

# The Celtic Annual

1912

EDITED BY MALCOLM C. MACLEOD



BACK OF MONUMENT AT ROSSIE PRIORY

PUBLISHED BY DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY  
(Branch of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*)



Price Sixpence

# Dundee Highland Society

## PREAMBLE, 1880

IT having been deemed highly expedient by a number of Highlanders residing in and around Dundee to form an Association for the purpose of preserving the Language, the Literature, and the Music of the Highlands, of encouraging the use of the National Dress, to promote the welfare and watch over the interests of Highlanders in Dundee, and of furthering Benevolent and Patriotic interests in general—with a view to carry out these objects, it was resolved that the Association be called the "DUNDEE ASSOCIATION OF TRUE HIGHLANDERS."

NOTE.—In 1898 the name was changed to that of the  
"DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY."

The Treasurer shall consider and grant relief in any deserving cases of destitution, distress, or accident which may be reported to him, if the state of the funds will warrant that.

At the Annual Business Meeting, of the Dundee Highland Society held on 25th October 1907, it was unanimously resolved that the D.H.S. should become a branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach (the Highland Association).

### Objects of the Highland Association of Scotland

- (1) To promote the cultivation of the Gaelic Language and Gaelic Literature, Music, Art, Crafts, and Highland Home Industries, by such means as the Association may from time to time determine.
- (2) To encourage the teaching of the Gaelic Language.
- (3) To propagate a knowledge of Gaelic History and Culture, especially in Schools.
- (4) To hold an Annual Gathering, termed "Am Mod Gaidhealach," at which competitions in conformity with the objects of the Association shall take place, and prizes be awarded.

## DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY

(Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach)

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP

Life Members,	One Subscription of £1 1s.
Ordinary Members,	An Annual Subscription of One Shilling (minimum)

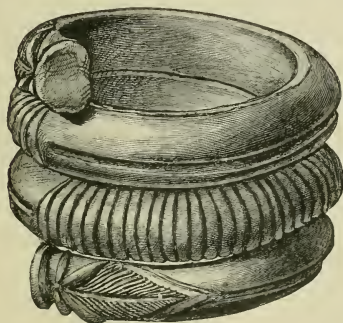
Parties wishing to join the D.H.S. should communicate with the Secretary,  
Mr FINLAY MONTGOMERY, Training Academy,  
Y.M.C.A. Buildings, Dundee.

Second Year of Issue

# THE CELTIC ANNUAL

*Year Book of  
Dundee Highland Society*

*(Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach)*



BRONZE ARMLET FOUND AT PHALPIS  
NEAR LOCHER

EDITED BY MALCOLM C. MACLEOD

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DUNDEE :

PRINTED BY JOHN LENG & CO., BANK STREET  
PUBLISHED BY DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY

1911



LORD LOVAT.





LADY LOVAT.

## FOREWORD.

OUR "Year Book" has now been extended and transformed into a Gaelic-English Magazine designed to advance the objects of the Dundee Highland Society, which seeks to assist in promoting the study of Gaelic Literature and Music.

A special feature of this number is the warm-hearted message from the Gaels of Ireland, on page 8.

The Annual Gathering and Concert of the Dundee Highland Society has been fixed for Friday, 5th January 1912, and will be held in the Foresters' Large Hall. Lord Lovat has consented to preside at the Gathering, and will deliver an address.

The Dundee Highland Society Syllabus for 1911-12 is being issued separately, and we therefore desire to direct our members' attention to pages 12 to 17 of this publication, where portraits and biographical sketches of the lecturers are given. For intimation regarding annual sermon, see page 11.

As it was generally expected that next year's Mod would be held in Dundee, we give the following account of what took place at the annual meeting of An Comunn Gaidhealach:—"The President (Mr Wm. Mackay, Inverness) said they had now to consider where they would go for next year's Mod. Last year their friends in Dundee wanted them to go there, but Glasgow was decided on. There was, however, an understanding that Dundee would be chosen for the Mod in 1912. But the British Association was going to meet in Dundee next year, and while the Highlanders of Dundee were still very anxious that the Mod should pay them a visit, they expressed a fear the meeting of the two Associations would somewhat clash. It had therefore been suggested that the proposed visit of An Comunn Gaidhealach be postponed. He quite agreed that it would be a mistake for them to be in Dundee with the British Association. There was a feeling that they ought to go back to the Highlands again, and it was with very great pleasure that he, in the name of the people of Inverness, invited them to Inverness next year. They had had two Mods there, and both had been a success financially and otherwise. The meeting unanimously agreed that the Mod of 1912 be held in Inverness."

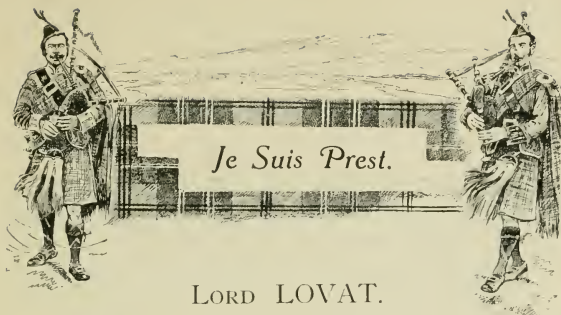
Space admits of reference to one point only of the new constitution of An Comunn. The attempt to deprive Branch representative members of one of the privileges they enjoyed ever since Branches were established was defeated. Not only so, but Branches had their privileges extended. Here are two rules bearing on Branches:—

- (1) Each Branch may appoint one representative to the Central Association for every sum of 2s. 6d. contributed to the central fund of the Association. Such representative or representatives shall be entitled to the full privileges of ordinary membership.
- (2.) Each Branch shall be entitled to appoint a representative on the Executive Council of the Association.

Rule (1) entitles a Branch representative member to have a copy of "An Deo-Gréine," the official organ of An Comunn, posted free to him (or her) each month. At present the Dundee Branch has twelve representative members, but under the new constitution, which sets no limit to the number that may be elected, it is expected that our list will be greatly augmented. In past years the Branch paid the representative members' subscription fee of 2s. 6d. each, but now elected members should pay their own subscriptions to the Treasurer of the Branch.

The illustration on cover, frontispiece, and cuts illustrating article, "The Earliest Dundee Highlanders," are reproduced by the kind permission of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.





Lord Lovat is one of the most popular lairds in the Highlands; he is esteemed by his tenants, to whose welfare he is ever keenly alive, and admired by his Clan and the northern people generally. His manner is courteous and frank and yet dignified; he has pronounced opinions and advocates them fearlessly, and is still the best of friends with those who differ from him. The Highlander, after all, dearly loves a laird, and especially a military laird. All the old lairds were fighting men. Lord Lovat is a handsome and dashing soldier. He served in the Life Guards, and has for several years commanded the Lovat Scouts, which he raised, and whose worth as a fighting force was fully demonstrated in the South African War.

It is at home that his Lordship is seen at his best. To the crofters he has ever been a sympathetic and helpful friend. For many years he has been carrying out a scheme to improve the lot of those on his estate, not so much by a system of doles as by encouraging and assisting them to work out their own salvation as business men. He has created a number of new holdings, and enlarged many more by extending the grazings. His crofters are prospering as a result, and rents have been regularly paid. His scheme, in short, has been carried out in the spirit of a generous landlord, and not always with strict regard to the economic aspect of the question, for his Lordship has the generous instincts of a Highland chief who desires to have his people about him and see them prospering.

The Home Farm at Beaufort Castle is famous for its stock, as the surrounding hills are for their timber. A great deal of labour is in constant demand, and the question of unemployment is not one of moment on the Lovat estates.

His Lordship was born on the 25th November 1871. He inherited the family estates, which embrace about 180,000 acres of land, when but sixteen years old. Simon Joseph Fraser is sixteenth Lord Lovat, and the third holder of the Barony of the United Kingdom. His patronymic is "Mac Shimi."

He was married on 15th October 1910, Lady Lovat being a daughter of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale and niece of Mr Asquith, Prime Minister. Among the numerous wedding presents was a silver inkstand from King George, and handsome gifts from the tenants and members of Clan Fraser, the Lovat Scouts, County Council of Inverness-shire, &c. The occasion was one for great rejoicings in the north, which testified to the fact that a Highland chief can still be a chief in reality and hold as firmly by his own actions as by the sentiment of the past the devotion and admiration of his fellow-countrymen.



BEAUFORT CASTLE.



# A COURSE OF GAELIC INSTRUCTION.

New Series of Books prepared by CALUM MAC PHARLAIN.

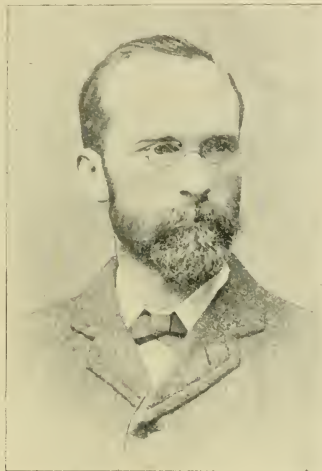
Malcolm Mac Farlane was born at Kilmun Farm, Dalavich, Lochaweside, about the close of the Crimean War.

A few years later his parents removed to the neighbourhood of Paisley, where he grew up, and still resides. He is a measurer and land surveyor. Love of the Gaelic language led him to become an author. He is the author of "Phonetics of the Gaelic Language," and of a system of Gaelic phonography. He is also one of the Editors of Rob Donn's songs and music, and Editor of the second edition of Dr MacBain's "Etymo-

tabulated in regard to pronunciation, and thereafter worked into short sentences. If Gaelic is to live, and be properly taught in school and elsewhere, the Primer must be mastered—third edition recently issued.

"An Comh-threoraiche"—The Fellow leader—a second reading book similar to the Primer with tabulated words of two and three syllables, graded and worked into short sentences—now ready.

"Companach na Cloinne"—The Children's Companion, a third reading-book of short, instructive, and narrative



MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.

logical Dictionary of the Gaelic Language," recently issued, "Songs of the Highlands," "Scottish Gaelic as a Specific Subject," "Dain Thaghte," "An Londubh" (two parts), "An Uiseag," "An Smeòrach" and "Am Bru-dhearg," the three last mentioned being collections of Gaelic songs for schools. He has written some favourite Gaelic lyrics, and composed a great number of Gaelic airs, some of which have attained popularity. As a translator he has been successful in transmitting much of the spirit of the original into English verse.

Mr Mac Farlane is at present preparing a graded initiatory course of Gaelic instruction which will be provided by the following series of cheap books about to be published by Eneas MacKay, Stirling:—

"An Treòraiche"—The Gaelic Primer—consisting mostly of one syllable words

pieces suited to the young mind, prepared by John MacFadyen, and edited by Malcolm Mac Farlane. While the stories and essays are suited for children, they are yet of sufficient interest to be enjoyed by grown people. This book is in the printer's hands.

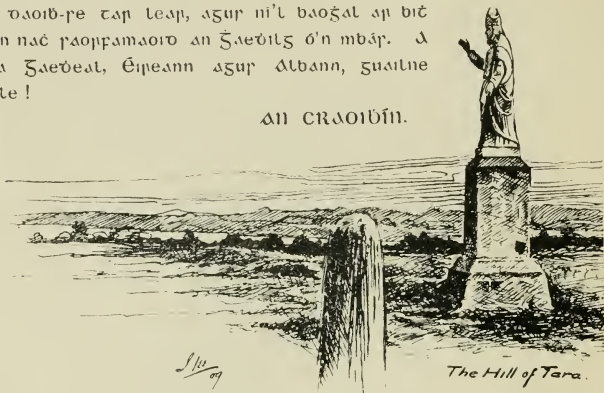
"An Briathrachan Beag"—A vocabulary of all the Gaelic words in the foregoing books with their English equivalents and many other words of general use besides, for the use of non-Gaelic students, and as a reference book for teachers—in the printer's hands.

This is a complete graded course, and will put beginners on their feet as regards Gaelic reading and writing. All books savouring of grammar should be avoided until the pupil has made considerable progress through iteration, and practice in simple composition.

## MESSAGE from the GAELS OF IRELAND.

Cuirimid-ne, Saeðil na h-Éireann, focal beag  
cúim Saeðeal na h-Alban. Is dearbhráitreacha rinn,  
aon fuil aithéan atá ionnainn, agus aon teanga aithéan  
atá againn. Cuirimid anois ár mbráitreachar i  
scéill daoib-pe tar lear, agus ní'l baogal ar bí  
oprainn nac raorpamaoid an Saeðilg ó'n mbár. A  
Clanna Saeðeal, Éireann agus Albann, gualne  
le céite !

AN CRAOIBHIN.



### Rendered into Scottish Gaelic.

Tha sinne, Gaidheil na h-Eireann, a' cur facail bhig chun Gaidheil  
na h-Albann. Is dearbh-bhráithrean sinn ; is i an aon fhuil a tha  
annainn ; agus is i an aon teanga a tha againn. Tha sinn a nis a'  
cur an céill duibhse thar lear, ar bráithreachais ; agus cha 'n eil eagal  
air bith oirne nach saor sinne a' Ghàidhlig o'n bhàs. A Chlanna  
nan Gaidheal, an Eirinn agus an Albainn, gualnean ri chéile !

AN CRAOIBHIN.

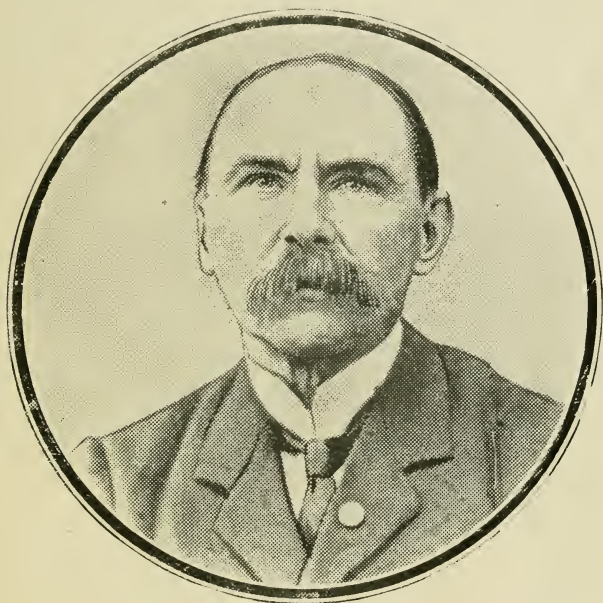
### English Translation.

We, the Gaels of Ireland, send a brief word to the Gaels of  
Scotland. We are brothers, one blood is in us, and we have one  
language. We now expound to you across the sea our brother-  
hood ; and there is no fear of us but we will save the Gaelic from  
death. Clans of the Gaels, of Ireland and Scotland, shoulders  
together !

## DR DOUGLAS HYDE.

Douglas Hyde, B.A., LL.D., D.Litt., is one of the most popular men in Ireland, where he is familiarly known as "An Craoibhin Aoibhinn." He is a poet, a folk-lorist, and historian. He is also a great patriot—a Gaelic patriot, a strong lover of his people and his country, and of Gaelic literature. No man has done more to further the Gaelic cause, for not only has he rendered yeoman service in fostering enthusiasm for the ancient language and literature among his own kin, but as author of "A Literary History of Ireland" he has attracted English-speaking scholars towards the study of Gaelic

his work and influence that Gaelic became a compulsory subject in Dublin University. Among Scots literary men "An Craoibhin Aoibhinn" is highly esteemed. He has influenced more than one, and he is likely to influence to a still greater extent the writers of the future. By those who know him only by his writings he is spoken of with enthusiasm, for his literary personality is attractive. But he is best liked by those who know him best. He is a strong man and a lovable man, a leader and a companion, a man of enthusiasm, and a man of culture, whose qualities of heart and



DR DOUGLAS HYDE.

art, and made a valuable contribution to the intellectual history of the race. Any man who wonders why there should be so much enthusiasm regarding the Gaelic movement should read this scholarly work. It is a book which makes one feel proud to be a Gael. Dr Hyde is the author of several other publications; he is a genuine poet, a fine playwright, and is a prose stylist in both Gaelic and English. He is also a great organiser and leader, and a scholar of high standing. It was chiefly owing to

head combine to make him the greatest living representative of the ancient heroes and scholars of his race. As Professor of Modern Irish in the National University of Ireland, he takes his place as one of the teachers whose reputation is assured, for a man's name endures not only because of what he has written, but also by reason of the influence he will exercise on the intellectual life of his country. We have need in Scotland for such a great man as Dr Hyde.

# GAEDHILG NA H-ALBANN AGUS GAEDHILG NA H-EIREANN.

If anything were needed to show the close affinity between the Scottish and Irish Dialects of Gaelic, the annexed articles on the well-known Skye "character," Gilleasbuig Aotrom, rendered in Irish and Scottish Gaelic side by side, would surely suffice. Much has been written and spoken about the variety of dialects in Gaelic both in Ireland and Scotland. But is it not time we were a little more precise in the use of the term "dialect"? There are localisms plenty in Scottish Gaelic; but there are only two well-defined dialects, the differences between which present less difficulty than does the Fifeshire vernacular to the Ayrshire man, or the Lancashire dialect of English to the Aberdonian. The same is true of Ireland. There are only a north and a south dialect. Other differences are localisms. In fact, when we consider the Gaelic language as an entity, we are forced to the conclusion that it is improper to speak of it otherwise than thus: The Gaelic Language comprises three dialects—the Irish, Scottish, and Manx; the Irish and Scottish each comprise two sub-dialects, and all other divergences do not reach beyond the dignity of localisms.

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Ag so an seáil sin ar Giolla-Easbuig agus é aistrighthe go Gaedhilg na h-Eireann. Táim do leanamhaint ar scéil bhunaigh chómh dlú agus is féidir hiom. Tuigear linne na focail a tha idir na "comáin" mar seo ( ) acht ní ghnáth iad do radh.  
S. TOIBIN.

## SCÉALTA AR GIOLLA-EASBUIG EADTROM.

Oileán breágh is eadh an t-Oileán Sgitheánach. Tá árd-duil ag gnáth-mhuinntir an Oileáin ar chlisteacht cainnte. Bhí ann riamh ar an áit daoine simpléidhe bheith ann. Bhí fear díobh-san—Giolla-Easbuig Eadtrom—nach raibh áit chómhnaidhe ar bith aige, acht bheith a' dul ó áit go h-áit, ins an oileán. Gidh'nach raibh a chiall cheart aige, bhí sé go glic tapaigh, agus fuair sé biadh agus airgead le ghocas (tapacht.)

Bhí báid na n-iasgairí ag teacht i dtír (chun cladaigh), nuair, i bPort-Rígh. Bhí mórán éis ins na báidibh, agus nuair a chuir na h-iasgairí ar an dtraigh (cladach) iad, bhí Giolla Easbuig i láthair agus chompaic sé bodach-ruadh na meag. Rug sé greim air agus do rith sé abhaile leis. Bhuaic sé doras, agus dubhairt sé le bean a' tighle nuair a tháinig sí dá ionnsaidhe: "Seo bodach-ruadh dhuit ar thistiún agus glanadh féin dhuit é."

Do tugadh an tistiún dó, agus do chuaigh sé ag glanadh ar éisg. Acht in ionad sin do dhéanadh, chuaigh sé go tigh eile agus rinne sé an nidh ceadna. Bhí sé ag imtheacht mar sin ó thigh go tigh, ag fághail tistiúin ins gach aon-tigh. Nuair a bhí a phócaid lán, chuaigh sé chun an chladaigh agus do chaith (théig) sé an t-iasg chun na n-iasgairí dá radh:—"Seo dhíbh-se e, ná seadh, agus tá súil (dóchas) again go ndíolfaidh sé sibhse mar do dhiol (pháidh) sé mise."

Uair eile, bhí Giolla-Easbuig gan bróga, a's chuaigh sé chun Ministir Shliosairt ar lorg airgid a cheannachadh peire dhó. Ní raibh mórán airgid bhlig ag an ministir, acht thug sé leitir (scriob) chun an ghearsaidhe dhó. Do chaith Giolla Easbuig ar an úrlár i, agus dubhairt nach rachadh sé óndtigh go bhfaigh-

## SGEULACHDAN MU GHILLEASBUIG AOTROM.

'S e éilean briagh th'anns an Éilean Sgithecanach. Tha aig gnáth-mhuinntir an éilein mothachadh geur air son fearas-chuideachd. Bha an t-éilean ionraiteach air son daoine ainmeil. Bha fear diubh—Gilleasbuig Aotrom— aig nach robh áite cómhnaidh suidhichte, ach a bha dol bhó áite gu áite, anns an éilean. Ged nach robh a chiall uile aige, bha e glé thapaigh, 's fhuair e biadh, 's airgead le thapacht.

Aon uair bha bátan nan iasgairí a' tighinn do'n chladach, ann am Port Rígh. Bha mórán éis anns na bátan; agus nuair a chuir na h-iasgairí air a' chladach iad, eubnaic Gilleasbuig Aotrom, a bha an sin, bodach-ruadh mór nam meag. Fhuair e greim air, 's chaidh e 'na ruith gus a' bhaile leis. Bhuaic e aig doras, 's thubhairt e, nuair a tháinig bean an taighe dá ionnsuidh, "So bodach-ruadh dhuit air son tastain, 's glanaidh ní-fhéin dhuit e." Bha 'n tastain air a pháidheadh, 's chaidh Gilleasbuig a ghlanadh an éisg. Ach an áite sin, chaidh e gu taigh eile 's rinn e 'n ní cheudna. Bha e dol mar sin gu mórán taighean a' faotainn tastain aig gach taigh. Nuair a bha phócaid lán, chaidh e bhán gus a' chladach, 's thig e 'n t-iasg do na h-iasgairí, ag rádh, "So dhíbhse e, ma thá; 's tha mí 'n dóchas gu'm páidh e sibhse mar a pháidh e mise."

Uair eile bha Gilleasbuig gun bhrógan, 's chaidh e chun ministeir Shliosairt air son airgid a cheannachadh feadhainn dá. Cha robh mórán airgid bhlig aig a' mhinistear; ach thug e sgríobhadh gus a' ghearsaiche dha. Thig Gilleasbuig air an lár e. 's thubhairt e nach rachadh e bhó 'n taigh gus an faigheadh e

eadh sé an t-airgead. Uime sin, do chuaidh an ministir 'ghá iarraidh, 's nuair fuair Giolla-Easbuig an t-airgead, thóg sé an loitir de 'n urlar agus, ghá cur in a phóca, dubhairt sé: "Ní fheadar ná go ndéanfadh sé seo cúis (feidhm) dom, uair éigin eile." Mar sin, bhí na bróga agus an t-airgead aige.

Lá eile, chonnaic Giolla-Easbuig fear-tuaithe ó Chuire. Bhí Giolla-Easbuig ag piccadh (ithe) feola de chnámh agus dubhairt an fear ó Chuire leis: "Tabhair an cnámh sin don chéad chú a bhfeicir." "Seo dhuitse é, más eadh," arsa Giolla-Easbuig, "oir is tú an t-aon chú amháin a chonnaic mé riamh."

Bhí cuirm chun le bhoith ag an tigh-ósta rioghshail i bPhort-Righ, oidhche. Bhí morán daoine uaisle ar an gcúirm agus 'na measc bhí Coire. Bhí Giolla-Easbuig i bPort-Righ an oidhche sin, 's thug Coire leis go dtí an tigh-ósta é chun go bhfeicadh sé an bord mór ar a raibh morán de rudaibh maith. Bhí fios ag Giolla-Easbuig nach itheadh na daoine aon-rud go guirfeadh sé a lámh air 's go bhfaigheadh sé féin é. "Ar an adhbhar san, rug sé greim ar ghé rósta agus chuaidh sé an doras amach léi. Acht nuair a shuidh na daoine ag an mbord tháinig Giolla-Easbuig isteach agus do theilg sé an ghé ar an mbord ghá radh: "Sin í an ghé agaibh (dibh) agus biodh (nach raibh) fhios agaibh nach bhfuilim im ghaduighe." Mar do mheas (shíl) sé, do rinne na daoine. Do thugadar an ghé dhó.

Uair, dá raibh Giolla-Easbuig ag doras tigh-ósta i bPhort-Righ, tháinig fear ó Chuire as a charbad aige chun an dorais. D'fhág sé an carbad ag an ngiolla. Chuaidh sé isteach sa tigh-ósta 's fuair sé drama dhó féin agus do Ghiolla-Easbuig. "Na dhiaidh sin thug Coire drama do Ghiolla-Easbuig chun é thabhairt amach chun an ghiolla, 's dubhairt sé leis, ag magadh fé: "Seo anois, agus biodh geall (feach) go n-ólfair féin é." "Is maing a chidhfeadh mac do mháthar bréagach," arsa Giolla-Easbuig, 's leis sin d'ól sé an nile bhraon de.

SEAN TOIBIN.

Corcaigh, i-nEirim.

an t-airgead. Uime sin, chaidh am ministear g'a iarraidh, 's nuair a fuair Gilleasbuig an t-airgead, thog e 'n sgríobhadh de 'n lár, agus 'gu dhur 'na phócaid, thubhairt e, "Cha 'n éil fhios agam nach dean so feum dhomh uair eigin. Mar sin bha na brógan 's an t-airgead aige.

Lá eile, choinnic Gilleasbuig tuathmach Coire. Bha Gilleasbuig ag itheadh feoil bho chnámh; 's thubhairt fear a' Chuire ris, "Thoir an cnámh sin do'n cheud chú a choinnicheas tu." "So dhuitse é, ma thá," arsa Gilleasbuig, "oir 's tu an aon chú a choinnic mé riamh."

Bha cuirm dol a bhí aig an taigh-ósta rioghshail Port-righ aon oidhche. Aig a' chuirin bha morán daoine uasal, 's 'nan measc bha Coire. Bha Gilleasbuig ann an Port-righ air an oidhche sin, 's thug Coire gus an taigh-ósta e gus am faiceadh e am bord mór air an robh morán de nithean maith. Bha fios aig Gilleasbuig nach itheadh na daoine na nithean na'n cuireadh e lámh orra, 's gu'm faigheadh e fhéin iad. Air an aobhar sin, thug e greim air géadh rósta, 's chaidh e mach air an doras fotha. Ach nuair a shuidh na daoine aig a' bhord, tháinig Gilleasbuig a steach 's thilg e a' géadh air a' bhord ag radh, "Sin a ghéadh dhuibh 's nach robh fhios agaibh nach 'eil mi 'nam ghadaiche." Mar a shaoil e, rinn na daoine; oir thug iad dhá a' ghéadh.

Aon uair a bha Gilleasbuig aig doras taigh-ósta, ann an Port-righ, tháinig fear a' Chuire as a charbad aige gus an doras. Dh'fhág e an carbad leis a' ghille. Chaidh e steach do'n taigh-ósta, 's fuair e drama dha féin 's air son Gilleasbuig. An déigh sin thug Coire drama do Gilleasbuig air son a thoir a mach do'n ghille, 's thubhairt e ris, a' magadh air, "So nis 's feuch gu'n ól thu féin e." "S maing a chitheadh mac do mháthar briagach," arsa Gilleasbuig, 's air a sin dh'ól e h-uile boinne dheth.

IAIN TORMAD DOMHNULACH.

## ANNUAL SERMON.

Under the auspices of the DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY, a SPECIAL SERVICE will be conducted by the Rev. G. R. MACPHAIL, M.A., Chaplain of the Society, in ALBERT SQUARE (Meadowside) UNITED FREE CHURCH, on SUNDAY, March 17th, at 6.30 P.M. A retiring Collection will be taken for the Benevolent Fund of the Society.



REV. G. R. MACPHAIL, M.A.





REV. HARCOURT M. DAVIDSON, V.D.



## REV. HARCOURT M. DAVIDSON, V.D.

The Rev. Harcourt M. Davidson was born fifty years ago at Kinfauns, of which parish his father, the late George S. Davidson, was minister. He comes of an ecclesiastical stock—his maternal grandfather was minister of Liberton, while his brother, the Rev. Roger Davidson, succeeded his father in the charge of Kinfauns. Mr Davidson's brother-in-law, the Rev. A. D. Tait Hutchison, is now minister of Brechin Cathedral.

Mr Davidson was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and, after filling the positions of assistant in West St Giles Parish and assistant to Dr Macgregor in St Cuthbert's, he was in December 1886 inducted to the important charge of St Andrew's, Dundee, so that this year he celebrates the 25th anniversary of his connection with one of the most flourishing churches in the city.

Mr Davidson, at College an athlete of no mean reputation, was only prevented from forming one of the international rugby fifteen by a broken shoulder blade. Since he deserted the playing field for the pulpit he has proved himself the *beau idéal* of muscular Christianity. He is an excellent shot and angler, and very few even of those who spend their days and nights on the heather know more than this city clergyman of the ways of the wild birds and beasts that inhabit the reedy islands of our rivers or the gloomy recesses of the remotest glens. He has contributed numerous studies of wild life to the magazines, notably "A Calendar of Nature Studies," dealing with bird life on the Tay, to "Life and Work," and a serial, "Sigrida, a Romance of the Midnight Sun," to the same magazine. He has long been recognised as one of the most eloquent and effective speakers in Dundee. His writings show the direct personal insight of a keen observer, and owe nothing to book lore or the mustiness of midnight oil, while both his pulpit and platform utterances come straight from the shoulder, models of diction and thought, and free from the commonplace for which clergymen in general are proverbial. He is a stranger to "paper" in any shape or form. Mr Davidson takes a keen interest in matters Masonic, and was for several years Provincial Grand Chaplain of Forfarshire. He was also Chaplain to the Tay Division Royal Engineers from 1887 to their disbandment under the new Territorial Act. Since then he has been Chaplain to the Royal Forfar Artillery, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and is a member of the V.D. Order.



W. M. MACKENZIE. M.A., F.S.A. (SCOT.).

## W. M. MACKENZIE, M.A., F.S.A. (SCOT.).

If Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling," the friend of Burns and Scott, were living to-day, he would be well pleased with his clan, for five members of it are before the eyes of the public as writers and scholars. These are William M., the subject of our sketch; William A., of "Rowton House Rhymes"; William C., author of "History of the Hebrides"; Duncan, the Cretan explorer; and Donald A., who writes on Highland and Scandinavian folk-lore. They are all, like "The Man of Feeling," of Ross and Cromarty extraction. Two of them are novelists—W. A. and W. C.; two of them are poets—W. A. and D. A.; two of them are brothers—W. M. and D. A.; and two are distinguished for their scholarship—Duncan Mackenzie, a Doctor of Philosophy, of Vienna, and the greatest living authority on prehistoric pottery, and W. Mackay Mackenzie, M.A., F.S.A., who, according to "The Athenæum," is a force of the first class in Scottish historical opinion.

The latter, who lectures in February on the Clans, is a native of Cromarty, with which town his people have been connected for generations. The Mackay strain is from the Reay country.

He is a graduate with honours of Edinburgh University, a member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, a member of the Glasgow Archæological Society, a member of the Ecclesiological Society of Scotland, and an ex-President of the Glasgow Gaelic Society and of the Glasgow Ross and Cromarty Society.

For a number of years he has been a master in Glasgow Academy, and has engaged his leisure time with profit, for he is the author of several books. His first was "Hugh Miller: a Critical Study," published by Hodder & Stoughton, London. Dr Robertson Nicoll, in the "British Weekly," referred to this work as follows:—"In some respects it may be called masterly. Miller's work has never had so close and penetrating an expositor and critic as Mr Mackenzie. He seems to be equipped at all points." As the editor of Miller's "My Schools and Schoolmasters" "The Bookman" said:—"Mr Mackenzie has a real gift for concise and pertinent annotation."

It was in connection with his work as editor and expositor of Barbour's "Bruce" that the "Athenæum" gave him such high praise. It said:—"His critical opinions . . . are capital work, informed by definite standpoints, marked energy, and very considerable research." The "Scottish Historical Review" said that "his revision of the text, discussion of its integrity, and investigation of its historical value are original work." A critic in the "Year Book of the Viking Club" commended his "forcible vindication of Barbour's accuracy in details long doubted or disregarded as flights of romance."

Mr Mackenzie's chief archæological work is "Pompeii," published by A. & C. Black, London. He has taken part in exploration work in that ancient city, and his book is a historical picture of the life lived in it. The "Globe," commenting on the author's "singularly graceful style," says that "there must be a good number of authors who would like to learn the secret." Other opinions are:—"He is a scholar without being a pedant" ("Pall Mall Gazette"). "He brings before us a living Pompeii" ("Manches'er Courier"). "Abundant scholarship and unusual literary skill" ("Manchester Guardian"). "The book is a fine union of erudition and imagination" ("The Standard"). "He writes with an assured touch and distinction" ("Liverpool Courier"). "Such a scholar makes the best company in real life, and when he possesses Mr Mackenzie's faculty of writing he makes also a delightful companion in the Library" ("Yorkshire Post").

Mr Mackenzie is also the author of "A Short History of Scotland," and the editor of a number of school books for advanced pupils. Mr Mackenzie's archæological work has attracted attention on the Continent. The following is a criticism in French of one of his lectures before the Scottish Society of Antiquaries:—"L'excellent mémoire de M. Mackenzie contient des renseignements précieux au sujet d'habitations du même genre qui existent ou existaient dans le Highland, dans le pays de Galles et en Irlande.—*Prof. Issel, XIIIe Congrès d'Anthropologie et d'Archeologie Préhistorique, Session de Monaco, 1906.*"



Rev. THOMAS SINTON, F.S.A. (Scot.).

## THE REV. THOMAS SINTON, F.S.A. (SCOT.).

The subject of this notice was born at Aberarler, Loch Laggan-side, on the estate of Cluny Macpherson. His name, which has been connected with Selkirkshire from a remote period, had been carried into the Highlands towards the close of the eighteenth century by a forbear whose family had been long resident in Teviotdale, and who, coming north as a youth, held at various times the well-known sheep farms of Knockie, Farraline, Wester Aberchalder, and eventually Aberarder, a holding in which he was succeeded by his son of the same name—the father of the Rev. Thomas Sinton. Connected on the one side with the Morrisons and Macraes of Glenelg and Kintail, and on the other with the Stewarts, Campbells, and Robertsons, of Perthshire, Mr Sinton could hardly fail to inherit a strong vein of Highland feeling. He was educated at the parish school of Kingussie, the Royal Academy, Inverness, and the University of St Andrews. Due in some measure to the influence of “the last of the Highland Chiefs,” usually referred to as “Old Cluny,” and afterwards to the friendship of Principal Shairp, of St Andrews, who took a keen interest in everything Highland, Mr Sinton from an early age devoted much attention to the study of Gaelic and traditional lore.

Shortly after being licensed he was settled in the beautiful parish of Glogarray, within the bounds of his native Presbytery of Abertarff, of which he became Clerk. After an incumbency of seven years he was called to the parish of Dores, near Inverness, and is Clerk both to the Presbytery of Inverness and to the Synod of Moray. In 1906 Mr Sinton published a large volume called “The Poetry of Badenoch,” which was exceedingly well received by the press; and more recently appeared from his pen “By Loch and River, being Memories of Loch Laggan and Upper Spey,” which was also very favourably reviewed, “The Times” remarking that “it is of exceptionally good literary quality.” Besides this he has edited the hymns of Mrs Clark (Bean Torra Dhamh), has assisted in the preparation of a number of books, and has contributed papers to various magazines, societies, and the newspaper press.

He has on one or two occasions acted as Gaelic judge at the annual Mòds of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and is a member of the Inverness Branch of An Comunn and of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, to which he has made many valuable contributions in the field of Highland lore and story. In short, Mr Sinton is an accomplished Gaelic scholar, a poet of no mean order, an author of recognised ability, a sound adviser on Church Law and Procedure, and a devoted and successful parish minister.

# BAILLIDH THROTORNAIS AGUS A BHAN-BHUIDSEACH.



I. G. MAC AOIDH.

Cluinnidh sinn mòran an diugh mu na *Bursaries* tha gillean òga a' faighinn air son comhnadh le 'm foghlum ann an Oil-thigh; ach cha 'n 'eil fios aig mòran gu 'n robh an leithid anns an Eilean Sgitheanach cho fad air ais ris a' bhliadhna 1508. Anns a' bhliadhna sin, chuir an Rìgh air leth màl dà bhaile ann an Trotornais air son Coinneach Mac-Uilleam Mhic Sheumuis fhoghlum anns an lagh. So mar tha an reachd ag ràdh—"To hold the said Kannoeh at the skolis and for to lere and study the King's lawis of Scotland and afterwards to exercise and use the samin within the boundis of the Ilis dated at Stirling, 11th April 1508."

Bliadhnaichean an déidh so, bha Dòmhnall Gorm cho fad air deireadh le cis an Rìgh gu'n deach Coinneach a chur 'na Bhàillidh air Trotornais air son am màl a thogail an ainm an Rìgh air son a chis a phàidheadh.

'S iomadh latha bo 'n uair sin 'bha sliochd Dhòmhnuaill Ghuirm a' gearan air daoine bochd eile nuair a bhitheadh iad air dheireadh leis a' mhàl.

Thàinig Coinneach mu 'n cuairt ma-tà, a thogail a mhàil. Thachair do 'n earrach a bhliuch fuar, agus chaill a' chuid bu bhochdr de 'n tuath roinn de 'n spréidh le cion a bhidh.



Bha boirionnach bochd ann an Tobht-Sgòr air an d'fhàinig mòran deuchainn air an carrach a bha so. Chaidh a companach agus a dithis mhac a bhàthadh a' tighinn le luchd feamann à Eilean Throdaidh. Chaill i a' chuid mhór de 'n spréidh leis a' ghort; ach chaidh aice air a' bhó a b' fhèarr 'san treud a chumail beò aig mòran coisgais. Nuair thàinig Coinneach, cha robh ni aig a' bhantraich bhochd a bheireadh i dha. Cha robh airgid a' dol anns an dùthaich aig an àm; 's ged a bhuithheadh bu ghann cuid na bantraich dheth. Tha e coltach gu 'n robh réachd an Rìgh cho cruaidh 'sa bhliadhna 1508 's a tha e 'n diugh, 's cha robh 'm bàillidh dad na bu bhàigheala.

Thug Coinneach leis a' bhó. 's shaothaich e féin agus am maor léo i. agus chuir iad i féin air an t-each aig a' bhàillidh ann am buaile aig Dun-tuilm. Dh' fhalbh iad an sin gu tigh a' mhaoir gu biadh. Fhad 's a bha iad air falbh chruinnich còmhlan de ghillean òga 's sheas iad aig cùl creige a' seannachas mu 'n ghnòthach, a' càineadh a' bhàillidh agus a' mhaoir air son droch dhìol na bantraich. Arsa fear, "Nach bu ghasda a bhó aiseag gu eilean Thuilm mu 's tig iad." Dh' aontaich càch ris a so air ball. Thachair gu 'n robh bàta ann an geòdha faisg air làmh a bha ag aiseag chruaidh 'sa mhaduinn 's i deiseal a foitheamh ri. Cha 'n iarradh na gillean tuilleadh spòrs. Ann an tiòtadh chaidh a' bhó chur do 'n bhàta. Arsa fear eile, "Nach cuir sinn an t-each cuideachd innte." Cha bu luaithe thubhairt na rinn. Chaidh an t-each a chur air bòrd còmhla ris a' bhoine, agus a mach thug iad.

Bha iad air ais ann an ùine ghoirid, agus dh' fhuirich iad aig làmh gus an tilleadh am bàillidh agus am maor. Am beagan ùine thàinig iad agus ghabh iad air an socair a dh' ionnsuidh a' bhuaile; ach cha robh seòl air bó no each. An déidh coimhead mu 'n cuairt, thàinig iad suas far an robh na gillean agus dh' fhaighnich iad "Am faca sibh neach 'san bith a' buntainn do 'n bhoine?" Phreagair na gillean nach robh iad fada seasamh an so, is nach d' thàinig duine 'nan còir bho 'n thàinig iad.

An déidh mòran rùdhrach thall 's a bhos thubhairt fear de na gillean gu 'n robh cailleach 'san tigh bheag ud shìos, aig am bheil fiosachd, agus gu 'n innseadh i dhoibh c'àite 'm bheil iad.

"Bach sios g'a h-iarraidh" ars am bàillidh. Dh' fhalbh dithis 'nan deann a dh' ionnsuidh na caillech, agus dh' innis iad dhìan an cleas a rinn iad, agus gu 'm feumadh ise tuilleadh spòrs a dheanamh.

"'S mi ni," arsa Curstaidh.

Ghrad sgeadaich i i féin air son a' ghnòthach. Chuir i sùgan fodair m'a casan air son ghartan, sùgan eile m'a meadhoin air son crios, craiceann gabhair m'a guaillean, bonaid leathann a companaich m'a ceann, le 'falt sìos a druim agus cuaille mòr bata 'na dorn. Dh' fhalbh i nis air a socair còmhla ris na gillean, suas far an robh càch 'nan seasamh, agus dh' fhaighnich i suas ri taobh a' bhàillidh agus dh' fhoighnich i "gu dé 'n gnothach a bh' aige rithe-se."

"An urrainn thu innseadh" ars esan, "c'àite 'm bheil a' bhó agus an t-each a chuir sinnne stigh do'n bhuaile?"

"Cò bu leis iad?" ars ise.

"Tha bhó leis an Rìgh," agus an t-each leansa," ars esan.

"Tha thu breugach," ars ise, "Gu dé bhidheadh bó leis an Rìgh a' deanamh ann am buaile ann an Dun-tuilm?"

"Thug am boireannach sin dhomh air son a' mhàil i," ars esan.

"Tha thu breugach a rithid," ars ise, "cha tug, ach thug thusa bhuaithe i. Is tha sin a nis ag innseadh dhòmhsa gu dé bu chiall do 'n rud a chunnaic mi o chionn tacain.

Chunnaic mi sgaoth mhór de na sìtichean a' tighinn a stigh troimh chùil an tìghe; bha iad a' saodach bò agus each rompa, agus ghabh iad troimh 'n teine agus a mach troimh aghaidh an tìghe, agus chaidh iad a stigh do 'n chnoc tha sin thall. Na 'm bitheadh sibhse cho eòlach air na daoine beaga ud 's a tha mise, cha tìgeadh sibh do Chille-Mhoire a chreach bhantraichean bochda 's a thoirt bhuaith a' cuid cruaidh."

Nuair chiala Coinneach so, thug e chasan leis, 's cha d' thug e bó bho bhantraich cho fad 'sa bha e 'na bhàillidh air Trotornais.

Portrigh.

I. G. MAC AOIDH.

## AN OLD BRAE LOCHABER "CALLUINN" RHYME.

Beannachd 'us buaidh oirnn uile  
Air oidheche Challuinn;  
Bhi mar bu mhath leinn a bhi  
Air bhonnaibh fallain.  
Nuas do bhotul, a bhean,  
T'aran 's do mhulchag.  
'S air gach ni 'th' agad air bòrd  
Gu'n tòir sinn urchar.  
So dhuit mo làmh, a charaid,  
Gabh 's na diùlt i;  
Cuireamaid fàilt 'na deadh Challuinn  
Gu cridheil, sunndach—  
Mu 'n cuairt dhuinn biodh sonas 'us sian  
Na Trianaid ghlòrmoir,  
'S deanamaid deadh bhuil de'n t-saoghal  
Fhad 's is bèò sinn.

## AN OLD SAYING.

"'S mithich dhut a bhi bogadh nan gad." This very common old saying literally translated, "It is high time you were steeping the withes," is used when we wish a person to set about any work or action which remains for him to do. It is something similar to the Biblical phrase, "girding of one's loins."

In the autumn, when the grazing on the low lands was becoming scarce, it was the custom to retire to the hill pastures. Cordage of every kind was scarce, and in many districts not to be had at all. The substitute in use was withes, with which panniers were tied, halters for horses made, &c. These withes or gads were cut in early summer when the sap was still fresh and the bark green. They were laid aside in bundles till autumn, when the shieling journeys commenced. Before they could be used, however, they were steeped in water for some time, hence the saying, "bogadh nan gad."

# FARQUHAR D. MACDONELL.

(Biographical Notes by Malcolm C. Macleod.)



*S. Carnell.*

FARQUHAR D. MACDONELL.

*Napier, New Zealand*

Farquhar D. MacDonell was born in the village of Plockton, Ross-shire, about the year 1826. His father was Donald MacDonell, of Arisaig, a scion of the family of Glengarry, who married Margaret Finlayson, sister to Duncan Finlayson, who owned in his day the "Helen Finlayson," "Duncraig," and "Dunkeld" sailing clippers, which traded out of the Clyde. Duncan was the son of Farquhar Finlayson, Achmore. The father of the subject of our sketch was an Exciseman, and afterwards owner of a fleet of foreign trading ships at the time before steam revolutionised sea traffic. He had two sons—Donald and Farquhar. Donald, the eldest, was drowned in his twentieth year, on Loch Achnahinich. A strange bird had been observed for several days on the loch. It was shot by Donald, who undressed and swam towards the middle of the loch to secure the trophy, but he became entangled in the weeds, and so perished.

Farquhar, after receiving what education the village school could then give,

was sent by his parents to the Inverness High School, which at the time of the Disruption was the principal seminary for the youth of the Highlands. Mr Thomas MacKenzie, father-in-law to Dr Thomas Morrison, who afterwards became Rector of the F.C. Training College in Cowcaddens, Glasgow, was at that time Rector of the High School of Inverness.

Mr MacDonell, having finished his education, returned to Plockton, where he married, and led the life of a private gentleman and student, devoting much of his time to literary pursuits. But the sailing ships, which he inherited from his parents, suffered in the gradual decay of that trade, and finding himself in reduced circumstances he and his wife left with a company of emigrants from Plockton, in June 1873, for Hawke's Bay, New Zealand.

Mr Donald MacRae, well known throughout the Highlands as "Ballallan," who married Margaret Mathieson, a niece to Farquhar MacDonell, was appointed commercial and mathematical master of the Inverness High School—a

position formerly held by Dr Morrison— to enter on duty 2d January 1872. In then with Mr MacRae—then a youth out of his teens, and entering on a promising career — our bard placed in his hands the cases of a silver watch, a portion of gold ore from British Columbia, and the design of a gold brooch for his wife, which was to be manufactured out of the proceeds of these articles. Mr MacRae executed this commission at his leisure, and Mr MacDonell, who booked to leave the country in June 1873, got fretful, and sent an ill-tempered letter. Ultimately, when he received the brooch he wrote beseech- ing\* that his last letter be buried in the bottom of Mount Vesuvius! and ask- ing Mr MacRae to acknowledge forgive- ness for his short temper. Accompany- ing the letter were the following lines:—

I.

Tha mulad mór is iongnadh orm  
De 'n chaochladh tháinig ort;  
Gu bheil thu nis cho stúcach rium  
Mar bhíodh ort dhúib is broc;  
Am bheil agad fearg is mióthlachd rium,  
'S nach d'rinn mi rianh ort lochd?  
Cha 'n fhaigh mi chúis a bhreathnachadh—  
*A penny for your thoughts.*

II.

Thuir m' aigneadh féin gu mí-mhodhail  
Gu bheil thu 'n tìrean céin;  
Neo mar bha dia nan Israealach  
Dha 'n d'fhug Eliah beum\*;  
Neo bheil thu am feadh nan Iar-lochan  
A foghlum rian gach éisg—  
O! gum bu slán a philleas tu,  
'S gach slighe bhí dhuit réidh.

\*Rinn Eliah fanoid orra, agus thubhairt e,  
Eighibh le gúth ard. . . . tha e air thurus.  
I Rìgh xviii., 27.

III.

Ach uasal, fiosaich, firinneach  
'Gan bheil an intinn grad;  
'Ga cur a sìos gu h-innsginneach  
A' dheanamh mhiltean ait;  
Cur thugam fios a dh' fhuasglas bhuan  
Gach bruailean bhuan air fad;  
Gur sean-fhacal 'san Làidinn e:  
*Bis dat qui cito dat.*†

Mr MacDonell's compositions have not yet appeared in collected form, but Dr Henderson, Celtic lecturer, Glasgow University, informs me that he is pre- paring such a volume, and I myself purpose giving a selection of this bard's poems and songs, with melodies, &c., in the second volume of "Modern Gaelic Bards," which I am now getting ready, and hope to issue by subscription.

Meantime, I submit two songs. The first is a universal favourite among the Gaelic people, but it is not generally known that MacDonell is its author. Probably this is partly due to the fact that it was written to the air of an old song, the chorus also being an adapta- tion. This song, "Fàilte dhuit 'us slainte leat," was sung for the first time in public by Mr Donald MacRae, "Bal- allan," at the concert held during the Wool Fair at Inverness in 1872.

Above the non-de-plume of "Loch- Aillse" Mr MacDonell contributed articles dealing with the ancient ballad literature and folk-lore of the High- lands to the "Gael," "Inverness Courier," "Highlander," and other publications. As a Gaelic bard and seanachie he had few equals in his day. He died in New Zealand in the early 'eighties of last century.

M. C. MACLEOD.

†He gives twice who gives in a trice.

FÀILTE DHUIT 'US SLAINTE LEAT.

KEY C. CHORUS. *Lively.*

{ s .f : m .d	r .r : d .d	s .f : m .m	r .m : d'	s .f : m .d	r .r : d
{ Fàilte dhuit 'us	slainte leat, 'S i	'n fhàilte chuirim	às do dheigh	Fàilte dhuit us	slainte leat.

VERSE.

{ d' .d : d'	.m'   r' .d' : d	.s	d .d : d' .m'	r .d' : d'
{ Fhileasgach óig	a	dh' fhàg an dùthaich,	's e mo dhùr-achd	dhuit gu dian,

FINE.

{ d .t : l .s	s .l : d' .t	l .l : s .m	r .m	D.C.
{ Tu - rus taibneach 's	rùigheachd s'bhailt,	Dh' ionnsuidh 'n àit' an	d'rim thu trial.	

Bho'n a dh' fhàg thu càirdean gaolach,  
Tha gach aon fo àmhghar gear;  
Tha gach sean 'us òg fo mhì-ghean,  
'Us gach nìonag sìleadh dheur.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

Cha 'n fhaicear nis do choin ri mìreadh;  
'Chaoidh cha mhèag iad anns an ruaig;  
Iad a' donnaladh gu tìrsach.

'S fàh an ionndrainn air a' chuan.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

'N uair a ghlacadh tu do ghunna,  
'S lomhainn fhuiteach às do dhéidh,  
B' fhearrail, iollagach do shìntear,  
'Dol na frìth air sealg an éidh.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

'S tric 'sa mhaduinn leis a' pheileir,  
Leag thu 'n eilid air an tonn,  
'N coilcach dubh air slìos na mòintich  
Agus ròn air bhàrr nan tonn.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

'S tu bha aoidheil 'measg nan gaisgeach,  
Oigear gasda nam fear fal;  
Cridhe mòr an com an uasail;  
Ort bu shuarach a bhì crìon.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

'S iomadh tè a tha glé mhòdhar  
'Us an t-òr aice 'na inhill,  
Leis an b' fheàrr aic' thu r'a gualainn,  
Nu aon uachdran anns an tìr.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

Ged blithiun-sa 'nam athair òigh  
'S pailteas stòras agam dhi,  
B' fheàrr leam falamh thu mar chliamhuinn  
Na fear spiocach ged bu rìgh.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

'S beag an t-iongluadh thu bhi uaibhreach,  
Agus uasal anns gach àit',  
Stùbhardach de dh'fhuil nan rìghrean,  
'Lean na mìltean anns gach càs.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

'S gur Mac-Rath thu à Ceann-t-sàile,  
'S tu o d' mhàthair math 's gach linn;  
Ri Mac-Coinnich 'chum an òighreachd  
Dh' aindeoin saighdearan an rìgh.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

'S glan a fhreagras sud do d' phearsa,  
Fèileadh preasach 's o gun chearb,  
'Aidhir phìostal 's taghadh biodag,  
Air bhac-ìosguid nach 'eil meanbh.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

Aodann aoidheil làn de chàirdeas,  
Beul a' mhànrain gun bhì fiar;  
'Us làmh dheas air cùl a' bhòtuil  
'Lìonadh copan bràs 'na triall.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

Nàile! ghuidhinn dhuit gun bhrosgul  
Slàinte, sonas, agus miadh;  
'S cuibhl' an fhòrtain 'bhi dol timchioll  
Ceart mar fhreagras i do d' mhiann.

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

'Us thu philleadh do ar n-ionnsuidh,  
Làn a dh'ìinntais fo do chòir;  
Saothal fada gus a mhealtuinn,  
'S fois nam beanachd dhuit fa-dheòidh!

Fàilte dhuit, &c.

## DUANAG.

### A CHRISTMAS-DAY LILT.

The following "Duanag"—a Christmas-Day ditty or lilt—was sung extempore at a meeting of Kintail men and other Highlanders in Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, on 25th Dec. 1878.

AIR FONN.—*Let us be jovial, fill our glasses.*

Eirich 'suas a bhean-an-taighce,  
'Us cuir car dhìot mar bu nòs,  
Cuimhnich gur i 'nochd an Nollaig,  
'S cuir am botul 'na mo dhòrn.

### LUINNEAG—

Ho ro air falldar araidh,  
Falldar i-o rairaidh hó,  
Falldar ri ri-o rairaidh,  
Falldar i-o rairaidh hó.

Fair a bhòs e le do ghàire;  
Cha mliùsc sinn làn na cuach;  
Dh' fhàiltachadh nan aoidhean càrdeil  
'Chuir an dàimh an so air chuairt.

Ho ro, &c.

Tha sinn an so a Ceann-t-sàile,  
'S a Loch-aillse 's àilte snuadh;  
'S ged tha 'n tìr ud ga cur fàsail,  
Theid ar gràdh dhi leinn an uaigh.

Ho ro, &c.

An tìr bheannach, ghleannach, thiorail,  
Ghlacach, bhàidheach, thorrach, àidh,  
An tìr luibheach, dhoireach, dhosach,  
An tìr chnocach, choireach, bhlàth.

Ho ro, &c.

An tìr ionnluinn còir-bhreth àrnuim,  
Nach robh 'n àicheadh 'dol fo chruaidh;  
Cha robh teagamh riamb 'n am barrachd,  
'S ceanu a chabraich rompa suas.

Ho ro, &c.

Na fìr thaiseil, sgaiteach, ghleusda,  
Sheas nhadh, threubhach anns gach cas,  
'Sgathadh naimhdean mar an luachair,  
Fòirt na buaidhe mach 's na blàir.

Ho ro, &c.

Auns gach cùis 's an deach an dearbhadh,  
Bha iad earbsach, deas a ghnath,  
'S gum bi ionradh air an eucdan,  
Gus an téid an cé 'n a snal.

Ho ro, &c.

'M bodach dona shearg 's a dhithich  
Sliochd nam mìlìdh shò chaidh luaidh,  
Cìod am fios am faicèd 'iarmad-s'  
Anns na crìochan ud gle bhuan.

Ho ro, &c.

B'ole a làimhsicheadh ar càrdean,  
Faic! an làraichean gun cheò,  
Ach gum pill sinn 'thìr ar n-èibhneis,  
Nuair theid Herod 'chur fo 'n fhòid.

Ho ro, &c.

Cha chuis iongantais ar cion di,  
'S i bhi tric a' dol troimh 'r smuain,  
'S gur ann imte tha ar sinnsrean—  
'Nan cuid chilleatan deas 'us tuath.

Ho ro, &c.

'S gur i 'n tìr i 'n deach ar n-àrach,  
'N tús ar làithean ait gun bhòrn,  
'S sinn gun chùram oirnn m'an t-saoghal;  
Cheart cho aotrom ris na h-òin.

Ho ro, &c.

Gu'm beil iarmad fhathast imte,  
'Seasamh dileas ri r luchd dùthich;  
So i deoch-slàinte gach caraid,  
'S "Bun Lochabar" dhiubh air thùs.

Ho ro, &c.

'Us na 'm faighinn fhéin an ceart-uair  
Làn mo ghlacaid dheth a dhòid,  
Chrathaimn i gn coibhneil, càrdeil,  
Gus an cuirinn blàths 'n a mheòir.

Ho ro, &c.

Sud an curaidh 's pailte buadhan,  
'N com na h-uaisle 's glaine càil,  
Tha e ainmeil anns gach talamh  
S iomadh clach a theid 'n a chàrn.

Ho ro, &c.

Fhuair o géire, lànachd gliocais,  
'S barrachd fiosrachd dheth gach seòrs',  
'S gabhar teagasg as na sgrìobh e,  
Fhad 's bhios grian a' dol 's na neòil.

Ho ro, &c.

Lìon a rithist dhuinn am botul,  
Bheir sinn frogan air an òl,  
'S bith sinn fearail, fialaidh, fòsgarr',  
Gus an teid am ploc 'chur òirn.

Ho ro, &c.

Oidheche na Nollaig-ùire 1878.



DR ANGUS MACGILLIVRAY,  
SENIOR CHIEFTAIN, D.H.S., SESSION 1911-12.



# THE GAELIC HIGHLANDS.

By R. J. KELLY, Barrister, Dublin.

It was recently my good fortune to visit the Scottish Highlands, and to meet, while there, as enthusiastic Gaels as ever I met at home. I was for some days in the most historic districts memorised in recent Scotch history by the many chivalrous, but sad scenes connected with the Stuart cause. I saw Culloden, and passed near many other sacred spots where the best blood of "Bonnie Scotland" was freely spilled for the ill-fated Prince Charlie. I stood in the corner of the old fortress of Fort Augustus, where the prisoners were shot down by order of "bloody Cumberland," and I paid homage to the memory of the brave men who were slaughtered there. As I reminded my kind Scotch friends, we Irish also suffered in the same cause, and the deathless doings at Aughrim, the Boyne, Limerick, and Athlone showed what the Irish did for the Stuarts in those dark days. But more even than these historical associations were the memories enshrined in ruin, and place-name all over the Highlands of the saints and scholars of holy Ireland, who with Columelle and his brave band, and the countless others who followed in their footsteps, went forth to Christianise the Northern parts of Scotland, and have left other-day recollections and records never to be obliterated—never to be forgotten. But what equally appealed to me in my too brief sojourn was the atmosphere of Gaeldom, which I breathed from almost the very first moment I arrived at Dundee. There it was my good fortune to meet as true Celts as I could wish to meet, as kindly, genial, hospitable, and social as one could find anywhere. I shall never forget the two pleasant evenings I spent in company with some of the members of the Dundee Highland Society, the many racy stories and legends all redolent of the past I heard from them. They are full of Scotch tradition and Celtic spirit, with that reverence for the past and all that appertains thereto that true sons of Scotia—major and minor—always feel. The nationality of the Scotch I never doubted, and I regard it as being as true, as uncompromising, and as strong as that of either my own countrymen, or of the Czechs of Bohemia, with whom I am so familiar. The Scots love of their beautiful and expressive language, the common tongue of the Celt, whether in the Highlands, in Brittany, in Ireland, or in Wales, is intense, and will, I believe, never die out. The modern spirit of commercialism may try to stifle it as unpractical and of no use in trade and commerce, but it is not for trade and commerce men live. The same "practical" argument was used when

revive his language, but it failed then, and it will fail now. Then in Bohemia it was said that if the ceiling of a certain room in a house in Prague fell it would crush out of life every man who could speak and write Czech. Now four million people speak and write it. So much for the practical argument against a language being spoken and taught.

Later, when I visited Inverness, I had the good fortune to meet Mr Wm. MacKay, the historian of that picturesque region, a man of high culture, steeped to the lips in the literature and legendary lore of his beautiful and beloved country. To meet such men as these, so full of the genius of the place, so enthusiastic in their love for their language, their country's glorious history, and the unperishable tradition of their race, was to me, a fellow Celt, with the same feelings for my own poor country, a revelation, and will be an enduring recollection as long as I live. The Celts are immortal and imperishable. Emigration may decimate their numbers in Scotland as in Ireland, but as our poet, D'Arcy Magee, says in his poem on "The Celts":—

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports

With clay and stone  
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts

Not yet o'erthrown;  
On cairn-crowned hills they held their council-courts;

While youths alone,  
With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,  
And brought them down.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,  
Whose ancient song  
Over the clamour of all change is heard,  
Sweet-voic'd and strong.  
Fin once o'ertook Gracee, the golden-hair'd,  
The fleet and young;  
From her, the lovely, and from him, the fear'd,  
The primal poet sprung.

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and change  
Surround thy name—

Thy Finian heroes now no longer range  
The hills of fame;  
The very name of Fin and Gaul sound  
strange—

Yet thine the same—  
By miscalled lake and desecrated grango--  
Remains and shall remain!

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed  
We scarce can trace;  
There is not left an undisputed deed  
Of all your race.  
Save your majestic song, which hath their  
speed,

And strength and grace!  
In that sole song they live and love and bleed—  
It bears them on thro' space.

RICHARD J. KELLY.

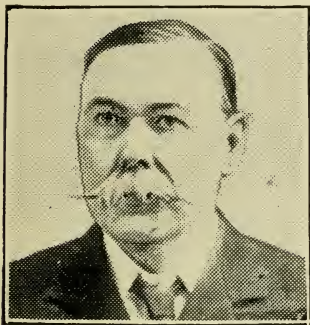
Dublin, Oct. 1911.



## “O, ADHAIMH!”

Bu thogh le Rìgh Seumas a Còig seachdain a chur seachad an dràsda 's a rìthist ann an Lùchairt Sgàin; agus nuair a bhithheadh e 'n sin, bu ro-thaitneach leis e fhéin uidheamachadh, cha 'n ann mar rìgh, ach mar dhuine bochd, agus sgrìob a thoirt air feadh Gàidheil Shràth-bhràin.

Aon latha nuair a bha 'n rìgh air a rathad troimh Ghleann-sith is a' dlùthachadh air Srath-bhràin, chunnaic e bodach mòr reamhar de mhuintir an t-sratha sin a' sponadh fraicli. Bha 'm bodach a' gabhail a' ghnòth-uich gu ro-sìocrach. An dèigh na h-uile bad riamh a sponadh e, chuireadh e 'lámh air a chruachainn 's theireadh e “O, Adhaimh!” Sheas an rìgh is bheach laich e air graithinn mhath, ach cha robh gaiosean fraicli a' tighinn as a' bhun, nach robh “O, Adhaimh” a' tighinn as a' bhodach. A nis bha gu lóir 'Ghaidhlig aig an rìgh mar a bha aig 'athair is aig a sheanair roimhe; agus bha briathran an duine, uime sin, a' cur iognadh nach bu bheag air.



PARUIG MAC-AN-EASGAIR.

Mn dheireadh, dh' fharraid e “C' arson a tha thu 'g ràdh “O, Adhaimh?”

Fhreachair an duine gu dòn, dalma gun fhìos aige cò 'bha bruidhinn ris—“Nach mi a dh' fheudas ‘O, Adhaimh’ a ràdh. Mur bhiodh gu 'n do rinn e ball-magaidh dheth fhéin ann an gàradh Edein, cha 'n ann am fallus mo ghnuise a bhithheadh mise ag itheadh m' arain an diugh.”

“Am bheil thu saolsinn, ma-tà,” ars an rìgh, “gu 'n deanadh tusa na b' fheàrr anns a' ghàradh sin na rinn Adhamh?”

“Na b' fheàrr, mo chreach!” ars am bodach; “cha b' urrainn domh na bu mhiosa a dheanamh ged a dh' fheuchainn ris.”

“Cha dean do ghearan mu 'n eas-ùmhleadh aig Adhamh,” ars an rìgh, “feum 's am bith dhuit fhéin no do dhuin' eile; ach innsidh mise dhuit rud a ni. Cuir thusa luchd-cartach do 'n flraoch bhòidheadh sin gu Lùchairt Sgàin am màireach, 's bheir mise mo ghealladh gu 'n téid do phàidheadh gu math air son do shaoth-rach. Feòraich an sin air son Seumas Stiubhart, oir tha mise ro-eòlach air, agus cuiridh esan ceart thu. Dean mar tha mi 'g iarraidh ort, 's bithidh do dhuais 'nad dhòrn am màireach. Slàn leat.”

Thog an rìgh air, agus chuir e seachad a' chuid eile de 'n latha sin is an oidhche an caoimhneas blàth nan Gàidheal aig taobh “Abhainn Bhràin nam breac bòidheadh.”

Air an ath mhaduinn bha 'n rìgh is bodach an fhraoich air an rathad gu Lùchairt Sgàin;

ach cha robh iad an cuideachd a chèile, oir bha 'n rìgh a' gearradh troimh gach aithghearr, 's 'g a' chumail fhéin a' sealladh an fhlair eile. An uair a ràinig am bodach le 'each is le 'chairt, bha 'n rìgh a' feitheamh air aig dorus mòr na lùchairt, agus e sgeadaichte ann an còmhach meallta eile, air chor 's nach d' aithnich am Brànach bochd gu 'm fac' e riamh roimhe e. Dh' fheòraich am bodach — “Am bheil Seumas Stiubhart a' fuireach an so?”

“Tha,” fhreachair an rìgh: “'s mise an duine sin, agus bheir 'ni deagh luchd-saoth-rach dhuit air son an fhraoich sin, mur 'eil e reicte agad cheana.”

“'S e 'm fraoch a reiceadh riut-sa ceann-fàth mo thuruis,” arsa 'n duine; “agus fàgaidh mi breith na prise agad fhéin.”

Sméid an rìgh air gille-stàbuill; chuir e 'm beothach eich fo 'chùram; agus sheòl e 'n duine a stigh do sheòmar-acoidheadh mòr. Bha bòrd briagha 'n sin air an robh dìnnear bu ghasda 'chunnaic an duine rè fada a' bheatha.

“A nis,” thuir an rìgh, “tha agam-sa ri dol a mach car tiotan, ach dean thusa thu-féin aig an tigh. Sin do làmh, 's gabh de gach ni is àill leat; ach air na h-uile cor na bean do 'n t-soitheach airgid sin a tha air teismheadh a' bhùird. Cha 'n 'eil duine 's am bith aig am bheil de chridhe corrag a chur air an t-soitheach sin ach an rìgh a mbàin.”

Chaidh an rìgh an sin a mach as an t-seòmar, dhruid e 'n dorus, agus chuir e 'shùil ri toll na h-ùrach.

“Cha 'n 'eil mi tuigsinn,” thuir am bodach ris fhéin, “ciod e idir 's urrainn a bhì anns an t-soitheach airgid sin. Rìgh 'n so no rìgh 'n sud tha 'm breamas 's a' chùis ma ni sealltainn air na th' ann dolaidh.”

Dh' èrich e 's thog e 'm brod. Cha bu luaithe rinn e sin na leum luchag gheal as an t-soitheach. 'S ann an sin a thòisich an ruaig dhian. Dèidheil 's mar bha 'n rìgh fhéin air an t-sealg, cha robh e riamh na bu déine an dèigh gille nan cròc na bha 'm Brànach air tòir na luchag. Bha i a' ruith 's a' leumadh am measg nan soitheach, agus am bodach le 'chrògan móra, faobach a' cur cuid dhiubh sin bun os ceann is 'gam briseadh ann am braise na tòrachd. Chuir na tubasteain sin is an t-eagal gu 'm biodh am fear a chaidh mach air ais, an duine bochd 'n a bhreislìch; ach, mu dheireadh thall, leum an luchag ann an soitheach beag, cumhann. Fhuair e 'n sin greim oirre, 's dhùin e suas i gu grad 'n a h-àite féin.

Cha mhòr nach do chail an rìgh a lùths aig cùl an dorus a' gàireachdaich ris na thachair; ach, 'n uair a dh' thogail e 'n dorus, ghabh e air fhéin a bhì feargach, agus thuir e “Air chnute cha robh thu cho mi-mhodhail is cho beag nàire 's gu 'n do ghabh thu gnothuch ri soitheach airgid an rìgh.”

“Cha do ghabh, cha do ghabh”; ars am bodach “cha do chuir mise corrag air.” “A shean eucoraich,” ars an rìgh, “tha thu 'g innsadh na tul-bhrèige dhomh as an aodainn. Tha thu na 's miosa na Adhamh; oir ghabh esan ri chiont, ach dh' àicheadh thusa. Na ch-inneam-sa ‘O Adhaimh,’ no ‘O Eubha’ 'tighinn tuilleadh a' do chraos. Mach a' mo shealladh, a thrudair, 's thoir do dhachaidh ort!”

Bha 'm bodach truagh an leithid de bhrath-cheò leis na h-uile dad a bh' ann, 's nach do ghabh e umhail nuair a bha e 'dol mach air an dorus, gu 'n deach sporan a chur 'n a phòc' anns an d' fhuair e 'n dèigh-làimh còig buinn oir.

Cha robh naidheadh bu docha leis an rìgh fhéin 'nnsadh nuair a bhiodh gearn math air an cuideachd nan Gàidheal na “O, Adhaimh.”

PARUIG MAC-AN-EASGAIR.

# THE TOURNAIG BARD.

By Malcolm C. MacLeod.



ALEX. CAMERON.

This is a striking and characteristic portrait of "The Tournai Bard." I had the pleasure of meeting him some three years ago, and truly it was a pleasing and delightful experience. Cycling in Wester Ross in the month of September, one fine night after a long spin I arrived late and somewhat fatigued at Poolewe. As good luck would have it, while I was seeking for a night's lodging who should come on the scene in his tartan array, but Mr William Cameron, conductor of the Poolewe Gaelic Choir. The tired feeling was soon charmed away on being introduced to an enthusiastic Gaelic throng interested in the local Gaelic choir, among others present being Mr Rod. MacLeod, Inverness, and Mr Alex. Cameron, "The Tournai Bard." That night Ruairidh sang several songs in his own inimitable manner. I had heard his melodious voice many times in the South, and had seen crowded halls of people melted and swayed by its sweet magnetic influence, but in this Gaelic atmosphere he simply excelled himself.

"The Tournai Bard" sang his own songs, and sang them well, too. With his tall, well-knit frame and his long flowing beard—suggestive of some Highland seer—"The Tournai Bard" presented as handsome a Gael as one may ever hope to see. The glint of his kindly eye, as the gathering joined heartily in the chorus, was most cheering.

The bard is well known throughout Wester Ross, not only for his poetic effusions, but also for his unusual knowledge of and practical experience among sheep and cattle; he was for 30 years sheep and cattle manager on the estate of O. H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Inverewe and Kernsary.

Alexander Cameron was born about 61 years ago at Inverasdale, on the western shores of Loch Ewe. He had the advantage of a careful and religious upbringing under the hospitable roof of his parents. At the early age of 15 years, when he had just acquired the rudiments of education at the Free Church School, the subject of our sketch entered the service of O. H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Inverewe (a brother of the late Sir K. Mackenzie of Gairloch), in whose service he remained for the long period of 40 years. Mr Mackenzie and his mother, the late Dowager Lady Mackenzie, took a great interest in the youth. They got him to resume his studies, and ere long he became a very efficient Gaelic and English student.

In a few years the managership of Mr Mackenzie's sheep-farm of Tournai became vacant, and Mr Cameron was at once appointed, shortly after which he married. He spent many happy years in Tournai, and reared a family of three sons and two daughters. Although our bard is a healthy and well-built man, the severe and wet climate of Wester Ross at length began to tell on his robust constitution, more especially as his calling exposed him to all sorts of weather, and of late years he has suffered very much from rheumatism. So he decided to retire from active service, and he now occupies a very nice croft which belonged to his ancestors, where he has erected a handsome cottage.

On his retiring he was presented with a public testimonial—a purse of sovereigns—which was widely subscribed to, and his much esteemed wife was the recipient of a beautiful marble clock.

Mr Cameron is a poet of considerable merit, and several of his poems have appeared in the Northern press. He gave a number of his songs before the Gaelic Society of Inverness—in all about 14 poems—the most of which will appear in the Society's "Volumes of Transactions." Mr Cameron—unlike his neighbour, the famous Bard of Kinlochewe, a great master of satire, who died several years ago—never wrote any satirical poems, his productions being always of the pastoral and gentler sort. His song, "Farewell to Gairloch," sung to a variation of "Loch Lomond," always gets a hearty reception at Highland gatherings in Glasgow. He also composes airs to his songs, and sings them with pleasing effect. I now submit one of his songs with an English translation.

M. C. MACLEOD.

## MOLADH THURNAIG.

O'n 's e 'n diugh an dara Màigh  
Bho 'n a ghabh mi 'n Tùrnaig tàmh,  
Ar leam fein nach b'olc an càs  
Air a sgàth ged dheilbhinn rann.

SEISD:—

Hurabh o gu'n tog mi fonn,  
'S toil leam fein an Coiro-donn,  
Diriuh mi 'mach ris a' mhaol;  
'S fallain gaoth o thaobh nam meall.

'S glòrmhor obair Nàduir fein,  
Grian ag òradh neòl nan speur,  
Cuan 'na chòmhnard bòidheach rèidh,  
'S torman seimh aig seis nan allt.

Tùrnaig aoibhinn, Tùrnaig aigh,  
Tùrnaig shaoibhir, Tùrnaig lan,  
Tùrnaig bheartach, 's pailte bàrr,  
Tùrnaig chnaiseach, ghrànach, throm.

Tha gach tlachd na d' thaoir' air fàs,  
Sliabh is srath is cladach sàil;  
D'uillt de nèamhnaidibh cho làn,  
Far an snàmh an dòbhran-donn.

Tha do ohladach, clachach, àrd,  
Geòdhach, stacach, fàsach, blàth;  
H-uile sloc is lag is bagh  
Loma-làn de mhaorach trom.

Bradain mheanmnach na d' loch sàil,  
Iealach balla-bhreach 's earra-gheal tàrr,  
Sìubhiach luath, na chuach mar bhàrc,  
Tigh'nn o'n chuan gu tàmh 'm bun d'allt.

Loch-nan-dail le 'chladaich seòin,  
Loch-nan-lach is glaise geòidh,  
Iasgach pailt air bhaile nan òb,  
'S gasd' an spòrs do sheòid dhol ann.

Air gach dail tha mait le laogh,  
Anns gach glaic tha pailteas naoisg,  
Air gach stacan, coileach-fraoich,  
'Maoh na d' aonach sgaoth cheare-dhonn.

Coill Aigeascaig gu ceutach cluth,  
'S am beil *legion* coileach-dubh,  
Sud an doire 'n goir iad much,  
'Seinn am puirt le 'm bus-ghuib chrom.

Cuthag chùl-donn anns gach àir'  
Ceithn gug-gùg an dlùths 'nam bàrr,  
Breacaidh-beith 'sa ghlas-chàrn,  
Snàthadag is dreathan-donn,

Smùdan, sneòrach, creothar, cnag,  
Sud an ceòl is bòidliche sgreag;  
'S brù-dearg ruiteach 'gearradh fead,  
Shuas air creagan os an cionn.

Leam a b'ait bhi seal le 'm ghaol,  
'G èisdeachd chruitearan do chraobh:  
Gabhail beachd air obair shaoir,  
Nàduir ònsgeulaich 's gach ball.

## SONG ON TOURNAIG.

Translated by Mr W. Clements Good, of  
Aberdeen.

Twice has the bright returning May  
Inspired me to poetic lay,  
Since Tournaig's hills first knew my  
tread,  
And cast their shadows o'er my head.

Chorus—

Hurrah, the chorus let us raise!  
The Corrie be my theme of praise,  
On whose brown ridge the heather  
grows,  
And where the healthful north wind  
blows.

Here Nature glories in her pride;  
O'er heaven the clouds, all sunlit, glide;  
Like polished shield the ocean glows,  
The babbling burn sings as it flows.

Tournaig! thou home beloved by me!  
With rich green crop and sloping lea,  
With fruitful fields and white-fleeced  
sheep  
Dotting afar each breezy steep.

I ne'er can cease my praise of thee!  
Here hill and strath and briny sea;  
There streams which from the mountains  
glide,  
Where pearls abound and otters hide.

High is thy shore against the storm,  
Yet lined with sheltered coves and  
warm  
Whilst shell-fish fill each rocky hole  
Where never oceans's waves can roll.

And he who gazes in the deep  
May see the silvery salmon sweep,  
With graceful curve and stately turn,  
To seek his food below the burn.

Or we can haste to Loch-nan-Dail,  
Where the brown trout will never fail;  
Whilst flocks of duck and grey goose  
soar  
From marshy haunts upon its shore.

The shaggy herd each meadow feeds,  
The snipe lies close within the reeds;  
Each step the heather-cock may rouse,  
Loud warning his less wary spouse.

Coille Aigeascaig—shade from the heat!  
Here is the blackcock's sure retreat;  
Yonder they caw at early day,  
With bent bills crooning forth their lay.

Wood pigeons, mavis, and night jar,  
Make music sweet both near and far;  
Full joyously the redbreasts call,  
Perched on the rocks high o'er them all.

"Coo, coo," the cuckoo cries aloft,  
The chaffinch sings in tones more soft.  
The fieldfare, titlark, and the wren  
All swell the chorus of thy gen.

No symphony can rival thine;  
Nor elsewhere do more clearly shine  
The works of God in Nature's face,  
Harmonious in every place.

Would that we two were wandering now  
Where these wild woods could hear our  
vow!  
Ne'er could we roam midst scenes more  
grand  
Than in this rugged northern land!

# AN AIBIDIL GHÀIDHLIG.

An doigh 'san abair "Bard Thùrnaig" na litrichean.

A = àh	G = jay	O = òh
B = bèh	H = each	P = pèh
C = cèh	I = ìe	R = ere (air)
D = òèh	L = el	S = es
E = èh	M = em	T = tèh
F = èf	N = en	U = ùh

## "BHI 'GAN CUIMHNEACHADH 'S 'GAN IONNDRUINN."

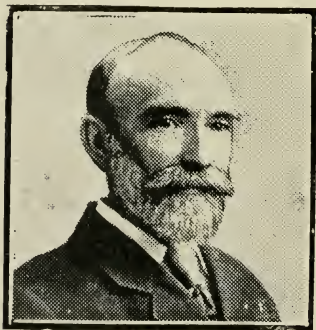
Mu mheadhon na linn a dh' fhalbh, bha Ban-Iompaire na Frainge air allaban air feadh na dùthcha so, agus, am measg aiteachan eile ams an do chuir i seachad cuid d'a h-aimsir, thuinich i tacan ann am baile 'n Obain. Bha i fuireach ann an aon de thighean-òsda a' bhaile, agus gu dé a rinn fear an tigh-òsda le mìodail agus le sodal, an latha thàinig i, a' bratach trì-dathach Na Frainge a chur ri bàrr a' chroinn, os ceann bratach rioghail Bhreatuinn.

Le ceum critheach, fann, co thàinig a nios an t-sràid ach an sean laoch Alasdair Caimbeul. a chosd a chuid a' b'fheàrr d'a bheatha ann an cogadh na Spàinne. Sìul da'n d'thug e gu muilach a' chroinn, chunnaic e mar bha; las aghaidh an sean churaidh le corruich, agus a' toirt taruing air an sgéine, 's a làmh air chrith, gheàrr e 'n ròpa, agus a nuas gu làr thàinig na brataich. "Chunnaic mi," ghlaodh e le guth ard, "tuillidh 's a chòrr de dh'fhuil air a dortadh as aobhar a' bhraataich rioghail againn 's gu 'n leiginn le pocan a' dh' fhear tigh-òsda a' leithid de dhimeas a dheanamh oirre."

Nuair a chaidh innseadh do'n Phan-Iompaire mar a rinneadh, thuir i gu 'n robh i toirt urram agus cliù do 'n t-sean-duine. "Na 'm biodh," thuir i, "mo phobull-sa cho dilcas dhòmhsa agus tha an saighdear treun so do'n Bhan-rìgh Bhictoria, cha blihinn 'na m' fhogarach bochd mar tha mi ann an dùthaich chéin."

Ach cha robh orioch air a' ghnòthuch fhathasd. Fhuair cuid-eigin dòigh air fios a' leigèil do'n Bhan-rìgh' ghaolach againn fhéin an nì a' rinneadh, agus chuir i blo a làmh fhéin bata riomhach le ceann òir air, a' dh' ionnsuidh an sean laoich mar chomharradh air a spéis da. Agus tha iad beò fhathasd 'nar measg leis an cuimhne gu math an seann duine fhaicinn a' gabhail a chuir air feadh a' bhaile 's an bata do ghnàth air a ghiùlan.

GILLEASBUIG MAC 'ILLE-MHUNNA.  
A' Chaille bheag,  
An t-Oban.



GILLEASBUIG MAC 'ILLE-MHUNNA.



# THE EARLIEST DUNDEE HIGHLANDERS.

By John Walker, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.)

We know from Roman history that the culmination of the Celtic power in Europe was coeval with the Roman Republic, or during the millennium before Christ. After the Christian Era Celticism declined, Julius Cæsar had smashed the Gallic Kingdoms on the Continent, and even invaded Britain, and the only free Celts were outwith the bounds of the rapidly extending Roman Empire. I A.D. to 500 A.D. is thus known to Continental ethnologists as the late Celtic period, and here we can first see Scotland in the light of history.

Who lived in Forfarshire at that time? Do their descendants still exist in ourselves, or are we an alien race? Professor Rhys, whose predilections are wholly Welsh, divides Scotland between the non-Celtic aboriginal, the Goidel or Celt, and the Brython. He scatters these races about so that his map of Scotland looks like a piebald pony's back, and he gives one half of Forfarshire to the aboriginal and the other to the Celt, commencing the great racial division about the sixth hole on Monifieth golf course! His opinion accordingly is that the inhabitants of North-Eastern Scotland, from Fife to Aberdeen, were not Celts, and it is this theory that requires discussion.

So far as his theories are based on facts, I submit that a closer knowledge of our country deprives his argument of all weight. For instance, he says the two people called the mouths of their rivers respectively, "Aber" and "Inver." Now *Inverness* jostles *Aberchaldar*. The river *Deveron* had a tributary at *Aberchirder*, and two miles further down another at *Inverkeithny*. The Picts' capital was at *Abernethy*, and their Holy place was at *Aberlemno*, but midway between these two we have *Invergowrie*. On the opposite coast of Fife we have *Inverkeithing* midway between *Aberdour* and *Abercorn*, and *Aberbrothock* is next door to *Inverkeillor*. No wonder the Professor's maps are spotted, and his racial boundaries twisted. From such word twistings let us turn to the few facts about which we are certain. They

belong to two classes, the actual handwork of these times, and the information we get from the writers, who were to our certain knowledge contemporaries.

Thanks to the unwearied industry of local antiquaries we have a continuous series of the weapons and implements made in this country from Before Christ until the historic period. From the bronze age onwards the schemes of decoration invented by the various races are easily distinguishable. No one can fail to "spot" at once the workmanlike utilitarianism of the Roman blacksmith or stonemason with his straightedge and his compasses, the somewhat clumsy grotesques of the Norseman, and the delicate grace of the Celtic "ceard." After the styles developed I do not know one original piece of handwork that an antiquary could fail to allot to its proper school of art.

Bronze age weapons exist in our museums in great profusion. Although the typical two-edged sword and the flanged axe or celt are most graceful weapons, their makers were too anxious for efficiency to devote time to ornament, but with the accoutrements that were worn with them it was otherwise. For instance, a bronze sword found at *Cauldhame, Brechin*, was itself perfectly plain, but on it there was still left the bronze tip of the leather sheath, and its grace not only attested the presence of the artist, but it bore a striking family resemblance to one made hundreds of years afterwards, and labelled "late Celtic." A round bronze shield was some years afterwards found near *New Deer, in Aberdeenshire*. It not only bore a design on it strikingly reminiscent of those on the shields of the Celtic auxiliaries that served in the Roman Army on the Continent, but is the earliest attempt at the interlaced work afterwards brought to such perfection in the *Forfarshire monuments*. There are, however, even on weapons some examples which clearly foreshadow Celtic art. For instance, near *Auchterhouse Sanatorium* a bronze dagger was discovered in a typical pagan bronze age burial, and we

can clearly see on it the triple line afterwards so skilfully used in Celtic decoration. (Ill. No. 1.)

We next come to the Roman period Here is a bronze armlet found at Pit-alpin, near Lochee. (Frontispiece.)

It represents a two-headed snake, and artistically is a great advance on the dagger. The workmanship is perfect, the design is well balanced and highly original. Still it is a crude production compared with examples found at Culbin Sands, Auchinladie in Banffshire, and Aboyne. Such armlets seem to have been fashionable at the time, and in a number of instances they are found in conjunction with eirde houses.

These are underground dwellings found everywhere on the East of Scotland, to which the inhabitants retired in times of trouble. They existed contemporaneously with the Roman occupation, for Roman pottery was found in the earth-house at Tealing, and an earth-house was found at Newstead, built of stones taken from the Roman depot. It, therefore, was built after 120 A.D. when the Roman depot was evacuated. These refuges probably erected by the tribes at the time when they swept over the lowlands and England in the 4th century. The armlets are found from the Pentland Hills to Caithness, and are most common in Forfar and Aberdeen. These articles were not manufactured elsewhere and imported, for we can trace their development step by step from the rudest work to the more elaborate design. (Ill. 3.)

Near Largo in 1819 a pagan grave was dug up, and although the greater part of the treasure there found was appropriated and sold by a hawker, a number of pieces of silver jewellery were ultimately recovered. They were in the same style as the foregoing, but the Celtic whorls and interlaced work are much more prominent, and the designs more elaborate. Along with these was a small silver leaf decorated with a symbol. (Ill. 2.)

This symbol and about half a dozen others, of which one is seen on the Rossie monument figured on the cover, appear on monuments, buildings, jewellery, and accoutrements over the same area. In Forfarshire they are seen on every Celtic cross, and although their

meaning is wholly unknown, conjecture has classed them among Christian symbols. Their appearance here among the grave goods of a pagan chief at once disposes of that theory, for although Paganism and Christianity existed in Scotland for some years side by side, a relapse from Christianity to Paganism, or a mixture of Paganism and Christianity is equally unheard of. Similarly the constant use of the symbols upon undoubtedly Christian tombs excludes the idea that the symbols can belong to pagan worship.

The probability is, therefore, that they have no religious significance whatsoever, but were the insignia of the great tribes or Princes of the Pictish race. Their importance for us is that they are peculiar to the East Coast of Scotland and Orkney and Shetland.

We now arrive at the Christian period, beginning at 570 A.D., to which the greater part of our monuments belong. The district of which Dundee is the centre now came into special prominence, and the remains show that from the sixth to the ninth century there must have existed in our midst a school of artists—sculptors and stone-cutters—whose work has not since been excelled in Scotland. The monuments at Rossie\*, Ben-vie, Aberlemno, Meigle, Monifieth, and Arbroath are world famous. The style is a direct development of what we saw in the bronze age scabbard, and the earth-house bracelet the same spirit was there, but in the hundreds of years which have since elapsed what was then merely a flourish by an individual craftsman has become a regular school of art. No doubt the magnificent manuscripts which Columba of Iona and his disciples designed and carried to perfection supplied many of the more intricate

motifs. But an examination of the Forfarshire stones will show that the East country artists in taste and balance, and even in execution excelled their Irish brethren. The area of these monuments is the same as the ones previously mentioned—not one being found outside it except in Galloway, where the same school of bas-relief prevailed, but the art was of a much ruder and more elementary character.

About this time similar decoration appeared on the West Coast monuments,



No. 1.—Bronze Dagger found at Auchterhouse.

\* See Illustration No. 4 and Cover.



without, however, the East Coast symbols. Further, the West Coast (Scotic) monuments aimed at a rude form of sculpture. The cross was not in bas-relief, but cut clear of the background, and figures were similarly treated. The East Coast monuments rigidly adhered to bas-relief.

After the tenth century the workmanship deteriorated, the artists began to introduce figures and foliage, and by another century the school, so far as the East Coast is concerned, had ceased to exist, and was replaced by the Saxon and Norman mason. The proud Normans who built our mediæval churches had so little regard for their predecessors, and so little appreciation of their merit, that we owe the preservation of most of those monuments to the fact that they were used as rubble, on which to build St Andrews Cathedral and other Norman churches, and thus escaped the wear and tear of time. Only a very few of these monuments bear inscriptions, one at Arbroath has on it the following in the Celtic writing of the eighth century: — Drostan

“epi Voret et Forcus.” The exact meaning is disputed, but the fact remains that these three individuals all have Pictish names, which happen to be the names of three men on the list of Pictish Kings, Drust, Urad and Fergus. Most of the other inscriptions left are in Ogham, the ancient Celtic priestly script.

We therefore have for 800 years within an area, embraced by the Pentlands on the south, Drumalban on the west, and the Pentland Firth on the north, a regularly progressive style of art. This area during at least part of the same period formed the Kingdom of the Picts. We look to see whether the school extends to any area occupied by Picts outside this kingdom of the period of the bronze armlet. We have a bridle bit from Berenswark, in Dumfries; a mirror from Balmaclellan in Kirkcudbright; and a bracelet from Borgue, in the same county. Now history records not only that Galloway was peopled by Picts, but that that was the only other part of Scotland which they inhabited. Accordingly, if we had no other data to go on, we would be forced to the conclusion that this distinctively Celtic art was initiated and carried to supreme excellence by the Picts in Scotland, and that during the period, from the Christian era onwards, the Picts and they alone inhabited the East of Scotland.

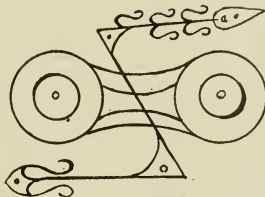
Let us now turn to the undoubtedly contemporary documents for information as to the history of the East of Scotland during the same period.

The first writer who mentions the Picts is the Roman historian, Ammianus Marcellinus. He wrote the history of his own time, A.D. 352-378, and as he occupied a high position about the person of the Emperor, and wrote with absolute impartiality, he may be accepted as reliable. The Picts appear to have then occupied the greater part of Scotland, and in 360 they broke a truce which they had made with the Romans, and invaded the Roman province, along with their allies, the Scots. From the additional information supplied by Bede (731 A.D.) we may conclude that the Scots mostly came on this occasion from Ireland, so that the greater part of Scotland was at this time occupied by the Picts. Ammianus states that they “are divided into two nations, the Dicaladones and Verturiones.” The question we have to solve is, whether the Picts, as their traditions say, inhabited Britain 300 years, B.C., or were recent arrivals in 360 A.D.

In the first place, there is no authority for the view that any invasion of Scotland, except by the Romans, occurred in Roman times. The probabilities are all against it, as it is not likely that a nation, which required two fortified walls and three

legions (30,000 men, full strength) to keep them from conquering England, would allow an invasion by sea into their own land. No doubt, later, the Scots did land in Argyle, but that took place when the Pictish nation looked on them as allies, and probably anticipated that at an early date they themselves would be in the proud position of conquerors of all Britain.

The nearest authority preceding Ammianus is the great geographer, Ptolemy (140 A.D.). He gives us the names of seventeen tribes inhabiting Scotland, of whom none are called Picti. The fact is, however, that neither the Picts nor their neighbours, the Scots, ever heard the name *Pict*, which was a name used only by the Roman and the Saxon. The Gaelic name for Pict was Cruithneach, and among Ptolemy's seventeen tribes we have no fewer than four, whose names appear to be a Romanisation of the word Cruithneach, i.e., Creones, Cerones, Carnonacae, and Carini. They adjoin the Caledonii, and their territory



No. 2.—Symbol on Stone at Insch, in Aberdeenshire, and also on Silver Ornament in Pagan Grave at Largo.

stretches along the "Mare Ducaledonianum." No doubt they are placed on the North Coast (which the improvers of Ptolemy's map call the *West Coast*), but Ptolemy, while almost certainly right in most place-names in Scotland, was often misled as to longitude and latitude, and these tribes may just as likely have been on the East Coast. We know for certain that the name Caledonii is now seen in the word Dunkaledon or Dunkeld, and that Agricola, 60 years previously, met and fought the Caledonii close to the East Coast. When we add to this, the facts that Ammianus Marcellinus names the Dicaledones — a division of the Picts, and that the other, the Verturiones (or men of Fortrenn), both then and on to mediæval times were classed apart as racially distinct, while under the Pictish King's jurisdiction; (they inhabited the low country, East Fife, Clackmannan, and South Perthshire): we are almost driven to the conclusion that the Picts of the time of Ammianus Marcellinus could be no other than the Caledonii who fought Agricola in 80 A.D.

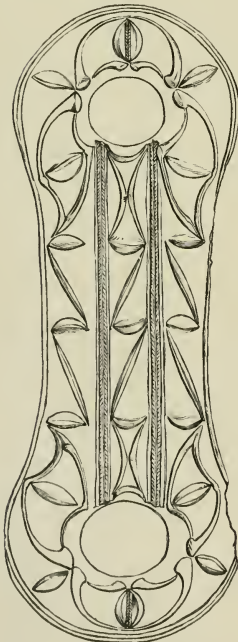
Prior to Ptolemy we have the history of Britain from the Roman occupa-

tion onwards given with accurate precision by Tacitus, who had his information at first hand from the great Agricola. Tacitus has no doubt about the facts of British history, and we may be certain no incursion took place till long before the period covered by his history, as he affirms that the question, whether the inhabitants are aborigines or immigrants, is a disputed one. We, therefore, see that so far from the documents contradicting the archæological evidence, they inferentially support it.

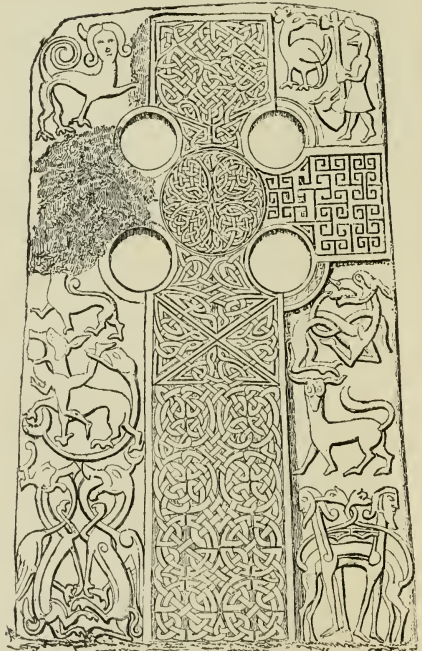
Now it is a well-known ethnological truth that no race has ever successfully borrowed a system of art, far less adopted it from others, and carried it, to success.

We may, therefore, assume that the Picts, whatever else they may have been, were Celts, and that, at least, from the first century A.D. Forfarshire was one of the most thriving centres of the Celtic Kingdom of the Picts. It consequently may well be that in 1918 the Highland Society of Dundee may (for all we know) be entitled to celebrate not its centenary, but its second millennium.

JOHN WALKER.



No. 3. — Design on Armlet found at Bellhelvie, Aberdeenshire.



No. 4. — Monument at Rossie Priory.

# TIGH LIANACHAIN, LOCH-ABAR

Ged nach 'eil a bheag de Cloinn-Uraig an Lochabar an diugh, agus an beagan a tha ann dhiubh gun phloc de dh' fhearam an siumsearachd, bha iad uair eigin de 'n t-saoghal nach b' ann mar sin idir a bhia; agus b' fhada bhuaithe e. Bha Lianachan aca mar oigh reachd glé thráth an eachdraidh na diùtha, agus ged a tha an aitreabh anns an robh an còmhuidh ré ionad liun 's a chaidh, mar a tha air innsadh, a thogail dhoibh an dòigh cho ana-cneasda—an diugh gun teine gun cheann, le gaoith fhuair nan tom ag osnaich mu 'bhallachan fuara, fása, bha e nair agus b'e fuaim nan clàrsach, nan dos agus nan dàn, ceòl, aighear is sùgradh a bha 'n an chluinntinn taobh a stigh a còmhlaichan fiala.

Bu daoine comasach, daoine laidir treun, agus daoine tàlantach a bh' ann an Cloinn-Uraig; ach mar fhine bha iad anabarrach diomain, agus, cho gealltanach 's ga 'm biodh iad 'n an òige, mu 'n gann a ruigeadh iad tréine an neart, bu bhithcanta dhoibh searg as, eadhon mar shneach na h-oidhche roimh ghnois na gréin an àm dhi eirigh 'sa mhadainn thar mhullach nam beann. Bha so 'g an lean-tainn, tha e air a ràdh, ri linn droch ghuidhe "Ghlaistig Lianachain," a thachair air aon dhiubh aon nair. Tha an sgeul sin air a h-innsadh mar a leanas.



EACHANN MAC DHUGHAILL.

Bha aon de 'n teaghlach ris an abairteadh, a thaobh a dhreach agus a mheudachd, "An Gille Dubh Mór Mac Cuaraig," aon oidhche an àm an earraich a' dol dhachaidh as a' chèardach, far an robh e a' geurachadh coltair a' chroinn. Bha an t-each aige foithe; is dìreach nuair a bha e dol thar Uisge Churr aig Beul-àth Chroisg, faicear a' Ghlaisteag air a cheum roimhe air taobh thall na h-Atha, 's ars ise: "Fàite ort, 'Ille Dhuibh Mhóir. Am b' fhéaird thu cùlag?" "B' fhéaird agus bialag," ars an Gille Dubh Mór, 's e toirt tamhadh oirre 's 'g a togail air a bheulaibh air muin an eich; is mionnach is bhòidich e an sin fhéin nach leigeadh e as i gus an nochdadh e an làthair dhaoine i ri solus latha. Thòisich a' Ghlaisteag ri streup 's ri starram a' feuchainn ri faotainn air falbh; ach á làmh an a' Ghille Dhuibh Mhóir cha 'n fhagheadh i.

"Leig as mi," ars ise, "agus gheibh thu uam làn bhual de chrodh breac, dubh, ruadh is ceannfhual; agus buaidh cruie is còmhraig ort fhéin 's air do sheòrs' a'd dhéidh." "S leam sin ge b'oil leat," ar esan, "'s cha 'n fhoghainn gu d'fhuasgladh."

"Leig as mi" ars ise an sin, "agus togaidh mi dhuit an nochd air an ach' ud thall, tigh mór daingeann dìonach; tigh air nach drùidh

teine, uisge no saighead no iarunn, 's a ghleidheas tu gu tioram seasgair, gun fhianh gun eagal."

"Còilon do bhriathran," ars esan, "'s gheibh thu do chead uam," agus leig e air falbh i.

Leig ise an sin sgread oillteil aisde, "a chluinnteadh thar sheachd beanntan," 's mu 'n do sheall an Gille Dubh Mór chuige no bhuaithe, bha e air a chuartaich le glais-teagan, sìthich-an is creutairean ana-cneasda eile, agus an tè a bh' aige beagan roimhe sin 'na prìosanach, air an ceann 'g an cur an greim, 's thòisich an obair 's an upraid an sin fhéin.

Anns a' cheud dol a mach chaidh sreang dhuibh a shuidheachadh aon an déidh aon gus an robh an ceann a b' fhaide air falbh dhiubh aig Steall Chlianaig—dà mhìle, co dhù, air astar—agus as an t-sruth an sin, far an robh agus am bheil fhathast leacan ciatach gu obair clachaireachd air bith a chur suas, thòisich iad air aisg nan leac bho làimh gu làimh gu ruig an t-aite an robh stéidh an tìghe air a suidheachadh, far an robh a' Ghlaisteag, thall 's a bhos, a' toirt seachd gach òrduh mar a dheanadh iad do 'n luchd-togail:—"Aon chlach air muin dà chloich, 's dà chloich air muin aon chloich" (deadh thogail faodar a radh). Cho luath 's a bha na ballachan togte, chaidh an t-sreang cheudna a shuidheachadh bho 'n tìgh gu ruige a' Chaornach—coille a tha tuaiream air còig mìle 'n ear air an aitreabh—agus as a sin chaidh gach cabar, spàrr, taobhan is suidhe a bha foinnadh dhoibh a thoirt, 's a Ghlaisteag 'g an seòladh anns gach nì mar a bha an obair a' dol air a h-aghaidh, 's ag ràdh: "'S maing nach fhaigheadh mar a chuireadh 's nach euireadh mar a gheibheadh."

Mu dheireadh, an glasadh an latha, bha an tìgh mór, fada, farsuinn, fial air a sgrathadh 's air a thughadh (cha 'n 'eil e air innsadh c'àite an d' fhuaras an tugh), teine air fhadadh agus an Gille Dubh Mór 'na shuidhe aig a theintean fhéin. Ach cha robh e fhathast cinn-ear as a' Ghlaistig agus 's e a rinn e: chuir e coltair a' chroinn anns an teallach, 's dh' fheith e mar a bha e ear tacan.

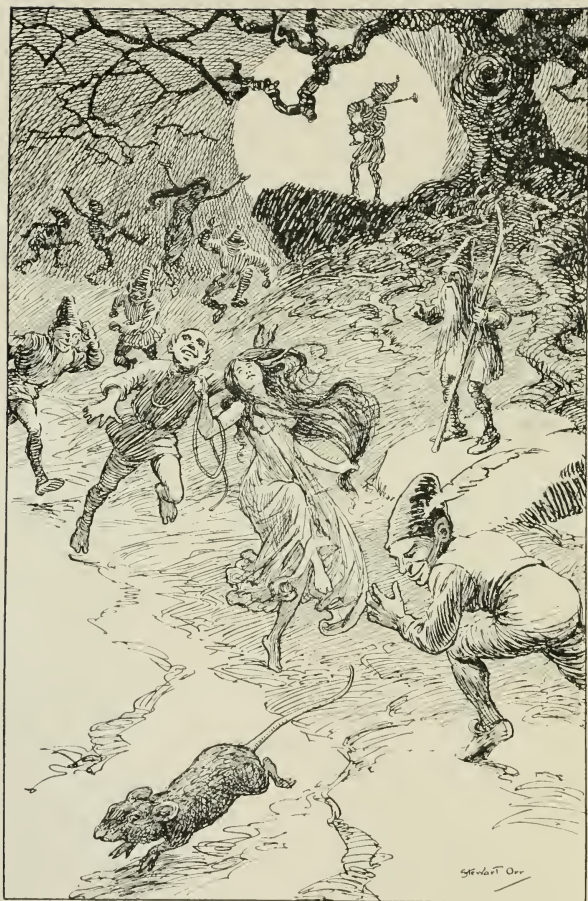
Bha an tìgh a nis deas glan, 's a' Ghlaisteag 's a cuid ghill-an deas gu falbh. Ach dh' fheumadh i soraidh fhagail aig a' Ghille Dhubh Mhór mu 'n fàgadh i: is shin i a cròg mhór riabhach dha nuair a bha i 'dol seachad an uinneag, na 'm b' fhior, a dh' fhàgail a beannachd aige, ach 'na làn bheachd a tharruing leatha do 'n t-sithean. Ged tha, bha an Gille Dubh Mór deas air a son. Thug e spioladh air a' choltair as an teine, agus chàirich e sud 'na glaic mu 'n d' thug i an aire dé bh' ann. Thug ise am plùchadh ud air, is lean craiceann a boise ris.

Leig i an sin sgreach eagalach eile aisde, thug i siuthadh air falbh bhuaithe, is cha do stad i gus an robh i air mullach Sgurr Fìnisgeig; agus an sin sheas i tamall beag is thionndaidh i a h-aghaidh air an tìgh a bha i an déidh crìoch a chur air a thogail, 's thug i a' bhinn so a mach air a' Ghille Dhubh Mhór, is an teaghlach mhì-fhortanach do 'm buineadh e, a tha 'g an leantainn gus an là an diugh: "'Fàs mar an luachair—Crìonadh mar rainich—Liathadh 'nar leanabain—Caochladh an treun ur neart. Ach cha ghuidh mi gun mhac 'nar n-àite." Chuir i an sin a mach trì làn beòid de fhuil a cridhe, is chaibh i 'na lasair uaine thar gualainn na Sgurr. Dh' fhàs 'na dhéidh sin trì tomanan luachrach far an do chuir i mach na trì balgaman fala, 's tha e air ràdh gu 'm bheil iad a' fàs an sin riann fhathast, 's a bhàrr air sin, gu 'm bheil fiamh ruadh dhiubh air dath na fala gus an là 'n diugh.

EACHANN MAC DHUGHAILL.



## THE WEE FOLK.



*Illustration by Stewart Orr.*

# THE WEE FOLK.

(From "Elves and Heroes."\*)

In the knoll that is the greenest,  
And the grey cliff side,  
And on the lonely ben-top  
The wee folk bide;  
They'll flit among the heather,  
And trip upon the brae—  
The wee folk, the green folk, the red folk and grey.

As o'er the moor at midnight  
The wee folk pass,  
They whisper 'mong the rushes  
And o'er the green grass;  
All through the marshy places  
They glint and pass away—  
The light folk, the lone folk, the folk that will not stay.

O many a fairy milkmaid  
With the one eye blind,  
Is 'mid the lonely mountains  
By the red deer bind;  
Not one will wait to greet me,  
For they have naught to say—  
The hill folk, the still folk, the folk that flit away.

When the golden moon is glinting  
In the deep, dim wood,  
There's a fairy piper playing  
To the elfin brood;  
They dance and shout and turn about,  
And laugh and swing and sway—  
The droll folk, the knoll folk, the folk that dance away.

O we that bless the wee folk  
Have naught to fear,  
And ne'er an elfin arrow  
Will come us near;  
For they'll give skill in music,  
And every wish obey—  
The wise folk, the peace folk, the folk that work and play.

They'll hasten here at harvest,  
They will shear and bind;  
They'll come with elfin music  
On a western wind;  
All night they'll sit among the sheaves,  
Or herd the kine that stray—  
The quick folk, the fine folk, the folk that ask no pay.

Betimes they will be spinning  
The while we sleep,  
They'll clamber down the chimney,  
Or through keyholes creep;  
And when they come to borrow meal  
We'll ne'er them send away—  
The good folk, the honest folk, the folk that work away.

O never wrong the wee folk—  
The red folk and green,  
Nor name them on the Fridays,  
Or at Hallowe'en;  
The helpless and unwary then  
And hairns they lure away—  
The fierce folk, the angry folk, the folk that steal and slay.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

\*Published by Robt. Carruthers & Sons, Inverness.

# SNATCHES OF WEST HIGHLAND SONGS.

Collected By Malcolm C. MacLeod.

## MAILI CHRUINN DONN.

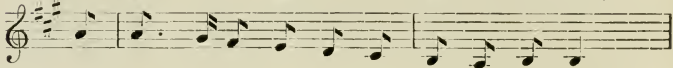
This was a favourite song with a generation that has now passed away, and up to some 30 years ago it was sung round many a Highland fireside. The chorus has not hitherto been pub-

lished, but the verses here given appear to be variants of verses from the song included in Stewart's Collection, published in 1804, and in "Sar-obair nam Bard."

KEY A. { :m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - .s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : d | r : d : r | m : r }  
 { 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Mail - i; 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Mail - i; }



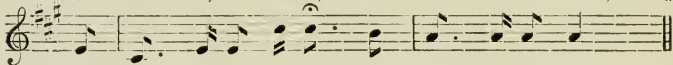
{ :d | d : - .t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : f<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub> : d<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub> : - }  
 { 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Mail - i; 'S<sub>1</sub> | Mail - i chruinn donn; }



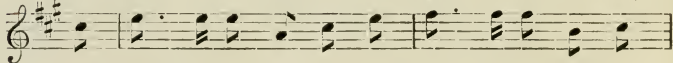
{ :m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - .s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : d | r : d : r | m : s<sub>1</sub> }  
 { 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Mail - i; 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Mail - i; }



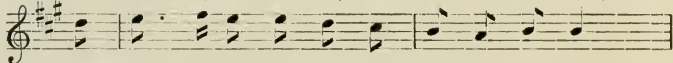
{ :s<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> : - .s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | m . m : - : r | d : - .d : d | d : - }  
 { 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Maili; 'S<sub>1</sub> | Mail - i chruinn donn; }



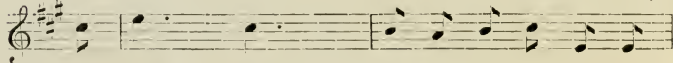
{ :m | s : - .s : s | d : m : s | l : - .l : l | r : m }  
 { 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Mail - i; 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Mail - i; }



{ :f | s : - .l : s | s : f : m | r : d : r | r : - }  
 { 'S<sub>1</sub> | Màir - i, 's<sub>1</sub> Mail - i; 'S<sub>1</sub> | Mail - i chruinn donn; }



{ :m | s : - : - | m : - : - | r : d : r | m : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> }  
 { 'S<sub>1</sub> na hó ró | beau nan shl meall - shuil - each, }



{ :m : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | m : - : r | d : - .d : d | d : - }  
 { mall - shuileach, miog - ach, | Mail - i chruinn donn. }





## SEID:—

'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Maili, chruinn donn.  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Maili, chruinn donn.  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Màiri, 's i Maili;  
'S i Maili chruinn donn.  
'S i bean nan rosg meall-shuilcach  
Maili chruinn donn.

Creag fhiarach, creag chreamhach;  
Creag odhar, creag mheann;  
Creag ianach a labhairt  
Am barraibh nan orann;  
Gu 'n chinntheadh guth smèorach

I am indebted to Mr M. Mac Farlane, Elderstie, for the foregoing melody, of which he writes as follows:—It is a fine air, and is probably that named "Carraig Fhearghuis," to which the song given in Stewart's Collection is directed to be sung. It suits Stewart's words, but does not suit those given by you without special treatment in the final lines of the stanza. It has the feeling of an Irish air of the era prior to the decay of the Clarsach. It has been used in Mrs K. W. Grant's kinderspiel "Dùsgadh na Féinne."

Here is a verse from a Gaelic poem composed about the end of the 18th century. In this effusion contemporary life in a West Highland Parish is described in a graphic manner. So far as I am aware the poem never appeared in print.

Ministear a bh' ac' aig a' phòsadh,  
Bha e 'na òganach suaire;  
Cha ghabhadh e boinne ach a' ghlaime,  
Ged bha iad 'ga fharraid gu cruaidh;  
Cha b' ionann 's ri linn Maighstir Strònach:  
Nuair bhiodh e air pòit nan daoim'-uails,  
Dh' fhalbhadh an t-each leis an diollaid air  
eòlas,  
Is dh' fhàgadh e a chleòc air a chuairt.

## AM BOBORO.

I give below the chorus and a few verses of a Clan song. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish the melody and missing verses.

## SEISI:—

Am Boboro b' éibhinn leinn;  
Am Boboro b' éibhinn leinn;  
Am Boboro éibhinn, aighearach, eutrom;  
A Rothaich, cha téid so leibh.

Tha ùchair an t-seileir so fhin  
Aig arnait luid-ach na spioce;  
Thu fhéin 's an t-tian cabach  
Ag cirigh 's a' laighe  
An seòmraichean mnathan nan clair.

Na 'n tigeadh sibh, bhuidhinn mo ghaol,  
Fheara Loch-Ailse, Loch-Carunn 's Loch  
Braoin,

'S gu 'n seasadh sibh doras a' chaisteil,  
'S gu 'n cuireadh sibh mach an cù maol,  
Na 'n tigeadh fir Leòdhais air chuairt,  
Mar sid agus fir an Taobh-thuath,  
Na 'n tigeadh na Gaidheil is feara Chinn-  
t-sàile,

Bl iodh Caitean nan gràisg air a ruaig.

'S iad mo ghaol na fir a bha 'n Ros;  
Cha 'n fhanadh iad thall no bhos;  
Cha 'n fhuireadh iad shuas,  
Cha 'n fhuireadh iad shios,  
Gus an d' fhuair iad cuan fo chois.

An uinneig do sheomair;  
A' chuach 's i ri ceòl  
Mar a b' eòl i bhi cainnt;  
Gu 'm bi ianaibh a' mhionaidh  
Deanamh ciùil aig do dhòrtas  
Mar onoir air Maili,  
Bean sona nan gleann.

Gu 'n chuir thu do ghillean,  
'S do ghearrain g' am shireadh  
Mu 'n d' rachadh mo mhilleadh  
An eicheadaich poll;  
Nuair ràinig mi h-urad  
An t-àite bha Maili  
Gu 'n d' rinn mi gach dosgairinn  
A thogail gu fonn;  
Gu 'n robh mi gu h-àrd aig  
Bràigh Beinn an t-sneachdaidh  
Cho blàth ris a' chladach  
Bha fasgadh nan tonn.

## ORAN NA MNA-SITH D'A LEANNAN.

I have not been able to trace whether this "Fairy's Love Song" is an old or a comparatively recent composition. There is a reference in verse five to the MacLeod tartan, but its interest as bearing on the vexed question, which has for long agitated the clan, depends on the age of the verses:—

Cul an tomain, bràigh an tomain,  
Cul an tomain, bhòidhich;  
Cul an tomain, bràigh an tomain,  
H-uile latha an ònar.

Chunnaic mi e nuas a' tighinn  
Tighinn a nuas bho 'n mhòr-thaigh  
Marachd air a steud-each chuireir  
'Us mi am shuidhe am ònar.

Chaidh e seach, le sgrìob, an toman.  
Seach an toman boidheach;  
Rùn nan gillean—mheall mo chridhe,  
Mac na fine mòire.

Mac na fine Leòid bho 'n tuinne,  
Mac na fine cròdha;  
Bha Dùn a' chaitheim, Dùn an aighir,  
Dùn nam mnathan rò-gheal.

Riun mi còmhdaill riut aig bun na beinne,  
Bun na beinne sgòraicht;  
Bu bluidhe bhallach dath do bhreacain,  
'Us b' uaine dath mo chòt'-sa

Air an toman uaine lurach,  
Air an toman lurach bhòidheach,  
Fò shoille na gealaich thar a' bheara  
Riun sin banna còrdadh.

Bhrìst thu 'n gealladh foill mo leannain—  
Bhrìst do ghealladh dhòmhsa a;  
Ach seunadh ort a beinn 's a bealach.  
Am an cath 's an còimraig.

Air cul an tuinn, bràigh an tuinn,  
Cul an tomain uaine;  
A chaoidh na caoidh cha chluinnear tuille  
Bean bho 'n Bhruigh le duanaig.

## 'S FHEUDAR DHOMH FHIN A BHI FALBH.

I am indebted to Mr John MacCallum, Tigh-nam-barr, Taynuilt, for the following words and melody :—

### KEY A FLAT.

{ s,	d : s, s,	m : r, d	r, d : r, m	r : - .d, l, }
{ Is	fheudar dhomh fhin a bhi	falbh dhachaidh dìreach : Is		
{ d : s, s,	m : r, d	l, :—	— : .s	d : s, s,
{ fheudar dhomh fhin a bhi	falbh ;	Is	fheudar dhomh fhin a bhi	
{ r, d : r, m	r : - .d, l,	s, l, : d, m	r : d, l,	s, : - :— : m, m }
{ tarruing dachaidh dìreach Mu'n	tig an t-uisge min gu bhi	garbh.	Mo	
{ s : d, d	m : r, d	r, d : r, m	r : r, m	s : d, d
{ mhìle, mo mhìle, mo	bheamachd aig an fhìdhleir : Mo	mhìle, mo mhìl' aig a		
{ l :—	— : .m	s : d, d	m : r, d	r, d : r, m
{ chèol ;	Mo	mhìle, mo mhìle, mo	bheamachd aig an fhìdhleir Gur	
{ s, l, : d, m	r : d, l,	s, :—	—	
{ ioma ruidhle danns' thug e	dhòmhs.			

M. C. M'L.

## CLACH-NEIRT-SHAMSOIN BOTH-CHAISTEIL, CALASRAID.

Cha 'n 'eil cumtas 'sa Bhiobull gu 'n do ghabh Samson turus dh' Albainn a chur deuchainn air spionnadh is teòmachd nam fannhairean Albannach. Ma thàinig e idir dh' ionnsuidh ar dùthcha dh' fheumadh e tighinn ann an lung á Tirus, oir b' iad seòladairean Thirus maraichean bu ghleusda is bu dàna bha air nachd an t-saoghail aig an àin sin, agus bha iad cleachdadh seòladh gu cladaichean

raich mhòir a th' ann agus gur ann a chaidh an àil a dheanamh nuair a bha chlach 'na meall bog criadh.

Ged is mòr, tromachlach aig Dealg-an-rois cha 'n 'eil i ach 'na leanabh an coimeas ris a' chloich mhòir tha air talamh Bhoth-chaisteil, tha ise móran thunnaichean an cothrom. Là de na làithean bha Samson a' spaidsearachd air Beinn-mhoir-luig, fagus do Loch Laomainn, bha e an deagh mhìsneich, a chorp gun mheang agus inntinn gun smalan. Chunnaic e clach mhòr 'na laighe an sin agus dh' fhosgail e bheil is thug e dùlan do na daoine làidir ag ràdh: "Fenchaidd mise beagan de chleasachd do fhamhairean fhad-ehasach, spagluimeach na dùthcha so." Le sin spòn e i as an talamh, is thug e urechair chumhachdach dìth agus thu, i gu socrach air fìor fhaobhar cnoic nu fhichead mìle air falbh! Gu cinnteach bha an euchd sin na bu mhòrbhuiliche na bha giùlan còmhlaichean is dà phost a' gheata aig Gàsa.

Gu 'o fhortanach thachair gu 'n robh an taobh bu truide de 'n chloich ris a' bhruthach, mur biodh sin, 's i magh Bhoth-chaisteil bu leabaidh dhìth; oir cha 'n 'eil móran de gbreim aice de mhullach a' chnoic.

Bha e glé thàmailteach do fhamhairean Albann nach robh fear dhiubh comasach air a' chlach a thogail, no air a' tilgeadh air ais. Tha i air mullach a' chnoic gus an là 'n diugh; agus ma tha neach 'sam bith dol a dh' fhaicinn na Troisichean a rinneadh cho ainmeil leis an fhìdhil chluiteach, Ualter Scott, feuchaidh na carbadairean an cnoc agus a' chlach dha le mòr thoil; oir tha an cnoc os cionn an rathaid.

Mu dhà chend slait o chnoc na cloiche tha cnoc mòr, àrd, creagach d'an ainm: "An Dun-Mòr." Bha e uair eigin 'na dhaingneach làidir aig na Ròmanaich, no aig na seana threubhan Albannach. Is math is fhiach do dhuine dol a dh' amharc air; oir tha trì no ceithir dhàinean domhain 'ga chuairteachadh air an taobh tuath, agus creag has air an taobh deas agus tha toll air son uisge chumail an teismadhon mullaich a' chnoic.

SEUMAS MAC DHIARMAID.



SEUMAS MAC DHIARMAID.

Bhreatuinn air son staoin agus air son nìthan cìle air an robh feum aca aig an tigh. Ach air chinnite bha Samson an Albainn; oir mur robh, ciamar tha uread de chlachan móra air an ainneachadh air an duine chòir? Tha clach aig Dealg-an-rois, Conraidh ris an abair an slugh: "Clach-neirt Shamsoin," agus tha ail cròig an fhamhair r'a fhaicinn oirre. Ach creididh sinn gu 'm bi feallsaich chronaigh, lonaich calamh gu teagamh a chur 'sa chuis, is gu 'n can iad gur i ail spòig dheare-luach-

# A GAELIC FOLK TALE.

## THE BLACK HORSE.

Told in Gaelic by a Lochalsh shepherd.

Taken down and translated by Malcolm C. MacLeod.

It was New Year's Eve when two men, who were going home together, came to a fairy knoll. Music they heard, and then they saw a light and went towards it. So they came to an open door, and looking through it, they beheld a wide chamber in which hundreds of people were circling in a dance.

Said the one man to the other, "I am going to have a turn along with them."

"Keep quiet, you fool," his friend said, "let us be going home."

He spoke in vain. Ere he could be prevented, the man stepped past his companion, and mingled with the fairies in their merry dance. Then was the door shut fast behind him.

Now, the man who danced in the "she-an" (Sithean) began to take note of what was happening about him. As they all whirled round about, one of the fairies shouted out three particular words in an unknown tongue. When he did that the door opened wide, and a fairy man entered, leading a beautiful black horse. Then the little man, who had spoken the three words, leapt on its back and rode away.

The same thing happened over and over again. A horse was led in and a fairy mounted to ride.

The man wished heartily that he could obtain for himself one of these fine black horses. So he shouted the three particular words which he had heard. A horse was immediately brought to him; he leapt upon its back, and in another moment he found himself in the midst of a multitude of mounted men riding at a furious pace through a forest

Ere long they all came to a moor. A black cock crowed. . . .

The fairy who rode in front of the man spoke, and said, "It is good for you that the black cock did crow."

The fairy who rode behind him said. "It is indeed good for you that the black cock without a white feather did crow."

In a twinkling the man found himself riding alone. . . . He then knew where he was, and soon reached home.

Not knowing how he should deal with the horse, he consulted an old man who advised him to gather together all the old iron he could find, and scrape the rust off it. Every morning he must take a small portion of the rust, and place it in the horse's ears.

"If you will do that regularly," the old man said, "The horse will be a good horse to you and to your son, and, perhaps, to your grandson also."

As it happened, the man kept the horse for eight years. Then came a morning when one of his cows sank in a bog. So he asked his son to put rust in the horse's ears, as he himself was wont to do, and he hurried away with some friends to rescue the cow. Thus was the morning spent.

When the man returned, the first thing he asked was if the horse had been attended to.

As it chanced, the lad had more than his share of work that morning, and he confessed that he neglected to put the rust in the horse's ears.

Together they then entered the stable.

What did they find there in place of the horse but an old stump of oak.



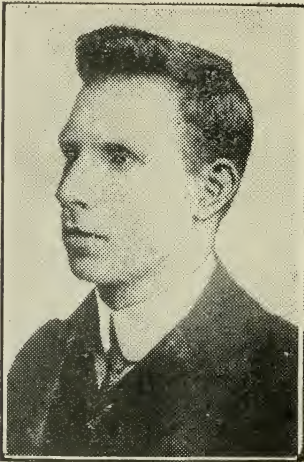
Duncan Ban MacIntyre's Monument near Loch Awe.

# TACHARTASAN ANN AM BEATHA ALASDAIR SGOILEIR.

De sheana chreachadairean Siorramachd Rois cha 'n 'eil aon air am mò aithne air ann, no air am fear cùmhle air a chuibh-eartaich na Alasdair Sgoilear.

Theagamh gur e is aobhar dha so, gu 'm bu sheorsa bàrd e is gu 'm bu chloachdadh dha bhith ag aithris nithean sòraichte a bheatha ann an roimh.

Rugadh an Camaisidh e faisg air Ach-nasine mu mheadhon na seachd ciad deug. Tha e air aithris gu 'm bu Chamshronaich a phàrantan de mhuintir Loch-abair, ach air doibh an dùthaich fhéin fhàgail, bha iad air chòmhnaidh an sin. Theagamh gu 'n d' fhàs Loch-abar ro theamh doibh is gu 'm b' fheadar triall as.



D. DOMHNALLACH.

Thugadh am frioth-ainm "sgoilear" dha. mus fìor sgeul, 'sa mhòd a leanas. Uair air bhith dha ann an eaglais Chonntuinn aig searmon, shuidh e dlùth ri bean-uasail, is shin i leabhar dha. Ghabh e an leabhar, agus air dha fhosgladh, bha e mar gu 'm bitheadh e a' leantainn an leughaidh, ach b'e ceann dochair an leabhair bha aige an uachdar. Thug i an aire dha so agus, air dhi a' mhearachd a thoirt fo bheachd, thuirt i ris gu 'm b' eu-comasach dha leughadh 'san dòigh so. "Cema leibh," ars esan, "cha 'n 'eil eadar-dhealachadh 'sam bith dòmhsa ann an dà cheann an leabhair, is ceart cho maith leam aon cheann ris a' cheann eile." Bha so fìor ach da-sheaghach, ach b'e an seugh a thugadh a fhreagairt, gu 'm bu chomasach dha an leabhar a leughadh cho furasda bho gach ceann. Is air son so thug iad Alasdair Sgoilear mar fhrioth-ainm air.

Tha an sgeul a leanas a' nochadh a thapachd is ullamhachd le 'theanga ann a bhith a' deanamh roimh. Chaidh a ghluacadh air uair le naimhdean, agus cheangail iad e le

ròpa; ach, air doibh bhith 'ga shladadh leò, fhuair e fuasgailte is thug e na buinn, is thàr e as. Lean iad air a thoir agus threoraich e iad gu abhainn Ghruididh mu choinne an eas air an do leum e thairis 'san làn dhòchas nach b' urrainn doibh a leantainn. Is cha do lean; oir smuainich iad gu 'n robh e 'na leum ro dhùilich air an son. Nuair thug Alasdair gu 'n d' fhairtlich orra a leantainn, thill e gu astar cainnt mu 'n coinne air taobh thall na h-aibhne. Làn aighear is gu nàdurach mòr-chuiseach mu 'n t-seòl 'san d' thug e an car asta, leig e ris aigne le bhith a' seinn an rann a leanas agus a' damhsadh gu dùbhlannach ri 'n aodann.

Agus hó gille nan car a bh' ac' air an ròpan. Agus hó gille nan car a bh' ac' air an ròpan. Agus hó gille nan car a bh' ac' air an ròpan. Gille nan car cuireideach, cha robh iad nime eòlach.

B'e chiad mhèirle rinn e—no co-dhùit an ciad a thàinig gu follas—"mullt glas an fheamainn duibh" a ghoid a' Leadgomm faisg air Ach-nasine. Dh' fhalaich e an craiceann ann am bac mòine; ach chaidh fhaighinn is aithnicinn air fheamainn dubh.

Tha farsaingeachd na dùthcha a chreach e ri fhaicinn bho na sgeulan a leanas.

Air aon de chuairtibh a' togail na creiche ann an Cataibh ghoid e air falbh caileag òg air an robh a dhèidh, is thug e leis i gu ruig an Cnoc-Ban, clachan mu 'n rathad mhòr, mu thri mìle suas air Ach-nan-alt. B'e so réir coslais a' chiad àite tàimh 'san do stad iad o'n dh' fhàg iad Cataibh, is fhuair e leabaidh an sin. B' fheadar do 'n chailleag dhol a laighe aig a chùdaibh; is chuir e fear de dhaoine d' am b' ainm Lachlann air faire aig an doras. Sgith le fad na slighe is luaths an t-suibhail, thuit Alasdair 'na chadal cho luath 's a leig e 'choann air chusaig, agus cha b' fhad gus an robh fear na faire cnuicheadh 'na shuain. Ach cha do chaidil a' chailleag; is ann a bha i a' gal ri thaobh. Chuir i tras mòr air bean an tighe is o'n fhuair i an cothrom air luchd na suain ghabh i e.

Fhuair i pasg aodaich "cairteal chlo" an orain a leanas, is chuir i muide air. Chuir i 'san leabaidh e aig eblaibh Alasdair. Dh' èirich an nighean, is chuir bean-an-tighe a mach i air uinneig a' chùil, is air comhairle na mnà, ghabh i sìos an srath far an d' fhuair i còbhar is dìon. Bha Alasdair 'na leth-shuain a' faireachdainn a' phaiseig chlo, is gus an d' thàinig a' mhac-dhàinn cha do thug e mar chaidh a mhealladh. Rinn e an t-òran a leanas air a' chailleag is mar chaidh an car a thoirt as. Math dh' fheadteadh nach 'eil an so ach earrann bheag de 'n òran:—

Thogaim fonn gun bhith tron,  
Air nighinn donn a bha 'n Cataibh;  
Gruagach òg a' chùil duim—  
Dh' èireadh sunnt orm ri d' fhaicinn.

SEISD:—

Tha mi tinn, tinn, tinn,  
Tha mi tinn 's cha 'n fhad mi acain;  
Tha mi sgith le do ghaoil,  
Gar an saoil fear ri fhaicinn.

Là dhòmh-s' bhith sibhal bheann,  
Falbh gu teann eadar creagan,  
Thachair orm-s' a' ghruagach dhonn  
Bun nan tom buain nan dearcag.



'N oidhiche bha mi sa' Chnoc Bhàn,  
'S mór an tàmailt a thachair;  
Chuir mi m' làmh sa' chairteach chlo,  
'S hi ho ró dh' fhàg i Lachlann.

Na 'n robh fios agam-'s an raoir  
Gur e an fhoill a bh' air t' a'rair,  
Gur e chaithriseamaid an oidhich',  
Bhithheadh a' mhaighdean 'nam ghlaicaihb.

Na 'm bitheadh fios agam féin,  
Gur e cion spréidh chuireadh as duit,  
Chuirim páirt de chrodh' le Aoidh  
Ris na laogh aig crodh' Lachlann.

Théid mi sios 's théid mi suas;  
Bheir mi ruag air an taobh Chatach;  
Bheir mi sgrìob air na Clàir  
'S nì mi bàn Coire-bhacaidh.

Tha na Clàir is Coire-bhacaidh ann an Sgìre Cille-tighearna.

Uair eigin dha bhith tilleadh bho chreach na dùtcha mu Chille-chuimein, bha iolannan làn Siormachd Mhorruidh 'ga lionadh le h-eud is doilgheas gu 'm b' eu-comasach dhà an toirt leis, mar tha e 'g ràdh 'sa cheathranh a leanas:—

Na 'm bitheadh cruachan bodaich Mhorruidh  
Chas furof ionann ri crodh' dhubb Cille-  
chuimein.

Bheirinn-sa air bodaich Mhorruidh  
Gu 'm biodh easbhuidh bidh orra.

Uair-eigin 'na chùrsa thuit e ann an làmhan uile-chumbhachdach Iarla Shìophort, a chuir an sàs e ann an toll-dhubh Caisteal Bhrathainn; ach cha b' fhad gus an d' fhuair e as agus làn naill thuirte e:—

Ge d is làidir Caisteal Bhrathainn,  
'Chà do chum e là slàn rianh rium.

Air do neach feòraich dèth cìod e de dhèan-  
adas bu mhòtha chuir a dh' àithreachas air an  
dèidh làmh, dh' àithris e an sgeul so:—

Air aon de chuaitibh a' togail na creiche,  
spuill e leis crodh' mnatha araoidh. Lean i 'na  
dhéidh a' giùlain a naoidhean 'na h-uchd, is i  
a' cuoidh a call. Ach bu choma le h-Alasdair  
an ceòl so, is dh' iar, e oirre gu minig tilleadh  
dhachaidh; ach cha tilleadh da dhéim neo dh'  
aindeoin. Chuir so an dearg chuthach air, is  
air doibh bhith sìubhal tre choille aig an àm,  
cheangail e le 'falt fada fhéin ri craoibh i,  
agus mar sin dh' fhàg e i 'san làn dhùil gu 'n  
rachadh a fuasgladh leis a' nhuinntir a bhith-  
eadh gu cinnteach air a thòir, no gu 'n fuasg-  
ladh i i-fhéin.

An ceann beagan mhiosan thug obair na  
mèirle e do 'n chéarn sin a ris, agus air dha  
bhith gabhail a rathaid dlùth do 'n àite sin,  
thàinig e a steach air dhòl a dh' fhaicinn an  
deach a leigeil as. Ach 's e an sealladh uamh-  
asach a thàinig fa chomhair a shùl, a bhean  
fhathast ceangailte le falt ris a' chraoibh, an  
leanabh paisgte 'na h-uchd, is an cuirp gu  
mór air faileadh. B' eaglach an sealladh e,  
sealladh a bhith eadh cìsgleadh air cridhe 'sam  
bith dh' aindeoin an-ichead. Agus Alasdair,  
cruaidh chridheach mar bha e, bheireadh e  
creachan iomadh spinnheadh air son obair an  
làtha ud a bhith neo-dhèante.

Ach nu dhèireadh dh' fhàs ùisean ro  
chruaidh air, is b' fheudar an monadh a ghabh-  
ail. Tha aon de na h-uaimhean 'san robh e am  
falach agus ris an canar "Uaimh Alasdair  
Sgoileir" faisg air an Drum-daraich an  
Seatall. Nuair bha e air fuadach an sin ghabh  
e a' ghriurach, is bha e air altrum gu h-  
uaineach ann an aon de thighean an t-srath.  
Fhuair a naimhdean fios air so is thàinig iad  
g' a ghlaicadh; ach fhuair e rabhadh is dh'  
éirich e á leabaidh thinneis is theich e gus an  
àite falach ud sa' mhonadh; ach nuair bha

e beagan fhicheadan slat bho 'n uaimh chaidh  
e fodha ann an stùl-chruthaich air an d' fhairt-  
lich e leunn thairis, agus an sin b' fheudar  
stad gus an d' rug iad-san bha an tòir air, air.  
Bho 'n uair sin 's e "Sùil-chruthaich Alasdair  
Sgoileir" theirear ris an àite 'san deach e an  
sàs. Ris na fir a ghlac e 's e thuirte e:—"Fear  
a ghabhas a' ghriurach, caillidh e lùths nau  
cuanhan smiora."

Chaidh a thoirt gu Baile-Dhùthaich far an  
deach a chùis a ramasachadh, is a dhiteadh agus  
binn a chrochaidh a thoirt a mach. Ach bha  
iarrtais air beatha is saorsa làidir ann an  
Alasdair, agus mu 'n d' thàinig àm a' chroch-  
aidh, ghuidh e orra gu dìrachdach aon choth-  
rom eile saorsa thoirt dhà fhathast, is thug e  
dhoibh an tairge a leanas:—"Tri leumannan,  
tri ceumannan, is trì fad a' ghunna 's a h-uile  
duine, cù, is each am Baile-Dhùthaich ann am  
dhéidh." Ach cha deach iarrtas dhèanach-  
adh dhà, agus mar sin thàinig ceanna-crioch  
air a cheatharnach ainneil so. Uaidh so dh'  
éirich an leth-fhacal: "Cha stad thu gus an  
téid do chrochadh cho àrd ri Alasdair Sgoilear."

Tha beul-aithris ag ràdh—na 's brèig no  
firinn cha 'n fhios domh 'gu n' d' fhuair eadh  
mathanas air a shon troimh chumbhachd theagh-  
lach Iarla Shìophort, is gu 'n robh luchd-  
dèuchd Baile Dhùthaich de an làn bheachd,  
gun faighteadh e so.

Air an aobhar sin ghras iad a chrochadh  
nu chaitreal na h-uarzeth. Thàinig mar bha  
cùl aca, òrdugh a leigeil as, agus sin tràth gu  
leòir, na 'n deach a chrochadh aig an àm  
shuidhichte; ach mar thachair cùisean, bha  
Alasdair murbh cheana. Tha e air ionradh  
cuideachd gu 'n do ghabh àrd luchd-riaghlaidh  
na dùtcha mór dhiomb, mar ghras luchd-  
dèuchd a' bhaile ceartas roimh an uair a dh'  
òrdaicheadh; agus nuair chuir muintir Bhaile-  
Dhùthaich a' chuire air an uaireadair, gu 'n  
d' thug iad mar mhaslach orra, uairean a' bhaile  
chumail rè ùine fhada, cairteal na h-uarach  
air thoiseach air nairbh na dùtcha.

D. DOMHNALLACH.

## THE FIANS IN THEIR CAVE.

(Collected by an Inspector of Schools from a parish  
minister in South Uist about 30 years ago, and taken  
down by Donald A. MacKenzie.)

The Fians (Féinne) were lying in a cave, each  
resting on his elbow, chin upon hand, self-  
absorbed, not asleep.

They heard the falling waters, and the storms  
went over them unheeded. . . . Thousands  
of years went past.

They were still resting there, musing, when  
one of them moved his elbow and said:—

"Och! och! 's mi tha sgùth." (Och! och!  
it's me that's tired.)

Thousands of years went past. . . . They  
heard the falling waters, and the storms went  
over them unheeded.

Then a great Fian said sharply, "Mur a'  
sguir sibh dìne 'n chonnspoid seo, theid mi mach  
's fagaidh mi an uaimh agaidh fhein." (If you  
do not stop this wrangling I'll go out, and leave  
the cave to yourselves.)

Thousands of years went past. . . . They  
heard the falling waters, and the storms went  
over them unheeded.

NOTE.—In the Highlands the Fians are giants about  
60 feet high. In Tom-na-hurich, Inverness; Craig-a-  
howe, Black Isle; Ossian's Cave, Glencoe; and Smith's  
Rock, in Skye, they lie wrapped in dreams like "The  
Seven Sleepers." They have no connection with the  
abundant Fomorians and their Hag-wives and Hag-  
mothers. There are no Danau Gods in Scotland,  
where giant-lore is more archaic than in Ireland or  
in Scandinavia. D. A. M'K.

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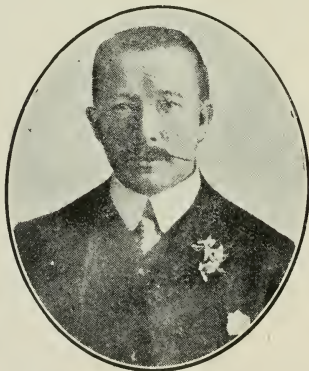
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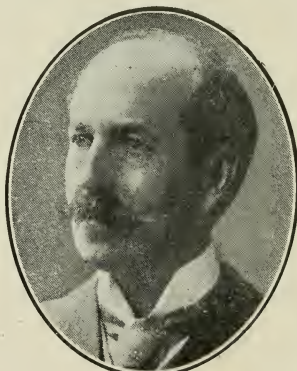
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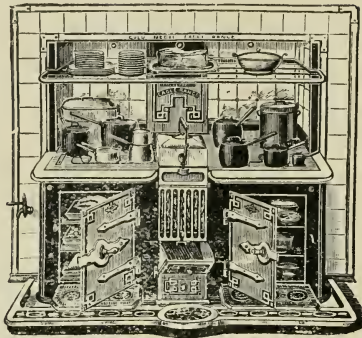
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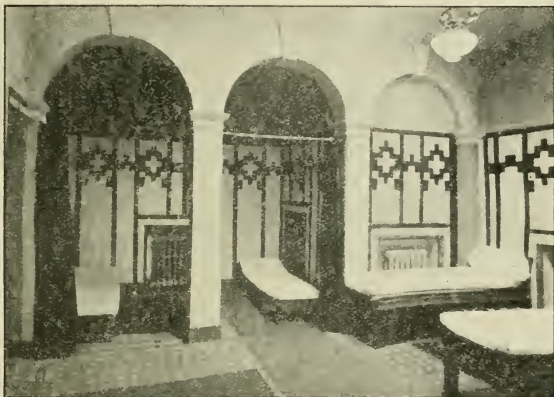
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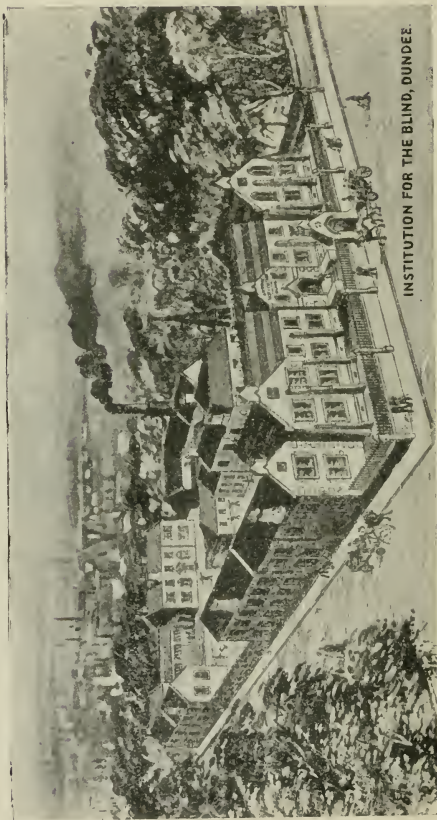
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