —bho na h-uird gus na builg."

Cha 'n e mhain gu'm bheil na taillearean an coitcheannas aotram, uallach 'n an giulan ach cha 'n 'eil daoine ann is sunndaiche no is toighiche air amhuiltearachd a's a' h-uile gne fhearas-chuideachd,—agus co bheir barr orra air na h-orain?

Is math a tha cuimhne agam an t-eagal a bhiodh oirnn, a's sinn 'n ar clann bheag, an uair a thigeadh an taillear, Donnachadh Mac Neill—agus bu chridheil, laghach e— a dh-obair do 'n tigh againn. Cha b' urrainn tuilleadh fiamh a bhi oirnn roimh leoghann beucach na bhiodh oirnn ar sron a chur a stigh air an dorus far am biodh e ag obair; agus cha chuireadh urchair á gunna tuilleadh geilt oirnn na chuireadh esan an uair a dhuineadh e an siosar-mor le fead na 'n tigeamaid dluth air. An deigh sin uile cha 'n iarramaid e dh' fhalbh. Cha 'n fhaigheamaid o cheann gu ceann d' an bhliadhna àbhachd a b' fhearr na bhi ag eisdeachd ris ag innseadh n'a chunnaig 's n'a chual' e air a thurais, agus b' iomadh sin, oir, "bu lionmhor tubaist an tailleir." Innsidh mi aon d'a naidheachdan do luchd-leughaidh a' GHAIDHEIL:—

Bha aig an taillear gille og, ris an abair sinn Cailein, ag ionnsachadh a cheird agus cha 'n iarradh Donnachadh n' a b' fhearr na bhi a' toirt a' char á Cailein agus a' cur ghnothuichean neo-chomasach mar fhiachadh air; agus sin uile gun urad agus smeideadh gaire a dheanamh. Air latha araidh fhuair an taillear fios cabhaig gu dol a dh-obair do thigh an tuathanaich ann am Bealach-na-mona. Bha iomradh am fad 's am farsuingeachd feadh na duthcha gu 'n robh buidseachas air an tigh, agus a mach o 'n taillear fhein agus h-aon no dha eile cha robh a' bheag d'am b' aithne an t-aite nach robh a' toirt lan gheill do 'n bhiubhas. Ma bha buidsichean an aite sam bith eadar Maol-chinntire agus Barra bha iad ann am Bealach-na mona. Theireadh duine gu 'n robh e air a dheanamh air an son,—aite uaigealta, fasail, air a chuairteachadh le boglaichean 's le criathraichean ris an deanadh cridhe nan doideagan 's nan glaistigean teóisinn. Ach cha 'n e

mhain gu 'n robh Bealach-na-mona coltach ri aite a thàladh an leithidean so, agus a bha anns gach doigh freagarrach air son an ubagan 's an iopannan a chur an gniomh,—bha gu leoir de dhaoine 's a' choimhearsnachd a bheireadh am boidean 's am mionnan gu 'm fac' iad fein agus gu 'n c' fhairich iad cuid d' an droch chleachd an àm a bhi 'gabhail an ratha'd chuil, anmoch a dh-oidhche, eadar Tigh-an-triubhais* agus an Caolas. Co nach cuala mar a lobair 's a liosair 's a mhi-ghnathaich iad an Drochair Mor, uair a bha e 'tilleadh dha baidh anmoch á Tigh-an-triubhais, a deigh a bhi fad an latha air Faidhir a Chlachain? Cha d' fhuair e os a chionn gus an latha 'n diugh, agus tha e ag radh nach gabhadh e an saoghal agus dol air 'ais leis fein a rithist air an rathad cheudna, eadhon ann an geal an la sholuis!

Bha lan fhios aig gille an tailleir mar a thachair do 'n Drobhair Mhor agus do iomadh aon eile, 's cha chluinneadh e an t-iomradh a bu lugha air dol a choir an tighe. Thuirt e gu 'm faodadh an taillear dol ann ma bha e gun suim, gun churam d'a bheatha; ach air a shonsan ged a bhiodh a' h-uile snathain aodaich ann am Bealach-na-mona air a chaitheadh 'n a luideagan, agus a' h-uile duine gun snichdean a chuireadh iad m' an cuirp, nach rachadh esan a dh-obair ann, nach laidheadh, agus idir, idir, nach caidleadh e oidhche 's an tigh. Dh' fheuch an taillear an da chuid le durachd agus le fochaid air a chur bharr a bheachd, agus theab 's gu 'm fairtlicheadh air; ach mu dheireadh, chuir e iompaidh air Cailein gu dol leis, agus moch air maduinn an ath latha thog iad orra,—an taillear gu togarrach sunndach, ach Cailein bochd, lan geilt agus amharuis.

Air feasgar a' chiad latha, rinn Donnachadh-taillear guth air mac an tuathanaich; dh' innis e dha an t-eagal a bha air Cailein roimh na buidsichean, agus thuirt e ris e 'dhol fo 'n leabaidh anns an robh esan agus Cailein ri cadal, agus an uair a bhiodh iad direach dol a thuiteam 'n an cadal, e 'chur a dhroma fo urlar na leapach agus a togail a suas uair no dha a chur eagail air Cailein. Cha d' iarr mac an tuathanaich na b' fhearr, agus goirid m'an do ghabh an taillear agus Cailein mu thamh, chaidh e air a mhagan fo 'n leabaidh agus rinn e deas airson a' ghnothuich. An deigh dol a laidhe,—an taillear air an taobh-beoil agus Cailein air an taobh-cuil,—cha robh 'shaod air Cailein gu 'n caidleadh e idir ach a' sior-bhruidhinn air buidsichean, agus an taillear, na b' fhior e fein, a' magadh air airson a bhi cho faoin. "Caidil," ars' an taillear, mu dheircadh, "tha mi seachd sgith dhiot fein agus de d' bhuidsichean,—cha chreid mi gu 'm bheil an leithid idir ann gus am faic no 'm fairich mi iad." Thionndaidh an taillear a chulaobh ri Cailein, a thug osann throm as, agus shocruich iad iad fein airson cadail. Is gann a neadaich iad an cinn anns na cluasgan, an uair a mhothaich Cailein an leabaidh ag eiridh suas fodha mar gu 'm biodh erith-thalmhainn ann. "Ni-math g'ar teasraiginn, sin iad!" ars' esan, 's e 'toirt leum-buic a nunn air meadhon an urlair,—"nach d' thuirt mi ribh gu 'n robh buidsichean ann." Cha b' urrainn do 'n fhear a bha fo 'n leabaidh cumail air fhein; rinn e glag gaire, agus ma rinn, rinn an taillear. Bha Cailein bochd fo leithid de bhalla-chrith 's nach b' urrainn da toiseachadh leotha no tlachd a ghabhail anns an spurt ged a chunnaig e ciod a b' aobhar dhi. Ged nach do chaidil e moran an oidhche sin, dh' aidich e gu 'n do chuir cleas an

* An tigh-osda.

tailleir—oillteil 's mar a bha e,—gu buileach as a cheann, o 'n latha sin, gach creideamh ann an buidseachas, gisreagan agus a' h-uile gne shaobhchrabhaidh.

MAC-MHARCUIS.

10mh la d'an Og-mhios, 1873.

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AINMHIDHEAN.

Tha na sochairean sin gun àireamh a ta air am buileachadh air an duine leis gach beathach agus ainmhidh a tha teachd beo mu'n cuairt da. Tha ainmhidhean na macharach, a' chùain, agus an adhair, air an dealbhadh le Dia chum maith do'n duine; agus tha na beannachdan agus na sochairean éugsamhla a tha iad a' co'.pàirteachadh ris an duine co lionmhor 's nach 'eil e comusach ach fiorbheagan diubh a thoirt fa'near. Tha gach uile chréutairair a chruthachadh, cha'n e mhàin freagarrach air son na staide sin anns an do shònraicheadh e leis an Fhreasdal sin a ta os ceann nan uile nithe, ach tha e air a chruthachadh mar an céudna chum maith soilleir agus sònraichte do'n duine. A thaobh mòrain de na créutairibh a tha air uachdar na talmhainn, cha'n 'eil e furasd a dheanamh a mach ciod am féum a ta air a shònrachadh leò, ach an déigh sin, tha iad gun teagamh chum feum àraidh éigin, oir cha do chruthaicheadh ni sam bith gu diomhain leis-san, tha gu neochriochnuichte glic. Is iad na beathaichean a tha 'solaireadh air ar son nan nithe a's cudthromaiche a thaobh ar lòin agus ar sgeudachaidh, agus a thaobh gach cuideachaidh eile a tha dhìth oirrn anns an t-saoghal so. Tha iad air mhìle seòl a' solaireadh chum ar maith, agus tha iad ag oibreachadh le chéile air mhodh miorbhuileach chum ar leas. Tha e soilleir do na h-uile gu'm bheil iad a' lughdachadh ar saoithreach anns a' bhaile agus anns a' mhachair,—a' giùlan ar n-uallaichean troma,—a' tarruing gach gnè charbaid agus feuna,—a' treabhadh na talmhainn,—agus a' deanamh nithe gun àireamh eile chum ar buannachd! Amhairc air an each, agus nach feumail an crèutair e! Nach lionmhor obair a thig 'n a char? Nach easguidh, ùmhal e 'n a shaothair? Tha e' deanamh maith dhuinn a thaobh a luathais agus a neirt fein. Is mòr agus is laidir an t-elephant, ach an déigh sin ceannsaichear e, agus nithear e 'n a sheirbhiseach ùmhal. Air an doìgh chèudna tha'n càmhal ro chomusach air fuachd agus teas fhulang; tha neart mòr aige, agus cuiridh e suas rè ùine fhada gun bhiadh, gun deoch anns an fhàsach. Nach lionmhor an nithe maith' a tha sinn a' faotuinn o'n chaor agus o'n mhart? Tha olann na caorach a' deanamh gach gnè éudaich air ar son, an uair a ta feòil na caorach 'g ar beathachadh. Nach 'eil am mart, air an doigh cheudna, chum mòr bhuannachd an dà chiud beò agus màrbh! Nach luachmhor an ni am bainne fein do mhac an duine, agus mar an cèudna, feòil na mairt r'a itheadh, a craicionn air son leathraich, agus na h-adhaircean, na cosan, cnàmhan, agus na ladhran aice air son nithe do-sheachnach annta fein! Air an laimh eile, nach féumail an cù do'n bhuachaille, agus nach ealanta, cùramach, dìleas a ni e a ghnothuch fein mar fhear-faire a' dionadh ar tighean, agus ar codach o gach gnè luchd-réubainn! Is dìleas, treibhdhireach, càirdeil an créutair an cù; fàgaidh e a chuideachd agus a ghnè fein, dlùthaichidh e ris an duine, agus cha'n àill leis idir dealachadh ris. Ceart mar so, mar an céudna, tha na meanbh-bheathaichean a tha co lionmhor 's an t-saoghal ro luachmhor annta fein do'n duine, air son leigheis, air son dathanna sònraichte, agus air son lòin do chréu-

tairibh eile. Ceart mar so, tha èunlaith an adhar, agus gach eun iteagach a' coimhlionadh nan nithe a shònraicheadh dhoibh a dheanamh. Agus cò tha comusach air lionmhorachd iasga na fairge a leigeadh ris? Tha iad de gach mèud o'n mhuic-mhara mhor, a sios dh' ionnsuidh an t-siolaig a's lugha tha 'snàmhadh 's na glumagaibh an cois a' chladaich. Dh' fhèudadh mòran a bhi air a chur an céill mu na nithibh so chum ar teagasg a thaobh maitheis, cumhachd, agus gliocais an Ti bheannuichte sin a tha riaghladh os ar ceann, ach fàgar sin gu ùair eile. Bhiodh e ro thaitneach na'n gabhadh "Bun Lochabar" an ni so os làimh, a chionn gur tearc iad ri'm faotuinn aig am bheil uiread eòlais's a ta aigesan air mòr-bheathaichibh agus air meanbh-bheathaichibh na cruitheachd, agus air gach buaidh agus riaghailt a bhuineas d'an nàdar-san. Ach chaidh ni's leòir a ràdh chum a dheanamh aithnichte gur e cumhachd agus gliocas neo-chriochnuichte a mhàin a b' urrainn nithe co miorbhuileach a dhealbhadh agus a chumail suas! Mar sin "Rinn Dia beathaiche na talmhainn a réir an gnè, agus an spreidh a reir an gnè, agus gach ni a shnaigeas air an talamh a réir an gnè; agus chunnaic Dia gu'n robh e maith," (Gen. i., 25).

ALASDAIR RUADH.

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TALADH AR SLANUIGHIR.

(Cuimhneachan do Chloinn Mhùideart.)

AIR FONN,—"*Cumha Mhic Arois.*"

Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah.

Mo ghaol, mo ghràdh, a's m 'fhéudail thu,
M' ionmhas ùr a's m' éibhneas thu,
Mo mhacan àluinn, céutach thu,
Cha 'n fhiù mi fein bhi 'd dhàil.
Aleluiah, &c.

Ge mòr ant aobhar cliù dhomh e,
'S mòr ant aobhar cùraim e,
'S mòr ant aobhar umhlachd e,
Righ nan dùl 'bhi 'm laimh.

Ge d' is leanamh dìblidh thu,
Cinnteach 's Righ nan Righrean thu,
'S tu 'nt oighre dligheach, firinneach
Air righeachd Dhe nan gràs.

Ge d' is Righ na glòire thu
Dhiùlt iad an taigh-òsda dhut,
Ach chualas ainglean sòlasach
'Toirt glòir do 'n Ti is àird'.

Bu mhòr sòlas agus ioghnadh
Buachaillean bochda nan caorach,
'N uair chual iad na h-ainglean ag glaodhaich,
"Thainig Slànui'ear thun ant shaoghail."

B'e sin an ceòl, 's an naigheachd àghmhor
'Sheinn na h-ainglean anns na h-àrdaibh,
Ag innseadh gu 'n d' rugadh Slànui'ear
Am Betlehem, am baile Dhàbhaidh.

B'e sin sgéula binn nam beannachd,
Mu 'n aoidh a rinn téarnadh gu talamh,
Cha'n ioghnadh mi bhi mùirneach, geanail,
Is gile na ghrian mo leanabh.

Dh' fhollsich réulta do na righrean,
Lean iad i mar iùil gu dileas,
Fhuair iad 'n am achlais fhein thu,
A 's rinn umhlachd dhut gu làr.

Thairg iad òr dhut, mirr a's tùis,
Thug iad aoradh dhut a's cliù,
B'e turas an àigh do 'n triùir,
Thainig a shealtuinn mo rùin.

O 'n a dh' innis aingeal Dé dhuinn
Gu 'n robh 'n fhoill an cridhe Heroid,
Dh' fhalbh sinne leat do 'n Eiphit
G'a sheachnadh mu 'n deanteadh béud ort.

O! 'Heroid a' chridhe chruaidh,
Cha choisinn d' innleachd dhut buaidh,
'S lionar màthair dh' fhàg thu truagh,
'S tu dian an tòir air bàs mo luaidh.

'S fhada, fhada, bho Iudea,
Téaruinte bho d' chlaidheamh géur e,
'Measg nam mac cha d' fhuair thu fein e,
'S fallain, slàn thu, 's fàth dhomh éibhneas.

Dh' aindeoin do mhì-rùin a's d' fharmaid,
Bidh mo mhac-sa cliùiteach, ainmeil,
Cha chuir e ùigh an òr n'on airgiod,
A righeachd cha righeachd thalmhaidh.

Gur galach, brònach, tùrsach iad
An drast ann an Ierusalem,
A' caoidh nam macan ùra sin,
'S b'e 'n diùbhail 'n cur gu bàs.

Tha Rachel an diugh fo bhròn,
Ag caoidh a pàisdean àluinn, òg,
'S frasach air a gruaidh na deòir
Bho nach 'eil iad aice beò,

Tha mi 'g altrum Righ na mòrachd,
'S mise màthair Dhé na gloire—
Nach buidhe, nach sona dhòmhsa,
Tha mo cridhe làn de shòlas!

Thainig, thainig, am Mesiah,
Fhuair na fàidhean uile 'n guidhe,
'S fhada bho 'n b' àill leo thu thighinn,
'S àluinn thu air mo ruighe.

A ghnothach gu talamh cha b' fhaoin e,
'Cheannach sàbhaladh chloinn-daoine,
'S e 'm Fear-réite 's am Fear-saoraidh,
Is e 'n Slànui'ear gràdhach, caomh e.

Ciamar a dh'éirich dhòmhsa
'Measg ant shluaigh a bhi cho sònruicht'?
'S e toil a's cumhachd Righ na gloire
Mac bhi agam ged is òigh mi.

S mise fhuair an ulaidh phrìseil,
Uiseil, uasail, luachmoir, fhìnealt,
'N diugh cha dual dhomh bhi fo mhìghean,
'S coltach ri bruadar an fhìrinn.

Cha tuig ainglean naomh no daoine
Gu là deireannach ant shaoghail
Miad do thròcair a's do ghaoil-sa,
Tighinn a ghabhail coluinn daonda.

Bheir mi moladh, bheir mi aoradh,
Bheir mi cliù dhut, bheir mi gaol dhut,
Tha thu agam air mo ghairdean,
'S mi tha sonà thair cloinn-daoine.

Mo ghaol ant shùil a sheallas tlà,
Mo ghaol an cridh' tha liont' le gràdh,
Ged is leanabh thu gun chàil
'S lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs.

M' ulaidh, m' aighear, a's mo luaidh thu,
Rùn, a's gaol, a's gràdh ant shluaigh thu;
'S tus' an Tì a bheir dhaibh fuasgladh
Bho chuibhreach an nàmhaid uaibhrich.

'S tu Righ nan righ, 's tu naomh nan naomh,
Dia am Mac thu 's siorruidh d' aois;
'S tu mo Dhia 's mo leanabh gaoil,
'S tu àrd cheann-feadhna 'chinne-dhaond'.

'S tusa grian gheal an dòchais,
Chuireas dorchadas air fògairt;
Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhrònaich
Gu naomhachd, soilleurachd, a's eòlas.

Thigeadh na slòigh a chur ort fàilte—
Dheanamh umhlachd dhut mar Shlànui-'ear,
Bidh sòlas mòr am measg siol Adhaimh—
Thainig am Fear-saoraidh, thàinig!

Thig a pheacaich, na biodh sgàth ort,
Gheobh thu na dh 'iarras tu 'ghràsan;
Ge d' bhiodh do chionta dearg mar sgàrlaid
Bidh d' anam geal mar shneachd nan àrd-bheann.

Hosanah do Mhac Dhàbhaidh,
Mo Righ, mo Thighearna, 's mo Shlànui-'ear,
'S mòr mo shòlas bhi ga d' thàladh,
'S beannaichte am measg nam mnài mi.

ANT URRAMACH
RAONALL MAC RAING.

Ant 8mh Mios, 1855.

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CARN NAN DRUIDHEAN.

A CHARAID IONMHUINN,—Tha mi an deigh AN GAIDHEAL a chur as mo laimh, anns an robh mi 'leughadh mu sheann chleachdainnean nan Druidhean, agus smaointich mi nach bu mhisde le cuid de leughdairean a' GHAIDHEIL iomradh a chluinntinn air aon de na cuirn aca, a chaidh fhosgladh anns an aite so o chionn ghoirid. Tha mi am barail gur e an carn so carn a bu mho an Albainn. Thachair gur mise a' cheud neach a chaidh sios ann, 's e is docha leam, o chionn corr agus da mhile bliadhna.

Thachair do dhuin-uasal, d' an ainm *Dr. Smith* á *Manchester*, a bhi air chuairt an so, agus bha 'aire air a tarruing a dh-ionnsaidh a' chuirn, oir tha e a' cur uidh mhoir ann an rannsachadh a mach ni sam bith a dh' fhaodas solus a thilgeadh air seann chleachdainnean ar sinnsear-achd. Fhuair e cead o 'n uachdran, Caimbeulach Loch-nan-eala, an carn fhosgladh. Chuir e da dhuine 'n a thaice agus thug iad dluth air seachd-ain a' cladhach m' an do rainig iad an t-iochdar, ach an uair a rainig iad e, agus a fhuair iad ceann-saor, bha *Dr. Smith* air a dheadh phaigh-eadh airson a dhragh agus a chostais. Thachair dhomhsa a bhi 'n a chuid-eachd, comhladh ri aon no dha eile, an uair a chaidh clach a thogail, a leig ris dhuinn gu h-iosal fodhainn uamh no seomar mor, dorcha,

Chaidh coinneal fhaotainn agus a feuchainn a sios an toiseach, dh' fheuch an robh an t-adhar glan. An uair a chunnaig sinn gu 'n robh, chaidh mise a sios do 'n uaimh agus cha 'n urrainn domh innseadh na faireachdainnean a bha agam an uair a rainig mi shios,—am sheasamh anns an aite a chaidh a dhunadh a suas o chionn, mar a thuirt mi cheana, ma dh' fhaoidte corr agus da mhile bliadhna!

Bha sreath de chlachan mora air gach taobh a' deanamh balla an t-seomair, agus cha 'n eil fios aig mac duine ciamar a chaidh an leithid a ghiulan ann. Os an cionn so bha sreath eile de chlachan a cheart cho mor, ach mu thuairream oirlich no dha na b' fhaide stigh, agus air oir nan clachan mora a b' isle bha sreath de chlachan beaga mu mheudachd uibhean chalaman 's a' h-uile aon diubh cho geal ri sneachd aon oidhche. Bha an t-aite cho aitidh a's gu 'n robh druchd fliuch orra, agus le solus na coinnle bha iad a' dearrsadh mar dhaoimean. Bha da chuach no miasan de chreadh air an urlar—aon air an taobh an iar agus aon air an taobh an ear d' an t-seomar. Os cionn nan cuach bha da chloich ghil a' beantainn ri 'cheile —bha cach beagan oirleach o 'cheile —agus bha clach bheag anns gach cuach. Bha am mullach air a chlachaireachd beagan a stigh, agus leac 'g a chomhdach. Is e an ceann a b' fhaide stigh a chaidh fhosgladh an toiseach, agus bha e mar a bha na taobhan air a dhunadh le clachan mora. Aig a' cheann eile, bha da chloich 'n an seasamh mar charraighean, a deanamh mar gu 'm b' eadh da ursann; clach coltach ri cluasag 'n a sineadh eadar an da ursann so; trannsa caol, iosal a dh' fheumadh neach dol troimhe air a mhagan, agus an sin seomar eile mar a' chiad fhear. Bha ciaradh na h-oidhche ann an uair a chaidh an carn fhosgladh, agus cha robh mi tri mionaidean air tighinn a nios 'n uair a charaich aon de na clachan air an taobh a mach, agus a nuas thuit na tunnachan salchair a dhuin a suas am fosgladh, agus mur bithinn a mach 's an àm, is an leis na Druidhean a chuir mi seachad an oidliche.

Slan leat an drast. Is mi, leis gach deadh dhurachd, do charaid,

IAIN CAIMBEUL.

An Leideag,
Toiseach a' Gheamhraidh, 1872.

———o———

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Is beag nach i an aon naidheachd a tha anns gach beul an drast—turas Righ nam Persianach do Shasunn. Cha 'n eil fhios againn ciamar a tha e fein 'g a sheasadh ach cha mhor nach deachaidh daoine buileach 'n am breislich m' a thimchioll o 'n thainig e nall. Chaidh a' Bhan-righ chaomh againn fhein a ghairm as a dachaidh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd a thoirt aoidheachd do 'n eilthireach uasal a bha air a chuairt, do 'n Roinn-Eorpa. Bha na Rioghachdan fa leth troimh an d' thainig e a' comh-fharpais co bu mho chuireadh de urram air, agus cha 'n 'eil a choltas oirne bhi air deireadh. Chaidh ar cabhlach 's ar saighdearan a tharruing a mach 'n a lathair fo 'n lan uidheam agus tha sinn cinnteach nach fhacaidh e riamh sealladh cho eireachdail. Tha iad ag radh gu 'n do mhol e gu sonruichte na saighdearan Gaidhealach. Cha 'n ann a mhain a dh' fhaicinn sheallaidhean agus greadhnachais de 'n t-seorsa so a thainig e nall oirnn. Is ann a ghabh e an turas so os laimh a chum 's gu 'm faiceadh e ann an duthchannan na h-airde 'n Iar nithean a bhiodh a chum buannachd a chuid iochdaran ann am Persia. Tha e 'n a Uachdran foghluimte, tuigseach e fein agus

aig breathnachadh dha gu 'n robh a chuid sluaigh fada air an ais ann an coimeas ri muinntir na h-airde 'n Iar, agus gu sonruichte iochdarain *Victoria;* dh' fhag e a luchairt's a dhuthaich agus thainig e nall dh' fheuch ciod a dh' aobharaich an ceannas a tha againn orra. A thuilleadh air an run mhath a bha aige anns an dragh so a ghabhail tha e glic do 'n Rioghachd so buntainn gu furanach, fiughantach ris agus a dheagh-ghean a chosnadh 's a ghleidheadh. Is i a rioghachd-san aon chnap-starra a tha eadar *Russia* agus Impireachd Bhreatainn anns na h-Innsean-an-ear; agus tha amharus mor air daoine gu bheil suil aig *Russia* anns an duthaich aluinn, thoraich sin. Ciod air bith a thug a' so an *Shah*, mar a their iad ris, tha dochas againn rach mill sinn e le toirt air a smuaineachadh nach 'eil air an t-saoghal gu leir uachdran is airde na e fein. Is e ar 'n iarrtas gu 'm faic agus gu 'n cluinn e na 's fheaird e; gu 'n righich e le tuilleadh iochd n a 'bha aige roimhe, agus gu 'n soirbhich leis anns gach oidhirp a bheir e chum leas agus buannachd a rioghachd—'s a' sin cha mhaoidh sinn costas na h-aoidheachd.

Tha 'n t-sid ro fhreagarrach air son na duthcha agus tha iomradh math air a bharr anns gach cearn; gu sonruichte am buntata. Bu choir dha so gu 'n tugadh e nuas prisean ghnothuichean, agus tha feum air, ged a tha ceird a's cosnadh fhathast pailte.

—o—

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Latha dhomh 's mi 'siubhal bheann,
Chunnaig mi na b' ioghnadh leam—
Fichead suil 's an aona cheann,
'S deich teangannan a' bruidhinn rium!
2. Thainig e a feoil, 's cha 'n 'eil feoil ann,
Innsidh e naigheachd 's gun teanga 'n a cheann!
3. Theid mi nunn air drochaid ghloine,
'S thig mi nall air drochaid ghloine;
'S ma bhristeas an drochaid ghloine,
Cha 'n 'eil an Ile no'n Eirinn,
Na chaireas an drochaid ghloine.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns an aireamh mu dheireadh:—1, Uinneag. 2, Gath greine. 3, Tromb. 4, Meuran tailleir.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

An uair a mi duine dioghaltas, tha e 'g a chur fein 's an aon inbh r'a namhaid; ach an uair a bheir e maitheanas, tha e an sin a' toirt grad bhuaidh air, agus a' cur éibhle teine air a cheann.

Gléidh do mhiseach le deagh rùnte 'n ad chridhe. Gabh tlachd ann an comunn nan cairdean a's dillse dhuit. Anns gach toil-imtinn bi stuama. Bi do ghnàth glic agus cùramach 'n ad ghniomharaibh saoghalta,—ceart 'n ad ghnothuchaibh ri muinntir eile,—seasmhach 'n ad ghealladhaibh, ma's miannach leat suaimhneas agus fois. Na labhair gu h-olc mu neach sam bith air a mhiosad. Buin ri t' eascaraid le siobhaltachd, agus druid do chluasan an aghaidh gach droch sgéil.

Tha tuaileas a' màrbhadh air tri dòighean. Tha e a' màrbhadh an ti a tha 'g a labhairt,—an ti mu 'm bheil e air a labhairt, agus an ti a tha 'toirt cluais da.

Facal 's an Dealachadh.

C. C. MAC PHAIL.—Moran taing airson nan oran. Tha eagal oirn gu 'm bheil fear dhiubh tuilleadh 's fada; ni sinn feum d' an fhear eile. Thig oirnn a rithisd ged a b' ann le sgeulachd.

D. B.—Thainig do litir, ach bha i tuilleadh 's fada gun tighinn airson a' GHAIDHEIL air a' mhios so. Gheobh i aite an uine ghoirid.

DONNACHADH BAN. — Fhuair sinn do litir mhi-mhodhail, chrosda. Is neo-airidh thu air ann ainm a tha agad; cha bu tu d' fhear-cinnidh. Cha 'n 'eil sinne a' coiteachadh a' GHAIDHEIL ort agus ged a sguireas tu 'g a ghabhail—goirt 's mar a bhios am buille — tha dochas againn gu 'm faigh sinn os a chionn. Is iomadh se-sgillinn a tha thu a' cur ann an rud is suaraiche.

CAILEIN OG.—Bheireamaid a chomhairle ort, agus air moran eile d' ar cairdean a thug Donnachadh Ban air Uisdein, "Leig dhiot a bhi 'm barail gur bard thu." Leig seachad ranntachd agus sgriobh rudeigin eile, oir is geal is urrainn duit—tha do Ghaidhlig snasmhor, blasda.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JULY, 1873.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 58.)

26. *Seud, seitche* and *seiteach;* O.H.G. *sind;* N.H.G. *senden;* A.S. *sendan;* Eng. *send.*

Seud (way, path; anc. *sét* with *é* long from *n* having been dropped before the tenuis *t*, as in *dét, cét, tét)* corresponds to W. *hynt* (journey, way), O.H.G. *sind* (journey, way), and is, therefore, related to N.H.G. *senden*, A.S. *sendan*, and Eng. *send.* Cf. Z. G. C., p. 42; Stokes' Ir. Glossary p. 124; Bosworth's A.S. Dictionary.

Seitche or *seiteach* (wife = **sintâciâ)* was anciently *setche*, from *sét*, and, therefore, signifies a fellow-traveller (Ebel's Celtic Studies, by Sullivan, p. 118).

Of *seud* O'Reilly gives other forms *séad* and *seod*, with which may be compared *saod* or *saed* (track, journey) and *saodachadh* (driving cattle to pasture).

27. *Imlich, teangadh;* Eng. *lick, tongue.*

Imlich (to lick with the tongue) = Ir. *imlighim*, from *im* and *lighim* (anc. *ligim). Lich* or *ligh (liy)* corresponds to the Greek root *lich*, from which are derived *leichō* (to lick up), *lichnos* (dainty), *lichneuō* (to lick). With *leichō* are cognate Lat. *lingo*, Ger. *lecken*, A.S. *liccian*, and, therefore, Eng. *lick.* Cf. W. *lleipio* (to lap, to lick) and *lleibio* (to lick).

With *lingo* (to lick) may be compared *lingua* (tongue) = *dingua* (cf. *lacryma* = *dacryma)*, to which correspond Gael. *teangadh* (tongue, anc. *tenge)*, Ger. *zunge*, Ice. *tunga*, A.S. *tunge*, Eng. *tongue.*

The Sansk. root is *lih* (to lick). Cf. Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, pp. 153, 334.

28. *Sruth* (stream) and *river.*

These words are derived from a common root *sru.* Cf. Sansk. root *sru* (to flow), from which come *srutá* (flowing), *srôtas* (river, stream), *sravа* (act of flowing). See Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, pp. 436-7.

To the same root belong Gr. *rheō* (to flow, from *sre*[F]*ō)*, fut. *rheusomai, rhusis* (a flowing), *rhoos* (a stream), Lat. *rivus* (a stream), W. *ffrwd*, and several other words. Cf. Liddell and Scott's Dictionary and Curtius' Gr. Etym., p. 316.

With *rivus* are connected the English words *river* and *rival* (from *rivalis).*

To the same root belong also A.H.D. *stroum*, N.H.D. *strom*, A.S. *stream*, and Eng. *stream.* In many parts of the Highlands *sruth* is pronounced *struth.*

The old genitive of *sruth* was *srotha* or *srotho* (Stokes' Ir. Gloss., p. 116).

Cf. the ancient river names *Phroutis* or *Phroudis* and *Strumōn.*

29. *Cruimh* or *cruimh* and *worm.*

Cruimh or *cruimh* (worm) was anciently *cruim*, with which may be compared Sansk. *krimi* (insect, worm), Lat. *vermis* (worm) from *quermis* (Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 92) as *vivo* is from *qvivo*, Goth. *vaurms*, Ger. *wurm*, A.S. *wurm*, Old Eng. *wrim*, Eng. *worm.* The Welsh is *prŷf* with *p* for *c.*

30. *Seabhag* and *hawk.*

Seabhag (hawk) = W. *hebog*, with

which may be compared A.S. *hafoc*, Dut. *havic*, Plat. *havik*, *haafk*, *hauk*, Eng. *hawk*. Cf. Ger. *habicht*.

Gael. *s* frequently = W. *h* (cf. *seun* and *hên; seasg* and *hesp; sìor* [anc. *sir*] and *hîr; suan* and *hûn*).

31. *Scàth* (now *sgàth*) and *shade* or *shadow*.

Scàth (shade, shadow; fear, dread) is connected with W. *ysgod* (shadow), Cor. *sgod* (shadow), Gr. *skotos* (darkness, gloom) akin to *skia* (shade), Ger. *schatten* (shadow), A.S. *scead*, *scad*, *sceado*, *scadu*, Eng. *shade*, *shadow*.

Sc or *sg* in Gaelic frequently = *sc* in Anglo-Saxon, *sch* in German, and *sh* in English. The following examples may be compared:—Gael. *Sgillinn*, A.S. *scilling*, Ger. *schilling*, Eng. *shilling;* Gael. *sguab*, A.S. *sceaf*, Ger. *scharb*, Eng. *sheaf;* Gael. *sgeilp*, A.S. *scylfe*, Dut. *schelf*, Eng. *shelf*.

32. *Sgar* and *shear*, *share*.

Sgar or *scar* (separate, divide) = W. *ysgar*, and is cognate to A.S. *sceran*, *sciran* (to shear, share, divide, part) and Ger. *scheren* (to shear, cut), from which come English *shear* (cf. Ger. *schere*) and *share* (cf. A.S. *scear*, *scær*). From the same root are derived the Gaelic words *cosgradh* (slaughter; anc. *coscrad* = *co-scarad* from *scar*), *scor* (mark, notch, cut), *sgire* (parish), and the English words *scar*, *score*, *shire*. Cf. A.S. *scor* (notch, incision), *scir* (share, shire), *scire* (shire, county), Ice. *skor* (incision).

33. *Sgalag;* Goth. *skalks;* A.S. *scalc*, *scealc*.

Sgalag (man-servant; anc. *scoloc*) is akin to A.S. *scalc* (a servant, man), *scealc* (servant, soldier, minister), Ger. *schalk* (originally *servant* but now *knave*, *wag*), Goth. *skalks* (servant).

The above comparison shows that *ag* of *sgalag* is not the fem. dim. termination. This word, however, is now declined as a feminine noun because its termination corresponds to that of feminine diminutives.

34. *Scàla* and *shell*, *scale*, *skull*.

Scàla (bowl, cup) = Corn. *scala*, and corresponds to O.H. Ger. *scala*, Dut. *schaal* (bowl, large basin), N.H. Ger. *schale* (cup, bowl, shell), Ice. *skal* (bowl, scales), A.S. *scel*, *scell* (shell), *scale* (scale), Eng. *shell*, *scale*. *Skull* is from the same root (cf. Chambers's Etym. Dictionary).

35. *Uinneag* and *window*.

Uinneag was anciently *fuindeog*, which, by assimilation of *d* to *n*, became *fuinneog*, and, by dropping *f*, *uinneog* (O'Reilly), or *uinneag* (cf. *fuiseog* and *uiseog* or *uiseag*, *failbheag* and *ailbheag*, *fàirneag* and *àirneag*). *Fuindeog* may be compared with Ice. *vindauga* (wind-eye, an eye or opening for the wind), from *vindr* (wind) and *auga* (eye). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses., p. 51.

36. *Greidil*, *greidlean*, *creathall*, *creathach;* Eng. *crate*, *grate*, *cradle*, *grill*, *griddle*.

Greidil (gridiron), of which *greidell* is an older form, seems a loan-word from Lat. *craticula* (a small hurdle, a gridiron) diminutive of *crates* (hurdle, crate). Cf. W. *Greidyll* O. W. *gratell*, Med. Lat. *graticula*. *Greidlean* (a wooden instrument for turning bread on a gridiron) is from *greidil*.

Crate (wicker-work) is from Lat. *crates*, with which may be compared Dan. *krat* (copse) and Gael. *creathach* (brushwood, hurdle, faggots). Cf. Chambers's Etym. Dictionary. *Grate* (lit. *crate* or lattice-work) is from Ital. *grata* (grate, hurdle), which is from *crates*. *Cradle* is from A.S. *cradel* or *cradul*, which is connected with *craticula* (a small hurdle). *Grill* (to broil on a gridiron) is from Fr. *griller* (to broil), *gril* (gridiron), and is evidently connected with Ital. *gradella* from *graticula*, *craticula*.

Griddle (= *greidil*) and *grid* of *gridiron* (= *grid-iron*) are from the same root. *Creathall* = *cradle*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses., p. 48.

With *greidil*, W. *greidyll*, may be compared W. *greidio* (to scorch, singe), *greio* (to singe), Sw. *gradda* (to roast, bake), Gael. *gread* (to burn, scorch), *greadan* and *gradan* (anything toasted or scorched), *gréidh* (prepare or dress victuals).

37. *Tana, teud;* Eng. *thin, tendon, tend, tent, tempt, tenant, tone, thunder.*

Tana (thin), which corresponds to W. *teneu*, is from a root *tan* which is common to Gaelic and its cognate languages. Cf. Sanskrit root *tan* (to extend, spread) and *tanu* (thin, slender). *Teud* (a chord, string) was in ancient Gaelic *têt*, with *n* dropped before the tenuis *t*. Cf. Sansk. *tantu* (thread) and W. *tant* (string). The loss of *n* accounts for the long vowel of *têt*.

From the same root the following words, with many more, are derived: —W. *tanu* = *taenu* (to spread, expand), Gr. *teinō* (to stretch), *tannō* (to stretch), *tanaos* (stretched), *tonos* (that which can be stretched, cord, band; a straining of the voice, tone), Lat. *tenuis* (thin, slender), *teneo* (lit. to be stretched, keep on the stretch), *tendo* (to stretch), *tento* (frequentative of *tendo* or *teneo*), *tenuo* (to make thin), *tenus* (as far as), *tendo* (string), *tono* (to sound), *tonitru* (thunder), Ger. *dehnen* (to extend, stretch), *dünn* (thin, slender), *ton* (tone), *donner* (thunder), A.S. *thyn* (thin), *thuner* (thunder). Cf. Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, pp. 162, 163, and Curtius' Gr. Etym., p. 196.

These words show the connection between the root and the English words given above. *Thin* is from A.S. *thyn*, which is cognate to Lat. *tenuis* and Gael. *tana*. *Tendon* is from Fr. *tendon*, which is akin to Lat. *tendo*. *Tend* (to stretch, to aim at) is from Lat. *tendo* (to stretch). *Tent* (lit. something extended or stretched) is from Fr. *tente* (tent), a derivative from Lat. *tendo* (cf. *tentorium*). *Tempt* (lit. to stretch out) is from Lat. *tento, tempto* (to tempt). *Tenant* is from Lat. *teneo* (cf. Fr. *tenir*, pr. p. *tenant*). *Tone* is from Lat. *tonus* = Gr. *tonos*, from *teinō*. *Thunder* is from A.S. *thuner*, which is akin to Lat. *tonitru*.

The Gaelic words *teann* (tight), *teinn* (distress), and *teann* (move), *teannadh* (moving), are, probably, to be referred to the same root.

38. *Tiugh* and *thick*.

Tiugh (thick; = W. *tew*) is akin to Sansk. *tug, tung* (to be thick), from root *tu* (to increase), Lit. *tunku* (to become thick), Old Ger. *thicko* (thick), Low Ger. *dik*, N.H. Ger. *dick*, *gedeih-en*, and A.S. *thic*, from which Eng. *thick* is derived.

To the same root Bopp (Sansk. Glossary, p. 171) refers Lat. *turgeo* (*n* and *r* being interchanged), Gael. *tonngo* (a billowy sea), *tonnghail* (wavy), *tonnaim* (I undulate). If this reference be correct, *tonn* (wave) and *tiugh* (thick) are etymologically related.

39. *Tuig* and *think*.

Tuig (understand) was in ancient Gaelic *tuccu*, with which may be compared Old Lat. *tongeo* (to know), Goth. *thagkjan* (to think), Ice. *thenkja* (to think), Ger. *dünken* (to seem, to appear), *denken* (to think), A.S. *thencan, thincan*, from which Eng. *think* is derived. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glossary, p. 165.

Stokes shows that *aontuich* (to assent, to be of one mind with) is from *oin-tuig* (*oin*, now *aon*; = *un-us*) = *óintuccu* in old Irish.

40. *Tràill* and *thrall*.

Tràill (slave), is akin to Ice. *thrall* (slave), A.S. *thrall* (slave),

from which comes Eng. *thrall* (a slave, slavery).

In the above examples initial *t* in Gaelic corresponds to *d* in N.H. German and to *th* in Anglo-Saxon and English. The following words come under the same rule:—Gael. *Taing* or *tainc*, Ger. *dank*, A.S. *thanc*, and Eng. *thanks;* Gael. *tu*, Ger. *du*, A.S. *thu*, Eng. *thou;* Gael. *tart*, Ger. *durst*, A.S. *thyrst*, Eng. *thirst;* Gael. *tri*, Ger. *drei*, A.S. *thri*, Eng. *three;* Gael. *tre* and *troimh*, Ger. *durch*, A.S. *thurh*, Eng. *through*.

(To be continued.)

———o———

LEGENDARY HISTORY OF THE SCOTS.

The history of the Scots, like that of all races whose origin is lost in bygone ages, commences with legendary tales. These legends were not only accepted as historical truths, but constituted the staple history of the race. The life of the nation was bound up in them. In the past was stored up what sustained them in the battlefield—their proper element, what kept their character from being moulded by external circumstances, and what marked them a characteristic people. There is no doubt a very great deal of truth hidden in these legends, and much well fitted to exercise a powerful influence on simple and uneducated minds, yet a very great deal is conjecture.

It was the pride of the Scots to trace their origin to the East. This belief may be accounted for by their Celtic decent. The eastern part of Europe was the original home of the Celts. For many ages they dwelt here in primitive simplicity. But, from causes now unknown, they left their homes, perhaps 1,400 years before the incarnation of Christ, and moved westward. The part they acted in the world's history during All we know with certainty is that they fought their way through the mountain fortresses that enclosed the centre of Europe. A part of them established themselves here, while some of them pushed still further westward; and others marched southwards, crossed the Apennines, overran the plans of Northern Italy, and occupied the territory called by the Romans Gallia Cisalpina, or Hither Gaul. At what time those of them who moved westward arrived in Britain, no one now can tell. It is probable that they made their appearance in Ireland under the name of Scots at least 1,000 years before the Christian era. The Picts —another branch of the Celtic race —might have come to Alban, or what is known as Scotland, about the same time. As this subject is one concerning which there has been much speculation and idle controversy, I think fit to say no more with regard to it.

The Scots appear for the first time in authenticated history in 360. Here we find them, in conjunction with the Picts, making incursions on the Roman province stationed in Britain. They continued a source of much annoyance until the Roman General Theodosius drove them out of the kingdom. On their expulsion they returned back to Ireland. The departure of Maximus, the usurper of the Empire, afforded another opportunity for attacking the Roman Province, and the Scots, undaunted by their first repulse, went over once more to Britain. We are to conclude they were not so successful this time, for, according to Gildas the historian, they returned very quickly to their Hibernian homes.

The most authentic notice we have of them records their permanent settlement in the west of Alban, under the leadership of Lorn, Fergus, and

this long period is not well known. Angus, the three sons of Fergus mor M'Erc, one of the Irish Dalriadic Kings. The time of their arrival is fixed between the dates 497 and 506, A.D. The Irish legends refer to a settlement of the Scots previous to this. These allusions most likely refer to the predatory excursions made some centuries before this on the Roman Province. Their kingdom, generally called Dalriada, the name of the district in Ireland whence they came, extended from the Firth of Clyde to Lochaber. On the east it was bounded by Drumalban—the chain of mountains stretching from Loch Lomond to Loch Broom in Sutherlandshire, and forming as the word denotes, the backbone of Scotland. It would therefore include the districts of Argyle proper, Lorn, Morven, and Kintyre, the islands of Islay, Jura, and Mull. Dunadd, the capital of the Dalriadic kingdom, was situated in the centre of the Moss of Crianan, and may still be seen.

The Scots remained in Dalriada for about 250 years. The principal events of their history during this time was their subjection to the Anglic rule for 40 years, and their utter subjugation by the Picts of Alban. In the middle of the ninth century the kingdoms of the Picts and Scots became united under Kenneth M'Alpin, a prince of Dalriada. 200 years after this the name of the Picts—the ancient inhabitants of Albyn—everywhere gave place to that of the Scots, so that Albyn was changed into Scotland, which name it still retains, and its kings were termed *Reges Scotorum—kings of the Scots.* Having premised this, we go on with the Scottish Legends.

R. MAC-AN-ROTHAICH.

(*To be continued.*)

———o———

CONTRACT OF FOSTERAGE, IN GAELIC, A.D., 1614.

(National MSS. of Scotland, No. lxxxiv. part III., 1872.)

AG so an tachd agus an cengal ar affuil macleoid ag tabhairt amhic iodhon tormoid deoin mac mic cainnigh agus ase so an tachd ar affuil ar affuil se ag eoin iodhon an leanamh do beth aga mhnaoi no go ttugaidh si fein fear. ma se eoin is girra saoghal. achd fearachd sul in leinimh do bheth ag aonghus mac mic cainnigh in fad abhias si gan fhear da tabhairt agus comhluath agus abhear fear hi an leanamh ag aonghus fein osin amach lena bheo fein agus madh he abhratair iodhon domnall mac mic cainnigh is faide saoghal an diaigh aonghuis. ata an leanamh ag domhall mar in gcetna. agus ata cuid duine chloinne do dhilib ag mac leoid go re triuir iodhone fein agus a maceighre iodhon eoin mac mic leoid agus tormoid in daltasa eoin mac mic cainnigh ar eoin agus ar aonghus mac mic cainnigh agus ar dhomhnall mac mic cainnigh agus ar da mac domhnaill mic murchaidh iodhon ruaidri agus murchadh agus ar da. mac donnchaidh mic domhnaill iodhon eoin agus domhnall agus ar bhrian mac mic muiredhaigh agus ar ghillechalaim mac affhearsuna agus ag so an tshealbh do chuir eoin mac mic cainnigh ar seilbh an leinimh tormoid iodhon ceithre laracha agus a ceithir eile do chuir mac leoid ar a seilbh le cois tri laracha do gheall se dho anuair doghlac se ina uchd e agus coimhed agus fearachd sul na seachd laracadh sin tug mac leoid don leanamh abeth ag eoin mac cainnigh da gcur ar biseach da dhalta agus coimhed agus fearachd sul na gceitre laracha tug eoin mac cainnigh da dalta abeth ag mac leoid da gcur ar bisech do mar in gcetna agus ag so na fiaghnadha ata airsin iodhon maigh-

isdir eogan mac suibhne minisdir dhiuirinnisi agus domhnall mac pail duibh agus eoin mac colgan minisdir bracaduil agus toirdealbhach omurgheasa anos an tochdamh la doctober aois an tigearna mile 6. c. a 4 x.

S R MACLEOID.

Jo^{n} m^{c} colgan w^{t}nes
Donald mak quien witnes
Toirdelbhach omurgeasa
mar fiaghnaisi
Mr ewin m^{c} quein witnes

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

By the Rev. Thos. Maclauchlan, LLD., Edinburgh.

THIS is the condition and agreement on which Mac Leod is giving his son, namely, Norman, to John the son of the son of Kenneth, and this is the condition on which he is with John, namely, if so be it that John die first, the child to be with his wife until she get a husband for herself, but the guardianship of the child to belong to Angus, son of the son of Kenneth, so long as she is without a husband, and so soon as a man marries her, the child to be with Angus himself from that time forward during his life, and if his brother, namely, Donald the son of the son of Kenneth be the longer lived after Angus, the child shall be with Donald in like manner; and Mac Leod has a son's share of the stock during the lifetime of three, namely, himself, and his son the heir, John, the son of Mac Leod, and Norman, this foster-child of John, the son of the son of Kenneth, and against Donald son of the son of Kenneth, and against the two sons of Donald the son of Murdoch, namely, Roderick and Murdoch, and against the two sons of Duncan, the son of Donald, namely, John and Donald, and against Brian, son of the son of Murdoch: And against Gillecallum Mac Pherson: And this is the stock which John, son of the son of Kenneth put in possession of the child Norman, namely, four mares, and other four which Mac Leod put in his possession, along with three which he promised to him when he took him to his bosom; and the charge and keeping of these seven mares which Mac Leod gave to the child shall be with John, son of Kenneth, in order to put them to increase for his foster-son; and the care and keeping of the four mares which John, son of Kenneth gave to his foster-son shall be with Mac Leod to put them to increase for him in like manner; and these are the witnesses to this, namely, Mr. Ewen M'Queen, minister of Diurinish, Donald, son of black Paul, and John M'Colgan, minister of Bracadale, and Turlough O'Morissy, now the eighth day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand six hundred and fourteen.

S. R. MACLEOD.

John M'Colgan, witness.
Donald M'Quein, witness.
Turlough O'Morissy
as witness.
Mr. Ewin M'Quein, witness.

CELTIC TOPOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 123.)

Achchaladair = "oakfield."

Acha means "field," Latin *ager*, Greek *agros*, O. H. D. *acca*, *achie*. Compare Gaelic *acair*, Welsh *egr*, Irish *acra*, Gothic *akrs*, originally, I suppose, pasture land for cattle, sheep walk, from Latin *ago*.

Caladair, I take to mean "oakwood." *Coille*, Irish *Coill*, "wood," Arm. *call*, Cornish *kelli*, Latin *celo*, "conceal," "hide," Greek *kalypto*, German *hehlen*, "hide," as a covert or place of concealment.

Dair is the only vocable employed in Gaelic for "oak," in the form *darach*, as *craobh dharaich*, "oak tree." A. S. *tre*, "tree," Gothic *triu*, Greek *drus*, *drute*, *droite*, *drumos*, Sanscrit *dru*,

"wood," "tree," *drumas*, "wood," Gaelic *druman (Elder), sambucus nigra.* Welsh *derw, dero*, "oak," *dar, darag*, Sanscrit *taru*, "tree," as piercing or shooting up. Many place names in the vicinity have this same root very prominent in them, at Cuildara, "oak neuk." *Coildear* I take to be *coille, daraich*, "oak wood," and *Doiredarach*, "oak grove." All, I opine, bespeak the old Caledonian forests mentioned by the Roman writer Tacitus, &c.

Ard-bhreac-nis = "lofty, spotted promontory."

Ard means "high," "lofty," Sanscrit *ŕrdva*, "raised up," "lofty." Greek *orthós*, "straight," in altitude, "upright." Most probably this is the same as *alt* in the Latin *altus*, "high," from *alere* "to nourish," "grown large," a root still living in the Gaelic *al, alach, altrum*, &c.

Breac is the usual word in Gaelic for "spotted;" Irish *breac*, Welsh *brech, brych*, Armoric *breach, brech*, "spotted." This word appears also as *brac* in *braclan, bracliath*, &c. *Bracach*, "grey," *brach*, "a pimple," *broice*, "mole," "freckle," *brogh*, often erroneously spelled *broth*, eruption on face, pimples, and pustules. Now this word opens out for us an extensive alliance with the other languages of Europe and India. Gothic *brak, brekun, brukens*, German *brechen*, A.S. *brecan*, English *break, brake*, as thorny brake, lowland Scottish *bruke*, as *brukie face*, German *breche*, Welsh *brwg*, Gaelic *fraoch*, "heath," and probably *bruach*, "broken border of stream," Welsh *bregn*, "break," Gaelic *breoth, breothda*, with *th* for *gh, breoghda*, "crushed," "maimed," *bris, briosy*, "brittle," French *brèche, bris* in *de-bris*, "the broken remains," Latin *fregi, fractum, fractura, fragmentum, fragor, fracidus*, Greek *rhag, rhakos*, in Aeolic *brakos*, Sanscrit *vrache*, "break." The primary sense is to *strain, rack*, so as to burst or *break*.

Nis, or better *ness*, as in *Inverness* (for I believe this has nothing to do with *inis*, "an island"), Sans. *nâsâ*, Gothic *nas*, A.H.D. *nasa*, German *nase*, Saxon *nase, naese*, Eng. *ness* in *Dungeness, Sheerness*, and *Inverness, Duncansbyness*, &c.; Latin *nasus, nares*, "nose," "nostrils," French *nez*. Compare here Peloponnesus, the promontory of Pelops. This word means the "outstanding part of anything," as the nose of the face, a projecting part of a hill, or land jutting out into the sea or any water.

Clais-ghobhar = "goat's hollow."

Clais I imagine has lost, like so many Gaelic vocables, a medial *d*, or rather *dh*, and therefore, *clais* is likely for *cladhais, cladh*, "trench," "burying-ground," Welsh *clawdd*, Armonic *kleuz*, "bank," "hedge," &c., Welsh *cladhfa*, "gravestone," "spawn" (*cladda*), *claidh, claidhaig*, "dig," "spawn," Latin *claudere, clades*. I am certain that this is the proper derivation and affinity of this word. The root denotes both "striking," so as to injure (see *claidh* "sword," Latin *clades* "slaughter"), and "strike" so as to dig out. *Cladhaich* "dig."

Gabhar "goat," is related to Latin *caper, capra*, Greek *kapros*, French, *chèvre*, Cornish *gavar*, Irish *gabhar*, &c.

Blar-abhainn = "plain of the river."

Blar is "a plain clear of woods," "a star" or "spot" on the face of a cow or horse. The only connection I know of this word is the German *blär, ulcus, blärre, vulnus* "grave," "saddle chafe," in Gaelic, *geal-srathrach*, A.H.D. *blasros, equus, qui albam frontem habet. Blas, bläs, bles*, from *blasros*, "white spot" or "star" in forehead, *macula alba in fronte equi, bovis, canis*. Gaelic *blarach* and *blarag*, "having a white star in forehead," N.N.L. *blaar* and *blare*, means black cow with a white fleck. This may belong to the same root as "blister," blow and Latin *flare*, Anglo-Saxon *blädr*, Old Norse *bladhra, vesica*, &c.

Abhainn, the ordinary word for "large river," very numerous in place and river names. Old Celtic *auvona*, British *avon*, here too belongs, *abon potamon*, mouth of the Humber in Ptolomy. In the ancient domains of Sabines, Servius in Virgil, vii. 657, mentions *aven* as a river name. Gaelic *abh, amh, obh*, "water," *ob* "bay," "harbour." Compare *oban* and *aber aibheis* "ocean," "gulf," Welsh *aw* "fluid," "flowing," our *awe* in Loch-awe, *avon, aven*, in Gaelic *abhan, abhainn, amhain*, Latin *amnis*, Sanscrit and Zend. *ap, afs*, Gothic *ahva*, Greek *aa*, "water" and *aphros*, "foam." FRAOCH.

—o—

THE HIGHLANDER.

The feeling which prompted the criticism of a criticism, may justify a friendly word of explanation from us in reply to the *Highlander's* strictures on the notice of that paper which appeared in the GAEL last month; but we have the additional ground, that, in reproducing our note, they have, by the accidental omission of a line, made us say the opposite of what we did say. We deprecated the practice of translating

technical terms and proper names into Gaelic "*as if the language were impotent to furnish* names in keeping with its own genius and idiom." The words in Italics were inadvertently omitted in the *Highlander*. Our northren friend trips us up by saying, that *Ard-Albannach* is not a translation of Highlander. The second half of the word certainly is not a translation, but the first half is, and, when prefixed to *Albannach*, gives us quite a new and unique name—one which we never heard applied to a Scottish Highlander. *Albannach* is our Gaelic equivalent for Scotsman, therefore *Ard-Albannach* signifies, in Scotland at least, High, or Chief, or Arch-Scotsman. The suggestion of the name, however, seems to have come from Ireland, and with all respect to Professor Bourke—himself no mean Celtic scholar—we do not think he has made a happy selection. In the professor's own country, we understand, that the term *Ard-Albannach* would be applied to an Arch-Protestant or Presbyterian. But after all, the mere Gaelic heading is a small matter; we are glad to see the *Highlander* maintaining its excellent character, and hope to see it, by continuance in well-doing on behalf of our country and countrymen, attain to the position of being, *par excellence*, the *Chief-Scotsman* in the newspaper world.

———o———

BOOKS, &c.

Gaelic Schools Society: Sixty-Second Annual Report.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this most useful Society, the report of whose proceedings for the past year has just come to hand. It is doing great and good work for the promotion of education, especially Gaelic instruction, in the Highlands, and that so unobtrusively that we doubt not many of our readers were quite unaware of its existence. The Society was instituted in 1811 for the support of Gaelic schools, and having as its primary object the teaching of the "inhabitants to read the Holy Scriptures in their native language." To this object the Society has adhered with the slight deviation of administering the rudiments of English when desired, and where it would not interfere with the carrying out of the primary intention of its founders. The results are most gratifying, there is an attendance of 1741 scholars in the schools of the society, and all that is required to extend its usefulness, much more the "sinews of war." We cordially recommend the object to the liberality of all true hearted Highlanders. We may mention that the Treasurer is Mr. John Maclaren, 138 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Ossianic Controversy: A Lecture delivered to the Greenock Highland Society, by the Rev. John M'Pherson, Gaelic Parish. A M'Kenzie & Coy., Greenock.

We congratulate the Greenock Highlanders on this, the first emanation of their energetic Society, and we hope it may not be the last, which we may have the pleasure of perusing. The Lecture bears the motto, *Clanna nan Gaidheal re guaillibh a chéile*, which we presume is the motto of the Society, under whose auspices it was delivered. The lecturer briefly alludes to "the origin of the controversy and the circumstances which at first roused suspicion in the minds of literary men, regarding the authenticity and genuineness of the Ossianic poems," and then reproduces several of the more general objections urged against their authenticity. In refuting David Hume's argument, that "The preservation of such long and such connected poems by oral tradition alone, during a course of fourteen centuries, is so much out of the ordinary course of human affairs, that it requires the strongest reason to make us believe it;" the author remarks, "we must remember that we are not to judge bygone ages entirely by the present, and I cannot

help thinking that had the historian taken a little more trouble to investigate the manners, customs, and institutions of the Highlands, during the fourteen or fifteen centuries referred to, he would have discovered that the preservation of these poems was not so wonderful as at first he imagined. Men in these days possessed more retentive memories than in the days of Hume. The art of printing has increased knowledge, but it has not improved the memory, when men have their libraries stored with books they have no occasion to tax their memories, they have only to refer to their authorities. But in an age when knowledge is not so stereotyped, men have to trust to their own mental repositories. In those days literature was scarce, and consequently precious, and as a heirloom, handed down from father to son." Space forbids our quoting more largely at this time from Mr. MacPherson's excellent lecture; we must therefore leave it with a recommendation to our readers, that they ought to procure it for themselves, and we are convinced that on perusal they will agree with us, that the author is fully entitled to the conclusion, to which he states he is inevitably driven, that "Fingal lived and Ossian sang."

Correspondence.

GAELIC PROVERBS.

Dear Sir,—Having in view the preparation of a new edition of "Mackintosh's Gaelic Proverbs," now a scarce book, I shall be obliged to any of your readers who will kindly send me any additions *(sop as gach seid)* to the unpublished stock of Gaelic proverbs, in order to make the collection as complete as possible.—I am, yours truly,

Alex. Nicolson.

Kirkcudbright, 16th June, 1873.

—o—

LEABHAR NA FEINNE.

Sir,—I have this day read Nos. 13, 14, 15, 16, of the Gael. Amongst more interesting matter I find reference to my subjects, my books, and myself, at pp. 26, 49, 110, 114, 127. Allow me to thank your contributors for their notice, and to inform them and your readers that the price of *Leabhar na Féinne*, Vol. I., Gaelic Text, is £1. Mr. William Scott, who manages here for me, will send copies in return for Post Office orders payable to him, or to me, at Kensington.

As Mr. Cameron truly says, at p. 26, I "make no pretentions to Gaelic scholarship," but I have printed at my own cost a large collection of genuine *old* heroic Gaelic ballads, from authentic and attainable sources, and scholars may wish to buy that which I can supply. I am obliged to "D. C. M."—I am, your obedient servant,

J. F. Campbell.

Niddry Lodge, Kensington,
London, W., June 19, 1873.

—o—

OISEAN AGUS AN CLEIREACH.

Sir,—For the satisfaction of your correspondent "D. C. M.," I may mention that the Ossianic ballad which appeared in the April number of the Gael was taken from the M'Nicol MSS. referred to in the note which I appended to "Urnuigh Oisein" (see Gael, vol. i., p. 84)—the same collection from which afterwards the copy published by Mr. J. F. Campbell, at p. 72 of *Leabhar na Féinne*, was transcribed. This accounts for your correspondent's mistake when he stated that the copy which appeared in your columns "was evidently founded" on that given in *Leabhar na Féinne*, a mistake, however, which the foot-notes might have prevented.

My aim was to give M'Nicol's version in a form in which it might be intelligible to ordinary readers, and, therefore, I altered and corrected his orthography, but the changes which I made on his text, after collating it with those of Miss Brooke and Gillies, are very few, and are all pointed out by myself in the foot-notes.—I am, &c.,

A. C.

26th June, 1873.

—o—

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

BALMORAL.—An elegant monument to the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod is being erected in Crathie Parish Church. It is a stained glass two-light window, and bears an appropriate inscription.

Her Majesty has returned south to do honour to the Persian monarch.

PLOCKTON.—Mr. F. D. Macdonell, the well-known Gaelic bard, is about to emigrate to New Zealand. He carries with him the best wishes of all who knew him. We heartily wish him every success in his new sphere.

INVERNESS.—The Gaelic society is to hold its annual meeting this month. Cluny Macpherson, Esq., is to preside, and from the array of talent which has been secured the assembly promises to be a triumphant success.

ERRATA.—We regret that by an overlook the following typographical errors appeared in FRAOCH's article on Celtic Topography in last month's GAEL:—The word "Orchay" was ommitted in line 27 from top, page 123, col. 1st., before the word "Most"; "Aerna" in line 53 should have been "Aerua"; "Helna" in line 55 should have been "Helua"; "horsus" line 8, col. 2d, should have been "hortus"; "A.G." line 11 should have been "A.S."; "frith" line 12 should have been "grith"; and "gortain-fuarain", line 15 should have been "gort-nam-fuaran."

The REV. MR. CAMERON'S *Notes on* GAELIC GRAMMAR *and* ORTHOGRAPHY *are in hand, and will appear in our next number.*

THE GAEL.

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Our Subscribers in Canada (where "THE GAEL" was originally started) had it for the first year at One Dollar; but as "THE GAEL" is now nearly Double its Original Size, and we have to pay Four, and in some cases Eight times the amount of Postage required in Canada, we have to charge a uniform rate of One Dollar and a Quarter, or Five Shillings sterling, and the British Postage (which we have to pay) added, will make the Terms of Subscription to the different places abroad as follows:—

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL Communications connected with the Editorial Department of "THE GAEL" should be addressed to the Editor of "THE GAEL;" and Communications on the General Business, to the Publishers of "THE GAEL," 34 Hutcheson Street, Glasgow. Letters intended for the Editor or Publishers should not, under any circumstances, be sent to the individual address of either employés of the office, or the Publishers, as they are apt to be delayed or miscarried, and perhaps lost altogether, in the event of the party addressed being absent.

REMOVAL.

The Office of "THE GAEL," *has been removed to No. 34 HUTCHESON STREET.*

AN

GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] CEUD MHIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1873. [18 Air.

AIR CRUINN-MHEALLAIBH SOILLSEACH NAN SPEUR.

EARRANN X.

Cha chomas duinn ar n-inntinn a shuidheachadh air ni faicsinneach sam bith na 's oirdheirce agus na 's maisiche na air na soluis sin, a ta air an sgaoileadh a mach air feadh farsuingeachd do-rannsuchaidh na cruitheachd! Is leoir gu cinnteach an sealladh so gu thoirt oirnn a radh maille ris na Lebhithich o shean, "Is Tusa ad aonar an Tighearna; rinn Thu na neamha; neamha nan neamh, agus an sloigh uile, an talamh, agus gach ni a ta air, na cuanta, agus gach ni a ta annta, agus tha Thu 'g an cumail suas uile" (Neh. ix. 6). Is minic a bheachdaich Salmadar binn Israeil le greadhnachas air na reultaibh soillseach! Is tric a thog e 'inntinn bharr na talmhainn agus a shocraich se i air na h-ionadaibh iomallach agus fada ás sin, a ta, gidheadh, air an lionadh le lathaireachd agus le oibribh a' Chruitheir. Bha iongantas air nach do dhichuimhnicheadh creutair co suarach ris fein am measg ailleachd nan nithe a bha mu 'n cuairt da; agus air da fior-mhothuchadh a bhi aige mu thimchioll a neo-airidheachd fein, thog e a shuilean suas gu neamh, agus thubhairt e, "Co e an duine gu 'm biodh Tu cuimhneachail air, no mac an duine, gu 'm fiosraicheadh Tu e?" An comas do ni air bith a bhi na 's freagarraiche chum umhlachd a dhusgadh anns a' chridhe, no chum an inntinn a dheachdadh le smuaintibh diadhaidh, na a bhi 'beachdachadh le curam air a' ghrein, a' ghealach, agus na reultaibh? Nach do-chur an ceill an aireamh? Nach do-thuigsinn an astar? Nach anabarrach am meud? Nach oirdheirc an soilleireachd? Nach iongantach an luathas leis am bheil iad a' siubhal 'n an cuairtibh? Nach eagnuidh a ta iad air an cothromachadh 'n an slighibh fein, ás nach comas doibh claonadh leud na roinneig? Agus O, nach miorbhuileach a ta iad a' cur an ceill cliu, cumhachd agus gloir an De Uile-bheannaichte sin a labhair am focal, agus leum iad suas gu bith!

Am measg nam buaidhean agus nan atharraichean a chithear air meallaibh soillseach nan speur, tha aon ann air nach tugadh fathast iomradh, agus is e sin an scol air am bheil iad, air amannaibh, air an comhdachadh le duibhre. Cha lionmhor iad nach do ghabh beachd air dubhradh na greine agus na gealaich', trid an robh an dearrsadh re tamuill air a dhorchadhadh mar le sgaile doilleir. Air duinn uiread a labhairt ceana mu thimchioll na greine, na gealaich', agus na talmhainn, tha sinn an duil a nis, gur soirbh an ni toirt air luchd-leughaidh a Ghaidheil a thuigsinn gu soilleir, ciod is aobhar do 'n dubhradh so a dh' ainmich sinn. Feumar a chuimhneachadh, gidheadh, chum so a thuigsinn gu ceart, gur i a' ghrian tha 'toirt soluis do 'n ghealaich, ceart mar a ta ise a' toirt soluis do 'n talamh, agus do na reultaibh sin eile a tha 'g iadhadh mu 'n cuairt di fein. Is e is aobhar, uime sin, do dhubhradh a bhi air a' ghealaich, gu 'm bheil an talamh a' dol direach eadar i agus a' ghrian, air chor is

nach comas do sholus na greine ruigheachd oirre. Agus air do 'n talamh a bhi na 's mò ann am meud na 'ghealach, comhduichidh faileas na talmhainn barrachd na leud na gealaiche, agus air an aobhar sin, feudaidh e bhi gu 'm mair an dubhradh oirre re uine fhada. Cha 'n urrainn dubhradh teachd air a' ghealaich ach an uair a bhios i lan, do bhrigh, aig am sam bith eile, nach 'eil an talamh direach eadar i agus a' ghrian; agus cha 'n 'eil an talamh mar sin anns a' cheart shuidheachadh sin gach uair a ta 'ghealach lan, oir n' am biodh, rachadh dubhradh fhaicinn air a' ghealaich gach mios d' an bhliadhna. Air uairibh cha tuit faileas na talmhainn ach air earrainn bheag d' an ghealaich agus chithear an sin i mar gu 'm biodh mir air a ghearradh aisde; ach ann am beagan uine theid an talamh à rathad soluis na greine, agus nochdaidh an sin a' ghealach i fein lan, cruinn, agus dealrach, mar nach tachradh ni sam bith dhi. Ach air an laimh eile, tha dubhradh a' teachd air a' ghrein, an uair a theid a' ghealach eadar i agus an talamh, agus mar sin a chumas i solus na greine uainn-ne. Cha 'n urrainn so tachairt ach aig caochladh na gealaiche, do brigh aig uair sam bith eile, nach comas di a bhi direach eadar a' ghrian agus sinne. Tha e 'tachairt gu 'm bheil a' ghealach, mar is trice, a' siubhal 'n a cuairt an darna cuid beagan na 's airde, no beagan na 's isle na 'n talamh, oir mar biodh a' chuis mar sin, bhiodh dubhradh gach mios air a' ghealaich an uair a bhiodh i lan, agus dubhradh eile gach mios air a' ghrein aig caochladh na gealaiche. Air do 'n ghealaich a bhi na 's lugha ann an leud na 'ghrian, cha chomas di, air uairibh, aghaidh na grein' a chomhduchadh gu h-iomlan, agus air an aobhar sin, cha 'n fhaiccar de 'n ghrein ach fainne caol, dealrach, d'a h-oir a mach, nach urrainn a' ghealach a chomhduchadh. Bha dubhradh mor air a' ghrein air a' chuigeamh la deug de cheud mhios an t-Samhraidh, 1836; agus bha dubhradh eile oirre dhe 'n ghne cheudna, agus a chunncas 's an duthaich so, air a' chuigeamh la deug de Mhart na bliadhna 1858; ach bithidh dubradh iongantach mor oirre, leis an comduichear ach beag a gnuis gu h-iomlan air an naodhamh la deug de cheud mhios an Fhogharaidh, 1887, 's e sin ceithir bliadhna deug an deigh so.

Tha dubhradh mar an ceudna, a' teachd gu tric air gealaichibh *Iupiteir*, agus *Shatuirn*, a ta 'n a fheum mor do 'n mharaiche, a chionn gur ann le àm dubraidh nan gealaichean sin, tha e gu h-innleachdach a' faotuinn a mach a shlighe fein air na cuantaibh fada agus farsuing.

Tha e soilleir gur annabarrach a' chinnteachd leis an d' fhuair na reultairean a mach slighean agus cuairtean nan reult, na greine, na gealaich', agus na talmhainn, do brigh gu 'n innis iad an la, an uair, agus a' mhionaid anns an tachair dubhradh air bith, ma thogras iad, gu ceann mile bliadhna an deigh so. Gabhadh neach miosachan air son bliadhna sam bith, agus chi an sin, air an ainmeachadh roimh laimh, gach dubhradh a thachaireas air a' bhliadhna sin, agus mar an ceudna na h-aitean de 'n talamh anns am faicear iad.

Is lionmhor beachd saobh-crabhach a ghabh na cinnich o shean air dubhradh na greine agus na gealaiche. Bha iad an duil gu 'n robh gach seallADh a chitheadh iad de 'n ghne so 'n a mhanadh air ole, agus ag eirigh o aimhreit eadar na diathan agus cumhachdan an dorchadais. Cha 'n fhaiceadh iad dubhradh air a' ghrein, no air a' ghealaich, ach an uair a bhiodh iad, 'n am barail fein, cinnteach gu 'n tigeadh dosgainn eagalaich, eigin orra, agus gu 'm biodh iad air am

fiosrachadh le gorta, plaigh, no cogadh! Anns a' bhliadhna 431 m'an d' rugadh ar Slanuighear bha dubhradh iomlan air a' ghrein, agus smuainich an sluagh gu 'm b'e sin a b' aobhar do 'n phlaigh sgriosaich a bha 's an am sin ann am baile na h-Aithne! Tha treubhan am measg Innseanach na h-aird-an-ear, a tha a' deanamh a mach gu 'm bheil dubhradh na gealaiche air a thoirt mu 'n cuairt le nathair mhoir a ta a' cur char di air aghaidh na gealaiche, agus tha an sagairtean a' cur an ceill doibh gu 'm fuadaich iadsan na nathraichean air falbh, agus nach dean iad cron sam bith do chreutair air an talamh. Mar so, tha moran de 'n chinne-daonna air an dalladh le 'n aineolas fein, agus air an truailleadh leis an t-saobh-chrabhadh a's miosa. Ach anns gach duthaich Chriosdaidh, tha eolas de gach gne air a chraobhsgaoileadh am measg an t-sluaigh, agus tha gach fiosrachadh air 'fhaotuinn a mach mu 'n mhathair-aobhair o'm bheil caochlaidhean na greine agus na gealaiche, agus nithe eile, a' teachd mu 'n cuairt; air chor a's nach aobhar eagail ni' s mò na seallanna sin anns na speuraibh, a bha 'bualadh nan Cinneach o shean le h-uamhunn co mor!

Chriochnuich sinn a nis, a GHAIDHEIL urramaich, gach ni a chuir sinn romhainn a labhairt mu chruinnmheallaibh soillseach nan speur, agus tha sinn an dochas gu'm bi na' sgriobhadh air na nithibh taitneach so, chum mor-bhuannachd do uile luchd-leughaidh a' GHAIDHEIL, agus gu 'n toir e orra a bhi deidheil air tuilleadh agus tuilleadh a rannsachadh a mach a thaobh uile reulta neimh. Tha fios againn nach soirbh an ni fiosrachadh de 'n ghne so a dheanamh soilleir agus so-thuigsinn dhoibhsan nach robh air an cleachdadh ri bhi 'gabhail beachd sam bith air gluasad sholus nan speur, agus air na riaghailtibh leis am bheil iad air an suidheachadh 'n an cuairtibh eugsamhla! Tha, gidheadh, dochas againn nach bi ar dichioll chum beagan eolais a thoirt mu na cuspairibh oirdheirc so, gu h-iomlan diomhain; ach gu 'n duisg na nithe a labhradh a suas iarrtas agus togradh ann an inntinn mhoran; chum gliocas, maitheas, agus cumhachd neo-chriochnuichte Iehobhah, a rannsachadh a mach ann an oibribh a' chruthachaidh agus an fhreasdail. "A Thighearna, air urram do ghloire, air urram gloire do mhorachd, agus air t-oibribh iongantach labhradh na h-uile; foillsicheadh iad am measg nan sluagh do ghniomhara; agus thugadh iad buidheachas duit, oir tha Thusa maith, agus gu brath mairidh do throcair!" SGIATHANACH.

ORAN.

MU 'N CHOINNEAMH-CHOMHRAIDH A BHA ANN AN DUNEIDEAN AIRSON CATHAIR GHAILIG FHAOTUINN ANNS AN ARD-OIL-THIGH.

AIR FONN—"*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

Dean, a dhùthaich nan tréun, iolach éibhneis ás ùr,
Chualas nuallan nam pìob an tigh rìomhach nan tùr;
A's t-uaislean na 'n céudan gu h-éudmhor 'tighinn cruinn,
'Chumail suas na cainnt bhuadhar bha dual do na suinn.

Chruinnich bantighearnan mìn-gheal na'n sìoda 's na 'n sròl,
'S iad a' boisgeadh le séudan, mar réultan 's na neòil;
Am maise 's an àilleas 'toirt bàrr air a chéil;
'S an gaol air a' Ghàilig 'g a ghnàth chur an céill.

O! lìonaibh dhomh còrn, a's gu 'n òl mi le fonn
Dcoch-slàinte nan uaislean, sliochd uaibhreach nan sonn;
'S air tùs cuiream fàilt' air an t-sàr bh'air an ceann,
Am Morair bho Chollasadh nan gorm-ghleann 's nam beann.

A shliochd nan leòghann tréun 'chleachd 's an téugbhail a' bhuaidh,
Tha subhailcean gun àireamh a ghnàth ort ri luaidh;
'S 'n uair 'bhios maithean 's gach àit anns an "Ard-thigh" le chéil,
Cha bhi aon ann bheir bàrr air a' Ghàidheal, Mac-Nèill.

'S bha Cluainidh gu h-uaibhreach le 'shuaicheantas féin,
Ceann-feadhn' g' am bu dualach bhi cuantachail, tréun,
Bha na Pearsonaich riamh, ri àm déuchainn, ro chruaidh,
S' bhiodh am brataichean sgaoilt' air na gaoithean le buaidh.

'S tha fuil uasal o 'mhàthair ag éirigh na 'phòr;
Dream nach reiceadh an fhìrinn air nì no air òr;
Na Camshronaich mheannach bha ainmeil 's gach strìth,
Bhiodh na 'n leòghainn 's an tuasaid, 's na 'n uain 'n àm na sìth.

'S bha 'n Siorram Mac-Neacail am breacan bha grìnn,
Gaisgeach rìoghail nam buadh, 'sheinneadh duanag gu bìnn;
Crì' fearail an t-saighdeir, 's mar mhaighdinn le ciùin',
Suil mar lainnir nan léug bhios air éideadh mo rùin.

Sealgair an daimh chràcaich 's an àrd-chreachunn ghlas,
'S 'bheireadh bradan gu bruaich as an fhuar-linne chais;
Bidh ceartas a's tròcair 'triall còmh' riut tre 'n t-saoghal,
A's claon-bhreith gu bràth cha toir àrmunn mo ghaoil.

'S a stùchdannan ceòmhor, ur neòil cuiribh dhìbh,
Ged b 'fhad' ann an dòlas 's am bròn a bha sìbh;
Tha 'ghrian bhuidhe 'dòrtadh a h-òr air gach sliabh,
'S a gathannan àigh mu gach àrd-bheinn a' sniomh.

Thugadh clàrsach nan téud nis bharr ghéugan a' bhrròin,
'S cha leig sinn rithist annt' i, ri 'r n-àm no le deòin.
Buailidh sinn gu h-àrd i le gàirdeachas mòr,
'S sinn a' cluinntinn na Gàilig bhi fàs ann an treòir.

A chànain mo mhàthar, a chànain mo ghaoil,
Bidh tu fàs ann an sgiamh, gus 'm bi crìoch air an t-saoghal;
'S ged bha thu gu tìnn, gheibhear cìnnteach dhuit léigh,
'S bidh tu luinneagach, bìnn feadh gach linn 'thig na 'r déigh!

'S tric a chuala mi dàn a rinn Bàrd do shiol Duinn,
'S e, mu mhac mu dheireadh Adhaimh, ri fàidhdearachd dhuinn,--
E bhi labhairt ris a' ghréin 's iad le chéil dol gu bàs;
'S ann an Gàilig is cìnnt leam a dh' innseas e 'chàs!

MAIRI NIC-EALLAIR.

Dunéidean, Mìos Deireannach an Earraich, 1873.

TUIREADH.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,—Rinneadh an Tuireadh seo le mnaoi a chaidh do 'n tràigh a bhuain bhàirneach a's duilisg; ach cha 'n fhiosrach mi c' àite. Dh' iadh an làn mu 'n sgeir air an robh i mu 'n d' thug i an aire dha, agus ged a bha i griasad air a mnaoi-mhuinntir cobhair oirre, cha d' thug i feairt oirre —bha a sùil an cuilidh a maighistir agus na 'spréidh. Ach fhuair a' bhan-asgal a toilleteanas: dh' éirich amharus mu 'n chùis; b' éudar dh' i an dùthaich fhàgail agus a ceann a thoirt fotha.

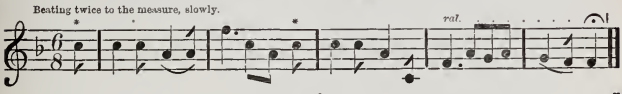
Is ann bho Dhònull Mac-Iain, uasal ceanalta de mhuinntir Shollais an Uithist, a fhuair mi e an oidhche roimhe.—D' fhaicinn slàn,

ABRACH.

An Tom-buidhe,
Là Fhéill Brèanainn, 1873.

KEY F or E. TUIREADH BEAN MHIC-ANT-SHAOIR.

Beating twice to the measure, slowly.



:S |s:—:s | m:—:m |D:—:—|s:m:S |s:—:s | m:—:s₁ |D:—:—|m:r:m |r:—:d|d:—||

A nìgh'n ud thall, Hùg ó, An cois na tràghad, Hao - rì, hó - ró.

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* Some of the lines in the following verses being a syllable shorter than the above, require the omission of the notes marked with an asterisk, in which case *rests* must be substituted.

A nighean ud thall,
Hùg ó,
An cois na tràghad,
Hao-rì, hó-ró :†

Nach truagh leat fhéin,
Hùg ó,
Bean ga bàthadh,
Hao-rì, hó-ró?

Cha truagh, cha truagh,
Hùg ó;
'S beag do chàs d'e,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.

Sìn do chasan,
Hùg ó;
Fair do làmh dhomh,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.

Fiach bheil agad,
Hùg ó;
Buille shnàmha,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.

'S daor a cheannaich,
Hùg ó,
Mi na bàirnich,
Hao-rì, hó ró.

† Aithris gach ceithreamh dà uair.

An duileasg donn,
Hùg ó,
Rinn mo bhàthadh,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.

Mo thruaighe nochda,
Hùg ó,
Mo chuid phàisdean,
Hao-rì, hó-ró!

Fear dhiubh bliadhna,
Hùg ó,
'S fear a dhà dhiubh,
Hao-rì, hó-ró;

'S tha fear eile,
Hùg ó,
An ceann an ràidhe,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.

'S buidhe 'n mhnaoi òig,
Hùg ó,
Théid am àite,
Hao-rì, hó-ró:

'S briagh mo sheileir,
Hùg ó,
Ime 's chàise,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.

Mo chrodh-laoigh,
Hùg ó,
Dol gu àiridh,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.
'S mo chrodh-seasga,
Hùg ó,
Cùl a' ghàraidh,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.
Thig ant eathar,
Hùg ó,
'N seo am màireach,
Hao-rì, hó-ró;
Bidh m' athair ann,
Hùg ó,
'S mo thriùir bhràithrean,
Hao-rì, hó-ró;
Bidh Mac-ant-Shaoir,
Hùg ó,
Air ràmh-bràghad,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.
Gheobh iad mise,
Hùg ó,
An déigh mo bhàthadh,
Hao-rì, hó-ró:
Mo chuailein donn,
Hùg ó,
Feadh na tràghad,
Hao-rì, hó-ró.

NOTE.—The esteemed friend to whom I am indebted for the words of the foregoing *Wail*, explains, in his accompanying letter, the incident to which it owes its origin. It is represented as having been addressed to her servant maid upon the beach, by a woman who had gone to the shore at low water to gather shell-fish and dilse, but was caught and surrounded on a rock by the rising tide. The cruel-hearted maid, in the expectation of being herself in due time installed in her mistress' place, lent a deaf ear to her entreaties, refused to render any assistance, and allowed the hapless woman to perish in the rising billows. The miscreant's purpose was frustrated, however; her heartless conduct having been suspected, or having become known, she became the object of such universal execration that she was obliged to remove from the district, in order to escape the treatment which she so richly merited.

The music attached to the *Wail* is exceedingly touching and simple; and notwithstanding that it contains none of the sad or sensitive tones of the scale—consisting as it does almost entirely of *do*, *me*, and *soh*—it has a most weird and desolate effect. I should like that some one of the best versifiers or translators among your contributors would furnish a version of it for the benefit of English readers.

A most interesting reminiscence connected with this *Wail* is, that it was sung by an Easdale man, now no more, while ferrying Her Majesty and the Prince Consort across Loch Tay, in a barge under the command of Macdougall of Lorn, on the ever-memorable occasion of the Queen's visit to the late Marquis of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle, in 1842. In chronicling the unparalleled splendours of the princely welcome and entertainment which she then received, the Queen herself pays a tribute to the singing of the rowers. She says, in *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*, "The boatmen sang two Gaelic boat-songs, very wild and singular; the language so guttural and yet so soft."—J. W.

CEOL NAN GAIDHEAL.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,—Tha na gillean-truisirnis cho lìonmhor, falbhanach, 's nach 'eil annas agam dhut an turas seo. Mu 'n gann a dh' aithrisear sgial-ùr, gheobhar air ais ás a' Ghalldachd e air na carbaid thoite 's each, na 'eige de chlòth-dubh Chille-Math - Chùc; a bhuidheachas sin daibhsan, na gillean ceanalta, agus do 'n dealan a tha nis, ach beag anns gach baile. Mur teid mi chromadh air "a' bhalg-thionail," ma ta, cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod a thairgeas mi dhut. Na 'm biodh tu làmh-rium ghabhainn port-à-bial dhut, bho 'n "Is trìc a bhà sinn, fhir mo chridhe,
Gun phìob gun fhìdhill a' dannsa."

Cleas ioma rud eile, tha na pùirt a' dol air chall. Gheobhar, gun teagamh, mòran diubh an leabhraicheanciùil, agus sin gu trìc fo ainm Gallda. Ach c' àite bheil na facail a tha na camagan dubh ud a' riochdachadh? Is cuìaidh-ìoghnaidh nach beag gu 'n leigteadh aog fuinn agus puirt a bha flaithin 's an daoine bho linn gu linn ag éisdeachd 's ag cluith mu seach air a' chlàrsaich 's air a' phìob, gun urad 's lorg am buinn fhàgail. Is ann de bhuaidhean a' chiùil, mar is math tha

fios agad, an ìnntinn a chur ionann 's thairis am plathainn-éibhneis. As aogais nam facal a tha e 'riochdachadh, cha 'n 'eil ann ge tà, ach faileas --cha 'n 'eil an ìnntinn, ach mar gu 'm b' eadh, an nial-cadail; ach cho luath 's a dh' aithrisear na 'chois na briathran, mosglaidh i ás a ceal, thig i g' a h-ionnsaidh fhein, agus, na 'gealfhaireachadh, blaisidh i gu riochdail air cupan milis a h-àidh.

Is fìor-thaitneach an rud an ceòl. Agus co a b' fhèarr a thuig sin na ar sinnsirean. Eadar a bhreith 's a bhàs, cha robh rud ris an cuireadh an seann-Ghàidheal a làmh, aig a' bhaile no bhuaithe, ag cuallach na spréidhe no ag àiteach an fhuinn, nach robh fonn no port freagarrach aige mu 'choinneamh. Ma 's ann ag altrum an naoidhein mhaoth 's an uchd, nach robh an *Tàladh* mùirneach aig a' bhanaltruim, a chur gean a's cadail air. Anns a' bhuailidh a' bleoghan na spréidhe, nach cluinnteadh "Gaol-ant-aghan" air bilean gach banaraich. Aig a' bhrathainn, no cur àird air calanas, am biodh bean gun a *Crònan* fhéin. Lathabreith an oighre, nach rachadh a' Phìob ath-ghléusadh a chluith cuairte air an *Fhàilte* chridheil, chùirteil an làthair an fhlath. Ma 's ann ag cruinneachadh nan daoine, nach robh an *Co-thional* ga chur suas—cuimhneachan air buaidh-làraich, no ma dh' fhaoite, air éucoir a rinneadh uair-eigin air a' chinneadh. Ma 's ann air astar mara no tìre, a chumail an còrach riutha, no thoirt a mach na h-aichmhealach, nach robh an *Iorram* no 'n *Spaidsearachd* ann a bheothachadh neart agus spéirid nan alt lùthmhor. Ma 's ann ri uchd an nàmhaid, nach robh am *Brosnachadh* caithreamach, sùrdail ann, a dhùsgadh cuimhne air cruadal nan daoine bho 'n d' thàinig iad. An tigh na féille, nach robh na puirt ruithleumach, mhireagach dhannsa ann, a dhfhuadach smuairein 's a dh-altrum càirdeis. Agus an uair bu bhàs do 'n triath, nach robh an *Cumha* tiamhaidh ga chur suas—a' brùchdadh à grùnnd a' chridhe—gach beag a's mór, sean a's òg ag caoidh a chùil-thaice.

An uair a chluinneas an Gàidheal, 's e air aineol, ceòl na pìoba, ciod a tha toirt air a chridhe éirigh ris? An e binnead a' chiùil? Is gann gur h-è, bìnn, leadarra 's mar a thà e, ach gu 'm beil e dùsgadh suas dha seann chuimhneachain air an àm a bha e an tir nam beann 's nan gaisgeach. Tha 'chridhe a' blàthachadh ris a' cheòl agus le h-ath-ghuth ga fhreagradh:—

> "'S e siod am fonn a chuala mi
> An uair a bha mi òg."

Tha "An uair a bha e òg" ga h-ùrachadh na chuimhne. Chì e, mar gu 'm b' ann an sgàthan, Tìr-nam-beann. Chì e ìomhaigh a leannain dh' an do gheall e bhi tairis—a phiutharchridhe nach do thuig e riamh a gaol da--a bhràithrean—a chompanaich—a dhìlsean,'s a chàirdean—an fhàrdach 's an do rugadh e—gach béinn, a's gleann, a's coire, a's coille, 's ionad a b' aithne dha, 's gach ni a bha annta—chì e sin uile 's athair, 's e 'n dùil gu 'm beil e faireachadh anail bhlàth a mhàthar 's i ga thàladh gu beadarrach, mùirneach na h-uchd mar a b' àbhaist! Creid mi, fhir mo chridhe, is culaidh e g'a chumail bho dhroch-stil.

Cha 'n 'eil féum 's an iomchoire; ach nach saoileadh tu gu 'm bu chòir ant shéinn a theagasg do 'n òigridh anns gach sgoil 's a' Ghàidhealtachd? Nach tog thu do ghuth na h-aobhar? Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach toirear feairt ort. Tha fhios agam gu 'm beil daoine còire air feadh na dùthcha a bheir a chreidsinn air sluagh baoghalta nach 'eil 's na puirt ach faoineis, rudan air bheag bhrìgh, 's gur còir an grad-leigeadh air diochuimhne. Faodaidh iad a bhi ceart; ach air mo shonsa dheth, cha léur dhomh coire no

dolaidh sa bith annta, ma ghabhar le cuibheas diubh, agus sin na 'n àm fhéin.

Dh' fhaoiteadh cùuntas gun àirimh a chur fhathast cruinn de na puirt, na 'n rachteadh seòlta mu 'n cuairt de 'n chùis. Tha mòran an comas nan "Comunn," na 'm biodh an toil 's an dùrachd aca; agus gun dol fada bho 'n tigh, tha bean chòir 's a' bhaile seo, 's na 'n rachadh i ceart air ghléus, chuireadh a's chumadh i "gun phìoh gun fhidhill" "a' chléir fhéin, ge sianta 'n còta," air an ùrlar bho Luain gu Sathurna. Gun tuilleadh cagnaidh ma ta, chuir mi fhìn am òrachd còrr a's ceithir fichead diubh cruinn; 's cha 'n ob mi an toirt seachad a nasgaidh do dhuine sa bith a shaoileas mi a ni deadh fhéum dhiubh.

Bheir mi nise, le d' chead, cuairt dhut:—

TALADH.

Ba-hó, mo leanabh
Ba-hó, ba-hó;
Ba-hó, mo leanabh,
Ba-ho, ba-hó;
Bà, hi-rì, hill-ù, hill-arum,
Gu 'n till iad fallain,
Na dh' fhalbh air sàil'.
Ba-hó, &c.

Gur h-ioma cruaidh-fhortan
Tha 'n lorg nam màth'r;
'S gu 'm beil mo chuid-sa
A nochd na m' làimh:
An àite bhi mùirneach,
Sùnntach, aighearach,
'S ann tha mi na m' laidhe
Fo phràmh, fo phràmh.
Bà-hó, &c.

LUINNEAG.

Iù hóileagan, iù,
Hó, m' aghan;
Iù hóileagan, iù,
Hó, m' aghan;
Iù hóileagan, iù,
Hó, m' aghan;
Mo chrodh-laoigh a's aighean,
Air gach taobh de 'n abhainn.

M' fhéudail de 'n chrodh,
Gur h-i 'Ghuaill-fhionn;
Cha b' i 'Cheanf hionn,
Bó bu shuaraich'.

Beannachd banaraich
A's buachaill'.
Cha bhiodh tu duilich
A chuallach.
Iù, &c.

Is math a b' aithne
Dhomh do mhàthair,
Nighean Glasaig—
Ogha Blàraig.
Is tù a lionadh
An stòp càirt domh,
'S cha bhiodh air
Mo mhùirnein fàillinn.
Iù, &c.

DANNSA A' CHLAIDHIMH.

Gille-Callum, dà pheighinn,
Gille-Callum, bonn-a-sia.
Gille-Callum, dà pheighinn,
Gille-Callum, bonn-a-sia.
Gheobhainn bean air dà pheighinn,
Gheobhainn bean air dà pheighinn,
Gheobhainn bean air dà pheighinn,
'S tagha 's rogha air bonn-a-sia!

Rug an luchag uan boirionn,
Thug i dhachaidh cual chonnaidh,
Mias mhine, cliabh salainn,
Gille-Callum, bonn-a-sia! &c., &c.

RUIDHLEADH NA COILICH-DHUBHA.

Ruidhleadh na coilich-dhubha,
'S dhannsadh na tunnagan.
Ruidhleadh na coilich-dhubha,
'S dhannsadh na tunnagan,
Ruidhleadh na coilich dhubha,
Air an tulaich làmh ruinn.

Air an tulaich againn fhìn,
Air an tulaich urad ud.
Air an tulaich againn fhìn,
Air an tulaich làmh ruinn.
O, ruidhleadh, &c.

Tha cuimhne agad air an fhear seo; ach tha eagal orm nach 'eil e agam ceart, 's cha 'n 'eil am pìobaire aig an tigh an diugh gu m' sheòladh.

CUMHA MHIC A AROIS.

No Cumha Mhic-an-Tòisich.

Céud nan creach,
Leag iad thu!
Och nan och,
Leag iad thu!
Céud nan creach,
Leag iad thu
'M bealach a' ghàraidh!
Céud nan, &c,

Leag ant each ceanfhionn thu,
Leag ant each ceanfhionn thu,
Leag ant each ceanfhionn thu,
'M bealach a' ghàraidh!
Leag ant each, &c.

Am fion bha gu d' bhainis,
Am fion bha gu d' bhainis,
Am fion bha gu d' bhainis,
Am fion bha gu d' bhainis,
Gu 'n d' òladh air d' fhairir' e!
Dheagh mhic a Aròis.
Céud nan creach, &c.

Ach is éudar sgur. Mu 'n d' thuirt am fear nach maireann e, "Dh' fhaoiteadh leabhar gàbhaidh a sgrìbheadh mu 'n chuis seo na 'm biodh duine ann aig am biodh làneòlas, pailteas ùine, agus na bu leoir de dh-airgiod gus a chur a mach a nasgaidh!"—D' fhaicinn slàn,

ABRACH.

An Tom-buidhe,
Là Mhartainn-bhuilg, 1873.

DIOCHUIMHNE.—Bu chòir dhomh ant shamhuilt a leanas a thoirt dhut roimhe seo. Cha 'n 'eil ùnte ach ant shlige, 's cha 'n 'eil ùine agam air fìnid a chur oirre. Tha mi 'n dùil nach ruig mi leas a mineachadh dhut; agus ma shaoileas tu gu'm bi i na h-ìmpidh air seann-nòs a' Bhràghad a chumail na d' chuimhne, faodaidh tu dìol na codach eile dheanamh rithe. A.

FLATH.*

Sunicheantas.

Dà ite-firein.

Breith an Oighre.

Fàilte.

'Inbheachd agus Togail-Dhuoine.

Co-thìonal.

Turus.

Spaidsearachd-Chàirdeis . . . "Gillean an fhéilidh."
Spaidsearachd-Dhùlain . . . "An rathad mór."

Blar.

Brosnachadh-Catha.

Dannsa.

Dannsa a' Chlaidhimh . . . "Gille-Callum."
Na Tulaichean.
Dannsa-cruinn.

Posadh.

A' dol do 'n eaglais . . . . "C' ar son a bhimid muladach?"
A' tilleadh dhachaidh . . . . "Mo thruaighe mi thug dhachaidh thu."
Fear-na-bainnse air an ùrlar . "Bog an lochain."
A' dol a laidhe . . . . . "Thig a laidhe laochain."
A' sgaoileadh . . . . . "Robag an spuinnsich."

Bas.

A' togail a' ghiùlain . . . . . "Cha tìll mi tuille."
Ga chàramh 's an uaigh . . . "Cumha-na-peathar."

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* Or, The Brærian Ceremonial.

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MURACHADH.—Failte na maidne dhuit, a Choinnich; is solas gun duil ris, thusa fhaicinn, agus tachairt ort 's an aite aonaranach so cho trath 's an latha. Deanamaid suidhe fo sgaile na creige so, agus chuinneamaid naigheachdan aoin a cheile, o'n chomhlaich sinn cuideachd roimhe. Tha mi 'n dochas gu 'n d' fhag thu Seonaid agus an teaghlach air fad slan, fallain, agus gu 'm bheil an crodh agus na caoraich a' ciuntinn, agus gach cuis mar bu mhaith leat. Dean suidhe, a Choinnich, agus gabh deannag d' an t-snaoisean as an adhairc dhuibh, agus chuinneam do sgeul.

COINNEACH.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, cha 'n'eil briathran agam, chum a chur an ceill cia cho toilichte 's a tha mi do chomhlachadh an diugh, oir cha di-chuimhnich mi am fad 's is beo mi, am fiosrachadh a thug thu dhomh a thaobh iomadh ni air an robh mi aineolach, an uair a chomhlaich sinn roimhe 's a' Ghleann-Mhor, —tha cuimhne agad. Tha deagh fhios agad-sa, a Mhurachaidh, gu 'm bheil mo dhachaidh-sa ann an cearn ro iomallach, — dealaichte aireamh mor mhiltean o gach tuineachas eile; agus air an aobhar sin, gu 'm feud an saoghal dol bun os ceann gun fhios gun aire dhomh-sa, agus atharraichean mora 'teachd mu 'n cuairt, mu 'n chuinn mi lide dheth. Ach a nis, a Mhurachaidh choir, tha sin uile, trid do chaoimhneis-sa, air atharrachadh gu tur, oir stiuir thu an GAIDHEAL urramach am ionnsaidh, agus, mu lamh-sa, nach bi Coinneach Ciobair agus a theaghlach tuille ann an aineolas air cuisibh an t-saoghail, agus air uile naigheachdaibh na rioghachd.

MUR.—Tha mi ro thoilichte, a Choinnich, gu 'n d' fhuair an GAIDHEAL a mach thu, agus gu 'm bheil e air gach seol taitneach dhuit. Bha deagh fhios agam-sa gur ann mar sin a bhiodh a' chuis, agus tha deagh fhios agam, mar an ceudna, gur dall, aineolach, amaideach, agus caoinshuarach muinntir ar du'cha gu leir, an uair nach toir gach tigh agus teaghlach aoidheachd-cridhe do'n GHAIDHEAL, agus an uair nach ceadaich iad dha an suilean fhosgladh chum gu'm faic agus gu 'm fiosraich iad uile chuisean an t-saoghail mu 'n cuairt doibh. Ach cha 'n e sin a mhain, a Choinnich, na rinneadh o cheann ghoirid chum do mhaithe, ma's maith leat e; oir dh' eirich suas brathair do 'n GHAIDHEAL ann am baile Inbhirnis, air an d' thugadh mar ainm an t-*Ard-Albannach*, agus ged nach 'eil e ach gle og, is diulnach sgairteil, tapaidh, deas-bhriathrach e, a ta ro airidh, mar an ceudna, air aoidheachd agus deagh-ghean fhaotuinn anns gach aite.

COIN.—Gle cheart, gle cheart, a Mhurachaidh, b' fhearr leam dealachadh ri leth mo chodach, agus mo loin, na dealachadh ris a' GHAIDHEAL tuille—b' fhearr gun teagamh, oir tha e caomhail, cairdeil, coir! Tha 'bhriathra-san coso-thuigsinn, a sgeula co taitneach, agus a chomhradh gu leir co lan fiosrachaidh agus eolais, 's gu'm bu chall gun chiall dealachadh ris. Mile taing dhuit do bhrigh gu'n do chuir thu am charaibh e. Ach, a Mhuracaidh, ciod a thuirt thu mu 'n *Ard-Albannach*, brathair a' s oige mo dheagh-charaid? Am bheil Gaidhlig aige—am bheil e daimheil, cinneadail, cairdeil, agus airidh air 'ainm fein? Ma tha, ann an ainm an aigh, stiuir a'm ionnsaidh e mar a rinn thu a bhrathair coir, agus bithidh mise gle fhada 'n ad chomain.

MUR.—Am chomain-sa, a Choinnich, 's e do bheatha, da-rireadh. Cuiridh mise an t-*Ard-Albannach* 'n

ad ionnsaidh gun dail, agus chi thu le d' shuilean, agus cluinnidh tu le d' chluasan, gu 'n bheil Gaidhlig aige, agus Beurla cuideachd, agus gu'n bheil e daimheil, cinneadail, cairdeil, agus airidh air 'ainm fein. Chi thu gur dithis oganach iad do nach faighear samhladh air gach cnoc, agus a tha gun choimeas dian 'n an durachd, agus 'n an dealasachd, chum maith a dheanamh d'an luchd-duthcha fein. Feumaidh sinn, a Choinnich, a' h-uile dichioll a dheanamh air gach eolas fhaotuinn a reir ar comais re na h-uine ghearra cheadaichear duinn, 's an t-saoghal so; agus chum na chriche so, deanamaid gach greim 'n ar comas orra-san a ta ullamh agus ealamh chum an t-eolas sin a chraobhsgaoileadh 'n ar measg.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil ar n-uine fada gun teagamh, ach is solasach an ni nach ruig sinn leas a bhi gu tur aineolach air cuisibh an t-saoghail mu'n cuairt duinn, ma tha deigh sam bith againn air eolas fhaotuinn.

MUR.—Ma ta, cha ruig, a Choinnich, agus na 'm faiceamaid e, is lionmhor maighstir-sgoile tha againn chum ar teagasg, na'n tugamaid geill doibh. Tha eunlaith an adhar 'g ar teagasg, oir tha eolas aca-san air an gluasad fein. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn ann am Focal na firinn, gur "aithne do'n chorra-bhain anns an adhar a h-am fein, agus is aithne do'n choluman, agus do 'n chorra-mhonaidh, agus do'n ghobhlan-ghaoithe am an teachd; ach cha 'n aithne do m' shluagh-sa," deir Dia, "breitheanas an Tighearna." Tha'n seangan beag a' sparradh dichill agus gliocais oirnn, agus tha 'n seillean a' deanamh an ni ceudna, na'n tugamaid geill doibh. Is anabarrach beag da-rireadh na maighstirean-sgoile iad so, ach is dileas, treibhdhireach, cinnteach iad. Is dian a tha iad ag earaileachadh an aghaidh na leisge; agus tha fios agad mar thubhairt an duine glic:—

"Eirich a lundaire gu grad,
'S thoir ort an seangan beag gun stad;
Oir ged nach d' fhuair e riamh fear iùil,
No neach 'g a ghreasadh air a chùl;
Fa chomhair geamhraidh ni' e deas,
A' cuimhneachadh gun tamh a leas;
'S an t-samhradh trusaidh e a lon,
'S an fhoghar, iomlan tha a stor."

COIN.—Ochan! a Mhurachaidh, cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach deanadh tu searmoin ceart co maith ri Maighstir Uisdean, ar deagh mhinisteir fein, na'n gabhadh tu 'n ad cheann e; ach tha mi cinnteach à so, na 'n rachadh tu suas do'n chrannaig agus na'n toisicheadh tu, an sin, air searmonachadh gu'm biodh barrachd 'g ad eisdeachd na dh' eisdeas ri Maighstir Uisdean coir, ged is comharraichte, ainmeil am fear-teagaisg e!

MUR.—O, a Choinnich, a Choinnich, mise a' deanamh searmoin! B'olc a thigeadh e orm, agus bu dona mo ghnothuch ris. Is leoir dhoibhsan sin a dheanamh a chuireadh air leth air a shon, agus is leoir dhomhsa a bhi am fhear-eisdeachd, na 'm biodh run agus toil agam gliocas a nochdadh le bhi 'g eisdeachd mar bu choir dhomh a dheanamh. Ach mar a thubhairt mi cheana, shonraich am Freasdal a tha os ar ceann lionmhorachd luchd-teagaisg dhuinn am measg nan ainmhidh na'n tugamaid geill doibh. Nach fhac thu mar a mhinich an GAIDHEAL so gu soilleir dhuit an la roimhe, agus mar a thug e air an aghaidh eiseimpleiran sothuigsinn chum a dhearbhadh?"

COIN.—Ud! Ud! chunnaic mi sin a Mhurachaidh; labhair e air cleachdannaibh nan ainmhidh mar shamhladh dhuinne 'n ar giulan fein, agus b' aluinn, taitneach a bhriathra.

MUR.—Nach solasach, ma ta, a Choinnich. a bhi 'beachd-smuaineachadh air na nithibh sin a thugadh co soillear f'ar comhair; agus tha deagh chuimhn' agam fein, an uair a bha mi am bhalachan, air moran a chuala mi am measg nan seann daoinne 's a'

Ghaidhealtachd air cleachdannaibh nan aimmhidh mar chomharan air an aimsir.

COIN.—Is mise a chual agus a chunnaic sin, agus a ghabh beachd sonraichte air, 'n am thurasaibh am measg nam gleann agus nan garbh-chrioch.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach 'eil cleachdanna nan aimmhidh 'n an comharaibh neo-mhearachdach air a' ghne aimsir a ta ri teachd, mar a tha deagh fhios agadsa, a Choinnich, agus tha duil agam gu'm fench sinn a nis co am fear againn a's fearr cuimhne air na cleachdannaibh sinn air an do ghabh muinntir beachd chum na criche so.

COIN.—Tha mi ro thoileach ma ta, agus bithidh stòp anns a' cheud tighosda 's an tachair sinn air an fhear d' an dithis againn a dhiobaireas an toiseach, agus a dh' failnicheas ann an eiseimpleiribh a thoirt seachad. So ma ta a Mhurachaidh, thig air t-aghaidh—buaileam ort! An cual' thu riamh an uair a chithear na h-ialtagan na 's lionmhoire na b' abhaist doibh, agus ag itealaich 'n an cuairtibh re uine na's fhaide na bu ghnath leo, gu 'm feudar a bhi cinnteach gu'm bi an ath latha teth, grianach, ciuin? Agus air an laimh eile, ma chithear iad a' gabhail fasgaidh ann an tuill, agus an cuiltibh, agus an cosaibh nan creag, agus ma chluinnear iad ag eigheach agus a' gearan, tha e cinnteach gu'm bi an ath latha gu trom a' sileadh, agus ro anradhach, fliuch.

MUR.—Direach, ceart, a Choinnich, air leam gu'n cuala mi mo sheanmhathair ag aithris nan nithe sin mu na h-ialtagaibh; ach an cual' thusa, an uair a chluinnear a' chomhachag, no 'chailleach-oidhche, mar a their iad rithe, ag eigheach ann an droch aimsir gu 'n tig deagh aimsir gun dail?

COIN.—Tha sin co ceart ris an fhirinn, agus co cinnteach ri airgiod a' bhaistidh, oir is minic a ghabh mi fein beachd air, agus a rinn mi solas ri sgread neo-bhinn na comhachaig. Ach stad ort, a ghille mo chridhe, an cual' thusa, an uair a bhios na fithich a' rocail gu cruaidh, agus ag itealaich 'n an grad-chuairtibh am measg a cheile, gur cinnteach e gu 'm bheil toiseach aig deagh aimsir?

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil ro bheachd agam air sin a chluinntinn, a Choinnich, ach gabh thusa beachd air so,—gur e do ghliocas a bhi 'deanamh deas air son uisge agus doininn an uair a chithear na tunnagan agus na geoidh ro luaineach agus mi-fhoisneach, agus a' sior dhol fodha 's an uisge, agus a' grad eirigh a ris.

COIN.—Is deagh fhaidhean na h-eoin-uisge air fad a thaobh so, agus is lionmhor na rabhaidhean a tha iad a' toirt seachad mu 'thimchioll; ach creid thusa mise, a Mhurachaidh, gu'm bheil an t-uisge am fagus, an uair nach dean na seilleanan ach turas goirid o na scip re an latha; agus tha an ni ceudna cinnteach an uair a thig iad 'n am mor-sgaothaibh chum nan sgeap m'an crom an t-anmoch, agus gun aca ach luchdan beaga, eutrom.

MUR.—Tha mor-ghliocas, gun teagamh idir aig an t-seillean ged is beag e, agus is dan, dall an ti a chuireas an suarachas e air a lughad; agus tha na columain a' nochdadh an ni ceudna. Ma philleas iad gu h-anmoch a dh-ionnsaidh an dachaidh fein, tha e cinnteach gu'm bi an ath la fliuch, gaothar, agus ro anradhach.

COIN.—Ma tha na nithe sin uile fior, a Mhurachaidh, cha ruig neach sam bith leas a bhi aineolach la 's a' bhliadhna, air gach trath agus aimsir, oir tha na faidhean beag, iteagach sin, a tha 'cur gach ni an ceill roimh laimh, gle lionmhor agus gle fhagus dhinn.

MUR.—Air do shocair, a Choinnich, agus creid thusa mise, cha 'n 'eil iad

co lionmhor agus co fagus 's a tha thu 's a' bharail. A nis, a charaid, innis domh am fac thu ialtag riamh? Am fac thu cailleach-oidhche riamh? Ach co dhuibh a chunnaic no nach fhaca, tha e cinnteach nach fhaic thu na seilleanan na h-ialtagan na cailleachan-oidhche, na fithich, na gealbhonna, agus gach eun eile air an do ghabhadh beachd, gach uair air am bu mhiann leat eolas fhaotuinn air an aimsir ri teachd.

COIN.—Tha fios agam nach fhaic, ach an deigh sin is iongantach an nadur a thug an Cruithear do na h-aimhidhibh sin trid am bheil iad, gun fhios gun aire dhoibh fein, a' deanamh nithe a tha co anabarrach miorbhuileach ann an suilibh dhaoine. Tha 'n GAIDHEAL a' labhairt gu soilleir mu'n ghride, no mu'n chiall-ghne a ta air a shuidheachadh anns gach ainmhidh fa leth, leis an deanar nithe eug-samhla mar gu'm biodh iad air an stiuireadh le reuson agus tuigse.

MUR.—Ro cheart, a Choinnich, ro cheart; tha deich mile eiseimpleir againn air so, agus tha aireamh mhor leabhraichean againn air an sgriobhadh mu thimchioll nan nithe so, agus tha na leabhraichean sin ro thaitneach, gun teagamh, dhoibhsan uile aig am bheil gu leoir dhe 'n Bheurla chum an tuigsinn.

COIN.—'S eadh, 's eadh, a Mhurachaidh, cha ruig thu leas labhairt rumsa mu na leabhraichibh Beurla sin, agus deagh fhios agad fein nach 'eil lide dhe'n chainnt choinghealaich, thais sin na m' cheann. 'S i a' Ghaidhlig mo chanain-sa, a' Ghaidhlig chomharraichte chumhachdach, agus chruaidh—a' Ghaidhlig sin a shruthas gu binn, blasda o bhilibh, agus o chridhe nan treun-ghaisgeach a dh' araicheadh ann an garbhlaichibh ar tire fein! Leabraichean Beurla, ma seadh! Ochan! Ochan! cha b' iad mo GHAIDHEAL cuimir, ceanalta fein, aig am bheil lionmhorachd sgeul, leis am bheil an cridhe air a theagasg, agus air a thiomachadh. Ach, a Mhurachaidh, am bheil thu air ruith a mach a thaobh nam faidh iteagach, agus ceithir-chosach agad, no am feud duil a bhi againn gu'n chinn sinn tuilleadh mu na cleachdannaibh aca a thaobh na h-aimsire?

MUR.—Tuilleadh! An e sin a tha thu 'g radh, a Choinnich? Tha, fhir mo cridhe, tha agam-sa mu'n timchioll na chumadh sinn a' comhradh ra'cheile re shealaithean na seachdain, agus tuilleadh,—tha gun teagamh.

COIN.—Thoir duinn beagan tuilleadh dheth a nis, ma ta, oir is taitneach leam a chluinntinn.

MUR.—Gheibh thu sinn, a Choinnich gus am bi thu sgith. Am fac thu riamh an cat 'n a shuidhe gu stolda air lic an teinntein, a' gabhail orain, agus gu dian a' nigheadh agus a' suathadh 'eudainn le 'smoig fein? Ma chunnaic no ma chi, dean deas air son an uisge, oir cha 'n fhada gus an sil e gu frasach. Dean an ni ceudna gach uair a chi thu na gealbhuinn a' cruinneachadh 'n an sgaothaibh cuideachd, agus a chluinneas tu iad a' bideil gun sgur, gun fhois.

COIN.—Direach ceart, a Mhurachaidh, ach an cual' thusa riamh gu'm bheil an t-uisge am fagus an uair a chithear na cearcan 'g an aornagain fein anns an duslach, 'g a chladhachadh gu domhain, agus a ris 'g a sgapadh a mach? Seadh, tuilleadh, tha ainsir fhliuch cinnteach an uair a ghoireas na coilich aig uair mhinadurra 's an oidhche.

MUR.—Dean socair, a Choinnich, dean socair—so, gabh deannag ás an adhairc dhuibh. Gu cinnteach is iongantach na nithe sin uile, agus tha iad gle fhior. Is minic a chuala sinn gur comhar neo-mhearachdach air droch aimsir a bhi 'faicinn nan gobhlanna-gaoithe a' sgiapadh gu luath seachad air uachdar an uisge, no na tahnhainn; ach ma dh' eireas

iad gu h-ard anns na speuraibh, feudaidh duil a bhi againn gu'm faigh sinn gun dail uair thioram, le mortheas.

COIN.—Tha mi 'toirt geill dha sin, a Mhurachaidh, agus mar an ceudna, do'n chleachdadh sin aig na cuileagaibh, leis an lot iad gu searbh an uair a bhios aimsir anradhach a' teachd am fagus. Air an laimh eile, ma chithear na meanbh-chuileagan a' cruinneachadh 'n am meallaibh aig dol fodha na greine, agus a' deanamh chuairtean am measg a cheile am fochair na talmhainn, bithidh na laithean a leanas teth agus tioram.

MUR.—Stad, stad, a' Choinnich, biodh uair mu'n seach againn chum nan nithe so a thoirt air an aghaidh. Tha e cinnteach, ma ta, gu'm bi an aimsir fiadhaich, salach, fliuch, ma bhios na losgannan a' ruchdail gun lasachadh, agus a teachd gu lionmhor a mach 's an fheasgair as na tuill aca.

COIN.—Tha 'n ni ceudna cinnteach ma nochdas na daolagan iad fein air bharr na talmhainn, a' snagadh gun fhois a null 's a nall; agus ma chithear an t-seilcheag agus am famh gu dian a' strith, an t-aon 'g a thoirt fein ás gu mall, mar a dh' fheudas e, agus an t-aon eile a' togail a' chuid tolm leis gach dichioll 'n a chomas. Seadh, tuilleadh — tha 'n t-uisge dluth air laimh ma bhios an crodh agus na cearcan a' cruinneachadh a stigh r'a cheile, agus a' seasamh gu mairnealach 's an aon ionad.

MUR.—Tha mi 'chuinntinn agus a' tuigsinn sin uile, a Choinnich, ach an cual' thusa ma bhios an spreidh agus an fheudail ag ionaltradh air na raointibh, agus ma bhios iad a' spionadh an fheoir le ciocras na's mo na b' abhaist doibh, gu'n tuit an t-uisge 'n a thuiltibh gun dail?

COIN.—Tha mi an duil, a Mhurachaidh, gu'n d'thug sinn le cheile na's leoir air aghaidh an diugh mu chleachdannaibh nan ainmhidh sin a tha 'faotuinn creideis gu bhi 'n an speuradairibh ro chinnteach. A reir coslais tha iad toilltinneach air a' chliu sin fhaotuinn air am bheil iad co airidh, agus cha 'n 'eil deoin agadsa no agam-sa air a chumail uatha.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil idir, ach an aite sin, bu ro mhath leinn gu'n cuireadh an t-Albannach sin, seadh, an t-*Ard-Albannach* ionmhuinn sin ann an Inbhirnis, agus an GAIDHEAL ceanalta agad fein, a Choinnich, an lamhan treuna fein ris a' gnothuch so, agus gu 'n tugadh iad air aghaidh moran tuilleadh mu speuradaireachd nan ainmhidh agus nan eun. 'S 'e *Bun Lochabar* fein an diulnach a tha gun choimeas, foghainteach chum an gnothuch so a rannsachadh a mach o 'bhun gu 'bharr, agus cha b' iad Murachadh Ban agus Coinneach Ciobair! Ach an deigh sin uile, bha 'n dichioll a rinn sinne, o'n shuidh sinn am fasgadh na creige so, chum gach ni a chuimhneachadh, gle thaitneach dhuinn fein. Bheir sinn la eile air fathast, a Choinnich, ma chaomhnar sinn gu comhlachadh r'a cheile; agus ma theid an gnothuch leinn, bheir sinn tuilleadh air aghaidh chum ar speuradairean beaga a leigeadh ris, agus chum an creideas a thugadh dhoibh le mninntir ar ducha a deanamh aithnichte. Eirich, a *Bhun Lochabair* threin, duisg, eirich, agus thoir an t-sreang dheth beul a' bhuilg, agus bras-bruchdaidh a mach, am measg a' cheile, gach seun agus sean-fhocal, gach dubh-cheist agus toimhseachan, gach fiosachd agus faisneachd, agus gach gnath, cleas agus cleachdadh a bhuineas do'n Ghaidhealtachd.

COIN.—Mo mhile beannachd orrasan uile a tha 'craobh-sgaoileadh eolais dheth gach gne am measg ar luchd-duthcha. Mile beannachd gu robh air na fir dheas-bhriathrach sin a tha cuideachadh leis a' GHAIDHEAL,

leis an *Ard-Albannach*, agus leis gach curaidh eile aig am bheile fior-leas shliochd nam beann 'n an cridhe. Mile beannachd gu robh orra gu leir a bhos a's thall!

MUR.—Is math a thubhairt thu, a Choinnich, ach is mithich dhuinn, a nis, a bhi 'cur ceum ann, oir tha 'n t-slighe fada, agus bithidh an oidhche dorch. Slan leat, fhir mo chridhe, slan leat, agus gu'm bu math a chith sinn a cheile a ris.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

UILLEAM MAC-DHUN-LEIBHE, AM BARD ILEACH.

Gheall sinn o am gu am earrannan de bhardachd Uilleim Mhic-Dhunleibhe a thoirt seachad anns a' GHAIDHEAL.

Chaidh iomradh a thoirt air cliu Uilleim mar bhard an uair a thug sinn cunntas gearr air eachdraidh a bheatha, a's cha 'n 'eil feum air ni a radh a nis mu 'n chuis. Ach feumaidh sinn, a radh gu 'n robh aon ni a chuir an da chuid ioghnadh agus duilichinn oirnn iomadh uair a thaobh bardachd Uilleim, agus b' e sin, cho beag luaidh 's a rinn e 'n a obair, aig am air bith, air firinnean a' chreidimh Chriosdaidh. Is gann a dh' aithnicheadh aon a leughas an obair aige, gu 'm bheil a' leithid de ni ris a' chreideamh Chriosdaidh anns an duthaich. Bha so a' sruthadh o 'n aobhar so—gu 'n robh Uilleam do ghnath, ann an smuain, ag àiteachadh nan linntean fada-thall ud anns an robh curraidhean do-chiosnaichte na Feinne a' cathachadh ri feachdan Lochlainn, a's anns an robh Oisean a' gleusadh a chlarsaich ann an talla *Shelma* a' chiuil. Is mor am beud gu 'n robh a' chuis gu buileach mar so, oir, trid so bha cuspair a dh' fhaodadh eadhon iuntinn an umaidh a dhusgadh gu ceol, agus a tha 'toirt air na h-ainglean fein an clarsaichean a bhualadh le dealas dubailte, air a sheachnadh gu h-iomlan le ceolraidh a' Bhaird Ilich. Tha so gu sonruichte air fhaicinn anns an rann a leanas, oir ma bha dan idir ann far am biodh suil gu 'n deanteadh iomradh air a' chuspair sin, b' ann ann am Marbhrann Criosdaidh; agus da-rireadh bhuineadh an t-ainm sin dhasan a tha air a mholadh anns na h-earrannan so, oir cha 'n 'eil iad ach tearc a dh' fhaoilsich ann an doigh cho soilleir, ann am beatha 's ann am bas, spiorad seirceil, siochail, ciuin an t-soisgeil, ris-san a mheas am Bard airidh air a' charragh-chuimhneachain so. R. I.

RANN MARBH-THAISG DHONNACHAIDH MHIC-BHLAIR,

Tuathanach ann an Ile, a chaochail, Mios Meadhonach an Earraich, 1867.

GUTH.

An cluinn thu' tearnadh o chnoc na faire,
Fuaim nan cas-cheum tiamhaidh trom,
'S an ceol tursach ag aomadh,
"Cha till mi tuille" gu saoghal nam beo?
Tha 'n caomhan Criosdail,
Gu h-iosal gun chlaisteachd gun iul,
Air muthadh o bheatha gu bas.

FREAGRADH.

Ged a dhearrsas grian air corsan cian nan speur;
'S ged a ruitheas dealanach nam biorag dearg,
A' sgoltadh rathad a thoirm 'n a dheigh;
Ged a thogadh crith-thalmhainn,
O ghrund an domhain, le freoth-theine,
Beanutan Albainn as ur,
'S an sughadh a rithisd 'n an comhnard;
Ged a sheideadh ceithir ghaothan na cruinne,
A' togail, 'n a h-aon bhuinne colgach,
An fhairge mhotharach gu h-iomall a meud;
Ged a thilgte, 'n am pronnach mean,
Creagan ailbhinn nam beann
An slugadh farsuing a' chuain;
Ged a sgoilteadh an talamh,
Gu iasga nan uisgean mora
Falaicht' an diomhaireachd a' chuain;
Ged a rachadh caraig Dun-an-Righ
'N a gaineamh mhin an Loch-eite;
Ged a dh' eireadh armailt nam fineachan,
'S an leoghann dearg, buadhach,
Le smachd rioghail na h-Alba,

A' casgairt gach namhaid
Aig an robh de dhanachd a dhusgadh;
Ged a sheideadh ran na dudaich,
O bhunait gu barr nan stucan liath,
Ag iarraidh a mach nan Gaidheal,
Aluinn 'n an cruth, ard 'n an gnìomh,
Treun, uasal, dìleas, gun mheatachd,
Na gaisgich o na frithean coilltean,
A' greasadh le graoinneachadh Croistarra,
Gus an arfhaich, a ghleidheadh a' chruin
Do nighean rìoghail Righ Seumas,
Na h-Ailpeinich 's na dh' eirich dhiubh
Gu steidh a morachd;
Ged thigeadh so uile, cha chluinn
'S cha duisg e o chadal udlaidh sgail a' bhais.
Sint' an uaigh dhorcha na tosdachd,
Tha 'n caomhan baigheil fo ghlais nam marbh,
'S 'aite falamh aig cagailt an aoraidh—
Far nach feudadh mi-bheus labhairt,
'S nach d' thug fasgadh riabh do mhirun.

GUTH.

Bhrist freumhach aosd' de chraobh Chlann-Bhlair;
Bithidh so air 'fhagail air a lic;
Cliu nach 'eil tric, ach is fior a dh' innsear
Leis na fhuair air eolas:
Aoidheil, caoimhneil ri boehd;
Uasal, macanta 'n a bheus;
Firinneach, dìleas, gun fhoill,
A thug an dlighe mar a thoill
Do gach aon. Bha beannachd luchd-tuarasdail
Duit air tir 's air muir,
Mar a thuit do chrannchur.
Thus' a shiubhlas euan nan gabhadh,
Faic 's an lar, 'n a chaisil-chro,
Maraiche cruadalach, dana,
A bu tric a sheas anradh gaoithe a's fairge,
Air tonnan feargach sruith a's seididh.
Thus' a ghleidheas an treud
Air aisir nan sleibhtean lusrach,
Tog a nall o sgurr an eas,
Neoineag gheal, eagach an fhasaich;
Cuir an so i air uaigh
A' bhuachaille d' am bu duchas
Còmhall corrach nan treudan lionmhor.
Bha 'm fear dìleas so an sud 'n a oige,
Aig cro 's aig creachann 'g an cuallach.
Seas air a lic a's guidh do chrioch
A bhi le sìth mar a thugadh dhasan.

Glaschu air Cluaidh,
An 28mh là de Mhios deir. an Earraich, 1867.

—o—

DONNCHA CAIMBEUL.

(Bho urseulan Sheumais Hogg, Ciobair Ettrick.)

I.

Dh' fhag Donncha Caimbeul a' Ghaidhealtachd an uair a bha e mu shea bliadhna dh' aois, gu bhi a' fuireach le piuthar a mhathar, seann mhaighdean a bha 'chomhnuidh ann an Duneidean; far an deachaidh a chur do sgoil. Chaochail a mhathair greis roimh an am ud; ach cha b' fhada gus an robh a h-aite air a lionadh suas, oir thug 'athair a lamh ann an ceangal-posaidh do aon de na searbhantan. Cha robh mor-umhail aig Donncha do 'n chaochladh ud, no do ni air bith eile, saor bho shearrach dubh a bhuineadh d'a athair, agus cu mor, toinnisgeil d' am b' ainm Oscar, a bhuineadh do aon de na ciobairean. Bho nach robh giullan eile 's an teaghlach ach e fein, bha Donncha agus Oscar 'n an dluth chompanaich—le a ghartan ceangailte mu amhaich Oscair, agus le clar ceangailte ri' earball mor, dosach, bhiodh Donncha gu tric 'g a iomain mu 'n cuairt an àilein, 'g a thoileachadh fein le bhi a' saoilsinn gun robh each agus cairt aige fo a stiuradh. Bha an caitheamh-aimsir ud, a reir coslais, cho taitneach do Oscar 's a bha e d'a chompanach. An uair a rachadh Donncha air a dhruim gu bhi 'g a mharcachd, cha b' fhada gus an tilgeadh Oscar gu lar e, le aon chuid dol 'n a dheannruith, no le e fein a roladh air an àilein. An uair a bhagradh Donncha air, shealladh e gu h-iriosal, diblidh air, agus dh' imlicheadh e 'aodann agus a lamhan; an uair a leagadh e a' chuip air, chrubadh e aig a chosan,—ach cha b' fhada gus am biodh cuiscan a rithisd air an reitcachadh eatorra. Gheibhte Oscar gu bunailteach gach oidhche 'n a luidhe aig dorus seomar-cadail Dhonnchai; agus b'an-aoibhin do fhear no mhnaoi

a dh' fheuchadh ri dol a stigh do 'n t-seomar aig amaibh mi-iomchuidh.

An uair a chuir Donncha cul a chinn ri dachaidh a leanabuidheachd cha robh mulad no smuairein air aig dealachadh ri 'athair, no ris na seirbhisich. Cha robh e coltach gu 'n robh a' bheag de smuain aige mu 'n t-searrach dhubh; ach 'n uair a chunnaic e Oscar a' sealltuinn gu muladach 'n a aodann, shil a dheoir gu frasach o 'shuilean. Phaisg e a lamhan mu a mhuineal, chniadaich agus phog se e —"Oscair, Slan leat," ars' esan, agus e a' caoineadh; "gu 'm beannaicheadh Dia thu, Oscair mo ghaoil." Coma co dhiu, b' fheudar dealachadh ri Oscar. Bha an gille agus an t-each aig an dorus, chaidh Donncha a chur air pillean air cul na diollaide, agus mharcaich iad air falbh. Lean Oscar iad gus an d' rainig iad mullach a' mhaim, far an do shuidh e sios, a' tuireadh agus a' donnalaich. Ghuil Donncha gus an robh a chridhe an impis sgaineadh. "Ciod e 'tha cur ort?" ars' an gille. "Cha 'n fhaic mi gu brath m' Oscar dileas, bochd," arsa Donncha, "agus cha 'n urrainn mo chridhe a ghiulan."

Dh' fhuirich Donncha car bliadhna ann an Duneidean, ach cha d' rinn e mor adhartachd ann am foghlum. Cha robh e idir toigheach air an sgoil, agus bha piuthar a mhathar cho beadarach uime a's nach foirneadh i do 'n sgoil e an aghaidh a thoil. Air latha araidh, bhuail tinneas obann i —bha aon de na searbhantan a' frithealadh oirre gu bunailteach, agus bha Donncha air 'fhagail 'n a aonar. Bha e an comhnuidh air a mheas 'n a dhragh leis na searbhantan; cha robh dad de thlachd aca dheth, agus mar sin bha iad am bitheantas coimheach agus reasgach ris. Bha e nis air a chur thuige gu mor; is gann gu 'm faigheadh e de bhiadh no de dheoch na chumadh an deo ann. Beagan laithean an deigh do phiuthar a mhathar fas tinn, chaochail i. Bha gach ni troimh a cheile, agus bha Donncha bochd ann an impis basachadh le acras. Cha robh creutair ri 'fhaicinn air feadh an tighe, ach air dha tartar a chluinntinn ann an seomar peathar a mhathar chaidh e stigh, agus ciod e a bha na searbhantan a' deanamh, ach a' righeadh cuirp a chaomh bhan-charaid! Bu leoir e. Bha e air a lionadh le tomhas de uamhas nach b' urrainn broilleach basmhor a ghiulan, leum e sios an staidhir, agus sud a mach 'n a dheann e cho luath 's a bheireadh a chasan e; ruith e sios an t-Sraid-Ard, agus thairis ann an Drochaid-mu-Dheas, a' sior chaoineadh agus a' bas-bhualadh. Cha chuireadh e a chas tuille air stairsneach an tighe ud ged a bheirte an saoghal dha mar dhuais. Rinn neach eigin greim air; chruinnich comhlan mu 'n cuairt air; dh' fheoraich cuid ciod e 'bha cur air? ach cha b' urrainn iad freagradh fhaotainn uaithe ach, "O, mise 'n diugh! Mise 'n diugh!" An uair a fhuair e fa sgaoil, ruith e air 'adhart, gun smuain gun umhail c' aite an robh e dol, ach dol cho fad ás 's a bu chomasach dha bho an t-sealladh uamhasach a chunnaic e, gun suil gun fhiughair ris, ann an seomar peathar a mhathar. An uair a fhuair se e fein air taobh a mach a' bhaile, bha e a' saoilsinn gun robh e air an rathad do 'n Ghaidhealtachd; ghabh e direach air 'adhart, gus an d' rainig e far an robh da rathad a' coinneachadh a cheile air taobh deas Geata-cise na Grainneich. Shuidh e ri taobh an rathaid. Cha b' fhada gus an do shiolaidh a bhuaireas-inntinn gu seimh-chianalas; sguir e d'a chaoineadh, ach bha fhathasd a chliabh air a luasgadh le osnaidhean trom, ospagach, agus le 'shuil ris an lar, thoisich e ri sgrioban a tharruing le 'mheur anns an smuraich.

Cha robh e ro fhada anns an

t-suidheachadh ud gus am fac e seallādh a thug tomhas faothachaidh d'a chridhe trom, aonarach—drobh mor de chrodh Gaidhealach. B' iad sud na ceud chreutairean cosmhuil ri luchd-eolais a chunnaic Donncha re an iomlain de an bhliadhna a chaidh seachad. Dhuisg sealladh dheth an adhaircean geal agus an sprogain leathann faireachduinnean maoth, measgaichte de sholas agus de chianalas 'n a chridhe. Mar a bha iad a' dol seachad, thug e fainear gun robh iad dùr, gruamach 'n an coltas; ghrad thuig e an t-aobhar. Bha iad ann an seilbh nan Sasunnach—'n am fogaraich bhochd, coltach ris fein—a' dol fad air falbh gu bhi air an casgairt agus air an itheadh, agus far nach faicte leo gu brath beanntaibh na Gaidhealtachd.

An uair a chaidh iad uile seachad air, sheall Donncha as an deigh agus thoisich e ri caoineadh as ur; ach bha 'aire air a grad thionndadh air falbh uatha le rudeigin a bhean gu tlath ri 'chasan; ghrad sheall e mu 'n cuairt—'s e a bh' ann, cu bochd, crubach, acrach a' crubadh ris an lar agus ag inulich a choise, agus air bainidh le sulas agus le aoibhneas buaireasach. Iongantas nan iongantas! Co a bh' ann, ach a sheann chompanach ionmhuinn, dileas, Oscar, cho blion, cho seargta agus cho crubach agus gur gann gu 'm b' urrainn dha gluasad! Bha e a nis 'n a thraill bhochd aig drobhair Sasunnach (leis an robh e, ma dh' fhaoidte, air a ghoid no air a cheannach aig an Eaglais bhric) a bha cho fad air dheireadh air Oscar a thaobh suairceas agus fìughantachd a ghne 's a bha Oscar bochd air dheireadh airsan ann an neart agus ann an cumhachd. Tha e do-dheanta coinneamh a bu taitniche no bu tlaithe a chur an cainnt; ach 'n uair a chunnaic Donncha na bha de aogas an acrais agus na h-aimbeairt ri 'fhaicinn gu soilleir ann an gnuis a charaid, bha' chridhe air 'fhàsgadh le faireachduinnean dolasach. "Cha 'n 'eil mir no spruidhleach agam ri 'thoirt dhuit, m' Oscar bochd! Cha 'n 'eil greim agam air mo shon fein, ach cha 'n 'eil mi cho dona dheth 's a tha thusa." Rinn an drobhair fead chruaidh; chlisg Oscar; dhluthaich e gu teann ri broilleach Dhonnchai; leag e a cheann air a ghlun, sheall e gu cianail 'n a aodann mar gu 'm biodh e 'g asluchadh air a dhion o 'n chrochaire an-iochdmhor ud. Chualas gun dail fead eile a bu chruaidhe na a' cheud te, agus glaodh ard, iargalta o 'n drobhair, a' gairm Oscair d' a ionnsaidh. Chriothnaich Oscar bochd o a cheann gu 'bhonnaibh, ach air eagal peanais sheap e air falbh gu h-athaiseach, aindeonach an deigh a shealbhadair an-iochdmhor, a thug fainear gu 'n robh Oscar mar gu 'm biodh e ann an ioma-chomhairle agus a' sealtuinn as a dheigh; agus air eagal gun teicheadh e uaithe, ruith an drobhair air ais 'n a choinneamh. Chrub Oscar ris an lar, ghlac an drobhair air chluais e, agus leag e strachdan air le bata garbh a bh' aige 'n a laimh, gus an do luidh e sios leth-mharbh aig a chosan.

A reir coslais bha na h-uile ni ag oibreachadh le 'cheile gu bhi 'leon faireachduinnean Dhonnchai, ach bha e air a chur thuige le bruidealachd an-iochdmhor an drobhair ni bu mho na bha e leis gach trioblaid eile leis an robh e air 'fhiosrachadh. Ruith e air 'adhart far an robh Oscar 'n a shineadh agus e a' gul gu goirt, a' caineadh an t-Sasunnach mar bhruid chruaidh-cridheach; agus arsa Donncha ris; "Ma 's e a's gu 'n tig mise gu bhi am lan dhuine agus gu 'n coinnich sinn a cheile, bi cinnteach gu 'n cuir mi as dhuit." Shuidh e sios agus thog e ceann Oscair air a ghlun, a dh-fheuchainn an robh fhathasd an deo ann. Bho nach b'

urrainn an drobhair a' bheag a dheanamh as eugais a' choin, dh' fheith e gu faighidneach gus am faiceadh e deireadh na cuise. Thainig Oscar thuige ri h-uine, agus dh' ealaidh e air falbh ri sail a mhaighistir gun a chridhe bhi aige sealtuinn air ais. Sheas Donncha far an robh e, ach leag e a shuil gu bunailteach air Oscar, agus mar a b' fhaide bha e dol uaithe is ann a bu mho a bha e air a bhuaireadh gu a leantuinn. Sheall e null 's a nall, ach cha robh ni ach falmhaidheachd ri 'fhaicinn air gach taobh, cha robh feum da stad far an robh e, agus mar sin lean e as deigh Oscair agus an drobhair.

MUILEACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

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MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

XII.

Shuidhich Calum-cille Tigh-foghluim ann an I, far an robh moran dhaoine oga air an teagasg ann an eolas nan Sgriobtur agus air an uidheamachadh gu dol a mach a shearmonachadh an t-soisgeil air feadh na tire. Bhuanaich e re ceithir bliadhna deug thar fhichead a' searmonachadh anns gach aite air feadh na Gaidhealtachd gus an d' thainig na Gaidheil no na *Pictich* thuathach gu leir gu bhi a' creidsinn na firinn; agus tha e air 'aithris gu 'n do thog e corr agus tri cheud *Ceall* no Eaglais air feadh na h-Alba ann an caochladh aitean. Theirear "Cilltean" ris na h-aitibh-aoraidh so gus an la an diugh mar a dh' ainmicheadh iad air tus le Calum. Bha e fein agus a chompanaich a' saoithreachadh gun sgios am measg an t-sluaigh gus an d' fhuadaich iad saobh-chreideamh nan Druidhneach gu buileach a mach as an tir agus an d' thainig an duthaich gu h-iomlan gu bhi ag aideachadh a bhi 'creidsinn ann an Criosd. Theirteadh "Cuildich" mar ainm ris an dream a bha 'n an co-luchd-oibre maille ri Calum-cille ann an craobh-sgaoileadh an t-soisgeil.

Fhuair Calum-cille bas anns a' bhliadhna A.D. 597, air oidhche Di-Sathuirne, an 9mh la d' an Og-mhios. Mu mheadhon oidhche chaidh e steach do 'n Eaglais mar bu ghnath leis a dheanamh urnuigh. Chaidh e sios air a ghluinibh aig beulaobh na h-altarach. An ceann beagan uine lean a sheirbhiseach, Diarmad a stigh as a dheigh, agus ghlaodh e a mach "C' ait' am bheil thu, athair?" Fhuair se e 'n a shineadh an lathair na h-altarach agus e cosmhuil ris a' chrich dheireannaich. Thainig na braithrean uile a stigh an sin agus thoisich iad ri gul agus caoineadh an uair a chunnaic iad an athair spioradail cosmhuil ri dol a chum a' bhais; ach smeid esan riutha le 'laimh o nach b' urrainn e labhairt, a' cialladh gu 'n robh e a' guidhe beannachd orra, agus goirid an deigh sin thug e suas an deo. An ceann tri laithean chaidh 'adhlacadh ann an Reilig Orain.

Bha moran de dhaoinibh diadhaidh 'n an luchd-cuideachaidh aig Calum-cille ann an craobh-sgaoileadh an t-soisgeil am measg nan Seann Ghaidheal. An uair a thainig e air tus a nall á Eirinn thug e leis da fhear dheug 'n an companaich. 'N am measg so bha Diarmad, a sheirbhiseach, agus Beathain mac Bhrèanain, a' rinneadh 'n a Abba air I-Chaluim-chille an deigh a bhais fein. B'e Brèanan brathair 'athar Chaluim, agus thainig a dhithis mac, Beathain agus Conan, comhlath ris an teachdaire do'n Ghaidhealtachd. A reir coslais is ann mar chuimhneachan air Conan so a thugadh Strath-Chonain mar ainm air aite ann an Siorramachd Rois. B'e Coinneach aon eile dhiubhsan a bha 'n an co-

luchd-oibre le Calum, agus an deigh bais Bheathin rinneadh e 'n a Abba air I, mu'n bhliadhna 600. Tha ainm Choinnich air a ghleidheadh air chuimhne ann an aiteachaibh air leth air feadh na Gaidhealtachd mar tha Cill-Choinnich an Cinntire, Cill-Choinnich aig ceann sear Loch-Lagain, am Braighe Bhaideanach, Innis-Choinnich ann an Loch nan Ceal an Eilean Mhuile, Cille-Choinnich (Kilkenny) an Eirinn, agus aitean eile an Eirinn 's an Albainn. Is ann de mhuinntir Eirinn a bha Coinneach agus bhuineadh e do Chlann-Ruadhraidh ann am mor-roinn Ulladh.

B'e Ciaran mac an t-Saoir aon eile de chomhaoisibh Chalum-chille. Rugadh e anns a' bhliadhna A.D. 515 agus fhuair e bas anns a' bhliadhna 549 'n uair a bha e 34 bliadhna dh' aois. Bha Ciaran 'n a dhuine foghluimte agus diadhaidh, agus bha a chliu air a sgaoileadh am fad 's am farsuinn air feadh Eirinn agus Albainn. Is ann mar chuimhneachan airsan a thugadh an t-ainm Cill-Chiarain air aon de sgireachdaibh Chinntire, agus Cill-Chiarain (Kilkerran) ann an siorramachd Ara maille ri aitibh eile air feadh na h-Alba. Chithear an uamh anns am b'abhaist da bhi 'tamh am fagus do Cheann-Loch-Cille-Chiarain, anns na creagan laimh ris a' mhuir air taobh deas a' bhaile.

B'e Donnan aon eile de chompanaich Chalum-chille. Gheibhear ainm an duine so air chuimhne ann an Cill-Donnain an Eilean Eige, agus Cill-Donnain, sgireachd an taobh tuath Chataobh. Tha e air 'aithris gu 'm b'e Donnan an t-aon neach a chuireadh gu bas air son fianuis Chriosd ann an craobh-sgaileadh an t-soisgeil am measg nan Seann-Ghaidheal. Tha cuid ag radh gu 'n do mharbhadh e fein agus leth-cheud eile ann an Eilean Eige, agus a reir beachd muinntir eile, chaill e a bheatha ann an Cill-Donnain an Cataobh. Thachair so mu'n bhliadhna 617.

Bha na ceud theachdairean soisgeulach so 'n an daoinibh foghluimte, diadhaidh, saoithreachail, agus thriall iad a bhos agus thall air feadh na Gaidhealtachd agus Eileanan na h-Alba a' cur an ceill sgeul aoibhneach na slainte do 'n luchd-aitich borb agus aineolach. Bha obair an creidimh agus saothair an graidh gu minic air a bacadh leis na cogannaibh fuilteach a b' abhaist a bhi eadar na fineachan Gaidhealach, na *Scuitich* agus na *Pictich*, ach a dh' aindeoin gach ana-cothrom agus cnapstarra a bha 's an rathad bhuanaich iad 'n an saothair gus an do gheill na Gaidheil gu h-iomlan do shoisgeul Chriosd. A mach á I-Challum-Chille chaidh na teachdairean Criosduidh a chum gach cearna dhe 'n duthaich gu ruig Cataobh, Gallaobh, agus Eileanan Arcaimh gu tuath, agus gu ruig an t-Eilean Sgiathanach, Leoghus, Uist, Barraidh agus a' chuid eile de Eileanaibh na h-Airde 'n iar an Alba. Bha I-Challum-chille ainmeil air son foghluim agus ard-sgoilearachd, agus as a sin bha daoine foghluimte a' dol a mach a shearmonachadh an t-soisgeil air tir-mor na Roinn-Eorpa. Re iomadh ceud bliadhna bhuadhaich an soisgeul am measg nan Seann Ghaidheal; bha Eaglais bheo, spioradail, aig Criosd anns an tir, a bha ro ghniomhach ann an craobh-sgaoileadh an t-soisgeil am measg nam Paganach Sasunnach, ann am Breatann, agus anns a' Ghearmailt. Cha 'n 'eil moran cunntais, againn mu 'n deibhinn anu an Eachdraidh, ach tha iomradh am beatha aira sgriobhadh 's na h-ardaibh ann an lathair na righ-chathrach.

D. B. B.

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COMHRADH NAN IOLAIREAN.

Tha e air a radh gu 'n cuala ciobair an Comhradh a leanas eadar seann iolaire agus a h-alach og, am feadh 's a bha e 'toirt an aire air an treud:

"Mo chlann," ars' an iolaire, "chunnaig sibh mi a' tiolpadh nan cearc as na h-iolannan, a' glacadh na maighich anns a' phreas, agus a' togail a' mhinn o 'ionaltradh. Ach tha cuimhne agaibh blas 'fhaighainn air biadh moran is millse na iad sin—is minig a thug mi dhuibh cuirm de fheoil DUINE."

"Innis dhuinn," arsa na h-iolairean oga, "c' aite 'm faighear *daoine,* agus ciamar a dh' aithnichear iad; oir is cinnteach gur i feoil an duine biadh nadurra na h-iolaire. Carson nach d' thug thu duine slan a dh-ionnsaidh na nid ann ad spuirean?"

"Tha e tuilleadh 's dumhail, trom," ars an iolaire; "an uair a dh' amaiseas sinn air duine cha 'n urrainn duinn ach 'fheoil a stroichdeadh leinn agus na cnamhan 'fhagail as ar deigh."

"Ma tha an duine cho mor a's sin," ars' an fheadhain oga, "ciamar a tha 'dol agad air a mharbhadh? Tha fiamh agus eagal agad roimh 'n mhadadh-alluidh agus am math-ghabhainn; ciod an cumhachd leis am bheil buaidh aig na h-iolairean thairis air an duine? Am bheil an duine na' s laige na caora?"

"Cha 'n 'eil againn," fhreagair an iolaire, "neart an duine, agus tha mi air uairibh an teagamh a bheil a sheoltachd againn; agus b' ann fior-ainneamh a gheobhadh iolairean cothrom air 'fheoil itheadh mur biodh Nadur, a dh' orduich e chum ar feum, air buirbe iongantaich a chur ann, nach faca mi riamh ann an creutair air bith eile a tha 'chomhnuidh air an talamh. Gu tric coinnichidh da threud mhor de dhaoine, criothnaichidh an talamh leis an toirm a ni iad agus lionar an t-adhar le teine. An uair a chluinneas sibh toirm agus a chi sibh teine a' ruith air aghaidh na talmhainn, greasaibh a dh-ionnsaidh an aite le uile luaths ur sgeith, oir bithibh cinnteach gu bheil daoine a' sgrios a cheile; gheobh sibh an talamh dearg le fuil agus cuirnichte le closaichean marbha, agus moran diubh air an srachdadh agus air an gearradh air son nan iolairean."

"Ach an uair a mharbhas na daoine an cuid creiche," ars' na h-iolairean beaga, "carson nach 'eil iad 'g a itheadh? An uair a mharbhas madadh-alluidh caora, cha 'n fhuiling e do 'n iolaire teachd g'a choir gus am bheil e fein air a shasuchadh—*Nach e seorsa de mhadadh-alluidh a tha anns an duine?*"

"Is e an duine," ars' an iolaire, "an t-aon chreutair a mharbhas an ni sinn nach ith e, agus is i a' bhuaidh so a tha 'g a fhagail 'n a charaid cho math do 'n chinneach againn-ne."

"Ma tha an duine mar so a' marbhadh creiche dhuinn-ne agus 'g a fhagail ann ar rathad," ars' an iolaire og, "ciod am feum a tha againn air saothrachadh air ar son fein?"

"Tha," ars' a mathair," a chionn gu 'm fan an duine air uairibh re uine fhada samhach 'n a gharaidh. Innsidh na seann iolairean duibh cuin a tha sibh ri suil gheur a chumail air a ghluasadan. An uair a chi sibh buidhnean mor dhaoine a' siubhal comhladh, faodaidh sibh a thuigsinn gu bheil iad ri seilg agus gu 'm faigh sibh ur diol de fheoil duine gu h-aithghearr."

"Ach stadaibh," ars' an iolaire og, "bu mhath leam fios fhaighinn air an aobhar air son am bheil daoine mar so a' sgrios a cheile. Cha b' urrainn domh fhein a mharbhadh an ni sinn nach ithinn."

"Mo leanabh," ars' a mathair, "an uair a bha mise og, b' abhaist domh dol a thaghal air seann iolaire aig an robh a comhnuidh anns na creaganud

shuas. Bha i 'tighinn beo o bhliadhna gu bliadhna air mionaichean dhaoine. Thuirt i, mar a bha geugan na craoibh dharaich air am bualadh r' a cheile leis an doinnn a chum gu 'n tigeadh na mucan-fiathaich beo air na cnuthan a thuiteadh dhiubh, gu 'n robh daoine mar so le cumhachd do-thuigsinn air an sparradh an aghaidh a cheile a chum 's gu 'm biodh na h-iolairean air am beathachadh. Agus tha an fheadhainn a tha ag itealaich os an cionn a' toirt aire gu 'm bheil fear anns gach treud a tha toirt seolaidh do chach agus a tha a reir coslais a' gabhail tlachd anabarrach anns a' chasgradh oilliteil. Ciod e a tha toirt coir do 'n fhear so air inbh cho ard cha 'n fhios duinn; mar is bitheanta cha 'n è idir fear is momha no is luaithe na each, ach tha e 'taisbeanadh leis cho dian a's cho dichiollach 's a tha e gur esan, gu sonruichte, CARAID NAN IOLAIREAN."

Ead. o 'n Bheurla le

MAC-MHARCUIS.

——c——

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Rugadh e gun anam, 's bhasaich e gun anam, 's bha anam ann.

2. Cha 'n ith thu e, 's cha'n ol thu e, 's cha tig thu beo as aonais.

3. Maighdean og a' chota ghil,—mar a's fhaide 'sheasas i, is ann a's giorra dh' fhasas i.

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns an aireamh mu dheireadh :—1, Nead dreathain ann an claigeann eich. 2, Peann-iteig. 3, An eigh.

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SOP AS GACH SEID.

Bi cùramach ciod a gheallas tu, ach an uair a bheir thu gealladh, bi cùramach gu 'n gléidh thu e.

Ceann cnudain, 's ceann sgadain,
'S ceann goibhr' air dhroch fheannadh,—
Tri cinn air nach 'eil moran itheannaich.

SGOLTADH FIODHA.

Gach fiodh ás a bhàrr
Ach am feàrna ás a bhun.

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NAIDHEACHDAN.

Tha iomradh ann gu bheil a' Bhanrigh dol a ghabhail cuairt air feadh na Gaidhealtachd an ceann uine ghoirid. Tha i ri seachdain a chur seachad ann an caisteal ur Ionarlochaidh; an sin tha i dol a dhireadh gu mullach Beinn-Nibheis; agus an deigh sin tha i dol a sheoladh mu 'n cuairt do Ionar-aoradh, far an cuir i seachad beagan laithean fo aoidheachd Dhiuc Earra - Ghaidheal. Ghuidheamaid sid agus soirbheachadh math dhi air a turas.

Tha naidheachd ro thaitneach eile againn air a' mhios so. Tha dara mac na Ban-righ, am prionnsa *Alfred*, Diuc Dhun-eidin, an deigh ceangal-posaidh a dheanamh ri banphrionnsa eireachdail, nighean Impire *Russia*.

Is e so am fear d' an Teaghlach Rioghail a tha 'n a sheoladair, ach cha 'n 'eil e fior uime mar a bha e mu 'n fhear a sheinn,

"Cha taobh na caileagan mi,
O'n sheol mi fhìn am mharaiche,"

Tha aon te ann co dhiu a roghnaich esan thar gach fear eile, agus a their uime,

"Fear idir cha ghabh mi gu brath,
Ach *Alfred* aluinn—m' ùlaidh e;
Maraiche luth nan tonn ard,
A shiubhlas le *'bhàrc* gu h-urranta."

Tha iad ro fhreagarach d'a cheile; "Cha 'n ann an coille nan crogan a chinn iad." Tha an Rioghachd dol a shuidheachadh coig mile fichead punnd Sasunnach 's a' bhliadhna air a' chàraid oig cho fhad 's is beo iad le cheile, agus sea mile 's a' bhliadhna oirre-se an deigh a bhais-san, ma 's e 's giorra laithean. Saoghal fada dhoibh le cheile, guidhe dhurachdach gach Gaidheil!

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

AUGUST, 1873.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 154.)

41. *Ionga* and *nail.*

Ionga (nail; anc. *inga)* corresponds to W. *ewin*, and is akin to Lat. *unguis, ungula,* Gr. *onux (o-nux, o-nuch-os,* with *o* prefixed), Sansk. *nakha*, Lit. *naga, Ger. nagel*, A.S. *nægel*, Eng. *nail* (Bopp's Sansk. Gloss., p. 208; Stokes Ir. Glosses, p. 150; Liddell and Scott's Lexicon).

Bopp compares O. Ger. *nagal* (th. *nagala)* with Sansk. *nakhara (r* and *l* interchanged), Lat. *ungula.*

42. *Lomnochd* and *naked.*

Lomnochd (anc. *lomnocht)* = *lom* (bare) and *nochd* or *nocht* (naked).

Nocht = W. *noeth* (naked), and is akin to Ger. *nackt, nakot,* A.S. *nacod, naced,* Eng. *naked,* Cf. Sansk. *nagná* (naked) perf. part. pass. from *nag* (to be ashamed, Goth. *nagvaths,* Ice. *naktr* (Bopp's Sansk. Gloss., p. 208).

43. *Nochd* and *night.*

Nochd or *nocht* (to-night; Old Gael. *innoc[h]t)* = W. *henoeth, heno,* and is cognate with Gr. *nux, nuktos,* Lat. *nox, noctis,* Goth. *nahts,* Ger. *nacht,* A.S. *niht,* Eng. *night.* The Welsh is *nôs.* Cf. Sansk. *naktam* = Lat. *noctu* (by night). See Bopp's Sansk. Gloss., p. 207, and Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 111.

In the last two examples Gael. *chd.* (anc. *cht,)* = W. *th.* Cf. also *seachd* (seven; anc. *secht)* and *saith, ochd* (eight; anc. *ocht)* and *wyth, lachd* (milk; anc. *lacht)* and *llaeth* (= Lat. *lac, lactis).*

44. *Baly* or *boly* and *belly, bulge, bilge, bag, budget.*

Baly or *boly (bag, belly)* corresponds to Lat. *bulga* (leathern bag, budget), Goth. *balgs,* Ger. *balg,* A.S. *bælg, bælig,* from which are derived Eng. *belly, bulge, bilge, bag. Budget* is from Fr. *bougette,* diminutive of *boge* (a sack). Cf. Ital. *bolgia* from Lat. *bulga, Bey* (originally to carry a *bag)* is probably from the same root. Cf. Wedgwood's Etym. Dictionary.

45. *Neul, nèamh;* W. *niwl, nifwl;* Old Ger. *nibul;* Gr. *nephos, nephelē;* Lat. *nebula.*

Neul (cloud; anc. *néll* for *nebl)* may be compared with W. *nifwl, niwl,* Old Ger. *nibul,* N. H. Ger. *nebel,* Gr. *nephelē,* Lat. *nebula* to which it is manifestly akin. Cf. also Sansk. *nubhas* (heaven, air), Gr. *nephos,* from which *nephelē* is derived, Lat. *nubes,* W. *nef,* and Gael. *nèamh* (heaven; anc. *nem,* gen. *nime). Nem* has *m* for *bh,* like *lám (làmh,* hand) from root *lab* (Cf. Sansk. *labh,* Gr. *lambanō,* 2 aor. *e-lab-on).* May we refer "neabhas" to this root, and understand "Beinn-neabhais," the name of our highest mountain, to signify the *Misty* or *Cloudy Mountain?*

The dropping of *b* in *néll* or *nél* accounts for the long vowel. Cf. *cét, dét, tét, sét, dér, ên, fên, scêl, mòr* or *mór,* already noticed.

46. *Seun, seul,* and *sign, seal.*

Seun (to bless, to make the sign of the cross; anc. *sên)* is connected with Ger. *segnen* (to bless), *segen* (the sign of the Cross, prayer, charm) A.S. *segen, segn* (blessing, benediction; given by making the sign of the

Cross), Lat. *signum* (mark, sign), Eng. *sign*. *Seul* (seal; anc. *sél*) corresponds to Ger. *siegel*, Ital. *sigillo*, Lat. *sigillum* (diminutive of *signum*), Eng. *seal*.

The loss of *g* accounts for the long vowel of *sén* and *sél*, which seem loan-words.

47. *Troidh* and *tread*.

Troidh (foot; anc. *traig* from root *trag*, with which compare Sansk. *trksh*, Gr. *trechō*, Goth. *thragja*) = W. *troed* (foot; Old W. *traet*), and is akin to Ger. *treten* (to tread), A.S. *tredan* (to tread), *tred* (step), *trod* (path), Eng. *tread*. Cf. Goth. *trutan* and Lat. *trudo*. See Bosworth's A.S. Dictionary, Stokes' Ir. Glosses. p. 44, and Hilpert's Ger. Dictionary.

48. *Fàs* and *wax*.

Fàs (wax, grow) is akin to Ice. *vax*, Ger. *wachsen*, A.S. *weaxan*, and Eng. *wax*. For Gael. *f* = Ice. *v*, Ger., A.S., and Eng. *w*, cf. Gael. *fion* with Ice. *vin*, Ger. *wein*, A.S. *win*, Eng. *wine;* Gael. *feith* with Ice. *vakta*, Old Ger. *wahten*, Eng. *wait;* Gael. *feun* (anciently *fén* for *fegn*) with Ice. *vagn*, Ger. *wagen*, A.S. *waegen*, *wæn*, Eng. *wagon*, *wain;* Gael. *fios*, (anc. *fis* with *s* unaspirated and *fiss* with double *s*, for *fids*), with Ice. *vit.*, Ger. *witz* (cf. *wissen*), A.S. *wit*, Eng. *wit*. For Gael. *s* = *x* cf. Gael. *las* with Eng. *lax* from Lat. *laxus;* Gael. *as*, *es*, with Eng. prefix *ex* from Lat. *ex;* Gael. *deas* (anc. *des*) with Lat. *dex*-in *dexter;* Gael *sé* (*ses*, *six*) with Eng. *six* from Lat. *sex;* Gael. *Sasunnach* with Eng. *Saxon*.

Also cf. *fàs* with Sansk. *vaksh* (to grow, increase), Goth, *vaks*, and Low Dut. *wassen*, with which Ger. *wachsen*, A.S. *weaxan*, and Eng. *wax* are cognate.

49. *Piob* and *pipe*, *fife*, *peep*.

Piob (pipe, tube) and its derivatives *pìoban* (a little pipe, a little tube), *pìobadh* (piping), &c., are related to Gr. *pipizō* (to pipe, to chirp), Lat. *pipo* (to peep or chirp), Ger. *pfeife* (tube, whistle, fife), A.S. *pip* (pipe, tube), Eng. *pipe*. *Fife* is from Ger. *pfeife*, and *peep* (to chirp) is from Dut. *piepen*, which is connected with Lat. *pipio*, *pipo*.

50. *Caoin* and *whine*.

Caoin (weep, lament, howl), *caoineadh* (dirge, bewailing) are connected with W. *cwyno* (to howl), A.S. *cwunian* (to howl), Ice. *krina* (to howl), Eng. *whine* (to utter a plaintive cry).

For *c* in Gaelic = *wh* in English compare *cò* and *who* = Lat. *quis*, *qui;* *ciod* and what = Lat. *quid*, *quod;* *cuip* = W. *chwip* (wheep), and Ice. *hvipp*, A.S. *hweop*, *hweopan*, Eng. *whip;* *cuibhle* (a wheel), *cuibhill* (to wheel), and Dut. *wiel*, Dan. *hjul*, A.S. *hweol*, Eng. *wheel*. *Cuip* and *cuibhle* are probably loan-words.

51. *Bratach*, *brat;* Eng. *brat*.

Bratach (banner) is from *brat* (covering, mantle, rag). Cf. W. *brat*. *Brat* (contemptuous name for a child) is connected with Scot. *brat* (a child's pinafore), A.S. *bratt* (cloak), which are evidently connected with, if not derived from, Gael. *brat*.

52. *Gruth* and Eng. *curd*, *crew*, *crowd*.

Gruth (curds; gen. *grotha* in mid. Gaelic) is also *cruth* in O'Reilly's Dictionary. Cf. *cruthaim* (I milk). *Gruth* or *cruth* corresponds to Eng. *curd* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 96, and is cognate with W. *crwth* (anything swelling out, crowd), *crwd* (round lump), A.S. *cruth*, *cread*, from which are derived Eng. *crew*, *crowd* (lit. a *lump*). Cf. Scot. *crowdy*.

53. *Stàn* and *tin*.

Stàn, = W. *ystaen* (tin), is connected with Lat. *stannum* (tin, originally a composition of lead and silver), *stagnum* (tin), Fr. *etain* (Old Fr. *estain*), A.S. *tin*, Eng. *tin*. The

loss of *g* accounts for long *a* in *stàn*. Cf. Lat. *stagneus* for *stanneus* (made of tin) and *stagno* (to tin).

54. *Stàilinn* and *steel*.

With *stàilinn* (steel; *stàil-inn*, root *stal*) compare Ice. *stal*, Ger. *stahl*, A.S. *styl*, Eng. *steel*.

55. *Fionn* and *white*.

Fionn (fair, white) was in Old Gaelic *find*, which corresponds to W. *gwin* (fair). The root, according to Stokes (Ir. Glosses, p. 150), is *vid* for *cvid*. Cf. Sansk. *svit* and *svind* (to be white) and *sveta* (white), Goth. *hveita*, A.S. *hwit*, Eng. *white*. Cf. also Ice. *finn* (bright), with which Gael. *finealta* (fine, handsome) and Eng. *fine* seem connected.

56. *Brac*, *bràcaim*, and *brace*, *bracket*, *bracelet*, *branch*.

Brac (the arm) is akin to W. *braich* (arm, branch), Gr. *brachiōn* (the arm), Lat. *brachium* (the arm), Fr. *bras* (arm), *brace*, *bracket*. *Bràcaim* (I embrace) is from *brac*. *Bracelet* is from old Fr. *brachel* (armour for the arm). *Branch* is from Fr. *branche*, which is connected with *brachium*. The Gaelic word *braclach (brac-lach)*, applied to a wood or thicket, seems connected with *brac*, W. *braich*. Cf. Eng. *brake*, Low Ger. *brake* (brushwood).

57. *Buidhe* and *bay*.

Buidhe (yellow; anc. *buide)* is akin to Lat. *badius* (bay or chestnut colour), Fr. *bai* (bay), Eng. *bay*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 108.

58. *Creach;* W. *Praidd;* Eng. *prey*.

Creach (prey) corresponds to W. *praidd* (prey). Cf. Lhuyd's Arch. Brit., p. 20. *Praidd* corresponds to Bret. *preiz*, Lat. *præda* (connected with *præs*, *prædis)*, Fr. *proie*, Eng. *prey*. *P* in Welsh and Latin frequently corresponds, as noticed above (p. 215), to *c* in Gaelic.

59. *Cadhag* and *chough*.

Cadhag (jackdaw; in Old Gael. *caog)* corresponds to W. *coeg* in *coegfran* (jackdaw = *coeg-bran)*, Fr. *choucas* (jackdaw), Eng. *chough*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses. p. 56.

60. *Geòla* and *keel*, *yawl*, *jolly-boat*.

Geòla (yawl) is akin to Dut. *jol*, Dan. *jolle* (to row), Scot. *yolle*, Eng. *yawl* and *jolly* (in *jolly-boat)*. It is also akin to A.S. *ceol* (ship, small bark, keel), *cæle* (the bottom of a ship), Old Ger. *chiol* N. Ger. *kiel*, Eng. *keel* (a ship or the bottom of a ship).

61. *Smuais* and *smash*.

Smuais (break in pieces, smash) is akin to Ger. *schmiss* (dash, blow), Ital. *smassare* (to crush), Eng. *smash*.

62. *Smior* and *smear*, *marrow*.

Smior (marrow; anc. *smir)* is akin to O. Norse *smior* (butter), Ger. *schmer* or *schmeer* (lard, fat), A.S. *schmere* (grease), Eng. *smear*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 56. The W. word corresponding to *smir* is *mêr* (marrow), and with it may be compared Ice. *mör* (fat), Dut. *murw* (soft), A.S. *mearu* (soft, delicate), Ger. *mark* (marrow), Dan. *marg* (marrow), A.S. *mearh* (marrow), Eng. *marrow*. Cf. Gr. *muron*.

Is *marag* (sausage; anc. *maróc)* connected with Ger. *mark*, Dan. *marg*, Eng. *marrow?*

63. *Snàig*, *snàgan*, *snàigean*, and *sneak*, *snake*, *snail*.

Snàig (creep; root *snàg)* is cognate with Swiss *schnaken*, *schnaaggen* (to creep), A.S. *snican*, Eng. *sneak*. *Snàgan* (creeping, slow motion) and *snàigean* (a reptile, a creeping thing) are from *snàg*. *Snake* is from A.S. *snaca*, Ice. *snákr*, Sansk. *naga*, with which A.S. *snican* (to creep) is cognate. *Snail* is from A.S. *snel*, *snægl*, *snegel*, akin to Swiss *schnaaggen* and A.S. *snican*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary of Eng. Etymology.

64. *Lì;* W. *lliw;* Lat. *liveo;* Eng. *livid*.

Lì (colour, hue) = W. *lliw* (colour), and is regarded by Ebel as cognate with Lat. *liveo, livor, lividus,* from which Eng. *livid* is derived.

65. *Giall* and *gill, giggle, jowl.*

Giall (jaw) is akin to Lat. *gula* (gullet), A.S. *ceole* (jaw), *ceolas* (the jaws), and *geagl* (a jaw, laugh), Eng. *gill, giggle* (from *geagl*), and *jowl* (from *ceole*). Cf. Old Fr. *gole*, Fr. *gueule* (the throat), from Lat. *gula*. See Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 149.

66. *Bat* or *bata* and *bat, battle, batter, beat.*

Bat or *bata* (staff) corresponds to A.S. *bat* (club, staff), Eng. *bat*. Cf. Lat. *batuo* (beat, strike, bruise), Fr. *battre* (to beat, strike), Eng. *batter, battle*. To the same root belong A.S. *beatan* (to beat) and Eng. *beat*.

67. *Bàta* and *boat.*

Bàta (boat) corresponds to W. *bâd* (boat), A.S. *bât* (boat), Dut. *boot*, Ger. *boot*, Eng. *boat*.

68. *Dùn;* W. *din, tin;* A.S. *dun, tun;* Eng. *town, down.*

Dùn (heap, mountain, fort) = W. *din, tin, dinas* (city), and is cognate with A.S. *dun* (mountain, hill) from which Eng. *down* (hill, bank of sand) is derived, and with A.S. *tun* (a place fenced round, village, town) from which Eng. *town* is derived. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 117, Wedgwood's Dict. of Eng. Etymology, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 81,

69. *Cainb* and *hemp.*

Cainb (hemp, canvas) corresponds to Gr. *kannabis*, (hemp), Lat. *cannabis* or *canabis* (hemp), Lith. *kannapes*, A.S. *hænep*, Low Ger. *hennep, hemp*, English *hemp*. *Canvas* (hempen cloth) is from Fr. *canevas*, Ital. *canavaccio*, Lat. *cannabis*.

70. *Mir* and Gr. *meros.*

Mìr (part, share) is evidently akin to Gr. *meros* (part, share) and *meiromai* (to receive one's portion). The root is *mer*, and with it are connected in Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, *moros, mora, moîra*, and Lat. *mors*. To the same root also probably belong Lat. *merus* (pure, unmixed) and Eng. *mere* (separated from, pure).

71. *Colpa* and *calf.*

Colpa, colpach or *calpach* (cow, heifer, bullock, steer), are evidently akin to Goth. *kalbo* Ger. *kalb*, A.S. *cealf* or *calf*, Eng. *calf*. Cf. Gael. *colp* or *calp* (the calf of the leg) with the word *calf*.

72. *Mear, mire, mireag,* and *merry.*

These words are cognate, as may be seen by comparing A.S. *mirige* or *myrig* (merry).

73. *Slac* or *slachd* and *slay, slaughter.*

Slac or *slachd* (to beat with a mallet) may be compared with Ger. *schlagen* (to beat), Goth. *slahan* (to beat), A.S. *slean* (to slay), Eng. *slay*. *Slaughter* is connected with Ice. *slatr*, Ger. *schlachten* (to kill) from *schlagen* (to beat).

74. *Bonn* and *fund, found, bottom.*

Bonn (bottom, foundation, base) was anciently *bond*. It corresponds to W. *bôn*, (base, sole), Lat. *fundus* (the bottom of anything), for *bundhus*, Gr. *puthmēn*, *buthos*, Dan. *bund*, Ger. *boden*, Dut. *bodem*, A.S. *botm*, Eng. *bottom*. *Fund* is from Fr. *fond*, Lat. *fundus*. *Found* (to lay the bottom or foundation of a thing) is from Lat. *fundo* (to found), *fundus* (bottom). *Bunait* (foundation) may be compared with Lat. *fundatio*.

(*To be continued.*)

LEGENDARY HISTORY OF THE SCOTS.

The legendary history of the Scots is contained in various ancient MSS., some dating back to the 10th century. Though these are written in Latin and Old French, Welsh and Irish, Gaelic and Scotch, and by

different authors, still the same facts and almost the same way of stating them, are to be found in all. They are no doubt an embodied form of the traditions, then common to the people, and handed down from age to age. The compilers of many of the documents may have had access to written information now lost; but even if they had not they could have gathered the substance of them from recitation and oral tradition. Man spoke before he communicated his thoughts in written language, and he recited long before he read. In this manner have the poems of Ossian been handed down to us. When Alban's national minstrel was for ever silent, and when his thrilling harp was reverently hung up in the spacious hall, where once its mournful notes mourned Evarillan, and Oscar, and Malvina, and sung in lighter martial strains of the battlefield and love, then admiring minstrels of inferior fame caught up the echoes of its lingering notes, and repeated them until they were at last established in the form we now possess them. In this manner too, were the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, preserved from floating for ever on the dark waters of Lethe.

We may be allowed here to mention that the most perfect collection of Pictish and Scottish Chronicles is that edited by Dr. Skene and published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury. This is an invaluable work. In addition to a learned preface of nearly 200 pages, in which the principal questions relating to the early history of Scotland are discussed and cleared of much of the haze previously surrounding them, it contains a complete and exceedingly useful *index nominum et rerum.*

The compilers of the Scottish Legends delighted to assert and reassert the fabulous antiquity of the Scots. It was an inexhaustible theme, and one strongly united to the chords of the nation's being. Whether sung by the poet, or noted by the chronicler, it always met with a sympathetic response. The mind of the Gael, ever prone to pore over the dark and mysterious, seized hold of it as a present fact. It was rehearsed before the battle, and at the grand celebrations of state; in a word it was one of the greatest of those principles which tended to infuse a spirit of chivalry and daring into the hearts of our warriors of ancient days. These traditions are not to be laughed at as a peculiarity of the Scottish race. Almost every ancient nation, civilized and uncivilized, traced its origin back through the dark ages of time, till it fixed on that which stood up in the universal dimness more clear and conspicuous than the rest. This was the case with the Scots, and how fanciful and strange soever their traditionary legends may appear, they are not one whit more chimerical than those of Greece or Rome.

In the "Pictish Chronicle," the most ancient MS. bearing on the history of Scotland, the Scots (who were then improperly called Hibernienses or Hibernians) and the Picts are said to have come from Scythia, and thence to derive their origin.

The Scythians were also called Albani, from the white colour of their hair. This name under the form Alban was afterwards applied to the country of the Picts, or that part of Scotland north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde. They are mentioned as having bluish grey cat-like eyes, and as seeing equally well in the night-time. The wide expanse of their territories extended from the East Indies to the Germanic confines. They abounded in gold and valuable

gems of all descriptions, even from the cineadic stones, mentioned by Pliny as found in the heads of certain fishes, to the purest form of natural rock crystals. To add to the dignity of such a noble origin on the part of the Scots and Picts, the Scythians are said to have been the direct descendants of Magog, son of Japheth, son of Noah, thus carrying back their genealogy to the patriarchal times. Not a bad stretch of imagination, some may exclaim; yet we have even here bits of the kernel of truth. Whether the Scots took their name from the Scythians, or whether the similarity is merely a fanciful one I will not say, simply because it is a matter of conjecture. It is not, however, a matter of conjecture when it is stated that the Celts are the descendants of the sons of Japheth, and that they peopled the whole of Europe and the northern half of Asia. Whether this is sufficient to account for the origin of their legend I know not.

However interesting it might be to speculate on their journeys westward we dare not do so. What deeds of bravery they displayed are locked up among the hidden things of time. In this particular channel no bridge crosses the vast gulph, no chronicles exist relating actions of which we can say, "are they not written."

The Pictish Chronicle also alludes hypothetically to their Egyptian origin from Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and queen of the Scots. The date of their occupation of Ireland is referred to the fourth age of the world, the period of the decline of the Egyptian monarchy, or A.M. 3430. As this form of the legend is frequently met with in the historical annals, we shall have occasion to remark on it at another time.

The Scots are next mentioned in the Irish additions to the "Historia Britonum." Here we have a poetical account of their wanderings from Scythia till they finally landed in Ireland. This MS. commences with a series of questions on the origin of the Gael. The following is a free translation of the first few verses:—"Whence came the Gael renowned in the fierce battle, whence the mighty stream that bore them to Ireland? whence the land in which they were reared brave heroes in the strife—the Fene? what brought them for scarcity of land towards the setting sun? was the cause of their wanderings flight, commerce or ambition? what is their name as a race, is it Scuitt or Gaidheil?"

R. Mac-an-Rothaich.

(To be continued.)

GAELIC GRAMMAR AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 25.)

1. "An uair a" (when).

In such expressions as "an uair a théid mi" (when I shall go), "an uair a bhuaileas mi" (when I shall strike), the phrase "an uair a," although used adverbially, consists of a noun preceded by the article and followed by the relative pronoun *a*, the pronoun being used as a conjunction like *that* in English and *quod* in Latin. "An uair a théid mi" is, literally, "the hour or time that I shall go," and "an uair a bhuaileas mi," "the hour or time that I shall strike." "A" is, therefore, an essential part of the adverbial phrase, and not a mere redundant or euphonic letter. That "a" after "uair" is a relative pronoun appears also from the fact that it may be followed, as above, by the

future subjunctive, a tense which "is used only after the conjunctions *ma* (if), *o* or *o'n* (since), and the relative *a* expressed or understood" (Stewart's Gram., pp. 93-4).

The same remarks apply to the phrases "an trà a" (when), "an cian a" (while), "am feadh a" (while), &c., in which "a," after "trà," "cian," "feadh," is the relative used as a conjunction.

In the National Bible Society's octavo edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, revised by Drs. Maclauchlan, Edinburgh, and Clerk, Kilmallie, the relative, when used as a conjunction, is omitted, without any mark to indicate the omission, in several places in which it is used in the quarto edition authorised by the General Assembly. It is needless to give examples. In Dr. Clerk's edition of Ossian's Poems the omission of the relative in the phrase "an uair a" is, as a rule, left unmarked, although in many other places in the same edition, an apostrophe indicates where it is understood. The following lines furnish an example of this anomaly:—

"Cha shruth 'tha dorcha fonn an rìgh,
'N uair dh' éireas e measg strì nan teud."

(Oigh-nam-mòr-shùl, 13, 14.)

In the first line, an apostrophe indicates that the relative is understood before "tha"; but, in the second line, no mark indicates that the same relative (used as a conjunction) is understood between "uair" and "dh' éireas," although, in both places, it is essential to the construction.

2. "Gu 'n" (that).

"Gu 'n," which is used as a conjunction, is a contraction for "gu an," the preposition *gu* (to, unto) and the dative case of the relative *a*. Its literal meaning is "to that" or "unto that," "ad quod." "B' fheàrr leam gu 'n tigeadh tu" (I wish that thou wouldst come), is, literally, "I wish to that thou wouldst come," that is, "my wish is to the effect that thou wouldst come." With "gu 'n" may be compared the Latin conjunction *quod*, which is simply the accusative neuter of the relative *qui*, governed by either *ad* or *propter* understood.

The relative is frequently not expressed in Gaelic, for the sake of euphony, between the preposition *gu* and the verb which follows. It was, probably, this circumstance that led Dr. Stewart to think that *n* (*m* before a labial) after *gu* is merely a euphonic letter, which should be written with a hyphen instead of an apostrophe before it. It must, however, be noticed, (1) that Dr. Stewart has not expressed a very decided opinion on this point (see *note* at p. 176 of Stewart's Gram.); (2) that in the Gaelic Pentateuch, which he revised along with Dr. Stewart, Luss, and which was published eight years after the last edition of the Grammar appeared, "gu 'n," not "gu-n," is invariably used; (3) that *'n* (*'m* before a labial) is manifestly understood when it is not expressed between *gu* and the verb which follows, as shown by the following examples taken from the 5th chap. of 2 Cor. (ed. 1826):—

V. 4. . . . . "chum gu bi bàsmhorachd air a slugadh suas le beatha."

(. . . . chum gu 'm bi bàsmhorachd," &c.)

V. 10. . . . . "chum gu faigh gach neach na nithe a rinn e," &c.

(. . . . "chum gu 'm faigh gach neach," &c.)

V. 11. . . . . "tha dòchas agam mar an ceudna gu bheil sinn," &c.

(. . . . "tha dòchas agam mar an ceudna gu 'm beil sinn," &c.

V. 12. . . . . "chum gu bi freagradh agaibh dhoibh-san," &c.

(. . . . "chum gu'm bi freagradh agaibh dhoibh-san," &c.

V. 19. "Eadhon gu robh Dia ann an Criosd," &c.

("Eadhon gu'n robh Dia ann an Criosd," &c.)

V. 20. . . . . "mar gu cuireadh Dia impidh leinne," &c.

(. . . . "mar gu'n cuireadh Dia impidh leinne," &c.)

V. 21. . . . . "chum gu bitheamaid air ar deanamh," &c.

(. . . . "chum gu'm bitheamaid air ar deanamh," &c.

In all these examples *'n* or *'m* (the dative case of the relative) is understood after "gu," and may, as we have shown, be inserted. In verses 4, 12, 19, 20, 21, Drs. Maclauchlan and Clerk have inserted it, we think with advantage, in the edition of the Gaelic Scriptures which they revised. By the apostrophes inserted before *n* and *m* they show that they regarded "gu'n" and "gu'm" as abbreviated forms, although they may not have had a distinct idea of what *'n* and *'m* represent.

In his edition of Ossian's Poems Dr. Clerk has, as a rule, substituted "gu-n" for "gu'n" and "gu-m" for "gu'm," thus showing that he now regards *n* and *m* between *gu* and the verb in the mood which Stewart has called the "negative" or "interrogative," as a mere euphonic letter. But if this view be correct *n* and *m* between the propositions *do*, *fo*, *mu*, *o*, and the verb in the same mood must likewise be regarded as euphonic and be written with a hyphen instead of an apostrophe. Dr. Clerk himself saw this, and, accordingly, we meet in his edition with "do-n" for "do'n" = "do an" (to whom, to which), "fo-n" for "fo'n" = "fo an" (under whom, under which), "mu-n" for "mu'n" = "mu an" (about whom, about which, before that), "o-n" for "o'n" = "o an" (from whom, from which, from that), as in the following examples taken from a number of similar changes which we have marked:—

"A reub an caraid do-n robh 'ghràdh" (Vol. I. p. 450), for,

"A reub an caraid do'n robh 'ghràdh."

(Who pierced the friend to *whom* was his love.)

"Fo-n lùb geug dharaig nan tòrr (Vol. I. 130), for,

"Fo'n lùb geug dharaig nan tòrr."

(Under *which* bends the oak-branch of the hills.)

"Nighean Chath-mhìn, mu-n luaidh na bàird" (Vol. II. p. 258), for,

"Nighean Chath-mhìn, mu 'n uaidh na bàird."

(Daughter of Cath-min of *whom* [lit. about *whom*] the bards will sing.)

"Mu leabaidh o-n leum na ruaidh" (Vol. II. p. 440), for,

"Mu leabaidh o'n leum na ruaidh."

(By the bed from *which* start the hinds.)

We are confident that Dr. Clerk will find no difficulty in seeing that in these examples *n* after *do*, *fo*, *mu*, *o*, is not a euphonic letter but the dative case of the relative *a*, governed by the prepositions *do*, *fo*, *mu*, *o*, and that, therefore, it should be written, as in the editions of the Highland Society and of Mr. Ewen M'Lachlan, with an apostrophe before it to indicate the elision of *a*. We are confident also that, as he was led by "gu-n" to "do-n," &c., he will also be led, on seeing that these forms are erroneous, by "do'n" &c., to the correct form "gu'n."

(To be continued.)

———o———

"Of Two Evils choose the least."—Of two physical evils you may choose the least; of two moral evils, choose neither,

MR. EDMUNDS' REPLY TO COL. ROBERTSON.

SIR,—As you have found room for Col. Robertson's long and vehement attack, I presume you will be able and willing to afford me a much smaller space for a reply. I do not propose to discuss in detail the long string of etymologies which Col. Robertson gives as substitutes for mine; both are now before the public, and I am content to abide its verdict. I merely wish to point out the chief errors in principle and in point into which my antagonist's zeal has betrayed him.

Taking the less important first, I have to note that the statement, that I have copied from Chalmers, is a mistake. I have never read Chalmers' work, but am grateful, none the less, for the information that my etymologies are borne out by so high an authority—if Chalmers be a high authority.

I merely notice in passing the misspelling of the Welsh word, which is not "Lanerch," but "Llannerch," as I wrote it.

A more important mistake is that which attributes to me the assertion that "Ben" and "Pum" are identical. I never wrote such nonsense. I explained that "Iomond" appears to me to be the same as "Iuman" which means the "standard of a tribe." Thus Benlomond would be the "hill of the standard," just as Pumlluman is the "hill of *five* standards," that is, the place where five tribes assembled. "Pum" is an old form of the Welsh "pump" which means *five*.

Another of Col. Robertson's mistakes is, that I do not know what "mam" signifies. I have already given its meaning, which, in all European languages in which it occurs, means "breast," a "mother."

It is not only a mistake but a slight inconsistency in my assailant to object to a place being named Dover from *dwfwr*—"water," when he lays it down that Ayr is named from being on the water. If there be anything "ridiculous" in the etymology, he must take his share of it.

Col. Robertson's *reductio ad absurdum* is a sad failure. He is quite correct in saying that I assert that "the Gael somehow got to the north part of Britain and then came south." All history bears me out in the assertion. The Gael got the habit of "coming south," as soon as the Roman power began to decay, and he continued the practice to the great distress and discomfort of the Roman-Britons until the Saxons drove him back again. For about three centuries the Gaels continued to come "from the northwest," and it is certain that they came south even further than Kent, for the Britons in their petitions to Ætius, the Roman Consul, A.D. 441, says "the barbarians drove us to the sea." That inroads kept up for 300 years should leave no trace is impossible, and that the principal rivers should have waited to be named by the invaders is equally impossible. That some of the invaders remained behind when the rest were driven back is very likely in itself, and is borne out by this fact that traces of their presence are to be found only in a few out-of-the-way spots, and in the names of a few insignificant streams.

All the principal rivers and mountains bear names belonging to the British tongue, intelligible in that tongue at the present day. The "natural direction and emigration of the Gael" is a phrase I do not pretend to understand; I am content with the facts of history, which show that my assailant is altogether wrong as to the *actual* "direction and emigration," &c.

The occurrence of "Aber" in Scotland, taking Col. Robertson's book as my guide, is confined to districts penetrated by the Roman arms; and as the Roman armies must have been composed to a great extent of Britons, there can be no difficulty in accounting for the presence of the word. We read that Claudius penetrated as far as the Orkneys, so that it is impossible that he left much of the mainland unsubdued.

As to the words quoted by me which Col. Robertson says are not Gaelic, my answer is at once clear and brief. If he will refer to my book he will find that I had to answer two assailants, himself and "an eminent Celtic scholar" writing in the *Dublin University Magazine*. In so doing I considered it to be only courtesy to take my specimens of Gaelic from my assailants themselves. All the words in the Gaelic column of the table are quoted, *with the meanings*, exactly from one or other of those authorities, except *balloch*. That I find to be the name of a place situated at the spot where a river issues from a lake, precisely as Bala in North Wales is situated, and if the word be not Gaelic it must be British, which is in etymology still less acceptable to my

opponent. The sixteen words (out of above thirty) which he denounces as not Gaelic, are all quoted from the *Dublin University Magazine*, to which I refer him.

FLAVELL EDMUNDS, F.R.H.S.

Hereford, 12th July, 1873.

—o—

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

KINTYRE CANAL.—There is a proposal being made to cut a canal across Kintyre at Tarbert. The cost is estimated at upwards of £100,000.

THE SCOTCH IN AMERICA.—On Monday, the 14th ult., a lecture on the above subject was delivered in the Music Hall, Inverness, by Charles Mackay, LL.D. The lecture was replete with interest. We shall avail ourselves of some of the information it contained at some future date. A most hearty tribute of thanks was accorded to the lecturer at the close.

NEW ZEALAND.—The idea of establishing a Gaelic church in Dunedin has been mooted. A meeting of persons favourable thereto, has been held in the Athenæum, and the employment in the meantime of an energetic missionary to visit the Gaelic residents in and around Dunedin, has been resolved upon. The meeting was opened with a Gaelic prayer by Mr. M'Lellan, and subsequently an address was delivered by Mr. A. G. Allan.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY.—This vigorous and valuable society held its second annual assembly in the Music Hall on the 10th of last month. The hall was tastefully decorated, and there was an immense audience. In the unavoidable absence of Cluny Macpherson, the chair was occupied by Duncan Davidson, Esq., of Tulloch, around whom on the platform were a large number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom had come long distances to take part in the interesting proceedings. Besides the Chairman, the speakers were the Rev. Alex. M'Gregor, who delivered a most eloquent Gaelic address, from which we are sorry space forbids our making quotations; Dr. Chas. Mackay; the Rev. Alex. Stewart of Nether Lochaber; Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P., and Dr. Carruthers. Excellent and appropriate music, both vocal and instrumental, filled the intervals between the addresses, and the meeting was closed by the singing of a Gaelic version of "God save the Queen."

HONOURS.—We are glad to observe that Mr. William Macphail, son of one of our most valued contributors, has taken first prizes in English, Mathematics, and French in Watson's College, Edinburgh, and has also gained a University Bursary of £25 a year for four years. He is a native of Mull.

WIMBLEDON, THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.—We are proud to state that this prize has now for the third time fallen into the hands of our Highland countrymen. The fortunate shot on this occasion is Sergeant Menzies, Edinburgh, a native of Strath Rannoch. He received quite an ovation at the hands of his comrades on his arrival at Edinburgh.

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down the garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

HIGHLAND SNOBS.— A class sometimes found in society, we would especially beseech to depart: we mean Highlanders ashamed of their country. Cockneys are bad enough, but they are sincere and honest in their idolatry of the Great Babylon. Young Oxonians or young barristers, even when they become slashing London critics, are more harmless than they themselves imagine, and after all inspire less awe than Ben Nevis, or than the celebrated agriculturist who proposed to decompose that mountain with acids, and to scatter the debris as a fertilizer over the Lochaber moss. But a Highlander born, who has been nurtured on oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cakes; who in his youth wore home-spun cloth, and was innocent of shoes and stockings; who blushed in his attempts to speak the English language; who never saw a nobler building for years than the little kirk in the glen, and who owes all that makes him tolerable in society to the Celtic blood which flows in spite of him through his veins;—for this man to be proud of his English accent, to sneer at the everlasting hills, the old kirk and its simple worship, and to despise the race which has never disgaced him—faugh! Peat-reek is frankincense in comparison with him; leave us, we beseech of thee!—*The late Rev. Dr. M'Leod.*

AN
GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1873. [19 Air.

DONNCHA CAIMBEUL.

II.

Bha 'n crodh sgith, agus a' gluasad gu h-athaiseach; ghlac Donncha slatag 'n a laimh, agus chuidich e leis na drobhairean ann a bhi 'g an iomain air an turus. Thug fear dhiu sgillinn dha, thug fear eile da sgillinn dha; agus air do 'n oganach aig an robh an drobh air a churam 'fhaicinn cho ealamh agus cho ghrad-charach 's a bha Donncha, agus an t-astar a chaidh e leo gu bhi 'g an cuideachadh, thug e sea-sgillean dha. Bha sud 'n a mhaoin do Dhonncha. Air dha 'bhi ro ocrach, cheannaich e tri builionnan sgillinn anns a' cheud bhaile troimh an deachaidh iad; dhith e aon dhiubh; thug e aon eile do Oscar, agus ghiulain e an treasamh aon dhiubh fo 'achlais fa chomhair 'fheuma air a thurus. Lean e an drobh gus an d' thainig an oidhche orra, agus thionndaidh iad a thaobh anns an dubh-thra gu raon ard eadar *Uisge Ghala* agus *Middleton*. Leig Donncha e fein sios gu tamh fo fhasgadh seann challaid; roinn e a' bhuilionn air Oscar, agus dhith iad an greim tioram gu caidreach le 'cheile. Air do Dhonncha 'bhi ro sgith, thuit e gun dail ann an trom chodal, as nach do dhuisg e gus an robh a' ghrian air direadh ri airde nan speur air an latha ar-n a' mhàireach. Bha Oscar, an drobh agus na Sasunnaich air falbh agus as an t-sealladh. Fhuair Donncha bochd e fein 'n a aonarach air raon lom, fasail, gun fhios dha ciod an duthaich no an rioghachd anns an robh e. Shuidh e car greis ann am breislich iomadanach neo-umhaileach, a' suathadh a shul agus a' tachas a chinn; cha b' urrainn e 'inntinn a dheanamh suas ciod a dheanadh e, no c' aite an rachadh e. Anns an dùiseal chianail ud, co a chunnaic e a' tighinn air ais d'a ionnsuidh, 'n a dheann-ruith, ach a chaomh-charaid Oscar; oir ged a b' eiginn dha air gairm a mhaighistir, Donncha 'fhagail leis fein 'n a shuain fo fhasgadh na callaid, far an do chaith iad an oidhche ann an asgailtean a cheile, bu choltach gu 'n do ghabh Oscar fath air a' cheud chothrom a fhuair e gu teicheadh air ais gus far an d' fhag e a chompanach. Ole no math a dh' fheudadh tighinn 'n a dhàil, chuir Donncha roimhe, na 'm bu chomasach e, dealachadh a chur eadar Oscar agus a dhroch mhaighistir; smaointich e nach robh ni 'b 'fhearr fo 'ailghios na teicheadh air falbh bho 'n rathad mhor cho luath 's a bheireadh an cosan iad le 'cheile, agus an aghaidhean a thoirt air monadh fiadhaich a bha 'sineadh a mach ris an aird-an-iar. Cha deachaidh iad da fhichead ceum thar an rathaid, gus am faca e an Sasunnach a' tilleadh air ais gun ad gun chota, le a bhata togta ri 'ghualainn. Chriothnaich Donncha gu bonnaibh a chos, fo eagal gu 'n cuireadh an Sasunnach, 'n a fheirg agus 'n a bhruidealachd, na h-eanchainnean as fein agus á Oscar. A reir coslais, cha d' thug an Sasunnach an aire dhoibh, air dha a bhi 'n a dheannruith agus a' sealltainn direach roimhe. Luidh Donncha sios fo thoman fraoich, agus chrub Oscar gu teann ri 'bhroilleach. Bha am fraoch cho fada 's gu 'n do chomhduich e iad le cheile; leum an Sasunn-

ach thar an rathaid a dh-ionnsuidh an aite 's an do chuir Donncha agus Oscar an oidhche seachad, ach cha d' fhuair e ann ach nead fhalamh. Sheall e mu 'n cuairt, agus ghairm e air Oscar; chlisg Oscar, agus dhluthaich e ri broilleach Dhonnchai; chunnaic Donncha e 'tighinn direach an taobh a bha iad, 'aodann laiste le feirg agus le aimheal, le a bhata suas ri 'ghualainn. An uair a thainig e dluth dhoibh sheas e; sheall e a null 's a nall, chuir e a mheoir 'n a phluic, riun e fead-ghlaice, agus bheuc e a mach: "Oscar, gheo, ho!" Chriothnaich Oscar, agus chrub e ni 'bu dluithe ri broilleach Dhonnchai. Bheireadh Donncha an saoghal, ged 'bu leis e, airson gu 'n sluigeadh an talamh e. "Gonadh agus droch comhdhail air," arsa 'n Sasunnach: "Na 'm faighinn greim air dheamainn e fein agus an slaoightear beag, bradach daor aig pris sam bith. Cha 'n urrainn iad a bhi ro fhada air falbh; ar leam gu 'm bheil mi 'g an cluinntinn." Sheas e 'n a thosd a dh' eisdeachd car tiota, ach aig an dearbh mhionaid ud thainig tuathanach air muin eich suas ris, agus dh' fheoraich e dheth an do chaill e a chu? Thuirt an Sasunnach gu 'n do chaill, gu 'n do ghoideadh e le biasd bhalaich a choinnich riu air an rathad. Dh' innis an tuathanach dha gu 'n do choinnich e ri giullan agus cu 'n a dheigh mu thuairam mile air adhart. Air dhoibh a bhi mar so a' comhradh ri 'cheile, chaidh cu an tuathanaich suas gu uirigh Dhonnchai, chuir e a shron air fein agus air Oscar, choc e 'earball, thug e cuairt no 'dha timchioll orra, a grunnsgail gu bagarrach. Mu 'n d' fhag e iad bhuin e gu mi-mhodhail ri Donncha, ach air eagal an drobhair, ghiulain Donncha gu foighidneach leis an oilbheum a thug cu an tuathanaich dha. Cho luath agus a chuala an drobhair sgeul an tuathanaich mu 'n ghiullan agus mu 'n chu ghreas e air adhart gun suil a thoirt thar a ghuala gus an deachaidh e as an t-sealladh.

An uair a fhuair Donncha e fein agus Oscar aon uair eile saor á lamhan an drobhair, bha 'uchd air a lionadh agus air a luasgadh le tomhas de sholas agus de thaingealachd, a chuir gach cruaidhchas troimh an deachaidh e riamh, as a chuimhne; agus cho luath 's a chaidh an Sasunnach as an t-sealladh dheirich e fein agus Oscar, thog iad ris a' mhonadh, agus cha b' fhada gus an d' rainig iad gu tigh ciobair, far an d' fhuair e aran agus meog air son a bhidhmaidne. Cha bu chuimhne leis gu 'n do bhlais e riamh diota no urachadh cho milis no cho taitneach; ach ocrach mar bha e fein, cha d' aicheidh e air Oscar a roinn de 'n chreich.

Tur aineolach air an duthaich anns an d' fhuair Donncha e fein a nis, 'n a fhogarrach allabanach gun pheighinn 'n a phoca, cha robh dad a b' fhearr na a' bhaigeireachd fo 'ailghios; mar sin bha e corr agus bliadhna a' dol mu 'n cuairt o thigh gu tigh air feadh nan tuathanach timchioll monadh *Herriot*, a' fuireach, ma dh' fhaoidte, bho aon oidhche gu 'dha no tri 'sheachdainean anns gach aite fa leth a reir an tomhais do chaoimhneas a gheibhte leis. Cha ghabhadh e gu dona tair no dimeas a dheante air fein, ach far am faigheadh Oscar beum no buille, no na 'n faighte coire do 'n chairdeas chaidreach a bha air altrum le Donncha dha, bu leoir sud gu bhi a' gluasad Dhonnchai gu bogadh nan gad, ciod air bith cho fialaidh 's a bhiodhte ris fein.

Dh' fhuirich e mios no 'dha ann an aite d' am b' ainm *Dewar*, far an robh, na 'm b' fhior an sgeul, tannasg piobaire a' tathaich; chaidh am piobaire a chur gu bas moran bhliadhnachan roimh an am ud, agus air mhodh eigin a dh' fhuirich riamh 'n a dhiomhaireachd; agus b' ainmig

oidhche anns a' bhliadhna nach robh am piobaire air a chluinntinn no air 'fhaicinn le cuid-eigin timchioll an tighe. Bha a leaba aig Donncha ann an oisinn de 'n bha-thigh, agus bha e air a sharuchadh gu h-eagalach leis a' phiobaire. Bhiodh e 'g a chluinntinn gu tric a' sgriobadh am measg nan taobhan agus nan sailean, agus air uairibh a' ròcail mar gu 'm biodh neach a' tilgeadh na h-analach, no mar mhart 'g a tachdadh anns an nasg; ach fa dheireadh, air oidhche araid chunnaic e am piobaire ri a thaobh, ni a chuir a leithid de uamhas air a's gu 'm b' eigin dha an t-aite 'fhagail, an deigh dha 'bhi re ioma latha ann an tinneas fiabhrusach. Bheir sinn an sgnel so ann am briathraibh Dhonncha fhein, mar 'bu tric a bha e air 'aithris leis:

"Air feasgar araid, air dhomh a bhi ag iomain cruidh gu mullach *Willenslee*, thuit an oidhche orm mu 'n d' fhuair mi air m' ais. Bha mi a' smaointeachadh 's a' smaointeachadh cho cruaidh-chridheach 's a bha e, am piobaire bochd a mharbhadh—a theanga 'ghearradh a mach as a bheul, agus a throimh-lotadh o'n taobh-chuil. Smaointich mi nach b' iongantach ged a ghabhadh a thannasg gu ro dhona e. Ann am priobadh na sul, thug mi fainear solus air thoiseach orm. Shaoil mi gu 'n robh an t-slatag a bha 'n am laimh ri theine, agus thilge mi air falbh i, ach chunnaic mi an solus, a' snamh gu h-athaiseach seachad air mo chois dheis agus a' dearrsadh air mo chulthaobh. Cha robh dad de eagal orm, agus thionndaidh mi mu 'n cuairt a shealltuinn air an t-solus, agus ciod a chunnaic mi ach am piobaire 'n a sheasamh lamh rium air mo chulthaobh, agus air dhomh tionndadh mu 'n cuairt, sheall e direach 'n am aodann. Bha e coltach ri corp marbh; ach cha d' fhuair mi ach plathadh dheth; oir ann an tiota dh' fhas gach ni mu 'n cuairt dhomh cho dorcha ri slochd! Dh' fheuch mi ri ruith, ach thuit mi 'n am ghlag air an lar, luidh mi sios ann an seorsa de dhùiseal, cha 'n fhios cia cho fada 's a bha mi 'n am shineadh; ach 'n uair a thainig mi thugam fein, dheirich mi agus dh' fheuch mi ri ruith, ach cha tugainn da cheum gun bhi 'n am shineadh a rithist. Cha robh mi ceud slat o'n tigh, agus tha mi lan chinnteach gun d' fhuair mi corr agus ceud leagadh mu 'n d' rainig mi e. Air an la ar-n a' mhàireach bha mi ann an ard fhiabhrus; rinn na searbhantan leaba air mo shon ann an oisinn de 'n *Chidsin*, far an robh mi 'n am luidhe re mhoran laithean, a' fulang gach oidhche fo eagal agus fo uamhas, a' sior shaoilsinn gu 'n robh an piobaire a' cromadh tharam air an aon taobh no air an taobh eile. Cho luath agus a fhuair mi comus gluasaid dh' fhag mi *Dewar;* ach fada na dheigh sud, cha b' urrainn dhomh codal am aonar 's an oidhche, no fuireach ro fhada leam fhein eadhon re an latha."

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

———o———

LITIR O RUNASDACH.

A GHAIDHEIL RUNAICH,—Cha 'n 'eil feum ann a bhi 'toirt seachad leisgeulan air son a bhi cho fada gun sgriobhadh g' ur n-ionnsaidh. Tha barail agaibh fhein air an aobhar cheana, a's cha 'n eil buannachd ann an tuilleadh a radh. An uair a thoisich mi air sgriobhadh thugaibh a thaobh seann chleachdan agus saobh-bharailean a bha, aig aon am, coitchionn 'n ar measg, bha a run orm litir a chur g' ur n-ionnsaidh gach mios, oir cha deachaidh ach gle bheag dhiubh a thoirt a lathair fhathast; a's tha iad airidh air an cumail air chuimhne, mar nithe a bhuineas do 'n aimsir a bha. Sgriobh

mi litir g' ur n-ionnsaidh air son na h-aireamh mu dheireadh, a' toirt iomraidh air na cleasan agus na gnathan leis am b' abhaist do na Gaidheil an oidhche fhada, gheamhraidh a chur seachad; ach bha an litir tuilleadh 's fada air dheireadh, a's cha do chuir mi air falbh i. An uair a thainig an GAIDHEAL a steach chunna mi nach robh feum a cur thugaibh idir, do bhrigh 's gu 'n d' thug *Abrach* cunntas seachad air a' cheart ni. Ann an aite na litreach sin a chur thugaibh, air eagal gu 'm biodhmaid a reir aogais "am bad a cheile," a's cha 'n ann "ri guaillibh a cheile," bheir mi dhuibh sgeulachd bheag no dha a tha 'nochdadh cuid de na nithe a bha aon uair air an creidsinn. Tha mi ro thoilichte 'fhaicinn gu 'm bheil Triath Ile, an Caimbeulach smearail, air cuid d' an stor mhor a tha aige a thoirt a lathair—Buaidh a's piseach air! Is mor a' chomain fo 'm bheil e air gach aon aig am bheil tlachd do 'n chanain aosda, a chur. Cha 'n 'eil iad ach teare a chruinnich ri 'cheile a' choimhlion rann agus sgeul 's a thionail esan. Chuireadh e comain a bu mhomha air a luchd-duthcha, na 'n oidhirpicheadh e air an teagasg no an fhirinn a tha 'n a laidhe aig steidh nan sgeulachdan a chomharachadh a mach; oir tha mi 's an lan bheachd gu 'm bheil aobhar sonruichte aig gach sgeul—gu 'm bheil iad aona chuid 'n an doigh bhardail air teagasg eigin a thoirt seachad, no gniomh araidh a chumail air chuimhne. Tha moran diubh 'n am mineachadh air nithe nadurra, a's cuid diubh air an toirt mar reuson air son coslais agus dealbh na duthcha. Tha na sgeulachdan so cho ceangailte ris na h-ainmean aig aitean a's gu 'm bheil e neochomasach an t-ainm a thuigsinn gun eolas a bhi aig neach air an sgeul. Tha a sgeul fein am bitheantas aig gach cnoc, aig gach gleann, agus aig gach staca. Tha luchdleughaidh a' GHAIDHEIL uile eolach air an doigh anns an deachaidh call na luinge Spainntich a chumail air chuimhne, ann an sgeulachdan nan Gaidheal. Tha an sgeul sin air 'innseadh cho snasmhor leis an Ollamh Mac-Leoid, a's gu 'm bheil mi beachdaidh nach ann aon uair a bha e air a leughadh leis gach Gaidheal. Tha an sgeul so a' leigeil ris an rathad anns am bheil, aig moran de na h-ursgeulan faoin a bha air an innseadh an uair a chruinnicheadh muinntir air cheilidh, an steidh ann am firinn. So agaibh sgeul a bha air a lan chreidsinn aon uair am measg nan seann daoine.

Tha loch aillidh ann an aon de eileanan na Gaidhealtachd. O'n loch so tha sruthan a' ruith a chum na mara; a's ged nach 'eil eas no bacadh air bith 's an rathad tha e air aithris nach 'eil bradan ri 'fhaotainn air an t-sruthan sin. A nis cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach 'eil so fior; a's ma tha e fior, feumaidh gu 'm bheil aobhar eigin ann an Nadur air a shon; ach so agaibh an t-aobhar a thug na seann sgeulachdan seachad a thaobh na cuise. Bha, latha araidh, duine ag iasgach air an t-sruthan sin. Thug e uine fhada air iomairt na slaite a's air siapadh na cuileige, ach iasg cha d' thug plub, agus ceann cha do ghlac e. Mu dheireadh thainig seann duine coir far an robh an t-iasgair. Bha an duine comharraichte air son maldachd a ghnuise agus suairceis 'aogais. Co bha 's an fhear-thurais ach Calum-cille, a bha aig an am air chuairt anns na cearnaibh sin a' searmonachadh an t-soisgeil. Chuir e failte le modh duin'-uasail air an iasgair. An deigh dhoibh a bhi greis a' seanchas, dh' iarr Calum-cille air an iasgair a' chiad bheathach a ghlacadh e. Gheall an t-iasgair sin a dheanamh. Cha bu luaith' a thug e an gealladh na

ghlac e bradan ciatach. An uair a chunnaic e cho eireachdail 's a bha an t-iasg a thug e air tir, ghabh e aithreachas d'an ghealladh a thug e do 'n choigreach, a's thuirt e ris, "Gleidhidh mi am fear so, a's gheobh thu an ath aon a ghlacas mi." "Bitheadh e mar sinn," arsa Calum, a's ann am priobadh na sul' bha bradan moran na bu mhomha na 'chiad fhear aige air ghiuran. A rithisd thug sglamhaireachd agus sannt air a ghealladh a bhristeadh; "Bheir mi dhuit," ars esan, "an ath iasg a gheobh mi." "Bitheadh e mar sinn," arsa Calum. Ann an uine ghearr bha bradan tar-gheal, fada na bu mhomha agus na b' fhearr na 'n dithis eile, aige air a dhubhan. Thug e gu tir e, agus fhuair sannt a' bhuaidh an treas uair air an iasgair; agus a rithisd dh' fhailnich e 'n a fhacal. Las corruich Chaluim; mhallaich e an t-uisge, agus o'n latha sin gus a so cha deachaidh bradan a thoirt gu tir air bruaich uaine an t-sruthain so. Tha e soilleir do gach aon nach 'eil an sgeul so fior, ach gidheadh, tha e 'n a dhoigh bhardail air ni nadurra a chumail air chuimhne, a's tha e aig a' cheart am a' toirt seachad leasan moralta ro mhath; tha e 'leigeil ris cho graineil 's a tha ceilg ann an gnothuichean; a' foill-seachadh cho taireil 's a tha sglamh-aireachd agus sannt, agus a' teagasg gu 'm pill ceilg, breugan, carachd agus lubachd shnagach le dioghaltas dubailte air cinn na dream a chleachd-as iad. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach teagaisgeadh sgeul d' an t-seorsa so do shluagh aineolach na b' fhearr na ma dh' fhaoite iomadh searmoin, cho feumail 's a tha e an fhirinn a labhairt aig gach am, a's gach geall-adh a bheirear seachad a choimhlion-adh.

Tha e, mar a tha 'fhios agaibh 'n a sgeula cumanta gu 'n do chuir Paruig an ruaig air na nathraichean á tir na h-Eirionn. Tha e so-thuigsinn do gach neach nach 'eil an sgeul sin fior ann an seadh litreachail, ach faodaidh e bhi fior gu leoir ann an rathad eile; oir, tha sar fhirinn air a cur an ceill anns an sgeul ma 's e 's gu 'n robh e fior gu 'n robh na Gaidheil aon uair a' toirt aoraidh do 'n nathair. Ma tha e fior, mar tha cuid dhiubhsan a tha 'toirt aire do sheana cleachdainnean ag innseadh dhuinn, gu 'n robh nathair-aoradh air a chleachdainn am measg nan Ceilteach; an sin tha e da-rir-eadh fior gu 'n do chuir Paruig ruaig air na nathraichean trid toirt a steach na h-aidmheil' Criosdaidh. Cha 'n 'eil aon air bith nach cuala mu dheibhinn na h-altarach a fhuaradh o chionn beagan uine dluth air Loch-nan-eala, ann an sealladh tri binneinean Chruachain—Ban-righ nam beann. Tha an altair so, ma 's fhior; air dealbh nathair mhoir, agus tha iad ann a tha tarruing uaith so gu 'n robh aor-adh air a thoirt do 'n bhiasd shnag-aich le ar n-athraichean anns na linntean fada-thall. Ma 's e agus gu bheil so fior, oir cha 'n eil mi dol a thoirt barail' a thaobh na cuise, tha e soilleir mar a chuir Paruig an ruaig air na nathraichean — trid a bhi 'n a mheadhon air creideamh a b' fhearr agus eolas a b' airde a thoirt a steach do 'n duthaich. Tha cuid ann a tha ag aicheadh gu 'n d' thug na Gaidheil aoradh, aig am air bith, do ni no neach ach dhasan d' an dlighe aoradh: their iad gur tuaileas a tha air a chur orra an uair a their-ear mu 'n deibhinn, gu 'n robh iad a' toirt aoraidh do *Bhàl* no do 'n ghrein. Tha iadsan a tha de 'n bharail so ag radh nach 'eil na facail, "Bealltainn" —*Bàl-teine*, agus "miorbhuil"—*meur-Bhàil*, a' dearbhadh ni air bith, oir, gur e "Beuil," 's e sin *beatha-uile*, an t-ainm leis an do chomharraich na Gaidheil a mach an Ti ud a's e Ughdar gach ni. Tha iadsan a tha

d' an bharail so a' faicinn, eadhon anns na h-altairean ud, mar a tha an altair faisg air an air iodhal-aoradh, ach air an fhior aoradh. Tha na h altairean so do ghnath air am faotainn ann an sealladh beinne eigin, aig am bheil tri barranna no binneinean; agus tha a' chuid d' an altair air an robh an iobairt air a tairgseadh air mullach cinn na nathrach. Tha a' bheinn, deir iad, 'n a samhladh air an Trianaid bheannaichte—'n a triuir, ach fhathast 'n a h-aon; agus an altair air ceann na nathrach a' leigeil ris na buaidh' a bha ri bhi air a toirt leis an Ti ud a b'e "Siol na mnatha a bhruth ceann na nathrach." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh cuid de fhirinn air a measgadh leis gach seorsa saobh-chreidimh agus iodhal-aoraidh; agus bhitheadh e 'n a chuspair gle fhreagarrach do chuid de na h-ard-sgoilearan gleusta a tha 'deanamh comhnaidh leibh, oidheirp a thoirt air solus a chur air eachdraidh bharailean agus ceud-chreideamh nan Gaidheal.

Bheir mi nis seachad sgeul beag eile trid an d' thug na seann daoine oidheirp air ni ann an Nadur a mhineachadh. Tha eilean beag 'n a laidhe faisg air corsa aon de eileanan mora Innse-Gall, anns am bheil e air a radh, nach fhan nathair beo. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam am bheil so fior, ach tha gu leoir de nathraichean nimheil anns an eilein mhor. A nis, tha a' cheart ni air a radh do thaobh Eirinn. So agaibh an seol air an do mhinich na seann sgeulachdan a' chuis. Tha e air a radh gur e mir de dh-Eirinn a tha 's an eilean bheag —gu 'n robh air madninn Shamhraidh araidh, anns na linntean ud anns an robh famhairean ag aiteachadh nan cearna so, aon de mhnathan-uaisle nan curaidhean uamhasach sin a' miannachadh sgriob a thoirt a nall á Eirinn do dh-Albainn. Ann an aite dol air bord luinge no bata, chuir i truisealadh oirre fein a's ghabh i nall troimh linne bhuaireasaich nam beuchd, mar gu 'm biodh neach a' dol thar aite tana na h-aibhne. An uair a bha i 'tarruing dluth air cladaichean na h-Alba leig i sios an truisealadh a bha oirre; agus 'd é a bha ach an t-eilean beag aice ann an luib a sgiort gun fhios aice air, ged a tha mu dha chota-ban fearainn ann. Thuit an t-eilean an sud, agus an sud tha e fhathast. Tha cuimhne agam aon uair a bhi 'labhairt ri seann duine coir a bha a' lan chreidsinn an sgeoil so. Dh' oidheirpich mi air a dhearbhadh dha cho tur an aghaidh naduir 's a bha an ni. Cha rachadh agam air a chur as a bheachd fein aon lide; agus thar leam gu 'm bheil mi a' faicinn fhathast mar a las suil an duine choir le lan bhuaidh, an uair a chuir e ceisd rium a bha e lan chinnteach a thilgeadh bun os cionn mo mhi-chreideamh anns an sgeul. "Ciamar, mata," ars esan, "a mhinicheas tu a' chuis nach fan nathair beo an Eirinn, agus nach momha dh' fhanas aon beo anns an eilean so?" Cha d' thuirt mi fhein diog, oir bha 'fhios agam gu math ged a dhearbhas tu ni an aghaidh a thoile air neach, gu 'm bi e gun chaochladh bharail 'n a dheigh sud uile. Is iomadh uair uaith sin a smaointich mi gu 'n robh reusonachadh an duine choir a chearta cho diongmholta ris a' cho-dhunadh a chum am bheil daoine foghlumta a' teachd a thaobh iomadh aon de na ceisdean deacair ud a tha an comhnuidh a' teachd f'ar comhair; oir, ged a ni sinn gaire fochaide air creideamh an t-seann duine mar ni amaideach, agus a dh' ardaicheas sinn beachdan nan teallsanach leis na h-ainmean, foghlum, agus ealainn, tha cuid dhiubh a cheart cho gorach ri naidheachd an eilein. Cha 'n 'eil ach bliadhna no dha o 'n thug aon de luchd-teagaisg Oilthigh Ghlaschu

seachad barail a thaobh na doighe anns an d' thainig beatha a dh-ionnsaidh an t-saoghail so againne air tus a bha mile uair na bu mhi-choltaiche na 'n sgeul mu 'n bhan-fhamhair; oir gorach agus mar 'tha a' bharail, bha e a cheart cho daicheil gu 'n d' thug ise an t-eilean 'n a h-uchd agus gu 'n d' thainig *sioga do sin* seanair Adhaimh a chum an t-saoghail so air tus mar dhaol, an crochadh ri spitheig bhig a bha air a siapadh o shaoghal eigin eile a chaidh 'n a bhloighdean anns an iarmailt. Chaidh fuadach air barailean faoin nan Gaidheal, ach cuin a threigeas na teallsanaich am beachdan amaideach 's a shiubhlas iad anns an t-solus fhior a tha 'dearrsadh o ghrein an aigh? Slan leibh!—Is mi, le gach durachd, bhur caraid dileas, RUNASDACH.

Glaschu, 20 mh la de Threas Mios an t-Samhraidh, 1873.

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MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

XIII.

LINN OISEIN AGUS NA FEINNE.

A reir an riaghlaidh a bha am measg nan Gaidheal bha comas aig na cinn-fheadhna an lagh a chur an gniomh ach b' iad na Druidhnich na Lagh-thabhartairean. Air uairibh chuireadh iad luchd-riaghlaidh air chois agus bheireadh iad dhoibh pairt de 'n ughdarras aca fein; bheireadh iad doibh mar an ceudna tiodal no ainm Righ; ach ged a bhiodh an *t-ainm Righ* aig an luchd-riaghlaidh, bhiodh cumhachd an Righ aig na Druidhnich. 'N uair a thigeadh cogadh no teinn sam bith air an tir, thaghadh na Druidhnich fear a bhiodh 'n a ard-cheannard air na cinn fheadhna eile. Theireadh iad "*Fear-gu-breth*" mar ainm ris an neach so. Is ann o'n fhocal so a thug *Iulius Cæsar* an t-ainm "*Vergubretus*" mu 'm bheil e ag iomradh anns an eachdraidh a sgriobh e air cogadh *Ghàl*. 'N uair a sguireadh an cogadh leigeadh am Fear-gu-breth sios a chumhachd, agus an rioghalachd. Bha an t-ughdarras so fada ann an laimh nan Druidhneach. Is ann mu thoiseach na Dara Linne, A.D. 100, a thainig iad gu bhi call an cumhachd. B' abhaist do chlainn nan ard-uaislean a bhi ag ionnsachadh an cuid foghluim o na Druidhnich, ach o'n a thoisich an cogadh ris na Romanaich cha robh uine aca ri sheachnadh gu fantuinn ri foghlum fhaotainn. A chuid 's a chuid bha na Druidhnich a' call am meas. Rachadh am *Fear-gu-breth* a thaghadh as cugmhais an aonta, agus air uairibh an aghaidh an toile. Aus an uair a chosnadh e ughdarras agus cumhachd am measg nan ceann-feadhna eile dh' fhanadh e 's an dreuchd an deigh do 'n chogadh sgur, agus chumadh e aige fein mar oighreachd an ni a fhuair e air tus le roghainn chaich.

Is cosmhuil gur h-ann mar so a bha a' chuis 'n uair a roghnaich na Druidhnich Garmul mac Thairne 'n a Fhear-gu-breth. Ghleidh Treunmor, sinn-seanathair Fhinn an dreuchd so leis an laimh laidir; agus righich Trathul, a mhac 'n a aite. Thainig Garmul a dh-ionnsuidh Thrathul, agus dh' iarr e air, ann an ainm nan Druidhneach, an rioghachd a thoirt dha fein. Dhiult Trathul so a dheanamh agus mar sin dh' eirich cogadh eadar e fein agus na Druidhnich, agus b'e an deireadh gu 'n do sgriosadh na Druidhnich ach beag gu h-iomlan mu 'n do sguir an cogadh. Am beagan a dh' fhuirich beo dhiubh theich iad do chuiltibh agus do choilltibh uaighneach, agus dh' fhas iad fuathmhor do 'n rioghachd uile. Cha 'n ioghnadh ma ta ged a robh fuath aig Oisean do na Druidhnich mar a bha aig 'athair, Fionn, agus agus aig a sheanmathair Cumhal, agus a shinn-seanathair Trathal, a

chionn gun robh iad a' cur an aghaidh an teaghlaich so a dh' fhaotainn na rioghachd. Feudaidh e bhi gur h-e so aon de na h-aobharan air son am bheil Oisean a' deanamh cho beag luaidh air diadhachd 'n a chuid dhan, seach mar tha bàird nan duthchannan eile a' deanamh. A reir coslais bha Oisean beo anns an linn an deigh do na Druidhnich a bhi air an cur fodha, agus mu 'n d' thainig an Creideamh Criosduidh a stigh do 'n Ghaidhealtachd. Oir cha 'n 'eil e deanamh luaidh air aon sam bith de na grathannaibh aig na Criosduidhibh. Ach cha 'n 'eil fior chiunte cuin a thainig an soisgeul am measg nan Gaidheal. Tha cuid a' smuaineachadh gur ann ri linn na geur leanmhuinn a rinneadh le *Dioclesian* air pobull Chriosd 's a' bhliadhna 303, a thainig an creideamh air tus do thaobh tuath Bhreatuinn, 'n uair a bha na Criosduidhean a' faotainn fasgaidh an sin o'n gheurleanmhuinn. Is cosmhuil gu 'n do ghabh na naomh-theachdairean so tamh anns na Cuiltibh uaigneach a bha aig na Druidhnich roimhe sin 'n uair a theich iad o ghnuis Thrathuil mhic Threunmhoir, agus gur h-ann o 'n ni so a fhuair iad an t-ainm "*Cuiltich.*" Tha e air aithris gun robh connspoid aig Oisean ri fear dhiu so 'n a shean aois. Ma tha sinn fior dh' fheumadh gu 'n robh Oisean ann mu dheireadh na treas agus mu thoiseach na ceathramh linne.

Ann an aon de dhànaibh Oisein, Dan Chaomh-mhala, tha iomradh air cath a chur Fionn ann an laithibh òige ri Carucul, ais an abrar, "Mac Righ an Domhain." A reir na h-uile coslais b'e am fear ud *Caracalla* mac an Impire Romanaich, *Severus.* Anns a' bhliadhna 210, phill *Severus* o'n Chath-thurus air an deachaidh e an aghaidh nan *Caledonach* 'n uair a rainig e gu tuath cho fada ris a' Chaol Mhuireach. Dh' fhas e tinn aig Baile *York* an ceann Deas Bhreatuinn; ghabh na *Caledonaich* agus na *Magh-aitich* misneach an sin, agus ghlac iad an cuid arm gu cogadh an aghaidh nan Romanach. Chuala *Severus* mu thimchiol so agus dh' àithn e d' a mhac *Caracalla* imeachd an aghaidh nan *Caledonach* gus an sgrios gu tur. Chaidh *Caracalla* air a thurus ach cha d' rinn e iarrtus 'athar a choilionadh, oir bha fiughair aige gu 'm faigheadh 'athair am bas agus gu 'n glacadh e fein an Impireachd. Air an aobhar sin bha e dealbh innleachdan air son a bhrathar, *Geta* a chur ás a sheilbh. Cha bu luaithe bha a chas air criochaibh nan *Caledonach* na chuala e gu'n d' fhuair an t-Impire *Severus*, 'athair bas. Rinn e an sin sith a nasgadh gu h-obunn ris na *Caledonaich* agus thug e air ais doibh an tir a thug 'athair uatha a reir mar tha *Dion Cassius* ag radh. Tha Oisean a' deanamh iomradh air cath a chuireadh aig abhainn Charuinn, oir tha Fionn ag aithneadh do na baird "Togaibh gu h-ard am blar aig Carunn; theich Caracul 's a shluagh o m' lainn." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e an Caracul, ris an robh Fionn a' cogadh, *Caracalla* mac an Impire *Severus*, ris am maith a dh' fhaoidteadh "Righ an Domhain" a radh. Cha 'n 'eil nine cho fada eadar a' bhliadhna A.D. 211, 'n uair fhuair *Severus* bas, agus toiseach na ceathramh linne, 's nach faodadh Oisean mac Fhinn na ceud Theachdairean Criosduidh fhaicinn an deigh an ioma-ruagadh le *Dioclesian* thairis air criochaibh Impireachd na Roimhe gu tir bheanntail nan *Caledonach.* Oir dh' fhaodadh Fionn a bhi cogadh ri Caracalla 'n uair a bha e 'n a ghille og mu 'n do phos e mathair Oisein, agus tha e soilleir gur ann 'n a sheann aois a bha Oisean a' cur ri cheile nan dan, 'n uair a dh' fhagadh e 'n a aonar an deigh na Feinne, 'n a sheann duine bochd, dall, bronach.

A reir gach coslais, ma thachair an ni idir, is ann aig an am sin a bha an comhradh eadar Oisean agus fear de na teachdairibh Criosdaidh no de na Cuildich, ris am bheil e ag radh "aonaran liath nan creag."

D. B. B.

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ORAN.

Trath a rugadh mac-oighre do Mhoraire Gilleasbuig, dara mac Dhuic Earraghaidheal chaidh fios a chur gu Ionar-aora leis an "sgeul-dhealan." Bho 'n a b'e Moraire Gilleasbuig a bu Chaiptin air a' Cheath-arna-shaor-thoil aig Ionar-aora; rinn a Cheatharna gairdeachas ris an sgeul a chluinntinn, agus chuir iad an ordugh gu 'm bitheadh fleagh agus subhachas aca, a chum urram a chur air an Caiptin; agus chaidh iarraidh mar ghean-math air oranaiche a bha 's a' chuideachd, e a chur an ordugh duanag gu a seinn anns a' chuideachd air son tuilleadh cridhealais. Rinn an t-oranaiche an duanag a leanas:—

AIR FONN.

An te sin air am bheil mi 'n yeall
A gruaidh mar chaorann dearg air chrann.

SEISD.

Thainig sgeul o thir nan Gall,
A thog aoibhneas feadh nan Gleann;
Sheinn na h-eoin air bharr nan geug,
'S bha mire-leum aig feidh na 'm beann.

Mar aiteal grein' o àird nan speur,
Thainig an "sgeul-dhealan" le spéid,
Ag radh gu 'n d'rugadh oighre òg;
Iarmad Chailein-mhòir a bh' ann.
Thainig sgeul, &c.

Faillean òg ri craobh nam buadh,
A' chraobh a sheas gach teas a's fuachd;
A's mar a b' aosda 'bha i 'fàs,
Bu mhò a blàth gu aird nan crann.
Thainig sgeul, &c.

B' i sud a' chraobh a thrus na meoir,
Thair gach craoibh anns an Roinn-Eorp';
Tha 'h-urram ard an cuirt na Righ,
'S fhuair i 'brigh an tir nam beann.
Thainig sgeul, &c.

Tha 'n t-oighre òg de shliochd nan Lèogh 'nn,
A sheas Albainn riamh 's gach còir;
Siol Dhiarmaid a's Righ Raibeart cruaidh.
'Thug iomadh buaidh le cruadh's an lann.
Thainig sgeul, &c.

'N uair a chuala sinn an sgeul,
Las an fhuil 's a' h-uile fèith,
Shuidh na Saor-thoilich gu fèisd
A's 'n a dheigh bha ceòl a's danns'.
Thainig sgeul, &c.

Dh' òlainn slaint' a' cheannaird chòir,
Slaint' a mhic 's a cheile phosd';
'S ghnidhinn sonas, solas buan,
Agus buaidh leo anns gach am.
Thainig sgeul, &c.

C. C. MAC-PHAIL.

———o———

COMHAIRLE AN T-SEANA-GHIULLAIN.

Ma 's fhoir na seana-ghiullain 's e 'n gliocas a tha 'g an cumail o phosadh. Cha 'n 'eil iad a' faicinn nighinn oig sam bith gun choire no faillinn air chor-eigin. Tha e coltach gur gann a bhiodh iad riaraichte le te leis gach buaidh a's subhailc a dh' ainmich Solamh 's na Ghnath-fhocail. Bha fear dhiubh a' toirt comhairle air fear a bha 'sealltainn air son mnatha, e a dh' fheuchainn am faigheadh e te a bhiodh coltach ris na tri nithe a leanas, agus *gun i bhi coltach riu*:—

1. I bhi coltach ri Uaireadair mor stiopaill—riaghailteach 'n a gluasad; ach gun i bhi coltach ris an Uaireadair mhor, le a teanga 'bhi ri 'chuinntinn thar a' bhaile.

2. I bhi coltach ri Mactalla—i 'fhreagairt an uair a rachadh bruidhinn rithe; ach gun i bhi coltach ri Mactalla, anns an fhacal mu dheireadh a bhi aice daonnan.

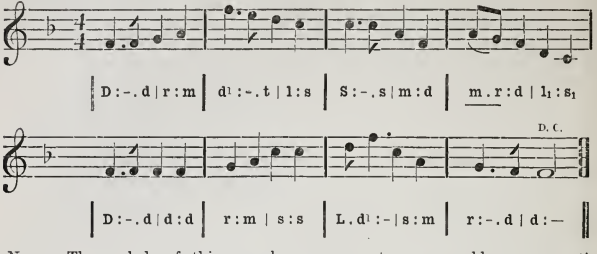
3. I bhi coltach ris a' creutair a tha 's an fhaochaig—gun i bhi ach ainneamh ás a tigh-comhnuidh fhein; ach gun i bhi coltach ris a' chreutair sin, air bheag suim do gach ni ach na bha i 'giulan air a druim.

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn,
Lunasdal, 1873.

KEY F. GED THA MI GUN CHRODH GUN AIGHEAN.

Beating twice to the measure.



NOTE.—The melody of this song bears a very strong resemblance, amounting indeed to complete identity in some of its phrases, to a song attributed to a Mr. Covert, a living American composer, entitled *Jamie's on the stormy sea.*—J. W.

SEISD—*Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean,*
Gun chrodh-laoigh gun chaoraich agam;
Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean,
Gheobh mi fhathast oigear grinn.

Fhir a dh' imicheas thar chuantan,
Giulain mile beannachd uamsa,
Dh' ionnsaidh oigeir a' chuil dualaich,
Ged nach d' fhuair mi e dhomh fhìn.

Fhir a dh' imicheas am bealach,
Giulain uamsa mile beannachd;
'S faod 's tu innseadh do mo leannan,
Gu 'm beil mi 'm laidhe so leam fhìn.

'Fhleasgaich thainig nall á Suaineart,
Bu tu fhein an sar dhuin-uasal;
Gheobhainn cadal leat gun chluasaig,
Air cho fuar 's g' am biodh an oidhch'.

Ged nach 'eil mo spreidh air lointeau,
Mo chrodh no mo chaoraich bhoidheach,
Bheirinn tochar dhuit an ordugh,
Cho math ri te og 's an tir.

Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun chaoraich,
Cha 'n 'eil mi gun mhaise 'm aodann;
Dh' fhithinn breacan a bhiodh caol dhuit,
'S dheanainn aodach a bhiodh grinn.

Och! cha teid mi thun na faidhreach;
Cha bhi fearaibh og 'g am fhoighneachd;
'S ann a chaill iad uile sgoinn diom,
'S cha bhi foighneachd air bo-laoigh.

Naile! 's mise tha fo mhulad,
A's mi 'tamh 's an t-seomar mhullaich;
An leannan bh' agamsa an uiridh,
'S ann tha 'n dingh rinn cul a chinn.

Naile! 's mise th' air mo leonadh,
Mu oigear a' chuil bhachlaich, bhoidhich;
Gur e sud an sgeul a leon mi,
Thu bhi 'giulan còt' an Righ.

Naile! 's mis' tha dubhach, deurach,
'N seomar ard a' fuaigheal leine;
Chaidh mo leanman gu *Jamaica*,
'S ciod am feum dhomh bhi 'g a chaoidh?

MAC AN TUATHANAICH ALBANNAICH, A GHOID EACH, AGUS NIGHEAN AN EASBUIG, AGUS AN T-EASBUIG FHEIN.

(Bho Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach Le I. F. Cainbeul.)

Bha triuir mhac aig tuathanach Albannach. 'N uair a thainig am fear a b' oige dhiubh gu aoise 'dhol ri ceaird, chuir e tri cheud marg mu choinnimh gach aon dhiubh. Dh' iarr am fear a b' oige a chuid d' a fhein, gu 'n robh e 'falbh a dheanamh 'fhortain. Thug e baile mor Lunnuin air. Bha e greis ann an sin ag ionnsachadh a bhi 'n a ghille duine uasail. Chuir e forthas mu dheireadh c' aite am faigheadh e maighistir. Chuala e gu 'n robh gille a dhith air Probhaist Lunnuin. Rainig e e, chord iad, 'us rinn e muinntireas aige. Bha am Probhaist a' dol na h-uile la 's an t-seachduin a choinneachadh Ard-easpuig Lunnuin ann an aite sonruichte. Dh' fhalbh an gille le a mhaighistir, oir bhitheadh e mach leis daonnan. 'N uair a sgaoil iad a' choinneamh a bh' aca aon la, thill iad, 'us thubhairt an gille r'a mhaighstir air an rathad, "Is maith," ars' esan, "an t-each donn ud a th' aig an

Easbuig, le 'ur cead, a mhaighistir." "Seadh, a laochain," ars' a mhaighistir, "tha an t-each is fhearr 'an Lunnuin aige." "Saoil mi," ars' an gille, "ciod e ghabhadh e air an each na 'n reiceadh e e." Uh, amadain," ars' a mhaighstir, "shaoil leam gur balach ceart a bh' annad, is iomadh fear a dh' fheuch ris an each ud a cheannach 'us dh' fhairtlich orra fhathasd." "Tillidh mise 'us feuchaidh mi ris," ars' esan. Thill a mhaighistir comhluadh ris a dh' fhaicinn. Is ann air Diardaoine a a thachair so. Thubhairt an gille ris an Easbuig, an reiceadh e an t-each. Ghabh an t-Easbuig ardan 'us miothlachd, us cha robh fiuthar aige gu'n ceannaicheadh esan e. "Mata ciod e am beathach bhitheadh agadsa no aig duine eile nach fhaodar a cheannach," ars' an gille? "Bhuraidh gun tur," ars' an t-Easbuig, "tha thu amaideach: rach dhathigh, cha cheannaich thu m' eachsa." "Ciod e an geall a chuireas tu," ars' an gille, "nach bi e agamsa an dar-sa maireach?" "'N e m' eachsa bhitheas agad?" ars' an t-Easbuig. "Is e d' eachsa bhitheas agam," ars' esan, "ciod e an geall a chuireas tu rium nach goid mi e?" "Cuiridh mi coig ceud marg riut," ars' an t-Easbuig, "nach dean thu sin," "Mata," ars' an gille, "cha-n 'eil agamsa ach aon phunnd, ach cuiridh mi sin, 'us mo cheann riut gu 'n goid mi e." "Is bargan e," ars' an t-Easbuig. "Thoir an aire," ars' esan, "tha mi cur mo chinn agus am punnd riut, agus mu ghoideas mise e, is e mo chuid fein a bhitheas ann." "Bithidh e mar sin cinnteach," ars' am Probhaist. "Tha mi ag aontachadh ri sin," ars' an' t-Easbuig. Chaidh iad dathigh an oidhche sin. "Ghille bhochd," ars' a mhaighistir ris air an rathad, "bha thu cordadh gu maith rium on fhuair mi thu. Tha mi duilich do chall a nis. Tha thu amaideach. Bheir an t-Easbuig an aire nach goid thusa no fear eile an t-each; cumaidh e faire air," Dh' fhalbh an gille 'n uair thainig an oidhche 'us ghabh e air; chaidh e gu tigh an Easbuig; fhuair e mach gun robh an t-each stigh ann an seomar aige, agus daoine ann an sin 'g a chaithris ag ith 'us ag ol. Sheall gille a Probhaist timchioll air 'us smuanaich e gu 'm feumadh e fear tapaidh eile fhaighinn comhluadh ris. Suil d' an d' thug e uaith, chunnaic e fear a bhitheadh ri cron daonnan feadh a bhaile. "Ma theid thu comhluadh riumsa," ars' esa', "beagan nine, bheir mi rud eigin duit airson do shaothrach." "Ni mi sin," ars' am fear eile. Dh' fhalbh esan 'us air a cheud dol a mach "rainig e fhein 'us an gille a fhuair e an crochadair, a bha 's a' bhaile, "An urrainn thu innseadh dhomhsa," ars' esan, "c' aite am faigh mi duine marbh?" "Is urrainn," ars' an crochadair, "chaidh duine a chrochadh an dingh fhein an deigh mheadhoin latha." "Ma theid thu 'us gu 'm faigh mise e," ars' esa, "bheir mi rud eigin duit." Dh' fhalbh e leis 'us rainig iad an corp. "An aithne dhuit a nis," ars' esan, "c' aite am faigh mi ball mor fada, laidir?" "Is aithne dhomh sin," ars' an crochadair, "tha am ball a chroch an duine an so goireasach dhuit 'us gheibh thu e." Dh' fhalbh e leis, e fhein 'us an gille eile a fhuair e, 'us thug iad leo e. Chaidh iad gu tigh an Easbuig. Thubhairt e ris a' ghille 'n uair a rainig e, "fuirich thusa an sin 'us thoir an aire da so, ach an d' theisd mise suas air mullach an tighe." Dh' fhuirich an gille, 'us chaidh esan suas air mullach an tighe. Chuir e bheul 'us a chluas ris an t-siomalair ach am faigheadh e mach c' aite an robh na daoine, agus bruidhinn labhar aca leis an ol. Fhuair e mach far an robh iad. "Cuir am ball," ars' esan, "timchioll air amhaich an duine mhairbh, 'us tilg an ceann eile aig ormsa." Shlaod e an duine marbh leis gu mullach an t-siomalair. Bha na daoine bha 's an t-seomar a' faireachduinn na bha de shalachar 's an t-siomalair a tuiteam. Bha esan a leigeadh leis 's a leigeadh leis an dhuine mharbh gus am faca e mu dheireadh an solus breagh bha aig luchd na faire' tighinn air cosaibh an duine mhairbh. "Faicibh," ars' iadsan, "ciod e tha so." "Oh, am meirleach Albannach," ars' iadsan, "nach e thug an oidheirp! B' fhearr leis a bheatha chall mar so na a cheann bhi aig an Easbuig; an ionnsuidh thug e air fhein!" Leis an t-siomalair thainig an gille le cabhaig. Am meadhon nan daoine bha e a stigh, 'us mar thainig an t-each mach air an dorus b'e a' cheud lamh bha 'an srian an eich, esan. Dh' fhalbh e leis an each 'n a stabull 'us thuirt e riu gu 'm feudadh iad nis dhol a chodal, gu 'n robh iad sabhailt gu leor. "Tha mi creidsinn," ars' esan ris a' ghille eile, "gu bheil thu 'n ad ghille tapaidh, bi aig lamh an ath oidhche 'us chi mi ris thu." Fhaigh e an gille, 'us bha an gille ro thoilichte. Dh' fhalbh esan dhathigh gu stabull a mhaighistir le each donn an Easbuig. Ghabh e mu thamh 'us ge bu mhoch a thainig an la bu mhoiche a thainig a mhaighistir gu dorus an stabuill. "Cha bu ghearan leam mo shaothair na 'm bitheadh m' Albannach bochd romhan an so an diugh." "Tha mi ann a' so, a mhaighistir, mhaith," ars' esan, "agus each donn an Easbuig agam." "Ud, a laochain, a

ghille thapaidh," ars' a mhaighstir "bha meas agam ort roimhe, ach tha meas mor a nis agam ort." Rinn iad reidh an la so ris dhol a choinneachadh an Easbuig 'us b' e so Di-haoine. "Nis," ars' an gille "dh' fhalbh mi gun each an de, ach cha-n fhalbh mi mar sin an diugh." "Mata, a laochain, o 'n a fhuair thu fhein an t-each bheir mise diollaid duit." Dh' fhalbh iad an la so ris 'an coinneamh an Easbuig, a mhaighistir 'us esan air muin da each. Chunnaic iad an t-Easbuig a tighinn 'n an coinnimh 'us coltas a' chuthaich air. 'N uair a thainig iad an lathair a cheile, chunnaic iad gu 'n robh an t-Easbuig air muin eich eile nach robh cho maith r'a each fhein. Chaidh an t Easbuig 's am Probhaist an coinnimh a cheile le failte. Thionndaidh an t-Easbuig ri gille a Probhaist, "Shlaotir," ars' esan, "'us a dhearbh mheirlich." "Cha 'n urrainn thu tuilleadh a radh rium," ars' gille a Probhaist, "cha 'n 'eil fhios agam an urrainn thu sin fhein a radh rium le ceartas, thaobh, dh' innis mi dhuit gu 'n robh mi dol g'a dheanamh; gun tuilleadh de do sheanachas cuir an so mo chuig ceud marg am ionnsuidhse." B' eigin d'a sin a dheanamh ged nach robh e toileach. "Ciod e a cheir thu," ars' an gille, "ma ghoideas mi do nighean an nochd?" 'S e aon nighean a bh' aige 'us cho robh bu bhreagha na i 'an Lunnuin. "Mo nigheansa, a bhiasd," ars' an t-Easbuig, "cha ghoid thu mo nigheansa." "Cuiridh mi," ars' an gille, "an cuig ceud marg a thug thu dhomh 'us an t-each donn gu 'n goid mi i." "Cuiridh mise deich ceud marg," ars' an t-Easbuig, "nach goid." Rinn iad cordadh. Dh' fhalbh esan 'us a mhaighstir dhathigh. "Laochain," ars' a mhaighistir, "bha mi a' saoilsinn gu maith dhiot uairegin, ach rinn thu turn amaideach a nis, 'n uair a fhuair thu thu fhein ceart." "Coma leibhse, a mhaighistir mhaith," ars' esan, "bheir mi an ionnsuidh co dhiubh." 'N uair thainig an oidhche, thog gille a Probhaist air, 'us chaidh e air falbh gu tigh an Easbuig. 'N uair a rainig e tigh an Easbuig, chunnaic e duine uasal tighinn a mach air an dorus. "Oh," ars' esan ris an duine uasal, "ciod e so aig tigh an Easbuig an nochd? "Tha gnothuch mor, sonraichte," ars' an duine uasal, "Albannach mosach tha an sud, agus c maoidheadh a nighean a ghoid. Gu dearbh cha 'n 'eil gin an Albainn a ghoideas i leis an fhaire a th' oirre." "Uh, tha mi cinnteach nach 'eil," ars' an gille, agus thionndaidh e uaith. "Tha fear an Sasunn an trathsa," ars' esan, "a dh' fheumas feuchainn ris co dhiubh." Dh' fhalbh e, agus e taillearan teaghlaich rioghail air. Dh' fharraid e dhiubh an robh dad de dheiseachan deas aca do uaislibh mora. "Cha 'n 'eil," ars' an taillear, "ach deise a th' againn do nighean an righ, agus te d'a maighdean choimheadachd." "Ciod e," ars' gille a' Probhaist "dh' iarras tu air iad sin fhein car da uair a dh' nine?" "Oh," ars' an taillear, "tha eagal orm nach faod mi an toirt duit." "Na bitheadh eagal air bhith ort," ars' gille a' Probhaist, "paighidh mi thu agus bheir mi an da dheise gun bheud, gun mhilleadh air an ais. "Gheibh thu ceud marg," ars' esan. Shanntaich an taillear an t-airgiod mor nd us thug e dha iad. Dh' fhalbh e 'us fhuair e an gille bh' aig an oidhche roimhe. Chaidh iad dh' aite sonruichte 'us fhuair iad iad fein a chur' an uidheam 's an da dheise. Dh' fhalbh iad 'n uair a fhuair iad iad fhein cho maith 'us bu mhaith leo gu dorus an Easbuig. Fhuair e mach mu 'n d' rainig e an dorus, 'n uair a thigeadh aon air bith de 'n teaghlach rioghail gu tigh an Easbuig, nach e an dorus a bhualadh a dheanadh iad, ach sgriob a thoirt le barr an coise aig bonn an doruis. Thainig esan a dh' ionnsuidh an doruis agus rinn e sgrioba. Bha dorsair aig an dorus an oidhche sin, 'us dh' fhalbh e 'n a ruith dh' ionnsuidh an Easbuig. "Tha aon de 'n teaghlach rioghail aig an dorus," ars' esan. "Cha 'n 'eil," ars' an t-Easbuig, "is e th' ann am meirleach Albannach." Sheall an gille troimh tholl na h-inchrach 'us chunnaic e gur e coslas da bhean uasail a bh' ann. Dh' fhalbh e dh' ionnsuidh a mhaighistir 'us dh' innis e dha. Chaidh a mhaighstir dh' ionnsuidh an doruis 'us sheall e fhein. Bheireadh an gille a bha mach sgriob an trathsa 's a ris, 'us e a cath-throd ris an Easbuig, air son' amaideachd. Sheall an t-Easbuig 'us dh' aithnich e gur e guth nighinn an righ bha 's an dorus. Fosgailear gu grad an dorus, 'us deanar a chromadh gu lar rithe. Bhuail nighean an righ ris air son a nighean chur ann an gcall 's am bith, gu 'n robh feadhain a' gabhail brath air airson a leithid a dheanamh. "Cha mhor a b' fhiach thu a dheanadh a leithid gun fhios domhsa, 'us cha ruigeadh tu leas a leithid a dh' othail 'us a dh' amaidcachd a dheanamh." "Gabhaidh sibh mo leithsgeul," ars' esan. "Cha 'n urainn mi do leithsgeul a ghabhail," ars' ise. Stigh thug e nighean an righ do 'n t-seomar 's an robh a nighean 'us an fheadhain a bha 'g a faircadh. Bha ise 'am meadhon an t-seomair air caithir 'n a suidhe 's cach ceithir thimchioll oirre. Ars' nighean an righ rithe, "Mo ghaol, 's e d' athair an duine gun

tur a chuir 's a' chunnart thu, 'us na 'n d' thug e fios domhsa 'us do chur far an robh mise, aon s'am bith thigeadh a d' choir, rachadh an crochadh 'us a bharrachd air sin, an losgadh. "Falbh," ars' ise ris an Easbuig, "a chodal, 'us cuiribh fa sgaoil a' chuideachd mhor so mus bi iad a' magadh oirbh." Thubhairt an t-Easbuig ris a' chuideachd gu'm faodadh iad gabhail mu thamh, gu'n d' thugadh nighean an righ, 's a maighdean choimheadachd an aire dh' a nigheansa. An uair a fhuair nighean an righ uile gu leir air falbh iad, "Thig thusa, a nighinn mo ghaoil, cuide riumsa gu tigh righ na rioghachd." Mach a thug nighean an righ; bha an t-each donn goireasach aice, agus cho luath 's a fhuair an t-Albannach mach i far an robh an t-each donn, tilgear dheth ann an aite dorch an deise. Chuir e uidheam eile air as ceann 'eudaich fhein 'us air muin an eich chuir e i. Cuirear dhathigh an gille leis na deiseachan dh' ionnsuidh an tailleir. Phaigh e an gille 'us thubhairt e ris a choinneachadh an sud an ath oidhche. Leum esan suas air an each dhonn aig tigh an Easbuig, 'us air a thug e gu tigh a mhaighistir. Ge bu mhoch a thainig an la, bu mhoiche na sin a thainig a mhaigistir a dh' ionnsuidh an stabuill. "Bha esan us nighean an Easbuig 'n an luidhe 'n a leabaidhse, 'us dhuisg e 'n uair dh' fhairich e a mhaighistir." "Cha bu chall leam mo shaothair," ars esan, "na'm bitheadh m 'Albannach gu bochd romhan an so an diugh." "Eh, bheil mi," ars' esan, "agus nighean an Easbuig agam ann a so." "Oh," ars' esan, "bha meas agam ort roimhe, ach a nis tha meas mor agam ort." Be sin Disathuirn. Bha aige-san agus aig a mhaighistir gu dhol a choinneachadh an Easbuig an la sin cuideachd. Chaidh an t-Easbuig agus am Probhaist an coinnimh a cheile mar a b' abhaist. Na'm b' olc an coltas bh' air an Easbuig an la roimhe, bha e na bu mios' uile an la sin. Bha gille a' Probhaist' n a each 'us 'n a dhiollaid an deigh a mhaighistir. An uair a thainig e far an robh an t-Easbuig cha robh aig ris ach "a mheirlich 'us a shlaoitir?" "Faodaidh tu do bheul a dhunadh," ars' an gille, "cha 'n urrainn thu sin fhein a radh rium le ceartas. Cuir a nall mo dheich ceud marg an so." Phaigh e an t-airgiod. Bha e'g a chaineadh. "Oh dhuine," ars' esan, "leig dhiot do chaineadh, cuiridh mi an deich ceud marg riut gu'n goid mi thu fhein an nochd." "Gun goid thu mise, a bhiasd," ars' esan, "cha 'n fhaigh thu a chead." Chuir e an deich ceud marg ris. "Gheibh mi an deich ceud marg ud air ais," ars' ant-Easbuig, "ach cuiridh mise cuig ceud deug marg riut nach goid thu mise." "Ni mi cordadh riut," ars' an gille. Cheangail am Probhaist am bargan eadorra. Dh' fhalbh an gille 'us a mhaighistir dhathigh. "Laochain," ars' a mhaighistir, "bha meas mor agam ort gus an diugh, caillidh tu na fhuair thu dh' airgiod agus cha 'n urrainn thu an duine ghoid." "Cha 'n 'eil eagal sam bith orm a sin," ars' an gille. 'N uair thainig an oidhche dh' fhalbh esan, 'us thug e timchioll tigh an Easbuig air. "An sin smuainich e gu'n rachadh e far an robh iasgairean a bhaile, dh' fheuchainn ciod e chitheadh e acasan. 'N uair a thainig e far an robh na h.iasgairean dh' fharraid e dhiubh, an robh dad de bhradanan aca air an ur-mharbhadh? Thubhairt iad ris, gu'n robh. "Ma dh' fheannas sibh," ars' esan, "na h-uiread so a dh' iasg, bheir mi dhuibh na h-uiread so dh' airgiod, no airgiod sam bith a 's coir dha bhi." Thubhairt na h-iasgairean gun deanadh, 'us rinn iad e. Thug iad dha de chroicinnean eisg na shaoil leis a dheanadh cleochd, am fad 'us an leud a shir e. Dh' fhalbh e an sin dh' ionnsuidh nan taillearan. Thubhairt e ris na taillearan, an deanadh iad deise dha de chroicinnean an eisg, a chionn da uair dheug a dh-oidhche, 'us gum faigheadh iad paigheadh air a shon. Dh' innis iad dha ciod e an t-suim a ghabhadh iad. Ghabh iad tomhas a' ghille 'us thoisich iad air an deise. Bha an deise ullamh an ceann na da uair dheug. Cha 'n fhaodadh iad 'bhi na b' fhaide; bha an Domhnach 'tighinn a stigh. Dh' fhalbh e leis an deise 'us 'n uair a fhuair e e fhein goirid o eaglais an Easbuig chuir e uime an deise. Fhuaire e inchair a dh' fhosgladh an eaglais 'us chaidh e stigh. Chaidh e do 'n chrannaig air ball. Suil de 'n tug an dorsair uaith 'us faire mhor air an Easbuig, dh' fhalbh e, 'us thubhairt e gu'n robh solus 's an eaglais. "Solus," ars' a mhaighstir, "rach thusa null 'us faic ciod e an solus a th' ann. Bha e an deigh da uair dheug an so. "O," ars' an dorsair 'us e tighinn, "tha duine a' searmonachadh ann." Tharruing an t-Easbuig 'uaireadair 'us chunnaic e gu'n robh toiseach an domhnaich a tighinn a stigh. Dh' fhalbh e 'n a ruith dh' ionnsuidh na h-eaglaise. 'N' uair a chunnaic e an soillse bha 's an eaglais 'us na h-uile car chuir an duine bha 'searmonachadh dheth, ghabh e eagal. Dh' fhosgail e beagan an dorus 'us chuir e a cheann stigh dh' fhaicinn ciod e an coltas a bh' air. Am fear bha 's a chrannca robh canain bha fo na rionnagan nach robh e toirt treis air. 'N uair a thigeadh e dh' ionnsuidh na h-uile canain a thuig-

eadh an t-Easbuig is ann 'eur iomchar air an Easbuig a bha e gu 'n robh e air call a cheill. Sud stigh an t-Easbuig agus theirigear air a ghlunan aig bonn na crannaig. Thoisich esan air asluchadh ann an sin 'us 'n uair chunnaic e an dearrsadh bha 's a' chrannaig ghabh e gu curam leis na bha e ag radh ris. Mu dheireadh thubhairt e' ris, na 'n gealladh e dhasan gu 'n deanadh e aithreachas glan 'us gu'm falbhadh e leis-san gu'n d' thugadh e maitheanas dha. Ghealladh an t-Easbuig sin da. "Falbh leamsa," ars' esan, "gus am faigh mi beagan uine ort." "Falbhaidh," ars' an t-Easbuig, "ged a b' ann as an t-saoghal dh' iarradh tu orm falbh." Dh' fhalbh e leis. Dh' fhalbh an gille roimhe. Rainig iad stabull a' Phrobhaiste. Fhuair e aite suidh do 'n Easbuig. Shuidh e fhein; cha ruigeadh iad a leas solus, oir bha eudach a ghille 'deanamh soluis far an robh iad. Bha e'mineachadh do 'n Easbuig an sin ann an canaimean a thuigeadh, agus ann an cuid nach tuigeadh e. Bha e mar sin gus an robh an t-am d'a mhaighistir tighinn 's a' mhaduinn. 'N uair bha an t-am teann air laimh, thilg e dheth an deise, lub e 'us chuir e am folaich i, oir bha e ris an t-soillearachd. Bha an t-Easbuig samhach an so, 'us thainig am Probhaist. "Cha bu ghearan leam mo shaothair na'm bitheadh m' Albannach bochd romham an so an diugh." "Eh, gu bheil mi," ars' esan, "an so 'us an t-Easbuig agam." "Ud, a laochain," ars' a mhaighistir, "is maith a gheibhear thu." "Oh, a dhaor-shlaoitir," ars' an t-Easbuig, "'n ann mar so a rinn thu an gnothuch orm?" "Innsidh mise dhuit mar a tha," ars' am Probhaist, "is fhearr dhuit deanamh gu maith air, no bhi 'g a chaineadh; tha do nighean aige, agus tha d' each aige, agus d' airgiod, agus air do shon fhein, cha ghleidh esan thusa, ach is fhearr dhuitse esan a ghleidheadh. Thoir e fhein 'us do nighean leat 'us dean banais dhoibh le h-eireachdeas. Dh' fhalbh e 'us chaidh e dhathigh leis an Easbuig, 'us fhuair e e fhein 'us a nighean a phosadh gu ceart 'us rinn e gu maith ris. Dh' fhag mise an sin iad.

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TRAITHEAN NA BLIADHNA.

(Air leantuinn o Aireamh 15.)

"Rinn Thusa, O Dhia, an Geamhradh." Is e so an trath de 'n bhliadhna anns am bheil dubhachas air 'fhaireachduinn, oir tha nadur gu h-iomlan a' caochladh cruth, agus tha na seallaidhean sin aig an robh comas co mor air aighear a's gean a's toileachas a dhusgadh, a' gabhail gu luath seachad. Tha gach lus a' scargadh agus a' crionadh. Tha na craobhan a bha comhdaichte le deise co lurach re uine co fada a' crathadh an duilleagan diubh agus a' comhdachadh an lair leis na nithean a thug dhoibh boidhichead roimhe. Na sruthain agus na h-aibhnichean a bha le torman ceolmhor a' ruith bho na-h-aonaichean agus ann an slighean cam-lubach ag imeachd air feadh nam fonn 's nan achaidhean—tha iad anns a' gheamhradh a fas mall 'n an gluasad agus gu minic tha 'n reis air a stad gu buileach. Air magh 's air achadh cha 'n 'eil coslas pailteis no toraidh. Tha 'n talamh uile mar gu 'm b' ann fas. Faodar eadhon a shaoilsinn gu 'm bheil nadur fein sprochdach, smalanach an deigh gnuis thaitnich an t-samhraidh agus pailteas mor an fhogharaidh. Anns an t-sealladh so gu leir, anns an atharrachadh mhor a tha teachd a' gheamhraidh fhuair ag oibreachadh air feadh an t-saoghail, tha samhladh laidir a dh' fhaodas gach neach leis an aill a bheachd a steidheachadh air, r' a fhaicinn gu soilleir air seann aois, maille ri trioblaid agus deuchainn. Ged tha 'n teachdaire neo-bhaigheil agus fuileachdach nach gabh lethsgeul no diultadh, trang aig gach am de 'n bhliadhna, anns gach ionad agus am measg uile chinnich na talmhainn; ged tha 'm bas a' gearradh sios gun acarachd, aireamh mhor de'n t-sluagh anns gach mios; gidheadh, is ann an uair a tha 'n geamhradh am fagus a tha 'm boidhichead a' treigsinn nan achaidhean, guirmead nam blar a' gabhail seachad, agus duilleagan nan craobh a' tuiteam chum an lair, is lionmhoire agus is pailte 'tha na braighdean a tha air an tasgadh ann an cuibhricheann an-iochdmhor a' bhais. Tha mar gu 'm b' ann cumh-

achd dorcha, dubhach a' riaghladh na h-aimsir, a' falach nan speuran gorma, a' deanamh na fairge luasgan-ach, a' sinbhal troimh na h-achaidh-ean, a' glaodhaich a mach ann an gaoith stoirmeil na h-oidhche, a' goid 's a' spionadh air falbh gu h-obann blath an t-samhraidh bho ghruaidhean an leinibh agus a' toirt air seann aois fein criothnachadh; a' dol a' dh-ionnsuidh iomadh aite adhlaicidh agus a' roghnachadh iomad uaigh air son nan daoine a tha' tuiteam sios fo chorran geur a' bhais. Is e Dia a tha' gabhail a chuairt bhliadhnail 's a' tional suas nan daoine 'rainig na laithean ann an tir nam beo a bha air an orduchadh doibh. Tha, mar an ceudna, comh-chordadh r' a fhaicinn eadar an geamhradh a tha' criochnachadh na bliadhna agus a' giulan sgeimh mar gu'm bitheadh nadur fein air call a treoir 's a treubhantais, agus eadar an duine aosmhor liath a tha ruigheachd ceann a thuruis talmhaidh, a cheann geal le sneachd nam bliadhnachan; oir chunnaic e nis "an tri fichead bliadhna 's a deich." Cha 'n 'eil aobhar a' chomh-chordaidh so duilich 'fhaotainn a mach, do bhrigh gu bheil co-ionannachd air a thaisbeanadh ann an iomadh seadh agus fo iomadh doigh le oibrean an Tighearna gu leir.

Teagaisgidh solus reusoin duinn cho fada 's is urrainn da imeachd, na nithean ceudna 'tha solus dealrach nan scriobtuirean a' deanamh aith-nichte. Am bheil Dia 'n a fhocal ag iarruidh oirrn maith a dheanamh agus olc a sheachnadh; am bheil E ag innseadh dhuinn gur ann a dh-ionnsuidh bochduinn agus truaighe 'tha ruidhtearachd agus peacadh a' treorachadh? Tha na firinnean ceudna air an caramh mu 'r coinn-eamh le solus naduir ann an gnath-achadh an t-sluaigh. Dearbhaidh an ni so fein ann an tomhas mor gur e an t-aona ghliocas a dhealbh maise 's riaghailtean iomadach na talmhainn, agus a thug seachad le faidhean a's filidhean a bha air an uidheamachadh leis an Spiorad Naomh air son na h-oibre cudthromaich so, foillseachadh air a thoil agus air a' ghne bheatha 's ghiulain a thigeadh e do dhaoine 'chaitheamh. Co fada, mata, 's is urrainn do na sgriobturan agus do sholus naduir cuideachd a cheile 'ghleidheadh; co fada's a tha iad a' cur an ceill firinnean a tha' giulan cordaidh air bith r 'a cheile, cha 'n 'eil dealach-adh eadar iad, Mar so, mata, chi sinn gu'm bheil an geamhradh a tha' sgeadachadh na talmhainn le trusgan sneachdach, reota 'giulan samhlaidh laidir air na laithean liatha - reotha tha 'g iadhadh mu chinn mhoran—laithean a tha 'nochdadh gu 'm bheil an duine 'fas abuich airson na h-naighe, amhuil mar tha 'n t-arbhar trom th.a' ciuntinn anns na h-achaidhean a' fas deas airson corran a' bhuanaiche.

Ach, ged is e dubhachas an ni' dh' fhaodar fhaicinn an toiseach anns a' gheamhradh; ged shaoileas sinn nach 'eil brigh no math no comhfhurt-achd idir ceangailte ris, is eiginn gu 'm bheil e 'comhlionadh aobhair sonruichte, oir tha e air innsidh dhuinn "gun d' rinn Dia 'n Geamh-radh." Tha, mar so, raidh dubhach na bliadhna' deanamh maith 's a' cur air aghaidh criche mhoir air chor-eigin; agus tha na trioblaidean aim-sireil a tha air an samhlachadh leis a' gheamhradh a chum buannachd, mar an ceudna, dhoibhsan a tha 'g am faireachduinn.

Faiceamaid co ann 'tha 'n stàth so a co-sheasamh. Ged tha 'n talamh a reir coslais a' gabhail fois anns a' gheamhradh; ged tha cinneas marbh, a's lusan a's craobhan na macharach air stad 's air crionadh; ged nach 'eil innealtruidh a nis idir ann, gidheadh tha 'n grunnd a' trusadh buannachd bho shuain 's bho thamh a' gheamh-raidh. Anns a' bhliadhna' chaidh

seachad, chaidh moran de spionnadh an fhearainn a chaitheamh 's a chur gu feum; agus air an aobhar so, tha beairteas a' ghruinnd n' is lugha. N' am bitheadh an talamh air 'oibreachadh gun tamh, ann an uine ghearr cha ghiulaineadh e toradh idir; cha bhitheadh brigh, no dreach, no buannachd ann.

Tha raidh tosdach na bliadhna, mar so, a' lionadh suas seirbhis fheumail ann am freasdal Dhe. Leis an t-samhchair a tha air a mealtuinn, tha 'n tir air air a h-uidheamachadh airson barr briogh-mhor, trom a thoirt seachad a rithist. Eadhon an sneachd a tha 'g amharc co fuar agus co mi-chaoimhneil, tha esan a' gleidheadh uchd nan achaidhean blath, agus a' toirt tearruinteachd bho gach stoirm a's gaillionn do 'n bharr a dh' fheumas dubhlachd na h-aimsir fhulaing. Le tosdachd thiamhaidh a' gheamraidh tha mar so gniomh feumail a's priseil air a dheanamh. An trath a smuaintcheas neach aig am bheil tearmunn a's seasgaireachd a's dion bho fhuachd 's bho mhi-chaoimhneas na-h-aimsir air a linghad creutair diblidh, truagh aig nach 'eil fardach no doigh air bith trid am faod iad fasgadh 'fhaotainn bho 'n ghaillionn, fasaidh a chridhe tais agus seirceil, agus miannuichidh e comhstadh a dheanamh leo, sinidh e mach lamh-chuideachaidh dhoibh 'n an eiginn. Mar a's fuaire' tha 'n aimsir a' fas, is ann a's blaithe 'bhitheas cridheachan dhaoine, agus a's iarrtasaiche bhitheas iad air cor an comhchreutairean a tha ann an inbh a's isle agus ann an suidheachadh a's truaighe, thoirt fainear. Bithidh cofhulangas a's momha aig an duine shaoibhir ris an duine bhochd, agus bithidh e ealamh gu cobhair a dheanamh air 'n a theanntachd.

Aidichidh sinn nach e ni caomh no tairis no caoimhneil a tha ann an trioblaid leis am faod sinn a bhi air ar feuchainn. Cuiridh deuchainn snuadh eile air aighear, air gean 's air soirbheachadh; comhdaichidh geamhradh a' chruaidhchais samhradh ar sonais le dubhachas an aite aoibhneis agus le mi-ghean an aite subhachais; tiormaichidh reotha cruaidh na trioblaid na sruthain sheimh bhaigheil a b' abhaist sonas a's toileachas co fior a dhortadh 'n ar cridheachan. Thig teachdaireachd namhasach a ghairmeas air falbh ball no ceann teaghlaich, a dh' iomaineas air falbh gun iochd, gun truacantachd neach d' am bu nos le 'chairdeas fior chaidreamach cridheachan a luchddaimh a dheanamh ait, agus le 'chomhluadar stuama, beusach mor mheas a's urram a chosnadh doibh; agus cha 'n 'eil iadsan ach tearc nach amhairc air tachartas mar so mar ni bronach agus muladach. Ach tha dearbhaidhean araon laidir a's lionmhor againn nach ann gun run suidhichte eigin, tha cupan sonais an t-sluaigh air a mheasgadh co minic le searbhachd agus le doilgheas. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn, "ged nach tig amhghar a mach as an duslach agus nach fas càrraid as an talamh, gidheadh rugadh an duine chum càrraid mar a dh' eireas na srada suas." Bho 'n a briathran so fein faodaidh sinn fhoghlum gu 'm bheil a' h-uile cradh a's iarguin a thachras do phobull an Tighearna air an ordnchadh leissan, agus a' coimhlionadh aobhair eigin. Thubhairt an Tighearna e fein mu dheibhinn Iob "nach robh neach ann, cosmhuil ris air an talamh, duine coimhlionta agus direach air an robh eagal De agus a' seachnadh uilc." Ged bha 'n duine so co diadhaidh, ionraic, chaidh 'fhiosrachadh le deuchainn chraitich, ionnus gu 'n do ghabh e slige chreadha g'a sgriobadh fein leatha, agus gu 'n do shuidh e 'measg na luaithre. Chaill e 'mhic agus a nigheanan; threig gach sonas saoghalta e; agus da-rireadh

bu bhronach, bochd a chor. Ged bha e air 'fheuchainn co goirt, agus a bha a staid co anabarrach truagh, cha d' rinn e mommhur an aghaidh an Tighearna, ach thubhairt e, "Co fhad 's a bhios m' anail annam agus spiorad Dhe ann am chuinneinibh, cha labhair mo bhilean aingidheachd agus cha chan mo theanga cealg." Fhuair e fuasgladh fadheoidh as gach teamtachd anns an robh e; dh' eirich grian aghmhor an t-soirbheachaidh air a rithist, agus "bheannaich an Tighearna deireadh Iob n' is momha n'a thoiseach." Tha eisimpleir eile againn ann an Daibhidh, neach a roghnaich an Tighearna gu bhi 'n a righ thairis air na h-Israelich, 'a thug e bho bhi' leantuinn nan caorach ann an cearna iomallach d' an tir gu onoir mhoir a mhealtuinn. Bha 'n t-slighe air an do thriall e cuairtichte le iomadh cunnart agus gabhadh. Bu tearc na h-amannan anns am b' urrainn do Shalmadair binn Israeil gairdeachas a's greadhnachas a' dheanamh do bhrigh gu 'n robh aige tearuinteachd a's seasgaireachd. Bu lionmhor, bu treun, agus b' fhuileachdach na naimhdean a bha' tuineachadh mu thimchioll na rioghachd air an robh esan 'n a uachdaran; agus mar so, is iomadh cath a's cogadh cruaidh a bha aige r' a chur. Ach bha eascairdean eile am measg a luchd-daimh, eadhon am measg a theaglaich fein a dhuisg dragh a's aimhreit anns an rioghachd; agus a mhendaich tomhas thrioblaidean Dhaibhidh. Is e so aidmheil fein mu dheibhinn amhgharan, "Is maith dhomhsa gu'n robh mi ann an amhghar chum gu foghnmainn do reachdan. Tha fhios agam, a Thighearna, gu 'm bheil do bhreitheanas ceart agus gur ann am firinn a chlaoidh Thu mi."

Agus ma dh 'fheoraichear, ciod e an t-aobhar gu 'm bheil Dia a' deanamh geamhraidh gu minic de bheatha na muinntir sin a's ionmhuinn leis? is e so am freagradh. Gur ann trid fulangais a tha 'n oighreachd neamhaidh a tha neo-thruaillidh, neo-shalach agus nach searg as, ri bhi air a cosnadh. Bu deurach, bronach, iomcheisteach a chaith Ceannard ar slainte a laithean air an talamh. "Bha e 'n a dhuine dhoilghiosan agus eolach air bron." Ma bha e feumail dhasan a laithean a chaitheamh gu trioblaideach, am meas a luchd-leanmhuinn e 'n a ni uamhasach agus eucorach, gu 'm bi iadsan mar an ceudna air am fiosrachadh air a' mhodh cheudna? "A mhuinntir mo ghraidh," deir Peadar, "na biodh iongantas oirbh a thobh na deuchainn theinntich a thig oirbh chum bhur dearbhadh, mar gu 'n tarladh ni eigin do-ghnathach dhibh; ach do bhrigh gu bheil sibh 'n ur luchd-compairt do fhulangaisibh Chriosd, deanaibh gairdeachas, chum mar an ceudna ann an am foillseachaidh a ghloire gu 'n dean sibh gairdeachas le h-aoibhneas ro mhor." Tha Paul ag radh, "gu 'n comh-oibrich na h-uile nithe chum maith do 'n dream aig am bheil gradh do Dhia, eadhon dhoibhsan a ghairmeadh a reir a ruin." Mar so, tha geamhradh a' bristidh a stigh air teaghlaichean 's a' milleadh an sonais saoghalta. Mar so tha sluagh an Tighearna air am fiosrachadh le deuchainnean a chum gu 'n tilg iad dhiubh na ceanglaichean a tha 'g an nasgadh ris an t-saoghal a tha lathair, agus gu 'n cuir iad muinghinn a's momha 's a's dilse ann an geallaidhean 's ann an comhfhurtachdan an Tighearna, 's gun suidhich iad an aigne air na nithean a tha shuas.

"Rinn Thusa, O Dhia, an Geamhradh." Faodaidh sinn mar an ceudna, samhladh air staid grais 'fhaicinn anns a' gheamhradh. Tha an sneachd gun choimeas ann an gilead agus ann an gloinead. An uair a thuiteas e gu pailt air cnoc a's comhnard,

agus a ghealaicheas e 'aodainn na talmhainn gu-h-iomlan, ciod e an ni a dh' fhaodar a chur am an coimeas ris air son sgeimh a's gloinead. Cha 'n 'eil smal no spot no sal r'a fhaicinn air, an uair a tha e 'n a laidhe mar bhrat no thrusgan a' comhdachadh nan achaidhean. Cia dileas an samhladh so, air fireantachd Iosa Criosd—an fhireantachd air son an d' thug e a bheatha luachmhor mar eiric—an t-iomhas do-labhairt sin a shaoras peacaich "bho lagh a' pheacaidh agus a' bhais." Cha 'n 'eil eideadh a' gheamhraidh—an fhalluinn shneachdach air a sgaoileadh thairis air cuibhrionn no cearna de 'n talamh; tha e 'sgeadachadh na tire gu leir, agus air a' mhodh so, tha e 'n a shamhladh air cia co fiughanta, farsuing, fial 's a tha teachdaireachd na sithe agus na sochairean a choisinn Iosa do dhaoine. Cha 'n 'eil eadar-dhealachadh air bith air a dheanamh anns a' chuireadh ghrasmhor a tha Iosa toirt seachad. Tha e air a thairgseadh gu saor, gun airgiod agus gun luach, do gach neach a's fine, eadhon mar tha 'n sneachd—comharradh cinnteach agus companach dileas' a' gheamhraidh—a' tuiteam 's a' comhdachadh gach aite.

Cha 'n fhaodar aicheadh gu'm bheil seadh ann—seadh muladach—anns am bheil an geamhradh eadar-dhealaichte gu tur bho na fiosrachaidh bhronach sin a tha 'tionndadh soirbheachadh a's sonas dhaoine gu bron, gu dubhachas a's mi-ghean. Rioghaichidh an geamhradh thairis air aghaidh naduir re na h-uine gnathaichte, agus fadheoidh leaghaidh an sneachd agus an reotha air falbh; mosglaidh gach machair, gach craobh a's lus ás a' chodail dhomhain anns an robh iad; ath-nuaidhichear aghaidh naduir gu buileach, agus toiseachaidh saothair a's dichioll le durachd ur, gus am faicear ann an uine ghearr snuadh dreachmhor aoidheil air an talamh. Ach cha 'n ann idir mar so, a tha 'n geamhradh a bheir am bas a dh-ionnsuidh duine no teaghlaich. Aon uair 's gu 'm bheil an duine air a thasgadh anns an tigh chumhann, agus tosdachd a' seulachadh a bhilean, cha 'n ath-nuaidhichear a neart 's a bheatha le teachd steidhichte earraich no samhraidh. Coidlidh e ann an snain nach aithnich brnadar no dusgadh. Ni chuarain an raoin sgiamhach uchd na h-uaighe agus seididh fafan an anmuich thairis oirre, ach cha 'n fhairich fear-comhnuidh an tighe gheamhraidh ni air bith de so. Bithidh, fadheoidh, dusgadh ann anns an liobhair gach uaigh na fhuair i fein. Is ann suilbhir agus aoibhneach a bhitheas faireachduinn an duine aig an robh a' cheann geal le sneachd nam bliadhnachan a bha air an caitheamh ann an eagal agus ann seirbhis an Tighearna.

CONA.

———o———

SGEULACHD.

O chionn cheithir cheud bliadhna roimhe so, rugadh oighre air Gart, g'an d' thugadh cioch le te de Chloinn-Diarmaid, aig an robh dithis mhac. Bha aon diubh 'n a chomh-dhalta do oighre Ghart, agus am fear eile na bu shine na sin. Dh' fhas an t-oighre suas 'n a oganach sgiamhach agus gaisgeil, agus cha robh a chomhdhalta a' bheag sam bith air deireadh air, a thaobh misnich agus tabhachd. Aig an am sin bha an earrann a bu mho de Ghleann-Liobhann le Cloinn-Iabhair, cinneadh dalma agus cruadalach a chaill coir air an oighreachd, goirid an deigh do 'n sgeul a leanas tachairt.

Dh' eirich aimhreit' eadar am mac a b' oige 'bh' aig ban-altrum oighre Ghart, agus aon do Chloinn-Iabhair; agus air do 'n oganach moran tamailt 'fhaotainn, thubhairt e ri Mac-Iabhair, "Mar is beo mise, a Mhic-

Iabhair, bheir oighre Ghart ort gu 'n diol thu air son so fathast." Dhealaich na fir; agus cha do chaill an t-oganach agus a bhrathair uine air bith gus an do thog iad orra gu dol gu Caisteal Ghart, a chur an ceill do 'n uachdaran mar a thachair. Chuala Clann-Iabhair gu 'n do ghabh na h-oganaich air an t-slighe gu Gart, agus chuir iad an ruaig orra. Thainig iad air an da bhrathair gun fhios doibh; ach air dhoibhsan an cunnart fein fhaicinn, ghrad leum iad a stigh do linne dhomhain ann an Liobhann, 's an dochas nach leanadh Clann-Iabhair leis an eagal iad. Ach ged nach deachaidh Clann-Iabhair a stigh do 'n abhainn, gidheadh, thilg fear dhiubh saighead air na h-oganaich a bha 's an linne—leonadh comh-dhalta Ghart gu searbh—thuit e sios do ghrunnd na linne, agus bhathadh e. B'e Domhnull Mac-Dhiarmaid ab' ainm dha, agus goirear "Linne-Dhomhuill" ris an aite gu ruig an la an diugh. Fhuair an t-oganach eile comas teichidh, agus rainig e Gart. Dh' innis e do 'n tighearn og mar a thachair, agus air dha a bhi lan corruich air son mar a bhuin Clann-Iabhair ri 'chomh-dhalta, chuir e roimhe air ball aichmheil a thoirt a mach, agus a bhas a dhioladh. Chruinnich e gu h-ealamh a dhaoine, agus rainig e Gleann-Liobhann air an ceann. Air do Mhac-Iabhair cuisean a thuigsinn, chruinnich esan mar an ceudna a luchd-leanmhuinn fein, agus chomhlaich e fear-Ghart aig meadhon a' ghlinne. Air do na seoid coinneachadh, chuir iad failt' air aon a cheile, agus labhair iad dh' fheuchainn an rachadh cuisean a shocrachadh gun bhuille a bhualadh. Bha breacan air guaillibh Ghart, air an robh taobh dearg agus taobh dorcha, agus thubhairt e r'a chuid daoine, iad a bhi deas gu bualadh air an naimhdean, gun mhoille, gun bhaigh, na 'n cuireadh esan taobh dearg a' bhreacain a mach! Is gann a thug e an aithne so seachad an uair a rinn Mac-Iabhair fead, agus ghrad leum moran dhaoine fo 'n lan armachd, a mach a tom coille a bha goirid o laimh, agus sheas iad maille ri 'n ceann-cinnidh, agus ris na fir a bha comhladh ris a' labhairt ri fear Ghart.

"Co iad sin? (ghlaodh fear Ghart), agus ciod an gnothach an so?"

"'S iad sin (arsa Mac-Iabhair) treud de na h-earbaichean agam-sa, a ta leumnaich air feadh nan tom agus nan creag."

"Direach ceart (ars' an t-oigear eile) ma 's ann mar sin a tha 'chuis tha 'n t-am agam-sa bhi 'gairm mo mhiol-chon."

Ghrad thionndaidh e an taobh dearg de 'n bhreacan a mach, agus ann am priobadh na sula, bha na fir am badaibh a cheile! Car uine bha 'n tuasaid teth, agus garg; agus bha closaichean gun deo 'n an laidhe gu tiugh air an raon! Mu dheireadh theich a' chuid a bha lathair de Chloinn-Iabhair. Thug iad na beanntan orra, agus a mach o'n la sin, chaill iad am fearann. Tha e air 'innseadh nach bu mhor a chaill Gart d' a dhaoine anns an tuasaid sin, ach gu 'n do thuit corr a's sea fichead de na Liobhannaich.

Tha iomadh cuimhneachan air an la fhuilteach sin fathast anns a' Ghleann 's an do thachair e; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach bi an sgeul so taitneach do na Liobhannaich air an la an diugh, aig am bheil eolas air an ait anns an do chuireadh an cath deistinneach so, agus a chual a reir coslais, gu minic m'a thimchioll.

Mu 'n do thoisich na laoich ri cheile, thilg fir thighearna Ghart dhiubh an cuarain a chum gu 'n ruitheadh iad ni bu luaithe air toir an naimhdean, agus theirear "Leacnan-cuaran" fathast ris an aite 's an d' rinn iad sin. Tha mar an ceudna

"Ruisgeach," "Lagan-a'-chatha," agus "Camus-nan-carn," mar ainmean fathast air na h-aitibh sin, far an do ruisg iad an claidheamhan, an do chuir iad an eath, agus an d' adhlaic iad na daoine a thuit. Tha 'n abhainn fein 'n a cuimhneachan air an la gharg sin, oir roimh an am sin, b'e "Duibh" a b' ainm do'n abhainn, agus "Gleann-Duibh" a b' ainm do'n ghleann. Ach an uair a phill fear Ghart agus a chuideachd o 'n ruaig, "liobh," no ghlan iad a'n claidheamhan fuilteach 's an abhainn, gus an robh an t-uisge dearg; agus an sin ghlaodh an ceann-cinnidh gaisgeil a mach, ag radh, "Cha ghoirear 'Duibh' mar ainm air an uisge so tuille, oir

"Bho latha liobhaidh nan arm,
Bithidh 'Liobhann' mar ainm air 'Duibh.'"

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Cha 'n 'eil sgeul ur no annasach aig a' GHAIDHEAL air a' chuairt so.

Dh' eirich a' Pharlamaid aig toiseach a' mhios a chaidh seachad agus is gle bheag is feairrde sinn an saothair a' bhliadhna so. Cha do chuir iad moran oibre troimh an lamhan, agus tha beagan coltais air an duthaich gu bheil seorsa de dhiomb oirre do Mhr. *Gladstone* agus d' a luchd-cuideachaidh aig an am so; tha aon no dha d' an bhuidheann a bha 'g a sheasamh air am fagail a mach, agus *Tories* air an cur a stigh 'n an aite.

Tha sinn toilichte chluinntinn gu bheil iasgach an sgadain a' deanamh gu math; tha an sgadan anabarrach math agus gu leoir ann deth.

Tha droch cunntas air a' bhuntata ann an aite no dha; tha an galar—namhaid an duine bhochd—air e fein a nochdadh. Is e ar dochas agus ar guidhe gu 'm fas an aimsir na 's fhearr, gu 'm faighear fathast am barr a chur cruinn air bheag call, agus gu 'n saorar a' chuid mhor d' an bhuntata.

—o—

FREAGAIRTEAN do na Toimhseachain anns an aireamh mu dheireadh:—

1, A' mhuc-mhara a shluig Ionah. 2, An Cadal. 3, A' choinneal.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Mur urrainn duit a bhi ann ad abhainn mhoir a' giulan luingis lan beannachaidh thar an t-saoghail, faodaidh tu a bhi ann ad fhuaran beag ri taobh rathad-mor na beatha a' seinn gu ceolmhor a latha's a dh-oidhche agus a' toirt cupan de uisge fionnar do 'n fhear-thurais arsnealach, sgith a bhios a' gabhail seachad.

An duine a bheireadh achmhasan do 'n t-saoghal gu leir bu choir dha fhein a bhi 'n a dhuine do nach b' urrainn do 'n t-saoghal gu leir achmhasan a thoirt.

Na caith gus an coisinn thu. Caomhain chum comas toirt seachad a bhi agad. Saothairich chum gu 'm faigh thu nithe a bhuilicheas tu chum maith dhuit fhein agus do mhuinntir eile. Is deagh riaghailtean iad so do na h-uile, agus is dubh dhoibh-san an latha air an cuir iad eul riutha.

Cha taitneach leinn a bhi air ar mealladh le 'r naimhdibh, agus air ar treigsinn le 'r cairdibh, gidheadh tha sinn gu minic air ar mealladh agus air ar treigsinn leinn fein.

Far am bheil ceann air a dheagh lionadh le gliocas, gheibh e tamh agus fois air gach chuasaig a dh' fheudas amhgharan an t-saoghail a chur fodha.

Is e faobhar na loinne a tha 'n a dhearbhadh air deagh chlaidheamh, agus cha 'n e grinneas an dorn-chur, no maise na truaille. Ceart mar sin, cha 'n e a' chuid no a mhaoin a ni duine 'n a dhuine mor agus urramach, ach a dheagh ghiulan agus 'fhior mhaitheas fein.

Facal 's an Dealachadh.

Cha 'n 'eil aite againn gu taing a thoirt do ar cairdean lionmhor fa leth aig an am so. Gabhaidh iad ar leth-sgeul. Gu' m bu fada comasach agus deonach iad air comhnadh leinn!

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 186.*)*

75. *Buachaill* (herdsman, shepherd; anc. *bochaill)* corresponds to Gr. *boukolos* (herdsman, shepherd) and like *boukolos* signifies, literally, a cowherd. Cf. Lat. *bubulcus* (herdsman, but, literally, cowherd). See Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 81. *Boukolos* is derived, in Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, from *boûs* and *koleō* (= Lat. *colo.)*

76. *Buaile* (a cow-house, a cattle fold) is from Lat. *bovile* (ox-stall, cow-house). V between vowels disappears in Gaelic by rule (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 55).

77. *Réidh* and *ready.*

Réidh (plain, smooth, ready, reconciled; anc. *réid)* = W. *rhýdd* (free, loose) and is cognate with Dan. *rede* (plain, straight, ready, prepared), Ger. *be-reit* (ready), Sc. *red* (to disentangle, clear, put in order), A.S. *ræd* (ready), *ge-ræd* (ready), Eng. *ready.* Cf. Wedgwood's Dict. of Eng. Etymology. To the same root belong *réite* (agreement, reconciliation) and *réitich* (prepare, set in order, reconcile).

78. *Sùist* and *fist.*

Sùist (flail) = W. *ffust* and corresponds to Lat. *fustis* (club; cf. W. *ffusto*, to beat), Swiss *fausten*, *fausten* (to beat with fist or stick), Ger. *faust* (the hand clenched, fist), Old Eng. *fust* (fist) from which *fist* (the hand used as an instrument for beating) is derived. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary. It was previously shown (p. 216) that *s* in Gaelic frequently corresponds to *ff* in Welsh and to *f* in Latin.

79. *Sorn* and *furnace.*

Sorn (kiln, furnace, oven) = W. *ffwrn* (furnace, oven) and is cognate with Lat. *furnus* (oven, furnace), from which are derived Ital. *fornace*, Fr. *fournaise*, Eng. *furnace.* The Gael. loan-word *fuirneis* is from *furnace. Torn* is another form of *sorn.* Cf. *tabaid* and *sabaid; tìde* and *sìde.*

80. *Sroghall* and *flail*, *flog.*

Sroghall (whip, rod; anc. *srogell)* = W. *ffrowyll* or *ffrewyll* (whip, scourge) = *flangell* (whip, scourge), are apparently loan-words from Lat. *flagellum* (whip, scourge) diminutive of *flagrum. Flail* is from Old Fr. *flael*, which is akin to Ger. *flegel* and to Lat. *flagellum.* To the root *flag* may also be referred Eng. *flog*, *flag*, *flack*, and several other words. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary.

81. *Srian* and *refrain.*

Srian (bridle) = W. *ffrwyn* (bridle) and corresponds to Lat. *frenum* (rein, bridle), from which Lat. *refreno* (to keep back by a bridle) and Eng. *refrain* are derived.

82. *Srann* (snore), of which *srean* (anc. *sren)* is another form, is cognate with Lat. *sternuo* (I sneeze) and Gr. *ptarnumai* (I sneeze). Stokes points out that the resemblance of *srròn* (nose = W. *ffroen)* is only accidental. See Ir. Glosses, p. 120. Cf. *srothadh* (sneezing) and W. *ystrewi* (to sneeze).

83. *Stiùr*, and *steer*, *stir*, *stern.*

Stiùr (rudder) and *stiùir* (to steer, guide) may be compared with O. H. Ger. *stiura* (oar), *stiuran*, and *stiurjan*

(to direct, move, govern), Dut. *stueren* and *stieren* (to drive forwards, impel), Ice. *styra* (to guide, steer), A.S. *steoran*, *styran* (to steer), Eng. *steer*. *Stir* is from A.S. *styran*, *styrian* (to stir, steer). *Stern* is from A.S. *stearn* which corresponds to Ice. *stiorn*, from *styra* (to steer).

84. *Draoluinn* and *drawl*.

Draoluinn (a drawling, inactivity) may be compared with Dut. *draelen*, Fris. *draulen* (to delay, loiter, be slow), from which Eng. *drawl* (lit. to linger) is derived. Cf. *dreabhlainn* (an inactive person) and Dan. *dræve* (to delay). Possibly *draoluinn* may be from *drawling*. O'Reilly has *draolin* (inactivity) = *draoluinn*.

85. *Tàl* and *tail*, *tailor*.

Tàl (adze) is akin to Lat. *talea* (any piece that has been cut off), Ital. *tagliare* (to cut), Ice. *talga* (to cut hew), *telgia* (an axe), Fr. *taille* (cutting), *tailler* (to cut), *tailleur* (cutter, tailor), Eng. *tail* (cut off, the term applied to an estate which is cut off or limited to certain heirs), *tailor* (lit. a cutter). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 61, and Wedgwood's Dictionary. *Tàillear* = Fr. *tailleur* = Eng. *tailor*. The English words *detail*, *entail*, *curtail*, *retail*, belong to this root, to which Wedgwood refers also *tall*, *tally*, *deal*, *dole*, and cognate words.

86. *Taois* and *dough*.

Taois (dough; anc. *taes*) = W. *toes* and is akin to Goth. *daigs*, Ice. *deig*, A.S. *dah*, from which comes Eng. *dough*. Cf. Ger. *teig*. See Stoke's Ir. Glosses, p. 60.

87. *Aois* and *age*.

Aois (age; anc. *ôis* and *âis*) = W. *oes* and is compared by Ebel (cf. Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 109) with Sansk. *âyus*, Gr. *ai*[F]*on*, Lat. *aevum*, Goth. *aivs*, with which are cognate Old Fr. *eage*, *aage*, *âge*, Eng. *age*. Cf. Old Fr. *edage* (= *eage*), *eded*, and Lat. *ætas*, *ætatis*. See *age* in Wedgwood's Dictionary.

88. *Osan* and *hose*.

Osan (a hose; in Middle Gael. *assan*) = W. *hosan*, *hos*, Ice. *hosa*, Old Ger. *hosa*, A.S. *hose*, Eng. *hose*. Cf. N. H. Ger. *hose*, dim. *höschen*. For other examples of initial *h* in English in words in which it is awanting in Gaelic compare *uair* and *hour*, from Lat. *hora*; *umhal* and *humble*, from Lat. *humilis*; *onoir* and *honour*, from *honos*, *honoris*; *os* or *uas*(= W. *uch*) and *high*, from A.S. *heah*, which, as previously noticed (p. 55), is akin to Ger. *hoch*.

89. *Muing* and *mane*.

Muing (mane) = W. *mwng* and its cognate with Ice. *mön*, Ger. *mahne* (mane), Eng. *mane*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary.

90. *Maighdean* and *maid*, *maiden*.

Maighkean (maiden) is akin to Ger. *magd* (maid), *mädchen* (girl), A.S. *mægden*, *mæden* (maiden), Eng. *maid*, *maiden*. Cf. Goth. *magaths* (maid) and *magus* (boy), A.S. *magu* (son), Ice. *mögr* (son), W. *magu* (to breed). With A.S. *magu* and Ice. *mögr* may, perhaps, be compared Gael. *mac* (son) = W. *map*, *mab*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary.

91. *Siopunn* or *siabunn* and *soap*.

Siopunn or *siabunn* (soap) = W. *sebon*, and is akin to Lat. *sapo*, *saponis*, Ger. *seife*, Dut. *zeep*, Bret. *soav* (tallow), *soavon* (soap), Eng. *soap*. Wedgwood observes that soap was regarded by the Latins as a Celtic invention, and that, therefore, "it is reasonable that we should look to the latter class of languages for an explanation of the name." He gives the following quotation from Pliny:—"Prodest et *sapo*. Gallorum hoc inventum, rutilandis capillis, ex sevo et cinere."

92. *Com* and *combe*.

Com (the cavity of the chest) corresponds to W. *cwm* (valley, dale), A.S. *comb* (valley), from which *combe* (a narrow valley) is derived. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary. *Combe*

occurs frequently in English names of places, as Wycombe, Yarcombe, Addiscombe.

93. *Seileach* and *sallow.*

Seileach (sallow, willow) = W. *helyg* and is cognate with Lat. *salix*, Fin. *salawa*, A.S. *salig*, *salh*, from which *sallow* (white willow) is derived.

94. *Sal*, *salach*, *salchar*, and *sallow.*

Sal (filth, dross) and adj. *salach* (filthy) may be compared with W. *halawg* (defiled), *halogi* (to defile; cf. *salaich)*, Fr. *sale* (dirty), *salir* (to dirty), Bav. *sal* (dirty, dark, discoloured), A.S. *salowig* (dark in colour), Eng. *sallow.* Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 83. *Salchar* (filth is from *salach.*

95. *Gual*, *guallaim*, *guaillean*, and *coal.*

Gual (coal) is evidently akin to Sansk. *gval* (to flame, burn; cf. *guallaim*, I blacken, burn), to which it is referred by Bopp. *Guaillean* (a live coal, a cinder) is a derivative from *gual* or *guallaim.* *Coal* is derived from A.S. *col*, with which may be compared Ice. *kol*, Ger. *kohle*, O. Ger. *colo.* Cf. Bopp's Gloss., p. 158. The Welsh equivalent is *glo.*

96. *Geal* and *yellow.*

Geal (white; anc. *gel* = **gila)*, gen. *gile*, may be compared with Lat. *gilvus* (of a pale yellow colour; cf. Lat. *galbus* and Ger. *gelb)*, O. H. Ger. *gelo*, A.S. *gelo*, *gelew*, *geoluwe*, Eng. *yellow.* Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 129. From *geal* are derived *gile* (whiteness), *gealach* (moon), *gealacan* or *gealagan* (the white of an egg), &c. With *gel* (white) may be compared Lat. *gelu* (frost). Bopp refers *geal*, *gealach*, &c., to Sansk. *gval* (to flame).

97. *Spàrr*, *sparran*, and *spar*, *spear.*

Spàrr (a joist, beam) corresponds to Dan. *sparre* (a rafter), Ice. *sparre* (a prop), Dut. *sparre*, *sperre* (a rod, stake, bar, post, beam), Ger. *sparren* (rafter), Eng. *spar* (a bar of wood). *Spear* ("a long weapon used in war and hunting made of a *spar* or pole pointed with iron") is from A.S. *speare* or *spere*, which is akin to Ger. *speer*, Dut. *sperre* (a stake). Cf. W. *yspêr* (spear) and *pâr* (spear, lance), Lat. *sparus* (spear), Ital. *sbarra* (bar). Gael. *sparran* (a bolt) is the diminutive of *spàrr.* Cf. *sparrandoruis* (a door-bolt).

Spàrr (to drive, enforce, from the noun *spàrr)* and *sparradh* (driving, enforcing) may be compared with the verb to *spar* of which the radical image, according to Wedgwood, is to strike or thrust against something. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary.

98. *Spor* or *sbor* and *spur*, *spurn.*

Spor or *sbor* (a spur, claw, or talon) corresponds to W. *yspardun* (spur), A.S. *spora* or *spura* (spur), Eng. *spur.* Cf. Gr. *sphuron* (the ankle, heel).

99. *Sbeach* or *speach* and Gr. *sphēx.*

Sbeach or *speach* (wasp) corresponds to Gr. *sphēx* (wasp), gen. *sphēkos.* Gr. *ph* = Gael. *b* by rule. Cf. *pherō* and *beir; phullos* and *ball; phenō* and the root *be* or *ben.* With *sphēx* = *s-phēcs.* Curtius compares Lat. *vespa*, O. H. Ger. *wefsa*, Lit. *vapsa*, with which Ger. *wespe*, A.S. *wæps*, *wæsp*, Eng. *wasp*, are cognate.

100. *Smudan* and *mote.*

Smudan (a particle of dust) is akin to Ice. *moda* (dust), Dut. *mot* (dust), A.S. *mot* (an atom), Eng. *mote.* Cf. Gael. *smiot* (a particle) and Eng. *mite* (a minute portion of a thing, anything very small), which Wedgewood regards as probably a modification of *mote.* Cf. also Gael. *smad* (a particle, a jot), *smod* (dust), *smodan* (a little spot or blemish).

101. *Smug*, *smugaid*, and Lat. *mucus.*

Smug (spittle, phlegm; = *s-muc)* is cognate with Sansk. *muk* (to dis-

charge), Gr. *muxa* (phlegm) from *mussō* = *mukjō* (cf. *mussomai*, to blow the nose), Lat. *mucus* (phlegm). To the root *muk* Bopp refers Lat. *mungo* from *munco* (cf. *munctio*, a blowing of the nose) and Gael. *mùnaim* (mingo). *Smugaid* (spittle) is from *smug*.

102. *Sneadh* and *nit*.

Sneadh (nit; anc. *sned)* = W. *nedd-en*, *nedd*, Bret. *niz*, and is cognate with Slav. *gnida*, Gr. *konis*, gen. *konidos*, Ger. *nisz*, Ice. *nyt*, *nit*, A.S. *knitu*, Eng. *nit*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 85.

103. *Sneachd;* Lat. *nix;* Eng. *snow*.

Sneachd (snow; anc. *snecht)* is cognate with Lat. *nix*, gen. *nivis*, (= *nihvis*, *nigvis*, with *s* dropped), Lith. *sneyas*, Pol. *snjeg*, Goth. *snaivs*, Old Ice. *snjoa* (to snow), Ger. *schnee*, A.S. *snaw*, Eng. *snow*. Bopp refers *sneachd* to the Sansk. root *snu*. Cf. Sansk. Glossary, p. 432.

104. *Muc* and *mow*.

Muc (hay-stack) is cognate with Old Ice. *múgr* (a mow of hay), Ice. *muga* (a heap of hay), *muga* (to gather into heaps), A.S. *mucy*, *muga* (a stack, heap), *mowe* (a heap of hay). Cf. Ital. *mucchia* (a heap). See Wedgwood's Dictionary.

105. *Mòd* and *moot*, *meet*.

Mòd (a court or meeting) corresponds to A.S. *mot* (an assembly), from which *moot* (lit. to meet; to discuss) and *mote* (a meeting) are derived. *Meet* (to come face to face, to assemble) is from A.S. *metan* (to meet), *motian* (to assemble for conversation), akin to Goth. *motjan*, *gamotjan* (to meet), A.S. *mot* (a meeting), and Ice. *mot* (opposite).

106. *Firean* (eagle) may be compared with A.S. *earn* (eagle), Dut. *aarn*. Gaelic frequently drops initial *f*.

107. *Rannsaich* and *ransack*.

Rannsaich (to search thoroughly ransack) corresponds to Ice. and Sw. *ransaka* (to search thoroughly), from which Eng. *ransack* is derived.

108. *Càl* and *cole*.

Càl (cole-wort) corresponds to Lat. *caulis* or *colis* (the stalk or stem of a shrub or herb, especially of the cabbage, and hence the cabbage itself), Gr. *kaulos* (the stalk of a plant), A.S. *cawel*, *cawl*, *caul*, from which *cole* is derived. Cf. Dut. *kool* and Scot. *kail*.

109. *Feadh* and *wide*.

Feadh (extent, length) and *fad* (long) may be regarded as akin to O. H. Ger. *wît* (ample, vast), Ger. *weit*, which denotes generally a greater or less distance, as, "Wie *weit* ist es nach Wien?" "How far is it to Vienna?" "Sehr *weit* von hier." "Very far from here." *Wide* is from *weit*, with which also *void* (empty), from Fr. *vuide* is probably connected. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary. *F* in Gaelic = *w* in German and English, and Gael. *d* frequently = O.H.G. *t* and Eng. *d*.

110. *Feadhb* and *widow*.

Feadhb (widow; anc. *fedb)* corresponds to Lat. *vidua* (widow) from *viduo* (to deprive or bereave), Goth. *viduvo*, A.S. *weoduwe*, Eng. *widow*. By comparing *fedb* with *vidua* we see that *b* = *u* = original *v*. Cf. Sansk. *vidhavâ* (widow) from *vi* (without; = Lat. *ve)* and *dhava* (husband).

(To be continued.)

———o———

LEGENDARY HISTORY OF THE SCOTS.

Coming down to later times, the legends faintly shadowed forth in the old documents, assume more and more majestic proportions. In rolling down the descent of the ages they receive various additions. The statement that the Scots were descended from the Egyptian mon-

archs though an isolated one, was yet an enchanting one. It was ever the province of the imaginative faculty to seize upon the undefined, and from it to draw conjectures the most extravagant. This was the case with regard to the history of the Scots as delineated in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The author of the "Chronicle of the Picts and Scots," writing towards the close of the 13th century, informs us at the commencement of his record that much confliction of statement is encountered in the ancient catalogues of the Kings in their order of succession. It was with the intention of militating between the various accounts that he was induced to write his own chronicle. His story is decidedly romantic. He discovered in the life of Saint Brandane that there dwelt in Athens a noble chevalier who had a son called Gaidheal. This Gaidheal was married to Scota, daughter of Pharaoh. By her he had a family of fair sons and daughters. The quietude of domestic bliss was not, however, suited to his daring spirit. He must set out and find a home for himself by the aid of the spear. With this bold intention he persuaded the young men of the country to accompany him on his journey. His father having supplied him with vessels, he set sail from Athens. After much sailing in the Mediterranean Sea, he arrived in Spain. Here he met with great resistance from the natives. Finally he was victorius, and built a strong castle, called Brigance, on a rock near the coast of the Hibernian Sea. During his stay at Brigance, himself and his followers lived on plunder taken from the neighbouring peasants. One day as his fishermen were driven far out into the deep by a stormy tempest, they observed thistles, flowers, and other substances, indicating that land was not very far distant. On announcing this to Gaidheal he immediately set out with his sons, who were surnamed Scoti, from their mother Scota, and discovered a large island. When they landed they found the soil was very rich, although poorly cultivated for the want of people. The country was otherwise pleasant, being covered with woods, and sufficiently supplied with rivers. The heart of Gaidheal was delighted. He must return to his castle in Spain, and convey his wife and retinue to the scene of his future labours. But the hopes of the adventurous chevalier are immaturely dashed aside. He is laid low by the inhospitable hand of sickness, and dies. His dying command to his sons was, that they might reduce the island, and become themselves a mighty nation. Heber, the eldest son of Gaidheal, as the *ceann cinnidh*, or head of the race, set out with his brothers, seized the whole island, and subjected the natives. They called the island Hibernia, either after its conqueror Heber, or the Spanish river Hebrus. His brothers give their name Scoti to a tribe inhabiting the north of Hibernia, or what is commonly called Ireland. The Hibernienses are forced to adopt the language of Gaidheal, the founder of the language. Giraldus tells us this is the reason why the language of Hibernia is called Gaidhealach.

With the settlement of the Scots in Ireland is associated the tradition of the Lia Fail or the "Grey Stone of Fate." Wherever this stone was placed there the Scots were destined to reign. It followed them in their wanderings, and was connected with their fortunes. Carried down to Egypt by Jacob, as the stone upon which he rested his head when he beheld that miraculous vision of the

night, it early became the property of the Pharaohs. It remained with them as the tutelar god of their monarchy till Scota, Rachel-like, bore it away with her when she accompanied her husband on his adventurous expedition. By the events connected with the death of Gaidheal, its connection with the wanderings of the Scoti, was for a time severed. But the decree of the fates must run its course. Symond Brek, one of the sons of the King of Spain, married the eldest daughter of the widowed Scota, and along with her he got the Lia Fail. Hearing that the Scoti were possessors of Ireland, he repaired thither, and the "stone of fate" was once more restored to its owners. It governed the destinies of the Kings of Hibernia, until Fergus, son of Feraehar, came to the country, north of that occupied by the Britons, and called by him Scotia. On his settlement here he planted it at his seat in Inchgall (Dalriada). Twenty Kings of Dalriada were afterwards crowned on it. Alpin, the last Dalriadic King was driven out of the kingdom of his fathers, by Angus MacFergus, King of the Picts. Expelled from Dalriada he set sail for Galloway with the remainder of his routed army, and seized upon the Pictish territory there. After having subdued it he was slain, says the Scottish Chronicle, by a man who lay in wait for him in a wood overhanging the entrance to the ford of a river, as he rode through it surrounded by his followers. The spot were he fell is still called *Laicht Alpin*, or the gravestone of Alpine. The entertaining author of "English and Scottish Chivalry," thus refers to this incident. "But Alpin soon received a check in his desolating career. The chiefs had collected their followers and met their invader in the parish of Dalmellington, where during a sharp struggle, he was killed by the weapon of an enraged chief, near the site Laicht Castle, which derived its name from the stone of Alpin—a gravestone known and recognised nearly four centuries after the last of the Scoto-Irish Kings had finished his career."

About this time, say the chronicles, the Picts, or Cruithne came in contact with the Scots of Ireland. Their wanderings were even more extensive than those of the Scots themselves. They are traced by the ancient annalists to every part of the world where the name Pict or anything resembling it is found, and their migrations thence to Cruithne-tuaith (Pictavia) are described in the most natural way. Each chroniele supplies a new account of their origin. The only thing they relate in common is, that the Picts were a colony of soldiers, who, having no wives of their own, sought and obtained wives from the Scots. This was stated as a fact by the earliest annalists, and is mentioned by the ecclesiastic historian Bede. It was thought to account for the law of succession through the female line, when succession through the male line became doubtful. In this case when there were several sons in a family they succeeded each other in order, but when succession through them failed, daughters were chosen to succeed in preference to sons. In connection with this feature of the tradition some chroniclers state that one of the conditions upon which the Picts obtained wives was to the purpose that their issue should speak the Irish language—the Gaidhealach of Giraldus—which they continue to do to this day. This is quite the opposite of what Nennius mentions in the case of the Britons of Armorica when they obtained wives from the people

who preceded them. Arguing that if their descendants were to speak the language of the mother—the mother tongue—that language would in time prevail over their own, they cruelly think fit to slit the tongues of all their wives!

Several of the chronicles giving an account of the Pictish kings and their battles, state that shortly after the Picts became allied to the Scots, Redda, a Scottish prince from Hibernia, set out for Pictavia with a formidable army. He landed in Galloway and formed a treaty with his kinsmen the Dalriadic Scots, who, under the leadership of Alpin, had established themselves there some years previous. They conquer the greater part of the southern dominions of the Picts and the whole of Argyle and the islands, which were occupied by the Picts since the expulsion of Alpin. The Dalriadic Scots are thus again put in possession of their ancient kingdom.

Connected with this invasion there is an account of a conspiracy, whereby it was said the chiefs and nobles of the Picts were destroyed. The kings, nobility, and soldiers, of the Picts and the Scots assembled in the Council House at Scone, at the request of the latter, for the purpose, it was alleged, of entering upon negotiations of peace. Immediately on being assembled the Scots, who were privately armed, attacked the defenceless Picts, and slew every one of them. From this time the kingdom of the Picts, which had lasted for 1190 years, was struck out of the list of the empires of the earth, and the kingdom of the Scots was re-established.

R. Mac-an-Rothaich.

(To be continued.)

—o—

CELTIC ETYMOLOGY.

Sir,—In The Gael for last month Mr. Edmunds attempts to make what he calls "a reply" to the notice given in your June number of his many ridiculous mistakes, when he wrote respecting the Gaelic language of the Highlanders of Scotland, but it is no reply whatever, only a miserable failure of showing that what he had written of the Gaelic language was according to truth and fact. Had Mr. Edmunds acknowledged that he had made some mistakes, there would have been an end of the matter, and probably it would have been soon forgotten; instead of which he pertinaciously adheres to all the blunders he has made in comparing words which he most wrongly called Gaelic with Welsh ones.

Mr. Edmunds commences by stating he does not propose to discuss "the long string of etymologies" given, he states, by the writer hereof. It was not etymologies, but a collection of mistakes and gross errors in words, given by Mr. Edmunds as Gaelic ones, and which every Highlander who read your June number knew to be untrue. Mr. Edmunds had no hesitation in writing these words, and his object was to depreciate the Gaelic language, and wrongfully exalt the Welsh over it; his argument for this purpose being founded upon pretended Gaelic words, and he evades my examination of them. As to the Welsh word imagined by Mr. Edmunds, and also Chalmers, as the origin of "Lanark," the ancient forms of it given in your June number refute them both. Chalmers is no authority whatever, because, as Skene (our best Celtic writer) informs us, he hired a Lexicon writer to furnish him Welsh words for the names of places in Scotland. Regarding Benlomond, as *Ben* is not derived from the Welsh, which all Highlanders know it is not, then it was like all the other *Bens* of Scotland given by a Gaelic speaking race, and refutes Mr. Edmunds. A statement is made by him as to the word "*mam*," that "in all European languages in which it occurs," it means "breast" or "mother." This assertion is contrary to truth and fact; the Gaelic language is a European one, it is spoken by hundreds and thousands of people, and in it "*mam*" does *not* mean either "breast" or "mother," which fully refutes Mr. Edmunds; besides there are many hills in Scotland called "*mam*," proving that in the Gaelic language no such meaning of the word ever existed.

The ridiculous etymology of Mr. Edmunds for "Dover" he attempts to reply to, by noticing what the writer hereof says in his topographical volume on the *River names* of Scotland. Among them is the "Ayr," of which all its ancient spellings are given, proving that it and the "Ary" or "Aray" of Argyleshire are identical in meaning and etymology, and they both give names to a town on their banks, yet this gives no countenance to Mr. Edmunds' absurd derivation that "Dover" is from the Welsh word meaning "water," which of course every seaport in the world is. The river "Aire" in Yorkshire is from the same root, and is also one of the old spellings of the Scotch river "Ayr," namely the single letter "A" pronounced "Awe" as in Lochawe, or the English word "ah." That single letter signifies "water," but is now obsolete. The remaining Gaelic word is "reidh," now in use, and pronounced "ray," meaning "smooth." Thus we have the compound word, pronounced in English the "Aray," or "thes mooth water." Should the writer's derivation be shown to be a mistake in this river name, he will not deny it, but acknowledge it.

The emigration of the Celts from Gaul into Britain is a point now unquestioned, and as the southern part of the island is in sight of it, there of course they landed, and most certainly both *the natural* and *actual* course they would take, was to the north part as successive numbers arrived; and we find traces of the Gael in river names from Kent to Cumberland, a great many being identical with those of the north part, and in their progress they not only named small, but also the largest rivers, as has already been shown. At what period the emigrations from Gaul commenced cannot be fixed with any certainty, but as we know that fifty-five years before the birth of Christ the south part of the island was fully peopled, and that in the year A. D. 80 the north part was so likewise, the first of the Celtic race must have come into Britain at least 1,500 years, if not more, before the Christain era. Mr. Edmunds states that the Gael got the habit of coming south after the Roman power decayed, but that was probably 1,500 or 2,000 years after their arrival from Gaul, and progress northward in Britain. Mr. Edmunds gives us a reason why the Gael went further south than Kent at this period, that the Welsh state they were driven by them to the sea. This is no reason at all, because the Gael could have driven them to the sea long before they got to Kent.

Mr. Edmunds makes the following statement in the GAEL for last month, "the occurrence of 'Aber' in Scotland, taking Col. Robertson's book as my guide, is confined to districts penetrated by the Roman arms." There could not have been a statement written more contrary to truth and fact than this. Had Mr. Edmunds followed the work he named as his guide he would therein have found that "Aber" prevails in very many places of Scotland where the Romans *never penetrated;* there are three Abers in Argyleshire, where the Romans never were, one of them being in the island of Isla; within the county of Inverness, and towards it western side, there are four Abers, where the Romans never penetrated; in the county of Ross, where the Romans never were, Aber is also to be noted; and, lastly, in the furthest north part of the county of Sutherland, which was never entered by the Romans, we also find Aber. These facts very fully refute Mr. Edmunds' statement. In the same paragraph he tries to make it supposed that the Welsh named the "Abers" in Scotland, but he is completely refuted by the fact that *Gaelic* and *not Welsh* words are always joined to the Scotch "Aber," and which the work he mentions fully proves, and his stating that he took it for his *guide* is a mere sham and pretext.

It has been shown that Mr. Edmunds made a statement of certain words being Gaelic, and he gave meanings also to some others. In both cases when they came to be examined many are completely wrong—the number that are so amounting to one-half at least of the words he gave. He states that he got them out of an Irish magazine (*The Dublin University*), but he ought to know that even if they were therein, that could not make the meaning he gives them correct, or the words to belong to the Gaelic, even if he copied them rightly, which may be doubted, for the following amongst other reasons:—The Gaelic word "leabhar" means "a book." In the Irish language "leabhar" also means "a book," and it is incredible that any eminent Irish scholar would call it anything else; but what does Mr. Edmunds call it? He says it means a "a flood," in which he is refuted by both languages. Among other words stated by Mr. Edmunds to be Gaelic he gives one, "balloch." By a misprint in the June number of the GAEL

the letter *c* was put instead of *e*, and it is necessary to point out that Mr. Edmunds in his attempted reply alters the word he had written in his book at page 18 from "balloch" to "balloch"!

In conclusion, there is no use to continue a correspondence with Mr. Edmunds, who, from what he has stated, shows he did not know whether he wrote Gaelic or not.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

GAELIC GRAMMAR AND PHILOLOGY.

SIR,—As one possessed with a strong regard for his mother tongue, permit me, with the view of attaining to what is right and true, to submit a few remarks on the "Notes on Gaelic Grammar, &c.," which appear in this month's GAEL, p. 118, b.

1. I am not at all satisfied that "an uair a" is an adverbial phrase. "A théid mi," "a bhuaileas mi," are attributive phrases qualifying "an uair." What "uair"? "An uair *a théid mi*," "*a bhuaileas mi*." Of course "a" is the simple relative here as well as after "mar," "bho," "ged," and "ma" (if not included in it); so that it is the relative that governs the future subjunctive or rather the relative form of the future indicative. It does not appear to me that "an uair a théid mi" is literally and fully "the hour or time that I shall go," unless we make "rach" a transitive verb having "an uair" for its object—as it is indeed in certain cases. Is it not rather, "the hour or time *on* or *during* which I shall go?" like "na h-uaislean ris am beil farmad aige," or, "a tha farmad aige riutha." For this construction see Munro's Gaelic Grammar, 2nd ed. p. 180, note. Perhaps Dr. Clerk in the instance quoted, considered the relative form (-as) sufficiently clear without encumbering the text with an apostrophe. In my opinion we are all lavishly fond of apostrophes. There does not seem to me to be any necessity for the common practice of supplying the place of a part of speech with an apostrophe, especially where there is no danger of the sense being in the slightest degree impaired by its omission. It is not done in English, for instance.

2. "Gu 'n." I am inclined to question the statement of your correspondent that "gu" is a preposition here; if, by that term we are to understand a certain class of words, disused as nouns, but employed to connect notions. Is it not rather a prepositive verbal particle used for emphatically affirming a direct assertion? If "an" is the dative of the simple relative, where and what is its antecedent? If not a euphonic letter, may it not be the interrogative particle "an" ("am," "a"), seeing that all assertions presuppose a question? But why not dispense with the apostrophe in this and similar instances, as is done in the case of "gur"? "Do-n," "fo-n," "mu-n," "bho-n," for "do 'n," "fo 'n," &c., are not to be imitated.

As no one is perfect, it is a comparatively easy task to criticise and point out each other's short-comings. The *Piobaire Dall* was well aware of this when he said, in *Coire-nan-eas*, "Ma tha thusa na d' fhear ealaidh cluinneamaid annas do laimhe." In the GAEL, Vol II., No. 13, p. 13, b, *Salm na Beatha*, stanza 4, the translator, A. C., has fallen into the error which Mr. Cameron in a previous article so severely condemns. I refer to the words, "a' bualadh caismeachd thiamhaidh, thruaigh an éig."

At page 183 of this month's GAEL, I find "Beinn-Nibheis" spelt "Beinn-Neabhais." This is certainly some-

thing new to come from one of the Clan-Cameron. It looks like an imitation of Dr. Maclauchlan who has adopted a somewhat similar spelling, probably from the mode of pronouncing the name in some of the more northern counties. Our rivers seem mostly named after some nymphs or myths of the feminine gender, and our glens as a rule receive their names from the rivers that flow through them. Whatever be the derivation of "Nibheis" we have here, besides the *Beinn, Gleann-Nibheis, Sròn-Nibheis, Bun-Nibheis, Drochaid-Nibheis*, &c. There is a *sgialachd* told about the nymph, *Nibheis;* and *Nibheis*, and *Geolach* used to be common names for the female of deer-hounds.

I am no party man; and, as I have already stated, have no apology to offer for these remarks but love for my native tongue—that language of the maternal lips that blessed us, and are now silent in the grave.—I am, &c., D. C. M.

Bohuntin, Bridge of Roy,
Kingussie, 19th August, 1873.

———o———

TO JOHN F. CAMPBELL, ESQ., OF ISLAY.

On the publication of his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands."

O thou whose joy it is to stray
The bowers of Fairyland among—
Renewing o'er our hearts the sway
Of Fairy tale and song.

This book of thine will long endear
Thy name to all who love the land
Where thou has gleaned with zeal so rare,
Those legends quaintly grand.

As shells that on some lonely strand
The sea casts careless, may confine
Pearls, which when touched by skilful hand,
With peerless lustre shine.

So these stray waifs of ancient lore
Turn, touched by thee, to treasures rare,—
Rich gems of which for evermore
The world will well take care.

Well do I mind that long-past day
I met thee first and sought thy smile,
I, a poor minstrel—thou, the gay
Young heir of Islay's isle.

No seer am I—yet in the boy
Before me, right well could I trace
The man that yet would prove a joy,
A pride to Diarmid's race.

One who, with every grace endowed
Befitting rank und lineage high,
Would win, withal, a place as proud
In Mind's nobility.

What though a stranger lords it now
O'er that fair isle so dear to thee;
Still lord o'er all its hearts art thou,—
The land alone hath he.

Fortune hath wronged thee much—yet still
A heritage more rich remains
Than any subject to her will—
Thy place in Thought's domains.

Long in a field, now all thine own,
Be thine to work with loving care;
Rare gems of wisdom, random-strewn,
Will yet reward thee there.

Gems that, when thou in death dost rest,
More green shall keep thy memory
Than if arose above thy breast
A Cairn, Ben-Cruachan high!

EVAN MCCOLL.

———o———

SOLAN GEESE CATCHING AT ST KILDA.

The solan goose, after the hard toil of the day at fishing without intermission, rising high in the air to get a full sight of the fish that he marks out for his prey before he pounces upon it, and each time devouring it before he rises above the surface, becomes so fatigued at night that he sleeps quite sound in company with some hundreds, who mark out some particular spot in the face of the rocks, to which they repair at night, and think themselves secure under the protection of a sentinel, who stands awake to watch their lives, and gives the alarm, by *bir*,

bir, in times of danger, to awaken those under his guard.

The St. Kildians watch with great care in what part of the island these birds are more likely to light at night; and this they know by marking out on which side of the island the play of fish is, among which the geese are at work the whole day; because in that quarter they are ready to betake themselves to sleep at night. And when they are fairly alighted, the fowlers repair to the place with their panniers, and ropes of thirty fathoms in length, to let them down with profound silence in their neighbourhood—to try their fortunes among the unwary throng.

The fowler, thus let down by one or more men, who hold the rope lest he should fall over the impending rocks into the sea, with a white towel about his breast, calmly slides over the face of the rocks till he has a full view of the sentinel; then he gently moves along on his hands and feet, creeping very silently to the spot where the sentinel stands on guard. If he cries *bir*, *bir*,—the sign of an alarm—he stands back; but if he cries *grog*, *grog*, that of confidence, he advances without fear of giving an alarm, because the goose takes the fowler for one of the straggling geese coming into the camp, and suffers him to advance. Then the fowler very gently tickles one of his legs, which he lifts and places on the palm of his hand; he then as gently tickles the other, which in like manner is lifted and placed on the hand. He then, no less artfully, insensibly moves the sentinel near the first sleeping goose, which he pushes with his fingers; on which he awakes, and finding the sentinel standing above him, he immediately falls a fighting him for his supposed insolence. This alarms the whole camp, and instead of flying off, they all begin to fight through the whole company; while in the meantime, the common enemy, unsuspected, begins in good earnest to twist their necks, and never gives up till the whole are left dead on the spot.—*Buchanan.*

HIGHLAND CUSTOMS AT DEATH.

On the death of a Highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board, and covered with a coarse linen wrapper, the friends lay on the breast of the deceased a wooden platter, containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed—the earth, an emblem of the corruptible body; the salt, an emblem of the immortal spirit. All fire is extinguished where a corpse is kept; and it is reckoned so ominous for a dog or cat to pass over it, that the poor animal is killed without mercy.—*Pennant.*

THE BLACK WATCH.—The 42nd Highlanders, known as the "Black Watch," got that title from the following circumstances:—In 1730, six independent companies of Highlanders were raised for the protection of Edinburgh, and for police and other local purposes, and being dressed in black, blue, and green tartans, they presented a very sombre appearance, which procured them the name of "Freiceadan Dubh," or "Black Watch." These independent companies were, in 1739, amalgamated into a regular regiment, under the title of the "Highland Regiment," which in 1751 was numbered the 42nd.

COAL PRODUCTION OF THE WORLD.—According to the best authorities, the coal production of the world is about 200,000,000 of tons annually. Great Britain furnishes over 120,000,000 tons of this amount, or considerably over one-half. In the United States, with all their vast coalfields, only 41,000,000 of tons are raised for a population of 39,000,000, whilst the above large quantity of 120,000,000 are raised in Great Britain, which has only 32,000,000 inhabitants. It is true that out of these 120,000,000 about 12,000,000, are exported, and that in the United States the supply of wood for ordinary fuel is almost unlimited.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

LEWIS. — A large number of families and single persons have emigrated from this island during the present season. The majority of them went to the different provinces of the Dominion of Canada. They report very favourably. Several were assisted by Sir James Matheson, the kind-hearted proprietor of Lewis and Achany.

FORT-WILLIAM.—It is rumoured in this district that we are likely to lose the able minister of Nether-Lochaber, viz., the Rev. Alexander Stewart, of the Parish of Ballachulish and Ardgour, who is said to have every chance of being translated from here to the Parish of Ardchattan, Loch Etive, near Bonawe. The patron of the Parish is Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Lochnell, who is now resident, we believe, at Highwood, Lochetiveside.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.—Her Majesty the Queen will leave Balmoral Castle early this month for Inverlochy Castle. The arrangements are, however, kept as secret as possible, and there will be no public demonstration at Inverlochy on her Majesty's arrival, she having expressed a desire that the strictest privacy should be maintained. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Christian, and other distinguished visitors are expected at Inverlochy Castle during her Majesty's stay, which is expected to extend over a fortnight. A series of triumphal arches are to be erected on the road from Kingussie to Inverlochy and the town of Fort William is to be illuminated, while bonfires are to blaze on the tops of all the most prominent hills. Her Majesty, during her stay at Inverlochy, will visit Glencoe, Glenroy, Loch Arkaig, and is also expected to ascend Ben Nevis as far as the lake. The bonfires are to be lighted on the night of her Majesty's arrival, and the regatta comes off on the day of her visit to Glencoe. A rumour is circulated, and is generally credited, that negotiations are in progress with a view to purchase the Inverlochy estate for His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. Although Her Majesty has declined to receive any public demonstration of loyalty on Her arrival, it is expected that she will be present at Highland games and sports which are to be promoted for the occasion.

THE CELTIC LANGUAGE. — Mr. Gladstone, in his address at the Welsh Eisteddfod, said — "They looked at the Highlands of Scotland, and found the people speaking Gaelic, and they knew that the great mass of the people were also hostile to themselves. They looked at Wales, and then, I am afraid, misled by this false analogy, they said to themselves, "Welshmen speak Welsh." The language tends to make them hostile to us. We will use every power, the law and political and ecclesiastical influence can give us, in order to—what shall I say—'drive' is a hard word, yet I may almost say to 'drive them into the use of the English, and the abandonment of their native tongue.' What has been the result? In Scotland the people are rapidly giving up Gaelic. There is not a valley in the Highlands where the use of the Gaelic is not receding more and more from the focuses of civilisation. In Ireland I understand that now there is nobody who does not understand English. In Wales, on the other hand, it is said that 800,000 people still cling to their native tongue in spite of all the pressure which has been put on them."

AN
GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHARAIDH, 1873. [20 Air.

DONNCHA CAIMBEUL.

III.

Bha beachdan saobh-chreideach air an deargadh air inntinn Dhonnchai leis a' choinneamh mhi-fhortanach a bh' aige ri tannasg a' phiobaire, dheth nach d' fhuair e cuibhte (a reir coslais) am fad 's bu bheo e; ni a tha 'nochdadh an curam agus an fhaicill a bu choir a bhi air an cleachdadh ann a bhi a' toirt cumachd do mhaothbheachdan inntinn na h-oigridh. Is e teisteas Ciobair *Ettrick* mu Dhonncha, nach b' aithne dha riamh neach air an robh uiread do eagal roimh bhocain anns an dorcha. Bha a leithid de bhuaidh aig na faoinbheachdan ud air 'fhaireachduinnean agus air a bhreithneachadh, agus nach bu chomasach dha am fuadach air falbh eadhoin le solus a reusain agus a thuigse. Cho luath agus a chiaradh am feasgar, bhiodh e an comhnuidh a' sealltuinn a mach airson nan creutairean diomhair ud aig nach robh bith an taobh a mach d' a mhacmeanma fein, le suil eudmhoir amharusaich air gach tom agus preas, air eagal gu 'n faodadh iad a bhi ri feallfholach 'n am measg, ullamh gu leum a mach 'n a dhail ann an tiota. Na 'n coinnicheadh e ri neach anns an dorcha, no na 'n cluinneadh e fuaim obann air bith, bu leoir e gu a chainnt a thoirt uaithe car uine.

Air dha *Dewar* fhagail, bha e car greis air seabhaideachd bho aite gu aite. Bu choltach gu' n do choisinn e cairdeas agus comhfhulangas an t-sluaigh air sgath 'oige, a mhaise, a chrannchur aimbeartach, faondrach, agus an gradh a bh' aige d' a chompanach dileas, Oscar; oir mar 'bu bhitheanta, bha furan agus caoimhneas air an nochdadh dha anns gach aite air an tugadh e 'aghaidh. Bha cuimhne aige air ainm 'athar agus 'aite comhnuidh; ach mar nach cuala an sluagh air an robh e a tathaich iomradh riamh air aon seach aon dhiu, cha robh a' bheag de shuim aca do 'n chuis.

Dh' fhuirich e faisg air da bhliadhna ann an aite d' an goirte *Cowhaur*, gus an d' thug creutair snarach a bu chompanach leapa dha, droch laimhseachadh dha, air dhoibh cur a mach air a cheile. Ann an spiorad feirge agus dioghaltais, dhirich Donncha a dh' iomnsuidh an lobhta, ghearr e ad, brogan agus cota-sabaid a chompanaich 'n an stiallan; agus dh' fhag e an t-aite mu 'n d' thainig an oidhche.

Bha e air allaban car uine 'n a dheigh sud feadh nan tuathanach tinchioll na *Tweed* agus na *Yarrow;* ach thainig an caithe-beatha ud gu bhi anabarrach neo-thaitneach dha. Cha b' urrainn dha cadal leis fein, agus cha bu toigh leis na seirbhisich, mar 'bu bhitheanta, balach fuadain le 'chu a ghabhail mar choimhleabach.

Air feasgar fliuch, mu dheireadh an fhogharaidh, thainig Donncha gu tigh m' athar; cha robh a' bheag de aodach uime ach seann chota dubh a rinneadh do neach eigin a b' airde na esan, agus a bha ruigheachd gu 'shailtean; bha 'fhalt riobagach, caisreagach, agus air 'fhailceadh leis na siontan; ach bha 'aodan urail, eireachdail, agus a' taisbeanadh comharraidhean soilleir air fallaineachd cuirp, agus air cridhe faireachail agus toinisgeil. Bha Oscar ach beag cho mhor ris fein, agus air dath an

t-sionnaich, le stiall gheal 'n a aodann, agus cearcal geal mu'amhaich—cha'n fhaca mi riamh cu-chaorach eile a b' eireachdala. Thalaidh mo chridhe ri Donncha a' cheud sealladh a fhuair mi dheth, agus ghuil mi le aoibhneas 'n uair a chunnaic mi an caoimhneas a nochd mo pharantan dha. Ghabh mo mhathair a leithid de thlachd dheth, agus gu 'n robh a' chuid bu mho d' a h-uine air a toirt suas car laithean ann an conaltradh ris. Bha mise gu bunailteach 'n an cuideachd, ag eisdeachd le ioghnadh ri eachdraidh gach allabain troimh an deachaidh e. Cha b' fhada gus an robh mo pharantan cho nigheil uime agus ged a bu mhac dhoibh fhein e. Sgeadaich iad e le deise ur do dhrogaid ghorm, agus cheannaich iad dha boineid bheag Ghaidhealach, anns an robh e a' sealltuinn cho ionghradhach, agus nach bu tamh no fois dhoibh e uamsa, gus an d' fhuair iad dhomh leth-bhreac boineid Dhonnchai. Bha gach ni a theireadh no a dheanadh e, a reir mo bheachdsa, 'n an eiseimpleir dhomh; oir ghradhaich mi e mar mo bheatha fein. Air 'iarrtas, dh' aslaich agus fhuair mi cead cadal leis, agus b' ioma latha agus oidhche sholasach a chuir mi seachad le Donncha agus le Oscar.

Cho fad 's is cuimhne leam, cha b' aithne dhuinn uireasbhuidh do sheorsa air bith; bhiodh ar sonas iomlan, mur bhith na bha do eagal oirnn roi na spioraid. Na 'n tachradh dhuinn toiseachadh air seanachas mu Phiobaire *Dheiwar*, mu Mhaighdean *Phlora*, no mu Mharsanta-siubhail muillinn *Thirlestane*, bu tric a luidh sinn le ar cinn fo 'n aodach gus am bitheamaid an impis a bhi tachdte. Bu toigh leinn na sithichean agus na glaistigean; bha sinn rud-eigin baigheil ris na maighdeanan-mara, air sgath an aillidheachd fein, agus binneas an cuid oran; ach bha sinn rud-eigin amharusach mu na h-eich-uisge, agus cha bu toigh leinn dol ro dhluth air na puill eagalach anns an robh iad a' tuineachadh. Bha fuath cridhe againn do 'n diabhul, ged nach robh moreagal oirnn roimhe; ach tannasg! Oh! uamhas nan uamhasan! Bha fuaim bocain, tannaisg no spioraid, mar bheum cluig leirsgrios 'n ar cluasan, agus a' dol troimh ar cridheachan mar shaighdean fuar a' bhais. Bha Donncha a' buachailleachd spreidh m' athar re an t-samhraidh; bha mise gu bunailteach 'n a chuideachd—cha b' urrainn sinn fuireach dealaichte bho cheile. Dh' fhas sinn cho ealanta air iasgach 's nach rachadh na bric bhallach as oirnn a dh' aindeoin am furachrais agus an seoltachd. Bu tric a chuir sinn seisdeadh ri aiteachan comhnuidh nan seileinean fiadhaich, agus a spuinn sinn iad dheth an ionmhasan millis, ged nach b'ann gun fhios c' arson. Bha na sgeapan cho lionmhor air feadh nan ailein agus gu 'm faighte iad fo gach spagh fheoir agus anns gach tuilmein. Na 'n tachradh dhuinn ionnsuidh a thoirt air sgeap anns am biodh lanreisimeid, cha b' ainmig a b' eiginn dhuinn an ruaig a ghabhail gun chomharradh buaidhe no cobhartach. Bu tric le Oscar a bhi 'g ar cuideachadh anns gach iorghuill de 'n t-seorsa ud, agus mur tuiteadh d' a naimhdean dol an sas 'n a tharr no fo 'earbull, b' esan am fear mu dheireadh de 'n triuir a ghabhadh an teicheadh. Cha chuimhne leam gu 'm faca mi riamh sealladh eile a b' abhachdaiche na bhi faicinn Oscair air a chuairteachadh le neul dumhail de sheilleinean fiadhaich, agus e a' cuibhleadh mu 'n cuairt, a tiolpadh thall 's a bhos, agus a' sior-chrathadh a chluasan.

Bha aig Oscar tomhas do gheire thoinisgeil a bha ach beag dochreidsinn; mar sheirbhiseach dileas, bha 'mhisneach agus a shuairceas eiseimpleireach eadhoin do chreutair reusanta. Da uair, thiorc e beatha

Dhonnchai; aon uair, bho ionnsuidh a thug tarbh guinideach air, agus uair eile a thuit e thar eich bho chulthaobh m'athar ann am meadhon aibhne, agus i'n a lan thuil. Shnamh Oscar a null air thoiseach orra; cha bu luaithe a thuit Donncha, na a leum Oscar a mach as a dheigh; air a' cheud sathadh rug e air boineid Dhonnchai, ach dhealaich a cheann rithe, ghrad-leig e as i, agus air an ath ionnsuidh fhuair e greim air coileir a chota agus shlaod e gu traigh e. Dhuisgeadh e Donncha gach maduinn aig an am shuidhichte; thilleadh e an crodh gun ordugh, gun ughdarras, na m faiceadh e iad a' dol cearr. Na 'n tuiteadh an sgian á laimh Donnchai, ghiulaineadh Oscar 'n a bheuli. Na 'n cuirte air falbh e an toir air ni air bith a rachadh air chall, dh' fhaodte bhi cinnteach nach tilleadh e gun 'fhaotainn. Aig sia bliadhna deug a dh-aois, an deigh dha bhi a dha no tri laithean gu tinn, bhasaich e-air oidhche araid fo leaba 'mhaighistir. Mu fheasgar, 'n uair a thainig Donncha a stigh bho an treabhadh, thainig e mach bho'ionadfoluich, chrath e 'earbull, dh' imlich e lamh Dhonnchai, agus chaidh e air ais gu leaba a bhais. Rinn Donncha agus mi fein caoidh air a shon le bron gun cheilg; thiodhlaic sinn e aig bun craobh chaorainn air taobh cuil garaidh m' athar; chuir sinn suas clach cheithir-chearnach aig a cheann, agus an uair nu dheireadh a bha mi anns an aite, fhuair mi i 'n a seasamh, direach mar dh' fhag sinn i. Le mor shaothair, rinn sinn suas rannan cuimhneachain eadaruinn, a ghearr sinn air a'chloich. Bha an ranntachd gle mhath, ach bha a' chlach cruaidh agus an grabhaladh cho eu-domhain, agus gu 'm bheil na litrichean, cosmhuil ri solasan ar-n oige air an dubhadh a mach agus air dol as an t-sealladh. MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

AN GOBHAINN.

Le HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Tha cheardach bheag fo sgail na craoibh
  'Tha 'cinntinn dluth do 'n stuaidh;
Tha 'n gobhainn dreachmhor, laidir, treun,
  Le neul na slaint' 'n a ghruaidh;
'S a ghairdean calma, feitheach, mor,
  Mar ghàd d' an iarunn chruaidh.

Tha 'fhalt dubh, fada, brisgeach, garbh,
  Tha 'aodann donn mar bhéin;
Tha 'bhathais fliuch le fallus trom,
  'S e 'n geall air 'obair fein,
Gun sgath fo shuil an t-saogh'il air fad,
  'S gun e 'n eis'meil neach fo 'n ghrein.

O mhoch gu oidhch', a ghnath 's gun tamh,
  Cluinnidh tu 'bhuilg ri srann;
A's slachdraich ghramail an uird-mhoir,
  Gu riagh'lteach, socair, teann,
Mar bhuille cluig 's a' chlachan chiuin,
  Aig ciaradh feasgair fann.

Aig dorus na ceardach, clann na sgoil',
Ged 's aotram, ait an ceum,
Seasaidh, le fiamh roimh 'n teine mhor,
'S na builg is toirmeach geum,
'S a' coimhead nan sradan 'tha, mar mholl
Air urlar-bualaidh, 'leum.

Di-Domhnaich, an tigh-aoraidh Dhe,
'S a mhic ri 'thaobh le baigh,
Suidhidh e 'g eisdeachd Sgeul na Sith,—
A's cluinnidh e 'nighean ghraidh
A' seinn gu binn 's a' choisir-chiuil,
'S lionaidh a chridh' lan aigh.

Tha 'guth, thar leis, mar ghuth a math'r,
Am Paras Dhe a' luaidh!
Eiridh i suas 'n a bheachd a rìs,
Ged tha i sinnt' 's an uaigh;
'S le 'laimh chruaidh siabaidh e air falbh
Na deura bharr a ghruaidh.

Gu saoth'reach,—aoibhneach,—doilgheasach,
Tha 'bheatha 'ruith gun tamh;
Nì ùr 'g a thoiseachadh gach moch,
'S e deas aig crioch an là;
Rud-eigin feuchta, rud-eigin réidh,
'S a dhuais,—trom-chadal tlath.

Air son an teagaisg 'fhuair sinn uait,
Taing dhuit a charaid chaoin;
Mar so, air teallach dhearg an t-saogh'il,
Oibrichear crannchur dhaoin';
'S air innein cruaidh na beatha fos,
Dealbhar gach gniomh a's smaoin.

Eadar. le Mac-Mharcuis.

MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

XIV.

LINN OISEIN AGUS NA FEINNE.

Am measg nan gniomharan iomraiteach a rinneadh le Oscar, mac Oisein, tha air 'ainmeachadh cath a chuir e ri Caros, Righ nan Long. "Ciod a tha Caros Righ nan long a' deanamh?" arsa Oscar ri Raoine. "Am bheil e a' sgaoileadh sgiathan nabhair?" "Tha e'g an sgaoileadh," ars' am bard, "air culaobh a dhaingnich." Tha Dan aig Oisean mu thimchioll a' chogaidh a bha air 'ainmeachadh an so. Tha e ag radh gun do chuireadh an cath air bruachaibh Charruinn nan lùb agus gu 'n do chuireadh an teicheadh air Caros. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e an Caros so, an traoiteir, *Carausius*, a bha 'gabhail da fein urram agus tiodal an Impire anns a' bhliadhna 287, 'n uair a ghlac e

Breatunn agus a thug e buaidh air an Impire *Maximian Herculius*, ann an iomadh long-chath. Is ann o an ni so a their Oisean *Righ nan long* mar ainm ris. Thainig *Carausius* so agus chairich e suas balla *Agricola* gu bacadh a chur air na Caledonaich o bhristeadh a stigh air taobh deas Bhreatuinn. Is i Carunn nan lùb an abhainn Carrunn a tha laimh ris a' bhalla a thog Agricola am fagus do 'n aite ris an abrar an Eaglais Bhreac. A reir coslais 'n uair a bha *Carausius* a' daingneachadh agus a' caramh a' bhalla so, gu neart a chosnadh dha fein, thainig Oscar agus buidheann de na Gaidheil air agus chuir iad an ruaig air, 'n uair a bha e a' sgaoileadh sgiathan na h-iolaire, bratach nan Romanach, air culaobh na daingnich chairichte. Dearbhaidh an da ni so a rinn sinn 'ainmeachadh gur h-ann 's an treas linn a bha Fionn beo. Oir ma bha Fionn a' cogadh ri *Caracul* mac *Sheverus*'s a' bhliadhna 217, aig toiseach na linne, agus Oscar mac Oisein a' cogadh ri Caros's a' bhliadhna 287, aig deireadh na linne, feumaidh e bhi gur h-i so linn Oisein agus na Feinne. Tha so a' cordadh ris na h-eachdraichibh Eirionnach, a tha ag radh gu 'n d' fhuair Fionn mac Chumhail bas anns a' bhliadhna 283, agus gu'n d' fhuair Oscar agus Cairbre Ruadh bas anns a' bhliadhna 296; bha sin mu thimchioll naoi bliadhna an deigh do Charos Breatunn a ghlacadh 'n uair a bha e fein agus Oscar a' cogadh ri cheile. Tha fios cinnteach againn gu 'n robh an t-Impire *Septimius Severus* ann an Caledonia, agus gu 'n do choinnich e ri cruadalaibh ris nach robh duil aige, oir chaill e mu thimchioll 50,000 saighdear air an turus so, mar tha *Dion Cassius* ag innseadh 's an eachdraidh. Dearbhaidh an ni sin gu 'n robh sluagh lionmhor, treun, gaisgeil, eolach air cogadh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, a reir an iomraidh a tha Oisean a' deanamh orra anns na Danaibh; oir cha do thachair an leithid air na Romanaich riabh ann an aite air bith air uachdar an t-saoghail ged a chuir iad an domhan uile fo cheannsal. Air an aobhar sin cha ruig sinn a leas iongantas a ghabhail gu 'n robh Fionn agus na seann Ghaidheil eolach air cogadh, 'n uair a bha iad a' coinneachadh ris na Romanaich anns an arfhaich. B' eigin do 'n Impire *Severus* pilltinn air ais air a shail agus an duthaich 'fhagail aca fein a chionn nach b' urrainn iad a cumail leis an laimh laidir.

Tha na h-uile coslas aosmhaireachd air Danaibh Oisein. 'N uair a dh' inntrinneas daoine ann an comunn is i staid na Sealgaireachd a chend seorsa cuideachd a chuireas iad suas. An deigh sin thig staid na Buachailleachd, agus a ris staid an Treabhachais no na Tuathanachd; agus an ceathramh staid, staid na Co-mharsandachd. A nise chi gach neach a leughas Dain Oisein gur h-i a' chend staid anns an robh esan a lathair: cha 'n 'eil ni air feadh a chuid dan ach sealg us fiadhach. Is cosmhuil gu 'n robh staid na Buachailleachd a' toiseachadh, oir gheibhear iomradh air roinn na treuda 'n uair a dhealaicheas fear agus bean o cheile; ach cha 'n 'eil guth sam bith air Tuathanachd no air Co-mharsandachd air feadh nan Dan uile. Faodar a cho-dhunadh o 'n ni so gu 'n robh Oisein beo 'n uair a bha na Gaidheil a' toiseachadh ri eolas 'fhaotainn air Buachailleachd agus spreidh. Thachair so mu 'n cuairt do thoiseach na coigeamh linne, 'n uair a thoisich na Gaidheil ri dealachadh a chur eadar an cuid fein agus cuid an coimhearsnaich. Aig an am so thoisich iad ri aiteancomhnuidh seasmhach a thogail doibh fein, agus lion iad na tighean mora so le creach nam Breatunnach deas a bha fo chuing nan Romanach,

Anns a' bhliadhna 426 dh' fhag na Romanaich Breatunn, agus an sin bha na Breatunnaich ruisgte, gun didean, mar chreich do na Gaidheil. Chuir iad fios a chum nau Romanach air son cobhair, agus an uair nach b' urrainn do na Romanaich so a dheanamh, chuir iad teachdaireachd a dh-ionnsuidh nan Sacsonach anns a' Ghearmailt. Thainig na Sacsonaich a nall gu 'n comhnadh, agus phill na Gaidheil dhachaidh gu 'n tir fein. Thoisich an sin na *Scuitich* agus na *Pictich*, an da fhine Gaidhealach air cogadh ri cheile, agus air togail nan creach. A nise cha 'n 'eil Oisean a' deanamh luaidh sam bith air aon de na nithibh so. Uime sin cha 'n 'eil e cosmhuil gu 'n robh maoin air a roinn, agus a chuid fein aig gach neach r' a linn-san. Uime sin, faodar a cho-dhunadh gu reusanta gu'n robh Oisean ann mu 'n do thoisich an t-eadar-dhealachadh so ann am maoin am measg nan Gaidheal mu thoiseach na coigeamh linne.

O na nithibh a chaidh ainmeachadh faodar a chreidsinn gu'n robh Oisein a' seinn a dhan mu dheireadh na treas no toiseach na ceathramh linne. An t-iomradh a tha e a' deanamh air na Romanaich cha b' urrainn bard Gaidhealach an deigh an am so a dheanamh le bhi rannsachadh eachdraidh na Roimhe; oir an deigh na linne so bha na Gaidheil cho aineolach agus air fas cho fiadhaich 's nach robh e comasach dhoibh a leithid a dheanamh idir. Ach, their neach, ciamar a chaidh na Dain a ghleidheadh air chuimhne, ma rinneadh iad cho trath ris an treas linn, no ris a' cheathramh linn? Air tus freagramaid, 'n uair a theid a' chuis fhagail aig beul-aithris, tha e cheart cho furasda rud a chumail air chuimhne fad da mhile bliadhna, agus a tha e fad da cheud bliadhna. Oir feumaidh an t-athair a theagasg do 'n mhac, agus am mac do 'n ogha, agus mar sin air adhart; agus 'n uair is gniomh cuimhne a tha ann tha e an t-aon chuid do 'n mhac ionnsachadh o athair, cia dhiubh is e 'athair fein a rinn e, no is ann a fhuair esan o shean-athair no o a shinn-seanathair an ni a rinneadh le daoinibh eile an linnibh o chian. Gleidhidh a' chuimhne an dara ni cho maith ris an ni eile. Agus a rithist feumar a thuigsinn gu 'n robh a bhard fein aig a' h-uile Ceann-cinnidh am measg nan Gaidheal, agus gu 'm b' i a dhreuchd ghnathaichte a bhi ag aithris nan Dan so air beulaobh nan uachdaran, oir bha so taitneach do na cinn-fheadhna, a chionn gu 'n robh gach aon diubh a' creidsinn gu 'm b' iad na gaisgich a tha air an ainmeachadh le Oisein an sinnseara fein. Bha na cinn-fheadhna a' misneachadh nam bard gus na dain a ghleidheadh air chuimhne le bhi toirt duais do 'n neach bu mho a dh'aithriseadh dhiubh. Mar sin bhiodh na baird a' stri ri cheile a dh-fheuchainn co dhiu bu mho a ghleidheadh air chuimhne de na Danaibh; agus bhiodh amannan suidhichte aca anns am biodh iad 'g an aithris air beulaobh cuideachd de na cinn-fheadhna. Air an doigh so bha na Dain air an cumail air chuimhne agus leis an tlachd a bha na Gaidheil a' gabhail annta cha b' fhurasda leo an leigeil air diochuimhne. A thuilleadh air so faodar a thoirt fainear gu 'm bheil a' chuimhne moran na 's treise aig an dream sin nach urrainn leughadh no sgriobhadh idir, na tha i aig an dream a tha ag earbsadh ris na treosdain sin gu an cuideachadh. Agus 'n uair nach robh na baird a' deanamh ni sam bith eile fad laithean am beatha ach a' seinn nan Dan so cha b' urrainn iad an leigeil air chall. Tha so a' dearbhadh mar an ceudna gur h-i a' Ghailig a labhair luchd-aitich na tire aig an am ud, oir cha ghabhadh iad

gleidheadh air chuimhne ach ann an cainnt an t-sluaigh am measg an do chuireadh iad ri cheile o thoiseach.

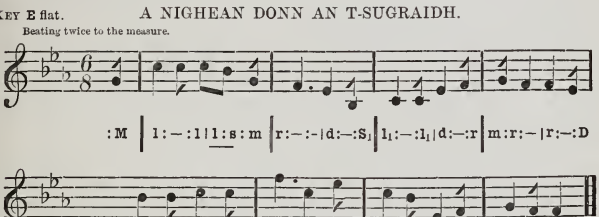
[MEARACHD CLOBHUALAIDH.—Ann an Aireamh 17 de 'n GHAIDHEAL, air taobh-duilleig 132, aig sreath 21 o'n bhraigh, an deigh nam briathran, "Feilim mac Fhearghuis," cuir a stigh na focail so, "Ogha do Lathurna Mor Mac Earca, brathair Fhearghuis mhic Earca." A dh-easbhuidh nam briathran so cha 'n 'eil seadh ceart anns an ni a chuireadh sios, oir, cha b'e Fearghus athair Fheilim, ach Fearghus, brathair Lathurna a bha 'n a righ an Earraghaidheal. Phos Fearghus, mac Chonuill nighean Lathurna, brathair Fhearghuis mhoir mhic Earca agus b' i a' bhean so sean-mhathair Chaluim-chille, agus b'e Lathurna mor a shinnsean-athair.]

D. B. B.

(Ri leantuinn.)

KEY E flat. A NIGHEAN DONN AN T-SUGRAIDH.

Beating twice to the measure.



SEISD.

A nighean donn an t-sugraidh,
'S mo chaileag laghach, shunndach,—
A nighean donn an t-sugraidh.
Gu 'n siubhlainse air m' aineol leat.

Gur ann oidhch' Fheill-Bride
A bhruadair mi os iosal;
'S 'n uair thionndaidh gu briodal,
Cha d' fhuair mi fhin ach faileas diot.
A nighean donn, &c.

A' chiad Di-luain d' an raidhe
Ghabh mi moran graidh ort;
Gu 'm fagainnse mo chairdean,
'S air saile rachainn thairis leat.
A nighean donn, &c.

Tha t' fhalt a sios mu d' ghuaillibh,
Air dhath an òir, 'n a dhualaibh;
Is math'thig sioda luachmhor,
Mu ghuaillibh grinn na h-ainnire.
A nighean donn, &c.

Do ghruaidhean mar na rosan,
Do braghad mar an neoinean;
An gaol a thug mi og dhuit!
Cha bhi mi beo mur faigh mi thu.
A nighean donn, &c.

Do phog air bhlas nam figis,
Do dheud cho geal 's an *ibhri;*
Is lionmhor fear 'tha 'n ti ort,
'S gu dilinn nach fhaigh iad thu.
A nighean donn, &c.

Cha 'n e meud do storais
A chuir mi fhin an toir ort;
Thug mi gaol 's mi og dhuit,
'N uair bha mi gorach, amaideach.
A nighean donn, &c.

Ged bu leam de storas,
Na bheil 's an Fhraing 's an Olaind,
Gu 'm b' fhearr leam bhi riut posda
Na or an Righ ged fhaighinn e.
A nighean donn, &c.

Is mise 'tha fo eislein,
Gach latha 's mi ag eirigh,
A' cuimhneachadh air m' eucaig,
A's Mac-a-gheill a' laidhe leath'.
A nighean donn, &c.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COINNEACH.—Tha moran a' cumail a mach, a Mhurachaidh, nach 'eil brigh no blagh sam bith ann am bruadar, ach is mise nach creid sin. Chaidh mi an raoir chum mo leapach gle throm, airsnealach, sgith, an deigh dhomh an la fada samhraidh a chur seachad o mhoch gu dubh anns na beanntaibh, agus 's ann air eiginn a laidh mi sios an uair a thuit mi 'n am throm-chodal.

MURACHADH.—Ciod dheth sin, a Choinnich, cha 'n iongantach ged a thuiteadh duine saruichte 'n a chodal mar'eil ni sam bith a' cur as da ach fior sgios—ach ciamar a tha do shlainte, 'Choinnich, agus ciamar a chaidh gach cuis leat o 'n chunnaic mi mu dheireadh thu? Is toilinntinn nach beag dhomhsa do chomhlachadh an diugh 's an aite iomallach so. Ach, a laochain choir, dean suidhe, agus faigheamaid gach urachd a dh' fheudas a bhi agad, dean suidhe, agus sin thu fein air an tolman thioram, uaine so.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, chuir thu casgadh orm an uair a bha mi 'dol a dh-innseadh dhuit gu 'n deachaidh mi gle sgith gu tamh an raoir, agus Seonaid bhochd, mo dheadh cheile ri m' thaobh. Air ball thuit mi 'n am throm-shuain, ach chunnaic mi bruadar, agus b' e sin am bruadar firinneach da-rireadh. Shaoil mi gu 'n d' thug mi am fireach orm air la grianach, blath 's a' Cheitean, agus nach luaith a dh' fhag mi an tigh na chuala mi glaodh na cubhaige. Ghreas mi orm gu grad, dhirich mi Sron-na-gaoithe, chaidh mi null air Beallach-a'-bhalgair, agus chomhlaich mi mo dheadh charaid, Murachadh Ban air Leitear-nan-cno. Agus nach iongantach an aisling sin a chunnaic mi, oir nach e a' cheart bhad so Leitear-nan-cno? agus tha fios aig an t-saoghal gu 'r tusa Murachadh Ban, agus mar sin, gun duil idir ris, choimhlionadh mo bhruadar.

MUR.—Tha sin gle iongantach, a Choinnich, ach tha thu 'g radh nach luaith' a chaidh thu mach 's a' mhaduinn 'n a chual thu a' chubhag, agus cha robh sin chum dochuinn 's am bith dhuit, ma ghabh thu do lonmaidne; ach mur do ghabh, cha 'n 'eil ann ach gnothuch tubaisteach, agus cha 'n 'eil fios agam ciod a their mi mu 'n chuis. Thubhairt fear eigin d' ar sinnsearaibh glic fein, air da na raointean a thoirt air mar a rinn thusa an diugh :—

"Chunnaic mi 'n t-seilcheag air an lic luim,
Chuala mi 'chubhag gun ghreim 'n am bhroinn,
Chunnaic mi 'n searach 's a chulaobh rium,
A's dh' aithnich mi nach rachadh a' bhliadhn' so leam."

COIN.—Dean air do shocair, a Mhurachaidh, chuala mi a' chubhag gun teagamh ann am bruadar, ach cha 'n fhac mi an searach, agus ged a chitheadh bu bheag m' eagal roimhe. Cha 'n fhac mi an t-seilcheag air an lic luim, ach is iomadh seilcheag bhog, shleamhuinn, shnagach a chithear anns na h-amannaibh so, a mach air feadh an t-saoghail—seilcheagan le lamhan agus cosan, agus cridheachan cealgach,—agus is mise nach iarr an comunn! Ciod a' ghaoth a sheid an rathad so thusa an diugh, a Mhurchaidh? Is toileachas gun duil ris t' fhaicinn, fhir mo chridhe.

MUR.—Cha robh smuain sam bith agam do chomhlachadh air an la so ann an Leitear-nan-cno: ged a bhruadair thusa sin, a Choinnich, cha do bhruadair mise e, agus cha d' inndrinn e 'n am chridhe gu 'n tachradh e; ach is fhad o 'n chual sinn gu 'n "Coinnich na daoine, ged nach coinnich na cnuic." Ach innis domh ciod mu 'n robh thu an de, an uair a bha thu co mor air do chlaoidh le sgios. Bha thu a mach air feadh

nam beann, mar a thubhairt thu, ach ciod ris an robh thu?

Coin.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh choir, chaidh mu 'mach mi 'n d' eirich a' ghrian, maille ri Uilleam forsair agus a chuid con, chum a 'bhi 'g an cleachdadh ri ruagadh nan fiadh, gu bhi 'deanamh deas air son na faoghaid aig deireadh an fhogharaidh. Feumaidh na coin a bhi air an cleachdadh gu trath ris an obair, agus tha Uilleam forsair dichiollach chum sin a dheanamh, agus uine sin, chaidh mi air 'iarrtas maille ris an de chum na beinne, agus's ann aig mo chosaibh tha fios.

Mur.—Ro cheart, a Choinnich, ro cheart, ach ged a leudaich thusa agus mise 'n ar suidhe ann an Coire-nan-gobhar o cheann shea seachdain air ais air cleachdannaibh nan ainmhidh, tha mi fein gle aiueolach fathast air gach ni mu shealg nam fiadh; ach tha thusa eolach air cleachdannaibh nam fiadh, agus air riaghailtibh na faoghaid agus nam miol-chon sheanga a theid a mach air an toir. Chual mi cuid ag radh gur mor an aois chum an ruig na feidh ma leigear leo.

Coin.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh air sin. Tha e cinnteach gu 'n bheil feidh anns na beanntaibh eadar Siorramachd Pheirt agus Earraghaidheal a rainig ceithir, cuig, agus sea fichead bliadhn' a dh-aois, agus is mor sin. Mu leth-cheud bliadhna roimhe so dh' fhalbh Mac Mhic-Alasdair agus duin'-uasal eile a mach chum na seilge, agus cha b' fhad gus an do leum damh mor a mach as a' choille dhuibh a bha ri 'n taobh. Ghrad loisg Mac Mhic-Alasdair, agus thuit an damh mor, aluinn, crocach 'n a ghlag marbh air an raon. Rinn e caoidh agus gul re seal mar leanabh mu 'n deachaidh an anail as, agus bu chianail, tiamhaidh a ran. Ghrad leum Gleann-Garaidh, an t-uasal a bha maille ris, agus Seumas-mor am forsair aige suas dh' ionnsuidh an tolmain, far an robh an damh alainn 'n a luidhe, le 'chosaibh sinte mach, agus a cheann mor le chabairibh crochdach, biorach gu domhain an sas 's an talamh. "Thig an so, a Sheumais, agus innis domh ciod an comhar-cluaise so tha mi 'faicinn air an damh." "Sin agaibh," arsa Seumas, "comhar-cluaise Eoghain Mhic Iain Oig a bha 'n a fhorsair aig bhur sinn-seanair, agus a dh' fhag an saoghal so o cheann sheachd fichead bliadhna; air chor a's gu 'm bheil an damh gun teagamh ceud gu leth bliadhna a dh-aois, no feudaidh e bhi moran tuilleadh." Bha ioghnadh gun teagamh air na daoin'-uaisle, agus chuir iad mu dheibhinn an damh, anns an robh deich clachan fichead cudthroim, a thoirt dh' ionnsindh caisteal Ghlinne-Garaidh far an do ghleidheadh na cabair aige gu curamach air balla an tallaidh-mhoir."

Mur.—Tha eagal orm, a Choinnich, nach 'eil anns na nithibh sin ach faoin-sgeulan, agus fior bhoilich! Cha 'n urrainn mise a chreidsinn gu 'n ruig fiadh air aois co mor, agus ged a ruigeadh na 'n leigteadh leis, ciamar re na h-uine fhada sin, tha e comusach do 'n ainmhidh bhochd e fein a theasairginn o laimh a naimhdean guineach agus gamhlasach?

Coin.—Dh' fheudadh tu a radh ceart co math, ciamar tha e comasach nach rachadh saighdear a dhìth anns na blaraibh fuilteach, an uair a bha na peleirean a' feadaireachd seachad air a chluasaibh, agus gach inneal marbhtach eile 'g am brasiomairt air gach taobh mu 'n cuairt da; agus trid an Fhreasdail araidh sin a ta 'g a dhionadh, is iomadh saighdear a tha air a theasairginn, gun an leonadh as lugha fhaotuinn, as na cathannaibh a 's teotha, agus a 's deine a chuireadh riamh. Am bheil duil agadsa nach gabh am Freasdal araidh ceudna curam dheth na feidh, agus dheth uile bheathaicheau eile na machrach? Tha iomradh

am measg luchd-seilge air agh a chunncas fad thri linntean ann am frith Loch-treig. Bha i co geal ri sneachd nam beann, agus co furach-air, seolta, 's nach robh e idir comusach do na sealgairibh a bha bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna 'n a deigh aon urchair 'fhaotuinn oirre. Is iomadh rann agus oran a ta 'cur an ceill aois nam fiadh, agus is minic a chual thu fein an sean-fhocal, no an rann sin a rinneadh, agus a chreideadh le 'r sinnsearaibh fein :—

"Tri aois coin, aois eich,
Tri aois eich, aois duine,
Tri aois duine, aois feidh,
Tri aois feidh, aois fir-ein,
Tri aois fir-ein, aois craoibh-dharaich."

Cha 'n 'eil fios againne, a Mhurach-aidh, ach gu cinnteach cha 'n fhurasd an sean-fhocal a bhreugnachadh, agus cha 'n fhurasd mar an ceudna an tlachd agus an ciocras sin a thuigsinn a ta aig an luchd-seilg gu bhi 'dol a mach air toir nam fiadh. Cha 'n aithne dhomh briathra ni 's taitniche annta fein, agus ni 's freagarraiche chum so a dhearbhadh na briathran Ailean Ruaidh, forsair a bha aig seann Ghleann-Garaidh, an uair a bha e air cromadh le h-aois. Thubh-airt Ailean, "Tha mi nis aosmhor, os ceann cheithir fichead bliadhna; ach tha mo thur a's mo thoinisg agam, mo chiall is mo mheodhair mar a bha riamh. Tha da-rireadh a' choluinn air fas breoite, ach tha an inntinn beothail, togarrach, agus ait. 'Cha dirich mi bruthach, 's cha siubhal mi mointeach' ni 's mo. Tha mo cheum goirid, agus is beag a bheir an anail do 'n uchd; ach tha mo chridhe fathast 's a' bheinn, agus aisling na h-oidhche am measg nan stucan arda! Duisgidh an smior am chnamhaibh aosmhar, an uair a chluinneas mi 'tailmrich dhos, a's chon, a's shreang.' Is minic, an uair a shuidheas mi ri grein fo dhubhar a' bharr-aich, no am shineadh air na neonain aillidh, a thig cuimhne nan laithean a dh' fhalbh mar aisling na h-oige air m' anam.

"'N sin chi mi air leam an gadhar
A leanadh mi anmoch a 's moch;
'S na sleibh bu mhiann leam bhi taoghall,
'S na creagan a fhreagradh do 'n dos.'"

Mur.—Ubh! Ubh! a Choinnich, is tu a fhuair an t-eolas air na feidh agus air an sealgairibh! An uair tha na nithe sin uile ro thaitneach, is anabarrach do mheombair agus do chuimhne, an uair a tha e comusach dhuit an aithris mar a rinn thu; ach chum ar n-inntinn a shuidheachadh car tacain beag air rud eigin eile, innis domh ciod na naidheachdan bhriagha a chunnaic agus a leugh thu 's a' Ghaidheal, no 's an *Ard-Albannach*, no an aite sam bith eile o 'n chunnaic sinn a cheile roimhe.

Coinn.—Ma ta, a charaid ion-mhuinn, agus b'e sin thusa, tha, gun teagamh, moran, moran aig a' Ghaidheal agus aig an *Ard-Albann-ach* ri radh, agus is iad a dh' aithriseas an sgeulachdan fein le tlachd, agus le beothalas gun choimeas. B' iad fein na gillean a b' urrainn. Is laoghach le cheile iad; agus air doibh a bhi 'n an dithis bhraithre, rachadh iad a mach cuideachd, agus thugadh iad misneach do aon a cheile gu bhi dian, tairis, foighidinneach, agus cliu-thoilltinneach.

Mur.—Is mor a ta aca r 'a dhean-amh, agus is iad a dh' fheumadh an luchd-cuideachaidh. Cha 'n 'eil e an comas do aon neach leis fein, dh' ain-deoin a thapachd, greim a dheanamh air na h-uile nithibh, no aite a thoirt doibh 'n a eanchainn fein, ged a bhiodh a cheann co mor ri guit-fhasgnaidh! Cha 'n 'eil, oir feum-aidh e cuideachadh; tha e 'faotuinn sin, agus gu mo fada, fada 'gheibh. Is cumhachdach *Renton Mor* fein, agus is dian, dichiollach, deas e chum gach bun agus barr, gach meacan agus freumh a bhuineas do 'n chanain,

a tholladh a mach, agus a thoirt am follais air uachdar na talmhainn.

Coin.—Tha na ficheadan eile 's a' champ-chuideachaidh, agus 'n am measg-san an seann *Sgiathanach*, aig am bheil a reir mo bheachd-sa, seillean 'n a cheann, oir mar biodh, c' arson a chuireadh e faoineis agus boilich an ceill mu na rionnagaibh anns na speuraibh, ag radh gu 'm bheil iad co mor, agus co fad as; agus a thuilleadh air sin, ag innseadh dhuinn gu 'm bheil an talamh a' dol mun cuairt, agus a' ghrian 'n a seasamh gun charuchadh! Co a chual riamh baothaireachd agus gleormas cosmhuil ri so! An talamh a' dol mu 'n cuairt! Nach 'eil mi 'faicinn Rudhana-caillich, agus Sroin-nam-aighean, agus Beinn-a-chuarain far am facas riamh iad? An talamh a' dol mu 'n cuairt! Ochan! 's e nach 'eil;—ach tha eagal orm gu 'm bheil an creutair, *Sgiathanach* sin air a thruailleadh le saobh-chrabhadh a dhuthcha fein mu'n abradh e nithe co mi-chosmhuil, agus co direach an aghaidh theistean-ais nan sul.

Mur.—O, a Choinnich, a Choinnich, tha eagal oran a dh-aindeoin nan nithe a tha thu a' leughadh nach 'eil thu 'g an tuigsinn gu ceart. Na 'm biodh, cha 'n abradh tu gur faoineas an reultaireachd a chuireadh sios fa d' chomhair, ach nithe fior agus cinnteach. Ni mi dichioll air so a dheanamh soilleir duit uair eigin an deigh so, ach cha 'n inndrinn mi air an duigh. Bu ro mhaith leam a nis, a Choinnich choir, gu 'n cuireadh tu an ceill began tuilleadh fathast mu chleachdannaibh nan ainmhidh mar chomharraibh air an aimsir, mar a rinn thusa agus mise an uair a chomhlaich sinn mu dheireadh r 'a cheile goirid o 'n aite aonaranach so.

Coin.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, feumaidh mi aideachadh nach 'eil aig an am so a' bheag agam air mo mheomhair, a thaobh nan nithe iongantach sin; ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach tig nithe chum mo chuimhne uair eigin an deigh so; agus ma thig, bheir mi seachad iad. Ach am bheil cuimhn' agad fein, a Mhurachaidh, air neoni air chor-eigin mu na cleachdannaibh iongantach sin, do bhrigh gur tusa a 's fiosraich' agus a 's foghluimte na mise.

Mur.—Feumaidh mi 'aideachadh, a Choinnich, an uair nach robh duil agam gu 'n tachradh sinn an diugh r 'a cheile mar a rinn sinn ann an Leitear-nan-cno, nach do shuidhich mi m' inntinn fein air na cuisibh taitneach sin. Feudaidh mi 'ainmeachadh, gidheadh, gu 'm bheil na comharan ceudna mu 'n aimsir air an tarruing o nithibh eile mu 'n cuairt duinn anns an t-saoghal ceart co maith 's a ta iad o chleachdannaibh nan ainmhidh.

Coin.—Cha 'n 'eil mi 'g ad thuigsinn, a Mhurachaidh, agus uime sin minich dhomh na nithe a tha thu ciallachadh le eiseimpleir no dha a thoirt seachad mu 'n timchioll.

Mur.—Ni mise sin, a Choinnich, agus an uair a mhinicheas mise na nithe a ta agam 's an amharc, cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach cuimhnich thu fein air nithibh eile de 'n ghne cheudna. A nis, ma ta, a Choinnich, an do ghabh thu riamh beachd air so a thaobh lasair na coinnle? Ma chi thu an lasair sin a' sradadh agus a' leaghadh 'n a sliseagaibh beaga, cruinn, geal, gu 'm feud thu a bhi cinnteach nach 'eil an t-uisge fad as?

Coin.—Feudaidh sin a bhi ro cheart, a Mhurachaidh, ach a dh-iunseadh na firinn, cha tric tha coinnlean sam bith am fhardaich-sa, ach na coinnlean sin nach ith na coin, 's iad sin na coinnlean, maith, tiorom giubhais. Air amannaibh, gun teagamh, bheirear coinneal na dha a' buth Chaluim Thaileir an uair

a thachaireas paisd a bhi aig Seonaid, ach a mhain aig na h-amannaibh sin, cha 'n 'eil sinn a' cur dragh air na coinnlibh geala.

MUR.—Tha mi 'g ad thuigsinn gu gasda, a Choinnich, ach cha 'n 'eil na h-amanna sin idir tearc no ainneamh, oir tha mi air mo mhealladh mur d' thug Seonaid choir ortsa iomadh coinneal a cheannach, agus gu mo fad a ni ise sin, a bhean cheanalta! Ach, a Choinnich, an d' thug thu riamh an aire gur comhar air droch aimsir an uair a thuiteas an suith sios 'n a bhruchdaibh as an t-simileir a' dalladh na muinntir a ta 'cuairteachadh na cagailte, feudaidh e bhith a' leughadh a' GHAIDHEIL, no an *Ard-Albannaich?*

COIN.—Tha sin ro cheart, a Mhurachaidh, is minic a ghabh mi beachd air sin, agus is minic a chunnaic mi an suith a' taomadh a nuas as an luidheir 'n a bhras-shruth, a' lionadh agus a' milleadh na poit-lite, agus a' salachadh gach paisde agus pearsa mu leac an teinntein. Ghabh mi beachd air so, mar an ceudna, ma loisgeas a' mhoine 's an teine le lasair ni 's sgairteile na b' abhaist, gur comhar cinnteach air gaoith sin.

MUR.—Seadh direach, ach air an laimh eile, a Choinnich, an uair a chithear an lasair fann, iosal, agus gorm, cha 'n 'eil an reodha fad air falbh.

COIN.—Is minic, mar an ceudna, a ghabh mi beachd, an uair a bha mi maille ri Coirneal Uilleam goirid o Ghlaschu, agus is fad o 'n la sin, na 'n cluinnteadh fuaim nan clag aig astar fad as, gu 'm bu chomhar air gaoith e, agus air atharrachadh na h-aimsire.

MUR.—Direach sin, agus ma bhios a' ghaoth gu tric a' caochladh 's an aon la, 's e a 's glice a bhi 'deanamh ullachaidh air son doininn anradhaich. Ach, a Choinnich, eisd ri so, ma dh' fhasas salann, no clachan-marmoir, no iarunn, no gloine, fliuch mar le druchd, is comhar sin air uisge, no air aiteamh. Air an doigh cheudna, ma dh' atas fiodh nan dorus, no nan uinneag air chor 's nach duinear gu furasd iad; no ma dh' fhasas na cruaidh-bhuilg air ordagaibh nan cas ro ghuineach, goirt, tha 'n t-uisge 's an t-aiteamh am fagus.

COIN.—Tha e ro cheart co dhiubh mu adhaircibh nan ordag, a Mhurachaidh, oir is iomadh ceun crubach thug iad orm a dheanamh; agus air an t-seol cheudna, tha iadsan a tha air an claoidh leis a' ghreim-loinidh mar na gloineachan-aimsire chum gach sian agus doinionn a chur an ceill roimh laimh.

MUR.—Tha mi 'faicinn gu 'n toir thu barr orm, a Choinnich, le d' fhiosrachadh mor. Tha mi cinnteach gur ann 's a' GHAIDHEAL, no 's an *Ard-Albannach* a chunnaic thu sin, ach is comadh co dhiubh an uair tha fios agad air. An do ghabh thu beachd gu 'm bi na gaothan a thoisicheas air seideadh anns an latha an comnnuidh ni 's fiadhaiche agus ni 's bunailtiche na iadsan a thoisicheas anns an oidhche; agus mar an ceudna, gu' m mair an reodha a thoisicheas le gaoith, moran ni's faide na reodha na ciuine.

COIN.—Ghabh mi beachd, mar an ceudna, nach tric leis an aimsir atharrachadh mur atharraich a' ghaoth an toiseach; agus ma chithear nithe a ta fad as ni's soilleire gu mor na b' abhaist a bhi 'g am faicinn, agus ma shaoilear gu 'm bheil iad ni 's faigse a laimh na tha iad, cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach tig an t-uisge gun dail, agus, feudaidh e bhi, aimsir ghailbheach.

MUR.—Cha dean so an gnothuch, a Choinnich, oir cha 'n 'eil thusa no mise a' smuaineachadh gu 'm bheil an t-anmoch a' cromadh, agus gu 'm bheil astar nach beag aig gach fear againn r 'a dheanamh. Uime sin, mu 'n fag mi beannachd leat, aithrisidh mi

sgeul beag a thainig chum mo chuimhne air an teallsanach ro f'hoghluimte sin, an Ridire *Isaac Newton*. Ma 's fior an sgeul, ma ta, bha e air la araidh a 'dol thar beinne air muin eich, agus ri taobh an rathaid chunnaic e balachan a' gleidheadh chaorach, Bha 'n la grianach, teth, air chor 's gu 'n robh fallus air an Ridire agus air an each! Stad e re tamuill bhig, agus labhair e ris a' ghiullan buachaille. Thubhairt e gu 'm bu taitneach, grianach, blath an la a bh' ann. Fhreagair am balachan, agus thubhairt e ris an Ridire, "Tha 'n la mar sin, le d'chead, tha 'n la tioram, teth, grianach gu 'n teagamh; ach ma tha fad agad r 'a dhol, a dhuin'-uasail, bu choir duit do chasan a thoirt as, oir cha mharcaich thu cuig mile gus am bi thu co fluich 's a ni uisge thu, mar ruig thu ceann t-uidhe roimhe sin." Rinn an Ridire snodha-gaire ris a' bhalachan, gun a bhi creidsinn focal de na thubhairt e, ach air da bonn beag airgid a thilgeadh d 'a ionnsuidh, thug e an rathad mor air, a' greasadh an eich mar a dh' fheudadh e. Cha robh an teallsanach urramach tri mile air falbh o 'n aite far an do chomhlaich e am balachan, gus an do thuit an t-uisge 'n a thuiltibh as na speuraibh, agus air da a bhi ann an aite far nach robh tigh no fasgadh ri 'm faotuinn, bha e fluich dh' ionnsuidh a' chraicinn ann an uine ghoirid. Ach, fliuch mar a bha e, bha iongantas co mor air a thaobh an rabhaidh a thug am balachan dha, 's gu 'n do thionndaidh e ceann an eich agus mharcaich e air ais chum am balachan 'fhaicinn, agus chum fios 'fhaotuinn uaith mu 'n doigh air an d' aithnich e gu 'n robh an t-uisge gu teachd. Rainig se e, agus f'huair se 'n a shineadh e am fasgadh cloiche. "Thig an so, mo ghiullan math," ghlaodh an Ridire, "thig an so, agus bheir mi bonn cruin duit, ma dh' innseas tu dhomh cia mar a bha fios agad gu 'n robh an t-uisge gu tighinn." Ghrad leum an t-oganach suas air a chosaibh loma, agus thubhairt e ris an duin'-uasal, "Chunnaic sibh gu 'n d' thainig an t-uisge ged nach creideadh sibh mise 's an am." "Thainig e gu 'n teagamh, a bhalachain, ach innis domh gu saor ciod an seol air an robh fios agad-sa air sin." Thug e am bonn airgid an sin do 'n bhalachan air son an robh e ro thaingeil, agus thubhairt e ris an ard-uasal, "Am bheil thu 'faicinn an reithe dhuibh sin thall air a' chnocan ud fad' chomhair? Gach uair, ma ta, a chi thu e a' tionndadh earbuill ris a' ghaoith, feudaidh tu a bhi co cinnteach ris a' bhas gu 'n tig an t-uisge trom an ath-ghoirid." Dh' eisd, agus dh' f'halbh an Ridire foghluimte, an duil gun teagamh nach d 'f'huair e anabarr fiosrachaidh aon chuid o 'n eolas a thugadh dha leis an reith dhubh, no leis-san a bha 'gabhail curaim dheth, agus a' creidsinn ann.

Coin.—So, so, is taitneach do bhriathran gun teagamh, a Mhurachaidh, ach is eiginn dealachadh; tha 'n t-slighe fada, bithidh an oidhche dorch, agus mo mhile beannachd leat gus an comhlaich sinn a cheile a ris.

Alasdair Ruadh.

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

Le Uillean Mac Dhunleibhe, am Bard Ileach.

Cha robh an Dan a leanas riabh ann an clo, agus tha mor thoil-inntinn oirnn cothrom a bhi againn air a chur fa chomhair luchd-leughaidh a' Ghaidheil. Tha e fada, agus air an aobhar sin feumaidh e bhi air a thoirt a lathair 'n a earrannan,—cuid anns gach aireamh d' an Ghaidheil. An uair a bhios e uile air a chur fa

chomhair muinntir a tha comasach air breith cheart a thoirt air saothair nam filidh, agus a leughas iad e aig aon am o cheann gu ceann, tha sinn 's a' bharail gu 'n aidich gach aon diubh gu bheil an oidheirp mu dheireadh a thug am Bard airidh, agus nach d' thainig mairneal no meirg air a chlarsaich, eadhon gu crich a thurais.

Mar mhineachadh air an Dan, faodaidh sinn a thoirt fainear, nach fhios dhuinn gu bheil iomradh, aon chuid ann an eachdraidh no ann am beul-aithris na duthcha, gu 'n deachaidh blar riabh a chur aig cladach Shunadail: tha gach ni 's an Dan air a chruthachadh le macmeamna a' Bhaird. Tha eachdraidh an Dain mar a leanas:—Bha oileanach araidh air an robh am Bard fior eolach air cead searmonachaidh 'fhaotainn, agus air a thaghadh le muinntir sgireachd aonaichte Shadail agus Sgiobnais, mar fhear-cuideachaidh do 'n mhinisteir. Smaointich am Bard gu 'n tugadh e sgriob do Chinntire a dhamharc a charaid. Rainig e tigh a' mhinisteir far an robh an searmonaiche og a' tuineachadh aig an am. Chaidh a bheatha a dheanamh, agus bha am ministeir coir cho riaraichte leis an eolas a nochd am Bard a thaobh seann eachdraidh, agus fhuair e de dh-abhachd o sheanchas Mhic-Dhunleibhe, gu 'n d' iarr e air fuireach seachdain no dha maille ris. Rinn Uilleam so gu toileach; agus air dha bhi 'manran timchioll a' chladaich agus feadh nan creag, thainig e air aon no dha de laraichean nan tur ud a bha, a reir aogais, mar chearcall aig aon am a' cuartachadh cladach Chinntire. Tha fhios aig gach aon a tha eolach anns a' cheann sin de dh-Earraghaidheal cho lionmhor agus a tha na laraichean sin fad an rathaid mu 'n cuairt o Rudha-Sgiobnais gu Dun-sgeig aig beul Loch-an-Tairbeirt chuil. Bha cuid de na duin ud gun teagamh air bith 'n an turan-faire, agus cha b' ann 'n am baidealan dion, ach tha feadhainn eile dhiubh a bha air an daingneachadh gu laidir mar chaistealan tearmuinn. Am measg an t-seorsa mu dheireadh feudaidh sinn an fheadhainn a leanas 'ainmeachadh:—Caisteal an Tairbeirt, far an d' fhuair Raibeart *Bruce* fasgadh an uair a tharruing e a bhirlinnean trasda o 'n loch chuil; Caisteal mor Sgiobnais, a tha fhathast ann am mor chuid 'n a sheasamh; an Dun air Rudha-Charadail; Caisteal Shadail, anns an robh muinntir gus o chionn dha no tri 'bliadhnachan a chomhnuidh; Dun-abhartaidh, a tha cho iomraiteach ach beag ri Gleann-Comhann fein air son a' mhuirt uamhasaich a rinneadh ann; agus Dun-sgeig os cionn beul Loch-an-Tairbeirt-chuil. Cha 'n eil aon diubh sin nach b' fhiach an t-saothair do neach dol a' h-uile ceum o Ghlaschu g' an coimhead. Tha dithis diubh—Dun-sgeig agus an Dun aig Rudha-Charadail, d' an t-seorsa ris an abrar 's a' Bheurla, *vitrified forts.* Ach cha 'n ann ris na seann chaisteal a tha ar gnothuch aig an am, ach ri obair a' Bhaird. Thachair, mar thuirt sinn, aon no dha de na laraichean ud air a' Bhard agus chuir iad e gu smuaineachadh air na amannan borb anns an robh cabhlach Lochlainn mar eoin sgriosach a' sgaoileadh an sgiathan air a' ghaoith, agus a' teachd air corsaibh agus air cladaichean Albainn mar sgaoth locuist, a' spuinneadh agus a' milleadh. Tha na cinn-fheadhna a chuir am Bard thairis air muinntir Chinntire air am faotainn am measg nan daoine coire a tha fhathast a' tuineachadh timchioll "cladach bearnach" Shunadail, ach is cinnte leinn nach bi aon diubh diombach air son a bhi air an ainmeachadh ann an doigh cho urramach le Uilleam coir. Feudaidh sinn sgeula beag 'innseadh an so mu dheibhinn a' Bhaird, a tha

air mhodh sonruichte a' foillseachadh cho Gaidhealach's a bha na faireachdainnean aige. Bha e air 'aithris mu aon charaid ainmeil a bha aig na Gaidheil, na 'm biodh an cridhe aige air 'fhaicinn, gu 'm biodh e sgeadaichte anns an fheileadh! ach na 'm biodh cridhe Mhic-Dhunleibhe air 'fhaicinn, bhiodh e, cha 'n e mhain aodaichte 's an fheileadh, ach ann am feileadh breacain, le breacanguaille ioma-dathach, peitein de chloth glas Ileach, boineid leathann le bad fraoich innte, agus biodag a's claidheamh air a leis! Is e so an sgeul a bha sinn dol a dh-aithris:—An uair a rainig Uilleam Cinntire, aig an am air am bheil sinn ag iomradh, bha astar coig no sea mhiltean aige ri 'choiseachd m' an ruigeadh e ceann-uidhe a thurais. Bha e ann an slainte bhreoite aig an am, bha a sporan aotram, a's cha b' urrainn da dioladh airson carbad no each; cha mhomha 'chuir e fios gu 'n robh e tighinn, no bhiodh neach 'g a choinneachadh. Cha robh aige air ach an t-astar a choiseachd. Dh' fhas e sgith fann air an rathad; leig e e fein 'n a shineadh air tom fraoich. "Laidh mi ann an sud," ars' e fein, "a' saoilsinn gu 'n robh a' chrioch air tighinn; ach, aonaranach, cianail mar 'bha mi, bha aon aobhar comhfhurtachd agam, agus b'e sin, gu 'n tiomnainn mo spiorad suas air fraoch glan, Gaidhealach." Is gann a b' urrainn gaol an fhraoich a's nam beann dol ni b' fhaide. Tha so a' toirt 'n ar cuimhne comhairle a thug Uilleam aon uair air oganach Gaidhealach anns a' bhaile so. Bha an duine og a' suidhe ann an aon de dh-eaglaisean Gaidhlig a' bhaile, agus, airson aobhar eigin, ghabh e diomb ris a' mhinisteir—mar is tric a ni muinntir iomadh uair air gle bheag aobhar—a's bha e doll a dh-fhagail na h-eaglais anns a' mhiann e fein a cheangal ri aon de na h-eaglaisean Gallda. M'an deanadh e so chuir e a chomhairle ri Uilleam, agus so agaibh an earail a thug am Bard air:—"Ud, ud, a laochain cha 'n fhag thu an eaglais, far am bheil Gaidhlig air a searmonadhadh! Bi thusa a' dol do 'n eaglais, agus leugh na Baird Ghaidhlig, agus theid mise an urras nach eagal duit." Is iomadh doigh neonach agus neo-choltach, mhearachdach agus mhealltach, airson sonas bithbhuan a ruigheachd, air an cuala sinn iomradh, ach bu naidheachd ur darireadh, gu 'n robh leughadh nam Bard Gaidhealach 'n a mheadhon eifeachdach a chum flaitheanas a ruigheachd: ach cuimhnicheamaid air son so uile nach b' e aineolas ach neonachas a thug air a' Bhard a' chomhairle a thairgseadh.

R. I.

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

A Shunadail a' chladaich bhearnaich,
Ged is corrach glas do shlios,
'S ged nach robh thu tric an saothair nam bard,
M'an teirig do sgeul creiche 's blair
Bithidh tu 'measg chaich 'g ad iomradh.
Do rudha ciar-dhubh, 'bia'dh nam bairneach,
Sguabta, baite, 's co d'an ioghnadh?
'N uair a sheideas Alasaid a fuaradh,
A' sguabadh tonnan Chaolais-Bhranndain;
Mullaichean mara le stoirm faoiltich,
A chunnaic mi o thaobh Dhun-leabhair;
Onfhadh na doimhne shalainn
A' stealladh mu d' cheann gun sgios,
A' tuiteam 's a' direadh mu seach;
Trom mhothar slachdraich stuadhan fairge,
A' criothnachadh do charaigean cleiteach, dubh,
Air nach laidh dus a' Mhairt.
Co nach sireadh do ghlacan uaine,
A chunnaig aon uair iad
'N an culaidh shamhraidh—
Cruitheachd nan lusan, mar gu'm b'ann, a' stri
Co 's riomhaiche a sgeadaicheas
Gach isleach a's bruaich,
Bho tholman nead na h-uiseig'
Gu aisridh doireachan nan earb!
Do ghleanntan coilliteach far an cluinnear
Na miltean iteach fo dhuilleach
Nan crann cubhraidh, air bruachan
Nan sruithean nach traoigh,

A' taomadh an uchd do thragha,
A tha 'nis am measg chaich an iomradh.
An laithean Choinnich mhoir na h-Alba—
'S chualas gach gniomh a thug an t-ainn dha—
Bha Rurach Mac Chracaig 's nan streipe,
'N a righ an Ath-cliath an Eirinn—
Lochlannach cruadalach, seolta.
B' iomadh buinne doirbh a sheol e ;
B' iomadh uamha, coill' a's cladach
Anns an do sheid e turlach rathaid ;
B' iomadh buaile mhor a chreach e,
'S bu lionmhor fear garg a ghleachd e
Eadar Tir-Chonuill a's da Arainn,
Gleannaibh na Rut' a's Manainn—
Eilean tri-chasach nan Gaidheal.
Tha crioch orr' annad, 's b' fhad an dail ud,
Ghlachd Rurach thu le 'chabhlach,
'S sheisd e do Dhun dion le 'armailt
'S an uair a shaoil e gu 'n do striochd thu
Ghairm e gu comhairl' a dhilsean.
De 'n chuid diubh ' rainig a' choinneamh
So an ainmean' borb gun sloinneadh—
Meargadal, Gargan, a's *Brosdan,*
Beolan, Eardadh, a's *Torcull,*
Lorgan, Rasan, a's *Crogach*
Ugadal, Mugan, a's *Dornan.*
'N uair 'choinnich iad aig Carn-a'-ghrianaidh
Thug Rurach mar so dhaibh 'iarrtas:
"Chi sibh an diugh grian an Earraich
A' boillsgeadh air muir 's air talamh,
Ag innseadh gur am dhuinn gluasad
A chuir na gheibh sinn ris na fhuair sinn.
Thog sinn cheana creach na h-Eireann,
An iomadh cearn,'s cha d' fhuair iad eiric
Ach rocail an f hithich air an cairbhean,
Air tir-mor 's an innsean fairge,
Cais'meachd na tuaidhe 's gaoir nan lasair
Ag innseadh co dhinn a thachair
Air na dh-fhag sinn sgathta roiste,
'S de 'na f huair sinn nach robh beo dhiubh,
Eadar Sligeach 's Carraig-Fhearghais,
Na thogadh an coir' air eallachain !
Tha Manainn gun chrodh gun aireach,
'S cha 'n fhada bhuainn creach Earra-ghaidheal—
Ceann-tire torach, feurach, gleannach,
Fonn-altrom nam fiadh 's nan coileach.
Tha 'n fhairge ma 'n cuairt gach taobh dheth,
Domhain, glan, gun bhristeadh caolais,
Far am faigh ar Cabhlach seoladh
Gun ghrabadh timchioll a' chorsa.
O Bheinn-an-Tuirc gu Loch-an-Tairbeirt.
Le soillse maduinn 's ciar an anmoich,
Siubhlaidh sinn airdean a's comhnard
A' gabhail mar thig creach a's torachd.
Faicibh a nis co 'n taobh dheth
Is laige dion 's is lugha 'n daoinc,
'S an doigh is fearr air a ghlacadh,
Ma 'm faigh a mhuinntir cultaice.
A Ghargain, an toiseach so do bharail—
Is tu an Ceann-feadhna is sine th' againn.
GARGAN.—"Aig do sheirbhis mar mo chomas ;
Ach 's deacair an comharadh sin 'amas:
'S fior gu 'n do thog sinn creach na h-Eireann,
'S nach d' fhag sinn aon a dh'innseadh sgeul air ;
Bha 'n tuadh a' srachdadh sgrath nan cairean,
'S am foid lasrach ris gach fardach ;
Cha d' fhag sinn mart air beinn no faiche,
No each no lair a dh' f has an seiche ;
Theich na h-Eireannaich a' sianail [radh!
Gu bonn na speur 's ni b' fhaide dh' iar-
'S an uair ghabh iad an casan mar urras,
B' e 'm port-ciuil, '*Cha till sinn tuille.*'
Ach 's meallta so a thoirt mar shamhladh
Air Gaidheil laochail na h-Alba.
Ma theid thu ruisgte troimh thom droighinn,
'S coiseachd cas-lom air preas cuilinn,
Cadal gun lein' air an eanntaig,
'S racadal itheadh gun draing ort,
'S usadh dhuit sud na dol a' spionadh
Friodhan stailinn Chinne-Tire.
Ach o'n 's comhairle 's nach comhrag
Is feumaiche 's an am g' ar seoladh,
Mar 's lugha a their 's is mo a ni sinn
'S ann is airde a bhitheas gach gniomh dhuinn.
Tha 'n so da f hear dheug de' d' chairdean
A lean riut riamh 's a nis nach fag thu ;
Tha da bhirlin ann ad chabhlach
Co maith 's a chuir druim air fairge—
Da she-ramhach dhionach laidir,
'S theid sinne, seisear anns gach bata.
Faigh slatan iasgaich agus liontan,
Aibh osanach a's eangach sgriobaidh.
Theid thu ma 'n cuairt Cinntir' mar iasgair,
'S chi thu deas a's tuath, mar t' iarrtas,
Gach port a's traigh, gach uig a's cala,
Gach caisteal, tur a's bealach-faire ;
'S ma thig iad 's gu'm feoraich iad, Co sinn,
Tha Gaidhlig Arannach aig coig dhinn,
A's triuir eile a bha 'n Leogh's 'n an oige
'N uair dh' iarr na Lochlannaich coir air;
'S aithne dhuit sinn. Gabh air t' adhart—
Cha chreid mi nach soirbhich an oidhirp."
"'S maith thu, fhir ghairg," arsa Rurach,
"Is treise foill aig am na dubhlan.
Beartaichaibh Sron-nam-fuaradh
Le 'druim dhireach, ghniomhach nach d'fhuaradh
A' tilleadh air roinn cholgach rudha.
Siomadh tonn a sgoilt i dhuinne,
Sruth a's gaoth da'n d'thug i gualainn,—
Cha' fhacas fathast seise luathais dhi ;
S mur tig Mac-Iain-ghearr g' ar torachd'
Cha ghlacar le luath's ramh na seol i !"

(Ri leantuinn.)

FACAL AS LETH NAN GAIDHEAL.

A GHAIDHEIL URRAMAICH,—Tha e a' cur leamhadais agus gruaim orm a bhi cluinntinn nan Sasunnach anns na cearnaibh so d'an t-saoghal. Tha na h-Albannaich 'n an suilibh mar dhaoine borb, a chiosnaich iad, agus a tha iad a' càlachadh. Ma thuiteas do dh-Albannach no do dh-Eireannach bochd droch-bheart a chur an gniomh, faodar a bhi cinnteach gu'n teid a chur an ceill 's na paipeirean ann an litrichibh mora; ach ma 's e Sasunnach a ni lochd, cha teid an t-iomradh is lugha 'thoirt ciod an duthaich d'am buin e. Cha 'n fhaod na h-Albannaich no na h-Eireannaich, agus gu seachd-sonruichte na Gaidheil, laidhe mar so fo throm-lighe. Cuireadh na Gaidheil an guaillean ri cheile, slaodadh iad a dh-aon rathad mar a rinn ann sinnsearan aig a' Mhonadh-Gharbh, an uair a thug iad dulan do uile chumhachd na Roimhe, ged bha an saoghal aithnichte gu leir fo chis doibh, agus cha 'n eagal nach eirich buaidh leotha, ged tha iad

> "Air an sgaoileadh
> Mar bhaidne chaorach air iomairt,
> An iar 's an ear."

Tha seann ràdh 's a' Ghaidhealtachd agus is e sin, "Tha an Fheinn air a h-uilinn." A reir an ràdh so bha an Fheinn aig aon am fo gheasaibh ann an uamh araidh nach b' fhiosrach do neach beo. Aig beul na h-uamha bha dùdach, agus na 'n robh de mhisnich aig an neach a gheobhadh a mach iad an dùdach, a sheinn tri uairean, dh' eireadh an Fheinn beo, slan. Air do shealgair araidh dol air seacharan ann an ceo, thainig e air an uamha anns an robh an Fheinn. Chunnaic e an dudach, agus chuimhuich e air an t-seann ràdh, gu'n robh an Fheinn fo gheasaibh, agus ge b'e neach a sheideadh an dùdach tri uairean gu'n duisgeadh e iad. Bha e 'g am faicinn 'n an laidhe 's an uamha: rug e air an dùdaich, agus sheid e sgal chruaidh oirre. Is ann le mor ioghnadh a thug e fainear gu 'n do dh-fhosgail gach aon diubh an suilean agus iad a' dur-amharc air 's an aodann, agus thug e fainear mar an ceudna, le oillt, gu 'n robh an suilean mar shuilean dhaoine marbh. Thog e a mhisneach, sheid e sgal eile air an dùdaich, agus ghrad dh' eirich gach aon air 'uilinn. An uair a chunnaic e sin chaill e uile gu leir a mhisneach, agus theich e. Air dha a dhachaidh a ruigheachd dh' innis e a sgeul d' a chairdean, agus ghabh iad a mach comhladh, ach cha b' urrainn doibh amas air an uaimh tuille, 's cha d' fhuaras riabh i gus an latha 'n diugh. Theirear bho sin, "Tha an Fheinn air a h-uilinn." A nis, a GHAIDHEIL urramaich, tha mi ann an dochas gu 'm bi sibhse a' seideadh dùdaich ann an cluasan sliochd na Feinne, sliochd nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach, agus nach stad sibh le da no tri sgalan a sheideadh, ach gu 'n lean sibh air, gus am bi iad air an casan a sheasamh an coiricheau 'san dlighe fein; agus 'n a dheigh sin, air eagal gu 'n teid iad a rithist a chadal nach sguir sibh a sheideadh gus am bi na Gaidheil air an cruinneachadh as gach cearna d'an chruinne, do dh-aon tir, far am bi iad 'n an aon sluagh, a' labhairt agus a' deanamh an gnothuichean gu leir anns an aon chanain bhinn, bhlasda, a' Ghaidhlig! —Creidibh gur mi, le mor mheas,

Bhur seirbhiseach dileas,

D.B.

Australia a' chinn-a-deas,
Deireadh an Earrraich, 1873.

——o——

DEAS FHREAGAIRTEAN.

Is iongantach cho ealamh, 's cho sgaiteach 's a gheibh cuid de dhaoine freagairt facail. Thuit dhomh fein a bhi ann an aite araidh far an robh cruinneachadh mor dhaoine. Thainig neach an rathad le steud-each briagh aige 'g a nochdadh. Am measg iomadh maise eile, bha sguab mhor earbuill air an each. Thuirt fear a bha 'n a sheasamh dluth dha, uair no dha, "Nach aluinn an t-earball a th' air!" Thionndaidh am fear a bha an ceann an eich 's thuirt e gu spideil, "Am faca tu earball eich riamh roimhe?" "Cha 'n fhaca riamh *roimhe*," ars' am fear eile, "'s ann a chunnaic mi e daonnan 'n a *dheigh!*"

Latha a bha *Sir Walter Scott* a' marcachd thainig e gu cachaileith dhuinte. Bha Eireannach dluth a laimh a dh' fhosgail a' chachaileith. Chuir am marcaiche a lamh 'n a phoca air son sea sgillinn, ach cha robh aige na bu lugha na tasdan; shin e do 'n Eireannach e, ag radh, "Tha sea sgillinn agam ort." "Ma ta," ars' esan, "gu 'n robh sibh mairean gus am paigh mi sibh!"

Air do dha dhuin'-uasal a bhi 'gabhail an rathaid aon latha thachair Eireannach orra agus air do thoil a bhi aig fear dhiubh beagan feala-dha a dheanamh ris an Eireannach, thuirt e ris, "Na 'm faigheadh an Droch-Spiorad a roghainn an ceart uair, co a shaoileadh tu a bheireadh e leis—thu fein no mise?" "Mise, gu cinnteach," ars' an t-Eireannach. "C' arson sin?" ars' an duin'-uasal. "A chionn gu bheil e cinnteach asadsa aig àm 's am bith!"

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn,
Meadhon an Fhogharaidh, 1873.

———o———

An tì ta suas òltar deoch air,
An tì ta sìos buailtear cos air.
—*Seann Ràdh Eireannach.*

CONN MAC AN DEIRG.

Sgeul air Conn mac an Deirg
Air a lionadh le trom fheirg,
Dol a dhìoladh 'athar gun fheall
Air chriochaibh(*a*) ro-mhòr na h-Eirinn.

Aithris duinne, Oisein nàirich,
Mhic Fhinn uasail, sho-ghràdhach,
Sgeulachd air Chonn feardha(*b*) fearail,
An sonn calma, ciùin, ceanail.

Cia 'bu mhò Conn na'n Dearg mòr,
Oisein nam briathra binn-bheòil?
No 'm b' ionann dealbh dha (*c*) is dreach
'S do 'n Dearg mhòr, mhear, mheanmnach?

Bu mhò Conn gu mòr mòr,
Tighinn an garadh(*d*) ar slòigh,
Tarruing a luinge a steach
An cumhang cuain is caolais.

Shuidh e air an tulaich 'g ar(*e*) còir,
Am fiùbhaidh(*f*) curanta(*g*) ro-mhòr,
'S ghabhadh e dh'a chleasaibh(*h*) garga
Siar ann am bailcibh nan iarmailt.

Chaidh e 'm friothlannaibh(*i*) nan neul
Os ar cionn(*j*) anns an ath-mheud;
Is ni 'm b' àille neach fo 'n ghréin
Na Conn nan àrm faobhar-gheur.(*k*)

Gruaidh chorcur mar iubhar caoin,(*l*)
Rosg gorm fo mhala chorraich chaoil,
Falt òr-cheardail, amlach,(*m*) grinn—
Fear mòr meanmnach, fearail, èibhinn.(*n*)

Colg nimhe(*o*) re(*p*) liodairt(*q*) chorp
Aig laoch teugmhaileach(*r*) nam mòr olc;
Bhiodh a chlaidheamh re(*s*) sgath(*t*) sgéithe
Aig an laoch ri aimhréite.

Buaidh 's gach ball(*u*) an robh e riamh,
Air ghaisge, air mheud a ghniomh;
Ghabh e coimhlion, neart gun sgios,
Re(*v*) tabhairt géill is(*w*) mòr-chìs.

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a In the MS., "'uislibh 's air mhaithibh" (uaislibh 's air mhaithibh) is written, in a more recent hand, over "chriochaibh ro-mhòr." Gillies' copy has "Air uaislibh 's air m(h)aithibh na Féinne." *b* Manly, brave. *c* The MS. has the Irish "dho" for "dha." *d* For "an gar," near to. *An gar* (in Irish orthography *a ngar*) governs the genitive. *e* The MS. is "gar." *f* Prince, hero. *g* Courageous. *h* Feats. *i* Streamers. *j* For *cinnn*, old dative of *ceann*. *k* Of the sharp-pointed weapons or arms. *l* Crimson cheek like polished yew. *m* The MS. is "grinnail," but we have adopted "amlach," curled, from Gillies' copy. Dr. Young's copy has "'n a amlaibh," in curls. *n* The second syllable of "éibhinn," when accented rhymes with "grinn" in the third line. *o* Gen. of *nimh*, poison. *p* Ir. for *ri*. *q* Tearing in pieces. *r* warlike, contentious. *s* Ir. for *ri*. *t* Sgathadh. *u* Place. *v* Ir. for *ri*. *w* The MS. has "a." Dr. Young's copy has "'s," for "is" or "agus."

Gu 'n tugainnse briathar cinnteach,
A Phàdruig, ge nàr r'a inns' e,
Gu 'n(*a*) d' ghabh an Fhiann eagal nile
Nach do ghabh iad riamh roimh aon duine.

Re(*b*) faicinn(*c*) doibh confadh(*d*) Chuinn
Mar onfadh(*e*) mara le tuinn,
Agus falachd(*f*) an fhir mhòir,
An coinnimh athair a dhioladh.

'S e thuirt Conan maol mac Morna,
"Leigear thuige a' cheud uair mi,
'S gu 'm buinim an ceann a mach
Do Chonn dì-measach(*g*) uaibhreach."

"Marbh-phaisg(*h*) ort, a Chonain mhaoil,
Nach sguir thu(*i*) d' lonan(*j*) a chaoidh;
Cha bhuineadh tu 'n ceann do Chonn,"
So thuirt Osgar nam mòr ghlonn.(*k*)

Gluaisidh(*l*) Conan 'n a(*m*) mhi-chéill',
Dh' aindeoin na Féinne gu léir,
An coinnimh Chuinn bhuadhaich bhrais,
Mar char tuathal(*n*) g' a(*o*) aimhleas.

'N uair 'chunnairc Conn 'bu chaoin dealbh,
Conan a' dol an sealbh 'àirm,
Thug e siocadh(*p*) air an daoi
'S e teicheadh gu luath a dh' Albhaidh.(*q*)

B'(*r*) iomad crap, is baile, is meall,
'Bha 'g at a suas air droch cheann,
Air ceann Chonain mhaoil gu reamhar,
'S na còig caoil(*s*) 's an aon cheangal.

"Beannachd air an làimh a rinn sin,"
'S e labhair Fionn nan cruth nuadh,(*t*)
"'S gu ma(*u*) turus gun éirigh dhuit,
A Chonain mhi-chéillidh gun fhalt."

'N sin so comhairle 'chinn doibh,
Deadh mhac Fhinn 'bu bhinn glòir(*v*)
Churghabhail sgéil [do]'n fhear dhocair:(*w*)
Gluaisidh Fearghas binn-fhoclach.

Gluaisidh Fearghas binn, bàdhach,(*x*)
Glic, ciallach, mòr-dhàlach,(*y*)
Air comhairl' 'athar, mar bu chòir,
Ghabhail sgéil do Chonn ro-mhòr.

"A Chuinn mhòir, bhuadhaich, bhrais,
Fhir shùgaich ait éibhinn,
Ghabhail sgéil thànas(*z*) o Fhionn,
Cia fàth do thuruis dh' Eirinn?"

"Innsimse(*a*) sin duit gu beachd,
Fhearghais, agus buin e leat,
Eirig m' athar b' àill leam uaibhse,
O mhaithibh teaghlaich 'ur mòr-uaisle.

Ceann Fhinn 's a dhà mhic mhòra,
Ghoill, Ghridhe, agus Gharaidh,
'S cinn chlanna Morna gu h-uile,
Fhaotainn an éirig aon duine;

No Eirinn o thuinn gu tuinn
A ghéilleachdainn do 'm aon chuing,
No còmhrag chòig ceud d' ar fine
Fhaotainn air mhadainn am màireach."

Gluaisidh Fearghas thugainn féin,
A Phàdruig, ni 'n canam breug,
Gu 'n do thosd an Fhéinn uile
Re(*b*) cluinntinn sgéil an aon duine.

"Cia do sgeul o 'n fhear mhòr,"
'S e ràite Fionn, flath an t-slòigh,
"Aithris duinne e gu prabadh,(*c*)
'S na ceil oirnn e a dh' aon olcaid."

"'S e mo sgeul o 'n fhear mhòr,
Gur àill leis còig ceud d' ar slòigh
Fhaotainn air mhadainn am màireach,
Gu còmhrag na dioghbhàile."(*d*)

'S e labhair còig ceud d' ar fine,
"Caisgidh sinne a luath mhire;"
Cha robh sud doibh mar a ràdh,
Bhi dol anns an iomarbhàidh.(*e*)

Thug e mach claidheamh an Deirg mhòir
Le confadh(*f*) catha a' cheud uair;

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a The MS. is "Gur ghabh," an Irish idiom. *b* Ir. for "ri." *c* "Faicsinn" in MS. *d* Rage. *e* Rage, fury. *f* Bloodiness, spite, grudge. See "folachd" in O'Reilly's Dictionary. *g* Contemptuous, haughty. *h* An imprecation, lit. "Death-shroud on thee," "evil betide thee." *i* The preposition "do" or "de" is omitted before "d'" for the sake of the measure. *j* Boasting, prattling. *k* A deed of valour, exploit. *l* Conan moves. The Gaelic future is the Irish analytic present. *m* In his folly. In the MS. "le" has been written above "ma," the latter obviously a mistake. *n* Unlucky, sinister, lit. towards the north, as "deiseil" is towards the south. *o* The MS. is "ma." *p* A sudden personal onset. See "sic" or "sichd," the same word. The MS. is "sioca." *q* The MS. has "Albhidh," for, as we suppose, "Almhuin," Finn's palace in Leinster. *r* The MS. is "Se." *s* The five snails are the two ankles, the two wrists, and the neck. *t* Dr. Young's copy has "'S e labhair Fionn a chrò-shnuaidh." "Crò-shnuadh" is "saffron-hue." *u* "'S gu ma," "Is gu 'm bu," or "Agus gu 'm bu." The "ma" has arisen from *m* eclipsing *b*. There are other traces of eclipse in modern Scottish Gaelic. In the Island of Lewis certain letters are still regularly eclipsed.

v Speech. *w* Hard, grievous. *x* Loving, friendly; famous, noble. *y* Majestic. Also written "moralach," "mòrdhalach." Here the accent must be placed according, to Irish usage, on the second syllable, for the sake of the rhythm. *z* For "thàinigeas." *a* The Irish synthetic present. *b* Ir. for "ri." *c* "Gu prab," quickly. *d* The MS. is "diothmhaileadh." The word is "dìoghbhail," destruction, and is the same as "dìobhail," loss, destruction. It is compounded of *di* and *gabhail*, anciently *gabal*. *e* Strife, contention. The MS. has "iommairt bhaite." Gillies has "iomarbhaidh," which we adopt. *f* Rage, fury.

Thug e ruathar(*a*) fhir an gràin,
Mar sheabhaig measg ealta mhin-eun(*b*)

B' iomad fear 's a' ghàir a bhos,
Iomad làmh ann is leth-chos,
Iomad claigeann ann is ceann,
Cuirp gun choigleadh(*c*) air a' bhall.

Còig ceud eile ged bhiodh ann
Gu 'n tuiteadh iad air aon bhall,
Is Conn a' calcadh a sgiath(*d*)
'G iarraidh còmhraig, 's gu 'm an-riar.(*e*)

Thagh sinn seachd fichead fear mòr
Do mhaithibh teaghlaich ar mòr-shlòigh,
Thoirt a' chinn do mhac an Deirg,
'S dh' aithnich sinn fear fo throm fheirg.

Chaidh ar seachd fichead 'n a dhàil,
'S ann orra 'thàinig an dioghbhàil;(*f*)
Thug e ruathar fir forthuin;
Bu luaithe e na roth Gall-mhuilinn.(*g*)

Thuit ar seachd fichead fear mòr,
B' aobhar tuirse e 's do-bhròin;
Gu 'n d' leig an Fhéinn gàir cruaidh
Ri diothachadh'(*h*) a' mhòr-shluaigh.

"Fhir a chleachd mo chabhair riamh,
Ghoill Mhic Morna nam mòr ghniomh,
'Bu mhiann sùla gach 'b' àille,
'S a Phrionnsa Thola na dioghbhàile.(*i*)

'S dàna leam Conn bagradh ort,
'S air Clanna Morna gu h-uile;
Nach buineadh tu 'n ceann deth gu fearail,
Mar rinn thu de 'athair roimhe."

"Dheanainnse sin duitse, Fhinn,
Fhir nam briathra blàtha,(*j*) binn,
Chur gach fuath 's falachd(*k*) air chùl,
'S gu 'm biomaid uile dh' aon rùn.

Ged mharbhadh tu m' Fhéinn uile,
Gu diothachadh(*l*) an aon duine,
Bhithinn féin 's mo threuna leat,
A righ na Féinne gu d' chabhair."

Gluaisidh(*m*) Goll 'n a chulaidh chruaidh,
Ann am fianuis a' mhòr-shluaigh;
Bu gheal dearg gnùis an fhir,
'N a thorc garg dol an tùs iorghuill.(*n*)

Shuidhich iad an sin na cip-chat ha,(*o*)
A dhol a thabhairt an àrd latha;
'S na h-àirm sheunta a bha 'm braid,(*p*)
Thog Mac Morna mileanta (*q*) iad.

'N uair 'chaidh iad an dàil a chéile,
Cha 'n fhacfas riamh ann cho baobhail;(*r*)
Na curaidhean 'bu gharbh cith,(*s*)
Chuir iad an tulach air bhall-chrìth.

Dìth(*t*) fola do chnàmhaibh an cuirp,
Dìth(*t*) teine do 'n àrmaibh nochd,(*u*)
Dìth(*t*) cailce do sgiathaibh an àidh,
Dol siar anns na h-iarmailtibh.

B' iomad caoir do theine ruadh
Teachd o fhaobhar nan àrm cruadh',(*v*)
Os cionn nan ceann-bhearta(*w*) corrach,
'S iad a' cuimhneach' na mòr-fhalachd(*x*)

An dà churaidh bu gharbh cith,(*y*)
Chuir iad an tulach air bhall-chrìth,
Le 'm beumnaibh 'bu leòr meud,
'S bha 'n Fhéinn uile 'g an éisdeachd.

Seachd laethe(*z*) agus aon trà deug,
'Bu tuirseach mic agus mnài,
Gus 'n do thuit le Goll nam beum
An sonn mòr air cheart éigin.

Gàir éibhinn gu 'n d' rinn an Fhiann
Nach d' rinneadh leò roimhe riamh,
Re(*a*) faicinn doibh Ghoill Mhic Morna
'N uachdar air Chonn treun-tòireach,

'S e tabhairt Chonain an sàs
An déigh(*b*) lonain a' mhi-ghràis;
Naoi ràidhean do Gholl an àidh
'G a leigheas mu 'n robh e slàn.

Ar seachd fichead 's ar còig ceud,
A Phàdruig, ni 'n canam breug,
Gu 'n d' thuit sud le mac an Deirg,
Is bu chruinn ar Féinn 'n a dhéigh.(*c*)

CRIOCH.

[The above ballad is from the Rev. D. M'Nicol's MS. Collection of Gaelic poetry.—A. C.]

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a Violent onset. *b* Among flocks of small birds. *c* Sparing. *d* "Sgiath" to rhyme with "riar," instead of "sgéithe," the genitive. *e* Wrong gratification. *f* Destruction, loss. See above. The rhythm requires the accent on the second syllable, according to Irish usage. *g* Mill. Lowland or foreign mill. *h* D struction. The MS. is "dioghugha"—Ir. "diothughadh." *i* See above. The rhythm requires the accent on the second syllable. Gillies' copy has "A laoich làidir na teugmhaile." "Teugmhail" is battle, contest. *j* Sweet. *k* See above. *l* The MS. is "diothugha." *m* See above. *n* Fray, strife, contest.

o "Ceap-catha," rallying point in battle. *p* Hidden, concealed; also, charmed. *q* Warlike, brave. *r* Savage, fierce, mad. *s* Rage, fury. *t* In these places Dr. Young's copy has "cith," shower, stream, for "dith." *u* Naked. *v* Genitive of *cruaidh*, steel. *w* Helmets. *x* See above. *y* See above. *z* An Irish form of the plural of "là." *a* Irish for "ri." *b* The MS. is "'N diaghaidh" for "An deaghaidh"="an déigh." *c* The MS. is "na dheaghaidh."

SEANN SGEULACHD.

Mu'n bhliadhna 1430, thainig tighearna Aird-ghobhar air sgriob do Raineach, agus phos e nighean do thighearna Shruthain, ceann-cinnidh Chloinn-Donnachaidh. An uair a thug fear Aird-ghobhar a bhean leis gu 'chaisteal fein, chuir fear Shruthain coignear ghillean sgairteil maille ri 'nighinn, a bha 'n an cairdean dileas dh 'i, agus anns am feudadh i a h-earbsa 'chur am measg choigreach. Thug uachdaran Aird-ghobhar seilbh fearainn do 'n chuignear oganach sin dluth d' a aite-comhnuidh fein, agus rinn e gach ni 'n a chomas chum gu 'n soirbhicheadh leo. Bha iad measail aig muinntir Aird-ghobhar, air sgath na baintighearna do 'n robh mor speis aca; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach gabhadh iad fein agus an sliochd 'n an deigh, comhnuidh air fearann Aird-ghobhar mur b'e mar a thachair Bha gach aon de 'n choignear a chaidh o Raineach, treun agus gaisgeil, ach thug am fear bu lugha dhiubh barrachd air cach uile, do thaobh gaisg' agus tapachd, agus gu sonruichte do thaobh a theomachd euchdaich le bogha agus le saighead. B'e Alasdair Beag Mac-Dhonnachaidh a b' ainm do 'n oganach ealanta so, agus cha b' fhada gus an do dhuisg a luth-chleasan, eud agus gamhlas 'n a aghaidh ann an cridheachan luchd-leanmhuinn Aird-ghobhar.

La de na laithean, dh' eirich connsachadh eadar Alasdair Beag agus oganach sgiamhach eile de mhuinntir Aird-ghobhar. Chaidh na fir a'm fionnsgan a' cheile, ach cha b' fhada gus an do leag Alasdair Beag an t-oganach gun deo air an raon! Cha deanadh fuireach feum tuille—b' eigin do Mhac-Dhonnachaidh am fireach a thoirt air gun dail sam bith. Thug e na buinn as air ball, agus cha do ghabh e tamh, no fois, gus an d'rainig e a cheann-feadhna euchdach agus cruadalach fein, "Ian Dubh Gearr," no mar a theireadh cuid ris, "Iain Dubh nan lann," a bha 'gabhail comhnuidh ann an Gleann-Duibh—ris an abrar a nis Gleann-Liobhainn. Dh' innis e do 'n treunlaoch Iain Dubh mar a dh' eirich dha an Aird-ghobhar; agus thubhairt Iain ris, "Cha 'n eagal duit a Mhic-Dhonnachaidh, gabh fasgadh fo 'm sgeith-sa, agus ma thig mac mathar o Aird-ghobhar a chur dragh' ort, cha teid e dhachaidh a dh-innseadh a sgeoil."

Fagaidh sinn a nis Iain Dubh agus Alasdair Beag ann an Gleann-Liobhainn, a' tighinn air an gniomhara gaisgeil fein f' a seach, agus theid sinn le 'r sgeul, car tamuill bhig, gu Srath-ghlais ann an Siorramachd Inbhirnis.

Air la araidh bha 'n Siosalach, uachdaran Shrath-ghlais, agus buidheann thaghta maille ris, a mach a' sealgaireachd air feadh nam beann. Air dhoibh a bhi air an sarachadh le siubhal nam beann chaidh iad a steach, aig cromadh an anmoich, do bhothan bantraich thruaigh a bha ri taobh an rathaid, agus, gun a cead iarraidh, mharbh agus dh' ith iad an t-aon laogh a bha air a seilbh. Co a thachair a bhi stigh 's an am ach duine bochd o Ghleann-Liobhainn a bha 'siubhal o aite gu aite 'g iarraidh na deirce. Cha robh na cuisean a' cordadh ris an duine bhochd air chor sam bith, agus thoisich e ri bhi cur dheth agus a' gearan. Thionndaidh an Siosalach agus thubhairt e, "Ciod a tha cur ort, a bhodaich leibidich, dhranndanaich?" "Cha 'n 'eil a' bheag (deir an duine bochd), ach tha fios agam air aon ni, 's cha bhinn leat a chluintinn—tha fios agam far nach biodh a cridhe aig an t-Siosalach e fein a ghiulan mar a rinn e 's a' bhothan so." Las an ceann-cinnidh uaibhreach le corruich, agus thubhairt e, "Innis domh a bhodaich

dhona c' ait nach biodh a chridhe agamsa mo thoil fein a dheanamh?" "Is soirbh an ni dhomhsa sin a dheanamh (ars' am bodachd bochd), oir ann an duthaich 'Iain Duibh nan lann,' dh' fheumadh tu a bhi umhal." Mhionnaich an Siosalach gu 'm biodh dearbhadh aige-san air sin mu 'n rachadh moran laithean seachad.

Thuig an duine bochd nach biodh cuisean reidh; agus cha do chaill e uine sam bith gus an d' rainig e "Iain Dubh nan lann," agus gus an d' innis e dha focal air fhocal mar a thachair. Fhuair Iain Dubh coire mhor do 'n duine bhochd air son a luathas-teanga, ach thug e maitheanas da, agus thoisich e air gach ni a dheanamh deas air son teachd an t-Siosalaich.

Cha b' fhad a chuir an Siosalach dail 's a' ghnothach; oir cha deachaidh seachdain thairis an uair a bha fir Shrath-ghlais, agus an uachdaran air an ceann air fraithibh Ghlinn-Liobhainn.

Bha freiceadan aig muinntir a' ghlinne a mach a' gabhail beachd air gach bealach, agus chunnaic iad na tuathaich naimhdeil a' tarruing am fagus.

An uair a roghnaich an Siosalach aite-taimh freagarrach air a shon fein agus air son a cheatharnaich, chuir e teachdaireachd a dh-ionnsuidh Iain Duibh, ag innseadh dha cuirm a bhi deas aige air son beagan cuideachd a bha teachd a dh-amhare air o 'n Airde-tuath,—"*agus mar bi*," ars' an Siosalach; ach cha d' thubhart e tuilleadh.

Fhuair Iain Dubh an teachdaireachd agus thuig e gu ro mhaith a seadh. Ghrad chuir e fios air ais gu 'm biodh gach ni deas a bha freagarrach air an son, agus iad a thighinn air an aghaidh gu h-calamh—"*ach ma thig*," ars' Iain Dubh, agus stad e 'an sin.

Thuig na laoich air gach taobh gu 'n robh na cuisean gu bhi garbh, agus air gach taobh rinneadh uidheamachadh air an son. Chaidh na Siosalaich gu faicilleach air an aghaidh, agus bha Iain Dubh Gearr mar gu 'm b' ann air eutromas le mireadh-chatha chum deannal cruaidh, teith a thoirt doibh. Bha seachdnar mhac aige, agus bu treun iad. Bha iad 'n an oganaich co clis agus ealanta 's a ghiulan riamh inghar agus dorlach. Chaidh ceathrar diubh air laimh dheis an 'athar, agus an triuir eile air a laimh chli, maille ris an robh mar an ceudna Alasdair Beag Mac-Dhonnachaidh, a bha comharraichte 'n a linn fein air son cuimse a ghabhail le saighead. Theirinn an Siosalach air ceann a dhaoine chum na h-aibhne an uair a bha na Liobhannaich thall f' an comhair air an taobh eile. Bha ceannfeadhna Srath-ghlais air' eideadh o bharr gu 'bhonn le luirich-lannaich, clogaid agus ceann-bheairt, air chor 's nach ruigeadh saighead air a leonadh. Bha 'n latha grianach—agus chunnacas gathanna na greine miltean air astar, a' dearrsadh mar ghrad bhoisge an dealanaich air armachd nan laoch! Thog an Siosalach a chlogad suas os cionn a shul, agus air a' mhionaid sin thilg Alasdair Beag saighead a bhuail an clar an aodainn ceannard nan Siosalach. Ghrad sparr an duine leonta a lamh air an lot, agus ghlaodh Mac-Dhonnachaidh, "A Shiosalaich, gheibh thu an t-saighead air do chulthaobh;" ach bha 'n Siosalach gun chomas freagairt — oir thuit e marbh air an laraich! Tha 'n t' aite far an d' thug e suas an deo fathasd air a chomharrachadh a mach le cloich, ris an abrar gus an la' n diugh, "*Clach an t-Siosalaich.*" An uair a chaill na naimhdean an ceannard, threig am misneach iad, agus thionndaidh iad an cul air na Liobhannaich. Chuir Iain Dubh an ruaig

orra, agus cha d' fhagadh mac mathar diubh beo ach am piobaire a mhain. Thugadh cead dasan dol dachaidh a dh-innseadh sgeul a bhroin d' a chairdean agus d' a chinneach.

Goirid an deigh sin, thug "Iain Dubh nan lann" a nighean 'n a mnaoi do Alasdair Beag Mac-Dhonnachaidh, agus tha e air 'innseadh gu 'm bheil an sliochd fathasd lionmhor anns na criochan sin.

SGIATHANACH.

MARBHRANN

Do Pheigi Nic-Illeathain, nighean do Dhonnachadh Mac-Illeathain, Thamhnithe, agus Ealasaid Nic-an-Uidheir, a bha chomhnuidh an Dail-lic, ann an Gleann-da-ruail. Shiubhail an nighean chliuiteach, eireachdail so goiridh romh Nollaig anns d' bhliadhna 1836, air an latha 'bha i ri bhi air a posadh. Bha na rannan a leanas air an deanamh le Seonaid Nic-Dhomhnuill, de naisinn Bhun-Atha, bean Dhomhnuill Mhic-Ille-dhuibh a tha chomhnuidh, e fein agus a bhean chaoimhneil, ionnsaichte agus mhodhail, gus an latha 'n diugh, ann an Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail.

'S ann an drast tha 'n sgeul craiteach ri chluinntinn 's an aite,
Tha 'n nìgh'nag is aille 's is maisiche gnuis
Air a righeadh 's a caradh an ciste chaoil chlaraidh,
'S i 'n diugh air a fagail le 'cairdean 's an uir.

Gur truagh leam an t-oig-fhear, chaill a mhisneach ri 'bheo e,
Tha 'chrìdh air a sgaradh, gur dubhach a ghnuis;
A bhean-bainnse bhoidheach le lic air a comhdach,
'N a laidhe 's an talamh, 's i falaicht' bho 'shuil.

Bu chaoimhneil 's bu teo-chridheach leamsa a failte,—
A nìgh'nag a b' aill', 's ann ort fein a bhiodh fonn;
Do ghruaidhean mar sgarlaid, 's mar ros ann an garadh,
'S do chneas mar an eala air bharraibh nan tonn!

Gur truagh leam do chairdean, gu sonruicht' do mhathair;
Chaill i 'h-aighear 's an t-saoghal, gu brath, a's a sunnd;
'S gur tric i 'g ad chaoineadh, 's gun thu aice ri fhaotainn,
'S cha 'n eirich a cridh ged tha tìgh'nn a' bhliadhn'-ur.

A nis sguir 'g a bron, thu fein a's a cairdean,—
Tha ise gu h-ard ann am Paras nan dul;
'S tha sinn uile an dochas gu bheil i 'n diugh posd'
Air ar Slanaighear glormhor, 's a ghnath 'seinn a chliu.

Dun-Othainn, Ciad Mhios an Fhogharaidh, 1873.

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Cha mhor nach b' e turas na Banrigh do Lochabar a b' aon sgeul am beul gach duine air a' mhios a chaidh seachad. Dh' fhag i a luchuirt aillidh ann am *Balmoral* air Di-Mairt an 9mh latha agus air an fheasgar sin fein rainig i Caisteal Ur Ionar-Lochaidh far an do chuir i seachad beagan laithean fo aoidheachd Mhorair *Abinger*. Ged bha a' chiad latha no 'dha d' an uine fliuch agus neo-thlusar cha do chum so idir a' Bhan-righ bho

i fein a nochdadh d' a cuid iochdaran agus neo-ar-thaing mur do thaisbean iadsan an tairiseachd dh' ise. Cha robh craobh no crann eadar Cinn-a-ghiuthasaich agus Gleann-Comhann nach robh air an sgeadachadh leis gach gne bhratach a's shuaicheantas; cuid a' tairgse *Ciad mile failte*, agus cuid eile a' guidhe *Slainte 's fallaineachd* do 'n Bhan-righ! Ri taobhan an rathaid-mhoir bha na cinn-chinnidh le 'n cuid daoine air an tarruing a suas an ordugh agus air an eideadh gu h-eireachdail ann am breacan an fheilidh. Cha luaithe rainig i Caisteal Ionar-Lochaidh na dh' eirich teineachan-eibhinn o bharr nan cnoc a' sgaoileadh an sgeoil air feadh na tire gu leir. Chaidh a' Bhan-righ a dh-fhaicinn seana Chaisteal Ionar-Lochaidh, Acha-na-caraidh, Baile-chaolais agus Gleann-Comhann far an do chuir i ri 'bilean cuach airgid a bha aon uair aig Prionns Tearlach, agus as an d'ol am Prionns *Albert* nach maireann anns a' bhliadhna 1857. Chaidh i mar an ceudna do Ghleann-fionain, an t-aite anns an do thog Prionns Tearlach a bhratach agus an do thionail e g' a ionnsaidh na Gaidheil chalma, dhileas a bhoidich gu 'm buadhaicheadh no gu 'm basaicheadh iad 'ri a aobhar. Air a rathad dhachaidh do *Bhalmoral* thaghail a' Bhan-righ ann an Inbhirnis far an robh gach ullachadh air a dheanamh gu failte chridheil a chur oirre. Dh' aidich i i fein lan-thoilichte le 'turas agus tha i a' cur an geill cliu nan Gaidheal air son na tairiseachd agus an deadh dhurachd a nochd iad dh' i anns gach ceum d' a cuairt.

——o——

OISINN BHEAG NAN TEAGASG FALLAIN.

Tha moran ann a labhras ni 's lugha gu mor na smuaincheas iad. Tha iad a' deanamh sin gu glic. Tha moran eile ann nach smuainich air darna leth na labhras iad. Tha iadsan a' deanamh gu h-amaideach, agus bithidh a' bhuil orra.

Tha fior shaorsa a' co-sheasamh ann a bhi sealbhachadh nan nithe sin air am bheil ceart-choir againn fein, agus ni h-eadh ann a bhi 'milleadh nan nithe sin air am bheil coir aig muinntir eile.

A charaid, mu 'n iarr thu comain air neach sam bith eile, thoir na tri nithe a leanas fainear. An toiseach, an urrainn duit a sheachnadh? A ris, am bheil e comusach do 'n ti air am bheil thu 'dol g 'a iarraidh a thoirt seachad? Agus 's an treas aite, an deanadh tusa air son do charaid, na 'm biodh e 'n ad aite-sa, a' cheart ni sin a tha thu mar chomain ag iarraidh airsan? Uime sin, smuainich air na nithibh so, agus feudaidh e bhi gu 'n atharraich thu do bharail.

Cha deanadh na breugan ach cron gun diùgh mur faigheadh iad creideas air son na firinn.

Tha saothair 'n a leagheas ach beag air son gach truaigh. Na bi-sa aonaranach, diomhanach, cianail. Cha d' thugadh beatha do mhac an duine, gu bhi air a caitheadh ann am bruadaraibh, agus am faoin-smuaintibh, ach air son dichill bheothail, ghniomhaich; seadh, air son dichill a thig chum maith aig a' cheann thall dhoibh-san uile a chleachdas i.

S.

Facal 's an Dealachadh.

Taing do Mhairi Nic-Eallair; gheobh a h-oran grinn aite 's cha 'n fhada thuige.

ABRACH.—Fhuair sinn *Maol-Ruainidh* agus bu mhor am beud mur tugamaid aite dha. Cluinnidh tu e 'g a chrònan aig luchd-leughaidh a' GHAIDHEIL 's an Tombhuidhe m' an tig an Fheill-Martuinn.

SRATH-LIUCHAIDH.—Bheir sinn aite do chomhradh *Cailleach-Bheurr* 's an ath GHAIDHEAL.

FEAR DO GHAIDHEIL GHLASCHU.—Cha d' innis thu dhuinn co thu, no c' aite an amais sinn ort; uime sin cha 'n urrainn duinn buil a dheanamh de d' litir. Cluinneamaid uait a rithist.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

OCTOBER, 1873.

LEGENDARY HISTORY OF THE SCOTS.

The last paper closed with a reference to the annihilation of the Picts. This is one of the things which may well be classified among the fables of history, and yet although the chroniclers give two very different accounts of it, there have been many recent historians who have regarded it as a historical truth. The author of *De Instructione Principum* states that the occasion of this fearful tragedy was the jealousy which the Scots had of the ever-increasing and superior power of the Picts. Finding themselves unable to overcome them on the battlefield they offer themselves as allies, hoping to do by treacherous means what they could not perform by the fair means of war. The Picts receive the offer, and enter into a confederacy with them. During this alliance they made war, in conjunction with the Picts, on the Britons, who were the inhabitants of the Roman province. So severe were these inroads that the Romans were forced to build two walls across from sea to sea. This was not sufficient to repress the warlike tribes of the north. They broke down the walls, penetrated as far as York, where the Roman Emperor Severus was slain in battle. Thus, according to the chronicles, "they withstood in all things the power of Julius Cæsar and Claudius and Vespasius, Emperors of Rome, who would have subjected us as they did the Britons, and for to to tell all the process of this it were too long." After the Roman legions left their shores Vortigern, king of the Britons, invited the aid of the Saxons, a foreign tribe, against the continued attacks of the Picts and Scots. The Saxons were, however, defeated at Lingaran, or Necktan's Mere, in Forfarshire; and by this battle the northern tribes were relieved from the tribute imposed by Severus when he entered Caledonia with his hostile armies. In the next battle, which was fought at Campus Manan, the Saxons are victorious. After this they fought various battles, until finally the Scots, under Hungus, utterly defeated the Saxons. They now receive little trouble from the armies beyond the wall of Hadrian. A new enemy, however, is found in the Scandinavian pirates who infested the shores of Britain. These sons of Lochlan committed great ravages on the Picts, the Scots, and the Saxons, and it required the united armies of the three to drive them to their cold homes in the north. On their expulsion from the British shores, the Scots, seeing they no longer require the aid of the powerful Picts, have recourse to that strategy by which it is said they destroyed the Pictish nation. They invite the Pictish princes to a banquet at the royal residence. As they are enjoying themselves with the good things of the feast, and are pretty well intoxicated, the Scots, on opportunity being given, withdraw the props which held up the floor of the room in which they were regaling. They are thus suddenly thrown into confusion,

and pointed stakes placed in the ground below the floor add to the confusion. In this position, and wholly unsuspecting any evil from the Scots, they are savagely butchered. "Thus," says the annalist, "of the the two nations the more valiant and warlike were annihilated." The very same account of the event is given by Hidgen in the "Scalachronica," in the "Chronicle of the Scots," and the "Chronicle of the Picts and Scots." The "Prophecy of St. Berchan," written in the 7th century, alludes to the circumstance in the following words:—"By him (Kenneth MacAlpin the Ferbasach) the wild ones are deceived in the East; he shall dig in the earth, dangerous good blades; death and destruction, in Scone of noble shields."

The next account of this event is what may be called the Alpin Conquest. This version of the legend is at least more honourable to the Scottish name and arms. The "Chronicle of Huntingdon" gives it thus—"In the year of our Lord 834 the Scots give battle to the Picts on Easter Day, when many of the Pictish nobles were slain, and Alpin, king of the Scots, was declared victor. On the 13th of the Kalends of August, of the same year, while he is still rejoicing in the successful issue of this battle, he is attacked by the Picts, defeated, and slain. His son Kenneth reigns in his stead. In the seventh year of his reign, when the coasts were occupied by the Danish pirates, he defeated the Plcts with great slaughter. On this he passed into the remainder of their territories, and after having killed many of them compelled them to fly. In this manhe obtained the monarchy of all Alban, which is now called Scotland, and was the first king of the Scots to reign over it. In the twelfth year of his reign he engaged the Picts in battle seven times in one day, and having slain many of them he confirmed his kingdom, over which he ruled for twenty-eight years." This is the only record of the Alpin Conquest which gives prominence to the victories of Alpin as bringing about the entire subjugation of the Picts to the Scottish rule, which afterwards took place in the reign of his son Kenneth. The author of the chronicle just quoted no doubt saw the inconsistency of imagining that Kenneth MacAlpin, with his small army of Scots, effected a conquest over the populous and war-loving Picts; and to give plausibility to the supposition that the union of the two kingdoms in the time of Kenneth was brought about by means of a conquest he makes the Scots of Galloway play a part in the affair. Now it is a pretty well established fact that Alpin, the father of Kenneth repaired to Galloway with his Dalriadic Scots when he was defeated by the Pictish king Angus MacFergus in 741. It is, therefore, not at all unnatural that the Scots of Galloway should be made to assist Kenneth—the son of their king—in obtaining possession of the Pictish throne.

It will be observed in the quotation from the "Chronicle of Huntingdon" that mention is made of the fact that the British shores were occupied by the Danish pirates. This has reference to the great battle by which the Danes devastated the whole of Pictland, killed Eoghan Mac Angusa its king, Bran his brother, all the direct heirs to the throne, and many others. This occurred in the time of Kenneth, so that it is mentioned as one of those events which helped him to obtain a victory over the Picts.

There is another legend in connection with Kenneth MacAlpin's

succession to the throne of Alban. The Columbian clergy are said to have assisted him on condition that he would reinstate them in Iona, from which they were driven by Nectan, king of the Picts. But as Iona was destined to close its walls for ever against its ancient saints, Kenneth, in fulfilment of his promise to the ecclesiastics of Iona, removed the primacy to Dunkeld, where it remained for several years. It was afterwards transferred to St. Andrews, and became identified with the Scottish nation. In the life of St. Cadroe there is a legend of the wandering of the Scots which illustrates this identification of St. Andrews with the Scottish kingdom. Here they are said to have come from Chorischon, in Lydia, and to have landed in Ireland, which finding it to have been a fertile country, they occupy. After obtaining possession of the chief towns, such as Cloyne, Armagh, Kildare, Munster, and Bangor, they cross over to Iona, thence they invade the district of Ross by the river Rosis (or Blackwater), and then they proceed southward and possess St. Andrews. Dr Skene shows that all these cities were celebrated ecclesiastical centres, and from this concludes that the legend refers to the spread of an ecclesiastical party. He also states that "the termination of the wanderings of the colony of Scots connect them at once with the invasion of Kenneth Mac-Alpin, and the settlement of the Scots in his time at St. Andrews." However this may be, it says much for the clergy of the time that they got their name connected with what is one of the greatest events in Pictish or Scottish history.

After the conquest Kenneth extended his kingdom to the Tweed, expelling the Britons and Saxons, without much opposition, and calls it Scotland. In 960 he dies at his castle of Forteviot, and is buried at Iona—the burying place of the kings of Scotland.

R. Mac-an-Rothaich.

(To be continued.)

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MUSIC IN HIGHLAND CHURCHES.

Knowing the strong attachment which subsists between Highlanders and their congregations, I presume a few remarks on the subject of "Music in Highland Churches," will not be uninteresting to the readers of the Gael.

It will be readily granted by all who have given the matter any attention that Music, both as a science and an art, has received more attention during the past ten years than it has done for the previous half-century. While this is true of music in general it is doubly so of Sacred or Congregational Music. During the last few years a thorough revolution has been taking place in the musical arrangements of our Lowland congregations, and I am glad to observe that there are some signs of animation apparent in reference to this matter in Highland churches also. It is to be hoped that those who have begun this good work of reformation will not cease till they have succeeded in bringing our people to bestow that attention upon the subject which it so urgently demands; for in the matter of psalmody our Gaelic churches are far behind the age. True, it may be said that Lowland congregations have greater facilities for musical cultivation than their Highland brethren; but this is very much because they have created those facilities by instituting classes in connection with their congregations for the improve-

ment of the people in their manner of rendering the service of praise. From these classes they usually select the members of the church choirs. In the case of congregations in the Highlands, where the population is often but sparse, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to get a sufficient number to meet for the practice of music, but no such difficulties obtain in our large cities and towns in the south, and yet we find them in the same unsatisfactory condition with their brethren in the Highlands. The singing in some of the Gaelic churches of this city, during the forenoon diet when Gaelic is usually preached, is quite distressing. In one church the congregation sings with a lustiness and strength of lung which are no doubt commendable as indicative of heartiness and a desire on the part of the people to do their utmost, if not their best, but it is far from pleasant to the ear of any one accustomed to graceful and artistic execution. In another church the singing is so languid and apathetic that one might almost imagine himself in a deaf and dumb institution; the precentor does all the singing, while the people sit with lips compressed as if afraid to hear their own voices. The Divine injunctions regarding the praises of the sanctuary are both numerous and imperative. "Let the people praise Thee, O Lord! let *all* the people praise Thee."

Having thus referred to the present unsatisfactory condition of the music in our Highland churches, let us now endeavour to point out the cause and suggest the remedy. I consider the chief barrier to musical improvement in Gaelic-speaking congregations is that effete and old-fashioned custom of "putting out the line," as it is familiarly termed—a custom which, I believe, has nothing to recommend it but antiquity. It is a system that received its origin when Gaelic psalm-books were both scarce and expensive, and many of the people unable to read. Now, however, it is different, psalm-books are, or may be, in every person's hands, and if people are unable to read them, I fear the worst possible method of learning to do so, is to get others to do it for them. One great objection to the custom of reading out line by line, is, that it breaks the continuity of both words and music in a manner that often renders the meaning quite unintelligible. Take an example from the English version of the metrical psalms, and the Gaelic version could furnish an equal number. The pcecentor reads—

"As far as east is distant from—"

which is sung. He then gives out,

"The west, so far hath he,"

and so on; thus destroying entirely the continuity of the sentiment, and rendering it difficult of being understood. Another serious objection to this custom is that, on account of the time lost in rehearsing line after line, the number of verses that can be sung at one time is limited, so as not to prolong the service, and so render it distasteful. It may be further urged against this practice that it tends to confine the conductor of psalmody to a comparatively small number of tunes. It will be apparent to any one having even a slight knowledge of music that it is altogether inappropriate to sing quick, tripping tunes to passages when doled out one line at a time, and thus the precentor has no alternative but to select a slow-going tune, whether suitable or not. Another evil resulting from this custom is that it prevents men of musical taste and talent from accepting precentorships;

it is so distasteful to them as a violation of all their conceptions of what is pleasant and proper. It also causes Highland congregations very often to have two precentors instead of one, as the one who is able to read out the line in Gaelic is not considered qualified—and indeed in many cases he really is not qualified—to conduct the psalmody in English. This is very unsatisfactory, and it is apt to be regarded as a reflection upon the qualifications of the Gaelic precentor, as if he were necessarily incompetent to lead the praise in English.

We come now to ask how this evil, namely, the very inferior psalmody of our Gaelic churches, is to be remedied? The answer is easy —the remedy is simple. Let Highland congregations bestir themselves; let them, as is so universally done in Lowland churches, set a-going classes for the instruction of the people in vocal music; let them remember that though the all-important element in acceptable praise is that it come from the heart, still it is our duty to offer unto God not only the first, but also the *best* "fruit of our lips," otherwise, though the praise may be earnest and sincere, it can scarcely be said to be comely and pleasant. H. W.

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GAELIC GRAMMAR AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

SIR,—In the June number of the GAEL your correspondent "D. C. M." told your readers that the text of the ballad, "Oisean agus an Cléireach," previously published in your columns, was "evidently founded on that given in 'Leabhar na Féinne,'" which meant that it was borrowed without acknowledgment from the copy transcribed, but not very accurately, by himself, and published by Mr. Campbell in his collection of Ossianic Ballads. Your correspondent was subsequently put right, but so very gently that he was even furnished with an excuse for his mistake. Not satisfied, however, with his escapade on that occasion, he now, when commenting on my "Grammatical Notes," goes out of his way to inform your readers that, in a translation of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" which appeared under my initials in your March number, I had myself—for the reference is obvious—fallen into a grammatical error which, in the same number, I had "severely condemned." I have no objection to being put right on any point on which I may happen to go wrong, but I would like my critic to know as much about the subject on which he may undertake to correct me as would, at least, prevent him from writing nonsense. The words in which "D. C. M." thinks he has detected the same grammatical error of which I gave several examples from a little work published anonymously, are:—

" . . . . . a' bualadh
Caismeachd thiamhaidh thruaigh an éig."

The infinitive in Gaelic governs the genitive, but "Calum Ciobair" wrote as the first Gaelic sentence in his book:—

"Tha gach bliadhn' ùr 'toirt am bàs na 's dlùth."

In the words above quoted I have used the genitive after the infinitive "bualadh," but, according to "D. C. M.," I have fallen into the error so frequently committed by "Calum Ciobair" in not using the genitive after the infinitive!

The words "a' bualadh caismeachd thiamhaidh thruaigh an éig" are perfectly correct, but they involve some questions of Gaelic idiom to which it is unnecessary to refer at present as

I intend to notice them in my "Notes." Meanwhile, however, I may call attention to the following examples, taken from the Gaelic Scriptures, of the aspiration of the genitive singular feminine of the adjective:—

Heb. v. 9. ". . . . ùghdar slàinte shìorruidh," not ". . . . ùghdar slàinte sìorruidh."

1 Pet. iv. 12. ". . . . thaobh na deuchainn theinntich," not ". . . . thaobh na deuchainn teinntich."

Rev. xx. 3. ". . . . ré ùine bhig," not ". . . . ré ùine bige."

Ps. xxxviii. 3. (metrical version). ". . . . air son do chorruich ghéir," not ". . . . air son do chorruich géire."

Although Drs. Maclauchlan and Clerk have introduced many serious errors into their edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, they have also made several corrections. Among their corrections, or, at least, emendations, I regard the substitution of the aspirated for the unaspirated form of the adjective (gen. sing. fem.) in the following places:—

1 Sam. i. 21. ". . . . a dh' ìobradh . . . na h-ìobairt bhliadhnail" for ". . . . a dh' ìobradh . . . . na h-ìobairt bliadhnail."

1 Sam. ii. 17. ". . . . a dh' ìobradh na h-ìobairt bhliadhnail" for ". . . . a dh' ìobradh na h-ìobairt bliadhnail."

Heb. ix. 15. ". . . . gealladh na h-oighreachd shìorruidh" for ". . . . gealladh na h-oighreachd sìorruidh."

In using "caismeachd," which is an indeclinable noun, as a genitive after the infinitive, although it is followed by another noun in the genitive, I have acted in accordance with the almost invariable usage of the translators of the Gaelic Scriptures. Whether or not that usage be strictly idiomatic I need not at present discuss, as no person of sense would regard the above example of it as a grammatical error.

I do not consider it necessary to notice your correspondent's grammatical comments. Remarks of which the following is a fair specimen require no reply:—"Is it ['gu' in the conjunction 'gu' n'] not rather a prepositive verbal particle used for emphatically affirming a direct assertion"!

In reference to "gu'n," I may state that I have observed that Mr. O'Beirne Crowe, a distinguished Irish scholar, in one of the notes to his translation of "Siabur-Charput Chonculaind" in the Journal of the Royal Irish Archæological Association, has explained the old conjunction "con" exactly as I have explained its modern form. That a gentleman of Dr Clerk's ability and acuteness, on assuming that *n* of "gu'n" is merely euphonic, was forced, for the sake of consistency, to regard *n* of "do'n," "fo'n," "o'n," "mu'n," &c., also as euphonic, furnished an argument against "gu-n" which I would not have been justified in overlooking in my "Notes," and that, and not a desire to expose Dr. Clerk's editorial mistakes, was the reason why I gave so many extracts from his edition of Ossian.

When I was preparing my "Philological Notes" for your August number, I had not before me, unfortunately, your correspondent's spelling of "Beinn-neabhais," nor even Dr. Maclauchlan's, and, therefore, I was obliged to spell the word as I had always heard it pronounced, not in one of the "more northern counties," but in a part of the county of Inverness adjoining Lochaber. At the foot of Ben-nevis, where, of course, the name is more frequently used, there prevails, it seems, a more attenuated pronunciation, indicating, possibly, a more

advanced stage of phonetic corruption! At any rate, since the name is pronounced differently in different parts of the country, your correspondent is scarcely entitled to conclude that the spelling which does not accord with his own way of pronouncing the word must be wrong. As to the etymology of the word I have really no theory. When dealing with some of the derivatives of a common Aryan root, it occurred to me that possibly the name of our highest mountain might be referred to that root, and the suggestion appears to me as rational as any other that I remember having seen, which, however, is not saying very much in its favour.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Renton, 9th Sept., 1873.

———o———

MONUMENT TO DUGALD BUCHANAN.

WE are very glad to observe that a movement has recently been made with the view of erecting a monument to the memory of Dugald Buchanan, without exception the best of modern Gaelic poets in the true sense of the term, for in comparison with him the bulk of modern would-be bards are mere poetasters and rhymers. At a meeting held at the beginning of September in Kinloch-Rannoch for the furtherance of this object, the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, of Edinburgh, who presided, spoke as follows:—"The object of our meeting to-day is one which must commend itself to every lover of the Highlands, their poetry, and their religion. Not that Dugald Buchanan requires a monument. His memory will be fresh as long as the language in which his hymns were composed continues to be a living tongue. These sacred songs are his true monument. But the feeling exists among those who cherish his memory and admire his poetry that something should be done to give expression to a sentiment which exists so widely, and with that feeling I deeply sympathise. Other Gaelic poets of a different class have their monuments, and why should not he? Buchanan, as is well known, was a native of Balquhidder, and was for seventeen years of his life a contemporary of Rob Roy. Strange that the same district should, nearly at the same time, produce two characters so different as Dugald Buchanan and Rob Roy Macgregor. The fact teaches us not to judge hastily of the character of the people of the Highlands generally at the time. There might be fierce and barbarous men in the country, but there were distinguished men of God too, and none more so than this native of the very district which was the scene of so many of Macgregor's lawless deeds, and where his dust now lies. Buchanan was one of the early missionary teachers of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge—men selected as much for their grace as for their gifts, although he was richly endowed with both. Many interesting incidents are related regarding him in this capacity. The scene of his labours was Rannoch, where we are now met. He was incessant in labour for Christ, and faithful in rebuking sin and winning sinners to his Master; and none could be more valued than he as a guide and instructor by experienced Christians. His interest in the welfare of religion may be gathered from the fact that, notwithstanding the difficulty of travelling at the time and the length of the way, he visited Cambuslang during the great revival in the days of Whitfield, and was much encouraged by what he saw.

He was employed to superintend in Edinburgh the first issue of the Gaelic New Testamen translated by Mr Stewart of Killin, and so highly was he esteemed by competent judges that it was proposed to ordain him as the first minister of the Gaelic congregation in Edinburgh. This last proposal was not carried out for reasons variously related; but I feel a personal interest in this movement from the fact that the name of Buchanan was in some measure associated with the congregation of which I am now the minister. It is perhaps not so generally known that Buchanan was a prose writer. His account of his own spiritual history down to the year 1750 is a remarkable composition, full of life, of unction, and of knowledge in the things of God. It is worthy of being put side by side with the 'Spiritual Autobiography of Boston.' His poetry is so well know in the Highlands that little requires to be said about it. It speaks its own praise. There are eight pieces extant, called 'Laoidhean Spioradail' or Spiritual Hymns. These are of almost uniform excellency, both in matter and manner. 'The Skull' and 'The Day of Judgment' have been said to excel the others, but I own that I do not observe that the superiority is very marked. Buchanan has been called 'the Cowper of the Highlands,' and if that be high commendation it is no higher than what his genius and his taste deserve at the hands of all those who can read and relish the language in which he wrote. Nor let it be said that his powers suffered by the use of his mother tongue, for there is no language living that is more capable of giving expression to religious ideas of the highest order in poetry than the Gaelic language which Buchanan employed. Buchanan's claim, then, to a monument can be readily made out; so can the claims of Rannoch to be the site of it, although his dust lies with that of his kindred at Callander. This was the great scene of his labours, and with this spot his memory is chiefly associated. Let me express the earnest hope that a little effort may secure what we so earnestly desire —the erection of a granite obelisk at Kinloch-Rannoch to the memory of Dugald Buchanan."

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

GREENOCK.—The Rev. Murdoch Macaskill, formerly of Glenlyon, has been inducted to the pastorate of the Free Gaelic Church.

GLASGOW.—On Saturday, the 6th September, the Sabbath scholars of St. Columba Church had their annual trip "down the water." The children assembled at the Church, and on the arrival of the Mission School children from Garscube Road, they marched to the steamer "Hero," which had been chartered for the day, headed by the Sabbath School flag, displaying a picture of the Church, under which on a scroll were the words, "*Tigh mo chridhe, tigh mo ghraidh.*" The procession was preceded by two pipers, who played a grand Highland march. The day was one of the finest of the season, and the large company, numbering, between children and friends, 1053, thoroughly enjoyed themselves on the beautiful banks of the Holy Loch, and returned in the evening loaded with bunches of heather and wild-flowers.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE CALEDONIAN CANAL. — Her Majesty has expressed, through her Secretary, General Ponsonby, her high approval of the manner in which she was conducted through the Caledonian Canal. As a testimony of this the Queen has presented Mr. Hutcheson with a handsome scarf-pin, set with three diamonds and two emeralds. General Ponsonby has also been commanded by the Queen to send a sum of £10 to be divided by the captain of the "Gondolier" among the crew of of that vessel. Altogether, the Queen's visit has been one of the highest gratification, without the slightest accident to mar the loyal demonstration and joyous feelings called forth by the royal progress.

AN
GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] CEUD MHIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1873. [21 Air.

MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

XV.

LINN OISEIN AGUS NA FEINNE.

Tha e 'n a cheisd mu 'm bheil dealachadh barail am measg nan seanchaidhean cia dhiu a thainig na Gaidheil 'a h-Eirinn do dh-Albainn, no a chaidh iad a nunn á h-Albainn, gu Eirinn. Is e beachd nan Seanchaidhean Eirionnach gur h-ann á Eirinn a thainig iad air tus, agus gu 'm b' ann maille ri Fearghus Mor Mac Earca a thainig iad a nall. Gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil a' bharail so idir cosmhuil ris an fhirinn no so-chreidsinn; oir bha Gaidheil ann an Albainn mu 'n do rugadh Fearghus no 'athair no a shean-athair. Agus dhearbh sinn mar tha gu 'm bu Ghaidheil na seann *Chaledonaich* a bha a' cogadh ri *Agricola* mu dheireadh na ceud linne, agus mar sin is eiginn gu 'n robh na Gaidheil a chomhnuidh ann an Albainn mu 'n do rugadh ar Slanuighear.

Tha e moran na 's cosmhuile ris an fhirinn agus na 's fhusa a chreidsinn gur h-ann á Albainn a chaidh na Gaidheil air tus a dh-Eirinn.

Tha an t-Eachdraiche *Cambden* a' cumail a mach gur h-ann á Breatunn a chaidh a' cheud luchd-aitich a nunn do dh-Eirinn, do bhrigh gu bheil an t-aiseag cho goirid eadar an da Eilean. Freagraidh so moran na 's fearr do dh-Albainn na ni e ri *Wales*, oir cha 'n 'eil ach astar goirid cuain eadar Eirinn agus an da rudha ann an Albainn ris an abrar Maol Chinntire agus Maol *Ghalloway*. 'N uair a lionadh ceann tuath Bhreatuinn le sluagh tha e ro choltach gu 'n deachaidh buidheann diubh a nunn ann an curachaibh o Mhaol Chinntire agus o Mhaol *Ghalloway*, o 'm feudar Eirinn 'fhaicinn o na cearnaibh sin a dh-Albainn ri latha soilleur, grianach. B' iad na Gaidheil a' cheud sluagh a thainig thairis o thir-mor na Roinn-Eorpa do 'n Eilean Bhreatunnach. 'N an deigh-san thainig na Cuimrich ris an abradh na Romanaich na Seann Bhreatunnaich. Thug so air na Gaidheil triall gu ceann tuath an Eilein, do 'n duthaich ris an abrar Albainn a nise, agus ghabh iad comhnuidh an sin gus an d' fhas iad cho lionmhor a' s gu 'm b' eiginn doibh sealltuinn a mach air son aitean-comhnuidh eile do bhrigh gu 'n robh an tir ro chumhang air an son. Uine sin, b' eiginn doibh aghaidh a chur air a' chuan, a chionn nach robh fearann tuilleadh air tir-mor. Chaidh cuid diubh a mach do eileanaibh na h-airde 'n ear, agus chaidh cuid eile dhiubh a nunn do dh-Eirinn, agus ghabh iad comhnuidh an sin. Tha na h-Eirionnaich fein ag radh gu 'm b' ann as an Spainnt a thainig iad air tus maille ri Mili, ach cha 'n 'eil an sgeul so ro chosmhuil ris an fhirinn, do bhrigh nach robh co-chomunn sam bith eadar Eirinn agus an Spainnt aig am cho trath so dhe 'n t-saoghal; oir bha cuan gabhaidh ri 'sheoladh eadar an da thir, agus cha robh luingeas aig an t-sluagh a bha freagarrach air son an astair. Ach bha e furasda gu leor dhoibh dol thairis o Mhaol Chinntire, oir cha 'n 'eil ach astar goirid eadar an da fhearann. Dh' fhaodadh an imrich so tachairt eadar coig ceud agus mile bliadhna roimh

theachd an t-Slanuighir, oir is cosmhuil gu 'n robh Gaidheil ann an Albainn cho trath sin. Agus mar an ceudna fuodar aithris an so gur e an t-ainm a their na *Welshich* ri luchd-aiteachaidh Eirinn agus Albainn na "Gwydhil," na "Guidhil," no "Gaidheil," agus b' e sin an seann ainm duthchasach a bha air a' chinneach. Agus o 'n is e an t-aon ainm a bha orra, tha e soilleur gu 'm b' e an t-aon sluagh a bha annta, agus tha e moran na 's cosmhuile gu 'm b' i Albainn a' cheud duthaich anns an robh iad, agus nach b' i Eirinn, ged a dh' fhaodadh buidheann diubh pilltinn air an ais á Eirinn le Fearghus Mor an ceann ochd no naoidh cheudan bliadhna an deigh a dhol a nunn do Eirinn air tus.

D.B.B.

(Ri leantuinn.)

———o———

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MURACHADH.—A Choinnich, an cluinn thu mi? A Choinnich dean stad,—a charaid, dean air do shocair. Is an ort tha 'chabhag. Ciod i a' ghaoth a sheid an rathad so thu an diugh? Cuin a thainig thu do 'n bhaile so? Gha 'n fhuirich thu gu comhradh a dheanamh ri d' sheana charaid.

COINNEACH.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, feudaidh mi an ni ceudna fhoighneachd diotsa, oir ged a chithinnse Sgeir-na-Ban-tighearna ud thall 'n a lasair theine, cha bhiodh barrachd iongantais orm na 'n uair a tha mi 'g ad fhaicinn-se air an t-sraid mhor 's an Oban. Ochan! Ochan! a Mhurachaidh choir, cuin a dh 'fhag thu do dhachaidh, agus ciamar tha 'n teaghlach air fad?

MUR.—Gu surdail, gasda, a Choinnich, agus gun fhath a bhi 'gearan. Ach dean fuireach beag, agus innis domh ciod tha thu 'cur romhad a dheanamh an nochd? An tog thu do chairtealan 's a' bhaile so, no am bheil ni sam bith eile agad 's an amhare? Seadh, fhir mo ghraidh, innis domh.

COIN.—Is mi nach fan 's an Oban an nochd, ach bheir mi Liosmor orm anns an toit-luing aig sea uairean mu fheasgair, agus theid mi a chur seachad na h-oidhche, agus feudaidh e bhith la no dha eile maille ri Domhnull Mor, brathair-mathar dhomh fein 's an eilean sin; agus ma theid thusa maille rium 's e Domhnull Mor a ni an solas ri d' fhaicinn, a Mhurachaidh. Dean deas, ma ta, agus gabhaidh sinn soitheach na smuide 'n ar dithis cuideachd.

MUR.—Tha mi gle dheonach, a Choinnich, oir cha robh mi air tir an Liosmor riamh. Tha mi gle eolach air brathair do mhathar, agus bu ro mhaith leam 'fhaicinn aon uair eile. Ach tha na h-uiread nithe agam r' a cheannach do 'n mhnaoi agus do na paisdean; seadh, brogan, boineidean, snathadan, cirean, agus rudan eile do na caileagaibh nach fios domhsa air an t-saoghal ciod iad,—rudan ris an abair iad,—ris an abair iad—stad gus an cuimhnich mi—seadh, rudan ris an abair iad *Dolly Vardens.*

COIN.—*Dolly Vardens!* mo chreach, is maith m' aineolas orra! Is cinnteach gur gne uaireadairean a th' annta—*Dolly—Dolly—Vardens.* Is docha leam an deigh na h-uile cail, gur seors' iomhaigh no dealbh-leinibh a tha air a chiallachadh leis an *Dolly* sin, ach innsidh an ceannaiche dhuit, a Mhurachaidh.

MUR.—Anns a' cheud dol a mach, chi mi mu na nithibh sin; agus a ris thugamaid 'n ar dithis an toit-long oirun, mar a thubhairt thu, a Choinnich. Ach ciod an leabhar aluinn a th' agad an sin? Is maiseach an taobh a mach dheth co dhiubh.

Ubh! Ubh! is iomadh riochd agus cumadh anns an teid t-or fein.

COIN.—An taobh a mach dheth! seadh, agus an taobh a stigh dheth! Sin agad an GAIDHEAL, a Mhurachaidh, an GAIDHEAL glan, ceanalta le trusgan ur; agus is maith an airidh air e. Chuir mi a' cheud da aireamh dheug dheth do 'n bhaile so o cheann mios a chum an ceannglad suas cuideachd 'n an aon leabhar, mar a ta thu 'g a fhaicinn, agus nach 'eil e toiltinneach air gach urram is urrainn innleachd dhaoine a chur air?

MUR.—Direach ceart, a Choinnich, thubhairt thu gu ro mhaith, agus is tu a b' urrainn. Am bheil cuimhn' agadsa an uair a chomhlaich mi thu ann an Lagan-nan-eilid, agus a dh' innis mi dhuit gu 'n robh a leithid de dhiulnaich ann ris a' GHAIDHEAL agus an *Ard-Albannach*, agus a gheall mi an stiuireadh air t-fhardaich fein, agus rinn mi sin?

COIN.—Is ann agam tha cuimhn' air sin, agus bithidh gu brath, oir gus am faca mi iad, bha mi co aineolach air cuisibh an t-saoghail, ri loth na h-asail fhiadhaich, ach is iomadh ni air an d' thug iadsan agus thusa eolas domh. Ged nach biodh anns a' GHAIDHEAL ach litrichean an *Runasdaich* fein, is lionmhor taitneach, grinn na nithe air am bheil e a' toirt iomraidh. Cha 'n 'eil fios agam co e an *Runasdach* coir sin, ach 's ann aige tha 'n ceann, agus is cinnt leam gur ministeir e, oir tha mi 'faicinn sreang aluinn, dhiadhaidh a' ruith troimh nan litrichean aige air fad—sreang mar shlabhruidh dhe 'n or a 's fiorghloine, ris am bheil na teagasgan an crochadh 'n am bagaidibh torrail, air am feud an neach a 's aineolaiche greim a dheanamh, agus maith 'fhaotuinn natha.

MUR.—Is tu tha ealamh, deaschainnteach, a Choinnich, agus is ro mhaith leam gu 'm bheil thu a' deanamh deagh fheum mar sin de gach ni a tha thu a' leughadh agus a' cnuasachadh. Tha mi toilichte gu 'n bheil an *Runasdach* urramach a' cordadh riut co maith; ach tha mar an ceudna luchd-teagaisg eile agad, a tha gu leir gle thaitneach—am *Muileach* an t-*Abrach*, *Renton*, *Mac-Mharcuis*, *D. B. B.*, *Cona*. an *Sgiathanach*, agus moran eile, a tha gu leir ro thaitneach, mar a thubhairt mi, agus is cinnt leam gu 'm bheil thu 'g an cur air fad gu deagh bhuil.

COIN.—Is mise tha, a Mhurachaidh, tha speis agam dhoibh air fad. Is e an *Sgiathanach* sin 'n a aonar an t-aon a mhain anns am bheil mi 'cur teagamh; tha eag'al orm nach 'eil e ceart leis gach goileam agus glorais a labhair e mu na rionnagaibh, a' ghealach, agus an talamh. Am bheil duil aige nach 'eil tuigse aig muinntir; agus ged a dh' fheudadh car a bhi 'n a cheann fein, am bheil e 's a' bharail gu 'n creid sluagh ciallach na faoin-sgeulan a ta air an aithris leis-san?

MUR.—Ud! Ud! a Chonnich, tha thu tuilleadh 's trom air an *Sgiathanach* bhochd, leig direach leis, agus mar creid thu e thoir cead a choise leis; agus an uair a dh' ionnsaicheas tusa reultaireachd cha bhi dodhiteadh cosearbh. Ach tha 'n uine 'dol seachad; feumaidh mi na nithe a ta 'dhith air a' mhnaoi agus na paisdibh 'fhaotuinn gun dail, oir cha 'n fhad gus an cluinn sin gleadhraich na toit-luinge, agus cha 'n 'eil uine ri chall.

COIN.—Thoir do chasan as, ma ta, Mhurachaidh, agus comhlaichidh mise thu aig an rathad tharsuing ud shuas an ceann uair gu leth an deigh so.

MUR.—Tha sin uile ceart, agus uine sin, bheir mi na buthan orm, agus ni mi a' chuid a 's fearr dhe 'n uine a tha romham.

[Cha robh Murachadh Ban ach tacan beag air falbh an uair a thainig an toitlonga a' séideil agus a' sitirich a dh-ionn-

suidh na h-acarsaid, agus cha 'n fhac aon d' an dithis i a' tighinn a stigh, do bhrigh nach robh duil aca rithe co luath. Dh' fhalbh an long smuideach air a gnothuch fein; ach, Ochan mo chreach! dh' fhag i Murachadh agus Coinneach mar dhithis amadain 's an Oban 'n a deigh! Bha Coinneach aig an rathad tharsuing, agus rainig Murachadh aig an uair a gheall e.]

COIN. — Mo chreach! a charaid choir, ciod so?

MUR.—Ciod 'nis a tha 'cur ort, a Choinnich?

COIN.—A' cur orm! An e sin a tha thu 'g radh? Nach d' innseadh dhomh direach an tràth-s' le sgimileir balaich a chaidh seachad gu 'n d' thainig agus gu 'n d' fhalbh soitheach na smuide.

MUR.—Ma thainig agus ma dh' fhalbh, tha 'chead aice, gu robh buaidh leatha! Cumaidh an t-Oban thusa agus mise car oidhche, a Choinnich. Bheir sinn direach tigh Ealasaid, nighean Ruairidh oirm. Tha mise gle eolach air a' mhnaoi choir, agus altaichidh i ar beatha. Togaidh sinn ar cairtealan an sin, agus an uair a gheibh sinn ar leoir bidh agus dibhe, cuiridh sinn am feasgair seachad le bhi 'cur cheist air aon a cheile. Gu dearbh, cha dorran leam idir gu 'n d' thug an toit-long i fein as, agus gu 'n d' fhag i sinne 'n a deigh.

COIN.—Rachamaid a nis, ma ta, chum nan cairteal againn a Mhurachaidh choir.

MUR.—Is e so an tigh, agus chi sinn am bheil Ealasaid a steach.

EALASAID.—An tu so, a Mhurachaidh Bhain, mo dheagh charaid? Is fhad o 'n da la sin; rach a stigh, agus amhairc ort fein, agus air do charaid mar aig a' bhaile. Is i bhur beatha le cheile. Rachaibh a steach.

MUR.—Nach doigheil an t-aite so, a Choinnich? Cuir dhiot do chuid bhr g, oir tha thu sgith, agus tha fallus air do chosaibh. Bheir Ealasaid greim suipeir dhuinn le beannachd, agus an deigh sin chi sinn ciod air an tig sinn chum am feasgar a chur seachad.

COIN.—Feuchamaid co againn a 's fearr aig am bheil cuimhn' air seanfhoclaibh Gaidhealach.

MUR.—Racham riut, ma ta, a' charaid. "Cha 'n e an seol air an glacar an t-eun, eagal a chur air."

COIN.—Ro cheart, cha 'n e gun teagamh, ach "Cha ghlacar na seann eoin le moll."

MUR.—Bheir iad an aire air sin; ach an cual thu, "An uair a dh' iarras caraid comain, cha 'n 'eil am mairbeach idir ann?"

COIN. —Cha 'n 'eil, ach "Tha esan a deir gu 'm faic e mu 'n chomain a tha thu 'g iarraidh air, a' gabhail uine chum do dhiultadh, agus sin air mhodh eireachdail nach cuir fearg ort."

MUR.—Gle fhior, ach a nis, a Choinnich "Feumaidh esan spain fhada a bhi aige, a tha 'cur roimhe a shuipeir a ghabhail maille ris an Droch-fhear."

COIN.—Co fad gun teagamh ri lorg-shuisde; ach ciod a nis a their mi Mhurachaidh, tha thu 'tighinn tuilleadh 's bras orm. An cual thu riamh, "Gur mathair an deagh fhortain, Dichioll?"

MUR.—Ro mhaith, a Choinnich, ach, "Is e Ionracas a' chrionnachd a 's fearr."

COIN.—Gun teagamh, ach "Is miosa Uaisle gun chumhachd, na fior Bhochduinn fhollaiseach."

MUR.—Bu tu fein an gille tapaidh, a Choinnich, ach cuimhnich "Gu 'm bheil teangadh amadain fada gu leoir chum a sgornan a ghearradh."

COIN.—Ud! Ud! b' fhearr da a bhi gun teangaidh idir, cosmhuil ri clag eaglais an Torrain-uaine. Ach stad ort gus an cuimhnich mi nieigin eile. Tha e agam, "An ni sin

a thig dochaireach, gu dochaireach siubhlaidh e air falbh."

MUR.—Direach mar sin, agus, "An ni sin a thig leis a' ghaoith, falbhaidh e leis an uisge." Ach a Choinnich, cuimhnich gu 'm bheil "Satan a' greasadh a chuid muc gu droch mhargadh."

COIN.—B' e fein a' mhuc ghrannda dhubh; is liommhor aimhleas a rinn e, agus is mairg a chreideadh e a tha co deas chum dochunn a dheanamh air an og agus air an aosda. Ach faigheam focal eile, "Seachain an t-slat, agus mill do leanabh."

MUR.—Thubhairt righ Israeil an ni ceudna ann am briathraibh eile, "An ti 'chaomhnas a shlat, is beag air a mhac; ach an ti leis an ionmhuinn e, smachdaichidh se e 'n a thrath."

COIN.—B' e Solamh fein a chuireadh rogha caoin air comhradh; ach aithris thusa sean-fhocal eile.

MUR.—"Cha 'n 'eil fios aig neach far am bheil a' bhrog a' gramachadh ach aige-san a ta 'g a caitheadh."

COIN.—Focal ni 's firinniche na sin cha do labhradh riamh; ach tha mise air ruith a mach. Cha 'n 'eil direach fathast, "Is milis corag theth, ach ged is milis cha mhaith."

MUR.—Thoir an aire da so, a Chonnich, "Caillidh tu do charaid le bhi 'g a thaghal tuilleadh 's tric, agus tuilleadh 's ainneamh."

COIN.—Caillidh gun teagamh, ach an cual thu riamh, gu 'm "Freagair an cu fead?"

MUR.—Chual gu tric; ach tha e ceart co fior, "Nach aithnichear na daoine bochda le 'n cairdibh ach an uair a chi iad fein ionchuidh."

COIN.—Is iad nach aithnich idir; ach nach firinneach an sean-fhocal a deir, "An uair a thig bochduinn a stigh air an dorus, grad theichidh gradh a mach air an uinneig?"

MUR.—Coa thubhairt, a Choinnich, "Aig gach duine tha a luach fein?"

COIN.—Cha 'n fios domh, gidheadh, tha e ceart; ach am bheil cuimhn' agad a chluinntinn, "Far nach dean a h-*aon*, nach urrainn *dithis* aimhreite a thogail."

MUR.—Is iongantach a' mheomhair a th' agad, a Choinnich, a thaobh nan gnath-fhocal sin,—cuiridh tu as domhsa leo, ach stad ort, gus an cuimhnich mi focal eile. "'S e 'n dara buille a ni an tuasaid."

COIN.—Is tric a rinn; ach "Is minic a fhuair fear na h-eadairginn dorn."

MUR.—Is minic; ach thugadh e an aire dha fein. Co a thubhairt gu 'n "Dean na h-uisgeacha tana am barrachd fuaim?"

COIN.—Ro cheart, a Mhurachaidh, ach ni am buideal falamh an ni ceudna.

MUR.—Nach firineach focal a deir, "Gur trnagh an tigh far an goir a' chearc ni 's treise n' an coileach?"

COIN.—Ochan! is truagh; ach cha 'n 'eil sin agadsa ri radh, a Mhurachaidh, oir is ceanalta a' bhean a chuir an Freasdal mor ortsa. Am bheil thu 'creidsinn, "Mar cladhaich thu as an talamh am bun, gu 'm fas am feur"

MUR.—Fasaidh; agus na fiadhluibhean mar an ceudna a thachdas am barr. Ach am bheil e ceart, gu 'n "Chuinnear an cagar coig mile air falbh?"

COIN.—Chuinnidh deich, seadh, fichead mile air falbh; ach am fior e, "An uair a theid bior 's an losgann gu 'n dean e sgreach?"

MUR.—Tha 'n t-aobhar aige an creutair truagh; ach an d' fhairich thu riamh "Gur goirt a phiocas a' mhial ocrach?"

COIN.—Ud! Ud! a Mhurachaidh choir, tha 'n t-am againn stad a dheanamh, oir tha mi fein sgith, agus tha mo storas air teirigeachdainn. Tha da-rireadh, oir cha 'n 'eil guth agam tuille 'nochd. "Cha 'n fheumar an

t-each maith a sharrachadh;" gabh mo leisgeul, agus bheir sinn na seanfhocail thairis le beannachd gu am eile.

Mur.—Deanamaid sin, ma ta, a Choinnich, mar a thubhairt thu *le beannachd*—ach bheir mise deagh chomhairle ort, a' charaid iomhuinn, agus feuch gu 'n gabh thu i—"Seideadh na gaothan, agus eireadh tonna an amhghair mu 'n cuairt duit mar a dh' fheudas iad, ach na gabh sním diubh. Rach air t-aghaidh air sligbe na firinn agus a' cheartais, agus bithidh tu daingeann mar chreag. Snidhich thu fein air treibhdhireas, agus cuir gach aimhleas agus anradh gu 'n dulan. Ma dh' eireas luchd-tnaileis mu 'n cuairt duit le 'n teangaidh nimhnich, agus ma ni iad an dichioll chum smal a thoirt air do dheagh chlin, na toir feairt orra. Amhaire orra gu dian an clar an aodainn, agus na abair smid. Giulain thu fein gu direach, ceart; biodh do chaithe-bheatha ionraic, glic agus subhailceach; agus thugadh cuineas do ghnuise, agus macantas do bheatha a' bhreug dhoibhsan air fad, leis am bu mhiann do chlaoidh, do sharrachadh, agus do smaladh as.

Coin.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, mile taing dhuit air son do dheadh chomhairle, agus, Ochan, b' i 'chomhairle i! Chuireadh tu fallus air an *Runasdach* fein te a b' fhearr thoirt seachad. Ach tha 'n t-am againn a nis a bhi 'cur ar cuid cheann far am faigh sinn 's a' mhadainn iad, oir tha rud-eigin sgios orm fein, agus biomaid a' dol mu thamh, an uair a chairicheas sinn sinn fein air curam an Ti a 's Airde.

Mur.—Ma ta, a Choinnich, tha dhil agam nach miste thu fein agus mi fein drudhag bheag, bhlath mu 'n teid sinn gu tamh, agus chi mise am bhcil an coire beag, dubh a' goil' aig seann Ealasaid, agus gach goireas eile. Is feaird sinn e, a charaid choir, chum na sean-fhocail a dhaingneachadh 's a' chridhe, agus chum codal a thoirt oirnn.

Coin.—Tha mi gle thoilichte, a Mhurachaidh, oir tha tacan maith a nis o nach deachaidh boinne blath thar mo sgornach. Cha 'n fhaca mi e, gu 'n ghuth air a bhlasadh, o 'n bhaisteadh Seumas Beag, agus tha bliadhna gu leth o sin a nis; ach tha gach trocair maith 'n a am fein.

Mur.—Tha, Choinnich, olaidh an t-each dhe 'n nisge na riaraicheas e, agus na ni feum da, agus cha 'n ol e tuilleadh. Deanadh an duine an ni ceudna, agus cha 'n eagal da. Biodh e measorra ann an itheadh agus ann an ol, agus anns na h-uile nithibh; iarradh e beannachd an Ti a ta riadhladh os ceann nan uile, mar a ta sinne ag iarraidh 's an fhardaich so an nochd, agus soirbhichidh gach cuis leis.

Alasdair Ruadh.

DONNCHA CAIMBEUL.

IV.

Bu tric a chuala mi mo mhathair, le solas dealasach a' cur an ceill mar bha deagh bhuadhan inntinn Dhonnchai, agus soilleireachd a bhreithneachadh air an taisbeanadh dhi fein agus do m' athair air tus, ged is eigin dhomh fein 'aideachadh nach robh m' aire air a glacadh leis na buadhan ud, a dh' aindeoin gach ard-mheas a bh' agam air. Bhe e 'n a chleachdadh bunailteach aig m' athair a bhi a' cumail aoraidh anns an teaghlach gach feasgar; ag iocadh taing do 'n Uile-chumhachdach airson a chaoimhneis dhoibh re an latha, agus ag asluchadh a dhion thairis orra troi f hairibh dorcha, tosdach na h-oidhche. Cha ruig mi 'leas 'innseadh do m' luchd-leughaidh, gu 'n robh an dleasdanas ionmholta ud a' cosheasadh ann a bhi a' seinn earranan de

shalm, anns an robh guth gach sean a's og air an togail suas ann an comh-sheirm le guth m' athar. An deigh sin, leughadh e caibideil de 'n Bhiobul, a' dol direach troimhe gu deireadh nan Sgriobtùran. Bha aoradh gach oidhche air a chriochnachadh, le urnuigh, anns an robh sgrios an Ana-Criosd air 'asluchadh le dian dhurachd; ministeirean an t-soisgeil air an cuimhneachadh, agus anns nach robh caraid no coimhearsnach a dh' fhaodadh a bhi ann an cruaidhchas, air a dhearmad.

Ann an cumantas, bha e air a cheadachadh do na seirbhisich dol a luidhe gun a bhi a lathair aig an aoradh, na 'm be sin a bu roghnaiche leo; ach cha rachadh Donncha air achd sam bith d' a leabaidh as eugais na h-urnuigh, eadhoin ged a bhiodh e fliuch agus sgith, agus ged a bhiodh mo pharantan 'g a ghreasad d' a leabaidh air eagal gu 'n glachdte e le fuachd. Cha robh e riamh ro dhuilich mise a chur a luidhe mu 'n am ud. Bu tric a theireadh mo mhathair gu 'n robh mi gle bhuailteach do ghoirteas eigin mu m' chridhe aig an am ud de 'n oidhche, leis an robh mi air m' eigneachadh mo leaba a thoirt orm mu 'n toisicheadh an t-aoradh.

Is e is docha, gu 'm b' e sud a dh' aobharaich m' aineolas air gluasadinntinn Dhonnchai fo eisdeachd an aoraidh. Le millseachd chomharraichte, sheinneadh e ard-phairtean fuinn aosda na h-eaglais, oir bha a ghuth binn, fonnmhor, ceileireach; agus re na h-uine a bhiodh m' athair a' leughadh a' chaibidil, na 'm b' ann an earrann air bith de leabhraichean eachdraidheil an Sgriobtuir a bhitheadh e, leigeadh e a thaice air a' bhord agus shealladh e 'n a aodann, a' slugadh gach focail le gionachd dhein agus dhurachdaich. Air oidhche araidh, air do m' athair a bhi a' leughadh a' chuigeamh caibidil thar da fhichead de Ghenesis, ghuil e cho goirt a's gu 'n do chur e stad air an leughadh, agus air do m' athair 'fheoraich ciod a chuir a leithid de bhuaireas air? thuirt Donncha ris, nach b' urraim e 'innseadh.

Uair eile, air do m' athair 'n a chursa leughaidh tighinn gus an naoitheamh caibideil deug de Leabhar nam Breitheamhna 'n uair a thoisich e air a leughadh, bha Donncha 'n a shuidhe air taobh eile an tighe, ach mu 'n d' rainig e meadhon a' chaibidil dh' ealaidh e suas dluth d' a uilinn. "Beachdaichibh air, gabhaibh comhairle agus labhraibh," arsa m' athair, agus dhuin e an leabhar. "Air adhart, ma 's e ur toil e," arsa Donncha, "air adhart, agus chuinnemid ciod a thubhairt iad mu 'thimchioll." Sheall m' athair le gruaim air Donncha, ach air dha 'fhaicinn gu 'n do ghabh e naire airson neo-iomchuidheachd a ghiulain, gun aon fhocal a radh, dh' fhosgail e am Biobul, agus leugh e an fhicheadamh caibideil, fada ged a bha e. Air an latha-ar-na-mhaireach bha Donncha a' dol mu 'n cuairt leis a' Bhiobul fo 'achlais, ag iarraidh air gach neach a choinnicheadh e, a leughadh dha thairis agus thairis a ris. Bha mo pharantan air an gluasad leis an tuiteamas ud gu comh-labhairt dhurachdaich eatorra fein mu chosdas agus mu thairbhe foghluim; agus mar thoradh air a chomh-labhairt ud, air an athsheachdain chuir iad Donncha agus mi fein do sgoil na sgireachd, far an do thoisich sinn le cheile ri ionnsachadh na cuid sin is toirteile agus is bunabhasaiche de 'n litireachd—an A.B.C.; ach bha mo phiuthar, Mairi, a bha ni bu shine na mise, cheana 'n a ban-leughadair eagnaidh, chuimsich, fhinealta.

Tha so a' toirt gu m' chuimhne mion-sgeul eile a chuala mi gu minig air 'aithris mu Dhonncha, agus air

am bheil deagh chuimhne agam, air mo chosd fein. Air oidhche araidh a thachar do m'athair a bhi air falbh aig faidhir, 'n uair a thainig am an aoraidh, dh' iarr mo mhathair air aon de na sgalagan aite m' athar a ghabhail ann an ceann an dleasdanais; ach dhiult e a ghabhail os laimh, agus sheap e air falbh d' a leabaidh. "Mo thruaighe!" arsa mo mhathair, "gur eiginn dhuinn uile dol a chadal an nochd gun urnuigh; cha chuimhne leam c' uin a thachair dhuinn a bhi anns an t-suidheachadh cheudna roimhe so." "Tha mi a' saoilsinn," arsa Donncha, "gu 'm faodamaid a' chuis a mharasglachadh eadaruinn," agus ghabh e fein os laimh gu 'n seinneadh e salm, agus gu 'n rachadh e an dail na h-urnuigh, na 'm be a's gu 'n leughadh Mairi an caibideil. Dh' aontaich mo mhathair, ann an rathad a bha car teagmhach, ri tairgse Dhonnchai, "Ach," ars' ise, "ma ni thu urnuigh mar is fearr is urrainn dhuit, le cridhe treibhdhireach, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach faigh thu eisdeachd cho pailt agus ged a bhiodh d' iarrtasan air an cur ann am briathran ordail, fileanta." Cha robh Donncha aig an am ud comasach air a' bheag a leughadh, ach air dha cuid de na sailm a thogail air a chuimhne, le Mairi a bhi gu tric 'g an leughadh dha, dh' aithris agus sheinn e an treasamh salm thar an fhichead o cheann gu ceann, gu rianail, binn. Leugh Mairi caibideil d' an Tiomnadh Nuadh; lub sinne ar gluinean lamh rithe, agus thoisich Donncha ris an urnuigh mar a leanas:—"O Thighearna, bi thusa 'n ad Dhia dhuinn, 'n ad fhear stiuraidh, agus 'n ad dhion dhuinn gu am ar bais, agus troimh 'n bhas"—briathran a b' abhaist do m' athair a bhi ag aithris gu tric 'n a urnuighean. Rinn Donncha greim orra; agus thoisich mo mhathair ri smuainteachadh nach robh Donncha 'n a choigreach do chleachdadh na h-urnuigh:—"O Thighearna, is tusa"—ars' esan, ach stad e gun dol ni b' fhaide; mhair an tosdachd ud car mionaid no 'dha, gus an do bhrist mise a mach le glag-ghaire. Dh' eirich Donncha le cabhaig, agus le ceann crom; thug e a chasan as gu a leabaidh a' caoineadh agus a' suathadh a bhasan. Cha do stad mise de 'n ghaireachdaich gus an do leag mo mhathair strac air mo dhruim leis a' chlobha. Mar sin, thainig ar n-aoradh air an oidhche ud gu crich mhi-shealbhaich. Lean mise air sail Dhonnchai, a' caoineadh ni 'bu ghoirte na esan, ach 'g a smadadh airson 'urnuigh gun sta, as leth an d' fhuair mise a leithid de smachdachadh, agus a reir mo bheachd fein, gu neo-chiontach.

Mu 'n d' fhag sinn an sgoil, gu bhi a' buachailleachd a' chruidh air an ath shamhradh, rachadh againn air a' Bhiobul a leughadh gu gle mhath le 'cheile. Ach bha Donncha moran ni bu turaile na bha mise; agus bha e cho toigheach air leughadh eachdraidhean a' Bhiobuil, a's nach robh caitheamh-aimsir eile a bu taitniche leinn na a bhi 'g a shior leughadh. Bu tric a shuidh Mairi, esan agus mise, fo 'n aon bhreacan, ri taobh an arbhair, a' leughadh caibidil mu seach re iomadh uair de gach latha mu 'n am ud, a' gul thairis air laigsinnean agus tuislidhean dhaoine diadhaidh, agus fo iongantas mu chumhachd eugsamhuil ghaisgeach na 'n seann linnteann. Cha robh duine riamh air a lionadh le solas ni bu mho na bha Donncha 'n uair a thainig e gu eachdraidh Shamsoin, Dhaibhidh agus Gholiah. Cha b' urrainn e 'bhi riaraichte gus an do leugh e iad do gach neach a b' aithne dha, a' saoilsinn gu 'n robh iad cho ur agus cho annasach do mhuinntir eile 's a bha iad dha fein. Bu tric a chunnaic mi e 'n a sheasamh lamh ris na cailean 'n uair a

bhiodh iad a' bleodhan a' chruidh, agus e a' leughadh dhoibh mu eachdraidh Shamsoin, agus a' sarachadh gach fear agus bean a bha anns a' choimhearsnachd le 'chuid leughaidh. Air laithean na Sabaid, b' abhaist do m' pharantan a bhi a' dol a mach leinn air feadh nan raointean, agus a' gabhail pairt anns a' chaitheamh-aimsir thaitneach ud.

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

GUTH O NEAMH.

An cluinn thu, anaim, an cluinn thu,
An cluinn thu idir, nach cluinn thu,
An cluinn thu, anaim, nach cluinn thu,
An guth tha o nèamh ad ionnsuidh?

Oir tha thu gach mionaid le cabhaig a' triall,
Gu cathair a' Bhreithimh 'thug bith dhuitse, Dia,
'S ma thu gun churam mu 'n chùis so ort riamh
O! 's mithich dhuit ciall a nis ionnsach'.

Ged tha thus' gun chùram tha d' uine a' triall;
'S O! 's goirid do latha gus 'n luidh ort a' ghrian;
'S ma ghlacas am bàs thu ad nàmhaid do Dhia,
'S iad lasraichean dian do chuibhrionn.

Tha Dia ann a fhirinn ag innseadh gach là,
'S a' pheacadh gu 'n d' ghineadh thu 'n innibh do mhàth'r,
'S gu bheil thu 'thaobh nàduir ro ghràineil 'n a láth'ir,
'S gur leanabh do 'n bhàs thu cinnteach;

'S gu bheil thu o d' òige a' stòradh dhuit féin
Dian chorruich Iehòbha tha 'n tòir ort 's gach ceum,
'S tu 'bristeadh gun sòradh lagh glòrmhor nan nèamh,
'Bheir mallachdan Dhé 's gach linn ort.

Nach cluinn thu Iehobhah, àrd mhòr-bhreitheamh an t-saoghail,
Bho lasraichean Shinai ag innseadh do dhaoin'
Gur mallaicht' gach aon 'ni o àithintibh-san claon',
'S nach coimhlion gach aon ni tha annta.

Nach cluinn thu 'Cheud àithne a ghnàth riut ag ràdh,
Gun Dia sam bith eile bhi agad 'n a làth'ir;
'S am faod thu le fìrinn 'n a fhianuis a ràdh,
Nach d' rinn thu o 'n àithne so tionndadh?

Nach cluinn thu an Dara a' sparradh gu teann,
Gu 'n lean thu 'n dòigh aoraidh thug Dia dhuit 's gach àm,
Gun aomadh le cleachdadh no reachd a tha càm,
Nach fhaigh thu o 'laimh 's a' Bhiobul?

Tha 'n àithne so 'dìteadh nan iomhaighean faoin,
'S do dhaoine bhi strìochdadh do innleachdaibh dhaoin';
'S tha focal na fìrinn ag innseadh gu saor
Gu 'n sgriosar luchd-aoraidh iodhail.

Nach chinn thu an Treas té a' bacadh nam mionn,
Ainm Dhé thoirt an diomhain 's gach uil' anacainnt;
'S mar robh thusa faic'lleach mu d' fhoclaibh 's gach àm
Do 'n Dia th' os do chionn bheir cunntas.

Tha 'n Ceathramh ag àithneadh gu 'n naomhaich thu 'n là
A bheannaich an Tighearn, 's gu 'n gabh thu air tàmh;
Gu 'm builich thu d' ùine, 's a' chuil 's am measg chàich,
'Toirt ùmhalachd do Ard-rìgh Shioin.

'S cha 'n fhaod thu bhi tighinn air bruidhinn mu 'n t-saogh'l,
No 'riarachadh t' fheòla le sòlasaibh faoin,
No 'caitheamh na h-ùine ri sùgradh mì-naomh,
A 's Breitheamh chloinn daoin' cho teann ort.

Tha 'n Cuigeamh ag iarraidh gu 'n ìoc thu a ghnàth
An t-urram 'tha dligheach do d' athair 's do d' mhàthair
Gu 'n toir thu dhoibh ùmhlachd le dùrachd 's le gràdh,
Ma 's miann leat fad làithe gun teanndachd.

Tha 'n Seathamh ag iarraidh nach tog thu do làmh
Gu 'bheatha thug Dia dha a bhuintinn o d' nàmh;
A 's measar mar mhortairean uile là bhràith,
Gach aon a bheir àit' do ghamhlas.

Tha 'n t-adhaltras bacte 's an t-Seachdamh a rìs,
'S gach nì a tha truaillidh an cleachdadh 's an crìdh',
'S tha 'm focal ag innseadh gu 'n tilgear a sìos,
Gu truaighe gun chrìoch luchd neo-ghloin.

Tha 'n t-Ochdamh a' bacadh na gad'achd do dhaoin',
'S an ni sin nach buin duit a chumail dhuit féin;
'S ma 's toigh leat do nàbaidh na lughdaich a mhaoin,
Ach saothraich 's na fàs ad lunndair.

Tha 'n Naoitheamh a' dìteadh bhi 'g innseadh nam breug,
No mi-chliù a sgaoileadh air aon tha fo 'n ghréin;
'S tha 'n fhìrinn ag innseadh gu 'm bi luchd nam breug,
An ionad na péin, fo chuibhreach.

Tha 'n Deicheamh ag iarraidh nach miannaich thu 'd chrìdh'
An t-àit' aig do nàbaidh, 'bhean àillidh, no mhaoin;
'S an cuibhrionn thug Dia dhuit, leis riaraicht' gu 'n bi,
Le cunnail riut bìdh a 's eudaich.

'S e 's suim do na h-àithntibh ar gràdh thoirt do Dhia,
Le 'r cridhe 's le 'r n-iuntinn gun chlaonadh 's gun ghiamh,
'S ar gràdh thoirt d' ar nàbaidh a ghnàth mar dhuinn féin,
'S nach dean sinn aon bheud a chaoidh dha.

'S am faod thu le misnich a nis rium a ràdh
Gu 'n d' ghléidh thu gach tiota gach reachd agus àithn';
Nach d' rinn thu riamh peacadh an cleachdadh no 'n gnàth,
'S nach eagal leat bàs no ganntair?

Ach ma tha 'n fhianuis 'chuir Dia ann ad chrìdh',
Ag innseadh mar tha dhuit, gu 'n deachaidh tu clìth,
O! 's mithnich dhuit teicheadh gu teasraiginn Chriosd,
'S na lasraichean sìorruidh teann ort.

Ach, anaim, nis pill rium a chluinntinn an Sgéil
'Thug sòlas do mhiltibh 's na linnibh o chéin,
'S gu 'n d' thugadh 'n a ìobairt an Ti so, Uan Dhé,
'S na chreideas an sgeul bidh slaint' ac'.

Tha naidheachd ro phrìseil 's a' Bhiobul so fior,—
Gu 'n d' bhàsaich an Iobairt a dhìol ceartas Dhia;
'S ma chreideas tu 'ni so 's leat fìreantachd Chriosd,
A's maithear gu sìorruidh t-aingidheachd.

'S ma dhiùltas tu 'n Ti so tha 'n fhìrinn ag ràdh
Nach fàgar dhuit ìobairt gu d' dhìonadh o chràdh;
Ni mallachd na Trianaid gu sìorruidh ort tamh
Gu d' chumail an sàs 's na piantaibh.

The above Hymn was composed by the late Mr. Donald Cameron, Gaelic Teacher, North Uist, who had also composed many more, and left them ready for the Press before he died. Mr. Cameron was very much esteemed for his intelligence and piety, as well as for his general demeanour, by all who knew him.

MAR A FHUARAS AMACH AMERICA.

II.

[We consider it due to the author of this article to state that he is not responsible for the orthography of the first part, which appeared in No. 14 of the GAEL. In the present one we have, at his request, adhered to his own orthography.]

Bha sluagh na duthcha aineolach air iarunn; ach chunnaig na Spainnich mailleagan òir 'n an cluasaibh agus thuig iad gun d' thainig ant òr bho thir gu deas. Uime sin stiuir Columbus gu deas; agus an uine ghoirid, an deigh iomad eilein beag fhaiciun, rhainig e innis mhor Chuba. Sheol e sear an sin gus an d' rhainig e ceann shios an eilein. Fhuair e mach gun robh òr air an eilein ach gun robh e na bu phailte an eilein eile taobh na h-aird an ear. Chaidh e air tòir an eilein so; agus fhuair e mach *Haiti* a dh' ainmich esa *Hispaniola* (An Spainn Bheag) ris an abrar a nise *San Domingo.* Bha na h-Innseinich a teicheadh uapadh le eagal; ach an deigh do na Spainnich fear dhiu a theasraiginn bho bhàthadh, ghlac iad misneach agus chuairtich iad na longan 'n an sgoth-

aibh. Fhuair na Spainnich meas agus òr uapadh am mahairt airson mirean de ghloin dhaite agus nithean eile air bheag brìgh.

Stiùir Columbus an sin sear, agus an uine ghoirid bhuail an *Santa Maria* air sgeir, agus chaillear i; ach shaorar e fhein 's a dhaoine; agus chaidh iad air bord na *Nina.* Thog e an sin daingneach le fiodh na *Santa Maria* anns an d' fhag e ochd fir dheug air fhichead agus dh' fhalbh e air a thurus dhachaidh le beagan Innseineach 'n a chuideachd. An deighe bhi am mòr chunnart bho ainneart cuain, rhainig e Palos am meadhon a Mhàrt. Ghabh iad ris an sin le mòr aighear; agus air a thurus gu baile-mor Bharselona, far an robh a chùirt 's an am sin, bha sluagh a ruith as gach taobh g' a fhaicinn. Dh' aithris e do 'n righ 's do 'n bhan-righ gach nì a thachair; agus dh' fheuch e dhaibh na h-Innseinich agus an t-òr a fhuair e. Bha iad ro aoibhneach gun doshoirbhich a chuis; agus dhaingnich iad da gach coir a's urram a thug iad da air tùs.

Chaidh cabhlach de chòig longan deug uidheamhachadh a nis leis an do sheol e bho phort Chadis mu mheadhon an fhogharaidh, 's a bhliana 1493, marrai coig ceud deug pearsa a bha dealasach air òr a's cliù. Sheol e gu deas air cursa a cheud turuis; agus toiseach a gheamhraidh, chunncas eilein do 'n tug e ant ainm *Dominica,* cheann gum b' ann air an Domhnach a fhuair iad amach e. Stiuir iad an sin gu tuath; agus aig eilein Ghuadalupe, chunnaig iad le h-uamhas, feoil dhaoine 'g a rosdadh airson cuirm. B' iad na Caribean, daoine ro bhorb, alluidh, a bha 'g aiteachadh nan eileinean sin, anns an do sgaoil iad bho thir-mor America-mu-Dheas.

Sheol iad a nis gu Hispaniola far an d' fhuair iad amach gun do lhoisg na h-Innseinich an daingneach agus gun do mharbh iad gach neach a dh' fhag Columbus ann. B' iad eucoir a's ainneart nan Spainneach fhein aobhar an sgrios. Thog e an sin baile air an d' thug e ainm na ban-righ, teann air beinn Cibas, far an robh moran òir, a reir aithris.

Chaidh e nise gu Cuba; agus sheol e astar mor suas air taobh deas an eilein. Bha e a faoineachd mu òr; agus fhreagair daoine na tire le comharaibh, gum faighear sin an duthaich fharsuing gu deas. Uime sin stiuir iad air ant slighe sin; agus an uine ghoirid, chunnaig iad eilein mor Jamaica, le bheanntaibh arda, gorm 's a choilltibh ailidh. Bha an sluagh n' a bu cholgaire na gu tuath; agus bha sgothan aca air an dealbh a aon chraoibh deich troidhean fichead air fad. Ach cha d' fhuaras òr 's an eilein. Uime sin thill iad gu Cuba; agus sheol iad suas mar air tus. Bha Columbus am barail gum b' ann de thir-mor Asia Cuba, gu latha a bhais. Cha robh fios aige riamh gun d' fhuair e mach saoghal ur, agus gun robh cuan mor farsuinn eadar e a's Asia. Bha e 'n duil gun rachadh aige air an Roinn-Eorpa a rhuigheachd le seoladh siar air an airde sin. Ach chaill a dhaoine am misneach agus bha a lhongan an cunnart dol nan sgealbaibh; agus b' eiginn tilleadh, nuair a bha e teann air ceann shuas an eilein.

Thog cruadal agus iomaguin tromghalar a nise do 'n cheannard, air dhoigh 's gun robh e dluth do 'n bhas. Ach nuair a rhainig e Hispaniola thachair e air a bhrathair, Parlan, duine tapaidh, misneachail; agus thu so faochadh dha; agus fhuair e slainte. Ach cha robh a chor sona. Bha neart de na thainig amach marris an duil gum faigheadh iad pailteas òir agus gach ni fiachail gun dragh no saothair; agus nuair a fhuair iad amach nach robh a chuis mar sin chuir iad a choire air Columbus; agus

sheol cuid diu sin gu diomhair do 'n Spainn, far an d' rhinn iad casaid chruaidh ris a chuirt 'n a aghaidh. Uime sin chaidh duine d' am b' ainm Iain Aguado a chur amach chum a chuis a rhannsachadh. Bha an duine so 'n a nhamhaid do Cholumbus; agus thug e cluas do gach ni a chaidh agairt 'n a aghaidh. Uime sin thill Columbus marris do 'n Spainn.

Nuair a rhainig e a chuirt bha cuid a labhairt 'n a aghaidh, agus a deanamh tàir air a ghniomhaibh. An sin fhuair e ubh, agus dh' iarr e orra ant ubh a chur 'n a sheasamh air a cheann. Nuair a dh' fhailnich orrasan sin a dheanamh, ghabh esa ant ubh, agus thug e gnogag dha, agus mar sin chuirear ant ubh air ball 'n sheasamh air a cheann. "'S urrainn do neach air bith sin a dheanamh," ars iadsa. "An deighe dhomhsa a dheanamh" ars esa. Dh' fheuch e an sin do 'n chuirt aobhar an draigh agus an doigh 's am bu choir buntuinn ris na daoine a chaidh mach, air chor 's gun do chuir e eascairdean 'n an tosd.

An ceann da bhliana dh' fhalbh e air a threas turus, le sè longaibh. Stiuir e nise fada gu deas; agus uime sin fhuair e mach tir-mor America-mu-Dheas, agus an amhainn mhòr Orinoca. Bha esa am barail gum b' i sin amhainn Gihon an gàradh Eden. Sheol e 'n sin gu tuath; agus nuair a rhainig e Hispaniola bha cuisean ro aimhreiteach; agus 's e thainig a sin gun do chuirear esa do 'n Spainn 'n a phriosanach fo gheimhlibh. Nuair a chualas so air feadh na rioghachd, bha daoine gu mor a coireachadh mar a chaidh buntuinn ris; agus chaidh a chur gu h-aithghear fo sgaoil. Ach chuir Ferdinand feardreuchd eile 'n a ait, agus cha d' fhuair e ceartas gu latha a bhais. Dh' eug e am baile Bhalladolid air an fhicheadamh latha de 'n Mhaigh 's a bhliana 1506, aosmhor agus bochd, mar a bha e 'g asluchadh am facail nan Salm, "Ann ad lhaimhse tiomnam mo spiorad: saor mi, a Thighearna Dhe na firinn."

P. Mac-Griogair.

AN T-ÒGANACH AGUS AM BAS.

Tha e air aithris gu 'n d' thainig am Bas aig am araidh a dh-ionnsaidh gille oig agus dh' innis e dha gu 'n d' thainig e g' a iarraidh. "Cha 'n 'eil sin coltach," fhreagair an gille, "mise nach do bhlais ach gle bheagan de thoilinntinnean na beatha—thoir thu fein as gu ceann fhichead bliadhna co dhiu, gus am pos mi agus am meal mi tomhas de shasachadh an t-saoghail." Dh' fhag am Bas e air an am. Thainig e rithisd mu cheann na h-uine 'chaidh ainmeachadh. "O, bhochdainn!" ars' an duine og, "an d' thainig thu cheana?" Fhreagair am Bas, "Nach do dheonaich mi dhuit an dàil a dh' iarr thu?" "Ach," ars' an duine, "nach 'eil thu 'faicinn leis an iomaguin 's an dragh a th' agam a' togail mo theaghlaich nach d' fhuair mi fhathast a' bheag d' an toileachadh ris an robh suil agam,—bi falbh gu ceann fhichead bliadhna eile; bithidh an sin mo chlann air an togail agus comasach air son cothachadh air an son fhein." Dh' fhag am Bas e a rithisd 's cha do thill e gus an robh an duine mu thuairream tri fichead bliadhna dh' aois. "Cha 'n fhaod e 'bhi nach 'eil thu nis air do lan shasuchadh leis an t-saoghal," ars' am Bas, "air chor agus gu 'n tig thu leam a nis gun do shuil a bhi 'n a dheigh." "Fhuair mi gu cinnteach nine chuimseach ach bu mhomha mo charraid na mo thoileachadh. Thar leam, a nis na 'n deonaicheadh tu fathasd dhomh beagan bhliadhnachan a chaithinn ann an sith 's an suaimhneas, gu 'm falbhainn leat air bheag doilgheis; ach

cuimhnich gu'n cuir thu tri comharan am ionnsaidh m' an tig thu, a thoirt sanais dhomh gu bheil thu 'tighinn." Mu thuairam deich bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin thachair am Bas air ann an riochd eile, air choir 's nach d' aithnich e gur e bh' ann. Chuir e failte air an t-seann duine a's thuirt e, "Tha mi toilichte d' fhaicinn a' dol m' an cnairt cho calma." "Mise calma!" ars' an duine cha 'n 'eil mo cheum ach goirid, turamanach;—nach 'eil thu 'faicinn gu bheil mi am feum bāta g'am chumail o thuisle." "Tha do chlaisteachd maith," ars' am Bas. "O, cha 'n 'eil mo chlaisteachd ach fior dhona; is ro bheag a chluinneas mi de chomhradh ged a bhios mi gle dhluth 'laimh." "Tha do leirsinn gle mhath co dhiu," ars' am Bas. Gu dearbh cha 'n 'eil; tha mi am feum nan speuclair." "So so," thuirt am Bas, 's e ag innseadh co e, "thig leam gun tuilleadh dàlach." "Ach nach do gheall thu tri comharan a chur air thoiseach ort?" "Agus nach 'eil thu fein ag aideachadh," fhreagair am Bas, "gu 'n d' fhuair thu tri—call do lùth's, do chlaisteachd agus do leirsinn? Chuir thu uait, o am gu am, gach iomradh air a' bhas, a' cur ronihad a bhi ullamh an ath uair a thiginn; ach tha mi 'faicinn nach 'eil buannachd ann a bhi cur seachad na 's fhaide; feumaidh tu tighinn leam a nis, co dhiu tha thu deas no nach 'eil."

Eadar. le J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn,
An Fheill Micheil, 1873.

—o—

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(O'n aireamh mu dheireadh.)

Ghluais na fir thun a' chladaich,
'S leag iad an airm an tom-falaich.
Fhuaradh grad an asaig iasgaich,—
Uidheam gun mheang mar a dh' iarradh.
Stiuir iad troimh 'n linne leathain, dhomhain.
O Mhanainn gu corsa Chinntire,
O 'n ,d' thainig an naidheachd mar a dh' innsear.
An Claonaig fhasga'ch nam faoileann
Leag iad an acair, 's phaisg iad aodach
Gus an d' eirich grian air beanntan Arainn,
'S an cinn fo chirb nan neul am falach.
Dh' amhairc Rurach le ioghnadh
Air aodainn charaigeach nan aonach
Ag eiridh o chomhnard na fairge—
Ursannan iomall ard na h-Alba,
A chuir an creachadair dana
Ionann 's mar an umhlachd chrabhaidh,
Ged a chuir sruth a's gaoth 'n a dheann e
Troimh stuadhan gruamach Chaolas-Bhranndain,
'S e 'faicinn cladach glas Chinntire
Le turaibh aosda mar dhion da
An sealladh a cheil' air gach bearradh,
Far an dearrsadh teine-rabhaidh
'N uair a thigeadh naimhdean nan Gaidheal—
A fhuair an uaigh cho tric 's a thainig—
Corsa sgolbach, geodhach, iargalt'
A chuir Rurach a duil na dh' iarr é;
'S mur bitheadh comhairle a chairdean
Thilleadh e luath mar a thainig.
Le gaoth 'n an siuil, 's raimh 'g an sparradh,
Gu dian an iar ag iarraidh rathaid
Gu loch fasga'ch Chille-Chiarain—
Miann nam bard 's na chunnaic riamh e!
Rainig na seoid Cleit-a'-chaolais,
Eadar Eilean-da-bharr a's Creag-nam-faoileann—
Ob fasga'ch, a's gun tonn air cladach.
Thuirt Gargan, "So an t-aite. Stadaibh
Gus an cluinnear na 's aill leibh,
'S bhur comhairle m 'an iarr sinn fardach
Eadar giallan an leoghainn
A 's tric a chagainn ar seorsa.
A righ Ath-cliath,—ort an luireach—
Glac an taoman 's aon do chulaobh.
'S tu 'nis sgalag a' bhata,
'S bi bodhar o nach d' fhuair thu Gaidhlig.
Bidh sinne 'smeideadh riut 's 'g ad sheoladh
Mar bhalbhan bochd nach cluinn ar comhradh.
A dhaoin-uaisl' am bheil sibh uile toileach
An righ a chur mar so am folach?"
Fhreagair gach fear, "Biodh sin mar 'tha e:
Cha 'n 'eil doigh eil' air a thoirt sabhailt."
GARGAN,—"Taobh thall d' an charaig so air fuaradh
Chi e gur maith dha na chual e."
Dh' iomair iad m' an cuairt an rudha
A dh' fhaicinn na thuirteadh riutha;
Rainig iad Eilean-an-da-chaolais,
'S dithist fosgailt' air gach taobh dheth—
Aon diubh lan, domhain, fior-ghlan,

'S an t-aon eile 'tràgh'dh 's a' lionadh
O 'n linne gu braighe 'chala
Air an d' ainmich na Gaidh'il am baile.
Thug Rurach osann throm nach b'abhaist:
'N uair 'chunn' e 'n t-eilean, b' eagal [dearga,
dasan;—
Earra-Ghaidhealaich mhor nan casan
'N an sreathan o bhile na fairge
Air leud gach troidh an seasadh duine,
O iochdar na creige g' a mullach;—
Plathan soills' o 'n airm a' dearrsadh;
Srol air a' bhinneig a b' airde—
Bratach na h-Alba, seadh a morachd
D' an dion aon-adharcach a's leoghann.
Bha slabhraidh aibheiseach trast' a' chaol-ais.
'S a cinn 's a' chreig anns gach taobh dheth.
So glas a' chala—stad a Ruraich—
Tha cleachdainn nan Gaidheal ur dhuit!
Ghlaodh freiceadan, "Co as duibh fhear-aibh?
'S coir gu 'n tuig sibh bhur mearachd:
So latha-breth Righ Alba;
Tha 'n rathad duinnt' air tir 's air fairge.
Innsibh co as duibh: so an t-ordugh
A thug an ceannard 's an àm dhomhsa.'
GARGAN.—Iasgairean sinne o Arainn:
Tha sinn cearr 's gun 'fhios againn.
Slainte 's buaidh do Righ Coinneach—
A' chroich do na dh' iarras a choire!
Bu duilich leinn 'ordugh a bhristeadh,
A laoich mhoir a's airde misneach."
Dh' iomair iad a mach gu socair
Ag amharc 'n an deigh, 's cha b' ann tosdach,
Ag iolach 's am boineidean 'n an lamhan
Mar gu 'm b' eibhneas dhaibh an t-ait' ud.
GARGAN.—"Tha sinn fad nan ramh o 'n charaig;
Greasaibh gu luath as an t-sealladh.
Ma ghabhas iad amharus ciod e sinn,
Gheibh sinn an *gad* gun stad gun reite.
Chroch iad so Greann Mor Mac Iomhair
A ghlac iad latha Ghlinne-righ'sdail;
Gno-nan-ceann, a's Srachd-nan-sealbhan,
Da bhrath'r m' athar;
Ceud d'a mhuinntir, 's iomadh ceannard
Nach d' fhuair fathast an eiric
A thogar gun taing 'n uair a theid sinn
'N ar buidhnean-creachaidh feadh na duthcha.
Bidh neulan toit' gach taobh 'g an tuchadh;
Sleagh, a's tuadh, a's croich, a's teinne,
'Toirt aichmheil dhiubh airson na 's leinne.
Cha dion a' chreag ud fad' an anail,
Ged 's lionmhor iad, a's sinne ainneamh.
Tha la eile 'tarruing dluth dhaibh
A bheir Lochlann daibh le aireamh dubhlan
Tha, nis, a Righ an ceann-siar ad shealladh;
Direach mu d' choinnimh, so an rathad.
Chi thu Dun-abhartaidh 's na th' ann diubh,
Ach 's gliocas an seachnadh 's an am so.
So duthaich nan curaidh garg an comh-ail;—
Bheir sinne dhaibh deannal nan sgornan!
M' eibhneas an tuadh an uair a chi mi
A faobhar a' spreadadh an ciobhlan,
'S troimh bhun nan teang 's gu cul nan cluasan,
A' diogladh na thug iad bhuainne!

(Ri leantuinn.)

—o—

SONAS NAN AINMHIDH AGUS NAN EUN.

Tha e ro thaitneach a bhi 'beachd-achadh air suilbhearachd agus air toilinntinn nan ainmhidh agus nan eun, an uair a bhios an aimsir freagar-rach air an son. Co nach d' thug fainear an gairdeachas a nithear leis na h-eoin bheag, agus na binn-cheil-earan leis an seinn iad ri blathas an Earraich agus an t-Samhraidh? Is minic, air an doigh so, tha iad 'n an aobhar farmaid do mhac an duine, a tha, air amannaibh, trom, muladach le trioblaidibh, agus saruichte le h-amhgharaibh an t-saoghail aingidh so! Tha moran aig an duine 'n a chomas chum sonas nan creutair sin a mheudachadh, a thugadh dha air son feum araidh; feudaidh e bhi air son loin g' a bheathachadh, agus air son an earraidh leis am bheil e air a sgeudachadh. Gu cinnteach, uime sin, 's e dleas 'nas an duine a bhi buntainn gu cairdeil riu. Tha cuid ann, gidheadh, a ta 'gabhail tlachd ann a bhi 'milleadh agus a' marbhadh nam beathaichean neo-chiontach sin, nach 'eil a' deanamh cron air neach no air ni sam bith mu 'n cuairt doibh. Tha na h-ainmhidhean com-asach air an taingeileachd fein a nochdadh dhoibh-sa a bhios cairdeil riu, agus ni iad sin gu treibhdhireach, agus gun fhoill sam bith. Is math a dh' aithnicheas iad an neach sin a bhios cairdeil agus caoimhneil riu.

Fanaichidh a' mhuc fein an neach a bhios gu riaghailteach 'g a beathachadh, agus air a doigh fein bheir i taing dha. Nochdaidh an crodh an toilinntinn fein an uair a chi iad a' mhuinntir a bha'frithealadh orra, agus cairdeil riu. Crathaidh iad an cluasan agus sinidh iad a mach an srona dubha,fliuch mar chomhar air an taingeileachd agus an deagh-ghean fein. Ni, mar an ceudna, an cu moran othail ris-san a ni dheth, agus a bhios gu maith dha. Agus faicibh an seann each dubh ud a rainig corr is fichead bliadhn' a dh-aois, agus tha e ceart co eolach air gach neach mu 'n cuairt da ri 'mhaighstir fein. Faicibh e a' toirt foise d' a cheann air a' chachliadh, an uair a tha e' faicinn fear-an-tighe a' dluthachadh ris, an duil gu 'm faigh e ubhal no mir arain as a laimh. Mar so, tha e mar fhiachaibh air na h-uile bhi cairdeil ris na bruidibh bochda nach urrainn an uireasbhuidhean fein 'innseadh, agus gun a bhi uair sam bith 'g an geur-leanmhuinn agus 'g an gearradh as. Tha 'n duine glic ag radh mar so, "Bithidh curam aig an duine ionraic do bheatha 'ainmhidh, ach is an-iochdmhor truacantais nan aingidh."—(Gnath, xii. 10.)

SGIATHANACH.

———o———

NITHE NUADH AGUS SEAN.

Tha atharrachadh mor eadar an da bheannachd aimsireil sin, Slainte agus Saibhreas. Is e Saibhreas a 's mo air am bheil muinntir an toir, ach a 's lugh' a shealbhaichear leo. Is minic a shealbhaichear Slainte, ged is beag am meas a thu aig moran oirre. Tha e soilleir gu 'm bheil Slainte a'toirt barrachd air Saibhreas, an uair a smuainichear nach dealaicheadh an duine a 's bochda tha idir ann r a shlainte fein air son airgid, ach gu 'n dealaicheadh an duine saibhir ri 'airgiod fein air son slainte.

Na cuir mor-dhochas anns an duine sin nach cuir a dhochas fein ann am muinntir eile. Cha 'n 'eil cridhe an duine sin glan. Esan aig am bheil amharus an uile'n a inntinn fein a thaobh sluaigh eile, tha e faicinn annta-san a' cheart ni a ta e faicinn ann fein. Do na fior-ghloin tha na h-uile nithe fior-ghlan, ach ceart mar sin, tha na h-uile nithe neo-ghlan dhoibhsan a ta neo-ghlan.

Dean cinnteach à meud do theachd-a-stigh, agus biodh e mor no beag, thig beo air ni 's lugha, agus cha bhi thu chaoidh ann am bochduinn.

Tha Subhailc a' co-sheasamh ann a bhi toirt air Miann striochdadh do Dhleas'nas. Is iad sailean-giulain an duine measarrachd, macantas, geamnuidheachd agus fein-riaghladh. Air an laimh eile, 's i fein-aicheadh an steidh air am bheil na sailean sin air an suidheachadh. S.

———o———

L I T I R.

A GHAIDHEIL UASAIL,—Am bi sibh cho math agus cuil bheag a thoirt do 'n litir ghoirid so a tha mi a' sgriobhadh a chum buidheann mheasail de dhaoin'-uaisle air am bheil buille trom air a chur, a dhion? Tha leabhran beag Gaidhlig ris an canar BRATACH NA FIRINN a' teachd a mach gach mios, anns am bheil coire nach beag air a cur as leth nan Eaglaisean Gaidhealach anns a' bhaile so airson an dearmad a tha iad a' deanamh air an dleasdannas. Shaoileadh neach, o 'n chunntas a tha air a thoirt seachad, gu 'm bheil na ministearan, na *missionaries*,agus na foirfeich Ghaidhealach anns a' bhaile so cho leisg 's a tha ri 'fhaotainn, agus na maoir-eaglais cho gruamach ri madraibh crosda. Na 'm b' e so uile na bha air a radh, cha bhithinn a' cur dragh

oirbh a thaobh na cuise; oir dh' fheudadh an gnothuch a bhi air 'fhagail gu breith na muinntir a tha mion-eolach air luchd-dreuchd nan eaglaisean Gaidhealach, a's air an obair a tha iad a' deanamh; ach tha ni 's miosa na so air a radh mu 'n deibhinn; tha e air a radh gu 'm bheil foirfeich aca a tha, cha 'n e mhain na 'n osdairean, ach 'n am misgearan, agus 'n luchd-bualadh bhan. A reir aogais, dh' amais foirfeach air an neach a dh' innis an sgeul, a chuir e feiu agus a thigh an ordugh airson fois na Sabaid le bhi air an dall daoraich, agus le ceann a mhna a ghearradh air oidhche Di-Sathuirne. Na 'm biodh an sgeul fior bu choir ainm a leithid de dh-uile-bheisd a sparradh suas ri dorsan nam eaglaisean Gaidhealach, mar rabhadh do mhuinntir eile. Ach is e is docha leam gu 'm bi a' cheart teastas aig gach ministear Gaidhlig 's a' bhaile so ri 'thoirt a tha agamsa, agus is e sin, nach 'eile a shamhuil sin de fhoirfeach anns an t-Seisein aige. Cha 'n 'eil osdair no misgear am measg aon chuid foirfeich no deaconaibh Eaglais Chaluim-chille. Is i aon de na riaghailtean againn nach taghar neach air bith a chum aon de na dreuchdan sin a tha 'n a fhear-reic dibhe. Feudaidh caochladh bharail a bhi aaig muinntir a thaobh na riaghailt so, ach bitheadh i math no olc, is i an riaghailt a tha aig Eaglais Chaluim-chille. Tha e soilleur mata nach ann 's an Eaglais Steidhichte a tha "Alasdair-nan-stòp, an t-osdair" a ghearr ceann Iseabal, a mhnaoi air oidhche Di-Sathuirne, 'n a fhoirfeach. —Is mi, &c.,

MINISTEAR EAGLAIS CHALUIM-CHILLE.

Glaschu, 15mh là,
Mios deir. an Fhogh., 1873.

———o———

COMHRADH

EADAR CAS-SHIUBHAL-AN-T-SLEIBH AGUS A' CHAILLEACH BHEURR.

Cailleach-bheurr, boirionnach aig an robh moran d' an t-saoghal, gidheadh a bha anabarrach doicheallach. Cha do thairg i biadh no deoch do dhuine riamh, 's cha d' iarr i air air neach riamh suidhe. Chuir Cas-shiubhal-an-t-sleibh geall ri neach gu 'n tugadh i biadh dhasan 's gu 'n iarradh i air suidhe. Le sin dh' fhalbh e far an robh i. Bha an tigh lan toit agus thubhairt e:—

Gu 'm beannaich an sealbh tigh dorcha deathach!
ISE.—Beannaich an fhardach 's gu 'n tàr thu dol a mach.
ESAN.—Chaidh na cearcan air an iris; 's mithich fanadh.
ISE.—Cha 'n 'eil annt' ach eoin earraich 's iad lan galair.
ESAN.—Tha mise, bho eirigh greine, 'siubhal shleibhtean a's gharbhlach,
'S ma gheibh mi fasgadh uait fein cha teid mi ceum eile 's e anmoch.
ISE.—Cia as a thainig thu?
ESAN.—Thainig mise, 'bhean mo ghaoil, Bho Leachd a'-Chaoil, am beul an anmuich.
ISE.—'S cia ainm a th' ort?
ESAN.—Tha, *Uilleam Dean-suidhe.*
ISE.—*Uilleam Dean-suidhe!*
ESAN.—Is math an airidh, 's bean an tighe 'g a iarraidh.
ISE. — Uilleim, dean suidhe, 's ged shuidheas cha 'n fheaird;
Cha 'n fhaigh thu ach don bidh, don dibhe, 's don fhardach—
Lar lom, talamh toll a's deargaidean loma lan
A chriomas do mhas gu h-anshocrach.
ESAN.—Ud, a chailleach, thoir dhomhsa biadh
'S leig eadar mi Dia 's an anshocair.
ISE.—Biadh cha 'n 'eil agam:
Cha bhi mi fo ghearan craosach;
Cha 'n 'eil agam de bhiadh
Na 'sheasadh air sgiath na faochaig.
ESAN.—Ciod e 'dh' fhoghnadh dhuit fein,
'S do mhuirichinn gu leir,
Nach foghnadh dhomh fein car aon oidhch'?
ISE.—Sobhraichean chreag, bairnichean leac,
Uisge teth a's deanntagan.

Leig i an so a ceann air a' bhràth mar gu 'm biodh i a' tuiteam 'n a

cadal, agus i an duil gu 'm falbhadh e 's thubhairt i:—

So cadal an doichill.
ESAN.—So dusgadh do dhunach.

Leum e 'n sin a suas do 'n chuilidh, agus an uair a chunnaic ise nach robh a choslas air gu 'm biodh e furasd' a chur air falbh, ghlaodh i:—

Pill, pill, a dhroch dhuine, 's gheibh thu biadh.

Thug i an sin ceann agus casan caorach as a' chuilidh, 's dh' iarr i air an dathadh. An uair a bha iad ullamh dh' fheoraich e:—

Cia nis do chuid fein?
ISE.—Na bheir mi fhin a mach le aon rann.
ESAN.—Biodh e mar sin fein.
ISE.—Da lior, da lèir,
Da chluas, da chéir,
Da cham pheirceall,
Ochd inean an duirn,
Ard labhrach a' chinn,
Agus ceithir speir luirgnean.
ESAN.—'S e dleasadh fear-cosgairt a' chinn,
Suil a's buisean a's eanchainn,
Cluas a mach o bhun stuic,
Peirceall agus leac a's leth-cheann.

An uair a dh' ith e beagan de 'n cheann 's de na casan, dh' fhalbh e 's chaidh e steach do thigh a bha anns an nàbachd, 's chuir a dheth na luirichean agus a' mhaileid. Thug muinntir an tighe air suidhe ri biadh, 's cha luaith a thoisich e air itheadh na 'thug e 'n aire do 'n chaillich ag amharc thairis air a' bhalla tharsuing, agus air dha bhi' cagnadh greim feola a thug e de chnaimh, thuirt ise:—

'S uaigneach a chriomas tu.
ESAN.—'S ann am aonar a cheannaich mi.
ISE.—'S iomadh fear a cheannaich a thug.
ESAN.—Ge b' e co dhà 'thug thusa do chuid, faigh uaith e.

Thog e 'n sin lan spainne dh' eanaraich gu 'h-ôl, agus dh' eigh ise:—

'S trom an luchd air a' chois chaoil.
ESAN.—Cha 'n fhaide na sin an t-slighe.
ISE.—Is direadh e.
ESAN.—Cha luaithe direadh na tearnadh.
ISE.—Cha chreid mi fhin nach bard a b' athair dhuit.
ESAN.—Cha b' ard 's cha b' iosal, ach 's a' mhend mheadhonaich.

A version of the foregoing curious dialogue appeared in the *Inverness Courier* some time ago, selected from the inexhaustible budget of the "Nether Lochaber Correspondent." It differed considerably from this one. Perhaps a collection of the various versions of it extant may enable some of your readers to arrive at the complete and correct form. The historical note prefixed to the *Courier's* is extremely interesting.

SRATH-LIUCHAIDH.

—o—

CEOL NAN EAGLAISEAN GAIDHEALACH:

CANNTAIREACHD NA SREATH.

A Ghaidheil runaich,—Leugh mi an oraid a chuir H. W. do bhur n-ionnsaidh mu thimchioll leughadh nan sreath an àm bhi 'seinn nan salm ann an Gaidhlig. Tha e coltach leam nach aithne dhasan ach gle bheag mu sheinn Gaidhlig', agus, mar an ceudna, nach aithne dha an t-aobhar air son an robh e air tus air a chleachdadh. B' e an t-aobhar, nach b' urrainn ach ro bheag de 'n t-sluagh leughadh; agus rinneadh e 'n a reachd leis an Eaglais gu' m bitheadh na sreathan air an leughadh, no air an cantaireachd a reir mar a b' fhearr leis an Tròraich-fhear. Bha an cleachdadh ceart agus taitneach; agus tha e co feumail air an latha 'n diugh agus a bha e o chionn ceud bliadhna air ais. Tha e fior gu 'n urrainn moran leughadh an diugh seach mar bha e anns an am ud; gidheadh, tha e mar an ceudna fior, nach urrainn ach beagan de 'n t-sluagh Gaidhlig a leughadh. Feudaidh tu Mairi bhan a' Mhinisteir 'fhaicinn agus searbhanta no 'dha, agus leabhran

beag Shalm Beurla aca 'n an lamhan, a' saoilsinn gu 'n urrainn iadsan 'a Ghaidhlig a leantuinn co math 's ged a bhitheadh leabhar Gaidhlig aca; ach cha 'n urrainn.

Faiceamaid an eiseimpleir a leanas bho Laoidh viii., 6,—

Ged chrionas lus cha 'n fhaigh e bas,
Thig 'fhas ri uine nios;
'S ged sheargas craobh 's a' Gheamhradh fhuar,
Ni 'n t-Earrach nuadh i ris.

Faic a' nis a' Bheurla,—

All nature dies and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield:
. . . . . .
Yet, soon reviving, plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

Ciod a their muinntir an t-Salmadair Bheurla a nis? Their, "B' fhearr gu 'n leughadh am *precentor* na sreathan duinn." Cha b' urrainn H. W. eiseimpleir eile 'fhaotainn anns an t-Salmadair Bheurla a bu stallacaiche na an aon a chomharraich e,—

As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath He, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil a' Ghaidhlig co rag a so, faic,—

Mar tha an aird an Ear 's an Iar
A' gabhail fad o cheil', &c.

Nach blasda a' Ghaidhlig! Tha so a' tachairt o rian na Gaidhlig' seach a' Bheurla,—gu 'm bheil a' *verb* a' dol air thoiseach air an *nominative;* agus tha so a' fagail raun tachd Gaidhlig co min, agus a' dol gu furasda an ealpadh a cheile mar rosg no neobhardachd.

An uair a theid sluagh do thigh an Tighearna gu aoradh, bu choir gach comhnadh a thoirt doibh gu sin a dheanamh 'n an doigh shimplidh fein; agus ma tha *precentor* cuimseach ann agus comasach air a' Ghaidhlig a leughadh gu snasmhor, tha cannt-aireachd nan sreath, no leughadh da shreath mar is tric a tha 'tachairt, 'n a ni a tha gu tric taitneach.

Tha H. W. ag radh gu 'n robh mathachadh mor air a dheanamh ann an ceol eaglaisean o chionn bheagan bhliadhnaichean. Theagamh gu 'm meas cuid gu 'n do rinneadh mathachadh mor, ach gu cinnteach cha 'n 'eil mi 'g a aideachadh. Tha mi 'faicinn Coisridh air a cur suas air an eaglaisean an sud 's an so, agus an aite e bhi 'n a mhath 's ann a tha e 'n a chron mor. Tha Coisridh a' seinn ciuil a thaitneas riu fein, gun suim ciod a fhreagras do 'n t-sluagh; agus is e 'tha 'tachairt gu 'm bheil an sluagh a' dunadh am beoil, 's cha 'n 'eil roinn sam bith aca ann an aoradh Dhe. An abair thu mathachadh ris 'sin? Agus co a tha anns a' Choisridh? tha, gu tric, *precentor* air am bheil ceol-chuthach, no 's a Bheurla *music-mania;* agus mar is tric a' choisridh tha comhladh ris —cùid dhiubh, peasain as gach co-thional—ma tha guth agus cluas-chiuil mhath aca, tha iad iomchuidh air son na Coisridh! An abair thu mathachadh ri 'leithid sin?—a bhi 'toirt aoraidh do Dhia le seirbhisich, no mar their iad anns a' Bheurla le *proxy,* agus glas-ghuib air a cur air an luchd aoraidh! Cha 'n 'eil ni a's freagarraiche ann an co-thional na gu 'm bitheadh gach neach a' seinn mar is fearr a's urrainn e 'n a dhoigh fein. Their thu, c' arson nach iomsaich iad, agus *classaichean* anns gach co-thional? An teid sean daoine air feadh oidhche a dh-iomsachadh ciuil? am fag am marsanda a mhalairt, an greusaiche a bhrogan, agus mar sin sios? Cha 'n 'eil na coinneamhan oidhche ach air son dhaoine diomhanach agus graisg ceol-chuthach.

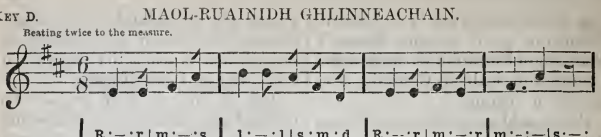
ARGATHALIAN.

Bail' an Obain,
Mios deir. an Fhogh., 1873.

KEY D.

MAOL-RUAINIDH GHLINNEACHAIN.

Beating twice to the measure.



Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh Ghlinneachain,
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!
Dh' fhalbh do mhàthair 's thug i 'm fireach oirr'.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Dh' fhalbh do mhàthair 's thug i 'm fireach oirr'.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!
Dh' fhàg i 'n gleann 's na féidh a' fuireach ann.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Dh' fhàg i 'n gleann, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
Ciochan geal' a's bainne 'sileadh leo.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Ciochan geal', &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
'S na ma tig ant aon la thilleas i!
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

'S na ma tig, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
Thug i 'm balg 's an robh do chuid mine leath'.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Thug i 'm balg, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
Thug i 'chuach 's an robh do chuid ime leath'.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Thug i 'chuach, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
Thug i 'chearc a bh' air an iris leath';
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Thug i 'chearc, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
'S ciod e, ghaoil, a bhiodh tu sireadh orm;
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Ciod e, ghaoil, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
'S nach 'eil im, no ciath, no min agam?
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

'S nach 'eil im, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
Gheobh thu bainne na bà druimfhinn bhuam;
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Gheobh thu bainne, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
Gheobh thu ciath, a's iasg, a's sithionn bhuam;
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Gheobh thu ciath, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
Gheobh thu glùn, a's smùirn, a's smire bhuam.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Gheobh thu glùn, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
'S tiugainn leam do 'nt Shithein urad ud,
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

'S tiugainn leam, &c.—Hà, ho-ró, &c.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh Ghlinneachain,
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

NOTE.—The above song, which is said to belong to the class called "Fairy Melodies," was communicated to Lieut. Campbell by Mrs. Macdonell, of Keppoch House, a lady who, by her exquisite taste for Gaelic music, worthily represents the genius of the House of Keppoch, so long the abode of music, poetry, and heroism. This song, with music, appeared in Lieut. Campbell's work on the Language and Poetry of the Highlands, and gave rise to a newspaper correspondence, a few years ago. The music given in the work referred to is the well-known psalm tune *Evan*, composed by the late Rev. Mr. Havergal, and is quite unsuitable for *Maol-Ruainidh* in point of accent and rythm. The melody which I have given above is associated with the words, and commonly sung in more than one district of the Highlands. I have here to acknowledge my obligations to my friend *Abrach*, to whom I am indebted for the complete version of the words. The occasion of the song has been differently stated; Lieut. Campbell represents it as having been sung by a good fairy, as she sat rocking the cradle of a sleeping child, whose mother has deserted it on pretence of having gone "a thilleadh nan gobhar." J. W.

AN ROS.

Dhearc mi uair air ros a' fas
Maiseach, ur, fo dhriuchd a' Mhaigh—
"'S dearbht'" thuirt mi "nach bean gu brath
Dad do bhlath cho boidheach!"
Chaidh mi seachad la 'n a dheigh,—
Chaidh a phabadh leis a' ghaoith
Ceann ri leathad air, a' caoidh,
'S beacha breun 'g a rospadh.

Oigh a's aingealaiche snuadh,
Faic 's an ros do choimeas truagh!
'S ceart co deas tha d' iomadh buaidh,
'Thogail fuath ri gradh dhuit;—
'S mar an nathair anns an tom,
Thoir ceum mearachd, 's tha Cul-chainnt
Deas gu d' bhruthadh—'s Mi-run lom
Togaidh fonn do naire.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

—o—

TOIMHSEACHAIN.

1. Pheid e troimh 'n choille
   'S cha bhean e do phreas.
2. Damh donn a' dol troimh 'n choille,
   'S cha 'n 'eil slat 's a' choille nach bean d' a dhruim.
3. Tha brathair aig brathair m' athair,
   'S cha bhrathair athar dhombs' e.
4. Chi sinne bitheant e;
   Cha 'n fhaic an righ ach ainmig e,
   'S cha 'n fhaic Dia idir e.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Millidh tarunn each,
'S millidh each seisireach.
'N uair 'bhios am pobull dall,
Ni 'n gille cam ministear.
Nead air Nollaig,
Ubh air Inid,
'S eun air 'Chaisg;
Mur bi sud aig an fhitheach,
Bithidh am bas.

Tha caraid amaideach moran ni 's triobloidhe na namhaid aig am bheil gliocas.

Meudaichidh eolas am peacadh, mur bi an cridhe air a theagasg co maith ris a' cheann.

Tha deagh nadar aig moran an uair a bhios gach ni ag eirigh leo; ach cuiridh iad cul ri sin an uair a thig aire agus eiginn, agus a shiubhlas iad troimh amhuinn theintich an amhghair.

Sgriobh t-ainm fein le cairdeas, gradh, agus trocair air cridheachaibh na muinntir sin a thachaireas ort bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna'n ad' thurasaibh ann am fasach an t-saoghail, agus cha diochuimhnichear thu gu brath.

Cha 'n 'eil an duine sin ionraic 'n a chridhe a bhios ionraic a mhain an uair a bhios ionracas chum buannachd dha. Cha 'n 'eil ionracas 'n a bhuaidh caochlaideach, ach seasmhach agus bunailteach. Tha 'n duine ionraic, ionraic eadar bhun agus bharr. Cha sleuchd, 's cha striochd e do ni suarach, agus foill cha chleachd e ri bheo.

Cha 'n 'eil ni ann a tha co iongantach ri leabhar, ach duine beo a mhain. Is teachdaireachd dhuinn o'n bhas e. Is aithris e a chuireadh d' ar n-ionusuidh le muinntir nach fhac sinn riamh, le muinntir a bha beo o cheann mhilte bliadhna, agus a bha miltean de mhiltibh astair air falbh. Gidheadh tha iad sin anns na duilleagaibh beaga sin, a' labhairt ruinn, 'g ar dusgadh, 'g ar brosnuchadh, 'g ar teagasg, a' toirt misnich agus comhfhurtachd dhuinn, agus a' fosgladh an cridheachan mar ar cairdean a's dillse!

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

—o—

NAIDHEACHDAN.

Tha a choltas air an Fhraing, an duthaich mhi-fhortanach sin aig am bheil an crun cho teth agus nach fhada a gheobhar uachdaran g' a

ghleidheidh air a cheann, gu bheil i 'dol a ghabhail cuairt eile d' an chleas a b' abhaist a bhi againn ri linn ar n-oige, agus ris an abramaid, *Righ ur air a' Chathair.* Bho 'n am 's an do chuir iad cul ris an Impire, *Napoleon III.*, a chaochail ann an Sasunn a' bhliadhna roimhe, tha an duthaich fo 'n ghne uachdaranachd ris an abrar Co-fhlaitheachd (Republic), mar anns na Staitean Aonaichte an America, far an bheil aon d' an t-sluagh air a thaghadh gu bhi 'n a fhear-riaghladh car uine shuidhichte; ach a reir a' chunntais a tha 'tighinn a nall an drast, tha e uile choltach gu 'n bi prionnsa de aon de na seann teaghlaichean rioghail, an *Compte de Chambord*, air a roghnachadh leis an uachdaranachd, co dhiu a bhios e taitneach do 'n t-sluagh no nach bi, gu bhi 'n a righ anns an Fhraing, agus gu suidhe ann an cathair dhocair a shinnsearan.

Is duilich leinn 'innseadh gu 'n do chaochail an t-Urramach *R. S. Candlish, D.D.*, aon de dh-athraichean na h-Eaglaise Saoire air an 19mh latha d' an mhios a chaidh seachad. Bha e ro ainmeil mar shearmonaiche agus mar fhear-labhairt anabarrach deas agus cumhachdach. B' ann an cuirtean na h-Eaglais, an da chuid roimh am an Dealachadh agus 'n a dheigh, a nochd e gu sonrnichte a bhuadhan mor agus eugsamhuil. Tha a bhas a' deanamh bearn ro mhor agus do-leigheas anns an Eaglais Shaoir. Ann an Albainn gu leir, am measg na chaill na h-eaglaisean o chionn ghoirid de churaidhean ainmeil agus cliuiteach —agus cha bheag an aireamh—cha d' thugadh air falbh aon a dh' fhag tuilleadh d'a chomharradh air a dhuthaich agus air an eaglais d' am buineadh e, na an t-Urramach *Dr. Candlish.*

—o—

Facal 's an Dealachadh.

BARRA.—Tha an gearan a tha thu a' deanamh a' cur mor ioghnadh oirnn. Tha thu agradh gu bheil an GAIDHEAL tuilleadh 's baigheil ris na Caimbeulaich—gur gann a tha mios anns nach 'eil sinn a' moladh siol Dhiarmaid. Am bi thu cho math agus 'innseadh c' uin no c' aite an robh an GAIDHEAL a' moladh no a' di-moladh sliochd Dhiarmaid no fine air bith eile; agus gu seachd-sonruichte bu mhath leinn gu 'n comharraicheadh tu a mach dhuinn ma tha sinn a' moladh no a' caineadh ach an uair a tha e air a thoilltinn. Cha bhuin an GAIDHEAL do aon dream no dream eile; b' e a run gu 'n ainmichteadh e air teaghlach mor nan Gaidheal anns gach cearn d' an t-saoghal. Bu math leis a bhi a' cliuthachadh an uair a chi no a chluinneas e mu a luchd-duthcha bhi 'deanamh gu ceart; agus, air an 'laimh eile, a' cronachadh ma ni iad gu h-olc. Bheir e a dhleas agus a dhlighe fein do gach aon: tha e ag radh, mar thuirt an t-oran,—

"Cuiridh mi sios an Caimbeulach dubh;
Togaidh mi nios an Caimbeulach dubh,"

no an Domhnullach dubh, a reir mar a thoilleas e; agus an deigh sin uile,—

"Biodh e dubh, no geal, no grisfhionn,
Gradh mo chridh'-se 'n Caimbeulach dubh!"

no fear sam bith de luchd-aiteachaidh Tir nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach.

A. C., EISDEAL.—Taing air son oran a' *Ghille dhuibh.* Gheobh e aite gun dail.

Fhuair sinn sgeulachd EACHUINN MHIC-IONMHUINN; an Tuireadh a chuir D.B.B. à Canada; oran bho MHAC-OIDHCHE, agus fear eile bho DHOMHNULL MAC-ILLEMHAOIL; cho math ri moran nitheano chairdean eile a tha 'tighinn oirnn cho riaghailteach ris a' ghrein, a dh' eireas gach madainn, air chor 's gu bheil sinn ealamh gu ambare air a solus agus a blathas mar nithean air am bheil coir againn. Gabhadh iad uile ar mile taing; agus mur urrainn duinn aite 'thoirt dhaibh gu leir cho luath 's a bu mhath leo fein no leinne, is ann a thaobh gu bheil am bàta cho beag. Cha chum sinn a' feitheamh an aisig iad ach cho goirid 's a dh' fhaodas sinn. Tha sinn an dochas nach do chuir ar caraid I. C., DUNEHALLAIRE a cheann fo 'sgéith.

—o—

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 216.)

111. *Fàl, balla,* and *wall.*

Fàl (wall) = W. *gwal,* of which *gwawl* is an older form, and is cognate with Lat. *vallum* (wall, rampart of palisades), *vallus* (a stake), Dut. *wal,* A.S. *wall,* Eng. *wall* (lit. a fence of stakes). Of *f* in Gael. = *gw* in Welsh, *v* in Latin, and *w* in Anglo-Saxon and English, examples have been repeatedly given. *Balla* (wall) is perhaps a loan-word from *vallum* or *wall,* for *fàl* rather than *balla* is the regular representative in Gaelic of *vallum* and *wall.*

112. *Fann* and *wan, wane, want, faint.*

Fann (faint) = W. *gwan* or *gwann* (weak, feeble, faint), and is akin to Old Ice. *vanr* (wanting), *vana* (to weaken), A.S. *wana* (wanting), *wan* (pale), Eng. *wan.* *Wane* is from A.S. *wanian* (to decrease, wane), *wana* (wanting). *Want* Wedgwood regards as a derivative from the root *wan.* *Faint* may be compared with *fand* (old form of *fann*), *fandaich* (to faint; = *fannaich*), *fanntas* (weakness), W. *gwendid* (weakness). *Faon* (vain), which corresponds to Lat. *vanus,* belongs to the same root.

113. *Fàisg* and *waist.*

Fàisg (squeeze, compress) = W. *gwasgu* (to squeeze, press), from which, according to Wedgwood, *waist* is derived. *Gwasg* (squeezing) is also applied to the *waist,* the part where the girdle is tied about the middle.

114. *Aingeal* (fire) corresponds to Scot. *ingle* (fire).

115. *Triubhas* and *trowsers.*

Triubhas (trowsers; anc. *tribus*) = W. *trws,* and corresponds to the syllable *trows-* of Eng. *trowsers.* Cf. Stokes' Glosses, p. 68.

116. *Amh* (raw; anc. *ôm*) is cognate with Sansk. *âmá* (raw) and Gr. *ômos* (raw). Cf. Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 36, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 46.

117. *Feòirling* and *farthing.*

Feòirling or *feòirlinn* (farthing) = A.S. *feorthling* (the fourth part of a coin), from which *farthing* is derived.

118. *Uan* and Lat. *agnus.*

Uan (lamb) = W. *oen* and Bret. *oan,* and is akin to Lat. *agnus, uan* having lost a *g.* Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, pp. 75, 77.

119. *Daingean, daingneach,* and *dungeon, donjon.*

Daingean (firm, fortified) may be compared with Low Lat. *dangion,* Fr. *donjon* (fortress), Eng. *dungeon.* Cf. Zeuss' G. C., p. 25 (note. *Daingneach* (fortress) is from *daingean* by adding the termination *ach.* *Donjon* = Fr. *donjon.*

120. *Miad, miadan,* and *mead, meadow.*

Miad (mead, meadow, plain) may be compared with Low Dut. *mäde,* A.S. *mæd* (mead), Eng. *mead.* *Miadan* (meadow) is diminutive of *miad.* Eng. *meadow* is from A.S. *mædewe* from *mæd.* These words are generally regarded as akin to Lat. *metere* (to mow).

121. *Cuileann* and *holly.*

Cuileann (holly) corresponds to W. *celyn* (holly) and is cognate with Old Eng. *hollen* and A.S. *holegn* from which *holly* is derived. *C* in Gaelic

corresponds to *h* in the Germanic languages. For examples see Vol. I. p. 330.

122. *Cuaille* and *pole, pale, pawl (?).*

Cuaille (a pole, a stake) may be compared with W. *pawl* (stake), Lat. *palus* (a stake; = *paglus*), Ger. *pfahl* (pole), A.S. *pol, pal*, Eng. *pole, pale. Pawl* (a pale or stake) corresponds to W. *pawl. C* in Gaelic, as previously noticed (Vol. I. p. 215.), frequently corresponds to *p* in W. and Latin.

123. *Luibh* and *leaf.*

Luibh (herb; in mid. Gael. *lubh)* is cognate with Dut. *loof, loove* (the leaves of trees), Goth. *laufs*, Ger. *laub*, A.S. *leaf*, Eng. *leaf.* The original signification of *leaf*, according to Bosworth and Wedgwood, is *broad, flat.* For the affinity of *lubh* and *leaf* cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 49.

124. *Cruit, cruitear,* and *crowder.*

Cruit (harp, violin; anc. *crot* from *crott)* = *crwth* = Lat. *crotta.* Cf. Old H. Ger. *hrotta.* Eng. *crowd* (fiddle) and *crowder* (fiddler) are from W. *crwth* (a hollow protuberance, belly; fiddle). Welsh *crôth* (bulge, womb) and Gael. *croit* (hump) are regarded by Wedgwood as cognate with *cruit.* The *t* of *cruit* is not aspirated, although flanked by vowels, because it stands for *tt*, which in Welsh becomes *th* by rule. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 37, and Z. G. C., p. 67. *Cruitear* (harper; anc. *cruitire)* is from *cruit.*

125. *Cruinn, cruinne, crùn, coron,* and *crown.*

Cruinn (round) = W. *crwn* (round) and is regarded by Wedgwood as cognate with English *crown*, from Fr. *couronne*, Lat. *corona*, Gr. *korōnē* (a kind of crow, anything hooked or curved like a crow's bill, a kind of crown). *Cruinne* (the globe of the earth) is from *cruinn. Crùn* = *crown. Coron* (crown) = *corona.*

126. *Oide.*

Oide (foster-father, instructor) was in Old Gael. *aite.* The non-aspiration of *aite* points, as observed by Stokes, to an original duplication of *t* in *aite* (= *attia;* cf. *cruitire* = *crottaria*, which may, therefore, be compared to Lat. *atta*, Gr. *atta*, Goth. *atta* (father), Sansk. *atta* (mother). Cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 124.

127. *Gorta, gràdh;* Eng. *greed.*

Gorta (hunger, famine; anc. *gorte)* is connected by Stokes (Ir. Glosses, pp. 83, 125) with Sansk. root *grdh* (desiderare, appetere), Goth. *gredus* (hunger), Old Norse *grâd* A.S. *gredig* (greedy), Eng *greed.* To the same root *(grdh)* Bopp refers (Glossary, p. 113) Gael. *gràdh* (love), and also *greadaim* (I burn) and *greadhnach* (joyful).

128. *Diugh* or *diu* and *day, dawn.*

Diugh or rather *diu* (cf. *an diugh* or *an diu*, to day) is the dat. sing. of the Gael. noun *dia* (day) = W. *diw.* Cf. *Di-luain* (Monday), *Di-màirt* (Tuesday), &c., in which *di* is for *dia* = *divas* (Stokes' Glosses, p. 163). *Dia* may be compared with Sansk. *diran* (day; from root *div*, or *dyu*, to shine), Lat. *dies*, Ger. *tag*, A.S. *dæg* and *day*, Goth. *dags*, Eng. *day. Dawn* (to become day) is from A.S. *dagian* (to dawn), from *day.* Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 187; Z. G. C., p. 36.

129. *Dia.*

Dia (God) is from the same root, *div* (to shine). It corresponds to Sansk. *dêvas*, Gr. *dîos* (divine; = *diFos)*, Lat. *deus* (God), *dîvus* (divine), Lith. *dêvas* (God). The above comparison shows that an original *v* has dropped out of the word *dia.* Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 40.

130. *Bodhag* and *body.*

Bodhag (body; now written *bodhaig)* = A.S. *bodig* (body), Eng. *body.*

131. *Cath, cogadh,* and Ger. *hader.*

Cath (battle) = W. *cat* and is cognate with Goth. *hathus*, Ger. *hader*

(quarrel, brawl). Cf. *catu-* in the Gaulish names *Caturiges* and *Catuslogi*. Stokes suggests that *cogadh* (war; anc. *coccad)* may be *con-cata* (prefix *con* with *cata* = *catu)*.

132. *Dorus* and *door*.

Dorus (door) = W. *drws* and is cognate with Gr. *thura*, Lat. *foris*, Goth. *daur*, *dauro*, Lit. *durys*, Ger. *thür*, A.S. *dor*, Eng. *door*. Bopp refers *dorus* and its cognates to Sansk. *dvâr* (door, gate).

133. *Ruadh*, *rudhadh*, and *red*, *ruddy*.

Ruadh (red; in old Gael. *ruad* = *rod)* = W. *rhudd* and is cognate with Sansk. *rudhira* (blood; from *ruh* for *rudh)* and *rohita* for *rodhita* (red), Gr. *eruthros* (red), Lat. *rufus* (red), *ruber* (red, ruddy; for *rufer)*, and *rutilus* (fiery red), Old A.S. *rod*, Old Ger. *rôt*, Old Ice. *riodr* (ruddy), N. H. Ger. *roth* (red), A.S. *rude*, *reod*, *read*, *red*, Eng. *red*. *Ruddy* is from the same root. Cf. Old Eng. *rode* (the red colour of the face, complexion) with A.S. *rudu* (redness), Low Dut. *rood*, W. *rhudd*. *Rudhadh* (ruddy) may be compared with W. *rhudd*.

It may be noticed here that, according to Grimm's Law, Sansk. *dh* corresponds to Gr. *th*, Lat. *f* (sometimes *b* and *d)*, Old Gael. *d*, Old A.S. *d* (therefore Eng. *d)*, Old H. Ger. *t*.

134. *Uth* and *udder*.

Eng. *udder* is from A.S. *uder*, which is regularly connected with A. H. D. *utar*, N. H. G. *euter*, Lat. *uber*, Gr. *oûthar*, Sansk. *ûdhar* and *ûdhas*. There is little doubt that Gael. *uth* (udder) is related to Sansk. *ûdh-as* and Gr. *oûth-ar*, although, according to rule, Sansk. *dh* and Gr. *th* should be represented by a *d* in Gaelic. Cf. W. *uwd* (pap) which has a medial. Bopp connects Ir. *uit* (udder, dug), notwithstanding the tenues, with the Sansk. *ûdhas*.

135. *Strìopach* and *strumpet*.

Strìopach (harlot; from *strìop-* and the termination *ach)* is connected with Lat. *stuprum* (shame, concubinage), *stupro* (to defile), Old Fr. *stupre*, Eng. *strumpet*.

136. *Spaidsireachd* (walking; also spelt *spaisdeareachd)* is connected with Dan. *spadsere* (to walk), Ger. *spazieren* (to walk, to go out for a walk), Lat. *spatiare* (to walk), from *spatium* (space).

137. *Sliseag* and *slice*.

Sliseag (a shaving of wood; in Middle Gael. *sliseog)* = Eng. *slice*, from Ger. *schleissen* (to cleave, slit, split). Cf. the Old Fr. *esclisier* (to seperate, divide), Old Ice. *slita* (to tear asunder), *slitr* (a piece torn off), A.S. *slitan* (to tear), Eng. *slit*. For *sliseag* and *slice* cf. Stokes' Glosses, p. 116. *Sliseag* is diminutive of *slis* (a chip, slice). Cf. High. Soc. Dict.

138. *Tuath* (peasantry; in Middle Gael. *tuata* = *tut)* is from the root *tu* (to grow, to be strong) and is cognate with Lett. *tauta* (people), Goth. *thiuda* (people), A.S. *theod* (nation, people), H. Ger. *diot* (people), *Deutsh* (German), and *deuten* (to explain, lit. to Germanize). To the same root belong Lat. *totus* (whole), Oscan *tovto* (city), Umbrian *tuta*, *tota* (city), Armoric *tûd* (a nation), Gr. *taûs* (great), Sansk. *tavas* (strong). Cf. *Toutio-rix* (a Gaulish name for Apollo). See Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 73, Max Müller's Lectures, vol. ii. p. 230.

139. *Both*, *bothan*, and *booth*.

Both (booth, tent, cottage, hut; now more frequently *bùth)* = W. *bwth* and is connected with Old Ice. *budh* (a hut, tent, shop), Eng. *booth*. *Bothan* and also *bothag* are diminutives from *both*.

140. *Nead* and *nest*.

Nead (nest; gen. *nid)*, is cognate with Sansk. *nîda* (nest), Lat. *nidus*

(nest) for *nisdus*, Ger. *nest*, A.S. *nest* and *nyst*, Eng. *nest*. The W. is *nyth*.

141. *Gort* or *gart*, *gortan*, *cùirt*, and *garden*, *yard*, *court*, *cohort*.

Gort or *gart* (field, garden, standing corn; = W. *gardd*) is cognate with Gr. *chortos* (an enclosed field) and Lat. *hortus* (any place surrounded with a fence, a garden). Other cognates are Goth. *gards*, A.S. *geard*, Ger. *gart*, Ital. *giardino*, Fr. *jardin*, Eng. *garden*. *Yard* (a place enclosed) is from A.S. *geard*. *Court* is derived, through the French, from the Lat. *chors*, gen. *chortis*, (= *cors* or *cohors*, gen. *cohortis*, a yard or pen, also a sheepfold), connected with Gr. *chortos*. The *cohorts* or divisions of the Roman army, were called by that name because so many soldiers constituted a pen or a court (Max Muller's Lectures, vol. ii. p. 297). Gael. *gortan* is diminutive of *gort* or *gart*. *Cùirt* is from *court*.

142. *Nòin* and *noon*.

Nòin (noon; = W. *nawn*) from Lat. *nona* (the ninth hour of the day), from *nonus* for *novenus* (ninth; from *noven*). Cf. A.S. *non*, Dut. *noen*, Eng. *noon*. Wedgwood thinks that the transference of the signification of *noon* from mid-afternoon to mid-day has taken place through an alteration in the time of the canonical services, of which seven were performed in the day. From an early period the *nona*, so called from its having been originally celebrated at the ninth hour (about three in the afternoon), was held in Italy about mid-day.

143. *Fèith* or *fèithe* and *withe*.

Fèith or *fèithe* (sinew) may be compared with Gr. *itea* (a willow; = *ritea*), Lat. *vitis* (vine, the branch of a vine, a young shoot, from *vico*, to bind with twigs, to weave), *ritta* (band), *vimen* (any pliant twig), Ger. *weide* (willow), Eng. *withe*. Cf. W. *gwden* (a withe), also Sansk. *vitika* (a tie or fastening), *veiasas* (a reed). See Stokes' Ir. Glosses, pp. 47, 156; Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 349; Liddell and Scott's Gr. Dictionary. The last regards *itea* as probably derived from Sansk. *vê* (to weave), to which Bopp refers Gael. *fighim* (I weave) and *fuaghaim* (I sew). See Sansk. Glossary, p. 372.

(To be continued.)

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LEGENDARY HISTORY OF THE SCOTS.

In the beginning of the sixth century a band of those Scots who occupied Ireland, under the sons of Gaidheal, first settled in the land which now bears their name. On their arrival they merely seized upon the western districts of Alban, called Arregaidheal, from, say the chronicles, Erc, the father of the founder of the Scoto-Dalriadic kingdom, and GAIDHEAL, the founder of the Scottish race. The reason of their settlement in Albin is thus accounted for:—When the Scots took possession of Ireland the territory towards the north was alloted to Erc, son of Scota. At his death, this district, known as Dalriada, passed into the hands of his sons. The more powerful of them, however, appropriate all the fertile lands, and the weaker are left to search out new homes in other climes. Fergus mor, one of sons thus wronged, repeated his woes to St. Patrick, and requested his interposition in his swaying his brothers to divide the land equally. As for his own division, he said, he was willing to hand it over to the Saint in the case he was successful in settling the dispute. This he easily did; but as too holy to enjoy any rewards obtained for work done in virtue of his favour with heavenly agencies, he presents the land to his

friend, Bishop Olcan, of Arthermuighe. And just as the patriarchs of old were wont to confer blessings after having eaten of the food provided for the occasion by the person who was to receive the blessing, so St. Patrick, after having received the lands at the hands of Fergus, with the voice of a prophet thus addressed him :—"Though thou art this day disinherited and despised in the sight of thy brothers, thou shalt in a short time be king and chief of them all. From thee most renowned kings shall descend, who will not only reign in their own land, but also in the land of Fortrenn." The blessing of St. Patrick kindled new hopes in his breast. He set out with his three brothers, Lorne, Angus, and Fergus, and a number of followers for the land of Fortrenn. They arrived in the west of Scotland, and occupied Argyle, the district from the sea to Drumalban. This they called Dalriada, after the Dalriada of their home country. Fergus was crowned king of the new kingdom on the Stone of Destiny, which he carried with him to Scotland. Of this event the Chronicle of the Picts and Scots says: "And be it known that Fergus, son of Ferchar of Ireland, descended from Scota, was the first who called himself King of Scotland; and reigned three years in Inchgeall, beyond Dumbretain." The "Chronicon Ryhthmicum" states the fact more clearly when it mentions that he was the first king of the Scots of Alban. The account given by the "Chronicle of the Scots" adds that he was the first to bear the lion rampant as the royal device of Scotland. "And yan aye kingis sonne, callit Ferguse Farchare, tuk ane gret powere of menne and comme in our Scotland, and tuke ye crounn of it and brot in ye armis of Scotland, ye quihilk is a reide rampant leonn in ane scheild of gold. Versus:

Albioun in terris rea primus germine Scotus
Ipsorum ternus rubri tulit arma leonis,
Fergusius fulvo Farchare rugentis in arvo
Christum tercentis terdonis prefuit annis.

And sen synne failzit nevir King oure Scotland to yis day of richt lynne doune to our Soverane Lord yat now is King, ye quihilk God kepe, na zit fra Gayele our first king to ye said Ferguse, ye quihilk nowmir cummis neire to sax scoir of kingis, na nevir strangeare rignyt on ws, na zit had dominationnn."

The Kingdom of Dalriada was divided into four tribes—the Cinel Lorn, and the Cinel Angus; the Cinel Gabran, and the Cinel Comgall, descended from the two sons of Domangarb, son of Fergus. The Cinel Concridhe in Isla represented Fergus beg. The Cinel Lorn possessed the district of Argyll still called Lorn. They were the most powerful of all the clans of Dalriada. Its army consisted of 700 men. Their sea muster amounted to fourteen benches to each twenty houses. The Cinel Lorn consisted altogether of 420 houses. It was subdivided into various smaller clans, each chief of which had so many houses under his command.

The chief seat of the tribe of Lorn was the stronghold of Dunolly, built by Selvach, son of Fergus, on a rock in the entrance to the bay of Oban. It was afterwards destroyed by him in the year 701. This tribe suffered a severe defeat in a battle between Feraclar fada and the Britons. There is also a record of a naval battle having been fought at Ardeanesby, between the Cinel Lorn, under Selvach, and the Cinel Gabran, under Duncan m-bec, in which the latter were victorious. Of the tribes in-

dividually there is not much to state. The Cinel Angus inhabited the islands of Isla and Jura. Their armed muster amounted to 500 men. Their naval resources were fully equal to those of the Cinel Lorn. The Cinel Gabran though weaker in foot soldiers, possessed the advantage over the other tribes in its sea muster. Inhabiting Argyle proper, Kintyre (Cowal) and the Islands, they had 570 houses, 130 more than the Cinel Lorn. There sea muster would, therefore, amount to about 400 benches. The sea fight between this tribe and the Cinel Lorn has been referred to. The Cinel Comgall inhabited the district of Comgall (Cowal). They formed a part of the Cinel Gabran, so that the exact number of their fighting men is not known. In the "Annals of Ulster," under the year 1710, is the following entry;—"*Imbairecc apud genus Comgail ubi duo filii Nechtain meic Doirgarto jugulati sunt*, that is, in this year a battle was fought against the Cinel Comgall, when the two sons of Nechtan Mac Doirgart were slain." This legend shows that the tribe of Comgall, most probably including the tribe of Gabran, was sufficiently strong to give battle to the Picts—for the name Nechtan is at once connected with the Pictish Kingdom.

As to Dalriada, many are the battles which were said to have been fought within its bounds during its existence for four hundred years alongside of the fierce and powerful Picts. They defeated the Britons on two different occasions; once at Loirgeclet, where Murgal, son of Nae, was slain, and again at the rock which was called Minvirce. They encountered the Picts at Marbulg, in Dalriada, defeated them, and took their king captive. Their fleet, under Flaibeartach, an Irish prince, committed great ravages in Ireland, and especially in the island of Honie, where, say the "Annals of Tighearnac," "Concobar, son of Lochein, and Branchu, son of Brian, were slain, and many others were drowned in the river Bann." They are again victorious over the Picts at the battle of Ardcorain; when Kenneth Kerr slew Fiachna, king of the Picts. The chronicles now furnish us with a chapter of defeats. At the battle of Fedhacoin Mailchaich, king of the Picts, defeated them, and slew their king, Kenneth Kerr, who reigned for the short space of two months. They also suffered great defeat in a battle fought at Glenlemma (the Vale of Leven). In 736 the whole of Dalriada was subdued by Angus Mac Fergus, king of the Picts. The "Annals of Tighearnac" states the event in the following brief way:—"Angus Mac Fergus, king of the Picts, devastated the territories of Dalriada, possessed Dunadd (its capital), burnt Creich (in Mull), and bound in chains the two sons of Selvach, Dongal and Feredach." About the year 650 they came under the power of Oswy, king of the Angles. Previous to this date the kings of Dalriada were always descended from Fergus, but by this defeat the line of succession was transferred to the House of Lorn, and Ferchar Fada, the head of the Cinel, was made King of Dalriada. It remained with the race of Lorn till Alpin, the last King of the Scots, who, on being expelled from Dalriada, seized upon Galloway, and died there.

When St. Columba came to Alban to convert the northern Picts he was received into the confidence of the Scottish kings. Iona was given to him by Conall, king of Dalriada; and the protection of that monarch was always at his service. When Conall

died the power of inaugurating another king was vested in the person of Columba. At the Council of Drumceat, held in Ireland, he obtained the independence of the Scoto-Dalriadic kingdom. Previous to this it was subject to the Irish Dalriadic kingdom. So intimately was he connected with civil and military affairs that, after his death, the Albans, when they went to battle, were wont to invoke his aid. On one occasion when they were severely beset by the Lochlans, it is said, they used his crozier as a standard. In the same account it is mentioned that by means of it they had often gained victory in battles.

With this brief notice of St. Columba's connection with the Scots of Dalriada it may be fitting to close these rambling notices of the Legendary History of the Scots.

R. Mac-an-Rothaich.

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GAELIC GRAMMAR AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

Sir,—The Rev. Mr. Cameron's rejoinder to my letter of the 19th August is an amusing production. He evidently feels very sore at having his statements called in question. One would have thought that a person who so frequently acts as the censor of others would exhibit the utmost coolness and composure himself when reminded of his fallibility. Instead of this, however, no sooner is the slightest drop of the acid of criticism allowed to fall upon his own back than he instantly squirms up like a tortured worm; takes to personalities and petty recriminations; and drawing himself up in the full consciousness of unapproachable superiority, affects to treat my strictures with lofty contempt and very clumsy irony; then rushing to the printer's font he returns, and for want of a more effective weapon demolishes his pigmy opponent with a mark of exclamation.

Mr. Cameron, at the very outset, seeks to open an old sore which he himself, he takes care to tell us, "very gently" closed up at a former time. It appears, however, that he now regrets his extreme tenderness on that occasion, for he discloses a discovery that he has made, namely, that I had not very accurately copied from the M'Nicol MSS. for *Leabhar na Féinne*, the ballad, "Oisean agus an Cléireach," which he also it seems copied from the same MSS. and published with notes in the Gael. All this, Mr. Editor, is irrelevant to the point at issue, and is useful for my purpose only to show that "going out of the way" is not a peculiarity of which I alone deserve to be accused.

Your correspondent in maintaining that "a' bualadh caismeachd thiamhaidh thruaigh an éig" is perfectly correct, is surprised that he should be charged with falling into the same error as Calum Ciobair. He says that Calum Ciobair erred in not using the genitive after the infinitive [the verbal noun], while he, Mr. Cameron, did employ the genitive. Their mistake consisted in the improper application of the rule. His assertion that "caismeachd" is in the genitive governed by the infinitive, is contradicted by the two succeeding adjectives "thiamhaidh" and "thruaigh." It is scarcely necessary to mention what every tyro in Gaelic grammar knows, —that the qualitative adjective following its noun, not predicating of it, agrees with such noun in gender and case. Mr. Cameron cites an array of texts in support of his cause, appealing to the "almost invariable usage of the translators of

the Gaelic Scriptures," notwithstanding that he himself, in a lecture reported in the GAEL, Vol. I. p. 218, says that "the Gaelic Scriptures must be purged of the errors and anomalies which escaped the notice of the translators, and also of the revisers of 1820." I should say that what is strictly idiomatic, and, to say the least of it, *not ungrammatical*, is to be preferred to that which is neither *idiomatic* nor grammatical, though sanctioned by the almost invariable usage of certain people whose work abounds in errors and anomalies.

Mr. Cameron's better nature seems to be asserting itself toward the end of his letter; the playful banter of his closing paragraph is quite refreshing. In his remarks about Béinn-Nibheis, however, he seems to forget that *i* is a primitive vowel; and also, that we have incontrovertible evidence that the attenuation to which he refers is at least five score years old — Béinn-Nibheis it was then, Béinn-Bibheis it is now, and Béinn-Nibheis it is likely to continue to be. —I am, &c., D. C. M.

Edinburgh, 22d October, 1873.

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OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the prospectus of a new work on the above subject by the Rev. Dr. P. Hately Waddell. The subject is in itself one of intrinsic and outstanding importance to all Highlanders, and from the great learning of the author, as well as his indefatigability in the collection of evidence to prove the authenticity of Ossian's poems, we anticipate a volume of no common interest. Dr. Waddell has an amount of cumulative evidence which he states will prove to a mathematical certainty the authenticity and truth of the poems in question. His work will be arranged under the following heads—

I. Geological and Geographical evidence.

II. Geographical and Traditional.

III. Historical and Geographical.

IV. Critical and Statistical.

V. A large Appendix of varied contents.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

LONDON.—The Gaelic Society of London is in a very prosperous condition. An interesting paper was recently read by Mr. Donald Kennedy, the Librarian, his subject being "The origin of clan names."

GREENOCK.—The opening lecture of the course under the auspices of the Gaelic Society was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Masson, of Edinburgh, his subject being "The Gael in the Far West." The lecture was throughout most interesting. We regret that our limited space prevents our availing ourselves of some extracts from it at present. We may do so at a future time.

INVERNESS.—Mr. W. Mackay, late secretary of the Gaelic Society here, has been entertained to a complimentary supper, and presented with a gold watch and chain, on the occasion of his leaving for Edinburgh. Mr. Wm. Mackenzie has been appointed his successor as secretary to the Gaelic Society. The syllabus for the coming session has been arranged, and comprises a variety of talent which gives promise of a very successful session. —Arrangements are being made for the establishment of a free library, and funds are being raised for the purpose.

FORT-WILLIAM AND TYNDRUM.—A correspondent writes as follows:—For the last two or three days parties have been engaged in making a preliminary survey of the route from Tyndrum, through Glencoe, to Fort-William, with the view of constructing a railway to join the Oban and Callander line at Tyndrum. This would certainly be a better route than to Kingussie, as it is much more direct to Endinburgh and Glasgow. The proposed line will, it is said, be of a narrower guage than that in ordinary use, but some doubt may be entertained of the correctness of this statement. It would certainly add much to the expense of working it, as it

could not be worked with the same plant as other lines. The principal engineering difficulties will be connected with Lochleven and Glencoe, but a narrower part of the Loch above the mouth of the Cona may be bridged without much difficulty, and the upper part of the Glen cannot be above 700 or 800 feet above the sea level, while the distance from the loch will be six or seven miles. Great difficulty will, however, be experienced in protecting the line from winter torrents in the glen, and the traffic will not warrant a heavy expenditure either in constructing or maintaining it.

LOCHIEL.—Some Highlanders in Melbourne have lately sent some presents to Lochiel, M.P., with the following address:—

[Gaelic.]

Do

Dhomhnull Mac Dhomhnuill Dhuibh,
Ceann-cinne Chlann-Chamaroin, Triath
Lochial Agus Lochabar.

Tha sinne, comhlan do Ghaeil ann an Bhictoria, Australia, deonach a thaisbeineadh ar spéis do 'n og-shar uasal a choisinn Taigh Mhic Dhomhnuill Duibh, a' tairgsinn dha leis an teisteas so, ar deadhtheil agus mor-spéis.—

"Leansa clin na dh'aom a chaoidh ;
Mar d' aithreachan bi-sa féin ;
'An duanabh nam bard tha 'n cliu."

[English.]

To

Donald Cameron, M.P.,
Chief of the illustrious house of Lochiel.

We, an assembly of Highlanders in Victoria, Australia, being desirous of testifying our admiration and regard for the renowned name of Lochiel, hereby offer to its present representative the following testimonial :—

"Ever follow their fame who have gone :
Be thou as thy fathers were.
In the lays of bards is their renown."

J. H. MACVEAN, Chairman.
JAS. D. RANKIN, } Joint
A. CAMERON, } Secretaries.

CHICAGO.—The Highland Association of Chicago held its first semi-annual gathering on the 22d August last. The Society is mainly composed of ladies and gentlemen who have retained the Gaelic language, and is at once social and literary in its character. Its ultimate object is to secure for its members a library of Gaelic works, which it can obtain from no other library. The gathering was not as large as it will be on the next occasion, but was sufficiently so to encourage the members in continuing the organisation. The programme embraced a medley, purely national in character, as follows:—A selection of Highland music on the pagpipes, by Joseph Cant; address of Mr. Macpherson, the chairman, read by Mr. M'Laughlin; a Gaelic song, quartette, by the Messrs. Mackays and Macleans; selection of Highland music on the piano by Mrs Macpherson; the Highland Fling, by Gilbert Robertson; an address to the Society, by the Rev. Mr. M'Laughlin; and a recess and refreshment by all the party; a similar programme for the second part, containing, besides, the sword dance, and concluding with "Auld Lang Syne." The evening was one of real enjoyment the members. It is interesting and gratifying that our countrymen across the Atlantic retain so much of their national character.

GLENALADALE.—On the occasion of her Majesty's visit to Glenfinnan, Mr. Macdonald of Glenaladale had the honour of showing her Majesty several very valuable relics of Prince Charlie. Among these were a silver snuff-box with two compartments, which was presented to Mr. Macdonald's great-grandfather by Prince Charlie at Borrodale, just before the Prince quitted this country for ever. On one side is the inscription, "Testimonium grati animi." On the other side there has been engraved an inscription which was written by Sir Walter Scott, to whom the box was at one time shown—"Presented by Prince Charles Edward Stewart to Angus Macdonald, at Borrodale, whose roof afforded him shelter on two memorable occasions, the first and the last nights which he spent in Scotland, 1746." There was also shown to her Majesty a beautiful little gold watch which belonged to Prince Charlie, with a miniature of his daughter in enamel set in diamonds in the French style, and a gold ring containing a portion of his bright flaxen hair, which, it is said, was cut off at Kingsburgh, in Skye. The watch, it may be remarked, was given by Prince Charlie when he was in Rome to Lord Nairn, one of the Jacobite fugitives, and was by him transmitted to the Macdonald family a few years ago. It may be stated that Mr. Macdonald has in his possession an autograph letter of Prince Charlie's which, however, was not at hand to show to her Majesty on the occasion of her visit to Glenfinnan. When Charlie set his foot on the Moidart shore, he despatched letters to his adherents in all parts of the country, calling upon them to meet him at the trysting-place in deep

Glenfinnan. or else asking them to be ready to join him when he marched out of his retreat among the hills. One of these was to a Mr. Peter Smith, who lived in Aberdeenshire, and who was a connection of the Gordons of Baldornie and Wardhouse; and the letter, which is written in a clear, bold hand, runs this:—"Kinloch, August ye 14th, 1745. Being come into this country with the firm resolution to assert the King my father's right, I think it proper to inform you of it, having always heard such an account of your loyalty and principles that I think I have just reason to depend on them. I intend to set up the King's standard at Glenfinnan on Monday, ye 19th instant. Since the time is so short, I cannot expect your presence; but I hope you will not fail to join me as soon as possible. You need not doubt of my being always ready to acknowledge so important a service, and give you proofs of my sincere friendship.—CHARLES P. R." The letter has been sealed with the Royal seal, and on the back was written, "For Mr. Peter Smith." Mr. Macdonal also has in his possession a two drone bagpipe, the drones being made of lignum vitæ, and mounted with ivory, which was played on the occasion—

"When in deep Glenfinnan's valley, thousands on their bended knees,
Saw once more the stately ensign waving in the northern breeze."

and which also was played on the fatal field of Culloden, when, according to Aytoun, the antiquated system of clanship expired in a blaze of glory.

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HIGHLAND PEAT FUEL.

A prospectus has been published of the Highland Peat Fuel Company Limited, capital £100,000, in shares of £10 each. The meetings which were held at Inverness in July, when the subject of peat fuel was discussed, directed attention to the capabilities of South Morar for manufacturing peat into condensed fuel by means of Clayton's patent masticating machine, or any other better process that may be discovered. Clayton's patent is undoubtedly the best at present. Various plans for artificial peat-drying now, however, are patented. As the proprietor of Morar could not command the capital for utilising such an extent of peat as there is is on the estate, he has come to terms with the Highland Peat Fuel Company, in order that this new industry might be introduced into the Highlands, and that employment would thereby be afforded to the labouring population. The Company buys the Estate of Morar, and while it goes on working the peat, it is in fact improving its own property. Of course the operations of the Company are not to be confined to one place. It is expected that they will soon extend their works to other suitable localities in the North.

By the process of manufacture adopted an admirable fuel is made, which can be sold much cheaper than coal, and serve every purpose for which coal is used, and even better for many purposes. The specimens of condensed Morar peat made by Clayton's process are remarkably fine and solid, and, considering they are only three weeks old and have been lying in a box, they are wonderfully hard. It is a common idea that the fuel is made by compression. Now, the fact is, the peat is converted into a pulp by mastication and the thorough cutting-up of the fibres, which contain air and water, and thereby the elements are liberated. The peat pulp is then placed under sheds to dry, and by its own density solidifies, and when dry makes a really excellent fuel. — *Inverness Courier.*

To Correspondents.

We regret that FRAOCH's article on *Celtic Topography* is crowded out till next month.

A Correspondent in London would be obliged if any of the readers of the GAEL could furnish him with a copy of the complete words of *Crodh Chailein.*

AN
GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] DARA MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1873. [22 Air.

DONNCHA CAIMBEUL.

V.

Bha laitheau agus solasan ar n-oige a' dol seachad le 'cheile; ach bha curaman agus solasan eile a' feitheamh oirnn. Mar dh' fhas sinn ann an neart agus ann am bliadhnaibh, chuibhtich sinn a' bhuachailleachd, gu bhi a' gabhail ar pairt fein ann an saothrachadh an fhearainn, anns am biodh Mairi gu tric 'g ar cuideachadh. Bha i fein agus Donncha 'n an comhaoisean—bha esan ard, eireachdail, agus aoidheil; agus ma bha aon nighean eile anns an sgireachd a bu bhoidhche na Mairi, cha b' i sin barail Dhonnchai no mo bharail fein. Bu tric leinn a bhi a' coimeas gach maighdinn a b' aithne dhuinn ri 'cheile, a thaobh an eireachdais agus am buadhan, ach b' fhada uainn a ghabhadh e an te a b' fhearr dhiu a choimeas idir ri Mairi. Bha i firinneach, simplidh, neo-chiontach; agus na 'm b' ainneamh iad a bu mhaisich, bu ro ainneamh iad a bha cho math agus cho taitneach, ionmholta 'n an cliu agus 'n an giulan; ach mar bha i a' fas ann an laitheau, chite gu 'n robh i mar an ceudna a' fas ni bu toighiche air cuideachd Dhonnchai; agus mu 'n robh i thar naoi bliadhna deug a dh-aois, thuit i ann an gaol a thug atharrachadh aithnichte air a giulan, air a spiorad, agus air a slainte. Air uairibh, bhiodh i cho sunndach mhireagach ri piseig, a' seinn, a' dannsa, agus a' gaireachdaich le aotromas deothasach, neo-mheasarra. Air uairibh eile, bhiodh i tosdach, trom-inntinneach, le cianalas marbhanta 'n a gnuis, leis an robh boichead a h-iomhaigh air a meudachadh. Cha bu ghaol gun chomain e; ach chum Donncha 'fhaireachduinnean 'n a uchd fein, ged a bha iad gu soilleir air an taisbeanadh anns an t-suairceas chaomhail, chomhfhulangach a bha e a' nochdadh gu bunailteach d' a taobh. Bha Mairi mar sud air a luasgadh le eagal, agus le dochas, aig an robh a leithid de bhuaidh air a h-aigaidhean agus air a giulan 's nach bu chomasach dhi an eucail ioma-ghneitheach a bha a' reubadh a cridhe simplidh, saor, neo-chealgach, a chumail folaichte.

Air do chuisean a bhi a' seasamh anns an t-suidheachadh ud, thainig tuiteamas 'n ar căramh, leis an robh ar sonas air a ghrad luasgadh, agus thainig a nis an t-am anns am b' eiginn gu 'm biodh bristeadh air a dheanamh air comunn cho chaoimhneil, cho ghaolach, agus cho chaidreach 's a bha riamh a chomhnuidh fo 'n aon fhardoich.

Mu 'n am ud cha robh na caoirich mhora leis am bheil a' Ghaidhealtachd a nis a' cur thairis, ri 'm faotainn ach ro thearc an tuath no an iar air Druim-Alba, agus mar sin, bha a' Ghaidhealtachd ann an tomhas mor an eiseimeil na Galldachd airson cloimhe gu bhi a' deanamh aodaich d' a luchd-aiteachaidh. Fad mios no 'dha de gach samhradh, bhiodh sgaothan de "mhnathan-cloimhe" tuathach, mar theirte riu, a' siubhal air feadh n' an gabhalaichean chaorach 's an taobh-deas, a' malairt sheudan saor, agus faoinrudan, ann an suaip airson cloimhe; agus b' ainmig oidhche air nach biodh aon no 'dha dhiu air chairtealau ann an tigh m' athair. Is ann o dhithis dhiu sud a fhuair Donncha

a mach co e, agus ciod a bha e; gur h-e a bh' ann, aon mhac agus oighre Tighearna Ghlinneilich, agus gu 'n robh suim mhor air a tairgse do neach air bith leis am faighte 'mach e. Bha deagh fhortan Dhonnchai gun teagamh, 'n a thoileachas-inntinn do m' pharantan, ach bha e ro chruaidh leotha dealachadh ris; oir bha e cho uigheil aca ri aon d' an cloinn fein; agus tha mi 'creidsinn, o 'n cheud latha 'chunnaic iad e, gus an latha air an d' thainig na mnathan-cloimhe ud 'n a rathad, nach do smuaintich iad gu 'n dealaicheadh iad ris. Air mo shon fein dheth, 's e a b' fhearr leam nach robh na mnathan ud riamh air am breth; oir bha dealachadh ri m' dheagh chompanach 'n a sgaineadh cridhe dhomh. Ach cha robh ar faireachduinnean uile ach mar neoni an coimeas ri faireachduinnean mo pheathar, Mairi. O 'n latha a dh' fhalbh na mnathan-cloimhe, cha 'n fhacas fiamh-ghaire air a gnuis; cha d' rinn i teugmhail a cridhe aithnichte do neach fo 'n ghrein agus bha i 'n duil gu 'n robh a gaol do Dhonncha fhathasd 'n a dhiomhaireachd do na h-uile neach.

Mar theaghlach, luidh dubhachas tiamhaidh air ar caidreamh o 'n am ud; gheibhte sinn latha an deigh latha a' suidhe agus ag eirigh o 'n bhord gun dad de chonaltradh saor no suilbhir ri cach a cheile. Aon latha aig am dinnearach, bhrist m' athair a stigh air an tosdachd neo-aoidheil ud, agus thuirt e ri Donncha, "gu 'n robh e an dochas nach robh e 'cur roimhe ar fagail an cabhaig." "Tha mi an duil," arsa Donncha, "falbh am maireach." Thuit an sgian á laimh mo mhathar; sheall i direach 'n a aodann car mionaid. "A Dhonnchai"—ars' ise, le guth bristeach, agus i 'sileadh dheur—"A Dhonnchai, dh' fhairtlich orm riamh thuige so 'fheoraich dhiot, ach tha mi 'n dochas nach e do run ar treigsinn gu buileach?" Phut Donncha a thrinnsein uaithe gu meadhon a' bhuird—ghlac e leabhar 'a bha lamh ris air bonn na h-uinneige, agus thoisich e ri tionndadh nan duilleagan. Dh' fhag Mairi an seomar. Cha do fhreagair Donncha, agus cha dubhairt mo mhathair smid tuilleadh ris aig an am ud; agus mar sin sgaoil ar comunn beag ann an tosdachd mar 'b' abhaist.

An uair a chruinnich sinn a rithist 's an fheasgar, bha sinn cho tosdach 's bu ghnath leinn. Thoisich mo mhathair air seanachas mu chaochladh de nithibh, ach bha e soilleir nach robh a bheag de cheangal aig a smuaintean ris na briathran a bha air a bilean. "A Dhonnchai," arsa m' athair, "cha 'n fhada gus an leig thu sinne as do chuimhne; ach tha cuid dhinne nach diochuimhnich thusa ri 'luathas." Ghrad dh' eirich Mairi agus chaidh i 'rithist a mach as an t-seomar; cha do labhradh focal tuilleadh re an fheasgair, gus an do ghairmeadh an teaghlaich a dh-ionnsuidh an aoraidh. Bha earrann de urnuigh m' athar air an oidhche ud air am bheil fathasd deagh chuimhne agam, focal air fhocal. Faodaidh i a bhi neo-thoirteil ann am beachd mo luchd-leughaidh, ach rinn i drughadh domhain oirnne, agus cha d' fhag i suil thioram am measg an teaghlaich uile. Bha an earrann ud mar a leanas. "A Dhe, is treud beag, neo-fhiughail sinne a tha an so air ar gluinean ann ad lathair, ach beag mar tha sinn, is e is dócha nach lub sinn uile ar gluinean le 'cheile 'n ad lathair ni 's mo anns a' bheatha so. Bha sinn fada le 'cheile ann an sith agus ann an suaimhneas, agus an dochas gu 'm faodamaid a bhi mar sin moran ni 'b' fhaide; ach o 'n is i do thoilse gu 'n dealaich sinn, cuidich leinn striochdadh dhi gu bunailteach; agus ged sgapar leat sinn ri ceithir ghaothaibh neimh, biodh do ghairdein uile-chumhachdach mu

'r timchioll airson maith, agus deonaich gu 'n coinnich sinn uile fadheoidh ann an saoghal is fearr."

Air an ath mhaduinn, dh' eirich Donncha gu moch, chuir e uime an deise a b' fhearr a bh' aige, agus phaisg e suas caochladh de rudan beaga a bhuineadh dha. Bha mise air mo chur thuige gu goirt, 'n am luidhe 's an leabaidh agus a' leigeil orm a bhi 'n am throm chadal 'N uair a bha Donncha ullamh chuir e 'ultach fo 'achlais, thainig e gu taobh na leapa a dh-eisdeachd an robh mise 'n am dhusgadh. Sheas e car greis a' sealtuinn an drasd 's a rithist air an dorus, agus chunnaic mi e uair no 'dha a' suathadh a shul. Mu dheireadh, chaislich e mi gu caomhail, a' feoraich an robh mi 'n am dhusgadh. Fhreagair mi e mar gu 'm bithinn 'n am leth chodal. "Mo shoraidh leat," ars' esan, agus e a' sireadh mo laimhe anns an dorcha. "Nach feith thu ri d' bhraiceas leinn," thuirt mi ris. "Tha mi 'saoilsinn," arsa Donncha, "gu 'r h-e is fearr dhomh sèapadh air falbh, oir sgainidh e mo chridhe, mo shoraidh fhagail aig do pharantan agus aig"—"Agus co aige, a Dhonnchai?" arsa mise. "Agus agad fein," ars' esan. "Cha 'n e sin is fearr, a Dhonnchai," arsa mise; "gabhaidh sinn uile ar braiceas le cheile, airson na h-uair mu dheireadh, agus an sin, gabhaidh sinn ar cead de chach a cheile." Re na h-uine a shuidh sinn aig a' bhord, bha ar conaltradh mu na laitheau a dh' fhalbh, gle dhruidhteach. 'N uair a thug m' athair buidheachas, bha fios againn ciod a bha gu tighinn, agus thoisich sinn air sealltuinn an aodannaibh a cheile. Dh' eirich Donncha, agus air dhuinn a luchdachadh le ar guidheachan cairdeil agus le ar ar beannachdan, phog e m' athair agus mi fein. Thionndaidh e mu 'n cuairt; chite gu soilleir 'n a shuil, gu 'n robh e ag ionndrainn cuid-eigin nach robh 's an lathair ach bha a chridhe cho lan 's nach b' urrainn e diog a radh. "C' àite am bheil Mairi?" arsa m' athair. Bha Mairi air chall. Rannsaich sinn gach cuil a's cuilidh 's an tigh, anns a' gharadh, agus an tighean n' an coiteirean, ach cha d' fhuaradh i. Mairi bhochd threigte, leointe, aonarach! Dh' fholuich si i fein fo sheann chraoibh iubhair a bha dluth do 'n tigh, far am faiceadh i cuspair a ceud ghaoil, agus annsachd a sul a' toirt cul a chinn rithe, gun i bhi air a faicinn a' taomadh a mach tuilteau maoineach a cridhe an deigh Dhonnchai. Mairi bhochd! Bu tric a chuala mi gu soilleir osna throm a cleibh, agus a chunnaic mi a suilean dearg le caoineadh; agus bu leoir e gu cridhe adamaint a leaghadh, am fiamh ghaire fann leis am biodh a h-aghaidh throm, mharbhanta a' lasadh suas, 'n uair a chluinneadh i aon air bith a' labhairt gu speiseil mu Dhonncha.

Air feasgar an t-seathamh latha an deigh do Dhonncha tigh m' athar fhagail, rainige tigh-mor Ghlinneilich, a tha 'n a sheasamh air srath beag, boidheach, coillteach ann an sealladh an Iar-chuain agus Innse-Gall. Bha gach craobh, a's creag agus frithrathad fhathasd gu soilleir 'n a chuimhne; agus cha 'n urrainnear faireachduinnean blath cridhe Dhonnchai, mar a bha e 'tighinn dluth air tigh 'athar, a thuigsinn, ach a mhain le cridheachan rud-eigin coionann ri a chridhe fein. Dh' fhoghluim e o dhuine a choinnich ris air an rathad, ach do nach d' rinn se e fein aithnichte, gu 'n robh 'athair fhathasd beo; ach nach d' fhuair e riamh an uachdar air call a' mhic, airson an robh e ri sior chaoidh gach latha; gu 'n robh a bhean agus a nighean straiceil, cruaidh-chridheach ris, neo-shuimeil mu 'thoil, agus a' deanamh laithean a shean aois

anabarrach mi-shona dha; gu 'n d' fhogair iad an t-seann tuath agus na coiteirean as an oighreachd, agus gu 'n robh an aiteachan air an lionadh le cairdean cumanta, graisgeil, ladarna na bain-tighearna, o nach robh e a' faotainn ach ro bheag de mhal, de urram, no de umhlachd.

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

——o——

DUAN CALLAINNE.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

FONN.—"*Bèinn Dòrain.*"

URLAR.

'S i 'n nochd an oidhch' is buadhoir
A dh' òrdaicheadh;
Diolaidh sinn na duain
Mar is còir dhuinn.
Tha bliadhn' ag imeachd bhuainn,
Bliadhn' tigh'n òirnn á nuadh,
'G imtreachadh le cuartachadh
Ordamail.
'S i 'n nochd an oidhch' is dual duinn
Bhi ròiceil;
An fhéisd ga cur a suas
Air na bòrdaibh;
A' ghloin' a' dol mu 'n cuairt,
'S fallain an stuth fuar,
Rati an Taoibh-Tuath—
Mac-an-Tòisich e.
Cridhealas gun ghruaim
Aig ar n-òg-fhearaibh;
Bannal thogadh fuaim
Air na h-òrana,
Fidheal ga cur suas—
Inneal-ciùil nam buadh,
'Sheinneadh na puirt luatha
Bu cheòlmhoire.
Guidhim dhuibh 's gach uair,
Ailleas, tlachd, a's buaidh,—
Cleachdainnean nan uaislean
'Thug fòghlum dhuibh.
Saoghal fada, buan;
Pailt ur bliochd 's ur buar;
Fortan air ur sluaigh
Fhad 's is beò iad.

SIUBHAL.

O, seinnibh an ealaidh
Romh 'n cabhagach sraonadh;
An ealaidh bheag ghrad-bhriathrach,
Aigeannach, aotrom.
Hùganaich chaithreamach,
Inntinneach, aithghearr,
A thogadh ar n-aigne
Bho ghart-ghreann an Fhaoillich.
Chollainn seo, Challainn sin,
Fheara mo ghaoil-sa!
Buailibh am balla
Le deannal nan gàirdean!
Sàr bhuillean sreallanta,
Troma nan gallan,
Bheir diosgan a's fathrum
Air darach nan taobhan,
Gu neartmhor a' slachdraich
Ri clachan an aolaich.
Mhuinntir tha 's teach,
Do an cleachadh bhi caomhail,
Mo dhùrachd do 'r n-aitim
Air faidead ur saoghail;
Aoibhneas a's aiteas,
Gun éiginn, gun aire,
'S gach ni mar is taitniche,
'S ait leam bhi saor dhuibh.
Deadh bhean-an-tighe,
'S a companach flathail,
Gu ma fad bhios iad maireann
Gu mathas a 'sgaoileadh;
Sonas a's aiteas
Bhi leanailt ri 'm macaibh;
Am Freasdal mar neart dhaibh,
Bho ghlacaibh gach baoghail.

URLAR.

Ma is math leibh mise leanailt
Air an ealaidh seo mar thòisich,
Gu 'n innis mi gu grad-bhriathrach,
Cho athghoirid 's bu chòir dhomh,—
'S i 'n nochd an oidhch' is aighirich
A shoillsich réul á athar oirnn,—
'S i oidhche Choinnle, Challainn,
Teachd na h-ath-bhliadhn'
As a h-òige. [dhuinn
Mar dh' innseas an luchd-eachdraidh
An cleachdadh bha bho thòs
Aig a' mhuinntir a chaidh seachad,
Mu an Challainn a bhi ròiceil;
Gach righeachd anns a' chruinne
'N d' rinn an cinne-daonda tuineachadh,
'S sulasach gach muirichinn
Ga 'm furan thun nam bòrdaibh.
'N uair théid sinn thun ar coimhearsnaich,
G' a choimhead mar bu dòigh leinn,
'S a cholla'nicheas sinn aitreamhan
Le slachdarnaich nan cròcmhiar,
'S iad briathran fhir-am-tighe 'n sin:
"A mhaca nan sonn fathasach,
A b' fhialaidh ri luchd-tathaich,
Leam gur taitneach sibh ga m' fheòraich.
A nuas, a bhean, thoir pailteas dhuinn—
Biodh Flòiri bhàn ga sgapadh leat,
Fear smearach miath nan ceapairean,
Na 'chnapaidh air a' bhòrd dhuinn;
A nall am botal urramach,
'S gu 'n òlamaid gu h-urranta,
Deoch-sláinte nam fear furanach
'S neo sgrubail 's an tigh-òsda."

SIUBHAL.

Cumar oidhche na Callainn
Gu caithreamach, múirneach,

Eireachdail, fearachail,—
Leanailt ri 'r dùthchas,—
Fiùghantach, farasda,
Fialaidh gu sgapadh,
Biodh annlann gu taiceil
Air ceapairean dùmhail;
Riaraichear Raiti,
Stuth miaghail na bracha;
Biodh breisleach a dheataich
An claigeann gach cùirteir;
Innsidh mi sgeula—
Cha bhréugan gun ghrunnd e—
Deanaibh rium éisdeachd,
Tha réusan ga 'ghiulan.
A mhuinntir na féile,
Gun cheasad, gun éiginn,
A dhìolas a' bhannag
Do 'n fhear thig g' a h-ionnsaidh,
A chumas le àbhachd
Oidhch' àidh na bliadhn'-ùire,
Bidh cridhealas càirdeil,
A's fallaineachd nàdair,
A's piseach gu bràth,
Air an àlach gun chunntas.
Lionmhor mar rainich,
An stoc air gach baile,
Sliochd buan mar an darach
Bhios fallain le 'rùsg;
Sonas a's mathas,
Na 'n còmhail 's gach rathad;
'S biodh dùilean an athair
Ag gabhail dhiubh cùmntais.

AN CRUN-LUATH.

Le foighidinn bhig fhathast
Bheir mi naidheachd dhut bho 'n chrùn-luath,
Gu h-aithghearra mu 'n aitim sin
A chleachd a bhi cho gnùtha,
Leis 'm bu mhiann gu 'n spadadh iad
An eanchainn às do chlaigeann,
Na gu 'n riaraicheadh iad dad ort
De 'n phailteas tha 's na cùiltean,
Ged bhiodh gob géur an acrais
Am farsuinneachd do ghrùthain,
'S do mhionach beag ga 'chagnadh
Le bhi d' thrasgadh fad a dh-ùine.
A mhuinntir sin, cha 'n aithne dhuibh
Na bhuineas do bhi ceanalta,
Gun eireachdas gun aithne
Ach ant shabaid a's don-ionnsaidh.
Cha chluinneadh tu dol seachad orr'
Ach toirm na cige-chaige,
Brisdeadh chuigeal mu na claignean
Agus cnapadaich nan rùdan.
'N uair thriallas iad bho 'n bhaile
Cha bhi breamas anns gach dùthaich,
Nach sin orra ga 'm far-fhuadach
Thar thalamh 'tha dhiubh diùmbach;
Bidh driodfhortan na dunach orr'
A' h-uile taobh a chuirear iad.
An glumagan 's an rumaichean
Gu 'n tumar iad gu 'n sùilean.
Na logaidean 's na bodaich
Bhios ag cogadh ris a' mhuinntir,
Gach tràchran agus glaistig
A ni tatraich anns au oidhche,
Bidh iorraghiullaich, a's famhairean,
A's uamh-bheistean, ag comhartaich,
Gach ùraisg agus omharlair
A's amharra ni raoiceil.
Thig siod orra gu ladarna
Ga 'n slaodadh ás na lapaichean,
Gu 'n eaglachadh gu bagarrach
Le slachdraich a bhios oillteil.
A nise bho 'n a dh' aithris mi
Na rannan mar b' eòl domh,
Air m' fhallainn gur h-e 'n ceanal dhut
Mo bhannag chur air dòigh dhomh;
Gu 'n bhuannaichd mi gu deimhinn ort
An tuarasdal a ghealladh leat—
Gloin fhuar de stuth na mearaichinn
A baraille na Tòiseachd.

—o—

IAIN AN FHAMHAIR.

Ri linn Righ Artair nam buadh bha tuathanach còir an Cinntìre an Sasonn, an sìorramachd *Chornwall*, aig nach robh ach aon-mhac, agus 's e Iain a b' ainm dha. Bha Iain na bhalchan ro fhearail. B' e 'thoil-ìnntinn a bhi 'g éisdeachd 's a' léughadh sgialachdan air buidsichean, 's air draoidhean, 's air famhairean, agus air sìthichean; agus cha 'n iarradh e de shòlas ach a bhi cumail cluaise ri 'athair ag aithris mu éuchdan nan cuiridhnean calma—Ridirean a' Bhuird-Chruinn aig Righ Artair.

An uair a chuirteadh Iain do 'n fhireach a bhuachailleachd nam bò 's nan caorach, bhitheadh e, a chumail 'fhadail dheth fhein, a' tarrainn bhlàr a's séisdidh dhaingneach, agus a' dealbhadh na 'innntinn mar a chìosnaicheadh 's mar a ghabhadh e fàth air nàmhaid. Cleasachd cloinne-bige cha b' fhiù leis; agus b' ainmic e a fhuair a' chuid a b' fhèarr dheth 's a' ghleachd. Bha e cho deas, seòlta, 's ged a thuiteadh air uair gu 'n tachradh a sheise air, gu 'n robh buaidh ag éirigh leis anns gach cìnnseal.

Anns an àm ud bha famhair mòr a' fuireach an Cruaich-Mhicheil an *Cornwall*—béinn a tha mach 's a' chuan astar math bho thìr. Bha e ochd troidhean diag air àirde agus naoidh air liad, agus ùrla cho déisinneach, fiadhaich 's gu'n robh e na chulaidh-eagaildono coimhearsnaich. Bha e fuireach an uamha dhuibh dhorcha am fas-mhullach na beinne; agus bu nòs da coiseachd romh 'n mhuir gu tìr air tòir cobhartaich. Cha luaithe chìteadh e tighin air fàireamh, na theicheadh an sluagh le 'm beatha ás na tighean. An uair a dh' itheadh e sheachd sàth de mhairt-fheoil agus de mhuic-fheoil, thilgeadh e leth-dusan damh air a mhuin, agus a thrì urad sin de mhucan agus de chaoraich, cheangladh e air a bhac-stic, agus thrialladh e dhachaidh do 'n uamha. Is e seo a bu bhéus da fad bhliadhnaichean; agus mur do chrean crìochan *Chornwall* air a chuid chreach! Mu dheireadh chuir Iain gu cruadalach roimhe cur ás da.

Togar air, ma ta, le dùdaich, le sluasaid, le piocaid, agus le crùisgein; agus an toiseach na h-oidhche faide geamhraidh snàmhar a null do Chruaich-Mhicheil, Chaidh e gun mhoille an dàil oibre, agus cian romh latha chladhaich e toll fichead troidh air doimhneachd le a dhìol leòid. Dhùin e bial an tuill le crèubhaich agus le soplach, agus chrath e sgiotan ùrach air uachdar sin gus am famhair a chur ás 'umhail. An sin shéid e dhùdach fhein le sgairt cho mór, onfhach 's gu 'n do dhùisg e ás a shuain am famhair. Thàinig e air 'imeachd an rathad a bha Iain 's ghlaodh e le fuaim tàirneanaich: "A pheasain bheadaidh, bidh daor an ceannach agad air mise a dhùsgadh. Cuiridh mi air a' ghrìosaich thu 's bidh tu agam gu m' bhraicmhìas." Gun tuilleadh bhriathran thugar sith g' a ionnsuidh 's tuitear na ghleog an comhair a chinn 's an toll le saidse cho mór 's gu 'n do luaisg e bhéinn? "O hó, Ghoistidh," ars' Iain 's e coimhead sìos do 'n toll, "an e gu 'n d' ràinig thu 'nt iochdar mar thà! Ciod is gléus do d' stamaig? Am beil dad idir ann a dh' fhoghnas dhut gu d' bhraicmhias air a' mhadluinn fhuair seo, gun Iain bochd a ròisteadh?"

Thug am famhair glideachadh air fhein gu éirigh, ach bhuail Iain a' phiocaid air am mullach a' chinn agus mharbh e dh' aon bhéum e. Gun mhoille, gun dàil, thill Iain air ais a thoirt furtachd dh' a chàirdean le sgial-bàis an fhamhair.

An uair a chuala triathan *Chornwall* mu 'n éuchd seo, chuir iad fios air Iain, agus le aon ghuth thuirt iad gur h-e Iain-an-Fhamhair a bhiodh mar ainm air bho 'n uair sin; agus thug iad claidheamh dha, agus crios-guailne, agus sgrìbh iad air, an litrichean-òir:

Is mis' Iain Còrnach an sàr-chuiridh,
Mharbh mi Cormoran le buille.

Chualas mu 'n éuchd seo rinn Iain, 's cha b' fhada h-uige, anns gach cèarna dh' àirde-niar Shasonn; agus bhóidich famhair a bha 'n sin do 'm b' ainm an Buamastair-Sean, a bhi dìoghailte 's Iain ma bha e gu bràth an dàn da fhaotainn na ghlacan.

Bha 'm famhair seo fuireach an caisteal-gheasan ann an coillidh lethoirich. Mu cheithir mìosan an deaghaìdh bàs Chormorain, thàinig air Iain, air a thurus do Chuimridh, dol romh 'n choillidh seo; leis an sgìos, rinn e suidhe a leigeil analach aig taobh tobair àluinn, 's tuitear na shuain-chadail.

Anns a' cheart àm sin thàinig am famhair thun an tobair a dh-iarraidh uisge. Rinn an sgrìbheadh a bh' air a' chrios-ghuailne Iain a bhrath; agus is e bh' ann gu 'n do thog am famhair gu socrach air a mhuin e g'

a thoirt leis do 'n chaisteal. A' triall dhaibh romh dhlùths na coille dhùisg fuaim nan duilleag e, agus bha e an cruaidh-staid gu leòir an uair a fhuair e e fhein an cròg an fhamhair. Ach cha bu dad idir e làmh ris an an eagal a ghabh e an uair a ràinig iad an caisteal—bha 'nt ùrlar lom-lan de chlaiginn 's de chnaimhean sluaigh.

Thug am famhair a's tigh do sheòmar mór e anns an robh cridheachan, a's lamhan, a's casan, a's cinn nan daoine bh' iar an ùr-mharbhadh; agus thuirt e ris, le braoisg sgreamhail, gur cridheachan dhaoine dh' annlann air pheabar 's air fhìon-géur, lònbidh bu mhilse leis a gheobhadh e; agus cuideachd, gu 'n robh a shannt air ròic a bhi aige air a chridhe-san. Gun tuilleadh seanchuis, ghlais e Iain 's ant sheòmar, agus dh' fhalbh e dh' iarraidh famhair eile bha fuireach 's a' choillidh chiadna gu bhi còmaith ris.

An uair a bha esan air falbh, ghoir gach cèarna de 'n chaisteal le sgriachail, a's gearan, a's glaodhaich a bha oillteil; agus an uair a thàinig balbhadh air sin, chual Iain guth cianail a' toirt na caismeachd seo dha fhein:—

Teich, a choigrich thréin gun dàil—
Bidh am Buamastair mu d' bhàs,
Bheir e leis ant athach bréun—
Bèist is ascaoin' na e fhein.
Theid do riasladh cian gu goirt,
'S do chur gu bàs gun iochd, gun toirt.
Fàg, a choigrich thréin, an dùn—
'S cobhartach thu, laoich, do 'n tnùth.

Theab an sanas seo cridhe Iain a chur ás a chochull. Thug e léum thun na h-uinneige, 's faicear an dà ghòsganach ud a' tighin an achlaisean a chéile. Bha 'n uinneag direach os cionn geataichean a' chaisteil. "Nise," ars' Iain, "cha 'n 'eil ann domh ach bàs no beatha cia dhiubh."

Thuit gu 'n robh dà theadhair 's ant sheòmar, agus chuir Iain mialaire agus lùb-ruith air ceann gach teadhrach. An uair a bha na famhairean a' tighin romh na còmhlaicheaniaruinn thilg Iain na teadhraichean thair an cìnn agus cheangail e iad gu gramail ris an spàr. An sin tharrainn a's tharrainn e le 'uile neart gus an robh iad an ìmbis a bhi tachdte. An uair a chunnaic e gu 'n robh iad le chéile dùbh-ghorm 's an aodunn, 's gu 'n chaill iad an clìth, tharrainn e chlaidheamh ás an truaill, agus theirinn e air an teadhair, agus sgud e na cìnn de na famhairean: mar seo theasraig e e fhein bho 'n bhàs a bha iadsan ag cumadh ris.

An sin rùraich Iain bùilisgean a' Bhuamastair, agus fhuair e pacaniuchraichean annta, agus ghabh e air ais do 'n chaisteal. Cha d' fhàg e cùil no cial gun siubhal gu mean, agus fhuair ann triùir bhaintighearnan an crochadh air fhalt 's iad an ìmbis fannachadh. Dh' innis iad dha fàth am pianaidh—mharbh na famhairean na daoine aca, agus bho 'n nach itheadh iadsan am feòil 's e faunachadh am bàs a shònruicheadh dhaibh.

"A bhaintighearnan," ars' Iain, "chuir mise ás do 'n uilebheist agus do 'n daoidh a bhràthair; agus an éiric gach droch-dhìol a's dòruinn a dh' fhuilig sìbhse, bheir mi dhuibh an caisteal seo agus gach ulaidh a th' ann." An sin liubhair e gu suairce dhaibh iuchraichean a' chaisteil, agus thriall e air a thurus do Chuimridh.

Eadar. le ABRACH.

—o—

LUINNEAG,

AIR DHOMH DEOCH DE DHROCH UISGE 'FHAOTAINN.

SEISD.—*O hi-rì, ho raill ó,*
Raill ó, ho raill ó;
O hi-rì, ho raill ó,
Mo chridhe trom, 's cha nèonach.

'S e 'chuir mis' a dheanamh duain.
'Mheud 's a chuireadh orm de ghruaim,
Leis an deoch de uisge ruadh
A fhuair mi an Hanòbhar.
O hi-ri, &c.

'S ainneamh 'chaochail sruth os cionn
A' chlabair a bha ann an grunnd
Na h-aibhne a bha ruith gun sunnd
Le bùrn nach tugadh solas.
O hi-rì, &c.

Coma leam an t-uisge glas,
Coma leam a dhreach 's a bhlas,
'S mor gu 'm b' fhearr na feadain bhras
A thig bho chais nam mor-bheann!
O hi-rì, &c.

Cha robh fionnarachd ann riamh
Mar bha 'n sruthanan nan sliabh,
'Chuireadh fallaineachd an cliabh
Gach iotmhor a ni ol asd'.
O hi-rì, &c.

'S i mo run-sa tir nam beann—
Abhainn fhior-uisg' anns gach gleann;
Torman binn aig mile allt,
'S iad mar bhean-bainns' an ordugh!
O hi-rì, &c.

Comhdach min-fheoir air gach bruaich,
Laist' le ròsan 's bòi'che snuadh;
'S gur h-iocshlainteach a sruthain fhuar,
Nach cruadhaich a' ghaoth-reoite.
O hi-rì, &c.

A thir an fhior-uisg', 'thir mo chridh,
'S beag an t-ioghnadh ged a bhiodh
An ròs 's an lili a' cur strith
An gruaidhean mine t-oigridh!
O hi-rì, &c.

'S neartmhor t-osag leam, 's is ur,
Ag cirigh luchdaichte le tuis,
'N uair tha ghrian ag ol an druchd
Bho d' thrusgan flùrach, bòidheach.
O hi-rì, &c.

Cha b' ioghnadh Deorsa 'bhi an diomb
Ris an òg d' an d' thug thu run;
Bu tu 'n neamhnaid ann a chrun,
A's cha b' i duthaich oige.
O hi-rì, &c.

'S ged tha mis' an so air chuairt,
Tha 'n *Gleann-Comhann* cutrom luath;
'S 'n uair a theid a siuil a suas,
'S ann tuath a ni seoladh.
O hi-rì, &c.

'S 'n uair ruigeas mise tir an aigh,
Tir mo dhàinnh, a's luchd mo ghraidh,
Nàille! theid mi fhein gun dail,
A dh-ol mo shàth á Lochaidh!
O hi-rì, &c.

MAIRI NIC-EALLAIR.

Harburg, Hanòbhar,
Meadhon an Fhogh., 1866.

COMHRADH NAN CNOC.

(Bho 'n Teachdaire Ghaidhealach.)

FIONNLADH PIOBAIRE, AGUS PARA MOR, AN OIDHCHE MU 'N D' FHAG IAD GLASCHU.

FION.—So! so! a Pharuig, tha'n t-am dhuinn cadal. Tha *Mhaighdeann-Mhorairneach* a' falbh gu math moch. Chumnaic mi fhein an sgiobair.

PAR.—Gruagach mo ghraidh cha b' e sin ach a h-abhaist; te na mocheirdh! Ach ged a ghluaiseadh i fhein, 's a h-upraid m' am blais an t-eun an t-uisge, 's e Parnig nach biodh diombach; is fhad an oidhche gu latha gus am fag mi 'n t-uamhas aite so.

FIONN.—Cha 'n uilear dhuinn a bhi air ar cois aig ceud ghairm a' choilich.

PAR.—Sin a' ghairm shurdail nach cuir air do chois 's an aite so thu. B' e bhi cur an uain do charn an t-sionnaich, coileach a chur do Ghlaschu. Ged is iomadh cailleach mhor, laidir a tha 's an duthaich againn, a' trusadh uibhean a's chearcan, airson an cur do Ghlaschu, cha chuala mi goc circe, gun ghuth air gairm coilich o 'n thainig mi ann. Ach nach coma co dhiubh, fhad 's a tha 'n duine truagh ud a' muigh air a' chabhsair, a' spaisdearachd 's a' glaodhaich fad na h-oidhche. An cluinn thu 'n drast e? Gu dearbh a fhleasgaich, mar thuirt am mada-ruadh ris an fheannaig, "Cha toir do cheol á cuideachd thu." Cha 'n 'eil do ghuth ach reasgach, agus cha 'n nar dhuit; cha 'n iongantach thu bhi sgith de 'n chabhsair; agus gu dearbh tha mi fein ann. Tha mi co bruite sgith an nochd fein 's ged a bhithinn a' siubhal a' mhonaidh fad seachdain.

FIONN.—Cha d' rinn mi fhein moran coiseachd an diugh; bha eagal orm, gu 'n caillinn mo rathad, agus cha do leig mi 'n t-each-odhar as mo shealladh fad an latha, am fad

's a bha mi'ceannach trealaich bheaga do 'n teaghlach.

PAR.—Cha b' e sin domhs' e. Cha deachaidh stad air mo chois. Cha bhi mi 'n Glaschu an da la so a rithist; agus thar leam gu 'm faicinn na b' fhiach 'fhaicinn ann. An saoil thu, a mhic cridhe, nach robh mis' an diugh air tòrradh. Bha mi 'n sud a' staraineachd o aite gu h-aite gus an an d' fhuair mi mi fein ann an luchuirtibh a' *Cholaisde*, aite cianail, samhach, far nach do thachair duine orm, gus na bhuail an t-uaireadair mor, agus an sin thoisich dranndan de chlag beag a bha fodha. Ann am prioba na sul, bhruchd sgaoth a mach an sud 's an so de sgoileirean le 'n tonnagan ruadha, mar gu 'm faiceadh tu tom sheangan anns an sathadh tu do bhata. Tachraidh na daoine ged nach tachair na cnuic. Co 'thainig orm an so ach Calum og. Mac an athar, 's e rinn an caoimhneas rium. Leig e ris domh iongantais an aite. Chunnaic mi' n sud barrachd leabhraichean na shaoil leam a bhi air aghaidh an t-saoghail. An uair a rainig sinn an t-sraid, faicear an torradh a' tighinn a nuas 'n a aon mheall dubh; an carbad mor fein anns an robh an giulan, mar gu 'm biodh cnap soithich ann, 's a beul foidhpe; ach an uair a theann e oirnn 's ann an sin a bha 'n riomhadh! Bha an carbad fein air a chomhdachadh le sar eudach dubh; oir de shioda geal nu 'thimchioll; bara-bhidein ard air gach oisinn, le cnaip òir os an cionn; stiallan fada de riobainean sioda crochta rintha; agus mar shuaicheantas broin agus bais, dealbhan chlaigeann agus chnamh air an tarruing air fiamh an òir air gach taobh dheth. Agus cha 'n fhoghnadh sin, marbhaisg orra! ach na h-eich fein, na bruideau bochda, 's mairg a dheanadh amadain diubh—bha iad an sud agus brat air a' h-uile fear dhiubh, agus bad de dh-itean dubha 'n a cheann. An saoil thu an robh 'g a chaoidh, ach aon seisear. Bha iad so a' falbh roi 'n ghiulan; curraichdean maola, dubha air an scrogadh mu mhullach an cinn; sgonn de bhata goirid ann an laimh gach fir dhiubh; agus iad a' coiseachd, na daoine truagha, gu tursach, trom, le 'n suilibh ri lar mar gu 'm biodh an cridhe gu sgaineadh. "Mo thruaighe," a deir mise ri Calum, "'s iad so cairdean an fhir nach maireann." "Cia air bith" ars' esan "mar tha sin, tha latha math acasan an diugh, air a shailtibh. Ach leanamaid iad do 'n Chladh, agus chi thu 'n sin deireadh a' ghnothaich."

FIONN.—An ann do 'n Eaglais mhoir a chaidh iad? Nach bochd nach robh mise leat, 's gun do gheall mi do Lachlann nan ceistean dol g' a h-amharc.

PAR.—Mata, is fiach i a faicinn: ach b' e sud ait' an uamhais. An eaglais fein na h-aon mheall mor, glas; uamhachan eagalach le dorsaibh meirgeach, iarunn a stigh foidhpe, agus iad lan, mar dh' innse dhomhsa, de dhaoine marbha. Bha 'n cladh so co farsuing ri dail a' gharbhain, agus leachdan lighe co dlu air a cheile, 's gur gann a gheibh an iunndagach fein a ceann a thogail 'n am measg. An saoil thu, ged a b' e 'n latha geal a bh' ann, nach robh sgath orm; bha fuaim co fas aig a' h-uile ni. Ma dheireadh 's ma dhiu, thainig an torradh; ma bha e fada gun tighinn cha robh e fada dol seachad. Bha 'n uaigh reidh, glan, agus an t-urram dhasan air cul shuasaid a bha 'cur a stigh na h-urach. Is fad o 'n chuala mi, "So mar theid na h-eich do 'n mhuileann, sud mar thig iad as." Air falbh ghabh 'a h-uile carbad diubh sios an t-sraid, 'n an deann ruith. Chitheadh tu 'n carbad mor fein, 'n a ghabard luidneach, mar bha e, 's an turamanaich sios le cach; na claiginn agus na cnamhan mar gu' n leumadh iad

anns na speuraibh; agus cha 'n e sin uile, ach luchd nan curraichdean maola, a ghraisd! bu mhis' am burraidh bochd, a bha 'gabhail truais diubh; co a bh' aunta achluchdtuarasdail. Co ach iadsan! 'n an deann ruith a sios an t-sraid, co aoibhinn, aighearach 's ged a bhiodh iad air banais. Stad thusa gus am faic mise Lachann nan Ceistean; tha mi air mo bhodhradh leis; cha chluinnear aige ach am fasan Gallda, biodh daoine beo no marbh; ach ma tha e 'n dan dhomhs' 'fhaicinn, cuiridh mi 'ghlas-ghnib air an deigh na chunnaic mi 'n diugh.

FIONN.—Tha Lachann gle fhada 's a' bheachd sin, agus cha 'n fheudar 'aicheadh nach robh moran eireachdais 's an doigh thorraidh a dh' ainmich thu.

PAR.—Eireachdas, an d' thubhairt thu? Gnothach co mi-chiatach 's a chunnaic mi riamh; an saoil thu na 'm bitheamaid a' dol leat fein do 'n Chill, am b' eireachdas e a chuireadh onoir ort, brat-mairbh a chur air an each bhan agad, agus bad fraoich, no dos do itean dubha a chur 'n a mhuinge? Tog dheth.

FIONN.—Tha na cleachdan sin tlachdmhor, no mi-chiatach a reir gnaht na duthcha 's an cleachdar iad. Chunnaic mise la anns nach bitheadh torradh eireachdail 'n ar duthaich fhein gun cheol na pioba; ni ma dh' fhaoidte, 'chuireadh uiread sgreimh air Gall no air Sasunnach, 's a chuir na chunnaic thus' an diugh, ort fein.

PAR.—Is e sin iadsan a bhi gun tuigse; agus a bhi gun chridhe. Tha 'phiob a nis a' dol á cleachdadh air na co-dhailibh sin, agus theagamh gu bheil sin co maith; ach cha chuala mi riamh *Baile Dhuneideann* agad fein, le nuallan tiomhaidh, 's tu falbh air ceann na cuideachda do 'n Chill, nach d' thainig tiomadh air mo chridhe, agus deoir air mo shuilibh.

FIONN.—Tha cheart phort sin fein tiomhaidh ni 's leoir, agus chunnaic thusa latha a chluichinn e co maith ris gach dara fear; ach an cluinn thu mi a Ghoistidh, 's e an ni a tha Lachann agus am ministeir fein a' ciallachadh 'n uair tha iad 'g ar n-earalachadh gus na fasain Ghallda a leantuinn, gu 'n gnathaicheamaid an riaghailt agus an stuamachd, agus maraon an t-samhchair leis a' bheil iad a' dol mu 'thimchioll.

PAR.—Tuigidh mi sin. Gu dearbh bha 'chuid sin de 'n ghnothach mar bu choir dha a bhi. Bha 'n uaigh ann an sud gu h-ullamh, reidh. Cha chluinneadh tu focal ard aig fear seach fear; cha robh connsachadh m' an cheart leaba, mar is tric a thachras 's an duthaich againne. Cha robh iad a' seanachas thall 's a bhos mu ghnothaichibh faoine; cha 'n fhacas fiamh ghair air gnuis; agus cha do charaich duine o 'n uaigh gus an robh gach ni seachad.

FIONN.—Nach robh eireachdas an sin, seach mar tha sinne air uairibh a' faicinn?

PAR.—Gu deimhin thaitinn sin rium gu h-anabarrach, ged bu shuarach leam gach spailpeanachd eile a bh' ann. B' fhearr leam bhi air mo ghiulan do 'n Chill air a' charbad bheithe, air guaillnibh mo luchdduthcha, na sa charbad is riomhaich' a dh' fhalbh riamh air cuibhlichibh; agus bu taitniche leam aon deur a shileadh mo choimhearsnaich air m' fhoid na ged bhiodh na miltean de 'n chomunn chealgach ud air thuarasdal 'g am chaoidh.

FIONN.—Thachair e dhomh. Is dona 'fhreagras cealg agus morchuis aig an uaigh. Ach innis so dhomh a Pharuig, cionnas a chord an Eaglais mhor riut? Co dhiubh is briagha i no cach?

PAR.—Chuir thu ceist air Paruig. Bha e co furasda dhomhsa innseadh dhuit co 'n reul is aillidh 's an iar-

mailt, a's innse dhuit co an eaglais is riomhaiche 's a' bhaile so. Tha de dh-eaglaisean ann, na dheanadh baile mor iad fein, agus tha gach aon diubh eireachdail ni 's leoir; ach air a shon sin uile, is ann a tha i sud, mar a' ghealach am measg nan reul. Tha te bheag bhinneach, eile lamh rithe nach deanadh tigh-seisein d' i. Tha mis' ag radh riut gu bheil cneasdachd direach 'n a gnuis. Tha uiread eadar - dhealachaidh eadar i fein, agus na h-eaglaisean ura, gogaideach a tha iad a nis a' togail, 's a tha eadar seana mhinisteir aosda, dreachmhor, le 'shuilibh tla, le chiabh-aibh liath, agus sgaomaire de shearmonaich og, a tha fo bharrachd speis da fein, na fo iomaguin mu dhaoin' eile. Ach 's i mo bharail fein gu bheil tuile 's a choir de eaglaisean ann.

Fionn.—Cha 'n urrainn sin a bhi.

Par.—Is urrainn. Cha tachair dithis ort a tha dol do 'n aon eaglais; agus nach cluinn thu 'n t-aon chonnsuchadh truagh aca m' an aidmheil ud, agus m' an aidmheil ud eile, a's a' h-uile fear co fada 'n a bheachd fein ris an fhear eile.

Fionn.—Tha leithid sin ann; ach tha dochas agam gu bheil iad am bitheantas a' togail air an aon steidh ged tha eadar-dhealachadh baralach eadar riu an cuid a nithe. Cha 'n 'eil connsachadh de 'n t-seorsa sin 'n ar measg-ne, ach tha ni co mi-chiatach ann; daoine 'their riut gu bheil iad de chreideamh an athraichean, de chreideamh a' mhinisteir, an t-sagairt, no an easpuig, nach urrainn innseadh cionnas, no c' arson.

Par.—Tha an leithide sin ann; agus tha e 'n a dhearbhadh nach 'eil creideamh ceart aca. Far nach 'eil meas air an fhearann, cha bhi foth-rais mu na criochan. Ach an creid thusa na chuala mis an diugh, gu bheil corr a's da fhichead mile anns a' bhaile so nach 'eil a' dol do eaglais eadar da cheann na bliadhna.

Fionn.—Tha mi 'creideinn gu bheil moran ann gu dearbh a tha gle shuar-ach mu na gnothaichean sin; ach air a shon sin, is iomad fear, mo thruaigh! nach 'eil a' dol do 'n eaglais, a chionn nach 'eil aige de 'n t-saoghal na dhiolas airson aite-suidhe. Cha 'n ionann agus sinne. Cha 'n fhaigh daoine 's an aite so an t-uisge fein gun a cheannach.

Par.—Mata, cha 'n e sin duinne e. Na 'm biodh a' h-uile goireas eile mar an t-uisge, bha sinn sona dheth. Ach mur urrainn doibh dioladh airson 'aite-suidhe 's an eaglais 's an aite so, is urrainn doibh do reir coslais dioladh air son an oil. Chunnaic mi 'nochd fein, air sraidean Ghlaschu, barrachd grainealachd agus mi-riaghailt na 'chunnaic mi riamh am dhuthaich. Ciod a their thu ris a so a nis? Ach gheibheadh tusa leisgeul dhoibh ged a spadadh iad Mairi agad fa chomhair do shul.

Fionn.—Marbhaisg air an olc! cha toilleadh bean mo ghradh sin air neach sam bith. Ach a ghoistidh, ge nach gabh mis' an leisgeul, anns a' chas sin, cuimhnich thusa an sluagh anabarrach a tha ann an Glaschu. An saoil thu na 'm biodh a' h-uile baile beag, mosach a th' againne air feadh na Gaidhealtachd an ceann a cheile, nach iomad mi-riagh-ailt a chitheadh tu? Cha 'n e gu bheil iad glan fhalamh dheth mar tha. Tha daoine gle shiobhalt fhad 's nach 'eil iad a' tighinn trasd air a cheile, is cha tugainn buidheachas doibh. Nach samhach na caoirich fein ag ionaltradh am fad 's a tha farsuingeachd an t-sleibh aca; ach dumhlaich a stigh do 'n fhang iad, agus faic mar dh' eireas iad air a cheile: is ceart mar sin na daoine.

Par.—Sin thu rithist. Cha dean mise bealach nach duin thusa. Ge olc 's a' bhaile-mhor iad, a' bheil iad moran ni 's fearr air an duthaich? A' bheil cuimhn' agad co liugha

ait' 's an do dhiult iad cuid na h-oidhche dhuinn? An cuimhne leat an trusdar cailidh a dh' iarr orm mo phathadh a thoirt do 'n tobar, agus a' chuinneag lan aice 'n a laimh? Seall mar theab iad an cleoca sgarlaid sin, a th' agad mar gu 'm biodh seun ann fo d' cheann a' h-uile h-oidhche, a ghoid uait. Ma 's iad riobainean do phioba, nach do ghoid iad? An cuimhné leat idir mar bha iad a' crannadh nan dorsan, 's nan uinneagan a' h-uile h-oidhche mar gu 'm biodh eagal orra gu 'n tigheadh na Frangaich fo latha, ged a bha mada mor, grannd ac' air slabhruidh aig ceann an tighe, le craos air a' bheist a chuireadh eagal air Ailean-nan-con fein, ge gaolach mu na coin e. Bi thus' a' bruidhinn, ach m' eudail an duthaich far an coidheas an oidhche no an latha; agus an am gabhail mu thamh, far an suarach co dhiu a tha 'n crann air a' chomhla bhreoite no nach 'eil.

Fionn.—Mata, 's priseil sin fein, tha mi 'g aideachadh.

Par.—Dh' aidich thu mu dheireadh e, a's cha b' ann le d' dheoin—gu dearbh—gu dearbh is tusa 'sheasas na Gaill!

Fionn.—Dh' aidich mi 'n fhad ud, ach air a shon sin cha 'n ail lich mi 'm feasd, nach 'eil moran, moran de dhaoine fiachail, eneasd agus ceanalt' air a' Ghalldachd. Nach b' eireachdail an co'-thional a chumaic thu air an t-sabaid fa dheireadh, agus dareadh bu bhlasd an t-searmoin a fhuair sinn.

Par.—Tha na daoine thachdmhor gu leoir, ach arson na searmoin—

Fionn.—Nach do thaitinn i riut? Tuigidh na Gaidheil a nis o gach aite beagan de 'n Bheurla. Tuigidh tus' i, dh' aon chuid.

Par.—Cha tuig, Fhionnlaidh, agus is dithis duinn sin, thu fhein, agus mise; ged a bha sinn air a' mhachair, cha ruig sinn a leas moit a chur as ar Beurla, mar a ni a' h-uile peasan a chuir a chas air cabhsair. An saoil thu ged a tha gabhail an rathaid mhoir againn, an tuig sinn searmoin; agus a dh-innse na firinn, cha do choinnich a' Bheurla sin riamh mi fathasd a dhruigh air mo chridhe. Tha i maith gu leoir ann an gnothaichibh, ach tha 'n tubaist oirre 's a' chrannaig. Ach o 'n thainig sinn air an t-seanachas, nach don' 'an ceartas a tha sinn a' faotainn a mach air a Ghalldachd, nach 'eil iad a' toirt dninn teagasg 's a' chanain a thuigeas sinn. Is ard, ladarna a labhras na Gaill mur faigh iad Beurla againn, ach feuch co bheir Gaidhlig dhuinne, 'n uair theid sinn a mach?

Fionn.—Cha 'n ionann idir an da ghnothach d' a cheile; ach gun an seanachas a leantuinn ni 's faide, a' bheil iomradh idir agad air an tuath chneasd a chumaic sinn, a' h-uile fear dhiubh mar mhinisteir 'n a theaghlach, co ciallach, stolda, nach ceadaicheadh facal ard no olc sam bith m' an timchioll? An do leig thu air di-chuimhn' an duine beannaichte sin, *Mr. Ponton*, a thug dhuit an leabhar math sin a th' agad air do shiubhal; agus a liugha earail agus comhairle mhath a thug e ort am fad 's a bha thu 'n a theaghlach? C' ait' am faigheadh tu a leithid ad dhuthaich?

Par.—Tha iad ann, agus tha dochas agam gur ann an lionmhoireachd a bhios iad a' dol. Bha esan 'n a dhuine eneasda, gu dearbh; b' fhearr leam mo shaothair a thoirt dha air a leth-luach, na do dhaoin' eile air an lan thuarasdal. Mo bheannachd 'n a chuid, 's na chuideachd!

Fionn.—Mar sin. 'S mi tha 'n a chomain; ma chuireas mi duine-cloinne ann feasd gu Galldachd, 's ann 'n a rathad a stiuras mi iad. Na paisdean bochda, 's eiginn doibh a bhi as mo shealladh uair no uair-

eigin. Thainig sinn air a cheile a nis a ghoistidh. Tha uainn a bhi 'cadal. Oidhche mhath dhuit!

PAR.—Mar sin duitse, fhir mo chridhe. I. M'L.

———o———

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(O'n aireamh mu dheireadh.)

Le sruth a's gaoth a nis 'n am fabhar,
Chuartaich iad a' Mhaol gun fhardal,
Gu cladach an taoibh mu thuath dhi.
Bha 'n fhairge ciuin 's a' ghaoth gun bhruaillean. [ain,
Chunn'iad Dun-sgeitheag's Dun-a-chlach-
'S gach port a's uig am fad an astair
'S an cuir birlinn a saidh air fad na Learga, —
Ged nach do mheudaich sud an earbsa,—
Bhi comeas nam fear a b' fhearr a bh' aca
Ri calmaich nan culaidhean breaca
A chunnaic iad air feadh nan achadh.
'S cuid eil' air bruthaichean 's an glacan
A' trusadh chaorach thun nan croidhean,
'S an crodh aig bnachaillean 's aig oighean
'G an iomain, gu h-eadradh, do bhuailtean;
Na minn a' mireag air na cluaintean ;
Eoin na mara 'n cuisle an tràghaidh,
A' glacadh nan iasg meanbh gun aireamh ;
Faoileann a' chneis ghil gun smal
Ag itealaich, a' teachd 's a' dol,
No 'snamh nan tonnan corrach, barragheal,—
Stuadhan fuaimneach na fairge ; [airt ;
Gaoth o 'n iar a' coinneachadh sruth rabh-
Greann chaoireach bàthaidh a' cathadh,
A chuir na coimhich bhorb an iomagain,
A' teicheadh le luath 's sheol's le iomram,
Do Loch-an-Tairbeart fasga'ch, sabhailt,
Is minig a thug fois do 'n anra'ch.
Thuirt Rurach, 's e 'g eirigh, "A dhaoin uaisle,
Tha mi searbh d' an luirich fhuair so ;
Tilgibh i an grunnd a' bhàta,
Gus an seas mi mar a b' abhaist."

GARGAN.—"Tha sin barrachd 's is fiach t' anail,
Far a bheil thu 'nochd air t' aineol."
Cha b' f hada dhaibh mar so a' labhairt,
'N uair thainig freiceadain a' chala,
'S dithist air ceann na cuideachd,
Colla Mac-Dhomhnuill nam buillean,
Bho Chruach Chòrr-airidh an Ile,
'S am fear eile de Ghaidheil Chinntire,
Eachunn Mac Aonghais mhoir a' Chlachain,
Laoch a chaidh ainm fad' air astar ;
Theireadh cach ris,
Fear a bu treise de na Niallaich !
'N uair leag na h-iasgairean an acair,
Thuirt e, mar so, am beagan fhacal :
"Co sibh ? Thugaibh sgeul gun dail,
'S brigh bhur turuis gu tir Mhic-Dhomhnuill ;
So comhla 's iuchair Chinntire ;
'S e 'n t-ordugh gu 'n innis na thig 's na theid
An duthaich 's an cinneadh.
Chuireadh sinne mar urrais g' a iarraidh,
'S fiachan so nach faodar aicheadh."

GARGAN.—"'S fios do na Gaidheil gu leir,
Fhir threin, gur fior do chainnt
'S gu 'm faigh thu gun taing na dh' iarr thu,
Smachd Mhic-Dhomhnuill 'n a thir fein,
S nach eiginn idir do na cairdean
'A bhi dha mar a bha sinn, dileas.
Iasgairean sinn o Arainn ;
Chuir fuadach-mara sinn an taobh so ;
Chuartaich sinn a' Mhaol 's a' mhadainn
Gun tonn air a buinne, 's a h-uchd
Ri speuran gorm gun neul,
A's feith a' nochdadh a h-ailleachd.
Air a cladach, an taobh mu thuath dhi,
Dh' eirich fras fhuaraidh o 'n iar,
Garbhan borb nach gabhadh stad.
Ruith sinn air fad na linne gabhaidh,
Stiuir 'g a gleidheadh, 's siuil 'g an togail,
'S raimh a' cur cobhar m' an bhord a b' airde.
Tha sinn a nis sabhailt aig talla baigheil
Righ Innse-Gall ; cha 'n iomradh gainne d' a mhuinntir.
An cead duinn na birlinnean a tharuinn trast an Tairbeart ?
Tha 'mhaol searbh a dhol 'n a comhail."

EACHUNN, "Bu gharbh a h-anail an diugh 'g ur ruagadh,
Thar dromannan gruamach, domhain, colgach.
Is cead duibh na birlinnean a tharruinn
Gu loch eararach an Tairbeart :
Arannaich, luchd - leanmhuinn Mhic-Dhomhnuill,
Fasgadh a's biatachd an coir bhuainn."
Thog na seoid Sròn-na-fuaradh
Air an guaillean le sar-ghreim calmachd,
'S Druim-direach 'n a deigh,
A leag iad reidh 's an loch chumhann
An taobh an ear do mhuineal Chinntire mòir.
Co luath 's a dhruid neoil na h-oidhche
Mu ghathan soillse lochran nan speur,
Thog na coimhich gharg na siuil
Air barraibh nan sugh 's an linne rompa
Gu Arainn nan iomradh sean.
O'n cheann deas deth ghabh iad cursa
'S eagal na croiche 'g an ruagadh—
Gad ruighinn seilich Chinntire
A' diosgail 'n an cluasan.
'Aon eagal eile, ach croich na h-Alba,

Cha robh air talamh no air fairge
Aig an t'seors' ud. Garg mar mhadadh alluidh
An duthcha, an-iochdmhor mar mhathghamhainn
Tuathach an Lochlann fuar an t-sneachd,
'S a shoc am bian a chreiche,
Acras a's gairge naduir 'g a stuigeadh—
Riochd nan creachadairean borb ud.
Rainig iad Manainn gun dochunn,
'S dh' fhag sud romhainn léth an sgeoil.

(Ri leantuinn.)

—o—

CEOL NAN EAGLAISEAN GAIDHEALACH.

CANNTAIREACHD NA SREATH.

A Ghaidheil runnaich,—Am bi sibh cho math agus oisinn a thoirt dhomh air sou beagan fhacal a radh mar fhreagradh do 'n litir a chuir *Argathalian* gu 'r n-ionnsaidh air a' mhios a chaidh seachad. Aidichidh mi aig a' chiad dol a mach nach 'eil mi cho ealanta anns a' Ghaidhlig, no am fhear-ciuil choeolach's dh' fhaodas esan a bhi: air a shon sin uile, cha 'n 'eil mi tur aineolach air a' chainnt bhlasda sin; agus mur do rinn mi a' bheag de sheinn leam fein ann an Gaidhlig bha mi eolach gu leoir air a cluinntinn anns an eaglais. A reir mo bheachd fein cha 'n 'eil an droch chluas-chiuil agam, agus cha 'n 'eil mi gun aithne agam air an ni sin a tha freagarrach agus iomchuidh, no cronail agus mi-thaitneach. Tha *Argathalian* ag radh nach 'eil, a reir coltais, 'fhios agam air an aobhar air son an do thoisicheadh air cur a mach na sreath an toiseach; ach ma shealles e air mo litir a rithisd, chi e gu 'n d' ainmich mi a' cheart aobhar a thug e fein duinn,—nach b' urrainn do mhoran d' an t-sluagh Gaidhlig a leughadh, agus gu 'n robh leabhraichean gann. Ged a tha lan fhios agam gu bheil an t-aobhar so ann an tomhas mor a lathair gus an latha 'n diugh, cha 'n 'eil mi idir deas gu 'aideachadh, mar a tha *Argathalian* a' deanamh, gu bheil an cleachdadh cho feumail a nis 's a bha e "o chionn ceud bliadhna." Cha 'n 'eil dìth leabhraichean air Gaidheil, ma thoilicheas iad an sireadh; agus mar urrainn doibh an leughadh cha 'n e so an doigh a 's fhearr g' an teagasg. A thuilleadh air a mhi-thaitneachd, agus cho millteach 's a tha e do 'n cheol a bu choir a bhi binn thar leam fein, mar a thuirt Donnachadh Mor e, gur "tamailteach do dhuine a theangadh a bhi mar so ann am pluic neach eile;" agus ge b' e air bith cho liotach no cho aineolach 's a dh' fhaodas am *Precentor* a bhi, gu 'm feum daoine na facail a gabhail uaith mar a thig iad. Cuimhnichibh nach 'eil mi idir a' cur aineolais no cearbachd as leth nan daoine ro fheumail agus ro dhileas sin a gheobhar 'n an luchd-treoireachaidh na seinn ann ar n-eaglaisean Gaidhealach,—is fada ghabh e bhuam—ach tha iad cho ealamh gu tuisleadh a dheanamh ri muinntir eile. Is minig a chuala mi na ministeirean fein a' deanamh mhearachdan gle neonach ann an leughadh na Gaidhlig agus cha b' e 'chiad uair a chuala mi *Precentor* ag aithris facail nan salm air a' leithid de dhoigh agus nach robh an teagamh a bu lugha agam gu 'n robh e fein aig a' cheart am gu tur aineolach air seadh nam briathar a bha e a' cur mu choinninh muinntir eile. Ach ged bhiodh iad uile gun mhearachd 'n an leughadh agus 'n an tuigsinn air na sailm tha mi ag radh a rithisd, mar a thuirt mi anns an litir roimhe, gu bheil an cleachdadh so—a bhi a' leughadh agus a' seinn sreath mu seach 'n a bhristeadh d ocharach air rian a' chiuil agus air seadh nam briathar. Tha *Argathalian* ag aicheadh gu bheil ramtachd nan salm Gaidhlig cho reasgach ris a' Bheurla agus tha e 'toirt dhuinn eisempler no 'dha, ach mur bhi nach nach bu mhath leam a bhi a' cur sios ni air bith a shaoilinn a dh' aobhar-

aicheadh dad coltach ri fanoid air na Sailm, dh' fhaodainn iomadh rann a chur fo 'r comhair a tha a' h-uile dad cho rag ris a' Bheurla. Gun dol a nunn no nall seachad air a' chiad sreath de na Sailm Ghaidhlig, nach 'eil e 'n a mhilleadh air brigh agus seadh nam facal a radh,—

"'S beannaicht' an duine sin nach gluais"

agus an t-sreath sin a sheinn leatha fein air a gearradh air falbh o 'n dara sreath?

Am feuch mo charaid *Argathalian* ri brigh nam briathar a leanas a nochdadh do comh-thional air bith ma leughas agus ma sheinneas e iad, sreath mu seach? Ps. xiv. 4,—

"Am bheil aig droch-dhaoin' tuigs' air bith
Tha 'g itheadh suas gu dian
Mo phobuill-sa, mar aran blast',
'S nach 'eil a' gairm air Dia."

Ps. xv. 4,—

"A ni trom-thailceas air an daoi:
Ach urram dhoibh a bheir
D' an eagal Dia; 's nach caochail mionn
Ged thigeadh calldach air."

An comharraich e mach o cheann gu ceann d' an t-Salmadair Bheurla sreath cho rag no cho reasgach ris an te a leanas? Is beag nach cuir i á cnaimh a' pheircill am fear a dh' fheuchas ri a leughadh le suil ri còirichean mìn-ranntachd. Laoidh xvii. 7,—

"An sin, dearg mar chorcur ged robh."

Ged nach d' thuirt mi facal mu na Coisridhean-ciuil (choirs) anns an litir roimhe, bu mhiann leam facal a radh as an leth ma cheadaicheas sibh dhomh e, oir chi mi gu bheil *Argathalian* a' toirt teastanais ro shuarach orra agus 'g an diteadh air mhodh air nach airidh iad. Cha sheas mi Coisirchiuil air bith nach seinn ach an ni a thaitneas riu fein, co dhiu a tha e freagarrach no nach 'eil; cha mhol mi peasanachd aig am no an aite air bith, agus gu sonruichte 's an eaglais; tha mi duilich air son *Precentor* no fear eile air am bheil cuthach, biodh e 'n a cheol-chuthach no 'n a chuthach eile; ach cha 'n 'eil mi dol a dhiteadh nan Coisridhean no am fir-stiuraidh gu leir a chionn gu 'm faighear air uairibh cuid d' am buin an cliu sin, na 's mo na dhiteas mi na *Precentors* air fad a chionn gu bheil cuid ann a tha 'n am peasain, no air cheol-chuthach, agus cuid eile a tha a' nochdadh—ni a tha moran na 's usadh dhoibh na tha e do na Coisridhean—a' nochdadh cia cho binn agus cho eireachdail 's a sheinneas iad fuinn riomhach, annasach nach aithne do 'n t-sluagh agus nach urrainn doibh a leantuinn. Far am bheil cubhaidheachd anns an luchd-trorachaidh ma 's *Precentor* no Coisridh iad; iomchuidheachd anns a' cheol agus anns an doigh air an seinnear e, ma dhuineas an sluagh am beoil agus nach gabh iad cuid no gnothach ann, ach gu 'm fag iad aig na seirbhisich no na *proxies* e, biodh a' choire agus an cionta orra fein 's cha 'n ann orrasan a tha a' deanamh an dichill gu aoradh an Tighearna a chur air aghaidh gu maiseach agus gu cumhachdach. Is truagh leam doille agus buidhre an duine sin nach aidich gu bheil feobhas mor air seinn ar n-eaglaisean o chionn bheagan bhliadhnaichean, agus nach faic ni a's freagarraiche na gu 'm "biodh gach neach a' seinn mar a's fearr a 's urrainn e 'n a dhoigh fein;" ach is seachd truaighe leam esan a tha lan thoilichte le nithe a bhi mar tha iad agus nach 'eil ag iarraidh leasachaidh no atharrachaidh sam bith. Is bochd leam ri 'fhaicim cho easguidh agus cho togarrach 's a theid daoine a mach air feasgar no feadh oidhche a dh' eisdeachd oran no cluiche, a dh' ionnsachadh Gaidhlig no Laidinn; ach ma theid *classaichean* a chur air chois air son dhaoine oga agus sean a theagasg anns an doigh anns am bu choir dhoibh seinn ann an aoradh Dhe, cha tig ach aon no 'dha; tha leisgeulan ullamh aca,

"An teid seann daoine air feadh oidhche a dh-ionnsachadh ciuil? am fag am marsanda a mhalairt, an greusaiche a bhrogan, agus mar sin sios? Cha 'n 'eil na coinneamhan-oidhche ach air son dhaoine diomhanach agus graisg ceol-chuthach." Is fhada m' am b' e so an cliu agus an teastanas a thugadh orrasan o shean a "bha fuidh laimh an athar fa chomhair laoidhean tighe Dhe:" tha e air 'aithris mar a leanas umpa (I. Eachd xxv. 7): "Agus b' e an aireamh maille r' am braithribh, a fhuair iomnsachadh air laoidhibh an Tighearn, eadhon *iadsan uile a bha tùr-ail*, da cheud, ceithir fichead agus ochdnar."—Is mi, &c., H. W.

Braigh-a'-bhaile
Toiseach a' Gheamh., 1873.

——o——

LITIR A CANADA.

A GHAIDHEIL RUNNAICH,—Tha iomadh latha 'nis o 'n bha mi fior-iarrtasach air litir a sgriobhadh do bhur n-ionnsaidh a chum gu 'n innsinn dhuibh cia co toilichte 's bha bhur cairdean anns an duthaich so an trath a chuir sibh oirbh an trusgan ur, aluinn a tha 'g ur deanamh co sgianmhach. Rinn sibh gu math 's gu ro-mhath an uair a chuir sibh r' a cheile air clar ur n-aodainn a liughad comharradh Gaidhealach, araon sean agus urramach, grinn agus snasmhor, —clarsair aodsa a' gleusadh 'inneil-ciuil; piobaire foghainteach, le cididh lurach, a' cur na pioba ann an uidheam; leoghainn mheanmach, churanta: am fothannan fearail, geur; sealgair nam frithean 's nan aonaichean; rann no 'dha de bhardach cheolmhoir Oisein; crois iomraiteach agus laraichean Iona; cnuic arda; cabhlach nan tonn; sealladh air na soithichean smuide agus na h-eich iarruinn—gu ciunteach is i deise bhoidheach nan iomadh dath a tha sibh a' caitheamh. Is e taillear ealanta, eolach a rinn trusgan cho freagarrach duibh. Tha sibh mar so a' tabhairt dearbhaidh seachad gu bheil sibh da-rireadh lan baigh a's graidh do 'n Ghaidhlig fein 's do gach deagh abhaist a's comharradh onorach a bhuineas di. Co an Gaidheal, mata co dhiu a tha e 'tuineachadh ann an Albainn no an duthchannan fad air falbh, nach abair gu bheil sibh airidh air meas mor, air beatha fhada, agus air soirbheachadh pailt. Is gasda an ni sgeadachadh grinn, dreachmhor. Cha 'n e mhain gu bheil sibh fein co snuadhach 'n ur aogas, tha mar an ceudna, aireamh mhor de chairdean foghluimte, comasach agus ur-labhrach agaibh. Co, a nis, a their nach 'eil sgoilearean Gaidhlig ann; nach 'eil ar canain dheas-chainnteach airidh air saothair air bith; agus nach 'eil na Gaidheil, anns an linn ionnsaichte so, a' deanamh oidheirp mhaith airson ainm a's eachdraidh an canain fein a rannsachadh agus a mhineachadh gu pongail? Cha 'n 'eil sibh riaruichte an uair a bheir sibh do 'r luchd-leughaidh oraidean Gaidhlig agus fiosrachadh fallain, farsuing; tha sibh mar an ceudna le fior sgoileireachd a' cur beatha nuaidh ann an "sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh," agus ag athnuadhachadh bhur n-eolais leis na sinnsearan fior-aosda bho 'n d' thainig sibh. Tha sinn a' deanamh gairdeachais anns an tir so, do bhrigh gu 'm bheil sibh fein co sgiamhach, agus gu bheil luchd-cuideachaidh co dileas agus co tapaidh agaibh. Tha bliadhna no dha 'nis on thog sibh an seol-meadhoin agus an do sgaoil sibh ur breidean ris an t-soirbheas. Cha 'n 'eil aobhar agaibh a bhi aon chuid sgàthach no gealtach, oir le bàta co laidir, dionach, agus seoladairean co easguidh, fiosrach, theid agaibh air gach stoirm a's onfhadh fairge a sheasamh. Saoghal fada, fortan maith, agus soirbheas fabharach gu 'n robh daonnan agaibh!

Bithidh sibh, math dh' fhaoidte, a' smuaineachadh gu minic air an duthaich anns an d' rugadh sibh. Cha'n'eil sinne 'deanamh diochuimhne gur anns a' bhaile-mhor *Montreal* a thoisich bhur cuairt. Cha ghabh sibh fearg an uair a dh' innseas mi dhuibh nach robh ach meas bochd agaibhse an Sasunn 's an Albainn air an tir fharsuing so, gus an d' rinn bataichean eireachdail na smuid farsuingeachd a' chuain bheucaich a dheanamh furasda. Tha aireamh bhliadhnaichean a nis bho 'n a thoisich bàtaichean na smuid air iomachd tharis air a' chuan gach seachdain. Tha, mar so, Mor-roinn na h-Eorpa agus America air an tarruing dluth, agus luchdaiteachaidh bhur rioghachd fein agus na duthcha so a' fas mion-eolach air a cheile. Tha leud a's farsuingeachd uamhasach ann an Canada. Gun teagamh tha moran sneachd, a's fuachd a's reothaidh againn;—gidheadh tha moran blathais, a's aoibhneis, a's pailteis againn mar an cendna. Tha sluagh gniomhach, dichiollach againn agus cha 'n 'eil aig a' Bhanrigh uasail, eireachdail iochdararain a's momha baigh a's dilseid a's graidh di fein 's d' a rioghachd na sinne. Cha 'n 'eil comas aig beachdan luasgach nan Frangach, no connspoidean amaideach nan Spainnteach air sinne 'ghluasad. Tha sinn uile fior-dhileas do 'n chrun Bhreatunnach agus romheasail air beusan a's ailleachd na Ban-righ. Chuinnear air uairean seanachus nach 'eil anabarrach taitneach mu dheibhinn na duthcha so, mar nach bitheamaid airidh air meas a's urram 'fhaotainn bho thir ar n-athraichean. Tha sin a' tighinn air ar n-aghaidh le ceum cinnteach, laidir ann am maoin ann an eolas agus ann an dichioll. Bho cheann miosa no dha tha iomradh muladach air a dheanamh air an Ridire Mac-Dhomhnuill agus orrasan a tha 'n an luchdcuideachaidh aige. Cha 'n 'eil mise 'dol a thoirt breith air bith air a' chuis ach so. Gur e ni eagalach a's tamailteach a bhi 'faotainn airgid air mhodh nach 'eil ceart, a chum daoine 'cheannach am feadh a tha 'chomhstridian am measg luchd-riaghlaidh na duthcha. Ma tha an Ridire ciontach is iomadh neach a tha 's a bha ciontach co maith ris fein. Bha iorghuill ghoirt agus ghuineach air feadh na duthcha so, gus fadheoidh, bho cheann beagan laithean, an d 'thug Mac - Dhomhnuill agus a chuideachd suas stiuradh na tire. Is e Gaidheal tapaidh a tha 'nis ann an aite Mhic-Dhomhnuill, Alasdair Mac-Coinnich is ainm da. Dh' oibrich e iomadh la mar chlachair, agus do bhrigh gu 'n d' eirich e le 'thapadh, le 'dhichioll, 's le 'threubhantas fein bho inbh co iosal gu sealbh co ard agus cumhachdach, tha e gun teagamh airidh air cliu a's onoir mhoir. Bithidh gach duine aig am bheil speis do dhichioll agus do thapadh, a' guidhe gu 'n cinn gu maith le Mac-Coinnich, agus gu 'm bi comas gu leoir aige air inbh a's airde 'chosnadh le bhi 'deanamh moran maith do 'n duthaich. Feumaidh iadsan a tha aig an stiuir a bhi anabarrach tuigseach agus faicilleach, oir rainig sinn a nis an t-am anns an tig e dhuinn a bhi 'leagail gu bunaiteach, seasmhach, agus diongmhalta, na riaghailtean, na laghannan, agus na beusan sin a ghiulaineas torradh brioghmhor trom anns an am a tha ri teachd.

Tha obair an aonachaidh a dol air aghaidh air mhodh no 'dha anns na roinnean leis am bheil Canada air a dheanamh suas. Tha na h-eaglaisean, cuideachd, a' faireachduinn gu 'n tig e dhoibhsan a bhi 'beachdachadh co dhiu a bhitheadh e glic a's ceart a's fabhorach neart mor a thrusadh a chum an tir gu h-iomlan 'aiteachadh, le 'bhi 'dol le cheile agus a' giulan an aon ainm. Tha tri bliadhna bho 'n

a thoisich Eaglais na h-Alba ann an Canada agus na h-eaglaisean eile aig am bheil na beachdan agus na riaghailtean ceudna, air barailean a chèile 'iarraidh, a chum 's gu 'm 'faicear co dhiu bhiodh e comasach a's glic, dol le cheile. Chaidh cheana moran curaim a's dragha a ghabhail leis na daoine a's momha gliocas, a's eolais anns na h-eaglaisean so, a chum gu 'n cuireadh iad a' chuis chudthromach so ann an uidheam phongail, cheart. Tha moran aig an am so a' deanamh luathghair, do bhrigh gu bheil nithean co fàbhorach agus co gealltannach, agus gu 'm faod sinn a reir coslais, a bhi earbsach gu 'm bi na h-eaglaisean air an nasgadh gu daingeann r'a cheile. Tha aobhar againn uile 'bhi toilichte gu 'm bi e comasach duinne ar teasghradh do dh-Eaglais na h-Alba 'chumail suas, am feadh a bhitheas ceartas saoibhir air a dheanamh ris na h-eaglaisean eile. Is cinnteach a tha mi, gu bheil obair mhor aig gach eaglais anns an duthaich so r'a dheanamh oir buinidh e doibh le dealas blath 's le eud diadhaidh a bhi 'craobh - sgaoileadh an t - Soisgeil bheannaichte air feadh gach cearna agus anns gach ionad - comhnuidh anns an tir.

Tha na Gaidheil lionmhor anns an duthaich so; tha iad seasmhach, aghartach agus measail. Air an aobhar so tha cinnt agam gu 'm builich sibhse iomadh smuain chaoimhneil, chairdeil oirrn. — Is mise, le mor urram, bhur caraid fior dhileas, CONA.

Ontario,
Ceud Mhios a' Gheamh. 1873.

LOCHINBHAR.

Thainig triath Lochinbhàr as an Iar oirnn gu grad,
Air steud-each a b' àille 's na crìochaibh air fad;
Gun bhall air a shiubhal ach claidheamh deas, treun,
A' marcachd gun armachd 's a' marcachd leis fhéin.
Cho dìleas an gaol, a's cho gaisgeil am blàr,
Cha 'n fhacas riamh coimeas do thriath Lochinbhàr.

Gun chùram do bhacadh, gun eagal roimh nàmh,
Far an doimhne an abhainn, rinn esan a snàmh;
Ach, *Netherby Hall*, m' an do ràinig e thall,
Thug a leannan a h-aonta, 's bha 'shao'ir-san air chall,
Oir bha giùgaire 'n gaol, agus cladhaire 'm blàr,
Dol a phòsadh na h-ainnir aig triath Lochinbhar.

Do *Netherby Hall* gu neo-sgàthach ghabh e 'steach,
Am measg fhleasgach a's chàirdean, a's bhrà'rean, 's gach neach!
'Sin thuirt athair na gruagaich, 's a lamh air a lann,—
(Bha 'm fear-bainnse air chrith, 's e gun smid as a cheann.)
"An d' thàinig thu 'n sìth no an d'thain' thu chum àir,
No a dhanns' aig a' phòsadh, a thriath Lochinbhàr?"

"B' fhad' a shuiridh mi do nighean, ged dhiùlt thu mo ghràdh;
Ach tha 'n gaol mar a' mhuir, ni e lionadh a's trà'dh;
A's thàinig mi dh 'ionnsaidh a' phòsaidh gun sìon,
Ach a dhanns' leis an òg-bhean, 's a dh-òl leatha fìon.
Tha pailteas an Albainn de dh-òighean a's fhearr,
A ghabhadh gu deònach tighearn òg Lochinbhàr!"

Bhlais ise; ghlac esan an cupan gu teann,
A's thilg e á làimh e 'n uair dh' òl e na bh' ann;
Chrom ise gu màlda 's a h-aghaidh fo nàir',
Le deur air a sùil, 's air a bilibh fèith-ghàir'.
Ghabh e greim air a làimh dh' aindeoin bacadh a màth'r,
"'Nis theid sinn a dhannsadh!" thuirt triath Lochinbhàr.

A chruth-san cho àluinn, 's a gnùis-se cho briagh;
Cha 'n fhacas aon chàraid 'thug bàrr orra riamh.
Fo chorruich bha 'h-athair, a màthair, 's a luchd-dàimh,
'S am fear-bainnse trom, dubhach, 's a bhoineid 'n a làimh;
Rinn na maighdeannan cagar, "B'e moran a b' fhearr,
"I dh' fhaotainn r'a phòsadh tighearn òg Lochinbhàr!"

Air dha beantainn r'a làimh agus cagar 'n a ceann,
A mach air an dorus a ghearr iad le deann;
Thog e suas air an each i, 's am priobadh na sùl,
Bha esan 's an dìollaid a's is' aig a chùl!
"Tha í agam gun taing! Beannachd leibh!" thuirt an sàr,
"Bidh iad tapaidh a ghlacas tighearn òg Lochinbhàr!"

Chuir na càirdean le cabhag an eachaibh air doigh;—
Cuid a' ruith, cuid a' marcachd a ghlacadh na h-òigh;
Bha ruagadh, a's réiseadh, thar raointibh a's shliabh,
Ach sealladh d'an òg-bhean cha 'n fhacaidh iad riamh!
Cho treubhach an gaol, a's cho gaisgeil am blàr,
Am facas riamh leithid tighearn òg Lochinbhàr!

Eadar, le. MAC-MHARCUIS.

FIOR DHILLSEACHD.

A GHAIDHEIL URRAMAICH,—Thachair dhomh a bhi ann am baile Dhuneideann o chionn ghoirid a' cur seachad feasgar Sathurna le m' dheagh charaid Domhnull-og Charba—is aithne dhuit e. Ann an nochdadh dhomh iongantasan an aite thug e mi a dh-amharc carragh-cuimhneachain a bha air 'ur thogail ann an teas-meadhon a' bhaile agus anns an do gabh mi mor thlachd. Bha an carragh mu sheachd troidhean air airde air a shnaidheadh gu maiseach—an t-iochdar aige air cumadh mèis eireachdail agus i a ghnath lan agus a' sruthadh thairis le uisge, agus air a ciallachadh mar aite-òil do choin a' bhaile. Mu thuairean thri troidhean os a chionn so bha mias eile agus i mar an ceudna a' cur thairis le uisge fior-ghlan. Ag eirigh as a' mhèis so bha carragh caol, agus air a mhull-ach dealbh abhaig bhig, mholaich, cho riochdail 's a chumnaic mi riabh. Bheireadh tu do mhionnan gu 'n robh i beo—cha mhor nach tugadh tu ort fein a chreidsinn gu 'n robh thu a' faicinn a fionnaidh fada a crathadh anns a' ghaoith. "Co airson idir a tha an carragh so?" arsa mise. Thug Domhnull m' an cuairt mi thun an taoibh eile; leugh e anns a' Bheurla agus dh' eadar-theangaich e dhomh mar a leanas an sgriobhadh a bha an sin air a ghearradh gu snasmhor air clar umha:—"Mar chuimhneachan air

treibhdhireachd dhileas *Ghreyfriars Bobby.* Anns a' bhliadhna 1858 lean an cuilein caomh so corp a mhaighstir do chladh *Greyfriars* agus dh' fhuirich e mu 'n naigh gus an d' fhuair e bas anns a' bhliadhna 1872. Air a chur suas leis a' Bhan-Ridire *Burdett Coutts.*" Is iomadh uair a chuala mi iomradh air brou airson chairdean, agus air luchd-tuiridh a bhi 'tighinn an drast 's a rithist a shileadh dheur air uaighean na muinntir a bu toigh leo; ach thug so barr air na chuala mi riamh; agus tha mi ag aideachadh gu 'n do thiomaich mo chridhe an uair a chuimhnich mi air a liughad latha fuar agus oidhche fhliuch a chuir an creutair bochd thairis air an lar lom a' feitheamh 's a' faireadh gun stàth airson aththilleadh a mhaighstir. Nach mor am peacadh do dhuine sam bith a bhuineadh gu bruideil no gu h-aniochdmhor ri 'leithid so de chreutair? agus an deigh sin uile, nach minig a tha sinn a' gnathachadh gu cruaidh ar seirbhisich cheithir-chasach nach urrainn gearan no mounhor a dheanamh, ach, ma dh' fhaoidte, a bhios na 's duileadh air ar son an uair a dh' fhalbhas sinn na ar luchd-daimh a's miodalaiche umainn am feadh a tha sinn beo. Fhuair mi mach gu 'm bu dhuine fior bhochd a bha ann am maighstir a' chuilean bhig so; cha robh leachd no ainm air 'uaigh; dhichuimhnich gach duine a bhuineadh dha e' aite an robh e air a charamh; ach bha aon charaid aige a bha dileas; a chompairtich d' a bhochdainn 'n uair bu bheo e; a lean gu tursach e thun na h-uaighe; agus, a chionn gu 'n robh e'nis gun dachaidh —gu n do chaill e aon a bha caoimhneil ris, 's nach robh e coltach gu 'm faigheadh e a leithid de mhaighstir tuille,—a chuir roimhe nach treigeadh e an uaigh, ach gu 'n biodh e dluth, gun fhios nach cuireadh a charaid feum air. Bha na coimhearsnaich math do 'n chuilein, a' toirt bidh dha gach latha. Dh' fheuch cuid diubh ri a thaladh air falbh, agus chaidh iad cho fada aig aon am agus, airson truais, gu 'n d' thug iad a stigh fo fhasgadh e ri aimsir fhuair, fhliuich, ach cha robh e idir toilichte; cho luath 's a fhuair e mar sgaoil thug e an cladh air; agus o 'n àm sin, fad cheithir bliadhna deug, a gheamhradh no 'shamhradh, cha do chuir e seachad oidhche air falbh o uaigh a mhaighstir. Bhagair an luchd-cise o chionn bheagan bhliadhnaichean gu 'n tugadh iad air an fheadhainn a bha a' beathachadh a' choin a' chis a phaigheadh air a shon, ach, do bhrigh nach b' urrainn doibh a radh gu 'n bu le duine air bith an cuilein,—ged a bha na ficheadan deas gu paigheadh seach gu 'n rachadh beantainn ris —cha do chuireadh cis air duine air a shon, agus fhuair e cead a dhachaidh a dheanamh anns a' chladh, far an do bhasaich e, mar a thuirt mi, anns a' bhliadhna 1872.—Is mi, &c.,

MAC-MHARCUIS.

An Fheill-Martainn,
1873.

——o——

NA GAIDHEIL AIG ALMA.

AIR FONN—"*My Name it is Donald Mac-Donald.*"

O nach robh sinn mar bhà!
B' fhearr gu 'n robh sinn mar bhà!
S na 'm biomaid mar bha sinn air fuir-
Gu 'n rachamaid uile gu blar. [each.

Tha mise 'so, Ailean o Lòchaidh,
'S mi fada air fògradh feadh *Ghall*—
'S na'm faighinn o 'n Bhàn-Righ na dh'
fhòghnadh
Cha biodh *Fear-a-còmaidh* air chall—
Nan cuirt' ann an àite nan caorach,
Sliochd sgaipte nan *Laoch* nach 'eil ann,
Bhiodh fardaichean fasgach aig faondraich—
Bhiodh aiteas a's aoidh feadh nan *Gleann.*
O nach robh, &c.

'N uair 'bha mi air sràidean Dhun-eideann,
Gun airgiod, gun éideadh, a' triall—
Gun chònuidh, gun chosnadh, gun
Bheurla,
'S b' e 'n t-eagal gu 'n tréiginn mo chiall;

'S ann chunnaic mi 'n *Reiseamaid* sgiolta,
'S gu 'n d' eirich mo mhiseach a' m' chliabh,
'S cha b' fhiach leam gu bràth *Milisi*—
Ach *Dà-a's-Dà-Fhichead(a)* nàn sliabh.
O nach robh, &c.

'S an *Eiphit*, 's a' *Spàinnd* 's thar gach mara—
'S an *Fhraing*, 's ann an *Canada* fuar—
'S gu tric sinn 's na h-*Innsibh*'g ar garadh—
Gun chromadh gun chrannadh 'n ar tuar—
B'i 'n *Reiseamaid* bhuadhar 's gach cath i,
Mu 'n deach i fo *Chailean* gu buaidh,
'S b' e 'cheann-san a liath 's a' chogadh
'Bu tearnadh dhuinn toiseach an t-*Sluaigh*.
O nach robh, &c.

'S ann òirnn nach tig dichuimhn' na *Faiche*,
Far 'facas na feara fo 'n cruaidh,
'S fo bhriathran 's fo bhrosnachadh Chailein,
Ar cridheachan laiste gu 'r gruaidh,
"'Nis leanaibh-se '*Laochraidh* nam beann mi,
A's thugaibh o 'r naimhdibh a' bhuaidh
'S *na tillibh-se* 'meadhon a' bhruthaich.
Ach glacaibh na mullaich 's gu luath."
O nach robh, &c.

Deadh *Ghilleau-an-Fheilidh* bu ghreadhnach,
Feadh càthair a's coilltich 'dol suas
Ar Piobairean 's brataichean sranrach,
'G ar greasad, mar b' annsa, gu cruas—
'S ged, mharbhadh a steud-each fo 'r Ceannard,
Grad laiste bha 'lann-san*(b)* roi' Shluagh,
'S le 'r cruaidh, le 'r luaidhe 's le 'r lasair,
Chaidh naimhdean mar chathadh*(c)* o 'n Tuath.
O nach robh, &c.

Air leam gu 'n robh Leòghan nan gleachd leinn—
An Gaisgeach o 'n Earrachd mar bhà,
Le '*cheathairne* chliuitich a chleachd e;*(d)*
'S an *Reangaire(e)* 'n tarruing gun sgàth—
'S na seòid sin tha 'seòladh ri 'n taice—*(f)*
Na fiùrain 'bu mhaisiche bàrr,
Nach fiaradh o 'n dùchas air faiche,
'S nach lùbar le gaiseadh*(g)* nam blàr.
O nach robh, &c.

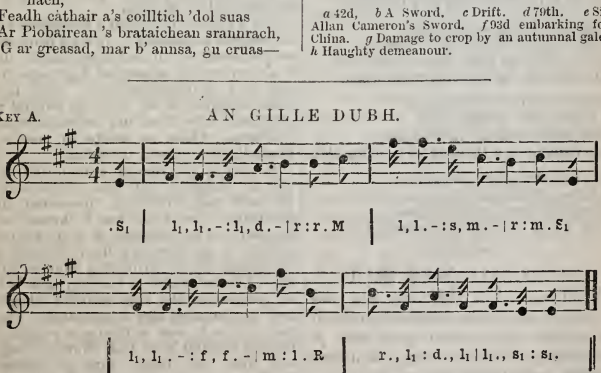
'S na 'n toisicheadh *Alasdair Neacail*,—(the Czar.)
Ri '*spagluinn(h)* air faiche no sliabh
Gu 'n toir sinn dha aobhar a ghearain,
Mar thug sinn do *cheannaircich* riabh—
'S mar 'rinn sinn fo *Ridire* Cailean
'S na *Gaidheil*'ga leanailt gu dian—
A thràillean a thilleadh le 'r deannal,
'Dhol dhachaidh a dh-fheannadh nam bian.
O nach robh, &c.

A. M.

a 42d, *b* A Sword. *c* Drift. *d* 79th. *e* Sir Allan Cameron's Sword. *f* 93d embarking for China. *g* Damage to crop by an autumnal gale. *h* Haughty demeanour.

KEY A.

AN GILLE DUBH.



SEISD.—An gille dubh cha treig mi,
'S le fear a' chruidh cha teid mi;
An gille dubh cha treig mi,
O'n thug mi fein mo ghealladh dha.

Tha mo chairdean deonach,
'S iad toileach mise 'phosadh,
Ri fear airson a storais,—
Nach gorach leibh 'n am barail iad!

Is e mo ghaol an t-uasal,
A dh' imich thar nan cuantan;
Bu shealgair choileach-ruadh e,
M' an gluaiseadh iad 's a' chamhanaich.

'N uair dhireadh tu na stucan
Le d' ghunna caol nach diultadh,
Bhiodh coileach dubh na durdail
A' lubadh bharr gach meangain leat.

'N uair theid thu thun na feille
Do 'n chlachan ri la greine,
Cha 'n fhaicear measg nan ceudan
Fear eugais a' ghille dhuibh!

Gur e mo ghaol an t-oigear
Aig 'bheil a' phearsa bhoidheach,—
Troidh chuimir am broig chomhnaird
Nach toir air feoirnein carachadh.

Gur e mo ghaol an t oigear
Aig bheil a' mheall-shuil bhoidheach;
Gu 'n aithnichinn do cheum comhnard,
A mach air loin a' bhaile so.

Gur e mo ghaol an t-armunn
A chaidh a nunn thar saile;
Na 'm faighinn cead mo chairdean,
Gun dail gu 'n deanainn banais dhuit.*

Cha b' ioghnadh mi bhi 'n toir ort,
'S do ghruaidhean mar na rosan;
Do chneas mar chanach lointean,
'S mar ite 'n eoin do mhalaidhean.

'S ann an raoir a rinn mi bruadar
Am chadal air a' chluasaig—
'S a' mhadainn, 'n uair a ghluais mi,
Gu 'm b' fhada bhuam an gille dubh.

Gur mise th' air mo lionadh,
'Bhi cuimhneach air do bhriathran;
Gu 'm b' fhearr nach fhacas riamh thu,
Ma thug thu 'm bliadhna 'n car asam.

Ma rinn thu mise 'threigsinn
Le comhairle luchd-breige,
Cha 'n fhiosrach mi fo 'n ghrein
Ciod am feum a th' anns an leannanachd.

Ma rinn thu mise 'threigsinn
Le comhairle luchd-breige,
Mo mhile beannachd fein leat
O 'n 's e gu 'm b' eudar dealachadh.

———o———

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

[Fhuair sinn litir no dha mu Alasdair ainmeil, ach athaobh gu bheil e a nis fo 'n fhoid gun suil ri aiseirigh, cha 'n 'eil sinn 'g a mheas airidh air tuilleadh gnothuich a ghabhail ris; cuiridh sinn, uime sin, comhdhunadh air a' chuis leis na Rannan Cuimhneachain a leanas a thoirt d' ar luchd-leughaidh:]

* Gu brath cha do dhealaich sinn.

RANNAN CUIMHNEACHAIN.

Air "Alasdair nan stop" nach maireann, a bha o chionn ghoirid, ma 's fior an sgeul 'n a osdair, 'n a mhisgeir uaigneach, agus 'n a fhoirfeach ann an aon de eaglaisean Gaidhealach Ghlaschu.

Cha d' fhuair e bàs, cha 'n 'eil e beò,
A's riamh cha d' ol e *dram;*
'S i 'bhreug o 'n d' fhuair e 'ainm 's a bhith;—
Cha robh e idir ann.
'S i 'bhreug a leag a chorp 's an uaigh,
Le balgan-suain fo 'cheann;
'S i 'bhreug a sgriobh a chliu air 'lic
An cainnt nach tuig na Gaill.
'S i 'bhreug rinn *osdair* 's *foirfeach* dheth,
'S a thug suil-ghorm do Iseabal;
'S i 'bhreug, ma dh' fhaoidte, 'ghin an t-iomlan
De mhic-meamna "E. M. L."

"Bolg-fas labhrach."

———o———

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Cha 'n 'eil dichioll feumail agus freagarrach a' co'-sheasamh co mor ann a bhi do ghnath saothrachail, 's a ta e ann an nithibh cudthromach a dheanamh air ball, do bhrigh an sin, gu 'n eirich a' bhuannachd a's mo asda.

Is e a's glice an saoghal a thuigsinn, na an saoghal a dhiteadh. Is e a's fearr an saoghal ionnsachadh na a sheachnadh. Is e a's urramaich' an saoghal a ghnathachadh na a mhi-bhuileachadh. Agus is i obair shonraichte an duine an saoghal a dheanamh ni's fearr, ni's maisiche, agus ni's sona. Chum na criche so, ma ta, deanadh gach duine a dhichioll.

Is ni ro chudthromach ann an tinneas, ann an amhghar, agus ann an trioblaid de gach gne, dichioll a dheanamh air fhaotuinn a mach cia mar a chumar air ais iad. Tha leigheas 'n a ni maith, ach is ni gu mor ni's fearr dichioll a dheanamh air an euslaint a chumail air ais. Tha trioblaid a' teagasg, ach 's e an teagasg a tha aige strith a dheanamh gu fantuinn saor o thrioblaid. Tha gach olc a ta sinn a' fulang 'n a sgolb o laimh Freasdail 'n ar feoil chum ar dusgadh suas gu curam, agus gu ceartas a dheanamh, agus gu bhi faicilleach, faireil, agus foighidinneach.

———

Freagairtean do na Toimhseachain anns an aircamh mu dheireadh:—

1, Glaodh. 2, Spal figheadair. 3, M' athair. 4, Neach a 's airde na e fein.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

DECEMBER, 1873.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 282.)

144. *Meat* or *meata* (feeble, faint-hearted) is akin to Ger. *matt* (weary, faint, weak). The duplication of *t* in *matt* explains the absence of aspiration in *meat* or *meata* although flanked by vowels.

145. *Crom;* Ger. *krumm;* Eng. *crump.*

Crom (crooked) = W. *crwm* (bending; fem. *crom)* and corresponds to Ger. *krumm* (crooked, curved), Low Dut. *krom* (crooked), A.S. *crumb* or *crump* (crooked, crumped), Eng. *crump.* Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary.

146. *Glan* and *clean.*

Glan (clean) = W. *glân* and is cognate with Ice. *glan* (to shine, polish), A.S. *clæn* (pure), Eng. *clean* (lit. polished, shining).

147. *Asal* and *ass, easel.*

Asal (ass; in Middle Gael. *assal)* corresponds to W. *asyn,* Ger. *esel,* Goth. *asilus,* Lith. *asilas.* It is regarded by Stokes as standing for *asan,* and as having been taken from Lat. *asinus. Ass* is from A.S. *assa,* Lat. *asinus.* The Gr. is *onos* for *hosnos* (cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 66). *Easel* (the frame on which painters support their pictures) is from Ger. *esel* (an ass). Stokes does not consider *asal* a Celtic word, for if it were the vowel-flanked *s* would have been lost in Irish.

148. *Connlach* and *cane.*

Connlach (straw, stubble) is from *conn,* which corresponds to Lat. *canna* (reed, cane; = Gr. *kanna)* and the termination *lach* (for which cf. Z. G. C., p. 855). *Cane* is from Lat. *canna.* Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 157. Cf. W. *cawn, cawnen* (reed-grass).

149. *Put* and *butt.*

Put (push, thrust) = W. *pwtio* (to thrust; from *pwt,* a blunt short truncheon, and corresponds to Fr. *bouter* (to thrust), Ital. *botto* (a blow, stroke), Lang. *buta* (to strike), Eng. *butt* (to strike with the head like a goat or ram). For Gael. *p* = Eng. *b* cf. *putan* and *button.*

150. *Slug* (to swallow) may be compared with Dut. *slockken* (to swallow), Ger. *schlucken* (to swallow), *schlung* (the act of swallowing), W. *llwngc* or *llunc* (a swallowing).

151. *Sloc* or *slochd* (a hollow place, pit) may be compared with Ger. *schlucht* (a hollow, a cavity), A.S. *slog* (a hollow place), Eng. *slough* (a hollow filled with mud, bog). *Sloc* is connected with *slug* (to swallow).

152. *Sgaoil* (to loose, unsew) corresponds to Scot. *skail* (to unsew), Low Dut. *schelen,* A.S. *scylan* (to separate, divide), Swed. *skilja* (to divide), Ice. *skilia* (to separate).

153. *Sgath* (to destroy, injure, hurt) may be compared with Ger. *schaden* (to injure, hurt). Gael. *t* = Ger. *d* by rule. Cf. *tri* (three) and *drei; tu* (thou) and *du; tàing* (thanks) and *dank.*

154. *Sgal* and *squall, squeal.*

Sgal (a shriek, a loud shrill cry) may be compared with Ger. *schallen* (to sound, to resound), Old Ice. *squala* (to scream, cry, make a noise), Swed. *sqväla* (to squeal), Eng. *squall* and *squeal.*

155. *Pian* and *pain.*

Pian (pain; = *pena)* is from Lat.

poena = Gr. *poinē* ("properly *quit-money for blood spilt*"). Corresponding forms are W. *poen*, Fr. *peine*, Eng. *pain*.

156. *Gruaim* and *grum*, *grumble*, *grim*.

Gruaim (surliness) = W. *grwm*, and is connected with Dan. *grum* (ferocious), A.S. *grum* (fierce), Eng. *grum* (angry, surly, sulky). With *gruaim* and *grum* Wedgwood connects Fr. *grommeler* and Dut. *grommen* and *grommelen*, from which Eng. *grumble* is derived, and also Ger. *grimm* (wrath) with which A.S. and Eng. *grim* corresponds.

157. *Cat.*

Cat (cat; = catt) corresponds to W. *cath*, Corn. *cat*, Bret. *kaz*, Ger. *katze*, A.S. *catt*, Eng. *cat*. Cf. Lat. *cattus*. The *tt* (= W. *th*) accounts for the absence of aspiration in Gael. *cat*.

158. *Biadh*, *beatha*, *beò*, and Lat. *vita*, &c.

Biadh (food; anc. *biad*) = *bivata*, and is akin to Gr. *biotos* (life; = *biϝotos*, with digamma), Lat. *vita* (= *vîvita*), Gael. *beatha*, *beò*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 76. The Sansk. root is *giv*, and with it are connected, as previously noticed (vol. I., p. 245), Gr. *bios* (= *biϝos*), Lat. *vivus*, Goth. *qvius*, A.S. *cwic*, Eng. *quick*.

159. *Cuigeal.*

Cuigeal (distaff, = W. *cogail*, Corn. *kigel*, Bret. *kigel*, *kegel*, and corresponds to Old H. Ger. *cuncla*, New H. Ger. *kunkel*, Fr. *quenouille*, Ital. *conocchia*, from Middle Lat. *conucula*, for *colucula*, from *colus* (a distaff). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 81, and Highland Society's Dictionary.

160. *Uileann* and *ell*, *elbow*.

Uileann (elbow) = W. *elin*, and is cognate with *ōlenē*. Lat. *ulna*, Dut. *eln* or *el*, A.S. *elne*, Eng. *ell* (the length of a forearm). *Elbow* is from A.S. *elnboga* or *elboga* (from *eln* or *el* and *boga*, bow).

161. *Fortas* and *orts*, Scot. *worts*.

Fortas (litter, orts) = Scot. *worts* and Eng. *orts* (fragments and rejected parts that are left by cattle in feeding). *Fortas* is used in the singular, the genitive being *fortais*. Cf. Gael. *grotas* (used in the singular) = *grots* or *groats*, *grits* (grain husked and more or less broken), Ger. *grütze* (grit, groats).

162. *Brod* (goad or sting) = Scot. *brod*, A.S. *brord* (a prick or point, the first blade or spire of grass), Ice. *broddr* (a sting).

163. *Meigeall*, *meigeadan*, *meigeadaich*, and Gr. *mēkaomai*.

Meig-eall (bleat as a goat or kid) and Gr. *mēk-aomai* (to bleat) seem derived, as Wedgwood thinks (cf. Dictionary, p. xxi.), from the sound of bleating. Cf. *meigeadan* (a goat or kid) and Gr. *mēkas*, gen. *mēkados* (the bleating one). *Meigeadaich* (bleating) is from *meigeadan*.

164. *Mèil*, *mèilich*, and Gr. *mēlon*.

Mèil (to bleat as a sheep) and *mēlon* (a sheep) may also be regarded as formed from the same root, which represents the sound of the bleating of sheep.

165. *Ard* (high) is cognate with Lat. *arduus* (high, lofty), Gr. *orthos* (= *orthϝos*), Sansk. *îrdhva*. The Gaulish name *Arduenna* shows that *àrd* is not a loan-word. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 107, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 39.

166. *Cùl* (back) is cognate with Lat. *culus* (the fundament).

167. *Cam* (crooked, bent, curved, in Old Gael. *camm*) = W. *camm* and is cognate with Gr. *kampē* (bending or winding as of a river; from the root *kamp*), *kamptō* (to bend, to curve). From *cam* are derived *camag* (a curl, a crook, a small bay) *caman* (a club), *camas* (a bay, a creek), &c. Cf. the Gaulish names *Cambodunum* (from *cam* and *dūn*) and *Morikambē* (from *mori-* = *mare* and *cam*).

168. *Èagh* (melt, dissolve) is cognate with Lat. *liquo* (melt) and *liqueo* (to be liquid). These words are referred by Bopp to the Sansk. root *lî* (to melt, to make liquid).

169. *Léigh* and *leech.*

Léigh (physician) is cognate with A.S. *læce* (leech, physician), Goth. *leikeis*, Dan. *læge*, Eng. *leech* (orig. a physician).

170. *Seac* and Lat. *siccus.*

Seac (withered or decayed) = W. *sech* and may be compared with Lat. *siccus* (dry, parched) from *siscus* = Sansk. *sushka* from the root *sush* (to grow dry). Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 391. To the same root Bopp refers Ir. *sioc* (frost).

171. *Achlais* (arm-pit) may be compared with Lat. *axilla* (arm-pit), Ger. *achsel* (the joint which connects the arm to the body, the shoulder), Old H. Ger. *ahsala*, W. *asgell* (wing), Lat. *ala* (wing) is a diminutive from *axilla*. *Asgal* is another form of *achlais.*

172. *Aisil* (an axle-tree) = *axle* from Lat. *axis.* Cf. Gr. *axōn*. *Axis* and *axōn* are connected with Lat. *ago*, Gr. *agō*.

173. *Trà* or *tràth* (time, season) may be compared with A.S. *thrah* or *thrag* (space or course of time, season, time). Cf. Garnetts' Essays p. 204.

174. *Pòsda* (married) was in Middle Gaelic *pústa* = Lat. *sponsatus* from *sponsare* frequentative of *spondeo.* Initial *s*, and also *n* before *s*, are dropped in *pústa* or *pòsta.* Cf. Stokes' Goidilica, p. 63.

175. *Blàth* and *flower.*

Blàth (flower) = W. *blawd*, Corn. *blez*, and corresponds to Lat. *flos* and to New H. Ger. *blüte.* Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 77. *Flower* is from the Lat. *flos.*

176. *Fiar* (crooked, curved).

Fiar = W. *gwyr* (oblique) and may be compared with Lat. *varus* (bent), *varo* (to crook, to curve), Sansk. *vakrá* (curved). Cf. Gr. *makrós* and *mâr*, now *mòr.* See Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 338. Gael. *f* = Lat. *v* and Gr. digamma by rule.

177. *Caomh* (kind, loving).

Caomh, in anc. Gael. *caem*, corresponds to Lat. *comis* (courteous, kind, humane), Sansk. *kam* (to love). Bopp refers (Glossary, p. 71) *camho* and *comis* to the root *kam*, to which he refers also Lat. *amo*, the gutteral being rejected.

178. *Eile* (other, another).

Eile, which corresponds to Lat. *alius*, Gr. *állos* from *áljos*, Goth. *aljis*, is referred by Bopp to Sansk. *anyá* (other, another), the letters *l* and *n* being interchanged. Cf. Sansk. Glossary, p. 13.

179. *Each* (horse).

Each in anc. Gael. *ech* = *ecas* = *akvas* and corresponds to Sansk. *açvas*, Gr. *hippos* for *hikkos* by assimilation from *hikFos*, Lat. *equus*, O. H. Ger. *ehu*, Lith. *aszva.* Cf. the Gaulish name *Épo-mâlus.* See Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 39.

180. *Focal* (word) and *voice.*

Focal in middle Gael. *focul* = Lat. *vocabulum* (word), from *vox* (voice; = *vocs*). Voice comes from *vox* through the Fr. *voix.* Cf. Ital. *voce.* The *c* of *focul* = *cv* = *cbh* = *cb*, which explains the absence of aspiration. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 104. By dropping the vowel *a* and the termination *um*, *vocabulum* becomes *vocbul* = *vocbhul* = *vocvul* = *focul.*

181. *Seiceal* (an instrument for dressing flax, a heckle).

Seiceal = *heckle* or *hackle.* Cf. Ger. *hechel* (flax-comb), Eng. *hatchel*, W. *heislan*, (a hatchel). Cf. also Gael. *seiclear* and *heckler.* Gael. *s* = Eng. and W. *h* frequently.

182 *Cnò* and *nut.*

Cnò (nut) is cognate with Lat. *nux* (nut) for *cnux*, Ice. *hnyt*, A.S. *hnut*, Ger. *nuss*, Eng. *nut.* The

Welsh is *cneuen*, plur. *cnau*, and the Br. *kraoun*.

183. *Roth* or *rath* and *rote*.

Roth or *rath* (wheel) = W. *rhôd* (wheel) and corresponds to Lat. *rota* (wheel), from which Eng. *rote* (a *wheel* or round of words) is derived.

184. *Loch* and *lake*.

Loch (lake) = W. *llwch* and corresponds to Lat. *lacus*, from which Eng. *lake* is derived. *Loch* and *lough* = Gael. *loch*.

185. *Gabhal* or *gobhal* (fork) may be compared with Lat. *gabalus* (fork), Dan. *gaffel* (fork), Ger. *gabel* (fork), W. *gafl*. *Gobhlag* (a small fork) and *gobhlan* (a small fork) are from *gobhal*.

186. *Coinneal* (candle; in Middle Gael. *coindeal*) = Lat. *candela* (from *candeo* to shine), Fr. *chandelle*, A.S. *candel*, Eng. *candle*.

187. *Dair*, *daire*, *darach*, and *tree*.

Dair (oak-tree; gen. *darach*) = W. *derw*, and is cognate with Gr. *drys* (oak), *dory* (a tree), Sansk. *dâru* (timber), Goth. *triu* (tree), A.S. *treow* and *tryw* (tree), Eng. *tree*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 79. *Daire* (grove; now *doire*) and *darach* (oak) are from *dair*. Gaelic and Greek *d* = Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Eng. *t*.

188. *Claon* and *lean*.

Claon (incline; anc. *claen*) is cognate with Gr. *klinō* (to make to bend), Lat. *clino* (to bend, incline), Old H. Ger. *hlinêm* (to lean), A.S. *hlynian* (to lean), Ger. *lehnen* (to lean), Dan. *læne* (to lean), Eng. *lean*. Gaelic, Greek, and Latin *c* = German and Anglo-Saxon *h*.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER AT SHERIFF-MUIR.—The following was found in a memorandum book belonging to Burns:—"O Lord, be Thou with us; but, if Thou be not with us, be not against us; but leave it between the red coats and us!"

THE MACKENZIES AND THE MACDONALDS.

The following is a portion of a letter from the late Hon. Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, dated 15th December 1816, and just published in the volume "Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents":—"The *Quarterly Review* says the Mackenzies were once a dependent clan on the Macdonalds. I can assure you such never was the case. We were certainly a much younger clan, and fostered by the Crown to be a thorn in their side. When we had grown into power we beat them out of Ross-shire, and the battle which completed their discomfiture was fought on their very property, the battle of Park. Many people here have been quite shocked at such a libel on Clan Kenneth, and I lament it the more as that article, so deep in Highland lore, and so authentic in every other point, will always be quoted as infallible authority, and the poor Mackenzies be tied for ever to the chariot-wheels of the Macdonalds. I am assured that our family never had a charter from any one of the Macdonalds, which is a proof we were never dependent on them. I have charters for full four hundred years to produce. The battle here referred to, Blar-na-pairc, was a fierce and bloody encounter, between the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds, in consequence of the chief of Clan Kenneth, for some slight cause, repudiating his wife, who was a sister of the Lord of the Isles, and blind of an eye. He had returned the lady to her kindred, insultingly accompanied by a man and a horse, each, like herself, with only one eye.

—o—

CELTIC TOPOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 157)

Druim-liath-ghort = "Ridge of the grey garden."

Druim, in the genitive *droma*, is "ridge." Compare Welsh *trum*, "ridge," "back;" *trum y ty*, "house ridge," *Dra*, *dru*, *dram* in Sanskrit; Latin *dorsum*; French *dos*, probably akin to *torreo*; English "dry," German *dörren*, *dorren*. Compare here *torran*, *tor*, *tolm* and *talamh*, all meaning "hillock," "mound" or "eminence." *Druim-Albin*, *Dorsum Albaniae* is the water-shed of our native soil. *Tolm* and *talamh* are evidently akin. In our expression *talamh tioram*, "dry land," both words have, evidently, an etymological relation, and ridge or eminence must of a natural consequence be dry, or at least dryer than the vicinal low land.

Liath means "white" and most other hues mixed, as *liath-ghlas*, *liath-ghorm*, *liath-bhuidhe*, &c. Welsh *lleyd* and *blawr*, Armoric *lion*, Latin *lividus*, *livor* for *flividus*, *flivor* and this again for *fligvidus*, *fligvor* from *fligere* whence *flagellum* and *flavus* for *flagvus* *fligere*, *flagrum*, *flagitium*, *plange*, *plāgo*, *plāgosus*, Greek *plēgē*, *plesso*, *plectron*, &c., and Gaelic *baly*, *boly*, *buily*, and perhaps *bulagh* or *buladh* with an intercalary vowel: compare English *flag*, &c., Gothic *bligvran*, German *blaw*, English *blue*, Anglo Saxon, *bleo*, *bleoh*, "colour." Here comes our Scottish *blae berry*, botanical *vaccinium Myrtillus*, in German *blabeere*. Akin are the Gaelic *bla*, "yellow," *blagh* "blow," Scottish *blaw*, English *blow*, and little doubt here too are connected *bladh*, *blath*, "blossom," which should be spelled *blagh* = Gothic *blig*. We see then that these words, if my tentative alliance is logically right, have lost an initial *b* or *f*, and also a *g* in the middle of the word. I refer, of course, to *liath* and *lividus*, &c., which are clearly for *bliagh*and *fligvidus*, and the radical idea is "strike" *so as to weal, percutere*, "make black and blue."

Gort is originally "growing crop," as *gortain lin*, *gortain eorna*, Latin *hortus*, "garden," and Greek *chortus*, Gothic *gras*, Anglo-Saxon *grās*, English *grass*, *gorse*, *whins*, botanical *ulex Europaeus*. I could here mention the Gaelic *glas*, "gray," with *l* for *r* as we often have; "grant," "grey," "green," the names "Grant," "Gray," "Green," Latin *gramen*, Sanskrit *ghasa*, "grass," from *ghas*, "to devour," Ghothic *gasto*, Anglo-Saxon *gest*, Gaelic *goistidh*, "sponsor." I must add before leaving this farm name that it is the birthplace of our pastoral Celtic muse Duncan Macintyre, facing his thrice-praised Beinn-dorain.

Inver-Ourain = "confluence of the Ourain."

Inver or *inbhir* is a much disputed word, and of a most easily disposed of derivation. *In* is Latin *in*, "into;" *bher* or *ver* is Sanskrit *bhar*, Greek *pher*, Latin *fer* or *ber*. *Inbhir*, therefore, means *bear* or *carry into*. The *ber* here is also seen in *aber* = *a-ber*, *cumber* = *cum-ber*; seen in *Cumbernauld*, and Armoric *Kember*, "confluence," which Le Gonidec tells us is composed of *Kem* = Latin *cum*, *com*, or *con* of the French, and *ber*, Latin *fer*, "carry." Akin are our local names *Comrie*, which I take to be a contraction of *combrie*, the *brie* for *beri* and a shortening taking place, *Comrie* = "confluence." Several places are so named—*Comrie* near Crieff, *Inver-Comrie* at the confluence of the Lyon and the Tay, and another in Rannoch. Further, there is still living in the Armoric dialect a verb *bera*, "to flow," "distil," *beradur*, "fluidity," *berad* "drop," *divera*, "flow down." Mayhap this *ber* may have relation to the above verb, *ber* being the moving or carrying idea. But this verb is not entirely defunct in our own dialect; Zeus's Gram. Celt. page 761, line 13, gives *ber (ferre)*, &c.

Ourain means "tawny," "dunn," inclining to yellow, pale, sallow, wan. I am thoroughly of opinion this word is no other than another form of *or*, Welsh *awr*, Armoric *aour*, Latin and Greek *aurum*, *auron*, respectively, "gold," Welsh *air*, *airon*, *airos* meaning "brightness," "flame," "colour," "scarlet," &c. Buchanan in his hymns uses this word—"*Mar aire na maidne 'g eirigh dearg*," "As the flaming effulgence of rosy morn." Does the *Ayr*, the poet's "clear winding Ayr," belong here; *air* from its brightness, lucidity? *Oidhreag*, "the cloudberry," from its rosy redness, and (with *l* for *r*, as often) *eileag*, "a live coal." In the classical tongues compare *aurora*, *quae*, *Graece*, "*eos*" *dicitur*; *aurum*, "gold" from its brilliant yellow, from the root *aur* = *ur*, *urs*, *ustus*, "burn," "flare." Greek *aōs*, *aurion*, *eos*. Eos = "morning meal," Sanskrit *ust*, *usar*, "dawn," *usra*, "ray of light," *usharbudh*, "early awake," *ushas* "dawn," "morning;" and old Old High German, *usilvar*, "yellow." From the linguistic cognate comparison above, I think it is manifest the primitive idea of *our* or *odhar* must have been "shining yellow," from the root *aur*, *ur*,

"burn," "lambent flame," &c. *Auroral, eōs*, "the gorgeous tint of yellow, dazzling, morning red, sunrise." FRAOCH.

—o—

GAELIC GRAMMAR AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

SIR,—Your correspondent, D. C. M., thinks that I "feel very sore" on account of his criticism. I may, therefore, inform him that I do not object at all to being criticised, if the criticism were intelligent. I cannot, however, discover a single sentence in your correspondent's letters which indicates that he possesses an intelligent acquaintance with the subject on which he has seen proper to become my critic. To show that this remark is not too severe I may refer again to his "prepositive verbal particle [*gu*] in the conjunction *gu'n*] used for emphatically affirming a direct assertion"! Criticism of which the above is a fair sample is not fitted to make any one "feel very sore."

Your correspondent thinks that I went out of my way to refer to his escapade in the matter of "Oisean agus an Cléireach." I differ from him. I consider that it was right and relevant when dealing with him in regard to a second escapade to point out that, as gentle correction had produced no effect upon him, it had become necessary to apply the lash more vigorously.

Your correspondent evidently does not see that it is simply nonsense to maintain that in the phrase, "a' bualadh caismeachd thiamhaidh thruaigh an éig," I fell into the same error which I censured in another, in the same number of the GAEL. The error of which I gave numerous examples from "Calum Ciobar's Almanac" consisted in a violation of the simple rule that "one substantive governs another signifying a different thing in the genitive." In the phrase quoted by your correspondent I used the genitive after the infinitive or verbal noun "a' bualadh." Even your correspondent, therefore, might have seen that I did not fall into the error which I condemned in "Calum Ciobair."

But your correspondent thinks that my "assertion that *caismeachd* is in the genitive governed by the infinitive, is contradicted by the two succeeding adjectives *thiamhaidh* and *thruaigh*." He does not seem to know the inflection of adjectives. The adjective *tiamhaidh*, like the noun *caismeachd*, is indeclinable, but *thruaigh*, genitive of *truagh*, shows that *caismeachd*, the noun which it qualifies, is a genitive. Your correspondent's mistake seems to arise from not being sufficiently acquainted with the application of the rule which he himself gives, but in a form which somewhat resembles his "prepositive verbal particle," &c.—"the qualitative adjective following its noun, not predicating of it, agrees with such noun in gender and case!"—and which he says every tyro in Gaelic grammar knows. Your correspondent perhaps knows that in such phrases as "uibhean na circe duibhe," "tigh na mnà mòire," the the adjectives *duibhe* and *mòire* agree in "gender and case" with the nouns *circe* and *mnà* respectively; but he evidently does not know that in such phrases as "ré ùine bhig," "air son do chorruich ghéir," "ùghdar slàinte shìorruidh," the adjectives *bhig, mhòir, shìorruidh*, agree with their respective nouns in gender, number, and case. To put it differently, he perhaps knows that the genitive singular feminine of the adjective is frequently formed without aspiration and by the addition of *e* to the termination of the genitive masculine; but he evidently does not know that it is

also frequently formed by aspiration and without final *e*, precisely as the genitive masculine is formed. It would be easy to give examples from the most accurate writers of Gaelic, but the following in addition to those given in my former letter, will suffice:—

2 Sam. viii, 19. ". . . . ré aimsir fhada," not ". . . . ré aimsir fada."

Esra viii. 21. ". . . . dh' iarraidh air slighe cheirt dhuinn fein," not ". . . dh' iarraidh air slighe ceirte," &c.

Dan. iii. 6, 11, 15. ". . . am builsgean àmhuinn theinntich dhian-loisgich," not ". . . am builsgean àmhuinn teinntich dian-loisgich."

Dan. iii. 21. ". . . am meadhon na h-àmhuinn theinntich dhian-loisgich."

Dan. iii. 23. ". . . am builsgean na h-àmhuinn theinntich dhian-loisgich."

Dan. ix. 24. ". . . a thoirt a steach fìreantachd shìorruidh," not ". . . a thoirt a steach fìreantachd sìorruidh."

Rev. ix. 2. ". . . mar dheataich àmhuinn mhòir theinntich," not ". . . mar dheataich àmhuinn mòire teinntich."

Your correspondent is not more fortunate in his reference to the work of the translators of the Gaelic Scriptures than in his other remarks. It is true that the Gaelic Scriptures contain errors and anomalies which escaped the notice of the eminent scholars by whom the translation was prepared; but it is also true that they contain a larger amount of accurate idiomatic Gaelic than any other book that has ever yet been published. This is true even in regard to the most inaccurate and anomalous edition of the Gaelic Scriptures hitherto published—the 8vo edition of the National Bible Society.

As your correspondent thinks so lightly of the authority of the translators of the Gaelic Scriptures I may refer him to your own columns. In your last number, your contributor "Alasdair Ruadh," whose idiomatic Gaelic less experienced hands would do well to imitate, writes "loth na h-asail fhiadhaich," for which no Highlander, except D. C. M., would wish to see substituted "loth na h-asail fiadhaich." Your correspondent could not, indeed, have more conclusively shown his own want of accurate acquaintance with Gaelic idiom than by his maintaining that such expressions as "ré ùine bhig," "ùghdar slàinte shìorruidh," "thaobh na denchainn theinntich," "air son do chorruich ghéir," are erroneous.

It is unnecessary to refer again at present to the use of the genitive before another genitive, as I intend to discuss that usage, as soon as convenient, in my Notes.

Your correspondent, I suspect, is not better acquainted with Gaelic etymology than with Gaelic syntax. If he means that *i* in *Nibheis* is a primitive vowel he assumes what he should have proved; but if he means that *i*, being one of the primitive vowels, must be an original vowel wherever it occurs, and, therefore, in *Nibheis*, he forgets, if he ever knew, that *i* frequently originates from 'affection' of other vowels.

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Renton, 18th Nov., 1873.

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MONUMENT TO IAIN LOM.

Our readers will remember a discussion in our columns some time ago, originating with our Nether-Lochaber correspondent, as to Iain Lom's merits as a bard, and as to his place of burial. *Cnoc-Aingeal* in *Kill-Chòirreal* of Brae-Lochaber was on all hands finally agreed upon as

the spot wherein rested all that was mortal of *Iain Manntach*. Of a monument to be immediately erected to the great Gaelic Bard's memory we are glad to give the following notice; and we may here state that in addition to a subscription of £5 in money, from Mr. Rankine of Melbourne, Australia, the Rev. Mr. Stewart has got a written guarantee for *fifty pounds more*, should they be required, for a monument to be placed over the ashes of another Gaelic bard and Celtic scholar of note, namely, Ewen Maclachlan, of Aberdeen, in the old burying-ground of *Kill-a-Mhaodain* of Ardgour.

The memory of Iain Lom is still fresh in the Highlands, and his songs and satires are widely known. The monument to his memory has been finished, and is on sight at the works of Messrs. Davidson in Academy Street. It is of Covesea, Burghead, freestone, one of the most durable stones in the kingdom. It is ten feet in height, and is to be placed upright like the ancient stones of Scotland, of which it may be said to be in style and outline, though not in detail, an imitation. The face is highly ornamental in relief. At the foot is a raised plate with the following inscription.

"An' so'n Dùn-aingeal am Braigh Lochabair,
Tha Bard na Ceapaich gu trom 'na chadal;
'S e Iain Lom Mac Dhòmhnuill b'ainm da,
Iain Lom! ach theireadh iad Iain Mànntach.

Over this comes the Bard's emblem—the harp—and from the outer edge at this part is started the "Calvary," or steps leading to the cross, sharply and effectively moulded. From the top step springs the shaft of a Celtic cross, delicately wrought out, and from it flow in bold graceful lines, ornamentation of the passion flower with leaves intertwined. Around the head of the cross are circles—one being a ring of laurel, and another letters in relief, the words being "Iain Lom, Bard na Ceapaich." The spaces betwixt the latter circle and arms of the cross being filled up with runic knot work. The English of the inscription given above is—

"Here in Dùn-aingeal, in the Braes of Lochaber,
The Bard of Keppoch is very fast asleep:
His name is John Macdonald, John the Bare;
John the Bare; but by some called John the stammerer."

The memorial has been commissioned by Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond; designed by Mr. Rhind, architect, Inverness; and executed by Messrs. D. & A Davidson in very good taste.—*Inverness Courier.*

A Veteran Highlander.—In the battle before Quebec, which terminated in the reduction of that town, when the command of the army had, by the death of General Wolfe, devolved on General Townshend, he observed an old Highlander in front of the army, laying about with the most surprising strength and agility, bearing down all opposition, till, almost spent with fatigue, he retired behind a breastwork of dead bodies. After resting a short time, he stripped off his coat, which encumbered him, and returned to the charge with new vigour. The general, full of admiration at his intrepid behaviour, ordered him to be brought before him after the engagement; and having bestowed on him the encomiums which his gallant conduct merited, he asked him how he could leave his native country and follow the fortune of war at such an advanced age. He replied that his hatred to the French for their perfidious conduct on many occasions had made him leave his family at 70 years of age, as a volunteer, in order to be revenged on them before his death; and he hoped on that day he had not disgraced himself, his king, or his country. General Townshend was so much pleased with the magnanimity of the brave fellow that he brought him home with him, and

presented him to Mr. Pitt, by whom he was introduced to his Majesty, who immediately gave him a lieutenant's commission, with the liberty of serving in any corps he might choose, or to retire to his family and friends, with full pay during his life. The name of this gallant Highlander was Malcolm Macpherson, of Phones, in Badenoch. His broadsword, with which he so nobly revenged himself on his country's foes, had descended from father to son as a particular legacy for upwards of three hundred years.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

DORNOCH.—The Duke of Sutherland presented the Rev. Charles Macgregor, M.A., minister of the parish of Ardoch, to the church and parish of Dornoch.

CALLERNISH.—At a meeting of the Royal Archæological Institute in London, sketches of the stone circle at Callernish, Isle of Lews (drawn by Mr Carrington) were exhibited by Mr Loden Smith. Mr Church gave a description of the temple, which he said was the most remarkable he ever saw.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—Mr Arch and Mr Clayden arrived at Leamington last week from Canada. They believed in Canada being most eligible for the emigrating of agricultural labourers, but owing to the present stagnation of trade in America, he considers it would be injudicious for artisans to emigrate.—*Inverness Courier.*

ALEXANDER MACDONALD AND IAIN LOM'S POEMS.—Dr M'Callum, Millport, is now editing, for Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart, a new edition of the poems of Alexander Macdonald (Alastair Mac-Mhaighstir Alasdair). We understand that Mr. D. C. Macpherson is also engaged in editing an edition of the Life and Poems of Iain Lom, to be published by the same firm.

CELTIC OR KELTIC.—"According to the fixed traditional law of English orthoepy, Greek and Latin proper names commencing with K, or its equivalent C, when followed by a soft or slender vowel, are written with a C and pronounced like S. It is by virtue of this law that we say *Cicero* and *Cæsar*, not *Kikero* and *Kæsar*. It is therefore a wretched affectation of recent scholars, and directly contrary to the genius of the English language, when *Kelt* is written or spoken instead of *Celt*."—*Professor Blackie.*

FORT-WILLIAM.—CAPTURE OF A LARGE SKATE.—A monster skate, measuring 6½ by 5 feet, and weighing upwards of 120 lbs., was caught by a fisherman of the name of John Macmillan while fishing on Lochiel recently. It had attempted to swallow a common bream, hooked on one of the fisherman's hooks, and was itself hooked on the spines of the bream.

THE 42D FOR THE GOLD COAST.—The 42d Highlanders are about to depart from Portsmouth garrison for the West Coast of Africa. The Highlanders will go out as a regular fighting regiment; the band is to remain at home, with the exception, it is believed, of the pipers. No horses are to be taken, and each officer will be allowed only 30 lb. weight of luggage. It is not yet known what uniform they are to wear. The available strength of the regiment will be over 600 men.

MACPHERSON AND OSSIAN.—A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* sends the following from the back of the title-page to an edition of Ossian:—"F.C. Fraser of Lovat, Esq., told me that he was informed by the Right Rev. Bishop Macdonald, that Mrs. Fraser of Culbokie, to his certain knowledge, had MS. copies of several of Ossian's poems long before Macpherson published them, that she lent them to Macpherson, but he never returned them:—F. C. Hussenbath, April 12, 1828."

A PLEA FOR TEACHING GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.—On Nov. 5, Rev. Archibald Farquharson, of Tyree, delivered a lecture in the Association Hall, Inverness, under the title of "Highlanders at Home and Abroad, including a plea for teaching Gaelic in our National Schools." Rev. Mr. Macgregor was in the chair, and introduced the lecturer in a Gaelic speech. Mr. Farquharson began by avowing himself a true Gael; he would not part with his Gaelic for "the lands of wide Breadalbane;" and he had himself composed eighty poems in his native language. The lecture was a homely, patriotic and forcible argument for the proper teaching of Gaelic to the young. Mr Farquharson objected to the way in which Gaelic is often translated into English. For example, calling the "Gael," Highlanders; the name "Gael" was as distinctive and applicable as "French" or "German." But a greater grievance was the exclusion of Gaelic from national schools, and he urged the preservation of a language not only ancient and native to the country, but in itself sweet, expressive, natural, and powerful in its simplicity. He ex-

patiated upon the beauty of its vowel sounds, showing how many were peculiar to the language, or at least entirely different from the English; and he urged that children should be taught their mother tongue first, as a necessary preliminary to the study of any other. He lamented that so many Highland chiefs and proprietors could not speak Gaelic. He urged that the Gaelic Society should take up the subject of teaching the language, and use their influence in endeavouring to obtain a place for it in national schools. At the close, cordial votes of thanks were awarded to the lecturer and Mr. Macgregor.

LOCHINVER.—CLEVER CAPTURE OF A SHARK.—On the evening of the 11th, two young men from Lochinver went out to lift their fishing lines. Ere they reached the fishing ground they heard a great noise and commotion, which they fancied might be caused by a shoal of fish. They rowed to the spot; and there saw a large fish pursuing a small shoal of herrings and gurnets, some of which in their efforts to escape their pursuers, landed themselves on shore, while five or six were afterwards found in its throat. The shark (for such it was), in its eagerness to secure its prey, having got into shallow water, and seeing the boat behind it, tried to get out again to sea, but "Murdo" threw out a lasso, by which he secured it by the tail, and, seizing an oar, he jumped into the water, when, by repeated blows on its head given by himself and his companion, they succeeded in despatching it. They then towed it after the boat to Lochinver, and with some difficulty hauled it up on land, and placed it in a convenient situation, where it is now visited by the curious. The species, we believe, is the blue shark (Carcharias Glaucus). It measures fully eight feet in length, and is five in girth. —*Inverguordon Times.*

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. DR. CLERK, KILMALLIE.—The Presbytery of Abertarff met in the Caledonian Hotel, Fort-William, on Tuesday last. The Rev. Dr. Clerk, of Kilmallie, was presented with a handsome matlepiece clock, furnished by Messrs. Muirhead and Sons, Glasgow, having the following inscription: —"Presented to the Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., minister of Kilmallie, by the Presbytery of Abertarff, in acknowledgment of his many services to the Church as a member of this Court; also, in appreciation of his scholarly attainments and important contributions to Celtic literature, 25th Nov., 1873." At the same time there was handed to Dr. Clerk an elegant silver salver, bearing the inscription—"Presented to Mrs. Clerk, Kilmallie Manse, by the Presbytery of Abertarff, 25th Nov., 1873." The Rev. Mr. Cameron of Kilmonivaig, in making the presentation, said that from his youth he had known Dr. Clerk, and, both as a student and as a minister of the Church, had benefitted by his counsel and advice. He had always admired his sound judgment, his charitable, Christian disposition, and his high scholarly attainments. Similar sentiments were expressed by the Rev. M'Intyre, of Boleskine, and other members present —Mr. Stewart, of Ballachulish; Mr. Gordon, of Duncansburgh; Mr. Macfadyen, of Laggan; and Mr. Cameron, of Glengarry. D. Clerk cordially thanked his brethren for their valuable presents, and the friendly sentiments which they had expressed towards him. Their generosity had made them very much overestimate the value of any services he had ever been able to perform. In his edition of Ossian he had merely endeavoured to set the controversy on a rational and peaceful footing, and to make the meaning of the grand old bard as intelligible to English readers as he possibly could; and in other matters he had done no more than duty required.

LIEUT. COL. MACBEAN OF THE 93d.—It is stated that Lieutenant-Colonel M'Bean, V.C., just promoted to the command of the 73d Highlanders, makes the third regimental colonel now serving who obtained his first commission from the ranks. The gallant colonel is a native of Inverness, where his relatives still reside.

To Correspondents.

We would thank any one who could favour us with any of the following songs:—

1,—Uithill, uithill agus ì,
Tha m' inntinn trom's cha charaich mi,
'S cha taobh na caileagan mi
O 'n sheol mi fhin am mharaiche, etc.

2,—'S mor mo churam 'bhi 'g a stiuradh, etc.

3,—Leis an lorgainn, o-hao,
Leis an lorgainn, ho-ró,
Beul an annuich o-hao,
'S eudar falbh leath' gun seol, etc.

4,—Iomraibh illean, iomraibh illean
Glacaibh ramh a's glaodhaibh iorram, etc.

AN
GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] TREAS MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1874. [23 Air.

A' BHLIADHN' UR.

Tha An Gaidheal, leis gach deadh dhurachd, a' cur failte air a chairdean 's a luchd-eolais anns gach cearn d'an chruitheachd—Bliadhna mhath, ur dhuibh, agus moran diubh! Tha dorchadas air laidhe air an t-seana bhliadhna; tha i air sioladh as gu ionad na di-chuimhne, agus a' ghrian air eirigh air bliadhn' uir. Tha gleadhraich agus cridhealas na Callainne air toirt aite do 'n fhailte 's do 'n fhuran a tha air bilean gach neach, a' guidhe soirbheachaidh d' a cheile re na bliadhna air am bheil iad a nis air inntreachdainn. Anns a' ghuidhe so dh' aontaicheamaid le lan dealas ar cridheagus ar gaoil. Cha'n fhios duinn ciamar a chaidh dhuibh ann ur dachaidhibh fa leth bho 'n dh' eirich grian na Bliadhn' uir mu dheireadh,—co dhiu a bha ur cor aoibhneach no dubhach; co dhiu a bha gach ni ag eirigh leibh mar ur miann—ur cuid 's ur cairdean a' fas, agus ur cursa a' dearrsadh le neamhnaidean lainnireach an t-soirbheachaidh; no ma bha bàs agus bochdainn a' bualadh aig dorus ur fardaich, agus ur cridhe air a lubadh 's air a bhruthadh le doilgheas agus le bron. Cha bhuin e dhuinne ar cas a chur an taobh a stigh d' an chearcall dhiomhair a tha a' cuairteachadh ur teaghlaichean fa leth.—"Is aithne do chridhe duine searbhas 'anama; agus 'n a aoibhneas cha bhi comh-roinn aig coigreach."

Bha e 'n a chleachdadh aig na h-Iudhaich o shean, an uair a bhiodh iad air thuras, a' chiad oidhche 'chur seachad air ionad ard ann an sealladh an aite a dh' fhag iad, agus ranns-achadh a dheanamh dh' fheuch an d' fhag iad ni no neach as an deigh, m' an leigeadh iad as an t-sealladh an t-aite sin air an d' thug iad cul, agus ma dh' fhaoidte nach faiceadh iad tuille. Air a' mhodh cheudna dh' iarramaide, air ciad latha na Bliadhn' uir, a tha dhuinn mar chloich-mhile a' comharrachadh a mach mar tha ar beatha a' ruith air falbh, agus an fhad 's a tha sinn mar gu 'm b' eadh fathast an sealladh air a' bhliadhna a dh' fhag sinn, ar suil a thilgeadh air ais air an t-saoghal, agus beachdachadh air tachartais shonruichte na bliadhna a tha 'nis air a h-aite a ghabhail am measg bhliadhnaibh na h-aimsir a threig.

Bliadhna shealbhach, nach faodamaid a radh rithe; nach do mheal sinn an coitcheann mar dhuthaich re na bliadhna, soirbheachadh nach facas ach beag riamh a leithid? Bha ceird agus cosnadh pailte; ged bha an t-sid re an Fhogharaidh fliuch, cha 'n urrainnear a radh gu 'n robh an droch bharr againn; bha iasgach an sgadain mor agus math—nithe a bu choir taingealachd a thogail ann ar cridheachan dhasan a tha a' crunadh na bliadhna le a mhaitheas.

Ged a b' e so aogas coitcheann na bliadhna 'chaidh seachad, cha robh i gun tachartais ro mhuladach. Bha calldaichean ro dhiubhalach air tir, agus, gu sonruichte, air fairge—luingis a' ruith a cheile fodha, agus an luchd priseil de dh-eilthirich agus de luchd-turais, gun sanas mionaide, air an tilgeadh 'n an ciadan ann an grunnd a 'chuain.

M' an robh a' bhliadhna ach gle og, chaochail Impire mi-fhortanach

na Frainge, ann an Sasunn. Chuir an Spainnt cul ris an righ og a thaghar leis an t-sluagh o chionn bheagan bhliadhnaichean. Chaill a' Ghaidhealtachd an uirigh aon d' a sar sgoilearan Gaidhlig, an t-Ollamh Urramach Mac-an-Toisich Mac-Aoidh a chaochail ann am *Portobello* air an 17mh la de mhios Maigh.

Mu mheadhon an Earraich thoisich cogadh truaillidh eadar sinn fein agus cuid de threubhan dubha agus cealgach Africa, na *h-Ashantees.* Cha d' thainig e fathast gu crich, ach a nis o 'n chuireadh a nunn am *Freiceadan dubh* againn fein, tha dochas againn nach f hada 'sheasas *Freiceadain dhubha* nan Africanach an lathair "Ghillean an fheilidh." A mach o so fein tha sinn ann an sìth ris a' chorr d' an t-saoghal, agus coltas air an t-sìth a bhi maireannach.

An uair a sheallas sinn air ar n-ais air na sochairean mora agus lionmhor a shealbhaich, agus a mhibhuilich sinn air a' bhliadhna 'chaidh seachad, thigeadh e dhuinn sinn fein 'irisleachadh 'n a lathair-san a tha gach latha a' dortadh a nuas a bheannachdan air gach math agus olc; agus ann an sealltainn romhainn air a' bhliadhna a tha 'nis air toiseachadh, bhuineadh e dhuinn a bhi 'g iarraidh a stuiraidh fein a chum agus gu 'n caitheamaid i 'n a sheirbheis. Is ann mar so a mhain, agus a reir 's mar a chaithear i ann a bhi a' leantainn iartasan agus a reachdan—a' seachnadh an uilc agus a deanamh a' mhaith, a bhios i dhuinn da-rireadh 'n a *Bhliadhna mhaith, uir.*

Comhdhuinidh sinn le 'bhi a' cur sios rannan freagarrach do 'n àm le ar caomh-charaid *Mac-Oidhche*—

BLIADHNA MHATH, UR.

Bliadhn' eile theich air mheadhon oidhch',
Ghluais uainn gun fhuaim gun ghlaodh;
'N a h-aonar 'dol gu siorruidheachd
Mar thaibhs' gu cuan gun ghaoith.

Am math 's an t-olc 'chaidh chur an gnìomh,
Leath' 'n teid iad sios 'n an deann?
Cha teid, ach ruith'dh o bliadhn' gu bliadhn',
Mar shruth o ghleann gu gleann.
Ri math, 's cha 'n ann ri olc, their thù,—
Bliadhna mhath, ur!

'S smuaintich fein a's roghnaich fein,
Co riagh'lt dhuit fein a 's fearr,—
'Bhi deanamh maith a reir do threis,
No 'triall air slighe chearr.
Tilg naimhdeas uait m' an abuich e,
'S m' am fas e dhuit mar lon,
Ach mar ghath-ghrein' air linne dhuirch'
Bi thusa 'n tigh a' bhroin,
A's abair ris a chridhe chiùirrt',—
Bliadhna mhath, ur!

Droch chleachdainn tilg gu buileach uait,
A's mi-run fag ad dheigh;
Gleidh math ad ghlaic ach O, an t-olc,
Fag leis a' bliadhna 'threig.
Rach sios troimh amannaibh a dh' fhalbh
Mar troimh ghleann dorch nan craobh;
Thoir ás gach eiseimpleir a 's fearr,
A's gleidh iad dlu ri d' thaobh,
'S mar sin ri d' chridhe fein their thù,—
Bliadhna mhath, ur!

———o———

DONNCHA CAIMBEUL.

VI.

Air do Dhonncha a bhi 'dluthachadh ri srath a dhuthchais choinnich e ri 'athair a' gabhail a shraid-fheasgair, le 'cheann crom agus le ceum athaiseach. Cha d' thug e an aire do Dhonncha 's an dol seachad. "Feasgar maith dhuibh," ars' esan; chlisg 'athair, agus sheall e 'n a aodann le suil luainich, neo-umhailich. "Feasgar maith, feasgar maith," ars' esan, agus e a' suathadh a bhathais le 'laimh, agus a' gabhail air adhart. Runaich Donncha nach deanadh se e fein aithnichte gus am faiceadh e cionnus a bha cuisean a' seasamh timchioll an tighe. Bhuail e gu diblidh aig an dorus-chuil airson cairtealan oidhche, ni a fhuair e gun sòradh. Ri h-uine, thoisich e air saor-chonaltradh ris na seirbhisich. Cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig a

mhuime agus a phiuthar a stigh 'n am measg. Thug e fainear gu 'n robh a mhuime lan de 'n straic, agus de 'n uabhar aineolach sin a chithear gu tric anns a' phrabar a gheibh togail suas gu inbhe nach 'eil dligheach dhoibh. Bh' ar leis, gu 'n robh rud-eigin taitneach ann an giulan a pheathar, ged bha i, 'reir coltais, air a riaghladh gu buileach le 'mathair, a' teagasg dhi bhi di-measach air a h-athair, air a chairdean, agus air gach neach 'bu toigh leis. Air dhi a bhi a' frith-chomhradh ri Donncha, oir thalaidh i ris o 'n cheud sealladh a fhuair i dheth, thainig a h-athair a stigh do 'n *Chitsinn.* "A *Lexy,* ghaoil," ars' esan, "am faca tu mo speuclair?" "Chunnaic," ars' ise; "Bha e air do shron aig ám-braiceis." "Dh' fhaodaiun," ars' esan, "a bhi cinnteach ciod a' ghne fhreagraidh a gheibhinn uaitse." "Cia mar is urrainn dhuit labhairt ri d' athair air a leithid sin de dhoigh," arsa Donncha; "na 'm bithinnse 'n a aite, chuirinn thu far an ionnsaicheadh tu barrachd modha. Cha mhaith a thig e do mhnaoi-uasail oig, eireachdail, a h-athair aosda a fhreagairt mar sin." "An e esan," ars' ise, "co nach 'eil coma air a shon?—seann slaodaire gun fheum, breisleachail, gearanach neo-thoilichte, ni 's miosa na leanabh beag." "Ach smuaintich air 'aois," arsa Donncha; "is docha gu 'n d' thainig ioma crois a's call 'n a charamh, a ghoirticheadh nadur duine a b' oige na e. Bu choir dhuitse, air gach achd, a bhi caomhail, urramach agus speiseil mu d' athair." Bha a' bhaintighearna a' farcluais orra, agus thill i 'stigh far an robh iad. "Oganaich mhaith, is beag na chuala tu dheth," ars' an seann duine, "O, na 'm b' fhios dhuit mar tha mo chridhe 'g a fhàsgadh air uairibh; is iomacall a thainig ormsa, da-rireadh." "O, do challdachsa," arsa 'bhean; "cha d' thainig call riamh ortnach robh chum do bhuannachd aig a' cheann mu dheireadh." "Am bheil thu 'meas mar neoni," ars' esan, call mo mhnatha agus mo mhic ionmhuinn?" "Ach nach d' fhuair thu bean agus nighean ghradhach 'n an aite?" ars' ise,—"nighean nach mill do chuid mar dheanadh mac strodhail, agus bean a ghabhas curam dhiot, 'n uair nach urrainn dhuit fein sin a dheanamh; call do mhic, gu dearbh! B 'e sin am beannachd is mo de na thainig riamh ort." "A bhean chruaidh-chridheach!" ars' esan, "co aig am bheil fios nach aisigear fhathasd air ais am mac sin a dhion ceann liath 'athar, agus gu a leagail le onoir fo 'n uir." Shil a dheoir, agus ghuil e mar leanabh. Thoisich a bhean ri fochaid air, agus a nighean 's na seirbhisich, ri gaireachdaich. "A bheistean gun mhodh 's gun iochd!" arsa Donncha, agus e ag eirigh 'n a sheasamh, 's 'g am putadh a thaobh; "an dana leibh a bhi mar so ri fanoid air faireachduinnean seann duine, eadhoin ged nach b' e ur tighearna agus ar maighistir a bhiodh ann? ach thugaibh an aire! ma tha aon 'n ur measg aig am bheil a chridhe a leithid de thàmailt a thoirt dha an deigh so, ròstaidh mi air an teine e." Dhluthaich an seann duine ris, agus sheall e gu muladach 'n a aodann. "A bhaigeir bheadaidh ladarna?" arsa 'bhaintighearna, "am bheil fios agad co ri 'm bheil thu a' labhairt?" Thionndaidh i ris na seirbhisich, agus dh' orduich i a' bhiast a chur a mach as an tigh agus gach cu a bha 's an tigh-chon a stuigeadh ann. "Air d' athais, air d' athais, mo dheagh bhean-uasal," arsa Donacha, "thoir an aire nach ann a thionndaidheas mise thu fein a mach as an tigh so." "Mo chreach, mo chreach! oganaich chaoimh," ars' an seann duine, "is beag tha 'dh' fhios agad ciod a tha thu 'deanamh; as uchd trocair, bi samhach; tha thu' togail dioghaltais

agus aimhleis dhuit fein agus dhomhsa." "Na biodh eagal oirbh dheth sin," arsa Donncha; "dionaidh mise sibh air chosd mo bheatha." "Am faod mi 'fheoraich," ars' an seann duine, "co thu, no ciod is ainm dhuit?" "Is sibhse 'dh' fhaodas," arsa Donncha, "cha 'n 'eil e beo 'g am bheil a' choir cheudna ni sam bith fheoraich dhiomsa 's a th' agaibhse: is mise Donncha Caimbeul, ur mac fein!" "M-m-m-mo mhac fein!" ars' an seann duine, agus le clisgeadh buaireasach thuit e ann am paiseanadh air suidheachan a bh' air a chul-thaobh. Ghlac Donncha e 'n a ghairdeinibh; thainig e thuige gun dail, agus dh' iarr e air Donncha a chos dheas a rusgadh, air an robh da bhall-dorain fo 'n ghluin; agus air dha sin a dheanamh, phog 'athair e, leag e a cheannair 'uchd, agus ghuil e le aoibhneas. "O Dhe Neimh!" ars' esan, "is fada o 'n a dh' fhoghluim mi 'bhi taingeil airson gach trocair, ach a nis tha mi taingeil da-rireadh, oir fhuaradh leam mo mhac, m' aon mhac ionmhuinn."

Sheall a' bhaintighearna agus na seirbhisich an aodannaibh a cheile, gun smid as an cinn, ach chaidh *Lexy* air bainidh le gairdeachas gu 'n d' fhuaradh a h-aon bhrathair; agus a leithid de bhrathair—cho fearail, cho eireachdail agus cho taitneach 'n a ghne 's 'n a ghiulan. Anns a' cheud dol a mach, bha 'mathair air bhoile le feirg agus le duil-bhristeadh; ach air dhi deagh fhios a bhi aice nach robh foidhpe ach a bhi an eiseimeil Donnchai, nochd i dha gach caoimhneas agus urram a bu dligheach dha. Fhuair e gun dail gach ni fo 'mharasglachadh fein, agus fhuair e mach, a bharr air an oighreachd a bhi saor o fhiachan, gu 'n robh suim mhor airgid aig 'athair a mach air riadh, fo bhaintaibh cinnteach, tearuinte.

Aig an am ud 's an robh gach fardoch a's bothan air oighreachd Ghlinn-eilich, lan gairdeachais agus fleadhachais, bha triblaidean agus mi-fhortain a' tuiteam, muin air mhuin, air teaghlach m' atharsa. A bharr air caochladh fhreasdalan mishealbhach a thainig 'n a charamh, thainig e a dh-aon bheum gu dorus na baigeireachd le 'dhol an urras airson caraid mealltaich, ann an suim nach robh ri 'chul d' an t-saoghal na dhioladh i. B' eiginn gach ni a bha 'n a sheilbh a thoirt suas fo cheannas luchd-lagha. Chaidh sinne uile gu 'r dichioll a dheanamh na cuid a b' fhearr de 'n t-suidheachadh anns an deach' ar tilgeadh, ach threig a mhiseach 's a thabhachd m'athair, ach beag gu buileach. Thug Mairi barrachd oirnn' uile, le a guiomhachas dealasach ann am marasglachadh gnothuichean an fhearainn, agus eadhoin le a comhairlean crionnta geurchuiseach mu nithibh eile. Bu tric a smuaintich mi mu 'n am ud, gu 'm b' ulaidh luachmhor a leithid de mhnaoi, do chompanach adhartach d' am biodh fior ghradh aice. A dh' aindeoin ar 'n uile oidhirpean, cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig ar teanntachd gu aon-cheann; fhuair m' athair litir agartais airson suim nach bu chomasach dha a dhioladh; agus bha fughair againn, latha an deigh latha, gu 'n tugta uainn e, agus gu 'n cuirt' am priosan e.

Latha de na laithean, air dhuinn a bhi 'n ar suidhe 'n ar seomar beag, a' cur ar comhairle ri 'cheile ciod a dheanamaid, cha b' urrainn sinn tighinn gu codhunadh sam bith, oir bha ar cor eudochasach da-rireadh. Thuit sinn ann an seorsa breislich, ach air do 'n uinneig a bhi togta, chunnaic sinn sealladh a thug grad chlisgeadh dhuinn, agus a lion gach cridhe le dorninn—da mharcaiche 'n an deann-ruith a' deanamh direach air an tigh. "So na maoir a tighinn," arsa mo mhathair, "ciod a ni sin?"

Dh' eirich sinn uile a dh-ionnsaidh na h-uinneige; ghlaodh gach aon, "Sud am fear-lagha air thoiseach, agus am maor'n a dheigh." Dh' aslnich mo mhathair air m 'athair e 'dhol as an t-sealladh, agus e fein 'fholach, gus an rachadh a' cheud stoirm seachad. "Cha 'n fhag mi," ars' esan, "larach na 'm bonn; cha d' rinn mi ni sam bith de 'm bheil naire orm; seasaidh mi ri aghaidh an fhir is fearr dhiu; deanadh iad na 's urrainn iad." Mar sin, cha robh dad 'n ar comas ach suidhe mar bha sinn, a' feitheamh ris na bha gu tighinn. Gun dail, chuala sinn tartar nan each aig an dorus. "A Sheumais," arsa m' athair, "'s e is fearr dhuit dol agus seasamh aig cinn na 'n each, o nach 'eil neach eile aig laimh a sheallas 'n an deigh." "Ma 's e ur toil e," arsa mise, "feithidh sinn gus am buail iad aig an dorus." Ach air eagal gu 'n rachadh a chobhartach as, cha do bhuail am maor aig an dorus, leum e 'stigh gun chead, gun chuireadh; chaidh farum a chos air an urlar, mar shaighid theinntich troimh gach cridhe; ann am priobadh na sul bha e stigh 'n ar measg.—Co a bh' ann, ach Donncha! ar Donncha caomh, gradhach fein. Sgread agus chlisg na boirionnaich car tiota, ach dh' eirich m' athair gu grad 'n a chodhail. Cha bu luaithe a ghlac e lamh dheas Dhonnchai, na 'bha mise an crochadh ri 'laimh chli, agus da lamh mo mhathar mu 'mhuineal. Ann an tiota sheall e mu 'n cuairt, leag e a shuil air Mairi, agus i 'n a seasamh ann an oisinn de 'n t-seomar cho glaisneulach ri corp, agus air chrith le aoibhneas agus le ioghnadh. Gun naire no athadh, ghlac agus theannaich e ri 'bhroilleach i, phog e i, agus mu 'n robh fios aice c' aite an robh i, bha a da ghairdein paisgte mu 'mhuineal. "O Mhairi mo ghaoil," ars' esan, "cha robh mo chridhe aig fois o 'n latha dh' fhag mi thu; cha b' urrainn mi smid de m' inntinn a dheanamh aithnichte dhuit mu 'n d' fhalbh mi, gus am faicinn cionnus a bha cuisean air thoiseach orm aig a' bhaile." Thug e an sin dhuinn lan chuintas air mar fhuair e gach cuis 'n uair a rainig e a dhachaidh, agus mar dh' fhag e iad 'n a dheigh. Thionndadh ar dubhachas gu aoibhneas, agus ar teanntachd gu saorsa; dhi-chuimhnich sinn gun dail, gach eiginn agus buaireas leis an robh sinn air ar fiosrachadh, agus fhuaradh sinn, aon uair eile, 'n ar còisir bheag, cho chaidreach, shona 's a shuidh riamh le 'cheile. Mu 'n do sgaoileadh anart-buird na dinnearach, ruith Mairi a mach do 'n *Chitsinn*, a dh' atharrachadh a deise, agus a chireadh a cinn. B' e a' cheud ni a choinnich a suil, duin' uasal og, sgiolta 'n a shuidhe aig an teine, le coileir sgarlaid air a chota, agus bann òir mu 'aid. Cha 'n fhaca Mairi riamh roimhe, duin'-uasal cho finealta; rinn i 'beic gu lar dha, agus dh' iarr i air a leanailt do 'n t-seomar; ach le fiamh ghaire, dh' iarr e gu 'n gabhadh i a leisgeul; gur h-e a bha annsan gille-coise Tighearna Ghlinneilich. Dhi-chuimhnich sinn uile an duine-uasal a thainig le Donncha.

Chaith Donncha agus Mairi greis de 'n fheasgar a' sraidimeachd le 'cheile anns a' gàradh. An la 'r-na mhaireach, dh' innis e do m' pharantan an gnothuch air an d' thainig e. Air an ath sheachdain rinneadh Donncha agus Mairi 'n an aon, ann an daimh onorach a' phosaidh. Mu 'n tug e air falbh i o thaobh a mathar phaigh e gu fialaidh fiachan m 'athar gus an fheoirling dheireannach. Chaidh mise 'n an cuideachd do 'n Ghaidhealtachd. An uair a bha mi 'dealachadh riu gu tilleadh dhachaidh cha bu ghnothuch soirbh e; cha 'n urrainn mi idir cainnt a chur air na faircachduinnean measgaichte

leis an d' fhag mi mo mhile beannachd aig companach agus coimhleapach m' oige, agus aig mo phiuthair chaoin-ghradhaich, Baintighearna Ghlinn-eilich.

A' CHRIOCH.

MUILEACH.

—o—

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(Air leantuinn).

AN DARA EARRANN.

Seachdain a's la 'n a dheigh,
Bha Mac-Iche Shunadail
Aig cladach Port an ainn ud,
An samhchair madainn' a' Mhaigh,
'S a' chruitheachd 'n a h-ailleachd gach taobh ;
Saoghal nan lusan a' comhdach nam bruach;
An fhairge an suaimhneas sith',
Gun tonn ri tir 's a h-uchd, mar sgathan,
A' dearrsadh ri copan cian nan speur,—
Sealladh nach annas do na Gaidheil,
'S nach eòl do chach nach faca riamh e.
Dh' amhairc am fear mor ri muir,
'S chunnaic e, 'teachd air sruth a' chaolais,
Birlinn fhada le sè raimh dheug,
A's fear 'g a stiuradh 's e 'm breacan rioghail na h-Alba.
Bha crann ard 'n a meadhon,
A's leoghann dearg am brataich leathain,
Air fiamh an òir gun smal,
A' srannail ri cèabhar nan oiteag;
A thog gluasad na birlinn,
A' sgoltadh an t-sruith le neart iomram,
'S i 'ruith gun fhiaradh air Port Shunadail.
Leag na coigrich gun dail an acair
Far am fac' iad fear ard
Le failte 'teachd 'n an comhail ;
'S labhair le guth duineil :—
"Sonas do thurus nan Gaidheal,
Bhur beatha gu Dun-sgolb !
Cha doirbh dhuibh 'fhaotainn
An taobh so bhos d' an aonach uaine.
A dhaoin-uaisle thigibh gu m' aite ;
Buaidh a's slainte dhuibh mar dh' iarrainn."
Ghluais na fir, triuir a's triuir,
'S an ceannard-rùin air an laimh dheis,
'S Mac-Iche mor 'n a cheann-iuil,
Gu Caraig-an-Duin nach faighear 'aois.
Dh' fhosgail fear-faire 'n dorus iaruinn,
Eadar an da chreag, 's an robh an sas
A lùgadan laidir gun mheirgeadh
Re iomadh linn, 's a ghleidh na Cinntirich
Le cruadal air iomadh faiche,
An iomairt gharg nan cath tric
A chuir lamh dheas na h-Alba,—
Rudha nan da ghleann deug a dh' àraich roinn
De chonspuinn gun fhoill Earraghaidheal.
Chaidh a' chuideachd le modh uaislean
Do sheomar uachdrach nan cuirn,
Far an d' thubhairt an ceannard og
Am briathran stolda ri Mac-Iche :—
"Mar urram do chleachdamh nan Gaidheal,
So an t-am 's an coir dhuinn 'innseadh
Co sinn a's aobhar ar turuis,
O 'n thug thu cuireadh dhuinn gun iarraidh
Gu aoidheachd fhialaidh ceann-feadhna.—
'S mise Griogair, Mac Dhomhnuill Ailpeinich,
Righ Mhanainn. Sgeula creach a's ainneart
A tha againn ri innseadh ; fogradh gun iochd
An casgradh gleachd ri naimhdean lionmhor,
A dh' fhag sinn gun tir, gun ni, gun daoine,
Am mios deireannach an Earraich so dh' fhalbh,
Gun fios, gun rabhadh,
Thainig madainn an amhghair,
A thug an sealladh cabhlach nam borb,
Lan sluaigh, d' an suaicheantas tuadh a's teine ;
Armailt mara a's tire Ruraich nan creach
O Ath-cliath an Eirinn.
Dh' aithnich m' athair bratach dhubh an fhithich ;
Ghairm e 'ghillean gu crois-tara,—
Rabhadh nan Gaidheal ri àm eiginn ;—
Dh' cirich iad uile mar aon fhear ;
Thainig iad gu aonach uaigneach
Mar a fhuair iad an ordugh ;
Dh' iarr m' athair cabhlach Mhanainn
A thoirt gu cladach a' chinn tuath,
'S na h-aosmhoir, mnathan a's clann
'Aiseag gus a' chearn a b' fhaisge 'dh-Albainn,—
Gallamha fo sgèith nan tonn,
Talamh nan sonn nach do striochd.
Laidir, dileas, gun fhoill,
Chaidh sinn gun mhoille 'n dail nam borb.
Fichead m' an aon bha iad ruinn.
Choinnich sinn iad an tuinn a' chladaich,
Sinne ainneamh 's iadsan lionmhor.
Cha d' fhuair sinn dion ach fuil nan Gaidheal,
A sheas, mar an abhaist, gun aomadh,
Gus an do sgaoil neoil na h-oidhche
An dubhar thar soillse nan speur.
B' eiginn gluasad gu cul cruaich a bha dluth,
Far an robh a' chomh-stri ùr's a' mhadainn.
Ghleidh sinn bealach an sgrios.
Cha b' fhios do na naimhdean ar n-aireamh.
Cha do ghearain aon aois no sgios.
Ghearradh a sios sinn 's cha b' ann gun eirig ;

Thuit sinn gu leir ach da fhlchead 's aon.
Bha 'n gleannan 'n a chaochain dhearg
An uair a dh' fhalbh sinn
Troimh 'n doire sgaileach
Gu birlinn Mhic Iain Ghearr an ôb uaigneach,—
Curaidh uaibhreach a sheas am blar leinn,—
Leathaineach laidir, gaisgeil, dileas
'S fhear-cinnidh Righ na misnich,
Ailein-nan-sop,
A sheas 's a bhôidich, 'Cha 'n fhag mi Manainn
Gun lasair a chur ri Rurach ;
Cha dion uamha no tùr am meirleach !
Fhir-chinnidh, fan a's gabh na thig,—
Croich, biodag, no tuadh 's do cheann air ealaig,
Mur an dean an cladach ar tearnadh'.

MAC IAIN GHEARR.—' Fanaidh gus an anail mu dheireadh ;
Cha toir an t-eagal dhuinn bairlinn,
'S mur am faigh sinn eirig gheibh sinn naigheachd
A bheir sinn thairis do na braithrean !'
Chaidh an dithist do uamha nam fear ;
Rainig sinne Gallamha garbh an fhraoich;—
'S Manainn, gun daoine, fo chis namhaid.

——o——

AN CRANNCHUR.

(The Lottery.)

O chionn mu thuairam leth-chiad bliadhna bha seann duine, d'am b'ainm Dà'idh Sùlair, a chomhnuidh faisg air baile-mor araidh. An uair a chiteadh a cheann liath, a cheum sgairteil, agus cho direach, brosglach 's bha e 'g a ghluasad fein, dh' aithnicheadh aon air bith gu 'n do chuir e seachad cuid d' a bheatha anns an arm. Thuit Dà'idh, an uair a bha e 'n a dhuine og, ann an tubaist air chor-eigin; b'eudar dha a' choimhearsnachd 'fhagail; ghabh e 's an arm, agus gle ghoirid 'n a dheigh sin sheol e leis an reisimeid do dh-Innsean na h-airde-n-Iar. Cha b' fhada 'chuir e seachad an so an uair a thuit e ann am fiabhrus, agus chaidh a chur air ais do 'n rioghachd so. Air do 'n reisimeid d' am buineadh e tilleadh goirid as a dheigh, chaidh a h-orduchadh a mach do Chanada, far an d' fhuair Dà'idh bochd a mheileachadh leis an fhuachd, mar a bha e roimhe air a rostadh leis an teas. Am feadh a bha e a' seirbhiseachadh ann an Canada, mar a bha am mi-fhortan, no ma dh' fhaoidte, am fortan's an dan da, fhuair e leon ann an aon d'a luirgnean ; chaidh a chur mar sgaoil as an arm, *pension* a shuidheachadh air, agus a chur dhachaidh d'a dhuthaich fein a rithisd. A thuilleadh air a *phension* bha Dà'idh a' cur peighinn onoraich an drast 's a rithisd ann an rathad a mhna, Peigi, le saothair a lamhan fein, oir bha e 'n a dhuine turail agus comasach air a lamh a thionndadh ri rud sam bith ; chuireadh e slat ann an cliath no cas am poit,—ann an aon fhacal cha mhor a thigeadh cearr air.

Bha e, aon latha, a' dol air ais le sgaileagan sioda a bha e an deigh a chàradh domhnaoi-uaisil eigin, an uair chunnaic e sanas mor sgriobhte air a' bhalla—a' guidhe gu durachdach air gach aon a bha deonach air beairteas a dheanamh a dh-aon bheum, dol agus comh-roinn a cheannach gun dail ann an crannchur (lottery) a bha gu aite 'ghabhail an ceann beagan uine anns a' bhaile-mhor lamh riutha. Thug a chridhe leum, oir cha do leugh e ach goirid air 'aghaidh 'n uair a chunnaic e gu 'm faodadh neach le fichead punnd Sasunnach a chur a stigh, fichead mile punnd Sasunnach a bhuidhinn. Thog e air gu surdail, liubhair e an sgaileagan, agus thill e dhachaidh an deanna nam bonn a chur a chomh-airle ri Peigi. Bha an t-seana chailleach bhochd cho bodhar 's gu 'n d' fheum e glaodhaich 'n a cluais le 'uile neart.

"An cual' thu mu 'n chrannchur mhor a tha ri tachairt 's a bhaile-mhor ud thall? Air son fichead punnd Sasunnach faodaidh tu fichead mile a bhuidhinn."

"Seadh, ach cha 'n 'eil fichead punnd Sasunnach agadsa ri 'chur ann," ars' ise.

"Cha 'n 'eil, ach tha e *agadsa* agus is e an aon ni e, nach e?"

Cha do fhreagair Peigi car ghreis, agus a' sin thuirt i gu ciuin gu 'm bu ni cile sin uile gu leir. Thug Dà'idh suil aingidh oirre agus thuirt e, "Cha 'n è ma tha mise 'cur romhan an cur a mach anns a' ghnothach so."

"Cha ni suarach fichead punnd Sasunnach," arsa Peigi, 's i 'crathadh a cinn; "is e so na tha againn anns an t-saoghal a bharr air do *phension*. Gabh mo chomhairle-se a Dhà'idh Shùlair agus na bi ad amadan."

"Smaointich thusa air fichead mile gini òir," arsa Dà'idh; "a leithid de luchd! nach be 'n carn e! dh' fhaodamaid sinn fein 'fhalach ann." Cha robh Peigi ro chinnteach mu 'n chuis; bha i a lion beag a's beag a' striochdadh.

"Falbh agus cluinn ciod a their Seumas Mor uime," fhreagair i.

"Ciod am math dhomh dol an taobh a tha Seumas Mor ann an gnothach d' an t-seorsa so," arsa Dà'idh. "Cha 'n aithne dha ni mu 'thimchioll; cha do ghabh e cuid ann an crannchur riamh."

"Coma co dhiu, cha mhisd' thu a chomhairle; falbh gun dail."

"Tha mi toileach," arsa Dà'idh, 's e 'togail a chomhdach-cinn; "ach cha mhor cudthrom a chomhairle. Ghabh-adh e leth-chiad d' a leithid a chur iompaidh air seann saighdear."

B' e Seumas Mor a bu thuairnear agus a bu shaor anns an aite. Bha e 'n a dhuine fior chrionnta, ghlic agus fo mhor mheas agus urram aig gach duine d' am b' aithne e.

Steoc Dà'idh Sùlair direach a suas a dh-ionnsaidh na beirt-thuairneir aig an robh Seumas ag obair. Bha e cho dil air ciod air bith a bha e ris 's an àm nach d' thug e an aire do Dhà'idh 'n a sheasamh lamh ris Mu dheireadh, an uair a bha a shaod air a bhi cho geal ri muilleir no ri fear a bhiodh a mach fo shneachd, leis na mion-shliseagan agus an sadach a bha ag eirigh o 'n bheirt, chuir e a lamh air guallainn Sheumais. Stad e d' a thuairneireachd agus chuir iad failte air a cheile.

"Tha toil agam do comhairle a ghabhail," arsa Dà'idh. "Chual' thu iomradh, tha mi 'n duil, mu 'n chrannchur mhor so?"

"Chuala, chuala, ach ciod uime?"

"Tha thu 'cur a stigh fichead punnd Sasunnach agus a' buidhinn fichead mile. An comhairlicheadh tu dhomh 'fheuchainn?"

"Air na cumhnantan sin, comhairlicheadh, air a' h-uile cor."

"Gu 'n robh math agad, a Sheumais; bha fhios agam gu 'm b' e so a theireadh tu; labhair thu gu seadhail, ach cha 'n eisdeadh Peigi."

"Stad ort, ged 'tha," arsa Seumas, "leig dhomh do thuigsinn gu ceart. Le fichead punnd Sasunnach a chur a stigh, tha thu cinnteach air fichead mile 'fhaighinn a mach?"

"Cha d' thubhairt mi *gu 'n robh mi cinnteach.*"

"O, tha teagamh 's a' ghnothach mata? Tha muinntir eile 's a' chuis cho math riutsa?"

"Cha 'n 'eil mi cur ag, ach——"

"Co meud, a bheil 'fhios agad?"

"Cha 'n 'eil; cha d' fheoraich mi."

"'S cha mho a ruigeas tu leas," fhreagair Seumas Mor gu durachdach. "Tha thusa a Dhà'idh Shùlair, ann ad dhuine bochd mar tha mi fein; cha 'n 'eil e furasda dhuit fichead punnd Sasunnach a sheachnadh. Tha e fior gu leoir gu 'm faod thu buidhinn; ach tha e moran na 's coltaiche gu 'm faodadh tu call. Dh' iarr thu mo chomhairle, agus fhuair thu i."

"Moran taing dhuit," arsa Dà'idh, 's e a' falbh; 's cha robh e idir toilichte.

"Bha Dà'idh Sùlair uine mhoir m' an do chuir e iompaidh air a mhnaoi chuiseil, 's m' an d' fhuair e gu 'n d' aontaich no gu 'n d' thug i

gnuis do 'n ghnothach; ach mu dheireadh, le 'argumaidean seolta, cha 'n e 'mhain gu 'n do dhearbh e dhi gu 'n robh an ceum a bha e 'cur roimhe 'ghabhail glic agus crionnta, ach bha a' leithid de bhuaidh aige oirre 's gu 'n d' fhas i deich uairean na bu déine mu 'n chuis na e fein. Thog i oirre suas an staidhir gun tuilleadh dalach, chuir i a lamh a suas an simileir as an d' thug i seann stocaidh dhubh far an robh fichead punnd Sasunnach am falach aice; chuir i an t-iomlan gu toileach ann an laimh Dhà'idh, a dh' fhalbh, gun mhoille mionaide, 's a phaigh an t-airgiod do mhuinntir a' chrannchuir, bho 'n d' fhuair e air ais cairt bheag—cairt a bha ann an uine ghoirid gu 'chur ann an seilbh air storas mor.

"C' uin a tha an tarruing ri' bhi?" dh' fheoraich Peigi.

"Seachdain o 'n Dimairt so 'tighinn," arsa Dà'idh.

"Seachdain o 'n Dimairt so 'tighinn? Cha toigh leam sin; tachraidh e air Latha - gnothach - na-cubhaige."

"Sin agad a' cheart aobhar air son an do thagh iad an latha," fhreagair Dà'idh 's e a' suadh a lamhan; "cuiridh iad fear no dha air gnothach na cubhaige."

Anns a' bhruidhinn a bh' ann, co 'thainig a stigh ach Seumas Mor. Thainig e a chur stad air Dà'idh, 's a dh' earaileacheadh air gun e 'chur a chuid ann an rud a bha cho teagmhach agus a bha ag aobharrachadh a leithid de sheanchus feadh a' bhaile.

"Tha 'n gnothach a nis deunta," arsa Dà'idh. "Seall!" 's thug e a' chairt as a phoca. Sheall Seumas oirre gu taireil. "Am bheil cuimhne agad air an t-sean-fhacal?" ars' esan.

"Cha 'n 'eil, ciod e?"

"Is furasda an t-amadan 's a chuid a sgaradh o cheile," thuirt Seumas, 's thug e an dorus air.

"Ciod e sud a thuirt e?" dh' fheoraich Peigi.

"Tha, gu bheil sinn cinnteach duais mhor a bhuidhinn," fhreagair Dà'idh Sùlair.

"Feumaidh sinn gach ni a chur fo uidheim uir bho mhullach gu iochdar," thuirt Dà'idh agus e 'n a shuidhe aig a shuipeir an oidhche sin; "cha fhreagair na seana bhuird agus na cathraichean so dhuinn ann ar suidheachadh ùr agus eadar-dhealaichte. Gheobh sinn buird agus cathraichean riomhach, ùra; sgathain mhora agus cuirteanan aillidh m' an cuairt na h-uinneagan. Bidh sinn reidh 's càradh mholtairean a's phoitean 'n a dheigh sin—agus airson geurachadh shiosar,——" Thug e breab do 'n inneal-gheurachaidh a bha lamh ris mar a labhair e, 's chuir e le urchair a dh-oisinn eile 'n tighe e.

Chaidh seachdain seachad; thainig an latha Chuir Dà'idh e fein an ordugh moch air maduinn a dhol do 'n bhaile-mhor.

M' an d' fhalbh e thug e do Pheigi na seolaidhean a leanas:—

"Ma theid cuisean mar a tha suil agam, cha tig mi dhachaidh d' am chois, cuimhnich thusa. Thig mi dhachaidh ann an carbad. Bi thusa a' faireadh air mo shon aig uinneig uachdaraich, agus an uair a chi thu an carbad a' tighinn m' an cuairt an oisinn, tuigidh tu gu bheil mi dluth. Togaidh tu 'n sin a suas an uinneag agus tilgidh tu a' h-uile ball airneis air am faigh thu greim, a mach air an t-sraid; na caomhain sion; a mach leis gach stob dhi. Tha thu a' tuigsinn, a bheil? Beannachd leat mata gus an till mise." Thog Dà'idh Sùlair air, agus e 'n a bheachd fein cheana ann an seilbh air beairteas nach gabhadh tomhas.

Choisich Dà'idh Sùlair a stigh do 'n bhaile-mhor le ceum aotrom saighddeir. Bha e ann an surd fuathasach; bha a cheann anns na neoil agus

mar a bha e a' tartraich a sios an t-sraid bheireadh e barr a bhata a nuas le fead a bha 'cur teine as na clachan agus a' fagail caoir de shradan as a dheigh. Cha robh e ach goirid a' ruigheachd an ionaid anns an robh na croinn ri 'n tarruing. Bha dumhladas mor sluaigh air cruinneachadh cheana. Bha lan-aighear agus mire a' toirt mac-talla as na ballachan. Cha robh smuairean air aghaidh neach, oir cha do chaill duine aca fathasd air a' chrannchur.

"Ciod e aobhar an gaireachdaich?" arsa Dà'idh Sùlair ris fhein; "am bheil suil aca gu 'n buidhinn iad *uile?*" agus car tiota dh' eirich seorsa de amharus 'n a inntinn mu a shoirbheachadh fein. Thainig fallus fuar air a' smointeachadh na 'n cailleadh e; ach thilg e dheth gach teagamh agus sheas e a dh-fheitheamh na crich. Cha d' fheum e feitheamh fada. Thainig balachan beag a stigh le cuirneachadh air a shuilean agus aon d' a lamhan ceangailte air a chulaobh; chuir e a lamh lom ann am boesa, thug e 'mach cairt agus shin e do 'n chleireach i, a leugh a mach a h-aireamh; an sin thog balachan air taobh eile an tighe cairt as a bhoesa fein agus shin e i do chleireach eile, a ghlaodh a mach, "Falamh." Rinneadh so fichead uair, gus mu dheireadh, an d' thainig da chiad gu leth punnd Sasunnach air fear-eigin. Thog iad iolach ard 'n uair a chual iad so; ghlac a chaird-ean air lamh an duine fortanach air an d' thainig an ciad gu leth, ach sheap an dream aig an robh an cairt-ean "Falamh," as an rathad."

"Falamh, falamh, falamh, falamh; is i mo bharail gu bheil iad ach beag uile falamh," arsa Dà'idh ris fein; "cha 'n 'eil so idir mar a shaoil mi; ciod a dheanainn na 'n tuiteadh do m' chairt fein a bhi falamh? Tha 'n t-am agam a bhi a gluasad a choir an doruis."

Falamh, falamh, falamh, leth-chiad uair eile as deigh a cheile, agus a' sin, coig ciad punnd Sasunnach do chuid-eigin. "Falbh," arsa Dà'idh, "is fhiach sin rud-eigin, ach is suar-ach e lamh ris na tha suil agamsa 'fhaighinn. Ciod sud a chuala mi? 'S e sin anit-aireamh aig a' chairt agamsa, a dhaoin'-uaisle, ma 's e ur toil e; is mise '77.'"—"Falamh" ars' an cleireach, agus thuit Dà'idh Sùlair bochd air a bheul 's air a shroin, mar gu 'n cuirteadh urchair ann. Shaoil iad uile gu 'n robh e glan mharbh, ach cha robh. Fhuair iad a mach c' aite an robh an duine bochd a comhnuidh; agus, a thaobh gu 'n robh robh e astar air falbh, thairg duin'-uasal a bha 'lathair a charbad fein gu caoimhneil chum Dà'idh bochd a ghiulan dachaidh. Chuir iad anns a' charbad e 's dh' fhalbh iad leis.

Bha Peigi fad uair an uaireadair a' freiceadan aig an uinneig. A chum agus gu 'n rachadh aice na b' fhearr air orduighean Dhà'idh a chur an gniomh, fhuair i cuideachadh aon de na coimhearsnaich, chruinnich i gach stob airneis a bha 's an tigh ann an aon seomar-mullaich, agus bha i 'nis 'n a suidhe gu foighidinn-each a' feitheamh a' charbaid. Mu dheireadh, an uair nach mor nach robh i air toirt thairis, faicidh i an carbad a' tighinn m' an cuairt an oisinn! A suas chaidh an uinneag ann an tiota, agus a sios chaidh an airneis car ar char air an t-sraid gu h-iosal. Cathraichean, buird, sgath-ain, poitean, clobhachan 's gach ni air an ruigeadh lamh, a sios chaidh iad, muin air mhuin, 'n am mirean air a' chabhsair. Bha seana bhodach a' dol seachad aig an am, 's dh' amhairc e suas dh' fheuch ciod a bu chiall do 'n fhrois eagalaich, ach bhuail gob a' bhuilg-sheididh anns an t-suil e, agus am feadh a bha e 'n a laidhe a' sporathail thainig ultach

de shoithichean creatha 'nuas air a chaol-druim nach mor nach do bhrist a chnaimh-droma. Ruith marsanda a mach as a bhuth air taobh eile na sraide 's e 'cumail a suas a lamhan 's a' smeideadh ri Peigi sgur d'an obair sgriosaich, ach fhuair e strabhailleadh de chuinneig anns an smig a chuir car dheth anns an eabar. Leum am ministeir, duine mor, sultmhor, 's e 'dol seachad, a nall a chur casg air a' bhristeadh uamhasach, 'n uair thainig gùn drogaid leis a' chaillich a nuas thar a chinn, 's ghrad thug e 'chasan as le naire. Fad na h-uine so, agus ann am meadhon na h-aimhreite bha Dà'idh Sùlair, agus e 'nis air tighinn gu 'mhothachadh, 'n a sheasamh anns a' charbad a' glaodhaich airde 'chinn 's a' smeideadh ri Peigi i a stad; ach shaoil ise gur ann a bha e ri iolach 's 'g a brosnachadh; chuir i roimhpe nach biodh stob a stigh m' am biodh uine aig Dà'idh air bhi 'nios an staidhir; agus gus an do leum e 'stigh mar dhuine air a' chuthach 's an do rug e air chaol da dhuirn oirre, cha do thuig i ciod a bha e a' ciallachadh. Mu dheireadh dh' innis e 'n fhirinn bhronach dhi, 's shuidh iad le cheile a chaoidh an leir-sgrios a thug an goraich a nuas orra.

Am feadh a bha iad mar so a' tuireadh 's a' bron an cor bochd, thainig an duine caoimhneil, cneasda sin, Seumas Mor a stigh 'g am misneachadh. Cha d' thuirt e idir riutha mar a theireadh cuid a dhaoine, "Nach d' thuirt mi ribh; cha ghabhadh sibh mo chomhairle." Cha d' thuirt e ni d' a leithid, ach 'n uair a chunnaic e mar bha cuisean, dh' fhalbh e gun fhacal a radh, chuir e tional beag air chois, agus ann an latha no dha thruis e mu thuairam da fhichead punnd Sasunnach a chuir Dà'idh Sùlair gu comhfhurtachail air a chasan a rithisd. Is ann mar so a bu choir do dheadh choimhearsnaich deanamh r'a cheile. Cha do chuir Dà'idh Sùlair agus Peigi a bhean, sgillinn gu brath tuille ann an crannchur.—Mur do shiubhail iad uaith sin tha iad beo fhathasd.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

———o———

RUAIRIDH BEAG SHABHARI,
HO I HO-RO.

Rinneadh an duanag so leis an Ollamh Urramach Tormaid Mac-Leoid nach maireann, "Caraid nan Gaidheal."

Failt' air a' ghille
Le 'chaog-shuilibh biorach,
Le 'chota, 's le 'bhrigisean
Gasda de 'n chlo!
'S math dh' aithn'ear air d' aogas
Gur Leodaich do chinne—
Siol Thormaid o 'n Eilein
Air an laidheadh an ceo.
O, Aonghais 'Ic Ruairidh,
'S tu athair an deadh mhic,
'S tu 'dh' fhaodadh 'bhi moiteil
Na 'm bitheadh tu beo;
'S nach 'eil neach anns an Sgireachd
Cho fharasda, fhinealt'
Ri Ruairidh beag Shabhari, Ho i ho-ró.

Cha 'n 'eil Cleireach 's an duthaich
A 's luthmhoire 'shiubhlas;
Gu 'n tabhairt gu pùsadh,
Bidh tu dluth air an toir.
Cha 'n 'eil Cleireach 's an t-Seanadh
Co ro mhaith a stuireas
A' bhirlinn troi' chuaintibh
Nan stuaghannan mor'.
'N uair 'sheideas an doinionn
Na siuil o na crannaibh,
'S a chaillear gach cladach
Li sioban 's le ceo;
'Sin eighidh gach maraich',—
O, 's ro mhaith do ghabhail,
A Ruairidh bhig Shabhari, Ho i ho-ró.

'N uair 'sheinneadh tu 'n Iorram,
'S tu' dhuisgeadh an spiorad
Ann an guailibh nan gillean,
'S iad an glacan nan ramh;
'N uair 'sheinneadh tu 'n duanag,
'N sin b' ait leam 'bhi suas riut,
'Bhi 'm shuidhe ri 'd ghuallainn
'S an t-searrag am laimh.
Cha 'n 'eil eadar so 's Ro-ag
A sheinneadh leat 'Morag,'
'S tu 'g iomairt le furan
Ramh-braghad an *Roe;*
'N sin their iad ri Ruairidh,—
O, piseach a 's buaidh ort,
A Ruairidh bhig Shabhari, Ho i ho-ró.

AM BHEIL IAD 'GAM IONNDRAIN O 'N BHAILE?

Am bheil iad 'g am ionndrain o 'n bhaile?
Bu ghaolach le m' chridhe 's an àms',
A' chinnt gu bheil gràdhaich a' guidhe,
"O! b' fhèarr leinn gu 'n robh i so 'n dràst!"
Am fios gu 'n robh 'n cròilein mu 'n teallach
A' smuaineachadh orms' tha air falbh,
Dearbh-bheachd gu bheil ionndrain aig bail' orm,
B' àrd-shòlas gun tomhas àn sealbh!
B' àrd-shòlas, etc.

'N uair 'chiaras air feasgar—an tràth sin,
'Tha coisrigt' do 'n dàu—cian nan cian—
'Bheil neach ann a luaidheas air m' ainmsa,
'S a their, "'S fhad air falbh uainn mo mhiann?"
'S am mothaichear meang anns an òran,
'S gun mo ghuth-sa 'bhi 'còmhnadh na tèis'?
No 'n dùisg e teud-bhròin anns gach anam
Mi 'bhi uapa air m' aincol, 'an céin?
Mi 'bhi uapa, etc.

An suidhich iad cathair aig bòrd dhomh,
'N àm èibhnis an teòghlaich 'bhi dlùth,
'N uair lasar na coinnlean a' s' t-seomar,
'S na reultan 's a' ghorm-speur gu ciùin?
'N uair 'ghabhas gach aon cead d' a chèile,
'S a thèid iad fa leth 'ghabhail tàimh,
'M bi cuimhn' air an té 'th' air a h-aineol,
'S an guidh iad fo smalan dhomh "slàint'"?
'S an guidh iad, etc.

A' bheil iad 'g am ionndrain o 'n bhaile,
Trà maidne, trà feasgair, no nòin?
'S na thàrmaich neul duthach mun cuairt doibh,
Nach soillsich à ghruaimach mo neoil-s'?
'Bheil sùgradh à's mànran cho taitneach,
'S a bha cian a b' ait 'bha mi leò?
No 'bheil iad o cheal, o 'n nach dòigh dhomh
'Bhi 'n caidribh a' chròilein ni 's mò;
'Bhi 'n caidribh, etc.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

The foregoing translation of this song is by the late Mr. James Munro, author of many poems of great merit and beauty, and of the well-known Gaelic grammar:

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some lov'd ones
Were saying, "We wish he were here."
To feel that the group at the fireside,
Were thinking of me as I roam:
Oh yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss'd me at home.
To know, etc.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred in song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music,
That 's miss'd when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?
Regret, etc.

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When candles are lit in the parlour,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good night" while they weep?
A whispered, etc.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is miss'd from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?
Because, etc.

ADHLAICEAN ANN AN CHINA.

Do bhrigh nach 'eil aig muinntir China dochas an taobh thall de 'n uaigh, tha iad a' deanamh caoidh gun choimeas as leth an cairdean a's dillse an àm doibh am bas 'fhaotainn. Tha gach ni 'g a dheanamh le riaghailt eagnuidh. Tha 'n uine, agus am modh, agus meud amhghair an ti a ta fo bhron, air an sonrachadh gu curamach. Tha an corp, air da a bhi air a chomhdachadh le sgeadachadh maiseach, air a chur 'n a

shineadh ann an ciste laidir, far am bheil e air a ghleidheadh air uachdar na talmhainn re aireimh sonraichte laithean, chum gu 'n silear na deoir gu frasach thairis air. Tha na cairdean an sin 'g an suidheachadh fein mu 'n cuairt do 'n chiste, a' deanamh mor-chaoidh le bas-bhualadh, le 'm folt air a sgaoileadh, le saceudach agus le bhi 'cur am beoil 's an duslach. An uair a roghnaichear aite freagarrach air son na h-uaigh, tha i air a cladhachadh gu domhain, agus tha 'chiste air a leagadh sios gu tosdach an lathair nan uile. Tha 'n t-aite an sin air a chomharrachadh le tuam riomhach, air chumadh crudh eich, a bhi air a thogail thairis air, agus ainm an ti a chaochail air a ghearradh a mach ann an litrichibh soilleir. A thuilleadh air so uile, tha clar-cuimhne air a chur suas ann an talla nan sinnsear aige, agus dh' ionnsuidh sin thig iad gach bliadhna chum iad fein umhlachadh an lathair tainnisg nam marbh. Tha iad, aig gach am air an tig iad ag ullachadh loin iomchuidh chum ocras nan spiorad nach fhaicear leo a shasuchadh, air doibh a bhi 'deanamh a mach gu 'm fannuich na spiorada sin, mur bi iad mar so air am beathachadh. Tha iad anns na teampullaibh aca, a' toirt urraim le 'n uile dhurachd do na mairbh. Chum solar a dheanamh air an son, agus chum gach uireasbhuidh a bhuineas doibh a shasuchadh anns an ath shaoghal. Tha iad a' losgadh paipeir a' dealradh le h-or, agus mar an ceudna, a' cur thighean agus charbadan, a rinneadh le paipeiribh oirdheirc, 'n an teine, anns a' bharail gu 'm bi iad sin uile air an cruth-atharrachadh 's an ath shaoghal chum airneis iomchuidh a dheanamh do na tainneasgaibh a tha gun fhuil gun fheoil ann an saoghal nan spiorad. Tha am paipeir oir air a thionndadh air an taobh thall do 'n uaigh, gu airgiod freagarrach air son feum spiorad nam marbh! Mar a's aird' ann an inbh an ti a gheibh bas 's ann is faide a nithear caoidh air a shon. Tha 'n t-Impire ri caoidh re thri bliadhna air son a pharanta fein, agus tha gach deagh iochdaran a' leantuinn 'eiseimpleir-san. Tha na h-uachdarain a' toirt thairis an dreuchd ri am na caoidh' 'tha na daoine foghluimte a' sgur dhe 'n rannsachadh a mach, agus tha na daoine cumanta a' cur an oibre gu taobh!

Is muladach a bhi 'smuaineachadh air saobh-chrabhadh cho cianail ri so; agus tha e 'n a aobhar taingeileachd dhuinne, gu 'n do thilg an Ti a's airde ar crannchur ann an tir far am bheil solus Greine na Fireantachd a' fogradh an tuigh dhorchadais sin air falbh, agus far am bheil beatha agus neo-bhasmhorachd air an toirt chum soluis le Soisgeul siorruidh na sithe!

SGIATHANACH.

FEASGAR FANN FOGHARAIDH.

Tha 'n abhainn ag ialladh troimh 'n ghleann,
'S air gach taobh dhi tha ard-bheanna cas,
Far an cluinnteadh mor-thorman nan allt'
A' tearnadh gu calmara, bras,
'N uair a sguabas an doinionn am fraoch,
'S air an aonach a dh' aomas an fhras.

Ach an nochd anus a' choire 's beag ceol,
'S ciuin orain nan sruthan m' an cuairt;

Tha gach maol-bhinnein caillte 's na neoil
A tha 'tuirling 's 'g an comhdach gu luath;
Tha gorm-shnuadh an fheasgair 's a' ghleann,
Agus sìth 'dol gu ard-cheann nan cruach.

Tha feadag ri caoidh air an tom—
Fead lom, fhada 's cianaile fuaim—
Mar thaibhs' air a sguabadh o'n tonn,
'S e 'freagairt a tromh-ghuth fad' uaith,
No seann-treun a rinn eirigh bho 'n fhonn,
'S a chuir lom-sgrios a dhuthcha fo ghruaim.

O, eala, O, eala mo ghaoil
Thar monadh an fhraoich a' dol seach,
Tha thu 'stiuradh gu iar-chuan na gaoith,
'S neoil mhaoth-gheal a' falach do dhreach;
'N ann a' freagradh na fairg' tha thu 'glaodh'ch?
'Bheil a h-anail mu d' thaobh 'tha mar shneachd?

Cha chaoidh thu mar mise 's an am;—
'S iomadh bard ann an rann 'chuir an ceill
Mar a dh' fhograr luchd-aiteach nam beann,
'S a dh' fhasaichear aros nan treun;—
O, cha chaoidh thu, oir, agads' gach am,
Tha comhnadh na fairge nach geill.

Ach c' uime 'bhi caoidh? oir cha till
Ar caoidh-ghuth na gaisgich a dh' fhalbh;
Ach, sinnte ged tha iad 's a' chill,
Cha 'n 'eil iad 's na linnte so balbh;
Tha 'n gniomhan a' togail an cinn,
'S ag éigh'ch ruinn mar ghuth o na mairbh.

Cha 'n 'eil air na Gaidheil ach ceo,
Mar neoil air na sleibhtean ud thall;
O mosglaibh gu luath as ur clodh,
A's fasaibh mar og-choill' nam beann;
Deanaibh dusgadh 's na tuitibh gach lo
Mar sheann-choill' gu mointeach nan gleann!

MAC-OIDHCHE.

SGEULACHD AIR MAC-AN-RUSGAICH.

(Bho Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach Le I. F. Caimbeul.)

Bha tuathanach anu uair-eigin agus bha e ro dhona d' a sheirbhisich, agus tra bhiodh an tìm seirbhis aca dluth air a bhi aig crich, gheibheadh e leisgeul gu connsachadh a dheanamh riutha, 's chuireadh e air falbh iad gun tuarasdal. Chuir e air falbh moran d' a sheirbhisich air an doigh sin. Ach bha fear pratail ann d' am b' ainm Gille-naomh Mac-an-Rusgaich; chual' e iomradh air an tuathanach dhoirbh, agus thuirt e gu 'n gabhadh esan tuarasdal aige; gu 'n tugadh e car mu seach as—gu 'm biodh esan cho fada mu thuath 's a bhiodh an tuathanach mu dheas. Chaidh Mac-an-Rusgaich thun faidhir na Feill-groig 's ghabh e srabh 'n a bheul, mar chomharradh gu 'n robh e toileach muinntireas a ghabhail. Thainig an tuathanach doirbh an rathad agus dh' fharraid e de Mhac-an-Rusgaich an

gabhadh e muinntireas, agus thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich gu 'n gabhadh, na 'm faighead e maighistir math. "Ciod a bhios agam ri 'dheanamh," ars' esan, "ma ghabhas mi agadsa?" Ars' an tuathanach, "Bidh agad ris a' mhonadh a bhuachailleachd:" thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Ni mi sin." Thuirt an tuathanach, "Bidh agad ris a' chrann a chumail;" 's thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Ni mi sin." "Bidh na h-uibhir de ghnothaichean eile agad ri 'dheanamh cuideachd," ars' an tuathanach; 's thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Am bi na gnothaichean sin duilich a dheanamh?" Thuirt am fear eile, "Cha bhi; cha 'n iarr mise ort a dheanamh ach rud a 's urrainn duit; ach cuiridh mi 's a' chumhnant, mur freagair thu gu 'm feum thu dà thuarasdal a phaigheadh dhomhsa." Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Cuiridh mise anns a' chumhnant ma dh' iarras tu orm rud air bith a dheanamh ach rud a 's urrainn domh gu 'm feum thusa dà thuarasdal a thoirt dhomhsa." Chord iad uime sin. "Tha mise," ars' an tuathanach doirbh, "a' cur anns a' chumhnant ma ghabhas a h-aon air bith againn an t-aithreachas gu 'n teid iall a thoirt as a chraicionn o chul a chinn gu 'shail;" 's thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Cuimhnich gu 'n d' thuirt thu sin, a bhodaich," 's ghabh e muinntireas aig an tuathanach dhoirbh, 's chaidh e g' a ionnsaidh.

B' i a' chaid obair a chaidh iarraidh air Mac-an-Rusgaich a dheanamh e a dhol do 'n mhonadh a thilgeadh mona. Dh' iarr Mac-an-Rusgaich a bhiadh-maidne m' am falbhadh e, 's nach ruigeadh e leas tighinn dachaidh air a shon. Fhuair e na bha iad a' lughasachadh de bhiadh do sheirbhisich aig aon trath, 's dh' ith e sin. Dh' iarr e a dhinnear, 's nach ruigeadh e leas stad aig meadhon latha. Fhuair e an lughasachadh a bha air-son a dhinneireach, 's dh' ith e sin. Dh' iarr e a shuipeir 's nach ruigeadh e leas tighinn dachaidh 's an oidhche. Thug iad sin da, 's dh' ith e sin. Chaidh e far an robh a mhaighstir 's dh' fharraid e deth, "Ciod is abhaist do na seirbhisich agad a dheanamh an deigh an suipeireach?" Thuirt a mhaighstir ris, "Is abhaist doibh an aodach a chur dhiubh ogus dol a laidhe." Dh' fhalbh Mac-an-Rusgaich far an robh a leabha; chuir e dheth 'aodach, 's chaidh e a laidhe. Chaidh a bhana-mhaighstir far a robh fear a' bhaile 's dh' fharraid i dheth, "Ciod an seorsa gille a fhuair thu an sud? dh' ith e na tri traithean a dh-aon trath, 's chaidh e a laidhe," chaidh a mhaighstir far an robh Mac-an-Rusgaich's thuirt e ris, "C' arson nach 'eil thu ag obair?" Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Tha gu 'n d' thuirt thu fein rium gu 'm b' e a b' abhaist do d' sheirbhisich a dheanamh an uair a gheibheadh iad an suipeir, an aodach a chur dhiubh agus dol a laidhe." Thuirt a mhaighstir, 's c' arson a dh'ith thu na tri traithean mar chomhladh? 's thuirt Mac-au-Rusgaich, "Tha, gu 'n robh na tri traithean beag gu leoir gu duine a dheanamh sàthach. "Eirich 's rach gu d' obair," ars' a mhaighstir. "Eiridh," thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "ach feumaidh mi mo bhiadh 'fhaotainn mar is cubhaidh dhomh, air neo bidh m' obair d' a reir. Cha 'n 'eil orm a dheanamh ach mar is urrainn mi, —feuch a bheil thu a' gabhail an aithreachais a bhodaich?" "Cha 'n 'eil, cha 'n 'eil," ars' am bodach, "'s fhuair, Mac-an-Rusgaich a bhiadh na b' fhearr 'n a dheigh sin.

Air latha eile dh' iarr am bodach air Mac-an-Rusgaich e a dhol a chumail a' chroinn ann an dail a bha shios fo 'n tigh. Dh' fhalbh Mac-an-Rusgaich; rainig e far an robh an crann; rug e air na uaidnean 'n a lamhan, 's sheas e an sin. Thainig a mhaighstir far an robh e, 's thuirt e ris, "C' arson nach 'eil thu a' deanamh an treabhaidh?" Fhreagair Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Cha 'n e mo bhargan treabhadh a dheanamh, ach a chumail a a chroinn, 's tha thu a' faicinn nach 'eil mi a' leigeil leis falbh!" "Na h-uire 's na h-uireandan ort!" "Na h-uire 's na h-uireandan ort fhein a bhodhaich! a bheil thu a' gabhail an aithreachais de 'n bhargan a rinn thu?" "O, cha 'n 'eil, cha 'n 'eil!" ars' am bodach. "Ma bheir thu dhomh duais eile air a shon, ni mi treabhadh," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. O, bheir, bheir," ars' am bodac; 's rinn iad bargan ur m' an treabhadh.

Air latha araidh dh' iarr an tuathanach air Mac-an-Rusgaich e 'dhol ris a' mhonadh a shealltainn am faiceadh e ni air bith air dochair. Chaidh Mac-an-Rusgaich ris a' mhonadh, 's an uair a chunnaic e 'thiom fein thainig e dachaidh, 's dh' fharraid a mhaighistir dheth, "An robh gach ni ceart anns a' monadh?" Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Bha am monadh e fhein ceart;" 's thuirt an tuathanach, "Cha 'n e sin 'tha mise a' farraid, ach an robh crodh nan coimhearsnach air an taobh fein?" Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Ma bha, bha, 's mur robh leigear dà; 's e mo bhargansa, am monadh a bhuachailleachd, 's gleidhidh mise am monadh far a bheil e." "Na h-uire 's h-uireandan ort a bhalaich!" thuirt am bodach. "Ma gheobh mise duais eile airson an crodh a

bhuachailleachd ;" 's thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Ma gheobh mise duais eile gabhaidh mi os laimh, ma chi mi crodh nan coimhearsnach air a' ghrunnd agadsa, gu 'n till mi air an ais iad, agus ma chi mi do chrodhsa air grunnd nan coimhearsnach, tillidh mi air an ais iad thuu do ghruiund feiu ; ach ged a theid cuid diubh air chall, cha ghabh mi os laimh am faotainn, ach ma dh' iarras tu orm dol g' an iarraidh, theid mi ann 's ma gheobh mi iad, bheir mi dhachaidh iad."

Cha robh aig an tuathanach dhoirbh air ach cordadh ri Mac-an-Rusgaich, 's duais eile a thoirt da airson an crodh a bhuachailleachd : agus bha iad reidh re grathunn 'n a dheigh sin.

An ath latha 'chaidh am bodach e fein ris a' mhonadh, cha b' urrainn da na h-aighean aige 'fhaicinn ; dh' iarr e air an son, ach cha b' urrainn da am faotainn. Chaidh e dachaidh, 's thuirt e ri Mac-an Rusgaich, "Is eudar dhuit fein dol a dh' iarraidh airson nan aighean, a Mhic-an-Rusgaich'; cha b' urrainn mise am faotainn an diugh ; ach rach thusa g' an iarraidh, 's iarr iad gus am faigh thu iad." Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "C' aite an teid mise g' an iarraidh ?" Thuirt am bodach, "Rach agus iarr iad anns na h-aiteachan anns an saoil thu iad a bhi, agus iarr iad mar an ceudna anns na h-aiteachan anns nach saoil thu iad a bhi." Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Ni mise mar sin mata."

Chaidh am bodach a stigh do 'n tigh. Fhuair Mac-an-Rusgaich fàradh, 's chuir ris an tigh e. Chaidh e 'n aird air an tigh, thoisich e air spionadh an tubhaidh bharr an tighe, 's 'g a thilgeadh le leathad; agus m' an d' thainig am bodach a mach a rithist bha an tubhadh, gu ach ro bheagan, bharr an tighe, 's na cabair lom, agus Mac-an-Rusgaich a' spionadh 's a' tilgeadh le leathad a' chorr. Thuirt am bodach, "Na h-unradh 's na h-urchoidean ort, a bhalaich, ciod e a thug ort an tubhadh a thoirt bharr an tighe?" Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Tha gu bheil mi ag iarraidh nan aighean ann an tubhadh an tighe," Thuirt am bodach, "Ciamar a tha thu ag iarraidh nan aighean ann an tubhadh an tighe, far am bheil thu cinnteach nach 'eil iad?" Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich "Tha gu 'n do dh-iarr thu fhein orm an iarraidh far an saoilinn iad a bhi, agus mi g' an iarraidh cuideachd ann an aiteachan far nach saoilinn iad a bhi ; agus cha 'n 'eil aite air bith far an lugha 'tha de shaoilsinn agamsa iad a bhi na ann an tubhadh an tighe." Thuirt am bodach, "Na h-unradh 's na h-urchoidean ort, a bhalaich." Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Na h-unradh 's na h-urchoidean ort fein, a bhodaich, am bheil thu a' ghabhail an aithreachais gu 'n d' iarr thu orm na h-aighean 'iarraidh far nach saoilinn iad a bhi?" "Cha 'n 'eil, cha 'n 'eil," thuirt am bodach ; "rach a nis agus iarr iad ann an aiteachan far am bheil e coltach gu 'm faod iad a bhi ann." Ni mise mar sin," arsa Mac-an-Rusgach. Dh' fhalbh Mac-an-Rusgaich a dh-iarraidh nan aighean ; fhuair e iad, 's thug e dachaidh iad. An sin dh' iarr a mhaighstir air Mac-an-Rusgaich e a dhol a chur an tubhaidh air an tigh, 's e a dheanamh an tighe cho dionach 's a b' urrainn da. Rinn Mac-an-Rusgaich sin, agus bha iad reidh re grathunn na dheigh.

Bha an tuathanach doirbh a' dol a dh-ionnsaidh bainnse, 's dh' iarr e air Mac-an-Rusgaich, an uair a thigeadh am feasgar, e a chur diollaid air an each, 's e 'dhol a dh-ionnsaidh tigh na bainnse, gu esan a thoirt dachaidh ; 's thuirt e ris, "An uair a bhitheas e dlu air da-uair-dheug, tilg damh-shuil an taobh a bhitheas mi, 's aithnichidh mi gu 'm bheil e dlu air an àm gu dol dachaidh. "Ni mi sin," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. An uair a dh' fhalbh an tuathanach thun na bainnse, chaidh Mac-an-Rusgaich 's chuir e na daimh a stigh do 'n fhaug, ghabh e sgian 's thug e na suilean asda, chuir e na suilean 'n a phoca, 's 'n uair 'thainig an oidhche chuir e an diollaid air an each 's chaidh e gu tigh na bainnse a dh' iarraidh a mhaighistir. Rainig e tigh na bainnse, chaidh e stigh do 'n chuideachd 's shuidh e gus an robh e dlu air da-uair-dheug. An sin thoisich e air tilgeadh suil daimh air a' bhodach ann ceann gach tacain. Mu dheireadh thug am bodach an aire dha, 's thuirt e ris, "Ciod e a tha thu a' deanamh?" Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Tha mi a' tilgeadh suil daimh an taobh a tha thu chionn tha e dlu air da-uair-dheug." Thuirt am bodach, "Am saoil thu fein gu 'n deachaidh tu a thoirt nan suilean as na daimh?" 's thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Cha 'n ann 'g a shaoilsinn idir a tha mi; tha mi cinnteach as ; dh' iarr thu fein orm mi 'thilgeadh suil daimh an taobh a bhiodh tu an uair a bhiodh e dluth air an da-uair-dheug, 's 'd é mar a b' urrainn mi sin a dheanamh mur tugainn na suilean as na daimh?" "Na h-uire 's na h-uireandan ort, a bhalaich," ars' an tuathanach. "Na h-uire 's na h-uireandan or fein, a bhodaich ; a bheil thu a' gabhail aithreachais gu 'n d' iarr thu orm a dheanamh?" "Cha 'n 'eil, cha 'n 'eil," ars' am bodach : chaidh iad dachaidh comhla 's cha robh tuille m' a dheibhinn an oidhche sin.

Latha no 'dha an deigh sin, dh' iarr a mhaighistir air Mac-an-Rusgaich e a dhol an aird thun na cachaileidh mhullaich, 's e a dheanamh stair chasa-caorach. "Ni mi sin," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich, 's dh' fhalbh e. Chuir e na caoirich a stigh do 'n fhang, 's ghearr e na casan dhiubh, a's rinn e an stair le casan nan caorach. Chaidh e air ais far an robh a mhaighistir, 's thuirt a mhaighistir ris, "An do rinn thu sud?" Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Rinn; faodaidh tu fein dol g' a fhaicinn." Chaidh an tuathanach a dh-fhaicinn an stair chasa-caorach a rinn Mac-an-Rusgaich 's an uair a rainig e 's a chunnaic e casan nan caorach anns an stair, chaidh e air bhreasadh 's thuirt e, "Na h-uile 's na h-uireandan ort, a bhalaich ciod e a thug ort na casan a ghearradh bharr nan caorach?" Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Nach d' iarr thu fein orm stair chasa-caorach a dheanamh, 's ciod e mar a dheanainn stair chasa-caorach mur gearrainn na casan dhiubh? feuch a bheil thu a' gabhail an aithreachais gu 'n d' iarr thu orm a dheanamh, a bhodaich?" "Cha 'n 'eil, cha 'n 'eil," thuirt a mhaighistir. "Ciod a tha agam ri 'dheanamh a rithisd?" thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich. "Tha, ars' a mhaighistir, na h-eich agus an stapull a ghlanadh 's a nigheadh an da chuid am mach agus a stigh." Dh' fhalbh Mac-an-Rusgaich, 's ghlan e a mach an stapull,—nigh e na ballachan air an taobh a mach a's nigh e an stapull air an taobh a stigh; nigh e na h-eich, a's mharbh e iad 's thug e an taobh a stigh asda, 's nigh e an taobh a stigh aca. Chaidh e far an robh a mhaighistir 's dh' fharraid e ciod a bha aige ri 'dheanamh a rithisd, 's thuirt a mhaighistir ris e a chur nan each 'n an uidheam anns a' chrann, 's e thoirt tacain air an treabhadh. Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Cha fhreagair na h-eich mi." "Ciod e a dh' fhairich iad?" ars' a mhaighistir. "Cha choisich iad air mo shon," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. "Fhalbh agus feuch iad," thuirt a mhaighistir. Dh' fhalbh Mac-an-Rusgaich far an robh na h-eich, chuir e crioman de dh-aon diubh 'n a bheul, chaidh e air ais far an robh a mhaighistir, 's thuirt e, "Cha 'n 'eil an droch bhlas orra." "Ciod a tha thu ag radh?" thuirt a mhaighistir. Chaidh e far an robh na h-eich, 's an uair a chunnaic e iad 's an taobh a stigh air a thoirt asda, thuirt e, "Ciod is ciall d' a so?" "Tha," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich, "gu 'n d' iarr thu fein orm an da chuid na h-eich agus an stapull a ghlanadh agus a nigheadh, an da chuid a mach agus a stigh; 's rinn mi sin. A bheil thu a' gabhail an aithreachais?" "B' fhearr leam nach fhaca mi riamh thu," thuirt an tuathanach. "Ma ta," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich, feumaidh tu tri tuarasdail a thoirt domhsa air neo theid iall de d' chraicionn a thoirt o chul do chinn a sios gu d' shail. Thuirt an tuathanach doirbh gu 'm b' fhearr leis iall a bhi air a thoirt as a chraicionn bho chul a chinn gu 'shail na an t-airgiod a thoirt do thrusdar coltach ri Mac-an-Rusgaich; agus, a reir an lagha, chaidh an tuathanach doirbh a cheangal agus iall leathann a thoirt o chull a chinn a sios a dhruim, 's ghlaoidh e gu 'm b' fhearr leis an t-airgiod fhein a thoirt seachad na an iall a ghearradh na b' fhaide; phaigh e an t-airgiod agus b' eiginn da 'bhi greis foidh na lighichean, 's cha robh e 'n a dhuine doirbh tuille.

(Ri leantuinn.)

—o—

TOIMHSEACHAN.

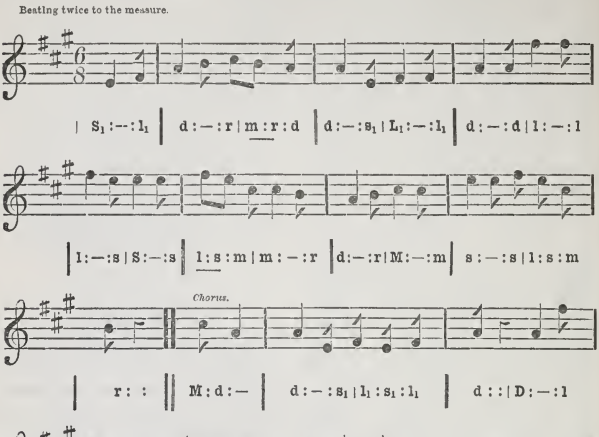
Chunnaic mi Sagart a' coiseach na Sraide,
'S measan beag biorach a' criomadh a shailtean;
Le spailpeadh a chaol-chas 's le craosachd a ghionchain,
Shaoilte gu 'n slugadh e 'n Sagart a dh' aona-bheum!
Thionndaidh an Sagart, 's roi' chrathadh a laimhe
Chriothnaich an cuilein bho 'chuinnein gu' mhasan;
Le miolranachd mhiolusgiach, mhiodalaich thrailleil,
Dh' imlich e casan an t-Sagairt gu cairdeil.
Bha falluinn an t-Sagart de anart glan finealt,
Gun phreasadh, gun fhailling bho 'braighe gu 'h-iochdar:
Ri fraoidhneadh a gilead bha 'm measan lan farmaid,
'S dh' fheuch e ri 'buaichdeadh le tuaileas "mac-meamnach."
'N uair 'theann an luchd-faire ri breith air an t-sabhdair,
Fhuair iad a mach nach robh dad ann ach taibhse,
Chlaon e mar sgaile an dubh-thrath na h-oidhche,
'S thuit a chrios-muineil 'n a ghlag air a' chabhsair!
Sgriobht' air a' chrios ud, bha 'ainm ann an Gailig—
An cuigeamh, an-t-aon-deug, 's an deich-eamh de 'n ABC.

Is e Suaimhneas reult-feasgair an anama, agus is i Subhailc a ghrian. Cha dealaichear iad gu brath o cheile.

KEY A.

AN NIGHEAN DUBH.

Beating twice to the measure.



'Nighean dubh nan gruaidhean craobhach,
Bha mi uair 's bu bheag a shaoilinn,
Gu 'n caidilinn an oidhch' as t-aogais ;
Chaidh sud aoga 's chaochail e cruth.
Tha thu suarach umam an diugh,
Ged bha uair 'bu toigh leat mo ghuth;
Tha thu suarach umam an diugh.

'N uair a bha sinn anns na gleanntaibh
'Cuallach a' chruidh-laoigh mu 'n mhainnir
Shaoil mi fhein nach robh air thalamh
Fear a mhealladh bean a' chinn duibh.
Tha thu suarach, etc.

A thé sin a tha aig na gamhna,
Bha mi uair 's bu mhor mo gheall ort ;
'S gil' thu na sneachd air na beanntaibh,
Anns an àm 's am biteadh 'g a chur.
Tha thu suarach, etc.

Tha mi lag, ged bha mi laidir,
Tha mi sgith gu siubhal fhasach ;
'S gur e 'thug mo chridhe mhàn,
Ro mheud a' ghraidh a bharaig mi dhuit.
Tha thu suarach, etc.

Tha do chneas cho geal 's an fhaoileann
Do dha ghruaidh cho dearg 's an caoranu;
Suilean meallach, gorm ad aodann,
Mala chaol mar ite 'n loin-duibh.
Tha thu suarach, etc.

Tha thu boidheach, tha thu loinneil,
'S duilich leam gu 'm bheil thu foilleil;
'S binn' thu na guth 'choilich-choille,
Anns an doire 'n goireadh e moch.
Tha thu suarach, etc.

Is tric a bha saill air seann each,
Agus puinsean ann an glainne,
Amhuil sin a's gaol mo leannain,
Mar chop geal air bharraibh nan sruth.
Tha mi suarach umad an diugh,
Ged bha uair 'bu toigh leam do ghuth;
Tha mi suarach umad an diugh !

AM FREICEADAN DUBH.

[Thainig na rannan a leanas a mach ann am paipear-naidheachd Sasunnach aig an am 's an robh "Am Freiceadan Dubh" gu seoladh a chogadh ris na h-*Ashantees* ann an Africa. Cha robh an deise Ghaidhealach air a meas freagarrach do 'n duthaich, agus uime sin dh' fhag iad as an deigh i.]

THE EMBARKATION OF THE BLACK WATCH.

Oh, what is the news? Why glengarries and trews?
Oh, where are the tartan, the kilt, and the feather?
Just laid bye for a bit, since they say they're not fit
For the African jungle and African weather.
And whate'er may befall, 'tis not they, after all,
That strike such a terror to every beholder;
Oh, no! 'tis the men from the mountain and glen,
When the Watch-word is—"Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!"

And when the pipes blow and they march on the foe,
To the tune of the "Highlanders over the Border,"
The lads from the North will step gallantly forth,
As if on parade, without haste or disorder.
And the blacks will find out, when it comes to a bout,
Though in all their fierce tribes none are stouter or bolder,
What stern courage is shown when the pibroch is blown,
And the Watch-word is—"Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!"

When the moment is ripe, to the skirl of the pipe,
The gallant Black Watch will dash into the battle;
And silent and strong, cut their way through the throng,
And grimly will slaughter the foemen like cattle.
And the next time the blacks, are expecting attacks,
At the sound of the pibroch their hearts will grow colder—
For they 'll know it denotes that there 's slitting of throats,
When the Watch-word is—"Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!"

—*Fun.*

SEOLADH AN FHREICEADAIN DUIBH.

O ciod so an sgeula? Cà 'n d' fhag iad am féile?
C' uime boineid a's brigis an àit' iteig a's breacain?—
Ann an Africa 'n teas, am measg meanbh-choille 's phreas,
Bho nach freagradh iad doibh chuir iad diubh iad car tacain.
Ach cha mhill so an cliu; cha 'n i 'n deise co-dhiu,
Tha 'cur balla-chrith air naimhdean 's a' fuadach an cèille;
Cha 'n i! ach na laoich 'thig o bheanntaibh an fhraoich,
'N uair is Cath-ghairm—"Gaidheil ri guaillibh a cheile!"

Feuch morachd nam flath 'dol a dh-ionnsaidh a' chath!
Bidh a' phiob a' seinn "Bail' Ionaraora" gu ceòlmhor;
Air faiche nam blar chithear gluasad nan sar,
Mar aig spaidsearachd-feille, gu h-athaiseach, seòlmhor.

'S iad na naimhdean a chi, 'n uair a thig iad gu strith,—
Ged a shaol iad an dubh-threubhan borba nach geilleadh—
Meud an gaisge 's an cruadh's 'n uair tha 'n ceol 'g a chur suas,
A's a' Chath-ghairm—"Gaidheil ri guaillibh a cheile!"

'N am tarruing nan lann,—le piob-mhoir aig an ceann—
An sas theid na Gaidheil le deine do-thilleadh;
Le 'n gaisge 'n le 'n tréin' ni iad rathad dhoibh fein,
'S an naimhdean, mar spreidh, bidh 'g an leireadh 's 'g am milleadh.
Na dubh-dhaoin', am feasd tuille, cha 'n fheith ri aon bhuille;
Is leoir dhoibh ma chluinneas iad "Gillean an fheilidh,"
Oir bidh aca dearbh-fhios 'n a lorg gu 'n tig sgrios,
'N uair is Cath-ghairm—"Gaidheil ri guaillibh a cheile!"

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

GAIDHEIL GHLASCHU AGUS ALASDAIR-NAN-STOP.

"O 'n 'bha esan mar sin domhsa
Bidh mise mar so dhasan."—*Donncha Ban.*

Shaoil sinn an uair a chuir sinn Alasdair-nan-stop fo 'n uir agus leaclighe air 'uaigh, nach cluinneadh ar luchd-leughaidh guth tuille m' a thimchioll; agus cha mho 'chluinneas iad a' bheag uainne mu Alasdair, oir tha duil againn gu bheil iadsan a thug a lathair an toiseach e air fas gle sgith dheth; ach tha E. M. L. a chuir an aithis air eaglaisean Gaidhealach Ghlaschu gu 'n robh Alasdair-nan-stop 'n a fhoirfeach ann an aon diubh, air litir mhi-mhodhail a chur a dh-ionnsaidh BRATACH NA FIRINN, ann an rathad freagraidh do 'n te a chuir ministear Eaglais Chaluim-chille anns a' GHAIDHEAL, ag aicheadh gu 'n robh Alasdair, no gu 'm burrainn a leithid a bhi, 'n a fheardreuchd anns an eaglais aige-san. Mur biodh ann an litir E. M. L. ach a chainnt mhi-shuairce mu mhinistear Eaglais Chaluim-chille cha mheasamaid gu 'm b' fhiach i buntainn rithe—tha daoine na 's eolaiche air an duine sin na gu 'm biodh moran buaidh aig beadaidheachd E. M. L. orra—ach do bhrigh agus gu bheil e a' cur char ann am briathran *Mhr. Blair*, agus a' cur earrannan d' a litir fa chomhair a luchd-leughaidh ann an cruth gu tur eadar-dhealaichte o 'n doigh anns am faighear iad 's a' GHAIDHEAL, tha sinn 'g a mheas mar fhiachaibh oirnn, mar cheartas dhuinn fein agus do *Mhr. Blair*, facal cronachaidh, facal ceartachaidh, agus facal comhairleachaidh a thoirt do E. M. L. Bu mhath leinn an sin ar lamhan a ghlanadh gu buileach as a' ghnothach; leigeamaid "a shalchar fein leis gach rudha," oir tha fhios aig ar luchd-leughaidh "gur momhaide 'n salchar saltairt air." Cha ghabh sin gnothach ris a' chiad chuid de litir E. M. L.; cha 'n 'eil an teagamh a 's lugha againn mu 'n deadh run agus an dichioll leis an do chaith e a shaothair agus 'uine am measg Ghaidheal Ghlaschu. Is e an ni a thug oilbheum do dhaoine an toiseach e bhi a' cur as leth nan eaglaisean Gaidhealach gu 'n robh trusdair coltach ri Alasdair 'n an luchd-dreuchd annta. An uair a chaidh an aithis 'aicheadh le ministear Eaglais Chaluim-chille air son a chomh-thionail fein, shaoil sinn gu 'n rachadh gabhail ri, 'fhacal gun chunnail, ach a nis air do E. M. L. 'fhaicinn

nach b' urrainn da seasamh na b' fhaide air cul Alasdair agus nach robh dol as aige o'n chronachadh, tha e air gabhail gu bearradaireachd shuaraich agus leibidich air "spiorad agus sgoileareachd" na litireach anns an d' fhuair e achmhasan agus air a' mheadhon troimh an deachaidh an litir a chur fa 'chomhair.

A thaobh nam "madraibh crosda," chi duine a sheallas air litir *Mhr. Blair* nach d' thug e a leithid de dh-fhar-ainm air daoine sam bith, ach gur ann a thuirt e, na 'm b' fhior E. M. L., gu 'n robh cuid de luchd-riaghladh nan eaglaisean cho gruamach ri "madraibh crosda." Tha eagal oirnn nach bi e furasda do E. M. L. a thoirt air daoine seadh eile a thoirt as a chuid eachdraidh. Air son an ainm "uile-bheisd," is dona 'fhreagras e do 'n fhear a tharruing an dealbh tionndadh agus coire 'fhaighinn do 'n fhear a thug ainm cho freagarrach air a' chreutair eagalach a chuir esan fa chomhair an t-saoghail. Nach e E. M. L. a tha truacanta ri Alasdair mu dheireadh! Is cruaidh cridhe *Mhr. Blair* an uair a bhagradh e ainm Alasdair a sparradh a suas air dorsan nan eaglaisean Gaidhealach mar rabhadh do mhuinntir eile! An do dhi-chuimhnich E. M. L. gur e fein a sparr ainm Alasdair a suas air *Brataich* an lathair an t-saoghail an toiseach. "C' arson nach do sgriobh Mr. Blàr gus a' *Bhrataich?*" Ma shealla E. M. L. gu taobh-duilleig 179 d' an BHRATAICH chi e gu 'n do sgriobh *Mr. Blair* thun fear-deasachaidh na BRATAICH; agus ma chuir E. M. L. troimh 'n BRATAICH tuaileas air na *Gaidheil* cha 'n fhaic sinn neo-fhreagarrachd air bith ann a bhi 'cur inneil a chum an dion ann an laimh GAIDHEIL eile. Cha 'n 'eil fhios aig E. M. L. nach 'eil aobhar eile aig *Mr. Blair* airson a litir a chur a dh-ionnsaidh a' GHAIDHEIL. Tha e ag radh, "theagamh nach b' fhiach leis a sgoilearachd Ghailig 'fhaicinn ann an 'leabhran beag ris an canar *Braiach na Firinn.*'" Tha E. M. L. e fein ag radh nach 'eil an sgoilearachd Ghaidhlig 'n a "*mor mheas.*" Cha b' uilear ach dha! Bu choir da mile mathanas 'iarraidh air deasaiche na BRATAICH airson a bhi a' bruidhinn air e 'bhi 'n a irisleachadh do dhuine *droch Ghaidhlig* a chur a dh-ionnsaidh na BRATAICH. An uair a theid E. M. L. gu sgeig thigeadh e dha an aire 'thoirt nach abair e rud a bhios calg-dhireach an aghaidh an ni sin a chuir e roimhe a radh. Bu choir da an toiseach an sgriobhaiche agus a Ghaidhlig a mholadh, ma bha e 'dol a radh "nach b' fhiach leis" sud no so a dheanamh. Tha sinn dearbh-chinnteach nach do smaointich *Mr. Blair* air di-meas no tarcuis a dheanamh air a' BHRATAICH agus theireamaid gu 'm bu sgallais da-rireadh dha "leabhar mor Gaidhlig" a radh rithe fein no ris a' GHAIHDEAL.

Tha E. M. L. a' toirt dhuinn, ma 's fhior, "am mir mu dheireadh" de litir a' mhinisteir agus e air a chomharrachadh a mach mar gu 'm biodh e againn an sin mar a fhuair e anns a' GHAIDHEAL e—facail shlàn agus litirichean ann am meadhon fhacal eile air an cois-bhig 's air an tarsuinn, a nunn 's a nall mar a bha saighdearan Sgairinish. Chuala sinn iomradh air "clo-bhualadh fiar" ach dh' amais sinn air mu dheireadh! Agus a bheil mearachd mu choinnimh a' h-uile facail a tha mar so air a bhonnaibh-beag? Cha 'n 'eil idir; tha ochd facail fhichead anns a' "mhir" a thug e dhuinn, agus 'n am measg uile cha 'n fhaic sinn ach *aon* fhacal cearr, agus litir theagmhach ann am facal eile. Am facal a tha mearachdach, (mhnaoi) tha e gu coitcheann air a ghnathachadh mar so ann an cearn no dha de Earra-ghaidheal, agus ged nach dean so ceart

e, nochdaidh e ciamar a chaidh a leigeil seachad gun an aire a thoirt da. An uair a theid neach gu tiolpadaireachd agus gu gearra-ghobachd bhuineadh e dha a bhi ro fhurachail gu 'n tugadh e facail na muinntir air am bheil e 'toirt breith, gun an lide a 's lugha dhiubh 'atharrachadh. Cha do sgriobh *Mr. Blair*, "eaglaisean Gàidhleach" ach, "eaglaisean Gaidheallach"; ged dh' fhaodas "foirbheach" a bhi cho ceart ri "foirfeach" bu choir do E. M. L. am facal 'fhagail mar fhuair e. Cha mho thuirt *Mr. Blair* gu 'm b' eiginn "riaghailtean a dheanamh" chum osdairean a chumail a mach as an t-seisein, ach gu 'n robh e 'n a riaghailt aca nach taghar fear-reic dibhe chum dreuchd foirfich no deacoin. Airson na 's aithne do E. M. L. dh' fhaodadh an riaghailt so 'bhi aca o 'n thoisich an comh-thional, agus uime sin cha 'n 'eil ann ach peasanachd da 'bhi 'labhairt mu osdairean agus misgeara bhi 'n am "mòr dhragh" 's an t-seisein.

Agus co a nis an sar sgoilear Gaidhlig so a tha 'g a chur fein suas mar bhritheamh air muinntir eile? Is cinnteach gu leoir gu bheil e fein gun mhearachd ann am "freumhchur" agus ann an "snaim-cheangal na Gaidhlig. Cha 'n 'eil toil sam bith againne toiseachadh air a chuid litirichean a chriathradh; na 'm biodh, cha bu bheag an ceannach-ruidil a bhiodh air 'fhagail. Gun diog idir a radh mu na litirichean roimhe, ged a tha an te mu dheireadh so aige a reir coltais air a deadh ghartghlanadh cha bhiodh e duilich dha amas air urad de Ghaidhlig Ghallda agus de chainnt cheàrbaich innte's a bu choir a chumail o thiolpadaireachd gus an ionnsaicheadh e Gaidhlig a sgriobhadh mar a bhruidhneadh a sheana-mhathair i.

Cha 'n 'eil fhios againn ciod an gnothach a tha aig litirichean *Runasdaich*, anns am bheil cunntas fior againn mu chuid de na faoin-bheachdan a bha 'measg nan Gaidheal o shean, agus gus an latha 'n diugh, ri litirichean E. M. L. mu "Ghaidheil Ghlaschu" anns an robh e ri "firinn no dha mu theaghlaichean air an d' fhuair e eolas" a thoirt seachad ach anns an do tharruing e air a "mhic-meamna" air a leithid de dhoigh 's gu 'n do chuir e an ceill nithean a dh' fheum e fein, agus muinntir eile air a shon, 'aideachadh nach do ghabh aite riamh ann an "teaghlaichean air an d' fhuair e eolas."

Ann an comhdhunadh, chomhairlicheamaid do E. M. L. da ni a sheachnadh agus is iad sin, Gaidheil Ghlaschu, agus Sgoilearachd Ghaidhlig. Tha eagal oirnn nach toir a laimhseachadh air an Sgoilearachd ach beachd iosal do dhaoine air 'aghartas fein innte; agus tha a bhuntainnean ri Gaidheil Ghlaschu air diomb agus miothlachd a luchdduthcha a dhusgadh suas 'n a aghaidh.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Ma tha sinn ag iarraidh a bhi 'togail air steigh chinntich ann an cairdeas, feumaidh sinn ar cairdean a ghradhachadh ni 's mo air an sgath fein, na air ar sgath fein.

Sgriobh t' ainm fein le cairdeas, gradh, agus trocair, air cridheachaibh na muinntir sin uile ris am bheil do ghnothuch; agus cha di-chuimhnichear thu gu brath.

Tha briathra 'n an nithibh beaga ach is cruaidh a bhuaileas iad, agus is goirt a leonas iad, an uair a bruchdas iad a mach a' beul an tuaileis. Gnathaichear iad co furasd 's gu 'n di-chiumhnichear na buaidhean agus na cumhachdan foluichte aca. An uair a labhrar iad gu freagarrach, tuitidh iad mar na gathan-greine air la samhraidh, mar an druchd air an lus mhaoth, agus mar an t-uisge tla, a ta 'sileadh gu mall air na raointibh tartmhor; ach an uair a bhras-labhrar iad le nimh agus feirge, tha iad cosmhuil ris an reotha chruaidh, ris na clochaibh-meallain, no ris an doininn sgriosaich a leireas le 'shearbhad, air muir agus tir.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JANUARY, 1874.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 314.)

189. *Amadan.*

Amadan (fool) is from *amad* (fool, madman; = *am* privative and *mad* for *mant* = *mant* from root *man*, to think). It is cognate with Lat. *amens, amentis* (foolish), Sask. *amati* = *a-mati (a* privative and *mati*, mind), from root *man*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 66; Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 283. Cf. *farmad* and *dearmad* (vol. II. p. 56).

190. *Bràth* and *quern.*

Bràth (quern; gen. *brathan)* = *brain* (O'Reilly) and *broon* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 96) and is cognate with Goth. *qvairnus*, Old Icc. *quörn*, Old H. Ger. *quirn*, A.S. *cweorn*, Eng. *quern*. Cf. *biu* (living) and Goth. *qvius*, from which come A.S. *cwic*, Eng. *quick; bean* and Goth. *bvens*, A.S, *cwen*, Eng. *queen*.

191. *Braon* and *rain.*

Braon (drop, rain; anc. *braen* and *broen)* is cognate Goth. *rign*, Ger. *regen*, A.S. *rægn* and *regn*, Eng. *rain*, Cf. Gr. *breechō* (to rain) and Lat. *rigo* (to rain) which are from the same root. Initial *b*, retained in Greek and Gaelic, has been dropped in Latin and in the Teutonic languages. See Curtius' Gr. Etymology and Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 117.

192. *Bran* (a raven) is cognate with Slav. *vranu* and Lith. *varnas* (raven). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 119.

193. *Pit* (hollow; occurring frequently in names of places) may be compared with Lat. *puteus* (a well), Dut. *put* (a well, pit), Dan. *pyt* (a pool, puddle) A.S. *pyt* and *pytt* (a pit, well), Eng. *pit.*

194. *Sàr* (very, excellent) is cognate with Ger. *sehr* (very). Stokes (cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 90) equates *sár* with Sansk. *sakra*. Lat. *sacer*. Cf. *dér* (now *deur)* and Gr. *dakry*, Goth. *tagr; mâr* (now *mòr)* and Gr. *makros.*

195. *Suain, suaimhneach.*

Suain (sleep; in Mid. Gael. *suan)* = W. *hun* and corresponds to Bret. *hephun* (sleep), Old Ice. *svëfn* (sleep), Old Eng. *sweven*, Lat. *somnus* (sleep) from *sopnus*, Gr. *hypnos* (sleep), Sansk. *svápna* (sleep) from *svap* (to sleep). *Suaimhneach* (calm, tranquil) is from the same root. Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 438; and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, pp. 89 and 163.

196. *Meil, muileann muillear*, and *mill, meal.*

Meil (grind) = W. *malu* (to grind) and is cognate with Lat. *molo* (to grind), *mola* (mill) Gr. *mylē* (a mill), Ger. *mühle* (mill) Dut. *molen* (mill), A.S. *mylen* (mill), Eng. *mill.* Stokes regards *muileann* (mill; in Mid. Gael. *muilind* and *muileand* = W. *melin*) as probably a loan-word from Lat. *molendinum* (from *mola). Muillear* (miller) is for *muilnear*, in Mid. Gael. *muilneoir (n* being assimilated to *l*, as in *colla* for *colna* gen. of *column).* Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 88. Eng. *meal* belongs to the same root. Max Müller refers *meil* and its cognates to the Aryan root *mar* (to grind down. Cf. Lectures, vol. II. p. 350, Ed. 1871.

197. *Muir* (sea; gen. *mara)* = Gaulish *mori* (cf. *Morikambē),* W.

môr, and is cognate with Lat. *mare* (sea). *Mare* is referred by Max Müller to the root *mar*. Cf. Lectures, vol. II. p. 353.

198. *Nathair* (serpent; anc. *nathir)* = W. *neidr* and may be compared with Lat. *natrix* (water-serpent), Goth. *nadrs* (viper), Old H. Ger. *natra*, *natara*, N. H. Ger. *natter* (adder). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 114, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 46.

199. *Leus* and *light*.

Leus (light; gen. *leòis)* and *leusan* (a little light) may be compared with Dan. *lys* (light) and Old Icc. *ljos* (light). These words are cognate with Lat. *lux* (light; = *lucs)*, Gr. *lychnos* (light), Goth. *liuhath* (light), Old. H. Ger. *liokt* (light), Ger. *light* (light), Eng. *light*. Cf. Sansk. root *ruch* (to shine) and also *lôch* and *lôk* (to shine, see). *Luchar* (light), *luchair* (brightness, bright), and *lochran* (lamp; from Lat. *lucerna)* may be compared with Lat. *luceo* (to shine), from *lux*. Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 147, and Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 353.

200. *Lugha*, *lughad*, and *light* (not heavy).

Lugha (less; anc. *laigiu* and *lugu)* = W. *llai*, and is cognate with Gr. *elassōn* for *elachiōn* (less, smaller; from *elachys)*, *levior* (lighter, less, smaller; comp. of *levis* from *leguis)*, Sansk. *laghîyâns* (comp. of *laghu*, light). With Sansk. *laghu*, Gr. *elachys*, Lat. *levis*, are cognate Goth. *leihts* (light), Old H. Ger. *lihti* (light), New H. Ger. *leicht*, A.S. *leoht*, *liht*, Eng. *liyht*. *Lughad* (littleness; anc. *lugait)* is from *lugha*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 111, Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 109, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

201. *Truagh*, *truaghan*, *tròcair*; W. *truan*; Bret. *truant*; Fr. *truand*; Eng. *truant*.

Truagh (wretched; anc. *trog)* = W. *truan* (wretched), and corresponds to Bret. *truant* (vagabond), Fr. *truand* (beggar), and Eng. *truant* (lit. a wanderer or outcast). Cf. Wedgwood's Dict. of Eng. Etymology. *Truaghan* (a wretched one) is formed from *truagh* by adding the mas. termination *an*. *Tròcair* (mercy, "amor miseri") was in old Gaelic *tròcaire*, from *tròcar* = *tròg-car*, of which *tròg* = *truagh* and *car* is the same root with which we meet in Lat. *carus* (dear), and Gael. *caraid* (friend). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 62, and Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 145.

202. *Feary*, *fairge*, and Gr. *orgē*.

Feary (anger, wrath; anc. *ferc* [also *fierce*] = *fergy*, *ferg)* is cognate with Gr. *orgē* (= ϝorγē). Cf. Old W. *guerg* (gl. effican) and Gaulish *Vergobretus*. To the same root Zeuss refers (G. C., p. 11) *fairggae*, *foirggae (fairye*, *foirye*, the sea). Hence "Ouergiouios (Vergivius) ōkeanos," Ptol. If Zeuss and others be correct in connecting *ergon* (work = ϝergon) with *orgē*, then Goth. *vaurkjan*, *vaurhta*, A.S. *weorc*, *wyrhta*, Ger. *werk*, Eng. *work*, *wright*, are cognate with *fearg* and *fairge*. The root idea of these words, according to Glück, is motion, agitation. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, pp. 68, 78.

203. *Dorcha* and *dark*.

If we compare *dorcha* (dark; anc. *dorche)* and *sorcha* (bright) we ascertain that *do* and *so* are Gaelic prefixes corresponding to Sansk. *du*, *dus*, Gr. *dus-* and Sansk. *su*, Gr. *eu*. Cf. *daor* and *saor*, *doilleir* and *solleir*, *dona* and *sona*. *Dorcha* mak, therefore, be regarded as formed from *do* and the root *ruch* (to shine). Cf. *ruch* (to shine) and *ruch* (splendour) in Bopp's Glossary, p. 323, and also *richis* (flame) in Z. G. C. p. 72. On *dark*, from A.S. *deorc*, which is manifestly akin to *dorcha*. Wedgwood remarks: "The particles *so* and *do*

in Gaelic are equivalent to *eu* and *dus* in Greek, as in *son*, good, and *don*, bad. In similar relation to each other stand *sorcha*, light, and *dorch, dorcha*, dark. The element common to the two would appear to be the notion of seeing, which, however, we are unable to trace in the form of the words." If we regard *dark, deorc*, as derived from the root *ruch*, the difficulty disappears. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 50.

204. *Eigh, deigh, eighre*, and *ice*.

Eigh (ice) was in ancient Gaelic *aig* for *jag*, initial *j* having disappeared by rule. *Aig* = *ia* for *jag* (cf. Z. G. C., p. 49), and is cognate with Hung. *jeg*, Lap. *jægna*, Low Dut. *aisen*, Dut. *ijs*, Ger. *eis*, Ice. *is*, A.S. *is*, Eng. *ice*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dict. of English Etymology: *Deigh* = *eigh* (cf. *dialtag* = *ialtag*, and *deanntag* = *eanntag*). The form *eighre* is from the same root.

205. *Saigheud* (arrow; anc. *saiget*) = Lat. *sagitta*. The W. is *saith*, which would have initial *h* if the word were Celtic. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 57. *G* of *saighead* is aspirated because flanked by vowels, but *d* or *t* is not aspirated because it stands for *tt*.

206. *Luireach* (corslet; = W. *llurygg*) is from Lat. *lorica* (corslet). *Lorica* is from *lorum* (a leathern thong). *C* of *luireach* is aspirated because vowel-flanked.

207. *Cochal* and *cowl*.

Cochal (hood, cowl, husk; anc. *cochall*) = Lat. *cucullus* (covering for the head, hood), Goth. *hahuls*, Old H. Ger. *hachul*, A.S. *cugele, cugle, cuhle*, Eng. *cowl*.

208. *Leth*.

Leth (half, a side) is cognate with Lat. *latus* (side), Gr. *platus*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 111.

209. *Leathan* and *flat*.

Leathan (broad; anc. *lethan*) is cognate with Lat. *latus* (broad), Gr. *platus* (broad), Old Ice. *flatr*, Eng. *flat*. Initial *p* is frequently dropped Gaelic.

210. *Run* (purpose, secret, mystery) = W. *rhin* and is cognate with Goth. *runa* (secret, mystery), Old H. Dut. *runa* (mystery), A.S. *run* (a letter, magical character, mystery), Dan. *runer* (runic letters), Ice. *rúm*, plur. *rúnier* or *rúnar*, (runic letters), Eng. *runes*. Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch, Bosworth's Dictionary, and Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 118.

211. *Beun* (to strike) and *bone*.

Beun (to strike; anc. *benim*, I strike) is cognate with the obsolete Gr. *phenō* (I slay; cf. 2 aor. *epephnon*) Sansk. *van* (to strike, smite), Goth. *banja* (blow), Old H. Ger. *bana* (beath-blow), Mid. H. Ger. *bane* (destruction). Cf. *bana* (death), *banughadh* (destruction), in O'Reilly's Dictionary. To the same root belongs *bàs*)death). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 157, and Vol. i. p. 245.

212. *Faidh* and *prophet*.

Faidh (prophet; anc. *faúdh*) = Lat. *vates* (diviner, prophet) which is connected with Gr. *phēmi* from *phaō*, Sansk. *bhû*. *Prophet* is from Lat. *prophetes* = Gr. *prodhētēs* (from *pro* and *phēmi*).

213. *Iomlag* and *navel*.

Iomlag (navel; also spelled *ilmeag*) may be compared with Lat. *umbilicus* (navel; from *nubilicus* or *u-nabilicus*), Gr. *omphalos*, Lat *umbilicus*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 150, Cartius' Gr. Etymology, p. 265, and Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 213.

214. *Claidheamh* (sword; anc. *claideb*) = W. *cleddyf* and Arm. *clezef*, and is cogate with Lat. *gladius*, although, according to rule, Gaelic should represent Lat. *c*, not *g*. For anc. *b* = mod. *m* cf. *nóeb* and *naomh* (holy). Cf. Fr. *glaive* (sword).

(*To be continued.*)

THE MACDONALDS AND THE MACKENZIES.

In the GAEL for December there is a notice of these two clans founded on an extract of a letter by the late Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie wherein she states, "the *Quarterly Review* says the Mackenzies were once a dependent clan on the Macdonalds. I can assure you such was never the case." Notwithstanding this very strong assertion, the statement of the *Quarterly Review* is the true one; the Mackenzies were the vassals of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, they received their lands from them. The history of the Mackenzies was drawn up by Dr. George Mackenzie, who being one of the clan would not say anything unfavourable to it. He states that in the year 1463, John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted by charter the lands of Strathgarve and many other lands, to Alexander Mackenzie, the then head and chief of the name; there can be no question but that the writer of the history must have seen the charter, so as to be able to make the statement he does, and no doubt it is the oldest authentic document the Mackenzies can produce. As to the pretended ancient claims to the lands of Kintail being granted by a charter to the Mackenzies so far back as 1262, it has been proved to be a forgery. We find that the lands of Kintail belonged to the Earl of Ross, and not the Mackenzies as he granted them by a charter dated at his castle of Urquhart on 4th July 1342, to Reginald, son of Roderick de Insulis of the Macdonald family, and this charter was, as appears in the Records, confirmed by King David II., in 1344; thus we learn that almost a century later than the period claimed by the Mackenzies, the lands of Kintail belonged to the Earls of Ross, and the Macdonalds; the charter will be found in Robertson's "Index of Charters," pages 99 and 100. It is very probable that in the same year or soon after the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles, which took place in 1493, that the Crown made a grant of Kintail to the Mackenzies. The clans who were vassals to the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles, and got their lands from them are far more numerous than is generally known; prior to the forfeiture, they include the MacLeans, the Camerons, the MacLeods, both of Lewis and Harris, the Clan Macneill, also the minor clans of the M'Kinnons, Macfies, Macquarries; the Mackenzies, as has been shown, the Munroes, the Rosses, the Dingwalls, Urquharts, and the Rosses or Roses of Kilravock. The descent of the chiefs of the Mackenzies has been asserted to be Irish, but this is mere fable and was wholly unknown in 1450, as appears in that invaluable and authentic chronicle, the Kilbride MS., of the genealogies of the Highland clans, written in 1450; in it their descent is thus given, "the genealogy of the Clan Kenneth, Murdoch, son of Kenneth, son of John, son of Kenneth, son of Angus, son of Angus, son of Christian, son of Adam, son of Gilleoin-og, son of Gilleoin of the Aird*; the two last names are supposed to be the same as Colin (called in present Gaelic *Cailean)* and hence so many of the Mackenzies called Colin. We find that this last named "Colin of the Aird" is in the same ancient chronicle made head of the Ross tribe, and then the Mackenzies are identified with them; and from the numerous generations given in the

* See this genealogy in the "Iona Club Transactions," pages 54, 54.

genealogy, it is clearly a vast deal older than any Irish Fitzgerald. The Mackenzies are descendants of the old Gael of Alban, and their locality was likely in Strathgarve and Strathconan, their oldest possessions. The writer forbears to notice the dreadful murders and atrocities committed by the Mackenzies in their efforts to obtain the lands of the Macdonalds of Lochalsh, of which one-half came to Glengarry, —Kintail being nearly surrounded by that property was the reason; likewise the efforts of the Mackenzies to deprive the M'Leods of Gairloch. The retaliations on *both* sides are a stain on Highland history. In conclusion it may be justly said, let the Mackenzies adhere to what is *genuine* correct, and they may hold comparison with any Highland clan.

JAMES A. ROBERTSON.

ARDNAMURCHAN.—The Rev. Mr. Nicol Campbell has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Free Church, West Ardnamurchan.

GAELIC CONCERT IN EDINBURGH.—Last month what may be considered a Gaelic concert was given in the hall 117 George Street, Edinburgh. The idea originated with some enthusiastic Highlanders, and considering the difficulties under which they had to labour in this first attempt, it must be pronounced a decided success. The hall was quite crowded. The proceedings began with an able Gaelic speech from the chairman, Mr. Alex. M'Kay, a native of Reay, in which he expressed his great delight at being present on the occassion, exhorted the audience to encourage and foster, social meetings of this kind among all true sons of the north, to stand shoulder to shoulder in all their undertakings, and, above all, to cultivate their mother tongue, and not let it vanish into obsurity.

"Donald," said a Scottish dame, looking up to her son, "what's slander?"

"A slander, mither?" quoth Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid. "Aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be an ower true tale that ae gude woman tells o' anither."

GAELIC GRAMMAR AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

SIR,—I fear your readers will be thinking that this correspondence is becoming somewhat thin, and, seeing that the combatants are apparently so unequally matched, the one being according to Mr. Cameron's last letter, destitute of all "intelligent acquaintance with the subject," and a meddlesome fellow, while his antagonist is presumably possessed of the opposite qualities, there seems little profit in continuing the controversy much longer. If aspersions and insinuations such as he so plentifully scatters about him in his letters are what he considers "vigorous lashing" I fear they will be quite as ineffectual as the "blank cartridge" which he employed in the former "escapade." They are at best but clumsy slugs, and in using them he may perhaps find that he has put the wrong end of the gun to his shoulder; they will harm the sportsman more than his game.

Mr. Cameron still seeks to defend the phrase, "a' bualadh caismeachd thiamhaidh thruaigh an éig," and favours your readers with a fresh string of quotations from a source which he himself considers untrustworthy, though in his last letter he qualifies his former condemnation by saying that the Gaelic Scriptures "contain a larger amount of accurate idiomatic Gaelic than any other book that has ever yet been published." Even though we should grant all this, I still maintain that they abound in errors and anomalies. To show that I am not the first to condemn these, I shall quote the following note by one who can scarcely be charged with ignorance of Gaelic idiom, and yet who considers such phrases as "ré ùine bhig," &c., erroneous. In the second edition of his grammar, p. 211, Munro says,—

"When a noun *feminine* is contracted in the genitive singular, as trompaid' for trompaide, laimh' for laimhe, &c., it is the practice of the Scripture writers to aspirate the adjective which accompanies such noun; as, A' smuaineachadh beairt' *dh*iomhanaich, Ps. ii. 1, metr. ver. An aimsir téinn' is trioblaid' *mh*òir, Ps. x. 1, instead of beairte diomhanaich, trioblaide mòire. So, mar bhoisge fuaimneach droighinn *fh*aoin, Para. xiv. 5—I am not aware of any reason why the adjective should not agree with its noun in cases like those just instanced. Whatever reason there *may* be, however, there surely can be none for violating the concord when the noun is *not* contracted; yet the same authorities furnish us with examples; as, ré ùine bhig, Rev. xx. 3. "Ni m' anam uaill is gàirdeachas an Dia mo shlainte *ch*aoimh." Para. xxxvi. 1. In connexion with nouns *mas.* the adjectives would have the same form which they have here with nouns *fem.*; as, Ceann an leinibh bhig; Gu tigh àn athar *ch*aoimh. —Para liii. 7, and liv. 4. This makes the error quite palpable. To write ré ùine bhig, is just as improper as it would be to write cùl na laimhe chlìth; uachdar mo choise dheis; searrach na laire dhuinn, &c., v. Ps. lxxvi. 10, lxxvii. 5, 10, xxxvii. 10, cxxxix." I may also refer your readers to pages 201, 202, 215, 217, 227-229, of the same edition, as well as to the Grammars of Forbes and Stewart, and in Irish to O'Donovan and Bourke.

The texts which Mr. Cameron brings to sustain his case are neither more nor less than departures from rule, and I might be able to furnish an equal number of instances in which the rule is conformed to, such as—Ps. lxxxix. 9, metrical version, "Ard-onfhadh cuain is fairge mòir," John vi. 68, "Briathra na beatha maireannaich," Titus i. 2, "Dòchas na beatha maireannaich," &c. If Mr. Cameron endorses such phrases as "Am builsgean na h-àmhuinn theinntich dhian-loisgich," he would also, to be consistent, read Macdonald's "Summer," stanza 18, "Na falluinn dhiubh," for "na falluinne duibh." For "loth na h-asail fhiadhaich" I would substitute, not "loth na h-asail fiadhaich," but "loth na h-asaile fiadhaich." But even supposing we grant that "thiamhaidh" and "thruaigh" are genitives, it does not by any means follow that the passage in question is correct. We have here "a genitive before another genitive," and Mr. Cameron's texts are therefore quite inapplicable, nor do they in the slightest degree explain his departure from the rule and practice which obtain in such cases. However, as he purposes discussing that usage in his forthcoming Notes, I shall not further refer to it in the meantime.

Your correspondent's remark about the "origination" of the vowel *i* may be quite correct, but the fact that the attenuated pronunciation of the word *Nibheis* is at least of a hundred year's standing still remains to show that it is not an indication of *recent* "phonetic corruption."—I am, &c. D. C. M.

Edinburgh, Dec. 1873.

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NATIVES OF SKYE IN GLASGOW.

The eighth annual social gathering of the natives of Skye resident in Glasgow, and their friends, took place on the evening of Thursday 4th of December, in the Crown Halls, 52 Sauchiehall St. The attendance was large and respectable, the hall being filled to overflowing. Angus Nicolson, Esq., of Canada, editor of the GAEL, occupied the chair, and on the platform were the Rev. D. Mackinnon; Dr. W. Macdonald, Maryhill; Captain Maclachlan, and Messrs. D. Cameron, A. Begg (from Canada), M. Macpherson

(President of the Skye Society), D. Macdonald, A. W. Macleod, D. C. Maccrimmon, M. Macaskill, A. Mackillop, Alex. Torrie, F. Macdonald, J. Whyte, K. Macaskill, and M. Macdonald.

A blessing having been asked by the Rev. Mr. Mackinnon, tea was partaken of, after which the Chairman delivered an interesting address, in which he referred to the literary and historical associations of Skye, and to the capacity for position and progress taken by Highlanders generally in all parts of the world. At this latter point he said :—

"That Highlanders were neither dull of comprehension, nor slothful in their disposition, was evinced by their success both at home and abroad, where their talents found full scope, and where they were found working for themselves. They had only to look at the Parliamentary lists of Australia, New Zealand, and the Dominion of Canada, to find that, considering their disadvantages, the Celtic race occupied a position far a-head of others. The Government of New Zealand had to call in the aid of a gentleman of extraordinary tact and ability, Mr. Donald Maclean, a true Highlander, to quiet the savage Maories ; and in the Dominion of Canada, where the Highland population was but small in proportion to other nationalities, the Highland influence and representation in Parliament were very large and powerful. There was scarcely a single Highland clan that was not represented, while some of them could count their representatives by the dozen. One of the most distinguished men in the Senate, corresponding to our House of Lords, was the Hon. W. J. Macdonald, a native of Skye, while the Premiership of the other House was, till very recently, held by the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, a native of Sutherlandshire, and a gentleman of very great ability and influence. Not only so, but even when Sir John Macdonald resigned office, the Governor-General called another distinguished Highlander, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Dunkeld, to form another Ministry and become Prime Minister of the Dominion —a position of which many of your Lords might be proud, but few could obtain, as it required extraordinary talents which few of them possessed, and entailed an amount of hard work which fewer still could endure. (Hear and applause.) These were some of their courageous and enterprising Highlanders, and they left many equally competent behind them if they were only brought out, or allowed to bring themselves out. It was very easy for Glasgow and Edinburgh orators, who did not know the difficulties of the people, to theorise and talk about improving their condition; but where was the use of poor Highland cottars expending their savings in building fine houses and steadings when they knew that in all probability the ground officer would demand a higher rent, and, failing payment, throw them out penniless on the world, and that in consequence of these very improvements. This was a stern fact. Again, it was easy to talk of the decline of the martial spirit, and no doubt it was true where there were no people to do the fighting—

'Far nach bi na mic uchd,
Cha bhi na fir-fheachd.'

Or in English, "Where there are no sons at the breast, there will be no men for the ranks." Did they mean to say that Skye, which had furnished 10,000 soldiers, 600 commissioned officers under the rank of colonel, 48 lieutenant-colonels, and 21 lieutenant-generals, about the end of last century, could not now, with a larger population, furnish many more? The martial spirit had not declined, but the inducements to fight were gone. Let them give the people chiefs whom they could respect and follow, and homes worth fighting for, and they would not be one whit behind their renowned ancestors. But how could their poor crofters' lads enlist when they knew that so sure as they did so their parents might be driven out of house and hold before they (their sons) had reached their regiments, and all this because the young men had enlisted, and the chamberlain had no longer any further guarantee that his rents would be paid. Until those matters were remedied, recruiting parties might remain at home. Let their traducers say what they might of the Highland people and Highland character,

'Fhad 's a bhios grian anns na speuran
No gealach ag eirigh 's an oidhche,
No gaoth a' seideadh 's na h-ardaibh
Bidh cliu nan Gaidheal air chuimhn.'

The Chairman's speech, which elicited frequent applause, was concluded amid tremendous cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs."

The Rev. D. M'Kinnon, shortly addressed the meeting in Gaelic, taking as his subject the motto which headed the programme, "Lean gu dluth ri cliu do

shinnsear's na diobair a bhi mar iadsan." After complimenting the chairman on his able speech, and remarking that he had left nothing for him to say, as he had gone over the whole world in his speech, and hung a Gael on every tree, he counselled the sons of the Gael to act as worthy descendants of their brave and virtuous ancestors. (Applause.)

Mr. Begg, in a racy speech, complimented the natives of Skye. He had been familiar with Highlanders from his boyhood, and from his experiance both in this country and in Canada, could bear testimony to their honesty, energy, perseverance, and strong religious principle. And among all classes of Highlanders these distinguishing characteristics were, perhaps, most observable in the natives of the isles, and in none more so than the natives of the Isle of Skye. Time was when the people of the Highlands had nothing to do but fight. That time had past away, and now they were devoting their energies to other and nobler pursuits, and in every part of the world were winning fame and fortune in the advancement of trade and commerce. (Applause.) But the brave old spirit which had animated their forefathers, and which had been displayed on many a hard-fought field, was still as strong as ever among the Highlanders. He complimented the committee of management on the whole arrangements; from the appropriate and neat bill, calling this meeting, adorned by a noble-looking Highlander standing proudly amongst heather and thistles, with his hand on his claymore, to all the details which were the best arranged and most satisfactory it had ever been his pleasure to meet with, and concluded by wishing prosperity and happiness to all Highlanders, and especially to the "sons and daughters of the Isle of Mist." (Applause.)

Mr. D. M'Donald moved a cordial vote of thanks to the Soiree Committee for the admirable nature of their arrangements, which had contributed so much to the pleasure and harmony of their annual gathering.

Mr. M'Pherson, on behalf of the committee, thanked the meeting for the hearty manner in which they had responded to the vote of thanks. He was afraid that the committee hardly deserved the praise which had been so liberally awarded them. It was the committee's original attention to have held the present gathering in the Queen's Rooms, but circumstances, to which it was unnecessary to allude, had prevented the carrying out of that project, and they were shut up either to take the Crown Halls or have no soiree. (Hear, hear.) He would not enter into the numerous difficulties the committee had to contend against, but would simply remark that they believed they had a right to meet with their friends belonging to Skye, and the friends of the people of Skye in Glasgow, and as one of the Committee it had given him the greatest satisfaction to behold a gathering at once so numerous and so pleasant, although he was sorry that the accomodation was so limited for the large company that had assembled. Mr. M'Pherson then alluded in touching terms to the emotions which such a gathering as they had had that night was calculated to awaken. It recalled the home of their childhood—the loving father who had been the guide and protector of their infancy and youth—the tender mother who had nursed them on her knee, and the numerous friends with whom they had been accustomed to associate, some of whom were still alive, and others who had passed away from earth. (Applause.) After all there was no place like home. (Applauso.) He felt convinced that every native of Skye would often turn a longing eye thitherward, and particularly when the shadows of the evening of life were deepening around, their hearts would yearn to return to the island of their birth. (Loud applause.)

Dr. M'Donald, in a able speech, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. As they were all aware, Mr. Nicolson was the editor of the GAEL, a magazine published in the Gaelic language. Mr. Nicolson had established the GAEL first in Canada, where it had been published for sometime, but afterwards he had removed it to Glasgow about two years ago, where it had been published since. Mr. Nicolson, was a genuine friend of the Highlands and Highlanders, and as such deserved their best thanks. (Cheers.)

The Chairman, who on rising to reply was greeted with much cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, briefly thanked the Committee of the natives of Skye for the honour they had conferred on him, in asking him to preside at this annual gathering, and the meeting for the enthusiastic manner in which they had received him, the attention they had given, and the good order they had preserved throughout the evening,

The musical part of the programme was admirably sustained by Miss Galbraith, Mr. W. T. Rushbury, Mr. James Houston, and Messrs. John M'Leod, John

Macewan, Donald Ferguson, Kenneth Grant, and John M'Innes; the latter five gentlemen favouring the company with a variety of Gaelic songs. During the evening Mr. R. M'Kinnon, piper, at intervals, played a selection of Highland airs. The soiree was followed by an assembly.

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AN COMUNN ILEACH: THE GLASGOW ISLAY ASSOCIATION.

The twelfth annual gathering of the natives of Islay and their friends was held in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on Wednesday evening 17th ult.; Mr. Murdoch, the editor of the *Highlander*, in the chair. There was a very large muster of both ladies and gentlemen, the hall being filled in every part. Among those who supported the Chairman on the platform were—Messrs. D. M'Callum, J. M'Eachran, Major Wilson, Captains Currie, Menzies, Ross, Maceachran, of the 105th Regiment; Messrs. Donald Brown, Captain M'Neill, N. M'Neill, W. G. Pinkerton, John M'Intyre, and others. After tea the Chairman delivered an excellent speech, in which he said that the boundaries of the islands and glens must no longer circumscribe their sympathies; they must all act together in future, and if they did that they would soon solve "The Land Question," which was now coming to the front. Islay men, Skye men, and all other Highlanders must lend their aid and settle this grave question, on principles which Highlanders and understood better than most others did. In times gone by Highlanders pulled together in the tug of war, but now they must work shoulder to shoulder to form a public opinion which will serve not only themselves, but the whole nation. There were also philosophical and literary purposes for which they must combine. There were vast literary treasures in prose and verse which must be preserved and made public for the good of others, as well as for their own honour. The opinion was at one time inculcated that there was nothing in Highlanders or their speech which was of any value. This was one of the most deadly opinions, for it went to depress their self-advancement. But there was a change, and now we have the learned of all lands calling upon us to let them have the light which our speech, our traditions, our legends, and our poetry can shed upon philology, history, and anthropology. This improved opinion, he held, would have the effect of inspiring Highlanders with fresh courage and energy to do well for themselves. He went on to say that now they had organs of opinion which they could call their own, and it was for them to avail themselves of such literary organs to make common cause, and to contribute to the rest of the world the mental treasure which they possessed.

The soiree was not over till after eleven. Then came the assembly, which was opened with a grand march, the two pipers, M'Phedran and M'Phee playing a fine tune, composed between them.

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THE GLASGOW SKYE ASSOCIATION.

The seventh annual social meeting was held on the night of Friday, 5th Dec., 1873, in the Queen's Rooms. The President of the Glasgow Skye Association (Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost) occupied the chair, and among the gentlemen on the platform were Professor Young, of Glasgow University; Dr. Pearson, Messrs. T. Williamson, C. M. Williamson, J. M. Ross, R. H. Macdonald, (vice-president of the Association), W. F. Shaw, Dr. D. Campbell Black, J. M. Macqueen, Maclachlan, George Maclean, John Hart, A. Shaw, &c. After tea, the chairman addressed the meeting. That by the new education act all parents were compelled to have their children educated, whether they had the means or not. There was one part of the educational code on which he would say a few words, because it was of vital importance to them—he meant that part of it which referred to their mother tongue—to the existence, he should say, of the Gaelic language. (Applause.) If he mistook not, if the present intentions of the School Boards over all the Island of Skye were carried out, all the old Gaelic schools would be swallowed up by the new English schools, so that it was a question for them now whether the Gaelic language was to be blotted off the face of the island or not, and the only way of saving their mother tongue would be by people interested in the island, inducting all the members of the School Boards to have one Gaelic class taught in these schools. (Applause.) The continuance of the old Gaelic schools could not be expected. He did not think a better class could be had than that in which religious instruction was imparted through the medium of the Gaelic language. He was sure this would be in accordance with

the feelings of all the Skye people, and he knew that nothing would delight parents more than to hear their children lisping their catechism in their mother tongue rather than in English, which some of them did not understand. It would be a shame on their part if they allowed their ancient language to become one of the dead languages. Some people had maintained that this was the language spoken by Adam on that interesting occasion when he named the beasts, but whether or not, it was sufficient for them to know that it was spoken by their ancestors, even from the time of the first Roman invasion. (Applause.) It would be almost an insult to the present generation to suggest that they should forget the Gaelic language. (Loud applause.)

R. H. Macdonald, Esq., vice-president of the association, then read the report of the directors, in which a list of the office-bearers—Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost as president, Mr. R. H. Macdonald as vice-president, Mr. J. Macqueen as secretary, and Mr. John Mackinnon as treasurer—was given. He need hardly tell the association that during the last few years it had been almost dormant; but they had been doing a little good, as they had still beds in the Royal Infirmary, and they had also been successful in getting respectable situations for young men belonging to the island, and had communicated with gentlemen in different parts of Scotland, asking them to give their countenance and support to the association. (Applause.)

Professor Young then addressed the meeting, and said that he was glad to hear the emphatic appeal of the president in behalf of the Gaelic language. We are told that the language, like the music we have just heard, is out of date, unrefined, and must be swept away. I hope it is long till the day when weakly sentimentalism shall carry its point, and extinguish a language and a music which exert such a wonderful power over the people, and which are used to maintain the traditions of the Highlands, but are never used to injure the good order of the country, nor to obstruct its progress. We hear it constantly said that Gaelic prevents the children from learning English. That is true, when, as I have seen, a Normal School teacher who had no Gaelic, could teach a class of fishermen's children to read about ships without teaching them what the English words meant. He blamed the Gaelic; but it was himself who was at fault. I hope that long before the language has become a tradition, this and other associations will have united in the effort to establish a chair in some University. (Applause.)

Mr. Charles Macdonald Williamson spoke of the pleasure of renewing early associations at a meeting like this. They might well be proud of their island, which for beauty, grandeur, and variety, was not surpassed.

An assembly followed, which was largely attended and was kept up with much spirit.—*Inverness Courier.*

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

ROGART.—The Rev. Alexander Mackay was ordained last week minister of the Free Church here. The officiating clergymen were the Revs. Messrs. Aird, Creich; Falconer, Rosehall; and Mackay, Inverness.

SEANN DANA.—We understand that Messrs. Maclauchlan & Stewart have in the press a new edition of Smith's *Seann Dana* with an English translation in verse on opposite pages, dissertations on the language, philological notes, &c.

EASDALE.—The ninth annual soiree and ball of the natives of Easdale, Luing, and Seil, resident in Glasgow, was held in the Crown Halls on the evening of Friday 12th December. There was a large attendance. Mr. D. Cowan occupied the chair, and in the course of his opening remarks said, that they all loved Scotland, but they loved the Highlands more, and especially those green isles of the sea where most of them first realized the luxury of nature and the sweetness of life. It had often seemed to him that a Highlander, surrounded as he was in his earliest years by fine scenery and the beauties of nature, should be a noble, pure-souled man. He advised the young men, though surrounded by so many temptations of city life, never to be guilty of anything that would bring the flush of shame to their cheeks; never to forget the beauty of their native land, nor the innocence of their early years, and never cease to cherish love for their Highland home. Miss Fletcher, Mr. J. D. Hozie, and Mr. Houston, were engaged as vocalists, and several members of the company, including Mr. Donald Graham, formerly so well known in Oban for his services in this line, sang Gaelic songs. The stirring strains of the bagpipes also formed a prominent feature in the evening's entertainment.

AN
GAIDHEAL.

II. Leabh.] CEUD MHIOS AN EARRAICH, 1874. [24 Air.

AN CORAL.

Mar is mo a bheachdaicheas sinn air oibre an Ti uile-bheannaichte a dhealbh na h-uile nithe le focal a chumhachd fein, 's ann is mo a bheir sinn fa'near ar n-aineolas agus ar neo-iomlaineachd fein. Is dall da-rireadh an duine sin nach 'eil a' faicinn gu bheil oibre an Tighearna gu soilleir a' foillseachadh a mhaitheis, a ghliocais, agus a chumhachd neo-chriochnach fein. Ge b'e ait air an seall sinn chi sinn meur an De uile-lathairich air a nochdadh ann an lionmhorachd do-aireamh nan nithean sin a rinneadh leis. Tha 'chruitheachd lan de chreutairean anns am bheil beatha, a ta air an cumail suas le caomhfhreasdal an Ti a dhealbh iad. Gheibhear na creutairean sin de gach meud agus dealbh, agus gheibhear aca an nadur agus an cleachdanna fein fa leth Ma dh' amhairceas sinn air feadh na talmhainn chi sinn mile de mhiltean creutair de gach gne. 'S an adhar os ar ceann, tha 'n eunlaith eugsamhla maraon lionmhor agus iongantach. Ceart mar sin tha creutairean na fairge, far a bheil iad 'n am miltean a' gluasad a reir an gne am measg nan uisgeachan. Nach ceart a thigeadh dhuinn eigheach a mach maille ris an t-Salmadair? "Is lionmhor, a Thighearna mo Dhia, na nithe a rinn thu! t'oibre iongantach agus do smuainte d'ar taobh-ne, cha 'n 'eil e 'n comas a chur a sios an ordugh dhuit; nochdainn agus chuirinn an ceill iad; ach tha iad ni's lionmhoire na gu'n gabh iad aireamh." Salm xi. 5.

A reir coslais, tha na h-uiread de luchd-leughaidh a' Ghaidheil nach cuala riamh iomradh mu mheanbh-bheathaichean a' *chorail*, a ta co ro lionmhor ann an cuanta na h-Airde deas. Tha na beathaichean so co anabarrach beag, 's gur ann air eiginn a chithear iad leis an t-suil luim; gidheadh beag mar a ta iad, tha oibre air an deanamh leo a ta iongantach, mor. Tha iad a' togail suas aitreibh de chreagan mora o ghrunnd na fairge, a ta da-rireadh miorbhuileach ri'm faicinn. Goirear riu so *creagan a' chorail;* agus mar fhoillseachadh air oibre an Ti uile-chumhachdaich, tha sinn an dochas gu'm bi cunntas air na creagan sin araon freagarrach agus feumail 's an aite so.

Is ann air eiginn a chreidear gu'm b'urrainn creutairean co ro mheanbh ballachan ard a thogail anns a' chuan, de stuth co cruaidh ris a' chloich fein, agus na ballachan sin na ceudan mile ann am fad; ach tha e 'n a ni dearbhta gu bheil iad 'g an deanamh, agus is minic a mhothaich maraichean na ballachan chreag sin chum aimhleas dhoibh fein agus d'an longaibh.

Tha cuid de mheanbh-bheathaichean a' *chorail* co mor am

meud ri fineig, no ri fride, ach tha cuid eile dhiubh moran ni's lugha na sin, agus cuid co anabarrach meanbh 's gu feumar gloineachan mu'm faicear idir iad. Is iongantach da-rireadh an cumhachd a thugadh do na creutairean beaga so a chum oibre a dheanamh, nach b urrainn uile innleachd dhaoine a dheanamh gu bràth. Tha cumhachd aca stuth a tharruing a uisgeachan a' chuain, a ta cosmhuil ann an nadur ri aol, agus cuiridh iad an stuth so 'n a mheanbh-earrainean air a cheile gus am fas e 'n a chreig chruaidh, charraich, lan de sheomraichean beaga a ta aca mar aitean-comhnuidh. Tha na creagan a nithear air an diogh so de'n aon stuth ri slige, agus an uair a loisgear iad, ni iad, mar na sligean fein, an t-aol a 's fearr. Tha 'aite-comhnuidh fein aig gach meanbh-chreutair dhiubh so, agus tha gne uidheim aige aig dorus a thighe fein, leis an glac e creutairean beag' eile air feadh na mara air son loin. Chum beachd a thoirt air meud nan aiteachan-comhnuidh aig na creutairean iongantach so, tha e air 'fhaotuinn a mach gu 'n comhduich aghaidh na h-ordaig corr a's mile aite-comhnuidh, agus gach aite air a dheasachadh air son 'fhir-taimhe fein! Tha na creutairean dichiollach so a' siolachadh gu ro bhras. Tha 'n oigridh a' tighinn a uibhean beaga a ta air am beirsinn anns na tuill far a bheil na meanbh-chreutairean a rug iad a' gabhail comhnuidh. Ann am beagan laithean an deigh dhoibh na h-uibhean 'fhagail, tha iad a' toiseachadh air aitean-comhnuidh a dheanamh dhoibh fein; agus tha e 'n a ni iongantach gur ann air uachdar nan aite-comhnuidh anns an d' rughadh na h-uibhean as an d' thainig iad fein, a tha iad a' deanamh sin. Air an doigh so, tha 'n linn a chaidh seachad air an druideadh a suas, agus air an adhlachadh beo 'n an tighean fein, as nach urrainn iad a chaoidh faotuinn a mach, le tighean an sliochd. Mar so tha aon linn a' cur as do linn eile, agus mar so tha creag a' *chorail* a' fas mor, le sreath an deigh sreatha de na tighean a bhi air an togail air uachdar a cheile! Tha na meanbh-chreutairean iongantach so ag oibreachadh le riaghailt araidh a bhuineas dhoibh fein. Tha fios ag na h-uile air an eagnuidheachd leis an dean na seilleinean na cirean-meala, agus air an dichioll a nochdas na seangana 'n an oibribh fein, a reir an gne; ach tha 'n eagnuidheachd agus an dichioll ceudna air an nochddadh le meanbh-bheathaichean a' *chorail* ann an doimhneachd na fairge! Tha na creagan *corail* air an dealbhadh de gach uile chumachd. Tha cuid ag eirigh suas o ghrunnd na mara mar chraobhan maiseach, a' sineadh a mach am meuran agus am meanglain air gach taobh. Tha cuid eile a' fas suas mar phreasanaich, agus mar luibheannach aillidh fo 'n lan bhlath, agus a' nochdadh nan dath a's boidhiche agus a's soilleire. Tha na dathan a chithear air na coilltean *corail* sin anabarrach maiseach. Tha dearg, donn, buidhe, uaine, gorm, agus gach atharrachadh dreach eile ri 'm faicinn air an cur gu h-innleachdach air feadh a cheile, anns a' *choral*. Ceart mar a ta na

coilltean de gach gne a' fas air na beanntan air tir, mar sin tha coilltean *corail* a' fas a nios a grunnd na fairge, gu ruig a h-uachdar, far a bheil an doimhneachd na ficheadan aitheamh, agus far a bheil sruthan bras agus laidir! Nach miorbhuileach gu 'n deanadh creutairean co beag obair co ro mhor! Ach feumar a thoirt fa'near gu bheil obair nan creutairean so, ann an cuantan na h-airde deas, gu minic co ro mhor 's gu bheil iad 'n an cuis eagail gu tric do 'n mharaiche. Ann am meadhon a' chuain mhoir, na ceudan mile o thir sam bith, gheibhear na creagan *corail* ag eirigh gu h-uachdar na mara, 'n am ballachan laidir, air an togail ann an cuairtibh mar fhainneachan farsuing, anns am bi a' mhuir ciuin, reidh 'n am broinn, 'n uair a bhios na tonnan atmhor agus ànradhach air an taobh a muigh de na ballachan sin. Tha na fainnean mora sin a' cumail fasgadh cuain 'n am broinn fein, an uair a chithear geal-ghaire nan tonn a' briseadh cruinnthimchioll nan creag o 'n leth a muigh. Ged nach 'eil an *coral* fein ag eirigh thar uachdar an t-saile anns na cearcallan iongantach so, gidheadh is minic a thogas an t-anradh-fairge mirean briste de 'n *choral* suas os ceann nam ballachan, air choir 's gu bheil eileanan air an deanamh air an doigh so leo. Chum beachd a thoirt air meud nam ballachan so, bithidh iongantas air ur luchd-leughaidh a chluinntinn gur tric a chunnacas iad o cheithreamh mhile gu mile air leud, agus iad sin a' deanamh fainne no cearcall anns a bheil o fhicead gu sea fichead mile astair mu 'n cuairt. Nach anabarrach mor an soitheach-uisge so, a tha gu minic o thri gu sea ceud troidh ann an doimhneachd! Cha 'n 'eil am ballachan Bhabiloin, balla mor *China*, agus ann an togalaichean barra-chaol (*Pyramids*) na h-Eiphit ach mar obair-chluiche na cloinne, an coimeas ri meud nam ballachan miorbhuileach so a ta air an dealbhadh 's a' chuan dhoinionnach le creutairean co anabarrach meanbh!

Tha, mar is tric, dorus no fosgladh ann am ballachan nan cearcall mora a dh' ainmicheadh, farsuing ni 's leoir a chum comas a thoirt do na longan a's mo, seoladh a steach 'n am broinn, far am faigh iad deadh acarsaid, agus fasgadh o gach gaoth a sheideas.

A thuilleadh air na h-oibre mora so am meadhon a' chuain, tha lionmhorachd eileanan ann a ta air an cuartachadh le ballachan *corail* aig astar araidh a mach o thir. Tha Eilean na Fraange (*Isle of France*) mar so air a dhionadh ceithir thimchiollle balla *corail*, agus iomadh eilean eile a bharr air. Tha e iongantach r' a smuaineachadh gu bheil a ghnath fosgladh anns na ballachan sin, direach mu choinneamh gach acarsaid agus loch's na h-eileanan sin, air an seol na soithichean a stigh gu tir. Chunnaic am Freasdal iomchuidh a' chuis a bhi mar so, oir na 'm bitheadh na ballachan *corail* gun fhosgladh 's am bith, a' cuairteachadh gach eilean air an doigh ud, cha 'n fhaigheadh soitheach sam bith a choir an fhearainn gun a bhi air a sgealbadh as a cheile.

Air taobh na ear-thuath de

Australia, tha balla *corail* mu dheich mile a mach o thir, a tha corr a's seachd ceud mile air fad, agus is minic a chaidh soithichean a bhriseadh 'n am bloighdean air agus a chailleadh na sgiobairean.

Cha 'n urrainn duinn aig an am so gach ni mu 'n *choral* ainmeachadh. Tha e r' a fhaicinn fo liutha atharrachadh cumachd agus dealbh, 's nach 'eil e comasach an ainmeachadh fa leth. Ann an aitean eile de 'n t-saoghal, tha eileanan air an aiteachadh agus air an comhdachadh le craobhan de gach gne a ta air an steidheachadh air na creagan *corail*. Rinneadh na creagan ud an toiseach gu uachdar na fairge leis na meanbh chreutairean a dh' ainmicheadh, agus a ris, bha na creagan fein a' tional gach stuth air an uachdar a bha 'n cuan a' tilgeadh suas, gus mu dheireadh an d'-fhas an stuth sin daingean, agus an do thoisich feur agus luibheannach de gach seorsa air fas suas gu dosrach agus pailt.

Am measg uil'-innleachdan an duine, agus dh' aindeoin a sheoltachd gu nithe iongantach a dhealbhadh agus fhaotuinn a mach, cha robh e riamh 'n a chomas fearann tioram a dheanamh dha fein ann am meadhon na fairge. Gidheadh rinneadh an gniomh iongantach agus mor so, cha 'n ann leis an duine' ach le creutair meanbh, a ta mar neoni 'n a shuilean—creutair co ro bheag 's gur ann air eiginn a tha cumhachd aig suil an duine a leirsinn idir. Ach cha 'n 'eil ni ar bith neochomasach do 'n Ti uile-chumhachdach agus uile-bheannaichte aig a bheil a chaomh fhreasdal os ceann 'oibre gu leir. An uair a bhios sinn a' suidheachadh ar n-inntinn air gach obair mhiorbhuileach a chithear mu 'n cuairt duinn, bu choir duinn beachdachadh le mor umhlachd air cumhachd, gliocas, agus maitheas neo-chriochnach an Tighearna De uile-ghlormhor a dhealbh na h-uile nithe. Tha cumhachd an duine mar neoni, seadh ni's lugha na neoni an coimeas ri cumhachd an Ti bheannaichte sin a chruthaich e. Cha 'n urrainn sinne, cha 'n e 'mhain na nithe a's lugha a chruthachadh, ach na nithe a chruthach Dia agus a chairich e fa chomhair ar sul, a thuigsinn. Tha sinn a' faicinn an fheoir air na raointibh, ach cha 'n 'eil fhios againn cia mar tha e 'fas suas agus a' teachd fo bhlath. Tha sinn a' faicinn oibre innleachdach gach meanbh chreutair 's a' mhuir agus air tir, ach cha 'n aithne dhuinn an seol neomhearachdach air a bheil iad a' saothaireachadh. Tha sinn a' faicinn nan creagan *corail* air an dealbhadh am measg nan tonn buaireasach le creutairean ro mheanbh, ach cha mho is urrainn sinn a thuigsinn an seol air a bheil cumhachd aca ni co miorbhuileach a dheanamh, na 's urrainn sinn a thuigsinn an seol air a bheil a' ghrian, a' ghealach, agus na reultan, a' siubhal gu neomhearachdach ann an gorm-astar nan speur. 'S e ar dleas 'nas, gidheadh, a bhi' beachdachadh gu curamach air oibre a' Chruithfhir bheannuichte, chum ar n-irioslachd a dhusgadh, agus a chum gloir a thoirt d' a ainm naomhasan. Am bi sinn gach la ag

imeachd am measg mhiorbhuil na cruitheachd, gun mheur a' Chruithfhir 'fhaicinn anns gach ni mu 'n cuairt duinn? Na biodh a' chuis mar so, oir is leoir na nithe a's lugha air an comas duinn amhare chum ar deanamh umhal, agus agus a chum toirt oirnn eigheach a mach, "Is airidh thusa a Tighearna, air gloir, agus urram, agus cumhachd 'fhaotuinn; oir chruthaich thu na h-uile nithe, agus air son do thoil-sa tha iad, agus chruthaicheadh iad." Taisb. iv. 11.

SGIATHANACH.

———o———

DAN, AIR FOGRADH NAN GAIDHEAL.

LE SEUMAS MUNRO.

A Mhic-talla na Gàidh'lteachd,
Ciod a's fàth so do 'n ghàir tha 's a' Gleann?
Cluinneam ciùcharan phàistean
Agus ochanaich mhà'irichean ann;
Reachdraich dhaoine fo àmhghar,
Caoidhrean ògan 's àilleagan fann;—
Leam is tiamhaidh 'cho'-ghairich
'Tha a' taomadh á d' àros 's an am!

"Tha thu d' choigreach 's na Gleanntaibh,
'Fhir 'tha 'ceasnachadh Sean-ghuth nan càrn,
No cha b' fhàth dhuit 'bhi feòraich
Ciod a's aobhar do m' chò'-ghair-s' an trà s';
Tha Luchd-dùchais na Tire
'S iad 'g am fògairt à innsibh àn gràidh!
'N diugh tha 'n Gleann so 'g a sgaoileadh,—
Agus sìn a's ceann-aobhair do 'n ghàir!

'S e 'bhi 'g ai'ris gach còmhraidh
'Thig am charabh is dògh dhomh o thùs,
Ach tha m' aigne fo dhòlas
A bhi 'g ai'ris air bròn mo luchd-dùch;
Ràinaich naoidheanan òga,
Tùrsa sheann mhnathan breòite gun sùrd,
Cnead nan sean fhear fo dhòruinn,
Agus ospail a' chròilein gun lùs!

Gu 'n robh m' ath-sgal neo-aobhaidh
'N àm 'bhi 'g ai'ris na gaoire 'bha Tuath,
Agus aitreibh 'g an sgaoileadh
A's an lasair 'n a caoiribh m' an stuaidh!
Tailmrich shaighdeir a's mhaora,
Braghail chabar a's thaobhan am chluais,
Donnal chon' mar ri caoineadh
Nam panal falt-sgaoilte gun tuar!

O! cha b' ionann 's na fuaimean
Sin a b' éibhinn le m' chluais ann o chéin,—
B' iad ceol-maidne nan gruagach,
Mar ri ceilearadh bhuachaill, mu 'n spréibh;
Sgal an t-seannsair 'g am ghluasad
Agus fathrum na Tuath 'dol gu féum,
Moch, a's ceò mu na cruachaibh,
A's an dealt air na bruachaibh fo ghréin

'Nuair a dhùisgeadh an t-Sàbaid,
Dh' éisdinn cliù as gach fàrdaich 'dol suas
A' toirt molaidh do 'n Ard-righ,—
Agus dh' ai'risimi tlàth air an fhuaim,
'S air na h-ùrnaighibh diomhair
'Dheant', gu h-ùmhlaidh, aig iochdar nam bruach,
No fo sgàile nan craobha
'Bhiodh ag aomadh ri taobh nan sruth buan.

'S na 'm biodh Càs ag cur campair
Air an Dùthaich, no 'm Frangach ri strith,
Dh' éireadh sluagh as na Gleanntaibh
Anns an àm ud, a chambach mu 'n Righ,
'S sìn air iarrtas nan uachd' ran
Tha a nise 'g am fuadach à 'n glinn,
Chionn le Gionach na Buannachd,
Gur h-annsa na sluagh leotha Ni!

Sid dol roinn de na Triathaibh
A rinn liansgradh o 'n t-siol a bha ann,
'Meas na Tuath' mar shliochd diolain,
A's 'g am fuadach gu h-iargalt o 'n rann;
Cha 'n 'eil didionn no fialachd
Tlus a's ceanal nan riaghlar ach gann;
'Righ! cha b' ionnan o chian so,
'N uair bha 'Thuath aig gach Triath mar a chlann.

Anaghaol sòigh agus mearchais,
Mar ri mòr-chuis a's aintheas a's pròis,
Chuir na Fearainn an ainfhiach,
Agus b' èudar an cearbadh air òr;
'N luchd-lagh' 'chaidh 'g an teanchdadh,
Mar bu nòs, chuir an anacheart am mòid.
Gus am b' éiginn 'na sealbhan'
Uile 'mhalairt air airgead na ròic!

So rinn fàsaichean faoine,
Lóm, àiteach gun daoine, 's an Fhonn
'S an robh dillseachd a's daondachd
Ann an cònuidhibh faoilidh nan sonn;—
'S, far am buainteadh na raointean,
'S cianail mèilich nan caorach ceann-lom
'N ionad dhuanagan gaolach
Nan gruagach a b' aobhaiche fonn!

So rinn cònard a's garbhlach,
Le ain-dlighe, a thoirmeasg do chloinn
Sin nan sàr-churaidh garga
'Chùm Triatha nan Garbh-chrioch 'n an greim

Le tréun-chalmachd an gàirdeau,
A's nach d' àraich aon àm orra foill !—
'S truagh an diugh leam gu 'n d' fhàgadh
An iarmad air fàrsan, gun sgoinn !

Ach, na 'n tòirleamadh Baoghal
'Nuas, a bhagradh nam fraoch-bheann 's nam frith,
Bhiodh na Maithean ud faondrach,
A's an Cabraich 's an Caoraich gun bhrigh,
Ach gu lòn do na nàimhdean
A ghrad-chìosnadh, gun taing dhoibh, an Tir,
'S luchd a sheasamh na h-àr'aich
('S do 'm bu ghnàthach buaidh-lárach) d' an dìth.

Tha mo chlann-sa mu 'n cuairt domh,
'S tha mi 'faotainn sgeòil uapa, mar thà
Cùisean làimh-riu a' gluasad
Anns na glinn anns an dual dhoibh 'bhi tàmh ;
Tha mòr-chliù air Triath Chluainidh,
Chionn e 'ghleidheadh an dualchais mar bhà,
'S nach do chuir e air fuadach
Aon teaghlach de 'n t-sluagh 'tha f'a sgàth.

'S ion bhi 'g iomradh mar chòmhla
Air cliù Mhic an Tòisich a' Bhràigh,
'S Mhic 'ic Eòghain nam mòr-chruach
Nach do fhògair an slòigh as an àit ;
Cliù Mhic Shimi na h-Àirde,
Agus cliù Mhic 'ic Phàdruic tha sàr ;
'S bidh am brataich-san làidir
An uair a bhios fàilinn air Càch !

'S ion 'bhi luaidh, mar an céudna,
(A's bu diùbhail mur éight' e 's an uair)
Gu 'm bi Comunn na Féile
Còmhla, cruinn an Dun-éideann gu luath,
'Chumail ciùil agus éididh
Agus cainnte nan sléibhtean a suas ;—
Gu 'n robh cliù agus éibhneas
A mhaireas gach ré, dhoibh mar dhuais !"

——o——

COMHRADH NAN CNOC.

AONGHAS, EACHANN, ETC., AGUS AM MINISTEAR.

(Bho 'n Teachdaire Ghaidhealach).

EACH. — Tha thug agaibh air, fheara. A bheil guth idir agaibh air s'gur ? Gu dearbh, Aonghais cha 'n 'eil an stac sin fein furasd a chur as a laraich.

AON.—'S ann agam tha fios ; ach cruaidh 's ga bheil e, mar thuirt muileann gliongach a' ghlinn bhig, *Theid againn air, theid againn air.*

EACH.—Mata is briagh an t-innleachd drochaid fein ; is mor am feum a bh' air te an so. 'S iomadh miobhadh a bha daoin' a' faotainn air a' bheul-atha so. A' bheil cuimhn' agad air an oidhch' a bha sinn air tòrradh bràthair do shean-athar ?

AON.—Fhir mo ghraidh, nach tu bha thall 's a chunnaich sin. Tha, agus bithidh cuimhn' agam air. 'S ann air na daoin' a bha 'n saod math an oidhche sin fein, a's dh' fheudadh iad ; bha 'n Toiseachd ni bu phailte na tha e 'n diugh. B' e sin an torradh, 's cha b' e torradh spiocach na bochduinn, leis a bheil iad a nis a' cur dhaoine coire, fiachail fo thalamh.

SEUM.—'S i mo bharail, a dhaoine, gu 'm feudadh cuimhn' a bhi againn uil' air an torradh a bha 'n sin. Is minic a chuala mi 'm athair a' seanachas air.

EACH. — Tha thu ceart, bha e lathair, agus bu ghramail, sgairteil an ceatharnach e 's an am sin.

SEUM.—Ma 's fior an seanachas cha 'n fheumadh e a sgairt a bhi 'n a sporan ; tha mi 'm barail nach b' uilear dhuibh uile gach sgairt a bh' agaibh.

EACH. — Bha sgrobadh mosach ann ; ach 's minic a chunnaic sinn ni bu mhios 's a' chladh cheudna. Agus ged is cinnteach gur e 'n drama bu choireach, 's e 'n t-aon siochaire bu leibidich' a bha 's an duthaich a thoisich an iorghuill, agus b' e sin Para saighdear, sgealb de dhuine 'bha cho chrosta ris an dris. Co bha 'n a fhear-freasdail againn ach Iain-na-beinne agus cha b' e sin lamh na gorta. Mur dean mi breug cha 'n 'eil cuimhn' agam ciod a fhuair sinn mu 'n do thogadh an giulan ; ach tha cuimhn' agam gun do gabh sinn sgoba math aig Bealach-nan-carn, agus chithe tu corr-fhear gle thulgach air a chasan a' tearnadh a stigh na

catha os cionn na h-eaglais; ach 's ann air deireadh an latha bu teothadh an cath; thainig am feasgar, agus, a mhic chridhe, luidh sinn air. Ciod a th' agad air, ach bha Paraig, 's e 'n a shuidhe air ultaich de chloich chruinn, anns an turramanaich; ann am prioba na sul dh' fhalbh a' chlach, agus sios chaidh e fein agus ise car air char leis a' bhruaich. Mar bha 'n tubaist ann, co bha 'n a shuidhe lamh ri Paraig, ach an ceatharnach coir agus b' e sin esan, Eoghan mor. Cha chomhdaicheadh an saoghal air Paraig, (agus e 'n a pheasan mar bha e), nach e Eoghan a chuir leis a' bhruaich e, agus 'n a bhad a bhitheadh e; ach b' e sin streap a' mheasain ris a' mhiol-chu; ach coma leat chaidh an ceol air feadh na fidhle, 's bha 'n t-sabaid air bonn. Dh' eirich na h-uile fear gun fhios co bu Chalum, agus bha iad mar sin a' spionadh agus a' sgrobadh a cheile, gus an deach an oidhch' agus an abhainn so fein 's an eadraiginn. Rainig sinn am beul-atha so, 's a mach bhiodh na h-uile fear gun suim de 'n chlachran; agus chitheadh tu iad a sios leis an t-sruth, an sas 'n a cheile mar gu 'm biodh coin air lothainn ann, ach feuch rint, 'n uair chaidh iad am bogadh 's a' ghlumaig mhoir, mur robh iad gle sgith d'a cheile; chluinneadh tu iad a' rocail thall 's a bhos mar ni an dobhran donn, ach cha luaithe fhuair iad gu tir, na bu bhuidhe leis na h-uile fear a thigh a thoirt a mach mar a b' fhearr a dh' fheud e. Och! 's ann air an duthaich a thainig an da latha.

Seum.—Mata bu ghrannda sin fein a' measg luchd-duthcha.

Eogh.—Coma co dhiu, bha daoine 'cordadh gle mhath airson sin; an dram, fhir mo chridhe, a rinn uil' e.

Aon.—Ciod eil' ach an dram?

Minis.—Ciod so, Eachainn, a rinn an dram? Is iomad olc a rinn e riamh.

Each.—Nach e sin fein an cliu a th' air; ach mar thachair do 'n Eirionnach, cha 'n 'eil e ni 's measa na tha 'n t-ainn dha; is sibh a thainig orm gun fhios dhomh; tha 'n rathad so co comhnard reidh 's nach cluinn duine an t-each donn fein a' tighinn, ge sunndach faramach a dh' fhalbhas e: an saoil thu fein Aonghais nach beo an da shuil 'tha 'n a cheann.

Aon.—Tha Eachann agus mis' a Mhinisteir a' tighinn air seann naidheachdan; tha e 'cuimhneachadh dhomh na thachair air torradh bhrathair a shean-athar; agus a' talach mar tha 'n t-ol a' dol a cleachdadh air na torraidhibh.

Eogh.—Cha 'n 'eil mis, Aonghais, a' talach air dith drama; ge nach 'eil fhios agam co chuireas ri 'chluais le moit e ni 's mo na ni mise; cha 'n 'eil mi dad ni 's deigheile air na daoin' eile; ach 'n a dheigh sin 's gu leir cha 'n fhaic mi c' arson a bhiodhte an aghaidh cuimse dheth an am feuma.

Minis.—'S e sin, am briathraibh eile, an comhnuidh; oir tha fios agadsa far am bi deigh an drama nach robh leith-sgeul an drama riamh air chall. Iarraidh daoine 's an t-samhradh e chum am fionnarachadh, agus anns a' gheamhradh gu teas a chur annta.

Eogh.—An saoil sibhse 'n uair tha daoin' a' saoithreachadh thar muir is monadh, mar is tric a tha iad air torradh, nach feum iad biadh a's deoch?

Minis.—Feumaidh, ach feudaidh iad biadh a's deoch a ghabhail ann am measarrachd, gun suidhe sios ann an cladh n' an cill, agus iad fein a chur air an daoraich; agus is tric a chunnaic mi, nach iadsan is faid' a thig air astar is cionntaich anns a' chuis so. Chi mi gur iad na daoin' is dluithe air a' chladh is mo a dh-itheas agus a dh-olas.

Each.—Tha sin fior; ach air leam fein, gur grannd an gnothach daoine

fiachail a chur fo thalamh mar gu 'm b' ann gun fhios, gun uiread agus gloin ol mar chuimhneachan orra. 'Tha rathad lamh ris an rathad mhor,' agus cha 'n fheud e bhith gun bi sibh an aghaidh cuimse.

MINIS. — Cuimse, Lachainn, is doirbh a radh ciod ris an abradh tusa cuimse. Nach cianail an gnothach 'n uair a tha bas ann an teaghlach, nach ceadaichear do na cairdibh tursach an deoir a shileadh ann an sith, agus iad fein a striochdadh gu samhach do 'n Ti a smachdaich iad; ach gu 'm feum iad eirigh le cridhe luchdaichte le bron a dheasachadh na fathraire, agus O, bi sin a' chuirm gun bhlas, do gach neach aig a' bheil mothachadh. Air mo shon fein, 'n uair a chithinn daoine a' suidhe sios air chul garaidh anns a' chill, a' staoiceadh feola, agus a' cnuachdadh arain agus caise, agus ag ol le ciocras, is minic a chuir e sgreiteachd orm. Tha misg aig am no an aite sam bith ro ghraineil ach is i mhisg is oilleile misg an torraidh. Ciod an scalladh is uamhasaiche na daoine air an dalladh le daoraich, a' tuiteam air na leachdaibh sin fo 'm bheil an caomh chairdean 'n an sineadh, agus far am bi iad fein ann an uine ghearr a' breothadh gu uir. Seadh, agus mar is bitheant a chunnaic thus' Eachainn, iad a' dortadh fola cach a cheile air a' cheart fhoid sin air am fac' iad deoir nam banntrach agus nan dilleachdan a' sileadh gu frasach. B' e so, Eachainn an sealladh graineil, agus cha b' e a' mheasarrachd air a bheil thus' a' talach. Mo thruaighe sinn! tha sin ullamh ni 's leoir chum am bas a dhi-chiumhneachadh, ged a chumamaid air chuimhne e an fhad 's a tha 'n uaigh, a' chiste, a' chnuimh, 's an claigeann ruisgte fa chomhair ar sul. 'S i so an t-searmoin, agus is cruaidh an cridhe air nach druigh i. Tha fas-fhuaim eagallach aig an uir a' tuiteam air a chistidh bu choir toinisg a dhusgadh suas 's an duine is neo-mothachala. Tha a teagasg araidh fein aig gach uaigh fa leth, ach tha iomad teagasg cudthromach aca gu leir. Tha gach uaigh fhosgailte 'feoraich dhiotsa, a' bheil thusa uidheamaichte chum an saoghal 'fhagail, agus a' cur an ceill duit gur duslach thu, agus a chum an duslaich gum pill thu faidheoigh. Na 'n smuainticheadh daoin' air so mar bu choir dhoibh, is ann le smuainte stolda a sheasadh iad m' an uaigh. Cha b' e fleadhachas na cuirm a dh' iarradh iad, ach uaigneas agus samhchair anns an guidheadh iad ar Dia na chunnaic iad a bheannachadh chum leas an anama.

AON.—B' i sin an fhirinn; 's e cridhealas 'bu lugha 'bu choir tighinn fainear dhuinn air a leithid sin de chodhail.

EACH.—Aidichidh sinn sin uile, ach gu de dheth sin, cha luaithe thig bas 's an rathad, na chi mi gur math leis na h-uile h-aon an gradh a nochdadh le dol gu cosdas mar ni daoin' eile, chum crioch onarach, mar their iad, a thoirt dhoibh.

MINIS.—B' fhearr dhoibh an gradh a nochdadh an fhad 's a dheanadh e feum dhoibh; cha 'n 'eil ann an cosdas torraidh ach straic agus fearasmhor. Is aithne dhuits' iad, agus is math is aithne dhomhs' iad a chosd gu stadail, 's a chûir iad fein fo ain-fhiach air nach d' fhuair iad fhathast an uachdar, le torradh an cairdean, m' an robh iad caoin-shuarach re am beatha; a dh' fhag an sud iad 's a' chuil dhoirche gun suim 'n an deigh. An saoil thu na 'm b' urrainn doibh an guth a thogail o 'n uaigh, an abradh iad gu 'n do chuir stroghalachd an torraidh comain orra? Mur coisinn daoine deadh chliu dhoibh fein 's an t saoghal so, le giulan teisteil, ionraic, cha dean aon riomhadh torraidh suas doibh e; agus creid thusa mis', Eachainn, ged a chosgadh

tu na th' agad anns an t-saoghal; ged a rachadh tu do Ghlaschu a dhiarraidh goireis, is beag buidheachais a bhiodh agad air a shon air a' cheann fa dheireadh; bhiodh cuid a' talach agus a' cur iomchoir.

Aon.—Ma ta, a Mhinisteir, ge nach 'eil mi 'cur an ag aon fhocal a tha sibh ag radh, feumar aideachadh, gu 'm bi baigh aig daoine ri cleachdadh an sinnsireadh, agus nach 'eil ann am fear aig a' bheil de mhisnich a bhi air leth o dhaoinibh eile.

Minis.—O! b' e sin leth-sgeul na truaighe, leis a' bheil daoin' air am mealladh anns na nithibh is cudthromaiche; cha toigh le daoin' a bhi air leth o dhaoine' eile, ged a tha na daoin' eile sin a' dol do ifrinn. 'S e co-fhurtachd an duine dhona air thalamh e; ach an saoil thu, an toir e co-fhurtachd dha ann an siorruidheachd, gu' n abrar ris ann an dorainn gu bheil e mar dhaoine eile? Cha toigh leams' a bhi air leth air daoin' eile anns an ni tha dligheach agus ceart; ach fhad 's a tha 'n ceartas am thaic, is coma leam ged robh sluagh na duthcha am aghaidh. Is baigheil leamsa cuimhne nan treun o 'n d' thainig sinn; is measail leam na laraicheau briste 's an robh iad a chomhnidh, agus na leachdan-lighe aosmhar a tha thairis orra; is taitneach leam an deise leis an do shiubhail iad an t-aonach, agus a' chaumhuinn anns ann deachaidh an teanganna air tus gu comhradh; ach tha fiosrachadh againne nach robh aca-san, agus an lean sinn na h-uile cleachda a chionn amhain gun robh e aig ar n-aithrichean? Cha 'n 'eil an t-am fada thairis 'n uair a shaltair ar n-aithrichean am Biobull fo 'n casaibh, s a lub iad an glun do iodhalaibh breige; ach am miann leat gun deanamaid an ni ceudna? Cha ghabh a h-aon agaibh garbhlach an t-sleibh ud thall, no doimhneachd na h-ath ud thall, a roghainn air comhnard an rathaidmhoir,'s air tearuinteachd na drochaid, a chionn 's nach robh a h-aon seach aon dinbh ann ri linn ar n-aithrichibh. Tha baigh againn, agus tha e nadurra a bhith, ri cleachdanna ar n-aithrichibh, ach an e gu 'n stailceamaid sinn fein air larach nam bonn agus gu 'n leigemaid leis an t-saoghal gabhail air aghaidh mar a chitear, ann am fiosrachadh agus ann an eolas; agus nach gluaiseadh sinne a nunn no nall, ach mar ghluais na daoine o 'n d' thainig sinn. Tog dheth, Aonghais, fhad 's is beo mi seasaidh mi mach an aghaidh oil agus misg air torraidhean; ged a tha, buidheachas do Dhia air a shon, an cleachdadh narach so a' dol a nis air cul; gidheadh tha e 'n a thamailt do 'n sgireaclid, agus do gach neach a bhuineas di. Ach o 'n a thachair dhuinn tighinn air an t-seanachas so, innis dhomh o 'n a tha sibh uile co deigheil air an gradh a nochdadh dhoibhsan nach maireann, c' arson nach 'eil sibh a' cur leachdalighe os an cionn, no garadh cloiche m' an cladh anns a' bheil iad 'n an sineadh. Cha ruig thu leas innse dhomh gun bu neo-ni sin doibhsan; b' eadh, ach cha bu neo-ni dhuinne e. Nach bu taitneach an ni ri ciuineachd maduinn na Sabaid, an am dluthachadh air tigh aoraidh an Tighearna, na h-uaighean anns a' bheil ar cairdean 'n an suain, 'fhaicinn, cha 'n ann, air an stampadh fo chrodh agus fo chaoraich, ach gu tosdach samhach mar bu choir dhoibh fo blath a' chluarain ghuirm, agus an neonain ailidh. Ann an so, gu dearbh, ghabhta leithsgeul dhaoine ged a chuireadh iad caileiginn de chostas orra fein.

Aon.—Mata, cha 'n ann a chur cosg air ur seanacaas, ach tha muinntir na sgireachd gu leir 'g a fhaicinn sin 'n a thamailte, agus 'n a ni mi-chiatach, ach tha fhiosagaibhse, 'an gnothach a tha 'n earbsa ris na h-uile fear gu 'm bi e fada gu dean-

amh;' ach n' an cuireadh sibh fein (leis gach ni math eile 'tha sibh a' deanamh) mu 'thimchioll, cha chreid mi nach aontaicheadh gach duine 's an sgireachd leibh; agus ged a bha mis a' labhairt an diugh mar bha mi, mar bu dùth do sheann duine, a chunnaic iomad atharrachadh 's an duthaich, cha bhithinn air deireadh 's a' chuis sin. Mo bheannachd leibh a Mhinisteir, agus gu ma math a theid sibh dhachaidh, agus cha bhi 'n t-each donn fada 'g a dheanamh.

I. M'L.

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SGEULACHD AIR MAC-AN-RUSGAICH.

(Air aghaidh o 'n aireamh mu dheireadh.)

'N a dheigh sin chaidh Mac-an-Rusgaich a chur gu bhi 'n a ghille aig famhair a bha dona d' a sheirbheisich.

Rainig Mac-an-Rusgaich am famhair, 's thuirt e, "Tha do ghille air tighinn." Thuirt am famhair, "Ma 's gille dhomhsa thu feumaidh tu comh-obair a chumail rium, air neo bristidh mi do chnamhan 'n am pronnan." Thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Ciod e ma dh' fhairtlicheas mi ort?" "Ma dh' fhairtlicheas," thuirt am famhair, "gheibh thu do dhuais d' a reir." "Ciod a tha sinn dol a dheanamh ma ta?" arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. "Tha," ars' am famhair, "theid sinn a thoirt dachaidh connaidh." Dh' fhalbh iad a's rainig iad a' choille. Thoisich am famhair air trusadh a' h-uile bun a bu ghairbhe na cheile, 's thoisich Mac-an-Rusgaich air a' h-uile barr a bu chaoile na cheile a thrusadh. Sheall am famhair air 's thuirt e, "Ciod a tha thu a' deanamh mar sin?" 's thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Tha mise a los gu 'n toir sinn a' choille uile leinn, seach a bhi a' fagail pairt di gun fheum 'n ar deigh." Thuirt am famhair, "Tha sinn gle fhada aig an obair so; bheir sinn dachaidh na h-eallaichean so, ach gheobh sinn obair eile a rithisd."

B' i an ath obair a fhuair iad, dol a bhuain saidhe, a's dh' iarr am famhair air Mac-an-Rusgaich esan a dhol air thoiseach. Gheuraich Mac-an-Rusgaich an speal, agus thoisich e 's chaidh e mu 'n chuairt ghoirid air an taobh a stigh, 's bha aig an fhamhair ri dol cuairt a b' fhaide air an taoibh a mach deth. "Ciod e a tha thu a' deanamh mar sin?" thuirt am famhair. "Tha," thuirt Mac-an-Rusgaich, "mise a los gu 'm buain sinn a' phàirc a dh-aon spadhadh an aite a bhi a' tilleadh air ar n-ais a h-uile uair a gheuraicheamaid an speal, a's cha bhi tiom chaillte idir againn." Chunnaic am famhair gu 'm biodh an spadhadh aige-san moran na b' fhaide na bhiodh spadhadh Mhic-an-Rusgaich, 's thuirt e, "Tha sinn gle fhada aig an obair so; theid sinn a dh-ionnsaidh oibre eile—theid sinn a's buailidh sinn an t arbhar." Dh' fhalbh iad a dh-ionnsaidh bualadh an arbhair; fhuair iad na suisdeachan, thoisich iad air obair, 's trath 'bhuaileadh am famhair an sguab bheireadh e oirre leum an aird thar an sparr, 's trath 'bhuaileadh Mac-an-Rusgaich an sguab laidheadh i sios air an urlar - bhualaidh 's theireadh Mac - an Rusgaich ris an fhamhair, "Cha 'n 'eil thusa 'g a leth bhualadh; nach toir thu oirre cruban mar a tha mise a' deanamh." Mar a bu laidire a bhuaileadh am famhair, is ann a b' airde a leumadh an sguab, 's bha Mac-an-Rusgaich a' gaireachdaich air. Thuirt am famhair, "Tha sinn gle fhada aig an obair so; feuchaidh mi air doigh eile thu. Theid sinn 's feuchaidh sinn co againn is laidire a thilgeas clach an aodann creige a tha air taobh thall an eas." "Tha mi toileach," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. Dh' fhalbh am famhair 's thrus e na clachan a bu chruaidhe a b urrainn da 'phaotainn, a's chaidh Mac-an-Rusgaich 's fhuair e creadh 's rothail e 'n a buill bheaga chruinn' i, agus chaidh iad a dh-ionnsaidh taobh an eas. Thilg am famhair clach an aodann na creige 's chaidh a' chlach 'n a criomagan, 's thuirt e ri Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Dean sin, a bhalaich." Thilg Mac - an - Rusgaich dudan d' an chreadh agus stic e ri aodann na creige, a's thuirt e ris am fhamhair, "Dean sud, a bhodaich." Thilgeadh am famhair cho laidir 's a b' urrainn da ach mar bu mho a chuireadh am famhair de neart leis a' chloich 's ann a bu mheanbha a bhristeadh i. Ghaireadh Mac-an-Rusgaich 's thilgeadh e ball beag eile d' an chreadh 's theireadh e, "Cha 'n 'eil thu 'g a leth thilgeadh; nach toir thu air a' chloich sticeadh anns a' chreig mar a tha mise a' deanamh." Thuirt am famhair, "Tha sinn gle fhada aig an obair so; theid sinn 's gabhaidh sinn ar dinneir, a's an sin feuchaidh sinn co againn is fhearr a thilgeas a' clach-neart." "Tha mi toileach," arsa Mac - an - Rusgaich, 's chaidh iad dachaidh. Thoisich iad air an dinneir, a's thuirt am famhair ri Mac-an-Rusgaich, "Mur ith thu d' an aran 's d' an chaise uibhir 's a dh' itheas mise, theid iall a thoirt as do chraicionn bho chul do chinn

gu d' shail." "Dean seachd dheth," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich, "air chumha 's gu 'n teid seachd iallan a thoir as a' chraicionn agadsa bho chul do chinn gu d' shail mur ith thu uibhir 's a dh' itheas mise." "Feuch riut ma ta," ars' am famhair. "Stad gus am faigh mise deoch," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich 's chaidh e mach a dh-fhaotainn deoch," agus fhuair e balg leathraich, 's chuir e am balg eadar a leine 's a chraiceann, 's chaidh e a stigh thun an fhamhair 's thuirt e ris, "Feuch riut a nis." Thoisich an dithis air itheadh an arain 's a' chaise. Bha Mac-an-Rusgaich a' cur an arain 's a' chaise anns a' bhalg a bha 'stigh fo 'leine. Mu dheireadh thuirt am famhair, "'Is fearr sgur na sgaineadh.'" "Is fearr sgaineadh fhein na biadh math 'fhagail," arsa Mac-Rusgaich. "Sguiridh mise," ars' am famhair. "Theid na seachd iallan a thoirt o chul do chinn gu d' shail," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. "Feuchaidh mi fathast thu," ars' am famhair. "Tha do dha roghainn agad," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. Fhuair am famhair gruth a's cèa 's lion e cuman da fein 's cuman eile do Mhac-an-Rusgaich. "Feuchamaid co againn is fearr a nis," ars' am famhair. "Cha 'n fhada gus am faicear sin," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. "Feuchamaid co againn is luaithe a dh' olas na tha 's a' chuman." Dh' ol Mac-an-Rusgaich a leòir 's chuir a' chuid eile anus a' bhalg, 's bha e ullamh air thoisich air an fhamhair, 's thuirt e ris, "Tha thu air deireadh." Sheall am famhair air 's thuirt e, "'Is fearr sgur na sgaineadh.'" "Is fearr sgaineadh fhein na biadh math 'fhagail," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. "Theid sinn a mach a dh-fheuchainn co againn is fhaide a thilgeas a chlach-neart, m' an dean sinn tuilleadh," ars' am famhair. "Tha mi toileach," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. Chaidh iad a mach far an robh a' chlach, ach bha am famhair cho lan 's nach b' urrainn da cromadh g' a togail. "Tog a' chlach sin agus tilg i," ars' am famhair. "Tha onair toiseach tòiseachaidh gu bhi agad fein," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. Dh' fheuch am famhair ris a' chloich a thogail ach cha b' urrainn da cromadh. An sin dh' fheuch Mac-an-Rusgaich ri cromadh 's thuirt e, "Cha bhi a leithid so de bhalg a' cumail bacaidh ormsa," 's tharraing e sgian á truaill a bha ri 'thaobh, chuir e an sgian 's a' bhalg a bha air a bheulaobh 's leig e mach na bha ann, ag radh, "Tha tuilleadh ruim a mach na 'tha 'stigh." Thog e sin a' chlach 's thilg e i 's thuirt e ris an fhamhair, "Dean sin." "Nach tilg thu na 's fhaide na sin i?" ars' am famhair. "Cha do thilg thusa cho fada ri sin fhein i," arsa Mac-an-Rusgaich. "A nall a so do sgian," ars' am famhair. Shin Mac-an-Rusgaich an sgian aige do 'n fhamhair; ghabh am famhair an sgian agus stob e stigh 'n a bhru i a's leig e mach am biadh, 's thuit e gu lar, agus fhuair e bàs. Chaidh Mac-an-Rusgaich a stigh do thigh an fhamhair 's fhuair e an t-or 's an t-airgiod aige. Bha e an sin beairtcach 's dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh lan thoilichte.

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MU NA SEANN GHAIDHEIL.

XVI.

CEUD THUS NAN GAIDHEAL.

Cha 'n 'eil eachdraidh chinnteach againn a dhearbhas gu soilleir cia as a thainig na Gaidheil. A reir coslais, thriall iad air tus o thir Armenia troimh chomhnardaibh Asia thairis do 'n Roinn-Eorpa aig am cho fada o shean agus nach 'eil cunntas air bith ann an eachdraidh mu 'thimchioll. An deigh sin sgaoil iad air feadh na Roinn-Eorpa gu deas agus an iar, gus an do lion iad an Eadailt, a' Ghreig, an Spainn, an Fhraing agus a' Ghearmailt. Gheibhear ainmean Gaidhealach anns gach aon de na duthchannaibh sin, ni a dhearbhas gu 'n robh na Gaidheil uaireigin anns an tir. Mar a bha iadsan a' triall gus an iar, bha sluagh eile a' tighinn as an deigh o 'n airde 'n ear, agus bha an ni so 'g an eigneachadh gu sealltainn a mach air son aiteancomhnuidh nuadh, 'n uair a bha na seann aitean ro chumhang, no air an glacadh leis an luchd-imrich ur a thainig as an deigh. Air an doigh so thriall iad air an adhart gus an do rainig iad taobh tuath na Frainge mu choinnimh Bhreatuinn. As an Fhraing thainig iad a nall do thaobh deas Bhreatuinn—oir cha 'n 'eil astar fada cuain eadar an da fhearann; cha 'n 'eil an caolas ach mu thuairream ceithir mile fichead air leud,—uime sin bhiodh e furasda gu leoir dhoibh

tighinn a nall ann an curaichibh mar a bha aca o shean. Lion iad air tus an earrann sin de Bhreatunn ris an abrar Sasonn air an latha 'n diugh, agus an sin sgaoil iad gu tuath gus an do lion iad an t-eilean gu h-iomlan. Tha e cosmhuil gu 'm b' e "Albainn" an t-ainm a thug iad air an eilean air tus. An uair a thainig sluagh ur a nall as an Fhraing ris an abradh iad "na Cuimrich" mar ainm, dh' fhag na Gaidheil ceann deas an eilein aca fein. Mheasgaich an sluagh ur so maille ri cuid de 'n t-seann luchd-aitich, agus an sin thugadh "Breatunn" mar ainm air an eilean; ach ghleidh na seann Ghaidheil an sealbh air ceann tuath an eilein agus lean an t-ainm, Albainn air a' chuid sin deth oir b' e so an t-ainm a bha air an eilean gu h-iomlan air tus. An uair a lionadh an duthaich le daoinibh, agus a dh' fhas i ro chumhang, sgaoil iad a mach gu Eirinn agus Manainn agus eileanaibh na h-airde 'n iar, maille ri Arcamh agus Sealtainn gu tuath. Cha 'n 'eil e soilleir c'uin a thachair an imrich so, ach a reir coslais, feumaidh e bhi corr agus coig no sea 'cheudan bliadhna roimh ar Slanaighear, oir, an uair a thainig Caesar thairis do Bhreatunn, bha na Cuimrich suidhichte anns an tir, agus fhuair Agricola ceann tuath an eilein air a lionadh leis na Caledonaich aig an robh bailtean-mora daingnichte agus armailtean lionmhor sluaigh air son cogaidh. Mar so chi sinn gu 'n robh na Gaidheil suidhichte ann an ceann tuath agus na Cuimrich ann an ceann deas Bhreatuinn an uair a fhuaradh a mach an t-eilean leis na Romanaich. Dh' fheumadh iomadh linn dol seachad m'an tachradh na nithean so, agus m'an rachadh na caochlaidhean ud thairis air an tir, leis an d' thainig i gu bhi air a suidhcachadh mar a bhi i an uair a fhuair na Romanaich a mach i.

An uair a sgaoil na Gaidheil air feadh na tire, bha iad air an roinn 'n an fineachaibh agus 'n an rioghachd-aibh mar a bha cinnich eile Tha *Homer*, am bard Greagach ag innseadh dhuinn gu 'n robh moran de rioghachdaibh beaga agus de righribh anns a' Ghreig; bha na Canaanaich ri linn Iosua air an roinn 'n am fineachaibh, agus a righ fein aig gach fine; agus b' i an aon doigh riaghlaidh a bha anns an Fhraing, 's an Eadailt 's an Spainn agus anns a' Ghearmailt, aig an am sin. Bha na righrean 's an am sin cho lionmhor ris na diucaibh agus ris na h-iarlachan air an latha 'n diugh. Tha na Seanachaidhean ag radh gu 'n robh seachd righrean am measg na cuid sin de na Gaidheil ris an abairteadh na "Pictich." Bha, mar an ceudna, moran righrean agus fhineachan am measg nan Deas-Bhreatunnach an uair a thainig Caesar. Cha robh tuilleadh ughdarrais no cumhachd aig na righribh so na bha aig na cinnfheadhna Ghaidhealach o chionn tri no ceithir de cheudaibh bliadhna air ais. Ged a bha an tiodal, righ, aca cha b' ionann cumhachd righ aig an ama sin agus righrean an latha 'n diugh. Air uairibh rachadh na righrean so ann an co-bhoinn ri cheile fo aon ard-righ mora bha 'n a cheannard air each, mar a thachair ri linn Chalgaich a bha a' cogadh ri Agricola agus na Romanaich aig a' Gharbhmhonadh.

D. B. B.

CEOL NAN EAGLAISEAN GAIDHEALACH:

CANNTAIREACHD NA SREATH.

A Ghaidheil Runaich,—Leugh mi le mor dhealas litir H.W. a tha toirt freagraidh do m' cheud litirse. Tha mi ag aideachadh gu 'm bheil a litir fior shuairce agus uasal; tha mi ag aideachadh gu 'n do chomharraich

a mach rannan anns a' Ghaidhlig a tha air gach seol cho rag agus a bha an rann a chomharraich e air tus anns a' Bheurla ; gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil sinn fathast a dh-aon bharail mu leughadh nan sreath. Tha mi fhathast, gu dannara, ag radh gu 'm bheil canntaireachd nan sreath co feumail an diugh agus a bha e o chionn cheud bliadhna air ais. Cha 'n 'eil ach aireamh ro bheag a leughas Gaidhlig anns an eaglais anns am bheil mise a suidhe. Cha 'n 'eil Gaidhlig a nis air a teagasg anns na sgoilean mar bha i o chionn tri fichead bliadhna. An uair a bha mise am ghiullan og, bha, gu tric, gach sgoileir ag ionnsachadh Gaidhlig. Rinn na ministearan Gaidhealach call mor do 'n dùthaich ann an leigeil a stigh ghillean oga do na sgoilean-sgireachd gun sgil aca air teagasg cainnt an dùthcha ; gidheadh, is ann mar so a tha e ; agus tha an sluagh an diugh n'is lugha foghluim agus eagal De na bha iad anns an am ud.

A nis mu thimchioll *precentor* liotach no aineolach, cha bhiodh e iomchuidh gu 'm biodh a leithid ann : chuala mise fanaich, á beul *precentor*, cainnt a bha gle aineolach.

Anns a' cheud litir cha d' thuirt H.W. diog air na coisridhean, ach thuirt a gu 'n robh mathachadh mor air a dheanamh an ceol eaglaisean o chionn bheagan bhliadhnaichean. Is e a thuig mise gur e na coisridhean a bha e a' ciallachadh, oir tha iad a' fas ro lionmhor ; agus ma tha luchd-aoraidh toilichte a bhi a' toirt aoraidh do Dhia le *proxies*, dh' iarrainn orra *organ* mor, briagh 'fhaotainn air ball, agus an sin cha bhithinn air mo bhódhradh le sgalail Fionnghail oig agus Catriona-ruaidh Nic-an-tailleir, no bùraich Alasdair chlachair.

Gu comhdhunadh, tha mi ag radh gu 'm feum na sreathan a bhi air an leughadh no air an canntaireachd am fad agus a bhios Gaidhlig air a searmonachadh. Gu cinnteach cha 'n 'eil tlachd agam anns na coisridhean ach is toigh leam muinntir og a bhi a' foghlum ciuil ; agus suidheadh iad air feadh a' chomh-thionail, agus seinneadh iad cho math agus is urrainn iad. A thaobh na muinntir a bha a' seinn aig an teampul, bha iad uile *tùrail*, agus cha 'n ann ceol-chuthach.

I mi, &c.,

ARGATHALIAN.

An t-Oban,
A' Bhliadhn' ur, 1874.

UISGE AFTOIN.

(Bho Bheurla Raibeirt Burns.)

Siubhail seimh feadh do ghlacan, a chaoin Aftoin nan lùb,
Agus seinneam dhuit duanag gu 'bhi luaidh air do chliu ;
Ri do thaobh tha mo Mhairi an cadal tlath-fhoisneach ciuin ;
Siubhail seimh 's as a bruadar na gluais i 's na duisg.

Thusa 'smudain, d' am freagair ath-fhuaim chreag nan gleann fas,
'S thusa 'londuibh, 's glan feadag anns na preasan fo sgail,—
'Adharcain chlis a chinn uaine, cum do chruaidh-sgread 'n a tamh,
Na cuiribh buaireas no bruaillean air suain-fhois mo ghraidh.

'Aftoin chubhraidh, cia aillidh na beanntaibh ard 'tha dhuit dluth,
Le an caochanaibh meara, glan, fallain gun ghruid ;
Far am bi mi gach là 'n uair tha 'ghrian aig aird' a buan-churs',
Bothag bhoidheach mo Mhairi 's mo threud-alaich fo m' shuil,

Cia taitneach do bhruachan 's do chluanagan caoin ;
Ann do fhrith-choill cha 'n ainmig an t-sobhrach gheal-bhui' ghlan, mhaoth ;
'N uair bhios braon-dhruchd an fheasgair a' dealtradh nan raon,
Bidh mise 's Mairi ri sugradh fo bharrach cubhraidh nan craobh.

A chaoin Aftoin, cia soilleir do shruthaibh criostail, gun ruaim,
'Ruith 'n an luban mu 'n àiridh 'm bheil mo Mhairi 'cur suas ;
Cia mear iad ri failceadh casan sneachd-geal mo luaidh,
'N uair bhios i 'luidrich feadh d' àthaibh 'tional bhlathan mu d' bhruaich.

Siubhail seimh feadh do ghlacan, a chaoin Aftoin nan lub,
'Abhainn chubhraidh gun fhotas, cuspair m' orain 's mo chiuil ;
Ri do thaobh tha mo Mhairi an cadal tlath-fhoisneach ciuin,
Siubhail seimh, 's as a bruadar na gluais i 's na duisg.

Eadar. le MUILEACH.

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(Air leantuinn).

Da latha 'n a dheigh,
Chunnaic ceatharnaich na h-uamha
Fear a' gluasad feadh nan creag, 's e 'g eisdeachd,
Mar gu 'm b' eiginn leis 'anail a chluinntinn.
Bha 'choslas a's airde ciatach
Mar Fhiannach, an toiseach feachd,
A' brosnachadh chaich a's iad 'n a dheigh
A' dol do 'n eug-bhoil' le Righ Alba.
AILEIN.—'So coslas fear-torachd a' tighinn,
'S eiginn a thilleadh leis an stailinn'.
MAC IAIN GHEARR.—'S math a thuirt thu, fhir-chinnidh,
'S *eiginn* a thilleas am fear aluinn.
Faigh dithist eile co math ruinne,
'S fear a thuilleadh,—ach co a' choig an taobh so 'Chruachan
A bheir a shuaicheantas gu lar dheth ?'
AILEIN.—'Tha thu 'g a aithneachadh?'
MAC IAIN GHEARR.—'Sheachain mi e gus a so mar mo chomas :
Bu tric a bha e 'g am iarraidh
'N uair a thug mi '*n dubh 's an donn 's a' chiar* leam.
Falbh a sios a's gabh a sgeul ;
Is fearr dha sinn fein na Rurach,
Mortair bruideil gun iochd gun daonnachd'.
AILEIN (*Ris a' choigreach*). —'Failte dhuit, a dhuin'-uasail ;
Co dhiubh a 's fear-cuairt thu, na fear eolach ?'
COIGREACH.—'Tha mi air chuairt gun teagamh,
'S gun agam ach beagan g' am chomhnadh
Ged a thigeadh foirneart am rathad.
'S Earraghaidhealach thusa, tuigear a chuid ud.
Le fear-duthcha air cladach aineoil,
Faondrach, 's an namhaid borb
A' torachd na dh' fhalbh, 's a' mort na dh' fhan'.
AILEAN.—'S Earraghaidhealach thusa, fhir na deas-chainnt ;
'S co nach seasadh leat mar t' iarrtas ?
Ged nach aithne dhuinn co 'n treubh
O'n d' eirich am fear treun 'tha 'n so 'n a aonar.'
COIGREACH.—Their iad Griogair Mor nam Bo rium
An Còmhall far an d' fhuair mi m' arach.
Co 'n fhine o 'n sloinnear thusa ?—
B' olc leam fear do ghuth mar namhaid !
Ach gabh do roghainn,—failte, no faobh'r an fhir so !'
AILEAN.—'Thogadh mi 'n talla ceanntighe
Nach beag iomradh—Torrloisg am Muile;
Ailean nan Sop, fear gun rath
A tha agad mar charaid,—co do namhaid ?
Thig a nios a's gabh ar biatachd ;
Na diult ; tha fear ri d' chul is fearr
Na mise—Mac Iain Ghearr,
D' an duthchas Suaineart,
'S nach aineolach am buailtean Chòmhaill;
'S ged is iomadh toir a chuir thu riamh air,
Gheibh thu e gun iarraidh. So an t-aite'.
GRIOGAIR.—'An ceatharnach treun, uasal,
'S beag a chuireas ruaig no toir air ;
'S air son na thug e uamsa, fasaidh tuilleadh ;
'S duin' e dh' aindeoin gach failinn ;
Bu duilich leam 'fhagail am bealach cumhann'.
Thog Griogair cirb a bhreacain

Mar 'g a cheartachadh m'an cuairt air,—
Sanas a chunnaic dithis air an uilinn
An glacag dhiombair 's iad ag eisdeachd
Ri comhradh nam fear mar a chualas.
Cha b' fhuaim gun seadh an seanachas,—
Cuis a dhearbhadh an uine ghearr.
AILEIN.—'Co iad so?'
GRIOGAIR.—'Tha 'n so mo chomh'alt runach,
Griogair og Loch-Ruadhail;
'S am fear mor glas ud eile, Dughallach
O 'n Ghallanaich; cha 'n ur an seanachas.'
AILEIN.—'A dhaoin-uaisle, so an dachaidh fhuar
A th' agam dhuibh.' 'N uair dhirich iad
Am bearradh sleamhain gu fosgladh na h-uamha,
Bu ghreim luith a's faicill,
Le lamhan a's casan a's misneach,
A bheireadh gun chlisgeadh iad
Do uamhna nam fear laidir o shean
Nach d' fhuair Rurach no 'mhuinntir,
'S nach b' fhios do aon eile
Ach teaghlach-rioghail Mhanainn
Gus an latha 'tha thu 'cluinntinn.
MAC IAIN GHEARR.—'Thig a nios, fhir mhoir nam buailtean;
Do bheatha! Ciod e 'chuir ruaig nan tonn ort?
'S duilich leam gur fior nach urrainn mi
Do chuireadh ach gu suidheag na h-uamha,
'S sinn air chuairt innte le cheile:
Cluinneam do sgeul a's t' ànradh.'
GRIOGAIR.—'Bha mo chomh'alta 's mise
'S a bhirlinn bhig so shios;
Dh'fhag sinn tir am Port Pharaig,
A dhol gu h-àit a bha dluth do laimh;
Ghlac sinn na raimh, gun duil ri cruadal;
Sheid gaoth fhuaraidh a's cur sneachd;
Chaill sinn an rathad gun fios c'àit'.
B' e 'n de an treas latha dhuinn,
Gun bhiadh, gun uisge, gun fhurtachd,
Ach duil ri bàs tiamhaidh,
Gus an d' fhuair sinn iarrtas crabhach.
'N uair shoillsich grian na madainn an de,
Chunnaic sinn am fearann so.
Bha mo bhrathair treun, gun mheatachd;
Chuidich mi e mar mo dhurachd.
Rainig sinn am port beag so thall;
Bha 'm fear glas, garbh so air mo laimh dheis,
'G ar feitheamh le dealas bràith reil;
Thuig e mar bha sinn gun ùin' 'innseadh;
Fhuair sinn beatha 's dion o'n laoch bhàigheil.
Ri solus na gealaich chunnaic sinn
An arfhaich oilteil sin shuas—
Sealladh duaichnidh! na cuirp lionmhor
A leag sibh an deannal garg 'n an cruachan domhain.
Bu lionmhor iad roimhibh, 's furasd 'innseadh:
'S mor ur gniomh cha teirig cliu dhuibh;—
Mo sgeula tursach, cor nan Gaidheal!
A cheannaird, thoir sgeul dhuinn gun dail air Rurach,
'S do chomhairl' am bi duil ri dìoghladh.'

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

—o—

SGEUL BEAG IONGANTACH.

Bha duin'-uasal araidh ann roimh so a bha air turas ann an aon de na carbadaibh sin a bha 'ruith le ceithir eich, mu'n do dhealbhadh na slighean iaruinn. Aig aite sonraichte bha drochaid fhiodha air a togail thar abhainn bheag, agus air a suidheachadh air da chreig, creag air gach taobh, agus linne mhor, dhomhain eatorra. Le cudthrom a' charbaid agus a luchd, gheill, agus thuit an drochaid, agus thilgeadh an luchdturais gu h-iosal anns an t-sruth. 'Nam measg bha Easbuig araidh, a bhean, agus a leanabh. Chaidh na parantan a dhith ach theasairg an duin'-uasal an leanabh le mor-chunnart da bheatha fein. Bliadhnaichean an deigh so, bha 'n duin'-uasal ann an cuideachd shonraichte far an d'aithris e an sgeul beag muladach so, agus far an robh na h-uile ag eisdeachd le mor-churam. Am measg chaich bha bantighearna og, mhaiseach ann, a thug cluas do'n sgeul moran ni's durachdaich na neach sam bith eile a bha lathair. An uair a sguir an duin'-uasal, ghrad dh' eirich a' mhaighdean og suas air a cosaibh, thilg si i fein 'n a ghairdeanaibh, agus thubhairt i, "Is mise an leanabh sin, is mise gun teagamh an leanabh sin, agus riamh gu ruig an la an diugh, cha robh fios agam co a theasairg mi, agus cha robh comas agam air morthaing a thoirt da."—Bha 'n comhlachadh so taitneach da-rireadh; ach cia mor nis taitniche a bhios ar comhlachadh anns na neamhaibh maille riu-san a chaidh a theasairginn

o leir-sgrios ; agus a ta 'nis a' gabhail comhnuidh anns an tigh sin nach d'rinneadh le lamhaibh, siorruidh anns na neamhaibh.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

AM PRIONNS AILBEART NACH MAIREANN.

(*Dioghlum o mhaileid a' Mhuilich*).

'N uair tha 'm fogh'radh air gach taobh
A' taomadh sios le 'tharbhachd lan ;
'N uair tha faile blath an fhraoich,
Gu cubhraidh 'sgaoileadh air gach laimh ;
Co ise 'bhaintigh'rn 'tha, fo ghruaim,
A' direadh suas ri Loch-nan-gar,
'S a tha 'giulan air a gruaidh
Dearbhadh gu 'm bheil uaip' a sàr ?
Co, ach VICTORIA nam beus,
Banrigh aghmhor nan ceud buadh ;
'S i 'tuireadh air mullach an t-sleibh,
A chionn a ceile 'bhi 's an uaigh.
"O ! Ailbeirt, annsachd mo ghaoil.—
O 'n ionad naomh 's am bheil do thamh,
An leir dhuit mis' air lom an fhraoich,
Am aonar an so fo phramh ?
An so, a ruin, bu tric, leinn fein
Fo ghorm bhrat speur, fo'fhasgadh bheann,
A chuir thu gu diomhair an ceill
Do mhor-speis dhomh fein 's do m' chlann.
Tha mis' am bhantraich á d' dheigh,
A' sileadh dheur fo osnaich throm,—
Tha iadsan a' cumha gu 'n d' eug
An t-athair gradhach, reul nan sonn !
Och nan och ! tha 'n cridhe fuar,
Bu tric a phlosg le luath's ri m' chlèith ;
Gun smid, tha tosdach anns an uaigh
An teanga luath-ghaireach gun bheud.
Tha 'chos sin à bu shunndaich' ceum
Air toir an fheidh ri uchd nan carn,
Gu rag, sinte—mo chreach leir !
Fo chis do 'n eug, fo ghlais a' bhais ;
O ! ciod e dhomhsa gloir mo chruin ?
Ciod e dhomh luchairtean nan srol ;
Air do m' chridh' 'bhi briste, bruit'
A chionn mo Phrionns a bhi fo 'n fhoid ?
Bheirinn m' Impireachd gu leir,
O eirigh grein' gu 'luidhe sios,
Airson gu 'n tachradh orm mo cheil'
Air uchd an t-sleibh so, mar o chian."

—o—

SGEULACHD :

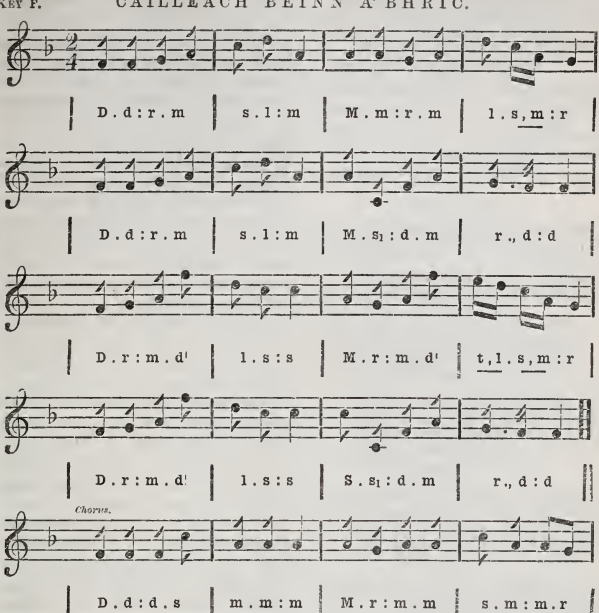
NA FIR-THURAIS, FEAR AN TIGH-OSDA, AGUS A' MHUILE-MHAG.

Is iomadh doigh iongantach a ghabhas a' mhuinntir phàiteach air an iotadh a chasgadh. Chunnaic mi o chionn bheagan bhliadhnaichean an sgeul a leanas, mu mhuile-mhàig no losgainn a bhi air a h-uisinneachadh chum na criche so le dithis a bha a' gabhail an rathaid 's an taobh deas. Bha iad a' faicinn an tigh-osda air thoiseach orra; bha iad a' miannachadh am *mochthrath* 'fhaighinn, ach bha am pòca falamh. "Ni so an gnothach," thuirt fear dhuibh, 's e 'togail muile-mhaig o thaobh an rathaid. Thug e seoladh d' a chompanach ciod a bha e ri 'radh 'n uair a thigeadh e a dh-ionnsaidh an tigh-osda ; thuirt e ris e a ghabhail ceum socraich, agus chaidh e fein air adhart thun an tighe. Dh' iarr e guth de fhearr an tighe ; leig e 'fhaicinn a' mhuile-mhag 's dh' fheoraich e am b' urrainn da 'innseadh dha ciod an seorsa eòin a bh' ann. "Cha 'n e eun idir a tha agad, mo dhuine math," ars' an t-òsdair, "ach muile-mhag." "Cha 'n i ach eun," ars' am fear-turais. "Cha 'n 'eil annad ach burraidh a bhi 'saoilsinn gur eun a th' agad," fhreagair fear an tighe. "Cuiridh mi bodach uisge bheatha an geall riut gur eun a th' ann, agus fagaidh sinn a' bhreth aig a' cheud fhear a thig an rathad," ars' am fear-turais. Chaidh an geall a chur, agus cha robh iad fada a' feitheamh a' bhreithimh. Chaidh a ghairm a stigh agus innseadh dha gu 'n robh geall eadar am fear-turais agus an t-osdair m' an creutair a bha aca—co dhiubh a b' eun no muile-mhag a bh' ann—agus gu 'n robh e air 'fhagail aige-san a radh co aca a bha ceart. "Leigibh 'fhaicinn domh an creutair," ars' am breitheamh ; "cha chreid mi nach aithnich mi eun seach muile-mhag." Thug iad an creutair a lathair, agus an deigh amharc air, thuirt e, "*Is e eun gun teagamh a th' ann.*" Chaidh an geall air fear an tighe ; dh' òl iad am bodach uisge-bheatha eatorra, 's thog iad orra.

J. W.

Lag-na-hAbhann, 1874.

KEY F. CAILLEACH BEINN A' BHRIC.



NOTE.—We have to express our obligations to the kind and accomplished Mrs Macdonell of Keppoch for the music of Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric.

SEALGAIR.

Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas,
Nan ciabhag glas, nan ciabhag glas ;
Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas,
'S acfluinneach i shuibhal chàrn.*
Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, ho-ró,
Bhric ho-ró, bhric ho-ró ;
Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, ho ró,
Cailleach mhór an fhuarain àird.

Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,
Nam mogan liath, nam mogan liath ;
Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,
Cha 'n fhaca sinne 'leithid riabh.
Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

Cailleach mhór nan osan fad',
Nan osan fad', nan osan fad';
Cailleach mhór nan osan fad',
'S astarrach i 'n talamh gàrbh.
Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

* Aithris gach ceithreamh dà uair.

D é a thug thu 'n diugh do 'n bhéinn,
N diugh do 'n bheinn, 'n diugh do 'n bheinn?
D é a thug thu 'n diugh do 'n bhéinn?
Chum thu mi gun bhéin, gun sealg.
Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

Bhà thu fhéin 's do bhuidheann fhiadh,
Do bhuidheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh;
Bhà thu fhéin 's do bhuidheann fhiadh,
Air an tràigh ud shios an dé.
Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh,
Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh;
Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh,
Dh' imlich shligean dubh an tràigh.

Ochan! is i 'n dòirionn mhór,
An dòirionn mhór, an dòirionn mhór;
Ochan! is i 'n dòirionn mhór,
A chuir mis' an choill ud thall.

Cha do ghoid mi cliabhan duilisg,
Cliabhan duilisg, cliabhan duilisg;
Cha do ghoid mi cliabhan duilisg,
'S cha mhò ghoid mi ribeag chàil.
Ochan! etc.

'S mór gu 'n b' annsa bhiolair uain',
A' bhiolair uain', a' bhiolair uain';
'S mor gu 'm b' annsa bhiolair uain'
Bhios air bruaich an fhuarain àird.
Ochan! etc.

Cha 'n ioghnadh mi bhi dubh, ho-ró,
Dubh, ho-ró, dubh, ho-ró;
Cha 'n ioghnadh mi bhi dubh, ho-ró,
H-uile là a muigh, o h-i.
Ochan! etc.

Cha 'n ioghnadh mi bhi fliuch, fuar,
Fliuch, fuar, fliuch, fuar;
Cha 'n ioghnadh mi bhi fliuch, fuar,
H-uile h-uair a muigh gu bràth.
Ochan! etc.

'S ann an siod tha bhuidheann fhiadh;
Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh;
'S ann an siod tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
Seachad an sliabh dubh ud thall.
Ochan! etc.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE, — Bliadhna mhath ùr dhut agus moran diubh. Tha mi cinnteach gu 'n robh tha am beachd nach tigeadh Cailleach Beinn a'-Bhric; is fada bho 'n gheall mi dhut i; ach seo agad i mu dheireadh. Air eagal 's nach bi do luchd-leughaidh uile eolach oirre leig leam facal no dhà d'a h-eachdraidh a thoirt daibh:—B i Cailleach Beinn a'-Bhric bean-shith a bhiodh na sealgairean air uairibh a' faicinn ag cuallach agus a' bleoghann nam fiadh 's a luinneag fhein aice am Beinn-a'-Bhric. An uair a thigeadh dùdlachh a' gheamhraidh bhìteadh ga faicinn ga 'n iomain romh Ghleann-Nibheis thun na traghad agus bhiodh mnathan an t-shratha ag cur oirre gu 'm biodh i ag cromadh air an duileasg 's air an cuid càil; ach, a reir a h-uile cunntais bu chréutair ro-neochiontach i, 's tha i fhéin ga saoradh fhéin, mar a chìtear 's an òran. Cleas "Mhic-an-riochd," sealgair sa bith a chìtheadh a' chailleach, dh' fhaodadh e bhi cìnnteach an latha sin nach éirgheadh an t-shealg leis. Bliadhna bha 'n siod, ris a' gharbh-fhrasaich fhoghair, chualas gu 'm facas i stigh an gleann mar a b' àbhaist; agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n do smaoinich sealgair tapaidh bha 'n sin a' bheinn-sheilg a thoirt air. Thog e air, ach ged a bha e bho mhoch gu dubh 'air lorg an fhéidh,' cha d' éirich an t-shealg leis. An ciaradh nan tràth ghabh e mu thàmh am bothan-seilge air Ruighe mor Feith-Chiarain, 's thòisich e air fadadh teine; agus (le doimheadas), air facail-orain a dheanamh air a fonn fhéin. Cha d' fhuair e ach ceithreamh no dhà dheanamh an uair a chual e tighin i 's luinneag aice ga gabhail mar a b' àbhaist. Rinn i seasamh mu chionneamh aig an uinneig 's chuir i fàilte air. "Chuala mi gu 'n d' fhuair thu allaban mór an diugh le seachran-seilge," ars' ise, "'s thainig mi á Lagan-na Féithe gu Ruighe mor Feith-Chiarain bho 'n a bhuail thu an ciad bhéum teine, a thoirt buaidh na seilge dhut. Bidh mise am màireach a' bleoghann nam fiadh mar is àbhaist. Am fear nach

seas rium, buailidh mi cnaigein na buaraich air. Beachdaich thusa gu math air an fhear sin—dean cuimse mhath agus bidh buaidh ort. Rinn e mar a dh' iarr i, 's bha buaidh na seilge air bho 'n latha sin.

Ged nach robh a' Chailleach na còmhalaiche math do na sealgairean bha i na deadh bhancharaid do na ceatharnaich-choille — is minig a fhuair iad bhuaipe sanas mu 'n tòir. Tha ìnnse-sgeoil againn air i lheanamh sinaig ceann Loch-Ciarain agus an Uisge-Labhair; ach fóghnaidh dhomh ìnnse gu 'n b' ann an riochd boirionnaich mhóir 's i glanadh mionaich éisg a b' àbhaist d' i i fhéin a nochdadh dhaibhsan.

Bha miadachd mhór 's a' chaillich —theirteadh gu 'm buaileadh a glùn an t-àrd-dorus. Bhiodh bréid breac, ballach mu ceann, 's ciabhagan fada, glas a sìos a dà ghuallainn: uair a chìteadh osain oirre, agus uair mogain; ach cha 'n fhacas riabh i gun sumaig de phlaide bhuidhe uimpe. An uair a chìtear aodach buidhe, pleurann theirear 's a' Bhràighe gus an latha an diugh, gu 'm beil e 'cho buidhe ri plaide cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric.'

B' ann de fhrìdh Loch-Tréig a bha Beinn-a'-Bhric; agus their feadhain gu 'm b' ann do Dhònull mac Fhionnlaidh nan dàn a thug a' Chailleach a' bhuaidh-sheilge; ach, cia dhiùbh, cha 'n eileas an teagamh nach fear de shealgairean Mhic-'ic-Raonuill a fhuair i.

Bheir mi dhut Sruth-Bhleoghann Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric. Is ann aig Iain Mac Ghilleasbaig a chuala mi e. Bhìteadh ga chluich air an truimb. Cha 'n eil duil agam gu 'n robh facail riabh air; ma bha cha bu chuimhne le Iain an cluinntinn. Chuir mi sìos e an canntaireachd, dìreach mar a ghabh esan domh e. Tha tìm a' phuirt a' freagairt do 'n bhleoghann.

SRUTH-BHLEOGHANN.

Dohao hăhan—Dihó hó.
Dohao hahan—Dihó hà. Dohao, etc.

Dohì hăhan—Dihó hó
Dohì hahan—Dihó hà. Dohì, etc.

Dohó hó—Dohé hé.
Dohó hó—Dohò hà. Dohó, etc.

Dóichinn, dóichinn—Daoichinn, daoichinn.
Dóichinn, dóichinn—Dóichinn, dà. Doichinn, etc.

Dihó hoichinn—Doichinn do.
Diho hoichinn—Doichinn das.
Doho hoichinn—Doichinn do.
Diho hoichinn—Dàichinn dà. Diho, etc.

Dohan didal—Dohan dădal
Dohan didal—Dohan didal
Dohan didal—Dohan dadal. Dohan, etc.

Dochadro didal—Dochadro dadal;
Dochadro didal—Dochadro didal;
Dóchadro didal—Dóchadro dadal. Dochadro, etc.
Doichinndrinn, doichinndrinn,
Doichinndrinn, doichinndrinn,
Doichinndrinn, doichinndrinn,
Doichinndrinn, dàichinndrinn,
Doichinndrinn, etc.
Dohan hahan—Diho ho.
Dahao hahan—Diho ho, etc.

Chuala mi feadhain ag ràdh gur h-ann aig Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric a bhiodh an luinneag seo cuideachd; cha teid mi dian 's a' chùis, ach ma's briag bhuam e 's briag gu m' ionnsaidh e.

M' aghan fhìn thu,
M' aghan fhìn thu,
M' aghan fhìn thu,
M' aghan donn.
'S e 'n t-aghan guaillfhionn,
Nach teid do 'n bhuailidh,
Cha 'n iarr i buarach,
'S cha bhuail i laogh.
An uair bhios sioman
Air crodh na tire,
Bidh buarach-shìthe
Air m' aghan donn;
Bidh buarach àigeach
Air crodh na h-àiridh
'S bidh buarach àluinn
Air m' aghan donn.
M' aghan, etc.

D' fhaicinn slàn,

ABRACH.

An Tom-buidhe,
An t-Sheana Challainn, 1874.

NA MORAIREAN-DEARG AGUS AN T-SABAID.

Tha e 'n a chleachdadh 's an rioghachd so, gu'n dean na Morairean-Dearg cuairt a chur da uair 's a' bhliadhna, air bailtibh araidh air feadh na duthcha, a thoirt breith air luchd droch-bheirt de gach gne, agus a chumail chuirtean sonraichte chum na criche sin. Thachair e gu'n d' thainig na Morairean gu aon de na bailtibh-duthcha so aig deireadh seachduin ann am mios meadhonach an fhogharaidh. Chaidh a shonrachadh, uime sin, gu'n comhlaicheadh a' chuirt air Disathairne. An deigh dhoibh dol troimh na riaghailtean gnathaichte, agus na h-uiread de ghnothaichibh beaga a thoirt gu crich, chuir iad seachad a' chuirt gu Diluain. Aig dunadh na cuirt air Disathairne, bha an sin aon de'n luchd-deuchainn; 's e sin aon de na cuig daoine deug a ta air am mionnachadh gu binn cheart a thoirt a mach a reir nam fianuis; agus thainig e dh'ionnsuidh nam Morairean, ag iarraidh cead gu dol dhachaidh an oidhche sin. Is e am freagradh a fhuair e cuireadh fhaotuinn chum a dhinneir a ghabhail maille riu air an fheasgair sin. Dheonaich e so a dheanamh, ach aig an am cheudna, thubhairt e gu'n robh e an dochas gu'n leigeadh iad dha am baile fhagail air an oidhche sin fein, a chionn gu'n robh e ro iarrtach air faotuinn dhachaidh. Chuir e a chomhairle aig an am ri fear-coimhead a' phriosain a bha 'n a sheasamh laimh ris, ciod a dheanadh e, agus ciod a dh'eireadh dha na 'n rachadh e dhachaidh gu'n fhios gu'n aire do na Morairibh. "Mo chomhairle-sa dhuit," deir fear-coimhead a' phriosain "na feuch ri leithid de chleas."—Bha cuideachd mhor aig an dinneir. Shuidh an da bhreitheamh aig ceann a' bhuird mar is gnath leo a dheanamh. Bha na h-uiread dhe'n luchd-lagha an sin, agus moran dhaoin'-uaisle eile, a thuilleadh air luchd-riaghlaidh a' bhaile. Goirid an deigh na dinneir, ghabh an tuathanach air fein labhairt ris na breitheamhnaibh, agus an ni ceudna iarraidh a ris, 's e sin cead gu faotuinn dhachaidh. "Ciod a ta 'cur cabhaig co mor dhachaidh ort an nochd?" deir aon de na Morairibh ris, "tha fios agad nach 'eil obair na cùirte thairis, agus c'ar son nach fanadh tu an so co math ri muinntir eile agus nach deanadh tu do dhleas'nas gu toilichte do d' dhuthaich?"—"A Mhorair," deir an tuathanach" cuiridh mi sin an ceill duit ann am beagan bhriathraibh; tha mi am thuathanach aig am bheil gabhail-fearainn, a tha mor agus cudthromach. Tha'n earrann a's mo de'n bharr agam air a ghearradh sios, agus 'n a luidhe ann an droch staid air na raointibh. Thaobh nan uisgeachan troma a thuit o chionn seachduin air ais, tha eagal orm gu'n caill mi e, agus gu'n teid e gu h-iomlan a dholaidh. Bha'n aimsir an de agus an diugh moran ni's fearr, agus ma leanas e mar sin gu ruig an la maireach, feudar a chruinneachadh gu leir gu glan, sabhailte do'n loinn." "A chruinneachadh do'n loinn, an e a thubhairt thu? Am bheil thu 'n ad cheill? Am bheil thu da-rireadh a' cur romhad toirt air do sheirbhisich an t-arbhar agad a chròdhadh air la na Sabaid?" "Tha gu'n teagamh" deir an tuathanach, "agus a reir mo bharail-sa, cha b' urrainn iad ni a' b'fhearr a dheanamh na bhi 'tearnadh toradh na talmhainn chum feumalachd gach duine agus ainmhidh.

Tha mi ro chinnteach gu'm bi an t-Uile-chumhachdach ni 's toilichte a bhi 'g am faicinn ris an obair f heumail sin air a la fein, na bhi 'g am faicinn a' dol gu tigh-aoraidh sam bith, agus gach arbhar agus por a dol a dholaidh leis an uisge agus leis na siantaibh." Mu'n do chriochnaich e gach ni bu mhiann leis a radh, ghrad-thionndaidh am Morair air a chaithir, agus dh' amhairc e an clar an eudainn air an tuathanach, agus thubhairt e le guth a thug air a' chuideachd gu leir a bhi 'n an tosd. "Fhir gu'n cheill, gu'n naire, gu'n chreideamh, cha'n'eil thu gu cinnteach a' smuaineachadh air na briathraibh agus barailibh meallach, mi-dhiadhaidh a chuir thu an ceill! Na'n deanadh tu an ni a tha thu a' runachadh, bhiodh tu ciontach do ni eagallach,—bhiodh tu 'deanamh tair agus tarcuis air laghannaibh do dhuthcha, agus 'g am briseadh,—bhiodh tu gu dana, agus gu h-aingidh a' cur lagha naomha Dhe ann an suarachas, agus bhiodh tu 'g ad dheanamh fein buailteach do shearbh-pheanas. Mar deanadh an luchd-ceartais mu'n cuairt duit greim ort, agus do lamhan agus do chasan a cheangal, bhiodh iad a' dearnad an dleas'nais. Ach a thuilleadh air sin, bhiodh tu, mar a thubhairt mi, a' briseadh aitheantan an Tighearna do Dhe, agus 'g ad dheanamh fein buailteach do throm-chorruich an Ti Uile-bheannuichte sin. Ach cha'n e so e uile, bhiodh tu a' nochdadh le d' ghiulan aingidh fein, an-earbsa á freasdal De, ni 'bu choir a bhi 'n a aobhar naire do neach sam bith a ta, eadhon o'n leth a mach, ag aideachadh a' chreidimh Chriosduidh — dean suidhe far am bheil thu, oir cha charraich cas diot á so gus am bi gnothuch na cuirte thairis." An sin thionndaidh am Morair a ghnuis riu-san uile a bha mu'n bhord maille ris, agus le guth laidir, beothail, sgairteil, thubhairt e,—"Fhad 's is beo mi air an talamh measaidh mi e 'n a dhleasnas domh a bhi 'cur an aghaidh gach oibre a ghabhas seachnadh air la na sàbaid. Tha e ceart uil' oibre na h-eiginn agus na trocaire a dheanamh air an la naomha sin, oir tha ughdarras againn o'n Ti Bheannaichte a chuir an t-Sabaid air a cois chum sin a dheanamh. Ma thuiteas tuil as na speuraibh, agus gu'm bi bhur barr an cunnart a bhi air a sguabadh air falbh leis na bras-shruthaibh, agus a bhi mar sin air a chall, gu cinnteach tha e 'n a obair dhligheach agus cheaduichte greim a dheanamh air, eadhon air an t-Sabaid, chum nach caillear e. Ach is eagallach an ni a bhi 'tarruing dhachaidh por sam bith air an la sin, gun leisgeul air a shon, agus is gniomh graineil e nach bi air a cheadachadh, tha mi 'n dochas, ann an duthaich Chriosduidh sam bith. Uime sin, chomhairlichean dhuit-sa, a' thuanaich mhi-churamaich, ma's miannach leat soirbheachadh 's an t-saoghal a ta lathair, cuir do dhochas ann am freasdal an Tighearna. Na biodh a dhanadas agad a la naomhsan a bhriseadh, mar a bha thu 'curromhad a dheanamh, agus na dean thu fein buailteach do ghreim a bhi air a ghabhail ort le lagh na duthcha. Gabh fois, dean an gnothuch air son an d'thugadhan so thu, agus air da sin a bhi thairis, thoir do dhachaidh ort co luath 's a ghiulaineas do chasan thu, agus an sin, cruinnich le d' uile dhicholl an toirbheartas a bhuilich Tighearna an fhogharaidh ort.

S.

———o———

Tha esan nach toir maitheanas do dhaoin' eile a' bristeadh na drochaid air an eiginn da fein dol thairis; oir tha feum aig gach neach air maitheanas.

Tha atharrachadh mor eadar sonas agus gliocas. Tha esan gun teagamh sona a tha da-rireadh a' creidsinn gu 'm bheil e sona; ach is amadan an duine sin a tha 'g a mheas fein ni 's glice na gach neach eile mu 'n cuairt da.

FACAL D' AR LUCHD-LEUGHAIDH.

Tha an aireamh so d' an GHAIDHEAL 'g a thoirt gu crich na dara bliadhna d' a thuras am measg a luchd-duthcha, agus tha e 'g a mheas so 'n a àm freagarrach gu chur an geill ann am facal no 'dha, ciamar a chaidh gabhail ris air a chuairt re na bliadhna, agus ciod a tha e a' cur roimhe a dheanamh anns an àm ri teachd. Feumaidh e' aideachadh gu saor gu 'n deachaidh 'fhailteachadh gu cridheil anns gach aite 's an do nochd e e fein, agus b' iomadh sin eadar Canada 's an airde tuath agus Australia 's an airde deas; faodar a radh uime mar thuirt am bard,—

"Tha do chairdean laidir, lionmhor,
Anns gach tir a tha m' an cuairt."

Dh' iarradh e bhi a' tairgseadh taing agus buidheachais dhoibhsan gu leir a shin an lamh dha, araon le bhi 'deanamh a bheatha gu caoimhneil agus 'g a chumail suas "le 'm pinn, le 'n cinn, 's le 'n sporanan," oir is ann daibhsan a bhuineas an cliu air son gach maise agus buaidh a bha 'n a shiubhal, agus a dh' fhag e airidh air gean-math a luchd-duthcha anns gach ionad d' an t-saoghal. Cha 'n urrainn e na's fhearr a dheanamh, mar roimh-fhoillseachadh air ciod ris am faod suil a bhi aig a chairdean uaith air a' bhliadhna ri teachd, na 'innseadh dhaibh gu bheil na ceart uaislean a sheas air a chulaobh roimhe so, agus moran d' an tuilleadh, a' gealltainn nach fag iad e 's nach diobair iad a chuis air a' bhliadhna ri teachd. Tha an *Sgiathanach*, an *t-Abrach*, am *Muileach*, agus an *Runasdach*, a' gealltainn nach bi maileid a GHAIDHEIL falamh cho fhad 's a mhaireas sgeulachdan agus seann eachdraidh no puirt agus orain na Gaidhealtachd dhaibh. Gheobhar duanagan laghach bho *A.M.*, bho *Mhairi Nic-Eallair*, agus bho *Mhac-Oidhche*. Tha *Alasdair Ruadh* a' cur roimhe, ma sheasas a chlaisteachd dha, nach sguir e a dh-fharcluais air comhraidhnean taitneach Mhurachaidh agus Choinnich; agus tha *Mac-Mharcuis* ag radh mur urrainn da figheadaireachd a dheanamh do 'n GHAIDHEAL, gu 'm feuch e bhi ri dathadaireachd—mar dean e clò ùr gu'n cuir e dath air clò dhaoin' eile; ach bu mhor a b' annsa breacan Gaidhealach o lamh a' bhreabadair "na 'n clo 's fearr a thig á Sasunn," ge b'e air bith cho teoma 's a bhiodh an dathadair. Tha *P. Mac-Griogair*, *Cona*, *D. B. B.*, *Bard Loch-fine*, agus *D. B.* a' gealltainn cuideachadh a chur a nall thar chuantan—ach c'arson a bhiomaid a feuchainn ri 'n ainmeachadh gu leir a tha a' tairgseadh an comhnaidh? Mor agus fiachail ged a tha gach aon de na dh' ainmich sinn—agus bu chalma an sgioba iad ri uchd fairge,—cha bu mhath gu 'm b' urrainnear luchd-cuideachaidh a' GHAIDHEIL gu leir a chur sios ann an oisinn bhig mar so —"Is lóm an tràigh air an cunntar na faochagan." Is leoir a radh ann an aon fhacal,—ma rinn an sgioba laidir agus eireachdail a bha leis a' GHAIDHEAL air a' bhliadhn' a chaidh seachad, an gnothach cho ro-mhath, gur cinnteach nach bi a' bhliadhna ri teachd dad air dheireadh, leis an sgioba cheudna, cho math ri airimh mhoir de luchd-cuideachaidh ùr agus foghainteach eile nach do shuidh fhathast air chul raimh.

Facal 's an Dealachadh.

Tha sinn duilich nach 'eil aite againn air son Naidhcachdan, no facal d 'ar luchd cuideachaidh air a' mhios so. Feumar ar leth-sgeul a ghabhail gus an ath mhios.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 345.)

213. *Fàidh* and *prophet.*

Fàidh (prophet; anc. *fáith*) = Lat. *vates* (diviner, prophet), which is connected with Gr. *phēmi*, from *phaō*, Sansk. *bhâ*. *Prophet* is from Lat. *prophetes* = Gr. *prophētēs* (from *pro* and *phēmi*).

214. *Claidheamh* (sword; anc. *claideb*) = W. *cleddyf* and Arm. *clezef*, and is cognate with Lat. *gladius*, although, according to rule, Gaelic *c* should represent Lat. *c*, not *g*. For anc. *b* = mod. *m* cf. *nóeb* and *naomh* (holy). Cf. Fr. *glaive* (sword).

215. *Claoidh* (destruction, ruin) may be compared with Lat. *clades*, (loss, injury, disaster). Bopp refers *clades* to the Sansk. root *klath* (to injure, slay). For *aoi* = *a* cf. the next word.

216. *Faon* or *faoin*, and *vain.*

Faon or *faoin* (vain) corresponds to Lat. *vanus* (vain), Fr. *vain*, Eng. *vain*. Cf. p. 279. Gael *f* = Lat *v* by rule.

217. *Cruaidh* and *crude.*

Cruaidh (hard; anc. *cruad* = *crod*) may be compared with Lat. *crudus* (hard, inflexible) from which Eng. *crude* is derived.

218. *Caille*, *Cailleach*, and *pall.*

Caille (a veil or cowl) may be compared with Lat. *pallium* (a cloak or mantle) from which it is probably derived. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 114. *Cailleach*, (a nun, an old woman) is from *caille*. *Pall* is from *pallium*. Gael. *c* frequently = Lat. *p*.

219. *Cleachd* and *plait.*

Cleachd (plait; anc. *clecht*) = W. *plethu* and corresponds to Lat. *plecto* (to plait, braid), Gr. *plekō* (to plait, twine, twist), Old H. Ger. *flehtan*, New H. Ger. *flechten* (to braid, twist), Dan. *flette* (to plait, braid). Eng. *plait* is derived from Lat. *plecto* through Old Fr. *ploit*. Cf. Gael. *cleachd* (a tress, a lock of hair) with Ger. *flechte* (a lock of hair).

220. *Feasgar* and *vesper.*

Feasgar (evening; anc. *fescor* or *fescar*) corresponds to W. *ucher*, Cor, *gwespar*, Arm. *gousper*, Lat. *vesper*, Gr. *hesperos*, Lith. *vakaras*, Slav. *veczeru*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, pp. 112, 161. Eng. *vesper* = Lat. *vesper*. Ebel observes that he "cannot look upon *fescor* or *fescar* as borrowed, for the Welsh *ucher*, as opposed to Corn. *gwesper*, Arm. *gousper*, likewise betrays a guttural (*ch* = *sc*)."

221. *Deas* (south, right-hand); anc. *des* = W. *deheu*, Corn. *dyghow*, and corresponds to *dex-* in Gr. *dexios* and Lat. *dexter*. Cf. Sansk. *dakshina* (right-hand), Goth. *taihsvo* (right), Old Ger. *zeso* (right, *dexter*), A.S. *teso* (the right). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 71; Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 178; Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch. *D* in Gaelic, Greek, and Latin corresponds to *t* in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and English, and *s* in Gaelic frequently corresponds to *x* in Greek and Latin.

222. *Clì* (left-handed) corresponds to W. *cledd* (the left), Goth. *hlei* (cf. *hleiduma*, left, sinister), Sansk. *çrî*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 71, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

223. *Briathar*, *bruidheann*, and *word*.

Briathar (word) may be compared with Gr. *Fratra* for *rhētra* (word, saying), from *rheō* (to speak; = *Freō*) which Curtius, Bopp, and Liddell and Scott refer to the Sansk. root *brû* (to speak). Cf. *bris* and *rhēgnūmi* (= *Frēgnūmi* or *Fragnūmi*), Lat. *frango*, *fregi*. With *rheō* (= *Freō*) and *ereō* (= *Fereō*) are cognate Lat. *verbum* (from which come Ir. *fearb*, word, and Eng. *verb*) and Goth. *vaurd* (word), Ger. *wort* (word), Ice. *ord* (word), and A.S. and Eng. *word*. *Bruidheann* (speaking, talking) is connected with Sansk. *brû* (to speak). Cf. Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 267, Diefenbach's Goth. Vergl. Wörterbuch, vol. i. p. 199, Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 308, Garnett's Essays, p. 245, and Liddell and Scott's Lexicon.

224. *Maoin*, *dìomhain*, *comain*, *comunn*, *cumant* or *cumanta*, and *common*.

Maoin (goods, property; anc. *main* and *máen* for *mœn*) may be compared with Lat. *munia* and *mœnia* (offices, places of trust). *Munia* is from the adjective *munis* (from *munus*, office, function, gift). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 30. *Dìomhain* (idle) was anciently *dimain* (= *di-main*) from *main* with the privative prefix *di*. *Comain* (obligation, favour) was anciently *commain* (= *com-main*) from *main* with the prefix *com*. *Comunn* (communion; W. *cymmun*) is from Lat. *communis* (= *com-munis*), from which comes also Eng. *common*. *Cumant* or *cumanta* is from *common*. Curtius compares (Gr. Etymology, p. 290) *munie*, *munis*, *munus*, *communis*, &c., with the Sansk. root *mû* (to bind). Cf. Stokes' Goidilica, p. 178, where *muenib* (dat. plur.) for *moenib* is equated with *muneribus*.

225. *Glic* (wise) is cognate with Ger. *klug*, Goth. *glaggvus*, Old Ice. *glöggr*, A. S. *gleav*. Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 130.

226. *Car* (a turn) may be compared with Ger. *kêhr* (a turn), Dut. *keer* (a turn), A. S. *cer* (a turn, bending).

227. *Ceil* and *conceal*.

Ceil (conceal; anc. *cél*) = W. *celu* and corresponds to Lat. *celo* (to conceal), Dan. *hæle* (to conceal), Goth. *huljan* (to conceal), Ger. *hehlen* (to conceal), A. S. *helan* (to conceal), Old Eng. *hele* and *hill* (to cover, hide). *Conceal* is from Lat. *concelo* (= *con* and *celo*). *C* in Gaelic and Latin frequently = *h* in the Teutonic languages.

228. *Iasg* and *fish*.

Iasg (fish; anc. *iasc*) = W. *pysg* and corresponds to Lat. *piscis* (fish), Dan. *fisk* (fish), Goth. *fisks*, Ger. *fisch*, A. S. *fisc*, Eng. *fish*. Initial p. is frequently dropped in Gaelic.

229. *Athair* and *father*.

Athair (father; anc. *athir*) corresponds to Lat. *pater* (father), Gr. *patēr*, Sansk. *pitar*, Old Ger. *fatar*, New H. Ger. *vater*, Dan. *fader*, Goth. *fadar*, A. S. *faedar*, Eng. *father*. The root is *pa* (to feed).

230. *Lèir* (many) corresponds to Lat. *plerus* (most, the most), Gr. *plerēs* (full of). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 38.

231. *Ath* (a ford) corresponds to Gr. *patos* (trodden or beaten way, path). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 38.

232. *Fan* (to remain, abide) is cognate with Ger. *wohnen* (to dwell, abide). Gael. *f* frequently = Ger. *w*.

233. *Ubh* and *egg*.

Ubh (egg) = W. *wy* and may be compared with Lat. *ovum* (egg), Gr. *ōon* (Gr.; = ōFon), Old H. Ger. *ei*, plur. *eigir*, A. S. *aey*, Eng. *egg*. Liddell and Scott mention that Hesychius quotes *ōbeon* as an Argive form. Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology,

p. 350, and Liddell and Scott's Dictionary.

234. *Leig* (permit, leave; anc. *leic)* corresponds to Lat. *linquo* (to leave), Gr. *leipō* (to leave), Goth. *laiba* (remnant, remains), Eng. *leave.*

235. *Bodhar, bann,* and *bind, band.*

Bodhar (deaf; anc. *bodra* in acc. plur.) = W. *byddar,* Corn. *bothar,* Arm. *bouzar.* It is connected with Sansk. *badhirá* (deaf) which Bopp derives from the root *bandh* (to bind), *bundh* (to bind). With *bandh, bundh,* are connected Goth. *band* (to bind), A.S. *bindan* (to bind), *band* (that by which anything is bound), Eng. *bind, band,* Gael. *bann.* Cf. Bopp's Gloss., p. 262, and Nigra's Turin Glosses, p. 14.

236. *Ceangal.*

Ceangal (binding; in Mid. Gael. *Cengal)* = W. *cengl,* both connected with, if not derived from, Lat. *cingulum* (a girdle) from *cingo* (to gird, to tie about). Cf. Stokes' Glosses, p. 52.

237. *Slaight, slaightear,* and *slight.*

Slaight (roguery, villany) may be compared with Ger. *schlecht* (bad, base, dishonest), Dut. *slecht* (bad, base, slight), Eng. *slight. Slaightear* (rogue, villain) is from *slaight.* Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch, pp. 264, 265.

238. *Sliochd* (offspring) may be compared with Dan. *slægt* (race, family), Ger. *ge-schlecht* (race, stock, family).

239. *Sleuchd* or *sleachd* (to bend, to kneel; anc. *slechtaim,* I kneel) is cognate with, if not derived from, Lat. *flecto* (I bend, bow). Gael. *s,* as previously shown, frequently = Lat. *f.*

240. *Sleamhain* and *slip.*

Sleamhain or *sleamhuinn* (slippery; anc. *slemain,* of which *slemon* = W. *llyfn,* f. *llefn,* is a sister-form) may be compared with Ger. *schleifen* (to polish smooth) and *schlüpfen* (to slip), Low. Dut. *slupen* and *slippen* (to slip away), A.S. *slipan* (to slip), Eng. *slip.* Cf. Stokes' Glosses, p. 84.

241. *Mùg* or *mùig, smùcan,* and *smoke.*

Mùg or *mùig* (mist, smoke, gloom) = W. *mwg* and is cognate with Dut. *smook,* Ger. *schmauch,* A.S. *smeoc, smook,* Eng. *smoke.* Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary. Gael. *smùcan* (smoke; akin to *mùg)* = W. *ysmuccan* (a little smoke, mist, fog), and is perhaps connected with Gr. *smuchō* (to burn in a slow, smouldering fire).

242. *Alt, àrm;* Gr. *arthron;* Lat. *artus;* Eng. *article, art, arm, arms.*

These words form part of a numerous family of words derived from a root *ar.* Cf. Gr. **arō* (to join, to fit together) and Sansk. *ar* (to go) in Bopp's Glossary, pp. 19, 20. *Alt* (joint) corresponds to Lat. *artus* (joint), Gr. *arthron* (joint). Eng. *article* is from Lat. *articulus* (a little joint; diminutive of *artus). Art* is from Lat. *ars, artis* (art), a derivative from Gr. *arō. Arm* (lit. a joint, the limb extending from the shoulder to the hand) corresponds to A. S. *arm,* Lat. *armus,* Gr. *harmos,* from *arō. Arms* is from Lat. *arma,* which is either from *armus* or from the perf. pas. of *arō.* With *arma* the Gael. words *àrm* (a weapon, arms, army) and *àrmaich* (to arm) are connected.

In reference to Gael. *alt* and Lat. *artus* it may be noticed that the liquids *l* and *r* frequently interchange. Cf. the Gaelic words *cuirm* and *cuilm, grinn* and *glinn, searbhag* and *sealbhag.*

243. *Torann* or *torrunn.*

Torann or *torrunn* (thunder) = W. *taran* and may be compared with Dan. *torden* (thunder).

(To be continued.)

COMAL AND GALVINA.

(Rendered into rhyme almost verbatim from Macpherson's translation of Ossian's *Fingal.*

Comal was chief of hundred hills.
His deer drank from a thousand rills.
A thousand rocks with blending sounds
Reverbed the baying of his hounds.
His countenance was mild and young;
His arm, the death of heroes strong.
One was his love, and she was fair,—
Like raven wing her glossy hair,—
Brave Conloch's daughter, full of grace,—
A sunbeam pure among her race.
Her dogs she taught to chase the hind;
Her bow-string sounded on the wind.
On Comal brave her soul was set;
Their eyes of love oft kindling met.
In the loud chase their course was one;
And sweet their converse when alone.
But Grumal also sought her hand,—
Dark chief of Ardven's gloomy land.
He watched her lone steps on the heath,
And wished unhappy Comal's death.
One hunt-day, weary of the field,
When kindly mist their friends concealed,
Galvina fair and Comal brave
Retired alone to Ronan's Cave.—
Comal frequented oft its halls;
His arms hung round its rocky walls;—
A hundred shields of bossy hide,
A hundred sounding helms beside.
"Rest here," he said, "Galvina dear,
Thou light of Ronan's Cave, rest here.
A deer on Mora's brow I see.
I go, but soon return to thee."
"I fear," she said, "my deadly foe;
Dark Grumal haunts this cave; but go.
Among thy arms I'll safe remain,
But soon, my love, return again."
He went. She sought his love to test.
Her fair form in his arms she dressed;
And thus equipped from top to toe,
Strode forth; he thought it was his foe;
His colour changed, his heart beat high,
And darkness dimmed his wrathful eye;
He drew his bow, the arrow fled;
Galvina fell in blood. He sped
With hurried steps and called his love.
No answer in the rocks above.
"Speak, Conloch's daughter, it is I."
But echo only mocked his cry.
He saw, at length, her heaving heart
Beating around the feathered dart.
"Galvina, is it thou?" he cried,
And sank despairing by her side.
The huntsmen found the hapless pair,
And afterwards he hunted there;
But oft with silent steps he strode
Round fair Galvina's dark abode.
From ocean came the invading fleet;
He fought; they fled in foul defeat.
Assailing death he did not shun;
But who could slay the hero? None.
Away his dark brown shield he threw;
An arrow found his bosom true.
He and his loved Galvina sleep
Beside the lonely sounding deep.
The mariner can see their graves,
When bounding o'er the northern waves.

JEAN BLANC.

———o———

SCOTTISH KIRK MUSIC.

A Song respectfully dedicated to a certain worthy representative of the Precentor fraternity.

BY EVAN M'COLL.

AIR—"*Alister Macalister.*"

How can'st thou, "Mac," with conscience clear,
Persist in murd'ring music here?
Have pity on us, and forbear
This owlet harmonie.
A choir of ghosts would less appal
Than those dread tones you singing call:
One would need ears as deaf's a wall
To stand such melodie!
O weary sir, O weary sir!
'Twould tire a saint to hear thee, sir;
Job's patience, were he near thee, sir,
Would quick exhausted be!

There's something lively in the chaunt
Of tom-cats on a spree gallant;
The bull-frog, though his notes be scant,
Ne'er strikes a drawling key;
But of the way *you* drawl and drone
The language of de-vo-ti-on,
Some dying crummie's latest groan
The model seems to be!
O weary sir, O weary sir!
If David could but hear thee, sir,
He well might wish some thistle-burr
A-down thy throat to see.

Now some old wife's asthmatic croon
Seems the sole spirit of the tune;
Now, some long *ba-a* would reach the moon
Breaks from thy choir and thee;
And now the climax grand you reach—
A something 'tween a scream and screech,
Your sole ambition seeming which
The most can torture me.
O weary sir, O weary sir!
O dismal, dismal, dreary sir!
A whip-saw rasped, or yelping cur,
I'd sooner stand than thee.

The "Kist o' whistles" may be bad,
But where's the mortal man, not mad,
Who once heard *you*, would not right glad,
Give it a welcome free?

O! any, anything at all
To drown this kirk-nursed caterwaul!
How Scotland *it* can music call
None but herself can see.
O weary sir, O weary sir!
Small wonder, listening near thee, sir,
I sometimes wish thyself and choir,
Down where the mermaids be!

——-o——

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

ABERDEEN.—A conversazione of Highlanders was held here lately when it was resolved that a Gaelic Society should be formed similar to those which have succeeded so well in Inverness, Greenock, and other places.

EDINBURGH.—The Sutherland Association held its annual gathering on Monday, the 12th January. Mr John Macdonald, president, occupied the chair. The meeting was addressed by the Chairman, Dr Maclauchlan, Mr Taylor Innes, and other gentlemen. The proceedings were altogether most interesting.

INVERNESS.—The second annual supper of the Gaelic society took place in the Caledonian Hotel, on the evening of Tuesday, the 14th January. There was a large attendance. Cluny MacPherson, Esq., of Cluny, chief of the society, occupied the chair, while Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, of Gairloch, Bart and Sheriff Macdonald acted as croupiers. Addresses were delivered by the chairman (in Gaelic), Mr Murdoch of the *Highlander*, Mr John Macdonald, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr Rose, Dr Charles Mackay, and others. The proceedings were enlivened by the excellent bagpipe selections of the society's piper, Maclennan, and the singing of appropriate songs, Gaelic and English, by various members of the company.

EDINBURGH.—The members of the Edinbrgh Shinty Club (Cuideachd-Chamanachd Dhuneideann) which still flourishes in Auld Reekie, had their annual game once more in the Queen's Park on New-Year's day—a day as inauspicious, on account of the high wind, as has ever yet been experienced, except on the occasion of the Club's first match with the 93d Regiment, two years ago, when there blew a perfect hurricane; but as it is the rule of the Club to play on that day let the weather be what it may, about twelve noon the "kilted lads" began to gather, and soon thereafter the "Caman" was thrown to the "Senior Member," Mr. M'Alpine, by Mr. Forbes; and after the hand over first process had been performed, and the necessary enquiries had been made and answered, each proceeded to choose his side, Quickly did the former, who had the first "pick," single out the athletic Pat Cameron, better known as Corriechoile;" quite as eagerly was his brother George selected by the other side, thus dividing the house, so to say against itself. Thereafter the selections went on briskly for the first half-dozen or so on both sides, the well-tried Sandy Macdonald from Skye, the skilful Cattanach, big Sandy Cameron from Dochanassie, Sutherland, M'Nicol, Macleod, and so on, *usque ad*, &c., went the alternate calls, till the surrounding crowd was divided by two rows of brawny, kilt-girded, shinty-armed, and eager players, "eager (as Professor Blackie has it) to leap as a mettlesome 'hound' into the fight with a plunge and a bound," Rosettes, blue and red, were distributed, the "veteran" choosing the red. The sides being judiciously placed, the ball was "asked," and in the twinkling of an eye "sud 'm badaibh a cheile bha na seoid." The 'runs" were frequent and exciting, and by one of these, and the fortunate position of George Cameron, who drove the hail, was the first hail won to the "Blues," amid shouts of triumph from them, and yells of what was taken for sympathetic applause from the "public." Sides being changed and some rearrangements made, the "Reds" resolved to win, and wipe out the stain of defeat from the colour of victory; but they had either not time enough, or the "Blues" were too strong, for though they often got unpleasantly near the hail of the "Blues," they failed to find their way between the poles. Time was called shortly after, 3 P.M., and after some refreshments had been partaken of, each and all took the road, having thoroughly enjoyed the day's game. No accidents beyond a lick or two are to be recorded, which is more than can be said of some other games.

UIST AND BARRA.—The first annual gathering of the natives of North and South Uist and Barra, resident in Glasgow, was held in the Bath Street Assembly Rooms, on the evening of Friday, the 26th December. Mr. D. Mackinnon, of the Kingston Foundries, occupied the chair. The hall was crowded by an assembly numbering between five and six hundred, and not a few of the gentlemen present wore the Highland garb. After

tea, the Chairman delivered an interesting address, having special reference, naturally, to topics of interest to the people of Barra and the Uists. Congratulating them upon their beginning to have social gatherings like the people of other districts, he expressed, first of all, the great pleasure he felt in presiding that night over the first of what he hoped might prove a long series of yearly festivals. Proceeding to give some account of the history and present position of the Uists and Barra, he made some interesting remarks about the Macneils of Barra, their ancient chiefs, and occasioned much laughter, by declaring that these were the superiors of the famed Macpherson, who had "a boat of his own" at the time of Noah's flood; for they held their Barra as well as their boat at that crisis of affairs. They would always cherish, he felt sure, the history of their hereditary chiefs, and the traditions of their ancient isles with pride. In the course of the evening, addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr Cameron and Mr D. MacDonald, the latter of whom commended with much force the study of the Celtic language and literature of their forefathers, to the youth of the meeting especially. The artistes engaged for the concert were Messrs Hamilton Corbett, tenor; George Roy, comic; and S. Palymire, negro delineator, who added materially to the evening's enjoyment. In addition to these, Miss MacPhail sang several ballads with much taste, and we only wish that more lady amateurs could acquit themselves as well. The pipe playing of Mr MacDonald was much appreciated. Mr Murdoch MacLeod's Gaelic songs were received with the greatest acceptance, and were deservedly *encored*. The programme was brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding, and by the entire company singing "Auld Lang Syne." An assembly followed. The people of the Uists and Barra are to be congratulated on the entire success of their first gathering, and it is to be hoped that others may follow from year to year equally successful. They cannot, however, be more so.

—o—

TO OUR READERS.

The present number of the GAEL closes the second year of its existence, and it behoves us to record our cordial thanks to the friends who have so kindly assisted us in the conduct of our enterprise. The success of the GAEL during the past year has been very encouraging; many, well qualified to judge, have expressed most flattering opinions regarding its appearance, the selection of its contents, and its general usefulness. While all this is highly gratifying to us, much yet remains to be achieved in all these respects, and we trust the friends and well wishers of the GAEL in all parts of the world will not fail to exert themselves still further to extend its usefulness and increase its circulation. We are glad to state that the same popular and eminent Gaelic scholars who have aided us in the past, as well as many others, have expressed their intention of giving their kind co-operation and assistance during the coming year. We purpose continuing our music page, and shall thank our readers to communicate to us any old and curious songs, with their airs if possible, which they may chance to meet with, and which are in danger of sinking into oblivion. Much of our literature, both song and story, is already lost, and we shall consider ourselves amply rewarded if we succeed in rescuing from a similar fate even a small portion of the inimitable lyrics of our native country.

ERRATA.—*Several inaccuracies having crept into pages 343–346 (Jan.), we have issued with the present number four emendation pages which our readers will be good enough to substitute for the corresponding pages in the Jan. number when binding the volume.*

On page 347a, line 21, insert and *after the word* genuine.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

JANUARY, 1874.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from page 314.)

189. *Amadan.*

Amadan (fool) is from *amad* (fool, madman; = *am* privative and *mad* for *mat* = *mant* from root *man*, to think). It is cognate with Lat. *amens, amentis* (foolish), Sansk. *amati* = *a-mati* (*a* privative and *mati*, mind), from root *man*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 66; Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 283. Cf. *farmad* and *dearmad* (vol. II. p. 56).

190. *Bràth* and *quern.*

Bràth (quern; gen. *brathan*) = *brain* (O'Reilly) and *broon* (Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 96). It is cognate with Goth. *qvairnus*, Old Icc. *quörn*, Old H. Ger. *quirn*, A.S. *cweorn*, Eng. *quern*. Cf. *biu* (living) and Goth. *qvius*, from which come A.S. *cwic*, Eng. *quick*; *bean* and Goth. *qvens*, A.S, *cwen*, Eng. *queen*.

191. *Braon* and *rain.*

Braon (drop, rain; anc. *braen* and *broen*) is cognate with Goth. *rign*, Ger. *regen*, A.S. *rægn* and *regn*, Eng. *rain*, Cf. Gr. *brechō* (to rain) and Lat. *rigo* (to rain) which are from the same root. Initial *b*, retained in Greek and Gaelic, has been dropped in Latin and in the Teutonic languages. See Curtius' Gr. Etymology and Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 117.

192. *Bran* (a raven) is cognate with Slav. *vranu* and Lith. *varnas* (raven). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 119.

193. *Pit* (hollow; occurring frequently in names of places) may be compared with Lat. *puteus* (a well), Dut. *put* (a well, pit), Dan. *pyt* (a pool, puddle), A.S. *pyt* and *pytt* (a pit, well), Eng. *pit*. Stokes, who refers to Stuart's Preface to the Book of Deer (p. lxxxiv.), gives "division," "portion," as the meaning of *pit*, anc. *pet*, in Scottish topography. Cf. Stokes' Goidilica, 2d ed., p. 120.

194. *Sàr* (very, excellent) is cognate with Ger. *sehr* (very). Stokes (cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 90) equates *sár* with Sansk. *sakra*. Lat. *sacer*. Cf. *dêr* (now *deur*) and Gr. *dakry*, Goth. *tagr*; *mâr* (now *môr*) and Gr. *makros*.

195. *Suain, suaimhneach.*

Suain (sleep; in Mid. Gael. *suan*) = W. *hun* and corresponds to Bret. *hephun* (sleep), Old Ice. *svēfn* (sleep), Old Eng. *sweven*, Lat. *somnus* (sleep) from *sopnus*, Gr. *hypnos* (sleep), Sansk. *svâpna* (sleep) from *svap* (to sleep). *Suaimhneach* (calm, tranquil) is from the same root. Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 438, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, pp. 89 and 163.

196. *Meil, muileann muillear*, and *mill, meal.*

Meil (grind) = W. *malu* (to grind) and is cognate with Lat. *molo* (to grind), *mola* (mill), Gr. *mylē* (a mill), Ger. *mühle* (mill), Dut. *molen* (mill), A.S. *mylen* (mill), Eng. *mill*. *Muileann* (mill; in Mid. Gael. *muilind* and *muileand* = W. *melin*) is probably a loan-word from Lat. *molina* (mill), from *mola*. *Muillear* (miller) is for *muilnear*, in Mid. Gael. *muilneoir* (*n* being assimilated to *l*, as in *colla* for *colna* gen. of *column*). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 88. Eng. *meal* belongs to the same root. Max Müller refers *meil* and

its cognates to the Aryan root *mar* (to grind down). Cf. Lectures, vol. II. p. 350, Ed. 1871.

197. *Muir* (sea ; gen. *mara)* = Gaulish *mori* (cf. *Morikambē)*, W. *môr*, and is cognate with Lat. *mare* (sea). *Mare* is referred by Max Müller to the root *mar*. Cf. Lectures, vol. II. p. 353.

198. *Nathair* (serpent ; anc. *nathir)* = W. *neidr* and may be compared with Lat. *natrix* (water-serpent), Goth. *nadrs* (viper), Old H. Ger. *natra, natara*, N. H. Ger. *natter* (adder). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 114, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 46.

199. *Leus* and *light*.

Leus (light ; gen. *leôis)* and *leusan* (a little light) may be compared with Dan. *lys* (light) and Old Ice. *ljos* (light). These words are cognate with Lat. *lux* (light; = *lucs)*, Gr. *lychnos* (light), Goth. *liuhath* (light), Old. H. Ger. *lioht* (light), Ger. *light* (light), Eng. *light*. Cf. Sansk. root *ruch* (to shine) and also *lôch* and *lôk* (to shine, to see). *Luchar* (light), *luchair* (brightness, bright), and *lochran* (lamp ; from Lat. *lucerna)* may be compared with Lat. *luceo* (to shine), from *lux*. Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 147, and Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 353.

200. *Lugha, lughad*, and *light* (not heavy).

Lugha (less ; anc. *laigiu* and *lugu)* = W. *llai*, and is cognate with Gr. *elassōn* for *elachiōn* (less, smaller ; from *elachys), levior* (lighter, less, smaller ; comp. of *levis* from *leguis)*, Sansk. *laghîyâns* (comp. of *laghu*, light). With Sansk. *laghu*, Gr. *elachys*, Lat. *levis*, are cognate Goth. *leihts* (light), Old H. Ger. *lihti* (light), New H. Ger. *leicht*, A.S. *leoht*, *liht*, Eng. *light*. *Lughad* (littleness ; anc. *layait)* is from *lugha*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 111, Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 109, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

201. *Truagh, truaghan, trôcair ;* W. *truan ;* Bret. *truant;* Fr. *truand ;* Eng. *truant*.

Truagh (wretched ; anc. *trog)* = W. *truan* (wretched), and corresponds to Bret. *truant* (vagabond), Fr. *truand* (beggar), and Eng. *truant* (lit. a wanderer or outcast). Cf. Wedgwood's Dict. of Eng. Etymology. *Truaghan* (a wretched one) is formed from *truagh* by adding the mas. dim. termination *an*. *Trôcair* (mercy, "amor miseri") was in old Gaelic *trôcaire*, from *trôcar* = *trôg-car*, of which *trôg* = *truagh* and *car* is the same root with which we meet in Lat. *carus* (dear) and Gael. *caraid* (friend). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 62, and Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 145.

202. *Feary, fairye*, and Gr. *orgē*.

Feary (anger, wrath : anc. *ferc* [also *férce*] = *fergg, ferg)* is cognate with Gr. *orgē* (= *vorgē)*. Cf. Old W. *guerg* (gl. efficax) and Gaulish *Vergobretus*. To the same root Zeuss refers (G. C., p. 11) *fairggae, foirygae (fairge, foirge*, the sea). Hence "Ouergiouios (Vergivius) ōkeanos" in Ptol. If Zeuss and others be correct in connecting *eryon* (work = *vergon)* with *orgē*, then Goth. *vaurkjaiñ, vaurhta*, A.S. *weorc, wyrhta*, Ger. *werk*, Eng. *work*, *wright*, are cognate with *feary* and *fairge*. The root idea of these words, according to Glück, is motion, agitation. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, pp. 68, 78.

203. *Dorcha* and *dark*.

If we compare *dorcha* (dark ; anc. *dorche)* and *sorcha* (bright) we ascertain that *do* and *so* are Gaelic prefixes corresponding to Sansk. *du*, *dus*, Gr. *dus-* and Sansk. *su*, Gr. *eû*. Cf. *daor* and *saor*, *doilleir* and *solleir*, *dona* and *sona*. *Dorcha* may, therefore, be regarded as formed from *do* and the root *ruch* (to shine). Cf.

ruch (to shine) and *ruch* (splendour) in Bopp's Glossary, p. 323, and also *richis* (flame) in Z. G. C., p. 72. On *dark*, from A.S. *deore*, which is manifestly akin to *dorcha*, Wedgwood remarks: "The particles *so* and *do* in Gaelic are equivalent to *eû* and *dus* in Greek, as in *son*, good, and *don*, bad. In similar relation to each other stand *sorcha*, light, and *dorch* or *dorcha*, dark. The element common to the two would appear to be the notion of seeing, which, however, we are unable to trace in the form of the words." If we regard *dark*, *deore*, as derived from the root *ruch*, the difficulty disappears. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 59.

204. *Eigh*, *deigh*, *eighre*, and *ice*.

Eigh (ice) was in ancient Gaelic *aig* for *jag*, initial *j* having disappeared by rule. *Aig* = W. *ia* for *jag* (cf. Z. G. C., p. 49), and is cognate with Hung. *jeg*, Lap. *jægna*, Low Dut. *aisen*, Dut. *ijs*, Ger. *eis*, Icc. *is*, A.S. *is*, Eng. *ice*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dict. of English Etymology. *Deigh* = *eigh* (cf. *diaitag* = *iaitag*, and *deanntag* = *eanntag*). The form *eighre* is from the same root.

205. *Saighead* (arrow; anc. *saiget*) = Lat. *sagitta*. The W. is *saith*, which would have initial *h* if the word were Celtic. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 57. *G* of *saighead* is aspirated because flanked by vowels, but *d* or *t* is not aspirated because it stands for *tt*.

206. *Luireach* (corslet; = W. *llurygg*) is from Lat. *lorica* (corslet). *Lorica* is from *lorum* (a leathern thong). *C* of *luireach* is aspirated because vowel-flanked.

207. *Cochal* and *cowl*.

Cochal (hood, cowl, husk; anc. *cochull*) = Lat. *cucullus* (covering for the head, hood), Goth. *hakuls*, Old H. Ger. *hachul*, A.S. *cugele*, *cugle*, *cuhle*, Eng. *cowl*.

208. *Leth*.

Leth (half, a side) is cognate with Lat. *latus* (side), Gr. *platos*, Old H. Ger. *blat*, *plat*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 111.

209. *Leathan* and *flat*.

Leathan (broad; anc. *lethan*) is cognate with Lat. *latus* (broad), Gr. *platus* (broad), Old Icc. *flatr*, Eng. *flat*. Initial *p* is frequently dropped in Gaelic.

210. *Rûn* (purpose, secret, mystery) = W. *rhin* and is cognate with Goth. *runa* (secret, mystery), Old H. Dut. *runa* (mystery), A.S. *run* (a letter, magical character, mystery), Dan. *runer* (runic letters), Icc. *run*, plur. *runir* or *runar* (runic letters), Eng. *runes*. Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch, Bosworth's Dictionary, and Ebel's Celtic Studies by Sullivan, p. 118.

211. *Bean* (to strike) and *bane*.

Bean (to strike; anc. *benim*, I strike) is cognate with the obsolete Gr. *phenō* (I slay; cf. 2 aor. *epephnon*), Sansk. *van* (to strike, smite), Goth. *banja* (blow), Old H. Ger. *bana* (death-blow), Mid. H. Ger. *bane* (destruction), Old Icc. *bana* (to slay), A. S. *bana* (murderer), Eng. *bane* (destruction). Cf. *bana* (death), *banaghadh* (destruction), in O'Reilly's Dictionary. To the same root belongs *bàs* (death). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 157, and Vol. i. p. 245.

212. *Iomlag* and *navel*.

Iomlag (navel; also spelled *ilmeag*) may be compared with Lat. *umbilicus* (navel; from *nubilicus* or *u-nabilicus*), Gr. *omphalos*, Sansk. *nabhi* (navel), Low Dut. *nave*, *navel*, Eng. *nave*, *navel*. The Old Gael *immlind* (navel) is for *imblind*, and is radically connected with Gr. *omphalos*. Cf Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 150, Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 265, and Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 213. In *iomlag* *m* is for *mb*.

(To be continued.)

THE MACDONALDS AND THE MACKENZIES.

In the GAEL for December there is a notice of these two clans, founded on an extract of a letter by the late Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, wherein she states, "the *Quarterly Review* says the Mackenzies were once a dependent clan on the Macdonalds. I can assure you such was never the case." Notwithstanding this very strong assertion, the statement of the *Quarterly Review* is the true one; the Mackenzies were the vassals of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, they received their lands from them. The history of the Mackenzies was drawn up by Dr. George Mackenzie, who being one of the clan would not say anything unfavourable to it. He states that in the year 1463, John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted by charter the lands of Strathgarve and many other lands, to Alexander Mackenzie, the then head and chief of the name; there can be no question but that the writer of the history must have seen the charter, so as to be able to make the statement he does, and no doubt it is the oldest authentic document the Mackenzies can produce. As to the pretended ancient claims to the lands of Kintail being granted by a charter to the Mackenzies so far back as 1262, it has been proved to be a forgery. We find that the lands of Kintail belonged to the Earl of Ross, and not the Mackenzies, as he granted them by a charter dated at his castle of Urquhart on 4th July, 1342, to Reginald, son of Roderick de Insulis of the Macdonald family, and this charter was, as appears in the Records, confirmed by King David II., in 1344; thus we learn that almost a century later than the period claimed by the Mackenzies, the lands of Kintail belonged to the Earls of Ross, and the Macdonalds; the charter will be found in Robertson's "Index of Charters," pages 99 and 100. It is very probable that in the same year or soon after the forfeiture, of the Lord of the Isles, which took place in 1493, that the Crown made a grant of Kintail to the Mackenzies. The clans who were vassals to the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles, and got their lands from them, are far more numerous than is generally known; prior to the forfeiture, they include the MacLeans, the Camerons, the MacLeods, both of Lewis and Harris, the Clan Macneill, also the minor clans of the Mackinnons, Macfies, Macquarries; the Mackenzies, as has been shown, the Munroes, the Rosses, the Dingwalls, Urquharts, and the Rosses or Roses of Kilravock. The descent of the chiefs of the Mackenzies has been asserted to be Irish, but this is mere fable and was wholly unknown in 1450, as appears in that invaluable and authentic chronicle, the Kilbride MS. of the genealogies of the Highland clans, written in 1450; in it their descent is thus given, "the genealogy of the Clan Kenneth, Murdoch, son of Kenneth, son of John, son of Kenneth, son of Angus, son of Angus, son of Christian, son of Adam, son of Gilleoin-og, son of Gilleoin of the Aird;"* the two last names are supposed to be the same as Colin (called in present Gaelic *Cailean)* and hence so many of the Mackenzies called Colin. We find that this last-named "Colin of the Aird" is in the same ancient chronicle made head of the Ross tribe, and thus the Mackenzies are identified with them; and from the numerous generations given in the

* See this genealogy in the "Iona Club Transactions," pages 54, 55.

FORTHCOMING VOLUME

OF

The Celtic Magazine:

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Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE (*late Secretary of the Gaelic Society*),

AND DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, TRADITIONS, FOLK-LORE,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABROAD,

The Magazine, beginning with the first number of Vol. II. issued on 1st November, is considerably enlarged.

IN the November Number will appear the First Canto of the "Clearing of the Glens," a Poem (to be continued) in Seven Cantos, by Principal SHAIRP of St. Andrews; "The Career and Death of Colonel Baillie of Dunain in India," by CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P.; the first instalment of "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer" (*Coinneach Odhar Fiosaich*), by the EDITOR; "The Ossianic Controversy," by HECTOR MACLEAN and the Rev. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.; "The Highland Ceilidh" (continued), by ALASTAIR OG; "James Macpherson" (*Scumas an Tuim*), by the Rev. A. SINCLAIR, Kenmore, &c., &c.

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