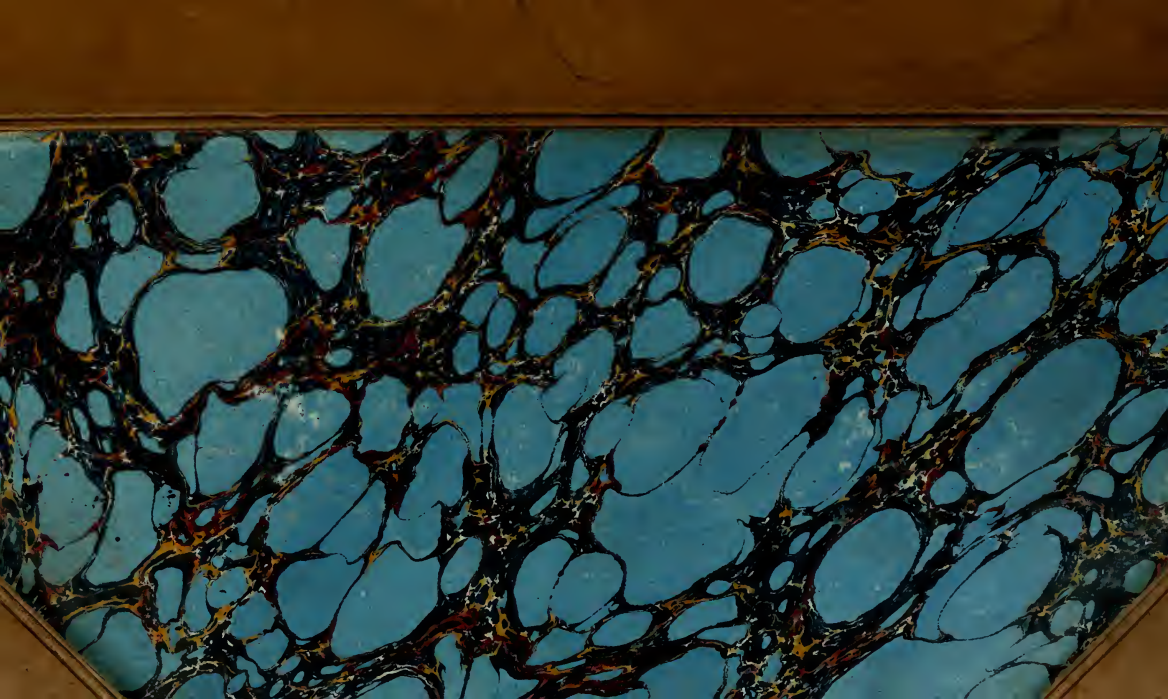


J. Campbell

Middle Lodge

Kensington

London W.

Bonnie August 7.

1877.

AN GAIDHEAL

CLAR-INNSIDH:

Bliadhna mhath ur	1	Sgiahelel na Tuir he ..	13
Failte do'n bhliadhn'-uir ..	2	A'Ch ilig'n ar sgillbh ..	15
Seau-fhocail	2	Piobaireachd Dhomhill-Duibh	18
Cumha Fhir Chamus na h-Eirbhe	8	Mairi Ni Mhic-Gnidhir ..	19
Fionn an tigh a' Bhlair bhuidhe	10	Comhairle	19
		A'bheau-chomuinn	20

"Map ȝaż polup bo nſ anam peiṁ
Ta pȝeula na hAmṁpa a S' palb." Oiseaṅ.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

A. & J. BRYSON, PRINTERS, 84 HUTCHESON STREET GLASGOW.

AISEAG A NASGUIDH

AGUS

CUIDEACHADH FARAIDH DO NEW ZEALAND.

I.—Tha CUIDEACHADH FARAIDH air a thoirt do Luchd-oibre fearainn, *Narvies*, Ciobairean agus Luchd-ceirde posda air dhoibh gealladh sgriobhta 'thoirt gu'm paigh iad deich Puinnd Shasunnach gach duine 'n a mheidhisean an deigh dol thairis; no le coig puinnd Shasunnach an duine a phaigheadh m'an seol iad. Feumaidh iad a bhi stuama, deanadach, fo dheagh chliu, fallain 'n an inntinn, saor o dheireas, ann an slainte mhath, agus a' dol thairis a' cur rompa oibreachaidh air son tuarasdail.

II.—Cha toir an Uachdranachd aiseag do os cionn *dithis* chloinne eadar aon bhliadhna agus da bhliadhn' deug a dh-aois *anns gach teaghlach;* ach faodaidh parantan an t-airgiod aisig, eadhon, seachd puinnd Sasunnach, a phaigheadh air son gach aon d'an teaghlach os cionn an aireamh sin. Tha gach pearsa *os cionn da bhliadhn' deug* air a mheas mar *dhuine;* clann *eadar aon bhliadhna agus da bhliadhn' deug* air am meas mar *leth dhaoine;* agus naoidheanan fo aon bhliadhna air an giulan *a nasguidh.*

III.—MNATHAN SINGILTE. — Tha AISEAG A NASGUIDH aig Ban-chocairean, Maighdeannan-seomair, Searbhantan-tighe, Banaraichean &c., nach 'eil fo choig bliadhn' deug no os cionn coig bliadhn' deug thar fhichead a dh-aois.

IV.—Gheobh *nighean charaidean posda*, a tha da bhliadhn' deug no os a chionn, aiseag a nasguidh; agus gabhar gillean d'an aois cheudna a tha falbh an cuideachd am parantan na 'm paighear coig puinnd Shasunnach an fear air an son m'an seol iad, no air ghealladh sgriobhta gu'm paighear sea puinnd Shasunnach am fear air an son mar lan airgiod-aisig.

V.—DAOINE SINGILTE.—Is i an t-suim a dh' fheumar a phaigheadh air son dhaoine singilte ochd puinnd Shasunnach am fear de airgiod ullamh. Mur urrainn doibh sin a dhioladh faodaidh iad ceithir puinnd Shasunnach a phaigheadh ullamh agus an ainm a chur ri gealladh air son ochd puinnd Shasunnach.

Is iad na *tuarasdail* a tha 'dol air son obair ochd uairean 's an latha—*Labourers*, bho choig gu seachd tastain 's an latha—Luchd-ceirde, bho ochd gu deich tastain 's an latha.

Gheobhar duilleachain Ghaidhlig mu *New Zealand* ann an *Office* A' GHAIDHEIL a nasguidh.

Air son tuilidh eolais agus chunahachan sgriobh gus an

AGENT GENERAL FOR NEW ZEALAND,

7 WESTMINSTER CHAMBERS, VICTORIA ST.,

WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER. Editor—John Murdoch.

The objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the wellbeing of the people at large; and,

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad, with a record and review of events, i which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence, are—the Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d per copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY

The HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Coy., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the amount for which he subscribes.

CAPITAL £3,000, in 3,000 SHARES of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at

THE OFFICES, 71 CHURCH STREET, INVERNESS,

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

The conductors of THE GAEL regret that, owing to other pressing engagements, they have not been able to give the necessary attention to the publishing arrangements during the past year, and that, in consequence, the monthly appearance of the publication has been sometimes more or less delayed. They are glad to announce, however, that new and improved arrangements have been made for its regular and prompt appearance on the first of every month during the ensuing year. Under these arrangements, THE GAEL will be published simultaneously by Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh, and Mr. WILLIAM LOVE, 226 Argyle Street, Glasgow, on and after the first of January, 1875, after which date all business communications should be addressed to THE GAEL, and Editorial communications to the Editor of THE GAEL, care of Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 64 South Bridge, Edinburgh.

In addition to present Editorial arrangements, other gentlemen have been engaged to take an active part in the Editorial work of the publication during the ensuing year. These efforts to render THE GAEL more useful, it is hoped, will be duly appreciated.

The publishers have suffered great pecuniary loss, in consequence of the large number of subscribers who are in arrears with their payments, and the difficulty of collecting such small amounts at wide distances apart. It has therefore been decided not to send THE GAEL in future except to those who have paid in advance, and to discontinue sending it at the end of the time paid for. Notice of the expiration of subscription will be given a month or two in advance, in order to give subscribers time to renew their subscriptions and keep their sets complete.



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL, 1875

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

THROUGHOUT THE SEASON.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec,	£13 13s.
„ To Portland, Boston, or New York,	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, BOSTON, or NEW YORK,	£9 9s.
Steerage — To Quebec, Portland, BOSTON, or NEW YORK.	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal Stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,

70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



"Anchor" Line.

GLASGOW

TO

NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, and QUEENSTOWN, to Embark Passengers.

FARES:

SALOON CABIN:—

TUES. STEAMERS,	£14 14s	and £15 15s.
THURS. „	£12 12s	and £13 13s.
SAT. „	£16 16s	and £17 17s.

INTERMEDIATE, - - EIGHT GUINEAS.

STEERAGE, - - - - - SIX GUINEAS.

To New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Quebec.

Passengers Booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,

45 & 47 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH GHLASCHU.

GLASGOW HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

CHIEF—CLUNY MACPHERSON OF CLUNY.

CHIEFTAINS—DUNCAN SHARP, DONALD M'ARTHUR.

SECRETARY—J. G. MACKAY. TREASURER—JOHN WHYTE.

DIRECTORS.—Peter Cameron, Convener; Duncan Cowan, Duncan Carmichael, James Fraser, Robert Fraser, Angus Finlayson, Donald Graham, James Johnston, D. M'Gregor, Angus M'Indeor, Allan M'Kechnie, Donald M'Kenzie, James M'Kellar, James M'Millan, John M'Queen, A. Mitchell, John Morrison, Norman Morrison, A. Sinclair, James Sinclair, Donald Sinclair.

THE objects of this Association are—the cultivation of social intercourse among Highlanders desirous of chereshiing their native attachments and of collecting and preserving the Traditions, Tales, Poetry, and Music of the Highlands; the relief of deserving Natives; the instituting of a Reading Room, Library, and a House of Call for Highlanders, where a Register will be kept for the purpose of giving information where employment may be had.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.—Honorary Members, £5; Life Members, £2 2s.; Ordinary Members—Entry-money, 2/6; Yearly Contribution, 4/.

Meetings are held every Thurday Evening, in M'Callum's Temperance Hotel, 26 Glassford Street, at 8 o'Clock, to enrol Members, &c.

Gaelic Entertainments are held in the Joiners' Hall, 7 Alston Street, every Saturday Evening, at Half-past 7 o'Clock.

DONALD M'PHEE,

MANUFACTURER OF

HIGHLAND BAGPIPES,

171 WEST NILE STREET,

GLASGOW.

Great Highland Bagpipes, made of ebony, full-mounted with ivory,	£8	0/	
Do. half-mounted with Silver,	16	0/	
Do. full-mounted with Silver, Ornamented, Chas'd, or Engrav'd,	30	0/	
Half-size, as above,	£5, £10, &	18	0/
Miniature Pipe, - - -		2	10/
Practising Chanter,	6/, 7/6, &	0	10/
Large Pipe Chanters, - -		1	0/
Half size do., - -		0	15/

Gunn's Pipe Music, the best and most complete collection of Strathspeys' Reels, Jigs. &c., ever published, bound in cloth, 6/; stiff covers, 4/.

THA Mr. M'Phi e fhéin aithnichte 's an duthaich mar shar-fhear-cluiche air a' Fhiob-Mhoir, agus tha e uime sin eòlach air gach gné agus beart a tha air son a deanamh coimhlionta air son cliuil; agus cha 'n 'eil Piob 's am bith a' fagail a' bhùth aige, gun a bhi air a dearbhadh an toiseach leis féin. agus tha e mar sin a' dol an urras air gach té a ni e a bhi anns gach dòigh ceart.

Just published,

A NEW EDITION of CAPTAIN S. FRASER of KNOCKIE'S celebrated COLLECTION of HIGHLAND MUSIC, arranged for the Pianoforte, Violin, &c.

It was first published in 1816, and considered by competent Judges to be the most complete collection of the kind extant.

The new edition contains important amendments and additions by the Compiler's Son, the late Angus Fraser; and the whole work has been carefully revised by Mr. William Mackay, late Secretary to the Gaelic Society at Inverness.

This Work is published in Four Parts, at 5s. each. Order early, as only a limited number are printed. Country Subscribers will receive their Copies by Post.

HUGH MACKENZIE, Bank Lane,

Inverness.

THE GAEL,

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 37.

Happy New Year, ...	1
Address to the New Year.	2
Proverbs, ...	2
Camus na h-Eirbhe 's Lament, ...	8
Finn's Enchantment, ...	10
Homer, ...	13
Gaelic in Schools, ...	15
Piobaireachd Dhonuill Duibh, ...	18
Mary Maguire, ...	19
Advice, ...	19
A' Bhean Chomuinn, ...	20

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Shoulder to Shoulder, ...	21
Deputation to the Lord Advocate, ...	22
Gaelic in Highland Schools, ...	23
Club of True Highlanders, ...	27
Soiree of the Natives of Skye in Glasgow, ...	28
Re-union af the Natives of Inverness in Glasgow, ...	30
News of the Highlands and Islands, ...	31

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN DECEMBER.—Malcolm M'Kellar, Tarbert, 9/6; John M'Pherson, Lochgilphead, 7/; R. Fraser, Inverness, 4; Alex. Macintosh, Aviemore, 9/6; Robert M'Lagan, Pitlochry, 4/; J. M'Lean, Oban, 4; Finlay M'Rae, Durham, Ont., 2 dols; Evan M'Donald, Manitoba House, 1 dol. 50c.; Duncan Sharp, Glasgow, 5/6; Rev. J. M'Callum, Aberfeldy, 8/6; John Mackenzie, Inverness, 5/6; Rev. John M'Donald, Rosshire, 9/6; Duncan Campbell, Kilmarnock, 4/6; John Chisholm, Beauly, 6/0; Hugh M'Lean, Tyree, 9/6; Rev. John Darroch, Portree. 2/3; Farquhar Macrae, Strome Ferry 12/6; Peter Ferguson, Pitlochry, 9/6; Donald Campbell, Oban, 15/; Alex. M'Donald, Wellington Mines, Ont., 12/3; William Fraser, Fowlerville, N.Y. (draft), 14: Duncan Cameron, Kingussie, 9/6; Rev. J. Macbean, Campbeltown, 11/; William Ross, Ardgay, 5/6; George Macdonald, Invergordon, 10/; A. S. Macdonald, Inverness (cheque), 4/; D. Murchison, Lochcarron, 3/6: John M'Leod, Port Ness, 11/; Rev. John Menzies, Dingwall, 4/; Rev. John Grant, Aviemore, 7/6; Robert Ross, Stonehaven, 6/6; Alex. Forbes, Ballinluig, 8/6; Duncan Boyd, South Uist, 9/6; Rev. D. Mackenzie, Thurso, 4; Rev. J. Macrae, Lochalsh, 5/6; Donald R. M'Aulay, Whitton, Province of Quebec, 4 dols.; John M'Diarmid, Ottawa, Ont., 15/; Simon Finlayson, Glasgow, 5/; Duncan Whyte, Glasgow, 5/6; D. C. Whyte, Sandbank, 5/6.

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

Our Subscribers in Canada (where "THE GAEL" was originally started) had it for the first year at One Dollar; but as "THE GAEL" is now nearly Double its Original Size, and we have to pay Four, and in some cases Eight times the amount of Postage required in Canada, we have to charge a uniform rate of One Dollar and a Quarter, or Five Shillings sterling, and the British Postage (which we have to pay) added, will make the Terms of Subscription to the different places abroad as follows:—

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75), or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

AN

GAIDHEAL;

PAIPEIR-NAIDHEACHD

AGUS

LEABHAR-SGEOIL GAIDHEALACH.

AN CEATHRAMH LEABHAR.

(AIREAMH 37 GU 48.)

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

EDINBURGH:
MACLACHLAN AND STEWART.

1875.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY DUNCAN GRANT AND COMPANY,
FORREST ROAD.

CLAR-INNSIDH.

(Contents of Vol. IV.)

TAOBH

A' chlàrsach—*Sgiathanach* . 275
A' Ghàilig 's na sgoilibh—*an t-Olla Maclachluinn* . . . 15
Am fear aig an robh cainnt nam beothiachean—*Glasrach* . . 108
An sionnach—*Glasrach* . . 335
An t-Eilein Sgiathanach—*Sgiathanach* 363
Aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna—*Iain Mac Ghille-Bhain* 140, 173, 199, 213, 231
Bas Righ Raibeart—*M'Coinnich* . 273
Bliadhna mhath ùr. . . . 1
Cliu Eobhain—*Abrach* . . 112
Coinneamh Chaidreach—*Mac-Mharcuis*. 70
Comhairle 19
Comhraidhnean—*Alastair Ruadh, &c.* . 40, 122, 176, 210, 263, 296
Cunntas beag mu thurus do'n Eadailt—*Alastair Neacail* 135, 169
Dònull-nan-òrd—*Donull* . . 338
Earail mu'n Ghàidheal—*Sgiathanach* 49
Eoineachan Dubh—*Ban-Sàileach* . 146
Gàidhil Chanada—*Seann Ghaidheal* 170
Gleann Afaric—*Ban Ghlaiseach* . 181
Ionraic Mac Ailein—*Sgiathanach* . 327
Litir á America—*Gaidheal anns na Coilltibh* 114
Mar a fhuaras a mach America—*P. Mac-Griogair* . . . 242
Mirean á Màileid fir-lagha—*Alastair Neacail* . . . 107
Muireach Fial—*Ban-Saileach* . 73
Para Piobaire—*Ead. le Mac-Mharcuis* 205
Sean-fhocail—*D. M'K.* 2, 33, 65, 98, 129, 161, 193, 229, 257, 289, 321, 353
Seann sgial Gaidhealach—*Sgiathanach* 235
Sgialachdan—
Fionn an tigh a' Bhlair Bhuidhe—*Abrach* . . 10
Garbh Mac Stairn agus Dual 365
Iain agus Alastair—*Olla Macl* 44
Murchadh Mac Bhrian—*Abrach* 146
Na tri coin uaine air lomhainn—*Glasrach* . . . 115

TAOBH

Sealg Bheinn-eidir—*Glasrach* . 81
An Tuairisgeal—*Abrach* . 303
Sop as gach Seid 51, 85, 119, 147, 183, 214, 247, 276, 310, 341
Toradh saighdeir—*D.M'K.* . 111

BARDACHD.

A' chuthag—*Glasrach* . . 139
Am Fonn 231
An t-Eilein Sgiathanach—*Alastair Mac-Neacail* . . . 167
Na Sruthain—*Mac-oidhche* . 327
Altachadh an uisge-bheatha . 48
Aonghus nan aoirean . . 143
Caismeachd Ailean nan sop—*Abrach* 76
Cruinneachadh Chlann-Ghriogair—*Ead. le Mac-Mharcius* . . 44
Cumha—*I. Moirsastainn* . . 263
Cumha Anna—*Mr. Iain Mor* . 39
Cumha fhir chamus na h-Eirbhe—*Iain Mac-an t-Saoir* . . 8
Fàilte do'n bhisadhn'-ùir—*N. Macleoid* 2
Fàilte Shir Eobhan . . 310
Gearan Mhaoil-Chiarain—*I. Mac-Cuaruig* 336
Mairi Nic Guidhir—*Ua-Cearthallain* 19
Mairi Nìon Deorsa . . 135
Morair sìom . . . 108
Orain, Le'm fuinn, 20, 52, 89, 120, 149, 184, 248, 278, 311, 342
Oran do 'n Nolluig—Eobhan Mac Luchainn . . . 359
Oran mu Challart—*Mairi Nic Ealair* 289
Oran—*Iain Ruadh Drobhair* . 199
Piobaireachd Dhonuill Duibh . 18
Sgialachd Æneis—*Ead. le D. B. B.* 203, 240, 268, 301, 330
Sgialachd na Tròidhe—*Ead. le E. Mac-Lachainn* . 13, 79, 139, 362
Sgoileireachd na pòit . . 69
Soiridh leat, a chialain . . 102
Soraidh á Cinntàile . . 235
Talla mo Cheannaird—*Ead. le Mac-Mharcius* . . . 110
Uaileineid (a valentine)—*D. R. M.* 78

INDEX

TO ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OF VOL. IV.

	PAGE
Anecdotes	253
Buchannan, Unveiling of Monument	379
Celtic Chair	192
Celtic Chair, Subscriptions for the	156, 374
Celtic Chair Endowment Fund	224
Club of True Highlanders	27
Edinburgh Argyll Club, Dinner of the	60
Gaelic—New Testament—*Rev, Prof. Maegregor.*	223
Gaelic in Highland Schools—*D. M'K.*	23
Gaelic School Society	93
Gaelic Society of Inverness	95
Gaelic Society of London	90
Greenock Highland Gathering	91
Highland Society of London	92
Highlanders appreciation of scenery	151
Inverness Ross and Nairn Club Dinner	59
Levers to Raise our Peasantry—*Machaon*	89, 124, 219, 249, 343
Lord Advocate, Deputation to	22
Maclauchlan, Dr. Thomas, Presentation to	219
Macleod, Dr. John, jubilee of	60
National Prejudice—*D. M'K.*	121
News from the Highlands and Islands	31, 62, 96, 126, 254
"Olim Marte, nunc Arte"—*D. M'K.*	87
Reviews—Gaelic New Testament	347
———Ossian and the Clyde	185 215
———Poems of Ossian—*Dr. August Ebrard*	279, 313
———Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness	318
———Bourke's Aryan Origin	377
Re-Union of Inverness Highlanders in Glasgow	30
Shoulder to Shoulder	21
Soiree of the Natives of Skye in Glasgow	28
Sutherland Association	62
Topography of Scotland—*Dr. Maclauchlan*	53

POETRY.

	PAGE
A Vision of Ossian and the Celtic Chair—*Professor Blackie*	156
———*Ead.* le Mairi Nic-Eallair	367
Lay of the Brave Cameron	58
The Tongue of the Gael	123

—0—

AN GAIDHEAL.

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

BLIADHNA MHATH UR.

Bliadhna mhath ùr agus mòran diu—'s e durachd ar cridhe do gach Gaidheal, ge b'e aite am beil iad.

Tha nis tri bliadhna gu leth o'n a chuir sinn a cheud aireamh de'n *Ghaidheal* f'ar comhair; agus an deigh a bhi bliadhna, le moran dragh, 'g a thoirt a mach an Canada, rinn sinn imrich do Ghlaschu, a chum ar leabhar a dheanamh na b' airidh air fabhar nan Gaidheal. na bha e coma.'h dhuinn a dheanamh air taobh thall a' chuain. Tha sinn a nis air atharrachadh eile 'dheanamh a tha dochas againn a ni an leabhar na's fiachaile na bha e roimhe so. Le dà aireamh dhubailte a chur a mach an deireadh na bliadhna 'dh' fhalbh. tha sinn comasach air a' bhliadhna a thoiseachadh le leabhar ùr a thig a mach á so suas, an Duneideann 's an Glaschu, air toiseach gach mios.

Tha sinn an comain ar cairdean lionmhor 's an righeachd so 's an duthchannan cein air son an cuideachaidh luachmhoir, 's an deagh ruin d'ar n-oidheirp anns an am a chaidh seachad; agus cha 'n 'eil sinn gun aobhar dochais gu'm faigh sinn an cuideachadh agus an run ceudna ann an tomhas, eadhon na 's saibhire 's an am ri teachd. As aon ni tha sinn dearbhte nach lagaich ar dichioll-ne a chum an leabhar a dheanamh cho tarbhach agus cho taitneach 's a tha e 'n ar comas a dheanamh.

Bithidh e 'n cuimhne ar luchd-leughaidh gur e 'n run araid a bh' againn 's an amharc leis an leabhar so, a bhi toirt cothroim do na Gaidheil. 'n an cànain fein, air an eolas air Eachdraidh an duthcha, an cinnidh. 's an cànain a mheudachadh; a bhi toirt seachad fiosrachaidh earbsaich mu ghnothuichean feumail an la diugh; air cothrom a thoirt do Bhaird 's do sgribheadairean Gaidhealach ar latha fein am bardachd 's am beachdan a thoirt fa chomhair an luchd-duthcha; agus gu h-araid, an da chuid anns a' Bheurla 's anns a' Ghaidhlig, a bhi 'dearbhadh do'n t-saoghal nach 'eil an cinneach Gaidhealach 's an la diugh, na's mo na bha 'n aithricheau, suarach mu'n eachdraidh, mu'n cànan, no mu'n cliù. Tha e gu tric air aithris gu bheil coigrich na's eolaiche air ar n-eachdraidh 's air ar cànain na tha sinn fein; agus tha 'n radh ann an tomhas fior. Is ann 's a' Ghearmailt a gheobhar na sgoilearan Gaidhealach a's fearr. Tha so maslach d'ar cinneadh; agus bu mhath leinn ar n-oidheirp a thoirt a chum am masladh a chur dhinn. Tha fios againn nach robh ar saothair, gu ruige so, cho soirbheach r' ar run, agus cha 'n 'eil fiughair againn gu'm bi; ach cha 'n aobhar so gu bhi 'cur dhinn ar 'n armachd, ach gu bhi 'g ar crioslachadh fein as ùr.

Is ann leis an run cheudna a bu mhath leinn an leabhar so a chumail air aghart, agus dh' iarramaid air ar cairdean anns gach aite, an comhnadh, an comhairle, agus an

cuideachadh. Bhitheamaid an comain gach aon d'ar luchd leughaidh air son an leabhar a thoirt fa chomhair an luchd-eolais; agus tha moran d' ar leughadairean a bu mhath leinn a bhi 'n an sgribheadairean.

Am measg ar sgribheadairean tha atharrach beachd mu thimchioll iomadh ceist chudthromaich a tha 'luasgadh inntinnean Ghaidheal a's Ghall 'n ar latha; agus feudaidh e bith air uairean gu'n saoil ar luchd-leughaidh gu'm faic iad beachdan air an toirt air an aghart nach 'eil a reir am barail-san cothromach. Their sinn, a dh' aon fhocal, nach robh, nach 'eil, 's nach bi an *Gaidheal*, cho fad's a bhitheas an fhailm's an achlais 's am beil i, de bhuidhinn seach buidhinn. Gun teagamh feumaidh gach sgribheadair a shaorsa fein fhaotainn air son a smuaintean a chur an cainnt; ach cha bhi ceist air am beil atharrach barail am measg Ghaidheal air a deasboireachd 's an leabhar so. Air taobh na firinn 's nan deagh-bheus—an aghaidh foirneirt a's ceilg, seasaidh sinn gu daingean, a dh' aindeoin co 'theireadh e; agus air son a' chorr. bu mhath leinn a bhi 'meudachadh eolais 's ag ardachadh clìu ar luchd-duthcha.

Is ann a chum an t-aobhar so a chur air aghaidh, a tha sinn a nis, le mor-thaing air son gach fàbhair a fhuair sinn, ag iarraidh ás ùr soraidh mhath gach Gàidhil a leughas ar leabhar.

—o—

FAILTE DO'N BHLIADHN'-UR.

Fàilte 's furan do'n bhliadhn'-ùr,
Le 'trusgan geal is sunntach greann,
Dhùisgeas aiteas anns gach gnùis,
A sgaoileas fleagh mu bhùird le fonn.
Ged nach nach fhaigh sinn a bhi dlùth,
Do 'r luchd-comuinn rùin 's an au,
'S e 'n ciad làn a theid 's a' chuaich:
Slàinte bhuan do Thìr nam Beann.

Tàmh am baile-mór nan tùr,
Cha bu dùthchas dhuinn bhi ann!
Far nach fhaic sinn fiadh air stùc,
No bradan ùr 'g a thoirt á allt;
Far nach cluinn sinn piob air cluain,
No gillean-callainn shuas an gleann.—
Ach cuiridh sinn mu 'n cuairt a' chuach,
Dianamh luaidh air Tìr nam beann.

Tìr a' mhànrain, tìr a' chiùil,
Tìr nam fiùran nach robh fann;
Ged tha 'n sliochd 'g an cur air chùl,
Dhianamh *ruinn* do chlann nan Gall—
'S ioma fardoch tha gun smùid,
Far 'm bu shiubhlach fonn nan rann;
Ach bidh an aigne blàth gach uair
Ni iad luaidh air Tìr nam beann.

Saoghal fada, maoin, a's clìu,
Do'r luchd-dùthcha bhos a's thall;
Dòirteadh beannachdan mar dhrùchd
Gach bliadhn'-ùr thig air an ceann.
Ged a sgaradh sinn ri luaths,
Bidh ar càirdeas buan 's gach am;
'S òlaidh sinn le caithrim chruaidh,
Làn na cuaich air Tìr nam beann.

N. MAC-LEOID.

—o—

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

I. CIOD IAD?

Bithidh mi air uairean a' smuaineachadh, an uair a bha 'n Saoghal na b' oige na tha e nis, an uair nach robh iarrtasan an duine cho lionmhor 's a tha iad air fàs, 's an uair nach robh an sluagh a' stri cho dian 's a tha iad a nis ris na sean iarrtasan a shasuchadh agus ri iarrtasan ura a ghineamhuinn, gu'n robh an Cinne-daonna a' mealtuinn toil-inntinnean luachmhor air nach 'eil sinne ag annas, no, mar bu choir a radh, ris nach 'eil sinn a' fuireach. Gun teagamh, is mor agus is lionmhor na sochairean a bhuilicheadh oirnne a tha beo anns na linnibh deireannach so, air nach cuala ar n-aithrichean iomradh. Is luachmhor an dileab a dh' fhag na ginealaich a chaidh thairis againne a thainig 'n an deigh. B' fhialaidh a thaom ar n-aithrichean fallus an gruaidhe, agus gu tric fuil an cridhe a chum

na beannachdan nach do mheal iad fein a bhuannachd d' an cloinn. Tha na sochairean a choisinn misneach agus cruaidh-chas, eolas agus seirc ar sinnsearan dhuinne do-aireamh; agus bhiodh e eu-comasach a chur an ceill gach doigh air am bheil an Saoghal air a chur fo chis a chum sonas an duine a mheudachadh. Tha so a' cur dleasdanais chudthromaich oirnne gu'n aisig sinn 'n an lan-thoirbheartas d'ar cloinn na tiodhlacan luachmhor a tha sinn fein a' mealtuinn.

Ach an uair a tha so uile fior, cha'n 'eil mi gun amhurus nach robh luchd-aiteachaidh an t-sean shaoghail, am measg iomadh anacothroim, a' mealtuinn cuid de fhior shonas ann an doighean air nach 'eil sinne ruigheachd a nis. Cha 'n ann uile gu leir gun aobhar, tha mi meas, a bhitheas na Baird a' treorachadh ar n-aire gu sonas na 'tim a bh' ann o shean.' A dh- aon ni, cha toir a bhi 'beachdachadh 'air an domhan 's na bheil ann' co-ionann toilinntinn do'n duine a nis, 's a bheireadh e anns na 'linntibh a threig.' Dhuisgeadh an cruinne-ce faireachdainnean ann an inntinn an duine o shean nach eil comasach an diugh. Co-dhiu a chitheadh e 'chruitheachd 's na laghannan a tha 'riaghladh innte mar bhalla iaruinn mu'n cuairt da ach an taobh muigh dheth, agus e fein mar mholl air a luasgadh leis gach oiteig, —gun fhios aige cia às no c'aite a bha 'thus no 'thriall: co-dhiu bha e 'g a fhaicinn fein mar chuid de'n chruitheachd mhoir, a' tarrung beatha uaipe 's a 'tiomnadh a bheatha dh' i —le cheile a' coimhlionadh an Dain ged bha an Dan am folach oir; no co-dhiu a bha inntinn air a treorachadh gu bhi saoilsinn gu'n robh e 'faicinn ann an obair a' chruthachaidh dearbhadh air lathaireachd Bith uile-ghlic agus uile-chumhachdaich 'n a shuidhe air Righ-chaithir na Cruinne, aig am bheil an Saoghal 'n a ghlaic 's a tha 'g orduchadh gach ni a reir a' ruin: bha 'n Cruinne-ce an comhnuidh'n a aobhar-ioghnaidh, 'n a aobhar-uamhuinn, agus 'n a aobhar ardthoilinntinn do anam an duine o shean, air dhoigh nach bi e gu brath tuillidh dhuinne. Gheibh sinn dearbhadh follaiseach air so ann an saothair nan sean Bhard. Gun a bhi 'dol seachad air priomh-Bhard ar duthcha fein,— c'aite am faigh sinn Bardachd 's a' Ghaidhlig a th' air a lionadh le Morachd 's le Maise a' Chruthachaidh mar a tha 'Bhardachd a th' air a h-ainmeachadh air Oisean. Agus co-ionann tha Bardachd nan Iudhach, nan Greugach, 's nan Romanach. Tha cumhachdan an t-saoghail fhaicsinnich agus neofhaicsinnich an da chuid 'g am brosnuchadh agus 'g an claoidh. 'S ann uapa a tha am beatha spioradail a' teachd, ach tha 'bheatha ro neart-mhor air an son: agus chi sinn iad 'g an sleuchdadh fein sios an lathair nan cumhachdan so. Tha gun teagamh an Aineolas a' cuideachadh an t-sasuchaidh anma a tha iad a' mealtuinn. Tha Diomhaireachd a' chruthachaidh cho math r'a Mhorachd 'g an lionadh, 's a' dusgadh a suas an Spioraid gu h-urram agus gu h-umhlachd. Ach tarruing a thaobh am brat a tha 'comhdach na Diomhaireachd, thoir lochran an Eolais a steach do'n ionad naomha so, agus ruaigidh tu tuillidh a's Aineolas—ruaigidh tu Spiorad na h-irisleachd, na h-umhlachd agus moran de Spiorad an fhior ghliocais.

Cha 'n ann le anam lionta le h-urram agus le h-eagal a sheallas Feallsanach an la diugh mu'n cuairt da, no os a chionn. Cha 'n ann le bhrogan bharr a chos, no le bhoineid 'n a dhorn a sheasas esan aig dorus an tighe so "nach do thogadh le lamhaibh." Cha'n ann;—ach sgeadaichte, uidheamaichte, tha e 'g eigheach

an dorus fhosgladh a chum 's gu'n rannsaich e 'n tigh,—gach cùil a's oisinn deth. Bha 'n t-eolas so "roiongantach" le Daibhidh agus cho ard 's nach ruigeadh e air; ach cha'n 'eil a'chuis mar so dhasan air an do thaomadh gu pailt solus an Eolais agus a' Ghliocais'n ar latha-ne. Cha 'n 'eil gun teagamh, fios aige co leag Clach-oisinn an talmhainn; ach dearbhaidh e dhuit nach 'eil Clach-oisinn idir ann. Chuir e 'shnathainn-tomhais, cha 'n ann a mhain thar an talamh ach thar an iarmailt mar an ceudna. Chaidh e steach gu tobraichibh na fairge; chunnaic e ionmhasan an t-sneachda. Dh'fhosgail e mionach an talmhainn; rannsaich e doimhneachd a'chuain; lean e slighe an dealanaich; cheasnaich e 'ghrian. Thug e air oibre Naduir gu leir an ionmhasan a thoirt am follais, 's am fagail aig a' chosan, a chum a bhi 'frithealadh do chomhfhurtachd an duine. Is mor agus is urramach an dearbhadh so air cumhachd buaidhean an duine an uair a tha iad air an deagh chleachdadh; agus is luachmhor a' chreach a thug iad dhachaidh dha á tir an Aineolais. Ach an lorg so, chaill sinn, saoilidh mi, faireachdainnean a bheireadh toilinntinn a's solas do'n anam. Ma dh' fhairich esan a dhearbh gur iarann a' ghrian an t-ardachadh inntinn a tha dligheach dhasan a bheir buaidh a mach, nach eigin gu'n do mhothaich e mar an ceudna nach ionann faireachdainn a dhuisgeas "ard-locharan na speur" an cridhe an t-sluaigh gu brath tuillidh, an uair a chithear i "mar fhear-muadh-posda a' teachd a mach á 'sheomar." Anns na h-inntinnean is airde, cha 'n 'eil gun teagamh Spiorad an urraim no na h-irisleachd air a lughdachadh ach air a mheudachadh mar a tha eolas a' dol am farsuingeachd. Tha e eu-comasach dhasan, anns nach eil Spiorad an Aoraidh marbh, a tha 'beachdachadh air gloir na h-iarmailt, 's a tha 'creidsinn gu bheil gach reul a's rionnag a chi an t-suil, agus na miltean do-aireamh nach faic, 'n an Grein a' soillseachadh Saoghail gun chrich ann am farsuingeachd na Cruitheachd, gun a bhi 'g altrum beachdan na 's airde agus na 's soluimte mu thimchioll a' Chruinne-che agus an Ti a chruthaich e. Cha 'n fhaic a' leithid so de fhear anns gach fearann a theid a cheannsachadh ach crioch na tire neo-chriochnaich air nach do chuir duine fathast a chas. Ach cha 'n ann mar so a chi an Saoghal. "Millidh danadas modh;" agus faodar a' radh mu mhoran gu'n lughdaich Eolas urram.

Ach a ris, dh' atharraich ar n-eolas, agus na h-inmleachdan a fhuair eolas a nuach, gu tur ar beachd mu thimchioll Morachd agus Greadhnachas an talmhainn. Cha 'n ionann beachd dhuinne agus d' ar n-aithrichean air Astar, no eadhon air Tim. Thug inmleachdan taobh eile an t-saoghail na's dluithe dhuinne na bha 'n ath sgireachd d' ar n-aithrichean. Siubhlaidh tu roimh 'n tir leth-cheud mile 's an nair. Bithidh tu an Albainn an dùgh agus anns an Fhraing am maireach. Gheibh thu litir á America na's luaithe agus na's saoire na gheibheadh do sheanair á Glaschu i. Gheibh thu fios air ais á Australia na's luaithe na gheibheadh d'athair as an ath bhaile. Cha 'n 'eil e duilich dhuitse snathainn-tomhais a shineadh air an talamh;—nach 'eil cearcaill de shnathainnean iaruinn thairis a's thairis air, a' giulan le luathas an dealanaich teachdaireachd o dhuine gu duine, o bhaile gu baile, 's o rioghachd gu rioghachd; 's nach 'eil so a' tabhairt aobhair-dochais do mhoran gur goirid an uine gus am bi luchd-aiteachaidh an t-saoghail 'n am braithrean mar tha iad cheana 'n an coimhearsnaich; gus "am buail iad an claidhean gu coltairean, 's an

sleaghan gu corranaibh-sgathaidh 's nach foghlum iad cogadh na's mo." Ach tha so uile ag ardachadh ar meas air cumhachd an duine agus ag isleachadh greadhnachas an talmhainn'n ar suilean. Cha'n'eil eagal, saoilidh mi, gun dean an duine aoradh do fhiodh no do chloich gu brath tuilleadh; tha mor eagal gun dean e aoradh dha fein.

Ach cha 'n e mhain gu bheil sinn air call faireachdainnean a bheireadh fior sholas do'n anam an lorg an eolais agus nan inntleachdan a fhuaradh a mach; tha sinn a' call moran de fhior shonas leis a' chabhaig leis am bheil sinn a' siubhal roimh 'n t-saoghal. Cha 'n ann le foighidinn a tha sinne 'ruith réis na beatha. Cha 'n ann a mhain 'n ar n-obair lathail a tha an dian stri so ri bhi air thoiseach air ar coimhearsnaich. Cha leor gu bheil ciocras do-shasuichte air a ghintinn 'n ar cridheachan air son a bhi 'deanamh storais, agus sinn fein a chuairteachadh leis gach comhfhurtachd a bhuannaichdeas storas dhuinn. Eadhon 'n ar dachaidhean, 'n ar uaigneas cha ghabh sinn socair. Cha 'n fheith sinn ri bhi sona. Tha sinn a' feuchainn ri sonas fhaotainn ann a bhi 'n comhnuidh air ghluasad, ag atharrachadh o aite gu h-aite 's o thoilinntinn gu toilinntinn; agus tha mi 'meas gu bheil sinn a' deanamh cli. Gun teagamh cha bhi aon chuid an inntinn no 'n corp fallain gun ghluasad, no laidir gun obair; ach feudar an inntinn a sharuchadh cho math ris a' chorp, agus 's e mo bheachd gu bheilear 'n ar latha-ne anns a' mhor chuid de'n t-saoghal a' ruigheachd na h-inntinn 's a' chuirp tuillidh 's a' choir. A reir barail mhorain cha 'n 'eil sinn cho treun r'ar n-aithrichean an corp no 'n inntinn. Cha 'n 'eil iongantas ged nach 'eil. Cha lean an Sgoilear na's mo na 'n Sionnach air sior ruith.

Ach eadar co dhiu 'tha no nach 'eil sinn a' saruchadh na h-inntinn le obair ghoirt, tha sinn, gun amhurus, 'g a milleadh le bhi 'sior chur innte. Cha 'n 'eil, gun teagamh, so cho fior an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, no am measg an t-sluaigh nach labhair ach Gaidhlig, 's a tha e anns a' chuid eile de'n rioghachd; ach 's ann a' dol na's firinniche 'tha e gach latha. Ged nach leir do'n t-suil an gad a tha 'ceangal na h-inntinn 's a' chuirp, tha fios againn gu bheil an ceangal dlu; agus ceart mar a tha slainte 's neart a' chuirp air am milleadh ma dhinneas tu de bhiadh ann barrachd na 's urrainn da 'chnamh, tha buaidhean na h-inntinn air an lagachadh ma bheir thu m'a coinneamh barrachd na 's urrainn dh'i 'chumasachadh. Gabhaidh goile na h-inntinn cho math ri goile 'chuirp milleadh le 'bhi sior chur ann. Bheir geocaireachd cho maith ri ocras do bhàs: tha gais cho cunnartach ri gort. Mu 'd lòn spioradail cho math ri mu 'd aran lathail tha 'n radh fior: "Is fearr sgur na sgaineadh."

Ann an oige an t-saoghail, ma ta, an uair a bha an inntinn a' gleidheadh ceum ris a' chorp, 's a bha iad le cheile a' siubhal roimh 'n t-saoghal air an socair; an uair a bha 'n t-suil a' fuireach ri faicinn, 's an inntinn ri breithneachadh; an uair a bha daoine a' sealltuinn na b' athaisiche na tha iad a nis mu'n cuairt doibh 's an taobh stigh dhiu; an uair nach robh biadh cho blasda, tighean cho blath, eudach cho riomhach, eolas cho farsuing, no leabhraichean cho pailt;— bha, tha mi'meas, daoine a' mealtuinn anns a'bheagan thoil-inntinnean a bh' aca sonas cho fior agus, ma dh' fhaodte, cho làn 's a tha sinne leis na cothroman do-aireamh a th' againn fein. Anns na linntean so bha moran de theagasg an t-sluaigh air a thoirt seachad an Sean-fhocail no 'n Gnath-fhocail. Bha 'chleachd-

uin coitchionn am measg gach cinneach air am bheil eachdraidh againn. Tha gach aon againn eolach air Gnath-fhocail Sholaimh. Am measg nan Greugach 's nan Romanach bha moran de'n colas agus moran de'n creidimh air aiseag o ghinealach gu ginealach air an doigh so. Agus am measg nan rioghachdan Eorpach eile bha 'chleachdnin cheudha. Ach tha mi 'creidsinn nach robh sluagh air am bheil iomradh againn am measg an robh 's am bheil uiread cumhachd aig Sean-fhocail ri Gaidheil na h-Alba anns gach aite an robh no am bheil iad. Tha fios againn gu'n robh a' mhor chuid de fhoghlum nan Druidhean—ar luchd-teagaisg o shean—air a thoirt seachad an Sean-fhocail a bha gu tric air an cur an rann a chum a' mheodhair a chuideachadh gu bhi 'g an gleidheadh air chuimhne; agus gus an la dingh chithear gu minic 'n ar glinn 's 'n ar n-eileanan an oidhche gheamhraidh air a' cur seachad ri taobh an teine le rann, sgeul, toimhseachan, a's Sean-fhocal. Gu ma buan gach cleachdnin o'm faigh an oigridh tuigse 's toilinntinn o bheul an aosda!

Is ann, mar bu trice, leis na daoine a bu ghlice 's a bu gheire a chaidh na Sean-fhocail a chur ri cheile; agus am measg nan daoine a b' fhoghlumte anns gach linn 's anns gach aite bha iad air an altrum le mor-urram. Air Gnath-fhocail Sholaimh—an duine a bu ghlice a chunnaic an saoghal riamh—rinn sinn a cheana iomradh. Rinn an Greugach a b' ainmeile 'n a rioghachd fein air son eolais 'us gliocais cruinneachadh de Shean-fhocail a dhuthcha. Tha dearbhadh againn ann am Bardachd an Ughdair is airde cliu a sheinn 's a' Bheurla air a' mheas a bh' aige-san air Sean-fhocail Shasuinn; agus rinn sgriobhadairean ainmeil uair a's uair cruinneachaidh dhiu so. Ann an saothair nam Bard Gaidhealach chi sinn an cumhachd a bh' aig Sean-fhocail thairis air na h-inntinnean a b' urramaiche d' ar cinneadh fein. Rinneadh cruinneachadh de na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach o chionn moran bhliadhnachan le deagh sgoileir—Mac-an-Toisich—ach cha 'n 'eil an leabhar a nis ach tearc. Chuala sinn le mor-aoibhneas gu bheil Gaidheal foghluimte — an Siorramh Mac-Neacail—a' deasachadh clo-bhualaidh nir de 'n leabhar luachmhor so. Ann an duilleagan a' *Ghaidheil* chunnacas o am gu am, agus tha sinn an dochas gu 'm faicear fathast, cuid de na Sean-fhocail a tha siubhlach am measg an t-sluaigh. Cha bhi e neo-fhreagarrach, ma ta, saoilidh mi, a bhi feoraich, mu dhoigh-chainnt a bha 's a tha cho cumhachdach 's cho coitchionn am measg dhaoine, 's gu h-araid am measg Ghaidheal—ciod iad —ciod e an luach—agus ciod e an cunnart mar ghne-theagaisg?

Ciod e Sean-fhocal? Aithnichidh gach aon againn e an uair a chi no 'chluinneas sinn e; ach cha 'n 'eil e cho farasda a mhineachadh do neach eile ciod iad na feartan a tha 'deanamh suas na doigh-chainnt so. Thuirt Sasunnach ainmeil a tha fathast maireann gur e Sean-fhocal 'gliocas morain, ach geiread aoin;' agus thuirt sean Ughdar Romanach gu bheil an Sean-fhocal mar an Seillean, 'gu'm faighear a' mhil 's an gath ann an coluinn bhig.' Gheibhear an so, tha mi meas, an da chuid mineachadh agus eisimpleir air Sean-fhocal; ach cha ruigear leas fiughair a bhi gu'n seas am mineachadh an comhnuidh fior. Cha 'n fhaighear Sean-fhocal, tha mi creidsinn, as eugmhais nan tri nithean so—Gliocas, Geiread, Giorrad; ach cha 'n 'eil mi cho dearbhta gu'n deanar suas e leis an tri a mhain. Mu 'm fas e 'n a Shean-fhocal is

eigin gu'n gabh an Saoghal ris mar aon; agus cha bhiodh e duilich iomadh radh fhaotainn a tha glic, geur, a's gearr, nach d' fhuair fardoch am measg an t-sluaigh. Ach ma theid agad air firinn a thilgeadh ann am beagan de fhocail shnasmhor a ni greim air inntinnean dhaoine, air chor 's gu bheil an fhirinn air a h-aiseag o bheul gu beul ad chainnt fein, 's e mo bharail gu'm feudar a radh gur Sean-fhocal an fhirinn so. Ma bhitheas an radh air a thoirt seachad fo shamhladh, no an rann, no ann am focail a ni fuaim thaitneach do 'n chluais, bithidh e na's dòcha gu'n gabh an sluagh ris, ach ma nithear a bheatha as eugmhais nan inntleachdan so is Sean-fhocal e.

Chunnaic sinn a cheana am meas a bh' aig na daoine treun a dh' fhalbh air a' mhodh-theagaisg so; agus cha 'n aobhar iongantais ged a bha. Air an cur ri cheile leis na daoine a bu ghlice 's a b' fharsuinge fiosrachadh anns gach linn; air an tilgeadh an cumadh taitneach do'n t-suil 's do'n chluais; chaidh an giulan air meodhair an t-sluaigh o dhuthaich gu duthaich, 's o ghinealach gu ginealach, ged chaidh, mar bu trice, na blair a chuir iad, na fearainn a cheannsaich iad, 's na h-ealaidhean a dh' ionnsaich iad, gu tur a dhichuimhneachadh. Dhuinne tha na Sean-fhocail ro luachmhor. Gheibh sinn annta gu tric am fiosrachadh is earbsaiche air gliocas, gleustachd, beachdan, a's creidimh ar sinnsearachd. Cha 'n 'eil cearn de thir an Eolais, no ach beag de rioghachd a' Chreidimh nach eil iad a' comhdachadh. Eolas mu'n chruthachadh 's mu chuibhrionn an duine ann; eolas mu laghannan na h-inntinn 's a' chuirp; riaghailtean-stiuiraidh air son a' ghluasaid anns gach dleasdanas dha fein, d'a choimhearsnach, 's d'a Chruith-fhear;—agus so uile ann an cainnt shnasmhor, farasda 'thogail 's a chuimhneachadh, a bheir toiliinntinn cho math ri foghlum seachad. Cuid de na Sean-fhocail gheibhear anns gach canain 's anns gach duthaich—fior luchd-aiteachaidh an domhain—a' ruigheachd air ais gu tus ar n-eolais, 's air falbh gu crioch ar n-aithne, a' toirt dearbhadh laidir air firinn an Abstoil Phoil gu'n do 'rinn Dia a dh' aon fhuil uile chinnich dhaoine;' cuid eile dhiu gheibhear duthchasach do'n tir so no do'n tir nd eile, a' tarruing an cruth 's an dreach o'n t-sluagh 's o'n tir o'n d'fhuair iad am beatha;—ach gu leir ro-luachmhor dhuinne mar na tinneachan is treise anns an t-slabhraidh shiorruith a tha 'ceangal dhuthchannan a's inntein an t-saoghail ann am bannaibh teann an Eolais, a' Ghliocais, agus a' Ghraidh.

Ach luachmhor 's mar tha na Sean-fhocail, agus measail 's mar is coir dhuinn an comhmuidh an gleidheadh air chuimhne, cha 'n 'eil iad gun chunnart 'n an lorg. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal mar an Teine, 'n a dheagh Sheirbhiseach ach 'n a dhroch Mhaighstir. Ma ghleidhear 'n a aite fein e, tha e fiachail a's goireasach—beathaichidh a's geuraichidh e'n inntinn; ach ma bheirear an lamh-an-uachdar dha, cha dean e ach a claoidh. Mar tha eolas a' dol am farsuingeachd, a's mar tha laghannan a's cleachdainean ura a' faotainn aite am measg an t-sluaigh, tha dleasdanais ura ag eirigh suas. An Sean-fhocal a bha fior mile bliadhna roimhe so, feudaidh e bhith nach 'eil e fior an diugh. An Sean-fhocal a tha fior 's an Airde-Near, feudaidh e gun bhi fior 's an Airde-Niar. Agus gu h-araid an radh a tha fior an aon seadh, is tric nach 'eil e fior ann an seadh eile. A thuilleadh air so, tha mi'meas gu bheil sinn annsa' Ghaidhealtachd buailteach do bhi toirt barrachd nachdaranachd do na Sean-fhocail na tha ar coimhearsnaich na

Goill. Cha 'n 'eil againne an cothrom a tha aca-san air foghlum fhaotainn á leabhraichean. Bha sinn riamh a' faotainn na bu mho d' ar n-eolas leis a' chluais na leis an t-suil, agus bha moran de'n eolas air a thoirt seachad ann an Sean-fhocail. A ris, tha 'leithid de thlachd aig Gaidheil de gach ni a tha deas, cuimir, 's gu bheil an cunnart ro mhor gu'n gabh sinn ri radh a thaitneas ruinn anns an rathad so, gun moran rannsachaidh a dheanamh mu 'fhirinn. Chuir sinn ann an Seanfhocal ar n-earbsa á firinn nan Seanfhocal thar cheann,—'Ged dh' eignichear an Sean-fhocal, cha bhreugraichear e.' Tha 'leithid de bhuaidh aca thairis oirnn, 's a' leithid de dh' earbsa againn 'n am firinn, 's nach 'eil ni cho feumail dhasan leis am bu mhiann beachd ur a thoirt fa chomhair Ghaidheal ri cairdeas nan Sean-fhocal a dheanamh. Tha e air aithris mu Bhard ainmeil Sasunnach gu'n do mharbh oraid e anns an robh breith chruaidh air a thoirt air a shaothair. Cha 'n 'eil neach a leugh an *Teachdaire Gaidhealach* nach faca am mort a dheanadh an t-Olla Mac-Leoid leis na Sean-fhocail. Mar shlachdan-druidheachd nan sgeulachdan, bha iad an comhnuidh aig 'uilinn a chum cur as do gach nanaiadh a thigeadh 'n a charamh. Agus cha 'n 'eil aon againn nach faca, nair a's nair, Deasbair eigin, leis an fhirinn na dh' fhaodte 'n a bheul, air a thilgeadh le aon de na saighdean cuimseach, basmhor so. Is claidhean da fhaobhair air an deadh liobhadh na Sean-fhocail. Gearraidh iad dlu, agus gearraidh iad glan. Ach is ann nu'n cluid is lugha dhiu a mhain is urrainnear a' radh, mar theirteadh mu chlaidheamh Fhinn, 'nach d' fhag e riamh fuigheall beuma.'

Feuchaidh sinn o am gu h-am ri aon na dha de na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach a chur fo ghloineamhaire dubailt' a Sgrudaire,'a bheir am fada am fagus, 's a ni am beag mor, agus ri 'rannsachadh a mach, a reir ar comais, ann an sohus ar latha fein ciod e 'n fhirinn a gheibhear fillte annta.

D. M'K.

Cumha.

Cumha a rinneadh le Iain Macan-t-Saoir, Fear Chamus-na-h-Eirbhe, 's a' bhliadhna 1746, mu 'bhrathair, Donull agus a chairdean, a thuit Latha Chuilfhodair.

Bliadhna Thearlaich, cha robh Donull ach ochd bliadhn' diag a dh-aois. 'S ioma gille òg, fearail, 's b' ann diùbh esan a ghabh le dian-dheòthas am port so 'n a ùntinn fhéin a' bhliadhn' ud :—

Na 'm bithinn fhéin am shia bliadhn' déug,
Na 'mbithinn fhéin mar b' àill leam ;
Na'm bithinn fhéin am shia bliadhn' déug.
Gu'm falbhainn fhéin le Teàrlach.
Luchd nam breacan, luchd nam breacan,
Luchd nam breacan sgàrlaid ;
Luchd nam breacan ballach, uaine,
Dol mu Thuath le Teàrlach.

Is tric leis na fleasgaichean a bhi 'gearan gu'm bi na màthraichean 's an rathad. Cha do thachair sin do mhathair Dhòmuill — is ann de na Seann-mhnathan còire, Gàidhealach a bhà i. An àite a mac a chumail aig an tigh, is ann a bhrosnaich i e gu éirigh leis a' Phrionnsa, agus, na'm b' éndar e, fhuil a dhòrtadh an aobhar na Rìgheachd. Is e éirigh a rinn e. Mar a bha e togail air, ruith a phùthar amach ás a dheaghaidh a' spìondh a fuilt, 's shnaim i a da làimh mu theis-meadhoin, ag grìosad air fuireach aig an tigh. Spìon e putan òir ás a léine 's thug e sid d'i mar chuimhneachan air ; 's tha sin fhathast 'n a bhall-sinnsireachd an teaghlach Chamus-na-h-Eirbhe.

A réir coltais fhuair e leòn-bàis an Cuilfhodair. An deaghaidh a' bhlàir fhuaradh leòinte 's an àrfhaich e, le fear de Reisimeid Earraghàidheal — Caiptin Macant-Saoir Chinn-a'-Chraicinn. Dh' aithnich esan 'fhear-cinnidh, 's theirg e'n t-each aige fhein da gus an arfhach fhàgail. Bha e cho lag, fann 's nach b' urrainn da dol air muin an eich ; agus dh' iarr e mar fhàbhor air a' Chaiptin a thaice a leigeil ri gàradh-droma bha faisg orra. Cha d' fhuaras tuille innsegeòil mu dhéighinn. A reir coltais, dh' éug e taobh a' ghàraidh 's rinn a bhràthair an cumha so dha. Chaidh e fhéin a leòn latha na h-Eglaise-brice, air chor 's nach robh e comhla ri Donull an Cuilfhodair an uair a thuit e. 'S e an t-Urramach Iain W. Mac-an-t-Saoir iarogha a' bhàird a chuir gu m' iomsaidh e. Is ann aig athair fhein nach mairionn, an t-Ollamh Mau-an-t-Saoir, Aodhaire Chill-monìbheig, a dh' iomsaich e e.— GLASRACH.

FOXN—*Latha Raon Ruairidh.*

Fhir a dhìreadh an fhrith,
Tha thu sìor-thighnu fosnear dhomh ;
'S tha mi 'g innse le firinn,
Gu'm beil m' inntinn fo smalan :
Mu na dh' fhuirich de m' chàirdean
Anns a' bhlàr a bha 's t-earrach ;
'S nach d' thàinig mo bhràthair,
'S e 's cràitich tha m' sgaradh.

Tha mo chiabhan air glasadh,
Tha mo leacan air mùthadh ;
Tha mo shùilean a' sileadh,
Tha chridhe bochd brùite :
Mu na dh' fhuirich de m' chàirdean,
Anns an àrfhaich 'g an rùsgah ;
'S gur h-e mhiadaich mo phràmh,
Gun fhios co chàirich an ùir orr'.

Tha Sliochd Iain Mhic Ailein *
Gu h-airtealach, pràmhail ;
Sid a' bhuidheann bha rìoghail,
Ged a dhìobair an càil iad ;

Tha Ailein a's Iain
Gun tigh'nn as na blàraibh :
Agus mòran de' n itean,
Bu ghibht le fear-àitich.

Tha ur Caipteana suairce,
Gun ghlùsad a Sasunn ;
Sid a' ghnúis bu mhor cruadal,
'S d' am bu dual a bhi sgairteil :
Agus cridhe na féile,
Chuireadh spéid air a' bhrataich :
Ged rinn e 'liubhairt do'n nàmhaid,
'S e 'n impis sgàineadh le masladh.

Lath' na h-Eaglaise-brice,
Ghlac thu mhisneach bu dual dut ;
Ged a fhuair thu do ghearradh,
Le neimhe na luaidhe :
Cha d' rinn thu sid inuse,
'S ann bu spìd leat a luaidh riut ;
'S tu 'g an cur air an aghart,
Ann an aghaidh an fhuathais.

Tha do bhaintighearna shuairce
Dh' fhìor fhuil uasal na h-Apann ;
'S ged a fhuair thu 'n a h-òig' i,
'S ioma dòigh th' aic' air glasadh :
Bho'n chuir i 'm preasan a b' ùire—
Cha b' e dhùthchas do Shasunn ;
'S tric leann-dubh agus bròn
A' mùthadh neòil air a leacan.

Ach, a Dhùghaill Chòir'-uanain,
Gnra truagh leam tha d' àros ;
Tha na làraichean tuara,
'S gun aon luadh air an àiteach ;
B' i sid innis nan uaislean,
Bha riabh truacanta, bàigheil :
'S an àm seasamh na còrach,
Bha sibh dhòmhsa mar bhràithrean.

Tha leann-dubh air do chàirdean,
S' gun ad bhràthair ach leanabh ;
Tha do pheathraichean truagha,
Mo thruaigh ! air an sgaradh :
Ach 's dorra do mhàthair,
'S ann d' i is gnàth a bhi galach ;
A rìgh ! 's mòr a ceann-fàth air—
B' ùr àluium a leanabh.

Cha'n 'eil Diùc ann an Albainn,
No gu dearbh ann an Sasunn ;
Nach iarradh an t-oigeir
Deas og bhi 'n a mhac dha :
Ann an toiseach a thìme,
Ghlac e 'n inntinn bha beachdail ;
Agus cridhe glan, rìoghail
'S a bhi dìreach 's an aigne.

Craobh de dh-abhul a' ghàraidh,
Chuireadh blàth anns gach téurnnann ;
Ged a leagteadh gu ùr i,
Ann am blàthas a' Chéitein :
Bha a' bhuille sid cràiteach,
Dh' fhàg sinn pràmhanach, deurach ;
Ach, 's éudar fhulang na thàinig,
Bho'n is fàinte Mhic Dhé e.

* *Sliochd Iain Mhic Ailein*, so called from John second son of "Ailein nan Creach," the first laird of Callart. The Callart branch of the Clan Cameron is so designated.

Sguiridh mise 'g ur n-iomradh,
No idir 'g ur n-àireamh ;
Bho'n a chaill mi na gibhtean,
Nach tig gu la bhrath mi :
Ged a thigeadh Righ Sèumas,
'S ged a dh-éibht' air gach sràid e.
Ann an deireadh gach cunntais
Bidh mo chùis-sa mar tha i.

Fhir a dhùreadh na frithe,
Tha thu sìor thigh'nn fosnear dhomh ;
'S tha mi 'g innse le firinn,
Gu 'm beil sgìos ann am bhallaibh :
Cha 'n e gearradh na luaidhe,
Ged a bhuail i mi neimheil ;
Ach na dh' fhuirich de m' chaidreu
Anns a' bhlar a bha 's t- carrach.

—o—

FIONN AN TIGH A' BHLAIR-BHUIDHE GUN CHOMAS EIRIGH NO SUIDHE.

La dh' an robh Fionn mac Cumhail 's a' chuid eile de'n Fheinn anns a' bheinn-sheilg, dh' éirich cur a's cathadh ; 's mu'n d' fhuair iad an t-sealg a chur cruinn, thainig an an t-ammoch orra. Sgith, airtealach mar a bha iad, thog iad orra gu téarnadh gu baile. Mar a bha iad ag gabhail air an aghart gu trom, athaiseach, thainig iad air bothan fàs am bràighe glinne ; agus ghabh iad gu tàmh ann. Dh' fhadaidh iad teine 's chaidh na gillean air surd gréidhidh ; 's gus am biodh an t-eunbhruich ullamh, thòisich iad air iomairt nan corn 's air seanchus mu 'n àm bho shean. Chuir cuimhne air cliu an simsirean togail fothpa mar a b' àbhaist ; 's thuirt iad uile cruinn-còmhluath, gu 'm b' e mo thruaighe duine no beathach a thigeadh a chur dragh air an Fheinn an oidhche sin ; no a theannadh ri tàir a thoirt do dh-Fhionn, An teis-meadhoin na bruidhne so, thigear maigheach chaol, ruadh a stigh ; agus, gun fhiamh, gun umhail, cuirear car no dhà dh'i air a' chagailt, 's togar an luath mu na sparran ; agus thugar amach oirre. Ma thug cha deachaidh sin air mhithapadh dhaibhsan—thug iad daoidh-leum amach ás a deaghaidh ; ach chaidh iad 'n am bràth-cheò cho mor le dorchadas a thainig orra, 's nach bu léir dhaibh a cheile. Lean Fionn 's a dhà ghille dhiag i, a bhun 's a lorg, thair gualainn a' ghlinne, 's cha do chaill iad sealladh oirre gus 'n a leum i stigh air sgùid de thigh ùdlaidh a thachair orra aig bun sithein. 'D e an tigh a bha 'n so ach tigh 'a' Bhlair-Bhuidhe,' famhair a bha tighinn beo air tuircnimhe 's air feoil dhaoine. Rachar a stigh, a's gabhar sgial ach cha d' fhuarasforfhais air a' mhaighich. Cha robh stigh ach a' bhean 's i fuineadh : cha d' thainig am Blar-Buidhe dhachaidh ás a' bheinn-sheilg. Thug i biadh a's deoch dhaibh ; 's thuirt i gu'm b' fhearr dhaibh a nise bhi falbh mu 'n tigeadh am Blar-Buidhe dhachaidh. Thuirt Fionn nach do theich iad romh dhuine riabh, agus nach dianadh iad toiseach de 'n Bhlar ; 's theann iad na b' fhaide stigh. Feith ri dheireadh, os' a' bhean. Mar a b' fhior ; cha d' fhuair iad iad fhein a shocrachadh ach gann, tra a dh' fhairich iad stùirn-stàirn aig an dorus ; co bha 'n sid ach am Blar-Buidhe 's a ghillean, 's torc-nimhe mor, fiaclach aigesan air a mhuin. Thug e crathadh beag mor air fhein a chur an t-sneachda dh' e, 's chuir e crith fo 'n ursainn 's fo shuidheachan an tighe ! Tha mi faireachdainn fàilidh fharbhalach romham, a bhean, co so th' agad a nochd, os' am Blàr. Dh' innis a bhean na h-aoidhean a thainig air choimheadachd oirre bho 'n a dh' fhalbh e. Amach do ghillean, 'Fhinn, a thoirt na h-eallaiche dhiam, os' am Blàr. Cha d' thug Fionn an an t-éuradh do dhuine riabh, agus cuirear sianar amach dhiubh far an robh am Blàr. Mu 'n gann a bha iad seach an stairsneach bhuail am Blàr slat-na-draoidheachd orra, 's bha iad 'n an colbh-cloiche ; 's chuir e air taobh tuath an doruis iad a chur

stad air a' ghaoith-dheathaich. Dh' fhag e 'n sin iad ; 's thug e fhein 's a ghillean a stigh an torc. Cha d' fhuirich iad ach ri robladh lomaidh a thoirt air, 's chuir a' bhean air e 's a'choire-mhór—'n a chlosaich mar a bhà e. Mu 'n d' fhuair e achdgoil a's leth-ghoil, sparr am Blàr bior-na-feola ann, 's bha sid aig air an ùrlar ; 's gun tuille dàlach shuidh e fhein 's a ghillean mu 'n cuairt da. Gach cnaimh mar a chreidhmeadh iad, thilgeadh iad sid gu Fionn 's gu ghillean. B' olc a' bhiatachd è, ach cha robh comas air. Bha Fionn 'n a thosd 's 'n a chuimhne, 's b' ion da sin. An uair a bha 'nròic thairis, 's cha b' fhada h-uige, dh' iarr am Blàr-Buidhe an t-ubhal òir a thoirt a nuas gus an oidhche fhada gheamhraidh a chur seachad air Fionn. Thug i nuas an t-ubhal 's thug i dhà e. Thòisich iad air a cheile leis an ubhal, 's ma thòisich, cha b' fhada gus 'n a chuir am Blàr ás do 'n iomlan de ghillean Fhinn. Thuig am Blàr nach diamadh e an gnothach air Fionn fhein leis an ubhal, 's thuirt e gu 'm feumadh iad dol a ghleachd. An dromannan a cheile gabhar iad ; ach, ged a bhiodh iad fhathast ag gleachd, cha tugadh e glideachadh air Fionn. Tra a chunnaic am Blàr gu 'n do thachair a sheise ris, dh' iarr e air a mhnaoi a' ghreideal a chur air gus an rachadh casan Fhinn a gharadh, gur cinnte gu 'n robh e fuar, 's an oidhche chruaidh reòdhta bh' ann ; 's dh' iadh iad uile mu Fhionn (sin tra a thuirt e, 'cha duine duine 'n a ònar), agus sparr iad air a' ghreidil e gus 'n a loisg a chasan gu ruig na sléisdean. Bha e nise gun chomas suidhe. Leig am Blar rochd gàire as, agus spàrr e stob-na-feola romh a dha mhàs ; 's bha e 'n sin gun chomas éirigh no suidhe. Shaoil leis a' Bhlàr gu'n robh e gun phlosg analach, 's thilg e seachad 's a' chùil e.

Cha robh Fionn riabh roimhe an gailc na bu mhò na so, ach, an uair a bha e eadar an t-éuradh 's an aimbeairt, agus cuimhnichear e gu'n robh corn nam-fiùbh aige, 's gu'n chuinnteadh e an cóig chóigean na h-Eireann. An uair a ghabh an tigh gu fois, mhàgair e mach gu dubh-balbh-sàmhach gu mullach cnuic a's shéid e 'n còrn trì uairean ! Fad an ama so bha chuid eile de 'n Fheinn gu dubhach, déurach air tòir Fhinn, Cha d' fhàg iad cùil no cial gun sireadh, 's iarraidh-mhairbh aca air. Mu dheireadh thall, an uair a thug iad géill a's dubh-ghéill, chuala Diarmad donn mac a pheathar an còrn ; 's ma chuala cha bu rabhadh gun fhreagairt. Bha fhios aige gur h-éiginn-bhàis a bheireadh air Fionn a shéideadh. Thuig e gu'n robh an gnothach gu h-olc ; 's thug e bóid a's briathar air a chlaidheamh nach rachadh biadh no deoch thair 'anail gus an coibhreadh e air bràthair a mhàthair. Thog e air, e fhein 's a ghillean, 's bu cham gach dìreach leotha thair chnoc a's shloc, 's ge b' fhada bhuapa e, cha b' fhada 'g a ruighinn iad. Fhuair iad Fionn 'n a dheòiridh truagh gun chomas éirigh no suidhe am fasgadh tuim. Dh' fharraid Diarmad d' e ciod a dh' fhairich e. Is coma sin, osa Fionn ; 's dh' innis e dha gach car mar a thachair : mar a mharbh am Blar-Buidhe na gillean, agus an droch ghiullachd a fhuair e fhein bhuaithe ; 's chomhairlich e dhasan tilleadh dhachaidh mu'n éireadh an cleas ciadna dha—gu'n robh esan mar a bhitheadh e co dhiubh. Bhóidich a's bhriathraich Diarmad nach tilleadh e gus an d' thugadh e mach an aichmheil ; 's gun tuilleadh a ràdh thug e tigh a' Bhlàir-Bhuidhe air.

Cha robh stigh ach a' bhean 'si fuin-eadh. Thug i biadh a's deoch dhaibh's ghabh i an sgial. Dh' innis i dhaibh

gu'n robh am Blar-Buidhe's a'bheinn-sheilg, 's gu 'm fhearr dhaibh a bhi falbh mu 'n tigeadh e dhachaidh mu 'n éireadh dhaibh mar a dh' éirich do dh-Fhionn. A roghainn biodh dhà, osa Diarmad, ach cha 'n fhalbh sinn gus an toir sinn a mach an aichmheil; 's shuidh iad a stigh. Feith ri dheireadh ma ta, os' ise. Cha robh iad ach goirid mar sin tra a dh' fhairich iad stùirn-stàirn aig an dorus. Co bh' ann an sid ach am Blàr 's a ghillean, 's torc uimhe mòr fiaclach aige air a mhuin. Thug e togail bheag mhór air fhein a chrathadh an t-sneachda dh' e, 's chuir e crith fo 'n ursainn 's fo shuidheachan an tighe. Ghlaodh e, Tha mi fair-achdainn fàilidh fharbhalach romh-am, a bhean, co so th' agad a nochd? Dh' innis a bhean gu'n robh Diarmad 's a chuid ghillean. A mach do ghillean, a Dhiarmaid a thoirt dhiam na h-eallaiche, os' am Blàr. Leum Diarmad e fhein amach; agus mu'n d' fhairich am Blàr thall no bhos e mharbh e 'n darna leth dh' e ghillean 's chuir e turrach air tharrach iad air taobh deas an doruis mu choinnimh gillean Fhinn. Is olc an t-aoidh thu, os' am Blàr. Mur fhaic thu na 's miosa na sid dhiam mu'n tig an latha, na bi gearan, osa Diarmad; 's gun tuilleadh brnidhne thug e stigh an torc. Ghréidh iad an torc gu math 's gu ro mhath, 's ghabh e fhein 's a ghillean an leoir dh' e. Gach cnaimh mar a lomadh iad thilgeadh iad sid do 'n Bhlàr 's dh' a ghillean. Is olc an t-aoidh thu, os'am Blàr. Mur fhaic thu na 's miosa na sid dhiam mu'n tig an latha, na bi gearan, osa Diarmad; 's dh' iarr e an t-ubhal a thoirt a nuas gus an oidhche fhada gheamh-raidh a chur seachad air a' Bhlàr-Bhuidhe. Thug a' bhean a nuas an t-ubhal agus thòisich an cleas. Air a' chiad tilgeadh a thug Diarmad do 'n ubhal, mharbh e dithis de na bh' air laimh dheis a' Bhlàir. Is olc an t-aoidh thu, os' am Blàr. Mur fhaic thu na 's miosa na sid diam mu 'n tig an latha na bi gearan, osa Diarmad. Thilg am Blàr air ais an t-ubhal ach cha d' rinn e dochunn sa bith air gillean Dhiarmaid. Thug Diarmad an t-ath-thilgeadh do 'n ubhal 's mharbh e dithis de na bh' air laimh chlith a' Bhlàir; agus mar sin gus 'n a mharbh e 'm fear mu dheireadh dhiubh; 's am Blàr gun aon tàmh ag ràdh, Is olc an t-aoidh thu; agus amhuil sin Diarmad 'g a fhreagairt, Mur fhaic thu na 's miosa na sid dhiam mu 'n tig an latha, na bi gearan. An uair a bha iad sgìth de chluith an ubhail-oir, thuirt Diarmad ris a' Bhlàr gu'm b' fhearr dhaibh dol a chur cuir gleachd; 's ma chaidh, cha robh an gleachd fad air chumail an uair a bha am Blàr air claisneach a dhroma air leacan loma an ùrlair. Is olc an t-aoidh thu, os' am Blàr, 's thug e cuead ghointe ás. Mur fhaic thu na 's miosa na sid diam mu 'n tig an latha na bi gearan, osa Diarmad, 's dh' iarr e air a' mhnaoi a' ghreideal a chur air gus an rachadh casan a' Bhlàir a gharadh, gur cinnte gu'n robh e fuar an deigh tighinn dach-aidh as a' bhein-sheilg. Chaidh a' ghreideal a dhianamh dearg; s' thug Diarmad togail do 'n Bhlàr, 's bha sid 'n a sgug buidhe air a' ghreidil. Oiteag, oit, oit, os' am Blàr. Gabh air do shocair e, osa Diarmad, crean-aidh do chnaimhean buidhe air mu'n cobhair mis' ort, 's chum e air a' ghreidil e gus 'n a loisg a chasan gu bun nan sléisdean. Bha am Blàr a nise gun chomas suidhe agus ghrad-sparr Diarmad stob-na-feòla romh chòrn a dha mhàis, 's bha e 'n sin gun chomas éirigh no suidhe 's thilg e air a shlisnich 's a' chùil e.

Tra a bha iad seachd sgìth ag éisdeachd oiteagail a' Bhlàir, rug Diarmad air sprogan air, 's thuirt e,

Am bàs air do mhuin, a bhodaich,
ciod e d' éiric? . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Am bàs air do mhuin, a bhodaich,
ciod e d' éiric, a's tog dhinn brigh
do chluith. Oiteag, oit, oit, os' am
Blàr, cha'n 'eil a dh-éiric agamsa ach
cuach-ìocshlaint a tha am bun na
creige ud thall agus leighisidhi Fionn.

An uair a chuala Diarmad mu 'n
chuaich, cha d' fhuirich e ri tuilleadh
chumhlaidean iarraidh—bu ro fhada
leis a bha bràthair a mhàthar 'g a
churadh aig bun an tuim, 's chaidh
e do 'n uamha. Thugar a' chiad
làmh air a' chuaich 's buailear leatha
gu Fionn, 's ionnlaidear a chréuchd-
an leatha tri uairean. A' chiad
uair dh' fhàs a chasan gu ruig na
glùinean; an darna h-uair dh' fhàs
iad gu ruig na h-aobruinn; 's an treas
uair bha Fionn gun chron, gun
chiothrom, cho beò slàn 's a bha e
riabh!

Rinn aon bhoiseag de dh-uisge na
cuaiche geasan nan gillean a bhrist-
eadh, 's thug e am Blàr air. 'A
chulaidh-thruais,' osa Diarmad ris,
'Bóidich nach imir thu tuilleadh de
gheasan no 'chleasan air an Fheinn.
Bhóidich am am Blàr sid a's ioma
rud eile bharrachd; 's thug Diarmad
gu suairce dha fhein 's dh'a ghillean
an diol a dh-uisge ua cuaiche, 's
ghabh iad an cead dh'e chéile. A
dhianamh sgiala goirid d'e, lean a'
chuach ris an Fheinn, a's dh' fhàg
mis' aca i.—*Revue Celtique*, 1870.

—o—

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE

Air a tionndadh bho Ghreugais Homeir gu Gàidhlig Abraich,

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

V. DUAN.

GNIOMHRAN DHIOMEID MHIC THID.

Tha Diomed mac Thid 'g a dhcarbhadh fhein mar chuiridh 's a' bhlàr so. Dh' impich Minerva, sgiath-dhìdinn Dhiomeid. Màrs gus an àrfhach fhàgail. Lotadh Diomed 's au laimh le saighid a thilg Pandarus air, ach leighis Minerva e, agus chuir i mar gheasan air gun dol tuille an cinnseal nan dia; ach, na'm b' e 's gu'n teannadh Venus ri meachranachd, dh' òrduich i dha dol gun eagal, gun fhiamh, 'n a cinnseal-se. Le doimheadas nach d'rinn a shaighdean dìobhail air Menelaus no air Diomed, léum Pandarus do charbad Ænéais, agus buailear iad le cheile air Diomed. Thuit Pandarus 's a' chaonnaig, a's leònadh Ænéas, agus ghlac Diomed na h-eich. Thugadh Énéas a stigh do'n Tròidh, agus an teampull Phargamuis leighiseadh an leòn. Chaidh Mars an leisgeul nan Gréug-ach. An uair a chunnacas e tighinn chomh-airlich Diomed do na daoine an ruaig a ghabhail. Thòisich Minerva air tilgeil na geilte air, ag cur an cuimhne dha, f'had's a b' e an t-Aicheall làmh-fhéuma na Gréige nach robh a chridhe aig Tròidheach urad 's asgailt a' bhaile fhàgail; mhaoidh i air cuideachd nach bu mhac mar an t-athair e —Tide mòr a rinn a leithid de dh-éuchd an cogadh Thebeis. Tha Diomed 'g a thoirt fhein au uachdar, ag gabhail mar leisgeul gur h-ann a choimhlionadh a h-òrduigh fhein a bha e, gun d' iarr i air gun éirigh an aghaidh nan dia. An sin 's ann a mhol Minerva e air son 'uimhailtis, 's rinn i suidhe ri thaobh 'n a charbad; 's le sàthadh fearail de shleagh an laoich leònadh Mars a's theich e ás an arf haich.

An sin thug Pallas euchd a's buaidh,
Do mhor Dhiomed nan ruag blàir.
'G a thogail ard thair an t-sluagh,
Los a chliu bhi buan gu brath.
Bhruchd srath teintidh bho 'bheairt-chinn,
'S las mu 'thargaid ghrinn nam beum,
Dealanaich chlis 'n au dian chaoir,
A shoillsich an raon gu leir.
Mar rionnaig fhoghair nan speur,
Ag eirigh bho'n ghailbhinn fhuair,
'S aillidh air gorm neamh a loinn,
'S i ur-nighte 'n tuinn a' chuain.
B' amhuil an geal-dhearrsadh cian,
'G iathadh mu 'ghuailnean 's mu 'cheann.
'N uair bhrosnaich Minerva 'n treun
Gu garg bhuilsgein streup nan lann.

Bu Troidheach Dares gun ghaoid,
Reachdmhor a mhaoin, caoin a bheus;
Fear-iobairt Vulcain 's gach trath,
Da mhac leis an spairn nan gleus,
Phegeus a's Idocus og,
Na Fiurain bu chorr 's an strith.
Thug iadsan ruathar romh 'n t-slogh,
'S thairg iad comhrag do'n mhor righ.
Mharcaich iad air steudan luath,
'S deagh mhac Thid air cruaidh an fhuinn
'S an iom-chrith gu gaisge blair,
Ghluais na h-oig an dail an t-suinn
Thilg Phegeus an tus 'n a deann,
Sleagh bu chian dhuatharaich crann,

Sheachainn i Greugach nan glonn,
Thair a ghualainn chli le srann.
Thilg an siu mac Thid a chruaidh
Nach d' imich gun bhuaidh á 'dhorn ;
Buailear mu'n da chich an treun,
'S leagar bharr a steud gun deo.
Leum Idœus 'n a thuil mhaoim
A 'charbad bu loiuntreach dealbh,
Bior-ghointe mu 'bhrathair-gaoil.
'S gun phlosg ann an laoch nan arm.
Ach 's beag nach d' rinn gniomh gun ágh,
A reic-san ri dan an éig ;
Mur b' e feart Vulcain 'g a dhion,
Le comhdach ciar nial nan speur,
Thoirt misnich d' an athair graidh,
Los nach dearbht' an crádh cho trom.
Ghlac Mac Thid a chàraid steud,
'S dh' ordaich iad gu sreud nan long.
Chunnaic Troidhich nan euchd bras,
Dosgainn mic an t-sagairt leith ;
Aon air teicheadh bho 'n bhlar shearbh,
'S aon fo charbad marbh air feur.
Cho-ghluais a' measgnadh 's gach cliabh,
Ioghnadh a's fearg, fiamh a's truas ;
Ach ghlac Pallas Mars air laimh,
'S thaisbein i 's an radh a smuain :
Areis shuain-mharbhaich nan creuchd,
Nigheas dùin nan treun am fuil,
C'uim' nach tairneadh Troidh 's a' Ghreig.
Le 'n neart fhein an gniomh gu buil ?
Imreadh iad fhein comhrag chruaidh,
'S gheobhar buaidh bho righ nan speur :
Diobrar leinne strith nan laoch,
Los nach taosg oirnn fraoch an de.
Stiuir i 'n sin á teas a' bhlair,
Ares nam paidhe craiteach trom,
Shuidh aig Xanthus nam bruach tlath,
'S dh' eisd iad ri gaoir-bhais nan sonn.
An sin chuir Greugaich Troidh 'n a deann,
'S chaisg gach ceannard laoch dha fhein.
Thorchradh Odius mòr an tus,
Le mac Atreuis iul nan treun,
'S e tionndadh a steud gu taobh.
Romh 'n sgrios chiurraidh 'n a mhaom-ruaig ;
Bhuail e 'ghlocach cul an t-suinn,
'S tholl romh 'n uchd bho'n druim le fuaim.
Triath nan Alisonach garbh,
Mach á charbad thuit gun deò ;
Shlintrich na buill phrais mu 'chom,
'S dh' fhalbh an sgail gu fonn a' bhròin.
Mharbh Idomen Phœstus corr,
Iarmad Bhoruis bu chian cliu,
Air ùr theachd gu magh a' bhlair,
Bho chrich Thairne nan gorm lìb.
A mhiann grad-shuidh air a steud,
Los bhi shios a leum 's a' ghreis ;
Thainig fad shleagh nan créuchd trom,
'S bheum i 'n sonn 's a' ghualainn deis :
Thuit e marbh á charbad nuadh,
'S dhùin nime nial fuar an aoig ;
Dh' iath an luchd-freasdail mu'n chairbh,
'S réub iad dh'i na h-airm 's am faobh.
Thuit Scamandrius bu mhath sùrd
Feadh nan stùc a shcalg an fhéidh,
Menelaus mharbh an t-òg.
Le shleagh mhòir bu stròiceach béum.
Nochd Diana céird a làmh,
Do'n chuimseir a b' àirde miagh
A' lot gach faoghaid le 'ruinn
A dh' áraicheas coill nan sliabh.
Beag tairbhe do 'n fhleasgach àigh.
Céird Diana nan luath chalg
Cuimse lamh air bac nan sron
An gniomh sonraicht' a sgaoil ainm
Menelaus 'g a ruag dlùth
Nach d' fhas fann air cùl nan sleagh.
Thilg e 'n a dheigh le fios bàis,
An gath treun bu chràiteach blagh,
Eadar dà shlinnein an òig.
'S romh uchd garbh chaidh cròc nan ruinn :
Thuit e gun phlosg air an leirg,
'S chluinnteadh gliongraich airm an t-suinn.
Thorchuir Merion le chruaidh chaoil,
Phereclus mac saor-nan-long.
Làmh a bha teòm' air gach gniomh
'Chunnacas riabh 'g a dheilbh air fonn.
Aig Pallas bu mhòr a thoirt ;
'S e rinn cabhlach an toisg thruaigh
A dh' aisig gu Tròidh, 's dha fhein
Aobhar milliteach nan creuchd buan.
Bu bheag fhios air run nan dia ;
Dhruid ris Merion 'g a dhian-ruag,
'S esan a' deann-ruith le geilt,
Lot e bhòdhan deas le chruaidh.
Romh shoire 'n uisge fo'n chnàimh,
Shiubhail gloc nan àr le sramh ;
Thuit 's an raoicich air leth-ghluu,
'S an ceo siorruith dhuin mu 'cheann.
Mharbh Meges Pedœus bras,
Mac Atenoir bu ghasd iul,
Ged rugadh romh 'n cheangal-phòst'
Thog Theano 'n t-òg le muirn.
Ceart amhuil a maca ruin,
Stiuir i 'm fiuran 's gach deagh-bheus,
Mar urram do 'n ghaisgeach àigh,
D' an d' thug i buan ghràdh a cleibh.
Dhruid 'n a choir mac Philcuis treun,
Bu mhor euchd an streup nan ruinn ;
Thilg e trom-ghath nam beum dluth,
'S bhuail e 'm fuirbidh 'n cul a' chinn,
Ghearr romh 'n teanga an searbh bhall.
Eadar fhiaclan le sramh fhuaim.
Thuit esan 's an dust fo'n chreuchd.
'S ghlais e dheudach mu 'n chalg fhuar.
Fhuair sagart Scamandeir eug
Bho neart mhic Ethemoin chorr,
Siol Dholophioin nan àrd euchd,
Dhearbh e urram dé bho'n t-slogh.
Bha 'n Greugach 'g a ruag 'n a leum

'S e grad-theicheadh romh'n bheum ghoirt
Bhuail garbh-strailleadh le 'lainn,
'S sgar e lamh an t-suinn bho 'chorp ;
Thuit e 'n a spaid air an raon,
Dhoirt an fhuil 'n a caolas luath ;
Leag an trom bhàs e 's an uir,
'S bhruchd mu 'shuilean mar mhuir ruaidh.
B' amhuil confhadh nan garg laoch.
A'dian chaonnag 's a' chruaidh ghleachd ;
Chiteadh Diomed 'n a dheann-chaoir,
A' steud-leum 's gach taobh de'n fheachd.
Thall 's a bhos mu'n Ghreig 's mu Throidh.
Am buillsgein a' chomhstrith ghairg ;
Sear a's siar bho thùs gu dcís,
Bha torunn an trein 's an fheirg,
Mar mhor-shruth geamhraidh nan sian,
A' barcadh gu dian romh 'n fhonn ;
Drochaidean daingean nam bruach,
'G an sguabadh le neart nan tonn ;
Drochaid no bruach, 's dearbh gur faoin,
'N uair ghrad-thaosg maom nan beann,
Leir-sgrios air garaidhnean-fion'
Barr na bliadhna 'g a thur-chall.
Iobh a' dortadh nam bruchd luath,
Dh' fhagas gnìomh gach sluaigh gun fheum ;
Sin mar ghluais an Greugach àigh,
'S a dh' fhasaich e 'm blar gu leir.
Mac Licàoin a b' ard gleann,
Bheachdaich air an t-sonn 's a' ghnìomh,
A' dith-mhilleadh neart an t-sluaigh,
'S Troidh 'g a fuadach le ruaig dhian.
Ghrad-chuir e saighead an crois,
Los a lot 's e teachd 'n a dheann ;
Bhuail an iuthaidh 'ghuala dheas.
'S shiubhail romh'n deis airm le srann.
Reubadh an uchdach mu'chliabh,
Le luath chalg a b' fhiadhaich guin :
Shath na gloic iarainn 's an fheoil,
'S mu'n ghorm mhaillich dhoirt an fhuil.
Mac Licàoin bu mhor buaidh,
Dh' eubh an cluais an t-sluaigh gu leir :—
Fheachdan Troidheach nan steud fionn,
Bruchdamaid a null gu gleus.
Thorchradh leinn ciad laoch na Greig' ;
Dearbham gur dluth cug do 'n t-sonn,
Cho ceart 's a rinn dia nan calg.
Mise mhosgladh gu garg-chonn.
Labhair e, 's bu diomhain 'uaill,
Lot a' bhais cha d' fhuair an treun.
Bu bheag fheairt air calg a chraidh,
'S cha diobradh a lamh an t-euchd.
Ghluais an gaisgeach le ceum-cuil,
'S sheas e dluth d' a charbad nuadh,
Dh' iarr e grad-thuirling gu lar,
Air siol-Chabain nan arm cruaidh :
A Steneluis mheanmnaich mhoir,
Grad bhi nuas, dean foir am fheum ;
Dearc air mo ghuala le toirt,
'S tarrainn á m' lot gloc nam beum.
Thug Stenelus iasgaidh geill,
'S bharr nan steud, bha nios air lom :
Spion e á gualainn an t-suinn,
Calg nan ruinn bu neimhneach toll.
Bhruchd an fhuil 'n a coilchibh ruadh,
Sios le maillich nan dual breac ;
'S thairg mac Thid an urnaigh ghearr
Do dh-ard bhan-dia nan treun fheachd —
Eisd rium, inghean ti nan spéur
A Phallas d' an reidh a' bhuaidh,
Ma dhìdinn thu m' athair gràidh,
No mhac chlùiteach an dàil chruaidh.
Nise, nise, Phallas ghaoil,
Seas ri m' thaobh 's cuir lùs am dhòrn ;
Stiuir gu neart mo shleagh a 'n laoch
A thilg an gath caol gu m' leòn,
'S e 'slor-uaill ann measg nan cliar.
Nach fhaic mi chaoidh grian nan spéur.
O ! leag-sa sinte e fo m' leòn,
'S a' phlosgail le spàirn an éig.
B' i sid urnaigh 'ghaisgich fhéil :
Dh' éisd Minerva 's thuig mar dh' iarr,
Dh' fhàg i gach ball méinneil. ur.
Aotrom, eangbhaidh gu dluth ghnìomh.
An sin chuir i cagar 'n a chluais :
Mosgail suas, a mhic an t-suinn.
Dearbh do neart an cruadal gleòis,
A's nochd do Thròidh miad do shuim.
Meanmna d' athar bu mhòr loinn,
Dhòirt mise 's gach roinn de d' chréubh ;
Cuimhnich Tid nan cruibh-each luath,
'S duisg gach buaidh bu dual do 'n tréun.
Gach smal feòla 'dhall thu 'n tus,
Fuadaichims' air chul gu léir.
Measg chlann-daoine 'n iorghaill chruaidh,
Chì thu flaithean buan nan spéur.
Ni d' an eirich sear no siar,
Na fagar aon dia gu h-euchd.
Bi cinnteach nach gluais thu m' fhearg,
Far nach dian neart talmhaidh feum.
Ma thig ort Venus nan gradh.
Torchuir le d' staillinn chaoil,—
Sin mar thuirt Pallas nam blar,
'S an grad phrìobadh dh'fhag i 'n laoch.
Ghluais an sin mac Thid an àigh,
Le sgrìb ghabhaidh 'n tus nan slogh ;
Tri fillte bha chonn 's a fhraoch,
Gu ath-chaonnaig ri neart Throidh.
Mar leomhann riabhach bho 'n uaimh,
Acras 'g a bhuaireadh gu feoil,
Thair mainnir aird, uir nan geug,
Air leum am measg treud a' chro ;
'S diomhain ma thilgear air calg,
Feargnaichidh an lot a' bheisd ;
Am buachaill' air bhall-chrith aoig,
Teichidh thad 's a dh fhaodas slan ;
'S millteir spogach nan tosg cruaidh
Ag cur neart na buaile fas.
Doirtear muin air mhuin an t-al,
'N am fuil marbh air blar an fhuinn.
Leumaidh e 'n sin 's a bhru lan,
Le buaidh thair a' gharadh chruinn.
Sid mar rinn mac Thid an t-ar.

'N a chaoir-mhaoim feadh bhlar na Troidh' :
Thuit Astinous fo 'laimh threin,
'S deagh Hipenor iul nan slogh ;
Thorchuir an t-sleagh fear mu'n chich.
'S bha fear sinte fo lainn mhoir ;
Sgath i 'n trom ghuala bho 'n chorp.
'S thuit esan fo 'n lot gun deo.
Chunnaic e 'n sin Abas corr,
'S Polyidas og nan gleachd ;
Da mhac Eurydamais leith.
Faidhe-bhruadar bu ghreur beachd.
Cha d' fhoillsich e brigh an dain
'N am triall dhaibh gu blar nan sonn ;
Fhuair iad bho 'n deagh Dhiomed eug
'S thuit na laoich fo chreuchdan trom.
Xanthus, Thôon thuit 'n an deigh,
Mic iad sid do Phænops caoin ;
Dh' fhag iad an seann athair graidh,
Gu h-anfhann a' spairn fo'n aois :
Mac eile cha d' fhuair an laoch.
D' an tiomnadh e mhaoin s' a dhuil :
Bhuail mac Thid am beum gun àgh,
'S mhill am bas na gallain ur.
'S craiteach guin an athar thruaigh,
Nach till a dha luaidh na's mò ;
Aois a's tursa bhuan 'g a chnamh.
'S roinn aig càch air an t-seilbh mhòir.
Fhuair e 'n sin dà fhleasgach òg,
'S an aon charbad taobh ri taobh,
Bu chlann iad do righ na Troidh'
'Siubhal sios gu còmhraig laoch.
Mar leomhann béucach 'n a dheann,
A' saighdeadh romh sgann nam bò,
Damh no tarbh an sàs air ghial,
'S 'g a ghrad-riasladh le chrom dhòid ?
Sin mar thilg e bhàrr nan each
An da og, 's a ghlac e m faobh ;
'S dh' òrduich e gu sréud nan long,
Na stéudan thair fonn an raoin.
Æneas thug aire do 'n t-sonn
A' tilgeadh reang bun os cionn ;
Ghluais e romh sgreadail nan lann,
Romh stoirm shranuraich nan crnaidh ruinn.
Dh' iarr a's fhuair e 'n neach bu mhiann,
Mac Licàoin Triath gun cheal ;
Dhiuthaich e gu teann ri thaobh,
'S ghrad-chuir ceist air laoch nam fear :
A Phandaruis, c' e do chliu,
Do bhogh' ur 's do shaighdean luath.
Cinnt' do làmh gun scis' air féum.
Mu 'n d' rinn Lycia gu léir uaill ?
Dh' ionnsaidh an fhir ud leig deann,
Ma 's bàsmhor a th' ann 's nach dia,
A ghluais an dìugh olc a's bàs,
Nach d' fhiach rium cho craiteach riabh.
Ma 's aon a thuirling bho'n spéur,
Gu'r léireadh mu dhearmad faoin,
Iarramaid le umhlachd sìth,
'S eaglach an nì dia fo fhraoch.
Fhreagair mac Licaoin ghéir :

Ard Æneais iuil na Tròidh',
Samhlaichim an laoch 's gach ni
Ri deagh Dhiomed nan gnìomh còr.
Aithnighim a sgiath 's éideadh cinn,
'S seang-eich luthmhor an t-suinn bhrais.
Ach 's beag m' fhios nach dia bho'n spéur,
A thaosg oirnn an léir-sgrios cas.
Ma's neach daond' e réir mo ràdh,
'S dearbh gur mac Thid nan sar ghlonn ;
Gun dìa bhi eur neart 'n a làimh,
Cha'n imreadh e'n t-àr cho trom.
Tha flath neo-bhàsmhor 'g a dhìon.
'S còmhdach nan gorm nial mu 'chom,
Ged thig fras shaighdean 'n an léum,
Airsan cha druigh béud bho ruinn.
Thilg mis' air le m' iuthaidh chruaidh,
Bhuail mi guala dheas an tréin.
Spealg mi 'n uchdach phrais mu 'chliabh,
'S shaoil leam nach bu chian an t-éug ;
Snisneachadh cha d' rinn a chorp,
'S ann a bhrosnaich mi 'n saoidh garg ;
'S ciunnteach leam gur dia bho'n spéur.
'S naibhreach éuchdan, 's millteach fhearg.
Gun each, gun charbad ri m' chul,
'S dìubhail sid 's an uair nach b' fhéum ;
Aon charbad diag bha fo m' làimh
An tigh mòr Licaoin fhéil :
Na buill loinntreach, dhiongmhalt', ur,
Fo dhìon duinte nam brat sgàil
Faisg gach aon diubh tha cuing each,
Air bialaobh nam prasach làn.
Fhuair mise bho 'n aosda mhin
Iom' earail bu bhrighmhor blagh,
Gu'n leanainn gaisg' agus còir.
'N uair dh' fhagainn tigh mor nam fleagh.
Dh iarr e mi bhuin leam nan steud,
Le m' charbad bu chéutach dealbh.
'S marcachd air tus arm na Tròidh',
Am buillsgein nan còmhstrith garg.
(Ri leantuinn.)

—o—

MU 'N GHAILIG A BHI AIR A TEAGASG 'S NA SGOILIBH.

Leis an Urr. an t-olla Mac-Lachlainn.

Tha ceisd air éirigh aig an àm, co dhiubh bhuineadh do 'n Ghàilig bhi air a teagasg do chloinn 's na sgoilibh ùra 'tha air an cur suas 's an tìr a réir an Achd Phàrlamaid a thugadh a stigh o cheann ghoirid. Bha buidheann o Chomunn nan Sgoilean Gàidhealach ann an co-labhairt ris an "Lord Advocate" air a' phuing so, ag agradh nach bitheadh dearmad air seaua chànain na dùthcha ; ach tha cuid 'n a aghaidh, 'us tha cuid eile meagh-bhlàth.

Is fiù aire a thoirt do na their daoine an aghaidh na cùise. Their cuid, mar is luaithe a theid a' Ghàilig ás gur h-ann is fearr. Cha 'n urrainn do dhuine a bheul fhosgladh mu 'n phuing air a' Ghalldachd, nach fhaigh e sud 's an aghaidh. Their iad gu'm b' fhearr nach bitheadh ach aon chainnt 's an rìoghachd, gur h- ann a tha a' Ghàilig a' cur bacaidh air maith na Gàidhealtachd, agus gu 'm buineadh a h- uile meadhon a chleachdadh a chum a cur ás an tìr. Their cuid eile nach 'eil a' chainnt cho fiùghail, foghainteach, ris a' Bhéurla, nach 'eil focail inute air son iomadh ni a tha am measg dhaoine an diugh, agus mar sin nach airidh i air gu 'm bitheadh i air a teagasg ann; agus ma theid a teagasg anns na sgoilibh, nach 'eil sin ach 'g a cumail beò an uair a b' fhearr gu'm básaicheadh i.

Ach stadadh iad sud orra tacan gus am faicear ciod a ghabhas a ràdh air an taobh eile. Cha 'n 'eil amharus air nach fheairrd na Gàidheil eòlas a bhi aca air a' Bhéurla. Duine gun Bhéurla 's an là 's am bheil sinne ann, is duine e air leth làimh. Agus ma's éigin doibhsan an dùthaich fhéin fhàgail, agus, mo chreach! cha mhòr caidreamh a gheibh iad inute (ged a b' e an aithrichean a choisinn, agus a ghleidh an cuid do shinnsribh nan daoine a tha nis 'g am fògradh aisde), agus ma bheir iad na bailtean mòra orra, no ma dh' iarras iad am beòshlainte ann an tìribh céin, mar a rinn mòran diubh, is anacothrom nach beag dhoibh a bhi gun Bhéurla. Bu cho maith dhoibh, air ámaibh. a bhi gun teangaidh. Faigheadh iad a' Bhéurla ma ta. Cha chuir an caraid an aghaidh sin. Ach an déigh sin uile cha 'n 'eil i aca fhathasd; 'us ged a bhitheadh, cha mhisd i a' Ghàilig a bhi 'n a cuideachd. Tha faisg air trì cheud mile de shluagh na h-Alba do 'n i a' Ghàilig fhathast an cainnt mhàthaireil. Cha 'n 'eil i aca ri fhoghlum—tha i aca mar thà; 'us tha sinne coma cho fada 's a bhitheas a' chùis mar sin. Ach is i a' cheisd, ma 's i a labhaireas iad, c'arson nach léughadh iad i. Tha sinn a' meas gu 'm buineadh do na h- uile duine a' chainnt a labhaireas e a léughadh, air neo is duine leth-ionnsaichte e. Ciamar a fhreagradh e do 'n t- Sasunnach gur h-i a' Ghàilig a dh' fhéumadh e fhoghlum an toiseach. Is fhurasd a thuigsinn nach ann le gean maith a dh'éisdeadh e ris an ni 'g a agairt. Agus ma 's fìor sin carson a sparradh e a chainnt fhéin sìos an amhaichean nan Gàidheal, mar an t- aon nì a b' fhiù fhoghlum. Ach, abradh daoine gur maith gu 'm bitheadh a' Bhéurla aig a' chloinn Ghàidhealaich. Ma 's eadh is ann is fhusa dhoibh i bhi aca ma gheibh iad leasan 's a' Ghàilig. Tha aon bhuaidh air a' Ghàilig, an nair a léughas an sgoileir Gàidhealach i, gu'n tuig e na focail, 's mar sin tuigidh e brìgh na tha roimhe 's an leabhar. Sin an céum is àirde de 'n ionnsachadh, gu'm bitheadh an inntinn a' togail suim na tha an t-sùil a' faicinn. Is i a' chainnt mhàthaireil a chuidicheas ri sin; agus mar sin, air na h- uile dòigh, is fheairrd oilean na cloinne gu 'm bitheadh comas aca air a' chainnt mhàthaireil a léughadh.

Agus nach fhaod so a bhi air a ràdh air mhodh sònraichte, gur bochd a bhi 'faicinn luchd-aoraidh ann an eaglaisean Gàidhealach, nach urrainn an stéidh-theagaisg a léughadh 's a' chainnt 's an léughar i leis an teachdaire. Ach an uair a tha esan 'g a léughadh gu cliùin, druighteach, 's a' chainnt shuasail, chuirbromaich ris am blàthaich cridhe, is ann a tha am fear-éisdeachd a' strì ri bhi leantainn le Biobull Gallda 'n a làimh, a' cogadh ri cainnt nach do chuir gluasad air a

chridhe riamh. Agus anns an aoradh-theaghlaich theid an caibdeal a léughadh 's a' Bhéurla agus an ùrnuidh suas 's a' Ghàilig mar a' chainnt is fhearr a ruigeas air fìor fhaireachadh a' chridhe. Is aithne dhuinn iad aig am bheil so mar chleachdadh. Agus ma theid fhoighneachd dhiubh carson tha so mar so, their iad nach d' fhuair iad leasan Gàilig riamh 's an sgoil. Agus a thaobh nan ceisd a b' àbhaist a bhi air an teagasg 's a' Ghàilig, is ainmig a nis a gheibhear iad aig òganach 's a' Ghàidhealtachd ach anns a' Bhéurla. Ach cha 'n 'eil so mar bu chòir. An áite a bhi 'cabhar eideachaidh na cloinne is ann a tha e 'n a éis dhoibh. Fhad 's a tha a' Ghailig air a labhairt ann an teaghlaichean ar tìre, fhad 's a tha i air a cleachdadh 's na h-eaglaisibh againn, fhad 's is i cainnt cridhe a' Ghàidhil an gnothuch beatha 's air leabaidh-bhàis, 's an t- saoghal agus 's an eaglais, is dleasdanach i bhi 's an sgoil a chum 's nach bitheadh leanabh Gàidhealach inute nach ruigeadh air comas a chainnt fhein a léughadh. Agus an uair a bhitheas luchd-sgìreachd na Gàidhealtachd a' cur dhaoine a stigh air a' "Bhòrd" thugadh iad an aire nach roghnaich iad daoine a bhrathas iad 's a' phuing a tha 'n so. Tha maith aimsireil agus agus spioradail na tìre 'g a agairt.

—o—

Piobaireachd Dhonuill Duibh.

Fhir mo chridhe,—Mo bhonnag ort—Tha 'n Nolluig mu na dornaibh againn — na mnathan a' fuineadh nam bonnag, na h-ingheanan ag cur àirde air rìmheadh, na sean-ghillean a' snaidheadh nan caman, 's na daoine an deaghaidh tighinn dhachaidh ás an Tòiseachd, agus a' chlann a 's caithream aca mar a b' àbhaist air—

Tha 'n Nolluig a' tighinn,
'S a' Challainn 'n a deaghaidh,
'S bidh ioma gobhar odhar
Gun cheam againn.
Agus cuid eile dhiubh ag gabhail—
Cha tig an fheill Anndrais
Gu ceann bliadhna tuille oirnn ;
Cha tig an fheill Andrais,
Gu ceann bliadhna tuille oirnn.
Cha tig an fheill Andrais,
Bithibh cridheil dannsaibh,—
Cha tig an fheill Anndrais,
Gu ceann bliadhna tuille oirnn.

Tha camanachd mhór gu bhi againn am maireach, agus fhad 's a bhios am piobaire ag almadh a' mhala tha bhnam fhin cuairt a thoirt dut air 'Piobaireachd Dhonuill-Duibh.' Tha e comhdach orm nach eil e ceart agam ; ach tha e agam mar a bha e aig m' oid'-ionnsachaidh, agus dh' ionnsaich esan e mu'n d' rugadh am piobaire.

Their feadhain gur h-ann do Dhonull Ballach a chuir ciad latha Ionarlòchaidh a rinneadh am port ; ach, co sa bith dh' an deachaidh a dhianamh, is e is 'Spaidseireachd' do Chlann-Chamrain. Is dualach gu 'm beil fhios aca fhein carson a roghnaich iad e. Is so mar a dh' ionnsaich mi e :—

Piobaireachd Dhònuill duibh,
Piobaireachd Dhònuill ;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill duibh,
Piobaireachd Dhònuill ;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill duibh,
Piobaireachd Dhònuill ;
Piob agus bratach
Air faich Ionarlòchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Piobaireachd, piobaireachd,
Piobaireachd Dhònuill ;
Piobaireachd, piobaireachd,
Piobaireachd Dhònuill ;
Piobaireachd, piobaireachd,
Piobaireachd, Dhònuill ;
Piob agus bratach
Air faich Ionarlòchaidh. (*a rist*).

Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirnne ;
Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirnne ;
Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirnne ;
Chaidh an diugh, 's chaidh an dé,
Le Clanndònuill. (*a rist.*)

Fire faire, Lochial,
Ceana thriall do ghaisgich ?
Fire faire, Lochial,
Ceana thriall do ghaisgich ?
Fire faire, Lochial,
Ceana thriall do ghaisgich
Fire faire, Lochial,
Fire faire, Lochial,
Fire faire, Lochial,
Ceana thriall do ghaisgich ?
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial.
Lochial. Lòchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Thug na fir chaola
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh ;
Thug na fir chaola
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh ;
Thug na fir chaola
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh ;
Thug na fir chaola,
Thug na fir chaola,
Thug na fir chaola,
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir chaola
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Piobaireachd Dhònuill duibh,
Piobaireachd Dhònuill ;
Piob agus bratach
Air faich lonarlòchaidh.

Is sin agad ma ta mar a dh' ionnsaich mise 'Piobaireachd Dhonuill-Duibh ;' ach ged is ann, is éudar dhomh aideachadh nach 'eil e ro choltach gu'n cuireadh pìobaire, no idir bard Mhicdhonuill-duibh am port a sìos an leithid de bhriathran ; mur d' rinn e e, air son rud nach ruigeadh e leas, gu misneach a's spéirid a mhosgladh 's na daoine ri am cruadhaich : cha chualas riabh àite no ionad ri uchd gàbhaidh 's an d' thug Camranach a chùl.

Ma 's àìl leat e an deaghaidh so, cha'n 'eil fhios nach toir mi dhut 'Fàilte Shir Eobhan.' Air an àm, faodaidh mi innse, mar is i an 'Tuagh' roinn de shuaicheantas Chlann-chamrain, gur h-i amhuil sin, an 'Caismeachd,'

D' fhaicinn slàn,
An Tombuidhe, ABRACH.
Oidhche Nolluig, 1874.

MAIRI NI MHIC-GUIDHIR.

Inmleachd na h-Eirionn,
Na Gréige, 's na Ròimh,
Ged bhiodh sid an aonfheachd,
An aonbheairt am chòir,
Ghlacainn gu h-éibhneach
Ro mhéud sid de sheòid,
Màiri na h-Eirionn,
Na 'n éireadh i beò.

'S tùrsach làn éislein
Mi fhein gach tràth nòna,
'S a' mhadainn ged éirich,
Cha 'n éirich i dhòmhsa ;
Ged gheobhainn ioma tréud,
Agus spréidh, agus stòras,
Cha ghabhainn bean fo'n ghréin
Air do dhéigh-sa ri 'pòsadh.

Fhuair mi seal an Eirinn
Gu h-éibhinn 's gu sòghail,
Ag òl leis gach tréumfhear
Gu h-éifeachdach ceòlar ;
Dh' fhàgadh na dhéigh sin
Leam fhein mi gu brònach
An deireadh mo ré,
'S gun mo chéile bhi beò leam.

M' aon-tlachd 's mo shòlas thu,
Og-bhean bu chiùine,
M' inntinn ad dhéigh,
Och, is léir gu bheil mùiteach ;
Gu deimhinn cha 'n fhéud mi
Ad dhéigh a bhi sunntach,
A Mhàire na céille,
'S nam béus a bha cliùiteach.

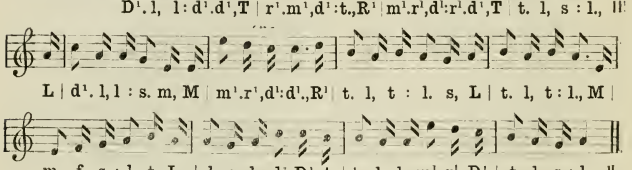
UA-CEARBHALLAIN.

COMHAIRLE.

Ma 's math leat srian a chur ri d' anmiannan, agus an spionadh ás am bun, thoir sùil an dràsta 's a rithist a stigh air do chridhe ; thoir fosnear ceannfath do smaointean, agus ciod a th' air d' aire ; ciod a rinn thu, agus ciamar a rinn thu e ; ciod a ni thu 's an ùine ri tighinn, agus ciamar. Faodaidh tu so a dhianamh an àm gnothuch a ghabhail os laimh, agus an àm sgur dh' e, no ceann-fmid a chur air ; an àm buairidh, no, ma dh' éireas dhut tnìteam ann fàillinn, no an uair a chuirear trioblaid ort. Faodaidh tu so a dhianamh ad ònrachd no am measg cuideachda.

A' BHEAN CHOMUINN.*

Key C. *Slow.* Arranged by D. R. M.



Fonn—Dh' fhalbh mo bhean chomuinn,
Cha tig mo bhean ghaoil ;
Gu'n d' fhalbh mo bhean chomuinn,
Bean 'thogail nan laogh,

Thig blàth air a' ghiulbhas,
Agus ubhlan air géig ;
Cinnidh gucag air luachair,
'S cha ghluais mo bhean fhéin.
Thig na gobhra do'n mhaiunir,
Beiridh aighean duinn laoigh ;
Ach cha tig mo bhean dachaidh,
A clachan nan craobh.
Dh' fhalbh, &c.

Thig màrt oirun, thig foghar,
Thig todhar, thig buar ;
Ach cha tog mo bhean luinneag
Ri bleoghann, no buain.
Cha dìrich mi tulach,
Cha shiubhail mi frìth ;
Cha'n fhaigh mi lochd cadail,
'S mo thasgaidh 's a' chill.
Dh' fhalbh, &c.

Tha m' aodach air tolladh,
Tha'n ollann gun sùomh ;
Agus deagh bhean mo thighe,
'N a laidhe fo dhìon.
Tha mo chrodh gun an leigeil,
Tha an t-eadradh aig càch ;
Tha mo leanabh gun bheadradh,
'N a shuidh' air an làr.
Dh' fhalbh, &c.

Tha m' fhàrdach-sa creachte,
'S lom mo leac a's gur fuar ;
Tha m' ionmhas 's mo bhearteas,
Fo na leacan 'n a suain.
Uist, a chagarain ghràdhaich—
Caidil sàmhach, a luaidh ;
Cha tog caoineadh do mhàthair,—
Bean ba-bhà a nis, 'uain.

* From "An Duanaire," Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

VOL. IV.] JANUARY, 1875. [No. 37.

HIGHLANDERS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

We offer to our readers all over the world our hearty congratulations upon the advent of another year; and fervently do we wish that they may cherish the dear old motto which is expressed with greater precision and comprehensiveness in our own language, "The children of the Gael to the shoulders of each other."

We live in times of peace, and we enjoy the numberless blessings which a long-continued peace always secures. We are not called upon, as our fathers often were, to vindicate our rights and liberties by the sword. But it is none the less desirable that our attachment to our ancient motto should be zealously maintained. We are the inheritors of an ancient name, and of a noble history. It is our duty to revere the name, and to live, in altered times, worthy of those who went before.

We are occasionally told that our attachment to our motto is not so firm as we ourselves represent it to be; and that neither in our past history, nor in our present position among the nations, have we been the most conspicuous example of the principle that "Union is Strength." In the department of literature especially, we are frequently reminded of our supineness and neglect. We are often told that the world is indebted to the labours of strangers for its knowledge of Celtic literature.

The allegation is in a great measure true; but in some respects it is desirable that it should be so. As free men, living under a free government, and enjoying the benefit of free institutions, difference of opinion upon the many vexing questions which agitate the public mind of our day is unavoidable, even necessary. Upon such questions we may well learn "to agree to differ," for in respect of them uniformity may be intellectual death, diversity a sign of a vigorous vitality. But in regard to what we venture to call questions of far deeper and more enduring interest, the position of the Celtic people among the nations, their history and fortunes, their literature, their influence, past and prospective, among the civilizing races of the world, we must admit that the reproach of neglect is not altogether undeserved. Why Celts, and especially Highlanders, with their passionate attachment to their homes, and their proverbial readiness to resent any aspersion of their name, should have left the investigation of their history and origin to others, is a question of psychological and historical interest, upon which we cannot at present enter. For the little that was done by them in this matter we feel grateful. All honour to our patriotic countrymen who in the past exposed themselves to ridicule and scorn—weapons of far greater dread to them than the flash of sabre or the roar of cannon—in their attempts to uphold the name and the fame of the ancient race from whence they sprung!

Of late years a genuine spirit of historical inquiry, of philological research, and of impartial criticism, has pervaded, in a measure unknown before, the literature of Europe. And as a consequence an increasing interest has been manifested in everything which tends to throw light upon the history and literature of the Celtic race. It is true that the interest has hitherto been exhibited chiefly by others; but Celts also, we are glad to see, have shown themselves alive to the general awakening. The Teuton has hitherto beat the Celt, even within his own domain; but we see, in a variety of ways, that the Celt is resolved this shall not be the case for long. Here surely is a field for our countrymen, upon which they may well unite 'shoulder to shoulder,'—a field upon which they may win fame as noble and more enduring than their fathers won by their swords. And the present seems an opportune time to place the claim of the Celts as a race of noble parts before the world. The nations who sneered at our fathers for making the attempt will cheer us in our efforts. And in the present generation our countrymen have peculiarly vindicated the claims of our race to those qualities which make a people great. Not to speak of lesser names among us, who have won distinction in literature, science, and art, as well as in the civil and military professions, the youngest of us will remember the names of two Argyllshire men—Lord Clyde and Lord Colonsay—lately gone from among us, who won their way to the most exclusive assembly in the world—the British House of Peers. At the present moment, a Perthshire Highlander heads the Canadian ministry; a Sutherlandshire Highlander leads the opposition. A Celt of Irish descent rules France; a Celt of Scotch extraction is President of the United States.

To trace the history and fortunes of this people, as far as it can now be done, from the cradle of the races upon the plains of Asia; to follow them in their wanderings, as they successively came in contact with, and influenced the supple Greek, the proud Roman, and the massive Teuton; and to forecast the part of the imaginative Celt in the civilisation of the future, whether in Europe, America, or Australia, is surely a noble task. It is the work, not of one man, nor of one generation. But it is peculiarly the work of Celts; and in the work, it ought to be our privilege, as it is our duty, to bear a share however humble. We hold the key of the position. We are in possession of a living dialect of the language which named the mountains, and rivers, and plains of Europe; and we are the inheritors of the traditions, as well as the descendants of the people who influenced the history, the philosophy, and the literature of ancient and modern Europe, to an extent which has not yet been determined.

In this Magazine, especially in the English department, as our readers are aware, we have endeavoured, with the powerful co-operation of some of our foremost Celtic scholars, to discuss these questions. It is our wish to continue to do so. And in order to enable us to prosecute the work with even greater success than we have hitherto been enabled to do, we respectfully yet earnestly request our countrymen who have, with praiseworthy zeal, devoted their energies to the investigation of the subject, to aid our efforts, and to unite "shoulder to shoulder" in forwarding the great cause of Celtic scholarship.

DEPUTATION TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

A deputation from the Gaelic School Society had an interview with the Lord Advocate on the 11th ult. by appointment, regarding the teaching of Gaelic in the National Schools in the Highlands. The deputation consisted of the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan, the Rev. Alex. Mackenzie, the Rev. J. C. Macphail, the Rev. Wm. Ross (Rothesay), Councillor Maclaren, Mr Thomas Martin, and Mr Donald Beith. Dr M'Lauchlan said they appeared not in the interests of the mere teaching of Gaelic, but of education generally. The society had the experience of 63 schools in the work in which they were engaged, and the result of their observation was that the education of the pupils in the Highland districts was largely aided by their being taught to read in their native tongue. In these circumstances the society had lately appointed a deputation to visit certain portions of the Highlands. They had found in some places an inclination to adopt their views, but in others none. Their ideas were, however, in general confirmed, that it would serve the purposes of education largely if a certain place was to be given to the teaching of Gaelic in the National Schools. The Rev. J. C. Macphail read several suggestions as to alterations in the Educational Code, with reference to the Gaelic-speaking inspectors or assistant teachers and pupil teachers, and to grants to be given in consideration of this work being effectually carried on under the eye and with the approbation of the Government inspectors and the Scotch Board. The Rev. Mr Ross gave an account of his long experience as inspector of the Gaelic schools, and his recent visit to the West Highlands. The other gentleman addressed the Lord Advocate in support of these representations. The Lord Advocate, in reply, expressed considerable interest in what had been said, and stated that he was quite prepared to take the suggestions of the deputation into consideration. A conversation ensued upon the application of the late Act to the circumstances of education in the Highlands, when his lordship said that there was every prospect of some modification being made either in the Act itself, or in the Code by means of which it was practically applied throughout the country; and state dfurther, that he hoped such modification would make the Act both more effective and more economical.

GAELIC LANGUAGE IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SCOTSMAN."

EDINBURGH, *December* 23, 1874.

SIR,—Will you allow me, as one who has had a somewhat varied experience of these matters, to corroborate the views advanced by your correspondents in reference to the teaching of the Gaelic language in the districts where Gaelic is the language of the children; and more especially to endorse the seeming paradox of Mr Macquarrie, that "to include Gaelic in our school curriculum is to ensure, if not to hasten, its decline and extinction as a spoken tongue?"

The question is of importance primarily to that section of the country where Gaelic is still the spoken language of the people; but, secondarily, to the whole nation, of which these people form a considerable portion. It is an

educational question in the widest sense of the term; and, in my judgment, it involves grave issues which bear upon the social and moral, as well as upon the intellectual, well-being of the Highland peasantry. In the present transition period of our educational history it is of great practical importance, especially in its bearing upon the administration of the public grants for education in the Highlands and Islands.

Happily with us the question is not complicated by any difficulties of race, politics, or religion. It is also gratifying to note that the difference which obtains regarding it is a difference in means only. Those who contend for the teaching of the language in the school, equally with those who would exclude it, declare their final aim to be to secure for our Highland youth the best attainable English education, and, by consequence, the extermination of Gaelic as a living language; for a bi-lingual population in the Highlands would be impossible, even if it were desirable. It may be true that there exist some people who would, from the highest motives, uphold and perpetuate the old language. It is certainly true that many among us contemplate the extinction of it with regret. We know that traits of character conducive to the highest well-being of a people die with the people's tongue; but, in reference to Gaelic, we are fully aware that it will die out, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to maintain it; and we believe, moreover, that the practical advantages in store for our countrymen on their acquiring English will more than compensate for the loss sustained through the demise of Gaelic. And we contend for a recognition of the language in the schools as the surest and most effective means for its final extirpation, as well as for the intelligent teaching of the present and proximate generations who are destined to speak it, and it alone.

Those who have hitherto guided the educational policy of this country have held a different and, in my judgment, a mistaken view. They have proceeded upon the twofold assumption that to ignore a language is to extinguish it, and that the schoolmaster is all-powerful to mould the character and change the language of a people. It would be difficult anywhere to find assumptions more completely falsified than these have been, in the educational history of the Highlands of Scotland. The difficulty of placing the means of education within the reach of the Highland people, owing to the physical configuration of the country, and the poverty of the inhabitants, found legislative recognition in the Acts of 1838 and 1872. But the fact that these people speak a different language from the rest of the inhabitants of Scotland appears to have escaped the notice of our modern educational legislators. It was not so in the past. In 1616 it was declared, "That the vulgar Inglish toung be universallie plantit and the Irishe language which is one of the cheif and principall causis of the continewance of barbaritie and inciuilitie amongis the inhabitantis of the Illis and Heylandis may be abolisheit and removeit;" and for this purpose it was enacted that an English school should be erected in every parish, and that the children of the chiefs and leading men past nine years of age should attend and learn to

read, write, and speak English, under penalty of not being "seruit air to their father or vtheris predecessouris nor ressauit nor acknawlegeit as tennentis to his maiestie." And the Registrar-General for Scotland in his Report on the Census of 1871, published this year, politely leaving out the "barbaritie and inciuilitie," as well as the pains and penalties, and forgetting that Gaelic is *not* taught in the public schools, writes:—"The Gaelic language ought therefore, in the opinion of the Registrar-General, to cease to be taught in all our national schools; and, as we are *one* people, we should have but *one* language. In 1839 public grants from the Imperial Exchequer began to be given, under the administration of Her Majesty's Privy Council, for elementary education, and for the training of teachers, and these grants have been continued, by the Act of 1872, under the Scotch Education Department. What official recognition of the lingual difficulty in the Highlands was made in the distribution of these grants? For a time a Gaelic paper was set to schoolmasters sitting for certificates, a *pass* in which entitled the holder to claim £5 per annum as long as an inspector who knew not Gaelic certified that he taught a school in a district in which a knowledge of that language was desirable in the teacher. Under the new Scotch Code, in districts where Gaelic is spoken, we are told the intelligence of the children examined in the second and third standards may be tested by requiring them to explain in Gaelic the meaning of the passage read. But the teacher is neither encouraged nor expected to make use of the language of the children in order to teach them English. He and they are tested by the same standards as if English were their mother-tongue.

It is needless to say that the method so persistently followed has completely failed. If Acts of Parliament, Codes, and English Schools could have annihilated Gaelic, the language had long ago become a thing of the past. But a living tongue is not so easily got rid of. Languages always die hard. And the Celtic race have been found peculiarly conservative of old habits. Why, Acts of Parliament with their consequent pains and penalties failed to compel us to clothe our limbs; no wonder that they have been powerless to make us hold our tongues. But if this method of ignoring the native tongue has failed to make us English readers and speakers, it has been most successful in preventing us from becoming Gaelic readers. Our vernacular literature is of the most meagre character, and the little there is, is not read. And yet that the Highland peasantry have a capacity for literature is conclusively proved by the pure and lofty diction of their everyday speech, as well as by the quantity of prose and verse literature lately collected by J. F. Campbell and others among them. That the refusal to acknowledge the language of the people as a means of education has operated injuriously in the past, can, I think, be easily proved. To it is mainly to be attributed the fact, that till the year 1802 we had not a complete Gaelic translation of the Scriptures. It may, I think, be justly chargeable with the circumstance that we had no young Highlanders (the late Ewen M'Lachlan, of Aberdeen, is almost the only exception that occurs to me) going direct from the

parish school to the University, and making their mark in the country by their scholarship. And as a consequence we do not find, as in the south, endowments left for educational purposes. Many Highlanders made their fortunes abroad, and made wise and foolish wills like their neighbours; but only two or three, notwithstanding their well-known attachment to their homes, have left a part of their fortune to encourage education in their native parish. They did not consider that they owed their success in life to the teaching of the parish school. (It is to be hoped that Professor Blackie will not have to wait till a rich Highlander leaves his fortune to endow a Celtic Chair.) Highlanders figured prominently before the public mind from the verdict they gave upon the ecclesiastical controversy of thirty years ago. If they will judge differently from the rest of the country in the controversy which threatens us now, as they did at that time, outsiders will be apt to attribute their conduct to the same cause.

But, it is frequently said, English has made such rapid progress of late years in the Highlands, that if you allow matters to take their course it will cover the country in a generation or so—what need, then, to disturb our educational arrangements? If I believed what is frequently said upon this question, I would not have taxed your kindness with this long letter. That English has made progress in the Highlands for the last forty years—greater progress than it did for a hundred years previously—will, I believe, be admitted; but I do not anticipate such progress for the next forty years through the same agencies. Tourists, steamers, railways, farmers, and tradesmen from the south have penetrated a great part of the country, and the English language accompanied them; while in many other places the necessity for any language at all has ceased, owing to the removal of the people. But beyond the routes of tourists and the places of call of steamers, the Gaelic-speaking population may yet, I believe, be counted by hundreds of thousands, and it is with these that the Highland educationist has to deal. The schools of the large Highland villages may be left out of account. What is the educational condition of the outlying parts? The interesting and exhaustive report of Sheriff Nicolson to the Education Commission can tell. English schools have been in operation for generations, and the children of the present day are as helpless in English as their ancestors were 100 years ago. It is true that a larger number of the youths of the present day come south, or go to the east coast fishing, and acquire the power of making themselves intelligible in English; but when these return and settle at home, as many of them do, their English is laid aside—reserved for State occasions, to indulge their vanity, or to guide a stranger, never to educate their children. The children of these people will occupy the same platform in the English school which they themselves did. They will spend their school life learning to read English; they will close their English books when they leave school, and when the next generation of children appear, the process is repeated. The few that remain long enough at school to become scholars are encouraged to learn Latin in order to acquire a knowledge of English!

A fair test of what the schoolmaster unaided has done in diffusing a knowledge of English among the

people is to take a Gaelic-speaking district, and find out, not the number of people who *can* read and write English, but the number who *do* read and write the language after they are grown up. How many of the Lews peasantry outside of Stornoway *do* read an English book? Not, I fancy, one in ten of those who *can*, and Mr Nicolson's report gives us the percentage of these. The fact is, in a purely Gaelic district the schoolmaster is practically powerless to change the language of the people till he can make them read. It is, therefore, in order to make them readers that we would advocate the teaching of Gaelic. And surely Gaelic which they know, is as serviceable as Latin which they do not know, to furnish material for exercises to be translated into English. I am confident that by the judicious and persistent use of the native language in the school, the extinction of it in the cottage would be hastened by a generation, and in the meantime the intelligence of the inhabitants would be stimulated.

Nor is this a new theory. The opposite method has been tried and has completely failed. Common sense and past history alike demand a change. Intelligent Highlanders have all along demanded it. The best of Highland teachers, notwithstanding legislative enactments and official patronage, have acted upon it. The late James Munro, well known to every reader of Gaelic, taught the language in his school. All his Gaelic scholars were intelligent men, and most of them English scholars as well. The two Highland clergymen of the last generation (Dr Macleod and Dr Mackintosh Mackay), who could speak with the greatest authority upon the question, earnestly and eloquently contended for the same view. Sheriff Nicolson, after quoting valuable testimony in support of it, adopts it. And now we have the testimony of Mr Macquarrie, a practical teacher of repute, when brought face to face with the difficulty in the outlying parts, as Inspector of Church of Scotland schools.

How best to carry out the principle is a matter of detail. Different plans might be suggested; and the scheme of your correspondent "MacLaon" appears reasonable. To adjust codes is, however, the task of our educational administrators. It is ours to represent to them the urgency of the case; and to assure them, so far as our experience can be a guide, of our firm conviction that the quickest and most effective method of extirpating the Gaelic language is to make a freer use of it in educating Highland children than has hitherto been done.—I am, &c.

DONALD MACKINNON.

—o—

CLUB OF TRUE HIGHLANDERS. LONDON.

The Club of True Highlanders held their 58th Annual Dinner and Gathering at the Masons' Hall Tavern, Basinghall Street. The ladies and gentlemen were received by the chief (Mr Chalmers), chieftain (Mr Cumming), treasurer (Mr North), steward (Mr Meffin), and secretary (Mr Macleish). The dinner was served a la Russe in the Hall of the Club, on the walls of which were displayed the portraits of several deceased members, the arms and badges of the clans; drawings illustrating the ancient sword and other dances, pipe-playing, weapons, and other interesting memorials of the past. The Chief was supported by the chieftain and steward as croupiers. The toasts (with one exception) were given with Highland honours, the warder standing to his arms and the piper playing appropriate airs. Dinner over, the speeches were of the briefest description, so as to allow as much time for dancing as possible.

The Treasurer, in proposing the next toast, "Prosperity to the Club of True Highlanders and Kindred Societies," said, the toast was one that he had very much at heart; and after briefly reviewing the

constitution of the Club, its enrolment by Act of Parliament, &c., he said that, as their oldest member there present, he looked with pride on the muster roll (of the 1800 and odd members) which bore the names of the Ettrick Shepherd, Imlah Macdonald Menzies Logan (the historian); Peter Nicholson (the architect); Clanranald; Macdougall of Lorn; the son of the immortal Burns; Generals Macdonald and Macnab; Sir William Wallace Sibbald; Sir Francis Mackenzie, and many other men distinguished in war, politics, literature, and the scientific world. These names showed what support it had received in maintaining its fundamental principles of preserving the garb, manners, sports, and music of the Scottish Highlanders, and affording assistance in a prompt manner to our distressed brethren. But, he continued, most respected Chief, the fact that members of this and kindred societies wear a quaint and picturesque garb, and meet in friendly converse, is not the only claim we have for existence—we have a far higher one. In "auld lang syne" it was not always the fashion to judge the merits of the Gael and Cymry with impartiality; the ancient dress was proscribed; then it was intimated that the language, dress, poetry, and customs were simply invented by amiable and not overscrupulous enthusiasts to throw a halo of romance over a barbarous and savage people; the ridiculous Saxon theory was strongly developed, and all great deeds done were ascribed to Saxon determination and courage; Dr Johnson and others, either from ignorance or prejudice, giving the most far-fetched and ridiculous guesses as to the derivation of many words; and if the noble sentiment, which is the motto of our Club, "Clann nan Gael an guaillibh a cheile," had not kept alive that conservative spirit which is the very essence of these societies, all traces of the dress, language, and customs would have been swept away by the storm of attempted ridicule and invective. Happily, the effects of the fright of the '45 and the mists of prejudice have passed away, and it is not only acknowledged that in the time of the Romans the tartan was known; that the ancient Britons were not all naked savages, but it also will be seen from the facsimiles on the wall of drawings made in the 15th century, that the kilt is of a respecteble antiquity; and there is no doubt that the language of which we are so fond, and which was styled an outlandish gibberish, is the language that gave the name of Albion to the country we live in, the name of London to the great city in the midst of which we at present stand, the name of Shakespeare to the immortal dramatist, and is the foundation on which is raised the safe structure of (in my opinion) the most beautiful nnd expressive language in the world; and that is the English language. This shows that, broadly speaking, the whole of the inhabitants of this United Kingdom, from Lands End to John O'Groat's, and from the Thames to the Shannon, were a Celtic people, although the Lowlands, being more accessible to foreigners, have been more influenced by the changes of fashion than the Highlands; but, in looking at the great deeds which like gems encrust the historic zone of Britannia, the "Fior Ghael," may proudly lay claim to having lent no sparing hand in its enrichment, proving that British pluck and endurance is not owing to the later admixtures of blood, but rather that the old breed was so good that it could not be spoiled; and when, on occasions of danger, the Highlander has been conspicuous, it has not been because of his kilt (although that gave him a great advantage over his limbs-swaddled brethren), but rather, if I may say so, because of his inborn fear of shame, and knowledge that whatever he does reflects credit or disgrace on an ancient race, that stimulates him to do those deeds of which the entire nation is so proud. On these grounds, therefore, gentlemen, I feel justified in proposing prosperity to the "Club of True Highlanders and to Kindred Societies" the wide world over.

The company, in which were natives of Caithness in the North, and Cornwall in the South, then addressed themselves to the remainder of the evening's entertainment, the programme containing a spirited selection of English and Scotch dances, interspersed with songs and pipe music, the first dance being a Strathspey and Reel o' Tulloch by four members. The singers were—Messrs Chalmers, Grimmond, Cumming, Macleish, and Lauder Mr Macleish's "Scots wha hae," and Mr Lauder's "M'Crimmon's Lament," being delivered in the best possible style. Mr North danced the Gillie Callum, and the piper, Mackenzie, attended with the set of pipes he carried off from the last Northern Meeting, the tone and finish of which met with the members' hearty approval. The entertainment closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

—o—

SOIREE OF NATIVES OF SKYE IN GLASGOW.

The Ninth Annual Social Gathering of Natives of Skye and their friends, under the auspices of the Glasgow Skye Association, was held on Friday night, the 4th ult., in the

large Hall of the Queen's Rooms, which was filled in every part. In the absence of the President, Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, who had to leave suddenly for India on business, the chair was occupied by his brother, Mr N. M. Macdonald of Dunach, Oban. On the platform were likewise Professor J. S. Blackie, who arrived while the Chairman was giving his opening address, Mr J. H. A. Macdonald, advocate, and Mr W. G. Roy, S.S.C., Edinburgh; Mr Murdoch, of the *Highlander*, Inverness; Rev. Dr Walter C. Smith, ; Dr Campbell Black, Oban; Rev. John Gardiner; Messrs Nicholson (of the *Gael*), Thomas Williamson, John Watson, C. M. Williamson, A. Williamson, Bell, Sharp, and M. Macpherson.

The Chairman, who was much applauded on rising, stated that his brother, on the eve of his departure for India, had asked him to take his place, and however unworthy he was to occupy the position, he did not hesitate to come forward to do his best for their interests. The Chairman proceeded to say—With your leave, I will now read a letter from my brother, written in pencil in the hurry of departure. He says—"Express to the meeting how very much pleased I was to hear that the office-bearers of the Society had determined on giving the surplus of the proceeds of the evening's gathering in aid of the funds for the endowment of a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh, and give my thanks to Professor Blackie—(he is not here)—as one Highlander, at any rate, who feels grateful to him, and I am sure — (at this point Professor Blackie appeared on the platform and was received with enthusiastic applause). The Chairman having repeated the proceeding portion of the letter for the information of the learned professor, read the remainder as follows:—"Such must be the sentiments of every Highlander, for his noble exertions and plucky conduct, at evidently great personal trouble to himself, in his endeavours to perpetuate our mother tongue. Had circumstances allowed me to preside at the meeting, I intended proposing a subscription from members of the Glasgow Skye Association, in aid of the funds for the endowment of a Celtic Chair, and I hope this may yet be managed, for the proceeds of the night's entertainment (which it had been agreed should be given for that subject) will not be sufficient to represent in cash the feelings of Skye people towards this object. Put my own name down for £100." In my humble opinion, added the Chairman, your president has set a very good example, and one which I trust a great many here to-night will follow. For myself, I certainly shall.

The secretary Mr Macqueen read the annual report of the directors of the Glasgow Skye Association for the year ending 31st October 1874. It stated that the Association had been in a satisfactory condition. The income during the year, including a balance on hand in November 1873 of £25, 11s. 6d., amounted to £79, 8s., and there had been expended £18, 3s. 11d., leaving a balance on hand of £61. 4s. 1d., the income having thus exceeded the expenditure by £35, 12s. 7d. A principal part of the money expended had been given towards the relief of natives of the Islands. The Society at present held three beds in the Royal Infirmary.

Mr J. H. A. Macdonald subsequently gave a short address, making a few suggestions as to the principles on which those before him, as Highlanders, ought to act, now that they were living in the midst of a teeming industrial population like that of Glasgow.

Professor Blackie, who was received with loud cheering, after describing in his own piquant style his experiences in learning the Gaelic language, and in his attempt to get an endowment for a Celtic Chair, concluded as follows:—With the help of one or two excellent friends, he had, in the course of six short weeks, collected £1200. He had the honour and pleasure, when living at Inveraray Castle, of reading translations from Alister Macdonald, of Ardnamurchan, and some other poets, before the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, and the whole ducal family, and they all expressed themselves perfectly astonished to find such sublime poetry in the Gaelic language. He said, "No wonder you are astonished; you don't know anything at all about it." They said, "We will support you in this, and we have the Queen at our back; we know that she is in favour of this movement; but the Gaels must first prove that they want it, and then the Queen will come and hurrah them on to the assault." Professor Blackie concluded by reading a list of the subscriptions already received. Among the subscribers were—The Marquis of Bute; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Mackinnon of Balnakiel; Mr Hall of Tangy; Mr Duncan Smith, Glasgow; Mr Barbour, Bonskeid, Killiecrankie; Mr Duncan Macneill, London; the Mackay Clan, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Professor Blackie, Mr Donald Beith, Edinburgh; Mrs Campbell of Inveraray, Mr E. S. Gordon, M.P.; Mr Macpherson of Cluny, The Mackintosh, &c. He advised the Highlanders to help themselves, and God would help them.

RE-UNION OF THE NATIVES OF INVERNESS-SHIRE IN GLASGOW.

The Seventh Annual Re-union of the Natives of Inverness-shire in Glasgow—and perhaps the most successful and enjoyable of the number yet held—took place on Friday night, the 11th ult., in the large Hall of the Queen's Rooms, under the auspices of the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association. The hall was filled. The chair was occupied by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., chief of the Association, who appeared in full Highland costume; and on the platform were Dr Cameron, M.P., and Mrs Cameron; Rev. Dr David MacEwan; Rev. Mr Cameron, Govan; Bailie Collins and Mrs Collins; Bailies Torrens and Scott; Bailie and Mrs Macbean, and Miss Macbean; ex-Bailie Matheson; Mr Hector Stewart and Miss Stewart; Mr William Macbean and Mrs Macbean; Mr Duncan Cameron and Mrs Cameron; Messrs Bell, C.E.; J. R. Napier, Thomas Morrison, M.A., Walker, James F. Barron, Nigel Macneil, Hugh Macmillan, and D. Ross, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Dr F. A. and Mrs Mackay; Mr W.B. Forsyth and Mr J. Murdoch, of Inverness. Apologies were received from the Provost of Inverness; Bailie Simpson, Inverness; and Professor Young of the University. While the ladies and gentlemen who occupied the platform were taking their places, Pipe-Major Mackinnon, of the Glasgow Highlanders, discoursed stirring music. A blessing having been asked by Dr MacEwan, tea was served.

The Chairman, who was received with great applause, said, Ladies and Gentlemen—The objects of your Association are twofold, viz.—1. The relief of individuals, natives of, or connected with, Inverness-shire, who may be residing in, or passing through Glasgow, and affording assistance in procuring situations for such as are unemployed. 2. The mutual improvement of its members, the promotion of social and friendly intercourse, an annual gathering, and the revival of former associations connected with the county. All these objects are most praiseworthy and proper; but as I am limited in time, I shall chiefly confine myself to the last—"The revival of former associations connected with the county." Which county is it, then, that we belong to? Is it insignificant in extent? Is it barren in history? The very reverse. The sheriffdom of Inverness once extended from benorth the mountains of the Grampians to Caithness, comprehending the present shires of Inverness, Ross, Caithness, and Sutherland; and though for a long time shorn of its original bounds, it is still the largest in Scotland, and stretches from sea to sea. In it are the highest mountains, some of the largest lakes, and the sources of some of our finest rivers. From the mighty hills in the Braes of Badenoch, which culminate in the lofty Ben Alder, flow waters which find their respective exits—the one at Dundee in the German, the other at Fort-William in the Atlantic Oceans. Again, it has been essentially the land of chiefs and clans. Beginning with the Outer Hebrides, you would find Macneils; next in Inner Hebrides, Macleods, Mackinnons, and Macdonalds of Slate. On the mainland we have those powerful houses of the Macdonald family, Clanranald, Glengarry, and Keppoch; also, Camerons—worthy representatives of whom I have on my right and left—the great confederacy of the Clan Chattan, with its sixteen tribes; Frasers, Chisholms, and Grants. These clans—"our fathers"—with their kith and kin, friends and followers, absorb most of our surnames; and while we feel glad that several of these chiefs remain and hold a high position, we also much regret that some have merely names without "local habitation." Again, our county is more closely associated with that brilliant event (the rising in 1745) than any other part of Great Britain. Prince Charles landed in, and took his departure from, the county. The raising of his standard at Glenfinnan, the first brush with the Hanoverian soldiers near Inverlochy, the last final fight at Culloden, all occurred within its bounds. Next, I would refer to our county as being, at least, one of the great seats of the Gaelic language. Considering its antiquity, its expressive comprehensiveness, its poetry, that the poets and bards knew no other language, it appears to us that we are bound to preserve it, as far as possible, and to do otherwise would be acting falsely to those who have preceded us. These points touch and affect us as Highlanders; but apart from this, we have the testimony of famous scholars and philologists that this language is an interesting and valuable one, and ought to be preserved, though it ultimately came to be catalogued as a dead language. It is needless, therefore, to add that I entirely approve of the proposal to found a Celtic Chair, so energetically taken up by Professor Blackie, and commend it to your liberality. Our position in regard to Gaelic is this—to insist, as a matter of right, that it be taught in schools in Gaelic-speaking districts; and, after we have done our part by adequate voluntary subscriptions, to insist, as a right, on the government supplementing the fund to establish the Chair. Again, our county

is distinguished in the number of eminent men it has produced, particularly soldiers and poets, these pursuits being characteristic of hill tribes all over the world. Among the former I need only refer to Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, Mackintosh of Borlum, Allan Muidertach ; and in later times, out of hundreds who have distingnished themselves, I select Marshal Macdonald, Sir James Macdonell, and Colonel Cameron of Fassifern. Among the poets I may mention Donald Macdonald, Lochaber (Domhnull Mac-Fhiunlaith nan Dan); Mary Macleod, Harris (Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh); John Macdonell (Ian Lom) ; Juliette Macdonell, Keppoch ; Neil MacVurich, bard and historian of Clan Ranald ; Lachlan Macpherson, of Strathmashie ; Kenneth Mackenzie, Castle Leathers; and I am happy to think that several bards flourish amongst us in the present day. Nor has the eminence of our county's sons been limited to the two classes I have referred to, for among statesmen the names of Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Glenelg ; among physicians and scholars, Martin and Maclachlan, hold high places ; and in other pursuits the like would be found, if my time permitted. Next, ladies and gentlemen, I would say, that one of the objects of your Association—"the promoting social and friendly intercourse"—is of the greatest importance. There must be many thousand Highlanders in Glasgow —most certainly in no other locality so numerous or influential—who, if they really banded together as indicated in your motto, "Shoulder to shoulder," could do great good. You have numerous Highland associations in Glasgow. It is well. I do not object even to parochial organizations ; but I should like to see a representative federation of all these Glasgow societies, which, when social and economic questions connected with the Highlands came up for discussion before the legislature or otherwise, would be able to speak with effect, for it would do so, in the name, and by the authority of a united people.

Miss M. Smith sang "Jock o' Hazeldean," and, as an encore, "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa." Mr J. Macpherson danced the Highland Fling ; after which a communication was sent up to the Chairman to the following effect :—"Honoured Sir,—This assembly is promising to be in harmony with the Highland spirit, but in the programme we see omitted the mention of a Gaelic song. Therefore, honoured sir, we, the undersigned, crave your attention to this in amending it." The Chairman said it was a capital suggestion, and Mr Graham, who was in Highland costume, then sang a Gaelic song, for which he was encored.

Dr Cameron, M.P., afterwards gave a short and humorous address, in which he claimed kinship with Inverness-shire, from the fact that his grandfather and grandmother were both Camerons, and that both hailed from Inverness.

Mr Thomas Morrison, M.A., ex-Bailie Matheson, and Bailie Torrens, also gave short addresses. The speeches were varied by songs from Miss M. Smith, Mr W. H. Darling, Mr Houston, and Mr W. Graham. Mr J. Macpherson, in a manner which elicited great applause, danced the "Highland Fling" and "Gillie Callum," to the music of the bagpipes, on which Pipe-Major Mackinnon performed at intervals during the evening. The usual votes of thanks brought the entertainment to a close and an assembly followed.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

Conference of School Boards.—On Thursday, the 10th December, a Conference of the Representatives of School Boards of the West Coast of Ross-shire, was held at Achnasheen, to consider the bearing of the Education Act in the remote Highland parishes of Scotland. The conference was called by the Chairman of the School Board, of Gairloch (Sir Kenneth MacKenzie, Bart.), "in order that such points in the Scotch Education Act, and the Code of Regulations relative thereto, and such omissions therein as appear to call for amendment be considered, and to take such steps with regard to them as may seem most desirable." There were present Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, of Gairloch, Bart. ; Mr and Mrs Matheson, of Ardross ; Mr Mackenzie, Esq., of Dundonell ; Mr Ferguson, Tulloch ; Rev. Mr Matheson, &c. Resolutions were passed giving expression to the extreme difficulty of working the Education Act and Code in the large parishes of the district, and copies of the resolutions were sent to the Lord Advocate ; the Secretary of the Scotch Educattion Department ; the Secretary of the Board of Education ; the Clerks of Highland School Boards, with a request for an amendment of the Act and Code in the direction of the resolutions adopted by the meeting.

Free Gaelic Church, Aberdeen.—At the Annual Social Meeting of the members of the Free Gaelic Church, on Tuesday night, the 8th ult., the pastor, the Rev. Geo. Macdonald, was presented with a handsome hand Bible, a purse and sovereigns, and a receipt representing the gift of a chiffonnier to Mrs Macdonald.

THE DUGALD BUCHANAN MONUMENT.—On Tuesday evening, the 8th ult., the Rev. Dr Macmillan, of Glasgow, delivered a lecture on the "Hospice of St Bernard," in the Gaelic Church, Greenock—Bailie Campbell presiding. At the close of the lecture Dr Macmillan stated that he had delivered it at the request of the committee in charge of the Buchanan Monument. The Rev. Mr M'Askil gave a short sketch of Dugald Buchanan's life and works, and hoped Greenock would contribute handsomely to the object. The proceeds of the lecture are to go to the monument fund. The lecture was, as it well deserved, heartily applauded throughout, and at the close a hearty vote of thanks, on the motion of the chairman, was accorded to the Rev. Doctor.

In connection with the same object the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan, gave a lecture in St Columba's Free (Gaelic) Church, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the 15th ult., on the Life and Works of Dugald Buchanan. The proceeds of the lecture were handed over to the Monument Committee.

DEATH OF BARON MACDONALD, OF ARMADALE CASTLE, SKYE.—Somerled James Brudenell Macdonald, fifth baron of the name, died on Friday last, in Edinburgh, of acute inflammation of the lungs. The deceased nobleman, who was born in 1849, was the eldest son of the fourth Baron Macdonald, whom he succeeded in 1863. His lordship caught a severe cold in the beginning of last week, and had been confined to his room, for two days, when inflammation set in and proved fatal within a few hours. His lordship was unmarried, and the title now devolves upon his younger brother, the Hon. Archibald Brudenell Macdonald, who was born in Edinburgh in 1853.

THE RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.—On Thursday afternoon, the 3d December, the Twenty-fourth Annual meeting of Ladies and Gentlemen interested in the Association for the Religious Improvement of the Remote Highlands and Islands of Scotland, in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, took place in the Hall of St George's Church, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh. There was a large attendance.

The Chairman stated that the individual objects of the Association were (1) to aid the education of the Highlands and Islands; (2) to give assistance to promising young men in prosecuting their studies for the ministry; (3) to provide agencies to bear on the Popery which prevailed so much in the Highlands; and (4) to provide clothing for the poorest of the people, that they might avail themselves of opportunities afforded to them of public worship and attendance at schools.

The report, which was read by Dr M'Lauchlan, dwelt upon the difficulty of providing in the remote Highlands and Islands the means of education under the New Act, quoting a letter written by Dr Maclauchlan to the Association upon the subject.

On the motion of Mr Hugh Mossman, seconded by Colonel Young, the report was unanimously adopted.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of the Association for the Religious Improvement of the Remote Highlands and Islands, was held on Tuesday, the 15th ult., in the Hall of the New College, Glasgow. The Rev. Dr Buchanan occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Rev. Dr Maclauchlan (Edinburgh), Rev. Professors Douglas and Candlish, Rev. Dr Adam, Rev. Messrs G. W. Thomson, A. Urquhart, Hamilton, W. Ross (Rothesay), Bain, A. C. Sutherland (Strathbraan), &c. The Rev. Professor Candlish having opened the meeting with prayer, Dr Buchanan made a statement dwelling upon the educational destitution which prevailed in the outlying parts of the Highlands and Islands, after which, the Rev. W. Ross, Rothesay, read the annual report, from which it appeared, that if the Association had not continued its work, no fewer than 740 children would have been left unprovided with the means of education, and with no immediate prospect for some years of having the deficiency supplied.

Dr Maclauchlan moved, "That the report be approved of, and the objects of the Association commended anew to the increased liberality of the Christian public, and that the proposed building fund of £1200 be very specially commended to the liberal support of all friendly to the Association and its important work."

The Rev. Mr Urquhart seconded the motion.

*** We have been reluctantly compelled, from want of space, to reserve for our February number, Reports of the Edinburgh Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club; the Edinburgh Argyle, Bute, and the Western Isles Association; and the Jubilee of Dr M'Leod of Morven.



STATE LINE.

Tha na Smuid-Shoithichean ceutach agus cumhachdach,

Pennsylvania,	2500 Tunna	Louisiana,	1900 Tunna
Virginia,	2500 ,,	Minnesota,	1900 ,,
Georgia,	2500 ,,	Alabama,	1900 ,,

A nis deas air son an aitean a ghabhail, agus seolaidh iad eadar

GLASCHU agus NEW YORK,

A H-UILE CEITHIR-LA-DEUG,

Agus eadar

Liverpool agus New Orleans,

A H-UILE MIOS.

Bithidh Bathar agus Luchd-turais air an giulan as agus do gach cearn de

BHREATUNN AGUS AN ROINN-EORPA;

As agus do gach cearn de na

STAITEAN-AONAICHTE AGUS DE CHANADA,

Aig na prisean a 's saoire.

Tha na Soithichean uile air an togail fo shuil fir-coimhid sgileil, agus tha iad a' seasamh anns a' bhuidheann a's airde ris an abrar, *A 100 at Lloyd's.* Tha iad air an uidheamachadh leis gach goireas a mheasar a bhi air son tearuinteachd agus seasgaireachd luchd-turais de gach inbh agus seorsa; agus o 'n dealbh grinn cho math r'am mor-chumhachd tha iad comasach air luaths a dheanamh nach bi dad air dheireadh air na Soithichean eile a's fhearr a tha air an t-slighe. Tha iad aig gach am air an comanndachadh le sgiobairean agus oifigich earbsach, agus bidh gach aire air a buileachadh air luchd-turais de gach inbh.

Tha Lighiche, Ban-stiubhard agus *Matron* air bord air gach soitheach.

Gheobhar tuillidh eolais, ann an Duneideann o *R. D. Kerr, 3 North St. David Street;* ann an Dundea o *Low, Moir, & Co., 81 Murraygate;* ann an Liverpool o *Ross, Skolfield, & Co., 9 Chapel Street;* ann an *Queenstown* o *N. & J. Cumming Brothers;* no ann an

GLASCHU

BHO ALLANC. GOW & CO.,
65 GREAT CLYDE STREET.



UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Mississippi & Dominion Steamship Company, Limited.

The following or other first-class, full-powered Steamers are intended to make regular departures from LIVERPOOL:—

	Tons.		Tons.
Saint Louis	1,827	Vicksburg	2,500
Memphis	2,500	Missouri	2,000
Mississippi	2,200	Texas	2,350
Lord Clive,	3,400	Dominion (building)	3,113
Palestine	2,868	Ontario (building)	3,113

Calling at Belfast Lough.

Palestine ..... For Quebec and Montreal
Lord Clive ..... For Boston & Portland, U.S.
Texas ..... For Quebec and Montreal
Memphis ..... For Quebec and Montreal
Mississippi ..... For New Orleans (direct)

For rates of freight apply to
TAYLOR, TIPPER, and CO.,
7 Chapel Street.

Passengers will find superior accommodation in this Company's Steamers. They carry Surgeon and Stewardess.

Saloon Fares to Boston, Portland, and Quebec, £12 12s., £14 14s.; to New Orleans, £20.

STEERAGE FARE, including an ample supply of provisions cooked and served up by the Company's Stewards, £6 6s.

Passengers booked to all parts of the States and Canada.

Agents in Montreal, Messrs. D. TORRANCE and Co.; Boston, Messrs. THAYER and LINCOLN; New Orleans, Mr. SILAS WEEKS.

For passage apply to the Managing Directors,
FLINN, MAIN, and MONTGOMERY,
12 Lancelot's Hey.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

Farm Labourers,
Navvies,
Domestic Servants,
Mechanics.

Free Grants of 160 Acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 Acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs,
Saints Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

Price Sixpence; Cheap Edition, Threepence.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH;
AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

AN GAIDHEAL







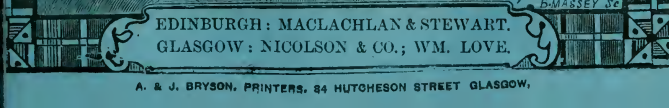




CLAR-INNSIDH:

Sean-fhocail	33	Iain agus Alastair	44
Cumha Anna	39	Altachadh an uisge-bheatha	48
Comhradh nan cnoc ..	40	Earail mu 'n Ghaidheal ..	49
Cruinneachadh Chlann-Ghriogair	44	Sop as gach seid	51
		Eilidh Chamaron	52

"Mar gaṫ rolup do m' anam rein
Ta rgeula na hamrup a ö'palb." — Oisean.



EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

A. & J. BRYSON, PRINTERS, 84 HUTCHESON STREET GLASGOW.

AISEAG A NASGUIDH

AGUS

CUIDEACHADH FARAIDH DO NEW ZEALAND.

I.—Tha CUIDEACHADH FARAIDH air a thoirt do Luchd-oibre fearainn, *Narvies*, Ciobairean agus Luchd-ceirde posda air dhoibh gealladh sgriobhta 'thoirt gu'm paigh iad deich Puinnd Shasunnach gach duine 'n a mheidhisean an deigh dol thairis; no le coig puinnd Shasunnach an duine a phaigheadh m'an seol iad. Feumaidh iad a bhi stuama, deanadach, fo dheagh chliu, fallain 'n an inntinn, saor o dheireas, ann an slainte mhath, agus a' dol thairis a' cur rompa oibreachaidh air son tuarasdail.

II.—Cha toir an Uachdranachd aiseag do os cionn *dithis* chloinne eadar aon bhliadhna agus da bhliadhn' deug a dh-aois *anns gach teaghlach;* ach faodaidh parantan an t-airgiod aisig, eadhon, seachd puinnd Saasunnach, a phaigheadh air son gach aon d'an teaghlach os cionn an aireamh sin. Tha gach pearsa *os cionn da bhliadhn' deug* air a mhios mar *dhuine;* clann *eadar aon bhliadhna agus da bhliadhn' deug* air am meas mar *leth dhaoine;* agus naoidheanan fo aon bhliadhna air an giulan *a nasguidh.*

III.—MNATHAN SINGILTE. — Tha AISEAG A NASGUIDH aig Ban-chocairean, Maighdeannan-seomair, Searbhantan-tighe, Banaraichean &c., nach 'eil fo choig bliadhn' deug no os cionn coig bliadhn' deug thar f hichead a dh-aois.

IV.—Gheobh *nigheanan charaidean posda*, a tha da bhliadhn' deug no os a chionn, aiseag a nasguidh; agus gabhar gillean d'an aois cheudna a tha falbh an cuideachd am parantan na 'm paighear coig puinnd Shasunnach an fear air an son m'an seol iad, no air ghealladh sgriobhta gu'm paighear sea puinnd Shasunnach am fear air an son mar lan airgiod-aisig.

V.—DAOINE SINGILTE.—Is i an t-suim a dh' fheumar a phaigheadh air son dhaoine singilte ochd puinnd Shasunnach am fear de airgiod ullamh. Mur urrainn doibh sin a dhioladh faodaidh iad ceithir puinnd Shasunnach a phaigheadh ullamh agus an ainm a chur ri gealladh air son ochd puinnd Shasunnach.

Is iad na *tuarasdail* a tha 'dol air son obair ochd uairean 's an latha—*Labourers*, bho choig gu seachd tastain 's an latha—Luchd-ceirde, bho ochd gu deich tastain 's an latha.

Gheobhar duilleachain Ghaidhlig mu *New Zealand* ann an *Office* A' GHAIDHEIL a nasguidh.

Air son tuilidh eolais agus chumhachan sgriobh gus an

AGENT GENERAL FOR NEW ZEALAND,

7 WESTMINSTER CHAMBERS, VICTORIA ST.,

WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER. Editor—John Murdoch.

The objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the wellbeing of the people at large; and,

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad, with a record and review of events, i which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence, are—the Land Question: Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d per copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY

The HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Coy., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the amount for which he subscribes.

CAPITAL £3,000, in 3,000 SHARES of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at

THE OFFICES, 71 CHURCH STREET, INVERNESS.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

The conductors of THE GAEL regret that, owing to other pressing engagements, they have not been able to give the necessary attention to the publishing arrangements during the past year, and that, in consequence, the monthly appearance of the publication has been sometimes more or less delayed. They are glad to announce, however, that new and improved arrangements have been made for its regular and prompt appearance on the first of every month during the ensuing year. Under these arrangements, THE GAEL will be published simultaneously by Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh, and Mr. WILLIAM LOVE, 226 Argyle Street, Glasgow, on and after the first of January, 1875, after which date all business communications should be addressed to THE GAEL, and Editorial communications to the Editor of THE GAEL, care of Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 64 South Bridge, Edinburgh.

In addition to present Editorial arrangements, other gentlemen have been engaged to take an active part in the Editorial work of the publication during the ensuing year. These efforts to render THE GAEL more useful, it is hoped, will be duly appreciated.

The publishers have suffered great pecuniary loss, in consequence of the large number of subscribers who are in arrears with their payments, and the difficulty of collecting such small amounts at wide distances apart. It has therefore been decided not to send THE GAEL in future except to those who have paid in advance, and to discontinue sending it at the end of the time paid for. Notice of the expiration of subscription will be given a month or two in advance, in order to give subscribers time to renew their subscriptions and keep their sets complete.



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL, 1875

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

THROUGHOUT THE SEASON.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec, - -	£13 13s.
„ To Portland, Boston, or New York,	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, BOSTON, or NEW YORK, -	£9 9s.
Steerage — To Quebec, Portland, BOSTON, or NEW YORK. -	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal Stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,

70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



"Anchor" Line.

GLASGOW

TO

NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, and QUEENSTOWN, to Embark Passengers.

FARES:

SALOON CABIN :—

TUES. STEAMERS,	£14 14s	and £15 15s.
THURS.	,, £12 12s	and £13 13s.
SAT.	,, £16 16s	and £17 17s.

INTERMEDIATE, - - EIGHT GUINEAS.

STEERAGE, - - - - - SIX GUINEAS.

To New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Quebec.

Passengers Booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,

45 & 47 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH GHLASCHU.

GLASGOW HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

CHIEF—CLUNY MACPHERSON OF CLUNY.

CHIEFTAINS—DUNCAN SHARP, DONALD M'ARTHUR.

SECRETARY—J. G. MACKAY. TREASURER—JOHN WHYTE.

DIRECTORS.—Peter Cameron, Convener; Duncan Cowan, Duncan Carmichael, James Fraser, Robert Fraser, Angus Finlayson, Donald Graham, James Johnston, D. M'Gregor, Angus M'Indeor, Allan M'Kechnie, Donald M'Kenzie, James M'Kellar, James M'Millan, John M'Queen, A. Mitchell, John Morrison, Norman Morrison, A. Sinclair, James Sinclair, Donald Sinclair.

THE objects of this Association are—the cultivation of social intercourse among Highlanders desirous of cherishing their native attachments and of collecting and preserving the Traditions, Tales, Poetry, and Music of the Highlands; the relief of deserving Natives; the instituting of a Reading Room, Library, and a House of Call for Highlanders, where a Register will be kept for the purpose of giving information where employment may be had.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.—Honorary Members, £5; Life Members, £2 2s.; Ordinary Members—Entry-money, 2/6; Yearly Contribution, 4/.

Meetings are held every Thurday Evening, in M'Callum's Temperance Hotel, 26 Glassford Street, at 8 o'Clock, to enrol Members, &c.

Gaelic Entertainments are held in the Crown Halls, Sauchiehall Street, every Saturday Evening, at Half-past 7 o'Clock.

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

Our Subscribers in Canada (where "THE GAEL" was originally started) had it for the first year at One Dollar; but as "THE GAEL" is now nearly Double its Original Size, and we have to pay Four, and in some cases Eight times the amount of Postage required in Canada, we have to charge a uniform rate of One Dollar and a Quarter, or Five Shillings sterling, and the British Postage (which we have to pay) added, will make the Terms of Subscription to the different places abroad as follows:—

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75), or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

THE GAEL,

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 38.

Proverbs, ...	33
Anna's Elegy, ...	39
Dialogue, ...	40
The Macgregors' Gathering, ...	44
A Highland Tale, ...	44
On Whisky, ...	48
The *Gael*, ...	49
Varieties, ...	51
Song *(with Music)*, ...	52

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

The Topography of Scotland, ...	53
The Lay of the Brave Cameron, ...	58
Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club Dinner, ...	59
Dinner of the Edinburgh Argyll Club, ...	60
The Jubilee of Dr. Macleod, ...	60
The Sutherlandshire Association, ...	62
News of the Highlands and Islands, ...	62

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN JANUARY.—A. M'Lure, Birmingham, 11/; A. B. Munro, Birmingham, 6/6; Duncan Smith, Glasgow, 6/; Alex. Mackenzie, Beauly, 6/; Andrew M'Donald, Invergarry, 13/6; W. Sutherland, Stockport, 8/; W. Grant MacGregor, London, 5/; Thomas Stratton, M.D., Stoke, Devonport, 5/6; William MacPherson, Pitlochry, 7/6; Alex. Cameron, Countlich Lodge, 11/; Duncan M'Lachlan, Glasgow, 5/6; E. D. Dawson, London, 22/; D. Ferguson, Tyclodich, Grandtully, 15/; Duncan Menzies, Ballinluig, 9/6; Mary MacDougall, Dollerie, Crief, 5/6; George Robertson, London, 5/6; William Duff, Polney, Dunkeld, 5/6; J. Maccallum, Tobermory, 9/6; William Ross, Abeilour, 7/; John M'Nicol, Salachail, Appin, 6/6; William Robertson, Kincraig, 9/6; Evan Maclean, Lochmaddy, 5/6; Robert MacAdam, Belfast, 5/6; Rev. William M'Intosh, Arisaig, 5/6; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., 22/; Rev. Mr. Macdonald, Aberdeen, 5/6; William Hamilton, Glasgow, 5/6; James Jack, Uppingham, Rutland, 5/6; Rev. Donald Mackay, Manse of Cross, Stornoway, 11/; Hugh Falconer, Invergarry, 5/6; Sheriff Macdonald, Inverness, 5/6; George Graham, Mallow, Cork, 6/6; Alex. Mackenzie, London, 5/6; Donald MacKay, Garvault, Helmsdale, 7/; John M'Lennan, Fannich Lodge, Lochluichart, 5/6; Adam Cameron, Achranich, Morven, 5/6; Rev. John G. Campbell, Manse of Tyree, 5/6; John MacLean, Howmore, South Uist, 5/6; John M'Iver, Big Glace Bay, Cape Breton, 3 dols.; Peter Gatherer, Greenock, 6/6; Donald Cameron, Stanley, 5/6; William Munro, Inverinate, Kintail, 2/9; Rev. John Chisholm, Nairn, 5/6; James M'Donald, Barra, 9/6; Murdo Macleod, Barrow-on-Furness, 5/6; James Duff, Tomdachoill, 10/6; Donald MacKay, Kincardine, 11/; John M'Gregor, Dunachton, 9/6; John Munro, Stornoway, 5/6; Alex. Menzies, Kirriemuir, 5/6; Hugh Currie, Napier, Ont., 4 dols. 50c.; John M'Arthur, Esq. of Barbreck, 5/6; Rev. Alex. Cameron, Glengarry, 5/6; John MacKenzie, Arran, 5/; Alex. MacDonald, Flesher, Inverness, 15/; James M'Kenzie, P.O., Kingussie, 5/6; Murdo M'Leod, Stornoway, 5/6 Prof. D. C. MacLean, Glasgow, 5/6; N. Macdonald, Isle of Man, 5/6; Rev. A. Macdonald, 7/; Donald Black, Oban, 10s; John Mackay, Shrewsbury, 31/6; Archd. Galbraith, Tarbert, 5/6; Colin M'Pherson, Killin, 11/11; D. Turner, Sandbank, 11/; Mary Ferguson, London, 5/6; Rev. A. M'Kenzie, Kames, 24/3; Mr. M'Kinnon, Ballimakill, 16/.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

IV. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN EARRAICH, 1875. [38 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

II. BU DUAL DA SIN.

Am measg nan Sean-fhocail Gaidhealach cha 'n 'eil teagasg is trice a th' air a thoirt f'ar comhair na so,—gu bheil feartan 'us faillinnean cuirp 'us inntinn, deas-ghnathan 'us cleachduinean a' ruith 's an fhuil, air an giulan a nuas o pharantan gu cloinn. Cha lugha na fichead Sean-fhocal a th'againn d'an ceud bhrigh an teagasg so; agus tha moran eile a tha dearbhadh air caochladh dhoighean cho diongmhalta 's a bha na sean daoine a'creidsinn ann. Tha cuid diu ann an cainnt shoilleir ag aithris an teagaisg na lan-fharsuingeachd: "Mac mar an t-athair"; "Dh' aithnich mi gur meann a bheireadh a' ghabhar"; "Cha tig o'n mhuic ach uircein;" "Cha tig as a' phoit ach an toit a bhitheas innte"; "An rud a chinneas 's a' chnaimh, cha tig e as an fheoil;" "Cha tig á saoitheach ach an deoch a bhitheas ann"; "Cha d' thainig ubh mor riamh o'n dreathan-donn." Gheibhear cuid eile, fo chaochladh samhladh, a dearbhadh an teagaisg le bhi comharrachadh a mach rian sonruichte a th' air aiseag o pharantan gu cloinn: "Bu dual do laogh an fheidh ruith a bhi aige"; "Bu dual tòchd an ime 'bhi air a bhlathaich;" "Ciod a dh' iarradh tu air bo, ach gnusd." Tha cuid a' toirt f'ar comhair riaghladh an lagha anns a' chorp a mhain. "Theid dubhag ri dualchas"; cuid 's an inntinn a mhain, "Cha tig smuaintean maith á cridhe salach;" cuid araon anns a' chorp 's anns an inntinn, "Cha d' thainig eun glan riamh á nead a chlamhain;" "An galar a' bhitheas 's a mhathair, is gnath leis a bhi 's an nighinn;" "Is duilich burn glan a thoirt á tobar salach;" agus aon gu sonruichte a tha 'ceangal ar deas-ghnathan 's air cleachduinean cumanta ris an lagh cheudna, "Theid duthchas an aghaidh nan creag." Feudar an Radh a ghabh sinn mar steigh a chur air ceann an teagaisg; oir tha e filleadh a stigh ann an ceithir focail bheaga na firinn (ma's firinn i) a th' air a h-aithris air aon doigh na doigh eile leis na Sean-fhocail a dh' ainmich mi.

Is gann a chreideas mi gu'm faighear dream eile 'bu mho thug an inntinnean suas do'n bheachd so na 'n Cinneadh Gaidhealach. Tha, gun teagamh, aon no dhà d'ar Sean-fhocail a' teagasg an atharraich,—"Is minic a bha droch laogh aig deagh mhart," "Is minic a bha claidheamh maith 'an droch thruaill,"—ach cha 'n 'eil iad ach tearc; agus tha 'n doigh chainnt leis a' bheil iad a' toiseachadh, "Is minic," a' dearbhadh gu'n robh an Ughdair ag amharc orra mar "easbhuidh cumaidh ris an lagh," agus nach b' ann mar lagh iad fein. Cha 'n 'eil neach a leugh a bheag no mhor de Eachdraidh 's de Bhardachd nan Gaidheal nach faic an cumhachd a bh'aig an teagasg so thairis air inntinnean ar sinnsearan anns gach linn. Cha 'n 'eil taobh duilleig de Oisein anns nach eil eisempleir ar n-aithrichean

air a cur f'ar comhair a chum ar brosnuchadh gu gaisge 's gu treuntas. Lean na Baird Ghaidhealach an deagh chleachduin so.

"Lean-sa cliu na dh'aom a chaoidh
Mar d'aithrichean bi-sa fein,"

arsa Fionnaghal ri Oscar; agus 's e so a mhor chuid de theagasg Oisein. "Bi gaisgeil mar bu dual duit;" feudar a radh gur e so ceann-teagaisg nam Bard Gaidhealach, agus nam Bard Gallda a sheinn mu threuntas nan Gaidheal 's mu'n dilseachd do na Stiubhartaich. Agus bha gach Ceannard ainmeil Airm bho Ghalgacus gu Morair Chluaidh lanfhiosrach air a' bhuaidh a bh' aig a' chreidimh so thairis air na Saighdearan Gaidhealach. Cha mhor de bheachdan ar sinnsearan. ma tha aon idir ann, a ghleidh uiread de'n cumhachd 's a rinn am beachd so. Feudar a mhor chuid de'n spiorad a th' aig bun na dilseachd 's an duine-alais a th'air a nochdadh 'n ar Comuinn Ghaidhealach 's na bailte mora a lorgachadh gus am bheachd cheudna. Cha 'n 'eil maith na olc a chi sinn 'n ar coimhearsnaich nach 'eil sinn ullamh gu sealltuinn air ais, 's a cheangal ri co-ionaun gne a gheibhear 's na "daoine o'n d'thainig iad." Ma tha mac de choimhearsnaich deas 'n a phearsa, ma tha 'nighean maiseach, no 'n t-atharrach; —ma tha iad slan no euslan, buan no diombuan, aoidheil no doicheallach, fialaidh no spiocach, glic no amaideach, fior no breugach, ionraic no bradach;—nach 'eil thu ullamh —ro-ullamh—gu radh, gun moran feoraich a dheanamh, "Bu dual daibh sin."

'S e mo bheachd gur airidhan teagasg so, a rinn greim cho daingean air inntinnean ar n-aithrichean, 's aig a' bheil a leithid de bhuaidh thairis ar Creidimh 'us Cleachduin air latha fein, a rannsuchadh gu dlu. A' bheil an Sean-fhocal fior; agus ma tha, ciod e cho fior? A' bheil an lagh a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' comharrachadh a mach a' riaghladh a' Chruthachaidh leis fein, no 'n comh-bhoinn ri laghannan eile? Ma tha dà thaobh air, mar theirear gu tric a th'air Bean a' Bhaile 's air Rugha Cuain, feuchamaid ri sealltainn air a dha thaobh. Gun teagamh tha Ceistean cudthromach co-cheangailte ris an teagasg. Staid an Duine—aite 's an Domhan —a dhleasdanais dha fein, d'a chochreutairean, 's do gach ni cruthaichte—a chor mar bhith reusanta le anam neo-bhasmhor;—tha gach ceist dhiu so, 's iomadh ceist a tha leantainn 'n an lorg so, an crochadh ri teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail. 'S e air dleasdanas ma ta an Radh so a cheasnachadh; an cnaimh a bhriseadh 's an smior a dheothal, oir is eigin gu bheil a bheag no mhor de smior ann.

A reir mar is leir dhuinne, tha tri cumhachdan ann, a tha, le cheile, a' sonruchadh cor nadurra gach creutair air thalamh; 's e sin, a Pharantan, an Saoghal, agus E fein. Tha so cho fior, tha mi meas, mu thimchioll gach ni anns a' bheil beatha, a reir an gne, 's a tha e mu thimchioll an duine. Tha ar n-aithrichean, anns na Sean-fhocail, ag aideachadh nan cumhachdan fa leth, mu thimchioll an duine co-dhiu; ach anns an t-Sean-fhocal "Bu dual da sin," 's anns na Sean-fhocail eile a dh' ainmich mi, 's e cumhachd nam Parantan a mhain a th' air a thoirt f'ar comhair.

Aontaichidh gach neach gu bheil e fior ann an tomhas ro-mhor mu lusan 's mu gach creutair cruthaichte a mach o dhuine, gu bheil "Am mac mar an t-athair." Tha gach Garadair 's gach Tuathanach a' saoithreachadh anns a' chreidimh so, agus tha toradh an saothrach a' dearbhadh firinn an creidimh. Bhiodh e coltach gu leoir gu'm biodh an lagh a' riaghladh na bu teinne thairis air gach creutair

mar a b'isle a staid anns a' chruthachadh. Ma tha e fior gur iad na tri cumhachdan a dh' ainmich mi a tha sonruchadh cor gach ni anns a' bheil beatha; tha e so-thuigsinn nach ionann neart do gach cumhachd fa leth thairis air cor gach gne chreutair. Mar is isle staid gach creutair 's ann is lugha 's is laige a chomasan; oir 's e meud 'us neart a chomasan a tha 'sonruchadh airde no isle a staid. Cha 'n 'eil mar so dithis de na cumhachdan a dh' ainmich mi ag oibreachadh cho tric no cho comasach ann am beatha a' chreutair 's a tha iad am beatha an duine. Cha 'n 'eil a chumhachd fein no cumhachd an t-saoghail a' sonruchadh beatha an ainmhidh is airde staid—a shonais no thruaighe —mar tha iad a' sonruchadh beatha an duine is diblidh 'n ar measg. Cha 'n 'eil an Saoghal (agus leis an *t-saoghal* tha mi 'ciallachadh gach ni tha buntainn ris o bhreith gu bhàs) a' caisleachadh a' chreutair air cho iomadh doigh 's a tha e 'caisleachadh an duine. Do bhrigh nach 'eil e fein a' dol an coinneamh an t-saoghail cho tric no cho dian 's a tha 'n duine, cha 'n 'eil an saoghal 'g a choinneachadh air cho liutha bealach. Ann am beatha a' chreutair an coimeas ri beatha an duine, tha 'chairdean 's a naimhdean na's comharraichte, tha iarrtasan na's cinntiche, 'fheuman na's lugha —a dh-aon fhocal tha 'inntinn na's cuinge agus mar sin tha 'n saoghal agus e fein dhasan na's lugha 's na's laige. Ach bhiodh e mealltach a radh mu'n chreutair nach eil cumhachd idir aige fein 's gu h-araid aig an t-saoghal thairis air a bheatha. Mu na h-ainmhidhean is airde comasan, cha ruigear a leas dearbhadh a thoirt seachad aon chuid air a' ghleustachd a tha iad a' cleachdadh a chum sonas a shealbhachadh 'us truaighe a sheachnadh, no air gach iomadh doigh anns a' bheil an saoghal — na siontan — creutairean eile—pailteas 'us gainne lòin—a' sonruchadh an neart, an dreach, 's an aireamh, anns gach tir. Tha so soilleir do gach neach a sheallas mu'n cuairt da 'n a dhuthaich fein, no 'leughas mu eachdraidh ainmhidhean an duthchannaibh eile. Agus tha na ceart chumhachdan a' riaghladh, 'n an staid fein, beatha nan creutairean is diblidh 's nan lus. Ma leughas sinn oibre nan daoine a rannsaich gu geur gne 'us doigh nan lus 's nan creutairean is isle bith, chi sinn nach 'eil ni is cinntiche na so, gu bheil anns gach staid na comasan is feumaile 'chum beatha 'chumail suas air an neartachadh 's air an aiseag 'n an neart do'n t-sliochd. Anns an stri mhior gu bhi beo, tha e fior, air aghaidh a' chruthachaidh anns gach ceum, gu bheil d'fheum a' sonruchadh do neart; agus cha 'n e 'n duine a mhain, ach gach bith, a dh' fhaodas a radh, "Ciod e nach toir neach air son a bheatha."

> "Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh, o'n thug mi 'n aire,
> Gur e 'n duine diomhain is faide 'mhaireas,"

arsa Donnachadh Ban. Cha 'n 'eil do theagasg fior, a Dhonnachaidh. Na 'n tugadh tu 'n aire na b' fhearr, chitheadh tu ann am beatha an duine 's a chreutair gu'n teid Neart thar Ceart; 's gur e lagh nadurra beatha an talmhainn, "A' bheist is mo ag itheadh na beist is lugha 's a' bheist is lugha 'deanamh mar a dh' fhaodas i." Tha 'n lagh "Am mac mar an t-athair" ann am beatha 'chreutair fior a mhain ann an comh-bhoinn ris an lagh so eile; — gu bheil na buaidhean 's na comasan a tha feumail do'n chreutair air an tarruing a mach, air an neartachadh, 's air an aiseag d'a shliochd, gu bhi ris air an cothromachadh ri feum na cloinne,

's gu bhi leis gach atharrachadh a nithear orra air an giulan air an aghaidh o ghinealach gu ginealach re nan linntean.

Ach seallamaid air riaghladh an lagha ann am beatha an duine. Do bhrigh gu bheil iarrtasan an duine na's lionmhoire, 'inntinn na's farsuinge, agus gu h-araid a thoil na's neartmhoire, cha 'n 'eil e cho farasda a dhearbhadh an cuibhrionn d'a ghne-beatha a tha 'n crochadh ri lagh seach lagh; ach air an laimh eile tha fein-fhaireachduin 'us fein-fhiosrachadh againn air iarrtasan 'us smuaintean an duine, tha eachdraidh againn air iomadh teaghlach de'n Chinne-daonna an iomadh linn, 's air aon teaghlach an iomadh aite; agus tha so a' toirt cuideachadh mor dhuinn gu bhi 'fuasgladh na ceist,—ciod e cho fior 's a tha 'n Sean-fhocal am beatha an duine? A thuilleadh air so cha mhor aitean anns a' bheil e cho farasda eisempleir fhaotainn air oibreachadh an lagha ris an rioghachd so. 'S gann a gheibhear ann an eachdraidh, tha mi meas, dà shluagh cho fada an taice a cheile ri Gaidheil 's Goill Albainn a ghleidh cho dealaichte an aghaidh gach cothrom 's gach aobhar gu aonadh. Tha mile bliadhna 'us corr o'n a thuinich Goill an Albainn; tha os cionn ceud bliadhna o'n a tha sith choimhlionta eadar an da shluagh; tha 'n rioghachd fo'n aon lagh, de'n aon aidmheil; tha moran de fhearann na Gaidhealtachd an lamhan Ghall; 's e canain nan Gall a th' air a labhairt anns gach baile 's aig gach feill; ach an deigh so uile tha 'n Gaidheal an diugh 'n a dhreach, 'n a dhoigh, 'na chleachduin, 'n a chanain, 'n a iarrtasan, agus eadhon 'n a bheachdan dlu air bhi cho comharraichte o'n Ghall 's a bha e an uair a chuir a cheud Sasunnach a chas air Albainn. Gun teagamh thainig iomadh atharrachadh air an da shluagh o'n am sin; ach tha e'n a aobhar iongantais ann an duthaich cho beag nach do shluig an Gaidheal suas an Gall re na h-aimsir a bha 'n lamh-an-uachdar aige; agus gu sonruichte tha e 'n a aobhar iongantais nach robh an Gaidheal air a shlugadh suas leis a' Ghall o chionn iomadh bliadhna. Feumaidh e bhi gu bheil an dealachadh eadar an da shluagh domhain agus farsuing, an uair, a dh' aindeoin gach aobhar gu aonadh, a dh' fhan iad cho fada sgarte o cheile. Tha aobhar an dealachaidh, tha mi meas, ri fhaotainn air tus 's an stoc, 's a ghne, no 's an fhuil, mar their sinn; ged tha gun teagamh eachdraidh 's beul-aithris an da shluaigh a' neartachadh a' phriomh-aobhair so.

Tha e cleachdte 'bhi roinn a' Chinne-daonna 'n an tri teaghlaichean, — GEAL, DUBH, 'us RUADH. Tha sinn a' creidsinn, leis an Abstol Pòl, gur ann de 'n aon fhuil an triuir; ged tha iad 'n an dreach 's 'n an doigh cho dealaichte o cheile 's ged a bhiodh triuir chàraid ann o thus. Bha 'n dealachadh so riamh o'n a tha eachdraidh againn orra a reir coslais cho comharraichte 's a tha e nis. Ge b'e air bith mar dh' eirich no mar thoisich e, tha e dhuinne 'n a dhealachadh 's an fhuil, cho dearbhta ris an dealachadh eadar cu-chaorach 's cu-feidh.

Agus ma thionndaidheas sinn gus an teaghlach GHEAL (o'n is ann air is eolaiche sinn) chi sinn gu bheil e 'sgaoileadh a mach 'n a Chinnich a tha o thus ar n-eolais aithnichte le comharan soilleir araon an corp 's an inntinn o chàch a cheile. Tha daoine foghluimte ag innseadh dhuinn gu'm b'e dachaidh an stuic GHEAL taobh an far Asia; gu'n robh a nis 's a ris inrich mhor 'g a deanamh o'n t-sean dachaidh do chearnaibh eile; gu'n deachaidh a cheud sgaoth an Ear far am faighear

anns na h-Innsibh iad fein 's an Sean Chanain (Sanscrit) gus an la diugh; gu'n do ghabh an ath sgaoth (na Gaidheil) an Iar roimh Asia 's roimh thaobh deas na h-Eorpa; gu'n do lean car dlu air sàil nan Gaidheal 's a' gleidheadh an aon rathaid na Greugaich 's na Romanaich; gu'n d'thainig a ris na Goill (no na Teutonaich) an Iar a' gleidheadh na b' fhaide Tuath; agus fa dheireadh gu'n d'thainig na Sclabhonaich a thuinich 'an Ear-thuath na h-Eorpa 's 'an Iar-thuath Asia. Abair gur e 'n teaghlach GEAL an lamh; agus gheibh thu anns na cuig Cinnich a dh' ainmich mi na cuig meoir a' cinntinn o'n laimh 's a' comhdachadh na h-Eorpa 's taobh Tuath 's an Iar Asia. Tha 'n dealachadh eadar na meoir ann an corp 's an inntinn cho maith 's an canain ro chomharraichte. Gun teagamh rinn siontan an athair am priomhdhealachadh ann an dreach a' chuirp a mheudachadh, agus rinn eachdraidh 'us beul-aithris 'us foghlum nan sluagh fa leth (a thuilleadh air cumhachd buaidhean a' chuirp) ceudfàithean na h-inntinn a shonruchadh anns gach teaghlach, 's an canainean atharrachadh mar bha tìm a' ruith; ach mu 'n d' fhuair sinne eachdraidh orra bha iad dealaichte 'n am fuil 's 'n an canain.

Rugadh leis an aon Mhathair, ma ta, an cuignear mhac so, agus dh' araicheadh iad, aon an deigh aon, air comhnardaibh Asia. An uair a bha iad fa seach air fas laidir gu leoir gu bhi 'cothachadh air an son fein, 's ro lionmhor gu bhi tuineachadh mu'n t-sean dachaidh, ghabh iad an domhan m'an ceann; sgaoil iad gach leth 's gach taobh, gach aon a dheanamh air a shon fèin, a' giulan air falbh d'an dachaidhean ùra 'n an cuirp, 'n an inntinnean, 's 'n an canainean, dearbhadh mar-eannach air an dàimh d'a cheile. Is cuimhne leat an uair a tha *Burns* a' moladh sgeimh na mnà os cionn an fhir, mar tha e 'toirt air Mathair nan Uile a bhi feuchainn a laimhe an toiseach air cruthachadh an fhir, agus an uair 'tha i iunnsaichte, tha i 'gabhail os laimh bean a dheanamh:

"Her prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O!"

Ann an tiunndadh a mach nam pobull, nach feud sinn a radh, ann an cainnt cosmhuil ri cainnt a' Bhaird, gu'n do chuir ar Sean Mhathair a stigh a h-ùine a' deanamh an Stuic DHUIBH 'us RUAIDH; agus gu'n robh a' cheird air a laimh mu'n d' fheuch i ris an teaghlach GHEAL. Agus a thuilleadh air so, nach biodh e farasda 'shaoilsinn an uair a bha i fein òg—a h-aignidhean bla, 's a sgeimh grinn, gu'n cuireadh i barrachd luach air cumadh 's air snas na 'chuireadh i air neart 's air saoibhreas. Ann am fuineadh nan sluagh, nach saoil sinn gu'm b'e a miann 's a cheud aite an t-suil a thoileachadh; ach an uair tha a h-aois a' ruith, an uair tha a fuil a' fuarachadh 's a falt a' liathadh, an uair tha a h-eolas air feum an t-saoghail a' dol am meud, an uair tha fein-fhiosrachadh aice air luach neart a bhi 's a' chridhe 'us smior 's a' chnaimh, bhiodh e coltach gu'n cuireadh i barrachd meas air neart na chuireadh i air maise, cuirp 'us inntinn. Ma dh' fhaodte gu'n abrar nach eil an so ach faoin-bheachd duine dhiomhain; 's nach eil bun na barr aige an reusan na 'n eachdraidh. Ach 's e mo bharail na 'n gabhteadh dragh 'us uine gu leoir, gu'm faighteadh an canain 's an eachdraidh nan teaghlach fa leth dearbhadh laidir gur e *cumadh* 'us *snas* am feart a tha buadhachadh 's na teaghlaichean is sine, 's gur e *bùchd*, 'us *cuilthrom* a tha 'comharrachadh a mach nan teaghlaicheau is oige. Agus saoilidh mi nach 'eil aon de'n chuig-

near a thug dearbhadh 'n an corp. 'n an nadur, 's 'n an canain, an da chuid air maise 's air neart ann an dlu cho-chordadh mar a thug na Greugaich 's na Romanaich, a tha seasamh ann am meadhon na sreath le dà theaghlach air gach laimh dhiu.

Bha na ceud mhic fa leth ainmeil an eachdraidh agus tha sinn an dochas gu'm bi fathast; ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh 'n ar latha-ne nach e 'n ceathramh mac—an Gall—aig a bheil an t-aite toisich ann an riaghladh an domhain. Cia cho fada 's a bhitheas a chuis mar so, cha 'n fhios duinn; no co de'n cheathrar a gheibh aite ma chailleas e fein e. O chionn iomadh bliadhna 's e an Gaidheal is faisge a thig air ann am fior chumhachd; ach a reir cursa eachdraidh an t-saoghail gu ruig so, cha 'n e an dara mac ach an cuigeamh a ni an ath stri mhor airson uachdranachd an domhain. Tha 'n Sclabhonach fathast mar gu'm b'ann 'n a chodal; ach co their c'uin a thig an gaisgeach a gheibh a mach ciod e 's dusgadh do'n oganach? Nach tugadh cuairt na h-eachdraidh oirnn a chreidsinn gu bheil a latha fein a' feitheamh airsan, anns am bi aige r'a dhearbhadh do na sloigh an airidh e air aite urramach 'n am measg? Agus an uair a thig an latha so, 's a theid e seachad; an uair a gheibh an cuignear bhraithrean gach aon a threis fein air Righ-chathair an t-saoghail; —nach cinnteach gu'm feudar an dochas altrum gu'n sguir na pobuill a' chasgradh 's a' leadairt a cheile, 's gu'm bi iad a' stri a mhain airson Gliocais, Eolais, 'us Deadh-bheus? Nach tig an sin 'n a lanachd "Linn an Aigh"—Linn na Sith—an Linn mu'n do sheinn na Baird; mu'n do rensonaich na Daoine glice; a chunnaic na Faidhean fada roimh laimh; a bheothaich tograidhean 's a neartaich misneach nan Ionraic anns gach linn ri am trioblaid 'us amhghair; 's a bheir freagradh do gach eubh ghoirt 's do gach urnuigh dhurachdach a rainig na neamhan air son sith o thoiseach an t-saoghail?

Gheibhear anns gach teaghlach dhiu so comharan aithnichte air nach gabh mineachadh cubhaidh toirt ach beachd ar n-athraichean gu bheil iad a' ruith 's an fhuil. B'e bunait creidimh nan sean daoine am fiosrachadh air riaghladh an lagha am measg an luchd-eolais. Ach cha 'n fhairichear fior neart an lagha mar so. Cho fad 's a chumas tu do shuil air daoine fa leth, tha 'n dealachadh na 's mo na 'n samhladh eadar duine 's duine ga d' bhualadh. Is ann a mhain an uair a sheallas tu air rioghachdan 's air cinnich a chi thu ann an eachdraidh an duine an Iomadachd ann an Aonachd a tha toirt Maise 'us Cochordadh do oibre a' Chruthachaidh anns gach cearn. Tha 'n Seanfhocal fior, ma ta, ann an tomhas ro chudthromach mu thimchioll an duine, araon 'n a chorp agus 'n a inntinn; ach cha lorgaich sinn cumhachd nam parantan ann an inntinn na cloinne cho dlu 's a lorgaicheas sinn e anns a' chorp. 'S e 's aobhar dha so, tha mi meas, gu bheil an da chumhachd eile a 'dh aimnich mi—an Saoghal agus E fein—a' riaghladh buaidhean na h-inntinn na's teinne na tha iad a' riaghladh buill a' chuirp. Tha, gun amhurus, siontan, lòn, eideadh, 'us cleachdain ann an tomhas mor a' sonruchadh dreach 'us neart a' chuirp; ach tha laghanan, canainean, teagasgan, beachdan, 'us aidmheilean ann an tomhas moran na 's mo a' riaghladh buaidhean na h-inntinn. "Theid duthchas an aghaidh nan creag"; ach anns an dreadh chas tha 'n greim na 's cinntiche 's an ceum na 's seasmhaiche anns na creagan feolmhor na tha iad 's na creagan

spioradail. Tha e duilich inntinn sluaigh a thionndadh; ach tha e eu-comasach do 'n Etiopianach a chraiceann a mhuthadh, no do'n Leopard a bhrice atharrachadh.

Is ann am beatha an duine a mhain a tha E fein 'n a chumhachd laidir gu bhi sonruchadh a staid. Air thalamh 's ann aige-san a mhain a their sinn a tha Toil. Ciod e gne na feart a tha so, cha 'n fhios duinn; cha 'n aithne dhuinn co bhuaithe tha i 'g eirigh, no ciamar tha i fas; ach tha gach aon againn fein-fhiosrach gur Cumhachd i leis a' bheil comas againn air roghainn a dheanamh. Cha 'n urrainn thu oirleach a chur ri d' airde fein; ach 's urrainn thu maith a roghnachadh 's olc a sheachnadh; agus do bhrigh so tha e so-thuigsinn dhuit gu'm feum thu cunntas a thoirt do d' Cho-chreutair 's do d' Chruith-fhear "mu d' ghriomharan anns a' choluinn co-dhiu tha iad maith na olc."

Anns a' cheum is cudthromaiche 's is soluimte d' ar beatha, ceum ar dleasdanais, 's ann is laige cumhachd an t-Sean-fhocail. Gun teagamh tha e fior, "dhasan d'an toirear moran, gu'n iarrar moran uaith;" ach cha 'n e neart do chuirp no doimhneachd d'inntinn a shonruicheas crioch do dhleasdanais do d' Cho-chreutair no do d' Chruith-fhear, ach am feum a ni thu dhiu. A rèir na buil gus an cuir thu na comasan a bhuineas duit, seasaidh tu no tuitidh tu. Feudaidh "na daoine o'n d'thainig thu" farsuingeachd d'inntinn 'us cudthrom do chunamh a shonruchadh; ach cha choisinn Ionracas do Shinnsearan Sonas dhuit, — cha shaor Euceartan d' Aithrichean o Thruaighe thu. Aig Cathair-breitheanais, air Neamh no air Talamh, cha 'n fhaigh "Bu dual da sin" eisdeachd.

D. M'K.

CUMHA ANNA.

RINNEADH an cumh a so leis an Urramach Mr Iain Mor Mac-Dhùghaill a bha'm Braigh Lochabar, do nighinn bràthair màthair dha, Anna Dhònullach nighean Fhir Chraineachan. Dh'éug Mr Iain 's a' bhliadhna 1761, 's chaidh a thiodhlaiceadh an Cille-Chairill. Is ann bho Sheumas Macan-tòisich, tuathanach, am Both-Fhionntain, a dh'ionnsaich mi e.

GLASRACH.

[An 'Leabhar-òran a' Ghiliosaich,' gheobhar an cumha so air slios 66, "Do mhnaoi nasail ann an Gleanna-Garradh."—ULL].

FON,—"Alastair a Gleanna Gairidh."

An ainnir a chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
Cho robh i agam 'n uair a dhùisg mi.
'S e bhi cuimhneachadh nach beò thu,
Dh'fhàg na deòir a' ruith bho m' shùilean.
Cha d'fhuair mi dhiat ach sealladh-ruathair,
'S truagh nach robh 'm bruadar na b' fhaide,
'S gu'm faicinn gach ni mu 'n cuairt dut,
Gug dùsgadh á m' shuain gu madainn.

Dh' iadhainn mo shùilean mar b' àbhaist,
A dh-amhare àilleachd do phearsa:
Urla sholuis is glan dearrsadh,
Choisinn cliu gach àrmuinn bheachdail;
Do mhuineal mar chanach sléibhe,
Do dheud glé gheal 's do bheul meachair;
Do shlios mar fhiùran deas, dealbhach,
'S do chalpannan mar alabaster.

Aithnghear air an aitreamh uasal,
A' bhuaidh bhios fuaighte ris an tàmhaidh,
Aithnghear air a' choluinn phriseil,
An t-anam 's am bi brigh a's càileachd:
Gu'n aithnghteadh orts' 'n uair bha thu 'd leanamh,
Gu'm biodh tu gu banail, bàigheil,—
Gu'm bidh tu gu briathrach, sgialach,—
Gu'm biodh tu gu ciallach narach.

Cha do mheall thu iad 'n am barail:
Bu tu barrachd nam ban àluinn;
Bu tu Phœnix nam ban feumail,
Bu tu 'n eucag threubhach, stàthor.
'N ad chomhairle gheobhteadh fuasgladh,
'N uair bhiodh tuaireap 'measg do chàirdean.
Bha thu làn misnich a's cruadail—
Gach deagh bhuaidh bha fuaight' ri d' nàdur.

B'fhoghaintich' thu na Debòrah,
Bha thu cho bòidheach ri Judith;
Thu cho geimnidh ri Susana,
'S cho banail rith' anns gach giùlan.
Bha thu iochdmhor, creidmheach, diadhaidh;
Mu d' chuid bha thu fialaidh, pàirteach,
Aig lionmhoiread do bhuiadhean uasal,
Bu tu bhean shuairce bh' aig Nàbal.

Càite 'n gabh an gliocas còmhnaidh
Nise bho'n nach beò thu Anna?
Càite 'n teid an gealladh cinnteach?
Càite 'n fhìrinn? càite 'ghloine?
Càite 'n teid an tuigse chòmhnard?
Càite 'n teid an labhairt bhlasda?
Caite 'n teid an giùlan banail,
A nis, Anna, bho'n nach beò thu?

'S truagh leam do chlann bhi 'n an deòraibh.
'S truagh leam bròn bhi air do mhàthair;
'S truagh leam do pheathraichean deurach
Mu d' dhéighinn, 's nach dian e stàth dhaibh;
'S gur truagh leam osnaich do bhràithrean,
Bho'n nach d'fhuair iad dàil bho'n ug dhiat,—
'S bho'n nach fhaic mi gu là bhràth thu,
Mo bheannachd gu Paras Dhe leat.

—o—

COMHRADH NAN CNOC.

(*Bho 'n Teachdaire Ghaidhealach.*)

Para Mòr, Fionnladh Pìobaire, agus Mór Og.

FIONN. Cò tha againn 'an so a Phàruig? Ma ta is fada o chunnaic mi fein bean uasal a'téarnadh a stigh an catha ud roimhe.

PAR. Tha dà latha uaithe ma chì thu 'n dingh i; tha uat a bhi shuas no bithidh othaisg 's an dris. Cha mhath a fhreagras an sròl uaine ud am measg na droighinn. Nach dubhairt mi riut? Seall an tràs i. O! làn nam beannachd do'n droighinn—'s minic a chuala mi gu'n robh i gun eiseimeil—'s gu dearbh tha mo chead aice.

FIONN. Ud! ud! a ghoistidh, cha dubhairt thu riamh a leithid. A cheart rìreadh a thà mi, tha uainn dìreadh 'n a còdhail.

PAR. Ma ta cha téid mo chas ged a bhiodh i smùmh 'an sud gu latha; ach ma tha truas agad rìthe; theirig 's an eadraiginn—éudail—'s tusa dh' amais air a' mhnaoi-uasail—tha e coltach gur ann agad fein a tha 'm beachd oirre. 'S e sin thus'a bhi co tric 'an cuideachd nan uaislean. Am beil cuimhn' agad air an té d'an do sgrog thu do bhoineid an là a ràinig sinn Glaschu?

FIONN. Falbh! coma leat sin an tràs—cha 'n ionann so agus Glaschu—is bean-uasal a tha'n sud, no tha mise meallta.

PAR. An cuala tusa, ghoistidh, "Sìoda air cabar, agus bithidh e briagha"—sid agad e. Na'm bitheadh i sid uasal, bheirinnsa urram na h-uailse dh'i—ach mu tha faodar sgur de'n ghnothach. Am beil thu idir 'g a h-aithneachadh? Nighean bràthair Fhionnlaidh Phìobaire, a's nighean piuthar Phara Mhóir!! Cha 'n 'eil fhios c'aite 'm beil fear-na-bainse? ach cluimidh sinn. Is math a tha fhios agam an taobh a thug e 'aghaidh an diugh.

FIONN. 'N ann a cheart rìreadh a tha thu? Ma ta, mar thuirt thu fein ris an tailleir Ghallda, "is e'n gille 'n t-aodach"—ach 's i Mór a tha'n so, co dhiubh. Fàilt ort a Mhór—bu mhithich dhut tighinn air do shean eòlas.

PAR. Am beil thu ann a Mhór? Bha eagal oirm gu'n cailleadh tu'n rùsg 's an dris. Cha b'fheairrd thu 'n teadhair uaine sin slaoda riut 's a' chatha dhroighinn—theab i cipein a chur ort.

MOR. Tha e coltach nach féumadh daoine aodach *decent* sa bith a chur orra 's an dùthaich so.

PAR. Tha iumdrain agads' air a' Ghalldachd, agus air na cabhsairean. Is tus a dh' fhaodus a ràdh—leis an sgeulachd, Gu'n deach thu air do thuras le bròg an paipeir mu d' chasaibh. Cha mhath a fhreagras na leòban sin 's na sgrìodain. Bheil

fios agad ciod a tha Fionnladh 'n so ag radh? Tha, gu'm b' fhèarr leis gu'n tugadh tu dha stiall de'n riobain sin air son na pìoba—'s gu'n gléusadh e i air do bhainis a nasguidh.

MOR. O *Uncle!* is *droll* an duine sibh! bithidh sibh daonnan ri *fun*, 's ri magadh.

PAR. Bithidh a Mhór. *Am fasan a bha aig Niall, bha e riamh ris.* Ach an saoil thu, a Ghoistidh, nach 'eil sid gu math. *Uncle*, ars' ise! Nach iongantach nach dubhairt i, *Mr Finlay*, agus *Mr Peter*, mar thuirt am Bodach Gallda.

FIONN. Ud, a Phàruig tha thu tuille's cruaidh air Móir bhochd, a's i air ùr thighinn dachaidh; nach ann is math leat i labhairt Béurla? Ciod a bheireadh daoin' òg gu Galldachd idir mur togadh iad beagan d'i.

MOR. Gu dearbh a dhuine is math a dh' fhàg sibh e. Abraibh sin—tha e coltach, ma's fior esan, gu'n robh e cho math dhuinn fuireach aig an tigh.

PAR. Cha'n 'eil fhios agam nach robh cuideachd, a bhuinneag, air dòigh no dhà—ach Fhiomlaidh, an saoil thu nach faod daoine Béurl' ionnsachadh gun a' Ghailig a dhìchuimhneachadh. Labhradh i Beurla a's neorthaing mar cum sinne rithe mar is urrainn duinn—ach is coma leam an cothlamadh mosach, michiatach a tha nis aig a h-uile fear a's té air an dà chànan.

FIONN. Ciod tha ris a sin, a mhic chridhe, ach an cleachdadh?

MOR. Ciod eile, a dhuine, ach an cleachdadh? An saoil sibh an amais mis' a nis air a' Ghailig?

PAR. Cha'n amais, mo thruaighe! Cha'n iongantach sin! Théid an cleachdadh mar an dùthchas, an aghaidh nan creag. Cha'n iongantach leam idir mar a dh'éirich dhut. Bha thu trì ràidhean air Galldachd, ag cagnadh ablaich de Bhéurla—'s cha robh thu ach deich bliadhna fichead 's a' Ghaidhealtachd, a' sgoltadh cainnt d'athar 's do sheanathar. Ach ma chaill thusa, Mhór, do Ghailig, 's i mo bharail-sa gu'm faod thu radh, mar thuirt a' Chailleach a h-eab a bruidhinn a chall, 'n uair a chaidil i fa chomhair na gréine, "An cnocan, an cnocan," ars' ise gu leodach, "far an do chaill mi mo Ghailig—'s far nach d'fhuair mi mo Bhéurla."

FIONN. Ach cha'n 'eil fhios, a Phàruig, nach 'eil a' Bhéurla na's pailte aig Móir na tha dùil agadsa.

PAR. Cha 'n 'eil fhios nach 'eil—ach chì mi gur h-ann mar is lugha tha aig daoine dh'i is bitheant' a tha i 'n a gurracaig mhosaich an uachdar gach seanachais—dìreach mar tha'n rìomhadh gu léir air an druim—'s ann mar sin a tha Bhéurla gu léir daonnan air an teangaidh. Nach feuch an cluinn thu iad air feadh a chéile aig a' mhaighstir-sgoile; is fada m'an cluinn. Coma leat—mar thuirt an t-amadan e,* "*An la bhios sin ri òrach bitheamaid ri h-òrach—an uair bhios sinn ri maorach bitheamaid ri maorach.*" An uair a bhios sinn a' bruidhinn Béurla, bruidhneamaid Béurla; ach an uair a tha sinn a' bruidhinn Gailig, labhramaid Gailig. Is don' a fhreagras ad a's casag ort fein le d' fhéile 's le d' osain; is ceart cho mì-chiatach leam fein a Bhéurl' agus a' Ghailig a bhreacadh—fòghnaidh sid d'e. Tiugainn, a Mhór, dìreamaid a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe, 's mur tuig thu Gailig, ni

* Bha amadan o shean ann an teaghlach Mhic-Leoid, agus fear eile ann an teaghlach Mhic-Dhonuill; agus chuir an da Cheannfheadhna geall co aig a bha 'n t-amadan bu ghoraiche. Chuireadh a thrusadh maoraich iad do'n chladach, agus chàireadh bonn oir air cloich 's an traigh 's an robh iad. Mhothaich amadan Mhic-Dhonuill do'n or. Am faic thu 'n t-or? ars' esan ris an fhear eile. Falbh! ars, amadan Dhunbheagain, an la bhios sinn ri orach, biomaid ri orach; ach an la bhios sinn ri maorach, biomaid ri maorach.

'bhean do bheatha 's a' Bhéurla chruaidh Shasunnaich 's fearr a tha aice.

MOR. Bha gnothach beag agam ribh fein agus ri bràthair m' athar an so, 's o'n a dh'amais mi oirbh cha bhi mi taoghal gus am till mi. Bha toil agam dìreach mo chomhairle chur ribh m'an ghnothach so tha mi cinnteach a chuala sibh fein a bha mi dol a dheanamh.

PAR. Dìreach—Cò b'fhearr gu fiosachd na *Coinneach Odhar?* Bha fios agam fein gur h-ann mar so a bhitheadh—an geall thu gu'n gabh thu comhairle? Is minig a thainig comhairle an rìgh á beul an amadain —'s na'm biodh tus', a Mhór, a dhuinneag, air a' chomhairle mu bheireadh a thug mise dhut, a leanailt, bha thu'n diugh gu socrach, cothromach pòsda ri Eobhan ruadh, 's cha'n ann mar tha thu 'am beul an t-sluaigh, le sìochaire de Ghall lachdunn — ad bhristeadh-cridhe do'n bhantraich' bhochd is màthair dhut; 's ad thàmailt do gach aon a bhuineas dut.

MOR. Eobhan Ruadh! thug sibh coimeas domh gu dearbh. Gu dearbh cha'n 'eil farmad agam ris an té a fhuair e. Cha b' ann le leithid a chìththeadh, an cuideachd, no an clachan mi. Mac an dubh choiteir.

FIONN. Mac an duine chòir, chneasda; ach innis so, a Mhór, Cò b'athair do'n fhleasgach so a tha 'd chois fein? Eudail b'fhada o chéile crodh-laoigh ur dà sheanathar, 's mi tha cinnteach.

PAR. Cha'n 'eil fhios aicese, mo thruaighe, an robh a' chearc a sgrìobadh an dùnan aig 'athair, no aig a sheanathair, gun tighinn air crodh-laoigh. Ach gu dearbh ma bha crodh-laoigh aig 'athair, tha bhuil airsan gu'n do chuir iad an dìosg gu math tràth e. Is glas an neul a th' air an deòra thruagh—dìreach mar gu'm faigheadh e ma sgaoil á priosan. Cha 'n 'eil fios an aithne dha fein cò a b' athair dha.

MOR. Is e fein a tha mis' a' dol a phòsadh, 's cha'n e athair no mhàthair; 's ma tha esan gu math, tha e coltach gur coma mar bha iadsan.

FIONN. 'S eadh—an e so e'n tràs? Cha choma, Mhór, is minic a bha laogh math aig bó chrotaich, ach air a shon sin ma 's i mart fein a tha mi ceannach, is math leam i bhi de shìolach math: 's gu cinnteach bu tàmailt do d' athair còir a tha sìnnt' anns an ùir gu'n abradh iad ogha mèirlich ri d' leanabh. Cha 'n e air a shon sin nach faod an gille bhi math, agus de dhaoine matha, ach gu dearbh ma tha, a bhuidheachas sin da fhein—'s cha'n ann dutsa, a Mhór, a ghabh leis gun eòlas, gun aithne air fein no air a mhuiantir. Ach am beil a bheag idir aige?

PAR. Innsidh mise dhut mar tha sin—fhad 's is léir dhomhsa. Tha aig 'n *Umbrella* rìomhach ud a tha fo 'achlais—agus a' chasag odhar a tha slaodadh ri dha shlinneig, mar gu'm faiceadh tu sean aodach air stob, no air sgàth ann an eorna—agus mar thuirt an t-òran,

> Gun fhios a béil n'a phoca
> Na dh'oladh a deoch-slainte.

MOR. Mur 'eil cèird no stòras aige, tha rud is fearr aige—modh a's ionnsachadh, 's bheir e e fein as gach cuideachd le ceòl 's le conaltradh.

FIONN. Tha'n t-ionnsachadh gle mhath, a Mhór, ach dh' fheumadh an saoghal so beagan de anns 'n a lamhann, cho math ris a' chean. Air son modh dheth—tha e gle mhath a rithist—ach 's minic a chunnaic mi'u duine bha math gu thoirt fein á cuideachd, gu'n robh e mutha 's math gu chur fein ann—agus air son ciùil deth—tha e glé thaitneach

dhaibhsan a tha 'g a éisdeachd: ach creid thusa mise, cha 'n 'eil e ro tharbhach dhasan a tha 'g a chluich —mo chreach, 's ann agam tha fios!

PAR. Nach abair thu 'n seanfhocal, a Ghoistidh. Cha mhinic a bha *moll aig sabhal Piobaire*. Ach cia air bith mar tha sin, cha 'n 'eil dùil agam gu'n dean am fear ud a lòn le binneas a bheòil, no gluasad a mheur am feasd. Mur dean e *Drumair* beag do na *Volunteers*, ma théid iad air an cois a ris, cha 'n 'eil fhios agamsa ciod tuilleadh a tha air a shon—am fearagan bochd.

MOR. Falbh! cha'n 'eil dùil agam gu'm beil e 'an comain ur molaidh, co dhiubh. Bha teagamh agaibhse anns na Goill riamh. Is sibh a bha coimheach riutha. An saoil sibh nach faodar amas air duine math idir 'n am measg?

PAR. Cha'n 'eil, a Mhór, mis anns a' bharail sin. Faodar amas air daoine còir 'n am measg, agus air daoine fiachail — ach am fear a ghabhas leis a' cheud iasg a thig air a dhubhan, cha'n 'eil fhios nach fhaigh e dallag. Agus an té a ghabhas le fear sa bith a thig 'n a tairgse, ma dh'fhaoidte gu'm faigh i biasd— agus mar d'fhuair thusa biasd, a Mhór, thoill thu e. Ghabh thu leis gun eòlas air fein, no air a mhuinntir. Gun chomhairle chur ri mathair no ri cairdean, chuir thu thu fein am beul an t-sluaigh, mu 'n robh thu 'm beul a' Chleirich—agus ged a chi thu bean a's clann a' tighinn air a dheigh an ceann ràidhe, mar thachair do'n te a phòs am marsanta mòr an uraidh, 's math an airidh. Is tu fein an òinseach bhochd, shocharach mar bha thu. Sin agad sin. Gabh 's an tsròin no 's a' chluais e. Ach thoir ort, ruig an tigh—ma tha na mnathan 'n an abhaist, theid iad na 's faide ad leisgeal na theid sinne.

MOR. Ma ta olc mhath 's mar rinn mise tha mi 'm barail nach b' uilear dhaibh sin—is gabhaidh mi ur comhairle an fhad so, co dhiubh— gu'n robh maith agaibh air son ur caoimhneis.

FIONN. Dh'fhalbh i ghoistidh—'s cha'n 'eil i toilichte, ach bitheadh aice—rinn thu cheart chòir beagan de'n fhirinn innse dh'i; ach ciod am math a ni e—tha i nis am beul an t-sluaigh, agus cia air bith mar tha'n Gall, feumaidh i bhi gabhail leis.

PAR. Feumaidh, feumaidh, cha'n 'eil ach an suaineadh an luib a chéile, 's e sin ma chi am ministeir iomchuidh sin a dheanamh; 's cha 'n 'eil fios agam cuideachd.

FIONN. Ach an saoil thu, a ghoistidh, nach féumar sealltainn riutha. Ged a bha i fein socharach 's i nighean a h-athar 's a màthar i, 's féumar cuideachadh leatha.

PAR. Nach e sin, a mhic chridhe, a' chomhairle bha dhìth oirre. Tha teann air tuarasdal leth-bhliadhna crochte ri dà chluais; 's ciod a nis a théid 'n a beul. Ach na'm bu ghille measail a bha i faotainn, cha bu ghearan sin, ge b'e 'àit as an tigeadh e, ach an siochaire beag lachdunn. 'S mòr leam, ge beag e, amhach circe shineadh air a shon—'s gun fhios co è.

FIONN. Cha 'n 'eil atharrachadh air a nis, ach an dreach is fearr a chur air a' ghnothach. Ach gu dearbh ge nach àbhaist domh mo chlann a leigeil gu bàinis; leigidh mi 'n sid iad. Ma tha mothachadh aca bheir sid an sùilean daibh. Tha mi air m'oillteachadh an leigeil as mo shealladh, gun fhios nach éirich tubaist daibh.

FIONN. Ma shaoileas tu gu'n dean e féum trus a h-uile nighean 's an dùthaich ann; ach cha dean—cha'n 'eil annt' ach na dall-chuileineam thall 's a bhos. Ach coma—mur seall iad rompa — seallaidh 'n an déigh—ach tiugainn a dh' fheuch

ciod a ghabhas deanamh; 's gu dearbh 's beag a tha de shunnd bains' e orm,

An oidhch' a rinn iad a bainis,
'S truagh nach i'n fhairire bh'ann.

PAR. Thachair e dhomh, ach cha'n 'eil atharrachadh air. A Mhór! a Mhór! mo thruaighe bhochd! cha robh thu riamh 's an dris gus a nis.

FIONN. Tha e coltach; ach mar thuirt *Iain amadan* e 'n uair a ghabh e air fein, Cò air a rinn thu sin? Ort fein, a ghràidh. 'S i fein a dhìolas air, air a cheann fa dheireadh, ged a thug i tàmailte dhuinne 's a cheud dol a mach. J. M'L.

—o—

CRUINNEACHADH CHLANN-GHRIOGAIR.

Tha 'n ré air a' chuan,
'S tha an ceò anns a' ghleann;
'S, o'n a dhìteadh ar n-ainm
Anns an latha gu teann,
Ar cath-ghairm iomraiteach,
Rìoghail o chian,
Ni sinn éigheach 's an oidhche
Le dìoghaltas dian!
Bi deas! bi deas!
Bi deas, a Ghriogaraich!
Ma bhios ruaig air ar tòir,
A's ar n-ainm air a bhacadh,
Loisg am fàrdach!—'s am feòil
Biodh aig eunlaith 'g a sracadh!
O, tionail, tionail, tionail,
Tionail, tionail, tionail!
Fhad 's tha duilleach 's a' choille
No cobhar air sruth-thuinn,
Mar is dual, cinnidh buaidh
Le Mac-Griogair gu suthainn!
De Ghleann-urchaidh nan àrd-bheann
'S de Chaol-chuirn nan saoidh,
De Ghleann-lìobhann 's Ghleann-srath
Tha sinn creachte a chaoidh—
Tur spùinnte, spùinnte,
Spùinnte, Ghriogaraich,
Spùinnte, spùinnte, spùinnte!
Troimh dhoimhneachd a' chuain
Theid an stéud-each 'n a dheann:
Chithear bìrlinn a' seòladh
Thar cìrein nam beann;
Leaghaidh creagan mar eigh,
'S theid 'n an still gus a' mhuir,
M'an strìochd sinn ar còir,
A's ar dìogh'ltas m'an sguir!
Bi deas! bi deas!
Bi deas, a Ghriogaraich!
Ma bhios ruaig air ar tòir,
A's ar n-ainm air a bhacadh,
Loisg am fàrdach!—'s am feòil
Biodh aig eunlaith 'g a sracadh!
O, tionail, tionail, tionail,
Tionail, tionail, tionail!
Fhad 's tha duilleach 's a' choille
No cobhar air sruth-thuinn,
Mar is dual, cinnidh buaidh
Le Mac-Girogair gu suthainn!

EADAR. LE MAC-MHARCUIS.

—o—

IAIN AGUS ALASTAIR.

[Chuireadh an sgialachd so h-ugainn leis an Urr. an t-Olla Mac-Lachlainn. Tha e 'g ràdh nach 'eil e 'meas gu'n beil dad de dh-eideachadh innte, ach gu'm beil e 'g a cur h-ugainn air sgàth na Gàilig snasmhoir anns am beil i air a h-aithris. Sgrìbheadh sìos i anns am Barraidh bho bhial fir-aithris bho chionn àireamh bhliadhnaichean le caraid òg.]

Bha righ ann uair aig an robh dithis mhac do'm b' ainm Iain 'us Alastair. An uair a shiubhail an rìgh, bha cileadairean 'us cléirich ùine mhór a' cur ceart a chuid chunntas, gus mu dheireadh an d' fhuaradh, an deigh a h-uile ni 'chur ceart, nach robh dad gu ruighinn air Iain 's air Alastair, ach aon choileach agus seann fhàradh. 'S e Iain bu shine de 'n dithis. Thuirt Alastair ris gu 'm bu chòir dhoibh bàrr a chur 's an talamh. Dean thusa sin, ars' Iain 's e 'breith air a' choileach 's 'g a chur 'n a achlais.

Dh' fhalbh e mar so 's an coileach aige 'n a achlais, gus an d' ràinig e 'chéud bhaile mór. Bha e fad an làtha 'coiseachd air ais 's air aghart tre 'n bhaile, 's cha do thachair neach air a thairg sgillinn air a' choileach. Cha robh fhios aige ciod a dheanadh e an uair a thigeadh an oidhch' air — cha robh peighinn ruadh aige 'n a phòc a cheannaicheadh leabaidh no biadh.

An uair a bha e fad a dh' oidhch' agus a ghabh am baile mu thàmh, chunnaic e uinneag an sin 's an robh solus, ghabh e null g'a h-ionnsaidh, 's ciod e chunnaic e tre tholl a' chùirteir a bh' air an uinneig, ach bòrd air a shuidheachadh air meadhon an urlair, agus a h-uile seòrsa bìdh air, agus duine 's bean ag itheadh dh' e. Bha e 'miannachadh pàirt a bhi aige fhéin d' e. Bha e 'feitheamh a h-uile ni a bha iad a' deanamh, gus mu dheireadh am fac e an duine 'cur dh' e a chuid aodaich 's a' gabhail a laidhe. Ach sùil dh' an d' thug e, ciod e 'chunnaic e ach duine 'tighinn a nuas an t-sràid, agus ghabh e lom 'us dìreach a dh-ionnsaidh dorus an tighe aig an robh e fhéin 'n a sheasamh, agus bhuail e e; ach ma bhuail cha d' fhuair fosgladh. Bhuail e rithist 's cha d' fhuair fosgladh.

Bha Iain, fad na h-uine bha 'n duine 'bualadh an doruis, a' feitheamh air an uinneig; agus ciod e an obair a bh' aig a' mhnaoi, a' cheart cho luath 's a chual i 'bhi bualadh an doruis, ach a' cur a' bhìdh am falach am preas beag a bha 's a' bhalla; agus am fear a bha 's an leabaidh, thug i air éirigh, agus chuir i fo bheul togsaid e rùisgte mar a bhà e. Is ann an déigh dh' i sin a dheanamh a chaidh i dh' fhosgladh an doruis do 'n fhear a bha 'm muigh.

Ach ciod a mhothaich am fear a bha 'bualadh an doruis ach duine 'n a sheasamh aig an uinneig. Ghabh e far an robh e, 's dh' fhaighnich e dh' e, ciod è a bha e' deanamh an sud. Tha mi an so, ars' Iain, 's mi gun fhios agam c'àite an teid mi; cha-n 'eil sgillinn agam a gheibh biadh no deoch, 's tha mi gu bàsachadh leis an acras. Thig a stigh do m' thigh-sa, 'ille bhochd, ars' an duine, agus gheibh thu do leòr bìdh. Tha mi gle dheònach, ars' Iain.

An uair a dh' fhosgail an dorus 's e 'cheud fhocal a thuirt am fear a bha 'm muigh rithe, i thoirt bìdh do 'n ghille bhochd so; agus co am fear a bh' ann ach fear an tighe. Thuirt a' bhean, Ciod e an gille bochd a th' agad an sin mu'n àm so dh' oidhche, nach 'eil fhios agad nach b' urrainn biadh a bhi bruich agamsa cho anmoch 'us so. Ach, arsa fear an tighe ri Iain, Ciod e an coileach a th' agad an sin fo d' achlais? Tha, ars' Iain, fiosaiche. 'S e 'n coileach so tha 'g am chumail suas le 'chuid fiosachd. Cha b' fhada gus an d' thug Iain bruthadh air a' choileach fo 'achlais, agus leig an coileach neo-choireach gog as. O, ciod e tha 'n coileach ag ràdh an dràst, arsa fear an tighe. Tha e 'g ràdh, ars' Iain, gu'm bheil am preas beag ud thall lom-lán bìdh. Am bheil, arsa fear an tighe. 'S e sin a tha 'n coileach ag ràdh, ars' Iain. Dh' fhalbh fear an tighe agus dh' fhosgail e 'm preas 's bha e cho làn bìdh 's a ghabhadh e. Thug fear an tighe a leòr do dh' Iain d' e. Ach coma, cha b' fhada gus an d' thug Iain an t-ath-bhruthadh air a' choileach, agus rinn e gog eile 'g a ghearan fhéin. Ciod e tha 'n coileach ag innse dhuit an dràst, Iain, arsa fear an tighe. Och, och, is coma sin, ars' Iain, tha e 'cantainn gu'm beil an t-abharsair fhein rùisgte fo 'n togsaid mhóir a th' air meadhon an ùrlair. Innsidh mise,

ars' Iain, ciod a ni sinn: seas thusa aig an dorus agus thoir leat deagh bhata; agus an uair a thogas mise 'n togsaid, bheir esan an dorus air cho luath 's a th' aige, agus bi thusa cinnteach gu'n toir thu dha tarrainng mhaith de'n bhata 's an druim. Rinn fear an tighe sud, sheas e 's an dorus; agus a' cheart cho luath 's a chuir Iain car de'n togsaid, sud a mach an t-abharsair. Tharrainng fear an tighe am bata air cho làidir 's gu'n do lean craicionn a dhroma ris. Thug an t-abharsair an t-sràid air dearg rùisgte mar a bhà e agus a dhruim air a bristeadh leis a' bhuille a thug fear an tighe dha. Cha do thuig fear an tighe co b' e an t-abharsair a bh' ann——cha d' aithnich e idir gur h-e bh' ann fear de mhuinntir a' bhaile a bhiodh a' tighinn an còmhnaidh a dh-ionnsaidh a thighe a h-uile cothrom a gheibheadh e, 's e sin, an uair a bhiodh fear an tighe o 'n bhaile. O, arsa fear an tighe, 'S ann agadsa 'tha 'n coileach fiachail, Iain——na 'n reiceadh tu rium fhéin e, bheirinn dhuit tri cheud punnd Sasunnach air. Ciod a ni mi fhéin, 's gur h-e tha 'g am chumail suas le 'chuid fiosachd. Ro cheart, arsa fear an tighe, ach bithidh e fuathasach riatanach dhòmhsa a leithid a bhi agam. Tha mise coma o 'n is tu am fear a th' ann, ars' Iain, ged a bheirinn dhuit e air an tri cheud punnd Susonnach. Thug fear an tighe dhà an tri cheud agus thuirt e ri Iain, e dh' fhuireach an oidhche sin 's gu'm falbhadh e an là air n-ath-mhàireach. Cha robh Iain deonach fuireach leis an eagal bh' air gu'n iarrtadh air a' choileach fiosachd a dheanamh. Thug fear an tighe an coileach do'n mhnaoi gus a ghleidheadh. Dh' fhalbh ise 's chuir i an ciste mhóir e, ach, ciod a's droch uair ach a dh' fhàg i an ceann aige air taobh a muigh clar-uachdair na ciste, agus thachdadh e. 'S e Iain còir a bha toilichte ged a bha e 'cumail a mach ri fear an tighe gu'n robh e duilich; ach dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh le 'thri cheud punnd Sasunnach. An uair a ràinig e 'n tigh bha Alastair ag itheadh bhidh, 's dh' innis e dha gu'n d' fhuair' e tri cheud punnd Sasunnach air a choileach. Is maith sin, ars' Alastair; cumaidh sin suas sinn fhad 's is beò sinn. O, ars' Iain, cha laimhsich thu sgillinn ruadh dh' e fhad 's is beò thu, faigh rud dhuit fhein. An uair a chuala Alastair so smaoinich e gu'm falbhadh e leis an fhàradh. Rinn e sin agus a' cheud bhaile mòr a thug e mach, chruinnich a' chlanna bheag mu'n cuairt da, agus thòisich iad air a ribeadh thall 's a bhos. Theich e as a' bhaile so agus thug e baile eile air, ach ged a bhiodh e anns a' bhaile fhathast cha 'n fhaigheadh e duine a bheireadh tairgse dha air an fhàradh. Bha 'n so an oidhche air tighinn, agus Alastair air ais 's air aghart air feadh na sràide. Mu mheadhon oidhche chunnaic e solus ann an unnieig gu h-àrd os a chionn. Chuir e am fàradh suas ris a' bhalla dh' ionnsaidh na h-uianeig, 's ciod a bha 's an t-seòmar ach ceathrar bhaintighearnan 'n an suidhe mu'n bhòrd. Chual e an seanchas a bh' ann, agus 's e sin, thuirt an té bu shine dhiubh, nach b' fhuilear leatha gu'n tigeadh làn basaidh de 'n bhlonaig aisde fhéin. Thuirt té de na baintighearnan a b'oige, gu'n robh gu leòr leatha fhéin làn truinnseir a thoirt aisde. Chual' Alastair iad ag ràdh gu'm b'fhada leo bha 'n lighich gun tighinn, agus an ùine mhòr a bha o 'n a dh' fhalbh fear an tighe g' a iarraidh. Dh' aithnich Alastair gur h-ann a' feitheamh an lighich a bha iad, agus dùil aca ris a h-uile mionaid, los pairt de na bha annta de bhlonaig a thoirt asda; agus ciod a smaoinich e ach gu 'n gabhadh e stigh far an

robh iad, agus gu 'n cuireadh e am fiachaibh dhoibh gu 'm b' e e fhéin an lighich. Amhuil 's mar a b' fhior, ghabh e stigh. Shaoil leosan gu 'm b' e an lighich 'bh' ann. Dh' fhaighnich e dhiubh an robh iad deas. Thuirt iad gu 'n robh. Ma ta, ars' Alastair, is obair gle dhuilich a tha sibh a' cur mu m' choinimh-sa an nochd, ach is éudar gu'n deanar i air a' shon sin. Cheangail e iad gu tòiseachadh ri toirt diubh na blonaig. Dh' fhaighnich iad d' e, c' àite an d' fhàg e fear an tighe. Ghabh e choimhead caraid 'th' ann an àite tha 'n sud, ars' Alastair, 's o'n nach 'eil dùil aige tighinn dhachaidh an nochd, thuirt e riumsa sibhse dh' innseadh dhòmhsa an aite 's am bheil an t-airgiod an gleidheadh. Tha eagal orm nach urrainn duibh innseadh dhomh an déigh a' bhlonag a thoirt asaibh. Thuirt mi ris gur fichead punnd Sasunnach a bhithinn ag iarraidh air son mo shaothrach. An uair a chuala na boirionnaich so thuirt iad ris, tha preas an sin air do chùlaobh, agus so dhuit iuchair, 's fosgail e. Ghabh Alastair còir an iuchair, agus dh' fhosgail e 'm preas, 's ciod e a fhuair e ann ach mile punnd Sasunnach, 's a mach thug e cho luath 's a bh' aige.

Ach cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig fear an tighe 's an lighich, 's mur do ghabh iad iongantas an uair a fhuair iad na baintighearnan ceangailte air meadhon an lobhta. Cuidich mise! arsa fear an tighe, ciod a tha sibh a' deanamh ceangailte mar sin? Nach 'eil, ars' iadsan, an lighich 'chuir sibh fhéin a thoirt dhinn na blonaig. An e mise? arsa fear an tighe; cha do chuir mise lighich 's am bith thgauibh. Nach 'eil an lighich chaidh mise dh' iarraidh agam an so.

Dh' aithnich na baintighearnan nach robh an Alastair ach am mealltair mór. Seall, ars' iadsan, thuirt am fear a cheangail sinn an so gu'n d' iarr thu fhéin air a radh ruinne, sinn a thoirt dha a thuarasdail. Dh' innis sinn dha an t- àite 's an robh an t- airgiod an gleidheadh, agus a'cheart cho luath 's a fhuair e e, am mach ghabh e. O! tha mise briste, arsa fear an tighe 's e leum a dh-ionnsaidh an àite 's an robh an t- airgiod an gleidheadh aige, agus fhuair e gu'n robh a h-uile sgillinn d' e air a ghoid.

O! am bheil fada o 'n a dh'fhalbh e, ars' esan. Faighear each dhòmhsa. agus theid mi dh' fhenchainn am beir mi air. Bha Alastair ùine mhaith air falbh mu'n am so; ach ged a bha, bha amharus aige gu'm biodh an tòir air. Thachair duine air aig taobh aimhne, agus e 'buain feòir. 'S eadh, ars' Alastair, an dean thu fasdadh rium fad thri uairean an uaireadair, air chuig sgillinn Shasunnaich? Ni mi, ars' an seann duine. 'S e an t- seirbhis a dh' iarras mi ort, ma ta, ars' Alastair. thu 'dhol air do dha ghlùn fad thri uairean a thim, agus gun aon fhocal a thighinn a mach as do bheul fad na h-uine; cuimhnich, ma their thu smid nach fhaigh thu sgillinn. Gu dearbh cha'n abair mise guth, ars' an duine gus an ruith na tri uairean. Rach air do ghlùinean, ma ta, ars' Alastair. Rinn an duine sud, agus thòisich Alastair air cur an fheoir air a' mhuin. Ach mar a bha an t- amharus aig Alastair, agus fios aige nach b' fhada gus an tigeadh iad air a thòir, thòisich e air cur an fheòir air muin an duine mar gu'm biodh e 'deanamh cruaiche dh' e. Amhuil 's mar a b' fhior, co nochd a' tighinn air an rathad ach marcaich, agus is ann air fhéin a bha am fraoch. Dh' fhaighnich e de dh' Alastair am fac e duine dol seachad an rathad an diugh. Chunnaic mi, ars' Alastair,

agus 's ann air fhéin a bha 'chabhag. O! am mèirleach bradach, ars' am marcaiche, sin direach am fear a ghoid mo chuid airgid; an urrainn duit innseadh dhomh ciod e an taobh a thug e air? Is urrainn, ars' Alastair; agus tha fios agam na'm falbhainn fhéin as a dheigh leis an each sin a th' agad, gu'n deanainn a mach cia an taobh a thug e air. Falbh ma ta, ars' am marcaich, agus beir air, agus bheir mi dhuit fichead punnd Sasunnach an uair a thig thu leis. Bi-sa ma ta, ars' Alastair a' deanamh gurrucaig de 'n fheur so gus an tig mi. Bithidh. ars' am marcaich. Dh' fhalbh Alastair; ach ma dh' fhalbh cha b' ann gu tilleadh ris a' mharcaich. Ruith e'n t- each cho cruaidh 's a bh' aige; ach an uair a bha e gu bhi aig na tighean leig e an t- each as—bha e'n so cinnteach gu'n robh e sàbhailt. An uair a fhuair e am measg nan tighean, cha b' fhurasda 'dheanamh a mach tuilleadh. Ach am marcaich 'dh' fhuirich a' deanamh na cruaiche feòir gus an tigeadh Alastair air ais, 's e ghabh an t- uamhas an uair a thòisich a' chruach air gluasad. Co bha 'toirt oirre 'bhi gluasad ach an seann duine a rinn fasdadh ri Alastair, an uair a shaoil leis gu'n robh na trì uairean air ruith. Ach bha am marcaich 'cumail na cruaiche fotha cho maith 's a b' urrainn da, gus mu dheireadh an do leig an seann duine an éigh "murt." An uair chual 'am marcaich so, leig e leis an t- seann duine éirigh. An uair a dh' éirich e, thòisich e air iarraidh a thuarasdail, agus e'n duil gur h- e Alastair a bh' aige. Thuirt am marcaich ris, Cha'n fhaca mi riabh thu, dhuine. A thruthaire bhradaich, ars' an seann duine, nach d'thuirt thu rium gu'n d' thugadh tu dhomh cuig sgillinn Shasunnach. na 'm fanainn an so fad thri uairean an uaireadair gun smid a thighinn a mach as mo bheul. Cha d'thuirt mi, ars' am marcaich. Nach ann agad a tha 'n t- aodann dalma, ars' am bodach. An uair a chunnaic am marcaich na fhuair e de dhroch cainnt, rug e air a' bhodach, agus rug am bodach air. Bha iad an so a' gabhail da chéile gus an do leth-mharbh am marcaich am bodach. 'S e am marcaich bh' ann an so fear an tighe as 'n a ghoid Alastair an t- airgiod. 'S e dh' éirich do'n mharcaich gu'n deach a chur an làimh air son an diol a rinn e air a' bhodach, agus fhuair e sia miosan priosain, a thuilleadh air a dheanamh a mach gur h-e Alastair a ghoid a chuid airgid. Bha coguis gle fharsainn aige—shaoil leis gu'n robh e onorach gu leòr dha airgiod an duine eile ghleidheadh. Cha'n fhac e sgàth lochd ann.

—o—

ALTACHADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

An uair a dh' eireamaid gu moch,
Mu'n rachamaid air fiar a mach,
B' ionmhuinn an spiseamach bruich,
Do'n siansireachd beirm a's braich.

Aithneasaich tha snuadhor glas,
'S 'n a chuir caoin ghriosach teas ;
Mac na cleithe ris a' phrais,
Bragairneach is cruighneach treis.'

Ogha 'chaochain ar dara h-uair,
Romh'n chleith luaith 's a cursa cam ;
Spiorad cas an ic' gun smur,
A dh' fheumas tuchadh air a cheann.

Is caoranach an t-uisge cas,
Canranach gun smuid fo theas ;
Craobh ad chridhe ga do mholadh,
'S do chneas ag comhdach do threis'.

'S grismhor garg an claigneach cruaidh.
Sgaile nam buadh cha choir a chleith ;
Bidh e teith ri latha fuar,
Agus fuar ri latha teith.

—o—

EARAIL DO MHUINNTIR NA GAIDHEALTACHD MU'N GHAIDHEAL.

A GHAIDHEIL URRAMAICH.

Ceadaich dhomh beagan fhacal a chur an altaibh a cheile mu thimchioll na muinntir sin, mo luchd-duthcha, air son an d'rinn thu spairn chruaidh re nan tri bliadhua a chaidh seachad chum an ath-leasachadh ann an eolas, agus anns gach fiosrachadh feumail air son an staide. Tha na Gaidheil 'n an sluagh a tha comh-arraichte thair gach sluagh eile air aghaidh a'chruinne a thaobh bhuaidh-ean eug-samhla a tha dluth-cheangailte riutha. Mur nach 'eil cearna de'n talamh anns nach faigh-ear iad. cha'n eil cearna dh'e nach 'eil eolach air an deagh-ghiulan, an euchd, agus am mòr-ghniomh. Tha iad measail agus cliùiteach, agus air an aobhar sin, is lionmhor dichioll a rinneadh riabh, chum fuasgladh a thoirt dhaibh 'n an teanntachd, agus chum gach eòlas a chraobh-sgaoileadh 'n am measg. Nach mòr, 's nach cudthromach an spàirn a rinneadh leat fein, a' *Ghaidheil* ionmhuinn. ad chuairtibh lionmhor am fad 's am farsuing, bho chionn thri bliadhna, a chum math do luchd-dùthcha a chur air aghaidh. Is iomadh là fliuch, fuar a thug thu na raointean ort. Is tric a bha thu air do chlaoidh le h-àuradh 's le doininn. Is minic a chaidh tu air cuan-thuras a chum dùthchanna cein, gu greim fhaotainn air sliochd nam beann anns na criochaibh farsuing sin, agus chum comhairle a thoirt orra, agus an leas is fhearr a dheanamh follais-each dhaibh. Bha thu riabh a' giùlan nithe matha agus tarbhach ad lorg. Cha robh do lamh riabh falamh, no do chridhe riabh a dh-easbhuidh deagh-dhùrachd a thaobh na muinn-tir sin d'am beil mor-speis aig gach neach a tha eolach air na feartan lionmhor a bhuineas daibh. Agus cha'n e sin a mhain, ach chaidh tu air do chuairtibh re an da mhios a chaidh seachad le h-uallaich dhubh-ailte air do ghuaillean,—uallach a bu leoir, mur b'e gu'm bu *Ghaidheal* thu, gus do leagadh sios, agus do phronnadh gu duslaich agus gu luaithre! Ach dh' fhuilig thu gach cruaidh-chas de'n ghnè so, leis an durachd leis an robh thu air do dheachdadh air son leas nan Gaidh-eal. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil iad toillteanach air gach ni a rinn-eadh riabh air an son, an da chuid leat fein, agus le móran eile a chaidh air an cuartibh air thoiseach ort. Bha iad gu minic an airc 's an eigin, —an gainne 's am bochduinn, ach nochdadh trucantas leis na miltibh d'an taobh-san, do bhrigh gu'n robh iad riabh ainmeil agus measail. Rinn cruadal agus dillseachd nan gaisgeach so an cliù a sgaoileadh thair aghaidh an talmhainn gu leir! B'iadsan gu sònraichte luchd-dion na righeachd. Bha co-'roinn urram-ach aca an còmhnuidh de gach blàr deistinneach agus cath fuilteach, a chuireadh air son an righ, agus an dùthcha,—an saorsa agus an lagha. An aon fhacal, cha d' thug saighd-airean na b' fhearr riabh aghaidh do nàmhaid. oir bha iad riabh dileas, fad-fhulangach, gaisgeil. Air do'n chùis a bhi mar so, thugam earail dhùrachdach do m' luchd-dùthcha gu leir, air feadh gharbh-chrioch na h-Alba, agus anns gach cearna eile de'n t-saoghal, do bheatha-sa alt-achadh leis gach deagh-rùn 'n an comas. Ge b'e àit' anns am beil iad,—an America, no an Australia, —no 's na h-Innsibh Near no Niar, —no eadhon an China iomallaich,— deanadh iad sòlas do-labhairt. An uair a ruigeas an *Gaidheal* iad, thug-adh iad caidreamh, agus aoidheachd-chridhe dha, agus deanadh iad gach innleachd agus strith 'n an comas

chum a làmh a neartachadh, a mhìsneach a bhrosnachadh, agus a shlighean 'n am measg a dheanamh réidh, taitneach, agus buan-mhaireannach. Ma dh' fhosgaileas muinntir na Gaidhealtachd an sùilean, chi iad gur caraid dìleas thu, agus aoidh a tha air gach seòl taitneach. O, bu tu an caraid caomhail, aig am beil an da chuid mor-eolas, agus mòrdhùrachd gu bhi 'g a chomh-phairteachadh am measg nan aineolach. Is aoidh thu a tha air gach seòl ro thaitneach, agus b'olc an airidh gu'n rachadh grabadh no moille sa bith a chur ort ad chuartibh. Cha'n àill leat am baile fhàgail ach nair 's a' mhios; ach an uair a theid thu a mach, is lionmhor do naigheachdan, agus is binn, blasda an seòl air an aithris thu iad. Tha 'chainnt a tha thu a' gnathachadh soilleir agus drùighteach, — cainnt Oisein agus Fhinn.—agus càinnt aig nach 'eil coimeas idir a thaobh òirdheirceis, aoise agus cumhachd. Ach a *Ghaidheil* ionmhuinn, cha'n e mhàin gu'm beil do chainnt gun choimeas òirdheirc agus cumhachdach. ach tha'n rùn leis am beil thu a' dol air do chuairtibh gu'n amhuras cliu-thoillteanach. Is e do mhiann agus do thlachd dol a dh' amharc air do luchd-duthcha gu leir, biodh iad àrd no iosal, bochd no beairteach, chum iadsan a tha mi-churamach a theagasg,—agus iadsan a tha aingidh a dhìnsgadh, gu h-aithreachas. Tha'n t-eòlas agad domhainn agus mòr,— agus tha'm fiosrachadh agad farsuinn, fallain, agus ioma-ghnèitheach. Air nairibh labhraidh tu air blaraibh fuilteach.—air na Cinn-fheadhna a bha ann bho shean, — air na tagluinnean deistinneach a bha eadar na Fineachan Gaidhealach, agus air eachdraidh nan linn a dh' fhalbh. Air nairibh eile, tha thu togail d' inntinn bharr an talmhainn, agus ag innseadh do d' luchd-duthcha mu gach grein, 's gach gealaich, 's gach reult, agus gach cruinnmheall soillseach a tha gluasad ann an gorm-astar nan speur. Tha thu a' cur an ceill am buaidhean, am meud, an airimh, an astair bho chéile, agus gach ni eile mu'n timchioll. A ris, tha thu deònach air fios a thoirt mu thiomchioll gach oibre, gach innleachd, agus gach ealdhain a tha 'g am faotuinn a mach air feadh na righeachd,—agus mu thimchioll naigheachdan na duthcha, agus gach sgeoil a tha teachd á tìribh an cein. Air gach ni tha do chomhairle 's fhearr deas, agus daibhsan a bheir cluas d'i bheir thusa seachad i le durachd 's le deagh-ghean. Dhaibhsan a tha dol air imirich á duthaich am breith thair chuantan farsuinn, tha thu 'toirt rabhaidh agus earail, agus ag innseadh dhaibh gach ni mu'n tir chum am beil a mhiann orra dol. Tha thu air gach seòl taitneach, agus os ceann gach ni eile, tha do chòmhradh mu na cùisean so gu léir so-thuigsinn agus subhailceach, firinneach agus treibhdhireach. Gun teagamh is e do mhiann a bhi "*'s an uile chruth do na h-uile, chum air gach uile dhòigh*" gu'n craobh-sgaoil thu gach eòlas am measg do luchd-dùthcha. Cha mhath leat dol a mach air do chuairtibh gu'n a bhi air gach seòl deas air son na slighe. Air an aobhar sin tha cuid ann d'am beil e'n a ni taitneach a bhi 'deanamh cuideachaidh leat air son an turais. Tha seann *Renton*, a nis ann am *Brodick*, do ghnàth ad fhochair, gu h-ullamh, eallamh, deas-chainnteach chum clach a chur ad charn. Tha mar an ceudna sgaoth eile dhiubhsan a bha cuideachadh leat roimhe, deas chum an ni ceudna a dheanamh a ris. Is taitneach gu'm beil an t- Olla Mac-Lachlainn a' teachd air aghaidh le a thréunchòmhnadh, agus an t- Olla Masson, companaich dhileas, agus luchd-

cumail suas searmonachaidh na Gailig ann am priomh-bhaile na righeachd. Tha dòchas agam nach treig *Bun-Lochabar* thu le' theangaidh thlà agus ealanta. Tha e cinnteach nach treig an seann *Sgiathanach* thu, am feadh 's a ruitheas an fhuil rioghail 'n a chuislean. Ni mo a threigeas *Alasdair Ruadh* thu, oir tha e a' cur mòran bheannachd ad ionnsuidh, agus ag iarraidh innseadh dhut nach 'eil Murachadh Bàn agus Coinneach Ciobair marbh fhathast; ach chum an tròm-ghaillionn shneachda aig a' bhaile iad le cheile, agus cha do chòmhlaich iad chum comhraidh. Ach tha dòchas agam gu'm beil là math a' teachd.

A nis. a *Ghaidhil* choir, an deigh na tha thu a' cur romhad a dheanamh air son math do luchd-duthcha, bhiodh e nàr ri innseadh gu'm faicteadh aon'n am measg caoin-shuarach cia aca a ruigeas tu iad no nach ruig. Tha costas mor ad lorg, costas nach tuig a h-uile fear, ach an déigh sin uile, bu bheag agus b' éutrom e air gach aon fa leth, na 'n roinneadh iad 'n am measg fein e. Rachadh iad 'n am buidhnibh anns gach sgireachd, agus rachadh seisear anns gach buidhinn, agus cha ruig an costas ach sgillinn Shasunnach air gach fear 's a' bhliadhna, no sgillinn ruadh 's a mhios! Cha shòradh aon anam de shliochd nam beann sgillinn Shasunnach a chur a mach na'n comhlaicheadh e caraid aig tighosda; agus cha bu mhòr da sgillinn bhochd ruadh 's a' mhios a chumail as an tombaca, chum an earrann aige dhe'n chostas iocadh. Tha na Goill a' cumail suas nam ficheadan de na paipeirean luideagach, leathann, libheagach, Gallda aca fein, agus is truagh. duilich an ni e mur cum sliochd nam beann suas aon *Ghaidheal* cuimear, ceanalta. eireachdail, mar dhuin'-uasal fòghluimte, chum gach eolas fo'n ghrein a sgaoileadh air am feadh ann an canan brighmhor am mathar fein. Gabhadh iad rabhadh 'n a thrath, agus thugadh iad dearbhadh seachad gu'm beil iad glic air an son fein. Is math leam nach tuig na Goill a' Ghailig, air eagal gu'm biodh fios aca gu'm beil sliochd nan Garbh-chrioch cho caoin-shuarach mu'n leas fein. Smuainicheadh iad gur Gaidhil iad fein. agus gur *Gaidheal*, agus fior charaid nan Gaidheal thusa, agus thugadh iad uile deagh-mhisneach dhut gu bhi 'dol air chuairt orra aireamh mhor de bhliadhnaichean le d' sgeoil thaitneach, fhallain. Ach, a *Ghaidhil* ro ionmhuinn, gabh mo leisgeul, chum mi tuilleadh's fad thu. Saoghal fad agus deagh bheatha.—agus bliadhna mhath ur dhut,—oir "*an tè a chi 's nach fhaic*," 's e so fior dhurachd an t-seann

SGIATHANAICH.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.
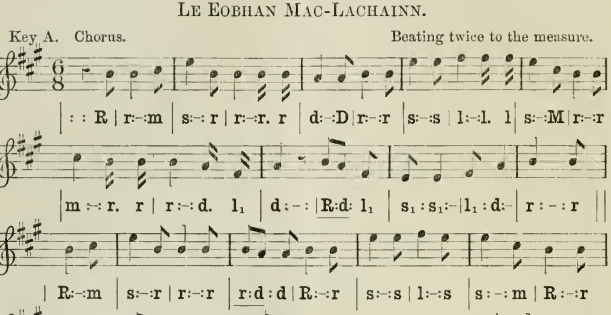
'S e an ceò geamhraidh a ni an cathadh earraich.
'S i an Nolluig dhubh a dh' fhàgas an cladh miath.
Oidhche Sheann-Challainn bu mhath leis an t-seann-shluagh gu'm buaileadh cuilcann a's calltann a chéile.
Cha robh samhradh riabh gun 'ghrian,
Cha robh geamhradh riabh gun smal;
Cha robh Nolluig mhor gun fheoil,
'S cha bhi bean òg le 'deoin gun fhear.
Ma 's math leat do mholadh, faigh bàs;
Ma 's math math leat do chàineadh, pòs.
Dian do ghearan ri fear gun iochd,
'S their e riut—Tha thu bochd.
Na geill do ghis, 's cha gheill gis dut.
Cha tugainn m' fhalt a mach Dilaoine,
'S dhianainn m' ingnean maol Diluain,
'S shiubhlainn an sin bho chuan gu cuan.
The tri la Iuchair 's an Fhaoilleach,
'S tri la Faoillich 's an Iuchair.
Faoillcach, Faoilleach crodh am preas,
Gal a's gaoir nitear ris.
Ruinn nathrach 's earball peucaig air an earrach.

—o—

EILIDH CHAMARON.

Le Eobhan Mac-Lachainn.

Key A. Chorus. Beating twice to the measure.



Bha am Bàrd, aig an àm a rinn e an t-òran ciatach so, a' fuireach ann an tigh a' Bhàillidh Chamaroin ann an Coir'-uanain. Air madainn latha na bliadhn'-ùire chuir a h-athair a stigh Eilidh, agus i 'n a caileig òig, do sheòmar a' Bhàird, le botul 'n a laimh, a thoirt dà a Challainne. An uair a dh' èirich am "filidh barraichte," agus a thàinig e stigh thun a' bhùird còmhladh ri muinntir an tighe, thog e Eilidh bheag, bhòidheach air a ghlùn a's sheinn e an t-òran so an làthair na cuideachd.

Fonn.—Air fàill ill ó na hùg oirionn ó.
Air fàill ill ó na hùg oirionn ó,
Air fàill ill éile na hiùrabh ho-ró,
Gaol nan cailin, 's gur a tù i.

Maighdean ùr nan dlùth-chiabh fàinneach,
Eilidh Chamaron, nighean a' Bhàillidh;
Binn mar théud na fìdhl' a gàire—
Chiad là 'n bhliadhna diolam dàn d' i.

Tha mo ghaol air do chùl dualach,
'S do bhéul meachair dh' fhàs gun ghruamain ;
Na 'n ruigeadh do cheann mo ghuallainn,
Dhianainn strùth m' an leiginn bhuam thu.

Bu tù n' t-sóbhrach gheal-bhuidhe, ghreannar,
Dh' fhàs a suas mu bhruaich nan alltan,
Neòinein ùr nan lòintean gleannor,
Réul air dhreach na maidne samhraidh.

'Seang-chorp sùnndach, aotrom fallain;
Craiceann sneachd mar clneas na h-eala;
Miann gach stàid' is àird' air thalamh,
Bhi 'n caoimhneas-gràidh dò dhà shùil mheallach.

Deud geal *ibhridh,* dìonach, snaidhte,
'S bòidhche fiamh na sgiamh na cailce;
Bialan siùcair—òigh na maise!
'S binne 'ceòl na smeòrach mhaidne.

Mar phéuceig chiataich fiamh do mhala ;
Dà shuil ghorm fo chaol-rosg tana ;
Làn do shùl mar dhruchda meala—
Dhianadh do rùn an diùc a mhealladh.

Eilidh Chamaron, 's tù tha bòidheach,
'S do dhà ghruaidh cho dearg 's na ròsan :
Pòg mar shiùcar—rùn gach oigeir ;
'S gile do chneas na sneachd nam mòrbheann.

Snd mo dhùrachd dhut gu toileil,
Am meas, 's am mùirn, an cliù, 's an onair;
Buaidh do d' shliochd, 's mo shlìochd-s' an con-àgh,
Mar choill ùir a' brùchdadh toraidh !

'S lionmhor buaidh a fhuair an ainnir
Bho 'n chiad là ghluais i 'n tùs air thalamh.
Am mìle trian cha dianainn 'aithris,
Ged bu leam na ciada teanga!

THE GAEL.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

VOL. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1875. [NO. 38.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF SCOTLAND.

[The following lecture was delivered by Dr Maclauchlan at the opening of the Gaelic class in session 1871-72. The importance of the subject, and the position of the lecturer among Celtic scholars, are a sufficient justification for placing the lecture *in extenso* before our readers.]

At the opening of the Gaelic Class in the New College, an introductory lecture on the above subject was delivered by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, on Tuesday evening. There was a large and appreciative audience, and among those present were—Rev. Dr Duff; Professors Blackie, Rainy, and Blaikie; J. F. Campbell, Esq., author of "Popular Tales of the West Highlands;" Standish H. O'Grady, Esq., late President of the Ossianic Society of Dublin; Colonel Robertson; Alexander Nicolson, Esq., advocate; Rev. Mr Lyddell of Livingstone; W. Cattanach, Esq.; A. Kennedy, Esq.; James Grant, Esq., &c.

Dr MACLAUCHLAN said—There are not many subjects with which the archæologist has to deal that are more difficult than the subject of topography. It is very true that there is no subject lies more to the hand of the superficial scholar, or offers more temptation to the exercise of fancy; and no subject has been treated in a more fanciful way, many of the common interpretations of topographical terms being altogether indefensible and absurd. But this merely serves to corroborate the truth of the statement already made, that the study of names of places and their accurate interpretation is an extremely difficult one. To be a good interpreter of topographical terms requires several important qualifications. In the first place, it requires an extensive knowledge of languages. Men pretend to be able to interpret local terms everywhere, who know no language but their own. An enthusiastic Highlander was once giving me his interpretation of early Bible names, every one of which he said was Gaelic. Among others appeared the name Chederlaomer. I was curious to know what my ingenious countryman would make of it, when I found that he made no difficulty whatever about it, but averred that it was nothing but pure Gaelic, being *chitear là o'm fhear*. They shall see a day from my husband, being an expression of the admiration of Chederlaomer's wife for her gallant spouse. But Gaelic won't interpret all the names in the world unfortunately; and men, in order to be successful expounders of topographical terms, must know some other tongues. In Scotland, a knowledge of the Gaelic language is essential. Both in the north and in the south Gaelic names abound; indeed, they abound more in some parts of the Lowlands where not a word of the language is spoken, than in some parts of the Highlands. And when we speak of the Gaelic language we do not mean the language as it is spoken now, but as it was spoken when these names were given. There are many Gaelic words which appear in our topography that are quite obsolete, and cannot be even found in our best dictionaries. Men must have some knowledge of the ancient speech before they can interpret these. Then a knowledge of the British tongue as once spoken in Scotland is necessary. There was a British kingdom north of the Solway, extending to the Ochils at least. The Strathclyde Britons were as distinctly marked among the inhabitants of Scotland as are the Welsh of the present day in England. It would be strange if these did not leave their footprints in the topography of the land. That they have done so, and very distinctly, is obvious to any man making the least pretensions to Celtic scholarship. An acquaintance with the dialects of Scandinavia is farther essential to the Scottish topographer. In the Western Isles a vast amount of the names are pure Danish. The *Bosts*, the *Burghs*, the *Buses*, the *Stadts*, the *Setters*, the *Nishes*, the *Oes*,

the *Fells*, and the *Fiords*, are all purely Scandinavian ; so are the *goes* and the *gills*. It is hopeless to expect to be able to expound these names through any other language. Hence to a Scottish topographer Gaelic, Welsh, and the tongues of Scandinavia are essential, and without the knowledge of these men had better let the subject alone. We have heard the most ordinary Danish words attempted to be expounded by means of the Gaelic. For instance, the headland of *Rubha na Circe*, in Lewis, has been translated, and appears in our Maps as Chicken Head. It is quite true that *circe* is the genitive of *cearc*, a hen, in Gaelic ; but a gentleman in Lewis, who is an excellent scholar, pointed out to me that close to the point so called there are the remains of an ancient place of worship, and that the *circe* is in all probability the representative of the Scandinavian *kirk*, a word which appears in such names as Kirkibost and others throughout the Highlands.

Then the study of topography requires a minute acquaintance with local history throughout the country. Many of the names are associated with historical events of more or less importance. First of all there is the mythical history—the times of the Feinn and of the Fiantan or Giants, men so great and so strong that no similar men exist now upon the earth. If Ossian's poems were extinct to-morrow topography would speak of himself and his fellows to the end of time. We have the *Coire Fhinn*, *Uaimh Fhinn*, and *Caithir Fhinn*—Fingal's Kettle, Fingal's Cave, and Fingal's Seat ; we have *Clach Oisein*, and *Uaimh Oisein*, Ossian's Stone and Ossian's Cave. Gaul is commemorated in Loch Goil. Bran, the dog of Fingal, is commemorated in *Carn Bhrain*. Thus, the period of the *Feinn* is largely commemorated in the topography of Scotland. So, of the giants called *Na Fiantaichean*, who might be Fingalians or not ; but *Dun Fhian*, Dunean, near Inverness, and several other localities are associated with their memories. Men who were, as the stories relate, *Anabarrach, uamhasach, eagallach mòr, nach fhaighear an leithid an diug 's an t-saoghal*, terribly, awfully, dreadfully big, so as that their like is not now to be found in the world. This period must be examined, and its history, as believed among the Celts known, in inquiring into the origin of local names.

Then, again, the history of more recent periods must be known, for many places commemorate in their names persons and events which were important in a later day. It may be true that many such may be beyond the reach of all research into their origin. Who can tell who the Bute was that gave his name to the island of Bute? We know that Bute was a well-known name of a man in the eleventh century, appearing as it does in our national history, and that in the name of Boyd it appears to this day among our surnames ; but which of these Butes gave his name to the island, although it is probable that he was of kingly origin, it is hard to say. Dunoon, the *Dunomhain* of the Celt, seems to contain within it the Owen of the ancient Briton. Owen's Castle would seem to be the true solution of the name. That a British name should appear so near the ancient British capital at Dumbarton, or the Castle of the Britons, is nothing remarkable ; but who the British Owen was who built and owned it appears to be a question which no research can solve. Who can tell who was the famous *Oilamh*, or Bard, who gave its name to Dunolly in Lorn? And yet there can be no doubt that the Bard's Castle is the meaning of the name. He must have been no ordinary bard who built or owned such a Castle, perhaps one of the Bardic Druids. Yet it would be necessary to know something about him ere the name can be altogether accounted for. But while some historical names in this manner cannot be traced, others can. Such a place as *Caol an t-snaimh*, Colintrive, or the Strait of swimming, in the Kyles of Bute, is known to originate in the fact that there the Butemen swam their cattle to and from the mainland. *Caol Acuin*, or Kyleakin, in Skye, commemorates the famous expedition of the Norwegian Haco, which ended in the disaster that befell him at Largs. *Tuiteam tairbh*, or the Fruitful Falling, in Sutherland, commemorates a famous clan battle, when the soil was enriched by the number of the dead. In Ross-shire is a place called *Blàr na pàirce*, the Battlefield of the Park, called after a famous battle in the fifteenth century between Alexander of Kintail and Donald of the Isles. In Lochalsh, in the same county, is a place called *Glaic Chailein*, Colin's Hollow, so called because at that spot Colin, First of Kintail, was killed by the Mac-Mahons or Mathesons in the thirteenth century. All such names depend for their exposition on historical knowledge, and it is utterly vain, without such knowledge, to attempt to expound them.

Then, further, the study of topography demands a knowledge of the grammatical construction of words in the languages concerned. Upon the whole, the formation of

topographical terms in Gaelic is distinguished by elegance and accuracy. That there are grammatical anomalies is unquestionable. Such a name as *Druim a' ghaoithe*, or the ridge of the wind, where *gaoth* (wind) is construed as a masculine noun, is an instance of such. But usually the grammatical construction is marked by extreme accuracy, and for this there is ample room, seeing that so many of the names are descriptive. Expounders of local names have not made sufficient allowance for this fact, and hence the liberty they have so often taken, in twisting words into all imaginable shapes. It is amusing to listen to such expositions of topographical terms as one hears, expositions which, while creditable enough to the ingenuity of their authors, are in reality the mere result of not knowing words which have become obsolete, and paying little attention to grammatical forms. It is worthy of notice that in old topographical Gaelic the article is often retained in its full form in the genitive, as it is in the Irish. Many examples of this form may be found, especially in the Lowlands, where so many old Gaelic names exist. Auchencairn, Craigencross, and similar names are examples of what is said.

Topography has not hitherto been made a matter of much scientific inquiry in Scotland. Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," was the first to bring the true method to bear on its exposition. Mistaken as he may often be, he was far more competent to deal with the subject than many who censure him without a tithe of either his learning or his talent. His analysis of words applied to places is full of interest and instruction. Since his day it may be said that nothing worth the speaking of has appeared on the subject in Scotland. There have been abundance of fanciful absurdities, for which no man having an atom of science can have the least respect; but in Ireland latterly a volume has appeared which has aimed at bringing something worthy of the name of scholarship to bear on the subject. Mr Joyce's "Origin and History of Irish Names of Places," is a scholarly work, and worthy of the study of every inquirer into the topography of Scotland. The principles which he lays down for the guidance of his inquiry are sound and safe. One sentence from his work may be quoted as a warning to Scottish topographers—"It is very dangerous to depend on the etymologies of the people, who are full of imagination, and will often quite distort a word to meet some fanciful derivation; or they will account for a name by some silly story, obviously of recent invention, and, so far as the origin of the name is concerned, not worth a moment's consideration." At the same time he sets a high value on the assistance which the natives of a place can give the topographer in many ways while studying the origin of a name.

In proceeding with topographical inquiries, there is one principle which should ever be kept in the forefront. The principle I refer to is, that the mass of the names of places is descriptive. We may rest assured that when men first saw a place, or any natural object, they observed something about its situation by which they came to distinguish it. It was either high or low, hard or soft, rough or smooth, wooded or bare, large or small, long or round, deep or shallow, dark or bright, and from one or other of these qualities it derived its name; so that the first question regarding its name is, has it a descriptive meaning?

Let us apply this principle to our mountain names. And let it be observed, that in examining the names of natural objects I put aside the idea so commonly entertained among scholars, that there must have been a race and a language in Scotland previous to the Celtic—which language could alone explain the older class of names, and take only such names as can be solved by a knowledge of Celtic. Two of our great mountains—one of them the highest in the kingdom—are Ben Nevis and Ben Wyvis, the Gael equivalents to the adjectives being *nimheis* and *uathais*. The meaning of these two words is not far to seek, both being adjectives, and both describing the aspect of the mountains. *Nimheis*, from the same root with *nimh*, which means as descriptive, fierceness, furiousness, represents the fierce and frowning aspect of the hill; *uathais*, which indicates greatness, breadth, represents the breadth and massiveness of the hill which it describes. Nothing could be more correct than the use of these descriptive terms. Benmore, or the great hill, is a common name for a hill. In Perthshire, in the Island of Mull, in Assynt, there are Benmores; and in Caithness, inverting the terms, we have *mòrbheinn*. These are all impressive natural objects, although not our highest mountains. There are hills described by the opposite term. There is *Beinn mheanbh*, usually called Benvenue, meaning the small or thin hill; there is Binnean, the small peak, usually corrupted into Benaan: we have *Cruachan*, the diminutive of *Cruach*, a peak applied to the highest point of Ben Cruachan. Then we have *A' Bheinn Bhuidh*, *A' Bheinn Bhreac*, *an Garbh Bheinn*, and such like; all names taken from some quality distinguishing the hill. So of rivers, the deri-

vation of whose names is often such a difficulty to a topographer. In Inverness-shire we have two rivers which rise in the near neighbourhood of each other. The one is the Spey, rising in the mountains of Lochaber, and flowing down through Badenoch and Strathspey to the German Ocean; the other is the Spean, rising in the mountains of Badenoch and flowing down through Lochaber to the Atlantic. It may not have occurred to many of us that one of these names is the diminutive of the other. The words are *Spé* and *Péan*, the Spey and the Little Spey. The question arises, What is the meaning of the term? I have heard many explanations of it, not one of which is satisfactory, and I have been led to think that from the analogy of the class of languages to which both the Gaelic and the English belong, the root of the word might be found identical with that of the English "speed" or the Scottish "spate," and might describe the rapidity of the streams. Whence, then, the names of the Findhorn, in Gaelic *Eire;* or the Nairn, in Gaelic *Narunn;* or the Ness, in Gaelic *Naoise;* or the Beauly, whose ancient Gaelic name was *Farar*, the valley through which it flows being called *Strath farar*, as appears from the upper valley through which it flows being called *Gleann Strath farair* to this day; whence the Conon, in Gaelic *Conainn?* North of this Scandinavian names abound, and we pass these over in the meantime, merely remarking that some of them are very curious —such a name as *Roundagro*, applied to a stream in Lewis, appearing very strange on a Gaelic tongue. Then we are met by Lossie, and Deveron, and Don, and Dee, and Esk, and Tay, and Forth, and Tweed, and Clyde, and Ayr, and Liddel, and Stinchar, and Tarf—all of them affording room for most interesting inquiry, and inquiry, let it be remarked, that will require an extensive process of induction in order to result in anything. But one thing may be taken for granted and laid down as a first principle, that the mass of these names is descriptive. I will find you men who will have no difficulty in giving you the meaning of all these words in a few minutes. I will not venture upon that. I am too well aware of the difficulties of the study to attempt anything so bold. There are some of them of which I think an accurate explanation can be given, but I forbear, as I am dealing with principles more than details in this lecture.

Another principle which it is essential to admit in studying topography is, that objects have often been named from being associated with *persons* of more or less distinction. Many of the names used in our topography are proper names. It may be true that the names as applied to persons are now obsolete, but it is remarkable how many proper names, common among the early Celts, are now unknown, and how far we may be misled by our ignorance of them in our study of topographical terms.

Castles and places of defence and security are thus named after persons, probably their builders. *Dùn Abhartaidh*, Dunaverty, is so named; *Dùn Naomhaig*, Dunivaig, in like manner; so with *Dùn Chonuill*, Dunconnel; *Caisteal Shuinn*, Castle Sween; *Dùn Alasdair*, Mount Alexander; *Dùn Deirdre*, Dundeardail; and many others. The same is true of names of farms. *Baile Lachlainn*, Lachlan's town; *Baile nan Gordanach*, Gordon's town; *Baile Bhòid*, Rothesay or Bute's town, are a few instances of this form of name. Then hills are similarly named. Fingal's dog is commemorated in *Carn Bhrain*, Bran's hill; we have *Beinn Artuir*, Arthur's hill; *Carn Ghrigoir*, Gregor's hill; then we have *Craig Phadraig*, Patrick's rock; and numerous *Suidhes* or seats, a term often applied to a hill. There are *Suidhe Chuimein*, Cumming's seat; *Suidhe Chatain*, Cattan's seat; *SuidheChuridain*, Quiritan's seat; *Suidhe Mhic Glais*, MacGlas's seat. Lochs are often named in the same way. *Loch Uilleim*, William's loch, is an instance; *Loch Laomuinn*, Loch Lomond, is thought to commemorate *Laomunn mòr Mac Laighein*, a hero of Celtic antiquity; *Loch Maridhe*, Loch Maree, is usually supposed, like many Kilmarees, to commemorate the Culdee saint Malrubha, whose sacred island lies in the loch. So of streams, many of which are named after persons. Who these persons were is in some cases found still living in local tradition, but usually castles; and even mountains have failed to preserve the memories of aught beyond the names of those from whose importance they derive their designations.

A large number of our names are ecclesiastical. Nothing indeed indicates more clearly the power of the ancient Celtic Church than the extent to which it has influenced the nomenclature both of persons and of places in Scotland. A large number of the clan names in the Highlands is ecclesiastical, containing in them the names of famous saints of the early church. We confine ourselves to the names of places. One of the most ancient names of a church among the Gaelic Celts is *Annaid*. Mr M'Queen, of Snizort, a man of learning and cultivation in his day, argued with Dr Johnson that this word was commemorative of the heathen goddess Anaitis, and was thus a relic of heathen worship. This arose simply

from a want of knowledge. Fuller inquiry has made this clear, and that the word was at an early period applied to a place of Christian worship. There are numerous *Annaids* throughout Scotland. There is one in the neighbourhood of Perth spelt Annat in English. Throughout the Highlands they abound sometimes with another word prefixed, as in *Tobair na h-Annaid*, at others, and usually simply as *an Annaid*, the Annat. Besides this word, *Teampull*, a temple, was one of the earliest names for a Christian church. *Teampull beannachaidh*, the temple of blessing, is of frequent occurrence throughout the West Highlands, and in the East we have *Tigh an Teampuill*, temple house, and *Druim a Theampuill*, the temple ridge. The word has been thought by some etymologists to have some connection with the Knights Templars of Crusading celebrity, but that has arisen simply from lack of knowledge; the use of the word will, we believe, be found to precede the Crusades. Then, monasteries were celebrated places, and have left their names in our topography. There are two *Manachains*, or monastery lands, not far from each other—one in Rossshire, and the other in Inverness-shire. We have *Baile' mhanaich* and *Baile nan Caillteach*, commemorative of monks and nuns severally.

The *Cill*, or Cell, no doubt the oratory of the ancient church, abounds. From Columba downwards, the saints of the early church are largely commemorated. It would be impossible, and indeed undesirable, to give a list of these here, as they abound in every part of Scotland; but it may be observed, that the names are to a large extent identical with those which appear in the topography of Ireland, while in several cases they are quite distinct. Columkille, Adamnan, Cumin, Colmonell, Ninian, Ciaran, Finchen, Finan, Malrubha, Finnian, Mary, Patrick, Kenneth, are widely commemorated, while along with them we find Cuthbert, Morock, Maillie, Drostan, Earnadail, Donan, Talorgan, Richard, Quiritan, Duthus, Maluag, and several others. These latter names are less frequently employed than the others, but they appear over the whole of Scotland, some of them belonging exclusively to the Scottish calendar. The period to which these men belonged is not a period to be ignored in our study of Scottish ecclesiastical history, for to it may be traced the sources of influences which operated powerfully in more recent times. In addition to these relics of the Ancient Church, we have such names as *Baile na h-eaglais*, Kirktown; *Baile na cille*, also Kirktown; *Achadh na h-eaglais*, Kirkfield; *Caochan na h-eaglais*, the Kirkburn; and such like, all deriving their names from the Church.

There is a class of names, however, with which the topographer has to deal which present him with very serious difficulties —difficulties amidst which he will find little aid from ordinary popular expositions. The very name of this city has given rise to much doubt and discussion. Which is oldest—the Saxon Edinburgh or the Celtic *Duineidin?* I shall not enter on this controverted question, but merely remark that, so far as I can gather, the British name *Din Mynedd* is older than either. Looking the other day at the title-page of that remarkable relic of Celtic Literature, Carsewell's Gaelic translation of Knox's Prayer-book, published in 1567, of which only three copies are known to exist, two of them imperfect—and which I trust to be able soon to reproduce, if the public encourages me*—I find that the book was published at *Duineidin* da'n comhainm *Dùn monaidh*, Edinburgh, whose other name is Dun monie, or, as it may be translated, the Castle on the Hill, a purely descriptive name. Then what of Glasgow? Is it the green field, as some would have it? Or does the *gobha*, gow, mean, as in ordinary Gaelic, a smith, as others have said? Or does it commemorate the stream on which the Cathedral stands, under the designation of the Dear Stream—*Glas caomh, glas* being one of the oldest Gaelic names for a stream, as appears in *Finnghlas*, Finglass; *Dubhghlas*, Douglas; *Conaghlas*, Conglas or Kinglas, and several other words. Then what of the name Lothians, applied to those counties which lie around us, called in Gaelic *Lobhdaidh*. Does King Loth appear in the word, and may it be traced farther back, even to Lot, the cousin of Abraham? So some ancient writers would lead us to think. Then what of Linlithgow, called by the Celt *Lann Iubhaich;* and Stirling, said by some to be *Strì linn*, or the strife of waters; and Perth, where the ancient Roman Victoria stood; some say it is the British *Peart*, a copse; and Dundee, called not *Dùn Dé*, but *Dun Deagh*, in many parts of the Highlands? Is it the hill of God or the castle on the Tay? Then the Cupars, and Forfar, and Alloa, and Crieff are all names hard to account for, although no doubt easily analysed had we sufficient knowledge. The philosophical process in aiming at a solution of these words is to trace the word through all its forms by means of charters and otherwise, back as far as we can go, and, with-

* The book has since been reprinted with an English translation by the reverend lecturer.

out giving ancient orthography more than its due weight, to make use of it for comparison and induction, and thus arriving at the true meaning of the word. I might here farther give sets of words which appear in our topography, whether as generic or specific terms, and which are waiting for a rational solution. I shall mention only a few. There are the Gasks, so frequent within the old Pictish territory, appearing as *Gaisg mhòr*, or great Gask ; *Gaisg Bheag*, or little Gask ; *Druim Ghaisg*, or Gask ridge ; Trinity Gask and otherwise. Then there are the Banchors, or *Beannchor*, probably cognate with the Welsh and Irish Bangor. Is it the Gaelic two or twain, applied to the horns of an animal, or peaks, that appears here? Then there are the Ruthvens, or *Ruadhainn*, probably cognate with the French Rouen, and the Welsh Ruthin. Is the word from *Ruadh*, red, *Rubha*, a point, or whence does it come? Then there is the frequent affix *four*, pronounced *foor*, and appearing in such words as Balfour, Trinafour, Pitfour. It is not *fuar*, cold, but *fudhair*, apparently a name. Then what are the Kenmores, in Gaelic *Ceann Mòr*, but the *Ceann* usually preceded by the feminine article? Appearing as the places so named usually do, at the outlets of lakes, *Ceann Mara*, or the end of the sea or water, has suggested itself to some as the true solution. Kenmare in Ireland is manifestly derived from this source. Then the Boes, in Gaelic *Botha*, and clearly derived from the word applied to a house, are numerous. The affixes to these are often difficult to explain. Take the case of Balquhidder, in Gaelic *Botha Fuidir*. I have heard several expositions of this word which I could not accept, and yet the explanation lies on the very surface. The word *Fuidir* is a Gaelic word now obsolete, applied to a subordinate chief or chieftain. It is still retained in Northern English as a term of contempt, as *a foutar*—at least I have heard it so used. The above, however, is the original meaning of the word, so that *Botha Fuidir* is just the residence of the subsidiary chief. I may remark here that it is chiefly within the old Pictish territory that these difficult topographical terms appear. In the land of the pure Gael the words are generally unmistakable, unless they be of Scandinavian origin.

But, ere closing, let me just refer in a few sentences to the subject of topographical affixes in Gaelic. One cannot help being struck with the number of these and their peculiar character, besides the wide field over which the use of them extends. The most frequent of these affixes are *aig*, *an*, *ach*, *aidh*, *aich*, *ain*. The two first of these are the feminine and masculine diminutives ; *ach* and *aich* may be held as standing for *achadh*, a field ; while *aidh* and *ain* have been variously understood as representing, the former in some cases *lidh*, a flood, and the latter either *fonn*, land, or *amhain*, a river, according as they are applied. It is doubtful whether these interpretations will answer the purpose of explaining these terminations in every case, and it comes to be a question whether in many cases these affixes are not mere formative particles, used at pleasure in constructing topographical names. It is remarkable how various their use is. The particle *aig* is found in the names of places, as *Grianaig*, Greenock ; *Gouraig*, Gourock ; *Ardrishaig*, *Shieldaig*, *Mealbhaig*, and others; in the names of rivers, as *Breunaig*, *Bruachaig*, *Fearnaig*, *Fionntaig*, *Arcaig*, *Faragaig* ; in the names of hills as *Muirneag*, *Miniogaig*. The *an* is similarly applied as in *Draighneachan*, *Cruineachan*, *Cuilleachan*, *Sonachan*, places ; *Arnan*, *Creran*, *Spean*, *Tuilenan*, *Feotharan*, *Pean*, *Masran*, streams ; *ain* appears in *Drumain*, a frequent name for a place, *Gulbain* the name of a hill and of a river ; *Containn* and *Cinchardain*, the names of places. The *achs* and *aidhs* and *aichs* are numerous. *Rainach*, *Ceapach*, *Cabrach*, are instances, as are *Lochaidh*, Lochy ; *Ilidh*, Isla ; *Uriaidh*, rivers and places ; and *Canaich*, *Fannaich*, *Carnaich*, and others. It is not easy to find a general principle which can be applied in all these cases, but doubtless such a principle exists, and there is reason to believe that it is as suggested above.

Let me make one other observation. I have been stating some of the qualifications necessary for the study of topography. These are various, but there is one without which all the others are useless. I mean common sense. Nothing but this, with a competent measure knowledge, will preserve men from running into all kinds of foolish and unprofitable fancies. In no study, judging by what has been heard and seen, is this qualification more necessary. It may, indeed, be said that it is in vain to urge the duty of having common sense upon men. A northern minister of considerable reputation once said that whatever the Creator might do in the matter of grace, He never gave common sense to any man to whom He did not give it at first. This may be true or not ; all I mean to say is, that, whether given or gained, a man must have common sense who is going to study topography.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

(BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.)

At Quatrebras, when the fight was hot,
Stout Cameron stood and eyed the shot,
Eager to leap as a mettlesome hound
Into the fight with a plunge and a bound ;
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait ; you'll soon have enough ;
The Frenchman shall taste your fervid stuff
When the Cameron men are wanted !"

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp and rattle and wild halloo ;
And the Frenchmen poured like a fiery flood
Right to the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed on his captain brave,
A lightning glance, and the order gave,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy ;
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted !"

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
In the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current ;
And he fell the first in the fervid start,
Pierced with a shot in a mortal part ;
But his men pushed on, where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted !

Brave Cameron then from the mortal fray
His foster-brother bore away—
His foster-brother with service true—
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God ;
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory bellowed from Quatrebras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted !

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men ;
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green :
Wellington wept, the iron man ;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipe he loved so well,
His funeral wail they chaunted !

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben ;
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men,
Three thousand Highland men stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground—
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where the Cameron men were wanted !

———o———

INVERNESS, ROSS, AND NAIRN CLUB DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of the members of this Club was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 15th ult., in the Cafe Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. The chair was occupied by Mr Kenneth Murray of Geanis, and the croupiers were Mr Colin Mackenzie, W.S., and Rev. Mr H. A. Mackenzie, Kingussie. On the right of the chairman were the Lord Advocate, Professor Macpherson, Dr Arthur Mitchell, Mr A. Taylor Innes, advocate ; Mr Donald Beith, W.S. ; and Mr W. Macdonald, M.A., hon. secretary ; and on the left, Professor Blackie, Treasurer Colston, Mr R. Mathieson, H.M. Board of Works, and Mr Arthur Gordon. About one hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner.

After the usual loyal toasts, the secretary (Mr Macdonald) read the annual report of the committee, in which it was stated that the club continued to prosper, its membership having increased by 35 since last year, the total strength being now 404. The funds were also in a satisfactory condition. The committee, it was stated, had taken a deep interest in the proposed establishment of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. Into that movement Professor Blackie had heartily thrown himself, and the committee had pleasure in stating that the balance of this year's ordinary income—£50—had been given as a contribution towards the attainment of the object in view. This example was commended to all similar societies.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Club"—in a humorous speech. In the course of his remarks he said that there never was a time, so far as the education of the Highlands was concerned, in which the co-operation of societies such as the present was more needed. In the Highlands the question of education was in considerable confusion ; but he held that after a little time, and by dint of sundry amendments, the Education Act would work very well in these remote regions. There were many changes required to be made which would particularly affect such out-of-the-way places as the west coast of Ross and Inverness ; but these, he had no doubt, were in process of consideration, and it was a great pleasure, he added, to know

that among those within whose province this work fell was a most honoured member of the Club—the Lord Advocate.

Mr COLIN MACKENZIE gave "Her Majesty's Ministers," coupled with the name of the Lord Advocate. He hoped, he said, that the Ministry which had recently entered into power, under the most noble auspices, would have a policy, and having that, would be able to stick to it; and that they would not begin by throwing up straws into the air to see which way the wind blew. He hoped that people going to the present government with requests would have the answer—If it is right, we shall do it; and if it is wrong, we will not; and he trusted that when they fell—as fall they must—they would fall in a good cause; and in resigning their seal of office would not resign the principles of their lives. Mr Mackenzie concluded by a reference to the late Lord Advocate, who, he said, had passed an Education Bill which would not work without amendments, and a bill which stamped out the Society of Writers to the Signet.

The LORD ADVOCATE, in acknowledging the toast, said that his great desire was that he should be useful in connection with Scotch affairs, and he was doing his best in furtherance of that end. He hoped, at least, that he was not destitute of a desire to bring about improvements in the state of Scotch law.

Mr PATERSON (of the Inland Revenue) proposed "The Lord Provost, Town Council, and Magistrates of the City," to which Treasurer Colston replied.

The Rev. Mr MACKENZIE gave "Success to Education in the Highlands," and in the course of his remarks stated that he hoped the Education Act would be carried out for the benefit of Scotland.

A number of other toasts followed.

—o—

DINNER OF THE EDINBURGH ARGYLL CLUB.

The Annual Festival of the Edinburgh Argyll, Bute, and Western Isles Association, took place on Wednesday, the 16th ult., in the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh. About fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner, presided over by Mr J. W. Malcolm of Poltalloch, M.P., who was supported by Lord Ormidale, Mr Forbes Irvine of Drum, Professor Blackie, Professor Fraser, Dr H. M. Fraser, Surgeon-General of the Army Medical Staff, and others. The croupier, Colonel Campbell of Auchindarroch, was supported by, among others, Captain Stewart, R.N.; Mr D. Beith, W.S.,; Captain Graham of the "Pharos;" Mr Brown, Oban; Mr D. Crawford, advocate; Mr P. Murray, W.S.; Mr R. Wilson, C.A.; and Mr W. Mactaggart, R.S.A. The Chairman, in giving the toast of the evening, "The Edinburgh Argyll, Bute, and Western Isles Club," expressed his pleasure at learning that since the formation of the Club, five years ago, it had gone on prospering. He hoped its existence would be made better known than it had hitherto been in Argyllshire, and he would do all that he could to that end. The object of the Club was not only to meet in a social way, but to offer encouraging bursaries to students. The Croupier proposed "The College of Justice," and made feeling reference to some of its deceased ornaments from the county of Argyll. He coupled his toast with the name of Lord Ormidale, who replied. After Professor Blackie had sung, "A' the Blue Bonnets are over the Border," Mr W. F. Hunter gave "The Houses of Parliament," to which the Chairman replied. Several other toasts followed. Previous to the dinner, the Secretary read a report, from which it appeared that the Club had made a fair amount of progress, both financially and in membership, the latter now numbering 82; and that it had been resolved to give two bursaries for the year.

—o—

THE JUBILEE OF DR MACLEOD OF MORVEN.

A Jubilee Dinner in honour of the Rev. Dr Macleod of Morven, was given in Maclean's Hotel, Glasgow, on Wednesday night (the 23d ulto.). Mr J. A. Campbell, younger of Strathcathro, occupied the chair. Professor Macpherson, Edinburgh, and Mr Colin Campbell, Glasgow, officiated as croupiers. Seventy gentlemen were present. Letters of apology were received from the Duke of Argyll, the Lord Advocate, Mr Whitelaw, M.P.; Mr A. Orr Ewing, M.P.; Mr P. M'Lagan, M.P.; Professor Fraser, Edinburgh; and several others.

In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Health of Dr Macleod,"

The CHAIRMAN said their venerable guest had recently completed his fiftieth year of the ministry in the Church of Scotland, and of his ministry in the parish of Morven. It appeared to a great many of his friends and admirers that this was a fitting opportunity for giving some public expression of their esteem for him personally, and of his services to the Church and country. It was accordingly resolved that the testimonial to be presented to him

should consist in part of a portrait. The jubilee was no ordinary one. It was the celebration of a second fifty years' service by the same family in the same parish. Just about one hundred years ago, the father of their guest was ordained minister of Morven, an office which he held for fifty years, when he was succeeded by his son, now their guest. Dr Macleod's life, he said, had not been outwardly a very eventful one, because he confined himself to the parish of Morven, though tradition was abroad that he had received no fewer than twenty presentations in his day. It would be difficult, said the Chairman, to exaggerate the benefit done to the Church of Scotland by Dr Macleod before and after 1843. He set himself to vindicate his Church and counteract the false impressions that were abroad, and in that respect he thought they were indebted to him for the fact that the Church of Scotland in the West stood in a very different position from what it did in the far North. The Chairman then referred to Dr Macleod's election as Moderator of the General Assembly, and the more recent honour of the Dean of the Order of the Thistle conferred upon him by Her Majesty. He concluded by asking Dr Macleod's acceptance of a portrait of himself, executed by Mr Macnee, and a cheque, being the balance of the money subscribed.

An Address was then presented from the Synod of Argyll.

Dr MACLEOD in responding was received with loud cheers. What had taken place on the present occasion, he said, was wholly unlooked for, as he had no idea his public life was marked by the public as it had been. If they asked him if religion had advanced or receded in the Highlands during the last forty or fifty years, he was thankful he could answer most decidedly that religious knowledge and religious practice had made great advances in the West Highlands. For a long time they were placed at a great disadvantage in not having the Scriptures translated into the vernacular tongue. Religious knowledge was thus handed down more by tradition than otherwise, and consequently the people received it in a very imperfect state, and perhaps imbued with considerable error. The Bible had now been translated into the vernacular, and—he said it with gratitude—that so far as he had been able to judge, a truer and more perfect translation of the Word of God had not been placed in the hands of any other people. He condemned the idea that it was now no longer necessary to preach to Highlanders through the medium of Gaelic. The idea was founded entirely in error. The ministers in the Highlands had also the difficulty to face of being called upon to minister alternately in two places of worship, and until that evil was removed they could not expect satisfactory results from the Highlands. Then, again, the country had undergone a great many changes as to population. Without saying whether the result had been good or bad, he might mention that the population of his own parish had been reduced from 2900 to 900, and to a great extent the same state of matters was found elsewhere. The ownership of property had also undergone great changes, for, with the exception of the Argyll family, he believed that over the whole bounds of the Presbytery of Mull, there were not more than three landed proprietors who held the estates of their ancestors. He then alluded to his visit to British North America. He wished the same unanimity existed in this country in religious matters that he witnessed there; but he hardly saw the prospect of such peace until they re-enacted that law which they had recently abolished. He thanked them for their present, and assured them that it would be his earnest prayer in behalf of those kind friends present, and those unable to come forward, that "goodness and mercy might ever continue to follow them."

Mr WILLIAM WILSON, in a humorous speech, proposed "The Church of Scotland."

The Rev. Dr STEVENSON, Edinburgh, replied.

Mr NICOL proposed the toast of the "Synod of Argyll."

Rev. Mr MACKERCHER (of Kilmore) replied.

Our Synod, he said, has been specially honoured in raising up men who have occupied the very first rank among the pulpit orators of the City of Glasgow. Last century, there was not a more honoured name among the clergy of Glasgow, or among the theologians of Scotland, than that of John Maclaurin. He was born and reared in our Synod. And who required to be reminded that Glasgow, which would have the best of everything, was indebted to Argyll for the late lamented Norman Macleod of the Barony.

The other toasts were—"The Members for the City," by Dr Stewart; "The Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow," by Dr Jamieson; "The Universities of Scotland," by Mr D. M. Lang, and acknowledged by Professor Blackie; "The Proprietors of the County of Argyll," by Rev. John Macleod, Dunse, for whom Mr J. Mackenzie of Cal-

gary replied ; "Dr Macleod's Family," by Rev. John Cameron, Dunoon, Rev. Norman Macleod replied ; "Presbytery of Mull," "The Press," Highlanders Abroad," "The Artist," "The Chair," "The Croupiers," "The Testimonial Committee."

THE SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

The Tenth Annual Gathering of the Sutherland Association was held in the Masonic Hall, George Street, Edinburgh, on the evening of Tuesday, 12th ult. (old New Year's day) John Macdonald, Esq., 7 Randolph Cliff, president of the Association, in the chair, and among those present were —Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, Rev. A. G. Macgillivray, Rev. J. G. Mackintosh, Rev. George Macaulay, Mr William Macdonald, of the Royal High School ; Mr Hugh Auld, W.S. ; Mr Lewis Hayes, S.S.C. ; Mr Mackinnon, clerk to the Edinburgh School Board ; Dr Gunn, Canada ; Mr Angus Morrison, London ; Mr John A. Macdonald, Scottish Widows' Fund Society, vice-president ; Mr James Macdonald, W.S., secretary ; and Mr Alexander Mackay, treasurer. Apologies for absence were read from Rev. Principal Rainy, Duncan Maclaren, Esq., M.P. ; Professor Blackie, Sheriff Nicolson, Colin Mackenzie, Esq., W.S. ; Alexander Paterson, Esq., Inland Revenue Office ; and Captain Grant, Leith. The Rev. Dr Maclauchlan having asked a blessing, tea was served to the large company, numbering upwards of 200, by which the beautiful hall was filled.

Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Dr Maclauchlan, Rev. Messrs Macgillivray, M'Aulay, M'Intosh, and others. In the course of his remarks, Dr Maclauchlan referred to the educational efforts of the Association, and said there could not be a better thing than to encourage the education of their countrymen. They might rest assured that education would do much for the improvement of the Highlands, and that many of their ills arose from the want of an English education ; for, in order to get on, the Highlanders must have English. Gaelic alone is not enough in these days of progress, and must be supplemented by the tongue of the Celt's old foe, but present friend (as witness Professor Blackie), the Saxon ; yet, by all means, the Gaelic too. He felt thankful to Professor Blackie, not only for what he was doing in favour of a Celtic Chair, but also in favour of the proper use of the native language in Highland schools, to which he, with others, was giving a great impetus. Let him, as illustrative of the use of it, ask how, if unable to read Gaelic, could they enjoy the beauties of their native literature? Rob Donn's and Donald Matheson's poetry would be lost. Some may say this is of little consequence. He thought otherwise. Some of these men's compositions were admirable—well worthy of being read and appreciated. You will find nowhere a more truly poetical and touching verse than that in Rob Donn's elegy on Mr Murdo Macdonald of Durness—

> "Is caomh leam an teaghlach,
> 'S a chlann sin a dh'fhag thu ;
> Is caomh leam na fuinn,
> Bhithte seinn ann ad fhardoch ;
> Is caomh leam bhi 'g urach
> A chliu nach d'thug bas dhuit ;
> Is caomh leam an uir,
> Air an taobh so de'n bhaghan."

A verse from Matheson was also worthy of a place beside that of Rob Donn. It has reference to his much-lamented minister, Mr Hugh Rose, formerly in Kildonan, on whom he composed the elegy of which it forms a part,—

> "Ach bheirinn mo chomhairl',
> Na theid mi 's a sgire-sa,
> Gu'n deam iad mo leabuidh
> Cho faisg 's a bhi sint riut.
> Ri fhaotainn 's an aite ud ;
> Tha an righ 's am baigear
> 'S an aon staid anns a bhaghan."

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE CONFERENCE OF SCHOOL BOARDS AT INVERNESS.

There is reason to hope that the Conference of School Boards, held at Inverness last Thursday, will help in bringing relief to Highland parishes, on which the Education Act has thrown such a heavy burden. The whole case was fairly and temperately stated. When all the public schools in the counties of Inverness and Ross are in operation, the school-rate will average 1s. 6d. or 1s. 7d. per pound ; in at least one mainland parish it will reach 2s. 3d. ; and in the Islands it will mount up to 4s. 3d., and possibly as high as 4s. 9d. Now, the highest rate apparently contemplated by the Act was 9d. per pound—6d. for building purposes, and 3d. as a general school rate. The oppressive poor rate in the Highlands makes this fresh burden more severely felt ; in several cases the assessment under the poor law amounts to 3s. and 4s. per pound.

The grievance being admitted, the question arises, what remedy should be adopted? The first difficulty is the erection of schools, of which, in some parishes, ten or twelve must be undertaken, at a cost of £700 a

piece. Of this sum the Education Department will contribute £400; but how about the balance of £300 per school, amounting in the gross to £3000 or £4000? Two schemes were suggested. The recent meeting at Achnasheen proposed that Government should bear the whole expense beyond the sum realised by the sixpenny building rate. But, then, is this sixpenny rate to be levied only for one year, or every year until the debt is cleared off? There seems to be ambiguity on this point; and there is certainly little hope that the Government will agree to limit the building-rate in Highland parishes to sixpence for one year. The memorial adopted at the Conference suggests another method—namely, that the whole expense, after payment of the grant of £400, should be borne half by the parish, and half by the Education Department. This should recommend itself as a reasonable proposal; it shows that the Highlanders are willing to bear as fair a share of the burden as their neighbours, and it affords a guarantee against excessive expenditure. The next point is the expense of educating the children after the schools are erected. The Education Department, we believe, calculates the cost of education at 30s. per head, and therefore limits ordinary grants to 15s.; but Sir Kenneth Mackenzie has calculated that the cost of a child's education in the Highlands is at least £2, 2s. 6d., without estimating the interest of borrowed money on buildings; and we understand that, in the four parishes comprising the lordship of Badenoch, the cost for the year ending 15th May last was £2, 10s. per child. Moreover, Highland Boards will realise very little from school fees, and "the Parliamentary grant will fall far short of what was expected, from the impossibility of securing good average attendances, and of paying for the best class of teachers." The Achnasheen meeting suggested two ways of lightening the burden; either that the whole deficiency, after the levy of the threepenny rate, should be met by the Exchequer; or that an increase should be allowed in the sums granted per scholar, according to the average number in attendance throughout the year. The Conference adopted the latter suggestion; they asked the Department to increase the grants for special and elementary subjects, and to do away with the 15s. limit; to give a fixed amount of say £20 to the teachers of schools having a smaller average attendance than 30; to raise the grant given under what is known as the seven-and-sixpenny clause by a sliding scale, when the school rate passes a shilling; and with these adjustments they hope to reduce the annual burden to an amount which will be at least tolerable to the ratepayers.

We observe that a Free Church deputation to the Lord Advocate suggested the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission to inquire into the effect of the Act in the Highlands. This is unnecessary; the Lord Advocate and Lochiel are both well acquainted with the Highlands, and information can easily be obtained from School Boards. Of the principal facts alleged there is hardly any room for doubt. The deputation added, that "the species of education will be lower than that given by existing agencies," which we take the liberty of saying is an entire mistake. The general character of the teaching will be infinitely superior to what it was; and not a single person concerned in this movement wishes to lower the standard. Cheap schools and uncertificated teachers are only proposed for localities where the school-going population is under twenty; and even in these cases the memorialists contemplate that the children should be presented for examination by the inspector at the nearest school.—*Inverness Courier.*

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Gaelic Society, for the appointment of office-bearers, was held in the Guildry Hall, on Thursday night—Bailie Macbean in the chair. Mr Chas. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., was elected chief of the Society for the current year, in room of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., who resigns. The three chieftains are Mr Charles Mackay, contractor; Dr Mackenzie, Church Street; and Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway. Mr Geo. Campbell, writer, was appointed honorary, and Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Ness Bank, acting secretary. Mr Noble, bookseller, was elected treasurer, and the council was balloted for as follows:—Mr John Macdonald, Exchange; Mr James Mackenzie, bookseller; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Crown Street; Mr D. Campbell, draper, Bridge Street; and Mr Macrae, High School. Mr L. Macbean was re-appointed librarian; and Mr Alex. Maclennan piper to the Society.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The anniversary festival of this Society was held on Monday evening, at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of Mr Macintyre, Q.C., who was supported by Sir Albert Woods; Mr D. Macnee, R.S.A.; Dr Ramsay; Mr Colston, treasurer of the city of Edinburgh; Captain Pollock, R.A.; Mr Seton Ritchie; and nearly 300 members and friends of the Society. The Society holds its annual dinner on the anniversary

of the birthday of Robert Burns, and one of its objects being to preserve the ancient Caledonian costume, many of its office-bearers and members appeared in Highland dresses. This Society was one of the first to admit ladies to its banquets; and as many of them on Monday evening wore tartan bands and scarfs, the scene was unusually striking and brilliant. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman, in proposing "The Caledonian Society of London," said that the Society was established in 1839, with the view of promoting brotherhood and good fellowship among Scotsmen in the metropolis, and in order to combine their efforts for the advancement of any national or benevolent object connected with Scotland. The Society had operated as a bond of union, not only among Scotsmen, but Scottish ladies, in the metropolis, and had always attracted among its members the foremost and most enterprising Scotsmen in London. It had also powerfully stimulated the private contributions, and conspicuously ministered to the success of the various festivals of the Scottish charities. The dinner, served under the superintendence of Mr Francatelli included a Scottish course, composed of cockie-leekie, haggis, and other national dishes. After dinner, the company adjourned to an upper ball-room, where dancing was kept up with great spirit.

London Caithness Association.—The nineteenth anniversary festival of the London Caithness Association was celebrated by the members and friends in the Masonic Hall, Bedford Row, on Friday evening, the 15th ultimo. In their annual report the Committee remark that these festive meetings of the Association "gain increasing support, and are evidently now looked forward to by Caithness people in London as the only and most fitting occasion for Auld Lang Syne acquaintances to enjoy themselves together once a-year."

Highlanders in Aberdeen.—The annual social meeting of the Aberdeen Highlanders' Association was held this evening (13th ult.) in the Music Hall, Councillor Macdonald presiding. There was a large and enthusiastic assembly. After tea, the chairman delivered an eloquent opening address.

Rev. George Macdonald, Free Gaelic Church, advocated the cause of a Celtic Chair in a Scotch University, and the teaching of Gaelic in the Highland Board Schools.

Addresses were also delivered by Mr Macmillan, architect, in Gaelic, and Mr Macphail, Permissive Bill Lecturer. Humorous Gaelic readings were given by Mr Ferguson, manager. A number of songs, chiefly referring to the Highlands, were given by various artistes. Altogether, the meeting was a most successful one.

Glasgow Argyllshire Society.—The annual general business meeting of this Society was held in Maclean's Hotel on Thursday last. There were present Messrs J. R. Macarthur, Duncan Macarthur, Duncan Macmaster, Neil Sinclair, Colin Campbell, Alex. M'Neill, Arthur M'Arthur, D. B. M'Leod, J. L. Mackie, and Dr D. C. Black. Mr Neil Sinclair occupied the chair. The following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—Mr Duncan Smith, president; Messrs Duncan Macmaster, Duncan Macarthur, Arthur Macarthur, D. B. Macleod, Thomas Train, R. J. Cowrie, Dr D. C. Black, James L. Mackie, and Alex. M'Neill, directors; Mr George William Campbell, secretary; and Mr Colin Campbell, treasurer.

Glasgow Caithness Association.—The thiry-ninth annual soiree, concert, and assembly of the Glasgow Caithness Association was held in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 15th ultimo. A most respectable assemblage, numbering over 1000, filled the hall in every part. Wm. Sinclair, Esq., vice-president of the Association, occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by the directors and members of committee, preceded by the pipe-major M'Kinnon of the 105th L.R.V., who were enthusiastically received by the large assemblage.

The Natives of Easdale, Luing, and Seil, in Glasgow.—The tenth annual soiree of the natives of Easdale, Luing, and Seil, resident in Glasgow, took place on Thursday evening last, in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street. Bailie Macbean occupied the chair, and along with him on the platform were—Bailie Torrens, Rev. Mr M'Millan, Messrs Cowan, Neil, M'Kechnie, Smith, M'Intyre, M'Callum, and M'Donald. It gives us great pleasure to notice the presence of two Glasgow magistrates at this gathering. It is not the first time we have recorded their names in connection with similar meetings, and the countenance of such gentlemen ought to be an incentive to Highlanders to band themselves together, and secure that measure of attention which their numbers and circumstances entitle them to.



STATE LINE.

Tha na Smuid-Sholthichean ceutach agus cumhachdach,

Pennsylvania,	2500 Tunna	Louisiana,	1900 Tunna
Virginia,	2500 ,,	Minnesota,	1900 ,,
Georgia,	2500 ,,	Alabama,	1900 ,,

A nis deas air son an aitean a ghabhail, agus seolaidh iad eadar

GLASCHU agus NEW YORK,

A H-UILE CEITHIR-LA-DEUG,

Agus eadar

Liverpool agus New Orleans,

A H-UILE MIOS.

Bithidh Bathar agus Luchd-turais air an giulan as agus do gach cearn de

BHREATUNN AGUS AN ROINN-EORPA;

As agus do gach cearn de na

STAITEAN-AONAICHTE AGUS DE CHANADA,

Aig na prisean a 's saoire.

Tha na Soithichean uile air an togail fo shuil fir-coimhid sgileil, agus tha iad a'seasamh anns a' bhuidheann a's airde ris an abrar. *A 100 at Lloyd's.* Tha iad air an uidheamachadh leis gach goireas a mheasar a bhi air son tearuinteachd agus seasgaireachd luchd-turais de gach inbh agus seorsa; agus o 'n dealbh grinn cho math r'am mor-chumhachd tha iad comasach air luaths a dheanamh nach bi dad air dheireadh air na soithichean eile a's fhearr a tha air an t-slighe. Tha iad aig gach am air an comaandachadh le sgiobairean agus oifigich earbsach, agus bidh gach aire air a buileachadh air luchd-turais de gach inbh.

Tha Lighiche, Ban-stiubhard agus *Matron* air bord air gach soitheach.

Gheobhar tuillidh eolais, ann an Duneideann o *R. D. Kerr, 3 North St. David Street;* ann an Dundea o *Low, Moir, & Co., 81 Murraygate;* ann an Liverpool o *Ross, Skolfield, & Co., 9 Chapel Street;* ann an *Queenstown* o *N. & J. Cumming Brothers;* no ann an

GLASCHU

BHO ALLANC. GOW & CO.,
65 GREAT CLYDE STREET.



UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Mississippi & Dominion Steamship Company, Limited.

The following or other first-class, full-powered Steamers are intended to make regular departures from LIVERPOOL:—

	Tons.		Tons.
Saint Louis	1,827	Vicksburg	2,500
Memphis	2,500	Missouri	2,000
Mississippi	2,200	Texas	2,350
Lord Clive,	3,400	Dominion (building)	3,113
Palestine	2,868	Ontario (building)	3,113

Calling at Belfast Lough.

Palestine	For Quebec and Montreal
Lord Clive	For Boston & Portland, U.S.
Texas	For Quebec and Montreal
Memphis	For Quebec and Montreal
Mississippi	For New Orleans (direct)

For rates of freight apply to
TAYLOR, TIPPER, and CO.,
7 Chapel Street.

Passengers will find superior accommodation in this Company's Steamers. They carry Surgeon and Stewardess.

Saloon Fares to Boston, Portland, and Quebec, £12 12s., £14 14s.; to New Orleans, £20.

STEERAGE FARE, including an ample supply of provisions cooked and served up by the Company's Stewards, £6 6s.

Passengers booked to all parts of the States and Canada.

Agents in Montreal, Messrs. D. TORRANCE and Co.; Boston, Messrs. THAYER and LINCOLN; New Orleans, Mr. SILAS WEEKS.

For passage apply to the Managing Directors,
FLINN, MAIN, and MONTGOMERY,
12 Lancelot's Hey.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

Farm Labourers,
Navvies,
Domestic Servants,
Mechanics.

Free Grants of 160 Acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 Acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs,
Saints Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

Price Sixpence; Cheap Edition, Threepence.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH;
AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

AN GAIDHEAL



CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail . .	65	Uaileineid . .	73
Sgoilearachd na pòit	69	Sgialachd na Tròidhe	79
Coinneamh Chaidreach	70	Sealg Bheinn-Eidir .	81
Muireach Fial . .	73	Sop as gach seid .	85
Caismeachd Aileinnan-sop . .	76	Sgiobaireachd . .	89

"Map ṡaṫ rolup do m' anam ṡein
Ta ṗṡeula na h-aimṗṛa a ṡ' palb." OISEAN.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL,

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 39.

Proverbs, ...	65
Intemperance, ...	69
Gaelic Soiree, ...	70
Muireach Fial, ...	73
Ailein-nan-sop, ...	76
Valentine, ...	78
A Highland Tale, ...	81
Varieties, ...	85
Song, with Music, ...	86

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

"Olim Marte, nunc Arte,"	87
Levers to Raise our Peasantry, No. I., ...	89
Gaelic Society of London, ...	90
Greenock Highland Gathering, ...	91
The Highland Society of London, ...	92
The Gaelic School Society, ...	93
Gaelic Society of Inverness, ...	95
News of the Highlands and Islands, ...	96

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN FEBRUARY.—James Menzies, Glasgow, 11/: W. Mac Gregor, Glenmolachan, 5/6 ; S. Finlayson, Glasgow, 4/6 ; M. MacPherson, Kipney, 5/6 ; Miss Mary M'Arthur, Glasgow, 5/6 ; Robert Kennedy, Tullymet, 5/6 ; Lieut.-Col. C. Greenhill Gardyner, Glenforsa House, 5/6 ; D. Cameron, Rhives, 15/ ; Murdo Macleay, Lochbroom, 5/ ; M. M'Leod, Stornoway, 22/ ; Sir Noel Paton, Edinburgh, 7/6 ; John MacPherson, Llanberis, 8/ ; Peter Nicolson, Dunoon, 5/6 ; John Stewart, Moulin, 9/8 ; Rev. D. Reid, Ballinluig, 4/1½ ; James Dewar, Glasgow, 5/6 ; A. Burgess, Gairloch, 5/6 ; Rev. A. Ross, Lismore, 5/6 ; N. MacPherson, Skye, 5/6 ; Rev. D. Grant, Tullymet, 5/6 ; D. Campbell, Oban, 15/ ; Neil Brodie, Halifax, 1 dol. 50 cents ; D. MacLellan, Ormiclait, 6/11 ; D. Stewart, Reedy Creek, Australia, 30/ ; Farquhar M'Rae, Pearsly Hall, Australia, 10/ ; John M'Quiligan, Fernhill, Ont., 1 dol. 50 cents ; John Sutherland, Owen Sound, Ont., 1 dol. 35 cents ; P. Carmichael, Bowmore, 5/6 ; Colin Chisholm, London, 5/6 ; W. Fraser, Elgin, U.S., 12/ ; P. A. Mackintosh, Cornelly, 5/6 ; Duncan Clark, Oban, 5/6 ; John Carmichael, Mull, 4/6 ; A. Ferguson, Glasgow, 5/6 ; John Craig, Dougrie, 5/6 ; D. M'Kenzie, Plockton, 5/6 ; Rev. W. Forsyth, Abernethy, 12/ ; M. Livingstone, Tyree, 5/6 ; Angus M'Millan, Laggan, Ont., 2 dols. ; Angus Gillies, Gould, P.O., 3 dols. ; Rev. J. V. M'Donell, St. Andrew's, N.S. ; D. M'Ewen, Montreal, 26/7 ; D. Fraser, Vankleek Hill, Ont., 1 dol. 50 cents ; D. MacLauchlan, Vankleek Hill, Ont., 1 dol. 30 cents.

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum ; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

" Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

IV. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1875. [39 Air.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

III.—AN NI A CHI NA BIG, 'S E NI NA BIG.

Anns an t sean-fhocal, "Bu dual da sin," chunnaic sinn beachd ar n-aithrichean mu thimchioll feartan cuirp 'us inntinn a bhi 'ruith 's an fhuil; agus cho daingean 's a bha 'n creidimh 'n am measg gu'm bu tiugha fuil na bùrn. Tha teagasg eile air a thoirt f'ar comhair 's an t-sean-fhocal, "An ni a chi na Big 's e ni na Big,"—teagasg a tha fior chud-thromach anns gach àm 's anns gach àite, ach gu h-araid 'n ar latha-ne an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba,—agus 's e sin a' bhuaidh inntinn a tha anns an duine gu bhi leantainn eisempleir, agus gu sonruichte cumhachd na buaidh thairis air inntinn nan òg. Tha iomadh Sean-fhocal againn a tha dearbhadh an luach a bha ar n-aithrichean a' cur air Iunnsachadh 'us Foghlum, "Cha'n fhiosrach nach feoraich," "Deireadh an là, 's maith na h-eolaich," "Is trom geum bò air a h-aineol," "Ma bhitheas aon chron 's an eolach, bithidh dhàdheug 's an aineolach," "Is trom an èire an t-aineolas;"—ged is eigin aideachadh gu'n robh 's gu bheil na Gaidheil air deireadh air na Goill 'n an eud air son teagaisg cloinne gu h-araid 's an sgoil. Na 'm b'e so an t-àm 's an t-àite, dh'fhaodte aobhar no dhà a thoirt seachad ann an rathad leth-sgeil air son an deigh-laimh so am measg ar luchd-duthcha. 'S e ar dleasdanas an traths' a bhi 'g amharc air an riaghailt-theagaisg a th'air a chur f'ar comhair anns an t-Sean-fhocal. Cha robh ach aon uair eile ann an Eachdraidh na h-Alba, agus cha robh uair idir ann an Eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd, a bha inntinnean dhaoine air an dusgadh gu bhi feoraich mu'n doigh-theagaisg is freagarraiche mar tha iad o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan. Cha 'n 'eil paipeir-naigheachd 's an amhairc sinn, nach 'eil moran deth air a thogail le Buird sgoilean 's le Maigstirean-sgoil—an cuisean 's an connsachaidh. Tha de sgoilean ùra 'g an cur suas, is gu bheil an costas air fhaireachdain trom gu sonruichte 's a Ghaidhealtachd. Bhiodh e ro fheumail, ma ta, gu'm biodh beachdan soilleir 'us cothromach againn air na 's urrainn an sgoil a thoirt seachad, 's air a' mhodh-theagaisg is freagarraiche 'n ar tìr.

Ach cha 'n ann mu "na Big" a mhain a tha 'n Sean-fhocal fior. Tha bhuaidh a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' cur an cainnt a' leantuinn ris gach creutair rè am beatha, ged tha i na's comharraichte anns "na Big." Ann an rathad à bhi leantuinn eisempleir, tha 'n duine cosmhuil ris a' chaora. Deanar a cheud bhriseadh, agus leanaidh an duine, mar a' chaora, ged a b' ann g' a chunnart. Is ann o'n bhuaidh so a tha moran d'ar cleachduinean, d'ar beachdan, agus eadhon d'ar n-aidmheilean ag eirigh. Nach 'eil moran diu mu nach urainn sinn aobhar a thoirt seachad ach gu'n

d' iunnsaich sinn òg iad, no gu'n robh iad aig ar coimhearsnaich? Mu thimchioll an roinn is mo d'ar beachdan, cha 'n e "ciod e cho fior," ach "ciod e cho fasanta" 's a tha iad is trice a dh' fheoraicheas sinn. Thug ar n-aithrichean deagh aire do'n bhuaidh so an inntinn an duine, mar tha na Sean-fhocail a' dearbhadh: "An ni a chluinneas na Big, 's e chanas na Big;" "Tairgnidh gach neach ri 'choslas;" "Seididh aon sroin shalach an clachan;" "Ma their mi fein 'thu' ri m' chù, their a h-uile fear e;" "Miann an duine lochdaich, càch uile 'bhi amhluidh;" "Is uasal mac an uasail an tir nam meirleach;" "Cuir innte, 's cuiridh an saoghal uimpe." 'S e is brigh dha so uile gu bheil an duine gu nadurra teom air Eisempleir a' leantuinn, co-dhiu tha i maith no olc,—gu bheil buaidh na h-Atharrais am measg nan cumhachdan is bunaitiche 's an inntinn.

Gheibhear an Sean-fhocal so, air aon doigh no doigh eile, anns gach canain 's anns gach tir. Cha 'n 'eil canain 's an Roinn-Eorpa, marbh no beo, anns nach 'eil neart na firinn a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' cur an ceill, air aideachadh "gu minic agus air iomadh doigh." Chaidh a' bhuaidh-inntinn a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' comharrachadh a mach a mhineachadh 's a shoillearachadh leis gach fear-teagaisg a ghabh os laimh nadur an duine a' rannsuchadh 's na laghannan a tha riaghladh na h-inntinn a' lorgachadh g' an cul. Gheibh sinn air uairean inntinn an duine air a coimeas ri ceir, air a bheil an saoghal mar sheula a' dealbhadh gach smuain 's gach faireachduin; air uairean eile ri sgàthan a tha 'tilgeadh air ais ceart dhreach nan cuspairean a chuir-ear fa comhair; ach mar is trice 'n a cumhachd beo, le laghannan suidhichte a' riaghladh a' chuirp, a' stiuireadh na toil, a' cumadh an t-saoghail, 's a' deanamh a bheatha fein sothuigsinn do'n duine. Is cainnt shamhlachail so; agus tha e feumail a chuimhneachadh gur ann an cainnt shamhlachail a mhain is urrainn duinn labhairt mu'n inntinn. Cha 'n 'eil ar briathran ach ann an tomhas fior an uair a tha sinn 'g an cleachdadh ann an seirbhis na rioghachd neo-fhaicsinnich so; oir rugadh 'us bhaisteadh iad 'n an iochdarain an t-saoghail mu'n cuairt duinn, agus tha cruth na tire d'am buin iad 'g an leantainn. Ged is e inntinn a thug an Saoghal gu bith, ged bhitheas inntinn buan-mhaireannach an uair a theid an Cruinne-cé 'n a smàl, ged tha sinn a' creidsinn nach 'eil anns a' Chruthachadh fhaicsinneach ach sgail na h-Inntinn neo-fhaicsinnich a chruthaich e, 's a tha 'g a chumail suas, gidheadh is ann an cainnt a th'air a cumadh ris na chi an t-suil 's na laimhsicheas an lamh a tha sinn a mhain comasach air labhairt mu inntinn. A thuilleadh air so, ciod e inntinn innte fein, no ciod e corp ann fein, no ciod e gne a' chocheangail eadar an inntinn 's an corp, cha tuig mac an duine. Ciod e spiorad, cha leir dhuinn; 'us ciod e feoil, cha 'n aithne dhuinn. Gun teagamh "is uamhasach, iongantach a dhealbhadh sinn;" agus feudaidh sinn le firinn a radh gu bheil sinn na 's aineolaiche oirnn fein na tha sinn air an talamh fo ar casan, no air na speuran os ar cionn.

Ach ged nach eil fios againn co dheth a tha 'n aitreibh mhiorbhuileach so air a deanamh suas, tha sinn comasach air eolas fhaotainn air moran d'a feartan a reir mar tha i 'n a h-oibreachadh 'g a foillseachadh fein duinn. Tha sinn a' cleachdadh a bhi mar so a' labhairt mu'n *Reusan* mar a' smuaineachadh, a' breithneachadh; mu'n *Toil* a' sonruchadh; 's mu'n *Chridhe* a' faireachduin; ach tha e cosmhuil nach 'eil bunait sheas-

mhach aig an doigh chainnt so. Bithidh sinn mar an ceudna 'labhairt air buaidhean 'us ceud-fàithean na h-inntinn ; ach is cainnt shamhlachail a tha sinn ag uisneachadh. Tha 'n Inntinn gun teagamh, mar is lèir dhuinne, " 'n a h-uile anns na h-uile;" ach 'n a h-aon, do-roinnte, do-sgarte. 'S e an aon Inntinn do-roinnte, do-sgarte so, a tha 'g oibreachadh air caochladh dhoighean, 's a tha 'g a foillseachadh fein duinn a' smuaineachadh, a' breithneachadh, a' dealbh, a' sonruchadh, 's a' faireachduin. Tha na roinnean a tha sinn mar so a' deanamh feumail agus freagarrach, a chum a bhi 'gleidheadh ordugh agus loinn 'n ar n-eolas, agus eadhon 'n ar gnothuichean, ach feumaidh sinn an comhnuidh a chuimhneachadh, gu bheil ar roinnean fior a mhain ann an oibreachadh na h-inntinn, agus nach eil aite aca ann an aitreibh na h-inntinn fein. Bhitheadh e cho ceart duit a' radh gu bheil uiread lamhan agad 's a tha de chaochladh ghniomhan ann ris an cuir thu do lamh gu h-ealanta. Cha 'n 'eil ach aon lamh ann ; ach feudaidh iomadh ceird a bhi air an aon laimh. Air a cheart doigh, cha 'n 'eil ach aon Inntinn ann, ged is lèir dhuinn a h-oibreachadh air iomadh caochladh doigh.

Am measg nan laghannan d'am bheil an Inntinn 'n a h-oibreachadh a' geilleadh, cha 'n 'eil aon, ma dh' fhaodte, a tha faighinn umhlachd cho iomlan, no aig a' bheil uachdranachd cho farsuing ris an lagh a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' cur an cainnt. Tha tus ar n-eolais a' co-sheasamh anns a' chomas a th'aig an Inntinn air aire a thoirt do chuspairean a tha cosmhuil ri cheile, 's an da chuid an coslas 's an eu-coslas a ghleidheadh air chuimhne. Agus ceart mar a chi sinn gu bheil inntinn an fhircheird a' faighinn toileachas ann a bhi 'leantuinn a dhreuchd, mar a tha 'lamh ag iunnsachadh teomachd ; tha gach slighe air an toir thu comas do'n inntinn a bhi 'siubhal a' fas soilleir d'i ; agus a thuilleadh air so, tha gach ceum a bheir thu anns an t-slighe a' dusgadh suas iarrtas air a bhi ag imeachd innte. Chi sinn mar so gu bheil a' bhuaidh bhunaiteach, dhiomhair so, a' filleadh a stigh innte fein cumhachd a tha toirt barantas dhuinn air a seasmhachd. Le cleachduin tha 'n t-saothair a' fas taitneach, agus tha miann air a ghintinn 's an inntinn gu bhi 'buanachadh 's an t-saothair. 'S ann do bhrigh firinn na buaidh so a thuirt an t-aon a bu doimhne 'rannsuich inntinn an duine riamh, nach 'eil ann an Deadh-bheus ach Cleachduin. Agus is ann le fior-fhiosrachadh air neart na ceart bhuaidh a thuirt na Sean-daoine : "'S e 'n t-iunnsachadh òg a bhitheas ealanta," "Is duilich toirt o'u laimh a chleachd."

Cha 'n 'eil ach ceum beag eadar Cleachduin 'us Eisempleir. Is dà phiuthair iad—nigheanan na h-aon Mhathar. An ni a tha thu fein a' deanamh, 's e sin do Chleachduin ; an ni a tha do choimhearsnach a' deanamh, 's e sin d' Eisempleir. Gheibh thu toilinntinn a' d' ghniomh fein le bhi tric 'g a dheanamh ; gheibh thu toilinntinn an gniomh do chomhearsnaich le bhi an comhnuidh 'g a fhaicinn. 'S e 'n aon bhuaidh inntinn a ni cinnteach nach diobair thu do Chleachduin fein, 's gun iunnsaich thu Eisempleir do choimhearsnaich. Tha e so-thuigsinn, ma ta, gu'm biodh buaidh aig a' bheil aite cho bunaiteach an inntinn an duine, a' riaghladh a' chinne-daonna o thoiseach an t-saoghail. Ach tha e dlu air bhi do-thuigsinn, mar tha e gun teagamh do-innseadh, an cumhachd a th' aig cleachduin ar coimhearsnaich thairis air ar caithe-beatha. Cha mhor an aireamh, agus is coma ged nach mor, a tha cho neo-mhoth-

achail air Eisempleir mhaith no olc 's a bha clann fir Ruspuinn, ma 's fior Rob Donn:

"Bu daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad
Le fiosrachadh do chach,
'S cha mho a rinn iad aon dad
Itis an can an Saoghal gras;
Ach ghineadh iad, 'us rugadh iad,
'Us thogadh iad, 'us dh' fhas;
Chaidh strac de'n t-saoghal thairis orr'
'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bas."

"Tha 'n Saoghal air a' riaghladh le Gliocas, le Ughdarras, agus le Eisempleir;" b'e so beachd duine cho geur 's cho fiosrach 's a chunnacas 's an Roinn-Eorpa o chionn iomadh linn. Agus nach feudar a' radh gur e, mar is trice, Eisempleir is cumhachdaiche de'n triuir. Nach tric a chunnacas ann an Eachdraidh an t-saoghail tàir 'g a dheanamh air comhairle ghlic, dùlan 'g a thoirt do ordugh an Rìgh, ach c'uin no c'aite nach faighidh Eisempleir eisdeachd agus umhlachd. Cha 'n e Reusan no Reachd, ach Abhaist d'am bheil sinn ullamh gu striochdadh. Cha 'n e Feachd ach Fasan nan Greugach a chiosnaich na Romanaich. Agus o chionn iomadh bliadhna nach e Fasan is cumhachdaiche na Firinn 's an Fhraing. Ciamar a thuigeas sinn iomadh cleachduin a ghleidh an lamh-an-uachdar ann an iomadh duthaich rè iomadh linn, a dh' aindeoin solus an Reusain, ughdarras an Lagha, agus faobhar a Chlaidheimh, gun a bhi 'cumail air chuimhne buaidh na h-Abhaist thairis air imntinn an duine?

Cha mhor dhaoine no chinneach, tha mi meas, a tha toirt barrachd ughdarrais do Abhaist no do Chleachduin, na tha 'n Cinneadh Gaidhealach. Gun teagamh cha 'n 'eil, 's cha robh sinn cho umhail do lagh na Rioghachd 's a tha sinn do bheachd ar n-aithrichean 's ar coimhearsnaich. Is e ar n-uaill nach striochdamaid do chumhachd choigreach; ach nach dearbh moran d'ar cleachduinean 's d'ar beachdan gu'n d' thug sinn iomadh uair umhlachd thoileach do chomhairlean faoin, do theagasgan mealita, 's do eisempleir neo-thoinisgeil 'n ar duthaich fein. Feudaidh e bhi gur ann do bhrigh 's gu bheil o chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna ar coimhearsnach ro-chumhachdach air ar son, a tha sinn cho amhurusach air gach seoladh 's gach ordugh a ghheibh sinn o'n Ghall. Tha mi de'n bheachd gu'n do chuidich ar n-eachdraidh anns a cheum so cumhachd na tuigse a' lagachadh 'n ar measg. A dh' aon ni, cha ghabh sinn ri sochairean fein gun taing. Cha 'n eisd sinn ri Gliocas ma bhitheas claidheamh 'n a dorn. Cha b'urrainn an t-arm dearg a bhrigis a chur oirnn; ach an ni a dh' fhairtlich air Saighdearan, bha e so-dheanta do Thaillearan. Agus nach eigin aideachadh gu faigh Faoineas fardoch 'n ar measg ma labhras i miodalach ruinn. B'usa leinn riamh beum claidheimh na beum teangadh fhulang. Far nach buadhaicheadh Feachd, bhuannaichdeadh Fanoid. Nach 'eil e fior gun geill sinn do fhear a' bheoil mhilis, gun a theachdaireachd a' ranusachadh ro dhluth, air thoiseach airsan a bheir an comhnuidh seachad an fhirinn, searbh air uairean mar a dh' fheumas i bhi. Bha Bard nach cualas ainm a mach à Sgireachd fein a' gearan air a choimhearsnach air son e bhi ro theom air innseadh bhreug, ach

"Dh' innseadh tu cho briagh iad,
'S nach iarruinn ach bhi d' eisdeachd."

arsa 'm Bard, ann an rathad lethsgeil. Tha mi meas gu'n do chuir am Bard sios anns an rann so, cainnt a tha fior mu mhoran d'ar luchd-duthcha.

'S ann mar is trice ann an rathad rabhaidh a chluinneas sinn an Seanfhocal air a thoirt air aghaidh.

Ach tha a theagasg cho fior agus cho feumail ann an rathad misnich. Mar a chi thu Tigh-soluis a' comharrachadh do 'n Mharaiche an dà chuid cunnart an Rugha 'us tearuinteachd a' Chaoil; gheibhear Eisempleir a' tilgeadh soluis air "slighe fhiar nam peacach baoth," a tha 'treorachadh gu sgrios, 's air slighe dhirich an fhirein d' an crioch "a' bheatha mhaireannach." Gun teagamh sam bith, cha 'n ann an solus an là, le gaoith an cùl nan seol, 's aig caladh tearuinte, a dh' iunnsaicheas am Maraiche an t-seoltachd, a' chruadail, 's an earbsadh, a stiuireas long gu sabhailte ri oidhche dhoinneannaich roimh chuan buaireasach, no seachad air cladach cunnartach; 's cha mho is ann gun iomadh tuisleachadh 'us tuiteam ghoirt, a gheibh an t-Ionracan an inntinn fhallain, na tograidhean cothromach, 's an toil sheasmhach a bheir tearuinte e roimh amhuinn theinntich na beatha; ach ann an iunnsachadh nan òg, tha e air aideachadh air gach laimh, gu bheil e na 's freagarraiche eisempleir mhaith a chum a leantuinn a chur f'an comhair, na droch eisempleir a chum a seachnadh.

Am measg nan Sean-fhocal a tha f'ar comhair an traths, 's a tha gu leir a buntainn ri teagasg an t-sluaigh, tha e comharraichte nach eil ach aon, "An ni a chluinneas na Big 's e chanas na Big," a' toirt air aghaidh buaidh Cainnt airson teagaisg; tha cach gu leir a' toirt f'ar comhair buaidh Gniomh. Bha ar n-aithrichean ceart. "'Se Beul a labhras; ach 's e Gniomh a dhearbhas." Tha Comhairle mhaith luachmhor; tha Eisempleir mhaith na 's luachmhoire. Is ro fheumail Beachdan cothromach; tha Gluasad ceart na 's ro fheumaile. Chaidh cliu nan Gaidheal air son iomadh deagh bhuaidh am fad 's am farsuingeachd. Sheirm iad fein i, 's sheirm daoine eile i. Ach cha b' ann airson meud ar n-eolais a bhuannaichd sinn cliu am measg nan sluagh. Cha b' ann 's an Sgoil a dh' iunnsaich sinn na cleachduinean a choisinn urram o chairdean 's o naimhdean. Ach cha robh sinn gun luchd teagaisg 's an àm a dh' fhalbh. Bha deagh eisempleir 'n ar dachaidhean; agus bha cliu nan daoine o 'n d' thainig sinn, an rann 's an sgeul, gu tric 'n ar cluasan. Ma dh' fhaodte nach coisneadh an t-eolas so àite urramach dhuinn o 'n bhaile; ach gun teagamh dheanamh e earbsach sinn gu 'n gleidheamaid an t-àite na 'm faigheamaid e. Tha sinn an dochas gu 'n lean deagh eisempleir na dachaidh; ach tha 'n rann 's an sgeul air dol a fasan. Bhiodh e duilich mur tig na 's fearr 'n an aite. "An ni a chi na Big, 's e ni na Big,"—gu ma fada a bhitheas deagh eisempleir air a' cur fa chomhair nan òg. "An ni a chluinneas na Big 's e chanas na Big,"—nach duilich gur eigin a chur an cuimhne ar luchd-teagaisg gu 'm feum "na Big" *tuigsinn* cho math ri *cluinntinn* mu 'n *can* iad.

D. M'K.

———o———

SGOILEARACHD NA POIT.

Fonn—Copenhagen Waltz.

Ma bhios duine fuireach
Fada mach ag òl,
Oidhche shleamhainn reòt',
Caillidh e a threòir,
Agus bidh e, bharrachd,
Ann an cunnart mòr
Tuiteam air a shròin air an làr:
Géillidh a dha spòig,
Sléuchdaidh e do 'n Phòit,
Caillidh e dha bhròig,
Bidh e sin na spòrs
Aig na giullain bheaga,
Mheara, bhinneach, òg,
A bhios ri òb-òb, air an t-sràid:
Ni iad cròithlein mu 'n cuairt,
Agus cuiridh iad gruaim
Air a' mhisgeir bhochd, thruagh,
A bhios gu buileach air neo-urrainn
Teachd 'n an dàil!

Aig na gillean inich
A bha anns an Ròimh
'S anns a' Ghréig, bha nòs,
Mar tha sgrìbhte fòs,
Toirt air tràillean bochda
Boslaichean dibh' òl ;
'Nochdadh do'n chloinn òig
An droch ghnàiths.
Gu'm bu ghasd' an dòigh
Bh'aig na daoine còir' ;—
Ach 's e beachd an t-slòigh
Tha 's an eilein mhòr s'
Nach robh annt' ach amadain,
Gun fhios, gun eòl,
'Toirt soluis pòit do'n cuid tràill':
Chuir iad car anns an rian
Rinn na a gliocairean crionnd',
Agus òlaidh iad fein anis am fion
'S an t-uisge-beatha 'n àite chàich!

Gur a h-olc 's gur bochd
An cleachdadh a chi clann
'N uair a tha iad fann,
'S gun an tuigs' ach gann,
Aithrichean air mhisg
'S air mhearaichinn fo 'n dràm,
'S iad a lùgh droch cainnt',
'S ri droch ghnàs !
Cha 'n eil smid no drannt
A thig as an ceann,
No droch phratan cam,
Nach grad-thog a' chlann,
'S fasaidh iad, gu deimhinn, dut,
Mu dheireadh thall,
Anns a h-uile ball mar bha càch !
So tha fàgail cho truagh
Ar dàthcha 's ar sluaigh,
Tha Rati air buaidh a thoirt gu buileach,
'S rinn e de gach duine *traill*.

——*o*——

COINNEAMH CHAIDREACH

A' CHOMUINN GHAIDHEALAICH ANN AN GLASCHU.

"A' chuirm sgaoilte, chualas an ceol ;
Ard shòlas an talla nan triath."

A GHAIDHEIL SMIORAIL,—Cha b' urrainn "Bard caoin Chona" fhein ged bhiodh e lathair, briathran a bu fhreagarraiche chleachdadh gu coltas na coinnimh moir' a bha aig Gaidheil Ghlaschu air a' chiad Dihaoine d'an mhios so, chur an ceill, na na facail a chaidh a thoirt as a bheul binn agus a sgriobhadh os cionn clar-innsidh na cuirme,—"A' chuirm sgaoilte, chualas an ceol ; ard shòlas an talla nan triath." A dhuine mo ghaoil, 's ann an sin a bha! Ged is lionmhor na Goill ann am baile-mor Ghlaschu, 's gur gann a chi neach ach iad, cha bhiodh e duilich do dhuine air bith a cho-dhunadh air an latha ud gu 'n robh cruinneachadh mor air chor-eigin aig na Gaidheil ; cha tionndadh tu do shuil, gu sonraichte shuas mu 'n Each-odhar agus ceann near a' bhaile, air an fheasgar ud, nach faiceadh tu an sud 's an so fear air a sgeadachadh ann am breacan an fheilidh, le nighinn oig r' a ghuallainn, a' toirt 'aghaidh air an t-sraid anns am bheil Talla mor a' Bhaile. Is ann an sin a bha an togradh 's an othail am measg Chlanna nan Gaidheal ! "Am fear nach feitheadh r' a bhogha cha 'n fheitheadh r' a chlaidheamh ;" 's am fear aig nach robh aon chuid feile no breacan, cha robh ach a suas le bad fraoich no suaicheantas Gaidhealach sam bith air an gabhadh ruigheachd, 's air falbh a shireadh na maighdinn oige leis an do gheall e dol a dh-ionnsaidh Coinneamh Chaidreach a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich !

"Fhéilidh chruinn nan cuaichein,
Gur buadhail an t-earradh gaisgich ;
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheann, 's bu ghasd' air faich' thu!"

Am measg na thog orra do 'n Talla air an fheasgar aimneil so, bha dà sheana-ghiullan gun fheile-beag, gun bhreacan, gun leannan,—b' iad sin, do charaid Donull Charba agus mi fhein. Am bheil fhios agad gu 'n robh seorsa naire oirnn an uair a mhothaich sinn sinn fein anns an t-sruth Ghaidhealach a bha a' dumhlachadh a stigh a dh-ionnsaidh an Talla, 's gun oirnn ach na "brigisean

liath-ghlas;" theid mise an urras gu 'n robh iad "am bliadhna 'cur mulaid oirnn!" Coma co dhiubh, cha robh an sin uile dithis a bu tairisiche agus a bu teóistinniche ris na Gaidheil na Donull agus mi fhein; agus ma bhios sinn beo gus an ath choinnimh, co aige tha fhios nach fhaic thu feile-beag air Donull Charba agus "biodag air *Mac-Mharcuis!*" Arsa Donull rium fhein an uair a bha sinn a' tighinn a dh-ionnsaidh an doruis, agus a chridhe air togail le sodan ris na Gaidheil—

'Tha gach fasan Gaidhealach
An drast a' tighinn gu feum;
Na deiseachan a b' abhaist dhaibh,
'S a b' fhearr leo aca fein;
Coinneamh anns gach àite
Aig na h-armuinn is fearr beus;
Gach duine 'labhairt Gaidhlig dhiubh,
'S a' phiob a ghnath an gleus.'

A stigh am measg chaich ghabh sinn; agus ma ghabh, fhir mo chridhe, 's ann an sin a bha an seallaidh! Bho cheann gu ceann, agus bho urlar gu anainn, bha an talla is momha ann am baile-mor Ghlaschu lan sluaigh. An da chuid gu h-iosal agus air an lobhta bha buird fhada, chaol a' sìneadh o bhalla gu balla, 's iad cuirnichte le anart cho geal ri sneachd air bharr nan geug. Air gach taobh de na buird so, agus cho dluth 's a b' urrainn daibh suidhe, bha na h-aoidhean air an àiteachan a ghabhail 'n an càraidean grinn, agus iad air an sgeadachadh anns gach dath fo 'n ghrein, ionann 's leis an t-solus dhealrach a bha air a thilgeadh orra bho na miltean leus a bha a' breacadh speur an t-seomair, gur beag nach tugadh iad doille air do leirsinn. Bha "*a' chuirm sgaolte;*" bha 'n sin aran de gach gnè, ach gu sonraichte aran cruaidh, coirce; agus comhladh ri sin an *tea* dhonn, Innseanach. Ged nach urrainn domh a radh gur ann Gaidhealach a tha an *tea*, tha i a nis air fàs cho cumannta an tir nam beann 's a tha i air a' Ghalldachd fein; agus a thuilleadh air sin tha i freagarrach do dh-òg 's do shean. Cha robh, uime sin, daoine doicheallach rithe. Bha latha 's dheanadh duine uaill as gu 'm fanadh a "Mhairi buileach o 'n *tea*," ach dh' fhalbh sin 's thainig so. An *tea* a tha 'tighinn oirnn as na h-Innsean, agus am buntàta a fhuair sinn an toiseach á America, bu dona dheanamaid feum as an eugmhais. Faodaidh sinn a radh mu 'n *tea* mar thuirt an bard mu rud-eigin eile—

"Bheir an stuth grinn oirnn
Seinn gu fileanta;
Chuir a thoilinntinn
Binneas 'n ar cainnt;
Chaisg i ar 'n lota,
'N fhior dheoch mhilis;
Bu mhuladach sinne
Na 'm biodh i air chall."

A thuilleadh air gach buaidh eile tha air an *tea*,

"Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann i;
'S is ro-mhath 'n t-seise mhuineil
Do gach duine ghabhas rann i."

Cha robh sinn ach goirid a' feitheadh an uair "*chualas an ceol*"—ceol fuaimeil, ard nam piob; 's theid mise an urras gu 'n robh "*ard shòlas an talla nan triath.*" Direach air sàil nam piobairean, thainig a stigh ceann-suidhe na coinnimh, Mr. Donnachadh Mac-a'-Ghobhainn. 'N a chuideachd bha moran uaislean anns an deise ghoirid, agus ghabh iad an aiteachan-suidhe air gach taobh, agus m' an cuairt da. Tha bruidhinn mhor an dràst mu "Chathair Ghaidhlig" ann an Oilthigh Dhuneideann, ach ma 's e is ciall da sin, cathair air a lionadh le Gaidheal fiachail, foghluimte, agus comasach air a' chainnt mhilis a theagasg do mhuinntir eile, leiginnsa fhaicinn duit "Cathair Ghaidhlig" no dhà air an oidhche ud. Eadar

thu fhein 's mi fhein, na 'm biodh riaghladh a' ghnothaich agamsa, cha leiginn le fear sam bith suidhe anns a' chathair mhoir ann an Duneideann ach Gaidheal beothail, tapaidh a chaitheadh am feile-beag "a' h-uile latha 's Di-Domhnuich." Ach tha mi 'dol troimh m' naidheachd. An deigh an altachaidh, ghabh an sluagh an taice na h-itheannaich, 's Moire, 's ann an sin a bha an cnuaipeadh air an aran choirce !—aran a tha gle bhitheanta 'n a annas air Gaidheil nam bailte-mora. Rinn gach neach a dhleasnas ris na bha mu 'choinnimh.

Tha cuimhne agad air deadh chleachdamh a bha, agus an cuid a thighean, a tha fathast am measg nan Gaidheal; an uair a bhiodh na h-aoidhean mu 'n bhord réidh agus sasuichte, rachadh fear an tighe m' an cuairt agus bheireadh e gu cairdeil air laimh gach neach dhiubh, a' cur an ceill an toileachaidh a bha aige am faicinn aig a bhord, agus a dheadh-ghean daibh gu leir. Thar leam gu 'm bu chiatach am fasan a bha an so; agus gur mor am beud e bhi dol á cleachdadh. Bha e nochdadh cho cairdeil 's cho fialaidh 's a bha ar sinnsrean, a dh-aindeoin na bhios luchd-tuaileis ag radh mu cho borb agus cho aineolach 's a bha iad. Mur do nochd ar ceann-suidhe còir an gean-math ceudna dhuinne air an fheasgar ud le fàsgadh na laimhe,— oir ghabhadh sin gu meadhon oidhche dha,—rinn e gu h-eireachdail leis an teangaidh e, an uair a dh' eirich e. An deigh dhuinn da rann de aon de na Sailm bhinn a chuir brathair-athar fein, an t-Ollamh Urramach Iain Mac-a'-Ghobhainn, ann an Gaidhlig cho snasmhor, a sheinn, dh' innis fear-na-cathrach dhuinn an toil-inntinn a thug e dha 'bhi air ceann coinnimh cho mor agus cho measail d' a luchd-duthcha. Thug e cliu do 'n Chomunn fhiughantach, thapaidh a chuir air chois a' choinneamh, agus mhol e do gach Gaidheal 's an lathair, agus anns gach cearna, iad g' an ceangal fein ris a' Chomunn, agus mar so iad a thaisbeanadh an teo-chridheachd ri muinntir an duthcha, agus am miann air a bhi cuideachadh leis gach oidheirp a bheirear air leas nan Gaidheal a chur air aghaidh.

Chaidh an fhearas-chuideachd a nis air a h-aghaidh gun ghainne, gun bhacadh. Eadar orain, sgeulachdan, oraidean, ceol, agus dannsadh, cha deachaidh stad air na h-uaislean sgeinmeil, tapaidh a ghabh os laimh ar cumail ann an àbhachd; agus a bheil fhios agad gu 'n robh de thoil-inntinn orm nach d' fhairich mi tri uairean an uaireadair ach mar mhionaid na boise! Fhuair sinn earailean cudthromach agus freagarrach ann an Gaidhlig cho blasda 's a thainig riabh á beul, bho Mhr. Mac-a'-Mhaighstir, bho 'n Urramach A. Camaron, Bhròdhaig, bho 'n *Àrd-Albannach*, a' h-uile ceum á Inbhirnis, agus bho Mhr. Sharp, aon de chinn-chinnidh a' Chomuinn. Air son an luchd-chiuil—na piobairean, luchd-seinn nan oran, agus na dannsairean, bha na h-urad dhiubh ann agus iad uile cho barraichte 'n an dreuchd 's 'n an oifig fa-leth, 's gu 'n teirigeadh a' Ghaidhlig fein orm na 'n toisichinn air an cliutheachadh ma seach; cuiridh mi direach aon fhleasg mor, greadhnach m' an cinn gu leir, le a radh nach biodh e 'n a ghnothach soirbh barr a thoirt orra ann an snas agus ann an tapachd na h-oibre a chuir iad troimh 'n lamhan, an casan, an ribheidean, agus an teanga-annan— "Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid!"

An uair a bha gach nì a bha anns a' chlar-innsidh thairis, dh' eirich sinn gu leir, air iarrtas a' chinn-shuidhe, agus sheinn sinn—agus an creid thu

mi gu 'n d'thainig tiomachadh air mo chridhe fhein, agus tha mi lan chinnteach air cridhe iomadh aon a thuilleadh orm, an uair a sheinn sinn—beagan earrannan d'an oran iomraiteach agus thiamhaidh sin, is minig a thug taiseachadh air suil Gadiheil 's e 'fagal a dhuthcha, "*Eirich agus tiuguinn O!*" Mar so chuir sinn crioch le h-onair air coinnimh Ghaidhealaich cho mor agus cho taitneach 's a chunnaic mo dha shuil riabh. Thuirt mi gu 'n do chuir sinn *crioch* oirre, ach is fada m' am b'e so deireadh na cluiche. Bha coinneamh-dhannsaidh mhor anns a' cheart talla an deigh na coinnimh-caidrich, agus tha mi dearbhta gu 'n robh coig fichead càraid aice, cho math ri sluagh mor de luchd-coimhid, a lion lobhta an talla bho thaobh gu taobh. Bha na lasgairean 's na h-ingheanagan gasda a' cur nan car dhiubh an sin gus an robh a' chiad agus an darna cadal seachad acasan a chaidh dhachaidh aig deireadh na Coinnimh Caidrich. Dh' fhalbh na dannsairean gu dleasnach agus chunnaic iad gu sabhailte dachaidh an cuid leannan. Bho 'n bha Donull Charba agus mise cho mi-fhortanach 's nach robh leannain againn, ghabh sinn a laidhe a bhruadar mu na chunnaic 's na chuala sinn. B' iad na facail mu dheireadh a chuala mi Donull ag radh agus e 'tuiteam 'n a chadal,—"Feuch am bi thu cinnteach gu 'n sgriobh thu cunntas a dh-ionnsaidh a' *Ghaidheil*, mu Choinneamh Chaidreach a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich ann an Glaschu—Cadal math dhuit."

Rinn mi nis mo dhicheall gu iarrtas Dhonuill chòir a chur an gniomh. Tha fhios math gu leoir agam nach 'eil mo sgeul cho cuimir 's a dh'-fhaodadh e bhi; is ainneamh leis an teangaidh bhi cho teoma 's gu 'n teid aice air a chur am briathar na lionas an t-suil 's an inntinn mar rinn a' chuideachd, an greadhnachas, agus am fleaghachas anns an do thacair sinne air an oidhche ud. Ma ruigeas do chothrom air, no ma cheadaicheas d' ùine, cuir fein caoin agus dreach air mo sheanchus. Sguiridh mi le briathran an t-seann oranaiche—

> "Chaidh an comunn, an comunn,
> Chaidh an comunn air chùl;
> Dhealaich comunn r' a chéile,
> *'S deanaibh fein d' e sgeul ùr.*
> . . . . .
> Sgaoil an comunn o chéile,
> 'S thug e deur air mo shùil."

Buaidh leat! Soirbheachadh dhuit! D' fhaicinn slan, guidhe durachdach do charaid,

MAC-MHARCUIS.

Di-mairt, Inid, 1875.

———o———

MUIREACH FIAL.

BHA uair eigin ann an Cinntàile duine ris an abradh iad "Muireach Fial," agus bha mòran airgid aige. Ma 's fhìor, thug Muireach air uair suim airgid do 'n t-Siosalach, uachdaran Shrath-Ghlais; agus fhuair e sgribheadh laghail no "bann' bho 'n t-Siosalach anns an robh air a cheangal air son an airgid àite ris an abrar "Afaric Mholach." Chaidh Muireach turus sìos rathad na Machrach; bha gille còmhla ris; agus a' tilleadh dhachaidh bha iad oidhche ann an tigh-osda Shruidh, agus chaidh Muireach a mharbhadh an sin.

Anns a' mhaduinn, an uair a dh' éirich an gille, dh' innis iad da gu' n d' fhuair a mhaighistir fios-cabhaig gu dol taobh eigin; nach d' innis e cia an taobh, ach gu 'n d' iarr e airsan dol dachaidh. Thog an gille air, agus an uair a ràinig e an tigh, cha robh sgial air Muireach, agus cha robh fhios aige càite an robh e, ach gu 'n do dhealaich e ris air an oidhche

ann an Sruidh. Fhuaradh coire mhór do'n ghille, agus bha crádh-cogais aige fhein air fhein, air son cho luath 's a thàinig e air falbh; ach 's e rud a rinn e gu 'n d' fhalbh e rithist an ceann cheithirladiag, agus ràinig e tigh-òsda Shruidh. Cha d' aithnich iad e an tùs, agus cha mhò a dh' innis e dhaibh co a bh' ann, no ciod bu ghnothach dha. Leig e air òl agus dh' iarr e fear-an-tighe. Bha e cumail an uisge-bheatha ris gu math, ach a' toirt na deagh aire air fhein; agus mu dheireadh an uair a thòisich fear-an-tighe air fàs blath,—ars' esan ris a' ghille :—

"Air do shlainte, a mhic Dhunnachaidh mhic Iain chaoil,
Fath mo ghaoil ort, cha b' i 'n deoch;
Ach thu bhi cuide ri Muireach Fial,
A' chóig oidhche diag gus an nochd."

Bha so ag innseadh gu 'n d' aithnich fear-an-tighe e, ach cha do leig an gille air gu'n do thuig e e. Goirid an deigh sin thigear mac fhir-an-tighe stigh, air ghnothach gu 'athair, 's dh' fharraid 'athair dh' e, "Am faca tu am bradan fìor-uisge an nochd?" Thuirt gu' m fac, air a leithid so de pholl, a's e ag ainmeachadh a' phuill. "Nach e tha dol leis gu math!" arsa fear-an-tighe.

Bha am fear eile (an gille) ag cumail a chluaise ris a h-uile rud a bha e cluinntinn, gun a bhi gabhail dad air; agus gun dol a laidhe idir, dh' fhàg e an tigh cho luath 's a chunnaic a shùil an latha. Dh' fharraid e de na coimhearsnaich air bruaich na h-aimhne càite an robh a leithid so de pholl, 's e toirt seachad ainm a' phuill. Dh' innis iad da: agus an uair a ràinig e am poll, faicear e Muireach air urlar a' phuill marbh. Fhuair e air a thogail e, agus thìodhlaic iad e ann an cladh Shrath-Ghlais, agus an sin thog an gille air dhachaidh.

Dh' innis e a h-uile car mar a thachair; agus gun dàil, dh' fhalbh comhlan á Cinntàile gu corp Mhuirich a thoirt dachaidh. An uair a thog iad e bha déigh mhòr aca air greim fhaotainn air cuid de na Glaisich a los am marbhadh, ach cha robh fhios aca ciamar a ghlacadh iad iad.

Ma dheireadh 's e an rud a rinn iad leac a thogail as a' chladh, agus a toirt leo air falbh, an dòchus gu 'n leanadh na Glaisich iad air son na lice, agus mar sin gu'm faigheadh iad greim orra. Ach a dh-aindeoin sin cha do leig an t-eagal leis na Glaisich gnothuch a ghabhail riu; agus an sin thog na Sailich orra leis an lic 's le Muireach, thair na monaidhnean gus an d' ràinig iad Cill-Duthaich ann an Cinntàile.

Air an rathad thuit an leac air an fheadhainn a bha 'g a giùlan, agus chaidh sgealb as a' ghualainn aice; thug iad leo an sgealb cuide ris an lic, agus chuireadh le chéile iad ann Cill-Duthaich, far am beil iad gus an là an diugh. Thugadh mar ainm air an lic "An leac chuileineach," a chionn gu 'n d' fhalbh an sgealb aisde; agus lean an t-ainm sin riabh rithe.

A nise, a thaobh gu 'n d' fhalbh Muireach mar so, cha robh fhios càite an robh a' bhann a fhuair e bho 'n t-Siosalach; bha i air chall, 's leig iad diubh a bhi 'g a h-iarraidh. Bha aig Muireach anns an tigh ball-èirneis ris an abradh iad "beinge;" agus an déigh a bhàis bha a' bheinge so, mar dhùthchas a' leantainn an teaghlaich bu teinne air fhein, a's iad 'g a gleidheadh gu measail, mar bhall-sinnsireachd, ré ioma bliadhna. Am fear aig an robh i mu dheireadh, 's e "*Murchadh Buidhe nam miar*" a theirteadh ris; agus bu chèaird da a bhi dròbhaireachd each. Phòs Murchadh Buidhe so boirionnach a bha 'n sid; ach ged a ghabh i e, 's ann an aghaidh a càile fhéin, agus sin air

chomhairle a cuideachd—gu sonraichte air chomhairle a bràthar.

An déis d' i a' chiad urra chloinne bhi aice, dh'fhàg i Murchadh, 's thugar Peairt oirre leis a' ghiullan, far an robh peathraichean d' i 'g an cosnadh. Dh' fhan i greis mhath ann an sin, agus thog iad an leanabh eatarra.

Latha de na làithean, thuirt bràthair na mnatha ri Murchadh Buidhe, gu'm b' fhearr dha dol g'a h-iarraidh; gu'm faodadh, bho'n a dh' fhairich i nis a' bhochdainn, gu'n tilleadh i. Dh' fhalbh Murchadh, agus bhuail e Peairt; ach céum cha tigeadh de Mhairghreid.

Thill e; agus goirid an deigh dha tighin dachaidh, thachair a bhràthair-ceile air, agus dh' fhaighnich e an d' thainig Mairghread. "O, cha d' thàinig," arsa Murchadh—"Ghabh-teadh a' chuid, ach cha ghabhteadh an duine. Ach an teid thusa cuide riumsa an nochd, Iain," ars' esan, "agus gheobh thu do bhiadh air a dheasachadh dhut cho glan 's ged a bhiodh Mairghread romhad." Thuirt Iain gu 'n rachadh; agus, 's e bh' ann gu 'n do chuir iad am feasgar seachad gu ladhach ag comhradh mu thurus Mhurchaidh; agus chaidh iad a laidhe cuideachd.

Bha iad ag comhradh ri chéile mu'n do chaidil iad, agus, arsa Murchadh, "Saoil thusa, Iain, nach b' i Mairghread coluinn a' chruaidh fhortain nach do lean i mise, agus bann Mhuirich Fhéil agam?"

"Bann Mhuirich Fhéil," arsa am fear eile, 's e 'g eirigh 'n a leth-shuidhe—"bann Mhuirich Fhéil, càite an d' fhuair thusa i?" "Innsidh mi sin dut," arsa Murchadh. "A' bheinge bha an sid a mach ri taobh an tighe, bha i falbh 'n a càth, a's i air grodadh; agus là dh' an robh mi 's droch theine agam, chaidh mi a mach leis an tuaigh dh' fhiach an cuirinn sgealban aisde a los an cur air an teine; agus an uair a leig mi air a cur as a chéile, léum bogsachan a mach á ceann na beinge, agus bha a' bhann anns a' bhogsa."

An uair a chaidh an sgial a mach air feadh na dùthcha gu'n robh bann Mhuirich Fhéil aig Murchadh Buidhe, thòisich iadsan uile a bha 'n an luchd-dàimh dha, air Murchadh a chur huige air son na boinne; ach dh'àicheidh e i, ag radh nach robh i idir aige, agus nach d' fhuair e riabh i. An sin chiadh Iain, a bhràthair-céile air 'aodunn air son an rud a thuirt e ris an oidhche ud; ach, 's e a thuirt Murchadh, "A Dhia beannaich thu, fhir mo ghaoil, nach bu mhi am briagadair ma thuirt mi sin riut."

Facal tuille air an son cha'n innseadh e do neach air bith; ach bha e mar chleachdadh aige a bhi bruidhinn ris fhein air uaireannan, agus bhiodh feadhainn gu tric a' dol thun a' bhothain anns an robh e fuireach, a dh-fharcluais air; agus chualas e uair no dhà ag ràdh ris fhein mar so; "Thug mi dhut i, fhir mo ghaoil, bann Mhuirich Fhéil, agus cha d' thug thu ni riabh dhomh air a son ach an gini buidhe òir."

Leag iad an t-amhurus gur h-e bha e ciallachadh le so gu'n d' thug e a' bhann do dh-fhear Ionarìnait, a chionn gu 'n robh meas anbarrach aca air a chéile—agus cha robh teagamh sa bith nach e sin a rinn e.

Bha mise turus, bho chionn beagan bhliadhnaichean thall rathad Loch-Aillse, agus chunnaic mi gille a bha 'n a charbadair aig fear de dhuaislean na dùthcha, agus b' fhearcinnidh an gille ruadh so do Mhurchadh Buidhe nam miar. Dh' innis e dhomh gu 'n do chuir e an céill do dh-fhear-lagha air an robh eolas aige an Dunéideann an eachdraidh so uile, mu bhoinn Mhuirich Fhéil, agus gu 'n d' thuirt am fear-lagha gu'm fiachadh e ciod a b' urrainn da dhian-

amh gu tuilleadh soluis fhaotainn air a' chuis. Ach 's e bh' ann gu 'n cuala maighistir a' ghille mu 'n rud a rinn e, agus thug e air sgur dh 'e, ag ràdh ris, na' m faigheadh an t-uachdaran a mach e, gu 'n sguabadh e bharr na h-oighreachd a h-uile h-aon de 'n t-seorsa de 'n robh e. Is ann mar sin a tha agus theagamh a bhi theas bann Mhuirich Fhéil.

BAN-SAILEACH.

———o———

CAISMEACHD

AILEIN-NAN-SOP.

LE EACHUNN MAC MHIC IAIN CHOLA.

'S mithich dhuinne mar bhun umhlachd,
Dàn-bùrdain * a chasgairt dut
A flasgaich bhrighmhor fhliuchas plosan
Le d' dhibh phriseil neartoraich,
Noch nar cheilteadh fìon na Frainge
'N a thigh meanmnach, masgalach.
Shìol uaibhrich, nach biodh uaigneach,
Bho 'm biodh sluagh gu cadaltach.
'S ioma geòcach ann ad chòsain,
Agus deòiridh aigeantach.
'N uair leigeas iad am mach am bàrcan
Bharr nan càbal ro-ghasda,
Ceanglar umpa mar an àbhaist
Cuan a b' àird' do-chasgairt leo.
'S nitear sin a réir a chéile,
Gun fheum air a h- ath- dianamh.
Beairt chaol, righinn, lìonmhor chainbe,
Gun aor shnaim mearachdach.
An ceangal ri failbheagan iarainn,
Droineap nach iarr acaireachd.
Sin air dhianamh lùghach, làidir,
Le spionnadh àrd 's a' cheart uair sin;
Gus 'n d' thugadh air a crannaibh claonadh
Taobh na gaoith' a cheart eiginn.
'N uair shuidheadh iad air a crann-céille,
Gach fear fhein ri draipireachd.
A liuthad sodar mhuir onfhach,
'S i gu ceann-gheal, gorm, caiteineach,
A bhristeadh gach taobh de 'brannradh,
'S e 'n comh-righ' ri 'baidealaibh.
Fad fradhairc anns na neulaibh,
Slat bho 'beul a dh-fhaicinn-sa.
A' dol timchioll rudh' no sàilein,
'S i gu leanbhail tartarrach.
'S ioma lùireach 'n ceangal ri h-earraich,
A's bogha dearg Sasunnach.
Croinn air an locradh bho ruinn gu dosaibh,
Le cinn dhodach fhad-ghaineach.
'N uair chunnacadar am fad bhuat,
Na crìochan ri 'n robh fuath acasan,
Glacadar na fuirbi righne
'N an dòidean nàn, ladurna.
Rinn iad an t-iomradh teann, teth,
Toghbha, làidir, eòlach, acfhuinneach.
Thug iad cudthrom air na liaghan,
'S raimh 'g am pianadh acasan.
Chuir iad a beoil mhor ri chéile,
'S a da chléith gu'n d' shrac iad sin.

Tha "chaismeachd" so cho sean 's gu'r teagamh nach bi e mi-iomchuidh dhomh innse mar a fhuair mi i; 's mar aon facal no dhà chur an céill mu 'n fhear do 'n d' rinneadh i.

Anns a' chiad dol a mach ma ta, is ann bho'n Urr. an t-Olla Mac-Lachlainn, an Dunéideann a fhuair mi i; agus is e an t-Urr. "A. Maclean Sinclair," an America, a chuir g'a ionnsaidh-san i gus a toirt domh. Fhuair esan i bho sheanair—Iain Mac-Gilleathain bàrd Thighearna Chola: agus fhuair am bàrd i, bho chionn còrr a's tri fichead bliadhua, sgribhte an leabhar a dh' fhàg lighiche àraid, de Chloinn-Ghilleathain, a bha am Muile. Cha'n 'eil mi tur chinnteach an d' rinn mi mach uile bhriathrachas a' bhàird; bithidh mi uime sin fada an comaine maraiche, no neach sa bith eile de luchd-leughaidh a' *Ghàidhil*, a ni mo chur ceart.

Chitear 's an tòiseachadh gu'r h-e Eachann mac mhic Iain Chola a rinn a' Chaismeachd do dh- Aileinnan-sop. Tha corr a's tri chiad bliadhna bho'n a bha Ailein am|bithibh an t-saoghail so. Bu mhac e do Lachann Catanach triath Dhubhart 's ceann-feadhna Chloinn-Ghilleathain: 's bu leth-bhràthair e do dh-

* The word "bùrdan" appears to be the same as the French "Faux Bourdon." When a song was sung in Ireland with the "burdoon," three or more voices took part in the singing, one of whom represented the tenor, the others the accompanying voices, who successively repeated the words of the song in a higher pitch, so as to form accords. —*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, vol. i., dcvii.

Eachann Mòr, am mac a bh' aig Lachann ri nighean Mhic-Cailein. Cha ruig mi leas a chur sìos an so, an seol mi-chneasda air an do chuir Lachann Catanach bhuaithe Nic-Cailein—chitear e 's a' chiad leabhar de'n *Ghaidheal;* cha mhò tha romham dearcnachadh no liadachadh air ana-cleachdaidhnean nan aintighearnan a bh'ann ri 'linn: foghnaidh dhomh innse gu'n do ghabh e, an déigh dealachadh ri mhnaoi, le nighinn do dh-Fhear-Threisinnis, agus gu'r h-i so bu mhàthair do dh-Aileinnan-sop.

An eilein daingean air cùl Mhuile, is ann a fhuair Ailein-nan-sop 'àrach: is ann ann a bha Lachann Catanach 's an àm ud a' fuireach. Is e an ciad iomradh a th' againn air Ailein, làmh-éignichidh a theann e ri thoirt air maighdinn nasail a bh' air chéilidh 's a' chaisteal, ni a chuir tuilleadh e gu ainstil. B' i so nighean do Mhac-Néill Bharraidh; agus an uair a thuig i dhroch rùn, 's nach robh dol as aice, theich i le beachd i fhein a chur le creig; ach mar a bha am Fortan fàbhorrach dh' ise, thainig fear-eadraigin, agus thugar ùpag do dh-Ailein thair a' chreig; ach, ged a tha na creagan a tha ceithir-thiomchioll an eilein cho uamhasach cas, 's gu'r gann a sheasas ian air iteig orra, stad esan air stac aig oir na fairge; 's ris a' chreig so theirear gus an là an diugh "Urraigh Aileinnan-sop."

Mu'n àm ud, bha 'n Airde-niar ag cur thairis le creachadairean-cuain. Thuit do shoitheach dhiubh so tighinn an là ud an rathad; agus faicear an sgioba Ailein agus e leth-mharbh air an stac, 's thugar air bòrd e. Cha robh a chridhe aige nise dol dachaidh; agus, 's e bh' ann gu'n do lean e ris an t-soitheach, gus mu dheireadh an d' fhuair e dha fhein e. Bha e 'n a shàr mharaiche 's a' tighinn beo air a' chreachadaireachd; air chor 's gu 'n robh e 'n a chulaidh eagail a's oillte 's an àirde-niar. An ceann-tuath na h-Eiream bhàtar cho eolach air Ailein, air 'ainm 's air a ghnìomh, 's ge bu choimhearsnach bun an doruis e; 's cha b 'ann aon uair a chrom e air feudail-chorra nan Gall am mach mu Ghlaschu. Is ann le bhi creach 's a' losgadh mar so a thugadh "Ailein-nan-sop" air.

Cha robh fathamas aig Ailein ri caraide no ri nàmhaid. Ghabh e fàth air tighearna na Leithir ceanntighe "sliochd a' chlaidhimh iarainn," a charaide fhein, 's chuir e gu bàs e, agus ghabh e fhein seilbh 's an tigh agus 's an fhearann. A chur a stigh air, thug Mac-Dhònuill dha eilein Ghìogha, agus fhuair e Cille-Charmaig bho Mhac-Cailein; ach, bha Ailein air a shean each bàn'—cha do leig e dh' e a' chreach.

Chuala e uair a bha 'n sid, gu 'n robh gamhlas no farmad-cùirte aig tighearna-Chola ris; agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n d' thug e eilein Chola air. Thachair tighearna-Chola air 's e sraidimeachd aig taobh a' chladaich; agus gun ghuth mor, gun droch fhacal, glacar e 's thugar air bòrd e, agus cheangail e ris an tobhta e, 's togar na siùil do 'n Tairbeart. Bhiodh tighearna-Chola ris a' bhàrdachd, 'n a uaireannan, agus an turus so rinn e òran do dh-Ailein—a réir a h-uile coltais a' "Chaismeachd." Chòrd e gu math ri Ailein, 's anns na cuir a bh'ann, thug e a chead do thighearna Chola; ach thuirt e ris, "thoir an aire ciod a their thu an deigh so mu m' thimchioll-sa—tha ian beag ann an Cola tha tighinn a dh-innseadh dhòmhsa do chainnte aig do bhòrd fhein—leigidh mi as thu, ach bi 'd earalas à so suas."

Am feasgar a bheatha, thionndaidh e a smaointean ris an athshaoghal, 's leig e dh'e a' chreachadaireachd. Thug e I Chaluimchille air 's rinn e réit 's a dhleasnas

ris a' chléir; ach b' annsa le chuid ghillean an t-seann chèaird. Bha fear dhiubh latha ri bhiadh 's thuit gu'n d' thàinig aisne air de nach robh moran ri ghabhail, 's thuirt e "Is ann air an tigh so a thàinig an dà latha, an uair a tha na cnaimhean cho lom." "Tuigidh fear-leughaidh leth-fhacal," agus thuig Ailein mar a bha chùis; agus dh' òrduich e do na ceatharnaich a bhi deas agus dol leis air tòir cobhartaich. Thog iad orra mach ri Cluaidh 's cha bu chobhartach e gus an turus sin. B' i so a' chreach mu dheireadh 's a' chreach bu mhò a thog Ailein; 's thug iad "Creach-na-h-aisne" mar ainm oirre.

Fhuair Ailein saoghal fada, 's dh' fhàg e mac a's nighean. Chuireadh gu dìth a mhac, air son ionnsaidh a thoirt air bràthair 'athar, agus phòs a nighean Murchadh Gèarr Lochabuidhe. Dh' éug e mu'n bhliadhna 1555, eadar sin 's 1560, 's chaidh a thiodhlaiceadh an cairidh Chlann-Ghilleathain, an Réilig Orain, an I Chaluim-chille, far am faicear an uaigh aige gus an là an diugh.

ABRACH.

UAILEINEID

GU MAIGHDINN OIG.

CHA ràdh bho shean, 's cha 'n òran ùr no aosd',
Air deagh-chliu maise, no air buaidh a' ghaoil—
Cha dealbh air *Cupid* le 'chuid lann 's le dheilg,
'Tha 'sgeadachadh dhomh m' uaileineid 'n a deilbh.
Ge riomhach dealbhan bhlàth fo shreathan dhuan,
'S gach ìomhaigh-ghràidh a th' air an fhéill clobhuailt';
Cha 'n 'eil 's an t-seòrs' ach dòigh gun ghlòir, gun ghléus,
Gu cridh' an fhìor fhir-ghaoil a chur an céill.
'S e 's dual do 'n litir spaideil tigh'nn bho 'n chliabh
'S am bheil an càirdeas fuar 's an gaol gun fhriamh;
'S beag féum a' ghaoil 'tha fallain, fìorghlan, ceart,
Air còmhnadh dhealbh gu dearbhadh mèud a neart.
Nis, ceadaich dhomh, 's a' chainnt is uailse clìù,
'S air duilleig luim gun suaicheantas 'n a gnùis,
Mi 'thairgse dhut, le drùghadh spéise 's suim,
Gaol dìleas fìor mo chridh', 's mo làmh 'n a luib.
Cha taisbein mi, le dealbh no ìomhaigh fhuar,
Mo bharail àrd air ionmhuinneachd do shnuaidh;
Bu deacair glòir do sgèimh' a nochdadh slàn
Le dealbhadair, no feallsanach, no bàrd.
'S e cainnt mo dhùrachd, 's dòchas tréun mo dhuain,
Gur fad' a bhios gach àdh a th' ort, 'us buaidh,
A' cur a mach an gathan dealrach gràidh,
'Toirt blàiths 'us iùil, mar 'ghrian air madainn Mhàigh.
'S gu 'n dean gach slàinte, sìth, 'us sonas réidh,
Do phearsa 'chuartachadh gu crìch do réis;
'S 'n uair 'theid do phaillìun talmhaidh 'chur ma sgaoil,
Gur dachaidh-sheilbh dhut flaitheas bhuan nan naomh.

D. R. M.

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE

Air a tionndadh bho 'n Ghreugais gu Gailig Abraich,

Le Eobhan MacLachainn.

V. DUAN

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

Suim cha d' thug mise d' a radh,
Ge goirt orm an dràst' an call ;
Eagal m' eachraidh dhol gu dith,
No 'm fàsadh an ànnlinn gann
'N uair bhiodh am baile 'n a dhraip
'S biuthaidh 'g a thathunn gu dian,
'S olc a dh' fhuilgeadh m' eich-sa 'n airc,
'S gu 'n chleachd iad am pailteas riabh.
Fagar iad 's triallar ga m' chois,
M' uigh á bogha crom nan cleas :
A righ dhùilich, bu bheag m' fhios,
Nach cinneadh leam éuchd 's a' ghreis.
Thilg mi urchair air dà shonn,
Dìomed muirneach nan glonn tréun
Mar ri bràthair righ nam feachd,
'S thaosg an fhlor fhuil bhras bho'n bhéum.
Thog mi 'm fraoch an àite 'n casg ;
Ormsa dhiong an dosgainn téum ;
An là bhuin mi nuas bho'n staing
Bior mearthallach cam gun fheum.
'S teann nach d' fhuair mi ball-airm còrr,
Ri linn teachd do Thròidh gu 'h-iul,
Los druid' ris a' Ghréig an gleachd,
'S gu 'm miadaicht' air Hector cliu.
Ma thilleas mise gu bràth,
'S gu 'm faic mi tir bhlàth mo ghaoil,
Mo thalla mor greadhnach àrd,
'S a bhean àillidh dhearbh mo chaoin,
Gu'n sgarar mo cheann bho m' chorp,
Mur gabh mi seann stoc gun bhuaidh,
Gu 'spealgadh 'n a bhruanaibh crìon,
Mar bhiadh miath do 'n lasair ruaidh.
Thuirt ceann-stiuraidh feachd na Tròidh',
Ænéas bu mhòr 's an stréup :
Na labhair 's an dòigh so, shuinn,
Ach thugamaid cuimhn' air gléus.
Le carbad 's le eich nam buadh,
Mosglamaid an cruas gu dian,
Druidear leinn ri gnuis an t-seòid,
'S taisbeinear gu'r mòr ar fiach.
Léum am charbad ; dearbh le d' shuil,
Stéudan Throìs, gu'r luthmor, òg
Deas-ealamh, grad-charach seang,
Null 's a nall ann 's an ruaig,
Buinidh iad ás sinn 's an ruaig,
Do dhaingnich nan stuadh gun bhéud,
Ma bhristeas oirnn gàbhadh truagh,
'S gu'n diol Iobh a' bhuaidh do 'n Ghréig.
Gabh-sa slat a's srian nan séud,
'S innsear leams' euchd le m' chruaidh ;
Air neo glac-sa 'n trom-ghath géur,
'S ni mis' iul do m' stéudan luath.
Thug freagairt fhaicleach do 'n ràdh,
Mac Lycàoin a b' àrd beus :—
A cheannaird nan Tròidheach àigh,
Stiuir an eachraidh le d' làimh fhéin.
Ged bhagradh an Diomed àr,
Bheir iadsan sinn slàn bho'n éug.
'S do'n mharcaich d' an eòl an gnàths,
Diolaidh iad mar b' àbhaist géill.
Bheir iad droch leumannan-taoibh,
Ma 's é 's gu'n teid sgaoim 'n an ceann,
Gun ghuth an eòlaich ri 'n cluais,
Cha diong iad duinn buaidh ach call.
Thig mac Thìd oirnn a dh-aon bhéum,
Cluinnear casgradh le h-éug truagh,
Sguabaidh e 'n sin ar cuid stéud,
Mach gu sréud a' chabhlaich luath.
Suidh thusa 's a' charbad àr,
A stiuireadh nan cruibh-each seang.
Tairgim-sa cath do'n fhear mhòr,
Gu 'fhiachainn an còmhraig lann.
'N uair chriochnaich labhairt non sonn,
Shuidh mar aon 's a' charbad ghrinn.
'S mharcaich an dail saoidh nan conn,
'N an deannaibh thair lom an fhuinn.
Bheachdaicheadh tighinn nan sàr,
Le Stenelus ard an cliu.
'S mhosgail ri mac Thìd nan gniomh,
Le flor fhiamh am briathran dlàth :
Annsachd a dh-fhearaibh, an t-sluaigh
A Dhìomeid mhòir, bhuadhaich, àigh,
Chi mi na garbh-uaibhrich thréun
'N an dearg leum a' ruith 'n an dàil :
Sliochd Lycàoin sìd air thus,
B' e 'n lamh theom' air cul nan calg.
Faisg air mac Vénuis a' ghaoil,
'S dbeagh Anchiseis nach baoth ainm.
'S leir do chliu-sa, ghaisgich fhéil :
As bimid le 'r stéudan luath ;
Na ruith gu léirsgrios a d' dheòin,
'S teasraig anam is mòr luach.
Fhreagair gaisgeach nan géur lann,
'S friodh feirg' ag cur greann mu 'shuil ;
'N ann a' toirt spid' dhomh le fiamh,
A mholadh tu 'n gniomh gun diu ?
Leamsa cha bhéus céum air ais,
Cha chaisteal dhomh geilt gun treòir ;
Cha d' imir ball-airm 'n a làimh,
Romh 'n gabh mise sgàth ri m' bheò.
'S tàir' leam marcachd air druim eich,
Triallaim do 'n diachainn ga m' chois,
Cha'n fhaod mo chàil a bhi tais,
'S Pallas a' dìol neart 's a' ghreis.
Ged rachadh neach ás an uair,
A cheart aindeoin luas nan stéud,
Mur teid a' chàraid gu dìth,
Bidh fear dhiubh fo chis an éig.
Impidh cuirim ort d' a réir,
Beachdaich gu géur air mo chainnt ;
Ma 's e 's gu'n toir Pallas buaidh,
'S gu'n tuit iad fo chruas mo lann,
Fasdaidh m' eich 's a' bhall so 'n raon,
'S an t-srian sìnte thaobh an cuil ;
Léum gu suidh', Ænéais àidh,
'S glac na stéudan is àrd cliu.

Sguab iad an sin leat 'n an dean,
Null gu reang a' chabhlaich mhòir.
'S iad slìdh nan cruibh-each clis,
A fhuair Tros mar ghibht bho Iobh ;
Air shàilibh Gharaimeid ghrinn,
Mheal e phrìs bho righ nan spéur.
An leth-bhreac cha'n fhacas riabh,
Near no niar a' triall fo'n ghréin.
Bho sgann Laomedoin àird,
Ghoid Anchises àlach nuadh ;
Làirean bàsmhor sheòl an tréun
An caraibh nan stéud bith-bhuan,
Sia searraich òg, eangbhaidh, luath,
Dh' fhàs gu h-inbhe mu 'stuaidh mhòir ;
Ghleidh an righ ceithir gu féum,
'S bho iolainn fhéin chaith iad lòn.
Fhuair Ænéas seilbh a dhà
Thun nam blàr, 's gu'r àillidh 'n sgéimh ;
Na'n glact' iad sid leinn 's a' chrìch,
Sgaoilt' ar cliu 's gach tìr fo nèamh.

B' amhuil còmhradh an dà shuinn,
'N uair thàinig 'n a still g'an còir
A' marcachd nan srann-each garg,
Dà fhear-stiuiridh arm na Tròidh'.
Thòisich air druideadh 'n an dàil,
Mac Lycàoin nan cath géur ;
Fhuirbidh mhòraich, mhìlltich, bhrais,
A shliochd an fhior ghaisgich thréin,
M' iuthaidh cha chuireadh ort snaim,
Aig feobhas a ruinn gu creuchd ;
Bheir mi nis' ionnsuidh gun cheilg,
Dh' fhiach an diong an t-arm so gléus.
Labhair e 's tilgear 'n a deann,
Glocach iaruinn an fhad chroinn ;
Bhuail e 'n sgiath bhreac air a druim,
'S romh 'n ghorm mhàillich shnàmh an ruinn,
An sin thug mac Lycàoin éubh :
Fhuair thu créuchd, a thriath nam buadh ;
'S dearbh leam nach cian bhuat an t-éug,
Bidh cuimhn' air an éuchd ri luas.

Ghrad-fhreagair an saoidh gun fhiamh,
'S faoin thu cha d' rinn d' iarann stath ;
Ach mu'n sguir sinne de'n ghnìomh,
Bidh aon slos aig dìa nam blàr.
Thilg e 'n sin an tréin' a neart,
Dh' imir Pallas feart le 'làimh ;
Eadar a dhà shuil 's a shròn,
Fhuair an Tròideach cròc a' bhàis.
Seach a dhéud bu chnàimh-gheal snuagh,
Thriall an deilgneach fhuar gun bhàigh ;
Ghearr i romh 'n teanga le srann,
'S chìteadh cam fo 'n smig a barr,
Thuit e 'm priobadh 's mu 'chliabh garbh,
'Ghliongraich armachd nan dealbh ur ;
'S chlisg le maoim na seang-eich luath,
'S dh' fhàg iad an corp fuar gun lùs.
Leum Ænéas gu 'ghrad-dhìon,
Le shleagh mhòir 's a sgiath ri 'thaobh,
Null 's a nall mu chairbh a ruin,
Mar leomhann garg, gnuth fo fhraoch,
Chuibhleadh e 'm fad-ghath mu 'n cuairt,
'S an targaid uaibhreach 'n a dhòrn,
A' raoicich 's a' bagairt aoig,
Na'n druideadh neach faoin g' a chòir.
Thog an Gréugach 'n a dhòid dhuinn,
Faob cloiche 's i gailbheach crom,
Dithis cha ghluaiseadh am meall,
De 'n t-slìdh tha nis air fonn.
Shiab esan am pluchd gun strìth,
'S thilg air mac Anchìseis àigh.
Thuit uibe nan creimnean geur,
Mu bhun na sleisd' air a' chnàimh ;
Cnàimh a chinn reamhar mu 'n alt,
Spealg a' charraig neartmhor, chruaidh,
Ghearr i' dà fheith anns an sgrìb,
'S an craicionn bu mhìne snuagh.
Thuit an laoch air a leth-ghlùn ;
'S a làmh lubt' an taic a chuim ;
Chaidh tuaineal breislich mu 'shuil,
'S nial dubhraidh an dorcha dhuinn.

An sin dhearbhteadh leir-sgrios gun dàil,
Orts' Ænéais àigh nan slògh.
Mur b' e beachd do mhàthar gaoil,
Venus nighean aobhach Iòbh.
Chuimhnich i iomaguin a crìdh',
Gaol Anchìseis 's a' ghorm ghleann ;
Leum i 's thilg mu fiùran gràidh
A dà làimh mar shneachd nam beann ;
Dh' fhill i timchioll a chuim,
'Chearb de 'brat bu shoillseach snuagh :
Lochd cha d' rinn iom-chluith mu 'm pìc,
No sgrios millteach nan calg luath.
Romh strailleadh nan claidheamh dluth,
Ruag nan cruibh-each, 's fad nan ruinn,
Ghiulain i 'mac saor a's beud.
Gu iomall crioch réidh a fhuinn.

Ach ghleidh Stenelus beachd teann,
Air ciad fhàint' a cheannaird fhein ;
Eich mhic Thìd thug greis bho'n bhlàr,
'S dh' fhasdaidh e 'n deagh àit' air sréin.
Ruith e 'n sin, a's ghlac gun dàil,
Eich Æneais a b' àrd buaidh.
'S dh' iomain as bho Thròidh 'n a leum,
Null gu Greugaich nan arm cruaidh.
Dh' earb e ri chompanaich gaoil,
Deipilus, laoch nan conn,
Faodail luachmhor nan each seang,
A ghrad-thoirt gu reang nan long.
'S measail a sheis' aig gach treun,
Dh' fhàg sin iad le cheile saor.
Leum esan air cul nan steud,
'S sheòl le'n sréin thair liad an raoin,
'N sin shuidh mac Chàbain gun cheilg,
Air cathair a charbaid fhein.
'S chuir 'n an dian shiubhal na h-eich,
Siar air Diomed nan cleas geur.
Bhòchd e le feirg, an gaisgeach còrr,
Mar reubadh a chòir bho 'làimh ;
Ruith e le fad shleagh nam beum,
An deigh Venuis nan caoin ghradh.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

SEALG BHEINN-EIDIR.

Fionn le feachd an Feinne,
Air cùl Bheinn-Eidir a' sealg.

Chuala mise roimhe so gu'n deachaidh Fionn le feachd na Feinne la a shealg gu cùl Bhein-Eidir. Thaghail iad air an uidhe a chur seachad na h-òidhche an tigh Abhchain bhig na bruinne. Bha cathair ann do gach triath ach Conan, 's b' eudar dhàsan suidhe gu leathan air leacan an urlair. Thòisich càch air fanaid air, agus air tilgeil smugaid na geilte air. Theann Conan ri carachadh a thoirt air fhein, ach ma theann, a mhic chridhe, cha b' urrainn da glideachadh—bha shuidhe's a chasan air leanachd ris an urlar.

An uair a chunnaic càch an orra-shuidhe bhi air a' chulaidh-thruais a bh' air na leacan, theab iad an clìth a chall leis a's ghàireachdaich.

"Bu mhì 'pioc-an-coimheach,'" arsa Conan, "ach na 'm biodh sibh air an aon dìol riumsa cha b' urrainn duibh mòran a dhianamh air ar son fhein, 's cha bhiodh sibh cho ro mhath air magadh."

An uair a chuala iad so, theann iad uile ri gluasad, ach, cleas Chonain, bha an suidhe air leanachd ris na cathraichean, agus na cathraichean air leanachd ris an urlar. Chuir so a' ghlas-ghuib orra, 's dh' àireamh Fionn an Fheinn. Dh' ionntraich e dithis—Diarmad a's Laothair, 's shéid e corn-namfiùth.

Am bial an anmoich, le tubaist air choirigin, mhearachdaich Diarmad a's Laothair an Fheinn, 's bha iad ag cumail air an aghart, gun dìon, gun fhasgadh gus an d' thainig iad air sìthein faoin an iomall na frithe. Is ann ann an so a bha iad an uair a chuala iad an corn. Thuig iad gu'n robh iomral no éiginn 's a' chùis; a's togar orra, gun bhiadh gun deoch, 's dianar caol dìreach air an àite as an cual iad an corn—tigh Abhchain bhig na bruinne. Rainig iad; ach ged a bhiodh iad fhathast a' dol timchioll an tighe, cha'n fhaigheadh iad dorus, no uinneag, no toll air. Mu dheireadh thug Diarmad leum air mullach an tighe, 's cuirear dìdeag a stigh air an fhàrlus, agus faicear na suinn 'n an suidhe gu soistinneach. Bheannaich e dhaibh, a's bheannaich iad dhà; agus dh' fharraid e dhiubh an ann an sid a sheid Fionn an corn. Thuirt Fionn 's e freagairt, gu'r h-ann, agus na 'm bu duine esan a bh' air tì math, nach b' ann romh 'n àm a thàinig e; ach na 'm bu duine e a bh' air tì cron, gu'n robh gu leoir diante an sid mar a bha; agus an sin dh' innis e mar a dh' éirich dhaibh. "Innis dhomh-sa ma ta ciod is math leat mi a dhianamh, 's cha'n fhàg mi iall gun tarrainn gu fuasgladh oirbh," arsa Diarmad.

"Rach a dh-fhaire àth na h-amhna ud shios," an nochd, arsa Fionn, "agus innsidh mi dhut am màireach, ciod a bhios agad ri dhianamh."

Thuirt Conan, "Mur toir thu leat biadh a m' ionnsaidh-sa, cha bhi buaidh ach ortsa no ormsa cho luath 's a gheabh mi fuasgladh."

Dh' fhalbh Diarmad a's Laothair a dh-fhaire na h-amhna. Cha b' fhada bha iad an sin an uair a dh' fhairich iad fuaim mhòr, fioram, agus farum tàirneinich, clachan beaga a' dol an ìochdar, 's clachan mòra a' tighinn an uachdar! Co bha 'n so ach an triùir a bu shine de mhic righ Lochlunn le feachd armailte.

"Co an dà ludaire mhor a tha 'n so, a' faire an àth mu 'n tràth so dh' oidhche," arsa na farbhalaich.

"Is coma sin," arsa Diarmad, "ach co an triùir mhac righ sibhse le feachd armailte a' dol a chur an àth mu 'n àm so dh' oidhche, 's gu 'm bu chòir dhuibh gabhail mu thàmh an déis dol fotha na gréine."

"Is sinne," ars' iadsan, triuir de mhic righ Lochlunn a' dol air chuireadh gu cuirm 's gu cuid oidhche gu Fionn Mac-Cumhail 's gu mhuinntir."

"Cha teid sibh an sin an nochd ach thair m' amhaich-sa," arsa Diarmad; 's dh' fharraid e de Laothair cia dhiubh a chasgradh e triuir mhac an righ, no am feachd.

"Casgraidh mise triùir mhac an righ," arsa Laothair.

Thòisich an cath; agus mar a bu tiuighe iad, is ann a bu taine iad; agus mar bu taine iad is ann a bu trom-bhuailtiche iad; 's mar bu trom-bhuailtiche iad, is ann a bu trom-mharbhtaiche iad; agus an àm éirigh na gréine, cha robh ceann Lochlunnaich air coluinn no coluinn gun sgoltadh 's gun àitheadh. An sin thog Diarmad a's Laothair orra gu falbh. Mar a bha iad a' tilleadh air an ais, gun mhìr bìdh gun diar dibhe, a' smaoineachadh ciod a bheireadh fuasgladh do 'n Fheinn, tachrar maighdean Eilein-an-éisg orra, 's cliabh de dh-aran 's de dh-iasg aice. Bheannaich i dhaibh 's bheannaich iad d' i, 's tuitear i 'n trom ghaol air Diarmad 's thugar dhaibh gun obadh an cliabh 's na bh' ann 's bu bheag leatha e, gu fuasgladh air maithean na Feinne. Rainig iad tigh Abhchain; ach cha deachaidh iad a stigh, air eagal gu 'n tuiteadh iad cleas chàich, fo dhraoidheachd righ Lochlunn. Is e a rinn iad dol air mullach an tighe, agus an t-aran 's an t-iasg a thilgeil a stigh air an fhàrlus dhaibh—fear an deigh fir. Cha robh teanga Chonain riabh fo 'chrios agus choisinn a mhì-fhoighidinn da 's droch-uair so, deireadh riarachaidh. Bha Diarmad 'g a chur seachad air Conan, agus Conan 's a' ghlaodhaich, "Na 'm b' ann mar sin a dhianadh tu air na h-ingheanan cha bhiodh na mnathan cho trom an déigh ort."

Chuir Fionn an oidhche sin a rithist iad a dh-fhaire na h- amhna, 's thuirt e riu làn na cuaiche thoirt leo de dh-fhuil mic an righ. Ràinig iad an t-àth. Cha robh iad ach goirid an sin an uair a chuala iad fuaim mhor, fioram agus farum mar a chuala iad an oidhche roimhe. Ciod a bha 'n so ach an triùir a b' òige de mhic righ Lochlunn le feachd armailte.

Thuirt mic an righ, "Co an dà ludaire mhor mhi-dhealbhach a tha 'n so?"

"Tha sinne," arsa Diarmad; "ach, co sibhse, no càite tha sibh a' dol le feachd armailte a' dol a chur an àth, 's gu 'm bu chòir dhuibh gabhail mu thàmh an déigh dol fotha na gréine?"

"Is sinne," ars iadsan, "an triuir is òige de mhic righ Lochlunn, a' dol air chuireadh gu fleadh gu Fionn Mac-Cumhail 's gu mhuinntir."

"Bidh fios co is treasa mu 'n cuir sibh an t-àth an nochd," arsa Diarmad; 's gun tuilleadh éisdeachd, thuirt e ri Laothair, "cia dhiubh a dh' fhoghnas tu do mhic an righ no do 'm feachd?" Thuirt Laothair gu 'm foghnadh e do mhic an righ, 's chaidh na suinn an dàil a chéile, 's mar bu tiuighe na Lochlunnaich is ann a bu taine iad, 's mar bu taine iad is ann a bu trom-bhuailtiche iad, 's mar bu trom-bhuailtiche iad is ann a bu trom-mharbhtaiche iad, 's mu éirigh na gréine cha robh gin beo de na Lochlunnaich ach fear a bh' air leth-laimh, 's fear a bh' air leth-chois. Thog iad làn na cuaiche de dh-fhuil mic an righ 's thill iad gu tigh Abhchain bhig na bruinne.

An uair a ràinig iad 's a dh' innis iad an sgial, thuirt Fionn ri Diarmad e chur na fala ri buinn a dha chois fhein an toiseach, agus an sin e thighinn a stigh 's e 'g a cur riuthasan, 's gu'm faigheadh iad fuasgladh. Is ann mar sid a rinn e.

Bha Conan cho leamh 's a b' àbhaist le cion na foighidinn 's gu'm b' e an deireagan; ach, cha bu luaithe a bhean an fhuil dh' a chasan na thug e leum as; agus le neart na cabhaige lean a shuidhe ris na leacan. Bha e an sin 's an ochanaich air feadh an tighe gus an do shuath Fionn an fhuil ris, 's an do leighis e.

An uair a fhuair an Fheinn iad fhein uidheamachadh, dh' fhalbh iad air cheann an turuis, a shealg gu cul Bheinn-Eidir. Ràinig iad gun mhoille gun sgìos, agus chuir iad an fhaghaid gu dian, toirteil, 's rinn iad làmhach air an robh ainm. An uair a chualaich 's a chruinnich iad an t-sealg 's a shuidh iad a sheanchus, faicear iad luidreagan luaineach, mi-dhealbhach a' leum gach feithe 's a' tomhas gach glaice, a' dianamh orra caol dìreach. Thàinig e 's bheannaich e dhaibh am briathran fiosnachail, fosnachail, fìor-eòlach. Bheannaich iadsan dàsan 's na briathran ciadna. An sin dh' fharraid Fionn d' e fàth a thuruis. Thuirt an Luidreagan gu 'n robh e dol air tòir maighistir. Dh' fhaighnich e dh' e an robh ceaird aige no ciod an tuarasdal a bhiodh e 'g iarraidh. Thuirt an Luidreagan gu 'm bu chòcaire e, 's gu 'n gabhadh e muinntireas bliadhna 's nach biodh e ag iarraidh de thuarasdal ach aon achanaich; agus chuir Fionn muinntireas bliadhna air. "Cha 'n fhaod i bhi trom, ma ta" arsa Conan. "Fosadh ort, fhir chrìn a' chonais," ars' an Luidreagan, "mhothuich mi lorg do theanga cian mu 'm faca mi thu;" agus gun fheitheamh ris a chòrr a ràdh no eisdeachd togar eallach de 'n t-sithinn air a' mhuin, 's tàrrar dhachaidh cho luath 's gu 'm b' eudar do 'n Fheinn Caoilte chur as a dheaghaidh a chumail seallaidh air. An uair a bhiodh Caoilte air an dàrna fàireamh bhiodh an Luidreagan air an fhàireamh eile; agus mar sin gus an d' ràineas an tigh. Cha d' rug Caoilte riabh air; ach bha 'n t-ana-cothrom aige: bha aige ri feitheamh gus an tigeadh an Fheinn 's an t-sealladh, agus a rithist tàrrsuinn an deaghaidh an Luidreagain. Ach a dh-aindeoin an cabhaige, 's cha bu bheag i, bha an t-sithionn air a gréidheadh rompa aig a' chòcaire ùr.

Bha iad fhein 's an Luidreagan a' tighinn air a chéile gu gasda—cha d' fhuair iad còcaire riabh cho math ris. Ach coma, cha do ghabh e ach muinntireas bliadhna, 's cha robh a' bliadhna fada dol seachad. An uair a ruith an ùine, thuirt Fionn ris an Luidreagan ainm a chur air a thuarasdal. "Ma ta," ars' esen, "fhuair mi cho suairce, fiachail thu fhad 's a thug mi fo d' fhàrdoich 's gu'r beairt is suaraiche dhomh d' aoighealachd a dhìol le cuid oidhche thoirt dut." Bha fios aig an Luidreagan gu math gu 'n cumadh Fionn a ghealladh, agus thuirt e ris gu 'n robh e ag cur mar chroiscan 's mar gheasan air dol gun ghille, gun chù, gun duine ach e fhein 'n a ònrachd, 's oidhche chur seachad aige.

"Càite am beil do thigh," arsa Fionn.

"Tha an iomall an domhain," ars' an Luidreagan, "'s bi-sa 'g a iarraidh gus an amais thu air," agus ghabh e a chead diubh.

"Cha mhi nach d' aithnich gu 'm faodadh an achanaich a bhi trom," arsa bial na h-iomchoire, Conan.

Cha robh comas air. Bha Fionn a nise deas air son falbh. Thuirt an t-amadan ris: "Co a bheir biadh dhomhsa gus an till thu?" "Bheir am fear aig am fàg mi ordugh na Feinne," arsa Fionn. "O, nach fhaod mi dol comhla riut," ars' an t-amadan. "Is duine thu," arsa Fionn. "Nach leig thu Bran ann, ma ta," ars' an t-amadan. "Is cù

e," arsa Fionn. "Nach toir thu, cia dhiubh, leat slabhraidh Bhrain, ma's dìon an cù, 's dìon a shlabh-raidh" ars' an t-amadan. Thog Fionn air, 's thug e leis an t-slabhraidh.

Shiubhail e cian fhada, 's fada nan cian, a's làn fhada air forfhais an tighe, gus mu dheireadh an d' ràinig e tigh righ Lochlunn. Cha d' rinneadh furan no faoilte ris ; is ann a ghrad-iarr an righ air fichead de na bh' air a laimh dheis éirigh 's a cheangal. Dh' éirich iad, 's cha d' fhàgadh cathair gun bhristeadh no tarrang gun fheachdadh, 's a' chuid nach do phronn Fionn de na fir, chuir e ceangal nan tri chaol orra. "Eireadh dà fhichead de na th' air mo làimh chli," ars' an righ, "'s ceangladh iad am farbhal-ach." Dh' éirich iad, ach cha b' fhada gus an robh iad air dìol chàich. "Eireadh ceithir fichead agus ceangladh iad e," ars' an righ a rithist. Dh' éirich iad sid, 's cha d' fhàgadh cathair gun bhristeadh, no tarrang gun fheachdadh, 's rinn-eadh Fionn a cheangal. Thilg iad an sin fo 'n chomhla e. Gach uair a dh' fhosgladh i cha 'n fhàgadh i rib chraicinn air eadar mullach a chinn agus buinn a chas ; 's an uair a dhùineadh i chuireadh i rithist air ais air e. Gu tuilleadh pianaidh a thoirt da, bhathas a' tilgeil chnàmh air, agus an sin bhiodh na coin a' sabaid air a mhuin 's 'g a thoirt as a chéile 'n a shreòicean. Is ann mar sin a chuir Fionn seachad an oidhche, 's bu daor a cheannach air muinn-tireas an Luidreagain.

Bha mac de 'n t-Seanghall-eòlach air fear de 'n chuideachd, 's 'n uair a chaidh e dhachaidh 's a' mhadainn, thuirt e ri 'athair gu 'n robh an t-aon duine bu bhriagha chunnaic e riabh air an aon dìol bu mhiosa chunnaic no chual e riabh, an raoir an tigh an righ. Ràinig an Seanghall-eòlach an righ 's thuirt e ris nach b' fhiach leis fhéin a leithid a dhianamh air duine sa bith: air Fionn Mac-Cumh-ail fhein mo dhearg nàmhaid, cha dianainn e—b' annsa leam a chur thun a' choin-ghlais aig Airc mac Don-aich mhic Lir—loisgidh esan e le aon toth dh' a anail, mar uidhe sheachd mìle dha. Dh' aontaich an righ so a dhianamh, agus thug iad Fionn leò brùite, créuchdach mar a bha e, an coinneamh a' choin-ghlais. An uair a dh' fhairich Fionn an cù a' tighinn thog e slabhraidh Bhrain 'n a làimh. An uair a chunnaic an cù Fionn 's ann a thainig e shodal ris, agus cha leanadh e duine no beau ach e. Co b' e an cu-glas ach bràthair do Bhran. Ghoid na Lochlunnaich e air an Fheinn 's e 'n a chuilein. An sin chaidh Fionn a dh' fhuireach do thigh Airc mhic Donaich mhic Lir, 's thug e là a's bliadhna ann, 's an cu-glas ag glan-adh a chréuchd 's a' leigheas a lot, gus mu dheireadh thall an d' rinn e luim air corn-nam-fiùth a shéideadh.

Bu dubhach, cianail an Fheinn fad na h-ùine sin a' feitheamh ri sgial bho Fhionn ; 's bu shubhach aobh-ach iad ri cluintinn sgal a' chuirn—ged a bu mhanadh na h-éiginne, bu rabhadh gu fuasgladh, a's thog iad orra 's an Treachaill-mhara null thair tuinn do Lochlunn.

Bha buaidh na h-aoighe riabh air Fionn an sòlas 's an dòlas, ri coigrich 's ri dàimh, agus, 'n a eirpleach mar a bhà e, thàlaidh e cridhe Airc 's a mhuinntreach, 's bha iad uile fìor chaoimhneil ris. Là dh' an robh bean-an-tighe 's a' choillidh a' bleogham nan gobhar, faicear i na h-aon daoine b' eireachd-aile chunnaic i riabh ag caitheamh chleas air an tràigh. Mu 'n gann a cheangail i an t-imdeal air a' ghogan, thugar i as 'n a ruith 's 'n a leum dhachaidh ; 's thuirt i ri Airc 's ri Fionn gu 'n robh na h-aon daoine bu bhriagha chunnaic i riabh ag caith-

eamh chleas air an tràigh, 's gu 'm b' fhiach dhaibh dol a dh-aon ghnothach g' am faicinn. Dh' fhaighnich Fionn ciod a bu choltas daibh. Dh' innis a' bhean chòir an dealbh 's an dreach mar a b' fhearr a b' aithne dh' i; "ach," ars' ise, "tha aon lasgaire mùirneach, donn ann, 's mar is math mo chuimhne, 's e Diarmad a chuala mi iad ag ràdh ris—an t-aon duine 's àluinne air an do leag maighdean a sùil, no, ge mòr am facal e, a sheas riabh air tràigh Lochlunn.

Thuig Fionn gu math co b' iad na suinn a bh' air an tràigh, 's togar air g' an ionnsaidh. Is dearbh gu 'n robh mùirn a's aighir air an Fheinn, 's nach bu lugha othail nan con, an uair a ràinig Fionn. An uair a dh' aithris e dhaibh gach allaban, a's mìomhadh, a's drochd-ghiollachd a fhuair, e agus cruadal a sheas e bho 'n a dhealaich iad, thog iad socag thalmhainn, 's dh' éubh iad "aichmheil."

Cha do leig Fionn leo an aichmheil a thoirt am mach — cha b' fhiach leis; ach, an deaghaidh dhaibh taing a's buidheachas a thoirt do dh-Airc air son 'aoidheachd, thug iad air an righ dol 'n am mèinn agus mathanas iarraidh. An sin thog iad na siùil 's an Treachaill-mhara, 's chuir iad an cùl ri tir nan geas; ach cha b' ann a dheòin Chonain—b' àill leis-san nach fàgadh iad ceann air coluinn, no crom, no clach, no fardach gun chreach 's gun losgadh.

An uair a chaidh iad air tir, chuir iad ri theine tigh Abhchain bhig na bruinne; a's chuir iad a rithist an t-sealg air cùl Bheinn-Eidir. Rinn iad fleadh mór, mùirneach, aighireach, 's thug iad cuireadh do 'n càirdean uile, 's do 'n daimhich, a's mhair e là a's bliadhna, agus ma 's fhior na chualas cha tig 's cha d' thàinig a leithid eile. GLASRACH.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

An uair a leumas e an'fheill Brighde cha'n earb an sionnach earball ris an deigh.
La fheill Brighde bàine bheir na cait an connadh dhachaidh.

Cha tig fuachd gu h-earrach,
Cruaidh-chàs no droch-cheannach.

Seachd bolla de shneachda gearrain
Dol a stigh romh aon toll tora.

Am fiar a thig a mach 's a' Mhàrt,
Theid e stigh 's a' Ghiblin.

Sgrìb mhor a' bhonnaich bhig.

Uisge teth bho'n bhuain,
'S uisge fuar bho'n ar.

Am fear nach cuir ri la fuar,
Cha bhuain ri la teth.

'S fhearr an sneachda na bhi gun sian
An déis an siol a chur 's an talamh.

'S fhearr aon oidhche Mhàirt,
Na tri oidhcheannan foghair.

AN INID—an ciad mhàrt de'n t-solus earraich.
An inid bheadaidh thig an là romh 'n oidhche.

Ubh air inid 's ian air chàisg,
Am fitheach aig nach bi sin,
Bithidh am bàs!

Didònaich crom, dubh,
Plaoisgidh mi 'n t- ubh.

Mar chloich a' ruith ri bruthach,
Feasgar ruighinn earraich;
Mar chloich a' ruith le gleann,
Feasgar fann foghair.

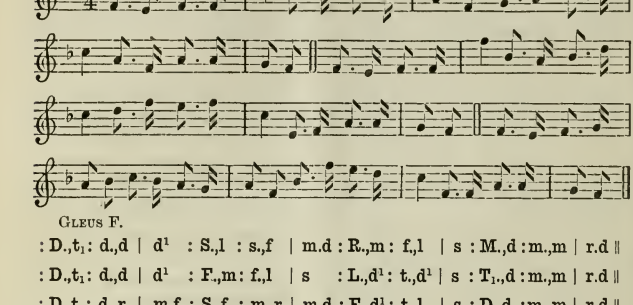
Reothairt na Feill-Moire,
'S boile na Feill Pàdruig.

La Fheill Pàdruig earraich,
Thig an nìomhair (?) as an tom;
Cha bhi mise ris an nìomhair,
'S cha bhi an nìomhair bhochd rium.

AM A' CHUIR.

An ciad 'mhàrt, leig seachad;
An dara màrt, ma 's eudar;
An treas màrt, ged nach rachadh clach ceann-a'-mheoir an aghaidh na gaoithe tuath cuir an siol a's talamh.
Mios Faoillich, seachdain Feadaig, ceirladiag Gearrain, seachdain Caillich, tri latha sguabaig, suas e an t-earrach.

AN SGIOBAIREACHD.



GLEUS F.

: D.,t_1: d.,d | d^1 : S.,l : s.,f | m.d : R.,m : f.,l | s : M.,d : m.,m | r.d ‖

: D.,t_1: d.,d | d^1 : F.,m: f.,l | s : L.,d^1: t.,d^1 | s : T_1.,d : m.,m | r.d ‖

: D.,t_1: d.,r | m.f : S.,f : m.,r | m.d : F.,d^1 : t.,l | s : D.,d : m.,m | r.d ‖

Rinneadh an t-òran so le Iain Moirison a bh' anns na Hearadh, ann am freagradh do dhàn molaidh a rinneadh dha leis an Urramach Frannsidh Mac Bheathain, a bha aig an àm a' saoithreachadh 's a' chèarna sin de 'n Ghàidhealtachd. D. R. M.

Chuala mi bho phàirt
Mu'n chliù àdhmhor, fhlathail,
'Thug thu orm do chàch
'N a do dhàn ro ealant';
Dh' fhuilingeadh e gun sgàth,
Ged bhiodh dòrn no dhà
Air a thoirt dheth 'bhàrr
'S e ro àrd bho 'n talamh,
Air son daol-chnuimh fhalamh,
Làn de ghaoid mhi-fhallain,
Us de mhòr chuis-ghràin
'Th' air mo chàirdean falaicht'.

Ach, a Fhrannsidh chòir,
Sheinn thu 'n ceòl ro fhada;
Leig thu 'mach an sgòd
Leis an t-seòl gu 'chlaigeann;
'N uair bu chòir an còrs'
'Chumail suas air dòigh,
'S fraoch nan stoirm cho mòr,
'S sgiob' air bòrd cho lapach
'S gu'm faod iad tre chadal,
'N àm nan sian 's na frasachd,
Calldach 'leigeadh òirnn,
Nach diol òr air ais dhuinn.

Ballaist 'chur 's na cruinn,
Cha chuir innte taic dhuinn;
Siùil a chur ri 'druim,
Cha chuir sgoinn 'n a h-astar;
Stiùir 'chur os a cinn,
Cha dean iùl do 'n luing;
'S pump gun' cheann 's an taoim
Cha chuir sginn a mach dhith.
Nach e 'ceum 'bhios glagach,
'Null 's a nall, 's air tarsainn?
Ceart cha seòl i dhuinn,
'S gleus gach buill ás altan.

Biadh a chur mu 'r druim,
Cha chuir dhinn an t-acras;
Eudach 'chur 'n ar broinn,
Cha chum sinn gu fasgach;
Clogaid 'bhi m' ar buinn,
Cha dean ceann-bheairt dhuinn;
'S bròg an 'chur m' ar cinn,
Cha dean loinn do 'r casan;
'S dèisthinneach mi-mhaiseach
'Bhios ar sgèimh ri fhaicinn;
Cha tig neach 'n ar gaoith,
'Chi ach oillt 'n ar fasan.

Cha tearainteachd dhùinn
Toirt ar cùram seachad,
'G radh "Na abair dùrd,
Tha 'n *Insurance* beairteach;"
'S iomadh aon 'bha 'n dùil
Nach robh meang 'n an chìs,
D' a thrìd 'chaill an cùrs',
Dh' easbhaidh dìtidh us faicaill,
'S riamh nach d' ràinaig dhachaidh
'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair',
'S nach do sheilbhaich stùr
Dheth na b' ùidh leo 'ghlacadh.

Ged robh sinn 's an luing,
Pailt an luim 's an acfhuinn,
'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cinnt,
Feum gach buill us beairte;
Ciod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn
Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn
Air gach ball 'bhios innt',
Mur 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh?
Feumar còrd 's an acair',
'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,
'S ris gach sruth us gaoith,
'N combaisd cruinn a leantainn.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. MARCH 1875. No. 39.

"OLIM MARTE, NUNC ARTE."

THE readers of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" (and who has not read that most charming book), will remember the facetious Laird of Eldin's translation of the motto of the Caledonian Society, "Unco Robbers, noo Thieves." We confess our admiration of the appositeness of the motto was rather increased than diminished by the rendering, more classical than complimentary, of the wittiest of Scotch lawyers. A keen perception of, and true sympathy with, altered times and ways prompted the choice of the motto; the consciousness of a fact historically significant probably dictated the grimly humorous translation.

"Olim Marte, nunc Arte"—a sentiment of ever increasing significance to all teachers, philanthropists, and reformers as the ages roll;—a fact which our profoundest philosophers and our wisest statesmen are daily becoming more deeply impressed with;—a truth which, like all truths of universal application, has been slowly but surely gaining ground among us, influencing our political faith, and shaping the political destiny of our common weal. That peoples in the early stages of their progress in the world use their hands more than heads, is a fact confirmed by history and admitted by philosophy. It is, indeed, true that in the earliest stages of man's progress, as in the latest, mental power gives force and direction to physical energy; but it is none the less true that in the advance of civilisation the motive power of the two forces is reversed. A maximum of the physical and a minimum of the mental characterise the action of uncivilised man; civilisation consists in minimising the physical human agency by an increased use of the mental. Primeval man subdues the soil with the rudest tools, and his neighbour with the rudest weapons. The necessities of his position force him to call more and more to his aid the inventive powers of his mind. The use of machinery for increasing his comforts and extending his conquests is the result. Of human civilising agencies the sword has hitherto been the foremost in time; and, till of late, the foremost in power. Commerce followed in the wake of Conquest. If Mercury is the messenger of the gods to men, Mars has hitherto been the resident ambassador at the earthly court. The higher conception of advancing the cause of civilisation by moral instead of material agency is but beginning to dawn upon the minds of the foremost nations of the world. But may we not hold the faith strong within us that this light, dim as yet though it be, will shine with ever increasing brilliance, and that soon it will cover the earth with a noonday blaze.

The grave historian as well as the grim humourist might trace a resemblance between the warrior and the robber, the trader and the thief; and would probably find peoples and places, elsewhere than in the High-

lands of Scotland, where the distinction between the respective classes was not very strongly marked. But we do not pretend to assert that among our countrymen war was always conducted in conformity with the approved rules of chivalry ; nor that the highest principles of commercial morality always regulated the transactions of our people. In these respects, Highlanders, I imagine, were not much better nor much worse than others similarly situated. But although our political and social condition for centuries, both with respect to ourselves and to our southern neighbours, gave point as well as pungency to John Clerk's translation, the motto of the Caledonian Society, in its true meaning, enunciated a principle peculiarly applicable to the circumstances of the Scottish Gael for the last one hundred and thirty years.

For several hundred years down to the middle of last century, the social and political state of the Scottish Highlands remained practically unchanged. Hemmed in upon the one side by the "melancholy ocean," upon the other by a powerful and aggressive neighbour with a strange tongue, the Highlander lived unaffected by the great intellectual and religious movement which passed over the west of Europe in the sixteenth century. But while the great mass of the Highland people remained uninfluenced from without, their barren soil, their severe climate, their mountain home, and their constant practice in the art of war developed them into a bold, hardy, self-reliant people, such as was probably to be found nowhere else in Europe. After the last brilliant but desperate attempt to place the Stuarts upon the British throne, which ended so disastrously to them, but so auspiciously to the cause of liberty and progress in these isles and in the world, and after the consequent annihilation of their clan-system, it was but natural that the great bulk of our countrymen, whose energy tempted them from home, should follow the profession of arms to which alone they were for centuries reared and nurtured. How nobly they upheld their ancient name and fame—whether as officers or men—the records of the achievements of the British army during the last hundred years can tell!

But while we read with pride of the courage and daring displayed by our countrymen in the field, and while we hold it to be our duty always to contribute our due portion to the military strength of the country, we feel that it is not our duty any more than it is our interest that the best blood of our race should from year to year go to swell the ranks of our regiments. We feel that by us as well as by our southern neighbours, and by us even in a greater degree than by them, ARS not MARS, ought in future to be chiefly worshiped. The motto of the Caledonian Society long ago pointed out the path of duty to our countrymen. And the same qualities of courage, enterprise and endurance, by which they earned such brilliant reputation as soldiers, can find as ample scope and can ensure as great success in the various walks of civil life. And where our people have come in contact with other races, with a fair field and no favour, they have shown that they can work as well as fight. Abroad, as is well known, Highlanders are and have been among our foremost colonists. And at home, wherever they have been able to enter the lists upon anything like equal terms, they have carried off more than a

fair share of honours. In every department of civil life, as clergymen, lawyers, doctors, painters, merchants, our countrymen hold an honourable place.

But in the success of our countrymen at home, the Highland peasant has hitherto shared but little. In the south of Scotland, as is well known, the most enterprising of the peasantry have not only led the way as skilled artisans, but have freely risen to the highest places of rank and power in the land. But, in this country, the Highland peasant has not been able to an appreciable extent to change his level. Within his own borders there is no field for his ambition; and in the south he is met by competitors as enterprising and ambitious as himself, and better trained for the race than he can be. We consider it a misfortune both for the country and for the people that our Highland peasantry, in order to find a fair field in which they may be able to benefit themselves and their fellowmen must seek other lands. How to adapt our motto to the circumstances of our peasantry, so that they may in future compete with their own countrymen as civilians, as they have in the past competed with them as soldiers, appears to us to be the most important question that can engage the thoughts of our Highland teachers and rulers. And when the day will come that the Highland peasant will be able, in his own country, to run the race of life upon equal terms with his Lowland compatriot, when he will be able to combine intelligence and skill with energy and enterprise, we doubt not but that he will exhibit equal devotedness and win equal renown for himself and his country in his civil, as he formerly won in his military, capacity.

LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

I.—The Peasant as he is.

It has been customary to look for the homes of freedom and the seats of a manly independence in the hearts of mountainous districts, and among the strengthening and elevating influences of a rigorous climate and a sublime scenery. The powerful and beneficial effects of these natural agencies on the physical state of the mountaineer have never been doubted; and their indirect influence for good, aesthetically on his moral, and physiologically on both his intellectual and moral conditions, is also fairly understood and admitted. The steep valley whose rugged sides he must climb, the sterile soil from which he must wring a scanty existence, the angry elements with which he has so often to contend, all contribute to his physical development. The natural grandeur which attracts so many tourists from every quarter, which affords such exquisite delight to thousands, and whose fine aesthetic force is presumably so powerful, cannot but have a certain silent influence, even upon the rude, untutored mountaineer. The physical soundness also, which his surroundings ensure, promotes moral health, and furnishes a favourable condition for intellectual activity.

But the reflexive influence of scenic grandeur, even when not paralysed by the more powerful influence of filthy homes, and the indirect aids to moral and intellectual excellence resulting from physical health, are but paltry and insignificant in comparison with those great currents of human thought, and speech, and action which continually

direct and fashion the destinies of the human race. A grand scenery, a bleak soil, and a severe climate may turn out men of excellent physique, may ensure courage, valour and endurance, may, in fact, constitute excellent nurseries for the early training of warriors; but physical agencies such as these do not touch the sources of human action, do not inspire man with a high faith in principle which can make even cowards brave, do not endow him with the power to discover and fulfil his relations to all within him and around him, do not open to him the springs of moral and intellectual felicity, and do not ensure to him the development of true manliness, or the enjoyment of true happiness. These are accomplished by social forces. Therefore, although the Highland peasant may be a brave man and an excellent warrior, there is slender reason indeed for supposing that he is, consequently, a man at all in the higher senses of the term. If he is so, it is not because he is a Highlander, but because humanising and benign influences have been brought to bear upon him. Unfortunately, the force and prevalence of these influences have not been great in the Highlands, and influences of a different nature have been perniciously affecting the character and position of the Highland peasant. It may be bitter, but it is certainly better, that we should regard the peasant as the result of these influences, and not as the creation of an over warm patriotism. Regarding him thus, and comparing our conclusions with our own observations, we discover in the Highland peasant a man of great physical development, of a disposition bold and enterprising, of a spirit,—when away from home, lofty, generous, and independent,—when at home, apparently fawning and parasitical, of a morality by no means low, but at the same time, peculiar, strange, and inconsistent, of an intellect timid and neglected, and of a religion ardent and devout, but not a little contracted, intolerant, and mingled with superstition. The influences which have chiefly contributed to produce these conditions will be considered afterwards, and from a consideration of these influences it may perhaps appear what existing social forces must be encouraged or repressed, and what new agencies must be created to ensure the elevation of the Highland peasant.

MACHAON.

—o—

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

(From our Correspondent.)

SURROUNDED by the turmoil of business and the commercial interests of the English metropolis, it is not to be wondered at that the insignificant section of Highlanders resident therein were involved in almost absolute obscurity. This disadvantage to them is the more palpable at the present crisis, when brethren in the north and south of their native land are so active and unanimous in matters of importance so serious to the future of the language and its cultivation in their schools. Notwithstanding that the wail of the London Highlander is so far stifled, yet his earnestness in wishing success to the movement now proceeding in favour of the Gaelic Professorship is not less ardent than the Celts of the north themselves, and they would cheerfully lend aid in its establishment; therefore their hearts are in the cause.

The present month of February has occupied the Gaelic Society with its general meeting on the 10th inst., on which occasion the newly elected President and the Vice-Presidents (Mr. J. C. Macphee and Mr. Walter Burton) presided for the first time, and delivered themselves of appropriate addresses. The next object of its attention was the annual ball, which is held under its direction. The Assembly took place on Tuesday 16th, at Willis' Rooms, St. James', instead of as hitherto at the rooms in Hanover Sarequ. Much regret was expressed

for the change for various reasons, not the least of which were that at the latter place the Society had the selection of their own purveyors for the suppers and wines, which provision, however, Messrs. Willis retain for themselves. This restriction is not of easy remedy in the meantime, seeing that the rooms have no rival in the west end quarter, consequent on the sale of those in Hanover Square for a Club-House. The numbers present at the ball were not many short of three hundred, a large number when the circumstances of the private nature of the Gaelic Society and its membership are considered. The programme and the music comprised the newest and best, and one of the quadrilles was danced to the *Tir nam Beann* Gaelic melodies, which were played admirably by the performers in Louis Beck's band. An *encore* was almost unanimously called for. The improvement in eliciting the peculiar points in Celtic airs by them was very marked this year, as compared with their execution of them last year. Listening to them attentively that night, judges expressed as much satisfaction with them as with those arranged from airs of the modern musical school. The supper was presided over by Dr. Halley, one of the Honorary Presidents, who discharged the duties with the grace and geniality which form so large a portion of his nature. The usual loyal toasts were pledged and responded to with heartiness and "Highland honours," but not those exhibited by the elevation of the company on chairs and tables, a custom the worthy chairman observed which "was not Highland and not becoming." One or two more sentiments were given and acknowledged, after which dancing was resumed and continued till a very early hour. The ball-room was decorated most handsomly with various ornamental emblems, including evergreens and numerous patterns of clan tartans. At the further end, and conspicuously, was placed the Gaelic salute "*Failte's Furan*," which had an excellent effect from the beautiful style of its execution. For the taste displayed herein, the Society is indebted to Messrs. Halley, Robertson, Laing, and Grant (Macdougall & Co., Sackville Street), who formed the decorating committee. Notwithstanding the numbers before stated as being present, and also the high prices of the tickets—33s. for a lady and gentleman—it is doubtful whether the proceeds will do more than cover the expenses, so extravagant are the charges for every item connected with ball-giving in London.—*Inverness Advertiser.*

—o—

GREENOCK HIGHLAND GATHERING.

THE annual social gathering of the Highlanders of Greenock and district took place on February 19th in the Town Hall. There was a large attendance, nearly 700 being present. Sheriff Clark, of Glasgow, occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the chair by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh; Mr. Ross, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Rev. Mr. MacPherson; Collector Campbell; Dr. Allan; Lieuts. Woods, Cheetham, and Justice, of H.M.S. Aurora; Commissioners Brown and Black; Dr. Black; Lieut. Black; Lieut. M'Leod; Mr. William Stewart Anderson; Messrs. Archd. Cook, J. Campbell, J. Cameron, S. Nicholson, J. M'Kenzie, Archd. M'Call, Hugh Black, Edward Roberts, R. F. Duncan, T. M. M'Farlane, and D. M'Farlane, &c., &c.

Blessing was asked by the Rev. Mr. Macpherson of the Gaelic Parish Church, Greenock. After tea had been partaken of, the Chairman gave an opening address.

The audience were then treated to two Gaelic songs from an amateur, and songs from Miss Mary Townley, Mr. W. D'Almaine, and Mr. D. Alexander.

Professor BLACKIE, who was received with several rounds of deafening cheers, said: Highlanders of Greenock, I deem myself rather in a strange though honourable position here, being not only guest at a Highland meeting, but somehow or other within the last three months trumped up to an apostle of the Celts from "Johnny Groat's House to Maidenkirk." I "rushed in where angels fear to tread," but they said, "Blackie, you must do the thing or it would not be done." I have had this very difficult task assigned to me of getting a chair of Celtic languages and literature in the University of Edinburgh—not in any common way, but in a way in which no chair was ever got up before, by popular subscription. At first I did not know how to advance, and I thought the best way to do was to wait quietly upon what the doctors call the "expectant system," that was to see whether the patient would recover, whether somebody in New Zealand would leave £10,000 to found a Celtic chair, but I thought that was a lazy way of doing, and one which showed a want of faith in the Celtic people. The moment I began to look round about me I found first one, then another, and another, and now the affair goes on like a house on fire. In Inverness, in Oban, and even in Birmingham, and not to forget Greenock—I forgot to mention Greenock—and in Glasgow, in

which the Celts have come forward and said, "It is not our wish that our language should be extinguished and crushed out in the world." That is a policy which may suit the Irish, but will not do for Highlanders. It may possibly have been a kind of excuse on the part of the extreme party in regard to Ireland some hundred years ago, but there can be no reason for them stamping us out, or for us stamping ourselves out. In the course of four months, with the help of some friends, I have raised almost £4000. Now, observe what would be the practical use and effect of having a professor, not merely of Gaelic, but including Welsh and Erse? What would be the effect of that upon the Highlands, intellectually and morally? It would be that these young men of the University would have an opportunity of being taught what a rich enthusiasm and sentiment they have in their own old war songs. They would not indulge in quoting Horace and Homer, but pieces from those poets of their own country. The first thing a man ought to do is to sing out the songs of his mother tongue, and let me tell you that there is no lyric poetry in the world superior to the Gaelic, unless it be, perhaps, the poetry of Robert Burns. Your young men who went to College and heard their poets expounded, would go back to the Highlands as teachers, with no wretched foreign affectation, but teaching themselves and every man to be Highlanders, rejoicing and thanking God for being so. Then we must connect with this Celtic Chair in Edinburgh—for the scheme enlarges as it goes onward—some half dozen of fellowships worth the sums of £60, £70, or £100 a year, to be given to those most intellectual and best educated of Highland students who have gone through all the regular University classes, and proved to have a thorough knowledge of their own language and a noble enthusiasm in their own poetry. Now that is almost the whole that I wish to say to you. I am determined not to stop until this thing is done completely, and if it be not done in twelve months, it will be your fault, and not mine. (Loud applause, during which the learned Professor resumed his seat.)

The Chairman said that he was glad to hear that the Highland Society had given £50 towards the fund, and he was sure they would all do what lay in their power to aid that scheme.

A service of fruit and a number of songs were given, and after a few closing remarks fromt be Chairman, the large assemblage broke up.

An assembly, the grand march of which was led by Highlanders in full costume, followed, and dancing was kept up vigurously until well on in the morning.

———o———

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The annual court of the governors of this ancient corporation was held on Saturday the 20th ult., at the Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London. Major K. Macleay presided. After the transaction of some formal business,—

Dr. HALLEY called attention to the question of the proposed Celtic Chair for the Edinburgh University, and said, that as an old member of the Highland Society, and remembering the purposes for which it was founded, he thought it would be an injustice to the memory of the founders and to the position of the Society to offer such a small sum as twenty-five guineas, as had been proposed, towards the funds for the Celtic Chair. He knew very well that the funds of the Society, so far as the income was concerned, left but a little margin with which to act. However, the object of Professor Blackie was so completely within the purposes for which the Highland Society was originally formed that a subscription of twenty-five guineas from the Society would be a very paltry amount for such a worthy object as the establishment of a Celtic Chair for Edinburgh. Dr. Halley felt that the Society would not be doing more than its duty if it sold out £100 or even £500 of its funds for that end. He would suggest that at least 100 guineas be subscribed to Professor Blackie, and, if necessary, £100 of the funds of the Society should be sold. The occasion was not one that would frequently occur, and it was most essential that the Highland Society of London should not forget the position in which it stood as the first Highland Society of Great Britain. The founding of a Celtic Chair was not only important with regard to Gaelic, but it was also important in its relation to general philology. It was not only for the sake of Gaelic, although the fact of Gaelic being the ordinary vernacular of half a million of people in Scotland alone was of some importance, but it was to be hoped that such a chair would be one of use in philology.

Mr. CHISHOLM GOODEN while deprecating the keeping up of a double language as being injurious, knew the objects for which the Society was incorporated, and had therefore heard with surprise that the paltry sum of twenty-five guineas had been

proposed as the Society's quota towards the Celtic Chair. It ought to be multiplied ten times. Seeing that one of the principal objects of the Society was the sustentation of the Gaelic language, he did not know how the members could acquit themselves from performing that obligation. It had voted £50 to the late secretary for translating "The Queen's Travels" into Gaelic, and other sums had been subscribed for useless purposes, and he should therefore put a formal motion that the sum of £250 be set apart towards the fund for endowing a Celtic Chair for Edinburgh University.

Dr. FARQUHAR MATHESON seconded the motion, and observed that, considering the history of the Society, and the objects for which it was instituted so many years ago, to subscribe only twenty-five guineas would lower the dignity of the Society, and he thought that if the larger sum could not be given, it would be better not to give anything at all. Both the Glasgow and the Edinburgh Celtic Societies had subscribed one hundred guineas, and if the London Society, to whom they looked as the parent Society, gave the meagre sum proposed, it would lose much of its dignity and prestige.

Mr. DANIEL MACKENZIE failed to see that the case was an urgent one, and, looking at the funds of the Society, together with the fact that the Caledonian Society had only given £10 in response to Professor Blackie's request of £100, he (the speaker) considered that a grant of twenty-five guineas would be sufficient. As to the proposal of two hundred and fifty guineas being given, he thought that the capital stock of the Society ought not to be encroached upon to that extent.

Dr. HALLEY thought the last speaker hardly appreciated to the extent, which members of the Society ought to do, the fact that its dignity depended to a certain extent upon its acts. He agreed with Mr. Gooden, and considered that £500 would not be too much, but if £250 were given the Society would not lose either credit or position as the principal Highland Society of Great Britain. It should be remembered that the Highland Society of London was the parent Society of the Highland Societies of Scotland, and that, therefore, nothing derogatory either to the Society or its founders should be done. There were times when the Society ought to act up to the spirit of the founders, and the present was one of such occasions, when it behoved them either to act with a liberal spirit or else to do nothing at all. Nothing would be lost by acting liberally, for he believed the fact of the Highland Society doing its duty would bring many gentlemen to its ranks. If the Society could say that it had given two hundred and fifty guineas towards a legitimate object, it would be a great point in its favour.

Mr. MACKENZIE moved as an amendment —"That a contribution of fifty guineas be voted, and that the directors would recommend a further contribution of fifty guineas next year."

Dr. RAMSAY seconded the amendment.

Mr. GOODEN said that he should press his resolution.

The CHAIRMAN then put the motion, which was lost, and the amendment was then put and carried.

The meeting next proceeded with the election of officers for the ensuing year, after which a discussion took place with reference to the annual dinner of the society.

Before the meeting separated, Dr. Halley suggested that there should be a Gaelic secretary appointed, it being very anomalous, he thought, that the Society should be without one. He did not make a motion of the subject, however, as the rules of the Society were about to undergo revision.

Thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

THE GAELIC SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of this society was held at Edinburgh on Monday, 22d February. There were amongst the gentlemen present Mr. Josiah Livingston, Rev. J. C. Macphail, Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan, Rev. A. Mackenzie, Rev. Prof. Macgregor, Rev. W. Scott-Moncreiff, Rev. Dr. Beith, Rev. Wm. Ross (Rothesay), Mr. Barbour of Bonskeid, Mr. J. Carment, Councillor Maclaren, Mr. A. Scott (Beanston), Mr. W. F. Ireland, &c. Mr. Livingston was called to the chair.

The Rev. Mr. MACPHAIL read the annual report. "It is now upwards of sixty-four years since the Society for the Support of Gaelic Schools was founded. At that time there were in the Highlands and Islands not only the parochial schools established by law, but also some 290 schools supported by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. But in both the parochial and the society schools the instruction imparted was given exclusively through the medium of the English language. By this method many thousands of the young people were taught to read and

recite English fluently; but on examination it was found that great numbers among them attached no meaning whatever to the words which they had learned to pronounce. Out of a population of 335,000 in the Highlands and Islands, it was computed that 300,000 understood no other language than Gaelic; yet there was no provision of any kind for imparting instruction to that great multitude directly through the medium of the only language which they understood. The consequence was what might have been expected. The people were in a state of the most deplorable ignorance. It was the discovery of this lamentable state of things which led to the establishment of the Society for the support of Gaelic Schools, whose one object was to teach the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands to read the Holy Scriptures in their native language; and, as the most expeditious, the cheapest, and the most effectual method of securing this end, they resolved to erect circulating schools, which should be planted first in those districts which were farthest removed from all other means of instruction, and which should be conducted in every case only by men whose religious character would be thoroughly in harmony with the sacred work in which they were to be engaged. In the year 1811, three Gaelic schools were opened. Funds were freely contributed to the Society by the Christian community in the south, and Gaelic schools were rapidly opened, not only in the most necessitous districts of the Highlands and Islands, but also for the Gaelic-speaking people who had emigrated from those districts, and settled in the large towns. Instead of the three schools of 1811, there were in 1816 no fewer than 67, while the number of scholars attending the schools increased from 650 in 1812, the second year of the society's operations, to 3557 in 1816. From that time till now, the Gaelic School Society has quietly but steadily prosecuted its blessed work. It has always selected for the field of its operations those districts which were most destitute of other means of instruction. Of late years it has, indeed, allowed its agents to teach the children attending its schools to read English as well as Gaelic; for the ability to read first in Gaelic has made a demand for instruction in English, and this demand many of the teachers are qualified to supply. But its great object has always been, and still is, to teach the Gaelic-speaking population to read the Holy Scriptures in their own language; and it has employed as its agents in this sacred work none but men who, it believed, from their Christian character and experience, would themselves shine as lights among the people to whom they held forth the Word of Life. The number of schools now connected with the society is thirty. The crisis produced in the educational condition of the country by recent legislation has been a subject of much anxious thought to the directors. The society's great object has been not so much to teach Gaelic, as to teach the Gaelic-speaking population to read the Word of God only in the language in which they can understand it. The result of inquiries has been to show, that while there could be no question at all that there are many thousands of the population to whom it would be still necessary for many a day to teach the reading of Gaelic, it was doubtful whether the local boards would make any effort to secure such teaching, save in a comparatively small number of places. There were two difficulties which were said to stand in the way of teaching the reading of Gaelic in the national schools. One was, that there would be no payment for the teaching of Gaelic under the present code; and the other, that boards would be unduly limited in the choice of teachers were they obliged to appoint none but men who knew that language. Understanding that some changes were likely to be made on the Education Act and on the code, the directors submitted to the Lord Advocate certain modifications on the present code, by which the difficulties that have been mentioned might reasonably be overcome. The sum of their proposal was this:—1. That it should be made optional for certificated teachers and for pupil-teachers labouring in districts where Gaelic is spoken, to be examined in that language; and in the event of their passing such examination, that they should be registered as qualified to teach the reading of Gaelic. 2. That any teacher who has taught for five years in connection with this society should be recognised as a qualified assistant for the purpose of teaching the reading of Gaelic. 3. That wherever it is found necessary to teach the reading of Gaelic in any national school, a sum of £10, over and above all other grants, should be paid to such school as long as the reading of Gaelic shall be taught in it, either by the principal teacher, or by a qualified assistant or pupil-teacher. And 4. That in districts where Gaelic is spoken, either her Majesty's inspector or an assistant should know that language. Even if all this were secured, however, it will still be long before the national system can so fully overtake the educational wants of the remote Highlands and Islands, that

the operations of this society can be dispensed with; and until they can be so, your directors must continue to look to the Christian public for funds to enable them to carry on their necessary and truly Christian work. The statement of accounts showed that while the receipts of the ordinary fund for the year 1874 have been £931, 5s. 7d., the payments have been £1081, 13s. 2d., showing a deficit of £150, 7s. 7d. The superannuation fund receipts were £63, 1s. 6d., and the payments £38, leaving a balance of £25, 1s. 6d."

The Report was unanimously approved, and resolutions adopted, recommending the society to the continued support of the benevolent.

—o—

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

We remark that this Society is now taking active and practical steps for carrying out with vigour the objects of its existence. At the meeting on Thursday last a committee was appointed for the collection of folk-lore —ancient poetry and prose, old legends and traditions—throughout the Highlands. It is intended that all those collecting such throughout the country will be added to the committee, and everything valuable will be published in the annual volume of "Transactions," with the collector's name appended. All who are willing to engage in this laudable work should at once communicate with the Secretary, who is also convener of the folk-lore committee. Another practical step has been taken in voting a sum of money to be given annually to various schools in the Highlands for the best Gaelic composition; and it was remitted to the council (who will be glad to receive suggestions as to the best arrangements), to complete details and conditions of competition. The council submitted recommendations in favour of active steps for securing Gaelic teaching in Highland schools. These were adopted, and after a full discussion it was unanimously agreed to forward a petition on the subject of Gaelic teaching to Chas. Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., Chief of the Society, for presentation to Parliament. A resolution was also passed urging him to call attention to the matter in the House of Commons, and to use his influence with the Education Department of the Privy Council to give effect to the views of the Society in the new code. Several gentlemen were nominated members for election at next meeting, at which the subject will be—a metrical English translation of "Gaol-nan-Daoine" —one of the oldest and finest compositions in the Gaelic language. The following are the terms of the petition :—

Your petitioners having fully considered the present method of teaching in Highland schools, find that it is unnatural and erroneous, in so far as it entirely ignores the native language, and consequently instead of facilitating, retards education, and produces most unsatisfactory results. So far as known to your petitioners, a system which, contrary to all reason, takes no advantage of the mother-tongue as a *medium* for imparting and acquiring instruction in a language quite unknown to a majority of the pupils, is not adopted anywhere out of the Highlands.

Your petitioners would therefore humbly pray—

First.—That your honourable House will make due provision for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools in all districts where that language is spoken by the greater portion of the people. The natural intelligence of the pupils would thus be quickened, and they would more easily acquire an intelligent knowledge of the English language.

Second.—In order to encourage teachers to qualify for teaching in and through the Gaelic language, your petitioners humbly pray that certificates of competency in the language be granted, entitling teachers to a small grant when placed in districts where the Gaelic is the prevailing tongue, and where Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools reports that it is taught beneficially to the scholars.

Third.—That Gaelic be recognised as a special subject.

Fourth.—That in order successfully to carry out the objects of, and give proper effect to, the prayer of your petitioners, and do full justice to the pupils and teachers, your petitioners are of opinion that it is absolutely necessary that all inspectors of schools in the Highlands should be able to understand, and speak, and examine in and through the native language of the scholars.

—o—

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER MACDONNELL.—The *Spectator* gives a sketch of the life of the late Sir Alexander Macdonnell, the Resident Commissioner of the Irish Board of Education, who recently died at Dublin. He was the real creator of England's one successful institution in Ireland, the National System of Education. He found it an imperilled experiment, and left it, after his government of thirty-two years, a solid and impregnable organisation. Deceased was a Celt of the Celts, descended from Somerled of the Isles; and he was also the seventh in descent from Celkitto, Montrose's famous lieutenant. His father was a physician in Belfast. Alexander was a friend both of Sir James Mackintosh and the poet, Thomas Campbell. He was educated for the Bar, but was too diffident to be successful. As Resident Commissioner of the Board of Education in Ireland, his spirit of fair play as between Catholics and Protestants—he was himself a Protestant—overcame enormous difficulties. He resigned in 1871, at the age of 77, but he hardly looked within ten years of that age. He had a physique worthy a Macdonnell of the Isles; could in his youth walk forty Irish miles at a stretch, and in his last visit to London, a couple of years ago, to be examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, he brought a friend off to show him with great glee the place where in old Westminster days he had "leathered the butcher." Bronchitis, caught in a season more than usually deadly, carried him off at the age of 80, leaving, says the *Spectator*, few like and few approaching to him.

DEATH OF A YOUNG TEACHER.—We regret much to notice in our obituary the name of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, Petty Street, ex-pupil-teacher, Farraline Park Institution here. Of that institution he was both a pupil and pupil-teacher, and only completed his apprenticeship about a year ago. In July last, he was appointed to the Public School of Townhill, Dunfermline, where he discharged his duties with great ability, and to the entire satisfaction of all connected with the school; but owing to the insidious disease which has now carried him off, he was obliged to return to Inverness at Christmas, and by the advice of his medical attendant he soon after resigned his appointment there. Since then his strength rapidly declined until Monday week when he quietly passed away. He was an earnest student and an excellent scholar, and his abilities as a teacher were of a high order. His early death, at the age of nineteen, is deeply lamented by his widowed mother and by all his acquaintances.—*Inverness Advertiser.*

THE CELTIC CHAIR.—Mr. John Macfarquhar, M,A., Edinburgh, honorary secretary, begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the following subscriptions, viz.:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Seafield, £25; Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Grant, C.B., £10; Macleod of Macleod, £25; the Rev. Donald Macleod, Glasgow, £10; Mrs. Jane Clark, Ardersier, £1; Friends of the Gael in Oban, £52; the Highland Society, Greenock, £50.—*Inverness Advertiser.*

In Oban and its neighbourhood, above £80 have been collected for endowing the Edinburgh University Celtic Chair. Among the contributors are Keith Maclellan, Esq. of Melfort, £25; T. W. Murray-Allan, Esq. of Glenfeochan, £10; Colonel Macdougall of Dunollie, £5; Lorn Ossianic Society, £5; Mr. Brown, Banker, Oban, £2, 2s.; Mr. Macintyre, Lochvoil, £2; Mr. Dugald Macniven, Kilninver, £2. The balance of the money is made up of subscriptions from 21s. to 2s. 6d.—*Oban Times.*

EDINBURGH NEW HIGHLAND CLUB.—The Second Annual Gaelic and Scottish Concert of this Club, was held on Saturday evening, the 27th ult., in the Freemasons Hall, George Street, Edinburgh. Professor Blackie presided; and in his address powerfully advocated the recognition of the claims of the Celtic element, in the life and literature of Scotland. The learned and genial Professor concluded by reading a translation of his own, of *Màiri laghach*, which, he said, Burns could not beat. The programme consisted of reels and dances by gentlemen in Highland costume to the strains of the bagpipes, and Scotch and Gaelic songs—the vocalists being Miss Isa Andrews, Miss A. Cairns, and Miss Campbell; and Messrs. Neil M'Donald, K. Mathieson, and Thomas Shankie. The dancers were Messrs. Johnstone, Ross, Grant, and G. M'Donald. Miss Cairns accompanied the vocalists on the pianoforte.

—o—



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York . . .	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,
70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line.

GLASGOW
TO
NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, and QUEENSTOWN, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—

Tues. Steamers,	£14, 14s., and £15, 15s.
Thurs. „	£12, 12s., and £13, 13s.
Sat. „	£16, 16s., and £17, 17s.

INTERMEDIATE, Eight Guineas.

STEERAGE, Six Guineas.

To New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Quebec.

Passengers booked at Lowest Fares to al parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,
45 & 47 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND AND SETTLEMENT COMPANY
(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1867.)

CAPITAL, £250,000, *IN* 25,000 *SHARES OF* £10 *EACH.*

FIRST ISSUE, 10,000 *SHARES.*

£5 *PER SHARE EXPECTED TO BE CALLED UP.*

Directors.

James Salmon, Esq., I.A., of Jas. Salmon & Son, Glasgow.
William Arthur, Esq., Merchant, Woodlea, Bothwell.
John Cunningham, Esq., of Smart & Cunningham, Barrhead.
Matthew Fairley, Esq., of M. Fairley & Co., Glasgow.
Adam Houston, Esq., of Houston & M'Nairn, Glasgow.
Charles Maitland, Esq., of R. Meiklejohn & Son, Alloa.
James Robertson, Esq., of John Robertson & Co., Newhall.
John Spencer, Esq., Merchant, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Law Agents.

Brown, Dunlop, & Lindsay, 87 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Managers and Secretaries.

W. G. & J. W. Lindsay, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Brokers.

Moore & Brown, 166 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Dykes & MacLagan, 79 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Commissioners in Canada.

John Dunlop, Esq., Craigowan, Woodstock.
Colonel David Shaw, Kingston.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to develop 250,000 acres in Manitoba, a Free Grant from the Dominion Government.

The recent acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Territory opens up 1,300,000 square miles, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, known as the "fertile belt of America," having grain-producing soil and climate *greater in extent and finer in quality* than that of the United States.

It is intended to settle part of the Lands in Grants of alternate Farms of 160 Acres each, and to reserve the balance with selected portions as Market or Town Centres, extending to 104,000 acres, worth, after a time, 20s. to 40s. per acre. The land is prairie, rich loam, and ready for the plough. Common yield of wheat 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

Settlers receive from Company assistance towards passage; seed, implements, stock, &c.; and share with the Company for five years the crop raised, repaying advances.

The prospective value of town sites as centres of population *has not, in the calculations made, been taken into account.*

The Canada Pacific Railway, to commence in Spring, will, in all probability, intersect the Company's lands.

Ordinary Revenue, *based on calculation of crop produce, one-fourth only of actual reports*, would suffice, after expenses, to pay dividends rising to 20 per cent., and create large Reserve Fund, besides proceeds from Land Sales:—

Ten Townships contain Acres	250,000
Deduct for Grants to Settlers, Roads, &c.	146,000
Balance for Reserved Farms and Town Sites . . .	104,000
Whereof for Bonuses 100,000 Acres, worth in 3 or 4 years, at only 30s. per acre, a capital sum of	£150,000

The Town Sites, extending to 4000 Acres, and any Minerals, would remain; and as Winnipeg, four years since a Hudson's Bay Fort, has now about 5000 inhabitants, these sites may speedily prove of immense value.

In October 1874, the Hudson's Bay Co. realised at Winnipeg as much as 4s. 8d. per yard for ground. The Canada Co., similar in plan to this, divided last year 54 per cent., and its £12, 10s. Shares stand in London List at £99 to £101.

For forms of Application and Prospectuses, apply to the Brokers, or at the Registered Office of the Company, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

A NUMBER OF
FAMILIES OF SETTLERS WANTED
FOR
Manitoba, Dominion of Canada.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND & SETTLEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED) OF GLASGOW, having obtained from the Government of Canada 250,000 Acres of the Finest Prairie Land in the Dominion, are now prepared to receive Applications from steady industrious men accustomed to Farm Work, to whom the following Advantageous Terms are offered:—

Advances in full, where necessary, for Passage from Glasgow to Manitoba; possession of Prarie Farm of 160 Acres richest Land near a navigable river, ready for the plough the day of arrival; Seed and Implements required for the Sowing, Cultivation, and Harvesting of the Crops; Family Food Supplies until the Crops are available; suitable houses to live in; a Cow for the Family's supply of Milk and Butter, with Five Years for Repayment of Advances.

Any ordinary energetic family at end of fifth year can be clear of all indebtedness, and worth in money and property from £500 to £1000. A grown-up family may do the same in half that time.

For further information apply to the Company's Agent, ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Applications for Shares of the Company may be made at the Company's Office, 3 W. Regent St. Glasgow.

W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

Aireamh Theaghlaichean Luchd-tuineachaidh air an iarraidh gu dol a Mhanitoba, Morroinn Chanada.

FHUAIR COMUNN FEARAINN AGUS TUINEACHAIS CHANADA BHREATUNNAICH, bho Uachdranachd Chanada, 250,000 Acair d' an Fhearann-gun-choille is feàrr anns a' Mhòr-roinn, agus tha iad a nis ullamh gu gabhail ri Iarrtais dhaoine stuama, dèanadach, cleachdte ri Obair-fearainn, do'm bheil iad a' tairgseadh nan cumhachan tàbhachdach a leanas:—

Iasad, far am feumar e, d' an Ìan-airgiod-aisig eadar Glaschu agus Manitoba; Seilbh air Gabhail anns am bi 160 Acair de Fhearann-gun-choille dlùth air abhainn mhóir air am faodar seòladh, agus deas air son a' chroinn-treabhaidh an latha 'ruigeas iad; Pòr-cuir agus Innealan féumail air son Cur, Aiteach, agus Cruinneachadh a' Bhàrra; Lòn do'n Teaghlach gus an bi am Bàrr ullamh; Tighean-comhnuidh freagarrach; Mart a chumail an Teaghlaich ann an Bainne 's an Im; agus Cóig bliadhna dh-ùine gus an t-Airgiod-iasaid a phàigheadh air ais.

Aig deireadh chóig bliadhna faodaidh teaghlach dìchiollach sam bith a bhi saor bho gach uile fhiachaibh, agus an seilbh air bho £500 gu £1000, eadar airgiod agus maoin. Faodaidh teaghlach a tha air cinntinn suas so a dhèanamh ann an leth na h-ùine.

Air son tuilleadh eòlais sgrìobh gu Fearionaidh a' Chomuinn,
ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Tha Iarrtais air son Comh-roinn anns a' Chomunn ri 'n cur a dh-ionnsaidh Office a' Chomuinn,
3 W. REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.
W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

FARM LABOURERS,
NAVVIES,

DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
MECHANICS.

Free Grants of 160 acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent-General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Just Published, Stitched, 9d.; Cloth, 1s.

GOD'S WAY OF PEACE,

BY THE

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

TRANSLATED INTO GAELIC

BY THE

REV. NEIL DEWAR,

MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH, KINGUSSIE.

TO BE HAD OF

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, EDINBURGH.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

GRANT'S
CHURCH ALMANAC

AND

Presbyterian Year-Book,

FOR 1875,

(*FORMERLY "THE FREE CHURCH ALMANAC,"*)

CONTAINING

FULL INFORMATION RESPECTING ALL THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AND ACCURATE LISTS OF

ALL DENOMINATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

"This is out of sight the best of the British Presbyterian Almanacs. Its information is as usual extensive, and as far as we are able to judge accurate. We can assure all our readers who may not happen to know it, that it is well worth perusal."—*The Presbyterian.*

SCOTCH PSALM BOOK,

LARGE TYPE EDITION,

WITH AN INDEX TO FIRST LINE OF EACH STANZA.

Price from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d., according to Style of Binding.

EDINBURGH: DUNCAN GRANT

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

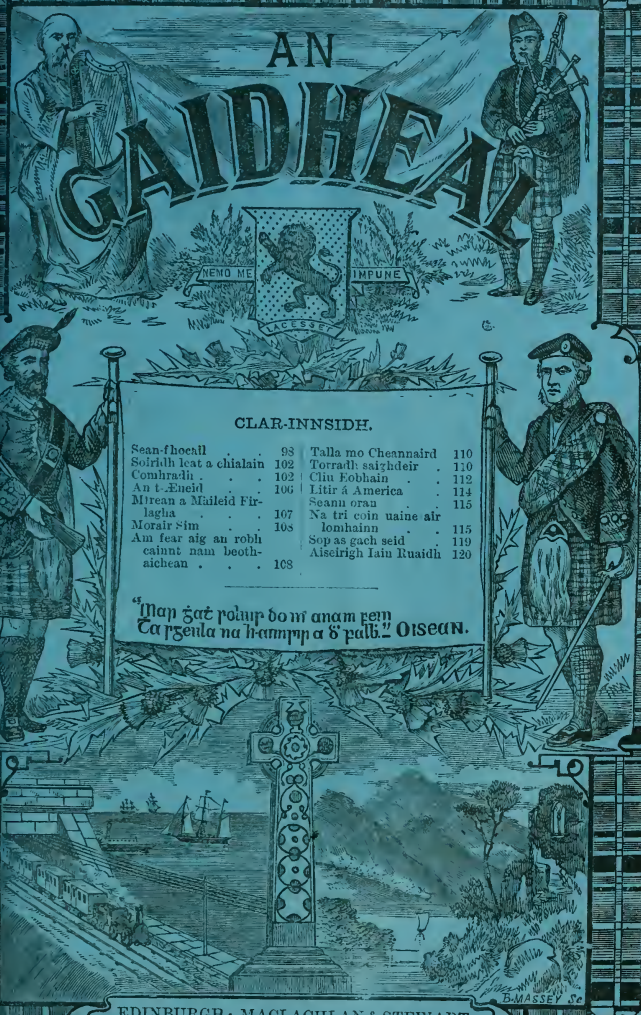
List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs;
Saints' Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

AN GAIDHEAL



CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail	98	Talla mo Cheannaird	110
Soiridh leat a chlalain	102	Torradh saighdeir	110
Comhradh	102	Cliu Eobhain	112
An t-Æneid	106	Litir á America	114
Mirean a Mùileid Fir-lagha	107	Seann orain	115
Morair Sim	108	Na tri coin uaine air Iomhainn	115
Am fear aig an robh cainnt nam beothaichean	108	Sop as gach seid	119
		Aiseirigh Iain Ruaidh	120

"Map ȝaṫ rolur do m' anam fein
Ca pȝeula na h-anmpp a s' palb." Oiseaṅ.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL:

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 40.

Proverbs—IV., ...	98
A Song, ...	102
Dialogue, ...	102
The Æneid, ...	106
Scraps from a Lawyer's Wallet, ...	107
A Fable, ...	108
Hall of Cynddylan	110
A Soldier's Funeral, ...	110
Cliu Eobhain, ...	112
Letter from America, ...	114
An Old Song, ...	115
A Highland Tale, ...	115
Varieties, ...	119
Song, with Music, ...	120

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

National Prejudice, ...	121
The Tongue of the Gael ; a new Song. By Prof. Blackie,	123
Levers to Raise our Peasantry, No. II., ...	124
News from the Highlands and Islands, ...	126

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN MARCH.—James Scott, Glasgow, 5/6 ; William Fraser, New York, 12/ ; Alexander M'Tavish, Tavistock, 2 dols. ; J. Howard Ross, Glasgow, 5/6 ; P. M'Iver, Stornoway, Canada, 4 dols. ; Peter M'Phee, E. River, Picton, 1 dol. 50 cents ; F. M'Bain, Kincraig, 15/ ; Rev. Martin MacPherson, Ingonish, N.S., 1 dol. 70 cents ; Hugh Lamont, D.D., Newington, Ont., 1 dol. 50 cents ; D. Cameron, Glasgow, 5/6 ; John Currie, Inverary, 9/6 ; Rev. Charles Cameron, Priceville, Ont., 3 dols. ; Duncan Morrison, Leith, Ont., 3 dols. ; Peter Crawford, Wallaceburg, Ont., 3 dols. ; Malcolm M'Millan, Priceville, Ont., 3 dols. ; Alexander M'Eachern, Boom, N.S., 6/ ; D. C. M. M'Rae, Stornoway, 5/6 ; Neil Campbell, Crossgar, co. Down, 9/11 ; William M'Rae, Antigonish, N.S., 9/.

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum ; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York . . .	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,
70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line.

GLASGOW
TO
NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every TUESDAY, THURSDAY. and SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, and QUEENSTOWN, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—

Tues. Steamers,	£14, 14s., and £15, 15s.
Thurs. „	£12, 12s., and £13, 13s.
Sat. „	£16, 16s., and £17, 17s.

INTERMEDIATE, Eight Guineas.

STEERAGE, Six Guineas.

To New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Quebec.

Passengers booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,
45 & 47 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND AND SETTLEMENT COMPANY
(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1867.)

CAPITAL, £250,000, *IN* 25,000 *SHARES OF* £10 *EACH.*

FIRST ISSUE, 10,000 *SHARES.*

£5 PER SHARE EXPECTED TO BE CALLED UP.

Directors.

James Salmon, Esq., I.A., of Jas. Salmon & Son, Glasgow.
William Arthur, Esq., Merchant, Woodlea, Bothwell.
John Cunningham, Esq., of Smart & Cunningham, Barrhead.
Matthew Fairley, Esq., of M. Fairley & Co., Glasgow.
Adam Houston, Esq., of Houston & M'Nairn, Glasgow.
Charles Maitland, Esq., of R. Meiklejohn & Son, Alloa.
James Robertson, Esq., of John Robertson & Co., Newhall.
John Spencer, Esq., Merchant, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Law Agents.
Brown, Dunlop, & Lindsay, 87 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Managers and Secretaries.
W. G. & J. W. Lindsay, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Brokers.
Moore & Brown, 166 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Dykes & MacLagan, 79 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Commissioners in Canada.
John Dunlop, Esq., Craigowan, Woodstock.
Colonel David Shaw, Kingston.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to develop 250,000 acres in Manitoba, a Free Grant from the Dominion Government.

The recent acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Territory opens up 1,300,000 square miles, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, known as the "fertile belt of America," having grain-producing soil and climate *greater in extent and finer in quality* than that of the United States.

It is intended to settle part of the Lands in Grants of alternate Farms of 160 Acres each, and to reserve the balance with selected portions as Market or Town Centres, extending to 104,000 acres, worth, after a time, 20s. to 40s. per acre. The land is prairie, rich loam, and ready for the plough. Common yield of wheat 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

Settlers receive from Company assistance towards passage; seed, implements, stock, &c.; and share with the Company for five years the crop raised, repaying advances.

The prospective value of town sites as centres of population *has not, in the calculations made, been taken into account.*

The Canada Pacific Railway, to commence in Spring, will, in all probability, intersect the Company's lands.

Ordinary Revenue, *based on calculation of crop produce, one-fourth only of actual reports*, would suffice, after expenses, to pay dividends rising to 20 per cent., and create large Reserve Fund, besides proceeds from Land Sales:—

Ten Townships contain Acres	250,000
Deduct for Grants to Settlers, Roads, &c.	146,000
Balance for Reserved Farms and Town Sites . . .	104,000
Whereof for Bonuses 100,000 Acres, worth in 3 or 4 years, at only 30s. per acre, a capital sum of	£150,000

The Town Sites, extending to 4000 Acres, and any Minerals, would remain; and as Winnipeg, four years since a Hudson's Bay Fort, has now about 5000 inhabitants, these sites may speedily prove of immense value.

In October 1874, the Hudson's Bay Co. realised at Winnipeg as much as 4s. 8d. per yard for ground. The Canada Co., similar in plan to this, divided last year 54 per cent., and its £12, 10s. Shares stand in London List at £99 to £101.

For forms of Application and Prospectuses, apply to the Brokers, or at the Registered Office of the Company, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

A NUMBER OF
FAMILIES OF SETTLERS WANTED
FOR
Manitoba, Dominion of Canada.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND & SETTLEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED) OF GLASGOW, having obtained from the Government of Canada 250,000 Acres of the Finest Prairie Land in the Dominion, are now prepared to receive Applications from steady industrious men accustomed to Farm Work, to whom the following Advantageous Terms are offered:—

Advances in full, where necessary, for Passage from Glasgow to Manitoba; possession of Prarie Farm of 160 Acres richest Land near a navigable river, ready for the plough the day of arrival; Seed and Implements required for the Sowing, Cultivation, and Harvesting of the Crops; Family Food Supplies until the Crops are available; suitable houses to live in; a Cow for the Family's supply of Milk and Butter, with Five Years for Repayment of Advances.

Any ordinary energetic family at end of fifth year can be clear of all indebtedness, and worth in money and property from £500 to £1000. A grown-up family may do the same in half that time.

For further information apply to the Company's Agent, ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Applications for Shares of the Company may be made at the Company's Office, 3 W. Regent St. Glasgow.

W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

Aireamh Theaghlaichean Luchdtuineachaidh air an iarraidh gu dol a Mhanitoba, Morroinn Chanada.

FHUAIR COMUNN FEARAINN AGUS TUINEACHAIS CHANADA BHREATUNNAICH, bho Uachdranachd Chanada, 250,000 Acair d' an Fhearann-gun-choille is feàrr anns a' Mhór-roinn, agus tha iad a nis ullamh gu gabhail ri Iarrtais dhaoine stuama, dèanadach, cleachdte ri Obair-fearainn, do'm bheil iad a' tairgseadh nan cumhachan tàbhachdach a leanas:—

Iasad, far am feumar e, d' an Làn-airgiod-aisig eadar Glaschu agus Manitoba; Seilbh air Gabhail anns am bi 160 Acair de Fhearann-gun-choille dlùth air abhainn mhóir air am faodar seòladh, agus deas air son a' chroinn-treabhaidh an latha 'ruigeas iad; Pòr-cuir agus Innealan féumail air son Cur, Aiteach, agus Cruinneachadh a' Bhàrra; Lòn do'n Teaghlach gus an bi am Bàrr ullamh; Tighean-comhnuidh freagarrach; Mart a chumail an Teaghlaich ann an Bainne 's an Im; agus Cóig bliadhna dh-ùine gus an t-Airgiod-iasaid a phàigheadh air ais.

Aig deireadh chóig bliadhna faodaidh teaghlach dìchiollach sam bith a bhi saor bho gach uile fhiachaibh, agus an seilbh air bho £500 gu £1000, eadar airgiod agus maoin. Faodaidh teaghlach a tha air cinntinn suas so a dhèanamh ann an leth na h-ùine.

Air son tuilleadh eòlais sgrìobh gu Fearionaidh a' Chomuinn,
ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Tha Iarrtais air son Comh-roinn anns a' Chomunn ri 'n cur a dh-ionnsaidh Office a' Chomuinn,
3 W. REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

FARM LABOURERS,
NAVVIES,

DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
MECHANICS.

Free Grants of 160 acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent-General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Just Published, Stitched, 9d.; Cloth, 1s.

GOD'S WAY OF PEACE,

BY THE

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

TRANSLATED INTO GAELIC

BY THE

REV. NEIL DEWAR,

MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH, KINGUSSIE.

TO BE HAD OF

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, EDINBURGH.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO. 21 BERNERS STREET.

AN GAIDHEAL.

" Mar ghath solnis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

IV.—TEOIDHIDH FEOIL RI FINE.

'S an àm a dh' fhalbh, ma dh' fhaodte nach robh rian anns an robh Gaidheil na h-Alba cho comharraichte do choigrich, 's a bha iad 'n an spèis 's 'n an dilseachd d' an Daoine fein; agus air an là diugh, ged tha, am measg iomadh Creidimh 'us Cleachduin a tha 'drughadh a stigh do na Glinn, suaraichead mu'n Daoine air faotainn aite 'n am measg nach b' aithne d'an Aithrichean, tha 'n ceum-toisich aca fathast 's an rathad so air luchd-aiteachaidh Bhreutuinn. Cluinnear gu minic am feart so 'g a mheas mar Chliu dhuinn, no 'g a thilgeadh mar Athais oirnn. Molar 'us cainear sinn air a sgàth. Tha na Sean-fhocail a tha 'g a chur an ceill air aon doigh no doigh eile ro lionmhor; ach cha 'n 'eil aon Sean-fhocal againn a tha 'g aithris na firinn 'n a lan-fharsuingeachd, oir tha iomadh taobh oirre, agus thug ar n-Aithrichean deagh aire do gach taobh. Tha 'n Cairdeas Gaidhealach 'n a ni tha do-thuigsinn do'n Ghall. Cha 'n 'eil sinne cho ullamh 's a tha na Goill, 's cha robh na Sean Daoine cho ullamh 's a tha sinne, gu Caraid a' radh ri Fearcolais. 'S ann fior ainmig a theireadh ar n-Aithrichean Caraid ach ri aon d' am fuil fein. Ach leanaidh sinne ar Cairdeas-fola moran na's faide na ni na Goill; agus tha doighean againn air Cairdeas a dheanamh suas, agus tha dleasdanais a' leantainn an lorg ar Cairdeis, air a' bheil iadsan tur aineolach.

A rèir nan Sean-fhocal, tha ceathrar dhoighean ann a tha gu h-araid a' cur an ceill daimh dhaoine d'a cheile,—Co-dhaltas, Cairdeas, Cleamhnas, Coimhearsnachd. B'e cheud cheum 's a chairdeas Co-dhaltas. Air thoiseach air a' mhac a rugadh o'n aon bhroinn, thigeadh am mac a dheothail an aon chioch: "Co-dhaltas gu ceud, 'us Cairdeas gu fichead;" "An Co-dhalta nach dearbh àite, 's mairg a dh' airich duine riamh;" "'S caomh le fear a Charaid, ach 's e smior a chridhe a Cho-dhalta." B'e 'n ath cheum clann na h-aon Mhathar. B'e fuil na Mathar a bu tiugha na fuil an Athar: "Is blath anail na Mathar;" Is sleamhuin an laogh a shligeas a Mhathair;" Cha 'n abair mi mo Bhrathair, ach ris a' mhac a rug mo Mhathair." Mu leanamh air dhroch-càramh theirteadh, "Cha b'ann an uchd a Mhathar a bha e." Cha robh fuachd 'us cion tluis na Muime air di-chuimhne; 's cha robh truas ri ghabhail d'i: "Cha 'n iochd leam cnead mo leas Mhathar." As deigh clann na h-aon Mhathar, bha 'n Teaghlach, Cairdean a reir an dluths', 's an Fhine: "Is miann le triubhas bhi measg aodaich; is miann leam fein bhi measg mo dhaoine;" "Teoidhidh Feoil ri Fine." Bha Caraid do Charaid air a mheas mar do Charaid fein: "Mur e Bran, 's e 'Bhrathair." Cha robh ar n-Aithrich-

ean, a reir coslais, a' meas Cairdeas-posda ro dhluth. Theirteadh gun teagamh, "Cleamhnas am fogas, 'us Goisteachd am fad;" ach 'n a aghaidh so, tha 'n triuir Sheanfhocal a leanas: "Is fuar comunn an ath Chleamhnais;" "Cha dean mida Chliamhain do'm aonnighinn;" "Is fuar don' Chleamhna." Mu na Coimhearsnaich theirteadh: "Is fearr Coimhearsnach am fogas na Brathair fad' às."

Issnathainn tri-chaiste an Cairdeas Gaidhealach; agus is dluth a tha e air fhigheadh ann an Eachdraidh ar duthcha. Cha tuig coigrich a neart; agus ma dh' fhaodte gu bheil a chumhachd thairis air caithe-beatha ar n-Aithrichean do-thuigsinn dhuinn fein. Feudaidh sinn na duail aireamh, 's an spionnadh fa leth a dhearbhadh; ach cha bhi againn, 'n a dheigh so uile, ach beachd lag, faoin mu neart a' cheangail a bha eadar ar n-Aithrichean 's an Daoine. Am measg an Daoine fein, 's 'n an dachaidh fein, bha iad laidir, misneachail: "Is dàna duine 'n a chuil fein;" "'S ard ceann an fheidh 's a' chreachann;" "Is dàna cù air òtraich fein;" "Is bean tighe an luchag 'n a tigh fein;" "Is binn gach eun 'n a dhoire fein." Air an aineol, 's 'n an aonar, bha iad lag, fann, meata: "Is diomhain gach cas air thìr gun eolas;" "Mar bho mhaoil am buaile choimhich;" "Mar fhear air carn;" "Cha 'n fhiach duine 'n a aonar;" "Is fuar leaba gun choi-leabach." Agus ma thiunndas sinn o na Sean-fhocail gus na Baird, gheibh sinn a' chlìu cheudna air ar Luchd-dutheha;—àrd-mhisneach an uair tha iad am measg an Daoine,—an-earbsa an uair tha iad sgarte' uapa:

"Duisg solas an talla nan stuadh,
Thill righ nam buadh le shluagh gu thìr,"

chi thu anam a' Bhaird a' lasadh 'n a rann; ach thig smal air gnuis Chuchullin an uair tha fear a dheislaimh a' dhith air:

"An d' fhag thu mi, Fhearghuis bu chorr,
'S an sruth mor so 'tional ri 'm thaobh;"

agus cha nàr le Righ Mhorbheinn na deoir a shileadh aig uaigh Ghuill:

"Leig Fionn a thaice ri giuthas aosd'
A leag a' ghaoth, aig ceann mhic Morna;
'N a dhuala liath bha dheoir am falach,
A's ula geal an sranna na sine:
"'S a laoich feara na Feinne,
An d' fhag thu mise leam fein am aois.'"

Agus cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic, 'n ar latha fein, an sealladh tiamhaidh sin, imrich as a' Ghaidhealtachd do dhuthaich chèin, nach faca iomadh curaidh treun,

"A dh' fhuiling gailleann nan speur,
Air cuan beucach nan geur fhras,"

's a choinnich, gun taiseachadh, "Bàs 'n a mhile cruth," a' fàsgadh nan dorn, ri caoineadh, 's ri bas-bhualadh, an uair a bha e 'gabhail a chead deireannach d'a Dhaoine 's d'a Dhachaidh.

Co bhuaithe tha 'm feart no 'n fhailinn so 'n ar Luchd-dutheha ag eirigh? A' bheil an speis d' an Daoine, an earbsa asda, 's an dilseachd dhoibh, a' ruith 's an fhuil, mar rian a bhuineas do na Gaidheil mar Shluagh; no 'n rian e a gheibhear, ann an tomhas neo-chumanta, fior mu Ghaidheil na h-Alba a mhain? Cha 'n 'eil mi smuaineachadh gu'n dearbh Eachdraidh an t-Saoghail gur rian so, air son a' bheil na Gaidheil comharraichte mar Chinneadh; ged tha e comasach gu leoir gu'm biodh a leithid de rian a' ruith 's an fhuil. Gheibhear gun teagamh cuid de theaghlaichean gach Cinneadh a nochdas a' bhuaidh so os cionn cuid eile, agus feudaidh e bhith os cionn cuid de theaghlaichean a' Ghaidheil; air chor 's nach gabh e dearbhadh gu bheil sinn mar Shluagh dealaichte o Chinnich eile anns an rathad so. Ann an

tomhas tha gradh d'a Dhaoine 's d'a Chairdean nadurra do'n duine. Am measg nan Creutairean chi sinn gradh agus iochd d'an Sliochd 's d' am Parantan, a naraicheadh moran d'ar luchd-eolais, air a nochdadh. "Ma's geal, ma's dubh, no ma's donn, is toigh leis a' ghabhar a meann." Ach, am measg nan Creutairean, saoilidh mi nach leanar an Cairdeas a bheag 'n as faide na bho Pharantan gu cloinn. Mu na Creutairean tha e gu sonruichte fior, gu'n teid Eolas thar a' Chairdeis. 'N a oige 's 'n a aois tha 'n duine na's feumaile air cuideachadh na creutair sam bith; rè a bheatha tha 'shonas 's a thruaighe na's mo an crochadh r'a Cho-chreutairean; agus a thuilleadh air so, do bhrigh 's gu bheil inntinn na's farsuinge, tha 'bheachd mu 'dhleasdanas dhoibhsan a bhuineas d'a a' sgaoileadh a mach na's leatha 's na's faide. Tha mi meas gu bheil cumhachd Naduir a' stad an so. Ach far a' bheil Nadur a' stad, tha Eachdruidh 'us Cleachduin a' toiseachadh; agus anns a' cheum so, feudar da-rireamh "dara nadur" a' radh riu,—seadh dara nadur a chithear iomadh uair na's treise na 'cheud nadur. Agus is coir a chuimhneachadh an uair a tha Cleachduin a' gleidheadh a h-aite rè mhoraingh inealach am measg sluaigh, gu bheil brigh na Cleachduin a' faighinn greim 's an nadur no 's an fhuil; 's gu'm feudar le firinn a' radh, gu bheil a Chleachduin nadurra do'n t-sluagh. Cha saoil mi gu'n ruigear a leas dol a rannsachadh air son rian sam bith 's an fhuil Ghaidhealaich o thus', a chum an speis neo-chumanta a tha Gaidheil na h-Alba a' nochdadh d' an Daoine fein a thuigsinn. Tha cor nan Gaidheal 's an Rioghachd o chionn ochd ceud bliadhna lan-chomasach air a' bhuaidh so 'n ar Luchd-duthcha a mhineachadh dhuinn.

O linn Chaluim a' Chinn Mhoir feudar a' radh gu bheil an cumhachd Gaidhealach a' dol an laigead an Albainn. Iomadh bliadhna roimhe sin, bha moran de'n chuid a bu toraiche de'n fhearann an lamhan nan Gall; agus cha b' iadsan riabh a leigeadh às d'an deoin ni air am faigheadh iad greim. Ri linn Chaluim ghlac Coigrich leis an laimh laidir Rioghachd Shasuinn; agus bha 'n t-oighre dligheach 'n a fhogarrach. Phos Calum a' Chinn Mhoir Mairiread piuthar oighre Shasuinn, agus lean moran de uaislean Shasuinn a Bhan-righ do Albainn. Thug iad Canain 'us Creidimh 'us Cleachduin an duthcha fein leo d' an dachaidh ùir. Cha robh tuilleadh ach beag meas air Canain 'us Creidimh nan Gaidheal aig cuirt an Righ. Chaidh mar so a' Chrioch Ghaidhealach atharrachadh na b' fhaide Tuath 's an Iar; agus riamh o'n latha sin, uigh air uigh, 's ann a' dol a' Tuath 's an Iar a tha i, 's a reir coltais a bhitheas i, gus an ruig i 'n Cuan. Bha na Goill seolta, misneachail, treun; agus o'n àm so, bha cothrom an là aca. Chunnacas uair 'us uair bhuaithe sin iad fein 's na Gaidheil guala ri guala, air iomadh àr-fhaich, a' seasamh còir Albainn an aghaidh ain-tighearnais Shasuinn, 'us còir Bhreatuinn an aghaidh ain-tighearnais na Frainge; ach cha 'n eil teagamh nach eil, o'n àm ud, an dà shluagh buailteach do bhi 'g amharc le suil chlaon, amhurusach air cach a cheile, agus nach faodadh na Gaidheil iomadh uair le reusan a radh, "Is fuar gaoith nan Coimheach."

Ach an uair a bha mar so aobhar cumhachdach o'n leth a muigh aig na Gaidheil air son a bhi seasamh a cheile mar Chinneadh; dh' eirich aobhar moran na bu chumhachdaiche 'n am measg fein air son a bhi seasamh a cheile mar Fhine.

Sheachnadh na h-uaislean Gaidhealach cuirt an Righ ; ach cha seachnadh iad cuid an Coimhearsnaich. 'N an Glinn iomallach cha ruigeadh Lagh orra ; agus thainig gach Ceann-Cinnidh gu bhi 'n a Lagh dha fein 's d'a luchd-leanmhuinn. Cha b'e Ceart ach Neart aig an robh an lamh-an-uachdar. An uair a b'e Comhairlean nach bu toigh leo, air an toirt seachad an Canain a bu bheag orra, a bha riaghladh na Rioghachd, sguir na h-uaislean Gaidhealach a thathaich na Cuirt cho tric 's a bu choir dhoibh ; agus cha b' fheairrde Iad fein, an Daoine, no 'n Duthaich an dearmad so. Dh' fhas gach aon 'n a Righ thairis air na bheireadh umhlachd dha. Gun teagamh cheangail an Caithe-beatha so an Ceann-Cinnidh 's an Fhine r'a cheile ; agus thug e brigh d' ar Sean-fhocail nach tuigear an àite eile. "Teoidhidh Feoil ri Fine ;" "Is fada cobhair o mhnaoi 's a muinntir an Eirinn ;" "Is fada 'n eigh a Loch-A, agus cobhair o Chlann O' Duibhne ; "Cha do threig Fionn riamh caraid a laimh dheis." Creididh mi nach robh am modh-riaghlaidh so air a chleachdadh an àite eile air doigh a b' usa 'ghiulan na bha e 's a Ghaidhealtachd ; agus tha mi dearbhta gu bheil gus an là diugh iomadh deadh bheus cumanta 'n ar measg, a tha sruthadh o'n cheangal dhluth a bha eadar an Ceann-Cinnidh 's a Dhaoine, 's àm a dh' fhalbh ; ach 's mor m' eagal gu bheil iomadh rian nach leir do'n t-suil, aig a' bheil aite domhain, bunaiteach 'n ar Nadur a dh' fheudtadh a' lorgachadh gu riaghladh nan Ceann-Cinnidh ; riaghladh a tha freagarrach air son cloinne, ach d' a' bheil e suarach do Dhaoine Saor geilleadh ; riaghladh nach do ghleidh àite fada an tìr sam bith gun a thoradh amhuidh fhagail 'n a dheigh ; riaghladh a sheas ceudan bliadhna tuilleadh is fada an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, 's a chuidich na Gaidheil fhagail iomadh ginealach air deireadh air Cinnich eile nach 'eil na's airde buaidhean na iad fein.

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do chuidich gnè na Tìre, 'us caithe-beatha an t-Sluaigh an ceangal eadar na Sean Daoine anns a' Ghaidhealtachd a theannachadh. Tha e air aideachadh air gach laimh gu'n do chuidich greadhnachas na Tìre—na Beanntan arda, na Glinn uaigneach, na Coilltean dosrach, 's an Linne bhruailleineach—ardachadh-inntinn a ghintinn am measg an t-sluaigh, a dhearbhas ar smuain 's ar canain gus an là duigh. Ach cha b' ann mar Bhana-mhaighstir-sgoil a dh' amhaircead h air n-Aithrichean mar bu trice air am Beanntan, an Glinn, 's an Lochan ; cha b' ann, ach mar dhuilean aig an robh gun teagamh buaidh laidir thairis air an Smuain 's air an Creidimh, ach gu h-araid a bha 'g an ceangal dluth ri cheile mar Choimhearsnaich. Bha luchd-aiteachaidh nan Gleann 's nan Eilean sgarte' o'n t-Saoghal mu'n cuairt doibh ; agus do bhrigh sin bha gach baile 'n a shaoghal dha fein. Agus bha bochdainn na Tìre a' cuideachadh an ceangal eadar na Sean-daoine a neartachadh. A chum lòn a sholar d'an teaghlaichean b' eigin comuinn a dheanamh suas, agus cunnairt a ruith nach tuigear gu ro mhaith an diugh. Agus tha fios againn uile gur e co-chomunn ann an cunnart an gad is righne 's an Eolas. "Is toigh leinn, 's an àm ri teachd, a bhi deanamh luaidh an na cunnairt a ruith sinn comhla'" arsa 'm Bard Romanach. Agus cha 'n fhaighear 'n ar latha-ne Companaich cho dluth ri Saighdearan 'us Seoladairean.

Bha mar so iomadh ni an Eachdraidh nan Gaidheal an Albainn a bha 'cuideachadh firinn an t-Sean fhocail a neartachadh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh agus nach 'eil

cumhachd mor aig an fhaireachduin thairis air ar Caithe-beatha,—anns a mhor chuid, gun amhurus, air son maith. Ach cha 'n 'eil teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail an comhnuidh a chum fior leas an t-Sluaigh. Is cliuiteach an teisteanas air Sluagh gu bheil iad gaolach mu'n Daoine fein; ach 's iomadh ni cliuiteach ann fein, a ghabhas a bhi air oibreachadh gu aimhleas an aite leas sluaigh. 'Se mo bharail gu'n do thachair so, ann an tomhas, 's a Ghaidhealtachd mu thimchioll firinn an t-Sean-fhocail so. Cha d' fhuirich sinn air ar n-each mor,—chaidh sinn thairis air. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil Cuingeachd-inntinn, Leth-bhreith, 'us Claon-bhaigh a' leantainn an lorg an teagaisg, an uair a bheir thu leithid do gheill dha, 's gu 'n seas thu do charaid—an coir no 'n eu-coir. A thuilleadh air so, ma chumas ar ceangal r'ar Daoine sinn an comhnuidh f'an comhair, tha a' bhuaidh cronail dhuinn. Chunnaic mi o cheann beagan bhliadhnachan aig aiseag leth-oireach mu Thuath, dà sheana ghille nach rachadh tri mile o'n dachaidh air eagal 's gu'm basaicheadh an athair mu'n tilleadh iad. Cha robh an t-athair na bu tinne na bha e rè dheich bliadhna roimhe sin. Is caomh, blath an spiorad so; ach cha d' ardaich a leithid so de spiorad cliu sluaigh, agus cha'n ardaich. Bha na gillean ud gun teagamh ni bu treise gairdean na Nelson; ach cha bu mhor a b' fheairrde an saoghal sin, agus cha bu mhor, ma dh' fhaodte, a b' fheairrde an athair e. Saoilidh mi gu'm bu choir dhuinn air uairean a chuimhneachadh gu'm feud amannan a bhi ann am beatha an duine an uair is e 'dhleasdanas leigeadh "leis na mairbh am mairbh fein adhlacadh."

Ach ged tha e comasach dhuinn cuid de dhoighean fhaotainn a mach anns am feud ro-speis d'ar Daoine a bhi 'n aghaidh ar leas saoghalta, gu sonruichte ann an duthaich iomallach, neo-thorach mar tha 'Ghaidhealtachd; cha 'n 'eil na doighean so ach beag, faoin ann an coimeas ri neart na buaidh air son ar fior leas anns gach àm, agus ann an coimeas ris a' chliu a choisinn a' bhuaidh dhuinn 's an àm a dh' fhalbh. 'S ann o'n bhuaidh, ann an tomhas mor, a tha 'g eirigh ar n-uaill 'n ar Sinnsearachd; agus a dh' aindeoin gach caineadh a ni a' Chleir air uaill, tha mi meas gu bheil an dlucheangal ris a' bhuaidh so na Cleachduinean is cliuitiche a bhuineas duinn. Cha 'n 'eil neach a leugh a bheag de Eachdraidh nan Daoine a b' urramaiche d' ar Cinneadh, mar bha Daibhidh Mac-a-Leighe, nach faca an cumhachd a bh' aig Eisempleir mhaith an Aithrichean thairis air an deanadas. Cha 'n 'e suil an t-Saighdeir a mhain a lasas an uair a chluinneas e an earail: "Cuimhnich air na Daoine o'n d' thainig thu." Bhiodh e duilich, am measg gach cothrom a th' againne air son ar crannchur 's an t-saoghal ardachadh, a choisinn gleustachd agus seirc ar n-Aithrichean dhuinn, na 'n cailleamaid sealladh air an aon bhuaidh is luachmhoire, ma dh' fhaodte, a thiodhlaic iad dhuinn,—Meas, agus Speis, agus Dilseachd d' ar Daoine fein. Tha suaraichead mu'n Daoine, marbh 'us beo, agus mu'n Dachaidh a' faighinn greim na's dainge air Inntinnean nan Og an Albainn bho là gu là; agus feudaidh e bhith nach 'eil a' Ghaidhealtachd air leth air a chorr de'n Rioghachd anns a' cheum so. Is duilich mur 'eil. 'S e mo bheachd gu'm biodh spèis ar n-Aithrichean d' an Daoine 'n a phris ro-dhaor ri phaigheadh air son gach sochair nach 'eil aca 'cheana a ghuidheamaid d' ar Luchd-duthcha.

D. M'K.

SOIRIDH LEAT A CHIALAIN.

Soiridh leat, a's beannachd agad,
Oigh nan cas-cheum lùthar ;
Mura b'e na bheil a steach,
Gu'n rachainn leat le dùrachd
Dh' ionns' an teach an robh thu 'n raoir.
Fhad 's a bhitheas tu mu m' choinnimh,
Bidh mo chàirdeas riut gu soilleir—
So mo làmh an déis mo gheallaidh,
'S bidh mo chomunn riut gun fhoill.
Fhad's a bhitheas, &c.

B' ait e leam a bhi 'n ad chaidreamh.
'S parson bhi 'g ar pòsadh.
Ma 's e sin a' chùis 'g am faisg e,
Cha bhacar an t-òrdugh,—
Bhi 'g a bhacail cha 'n 'eil feum,
Bho 'n is cumhnant e 's nach gealladh,
Obair ùr a bhi 'g ar mealladh,
'S mòr mo dhùil a dheòin no dh' aindeoin,
Bhi 'g ad tharrainn as an roinn.

Ach ma bheirear dhìom thu dh' aindeoin,
'S deimhinn leam gur fìor e :
Nach 'eil bonn de sid am charaibh,
Mura ceil mi 'n fhìrinn—
O ! 's tu mo roghainn uile 'n chloinn.
Cha leiginn seachad mo thagradh,
Dh' aindeoin na bhiodh 'g ad bhagradh,
Dhianainn fàsach dhe do leaba—
Dh' fhalbhainn leat air feadh na h-oidhch'.

Bi thusa sàmhach, le d' mhagadh,
Mhacain, tha thu gòrach ;
Cha 'n 'eil coir' ann an sin idir,
Ma bhios mise deònach—
O ! bidh do ghaol-sa ann an suim.
Tapadh leis a' bhial a labhair
Comhradh cinn is tearc a shamhuil.
Thog thu m' inntinn ann an aighir,
Bhi 'g ad fhaighinn, 's mór mo loinn.

'S mor mo chiatabh dhe do chleachdadh,
Chuir do thlachd a 'n t-sliabh mi.
'S mur 'eil pàidheadh an sin agam,
B' fhearr nach faicinn riabh thu,
'S a bhi cho tric air tì do ghaoil.
Dian-sa foighidinn, a chuilein,
'S bidh do ghaol ann am bunainn,
'S tu mo roghainn thair gach duine,
'S cha bhi 'n turus ud an call.

Soiridh leat a's beannachd agad,
Dh' fhàg thu m' acain éutrom.
Gura bliadhna leam gach seachdain,
Gus am faic mi d' éudann—
'S gura seachdain leam gach oidhch'.
Ciod e chuireadh tu gu fadal,
Ged bhiodh tu seachdain gun m' fhaicinn,
Soiridh leat a's theirig dhachaidh,
Dh' ionns' an teach an robh thu 'n raoir.

Soiridh leat, a chialain,
Soiridh leat a's beannchd agad,
'S gu 'm bu slàn a thig thu rithist
Air an t-slighe chiadna,
O ! gearr no fad g' am bi thu bhuam.
Ach mur fuirich thu gu madainn,
Thug thu eutromach' do m' aigne.
Soiridh leat a's beannachd agad,
Bho 'n nach 'eil thu fad am foill.

———o———

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Mur.—Ud ! Ud ! a Choinnich, ciod a thainig ort o cheann mios no dha ! Bha eagal orm gu 'n d' fhalbh do chàirdean, na sìthichean leat ; ach tha mi toilichte d' fhaicinn a ris gu slàn, fallain. Guma fad a bhios slàinte agus comus nan cas agad, a charaid ionmhuinn. Tha mi an dòchas gu 'm beil Seònaid agus òigridh a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich gu leir air am bonnaibh.

Coin.—Tha iad uile gu gleusta, taing dhutsa, a Mhurachaidh, ach tha mi 'faicinn gu 'm beil na sìthichean fathast ad cheann-sa, agus nach deachaidh e air dearmad ort beum a thoirt domhsa d'an taobh. Dh' innis mi roimhe dhut nach e mo leithid-sa a tha 'dhìth air na leannainshìth, ach òg-mhathan mar an dithis nighean sin agad fein. Ach coma co dhiubh, cha' n 'eil na creutairean bochd a' cur dragh sam bith ormsa, ma tha iad idir ann, oir, do m' thaohh-sa tha iad gle neo-chiontach.

Mur.—Ma tha iad idir ann ! An ann mar sin tha'n gnothuch, a charaid ? Am beil Coinneach Ciobair a' cur an teagamh gu'm beil na sithichean idir ann ? Nach d'thuirt e gu'm fac dà shùil a sheanar iad, agus gu'n cuala da chluais a sheanmhar am bìnncheòl aca, a' cur nan onoc uaine air chrith le'n co'-sheirm agus le'n ruitcireachd gach oidhche de'n bhliadhna ?

COIN.—Ged tha thusa ri fala-dhà riumsa, a Mhurachaidh, tha fios agad mòran na's fhearr na th'agamsa, gu'n robh ar ceud-sinnseara, agus luchd-àiteachaidh na dùthcha so 's na ceud linntean, 'g an toirt fein suas do nithe ro lionmhor de'n ghnè sin, ged nach 'eil idir cuimhne no sgoilearachd agamsa chum an leagadh ris dhutsa; ach is minic a chuala mi seann daoine a' labhairt umpa, agus 'g an creidsinn ceart cho cinnteach ris a' Bhioball.

MUR.—Tha thu gle cheart an sin, a Choinnich, oir dìreach mar a thuirt thu, bha luchd-àiteachaidh na righeachd so anns na ceud linntean a' toirt geill do'n t-saobh-chràbhadh is iongantaich' agus is eagallaich' air am bu chomas do dh-innsinn an duine idir smuaineachadh. Bha iad a' creidsinn gu'n robh famhairean ann aig an robh mor-chumhachd, agus mar an ceudna troichean, a bha 'n an creutairean beaga, dìblidh, agus gun dìù. A thuilleadh air sin, mar a dh' innis thu fein domh roimhe, bha iad a' toirt géill do thaibhsean de gach gnè, do bhuidseachd, fiosachd, druidheachd, dubh-chleasachd, geasaireachd, agus innleachdan eugsamhla chum cor gach neach a shuidheachadh agus a riaghladh. Bha na h-amannan sin ro chianail agus eagallach; agus cha'n urrainn duinn a bhi taingeil na's leòir dhàsan a chuir na nithe sin fo sgaoil le solus dealrach Fhacail fein.

COIN. — Is e sin an fhirinn, a Mhurachaidh, ach bha thusa glé chruaidh ormsa, agus a' deanamh fanoid orm, an uair a rinn mi mo dhìchioll air na nithe sin a leagadh ris air an cuala mi iomradh, an uair a tha mòran, de bharrachd eòlais agad fein mu'n timchioll na bha riabh agamsa. So, so, innis domh tuilleadh mu na cleachdannan iongantach sin, oir tha còlas agad orra gu leir.

MUR.—Ma ta, a Choinnich, bho'n a chunnaic mi roimhe thu, chaidh mi a dh-ionnsaidh Ministeir na sgiorachd againn, agus thug e mòr eòlas domh air na cùisean sin, an dà chuid le bhriathran beoil agus le leabhraichean. Gus an do thachair sin bha barrachd mor eolais agad fein orra na bh'agamsa.

COIN.—Thuirt thu rium roimhe, a Mhurachaidh, gu'n do dhealbhadh reachdan le Ard-chomhairle na rìgheachd, agus mar an ceudna le Ard-sheanadh na h-Eaglaise chum iadsan a pheanasachadh a bha 'cleachdadh druidheachd, no buidseachd, no cleasachd de'n ghnè sin; an urrainn dut, uime sin, cùis sam bith aithris domh far an do chuireadh na reachdan sin an gnìomh an aghaidh chreutairean truagha sam bith de'n ghnè sin?

MUR.—Dh' fhaodainn na ficheadan eiseimpleir a thoirt dhut air sin, a Choinnich, ach fèumaidh tu a bhi riaraichte le dhà no tri. Rinneadh laghannan crnaidh ann an Sasunn an aghaidh nam buidseach cho tràth ris a' bhliadhna 1541, ann an linn Ionraic VIII. Le binn nan lagh cruaidh so, chuireadh mòran gu bàs a bha 'cumail a mach gu'n robh cumhachd na druidheachd aca. Ach anns a' bhliadhna 1562, rinn Banrigh Ealasaid na laghannan a bha ann roimhe sin, a cho-dhaingneachadh 'n an cruas agus 'n an dèine.

Is iomadh neach truagh aig nach robh barrachd de'n chumhachd sin na tha agamsa, a chaidh a chur gu bàs, do bhrìgh gu'n deachaidh an t-iomradh a mach gu'n robh iad comusach air nithean anaceasda a dheanamh.

COIN.—Bha na cùisean sin gle chruaidh gun teagamh, ach am beil iomradh cinnteach mu neach sam bith a chuireadh da rireadh gu bàs, air son gu'n do chuireadh an cionta sin as a leth?

MUR.—Tha, na miltean, an da chuid ann am Breatann, agus air Morthir na Roinn-Eorpa. Ann an earrach na bliadhna 1593, chrochadh seann duine d'am b'ainm "Samuel," agus a bhean 's a nighean, air son buidseachd a dheanamh air cloinn duine ann am baile Huntington, ann an Sasunn. Anns a' bhliadhna 1612 chuireadh a dha dhéug gu bàs anns a' chroich, air son an aobhair cheudna ann an Lancaster,—siathnar ann an York, anns a' bhliadhna 1622, seachd-deug aig Lancaster ann an 1634, sea-deug aig Yarmouth ann an 1644, cuig-deug aig Chelmsford ann an 1645, agus tri fichead ann an Suffolk 's a' bhliadhna 1646,—ach cha'n 'eil an sin ach neoni dhiubh.

COIN.—Neoni! a Mhurachaidh, is cianail, 's eadh, ro chianall do naighneachd,—agus an déigh sin am beil thusa a' deanamh a mach nach 'eil a' leithid de ni a's buidseachd idir ann?

MUR.—Tha mi gun teagamh, a Choinnich: rinneadh na reachdan sin,—chuireadh an gnìomh iad,—chuireadh na miltean gu bàs fo'n ainm gu'n robh an cumhachd sin aca, agus an deigh sin cha robh barrachd aca dh'e na tha aig Coinneach Ciobair.

COIN.—Nach bu chruaidh a bhuineadh riu, gu sònraichte ma bha iad neo-chiontach, mar a réir do bharalach-sa bha iad!

MUR.—Gle chruaidh gun teagamh, ach bha na h-amannan sin dorcha, agus bha gach àrd agus iosal air an toirt gu taobh gu ro mhòr le fuar-chràbhadh 's le saobh-chreideamh.

COIN.—Tha mi 'n dòchas, a Mhurachaidh, nach do thachair a' leithid sin ann an Alba.

MUR.—Ann an Alba! an e thuirt thu? Thachair, a Choinnich, fichead agus fichead uair. Thachair e gu ro thric 'n ar bailtean mòra, mar a ta Duneideann, agus Glaschu,—agus thachair e 's a' Ghaidhealtachd fein.

COIN.—Ud! Och mo chreach, a Mhurachaidh, tha thu a' tarruing bogha fhada gu'n teagamh a nis! 's a' Ghàidhealtachd! an e a thuirt thu? An ann a' bruadar, a charaid, no 'cur conais air Coinneach Ciobair?

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil mi ann am breislich no ann am bruadar, no 'cur conais air Coinneach Ciobair, ach a' cur an céill firinn a ta air a co'-dhaingneachadh ann an eachdraidh na righeachd. Mu dha chéud gu leth bliadhna roimh so, thugadh gairm gu cùirt, le òrdugh an rìgh, do Chatriona Ros Bantighearna Fodhlais, a cheann gu'n d'rinn i suas ri buidsichean gu cur as do Roibeart agus do dh-Eachann Munro, d'an robh an oighreachd dligheach. Ghnàthaich i gach cleas 'n a comas, maille ris na ban-bhuidsichean sin chum bàs nan daoine sin a thoirt mu'n cuairt. Rinn iad cuirpchreadha dhoibh, agus ghnàthaich iad gach mallachd a bha 'n an lorg. Fhuair a' bhaintighearn a saorsa, a cheann gu'n robh an luchd-deuchainn air a taobh. Anns a' bhliadhna 1591, chuireadh gu bàs anns an taobh deas, Ealasaid Roy, Seumas Reid, Pàdruig Currie, Isobail Grierson, agus Gaorsal Gardiner, a cheann gu'n robh iad le geasan a' cur euslaintean air daoine 's air feudal, a' togail nam marbh, agus 'g an gearradh 'n am bloighdean,—a' milleadh toraidh an talmhainn, agus a' dol ann an riochd nan cat, gu sgrios a dheanamh anns gach àite. Chumadh a' chùirt mu dheireadh ann an Alba air son buidseachd air Ealasaid Rule 's a' bhliadhna 1708, far an do dhiteadh i gu bhi air a cur thar fairge uile làithean a beatha. Rinneadh an crochadh mu dheireadh ann an Alba air son a' chionta so ann an Dòrnoch 's a' bhliadhna 1722, far an

do dhìteadh gu bàs seann chailleach a bha ris na cleachdanna so, le Dabhaidh Ros siorra Ghallaobh. Tha e air a dheanamh a mach nach lugha na ceithir mìle a chuireadh gu bàs ann an Alba a mhàin, air son an aobhair so, a thuilleadh air na mìltibh 's a' Ghearmailt, agus ann an dùthchannan eile.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, dh'fhàg thu balbh mi, air do d' bhriathran mo lionadh le h-iongantas co mòr. Ach ciamar a tha cuimhne agadsa co math air na cùisean sin?

MUR.—Thug am ministear còir againn leabhar domh a tha air a lionadh le eachdraidh nan nithe sin, agus chum mi cuimhne air mòran diubh los an aithris dut, a Choinnich.

COIN.—Tha e soilleir, ge ta, gu'n do bhuineadh gu cruaidh le lagh na dùthcha ris na truaghain sin mur robh iad ciontach.

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil teagamh air sin idir, a Choinnich, oir bu chianail an gnothuch e air fad! Dhìteadh iad air son cionta nach b'urrainn a bhi ann. Agus co a dhìteadh? Iadsan, mar bu trice, a bha aosda,—bacaich, crioplaich, agus doill,—iadsan a ghreasadh le bliadhnaichean agus aois gu bochdainn 's gu truaighe —'s eadh iadsan air son am beil muinntir nan linn a tha làthair a' deanamh solair, a' togail thigheanmora, agus a' solaireadh gach dìdein agus goireis. Agus cò a dhìt iad? Iadsan a bha mòr, measail, glic, fòghluimte, agus urramach 'n an là 's 'n an linn fein! Daoine a bha comharraichte thar chàch air son an tuigse, agus am buaidhean inntinn, —righrean, prionnsaichean, maithean na tire,—luchd-lagha,—ministeirean an t-soisgeil,—agus luchd-riaghlaidh de gach gnè! Is iad so a thug breith air a' chiont,—a thug a mach gach binn,—agus a chuir na daoine truagha sin a mheasadh coireach, dh'ionnsaidh na croiche, no dh'òrduich gu'm biodh iad air an losgadh beo! Is mòr an t-aobhar taingeilachd a th'againn, a Choinnich, gu'm beil cùisean air an atharrachadh, agus gu'm beil a nis laghannan eagnaidh, cruaidh, ceart, a' dìon beatha nan uile, agus a' cumail a dhlighe fein ris gach neach.

COINN.—Is mise a tha 'n ad chomain, a Mhurachaidh, air son gach ni a chuir thu co réidh, soilleir an céill domh mu na nithibh iongantach sin, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach 'eil caochlaidhean mòra air teachd oirnne mar righeachd, leis mar a tha eòlas de gach gnè air a chraobh-sgaoileadh am fad 's am farsuing; agus eòlas trid am beil gach cleasachd, fiosachd, agus druidheachd a' teicheadh mar na h-eòinoidheche, agus 'g am fallach fein ann an ionadan tiamhaidh an dorchadais.

MUR.—Ma ta, a Choinnich, is tu tha 'làs ealanta, deas-chainnteach mu na nithean sin d'an robh thu a' toirt làn-chreideis bho cheann beagan ùine air ais, an uair a bha thu a' seasamh suas gu dian air son firinn gach faoineachd air an d'thug sinn iomradh.

COIN.—Cum ort, a Mhurachaidh, tha na nithe sin a nis seachad,—ach cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach 'eil mòran tuilleadh agad ri ràdh fathast mu'n timchioll.

MUR.—Tha agam ri ràdh na lionadh leabhar, na'n ceadaicheadh ùine dhomh, air taibhsearachd, tannaisg, seallaidhnean eagallach, agus mìnàdarra, agus nithean de'n ghnè sin, ach feumaidh iad sin là eile. Is leòir do 'n diugh na labhradh a cheana.

COIN.—Air là eile biodh e, ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, oir feumaidh sinn dealachadh an diugh. Ach thig gu h-aithghearr a dh-ionnsuidh a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich, agus bheir sinn,

bho mhoch gu dubh, air gach cùis a thig an uachdar ar cùimhne. 'S eadh, agus bheir Seònaid an deaghaire nach bi dìth no deireas air a fìor charaid Murachadh Bàn. Mile beannachd leat.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

———o———

AN T-ÆNEID

Eadar theangaichte o'n Laidin aig Virgil

LE D. B. B.

DUAN VI.

Æneas agus Sibyl aig geatachan ionad comhnaidh nam marbh far an d' fheuch Sibyl dha peanas nan aingidh agus sòlas nam firean.

"Hic locus est, partes ubi se via, &c."

An so tha 'n rod a' roinn 'n a dhithis ;
An deas 's i 'n t-slighe gu Pluto,
Air a' cheum sin siubhlaidh sinne :
Air a' chli tha ifrinn uldaidh.
An sin sheall Æneas le cabhaig,
Us thall fo charraig air a chli
Chunnaic e daingneach mhor leathann
Cuairticht' le balla tri-fillt' ;
Phlegeton nan Sruthan bras
Le tuiltibh lasrach ruith m'a cuairt,
A' sguabadh roimpe chreag us chlach,
'S gu dearbh b'fhad as a chluinnt' am fuaim.
Geata mor thall mu choinnimh,
'S a' phuist a dh-adamant laidir
Nach briseadh neart a' chinne-dhaonna,
'S cha chuir dia fa sgaoil gu brath e,
Tùr ro dhaingean de 'n iarrunn
Gus na h-iarmailtibh ag èirigh ;
Us *Diolmhort* * comhduicht' 'n a suidhe.
Le cleoca fuileachdach déisneach
A' gleidheadh an doruis gu faireil
A dh-oidhche 's a latha gun chlos.
Cluinnear an sin osnaich thruagh
Cluinnear fuaim nam buillean goirt ;
Cluinnear an sin sgreadail iarruinn,
Slabhraidhean piantail 'gau tarruing.
Sheas Æneas le mor uamhunn
Lan eagail 'n uair chual e 'n farum :
Ciod an t-olc tha 'n sud a chomhnuisdh ?
Innis domh, òigh, a bhan-fhàidh,
Ciod am peanas ? ciod an truaighe ?
Ciod an t-sianail chruaidh gun tamh ?
'N sin thoisich a' bhan-fhaidh air seanchas,
A cheannaird ainmeil nan Troidheach,
Cha'n fhaod neach sam bith gun pheacadh
Seasamh air stairsnich na Doruinn ;
Ach 'n uair chuir Hecate mi riaghladh
Thar doireachan riabhach An-eunaich,†

Theagaisg i dhomh peanais nan diathan
'S chuir i 'n ordugh sios gu leir iad,
Tha Rhadamantus Cretach cruaidh
'N a bhreitheamh anns an rioghachd thruaigh
A'rannsachadh a mach gach foill
'S a' smachdachadh gach neach mar thoill.
Gach aon diubh tha e co-eigneach'
Chum nach seunadh iad an dobheart
Chuir iad an gniomh air an t-saoghal,
'S a cheil iad gu faoin le sòlas,
Aithreachas chuir uatha le dàil,
Us rug am bas orra fadheoidh
Mun d' rinn iad reite air son gach foille
Gach olc us coire rinneadh leo.
Cho luath 's a gheibh iad am binn
Tha *Diolmhort* mhin le còrd.
'G an crathadh 's 'g an togail suas
'S a' gairm gu luath chum a còmhnaidh
Buidheann mhor dhe seorsa fein,
'S a chòin ! gur deisneach am por iad.
An sin fa dheireadh dh' fhosgladh suas
Na geatan malluicht ' uamhraidh dubh
Air spannaibh oillt-fhuaimeach a' sgreuchail.
Am faic thu, Æneais, an cruth
A ta 'n 'a shuidhe stigh 's an sgath-thigh
A' gleidheadh doruis, gabhaidh, fiadhaich ?
Hudra mhor oillteil, bheucach,
Le caogad beul dubh tric a' miannaich,
An sin dh' fhosgail Tartarus gun tuar
Righeachd uamhaidh dhubh nan tannasg
Us shin i mach 's an doimhne mhòir
Da fhad us corr nan speur o'n talamh,
An so tha tamh seann sliochd an Talmhainn
Na Titanaich og chalma chruaidh,
Curaidhean bras treun ro laidir
Is stric a chuir air cach an ruaig,
Iad air an tilgeadh sios le torrunn
'S a' cur char dhiubh feadh na doimhne.
An so fos chunnaic mi na h-athaich
Dithis mhac alluidh Aloiuis,
A thug oidhirp le lamhan mi-naomha
Air neamh a sgaoileadh o cheile
'S a dh' fheuch ri Iupiter an t-Ardrigh
Thilgeadh nuas o aird nan speuran.
Chunnaic mi Salmon mac Æoluis
'S bu mhor a dhoruinn 's a thruaighe
Chionn e bhi 'g aithris air Iobha,
Nuair bhithcas 's na neoil ri fuaim.
Thairngeadh le ceithir eachaibh treuna,
'S e crathadh leusan 'n a lamhan,
Gu buadhach ruith thar Sluagh na Gréige
Us Baile Elis 's an robh thamh aig,
Ag iarraidh dha fein urraim dhiathan ;
Le cuthach lionadh e 's an am sin !
Nuair chaidh e dh' aithris air na Siantaibh
'S air beithir mhìorbhuilich gun samhladh.
Le eachaibh crodhanach ro mheamnach,
An duil gun saoileadh muinntir Elis
Gur ann 's na speuran a bha 'n stararaich.
Ach thilg an t-Athair uile-threun
A neulaibh dlu an aird' nan speur
Beithir laidir, bheucach, raoiceach

* Tisiphone. † Aornos averuns.

('S cha bu leusan teine boillsgeadh)
'S le h-iomghaoith chruaidh laidir theintidh
Dh' iomain e e sios do'n doimhne,
Fos chitheadh tu an sin Tituon calma
Dalt na Talmhainn rug na h-uile,
Sint' air naoi acairibh còmhnard
'S a chorp 'g an comhdachadh gu buileach ;
A's fang ro mhor le chrom-ghob lùbte
Ag itheadh ghrùdhain chaoidh nach teirig,
'S a' caitheamh a' mhionaich 'n a chom
Tha torach trom us ban le pheanas,
'S a' rùrach a ghoile air son bìdh,
Us e 'n 'a bhroilleach shios a' tamhachd,
Cha 'n 'eil fois a chaoidh aig innigh,
Cha luaithe dh' ithear iad na dh' fhàsas,
Ci id uime luaidhinn na Lapitich
Piritous mìn us *Ixion* calma,
A tha fo gheilt-chrith us fo uamhas
Gun tig a nuas a' charraig ailbhinn ?
Puist ro shoilleur de'n òr ghlan
Fo leapaichibh posd' a' dealradh,
'S nan lathair cuilmean ro shoghmhor
'G an cur an ordugh mar b' àbhaist :
Diolmhort mhor mu'n coinnimh
'N a suidhe 's i 'g amharc gu geur orr',
Gu'n cumail-air ais gu h-ealamh
Ma tharlas gu'm bean do'n fheisd ud ;
Ma 's e 's gu'n tig iad 'n a caraibh
Eiridh i le gradachd suas,
Us togaidh i 'n aird' a leus
Us le guth beucach ni i fuaim.
An so tha 'n dream thug fuath d'am bràthair
Am feadh 's a bha iad os ceann talmhainn ;
Gach neach a bhuail athair no mathair,
'S an dream a mheall air càch bha 'g earbs'
annt' ;
No an dream a bha a' gur 'n an aonar
Air a' mhaoin chuir iad ri cheile,
'S nach tugadh d' an cairdiobh ged dh'iarradh,
'S buidheann lionmhor gun bhreig iad,
Gach adhaltranach chaidh a mharbhadh,
'S gach neach bha leantuinn arm gu h-aingidh,
'S air nach robh geiltchrith romh 'n choire
Bha 'm buntuinn gu foilleilri 'm maighstribh,
Tha iad uile druidte am priosan
Feitheamh am binn theachd a mach,
Ach na h-iarr-sa bhi fàs eòlach
Air an doruinn gheibh gach neach ;
No ciod an cruth 's an tig an truaighe,
No an cor 's am buanaich iad gu bràth,
Bidh cuid diubh tionndadh chlachan mora,
Sud an doruinn feadh gach àil.
Bidh cuid eile dhiubh am pein
Ceangailt, crocht', ri speicibh roth,
'N a shuidhe an sin tha *Teseus* truagh,
Us suidhidh gu la luain fo sprochd ;
Us Phleduas is truaighe na càch,
Toirt earail laidir air gach aon
'S a' deanamh fianuis le guth ard
Air feadh nan tannasg fasail faoin ;
Ag eigheach "Gabhaibh rabhadh trath
'S na deanaibh tair am feasd air dia,
Ceartas foghlumaibh gu moch
Mu'n druid an sloc so oirbh gu sior,"
So fear a reic a thir air òr
'S a' chuir fear-foirneirt thairt' gu truagh ;
A dhaingnich laghannan do dhaoinibh,
'S a rithist sgaoil iad air son duais,
Sud fear a thug d'a nighinn gaol
'S a ghabh mar mhnaoi i 'n aghaidh aithne ;
Fhuair gach neach na bha e 'g iarraidh
'S iad uile 'g iarraidh ni ro ghràineil.
Ach ged robh agams' mile beul
Us mile teanga gheur gu còmhradh,
Mile guth laidir iaruinn,
'S ge b' fhìli mi chur bhriathra 'n òrdugh ;
Cha b'urrainn mi na h-uile cruth,
'S an d'rinn iad uile, a chur an ceill,
Cha mho b' urrainn mi ruith thairis
Air am peanasaibh gu leir.

———o———

MIREAN A MAILEID FIR-LAGHA.

DANIEL AIR CATHAIR-BHREATHANAIS FHRANGAICH.

CHAIDH cùis a shuidheachadh bho chionn ghoirid 's an Fhraing, air an t-seòl so. Thug fear ris an abair sinn Seumas, fear eile do 'n goir sinn Maoldònaich, 'n a chùirt air son deich buinn òir a thug e dha an iasad. Thug e mar fhianuis litir-ghealltainn Mhaoildònaich, anns na gheall e an t-airgiod a phàigheadh air ais "*air la Fhéill Fhortunatuis*" (Naomh nach cualas 'ainm riamh roimhe so). Fhreagair Maoldònaich, "Tha mi toileach an t-airgiod a phàigheadh, 's cha do dhiùlt mi riamh a phaigheadh, an uair a thig an là ainmichte. Ach tha e mar fhiachaibh air an fhear-leanmhuinn (Seumas) a nochdadh gu 'n d' thàinig an t-àm." Is e so am breathanas a thug an Daniel Frangach anns a' chuis :—

"Do bhrigh gu 'm bheil am fear-dìona (Maoldònaich) ag aideachadh a laimhsgriobhaidh fhèin anns an litir-ghealltainn mu 'm bheil a' cheist ; agus do bhrigh gu bheil e 'diùltadh an t-airgiod a phàigheadh,

a thaobh nach d' thainig là Fhéill Fhortunatuis fhathast;agus do bhrigh gu 'n do rannsaich sinn na féillirean uile air son ainm Naoimh Fhortunatuis gun fhaotuinn; agus do bhrigh nach buin dhuinne 'shuidheachadh co dhiu is e Naomh Fortunatus no nach e, ach gu'm bheil e air aideachadh mar Naomh fo laimh an fhirdhìona: do brigh, os bàrr, gur h-e La Samhna *la Fheill-nan-uile-Naomh*, agus gu h-àraid nan naomh nach 'eil ainmichte 's an fhéillire, agus uime sin gur fheudar an là sin a ghabhail mar là Fhéill Fhortunatuis, ainmichte mar Naomh anns an litir-ghealtainn; air an aobhar sin tha e air orduchadh, gu 'm pàigh am fear-dìona dh' an fhear-leanmhuinn deich buinn òir, le riadh, air la Samhna so tighinn, maille ri costus na cùise."

AN FHIRINN UILE, AGUS GUN NI ACH AN FHIRINN.

Ann an cùis eadar maighistir agus fear-muinntir, chaidh an gille mhionnachadh mar fhianuis, is dh'fhoighneachd am fear-tagraidh dheth, cia mar a bha 'n seanchus eadar e fhein 's a mhaighistir. "Thubhairt e rium, an cead dhuibh fhein," ars an gille, "gu 'm bu mhi an slaightear salach, 's gu 'n robh mi 'goid na dibhe." 'S eadh, agus 'd e thubhairt thusa? "Thubhairt mi ris, an cead dhuibh fhein, gu robh e cho breugach ris a' chu". Ars am breitheamh gu cudthromach, "Bha do chainnt gle neo-iomchuidh, fhir òig." "Cha 'n 'eil comas agams' air sin," ars' an gille. "Thainig mi 'n so a dh' innseadh na firinne, 's tha i agaibh a nis!"

SEAN MHIONN NAM BREITHEAMH MANAINNEACH.

Tha mis' a' mionnachadh air an leabhar so, agus gach ni naomh a ta ann, agus air na h-oibre iongantach a rinn Dia gu mìorbhuileach anns na nèamhan shuas agus air an talamh a bhos, ann an sé laithibh agus oidhche, gu'n coimhlion mi, gun eiseamail do spéis no do chàirdeas, do ghràdh no do bhuannachd, do dhàimh no do chleamhnas, do dhfharmad no do mhirùn, laghan an Eilein so gu ceart, eadar ar n-ard-uachdaran an Righ agus 'ìochdarain anns an Eilein so, agus eadar dream agus dream, cho cothromach 's a tha cnaimh-droma 'n sgadain a luidhe an teis-meadhoin an éisg.

ALASDAIR A HUSABOST.

———o———

MORAIR SIM.

Till dachaidh, tiugain dachaidh,
Till dachaidh, Mhorair Sìm;
Till dachaidh, tiugain dachaidh,
Till dachaidh, Mhorair Sìm.

Thàinig litrichean bho 'n chòirneal,
'S thàinig òrdugh mach bho 'n righ,
Gu'n robh nighean aig Righ Deòrsa,
Dol a phòsadh Mhorair Sìm.
Till dachaidh, &c.

Cha 'n eil plobaire no drumair,
'N Cille-Chuimein aig an righ;
No fear cota-dheirg 's a' chaisteal,
Nach bi mach an coinnimh Shìm
Till dachaidh, &c.

Frisealaich, an cinneadh ainmeil,
Theid iad 'shealg do Chill-Fhinn;
'S ged nach marbhadh iad ach gearr,
Gu'm faidheadh pàirt d'i Morair Sìm.
Till dachaidh, &c.

———o———

AM FEAR AIG AN ROBH CAINNT NAM BEOTHAICHEAN.

Bha tuathanach ann roimhe so aig an robh cainnt nam beothaichean. Bha cuing no dhà de dhaimh aige, agus asal. Bhiodh na daimh a h-uile là a mach ag ar, ach cha bhiodh an asal ri car oibre ach 'g a cluith fhein. Feasgar a bha 'n sin

thainig na daimh a stigh 's iad ro sgith an deaghaidh moran glasaich a thionndadh, 's thuirt fear dhiubh ris an asail gur h-ann aice bha 'n saoghal math dh' e seach acasan : iadsan 'g am pianadh gach latha bho mhoch gu dubh, 's ise gun char aice 'g a dhianamh ach 'g a biathadh air stall leis gach ni a b' fhearr na chéile. "Ro cheart," ars' an asal, "ach ma ghabhas tusa mo chomhairle-sa, bidh an saoghal ciadna agad fhein." Thuirt an damh còir gu 'n gabhadh 's gu 'm biodh e ro thaingeil air son a faighinn. "Gabh thusa ort a bhi gu tinn," ars' an asal, "'s na ich ni, ciod sa bith a chuirear air do bhialaobh, agus chi thu an cùram a ghabhar dhiat."

Bha an tuathanach ag 'eisdeachd riutha, ach cha robh a chridhe aige innse do dh-urra sa bith—na 'n innseadh e smid de na chual e chailleadh e eòlas nan cànan. Chaidh e dhachaidh 's cha do ghabh e guth air. Cha b' fhada bha e stigh an uair a thainig fios-cabhaig a mach air—gu 'n robh fear de na daimh gu tinn. Chuir an sgalag làn na prasaich de na h-uile ni a b' fhearr na cheile air bialaobh an daimh, 's chuir e leaba mhath fhodair fotha, agus dh' fhàg e an oidhche sin e. Anns a' mhadainn dh' iarr an tuathanach orra an asal a chur 's an éill an àite an daimh, agus an aire thoirt nach caomhnadh iad i. Rinn iad so. Mu 'n mheadhon-latha bha 'n asal an imbis géilleadh, ach an àite a toirt as a' chrann, is ann a chaidh fear a's gad seilich aige g' a greasad, gus ma dheireadh an ann air an amall aice a bha an tarrainn uile. An uair a sguir iad mu fheasgar, chaidh an tuathanach do 'n stàball dh' fhiach ciod an naidheachd a bhiodh aig an asail. Thòisich an cnacas. "Is mise nach robh a' tuigsinn ur cor-se roimhe so," ars' an asal, "cha 'n urrainn domh mir bidh a ghabhail an nochd leis an sgìos. Bha m' fhallus 'g am dhalladh fad an latha, 's an uair a theannainn ri stad, is ann a gheabhainn strac-bàis de ghad seilich. Thaitinn e gasda ris an tuathanach mar a rinn iad air an asail, agus mu'n d' thàinig an cnacas gu ceann, dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh.

Aig a shupeir cha b' urrainn da cumail air fhein leis a' ghàireachdaich, 's e cuimhneachadh mar a dh' éirich do 'n asail. Cho robh fhios aig a mhnaoi ciod a bh' air aire, cha b' urrainn d' i ceann-fàth a chridhealais a dhianamh a mach, agus rud nach robh mi-nàdurra dh'i, cha robh i idir toilichte. Dh' fharraid a's dh' fharraid i dh' e e, ach cha 'n innseadh e guth dh' i. Is e bh' ann gu'n d' fhàs i gu tinn, trom, teth, 's thugar an leaba oirre—shaoileadh coigreach nach beireadh an uair oirre !

Mu 'n àm so bha coileach òtraich a' spaidseireachd aig an dorus agus dà chire dhiag aige. Rinn te de na cearcan car air choirigin nach do chòrd ris a' choileach, 's ghabh e oirre gu math 's gu ro mhath, 's rinn e an sin trì glaoidh mhòra. Co bh' aig an dorus aig a' cheart àm ach cù 's rinn e dunnal mòr. Bha an tuathanach ag cluinntinn so, agus 'g a thuigsinn. Ciod a bha 'n cù ach a' trod ris a' choileach a chionn a bhi ri leithid de dh-fhuaim 's bean-an-tighe ris a' bhàs. Bha an coileach ag radh ris a' chù gu'n robh dà mhnaoi dhiag aige, 's nach robh a chridhe aig te dhiubh urad 's gog a dhianamh 'n a aghaidh. "Am faca tu mar a rinn mi air an te ud a chionn nach dianadh i mar a dh' iarr mi," ars' esau, na 'n dianadh fear-an-tighe mar sid air a mhnaoi, cha bhiodh ni oirre—am beil oirre ach an droch nàdur !

Thuig an tuathanach gur h-e na dùisealan a bha cur air a mhnaoi, a

bhuidheachas sin do dh-eolas nan cainntean, agus mar a dhianadh duine glic 's a' chàs, leig e leatha gus an d' thug a sròn comhairle oirre, 's bha i riabh tuille 'n a mnaoi mhath. GLASRACH.

TALLA MO CHEANNAIRD.

LE MRS. HEMANS.

THA Talla mo cheannaird fo dhubh-neul a nochd ;
Chuir an uaigh ás a sholus, 's tha m' inntinn fo sprochd:
Dhubh an t-soillse bha òirdhearc, tha 'n lòchran gun stàth,
'S o 'n chagailte mhòir cha tig sòlas gu bràth.

Air Talla mo cheannaird laidh tosdachd bhith-bhuan ;
Cha chluinnear gu bràth ann fonn clàrsaich, no duan !
O, ionaid ro chianail, gu sìorruidh bi balbh,
'S na duisgear mac-talla na caithreim a dh' fhalbh !

Tha Talla mo cheannaird lóm, falamh, gun rath,—
Gun chuirm, a's gun aoidhean, gun chas-cheum nam flath ;
Tha 'n fhialachd air 'fhàgail.—O! c' àit 'eil na suinn ?
Cinnidh luachair, gun dàil, far am b' àbh'st daibh bhi cruinn.

Air Talla mo cheannaird cha 'n ait leam bhi 'luaidh ;
Tha 'n tréun bha mar ghréin da 'n a shìneadh 's an uaigh :
Tha mi 'gal, ach cha mhair an tróm acain 'tha 'm chliabh ;
Cha bhi 'n ùine ach geàrr gus an tàr mi gu m' thriath !

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

TORRADH SAIGHDEIR.

CHA di-chuimhnich iadsan a chunnaic tòrradh Shir Sheumais H. Graand an Duneideann an sealladh air chabhaig. Cha 'n 'eil sluagh Bhreatuinn air an toirt suas do sheallaidhean greadhnach, mar tha mhor chuid de shluagh na Roinn-Eorpa, agus is coma ged nach 'eil ; ach tha meas mor againn air ar n-Armailt, agus tha gach ni a bhuineas d' ar Saighdearan luachmhor 'n ar suilean. Agus cha 'n ann gach là a bhitheas aobhar air a leithid de ghreadhnachas 's a bha ri fhaicinn aig tòrradh a Ghranndaich. Bha 'n duine e fein de theaghlach urramach, an dlu-chairdeas ri Tighearna Ghrannd, an Ceann-cinnidh ; agus bha 'mheur de'n teaghlach d' am buineadh e a chomhnuidh laimh ris a' bhaile. Bu shaighdeir e a choisinn mor chliu dh'a fein, do'n fhine "thartaraich" d'am buineadh e, 's do'n arm Bhreatunnach, air iomadh laraich-fhuiltich an duthchannaibh cein, gu h-araid 's na Innsibh-an-Ear 's an China iomallaich. Agus thugadh a nis a' chorp do Dhuneideann gu bhi air adhlac am measg a dhaoine, ann an leaba a thagh e fein, an uair mu dheireadh a bha e 's a' bhaile.

Their luchd-turuis nach 'eil Baile 's an Roinn-Eorpa anns am faighear

sealladh air mor-chruinneachadh sluaigh cho math 's a gheibhear an Duncideann. 'S ann gun teagamh do bhrigh so a tha e, nach 'eil baile am Breatunn anns an tig an sluagh a mach, a rèir an aireimh, a dh' fhaicinn sealladh, cho lionmhor 's a thig iad 's a' bhaile so. Is oirdheare an sealladh ri fhaicinn am baile air a sgeadachadh 's an là, no air a lasadh 's an oidhche, an uair a bhitheas an Rioghachd ri gairdeachas; ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil "Ard-bhaile ciar na h-Airde-Tuath" na's druightiche an uair tha e sgeadaichte an culaidh bhroin. Agus cha b'urrainnear eadhon 's an "Ard-bhaile chiar" latha bu fhreagarraiche fhaotainn airson broin na latha torraidh Shir Sheumais Grannd. Latha fuar, amhuidh, dorcha, gun ghrian ri fhaicinn, a nis 's a ris fras de fhliuch-shneachd, — latha 'bheireadh sealladh duaichnidh do bhaile air thalamh, 's air nach b' urrainn a neach a bu shunndaiche sealltainn aoibheil.

Rinneadh ullachadh mor airson gach urram a chur, 'n a bhas, air an Laoch threun, a chuir urram cho mor air a Dhuthaich 'n a bheatha. Bha mu dhà mhile a dh' astar eadar an t-aite 's an do thogadh an giulan 's an uaigh; agus bha miltean 'us deich miltean de gach aois 'us inbhe ri 'm faicinn a' cuairteach na slighe air gach taobh. Bho Shraid a' Phrionnsa bha 'n sealladh greadhnach agus druighteach thar tomhais. Bha na buithean duinte. Chiteadh bratach leth-shinte ri crann an sud 's an so, a' snamh gu trom 's a' ghaoith. Bha gach dorus, 's gach uinneag, 'us barra bhalla de'n t-sraid aluinn sin air an lionadh le daoine. Bho cheann gu ceann 's bho thaobh gu taobh, bha 'n t-sraid leathann comhdaichte le sluagh, a bha dluthachadh ri cheile a dh' fhosgladh slighe chumhann do na marcaichean a ghabh an ceum toisich a chum an rathad a rèiteach. 'N an deigh-san bha corr 'us mile saighdeir,— coisichean, marcaichean, 'us gunnacha-mora,— a' gluasad mothar, mall, ri fonn thiamhaidh an luchd-ciuil, le'n airm tiunndaidhte a' leigeadh ris gu'n robh iad an dingh a' dol an coinneamh Namhaid air nach buadhaicheadh geiread sleagha no faobhar claidheimh. Thainig an sin an Giulan air carbad a bh'air a tharruing le seisear each;— air thoiseach, buidheann de Reisimeid an t-Seanalair fein; air gach taobh dheth, seana chompanaich a sheas r'a ghualainn an iomadh cruadal 's nach do threig an diugh e; 'n a dheigh, am laimh gille, an t-each odhar, meamnach, a bu tric a ghiulain an Triath g'a chliu, ach

> "Ged chuir iad srian 'us diollaid air,
> Cha robh a' Marcaiche 'n a ghaic."

Bha Bratach Bhreatuinn a' comhdach na ciste, 's air a h-uachdar bha ri fhaicinn "an claidheamh gun bheairt," an àd, 'us suaicheantas gach urram a choisinn an Saighdeir treun an iomadh blar. As deigh a ghiulain thainig a Bhantrach 's a luchd-coimheadachd, 'n an carbadan; dlu-chairdean; Baillidhean 'us Comhairlichean a' Bhaile, 'n an eideadh loinneireach; Uaislean 'us Mor-uaislean,—air chois, 's 'n an carbadan,—le 'm bu durachd an urram a' nochdadh le bhi leantuinn an Uasail urramaich g'a dhachaidh bhuain. Bha gunnachan a' chaisteil, 'n an canain ghruamaich fein, le 'm bilibh iaruinn a' cur am beannachd dheireannach leis an deagh Shaighdeir d' am b' eigin striochdadh do Namhaid d' am feum na h-uile geilleadh, aig meud an Neirt no airde 'm Mismich. Bu shealladh so a dhruigheadh air a chridhe bu neo-mhothacheile. Latha dorcha, fuar; na miltean de dhaoine le bron air

gach gnuis ; ceum mall, trom an fheachd air a' chabhsair ; fuinn thiamhaidh an luchd-ciuil ; buille mùchte' an druma ; 'us fuaim thorrunnach nan gunnacha-mora ;—gach aon a' cur an ceill 'n a chainnt labhraich fein, gu'n do thuit Duine treun, air am bu toil leis an Rioghachd urram a chur ; agus, air an laimh eile, gur e so crioch gach neach aig airde 'Mhorachd ; oir

"Ciod e spionnadh an laoich ?
Ged sgaoil e mar dhuilleach an cath,
An diugh ge treun air an raon,
Bheir an daol am maireach buaidh air."

Is eagalach an ni am Bàs, cia air bith an doigh anns an tachair sinn ris ; ach tha mi meas gu bheil sinn ro-bhuailteach gu bhi saoilsinn gu bheil an Righ an-iochdmhor air a rusgadh, ann an tomhas mor, de 'uamhas an uair tha e air tòir an t-Saighdeir. Ann an co-cheangal ri bàs an t-Saighdeir, tha 'n Inntinn ro-dheas gu bhi beachdachadh, le ni-eigin de thoileachas, air Feachd a' dol an coinneamh an Namhaid le iolach, le toirm gaire-cath, 's "le cruaidh bhrosnachadh nan Dan ;" 's gu bhi di-chuimhneachadh gu tur "an t-seallaidh as deigh a' bhlair,"—gach Saighdeir marbh 'us leonta a muigh, 's gach cridhe briste aig baile. Dhomh fein, bha tòrradh Saighdeir riamh na shealladh druighteach ann an doigh ro-shonruichte thairis air torradh neach eile,—co-dhiu a b'e 'n Saighdear diblidh air a choimheadachd le 'chompanaich do'n Chill a bha 's an amharc ; no'n Seanalair seolta, calma, a thuit ann an trein a Mhorachd, 's a dh'adhlaiceadh an cabhaig far an do thuit,

"Le thrusgan cogaidh mu'n cuairt air;"

no co-dhiu a thainig e tearuinteroimh chunnartan ceud faiche, "'s a chriochnaich e chath 's a rèis" am measg a chairdean, 's a chaidh a ghiulan le mor-ghreadhnachas "do'n tigh a dh' orduicheadh do na h-uile bheo,"—ni a b'e crannchur Shir Sheumais Grannd.

"Stad, Creag-Eileachaidh !" am measg gach Laoch treun a dh' araicheadh fo d' sgail, 's a choisinn cliu cho buan do d' ainm air iomadh laraich chruaidh, cha robh aon a b' airde misneach, a bu bhlaithe cridhe, no bu chothromaiche ghuasad, na 'n Saighdear ainmeil a dh' adhlaiceadh Duneideann air an treas-la-deugan de'n Mhart a dh' fhalbh.

—0—

CLIU EOBHAIN.

Gach cliù gu cliù Eobhain,
Gach dàn gu dàn an Deirg,
Gach laoidh gu laoidh an amadain mhóir.

Is e so an ceann-fàth mu 'n deachaidh an cliù so a dhianamh : Bha righ beag a chòmhnaidh ann an ionad lethoireach de dh-innis Albann do 'm b' ainm Eobhan iargalta. Bha e cho allamharra 's nach robh neach a rachadh a steach air cachladh a lùchairt gun cheann-gnothuich de nach grad-chuireadh e an ceann. Nise thachair do dh-fhilidh, no ceannbhard cinn-chinnidh, agus dh' a reachaire-guib, dol air bhadharan gu aitreamh Eobhain. Dh' fhidrich Eobhan d'e, "Creid fàth do ghnothuich, fhalbharaich ?" "Thàinig mi le cliù h- ugad," ars' am filidh. "Cluinneamaid e," ars' Eobhan. Agus chan am bàrd an cliu so fòs. Nise bha Eobhan 'g a chur fhein 'n a arm-dheise a chur catha, agus bha an cliu coltach ri 'ghluasad—ni a thug Eobhan fosnear, agus thuirt e, "Cha chreid mi fhein nach e dàn làrach a th' agad." "Cha 'n eudar gu'r h-è," ars' am filidh ;" mur can mo ghille cho math rium fhein e, fuilgidh mi mo chéusadh." Nise chan an reachdaire an cliù gu iomal, cho math ri a mharasgal, agus dà

fhacal a bharrachd; ni leis 'n a thiorc iad le chéile am beatha. Tha an cliù mar so sìos :—

Gach cliù gu cliù Eobhain ;
Uailse ri anfhainn,
Math ri mhuigheadh,
Dan dìol-déirceil,
Co-oighre Neill òig.
Na 'm b' eudar,
Giollachd choignear,
'S iad dàn, meanmnach,
Gu tòs tulachd,
Le neart cuimhne,
Beum conchaire.
Mar ni am maor,
'S e nach dianadh,
Air bà-chrodh,
No buaile 'n t-seann-chruidh.
Chuir e air a léineag
Chaol eugsamhuil,
Air a cur 'n a gleus iall,
Aighir éibhneis,
'N a chaol dheise,
'S 'n a dheagh mhaise,
'S 'n a mhuilchean.
Chuir e air a lùireach,
Ailt iongantach.
A cheann-bheairt oluinn
Bhuadhach, leitheann, Lochlunnach.
Air éideadh thun na crith-mhòintich,
An eanghaiste chaol, bhuadhach.
Chuir e air uachdar na luirich
Sleaghan a's lannan a's òrnalas
An crios àluinn, òr-loisgte.
Chuir e air a bhrògan mine, dubha,
Bhuinn iubhair, eutrom,
Chaol, dhìonach, ùr,
Air dheagh chumadh,
Buinn iubhair eutrom.
Chuir e air uachdar nam bròg
Or-spuirean ruinn chruaidh stàillinneach
Air an so roth-lionadh
Gu dìol tioma 's taise
'N uair dhìrich e an t-each
Deann-mhilleach.
'S bha trì gnàthan tairbh
Anns an each :
An t-suil cholgach,
'S an aghaidh chas,
'S am muineal reamhar.
'S bha tri gnàthan mnatha
Anns an each :
Muigh a's eang a's sitne farsainn,
Bha tri gnàthan giorra
Anns an each:
Bhi gu bior-chluasach,
Lom-chluasach,
Og-innealta, seang, suileannach,
Mar ghroidh mhiolaich,
'S mar bheithir bheuma.
Ite-chille fo gach cois
'S a' chath-chòmhraig.
Gu'r h- e b' ainm dha :
Leid air laidhe, 's bruadan moidhe,
A's cliù Eobhain.

Is sin agad, fhir mo chridhe, "Cliù Eobhain." Cha'n urrainn domh de dh-innse-sgeòil a thoirt dhut mu 'dhéighinn, ach gu'm beil e fhein, a's "Dan Oisein do'n ghréin," sgrìbhte 's an laimh-sgrìbhidh Eirionnaich, mar a theirear rithe, air ceithir leòid na boise de sheann phaipeir, agus gur h- ann bho Ghall a fhuair mi e, agus sin, an là roimhe. Rinneadh an sgrìbheadh, theirinn, mu fhìor thoiseach na linne so th' againn. An uair a leugh mi e chuir e 'n cuimhne dhomh mar a bha, uair, eadar Sir Eobhan Lochial agus ban-bhuidseach ; agus gun fhios am misde leat sin a chluinntinn, cuiridh mi sìos dhut e, facal air an fhacal, mar a chuala mi e :—

Bha Sir Eobhan turus air ghnothuch cabhaig an Ionarnis, agus a' tilleadh dhachaidh, mar a bha e a' togail a mach as a' bhaile, ciod a' cham-chòdhail a rinn suas ris ach luiriste de bhoirionnach iargalta, fad-chasach—ban-bhuidseach. Cha do chuir iad fàilte air a chéile ann ; ach bha ise cumail an aon chéum air an co-imeachd ris. Bu cho math le Eobhan ban-chompanach eile rithe, 's gun fhios aige co b' i ; ach cha robh a choltas oirre-se gu'n robh a chuideachdas a' droch-chòrdadh rithe. Ach, 's na gàmagan a bh' ann, thugar i truisealachadh oirre fhein 's thuirt i :

"Ceum ann, Eobhain !"

Nise, an luib na bròig-airgid a fhuair Sir Eobhan 's an taghairm, fhuair e buaidh air cruaidh, air luaidhe, 's air buidseachd, 's cha robh sin gun fhios da, agus thuirt e ris a' chaillich 's e toirt tàrr-leum as :

"Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach,
'S an ceum barrachd aig Eobhan."

Cha robh an còrr bruidhne eatarra 's an àm; ach chum iad na h-aon sinteagan air gus an d' ràinig iad caolas Mhic-Phadruic—'s cha b' iongantach iad a bhi sgith. Dh' éibh Eobhan an t-aiseag 's thàinig am bàta; ach cha leigeadh na gillean a stigh a' chailleach. An uair a thuig i nach fhaigheadh i an t-aiseag, thuirt i, 's i gabhail a cead de dh-Eobhan:

"Dùrachd mo chridhe dhut, a ghaoil Eobhain."

Bha Eobhan air fhaicill, 's fhreagair e," Dùrachd do chridhe do 'n chloich ghlais ud thall," agus, a mhicchridhe, bha deagh-thuiteamas seanchais air —sgoilt a' chlach 'na dà bhloigh!

ABRACH.

—o—

LITIR A AMERICA.

NUADH ALBAINN, 12*th Feb.* 1875.

A GHAIDHIL RUNAICH,—Tha mi creidsinn gu 'n toir e mor thoil-inntinn do na seann chàirdean facal a chluinntinn mu chor nan Gàidheal ann an Nuadh Albainn air a' bhliadhna so. Bha foghar torach, tarbhach ann an uiridh air chor 's gu 'm beil na 's leòir de ghnoth-uichean matha, pailteas bidh a's dibhe, do dhuine 's do dh-ainbhith, ri fhaotainn gun ghainne air feadh na tìre. Bha tràithean fàbhorach agus side thioram sheasgair ann, Deir-eadh an fhoghair, agus Toiseach a' gheamhraidh. Cha 'n fhacas a' bheag sa bith de 'n aimsir fhliuich, fhunntainnich, a b'abhaist a bhi ann mu 'n tràth sin de 'n bhliadhna. Uime sin bha na rathaidean mora na bu tiorma na bu ghnàth leo bhi, agus na b' fhasa ri shiubhal.

Mu 'n dara là deug de 'n Dùdlachd, thòisich an t-side air caoch-ladh, agus air dol am fuairead. Thàinig stoirm shneachda oidhche Diluain (an 14 la); agus a rithist La Nolluig thainig an sneachda na bu truime. Ach feasgar Dimàirt (an 29 la) mu cheithir uairean an deigh thràth-noine, thainig osag gu h-obunn bho thuath a bhuail a' choille mar pheileir á beul gunna-mhóir, agus a thug oirre fuaim mhor a dheanamh mar thàirneineach nan speur, an uair a fhreagras mac-talla nan creag do 'n starraraich agus do 'n ghleadhraich a bhios anns na neòil. Thòisich an sin an àirde tuath air taomadh a feachd neo-bhàigheil a stigh air an tir, agus gu firinneach b'i sin an armailt gun tlus, gun bhàigh, gun tròcair ri duine no ri ainbhith. Tha an armailt so fo riaghladh agus fo smachd ard-cheannaird chruaidh do 'n ainm Mac-'ic-Reòta no Iain Glas *Mac-Gille-reòta* fear a lion an dùthaich de shaighdearan sgead-aichte an trusgain gheala, agus a ghlais suas gach sruthan a's allt a's amhainn fo leacan liath-ghorm, air chor 's gu'r gann a ghcobh creatair beò deoch uisge ri òl. Bha an dà latha mu dheireadh de 'n bliadhna agus là na Bliadhn'-ùire anbarrach fuar, agus an deigh sin thàinig stoirmean móra sneachda. Lean an reothadh air dol an cruaidhead, agus an sneachda air dol am meud, gus am beil fuachd a's gailionn ann nach facas a leithid 's an dùthaich bho chionn dheich bliadhna fichead. Ach ged a tha 'n aimsir cho fuar stoirmeil, cha 'n 'eil i cur grabaidh air luchd-tomhais an rathaid-iarainn eadar Glaschu-Nobha agus Caolas Channso aig Eilein Cheap Breatunn. Tha an luchd-tomhais so a mach a h-uile latha a' suidheachadh cùrsa an rathaid: oir tha e air a shòn-ruchadh gu 'm biodh rathad-iarainn eadar Glaschu-Nobha agus Ceap Breatunn mar a tha air feadh na dùthcha an àitcachan eile. Bidh an rathad so feumail do Cheann Near Albainn Nobha, gu sònraichte do

na h-àiteachan ris an abrar Pictou, Antigonish, agus Ceap Breatunn. Agus an uair a chriochnaichear an rathad-iarrainn eadar na Mòrroinnean uachdrach agus iochdrach, faodaidh neach siubhal bho Chaolas Channso, gu cearna sa bith de Chanada gus an togair e dol, agus sin gun atharrachadh air carbad, cho socrach, soimeach 's ged a bhiodh e an lùchuirt na Banrigh am Baile-Mhoraire.

Faodaidh na càirdean anns a' Ghàidhealtachd a thuigsinn mar so gu 'm beil soirbheachadh aig na Gàidhil ann an America, agus gu 'n dean iad aoibhneas ma thig cuid de 'm bràithrean g' am faicinn, 's a ghabhail còmhnaidh 'n am measg Tha pailteas de dh-àiteachan falamh ann air an son ma thig iad; agus tha tighean-aoraidh agus tighean-sgoile goireasach anns gach cèarna de 'n dùthaich. Ann am Pictou saoilidh neach gu 'r h-ann an siorrachd Rois, no Ionar Nis no Chataobh a tha e leis na choinnicheas ris de na Gàidhil agus de 'n Ghàilig.

"An là chì 's nach fhaic."

GAIDHEAL ANNS NA COILLTIBH.

———o———

SEANN ORAN.

Gur mis' tha fo mhulad
Air 'n tulaich so shuas,
Nach faicear am chòir thu
La Dònaich no Luain.
Ged theid mi do 'n leabaidh:
Cha chaidil mi uair,
A' smaointean mo leannain
'S e fad air dol bhuam.

Fear ciabhaige glaise
Cha d' thug mi dha spéis;
'S e mo run an t-òg gasda,
Chaidh seachad an dé.
Mo chridh' air a bhristeadh—
'S e bruidhinn gach té;
Tha mo dhòchas 'n uair thig thu,
Gu'm bi mi 's tu réidh.

Gu'm faca mi 'n dé thu,
'S bu luaineach do chéum,
Chaidh tu orm seachad,
'S cha d' fharraid mo sgéul
Ach, marbhaisg air an t-saoghal,
Gur caochlaideach è;
Mu'n taice so 'n uiridh,
Gheabhainn d' fhuran romh chéud.

ESAN A' FREAGAIRT.

An t-soiridh, an t-soiridh,
Thoir an t-soiridh so bhuam,
A null thair an loch,
Far bheil osnaich a' chuain.
Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan,
Caol mhala gun ghruaim.
Gur cùbhraidh' leam d' anail
Na 'n caineal 'g a bhuain.

A chuachag an fhàsaich,
Gur h-àill' thu na'n driùchd.
'S e miann gach gill òig
A bhi 'n còmhnaidh riut dlùth.
Tha mis' ann an dòchas
Gur h-òigh thu gun smùr.
Mo bhriathran 's mo bhòidean
Nach pòs mi ach thù.

Tha thu bòidheach gun mheang,
Tha thu baindidh gun ghruaim,
Tha thu sibhealta 'd chainnt,
Neothar-thaing, tha thu suairc:
Cha'n 'eil cron ort ri àireamh
An làthair an t-sluaigh,—
'S ma tha thu gann de stòras
Tha 'n còrr annad dh' uaisl'.

Am meadhon na mara,
'N uair bhios mi leam fhein,
Bidh do ghaol ga mo mhealladh,
'S 'g am bheothachadh suas.
Cha teid mi air àicheadh
An làthair an t-sluaigh,
Nach tu 'n t-aon is fhearr leam
A dh' fhàs oirre gruag.

———o———

NA TRI COIN UAINE AIR LOMHAINN.

Bha righ ann roimhe so, 's bha e pòsta dà uair. Bha mac a's nighean aige ris a' chiad mhnaoi; ach cha robh gin aige ris an te mu dheireadh, 's bha i, mar is minic le a leithid, anbarrach dona do na daltaichean. Bha i cumail a' ghille buachailleachd a' chruidh; 's cha 'n fhaodadh e tighinn an caraibh an tighe, ach moch a's anmoch, 's cha robh an

òrduchadh dha uair sa bith ach leth a leòir de bhiadh. Bha an nighean 'n a ban-chòcaire, 's cha 'n fhaodadh i, là no dh' oidhche, dol a mach as an tigh-fhuine; 's cha mhò na sin a dh' fhaodadh i blasad air ni sa bith ach mar a shìneadh a muime dh' i; air chor's gu'n robh i fhein 's a bràthair an coinnimh dol bàs leis an acras. Ach air latha de na làithean, thuit dhaibh tachairt air a chéile, agus thuirt esan ri phiuthair nach robh a bhi beò aige leis an acras; agus gur beachd a bh' aige falbh 's an saoghal a shiubhal, agus e fhein a bheathachadh mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e.

"Ma tha thusa air do dhroch dhìol le cion a' bhìdh, cha 'n e mo chàramh-sa is fhearr dad idir," ars' a phiuthar 's i 'g innseadh dìol a muime oirre. "Agus," ars' ise, "ma 's falbh dhutsa e, bidh an t-aon fhalbh againn." Is e bh' ann gu'n d' rinn iad an àirde ri chéile gu'm b' e falbh a b' fhearr dhaibh, agus 's e falbh a rinn iad. Thog iad orra a ghleidheadh an fhortain, 's thug esan leis tri mairt mhaol, odhar, a bh' aig an righ. Shiubhail iad cian fhada 's cuan fhada, 's mu dheireadh thainig iad air coillidh mhoir gun cheann, gun chrich. Chaidh iad a stigh 's 'a choillidh leis a' chrodh, 's bha iad ag cumail rompa riabh gus an d' thàinig iad air innis de thulaich ghuirm, 's leig iad an anail. Thaitinn an tulman gorm so air cùl gaoithe 's ri aodann gréine, riutha gu math; agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do thog esan sgùid de bhothan, 's chuir iad suas ann. Bha an innis so tiorail, ònrachdach, 's cha robh duine no beothach ag cur dragh orra, air chor's gu'n robh iad gu sàmhach, soimeach; agus na'n dianadh pailteas bliochd a's bainne e, bha iad cho math 's a bha'n latha cho fada—esan fad an latha a' buachailleachd a' chruidh, 's bhiodh am pailteas bìdh a's dibhe aicese air a chionn an uair a thigeadh e dhachaidh; 's bha iad, mar bu dual 's mar bu dligheach do phiuthair 's do bhràthair, ag còrdadh gu fior-ghasda.

Bha esan là bha 'n sin mar a b' àbhaist air falbh leis a' chrodh, agus co a thainig an rathad ach fear agus tri mìol-choin uaine air lomhainn aige. Thaitinn na coin gu gasda ris; 's ma thaitinn, thaitinn an crodh ri fear nan con. Mu dheireadh thuirt e ris ciod a ghabhadh e air fear de na coin. Thuirt e gu'n gabhadh te de 'n chrodh mhaol, odhar; agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n d' rinn iad malairt. Chaidh e an latha sin dhachaidh le dà mhart mhaol, odhar, 's le cù uaine air lomhainn. Ghabh a phiuthar deargan dearg a' chaothaich ris air son dealachadh ris a' mhart; 's chuir i laidhe e an oidhche sin gun a shuipier. Cha robh comas air; ach an lath air n-ath-mhàireach dh' fhalbh e fhein 's a chù leis an dà mhart, 's tachrar fear nan con air, 's dianar iad malairt a rithist; agus amhuil sin an treas latha, gus an robh iad an sin gun mhart idir.

Bha fear de na coin air an robh Luath, fear air an robh Fios, agus fear air an robh Trom. Dh' innseadh Fios far am biodh na feidh, bheireadh Luath orr, agus ghiùlaineadh Trom iad. Latha a bha 'n sin togar air do 'n bheinn-sheilg. Dh' innis Fios far an robh na féidh, rug Luath air làndamh, 's chuir e sid air muin Thruim. A' tilleadh dhachaidh, rinn iad stad aig fuarann uaine a leigeil an analach, 's leig Trom osna mhor as. "Ciod e fàth d' osna, Thruim?" "Farraid sin de Luath;" agus dh' fharraid Luath de dh-Fhios. "Is mor sin 's cha bheag e," arsa Fios: "tha famhair mór nan cóig ceann, nan cóig meall, 's nan cóig muineal, a' fuireach an uamha faisg air an tigh agad, 's tha e fhein 's do phiuthar

tuilleadh 's àraid, 's bidh do bheatha fhein agus ar beatha-ne aca mu'n sguir iad." "Cha'n 'eil comas air," ars' esan", 's chaidh iad dhachaidh an oidhche sin. Chuir a phiuthar poit de 'n t-sithinn air, agus an uair a bha i gréidhte, dh' ich iad an sàth 's ghabh iad gu fois. Moch 's a' mhadainn thug iad a rithist a' bheinn-sheilg orra. Dh' innis Fios far an robh na féidh; rug Luath air làn-damh, 's chuir e air muin Thruim e. A' tilleadh dhachaidh thàinig iad air fuaran uaine, 's rinn iad stad a leigeil an analach. Rinn Trom osna throm. "Ciod è fàth d' osna, Thruim? Farraid sin de Luath," 's dh' fharraid Luath de dh-Fhios. "Is mór sin 's cha bheag e," arsa Fios: "tha am famhair a stigh còmhla ri d' phiuthair, 's bidh ar beatha aige mu'n tig an latha. Chuir e an slachdan-draoidheachd am bràigh an doruis, los an ciad rud a dh' fhosglas an dorus gu'n tuit an slachdan air 's gu'm marbh e e." Bha 'n gnothuch gu h-olc. "Ciod a ni sinn?" ars' esan. Thuirt Fios gu'n robh madaruadh òg am bun na creige bha mu'n coinnimh, 's gu'm beireadh Luath air "Agus," ars' esan, "thoir thusa leat beo e, leig as aig an dorus e, agus bheir e léum a stigh, 's tuitidh an slachdan air, 's gheabh sinn a stigh gu sàbhailte. Theid am famhair am fallach fo'n leaba; ach cuir thusa poit de 'n t-sithinn air mar nach cuireadh tu omhail air dad a bhi tuathal. An uair a gheabh i goil mhath bhruiche bheir thu dh' e i, 's cuiridh tu air an ùrlar i faisg air an leaba. Bheir sinne an sin leum thun na poite, 's dòirtidh sinn i, agus loisgidh an siabh am famhair." Chòrd a' chomhairle gu math ris a' ghille, 's ghabh e i.

Fhuaradh an sionnach, 's thug e dhachaidh 'n a ultaich e. An uair a ràinig e an dorus leig e as e, 's mar a b' fhior, thug sid duibh-leum a stigh air an dorus, ach bha e cho ealamh 's nach d' rug an slachdan ach air bàrr an earrbaill aige—agus dh' fhuirich barr an earrbaill ag a' chù-shionnaich bàn gus an là an diugh. An sin chaidh iad a stigh, agus chaidh an t-sithionn a ghréidheadh. Mar a dh' iarr Fios, thug an gille dh' e a' phoit, 's chuir e air an ùrlar i aig bruaich na leapa. Leum na coin thun na poite 's dhòirt iad i, agus fhuair am famhair plodadh math losgaidh, 's leum e mach 's an raoicil. Ma leum, a mhic chridhe, leum na coin a mach 'n a dheaghaidh 's beir air bheir aca air, 's mu'n d' ràinig e an uamha rinn iad an gnothuch air.

An là air n-ath-mhàireach, mu'n do bhlais an t-ian an t-uisge bha e air a chois 's dh' fhalbh e, 's dh' fhàg e a phiuthar an sid, 's busdiombach oirre ag cumhadh an fhamhair. Shiubhail e cian fhada 's cuan fhada an àrd 's an iseal, an lom 's an coille gus an robh na h-eòin bheaga, bhuchullach, bhachlach, bharr-bhuidhe, bhòidheach, ag gabhàil gu tàmh am bun nam preas 's am bàrr nan dos, ged a bhà cha robh mac an righ ann. Mu dheireadh thall thàinig e air lùchuirt mhoir righ a's gabhar a stigh; 's dh' iarr e cosnadh. Thaitinn a dhealbh 's a dhreach riu, 's dh' fhiosraich iad ciod a b' aithne dha dhianamh. Thuirt e nach robh cèaird aige, ach gu'n d' thugadh e lamh-chuideachaidh dhaibh an rud sa bith a bhiodh a' dol. Rinn an righ gille-monaidh dha fein d' e. Bha e fhein 's an righ a' tighinn air a chéile gu gasda. Bha cead aig na coin dol do chèarna sa bith de 'n tigh 's cha dianadh e ni gun a chur an toiseach 'n an cead-san. Ach ged a bha na cùisean ag éirigh leis cho math 's a' ruigeadh e leas iarraidh, bha a phiuthar a' tighinn a stigh air —gu'm bu truagh i leatha-fhein 's a' choille; 's ged a rinn i air mar a

rinn i, chuir e roimhe gu'm bruidhneadh e ris an righ los a faighinn 'n a ban-chòcaire aige ; ach chuir e a chomhairle ris na coinn. Thuirt Fios ris, ma bha e glic e g' a seachnadh, gu'm biodh a bheatha fhein 's ambeatha-san aice mu'n sguireadh i ; ach, cha robh fois aige a là no dh' oidhche gus an d' fhuair e aonta an righ gus a toirt leis. Cha dealaicheadh an righ ris na coin, 'g an cumail an geall esan a thilleadh. An uair a bha e dealachadh riutha chuir iad impidh air gun dol a tigh do'n tigh air chor sa bith, gu'n s bh a phiuthar 's naoi cuileinean maola ruadha, aice a dh' fhàg am famhair, 's gum biodh e an geall na b' fhiach e, ach iad a dh' fhaotainn cothroim air. Bha feadag aige, 's chluinneadh na coin i ge b'e àite 's am bitheadh iad ; agus dh' iarr iad air e g' a seinn 'n am biodh e an cunnart sa bith.

Dh' fhalbh e, 's ràinig e gu sgith, air acras agus air pathadh, an tigh 's an robh a phiuthar, ach cha deachaidh e stigh. Rinn e guth aig an uinneig, agus rinn ise othail mhór ris 's i toirt a h-uile cuiridh dha gu dol a stigh. A stigh cha rachadh e ; ach chuir e an céill a theachdaireachd far an robh e. An uair a thuig ise neach dianadh bial-briagha an gnothuch, stuig i-na naoi cuileinean maola, ruadha, ann—'s i 'g éigheach sin e, sin e ! am fear a mharbh am famhair--beiribh air!" B' éudar dha a chasan a thoirt as, agus streupadh an craoibh. Thòisich iadsan an sin air a' chraoibh a thoirt as na friamhaichean ; agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do sheinn e an fheadag. Thàinig na tri coin uaine 's mharbh iad cuileinean an fhamhair. Thill iad do lùchuirt an righ ; ach eadar a h-uile car a bh' ann thug e leis a phiuthar, 's thòisich ise air a' chòcaireachd. Thug iad mar sin latha 's bliadhna, 's iad cho math 's a bha 'n latha cho fada.

Thuit dhàsan a bhi bho 'n tigh là bha 'n sin, 's cha d'thug e leis na coin : bha iad iad 'n an laidhe aig an teine, agus ciod sa bith a ghabh a phiuthar 'n a ceann, sparr i ghreideal 'n a teine dearg orra. Leum iad a mach 's leig iad dunnal muladach asda, 's chuir gach fear dhiubh brùchd an fala mach an toman luachrach aig ceann an tighe.

An uair a thill easan dhachaidh cha robh forfhais aig a phiuthair air na coin ; ach dh' innis am buachaille dha mar a thachair, agus mar a dh' fhàg iad am fuil 's an tom luachrach. Cha robh fhios aige ciod a dhianadh e ; ach thrus e leis gu cùramach an fhuil, 's bhóidich a's bhriathraich e nach rachadh poll as a bhròig no uisge as osan gus am faigheadh e forfhais orra. Agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do ghabh e chead de'n righ, 's gu'n do thog e air. Shiubhail e cóig chóigean na h-Eirionn 's cha d' fhuair e sgial orra. Mu dheireadh ràinig e baile-mór ; 's bha 'n sluagh an sin ri bròn 's ri tuireadh. Dh' fharraid e mu cheann-fhàth a' mhulaid. Thuirt iad ris gu'n robh triùir mhac an righ gun dùil bheò rintha. Dh' fharraid e mu 'n trioblaid, agus fhad 's bho 'n a dh' fhairich iad i. Thuirt iad ris gu 'n robh iad air falbh bho chionn fhada, 's gu'n robh iad mar sid bho 'n a thill iad ; ach an uair a h' fhidrich e iad, dh' innis iad a h-uile car dha—gu'n robh iad fada fo gheasan ; agus cuideachd mar a rinneadh orra an tigh righ 's an robh aid a' fuireach ; agus nach dianadh ni no dad an leigheas ach an fhuil a dh' fhàg iad 's an tom luachrach fhaotainn air a h-ais ; ach gu'm bu rud sin nach gabhadh dianamh. An uair a chuala esan so, thuig co a bh' aige ; agus dh' innis e dhaibh co b' e ; agus cuideachd gu'n robh an fhuil aige, na 'n aithngheadh gach fear dhiubh a bhrùchdan fhein. Thug e dhaibh am fuil 's dh' aithnich gach fear a bhruchdan fhein, 's bha iad cho

beò, slàn, fallain, 's a bha iad riabh.

Rinneadh fleadh mór, a's mùirn, a's aighir, 's fhuair an gille caisteal briagha bho'n righ; agus a bheathachadh am miagh 's am pailteas fhad 's bu bheò e. Ged a rinn a phiuthar air mar a rinn i, bu truagh leis i, agus thug e leis i 's bha i tuille 'n a h-inghinn mhath. Dh' fhuirich iad le chéile 's 'a chaisteal gus an d' éug am muime; ach an uair a fhuair iad sgial a bàis-se thill iad dhachaidh do 'n rìgheachd fhein.

GLASRACH.

———o———

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Didònaich shlat-pailm
'S ann ris tha mo stoirm.
Didònaich Crum-Dubh,*
Plaoisgidh mi 'n t-ubh.

Triùir bhan-chompanach is còir do gach duine bhi mór a's iad –a' bhean, a stamag, agus a chogais.

Smachdaich do smaointean an uair a bhios tu leat fhein, agus cuir srian ri d' theanga am measg cuideachda.

Tha uibhir de dh-iarann ann fuil da fhichead duine 's a dhianadh soc 's am biodh ceithir puinnd fhichead air chudrom.

* Didònaich Crum-Dubh, Easter Sunday. —The following is from the *Dublin Penny Journal*:—Amalgadus, Amhley (hodie Awley) was prince of this district, on the arrival of Saint Patrick, called by a voice from the wood of Foclut (Faghd) to the conversion of the natives of this country, Awley received the Apostle with hospitality, by whom he was converted, together with 7000 of his subjects in one day, after a violent disputation with the Chief of the Druids, whose Crum Dhu, or Altar of Sacrifice, he overturned, casting the eternal fire into a cavern communicating with the ocean, called therefrom, to this day, *Pal na shan tinne*, or the cavern of the ancient fire. The memory of this event is annually celebrated on the first Sunday in August, called Donagh Crum Dhu, at Downpatrick, five miles west of Killala.

Biadh a thoirt do 'n fhearann mu'm fàs an t-acras air; fois a thoirt da mu'm fàs e sgith; a ghartghlanadh mu 'm fàs e salach—comharra ih an deagh thuathanaich.

———

Am màireach na biodh ad bheachd,
Aon ni dhianamh a d' neart fhein;
Triallaidh sin uile ma seach,
Creid nach beat ach an là 'n dé.

———

Ni sàr bhreac srutha suain,
Bidh dubh-breac loch a' sior-leum;
Fanaidh fear sona ri sìth,
'S bheir duine dona duibh-leum.

———

MARBHRANN DO GHOBHAINN.

Chaill na builg an anail,
'S chaill na h-ùird an spionnadh;
Fhir mo ghaoil 's mo chomuinn,
Fhuair thu bàs a dh-aindeoin.

———

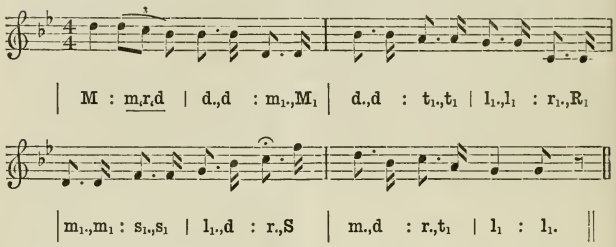
Bha righ ann roimhe so, 's bha e latha ag gabhail sràide air feadh baile-mhargaidh, 's rachar romh chearna dh'e 's an robbas 's an uair ag cumail féille. Sheas e a ghabhail beachd air a' bhathar agus orrasan a bha 'g a reic 's 'g a cheannach, agus thugar an aire do sheann duine còir liath 'n a shuidhe a measg chàich, agus farraidear dh'e co b'è, no ciod a bh' aige 'g a reic. Thuirt esan ris 's e freagairt, gu 'm bu ghliocair e, 's gu 'm b'e a' chrionntachd am bathar a bh' aige 'g a reic. Rinn an righ snodha gàire, 's thuirt e ris, gu 'm bu rud sid air an robh e anbarrach féumach leis na bh' aige de dhaoine ri rian, 's gun e ach òg. "Agus," ars' esan, "ma 's urrainn dut a' chrionntachd a reic rium, bheir mi gu toileach dhut dà chiad marg òir oirre." Is e bh' ann gu 'n d' thuirt an gliocair ris: "Bheir mi seòladh dhut leis am faod thu fhein agus do dhaoine a rian le crionntachd. A chaoidh na bruidhinn, 's na gabh rud sa bith of làimh gun sealltainn romhad ciod a' bhuil gus an tig do bhriathran agus do dhianadas." Thaitinn an seòladh so cho math ris an righ 's gu 'n d' òrduich e an t-'or a phàidheadh 's an uair dha. An sin ghearr e e air còmhlaichean 's air uinneagan a lùchuirt 's air an an obair òir a's airgid, 's dh' fhuaigh e e air gach snàthainn aodaich a bh' aige, los e bhi daonnan aige mu chomhair a shùl. Leis an fhaicill so cha deachaidh an righ riabh air iomral 'n a chomhairle, agus riaghail e e fhein 's a righeachd le gliocas.

Am fear nach seall roimhe,
Seallaidh e 'n a dheaghaidh.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUAIDH.

LE GILLEASBUIG DONULLACH.

GLEUS B Flat.



Hó ró, gu 'm b' éibhinn leam
A chluinntinn gu 'n do dh-eirich thu ;
'S ann leam is ait an sgeula sin,
Bho 'n chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.

Chuala mi gu 'n chailleadh thu,
A's gu 'n do rinneadh d' fhalaraidh ;
'S is cuis mu 'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhi 'n a bantraich.

Thug iad o na h-osdairean
Buideal am bun tòrraidh dhuit ;—
Ma bheireas mi gun òladh air,
'S e ni sinn seorsa bainnse.

Bho 'n tha giubhas sàbht' agad,
'S gu 'n d' rinn an gobha tairngean duit,
Teannamaid ri bàta 'theid
Do Fhàro dh' iarraidh *branndi !*

Cha bhi dad de dh-éis oirre ;
Gheobh i gach ni dh' fheumas i—
Ni 'n lion-aodach am *main-sail* di,
'S gu 'n dean na spéicean crann di.

Cha 'n easbhuidh nach bi ballan ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarraingean ;
Tha ropaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S gu 'n ceangail sinn gu teann iad.

Cha 'n 'eil m' inntinn gearanach,
Bho 'n chuir thu dhiot an galar ud ;
'S ann tha do phiob 'n a deannaibh,
A' toirt caithreim air ceol-dannsaidh.

'N uair bhà thu anns an Reiseimeid,
Bu tapaidh, sgairteil, treubhach thu ;
A' h-uile fear a leumadh ort,
Gu 'n gréadhadh tu gun taing e.

'N uair a bha thu d' oganach,
Is lionmhor àit' am b' eolach thu ;
Chunnaic mise 'n clòsaidean,
Ag ol an Amsterdam tl.u.

AN T-AILLEAGAN.

———o———

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. APRIL 1875. No. 40.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

If we accept the deliberate judgment of the foremost minds of our race, who have devoted their energies to an investigation into the nature of man, and his relation to the universe, of which he forms a very important unit, we must believe that of all kinds of knowledge attainable by him, knowledge of SELF is the most difficult, and at the same time the most important. The father of Greek Philosophy, he "whom well inspired the oracle pronounced wisest of men," made self-knowledge the ground-work of his whole system, and regarded all other forms of human knowledge of importance only in so far as they tended to throw light upon this the centre and basis of them all; while we have it upon ever higher authority that Omniscience alone can fully fathom the thoughts of man. And it may be affirmed generally that all the great writers of antiquity, inspired and uninspired, bore emphatic testimony to the importance and to the difficulty of "knowing what is in man." In modern times it is true that the greater number of the most vigorous minds have been engaged in the investigation of the laws of external nature, and the adaptation of these to the material comfort and enjoyment of man; but even in what we are accustomed to call in our self-complacency the enlightened nineteenth century, there have been found a few who have not turned aside to worship the golden calf, and who believe that the divinely-appointed guide to the promised land is still in this mount, veiled from their eyes though he be, and that he will yet come down, though for the present he appears to tarry.

That there are difficulties, some of them of a very subtle and persistent character, in the way of attaining to an accurate knowledge of self, is admitted by all who have attempted to unfold the mental and moral capacities of man, and the laws which govern the exercise of these capacities. These difficulties it does not fall within our province to investigate,—much less to suggest the remedies by which they may be lessened or removed. For an inquiry into the nature and causes of error we must refer our readers to the many elaborate treatises in the English language which attempt to treat the subject exhaustively. Before you can judge your neighbour fairly, it is absolutely necessary that you should first of all endeavour to attain to a more or less accurate knowledge of yourself. It is indeed true, paradoxical as it may appear, that in some respects your estimate of your neighbour's character may be more accurate than that of your own. The famous lines of Burns are not less philosophical than poetical:—

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourscls as others see us!"

The most powerful source of erroneous opinion—bias—whether it operates directly or indirectly, is as fatal to the attainment of a true knowledge of self, as its counterpart—prejudice—is to the attainment of a true

knowledge of others. It is good for us all that we should see ourselves occasionally through the eyes of others.

But apart from this, it is unquestionably true that there are difficulties in the way of your obtaining the necessary data to form a correct judgment of others, from which the inquiry into a knowledge of self is free. The conduct of your next-door neighbour,—of your most intimate friend—appears strange and unaccountable to you; it is not what you would have expected of him—not what your own conduct in similar circumstances would have been. Without inquiring into the reason of his behaviour, you pronounce him unnatural, ungenerous, unjust. Or you do institute a sort of inquiry, but you fail to discover a motive sufficient to account for the unusual behaviour upon any principle of action intelligible to you. In both cases you judge wrongly; —in the former, from simply refusing to inquire; in the latter, from failing to appreciate or from wrongly interpreting the moving cause of your neighbour's actions, and refusing to admit your incapacity or your error. The consequence is misunderstanding which rapidly advances through the succeeding stages of coolness, alienation, bickering, quarrel. You speak of him to your friends; and as you have misunderstood himself, you are certain to misrepresent him to them. The harmony of the neighbourhood is disturbed; your personal comfort is considerably interfered with, and your social enjoyments are at an end.

What is true of individuals is emphatically true of peoples and nations. If you are apt to misunderstand your next-door neighbour whom you have known all your life,—if you fail to discover or adequately to appreciate the secret spring of your neighbour's conduct, —a man of your own blood, who speaks the same tongue, inherits the same traditions, holds by the same faith; how much more likely are you to misinterpret and misjudge the actions of men whom you never saw, of a different history, language, lineage, and creed. There are individual characteristics, mental and moral as well as physical; and there are ethnological characteristics of a deeper and more persistent type which even the most sympathetic and catholic-minded can trace but imperfectly through their complicated windings in human thought and speech and action. And what is history but in a great measure the record of misunderstandings and prejudices followed by wars,—the consequent expenditure of untold wealth, the sacrifice of millions of human lives, and what perhaps has been to the cause of human progress as great a hindrance, the expenditure of so much human effort and human talent and human sagacity in developing the Science of Destruction. In olden times, what must have been the condition of life when usually the famine and the pestilence carried away what the sword had left. And even in our day we are too apt to represent our army and navy as costing us so many millions of pounds sterling per annum. Even by this method of calculation they are expensive services to us. But the cost is not to be reckoned in pounds, shillings, and pence. To say nothing of the possible loss in human lives, which no amount of gold could replace, consider what a loss to this nation and its highest interests is an item which never appears in the estimates, the divert-

ing of so much human energy and human skill from the paths of industry and peace to the practice and perfecting of the art of war. We are indeed often told that war has been the pioneer of civilisation; that it has always supplied the motive-power by which the wheel of progress has been made to revolve. There have been among the revolutions induced by war some turnings of the wheel; but they were the revolutions of the windmill—revolutions in mid-air; no advance along the high road of humanity; no heritage reclaimed from the dreary wastes of ignorance and crime.

In ancient times, even among the most civilised nations, national prejudice was so strong as to make one people's estimate of another of little or no value to us now. The Greeks, with all their refinement and catholicity of spirit, had but one word to designate foreigners—barbarians. Among the nations of antiquity no faith was kept with the stranger. In your dealing with foreigners, no law—the law of hospitality alone excepted,—civil or sacred, was held as binding. The Stoic philosophy gave the first great blow to the hitherto impenetrable barrier of national exclusiveness; while the spread of Christianity, by proclaiming the fact of a common descent from Adam, and of individual responsibility to God, taught nations to look at one another with quite different ideas and feelings from what they had formerly been accustomed to. But although Christianity taught the nations to look upon one another, not as enemies, but as brethren helping together to work out the plan of the Divine purpose in the world, and although it attached importance and significance to personal actions and individual responsibility unknown before, it did not by any means overlook national acts or national duties, much less did it teach Cosmopolitanism as against Nationalism.

Where the feeling of nationality is strong, as with us, national prejudices must more or less abound. We are often reminded by our neighbours on the Continent of our insular prejudices. Towards each other we are not free from prejudice. The English taunt the Scotch; the Saxon ridicules the Gael. The practice is often healthy, and for the most part instructive. But in many instances, as we shall afterwards endeavour to show, it is the outcome of a prejudice which is neither healthy nor instructive.

—o—

THE TONGUE OF THE GAEL.

A NEW SONG.

Is there a Gael that dare despise
His mither tongue and a' that,
And clips his words in Saxon wise?
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their hums and ha's and a' that,
We'll still be true to speech we drew
Frae mithers' lips for a' that.

The deep, full-breasted Highland tongue,
Wi' *gairm* and *glaodh* and a' that,
Ere Roman fought, or Greeklings sung,
Was sounded loud for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their classic lore and a' that,
On Highland braes the Celtic phrase
Comes banging out for a' that.

On mild Ilissus' tiny stream
Pale olive trees and a' that,
Let Plato pile with lofty scheme
Ideal states and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their fine-spun Greek and a' that;
Where torrents roar stout hearts will pour
Brave Gaelic speech for a' that.

The Roman was a lusty loon,
Wi' camps and roads and a' that;
But whar the Highland hills looked doun,
Guid faith he couldna fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their legioned host and a' that;

When Celts were nigh, with slogan cry,
They turned their backs for a' that.

Your Oxford man's a dainty loon,
Weel combed and brushed and a' that;
But when the Celtic blast comes doun,
He's blown like chaff for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their smooth-rubbed Greek and a' that,
A Highland sang is never wrang
On Highland hills for a' that.

If Ayrshire blows the trump of fame
For Robbie Burns and a' that,
Wi' Duncan Ban's high-honoured name
Shall we be dumb and a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Though prigs deny, and a' that,
There's lofty lays in Gaelic phrase
Will never die for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That Highland lads may sing and say,
In Highland speech for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Their red tape rules and a' that,
On Highland braes the Gaelic phrase
Is Queen o' tongues for a' that.

John Stuart Blackie.

LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

II.—Leaseholds.

Few relations are more debated, more unsatisfactorily defined, and, as defined, more inconsistent with the advanced spirit of the age, than those existing between landlord and tenant. And rarely in the history of modern civilisation have these relations been more misunderstood, and perhaps nowhere has this misunderstanding been more productive of disastrous results, than in those districts where the Celtic race were the occupiers of the soil. A sufficient explanation will be found in the history of the race. The Communistic sentiment which still obtains among Celts, concerning their relations to land and landlord, is more than probably a fossil of bygone days. Coerced sentiments are not the first to die. We may forcibly alter governments and laws, but we will not easily compel the surrender of cherished beliefs. The Clan System has been long supplanted by the Feudal, but the characteristic principle which considered all land the un alienable property of the people is not yet extinct. It is of no practical use, however, to bewail the necessity of now abandoning this sentiment, nor to lament the political extinction of the system which begot it, nor, indeed, at this time of day, to institute any comparison between it and Feudalism.

"Old times are changed—old manners gone."

The Clan System is dead—the Feudal affects us daily; and, if the Highlander would perform his present duty, he must learn to make the best of the inevitable. He must learn to surrender the fossil sentiments descended to him from the clan system. He must endeavour to accomplish the abolition of those fossil laws of feudalism, which, though perhaps applicable enough to past conditions, are entirely inconsistent with the principles of political economy, as now understood by the most civilised nations. He must mature, propose, and never cease till he has effected, measures fitted to meet the present requirements, or at least, to ameliorate the present condition, of his people. The feudal laws of primogeniture, entail, and hypothec may not have affected the Highlands so much as more agricultural districts, but they have not a little determined the present condition of our peasantry. These laws now receive a liberal share of public attention, and their

effects upon the north have been more than once pointed out.

But the condition of the Highlands exhibits peculiar symptoms of unsoundness, which can by no means be attributed to the agency of these laws. We see families pining in want, and the householder returning, sick-hearted and sad, from the meal-dealer who has refused any further advance. Turning round we observe that the resources of the land, such as they are, are by no means developed—that only strips here and there are cultivated, and these but very inadequately; and we conclude that the miserable family might have been happier, the householder's debts smaller, his morality higher, and his independence better founded, were the patches of ground broader and better tilled. The conclusion becomes a conviction when we are informed that this man dissipates the greater part of his time in discussing the weather with his neighbours, in dozing over a fire which he has allowed his wife and tender ones to carry home, or in regaling a gaping audience with endless legends of weird superstition. Presently we see the wretch cowering under the scowl of a land manager whom feudal laws have made a despot. He seems to perceive in that "much respected Sir," the factor, a being of transcendent might, whose favour is life, and whose frown is the gloom of death. A feeling of unutterable scorn is roused at the spectacle; but, when all the circumstances of the case are considered, the scorn give place to indignation —not at the miserable peasant, but at the social and political influences which have made him what he is, —which have forced a man with all the possibilities of unlimited greatness to fawn upon a tyrant, and a free minded and independent people to cringe and cower before men whom they too often regard with no amiable feelings. Mountain freedom may form a fine theme for the poet and sentimentalist, but the foul miasma of serfdom is as demoralising, and the dire pall of tyranny is as fatal, among the hills as upon the plain. The Highland mountaineer dare not be free, and no one is more conscious of the fact than himself. He knows too well the cost of such a luxury. The past rises before him, and tells him it means instant eviction. With a helpless family and no money what can he do? And so he eventually ceases to think about it, and need we wonder if he gradually degenerates into a soulless parasite. And will he turn his attention to his croft? Alas! he knows too well he may be turned out of it any day, and that the probability is proportionate to the degree in which he has improved it. So he folds his hands, and the world looks on, misunderstands his circumstances and motives, and with an air of self-satisfied sagacity, ascribes his passive apathy to meanness of spirit and laziness.

It is of no avail to instance cases of beneficent land management. We know of such cases. But because one man chooses to allow his sword in its sheath, is that a reason why another should have liberty to brandish his weapon among defenceless people? Factors and landlords are no more immaculate than other people, and the state of the north during the last century has been writing the testimony in tears and blood that—

> "Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
> As make the angels weep."

The emancipation of our peasantry is not to be accomplished in a day, nor by a single measure. Reforms, political, social, and intellectual, must be accomplished, and allowed to operate for years, ere they rise to that platform which it is their privilege to occupy. And when the necessary reforms come to be considered, the manifold evils arising from yearly tenure will become only too apparent. It will then appear that no instrumentality has been more productive of baneful results. A close relation will be found to exist between it and some of the deepest wrongs of Highlanders, and the idleness and want of spirit with which they are so often charged.

It has been argued against the granting of leaseholds to the Highland peasantry, that an unnecessary expense would thus be thrown upon them, and that they would be tied down to impossible conditions. But the expense, even if this were inevitable, would be quite infinitesimal in comparison with the vital advantages gained, and no conditions have ever found their way into agrarian compacts, with a greater capability of harshness and one-sidedness, than those at present imposed on our peasantry. What are the conditions which a leased tenant has to fulfil in comparison with the absolute obedience exacted from an unleased Highlander? With a leased tenant the conditions may be hard and many, but they are limited and understood, — with an unleased peasant the conditions may be co-extensive and co-intensive with those imposed on "Gurth, the born thrall of Cedric the Saxon."

Leasehold would secure to the peasant absolute security during the period of tenure. Thus he would be stimulated to make the best of his holding; and thus,—if he had occasion to go to the meal-dealer, he would not return, empty and ashamed, to writhe under the agonising disappointment of tearful little faces. A terminating tenure would cure Highlanders of the idle idea that the land is not the property of the owner, and would effectively convince them that the earth belongs unto the landlord. Thus they would be stimulated to greater self-reliance and prudence. The granting of leaseholds would tend to make the peasantry more intelligent, by giving them the same stakes that farmers now hold in the prosperity of the country and its laws, and by liberating them from the tyranny which prescribed not only action, but as far as possible, even speech and thought. It would also snatch from the landed interest the iron rod of oppression, which has for many years been crushing the people, and paralysing all the beneficent influences brought to bear upon them. Thus it would considerably elevate the tone and social position of our peasantry, and powerfully aid in raising them to a conscious possession of that manly independence which is their undeniable, as it ought to be their inviolable, right.

MACHAON.

—o—

NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AND HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

(*From the Inverness Courier.*)

The Scotch Education Code for 1875 has been issued, and its provisions will be eagerly scanned by members of school boards in the Highlands. We learn from a private source that the Department proposes to allow to Highland school boards building grants of £400, without stipulating how it is to be spent—whether on the

school or teacher's residence; and then they will contribute pound for pound with the school board towards the cost of completing the building. This is precisely the suggestion made by the Inverness meeting. There is next the question of the annual grants to schools after they have been erected. So far as appears, the Department has not entirely met the wishes of Highland boards on this subject. But they have gone a certain length; they have struck out the rule which limited the amount that might be earned per day scholar to 15s.; they have agreed that in thinly-peopled districts, where fifteen children cannot be brought to a centre, a pupil-teacher may be employed to teach them at their own homes, under the supervision of the certificated teacher of a neighbouring school; and when these scholars are presented to the inspector, the managers may claim a double grant on account of them. If the number of children reaches the total of fifteen, and they have been taught by one teacher, the managers may claim an extra grant of £10. A special grant of £5 or £10 may also be paid to schools in thinly-peopled districts. Gaelic is not to be recognised as a special subject; nor will the Department give any pecuniary aid to a district where the school rate happens to be high. The attendances required are only 150, which means 75 days, and less than this would, in the opinion of the Department, be extremely undesirable. But we must have an opportunity of examining the Code in detail before we can positively say how it will affect the Highlands.

As we announced a fortnight ago, Government has decided not to recognise the teaching of Gaelic as a special subject in Highland schools. Mr. Fraser Mackintosh made an attempt to induce them to reconsider their decision, by putting a question on the notice book, asking whether, "in deference to the general feeling which prevails throughout the Gaelic-speaking districts of Scotland," the Education Department would so far amend the Code as to allow Gaelic to be recognised and treated as a special subject. But on Tuesday night Lord Sandon, on behalf of the Department, declined to make this concession. In districts where Gaelic is spoken, the intelligence of the children may be tested by asking them to explain in their native language what they have read in English; but Lord Sandon does not approve of "giving a distinct money grant for instruction in Gaelic." After this it seems hopeless to expect a grant; for a ministry in which the Highlands are represented by Lochiel, the Lord Advocate, and the Duke of Richmond, is likely to take the most favourable view of our claims. The conference of School Boards held at Inverness asked that Gaelic "should be added to the list of special subjects, with permission to take it up in any of the standards;" and we cannot help thinking that this moderate request might have been conceded. It would have led to no great expense, and it would have gratified the Highland people. Was Government afraid of creating another Irish grievance; or is there any recognition of Irish Gaelic in the Code prepared for the benefit of our lively neighbours?

Tae Late Dr Halley, London.—The death of this well-known London physician took place on the 25th ult. He was in general practice as a physician in London for twenty-five years, and was highly esteemed by his professional brethren. A native of Perthshire, Dr. Halley was always proud of calling himself a Strathtay man. He was an enthusiastic admirer of everything Highland, and was a life member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and honorary president of the Gaelic Society of London. He was also a director of the Highland Society of London, and in that capacity was the means, we believe, of getting the Society to send a gold medal annually to be awarded to the best player of *piobaireachd* at the Northern Meeting. Only the other day he attended a general court of the Society, and proposed to vote £100 of the funds on behoof of the proposed Celtic Chair. Dr. Halley's purse (says the *Inverness Courier*) was ever open to contribute for Highland objects. He had an extensive collection of Gaelic books, including some very rare works. Last year Dr. and Mrs. Halley spent their holidays in the north of Scotland, and were present at several of the Highland gatherings held in the autumn—among others, the Argyllshire Gathering and Northern Meeting. He was buried on the 2d inst. The pall-bearers being members of the Gaelic Society.

Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.—The usual monthly meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland was held in their Library, Royal Institution, on the afternoon of the 8th ult. John Stuart, LL.D., secretary, read a paper on the Early System of Replegiation in Scotland. In the early Celtic period of our history each tribe had its own brehon or judge, and the man of one tribe could not have been called to

answer in the court of another. Under the feudal system it was customary for the Crown to grant to the great barons large tracts of lands with the rights of regality, in which was included the right of exclusive jurisdiction. The some rights were also granted to bishops and abbots, and they were thus enabled to vindicate their rights even in the King's Courts, so as to exclude the interference of the Royal Judges. The act by which the Lord of Regality enforced his rights in a foreign court was called replegiation. The most remarkable instances of replegiation in our history are those connected with the clan Macduff. Records of other instances are rare, although the practice must have been common enough. Two of the records now exhibited by Mr. Martin, S.S.C., exhibited to some extent the working of the law, showing how the barons who had received their lands with the right of regality rescued not only from the courts of other barons, but from the royal courts, any of their men who happened to be cited into these foreign courts.

Highland Society of London.—On Monday evening, the anniversary festival of the Highland Society took place at the Freemasons' Tavern. About a hundred gentlemen were present, including Mr. J. W. Malcolm, M.P. (who presided); Lord Campbell, Professor Blackie, Dr. Ramsay, Mr Macrae Moir, Dr. Hogg, Mr. R. Hepburn, Mr. Daniel Mackenzie, Admiral Milne, Major Kenneth Macleay, Captain D. Maclean, Viscount Dalrymple, Colonel Macbean, Major Forbes, Mr. C. Gooden, Mr. Seton Ritchie, and Mr. A. Macpherson Campbell. The walls of the banqueting-room were hung round, as usual, with the flags and banners of the various leading Scottish families. The pipers in attendance were more than usually numerous.

Professor Blackie was, during the proceedings, presented with a cheque for fifty guineas, in furtherence of his proposal for the establishment of a Celtic Chair at the Edinburgh University.

Aberdeen University.—The Senatus Academicus of Aberdeen University conferred, on Saturday, the well-earned degree of LL.D. on the Rev. James Joass of Golspie. At the same time the degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie of Urquhart, Dingwall.

Glasgow Skye Association.—The ordinary monthly meeting of this association was held on Friday, the 5th ult., in Dewar's Temperance Hotel, Bridge Street, when the following report was submitted:—"The directors of the Glasgow Skye Association have been enabled to collect (for the Celtic Chair) the sum of £272, 14s. 4d. as per list—Lachlan M'Donald, Esq., of Skeabost, £100; N. M. M'Donald, Esq., of Dunoch, £50; Professor Blackie, Edinburgh, £50; K. Maclellan, Killinvar, £20; J. H. A. Macdonald, Advocate, Edinburgh, £10; A. Nicolson, Canada, £5; Thomas Williamson, Glasgow, £5; John Watson, £5; Charles Macrae, £3, 3s.; W. G. Roy, S.S.C., Edinburgh, £2, 2s.; D. Campbell Black, Glasgow, £2, 2s; John Macqueen, £1, 1s.; J. F. Mackenzie, £1, 1s.; W. F. Shaw, £1, 1s.; C. M. Williamson, £1, 1s.; W. J. Macqueen, £1, 1s.; John M'Kinnon, £1, 1s.; Charles Norman Crichton, £1, 1s.; proceeds of annual gathering, 4th December 1874, £13, 0s. 4d.; total, £272, 14s. 4d." The report concluded by expressing the belief of the directors that a much larger contribution might be expected from natives of Skye. It was stated that future subscriptions would be acknowledged in *The Highlander*.

Glasgow Celtic Society.—The anniversary dinner of the Glasgow Celtic Society took place on the 25th ult. in Macrae's Hotel, Bath Street. Covers were laid for about one hundred gentlemen. Mr. J. W. Malcolm, younger, of Poltalloch, M.P., president of the society, occupied the chair. Captain Dewar and Mr. Neil Sinclair acted as croupiers. Some of the gentlemen were in Highland costume.

The chairman, in an interesting speech, proposed "The Glasgow Celtic Society," stating, as a proof of its prosperity, the fact that they were enabled to vote one hundred guineas towards the foundation of the Celtic chair.

Other toasts followed.

Glasgow Ossianic Society.—The annual dinner of this society took place on the 31st ult. in Macrae's Hotel, Bath Street. The proceedings were conducted in Gaelic. We intend to give the toast list and *menu* in our next number.

—o—

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

GRANT'S
CHURCH ALMANAC

AND

Presbyterian Year-Book,

FOR 1875,

(*FORMERLY "THE FREE CHURCH ALMANAC,"*)

CONTAINING

FULL INFORMATION RESPECTING ALL THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AND ACCURATE LISTS OF

ALL DENOMINATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

"This is out of sight the best of the British Presbyterian Almanacs. Its information is as usual extensive, and as far as we are able to judge accurate. We can assure all our readers who may not happen to know it, that it is well worth perusal."—*The Presbyterian.*

SCOTCH PSALM BOOK,

LARGE TYPE EDITION,

WITH AN INDEX TO FIRST LINE OF EACH STANZA.

Price from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d., according to Style of Binding.

EDINBURGH: DUNCAN GRANT

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

List of Gaelic Churches and Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;

Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;

The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;

Highland Fairs;

Saints' Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

AN GAIDHEAL

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSET

CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail	129	Aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna	140
Mairi nion Deorsa	135	Aonghus nan aoirean	143
Cunntas beag mu thurus do 'n Eadailte	135	Murchadh Mac Bhrian	146
A' Chuthag	139	Eoineachan Dubh	146
Sgialachd na Troidhe	139	Sop as gach seid	147
		Maise Chriosd	149

"Map ȝaċ polup do m' anam pein
Ca pzeula na h-aimpipi a 's paiḃ." Oisean.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL.

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 41.

Proverbs,	129
Mairi Nion Deorsa—*Piobrach*,	135
Short account of a Tour to Italy,	135
The Cuckoo,	139
Homer Translated into Gaelic,	139
A Gaelic lecture,	140
Aonghus nan aoirean,	143
A Highland tale,	146
Eoineachan Dubh,	146
Varieties,	147
Song, with Music,	149

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

The Highlander's Appreciation of Scenery,	151
A Vision of Ossian and the Celtic Chair,	154
Subscriptions for the Celtic Chair,	156
News from the Highlands and Islands,	159

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & CO.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

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

IV. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1875. [41 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

V.—TIR NAM BEANN, NAN GLEANN, 'S NAN GAISGEACH.

BHIODH e 'n a ni dàna, agus, ma dh'fhaodte, ann an iomadh cuideachd, 'n a ni cunnartach a radh, ged nach mor dhaoine tha cho gaolach ri Gaidheil na h-Alba mu'n Daoine 's mu'n Dachaidh fein, gu bheil iad suarach mu'n Duthaich. Cha mho bhiodh e ceart, tha mi meas, co-dhiu gun ni-eigin de mhineachadh, dol a chur suaraichead mu'n Duthaich á leth nan Gaidheal. Cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic a' bheag no mhor de ghiulan a' Ghaidheil an Tìr choigrich, nach faca iomadh comharra follaiseach air a bhaigh r'a Chinneadh, r'a Chanain, 's r'a Dhuthaich. Tha fios againn uile air a' chumhachd tha aig cliu 'us onoir a Dhuthcha 's a Dhaoine thairis air inntinn an t-Saighdeir Ghaidhealaich, a chum a bhi 'g a bhrosnuchadh gu gnìomhan euchdach, airidh air a Thìr 's air a Shinnsearachd. Anns na bailtean mora, gu h-araid o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan, tha gluasad a' Ghaidheil ro chomharraichte. Cha 'n 'eil baile mor, no ach gann baile beag, am Breatunn, anns nach 'eil Comunn Gaidhealach, d'am priomh dhleasdanas a bhi dearbhadh do'n t-saoghal mu'n cuairt doibh, an àm 's an anàm, a rèir beachd morain, gur sluagh sonruichte iadsan, 'n an Eideadh, 'n an Ceol, 'n an Canain, 'n an Cleachduin, 'n an Sinnsearachd, 's 'n an Eachdraidh.

Agus ma leanas sinn na Gaidheil do dhuthchannaibh cein, gheibh sinn dearbhadh nach facas, ma dh'fhaodte, riamh roimhe air speis Sluaigh do'n Tìr a dh'fhag iad. Their Luchd-turuis ma tha toil agad fior Ghaidheal fhaicinn, gu'm feum thu Albainn fhagail, 's imrich a dheanamh do Chanada no do Australia. Tha e air aithris gu'm faighear 'n ar lathane barrachd de'n fhior fhuil Ghaidhealaich, de fhior Chleachduinean, 's de fhior Chainnt nan Gaidheal air raointean Australia 's an coilltean Chanada, na gheibhear an Albainn. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil na Gaidheil an Albainn a' dol an teirc-ead 's an laigead; ach nach mor an t-aobhar gairdeachais, ged tha ar Cinneadh a' crionadh 's an Rioghachd so, gu bheil e neartachadh taobh thall a' Chuain,—nach Bàs ach caochladh Beatha tha'n dàn d'ar Sluagh. 'S ann le smuaintean dubhach, trom, a chuimhnicheas sinn air na miltean 's na deich miltean a dh' fhogair ainneart ás an Tìr fein; ach is ann le aoibhneas mor a leughas sinn no 'chluinneas sinn mar a shoirbhich le'r Luchd-duthcha an Rioghachdan céin, 's gu sonruichte mar tha Tìr an duthchais, fuar 's mar fhuair iadsan i, cho blath 'n an cuimhne. Co'n t-suil nach las, co'n cridhe nach plosg, an uair a dh' innsear gu bheil a' Ghaidhealtachd 's a' Ghaidhlig cho muirneach thairis 's a tha i aig baile; gu bheil am

Fogarrach a' teagasg canain agus deagh chleachduin aithrichean d'a Chloinn; 's gu bheil a' Chlann ag adhlacadh nan Aithrichean ann an Cill a th' air a h-ainmeachadh air a' Chill 's a' bheil an Sinnsearachd 'n an luidhe mu Thuath? "Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach!" Cha 'n 'eil cearn de'n talamh air an do chuir an Gaidheal a chos anns nach cualas an fhuaim; agus cha 'n 'eil àite 's an cualas i, nach do dhuisg i an cridhe a' Ghaidheil na faireachduinean is luachmhoire a bhuineas d'a. Tha do cheann na's airde, 's do cheum na's farumaiche, an uair a chluinneas tu 'n radh air cabhsair a' bhaile mhoir; is tric a neartaich an smuain misneach, 's eadh, agus creideamh an Eilthirich ri am trioblaid 'us deuchainn an Tir chein; agus nach minic a chaidh an Saighdear Gaidhealach le iolaich an coinneamh an Namhaid, le suil na h-inntinn suidhichte air "Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach."

Ach ged tha so uile fior, is eigin aideachadh an uair a rannsuicheas sinn ar Canain, ar Sean-fhocail, ar Bardachd, agus eadhon ar n-Eachdraidh, nach faigh sinn ar Cinneadh a' toirt dearbhadh cho laidir air an gradh d' an Duthaich, 's a dh' earbamaid á Daoine a nochd, air cho liutha doigh, speis cho mor agus gradh cho teth d' an Daoine 's d' an Dachaidh. Tha e comharraichte nach 'eil focal againn 's a Ghaidhlig a fhreagras do'n fhocal Bheurla *Patriotism*, 's do na focail a tha 'n daimh ris. Their sinn "Duthchas" ris a' cheangal tha eadar Duine 's Aithrichean; agus cha 'n ann ris a' cheangal tha eadar Duine 's a Dhuthaich. A ris, cha chleachd sinn "Tireachas" anns an t-seadh so, ged tha 'm Foclair 'g a eadartheangachadh le *Patriotism*. Agus their sinn "Tiorail," no, mar shaileas mi bu choir a radh, "Tireil," ri blaths, tearuinteachd o ghaoith 's o uisge; ag eirigh, tha mi meas, o'n fhein-fhiosrachadh chruaidh a bh'aig ar Daoine air cunnairt Mara 's Monaidh; mar tha gun teagamh "Tir" fein a' ciallachadh, cha 'n e Duthaich, ach Fearann, eadardhealaichte o Fhairge. Theireadh na Sean Daoine "Cha 'n 'eil Duthchas aig Mnaoi no aig Sagart;" agus feudaidh e bhi gur e 's ciall do'n radh, gu'm b'e Duthaich na Mnà Duthaich a Fir, agus gu'm b'e Duthaich an t-Sagairt Duthaich na h-Eaglais—an Saoghal, no "Duthaich is fearr, eadhon Duthaich neamhaidh." Ach 's e mo bharail gur e fior sheadh an t-Sean-fhocail, gu'm b'e dleasdanas na Mnà a Daoine 's a Dachaidh a threigsinn airson Daoine 's Dachaidh a Fir, agus gu'm b'e dleasdanas an t-Sagairt an Saoghal a chur air chùl, a chum e fein a thoirt suas d'a dhreuchd, ge b'e cearn d'an rachadh a ghairm. Tha e gun teagamh fior gu bheil ar Canain easbhuidheach anns na focail a tha cur an ceill ceangal Dhaoine ri'n Duthaich; agus 's e mo bheachd far nach faighear am Focal gur ann ainmig a gheibhear an Smuain.

Is co-ionann sgeul do na Seanfhocail. Tha aon, gun teagamh, a' teagasg an atharraich, ach cha chluinnear ach ainmig e, "Cumhachd do charaid, agus Trailleallachd do namhaid, a Dhuthcha." Cha 'n 'eil an radh a ghabh sinn mar steigh fathast sean, ged tha e siubhlach. Cha 'n fhaighear e am measg nan Sean-fhocal a chlobhualadh 's a' bhliadhna 1785. Anns an Roimh-radh do shaothair Oisein a sgriobh Eobhan MacLachlainn gheibhear "Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nam Breacan;" agus tha mi meas gur ann o'n chainnt so a dh' eirich "Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach." 'S e

theirteadh o shean "Cnuic, 'us Uisg', 'us Ailpeinich;" agus na'm fuilingeadh Sliochd Ailpein dhuinn "Albannaich" a radh an àite "Ailpeinich," theirinn gu'm b'e 'n sean fhocal a bu fhreagarraiche na 'm fear ùr. Ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e 's brigh do'n radh so aosdachd Chlann-Ailpein, agus cha 'n e ceangal nan Gaidheal ri'n Duthaich. 'S ionann teagasg do'n t-sean rann :

> "Cinnidh Scuit saor am fine,
> Mur breug am faistine ;
> Far am faighear an Lia-fail,
> Dlighe flaitheas do ghabhail."

Agus ciod is ciall do'n radh sin a chithear air gach clàr, 's a chluinnear anns gach coinneamh Ghaidhealach, "Clanna nan Gaidheal an guaillibh a cheile," ach so, earail do na fineachan Gaidhealach an sean naimhdeas 's an eas-aonachd a chur a thaobh, 's a cheile sheasamh mar aon Sluagh ri aghaidh Sluaigh, agus cha 'n aun mar Luchd-duthcha airson còir an Duthcha ; cha 'n e "Albainn" no "Gaidhealtachd," ach "Clanna nan Gaidheal." Cha chualas riamh an earail so cho caithreamach 's a chluinnear i 'n ar latha fein. Is fuaim thaitneach i gun teagamh do'n chluais agus do'n chridhe. Ach gheibhear aobhar broin 's a ghairdeachas ; oir cha 'n urrainnear a dhichuimhneachadh cho feumail 's a tha 'n earail, agus cho liutha uair 's a bha "Clanna nan Gaidheal," cha 'n ann an guaillibh ach an amhaicean a cheile.

Cha 'n fhaighear dearbhadh is laidire air gradh Sluaigh d'an Duthaich na gheibhear 'n am Bardachd. Gheibh sinn Bardachd cuid de Rioghachdan air a lionadh le spiorad gaisgeil, eudmhor airson urram an Duthcha os cionn cuid eile ; agus gheibh sinn an rian so ann am Bardachd na h-aon Duthcha na's comharraichte an aon linn, na gheibhear e an linn eile. Is comharradh soilleir an comhnuidh a' Bhardachd air a' mheas a bha aig Luchd-aiteachaidh na Tire air an Duthaich ; oir anns a cheum so gu sonruichte feudar a radh gur iad na Baird teangadh an t-Sluaigh. A réir mo bheachd cha 'n 'eil faireachduin cho luachmhor do Shluagh ri cliu an Duthcha ; agus cha 'n 'eil seol air an fhaireachduin a neartachadh cho comasach ri saothair nam Bard. Is sona an Sluagh a tha air am brosnuchadh le fuinn am Bard fein gu bhi seasamh cliu an Duthcha anns gach àm 's anns gach àite. Is an-aoibhinn do na Daoine agus do'n Tir anns nach do sheinn Bard mu dhleasdanas agus mu luach Gradh-duthcha. Ciod an teagasg a gheibh sinn o na Baird Ghaidhealach air a' phuinc so ? Leugh thairis saothair nam Bard is ainmeile tha againn, agus feoraich dhiot fein cia meud d'an rann a tha comasach air smuaintean cothromach a ghintinn 'n a d'inntinn mu thimchioll do Dhuthcha agus do dhleasdanais d'i. A mach o Oisein, agus ma dh' fhaodte os cionn Oisein, 's e Donnachadh Bàn Mac-an-t-saoir agus Mac Mhaighstir Alastair is mò a fhuair de bhuaidh thairis air inntinnean ar Luchd-duthcha a sheinn an Gaidhlig. Cluinneam neach aig a' bheil cliu a Dhuthcha dlù d' a chridhe, ag aideachadh gu'n deachaidh an fhàireachduin luachmhor sin altrum no neartachadh le òrain nam Bard so. Gheibh sinn gun teagamh, am measg moran de ranntachd gun toinisg, greadhnachas 'us aillidheachd na Tire air an cur an ceill am Bardachd oirdheirc. Gheibh sinn ar Canain, ar Ceol, 's ar Cleachduin air am moladh airson buaidhean a tha dligheach dhoibh, agus airson iomadh buaidh nach 'eil. Ach c' aite a' bheil e air a sparradh oirnn gur e ar dleasdanas, agus gu'm bu

choir gu'm b'e ar miann, cliu ar Duthcha a bhi luachmhor 'n ar suilean do bhrigh 's gur i ar Duthaich i; 's ar Canain, ar Ceol, 's ar deagh Chleachdnin altrum do bhrigh 's gur iad dileab ar n-Aithrichean dhuinn?

Agus ma thiunndas sinn o bhardachd gu eachdraidh nan daoine so, ciod an dearbhadh a gheibh sinn air a' chumhachd a bha aig Gradhduthcha thairis air am beachdan no air an gluasad? Cha robh, o chionn mile bliadhna, àm an Eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd anns an robh a leithid de chothrom aig Bard air a ghradh d'a Dhuthaich 's d'a Chinneadh a dhearbhadh, ris an àm anns an do shaothraich an dithis dhaoine so. Ach ciod am feum a rinn iad do'n chothrom? Tha Donnachadh Ban a' cogadh leis na Deorsachan; ach tha a chridhe leis na Stiubhartaich. Thainig aimsir an dearbhaidh, anns an robh daoine an 'n da-rireadh ma bha iad riamh ann; ach ciod e gluasad Dhonnachaidh? Chaidh e do'n arm dhearg airson duais. Aig an Eaglais-bhric theich e, 's chaill e 'chlaidheamh; b'eigin a' choire chur air a' chlaidheamh. 'S ann le toiliinntinn a dh' innseas e gu'n do chaill a thaobh fein an latha:

"Bha ratreut air luchd na Beurla,
'S ann doibh fein a b'eigin teicheadh."

Gun teagamh cha robh Donnachadh Bàn ach òg 's an àm so; ach c'aite am faighear 'n a bheatha fhada, no 'n a iomadh rann, dearbhadh air gaol dealasach, durachdach, teth a' Bhaird d'a Dhuthaich no do fhior leas a Dhuthcha?

Bu duine eile Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. Duine misneachail, treun, 'n a chorp, 's 'n a inntinn; agus fior Bhard. Duine a thug suas uile chridhe, uile neart, agus uile inntinn do Thearlach Stiubhart, co-dhiu rè tamuill. Duine a thoilleas urram agus meas airson nam feartan cuirp agus inntinn a bhuilicheadh air; agus, ann an tomhas co-dhiu, airson na buil gus an do chuir e iad. Ach cha b'e aobhar a Dhuthcha a dhuisg misneach an t-Saighdeir, no 'las anam a' Bhaird.

"Leanaidh mi cho dlù ri d' shailtean,
'S a ni bairneach ri sgeir-mhara."

'S e sailtean Thearlaich, 's cha b'e sailtean Albainn a leanadh am Bard cho dlù. Duine do-thuigsinn air iomadh doigh; le buaidhean nach buineadh do mhoran—suil gheur, chas cheolmhor, cuimhne laidir, eolas farsuing; ach le aignidhean borb; 's le nadur cho salach ris na ronnan tombaca a bha 'n comhnuidh a' sruthadh o bheul. Seimnidh e duanag cho binn 's a chaidh a sheinn riamh an Gaidhlig; ann am maise 'Chruthachaidh gheibh e toilinntinn nach fairich neach ach am Bard a mhain; cluinnear "Fuaim 'us farum a' bhlair" anns gach sreath de "Mholadh an Leoghainn:" ach ciod e dheth sin? Ma thig an neach is diblidh no is suaraiche tarsuinn air, fagar maise na Banaraich; cha 'n 'eil sùil air aillidheachd Allt-an-t-Siucair; theid eadhon aobhar Thearlaich Stiubhart a chur a thaobh; airson gach neimh, 'us puinnsean, 'us sailche, a thilgeadh air an deoraidh thruagh a ghabh de dhanachd air fein a shuil a thogail, an uair a bha 'choimlisg iongantach so de Chlann Domhnuill "a' gabhail an rathaid mhoir, olc air mhaith le cach e."

Agus ma 's e so cliu nan crann ùra, ciod a theirear mu'n chrionaich? 'S e mo bheachd gu'm feudar a radh nach dearbh a' Bhardachd Ghaidhealach, seachad air Bardachd Oisein, gur pobull sinne aig an robh mor ghradh d'ar Duthaich, anns an t-seadh is airde 's is freagarraiche airson cliu Sluaigh a sheasamh fa chomhair an

t-Saoghail. Agus ciod e teagasg ar n-Eachdraidh? Tha dà aimsir gu sonruichte 'n ar n-Eachdraidh, ris an scall sinn air ais le h-uaill, mar dhearbhadh air ar treuntas 's air ar n-aonachd;—'s e sin mar a sheas ar n-Aithrichean cho gaisgeil an aghaidh nan Romanach, agus, iomadh ceud bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin, air taobh nan Stiubhartach. Choisinn ar Sinnsearan cliu maireannach d' ar Cinneadh airson misnich, gaisge, 's dilseachd anns na h-àmannan sin; agus rinn Seanachaidhean 'us Baird, Ghallda 'us Ghaidhealach, lan cheartas d'ar sluagh anns na cùiscan sin. Ach cha mhor de chuig-ceud-deug bliadhna a tha 'n dà aimsir sin a' comhdach; agus nach 'eil e fior gur ann roinnte 's nach ann aonte 'bu trice bha na Gaidheil rè a chorr d'ar n-Eachdraidh? Agus eadhon am measg nam Fineachan a dh' eirich le Tearlach Stiubhart, nach faigh sinn, taobh ri gaisge air nach d' thugadh barr, 's ri dilseachd nach facas a samhuil, iomadh comharra "air a' pheacadh a bha gu furasda 'g iadhadh mu'r sluagh,"—eas-aonachd? Nach b'e riamh cleachduin nan Gaidheal a h-uile fear a bhi deanamh dha fein? Agus is mor mo churam nach do rainig sinn fathasd mar shluagh air an fhirinn, gur ann air bunait na h-Aonachd a mhain a thogar aitreibh na Morachd. Gu deimhinn bu tigh roinnte 'n a aghaidh fein tigh a' Ghaidheil an Albainn; agus cha 'n e 'n t-aobhar ioghnaidh gu'n do thuit e, ach gu'n d'fhan e cho fada 'n a sheasamh.

"Cluinneamaid brigh na chaidh a radh uile." Thug na Gaidheil dearbhadh laidir rè an Eachdraidh air an speis d'an Daoine fein 's d' an Dachaidh fein; agus 'n ar latha-ne chi sinn iomadh comharra soilleir air an speis d'an Duthaich 's d'an Cinneadh. Ach o chionn mile bliadhna cha 'n fhaigh sinn Gradhduthcha air a nochdadh am measg ar Daoine, mar a chithear anns na Rioghachdan a ghleidh aite-toisich an Eachdraidh an t-Saoghail. Feudaidh e bhi gu'm b'e ar Crannchur a shonruich ar Cleachduin anns a cheum so; feudaidh e bhi gu'm b 'e ar Cleachduin a shonruich ar Crannchur. Tha e fior gu'n d'thug ar Sinnsearachd dearbhadh air Misneach 'us Dilseachd airidh inbhe a b'airde na shealbhaich iad. Ach bha'n Dilseachd an comhnuidh do Dhaoine, 's cha b'ann do Chuis; d'an Dachaidh, 's cha b'ann d'an Duthaich. Cha d'eirich iad 'n an iarrtuis os cionn Cuis 'us Coir am Fine fein. Chaill iad mar so an aon smuain is luachmhoire 's is cumhachdaiche air thalamh air son cliu Sluaigh ardachadh,—'s e sin beachd cothromach air an dleasdanas d' an Duthaich fein mar an Duthaich, agus d'an Sluagh fein mar an Sluagh. Is tric a b'e aobhar a' Chinn-chinnidh euceart, foirneart air Fine eile; agus ged bhiodh 'aobhar ceart cha bhiodh e buan, oir,

"Mar reul ruiteach rè an laoich,
Is gearr ge h-aoibhinn a' dhearrsadh;"

ach tha aobhar do Dhuthcha ceart an comhnuidh, agus tha 'cliu, o linn gu linn, 'n a dhleasdanas soluimte do'n Luchd-aiteachaidh.

Ann an eachdraidh an t-Saoghail tha e fior nach e neart no misneach a mhain a choisneas cliu maireannach do Shluagh, ach beachd cudthromach air an dleasdanas d'an Duthaich, agus aonachd 'us eud airson a cliu a chur am farsuingeachd. Ciod eile rinn Duthaich bheag na Gréig 'n a Ceann-iuil do'n t-sean Shaoghal, 's na h-eisempleir do na Rioghachdan gus an là diugh? Chiosnaich na Romanaich an Saoghal, ach ciamar? Leis gach Romanach iunnsachadh o oige gu bhi cumail suas cliu a Dhuthcha anns gach ceum d'a

bheatha, agus leis an leasan a' sparradh cho teann, 's nach robh Romanach, rè an Eachdraidh urramaich, a muigh no aig baile, cia air bith a dhreuchd no inbhe, nach robh air a lionadh le cud air son a Dhuthcha 's a Shluaigh. Ciod a thug comas do Rioghachd bheag Albainn dùlan a thoirt rè iomadh ceud bliadhna do fheachd cumhachdach Shasuinn, 's a Coir 's a Creidimh a ghleidheadh saor; ciod, ach beachd cudthromach an t-Sluaigh air an dleasdanas sholuimte a chuireadh orra mar Rioghachd na sochairean luachmhor a fhuair iad o'n Aithrichean a thiodhlacadh d'an Cloinn? Ciod a dh'ardaich cliu Shasuinn am measg nan Rioghachdan? Tha gun teagamh an Tir torach, 's tha cothrom na Mara aice; ach ciod e 'm feart a ghlac an cothrom, 's a dh' uisnich cho maith e. Gheibh thu an fhreagairt am beul Nelson aig Trafalgar: "'Se earbsa Shasuinn gu'n dean gach fear a dhleasdanas."

Anns a cheum so bha teagasg nan Gaidheal easbhuidheach. A mach o Oisein, cha'n 'eil Bard Gaidhealach againn aig an robh beachd dligheach air dleasdanas Dhaoine d'an Duthaich. Cha robh Bard againn ach esan a sheall air ais, mu'n cuairt d'a, 's air thoiseach air; 's a theagaisg nach b'e crioch do dhleasdanais, mar Ghaidheal, an Saoghal a ghabhail mu d'cheann, 's d'fhortan a dheanadh, ach gu'n robh fiachan trom agad ri dhioladh do d'ghinealach fein, do na ginealaich a chaidh thairis, 's dhoibhsan a thig a'd dheigh:

"Cia as tha sruthan na bha ann?
C'uin a thaomas an t-àm tha falbh?
C'ait' an ceil aimsir a da cheann?
An ceathach tha mall, 's nach gann,
A taobh ballach le gniomh nan seod."

O chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna tha 'n Gaidheal, mar gu'm b'ann, a' dol roimh 'n t-Saoghal an coinneamh a chùil. Tha e tighinn beo air an àm a dh'fhalbh; mar bha Mac Cruimein, 'n a aois 's 'n a laige, cluich air a' bhata nam port a chluich e, 'n a oige 's 'n a threise, air a' phiob. Ach cha bheathaichear cliu Sluaigh air an lòn so an comhnuidh. Ma 's e 'n giomach e, ged tha shuilean eadar a dhà spòig, cha 'n 'eil iad a ghnath 'n a dheigh. "Cuimhnich air na Daoine o'n d' thainig thu,"—ro cheart agus ro fhreagarrach; ach cho ceart agus cho feumail, "Cuimhnich air na Daoine a thig ad dheigh." Is ann a mhain an uair a gheibh thu greim teann air smuain Oisein, 's a sheallas tu ort fein mar aon de na tinneachan tha deanamh suas Slabhraidh Eachdraidh do Shluaigh, a dh'fhaircheas tu gur e do phriomh dhleasdanas do bheatha orduchadh, air dhoigh 's nach bi coimhliontachd na Slabhraidh air a bhriseadh, no a neart air a lagachadh le do dheanadas-sa. Bheir an smuain maise agus morachd do d' ghluasad;—cuiridh i misneach 's a' Ghealtaire; ni i Treubhach de'n Troich. Cha'n 'eil 's a' Ghaidhlig ainm againn airson a leithid so de dhuine; agus is duilich nach 'eil. 'S an àm a dh'fhalbh, cha'n amhairceadh ar n-Aithrichean fada an aghaidh spreidh a' Ghoill iomain do na beanntan; ach cha ghoideadh iad focal d'a chainnt. Thug an ginealach a chaidh thairis *Patron* thar Galldachd, ach dh'fhag iad *Patriot* a muigh. Nach faod sinn gun toibheum, a radh: "Bu choir dhoibh sud a dheanamh, agus gun so fhagail gun deanamh." Tha mi meas gu'm buidhneadh ar Sluagh ann an cliu, barrachd na chailleadh ar Canain ann am maise, na 'n abairteadh á so suas,

"TIR NAM BEANN, NAN GLEANN, 'S NAM PATRIOT."

D. M.'K.

MAIRI NION DEORSA.

(PIOBAIREACHD.)

O ciad mile fàilte,
Do Mhàiri nion Deòrsa.
Fal-al dir-al diro,
Fal-al diro,
Dal dal riro.
Gu'm b' ait leam bhi Ràmh riut,
A Mhàiri nion Deòrsa.
Fal-al, &c.
Tha guth do chinn,
Taitneach leinn,
'S ait leam fhìn beò thu.
Gur suairc' thu na sòlas,
'S tu tha binn ceòlmhor.
Caismeachd bhuat,
B' ait le m' chluais,
'S leat gach buaidh òrgain ;
Gu'm beil mi gle chinnteach,
Gu'm b' inntinn leinn pòg bhuat.

'N àm éirigh 's a' mhadainn,
Gu'm b' ait leam bhi 'd éisdeachd.
Fal-al, &c.
Le d' bhéus a's le d' *threble*,
Gur sgiobalt an gléus thu
Fal-al, &c.
O, sid i suas,
Ri mo chluais,
I gu buaidh-léumnach.
Air *chuntar* 's air *thenor*,
'S gle shunntach le chéil' iad.
I gun mhann, i gun srann,
I gun cham-ghléusadh.
Gu'm beil mi gle chinnteach,
Gur *music* a shéinnt' leath.

Gur grinn i 's gur grìdeil,
A' chéile th' aig Deòrsa.
Fal-al, &c.
Cha dianadh i streup ris
Mu éud nam ban òga.
Fal-al, &c.
'S grinn do mheur,
'S binn do bheul,
'S math thig beus mòr leat.
Gu'm b' ait leam am chòir thu,
Gabhail *music* a's crònain.
Bean chaol, donn,
'S finealt fonn,
Anns gach pong eòlais ;
Gu'm b' fhearr leam na gini,
Gu'm bithinn riut còrdte.

Gur mòr tha de m' chùran,
'N ad chùl buidh, glan, bòidheach.
Fal-al, &c.
Gur bagant 's gur mùint' thu,
'N àm rùsgaidh ad sheòmar
Fal-al, &c.

Com geal, donn,
'S finealt fonn,
Urlar lom, còmhnard.
Cha laidhheadh trom bhròn ort,
Thogteadh leat sòlas
Téud caol, lag,
Méur gun stad,
'S i gu ceart, ceòlmhor.
Gur binn' thu 'g ad luaidh rium,
Na chuachag 's an smeòrach.

Gur binn' thu 'g ad luaidh rium,
Na cuachag na géige.
Fal-al, &c.
Cha'n 'eil thu cho costail,
'S gu'n tochair mi fhein thu.
Fal-al, &c.
Cha laidh fuachd
Air a snuagh,
Ri là fuar funntainn,
Ged a bhiodh i slor rùisgte.
Math ad fhiamh,
Tlachd ad ghnìomh,
'S tu tha fìor chùirteil.
'S mairg chi thu 'g ad sheòladh
Ann an crògan an umaidh.

Ma chaidh tu air chuairt bhuainn,
'S anu a suas do Chinntàile,
Fal-al, &c.
Bidh mise slor-ghuidhe,
Thu thighinn ad shlàinte.
Fal-al, &c.
Ma chaidh tu suas
Seachad bhuainn,
Do 'n Taobh-tuath 'n dràsta,
Bidh mise gle chràiteach,
'S nach cluinn mi do mhànran ;
Mo chrìdh' trom,
'S e gun fhonn,
'S mi gun sùrd slàinte ;
Tha mise ad dheaghaidh.
Gun mhire, gun mhànran.

———o———

CUNNTAS BEAG MU THURUS DO 'N EADAILTE.

I.

SAOILIDH mi nach eil duine beò, a fhuair a bheag no mhòr de ionnsachadh, nach do dh' fhairich dùrachd làidir amharc le shùilean fhéin air tri gu h- àraid de shean chaithrichean an t- saoghail. 'S e sin ri 'ràdh, IERUSALEM, "aoibhneas na talmhainn" a bha, sòlas nan naomh, àite-breith na Criosdachd ; an

AITHNE, sùil na Gréig, màthair eolais agus ealantais na Roinn-Eorpa; agus an ROIMH, sean dachaidh na fine bu ghlice 's bu treasa 'chunnaic an saoghal riamh, gus na dh' éirich Breatunn!

Cha'n 'eil mòran duil agam Beinn Shioin fhaicinn gu bràth, agus 's dòcha, mur a faic, gu 'm bi sin cho math; oir is tric iad ag ràdh, a chunnaic i, gur cianail an sealladh, —creideamh an fhàidh bhréige, agus aineolas nan Turcach, air an suidheachadh gu h-uaibhreach air a' chnoc naomh bho'n deach' a mach solus agus dòchas na cruinne. Airson na h-Aithne, cha d'thug mi dùil dh' i fhathasd; agus 's ann leam bu mhath a' chathair àrd ud fhaicinn, far an cualas bho shean guth tréubhach DHEMOSTENEIS, ceannard nam fear-labhairt, agus na liosan taitneach air bruachan an *Ilissus*, anns am b' àbhaist do PHLATO agus ARISTOTEL, cinn-fheadhna a' Ghlioc-ais, an deisciobuil a theagasg anns an Fheallsanachd dhomhain bhrighoir a dh'fhàg iad mar dhilib aig a' chinne-dhaonna!

An da bhaile-mhòr sin cha 'n fhaca mi fhathasd, ach an treas aon, ban-righ an domhain fad iomadh linn, cathair-mheadhonach na talmhainn, eadhon aig an la an diugh, ann an sùilean cuid mhòr de phobull na Criosdaidheachd,—an ROIMH, chunnaic mi mu dheireadh, 'a s' t-fhoghar so 'chaidh, a' coimhlionadh aon de aislingean m' òige.

Tha romham cunntas athghearr a thoirt air mo thurus, ag ainmeachadh nan seallaidhean sònruicht' a chunnaic mi air an t-slighe.

Chaidh mi thairis am bàta-smùid bho Dover gu Ostend, baile-puirt ann am Belgium, agus bu taitneach leam àileadh na mara, an deigh sgios an turuis-oidhche air an rathad-iaruinn eadar Albainn agus Sasunn. 'N uair a theid mi air an aiseag ud, 's a chi mi cho faisg 's tha oirthir na Fraing air cladach Bhreatuinn, tha 'n smuain an còmhnaidh ag eiridh, cia mòr an t- atharrachadh a rinn an caolas ud air eachdraidh an t-saoghail! Feudar a radh, gur h-i 'challaid-mhara ud eadar sinn agus an Fhraing, an gàradh-crich is féumail air aghaidh na talmhainn. Chaidil mi 'n oidhche sin ann an Cologne, aon do bhailtean-mòr Phrussia, far am bheil cathair-easbuig cho ainmeil 's a th' anns an Roinn-Eorpa. Tha còrr is cuig ceud bliadhna bho na thòisicheadh air a togail, 's tha iad ag obair oirre fhathasd. Ach 's fhad o 'n bha i deiseil airson aoraidh, 's cha b 'e sin a h-uile deisealachd. Cha robh mi riamh an taobh a' s' tigh eaglais a thug cho mòr do m' chuimhne briathran an t-sailm chaithreamaich, "Togaibh suas bhur cinn, a ghleatacha, agus bithibh air bhur togail suas, a dhorsa siorruidh, agus thig Righ na glòire steach!"

Uaith so chaidh mi suas turus latha air amhainn mhòir na Gearmailt, an *Ithine*. Tha 'n turus so ainmeil airson boidh'chead an t-seallaidh air bruachan na h-aimhne fad an t-siubhail. Air gach taobh tha na bruachan còmhdaichte le coilltean 's le fion-liosan torach, 's air mullach gach creige chi thu sean chaisteal, a bha 'n a àite-tàimh bho chionn fada aig fear dhe na *baroin* uaibhreach fhiadhaich a chum an tir uile fo chis, a' riaghladh an t-sluaigh bhochd le slait iaruinn. B' iad sud na daoine gun iochd, gun mhodh; ach dh'dfhalbh iad, taing do 'n Adh, 's tha 'chuid mhòr dhe 'n caisteil a' crionadh gu duslach. Is mòr an t-saothair a tha's a' cur a mach air àrach nam fionan anns na h-àiteachan ud. Tha cus dhe na liosan air an togail a measg bhruachan cho cas 's cho creagach 's gur fheudar an ùir a chumail suas le

ballaichean beaga, eagal i ruith leis a' bhruthach. Shaoileadh tu nach b' fhiach e 'n t-saothair a bhi stri ri àiteachadh an leithid de fhearann, ach tha fios ni 's fhearr aig an fheadhainn do'm buin e. Dh'aindeoin taincad na h-ùrach, tha ghrian ro fhàbharach, agus tha cus dhe 'n fhion is grinne tha tighinn as an dùthaich ud bho thoradh nan ionadan cas cruaidh a tha seallduinn cho mi-choltach.

Bho 'n Ghearmailt thug mi 'n t-astar gu *Switzerland*, far am bheil a' chuid mhòr de na beanntan a 's àirde 's an Eorpa, agus, mar chleachd do mhuinntir nam beann a bhi, sluagh cho tapaidh, cho calma, cho aoidheil, cho gràdhach air am beanntan fhéin, 's cho comasach air an dion, 's a tha air aghaidh an t-saoghail. Cha'n'eil fine ann air an la an diugh ni's fhearr cor, ni 's fhearr riaghladh, ni's fhearr ionnsachadh, na luchd-dùthcha *Uilleam Teil*. Tha 'm fearann mar is tric ann an lamhan na tuatha; cha'n'eil uachdarain mhòr ach ainneamh; agus is e beartas àraid na dùthcha an crodh. Fad an t-sàmhraidh, gu deireadh an fhoghair, tha na buachaillean leis a' spréidh, mar a b' àbhaist a bhi 'n ur glinn fhéin, air àiridhean shuas anns na beanntan, aig àirde mhòir os ceann nam bailtean. Tha e na fhìor chulaidh ioghnaidh do choigreach an cuid bothain dhonn fhiodha fhaicinn cho fada shuas eadar e 's na speuran, gle thric ann an àiteachan cho cas, 's gu'n canadh tu gu robh iad ni bu nadurra airson ghobhar na airson dhaoine. Anns na h' àiridhean ud tha iad a' deanamh cuid mhath dhe 'n chàis is fheàrr a th' ann, seorsa ris an can iad *Gruyere*. 'N uair a ghleidhear gu cùramach e, mairidh e uine mhòr. Bhlais mi crioman a bha còrr is leth-cheud bliadhna dh' aois, agus cha robh dad de choslus crionaidh air, 's cha robh agam 'n a aghaidh ach gu'n robh 'bhlas rudeigin làidir, geur.

Dhe na seallaidhean bu chomharraichte a chunna mi anns an dùthaich bhreagha so tha *Loch Geneva*, no *Loch Leman*, h-aon dhe na lochan is àille air an t-saoghal. Tha e mu 50 mile air fad, agus eadar 5 agus 8 air leud; a cheann uachdrach, far am bheil an amhainn mhòr an *Rhone* a' tighinn a 's tigh, air a chuartachadh le beanntan uamhasach; agus na bruachan air an taobh tuath, fad an t-shiubhail, bho cheann gu ceann, beo le bailtean is clachain, a measg chraobhan is fhionliosan, le sliosan feurach uaine air an cùl, a' ruigheachd suas gu mullach nan cnoc, 's air chul sin a ris na cruachan corrach creagach, ag éiridh gu àirde eadar 5000 agus 10,000 mile troidh os ceann còmhnard na mara. Ach 's e ioghnadh àraidh an loch dath an uisge; cha'n 'eil a choimeas ri fhaicinn, air ghuirme 's air shoillearachd; ann am foclan an Sgriobtuir, tha e "mar na nèamha féin ann an soillse."

Sealladh anabarrach eile 'chunnaic, mi, eas mu 50 troidh air àirde a' tuiteam ann an loch aig ceann uamhaidh 'am broinn beinne. Cha 'n 'eil leus soluis anns an uamh ach na bheirear innte le coinnlean, agus 's ainneamh fuaim a chuala mi ni b' uamhasaich na toirm an uisge a' tighinn a nuas ann an dorchadas na h-uamhaidh. 'S e *Uamh nan Sithichean* ainm an àite neònaich ud.

Bha beanntan mòra ri 'n faicinn anns a h-uile àite, beanntan cho ard 's gu bheil iad geal le sneachd ann an teis-meadhoin an t-samhraidh. Ach fhuair mi ann an aon àite seallaidh cho sònruichte 's nach dichuimhnich mi e ri m' bhèo. Air mullach beinne còrr is 10,000 troidh air àirde, dh' an ainm an *Gorner Grat*, bha mi air mo chuartachadh le crios de bheanntan, anns an do chùnnt mi

fichead mullach eadar 12,000 agus 15,000 troidh air àirde. Tha iad ag radh nach 'eil àite eile annsan Roinn-Eorpa bho 'm faighear leithid de shealladh bheanntan is raointean-sneachd. Dhe na beanntan is ainmeile dhiu sin tha *Monte Rosa, Mischabelhorn, Breithorn, Dent Blanche, Gabelhorn, Rothhorn, Weisshorn.* Ach tha aon bheinn an sud a tha gu h-àraid ainmeil, am *Matterhorn.* Tha i 14,800 troidh air àirde, agus tha i ag éiridh gu h-aonaranach, eadar-dhealaichte bho chàch, 'n a cruaich dhirich chreige, air chumadh geinne. Cha'n fhaca mi fhathasd sealladh cho uamhasach. 'N uair a chi thu na neoil a' snàmh seachad oirre, 's a ceann dubh biorach a' tighinn am fianuis shuas leth na slighe eadar thu 's a' ghrian, saoilidh tu nach buin i do 'n talamh idir, ach gur e h-ann creutair beo eagalach, a' còmhnuidh anns na speuran. Chanadh tu gu'm bu cho coltach cas duine a mullach a ruigheachd 's gu'n ruigteadh air iteig do'n ghealaich. Tha aghaidh na creige a' sealltuinn mòran ni's caise namullach tighe, agus nan sleamhnaicheadh tu air a mullach rachadh thu sios a dh'aon tearnadh còrr is 4000 mile troidh (mu àirde Beinn Nibheis) gun stad! Thachair sin, mu thruaigh, do cheathrar fear, a cheud la a bhuinnigeadh a mullach, an deigh iomadh deuchainn, an sàmhradh 1865. Bha iad ochdnar ann a' direadh, 's ràinig iad a mullach gu tearuinte, le mòr shaothair. 'N uair a thòisich an tearnadh, bha iad uile ceangailte ri chéile, mar tha 'n cleachdadh ann an direadh a measg sneachd is deighe. Thuislich fear dhe'n fheadhainn a bh' air thoiseach, thuit e air a dhruim, agus sguabadh a chompanaich bho'n casan còmhla ris. Spàrr a' cheathrar a bh' air dheireadh am bataichean anns a' chreig, is leig iad an taic orra le 'n uile neart. Bhrist an taod eadar iad is càch, 's chunnaic iad le oillt an ceathrar chompanach a' sleamhnachadh, fear an deigh fir, as an sealladh, thar oire na creig aibheisich! Beagan la an dheigh sin fhuaradh tri dhe na cuirp air an t-sneachd aig bonn na creige, 4000 mile troidh bho'mullach. Cha d' fhuaradh corp a' cheathramh fir (Morair Frang Dubhghlas, Albannach òg eireachdail) riamh.

Is iad na beanntan mòra so a' chrioch eadar *Switzerland* agus an Eadailt. Dhe na bealaichean eatorra cha'n 'eil gin ni's ainmeil na Bealach *Shimploin.* Troimh 'n bhealach so rinn Buonapart Mòr a cheud rathad eadar an da dhùthaich, aig costus anabarrach. Cha b' e leas a chocreutairean a bha 'n a aire-san idir, ach comas armailt is uidheam chogaidh a ghiulan thairis air na beanntan, gus an Eadailt a chumail fo smachd. Cha robh ceisd aige, fhad 's a bha 'n obair a' dol air aghart, ach "Cuin a thèid na *canoin* a null thar an *t-Simploin?*" Ach ged nach robh 'n a inntinn-san ach a ghlòir fhéin, agus glòir na Fraing, bha 'n obair feumail do 'n t-saoghal, agus cha'n 'eil rathad mòr'san Roinn-Eorpa is clìùtaich dhoibhsan a rinn e na rathad an *t-Simploin.* Tha 'n ceum is àirde dheth 6600 troidh os ceann na mara; cha'n 'eil cunntas air co meud lùb is car a th'ann; 's airson dhrochaidean, tha iad 'n an ceudan! Tha e direadh bhruthaichean cas, os ceann choireachan is aimhnean tha uamhasach ann an doimhneachd, troimh choilltean mòralach ginthais, far an cluinn thu gàir nan casan fothad, agus air uairean toirm nan leumslneachd (*avalanches*) os do cheann.

Air an rathad so chaidh mi thairis do 'n Eadailt, agus dhe na seallaidhean a chunnaic mi cha b'e an *Simplon* bu shuarraiche!

'N uair a ràinig sinn am mullach, mu 8 uairean 's a' mhaduinn, ged a bha sinn eadar 5 agus 6 uairean a' direadh, chunnaic sinn am baile a dh' fhàg sinn 's an dorcha, *Brieg*, fhathasd fodh-ainn, a' sealltainn cho teann oirnn 's gu'n saoileadh tu gu'n ruigeadh peilear á musgaid e! Eadar an ceann sin dhe 'n rathad ann an *Switzerland*, agus *Duomo d' Ossola* 's an Eadailt, cha'n 'eil ach astar 39 mile, ach 's e 9 uairean an iùne 's lugha a ghabhas an *diligence*, le ceithir eich laidir, ris, *i.e.*, beagan ni 's fhearr no 4 mile 's an uair. Ach 's ann a bha an sealladh greadhnach os ceann a' ghlinne far am bheil am baile sin a' luidheadh. Bha 'n sin comhthional do bheanntan glòrmhor, còmhdaichte le sneachd (*Jungfrau, Eiger, Aletschhorn, &c.*), rughadh àigh na maidne a' boillsgeadh air gach cruaich, agus fodha sin an ceathach bàn a' seòladh gu ciùin, 's a' taomadh sios 'n a thuinn eadar na mullaichean 's an gleann. Sin sealladh nach tréig mo chuimhne gu bràth, sealladh mar gu 'm b'eadh de bheanntan Neimh!

Ach feumar stad an so, aig mullach an diridh.

ALASDAIR MAC NEACAIL.

———o———

A' CHUTHAG.

THIG fochunn, thig féur,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Bidh bainn' aig an spréidh,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Theid am minnein do 'n bheinn,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Bristidh duilleach nan géug,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Goiridh 'n ianlaith gu léir,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Theid an t-earrach fo ghéill,
Mu 'n goir a' chuthag.

'S a' Bhealltainn bhuig, shèamh,
Gu'n goir a' chuthag.

'S théid mise 'Loch-Tréig,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE

Air a tionndadh bho 'n Ghreugais gu Gailig Abraich,

LE EOBHAN MACLACHAINN.

V. DUAN

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

CHA bhan-dia ise gu gleus,
Mar Phallas is beusach sgiath,
Cha bhaobh-sgrios nan torunn cruaidh,
Ni dearg chàrn de stuaidh nan cliar,
Cha'n eol d'i mùiseag nan treun
An cath-chreuchd cha d' iarr i buaidh.
B' annsa blàr seasgair a' ghaoil,
'S an coisnear gun chaonnaig buaidh.
Bhrist esan romh neart an t-slòigh,
Fo fhraoch mòr le sleagh nan ruinn;
Thug purradh gu Venus òir,
Romh 'n bhrat sgàil bu bhoidhche loinn.
Stroic e le throm ghath gu dàn',
Falluinn neo-bhàsmhor nan speur,
A dh' fhigh na tri chiadan àigh
Le obair a b' àillidh gréis.
Dhochainn e bhan-dia mu'n ghlaic,
'S an làimh mhìn bu shneachd-gheal tuar:
Bhrnchd an leann soilleir le 'lian,
Fuil neamhaidh nan dia bith-bhuan.
Chìt' an deargan craobhach, luath,
A' taosgadh a nuas bho'n bheum,
An sruth gun truailleadh, gun ghrùid,
Nach sil bith d' an dlùth an t-eug:
Cruithneachd daonda cha b' e 'n lòn,
Fion-buairidh cha 'n òl na de;
Bhrigh sin cha d'fhàs gaoid 's an t-slògh,
Ach mairidh iad beò gach ré.
Theich a' bhan-dia le fann-sgiamh,
Thuit a mac a sìos air lar;
Sgaoil Appollo dall-cheo donn,
'S ghleidh e 'n sonn bho lot a' bhàis.
Mhosgail Diomed le éubh àrd,
'S thilg air Venus àluinn spìd:—
Teich, a bhan-dia, teich gun dàil,
'S olc thig blàr ri làimh gun chlith.
Thoir ort a mhealladh bhan òg,
'S ghiullan gòrach le gloir bhaoth;
Na faicear a chaoidh nan cian,
'S ogluich romh ainm gnìomh nan laoch.
Theich ise fo iomrall-céill',
Dorran cleibh a's pein' 'g a càdh:
Ghrad-thuirling Iris nam braon,
'S stiuir, a thaobh, i mach bho'n bhlàr.
Chuir guin an loit e gu pràmh,
'S a chruth àluinn chaill a shnuagh,
Fhuair i Màrs fuilteach nan euchd,
Mu 'n làimh chìl bho streup an t-sluaigh.
Faisg air bha na srann-eich luath,
'S an t-sleagh uaibhreach am bad ceò;
Ghlac ise 'brathair air ghlun,
'S dh' iarr cruibh-eich nan srian òir.
Grìosaim ort a bhràthair fhéil,
Deònaich coinghioll de steud luath,

'S gu'n ruiginn Olimpus àrd,
Comhnaidh ghràidh nan dia bith-bhuan.
Faic mar fhuair mi leon gu searbh,
Bho neach talmhaidh d' an dual eug,
Greugach tha cho dán 's an strith,
'S nach seachnadh e righ nan speur.
Labhair i 's thug Mars 'n a coir
Na steudan a b' òrbhuidh srian ;
Shuidh i 'n carbad bu ghlan lìth,
Deoir le 'suil 's a crìdh' fo phian.
Làmh rith' shuidh Iris nam braon,
'S an t-srian luachmhor 'n a caoin dhorn ;
Bhuail i 's chaidh na h-eich 'n an leum.
Ràinig iad talla nan dia,
Beinn Olimpuis nan ciar cheann ;
Stad Iris nam bogha tlàth
Na seang-eich a b' àirde srann.
'N uair dh' fhuasgil i 'n carbad grinn ;
Thilg i rompa 'n innlinn bhuan ;
'S dh' imich ban-dia chinin nan gràdh,
Null gu 'màthair fo gheur ghruaim.
Ghabh is' a nighean 'n a glaic,
'S chniadaich i le 'basaibh min ;
Dh' fhiosraich i 's na briathran blàth,
Ciod an cràdh a dh' fhàisg a cridh'.
Co so bhuin riut, ingheau ghaoil,
An dia rinn gu baoth do leòn ?
Fhreagair Venus nan cruth caoin,
'S mar ri 'briathran thaosg na deoir:
Innsim, a mhàthair mo rùin,
Cha dia thug an ionnsuidh bhorb.

———o———

AONACHD A' CHINNE-DHAONNA :

NO, AR CIAD SINNSIREAN—CO IAD ?*

AR Ciad Sinnsirean — co iad ? "Adhamh agus Eubha, gun teagamh," thar leam gu bheil mi cluinntinn aon-eigin ag radh ; "am faca tu riabh, no an cuala tu iomradh air Gaidheal sam bith a chuir briathran soilleir a' Bhiobuil ann an teagamh mu 'n chuis ; an do thachair Gaidheal riabh ort a bha a' cur an ag gu 'm b' e Adhamh priomh-athair a' chinne-dhaonna gu leir ? Nach 'eil e air innseadh dhuinn ann an cainnt so-thuigsinn agus nach gabh cur a thaobh, gu 'm b' e Adhamh a' chiad duine ; gu 'm b' i Eubha a bhean ; 's gu 'n d' thugadh so mar ainm oirre a chionn gu 'm b' i 'Mathair nan uile bheo'?" Cha 'n 'eil fhios agamsa an do thachair riabh orm Gaidheal nach robh a' toirt lan gheill do theagasg nan Sgriobtur, no 'bha air chor sam bith amharusach am b' e Adhamh a b' athair do 'n chinne-daonna gu h-iomlan ; ach is duine gun chluasan, gun suilean, am fear 'n ar latha-ne nach 'eil a' cluinntinn 's a' faicinn gu bheil iad ann moran theallsanach agus dhaoine foghluimte a tha 'cumail a mach agus a' deanamh an dichill a dhearbhadh dhuinn nach ann idir mar tha sinn a' cleachd-ainn a bhi 'creidsinn a thachair cuisean—nach 'eil sinn ri lan chreid-eas a thoirt do na leughas sinn ged a b' ann 's an Sgriobtur fein a leughamaid e. Tha moran eile ann, agus, ged tha iad ag aideachadh gu 'm buin gach duine, dubh agus geal, dearg agus donn, do 'n aon ghineal, agus gu 'm b' e Adhamh a b' athair dhaibh gu leir, air a shon so uile, bidh iad a' deanamh dìmeas agus taire air an co-chreutairean borba, agus a' gnathachadh gu neo-iomchuidh muinntir a dh' fhaodas a bhi air dheireadh orra fein ann an eolas, no theagamh a reir am beachd-an uaibhreach-san, ann an dreach agus ann an coltas. Bidh iad ag radh umpa mar thuirt Donnachadh Ban mu 'n Tailleir,—

"Ma 's ann de shliochd Adhamh thu,
Cha choltach ri càch thu."

Ma chi sinn m' an sguir sinn gu bheil muinntir a bhios mar so a' mighnathachadh an co-dhaoine, ceart gu leoir ann an aideachadh gu 'm buin an cinne-daonna gu leir do 'n aon fhreumh, gu bheil iad fada am mearachd 'n an cleachdadh ; ged nach dean sinn ach an teachd-gearr agus an dleasnas a chomharrachadh dhaibh cha bhiar saothair gu buileach ann an diomhanas.

* A Gaelic lecture delivered under the auspices of the Glasgow Gaelic Mission. This circumstance accounts for any special references in the present or subsequent instalments.

A bharr air colas a bhi againn air Dia agus air a thoil, cha 'n 'eil cuspair ann is freagarraiche dhuinn, no colas is buannachdmhoire agus is taitniche, na eolas air ar co-dhaoine air feadh an t-saoghail. Co dhiubh a bheachdaicheas sinn air an duine a thaobh dealbh agus deanamh a chuirp—buaidhean 'inntinn—a chor spioradail—an daimh anns am bheil e a' seasamh ri a cho-dhaoine—an daimh mar an ceudna anns am bheil e a' co-sheasamh do na h-ainmhidhean agus na creutairean gun reusan, gun tuigse a tha fo 'churam—na caochlaidhean coltais agus gnè, araon ann an cumadh, ann an dath, agus ann an suidheachadh - inntinn a' chinne-dhaonna; ge b' eairbith doigh anns am beachdaich sinn air an duine, chi sinn gur cuspair e a tha gu h-àraidh airidh air ar n-aire, agus a gheobh sinn lan foghluim agus buannachd. An da chuid ann an dealbh ar cuirp agus ann an suidheachadh ar n-inntinn, is fior mar thuirt an Salmadair d' ar taobh,—"Is uamhasach, iongantach a dhealbhadh sinn!"

Tha an cugsamhlachd neo-chriochnach a chi sinn ann an oibrichean a' Chruithfhir gu h-iomlan, a' cheart cho comharraichte r' am faicinn air a' chinne-daonna; faodaidh sinn a radh, gun eagal àicheidh, nach faighear am measg nam miltean 's nam muilleanan sluaigh a tha ag àiteachadh an domhain uile, dà dhuine a tha gu buileach coltach r' a cheile. Tha daoine agus fineachan fa leth cho eadar-dhealaichte bho cheile ann am meud agus deanamh am pearsa, ann an dath an craicinn, ann am beusan, ann am cainnt, agus ann am buaidhean-inntinn, 's gu 'm feum gu 'n robh e 'n a ioghnadh ro mhor dhaibhsan a bha 'beachdachadh air a' chùis anns na linntean a chaidh seachad—oir cha 'n 'eil an uine ro fhada o 'n thoisich daoine foghluimte air an aire a stiuradh air mhodh sonraichte a dh-ionnsaidh na cùise, agus a dh' oidhirpich iad air mineachadh a thoirt duinn mu phriomhaobharan an eadar-dhealachaidh a tha ri 'fhaicinn air feadh nam fineachan fa leth a tha deanamh suas sluagh mor an domhain.

Cha 'n 'eil muinntir ann is toighiche agus is teoma na na Gaidheil air a bhi 'coimeas dhaoine r'a chéile agus a' lorgachadh a mach a' choltais a tha r' a chomharrachadh am bitheantas eadar clann agus am parantan 's an sinnsearan fad iomadh ginealaich air ais. B' abhaist do na seana Ghaidheil — agus tha cuid diubh math air fhathast — gu 'n rachadh aca air sloinntcireachd a cheile 'aithris air a h-ais fad mhoran ghinealach. Chluinneadh duine iomadh uair rann aca air a leithid so, — "Donull, mac Iain, mhic Alasdair, mhic Dhonuill, mhic Eobhain, mhic Iain-duibh, mhic Iain, mhic Ailein," 's mar sin air aghaidh; agus nach minic a gheobh sinn gus an latha 'n diugh daoine air an ainmeachadh rud-eigin mar so,—"Tearlach Dhonnachaidh Thearlaich," no "Cailein Iain Mhic Ailein." Cha b' urrainnear barr a thoirt air na seana Ghaidheil ann an aithneachadh cloinne air *achd* na dream a chaidh romhpa; am fear aig nach biodh "suilean dubha a shinn-seanamhathar," bhiodh aige "falt a sheanathar," no "sron chrom muinntir nan gleann" d' am buineadh a mhathair. Uime sin, agus do bhrigh gu bheil an rannsachadh agus an t-eolas ann fein taitneach agus buannachdmhor do gach duine a leagas 'inntinn ris, mheas mi nach biodh e mi-fhreagarrach do Ghaidheil mar tha sinne ann gu 'n seallamaid, cha 'n ann air teaghlach an duine so, no air sliochd an fhir so eile, ach air teaghlach mor an domhain uile; gu 'n rannsaicheamaid agus gu 'n

lorgaicheamaid fheuch am bheil de choltas aig na fineachan fa leth ri cheile—a dh-aindeoin cho neo-cholt-ach 's a tha iad—'s a bheir barrantas dhuinn a cho-dhunadh gur h-e a tha anns a' chinne-daonna gu leir, sliochd aon duine, agus gur braithrean agus peathraichean sluagh an t-saoghail gu h-iomlan; no air an laimh eile, am feum sinn 'aideachadh gu bheil eadar-dhealachadh cho mor agus cho do-réiteachadh eadar cuid a dh-fhineachan 's nach 'eil dol ás againn bho bhi 'striochdadh do bharail na muinntir sin a tha 'teagasg gu 'n do chruthaicheadh air tùs tuilleadh 's aon duine, agus gu 'n robh Adhamh dha fein aig gach gineal mor anns am faodteadh an cinne-daonna a roinn—priomh-athair dubh, no geal, no gris-fhionn, a reir mar tha dath, a's cruth, a's nadur an t-sliochd a thainig uaith?

Tha beachd agam air seann sgeul-achd a b' abhaist a bhi 'g a h-aithris ann an cuid a chearnan d' an Ghaidhealtachd mu dha bhrathair a thog orra air an aon latha, 's a dh' fhag tigh an athar, 's a thug an saoghal mu 'n cluasan, a dh' fheuch-ainn cia mar shoirbhicheadh leo. Chaidh fear dhiubh aon rathad agus am fear eile rathad eile. An deigh daibh a bhi uine mhor air falbh, agus iad le cheile air beairteas a dheanamh, tha e coltach gu 'n do bhuail e an ceann an da bhrathar aig an aon am gu 'n tilleadh iad air an ais d' an duthaich fein a rithist; thog iad orra le 'n sliochd 's le 'n cuid spreidh; agus a reir na h-eachdraidh, bha deich fir fhichead de shliochd aig gach fear dhiubh. Ge b' e ciod am fortan no am mi-fhortan a bha 'g an stiuireadh, thachair an da bhuidheann air a cheile ann an gleann aig bun cnuic ris an abrar, ma 's math mo bheachd, Sliabh-an-tuim, ann an Craignis. Bha ghrian air dol fodha agus am feasgar air claonadh air a leithid de dhoigh 's ma chunnaic an da sheann duine a cheile nach d' aithnich an darna brathair am brathair eile. Shuidh an dà chuideachd a leigeil an sgios agus a ghabhail greim bidh—sliochd an darna fir crioman beag a suas am bruthach, agus cach aig iochdar a' ghlinne. Tha e coltach gu 'n do thilg fear de 'n fheadhain a bha gu h-ard rud-eigin a nuas orrasan a bha gu h-iosal, aon chuid d'a dheoin no gun fhios, no gu 'n d'thug e aobhar faoin air chor-eigin daibh a smaoineachadh gu 'n robh iad a' deanamh tair orra, agus ciod a bha air no dheth ach gu 'n d' eirich na feara; ruisg iad an claidheamhan 's am badaibh a cheile ghabh iad "gun fhios co bu Chalum." Is e bu deir-eadh do 'n chomhstri nach d' fhagadh duine beo de na bha 'n sin ach an da sheann duine. An uair a chunn-aic iad an sgrios a rinneadh am measg an cuid cloinne, mheas iad gu 'n robh an t-am sgur; shuidh iad air cnocan agus thoisich iad air feoraich mu eachdraidh cach a cheile, an uair, ciod a b' iongantaiche leo 'fhaicinn na gu 'm b'iadsan an da bhrathair a dhealaich bho chionn uine cho fhada. Ma bha seorsa toileachaidh aca a cheile 'choinn-eachadh, bha mulad gu leoir orra bhi faiciun an leir-sgrios a thug an gòraich 's am braisead air an tri fichead oigeir a bha 'n au laidhe gun chlì aig an casan. Riabh uaith sin theirear "Sliochd au tri-fichead burraidh" ris an fhine ghaidhealach a tha 'giulan an aon ainme riutha—na 'n innsinn co iad cha 'n 'eil fhios a'm nach cuirinn miothlachd air Cloinn-Chalum! Tha mi an dochas nach bi sinne a' toirt oirnn fein a' cheart ditidh ris an da bhrathair so agus an sliochd, le bhi a mi-ghnath-achadh ar co-dhaoine 's a' deanamh tair agus foirneart orrasan a dh' fheudas a bhi eadar-dhealaichte

uainn ann an aogas, no air dheireadh oirnn ann am foghlum—a' dichuimhneachadh, theagamh gur braithrean iad fein agus sinne; sliochd an aon duine.

Tha an t-eadar-phosadh agus am measgachadh gun chrich a gheobh sinn feadh theaghlaichean agus feadh threubhan an t-saoghail 'g a fhagail 'n a nì ro-dheacair agus ro-dhuilich an cinne-daonna a roinn 'n an earrannan eadar-dhealaichte, agus cearcal a chur m' an cuart air gach buidhinn dinbh a tha gu soilleir a' taisbeanadh chomharan aon chuid 'n an cuirp no 'n an inntinnean a tha 'g an cur air leth bho mhuinntir eile; uime sin tha dealachadh barail nach beag am measg dhaoine foghluimte iad fein mu co mheud buidheann anns am faodteadh sluagh an domhain a roinn. Their cuid gu 'm bu choir an roinn a reir nan duthchannan fa leth a tha iad ag àiteachadh; their muinntir eile nach biodh an seol roinn so aon chuid freagarrach no cothromach, agus gur ann a bu choir an roinn a reir nan comharan sonraichte a gheobhar orra fein, 's cha 'n ann a reir gàraidhnean-criche nan duthchannan 's nan eileanan anns am bheil iad a chomhnuidh. Is i an doigh roinn a tha a nis gu h-àraidh air gabhail rithe am measg dhaoine foghluimte, an doigh sin a tha a' sgoltadh a' chinne-daonna 'n a choig earrannan, a reir dath a' chraicinn agus nan sùl—gnè an fhuilt—dealbh na gnuise—agus gu sonraichte cumadh a' chlaiginn. Is iad ainmean nan coig buidhnean anns an do roinneadh an cinne-daonna mar so,—na *Caucasianaich*, na *Mongolianaich*, na h-*Americanaich*, na h-*Etiopianaich*, agus na *Malayanaich*. Bho 'n is e dath a' chraicinn comharradh is so-fhaicinn duinne, dh' fhaodamaid a radh gu coitchionn gu bheil an craiceann aig na Caucasianaich, *geal;* na Mongolianaich, *buidhe;* na h-Americanaich, *dearg;* na h-Etiopianaich, *dubh;* agus na Malayanaich, *donn.* Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam co dhiubh a chi sinn gu bheil an sean-fhacal a bha aig ar sinnsirean fìor mu shluagh an t-saoghail ach cha mhinic a gheobhar cearr iad; agus, ged theagamh a dh' *eignicheas* sinn an sean-fhacal a thaobh a fhreagarrachd ris na roinnean fa leth a rinn sinn air luchd-àiteachaidh an t-saoghail, cha 'n 'eil suil sam bith agam gu 'm *breugnaich* sinn e a thaobh dhaoine fa leth 'n ar measg fein. Is e an sean-fhacal a tha mi a' ciallachadh am fear sin a tha ag radh,—

"Bidh fear dubh dàna,
'S fear bàn, bleideil;
Fear donn, dualach,
'S fear ruadh, sgeigeil."

IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

———o———

AONGHUS NAN AOIREAN.*

FEAR GHLINN-LIOBHANN.

Ma 's tu Dunnachadh ruadh na fóile,
Is fhad a bheir mi fhain ort cliù;
Na 'n tionndadh ar dà chùl ri chéile,
'S mi tha gun léine 's cha tu.

An uair a chuala Dunnachadh ruadh so, tilgear dh'e a léine 's thugar dha i, an sin thuir Aonghus?—

Molaim O'Neil 'n a theach,
'S gach aon neach 'n a ionad fhéin;
Ach cha choimeasaim duine 'n t-sluagh,
Ri Dunnachadh ruadh ach e fhéin.

ALASTAIR NAN CLEAS.

Gheabhteadh sid an tigh-na Ceapaich,
As an leth-chart,
Fichead breacag stòil,
Agus còrr, agus còrr.

* "'Angus nan aoirean' possessed an estate in Ireland, which was forfeited in Queen Elizabeth's reign. This change in his circumstances soured his temper, and made him commence bard, or rather lampooner. He never afterwards was known to have said good of any person, except the laird of Glenylon."—*M'Nicol's MSS.*

Claidheamh meirgeach an làimh gach seirgnich,
Dol an seilbh droch ghleòis.
Is dubh an ghùinean, 's geal an sùilean,
A' ghort gu 'n dhuin am beòil.
Shuidheadh iad air tom-buidhe na Rian-àich,
Sheinneadh iad port biurnalais :
Riongam, rongam Fear Bhoth-Fhionn-tain

MAC-DHUGHAILL NA GALLANAICH.

Ge math a' Ghallanach fhein,
Ge lionar a feur 's a gart,
Cha robh aon duin' innte riabh
Dhùraigeadh am biadh dh' a mhac.

MAC-LEOID.

Mac-Leoid gun leum, gun rotach ;
A sheoid air cliar gur ceilteach ;
Is tric a shùil ri siltich,
An cripleach, gann, cruaidh, gortach.

(*Freagairt Mhic-Leoid*)

Friamh thu 'n fhèarna mhosgain,
Am bàrd bréun ascaoin,
Sìol nan déirceach 's taine trusgan
Am flor-losgunn de'n àl-phrasgain.

MAC-NEILL BHARRAIDH.

Tigh Mhic-Neill air nach gabhteadh foill,
Gun damh-sraoine agus trì druill,
Còmhla mhath dhaingean chraun,
Geinn agus gille ri 'druim.

FEAR EHAIL'-EACHAINN.

Gheabhteadh am Bail'-Eachainn so shìos,
Leann tana gun bhrigh, gun bhlas ;
Im air a ghlanadh le spàin,
'S càise 'n déis a naire thoirt as.

EARRAGHAIDHEAL.

Earraghaidheal loisgeach, lom,
Tir nan daoine gortach, gann ;
Teine fiodhraich ri dà cheann,
Mu'n teid mi rithist a null.

DUNSTAINNIS.

Bheireadh fithich, ghearra, dhubha 'n dùin,
Mionach mo dha shùl a mach.

CREAG AN-TAIRBH.

Tiobartaich am baile gann,
'S Carnasairidh nam beannan fuar ;
Ceathrar bhodach Chreag-an-tairbh,
Guma liutha mairbh no bèo.

GLEANNA-COMHANN.

Gleann gun chaisteal, gun tùr,
Gun fhasdail, gun tulaich ghuirm :
Gleann ris 'n do chuir pailteas cùl,
Amar m—n an D—l mhoir.

BAINTIGHEARNA MHIC-MHIC IAIN.

Chumnacas 'n a suidhe an cathair àird chais,
Nead na h- iolaire dùbh-ghlais',
Rionnach de mhnaoi fhiadhaich àird,
Gun de bhiadh na bheathaicheadh aon bhàrd.

DUTHAICH CHLANNDONUILL.

Ceann loch-nan-namh',
'S ceann loch-Cathronn,
'S ceann loch-Ailleart nan clach liath ;
'S mairg a bheireadh a lòn air aiunis
Anns an ròd nior bheannaich Dia.

MAC-DHUGHAILL DHUN-OLLA.

Dùn a's éidheann air éudann,—
Dùn gun fhéile, gun onair ;
'N uair theid mi rithist do Dhùn-Olla,
Bidh mo bhiadh air mo dhronnaig.

Am beil Tighearna Chill-duinn aig baile,—
Am fear a theireadh *'steek the door?*
Mile mollachd na cléire,
Chur as da fhein 's do Dhùn-Olla.

B' fhearr leam gu'm bitheadh Dun-Olla,
Air a phronnadh le ord-cèardaich :
A's caisteal nan gasil (!) an toiseach,
'N a chlosaich os cionn Chearnburg.

GLEANN-FAOCHAIN.

Tigh Mhic-Dhunnachaidh Ghlinn-Faochain,
'S tigh a' bharain taobh ri taobh ;
Sgrios Dhia air na gearra-ghobaich,
Dh' fhàs gu gann, cruaidh, gortach, daor.
Chaidh mi dh' iarraidh, 's cha b'i chòir,
Fialachd 's a' chill eucoraich ;
Fhad 's a bhios Dia 'n a Theach,
Na iarr biadh air Faochanach.

LATHURN.

Lathurna cabhanach, cnocadach, fraochach,
Lathurna farmadach, gortach, 's e craosach ;
Chaillear de 'n ghorta gach posta g' an taobh e,
Bhrist iad a casan aig ceann Lecha-Faoch-ain.

AIRD-NAM-MURCHAN.

Dùn àluinn a' bhidh bhig,
Aig an Uaineartach mhór bhreimneach ;
Caisteal mu'n ganntairich deoch,
Anns an eilein aig Sir Siadmhor.

GLEANN-NIBHEIS.

Gleann-Nibheis, gleann nan con,
Gleann 's am bi 'n gart anmoch ;
Gleann fada, fiadhaich, fàs,
Aig sluagh bradach a' mhì-ghnàis.
Ma theid thu chill-Ninean suas
Air feadh gleann cruaidh nan clach,
Mar sid a's Peadar a nuas,
Mac-naomh cha'n fhaigheadh ann deoch.

DUNNACHADH DUBH A' CHURRAIC.

Dunnachadh Dubh, an caibheineach
Air an d' fhàs a' bhraing ;
Gur coltach ri boc maoisiich e,
'S currachd gaoisid air a cheann.

TRIATH GHART.

Gheobhteadh sid aig fear Ghart,
Brusgartaich bhidh agus dibhe ;
Ach b'e aon chab-a'-ch-c an domhain,
Mu lothainn chon agus mu sgithinn.

AIRD'-GHOBHAR.

Ma theid thu dh' Aird-Ghobhar a nùll
Na taghail s a' Chùil no 's a' Chill ;
No 'n Ionar-sannda nan creag
'S tha Salchan air bheag bidh.
Aird' Ghobhar 's am bi 'n ganntar,
Dh' ichteadh na gobhair mu'm feannt' iad,
Caillear do 'n ghort air aon tom,
A' bhuidheann is gortaich' pranntar.

MAC-MHIC EOBHAINN 'S MAC-MHIC EACHAINN AIR AN AON SGEIR.

Cha d' thugainn Mac-mhic-Eobhain d'e,
'S dh' fhàgainn Mac-Mhic-Eachainn air.

MAC-CORCADAIL.

Gheobhteadh sid an Creag-an-aonaidh,
Gobhair odhar, bhailgionn, bhreac ;
Ged a gheobhainn sluagh na h-Eorpa,
Leiginn Mac-Corcadail as.
Carson ? chionn nach b' fhiù e bhi ris—
As, as, as, as gu bràch am bramanach !

FEAR AIRD-CHONGHLAIS.

An uair a chuala an duine uasal so mu' n éisg a thaghail aige, chuir e fios air 's thug e cliabh fhaochag dha, agus dealg gu 'n ithe leithe.

'S caol ur sgionan ri àm longaidh,
Rùisg ur bidh, cha'n ith na coin ;
'S fada mo dha shùil siar 'g a sheamadh,
Mu'n bhiadh nach cuis dhianadh dhomh.
Bho' n nach 'eil biatachd ad theach,
Eoin Riabhaich Mhic-Cailein,
Lamh dh' iomairt nan arm clis ;
Is beag is misde làmh na féile,
Mise chantainn nam breug ris.

MAC MHIC EOBHAIN.

Ràinig mi geata 'n tigh-mhòir,
Teaghlach lom air bheagan bidh ;
Thachair orm an gille crom—
Sileadh ronn le bhlad a sios.
Dh' fharraid e gu fiadhaich borb,
Cia 'n taobh thàinig thu oirnn do'n tir ?
Cha 'n 'eil Mac-Mhic-Eobhain ach bochd,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu a nochd mir bidh.
E fhein mar fhaoilinn air sgrial,
'S a bhean mar phitheid air gàradh ;
'S fhèarr coiteir aig Mac-Mhic-Iain,
Na tighearnas Chinn-Ghèarrloch.

Dh' fhalbh a mhac turus agus cuirear deise-Ghàidhealach air prasgan Eirionnach, an dùil gu'n d' thugadh e chreidsinn air Aonghus gu'm bu Ghàidhil iad ; ach thuirt Aonghus :—

'S fhad an caomh bho fhearaibh Alba,
An Eirinn a rugadh iad,
Na gearra-bhalaich bho'n bhord Shlignich
Cha'n Albannaich idir iad.

A BHRIATHRAN DEIREANNACH.

Ciad b—— fo Shìol Adhaimh uile,
Gun dearmad air aon duine ;
Na'n tugainn duine idir 'as,
B'e Siosalach fial Shrath-Ghlais,
Cha mhath 's cha'n olc !

—o—

MURCHADH MAC BHRIAN.

AN sin do ghabhadar léineag shithe, shèimh shròil de 'n t-sìoda bhuidhe bho 'n deilg ghréist' an teaunta ri gheal-chneas. Do iathas mu 'n léineig ud an coitein caomha, cuanta, ceos-bhlàth, baobha, cros-mhor, comharraichte, suainmhor, srol-dearg, sìoda air uachdar na h-òr-léineige sin. Do iathas mu 'n choitein sin an sgabull fighe fiondeirgin, orchum, cèarnach, cainnleireach, farsuinn, caomhghorm, clach corragham, air a chòmhdach clach-coramhogaill, fuaim cneas da chudrom, air taobh an treun sgabuill, is eadh, mu'n chlettaobh uchd agus aon-bhreth. Do iathas mu 'n sgabull sin an lùireach shithe, threun, amlach, thorunn, ghléusta, gharbh, ghabhalach, fhada, aotrom, uileannach, fharsainn, leoghar Lochlunnach, gun fhèantas, gun fhòtus, gun fheabhas-fhòtus, air uachdar an treun sgabuill sin.

Do iathas mu 'n lùirich sin dà chrios amlach, an òr litir, daingeann, duillich deagh-mhaiseach, suamhain, clàr-leathann an aogasg samhuilte don amhailte, ballach breac-chlàr buadh, air a chomhdach gu cèard-

amhuil de chlacha buadhacha breac mhaiseach, as a' chath-chrios chouchdach, gu dion cneas a chathmhilidh as na cathaibh créuchdmhor.

Anns a' chrios sin do chuirteadh a chlaidheamh clais-leathan, coshùnteach, fior chruaidh, sgaiteach, gorm sholuis baobha, béum-chèarnach, bleitheach, uasal, an t- ealtchlaidheamh, aluinn, òrlitreach, de'n ghoineachd ghlan, ghorm-sholuis, nuadh, àluinn, aon dòrnuist. Orthruaill 'g a uime-dhìdinn, air taobh cli an treun-chuiridh an aghaidh na h-iorrghaill 's gach iorrghail 'g a iomain.

Air sin do ghabhar dh' i sgiath dhonn dhualach, aon dualach da ghnàlainn dha thaobh sleagh chudrom, chòrr-fharsainn, le siamain òir 's le fairistìbh airgid. An sin do ghabhar a chath-bharra chudromach, chneas-bhuadhach, chlach codaidh do 'm bu cho-ainn clogaid anns an t-seana Ghàilig.

An sin do dh-uidheamaicheadh each dha do 'm b' ainm Gorm-steud, gasda, gnìomh-ealamh, mìn farasda falt-leoghar, uaibhreach, foillseach, iombathach, toiniceach, tos-luath, torrunn-mhor muingeach, meanmnach, mòr-chridheach, sùilghorm, seang-àrd, seòcail, fallain, feòlmhor, faidreach, an eangasg orshrian, sitirbhlar, do mharcaicheadh trid nam ballaichean cho math 's a mharcaicheadh e machair mhìn, sgiamhach!

———o———

EOINEACHAN DUBH.

Bha duine de mhuinntir Ghlinn-Seile—Alastair mac Gillechriost a b' ainm dha—agus phòs e té a bhuineadh do Theaghlach Mhic-Mhic-Alastair ris an abradh iad 'Mairghread nighean Iain ruaidh." Bha aig a' chàraid so seachdnar mhac agus aon nighean, agus, ma 's fhìor, is ann bho 'n t-seachdnar so a thàinig an drèam sin de Chloim Mhic-Rath ris an abrar "Clann Alastair." B' iad ainmeannan dithis de na mic so "Eoineachan Dubh," agus "Dunnachadh Mor." Cha robh an Eoineachan ach duine beag, ach bha nadur ro chrosta ann; agus bha Dunnachadh 'n a cheatharnach mor foghainteach, tapaidh—cho tapaidh 's nach robh a leithid eadar da chloich na dùthcha.

Mar dhearbhadh air a thapachd, faodaidh mi innseadh 's an dol seachad, gu 'm beil clach ann an Achadh-nan-gart, an Gleann-Seile, ris an abrar "Clach-a'-chlamhain"—clach nach togadh coignear dhaoine. A' chlach so thug Dunnachadh mor a bhàn air a ghàirdein á càrn a tha os a cionn, a thuilleadh air a bhreacan agus a ghunna, agus chuir e an ursainn geat i ann an dig.

Bhiodh aig an am ud na Sàilich a' dol a Bhrathainn a phaidheadh a' mhàil do Mhac-Coinnich; agus bha e mar chleachdadh aig Mac-Coinnich a bhi toirt dinnearach comhla ris fhein do 'n chuid bu bheairtiche de na tuathanaich. Bha Eoineachan air an fheadhain bu mhurraiche dhiubh, agus turus a chaidh e phàidheadh a mhàil thug e leis á Cinntàile mulchag chàise fo 'achlais. Bha fhios aige gu 'n rachadh e thun a' bhùird; agus, ma ta, an uair a shuidh iad aig am biadh, a h-uile onoir a gheobhadh Eoineachan, 's an uair a thaitneadh rud sa bith ris air leth, bheireadh e pòg do 'n mhulchaig a bh' aige fo 'achlais.

Dh' fhaighnich Mac-Coinnich dh' e ciod a bha e dianamh mar sid. Thuirt Eoineachan gu'n robh e 'toirt urraim do 'n mhulchaig—gur h-i thug an sid e—gu'n robh ceatharnach a mach nach robh ann an àite riabh nach gleidheadh e ball-airm dha fhein. Dh' iarr an sin Mac-Coinnich air an luchd-fhrithealaidh rùm àraidh

a réiteachadh, agus gun ni fhàgail ann air an cuireadh duine a làmh, los nach biodh dòigh aig a' cheatharnach a bha mach air ball-airm fhaotainn da fhein mar a thuirt Eoineachan.

Thugadh an sin a stigh do 'n rùm fhalamh so na daoine bha mach, "Agus," arsa Mac-Coinnich, "C' è nis, Eoineachain, an ceatharnach nach robh an àite riabh anns nach fhaigheadh e ball-airm dha fhein?"

"Sid e," ars' Eoineachain 's e tomhadh a' chorraige ri Dunnachadh mor.

"An ann mar so a thà," arsa Dunnachadh mór, 's e sealltainn ceithir-thimchioll da. Thug e 'n sin an aire do mhial-chu a bha 'n cois Mhic-Coinnich, agus cha 'n fhaca e ni a b' iomchuidhe na breith air dha chois-deiridh air, 's a tharrainn bho chùl a chluaise agus Mac-Coinnich a bhualadh leis an cùl nan easgaidean, air chor 's gu 'n do thuit e air an ùrlar. Thachair mar so mar thuirt Eoineachan, gu 'n d' fhuair Dunnachadh mor ball-airm dha fhein.

Chaidh Dunnachadh a mharbhadh là Sliabh-an-t-siorra.

BAN-SAILEACH.

———o———

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Gug-gùg, ars' a' chuthag, latha buidhe Bealltainn.

Bi gu geimnidh moch-eirgheach 's ant-samhradh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Bi "chailleach" druineach a bha fiachainn ris an fhiar a chumail gun fhàs deireadh earraich chruaidh a thàinig. Tra a dh' fhairtlich oirre, thuirt i:—

Dh' fhàg e thall mi,
Dh' fhàg e bhos mi,
Dh' fhàg e eadar mo dhà bhois mi:
Tilgeam an slachdan am bun na craoibh-cuilinn
Far nach cinn fiar no duilleach.

Bean fhada, chaol, direach, miann Dhònuill amadain.

AN GAD.

Gad geal geamhraidh,
'S gad riabhach samhraidh.

Bean g' a bhuain, dall g' a mheangadh, 's cuiridh g' a shniomh; 's figh an reamhar air a' chaol, ma 's math leat an taod a bhi buan.

AM BUAIN A' GHOID.

Reith a' mhinnein,
'S breith a' mhinnein.

COMHAIRLE 'N T-SEASGANAICH.

Na pos a's t-fhoghar,
'S dian faighidinn 's a' gheamhradh;
Bidh tu cabhagach a's t-earrach,
'S bidh goinne air aran a's t-samhradh.

Thoir bean á ifrinn, 's bheir i rithist ann thu.

"A Pheairtag robach," arsa Mac-Neill, turus a bha e am Peairt, "ma chuir thusa mis' á airgiod, chuir mis' thus' á fion!"

Bha fear ann roimhe so a thug beagan airgid an iasad do'n droighean-donn. Thainig na timeannan cruaidh air an droighean, agus le miad na muirichinn, cha b' urraim da "an fheill a chumail air a latha," agus b' eudar do 'n duine dol a dh-iarraidh an ainfhich. Ràinig e 's fhuair e 'n droighean 's a dha mhac dhiag 's an t-sabhal, agus sùrd aca air bualadh. Bha iad uile cho ro choltach ri chéile 's nach aithnicheadh e an seann fhear; ach, ars esan a chur diachainn air: "Is fhurasda buille an t-seann laoich aithneachadh"—"Bha là dha sin," ars' an seann droighean, 'g a bhrath fhein. Bho so thainig an seanfhacal "Bha là dha sin."

AITE SAN TIGH-OSDA.

Bha ministeir an Glascho, a bha gle dhian an aghaidh an òil, a' teagasg la bho 'n dara caibideil de Lucas, mu bhreith an t-Slànuighear. 'Nuair a ràinig e na focaill ud, "do bhrigh uach robh aite dhoibh 's an tigh-òsda," thubhairt e, "Mo chàirdean, tha mi 'm barail gu bheil an t-àite cho gann Dha-san anns an tigh cheudna an dingh, 's a bha e 'n oidhche 'thainig E dha 'n t-saoghal."

Uair eile, thubhairt a ministeir ceudna gu'n robh feadhain ann cho mi-nàrach 's gu'n deanadh iad uaill 'n an comas gu *dibh a ghiulan*. "B' fhearr," ars esan, "a thigeadh a leithid sin de bhòsd á beul eich fir-togalach."

AM MINISTEIR 'S AM MARCAICH.

Bha sean mhinisteir air la gaillinn a' dol air thurus air muin eich, agus cleòca mòr camlait uime. Air an rathad thachair e

air marcaich spaideil, a' tighinn 'n a choinneamh air muin capuill mheanmnaich, a thug leum ri taobh an rathaid còmh-luath 's a chual' i crathadh a' chleòca mhòir, mar gu 'm b'e seòl toisich luinge anns a' ghaoith. "Marbhaisg ort;" ars am marcaich, "Chuireadh an cleòca ud agad clisgeadh air an Aibhistear! "Ma ta," ars an duine math, "'s e sin direach mo chèaird."

AN T-EILDEIR AGUS NA H-OILEANAICH.

Bha cildeir àraidh anns an àirde-niar, a bha ainmeil air beurradaireachd is deas-chainnt. Chaidh triuir oileanach òg bheadaidh á Glascho a choimhead air, feuch am faigheadh iad beagan spòrs as. 'Nuair a rànig iad faisg air, chuir a cheud fhear fàilt air, "Seadh, Athair, Abrahaim, cia mar tha thu 'n diugh?" "Tha thu cearr," ars an dara fear, "'s e tha 'so Athair Isaac." "H-ud!" ars an treas fear, "tha sibh le chéile 'mearachd, is e tha 'so sean athair Iacob." Sheall a' foirfeach gu geur air an triuir ghillean, 's ars esan, "Tha sibh uile cearr; cha mhi Abraham, no Isaac, no Iacob; ach 's mi Saul, mac Chis, a' sireadh asail athar, agus feuch, fhuair mi tri dhiubh!"

AN T-IARLA 'S AN T-AMADAN.

Bha amadan latha a' gabhail ceum atghearr troimh fhearann Iarla, faisg air a chaisteal, 'n uair a thachair an duine mòr ris. "Till thu!" ars esan, "cha 'n e sin an rathad." "Bheil fhios, agad," ars an t-amadan, "c'àit a bheil mi 'dol." "Cha'n eil agam," ars an t-Iarla. "'S cia mar, tha fios agad, ma ta, nach e so mo rathad?"

ADHAIRCEAN FAD' AIR A CHRODH 'THA FADA UAINN.

Bha Sasunnach aon uair a' tabhairt aithris, a measg cuideachd uasail ann an Inbhirneis, air na h-ioghnaidhean a chunnaic 's a rinn e fhéin anns na h-Innsean, bho'n d' thainig e beagan roimhe sin. Thug e eachdraidh gu h-àraid air na *tigearan* mòr air an do thachair e, ag ràdh gu'n do mharbh e fear a bha còrr is *da fhichead troidh air fad*! Thubhairt fear de na h-uaislean, nach ro teaganh air bith nach robh beathaicheau anabarrach anns na dùthchannan thall, ach gu'n robh mar an ceudna ann an Alba fhéin ainmhidhean nach robh dad air dheireadh orra. Mar eisimpleir, dh'innis e gu'n do ghlacadh *scuit* shuas anu an Gallthaobh, a bha *corr is leth-acair air leud*. Dh'aithnich an Sasunnach gu'm b'ann a' magadh air a bha'n t-Albannach; 's dh' fhàg e 'chuideachd le mòran feirg. Ann an uine ghoirid, chuir e caraid, mar a bha fasan an ama, a thoirt dùlain do'n fhear eile, mur a toireadh e leth-sgeul airson na tàmailt a thug e dha. Fhreagair an t-Albannach gu socair, "Ma ta, ma bheir do charaid beagan throidhean de fhad a *thigear*, chi sinn dé 's urrainn dhuinn a dheanamh mu leud na scait!"

BUAIDH NA PIOBA.

Bha piobair uair a' dol troimh choille mhòir ùdlaidh, 's 'n uair a thainig am feasgar, rinn e suidhe gu greim suipeir itheadh. Is gann a rinn e tòiseachadh, 'n uair a chruinnich treud de mhadaidh-allaidh acrach timchioll air. Gus e fhéin a dhìon, thilg am piobair bochd mir is mir dhe bhiadh do na béisdean, gus mu dheireadh nach robh criomag aige gun ithe; 's a dh'aindeoin sin, 's ann bu teinne dhùthaich na madaidh-alluidh air. Bha e' n imbis dùil a thabhairt dhe 'bheatha, 'n uair thainig smuaintean comharraicht' 'n a cheann. Ghlac e 'phiob, 's thòisich e air seideadh suas. A cheud sgal a leig an dos mòr, de rinn na madaidh-allaidh ach teicheadh 'n an deann, mar gu'n robh iad air beucaich leomhainn a chluintinn! 'N uair a chunnaic Domhnull a' bhuaidh a bh' aig a' phiob, ars esan, "M'anam-sa, na 'm b'fhios dhomh gu'n còrdadh an ceòl cho math ribh, bhithinn air a thoirt dhuibh roimh 'n t-suipeir, 's cha 'n ann air a deigh!"

AN COILEACH AGUS AN SIONNACH.

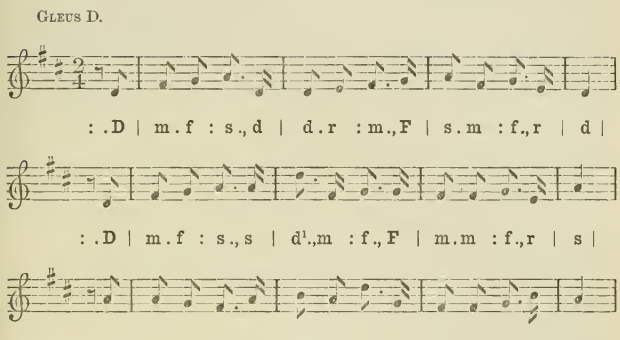
Bha sionnach roimhe so moch madainn shamhraidh ag gabhail an rathaid seach tigh tuathanaich, 's rachar a chas an gòisinn a chaidh a suidheachadh air a shon. Bha coileach òtraich air iris greis bhuaithe, agus chunnaic e mar a thachair. Cha leigeadh an t-eagal leis tighinn faisg air gille-nan-car, ach, le an-amhurus, bha e tialadh, 's ag gòradh g' a ionnsuidh uidhe air n-uidhe. Thug an sionnach an aire dha, 's cuirear fàilte air cho modhail, càirdeil, 's a b' aithne dha: "Fàilt ort, fhir mo chridhe. Nach ann domhsa dh' éirich e air do sgàth. Bha mi 'g ialadh romh 'n challaid ud thall, air mo cheum a' dol dachaidh, an uair a chuala mi do ghogail, agus chuir mi romham taghal agad dh' fhiach ciamar a bha dol dut fhein 's do 'n mhuirichinn, 's tha thu faicinn mar a dh' eirich dhomh. Guidhim ort sgian a thoirt domh a ghearradh na sreinge, no, co dhiùbh, gun dad a ghabhail ort gus an gearrr mi i le m' fhiacaill." Thuig an coileach mar a bha chuis, 's gun ghuth a ghabhail air, thugar 'n a dheann a mhaighistir air agus innsear dha mar a bha. Thug esan leis a bhiodag agus chuir e as do 'n t-sionnach mu'n robh dol as aige.

Seachainn an t-olc, agus seachnaidh an t-olc thu.

MAISE CHRIOSD.

LE IAIN MOIRISON, A BH' ANNS NA HEARADH.

GLEUS D.



THA cliù an t-Slànuighear bhithbhuan
Ri 'sheinn le fuaim a ghnàth,
A thaobh a ghràis, 's a ghràidh d' a shluagh,
Bho 's e 'riun suas an slàint' ;
Cha dean iad tàmh gu bràth dheth 'luaidh,
Ach glòir 's gach uair 'thoirt dhà ;
'S bho thaom e 'ghaol 'n an cridh' le buaidh,
Tha 'n oran nuadh gach tràth.

Bho dh' fhosgail e an sùilean suas,
'Bha dùint' fo dhuathar bàis ;
'S bho nochd e dhaibh e féin 'n a thruas,
Bha 'n ceum gu luath 'n a dhàil ;
Oir nochd e dhaibh fior dhreach a ghruaidh,
Us mais' a shnuaidh le fàilt',
Le 'n d' lean iad e 's gach ceum mu'n cuairt,
Gu dlùth, mar fuaight' ri 'shàil.

Oir 's maisich' e no clann nan daoin'
An àilleachd 's aobhachd snuaidh ;
Tha 'chomunn gràdhach, gràsmhor, naomh,
'Toirt beath' o'n aog a nuadh :
Tha 'ghràdh cho blàth, ro bhàigheil, caoin
'S gu 'n leagh e 'n daor-chridh' cruaidh ;
'S b' e 'n sòlas làn 'bhi 'm pàirt a ghaoil,
'S 'n a ghlacan caomh do-ghluaist'.

Tha e cho geur an léirsinn sùl
'S gu 'm faic e 'n smùirnein meanbh ;
Tha e cho glan 'n a bholadh cùbhr'
'S gu 'n toir e 'ghnùis air falbh
'Nuair 'gheibh e goirteachadh 's an tùis :
Bidh samh gach sgùm leis searbh,
Gu 'n dean e 'n lot gu geur ás ùr,
Gu sgrios gach grùid us searg.

Tha aoibhneas làn, tha gràdh gun tuìs,
Ri 'mhealtainn dlùth fodh 'sgèith ;
Tha beath' us slàint' am fàilt' a ghnùis
Do neach fodh chiùrradh geur ;
Tha 'ghealladh gràis 'toirt blàiths ás ùr
Do 'n chuid 'tha 'n tùrs' fodh chreuchd ;
Ach 's bròn 's is bàs do chàch a chùl,
Nach d' chlaon an sùil 'n a dhéigh.

S e 's sgiamhaich' cas a dh' imaich feur,
Gun lùb 'n a cheum, gun fheall ;
Tha dealradh glan 'n a eudann réidh
Mar dheàrsadh gréin' air bheann.
Tha 'chonaltradh cho bàigheil, sèimh,
'S e 's milse beul us cainnt.
'N àm còmhraig, carraid, strì, no streup,
Cha 'n fhàilnich leum a laimh'.

An cruas a 'ghleachd bha 'thapadh treun ;
Bu sgaiteach beum a lann ;
Fhuair buaidh a' chath mar ghaisgeach gleust',
Le 'chumhachd féin 's gach ball ;
'S 'n a uachdranachd air uaigh 's air eug,
Tha neart nan neamh 'n a laimh.
Le 'eirigh chuir e 'n nànnh fodh stéill ;
Oir lot e 'bhéist 's a cheann.

Tha dreach a phearsa, 's mais' a ghnùis',
Thar cainnt' us ciùil r' a luaidh,
'S e dearg us geal ; 's tha 'anail cùbhr',
Mar ròs fo dhrìùchd 's a' chluain :
Tha 'fhàile glan do 'n anam chiùirt',
Tha 'shealladh sùl làn truais,
Tha 'bhriathran fallain, réidh, làn iùil
'S 'n a 'ghealladh ciùin do 'n truagh.

'Bhi dearg le fuil gu léir mu'n cuairt,
Fodh 'n fheirg throm-bhuailt' a dhòirt
Air còm a' ghràidh 'tha làn de thruas,
Dh' fhàg maiseach snuadh a neòil
Do 'n pheacach leònte fo 'n gheur-ruaig,
'S an ceartas cruaidh 'n a thòir :
'S e sud a sgàil' bho 'n mhallachd bhuan ;
'S 'o 'n teas, 's 'o 'n fhuachd, 's e 'n cleòc'.

'S 'bhi geal le fìreantachd neo-thruaillt',
'S le naomhachd bhuan gun sgleò,
Gun smal, gun spot, gun ghaoid, r'a luaidh,
'S n' is glaine snuadh no 'n t-òr.

'S e sud a 's trusgan rèidh d' a shluagh
A chreid binn fhuaim a sgeòil,
'S a fhuair compàirt 'n a ghràs 's gach buaidh ;
Gu bràth 's e 'n uaill 'chrùn glòir'.

'S e 'n t-Iongantach am measg an t-sluaigh,
'S nan ainglean shuas an glòir ;
'S e 'thug an gràdh an aghaidh fuath,
'Nach fhaodar luaidh le beòil ;
An coslas pheacach 'theachd a nuas
A dh'fhulang truaigh' 's an fheòil ;
'Bhi 'n nàdur duine bhos air chuairt,
'S 'n a naomhachd shuas bith-bheò.

'S e Rìgh nan rìgh gach linn gu bràth,
'Tha 'nis am Pàrras shuas ;
Tha 'naimhdean ceannsaichte fodh 'shàil,
Oir chuir e 'm blàr le buaidh ;
Tha 'cheannardachd a nis cho làn,
Tha neart a ghàirdean buan :
Tha gach uil' iomlanachd a' tàmh
'N *Emanuel* nam buadh.

'S e 'n Tì ro mhòr, *Iehobkah* 'n àigh,
'S mòr inbh' ro àrd r' a luaidh ;
Tha aingl' a ghlòir' le'n ceòl 'n a làth'r,
Ri seinn nan dàn 's binn fuaim ;
'S a còmhdachadh an gnùis le sgàil,
Le dealradh làn a shnuaidh,
'S a tilgeadh sios an crùin gu làr,
'Toirt ùmhlachd dhà gach uair.

Tha còm a ghràidh cho làn de ghaol,
'S e mall gu fraoch no fearg ;
Tha 'iochd 's a ghràs d' a phobull naomh
Am bann, do-sgaoilt' nach searg ;
'S cha sgar gu bithbhuan olc no aog
Aon anam saort' air falbh
Bho chaidreamh blàth a chàirdeis chaoimh,
Ge d' robh 'n droch aon ga 'n sealg.

Tha' bhrollach fiorghlan, siorruidh, làn
De 'n bhainne 's fearr do chlann ;
'S beò-uisge fior bho chliabh a ghràidh
A ruith gun tàmh 'n a dheann ;
Tha 'uchd ion-mhiannaichte cho blàth,
Cho maoth, làn bàigh, 's gach àm—
'S mo mhiann cha riaraichear gu bràth
Gu 'm faigh mi dh' àit' 'bhi ann.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. MAY 1875. No. 41.

THE HIGHLANDER'S APPRECIATION OF SCENERY.

It has been asserted by the justly celebrated historian of Scotland, Dr. John Hill Burton, that Highlanders have shown themselves peculiarly unconscious of the beauty and grandeur of their own scenery. Upon what evidence the learned historian bases his assertion we have not been able to discover; but, coming from a man whose knowledge of the history of Scotland is so profound, and whose judgment respecting the character of the people who made the history of Scotland is valued so highly, the statement, strange as it may appear upon the face of it, deserves examination. In effect Dr. Burton says that we were taught to admire our own scenery by James MacPherson, the translator, or, as he would say, the author, of Ossian. He would not, we presume, assert that the wild and varied scenery which attracts every summer so many sympathetic tourists, and a still greater number of gaping visitors who must perform the task, which has of late become so fashionable, of "doing" the Highlands, has not powerfully affected the moral and intellectual character of the people, as it has unquestionably contributed greatly to their physical development. Dr. Burton means, we presume, that our people may have been "unconsciously modified" by the silent influences of their local environment, but that it was MacPherson who taught them to analyse these modifications, to interpret them, and to trace them to their causes. This is a perfectly reasonable view. But is it the true view? Were Highlanders before MacPherson's time not alive to the beauty of their own land? Or was MacPherson their teacher, if, indeed, they have yet been taught?

Admiration of scenery, so much the rage of late years, is not of old date in South Britain, if we take English literature as the exponent of the national taste. One of the earliest of English travellers in the Highlands, Captain Burt, does not regard "the land of the mountain and the flood" with the eye of the modern tourist. The influence of MacPherson in stimulating the taste and the prejudice of Southrons is admittedly great; but Scott, not MacPherson, was the man who aroused the dormant sympathies of Scotchmen and of Englishmen to the varied beauty of their own land, and especially of the northern portion of it. That MacPherson taught his readers to admire the grandeur of Highland scenery is undoubted; but who were his readers? Not his own countrymen. The English Ossian is, as Dr. Burton says, a work of genius, but Highlanders could not read it. The Gaelic Ossian, which, if we believe Dr. Burton, is, at the best, but meagre prose, was not published till the year 1807, and, alas! Highlanders were not taught to read *it*. Whether they appreciated their scenery in the past, or whether they did not, it is a melancholy fact that

the powerful stimulus of MacPherson's Ossian, whether in Gaelic or in English, never reached them.

Seeing that the learned historian has been mistaken as to our teacher, let us inquire whether any evidence exists of the attitude of our people towards the wild and impressive scenery among which they were reared. The only evidence which we need consider is to be found in our own language and literature. It is indeed true that the quantity of literature which has been preserved to us from the wreck of the past is not great, and it may be admitted that the quality of what remains is not uniformly excellent; but such as it is, it affords the most reliable proof now existing of the manners and customs of our people, and especially of their thoughts and sympathies. Take our language. It was not invented by MacPherson. In wealth of vocabulary it cannot compete with the English language; but it can be safely affirmed that it is peculiarly rich in words descriptive of the varied features of a country. It has been called the language of war; it might, with perhaps even greater justice, be called the language of nature. The English language, with that wonderful gift of appropriation which always characterised it, discovered our wealth in this department, and did not scruple to "convey" a goodly list of words wherewith to describe our "bens" and "glens" and "straths" and "corries." I doubt whether a more numerous class of words found its way from Gaelic to English than that descriptive of scenery.

And if we turn from words to phrases, idioms and figures of speech, we find a still more significant testimony to the very conscious influence which their surroundings exercised over our people. It is commonly said, and with truth, that our language abounds in onomatopoetic words. A large number of these words, as might be expected, are indicative of the action of natural agencies—the roar of cataracts, the roll of billows, or the crash of thunder. No one who knows the language can be ignorant of the almost endless number of words whose derived signification relates to everyday matters, and common-place thoughts and feelings, but whose original meaning points to our towering hills, or winding glens, our dark woods, our stormy seas, and our variable sky. Many of our similes, idioms, and turns of phrase attest, on the part of our ancestors, close observation of nature and sympathy with her grand but mutable features. For proof one has only to read a piece of Gaelic prose or poetry, ancient or modern, *literally* translated into English.

And what evidence upon the question before us can be gathered from the literature existing prior to MacPherson's time? Our proverbs indeed were not published till after MacPherson was born; but no one, not even Dr. Burton, will deny that they existed before his day. These proverbs furnish direct and reliable evidence of many valuable traits of character, manners and customs peculiar to the past of our people; and are always truthful witnesses to the prevalent modes of thought and belief of the time to which they relate. The reader of the "Collection of Proverbs," published by Mackintosh, even in the loose and misleading English in which they are but too often rendered, cannot fail to observe that sympathy with external nature is among the most prominent characteristics of Gaelic proverbs. The

prose and verse literature collected by J. F. Campbell and others, and published by Campbell in "Tales of the West Highlands," and "Leabhar na Feinne," is generally admitted to be genuine remains of the past, while much of it can be directly proved to have existed in manuscript before MacPherson was born. It is usually asserted that there is a marked absence of allusion to scenery in the old ballads, and this contrast to the Ossian of MacPherson has of late been strongly urged as conclusive proof against the genuineness of the latter work. So far as we have been able to discover it is simply not true that the ballads and tales do not show want of sympathy with external nature on the part of their authors. The utmost that can be said is that this feature is not so prominent in them as it is in the Ossian of MacPherson. But we doubt whether the same number of pages culled indiscriminately from English literature before the middle of the eighteenth century, can show an equal number of apt allusions to "mount, and stream, and sea," as the volumes of Gaelic literature published by Campbell.

The most thorough-going of the destructive critics will admit that we have had in the Highlands, for the last 250 years, a succession of lyric poets, a portion of whose works survives. What is the one characteristic which distinguishes modern Gaelic poetry, not merely from English poetry, but from all modern European poetry, of the last and preceding centuries? Those who have read, however cursorily, Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," will give but one answer to this question. All the Gaelic poets, major and minor, sang of the scenery of their own land. The impartial critic may find much to admire, much to censure, in the works of them all; but in the blameworthy as well as in the praiseworthy portion, the one fact which stands out with startling prominence, and which gives a character quite its own to Gaelic poetry, is the ardent, passionate admiration of their scenery which the bards one and all displayed. Among them, doubtless, are to be found men whose talents gave them but a slender title to wide influence or enduring fame, but among them also are to be found men of genuine poetic talent. Four men can be named, all older by a generation than James MacPherson, who for the last 120 years have furnished the greater part of the intellectual nutriment of about one-twelfth of the population of Scotland; and we humbly think that it ought not to be beneath the notice of our national historian to know the names, and even somewhat of the labours, of these men. They are Alexander M'Donald, Dugald Buchanan, Duncan Ban M'Intyre, and Robert (Donn) Mackay. All these were men of genius. The two first were men of culture and wide reading; the two last did not know the alphabet of their own or any other language. M'Donald knew the poets of Greece and Rome; but it was the sublime scenery of Ardnamurchan, Mull, and Morvern which inspired his muse. Buchanan knew the Scriptures as few men did, and admired the descriptions of the Hebrew prophets and poets as only a poet can; but he was more indebted to Perthshire than to Palestine for the magnificent and sublime imagery of the "Day of Judgment." And what of M'Intyre, who knew no books, but whose praise is, through the energy of Professor Blackie, in a fair way of being in all the booksellers, if not in all the churches?

He described, in his light, jaunty style, the hills and dales, the lochs and glens, of Argyllshire, *et pretereu nil*. And of Rob Dom's versatile genius it may be said, that the passion for scenery was equally strong, but not so absorbing as with M'Intyre.

Dr. Burton has brought forward no evidence in support of his assertion; we have seen that all the evidence available, with a force and consistency almost unparalleled, proves exactly the reverse. It is indeed true that the tourist who expects the mail-driver or the gillie to talk of the grandeur of Highland scenery with the fluency of the fashionable sight-seer will be disappointed. With the Highland peasant the scenery of his home has got beyond talk—it has become a matter of feeling, in many cases a matter of deep, passionate sympathy and love. Is it ignorance or prejudice that accounts for this misrepresentation of us?

A VISION OF OSSIAN AND THE CELTIC CHAIR.

RECITED BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES IN THE SENIOR GREEK CLASS.

The Bard of Ben Doran mentioned in the fifth stanza is Duncan Ban MacIntyre of Glenorchy whose monument the traveller notes on the rising ground between Dalmally and Cladich. The "mighty Macdonald" in the same stanza is Alastair Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, whose poem, "The Blessing of the Biorlinn," is deservedly celebrated as one of the finest compositions in the Celtic tongue. Both poets belonged to the '45, and sympathised of course with the Stuart party.—J. S. B.

It was night, and I lay all asleep on my pillow,
Asleep, but fine fancy was quick in my brain;
And I saw an old harp on a withered old willow,
And a thin skinny hand that was tempting the strain.
I looked, and the vision grew bigger and bigger,
Till a body grew out from the seed of the hand,
And before me there stood a tall wintry-white figure,
Majestic and mild like a king in the land,
And he wore round his temples a wreath of white heather,
And his locks, that were scant, fell astray to the wind,
And his brows were like marble unstained by the weather,
And he looked with the blankness of orbs that were blind.

"Son of the Lowlands, I know thee and love thee,
Thou lovest my people and knowest their song;
The Bards that I taught are the Muses that move thee,
And the airs that I breathed make thee lusty and strong.
Oft when in mist of the mountain I floated,
A wraith with the wraiths of the chiefs of my line,
Thy light-footed tread on the heather I noted,
And blithe-throated carol, and marked thee for mine.
Brave son of the Lowlands, now thine be the glory
From moths to redeem the old mouldering tale;
To wake the old notes of Fingalian story,
And the march of great deeds in the speech of the Gael.

"Oft have I wept 'mid the mist of the mountains,
When I looked on the desolate glens of the Gael,
With no sound to the ear but the low-trickling fountains,
And the low-creeping breeze as it sighed through the vale,
And the moan of the tide as it sobbed with its waters
Round the far-stretching base of the sheer-sided Ben;
But I heard not the voice of the sons and the daughters
With the song of their sires that should gladden the glen,
And I heard not the cry of the stout-breasted warriors,
Nor the chaunt of the bard with the soul-thrilling tale;
For a stranger had burst through the strong granite barriers,
And the Saxon was lord in the land of the Gael.

"I weep; but what boots the salt flow of my weeping,
No tears from their exile can win back the men;
I give, friendly Scot, what remains to thy keeping,
The tongue of the Gael that gave soul to the glen;
I give thee the hymn of the mist and the mountain,
The deep-moaning wave and the high-swelling flood,
The red-rushing stream, and the white-sweeping fountain,
The green-shaded dell, and the dark-nodding wood;
I give thee the pipe that in triumph was sounded
When the proud king of Lochlin was rolled in the clay,
And the ode that was chanted to Fingal surrounded
By banqueters flushed with the joy of the fray.

"I give thee the book of the bard of Ben Doran,
As ripe as the autumn, as mild as the May,
His stream of pure kindness in melody pouring
Like birches in sweet summer breezes that sway;
I give thee the book of the mighty Macdonald,
As strong as the mountain, as wild as the storm,
When he gave to the brine the stout bark of Clan Ranald,
And cuffed the rude wave with the big brawny arm.
Go, teach to thy people the speech of the Highlands,
The tongue which in empty conceit they ignore;
And awake to new life in the storm-fronting islands
The strains that shall live while the wave beats the shore.

"And say to my people—love chiefly the beauty
That buds by thy cradle and blooms at thy door;
Nor dream it a pleasure, and praise it a duty,
To prink thee with foreign and far-gathered lore.
On the bank where it grows the meek primrose is fairest,
No bloom like the heather empurples the brae;
And the thought that most deep in thy bosom thou bearest
In the voice of thy fathers leaps forth to the day.
Be true to the speech of the mother that bore thee,
Thy manhood grow strong from the blood of the boy;
Be true to the tongue with which brave men before thee
Took the sting from their grief and gave wings to their joy.

"Say, shame to my people, in lofty Dunedin
The bards of the Ben and the glen are forgot;
While the Greek and the Roman are haughtily treading
The floors of the wise in the land of the Scot.
O, faithless and foolish, who still will be itching
For far-travelled idols to tickle their gaze,
From rags of the foreigner painfully stitching
A wreath of the motley for green laurel bays!

Speak thus to the clans—let the old Celtic fervour,
Relumed from its embers, triumphantly rise ;
Take the Muse of the Bens to thy worship, and serve her
With Greece and with Rome in the schools of the wise."

He ceased ; and the vision grew dimmer and dimmer ;
I looked, and I saw not what face had been there ;
It dropt from my view into night, like the glimmer
Of torch, when it flickers its last in the air.
And I saw but the harp on the old withered willow,
And the thin, skinny finger that tempted the strain ;
And I wept as they weep who bemoan on their pillow
The friend whom they knew and shall know not again
And I vowed to be true to the word he had spoken—
That the Celt should be known in the schools of the wise,
With the Greek and the Roman, through ages unbroken,
Whose fame ever grows, and whose name never dies !

—o—

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CELTIC CHAIR.

The following is the list of subscriptions for the Celtic Chair submitted by Professor Blackie to the General Council of the University of Edinburgh on the 20th of April last. The list appeared in the newspapers of the day, but it appeared to us that the readers of the *Gael* would wish to have a matter of such importance to Highlanders placed in a more permanent form, and we have accordingly printed it in full.

His Grace the Duke of Sutherland	£100	0	0
His Grace the Duke of Argyll	100	0	0
His Grace the Duke of Manchester	25	0	0
The Most Noble the Marquis of Bute	100	0	0
Earl of Rosebery	25	0	0
Earl of Seafield	25	0	0
Lady Maedonald of Armadale, Skye	25	0	0
Lord Macdonald of Armadale, Skye	25	0	0
Sir William Stirling-Maxwell of Keir, Bart., M.P. ...	100	0	0
John Gordon. Esq. of Cluny	100	0	0
—— Scott, Esq. of North Harris	26	5	0
The Lady Ruthven Winton	25	0	0
Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., Gairloch	25	0	0
Sir James Matheson of the Lews, Bart.	50	0	0
The Hon. the Master of Lovat	50	0	0
D. Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch	25	0	0
The Chisholm	100	0	0
The Mackintosh	25	0	0
Trustees of the late Sir J. Colquhoun, Bart. of Luss	10	0	0
Cluny Macpherson	50	0	0
The Celtic Society, Glasgow	105	0	0
The Mackay Clan	£105	0	0
Caledonian Society, London	10	10	0
Dundee Celtic Society ...	25	0	0
The Lord Advocate	25	0	0
Mrs. Cameron Campbell of Monzie	25	0	0
David Smith, Esq., 64 Princes Street, Edinburgh ...	10	10	0
Sir Noel Paton. R.S.A. ...	10	10	0
Waller H. Paton, Esq., R.S.A.	10	10	0
Charles Fraser Mackintosh of Drummond, M.P. ...	100	0	0
G. F. Barbour, Esq., Bonskeid	100	0	0
Lachlan Macdonald, Esq., Skeabost, Skye ...	100	0	0
——Macdonald, Esq., Dunach, Oban	50	0	0
W. Mackinnon, Esq. of Balnakill, Kintyre	100	0	0
J. M. Hall, Esq. of Tangy	100	0	0
Duncan Smith, Esq., St. Vincent Street, Glasgow ...	100	0	0
Duncan Macneill, Esq., 7 Lothbury, London	100	0	0
Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club, Edinburgh ...	50	0	0
The Honourable Lord Neaves	50	0	0
G. Cowan, Esq., Valleyfield	50	0	0
P. Mackinnon, Esq., Rosemount, Campbeltown ...	50	0	0
Peter Denny, Esq., Dumbarton	50	0	0

Manager of Commercial Bank, Edinburgh	£20	0	0
Sheriff Nicolson, Kirkcudbright	25	0	0
Professor Turner	10	10	0
Professor Blackie	50	0	0
Dr. John Muir, LL.D., D.C.L.	25	0	0
Professor Maclagan	25	0	0
John Mackintosh Esq., Calcutta	20	0	0
Mrs. Duncan Morrison of Naughton	10	0	0
Lieut-Colonel G. A. Grant, C.B.	10	0	0
Dr. Warburton Begbie ...	25	0	0
Malcolm Macneill, Esq., Manor Place, Edinburgh ...	10	10	0
R. Macfie, Esq., of Airds ...	50	0	0
R. Macfie, Esq., of Dreghorn	10	10	0
Allan Mackenzie, Esq., younger of Kintail	25	0	0
J. Campbell & Company, Glasgow	50	0	0
Donald Beith, Esq., W.S. Edinburgh	50	0	0
Provost of Dingwall	10	0	0
The Royal Celtic Society, Edinburgh	85	0	0
C. Morrison, Esq., 93 Harley Street, London	100	0	0
The Rev. Donald Macleod, Glasgow	10	0	0
Edward Ellice, Esq., of Invergary	25	0	0
John Mackintosh, Esq., Calcutta	20	0	0
James Hedderwick, Esq., Glasgow	10	0	0
Kenneth Murray, Esq., of Guinneas, Tain	10	0	0
Robert Wyld, Esq., LL.D.,	10	10	0
J. Macdonald, Esq., 7 Lothbury, London	10	0	0
Rev. A. Cameron, Brodick ...	10	0	0
Professor Crum Brown ...	10	10	0
Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart.	10	10	0
J. Carment, Esq., S.S.C. ...	10	0	0
Keith Maclellan, Esq., of Kilninver	25	0	0
Æ. Campbell, Esq., of Auchindarroch	10	0	0
D. Carnegie, Esq., of Stronvar	25	0	0
David Hutcheson, Esq., Glasgow	25	0	0
Evan C. Sutherland Walker, Esq., Bonar	26	5	0
Macleod of Macleod	25	0	0
James Auldjo Jamieson, Esq., W.S.	10	0	0
Proceeds of Skye Gathering, Glasgow	13	0	4
Professor Simpson	10	10	0
Late Rev. Dr. Aitken, Edinr.	£25	0	0
Lord Provost Falshaw, Edinr.	25	0	0
Benjamin Stodart, Montagu Street, London ...	10	10	0
W. R. Macdonald, Esq., Arbroath	21	0	0
J. Fletcher, of Rosehaugh, Liverpool	25	0	0
Dr. Cumming, Edinburgh ...	25	0	0
D. Robertson, Esq. of Pennygael	10	0	0
Colonel Gardyne, Mull ...	10	10	0
M. Mackenzie, Esq., of Morinish, Mull	25	0	0
Hillhead Literary Association, Glasgow	10	10	0
Robert Horn, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh	10	0	0
W. Macdonald, Esq., High School, Edinburgh ...	10	10	0
W. Kennedy, Esq., Moulmein, Burmah	10	0	0
Professor Fleeming Jenkin, Edinburgh	10	10	0
Alex. Tod, Esq., Peebles ...	10	10	0
John Cowan, Esq. of Beeslack	50	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. A. S. Macdonald, Esq....	1	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. H. Cleghorn, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. W. S. Fraser, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. Rev. G. R. Kennedy ...	1	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. T. Barclay, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. Mr. D. Macdonald ...	1	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. W. Mitchell, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. D. M. Mackay, Esq. ...	2	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. Rev. Neil M'Kinnon ...	1	0	0
Sutherland and Ross. P. P. Sellar, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Friends of the Gael, Sutherland (Sums under £1) ...	3	7	6
A. Nicolson, Canada ...	5	0	0
Thomas Williamson, Glasgow	5	0	0
John Watson, Glasgow ...	5	0	0
Charles Macrae, Glasgow ...	3	3	0
W. G. Roy, S.S.C., Edinburgh	2	2	0
D. Campbell Black, Glasgow	2	2	0
John Macqueen, ,,	1	1	0
J. F. Mackenzie, ,,	1	1	0
W. F. Shaw, ,,	1	1	0
C. M. Williamson ,,	1	1	0
W. J. Macqueen ,,	1	1	0
John M'Kinnon ,,	1	1	0
Charles Norman Crichton, Glasgow	1	1	0
Miss Webster, St. Andrews	5	0	0
Robert Ferguson, Esq., Carlisle	5	0	0
Mrs. Millbank, Yorkshire ...	5	0	0
John Grant, Timber Merchant, Cardiff	5	0	0
Dr. Hodgson, Edinburgh ...	5	0	0
Dr. M'Kendrick, Edinburgh	5	0	0
George Wilson, Esq., S.S.C., Hill Street, Edinburgh	5	0	0
George Alexander, 47 Portugal Street, Glasgow ...	5	0	0

J. Richardson, W.S. ...	£2	0	0
W. Young, Esq., Heaton, Mersey, Manchester ...	5	0	0
Late Dr. Halley, 16 Harley Street, London ...	5	5	0
Mrs. Bethune, 6 Nelson St.	1	1	0
Dr. Matthews Duncan ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Ferguson, Uiloinish, Skye	5	5	0
J. R. Findlay, Esq., 3 Rutland Square	5	0	0
James Thin, Bookseller, Edinr.	5	5	0
New Highland Club, Edinr.	3	0	0
R. M'Donald, Esq., Cluny Castle	5	5	0
Rev. A. Bethune, Seaham, Sunderland	3	3	0
Major Mann, Seaham, ...	1	1	0
R. K. A. Ellis, Esq. ...	1	1	0
A Friend, Edinburgh ...	5	0	0
Professor Mackay	3	0	0
John M'Donald, Esq., of Glen Alladale	5	0	0
Rev. Dr. Cumming, London	1	1	0
Miss Louisa Stevenson, Edinr.	5	5	0
The Rev. Donald Fraser, London	3	3	0
Alex. Mackintosh Shaw, London	1	1	0
H. Bruce, Esq. of Edderlinn	5	5	0
R. M. Smith, Esq., 4 Bellevue Crescent	5	0	0
Miss E. Macleod of Macleod, Dunvegan	5	0	0
The Miller of Iona	1	4	0
John Macleod, Esq., Banker, Kirkcaldy	3	3	0
A Friend from John o' Groats	1	0	0
Rev. W. M. Nicolson, Linlithgow	1	0	0
—— Ross, Esq., Cromarty House, Cromarty ...	5	0	0
Rev. Geo. Mackay, Free Church, Tongue	1	0	0
F. Church Congregation, Tongue	2	0	0
W. Fraser, Esq., S.S.C., Castle Street, Edinburgh ...	5	5	0
A. Sinclair, Esq., 133 George Street, Edinburgh ...	5	0	0
A. Aitken, Esq., 27 North Bridge, Edinburgh ...	5	5	0
W. Beattie, 15 Fountainbridge, Edinburgh	5	5	0
Sutherlandshire Assoc., Edin.	5	5	0
Town-Clerk of Edinburgh ...	5	5	0
Professor Geddes, Aberdeen ..	5	0	0
A. Taylor Innes, Esq., Advo.	2	2	0
John M'Donald, Esq., *Times* Office, London	5	0	0
Rev. Dr. Cairns, Berwick ...	2	2	0
R. Cranstoun, Esq., 43 Princes Street, Edinburgh ...	2	0	0
T. Irvine Smith, Esq., 21 Northumberland Street, Edin.	5	5	0
The Rev. Dr. Duff, Edinburgh	5	0	0
G. Mackay, Esq., Melford Cottage, Argyle	5	0	0
Rev. W. P. Mackay, Hull ...	£2	2	0
Miss Wyld, 11 Lennox Street	5	0	0
W. Mathieson, Esq., Pitlochry	2	0	0
Messrs. Maclachlan & Stewart, Publishers, Edinburgh ...	5	5	0
General Scobie, Ceoldale, Sutherland	5	0	0
Donald Beaton, working man, Adelaide	1	0	0
Major Grant, Drumbuie, Glen Urquhart	1	1	0
Contributions from Glen Urquhart under £1... ...	3	15	5
W. M'Intosh, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh	5	0	0
Rob. Carruthers, Esq., LL.D., Inverness	5	5	0
Provost Lyon-Mackenkie of St. Martin's, Inverness...	5	0	0
Col. Cameron of Clifton Villa, Inverness	5	0	0
Don. Cameron, Esq. of Clunes	5	0	0
A. I. Robertson, Esq. of Aultnaskiah	5	0	0
Sheriff Macdonald, Inverness	3	0	0
Mrs. Clark, Castle St., Inverness	2	0	0
Patrick Buchan, Esq., M.D., the Lancashire Insurance Co., Inverness	1	1	0
Duncan Macrae, Esq., 16 Telford St., Inverness ...	1	0	0
Thomas Aitken, Esq., M.D., The Asylum, Inverness ...	1	1	0
Alex. Fraser, Esq., Solicitor, Inverness	1	1	0
W. B. Forsyth, Esq., of the *Advertiser*, Inverness ...	1	1	0
Walter Carruthers, Esq., Wine Merchant, Inverness ...	1	1	0
Bailie Simpson, Inverness ...	1	1	0
William Paterson, Esq., C.L., Inverness	2	2	0
Don. Duff, Esq., Banker, Inverness	2	2	0
The Very Rev. Provost Powell	1	1	0
William Macfarquhar, Esq., M.R.C.V.S., Cambridge	1	1	0
Mrs. Jane Clark, Ardersier ...	1	0	0
G. Galloway, Esq., Chemist...	1	1	0
Robert M'Millan, Newport ...	0	4	0
Dr. Fraser, 5 South Fairfax Road, London	5	0	0
C. Waterston, Esq., Oaklands	3	0	0
Captain A. Mann, Ballintomb, Grantown	1	0	0
T. D. C.	1	1	0
C. Stewart, Esq. of Bain and Dalcrombie	5	5	0
A. Macphail, Esq. of Culaird	1	1	0
W. Jolly, Esq., Inspector of Schools, Inverness ...	1	1	0
C. Innes, Esq., Solicitor, Inver.	5	0	0

The Right Rev. R. Eden, Bishop of Moray	£3	0	0
The Lorn Ossianic Society, Oban	5	0	0
A. Brown, Esq., Oban ...	2	2	0
Col. M'Dougall of M'Dougall, Dunollie, Oban	5	0	0
J. Stuart M'Craig, Esq., Oban	1	1	0
Mr. Duncan Clerk, Solicitor, Oban	1	1	0
Mr. Stevenson Stewart, Stafford Street, Oban ...	1	1	0
Mr D. Rowan, George Street, Oban	1	1	0
Mr. Duncan M'Craig, George Street, Oban	1	1	0
Nicol & Macgregor, Solicitors, Oban	1	1	0
Mr. John Sinclair, Oban ...	1	1	0
Mr. D. M'Gregor, Oban ...	1	1	0
Mr. James Miller, Bookseller, Oban	1	1	0
Captain Cumstie, Oban ...	1	1	0
Richd. Watson, Esq., National Bank, Oban	1	1	0
Dr. Campbell, Oban	1	0	0
Rev. P. M'Kercher, Kilmore, Oban	1	1	0
Mr. John M'Dougall, Selma Villa, Oban	1	0	0
Mr. John M'Intyre, Lochvoil Villa, Oban	2	0	0
Messrs. M'Dougall & M'Coll, Builders, Oban	1	0	0
Contributions from Oban under £1	12	11	0
Dr. Martin of Glendale, Skye	3	0	0
Sheriff Fraser, Portree, Skye	3	0	0
Mr. Anderson, Talisker Distillery, Skye	2	2	0
William A. Macleod, Scorrybreck, Skye	2	2	0
Mr. Maclachlan, S.C.D., Portree, Skye	1	1	0
Joshua M'Lean, P.F., Skye	1	1	0
W. Dunbar. Teacher, Portree, Skye	1	0	0
Rev. W. Darroch, Skye ...	1	0	0
Dr. Carmichael, Skye ...	1	0	0
Rev. W. Galbraith, Raasay, Skye	1	0	0
Contributions from Portree and Raasay under £1 ...	1	5	0
Farquhar Campbell, Esq. of Rum	100	0	0
Highland Society, Greenock	50	0	0
J. Macleod, Esq., Stanhope Street, London	50	0	0
Hugh Mathieson, Esq., 3 Lombard Street, London	50	0	0
Highland Society, London ...	105	0	0
Murray Allan, Esq. of Glenfeochan	£10	0	0
E. W. Mackintosh, Esq. of Raigmore	10	10	0
Colonel Fraser Tytler of Aldournie	10	10	0
A. Mackintosh, Esq. of Holme	10	10	0
General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Governor of Chelsea ...	10	0	0
Gaelic Society of Inverness	20	0	0
Sir George Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch	10	0	0
T. M'Diarmid, Esq., Liverpool	10	0	0
David Jeffrey, Esq., 14 Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh	10	10	0
Colin Campbell, Esq., 8 Bothwell Street, Glasgow ...	10	10	0
J. H. A. Macdonald, Advocate, Edinburgh ...	10	0	0
Highlanders of Birmingham	50	0	0
„ Barrow-in-Furness ...	20	0	0
„ Tullipourie and neighbourhood ...	17	4	0
Professor Lindsay, Glasgow	10	10	0
Dr. Donaldson, High School	10	10	0
W. N. Fraser, Esq., S.S.C., Edinburgh	20	0	0
Gaelic Concert, Glasgow ...	50	0	0
	£4609	7	3

NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

FORT WILLIAM—HONOURS TO AN OFFICER.—We understand that Major D. C. Macnaughton, a native of Fort-William, who recently retired from the army, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, in recognition of his long and meritorious services, and that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to nominate him for a reward for distinguished services. During his long connection with the army, Lieutenant-Colonel Macnaughton has seen a great deal of foreign service. He was engaged with his late regiment, the 13th Light Infantry, during the Crimean War, and was present at the battle of Tychernezza and fall of Sebastopol. He also served with his regiment in India during the suppression of the Mutiny, and took an active part in many hard-fought fields, evidence of which is given by his possession of the Crimean medal and clasps, the Turkish medal, and Indian medal.

Inverary—Competition for the Royal Celtic Society's Prizes.—The Royal Celtic Society, instituted in 1820 for the encouragement of education in the Highlands, having offered prizes for competition among the schools of this district, the examination was held at Inverary on Friday 23d inst. Five schools were represented, the competition being limited to three from each school in each division—senior, middle, and junior. The competition occupied nine hours. The prizes, as announced at the close, for the several schools stood as follows:—Inverary, 49; Minard, 17; Lochgoilhead, 15; Cairndon, 5; Creggans, 1.

Dr. Hately Waddell (Glasgow) has nearly ready a work to be entitled "Ossian and the Clyde," in which an attempt is made to trace Ossianic influences in Ireland, Iceland, and the Orkney Islands.—*Athenæum.*

Teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools.—The Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan and the Rev. J. C. Macphail, a deputation from the Gaelic School Society, accompanied by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., had an interview on Saturday with the Duke of Richmond at the Education Office, Whitehall, London, on the subject of teaching Gaelic-speaking pupils in Highland schools to read the Gaelic language. The deputation urged on his Grace the importance of the object both educationally and morally, and especially in the case of a large number of the females who never leave their native place. They asked that small grants of money should be made to such national schools as might include this branch under the approval of the inspector. In reply, his Grace stated that he approved of the object of the deputation, but that it was a question of money, requiring the concurrence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, further, that he would bring the matter before the Chancellor, and see whether such a grant as was indicated could be obtained.

Comunn na Gaidhlig an Lunuinn.—The ordinary monthly meeting of this Society was held at the rooms, No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, on Wednesday the 14th inst., Mr. MacPhee, the president, in the chair. Mr. Donald Kennedy, the librarian, read a paper in Gaelic on the rising of 1745, and traced the progress of Prince Charlie from his landing until his arrival at Derby. John Mackenzie, the piper, played (for the first time in public) a *Lament* he had composed in memory of the late esteemed Honorary President of the Society, Dr. Halley. It was greatly admired by all the members present, and a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Mackenzie, for the very superior and able manner in which he had performed his part in composing and playing so beautiful a lament to the memory of their dear friend.

Glasgow Inverness-shire Association.—This association recently held its annual general meeting in White's Temperance Hotel, Glasgow. The Secretary's report stated that the life members of the Inverness Society had transferred their books, documents, and cash, amounting to £25, 4s., to the Association. It was a matter of regret that so few of the natives of the county had connected themselves with the Association during the year. The annual gathering, through the exertions of the president, Bailie Macbean, and the chief, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., who occupied the chair, had been a great success. The Treasurer submitted his annual statement, which showed a surplus of £7, 7s. 10d. to carry forward to next year. The following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year, viz.:—Chief, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P.; President, Bailie Macbean; Vice-President, Donald Mackay; Treasurer, Arthur Stiven, The following are the Directors for the year:—Duncan Cameron, James F. Barron, Alex. Maclennan, Colin Ramsay, Donald Cameron, Charles Campbell, John Macdonald, Duncan Mackintosh, James Fraser, Roderick Stiven, and Alex. Shaw. Mr. W. B. Forsyth was appointed secretary for Inverness. Committees were formed for carrying out the arrangements for the annual gathering, and the proposed popular lectures and entertainments during the winter, as also a visiting committee. It was agreed to hold another special meeting on Friday, 14th May, for enrolment of members and other business.

—o—



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York . . .	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,

70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line.

GLASGOW TO NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, and QUEENSTOWN, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—

Tues. Steamers,	£14, 14s., and £15, 15s.
Thurs. „	£12, 12s., and £13, 13s.
Sat. „	£16, 16s., and £17, 17s.

INTERMEDIATE,	Eight Guineas.
STEERAGE,	Six Guineas.

To New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Quebec.

Passengers booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,

45 & 47 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND AND SETTLEMENT COMPANY
(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1867.)

CAPITAL, £250,000, *IN* 25,000 *SHARES OF* £10 *EACH.*

FIRST ISSUE, 10,000 *SHARES.*

£5 PER SHARE EXPECTED TO BE CALLED UP.

Directors.

James Salmon, Esq., I.A., of Jas. Salmon & Son, Glasgow.
William Arthur, Esq., Merchant, Woodlea, Bothwell.
John Cunningham, Esq., of Smart & Cunningham, Barrhead.
Matthew Fairley, Esq., of M. Fairley & Co., Glasgow.
Adam Houston, Esq., of Houston & M'Nairn, Glasgow.
Charles Maitland, Esq., of R. Meiklejohn & Son, Alloa.
James Robertson, Esq., of John Robertson & Co., Newhall.
John Spencer, Esq., Merchant, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Law Agents.

Brown, Dunlop, & Lindsay, 87 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Brokers.

Moore & Brown, 166 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Dykes & MacLagan, 79 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Managers and Secretaries.

W. G. & J. W. Lindsay, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Commissioners in Canada.

John Dunlop, Esq., Craigowan, Woodstock.
Colonel David Shaw, Kingston.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to develop 250,000 acres in Manitoba, a Free Grant from the Dominion Government.

The recent acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Territory opens up 1,300,000 square miles, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, known as the "fertile belt of America," having grain-producing soil and climate *greater in extent and finer in quality* than that of the United States.

It is intended to settle part of the Lands in Grants of alternate Farms of 160 Acres each, and to reserve the balance with selected portions as Market or Town Centres, extending to 104,000 acres, worth, after a time, 20s. to 40s. per acre. The land is prairie, rich loam, and ready for the plough. Common yield of wheat 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

Settlers receive from Company assistance towards passage; seed, implements, stock, &c.; and share with the Company for five years the crop raised, repaying advances.

The prospective value of town sites as centres of population *has not, in the calculations made, been taken into account.*

The Canada Pacific Railway, to commence in Spring, will, in all probability, intersect the Company's lands.

Ordinary Revenue, *based on calculation of crop produce, one-fourth only of actual reports*, would suffice, after expenses, to pay dividends rising to 20 per cent., and create large Reserve Fund, besides proceeds from Land Sales:—

Ten Townships contain Acres	250,000
Deduct for Grants to Settlers, Roads, &c.	146,000
Balance for Reserved Farms and Town Sites . . .	104,000
Whereof for Bonuses 100,000 Acres, worth in 3 or 4 years, at only 30s. per acre, a capital sum of	£150,000

The Town Sites, extending to 4000 Acres, and any Minerals, would remain; and as Winnipeg, four years since a Hudson's Bay Fort, has now about 5000 inhabitants, these sites may speedily prove of immense value.

In October 1874, the Hudson's Bay Co. realised at Winnipeg as much as 4s. 8d. per yard for ground. The Canada Co., similar in plan to this, divided last year 54 per cent., and its £12, 10s. Shares stand in London List at £99 to £101.

For forms of Application and Prospectuses, apply to the Brokers, or at the Registered Office of the Company, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

A NUMBER OF
FAMILIES OF SETTLERS WANTED
FOR
Manitoba, Dominion of Canada.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND & SETTLEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED) OF GLASGOW, having obtained from the Government of Canada 250,000 Acres of the Finest Prairie Land in the Dominion, are now prepared to receive Applications from steady industrious men accustomed to Farm Work, to whom the following Advantageous Terms are offered:—

Advances in full, where necessary, for Passage from Glasgow to Manitoba; possession of Prarie Farm of 160 Acres richest Land near a navigable river, ready for the plough the day of arrival; Seed and Implements required for the Sowing, Cultivation, and Harvesting of the Crops; Family Food Supplies until the Crops are available; suitable houses to live in; a Cow for the Family's supply of Milk and Butter, with Five Years for Repayment of Advances.

Any ordinary energetic family at end of fifth year can be clear of all indebtedness, and worth in money and property from £500 to £1000. A grown-up family may do the same in half that time.

For further information apply to the Company's Agent, ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Applications for Shares of the Company may be made at the Company's Office, 3 W. Regent St. Glasgow.

W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

Aireamh Theaghlaichean Luchdtuineachaidh air an iarraidh gu dol a Mhanitoba, Morroinn Chanada.

FHUAIR COMUNN FEARAINN AGUS TUINEACHAIS CHANADA BHREATUNNAICH, bho Uachdranachd Chanada, 250,000 Acair d' an Fhearann-gun-choille is fèarr anns a' Mhór-roinn, agus tha iad a nis ullamh gu gabhail ri Iarrtais dhaoine stuama, dèanadach, cleachdte ri Obair-fearainn, do'm bheil iad a' tairgseadh nan cumhachan tàbhachdach a leanas:—

Iasad, far am feumar e, d' an Làn-airgiod-aisig eadar Glaschu agus Manitoba; Seilbh air Gabhail anns am bi 160 Acair de Fhearann-gun-choille dlùth air abhainn mhóir air am faodar seòladh, agus deas air son a' chroinn-treabhaidh an latha 'ruigeas iad; Pòr-cuir agus Innealan féumail air son Cur, Aiteach, agus Cruinneachadh a' Bhàrra; Lòn do'n Teaghlach gus an bi am Bàrr ullamh; Tighean-comhnuidh freagarrach; Mart a chumail an Teaghlaich ann an Bainne 's an Im; agus Cóig bliadhna dh-ùine gus an t-Airgiod-iasaid a phàigheadh air ais.

Aig deireadh chóig bliadhna faodaidh teaghlach dìchiollach sam bith a bhi saor bho gach uile fhiachaibh, agus an seilbh air bho £500 gu £1000, eadar airgiod agus maoin. Faodaidh teaghlach a tha air cinntinn suas so a dhèanamh ann an leth na h-ùine.

Air son tuilleadh eòlais sgrìobh gu Fearíonaidh a' Chomuinn,
ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.
Tha Iarrtais air son Comh-roinn anns a' Chomunn ri 'n cur a dh-ionnsaidh Office a' Chomuinn,
3 W. REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.
W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.
Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

FARM LABOURERS,
NAVVIES,
DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
MECHANICS.

Free Grants of 160 acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent-General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are :—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland ;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large ; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question ; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting ; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry ; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands ; the Fisheries ; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses ; the Utilization of Sewage ; Railway Extension and Management ; Local and Imperial Taxation ; Celtic and kindred Literature ; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Just Published, Stitched, 9d. ; Cloth, 1s.

GOD'S WAY OF PEACE,

BY THE

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

TRANSLATED INTO GAELIC

BY THE

REV. NEIL DEWAR,

MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH, KINGUSSIE.

TO BE HAD OF

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, EDINBURGH.

LONDON : JAMES NISBET & CO. 21 BERNERS STREET.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE ONE SHILLING

GRANT'S
CHURCH ALMANAC

AND

Presbyterian Year-Book,

FOR 1875,

(*FORMERLY "THE FREE CHURCH ALMANAC,"*)

CONTAINING

FULL INFORMATION RESPECTING ALL THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AND ACCURATE LISTS OF

ALL DENOMINATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

"This is out of sight the best of the British Presbyterian Almanacs. Its information is as usual extensive, and as far as we are able to judge accurate. We can assure all our readers who may not happen to know it, that it is well worth perusal."—*The Presbyterian.*

SCOTCH PSALM BOOK,

LARGE TYPE EDITION,

WITH AN INDEX TO FIRST LINE OF EACH STANZA.

Price from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d., according to Style of Binding.

EDINBURGH: DUNCAN GRANT

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

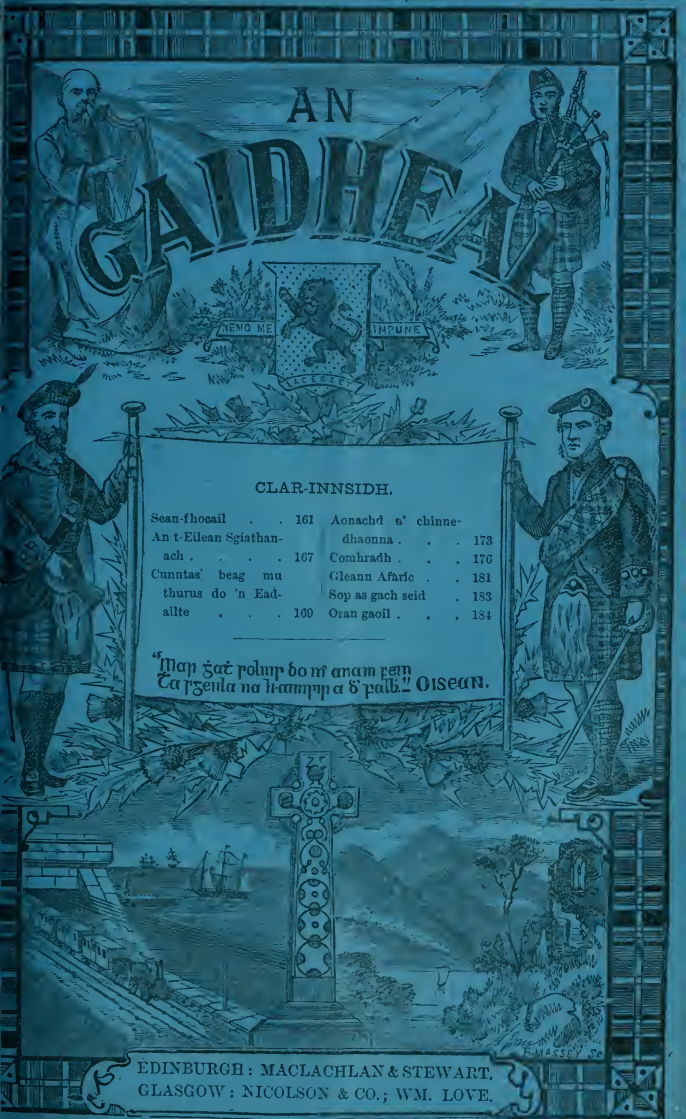
THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs;
Saints' Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.



CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail . .	161	Aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna . . .	173
An t-Eilean Sgiathanach	167	Comhradh . . .	176
Cunntas beag mu thurus do 'n Eadailte . . .	169	Gleann Afaric . .	181
		Sop as gach seid .	183
		Oran gaoil . . .	184

"Map ȝaċ poluiṗ do nᵭ anam ṗein
Ta ṗȝeula na h-aimṗiṗ a ṡ'paiṫ." Oisean.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL,

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 42.

Proverbs, ...	161
The Isle of Sky, ...	167
Short account of a Journey to Italy, ...	169
A Gaelic lecture, ...	173
Dialogue, ...	176
Glen-Afric, ...	181
Varieties, ...	183
Song, with Music, ...	184

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Ossian and the Clyde, ...	185
Levers to raise our Peasantry, ...	188
Gaelic Society of London, ...	192
Celtic Chair, ...	192
Presentation to the Rev. Dr. MacLauchlan, ...	192

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 4to, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d. cloth,

OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE: FINGAL IN IRELAND; OSCAR IN ICELAND.

BY DR. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow: JAMES MACLEHOSE, Publisher to the University.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

" Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

IV. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1875. [42 Air.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

VI.—CHA'N FHEARR SINGEAS NA SANGAS.

'S e an dà ni gu sonruichte airson a' bheil na Sean-fhocail luachmhor mar mhodh-teagaisg—am Firinn agus am Fuaim. Gheibhear Sean-fhocail gach Tìr air an tilgeadh, le caochladh innleachdan, ann am briathraibh a tha taitneach do'n t-suil agus do'n chluais; ach tha mi meas gur rian so a tha fior, ann an doigh roshonruichte, mu na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal a ghabh sinn mar steigh 'n a eisempleir air a' bhuaidh so. Feudaidh e bhi gu bheil Firinn 's an radh; ach, ma tha, cha 'n aithne dhomhsa i, agus cha 'n fhiosrach mi co d'an aithne. Thagh mi an radh air son na Fuaim a mhain; oir tha mi de'n bheachd gu bheil e 'comharrachadh a mach feart anns a' bheil sinn mar Chinneadh dealaichte bho Chinnich eile, agus gu h-araid bho ar coimhearsnaich na Goill. Cha 'n 'eil e farasta dhomh an dealachadh so a chur an cainnt,—cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e m'aineolas air cumhachd na Gaidhlig is coireach. Tha focail aca 's a' Bheurla, *Form and Matter*, no mar dh'fhaodas sinne 'radh, *Cumadh* agus *Stuth*, a tha air an cleachdadh air uairibh a chur an ceill smuain cosmhuil ris an ni tha 'm bheachd; agus, le cion focail is freagarraiche, 's le cead, tha mi 'n dochas, luchd-leughaidh a *Ghaidheil*, roghnaich mi iad air an àm.

Ciod is ciall do'n chainnt neo-ghnathaichte so? Tha gach ni air an crom thu do shuil air a dheanamh suas de'n dà sheud so. 'S e Stuth na Luinge am fiodh mar a dh' fhas e anns a choille,—an t-iarunn mar fhuaradh anabuich e an doimhneachd an talmhainn. 'S e Cumadh na Luinge an dealbh a chinn an ceann an t-Saoir. Ma tha meang 's an Stuth, cha seas an Long onfha cuain; ma tha failinn 's a' Chumadh, fàgar air deireadh i 's an rèis; ach faigh Stuth fallain 'us Cumadh neo-mhearachdach, agus tha agad Long air nach cuir gaoith an uair is cruaidhe sheideas i, no fairge an uair is buirbe dh'àtas i,—Long a bheir misneach do'n Mharaiche, 'us toilinntinn do'n Fhear-amhairc o thìr. 'Se Stuth an òrain na smuaintean tha builgeadh an inntinn a' Bhaird; 's e Cumadh an orain a' chainnt, 's an rann, anns a' bheil na smuaintean air an cur an ceill. Biodh an Stuth lag, faoin, agus a dh'aindeoin oirdheirceas na cainnt, a dh'aindeoin ceolmhoireachd na roinne, cha ghabh an Saoghal ris; agus air an laimh eile, ged bhiodh an Stuth iomlan, ma bhitheas a' Chumadh an deigh-laimh, cha 'n aithnich an Saoghal e. 'S e Stuth a tha thu 'cur an laimh an fhir-cheird —a' chriadh an laimh a' Chriadhadair; 's e Cumadh an t-atharrachadh a tha sgil an fhir-cheird a' toirt air a' mheall, an uair a thiunndas e mach soithichean, cuid gun teagamh

na's urramaiche na cuid eile. Tha 'm ball criochnaichte air a dheanamh suas de'n dhà; agus tha iomlaineachd a' bhuill a' co-sheasamh ann a bhi gleidheadh co-chordadh dligheach eadar an dà shealbh so.

Na'm biodh agam ri chur an ceill, an aon fhocal, am priomh-fheart anns a' bheil an dà Shluagh—Goill 'us Gaidheil—dealaichte o cheile, theirinn gu bheil *Cumadh* air taobh a' Ghaidheil, *Stuth* air taobh a' Ghoill. 'S e mo bheachd gu'm faighear dearbhadh air an dealachadh so ann an Corp, an Inntinn, an Canain, an Sean-fhocail, an Sgeulachdan, 's am Bardachd an dà Shluaigh. A thuilleadh air so, tha mi meas gu'm feudteadh aireamh nach beag d'ar beachdan, agus gu h-araid an spiorad anns an reusonaich sinn mu cheistean cudthromach, 's anns an cuairtich sinn ar dleasdanais sholuimte, a lorgachadh air ais gus a' bhuaidh bhunaiteach cheudna. Cha ni faoin no suarach, tha mi meas, a bhi stri ri beachdan cothromach fhoghlum mu thimchioll ar Cinneadh fein, 's mu na feartan air an d' thug iad fianuis do'n t-Saoghal rè an Eachdraidh fhada agus chiogailtich. Is ann mar so a mhain a chi sinn an t-àite tha dligheach do'n Ghaidheal am measg nan Sluagh 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, agus a shonruicheas sinn an doigh-theagaisg is freagarraiche air-son ar Luchd-duthcha 'n ar latha fein.

Ann an dreach cuirp, tha 'n dà Shluagh comharraichte do'n t-suil. Cha 'n fhaighear "an fhuil fhiorghlan gun truailleadh" aon chuid aig Goill no aig Gaidheil am Breatunn, no eadhon 's an Roinn-Eorpa a nis; ach tha fathast an dà shruth, buairte ann an tomhas ged tha iad, cho comharraichte o cheile 's gu'n dearbhar co'n tobar bho'n d'eirich iad fa leth, agus ciod iad na riantan anns a' bheil iad a' mathachadh na tíre troimh 'm bheil iad a' ruith. Gheibh thu an Gall soilleir, sultmhor, sliobasda; tha 'n Gaidheal air taobh a bhi dorcha, eutrom, deas. Gun teagamh gheibhear 's a' Ghaidhealtachd daoine cho tròm 's cho sultmhor 's a gheibhear am Breatunn; agus creididh mi nach 'eil fir 's an Roinn-Eorpa is eireachdaile na uaislean na Gaidhealtachd; ach gu bhi gabhail an dà Shluaigh thar cheann, fear airson fir, tha cudthrom 'us sult air taobh a' Ghoill, deise 'us sgairt air taobh a' Ghaidheil. Agus anns na cearnan de'n Ghaidhealtachd anns an do thuinich na Lochlannaich, saoilidh mi gu'm faighear an luchd-aiteachaidh gus an là diugh, na 's mo cnaimh, na 's soilleire dreach, 's na 's truime feoil, na anns a chuid eile de'n Ghaidhealtachd. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do chuidich gnè na Tire 's a' bheil ar dachaidh, 's air n-Eachdraidh thuasaidich rè cheudan bliadhna, ar meas air neart 'us lughmhoireachd cuirp a mheudachadh; ach cha 'n 'eil neach a leugh ar Bardachd nach aidich gu'm bu shluagh na Gaidheil a bha 'cur luach neo-chumanta air maise 's air deise —'s e sin *Cumadh*—cuirp.

'S e mo bharail gu'm faighear an dealachadh ceudna ann an Inntinn an dà shluaigh. 'S e *Stuth* na h-Inntinn, neart, reachdmhoireachd a buaidhean; 's e *Cumadh* na h-Inntinn, snas, riaghailteachd a buaidhean. Saoilidh mi gu'n aidichear gu bheil an Gall, 'n a nadur, foighidneach, mairnealach, leisg; an Gaidheal goirid, sgaiteach, dian. Agus ma's eigin aideachadh gur e inntinn a' Ghoill is farsuinge, seasaidh sinn air gur e ceann a' Ghaidheil is soilleire. Co-dhiu bha aite aig an dealachadh so an inntinn an dà Shluaigh o'n a sgar iad o cheile an toiseach, no nach robh, cha'n 'eil comas againn a nis air a dhearbhadh; ach tha mi de'n bheachd gu'm faighear an deal-

achadh o'n a tha Eachdraidh againn orra. Dhuinne tha e 'n a dhealachadh 's an fhuil, air a neartachadh no air a lagachadh a reir foghluim 'us cleachduin nan Sluagh, ach gun bhi uair sam bith gu buileach air a chlaoidh. A chumleasachadh buaidhean na h-inntinn, is dòcha nach aithne dhuinn fathast lan-chumhachd foghluim; ach 'n a dheigh so uile, tha mi meas gu bheil e fior mu'n inntinn 's mu'n chorp "Gur buaine duthchas na oilean." Chatoir na tha de fhoghlum fo'n ghrein sron a ghadhair do'n tarbh; 's cha mho dheanamh gach Maighstir-sgoil a thug bogha air bas Fionnaghal de Iain Lom, no Oisein de Dhonnachadh Bàn. Tha 'chuimhne laidir 's a' bhreith chothromach agad o'n bhroinn, cho chinnteach 's a tha 'n fheith righinn no 'n cnaimh cumachdail agad; agus ged is urrainn thu, le giullachd fhreagarraich, a' chuimhne 'neartachadh 's an fheith a righneachadh, tha e fathasd fior "nach tionailear dearcan-fiona de dhrisibh, no figean de na foghannanaibh."

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach dearbh a mhor chuid de na tha nis ri fhaotainn de chainnt 's de litreachas nan Gaidheal 's an Rioghachd so, gun robh ar n-Aithrichean a' cur barrachd meas air cumadh, snas, 'us maise, na bha iad air neart, beairteas, 'us firinn, an cainnt 's an smuain. Cha ghabh cus meas a bhi air *Cumadh* buill a' chuirp; ach saoilidh mi gu'n robh *Cumadh* toraidhean na h-inntinn ro thric fa chomhair ar sùl. Seall air ar Canain. Cha ruigear a leas a dhearbhadh gu bheil i aosda; tha h-aois, a nis, air aideachadh air gach laimh. Ach ciod a' bhuaidh a dh' fhag i air cho beag de fhocail; agus gu h-araid ciod a' bhuaidh a thug dh'i cho beag de fhocail ghoirid an coimeas ris na bheil innte de fhocail fhada? Theirear gun teagamh nach e uireasbhuidh na canain is coireach ach aineolas an t-sluaigh air a fior chumhachd. Cha 'n 'eil 'san fhreagairt ach a' chuid bheag de 'n fhirinn; agus ged bhitheadh an fhirinn uile ann, nach feoraichte co bhnaithe an t-aineolas so air ar cainnt fein? Tha mi smuaineachadh gur gann a gheibhear Canain eile, anns an deachaidh uiread a labhairt 's a sgriobhadh, a leigeas fhaicinn cinneas cho mor air stoc no air freumh cho beag. Cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu bheil Foclair ri fhaotainn anns a' bheil uiread de fhocail dhubailte, mar theirear, 's a gheibhear 's an Fhoclair Ghaidhlig. Tha cumhachd na Canain ri fhaicinn air dà dhoigh—a comas air moran fhocal a tharruing o aon fhreumh, agus cho liutha doigh 's air an gabh ar focail cur ri cheile a chum smuain a chur an ceill. Tha sinn laidir ann am focal-fhreumhachd 's an gnathscainnt,—*derivation and idiom*, mar theirear 's a' Bheurla; tha sinn lag ann an aireimh ar priomh-fhocail. Tha so ag eirigh, tha mi meas, o'n bhuaidh inntinn a dh' ainmich mi. Bha sinn na b'eudmhoire mu ghloinead ar canain na bha sinn mu ghloinead ar fola. Ghuidheadh an sean Ghaidheal "le Seonaid chòir ged tha i pòsda aig a' Ghall;" ach b' fhearr le'r Sgoilearan Gaidhlig riamh an nigheanan a' leigeadh do Shasunn na focal de'n chainnt a thoirt às. Rinn ar fein-dhiongmhaltachd 's an rathad so coire d' ar canain; dhi-chuimhnich sinn ar focail bheaga, bhrighmhor; cha leigeadh ar Cinn-iuil dhuinn focail a ghabhail an coingheall à canain eile; 's b' eigin a bhi deanamh fhocail fhada,—focail, mar is trice, gun bhlagh gun bhlas. O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan, aig braighe glinne aillidh, dlù air mo dhachaidh, chiteadh, ri taobh an rathaid-mhoir, seana chraobh chaorainn a' cinntinn

a mach à sgoltadh an aodann creige. Cha b' urrainn duine aois na craoibhe innseadh. Bha 'beatha, a reir coslais, air a tarruing as a' chreig a mhain. Bha fosgladh a' ghlinne ris an Iar, 's bha gailleann a' gheamhraidh, 'n a lan neart, a' bualadh air a' chraoibh; ach o bhliadhaa gu bliadhna, bha i cho ùrail, dhosrach, 's cho miaghail aig na h-eoin bheaga, 's ged bhiodh a freumh 's an talamh bu toraiche 's anns an aite b' fhasgaiche. An uair mu dheireadh a bha mi 'n rathad, bha 'chraobh 'n a sìneadh; agus b' eigin aideachadh na 'm b' ann an talamh reachdmhor 's an àite fasgach a dh'fhas i, gu'n sgaoileadh a freumhaichean na b' fharsuinge, gu'm bitheadh an stoc na bu ghairbhe 's na b' airde, na meanglain na bu sgaoiltiche, 's gu'm faigheadh barrachd de eoin bheaga fasgadh na geugan. Is tric a choimeas mi am inntinn fein a' Ghaidhlig ris a' chraoibh ud. Sean mar na creagan àosda, urail, dosrach tha i; muirneach thar tomhais aca-san a dh'iunnsuich òg i; ach a' cinntinn ann an àite dorsach, fosgailte do ghaoith fhuair nan Coimheach; agus, nach feudar a' radh, le cion taire 's giullachd o Chairdean, a freumhaichean a' seacadh, a stoc caol, 's a fasgadh gann, mar gu'm b'ann à aodann creige bhiodh a fàs.

Cha 'n 'eil neach d' an aithne ar Sean-fhocail, ar Sgeulachdan 's ar Bardachd nach aidich gu'n robh na Gaidheil ro bhuailteach gu bhi air an sasuchadh le fuaim thaitnich, agus gu bhi ro thric a di-chuimhneachadh gur e firinn is cliuitiche na fuaim. Cha 'n 'eil e comasach a nis a dhearbhadh c'uin a thoisich an droch-cleachduin so 'n ar measg, oir gheibhear i anns na sgriobhaidhean a tha air an cunntas ro shean; ach creididh mi nach robh a' chleachduin cho cumanta no cho neo-thuigseach o shean, 's a tha i o chionn beagan cheudan bliadhna. Is tric a bha mi 'g a chunntas car fortanach nach d' iunnsaich Coigrich ach ainmig ar cainnt; 's nach d' fhuair iad cothrom air fhaicinn na bheil d' ar Bardachd air bheagan brigh. Fhuaras coire d'ar sluagh iomadh uair, agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach toilleamaid achmhasan air amannan; ach tha mi meas nach d'amais na sgriobhadairean air faillinn cho mor 's a' bhuineas duinn,—'s e sin a' meas a chuireas sinn air rann 's a' bheil fhaim thaitneach, co-dhiu tha dad tuilleadh ann no nach 'eil. Chunnaic na sean daoine an cunnart ged nach do sheachain iad e: "A bhò 's measa 's a bhuaile, 's i is airde geum;" "Ontha na poite bige;" "Cha 'n i bhò is airde geum is mo bainne;" "Is labhrach na builg fhas." Am measg ar Sean-fhocal gheibhear eisempleircan lionmhor air fior mhaise cainnt co-cheangailte ri smuain gheur, air nach d'thoirear barr an canain 's am bith, agus, ma dh' fhaodte, gu'n tig sinn thairis air cuid diubh so fathast; ach saoilidh mi gu bheil air an laimh eile, moran diubh a tha luachmhor air son na fuaim a mhain: "Cha 'n fhearr Sioram na Sarum;" "Cha 'n fhearr Singeas na Sangas;" "Breith no beirid;" "Cnuasachd na Craineig;" "Caitheadh Criontaig air Cualaig;" agus mar sin sios. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil ciall aig cuid de na Sean-fhocail so; ach saoilidh mi gur ann airson am fuaim a tha iad cho measail 'n ar measg.

Anns na toimhseachain Ghaidhealach, gheibhear gu minic am feart no 'n fhailinn cheudna. Ciod eile is brigh de mhoran de leithid so de chainnt?

"Stioram, starum, stararaich
Air feadh a' bhaile mhargaidh," &c.

"Caora mhion, mhionachag,
Air an treas lomachag," &c.

"Gliogaran a muigh, gliogaran a stigh ; Bocsa ceithir chearnach, 's e lan ghliogaran."

Tha na Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach a chuir Mr. Caimbeul a mach o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan luachmhor airson iomadh deagh bhuaidh. Is e na Sgeulachdan so a bhi cho siubhlach 'n ar measg a thug comas labhairt 'us amas-cainnt do Ghaidheil na h-Alba nach robh aig daoine riamh air cho beag feghluim. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach ann 's na Sgeulachdan so a gheibhear a' Ghaidhlig Albannach 'n a fior chumhachd agus 'n a lan mhaise. Ach tha 'bhuaidh a tha mi feuchainn ri shoillearachadh ro chomharraichte anns na Sgeulachdan. Leugh aon cho ainmeil 's a tha anns an Leabhar, "Gaisgeach na Sgiatha Deirge," agus chi thu gu bheil a' chainnt gu tric a faotainn an lamh-an-uachdar, —gu bheil moran fhocal air an uisneachadh airson na fuaim a mhain : " Cnocan dath-uaine daite ;" " Tar agus tailceas ;" " Mar ghual guiblme gobha ;" " An dealbh, 's an dreach, 's an cruth, 's an aogas ;" "Am briathra fiosneacha, foisneacha, fior-ghlic, fior-eolais." Thug mi na h-eisempleirean so o'n cheud taobh-duilleig de'n Sgeul. Gheibhear an leithidean a cheart cho lionmhor air gach taobh-duilleig de'n Sgeul so, agus de gach sgeul 's an Leabhar.

Agus ma rannsaicheas sinn ar Bardachd, gheibh sinn a' chleachduin cheudna. Tha e fior gu'm faod moran d'ar Bardachd Ghaidhealaich, airson maise 's ceolmhoireachd smuain 'us cainnt, seasamh ri guala Bardachd fo'n ghrein gun naire 'ghabhail. Cha 'n fhaighear an àite eile orain is binne na chluinnear gu tric am beul na h-oigridh air an Taobh-an-Iar ; agus tha dà Bhard co-dhiu a ghleidh co-chordadh dligheach eadar an smuain 's an cainnt, 's a dh' fheudar, airson doimhneachd na smuain agus oirdheirceas na cainnt, ainmeachadh do Choigrich, agus eadhon eadar-theangachadh do'n Ghall,—'s e sin Oisean agus Dughall Buchannan. Ann am farsuingeachd inntinn cha d' thig Maighstir-sgoil Raineach a nios ri Bard na Feinne ; ach a reir mo bheachdsa, tha Dughall Buchannan cho ard os cionn gach Bard Gaidhealach eile tha againn, is nach 'eil e freagarrach gu'm biodh e air ainmeachadh leo ; agus cha 'n 'eil, ma dh' fhaodte, feart anns an dearbh e 'cheannas thairis orra na 's soilleire na anns a' bheachd chothromach a bha aige air feum cainnt—a chur an ceill smuain, agus cha 'n ann a sheasamh 'n a h-aite, no a folach. Ach a mach o'n dà Bhard a dh' ainmich mi, tha mi meas nach faighear Bard Gaidhealach ainmeil a tha saor o'n mhearachd so. Mu'n chorr tha e fior gu'n d' fhuair cainnt ro thric an lamh-an-uachdar orra. Cha 'n ann an diugh no 'n dè a bha chuis mar so. Bha 'chleachduin aig airde neirt o chionn ceithir cheud gu leth bliadhna. Gheibh thu ann am " Brosnacha Catha, le Lachunn Mor MacMhuirich, do Dhomhnull nan Eileanan, latha Chath-gaireach " cainnt air a cur gu buil nach d' orduchadh dh'i. Mur 'eil " Bolg-fas labhrach " an so, cha 'n aithne dhomh c'aite am faighear e. Agus cha 'n e so a mhain, ach gheibhear daoine 'n ar measg a leugh fior Bhardachd a' moladh na Ranntachd 's an Ughdair. Ann am beachd Mhic-Coinnich tha 'm " Brosnacha " luachmhor dhuinn air dà dhoigh. Dh'fhaodte gu bheil. Tha e co-dhiu 'n a dhearbhadh maireannach dhuinn air dà ni bu mhath leinn a dhi-chuimhneachadh,—'s e sin gu'n robh Bard d' ar cinneadh air cho beag tuigse, agus gur urrainnear a radh mu'r n-Aithrichean gu'm faigheadh clabaichraois de 'n t-seorsa so buaidh

thairis air an inntinnean. Agus ma sheallas tu roimh shaothair nam Bard a chluinnear air an ainmeachadh le h-urram anns gach Comunn Gaidhealach, nach faigh thu, mar is trice, smuain a' Bhaird air a h-adhlacadh 's cha 'n ann air a sgeadachadh le 'chainnt. Leugh "Oran an t-Samhraidh" le Mac Mhaighstir Alastair, no "Beinn Dorain" Dhonnachaidh Bhain, no "Am Foghar" le Eoghan MacLachluinn—sgoilear cho foghluimte 's a bha anns an Roinn-Eorpa r'a linn—agus nach saoil thu gur e crioch araid a' Bhaird a bhi cruinneachadh nam focal is faide a gheibh e, 's a bhi 'g an snaomadh ri cheile, mar is fearr a dh'fhaodas e, air an doigh is taitniche do'n chluais.

Dh' fhaodte a chomharrachadh a mach, mar eisempleir air cumhachd na buaidh cheudna thairis oirnn, ar baigh ri sgal chruaidh na piob-mhoir, ri daithean soilleir a' bhreacain, 's ri cumadh an fhèile, a' dh' aindeoin cuingeachd ar tighean, duirchead ar speur, 's fuachd ar geamhraidh. Agus na 'm b'e so an t-àm no 'n t-àite freagarrach, nach faodte 'radh gur ionadh Ministeir Gaidhealach le le cliabh lag, 's le anail ghoirid, a bhiodh taingeil na 'm biodh cumhachd na fuaim thairis air a choimhthional na bu laige na tha e. Ach is eigin stad an so.

The mi de'n bheachd gu'n dearbh Eachdraidh ar Sluaigh an Rioghachdan eile gu bheil grinneas, snas, 'us maise—no, mar thuirt mi roimhe *Cumadh*—an corp, an smuain, 's an cainnt dual do'n Ghaidheal. Tha fios againn uile gu bheil na Frangaich comharraichte airson nam feartan so. Anns an Rioghachd so bheir na Gaidheil barrachd air na Goill anns na feartan ceudna. Is feartan iad a tha cliuiteach agus cunnartach do shluagh. Tha 'm cunnart mor, gu h-araid far a' bheil foghlum anns a chuid is mo leis a' chluais, gu'm fuaim thaitneach an t-àite tha dhligheach do smuain neartmhor. Thug mi air aghaidh eisempleir no dhà a dhearbhas nach do sheachain ar n-Aithrichean gu buileach an cunnart. Tha mi smuaineachadh nach ni mi-fheumail a bhi cuimhneachadh air uairean nach 'eil sinn uile gu leir iomlan. Saoilidh mi gu'n d'fhuiling ar sluagh iomadh uair dimeas o choigrich nach do thoill iad; agus gu'm b'ann againn fein gu tric a bha 'choire. 'N ar n-Eachdraidh, 'n ar Canain, 's 'n ar Bardachd tha iomadh feart a tha ion-mholta; ach tha cuid nach 'eil, agus ciod an t-iongantas ged tha? Anns a' phòr a fhuair sinn bho ar n-Aithrichean, glan 's mar tha e, tha beagan muill am measg an t-sìl. Nach cuir sinn barrachd meas air cuimhne nan Daoine a bha, 's nach toill sinn barrachd cliu bho na Daoine a bhitheas, ma leigeas sinn a ghaoith roimh 'n phòr, mu'n cuir sinn 'n ar fonn fein e, no mu'n toir sinn gu feill nan Coimheach e?

De 'n dà fheart a dh' ainmich mi airson a' bheil an dà Shluagh—Goill 'us Gaidheil—fa leth comharraichte, co an diù 's co an roghainn? Cha 'n 'eil a' cheist farasta fhreagairt; cha 'n 'eil mi cinnteach gu'n gabh i cur le tuigse. Cha nithean a choimeasar Stuth 'us Cumadh; agus cha 'n fhaighear sgarte' o cheile iad. Is ann 'n an co-chordadh dligheach a tha iomlaineachd a' co-sheasamh. Sgarte' o cheile is neoni iad; aonte' tha iad uile-chumhachdach. Feudar a radh gu bheil deagh stuth air dhroch cumadh neo-thogarrach; gu bheil droch stuth air deagh chumadh foilleil. Ach saoilidh mi ma tha neart 'us tuigse a' Ghoill feumail a chum an Saoghal a chiosnachadh, gu bheil maise 's grinneas a' Ghaidheil cho feumail a chum a shealbhachadh.

D. M'K.

THE ISLE OF SKYE.

AN EDINBURGH SUMMER SONG.

By Alexander Nicolson.

The beautiful Isles of Greece
Full many a bard has sung :
The isles I love best lie far in the West,
Where men speak the Gaelic tongue.
Ithaca, Cyprus, and Rhodes,
Are names to the Muses dear ;
But sweeter still doth Icolmkill
Fall on a Scotsman's ear.

Let them sing of the sunny South,
Where the blue Ægean smiles,
But give to me the Scottish sea,
That breaks round the Western Isles !
Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,
I would see them before I die ;
But I'd rather not see any one of the three,
Than be exiled for ever from Skye !

What are the wonders there,
Stranger, dost ask of me ?
What is there not, I reply like a Scot,
For him who hath eyes to see ?
But if you're a delicate man,
And of wetting your skin are shy,
I'd have you know, before you go,
You had better not think of Skye !

Lovest thou mountains great,
Peaks to the clouds that soar,
Corrie and fell where eagles dwell,
And cataracts dash evermore ?
Lovest thou green grassy glades,
By the sunshine sweetly kist,
Murmuring waves, and echoing caves ?
Then go to the Isle of Mist !

The Matterhorn's good for a fall,
If climbing you have no skill in,
But a place as good to make ravens' food
You can find upon Scoor-nan-Gillean.
And there will you see at Strathaird,
That Grotto of glittering spar,
With its limpid pool, where Mermaids cool
Their brows when they travel from far.

There frowns the dark Coiruisg
Which made the great Wizard wonder,
Even Voltaire might have worshipped there,
Methinks, in the time of thunder !

AN T-EILEAN SGIATHANACH.

ORAN SAMHRAIDH.

(Air eadar-theangachadh leis an Ughdair.)

Air Innse na Gréig' is àill',
Tha luaidh nam Bàrd nach gann ;
B' e m' ulaidh-sa riamh na h-Eileanan Iar,
Far an cluinnear cainnt nam beann.
Tha Itaca, Ciprus, is Ròds,
Ionmhuinn le clann nam fonn ;
Ach I-Choluim-Chille, 's i gràdh gach filidh
Chaidh altrum an Alba nan sonn.

Ged 's bòidheach a' ghorm Mhuir Dheas,
Far an cleasaich 'n a neart a' ghrian,
'S ann leam gu'm b' fhearr 'bhi coimhead an t-sàil'
A' briseadh air cladach na h- Iar!
Beinn Shioin, an Aithne, 's an Ròimh,
Faiceam mu'n teid mi fo'n ùir,
Ach 's beag mo spéis do bhaile fo'n ghréin,
An coimeas ri Eilean mo rùin!

Ars' an coigreach, a' fiosrach dhiom fhéin,
Ciod e na h-ioghnaidh a t' ann ?
"Ciod iad nach 'eil," do fhreagair mi deas,
"Ma tha sùilean gu faicinn na d' cheann?"
Ach bheirinn a' chombairle dhut,
Ma 's duine thu tha meata na d' chàil,
Ma 's fuath leat fras, na ruith gu bras
A choimhead air Eilean mo ghràidh !

An toigh leat na beanntan mòr,
Cruachan 's na neòil gu h- àrd ?
Coireachan, fr1thean, dachaidh an fhìr-eoin,
'S an cluinnear na h-easan a' gàir ?
An toigh leat na glacagan grianach,
Innisean sgiamhach nam bò,
Is uamhan 'bheir fonn ri guth nan tonn ?
Siubhail gu Innis a' Cheò!

Tha *Matterhorn* taght' air son chàs,
Ma 's àill leat thu fhein a mhilleadh ;
Ach cothrom cho saor a ghiorrach' do shaoghail,
Gheibh thu air Sgùr-nan-gillean.
Air cladach an t-Srath chi thu 'n còs,
Mar gheal shneachd reòt' gun smàl,
Le 'lochan dubh fuar, far an tig air uair
Na maighdeana-mara a shnàmh.

An Coir'-uisg' chi thu 'n sud fo dhubh-ghruaim,
Cuì'-namhais measg strì nan dùl ;
'N uair bhriseas an torrunn le fuaim na doininn,
Is mairg nach lùbadh an glùn!

There towers the wild Cuiraing,
With its battlements grim and high,
And the mighty Storr, with its pinnacles hoar,
Standing against the sky.

Sail round the cliffy West,
And, rising out of the main,
You there shall see the Maidens three
Like Choosers of the Slain;
And wherever you may
With a new and deep surprise,
The Coolin blue will fill your view,
And fix your gazing eyes.

Were I a Sovereign Prince,
Or Professor at large in vacation,
I'd build me a tower in the Isle of Skye
At the expense of the Nation;
And there, like a Sea-King, I'd reign,
But with a more gentle rule;
I'd harry no cattle, nor slay any man,
But I'd drive all the children to school!

There, in the bright summer days,
Stretched on the sward I would be,
And gaze to the west on Blaven's crest,
Towering above the sea;
And I'd watch the billowing mist
Rolling down his mighty side,
While up from the shore would come evermore
The music of the tide.

And when the sun sinks to his rest,
'Mid glory of purple and red,
There will flash the light of a thousand spears
On Blaven's cloudy head;
And each turreted ridge of black
Is lit with a flame of gold,
As they hang on high 'twixt earth and sky,
A wondrous sight to behold!

Pleasant it is to be here
With friends in company,
But I would fly to the Isle of Skye
To-morrow, if I were free!
Dunedin is queenly and fair—
None feels it more than I;
But, in the prime of the summer time,
Give me the Isle of Skye!

Is chì thu ard-ioghnadh Chuith-Fhraing,
Le bhaidealean aibheiseach mòr,
'S an Stòrr cho cas le bhinneinean glas,
Eadar do shealladh 's na neòil.

Stiùir timchioll nan creagan gu h- Iar,
Is chì thu ag èiridh 's a' chuan,
Triùir Mhaighdean Mhic-Leòid a' seasamh gu stòld',
Measg ghàirich ghairbh nan stuadh:
'S ge b' e àite an toir thu do cheum,
Chì thu le ioghnadh àr,
A' Chuilfhionn ghorm a' leantuinn do lorg,
'S a' sàsachadh fradharc do shùl!

'S truagh nach robh mise na m' Thriath,
A' riaghladh an Eilean mo chridh',
Thogainn mar b' àbhaist o 'bhunait Dun-Sgàthaich,
Is gainne na m' thalla cha bhiodh;
An sud dheanainn suidhe mar Righ,
'S cha chlaoidhinn mo shluagh gu teann,
Cha togainn creach, 's cha spuinninn neach,
Ach thrusainn do 'n sgoil a' chlann!

'S ann leamsa bu mhath a bhi ann,
'S grian shamhraidh a' lasadh an drùchd,
Na m' shìneadh air feur a' coimhead nan neul,
A' cadal air Blàth-bheinn nan stùc;
Is chithinn an ceathach a' snàmh,
'S a' lùbadh mu shlios nan cruach,
'S a ghnàth na m' aire bhiodh fonn na mara,
Ga m' thàladh gu foisneach gu suain.

'S an fheasgar, 'n uair thèarnas a' ghrian,
Gu rìoghail 's an Iar gu tàmh,
Air mullach nam beann mar mhìle lann,
Bidh boillsgeadh nan gathan àigh:
'S gach dubh-sgor a' deàrrsadh gu cas,
Fo lannair nan lasraichean òir,
Gu h- àrd 's an speur eadar talamh is nèamh,—
Sealladh na maise 's na glòir!

'S taitneach, measg chomunn a' bhlàiths,
Bhi suidhe 's mo chàirdean ri m' thaobh,
Ach na'm bu leam iteag, 's mi 'theicheadh an tiotadh,
Do 'n Eilean Sgiathanach chaomh!
An t-urram aig cathair Dhun-Èidin,
'S mi fhèin a sheinneadh a cliù,
Ach thigeadh an samhradh, 's bidh mise na m' dheann-ruith,
A' greasad gu Eilean mo rùin!

—o—

CUNNTAS BEAG MU THURUS DO 'N EADAILTE.

II.

Bho mhullach a' bhealaich, far an d' rinn sinn tamh an la roimhe, gu 'bhonn air taobh na h-Eadailte, cha robh sinn ach goirid ris an téarnadh an coimeas ris an dìreadh. Ma bha 'n sealladh breagha air an dìreadh, cha 'n ann 's an téarnadh bu mhios' e. Tha 'n t-àite is iongantaiche de 'n t-slighe uile air an taobh Eadailteach, far am beil an rathad a' dol, fad dà mhile, eadar chreagan, a' ruigheachd bho 1500 gu 2000 troidh air àirde, agus cho dlùth air a chéile 's gu 'n saoil thu h-uile tiotan gu 'm beil iad a' brath coinneachadh, agus an rathad a dhùnadh. Is e ainm an àite so Bealach Ghondo. Beagan na 's fhaide air aghart, tha na creagan, 's na beanntan, 's an sneachd, air am fàgail air chùl, 's cha 'n 'eil feum air leabhar-iùil a dh-innse dhut gu 'm beil thu ann an tìr ùir, cho eadardhealaichte bho 'n duthaich a dh' fhàg thu 's a' mhadainn, 's a tha Tuath a's Deas. Tha thu nis an tìr na gréine, tìr na maise agus a' chiùil, sean dachaidh fir-riaghlaidh an domhain, màthair Chésair mhóir a's Bhirgill mhilis, Dhante òirdheirc a's Raphaeil gun choimeas, Cholumbuis éuchdaich a's Ghalileo nan rionnag; tìr a rug, 'n ar làithean fhein Cabhùr foghainteach, Madsini, am fear deireannach de na Romanaich, agus esan tha fhathast a làthair, fear nan gnìomh, gun char, gun ghò, sàr ghaisgeach nam buadh,—Garibaldi! Cha 'n ioghnadh Eadailteach uaill a dheanamh ann an dùthaich a tha comasach fhathast air a leithid de fhir a ghintinn a's àrach. Cha b' ioghnadh e ghleachd, eadhon gu bàs, air son a saoirsinn, agus iolach aoibhneis a thogail an là a dh' éirich i 'n a neart 's a bhris i cuibhreach a luchd-sàrachaidh! Ach, mo thruaighe! 's math a thig dha an osnadh throm air son nan ioma olc 'tha fhathast a' creachadh a dhùthcha àluinn, 's a' lìonadh a càirdean le amharus a's eagal.

An ceud sealladh a fhuair mi air an raon fharsuing, tharbhach, bha 'n a laidhe shìos bhuainn, air a chuairteachadh le beanntan àghmhor, air 'uisgeachadh le aimhnichean lionmhor, 'n a làn chulaidh le fionain a's crainn-ola, ag gàireachdaich 's a' ghréin le tighean 's le bailtean bòidheach, chunna mi nach robh guth bréige anns na leugh 's anns na chuala mi mu àilleachd na h-Eadailte. Ann an aon ni chaidh an fhirinn os cionn mo smaointean. Bha fhios agam gu 'n robh beanntan a's cnuic 's an Eadailt, bho cheann gu ceann, ach cho robh dùil agam gu 'n robh iad cho lìonmhor agus cho follaiseach bho 'n a h-uile càrna de 'n tìr. Is airidh i air "tìr nam beann" mar ainm a cheart cho fìrinneach ri "tìr nam speur gorm.' Air son soilleireachd a's truimead nan dath anns an iarmailt, agus air aghaidh na mara, feumar am faicinn gu 'n creidsinn. Ach a dh-aindeoin sin, gus an fhìrinn aideachadh, breagha 's ge bheil speuran gorma na h-Eadailte, bha ionndrain nach bu bheag agam, agus sin gu tric, air neòil sgiamhach fhionnar, 's air ceathach glas dhùighteach, ar tìre gaolaich ceòthaich fhein.

Thuinich sinn dà latha ann am Milan, an treas baile 's mò 's an Eadailte. De sheallaidhean a' bhaile so, 's e an t-ioghnadh is mò an Ard-eaglais no a' Chathair-Easbuig. Cha 'n 'eil a leithid air an t-saoghal. Tha i air a togail gu h-uile de mharmor geal, air a shnaidheadh air dhòigh cho snasmhor, grinn, 's gur h-ann a chuireas e 'n cuimhne do dhuine, na

h-oibrichean iongantach de dhéudchnaimh a chitear a' tighinn á China. Ceithir thimchioll nam ballaichean, bho bhonn gu mullach, tha leithid de lionmhoireachd iomhaighean air an snaidheadh mar an ceudna de mharmor, 's gu 'm foghnadh iad, mar a thuirt fear roimhe so, air son luchd àiteachaidh do bhaile cuimseach, na 'n tigeadh iad beo cearta còmhluath. Tha iad ag ràdh gu 'm beil 4500 dhiubh ann mar thà, 's thathas a h-uile bliadhna 'cur feadhnach ùra ris an àireamh. Ach a dh-aindeoin an lionmhoiread, tha 'n t-aitreamh cho mòr, agus a h-uile roinn d'e cho cuimir, 's gur gann a chreideas tu gu 'm bheil urad ann diubh. Bho mhullach na h-eaglais, a rithist, chì thu 'g éirigh, mar gu 'm b' eadh coille de bhinneinean 's de spiricean dealrach, maiseach, agus air bàrr gach binnein, iomhaigh, uile de 'n aon chloich ghil, eireachdail. An uair a theid thu stigh air dorus an teampuill ghreadhnaich so, tha e mar dhol thairis gu saoghal eile, bho sholus 's bho ghleadhraich na sràide gu samhchair is dubhar an fheasgair. Ge b' i Eaglais do 'm buin thu, cha 'n urrainn nach fhairich thu, 's tu 'coimhead troimh na sreathan fad' ud de charraighean arda, dh' ionnsaidh nan uinneag de ghloine-dhathte, troimh am beil an solus a' téarnadh gu sèamh air an àrd-altair, "Cia uamhasach an t-ionad so!"

Cha 'n 'eil ùine agam air a bheag tuilleadh innse mu chulaidh-ioghnaidh na h-eaglaise so, ach cha 'n urrainn domh 's an dol seachad, gun ainmeachadh air an dà charragh de mharmor dearg a th' air gach taobh de 'n dorus mhor, mar a theid thu stigh. Thathas ag radh gur h-iad sin na clachan-snaidhte is mò a th' air aghaidh an talmhainn. Tha iad 80 troidh air àirde 's gach te dhiubh de 'n aon chloich shlàin.

Tha sealladh eile anns a' bhaile so a tha ro ainmeil, dealbh na *Suipeir-Deireannaich*, air a tharrainn air balla seòmair 's am b' àbhaist do mhaòaich a bhi gabhail am bìdh. Tha còrr a's trì cheud bliadhna bho 'n a rinneadh an obair urramach so leis an dealbhadair chliùiteach Leonardo da Vinci. Tha e air a mhilleadh gu dona le àitidheachd an t-seòmair, trid dearmad maslach na feadhnach do 'm bu chòir a ghleidheadh mar ubhal an sùla; ach tha làthair fhathast na tha dearbhadh nach mearachd an t-urram a fhuair e bho chionn fhada mar aon de phriomh oibre ealaidh an t-saoghail. Air mo shon fhein d'e, cha 'n fhaca mi dealbh fhathast a dhùisg a leithid de smaointean annam.

A measg mòran de sheallaidhean comharraichte anns a' bhaile so, cha 'n fhaod mi gun aithris air a h-aon eile, agus 's e sin a h-aon de na sgriobhaidhean Gàilig is sine th' air bhrath, a chaidh a sgrìobhadh ceudan de bhliadhnaichean mu 'n robh a' Bheurla air a breith! Tha 'n leabhar prìseil anns an d' fhuaradh an sgrìobhadh so, anns an Leabhar-lann a tha ainmichte air Naomh Ambros, a bha 'n a easbuig bho shean ann am Milan. A rêir barail dhaoin' eòlach, rinneadh an sgrìobhadh le Columban, fear de dheisciobuil Chaluim-chille, agus le sin tha e còrr a's dà-cheud-deug bliadhna dh' aois. A dh-aindeoin sin, agus mar dhearbhadh air cho beag 's a thàinig de atharrachadh air cainnt ar sinnsear re ùine cho fada, rinn mi fhein a mach beagan fhocal de 'n t-seann sgriobhadh ud, agus thug e faireachadh neònach dhomh, mar gu 'm bithinn ag cluinntinn guth an duine urramaich a sgriobh iad, a' tighinn gu m' ionnsaidh thair aigeal an dà-cheud-deug bliadhna!

Bha mi dà latha eile ann am Florens, am baile 's breagha chunn-

aic mi fhathast ach Dunéideann caomh. Mar thubhairt muinntir Steòrnabhaigh mu 'm baile fhein, cha b' iongantach an righ fhein a thighinn a ghabhail comhnuidh ann! Tha fios gu'n d' thàinig righ na h-Eadàilte a ghabhail comhnuidh ann am Florens, agus gur h-ann a bha chaithir-rioghail, gus 'na ghluaiseadh i gu ruig an Ròimh. Chunnaic mi nise le chéile iad, agus 's éudar dhomh aideachadh gur h- e Florens is annsa leam na an Ròimh, air son seallaidh agus taitnis. A leithid de shealladh de dh-aitreibh ghreadhnach, agus de dhealbhannan luachmhor 's a th' anns a' bhaile ud, cha 'n fhaca mi riamh. Tha dà luth-chairt mhor ann, faisg air a cheile, am *Palazzo degli Uffizi* agus *Palazzo Pitti*, cho làn 's a ghabhas iad de dhealbhan 's de iomhaighean a tha do-labhairt ann an luach. Is math an obair-latha dol gu h-aidheiseach bho sheòmar gu seòmar de 'n da luth-chairt ud, gun mhòran ùine chaitheamh anns gach seòmar. Gun tighinn air na dealbhan, 's cha'n 'eil an leithid, araon 'an àireamh agus 'an luach, 'an aitreibh eile air an t-saoghal, mur h-'eil an Dresden, cha bheag an sealladh na bùird (ma 's a ceart an t-ainm) a th' anns a h-uile seòmar a th' ann, air an deanamh de chlachan buadhach, air air t-seòl oibre ris an canar *mosaic*. Tha dealbhan dhaoine, a's ainmhidhean, a's lusan, 's gach seòrsa ni, air an deanamh le mirean de chlachan priseil de gach dath, geal a's dubh, dearg a's gorm, buidh a's uaine, air an cur ri chéile air dhòigh cho snasail 's gu'n saoileadh tu nach 'eil ann ach an t-aon chlàr, ged is dòcha gu'm bheil miltean de bhloighean beaga air an cur mar sud ri 'chéile. Tha 'n obair so cho saoithreachail 's gu'bheil bùird ann de 'n t-seòrsa so air an robh daoine 'g obair fad am beatha. 'S fhurasda smaoineachadh, 'd e luach a leithid sin de bhòrd. Is aithne dhomh fhein duin' uasal aig am bheil fear dhiubh air an d' thug e 1500 Punnd Sasunnach. Ach tha mi 'creidsinn gu bheil bùird anns na lùth-chairtean Florentach ud is fhiach a shia urad sin.

Cha 'n urrainn dhomh, a measg nan iomadh oibre ealantais ainmeil a tha 'n sud, oidheirp a dheanamh air a chuid is lugha dhiubh ainmeachadh. Cha 'n 'eil an àite air bith eile urad de na dealbhan is taghta le Raphael, agus 's gann is urrainn do neach breith cheart a thabhairt air cumhachd iongantach an duine ud gun am faicinn. Ach tha aon chuspair ioghnaidh a measg chàich a dh'fhéumar ainmeachadh, agus 's e sin an iomhaigh iomraiteach dh' an ainm a *Venus de Medici*. 'S fhad o chuala 's a leugh mi gu' m b'e sud an obair is foirfe de 'n t-sèorsa 'chunncas riamh. Bha eagal orm nach coimhlionadh an sealladh mo dhuil, ach cha robh mi air mo mhealladh. Cha 'n 'eil e 'n comas inntinn duine cruth a smaoineachadh na 's àille, anns a h-uile ball, na 'n iomhaigh ud.

Tha suidheachadh a bhaile so air leth taitneach, aig ceann srath thoraich, còmhdaichte le fion-liosan, crainn-olaidh, agus iomadh seòrsa eile de chraobhan is de lusan bòidheach nach aithne dhuinn ach bho leabhraichean. Air an taobh tuath, a' sineadh gu h-iar a's ear, tha cnuic bhòidheach, a's beanntan air an cùl cho garbh 's cho lom 's a tha 'n Alba fhéin; agus troimh an bhaile, air feadh an t-srath, tha amhainn bhreagh an Arno a' siubhal gu sèimh. Air gach cnoc a's bruaich timchioll a' bhaile tha tighean eircachdail, a's ge b' e cearn a shealladh tu, cha 'n fhaic thu ach maise 's taitneas. A measg nan sean aitreamh ainmeil tha tùr

Ghalileo fhathasd a suas, anns am b' àbhaist do 'n réuladair mhòr an oidhche chur seachad, ag còimhead na gealaich agus nan rionnag, mar tha Milton ag aithris, a chaidh a choimhead, a dh' aon ghnothuch, air an duine urramach 'n a phriosan :—

like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Val d'Arno, to descry new lands,
Rivers and valleys in her spotty globe.

Thachair gu fortanach dhomh fhéin 's do m' chompanach-siubhail gu'n robh againn mar fhear-iùil an t-aon duine bu toigh leinn 's an Eadailte, fear a mhuinntir na dùthcha, air an robh sinn fada mion-eòlach 'an Dùneideann, far 'na chuir e seachad fichead bliadhna. Thainig an duine càirdeil sin, Dr. Lemmi, astar-latha g' ar coinneachadh, bho 'n àite far an robh e fhéin 's a theaghlach a' fuireach aig an àm, ri taobh na mara, mu 12 mhile deas bho Libhorno : agus ged a bha a thigh ann am Florens dùinte, b'éudar fhosgladh agus sinn a chur suas ann fad an dà latha 's oidhche bha sinn 's a' bhaile. Tha 'n dùthaich ainmeil air son pailteas a's grinneas an anairt, agus fhuair mi dearbhadh air sin a cheud oidhche 'luidh mi 'an tigh mo charaid, dearbhadh, aig an aon àm, air uaisleachd nan daoine. Bha aodach-oidhche an tighe uile air a chur seachad, agus o'n a bha 'n aimsir gle bhlàth, bha sinn uile làn-thoilicht' an oidhche 'chuir seachad gun chòmhdach ach am brat-leapa. Ach 'n uair a chual a' bhean-uasal chòir aig bonn na staidhreach, dh' am buineadh an tigh, (tigh dhe 'n t-seòrsa tha lionmhor 'an Dùneideann, anns am beil iomadh lobhta, le staidhir chumanta) cia mar a bha, chuir i suas pailteas de 'n a h-uile anart a bha dhith. 'S e bh' ann, 'n uair a chaidh mi 'luidhe fhuair mi braith-ean-lin air mo leabaidh cho grinn, gun ghuth bréige, ri nèapaigin pòca mna-naisle, agus, gus an coltas a dheanamh na bu riochdaile, air an gréiseadh anns gach beannaig le obair-shnàthaid eireachdail. 'S ann a bha seòrsa nàire orm mo chlosach mhòr mhi-loinneil a chàradh ann an leithid de ghrinneas, a dh' fhoghnadh do bhan-phrionnsa air oidhch' a bainnse !

Còmhla ri m' dheadh charaid, chaidh mi á Florens gu ruig an t-àite dh'ainmich mi, gu la no dha 'chur seachad 'an comunn a theaghlaich cheanalta. Chunna sinn anns an dol seachad sealladh de 'n ioghnadh ainmeil ud, Tùr Crom Phisa, a tha'tighinn 14 troidhean thar a ghruaim, ach a sheas a dh-aindeoin sin, còrr a's 700 bliadhna. Tha suidheachadh baile Phisa gle thaitneach, air bruachan an Arno, agus uaithe tha sealladh breagha de bheanntan Charràra, mu 30 mile air falbh 's an airde tuath. Eadar Pisa agus Libhorno fhuair mi 'cheud sealladh de 'n Mhuir Mheadhon-thireach. Ged nach robh mi ach ceithir-la-deug gun sàl fhaicinn, rinn mo chridhe léum ris an t-sealladh, 's chuir mi fàilt oirre mar rinn an deich mile Gréugach bho shean. Cha 'n 'eil àicheadh air gu bheil dath na mara ud na's doimhne 's na's soilleire na tha ri fhaicinn ni 's fhaide tuath, agus a réir coltais, a bharrachd air soilleir-eachd anabarrach na h-iarmailt, tha nadur an uisge fhéin 'n a aobhar dha so, oir tha e mòran ni 's treasa agus ni 's saillte na sàl a' chuain. Aig Libhorno (ris an canar gu leibideach 's a' Bheurla Leghorn) dh'fhàg sinn an rathad-iarainn, agus choinnich gille sinn le carbad éutrom ceithir-chuidhleach, air a tharruing le gearran donn easgaidh, a ghiulain gu h-aigeannach sinn gu crioch ar turuis. Bha an rathad fad an t-siubhail os ceann a' chladaich, le sealladh breagh a dh'ionnsuidh na

mara, agus nan eileanan gu h-iar a's deas,—Gorgona, Copraia, Corsica, Sardinia, agus Elba. Cha robh de loingeas ri fhaicinn ach bàtaichean iasgaich, ag itealaich a null 's a nall, le 'n dà sheol àrd, bhiorrach, coltach ri sgiathan eoin. Tha cabhlach dhiu a' seòladh á Libhorno a h-uile maduinn 'n uair a fhreagras an t-side (cha 'n 'eil iad ro mhisneachail air muir) air tòir an éisg do 'n ainm Beurla *mullet*, seòrsa do 'm buin an carbhanach againn fhein. 'S e 'n dòigh iasgaich a th' aca, lion fada a shlaodadh eadar da bhàta, 'seòladh leis a' ghaoith.

Bha 'm feasgar a' tuiteam 'n uair a ràinig sinn tigh mo charaid, 's a choinnich sinn aig an dorus a dhithis ghillean tapaidh, calma, leth-Albannach, 's a chéile thlachdmhor, thuigseach, de shliochd fhial Chlann Domhnuill. Mur d'fhuair mise mo bheatha 's an fhardaich ud, agus deagh dhiol, 's eudar gur th' ann an aisling a thug mi céilidh do m' charaid Lemmi!

ALASDAIR MACNEACAIL.

—*o*—

AONACHD A' CHINNE-DHAONNA.

(*Air leantainn.*)

Is iad na Caucasianaich an dream sin a tha ag àiteachadh na cuid is mò d' an Roinn-Eorpa, Asia nan Turcach, Arabia, Persia agus Innsean na h-airde-near, an Eiphit, Abyssinnia agus ceann tuath Africa, air corsa a' Mheditèrranean. Bho cheann tri chiad bliadhna nis tha iad a' sgaoileadh agus a' tuineachadh thar cuid mhor de America, tuath agus deas, ceann deas Africa, Australia agus New Zealand; agus c'àit air bith am faighear iad chi sinn gu bheil iad gu h-ealamh a' glacadh uachdranachd agus ceannsalachd thar gach treubh a bha anns na duthchannan sin romhpa. Cha ruig mi 'leas innseadh gur ann d'an earrainn so d' an chinne-dhaonna a bhuineas sinn fhein.

Is iad na comharan gu sonraichte a tha ri'm faicinn air an earrainn so, craiceann *geal* no soilleir—gruaidhean dearg—falt maoth, caisreagach camagach—feusag mhor—aodann beag, direach, na 's fhaide na tha e leathan—bathais fharsaing—claigeann mor—sron aimhleathan—agus beul beag. Is ann do 'n t-sliochd *gheal* so a bhuineas na fineachan a bha, agus a tha, gu sonraichte ainmeil air son chumhachdan-inntinn agus cliuiteachd am beusan. Far an suidhich iad iad fein tha na fineachan eile a' crionadh as; ach is ann gu h-araidh anns na duthchannan sin nach 'eil aon chuid ro fhuar no ro theth a thig iad gus an inbheachd agus an iomlanachd is airde. Ann an cearn-aidhean ro fhuar no ro theth tha iad trid uine a' dol air an ais anns na buaidhean-inntinn agus na comasan cuirp sin a tha gu sonraichte ri 'm faicinn 'n am measg 'n an duthchannan freagarrach fein.

Tha na Mongolianaich ag àiteachadh gu h-araidh meadhon agus ceann tuath na h-Asia. Is ann do 'n earrainn so a bhuineas na Turcaich, muinntir China, Japan, ceann tuath na h-Eorpa (na Laplandaich agus muinntir Fingland), agus na h-Esquimaux ann an ceann tuath America. Tha an craiceann *buidhe*—am falt tana, garbh, agus direach—cha 'n 'eil orra ach fior bheagan feusaig—tha an claigeann aca, ach beag, ceithir-oisinneach—a' bhathais iosal an t-aodann leathan, comhnard, marbhanta—na gruaidhean ard—na suilean domhain, agus air am fiaradh thun na sroine—an t-sron leathan—agus na bilean tiugh. Ann am buaidhean-inntinn tha iad air dheireadh air na Caucasianaich.

Fo 'n earrainn Americanach tha air am filleadh a stigh na treubhan sin gu leir a bha ag àiteachadh na duthcha m' an d' fhuaradh a mach i le Columbus anns a' bhliadhna 1492. Gheobh sinn aca craiceann *dearg*—falt dubh, garbh—beagan feusaig—claigeann car coltach ris na Mongolianaich, ach beagan na's aimhleithne agus na 's cruinne—bathais iosal—suilean domhain—agus sron a' seasamh a mach. Ann am buaidheaninntinn tha iad coltach ris na Mongolianaich, ach gu math na 's fhaide air an ais. Tha an gineal so a' caitheamh as gu bras roimh ghnuis nan daoine geala ann am America mu thuath.

Tha na h-Etiopianaich ri 'm faighinn a mhain ann an Africa. Tha aca craiceann *dubh*—falt goird, dubh agus greannach—bathais fhada, chaol, agus a' claonadh air a h-ais—gruaidhean arda—sron mhor, leathan—peircill fhada—agus slipean tiugha. Tha an dream so fada air an ais ann an cumhachdan na h-inntinn, agus lunndach, neo-sgiobalta 'n an giulan.

Tha na Malayanaich a chomhnuidh anns a' chuid mhoir de dh-eileinean a' Chuain Phacific, Australia agus New Zealand. Tha iad an coitcheann *donn* anns a' chraiceann—dubh 's an fhalt—le falt cruaidh, tioram—claigeann aimhleathan—aodann le cnamhan mora—agus sron mhor, leathan. Ann an eolas agus oileanachadh tha iad fada air an ais, agus gle mhall ann an tighinn air an aghart.

Chunnaic sinn a nis cuid de na buaidhean agus na comharan a tha gu h-araidh a' deanamh suas an eadar-dhealachaich a tha air'fhaicinn eadar na h-earrannan anns am bheil luchd an fhogluim a' roinn a' chinnedhaonna. Bha sinn uile air ar teagasg o 'r n-oige, ged a bha a leithid a dh-eadar-dhealachadh coltais agus cŏr ri 'fhaicinn air na fineachan fa leth a tha 'deanamh suas sluagh an t-saoghail, air a shon so uile, gu'm b' *aon* an cinne-daonna gu leir—gu 'n robh iad uile air an gintinn o aon phriomh-athair agus mhathair. Chleachd sinn a bhi a' gabhail gun cheist ri facal nan Sgriobtur a tha gu soilleir a' cur an ceill dhuinn gu 'n do rugadh sluagh an t-saoghail gu leir do aon duine, Adhamh; agus bha sinn a' cur an eadar-dhealachaidh a bha sinn a' faicinn anns na treubhan fa leth, air aobharan bho 'n leth a mach, mar tha cor agus suidheachadh an duine—teas no fuachd na tire—aogas na duthcha m' an cuairt—na cothroman no dìth-chothroman a bha aige air e fein a thoirt air aghaidh ann an eolas aimsireil agus spioradail; ach nach minig a chi sinn daoine agus treubhan am measg sluagh an domhain a tha a' nochdadh eadar-dhealachaidhnean cho mor agus cho comharaichte 'n an dealbh-cuirp, 'n am buaidheaninntinn agus 'n an cleachdaidhean, 's nach gabh iad fagail gu h-iomlan air cor an duine, no suidheachadh agus coltas na duthcha, agus a tha 'g a dheanamh 'n a nì ro dhuilich dhuinn a chreidsinn gu 'n d' thainig an cinne-daonna gu leir bho 'n aon fhreumh? Cha 'n e mhain so, ach chi sinn iomadh uair gu bheil buaidh gu tur eadar-dhealaichte aig na h-aon suidheachaidhnean air luchd-àiteachaidh moran de na duthchannan fa leth—chi sinn gu bheil am fuachd a tha, a reir coltais, a' toirt do 'n Esquimaux agus do 'n Laplandach, anns an airde tuath, pearsa iosail, dhaigeil, a' toirt do na Patagonianaich, ann an ceann deas America, airde fhamhairean; agus aig a' cheart àm, chi sinn an dluth choimhearsnaich, muinntir Terra-del-fuego, le pearsa neo-ar-thaing co beag ris na Laplandaich. A ris, am feadh a tha an teas fuathasach a gheobh sinn

anns na duthchannan mu chearcal-meadhoin na cruinne air a mheas 'n a aobhar mor air an luchd-àiteach-aidh 'fhagail lunndach, leisg, agus fuathach air gach gne shaothair agus oibre, nach minig a chi sinn 'n am measg treubhan a tha comharaichte agus ro ainmeil air son gaisgealachd agus tapachd ?—chi, agus na muaith-ean fein a' gabhail a mach a chogadh le gaisge agus le déine a tha duilich a cho-shìneadh ris a' bharail gu bheil teas na duthcha an aghaidh caithe-beatha saoithreachail agus gluasadach.

Ged a dh' aidichear gu saor gu bheil buaidh mhor aig staid agus suidheachadh an duine bho 'n leth a muigh air cor a' chuirp agus na h-inntinn, tha eadar-dhealachaidh-nean am measg a' chinne-dhaonna a tha air an sìneadh a nuas mar gu 'm b' ann o athair gu mac fad mhiltean bliadhna agus nach 'eil ach gle bheag air am mùthadh le imrich o dhuthaich gu duthaich, agus, uime sin, nach 'eil a' faighinn an aobhair ann an gin de na nithean a dh' ainmich sinn, mar tha, teas no fuachd, cothrom no neo-chothrom, saorsa no daorsa. Cha 'n 'eil aon diubh sin is fhasa thoirt fainear na dath a' chraicinn. Eadar aon de mhuinntir na Roinn-Eorpa agus aon de mhuinntir Africa tha de eadar-dhealachadh ann an dath—an deal-achadh a tha eadar dubh agus geal —'s nach 'eil e sorbh ri 'chreidsinn gu 'm buin iad le cheile do 'n aon ghineal. Nach e aon chuid teas na duthcha no aobharan air bith fo 'n leth a muigh is ceann-fath do 'n chaochladh mhor so eadar an t-Eorpach agus an t-Etiopianach, tha daoine ag innseadh dhuinn gu bheil dearbhadh soilleir againn anns na seann dealbhan a thatar a' faighinn am measg làraichean na h-Eiphite – dealbhan a tha, co dhiubh, ceithir mile bliadhna dh'aois, agus a tha a' taisbeanadh dhuinn, air seol nach gabh cur an ag, gu 'n robh a' cheart choltas air muinntir Africa ann an dath agus ann an cruitheachd 's an àm sin 's a tha air an latha 'n diugh ; gu 'n robh an dà ghineal a cheart cho neo-choltach r' a cheile 's a tha iad a nis, agus, mar so, a' dearbhadh dhuinn ma 's e ni air bith o 'n leth a muigh a b' aobhar, gu 'n do thach-air am mùthadh mor so ann an coig ciad bliadhna—nì a tha gu buileach do-chreidsinn.

A thuilleadh air so, an uair a bheachdaicheas sinn air a liuthad cànain eadar-dhealaichte 's a tha am measg dhaoine ; agus gu h-araidh am bealach farsaing a tha eadar cor iosal, truaillidh, agus borb, muinntir Australia ann an coimeas ri staid ard, bheusach, agus chiallach an Eorpaich, nach 'eil lan bharant againn gu 'cho-dhunadh nach buin iad idir do 'n aon stoc, ach gu 'n do rinneadh air tus, cha 'n e mar chleachd sinne bhi 'creidsinn, aon duine agus aon bhean, bho 'n do ghineadh an cinne-daonna gu h-iomlan, ach duine agus bean no dhà a co-fhreagairt do na h-earrainnean 's am faodteadh sluagh an t-saoghail a roinn ?

Mur biodh Facal Dhe againn—Facal a tha sinn a' gabhail agus a' creidsinn mar fhìrinn, agus a tha air a dhearbhadh dhuinn air iomadh doigh gu bhi fior agus cinnteach agus seasmhach—tha mi ag radh mur biodh am Biobul againn a tha a' cur an ceill dhuinn gu 'n d' thainig an cinne-daonna gu leir o aon duine, tha iomadh nì ann a bheireadh coltas firinn do 'n bharail a dh' ainmich mi, gu'n do chruthaicheadh daoine air thus anns na duthchannan fa leth anns am faic sinn mar gu 'm b' eadh suil no tobar nan sruithean sluaigh eugsamhladh a tha ag àitea-chadh an talmhainn ; ach tha sinn deas gu ar steidh a thogail air Facal

Dhe, lan chinnteach, an aite aon mhearachd fhaotainn a mach no aon fhàiling a rusgadh, gur ann a bheir an solus a thig bho gheur-rannsachadh agus eolas air oibrichean Dhe air teagasgan an Fhacail soillseachadh le dearrsadh ùr, agus air mhodh is comharaichte na rinn iad riabh roimhe. Mur tilg am foghlum a gheobh sinn ann an rannsachadh Rioghachd Naduir solus air a' h-uile ceum air Facal Dhe, tha mi dearbh chinnteach as 'so,—nach faighear teagasgan obair Dhe ann an ni air bith a' cur an aghaidh teagasgan an sgriobtuir. Nach i an aon lamh a Sgriobh an da leabhar—Leabhar Naduir agus Leabhar nan Sgriobtur?

Mur bhith eagail gu 'n gabhadh a chleir gruaim rium, theirinn gu 'n robh mi dol a ghabhail an rud ris an abair iad "ceann teagaisg," ach coma co dhiubh, tha mi am beachd nach b' urrainn duinn steidh a bu fhreagarraiche no 'bu daingre a ghabhail na na facail a labhair an t-Abstol Paul ri daoine foghluimte na Greige, —"Rinn Dia *a dh-aon fhuil* uile chinnich dhaoine, chum iad a ghabhail comhnuidh air aghaidh na talmhainn uile, agus shonraich e na h-amanna roimh-orduichte agus criochan an àite-comhnuidh."

IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

———o———

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

'MUR.—Tha mi faicinn gu'n d' thàinig thu mar a gheall, a Choinnich; fhuair mi do litir thaitneach an raoir le Séumas Mac Uilleim Mhic Alasdair, agus thog i mo chridhe le Súnnd agus sonas, an uair a chuir thu an céill gu'n robh dùil agad ris a' Ghoirtean-Fhraoich fhàgail aig briseadh na fàire gu tighinn a dh'amharc orm. Tha dòchas agam gu'n d'fhàg thu mo bhan-ghoistidh chòir, agus an òigridh gu brogail.

COIN.—Tàing do'n Fhreasdal, a Murachaidh, tha iad uile eadar bheag agus mhòr, eadar shean agus òg gu feadarra, fallain, agus is mòr am beannachd an t-slainte, agus is beag toilinntinn an tì sin air am bheil i a dhith.

MUR.—Is maith an toiseach, a Choinnich, oir as éug'ais na slàinte cha'n 'eil sonas no suaimhneas aig duine, ged bu leis an saoghal mu'n iadh a' ghrian. Thoir do dhuine uil' airgiod agus òr a' chruinne-ché, agus sealbh air uile shaibhreas an domhain, agus cha 'n 'eil ann ach creutair breoite, brònach, bochd as éug'ais na slàinte. Cha toir ni fo'n ghréin toilinntinn dha, agus cha'n urrainn da le fonn no sgairt sam bith, aon chuid a ghnothuichean aimsireil no spioradail a ghiulan air an aghaidh. Cha'n urrainn, oir is deòran truagh e air an talamh; uime sin, cha chomas dàsan aig am bheil slàinte a bhi tuilleadh 's taingeil do'n Ti Uile-Bheannuichte sin a ta 'g a buileachadh; oir cha'n 'eil beannachd talmhaidh idir ann a choimeasar ris an t-slàinte.

COIN.—Is minic, a Murachaidh, a chuir thu briathra taitneach an altaibh a chéile, agus gu ma fad a bhios slàinte agus sonas air am buileachadh air do thcaghlach, agus ort fein air an ceann. Is toileachas ùr domh do ghnùis fhaicinn a ris.

MUR.—Is i do bheatha d'on fhàrdaich-sa, a Choinnich, agus nam biodh mo bhan-ghoistidh Seònaid maille riut, mhéudaicheadh e an toilinntinn tri-fillte. Ach is maith na th'ann. Dean suidhe a steach ris a' ghealbhan; socraich, agus gar thu fein, gus am faighear boinne beag a bhlàthaicheas thu an déigh do thurais agus do sgithis.

COIN.—Cha'n eagal domh, oir tha gach goireas agus deagh-ghean an còmhnuidh ri 'n sealbhachadh ann am fàrdaich fhialaidh, fhosgailte Mhurachaidh Bhàin.

MUR.—Tha'n fhàrdach mar a dh' fhéudas i, oir is dàn a bhi 'talach; ach dlùthaich rium, agus innis domh, a charaid, ciod i do naigheachd. An do chòmhlaich sithean no sithichean thu an diugh am measg nan gleann 'snam beann eadar so agus an Goirtean-Fraoich?

COIN.—Tha thusa, a Mhurachaidh, cosmhuil ri piobair an aoin phuirt, an còmhnuidh a' cluicheadh, agus gun a bhi 'cluicheadh ach e. Mar sin, tha thu do ghnàth a' toirt beum do Choinneach Ciobair bochd, ach cha'n 'eil cron no ciùrradh, éucoir no earchall ann an trom-bhuillibh Mhurachaidh Bhàin? Mar a thubhairt an Salmadair, "Buaileadh am fìrean mi is caoimhneas e; agus cronaicheadh e mi, is oladh luachmhor e nach bris mo cheann."

MUR.—Tha eagal orm, a Choinnich, gu'n d' thug thu samhladh, seachad air nach 'eil mise airidh air sheòl sam bith; ach bochd, aineolach, agus neo-airidh mar a tha mi, abram le firinn nach 'eil droch rùn na m' chridhe do Choinneach Ciobair.

COIN.—Cha'n 'eil, no do neach eile; oir is cinnteach mi nach 'eil droch rùn, no droch shùil, no droch dhùrachd 'n ad chridhe do cho'-chréutair sam bith, agus gu sònraichte dhòmhsa.

MUR.—Tha mi 'faicinn dh' aindeoin cùise, a Choinnich, gu'm bheil d' inntinn a' ruith air droch-shùil, a' feuchainn gu'm bheil thu a' creidsinn gu'm bheil a leithid de ni ann.

COIN.—Comadh leat, a Mhurachaidh, labhradh gu leòir mu na nithibh, sin a cheana; ach an creid thu so,—éisd rium a nis,—an creid thu gu'm bheil nithe ann a ta 'n an droch comhar air cùisibh a ta chum teachd?

MUR.—Tha fios cinnteach agam gu'm bheil moran ann, a tha 'toirt géill do nithibh àraidh mar chomharan air cùisibh ri teachd, agus a réir nàdair agus gnè nan nithe sin, gu'm bi na cùisean a ta chum teachd aon chuid taitneach no mi-thaitneach. Chual mi na ficheadan de na manaidhean sin 'n am là 's 'n am linn fein.

COIN.—Chual agus mise; ach cluinneam beagan de na nithibh, mu'n chùis so, air am bheil beachd agad, agus thoir do bharail fein mu'n timchioll, a Mhurachaidh.

MUR.—Chual mi gu'm bheil e mi-fhortanach a bhi 'faicinn neach a' cunntadh suas àireimh do chloinne, do chruidh, no do chaorach.

COIN.—Chual, agus chunnaic, ach, a Mhurachaidh, na'm faicinn-sa sgimilear dona ag àireamh mo chuid caorach aon chuid a'm follais no'n uaigneas, bheirinn am bata mu na cluasaibh dha; agus tuilleadh na sin, na 'n tugainn fa'near gu'n robh e a' cùnntadh mo chuid mac agus nighean, no 'foighneachd cia lion a bh'agam diubh, cha b'fhad gus am faigheadh e an dorus, mur iarradh e beannachd a bhi orra-san a bha e ag àireamh.

MUR.—Is minic a chual mi sin, a Choinnich. Tha e direach mar gu'n abradh neach,—"Tha mi 'faicinn gu'm bheil deichnear chloinne agad, agus gu'n robh iad air am beannachadh dhuit.

COIN.—Ro mhaith, a Mhurachaidh, oir ged robh fichead leanabh agam, tha mi comadh ged robh iad air an cùnntadh air cheann o mhoch gu dubh, mu their esan a ta 'deanamh sin, an da fhocal so, "Beannaich iad."

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil fichead paisd agad fathast,—beannaich iad,—ach, a Choinnich, ma leanas tusa agus

Seonaid air bhur n-aghaidh mar a ta sibh a' deanamh, cha'n fhad gus am bi criochan a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich tuilleadh's beag, agus tuilleadh's cumhann air son meud agus àireimh bhur sliochd,—beannaich iad!

COIN.—'S eadh dìreach, a Mhurachaidh, is maith leat an còmhnuidh a bhi 'cur conais ormsa, ach an Ti a thug comas labhairt dhuit-sa, thug e comas éisdeachd dhòmhsa.

MUR.—Is maith gu'n d' thug, a Choinnich, ach am bheil tuilleadh agad ri aithris mu na nithe sin, no am bheil cùisean air teirig dhuit?

COIN.—Air teirig! cha'n 'eil mi ach ann an toiseach a' ghnothuich, agus na'm biodh mo bhan-choimhearsnach Ealasaid nighean Uilleim mhic Ruaraidh an so, chumadh i seachdain thu a' cur nan nithe so an céill. Ach comadh sin, a Mhurachaidh, an cual thu riamh gu'm bheil e mi-fhortanach àireamh còrr sluaigh suidhe a dheanamh aig bòrd, mar a ta cuig, seachd, naoi, agus aon-déug, agus tha tri-deug aig bòrd 'n a àireamh co neo-shealbhach a's mar cuirear aon diubh a mach as a' chomunn, gu'm faigh neach eigin de'n chuideachd a ta làthair am bàs mu'n tig a' bhliadhna sin gu crìch.

MUR.—Tha sin uile gle iongantach ma 's fior e, a Choinnich, agus cha'n fhéud e bhi nach 'eil droch shùil aig aon air chor-eigin dhiubhsan a ta 'n an suidhe aig a' bhòrd, oir ciod eile ach droch shùil a dheanadh ni co cianail ri sin.

COIN.—Bi 'n ad thosd, a Mhurachaidh, oir tha mi sgith dhe d' bharail-sa mu chumhachd na droch shùla. Tha deagh-fhios agam nach 'eil thusa a' creidsinn anns a' chumhachd sin, agus cha ruig thu leas a bhi 'deanamh fochaid ormsa, a' charaid.

MUR.—Tha e glé cheart nach 'eil mi a' toirt mòran géill do ni sam bith de'n t-seòrsa, a Choinnich, ach an déigh sin, tha sinn a' faotainn eolais air nàdar an duine, le bhi a' beachd-smuaineachadh air barailibh agus cleachdannaibh éugsamhladh d'an robh iad a' toirt géill, agus d'am bheil na mìltean fathasd a' toirt géill anns gach cearnadh de'n rioghachd. Gun teagamh, chual mi aig mòran, agus a'm measg chàich aig an duine urramach, fhòghluimte sin "Bun Lochabair," gu'm bheil e neo-shealbhach imeachd tarsuing air na slataibh-iasgaich air a' chladach, an uair tha'n sgiobadh a' deanamh deas chum an cuan a thoirt orra.

COIN.—Cha'n 'eil fios agam cia aca 's droch shùil, no droch cas sin, a Mhurachaidh, ach tha e glé cheart, agus cha chuir na h-iasgairean ràmh air tonn, gus an imich an neach sin air ais a ris air na slataibh, agus le sin gu'm bi an droch bhuaidh air a smàladh as.

MUR. — Cha'n 'eil e furasd a chreidsinn gu'm biodh amaideachd co mòr ann an ceann duine ghlic sam bith, no gu'n tugadh creutair reusonta sam bith géill da.

COIN.—Bha do shinnseara fein gle ghlic 'n an là 's 'n an linn fein, a Mhurachaidh, agus thug iad géill do na nithibh sin. Ach an cual thu riamh nach 'eil e sealbhach deoch-slainte cuideachd sam bith òl ceithir thimchioll ach a réir cuairt na greine?

MUR.—Is tric a chual agus a chunnaic mi sin, a' Choinnich, ach cha'n 'eil mi idir a' smuaineachadh gu'm bheil brìgh no bladh sam bith anns na nithibh sin. A nis, a Choinnich, am bheil thusa a' creidsinn nach 'eil e sealbhach uisge salach a thilgeadh a nach an déigh laidhe na gréine, agus mu'n éirich i? —innis domh.

COIN.—Tha do bhan-ghoistidh, Seònaid, a' creidsinn sin, oir b'fhearr leatha a' ghriosach a bhàthadh leis an uisge sin, na 'thilgeadh a mach

air an dorus an déigh tuiteam na h-oidhche. Ochan! is i nach deanadh idir.

MUR.—Och mo chreach! Is leoir Coinneach Ciobair fein a bhi làn saobh-chrabhaidh, co làn is tha 'n t-ubh de'n bhiadh, ged a bhiodh Seonaid chòir tuigseach agus glic.

COIN.—Tha mi fada fada 'n ad chomain, a Mhurachaidh, air son do dheagh-bharail dhiom-sa, ach is comadh co dhuibh, oir mar a thubhairt mi cheana an Ti a thug comas labhairt dhuitse, thug e comas éisdeachd dhomhsa. Ach stad ort, a charaid, an cual thusa riamh nach 'eil e ceart uaigh a bhi fosgailte air an t-Sàbaid, oir ma bhitheas, cladhaichear uaigh air son neach eile 's an teaghlach mu'n criochnaichear an t-seachdain. An creid thu sin a nis.

MUR.—Ma ta, cha chreid; ach an creid thusa mur ragaich corp an déigh a' bhais, gu'm bi bàs eile 's an teaghlach mu'n duinear a' bhliadhna?

COIN.—Is mi a chreideas, oir bha dearbhadh agam air. Ach, a Mhurachaidh, tha e 'n a ni ro chinnteach gu'm bheil bàs am fagus an uair a chluinnear ùlfhartaich chon air an oidhche, no ma chithear ròcas, no pitheid ag itealaich, agus a' leúm air mullach an tighe.

MUR.—Ma ta, a' Choinnich, tha mi fein ag aideachadh nach toigh leam na creutairean iteagach sin a bhi dlùthachadh ris an fhàrdaich, oir beagan mu'n do ghabh Domhnull Beag againn an tinneas a thug a mach e, cha charuicheadh fionnag mhòr, ghlas bharr simileirean an tighe rè na seachdain mu'n do chaochail e, agus an déigh sin cha'n fhacas riamh tuilleadh i.

COIN.—An d' fhosgail sin do shuilean, a Mhurachaidh, oir ma tha comhar mar sin ceart aig aon uair, car son nach biodh a leithid sin ceart aig uair eile?

MUR. — Gle chothromach, a Choinnich, agus tha do cheist, glè nadurra. Cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach 'eil thusa a' creidsinn gu'm bheil mòran nithe iongantach air an deanamh leis na h-eoin, an uair a chruinnicheas iad, agus a chumas iad a' phàrlamaid mhòr aca fein. Cha'n fhad o'n thug an t-uasal geanail, fòghluimte sin "Bun Lochabar" seachad earrann mhòr de "Bhàrdachd nan eun," ach dheth sin bheir e tuilleadh seachad fathasd, an uair a gheibh e greim air. Is bàrdachd so a tha ceudan bliadhn' a dh-aois, agus a dh' airiseadh o shean, agus feudaidh e bhi fathasd le seann daoinibh ann an Uthisd, anns an Eilean Sgiathanach, agus ann an cearnaibh eile de 'n Ghaidhealtachd.

COIN.—Ma's maith mo chuimhne, bha na h-uiread de "Bhàrdachd nan eun" aig seann Dhomhnull Tailear a bha deanamh mach nach tuig eadh iad lide ach fior Ghaidhlig.

MUR.—Fior Ghaidhlig gu'n teagamh, oir tha "Bun-Lochabar" a toiseachadh na bàrdachd mar so:—

" 'Nuair bha 'Ghaidheilig aig na h-eòin,
'S a thuigeadh iad glòir nan dàn;
Bu tric an còmhradh anns a' choill
Air iomadh pòing, ma's fior na Bàird."

COIN.—Ro cheart—"comhradh air iomadh poing," agus còmhradh mu'n bhàs, chum rabhadh a thoirt uime mu'n tig e.

MUIR.—O, a Choinnich, cùm do theangadh, agus na cluinneam tuilleadh mu'n ghlòrais sin. Tha eoin gu leoir 's a' Ghoirtean Fhraoich, ach ma tha cainnt nam beann aca, bu chòir doibh comhairle a thoirt air Coinneach Ciobair, gun e bhi cho faoin-chreideach.

COIN.—Cha mhi-thaitneach leat idir, a Mhurachaidh, a bhi 'cluinntinn mu na nithe so uile, ged nach aidich thu a bhi 'creidsinn annta; ach ma dh' innseas tu an fhirinn, is tric a chual agus a chunnaic thu gur mi-

shealbhach agus cunnartach an ni creadhal fhalamh a luasgadh. Cha ghabhadh Seònaid an saoghal agus sin a dheanamh. Rachadh i air chrith mar shlait 's an t-sruth, na'm beanadh aon de 'n chloinn do'n chreadhail agus an leanabh aisde.

MUR.—Cha'n urrainn domh aicheadh nach cual mi sin, a Choinnich, ach is iomadh ni a chual mi riamh anns nach robh firinn no blagh ; ach comadh co dhuibh, am bheil tuilleadh dheth na nithibh sin air chùimhn' agad ?

COIN.—Is maith leat a bhi 'g an cluinntinn, a Mhurachaidh, chum comus fhaotuinn air a bhi 'g an diteadh ; ach tha mi 'creidsinn gu'm bheil an gloc ni's miosa na'm builleadh, agus le sin gheibh thu an tuilleadh agus an tuilleadh dhiubh. An cual thu nach eil e sealbhach a' ghealach ùr fhaicinn troimh uinneig ? Air an dóigh chéudna, cha'n 'eil e sealbhach dol a stigh do thigh anns am bheil thu gu tamh a ghabhail, air an dorus chùil. Ach gabh beachd air so, ma bhriseas tu do chnàmhan le tubaist sam bith, cha'n 'eil e glic no sealbhach dhuit dol dh' ionnsuidh an léigh chum an ceangladh suas, oir tha na léighean gu tur aincolach air gach ni mu chnamhan na coluinn, ged tha iad eòlach air euslaintibh eile a leighcas.

MUR.—Is tric a thug mi sin fancar. An uair a bhris Callum Bàn Mac Uilleim Mhic Shéumais a chas an uiridh aig Coire-nan-cilid, ged bha an Leigh Mac Mhuirich 's an ath thigh aig an àm, cha leigeadh iad leis meur a chur air Callum, ach chuireadh fios gun dàil air Fearchar Gobha dh' ionnsuidh na ceardaich, thainig e, agus cheangal e suas a' chos, ach ma cheangal, tha i cho cròm an duigh ri bùlas na poite, agus cha bhi i ceart aige gu bràth. Ach is mòr a ni an t-aineolas, agus is minic tha an t-aineolas an da chuid dall agus dàn.

COIN.—Tha mi ag aontachadh gur e an ti a dh' ionnsaich ealaidh no ceairde sam bith, an ti aig am bu chòir am barrachd eòlais a bhi mu'n chùis, ach an déigh sin ghabhadh moran Fearchar Gobha, agus dheanadh iad tair air an Leigh Mac Mhuirich, agus cha'n 'eil fios agam nach e sin a' cheart chleas a dheanadh Murachadh Ban fein.

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil fios agad, agus tha sin direach co maith, ach tha m an dòchas nach bi mi an eiseimeil aon de'n dithis. Ach am bheil fios agadsa, a Choinuich, gu'm bheil mòran 's a' bharail nach 'eil e cneasda leanabh-nighinn a bhaisteadh 's an aon uisge ri leanabh-mic oir ma nithear sin, fàsaidh féusag co fad ri m', lùdaig air min-ghnùis na caileig bige.

COIN.—Cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach fàs mur baistear i an toiseach, ach ma bhaistear fanaidh a gnùis co lòm ri dearnadh mo laimh.

MUR.—Tha thusa, a' Choinnich, mar a bha, a's mar a bhitheas tu, agus is diomhain a bhi labhairt riut. Am bheil thu a' creidsinn, ma ta, gu'm bheil nàdar na h-aimsire air fhaotuinn a mach le cumadh, coslas, dreach, teachd, agus trathanna na gealaich ?

COIN.—Tha cho cinnteach is gu'n dean dhà agus tri cùig.

MUR.—Am bheil thu a' creidsinn nach 'eil e ceart crodh no caoraich, no beathaichean sam bith eile a mharbhadh ann an caitheadh na gealaich, do bhrìgh le sin a dheanamh, gu'n crion an fheoil aca 's a' phoit air an teine ; ach air an laimh eile, rachadh an coirce a bhuain, am feur a spealadh, na craobhan a ghearradh, agus a' mhoine a bhuain ann an caitheadh na gealaich, do bhrìgh gur e sin an t-àm a's fearr air son tiormachaidh agus caoineachaidh a ta idir ann.

COIN.—Tha na's leòir againn an diugh de na nithibh sin, rachamaid a ghabhail sràide, agus a dh-amharc air na caoraich agus na h-uain.

MUR.—Tha mi glé dhcònach, oir is fearrde sinn an àile fhaotuinn.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

———o———

GLEANN AFARIC.

FAILT agus furan air a' Ghaidheal. Tha mi 'n earbsa gu'm beil thu fhein slàn, fallain; 's gu'm beil gach cùis a' soirbheachadh leat a réir do mhiann.

A nise gabham dànadas ort: tha dùil agam nach droch oilean dhomh mo bheachd innse dhut gu saor, soilleir; gu sonraichte, bho 'n a tha sinn iomadh bliadhna eòlach air a cheile. Galbh mo leisgeul, ach tha iongantas mor orm, thu chur litir na "Ban-Sàilich" air bord do chàirdean 's a' mhios so chaidh.

Tha na ceudan deth do luchd leughaidh eadar Alba, Canada agus Nova Scotia air an cair an litir ud làn an cinn a dh-iongantas. Gun teagamh tha cuid de shluagh òg ann an America, agus air Gaeltachd Alba nach cuala guth riamh roimhe so mu dheidhinn Afaric Chruaidh, no Afaric Mholach a bhi an geall airgid aig muinntir Chinntaile: Ach ma bheir thusa cothrom dhomhsa air ma sgeula sgaoileadh cho fad agus cho farsuinn 's a sgaoil thu sgeula na Ban-Sailich bidh fios aig gach aon duibh sean 's òg air firinn na cuise.

Feuchaidh mi an t-suim, an t-àm, agus ainm an duine phàidh an t-airgiod-gill do na Sailich. Ach le d' chead, bheir sinn tionndadh no dha 's an dol seachad air litir na Ban-Sailich. Tha e ro dhuilich leam focal suarach a chantainn mu bhan-choimhearsnaich. Ach dh' innis i dhut (a reir coltais chreid thu i) "gu 'n do mharbhadh 'Muireach Fial' ann an tigh-òsda Shruidh." Tha so nar, 's gun luach prine chaoil, no cudthrom fionnain fuilt a bhi mar dhearbhadh aice air na thubhairt i. Tha i cantainn gu'n robh "Gille comhla ri *Muireach Fial*, gu'n deach e dhachaidh, ach bha càdhcogais aige air fhein agus dh' fhalbh e rithisd an ceann cheithirladhag, fhuair e 'Muireach Fial' air urlar puill marbh. Fhuair e air a thogail e agus thiodhlaic iad e ann an cladh Shrath-Ghlais."

A nise ma chaidh *Muireach Fial* a bhàthadh, no mhilleadh, agus gur e ghille fhein "aig an robh càdhcogais air fhein" a fhuair marbh e agus a thiodhlaic Muireach mar uidhe astair là ghoirid gheamhraidh do theis meadhon Chinntàile, gun fhios a thoirt dha chinneadh na dha chàirdean—nach 'eil a' chuis ro choltach ris gu'n robh fios aig a' ghille roimh-laimh air a' cheart àite anns an robh Muireach 'n a laidhe?

Tha i deanamh mach "gu'n robh dèigh mhor aig na Sàilich air greim fhaotainn air cuid de na Glaisich a los am marbhadh. "Ach cha do leig an t-eagal leis na Glaisich gnothuch a ghabhail riu." O! a chluas, a chluas, nach éisd thu—"'s searbh a ghlòir ris nach faodar eisdeachd." Ach gu cinnteach ceart tha e ro dhuilich eisdeachd ri bhi cùlchaineadh nan Glaiseach; daoine air nach robh eagal eile riamh, ach eagal Dhia a mhain.

"Ach thog na Sailich leac as a' chladh, agus thug iad leo 'an leac an dùil gu 'n leanadh na Glaisich iad.' An cuala am mac no 'n t-athair riamh roimhe a leithid so de sheanchas? Tha clach ann an Cill-Duthaich ris an abrar 'an leac chuileineach'; ach a reir barail dhaoine geur, glic, firinneach 's ann á Gleann-lic am braighe Cro Chinntàile a chaidh a toirt. Eisd

ris a chuid-sa de 'n sgeula :—Fhuair duine truadh aig an robh droch 'bhean a thug Peairt oirre' Bann Mhuirich Fheil 'agus air dha bhi ann am breislich eadar chadal 's duisg dh' innis e gu'n d' fhuair e Bann Mhuirich Fheil ann an seann bheinge.'"

Shaoileadh iomadh fear gu 'm faodadh sgeula na "beinge" gradstad gun dol na b' fhaide, ach tha Bhan-Saileach ag radh gu'n do chuir fear de luchd còlais "an eachdraidh so uile an ceill do dh-fhear-lagha air an robh eolas aige an Duneideann."

Nach ann aig a' Bhan-Sailich 's aig a "ghille ruadh," a bha barail a' bhruic de 'ladhran air luchd lagha Dhuneideann? An robh duil aca gu'n gabhadh fear-lagha air bith, Deas no Tuath bonn suim no dragh deth sgeula breoite na Beinge bha falbh 'n a càth?

A nise eisd riumsa agus bheir mi sgeula firinneach dhut mu Ghleann Afaric:—Bha ceann shuas a' ghlinne so fad iomadh bliadhna 'n geall airgid aig muinntir Chinntaile: Ach PHAIDH Cailean Chnoc-Fhinn a h-uile ceann bonnasia dheth an t-suim, eadar chalpa, riadh, agus chostas. Thainig an t-iomlan gu Da-Mhiledheug Marg. Cheangail an Siosalach gach Srath 's Monadh, gach Beinn 's gleann 's bealach gach coire 's fuaran, gach lùb 's sliabh 's fireach deth 'n talamh a lasaich e fhein dha Cailean Chnoc-Fhinn. Agus bha an ceangal a thug e dha air an talamh sin, air a làn-dhearbhadh. 'S e fear-lagha dh'a m b'ainm Alastar Friseal a sgriobh an ceangal agus a chuir sios an leabhar-cuimhne anns a' Chananaich e air la 'eil Moire 1679.

Fhianais ort fhein, mur d' rinn am Friseal ach a ghnothuich cruadh, glan, snasail. Da-fhichead bliadhna agus a dha an deigh sin, chuir bàillidh an righ fear dh' a m b' ainm Uilleam Ros) roimhe gu 'm feumadh iad màl Afaric a phàidhadh dha fhein as leth Righ Deorsa: ach choinnich Iain-Ruadh Chnoc-Fhinn e ann an Caisteal-Eirichealais air an 26mh la fichead de mhios meadhonach an fhoghair 1721. Bha so sia bliadhna an deigh la Sliabh-an t-siorra, agus mar tha fios agad, chaill an Siosalach an oighreachd air son eiridh an aobhar an righ dhlighich. Mar thuirt mi, chuir an Rosach a thagradh an ceill, ach chuir Iain ruadh an ceangal a fhuair athair air Afaric air a bheul-thaobh, agus cha b 'urrainn do 'n Rosach dol na b' fhaide leis an tagaradh. Bliadhna agus da mhios roimhe an la sin sheas an ceangal so gu laidir daingeann an aghaidh àrd chismhaor an Righ:—b'e sin, Seumas Baillidh (W. S.) am fear bho 'n d 'thainig teaghlach Dabhach-a-phuir. Fhuair an duine so h-uile sgriob de thalamh an t-Siosalaich ach na bha ceangailte aig fear Chnoc-Fhinn deth.

Reic am Bailleanach an talamh ri Seorus Mac Coinnich, *i. e.* Fear Allan, agus thug e còir-dhligheach dha air, anns a' bhliadhna 1720. Reic Fear Allan an talamh a rithisd anns a' bhliadhna 1727 ri Alastair Siosal Fear-Mhucarachd agus thug fear Mhucarachd an Oighreachd air a h-ais do Cheann-Cinnidh nan Siosalach.

A nise tha so a' dearbhadh a dh-aindeoin righ no uachdarain; a dh' aindeoin na rinn am Bailleanach, an Rosach, agus a' chuid eile de luchd dreuchd an righ, nach d' fhuair iad greim no cearb air obair an Fhrisailich. Tha e soillear gu 'n d' fhàg e Bann Fhir Chnoc-Fhinn gun chron, gun mheang. Chaill an Siosalach an oighreachd a rithisd an deigh la Chuil-fhodair; ach cha do chaill fear Chnoic-Fhinn Afaric gus an d'thug e dha Cheann-cinnidh an Siosalach i, mar rinn Fear Mhuc-

arachd beagan bhliadhnaichean roimh an àm anns 'na cheangladh an oighreachd ris a' Chrùn.

Tha dà-cheud bliadhna ach ceithir bho 'n chaidh an t-airgiod-gill a phàidheadh do na Sailich: ach bha iad fad dha fhichead bliadhna 's h-ochd an deigh sin a' paidheadh màil á ceann shuas Afaric. Bha cuid de mhuinntir Chinntaile 'n an coimhearsniach cho math, cho tuigseach, agus cho reith-bheairteach ri daoine sheas riamh ann an leathar mairt. Ach bha cuid eile dhiubh ro dhraghail, agus ro laghail. Cha b'ann le'n deoin a dhealaich a' chuid so dhiubh ris a' ghleann. Ach b' fheudar iad fhein agus a h-uile bà a's each, 's caora 's gobhar, gach nì eile bhuineadh dhaibh, a sguabadh a mach á Afaric Chruaidh 's á Afaric Mholaich, agus an cur a mach thair Beallach-Coire-chait.

Beannachd leat, turus math dhut, 's gu'm bu slan a thig thu rithisd an rathad so.

BAN-GHLAISEACH.

An Giblin 1875.

———o———

SOP AS GACH SEID.

CU FHINN.

Gnos mar chuaille,
Cluas mar dhuilleach;
Earball mu'n speir,
'S an speir mar chorrna.

Bha duine coir ann roimhe ag comhairleachadh dh' a nighinn gun ghille bha 'n sid a phòsadh, "agus," ars esan, "Ise a phòsas tha i deanamh gu math; ach ise nach pòs tha i deanamh na 's fhearr." "Ma 's ann mar sin a tha," ars an nighean, ni mise gu math, agus an fheadhain a thogras deanamh na's fhearr deanadh iad e."

CUMA GAMHNA.

Am bronnach geamhraidh,
'S an seang earraich;

Agus

Ceann mor a's amhach chaol,
Aogasg an droch ghamhna.

AN T-ASAL AGUS AN CLUARAN.

Bha asal ann roimhe so an am an fhoghair a' dol do 'n achadh bhuana le sac bidh thun an tuathanaich agus nam buanaichean. Air an rathad thachair cluaran mor, briagha air, agus leis an acras tòisichear air 'iche; agus mar a bha e 'g a chnuasachadh, dh' éirich na smaointean so 'n a inntinn: "Is ioma fear ailleasach, sòghail, a mheasadh 'n a chuilm na th' agamsa air mo mhuin 's na cléibh, ach is mor gur blaisde 's gur fhearr dhomhsa an cluaran so, ge searbh e 's ge biorach a chalg, na a' chuilm is sòghaile."

"Cha tuig an sàthach an seang,
Is mairg a bhiodh 'n a thraill dh' a bhroinn."

Suirdhe fada bho laimh,
'S pòsadh am bun an doruis.

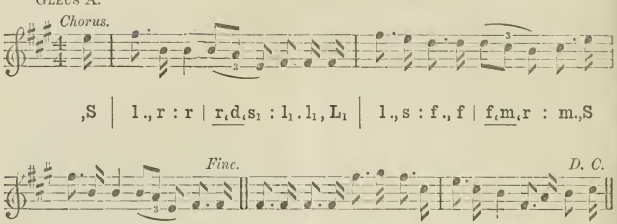
AN SAIGHDEIR AGUS A' CHAILLEACH.

Bha saighdeir là dol suas an t-sràid ann am baile Hamilton, a's sogan 'n a cheann an deigh dha bhi greis 's an tigh-òsda. Thachair e air caillich bhochd 's chuir e fàilt oirre—"Cia mar thà sibh, a mhàthair?" "Tha mi 'n eatorras," ars ise, "ach b' fheairrde mi fios a bhi agam co tha 'g am fhoighneachd." "Nach aithne dhut idir mi?" ars an spailpeir dearg. "Cha 'n aithne gu dearbh," ars a' chailleach, "cha 'n fhiosrach mi gu 'm faca mi riabh thu." "An ann mar sin a thà," ars esan—"is mise ma ta, mac piuthar 'an fhir ud!" "Am beil thu fhein ag ràdh sin," ars a' chailleach, "ma ta, tha thu fior choltach ri bràthair do mhàthar!"

———o———

ORAN GAOIL.

GLEUS A.



Ill ù ill ó, hó rŏ éile,
Ill ù ill ó, hŏ ró bha hó,
Ill ù ill ó, hó rŏ éile.

Moch 's a' mhadainn rinn mi gluasad,
Dhìr mi a mach ri Beinn Cruachan.

Dhìr mi a mach, &c.,
'S theirinn mi lag an fhraoich uaine.

Theirinn mi lag, &c.,
'S shuidh mi aig tobar an fhuarain.

Shuidh mi aig tobar, &c.;
Chìr mi mo cheann 's dh' fhàg mi ghruag ann.

Chìr mi mo cheann, &c.,
Dh' fhàg a's falt mo chinn 'n a dhualan.

Dh' fhàg a's falt, &c.,
Suil g'an d' thug mi thar mo ghuallainn.

Suil g'an d' thug, &c.
Chunna mi 'tighinn na h-uaislean.

Chunna mi 'tighinn, &c.,
'D é, ma bhà, cha robh mo luaidh-s' ann.

'D é ma bha, &c.,
Fear a' chinn duibh 's a' chòt uaine.

Fear a' chinn duibh, &c.,—
Cha robh, a ghaoil, gu 'm b' fhada uam thu.

Cha robh, a ghaoil, &c.,
Bha té eil' aig baile 'd bhuaireadh.

Bha té eil' aig baile, &c.,
'S chaidil thu 'n raoir air a cluasaig.

Chaidil thu 'n raoir, &c.,
Ach 's aithne dhòmhsa 'd é chum uam thu.

'S aithne dhomhsa, &c.,
Tainead mo chrodh-laoigh air buaile.

Tainead mo chrodh-laoigh, &c.,
Lughad 's a bha dubh no ruadh dhiùbh,

Lughad 's a bha dubh, &c.,
Lughad 's a bha caisionn, guaillionn.

Lughad 's a bha caisionn, &c.,
Ach 'd é ma 's ise 's truime buaile,

'D é ma 's ise 's truime, &c.,
'S mise 's càirdich' do na h-uaislean.

'S mise 's càirdich, &c.,
A dhìreadh 's a thearnadh ri Cruachan.

A dhìreadh 's a thearnadh, &c.,
Le 'm *fiasgaichean* air an cruachainn.

Le 'm *fiasgaichean*, &c.,
Le 'n gumnaichean air an guaillnean.

Le 'n gumnaichean, &c.,
A dhol a shealg na h-éilde ruaidhe.

A dhol a shealg, &c.,
Mar sin a's lach a' chinn uaine.

Mar sin a's lach, &c.,
'S a' bhric air linne nan cuairteag.

'S a' bhric air linne, &c.,
'S mithich tearnadh le Beinn Cruachan.

Is ann bho m' dheadh charaid Donull Greum a fhuair mi an t-oran binn so—cha chreid mi nach taitinn e riut.

MAC-MHARCUIS.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. JUNE 1875. No. 42.

OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE.*

First Notice.

Apart altogether from the intrinsic merit of the work, the publication of Dr. Hately Waddell's handsome volume is an important and gratifying fact. It is an additional proof, if proof were required, of an increasing interest, on the part of intelligent and educated Saxons, in the study of Celtic literature, and the influence of that literature upon the spiritual life of this country and of the world. Dr. Waddell may well be ranked side by side with such men as Max Müller, Arnold, and Jerram, in this country, and Zeuss and Ebrard, in Germany—men of scholarship and culture, who believe that the remains of Celtic literature, scanty though they be, are of sufficient importance to deserve the attention of the historian, the linguist, and the philosopher; and who honestly attempt to assign his true place to the Celt among the civilising agencies of the world. To have obtained an ingenuous recognition of their history and literature from such eminent men is to the living Celtic population of these isles a gratifying matter. It is only what we were entitled to demand; but it is not what we have been accustomed to receive. In this country it has been the peculiar misfortune of the Gael to have had his character and literature alternately traduced and extolled beyond the limits which adequate knowledge and impartial criticism would warrant. Nor does it appear that the time is yet past when it is considered necessary, in order to pass judgment upon the character and literature of that portion of the population of Scotland who live to the north of the Highland line, to lay aside the principles of criticism and of evidence recognised as essential when judging men and books elsewhere. The day is not yet past when ignorance of our language and people and literature, beyond what a few months' tour in the company of gillies and mail-drivers will ensure, is held by many to be not only no disqualification for the production of a fashionable novel, but even a positive qualification for dogmatising upon the literary merits of avowed translations of Gaelic poetry. We have our traducers and our panegyrists still; and we doubt whether we have not been misrepresented as much by the one as by the other. Indiscriminate eulogy and indiscriminate abuse have been equally hurtful to us; are equally distasteful to at least a goodly number among us; and, we confidently assert, have been equally undeserved by us. We ourselves and our encomiasts, who too often and too unadvisedly spoke for us, would not be satisfied with bread—we demanded delicacies; little wonder perhaps that

* Ossian and the Clyde, Fingal in Ireland, Oscar in Iceland; or, Ossian, Historical and Authentic. By P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., Minister of the Gospel, Editor and Biographer of Robert Burns, Translator of the Psalms into Scottish; Author of "Behold the Man," &c. Glasgow: James Maclehose, Publisher to the University. 1875.

our detractors gave us scorpions only in return. Against the prejudice of our defamers and the bias of our eulogists—parasites, both of them, upon the tree of ignorance—the works of the men we have named are a standing protest; and in this respect are especially valuable to those of our people who are engaged in uprooting the tree which has for so long cast its blighting shadow over our land.

The purport of Dr. Waddell's work is but imperfectly described in the short title, "Ossian and the Clyde," and even from the full title which we have quoted above only a faint idea of its contents can be gathered. It is an elaborate attempt to prove from internal sources that the works of Ossian, as represented in the English translation of James MacPherson, are historical and authentic. The author is admittedly incompetent to enter into a searching examination of that department of internal evidence which deals with the language and style of the poems, and which can be appreciated only by those who possess thorough knowledge of the Gaelic language in its past and existing forms. But he compares, with a minuteness and research never before attempted, the evidence furnished by the subject-matter of the poems with the existing evidence obtainable from other sources, geological, geographical, topographical, etymological, and traditional; and from the comparison he unhesitatingly arrives at the conclusion that the Ossianic poems are entitled to the character which popular tradition in the Highlands of Scotland always claimed for them, viz.:—compositions of old date by a poet of the first order, narrating events which actually occurred in the far-past history of these islands.

To the readers of this Magazine it may be unnecessary to repeat the thrice-told tale of the "Ossianic controversy," as it has, with but too much reason, been called. The story is not without its complications. It is in many respects a sad story. It reflects but little credit upon the chief actors engaged in it; and its effect both upon Gaelic scholarship and upon the intelligent education of the Scottish Highlanders has been unfortunate. "Ossian" was presented to the world in English by James MacPherson as an avowed translation of Gaelic poetry collected by him orally and in manuscript, while on a tour, undertaken for this purpose, through the Highlands of Scotland. Translations of a similar character, though of less pretension, but making the same claim to be translations of ancient Gaelic poetry, appeared before and after MacPherson's "Ossian." The intrinsic merit of the work was instantly acknowledged by all competent judges throughout Europe. But anon doubts arose regarding the genuineness of the work as a translation. MacPherson was denounced by Johnson and others as a literary impostor; and he, after depositing manuscripts with his publishers for inspection and examination, and advertising that he had done so, replied with sullen scorn. His opponents would not and could not examine manuscripts; his friends did not. His opponents poured forth abuse, invective, and reproach upon MacPherson and his country, as genuine and ferocious as ever M'Donald of Ardnamurchan uttered against Cumberland and the English army. The friends of MacPherson replied with encomium, rhetoric, and interjections. But a faithful and honest attempt to settle the question of genuineness once and for ever was not made till after

MacPherson's death in 1796, and then the only Gaelic manuscript recovered among his papers was found to be a complete copy of Ossian, written out in his own hand, or by one of his friends. The Highland Society now instituted an inquiry, and in 1805 issued a Report. which conclusively shows that MacPherson collected a mass of poetry in 1759-60, both orally and in manuscript, and that at least certain parts of the published English translation were examined by gentlemen competent for the task, and were held to be genuine translations of poetry, which either they themselves learned in youth, or which was recited to them by old people of their acquaintance. The Gaelic text of Ossian found among MacPherson's papers was entrusted to certain gentlemen; and in 1807 was published, for the first time, a complete edition of Ossian in Gaelic; but with the fatality attaching to all the manuscripts connected with this history, this also disappeared, and has not yet been recovered. The controversy raged fierce and hot. The denouncers of MacPherson demanded manuscripts, now that they could not be had; his upholders met the demand by quoting as conclusive proof popular tradition, and the testimony of men who were dead or dying.

The scene of interest now shifts to Ireland. "Ossian" is proclaimed to be genuine, but of Hibernian authorship. To Ireland, not to Scotland, it is alleged, belongs the author and his works; and the contents of old manuscripts are published in order to support the allegation. In our judgment, Mr. Campbell, in the fourth volume of the Highland Tales, and Mr. Skene, in his introduction to the book of the Dean of Lismore, effectually dispose of the Irish claim. The publication of the Dean of Lismore's manuscript in 1862, and of Mr. Campbell's "Leabhar na Feinne" a few years ago, gave fresh interest to the controversy. Both these works prove that poetry of alleged Ossianic authorship existed in this country for several centuries back, and thus dispose once and for ever of most of the arguments or rather of the assertions of Johnson and his followers. But it is equally true that in all the "Ossianic" poetry published in the Dean's manuscript and in "Leabhar na Feinne" no passage can be found which is reproduced in MacPherson's Ossian. Accordingly the world at large were fast settling down into the belief that MacPherson collected a vast amount of Ossianic literature, and out of these materials constructed "Ossian" as we now have it, so that he might substantially be regarded as the author of it. In 1870 a vigorous attempt to establish the Ossianic authorship of the poems was made by Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, in an able Introduction to his valuable edition of Ossian. This edition of Clerk's was the immediate occasion of a number of letters to the newspapers of the day by Dr. Waddell. These letters formed the basis of the elaborate work before us.

The different theories held with regard to MacPherson's Ossian may, it appears to us, be reduced to three. In the first place it is held that MacPherson got his material during his tour, and presented it to the world substantially as he found it, so that we have, to all intents and purposes, an authentic and genuine work. In the second place, it is maintained that materials were recovered by him of a similar character to the "Ossianic Ballads," as they are called; and that from

these, with or without the assistance of friends, he constructed the complete work as we now have it. The third theory is that he obtained materials in prose and verse which popular tradition ascribed to Ossian, and that from these he composed "Ossian" in English; and afterwards, with or without the assistance of friends, produced the Gaelic version. I consider it needless to discuss the third theory. All who know both languages maintain that, whoever the author, the Gaelic version is the original, the English the translation. In other respects the third theory is the same as the second. Dr. Waddell holds the first theory. The considerations which he adduces in support of his view, we shall endeavour to examine in a future number.

—o—

LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

III.—ASSIMILATION OF THE BURGH AND COUNTY FRANCHISE.

For some time back the conviction has been developing that, whatever criterion be accepted as the standard of political ability, the electoral privileges now enjoyed by our county ratepayers are very much out of proportion to their rights. This conviction has of late taken the form of an agitation to equalise the burgh and county franchise, and to such dimensions had the movement grown at the last general election that even the leaders of the great political parties felt themselves compelled to take sides in the conflict. They saw that the question had become one of the tests at elections, that members were being returned to Parliament pledged to assist in reforming the county franchise, and that the eyes of the nation looked to them for an expression of opinion on the merits and shortcomings, the uses and dangers of the object aimed at. They spoke, and their declaration has been that they saw in the proposal—the one, the germ of one of the grandest constitutional reforms of the future—the other, a revolutionary project fraught with calamitous issues. As the vibrations of these grand key-notes swelled over the great national orchestra, many caught the tones. Much have they warbled since, either in the major or minor mode, according to the source of imitation; nor even now, in the palaces of mine host, are their voices unheard. But all the sound of battle which we hear is by no means the mere reverberation of these echoes. Louder and clearer than this empty wrangling rises the voice of conviction on both sides. It will be our duty to determine which of these convictions are well-founded and which are not —which are merely the crystallisation of pre-formed opinion, and which are the endogenous growth of a clear intelligence.

Let us review the arguments on both sides.

Against the proposal it is urged that the enfranchisement of the lower stratum of our county ratepayers would be an injustice to the burghs, because it would lead to the practical disenfranchisement of many of the least populous of these. Then it is added, that the inhabitants of our rural districts, villages, and small towns are not qualified to discharge the responsible duties of electors, and the obvious result is pointed out, that their disenfranchisement would therefore be inimical to the welfare of the state. By and by, we are led to expect, these ignorant people will be raised to a higher level through the agency

of the various educative forces now in play, and then they will receive, and make intelligent use of, electoral power; but in the meantime their enfranchisement would be, to say the least, premature and unwise, if not dangerous. After these endeavours to show us that the agitation has no solid basis, we are asked to conclude that it owes its being entirely to the needs of party—that the sole object of its existence is to furnish a mere political war-cry.

In favour of the proposal it is replied that the burghs have no right to arrogate to themselves the proud privileges which naturally belong to the counties, unless it can be shown that they possess superior claims on that honour through higher qualifications. As a sequal to this contingency, and as a reply to the second objection, the advocates of the reform declare that the burgh ratepayers possess no such claims—that they are quite ready to prove, that the qualifications of the county ratepayers, if not superior to, are certainly equal to those of their fellow ratepayers in the burghs. It is not their qualifications which are unequal, they say, it is their privileges which are unequal, and vastly unequal too.

A speculation interesting to the politician would be open up by considering which of the political parties would be chiefly benefited by carrying the proposal into effect. Would the bulk of the newly enfranchised electors throw themselves into the liberal or into the conservative ranks? But as our entire aim is the elevation of the people we dismiss this view of the question.

It appears then that the whole question depends on the qualifications possessed, and the privileges enjoyed, by the lower strata of our burgh and county ratepayers. Are these qualifications and privileges in a ratio or nearly in a ratio to each? If so, the agitators are imagining a vain thing, or, worse still, they are conjuring up a mere phantom to deceive the imagination of others, and to serve their own ends. If not; then, all agree that they ought. Let us compare the qualifications and privileges of both.

To determine the political qualifications of a people it is generally customary to refer to either of three tests, their material resources, their social position, or their intelligence. Some political economists have declared in favour of the first two collectively, while in regard to the third test, it may be said that many contend for, not merely intelligence, but a culture which includes intellectual, physical, and moral development; and, finally, not a few hold the opinion that to arrive at a correct estimate of the political qualifications of any mass of men we must take the sum of their position, means, and culture into account. Let us do so, and consider first the *social position* of both.

The burgh ratepayer is probably a mechanic, his estate is in his skill, he is dependent on no one. If he is honest and industrious,—

> "He looks the whole word in the face,
> For he owes not any man."

The county ratepayer is perhaps a mechanic also, or, more probably, he is an agricultural labourer; but whether the one or the other, he is quite as free in all his civic relations as the burgh ratepayer. He may, however, be a crofter, paying less than £14 annually. In that case his freedom is not equal to that of the burgh ratepayers. He is not so independent in the great relations of life. In the most important civil transactions he is not an active party,

but merely a passive recipient. It is entirely so in the case of the land. Thus he is lower in the scale of social position: But with agonizing earnestness comes a fierce "Why?" from a hundred thousand peasant lips. Why? indeed. Solely and entirely because the land laws which affect our peasantry render social independence impossible. But if any one considers the social degradation of our peasantry a reason for withholding the suffrage from the counties, let such a one remember that this social degradation is not personal, nor at all such as a people without the franchise are responsible for—that the evil has a political origin, and is entirely the creation of the landed despotism of the past. It is well to remember also that by denying the franchise to the counties we are stereotyping in plates that will never wear out the very laws that incapacitate our peasantry, and that are the instruments of their deepest wrongs. In regard to *social position* then we find that burgh and county ratepayers possess equal qualifications, except in the case of a portion of the latter, and that the qualifications wanted in this portion are such as would be supplied by the proposed assimilation itself, and by the various land reforms which through it this portion would be able to work out for itself. It is further observable that as far as social position is concerned there can be no rational hope of the material elevation of our peasantry until they are vested with electoral privileges.

In forming an estimate of the relative *means* of burgh and county ratepayers, we will be least apt to err if we consider the homes of both, as these reflect, not their incomes merely, nor their expenditure on what they deem necessaries, but the difference between both. Now, when we remember that our consideration is directed to the very lowest class of dwellings in towns, we will at once perceive that only one conclusion is possible. The ploughman's cot may be humble, the Highlander's hut may be rude, but the one and the other is a royal palace in comparison with the fœtid dens in which the lowest classes of great cities herd. We do not say that it need be so. We know it *might* be far otherwise. We acknowledge that the habits of these people have more to do with their means than their incomes—that the proper use of their share of 130 millions spent last year on intoxicating drinks alone would do more, infinitely more, not only to swell their means, but to elevate their social position and to make them better men, than years of the sagest legislation, coupled with the most earnest endeavours of philanthropists, will be able to accomplish. But whatever *might be*, the fact remains that, from causes purely personal, and not political, the qualifications of burgh ratepayers, as determined by the test of means, are inferior to those of county householders.

In considering the *culture* of the strata of burgh and county ratepayers under review, we observe two facts which, as far at least as the state of the mind is concerned, carry in them quite conclusive evidence. The one fact is that the Education Act of 1872 would not then, and possibly would never, have been called into existence but for the defective educational machinery of our cities; and the other is, that advantage has been taken of the provisions of the new Act much more largely in the burghs than in the counties. The superior physical culture of our "bold peasantry"

is self-evident. Nor is it in only in intellectual and physical development that our county ratepayers are superior, for we might watch long, but watch in vain, to see among them those displays of weak, vulgar sentimentalism and illicit sympathy of which there have been such notorious exhibitions of late in the southern burghs.

It seems, therefore, that an examination of the relative qualifications of burgh and county ratepayers amply justifies the assertions, and substantiates the arguments of the agitators for the equalisation of the burgh and county franchise.

Let us now compare their relative privileges.

From the latest returns we find that the population and number of electors in the most northern counties are as follows :—

County.	Population.	No. of Electors.
Caithness . .	31,857	1084
Sutherland . .	23,061	343
Ross & Cromarty	75,543	1475
Inverness . .	73,017	1642

In the four largest burghs the figures are :—

Burgh.	Population.	No. of Electors.
Glasgow . .	477,144	52,033
Edinburgh .	19[illegible],500	23,735
Dundee . .	118,974	16,295
Aberdeen . .	88,125	13,996

From the above figures we find that the percentage of electors in the counties and burghs above mentioned are :—

County.	Per-centage.	Burgh.	Per-centage.
Caithness	3·4	Glasgow .	10·9
Sutherland	1·3	Edinburgh	12
Ross and Cromarty	1·9	Dundee	13
Inverness	2·2	Aberdeen	13·6

Now, these figures show that, whatever the electoral qualifications of burgh ratepayers, their privileges are ten times greater than those enjoyed by ratepayers in the counties. Surely, then, the agitation for a more even arrangement is amply called for.

But it is not merely because the assimilation of the burgh and county franchise would be an act of simple justice to our county ratepayers that the proposal deserves the advocacy of all friends of our peasantry. All over the country, and very especially all over the Highlands, this enfranchisement would be productive of such splendid results as to render the claims of the proposal quite overpowering. Instead of a contemned and ignored rural population—instead of a Highland peasantry, despised, crushed, enslaved, and demoralised, we would see these brave and strong men revelling in the intense enjoyment of freshly-acquired power, bounding to a higher level of social and political independence, riveted to their country by a clearer and new-born patriotism ; and as in the past they have written on the never-fading page of history with swords dipped in the blood of Britain's enemies the splendid tale of British valour and British glory, so we would see them now working out for themselves the liberty which they lost in fighting the battle of the State and furnishing workers and guides to the fields of commerce, politics, and philosophy.

MACHAON.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE monthly meeting of the Society took place on the 12th ult., at No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi. The attendance was greatly in excess of the ordinary number, many being added no doubt from the knowledge that Professor Blackie of Edinburgh and Mr. Jerram of Oxford, were likely to be present. The President rose to ask the concurrence of the Society to his proposition, that the rules which forbade English) be suspended for the present occasion, for reasons which they knew was, that thereby Professor Blackie and Mr. Jerram, who were present among them, might share their colloquies. The inability of these gentlemen to join the conversation in Gaelic was sufficient to carry the proposition, and the rule was suspended. The President then addressed the meeting, dwelling on the obligations which Professor Blackie had laid Celts under for his exertions in favour of, and sympathy with the "claims of their language." Professor Blackie replied at considerable length, dwelling mainly upon the justice of the case and the origin of his own connection with the movement, and experiences in prosecuting it from his first meeting in 1872 to the present. The Vice-President (Mr. Burton) then announced that the committee had made arrangements, with the concurrence of the Marquis of Huntly, to hold a meeting in Willis Rooms on Monday, June 7th, at 2 P.M The health of "the Strangers" was drank, for which Professor Blackie and Mr. Jerram returned thanks, and to that some Gaelic songs succeeded, the Professor joining, and the meeting terminated after a long sederunt.

—o—

THE CELTIC CHAIR.

DURING the sittings of the Annual Assemblies of the three great Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, a deputation of the Celtic Chair Committee appeared before them to request the interest and support of the clergy and educated laity of Scotland in favour of the movement. The reception of the deputation was most gratifying. In the absence of Professor Blackie in London upon the business of the committee, the deputation to the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church consisted of Professor Macgregor, Rev. W. Watson, and Mr. D. Mackinnon. Professor Macgregor addressed the Synod, after which the Moderator said he was sure he spoke the mind of the Court when he said the subject was dear to all of them. Most of them had Highland blood in their veins, and he was sure they would give a Highland welcome to a national object like this.

Dr. Bruce moved—"That the Synod thank the deputation for the statements which had been laid before them, and for the opportunity given them of expressing their interest in the matter to which our attention has been turned, and recommend to the interest and liberality of the Church the movement that has been advocated."

On Friday, the 29th May, the deputation, which consisted of Professor Macgregor, William M'Donald Esq., Rev. W. Ross, Rothesay, headed by Professor Blackie, appeared before the General Assembly of the Free Church, and on Saturday the 30th, before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Professor Blackie powerfully urged the claims of the proposed chair before both Assemblies. After a cordial reception in the Free Church Assembly, it was moved by Dr. Kennedy, Dingwall, seconded by Principal Rainy, and unanimously agreed to, that the Assembly having heard the deputation, express interest in the movement on behalf of the endowment of a Celtic Chair in the University, and recommend it to the liberality of the wealthier members of the Church.

In the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, it was moved by Rev. Mr. Forsyth, Abernethy, seconded by Sir A. Muir Mackenzie, Delvine, and carried by acclamation, that the Assembly congratulate the deputation on the success which the efforts of the promoters of the movement in question had already attained, and expressing the interest which the Church felt in the matter.

—o—

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT TO DR. M'LAUCHLAN.

ON Saturday, the 29th ult., the Rev. Dr. Thomas M'Lauchlan, Convener of the Committee for the Highlands and Islands of the Free Church of Scotland, was presented with his portrait at a meeting held in the Free Presbytery Hall, Edinburgh. Want of space compels us to withhold a report of the proceedings.

—o—



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York . . .	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,
70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line.

GLASGOW
TO
NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, and QUEENSTOWN, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—

Tues. Steamers, £14, 14s., and £15, 15s.
Thurs. „ £12, 12s., and £13, 13s.
Sat. „ £16, 16s., and £17, 17s.

INTERMEDIATE, Eight Guineas.

STEERAGE, Six Guineas.

To New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Quebec.

Passengers booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,
45 & 47 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND AND SETTLEMENT COMPANY
(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1867.)

CAPITAL, £250,000, *IN* 25,000 *SHARES OF* £10 *EACH.*

FIRST ISSUE, 10,000 *SHARES.*

£3 *PER SHARE EXPECTED TO BE CALLED UP.*

Directors.

James Salmon, Esq., I.A., of Jas. Salmon & Son, Glasgow.
William Arthur, Esq., Merchant, Woodlea, Bothwell.
John Cunningham, Esq., of Smart & Cunningham, Barrhead.
Matthew Fairley, Esq., of M. Fairley & Co., Glasgow.
Adam Houston, Esq., of Houston & M'Nairn, Glasgow.
Charles Maitland, Esq., of R. Meiklejohn & Son, Alloa.
James Robertson, Esq., of John Robertson & Co., Newhall.
John Spencer, Esq., Merchant, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Law Agents.

Brown, Dunlop, & Lindsay, 87 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Brokers.

Moore & Brown, 166 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Dykes & MacLagan, 79 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Managers and Secreteries.

W. G. & J. W. Lindsay, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Commissioners in Canada.

John Dunlop, Esq., Craigowan, Woodstock.
Colonel David Shaw, Kingston.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to develop 250,000 acres in Manitoba, a Free Grant from the Dominion Government.

The recent acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Territory opens up 1,300,000 square miles, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, known as the "fertile belt of America," having grain-producing soil and climate *greater in extent and finer in quality* than that of the United States.

It is intended to settle part of the Lands in Grants of alternate Farms of 160 Acres each, and to reserve the balance with selected portions as Market or Town Centres, extending to 104,000 acres, worth, after a time, 20s. to 40s. per acre. The land is prairie, rich loam, and ready for the plough. Common yield of wheat 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

Settlers receive from Company assistance towards passage; seed, implements, stock, &c.; and share with the Company for five years the crop raised, repaying advances.

The prospective value of town sites as centres of population *has not, in the calculations made, been taken into account.*

The Canada Pacific Railway, to commence in Spring, will, in all probability, intersect the Company's lands.

Ordinary Revenue, *based on calculation of crop produce, one-fourth only of actual reports*, would suffice, after expenses, to pay dividends rising to 20 per cent., and create large Reserve Fund, besides proceeds from Land Sales:—

Ten Townships contain Acres	250,000
Deduct for Grants to Settlers, Roads, &c.	146,000
Balance for Reserved Farms and Town Sites . . .	104,000
Whereof for Bonuses 100,000 Acres, worth in 3 or 4 years, at only 30s. per acre, a capital sum of	£150,000

The Town Sites, extending to 4000 Acres, and any Minerals, would remain; and as Winnipeg, four years since a Hudson's Bay Fort, has now about 5000 inhabitants, these sites may speedily prove of immense value.

In October 1874, the Hudson's Bay Co. realised at Winnipeg as much as 4s. 8d. per yard for ground. The Canada Co., similar in plan to this, divided last year 54 per cent., and its £12, 10s. Shares stand in London List at £90 to £101.

For forms of Application and Prospectuses, apply to the Brokers, or at the Registered Office of the Company, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

A NUMBER OF
FAMILIES OF SETTLERS WANTED
FOR
Manitoba, Dominion of Canada.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND & SETTLEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED) OF GLASGOW, having obtained from the Government of Canada 250,000 Acres of the Finest Prairie Land in the Dominion, are now prepared to receive Applications from steady industrious men accustomed to Farm Work, to whom the following Advantageous Terms are offered:—

Advances in full, where necessary, for Passage from Glasgow to Manitoba; possession of Prarie Farm of 160 Acres richest Land near a navigable river, ready for the plough the day of arrival; Seed and Implements required for the Sowing, Cultivation, and Harvesting of the Crops; Family Food Supplies until the Crops are available; suitable houses to live in; a Cow for the Family's supply of Milk and Butter, with Five Years for Repayment of Advances.

Any ordinary energetic family at end of fifth year can be clear of all indebtedness, and worth in money and property from £500 to £1000. A grown-up family may do the same in half that time.

For further information apply to the Company's Agent, ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Applications for Shares of the Company may be made at the Company's Office, 3 W. Regent St. Glasgow.

W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

Aireamh Theaghlaichean Luchdtuineachaidh air an iarraidh gu dol a Mhanitoba, Morroinn Chanada.

FHUAIR COMUNN FEARAINN AGUS TUINEACHAIS CHANADA BHREATUNNAICH, bho Uachdranachd Chanada, 250,000 Acair d' an Fhearaun-gun-choille is fèarr anns a' Mhór-roinn, agus tha fad a nis ullamh gu gabhail ri Iarrtais dhaoine stuama, dèanadach, cleachdte ri Obair-fearainn, do'm bheil fad a' tairgseadh nan cumhachan tàbhachdach a leanas:—

Iasad, far am feumar e, d' an làn-airgiod-aisig eadar Glaschu agus Manitoba; Seilbh air Gabhail anns am bi 160 Acair de Fhearann-gun-choille dlìth air abhainn mhóir air am faodar seòladh, agus deas air son a' chroinn-treabhaidh an latha 'ruigeas iad; Pòr-cuir agus Innealan fòumail air son Cur, Aiteach, agus Cruinneachadh a' Bhàrra; Lòn do'n Teaghlach gus an bi am Bàrr ullamh; Tighean-comhnuidh freagarrach; Mart a chumail an Teaghlaich ann an Bainne 's an Im; agus Cóig bliadhna dh-ùine gus an t-Airgiod-iasaid a phàigheadh air ais.

Aig deireadh chóig bliadhna faodaidh teaghlach dìchiollach sam bith a bhi saor bho gach uile fhiachaibh, agus an seilbh air bho £500 gu £1000, eadar airgiod agus maoin. Faodaidh teaghlach a tha air cinntinn suas so a dhèanamh ann an leth na h-ùine.

Air son tuilleadh eòlais sgrlobh gu Fearionaidh a' Chomuinn,
ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Tha Iarrtais air son Comh-roinn anns a' Chomunn ri 'n cur a dh-ionnsaidh Office a' Chomuinn,
3 W. REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.
W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

FARM LABOURERS, NAVVIES,

DOMESTIC SERVANTS, MECHANICS.

Free Grants of 160 acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent-General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Just Published, Stitched, 9d.; Cloth, 1s.

GOD'S WAY OF PEACE,

BY THE

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

TRANSLATED INTO GAELIC

BY THE

REV. NEIL DEWAR,

MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH, KINGUSSIE.

TO BE HAD OF

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, EDINBURGH.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO. 21 BERNERS STREET.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE ONE SHILLING

GRANT'S
CHURCH ALMANAC

AND

Presbyterian Year-Book,

FOR 1875,

(*FORMERLY "THE FREE CHURCH ALMANAC,"*)

CONTAINING

FULL INFORMATION RESPECTING ALL THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AND ACCURATE LISTS OF

ALL DENOMINATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

"This is out of sight the best of the British Presbyterian Almanacs. Its information is as usual extensive, and as far as we are able to judge accurate. We can assure all our readers who may not happen to know it, that it is well worth perusal."—*The Presbyterian.*

SCOTCH PSALM BOOK,

LARGE TYPE EDITION,

WITH AN INDEX TO FIRST LINE OF EACH STANZA.

Price from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d., according to Style of Binding.

EDINBURGH: DUNCAN GRANT

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs;
Saints' Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

AN GAIDHEAL



CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail . .	225	Sgialachd Æneais le Virgil . . .	240
Am Fonn . . .	231	Mar a fhuaras a mach America . .	243
Aonachd a' chinnedhaonna . . .	231	Sop as gach seid .	247
Soraidh a cinn taile .	235	Ile Dhuinn . .	248
Seann sgeul Gaidhealach	235		

"Map ġaṫ polup do nṫ anam fem
Ta ꝑgeula na h-aimꝑꝛ a ṡ paſt."—OISEAN.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL.

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 44.

Proverbs, ...	225
Am Fonn, ...	231
Gaelic lecture, III., ...	231
A Song by a Kintail Man, ...	235
The Æneid in Gaelic, ...	240
Discovery of America, ...	243
Varieties, ...	247
Song, with Music, ...	248

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Levers to raise our Peasantry, IV., ...	249
Anecdotes, ...	253
News from the Highlands and Islands, ...	254

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

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

IV. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1875. [44 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

VIII.—CHA LION BEANNACHD BRU.

CIOD e teagasg ar n-Aithrichean, cha 'n ann "mu'n t-seirbhis a tha mhain ann am biadhaibh agus ann an deochaibh," ach mu Bhiadh agus mu Dheoch? Their sinn gu tric 'n ar latha fein gu bheil ar coimhearsnaich na Goill agus gu sonruichte na Sasunnaich a' cur barrachd luach air biadh na tha sinne. Ni sinn uaill as ar measarrachd fein anns an rathad so; agus ni sinn amharc sios gu tric air na Goill airson an deigh air biadh blasda 's air moran dheth. Cha 'n 'eil sinn cho mi-mhodhail no, ma dh'fhaodte, cho toibheumach 'us gu'n abair sinn gu bheil iadsan a' deanamh "dia d' am bru;" ach, ann an coimeas ruinn fein, their sinn gun teagamh gur iad is mo a tha 'n an traillean d' am broinn. Ach nach tilgear oirnne gu minic ma tha sinn measarra 'n ar biadh nach 'eil 'n ar deoch? Nach abrar ma tha na Goill gionach, gu bheil na Gaidheil pàiteach? Ma chuireas sinne geocaireachd as leth ar coimhearsnaich, nach cuirear pòitearachd as ar leth fein? Cha 'n fheoraich sinn an traths' co-dhiu tha no nach 'eil e fior gur geòcaich na Goill; no co is mo tha 'g òl de dheoch mhisgich 'n ar latha-ne, an Gall no an Gaidheal; ach feudar sealltainn le buannachd air an fhianuis a gheibhear 'n ar canain agus 'n ar litreachas air a' mheas a bha ar n-Aithrichean a' cur air Biadh 's air Deoch; agus air na dleasdanais 's na cleachduinean a dh' eirich 'n am measg an co-lorg nan nithean so.

'N ar latha-ne tha e gun teagamh fior—agus is duilich gu bheil e cho fior—gu'n nochd ar Sluagh an cairdeas 's an deagh-rùn d' a cheile, an uair a choinnicheas iad, gu minic le deoch agus gu h-ainmig le biadh. Tachair air do luchd-eolais o'n dachaidh no mu'n tigh-òsd' aig baile. Gabhaidh iad 'us bheir iad seachad deoch am pailteas; ach is tàmailt leo biadh a phaigheadh air an son, ged ma dh' fhaodte nach do bhlais iad greim fad cheithir-uaire-fichead. 'S e so cleachduinar Sluaigh ann an Albainn 'n ar latha fein. Ge b'e ar beachd mu'n fhaireachduin o'n d' eirich a' chleachduin—tha mi fein a meas gur ann o fhaireachduin ionmholta dh' eirich i—cha 'n 'eil aon 'n ar measg nach aidich gu'n gleidheadh ar luchd-duthcha 'n ar latha-ne a suas an cliu fein agus cliu an Sluaigh na b' airde na 'n-itheadh iad barrachd air an turuis agus na 'n-òladh iad na bu lugha. Cho fad 's is leir dhuinn cha robh a' chuis mar so o shean. Anns an fhianuis a tha againn air beachdan ar n-Aithrichean, saoilidh mi gu'm faighear dearbhadh nach aich'ear gu'n robh na seann daoine a' cur barrachd meas air Biadh, agus na bu lugha meas air Deoch, na tha sinne.

O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan rinneadh barrachd rannsachaidh air a' Ghàidhlig na rinneadh riamh.

Aideachar a nis air gach laimh, a' bhuidheachas sin do shaothair nan coigreach, gu bheil a' chanain aosda, agus gu'm faighear 'n a fuaim, 'n a focail, 'us 'n a cumadh na feartan a bhuineas a mhain do phriomh chanain a labhair daoine treun,—eadhon neart, maise, agus cumhachd. Cha dearbhar aon chuid gu'm b' i canain Adhaimh no gur i "canain is fearr fo'n ghrein," mar bhiodh cuid d' ar Baird Ghaidhealach, o'n earbamaid barrachd tuigse, a' cumail a mach; ach cha 'n innis eachdraidh c'uine no c' àite an d'rugadh i, agus airson a maise 's a neart, cha 'n e 'n ceannach a rinn i. Tha rathad eile ann 's am feudarar canain a' rannsach' le buannachd — rathad nach 'eil ro chomasach do choigrich, —agus 's e sin fior-bhrìgh ar focail, ar coimeasan, ar samhlaidhean 's ar doigh-labhairt, agus an solus a tha gach aon diu so a' tilgeadh air smuaintean, beachdan, 'us cleachduinean ar Shuaigh. Na'm biodh gach focal Gaidhlig a tha 'n an ceudbhrigh co-cheangailte ri Biadh 's ri Deoch air an tarruing a mach air aon chlàr, gheibhteadh, saoilidh mi, dearbhadh nach gann air a' mheas bha aig air n-Aithrichean gu sonruichte air Biadh.

Tha e comharraichte nach 'eil focail Ghaidhlig againn airson trathan bìdh (*Breakfast, Dinner, Supper*), ged tha ar focail airson bìdh fein ro lionmhor,—*lòn, aran, cuirm, cuilm, fleagh, feisd, feill, &c.* Nach soilleir agus nach brighmhor am focal "beoshlainte" airson nan nithean a tha feumail a chum beatha a chumail suas a chur an ceill? Their na Goill "lorg na beatha" ri aran, agus their iad gu maith; ach their sinne "slainte na beatha" (beoshlainte) ris, agus tha mi meas gu'n abair sinn na's fearr. Ach tha sinn a' deanamh a' cheangail eadar beatha agus biadh na 's dluithe na so; oir 's e *beathachadh* mar is trice a their sinn ri *biadhadh*. Saoilidh mi gur anns na h-eileanan, far am biodh fiughair ri comhnadh o'n mhuir, a dh' eirich an t-ainm iongantach sin airson lòin—*teachd-an-tir;* co-dhiu cha bhiodh a leithid de ainm ro fhreagarrach ann an tìr phailt, thoraich. Thugadh fainear uair 'us uair ar baigh ri dath buidhe—'s e falt buidhe is maisiche; 's e latha buidhe is breagha—o'n fhocal thug sinn *buidheach*, agus *buidheachas*, 's e sin taing, agus gu h-araid taing as deigh bìdh, mar gu'm feumteadh a bhi *buidheach*, sasuichte, mu'n rachadh *buidheachas* a thoirt seachad. Fhuair mi o chionn beagan laithean o charaid Altachadh agus Buidheachas nam Ban air an Airidh mar so: Altachadh—"*A Dhia nan grasan beannaich e*"; Buidheachas—"*A bhuidhe ri Dia mo chuid, fair mo chuigeal.*" Cha choir dhuinn, tha mi smuaineachadh eas-urram a chur á leth nam mnathan còire, ged fhuair iad roimh 'n dleasdanas so na bu luaithe na tha e cleachdta 'n ar measg-ne. Thug na Goill am focal *perfect* o na Romanaich airson ni tha air a dheanamh gu maith 's gu ro mhaith. Their sinne *iomlan*—air a *lionadh* iomadh uair—ris an ni cheudna. Ri ball a tha reir a cheile their sinn gu bheil e *coimhlionta.* De fhocail de 'n t-seorsa so tha moran againn; agus tha mi de'n bheachd gur airidh iad air an rannsachadh. Gabh mar eisempleir na seadhan anns an cleachd sinn gu tric na focail a leanas agus na ficheadan a thuilleadh orra:—*bolg, goile, sathach, reamhar, tarbhach, duor, ainfhiach, balach, cuireadh.*

Gheibhear moran d' ar samhlaidhean cumanta—a thuilleadh air an doigh shamhlachail anns a' bheil sinn a' cleachdadh ar focail—a tha tarruing am brigh o bhiadh 's o dheoch;—"A lion beagan 'us beagan,

mar a dh' ith an cat an sgadan"; "Cho eolach 's a tha 'n ladar air a' phoit"; "Liunn dubh air mo chridhe"; "Geiread an liunn chaoil" "Deoch an doruis"; Beul an anmoich";—agus moran eile a bheir a' chuimhne fein fa chomhair inntinn gach neach.

Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'm faighear ann an canain eile co liugha seanfhocal, a réir an aireimh, a tha tarruing an cumadh 's an dreach o itheadh 's o òl, 'us a gheibhear anns a' Ghaidhlig. Le beagan dragh chunnt mi cuig fichead ann an cruinneachadh Mhic-an-Toisich, agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach faighear moran ann air nach d' amais mi. Tha iad so a' teagasg caochladh bheachdan 'us dhleasdanais mu bhiadh, mu dheoch, 's mu iomadh ni eile; ach is ann o bhiadh 's o dheoch a tha an samhladh, air a tharruing. Tha ni no dha comhrraichte mu na Sean-fhocail so a tha tur dhealaichte o'n bheachd chumanta mu'r Sluagh.

A dh' aon ni cha 'n 'eil os cionn deich no dusan de 'n chuig fichead mu dheoch; agus cha 'n eil an deoch airson a' bheil ar Tir 's ar Sluagh a nis cho iomraiteach—*uisgebeatha*—air a h-ainmeachadh idir. Tha liunn 'us fion air an ainmeachadh ach cha 'n 'eil deoch ach sin. A réir coslais cha robh na seana Ghaidheil cho eolach air sugh an eorna air a ruith roimh na poitean-dubha 's a dh' fhas an sliochd, no co-dhiu cha robh de mheas aca air 's gur e *uisge-beatha* a theireadh iad ris. Agus cha 'n fhaigh mi dearbhadh gu'n robh meas air misgear am measg nan seann daoine. Theirear "Is fearr a' mhisg na bhi gun leth-sgeul,"—ach a ris theirear na 's firinniche, "Is dona 'n leth-sgeul a' mhisg." A ris theirear, "Misg gun liunn is measa tha ann";—'s e sin, "Is fearr bhi air mhisg na air a chuthach." Cha saoil mi gur moladh air deochl-aidir an claidheamh dà fhaobhair so "Cha d' rinn uisge glan riamh liunn maith"; agus cha b' urrainn namhaid na dibhe misg a chaineadh na bu sheirbhe na so:—"Tagh do choluadar mu'n tagh thu d' òl"; "Is coma leam comunn an òil"; "An uair a bhitheas an deoch a stigh, bithidh an ciall a mach." "'S e 'n suidh docharach 's an tigh-òsd is fearr."

Is ann air toradh an spreidh a bha ar n-Aithrichean anns a chuid bu mho tighinn beo. Cha 'n 'eil moran de'n fhearann freagarrach airson barra ann an coimeas ris na tha maith gu ionaltradh. Mu'n d'fhas caoraich cho lionmhor 's a tha iad a nis, b'e toradh a' chruidh dhuibh, maille ri sithinn 's ri seilg air Tir-mòr, 's ri iasg anns na h-Eileanan, a bha deanamh suas lòin an t-Sluaigh. Cha robh min no aran ach gann. Gheibhear lan dearbhadh air so anns na Sean-fhocail. Mu choinneamh aoin anns a' bheil iomradh air aran no air min, tha ceithir co-dhiu d'an samhladh im 'us bainne. Ge b'e air bith an teagasg 's e im 'us bainne mar is trice an cainnt: "Am fear aig am bi im, gheibh e im;" "Cha 'n fhaodar a' bhó reic, 's a bainne òl;" "B' e im a chur do thigh àiridh e;" "Cha dean corag mhilis im;"—agus mar sin sios. Air an doigh cheudna gheibhear iasg gu tric air ainmeachadh. Chuala sinn uile an radh; "Breac na linne, slat na coille, 's fiadh nam fireach,—meirle nach do ghabh duine riamh naire as;" agus a ris: "Gaoth an Iar, iasg 'us bainne." Anns na h-Eileanan cluinnear gu tric iad so, am measg morain eile: "Ithidh na cait fuigheall nan caolan;" "Mionach ar n-eisg aig ar n-eunaibh fein;" "An gad air an robh an t-iasg;" "Iasgach amadain,—corra

bheathach mor;" "Is lom an cladach air an cunntar na faochagan."

Tha teagasg nan Sean-fhocal a tha buntainn ri biadh 's ri itheadh, mar a bhiodh fiughair ris o'n aireamh, eug-samhuil. Gheibhear beachdan 'us comhairlean a tha calgdhireach an aghaidh a cheile air an toirt air an aghaidh. Ach do aon bheachd tha na Sean-fhocail a tha f'ar comhair an traths', agus feudar a radh na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach thar cheann, an comhnuidh dileas; agus 's e sin am meas air pailteas, agus an dimeas air goinne no bochdainn. Cha 'n 'eil mi smuaineachadh gu'm biodh e comasach dearbhadh cho laidir agus cho druighteach fhaotainn air bochdainn na tìre, agus air na cruaidhchàsan a b'eigin d' ar n-Aithrichean gu minic fhulang a' solar lòin d'an teaghlaichean, 's a gheibhear anns a' chainnt a chleachdar anns na Sean-fhocail agus 'n ar Bardachd mu phailteas agus mu ghoinne lòin. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam fein nach ann o'n bhochdainn so, maille ri gairbhead na tìre 's cion rathaidean mòra, a dh' eirich ann an tomhas mor a' bhuaidh airson an robh, 's a' bheil, 's a tha mi 'n dochas a bhitheas, sinn cliuiteach am measg nan Sluagh—'s e sin ar fialachd ri coigrich. Tha sinn teom air a bhi caoidh na tìm a bh'ann o shean, agus ann an tomhas tha aobhar againn nach 'eil aig moran Shluagh; ach tha cubh a' teachd o chein air bilibh nan Seanfhocal a dhearbhas dhuinn gu'n robh camadh nach bu bheag an crannchur ar n-Aithrichean. "Cha robh duine saoibhir riamh gun dilibich;" "Cha robh caraid riamh aig duine bochd;" "Cha tig duine acrach fada uaithe;" "Is olc an ni bhi falamh;" "Fear falamh 's e gun ni, suidhidh e fada shios o chach;" "Is buidhe le bochd can-bhrigh ged nach bi i ro bhruich;" "Is bochd an ainnis lomanach;" "Is iomadh cron a bhitheas air duine bochd;" "Is farasta fuine dheanamh le min;" "Meallaidh am biadh am fitheach o'n chraoibh." "Is fada lamh an fheumaich;" "Cha 'n fhaigh an gortach cnaimh."

Ann an dlu-cheangal ris an rian so, tha an luach bha na seann daoine a' cur air beagan; am moladh a dheanadh iad air cruinnealachd; 's an caineadh air sgapadh gun aobhar; "Is fearr fuine thana na bhi uile falamh;" "Thig an t-acras dà uair:" "Is call caillich a poca, 's gun tuilleadh bhi aice;" "Cha reic e cheare 's an latha fhliuch;" An toiseach an t-saic a tha 'n riaghailt;" "Bhiodh sonas aig an stroghaire 'n am faigheadh e mar a sgapadh e;" "Is 'usa sgapadh na tional." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach e gainne lòin 's an tir a thug dhuinn an Sean-fhocal so: "Is fearr fuigheall na braide na fuigheall na sgeige." Agus is ann an uair a ghleidheas sinn air chuimhne fein-fhiosrachadh ar n-Aithrichean air goinne, a dh' fhairicheas sinn fior chumhachd agus fior mhaise nan Sean-fhocal a leanas: "Is fearr a bhi bochd na bhi breugach;" "Is fearr peighinn an fhortain na 'n rosad 'us cuig ceud;" "Is ann an uair is goinne am biadh is coir a roinn."

Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gur ann do bhrigh 's gu bheil an geocaire a' caitheadh barrachd bidh na dh' fhoghnas dha, a chainear e cho mor, ged a chreideas mi gu'm feud e bhith gu'm b' e so cuid de 'n aobhar. Tha mi de 'n bharail gu'n robh ar n-Aithrichean a' meas geocaireachd 'us pòitearachd 'n an nithean nàrach, maslach; ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach amhairceadh iad na b' fhaide 'n deigh na chuireadh an glamair 's am misgear a' dholuidh de bhiadh 's de dheoch na dh'amhairceas sinne. A dh' aon ni cha tugteadh fathamas

do aon de 'n phaidhir. "Cha tuig an sathach an seanz,—is mairg a bhitheadh 'n a thraill d'a bhroinn;" "Cnuasachd uircein buain 'us itheadh;" "Cha dean cas laidir nach ith brù mhor;" "Cha robh brù mhor 'n a seis mhaith do neach eile;" "Tilg mir am beul na beist." An aghaidh an ditidh so, cha 'n fhaigh mi ach aon radh a ghabhas leth-sgeul a gheocaire: "Is tric a bha sonas air beul mor."

A mach o'n chliu a fhuair na Gaidheil mar Shaighdearan, cha 'n 'eil feart, ma dh' fhaodte, anns a' bheil iad cho ionmholta ri 'n aoidhealachd,—am fialachd ri luchd-turuis 's ri coigrich, gu h-araid le Biadh 's le Deoch. Riamh o'n tha eolas againn air an cleachdadh, bha iad comharraichte airson na buaidh so. Dearbhaidh ar Bardachd, ar Sgeulachdan, ar Sean-fhocail, 's ar n-Eachdraidh gur i Tir nam Beann Tir na h-Aoidheachd; agus cha 'n 'eil coigreach a chaidh air thurus 'n ar measg nach d' thug fianuis thoileach air caoimhneas agus air fialachd nan Gaidheal. Ge b'e an t-aobhar no an rùn o'n d' eirich e, cha 'n 'eil teagamh 'n a fhirinn. Theirear gu bheil caochladh a tighinn oirnn anns an rathad so, a chum na cuid is measa, mar ann an iomadh ni eile; ach tha 'n Gaidheal doicheallach, spiocach fathasd air a chunntas 'n a chreutair maslach, agus gu ma fada bhitheas a' chuis mar sin. Is ann 'n ar Sean-fhocail a mhain a gheibh sinn aobhair ar deadh-bheus agus ar droch-bheus air an cur sios. Mholadh 'us dhimoladh na Baird Ghaidhealach cho maith ri ach beag; ach 's ann ainmig a dh' innseadh iad c'arson. Teagaisgidh ar Bardachd 's ar Sgeulachdan le eisempleir; is ann 'n ar Sean-fhocail a mhain a gheibh sinn comhairle agus aobhar na comhairle. Ann an rathad aoidheachd 'us fialachd tha mi meas gu'n deach ar Cleachduin os cionn ar Teagaisg. Tha e gun teagamh fior gu bheil na feartan so air an cliuthachadh gu minic agus gu mor; agus gu bheil dimeas 'us tair air a dheanamh air an atharrach: "Bheirinn cuid oidhche dha ged bhiodh ceann fo achlais;" "Fialachd do'n fhogarrach 'us cnamhan briste do'n eucorach;" "Bithidh sonas an lorg na caitheamh;" "Tha teid ni sam bith 's an dorn dhuinte;" "Is maith a sheoladh an rathaid am fear nach bi maith air an aoidheachd;" "Is olc an t-aoidh is misd' an tigh;" "Suidh gu h-iosal 'us diol gu h-uasal;"—cha b' urrainn a bhi na b' fhearr na so. Agus a ris chi sinn am meas a bha na seann daoine a' cur air caoimhneas ri 'n coimhearsnaich leis mar bha iasachd no coinghill air am moladh leo. "Bha iasad a ghabhail 's a thoirt riamh feadh an t-Saoghail;" "Millidh airc iasad;" "Cuir an t-iasad dhachaidh a' gaireachdaich."

Ach is eigin aideachadh gu'n robh beusachd nan Gaidheal mar bu trice feineil. Cha do rainig iad 'n an teagasg cho tric 's a rainig iad 'n an cleachduin air an riaghailt: "Gach uile ni bu mhiann leibh daoine a dheanamh dhuibhse, deanaibhse a leithid dhoibhsan mar an ceudna." B'e 'n teagasg, agus an so cha robh iad na bu mheasa na daoine eile: "Gach ni a ni daoine dhuibhse, deanaibhse a leithid dhoibhsan mar an ceudna." Gheibhear an teagasg ceudna mu bhiadh: "Beathaich thusa mise an diugh 's beathaichidh mise thusa am maireaeh;" "An lamh a bheir, 's i gheibh;" "Is iomadh mir a thug thu do'n bheul a mhol thu." Agus is e teagasg de'n aon seorsa, ach ceum na 's airde a gheibhear anns na beachdan geur, cothromach air caomhnadh 's air caitheadh a tha anns na Sean-fhocail a leanas: "Cinnidh a' chrionntachd,

's theid an ro-chrionntachd a' dholnidh ;" "Tionailidh maoin maoin,—'s tionailidh fiachan fiachan ;" "Tha caitheadh ann is caomhnadh e, tha caomhnadh ann is caitheadh e."

'N ar Sgeulachdan agus 'n ar Seana Bhardachd gheibhear eisempleiran gun chrich air a' chuid is airde 's is fearr de theagasg nan Sean-fhocal. Rachadh "biadh an aite chaitheamh, deoch an aite h-ol, 's ceol an aite eisdeachd," a thoirt do'n fhear-thuruis mar a dhlighe, gun fheoraich co-dhiu bu charaid no namhaid e. Lean a' chleachduin ionmholta so 'n ar Tìr, ann an tomhas mor, g'ar latha fein. Ach o chionn dà cheud bliadhna gheibhear atharrachadh mor anns a' mheas a bha ar Sluagh, no co-dhiu ar Baird, a' cur air deoch laidir. B' abhaist do na seanachaidhean a bhi 'g innseadh mu'n eolas a bha aig priomh luchd aiteachaidh Albainn air liunn a dheanamh de shugh barr an fhraoich, agus air cho curamach 's a ghleidh iad an t-eolas so o choigrich. Tha e coltach gu'n do chaill iad fein an t-eolas air an deireadh, ma dh' theudar idir a radh gu bheil bun no barr aig an sgeul. Ach fhuair na Gaidheil eolas dà cheud bliadhna roimhe so air deoch laidir a lean riu, cia air bith co as, no ciamar. 'S e mo bheachd fein gur ann thar Galldachd a thug iad an t-eolas so—dearbhadh ùr air an t-seann fhirinn nach urrainn mac an duine blasad de chraobh an eolais gun a bhi fiosrach air olc maille ri maith. Fhuair na Gaidheil deoch mhisgeach 's thug iad *uisge-beatha* mar ainm oirre ; fhuair Innseanaich America a' cheart deoch o na ceart dhaoine 's thug iad ainm a bu fhreagarraiche oirre —*uisge-teine*. Mar so bha e o thoiseach. An uair a choinnicheas Sluaigh, gabhaidh iad 'us bheir iad seachad am maith 's an t-olc. "Tha smùdan fein os cionn gach foid ;" agus eadhon ri fòid an eolais cha gharar Sluagh gun aon a nis 's a rìs bhi air a thachdadh. Riamh o'n àm a dh' ainmich mi, bha e 'n a chleachduin aig na Baird a bhi moladh an Uisge-bheatha. Cha 'n fhoghnadh leo "Marbh-rann" a dheanamh do gach aon de 'n luchd-eolais a b' ainmeile na cheile, anns am biodh gach feart chliuiteach a bhuineadh dha, agus iomadh feart nach buineadh, air an cur as a leth ; ach b' eigin a thuilleadh air fialachd an cairdean, le biadh 's le deoch, a bhi sniomh moran rannan anns an robh gach buaidh fo'n ghrein ri 'm faotainn co-cheangailte ri uisge-beatha. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith agam fein nach robh cleachduin ar Baird agus eisempleir morain diubh anns an rathad so cronail d' ar Sluagh. Tha iomadh ni an aorabh a' Ghaidheil, 'n a Fhuil, 'n a Eachdraidh, 'us 'n a Thìr, a tha deanamh cuid de chleachduinean neo-fhreagarrach air a shon, agus tha mi meas gur e baigh ri deoch-laidir aon diubh so.

Is docha gu'n cuir luchd-aiteachaidh gach Tìr a tha bochd, neo-thorach, meas neo-ghnathaichte air biadh, 's gu'm bi a chliu mur bi a bhlas gu tric 'n am beul. Theireadh na seann daoine, "Uraireachd na bà a mach 's a steach, mur leighis so an Gaidheal cha 'n eil a leigheas ann." Agus tha mi smuaineachadh gu'n aidich gach aon a shiubhail a bheag de 'n Tìr 's a chunnaic a luchd-duthcha a' suidhe gu biadh aig banais no air turus, gu bheil baigh mhor aca fathasd ri crobh dubh, marbh 'us beo. Ach cha 'n e saill nam bà ach sugh an eorna is ioc-shlaint do gach creuchd a nis. Tha mi smuaineachadh nach do leasaich sinn cleachduin ar n-Aithrichean anns a cheum so. Ghleidh iadsan ordugh ceart eadar Biadh 'us Deoch ;—chuir sinne car mu chrios dhiubh agus b' fhearr iad bhi mar bha.

D. M'K.

AM FONN.

Fonn—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh."

O ! SID am fonn a chuala mi
An uair a bha mi òg,
Mi 'n cluain ri uchd mo mhàthar,
Is mo chridhe 'snamh 'n a ceòl ;
'S 'n uair chuala mi a rithist e,
Aig nighinn ghil nam bò,
Gu'n thàlaidh i mo chridhe leis,
'S mi mireagaich mu'n chrò !

Bu tric, o sin, 'g a chlàistinn mi
Mu eadradh, àrd-thra nòin,
'S mi beadradh, air an àiridh,
Ri mo Mhàiri àillidh, òig ;
No feadh nan glacag fàileanta,
'S an tàrladh dhuinn, gun ghò,
Bhi coinneachadh, gu mànranach,
Fo sgàilean coill nan cnò.

Ach b' éiginn dòmhs' an àiridh,
Agus Màiri chur air chùl,
A's siubhal fad bho'n àite sin
'S an robh mo ghràdh a's m' ùigh,
A sheasamh anns na blàir,
An aghaidh nàmhaidean ar dùthch' :—
'S an latha dh'fhàg mi 'm Bràighe
Righ ! bu chràiteach m' aigne, brùit' !

O ! sid am fonn a chuala mi,
'S a chuaileinich mu m' chrìdh',
I's tric a dhùisg dhomh sealladh
Air mo leannan, 's air mo thìr ;
An uair a bhithinn airtealach,
'N am chairtealan, le sgìos,
Gun taisliceadh e m' anam,
'Nuair a chanainn e leam fhìn !

Ach thog am fonn an tràsa dhomh,
Fàth cànrain agus bròin ;
Oir dhuisg e iomhaigh Màiri
A's mo mhàthar, 's iad fo'n fhòid—
Gach caochladh agus sàrach
Thainig air na Gàidhil chòir,
Bho'n àm 's na bhuail an dàn ud mi
Le gràdh, 'n uair bha mi òg !

—*Am Filidh.*

—o—

AONACHD A' CHINNE-DHAONNA.

(*Air leantainn.*)

GHEOBH sinn barant laidir gu cho-dhunadh gur aon sliochd an cinne-daonna, ma bheachdaicheas sinn air an atharrachadh a thig air creutairean eile ann an cursa aimsir, agus anns na duthchannan fa leth anns am faighear iad. Ma chi sinn an neo-choltaichead is mò eadar dà bheathach a tha gun cheist a' teachd air tus bho 'n aon fhreumh, nach faod sinn a cho-dhunadh gu bheil an ni ceudna fior mu 'n duine? Cha 'n 'eil moran ann a chuireas an teagamh gu 'n d' thainig gach seorsa chalman a tha againn bho 'n aon phaidhir air tus,—tha daoine foghluimte ag innseadh dhuinn gur e an calman gorm a gheobh sinn fiadhaich anns na creagan is sine d' an treubh,—agus nach lionmhor seorsa a tha againn de gach cruth agus dath ; a rìs, tha iad ag innseadh dhuinn gu bheil gach gne chon, bho 'n fhear is mò a nuas gus am measan is leibidiche a dh' fhalbh riabh aig sàil ceaird, a' teachd gu leir an toiseach bho aon phaidhir. Ma tha so fior, agus cha 'n 'eil an teagamh is lugha r' a chur 's a' chuis, nach 'eil e a cheart cho coltach gu bheil an duine mar an ceudna a' tighinn bho aon stoc? Am measg gach eadar-dhealachaidh a fhuair sinn eadar duine agus duine cha 'n 'eil bealach a choir cho farsaing 's a tha eadar cuid de na creutairean a dh' ainmich mi. A rìs, an uair a chi sinn an caochladh mor a ni mùthadh cor, suidheachaidh agus aite-tuinich anns na creutairean sin, tha an co-dhunadh ceudna 'g a sparradh fein oirnn—gu bheil na ceart aobharan sin a' togail gach eugsamhlachd a chi sinu ann an cumadh agus ann an coltas ar co-dhaoine, c' aite air bith am faighear iad.

Tha aon doigh ann,—agus cha 'n 'eil e comasach a breugnachadh,—anns an deanar dealachadh eadar gineal seach gineal de na h-ainmh-idhean, agus is e sin cho eu-comasach 's a tha e gu 'm bi sliochd aig càraidean, ged chuirteadh comhladh

iad, de chreutairean nach buin d' an aon ghineal: ma bhios *clann* aca, cha bhi *oghachan;* tha Nadur fein, mar gu 'm b' eadh, "a' cur stad a's grabaidh 's a' phosadh" mhi-laghail agus neo-bheannaichte. Ach cha 'n ann mar so a tha e ann an teaghlaichean eadar-dhealaichte a' chinnedhaonna,—theid dubh a's geal comhladh agus chi iad an clann agus clann an cloinne. Cha 'n 'eil duthaich air an t-saoghal far an soilleire a chithear an co-phosadh so na ann Mor-roinn America. Tha againn an sin Caucasianaich, Malayanaich, Etiopianaich, agus Innseinich de gach dath agus de gach cruth, a' sgaoileadh an sliochd gun aireimh thar aghaidh na dutheha. Thar leam gu bheil an so fein againn dearbhadh soilleir gur aon an cinnedaonna gu leir.

Cha 'n 'eil taisbeanadh againn is comharraichte air aonachd a' chinnedhaonna na tha air a chur f' ar comhair anns na cànainean fa leth a tha air an labhairt le luchd-àiteachaidh na talmhainn. Shaoileadh neach nach robh moran coltais aig cuid de na cànainean sin r' a cheile; agus, do 'n chluais no do 'n t-suil neo-chleachdte agus neo-fhoghluimte, cha 'n 'eil; ach air a shon so uile, tha iadsan a stiuir an aire gu sonraichte a dh-ionnsaidh nan teangannan fa leth, agus a rannsaich agus a lean iad a suas troimh gach sruthan agus caochan, gach abhainn agus alltan 's an do shruth iad g' ar n-ionnsaidh, ag innseadh dhuinn, mar le aon ghuth, gu bheil de shuaip aca r'a cheile, 's de chomharan orra gu leir 's a tha 'toirt an dearbhaidh a 's do-àicheadh gu 'n d' thainig iad gu leir as an aon lochan mhor a chaidh a chur troimh-cheile aig Tùr Bhabeil. Cha 'n 'eil a' ghne eolais so ach ùr; ach cha 'n 'eil am measg uile ionmhasan eolas an t-saoghail tobar is taitniche no is buannachdmhoire na e; agus mar is mò a thatar 'g a sgrùdadh, agus, mar tha eolas nan cànainean agus an cuid chaochlaidhnean a' dol am farsaingeachd, tha e 'fas na 's soilleire agus na 's soilleire gach latha gu 'm buin gach geug agus meangan d' an chraoibh mhoir so, do 'n aon fhreumh, agus gu 'n do chinn iad gu leir bho 'n aon stoc. 'N am measg uile cha 'n 'eil cànain is brioghmhoire agus is feumaile anns an obair thaitnich so na a' Ghaidhlig bhinn, bhlasda againn fein, fada 's mar bha i air a fagail an deighlaimh agus air a dìmeas mar theangaidh nach b' fhiù. Tha mi toilichte bhi agam r' a radh gu 'n d' eirich latha grianach oirre 'n a seann aois; agus, an uair a bha dream leis nach bu toil i, a' cur air mhanadh gu h-uailleil, agus moran leis am bu ghradhach i, a' caoidh gu bronach, gu 'n robh i gu bras a' crionadh air falbh, tha sinn a' faicinn eadhon daoine nach urrainn a labhairt, agus do nach bu chomain baigh a bhi aca rithe, 'g a gabhail gu h-aoidheil air laimh. 'N am measg gu leir cha 'n 'eil aon duine is airidh air tuilleadh urraim agus taingealachd bho na Gaidheil na an t-uasal grinn agus sàr-fhoghluimte 'sin, Professor Blackie, a ghabh a leithid de thlachd ann an cànain ar n-athraichean 's gu 'n do chuir e e fein gus an dragh a h-ionnsachadh; agus cha 'n e mhain sin, ach, nach 'eil e à' cur faruim am measg ar luchd-dutheha anns gach cearn d' an t-saoghal as a leth, agus a' cur roimhe—rud a shoirbhicheas leis—gu 'm bi a' Ghaidhlig air a cur 'n a suidhe ann an cathair, an Ard-oil-thigh Dhuneideann, taobh ri taobh ri Greugais a's Laidinn, a thoirt a fianuis mailie riutha mu 'n àm sin, agus is i Ghaidhlig a bha thall 's a chunnaic an t-àm, 's an robh "an talamh uile dh' aon teangaidh, agus na h-aon fhocail aig gach neach."

Tha steidh eile againn air son na barail—gur aon an cinne-daonna—anns nah-eachdraidhnean a gheobhar air an sìneadh a nuas le beul-aithris o linn gu linn, am measg uile fhìneachan na talmhainn. Cha 'n e gu bheil am beul-aithris so air sheol sam bith airidh air gu 'n tugamaid geill dha gu saor—oir is iomadh sgeul neonach agus faoin a tha am measg dhaoine aineolach mu chiad thoiseach a' chinne-dhaonna—ach is e a tha gu h-araidh luach-mhor dhuinne, an aon-sgeulachd leis a bheil iad gu leir a' cur an ceill nan aon bheachdan mu 'n doigh anns an do chruthaicheadh an duine, agus an co-chordadh a tha eadar iad mu chiad eachdraidh a' chinne-dhaonna—co-chordadh nach b' urrainn a bhi 'n am measg na 'm biodh a phriomhathair fein aig gach gineal fa leth. Anns na h-eachdraidhnean neo-sgriobhte so aca, gheobh sinn cunntas mu chruthachadh an duine; mu Ghàradh Edein; mu bhuaireadh agus mu thuiteam an duine; mu neo-chiontachd, mu shonas, agus mu chor an duine air tùs, agus mar gheill e do chomhairle na mnatha; agus, mu thuil Noah. Chi sinn aimsir air a roinn 'n a seachdainean anns gach cearn d' an t-saoghal, agus iobairtean air an tairgseadh am measg uile shloigh a' chruthachaidh.

Tha fhathast tuilleadh fhianuisean againn ri thoirt air an aghaidh as leth an tagraidh a tha sinn a' deanamh air son aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna; agus is e aon diubh sin, an taisbeanadh a tha againn ann an cor-inntinn agus bheusan agus aignidhean dhaoine de gach dath agus de gach gineal. Am feadh a chi sinn moran eadar-dhealachaidh ann an suidheachadh-inntinn threubhan fa leth, chi sinn aig a' cheart àm gu bheil 'n am measg moran chomharan anns a bheil iad coltach r' a cheile: leig sinn fhaicinn cheana cuid de dh-aobharan an eadar-dhealachaidh. Tha an duine anns gach ionad a' tighinn a dh-ionnsaidh an t-saoghail lag agus neo-chomasach air deanamh air a shon fein; agus ma dh' fhagar 'inntinn gun fhoghlum gun oileanachadh fàsaidh e suas 'n a chreutair borb agus aineolach. Air an laimh eile, chi sinn gu bheil e air a chruthachadh le comasan aige air gliocas 'fhoghlum, agus buaidhean air an suidheachadh 'n a inntinn, aig a bheil cumhachd fàs agus dol am feobhas agus am farsaingeachd. Is i so an fhianuis a tha air a togail leis na *missionaries* agus le luchd-turais do gach cearn. An uair is isle an duine, agus an uair is truaillidhe a chor, tha fhathast freumh bheag de eolas agus de thogradh ann an geall air rud-eigin os cionn cor nan ainmhidhean a tha m' an cuairt air—deigh air ni-eigin is airde na 'n suidheachadh truagh anns a bheil e gu nadurra. An uair a theid cothroman air e fein a leasachadh a chur m'a choinneimh, a reir mar ghabhas e riutha agus a chuireas e an cleachdamh iad, eiridh e suas ann an gliocas; theid a chor dìblidh, bochd air chul, agus theid e air aghaidh gu inbh is airde. Agus a bheil e fior, ma ta, na 'n tugteadh a nall aon de na daoine borba, aineolach sin an uair a tha e 'n a leanabh, agus gach cothrom a thoirt dà a tha aig clann na duthcha so, a bheil sinn a' creidsinn gu 'n nochdadh e a' cheart tapachd ann an togail foghluim agus gu 'n ruigeadh e air urad aghartachd ann an eolas agus ann an gliocas ri aon againn fein? Is duilich a' cheist so a fhreagairt. Na 'n tugteadh e far am faiceadh e moran d' an ghrainealachd agus d' an droch eiseimpleir a chuireadh moran de mhuiuntir na tire so mu 'choinneimh, cha chuirinn geall nach ann a rachadh an duine bochd air ais 'n a bheusan, mar thigeadh e

air aghaidh ann an sgoil agus ann an eolas. Tha cuimhne agam air duine bhi ag innseadh dhomh uair, gu 'n do ghabh e uibhean chearc, agus gu 'n do chuir e ann an nead feannaig iad, aig a' cheart am a' toirt air falbh uibhean na feannaig. An uair a thainig an gur a mach, thog e leis na h-iseanan á nead na feannaig, agus chuir e ri circ iad. Bha e ag radh, an uair a chinn iad suas, gu 'n robh de nadur na feannaig annta—gu sonraichte anns na coilich—'s nach robh an leithid ann an darna taobh na duthcha; chuireadh iad na sùilean as a' h-uile coileach a bhiodh air an fhaiche, latha cath nan coileach! Is gann a chreid mi an duine coir; agus cha mhò a theirinn gu'n cuireadh e nadur, no foghlum, no oilean a' Bhreatunnaich ann an leanabh Africanach, ged rachadh a thogail a nall agus a chur ann an nead maighstir-sgoil no ministeir anns an duthaich so; oir, ged nach àicheidhinn gu'm faodar iomadh aon 'fhaighinn am measg nan daoine dubha a bhiodh a cheart cho còmasach air sgoil a thogail rinn fein, cha n 'eil mi a' meas gu bheil an coimeas idir ceart no freagarrach eadar ginealach a tha ann an dorchadas agus ann an aineolas fad choig mile bliadhna, agus muinntir mar tha sinne ann, a tha fad linntean a' sealbhachadh airde mheadhon latha gach eolais aimsireil agus spioradail. Ma tha buaidh aig eolas agus fiosrachadh, agus cor agus suidheachadh an duine air dealbh agus cruth a' chuirp cho math ri buaidhean na h-inntinn, cha b' ann rè beatha aon duine a bu choir suil a bhi againn ris an aghartachd sin a chuireadh an t-Africanach bochd, gc b'e air bith cothroman a bheirteadh dha, air an aon ruith ruinne, a tha ag òl a stigh eolais agus gliocais as na ciada tobar o chionn iomadh linn.

Tha an t-abstol ag innseadh dhuinn, an uair a thachair da fein agus d' a chompanaich a bhi air an tilgeil air eilein nach b'aithne dhaibh, agus eagal orra nach do rinn iad, a reir coltais, ach dol as o aon chunnart gu bhi air an tilgeil ann an cunnart eile—air an saoradh o 'n fhairge gu bhi air an itheadh leis na fiadhdhaoine; an aite sin gur ann a "nochd an sluagh borb caoimhneas nach bu bheag dhaibh; oir, air fadadh teine dhaibh ghabh iad riutha uile, air son an uisge a bh' ann, agus air son an fhuachd;" agus gheobh sinn a' cheart teastanas aig luchd-turais ann an duthchaibh cein gus an latha 'n diugh—gu bheil am measg moran de na treubhan aineolach agus dorcha air feadh an t-saoghail, iomadh uair ri fhaicinn truacantas agus blathchridheachd air nach d' thugadh barr am measg Chriosdaidhean fein. Is fior mar thuirt am bard Cowper, anns a' Bheurla—

"Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

Ann an tagradh as leth aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna tha sinn a' cur cul ris a' bharail mhi-mhisneachail agus bhochd mu *threubhan arda* agus mu *threubhan iosal*,—barail a bhuineadh air falbh bho chuid d' ar co-chreutairean an còirichean mar bhraithrean agus mar pheathraichean—clann an aon teaghlaich mhoir, —barail mhearachdach agus sgriosail, a dhealbh geimhlean thràillean, agus a thoinn cuip an luchd-sgiùrsaidh anns gach linn,—barail a thuilchòmhdaich machraichean farsaing America, a' bhliadhna roimhe, le fuil a cuid cloinne. Thainig saorsa, ach bu mhor agus bu diùbhalach a prìs!

Thugamaid an aire, le bhi 'geillcachdainn do 'leithid so de bharail

mhi-airidh agus tharcuisich, nach bi sinn a' toirt gnùis do 'n teagasg mhearachdach a dheanadh aon chinneach a chur os cionn cinnich eile ann an gnè agus ann an inbh a thaobh naduir. "Nach 'eil aon athair againn uile? nach aon Dia a chruthaich sinn? c' uime a bheil sinn a' buntainn gu fealltach, gach duine an aghaidh a bhrathar, le bhi briseadh comh-cheangal ar n-athraichean?" Gu ma fearr leinn a bhi ag amharc ri "linn an àigh," agus ag oibreachadh air son an àm a thoirt dlùth, anns am bì—

"Caoimhneas, comunn, iochd a's gràdh
Anns gach àit am measg an t-sluaigh;
Eadar far an éirich grian
'S far an laidh i 'n Iar 's a' chuan!"

IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

———o———

SORAIDH

CHUIR IAIN MAC MHURACHIDH A CINNTAILE GU MUINTIR SHRATH-GHLAIS.

FHIR a theid thar a' mhonadh,
Bheir mise dhut dollar
Agus liubhair mo shoraidh
Gu sàbhailt.
Fhir a theid, etc.

Air faidead na slighe,
Na leig i air mhi-thoirt,
Gus an ruig thu 'n tigh-dibh'
Anns a' Bhràighe.
Air faidead, etc.

Bheir Seònaid an toiseach,
Gun mhòran a chosd dhut,
Na dh' fhoghnas a nochd dhut
Gu sàbhailt.
Bheir, etc.

Theirig sìos feadh na tuatha
Ris an can iad na h-uaislean,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu fear gruamach
Mu 'n fhàrdaich
Theirig, etc.

Tha 'n dùthaich ud uile,
Air a lionadh le furan,
Bho iochdar a buin,
Gus a bràighe.
Tha, etc.

Le mnài ceanalta còire
Is grinn air am meoirean
'S is binne ghabhas crònan
Dha' m pàisdean.
Le mnài, etc.

Le maigdeanan maiseach,
Nach d' ionnsaich droch fhasan,
Ach ullamh gu
Taisbeanadh càirdis.
Le Maigdeanan, etc.

Na teirig sìos thar a' bhaile
Ris an can iad Bun-Chanaich
Thoir a mach ort
An Gleannan 's àirde.*
Na teirig, etc.

Tha tri bailtean urad,
Gus am fiach dhut do thuras,
Gheobh thu fiadhach a' ghunna
Bho phàirt diubh.
Tha tri, etc.

FEAR MONAIDH.

An t-Og-Mhios, 1875.

———o———

AIR CLEACHDANNAIBH CIANAIL NAN GAIDHEAL ANNS NA H-AMANNAIBH A DH' FHALBH.

Is mòr an tàing a tha dligheach d'on Tì a ta 'riaghladh os ar ceann gu'm bheil sìth agus suaimhnsas 'n

* This is an allusion to Glencanich, where the people were at that time in easy circumstances. Special mention is made in the next and last verse of three townlands or joint farms, where the men were not only sportsmen like the Bard but men of honourable ambition, who succeeded in giving college education to some of their sons. Of their descendants I remember one Bishop and fourteen Priests, two Colonels, one Major, three Captains, three Lieutenants, and seven Ensigns. Out of all these military men there is only one alive. The rest, or the most of them, left their bones in Africa, between Sierra Leone, Gambia, and Goree. There are six of the clergymen alive; the Bishop alluded to was the late Bishop Fraser of Halifax, Nova Scotia, formerly known in Lismore and Lochaber as "An Sagart laidir." His surviving brothers are (I think) the nearest blood relations in the Clan Fraser to the present Lord Lovat.

ar tir agus gu'm bheil sinn fein agus ar cuid air ar dionadh o gach reubainn agus spùilleadh a bha air an cleachdadh anns gach cearnadh dhe'n Ghaidhealtachd ri linn ar roimh-aithriche. Is lionmhar cath fuilteach agus creach dhéistinneach, air am feudadh cùnntas a bhi air a thoirt, a thachair anns an dùthaich far an d' rugadh sinn eadar na fineachan. Cha robh a' Ghàidhealtachd anns na h-amannaibh sin, mar a tha i an diugh, air a dionadh le laghannaibh cruaidh agus cothromach, agus bha a' bhuil air a' ghnothuch, oir bha gach ni anns na làithibh buaireasach sin an crochadh ri faobhar a' chlaidheimh, agus b' iad na fineachan bu chliùitiche iadsan bu diorrasaiche chum gach creach agus sgrios a chur air an aghaidh.

Tha'n fhirinn gu'n robh cùisean mar sin, air a deanamh soilleir leis an iomradh a ta againn ann an eachdraidh air gach aimhreite agus tagluinn a bha eadar na cinnfheadhna o shean; ach is iomadh gniomh cruadalach a rinneadh air am bheil eachdraidh na rioghachd gu tur 'n a tosd, agus air am bheil iomradh againn a mhàin trid béulaithris. Nach lionmhor gniomh euchdach agus allail a rinneadh ann an garbh-chriochaibh na h-Alba, ri linn an tréun-laoich ghaisgeil sin Rob Ruadh Mac Griogair! Bha Rob Ruadh 'n a chuiridh làidir agus teòma, ach an déigh sin rinneadh iomadh euceart agus fòirneart air, agus feudar a radh m'a thimchioll:—

> Chaidh e stigh do na blàraibh,
> Le mòr-shunnt agus làn toil;
> 'N àit bhi meath-chridheach, sgàthach,
> 'S ann bha mhisneach 'sir fhàs da;
> 'S ged bu tric e 's an àr-fhaich'
> Thug a thuigse 's a thàbhachd,
> Da a mach a' bhuaidh-làrach,
> S cha bu mhios a làmh air an tòir.

Ach àimhreiteach 's mar bha staid na dùthcha ann an làithibh Roib Ruaidh, bha i moran ni bu mhiosa linntean roimh sin, an uair a bha beatha agus bàs gu h-iomlan ann an làmhaibh nan ceann-feadhna. Ach dh' aindeoin gach fuil a dhòirteadh, cha robh e an comas lagh na rioghachd an toirt fo smachd. Co'-dhàingnichidh an sgeul a leanas sin agus ioma sgeul eile a dh' fheudadh a bhi air an aithris cosmhuil rithe.

Goirid o cheithir cheud bliadhna roimh so rugadh oighre air Gart, aig bun Ghlinn-Liobhainn do'n d' thugadh cioch le té de Chlcinn Dhiarmaid. Bha dithis mhac aice, aon diubh comh-dhalta do oighre Ghairt, agus am fear eile na bu shine na sin. Dh' fhàs an t-oighre suas 'n a òganach sgiamhach agus gaisgeil, agus cha robh a chomh-dhalta a bheag sam bith air deireadh air, a thaobh misnich agus tàbhachd. Aig an àm sin bha an earrann bu mho de Ghleann-Liobhainn le cloinn Iabhair, cinneach dalma agus cruadalach, a chaill còir air an oighreachd goirid an déigh do'n sgéul a leanas tachairt. Dh' éirich aimhreite eadar am mac a b' oige bh' aig banaltrum oighre Ghart, agus aon de chloinn Iabhair; agus air do'n òganach mòran tàmailt fhaotuinn thubhairt e ri Mac Iabhair, "Mar is beò mise, a Mhic Iabhair, bheir oighre Ghart ort gu'n diol thu air son so fathast." Dhealaich na fir agus cha do chaill an t-òganach agus a bhràthair ùine sam bith gus an d' thug iad Caisteal Ghart orra, a chur an ceill do'n uachdaran mar a thachair. Chual Clann Iabhair gu'n do ghabh na h-òganaich an t-slighe gu Gart agus air ball, chuir iad an ruaig orra. Thàinig iad air an dà bhràthair gun fhios gun aire dhoibh, ach air doibhsan an cunnart fein fhaicinn ghradléum iad a stigh do linne dhomhainn ann an Liobhainn, 's an dòchas nach leanadh Clann Iabhair leis an eagal iad. Ach ged nach deachaidh Clann

Iabhair a stigh do'n amhainn, gidheadh, thilg fear diubh saighead air na h-òganaich a bha 's an linne, —lèonadh comh-dhalta Ghart gu searbh,—thuit e sios do ghrùnnd na linne, agus bhàthadh e. B' e Dòmhnull Mac Dhiarmid a b'ainm da, agus goirear "Linne Dhòmhnuill" ris an àite gu ruig an là an diugh! Fhuair an t-òganach eile comas teichidh, agus ràinig e Gart. Dh' innis e do'n tighearna òg mar a thachair, agus air da a bhi làn corruich air son mar a bhuin Clann Iabhair ri chomh-dhalta, chuir e roimhe air ball aichmheil a thoirt a mach, agus a bhàs a dhioladh. Chruinnich e gu h-ealamh a chuid daoine, agus ràinig e Gleann Liobhainn air an ceann. Air do Mhac Iabhair cùisean a thuigsinn, chruinnich esan, mar an ceudna, a luchd-leanmhuinn fein, agus chòmhlaich e Fear-Ghart aig meadhon a ghlinne. Air do na seoid coinneachadh, chuir iad fàilt air a chéile, agus labhair iad dh' fhéuchainn an rachadh cùisean a shocrachadh gu'n bhuille a bhualadh. Bha breacan air guaillibh Ghart air an robh taobh dearg, agus taobh dorch, agus thubhairt e r'a chuid daoine, iad a bhi deas gu bualadh air na naimhdibh gun mhoille, gun bhàigh, na'n cuireadh esan taobh dearg a' bhreacain a mach! Is gann a thug e an àithne so seachad, an uair a rinn Mac Iabhair fead, agus ghrad leum mòran dhaoine fo'n làn armachd á bad coille a bha goirid o laimh, agus sheas iad maille ri'n ceann-cinnidh, agus ris na fearaibh a bha còmhladh ris, a labhairt ri Gart. "Cò iad sin," ghlaodh Fear-Ghart, "agus ciod an gnothuch an so?"—"Is iad sin," ars' Mac Iabhair, "treud de na h-earbaibh agamsa, a ta léumnaich air feadh nan tom agus nan creag." "Direach ceart," ars' an t-òigear eile, "ma's ann mar sin tha 'chùis, tha 'n t-àm agamsa a bhi 'gairm mo mhiol-chon. Ghrad-thionndaidh e an taobh dearg de 'n bhreacain a mach, agus am priobadh na sùla, bha na fir am badaibh a cheile. Car ùine bha 'n tuasaid teth agus garg, agus bha closaichean nam marbh 'n an luidhe gu tiugh air an raon. Ma dheireadh, theich a' chuid a bha lathair de chlainn Iabhair,—thug iad na beanntan orra, agus a mach o'n là sin chaill iad am fearann. Tha e air innseadh nach bu mhòr a chaill Gart anns an tuasaid sin, ach gu'n do thuit corr agus seachd fichead de na Liobhannaich thruagha, agus gu'n d'fhàgadh an closaichean gu'n deo re na h-oidhche air na raointibh far an do thuit iad.

Tha iomadh cuimhneachan air an là fhuilteach sin fathast anns a' Ghleann an do thachair e. Mu'n do thòisich an cath, thilg fir thigh-earna Ghart an cuarain bhàrr an cosaibh, a chum gu'n ruitheadh iad na bu luaithe air an tòir, agus theirear "*Leac nan cuaran*" fathast ris an àite 's an d'rinn iad sin. Tha mar an ceudna "*Rùisgeach*," "*Lagan a' chatha*," agus "*Cumus nan càrn*," mar ainmean fathast air na h-àitibh sin far an do rùisg iad an claidhean, —an do chuir iad an cath,—agus an d'adhlaic iad na daoine a thuit. Tha 'n amhainn fein n' a cuimhneachan air an la fhuilteach sin, oir roimh an àm sin, b' e "*Duibh*" a b' ainm do'n amhainn, agus "*Gleann Duibh*" a b' ainm do'n ghleann. Ach an uair a phill Fear-Ghart agus a chuideachd o'n ruaig, "*Ruibh*" no ghlan iad an claidhean fuilteach anns an amhainn, gus an robh an t-uisge dearg; agus an sin, ghlaodh an ceann-cinnidh a mach, ag ràdh, "Cha ghoirear "*Duibh*" mar ainm air an uisge so tuilleadh, oir, o là liobhaidh nan arm, bithidh "*Liobhann*" mar ainm air "*Duibh*."

Féudar a nis cunntas a thoirt air

là fuileachdach eile a thachair goirid o'n àite chéudna, beagan bhliadhnaichean, roimh àm na téugmhail eadar Fear-Ghart agus Mac Iabhair.

Thàinig tighearn Airdghobhar air sgriob do Raineach, agus phòs e nighean do Thighearna Shruthain, ceann-cinnidh Chloinn-Donnuchaidh. An uair a thug fear Airdghobhar a bhean fein leis dh' ionnsuidh a' chaisteil fein, chuir Fear Shruthain coignear ghillean sgairteil mailleri 'nighinn, a bha 'n an càirdibh dileas dh' i fein, agus anns am feudadh i a h-earbsa a chur am measg choigreach. Thug uachdaran Airdghobhar seilbh fearainn do'n choignear òganach sin dlùth d' a h-àite còmhnuidh fein, agus rinn e gach ni 'n a chomas chum gu'n soirbhicheadh leo. Bha iad measail aig muinntir Airdghobhar air sgàth na baintighearna, air an robh mormheas aca, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh, nach gabhadh iad fein, agus an sliochd 'n an déigh còmhnaidh air fearann Airdghobhar, mur b' e mar a thachair. Bha gach aon de'n choignear a chaidh á Raineach, tréun agus gaisgeil, ach thug am fear bu lugha dhiubh barrachd air càch uile do thaobh gaisg' agus tapachd, ach gu sònraichte do thaobh a theomachd eucaich le bogha agus le saighid. B' e Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnuchaidh a' b' ainm do'n òganach ealanta so, agus cha b' fhad gus an do dhùisg a lùth-chleasan eud agus gamhlas ann an cridheachaibh luchd-leanmhuinn Airdghobhar 'n a aghaidh. Là de na làithibh dh' eirich connsachadh eadar Alasdair Beag agus òganach sgiamhach eile de mhuinntir Airdghobhar. Chaidh na fir am fionnsgan a chéile, ach cha b' fhada gus an do leag Alasdair Beag an t-òganach gun deò air an làr! Cha deanadh fuireach féum tuilleadh; b' éigin do Mhac Dhonnuchaidh am fireach a thoirt air. Thug e na buinn as air ball, agus cha do ghabh e tàmh no fois gus an d' ràinig e a cheann-feadhna euchdach agus cruadalach fein, "Iain Dubh Gear," no mar a theireadh iad ris, "Iain Dubh nan lann," a bha 'gabhail còmhnaidh ann an Gleann Duibh, ris an abrar a nis Gleann-Liobhainn. Dh' innis e do'n tréunlaoch Iain Dubh, mar a dh' éirich dha ann an Airdghobhar, agus thubhairt Iain ris, "Cha'n eagal duit, a Mhic Dhonnachaidh; gabh fasgadh fo m' sgéith-sa, agus ma thig mac màthar á Airdghobhar a chur dragh' ort, cha teid e dhachaidh a dh-iunseadh a sgeoil.

Fàgaidh sinn a nis Iain Dubh agus Alasdair Beag ann an Gleann-Liobhainn, a' tighinn air an gniomharaibh gaisgeil fein fa seach, agus theid sinn le 'r sgéul, car tamuill bhig, do Shrathghlais, ann an siorramachd Inbherneis. Air là àraidh bha'n Siosalach, uachdaran Shrathghlais, agus buidheann thaghta maille ris, a mach a' sealgaireachd air feadh nam beann. Air doibh a bhith air an sàruchadh le siubhal nan beann, chaidh iad a steach aig cromadh an anmoich, do bhothan bantraiche truaighe, a bha ri taobh an rathaid, agus gun a cead iarraidh mharbh agus dh'ith iad an t-aon laogh a bha air a seilbh. Cò a thachair a bhi stigh 's an am ach duine bochd á Ghleann Liobhainn, a bha siubhal o àite gu àite ag iarraidh na déirce. Cha robh na cùisean a' còrdadh ris an duine bhochd, air chor sam bith, agus thòisich e ri bhi 'cur dheth agus a' gearan. Thionndaidh an Siosalach, agus thubhairt e, "Ciod a tha 'cur ort, a bhodaich leibidich, dhranndanaich?" "Cha'n 'eil a bheag," deir an duine bochd, "ach tha fios agam air aon ni, 's cha bhinn leat a chluinntinn,—tha fios agam far nach biodh a chridhe aig an t-Siosalach e fein a ghiulan mar

a rinn e 's a' bhothan so." Las an ceann-cinnidh uaibhreach le corruich, agus thubhairt e, "Innis domh, a bhodaich, c'àit nach biodh a chridhe agamsa mo thoil fein a dheanamh?" "Tha," deir am bodach, "ann an dùthaich Iain Duibh nan lann." Mhionnaich an Siosalach gu'm biodh dearbhadh aigesan air sin mu'n rachadh mòran làithean seachad. Thuig an duine bochd nach biodh cùisean réidh, agus cha do chaill e ùine sam bith gus an d' ràinig e Iain Dubh nan lann, agus gus an d' innis e dha focal air an fhocal mar a thachair. Fhuair Iain Dubh soire mhòr do'n duine bhochd air con a luathais-theanga, ach thug e maitheanas da, agus thòisich e air gach ni a dheanamh deas air son teachd an t-Siosalaich. Cha b' fhad a chuir an Siosalach dàil 's a' ghnothach, oir cha deachaidh seachdain thairis, an uair a bha fir Shrathghlais, agus an uachdaran air an ceann air fraighibh Ghlinn-Liobhainn. Bha freiceadan aig muinntir a' Ghlinne a mach a ghabhail beachd air gach beinn agus beallach, agus chunnaic iad na Tuathaich naimhdeil a' tarruing am fagus. An uair a roghnaich an Siosalach àite-taimh freagarrach air a shon fein, agus air son a cheatharnach, chuir e teachdaireachd dh' ionnsuidh Iain Duibh, ag innseadh dha cuirm a bhi deas aige air son beagan cuideachd, a bha teachd a dh' amharc air o'n àirdeatuath; "agus mur bi,"—ars' an Siosalach, ach cha dubhairt e tuilleadh. Fhuair Iain Dubh an teachdaireachd, agus thuig e gu ro mhaith a seadh. Ghrad-chuir e fios air ais gu'm biodh gach ni deas a bha freagarrach air an son, agus iad a thighinn air an aghaidh gu h-ealamh, "ach" ars' Ian Dubh "ma thig,"—agus stad e an sin. Thuig na laoich air gach taobh gu'n robh na cùisean gu bhi garbh, agus air gach taobh rinneadh gach uidheamachadh air a son. Chaidh na Siosalaich gu faiceallach air an aghaidh, agus bha Iain Dubh mar gu'm b'ann air cutromascéille le mire-chatha, chum deannas cruaidh, teth, a thoirt doibh. Bha seachdnar mhac aige, òganaich co ealant' agus clis 's a ghiulain riamh iubhar, agus saighead, agus dòrlach! Chaidh ceathrar diubh air laimh dheis an athar, agus an triuir eile air a laimh chli, mailles ril an robh mar an ceudna, Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnuchaidh, a bha comharraichte 'n a linn fein air son cuimse a ghabhail le saighid. Theirinn an Siosalach air ceann a chuid dhaoine chum na h-aibhne, an uair a bha na Liobhannaich thall fa'n comhair air an taobh eile. Bha ceann-feadhna Shrathghlais air éideadh o 'bhàrr gu 'bhonn le lùirichlannaich, clogaid, agus ceann-bheart, air chor 's nach ruigeadh saighead air a leonadh. Bha'n là soilleir, grianach, teth, agus chunncas gathanna na gréine miltean air astar, a' dearrsadh mar ghrad-bhoisgeadh an dealanaich air armachd nan laoch! Thog an Siosalach a chlogaid suas os ceann a shùl, agus air a' mhionaid sin thilg Alasdair Beag saighead a bhuail an clàr an aodainn air ceannard Shrathghlais! Ghrad spàrr an duine leònta a làmh air an lot, ach ghlaodh Mac Dhonnuchaidh, "A Shiosalaich, gheobh thu an t-saighead air do chùlaobh,"—ach bha'n Siosalach gun chomas freagairt, oir thuit e marbh 's an làraich. Tha'n t-àite far an d' thug e suas an deò fathast air a chomharrachadh a mach le cloich mhòir, ris an abrar gus an la 'n diugh,—"*Clach an t-Siosalaich.*" An uair a chaill na naimhdean an ceannard, threig am misneach iad, agus thionndaidh iad an cùl air na Liobhannaich. Chuir Iain Dubh Gearr an ruaig orra, agus cha d' fhàgadh mac màthar diubh

beò, ach am piobaire a mhàin. Thugadh cead dhàsan dol dhachaidh a dh' innseadh sgéul a' bhròin d'a chàirdibh agus d'a chinneadh. Beagan an deigh sin thug Iain Dubh nan lann a nighean 'n a mnaoi do Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnuchaidh, agus tha e air aithris gu'm bheil an sliochd-san fathast lionmhor anns na criochaibh sin.

Bha na h-amanna sin searbh agus garbh, ach chaidh iad seachad. Uime sin, biodh uile luchd-leughaidh *a' Ghaidheil*, agus muinntir na tire gu léir, taingeil do'n Uilechumhachdach, nach 'eil eòlas aca air na h-amannaibh sin, ach a mhàin ann an iomradh, agus ann an eachdraidh. SGIATHANACH.

———o———

SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL.

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidinn gu Gailig le D. B. B.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

Far an do thuit Hector calm
A lot an t-Aichioll garg le sleagh,
A's far am beil Sarpedon garbh
'N a laidhe sinte marbh air magh,
Simoeis nan cuairt-shruth bras
A' tionndadh car air char fo thuinn,
Sgiathan 's clogaidean nan laoch,
'S an cuirp chalma ghaolach chruinn."

'N uair labhair e gu faoin, ghrad-bhuail Gaoth shrannach bho thuath gu treun
Ri seòl na luinge, 's thog i suas
Na tonnan uaibhreach chum nan speur.
Bhriseadh na raimh ; 's chlaon an long
A's chuir i slios ri tonn gu grad ;
A's dh' éirich an t-uisge 'n a dhùn
Ard mar mhonadh stùcach cas,
Chrochadh cuid air bàrr nan tonn,
'S chuunaic cuid diubh 'n grunnd 's a' chlais;
Bha muir a's gaineamh feadh a cheil'
Le boile dhéin a' goil gu cas ;
Tri longan spion a' ghaoth á deas
A's bhuail i iad air sgeir fo thuinn
D'an ainm an Altain ; carraig chruaidh
Gun dad dith 'n nachdar ach a druim ;
Tri eile ruaig a' ghaoth an Ear
Air tanalach a's gaineamh beò,
'G an iomain a stigh bharr a' chuain
Bu shealladh e bha truagh gu leòir!
Bhuail i iad air oitir chruaidh,
'S thog gaineamh mu'n cuairt 'n a tòrr.
Long nan Luichianach nach tìom,
'S an robh Orontes dileas còir,
Dh' éirich tonn mòr os a ceann
'S bhuail deireadh na luing f'a shuil ;
Thilgeadh fear na stiùrach sios,
An coinneamh a chinn 's a chuil ;
Ghlac an tonn i 'n sin gu grad
'G a toinneamh tri char mu'n cuairt,
A's shluigeadh i le cuairteig chais
A chuir á sealladh i 's a' chuan.
Chithear sgaoilte bhos a's thall,
A' snamh air an doimhne mhoir,
Clair na luinge 's airm nan laoch,
A's ionmhasau daor na Tròidh.
Long làidir Ilioneuis chaoimh,
A's long Achateis laoch ro chruaidh,
Long Abais us Aleteis aosd'
Bhris an doinionn bhaoth gu luath.
'Dh' fhuasgail ceanglaichean nan taobh,
'S an t-uisge, thaom a stigh 'n a steall,
Sgain na clair gu grad bho cheil'
A's dh' fhas iad eudionach 's gach ball.

'N sin mhothaich Neptun gu'n robh stoirm
A' cur na fairge thar a cheil,
Doinionn mhor a thog bho'n ghrùnnd,
An t-aigeal 's gach duil gu léir.
Bha inntinn fo bhuaireas trom
Lan chùraim mu dhoimhn' a' chuain ;
Thog e suas a cheann gun dàil
Le aghaidh mhàld air bhàrr nan stuadh.
Luingeas Æneais, an laoch,
Chunnaic e sgaoilt' air a' mhuir,
'S na Troidhich claoidhte leis na tuinn,
A's leis an doininn oillteil dhuibh.
A's cha robh folaichte bho shùil,
Cuilbheartan Iuno 's a fearg ;
Ghairm e ghaoth near 's a' ghaoth niar
A's labhair riu am briathraibh garg,
"A Ghaothan ladurna na ruais,
Carson a tha bhur n' uaill cho mòr,
'S an teaghlach dh' àraich sibh air tùs,
An uair a bha sibh mùrneach òg ?
Nach dàna dhuibh gun chead bhuam fein,
Talamh 's neamh chur bun os ceann,
A's beanntan thogail leis an stoirm
Ach bheir mis' oirbh 'n uair thig an t-am,—
Ach 's fearr dhomh sith a chur 's an uair
Air na tonnan uaibhreach garbh.
Ach diolaidh sibh na's mo a rìs
An ath-uair theid sibh cli gu dearbh.
Teichibh gu grad chum ur righ
A's innsibh dha mar so gun dàil,
Nach d' fhuair e impireachd a' chuain,
No 'n Tri-bhiorach cruaidh 'n a laimh.
'S ann dhomhsa thugadh sin le còir ;
Ach riaghladh esan còs nan creag,
Do thuineadh-s', O Earghaoth ro gheur,
Bho 'n tric a shéideas tu le neart,
'S an Aros sin tha farsuinn mòr,
Deanadh Æolus bòsd nach gann,
'N a righ ann am priosan duint'
S na Gaothan 'n a dhùirn gu teann."
Labhair e, 's cha luaithe rinn,

Na chìùinich na tuinn gu réidh.
Sgap e coithional nan nial,
A's dh' aisig e ghrian 's an spéir,
Thainig Tonnruith * 's Triton mòr
A's rinn iad còmhnadh ris gu luath,
Phùc iad na longan le neart,
Bho mhullach nan sgeirean cruaidh.
Ghabh e 'n Tri-bhiorach mar lùnn,
A's thog e iad le lùth's a làmh ;
Leig e ris a' ghaineamh bheo,
'S na h-oitirean mòra bàn ;
Chuir e fèath air aghaidh 'chuain
A's ruith e gu luath 'n a still,
'N a charbad air barraibh nan stuadh
Le rothaibh neo-fhuaimneach grinn,
Mar tharlas ann an cumasg sluaigh
'N uair dh' eireas duaireachas gu tric,
'S a lasas le corruich suas,
A' ghraisg an-uasal neo-ghlic ;
Tilgear clachan 's leusan dearg,
'S gach arm a gheobh fearg an t-sluaigh ;
Ach 'n uair a chi iad seanair còir
Ro chràbhach 's ro mhòr an luach,
Seasaidh iad 'n an tosd gu grad
A's bheir iad aire dha le 'n cluais ;
Le bhriathraibh ceannsaichidh e 'm fearg,
A's ciùinichidh e gairg an smuain,
'B' amhuil thuit braighlich a' chuain.
N uair sheall mu'n cuairt air a' mhuir
Neptun an t-athair bith-bhuan,
An t-uachdaran thar gach tuil.
Ghrad-shiubhail e tre'n iarmailt luim
A' stiùradh nan each mu'n cuairt,
A's leig e 'n t-srian leotha 'n àm falbh,
Ag itealaich 'n a charbad luath.
Ach cuideachd Æneais 's iad sgith,
Dh' iarr an tir a b' fhaisg air làimh,
'S air còrsaibh Luibia nan tùr
Thionndaidh 'n cùrsa ris an tràigh.
Ann an geodha fada réidh,
Tha ionad tèaruinte bho'n ghaoith,
Rinn eilean dheth cala sèimh
Le sineadh a mach, gach taobh ;
Ri slios an eilean brisidh 'n tonn
A thig 'n a still bho dhoimhn' a' chuain,
Sgoiltidh e, 's ruithidh 'n a dheann
A steach do chamus cruinn mu'n cuairt,
Air gach làimh tha creaga mòr,
A's da sgòrr ro chorrach àrd,
Fo sgàile nan creag thall 's a bhos
Tha mhuir tosdach ciùin 'n a tàmh.
Gu h-àrd air mullach nan sgùrr
Tha coille dhosrach ùr a' fàs,
A's doire dubh dubharach dlùth
Au crochadh os cionn a' bhàigh,
Le creagan crocht' os a ceann ;
Mu choinneamh thall chithear còs,
Tha tobar fior-uisg innte steach,
A's cathraichean de chlachaibh beò,
Ionad-tàimh nan òighean naomh :

* Cymothoe.

Cha cheanglar le taod an long,
'N uair ghabhas i fasgadh bho 'n t-sion,
'S cha 'n iarr i aun acair crom.
An so chaidh Æneas a steach
Le seachd longan maiseach luath
A thionail e de'n chabhlach mhòr
Bha seòladh leis air a' chuan ;
Na Troidhich chaidh mach air tir
Air an robh an déigh cho mòr,
A's 'n uair a sheas iad air an tràigh
Rinn iad gàirdeachas gu leòir :
An cuirp a bha fliuch le sàil
Shin iad air an làraich luim
Air a' chladach ghainmhich réidh
Ris an tric, a leum na tuinn.
'N sin bhuail Achates air tùs
Srad bho'n spuir ùir le cruaidh,
Lasadh leis duilleach nan craobh,
A's charn e connadh caoin mu'n cuairt.
Ghabh an teine greim gu grad,
A's dh' éirich an lasair suas,
Ghrad-shuidh a' chuideachd 's iad sgith,
Le ànradh na sine cruaidh.
'N sin thug iad an gràn air lom
A mhilleadh le tuinn a' chuain,
Gach inneal gu fuineadh 's gu bleth,
Chuireadh leo air leth gu luath ;
A's chruaidhich iad le tein' an gràn
A chaidh a shàbhaladh bho'n tuinn ;
Mheil iad e le muileann-bràth,
'S dh' fhuin iad dearnagan deth cruinn.
Ach dhirich Æneas suas
Gu mullach carraig cruaidh 's an àm :
Sheas e, 's ghabh e fradharc-cuain
Fada bhuaithe, bhos a's thall.
Am faicteadh leis Anteus caoin
'G a iomain le gaoith air sàil,
'S na birlinnean dà-ramhach sliom,
Bho Phrutigia tir an àigh.
No Capus au gaisgeach cruaidh ;
No suaicheantais Chaïcuis mhoir
An crochadh thar deireadh na luing
Mar bhrataich os cionn nan seòl.
Long cha'n fhacas air muir réidh,
Ach chunnaic e tri feidh air tir.
A's greadhuinn mhòr a' teachd 'n an déigh,
Ag ionaltradh air réidhlean glinn.
Sheas e 'n sin a's ghlac 'n a làimh
Am bogha cruinn 's na saighdean luath :
Na h-airm a bh' aig Achates fior,
A charaid dileas anns gach cruas.
Leag e 'n toiseach na daimh mhòr,
Cinn-fheadhna chròcach nan ceann àrd ;
A's cuid diubh reubadh leis gu bàs.
Dhian-ruagadh leis a' ghreigh gu léir
Do dhoire geugach nau dlu-bhàrr,
A's mu'n do sguir e dh' fhàg e marbh
Seachd cairbhean reamhar air a' bhlàr.
Bha damh aige air son gach luing,
As thionndaidh e cheann ris an tràigh
'S 'n uair ràinig e compaich a rùin,
Roinn e chreach gu dlùth air càch.

Thug e 'n sin doibh deoch de'n fhion
A thaisg Achestes fial, an laoch,
·N a bhuideil lan, an am dhoibh triall
Bho eilean Trìonairdeach* nan craobh.
A's mhinich e le briathraibh caoin
Cridhe nan laoch a bha fo bhròn;
"A chairdean, 's aithne dhuinn gu léir
Gach ànradh geur a thàinig òirnn,
Dh' fhuilig sibh truaighean bu mhò,
'S bheir Dia iad so fos gu crìch:
Chaidh sibh dlùth air *Scuille* ghairg,
Na sgeirean fuaimneach garbh neo-mhìn.
Chunnaic sibh fos cragan cruaidh
Nam Famhair Cuach-shuileach* gun bhaigh;
Glacaibh misneach air an uair
A's cuiribh 'n t-eagal uaibh gun dàil.
Faodaidh bhith gun tig an t-am
'S an cuimhnichear so le tlachd.
Do *Latium* tha sinn a' triall
Tre chunnartaibh lionmhor a's pailt.
Tha 'n fhaisneachd a' cur an céill
Gu'm faigh sinn ionad réidh gu tamh,
'S gu'n éirich righeachd Thròidh as ùr,
'S an dùthaich ud mar tha 's an dàn.
Cumaibh bhur misneach a suas,
A's seasaibh buan, gu ruig a' chrioch;
Coimhdibh sibh fein mar is dual
Gu amaibh buadhar nan deagh ghnìomh."

Labhair e mar so gu ciùin,
'S e le trom chùram air a chlaoidh;
Ach nochd e dòchas ann a ghnùis
A's cheil e bhròn an grùnnd a' chridh.
Chaidh na seòid an sin air seirm
A los a' chuirm a dheanamh deas,
Dh'fheann iad an t-sitheann gun dàil,
'S an greallach air a' bhlàr leig ris.
Gheàrr cuid diubh 'n a mìribh an fheòil,
Guròstadh air na bioraibh cruaidh;
Chroch cuid air tràigh an coire prais,
'S an teine dh'fhadaidh ris gu luath.
Dh' ùraich iad an neart le biadh,
Sint' air an fhiar laidh iad sgaoilt,
'G am beathachadh le saill nam fiadh,
A's dh'òl iad pailteas de 'n fhion aosd.
'N uair shàsaichcadh iad leis an lòn,
'S a chuir iad am bòrd gu taobh
Theann iad ri rannsachadh air ball
Na bha air chall de luchd-an-gaoil.
Oir bha iad ann an imchcist mhòir
Le eagal, 's dòchas taobh air thaobh,
Cia dhiubh a bha iad beò no marbh,
No 'n cluinneadh iad gairm no glaodh.
Gu sònruicht' Æneas, an saoidh,
Bu ghoirt a chaoidheadh e leis féin
Bas Oronteis thapuidh chruaidh,
'S Amycuis chruadalaich nach géill.
A's chiteadh e fàsgadh nan dòrn
Mu bhàs dòineach Lycuis thréin;
Mu Ethyas a's Cloànthus calm,

Bu ghaisgich ainmeil iad le chéil'.
Nis tharruing an latha gu ceann,
'N uair sheall Iobh bho àird nan neamh
Air cuan siùbhlach nan seòl bàn,
'S gach tir a's tràigh a tha fo 'n ghréin,
'S gach sluagh a ta bhos a's thall:
A's sheas e ann an druim nan speur,
Bheachdaich e gu geur le shùil
Air Luibia dùthaich nan treun.
Bha chuidh' le cùram troimhe chéil'
Nuair thainig Venus, 's i fo sprochd,
A sùilean dealrach sileadh dheur,
A's labhair ris gu réidh mar so;
"O thus' a riaghlas thar gach ni
Measg dhaoine agus dhé fa leth,
Le d' chumhachd siorruidh buan gu h-àrd,
'S do thairneanach 'g an cur fo gheilt;
Ciod a rinn m' Æneas còir?
No ciod a rinn na Tròidhich ort?
Gu'n d' fhuilig iad cho liugha bàs,
'G am fuadach as gach àit gu goirt.
'G an ruagadh de 'n domhan gu léir
Air sgàth na h-Eadailt tir an gràidh?
Gu cinnteach gheall thu dhomhsa féin
Gun eireadh na linntean aigh,
'N uair shiubhladh bliadhnachan mu'n cuairt
'S a ruitheadh aimsir luath gu ceann,
Gu'n eireadh na Romanaich suas
Bho 'n fhior fhuil uasail gun mheang,
Iarmad Theucheir mhòir nam buadh
A' cinntinn as nuadh a ris,
A cheannsaicheas gach fine 's sluagh
Fo 'n uachdranachd air muir a's tir.
Ciod uime nis, O Athair chaoimh,
A thàinig caochladh air do rùn?
Bha mise toirt sòlais domh féin,
Gu'n eireadh gach ni as ùr,
Ged thuit Tròidh àrd nan stuadh
Le leirsgrios duaidheach gu làr;
Mu choinneamh gach mi-shealbh a's truaigh
Thomhais mi suaimhneas agus àgh.
Tha 'n cruaidh-fhortan ceudna 'g an ruith
Ged thainig iad tre chunnart mòr.
Ach ard-righ a ta beo gu sior
Cuine a chriochnaicheas tu am bron?
'N uair thàr Antènor tearuint' as
Bho laimh nan gaisgeach bho 'n Ghréig,
Sheol e steach le 'longaibh luath
Do chuan Illyricuim gun bheud.
'N sin thàinig e air tir le buaidh,
A's chaidh e féin 's a shluagh gun stad
Gu righeachd nan Liobumach cruaidh,
'S *Timavus* nan luath-shruth bras
Tha ruith 'n a naoidh sruthaibh borb,
'S a' bheinn ri torman a's co-ghàir,
Mar bhuinne-shruth mara 'n a still,
'S na dailthean leis an dìlinn bàitht'.
Ach shuidhich e 'n so baile mòr,
Patavium, comhnuidh nan sàr
A theich o Thròidh; us thug e ainm
Do 'n chinneach a ghabh seilbh 's an ait.

* Trinacria Tri Airdean Ruchacan.
* Cyclopes.

Oir ghoir e Tròidh de 'n bhaile nuadh
A's chuir e suas a h-airm gu h-àrd,
A nise, tha e mealtainn fois
Gu siochail socrach air gach làimh ;
Ach sinne, do shliochd runach féin
D' an d' thug thu riaghladh nèamh gu buan
Chaill sinn ar longan gu léir,
Ge brònach an sgeul r' a luaidh!
Thilgeadh sinn gu tur air chùl
Air son corruich Iuno mhain,
A's cian bho 'n Eadailt dh' fhògradh sinn
Fad air falbh bho thir ar gràidh.
'N e so an t-urram, Athair chaoimh,
A gheobh an saoidh a ta gun fheall?
Mar so an aisigear leat sinn
A dh' ionnsuidh righeachd mar a gheall ?"

Dhearc athair nan daoine 's nan dia
Oirre le fiamh ghaire 'n a ghnùis,
Le 'n abhaist doinion nan speur
A thionndadh gu fèath ro chiùin.
Phog e beul a nighinn ghaoil
A's labhair e gu caoin mar so :
"Chuitreia, caisg d' eagal gu luath,
An ni tha 'n dàn do d' shluagh thig ort.
Chi thu *Lavinium* nan tùr
Le dhaingnichibh ùr mar gheall :
'S Æneas mòr-inntinneach treun
Togaidh tu gu neamh 'n a àm.
Cha d'thàinig caochladh air mo rùn ;
Ach bho'n tha 'n cùram so 'g ad chnàmh,"
Innsidh mi dhut-sa gu saor,
'S cha cheil mi aon ni tha 's an dàn.
Lorgaicheam gach ni bho chian,
'S mo rùintean diomhair bheir air lom,
A chum gu'm foillsichear dhut féin
Mar shuidhicheadh gu leir iad leam.
Nuair ruigeas e 'n Eadailt fadheoidh
Ni e cogadh mòr ro chruaidh,
A's ciosnaichidh e cinnich dhoirbh
'Gam pronnadh gu searbh le buaidh ;
Daingnichidh e lagh le còir,
A's togaidh bailtean mòr d' a shluagh :
Tri samhraidh riaglaidh e 'n a righ
Air *Latium* tir nan tuath.
Tri geamhraidh theid seachad gu dlùth
Nuair chuirear na *Ruthlaich* fo ghéill.
Ascanius an t-oigear ciùin,
D' an comh-ainm Iulus nan deagh-bheus ;
Ilus theirteadh ris bho thùs
'N uair sheas Ilium ur nan stuadh,
Triochad bliadhna bidh 'n a righ,
A's laithean 's miosan thig mu'n cuairt.
Atharraichidh e chathair-righ
Bho Laibhinn nam milidh trom,
A's balla laidir cuiridh suas
Mu'n cuairt air *Abba* nan sonn,
Tri cheud bliadhn' iomlan, slàn,
Seasadh rioghachd laidir bhuan
An *Abba* mhoir *Hualia* nam feachd
Fo iarmad Hectoir nam buadh
Gu linn Ilia, nighean righ,
Ban-sagart mhin a bheireas clann ;
'Nuair bhios i trom aig Mars nan cath,
Bidh dithis mhac aic' 's an aon am.
Sgeadaicht le bian odhar faoil'
A' mhuime chaomh a chum e beò
Glacaidh Romulus an crùn,
A's togaidh daingneach ur na Roimh,
Baile Mhars a' chogaidh dhoirbh :
'S ainm fein gairmidh e de 'n t-sluagh,
Romanaich nan geur lann gorm
Adh' fhàgas naimhdean marbh 'n an cruaich
Cha chuir mi air an cumhachd ceann
No tombas a thaobh àm no àit :
Thug mi dhoibh impireachd gun chrìch
A mhaireas feadh gach linn gu bràth.
Chuir Iuno dhoirbh tre ghibht an tràs
Tir, muir, a's neamh bun os ceann ;
Ach caochladh i gu rùn nas feàrr,
A's nochdaidh càirdeas doibh nach gann.
Maille rium féin bheir i gràdh
Do Ròmanach nam blhàr 's nan euchd ;
Cinneach nan gùn sgarlaid òir,
Ard-thria than mòr a' chruinne ché.
'S e so mo rùn mar tha 's an dàn :
Oir thig na làithean mun cuairt
'S an cuirear fo chuing 's fo smachd
Le tigh Assaracuis nam buadh
Phthia tir nan gaisgeach garbh,
'S Muichèine ainmeil nan laoch ;
A's riaghlar leis an Argos chruaidh
'Nuair chuirear a sluagh fo dhaors',
Eiridh Ceasar mòr nam buadh
De 'n fhine Thròidheadh uasal threun ;
Ruigidh a rioghachd an cuan,
'S a chliù theid suas chum nan reul ;
Iulius comh-ainm an t-saoidh,
A shloinneadh bho Iulus nan euchd
'Nuair bheir e air an domhan buaidh
Gabhaidh tu e suas gu neamh.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

———o———

MAR A FHUARAS AMACH AMERICA.

AN TREAS EARRANN.

(*Air a leantuinn bho'n* 35 *Airimh.*)

'S a' bhliana 1497, sheol Iain Cabot, marri mhac Sebastian, e Bristol, an Sasunn le da lhong agus tri cheud maraich, fo ughdaras Eanric a Seachd, Righ Shasuinn. B' Eadailteach Cabot, ach bha è a' tuineadh am Bristol. Air a' cheathramh latha fichead de mhios a' Chéitein, chunnaig iad eilein mòr Newfoundland. Sheol iad an sin siar ; agus an uine ghoirid rhainig iad tir-mòr America mu Thuath,

bliana mus am faca Columbus tir mòr America mu Dheas.

Stiuir iad a nise gu tuath, gus an d' rhainig iad an talamh reòta. Bha iad a' runachadh Asia a rhuigheachd: ach on nach fhac' iad caolas troi an seoladh iad, thill iad gu deas, agus lhean iad oirthir America mu Thuath, gus an d' rhainig iad tir-thiorail. On a bha am biadh a' teannadh gu deire, agus na maraichean a' fas ceannairceach, thill iad an sin do Shasunn; agus rhainig iad Bristol toiseach an fhaoghair.

An toiseach na bliana 1517, sheol Fransis Cordobha e baile mòr Habhana, an Cuba, le tri longuibh,—agus fhuair e nach mòr-roinn Iucatan. 'N uair a bha e dol air tìr, thainig coig bàtaichean de shluagh na tìre na ionnsaidh. Chuir iad sin iongh-nadh air na Spainnich: oir bha iad air an cluthachadh an aodach cotain, agus bha 'n sluagh a chunnaig iad roimhe ruisgte.* Sheol iad an sin sear, gus an d' rhainig iad Campitsi, far an deach beul ri leth-cheud diu a mharbhadh leis na h-Innseinech 'n uair a bha iad air tìr air son uisge: agus, chaidh Cordobha fhein a lheonadh gu trom. Uime sin thill iad do Chuba, far an d' eug Cordobha bho lhotaibh.

Beagan roimhe sin, 's a' bhliana 1512, dh' fhalbh Iain Ponse Leon bho eilein Phorto Rico, far an robh è 'n a fhear-riaghlaidh, le tri long-aibh, air toir "tobar na h-Oige," air an robh mor iomradh. A reir na h-aithris, bheireadh uisge an tobair sin neart agus ath-nuadh-achadh oige do gach neach. Sheol e am measg innsean Bahama; ach cha d' fhuaras am tobar. Stiuir e n' sin sear; agus an uine ghoirid, chunnaig e, a reir a bheachd, eilein mòr, air an d' thug e Florida mar anim, on a bha 'n talamh gorm agus lan dhitheinibh earraich.* Fhuair e mach an caolas eadar Florida agus Cuba; agus sheol e am measg inn-sean Phortùga: ach cha d' fhuair e sgeul air bith mu 'n tobar, cheann nach robh e idir ann. Chan 'eil 's cha robh a lheithid de thobar air thalamh. Uime sin thill e do Phorto Rico. Thug ant Iompaire tigh-earnas dha air Florida; agus dh' orduich è gun aiticheadh Ponse an tìr. Uime sin thill è 's a bhliana 1521, le da lhong, a runachadh baile a thogail. Ach shàs na h-Innseinich orra gu garg: chaidh moran de na Spainnich a mharbh-adh, agus fhuair Ponse lot bàis.

An earrach na bliana 1518, fhuair Iain Griochalbha, le cabhlach cheithir longan, amach oirthir Mhechico (ris an abair na Sasunnaich Mecsico,) bho Iucatan gu Tampico, agus thug e "An Spainn Nemha" mar ainm air an dùthaich. Thug a dhaoine air ais mill òir, agus cunntas mu rhioghachd mhòr bheirteach, Mhecsico.

An ath-bhlian', rhannsaich Al-bhares Pinedo, le tri longaibh, an oirthir, bho Rhudha Florida gu Tampico, coig' ceud deug mile: agus fheuair e mach an amhainn mhòr Misisipi, aig am bheil cùrsa a tha corr a's ceithir mile mhiltean agus ceithir cheud mile air fad, bho bhraighe na Misuri, a tha a sruthadh innte.

'S a bhliana 1519, chuir Diego Bhelascas, uachdaran Chuba, Fer-dinand Cortes, le aon long dheug, a rhannsachadh agus a cheannsachadh Mhecsico. Bha sluagh na tìr fhar-suinn sin lionar agus garg: ach cha robh iarunn no umha aca; agus bha cuid diu fo chis aig Montesuma, an

* Chunnaig Cabot Innseinich Newfound-land, roimhe sin, air an eideachadh le bianaibh fhiadh-bheothaichean, mar a bha sluagh nan duthchan fuara gu tuath: ach cha robh eolas aig na Spainnich orrasa.

* Is pairt do thir-mor Florida, ach tha i coltach ri eilein.

righ. Dh' eirich iad sin leis na Spainnich; agus an deigh cogadh fuilteach sgrathail, anns an do bhasaich Montesuma, ghlac Cortes bailemor Mheesico toiseach an fhaoghair, 's a bhliana 1520; agus an uine ghoirid an deigh sin, gheill an tir gu leir dha. Roimhe sin, chaidh Cortes fhein a ghlacadh; agus bha na h-Innseinich a' dol g' a iobradh d' an diathaibh; ach thiorc cuid de na Spainnich e. Anns a' chogadh so fhuair iad eòlas air a chuid mhòr de Mheesico; bho chuan gu cuan.

An toiseach na bliana 1524, rhannsaich Iain Bherrasani, Eadailteach, a bha seoladh fo ughdaras Righ na Frainge, oirthir America mu Thuath, bho 'n amhainn Savanah, air crìch Charolina, gu ceann tuath Newfoundland, còrr a's da mhile do mhiltean. B'e a chuideachd na ciad daoine geala a chunnaig na h-Innseinich mu dheas. Bha iad dorcha mar na Mùirich, air an cluthachah le bianaibh, agus itean riomhach am falt laidir dubh, gun dual, gun chaisreig. Ghabh iad gu caoimhneil ris na coigrich; agus theasraig iad seoladair, a bha 'n cunnart bàthaidh; ach mar phàidhe air a chomain, thug na Frangaich oireap air cuid diu a thoirt air falbh le ainneart.

Mar a bha e a' seoladh gu tuath, bha 'm fearann na bu bhoidh'che; agus bha na coilltean arda, gorma a' sgaoileadh bola cubhraidh air gach taobh. Fhuair e amach an cala farsuinn, taitneach far am bheil a nise baile mòr New York; agus dh' fhan e ceithir-la-deug an cala mòr Newport, an Eilein na Ròid. Bha na h-Innseinich 'n an daoine mòra cuimir, agus ro chairdeil riutha; ach bha iad co aineolach 's nach do thùr iad feum innealan iaruinn. 'N uair a thainig e faisg air Newfoundland, bha sluagh na tìre fiata coimheach; agus anns a' mhalairt a bha eadar iad fhein 's na Frangaich b' e sgeanan a's buillacfhuinn staillinn a bha iad a rùnachadh. Bha iasgairean nan trosg, bho oitiribh Newfoundland, air a bhi' 'n am measg, a dh' fheuch ri cuid diu a ghoid airson thraillean.

Thill Bherrasani do 'n Fhraing; agus rhainig e Diepe mu mheadhon ant shamhraidh, far an do sgriobh e cunntas mu thurus, airson Righ Fransis. Thug e "An Fhraing Nomha" mar ainm air an tir; agus mhair ant ainm sin, car iomad linn, air a phàirt 's an do ghabh na Frangaich seilbh.

An earrach na bliana 1534, chuir Fransis amach Seumas Cartier, e Port Saint Malo, le da lhong agus sia fichead maraich. An ceann fhichead latha, rhainig e Newfoundland. An deigh cuairt gu tuath, thill e gu deas, agus stiuir e siar gus an d' rhainig e m bàgh a dh' ainmich e bho theas na h-aimsir, "Bai des Chaleurs" (Bàgh an Teas). Sheol e 'n sin gu tuath, mu'n cuairt do Ghaspè; agus fhuair è mach amhain n mhòr Chanada. Chaidh e suas an aghaidh a sruth, gus am faicear tìr air gach taobh: * ach on a bha e nise toiseach an fhaoghair, agus nach robh doigh aig Cartier air fuireach gu h-earrach, thill e do 'n Fhraing; agus rhainig e Saint Mala an ceann dheich latha fichead.

Toiseach an ath shamhraidh, sheol Cartier a rithisd, le tri longaibh, agus na h-uibhir de uaislibh na Frainge, measg mor aighir. Rhainig e 'n càmus mòr taobh an iar Newfoundland air latha Naomh Labhruinn—an deicheamh latha de cheud mhios an fhaoghair, Uime sin thug e "Saint Laurent" (Naomh Labhruinn) mar ainm air a chamus; agus fhuair an amhainn a' cheart ainm, gus an latha 'n diugh, chaidh

* Tha an amhainn so corr a's coig mile fichead air leud aig a beul.

e air aghart taobh tuath eilein Antecoste, gus an d' rhainig e cala, an eilein boidheach, anns an robh mòran fhionainean. Uime sin thug e "Eilein Bhacchuis" mar ainm air. So ant eilein ris an abrar a nis Eilein Orleans, fo Chuibec, a tha comharraichte airson a mheas math.

Ghabh na h-Innseinich ris na Frangaich gu fialaidh; agus dh' innis iad dhaibh gu'n robh an amhainn co fada suas 's nach fhac iadsa riamh duine a bha aig a braighe. Uime sin dh' àitich Cartier a lhonghan 's a chala; agus chaidh e suas am bàtaichibh, gus an d' rhainig e baile ris an abrar Stadacona no *Canada*,—'s e sin, 'n an cainntse "am baile." Bho sin thug Cartier *Canada* mar ainm air an dùthaich, —ainm a mhair agus a sgaoil. Lhabhair Donnacona, an triath Innseineach, òraid do na Frangaich, agus chaidh bann, cairdeis a dheanamh eatarra. Thog na h-Innseinich an sin an gaoir-chatha aillteil, air dhoigh 's gu'n do ghabh na Frangaich eagal: ach 's e greadhnas a bh' air an aire.

Dh' innis iad mu bhaile Hoiselaga, a bha fada shuas, faisg air an amhainn; agus chuir Cartier roimhe gu'n reachadh e suas; ach cha robh na h-Innseinich toileach, agus dh' oireapaich iad air a bhachdadh. Thug iad air tri daoine, air am sgeadachadh gu h-alluidh, tighinn thun nan longaibh (a thug Cartier suas gu Stadacova), agus sriutach a lhabairt. Dh' fhalbh iad an sin 's a chanù, an sgobh Innseineach, 's an d' thainig iad. Thubhairt na h-Innseinich gum bu teachdairean iad sin, bho 'n dia *Cudruaigné*, a thainig a dh' innseadh gu'n robh moran eigh a's sneachd shuas an duthaich, air dhoigh 's gu'm bàsaicheadh na Frangaich na'n reachadh iad suas. Ach chaidh Cartier air aghart, air sruth mòr, riomhach na h-aimhne; agus bha muinntir na tire baileach caoimhneil ris.

An ceann cheithir la-deag, rhainig e eilein agus baile Hoiselaga troi fhearann aillidh, torail, air nach robh sneachda no eigh.† Bha am baile sia mile air ais bho 'n amhainn, teann air tulaich bhoidhich, air an d' thug e *Mont Real* (am monadh rioghail) mar ainm—agus bho sin thainig ainm ùr an eilein agus bailemor Mhontreal gus an latha 'n diugh. Bha 'n sealladh bho mhullach na tulaich co aillidh, le uisge 's beanntaibh a's coilltibh, 's gu'n robh duil aig Cartier gum biodh ard-bhaile na duthcha an sin—mar a thachair. Dh' innis na h-Innseinich dha mu na coig luich mhora a bha shuas; ach b' eiginn tilleadh gu Stadacona; far an d' fhuirich e gu h-earrach. Bha an geamhradh fada cruaidh; agus bhàsaich coig fir fhichead de na Frangaich leis an tachas-thioram, agus chaidh an adhlac 's ant shneachda, on nach b' urrainn cach uaighean a chlaodhach dhaibh 's an talamh rheota.‡ Thill Cartier leis na bha lhathair; agus rhainig e Saint Malo mu mheadhon ant shamhraidh, le Donnacona agus cuid eile de na h-Innseinich 'n a chuideachd. 'S ann eadar foill a's ainneart a chaidh iad sin marris.

An aithris Chartier tha a chiad chunntas a fhuaras 's an Roinn Eorpa mu 'n *tombaca*, luibh a thainig e America air tùs. Dh' fheuch na Frangaich ris; ach cha do thaitinn e riutha 's an am sin.

P. Mac-Griogair.

† Ged tha sneaca trom an Canada 's a' gheamhradh, falbhaidh e gu h-calamh, fo ghrian bhlath an earraich.

‡ Bhasaicheadh tuille dhiu leis a' ghalar so—ris an abrar 's a' Bheurla *scurvy*; ach dh' fheuch na h'Innseinich craobh dhaibh; agus lheighis sugh na cairt 'na bha tinn diu.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Nach bu taitneach an ni na'm biodh focal duine co diongmhalta ris an urras aige, agus nach biodh féum idir air dubh 's air geal? Cha'n 'eil e mar mhòr-chliu do dhuine sam bith, gu'm féumar fhocal a rannsachadh a mach, a chothromachadh, agus a sgrùdadh, a dh' fhéuchainn am bheil e fìor no nach 'eil. Na'm biodh e comasach earbsadh a chur ann an geallannaibh dhaoine, agus gu'n earbadh iad ri aon a chéile, ciod am brosnachadh a bheireadh e do chùisibh an t-saoghail, agus cia còmhnard 's a rachadh nithe air an aghaidh chum maith do na h-uile? S.

Tòisicheadh bhur seirc aig a' bhaile, ach na sguireadh e ann an sin. Deanaibh maith d'ur teaghlaichibh, d'ur dìlsibh, agus d'ur cairdibh, ach an déigh sin, seallaibh a mach air feadh an t-saoghail. Amhaircibh air an Eaglais, agus bithibh 'n'ur Criosdiudhibh. Amhaircibh air bhur dùthaich, agus bithibh rioghail. Amhaircibh air uile chinneachaibh an talmhainn, agus bithibh làn seirc agus gràidh. S.

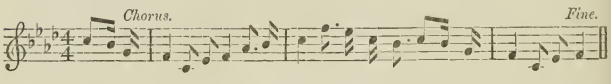
Tha mòran ann aig am bheil nàdar goirid, frionasach, neo-stéidheil. Tha iad 's a' bharail gu'm bheil na h-uile a' deanamh tàire orra. Cha tachair ni 's an teaghlach gun oilbheum a thoirt doibh, do bhrigh gu 'm bheil an aigne co neo-steidheil agus iomluasgach. Ma chòmhlaicheas iad fear-eolais air an t-sràid le inntinn fein air nithibh eile, tha iad an dùil nach 'eil suim aige dhiubh, agus air ball gabhaidh iad gu dona e. Tha iad a' cur coire na frionasachd aca fein air muinntir eile. Tha iongantas air daoinibh neo-chiontach, nach do rùnaich riamh oilbheum a thoirt do neach sam bith, an uair a chi iad gu'n do ghabhadh mar thàire focal air chor eigin a labhair iad le deagh rùn. Is tubaisteach, mi-shona an giulan so, gidheadh, chithear gu tric e. Faigheadh neach an cliù gu'm bheil e mar so cas, amharusach, agus frionasach, agus cuiridh muinntir gu h-ealamh cùl ris, oir "Am fear air am bi fearg a ghnàth, is cosmhuil a ghnè ris an dris." S.

MR. BOWLES AGUS NA MEIRLICH.

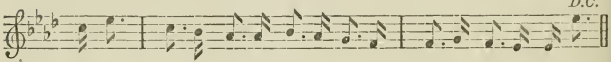
Bha ministeir de 'n Eaglais Shasunnaich, bàrd ainmeil (*W. L. Bowles*) a bha cho anbarrach gealtach 's gur gann a chaidleadh e mach as a thigh fhein le eagal mhèirleach a's mhurtairean. Fhuair e fiadhachadh bho 'n easbuig aige, agus gle fhada an aghaidh a thoile, b'éudar dha oidhche chur seachad 'n a thigh. An uair a chaidh e suas dh' a sheòmar, g' a dheanamh fhein deas air son na dinnearach, dh' fheuch e gu cùramach a h-uile doras a's preas a's uinneag, gu cinnte fhaotainn mu chairtealan-oidhche. Fhuair e dorus a' fosgladh gu seòmar beag eile, agus dorus an t-seòmair sin a' fosgladh air staidhir-chùil. Cha do chòrd so idir ris, agus 's e bh'an an uair a thainig an nighean leis an uisge theth dha, gu'n d' fhoighneachd eco bha cadal 's an t-seòmar bheag. "Cha'n 'eil duine," ars ise. Rug e air laimh oirre, agus le guth air chrith le eagal, thubhairt e rithe gu 'n d' thugadh e l'unnd Sasunnach dh' i na 'n tigeadh i chadal do 'n t-seomar bheag! Ruith an nighean air falbh 'n a deann, a dh-innse dh' a maighistir nach b' urrainn d' i frithealadh air a' bhodach mhosach mhi-mhodhail a bha shuas an staidhir. An uair a dh' iunis i mar a thachair, thuig an t-easbuig còir nach e anamiannan na feòla, ach an tur eagal a chuir an ceann a charaide a leithid de thairgse a thoirt seachad. "Cha ruig thu leas," ars esan, "dad a dh-fhiamh a bhi ort romh 'n duine mhath, is e an t-eagal a mhàin a thug air a leithid iarraidh ort. Is ann a chuireas tu comaine ormsa ma chaidleas tu fhein 's do bhanchompanach anns an t-seomar bheag mar dhion da. Ma tha thu cho faoin 's gu bheil fiamh sam bith ort roimhe, faodaidh sibh ur leaba chur ri cùl dorus an t-seomair, 'chor 's nach urrainn dàsan tighinn a stigh oirbh." Dh' aontaich an nighean ri so, 's rinn i mar a dh' iarr a maighistir, ach gu tubaisteach dhi-chuimhnich esan innse dh' a charaide ciamar a shuidhicheadh mu 'n t-seòmar. An uair a thainig an t-anmoch, chaidh iad le chéile suas an staidhir, agus mar a b' àbhaist ghlais Mr. Bowles dorsan a sheomair air an taobh-stigh mu 'n deach e laidhe. Mu mheadhon-oidhche dhùisg e, agus chual e le clisgeadh cridhe fuaim cheumannan a' tighim bho 'n staidhir-chuil do 'n t-seomar bheag. Chuimhnich e an sin nach do ghlais e dorus-cadha 'n t-seòmair bhig, 's thug e duibh-leum as a leabaidh gu sin a dheanamh mu'n dìreadh na naimhdean an staidhir. Ach an uair a dh' fheuch e ris an dorus eadar an dà sheòmar fhosgladh, dh' fhairich e cudthrom làidir 'n a aghaidh air an taobh eile, agus 's an àm cheudna chual e cagaraich anns an tseomar bheag. Cha robh dad de theagamh aige nis nach robh mèirlich a stigh, agus ruith e cho luath 's a bh' aige mach do 'n chadha 's e 'g éigheach "*Murt! Mèirlich!*" An ceann tiota bha an t-easbuig 'n a aodach-oid-che, agus cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuaradh solus air aobhar-eagail an aoidh. Cha b' ann gun imcheist a dheonaich e dol a laidhe rithist, agus 's fhurasd a chreidsinn nach d' fhuair e an t-ath chuireadh an cabhaig do thigh an easbuig!—*Eadarth bho. 'Memoirs of C. M. Young' by Rev. J. C. Young.*

ILLE DHUINN.

GLEUS A Flat..



: M.r, t$_1$ | l$_1$:m$_1$.s$_1$ | l$_1$:D.,r | m : l., s | m,r.- :M.r , t$_1$ | l$_1$:m$_1$.s$_1$ | l$_1$ ||



: M , s.- | m., r : d., d | r., d : T$_1$., l$_1$ | l$_1$., t$_1$: l$_1$., s$_1$ | s$_1$, s.- ||

ILLE dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhìth!
Slan gu 'n till thu 's gu 'n ruig thu!
Ille dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhìth!

Ille dhuinn a dh' fhalbh á Brògaig,
Bidh mi bronach gu 'n d' tig fios ort.

Ille dhuinn an leadain àluinn,
'S ann Dimairt a dh' fhag thu mise.

Dh' fhag thu mi air cnoc am aonar;
'S leir do 'n t-saoghal mar tha mise.

Ille dhuinn an leadain dualaich,
'S ann Diluain a fhuair mi fios uait.

Ghabh iad *thusa* 'n arm Righ Deorsa;
Och mo leon! cha ghabh iad *mis*' ann.

'S a' *mhilisi* an Duneideann,
Dh' fhalbh mo cheud ghaol fo na h-itean.

Dh' fhag thu mo shuilean gun leirsinn;
Ann ad dheigh cha leir dhomh litir.

Ach na 'n gealladh tu mo phosadh,
Chunntainn òr dhuit mar na sligean.

Mile marbhphaisg air na breugan,
'S iomadh deuchainn gus an tig iad!

Thog iad orm gu 'n robh mi aosmhor,
A's ri m' shaogh'l nach togainn sliochd dhuit.

Ach na 'm paigheadh iad mo shaothair,
Dh' innsinn m' aois dhaibh ann an tiotan.

Bliadhn' 'ar fhichead, mios, a's ràidhe,
'N aois a tha mi, 's gu bheil fios air.

Ille dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhìth!
Slan gu 'n till thu 's gu 'n ruig thu!
Ille dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhìth!

—o—

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. AUGUST 1875. No. 44.

LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

V.—THE PRESS.

In a country like Scotland the influence of the press for good and for bad, for fortifying character and for enervating it, for inspiring with a generous passion for what ought to be and for lulling into an ignoble contentment with whatever may chance to exist, for convincing us all that as a race we may as yet have hardly emerged from the chrysalis state in the course of human destiny, and for building us up in the conceit that we have already mounted to the very zenith of attainable excellence, for breathing into us an ardent aspiration after the perfecting of the spirit within, and for firing us with a fierce fever for the accumulation of things material, for elevating into the zone of universal benevolence, and for enclosing in the narrow shell of self-concentration—the influence for all this, and for very much more is verypowerful indeed; and were Scotland more intelligent, the influence, in very important directions, would be more important still. The land of the Gael—we mean what was once the land of the Gael, where the Gael are now permitted to live—has not yet been brought under the general influence of this great power. Another educative force similar to the press, if not identical with it, in its essence and influences, has been determining the mental character of the Gael for many centuries. But the march of political events was not favourable to the development of this force. On the other hand it has languished in the feudal atmosphere of the immediate past, and now to all appearance it is rapidly dying. The educative power of which we speak is the folklore, the poetry, music, and traditions of the people. These are among a people the impersonation of the national spirit, and with the life of these, written or unwritten, must the life of the national spirit be coeval. In other words, the spirit or thought of a nation must find its expression in its literature or in its folklore, and if these be wanting, then indeed "the glory is departed." Moreover, if we wish to trace the course of this national spirit, to measure its depth and its intensity through by-gone ages, we must study the national literature, or, in the absence of written literature, the national folklore. To trace the national spirit of the Highlands, to feel its pulse through the succeeding epochs of the past, to discover its relations to Highland history, to analyse the national character of the present, and show how much of it is the formation of this folklore, and how much of it is due to other causes, to speculate on the intellectual and moral consequences resulting from storing the mind with the national traditions of a thousand years, and with patriotic, didactic, emotional, and artistic poetry and music—to do all this would be very interesting, but at the same time very

difficult. What we want to bring out at present is that there was such a thing as a distinct national spirit among the Gael, that their folklore was the expression of this spirit, that this folklore was an educative influence, that it occupied the same position, and produced the same results that the press does at present. that the traditions, poetry, and music of the Highlands have been and are being forgotten under the influence of feudalism, and that the national spirit, if it ceases to find expression in Highland folklore, and if it does not pervade the Highland press, must be dead or like unto death. Well then, we must analyse the Highland press. Does a distinctive spirit pervade it? If so, is this spirit that which in former times found expression in Highland folklore? Let us take the periodical press. Why, we find that the relation between the periodical press and the mass of the Gael hardly exists, that few of the Highland peasantry ever come in contact with the so called Highland newspapers, and that the tone of these newspapers is not a distinctively Highland tone, that it is rather a feudal tone. No doubt we find in some of these papers a manly upholding of the cause of the Highland people, and a distinct and crashing condemnation of despotism in whatever quarter, but still we do not find the expression of the old Highland spirit. A recognition of this spirit and its uses, a reaction after the terrible depression of the first half of this century, the labour of a few enthusiasts, and above all a realisation of the degenerating influence of feudalism on the Highland peasantry, in respect of number, social position, intelligence, and character, have produced an awakening of interest in Celtic matters, and have given fresh life to the distinctively Highland spirit in the breasts of Highlanders at home and abroad. This Gaelic renaissance could not but find corresponding expression, and accordingly the *Gael* and the *Highlander* have risen to represent it. Collections of Highland music have been issued, and we are informed that the quickening influence has extended even to general Highland literature. The Gaelic Society of Inverness, with its hundreds of members, has also sprung into existence, and Highland associations may be found over the country rising to the conception of new duties. But this revival of spirit has not yet extended to the Highland peasantry. Not yet! Alas, we fear it never can while present influences are at work. Time was when the sons of the Gael roamed over lands which were their own, and when the principle of fraternal love formed the main spring of their character. These times are gone, and now harsh laws, grasping land owners, and bullying factors, have produced and are producing a cowed, impoverished, and demoralised race, from the neglected waste of whose souls spring envy, malice, and selfishness in dark luxuriance. Truly the distinctive Highland spirit of the past finds not a resting place in its ancient home. Only in those who are removed from the poisonous miasma, that hangs like a terrible pall over the wretched north, has the awakening of spirit of which we speak found any considerable development.

Having now endeavoured to consider the phase with which we have to do of the Highland mind at home and abroad, and the present tone of the Highland press, two important questions present themselves for solution. These are,—What are the

duties which the present state of the Highlands demands from the Highland press? and,—How may the Highlands best be brought under the influence of the press? Then, What are the peculiar duties of the Highland press? There are general duties which the English press has to perform towards Englishmen as members of the human brotherhood, as men; but there are special relations in which it must stand to them as members of the same state, as Englishmen. And so with the case of the Highlands. The special duties of the Highland press must of course be determined by the peculiar condition of the Highlands. As this condition is by no means satisfactory, and as the causes which have produced the most deplored results are causes directly political, and only indirectly personal, the special duties which the state of the Highlands demands of the periodical press are such as it is peculiarly fitted to perform. Politically, the Highland press must in the first place discuss Highland politics, in the second place British, and only in the third and fourth place French and German politics. This duty appear so plain as to render its specification unnecessary. Yet in the Highland press, which is not pervaded with the distinctively Highland spirit, which rings with the feudal tone, the politics of France and Germany receive much more intelligent expression than the politics of the Highlands. And why? Because the existence of a distinctively Highland spirit is not realised; because it is thought that laws have been able to assimilate the Highland spirit with the feudal, because it is believed the Celtic spirit and the Teuton spirit have coalesced and have produced the British spirit. That union of spirit might have been consummated under favourable circumstances, but the circumstances have not been favourable, and consequently there has been no union. Such an union would require to be voluntary, mutual, reciprocal. But the advances of the feudal spirit were not friendly—they were rather aggressive advances. Their object was not union but usurpation. Hence there has been no union. The feudal spirit has forced itself upon Highlanders, crushing them, enervating them, demoralising and destroying them; and as an overcharge of carbonic acid gas destroys a natural fire, so this flood of feudalism is destroying the ancient fire of the Highland spirit, which can only burst out into its natural splendour when surrounded with that spiritual oxygen which, alas! floats not now around the Highland hills. But give the oxygen, feed the Highland spirit, and it will burn. Enlighten it, encourage it, and it may unite with what is best in the feudal spirit instead of succumbing to what is worst in it, as at present. Therefore the Highland press must acknowledge and feed this Highland spirit, and as in every nation its peculiar spirit is the essence of its peculiar politics, the Highland press must, in the first place, discuss Highland politics. There is no absence of great political problems for it to take up. First of all is the land question in its many aspects. The distribution of land, the tenure of land, its reclamation and improvement, the relations of landlord and peasant to it—these are questions as yet unsolved, and their solution is the proper work of the Highland press. But it must not be forgotten, in endeavouring to solve these questions, that they are ques-

tions not of British but of Highland politics, and that if they are not considered in the Highland spirit, their solution cannot meet the requirements, nor materially promote the elevation, of the Highland peasantry. The Highland press must also ensure, not only that the Highland spirit is nourished at home, but that it finds expression in the councils of the realm, in Parliament. It must show that mere money, ambition, Saxon ideas, and a feudal lairdship, are not enough to constitute a Highland member of Parliament.

Then, again, there are great social questions to be considered. There is the question of Highland education, so very unsettled at present. The press must show what place Gaelic ought to fill in Highland schools. It must show that no system of education which does not take into account the existence of a distinctively Highland spirit, which does not utilise the Highland literature, written or unwritten, which is the incorporation of that spirit, can meet the peculiar demands of the Highlands. The Highland press must also teach our peasantry their relations to each other. We have spoken of the extinction of fraternal love, and of the rule of envy and malice and distrust. Are these moral blemishes to be eradicated by the influence of the press, or is the duty that of the pulpit? The pulpit may struggle against them, and condemn them, as no doubt it has, but it cannot remove them. The reason is that, although they are moral blots, they are the results of political causes. The feudal system has reft from the Gael their ancient possessions. It has driven them from the plains, confined them among barren mountains—nay, even among the mountains, it has denied them every fertile patch, and crowded them on the most sterile parts. It has forced them to wring the bare means of existence from a soil on which even the wild mountain sheep could not thrive. The results are that the Highland peasantry have learned to place an estimate on land out of all proportion to its real value, that the possession of the smallest additional corner is coveted like an inheritance, that the land managers and land owners, as the distributors of these odd corners, are fawned upon until all independence and self-respect are forgotten, that the most needy or the most worthless, to gain the favour of the land magnates, betray to them the secrets of the community, until even the privacy of the domestic hearth—nay, until even private thought—is destroyed, and that, consequently, duplicity of character, distrust, covetousness, envy, and malice are engendered. And because these faults of character have their roots not so much in so-called innate human depravity as in political causes, their obliteration lies within the province of the Highland press. Let the Highland press do away with their causes, and the pulpit would aid in doing the rest.

But it is not only politically and socially that the Highland press may elevate our peasantry. We have more than once alluded to various causes which have been paralysing the Highland intellect. It must be the duty of the press to quicken the minds of our peasantry by rousing them from their lethargy, by removing the causes of torpor, by presenting topics fitted to excite thought, and by thus leading them up to a higher platform of intelligence, and to a fuller appreciation of general literature. The reign of folklore being

over, it is the press alone that is fitted for this work.

Our second question is, How may our Highland peasantry best be brought under the influence of the press? We must state at once that we can conceive no specific plan to accomplish this object. The causes of the gulf between the Highland peasantry and the press are such as are not to be removed by artificial means. A want of curiosity, a want of taste for literature, and a want of means, are causes that are not easily removed. These obstacles are, however, by no means unsurmountable. The progress of education will aid in exciting curiosity and in awakening the love of literature, and even now the plea of poverty does not hold good in the case of young Highlanders, very many of whom spend in the fore-cabin of the "Clansman" in one night as much as would pay a twelvemonth's subscription for any Highland periodical. The enterprise of newspaper proprietors themselves may also do very much. It is noteworthy in this connection that a paper published in Dundee, and not distinguished as an expositor of Highland sentiment, is better known in the north than papers published in the Highlands. The Dundee proprietors have made arrangements securing the sale of their paper in the remotest Highland districts at a penny a number, and we are glad to notice that their success has been equal to their enterprise. But we are of opinion that there is a special means by which the Highland press and the Highland peasantry could be brought into closer connection. It is not uncommon in the north to hear the periodical press execrated as "Na paiperean naigheachean Gallda-Uam iad! uam iad!"—The newspapers of the English stranger. Away with them! away with them! Now this points to the fact that sufficient use is not made of the Highlander's own language. The press that will be accepted by the Highland peasantry must be pervaded with the Highland spirit, and must discuss the questions that affect the peasantry in their own language. Amusing dialogues are very valuable, and we have no word to say against them, but they are not enough. They will not effect the elevation of our peasantry—they will not sufficiently recommend the Highland press to them. We think that a Highland newspaper sold at the doors of Highlanders at a moderate price, redolent with the Highland spirit, discussing Highland questions in the Highland tongue, filled with the grand musical and poetical echoes of the past, and over all conducted by a staff fully determined on working out the emancipation of the Gael—we think that such a newspaper would be a commercial success, as well as a most invaluable influence for the elevation of our peasantry. The advent of many such newspapers may Heaven speed! MACHAON.

GAELIC ANECDOTES.

YOUR interesting series of articles on our Gaelic proverbs has set me a-thinking of the rich stores of Gaelic *anecdote* which are fast passing away into oblivion. And I write these lines to bespeak the aid of your readers everywhere in the good work of collecting such of these quaint old sayings as can still be recovered, and preserving them in the pages of the *Gael*. If Parson Rory Mackenzie of Knockbain—that prince of story-tellers—or his kinsmen and admirers, the late ministers of Lochcarron or Resolis, had done for Gaelic anecdotes what Dean Ramsay has done for the Lowland Scotch, what a rare budget we would possess! No doubt some of these old Highland sayings may be rather broadly expressed for the severe propriety of modern ears polite, and of others the very simplicity, in faith and manners, of the times and folk that gave

them birth, may make them sound irreverent to the somewhat prudish piety of this generation. But, nevertheless, they are too precious to be lost; and all readers of the *Gael* who can help in their recovery will, I hope, rally without delay to the patriotic work. As a beginning, I send you the following, which your readers on the banks of the Beauly will recognise as authentic sayings of a "character" well known and still remembered in that quarter:—"Ach, a mhinistear," said Alastar to the faithful pastor who was instructing him in the things of another world, "am bith uisge beath ann?" The good pastor couldn't say, but ventured deprecatingly to hint that *there* the national beverage might seem rather out of place. To whom Alastar in reply: "Gu dearbh tha mise a iaolsinn gun sealladh mulachagh chaise agus botul uisge beath g'le mhath air a bhord?" Let one other of this Simple Simon's sayings suffice for the present:—"'S mor an call a fhuar sinn air a ghamhradhsa leis an *Earchall:** bhasaich mo mhathair agus bhasaich a mhuc: ach cha robh urad a chall againne d'en mhuc, oir burrain sinn cnaimh a spiolladh dhi."

M. T. D.

———o———

NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

Death of Lord Lovat.—This nobleman died at Beaufort Castle, after a protracted illness, on the evening of Monday last, in the 74th year of his age, having been born in 1802. He succeeded to the Lovat estates in 1815, although not served heir till 1823. His Lordship was universally beloved and respected by high and low. The funeral of the deceased lord took place at Eskadale, in Strathglass, on Tuesday last, and was attended by a large concourse of people. The hearse was drawn by four fine chargers, followed by an almost endless string of other vehicles. The greatest order prevailed.

Important Discovery at Iona.—A correspondent writes:—For the repairs which are just being made upon the Iona ruins the quarries of freestone at Carsaig, Ross of Mull, have been re-opened, that being the place from which the beautiful cornices and arches of our world-famed ruins were extracted. While working there some of the quarriers discovered in Habh-nan-Cailleach, or Nun's Cave, drawings of many of the ancient crosses, with their dates, which once adorned this island. The cave is about 80 feet long, and well adapted for accommodating a large number of artizans in those times of savage clans and roving barbarians. It is supposed that this workshop of nature formed the office, in which all orders were taken, and its walls the drawing room on which they were sketched. It has always been a matter of conjecture from whence these ancient monuments and tombstones came. There is now, of course, no longer any doubt on the point, and it is said that in a very short time material could be had here to adorn Icolmkill as in the days of old, and thus fulfil the prophecy which St. Columba uttered standing on the Abbot's Mound:—"Huic Loco, Quamlibet Angusto. Et mili, non tantum feotorum reges, cum populis, sed etiam barbarium et exterarrum gentium requatores, cum plebibus sibi subjectis, grandem et non mediocrem conferent honorem: D sanctis quoque etiam aliarum ecclesiarum non mediocris veneratio conferetur."

* *Earchall:* provincial for *Eng.* death.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY—ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Inverness Gaelic Society held its annual assembly in the Northern Meeting Rooms on Thursday evening, 8th ult. The meeting was one of the most succesful which has taken place in connection with the Society. During the day a number of strangers had arrived to attend the Wool Market; and the night being an open one—no business being done on Thursday evening—these crowded in along with the townspeople, until the spacious ball-room was filled in every corner. Three pipers, stationed in the lobby, played the company into the hall. The chair was taken by Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., who was accompanied to the platform by a number of distinguished gentlemen.

The chairman, in opening the proceedings, said it was right that Inverness, as the capital and centre of the Highlands, should take a decided part in a movement intended not only to preserve past literature and traditions, but to vindicate and conserve Highland feeling and Highland interests in the present. Referring to the educational objects of the Society, he pointed out the positive disadvantages of teaching English to children by rote—as a thing to be "learnt by heart;" by such a mode the intellect was never awakened, interest was never excited, and the little knowledge acquired was speedily forgotten. In his further observations he dwelt on the necessity of using the most strenuous efforts, by petitions to Parlia-

ment, and otherwise, to introduce the teaching of the Gaelic language into Highland schools.

Mr. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk, drew a lively picture of the illustrious character of the Highland race; and argued that the language had been rendered illustrious by the noble deeds of those who spoke it. If the language was worth preserving, he wished to ask whether the race also was not worth preserving? (Applause.) It was worth their while to give due consideration to the circumstances under which that race grew up and flourished. What enabled them to send out men, not only courageous, stalwart, manly, and independent, but orderly and God-fearing, in every relation of life? The Duke of Sutherland was now doing much which tended to improve the condition of the Highlander; and he (Mr. Macandrew) would put it to the meeting whether, while advocating the preservation of the Gaelic language, they should not also urge upon those whom the Almighty had blessed with large possessions, to make a noble effort to re-introduce that state of things in which the true Highlander alone could flourish. (Cheers.)

Rev. Mr. Macgregor, of the West Church, delivered a characteristic address in Gaelic, which was received with much applause. He complimented the chairman and the meeting on the growing prosperity of the Society, which deserved great praise for its exertions for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, as well as for its zeal in collecting folk lore and other Celtic remains. Having complimented Professor Blackie on his efforts to perpetuate Celtic literature, and establish a Celtic chair, he showed the unreasonableness of rooting out a language still spoken by millions in Scotland, Ireland, America, Australia, and other quarters of the world, as well as being preached in three or four hundred of our Highland parishes; it being contrary to all principles of nature, reason, and justice, that the language should be extirpated.

Professor Blackie, in the course of a humorous speech, congratulated them on the revived interest in Celtic literature, and the prospect of establishing the Celtic Chair. I certainly, he said, did not hope or believe that in twelve months,—it is not twelve months,—that in eight months, we should not only have laid the base of the cairn, but should actually have raised the whole cairn,—this cairn for the study of Celtic literature, philology, and song. (Applause.) We have raised it, I say, triumphantly—(Cheers)—by the aid of such as our Chairman—(Applause)—such noblemen as the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Bute; such of our scholars as Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, and Lord Neaves; and by the sympathy expressed by Professors in London, Oxford, and Cambridge; by the countenance of her Majesty the Queen—(Cheers)—who only lends her gracious support to things worth supporting—(Cheers)—and the cairn only now requires to be topped. (Applause.) Faith removes mountains. (Laughter and applause.) "Whatever a man dares, he can do." By the grace of God, I dared to attempt to establish this Chair—*I* dared it, and *you* dared it, and we have done it. (Cheers.) It is not generally so much a hostility to what is good that prevents a thing being done, but ignorance and indifference that requires to be stirred up, and walked into with swords, and, if necessary, with red-hot pokers—(Laughter)—and bellows to blow up the dying embers. (Laughter and applause.) Go to the people, and you will find them ready to support you,—that is, if you have the right inspiration. (Applause.) There are two classes who wish this Gaelic language of ours dead. There are those who want the people to be sent to America; and those men of science who would have it dead to-morrow, who have expressed a wish to have it dead, that they might have its dead body to cut up and dissect. (Laughter and applause.) But even these men have expressed the feeling that, if it be extinguished to-morrow, there might be an academic exposition of the Gaelic language. (Applause.) We are not called upon to prove that the Gaelic contains a literature like that of Greece and Rome, but I say to all those who are born in the Highlands, to all those who breathe the Highland air, there is a literature of the utmost possible value. (Cheers.) It is a good deal more extensive than that which we call Scottish literature. Our literature consists of popular songs. Now, I say with perfect honesty, in face of a Professor Black there—(Applause)—or a Professor Blackie—(Laughter)—I say that I value these Scottish songs, that I have got from these Scottish songs more than I have got from Homer, Aristotle, or Plato; or from all of them put together. (Cheers.) The Scottish songs are full of wisdom,—the wisdom of life, sagacity, humour, pathos; full of everything that makes a man a man—(Cheers)—full of everything which constitutes poetry, true sublime poetry. It has been said that "poetry makes rich the blood of the world;" and I say that popular poetry makes rich the blood of the people. (Cheers.) If I, and all good Scotchmen, he said, re-

joice in Scotch songs, and if all foreigners are delighted to hear Scotch songs, and if the greatest musical composers have stolen some of their best musical ideas from Scotch music, and if we are all proud of the noble inheritance we have received in them—then I say what the Scotch song is to me the Gaelic song is to you, and a man is not true to you if he takes it from you, and you are not true to yourselves if you allow him to take it. (Loud cheers.) Highlanders hear plenty sermons, and sermons are good—(Laughter)—but they should have songs too; and with a sermon in his right hand, and a song in his left, and a sword where it ought to be, I will back the Highlander against the whole world. (Laughter and cheers.) The value of a literature does not depend upon the bulk of it; if it did, what value would we set upon the Old Testament? It depends upon its intrinsic worth, and here it is the natural product of the Highland braes and the Highland heather. I could sing some of those fine old songs; I read translations of them before some of the most learned men in Oxford, and there was not one that did not feel his bosom thrill—yes, even those dignified old gentlemen. (Laughter and cheers.) And I have seen beautiful ladies thrill with sympathy to the tips of their fingers when I read some of those pathetic Highland lamentations. The professor went on to say that the moment Gaelic died, the Highlander died, for the one could not subsist without the other. Referring to the difficulties of the Gaelic language, he admitted it had its own peculiarities, and he had been speaking to a landed proprietor near Oban the other day, who said he had been studying it for twenty-five years, and had not made it out yet. (Laughter.) But it was not a bridge that could not be passed; like the *pons asinorum*, it could be passed by all but asses. (Laughter.) All languages had their difficulties. The sight of the Greek alphabet was enough almost to make some ladies faint; irregular verbs were an immense difficulty; and the gender of nouns in German was very hard to master. But Gaelic could be learned, and he told them the way to acquire it—by asking the names of common objects, and repeating them till they were firmly fixed in the mind. He could himself read Gaelic quite easily; and he could have learned the whole language in six months, if he had devoted himself to it with determination. He advised them to read the books issued by old Norman Macleod, brimful of character and humour; and, in conclusion, he again urged them to preserve the Gaelic language and literature. (Loud cheers.)

The entertainment which was enlivened by rounds of vocal and instrumental music, was brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the chairman.

SCOTTISH FETE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Saturday, the 17th ult., at the Alexandia Palace London, the great Scottish *fete* and Southern gathering took place. In spite of very wet weather, the *fete* on the whole was a success, the attendance in the afternoon being very large. The first part of the programme took place in the Great Hall of the Palace, and began with a competition between a number of Highlanders as to who was the best player of pibrochs on the great Highland bagpipes. A. Cameron, piper to the Marquis of Huntly, won the first prize; R. Mackenzie, pipe-major, 78th Highlanders, the second; and J. Mackenzie, of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, the third. Strathspey and reel playing proved an interesting contest. R. Mackenzie in this case was awarded the first prize, whilst A. Cameron got the second, the third being taken by J. M'Kinnon, pipe-major, Glasgow. In marches, J. C. Paton, pipe-major, 79th Cameron Highlanders, received the first prize, J. Mackenzie, the second, and A. Cameron the third. Sword dancing, reel dancing, and the Highland fling followed. The following were the prize-winners:—Sword Dance—1, J. M'Neil; 2, D. M'Phee; 3, H. F. Craig. Reel dancing—1, D. M'Phee; 2, J. M'Neil; 3, A. Cameron. Dancing the Highland Fling—1, D. M'Phee; 2, J. M'Neil; 3, H. F. Craig. J. Chalmers was declared subsequently to be the best dressed Highlander. The first prize for throwing the hammer was won by D. Dinnie (93 ft. 6 in.), and the second by J. Fleming (87 ft. 10.) Dinnie and Fleming also won the first and second prizes for putting the stone. The 1500 yards race was won by J. Grainger, A. Hall being second, and Sergeant Barker third. The judges were Mr. Æneas M'Intosh, Mr. D. Mackay (piper to the Prince of Wales), Mr. J. Cameron (piper to the Marquis of Lorn), and Mr. J. C. MacPhee (president of the Gaelic Society.)



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York . . .	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,
70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMS

GLASGOW

TO

NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—

£13, 13s., £14, 14s., and £16, 16s.

INTERMEDIATE, Seven Guineas.

STEERAGE, Five Guineas.

Intermediate and Steerage Passengers Booked through to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,
45 & 47 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND AND SETTLEMENT COMPANY
(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1867.)

CAPITAL, £250,000, *IN* 25,000 *SHARES OF* £10 *EACH.*

FIRST ISSUE, 10,000 *SHARES.*

£5 PER SHARE EXPECTED TO BE CALLED UP.

Directors.

James Salmon, Esq., I.A., of Jas. Salmon & Son, Glasgow.
William Arthur, Esq., Merchant, Woodlea, Bothwell.
John Cunningham, Esq., of Smart & Cunningham, Barrhead.
Matthew Fairley, Esq., of M. Fairley & Co., Glasgow.
Adam Houston, Esq., of Houston & M'Nairn, Glasgow.
Charles Maitland, Esq., of R. Meiklejohn & Son, Alloa.
James Robertson, Esq., of John Robertson & Co., Newhall.
John Spencer, Esq., Merchant, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Law Agents.

Brown, Dunlop, & Lindsay, 87 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Managers and Secretaries.

W. G. & J. W. Lindsay, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Brokers.

Moore & Brown, 166 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Dykes & MacLagan, 79 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Commissioners in Canada.

John Dunlop, Esq., Craigowan, Woodstock.
Colonel David Shaw, Kingston.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to develop 250,000 acres in Manitoba, a Free Grant from the Dominion Government.

The recent acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Territory opens up 1,300,000 square miles, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, known as the "fertile belt of America," having grain-producing soil and climate *greater in extent and finer in quality* than that of the United States.

It is intended to settle part of the Lands in Grants of alternate Farms of 160 Acres each, and to reserve the balance with selected portions as Market or Town Centres, extending to 104,000 acres, worth, after a time, 20s. to 40s. per acre. The land is prairie, rich loam, and ready for the plough. Common yield of wheat 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

Settlers receive from Company assistance towards passage; seed, implements, stock, &c.; and share with the Company for five years the crop raised, repaying advances.

The prospective value of town sites as centres of population *has not, in the calculations made, been taken into account.*

The Canada Pacific Railway, to commence in Spring, will, in all probability, intersect the Company's lands.

Ordinary Revenue, *based on calculation of crop produce, one-fourth only of actual reports*, would suffice, after expenses, to pay dividends rising to 20 per cent., and create large Reserve Fund, besides proceeds from Land Sales:—

Ten Townships contain Acres	250,000
Deduct for Grants to Settlers, Roads, &c.	146,000
Balance for Reserved Farms and Town Sites . . .	104,000
Whereof for Bonuses 100,000 Acres, worth in 3 or 4 years, at only 30s. per acre, a capital sum of	£150,000

The Town Sites, extending to 4000 Acres, and any Minerals, would remain; and as Winnipeg, four years since a Hudson's Bay Fort, has now about 5000 inhabitants, these sites may speedily prove of immense value.

In October 1874, the Hudson's Bay Co. realised at Winnipeg as much as 4s. 8d. per yard for ground. The Canada Co., similar in plan to this, divided last year 54 per cent., and its £12, 10s. Shares stand in London List at £99 to £101.

For forms of Application and Prospectuses, apply to the Brokers, or at the Registered Office of the Company, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

A NUMBER OF
FAMILIES OF SETTLERS WANTED
FOR
Manitoba, Dominion of Canada.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND & SETTLEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED) OF GLASGOW, having obtained from the Government of Canada 250,000 Acres of the Finest Prairie Land in the Dominion, are now prepared to receive Applications from steady industrious men accustomed to Farm Work, to whom the following Advantageous Terms are offered:—

Advances in full, where necessary, for Passage from Glasgow to Manitoba; possession of Prarie Farm of 160 Acres richest Land near a navigable river, ready for the plough the day of arrival; Seed and Implements required for the Sowing, Cultivation, and Harvesting of the Crops; Family Food Supplies until the Crops are available; suitable houses to live in; a Cow for the Family's supply of Milk and Butter, with Five Years for Repayment of Advances.

Any ordinary energetic family at end of fifth year can be clear of all indebtedness, and worth in money and property from £500 to £1000. A grown-up family may do the same in half that time.

For further information apply to the Company's Agent, ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Applications for Shares of the Company may be made at the Company's Office, 3 W. Regent St. Glasgow.

W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

Aireamh Theaghlaichean Luchd-tuineachaidh air an iarraidh gu dol a Mhanitoba, Morroinn Chanada.

FHUAIR COMUNN FEARAINN AGUS TUINEACHAIS CHANADA BHREATUNNAICH, bho Uachdranachd Chanada, 250,000 Acair d' an Fhearann-gun-choille is feàrr anns a' Mhór-roinn, agus tha iad a nis ullamh gu gabhail ri Iarrtais dhaoine stuama, dèanadach, cleachdte ri Obair-fearainn, do'm bheil iad a' tairgseadh nan cumhachan tàbhachdach a leanas:—

Iasad, far am feumar e, d' an Àn-airgiod-àisig eadar Glaschu agus Manitoba; Seilbh air Gabhail anns am bi 160 Acair de Fhearann-gun-choille dlùth air abhainn mhóir air am faodar seòladh, agus deas air son a' chroinn-treabhaidh an latha 'ruigeas iad; Pòr-cuir agus Innealan fòmail air son Cur, Aiteach, agus Cruinneachadh a' Bhàrra; Lòn do'n Teaghlach gus an bi am Bàrr ullamh; Tighean-comhnuidh freagarrach; Mart a chumail an Teaghlaich ann an Bainne 's an Im; agus Cóig bliadhna dh-ùine gus an t-Airgiod-iasaid a phàigheadh air ais.

Aig deireadh chóig bliadhna faodaidh teaghlach dichiollach sam bith a bhi saor bho gach uile fhiachaibh, agus an seilbh air bho £500 gu £1000, eadar airgiod agus maoin. Faodaidh teaghlach a tha air cinntinn suas so a dhèanamh ann an leth na h-ùine.

Air son tuilleadh eòlais sgrìobh gu Fearionaidh a' Chomuinn,
ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Tha Iarrtais air son Comh-roinn anns a' Chomunn ri 'n cur a dh-ionnsaidh Office a' Chomuinn,
3 W. REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.
W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

FARM LABOURERS,
NAVVIES,
DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
MECHANICS.

Free Grants of 160 acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent-General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 4to, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d. cloth,

OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE: FINGAL IN IRELAND; OSCAR IN ICELAND.

BY DR. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow: JAMES MACLEHOSE, Publisher to the University.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS,

(Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals,)

Iona,	Mountaineer,	Linnet,	Staffa,
Chevalier,	Pioneer,	Cygnet,	Glencoe,
Gondolier,	Glengarry,	Plover,	Inveraray Castle,

Clydesdale and Clansman,

Sail during the Season for Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Loch Inver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the magnificent scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.

Time-Bills with maps free by post, on application to DAVID HUTCHESON & CO., 119 Hope Street, Glasgow.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

GRANT'S CHURCH ALMANAC

AND

Presbyterian Year-Book,

FOR 1875,

(*FORMERLY "THE FREE CHURCH ALMANAC,"*)

CONTAINING

FULL INFORMATION RESPECTING ALL THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AND ACCURATE LISTS OF

ALL DENOMINATIONS IN SCOTLAND.

"This is out of sight the best of the British Presbyterian Almanacs. Its information is as usual extensive, and as far as we are able to judge accurate. We can assure all our readers who may not happen to know it, that it is well worth perusal."—*The Presbyterian.*

Just Published, Crown 8vo, Price Five Shillings,

RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS

(COMPLETE EDITION).

CAREFULLY REVISED AND EDITED BY THE REV. THOMAS SMITH, D.D.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.

EDINBURGH: DUNCAN GRANT, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs;
Saints' Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

AN GAIDHEAL

CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail . .	257	Das Righ Raibeart .	273
Cumha . . .	263	A' Chlarsach . .	275
Comhradh . . .	263	Sop as gach seid .	276
Sgialachd Æneais .	268	Lin an aidh .	278
Mu Ghaidhil Chanada	270		

"Mar gaẖ polup do mi anam fein
Ta fgeula na h-aimfip a s' fall." Oisean.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL.

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO TH INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 45.

Proverbs, ...	257
Lament, ...	263
Dialogue, ...	263
The Æneid in Gaelic, ...	268
Highlanders of Canada, ...	270
Death of Bruce	273
The Harp, ...	275
Varieties, ...	276
Song, with Music, ...	278

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

On the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, by Dr. August Ebrard, ... 279

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

" Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

IV. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1875. [45 Air.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

IX.—CUM AN FHEILL AIR AN LATHA.

Tha chuid is lionmhoire de Shean-fhocail gach Tir a' cur an ceill firinn, no co-dhiu taobh de fhirinn, air an do chnuasaich daoine glice air thoiseach oirnn, agus ris a' bheil sinne cleachdta r'ar n-aonta 'chur gu toileach. Anns a' cheum so tha na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach cosmhuil ri Sean-fhocail dhuthchanna eile; agus, gu ruig so, thug sinn ar n-eisempleirean gu h-iomlan o'n bhuidheann so. Ach tha buidheann eile de'r Sean-fhocail a tha toirt f'ar comhair, cha 'n e beachd no firinn a tha sinn ri chreidsinn; ach aithne, comhairle, no earail a tha sinn ri choimhead. 'N ar Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach gheibhear a' bhuidheann so na's lionmhoire, a reiraireimh nan Sean-fhocal thar cheann, na gheibhear iad anns a' chuid is mo de Shean-fhocail dhuthchanna eile. B' iad na Druidhean, mar tha fios aig gach neach, priomh luchd-teagaisg ar Sluaigh; agus dearbh-aidh moran de'r Sean-fhocail gus an la diugh gur ann an uair a bha na Druidhean cumhachdach 's an Tir a chuireadh iadsan ri cheile. Tha fios againn a ris nach fuilingeadh na Druidhean leabhraichean no sgriobh-adh 'n am measg, air eagal, na'm b' fhior iad fein, gu'm biodh cuimhne no meodhair nam foghlumaichean òga air a lagachadh. Bha e feumail mar so gu'm biodh teagasg nan Druidhean air a thoirt seachad air doigh cho tarbhach 's a bhiodh comasach, a los gun togadh 's gun giulaineadh a' mheodhair moran foghluim ann am beagan bhriathran. Dh'iunnsaich sinn leasan nan Druidhean, no co-dhiu cuid dheth, ro mhaith. Cha robh baigh ar Sluaigh ri leabhraichean no ri sgriobhadh riamh ro mhor. Theirear gun teagamh nach robh cothrom aca; ach nach beag so de 'n fhior aobhar? C'arson nach d' rinn iad an cothrom; agus c'arson nach eil iad g'a dheanamh mar nach 'eil iad? Ann an tomhas tha sinn 's a' Ghaidhealtachd car fortanach seach mar tha na Goill—air an adhlacadh le leabhraichean, agus fiughair gu'n leughar iad. 'N am biodh Solamh beo 'n ar latha-ne, ciod idir a theireadh e mu leabh-raichean agus mu leughadh? Is gann a gheibheadh e aite no canain a fhreagradh air ach a' Ghaidhealt-achd agus a' Ghaidhlig. Ach ged, ma dh'fhaodte, tha cuid de leabhraichean air Galldachd ro phailt agus air an cur gu droch bhuil, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil leabhraichean anns a' Ghaidhealt-achd ro ghann, agus nach 'eil roinn de 'n bheagan tha innte gun bhi air an cur gu buil idir, maith no olc. Anns an rathad so mar ann an iomadh rathad eile lean sinn a' chleachduin, ged thainig caochlaidhean air an t-saoghal mu'n cuairt dhuinn a dh' fhag a' chleachduin neo-fhreagarr-ach air ar son. Gheibhear sinn gu

tric a' caoidh nan linntean a dh'aom, agus tha mi smuaineachadh ged rachadh ar n-aiseag, a thiotadh, gu linn nan Druidhean nach cailleamaid a bheag. Gheibhteadh uapa-san moran tuigse agus beagan cainnt; tha cuid a' smuaineachadh gu'n do chuir an Saoghal car tuathal dheth o'n àm sin.

'S e mo bheachd gur e cion leabhraichean—cia b'e air bith an t-aobhar airson na goinne so; cho suarach agus a bha sinn mu'n bheagan leabhraichean bha againn; agus ann an tomhas gne nan leabhraichean sin fein a bu choireach gur ann 'n ar Sean-fhocail, agus nach ann 'n ar Bardachd, 'n ar Sgeulachdan, no 'n ar Sgoilean, a gheibh sinn na riaghailtean a tha freagarrach airson ar beachdan a shocrachadh 's air giulan a stiuireadh, 'n ar cuairt roimh 'n t-Saoghal. Tha iomadh leasan feumail agus cudthromach air an teagasg 'n ar Bardachd agus 'n ar Sgeulachdan, na n-iunnsaicheamaid iad; ach 'n a dheigh so uile tha mi meas, a mach bho'r Biobull agus bho'r Sean-fhocail, gu bheil ar litreachas ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba easbhuidheach anns an t-solus a tha i tilgeadh air beatha an duine, agus air an diomhaireachd a tha cuairteachadh na beatha sin. Ach 'n ar Sean-fhocail gheibh sinn oidhearpan lionmhor air beachdan a chur an cainnt, a chum ar n-eolas a mheudachadh agus ar creidimh a dhaingeachadh; agus, a thuilleadh air so, moran dhleasdanais dhuinn fein agus d'ar co-chreutairean air an sparradh oirnn le comhairle agus le earail, a chum ar ghuasad a leasachadh, agus cho fad 's a tha sin comasach do 'n duine, a dheanamh foirfe. Is e mo rùn aon no dha de na h-earailean so a shoillearachadh anns an aireimh so agus anns an ath aireimh de 'n *Ghaidheal*.

Tha teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail a ghabh mi mar steigh air a thoirt seachad ann an atharrach cainnt le Solamh, agus aobhar 'n a chois. "Ge b'e ni a gheibh do lamh ri dheanamh, dean e le d' dhichioll; oir cha 'n 'eil obair, no innleachd, no eolas, no gliocas anns an uaigh, d' am bheil thu a' dol." Cha 'n ann idir a' cur an suaraicheas aobhar an t-Searmonaiche ghlic a tha mi, an uair a tha mi 'g a thoirt thairis do Shearmonaichean comasach ar latha fein. Eadhon as cugmhais aobhar Sholaimh, tha mi meas gu'n aontaich gach neach gu bheil an teagasg cudthromach agus airidh air gach uile umhlachd. A reir mo bheachd tha 'n dleasdanas a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' sparradh oirnn dà fhillte. "Cum an fheill air an latha,"—is e sin ri radh, "Ge b'e ni a gheibh do lamh ri dheanamh, co-dhiu is ann dhuit fein no do neach eile, dean e le d'dhichioll, agus dean e 'n a àm; na fag obair an là diugh a feitheamh air an là maireach."

Cha 'n fheudar aicheadh nach abrar gu tric gur iomadh Sluagh is fearr a bheir umhlachd do'n aithne so na Gaidheil na h-Alba. Cha chuirear, le firinn, leisg, an corp no 'n inntinn, á leth ar Sluaigh. Ann an coimeas ri Cinnich eile, tha 'n Gaidheal, 'n a chorp 's 'n a inntinn, beo, eutrom, easguidh, fuasgailte. Ach cha 'n e leisg uile gu leir a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a diteadh, ni mo is e beothalachd a tha e 'g aithne. Their aon de'r Sean-fhocail fein, "Is easguidh an droch ghille air cuairt,"—a' ciallachadh gu'm faighear an deagh ghille an comhnuidh deas gu ghnothuch. Is e dichioll, buanachas, seasmhachd a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' moladh dhuinn. Feudaidh sinn a bhi easbhuidheach anns na feartan so, ged nach cuirear le ceartas leisg as ar leth. Fhuair ar Sluagh gun teagamh an t-ainm a bhi mùitcach, neo-sheasmhach o chionn iomadh

bliadhna. 'S e so cliu a tha 'n Seanachaidh Romanach a' toirt do shaighdearan *Hannibal*. Agus ged nach faighear saighdearan no seoladairean is calma 's is seasmhaiche na Gaidheil na h-Alba an uair a tha iad air an iunnsachadh, agus ged nach faighear am measg Sluagh eile eisempleircan na's trice 's na's urramaiche na gheibhear 'n ar measg fein air sior-bhuanachadh an aghaidh iomadh bacadh 'us grabadh; gidheadh 's e cliu ar Sluaigh an diugh an cliu a fhuair iad o'n Romanach dà mhile bliadhna roimhe so—gu bheil iad laidir, lughmhor, ach caochlaideach, deas gu ni a ghabhail os laimh agus f'hagail gun chriochnachadh, easguidh ach neo-chinnteach.

Ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, creididh mi gu'm fàsamaid neo-shuidhichte 'n ar doighean ged nach biodh a' bhuaidh dual dhuinn mar Shluagh. Chuidicheadh gnè na Tire, agus gu h-araid ar n-Eachdraidh, innt inn luasganach aghintinn, no co-dhiu a neartachadh, annainn. Rè moran uine bha caithe-beatha an t-Sluaigh agus am beatha fein cho neo-chinnteach 's gn'm biodh e eu-comasach gu'm faigheadh riantan steigheil aite 'n am measg. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil agus nach bi sinne iomadh latha fathasd ag itheadh de shearbhadas nan linntean buaireasach a chaidh, taing do'n Fhreasdal, thairis. Agus ged tha sinn a nis o chionn iomadh bliadhna a' mealtainn sith, agus nam miltean beannachd a thig an lorg na sochair ro-luachmhoir sin, tha agus bithidh iomadh ni 'n ar crannchur anns a' Ghaidhealtachd a dh'fhagas e fior dhuilich dhuinn leasan an t-Sean-fhocail iunnsachadh, agus an comhnuidh a chuimhneachadh. "Cum an fheill air an latha";—is farasda radh, agus ann an iomadh aite cha 'n 'eil e ro dhoirbh a dheanamh. Ach ann an Tir neo-thorach, le siantan caochlaideach, le monaidhean sgith, le aisig chunnartach, leis gach goireas a dhith ort, is beag nach fanoid an earail. An ann a fearann a tha d' earbsa? Mo chreach! is beag do choir air. Agus ged shaoithrich thu cho goirt 'us ged a bhiodh cinnt agad nach rachadh do mhàl ardachadh no do thigh a chur ma sgaoil aig ceann na bliadhna, nach tric a ni latha fliuch 's an fhoghar obair na bliadhna chur a dholuidh. A' bheil beo-shlainte do theaghlaich an crochadh ris a' mhuir? Cha 'n 'eil sgoil fo'n ghrein cho cifeachdach, ann an rathad, a dh' iunnsachadh foighidinn, dichill, saothair bhunailteach cho maith ri bàta an iasgair. Faic e le ramh no le seol a' toirt a mach, calaidh no a' cur fodha rudha; a nis a' buidhinn 's a ris a' call; a bheatha an crochadh r'a neart 's r'a sheoltachd; agus gheibh thu leasan air stri bhuan agus dhian nach faigh thu ach ainmig. Ach an uair a tha 'n rudha seachad, 's an caladh fo shroin, theid an leasan a dhi-chuimhneachadh gus an toir fein-fhiosrachadh cruaidh a chrannchuir fa chomhair an iasgair 's an ath ghàbhadh e. 'S e neo-sheasmhachd na gaoith, an t-sruth, 's na fairge, agus neo-chinnteachd a' bheatha fein an co-cheangal riu a ghleidheas aite an inntinn an iasgair, agus a ni "Cum an fheill air an latha" 'n a eubh fhaoin 'n a chluais-san.

Tha e na's feumaile air doigh no dha dhuinne a bhi gleidheadh teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail air chuimhne na tha e do mhoran. Chaidh, ma dh' fhaodte, a chur mar coinneamh air aon doigh no doigh eile gle thrath. So a' chumadh air an d' fhuair mi fein e: *Procrastination is the thief of time.* Air a' chumadh so, leugh 'us sgriobh 'us litrich 'us bhruadair mi e na ficheadan uair. Co-dhiu a lughdaich an t-saothair mairneal no

mheudaich i dichioll ann am chrè, cha'n fhios domh ; ach bhiodh e 'n a pheacadh an aghaidh gach riaghailt theagaisg an leasan a thoirt domh air dhoigh 's gun tuiginn e. 'N ar Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach gheibhear an teagasg ceudna gu minic agus ann an caochladh caimnt 'us samhladh. Tha so 'n a dhearbhadh soilleir gu'n robh meas cubhaidh aig ar n-Aithrichean air an fhirinn, co-dhiu bha no nach robh iad an comhnuidh dileas d'i.

Ach bhiodh e mealltach a bhi saoilsinn gu'n robh na seann daoine, cadhon 'n an teagasg, a ghnath iomlan. Bha iad a' cur luach ard agus cubhaidh air sonas, ach cha 'n 'eil mi cho earbsach gu'n d' amais iad daonnan air mathair-aobhair an t-sonais d'an robh an tlachd cho mor. Theireadh iad : "Is fearr a bhi sona na bhi saoithreachail ;" "Is fearr a bhi sona na bhi crionna ;" —ach saoilidh mi gu'n do dhi-chuimhnich iad nach faighear, 's an t-saoghal so co-dhiu, an sonas is airde a bheir e seachad sgarte' bho shaothair ; agus nach mair sonas ard no iosal ro fhada sgarte' bho chrionntachd. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh meas mor aca air fois 's air socair, agus nach d' thug iad seachad teagasg mearachdach an co-cheangal ris na staidean so a tha 'n an aite fein ionmholta. Cia b'e air bith an rùn leis an do chuir-eadh ri cheile iad, cha 'n 'eil teagasg nan Sean-fhocal a leanas air aon chor fallain : "Cha d'ith na coin an aimsir" ; "Am fear a dh' imich an cruinne, cha b' fhios d'a co-dhiu b' fhearr luathas no moille" (saoilidh mi nach 'eil fios fathasd ciod a thug dha a thigh fhagail) ; "Is maith an saoghal so ma mhaireas e ;" "Tha iasg 's a mhuir cho maith 's a thainig riamh as ;" "An neach nach cinn 'n a chodal, cha chinn e 'n a fhair-each ;" "Treabhaidh na daoi 's cha dean na saoi ach treabhadh." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach ann o'n bhaigh so ri fois a dh'eirich an Sean-fhocal, "Is fearr a bhi tamh na obair an nasguidh ;" oir cha robh meas air leisg,—"Am fear a bhitheas 'n a thamh, cuiridh e 'n cat 's an teine ;" "Is leisg le leisgein dol a luidhe, is seachd leisge leis eirigh." 'S e na taillearan a thug seachad an Sean-fhocal leibideach so, agus airson teagasg cronail 's gann a dh' amais a leithid orm ; "Greim fada, 'us grad bhi ullamh."

Tha teagasg nan Sean-fhocal so mearachdach ; agus cha 'n 'eil teag-amh nach robh agus nach 'eil a' chumhachd air fhaireachduin a chum na cuid is measa 'n ar measg. Ach ged tha na Sean-fhocail a tha air an taobh chìi na's lionmhoire na bu mhaith leinn ; cha 'n 'eil an aireamh ach gann ann an coimeas ris na gheibhear a' moladh aghartais dichill, 'us seasmhachd. Bha ar n-Aithrichean lan dearbhta nach faigh-ear maith gun dragh. Tha focal gu maith deas aig na h-iasgairean a tha teagasg na firinn so : "Cha 'n 'e gogadh nan ceann a ni 'n t-ionnram." So aon bho na sealgairean : "Cha d'rinn *theab* riamh sealg." Agus cha robh na buachaillean air deir-eadh : "Cha dean corag mhilis im." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e ceann-aiche a dh' eisd iomadh uair ri leth-sgeul air a deagh labhairt a thuirt ; "Cha diol toileach fiach." De 'n aon teagasg tha 'n radh : "Cha d' rinn *thugam* ceum, 's cha do chailleadh *theab*." Agus cha b' urrainnear rabhadh a bu chumh-achdaiche na so a thoirt seachad an aghaidh leisg, mairneil, 'us cion suim : "Cha 'n fhaighear an diugh air ais an dè."

Airson ceartais 'us coir a ghleidh-eadh eadar duine agus duine—fiachan a dhioladh agus geallaidhean a cho-ghealladh, cha ghabhadh a bhi na

b' fhearr na na Sean-fhocail. Theirte gun teagamh: "Cha teid gad air gealladh," agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh iomadh aon 's a' Ghaidhealtachd cho maith ri aitean eile a dh' fhairich firinn an radh; ach cha 'n e so air aon chor teagasg nan Sean-fhocal. "Cha 'n 'eil fealladh ann is mo na gealladh gun a chogheallad;" "Is fearr a bhi leisg gu ceannach na righinn gu paigheadh;" "Is fiach duine na gheallas e;" agus a ris "foill," cia b'e air bith mar thig i, air a diteadh air dhoigh 's gun saoil thu gur e Daibhidh tha labhairt: "Cha mhair sliochd fir foille." Co-dhiu bha no nach robh ar luchd-duthcha comharraichte air son am firinn—their ar coimhearsnaich gu tric nach robh—cha robh an teagasg 's an rathad so an deighlaimh. Tha 'n dearbhadh soilleir anns na briathran anns a' bheil gloine, onoir, firinn, 'us breugan a ghnath air an ainmeachadh. Firinn an smuain, an cainut, 's an gniomh; 's e so gun teagamh teagasg nan Sean-fhocal, 'g a sparradh ort an comhnuidh mar do dhleasdanas agus mar do bhuannachd.

Am measg nan Sean-fhocal a tha moladh aghartais 'us gniomhachais, chithear gu bheil meas mor air moch-eirigh. Their Lighichean gu bheil a' chleachduin maith airson slainte a' chuirp a chumail suas; agus their Sgoilearan gur e mhaduinn is fear na 'n oidhche airson iunnsachaidh. Cha mhor dhaoine is cuimhne leam a bhuidhinn cliu ard dhoibh fein nach do chleachd eirigh trath; agus chi sinn gu'n robh beachd cothromach aig na seana Ghaidheil air a' chleachduin cheudna. Thuirt aon diubh, gun teagamh, a bha 'creidsinn gu laidir ann am fortan tur sgarte bho dheanadas fein: "Is fearan t-ádh na moch-eirigh." Ach cha 'n e so ach teagasg aoin. Theireadh na Druidhean, "Bi gu subhach, geamnuidh, moch-thrathach, mosgaileach 's an t-samhradh." A ris, theirear: "Is meamnach gach moch-thrathach;" "'S i mhoch-eirigh 'luain a ni 'n t-suain 'mhairt;" agus a ris, mar gu'm b'e Lighiche theireadh e, agus ciod am fios nach e; "Is fearr eirigh moch na suidhe anmoch."

Tha aon ni a tha ro chomharraichte mu na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach a tha buntainn ris an earail a tha f'ar comhair an traths; agus 's e sin a' meas tha air a chur air saothair chinnteach, sheasmhach, os cionn neart an uair nach 'eil dichioll maille ris. Chunnaic sinn roimhe an luach a bha ar n-Aithrichean a' cur air cruinnealas, ged bha iad comharraichte air son am fialaidheachd. Air a cheart doigh 'n an obair. Tha firinn 'us onoir eadar duine 's duine air a mholadh. Tha moch-eirigh air a mholadh. Tha bhi 'n a àm an ceann do ghnothuich air a mholadh —"Am fear a ni obair 'n a àm, bithidh e 'n a leth thamh." Tha 'm fear a thoisicheas obair air a neartachadh leis an radh—"Is trian obair toiseachadh." Agus tha saothair chriochnaichte gun teagamh a faotainn na duais a thoill i; "Am fear a cheanglas, 's e shiubhlas;" "Am fear is fearr a chuireas, 's e is fearr a ghearras;" "An rud a nithear gu maith chithear a bhuil." Ach os cionn moch-eirigh, os cionn toiseachadh, 's os cionn criochnachadh, tha obair chinnteach, leanailteach air a moladh, mar a dhearbhas na Seanfhocail a leanas gu soilleir: "Cha 'n e 'muileann nach bleth, ach an t-uisge nach ruith;" "Ge b'e nach beathaich a choin, cha bhi iad aige latha na seilge;" "Is ann o'n bheagan a thig am moran;" "Cha 'n ann leis a' cheud bhuille thuiteas a' chraobh;" "Gabhaidh connadh ùr le bhi 'g a sheideadh;" "Am fear a theid a' ghnath mach le lin, gheibh

e coin air uairean;" "Cha bhi dichioll air deireadh;" "Beiridh am beag tric air a mhor ainmig;" "Is fearr greim caillich na tarruing laoich."

Is teagasg fallain, ionmholta air gach doigh an teagasg so; agus cha 'n urrainn dhuinn a bhi ro thaingeil d' ar n-Aithrichean air a shon. B' fhearr leam gu'm faicteadh na tri Sean-fhocail mu dheireadh a dh' ainmich mi, ann an litrichean òir, air balla gach tigh-sgoil anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Cha 'n 'eil mi gun amhurus nach paigheadh an leasan na 'm biodh e air a dheagh iunnsachadh, eadhon do'n Mhaighstir-sgoil latha cheasnachaidh, cho maith ri leughadh blasda nach tuig a' chlann; agus tha mi dearbhta nach faigh a' chlann leasan a bhitheas cho feumail dhoibh fein, d'an cloinn, 's do chlann an cloinne bho Mhaighstir-sgoil fo'n ghrein. Is eigin aideachadh gu'n d' fhuair mi barrachd toilinntinn o'n teagasg so, a chionn nach robh suil agam ris. 'S e barail mhorain nach d'thug ar Sluagh moran geill do chomhairlean de'n t-seorsa so; agus feudaidh cuid bhi mar bha mise a' creidsinn nach d' thugadh na comhairlean ro thric riamh orra. Cha 'n ann mar dhuine dichiollach, aghartach, a' cur earbsa a obair chinnteach a lamhan fein, daonnan am bun a ghnothuich a bhreithnicheas coigrich air Gaidheal an latha diugh;—cha 'n ann,—ach ri sgiathalaich air ais agus air aghaidh, an diugh ag oibreachadh na croit, a maireach ag iasgach, 's air an ath sheachduin a' drobhaireachd—latha no leth latha diomhanach eadar gach atharrachadh obair, 'n a sheasamh le aon no dha de chompanaich, le lamhan gu maith domhain 'n a phocaichean, 's le cutag phiob 'n a phluic, a' cumail a suas le shlinnein oisinn tighe, 's a tighinn air a choimhearsnaich. Co beachd a tha fior, bhiodh e duilich, ma dh' fhaodte, cunnartach, a radh. Creididh mi gur e chuis gu bheil iad araon fior ann an tomhas; co-dhiu cha 'n 'eil an Gaidheal fathasd cho dichiollach 's gu'm feud e leasan an t-Seanfhocail a dhi-chuimhneachadh.

Cluinnidh sinn gu tric feartan 'us cliu ar Sluaigh air an dearbhadh le eisempleirean air bunailteachd 's air soirbheachadh o'n tigh, agus coire gach ni tha air deireadh aig an tigh 'g a chur air an àite,—air ni sam bith ach na daoine. Cha 'n 'eil mi smuaineachadh gu bheil am beachd so uile gu leir fior, agus 's e mo bharail gun deachaidh na tha de fhirinn ann a sheirm tric gu leoir. Tha sinn ro dheas gus a' choire a chur dhinn fein, ma ghabhas e idir deanamh. Saoilidh mi, thuilleadh air so, gu bheil sinn 's a' Ghaidhealtachd a' cur barrachd de'n choire air droch cothrom na tha freagarrach. Is tric a chu la mi na 'n saoithreachadh an Gaidheal aig an tigh cho dichiollach 's cho dian 's a shaoithricheas e o'n bhaile gu'm biodh e na b' fhearr dheth. Ach tha e cosmhuil gu'm feum crioch na saothair a bhi 'n sealladh ar Sluaigh mu'n oibrich iad le 'n uile dhurachd. Agus cha mhiste iad Gall no Sasunnach a bhi r' an taobh a bhitheas a' bagairt dol rompa. Shoirbhich gu mor le'r luchd-duthcha an America, agus dh'eirich cuid diu gu inbhe ard; ach theirear gu bheil an soirbheachadh na 's fearr far a' bheil Goill 'us Gaidheil measgta, na tha e far an Gaidheil iad uile gu leir. Ma tha so fior, nach 'eil pairt de'n t-seann nadur a' leantainn ar Sluaigh thar a' chuain; agus nach 'eil dearbhadh laidir againn gur sinn fein na coirich air son moran de'n mhi-shoirbheachadh air a' bheil sinn cho tric 'n ar fianuisean aig baile. Tha e fior nach faod sinn, 's an rioghachd so no 'n rioghachd eile, gun chunnart, earail an t-Sean-fhocail a dhearmad.

D. M'K.

CUMHA

Air Eobhan Mac Lachluinn, am filidh Abrach, Fear-riaghlaidh sgoil nan Cànan ann am baile seann Abaireadhain ; a dh'éug ann an tréine a Ìuthean, agus an àirde, a bhiùthais 's a' bhliadhna 1822. Leis an Urramach an t-Olla Mac-an-t-Saoir, nach maireann, Aodhaire Chill-Math-Niobhaig.

'S mi siubhal fo dhubhar a' Mhìll
Tha 'sgàileadh na Cill * so shuas,
Tha m' aigne trom osnachail tìom,
'S mo shòlas cha till ri luaths.

Tha Mulad, tha mulad, 'g am chràdh,
Bho'n chaireadh tu 'n tàmh nan leac,
A chaoimhich 'bu dealasaich gràdh,
Mhic Lachluinn nan Dàn lan beachd !

Mo chreach ! ged a b' òrdhearc do ghnàs,
Ge b' iomadach d' aireamh bhuadh,
Gu'm b' éudar dhut strìochdadh do 'n bhàs,
'Us laidhe 'n caol-thàmh na h-uaigh.

Mo leòn gu 'n do strìochd thu cho tràth !
Mo bhròn gu 'n do thàmh cho luath !
Dh' fhàg so sinn fo airteal 's fo phràmh
'S fo smalan 's an Airde tuath.

Gu'n d' thug thu lom-sgrìob oirnn, a Bhàis,
A dh' fhag sinn gu cràiteach, bochd,
Ar n-ùr-choill, an àilleachd a fàis,
A rùsgadh bho bhàrr gu stoc !

Gu 'n d' fhàg thu Lochabar fo bhròn
Cha leighis ar leòn ri luaths ;
Gur géur so a chneidh a laidh òirnn
Bho'n mheath thu ar Dòchas bhuainn !

Gu 'n spùinn thu bhuainn tuigsear nan téud,
A rianadh an t-séis le dòigh ;
Ard-iùlair na fileachd 's gach séud
Bha 'n ealaidh na Gréig 's na Ròimh.

Fear-eòlais gach cainnte measg sluaigh ;
Sàr thuigsear gach buaidh fo'n ghréin ;
Sàr ghliocair gach rùnachd tha shuas
Feadh chian-imeachd cuairt nan spéur.

An t-Abrach, Mac Lachluinn nan Dàn,
An Gaidheal is àirde cliù :
A bha de gach nàisinneachd làn
'S a dh' fhòghlum gach gnàs a b' fhiù.

Bu mhilis do chòmhradh 's do cheòl,
'S gu 'm b' fhileanta glòir do bhéil ;
Có nis chuircas ranntachd air seòl,
Mo nuar ! bho'n nach beò thu féin ?

Tha filidh nan aimsir gun lùth,
Air breothadh 's an ùir bho chian ;
Cha dearrs gath na gréin' air a shùil,
'S tha spiorad a chùil gun mhiann.

* Cille Mhaodain.

Thig Earrach, thig Samhradh mu'n cuairt,
'S thig Foghar nan sguab 'n an dóigh,
Thig Geamhradh, le 'ghailbhinnean fuar,—
Ach có 'rannas duan g' an seinn ?

Ach, nochdaidh an t-Earrach, 'n a thrà,
Gu'm beil e am bàigh do'n t-seòd,
Oir sgaoilidh e 'ghorm-fhalluinn àidg
Gu drùchdach, trom, tlàth, air 'fhoid.

'S an Samhradh, le dhìtheanan snuagh,
Ni cionthar mu bhruaich do theach ;
'S 'n a dhéigh, thig am Foghar, fo ghruaim
A sgeadachadh d' naigh' le dreach.

'S ge colgach, neo-bhàigheil, dubh-ghruaim
A Gheamhraidh neo-thruacant', ghnùth,
Gu 'n siubhail e 'g osnaich mu d' thuam,
A' sileadh nam fuar-fhras dlùth.

Tha mulad, tha mulad 'g am chràdh,
Bho'n chàireadh tu 'n tàmh nan leac,
A chaoimhich 'bu dealasaich gràdh,
Mhic Lachluinn nan Dàn lan beachd.

———o———

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEADH CIOBAIR.

M.—Am bheil thu an sin, Isiobail, c'àit am bheil do mhàthair ? Tha dùil agam gu'm bheil sibh gu léir bodhar. Tha neach eigin a' bualadh aig an dorus,—grad-fhosglaibh e, oir cha'n 'eil mo bhròg an ormsa. Thugadh an dealan bhàrr an dorais, agus ann am prìobadh na sùla, sheas duine mòr, sgairteal am meadhon an ùrlair, ach cha'n fhacas air ball cò b'e, do bhrigh nach do lasadh an lòchran. Ach ann am mionaid, chualas guth aithnichte ag ràdh,—

C.—Am bheil sibh uile slàn, fallain, 's an fhàrdaich so ?

M.—Fear a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich ! Am bheil mo shùilean 'g am mhealladh,—am bheil iad ag innseadh na firinn ? An tu a th' ann d'a rìreadh, a charaid mo ghràidh ? Fair do làmh,—fair do dhà làimh, an creid thu mi an uair a deiream gu'm bheil mi na 's toilichte d' fhaicinn an sin na fichead Frangach ? Ochan ! is tu a tha bog, fliuch, sgith, acrach, ach tha leigheas ann air na nithibh sin. Thig a nuas, a bhean-an-tighe, agus

faic ciod a tha ad chomas a dheanamh ri d' charaid, oir tha féum mòr aige air deagh ghiullachd aig a' cheart uair so; oir is taitneach an sean-fhocal a deir, "ruigidh ro ghiullachd air an ro ghalar," agus is maith gu'n ruig. Ach O! mo dhi-chuimhne! ciamar a dh'fhàg thu mo bhan-ghoistidh rùnach, Seònaid?

C.—Cha'n fhaca mi o cheann dheich là i, ach an uair a dh' fhalbh mi o'n tigh, bha i fein agus an òigridh gu glésta.

M.—O ceann dheich là! Mo chreach, ciod a dh' éirich dhuit, agus c'àit an robh thu, a Choinnich? Ach is luaithe deoch na sgéul,—a bhean-an-tighe, am bheil thu a' foighneachd am bheil béul air do charaid ionmhuinn Thoir a nuas am botal dubh 's an t-slige chreachainn, agus cuir car ealamh dhiot.

C.—Cha'n 'eil aobhar sam bith air a bhi mar sin a' cur an tighe bun os ceann, bithidh mi tràth na 's leòir, oir cha'n eil aon chuid fuachd no acras orm, gu dearbh cha'n 'eil.

M.—So, so, dlùthaich ris a' ghealbhonn, oir is minic a chunnaic sinn ni's brisge, sgairteil e. Thig an so leis a' bhalg-shéid, Isiobail,—suidh a stigh, a' Choinnich, gus am faigh bean-an-tighe atharrachadh eudaich, agus cas-bheart dhuit, agus gach goireas eile a chumas am fuachd a mach.

C.—Cha ruig bean-an-tighe leas trioblaid a chur oirre fein, oir tha mi obhàrr gu bonn co tioram ri àrcan ach mo chasan a mhàin, agus cha'n eagal doibh car tacain,—ach ciod an ùrachd a gheibhear agad, a Mhurachaidh, agus cia mar tha cùisean a' dol air an aghaidh anns na ceàrnaibh so?

M.—Ma ta, a Choinnich, (dlùthaich ris an teine) cha'n 'eil naigheachdan idir 's na criochaibh so, ach gu'm bheil Fear Bhaile-Chreagain 'n a sgealbaibh, mar a chual thu, a réir coltais a cheana, agus bheir e creach agus sgrios air mòran eile. Bhris e ann an dà mhile dhéug, agus tha e air aithris gur e leth-chrùn as a' phunnd Shasunnach tha e a' tairgseadh.

C.—Tha mi an dòchas, a Mhurachaidh, nach 'eil gnothuch agad ris, agus nach tig e chum calldach sam bith dhuitsa, no do d' theaghlach.

M.—Tha aobhar taingeileachd agam nach 'eil aon sgillim ruadh agam air, no aigesan orm. Na'n tachradh so aig an àm so an uiridh, bhiodh mo chall mòr, oir tha cuimhn' agad gu'n do reic mi na muilt ris, còrr is tri chéud dhiubh, ach gu fortanach, dh' ioc e gach peighinn d'an luach dhomh, agus 's an àm, cha robh mi 'g a iarraidh, agus cha robh dùil agam ris.

C.—Tha mi anabarrach toilichte dà rireadh, ach cha b' urrainn gnothuichean Fhir-Bhaile-Chreagain idir seasamh a thaobh na doigh air an robh e' dol air aghaidh. Cha robh là nach robh cuideachd agus gleadhraich maille ris,—eich agus carabaid, —agus coigrich a' dol agus a' tighinn, —an tigh aige an còmhnuidh làn,—an teaghlach aige gach là, gu sgiamhach air an éideadh,—agus cosguis do ghnàth an lorg 'n an nithe sin, nach b' urrainn Baile-Chreagain a chumail suas, ged a bhiodh e tri uairean saor aige, gu'n ghluth air màl tròm gach bliadhna.

M.—Tha thu ceart, a Choinnich, agus 's ann an diugh tha taing Bhaile-Chreagain aige 'n a dhòrn, agus faiceadh e ciod a ni a chòisridh a bha 'g a thaoghal air a shon a nis, an uair a tha a ceann fo'n uisge. Ni iad gàire fanoid ris, agus their iad nach robh ann ach amadan bochd air son a shaoithreach, agus an diugh cha'n aithnich iad an duine truagh air an rathad mhòr.

C.—Is cianail r'a smuaineachadh, a Mhurachaidh, mar a ta an saoghal

a' dol bun os ceann. Is tearc duine r'a fhaotuinn an diugh anns am feudar dòchas a chur. Ri linn nan seanar againn, bha dilseachd, onoir, agus treibhdhireas, gu coitchionn am measg an t-sluaigh, agus ged a bha iad aineolach ann an seadh, agus ged bha tuasaidean, cogaidhnean, agus còmhstrith am measg nam fineachan, gidheadh bha ionracas, tairiseachd, agus onoir 'n am measg nach fhaicear an diugh dh' aindeoin gach eòlais a ta 'g a chraobhsgaoileadh, agus gach strith a ta 'g a deanamh am measg eaglaisean, mhinisteirean, agus luchd-teagaisg dheth gach gnè. Mar is mò a ta eòlas air a chraobh-sgaoileadh tha, gu'n teagamh, neo-dhilseachd a' dol am farsuingeachd. Cha robh feum o shean air onoir is ionracas a bhi air an co-dhaingneachadh air dubh 's air geal, mar a ta 'chùis an diugh, oir bha iad, an uair sin, air an sgriobhadh air a' chridhe, ach a nis cha ghléidh cuibhrichean agus cùmhnantan an luchd-lagha muinntir air an t-slighe cheart, oir a dh' aindeoin nan nithe sin, leumaidh a' bheist a's mò air muin na béist a's lugha, agus tha gach ni ceart agus cogaiseach na's leòir, ma theid aige air a chasan a thoirt as. Ochan ! a charaid, "is cliùitiche an onoir na'n t-òr," ach an diugh is measaile gu mòr an t-òr no no gach subhaile, ceartas, tréibhdhireas, agus onoir 's an t-saoghal air fad.

M.—Is maith a thubhairt thu, a Choinnich, oir is minic a chuala sinn an sean-fhocal a deir, "Nach fhuiling an onoir clùd," agus is ro cheart e, oir far am bheil fìor onoir, cha'n iarr i bhi air a cluthachadh, agus air a còmhdachadh le sgàilibh suarach o'n taobh a mach, oir seasaidh i gu daingean 'n a h-òirdheirceas fein. Ach an déigh a' chòmhraidh so a dhùisgeadh le fàilneachadh tàmailteach Fhir Bhaile-chreagain, innis domh, a Choinnich, d' ùrsgeul fein, agus ciod a's aobhar do'n toilinntinn a thug thu dhuinn an nochd le d' làthaireachd an so, oir tha e cinnteach nach d' ràinig thu sinn air anmoch Disathurna, an déigh a bhi deich làithean o d' dhachaidh fein, gu'n aobhar ro àraidh a bhi air a shon.

C.—Tha sin gle chinnteach, a charaid ionmhuinn, ach tha mo sgéul goirid, oir tha mi air an t-slighe dhachaidh á baile mòr Dhunédin, agus cha bheag an naigheachd sin.

M.—Baile Dhunédin ! far nach robh thu riamh roimhe, agus dh' ionnsuidh nach deachaidh tu gun aobhar ro chudthromach. Ciod a thug an car sin thu, a Chionnich? An robh thu an lorg Shir Séumas, mar a bha thu an uair a thug e fein agus thu fein Eirinn oirbh a' bhliadhna roimhe, agus an uair a chunnaic thu iomadh neach agus ni a chuir iongantas nach bu bheag ort ?

C.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, cha robh Sir Seumas maille rium, ach is esan bu choireach air mise a bhi ann. An cual thu idir gu'm bheil e fein agus an Sasunnach sin a cheannaich oighreachd Choire-nacoille aig lagh mu chriochaibh nan oighreachd aca ? Tha guiseid bheag de fhearainn creagach 'n a laidhe eadar Creag-Ghorrain agus Stachdna-Iularach nach fhiach s illinn-Shasunnach mhàil 's a' bhliadhna eadar dithis bhràthair, agus tha Sir Seumas a' deanamh mach gur leissan e, agus tha uachdaran Choire-nacoille ceart co dian a' deanamh mach gu'm buin e dhàsan. Mar sin, chuir na fir a mach air a chéile, agus o chùirt gu cùirt air beulaobh an t-siorraim, thogadh a' chùis ma dheireadh gu Dunedin. Shumanadh cha'n e mhàin mise ; ach mar an ceudna sia duine deug eile dh' ionnsuidh a' bhaile mhòir sin a thogail

fiannis mu'n chùis, agus tha'n gnothuch fathast co sgaoilte 's a bha e riamh. Cha d' thugadh breith no binn a mach gus an ruigeadh luchd-tomhais á Dunédin dh' ionnsuidh an àite chum na criochan fhaicinn, agus am barail fein a thoirt orra. Cosdaidh an crioman suarach sin na miltean air gach taobh. Is taitneach an gnothuch e air son an luchd-lagha, agus ma theid acasan air, cha leig iad gu h-ealamh as an liontaibh e. Ach 's e sin a dh' iocas na h-uachdarain àrdanach sin air son an uaill agus am morachd-inntinn. Eadar sinn fein, tha eagal orm gu'n creach e Sir Séumas bochd, ach air son an t-Sasunnaich, tha mi comadh co dhiù, do bhrigh gur e a thòisich air a ghnothuch.

M.—Chual mi gu'n robh aimhreit eatorra, ach cha robh dùil agam gu'n ruigeadh e an àirde sin. Ach cò a thugadh maille riut do'n bhàile mhòr?"

C.—Cò, ach na daoine a's sine 's an àite,—cuid dhiubh thairis air ceithir fichead, mar a ta seann Domhnull Mac Uilleim Mhic Alasdair, Murachadh Mòr Mac Ghilleaspuig Mhic Shéumais, Alasdair Mac Aonghais Mhic Dhòmhnuill Mhic Mhurachaidh, agus na h-uiread eile. Thugadh air chùrn iad gus an d' ràinig iad Loch-nan-caladh, agus an sin, fhuair iad air toitich gu Glascho, agus á sin, air an rathad-iaruinn do Dhùnedin; agus Ochan! b'e 'n t-eachiaruinn an t-ioghnadh do na bodaich bhochda. Cha bhiodh iad sgìth ag amhare air, agus ag éisdeachd ris a' sitrich agus a' seideadh! Thàinig mise dhachaidh rathad Pheairt, Dhùnchaillin, agus Bhaile-chloichridh, agus á sin air an rathad-iaruinn Ghaidhealach gu Inbherneis, agus à sin gu so. Dh' fhan mi tri làithean ann an Laganràit, agus air an t-Sàbaid a dh' fhalbh chual mi searmoin ro dhrùighteach, bhlasda o'n Urramach Seumas Friseil 's an eaglais-sgireachd, far an deachaidh mi maille ri nighean bràthair m' athar air an robh mi ag amhare, air di a bhi pòsda 's an àite sin.

M.—'S eadh, ceamar a chòrd Dunedin riut, a Choinnich, agus ciod a chunnaic thu ann?

C.—Am baile a's maisiche air an do thilg mi sùil riamh; ach mo leòn, bha mi là an déigh là air mo dhruideadh suas ann an Tigh-na-cùirte, agus cha'n fhac mi idir uiread dhe'n bhaile 's bu mhaith leam.

M.—An deachaidh do cheasnachadh gu cruaidh, a Choinnich, agus ciamar a chaidh agad air a' Bheurla?

C.—A Bheurla! Beurla na dunaich, dh' fhéuch iad ris gach innleachd chum mo cheasnachadh 's a chanain leibidich sin, ach thug mi an aire orra. Thachair gu'n cual iad mi a' labhairt lide air chor-eigin di, agus ghlaodh bodach mòr, dearg a bha 'n a shuidh gu h-àrd rium, agus thubhairt e "Come on, now, Kenneth, come on, you have very good English," agus ghrad-fhreagair mise, agus thubhairt mi "No, no, not a vord English, my lord."—agus air ball rinn a' chuirt uile glag mòr gàire rium; ach comadh co dhiubh, cha striochdainn-sa, no mac màthar as an àite gu bhi air ar ceasnachadh 's a Bheurla; uime sin, ghairmeadh a stigh duin'-uasal cosmhuil ri ministear a bha 'g eadar-theangachadh gach freagraidh a bheireamaid seachad, agus rinn e ghnothuch fein glé fhirinneach gu'n teagamh.

M.—Direach glan, a Choinnich, ach ciamar bha fios agadsa co dhiùbh a dh' eadar-theangaich e gu ceart no gu dochaireach, agus gun lide Beurla na'm b' fhior thu fein, 'n ad cheann?

C.—Duin do bheul, a Mhurachaidh, ciod ged a dheanainn mabalaich a labhairt 's a' Bhéurla riutsa, an saoil thu gu'm biodh a dhànadas

agam mo ghab fhosgladh an sud ? Ochan ! cha deanainn idir e.

M.—Ciod, ma ta, a chunnaic thu a' dol air aghaidh mu'n cuairt duit 's a' chùirt, oir bha gach ni cu-cosmhuil ri cùirt an t-siorraim aig a' bhaile ?

C. — Eu-cosmhuil ; Bu mhior bhuileach an sealladh na breith eam hna fein ! Bha triùir bhodach 'n an suidhe gu h-àrd an sud, le cleocaibh dearga, le guailleachain ghcala, agus le gruagan caiseanach, glasa air an cinn, ceart co greannach ris na cearcaibh Frangach. Bha iad sin a' gabhail a' ghothuich gle-shocaireach. Ach gu h-iosal air am beulaobh bha fir ealanta le cleòcaibh dubha, agus le gruagaibh dhe'n aon ghnè riu-san a dh' ainmich mi, a' tagradh gu cruaidh, agus an impis aon a cheile a bhualadh, ach cha d' rinn iad e. Mar sin, bha iad a' deasboireachd, 's a' sabaid le'n teangannaibh o mhoch gu dubh. Ach, a-Mhurachaidh, thachair ni ro iongantach orm ann an àit' eile dhe'n tigh. Goirid o sheomair na cùirte, bha talla mòr, ard, fad, farsuing, làn dhorsan agus dhealbh, agus iomhaighean dhaoine urramach snaighte as a' chloich chruaidh, an sud 's an so. Bha na ficheadan a' siubhal air an ais, agus air an aghaidh,—luchd-lagha le'm piorbhuicibh bachlagach ann an gairdeanaibh a' chéile, a' cas-labhairt, agus a gleadhraich 'n an gluasad o cheann gu ceann dhe'n talla. Cha chluinnteadh ach fuaim agus srann-chronan mar sgeapsheillein ceithir-thimchioll gu leòir chùm claisneachd neach a mhilleadh. Ach co a sheas romham fein ach òguasal ceanalta, agus air da a làmh a chur air mo ghualainn, thubhairt e,—Cia mar a tha thu, a Choinnich, agus ciod i do naigheachd as a' Ghortean-Fhraoich ? Spleuchd mi 's an aghaidh air le h-iongantas an toiseach, ach air ball thubhairt mi, A dhuin'-uasail cheanalta, tha barrachd eolais agad orm, agus cha'n fhios domh idir cò a tha 'labhairt rium. Cha'n 'eil sin gu cron sam bith, a Choinnich, is caraid e, caraid nan Gaidheal gu sònraichte, agas caraid na Gaelic mar an ceudna. Is glan a thug thu d' fhianuis an diugh, a Choinnich, tha deagh Ghàelic agad, agus cha'n 'eil thu gu tur a dh' easbhuidh na Beurla, ach rinn thu gu maith. Tha aobhar aig Sir Séumas a bhi fad, 'n ad chomain gun teagamh, Tha mise fad 'n ad chomaine-sa co dhuibh, a dhuin uasail urramaich, agus bu ro thaitneach leam fios fhaotuinu co a tha 'cur an urraim so orm ?

M.—Ma ta, bha sin uile gle iongantach gun teagamh, ach ciod bu choltas da ? A reir coltais bha e uair eigin ann an caisteal Shir Seumas aig am na seilge far am fac e thu.

C.—Cha'n aithne dhomh idir mu sin, oir cha chuimhne leam fhaicinn riamh. Is duine ceanalta, foghainteach, treun e, agus mo làmhs' nach b'e na h-uile fear a chuireudh a dhruim ri talamh. B' ealanta, deas a labhradh e 's a Ghaelic, agus Gaelic na's feàrr cha d' thainig riamh á ceann duine ! Bha fiamh-ghàire air a ghnùis,—daimhealas gun choimeas a' deachdadh a ghiùlain ! Ochan ! b'e 'n duin'-uasal e, ge b'e co e !

M.—An d'rinn thu idir a mach cò e ?

C.—Rinn mu dheireadh. Thachair e orm an ath là 's a' cheart àite, agus thòisich e gu caoimhneil air labhairt mu shean-fhoclaibh, agus air foighneachd dhiom an cual mi sud na so 's a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich ?

M.—Ach cia mar a chaidh agad air fhaotuinn a mach cò e ? An d' innis e dhuit ?

C.—Cha d' rinn e idir e ; ach bha dorsair an sin le còta fada gòrm, agus breid dearg mu mhuineal, aig

na robh Gaelic agus chunnaic e an duin' uasal agus mise a' labhairt ri chéile. Chuir mi a' cheist ris, an robh eòlas aig air? Fhreagair e gu'n robh, agus ochan! an cliu a thug e air! Cha robh deagh bhuaidh fo'n ghrein a b' urrainn a bhi air duine nach robh dlù-cheangailte ris, agus mu dheireadh thubhairt e gu'm bu Sgitheanach e de chloinn Neachdail, agus gu'n robh e 'n a Shiorra aon taobh deas na h-Alba.

M.—Ach cia mar a b' aithne dha thusa, a Choinnich, duine nach fhac e riamh roimhe?

C.—Innsidh mi sin dhuit. Bha e 's a' chùirt,—chual e m' ainm, agus m' àite-còmhnuidh 'n àm dhoibh a a bhi 'g am cheasnachadh, agus mar spòrs dha fein rinn e suas rium mar a chuir mi an ceill. Ach mile beannachd air a cheann, agus ma's beò mise cuiridh mi thuige fathast am fiadh a's fearr ann am frith Shir Seumas, agus sin ma's comas domh gach bliadhna.

M.—Tha e anmoch, a Choinnich, rachamaid a nis mu'n dleasnas fheasgair againn, agus thugamaid ar leapannan oirnn 'n a thrath le beannachd.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

———o———

SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL.

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidinn gu Gailig le D. B. B.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

Oir ceannsaichidh e 'n airde near
A's glacar leis a' chreach mar dhuais;
A's nithear ùrnuigh ris gun tamh
Mar dhia 's gach àite leis gach sluagh.
'N uair sguireas gach cogadh searbh
Fàsaidh ciunnich gharg ro chìnn;
Riaghlaidh ceartas feadh gach tir,
'S bidh lagh na firinn fo dheagh chliù.
Bidh *Dìleas* liath a's *Vesta* 'n aigh
A's Remus mar ri bhràthair fein
Cuirinus ceann-feadhna nam feachd,
A' daingneachadh gach reachd gu réidh.
Dorsan eitidh chogaidh chruaidh,
Duinear suas gu teann fo ghlais,
Bidh croinn de 'n iarruna air gach laimh,
A's ceanglaichean laidir de phrais.
Bidh dia mòr a' *Chuthaich* bhuirb
'Na shuidhe steach air airm gun truas,
A lamhan ceangailt air a dhruim
Le ciad snaim de 'n umha chruaidh.
Gu h-oillteil ni e raoiceil mhòr,
Bidh cobhar a bheòil dearg mar fhuil
Casaidh fhiaclan ris gach ni,
A's ni e giasganaich gun sgur.
Labhair e; us chuir 'n a dheann
Mac Mhai mhalda nuas bho'n aird,
A chum gum fosgladh Cartaigh ur
A geatachan 's a tuir gun chàird.
'S gun gabhadh iad a steach d 'an tir
Na Tròidhich le aoidheachd fhial;
Air eagal gum biodh Dido ghràidh
Aineolach air *Fàth* nan dia,
'S gu'm fògradh i iad fad air falbh
Bho crìochaibh le farmad guò.
Dh' fhalbh e le iomradh nan sgiath
Ag itealaich tre 'n iarmailt mhòir;
Sheas e gu grad air an fhonn
Aig Luibia dhonn nan sluagh:
Ghabh e mu 'n ordugh le toirt,
A's leig e ris a thoil gu luath,
Chuir na Puinnich dhiubh gach colg:
A's dh' fhas a' bhànrighinn soirbh ro chaoin,
Bha h-air' nir na Tròidhich le sìth,
'S ghabh riutha le h- inntinn chaoimh.
Ach chaithris Æneas ciùin
Le mile cùram 's an oidhch';
A's rùnaich e 'n sin gun dàil,
'N uair thòisich an là ri soills',
Gu'n rachadh e mach gu tràth
A rannsachadh nan aitean nuadh
'S a dh' fhaicinn ciod bu ghne do 'n tir
G' an d' thàinig e sgith de 'n chuan,
Am b' fhia-bheistean a bh' ann no daoin'?
Oir chunnaic e iad faoin a's fàs:
'S 'n uair gheobhadh e mach gach cùis
Gun tugadh fios a dh' ionnsuidh chàich.
An cromadh nan doire tiugh
Fo charraig chòsaich dhuibh ro chruaidh,
Cheil e 'n luingeas air gach taobh
Fo sgàile nan craobh mu 'n cuairt.
E fein 's Achates a mhàin
Dh' imich an àird' air a' bheinn
A' crathadh da shlcagh 'n a lùmh
'S cruaidh leathunn 'n am bàrr gu teann.
Ann am meadhon coille dlùth'
Nochd a mhathair chitìn i féin
An riochd maighdne maisich òig,
Mar chaoin oigh 'n a dreach 's 'n a gne.
A giulan arm nan gruagach donn
Bho Sparta nan sonn 's nan seòd
Mar Harpaluiche Thràcach threun
A' sgitheachadh nan steud-each mòr,
'N uair ruitheas na 'n ear-ghaoth ghèur;
Mar bhan-sealgair a réir nòis
Chroch i bogha mòr air ghleus
Air a guailnibh; 's a falt sgaoilt

A' crathadh leis a' ghaoith mu'n cuairt ;
A luirgne rùisgt' gu ruig an glùn
'S a trusgan ur 'n a shnaim gu cruaidh.
Labhair i mar so air tùs
Am briathraibh ciùin ris na laoich :
" Innsibh dhomh, oig-fheara gasd',
Ma tharladh gum faca sibh aon
De m' pheathraichibh rùnach gràidh
Air seachran fasaich leatha fein,
Balg-shaighead crìoslaicht' oirre suas
Lan de ghathaibh cruaidh ro gheur ;
'S i sgeadaicht' le trusgan briagh
De bhian na *Luiacse* ballaich duinn,
Le iollaich a' leantuinn ruaig
Tuire chòpaich a' luath ruith 'n a dheann.'
Labhair Venus chaoin mar so,
A's fhreagair mar so a mac :
" Aon de d' pheathraichibh glan luath
Cha chuala mi fein 's cha'n fhac.
A mhaighdean aillidh na loinn,
Ciamar labhras mi riut fein
Do ghuth cha'n 'eil mar chloinn nan daoin',
No d' aogus mar neach theid eug.
Gu cinnteach 's bain-dia thu fein,
Am piuthar do Phebus nan gath ?
No te de naomh-oighean an aigh
A thainig bho aros nam flath ?
Bi baigheil, a bhain-dia chaomh,
Grad-fhurtaich air ar saothair chruaidh,
A's innis ciod an t-ait fo nèamh
De 'n chruinne che 's am bheil ar cuairt.
'N ar cogrich no 'n aite 's do 'n t-sluagh
Tha sinn air fuadan 's a' cheò ;
Dh' iomain a' ghaoth sinn gu tràigh
'S na tuinn laidir bheudach mhor.
Is iomad iobairt reamhar làn
A loisgear le m' làimh gach uair
Air d' altair, a bhain-dia mhor,
Ma dh' amhairceas tu oirnn le truas."
Fhreagair Venus dhonn nan leug
Cha mheasar leam mi fein gu fior
Airidh air an onoir mhòir
A gheall thu dhomhsa mar chis.
Is gnath le òighibh Thiorruis uir
Bhi gnùlan nan dorlach sliom,
'S ag ceangal mu 'n calpannaibh ard
Osan sgarlaid, maiseach, grinn
Faic rioghachd nam Puinneach treun,
Tiorraich 's bail' Aghènoir mhòir ;
Luibia 's e ainm na tir,'
Dream nach ciosnaichear ri 'm beò.
Tha 'n rioghachd fo riaghladh mnà,
Dido, a thàinig bho Thiorr,
'N uair theich i bho fheirg a nàmh,
A dearbh bhrathair sanntach fiar.
Is fad iomradh na h-eucoir mòir'
Is fad an eachdraidh dhòineach chruaidh :
Ach aithrisidh mi chuid a 's mò
Dhe 'n sgeula bhrònach ud ri buaidh,
Sichaeus b' ainm a fir phòsd,'
Bha shaoibhreas ro mhor thar chàich ;
A's ghràdhaich e bhean gun bhrèig,
Le gaol nach tréigeadh gu bràth.
'N uair bha i 'n a maighdin òig
A h-athair thug le còir i dha ;
A's naisg e iad an sin ri cheil
Fo thargradh gach seunais àigh.
Pygmalion a brathair cli
Fhuair rioghachd Thiorruis mar shealbh ;
An aingidheachd thug bàrrr air càch,
A's lagh an naduir thilg air falbh,
Dh' eirich falachd iomadh là
Eadar an da bhràthair fein,
A's mharbh *Pygmalion* nan car
Sichaeus aig altair dhé.
An t-umaidh gun dia gun bhàigh,
A dhalladh le gràdh an òir
Thàinig air gun fhios gun dùil
A thaobh a chùil us rinn e leòn.
Cheil e fad an gniomh neo-cheart,
Air gaol a pheathar rinn e tàir,
Gu h-aingidh dheilbh e sgeul nan gò
'G a mealladh le dòchas falt,
Ach ann am bruadar feadh na h-oidhch,'
Thàinig taibhse a fir-phosd',
A chorp cha d' adhlaiceadh 's an uaigh,
A's thog e aghaidh suas fo leòn ;
B' aognaidh glas-neulach a thuar :
Nochd e 'n altair truaillt le fuil,
Rùisg e gach lot agus reub
A rinn an claidheamh geur 'n a uchd.
An t-olc a bha 'n cleith san tigh
Dh' fhoillsich e dhi sin gu luath,
A's chomhairlich teicheadh gun dàil,
Bho thir a gràidh thar a' chuan.
Seann ionmhas folaichte fo 'n fhonn
Cillein airgid trom us òir,
Dh' fheuch e far an robh e 'n taisg
A chuideachadh le cost an ròid.
'N uair mhosgail Dido as a suain
'S a thuig i 'm bruadar 's a sluagh
Gu dol air fuadan as an tir,
Thionail i gach neach thug fuath
Do 'n annrigh gun truas, gun iochd,
A's iadsan ri 'n robh e'm feirg
A bha le h-eagal searbh air chrith,
Ghabh iad an luingeas gun dàil
A thàrladh dhoibh fhaotaimn deas.
A's chuir iad gach ionmhas air bòrd
Gach airgiod us or fa leth,
Ionmhas daoidheir nam feall,
Pygmalion sanntach fiar,
Ghiùlaineadh thar fairge nùnn,
A's bean mar cheann iùil sa' ghniomh
Bhuail iad a dh-ionnsuidh an àit
'S am faic thu 'n tras balla trom,
A's daingnichean Chartaig nan tùr
Ag èirigh as ùr bho'n bhonn.
Cheannaich iad làrach mar sheilbh,
Byrsa a fhuair ainm bho 'n ghniomh,
Fhad 's a dh' iathadh seiche tairbh
A ghearradh gu meanbh 'n a stiall,
Ach innsibh a nise co sibh,

Cia 'n tir bho'n d' thainig sibh nall?
A' siubhal air sliabh cho mall?
Nuair chuir i ceistean mar so
Fhreagair e le h-osnaich theann
Thog e ghuth bho ghrunnd a chleibh,
A's labhair e gu reidh le chainnt;
"A bhain dia nan iunsinn sgeul
Mo léiridh bho thùs mo leòin
'S gu'm biodh socair agad fein
A dh' eisdeadh an aithris bhròin;
Dhùineadh Reul an Fheasgair chiair
Dorsan nan ni d air an là
Mu'n aithrisinn trian mo sgeòil
'S gach dòruinn a rinn mo chràdh.
Tha sinne bho Thròidhe nan stuadh,
Ma chual thu riabh ainm na Troidh,
A's thàinig sinn thar iomadh cuan
Tre chunnartaibh cruaidh ro mhòr;
Dh' iomain a' ghaoth sinn gu tràigh
Air Luibia le gàbhadh féin;
Is mise Æneas, an saoidh,
Chaidh m' iomrach os cionn nan speur.
Air luing thug mo dhiathan-làir,
A spion mi bho 'n nàmhaid threun:
Do 'n Eadailte tha mi triall,
'S mi dh' iarmad ard Iobh bho nèamh.
Air fairge Phruigia nan tonn
Chuir mi fichead long fo shèol
A dhol do 'n tir tha dhomh 's an dàn;
Mo dhia-mhàthair nochd an ròl,
Ach 's gann a rainig seachd dhiubh tir
Di-mhillte le fairge 's gaoith;
Mi fein am choigreach air chall
San fhasach bochd, fann gun mhaoin.
Air m' fhuadach gu Afric nan slògh,
Asia 's an Roinn Eorp' fad bhuam."
Cha d'fhuilig Venus an còrr
D'a ghearan mu dhòruinn shruaidh,
Ach ann am meadhon sgeul a bhròin
Mar so stad i 'n còmhradh geur.
"Co sam bith thu tha mi 'n dùil
Gur h-ann le deagh rùn nan dé
A ta thu beò, nuair rànneas tir
Aig baile nan Tiorrach donn;
Gabh air d' aghart na dean dùil,
Ruig lùchairt bàn-righ'nn nan sonn.
Oir innsidh mi dhuit gu saor,
Mur d' ionnsuich mi faoin bho thùs
Fàistinneachd nan ian gun stà
Bho 'm phàrantaibh gràdhach rùin,
Do dhaoine tha tearuint" slan,
Do luingeas shàbhaladh bh o'n chuan,
A's rainig iad an caladh ciùin
N uair thionndaidh a' ghaoth mu'n cuairt.
Faic da cala dheug 'n an sgaoth
Ri caithream aobhach air an sgéith,
Chuir Iolair Iobh iad gu ruaig
'N uair thuirling i nuas bho'n speur.
Nis chithear iad 'n an sreud gu h-ard
A' téarnadh gu lar an fhuinn,
No 'g amhare a sios air an àit,
'S an seas iad air sàil am buinn,
A' mire le bogadan sgéith
Bho 'n thèarnadh iad as an teinn.
'N an còsridh dol timchioll 's an speur
A's guileag éibhinn ac' 'g a sheinn.
Mar sin tha do luingeas féin,
A's d' oigridh ghleusda gun sgath.
Gu tearuint' anns a' chaladh chiùin
No teachd fo 'n làn-shiùil gu traigh.
Imich romhad mar a' s aill,
Gabh misneach, bi làidir, treun,
Stiùir do cheum an taobh tha 'n ròd
'G ad threòrachadh direach, réidh.
Labhair i, 's thionndaidh gu fòil,
Dhearrs a muineal ròs-dhearg grinn,
Boltrach neamhaidh shéid gu dlùth
Cuach-fhalt chùbhraidh clì a cinn;
A trusgan ràinig sàil a buinn
A h-imeachd dh' fhoillsich a' bhain-dia;
'N uair dh' aithnich e mhàthair ghaoil
Labhair rithe caoin 's i triall.
"Bheil thusa gun iochd mar chàch?
A bheil thu gun bhàigh na's mò?
Ciod uime tha thu cho ro thric
A' mealladh do mhic le sgleò?

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

———o———

MU GHAIDHRIL CHANADA.

LITIR EILO SHEANN GHAIDHEAL ANNS NA STAIDEAN.

A GHAIDHIL RUNAICH,—Air an aon latha deug de Dheireadh an t-Samhraidh dh' fhàg mi na Staidean Aonaichte gu cuairt a ghabhail am measg mo chàirdean 's mo luchd-duthcha a tha tàmh an Canada Niar. Cha 'n 'eil ach beagan còrr us bliadhna bho'n a fhuair mi fios air an àite-thàimh. Dh' fhag mi Philidelphia moch 's a' mhadainn, agus bha mi 'n Toronto baile-mór Chanada Aird (mu shia ceud mile dh' astar) air an oidhche sin. Mu dha-nair-dheug an la'r 'n ath-mhàir-each bha mi 'n Collingwood mu'n cuairt de cheud mile bho Thoronto. Thug an t-each-iarainn an so mi. Ghabh mi 'n carbad-each gu Price-ville an siorrachd Ghrey. B'e 'n t-àite sin crioch mo thuruis: is ann mu'n cuairt air a' bhaile sin a bha mo chàirdean 's mo luchd-dùthcha 'gabhail tàimh. Bha e 'n deigh

meadhon oidhche an uair a thainig sinn do Phriceville ; 's chuir mise suas am fear de thighean-aoidheachd a' bhaile. Moch 's a' mhaduinn an ath latha chaidh fathunn a sgaoileadh mu m' theachd do 'n bhaile. Bha Mr. Tèarlach Camron, am ministeir, am measg nan Gaidheal còire thàinig a chur fàilte orm. Thairg e dhomh aoidheachd maille ris fhein cho fad 's a bhithinn 's an àite. Ach bha bancharaid dhileas faisg air a' bhaile, nach fuilgeadh dhomh i fhein fhàgail. Chuir Mr. Camron mar fhiachaibh orm searmonachadh 'n a eaglais fhein air an t-sàbaid. Air teachd do am an aoraidh fhollaisich bha 'n eaglais làn de m' luchd-dùthcha nach cuala mo ghuth bho chionn corr us dà bhliadhn'-diag thair fhichead. An deigh na searmoin thainig a' mhòr chuideachd a chur fàilte orm. Chaidh an gnùis as aithne orm ged a b' eòl domh iad uile 'n an tir dhùthchasaich. Bha iad uile an sgeadachadh math agus snasmhar. Thug mi 'n aire do choltas duine 'n am measg le chiabhagan liatha, agus an uair a ghlac e mo làmh thuirt mi ris, "Chaill mi cuimhne ort." "An cuimhne leibh" thubhairt easan, "G——?" (Cha'n 'eil mi dol a thoirt ainm do 'n ghaidheal, airson an aobhair a leanas an deigh so). Fhreagair mi e gu dearbh is math mo chuimhne air mo sheann choimhearsnach." "Thig sibh," thubhairt e rium, "a chum mo thighe, agus feumaidh sibh tàmh seachdain maille rium." Beagan làithean an deigh so, bha mi air aoidheachd le bancharaid 'n a choimhearsnachd ; thàinig e agus thug e leis mo bhancharaid agus mi fein chum a thighe agus gu dearbh b'e sin tigh an duine uasail. Bha 'm bord air uidheamachadh airson na dinnearach le nighinn, maighdeann òg, uasal agus mhaiseach ri faicinn. B'e sin a' chuirm ; cha b' urainn dhuibh fhaotuinn na b' fhèarr ann an Tigh an Tairbh Dhuibh air Sraid Earraghaidheal agaibh fhein an Glaschu. Dh' fhaodteadh Mac-Cailein fhein a chuireadh gu leithid de chuirm. A dh'innse na firinn ge do thigeadh Diuc Earraghàidheal 'n am measg cha bhitheadh tuilleadh urraim air a thoirt da, na bha air a thoirt domhsa am measg mo luchd-dùthcha, —'S i mo mhor bharail gu'n robh 'mhiann oirre mo reamhrachadh roimh dhomh tilleadh do na Staidean. An deigh dhuinn eirigh bho'n chuirm, dh' innis e dhomh an sgeul a leanas. "Tha còrr agus fichead bliadhna bho'n a dh' fhàg mi Albainn," ars esan "agus an dùthaich ghràdhach sin, airson saorsa dhomh fein agus do m' chloinn o'n fhòirneart agus o'n ainiochd a bha sinn a fulang bho'n luchd-riaghlaidh bheag a bha mar spog-chat fo lamh nan ard-uachdran. Bha m'uachdran a ghnath math agus truacanta ri thuathanaich, ach gu bitheanta bha fear togail a mhail agus na cleirich bheag eile a bha air an cur leis-san os cionn na tuath, ainiochdmhor, fein-spéiseil agus cruaidhchridheach. Thainig bliadhnachan cràiteach le gainne teachd-an-tir air cuid mhor do Ghàidhealtachd agus Eileanaibh na h-Alba. Bha min airson bhochd air a toirt do 'n sgìreachd, agus bha dithis chleireach air an orduchadh a chum a roinn air na féumaich, Bha an tàrd chleireach 'n a spalpaire de dhuine uasal "beag," moralach, agus feinspeiseil. Bha mo thigh falamh de lòn air Disatharn ; dh' fhalbh mi le airgiod claiche-mine do'n stòr, agus labhair mi ris a' chleireach a b' isle inar so : "Tha airgiod claiche-mine agam agus ma bheir thu dhomh clach eile, thig mi leis an airgiod air an ath sheachdain." Thubhairt e rium ; dol a dh' ionnsuidh an àrd-

chleirich airson orduigh. Rinn mi mar a dh' iarr e orm; chaidh mi do sheòmar an àrd-chleirich, agus dh' innis mi dha mar a dh' innis mi do'n chleireach bheag. Le mor ughdaras fhreagair e, "ge do thairgeadh tu deich sgilleanan Sasunnach air a chloich-mhine, cha'n fhaigheadh tu i. Tha mìn thubhairt e aig (fear nach ainmich mi air duilleagaibh a *Ghaidheil*) gheobh thu 'n sin na's aill leat. Thill mi do 'n stòr agus thug an clèireach beag luach m' airgid dhomh. Dh' fhalbh mi dhachaidh leis a chloich-mhine agus air dhomh imeachd mu thimchioll ceathramh a' mhile, chuala mi ard-ghlaodh, agus sheas mi a dh' fhaicinn co bha glaodhaich; chunnaic mi an clèireach beag a tighinn le mor chabhaig am dheigh; dh' fheoraich mi "ciod a bha dhìth air," "Tha chlach mhine a dhìth orm" thubhairt e, "cha toir an t-ard-chleireach gràinne mine dhutsa. Thug e geur ordugh dhomh do leantuinn na 'm b' eigin e 'chum do thighe agus a' mhin a thoirt bhuat." Thug mi 'mhin dha agus thug e dhomh an t-airgiod air ais. 'S e anmoch Disathurn a bh'ann; bha mo bhean agus mo chlann gun lòn airson na Sàbaid. Bha mi 'n càs cruaidh, ach dh' fhuasgail Dia orm, or thachair caraid orm a thug clach mhine dhomh airson mo theaghlaich. Rinn spiorad saorsa greim air m'aigne bho 'n la sin. Thubhairt mi rium fhein nach bithinn am thràill na 's mo agus shuidhich mi mo chridhe air teachd do Chanada bho 'n am sin. B'e sin gu cinnteach an gnìomh a b' fhearr a rinn no b' urrainn no cleirich ud a dheanamh dhomhsa, mor bhuidheachas do Dhia airson a mhaithis do-labhairt dhomh fhein agus do m' chloinn. Tha ceud agus trì-fichead acair agam de dh' fhearann saor; tha ceithir eich agus cuing dhamh, maille ri crodh, caoirich agus mucan agam agus seachd mairt bhainne agam, 's cha 'n 'eil mi falamh de dh' airgiod, 's tha mi saor bho ainfhiach. Thubhart caraid eile rium, (a bha 'n comhnaidh air a bhachd ghainmhich mu 'n d' fhàg mi Albainn: tha ceithir mic agam an sealbh air fearann saor, le làn stoc, each, a's dheamh, a's cruidh a's chaorach; agus gheobhainn sia ceud dollar air m' fhacal an diugh ann am Priceville."

Creid mi *a Ghàidhil* shuairce, or 'n 'eil mi a' miannachadh aon neach a mhealladh, gu bheil aoibhneas orm gu 'm faca mi mo luchd-dùthcha an seilbh air fearann saor, air eich, crodh, agus caoirich, saor bho ghuth an fhir-shàruchaidh, gun eagal màil no maoir, no bàirlinn. Mo thruaighe na h-amadain a dh' fhuirich air na bachdan gainmhich, a' tighinn beo air buntàta a's iasg a's maorach an uair a dh' fhaodadh iad a bhi cho sona agus saorsail ri 'n luchd-dùthcha a thainig do 'n tir so. Dh' fhaodainn na h-ainmeann aca agus na h-àiteachan a dh' fhàg iad a thoirt dhuibh, ach cha ruig mi leas. Tha fios agaibh fhein a *Ghàidheil* ionmhuinn air na ceudan dhiubh air am bheil sibh a taoghal gach mios ann an Canada Ard agus Iosal, Ceap Breatunn, Nova Scotia agus iomadh cèarn eile, a dh' fhàg an seann dachaidhean 's a' Ghaidhealtachd no a bha air am fuadach air falbh le ainneart an luchd riaghlaidh, mar a thubhairt H. M'C. coir anns a' *Ghàidheal*;—

Tha miltean 's an aite so thainig a nall
Gun sgillinn na 'm pòca, bha brònach 's an àm
Tha nis aca fearainn 's tha tighean ac' shuas
Eich, crodh agus caoraich, 's cha 'n fhaoineas an luach.

'S mise a *Ghàidheil* urramaich, do charaid dileas

SEANN GHAIDHEAL.

BAS RIGH RAIBEART.

CHUNNAIC Raibeart Brus a nis crioch a shaothrach, 's a thrioblaidean uile, a rioghachd a chur saor o chumhachd 'us ain-tighearnas coigrich sam bith. Ach tharruing na h-easbhuidhean 's na cruadalan triomh an deachaidh e 'n toiseach a rioghachaidh, tinneas air nach gabhadh leigheas, 'n uair nach robh e fathast ach am meadhon aois. Chuir e seachad a' chuid mu dheireadh de 'làithean 'an lùchairt Chairdrois air amhainn Chluaidh. 'N uair a bhiodh dad de fheabhas air, bhiodh e luingeireachd air an amhainn ann am birlinn a bha e 'cumail a dh' aon bhàgh air son sin; agus gu maith tric ag amharc thairis air togail luingeas, araon air son malairt 'us cogaidh, ni a bha e ro dhéigheil air fhaicinn 'an Alba. Bu ro thoigh leis mar an ceudna bhi faicinn aitreabhan na rioghachd a' dol am feabhas, ni anns an robh e féin a' toirt eisimpleir d' a chuid iochdaranaibh.

An uair a dh 'aithnich e 'chrioch a' teannadh ris chuir e fios air àrdmhaithibh na tìr' as am feudadh e earbsadh, agus thug e teann òrdugh dhaibh, air an onair 's air an dìlseachd, a bhi firinneachd d' a mhac, Dabhaidh, agus an crùn a chur air a cheann co luath 's a thigeadh e gu aois a bhiodh freagarrach. Ghairm e thuig' an sin Morair Seumas Dùghlas, agus labhair e ris 'an éisdeachd chàich uile. "A charaid chaoimh," ars' esan, "cha 'n 'eil neach sam bith aig an fhearr a tha fios na agadsa cia mòr an t-saothair agus na fulangais troimh an deachaidh mis' air sgàth còraichean na rioghachd so. 'N uair bu mhò bha mi air mo theannadh thug mi bòid do Dhia, na 'm bithinn air mo chaomhnadh gu crioch fhaicinn air mo chogaidhibh, agus an rioghachd so a riaghladh an sìth, gu 'n rachainn an sin a chogadh an aghaidh naimhdean ar Tighearn' agus ar Slànnighir. Cha do sguir mo chridhe riamh a lùbadh do'n mhiann so, ach cha tug an Tighearn aonta do 'ni so, oir bha ni's leòir agam air mo làmhaibh re m' uile làithean, agus tha mi nis air mo bhualadh leis an tinneas throm so, mar a chi sibh uil', air sheòl 's nach 'eil ni air mo shon ach bàsachadh. Agus o nach urrainn mo chorp dol an sud, rùnaich mi mo chridhe 'chur ann an àite mo chuirp, air son mo bhòid a choimhlionadh. Agus a nis, a charaid ionmhuinn agus dhìleis, a chionn gu bheil fios agam nach 'eil 's an rioghachd air fad uasal is gaisgeile na thusa, tha mi 'g aslachadh gu'n gabh thu os làimh an turuscuain so, agus gu'n diol thu na fiachan so air son m' anma; oir tha 'bharail sin agam air d' fhirinn 's air d' uaisleachd gu bheil mi dearbhta gu'n coimh-gheall thu ciod sam bith a ghabhas tu os làimh. 'S i mo thoil, uime sin, co luath 's a bhàsaicheas mi, gu'n toir sibh an cridh' as mo chorp, 's gu'n toir sibh mu'n airidh splosraidh a chur air, 's gu 'n gabh sibh de 'm chuid ionmhais a mheud 's a shaoileas sibh a bhi pailteas araon duibh féin 's do bhur companachaibh; agus gu 'n toir sibh leibh mo chridhe 's gu 'n càirich sibh e 'n uaigh naoimh ar Tighearn, a chionn nach urrainn an corp so dol an sin." Bha gach neach a bha làthair a' sileadh nan deur ag éisdeachd na h-òraid so, agus an Dùghlasach cùranta mar chàch. 'N uair a fhuair e fo 'anail, fhreagair e gu 'n robh e toirt mile taing do 'n rìgh air son na h-earbsa bha e cur ann; agus gu 'n robh e ro dheònach air ùmhlachd a thoirt gu ro dhìleas d'a àithne.

Thug an rìgh an sin taing dha, 's thug e air gealltuinn, air focal

firinneach ridire, gu 'n deanadh e ni a bha a ag iarraidh. 'N uair a ghcall an Dùghlasach a réir sin e; thug an rìgh taing do Dhia an sin, 's thuirt e gu 'm bàsaicheadh e 'n sìth a chionn gu 'n robh fios aige gu 'n deanadh an duine bu treubhaiche 'n a rioghachd an ni ud air a shon nach b' urrainn e féin a dheanamh riamh.

An déigh so thruimich a thrioblaid air, 's chaochail e anns a bhliadhna 1329, an 7 là de mhios-meadhonach an t-samhraidh. Bha e da fhichead 's a cuig deug a dh' aois, agus 'n a rìgh 23 bliadhna. Rinneadh caoidh mhòr 'an Alb' air a shon. Agus na 'm b' fhiach do Alba cumha dheanamh air son aon sam bith de 'cuid mac, b' e phearsa rioghail so, gun teagamh, a b' fhearr an airidh air an onair sin. Ach bha aobharan an caoidh ni bu mhò na bha iad a' faicinn an là ud. Rinn iad uaigh riomhach mharmoir air a shon ann an coisir chùil Abaid Dhunfermlin. Ghnàthaich an eaglais gach greadhnachas a bha 'n a comas aig àm a bhi 'g a adhlacadh, na 'n deanadh ceòl-thuireadh, 'us tional easbuigean, 'us luchd-dreuchd de gach inbh' 'us ainm e. Ach anns na stadaibh a bha 'n tràths 'us a ris a' dol air ceòl nan innealan, chluinnteadh fuaim a' ghuil 's an tuiridh a measg a chomh-chruinneachaidh lionmhoir ud.

Tha rìgh Raibeart air a chumail fa chomhair luchd-leughaidh mar is trice, mar fhear-cogaidh—mar neach a dhoirt mòran fola. Cha bu deic leis na b' éigin da dheanamh dheth sin 'an dion a bheatha féin, 's a' seasamh còraichean a rìoghachd. Ach tha caochladh nithe sgriobhta mu 'thimchioll a tha deanamh soilleir gu'm bu duin' iochdmhor, truasail e, co maith is gaisgeil riaghaidh cruadail; ach ris nach b' urrainn sinn cadhon beantuinn anns a ghiorrachadh so a rinn sinn air a ghniomharaibh euchdail.

Goirid an déigh bàs an rìgh, dh' fhalbh am Morair Dùghlas, le àireamh maith de luchd-leanmhuinn, air los cridh' a' Bhrusaich adhlacadh 's an uaigh Naoimh 'an Ierusalem. Bha e aig' ann an soireig airgid, crochte m' a amhaich, le sreing de òr 's de shìde. Air an turus do'n àirde near chaidh na h-Albannaich air tìr 's an Spainn. Ghabh rìgh na Spainne riu gu subhach. Thachair gu'n robh cogadh 's an àm eadar Alphonso, rìgh na Spainne, agus Osruin, rìgh nan Sarasach, luchd-leanmhuinn Mhahomcit, a bha 'n déigh sealbh a ghabhail air roinn mhòir de'n Spainn fada roimhe sud. Thug Alphonso air na h-Albannaich aontachadh ri dhol ga chuideachadh an aghaidh nan naimhdean so. Choinnich an dà armailt ann an achadh faisg air Gibraltar. Rinn Alphonso Morair Seumas Dùghlas 'n a Sheanalair air roinn mheadhonach an airm. Chuir a'chuid sin de'n armailt air theicheadh na bha mu'n coinneamh de'n nàmhaid. Ach lean iad an ruaig ro fhada, 's thug na Spainich an aghaidh air creachadh. Ach phill an eachraidh Sharasach air an ais, 's chuartaich iad an tearc a bha 'g an ruagadh. 'N uair a dh' fhairich an Dùghlasach an nàmhaid a' dòmhlachadh timchioll air, dh' fhuasgail e 'n còrd a bha 'ceangal na soireig o 'bhroilleach 's thilg e i fad a ghàirdein do mheadhon an nàmhaid, ag ràdh aig an àm cheudna, "Gabh air thoiseach 's a' chòmhraig mar bu nòs duit, 's leanaidh an Dùghlasach thu, no bàsaichidh e." An sin dh' oibrich e 'chlaidheamh mòr co maith 's gu'n do réitich e àit' anns an robh cothrom dol mu'n cuairt aige. Ach bha na naimhdean co lionmhor 's co guineach timchioll air 's nach robh dol as aige. Fhuaradh a chorp làn

de lotaibh, faisg air an àit' 's an robh an t-soireag airgid le cridhe an rìgh 'n a luidhe. Phill na mhair beò 'an déigh a' bhlair ud de nah-Albannaich dhachaidh. Thug iad leò cnàmhan an Dùghlasaich, agus chuir iad air leth am fear a b' urramaiche 'n a measg air son an t-soireag phrìseil a ghiùlan air ais do Alba. Dh' adhlaiceadh cnàmhan an Dùghlasaich 'n a eaglais féin, maille ri 'aithrichibh. Dh' adhlaic iad cridhe Raibeirt Brus 'an Abaid Mhelros.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1818 bha luchd-oibre 'gearadh bunait air son eaglais ùr a thogail air lathrach seann Abaid Dhunfermlin. Anns a' ghlanadh a bha iad a' deanamh an sin thàinig iad air uaigh rìgh Raibeirt. Bha còmhdachadh luaidhe air a tharruing 'an cumadh crùin aig a cheann, a' cuairteachadh a chuirp. Bha mìrean de'n lìon-eudach òir 's an deachaidh 'adhlacadh fathast ri 'm faicinn. Fhuaradh gu 'n robh na h-aisnean air taobh clí a' broillich air an sàbhadh as a' chéil' air son an cridhe thoirt a mach. Thàinig òrdugh a nuas á Lunuinn na cnàmhan a bhi air an gleidheadh gu cùramach gus am biodh tàmh-thigh ùr air ullachadh air son an càradh ann le mòr urram. Chruinnich mòran de shluagh na dùthcha, iosal 'us uasal, gu sealladh fhaicinn de 'n a bha 'n éis de 'n ghaisgeach chliùiteach. Bha iad a sealltuinn le ioghnadh 'us fiamh air a' chlaigionn 's an robh comhairle co glic a' còmhnachadh uair eigin, agus air a' chnaimh chaithte ud, a b 'e aon uair an gàirdean neartmhor a bhuail gu talamh am Bohun garg.

—o—

A' CHLARSACH, NO 'CHRUIT.

Tha Chlàrsach no 'Chruit 'n a h-inneal-ciùil a tha anabarrach sean. Cha robh ach sia téudan air a' chruit a ghnàthaicheadh 's na céud linntibh ann an Alba, 's ann an Eirinn, ach an déigh sin, chaidh barrachd théud a chur am féum. Bha meas air a' chruit na's mò na bha air inneal-ciùil sam bith eile, agus tha fios againn o sheann bhàrdachd, co maith us o sheann eachdraidh, gu'm bheil an t-inneal sin co aosda ris na Gaidheil fein. Is e cruit a bhi aig neach sam bith aon de na tri nithibh a bha gu dheanamh 'n a dhuin'-uasal, agus 'n a dhuine saor. Cha'n fheudadh a dhànadas a bhi aig fear sam bith amharc air fein, mar dhuin-uasal mar biodh cruit aige, agus cumhachd cluicheadh oirre. Air an làimh eile, cha robh a chridhe aig tráillean sam bith làmh a chur air clàrsaich, do bhrìgh an sin gu'n biodh iad air am meas uasal, agus uime sin, cha robh e ceaduichte dhoibh fein ceòl ionnsachadh, no ceadaichte do neach eile a theagasg dhoibh. B' iad righrean, agus luchd-ciùil nan righrean, àrdmhaithean agus uaislean na tire aig an robh comas clàrsaichean a bhi 'n an ionadaibh-còmhnuidh. Dh' fheudadh ard-uasal clàrsair a bhi aige, ach cha'n fheudadh an clàrsair sin cluicheadh ach am feadh 's a bha e fo cheangal aig a' mhaighstir fein. Ged a thuiteadh duin'-uasal sam bith ann am fiachaibh, cha'n fheudadh an lagh greim a dheanamh air a chlàrsaich air son nam fiach, oir air dha a bhi dh-easbhuidh na clarsaiche, chailleadh e 'urram fein, agus bhiodh e air a mhaslachadh gu inbhe tràille. Tha am mòr-mheas céudna air a' chlarsaich am measg nan Lochlunnach. Bha iad air am meas 'n an uaislibh le lagh na dùthcha a chluicheadh oirre, air an dion o gach cunnart, agus air an teasairginn o gach peanas. Agus cha'n e sin a mhàin, ach bha iad air an toirt a stigh do'n chuideachd a's urramaich, agus bha gach onoir agus meas air

am buileachadh orra. Ach mar a bha linntean a' ruith seachad bha na cleachdaidhnean so 'g an cur a chuid 's a chuid air chùl. Tha'n earrann mu dheireadh dhe'n bhàrdachd mhaisich a rinneadh ann an linntibh fad fad air ais, ris an abrar "Miann a Bhaird Aosda," a nochdadh dhuinn ann am briathraibh tlà, am meas a bha aig an t-seann fheardàn sin air a' chruit fein, oir thubhairt e :—

Ach O! mu'n tig i, seal ma'n triall mo cheò
Gu teach nam bàrd air Ard-bheinn as nach tìll,
Fair cruit 's mo shlige dh' ionnsuidh 'n ròid,
An sin mo chruit, 's mo shlige ghràidh, slàn leibh!

SGIATHANACH.

———o———

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Far nach 'eil an cridhe saibhir, cha'n 'eil ann an saibhreas ach deircean bochd, salach, truagh.

Tha tuigse an duine a tha da rireadh glice mar ghloine. Leigidh i stigh solus nèimh agus a ris leigidh i air as e.

Gus an deachaidh sinn troimh 'n àmhainn theintich, cha robh fios againn air méud na truaillidheachd a thugadh air falbh uainn.

Cha tric leinn aithreachas a bhi oirnne air son gu'n d' fhuirich sinn 'n ar tosd ach is minic a ghabh sinn aithreachas a chionn nach do chùm sinn ar teangadh.

Ma tha duine dichiollach, cùramach, agus glic, tha e cinnteach gu'n teid gach cùis leis ; agus tha a ghiulau a' cur deagh eiseimpleir roimh gach sean agus òg mu'n cuairt da.

Tha an neach sin a tha an còmhnuidh fo dheagh mhisnich ag cleachdadh leighis, a bhios chum slàinte, an da chuid, do'n chorp agus do'n anam.

Cha bu chòir do dhuine deagh obair a thréigsinn, ged nach soirbhich chùisean leis co h-ealamh 's a bha dùil aige. Cuireadh e a dhòchas ann an subhailc, firinn, agus maitheas an Fhreasdail agus thig rath an cois a dhichill.

Tha dà fhoghlum aig gach aon againn. Tha sinn a' faotuinn aon diubh bho mhuinntir eile, agus tha sinn a' toirt dhuinn fein an aon eile.

Tha an ti sin an còmhnuidh saoibhear, a tha an còmhnuidh slàinteil.

Chuir òganach còir, àbhachdach, a' cheist roimhe so ri seann mhaighdinn uasail, a bha air an taobh thall de leth-cheud, agus thubhairt e rithe, "Ciod i do bharail-sa a nis, a bhean-uasal, urramach, mu thimchioll pòsaidh?" "Mu thimchioll pòsaidh," ars' ise, "Tha e ceart cosmhuil ri euslainte sam bith eile, an uair a tha beatha ann, tha dòchas."

Tha moran air am mealladh a thaobh saoibhreis. Tha dùil aig na daoinibh saoghalta, amaideach, farmadach nach 'eil sonas r'a fhaotuinn air uachdar an talmhainn, ach ann an airgiod agus òr. Ach tha mealltaireachd na barail so aithnichte dhoibhsan uile aig am bheil cinn gu smuaineachadh, agus cridheachan gu mothuchadh.

Na dean gaire ri leanabh ged a chuireadh e ceist, 'n ad bheachd-sa, amaideach. Cha'n 'eil sin amaideach do'n leanabh, agus ma nithear gàire ris, bithidh e an cunnart a mhiseach a thoirt air falbh. Ge b'e co iongantach, faoin, agus diomhain 's a dh' fhéudas ceistean na cloinne a bhith, tha iad airidh air freagradh cairdeil agus deas fhaotuinn.

Is lionmhor iad a ta ann an cabhaig gu fas beartach, a chi gur amaideach an giùlan fein, oir feuchaidh beagan ùine gu'm bheil iad ann an cabhaig gu bhi air an creach. Is iad na daoine a shaoithricheas gu foirfe, ciùin, stòlda, na daoine as feàrr a shoirbhicheas anns an t-saoghal. Is tric leò-san d'an cleachd a bhi'deanamh nithe gu cabhagach, gu'm féum iad na nithe céudna a dheanamh dà uair.

Tha dearrsa aig soirbheachadh saoghalta a ta ealamh air shùlean dhaoine a dhalladh. An uair a chithear duine ag éiridh suas anns an t-saoghal, tha beachd agus barail ro mhòr air an gabhail dheth. Theirear, "Nach iongantach an duine so a dh' éirich co h-ealamh suas?" Cha'n 'eil smuain idir air a gabhail mu'n fhirinn, gur iad an duslach, a' chomnlach, agus na h-itean, nithe gun chudthrom, agus air bheag luach, na nithe gidheadh a's luaithe agus a's ealamh a dh' éireas suas. Cha'n iad an còmhnuidh

na daoine mora agus maithe a's luaithe a dh' eireas suas gu maise agus moralachd shaoghalta.

COMHAIRLE.

Na bi os ceann do chèaird no do dhréuchd, ciod air bith a' chèaird non dreuchd a' dh' fhéudas a bhi ann. Dean dichioll gu bhi ag éiridh suas 'n ad ghairm fein. Tha esan a tha 'togvil a' shròine ri 'obair fein, gu h-amaideach a' connsachadh ris an aran agus ris an im aige fein. Is bochd an gobhainn esan a throdas ris na sradaibh a dh' éireas o'n innein aige fein. Cha'n 'eil nàire no masladh ceangailte ri' gairm onoirich sam bith. Na biodh eagal ort do lamhan a shalchadh oir tha'n t-uisge chum an glanadh gu saor, pailt r'a fhaotuinn. Tha gach ceaird maith do'n luchd-cheairde—ach dean faicill an aghaidh aon ni,—'s e sin an leisg. Tha na's leoir r'a dheanamh 's an t-saoghal so air son gach paidhir lamh a gheibhear ann ; agus feumaidh sinn obair a dheanamh chum gu'm bi an saoghal na's beartaiche air duinn a bhi 'gabhail còmhnuidh ann. Is fhad o'n chual sinn nach "leig an leisg da deoin duine air slighe chòir sam bith."

S.

URNUIGH DHURACHDACH.

RINNEADH an urnuigh a leanas, ma 's fhìor, le tuathanach còir Gallda de mhuinntir Siorrachd Dhunbreatunn, 's a' bhliadhna 1804, an uair a bha na Frangaich a' bagradh air tighinn a nall :—

"A Dhia beannaich an tigh so 's gach duine 's beathach a tha stigh, 's mar dhà mhìle de dhà thaobh an tighe. O, beannaich am mart, agus a' mhin, agus an gàradh-càil, agus baile mor Dhunbreatunn.

"Beannaichan Trup Glas a tha 'n gearrasdan Hamilton. Is gillean sgairteil fearail iad—cha' b' ionann iad fhein 's na cìleagan Shasannach, a bhuaileas an cas air cloich, agus a their : 'Am fear ud anam na cloiche,' mar gu'm biodh anam 's a' chloich.

"O, tog gàradh-droma làidir eadar sinn 's na Frangaich, ach ear gu mor is treasa eadar sinn 's na béistean Eirionnach.

"A Thighearna, teasraig sinn bho bhuidsichean, agus bho bhan-bhuidsichean, 's bho gach piastaig a shnàigeas air feadh an fhraoich.

"A Thighearna cuir braighdean dùbailte mu amhach righ na Frainge, agus thoir dhomhsa ceann na teadhrach, gus a thoirt air cheann leam an rathad is àill leam. Amhuil bitheadh.

A thaobh ar teachd-an-tir tha moran deth 'ga mhilleadh le ana-caitheadh. Fàgar cuid dheth 'nar soithichibh,—théid cuid dheth 'san teine,—agus tilgear cuid dheth a mach. Tha e cinnteach gu'm bheil comas againn air so a dheanamh, oir is leinn fein e. Cheannaich no choisinn sinn e. Phaigh sinn am fuineadair, agus am feoladair, ach cha do phaigh sinn Esan a rinn an teachd-an-tir, agus cha'n urrainn sinn ath-dhioladh a dheanamh Dha-san le h-airgiod no le h-òr. Uaith-san tha sinn a' faotuinn ni's leòir air san ar feumalachd fein, ach cha'n 'eil sinn a' faotuinn còir. Uaith-san gu ana-caitheadh a dheanamh air a' chuid a's lugha de thoirbheartas a fhreasdail fein d'ar taobh.

Tha cleachdadh na dichill 'na buannachd mhòir air a sgàth fein. Is e so fior shaorsa an duine sin a ta iriosal. Tha e 'cur dealachaidh ro chomharraichte eadar e agus an neach sin eile a tha ciontach agus truagh. Is e so fior shuaicheantas an urraim a ta aige 'san t-saoghal, agus is e so a bheir air gu'n abair e, "Tha mi a' cumail m' àite fein a'm measg mo cho' chreutairean, a chionn gu'n do choisinn mi e." Tha e 'ga fhaicinn fein saor agus neo-eiseimeileach, agus anns gach comunn feudaidh e a cheann fein a thogail suas

Is searbh an obair a bhi diomhain. Cha'n 'eil ni sam bith ann a dh' fhàgas duine ann staid ni's truaighe na bhi diomhain. Cha'n 'eil aobhar truais ann a ta ni's mò na daoine aig am bheil ùine 'nan laimh fein, agus gun a bhi faicinn car aca r'a dheanamh.

Tha beatha an duine air a roinn 'na tri earrannaibh, agus is iad sin, an earrann a bha, an earrann a ta, agus an earrann a bhitheas. Bu chòir duinn a bhi air ar teagasg leis an àm a chaidh seachad, buannachd fhaotuinn o'n àm a ta làthair, agus gu bhi 'gar giùlan fein ni's feàrr air son an ama ri reachd.

Cha'n e saibhreas mòr, no fuil uasal a ni duine sona. Tha'n da chuid aig mòran de na daoinibh a's truaighe air an talamh. Is sona, siochail, beannaichte an ti sin aig am bheil cumhachd gu cur suas gu foighdinneach le deuchannaibh, agus aig am bheil taingeileachd gu comhfhurtachd a shealbhachadh. Tha 'n tì sin a' tarruing sonais 'a chùisibh eugsamhla na beatha, agus eirichidh gu maith dha a bhos agus thall. Smuainich air so, agus bi glic.

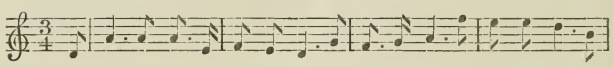
S.

—o—

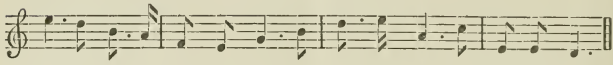
LINN AN AIDH.

LE IAIN MACCUARAIG, AM BOTH-FHIONNTAIN.

GLEUS C.



. R | l:-.l : l .,m | f . m : r :-.S | f .,s : l:-.f¹ | m¹ .m¹ : r¹:-.T |



m¹:-.r¹ : t .,l | f . m : s : -.T | r¹ .,m¹ : l :-.d¹ | m . m : r : -‖

"An uair 'bha 'Ghàilig aig na h-eòin,"
Bha 'm bainne air an lòn mar dhrìùchd ;
A' mhil a' fàs air bàrr an fhraoich—
A h-uile ni cho saor 's am bùrn.

Cha robh daoin' a pàidheadh màil,
Cha robh càin orra no cìs—
Iasgach, sealgach, agus coill
Aca gun fhoighneachd, gun phrìs.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri,
Cha robh connsachadh no stréup ann ;
H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnaidh
Anns an t-seòl' bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air crich, no tòir ;
Bha gach dùil 'tigh'nn beò an sìth ;
Féum sam bith cha robh air mòd,
'S lagh na còrach air a' chrìdh'.

Dh' òr dh' airgiod cha robh miagh,
Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh ;
Bochdainn cha d' fhiosraich neach riamh,
'Us duine cha d' iarr cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh
Anns gach àit' am measg an t-sluaigh,
Eadar far an éirich grian
'S far an laidh i 'n iar 's a' chuan.

Bha gach achadh fo thróm bhàrr
Gu torrach, làn, air a' chluain ;
Bliochd 'us bainne aig an àl—
Innis 's gach àit' aig a' bhuar.

Cha robh féum air cléith no crann,
Chìnn gach ni neo-ghann leis fhéin;
Meas 'us blàs 's a h-uile h-àm—
A' bliadhna 'n a sàmhradh gu léir.

—*An Duanaire.*

Letters to the Editor.

THE OSSIANIC QUESTION.

Altnacraig, Oban, September, 20, 1875.

Sir,—In the Edinburgh Police Court yesterday, a man named Alexander M'Leod pleaded guilty to assaulting a police officer of the Caledonian Railway Company while in the execution of his duty on the previous Saturday, and subsequently two policemen while being conveyed to the police station. It appears the accused was restrained from joining one of the parties at the above-mentioned station because of his

(WARNING TO INTOXICATED RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.
—At the Edinburgh Police Court yesterday, a man named Alexander M'Leod pleaded guilty to assaulting a railway official, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

—At the 2d inst., and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.—A stranger named William Miller admitted having stabbed a fellow-workman named Hugh Forrest in the head, face, and neck with a knife, at Greenside Row, on

conditions against him, he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.—A stranger admitted his guilt, and there being several previous by William Thomson, baker. The accused entered the premises in Kirkgate, Leith, occupied in so far as on the 17th or 18th August last by theft by housebreaking and opening lock-fast places, imprisonment.—Joseph Martin was charged with 16th August last, and was sentenced to nine months' Lubmiray it was found necessary to amputate the injured limb at the shoulder.

EDINBURGH SHERIFF CRIMINAL COURT.—At a pleading diet of this Court held yesterday—Sheriff Davidson presiding—a repeted thief, named Flora Kemp or M'Donald, pleaded guilty to stealing a gown, dress, &c., from the shop window of Robert Oswald, draper, High Street, Edinburgh, on the pair of trousers from the shop window of Robert

TRAMWAY ACCIDENT.—Yesterday afternoon a boy about six or seven years of age, named David Watson, residing with his mother in West Nicolson Street, was run over by a tramway car near St Patrick Square. Along with a companion, he had been swinging on the back of a lorry, and while jumping off, fell in front of a car which happened to be passing at the time. The wheels went over his left arm, and on his being taken to the Royal Infirmary it was found necessary to amputate the

EL,

No. 45.

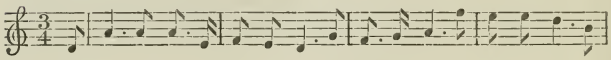
ish prose, under the
e Works of Ossian."
o uphold this opinion
no very remarkable
the subject. It may
ated whether these
ir origin, as Werner
aintained, in Ireland,
ey really had their
in the Shetland Is-
, even with greater
ed as an open ques-
ese poems, in which
of Finnghal, who
240 A.D., speaks of
rst person as a blind
really produced by
, or whether a more
writer had, in the
try, put his works
of this Ossian, just
rds of the twelfth
verally put their
nouths of Taliesin
to poets of the sixth
questions as these
ttical investigation.
ud it can only be
f complete ignor-
f the extraordinary
- Hamilton, Drum-
nd Moore (in the
the Royal Irish
the original Gaelic
ted by Macfarlane
07),—if, after all
re still to be con-
brications of this

Considering the great historical and literary interest which attaches to the poems of Ossian—an interest which is increased by the unsatis-
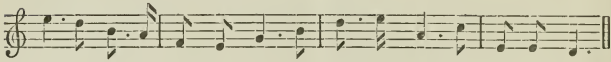
LINN AN AIDH.

Le Iain MacCuaraig, am Both-Fhionntain.

Gleus C.



. R | l:-.l : l .,m | f . m : r :-.S | f .,s : l :-.f¹ | m¹ .m¹ : r¹:-.T |



m¹:-.r¹ : t .,l | f . m : s : -.T | r¹ .,m¹ : l :-.d¹ | m . m : r : -‖

"An uair 'bha 'Ghàilig aig na h-eòin,"
Bha 'm bainne air an lòn mar dhrìùchd ;
A' mhil a' fàs air bàrr an fhraoich—
A h-uile ni cho saor 's am bùrn.

Cha robh daoin' a pàidheadh màil,
Cha robh càin orra no cìs—
Iasgach, sealgach, agus coill
Aca gun fhoighneachd, gun phrìs.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri,
Cha robh connsachadh no stréup ann ;
H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnaidh
Anns an t-seòl' bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air crich, no tòir ;
Bha gach dùil 'tigh'nn beò an sìth ;
Féum sam bith cha robh air mòd,
'S lagh na còrach air a' chrìdh'.

Dh' òr dh' airgiod cha robh miagh,
Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh ;
Bochdùinn cha d' fhiosraich neach riamh,
'Us duine cha d' iarr cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh
Anns gach àit' am measg an t-sluaigh,
Eadar far an éirich grian
'S far an laidh i 'n iar 's a' chuan.

Bha gach achadh fo thróm bhàrr
Gu torrach, làn, air a' chluain ;
Bliochd 'us bainne aig an àl—
Innis 's gach àit' aig a' bhuar.

Cha robh féum air cléith no crann,
Chìnn gach ni neo-ghann leis fhéin;
Meas 'us blàs 's a h-uile h-àm—
A' bliadhna 'n a sàmhradh gu léir.

—*An Duanaire.*

BALMORAL CASTLE, September 20.
THE Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Christian were present at divine service in the Parish Church at Crathie yesterday.
The Rev. A. Campbell, minister of Crathie, officiated.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. SEPTEMBER 1875. No. 45.

ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE POEMS OF OSSIAN,

BY DR. AUGUST EBRARD.

The following article is a translation from the German work bearing the title, "Ossian's Finnghil Episches Gedicht aus dem Gälischen Metrisch, und mit Beibehaltung des Reims übersetzt; von Dr. August Ebrard, pebst einem Anhang über Alter und Echtheit von Ossian's Gedichten. Leipzig: Brochhaus, 1868." Unfortunate as the Ossianic question has been in this country, from the partiality of one party, and the prejudice of another, it cannot be but interesting to hear the verdict of an impartial spectator, in the shape of a well-trained German scholar. I have therefore thought it worth while to get the Discourse appended to Dr. Ebrard's Fingal translated by a person well versed in the German language; and I have, at the same time, taken the liberty of giving a few touches myself, in one or two places, where I plainly saw that the meaning of the author had been either imperfectly apprehended or awkwardly expressed. Of course, I am not answerable for the author's opinion, or any errors that he may have made in matters of fact.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Altnacraig, Oban.
August 1875.

IT is but a short time since I came upon a passage in Ehlert's "Days in Rome,"—a book bearing witness to a many-sided erudition—where Ossian's poems are designated "the most magnificent mystification of modern times." We observe that this author swears allegiance to the opinion set forth with great assurance by Shaw (1780) and Laing (1800), that these poems are not even genuinely Gaelic, but fabrications of his own, which the student, James Macpherson, published in 1762, in English prose, under the title of "The Works of Ossian." To continue to uphold this opinion shows, truly, no very remarkable knowledge of the subject. It may still be disputed whether these poems had their origin, as Werner and Johnson maintained, in Ireland, or whether they really had their first existence in the Shetland Islands. It may, even with greater justice, be treated as an open question, whether these poems, in which Ossian, the son of Finnghal, who reigned about 240 A.D., speaks of himself in the first person as a blind old bard, were really produced by this same Ossian, or whether a more modern Gaelic writer had, in the interests of poetry, put his works into the mouth of this Ossian, just as the Welsh bards of the twelfth century have severally put their songs into the mouths of Taliesin and Merdinn (two poets of the sixth century). Such questions as these are worthy of a critical investigation. On the other hand it can only be held as a proof of complete ignorance, if now, after the extraordinary investigations of Hamilton, Drummond, O'Reilly, and Moore (in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,") after the original Gaelic text has been edited by Macfarlane and Sinclair (1807),—if, after all this, these poems are still to be considered as the fabrications of this man.

Considering the great historical and literary interest which attaches to the poems of Ossian—an interest which is increased by the unsatis-

factory atmosphere of vagueness in which the whole subject floats, especially in Germany; bearing in mind also the terms of commendation in which Goethe spoke of their poetical quality, it cannot be doubted that men of intelligence and culture will be ready to give these poems a hearty appreciation, provided they be presented to them in a translation which preserves the character and grace of the original.

This question divides itself into a negative and a positive side; first, we lead evidence to prove that Macpherson is not the author of these poems; second, we make an investigation as to their actual antiquity and origin.

The history and quality of Macpherson's translation would have sufficed as proof on the first point, even if the existence of older manuscripts had not been added.

After the Jacobite rising against the house of Hanover, those Highlanders who had retained the Gaelic language, manners, and clan-government, were an object of suspicion to the Government, and of contempt to the cultivated English-speaking public. Their speech was considered discordant and rough; no one concerned himself about their doings, beyond the jurisdiction of police control and oppression; no one had any idea of the existence of a Gaelic literature. In such a state of things, it was no slight merit when it occurred to Rector Hieronymus Stone of Dunkeld (1756) to turn his attention to the songs which lived in the mouths of the Gaels, and to publish some samples of them in the form of an English prose translation in the "Scottish Magazine." The high poetical beauty of these samples, the splendid imagery and descriptions of nature, and the enchanting fragrance which pervaded the whole, awakened the attention of John Home, the poet, and of Hugh Blair, the scholar. Urged on afresh by their eulogiums, James Macpherson, an English theological student, at that time tutor in the house of Colonel Graham, determined to set about making a collection of Gaelic national songs. In 1760, he edited some new samples, and, in 1762, an English prose translation of the collected "Poems of Ossian," of which the two great epics, Finnghal and Timora, are the most remarkable. The profound sensation which these poems made, alike in Britain and on the Continent, is known. Goethe has borrowed one of them, "The Song of Selma," in his "Werther" (1773). The abbot Cesarotti of Padua prepared an Italian translation in 1773. Lieutenant-Colonel Baron von Mannheim, in the Rhenish Palatinate, produced a tasteless German translation in 1775, to which, moreover, he permitted himself to add, as Ossianic, some original imitations. Soon Ossian was translated into all languages. In the meantime, also, at Edinburgh the Highland Society had been founded—a society for the investigation of the Gaelic language, customs, and antiquities. In the year 1764, the "Journal des Savants" brought forward, for the first time, the assertion—afterwards repeated by the Englishmen Shaw and Laing—that James Macpherson had offered to the world his own productions, instead of old Gaelic songs. When, in 1766, Macpherson, on his return from Florida, where he had accompanied the Governor Johnstone as secretary, heard of this in conversation with his confidential friends, specially Dr. Carlyle, he expressed himself in the strongest terms against this style of criticism;

but before the public the thing was at first kept intentionally in the shade, because it flattered his vanity to be taken for such a great poet. Certainly those who have read the poems which Macpherson composed himself, and had already published under his own name in 1758—four years, or even more, before his edition of Ossian, must be convinced by a glance at these poems, that the author of such productions could not have been also the author of a Finnghal or a Timora. But he would have dealt the decisive blow to all doubters by the publication of the original Gaelic text, and such, in fact, was his design. He consigned several Gaelic manuscripts to a friend, John Mackenzie, who was a member of the Highland Society; and on these manuscripts we still find marginal notes in his writing, such as the following: "Delivered the three duans of Cathloda, as complete as the translation;" "Delivered all that could be found of Carthon;" "The original of Calthon and Colmal given to Mr. John Mackenzie;" &c. There were two difficulties, however, in the way of this publication. In the first place, as can easily be understood, no subscribers could be found, for there was hardly any one among the educated public of Scotland and England who understood this difficult language, and still fewer who cared to learn it, in order to read in troublesome Gaelic what they could so conveniently, as they thought, read in Macpherson's translation. Beyond all this, it was found that Macpherson's MS.—these songs had been dictated to him by Gaels—was so illegibly written, that he would have been obliged, in the first place, to have prepared a copy for the compositor. Under such circumstances, he had the less courage and inclination for such a tedious labour, from having of late turned his attention entirely to politics. Nevertheless, the increasing critical attacks on the genuineness of Ossian at length roused him from this apathy; in 1784, he made new efforts to render an edition of the original old text possible. But this was vain in Scotland; till, at last, in the year 1790, there came a delightful letter from the far East Indies; certain Highland gentlemen there, who remembered having heard these poems in the Gaelic language from their youth, had contrived to make a collection, and transmitted a sum of money to defray the expenses of publication. Macpherson set himself to work, and, with the help of Captain Morison, prepared a clean, legible copy, and even published a printed proof in the genuine Greek characters, because, after the time of Julius Cæsar, the Celts made use of the Grecian alphabet. Scarcely, however, had this printed proof appeared, when Macpherson died (February 1796).

And now the work came once more to a stand-still. The Rev. Thomas Ross of Edinburgh, a well-qualified judge of Gaelic, found the orthography faulty, and therefore changed and rewrote the entire MS. John Mackenzie was now to have conducted the printing, but he died, and his son George delivered up the collected MSS. to the Highland Society of London. On the 17th May 1804, this society appointed a commission, with Sinclair at its head. Macfarlane prepared an excellent interlined Latin version, which gave the Gaelic text word for word, and in that way greatly facilitated the reading. With this translation, the work now appeared in two large octavo volumes: "Dana

Oisein mhic Finn. The Poems of Ossian" (London: 1807).

The Gaelic text at once bore witness that Macpherson had not been capable of making a grammatically correct translation, much less of composing such poems. As he had had these songs repeated or dictated to him by Gaels, his deficient knowledge of the language had led him into some comical mistakes, which were now brought to light. Out of a hundred such instances, take the following: the king calls out to a hero fallen in battle, "May his soul come to his successors." Such is Macpherson's translation. But what does that mean? In his MS. also it stands *anam*, "soul." Clearly, however, it must mean *ainm*, "name,"—"May his name descend to future generations." The two words sound precisely alike in Gaelic (äin'm), and so Macpherson has confused them as he wrote from dictation. In Timora ii. 213, Cathmor, after rejecting a proposal to make a sally by night, says, "Every leader with his troop shall be asleep;" the word *neul* occurs more frequently with this metonymical meaning; the original meaning, however, is "cloud," and therefore Macpherson translates right off: "Every leader shall be under the shade of his army." In the same way, page 262, *et seq.*, the original says, "The warriors were overcome; the sheen of the reflection (scil. of their weapons) was in conflict with the stars." Macpherson translates: "The warriors turned themselves glittering towards the stars."

But to these mistakes in the language there were added blunders as to the substance, and in matters of taste. In the first song of Finnghal, verse 313, *et seq.*, there is in the original the following simile: "As a river, foaming, grey, flows down from the iron-grey steep of high Cromlac, the thunder rolls along the heights, and black night lies on the face of the rocks, and cold grey spirits look out from the brink of the dashing torrent." It forms a united picture; the thunder is that of the rushing stream, the black night is that of the defile, and the sparkling torrents by which the gazing spirits of the mist stand are no other than the gushings of the cascade itself. Because, however, the word *fras*, "water-stream," is sometimes used to signify stream of rain, Macpherson has allowed himself to be misled by that, and by the word thunder into the idea of a thunderstorm, and has, with that idea in his mind, given this translation: "As rushes a stream of foam from the dark, shady deep (!) of Cromla; when the thunder is travelling above, and dark, brown night sits on half the hill; through the breaches of the tempest look forth the dim faces of ghosts."

In truth, to these misunderstandings—to this destruction of the unity of imagery—to this sad medley of inappropriate ideas, we may ascribe the misty, obscure, weak, and confused impression which the poems of Ossian make upon one. In the original everything is clear, strong, exact; mists are indeed mentioned, but they play no higher and no other part than that which Nature has assigned to them in the Highlands of Scotland. Macpherson's errors are not merely those of omission, but also of commission. Where there is no mystification on a large scale, he has permitted it to himself on a small scale. In order to make his Ossian suitable to the taste of his time—that bombastic period of Klopstock,—he has permitted himself, chiefly in similes and descriptions of nature, to invent

additional verses or lines, of which there is no trace in the original written down by his own hand. Especially in descriptions of nature he has inserted verses of the psalms or phrases in which he has himself imitated such verses; and it is just such passages which are so foreign in their nature to the character of the Scotch Highlanders, and which so evidently show remembrance of the psalter which have called forth, and lent a handle to, criticism. One could not easily comprehend, how poems which had their origin in the dark age of heathendom could be in such accord with the Bible. There are no such objections to be made against the original.

Now the voluntary and involuntary changes which Macpherson has made in the original bear the strongest evidence that he did not compose these poems in English, and then deceitfully translate them into Gaelic; but, on the contrary, first heard them in Gaelic, and then translated them faultily into English. But all doubts must vanish as soon as it is proved that written records of these poems existed in another quarter, in the Gaelic tongue, long before 1760. But this is proved, even though by a rare misfortune none of these records have been preserved to our day.

Peter Macdonald, a chaplain to Lord Macdonell of Glengarry from 1660 to 1680, had, as we know by means of written records of the same, made a collection of Gaelic poems.

What has become of these records we cannot say with certainty. It is, however, very probable that it was the same manuscript which reappeared in the Macdonell family about 1740.

To wit, an old captain, John Macdonald of Clan Ranald on oath gave the explanation to the Highland Society:—His father, residing in Skye, had in his possession about two hundred Gaelic poems, and had them rehearsed to him by an old man, eighty years of age. The deponent himself, as a lad of twelve or fifteen, had learned these poems from the old man and knew them by heart. (As he was born in 1725 this was 1737-40.) Several of these poems bore the name of Ossian; one contained the story of a maiden who had fled to Finnghal's tribe for protection, also a description of the horse which drew Cuchullin's war-chariot.

These two poems are actually to be found in the epic "Finnghal." The first story is an episode in the life of Ineabhaca, the Norman king's daughter, who, in order to escape from the courting of Corla, fled to Treun-Mhor, an ancestor of Finnghal ("Finnghal," vi. 59-167); the second is the passage, Song i. b. 377, *et seq.*

Captain Macdonald depones further, that a clergyman, living at Buckies near Thurso, also by name John Macdonald, had written out these poems, (as repeated by him?) But the deponent also knew Mr. Macpherson, who had sought him out at Sleat in the Isle of Skye, and caused him to dictate many of these poems to him. The poems published by Macpherson, but especially "Finnghal," "Cathloduin," "Caomhmhala," "Caraig-Thura," "The Battle of Finnghal with Loda," and others, had been well known to the deponent from his childhood. Such is the statement, made under an oath, by a very old man, even then near the grave.

As he further deponed, he himself no longer possessed his father's old manuscript. It had been stolen from him before the year 1763, and conveyed to Ireland.

Here, however, further traces are discovered. Walker, in his "Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards" (1786), relates, p. 41, *et seq*: A lady in Ireland saw, in the possession of a peasant, two volumes of Irish MS., from which she often heard him reading to the other peasants. Afterwards, when she became acquainted with Macpherson's Ossian, to her great astonishment she found once more those poems which had been in the peasant's book; especially, she remembered that the latter contained "Carthonn."

Perhaps it was the MS. which had been stolen from Macdonald which had come into the possession of that peasant, perhaps it was another. Considering the identity of the Irish and Gaelic tongues, there is nothing astonishing in the lady designating these poems as "Irish."

The Fraser MS. is a third, the existence of which has been ascertained. A Mrs. Fraser, of Culbokie, had first taught John Farquharson, a Catholic priest, Gaelic. It was she who first called his attention to the beauties of Gaelic poetry (about 1745). She possessed a MS. of such poems, which she called "A Bolg Solair" (The Great Treasure). Simon Fraser, the son of this Mrs. Fraser, went, with his family, in 1773, to America, and took the MS. with him. He died in captivity as an English officer during the war. Two of his sons, William and Augustus, still lived in Canada in 1806. What became of the MS. has not been discovered.

Farquharson had himself taken a copy; it was a folio three fingers thick. Farquharson, from 1760 to 1763, lived as principal of a Scotch college in Dinant; in 1767, Glendynning of Parton sent him Macpherson's English Ossian. He discovered—and, as James M'Gillvray, at that time his pupil, afterwards bore witness—declared the "Finnghal," the "Timora," and several others of Macpherson's poems to be identical with the original text, at that time in his possession, only they were here and there very badly translated. On his return to Scotland in the year 1773, Farquharson visited the town of Douai and the Scottish monastery there, and gave up his MS. to its scholars, being of opinion that they should become acquainted with that poetry. When the student Chisholm (afterwards bishop) left Douai four years later, the MS. was still to be found there, but the students, who did not understand any Gaelic, had already torn out many of the leaves to light cigars. During the French Revolution, the college of Douai was, in 1792, suddenly closed and sealed, before there was any possibility of the professors and students removing anything from it; and, a year after, the monastery, with the books, manuscripts, and documents, which it contained, was burned to the ground.

All the testimony which had so far been given as to the genuinely Gaelic origin of the poems of Ossian, was known in 1807 to the publishers of the original text, Sinclair, Macfarlane, and the Highland Society. In addition, this Society had made an attempt to find something in the way of oral tradition about the text of Ossian; the attempt was not altogether in vain, for if they discovered nothing new, the old was at least once more confirmed. For the investigators, well versed in Gaelic, found great portions of "Finnghal" still in the mouths of the inhabitants of the Hebrides. In this way they suc

ceded in collecting 1500 verses which corresponded even in the smallest particulars with the Gaelic text left by Macpherson.

John Mackenzie communicates a further testimony in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" (Glasgow 1865), p. 61, *et seq.* On the 9th August 1800, Lachlan Mac Muirich—then fifty-nine years of age (b. 1741)—deponed, that in the Castle of Torlum, near Inverness, he, eighteenth descendant of the bard Muireach in Clan Ranald, who lived about 1600, had acted as bard in the house of Macdonald, and that his father, Neil Mac Muirich, had written a history of the house of Macdonald. He remembered that his father possessed as an heirloom from his ancestors, a manuscript of Ossian's poems written on parchment; these had been bound, whereas the poems of other bards were written on separate loose leaves of parchment. Moreover his father had in his possession a paper MS. called "the Red Book;" this, written by many of his ancestors in succession, contained, besides a history of the Highland clans, a portion of Ossian's works. But, when his family was despoiled of their feudal position as bards, the desire for such things vanished; the books were sold; it is likely that the parchment was cut up for tailoring purposes. Both the books were written in the old Gaelic writing in use originally in Ireland and Scotland; his father was able to read the writing, but he was not himself able to read it, and therefore sold the books.

He could not even sign his name! He signed the record of his presence as a witness with a cross.

Our hearts might bleed when we think of possessing such a MS. up to the very beginning of our century, and seeing it disappear under our very eyes.

With such testimony it is now proved that Macpherson was not the author of these poems, and much more, that the original Gaelic text existed not merely ten years, but hundreds of years before Macpherson.

According to the opinion of the Highland Society as expressed by them in their "Reports on Ossian," this testimony has proved a great deal more than this—no less than the genuine Ossianic composition of these poems, their origin in the third century after Christ. We, as thorough Germans, must be permited to inquire into both questions. The first is answered, the second is yet to be discussed.

We begin with the general question, whether the songs which Macpherson collected were modern or ancient.

The Mac Muirich MS. points us to earlier times, not, indeed, because of the old Gaelic writing, for although it has been proved that the Latin alphabet displaced the old characters as early as the fourteenth century, we have seen from Mac Muirich's own confession that his forefathers, in family and position, continued to use the old writing, through affection and fancy, in the "Red Book" in which they wrote successively. It is much more important to observe that the Ossianic M.S. is parchment, and not like the "Red Book," paper. This costly material which went out of use in the twelfth century on the continent, and in the thirteenth century in Scotland, was certainly no longer used after the thirteenth century; it would probably be used chiefly for books which had a high authority like that of the Bible. Thus the bards must have considered Ossian to be a book of quite special dignity in the thirteenth and fourteenth century;

but the wonder rather is in fact, that they should have written it at all! It was at that time a standing custom among the bards to transmit poetical productions only by learning them off by heart. Already Cæsar tells us (Bell. Gall., 6, 14), that the Druids made their pupils learn *magnum numerum versuum* by heart. We have yet more exact information from Welsh sources, from the ninth to the fourteenth century. The students began their studies, as *mebinogg hyspyddaid* or freshmen, by learning songs by heart. Only when they had some thousand verses faultlessly and firmly impressed on their memories, were they advanced to be *dyscyblaid*. In this way the majority of poetical productions were orally transmitted from generation to generation, without essential corruptions of the text, and thus we are able to understand how Macpherson, Mrs. Fraser, Farquharson, and others have been able to obtain by oral tradition, from the bards a good, and in the main, pure text of these poems. But if these poems of Ossian were also transcribed on costly parchment, he received the glory which distinguished the *filidh* or *pryddydd*, the poet of lofty imagination, from the bard or ordinary professional singer, who had a place in every noble house. Only if, by public acclamation, and by the voice of the assembled bards of the country from their Eisteddfod, a man was recognised as *pryddydd*, only if one had a right to wear the red robe of a prince, only in such a case were his poems to be transmitted to future generations in writing. The author of these works, who bears the name of Ossian, must have been such a recognised poet. And we need not seek for him later than the thirteenth century. When we consider that the written productions of Welsh bards at present extant reach back, as Thomas Stephens has shown in his prize essay on the history of Welsh literature, into the sixth century, such a *terminus ad quem* for Ossian will appear anything but excessive.

And in fact we now find, from the eighteenth century and upwards, traces of testimony, borne by educated men, that the Gaelic people possessed epic poems of remarkable value. Alexander Macdonald, in his writing, "*Ais ciridh na sean chanoin Albannaich*," 1751, speaks of them; he says that there are all kinds of poetry in the Gaelic literature; he also knew epic poems in that language. Buchanan (about 1600) writes of the Gaels, "*Carmina autem non inculta fundunt, quæ rhapsodi proceribus aut vulgo audiendi cupido recit aut, aut ad musicos organorum modus canunt. Accinunt autem carmen non inconcinne factum, quod fere laudes fortium virorum continet; nec aliud fere argumentum eorum Bardi tractant.*" (They have well thought out poems, to the honour of their ancestors, which, either to do honour to their forefathers, or for the amusement of the greedily attentive people, are recited or sung with a musical accompaniment. Then they will strike up a song, not so ill fashioned either, which celebrates the praises of the heroes, for their bards scarcely occupy themselves with any other subject.) Johnson, the latinist, writes at the time of the Reformation, in his "*Præfatio ad historiam Scotorum:*" "*Quamvis intelligunt omnes plus semper virium et industriæ Scotis fuisse ad res gerendas, quam commentationis ad prædicandas, habuerunt tamen antiquitus et coluerunt suos Homeros et Maro nes, quos Bardos nominabant. Hi fortium virorum facta versibus heroicis et lyrae modulis*

aptata concinebant, quibus et præsentium animos acuebant ad virtutis gloriam, et fortitudinis exempla ad posteros transmittebant. Cujusmodi apud Cambros et Priscos Scotos necdum desiere; et nomen illud patrio sermone adhuc retinent." (Though every one can see that the Scots have expended more diligence and strength in the accomplishment, than words in the praise of heroic actions, yet from old times they have had their Homers and Virgils and have done them honour. They called them "bards." These poets celebrated the deeds of the champions in heroic song accompanied by the harp; in this way they inspired the love of the times for the glory of heroism, and bequeathed examples of courage to future generations. There are still such bards in Wales and Scotland, and they still bear the same names.)

These sentences direct us, in the first place, to a time before the Reformation century for the blossoms of Gaelic bardic lore; in the second place, they show us that even in that century the Latinist Johnson recognised, as old relics, important epics (*antiquitus habita et culta*) which he ventured to compare with the works of Homer and Virgil.

Thus we need not inquire later than the fourteenth century; beyond that the path is open to us. Do these poems themselves not tell us something of their origin and author? Most assuredly. The poet, whom we have to thank for these poems, speaks of Ossian, the son of Finnghal, as of himself in the first person. (Compare the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth song; further, Song 4, verse 410 *et seq.*, Song 5, verse 416 *et seq.*, and others.) The same explanation meets us in "Timora" and in other poems of Ossian.

The poet thus interweaves his personality with the adventures which he recounts. He is Ossian, the son of King Finnghal; he has fought battles, once he loved Toskar's daughter, and now, as a blind solitary old man, he sings in deep grief of the proud days of his youth.

But it is just this sadness bordering on sentimentality, which one might think suspicious, and which might be a proof rather of forgery than of authenticity. One might say that it would be much more easily conceived that a later poet, wishing to put his songs in Ossian's mouth, should have done this with such calculated emphasis, than that the true Ossian, a rough soldier of the third century, should, in such a peculiarly modern fashion, give himself up to melancholy recollections.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Celtic poetry of the bards collectively, the Welsh as well as the Irish Gaelic, did not observe the sharp division between the Lyric and the Epic, to which we have become accustomed through the ancient classical poems. In almost all the war-songs which we have—and there is a goodly number of them from all the different centuries—the bard mingles his subjective reflections, relates his own story, and bemoans or lauds his fate. And that sadness, which in the mournful passages of Ossian seems to us so modern, is quite as noticeable in the songs of many another bard who, like Ossian, had once fought bravely on the side of his king. And in Ossian's poems, not a few of the heroes speak of their sad recollections of the dead love of their youth, in just the same manner as the bard himself. And, moreover, one must admit that these

mournful passages are extraordinarily simple, true and touching, and have the appearance of anything rather than of a modern manufacture.

But if this element of subjective sentiment does not tell against a genuine Ossianic authorship, the rest of the material of the poems, speaks decidedly in favour of it. What Ossian communicates as historical material, has been proved to be historical fact. The Invasion of Ireland by a Norman host, under King Suaran, when Cuchullin was acting as guardian and regent in the place of the young king, Cormak, forms the subject-matter of "Finnghal." Cuchullin, who in a spirit of haughty confidence ventured on a battle without awaiting the arrival of his allies under the Caledonian king, Finnghal, is defeated. Finnghal now lands with his heroes, and his nobility and heroism shine forth with redoubled splendour as he conquers the conquerors, rescues the vanquished Cuchullin, and secures to the conquered Suaran a safe return to Norway. Now Suhm, the Danish historical investigator, proves in his "Danish History," i., 94 *et seq.*, that there really lived a King Swaran of West Gothland, who, after many piratical voyages, fell into a war with Gram, King of Norway, in the year 240. The voyage to Ireland is thus, according to Suhm's opinion, to be placed some years earlier or somewhere about 238.

And as on the positive side of the question, our epic agrees with the Scandinavian story, so the negative side of the question is important, that in Ossian's poems, we do not find any allusion to, or narration of, the later Norman invasions, neither of that of Hojni in 353, nor of Friedli in 415, nor of King Ring in 436, nor of Rolf, &c. Further, the different poems agree chronologically with each other. Thus Finnghal, in the epic of the same name, at the invasion of Suaran in 238, is a veteran hero with children and grandchildren; in Carul's campaign (218) in "Caomhala" he is a young prince, and in "Timora" (about 255?) an old man.

And along with the substance of the narrative, the description of the state of civilisation points to a primitive time. There is not the slightest reference in these poems to Christianity, or to Christian culture. A poet of the middle-ages would never thus have ignored Christianity. The middle-ages were much too ingenuous to have given a historical description of a former state of civilisation with conformable correctness. A poet of the middle-ages would have Christianised Finnghal just as the poets of the Nibelungenlied have turned the heathen legendary hero Sigurd into a Christian man, Sigfrid, who goes to hear mass. A poet of the middle-ages would have depicted the state of civilisation in his own time, and would have mingled it with the materials for his story, he would not even have known about the state of civilisation in the third century. Ossian gives all this exactly. In his poems the language is purely that of hunters and cattle-breeders, there never occurs the slightest trace of agriculture; the breeding of cattle is held in such estimation that princes and heroes, such as Cuchullin and Carbar, Caibre and Ferd, engage in mortal combat because of a dispute concerning the possession of a fine white cow. From the beginning there is not a word about marriage, in the Christian sense of the word.

(*To be continued.*)



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York . . .	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,
70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line.

GLASGOW
TO
NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—13, 14, & 16 Guineas.

INTERMEDIATE, Seven Guineas.

STEERAGE, Five Guineas.

To New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Passengers booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,
49 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 4to, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d. cloth,

OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE: FINGAL IN IRELAND; OSCAR IN ICELAND.

BY DR. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow: JAMES MACLEHOSE, Publisher to the University.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS,

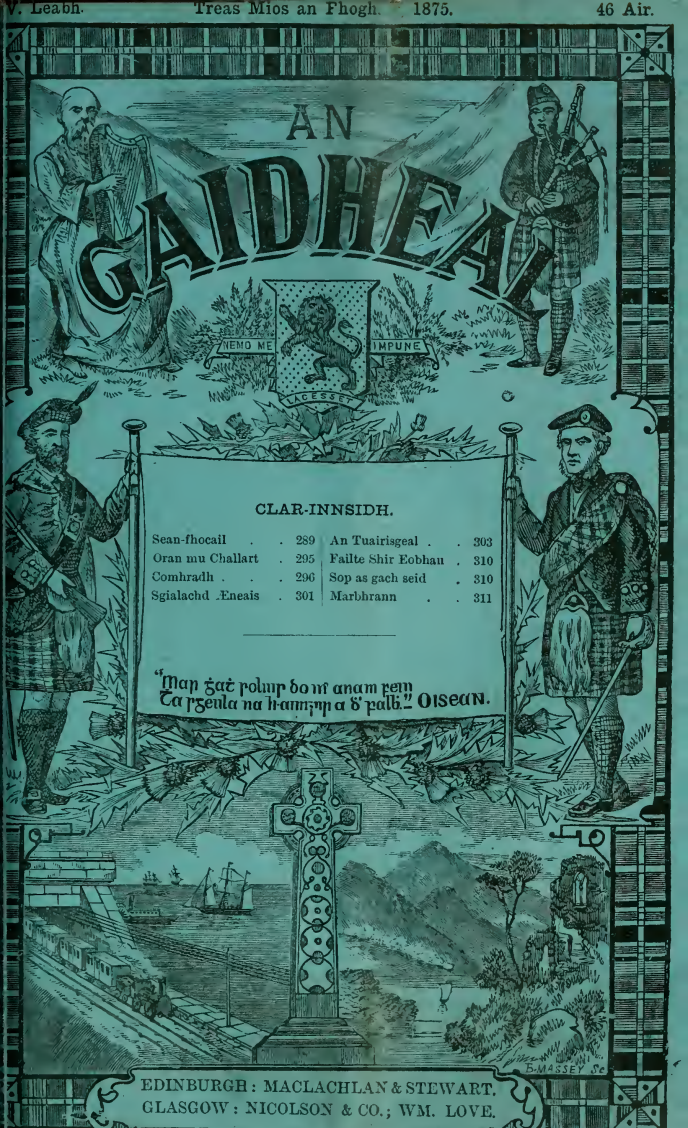
(Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals,)

Iona,	**Mountaineer,**	**Linnet,**	**Staffa,**
Chevalier,	**Pioneer,**	**Cygnet,**	**Glencoe,**
Gondolier,	**Glengarry,**	**Plover,**	**Inveraray Castle,**

Clydesdale and Clansman,

Sail during the Season for Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Tobermory, Portree, Gairloch, Ullapool, Loch Inver, and Stornoway, affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the magnificent scenery of Glencoe, the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, Loch Maree, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.

Time-Bills with maps free by post, on application to DAVID HUTCHESON & CO., 119 Hope Street, Glasgow.



CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail .	289	An Tuairisgeal .	303
Oran mu Challart .	295	Failte Shir Eobhan .	310
Comhradh . .	296	Sop as gach seid .	310
Sgialachd Eneais .	301	Marbhrann .	311

"Map ġaċ polup bo mi anam rein
Ta rzeula na h-anrzip a ś'ralb." OISEAN.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL.

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 46.

Proverbs, ...	289
Callart, a song, ...	295
A Dialogue, ...	296
The Æneid in Gaelic, ...	301
A Highland tale, ...	303
Sir Ewen's Salute	310
Varieties, ...	310
Elegy, with music, ...	311

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

On the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, by Dr. August Ebrard—*Continued*, ...	313
Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, ...	318

ERRATA IN THE GAEL FOR AUGUST 1875.

Page 240, col. 1st, ninth line from bottom, *for* Altain *read* Altair.
Page 241, col. 2d, before ninth line from bottom, insert the line omitted :—
"A rithist bhuail e air an treud,"
Page 242, col. 1st, line fifth from top, *for* mhinich *read* mhisnich.
Page 243, col. 1st, line nineteenth from top, *after* Abhaist *insert* da.
Page 243, col. 2d, line fifteenth from top, *for* Ghibht *read* gheilt.
Page 243, col. 2d, line thirty-second from top, *for* Thròidheadh *read* Thròidheach.
Page 242, in the footnote, *for* Ruchacan *read* Rughachan.

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum ; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

"Mar ghath solais do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

IV. Leabh.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1875. [46 Air.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

X.—LEUM AN GÀRADH FAR AN ISL' E.

Ma tha mi tuigsinn an t-Sean-fhocail gu ceart, 's e so brigh a theagaisg. Anns gach ceum do d'dhleasdanas air thalamh,—anns gach ni a thig fa d'chomhair a bhitheas mar fhiachaibh ort a radh no dheanamh, tha do roghainn de dhà dhoigh agad airson do dhleasdanas a choilionadh. Tha aon de na doighean so na's 'usa, na's seimhe, 's na's modhaile na 'n aon eile; agus tha 'n Sean-fhocal ag iarraidh an doigh is 'usa 's is modhaile 'roghnachadh. Is aithne dhuinn gu leir co bhuaithe tha samhladh an t-Sean-fhocail ag eirigh. Air croitean beaga na Gaidhealtachd tha 'm fearann aitich 's an t-ionaltradh sgarte' o cheile le gàradh. Deireadh an earraich, an uair a theid am pòr 's a' ghrunnd, cuirear an crodh, na h-eich, 's na caoirich cùl a' ghàraidh-dhroma. Cha 'n 'eil, mar is trice, an greim ach lom cùl a' ghàraidh; agus chithear, gu minic, an spreidh a' sealltainn, le suil mhiannach, acrach, air an fhochann ghorm 's air an fheur dhlù a tha cinntinn taobh stigh a' ghàraidh. 'S ann, mar gu'm b'eadh, ri mart òg, gun ghò, a tha earail an t-Sean-fhocail, gu litireil, air a labhairt. Air bò, no air each, no air caora mhi-mhodhail cha ruigear a leas comhairle de 'n t-seorsa so a thoirt. Tha 'n comhairle 'n an ceann fein. Cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic mart a' cur a cinn thar gàraidh, 's a beachdachadh gu geur air a' chuirm a tha fa comhair,—a toirt suil luath a sios agus a suas air eagal gu bheil cù no duine 's an t-sealladh,—a tomhas airde a' ghàraidh r'a neart 's r'a h-acras fein,—a' toirt ceum air a h-ais 's air a h-aghaidh dh'fheuch am faic i bearn no isleach no eadhon àite socrach d'a casan airson a leum, nach aidich ge b'e cho feumail 's a tha 'n earail "Leum an gàradh far an isl' e" a thoirt air daoine, gu'm b'e bhi 'cur ime do thigh àiridh a toirt air crodh.

"Leum an gàradh far an isl' e,"—ach, nach i 'cheud cheist, an coir an gàradh a leum idir? Cha 'n i so, a charaid, a cheud cheist, no 'n dara ceist. Ann am fior bhrigh an t-Sean-fhocail, cha cheist idir i. Tha sinn, gun teagamh, a' cleachdadh an t-samhlaidh—leum a' ghàraidh—gu tric, airson a bhi deanamh an ni nach bu choir. Tha 'n samhladh freagarrach; oir, anns an t-seadh so, 's e 'n gàradh a chrioch a tha eadar am fearann ceadaichte 's am fearann toirmisgte. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach ni mi-laghail a tha 'bhò a' deanamh; agus feudaidh e bhi gu'm b'i cheud cheist a bu choir dh' ise fheoraich, co-dhiu bha no nach robh e ceart an gàradh a leum, an aite iosal no ard. Ach fhreagair am mart a' cheist, ma 's e 's gu'n do chuir i i, mar a fhreagras a' chuid mhor de'n chinne dhaonna i, air a doigh fein. Ma dh' fhaodte gu bheil e cho fior mu

chrodh 's a tha e mu dhaoine gu'm faigh iad,

"Tuilleadh beannachd ann an dùil,
Na an crùn le bhi 'n a sheilbh ;"

ach cha chum so crodh na 's mò na daoine toilichte le bhi 'n comhnuidh a' beathachadh air duil.

Is ceist mhor agus chudthromach a' cheist so mu leum a' ghàraidh—cha teid na's cudthromaiche mu d' choinneamh air thalamh. An còir an gàradh a leum idir ; agus ma tha so ceadaichte air uairean, c'uin' is còir agus c'uin' nach còir, is ceistean iad so a tha tur eadar-dhealaichte, agus na miltean uair na's cudthromaiche na 'cheist a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' dusgadh. Is ceist so a tha buntainn ri ciod tha laghail, agus ciod tha mi-laghail ;—ciod tha ceart agus ciod tha cearr. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' buntainn a mhain ri ceist gu mor is isle na so—eadhon ciod tha iomchuidh no freagarrach agus ciod nach 'eil. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' gabhail os laimh, mar gu'm b'ann, gu'n do chuasaich thu 'cheud cheist; agus gu'n do shocraich thu ann a d' inntinn fein gu bheil e laghail dhuitse, air an àm, an gàradh a leum; agus an sin tha e toirt comhairle-ort airson an doigh anns a leum thu e. Mur biodh a' chuis mar so—na 'm biodh e an teagamh co-dhiu bu choir an gàradh a leum no nach bu choir, bu theagasg cunnartach teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail, oir an sin bu sheoladh e airson euceart a chur an gnìomh air an doigh a bu taitniche 's a bu tearuinte.

Cha 'n 'eil earail an t-Sean-fhocail, ma ta, a' buntainn, ann am fiorbhrigh cainnt chothromaich, ri d' dhleasdanas idir, ach a mhain ri d' bhuannachd 's ri d' thoiliuntinn fein 's do choimhearsnaich ann a bhi 'cur do dhleasdanas an gnìomh. Cha 'n 'eil, mar so, teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail a' buntainn ris a' choguis idir, ach ris an tuigse. Cha 'n 'eil umhlachd a thoirt d'a theagasg ceart, agus easumhlachd cearr, gu bhi labhairt gu neo-chearbach ; ach a mhain buannachdail no caillteach. Bhiodh ar n-Aithrichean gu tric a' cur dealachaidh eadar Lagh 'us Ceartas, agus tha sin comasach, ach dhuinne tha e moran na's feumaile bhi cur dealachaidh eadar na nithean tha ceart agus na nithean a tha mhain iomchuidh no freagarrach. Is ni cunnartach each a chur air teaghair ghoirid ri aodann gairt. Ach ma bheir thu do'n each teaghair cho fada 's gun ruig e air a leoir feoir, cumaidh teaghair gle shuarach á cron e ; mur toir, brisidh an t-acras an teaghair, agus cha 'n ann air feur a chromas an t-each an uair a gheibh e ma sgaoil. Is tric a bha mi smuaineachadh gu'n do ghiorraich sinne an teaghair air uairean gus an deach a briseadh ; agus gu'n cuala mi uair 'us uair teagasg anns an robh feur air a thoirmeasg cho maith ri fochann ;—an e gu'n robh suil a' bhuachaille cho claon no cho dall 'us nach bu leir dha co-dhiu b'e feur no fochann air an robh an treud an tòir ?

'S e do bhuannachd an comhnuidh geill a thoirt do earail an t-Sean-fhocail ; agus tha mi meas gus e do dhleasdanas e mar is trice. Nach e do dhleasdanas do ghnothuch a dheanamh air an doigh is lugha dragh dhuit fein 's is mo toiliuntinn do d' choimhearsnaich ? Nach e do dhleasdanas a' chainnt is modhaile 's is taitniche a chleachdadh a chum do smuaintean a chur an ceill ? 'S e gun teagamh ; ach is aon dleasdanas an gnìomh a dheanamh no 'chainnt a labhairt, agus is dleasdanas tur dhealaichte an doigh air an deanar an gnìomh no air an labhrar a' chainnt. Tha slighe an dleasdanais, air a feabhas, docrach, garbh ; is e do dhleasdanas cho maith ri

d'bhuannachd an ceum is socraiche thaghadh. Feudaidh amannan teachd anns am fairich thu gur e do dhleasdanas, a chum fianuis fhollaiseach a thoirt an aghaidh eucoir no air taobh firinn shonruichte, an ceum is docraiche 's is cunnartaiche 'thaghadh. Gheibh thu air uairean cuid de nithean ri dheanamh 's ri radh, anns a' bheil an doigh air an oibrich thu 's air an labhair thu cho feumail a shonruchadh ris an obair 's ris an labhairt fein.

Ach cha tachair so ach ainmig. An uair a shocraicheas thu ann ad' inntinn fein ciod e do dhleasdanas, tha thu, mar is trice, sabhailte ann a bhi gabhail seoladh an t-Seanfhocail a chum do dhleasdanas a choilionadh. 'S e Modh ann an cainnt agus Seoltachd ann an gniomh teagasg an t Sean-fhocail. A' bheil na feartan so dligheach d'ar Sluagh? Theirinn gu bheil ann an tomhas na's mo na shaoilear; agus co-dhiu 's e mo bheachd gur fiach fheoraich c'aite 'bheil sinn lag, agus c'aite 'bheil sinn laidir anns na cuiseau so. Gheibhear an Sean-fhocal aig na Goill—"*Loup the dyke where it 's laighest.*" Tha e cosmhuil gu'n tug an dara Sluagh an Sean-fhocal o'n t-Sluagh eile. Co aige aca 'chinn e, cha'n fhios duinn, oir bha 'chleachduin o'n d'eirich an samhladh cumanta do'n dà Shluagh. Ach co-dhiu a fhuair sinn an Sean-fhocal na thug sinn seachad e, chaidh a theagasg a sheirm 'n ar cluasan air doigh no dhà rè ar n-Eachdraidh; agus air aon doigh co-dhiu thug sinn geill do'n teagasg nach d' thug moran shluagh eile.

'N ar co-luadar ri coigrich, agus, feudaidh mi 'radh, ri cach a cheile, nochdaidh sinn, ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, 'n ar canain, 'n ar guth, 's 'n ar giulan barrachd meas agus urraim na nochdas na Goill. Anns an ni sin ris an abair sinn *modh*, tha 'n Gaidheal, anns an rioghachd so co-dhiu, fada air thoiseach air a' Ghall. Cha bhiodh e duilich aobhar no dha fhaotainn 'n ar n-Eachdraidh airson cho teom 's a tha sinn air urram 'us meas a thoirt seachad; ach tha mi de 'n bheachd nach ann an Albainn a mhain a gheibhear an Gaidheal air thoiseach anns a' bhuaidh so. Dearbhar gu soilleir, tha mi meas, gu'm buin a' bhuaidh so ann an doigh chomharraichte d' ar Sluagh. Bheir Gaidheil na h-Eorpa barrachd air na Cinnich eile ann an snas an cainnt agus ann am maise an conaltraidh 's an giulain ann an cuideachd. Tha fios againn nach 'eil sluagh 's an Roinn-Eorpa a thig a nios ris na Frangaich ann an snas 's an grinneas, 'n a n-eideadh, 'n a n-cainnt, 'n a n-giulan, 's 'n a n-obair. Airson modh a' chainnt tha 'm Frangach comharraichte. Agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach e 'm boinne Gaidhealach a tha ann am fuil an Fhrangaich a thug a leithid de atharrachadh as an Laidinn, neartmhor, riaghailteach, greadhnach mar iadsan a labhair i, 'us gu'n do thiunndaidh i 'n a Fraingis,—canain shnasmhor, loinnearach, mhilis, gheur. Ann am Breatunn, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach labhair na Gaidheil na's fearr agus na's modhaile, a reir am foghluim, na labhras na Goill. Tha cunntas creideasach againn air urram na Uelseach agus na Manannach ann an labhairt. Co nach cuala mar a shleamhnuich an t-Eireannach a' theanga ri Clach-an-t-sodail; agus co aige nach 'eil fios gu'n do gheuraich e i gu maith 's gu ro mhaith ri Leac-na-fanoid?

Theirear gu tric agus theirear le firinn nach faighear Sluagh an diugh air aghaidh an t-Saoghail, air cho beag foghluim, a labhras cho cothromach, agus a bheir uiread dearbhaidh air bhi faighinn fior

thoilinntinn ann am maise cainnt 'us samhlaidh, ann am Bardachd 's an Seanachas, ri Gaidheil na h-Alba. Bheireadh an dachaidh leth-oireach agus caithe-beatha chairdeil nan Ceann-cinnidh 's nan Uaislean teanga-adh mhodhail 'us giulan cuirteil do'n t-Sluagh; agus thug a bhi ghnath 'g eisdeachd Bardachd 'us Sgeulachdan dèigh dhoibh air smuaintean àrd 's air cainnt ghloin nach do dhealaich riu, ged theirig, ann an tomhas mor, na deagh chleachduinean sin. Cha robh eolas Eachainn Thiristich ro fharsuing, ach chuireadh a sheanachas, ann an urram 's an deisead cainnt, beul-sios air moran de Sgoil-earan Albainn.

"CUAIRTEAR.—An e so Eachann?

"EACHANN.—'S e so fhein, le 'r cead, na tha lathair dheth; a' bheil sibh fhein 'n 'ur slainte?

"C.—Cha 'n fhaod mi bhi gear-an. Co e 'n t-oganach a tha leat an so, Eachainn?

"E.—Sgonn balaich a's mac dhomh, aig a' bheil toil seanachas a bhi aige ribh. Thainig sinn a mach à Tirithe le làn bàta, le cead duibhse, de mhucan granda; agus ma tha leth-uair an naireadair a dh'ùin' agaibh ri sheachnadh, tha sinn fior thoileach 'ur comhairle fhaotainn."

'S e 'n *Cuairtear*, gun teagamh, a sgriobh an comhradh; ach cha 'n 'eil neach a chuala Tiristeach ri seanachas a dh' aidicheas gu bheil maise no blas cainnt Eachainn air a meudachadh.

'S e mo bheachd gu'n dearbh ar canain air doigh no dha gur Sluagh sinn aig a' bheil baigh ris na feartan a tha deanamh suas *modh*. Tha 'Ghaidhlig, gun amburus, 'n a "Cainnt laidir, ruidhteach, is neo-liotach fuaim;" ach 's e teisteanas Dhonnachaidh Bhain is firinniche mu fhior ghne na canain:—

"A' sugradh 's a' bruidhinn le cheile,
A' togail eibhnis, mir', 'us manran;
Siobhalta, farasda, beusach,
Am beul gach neach a ta narach."

Bheirear air aghaidh mar dhearbh-adh air modh nan Greugach cho buailteach 's a bha iad do bhi toirt seachad am beachd air dhoigh sheimh, theagmhach, mar gu b'e 'm 'mmiann eadhon an naimhdean a thoileachadh. Tha am feart so na's comharraichte 's a' Ghaidhlig na eadhon anns a' Ghrengais. Cha 'n 'eil neach a dh' ambairceas roimh 'n Ghràmar Ghaidhlig nach faic gu bheil sinn easbhuidheach anns na doighean labhairt a dhearbhas 's a dh'aich'eas. Cha 'n 'eil *no* no *yes* idir againn. 'S iad a' chuid is deise de'n Bheurla; ach cha 'n fhaighear 's a' Ghaidhlig iad. Cha 'n abair sinn *tha* no *bha* ach ainmig; 's e *bithidh* 'us *bhitheadh* a roghnaicheas sinn. Tha sinn teom air fiosrachadh a thoirt seachad mar gu'm b' ann a' feoraich a bhitheam-aid. Tha sinn cleachdta bhi labhairt oirnn fein 'us air an aon ris a' bheil sinn a' bruidhinn mar gu'm bu neach eile bhiodh ann: "An e so Eachann? 'S e so fhein na tha lathair dheth," &c. Tha mi meas gu bheil a' chleachduin so ag eirigh o'n rùn a bhi cur toil neach eile an aite ar toil fein,—"ann an urram a' toirt toisich gach aon d' a cheile." 'S e an aon bhuaidh inntinn a thug dhuinn na h-uiread de fhocail airson ar graidh do chach a' cheile chur an ceill; agus gu h-araid an doigh labhairt ris an abair iad 's a' Bheurla *Euphemism*, agus 's an aite d' am buin mi *beul-boidheach*. Mar so their sinn an aite *bhusaich e* no *dh'eug e*, *shiubhail e*, *chaochail e;* agus mu neach a tha marbh, *Am fear nach 'eil a lathair*, *Am fear nach maireann*. Anns a Sgireachd 's an do thogadh mi, 's e *A ghin mhaith* a theirear ris an aon mu dheireadh de chluain uireeinean a tha, mar is trice, moran na's lugha 's na's laige na'n corr; agus 's e *Am bogha samhach* a theirear

ris a' chreig air an àirde bheucas an tonn.

Ach foghnadh so an trath's. Dh'fhaodte deagh leabhar a sgriobhadh air an rian so 'n ar canain 's 'n ar litreachas. Dearbhaidh ar canain 's ar n-Eachdraidh gu'm bu daoine modhail, cuirteil ar n-Aithrichean, 'n an cainnt 's 'n an giulan. Anns an rathad so, codhiu, thug sinn làn umhlachd do theagasg an t-Seanfhocail. Ach air an laimh eile, an robh sinn cho seolta 'n ar gniomh 's a bha sinn cho modhail 'n ar cainnt? Their aon de'r Sean-fhocail, "Theid seoltachd thar spionnaidh;" agus aidichidh sinn gu bheil an radh fior. Ach a' bheil sinn an comhnuidh 'n ar n-obair a gleidheadh na firinn air chuimhne? Theirear gu tric nach 'eil. 'S e 'm beachd cumanta mu'r Sluagh, gu bheil iad ro dhàna, ro dheas a dhol an dail cunnairt. An aite a bhi "leum a ghàraidh far an isl' e," nach abrar gu tric gur ann a thaghas an Gaidheal, le combairle shuidhichte, an t-aite 's airde chi e, agus nach foghainn so leis, ach gu'n cuir e tein, le dhà laimh, ploc eile, gu minic, air a' ghàradh, a chum 's gu'n dearbh e do'n t-saoghal nach 'eil neach ann a leumas cho ard riss an? Feudaidh e bhi gu'm faicear air uairean cuid d'er Sluagh g' an gluasad fein air doigh leth chosmhuil ri so; ach cha saoil mi gu'n dearbh ar n-Eachdraidh, agus idir cha dearbh ar Sean-fhocail, gu'm b'e so ar cliu. Bha agus tha ar Sluagh misneachail, neo-sgathach ri uchd cruadail, agus gu ma fada bhios an cliu sin fior; ach is aon ni cunnart a choinneachadh gu calma, agus is ni eile dol g'a shireadh. Cha 'n ionann misneach 'us an-danachd. Tha 'm fior ghaisgeach glic:

> "Na h-iarrsa carraid nan sgiath,
> 'S na diult i air sliabh nan cruach,"

arsa Fionnghal ri Oscar; agus co theireadh gu'n tugadh esan comhairle shuarach air "mac a mhic" as an robh naill cho mor.

Feudar a radh gur e modh 'us faicill 'n ar cainnt teagasg nan Sean-fhocal a tha buntainn ris an ni sin a tha, a reir an Abstoil, eu-comasach —ceannsachadh na teangaidh. Ach gheibh sinn teagasg eug-samhuil eadhon anns a' chuis so. Theirear "Bagair 's na buail," ach a ris, "Bruidheann bheag 'us fuaim dhorn." Theirear gu fior "'S e glor mhilis a mheallas an t-amadan;" ach bheirear seachad mar fhreagairt "Is searbh a' ghlor nach feudar eisdeachd." Anns na Sean-fhocail, cha 'n fhaighear modh 'n ar cainnt air a mholadh cho tric ri faicill. Theirear "Brisidh an teangadh bhog cneath;" "'S e cordadh a reubas reachd;" ach airson faicill le 'r teangaidh tha na Sean-fhocail lionmhor agus teann. Is eigin gu'n robh an luath-bheul na bu draghaile d'ar n-Aithrichean na 'n droch-bheul: "Na h-abair ach beag, 's abair gu maith e;" "Am fear a ghleidheas a theangaidh, gleidhidh e 'charaid;" "Bithidh breith luath lochdach;" "Is olc an teangaidh is luaithe na 'n teine;" "Ma their thu na 's lèir dhuit, their thu na 's nàr leat;" "Cuiridh an teangadh snaim nach fuasgail an fhiacail."

'S e foighidinn, faicill, 'us seoltachd an àm dol an ceann gnothuich teagasg nan Sean-fhocal. Gheibhear aon no dha de chaochla lh dreach, —"An ramh is faisge, imir;" "An cuirm is luaithe bhitheas ullamh, suidheamaid uile g' a ghabhail,"— ach 's ann gun teagamh air taobh faicill 'us seoltachd a tha chuid gu mor is lionmhoire. B'iongantach na'm biodh an t-at arrach fior. Cha mhor dhaoine aig an robh barrachd aobhair na bha aig Gaidheil na h-Alba airson earalais 'us faicill. Bha iad ré moran de'n Eachdraidh buailt-

each do ionnsuidhean sgriosail, gun rabhadh, o'n naimhdean. Tha fathasd moran diubh aig a' bheil gnothuch ris a' mhuir; agus cha 'n aithne dhomh ceird a dh'iarras barrachd faicill 'us curaim a cheapadh cothroim air sruth 's air soirbheas, na 's trice dh'iarras barrachd seoltachd o'n luchd-obair, na ceird an iasgair Ghaidhealaich. Gheibh sinn cuid de na Sean-fhocail a' teagasg geilleadh an uair tha cuisean a'd' aghaidh: "Clachan dubha an aghaidh shruitheann." Bha ar n-Aithrichean teom air a bhi comharrachadh cunnart 'us amaideachd turn a ghabhail os laimh nach b'e gu ro cheart do ghnothuch, agus as nach biodh e ro fharasda faotainn ma sgaoil: "Na cuir do lamh eadar a' chlach 's a' sgrath;" "Eadar long 'us lamhrig;" "Eadar an dorus 's an ursann;" "Eadar am bogha 's an t-sreang." Bha 'n cothrom maith a ghabhail air a theagasg leis an deagh Shean-fhocal, "Deasail air gach ni;" ach 's e curam 'us faicill 'us earalas bun 'us barr sgeoil nan Sean-fhocal a tha far comhair an traths': "Fanaidh duine sona ri sith, ach bheir duine dona dui-leum;" "Cha toir thu 'n aire gus an teid bior ad' shuil;" "Caora luideagach a theid 's an dris, fagaidh i h-olainn 's an dos;" "Mar is luaithe 's faisge mhoille;" "Cha 'n e 'n ro dheifir is fearr;" "Na gearr do sgornan le d'theangaidh fein;" "Am fear nach seall roimh, seallaidh e 'n a dheigh;" "Amhairc romhad mu'n toir thu do leum."

Tha na h-earailean so cothromach, agus tha earailean de'n t-seorsa lionmhor 'n ar Sean-fhocail. Is co-ionann teagasg do mhoran de'r Sgeulachdan. Chuala sinn uile mar a thachair Diarmad ri 'bhàs. Thomhais e 'n torc, le troighibh ruisgte, o 'shoc gu 'shail, 's cha d'fhuiling beud; 's ann an uair a dh'fheuch e ri thomhas an aghaidh a'chuilg a reubadh a shail le mile lot. Ma bha ar Shiagh bras, dian rè 'n Eachdraidh, mar theirear gu minic a bha iad, cha b'e so teagasg a fhuair iad, ann an tomhas 'mor co-dhiu. Agus cha 'n 'eil mi cho cinnteach gu'n robh ar n-Aithrichean cho bras no cho dian 's a chuirear cho tric as a leth. Fàgar orra gu bheil iad mairnealach, leisg an dara nair; agus cluinnidh sinn uair eile nach buin foighidinn no faicill d'ar daoine. Feudaidh beagan de'n fhirinn a bhi 's an dà bheachd; ach cha 'n e 'n dara aon na n-aon eile an toll a mhill an t-seiche Ghaidhealach, ma 's e 's gur ann millte tha i. Tha earailean nan Sean-fhocal a dh'ainmich mi feumail, cha deanar moran rath as an eugmhais; ach tha iad easbhuidheach. Tha cainnt mhodhail 'us giulan eireachdail 'n a nithean maiseach 'us cliùiteach; ach cadhon an so gheibhear an gath an taice na meala. Feumar an comhmuidh barrachd luach a chur air Firinn na air Modh; agus mur gleidh thu meas ort fein, caillidh tu urram dhaoine eile. Tha Sodal ann an dlù dhaimh ri Modh; is ro thric a dh'fhas an Cuirtear 'n a Sgimileir. Tha faicill 'us earalas mu'n toir thu lamh air gnothuch feumail; ach cha dean faicill 'us earalas, air a meud, leo fein cliu Shiaigh a chuir am farsuingeachd. Feumaidh buaidhean is airde bhi air an cleachdadh; —tuigse gheur a thaghas a chuis is glice, rùn seasmhach a chum a' chuis a thoirt gu buil a dh'aindeoin gach grabadh a thig 's an rathad, seoltachd a ni am feum is fearr do gach meadhon 'us cothrom air an ruig do lamh, agus dichioll nach failnich ann a bhi 'g oibreachadh a mach do rùin. Ma gheibhear na feartan so air an cleachdadh ann an tomhas riaghailteach, 's ann dona da rireadh a tha 'n t-aite anns nach bi an Sluagh sona agus sealbhach.

D. M'K.

ORAN MU CHALLART.

AIR FONN—"*Oran nighean fir Gheambail.*"

Mo chruit chiùil le mòrchuis dùisg,
Is seinn gu siubhlach rann domh;
'S le moran muirn gun innsinn cliu
Air bruthaichan lurach Challart.
B'e miann gach sul 'a bhi dhut dluth,
A's tu 'n ad' chulaidh ghreadhnach,
An tùs an Og-mhios ad' ùr chòta
Lan neonain agus shobhrach.

Gur boidheach grian rè fad an lò,
Gu h-òrbhuidh air do chluaintean,
Mar adhairc pàiltis 'taom gun airc ort
Gach maise, a chualas.
Gheobhadh am fear anmhann càil
'S an àileadh ghlan, gun truailleadh,
Tha measg do thulmain uaine, fheoir,
'S na rosan tha mu d' bhruachan.

O! 's beag a chailleas tu de d' sgiamh,
Ged dh'fhalbhas fiamh an t-shamhraidh,
'S gach craobh dhiot snuaghmhor leis an uaine
Tha suaicheanta le seorsa;
Bagailtean ruiteach air caoran,
'S fraoch na chulaidh bhainnse;
'S ged thig le gruaim a ghaillionn fhuar
Cha luidh ort tuar a gheamhraidh.

'S ann air do phaircean molach feoir,
Is lodail a bhios cruachan,
Is air de dhailtean bhios an t-arbhar,
Diasach, tarbhach, smuaiseach;
Mnaithean gu luinneagach, gniomhach,
Leagadh sios na 'n sguab dheth,
'S an fhuil chraobhach le teas iomairt
A mire na 'n gruaidhean.

S gur bliochdar, laoghmhor, torrach,
Do mhonaidhean sgiamhach,
Feurach, fuaranach gach coire,
'S am faighte am fiadhach;
Tarmanaich na 'n creachan fuara,
An coileach ruadh, 's an liath chearc,
'S air do shealgair dol ri d' ghar bhlach
Cha bhiodh fhalbhan diomhain.

B'e ceol mo ghaoil a bhi mu d' raoin,
Ag eisdeachd laoidh na 'n alltan,
Cruitearachd nihilis an loin-duibh,
'S oraidean na smeoraich,
Uiseag dortadh o' na neoil oirnn
Orain nach 'eil cainnt orr',
'S i mar gun cual i ponc na dhà
O chlarsaichean na 'n ainglean.

S' ann air do lar tha 'n aitreabh aillt'
S am faighte gradh 'us faoilteachd,
Bhiodh ceol na piob, is cuirm gun dìth
'S an aros ghrinn ri fhaotainn,
Aig sliochd nan armunn b'iad 's an arfhaich
Meangain ard nan laochraidh,
Ursannan catha na gaisge
'S brataichean ga 'n sgaoileadh.

Cha b'ann mar rainich no luachair,
Rinn air n-uaisle cinntinn,
Daragan aosmhor na h-Alba,
B' ainmeil anns gach linn sibh;
Ceannardan buadhmhor 'n ann feachdaibh
Mu 'm bheil eachdraidh sgriobhte,
A leanadh tre dheuchainn an ceartas,
'S g'am bu reachd an fhirinn.

S ged dh' fhalbh na daragan rioghail,
'Sheasadh sinn 'n ar cruadal,
Dh' fhag iad na plurain,
Is fiughala buadhan;
Rosan air broilleach a cheutain,
'Chinn o gheugaibh uaibhreach,
S o 'n dean fhathasd fiurain ciridh,
Le treine an dualchais.

'S c'uime dh'fhagainn thu gun rann,
A bhaintighearna tha stàtail;
'S gar culadh dhusgadh Bard gu buaidh,
Do bhuadhan-sa g'a n-aireamh,
A bhean is rioghala de d'fhiue,
Rì d'chinneadh 's ri d' chairdean,
Iochdmhor ri aosmhor 'us ainnis,
'Us tairis ri annrach.

Dhomh cha b' fhuar bhi nochd ad' choir
Am shuidh' aig bord na fialachd;
Is tu mar chleachd le faoilteachd mhor
Is grinneas corr g'a riaghladh,
Gu furanach, aoidheal, cairdeal,
Uasal, gradhach, fiachail,
S gur tric fhuair aimbearteach a lòn
O 'n laimh le 'n deoin a bhiatachd.

'S o na dh' fhag mi tir mo ghaoil
Gur ioma taobh bha m' fhalbhan
An t-Suain, 'us Lochluinn, 's an Ollaindt,
An Fhraing mhor, 's a Ghearmailt;
Cha shasuich am breaghad mo shuil,
Ged 's phuranach neo ghar bh iad,
'S mi cuimhneachadh t-fhalluin'sa cheutain,
Le seudan a' dealradh.

MAIRI NICEALLAIR,
Air bord na "Gleann-comhan."

Mios a Mhairt, 1872.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—"Ciod a chuir co moch air do chois thu, a' Choinnich; An dh' fhuair thu deagh fhois an ràoir, an deigh gach allabain agus sgiòs a dh' fhuiling thu?"

COIN.—"Tha aobhar agam a bhi tàingeil, oir cha do dhuisg mi rè na h-òidhche, agus cha do charaich mi gus an cùala mi am buachaill a' cur a' chruidh a mach, air chor is gu'n d' thug mi deagh cheartas do'n chadal."

M.—"Feùmaidh an duine tàmh na h-òidhche fhaotuinn, a' Choinnich, oir mar faigh, cha chomas da gach dleas'nas a dheanamh air mhodh iomlan, aon chuid air son an t-saoghail a ta' làthair, no an t-saoghail a ta chum teachd. Is mòr am beannachd an oidhche, mar an t-àm a's freagarraich' air son tàimh agus foise."

C.—"Ro cheart, a' Mhurachaidh, agus is mòr an t-aobhar tàingeileachd a ta againn le chéile gu'm bheil slàinte agus gach sochair eile againn, chum gu'm feùd sinn an fhois sin a shealbhachadh air son ar leas fein. Tha mòran ann, gidheadh, d'an do dhiùltadh am beannachd mòr so,—mòran a ta fo thrioblaid agus thinneas, air an lùasgadh a nùll agus a nàll ré na h-òidhche, a' miannachadh gu'n tigeadh solus an latha, air doibh a bhi gu searbh air an claoidh."

M.—Cha'n 'eil teagamh air sin idir, a' Choinnich, agus Ochan! is lionmhor eiseimpleir a ta againn air sin. Tha ban-choimhearsnach againn ann so, nighean do Fhear-na-Cùile, agus cha do chuir i car ceart dhi o cheann da fhichead bliadhna air ais. Tha i gach là ag éiridh agus a' gluasad air feadh an tighe, ach rè na h-ùine sin, cha du chuir i car slàn dhi; agus an déigh sin, tha i suilbhear, sona, a' cur a dòchais anns an t-Slanuighear bheannaichte, agus ann am firinnibh an t-Soisgeil."

C.—"Is miorbhuileach cumhachd nan Sgriobtuir, a' Mhurachaidh! Is e am Biobull an Leabhar a's iongantaich' a chunncas riamh air ùachdar na talmhainn! Chan' 'eil coimeas idir aige!"

M.—Gun teagamh, a' Choinnich, cha'n 'eil Leabhar ann cosmhuil ris, ni mò tha Bith eile ann cosmhuil ri Ughdar mòr an Leabhair Naoimh sin, eadhon an Ti Uile-ghlice agus thròcaireach a dheachd e le' Spiorad Naomh fein. Tha'm Biobull 'na Leabhar gu'n choimeas, mar a thubhairt thu fein agus thugamaid buidheachas d'ar n-Athair Neamhaidh fein, a thug dhuinn e mar lochran d'ar cois, agus mar sholus d'ar céum. Feùmaidh sinn seasamh dlùth agus daingean ri Focal Dé. Is e ar dleas'nas agus ar buannachd a rànnsachadh gu tric, gu dùrachdach, agus le h ùrnuigh. Tha toil Dé air a foillseachadh ann, agus tha e toirt fiànuis air Criosd an t-aon Slanuighear. Ge b'e ciod an staid anns am bheil sinn air ar siubheachadh,—ge b'e ciod na déuchainnean a thig 'nar car,—ge b'e ciod na dleas'nais a tha againn ri chur an gniomh, na cailleamaid sealladh dhe'n Bhiobull, Biodh e againn 'na chompanach gu'n dealachadh, agus 'na chomhairliche d'an toir sinn geill. Ged a chuireamaid cùl ris gach ni eile, dluthleanamaid ris-san. Biodh e leis gach aon againn air a chreidsinn, air a rannsachadh, agus air a ghràdhachadh, agus bithidh sinn sona. Is solus e d'ar n-anamaibh,—is stéigh e d'ar n-aoibhneas,—is bunait e d'ar dòchas,—agus is tobar e as am feud sinn gu leir uisgeachan na beatha agus na slàinte a tharruing gach là."

C.—"Is taitneach do bhriathran,

a' Mhurachaidh, agus is iad sin na nithe air am bu chòir duinn a bhi 'beachd-smùaineachadh mar so air an t-Sàbaid, agus cha'n ann air nithibh faoin agus sgàileach an t-saoghail aingidh so."

M.—"Tha àm ann air son 'nan uile nithe, a' Choinnich, mar a ta an duine glice ag ràdh 'Aig gach ni tha tràth, agus àm aig gach rùn fuidh néamh. Am gu bhi air ar breith, agus àm gu bàs fhaotuinn; àm gu marbhadh, agus àm gu leigheas; àm gu briseadh, agus àm gu togail suas; àm gu gul, agus àm gu gàire; àm gu caoidh, agus àm gu dannsadh; àm gu cosnadh, agus àm gu càll.' Seadh, tha tràth aig gach ni fo'n ghréin, ach chan' 'eil àm agus uairean naomha na Sabaid freagarrach gu bhi 'labhairt mar bu mhiann leatsa, a' Choinnich, mu na sithichean agus gach gleòrmas eile air an d' thug sinn 'nar dithis iomradh gu trice. Chan' 'eil idir. Biodh a dhlea'suas fein aig là an Tighearna araon a'm follais 'san uaigneas, agus air an Là sin deanamaid scirbheas dhligheach Dhà-san a ta 'gar cumail suas."

C.—"Tha do theagasg, a' Mhurachaidh, ceart co fior agus fallain 's ged a thigeadh e à béul seann mhinisteir na sgireachd, dh' ionnsuidh an d' thèid sinn chum éisdeachd d'an eaglais an diugh. Ach nach àluinn am Biobull mòr a th' agad ann so, a' charaid, co làn dhealbh, co h-òirdheire air a cheangal, agus co soilleir 'sa chlodh-bhualadh! Ach ciod an leabhar so a ta 'na mheadhon ris an abrar an *Apocripha?* Cha'n fhac mi an earrann sin dhe'n Bhiobull riamh."

M.—"Cha bhuin an Apocripha do'n Bhiobull idir, a' Choinnich, ged is minic tha e air a cheangal suas maille ris. Tha diadhairean agus daoine foghluinte a' deanamh mach, nach 'eil e air a dheachdadh agus air a bheannachadh leis an Spiorad Naomh mar leabhraichean eile nan Sgriobtuir, ged tha deagh léughadh ann am mòran deth."

C.—"Feudaidh sin a bhith, ach cha chual mi riamh iomradh air gu so, a' Mhurachaidh, agus cha'n 'eil là a dh' éireas duine nach fhaic e ni air chor-eigin nùadh. Bu mhaith leam, gidheadh, beagan dhe'n Apocripha a chluinntinn."

M.—"Ma ta, a Choinnich, dean suidh gu stolda, agus leughaidh mise dhuit eachdraidh ro ghrinn as an leabhar sin, ris an abrar 'eachdraidh Shusanna;' agus bheir mi dhuit ann an Gaelig i, cainnt do mhathar fein."

C.—"Ro mhaith, a' Mhurachaidh choir, ro mhaith, cluinneamaid i."

M.—"Eisd, ma ta, gu curamach, a' Choinnich, agus mo làmh-sa gu'n taitinn an eachdraidh riut, a ta 'dol air a h-aghaidh mar a leanas."

EACHDRAIDH SHUSANNA.

1. Bha duine a' chòmhnuidh ann am Babilon, d'am b' ainm Ioacim.

2. Agus ghabh e bean, d'am b'ainm Susanna, nighean Chelciais, boirionnach ro mhaiseach, agus neach air an robh eagal an Tighearna.

3. Bha paranta mar an cendna ionraic, agus theagaisg iad an nighean fein a reir lagha Mhaois.

4. A nis, bha Ioacim 'na dhuine mòr, saibhir, agus bha gàradh taitneach aig a'm fochair a thighe; agus airsan bha na h-Iudhaich a' taoghal do bhrìgh gu'n robh e nis' urramaiche na cach air fad.

5. Air a' bhliadhna chéudna chaidh dithis do sheanairibh an t-sluaigh a shònrachadh gu bhi 'nam breitheamhnaibh, a leithid 's mu'n do labhair an Tighearna, gu'n d' thàinig aingidheachd o Bhabilon o na seann bhreitheamhnaibh, a ghabh orra fein an sluagh a riaghladh.

6. Thaoghail iad sin gu mòr air tigh Ioacim : agus thàinig iadsan uile aig an robh cùisean lagha d'an ionnsuidh.

7. A nis, an uair a dh' fhalbh an sluagh aig meadhon an latha, chaidh Susanna dh' ionnsuidh gàraidh a fir-posda a ghabhail sràide.

8. Agus chunnaic an dithis sheanair i a' dol a steach gach là, agus a' sràid-imeachd ; air chor is gu'n robh an ana-miann air a lasadh d'a taobh.

9. Agus thruaill iad an inntinn fein, agus thionndaidh iad air falbh an sùilean fein, chum nach sealladh iad gu nèamh, agus nach ciumhnicheadh iad ceart-bhreitheanasa.

10. Agus feuch, bha iad nan dithis air an lotadh le a gaol, gidheadh cha robh a' chridhe aig an aon a dhòlas a nochdadh do'n aon eile.

11. Oir bha nàir orra an ana-miann fein a chur an céill gu'n robh iad a'n geàll gnothuch a bhi aca rithe.

12. Gidheadh rinn iad faire gu dichiollach o là gu là ann a bhi 'ga faicinn.

13. Agus thubhairt an t-aon ris an aon eile, Rachamaid a nis dachaidh, oir tha e tràth-dinneir.

14. Mar sin, an uair a chaidh iad a mach, dhealaich iad o chéile, agus a' pilltinn doibh a ris, thàinig iad do'n cheart àite, agus an déigh dhoibh an t-aobhar fhoighneachd de aon a' chéile, dh' aidich iad an ana-miann fein ; an sin shèamaich iad le chéile àm, an uair a gheibheadh iad i leatha fein.

15. Agus thachair e, an uair a bha iad a' feitheamh air son àm' freagarrach, chaidh ise a steach mar a b' abhaist, le dithis bhan-òglach a mhàin, agus bha i togarrach air i fein ionnlad anns a' ghàradh ; oir bha e blàth.

16. Agus cha robh neach sam bith an sin ach an dithis sheanair, a dh' fholuich iad fein agus a rinn faire oirre.

17. An sin, thubhairt i ri bàn-òglachaibh, Thugaibh d'am ionnsuidh oladh agus peileirean-ionnlaid, agus druidibh dorsan a' ghàraidh, a chum gu'n ionnlad mi mi fein.

18. Agus rinn iad mar a dh' iarr i orra, agus dhruid iad dorsan a' ghàraidh, agus chaidh iad fein a mach air dorsaibh uaigneach, a dh' fhaotuinn 'nan nithe a dh' àithn' i dhoibh : ach cha'n fhac iad na seanairean, do bhrigh gu'n robh iad folluichte.

19. A nis, an uair a chaidh na bàn-oglaich a mach, dh' éirich an dithis sheanair suas, agus ruith iad d'a h-ionnsuidh, ag ràdh.

20. Féuch, tha dorsan a' ghàraidh air an druideadh, air chor is nach faic neach sam bith sinn, agus tha gaol againn ort ; uime sin, aontaich leinn, agus luidh maille ruinn.

21. Oir mar dean thu sin, togaidh sinn fianuis 'a'd' aghaidh, gu'n robh oganach maille riut ; agus gu'n do chuir thu, uime sin, do bhàn-òglaich air falbh uait.

22. An sin rinn Susanna osnadh, agus thubhairt i. Tha mi air mo theannachadh air gach taobh ; oir ma ni mi so, is bàs domh e ; agus mar dean mi e, cha chomas domh a dhol as o bhur làmhaibh-sa.

23. Is fearr domh tuiteam 'n'ur làmhaibh-sa, agus gu'n sin a dheanamh, na peacachadh ann an sealladh an Tighearna.

24. Le sin ghlaodh Susanna le guth mòr ; agus ghlaodh an dithis sheanair 'na h-aghaidh.

25. An sin ruith an t-aon, agus dh' fhosgail e dorus a' ghàraidh.

26. Uime sin, an uair a chùal seirbhisich an tighe an glaodh anns a' ghàradh, léum iad a stigh air dorus uaigneach a dh' fhaicinn ciod a rinneadh oirre.

27. Ach an uair a chuir na sean-

airean an cùis fein an céill, bha na seirbhisich gu mòr fo nàire: oir cha d' rinneadh a leithid sin do sgéul riamh mu Shusanna.

28. Agus thàinig e gu crìch air an ath là, an uair a chruinnich an sluagh dh' ionnsuidh Ioacim a fir-pòsda, thàinig mar an ceudna an dithis sheanair làn do droch inntleachd an aghaidh Shusanna chum a cur gu bàs;

29. Agus thubhairt iad an làthair an t-sluaigh, Cuiribh fios air Susanna, nighean Chelciais, mnaoi Ioacim. Agus mar sin chuir iad fios oirre.

30. Uime sin thàinig i maille r'a h-athair agus a màthair fein, a cloinn, agus a cinneach uile.

31. A nis bha Susanna 'na boirionnach ro mhallta, agus maiseach ri h-amharc.

32. Agus dh' òrduich na daoine aingidh sin a h-aghaidh a leigeadh ris, (oir bha i air a còmhdachadh) chum gu'm biodh iad air an lionadh le a maise.

33. Uime sin ghuil a càirdean, agus iadsan uile a chunnaic i.

34. An sin sheas an da sheanair suas ann am meadhon an t-sluaigh, agus chuir iad an làmhan air a ceann.

35. Agus sheall ise, a' gul, suas gu neamh; oir chuir a cridhe dòchas anns an Tighearna.

36. Agus thubhairt na seanairean, An uair a bha sinne a' sràid-imeachd leinn fein anns a' gharadh, thàinig am boirionnach so a steach le dithis bhanòglach, agus dhùin iad dorsan a' ghàraidh, agus chuir i a ban-òglacha air falbh.

37. An sin thàinig òganach, a bha an sin folluichte, da' h-ionnsuidh, agus luidh e maille rithe.

38. An sin, air duinn a bhi 'nar seasamh ann an oisinn a' ghàraidh, a' faicinn na h-àingidheachd so, ruith sinn d'an ionnsuidh.

39. Agus an uair a chunnaic sinn cuideachd iad, cha b' urrainn sinn am fear a chumail; oir bha e ni bu treasa na sinne, agus dh' fhosgail e an dorus, agus léum e a mach.

40. Ach air glacadh a' bhoirionnaich so dhuinn, dh' fhòighneachd sinn cò an t-òganach a bh' ann, ach cha'n innseadh i dhuinn: air na nithibh sin tha sinne a' togail fianuis.

41. An sin chreid a' mhòr-chuideachd iad, mar iadsan a bha 'nan seanairibh agus 'nam breitheamhnaibh do'n t-sluagh: uime sin, dhìt iad gu bàs i.

42. An sin, ghlaodh Susanna a mach le guth mòr, agus thubhairt i, O Dhé shiorruidh, da'n aithne na diomhaireachdan, agus aig am bheil fios air na h-uile nithe mu'm bi iad ann;

43. Tha fios agadsa gu'n do thog iad fianuis bhréige 'na m' aghaidh; agus féuch, téumaidh mi am bàs fhaotuinn; ged nach d'rinn mi riamh a' leithid do nithibh 'sa dhealbh na daoine sin gu h-aingidh 'nam aghaidh.

44. Agus chùal an Tighearn a guth.

45. Air an aobhar sin, an uair a thugadh a mach i gu bhi air a cur gu bàs, thog an Tighearna suas spiorad naomh duine a bha ro òga, d'am b' ainm Daniel;

46. A ghlaodh le guth mòr, Tha mise saor de'n fhuil aig a' bhoirionnach so.

47. An sinn thoinndaidh an sluagh uile iad fein d'a ionnsuidh, agus thubhairt iad, Ciod a's ciall do na briathraibh sin a labhair thu?

48. Uime sin, a deir esan, a' seasamh 'nam meadhon, Am bheil sibhse, a mhic Israeil, a leithid de dh 'amadanaibh, 's gu'n do dhìt sibh nighean do dh' Israel, gu'n cheasnachadh, agus gu'n eòlas air an fhirinn?

49. Pillibh a rìs gu àite a' bhreith-

eanais : oir thog iad fianuis bhréige na h-aghaidh.

50. Uime sin, phill an slnagh gu léir a ris le cabhaig, agus thubhairt na seanairean ris, Thig, agus dean suidh maille ruinn, agus nochd dhuinn e, do bhrigh gu'n d' thug Dia urram seanair duit.

51. An sin thubhairt Daniel riutha, Cuiribh an dithis sin air leth, an t-aon fad o'n aon eile, agus ceasnaichidh mise iad.

52. Mar sin an uair a dhealaicheadh iad, an t-aon o'n aon eile, ghairm e air aon diubh, agus thubhairt e ris, O thusa a ta air fàs aosda ann an aingidheachd, a nis a ta do pheacanna a rinn thu roimh so, air teachd chum an t-Soluis :

53. Oir thug thu a mach breitheanas eucorach, agus dhìt thu an neo-chiontach, agus leig thu leis a' chiontach dol gu saor ; gidheadh a deir an Tighearna, An neo-chiontach agus an t-ionraic na màrbh.

54. A nis uime sin, ma chunnaic thu i, innis domh, Ciod a' chraobh fo'm faca tu iad ann an comunn a' chéile ? Fhreagair e, Fo chraobh-mhastic.

55. Agus thubhairt Daniel, Gu ro mhaith ; rinn thu bréug an aghaidh do chinn fein : oir eadhon a nis fhuair aingeal De órdugh Dhé chum do ghearradh' nad 'dhàleth.

56. Mar sin chuir e gu taobh e, agus thug e à.thne an duine eile a thoirt air aghaidh, agus thubhairt e ris, O thusa a shiol Chanaain, agus ni h-eadh Iuda, mheall maise thu, agus thruaill ana-miann do chridhe.

57. Mar so bhuin sibh ri nigheanaibh Israel, agus a thaobh eagail chum iad comunn ruibh ; ach cha'n fhuilingeadh nighean Iuda bhur n-aingidheachd.

58. A nis uime sin, innis domh, Ciod a' chraobh fo'n do ghlac thusa iad ann an comunn r'a chéile ? Fhreagair e, Fo chraobh-tuilme.

59. An sin thubhairt Daniel ris, Ro mhaith ; rinn thusa mar an ceudna bréug an aghaidh do chinn fein : oir tha aingeal an Tighearna a' fantuinn leis a' chlaidheamh chum do ghearradh 'nad' dhà leth, chum gu'n sgrios e thu.

60. Le sin ghlaodh an coimhthional uile a mach le guth mòr, agus mhol iad Dia, a thearnas iadsan a dh' earbas as.

61. Agus dh' éirich iad an aghaidh an dithis sheanair, oir dhìt Daniel iad air son fianuis bréige le'm béul fein :

62. Agus a rèir lagha Mhaois rinn iad d'an taobh-san air a' cheart seòl is a rùnaich iad fein gu h-aingidh a dheanamh a thaobh an coimhearsnaich fein : agus chuir iad gu bàs iad. Mar so chaidh an fhuil neo-chiontach a theasairginn an là sin fein.

63. Uime sin mhol Celcias agus a bhean fein Dia air son na nighinn aca Susanna, maille ri Ioacim a fearposda, agus an cinneach gu léir, do bhrigh nach d' fhuaradh eas-onoir sam bith innte.

64. O'n là sin a mach bha Daniel fo chliù mòr ann an sealladh an t-sluaigh.

Coin.—"Gu cinnteach, a' Mhurachaidh, tha'n eachdraidh sin, mar a thubhairt thu, d'a rireadh taitneach ; ach, O ! nach b' iad na h-éucoraich na seanairean, ach dh' fhoghainn Daniel dhoibh, agus thoill iad e. Ach cò a chuir an eachdraidh sios mar sin ann an Gaelic ?"

M.—"Cò ach do sheann charaid an Sgiathanach, mu'n robh barail agad gu'n robh seillean 'na cheann, a thaobh gach cunntais a thug e air na réultaibh 'nan cuairtibh, agus air lionmhorachd nithe dhe 'n ghné sin, do nach b' urrainn thusa creideas sam bith a thoirt. Ach, le beannachd, rachamaid dh'ionnsuidh na h-eaglais, oir tha 'n uair a' tarruing

am fagus. Faigh do bhata, a' Choinnich, agus falbhmaid."

ALASDAIR RUADH.

———o———

SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL.

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidinn gu Gailig le D. B. B.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

Carson a dhìùlt thu dhòmhsa 'n tras
Gu'n glacainn do làmh am dheis?
Gu'n cluinninn do bhriathran fìor
'S gu'm freagairinn a rìs air m' ais?"
So ghearain e 's thionndaidh a chùrs'
Gu baile nam mùr 's nan sìogh.
Ach dh'fhalaich Venus iad le chéil
'G an éideadh le earradh ceo,
Sgaoil i ùmpa ceathach dluth
Gu'n ceiltinn bho shùil gach neach,
Mu'm bacadh 's mu'm beanadh dhaibh làmh
A' foighneachd cion fàth an teachd.
Dh' fhalbh i fein air sgéith gu h-àrd
Gu Paphos a h-ionad-rùin,
A's rainig i teampull a gràidh
An t-Aros san robh a h-ùigh.
C'eud altair tha 'n sin fo smùid
Le tùis bho Sheba an àigh,
A's crun orra de lusan ùr
Cur faile chùbhraidh feadh gach àit.
Dh' imich iad an sin le cheil
An taobh a nochd an ceum an ròd,
A's dhirich iad mullach an tuim
A bha os ceann a' bhaile mhòir.
A bha 'g amharc sios bho'n àird
Air gach bàbhuinn a bha thall,
Na ci-iteil ghreadhnach a bha 'n àit
Nam buchlagan gràd a bh' ann.
Na gcatachan 's na sràidean réidh
B' ioghnadh le Æneas còir,
Othail a's farum nan daoin',
A's saothair gach aosd a's òg,
Na Tiorraich bha 'g obair le sùrd
A' togail nan tùr bho'n bhonn,
A' sineadh a' bhalla mu'n cuairt
'S a' tionndadh chlachan cruadha trom.
'N uair thaghas fear àrach d' a thigh
Grad-iadhar i stigh le clais;
Tigh-seanait agus tighean-mòid
Chuireadh an òrdugh gu cas.
Tha cuid ag oibreachadh le fonn
Cur caladh nan long air seòl;
Tha cuid a' togail thighean-cluich
Gu fearas-chuideachd agus cèol;
Chithear cuid air feadh nan creag
A' gearradh nan clach le neart,
'N an carraighean mora grinn
Chur mais air an linn ri teachd.
Mar shaothair nam beach ri gréin
Feadh rosan air reidhlein glinn,
Aig toiseach an t-samhraidh nuaidh
'N uair chuirear fo ghlùais an linn;
Faosgaidh an t-al òg 'n an deann
Le srannraich a mach bho'n sgeap,
A's taisgidh iad stor meala suas
An cirbh cuaicheanach mu seach;
'N uair thig iad le soireachan làn
Gabhaidh càch an eallach dhiubh,
A's fògraidh iad a mach gun iochd
Na scilleanan leisg nach fiù;
Gach scillean ri h-obair le sùrd,
A's boltrach cubhraidh de 'n mhil.
"O! is sona da rireadh an sluagh
Tha 'g obair cho cruaidh 's cho dìl!"
So labhair Æneas, an sonn,
'N uair sheall e nunn air na tùir;
Bha inntinn le h ioghnadh làn
A'faicinn nan àros ùr.
'Na earradh miorbhuileach de neul,
Chaidh e féin am measg nan daoin';
Chunnaic e 's choinnich gach neach,
'S cha'n fhacas esan le h-aon.
Am meadhon a' bhaile steach,
Tha doire a' s taitniche sgàil,
Fhuaras ann ceann eich fo 'n ùir
Ag cladhach air tùs 's an àit;
'N uair bha na Puinnich air an claoidh
Le gaoith a's le tuinn a' chuain,
Thug Iuno dhòibh comharradh cinnt
Mar mhanadh na sith 's na buaidh:
Gu'm biodh am fine ro threun
Gu cogadh an streup nan lann;
A's iomraiteach bho linn gu linn
A's buadhach gu crìch gach am.
Chuir Dido do Iuno suas
Teampull mòr buan 's an àit;
Bha dealbh na bain-dé daonnan ann,
A's tabhartais nach gann gach lá:
Bha staidhir na stairsnaich de phrais,
Na sailthean le prais bha snaimt';
A's chluinnteadh dorsan prais ri fuaim
Air lùdagain chruaidhe toinnt';
'S an doire so chunncas rud ùr
A chiùinich eagal nan sonn;
Ghlac Æneas misneach mhòr
Dh' ath-bheothaich dòchas 'n a chom.
Dh' fhas earbsa nise na bu mhò
Ri furtachd bho gach dòruinn chruaidh;
Oir 'n uair a dh' fheith e aig an àit
Gus an tig a' bhan-righ'nn suas;
Sheall e air gach ni bha steach
'S an teampull mhor fharsuinn réidh,
Sonas a' bhaile 's an luchd-ceàird,
A's obair an làmh gu léir;
Chunnaic e cathan na Tròidh,
An cogadh mòr an òrdugh sios,
Chaidh iomradh air tre 'n chruinne-ché
Tre 'n domhan gu léir gu crìch;
Sheall e mic Atreuis chruaidh
A's Priam righ na gruaige léith,
A's Aichioll mòr borb nam fraoch
Bha ascaoin ris na laoich le chéil.

Sheas e le h-ioghnadh 's an àit,
Ri Achates thuirt le deoir :
" Cia 'n t-ionad no'n t-àite fo'n ghréin
Nach d' ràinig an sgeula bròin !
Faic Priam aosda ! Bheirear duais
Do dh-éuchdaibh buadhach an so fòs ;
Silear deòir an so gu pailt
Le cridheachaibh bhios tais ri leòn ;
Cuir d' eagal air falbh gu grad
Glac misneach bho'n t-sealladh nuadh,
Thig furtachd thugainn agus fòir
Bho eachdraidh dhòinich ar truaigh."
Labhair e mar so gu sèimh
A's bheachdaich geur air gach dealbh,
Le osna thruim bho ghrùnnd a chléibh,
Fhliuch e ghnùis le deuraibh searbh.
Chunnaic e gaisgich na Gréig
A' teicheadh 'n an leum mu Thròidh ;
Oigridh Thròidh 'g an ruith gu dian
Tarsuinn air fiaradh an lòin.
Laochraidh Phruigia a ris
A' dian-ruith gu léir 'n an deann ;
Aichioll le ceann-bheairt nan seòc
'N a charbad air an toir gu teann.
Dh' aithnich e 's e sileadh dheur
Buthan Rhesuis faisg air laimh,
Cainb gheal mar shneachd nam beann
An crochadh os an ceann gu h-àrd.
A cheud oidhche chaidh am brath,
Mac Thuide chreach e iad gun truas ;
Lion e iad le mort us àr
'S chuir mòran gu bàs de'n t-slnagh.
Na h-eacha meamnach thug e nùm
Gu camp Greugach nan lann cruaidh,
Mu'n d' fhuair iad blas air feur na Tròidh,
'S mu'n d' ol iad uisge *Xanthuis* luath.
'S an teampull an àit air leth
Troilus bha ruith 'n a dheann,
Chaill e 'airm, an t-òg gun rath
Chaidh chath ri Aichioll nan greann.
An carbad tharruinn na h-eich
'S e crochte ris air a dhruim,
Iall nan srian gu teann 'u a làimh
Fhalt a' sguabadh làr an fhuinn,
A mhuineal shlaodadh air an làr,
A' ghainneamh sgriob bàrr na sleagh ;
Thorchradh a chneas leis an lainn,
A's thainig i tre dhruim a muigh.
Chaidh maithrichean Thròidh 'n an sgann
Gu teampull Phallais gun bhàigh,
Am falt sgaoilte sios mu'n cluais
'S an *Fhalluinn Bhuaidheil* ac' 'n an laimh :
Ag achanaich gu brònach truagh
'S a' bualadh an uchd gu trom ;
A' bhain-dia fheargach fo ghruaim
Ag amharc gu duairce crom.
Tri uairean shlaod Aichioll cruaidh
Corp Hectoir nam buadh 's nan stri,
Mu'n cuairt air ballachaibh Thròidh,
A's reic e air son òir e ris.
Rinn Æneas osnaich ghoirt
'N uair chunnaic e'n corp 's am faobh,
'S an carbad bu le charaid gràidh
An làmhan Aichill nam fraoch.
A's Priam a' togail a làmh
Gun airm mar b' abhaist 'n a dhòrn ;
'N uair sheall e dh' aithnich e e fein
Measg ceannard nan Greugach còrr ;
Armailtean na h-Airde near
Dh' aithnich e iad sin gu léir ;
Airm Mhemnoin dhuibh, sonn an àigh
A thainig bho éirigh grein ;
Penthesil, an goil a fraoich,
Armailt nam Ban-laochraigh stiùir,
Le 'n targaidibh leth-chruinn mar ré
'N uair chithear i 's an speur as ùr ;
A' Bhan-ghaisgeach threun nach fann,
Chiteadh bhos us thall gu luath,
Le mire-chath bho reang gu reang,
A' ruith 'n a deann am measg an t-sluaigh ;
Cheanga l i do réir a nòis
Crios de 'n òr fo broilleach lom :
Bu dana misneachail an òigh,
Oir chum i còmhrag ris gach sonn.
'N uair bha e beachdachadh gu dlùth
Air gach ioghnadh bha 's an àit,
A' gabhail iongantais nach gann,
Gun ghluasad air ball no làimh,
Thainig Dido suas gun dàil
A' bhàn-righ'nn a b' àillidh snuadh,
Banual lionmhor aig a taobh
De dh' òigridh aobhach gun ghruaim.
Cosmhuil ri Diana mhoir
Aig abhainn Eurotais nam bruach,
No firichean Cynthus Chuintis àird
A's còisridh a graidh mu'n cuairt ;
Miltean Oigh-dhé nam beann
Ri taobh a' dannsadh 's a' leum ;
Balg-shaighead air a guailnibh àigh,
'S i toirt bàrr air càch gu léir.
Is mòrdhach a triall air feur,
'S a cridhe ri fri-leum gu luath
Le h-aoibhneas diomhair 'n a com,
Latona nam fonn 's nan ruag ;
B'amhluidh Dido 's b'amhluidh ceum,
Aoibhinn am measg cheudan òigh,
A' greasad na h-oibre gu crìch
Am baile na rioghachd moir'.
Aig dorus an ionaid naoimh,
Am meadhon an teampuill mhòir,
Shuidh Dido air cathair àird,
A saighdearan mar gheard d'a còir ;
Thug i'n sin air cùisibh breth
A's dhaingnich i 'n reachd gu teann ;
An obair roinn i do gach neach
'G a tarruinn a mach le crann.
'N sin chunnaic Æneas gu grad
Fir na Tròidh a' teachd 'n an sgaoth,
Serghestes agus Antheus còrr
'S Cloanthus mòrdhalach an laoch ;
Sgapadh iad le doruinn chruaidh
'G am fuadach a null 's a nall ;
B' ioghnadh le Æneas caomh
Gu'm fac e luchd a ghaoil 's an àm :

Lionadh Achates an sàr
Le geilt a's gàirdeachas le chéil ;
A's mhiannaich an sin gun dàil
An càirdean fhàilteachadh gu léir.
Bha 'n inntinn fo bhruaidlean nòr
A chionn nach b' eòl doibh cia mar bha ;
Ach dh' fhuirich iad fo'n carradh ceò
A dh' fholaich iad mar chleòc le sgàil.
Bheachdaich iad gu geur an sin
A dh' fhiosrachadh mu chor nan sonn,
Carson a thàinig iad an tràs,
No càit an d' fhàg iad an cuid long ;
Oir thaghadh buidheann as gach luing
A dh' aslach caoimhneis agus truais ;
A's ràinig iad teampull an àigh
Le co-ghair a b'airde fuaim.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

———o———

AN TUAIRISGEAL.*

Bha righ Eirionn ann roimhe so, agus cha robh aige ach aon mhac. Chuir e roimhe làn ionnsachadh, mar a thigeadh do mhac righ, a thoirt dha air gach oilein a bha dol ri a linn. H-uige so chuir e seachd bliadhna shlàu do'n sgoil e, 's bha e bliadhna aig an tigh. Chuir e seachd bliadhna eile ann e, agus thug e amhuil sin bliadhna shlàn aig an tigh. Chuir e rithist seachd bliadhna eile ann e, agus bha e an sin ullamh ionnsachaidh.

Thog an righ, an gleann moraidh, caisteal briagha anns an robh sia faraidhnean air àirde, agus an uair a thàinig an gille dhachaidh, thug e dh' fhaicinn a chaisteil e. Bha iad a' sealltainn air an tigh, agus an tionndadh na boise, ghèarr an gille cruinn-leum agus bha e shuas air an fharadh a b' àirde. An uair a thàinig e nuas thill 'athair 's e fhein dhachaidh. Thaitinn an caisteal gu h-anbarrach math ris a' ghille, ach cha do leig e sin air ri 'athair, agus an lairna-mhàireach, is e a bh' ann gu 'n d' thug e an gleann air. Choinnich òlach ceannruadh anns a' ghleann e aig a' chaisteal agus thuirt e ris :

"An cuir thu cluith air an tàileasg an diugh, a mhic righ Eirionn ?"

"Cuiridh, cuiridh, carson nach cuireadh ann an righeachd m' athar 's mo sheanar," osa mac an righ.

Thòisich iad air an tàileasg, agus bha iad ag iomairt air bho éirigh gu laidhe na gréine, agus chaidh an cluith air an Olach Cheannruadh.

"Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith," os an t-Olach Ceannruadh.

"Togaidh, togaidh," osa mac righ Eirionn, "Is e sin taobh a' ghlinne bhi làn de chrodh dubh agus cluas ruadh air gach té dhiubh."

Thill e dhachaidh an oidhche sin agus dh' innis e dh'a athair mar a thachair.

"Is math ma mhaireas," os an righ.

Moch 's a' mhaduinn thugar an gleann air a choimhead a' chaisteil, agus na feudalach a fhuair e 'n dé, agus aig a' chaisteal tachrar an t-Olach Ceannruadh air.

"An cluith thu cluith air an tàileasg an diugh, a mhic righ Eirionn," os an t- Olach Ceannruadh.

"Cluithidh, cluithidh, carson nach cluithinn an diugh mar a chluith mi an dé an righeachd m' athar 's mo sheanar," osa mac righ Eirionn.

Thòisich iad, agus bha iad 'g a iomairt bho éirigh gu dol fotha na gréine, agus chaidh an cluith air an Olach Cheannruadh.

"Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith," os an t- Olach Ceannruadh.

"Togaidh, togaidh," osa mac righ Eirionn, "Is e sin taobh eile a' ghlinne a bhi làn de chrodh ruadh agus cluas dhubh orra."

Thill e an oidhche sin dhachaidh, agus dh' innis e dh' a athair mar a thachair.

"Is math ma mhaireas," os an righ.

Chaidh e a laidhe, agus, am marbh na h oidhche, ciod a thàinig a stigh do 'n t-seòmar ach an t-aon

* Angus Mackay, Galmasdale, Eigg, reciter.—Abeach.

bhoirionnach a bu bhriagha a chunnaic e riabh, agus tuitear e an trom ghaol oirre. "Cha bhi bean dhìolain no phòsda agamsa gu bràch ach thusa," ars esan. "Cha phòs mise am feasd thu," ars ise. "Tha thu dol am màireach do 'n ghleann, agus thainig mise g' ad chur air d' fhaicill; caillidh tu an cluith—oidhche mhath dhut."

Dh' èirich e moch 's a' mhaduinn agus thug e an gleann air, agus choinnich an t-Olach Ceannruadh far am b' àbhaist.

"An cluith thu cluith air an tàilleasg an diugh, a mhic rìgh Eirionn," ars an t-Olach Ceannruadh.

Cluithidh, cluithidh, carson nach cluitheadh an diugh mar a chluith mi 'n dé, an rìgheachd m' athar 's mo sheanar," arsa mac righ Eirionn; agus am bial na h-oidhche chaidh an cluith air mac an rìgh.

"Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith" osa mac righ Eirionn.

"Togaidh, togaidh," os an t-Olach Ceannruadh, tha 'n t-àm agam. Tha mi ag cur mar chroisean 's mar gheasan ort, thu bhi d' lobhar maol carrach gus am faigh thu mach dhomh mar a chaidh an Tuairisgeal Mór gu bàs."

"Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith," osa mac righ Eirionn, "cha chuala mise iomradh air an duine sin riabh."

"Cha tog 's cha leag ach mar sid," osa an t-Olach Ceannruadh.

"Ma is ann mar sin a thà," osa mac righ Eirionn," biodh d' aghaidh-sa ris an àirde niar agus do chùlaobh ris an àirde near, agus gun mhìr bidh a bhi agad ach na chuireas a' ghaoth tuath bhàrr na glaice eòrna ud shìos, agus gun bhoinne dibhe bhi agad ach na chuireas a' ghaoth near bhàrr an loch-uisge ud shuas gus an till mi."

"Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith, agus togaidh mi dhiat," ars an t-Olach Ceannruadh.

"Ma 's ann mar sin a thà ma ta," arsa mac righ Eirionn, "thig, agus innis do naidheachd, air a' chnoc so, ged a bhiod cnàimh an Eirinn, 's cnàimh an Albainn, agus cnàimh an Sasunn dhiamsa."

Cha robh comas air, ach thill e dhachaidh, agus dh' innis e dh'a athair mar a thachair; agus, rud nach b' ioghnadh, bha an righ gu dubhach, deurach. Cha b'fhois agus cha bu chadal do 'n ghille an oidhche sin, agus mu 'n do bhlais an t-ian an t-uisge, dh'èirich e 's chuir e—

Léineag phleatach shròl,
De 'n t- sloda bhuidhe,
Air a gheal-chorp.
Chuir e a chòta eangbhaidh sròil,
Air uachdar na h-òr-léineige.
Chuir e lùireach mhòr, mhuilchinneach,
Shìth, thorghonta, thorghleusta,
Gharbh, ghabhalta,
Air am bu shaoithreach
An dà cheardaich,
A dhìon a chuirp
'S a gheal-bhràghad,
('S gu 'm bu sho-ghràdhach dhà
Gaol bhan agus mhaighdean)
Nach bàthadh muir,
'S nach loisgeadh teine.
Thug e 'chlaidheamh caol cruadhach,
As a' chistidh chaoil ghiubhais,
A's dh' fhalbh e 's na ceumannan
Sùrdagach, luchdor, làidir,
Am baoth chur an eòlais,
'S am bo chur an aineoil.
'S bu mhò e na maol-chnoc slèibhe
Am beum a chuir e an deaghaidh a dhà shàlach
'S bha e shuas air gualainn a' ghlinnein,
Dol a dh- iarraidh sgiala-bàis
An Tuairisgeil!

Ràinig e an oidhche sin tigh a' Ghruagaich mhòir, mac righ na Sorcha. "Fàilt ort fhein a mhic righ Eirionn," os an Gruagach, "is fhada bho 'n a bha e 's an targanaich gu 'n tugadh tu oidhche am thigh. Am misde mi 'fhoighneachd dhiat ceann do theidhidh 's do shiubhail?"

"Cha mhisd' thu," osa mac righ Eirionn, "is tu nach misde. Tha mi dol dh' fhiach am faigh mi mach mar a chaidh an Tuairisgeal Mór gu bàs."

"Ma tà," os an Gruagach, "is ioma righeachd righ 'us ridire a shiubhail mise, ach guth air an Tuairisgeal Mhór cha chuala mi riabh; ach teann a stigh, agus gabhaidh tu tàmh a nochd còmhla rium. Tha bràthair agam is fhalbhanaiche, ma dh' fhaodte, na mi fhein. Theagamh gu 'm faigh thu sgial aigesan air, agus theagamh nach fhaigh, ach co-dhiùbh, teann a stigh."

Theann mac righ Eirionn a stigh, agus fhuair e gabhail ris gu math 's gu ro mhath; ach coma, an làirn-a-mhàireach, dh' éirich e moch 's a' mhaduinn 's togar air gu falbh. Bha 'n Gruagach air a chois, agus mar a bha e ag gabhail soiridh leis a' ghille, thuirt e ris gu 'n robh coiseachd là 'us bliadhna eadar e agus tigh a bhràthar mheadhonaich. "Ach" os esan, "tha socair-bhonn agam fhein 's bheir iad ann fo oidhche thu. An uair a ruigeas tu cuiridh tu an aghaidh air an tigh so, agus thig iad fhein air an ais dhachaidh."

Chuir e an t-socair-bhonn air, 's ràinig e tigh a' bhràthar mheadhonaich romh thuiteam oidhche. Thill e dhachaidh an t-socair-bhonn mar a dh' iarr an Gruagach air. Chuir am bràthair meadhonach fàilt air, agus thuirt e ris, "Is fhada bho 'n a bha e 's an targanaich gu' n tugadh tu oidhche am thigh. Am misde mi fhoighneachd dhiat ceann do theidhidh 's do shiubhail?"

"Cha mhisd thu," arsa mac righ Eirionn, "is tu nach misde. Tha mi dol dh' fhiach am faigh mi mach mar a chaidh an Tuairisgeal Mór gu bàs."

"Ma tà" ars esan, "is ioma rìgheachd righ 'us ridire a shiubhail mise, ach guth air an Tuairisgeal Mhòr cha chuala mi riabh, ach teann a stigh." Dh' innis e an sin da gu'n robh bràthair òg aige a b'fhalbhanaiche na e fhein; "Tha e," os esan, "ag cur cuairte air an t-saoghal dà uair 's a' bhliadhna, 's mur fhaigh thu forfhais aigesan air, faodaidh tu tilleadh dhachaidh. Tha coiseachd là 'us bliadhna eadar thu 's e, ach tha socair-bhonn agam fhein 's bheir iad ann fo oidhche thu. An uair a ruigeas tu cuiridh tu an aghaidh air an tigh so agus thig iad fhein air an ais."

Moch 's a' mhaduinn an lairn-a-mhàireach, rinn e e fhein deas, agus chuir e air an t-socair-bhonn. An uair a ràinig e 's cha b' fhada h-uige, thill e dhachaidh an t-socair-bhonn mar a chaidh iarraidh air. Chuir am bràthair òg fàilt air agus thuirt e ris, "Is fhada bho'n a bha e 's an targanaich, a mhic righ Eirionn, gu'n tugadh tu oidhche am thigh. Am misde mi fhoighneachd dhiat ceann do theidhidh 's do shiubhail?"

"Cha mhisd thu," arsa mac righ Eirionn, "is tu nach misde. Tha mi dol dh' fhiach am faigh mi mach mar a chaidh an Tuairisgeal Mor gu bàs."

"Ma tà," ars esan, "is ioma righeachd righ 'us ridire a shiubhail mise, ach guth air an Tuairisgeal Mhòr cha chuala mi riabh, ach teann a stigh."

Fhuair e gabhail ris gu math 's gu ro mhath mar a thigeadh do mhac righ, agus moch 's a' mhaduinn an uair a bha e deas gu falbh, thuirt an Gruagach òg ris, "Cha'n 'eil comas air, a mhic righ Eirionn, ach theirig suas do 'n ghleann ud shuas. Chi thu ann mòran de eich 's de loithean a' leumraich 's a' ruideis. Am bial na h-oidhche thig loth pheallagach odhar a dh-òl deoch as an tobar. Cuiridh i an t-sine dheas

air a gualainn thoisgeil, agus an t-sine thoisgeil air a gualainn dheis, agus leig thusa mar fhianuis air talamh 's air athar gur dalta-ciche dhi thu."

Is e so a rinn e.

"Is ioma dalta dona a bh' agam riabh," os an loth pheallagach, "ach ciod e tha bhuat?" "Tha bhuam," os esan, "sgial air bàs an Tuairisgeil Mhoir." "Theirig air mo mhuin," os ise, cha'n àm stad e."

Chaidh e air muin na loth peallagaiche, agus, a mhic chridhe, cha b'astar 's cha bu ruith e gus an oidhche sin—iad a' fàgail na gaoithe-Màirt a bha rompa, 's cha bheireadh a' ghaoth-Mhàirt a bha 'n an deaghaidh orra. Mu dheireadh rainig iad loch. "Tha 'n loch so," os an loth, "seachd mile gach rathad agus seachd mile air doimhneachd. Cha'n àm so gu dol timchioll, ach gearraidh mi leum thairis air. Ma chinneas do ghnothach leat, marcaichidh tu gu math." Ghabh i roid 's ghèarr i 'n leum. A' dol air tir thall bha esan a' slaodadh ri h-earball. "Rinn thu greim math," os ise, "biodh misneach agad, ach am beil fhios agad càite am beil thu nise—tha thu air fonn righ na h-Inneidh! Tha réis an diugh aige 'g a cur, e fhein 's moran naislean, 's mòran each 'us loithean aige. Tha barraille òir 'us barraille airgid aig gach taoghal. An uair a ruigeas sùnne, thig an righ a nuas far am bi thusa, agus farraididh e dhiat ciod e tha thu a' dol a chur ri sid. Their thusa nach nach 'eil òr no airgiod agad air do shiubhal, ach gu'n cuir thu do cheann an geall ris; agus ciod sa bith a thairgear dhut ormsa na gabh ni no dad ach seann righ na h-Inneidh, agus cuimhnich sin."

Is ann mar so a bha.

"Ciod e an geall-réise a chuireas tu" os an righ.

"Le 'r cead, a righ," os esan, "cha 'n 'eil òr no airgiod agam—cha 'n 'eil mi ag cleachdadh a thoirt leam air cheann-turuis ach air éiginn na dh' fhoghnas domh, ach cuiridh mi mo cheann an geall." "Foghnaidh sin" osa righ òg na h-Inneidh.

An sin thòisich an t-strìth. Leig iad air falbh na h-eich; ach mu 'n robh càch an leth an rathaid dhòirt an loth odhar am barraille òir agus amhuil sin am barraille airgid. An sin thàinig righ òg na h-Inneidh a nall far an robh mac righ Eirionn, 's thuirt e ris, "Is e a th'agadsa steud righ 'us ridire 's cha steud duine bhochd; bheir mise dhut a cudthrom de òr oirre." "Cha ghabh mi ni no dad air an loth idhir, ach seann righ na h-Inneidh," os esan. "Cha b' ann air sou na lothaige peallaiche a chreiceamaid seann righ na h-Inneidh idir, 's cha bu choltach gu 'm b' ann," os an righ òg. "Mur h-ann gleidhidh mise mo loth agam fhein," arsa mac righ Eirionn.

Chuir maithean na h-Inneidh an cinn ri chéile, agus 's e comhairle a chinn aca gus an righ òg a thoileachadh an seann righ a reic bho 'n a bha e air dol bho mhath co dhiubh. Bu chruaidh leis a' ghille, 's gu'm b' eadh, dealachadh ris an loth idhir, ach cha robh atharrachadh aige air. Dh' earb i ris an t-srian a thoirt leis, agus crathadh a thoirt oirre a' chiad éiginn a thigeadh air.

An sin thugadh am mach seann righ na h-Inneidh air a shuanadh an rùsg ollainn ann an cliabh. Thog an gille an cliabh air a mhuin, agus dhealaich e fhein 's an loth odhar. Bha e 'cumail air cian fhada 's cuan fhada, 's fada nan cian leis an righ air mhuin 's a' chliabh. Mu dheireadh thachair coille mhor air. "A' dol romh 'n choille so, b'àbhaist domh dol bhàrr m' eich a bhuain slaite a ghreasadh e, leig air làr mi, dh' fhàiginn mo bheannachd aice," osa seann righ na h-Inneidh. "Is

fhad a sheachainn thu i," osa mac righ Eirionn.

Bha iad ag cumail air an aghart mar sin, 's thuirt an righ a rithist, "Tha abhuiun mhòr an so, 's cha deachaidh mi riabh seachad nach d' òl mi deoch, leig air làr mi." "Is fhada a sheachainn thu i," osa mac righ Eirionn. Na 'n leigeadh e air làr e bhiodh spionnadh chiad fear ann, ach crathar an t-srian. Cha b' fhada gus am fac e an loth odhar a' tighinn 's leumar air a muin. Bha iad ag cumail air an aghart agus ciod a thachair orra ach teine, agus rinn iad stad. "O," os ise, "nach greidh thu buinn na béiste ris an teine 's gu'n innseadh e naidheachd dhuinn." Rinn e sid, 's tòisichear an seann righ :—

"Bha triuir mhac aig m' athair, mise agus dithis eile. Dh' eug ar màthair òg, agus phòs ar n-athair a rithist. Cha robh ar muime math dhuinn idir, agus la de na làithean, thigear togail foipe agus buailear an slachdan-draoidheachd oirnn, agus cuirear am mach ris a' bheinn ud urad sinn 'n ar trì madaidhean-alluidh. Bha sinn an sin a' tighinn beo air spréidh ar n-athar; ach cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuair na buach-aillean am mach sinn; agus is e 'bh' ann gu'n do chuir iad faghaid fothainn 's gu'n do chuir iad le creig mhóir sinn. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod é fhad 's a thug sinn 'n ar paisein; ach an uair a dhùisg mise fhuair mi mo bhràithrean air am bàthadh, agus mo chluasan fhein air an ithe. An sin ghabh mi an snàmh gu taobh thall an loch. Thuit gu'n robh mòran sluaigh cruinn an uair a bha mi ruighinn gu tìr: feadhain ag glaodhaich cur as domh, agus feadhain ag iarraidh mo chead a thoirt domh, gu'n dianainn peata. Bha duine uasal 'n am measg ag gabhail seallaidh dha fhein, 's gabhar son diam, agus dianar peata dhiam. Thug e leis dhachaidh mi 's chuir e air lomhainn mi 's an t-seomar-chadail aige fhein. Co b' e an duine uasal a bha 'n so ach righ. Bha h-uile duine fuath-asach math dhomh, 's cha robh dìth no deireas orm.

An ceann ùine bha bhànrigh gus an dalla taobh a dhol di, ach thuit gu 'n robh an righ 's a' bheinn-sheilg. Rugadh leanabh-mic dhi, agus ciod a thàinig ach a' Chruit-chiuil mu 'n cuairt de 'n tigh, 's tuitear na mnathan-glùine 'n an cadal, 's thigear còrr a stigh air an fhàrleus agus sguabar leatha an leanabh. An uair a dhùisg na mnathan cha robh fhios aca ciod a dhianadh iad, ach tha fhios agad nach robh na mnathan riabh gun luim, agu is e rinn iad cuilein coin a mharbh-adh agus 'fhuil a shuathadh ri m' bhial-sa, 's chuir iad am fiachaibh do 'n righ gu'n do mharbh mi an leanabh. 'Tha 'n gnothuch gu h-ole,' os an righ, 'ach dianadh e dà choire eile orm agus marbhaidh mi e.' Chaidh a rithist an dara taobh de 'n bhanrigh, agus thàinig a' Chruit-chiuil 's a' chròg 's dh' éirich do 'n chuis mar a dh' éirich roimhe, agus cha robh an righ idir toilichte. Cha robh comas air, ach chuir mi romham gu'n gearrainn an t-slabh-ruidh le m' fhiaclan, mu'n rachadh a rithist an dalla taobh de'n bhàn-righ. Ach coma thainig a' Chruit-chiuil mu'n cuairt de'n tigh agus tuitear na mnathan-glùine 'n an surram-suain, 's thigear a' chròg mar a b' àbhaist agus togar leatha an leanabh. Cha deachaidh sid air mhithapadh dhòmhsa, leum mi 'n deaghaidh na croige 's cha bi am munar, agus thug mi leam bho 'n ghualainn i, agus an leanabh, agus chuir mi làmh rium 's a' chrò iad. An uair a dhùisg na mnathan shuath iad fuil piseige ri m' bhial, gu blàth fala bhi orm, agus an uair a thill an

righ as a' bheinn-sheilg thuirt iad ris gu'n do mharbh am mada maol an leanabh. Ghabh an righ diomb mór, agus cha b' ioghnadh dha, agus thuirt e riumsa, "Ma 's ann mar so a tha cha bhi thusa na's fhaide beo," agus dh' fhosgail e dorus a' chrotha gu m' leigeil am mach. Chuir mi fhein a' chròg 's an leanabh am mach romham, agus dh' innis mi a h-uile car mar a thachair. Thuig an righ mar a bhà, agus thuirt e riumsa, 'A mhada mhaoil, na 'm biodh tusa fuasgailte bho chionn thrì bliadhna cha bhiodh mo chall-sa cho an-trom 's a thà e an diugh, ach fhad's is beò thu bidh tu air do chead fhein, agus fiach co aig a tha chridhe a chorrag a thomhadh riut, no a ràdh gur h-olc.' An uair a fhuair mi mo chead thug mi am mach orm, agus leis an toileachas cha robh fhios agam co dhiùbh bha fotham no cheann no mo chasan. A' dol seachad air gàradh a bha 'n sin, ciod e a chuala mi ach ròmhan mór, agus tillear air m' ais agus faighear an ùruisg mhór dhuine iad 'n a shìneadh air cùl a' ghàraidh. "Co sid?" osa mise. "Tha 'n so mise," os esan, "an Tuairisgeal Mór. Bho 'n is tusa a thug dhiam a' chròg bho 'n t-slinnein, cuir a nise ùir 'us talamh orm." "Cha 'n urrainn domh uaigh a chladhach dhut," osa mise. "Seall-tu mo chlaidheamh mór urad ud, agus cladhaichidh tu leis i—do sheachd fad fhein air fad, agus do thrì fad air liad." An uair a bha i deas agam dh' iarr e orm a nise mi g' a tomhas. An uair a bha mi stigh innte thàinig an Tuairisgeal air a tharsuinn innte dh' fhiach am mùchadh e mi, ach a dh-aon dhochunn no dh' éiginn gan d' fhuair mi dh' éirich mi, 's chuir mi ùir 'us talamh air an Tuairisgeal. Dh' innis e dhomh gu 'n robh dà mhac an righ ann an creig os ar cionn, 's na 'm buailinn mo chas oirre gu 'm fosgladh i 's gu'm faighinn beò slàn iad. Fhuair mi iad mar a thuirt e, agus thug mi leam iad thun an righ, 's rinn an righ toileachas mór.

"Tilg a' bhéist 's an teine," os an loth pheallagach odhar, "tha 'n tòir a' tighinn—cóig ciad làn ghaisgeach, sia famhairean diag, agus fichead ridire, a' tighinn gus mo ghlacadh; bi gabhail air mo mhuin, sin iad am mach." Leum mac righ Eirionn air muin na loth 's thug i na buinn. "Tha mi 'g am lagadh 's 'g am leonadh," os ise, "seall am faigh thu clachag gheal am bun mo ladhair, 's tilg as do dheaghaidh i." Fhuair e sid 's thilg e i, 's dh 'fhàs i 'n a stalla mòr creige 's an robh seachd mìle air fad agus seachd mile air àirde, agus chaidh a h-uile fear de'n chòig chiad làn ghaisgeach leis a' chreig, 's chaidh an eanchainn asda uile. Ghearr na famhairean 's na h-eich leum 's thuit iad fhein 's na ridirean aig bun na creige, ach cha do stad an loth fada ag coimhead orra. Bha iad ag cumail air n'an steudaibh 's mu dheireadh thuirt an loth, "O, tha mi 'g am lagadh 's 'gam leònadh, 's an tòir a' tighinn. Fiach am faigh thu boinne falluis am bun mo chluaise agus tilg ad dheaghaidh e." Thilg e sid 's dh' fhas e 'n a loch 's an robh seachd mile air fad, seachd mile air liad, agus seachd mile air doimhneachd. Ghèarr an tòir leum 's bhàthadh na famhairean, 's na h-eich 's na ridirean uile ach aon each dubh 'us marcaiche. "Tha 'n t-each dubh mor mo bhràthair a' tighinn," os an loth, "agus feumaidh tu bhi tapaidh fiach an cuir thu, 's an dol seachad, an ceann de 'n fhear a tha 'g a mharcachd." Rinn an gille deas agus mar a bha 'n t-each mòr dubh a' dol seachad, thug an loth leum-taoibh aisde, agus chuir e an ceann de righ òg na h-Inneidh—is e a bh' air muin an eich. "Teann," os an t-each, "bhàrr na loth, 's thig air mo

mhuin fhein." "Theirig air muin mo bhràthar," os ise, "tha urad ghaoil aig ort 's a th' agam fhein a nise." Chaidh e air muin an eich dhuibh 's cha do stad air an ceum gus an d' ràinig iad Eirinn an t-àite as an d' fhalbh iad.

Thachair an sin loch orra. "Trobhad," os an loth, "agus cuir a nise an ceann dhiam fhein 's de m' bhràthair an so, agus tilg am mach air an loch sin." "An e mise," os esan, "is mi am fear nach cuir—is ann a chuirinn an ceann de dhuine sa bith a theannadh ris." "Mur cuir thusa dhinne an ceann, cuiridh sinne dhiatsa e, agus greas ort." Is e bh' ann gu'n do chuir e dhiubh an ceann, 's gu'n do thilg e am mach air an loch iad. Thòisich e 'n sin air gal 's air caoine gus mo dheireadh an d' thug an cadal thairis e. An uair a dhùisg e co chunnaic e tighinn 'n a chòmhail ach fleasgach 'us maighdean àluinn. Dh' fhoighnich iad ciod a bh' air. Dh' innis e dhaibh mar a bhà; mar a chuir e as do 'n loth uidhir 's do 'n each dhubh 's nach racha dh rath air gu bràch 'n an deaghaidh. "Nach gabh thu mi fhein an àite na loth agus mo bhràthair an àite an eich" os a' mhaighdean. Thug e taing dhi, ach thuirt e nach gabhadh e ni no dad 'n an àite. "Ma tà," os ise, "is mise an loth pheallagach odhar, agus 's e mo bhràthair an t-each dubh. Is clann righ na Spàinte sinn, agus bha sinn mar sid fo gheasan." "Ma 's ann mar sin a thà," os esan, "cha bhi bean dìolain no phosda agamsa gu bràch ach thu." "Tha mise toileach ma ta," os ise, "ach cha phòs mi thu gu ceann bliadhna, tha agam ri dol dachaidh a shealltainn m' athar 's mo mhàthar agus mo chuideachda. Ach so dhut fainne òir 's ni sinn da leth air. An uair a chi thu mise rithist theid am fàinne 's a' chéile mar a bha e roimhe." "Agus," os ise, "theid thu dhachaidh 's na toir pòg do dh-athair no do mhàthair no do ni eile, neo ma bheir cha bhi cuimhne agad air mnaoi no air leannan. Theid thu do 'n ghleann far an d' fhàg thu an t-Olach Ceannruadh, agus innsidh tu dhaair a' chnoc mu bhàs an Tuairisgeil Mhòir. Tha e 'n a thòrr ruadh chnàmh air a' chnoc, agus an àm dha bhi 'g éirigh tàirnidh e 'fhuil, 'us fhéithean mar a bha e riabh, agus mar a bhios e air 'uilinn tilg dh'e an ceann leis a' chlaidheamh, air neo, an uair a chì e claidheamh a bhràthar cha 'n fhag e duine beo 's an dùthaich." Dh' fhàg e an sin beannachd aice, agus dh' fhalbh iadsan dachaidh.

Ràinig esan an cnoc 's dh' innis e a naidheachd. Bha an t-Olach Ceannruadh a' tarruinn ris 'fhala, 's 'fheòla, 's fhéithean, gus an d' éirich e air 'uilinn, ach theg esan togail do'n chlaidheamh 's cuirear an ceann d'e; 's dh' fhalbh e an sin dhachaidh a choimhead air 'athair.

Bha 'athair air an leabaidh, dall, bodhar, gun treòir, bho'n là a dh' fhalbh esan gus an là-ud, ag caoidh a mhic. "Tha dà thrian de m' fhradharc, agus dà thrian de m' chlaisteachd air tighinn orm, seallaibh am mach, tha mo mhac a' tighinn no sgial bhuaithe." An tiota beag ghlaodh e. "Tha mi cho làidir 's a bha mi riabh 's theid mi fhein am mach." Is e bh' ann gu'n do leum e fhein am mach, agus choinnich a mhac a' tighinn e. Chaidh e mu chnàimh-amhuch a mhic, ach cha tugadh a mhac pòg no pòg dha, no do dhuine eile. An uair a shuidh e stigh 's a ghabh iad a sgial, ciod a thàinig a stigh ach gala-mhiolchoin a bh' aige roimhe agus aithnichear e, agus buailear builledh'e'teanga air mu'n bhial, agus tuille cha robh guth aige air mnaoi no air leannan. Bha e tuille a'

fuireach comhla ris an righ; ach an ceann bliadhna smaoinich e gu 'm posadh e. Agus co bha e dol a phòsadh ach an te a thàinig g' a shealltainn an oidhche mu'n d'fhalbh e. Bha a' bhainis 'g a cur suas, mar gu'm b' eadh an nochd. Fhuair moran cuireadh gu bainis mhic an righ. An uair a bha a' bhainis a' dol 'n a suidhe, co bhuail a stigh ach lasgaire de ghille òg agus maighdean àluinn còmhla ris. Chuireadh ise 'n a maighdinn, agus esan 'n a fhleasgach bho'n a bu choigrich iad. An uair a thug fear-na bainse am mach airgiod a' phòsaidh ciod a thàinig á 'phòca ach bloigh an fhàinne a thug nighean righ na Spàinte dha, agus an uair a thug ise an aire dha, thug i am mach a bloigh fhein 's leum am fàinne 's a chéile mar a bha e ùr nomha. Thàinig e an sin gu chuimhne fhein, agus aithnichear i; agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do phòs e fhéin 's i fhéin; agus phòs a bràthair agus an te a bha esan a' dol a phòsadh, 's rinneadh dhaibh bainis mhór, ghreadhnach, aighireach a mhair là 'us bliadhna, 's cha d' thàinig guth mòr no droch fhacal eadar a h-aon de 'n chàraid fhad's bu bheò iad.

———o———

FAILTE SHIR EOBHAN.

Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eóbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eóbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eóbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eóbhan.
Faoilt air Eóbhan,
Fàilt air Eóbhan,
Thàinig Eóbhan.
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig Eóbhan.
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig Eóbhan,
Thàinig Eóbhan,
Faoilt air Eóbhan,
Fàilt air Eóbhan,
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eóbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh,
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh,
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh,
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh,
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh.
Thàinig Eóbhan,
Thàinig Eóbhan,
Faoilt air Eóbhan,
Fàilt air Eóbhan.
Bheil thu stigh héro,
Bheil thu stigh hàro,
Bheil thu stigh héro,
Bheil thu stigh hàro,
Bheil thu stigh, bheil thu stigh,
Bheil thu stigh héro,
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh.
Bheil thu stigh hàro,
Bheil thu stigh héro,
Thàinig Eóbhan,
Faoilt air Eóbhan,
Fàilt air Eóbhan,
Bheil thu stigh, bheau a chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eóbhan,
Faoilt air Eóbhan,
Failt air Eóbhan,
Thàinig Eóbhan,
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig Eóbhan.

———o———

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Is fhèarr do dhuine bhi 'snaim nan so na bhi 'n a thàmh.

Faodaidh seann each sitir a dhianamh.

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

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

Cha 'n 'eil coill gun chrìonaich,
'S cha 'n 'eil baile gun bhiast ann.

Cha 'n 'eil linne gun ubh-gluig.

Am fear a bhios air deireadh bidh na coin comaith ris.

Is e an geamhradh luath, an geamhradh buan.

Mar is luaithe a' ghaillionn, is ann a' cruaidhe a' ghaillionn.

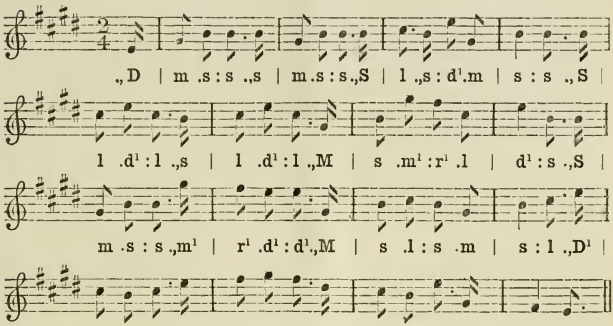
Cha 'n ion do dhuine a ghàire, ars an fear a bha 's an àrfhaich 's fitheach air fhein a ribeadh 'n a chaolain, 's e ri faite gàire ri lon an fhithich.

Ruchd, ruchd! thuirt am fitheach, 's mo mhac an tighearna.

MARBHRANN D' A CHEILE;

Le Iain Moirison, a bha anns na Hearadh.

Gleus E.



Mo leòn! 's mo léireadh! 's goirt mo dhéuchainn,
Fodh ghoimh ghéur ga m' chiùrradh,
A caoidh mo chéile 'bu ghlan béusan,
'S 'bu tearc té 'bu chiùteich';
'S tù 'dh' fhàg ro éisleineach 'n a d' dhéigh mi,
'S tric na déir bho m' shùilean
Bho 'n latha 'thréig thu mi le éug,
'S a chaidh do chré fodh 'n ùir uam.

'S ro chianail 'thà mi 'n ceann do phàistean
'Tha maoth, bàth, gun chùram;
Us lot 'n a m' àirnean, bhi 'g an clàistinn
'Caoidh do ghràdh 'bha dlùth dhaibh;
Ni 'dh' fhàg gach làth' mo chridhe sgàinte,
'S mi 'n cruaidh chàs fodh thùrsa;
'S nach soillsich tràth 's an cluinn mi 'n ràn,
Nach bi 'n a chràdh ás ùr dhomh.

B'e "feòil de m' fheòil thu, 's cnaimh de m' chnàmhan,"
Bha do ghràdh ro mhór dhomh:
An aisne-chàraid 'thug an t-Ard-righ
Dhomh 'n a ghràs gu m' chòmhnadh.
An Tì a chàirich thu ri t-àite,
Cuimt' ri càch, 's co-chòrdte,
Cha d' rinn e màm no meall ort fhàgail,
'Bheireadh cràdh no leòn dhomh.

Le briathran béil cha chuir mi 'n céill
Mar 'tha mi 'n teinn ga d' ionndrainn:
Mo chreachadh léir, le làmh an éig,
Tha dhomh 'n a phéin do-ghiùlant':
Bhi 'fulang réubadh m' aisne chléibh uam,
'S goirt mo chréuchd 's is drùidhteach,
Us dàitht' a' m' chré mar lot ro ghéur,
Us m' fheòil a' d' dhéigh gun dùnadh—

'S mar lot 'tha iomsgaoilte, gun urchasg,
Fodh niuh buirb' do-shloinnte;
Gach madadh 's uilbheist, nach dean 'imlich,

Bheir le mioncas graim ás :
Na naimhdean furchar mu mo thiomchioll,
Deamhnan 'tilgeadh shaighdean ;
'Sangath ni 's durgh' do m' fheòil ri iomchar,
Na geur chuilg de 'n droidhneich.

Bu mhaiseach céutach, thu 'n a d' éugaisg,
'S bu ghlan sgèimh do dhealbh-chruth ;
'S mar 'thug thu spéis dhomh mar chaomh chéile,
'Chaoidh cha 'n fhéud mi 'dhearmad ;
Us mheal mi éibhneas, fad do ré,
'Bha mar riut féin ga m' leanmhainn ;
Us iomadh néarachd, mar an ceudna,
'Rinn mo thréigs' bho dh' fhalbh thu.

Ged 's ni do-iomchar leam 'bhi 'g iomradh
D' fhaoilteachd, 's d' fhurbhailt caoimhneis ;
Bha d' ghnùis, 'bha suilbhear, leam ro ionmhainn,
'S air réir d' inbh 'bha loinnmhor,
Le nàdur tulchuiseach, gun bhuirbe,
'S cridh nach fuilaingeadh aimhreit—
Ach dh'fhàg thu 'n cuimrig mi, 's an urchaid,
'S ann am buillsgean aimbeairt.

Fodh riaghailt òrduigh, 's rùn a' phòsaidh,
Bha thu d' chòmhnadh dearbht' dhomh ;
Bha d' bheatha stòld' a' m' uchd 's cha d' leòn
Thu mi gu bròn no angnath ;
Bha d' ghràdh cho fòireil orm 's gach dòigh
'S gu 'n robh mi ' m' mhór chuis-fharmaid ;
'S bu bheannachd òrdhearc, thar mo sgeòil,
Thu dhomh 'thaobh feòla 's anama.

Na abradh nàmh a nis gu bràth
Gur feòil a mhàin fàth m' ionndrainn ;
Ach caoimhneas blàth, mar thoradh gràis,
A las, a'm pàirt, 'n a d' ghnùis ghil.
Bha agad eàrlas air do shlàinte,
'Thog bho 'n hàs do chùram—
'S mo bhròn gu'n d'fhàg thu mi 'n cruaidh chàs !
Oir bha do ghràdh dhomh dùbhfhillt'.

Ach 's peanas alltachd dhòmhs' a bh' ann,
'S gu 'n d'fhuair mi 'challtachd mhór so ;
Mar iodhal bhann mi riut cho teann
'S gu 'n robh mi ' m' dhall do n' tròcair ;
Cha 'n ioghnadh ànsith 'thig'nn mu m' cheann,
'S mo chor 'bhi fann, dubh-bhròmach,
'S ged shrùl 'n an deann mo dheòir bho m' fhabhran,
Fodh lot lann *Iehòbhah.*

Is còrd ro làidir mar am bàs,
'Tha 'm buaidh a' ghràidh 'bheir dùlan
Do ni le 'm b' àill a chumail làth'
Bho chuspair àrd 'bhiodh dlùth dha :
Theid mairbh a thàrrsainn beò gu slàint' leis,
Tre 'n t-saor ghràs a 's tùs dha :
'S an gaol 'tha nàdurr', 's tròm a shràchd,
A bheir a bhàin do 'n ùir neach.

Ged rinn E 'n uair s' do sgaradh uam,
'S e féin a b' uaisle còir ort ;
Us thug E 'n uachdar thar gach truaigh' thu—
'S e sin stuaidh mo dhòchais ;
'S tu 'n seilbh air suaimhneas 'tha do-luaisgte.
Ann an cuan de shòlas ;
Air réir do luaidh air d' chòir 'n a bhuaidh,
Mu 'n d' thiomnadh suas an deò leat.

Chaidh tu air imrich do 'n tìr ionmhainn,
Dh' ionnsaidh inbh' ro òrdhearc ;
Us fhuair thu iomlaid mhór ri iomradh,
Làn de dh' ionmhas glòirmhor,
A rinn an Tiomnidhfhear dhut ullachadh,
Mar do bhunchar dòchais,
'S tha 'n Tì 'tha iomlan, nach gabh tuigadh,
Dhut mar chuirm ro shòghmhor.

Ged tha mi 'n uair so dheth fodh ghruaim,
Gu tùrsach, truagh, a' m' dheòiridh,
A caoidh do shuairceis, ni 'tha cruaidh leam,
'S mi fodh uallach t-òigridh ;
'S e fhuair mi, 'luaidh, dhiot iasachd luachmhor,
Bha 'n a bhuannachd mhór dhomh ;
'S e 'n Tì bho 'n d'fhuair mi thu 'thug uam thu,
Cliù bithbhuan us glòir dha.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. OCTOBER 1875. No. 46.

ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE POEMS OF OSSIAN,

BY DR. AUGUST EBRARD.

(*Continued.*)

LOVE, passionate love, plays a great part in Ossian, and most beautiful instances of fidelity in love are given, yet there is not a word about the duty of fidelity in marriage. When love ends, marriage is dissolved. Cairbre and Deudgheal are divorced, nothing being required but mutual consent, merely because the latter prefers Ferd. Of magnificence, marble, silk stuffs, costly beds, there is no mention; the king holds his court in the open hall, at feasts he lies on the open moors and heaths; a hut or a cave serves as the residence of princesses. Moreover there is no trace of the specially Celtic development of civilisation of the following century. In the middle-ages the summons to battle was given by carrying round a red cross; in Ossian by striking on a shield. In Ireland and Scotland, all through the middle-ages, the bagpipe was the beloved National instrument, and to its music the armies march to battle; in Ossian there is no more reference to the bagpipe than there is to the trumpet. A great shield is used as the regimental kettle-drum, a horn—a bull's horn (Olifant, in Gaelic *stoc*)—is the only war music.

Nor are the names of the clan divisions of the middle-ages to be found. If these poems had had their origin in the middle-ages, the poet would have honoured some one or other of the clans by imputing to it Finnghal's descent.

At the end of the eleventh century, the time when a change was brought about in all countries and in all races which marked the transition from the ancient to the modern period of the middle-ages, when the Crusades began, and the Romanic architecture began to yield to the Gothic; then the poetry of the bards also experienced a mighty internal revolution; it changed from a natural to an artificial poetry. In the first place in the form, for until then the metre, as in the Nibelungen-strophes, had depended, not on the number of long or short syllables, but only on the alternate rising and falling, so now—in Wales by Rhuys ap Tewdor (1077); in Scotland by the author of Miann a Bhaird aosda (who seems to have lived a little later) — iambic, trochaic and dactylic metres, were artificially introduced. At the same time the old heathen myths were rescued from their obscurity and the names of the gods were used allegorically, just as those of the Olympic deities are now used in the German and French poetry of this century. Above all, the bards did not neglect to call forth the Celtic muse Kerydwen, goddess of melody. In Ossian there is nothing of all this, and his metre is thoroughly in the old style; for what Ahlwardt has thought to discover of syllabic metre

is pure delusion. Let us just hear a genuinely metric poem, as, for example, the following of Miann :—

"O cáraibh mí ri taóbh nan áillt
A shiúbhlas máll le ceúmaibh ciúin," &c.

And then hear the next best Ossianic verse :—

"Shúidh Cuchúllin aig bálla Thúra,
Fo dhúbhra craóibh dhúille na fuáim
Dh' aóm a shleágh ri cárraig nan cós &c.

We find this same ancient rough form of verse in Douthal's poems, he sings of the battle betwixt his king, Dubh of Scotland (962-967) and the Danish prince Sweyn. But Douthal betrays in every line that he is a feeble copyist of Ossian, whose poems he has had already before him.

We now add to all this the extreme unity of internal construction in these poems, most of which are only 200-300 verse lines in length, and show a simple and distinct treatment of the subject throughout. Even the two great epics are not spun out into long complicated stories, but only treat of war-like events occupying three or four days ; finally, we notice that in Ossian we meet with no abstract ideas save only those of courage, fear, passion and grief, nor do we meet with personifications either of abstract ideas or of concrete but inanimate objects ; so each and every reference seems fitted to convince us that we must really seek for the author of these poems in a far distant time near to the occurrences which he relates.

How sharply he distinguishes between the manners of Lochlin, *i.e.*, of the Scandinavians, and those of the Caledonians! Cæsar (Bell. Gall., 6, 19) relates, as a Celtic custom, "*Viri, quantas pecunias ab uxoribus dotis nomine acceperunt, tantas ex suis bonis cum dotibus communicant ; hujus omnis pecuniæ conjunctim ratio habetur.*" The man from his own possessions places alongside of the dowry which he receives with his wife an equivalent sum ; this united marriage-portion is managed as common property." We find precisely this legal position between Cairbre and his wife Deudgheal (Finnghal ii., 397 *et seq.*) Whilst among the Celtic Caledonians, the women and girls are in the same hall with the men, Lochlin has the princesses in a separate chamber where no man dares to enter (Finnghal iii. 83.) And in truth the old Scandinavians had the *Jomfru-Bur* which no man should enter. In Ossian's Carraig-Thura along with the Norman host there appear war-like women, and we hear historically of such, as, for instance, Wyrite, wife of King Waldar of Shenen, as late as 570. (Other instances are to be found in Suhm vi. 6 ; vii. 790.) Further it is proved by Suhm to have been a genuine old Norwegian custom for the suitor to go to war about the maiden who was refused him in marriage, and if victorious, to bear her home with him just as the Norman, Thor-Thormod, does with Oina-Morul in Ossian ; further, that he who kidnaps a girl is put to death, as was Starno in Ossian's Cathloduinn. It is quite correct when in Ossian ("Carraig-Thura") the spirit Loda, who appears as the chief god of the Normans, calls the Norman Frothal his son, for Frode did really carry his genealogy back to Odin. In like fashion in Ossian (Cathloduinn) the spirits of the fallen Normans go to the spirit Sodun, that is to say, to Odin, while the spirits of the fallen Caledonians hover mist-like over their graves, resting near the friends whom they have left behind.

It also seems to appertain to and to speak for a great antiquity that

throughout the Normans are called the men "of the brown (copper) shields," and the Caledonians, in contradistinction, "the men of the blue (steel) shields." This points to a time when the use of steel (which the Scots had acquired in their contact with the Gauls and Romans) was as yet unknown or rare among the Normans.

This distinction between the Scandivavian-Teutonic and the Caledonian-Celtic customs and mythology is so clear in Ossian, so pervading and so certain, that upon this ground alone the historian Suhm has declared that Ossian should at once be employed as a subsidiary historical authority.

After all that has been said so far, the case of the Ossianic poems is quite different from that of the Nibelungenlied. In the case of the German epic of the middle-ages, the original material of the subject-matter existed in the old German myths which had been humanised in the course of centuries, and was combined with historical reminiscences (for instance, of Dietrich von Bern, Etzel) and finally united into a whole with the stamp of the middle-ages upon it. In the case of Ossian, we discover no trace of acquaintance with the culture of the middle-ages; as little is there discernible a traditionary substance or an artificial intermingling of originally discordant elements. Each of these epics has for its subject a single war or campaign, exhausted in a few battles, which only lasts a few days, and which is depicted with a naive circumstantiality. Everything bears the stamp of history; the situation of the fields of battle is easily recognisable; the blunders in tactics or strategies on the Caledonian side are recounted with a naive frankness (for instance, Song 4, verse 285.) The supernatural powers nowhere interfere with the course of events; for if in a dream, or in his waking hours in the darkness of night, a hero thinks he sees in the shining border of a cloud the spirit of a dead ancestor, or of a fallen brother in arms, or the form of a future beloved, and fancies he hears their voice in the whispering of the wind, this again is just the actual historically existing belief, or superstition of that people which, as is known, they have continued to hold in Scotland even in modern times. When we compare the war-songs of later bards, the period of which is historically confirmed, and which describe battles witnessed by themselves, we shall find in them just the same appearances. In short, in Ossian's poems there is presented to us a subject-matter of observations and thoughts, just such as would have occurred to the remembrance of one who had taken part in these battles. And whoever may have cast this material into its present form, it is certain that he has left the substance thus unaltered.

And why should this not actually have proceeded from this Ossian—prince, warrior, and poet? We know that in old times it was the common custom of the Celtic tribes that the bards should accompany the army to battle, and that every warlike and heroic deed should straightway be celebrated in more or less detailed song. Undoubtedly this would happen with the numerous warlike deeds of King Finnghal. How intelligible it must then appear that after the death of Finghal and the ruin of his kingdom, the king's son, Ossian, who had fled to the Hebrides, and who was now a blind old man, should have collected, into

such complex epics as "Carthonn," "Finnghal," and "Timora," the songs which had been sung, partly by himself and partly by friendly bards (as Carul and Ullin). How intelligible that these poems, noble in themselves, as well as being reminiscences of former magnificence, should have been preserved with a fond tenacity and transmitted from generation to generation in the usual manner, by learning by heart, in the centuries (300-900) when the Caledonian nation was so heavily oppressed by the Nordmen, Picts, Britons, and Anglo-Saxons.

And thus all the linguistic phenomena are forthwith explained. If a poem is for centuries orally transmitted from generation to generation, its text will, by gradual and unremarkable progress, experience those changes which the language itself has gradually and by imperceptible and slow degrees undergone. In place of forms which have become obsolete, new ones are introduced step by step. Thus we shall not be surprised when we find in Ossian, not the old-Gaelic or old-Irish of the third century, but a language which bears much the same relation to old-Irish that the middle high-German of the Nibelungenlied or the Parcival does to the old high-German of the Wessobrunner prayer. Such a gradual change could have occurred without any fundamental alteration of the text; for we find that the middle-Gaelic language of Ossian differs on the one hand from the old Irish (as we learn from the literary remains of the seventh to the ninth centuries) by reason of its having thrown off the old terminations and some slight differences in orthography, whilst, on the other hand, the metre is only dependent on the number of accents, and the rhyme on the assonance of of the accented root syllables, so that the metre and rhyme have remained intact in spite of the discontinuance of the terminations.

The verse :—

"Shuídh Cuchúllin aig bálla Thúra
Fo dhúbhra craoibh dhúille na fuaim,
Dh' aóm a shléagh ri cárraig nan cós
A sgíath mhór r'a thaóbh air an fheúr.,"

in old-Irish or old-Gaelic would sound as follows :—

"Suidígthe Cuchúllin oc bálla Thúre
Fo dúbre croéb dúille nan fuaím,
Dh' aomadh a shléagh ri cárraig nan có
A sciath mhór or a thóbi air ind fhuír."

Much more considerable is the difference which may be perceived between the Gaelic of Ossian and that of the present day, a difference which is striking in respect of the simplicity of construction in Ossian, and of the relatively frequent use of the genuinely actual conjugation (in place of the *conjugatio periphrastica* now in use with the verb *bi*— to be), but above all in respect of the richness of the language. In Ossian we find masses of expressions (and even root words) which are either no longer met with in the Gaelic of the present day, or occur with completely altered meaning. It is remarkable that in Ossian there are seven different words to express the idea "rock," three for "wood," and ten for "hero," also different root-words which mark in the most exact manner the different descriptions of valleys and ravines, as also the individual kinds of weapons. The text which in regard to the forms of language is as it were fusible, must have settled itself at some point of time, so that from that time forward all gradual changes ceased, and there was no more confusion of archaic and obsolete with modern forms. Without doubt this consolidation took

place when records began to be kept in writing. We may look for this epoch about the ninth or tenth century. For, after Scotland had, from the sixth century till about the year 843, been in a continual state of disturbance, partly of Norman invasions, and partly by civil wars betwixt the Caledonians or Scots and the Albions or Picts; in 843 there began, in the reign of Kenneth, who united under his sway the Pictish and Caledonian kingdoms, a period of peace and prosperity which lasted for several centuries, and in which Gaelic literature, science, and art were fostered. This period ended when Alexander (1107-1124) declared the Norman language to be alone noble, and began to degrade the Gaelic language to the use of the common people only. Certainly among the bards of the middle-ages, Douthal in the tenth century has the greatest resemblance, as to language, to the text of Ossian as known to us.

In conclusion we have still to consider the strange phenomenon, that in Ossian there are no traces, or only very faint traces of Pagan belief.* Cæsar relates of the Gauls, that they honoured immortal gods, which for his part he characterised by the names of the Roman gods, Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva; the gods of divination, of the sun, of war, of thunder and the goddess of wisdom. As for the Celts of the upper Rhine, we know from inscriptions that they worshipped the deities Visucius-(fiosach?), Vosegus, Tettus, Sirona (goddess of health), Jautissa, and Abnoba. In the same way we know that all Celtic peoples had their highly cultivated priesthood of Druids, from which class the chief official of the clan, the Vergobreth (*i.e. fear gu breith*, "man for judgment") was chosen by annual vote. On the other hand, in Ossian we never hear a Vergobreth or a Druid mentioned; there is no sacrifice offered to any God before the army marches to battle, nor is the help of any such implored. At least a greeting to the rising sun as "The Son of heaven" (Timora 2,506) is the sole instance of the worship of Gods which we could remember. All religion seems to find its limit in intercourse with the spirits of heroes who had fallen in battle. The soul of him who is fallen, dwells in the "narrow dark house" of the grave under the "three stones" which are raised over it, and inhabits the vapour of the mists, until its fame is celebrated in the songs of the bards. By means of these songs it gains strength to rise into the clouds, where in misty form it appears to its kin as a shining light and gives to them its prophecy as to the future; it is also its wont to raise fearful storms at sea. In its honour sacrifices of animals are brought to its grave (*e.g.* Finnghal vi. 355); if a hero falls in a foreign land, his soul is called to its native country with well ordered ceremonies.

This is apparently the same religion which Palgrave found in Central Arabia (in Schomer) in the form of Sabaism, tenaciously retained in spite of Mohammedism;

* Perhaps it is such a trace when (in Timora ii. 348) we read; "Behind the sword of Conar-black death was half visible with great strides;" or when (in the same poem, v. 311) "The dark struggle descended on the swords of the combatants"? Was the original imagination here of a god of death, or a god of war? or is it only a poetical personification? Are the *fnathas* those "forms of dread" which appeared in the clouds, and which are always distinguished from the *tannas* and *taibse* or spirits of dead men, perhaps deities?

in Arabia as in Stonehenge, appeals to the rising sun, worship of, and sacrifices to the dead, and the "three stones"! Had the Gaels of Ossian's time no other religiou than this ancient one belonging to times before the Celts (or perhaps common to different races of men?) and traces of which are continued from Scotland over Africa to the East Indies? Or has the order of bards, when it, along with the Scottish nation, turned to Christianity, intentionally cast off those passages which contained a direct reference to the heathen theology, by not permitting them to be learned by heart. This view of the question has always appeared to me to be more plausible than that which the anonymous author of the "Dissertations concerning the Era of Ossian," (which was annexed to Macpherson's edition, Leipzig 1805) narrates as an "old tradition" but which more probably had no foundation whatever; namely that during the Roman wars the authority of the Druids had fallen into contempt among the Caledonians; the army had chosen the *fear gu breith* from among themselves, and the honour had fallen on Trathal the grandfather of Finnghal. His Druidical rival for the office of Vergobreth protested, and the result was a civil war between the Druidical party and Trathal's party: this war ended in the extermination of the Druids. The rest withdrew themselves into solitary places where they spoke in oracles from "the circle of the stones." When ("Finnghal" i. 70) Cairbre obeys in the battle cry "the voice from the altar," some such Druid oracle must be intended. But it is without precedent that a people should willingly cast off its belief because of a political struggle. Either the Gaels of the third century had no other religion than this ancient Sabean form of Paganism, or, the references to the worship of the gods, between the third and the eighteenth century, have been blotted out of these Ossianic songs by the influx of Christianity. In either case this aspect of affairs only serves as a renewed confirmation of the high antiquity and the pure preservation of our text, into which not the faintest trace of Christian belief, manners, or civilization has found an entrance.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.*

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness holds a foremost place among the numerous class of societies with a kindred object which sprung up of late years in this country and in America. It is the only "Gaelic" Society, so far as we are aware, which publishes an account of its proceedings in a permanent form. It is a wise thing to attempt to concentrate the various rays of thought and sympathy which illumine the Celtic sky of our day. The Society of Inverness, from its locality, and its influential membership, is well adapted for giving direction and purpose and definiteness to the various movements which have for their object the elucidation of the past and the amelioration of the future of our people in this country and elsewhere.

The contents of the volumes before us are, like those of the first and second volumes, of a very miscellaneous description. They contain an account of the proceedings of the Society from July 1873 till

* Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Vol. III. and IV. Inverness, John Noble, 1875.

July 1875, with an introduction narrating the history of the Celtic Chair movement. Fifteen papers, read before the Society, are printed in whole or in part; while the reports of two annual suppers and an annual assembly cover thirty-five pages, or nearly one-sixth of the whole. The question of teaching Gaelic in the schools naturally occupied the attention of the Society during the past year; and the very laudable efforts it made to secure this great boon to Gaelic-speaking children, deservedly obtains a place in the printed transactions.

Among the papers read before the society during the last two years, there are several which may be called interesting, but few of permanent scientific value. Of the latter class the most ambitious is on the "Origin of the Indo-European languages, and their affinity to the Shemitic clas," by the Rev. John MacPherson, Lairg; the most valuable is "Notices of Brittany," by Dr. Thomas MacLauchlan, Edinburgh. An able and appreciative paper is that on "The poetry of Dugald Buchanan," by the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbran; and of more than ephemeral interest are the papers on "The Scotch in America, by Dr. Charles Mackay; and "the Gael in the far west," by Dr. Masson, Edinburgh. In point of interest, the subject of the paper on the "Prophecies of Coinneach Odhar," need yield to none. The "Brahan Seer" was by all accounts a gifted man, whether prophet or not. But why should the writer sneer at those who are inclined to doubt the reality of the gift of prophecy even in the face of seemingly incomprehensible facts? It was predicted that the crash of the fall of "Clachtholl" would cause Ledmore's cattle, twenty miles away, to break their tethers; whereas it appears that the cattle, longing for the fulfilment of the prophecy, had broken their tethers and come "to within a few hundred yards (a safe distance) of the arch," to witness the catastrophe. The general belief among the youth of Assynt of the present day, is that "Clach-tholl" fell for a nobler purpose than to frighten cows, or even to verify a prediction, viz.,—to commemorate the great disruption of 1843. The paper may be of value as a register of the "unfulfilled predictions;" but let us not for example accept the removal of Clach-an-Tiompain to Dingwall pier as a fulfilment of the prophecy relating to it, for a confirmed believer can any day accomplish this. At the risk of being included among Mr. Mackenzie's "scientific dabblers," we must assert our belief that upon his showing the reputation of a prophet can be easily earned.

One word as to the Gaelic portion of the "Transactions. There is a thoughtful paper on "The necessity for a uniform system of writing Gaelic," by John MacDonald, Lanark; but, as a rule, the Gaelic matter is inferior to the English. Why is this? and why did the Society ever print pp. 23–25?

These are, however, but slight blemishes in comparison with the interesting and valuable material which composes the bulk of the double volume before us. We cordially wish long life and continued success to the "Gaelic Society," and hope that they will in the future, as in the past, give to the public as well as to their members an annual volume of "Transactions."

—0—

DIED,

Suddenly, at Montreal, Canada, July 19, 1875,

AGED 39 YEARS,

JOHN NICHOLSON,

Eldest surviving Son of the late **ALEXANDER NICHOLSON**, of Asmigarry, Island of Lewis, Scotland; and beloved Brother of **ANGUS NICHOLSON**, of "The Gael," and Canadian Government Emigration Commissioner for the Highlands.



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,

70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line.

GLASGOW

TO

NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—13, 14, & 16 Guineas.

INTERMEDIATE, Seven Guineas.

STEERAGE, Five Guineas.

To New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Passengers booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,

49 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 4to, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d. cloth,

OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE: FINGAL IN IRELAND; OSCAR IN ICELAND.

BY DR. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow: JAMES MACLEHOSE, Publisher to the University.

Just Published, Crown 8vo, Price Five Shillings,

RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS

(COMPLETE EDITION).

CAREFULLY REVISED AND EDITED BY THE
REV. THOMAS SMITH, D.D.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.

EDINBURGH: DUNCAN GRANT, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SCOTTISH UNION
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON, 37 CORNHILL. EDINBURGH, 47 GEORGE STREET. DUBLIN, 52 DAME STREET.

Established 1824.—Capital £5,000,000.

Governor.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.

Deputy-Governor.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Ordinary Directors.

JOHN KENNEDY, Esq.
JAMES CAMPBELL, Esq.
ROBERT HUTCHISON, Esq.
JAMES MANSFIELD, Esq.
JOHN WRIGHT, Esq.
JOHN COWAN, Esq.
DANIEL AINSLIE, Esq.
The Hon. JAMES W. MONCREIFF.
FINDLAY ANDERSON, Esq.
JAMES TURNBULL, Esq.

GEORGE RAMSAY, *Manager*. JAMES BARLAS, *Secretary*.

Solicitor—COLIN MACKENZIE, W.S.

Auditor—ROBERT SPOTTISWOODE, C.A. *Physician*—Dr. J. D. GILLESPIE.

Bankers—THE COMMERCIAL BANK—THE NATIONAL BANK.

This COMPANY is composed of a numerous and influential body of Proprietors, and has a large Subscribed Capital, so that unquestionable security is guaranteed to Insurers.

INVESTED FUNDS as at 1st August 1874, upwards of .	£1,333,000
ANNUAL REVENUE from all sources	282,166
AMOUNT OF LIFE INSURANCES in force	5,300,000

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

FIVE-SIXTHS of the PROFITS arising from the WHOLE LIFE BUSINESS are divided EVERY FIVE YEARS amongst Participating Policyholders, in the proportion each has contributed to the Fund.

NEW BUSINESS IN 1874.

POLICIES—643.

SUMS ASSURED,	PREMIUMS,
£443,105.	£14,129, 0s. 6d.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected on moderate terms. The Company has a long established Character for Settling losses promptly and liberally.

This Company does not transact Foreign Business, the Agencies being entirely confined to the United Kingdom.

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at any of the Agencies throughout the Kingdom.

GEORGE RAMSAY, *Manager*.
JAMES BARLAS, *Secretary*.

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

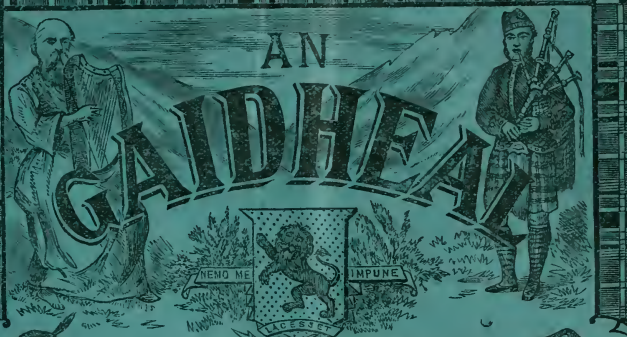
List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs;
Saints' Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

AN GAIDHEAL



CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail	321	Gearan Mhaoil-Chiarain	336
Na sruthain	327	Aonachd a' chinnedhaonna	336
Ionraic Mac-Ailein	327	Donull-nan-ord	338
Sgialachd Eneais le Virgil	330	Sop as gach seid	341
An sionnach	335	Oran gaoil	342

"Map ġaṫ poluṗ do mʼ anam ṗein
Ta ṗgeula na h-aimṗiṗ a ṡ'paṫ." Oiseaṅ.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL.

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 47.

Proverbs, ... 321
The two streams, ... 327
Ionraic Mac-Allan, ... 327
The Æneid in Gaelic, ... 330
The fox, ... 335
Maol-Kieran's wail, ... 336
Gaelic lecture, ... 336
Donald the hammerer, ... 338
Song with music, ... 342

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Levers to raise our peasantry, ... 343
The New Testament translated from the Latin Vulgate into Gaelic, ... 347

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

AN GAIDHEAL.

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

IV. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1875. [47 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

XI.—BITHIDH DUIL RI FEAR FEACHD, ACH CHA BHI DUIL RI FEAR LIC.

Bha Beatha a' Ghaidheil an Albainn, rè a' mhor chuid de eachdraidh, air a cuairteachadh le cunnairt air gach taobh, agus bha i neo-chinnteach thar tomhais; ach eadhon am measg nam pobull is siothchaile 's is teuruinte crannchur, tha 'n fhirinn làn dearbhta nach 'eil dol as o'n Bhàs. Is moch ann an eachdraidh an t-saoghail a thainig a' bhinn a mach,—"Is duslach thu, agus gu duslach pillidh tu"; agus an cualas riamh iomradh air Lagh a fhuair umhlachd cho iomlan? Bhiodh e faoin a radh, agus cha bhiodh e fior, gu'n robh no gu bheil ar Sluagh ann an doigh shonruichte a' creidsinn ann an neo-chinnteachd Beatha agus ann an cinnteachd Bàis. Is firinn so a tha aig gach Sluagh, co-dhiu tha iad colach no aineolach, ciùin no borb, saor no daor. Ach am measg nan Gaidheal, saoilidh mi gu'm faighear, ann an co-cheangal ris a' ghreim a rinn an fhirinn so air an inntinnean, doigh-chainnt, buaidhean, 'us cleachduinean a tha airidh air an rannsachadh.

Tha na samhlaidhean anns a' bheil cinnteachd a' Bhàis air a chur f'ar comhair anns na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach ann an dlù cho-chordadh ri caithe-beatha an t-Sluaigh. Tha 'n Sgriobtur ag iomradh air "an tigh a dh' orduicheadh do na h-uile bheò," —air "an-iochdmhorachd na h-uaighe." Tha 'm Bard Romanach a' samhlachadh a' Bhàis ri Maor amhuidh a bhuaileas gun letheachas aig talla an righ, 's aig bothan an diol-deirce; agus gheibhear an smuain cheudna aig Rob Donn, ged nach cual' e riamh iomradh air *Horace:*

> "'S i mo bharail gur fior sud,
> Gur àrd 's gur iosal do shealladh;
> Thug thu *Pelham* á nòrachd,
> 'S fhuair thu Eoghan 's a' Pholladh."

Tha prionh Bhard Shasuinn a sciun mu'n "Tìr bho nach till fear-turuis a chaoidh." Ach gheibhear samhlaidhean dealaichte uapa so anns na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach. Bha ar n-Aithrichean a' creidsinn gu'n robh crannchur gach neach air a shonruchadh ro-laimh le comhairle ghlic—àm 'us àite a' Bhais cho maith ris gach ceum d'a Bheatha: "Is eigin dol far am bi 'n fhòid"; "Bheir foid a Bhreith 's a Bhàis duine á àit' 's á eigin." Chumnaic sinn roimhe so an dearbhadh laidir a tha againn anns na Sean-fhocail air cho duilich 's a bha lòn fhaotainn 'n ar tìr. Ach gheibhteadh buaidh air an Acras ged nach faighteadh air a Bhàs: "Cinnidh mac a' mhi-altruim, ach cha chinn e o'n aog." Bha ar cladaichean o shean cho doirbh 's a tha iad an diugh, ach cha robh ar bàtan cho comasach no ar Maraichean cho seòlta. Ged nach robh, "Bithidh dùil ri fear fairge, ach cha bhi dùil ri fear

reilige." B'e 'n coimhearsnaich naimhdean a bu chunnartaiche d'ar n-Aithrichean na eadhon an t-Acras no Mhuir. Gidheadh, "Is cruaidh an cath as nach tig aon fhear;" "Bithidh dùil ri fear feachd, ach cha bhi dùil ri fear lìc."

Dh'earbamaid á daoine a bha air an iunnsachadh o'n òige ri cogadh 's ri cruadal; a bha anns gach ceum d'am beatha buailteach do chunnairt mara 's monaidh, gu'm biodh iad caoin-shuarach mu'm beatha, 's gu'm faighteadh iad, 'n an cainnt cho maith 's 'n an gniomh, a' cur an ceill lughad an eagail roimh 'n "namhaid dheireannach." Cha'n ann mar so a bha. Dhearbh iad, gun teagamh, gu minic agus air iomadh doigh, gu'n sealladh iad air "Righ nan uamhas" 's an aodann gun tiomachadh. Theagaisg iad, le radh, le rann, le sgeul, 's le eisempleir, gu'm bu chòir do neach, ann an aobhar freagarrach,—a chum còir a sheasamh, onoir a dhion, 's dìleasachd a dhearbhadh,—eadhon a bheatha chur ann an neo-shuim. Ach cha'n fhaighear iad, mar a gheibhear iomadh sluagh eile, a' labhairt air a' Bhàs ann an cainnt eutroim no shuaraich. Dhoibh-san, os cionn mhorain, bha 'm Bàs 'n a "ri uamhasach," cia air bith mar thigeadh e. Saoilidh mi gu'n dearbh ar n-Eachdraidh 's ar litreachas anns gach linn gur rian so airson an robh ar n-Aithrichean comharraichte am measg nam pobull. Feudaidh e bhi gu'm b'e creidimh mearachdach ar sinnsearan roinn de'n aobhar. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil saobh-chreideamh ar latha fein, a lean ruinn o chéin, a' beathachadh na buaidh so. Aidichear air gach laimh gu bheil gnè na tìre cumhachdach gu bhi gintinn spiorad urramach 'us nadur sòluimte anns an t-sluagh. Ach minich e mar thoilicheas tu, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil an t-urram 's an tuamhas leis an labhair ar sluagh mu'n Bhàs agus mu na Mairbh cho comharraichte 's gu bheil e cur dreach air ar litreachas.

Thug mi fanear cheana na focail anns an labhair sinn gu cumanta mu na mairbh; "Am fear nach maireann," &c. Ach cha 'n e na focail a mhain, ach an guth 's an t-suil a tha dearbhadh doimhneachd na faireachduin leis an labhair an Gaidheal mu 'charaid "a dh' fhalbh." Gheibhear an rian ceudna 'n ar Sean-fhocail. "Tha e nis air fòid na firinn;" "Tha e nis air slighe na firinn." Theirteadh, "An oidhche roimh 'n bhàs, bu choir do dhuine athais a thilgeadh"; agus cha'n fhuilingear ole a labhairt mu na mairbh. "Moladh mairbh"; "Na abair ach maith mu na mairbh"; "Uir, ùir an beul Orain mu'n labhair e tuillidh comhraidh." Gus an là diugh, cha toirear iomradh air failinn ann an neach nach 'eil a lathair gun a radh, "Cha'n ann ri chur 'n a dhèigh e."

Ach cha 'n e so a mhain. Saoilidh mi gum feudar a radh le firinn gu bheil inntinn Gaidheil Bhreatuinn thar cheann, a' gabhail tlachd ann an smuaintean dubhach, cianail. Ma dh' fhaodte nach dearbh Eachdraidh gur feart so a tha dual do na Gaidheil mar Shluagh; ach tha mi meas gur feart e a tha ro chomharraichte ann an litreachas nan Gaidheal anns na rioghachdan so. O chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna bha iad air an taobh lag, agus feudaidh e bhi gur e so is aobhar do'n chuis. O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan chualas duine cho geur-chuiseach 's a tha 'n diugh 'n ar measg—*Disraeli* —ann an seorsa de fheal-a-dhà, a' toirt seachad mar aobhar airson neothoileachas nan Eirionnach, gu bheil an dachaidh a chois a' Chuain. Cia air bith an t-aobhar, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach ann air taobh dorcha na sgeithe is miann leis a' Ghaidh-

eal sealltainn. Tha e neo-thoilichte le cùiseau mar tha iad; agus feudaidh sinn a radh, ann an tomhas co-dhiu, gu bheil aobhar aige; co-dhiu dh'aidicheas sinn no nach aidich gu bheil e 'gnathachadh meadhonan freagarrach 'us dichioll cothromach airson a chrannchuir a dheanamh na's fearr. Gheibh sinn ar Baird an comhnuidh a' caoidh na tim a dh' fhalbh; gu minic ag iarraidh o uachdarain 's o chumhachdan nithean uach toir uachdarain no cumhachdan fo'n ghrein dhoibh ach iad fein. Chomharraich *Matthew Arnold* am feart so gu soilleir ann am Bardachd Ghaidhealach Bhreatuinn, agus lorgaich e mach a' bhuaidh a th'aig na Baird Uelseach gu sonruichte thairis air Bardachd Shasuinn anns a' cheum so.

'N ar litrecachas fein, tha bhuaidh ro chomharraichte. Gheibhear 's na Sean-fhocail am feart so gu cumanta. "Cha'n fhacas rian h muirn mhor nach robh 'n a deigh dubh-bhròn;" "Is beag tha eadar do ghal 's do ghaire;" "Thig maith á mulad." Bha tlachd ar Slua gh ann an comunn a cheile do-innseadh; ach bha gu'm b' eigin dealachadh an comhnuidh fa chomhair an inntinn: "Is maith ma mhaireas;" "Is iomadh muthadh a thig air an oidhche fhada gheamhraidh:" "Ge cruaidh sgarachdainn, cha robh dithis gun dealachadh;" "Is deireadh gach comuinn sgaoileadh." Thugadh seachad uair 'us uair mar dhearbhadh gur e MacMhuirich a sgriobh "Oisean" an rann ainmeil—

> "Caithear oidhche ann am min dhàn
> Faighear gairdeachas 's a bhròn."

Co-dhiu 's e MacMhuirich no MacFhinn, no cia b'e sgriobh an rann, bu Bhard e bha fior eolach air inntinn a' Ghaidheil. Tha sgeul a' bhròin taitneach d'ar cluasan; agus is ann le fior thoilinntinn a dh' iomras seann daoine an dingh air "Oisean an déigh na Féinne." 'S ann mar is mo ghleibh sinn de'n fheart cheudna ann an searmoin is mo a dhrùigheas i oirnn. 'S e puirt thiamhaidh is taitniche leinn. Tha sgal na pioba cianail, 's i an t-inneal-ciuil is roghnaiche leinn. 'S ann tuirseach, trom, a tha mhor chuid d'ar fuinn. 'S ann muladach a tha, mar is trice, cainnt ar n-orain, co-dhiu 's "eagal, eudach no gaol" an steigh. Tha mhor chuid de'r Seana Bhardachd, agus gu h-araid a chuid is cumhachdaiche dh'i, a' caoidh nan tréun a dh' fhalbh. Ma bheir thu na "Cumhachan" á "Sàr obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," bheir thu roinn mhor leat; agus is ann a' caoidh a tha chuid mhor de na dh' fhagas tu. Agus nach ann a' "cumhadh" ni-eigin a tha gach Sgonn-bhard a ghleusas a ribheid 'n ar latha fein? Ma their sinn gur e *cumha* 'us *cumhachd* an aon fhocal, nach feud sinn a radh gu'n tug ar daoine barrachd geill do chomhairle Sholaimh na thug riamh e fein: "Is fearr dol do thigh a' bhròin na do thigh na cuirme."

Bhiodh e duilich a chreidsinn, an aghaidh a leithid so de fhianuis, gu'm bu daoine cruaidh-chridheach, fuilteach, no naimhdeil ar n-Aithrichean. 'S e spiorad blàth, caomh, truacanta a nochdas ar litreachas. Ach ma tha bhuaidh calg-dhireach an aghaidh dioghaltachd 'us miruin, tha i air an laimh eile ann an dlù dhaimh ris na feartan is airde 's is cliuitiche a bhuineas do'n duine. Tha mòrachd dlu-cheangailte ri irisleachd. Their an Sean-fhocal, "'S i 'n dias is àirde is isle chromas a ceann;" agus cha 'n ann mu mhuinntir àrd ann an inbhe a mhain a tha 'n Sean-fhocal fior. Co-dhiu lorgaicheas sinn beatha nan daoine a b'airde buaidhean air a' bheil iomradh againn, na co-dhiu rann-

suicheas sinn gu cridhe na cuise fein, gheibh sinn an comhnuidh mòrachd, irisleachd, 'us stòldachd a' siubhal lamh air laimh. Cia mar bhiodh an t-atharrach fior? Air do chuairteachadh le diomhaireachd air gach taobh;—an talamh fo d'chasan; na speuran os do chionn; d'inntinn do-rannsuichte fein; do bheatha—a tus 's a crioch; t-aite anns a' chruthachadh anns a' bheil do chrannchur; —is ceistean iad so a dh'fheoraicheas gach neach air an do bhuilichcadh a bheag de thuigse gu tric dheth fein. Feudaidh e bhi creidsinn gu bheil na ceistean do-fhuasgailte, ach cha chum so e gun an cur. Gheibh e mach gu bheil coslas foilleil; nach 'eil nithean mar a chithear iad; gu bheil fianuis na sùl mealltach; gu'm feumar amharc an cridhe nithean cho maith ri cridhe an duine mu'n ruigear air firinn. Gheibh thu a leithid so de neach a' feoraich, ann an spiorad tur-dhealaichte o'n spiorad anns an d'fheoraich Pilat o shean, "Ciod e firinn," no, "A' bheil e comasach do dhuine ruigheachd air firinn."

Is cnuic iad so a tha gun teagamh fada uainn; ach is cnuic iad a mheall, le'n guirmead, na h-inntinnean a bu mhisneachaile 's a bu tréine de'n chinne-dhaonna anns gach linn. Tha 'n cunntas a tha againn air feinfhiosrachadh nan gaisgeach so ro luachmhor dhuinn,—co-dhiu thuit iad anns an dìreadh, mar thachair do'n mhoran; no co-dhiu rainig iad aon de na mullaichean far am faicear seallaidhean 's an chuinnear guthan nach tuig an Saoghal, 's a sheall iad, le suil na h-iolaire, air firinn aghaidh ri aghaidh,—ni a b'e cuibhrionn glòrmhor aon no dhà. Cha 'n 'eil neach a dh' imich air an t-slighe so, co-dhiu a dh' fhailnich e air an turus, no rainig e, le mor shaothair, a cheann-uighe, nach robh na b'irisle 's na bu stòlda, co-dhiu bha no nach robh e na bu ghlice. Ma ruigeas tu inbheachd "Gaisgeach" Dhughaill Buchannain, 's gu'n seall thu air an t-Saoghal 's air a luchd-aiteachaidh mar sheall esan, saoilidh mi nach e aighir no sùgradh is trice bhitheas air d'aire:

"Mar tholman ùire faic an Saoghal
'Us daoin' mar sheangain air mu'n cuairt;

"A null 's a nall gun fhois gun tàmh,
A' cruinneachadh ás gach àit' do'n cist',
Gu lionmhor marcachd thar a' chéil',
'S a' trod gu géur mu bhioran brist'."

Nach 'eil e fior, ann an tomhas mor, mu na daoine a b'airde buaidhean, a b' fharsuinge eolas, 's a bu doimhne fiosrachadh, gu'n robh am beatha foluichte o'n t-Saoghal? Chunnacas, ma dh'fhaodte, uair no dhà, ann an Eachdraidh an t-Saoghail, leithid priomh Bhard Shasuinn, aon a dh'fhaodteadh a ghabhail mar mhac-samhuil air inntinn an duine, anns gach linn, anns gach cearn, 's anns gach gléus; ach gu bhi gabhail fior righrean a' chinne-dhaonna thar cheann, 's ann aonaranach a bha 'm beatha, agus is ann cianail a bha 'n smuain. Gun toibheum nach faodteadh a radh mu'n timchioll ged bha iad anns an t-Saoghal, nach b'airidh an Saoghal orra, agus nach b'ann de'n t-Saoghal iad. Tha ar Bardachd fein ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n do chaith Oscar òg an oidhche mu'n do chuir e 'cheud bhlàr, a reir cleachduin a' Shluaigh, ann an co-luadar diomhair ri spioraid Aithrichean. A' charaid, bha creidimh ar Sinnsearan diomhain, mealta; ach, anns a' cheum so, bha 'n cleachduin ionmholta. Cha robh gairdean Oscair na bu laige an la'r-na-mhaireach; agus bha mhisneach na b'airde 's inntinn na bu shoilleire, na ged chuireadh e seachad an oidhche ann an cuideachd fhaoin no 'n a chodal. Feudaidh thu bhi cinnteach, air

meud do neirt no air airde do bhuaidhean, nach dean thusa gniomh a choisneas urram dhuit rè do bheatha no cliu bhuan an deigh do bhàis, gun iomadh oidhche 'chur seachad ann an co-luadar diomhair ri d' Spiorad fein. O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan thug Iompaire na Frainge leis aon mhac—balachan òg, maoth—air ceann an airm, dh' fheuch an cuidicheadh e spiorad gaisgeil a chuid shaighdearan a neartachadh, 's an tuil mhillteach bha bagradh an duthaich a sgrios a thionndadh a thaobh; agus, air an fhaiche, an deigh a' bhlàir, sgriobh e g'a mhnaoi, anns a chainnt spagluinnich a tha 'n Sluagh sin ro thric a' cleachdadh, gu'n d'fhuair a mac a nis "a bhaisteadh le teine." Bheir an sgeul bheag a'd' chuimhne Oisean 's a mhac òg Oscar a' dol a sheasamh còir Chathlin Chluaidh; agus saoilidh mi gu'n aidichear, ann an cuid de nithean, nach ann na's fearr a tha 'n Saoghal a' dol mar tha na linntean a' ruith.

Tha e fior, ma ta, gu bheil na inntinnean is airde buailteach do bhi rannsachadh nan ceistean cudthromach, dorcha a tha cuairteachadh beatha an duine; agus tha e cho fior gu'n toir an t-saothair car dubhach, smalanach do'n inntinn. Ach ged gheibhear an spiorad dubhach so gu cumanta 'n ar measg-ne; agus ged tha e, air aon taobh co-dhiu, ann an dlù dhaimh ri buaidhean àrd 's ri inntinn fharsuing, cha'n 'eil mi cho earbsach gu'm feum e bhi 'n comhnuidh fior, far am faighear an dara aon gu'm faighear an t-aon eile. Buinidh smalan. dubhachas, 'us bròn do'n fhaireachduin, na's mo na do'n tuigse; agus is ann do bhrigh so a tha a gu'm faighear gu tric an aon sluagh comharraichte airson a bhi nochdadh faireachduinean calg-dhireach an aghaidh a' cheile. Am fear is goirte ghuileas an diugh, is dòcha gur e 's airde ghàireas am maireach. Tha sunnd 'us mulad, aighear 'us bròn dealaichte gun teagamh; ach is faireachduinean iad uile, agus tha 'n àite fein aca ann an nàdur ioma-chruthach an duine. Tha litreachas ar Sluaigh na's baigheile ri caoidh na tha i ri gàire, ach dearbhaidh ar caithe-beatha gu bheil an dà chèird air ar laimh gu h-ealanta; agus dearbhaidh ar caithe-beatha 's ar litreachas gu bheil sinn 'n ar n-iochdarain thoileach do riaghladh na faireachduin. An uair a gheibh thu faireachduin gheur co-cheangailte ri buaidhean inntinn àrd, tha agad an eisempleir is urramaiche air nadur an duine; agus, mar thuirt mi cheana, tha smuaintean a leithid so de neach an uair is airde iad, dubhach, trom. Ach tha faireachduin sgarte' bho chiall neo-chinnteach, buaireasach; mar tha tuigse sgarte' bho fhaireachduin fuar, gruamach.

Tha mi meas gu bheil cumhachd nach bu chòir aig faireachduin thairis oirnne an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba; agus gu sonruichte tha mi meas gu'n d'thug sinn 'n ar Bardachd sinn fein suas tuillidh 's a chòir do bhròn 's do mhulad. "Is fearr dol do thigh a' bhròin na do thigh na cuirme,"—fior, ro fhior gun teagamh; ach nach dubhairt a' cheart Searmonaiche, "Aig gach ni tha tràth, agus àm aig gach rùn fuidh nèamh . . . àm gu gul, agus àm gu gàire." Ann an Ur-sgeul a tha gu maith siubhlach air feadh Bhreatuinn o chionn bliadhna no dhà (*The Princess of Thule*) tha seann Righ Bhorbha a' labhairt mar so mu 'luchd-duthcha 's mu 'm Bardachd: "Tha 'n Sluagh an comhnuidh ag amharc ri saoghal cianail a tha rompa, no sealltainn air an ais air saoghal cianail a chaidh seachad. An ainm an Aigh! nach 'eil againn ri sealltainn oirnn fein? Tha 'n là

diugh na's fearr na là a thig no thainig; do bhrigh gur e 'n diugh e, 's gur leinne e. Agus na cluinneam an corr de orain a bhitheas ri caoidh, 's ri mulad, 's ri bròn." Cha bu mhaith leam gu'm biodh uiread meas aig an leughadair air beachdan Righ Bhorbha 's a tha aig an Righ fein. Saoilidh mi nach mor nach ionann do'n teagasg so agus do theagasg air an robh Saoghal eòlach o chionn iomadh linn, "Itheamaid agus òlamaid, oir am màireach bheibh sinn bàs,"—teagasg, ma dh' fhaodte, aig a' bheil tuilligdh 's a' choir de chumhachd thairis air ar cleachduin, cia air bith cho danarra 's a sheasas an inntinn a mach 'n a aghaidh. Ach co-dhiu dh' aontaicheas sinn le cunntas MhicCoinnich mu'n ghalar, no co-dhiu dh' aidicheas sinn gur leigheas cumhaidh an leigheas a dh'orduich esan, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil failinn 'n ar litreachas, agus nach e dleasdanas gach aon againn ar dichioll a dheanamh air son an fhailinn a shlanachadh.

'S e cron ar Bardachd, tha mi meas, gu bheil na h-uiread dh'i beathachadh ar faireachduinean a mhain, agus cho beag dh'i a' sàsuchadh an reusain. 'S e na faireachduinean is measaile a bhuineas duinn a tha ar n-òrain a' riarachadh, agus uime sin cha leigheas cungaidh Righ Bhorbha—òrain shunndach an àite òrain thiamhaidh. Ach cha 'n ann 'n ar n-òrain a mhain a tha 'n galar air sgaoileadh. A chur an ceill ar faireachduinean tha ar focail, ar samhluidhean, ar doigh-chainnt, ar Sgeulachdan, 's ar Bardachd fior chumhachdach. Ach a mach o'r Sean-fhocail, agus o Bhardachd Oisean, cha 'n fhaighear a bheag 'n ar litreachas Ghaidhealaich a thoilicheas an reusan, an inntinn, an tuigse. C'arson a bhitheadh a' chuis mar so? C'arson a chluinneas tu gach oraidiche a labhairt le aon rùn an Gaidhlig 's le rùn eile 's a' Bheurla? Rach do Choinneamh Ghaidhealaich, agus nach fairich thu gur e crioch araid an fhir-labhairt, 's a' Bheurla, fiosrachadh a thoirt dhuit;—'s a' Ghaidhlig, do chur a chaoineadh no ghaireachdaich. "An uair a bha mi a'm' leanaban," ars' an t-Abstol Pòl, "labhair mi mar leanaban, thuig mi mar leanaban, reusonaich mi mar leanaban; ach air fàs domh a'm' dhuine, chuir mi na nithe leanabaidh air cùl." 'N ar latha-ne, is duilich gur fior, tha moran de leanabas ri fhaotainn 'n ar measg. Tha sinn na's cleachdta ri bhi air ar *breugadh*—focal aig a' bheil a naigheachd fein—mar leanabain, na air ar teagasg mar dhaoine. Ciod an leigheas air a'ghalar so? Their aon de 'r Sean-fhocail, "'S e geinn dheth fein a sgoilteas an darach"; agus chuala sinn gu leir iomradh air seol leigheis a bha o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan miaghail aig Lighichean—*homœopathy*—a bhi togail anns a' chorp, le cungaidhean freagarrach, faireachduinean de 'n aon ghnè ris a' ghalar. Cia b'e cho buadh'or 's a bhiodh na sceoltan so air sgoltadh fiodha 's air slanuchadh a' chuirp, cha 'n 'eil mi cho earbsach asda airson ar litreachas a leasachadh. Na 'm biodh *Punch* againn 's a' Ghaidhlig, sgiursamaid no smàdamaid an eucail a mach as ar measg. Ma ghabhas tu os laimh do choimhearsnach a theagasg, na dearmad fhaireachduin a riarachadh; ach gu'm b'e do rùn a thuigse a shasuchadh. Mur 'eil tuigse 's sceoltachd air a' stiùir, theid an long, air a feabhas, a mhaslachadh le gaoith 's le fairge; ach ma tha, 's aluinn an sealladh a' faicinn "a' marcachd 's an t-sìne" gu uaibhreach. "Is olc do'n luing an uair a dh'oigheas an stiùireadair"; is seachd mìosa dh'i ma tha e aineolach air a shlighe no 'n a chodal.

D. M'K.

NA SRUTHAIN.

"Eighidh na broin bheaga, tha na mor bhroin balbh."

A shruthain, a shruthain an aonaich,
Ag greasad fo aomadh nam fras ;
A' froiseadh feadh phronnlach an aodainn
'S a' taomadh na d' chaol-shruthain ghlas ;
Mar 's taine bho d' iochdar gu d' uachdar,
Mar sin 's ann is fnaimear do ghuth ;
'S 'n uair nach tog am mòr shruthan luath-ghair,
Cuiridh 'n fhaoin-fhras ard ghleadhraich na d' shruth.
Nach minig a chì sinn mu'n cuairt duinn,
Cuid tha gluasad mar chàch anns gach ni,
Gus 'n tachair do thrioblaid am bualadh ;
'S an sin chithear buaidhean an cridh',
O, togaidh iad àrd an guth fuaimneach,
Bithidh caoidhrean na truaigh' ac' nach faoin,
An dnil gu'n gabh daoine mòr-thruas diubh—
Cha d' ionnsuich iad falamhachd dhaoin.'

Ach 'alltain, O, 'alltain nan lòintean,
Cha chualas riamh mòr fhuaim bho' d' ghuth ;
'S ge domhain, 's ge dorch thu 's a' chòmh-nard
Seasaidh caol-luibhean uaine na d' shruth :
'S ged sguabas mu 'n cuairt ort na frasan ;
'S beag dh' aithnichear ortsa de 'm buaidh,
Ach thu gluasad beagan na 's braise,
'S a' plosgail na's truime ri d' bhruaich.
Nis, thusa tha duineil 'n uair chuireas
Mor thrioblaid no deuchainn ort gruaim,
Cha chluinnear le mòran do thuireadh ;
Ach mùchar an searbhadas cruaidh ;
Oir mulad beag falamh a' ghearain,
Is gearr gus an gabh e air falbh :
'S e fior bhròn, bròn 's trice 'tha maireann
'S mar shruthan an lòin tha e balbh.

MAC-OIDHCHE.

———o———

IONRAIC MAC-AILEIN.

CAIB I.

1. Ainm agus cinneach Ionraic. 4. Na trioblaidean a thàinig air. 7. An ceard-umha agus a mhi-chreideamh. 12. Urnuigh an duine bhochd. 16. An ceard-umha a' tachairt ri Ionraic.

1. Agus bha duine ann d'am b' ainm Ionraic Mac-Ailein, do thréubh nan Gaidheal, á baile a' Chamloch, ann an criochaibh na Gaidhealtachd, agus ann an siar-shraithibh na dùthcha.

2. Agus tharladh gu'n robh Ionraic 'na dhuine glic agus fòghluimte, ach trid freasdail an Tighearna thàinig àmhghar agus bròn 'na char, ghearradh as a theaghlach gu léir, thainig am bàs gu h-obunn air a mhnaoi, agus air a chuid mhac agus nighean, agus bhuaileadh e fein le laigsinn agus tinneas.

3. Bha Ionraic gu trom air a chlaoidh, gidheadh, cha do thréig e Dia aithriche. Bha fios aige gu'n robh an Tì a's Airde a' deanamh nithe mòra nach comas ràmnsachadh a mach, agus nithe miorbhuileach nach gabh àireamh a thaobh an lionmhorachd.

4. Ach mu dheireadh dh' fhàs trioblaidean an duine bhochd so tuille's searbh ; bha e sàruichte air uachdar an talmhainn, agus bha 'anam sgìth da bheatha.

5. Gidheadh, cha do dhi-chùimhnich e Tì Naomh Israeil, oir thubhairt e gu'm bheil neart agus gliocas aig an Tighearna, agus gu'm bheil tròcair agus gràdh air am foillseachadh 'na uile ghniomharaibh.

6. Air do'n duine àmhgharach so a bhi air a chromadh le h-aois, agus air a leònadh le bochduinn b' éigin da mu dheireadh an Camloch fhàgail chum dol a dh' iarraidh na deirce.

7. Air là de na laithibh sheas e aig dorus tighe duine a bha ro shaibhir, ceard-umha àraidh a charn suas mòran beartais, agus aig an robh mòr-aitreibh, féudail, agus séilbh de gach gnè.

8. Chuir Ionraic fàilt air a' cheard-umha, agus bheannaich se e.

9. Ach thionndaidh an ceard ris an duine aosda, agus thubhairt e gu fiadhuich, feargach ris, Ciod e do ghnothuch-sa an so, a bhodaich thruaillidh, shalaich, thoir do chasan

as, oir mur siubhail thu air ball, cuiridh mi na coin so 'nad dhéigh.

10. Dean foighidinn, a dhuin'-uasail, a deir Ionraic, dean foighidinn agus éisd rium. Chuir àmhghar agus sean aois á obair mi; tha mi, uime sin, a nis 'gam thilgeadh fein air Freasdal Dé, agus air càirdeas dhaoine truacanta, agus cha'n eagal domh.

11. Freasdal De! an e a thubhairt thu? Cha'n 'eil mi 'creidsinn ann an Dia, no ann am Freasdal no ann an Slànuighear, oir is nithe sin leis am bheil sluagh glic air am mealladh, agus sluagh ionraic air an dalladh, agus air an truailleadh. Uime sin, bi falbh agus na cuir dragh orm.

12. Dh' fhalbh an duine bochd gu tròm air a leònadh 'na spiorad, agus thubhairt e ris a' cheard-umha, Beannachd leat, agus gu'n deanadh Dia trocair air t-anam. Chróm e sios air a ghlùinibh aig bun craoibhe dlùth air an dorus, agus chuir e suas an ùrnuigh so, ag ràdh, O! Dhé ghlòirmhoir, tha mi 'toirt buidheachais duit air son lionmhorachd do chaoimhneasan gràdhach, agus tha mi' guidhe ort cuimhne a bhi agad air an duine thruagh so, ged a rinn e tarcuis air do bhith agus do fhreasdal.

13. A Dhé, thoir maitheanas da, oir cha'n 'eil fios aige ciod a ta e ag ràdh no 'deanamh.

14. Mar so chaidh na cùisean rè tamuill seachad, ach bha na focail "A Dhé, thoir maitheanas da, oir cha'n 'eil fios aige ciod a ta e ag ràdh no 'deanamh," a' fuaim gu'n sgur a là agus a dh' òidhche ann an cluasaibh an duine shaibhir, agus cha robh airgiod no òr a' toirt sùaimhneis da; oir bha e do ghnàth ann am mòr thrioblaid inntinn.

15. Deich laithean an déigh sin dh' ullaich e a charbad chum gnothuichean a dheanamh 'sa bhaile mhòr, agus ghabh e an t-slighe.

16. Mar mhìle do'n bhaile rug e air an t-seann duine air an rathad mhòr, agus air da 'fhaicinn, chaidh e gu searbh air chrith.

17. Léum e sios o'n charbad, agus rug e air làimh air an duine bhochd, gidheadh cha d' aithnich 'se e, ach thubhairt e ris. A dhuine bhochd, tha mo chridhe brònach o'n nair a dhealaich thu rium agus rè na h-ùine o sin tha mi air mo chlaoidh le ciont agus eagal.

18. An sin dh' fheòraich an duine bochd dheth, a'm fac mise riamh roimh thu, agus ma chunnaic, ciod a rinn mi ort, no 'nad aghaidh, chum gu'm buailteadh thu le ciont agus eagal?

19. Rinn thu nithe cudthromach d' am' thaobh-sa, air son am bi aoibhneas orm nile laithean mo bheatha.

20. Air do dh' Ionraic sin a chluinntinn, a deir e, O cheana beagan làithean air ais, bha mi ocrach, agus ghairm mi aig dorus duine saibhir. Air da m' fhaicinn bha corruich air, agus chuir e air falbh mi, ag innseadh dhomh nach robh e a' creidsinn aon chuid ann an Dia, no 'na fhreasdal, agus chuir mi ùrnuigh suas ris an Ti Bheannaichte as a leth.

21. Stad, stad, a charaid ionmhuinn, is mise an duine! Is mise an creutair truagh sin a thubhairt rint nach robh mi a' creidsinn ann an Dia; 's eadh, is mise am peacach graineil ud nach d' thug aoidheachd dhuit, ach a ghreas air falbh thu!

22. Is mise a chual t-ùrnuigh-sa ris an Tighearna, ag ràdh, "A Dhé, thoir maitheanas da, oir cha'n 'eil fios aige ciod a ta e ag ràdh no 'deanamh."

23. Chaidh na briathra sin mar shaigheid ghéur a steach do m' chridhe, agus lot iad le cumhachd an Spioraid an cridhe cruaidh, cealgach sin.

24. Thig-sa a steach maille rium do'n charbad, agus pillidh sinn dh' ionnsuidh mo thighe-sa.

25. Thug an ceard-umha Ionraic Mac-Ailein leis dhachaidh, agus cha do dhealaich e ris tuilleadh. Bha iad beò cuideachd rè aireimh bhliadhnuichean, agus mu dheireadh chuireadh sìnte taobh ri taobh iad 'san tigh chumhann sin a dh'òrduicheadh do gach uile bheò.

CAIB II.

1. Agus thàrladh air aon de na làithibh sin, gu'n deachaidh Tearlach Mac Alasdair a mach, agus gu'n robh e a' sràid-imeachd air a' chòmhnard aig cois na beinne.

2. Agus bha Tearlach 'na dhuine truacanta agus ionraic, air an robh eagal an Ti a's Airde, agus bha e a' beachd-smuaineachadh air diomhanasaibh an t-saoghail, agus air gach mealladh-dochais agus trioblaid d'am bheil mac an duine buailteach.

3. An uair a bha e a' beachd-smuaineachadh mar so gu dùrachdach 'na chridhe fein ann an ciùineas an fheasgair, chuireadh fàilt air le Alasdair Mac Thearlaich a choimhearsnach fein.

4. Agus thubhairt e ris, Cha robh dùil sam bith agam, a Thearlaich, do chomhlachadh mar so ann an cromadh an anmoich, agus gu h-araidh 'san ionad aonaranach so, ach is sòlas leam d'fhaicinn ann an slàinte.

5. A nis bha seilbh-fhearainn aig gach aon fa leth dhe'n dithis dhaoine so, oir bha Tearlach Mac Alasdair 'sa Bhaile-mhór, agus Alasdair Mac Fhearlaich 'sa Bhaile-bheag. Bha gidheadh gabhail mhór fhearainn catorra, d'am b'ainm am Baile-meadhonach, a bha air mhàl aig Tomas Mac an Fhleisteir, àrd-righlair na h-ighreachd, agus aon de luchd-ceartais na dùthcha.

6. Agus bha Tomas 'na dhuine mòr. Bha e mòr 'na bheachd fein a thaobh naill agus faoineachd a chridhe, agus bha e mòr ann am beachd muinntir eile, a thaobh a dhréuchd agus a chunbhachd thairis air an oighreachd.

7. Ach cha robh mòrachd Fir Bhaile-mheadhonaich chum a leas fein. Bha e teachd beò ann am mòr-ghreadhnachas, agus cha robh a ghiùlan idir ionraic, no taitneach ann an suìlibh nan daoine glice.

8. Dh' ullaich e dha fein carbaid ghreadhnach, agus eich mheanmnach, agus bha e urramach ann an siùlibh an t-sluaigh sin thairis air an robh smachd aige 'na dhréuchd.

9. Agus aig toiseach na bliadhna chuir e gairm a mach do na h-uile aig an robh airgiod 'nan làimh, gu'n robh esan deas gu ghabhail, agus deonach air riadh ni's àirde a thabhairt air a shon na gheibhteadh ann an àite sam bith eile.

10. Chualas an gairm, agus bhrùchd na ficheadan dh' ionnsuidh Thomais, agus chàruich iad 'na làimh an cuid dhe n' t-saoghal.

11. Agus tharladh air là àraidh gu'n d' thainig Tomas ann an carbad chaigeann each do'n bhaile mhór, agus chuir e failt air Tearlach Mac-Alasdair.

12. Agus air dha teachd a nuas as a' charbad, labhair e ag radh, Gu deimhin, deimhin a deiream riut, a Thearlaich, is sona do dhuine comas agus toil a bhi aige furtachd a dheanamh air a choimheasnach ann an uair na h-eiginn, agus gniomh trocaireach a nochdadh dha.

13. Is e dleas'nas nan uile, a deir Tearlach, a bhi truacanta, teò-chridheach, agus iochdmhor a réir an cumhachd.

14. Agus fhreagair Thomas, agus thubhairt e, Tha dòchas agam gu'n dean thu gniomh caraid d'am thaobhsa an duigh, agus gu'n nochd thu gu'm bheil meas agad orm. Ma ni thu sin, cha sgaoilear ach leis a'

bhàs an dàimh-chairdeas a cho'-sheasas eadar thusa agus mise rè uile làithean ar beatha.

15. Dh'fhan Tearlach ré tamuill 'na thosd, ach a rìs, thog e suas a shùilean, agus thubhairt e, a' Charaid, ciod is gnothuch dhuit, agus ma tha e 'nam chomas nithear e?

16. Thionndaidh Tomas ris le h-aghaidh chiùin, agus le sùilibh tlà, agus a deir e, Tha airgiod gu cabhagach a dhìth orm, uime sin rach an urras orm ann an cuig cèud.

17. Gu h-amaideach air a shonsein, dheònaich Tearlach, rinneadh an gniomh, agus dh'fhalbh Fear a' Bhaile-Mheadhonaich le mile taing air a bhilibh.

18. Leum e 'na charbad, agus ann an ùine ghearr stad e aig dorus Alasdair Mhic Thearlaich 'sa Bhaile Bheag, agus air ball thàinig Alasdair a mach a chur fàilt air.

19. Agus fhreagair Tomas, agus thubhairt e, Tha dòchas agam gu'n dean thu gniomh caraid d'am thaobhsa an diugh, agus gu'n nochd thu gu'm bheil meas agad orm. Ma ni thu sin, cha sgaoilear ach leis a' bhàs an dàimh-chairdeas a cho'-sheasas eadar thusa agus mise, re uile làithean ar beatha.

20. Dh' fhan Alasdair rè tamuill 'na thosd, ach a rìs thog e suas a shùilean, agus thubhairt e, A Charaid, ciod is gnothuch dhuit, agus ma tha e 'nam chomas nithear e?

21. Thionndaidh Tomas ris le h-aghaidh chiùin, agus le sùilibh tlà, agus a deir e, Tha airgiod gu cabhagach a dhìth orm, rach an urras orm ann an cuig ceud.

22. Cha'n 'eil a mhiann orm mo chuid agus mo charaid a chall còmhladh, a Thomais, cha dean mi idir e.

23. Dh' fhalbh Tomas le fèirg a' lasadh 'na ghnùis, agus gu'n teagamh le bhi 'guidheadh mhallachd 'na chridhe an aghaidh a' choimhearsnaich a dhiùlt co h-obunn e an aghaidh a dhòchais.

24. Ann am beagan sheachdain an déigh sin, thugadh thairis an stiùbhard encorach so do'n bhreitheamh, agus thug am breitheamh e do'n mhaor, agus thilg am maor am priosan e. Reiceadh na bh'aige; chaill e a' stiùbhartachd, bha e air a mhaslachadh 'san tìr; cha b' urrainn da ruamhar a dheanamh; bu nàr leis deirc iarraidh, agus bha mallachadh 'nam bochd 'na lorg.

25. Agus tharladh, gu'n do chaill Fear a' Bhaile-Mhòir a choig céud, ach le dichill agus foighidinn fhuair e a chuid a's fhearr air: Rinneadh leis an nachdaran e 'na stiubhard ann an àite Thomais Mhic an Fhleisteir, agus choimhlion e a dhreuchd le treibhdhireas agus deagh-chliù. Choisinn e deagh-ghean gach àrd agus iosal air an oighreachd.

26. Thugadh an cachdraidh so earail do na h-uile, gu sònraichte dhoibhsan a ta toiseachadh air gnothuichibh an t-saoghail. Cuimhnicheadh iad gu'n dubhairt an diuine glic, gu'm bi esan a dh' fhuathaicheas luchd-urrais tearuinte.

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL.

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidinn gu Gailig le D. B. B.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

Do'n teampull thugadh iad a steach
A's thugadh ceud gu labhairt doibh:
'N sin thòisich Ilioneus mòr
Le inntinn stòlda ri cainnt;
"O Bhan-righ d'an do dhèonaich Iòbh
Am baile mòr so thogail ùr
A's cinnich naibhreach thoirt gu géill
Do laghannaibh a réir do rùin.
Is Tròidhich bhochd sinn air ar claoidh
A dh' iomaineadh le gaoith nan cuan
Ag iarraidh fàbhoir; cum air falbh
An lasair dhearg o'r longaibh luath!
Coigil an shagh càbhach caoin,
Amhaire gu caomh air ar teinn,
Cha d' thainig sinn a chreach na dùthch',

A chruinneachadh na spùill gu tràigh ;
Cha tig dhuinn aimneart agus uaill,
Oir thugadh buaidh oirnn leis an nàmh.
Tha àite cian 's a' chuan ud thall,
Hesperia an cainnt nan Greug,
Seann tir, cumhachdach an airm,
'S i torrach tarbhach mar an ceudn'.
Na h-Oinoitrich ghabh tàmh an sin ;
Tha 'n t-iomradh a nis as ùr
Gu'n d'fhuair e 'n Eadailte mar ainm
Bho'n ainm a bh' air righ na dùch'.
Do'n ionad sin bha inne triall
Nuair dh' èirich Orion doirbh
Le doininn obuinn, shéid e sinn
Air tanalachaibh séitreach cruaidh
Sgap e sinn air cuan nan tonn
Feadh chreagan cunnartach ro thiugh
'S an saile 'g ar fliuchadh trom.
Is buidheann theare sinn aig an àm,
Thainig sinn air snàmh gu tràigh.
Ach ciod a ghne dhaoin' tha 'n so
An dùthaich chrosda so gun bhàigh ?
A cheadaich an cleachdadh gnù
A dhiult dhuinn an cladach lom ?
Ghairm iad cogadh ruinn mar tha
Thoirmeasg cas air tràigh no fonn.
Ma ni sibh tair air clann nan daoin.'
'S air airm gach aon neach a ta beò,
Earbaibh gu'n cuimhnich na dé
Ciod è eucoir agus còir.
Bha againn Æneas mar righ
Cha robh aon cho fìor ris féin
A thoirt a dhìighe do gach neach
'S a chòilionadh reachd nan dé
Cha robh neach a thigeadh suas
Ris-san an cruadal nan arm
Cha robh neach 's an domhan mhòr
Cho colach air cogadh searbh.
Ma ghleidheadh e fathast beò
A' beathachadh air deò nan speur,
Mur deach' e cheana sios a thàmh
Le sgailleachaibh dubh an Eig :
Cha'n eagal gur h-aithreach leat
Thu nochdadh dhuinn iochd as truais,
Ged robh 'n toiseach agad fein
An gnìomharan mèinneil suairc.
Thall an *Sicilì* nan loach
Tha bailtean agus raointean glas,
Fo riaghladh Achesteis mhoir ;
'S ann de shliochd na Tròidh am flath,
Ceadaich gu'n toir sinn gu tir
Ar longan a mhill an cuan,
Gun tagh sinn sailthean as do choill
'S gu'n cairich sinn naràimh gu luath.
Ma dheònaichear dhuinn fadheòidh
Do'n Eadailt gun seòl sinn a ris,
Gu h-aoibhinn ruigidh sinn an t-ait
'N uair gheobh sinn ar càirdean 's ar Righ.
Ach ma chaill sinn ar ceann iùil,
Ma dh' adhlaiceadh an grùnnd a' chuain,
Thusa, dheagh athair na Tròidh,
A's oirdhearc ann am measg an t-sluaigh,
Ma chaidh gach dòchas air chùl
Gu'm faicear leinn lulus caomh,
Pillidh sinn air ar n-ais cia dhiù
Gu Eilein nan lùb 's nan caol.
An t-ait a dh' ullaicheadh dhuinn thall
Bho'n d' thainig sinn a nall an tràs ;
Ruigidh sinn Achesteis còir
A's ni sinn còmhnuidh leis gu bràth."

So labhair Ilioneus treun,
Chomh-aontaich càch gu leir le chainnt.
Fhreagair Dido 'm briathraibh geàrr
'S i 'g amharc ris an làr gu mald',
" Na gabhaibh geilt, a chlann na Tròidh,
A's cùram na biodh oirbh 's an uair ;
'S e fath nan aithrean ud 's an am
Mo rieghachd fhann us m' fhortan cruaidh.
Shuidhich mi luchd-faire cuain
Fad a bhuam us faisg air làimh.
Co nach cuala sgeul na Tròidh,
Sluagh Æneais mhòir, an sin ?
A gaisgich, us feartan a h-airm ?
Losgadh garbh a' chogaidh mhòir,
Cridhe nam Puinneach cha'n 'eil cruaidh
Gun mhethachadh, gun truas gu leòir.
Cha'n 'eil sinn cho fad o'n ghréin
'S nach d' thainig sgeul a chum ar cluas.
Hesperia ma's roghainn leat,
Duthaich Shathurna nam buadh ;
No ma's àill leat dol air d' ais
Gu Achestes righ na féil',
Cuidichidh mi leat gu pàilt
Le m' ionmhasaibh beartach féin,
Ach ma's fearr leat tàmh an so
'S gu'n toilich thu fuireach leam,
Am bail' a thog mi, 's leibhse fòs
Gu còmhnuidh a tha 'n tràs air chuan
Tairngnibh gu luath gu tir,
Cha chuir mi dealachadh nas mò
Eadar muinntir Thròidh us Thiorr.
O nach robh Æneas féin
Air cigneachadh le gaoith á deas,
'S gu'm buaileadh leath' e chum na tir.
Ach cuiridh mise daoin' air leth
A rannsaicheas air feadh gach àit,
A's bheir mi àithne dhoibh gu teann
Gu'n sir iad gach baile 's gach coill
'S am faod e dol air chall 's an am."

Ghabh misneach bho na briathraibh tlà
Æneas as Achates treun :
Mhiannaich iad an sin gu mòr
An earradh ceò chur as a chéul.
Labhair Achates air tùs
Ri Æneas ciùin mar so,
" A mhic na bain-de ciod an smuain
A dh' èirich suas ad chridhe goirt ?
Faic do chàirdean uile slàn,
Do chabhlach teàruinte 's gach ni,
Tha aon air chall a chaidh 's a' mhuir
A chunnaic sinn 'g a slugadh sios.
Ach thachair gach ni do chàch
Mar dh' innis do mhàthair chaomh."
'N uair labhair e sgoilt an neul

A's chaidh e gu léir fa sgaoil.
'N sin sheas Æneas le loinn
Gu dealrach an soills' an là,
Bha iomhaigh nan dé 'n a shuil,
'N a ghnuis, us 'n a ghuailnibh àigh,
Chuir Venus falt aluinn grinn
Air mullach a chinn g' a chùl,
Ruiteag na h-òige 'n a ghruaidh
A's dealradh suaicre 'n a shuil.
Mar ibhori 'n làimh fir-ceaird
Liobhta, peàrsach mar bu chòir :
No airgiod, no marmor cruaidh,
'N uair chuairtichear e le h-òr.
Labhair e mar so gun dàil
Ris a' bhànrigh'nn gu ro chiùin,
Bhuail iongantas gach neach a bh' ann
Cho luath 's a sheall iad air le'n sùil.
"Mise air am bheil thu 'n geall,
Tha mi 'n so 's an àm air lom,
Æneas bho Throidh gun fheall
A shaoradh bho ainnneart nan tonn.
Is tusa 'n t-aon neach a ghabh truas
Ri triobloidibh cruaidh na Tròidh.
Ghabh thu sinn ad bhaile steach
Do d' thighibh ro mhaiseach mòr,
Is fuigheall sinn chaidh as bho'n Ghréig
A dh' fhuiling amhghar geur us bròn.
Air muir 's air tir air ar claoidh,
A dh' uireasbhuidh gach ni, gun stòr.
Cha'n 'eil e ann am chomas fein,
No neach fo'n ghréin de chinneach Throidh,
Na phaigheas tu, no bheir dhuit taing
Air son do chaoimhneis mar is coir,
Gu'n dèonaicheadh na dé dhuit duais,
(Ma tha diathan shuas air nèamh
A ghabhas spéis de dhaoin còir.
A nochdas trocair ri am feum,
Ma tha ceartas idir ann
A bhos no thall an àit fo'n ghréin,
A's inntinn 'g am bheil cogais ghlan
Co-fhiosrach gur ceart i fein.)
Giod i linn bìrdhearc an àigh
'S an d' thainig thu mach air tos?
Co iad na pàrantan gràidh
A dh' àraich thu 'n uair bha thu èg?
Cho fad 's a ruitheas aibhne luath
A sios do'n chuan air srath nan gleann,
Cho fad 's a theid dubhar mu'n cuairt
Air mullaichibh nan cruach 's nam beann
Cho fad 's a bhios rionnag 's an spéir :
Bidh cuimhn' agam féin air d' ainn,
Do chliu, us d' onoir feadh gach linn,
Ge b'e tir gu'n teid mo ghairm."
Labhair e us ghlac gun dàil
Ilioneus 'n a laimh dheis
Ghlac Serghestes 'n a laimh chli
'Gam failteachadh le sith us meas,
Dh' fhailtich e càch an sin gu léir
Gach fear a réir a chliu 's a mhaoin ;
Gyas us claonthus calm
Bu ghaisgich ainmeil iad araon.

Ghabh Dido iongantas air tùs
'N uair chunnaic i gnùis an tréin,
Ghabh iongantas a ris ri chùis,
A's labhair i gu ciuin ris féin :
"Cruaidh-fhortan nam mile teinn
A mhic na bain-dé lean riut riabh :
Cia 'n cumhachd gun iochd gun bhàigh
A dh' iomain thu gu tràigh cho fiat ?
An tu a Æneas treun mòr,
Rug Venus a b'òrbhuidh' ciabh
Dh' Anchises ainmeil na Tròidh
Aig Abhainn Shimòeis chiar,
Air chiunt' is cuimhne leam fein
Nuair thainig Teucher treun nan glonn
Gu Sidon, 'n uair theich air falbh,
Ag iarraidh dha féin sealbh air fonn
Le còmhnadh Bheluis mo ghràidh,
M' athair a chuir fàs 's an àm
Eilean Chipruis, tir an àigh
'S a cheannsaich e fo làimh gu teann.
Bho'n am sin is eòlach mi féin
Air léirsgrios Baile na Tròidh :
Air d' ainm-sa fòs, a ghaisgich thréin
A's righribh nan Greugach còrr,
Dh' àrdaich Teucher féin gu mòr
Na Tròidhich le h-iomadh clìù,
A's rinn e uaill gun robh e féin
De shliochd nan treun-laoch ud bho thùs.
Thigibh uime sin gun dàil
A steach do m' àros farsuinn réidh ;
Chaidh mise féin tre iomadh càs
A's dh' fhuiling mi ànradh, geur.
Thachair cruadal rium-sa fòs
A thug orm còmhnuidh an so ;
Cha'n 'eil mi aineolach air truaigh,
Is eòl domh fuasgladh air a' bhochd.
'N uair labhair i thug i steach
Æneas do theach na féil',
A's dh' orduich i iobairt gu grad
'S an teampull réir reachd nan dé
Chuir i 'n sin cuideachd gu luath
A ghios an t-sluaigh a bh' aig an tràigh,
Fichead tarbh, cóig fichead muc
Le 'm muidhibh tiugh friodhanach, ard.
Ceud caora lan de shaill
Le 'n uaiu reamhra shultmhor, mhèith ;
Fiodhlacan feumail 's an am,
A's fion cuis aoibhneis nan dé
Ach chuireadh an sin air dòigh
An lùchairt spleadhnasach a stigh,
Le greadhnachas riogh il us sògh ;
A's rinneadh cuirmean mòra deas.
Na trusgain bha maiseach grinn
De 'n phurpur bu bhoillsgich dath ;
Na bùird bha air an lionadh suas
Le cuachaibh de 'n airgiod ghlan.
Ghrabhaladh air soithichibh òir
Eachdraidh mhòr an am bho shean,
Euchdan a sinnsear gu léir
Gach treubhantas a rinn gach fear,
Æneas chuir Achates luath
'Na chabhaig gu cuan nan long,

(cha'n fhaigheadh e fois no tàmh
Leis a' ghradh a bha 'na chom,)
Chuir e fios gu Ascan òg
E theachd do'n bhaile mhòr gu grad
Oir uile chùram athar chaoimh
Stad air Ascan gaoil, a mhac,
Na seudan a thearnadh bho Thròidh
Thug e òrdugh dha 'n toirt leis,
An fhalluinn làn de dhealbhan òir.
'S a' ghnùis-bhrat a b' òrbhuidh', dreach.
Grinn eideadh Helen na Gréig
A thug i bho Mhuicheine nuas
Nuair chaidh i air turus a' bhròin
Gu Troidh chum pòsadh na truaigh :
Thug Leda a màthair shuaire
An t-earras luachmhor sìth dhi féin.
Dh' aithn e fos gun tugtadh suas
Slat-shuaicheantais nam mile leug,
Breas-cholbh Ilione ghrinn
Nighean rioghail Phriam mhòir ;
Crios-muineil de neònaidean buan
A's crun de chlachaibh buaidh 's de dh-òr.
Nuair thug e an t-òrdugh so dhà
Dh' imich Achates an sonn
Le cabhaig a chum na tràigh
Gu chàirdibh aig caladh nan long.
Ach smuainich Venus innleachd ùr,
A's dheilbh i 'n rùn so 'na com,
Gu'n rachadh Cu'id ann an àit
An dìg-ir ghradhaich. Ascan donn.
Gu'm muthadh e aogus 's a dhreach,
'S gu'n lasadh e gaol ro dhian
'S a' bhan-righ leis na seudan àigh,
Mar theine làidir 'na cliabh.
Cha'n earb i 'n dream tha leat us leam,
Tiorraich da-theangach na foill:
Lot Iuno a h-anam g' a chùl
A's phill a cùram leis an oidhch',
Ri dia sgiathanach nan gaol
Labhair i gu caoin mar so,
"O thus', a mhic mo rùin, 's mo neart.
Mo chumhachd sam bheil feart gu lot,
Is tusa mhàin, a mhic mo ghràidh,
Le 'n suarrach saighdean làidir Iobh,
A d' ionnsuidh teichidh mis an tras,
Dean còmhnadh le d' laimh, us fòir.
Faic do bhràthair Ìonmhuinn féin
.Eneas ceann-feadhna dhaoin'
'Ga luasgadh bho thonn gu tonn,
Le corruich throm Iuno claoin,
Is minic a bha thu fo bhròn
Nuair rinn thu co-bhròn rium féin ;
Thug Dido a dìdheachd san uair
Do d' bhrathair gu suairce sèimh.
Chuir i nis 'na thurus dàil
Le briathraibh tla a's briodal cùil
'S cùis-eagail leam Iuno chruaidh
'S a fialaidheachd fhuar nach fiù.
Cha bhi is' idir 'na tàmh
Aig ainsir gabhaidh mar th' ann ;
Ach glacaidh mi bhan-righ le cluain
'Ga cuirteachadh le lasair theann ;
A chum nach caochail i a rùn
Air iompaidh nan Dùileach àrd,
Ach gun gradhaich i leam féin
Æneas an treun gu bràth.
Mar bheirear leatsa so gu crìch
Eisd a's innsidh mi gu réidh ;
Tha 'n t-òganach rioghail, mo rùn,
M' aighear 's mo chùram gu léir,
A' deanamh deas gu dol a suas
Gu baile mòr an t-sluaigh bho Thiorr,
Air iarrtus athar a ghaoil
D' am bheil e ro chaomh gu fior ;
'S a' giùlan leis earras an àigh
A thearnadh bho'n mhuir 's bho Throidh :
Cuiridh mis' e 'n cadal sèimh
O ceann Chuitéiré nau sgòrr.
No ecilidh mi e 'n doire dlùth
Air cùl Idalium nan craobh,
Mun tuigear leis innleachd ar ceilg
'S mum mill e oirnn sealg a' ghaoil.
Gabh thus' a riochd-san le foill
Re fad aon oidhche a mhàin,
Bho'n tha thu féin ad fhleasgach òg
Gabh aogas an òigeir ghrùidh,
Ni Dido aoibhneas mor a's uaill
Nuair shuidheas tu suas air a glùn
An am na cuirm aig fleadh an fhìon
'S i miughail umad le mùirn.
Nuair ghlacas i thu 'na da làimh
'Sa bheir i pogan graidh dhuit fein,
Las teine falaichte 'na com
A's taom do leann a stigh 'na creubh."
Thug Cu'id ùmhlachd gun dàil
Do bhriathraau a mhathar gaoil
Chuir dh th a sgiathan, 's dh' fhalbh le
sùnnd,
A' coiseachd an riochd Iuluis chaoimh.
Ach thaom Venus cadal sèimh
Air Ascan ceutach na mais',
A's thog i e suas 'na h-uchd
Gu doireachaibh tiugh nam preas.
Idalia nan dlù-choill àrd,
Le seamragaibh àluinn fionn,
'Ga chuairteach le fùranaibh àigh :
Bu taitneach an sgàil os a chionn.
Mar dh' òrduich a mhàthair dhà
Chaidh Cupid gun dàil air triall,
Na tiodhlacan rioghail 'na làimh.
Gu luchairt na ban-righ'nn fial,
B' aoibhinn leis Achates ciùin
Bhi aige 'na cheann-iùil an ròid :
Nuair thàinig e shuidh Dido sios
Air sorchan rioghail de 'n òr
Fo cheann-bhrat uasal ro àrd
De 'n phurpur a b' àillidh sgèimh :
Shuidh i 'n teis-meadhoin an t-sluaigh,
'S na h-aoidhean mu'n cuairt gu leir.
Æneas, athair mòr nan slogh,
A's dìgridh na Tròidh chaidh cruinn
'Nan suidhe air caithrichibh àrd
'S air uirighibh sgàrlaid grinn.
Na seirbheisich fhuair gu grad

Uisge gu glanadh nan làmh,
Sgaradairean meinoil, min,
A's aran 'na mhill 's na clèibh.
Bha caogad gruagach dhonn a stigh
A' Seasamh 'nan sreth gu rèidh,
D' am b' obair an lòn dheanamh deas
'S a' feitheamh air altair nan dé.
Bha ceud cailin eile fòs,
A's ceud òigear de 'n aon aois,
A' cur nam miasan air na bùird,
A's shuidhich iad na cùirn ri 'n taobh.
Chruinnich na Tiorraich 'nan grùnn
Aig dorsaibh na lùchairt ait,
Nuair dh' àithneadh dhoibh suidhe 'nan àit
Air uirighibh sgàrlaid daitht'.
B' iongantach leotha gach seud
A thug Æneas doibh gu fial,
Ghabh ioghnadh iad ri h-Iulus caomh ;
Do bhoillsgich aogas mar dhia
B' ioghnadh eo na briathran gràidh,
A cheil e fo sgàil cho math,
An fhalluing lan de dhealbhan òir
'S a' ghnuis-bhrat a b' òrbhuidh dath,
Gu h' àraid a' bhan-righ gun rath
Thug thairis i féin do ghaol
Las teine do-chasgadh 'na crìdh'
'S i 'g amharc air le mòg-shuil chaoin.
Bheachdaich i gu dur gun stad
'S a gràdh mar lasair loisgich theith,
Thaitinn rithe 'n t-òigear grinn,
'S na seudan riomhach thug e leis.
Ghlac esan Æneas air uchd
A's chroch e ri mhuincal caomh,
Mar gum b' e athair a bh' ann
A's lion e e san am le gaol
Chaidh e 'n sin gu Dido 'n àigh
A's dhirich e 'n àird air a glùn,
Shuidhich is' a cridh' air gu léir
A's bheachdaich air gu geur le sùil.
Air uairibh ghabh i e g' a cneas,
Gun fhios aic' air neart an de,
A dheilbh an iomleachd so gu seòlt,
G' a glacadh gun eol di fein.
Ach chuimhnich esan mar b' àill
Air teagasg a mhàthar caoin,
A chuid 's a chuid dhubh e mach
Sichæus bho bheachd a gaoil,
Las e innte gràdh as ùr
Gu h-aigneadh marbh a dhùsgadh suas,
'S a cridhe neo-chleachdta ri fonn
A bha 'na chadal trom 's 'na shuain
Nuair chriochnaicheadh tàs na cuirm
'S a thairngneadh air falbh na bùird
Chrùnadh leo an fion gun dàil
An cuachan mòr àluinn ùr
San àros rioghail chluinnteadh stàirn
Us comh-ghàir san talla mhór,
Lòchrain laiste chroch gu h-àrd
Bho bhraighe 'n tighe bha de 'n òr,
Nuair bhuadhaich lasair nan leus
Air oidhche nan neul 's nan sgleò
Dh' iarr a' bhan-righ 'n sin a' chuach
Bha trom le clachaibh buaidh us òr ;
A bhuineadh do Bhelus bho chéin
'S d'a sinnsear bho linn Bheluis chruaidh,
Lion i chuach le fion gun chlos
Us ghairm i tosd air feadh an t-sluaigh.
Thuirt i, "Iobh (oir 's tus an dia
Chuir lagh na fialaidheachd air dòigh),
Deònaich so mar lath' an àigh
Do luchd mo ghràidh bho Thiorr 's bho Thròidh.
A Bhacchuis, thoir, aoibhneas g'ar sàth,
A Iuno, nochd-sa bòidhche gu ghnùis ;
A mhuinntir Thiorr, mo chàirdean féin,
Coimhdibh an fheisd le deadh rùn."
Labhair i, 's thaom i gu foil
Deoch-iobairt air bòrd na féisd,
Nuair rinn i sin thog i suas
An cupan gu luath ri beul.
Do Bhitias thug i e'n sin
A' labhairt ris am briathraibh min,
Dh' òl esan an cupan lom-làn,
A's shruthail e bhràì he le fion ;
Am fion dearg bu daithte cròic
'S a' chupan òir a bha dearr-làn,
Dh' òl uaislean eil' as a dhéigh
'S an déigh chéile mar a b' àill,
Ghlac Iopas na gruaige duinn
Clàrsach ghrinnichte le h-òr,
A's sheinn e oirre sin gu grad
Na theagaisgeadh le h-Atlas mòr,
Càrsa seachranach na Ré,
Ur-dhubhadh na Gréine shuas,
Cia as a thàinig clann nan daoin',
'S an spréidh air gach raon us cruaich.
Cia bhuaithe thig na frasan uisg',
'S gach dreug a thuiteas as an speur,
Arcturus 's an griglean tiugh,
'S an aimsir fhliuich a thig 'nan déigh.
Da sheisreach na h-àirde tuath,
Le 'n seachd reultaibh luath nach stad :
Carson tha grian a' gheamhraidh fhuair
Dol fodha sa' chuan cho grad,
Carson a tha 'n oidhche cho mall
San t-samhradh a' teachd le dàil ;
Na Tiorraich mhol da uair an ceòl
'S dh' aontaich na Tròidhich le càch,
Bha bhàn-righ cur seachad na h-oidhch',
Le sgial us cainnt de gach seors',
Bha chridhe 'ga lionadh le gaol
'S na saighdean bàrr-chaol 'ga leòn.
Mu Phriam dh' fhcòraich iomadh ceist,
A's mòran mu Hector nam buadh,
Na h-airm le 'n d' thainig Memnon còrr
Mac Auròra 's deirge snuadh.
Dh' hiosraich i mu cich mic Thuid,
Diomed a b' oillteil greann,
'S mu mheudachd Aichill nam fraoch,
Sar cheannard nan laoch 's nan lann.
"Ach aoidh," ars' ise gu ciùin,
"Innis domh bho 'n tùs gu léir,
Mu dheuchainnibh do chàirdean gràidh,
A's iunleachdan bàis nan Greug.

Innis mu d' sheachranaibh cian
Oir shiubhail seachd bliadhna mu'n cuairt
Bho'n thòisich do thurusan sgith
'Gad luasgadh air tir 's air cuan."

—o—

AN SIONNACH.

Bha ann roimhe so coileach a chaidh e fhein 's a chuid chearc a chur air àiridh an àm an fhoghair. Thuit do shionnach, là bha 'n sin, a bhi 'gabhail an rathaid air tòir cobhartaich. Thugar an coileach an aire dha, 's leumar am bàrr craoibhe. Cha robh sid gun fhios do 'n t-sionnach, agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n d' rinn e suidhe aig bun na craoibhe. "Thig a nuas, a choilich," ars' esan, "tha naidheachd agam dhut." "Cha tig," ars' an coileach. "Ud, thig a nuas, nach 'eil fhios agad gu 'm beil sinn càirdeach? Is mise an sionnach mac an t-sionnaich dhonn-bhuidhe; agus is tusa mac a' choilich mhic an uibhe—iar-ogha na peathar 's a' bhràthar, buaidh-làrach dianamaid suidhe." "Cha dian,' ars' an coileach, "bidh tu rium." "Cha bhi," ars' an sionnach, "nach 'eil fhios agad gu 'm beil a nise sith air a h-éigheach eadar a h-uile beothach, agus nach 'eil a chridhe aig beothach gnothach a ghabhail ri beothach eile? Is mise an teachd-aire-gairm. Nach fhaic thu 'n litir an ceangeal ri bàrr m' earrbaill? Thig a nuas 'us leugh i. Leumar an coileach a nuas, 's mu 'n gann a bhean a chasan do 'n làr, bha e tarsainn am bial an t-sionnaich 's gun fhuireach ri 'mharbhadh thugar na buinn. Thàinig air dol seachad air achadh-buana 's thugar na buanaichean an aire dha. "O, mo choileach, mo choileach!" arsa te de na mnathan. "Cha 'n e th' ann ach mo choileach-sa." Bha chùis ag cur seirbhe air an t-sionnach, 's thugar togail air a cheann 's ghlaodh e, "Cha 'n e 'th'ann ach mo choileach-sa, 's tuitear an coileach as a bhial. "Cha 'n e th' ann ach mo choileach-sa," arsa bean chòir eile 's i togail a choilich 'n a h-ultaich.

"Is mairg a bheireadh feairt air mnaoi," ars an sionnach ris fhein 's e siapadh air falbh. Chum e air 's tachrar feannag air 's i 'toirt nan sùl á mart a bha 'n deigh dol le creig. Chuir iad fàilt air a chéile, agus 's e bh'ann gu 'n deach iad an companas mu'n fheòlaich. Thòisich an sionnach air roinn na cairbhe, agus dh' fharraid e de 'n fheannaig co-dhiubh a bhiodh aice broilein mór nan còig ciad ribeag, na ceithir spadagan odhra a' mhairt. "Bidh agam fhein broilein mór nan còig ciad ribeag," ars' an fheannag. Thilg an sionnach sid dh' a h-ionnsuidh, 's thugar an t-saobhaidh air leis na spadagan.

An uair a theirig am broilein, 's cha b' fhada h-uige, chaidh an fheannag 'n a gurrach air cloich 's i tùrsa nan spadag. Bha i greis mar sin, 's co thainig an rathad, ach a banchoimhearsnach a' chorra-ghribheach. Chaidh ia l an cnacas a chéile, agus casaidear an fheannag rithe mar a rinn gille-nan-car oirre. "Bheir mise cuireadh dha," ars' a' chorra-ghribheach, "ach na gabh thusa dad ort gus am faic sinn." Oidhche Nolluig thug i cuireadh gu cuilm do'n t-sionnach. Thàinig e; ach mar a bha 'n tubaist ann, caite an do chuir i an t-eanbhruich ach ann am botuil. Thòisich e air imlich nam botul, ach cha dianadh e dad de na bh' annta. Is e bh' ann gu'n d' òl a' chorra-ghribheach a cuid fhein agus cuid an t-sionaich, ag gabhail mar leisgeul nach robh soithichean freagrach aice.

Glasrach.

—o—

GEARAN MHAOIL-CHIARAIN.

O, NACH mise bh' anns an àite
'S an deachaidh m' àrach am leanabh;
Bho 'n chiad latha rinn mi fhàgail,
Cha robh mo chàirdean ach ainneamh.

Cha 'n 'eil aon aig am beil spéis dhiom,
Och, mo chreach, mo léir, 's mo chruadal;
'S ann a thà mi 'n diugh am ònar,
'S càirdean m' òige anns na h-uaighean.

O, nach robh mi aon uair eile,
Far an robh mi beag am phàiste,
Far an robh mi gaolach mùirneach
'G am altrum air glùn mo mhàthar.

Aig mo chàirdean bha mi rùnach,
Thug iad gaol domh bho thùs m' òige;
'S ged a tha mi 'n diugh air liathadh,
Cha bhiodh crìoch air na 'm bu bheò iad.

Fhuair mi anshocair 'us dosguinn,
'S gu 'n robh bhochduinn ga mo shàrach';
Gura tric a fhuair mi leagadh,
Ach sheas mi greis bho 'n bha mi làidir.

Tha mo chridhe briste sgàinte,
Tha mi gun slàinte, gun mheartuinn;
Tha mi gun airgiod, gun stòras,
Gun duine beò aig a bheil tlachd dhiom.

"Co ris a theid mi g' am ghearan,
'S gun Mac-Mhic-Ailein am Mùideart?"
'S e thuirt fear bha mar tha mise,
'S e gun ghin aig air a chùlthaobh.

'S o dhà leughas mi mo dhòruinn,
'S gun duine beò leis an duilich;
Mi gun chuid 's mi gun slàinte,
'S mi gun chàirdean, sgeul mo dhunach.

'S goirid 's am fuasgail am bàs orm,
'S tinneas gach aon là 'g am chiùrradh;
Cha 'n fhàg mi h-aon a bhios cràiteach,
'N uair a chàirear anns an ùir mi.

H-uile h-aobhar bròin a bh' agam,
Cha 'n 'eil math a bhi 'g an innse;
Gu'n diian mi 'n giùlan fo 'n talamh,
'S theid iad gu h-ealamh air dì-chuimhn'.

———o———

AONACHD A' CHINNE-DHAONNA.

(*Air leantainn.*)

THA beachd eile fathast a dh' fhaod, amaid a thogail fad beagan uine agus a tha, a reir mo bharail-sa, a, taisbeanadh gu soilleir gu bheil uile threubhan a' chinne-dhaonna 'n an aon, agus is e sin, uile-fharsaingeachd truaillidheachd an duine. Tha mi an dochas gu 'n deachaidh agam air a leigeil ris gu 'n d' thainig an cinne-daonna gu leir o Adhamh, agus tha an dà chuid Sgriobtur agus ar fair-eachdainnean agus ar n-eolas fein a' dearbhadh nam briathar sin a chleachd sinn 'n ar n-òige,—"An cinnedaonna gu leir a thainig uaith"—is e sin, o Adhamh—"le ginealach gnathaichte, pheacaich iad ann, agus thuit iad leis anns a' chiad chionta." Tha an t-aon neul dorcha so a' laidhe thairis air uile chlann nan daoine, gu bheil iad gu leir truaillidh agus peacach. "Tha iad truaillidh; rinn iad oibre graineil; cha 'n 'eil neach ann a ni maith. Dh' amhaire an Tighearna a nuas o neamh air cloinn nan daoine a dh' fheuchainn an robh neach ann a bha glic, a bha ag iarraidh Dhe. Chlaon iad uile; tha iad gu leir air fas salach; cha 'n 'eil neach ann a ni maith, cha 'n 'eil eadhon aon." Tha an cinne-daonna aonaichte mar so fo 'n mhallachd; ach tha taobh dealrach air an neul dhubh so; "Dh' fhag an Sgriobtur na h-uile dhaoine duinte 's a' pheacadh chum gu 'm biodh an gealladh tre chreidimh Iosa Criosd air a thoirt dhoibhsan a ta 'creidsinn." Tha aonachd aca 'n an galar, agus aonachd anns an leigheas —aonachd anns an lot, agus aonachd anns an iocshlaint. Biodh an *craiceann* dubh no geal, tha an t-aon snuadh dubh gu nadurra air an *anam;* tha an t-aon ghlanadh feumail dhaibh gu leir. Troimh chreidcamh tha gach aon, dubh agus geal, air an aonadh r' a cheile agus air an deanamh 'n an oighreachan air na h-aon bheannachdan. "Cha 'n 'eil ann Greugach no Iudhach, ... duine borb, Sitianach, daor no saor:" tha iad uile 'n an aon.

Nach faodamaid stad ann a' so?—

ach thar leam gu 'n tig facal a stigh gu freagarrach aig a' cheum so mu 'n obair anns a bheil iadsan 'g an caitheamh fein a tha a' cur air aghaidh a' *mhission* so chum leas spioradail ar luchd-duthcha a chur am feobhas; agus saoilidh mi nach be e air a mheas as an rathad gu 'n seallamaid am measg na bha sinn a' toirt fainear—na comharraidhnean a fhuair sinn air a' chinne-dhaonna, gur aon iad—gu 'n seallamaid a bheil dad ann a tha 'tilgeadh soluis air ar dleasnas fein an comh-cheangal ris a' chuis so. Ma tha an dearbhadh a fhuair sinn air aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna a' cur 'n ar cuimhne gu bheil e mar fhiachaibh oirnn ar deagh-ghean agus ar co-fhulangas a chur a mach g' an ionnsaidh-san, ge b' e air bith dath no cruth no cor a tha orra, a tha fathast ann an rioghachd an dorchadais—a chionn gu 'm buin iad uile do aon teaghlach mor an duine—nach ro mhor is mò a tha e mar fhiachaibh oirnn ar cuideachadh a dheonachadh dhaibhsan a bhuineas, cha 'n e mhain do aon teaghlach mor a' chinne-dhaonna, ach a tha air an aonadh ruinn le ceanglaichean cairdeis agus cinneadais—muinntir nan aon bhailtean agus sgireachdan ruinn fein, agus a thuit, moran diubh cha 'n ann le 'n coire fein, gu inbhean iosal, agus air falbh bho na meadhonan grasmhor sin a tha cho feumail chum an cur an seilbh air staid is fearr na chaill iad? Their-eamaid, an dream a chuireadh an teagamh teagasgan a' Bhiobuill agus teastanas ar beachd agus ar n-eolais fein mu aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna, gur *ana-creidich* iad; ach tha an Sgriobtur ag radh, "Mur dean duine solar air son a chuideachd fein, agus gu h-àraidh air son muinntir a theaghlaich, dh' aicheidh e an creidimh agus is miosa e na ana-creideach." Is airidh iadsan a tha bho latha gu latha a' saothrachadh air son leas ar luchd-duthcha air gach uile mhisneach agus chuideachadh, agus tha mi an dochas nach bi sinn 'g a aicheadh dhaibh.

Thar leam gu 'm bu chiatach an rùn agus an fharsaingeachd beachd a ghluais seann duine Gaidhealach uair gu cuideachadh le cuid d' a luchd-duthcha. Bha sgioba aon latha teth, grianach a' sineadh air bata 'iomradh an aghaidh rannt de shruth tràghaidh, ann an aon de na caoil eadar na h-eileanan, a tha 'laidhe mach bho 'n Chaolas-Luing-each. Cha mhor nach robh an guothach a' fairtleachadh orra, agus iad gu goirt air an claoidh, an uair a chual iad glaodh o thir. Sheall iad m' an cuairt agus chunnaic iad duine 'n a sheasamh air an traigh, agus e a' crathadh riutha. An ann ag iarraidh an aisig a bha e? Bha muinntir a' bhata am beachd gu 'n robh gu leoir mhor aca iad fein a shlaodadh an aghaidh an t-sruth; ach coma co dhiubh, ghabh iad a stigh thun a' chladaich. An uair a rainig iad tir ciod a bu mhò b' iogh-uadh leo na 'fhaicinn m' an coinn-eimh, air cuocan feurach os cionn oir an làin, an leoir de dh-aran, de chaise, agus de bhainne. "Thigibh air ur n-aghaidh, a dhaoine còire, agus gabhaibh cuid d' an aran 's d' an bhainne—cha 'n 'eil na 's fhearr agam dhuibh." Cha robh fios aig muinntir a' bhata ciod a theireadh iad. Mu dheireadh dh' fheoraich aon diubh d' an duine chneasda, "An d' aithnich sibh sinn a mach anns a' bhata?" "Dh' aithnich mi gu 'm b' ann de shliochd Adhaimh sibh 's gu 'n robh sibh 'g ur saruch-adh." Is i mo bharail nach b' urr-ainn duinne na b' fhearr na am beachd seadhail a bha aig an duine chòir sin air aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna a ghabhail mar ar n-aobhar-gluasaid a chum ar

brosuachadh gu bhi a cur cuideachadh ar laimhe agus deagh-run ar cridhe an cois gach oidheirp a bheirear, aon chuid aig an tigh no am measg chinneach dorcha an domhain, air a bhi ag ardachadh an suidheachaidh agus a' leasachadh an cor—*Dh' aithuich sinn gu 'm b' ann de shliochd Adhaimh sibh 's gu 'n robh sibh 'g ur saruchadh.* Bhiodh so feumail gu ar cumail bho bhi deas gu uaill a dheanamh as ar n-iubh aird fein ann an coimeas ri treubhan fiadhaich na talmhainn. Tha an uaill so ealamh gu thoirt oirnn a chreidsinn nach 'eil feum againne idir air an atharrachadh inntinn a tha dhìth air na daoine truagha sin, agus mar sin a bhi deanamh dimeas air an t-slainte sin a chaidh 'ullachadh do gach dubh agus geal; agus is mor is àillidhe ann an suil a' Chruithfhir an duine sin, ged bhiodh a chraicionn cho dubh ri dorchadas, a ghabhas ri gairm chiuin an t-Soisgeil, agus, air dha mheas gur "fhearr gliocas na inneal-an-cogaidh," a thilgeas sios 'airm-mhillidh agus a ghabhas a mach fo bhratach Prionnsa na Sìth —is àillidhe e na an duine geal, le 'àrdan agus le 'uabhar, a tha d' an bharail nach 'eil feum aige air aithreachas. Biodhmaid ri faoinchainnt mar is àill leinn mu threubhan arda agus iosal—mu mhaighstirean agus mu thraillean; anns an uaigh tha iad gu leir air an aon ruith—

"Is ionann Alasdar Mòr
A's traill a dhìth lòin,
A dh' eug air an òtrach bhreuu."

"Tha lag a's laidir, beag a's mor
Co-shìnt' 's an uaigh le cheil;
Tha naimhdean samhach taobh ri taobh,
A's luchd na comh-strith reidh."

Air taobh thall na h-uaighe, tha iadsan uile, de gach treubh agus fine, de gach cruth agus dath, a ghabh ris an t-slainte a chaidh 'ullachadh air an son, air an aonadh r'a cheile ann an ceangal siorruidh, agus iad gu leir a' sealbhachadh an aon shorais ghlormhoir. Ge b' e air bith cho dìblidh, bochd 's a bha iad, tha iad air an deanamh 'n an righribh agus 'n an sagairtibh do Dhia. Cha 'n 'eil aintighearnas no cruadel tuille a' cur dragh orra: "Sguir na h-aingidh de bhuaireas, agus fhuair iadsan a bha sgìth le saothair fois." Tha gach eadar-dhealachadh dealbh agus dath air dhi-chuimhn, oir "nigh iad uile an trusgain agus rinn iad geal iad ann am fuil an Uain." Tha aonachd a chinne-dhaonna iomlan, oir, feuch, "sluagh mor nach robh neach sam bith comasach air aireamh, de na h-uile *chinnich*, agus *threubhaibh*, agus *shluaghaibh*, agus *theangaidhibh*." Cha 'n 'eil dorchadas no faoin-chrabhadh tuille a' cur uamhainn orra,—"Gabhaidh an Tì a tha 'n a shuidhe air an righ-chathair comhnuidh 'n am measg." "Cha bhi ocras orra tuille, no tart n' is mò; cha mhò bhuaileas a' ghrian orra, no teas air bith; oir beathaichidh an t-uan a tha am meadhon na righ-chaithreach iad; agus treoraichidh e iad gu beothobraichean uisge; agus tiormaichidh Dia gach deur o 'n sùilibh."

Iain Macillebhain.

—o—

DONULL NAN ORD.

Is ann bho Mhac-Iain-Stiùbhairt na h-Apunn a thàrmaich teaghlach Ionar-na-h-Aighle. B'e Alastair, mac do Ailein an treas Mac-Iain Stiùbhairt, an ciad fhear dhiubh. Phòs e Mairghiread nighean do Dhònull nan Lochan am Mùideart. Cha robh aca ach aon urra chloinne —Dònull, agus thainig esan astigh an àite 'athar. A reir coltais is ann an Eilein-Stalcaire bha Alastair a' tuineachadh. Moch madainn shamhruidh dh'èirich e 's chaidh do Eilein-nan-Gall, eilein beag a tha làmh ri

Eilein-Stalcaire. Thug e leis an tuagh-Abrach 'n a làimh, ball-airm a bu tric a bh' aig na Gàidhil 's an àm ud. Rinn e sineadh air lianaig ghuirm, 's leig e thuagh air làr. Bha e fhein agus Fear Dhun-Staibhinnis amach air a chéile agus 's dualach gu'm facas e 's an eilein: thàinig Cailein Uaine, bràthair Fhir Dhun-Staibhinnis, le daoine 's bàta a ghabhail fàth air. Thàinig iad air gun fhios dha. An uair a thainig e am fradharc Alastair, ghabh e air gur h-ann a thagairt càirdeis air a thàinig e; ach, an uair a thuig e nach robh e air fhaicill, thug e sùil air an tuaigh a bha làmh ris an fhear eile air an làr, agus mu'n d' fhuair e dol air a thapadh rug e oirre 'n a làimh—bha fhios gu math aige mur biodh e ealamh, gu'm biodh daor an ceannach aige air a thurus, agus thuirt e, "Is math an tuagh so, 'Alastair, na 'm biodh a leòir samhuich innte?" Thuig e gu ro mhath ciod a bh' air aire Chailein Uaine, agus gun tuilleadh éisdeachd, rug e air an tuaigh; ach thàinig na daoine aig Cailein agus chuir iad as da. Cha robh Dònull a mhac ach 'n a mhaotharan air a' chìch: bha e air bhanaltrumas aig Mòraig, bean Rob a' Pheitidh, gobhain Mhùideart. Cha d' fhoghain le Cailein Uaine bàs Alastair a bhi air a lamhan: chuir e roimhe cur as do 'n phàiste—bha fhios aige nach biodh a' chùis gun aichmheil. Ach cha deachaidh an gnothuch air mhìthapadh do mhuime Dhònuill; thrus i leatha e, agus thug i Mùideart oirre leis, gun umhail de dhuine no de bheothach. Dh' innis i do 'n ghobhain mar a dh' éirich, agus 's e bh' ann gu'n d' aontaich iad an leanabh a thogail 'us àrach agus urra chloinne dhaibh fhein a dhianamh dh'e, gun innse do choimhearsnach no do dhuine eile, gus an tigeadh è-gu inbheachd.

Is ann mar so a bha: chaidh Dònull a thogail us àrach an teaghlach Rob a' Pheitidh. An uair a thainig e gu gnè spionnaidh, bu tric leis làmh-chuideachaidh a thoirt do 'n ghobhain 's a' chèardaich. Bha e làidir, gramail; agus ciod sa bith ris an cuirteadh e cha chuireadh e cualag air, cha chuireadh 's gun fhios aige nach b' ann leis a' ghobhain a bhà e. Latha de na làithean, an uair a bha e mu ochd bliadhn' diag a dh-aois, thuit da a bhi 's a' chèardaich. Dh' iarr an gobhain air an t-òrd-mòr a thogail a bhualadh a mach tinne mhoir de iarann. B' òrd dà-làimhe e do dhuine sa bith, 's cha b' ion do ghlasghiullan dol 'n a dhàil air atharrachadh, ach rug Dònull air 'n a leth-làimh agus dh' oibrich e leis 's cha bu luaithid anail e; agus cha 'n e sin a mhàin ach rug e air fear eile 's an làimh eile 's dh' oibrich e leo le buille mu seach, gus an do chuir e fhein 's a ghoistidh a mach an tinne. A ghoistidh còir, Rob a' Pheitidh, cha do ghabh e dad air; ach an uair a chaidh e stigh 's a fhuair e cothrom air Móraig dh' innis e dh' i mu Dhònull. Is e bh'ann, a mhic chridhe, gu 'n do chuir a' chàraid chòir, cheanalta, rompa gu 'n innseadh iad do Dhònull mar a bha 'chùis, co b' è, agus co leis am bu leis e. A leth taobh chuireadh fios air Dhònull, agus dh' innis iad an dìol déisneach a rinneadh air 'athair agus an caol-thiarnadh a bh' aige fhein. Bhuin an sgial so gu guineach, goirt ris; rug a ghoistidh eadar a ghlacaibh air: "A dhalta chridhe," os esan, "b' eudar do d' oilein 's do d' ionnsachadh a bhi gus a nis an ceilt; ach tha dòchus agam nach dian thu dìmeas air d' fhuil, agus gu'm bi cuimhne agad air cruadal nan daoine bho 'n d' thàinig thu." An sin thug an gobhain da claidheamh, a rinn e a roghainn òrduigh, de smior an iaruinn agus na cruadhach air a shàr

fhadhairt, ag guidhe gu 'm biodh e 'n a ìmpidh air a thoirt sàbhailt as gach cruadal, agus a theasraiginn bho gach gàbhadh us cunnart. Ghlac Dònull an claidheamh le faoilte gu fearghleus; 's cha do leig e le bharr-dheis laidhe fo mheirg 's an truaill. Chuir e roimhe an aicheamhail a thoirt a mach; ach mu'n gabhadh e dad os làimh leig e chùis am mèinn a mhuime. Chomhairlich ise dha dol gu bràthair a mhàthar Dònull òg nan Lochan. Ghabh bràthair a mhàthar ris le mùirn 's le fàilte, agus thairg e cuideachadh us còmhnadh dha na 'n dianadh daoine, moidhein, us airgiod e, gus a chuid fearainn a ghleidheadh air ais dha—chaill e e an uair a thuigeadh nach bu bheò esan—an t-oighre.

An uair a thill Dònall do'n Apuinn, agus a dh' innseadh mar a dh' éirich dha, thugadh a dh-aon fhacal 'Dònull-nan-òrd' air. Cha robh Nàdur lombais mu a gibhtean da; bha e giarfhaclach fileanta, làidir, iasgaidh, clis. Rinn na feartan inntinn us cuirp so e 'n a roghadh 's taghadh a' chinn-fheadhna. Bu chulaidh-eagail do luchd-dòbheairt e; agus cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuair naimhdean a chinnidh 's a chàirdean fios-faireachdainn air sin. B'e 'n ciad ghnìomh a rinn e cur as do Chailein Uaine. (Is fear do dhaoine Dhònuill-nan-òrd a chuir as do Chailein Uaine 's e a' snàmh thair Lìobhunn. "Is glan an fhuil a thug thu do bhric Lìobhunn," osa fear de dhaoine Chailein 's e 'faicinn na saighde air chrathadh 'n a uchd. "Bu ghloine na sin, osa fear de dhaoine Dhònuill, "an fhuil a thug thusa do phartain Eilein-nan-Gall.") Cha d' fhoghain leis sin; cha do sguir e gus an do chuir e gu buil naoinear de thigh Dhunstaibhinnis.

Cha b' fhada gus an d' thàinig gnìomhran Dhònuill gu cluasan Mhic-Cailein, agus dh' fhiach e ri 'chur fo chis, ach dh' fhairtlich air: fhuair Dònull a mach gu 'n robh e ag caitheamh foille air, agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n d' thug e taobh Loch-Odha air 's gu 'n do thog e creach bho 'n tuath sin. Tha ceithreamh òrain fhathast air chuimhne mu 'n turus so:—

> "Dònull-nan-òrd, dalt' a' ghobhain,
> Ailleagan nan lùireach leobhar,
> Thog e creach bho thaobh Loch-Odha,
> Nach dian Mac-Cailein a toghadh,
> No 'mhac, no 'iar-ogh', no ogha."

Chuir dianadas Dhònuill corruich nach bu bheag air Mac-Cailein, agus chuir e roimhe a chuid daoine a thogail agus graim a dhianamh air leis an laimh làidir. Ach chaidh e rithist gu 'smaointean mu'n chuis agus chunnaic e aige fhein nach biodh e sàmhach dha—bha cinneadh a mhàthar na Mùideartaich agus na Camronaich ro lionar làidir, agus 's e rinn e moidhein a chur air Mac-Iain-Stiùbhairt dh' fhiach an d' thugadh e air Dònull sìth a dhianamh agus a' chreach a chur air a h- ais. Chuir esan agus cinn-fheadhna eile an cinn ri chéile, agus mhaoidh iad air mur dianadh e dìoladh-fiach agus sìth, nach tàirneadh iad claidheamh 'n a aobhar ach gu'n leigeadh iad eadar e fhein 's Mac-Cailein. Cha robh deaghaidh aig Dònull air cur a mach air a chàirdean, agus smaoinich e gu 'n d' rinn e gu leòir a dhìol bàs 'athar, agus 's e rinn e gun fhiamh gun eagal, gun duine ach e fhein 's a ghille, dol gu Mac-Cailein a shocrachadh na cùise. Thachair Mac-Cailein orra goirid bho 'n chaisteal, agus ma 's fhior is i so an fhàilte chuir Donull air—

> "A Mhic-Cailein ghrìomaich, ghlais,
> Is beag an tlachd a th' agad dhìom;
> 'S 'n uair a thilleas mi air m' ais,
> Ma is mò a th' agam dhìot."

Chaidh iad air sùrd còrdaidh; agus eadar fal-a-dhà 's a rìreamh is

coltach nach robh a' ghlas-ghuib air Dònull; bu mhó us mór le Mac-Cailein a lachanaich—fàgail a lean cian ri 'iarmad, agus dh' iarr e air sealltainn air creig àraid a tha 'n braigh Aird'-Chonghlais — creig a tha gu math coltach ri ceann duine 's a bhial fosgailte. Dh' fharraid e an sin d'e an robh fhios aige c' ainm a bh' oirre. Thuirt Dònull nach robh. "Is sid agad ma ta," osa Mac-Cailein, "an Gàire Gnàda." Thuig Dònull co air a bha e 'tighinn, agus an tionndadh na boise, thuirt e—

"Gàire Gnàda 's ainm do 'n chreig,
Us fanaidh i mar sin a ghnàth;
Gheobh thu leithid agad fhein,
Ma sheallas tu 'n eudann do mhnà."

Is iad na cùmhnantan a chuir MacCailein mu choinneamh, creach a thogail á Mùideart agus té eile á Atholl: bha e 'n dùil mar so gu 'n cuirteadh as da gun làmh a bhi aige fhein 'n a bheatha. Dh' aontaich Dònull ri so, agus thug e Mùideart air. Dh' innis e do bhràthair a mhàthar an t-slighe air an robh e agus chuir e a chomhairle ris. Thuirt bràthair a mhàthar ris gu'n robh daoine 's a choimhearsnachd a bu bheag air, agus na 'n togradh e gu'm faodadh e an creach a thogail; agus an uair a thigeadh a' chùis gu chluasan-sa gu'n cuireadh e an tòir air, air sgàth sgoinne, ach nach biodh an ro-chabhag air. Is ann mar so a bha. Chaidh e an sin do Atholl 's rinn e an cleas ciadna. Thill e rithist gu MacCailein 's rinn iad an réit.

Bha Donull turus a' tilleadh dhachaidh á Siorrachd Shròbhla far an robh e air cheann cobhartaich air choirigin, agus thaghail e an tigh 's an robh bainis gu bhi an oidhche sin. Cha d' rinneadh biadhtachd a b' fhiach riutha; agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n deachaidh iad an dàil biadh na bainse agus a' chuid nach d' ich iad mhìll iad, agus thug iad ris a' bhruthach. Shin iad air Dònull 's cha b' fhada gus an robh iad suas ris. Ghlaodh fear de na daoine riutha a' fanaid orra air son na dh' òl iad de 'n eanbhruich.

"Stiubhartaich bhuidhe nan tapan,
A bheireadh glag air a' chàl."

Thug fear de dhaoine Dhonuill tionndadh air fhein, 's tàirnear e an t-saighead 's e freagairt—

"Ma tha 'n tapan againn mar dhùthchas,
Is dù dhuinn gu 'n tarruinn sinn taifeid."

Chuir e an t-saighead romh a chridhe, agus 's e bh' ann gu'n deachaidh iad uile an dàil a chéile, 's thuit mòran diubh air gach taobh.

Bha Dònull pòsta dà uair. Ris a' chiad mhnaoi, nighean do Iain Stiubhart am Bun-Raineach bha ceathrar mhac aige—Alastair a dh' eug gun phòsadh, Dunnchadh a thàinig a stigh 'n a àite fhein, Ailein bho 'n d' thàinig Tigh Bhaile-Chaolais, agus Iain ris an abairteadh Iain Dubh MacDhonuill, aig an fhear so bha Leitir-Shiùna.

DONULL.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Fàg, fàg! thuirt an fheannag, 's i mo nighean a gharrag dhonn.

Sàth mòr ainmig do na leanba-firionn.
Sàth beag minig do na leanba-boirionn.

Foghar an àigh ial 'us fras.

Trod chàirdean 'us sàth naimhdean, dà rud nach còir feairt a thoirt orra.

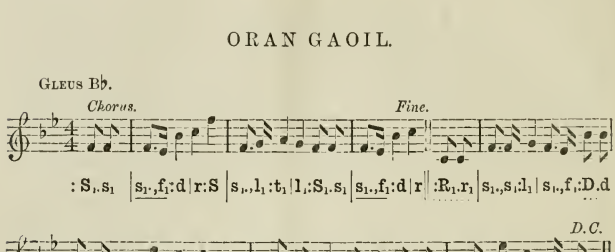
Cha robh air deireadh nach robh air thoiseach ach fear na droch-mhnatha, 'us bidh am fear sin fhein ann a' dol do 'n mhuilionn, ged a bhios e air deireadh a' tighinn as.

Cha 'n fheoil grùdhan, 's cha shùghan lagan.

Millidh smugaid cuideachda.

Is paidhir dhuinn sin mar a thuirt an fheannag ri 'casan.

ORAN GAOIL.



Horionn ò, hì rì,
Hùg éile, hó ró,
Horionn ò, hì rì.

Tha mo cion air an ogbhean
'Thainig oirnne thar linnean –
Reult aillidh nan oighean,
Ann am boidh'chead 's an grinneas!
Horionn ò, &c.

Reult aillidh nan oighean,
Ann am boidh'chead 's an grinneas!
Slios mar shneachd air an t-sleibhe,
Ri là greine air 'ghilead.
Horionn ò, &c.

Slios mar shneachd, &c.
Beul is deirge na 'n ròs aic',
Gruaidh is boidh'che na 'n t-siris.
Horionn ò, &c.

Beul is deirge, &c.
Deud geal is glan, dlùth—
Tha d' anail chubhraidh ro mhìlis.
Horionn ò, &c.

Deud geal, &c.
'S cha mhise chiad oigear
'Rinn thu 'leon anns a' chridhe.
Horionn ò, &c.

Cha mhise, &c.
Le d' iomhaigh 's le d' bheusan,
'S iomadh ceud tha fo thiomadh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Le d' iomhaigh, &c.
'S fearr an ceol leam do chomhradh
Na 'n smeorach air bhinneas.
Horionn ò, &c.

'S fearr an ceol, &c.
Troidh chruinn am broig chomhnaird,
Nach dean feoirnein a mhilleadh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Troidh chruinn, &c.
Gur luthor i 's t-seomar,
'N am ceol 'thoirt o 'n fhidhill.
Horionn ò, &c.

Gur luthor, &c.
Tha mais' ann ad aodann
Nach faodar a thilleadh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Tha mais', &c.
Co 'sheallas fo 'n ghrein air,
Nach caill a leirsinn car mionaid!
Horionn ò, &c.

Co 'sheallas, &c.
Tha mise gun storas
Le goraich mo chinnidh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Tha mise, &c.
Dh' fhag sud mi ri m' bheo
Fo throm leon a's fo thiomadh—
Horionn ò, &c.

Dh' fhag sud, &c.
Nach faod mi bhi lamh riut,
Le d' mhanran 's le d' mhireadh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Nach faod mi, &c.
Cha 'n 'eil buaidh anns an dàn domh,
An drast ann ad shireadh;
Horionn ò, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil, &c.
Ach na 'm faighinn coir sgrìobhte
Air an rìoghachd gu 'h-iomall,
Horionn ò, &c.

Ach na 'm faighinn, &c.
GU'M BU BHAN-RIGH CATRIONA,
AN RIBHINN IS GRINNE!
Horionn ò, hì rì,
Hùg éile, hó ró,
Horionn ò, hì rì.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. NOVEMBER 1875. No. 47.

LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

VI.—HIGHLANDERS FROM HOME.

"A DISEASE known is half cured," but a half cure is a very unsatisfactory one. The adage merely gives hyperbolical expression to the well-known maxim that "knowledge is power." The underlying sentiment we all feel to be true. Knowledge *is* power. But what is power without the steady direction of intelligence? "What is strength without a double share of wisdom?" Knowledge is a lever, and with it we may adjust the poise of political relations, but if the lever is not guided by a directing intelligence, more harm than good will result. Knowledge is a sling, and with it we may overcome the weaver's beam of Philistia, but it requires the cunning dexterity, the wisdom of a David to do this. Knowledge is an instrument. It is a means, not an end. The end is action. A lever is of no use unless we employ it. A sling is worthless without a hand to direct it.

Most Highlanders from home have felt that the state of the Highland peasantry is not satisfactory. Many have tried to understand the disease. The symptoms were so marked and distinctive, so peculiar to the Highlands, and so universally prevalent there, that not a few have been able to point to the social and political institutions which produced them. Those who have so understood the disease have the levers of knowledge at their command. But knowledge, to be useful, must produce action. Thus the knowledge that a physician possesses of his patient's disease can never benefit the patient unless on this knowledge is based the necessary action. Neither can the knowledge to which Highlanders from home have attained concerning the condition of the peasantry benefit the peasantry unless from this knowledge the justified action springs. Now Highlanders from home might, in this matter, cause action to proceed from them in either of two directions. They might apply their own guiding intelligence to the levers of knowledge, or they might hand over those levers to the peasantry themselves. In other words, they might aim at modifying the social and political institutions that now affect the north, or they might furnish the peasantry with knowledge and sympathy fitted to aid them in accomplishing that end. In which direction ought they to throw out their power? We think there is ample room, and much need, for strong and wisely directed action to proceed in both directions. Those who are unacquainted with the state of the north may think that to supply the Highland peasantry with correct information relative to their own condition is a work of supererogation. We who know the Highlands and the peasantry think differently. To send light to our peasantry is not to send coals to Newcastle. There are coals in Newcastle, and they furnish light. There are the materials of light in the Highlands, but they

dare not burn. The sword of Damocles hangs above, and well the peasant knows that if he permits that which is within to burn, the flame will soon consume the tender cord. He must be supplied with levers, and he must be aided with intelligent co-operation till he is raised above the level of the threatening sword, and then he may burn and shine, and the thread may sever, and the sword fall, but he is safe. But oppression begets servility and that irrational contentment which springs from despair. And the peasant has so long crouched under that terrible sword, that now he is taking a set and is losing the desire to rise. This is very sad, and if there is anything sadder and more hopeless, it is that this surrender of the freedom of thought and of action —of the law of man's being—of those very privileges that suffuse man's life with reasonable happiness, is called by many who pretend to have the good of the peasantry at heart, *contentment*, while every one who scorns to outrage his own judgment and his humanity, by declaring that the sad wail of despair sounding in his ears is the harmonious chime of contentment, runs the risk of being forthwith branded as a sower of sedition. To destroy contentment and fill its place with dissension were indeed an undesirable shift. But when we talk of contentment we must be sure we know what we mean. There are specific kinds of contentment. There is a kind of contentment which depends on the due adjustment of the relations between a man and his neighbours, and this we may call political contentment. It is with this kind that we have now to do. But there is another kind—far more important—which has to do with the relations of a man to himself, with conduct. Each of these exerts a powerful influence upon the other, but either is distinct and independent. We must take care we do not mix up the one with the other. Yet this is just what we are so apt to do. We are apt to look to general results and not discriminate. And it is for this reason, because many of us do not distinguish between political contentment and the contentment which depends on conduct, that the most of the talk about the contentment of the Highland peasantry cannot withstand a moment's criticism. Before we talk so grandiosely of Highland contentment we ought, one and all of us, to ask ourselves these questions,—How much of life has to do with conduct? How much with politics? How much of the sum of Highland contentment is due to conduct? How much is determined by political institutions? Are the relations between our peasantry and the political institutions that affect them such as to render contentment rational or desirable? The likelihood is that after maturely considering these questions we should cease to talk of the contentment of the Highland peasantry, and cease to cry down those who speak of numbed apathy filling its place, and join, every one of us, in a universal cry, not for "peace, peace," but for some "great physician" to—

> "Take our suffering race,
> To read each wound, each weakness clear,
> And strike his finger on the place,
> And say,—*Thou ailest here and here.*"

But the important consideration for the Highlander from home to remember is this,—that what we ought to do, and what we will do, are not always the same, and that, however, we ought to consider these questions, the probability, the certainty in fact, is that many of us will not

consider them. Therefore the Highlander from home must not wait till we all cry for a great physician nor till such a physician appear unannounced. His present duty is clear and distinct. He must act, and act in this direction,—in the direction of disseminating warm light among our peasantry, until they are cheered and feel that they are ailing here and here, and that they can be cured, and that he is ready to co-operate with them in applying the proper remedy. This is his first duty. The Highland peasantry must be thoroughly armed with the weapons of correct knowledge before much can be accomplished.

But while Highlanders from home are thus furnishing knowledge, they must ever be on the watch for epochs in the elevation of the peasantry,—nay, they must do all in their power to hasten the development of these epochs. Opportunities will present themselves. Even now thousands of minds are grasping at new ideas concerning various relations. From these ideas will presently spring political actions, and these actions will modify existing institutions. Political events, little heeded by us, may develop an epoch in the social history of our peasantry. Such an event would the passing of the County Franchise Bill be. The Highlander from home must watch these events, and endeavour to influence them. This is the second direction in which his action ought to proceed. Well, then, we conclude that from the correct knowledge to which Highlanders from home have attained concerning the state of the north, action should proceed, and that this action should go out in two directions, in the direction of disseminating knowledge among the peasantry, and in the direction of assisting them to create, develop, and direct events fitted to effect the elevation of the North.

This is the broad action. We must now consider a question or two of detail. And first, How are Highlanders from home to disseminate correct knowledge among the peasantry? This may be done in many ways. If circumstances are favourable this knowledge may be transmitted in the same way that any other knowledge—knowledge of the state of one's health for instance —is sent. But circumstances seldom are favourable. Highlanders from home, however, are not always from home. The dust and din of the city are occasionally left behind, and the sweet familiar glens and the smiling ocean are sought. Then is the golden chance for the diffusion of warm light. Then should correct knowledge be carefully sown. The time must not all be spent in utter objectiveness on the sunny knolls or by the murmuring shore. The periodical and general press also furnish other means of transmission. The circumstances of a Highlander from home may be unfavourable to direct correspondence in these matters, and he may, like M'Crimman's piper, "Return, O never" to the scenes of youthful memories, but even then, if he has studied the state of the North, he can do a great deal. He can, through the Highland press, help to solve Highland questions. He can again and again point out where our peasantry are ailing. He can also, and every one can do this, and ought to do it, furnish with effective literature some of those whom he knows at home.

Again, How are Highlanders from home to assist in stimulating and controlling political action? We

have seen that they must watch the growth of new ideas and the political shape which they assume. In doing this, however, they are merely watching thought and actions that will affect the Highlands, only as the Highlands are a part of the State. But as action is the outcome of thought, so thought is a development of knowledge. The new ideas that are to produce political action may be based on a broad foundation of knowledge, but this knowledge may not have included knowledge of the state of the North. The Highlander from home must have this knowledge in readiness, and he must demonstrate how a consideration of its bearings ought to affect the pending political action. Thus he will act in relation to state measures. At the same time his knowledge of the condition of the north will enable him to see the peculiar needs of our peasantry. He will perceive that the condition of the peasantry is a special condition and demands special treatment. He will ask, Who are best fitted to give this special treatment? Surely those who best understand the case. And who should understand the case better than himself? He knows the state of the country, and he is removed from the intellectual bondage that might sway his judgment in the one direction, and the prejudice that might bend it in the other. On his own very shoulders the duty lies, and he ought not to recoil from it. Well, how is he specially to proceed? The press affords as fit a means of creating, stimulating, and controlling special, as of modifying general, action. There are also Highland societies in every town. Well fitted are these societies to originate and mature special action. Every county association might form a special committee to examine the state of the districts represented. Accurate knowledge concerning the state of a whole county could in this way be obtained by every member of the association. Then this knowledge, warmed by the sympathy of numbers, could not but produce a resolve to act. One can easily imagine an association of Highlanders from home, after a night's discussion had furnished them with correct knowledge concerning the administration of the land, springing to the conclusion that a *more certain tenure* of land was necessary. One can also understand how the simultaneous embrace by so many of the same idea would generate a heat which would suffuse the idea with emotion, and thus transform a mere abstract conclusion into an irresistible efficacy, forcing every one to earnest action. It is in this subtle reflexive influence that the main advantage of a society lies, and though it is certain that "dry light is best" when the immediate end is dry knowledge, yet when correct knowledge is obtained, when the idea has been reached, when the immediate end is action, the potency of this principle should not be overlooked. Highland associations then are well fitted to supply to Highlanders from home correct knowledge regarding the state of the whole of their own counties, to produce new ideas concerning the needed reforms, and to generate earnest action.

But these associations are not enough. The knowledge which they supply is too limited, the objects at which they will aim are apt to be too narrow, they cannot to the best advantage utilize their own strength, and they are too separate at once from each other, from the peasantry, and from Highlanders in remote places. They have a function to

perform, and it is a high function, but it is not the highest. Their duty is to furnish knowledge and to generate social and political action. But created action must be directed and controlled, and this is what from their nature they are not fitted to do. They have neither the ability to do this, nor the authority that would warrant their doing it. They have not the ability because their knowledge is so limited, and because their individual strength as societies is so small; and they have not the authority because, after all, these societies are composed of men who, for the time being, are citizens of towns and not a part of the Highland peasantry. What the present condition of the North demands, in addition to the County Associations, and to all existing associations is this,—A Highland Society, or for the sake of definiteness, A Highland Emancipation Society,—a society possessed of the combined strength and intelligence of all the Highland associations, of the peasantry, and of Highlanders in remote places. Such a society would be endowed with authority, because within its ranks the peasantry themselves were represented. It would also be possessed of the greatest available strength, ready to be directed and controlled by the clearest available wisdom. It would be light and manageable, clear-headed, and ready for action, and, in action, decided, formidable, and irresistible. The fitness indeed of such a society to accomplish the end sought is unquestionable. Nor is there much room to doubt the feasibility of forming it. The materials are there, the affinities are there; nothing is wanted but the heat of agitation to consummate a union.

A question may be raised concerning the necessity for, the existence of a universal Highland League. If the Highland peasantry are already contented why create a powerful organization to elevate them? Instead of answering this question I shall make two assertions which if true, and every Highlander from home must measure their truth for himself, will amply justify all that has been said in favour of a Highland Emancipation Society:—*The character of the Highland peasantry is degenerating*, and *this degeneracy is due to existing political institutions.*

MACHAON.

—o—

THE NEW TESTAMENT

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN VULGATE INTO GAELIC.*

WE consider this work in many respects the most important Gaelic publication that has appeared in Scotland since 1826, when the authorised version of the Gaelic Scriptures was published with the sanction of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It is a translation of the New Testament issued with the approbation of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Scotland, for the use of those of our countrymen who are members of that communion. We cordially congratulate the Highland Catholics upon this tardy measure of justice which has been done to them; and we earnestly hope that the day is not far distant when they will be able to read as well as to hear "in their own tongues the wonderful works of God," from the Old Testament as well as from the New. The present translation, we are informed, was executed some

* Tiomnadh Nuadh ar Tighearn agus ar Slanair Iosa Criosta, air a thionndadh as an Laidinn gu Gailig. Le aonta Easbuigean na h-Alba. A. King & Co., Aberdeen. 1875.

forty years ago, by the Rev. Ewen M'Eachen, Braemar, who was unfortunately unable to publish the work. Mr. M'Eachen's manuscript has been carefully revised and compared by the Rev. C. C. Grant, Strathglass, assisted by other clergymen. The editor had also the valuable assistance of Mr. M'Pherson, Edinburgh, in correcting the press.

Although the translation of the entire Scriptures into Scottish Gaelic was not completed until the year 1801, few men now living can remember the time when a copy of the Gaelic Scriptures could not be had. We have been so accustomed to this inestimable treasure from our infancy that it is difficult for us to imagine the intellectual as well as the spiritual condition of our ancestors, who not only could not read the Blessed Book themselves, (a melancholy heritage which has been but too faithfully bequeathed to many of their descendants), but who were not even privileged to hear it read by others. To place the Scriptures in the hands of the ignorant or imperfectly taught may in rare instances lead to erroneous opinions; but to withhold them from an entire people, and to attempt to impart a whole system of doctrine at second hand, is to perpetuate spiritual darkness and intellectual childhood, for which rigid uniformity in dogma is but a poor recompense. The Gaelic Scriptures alone, we make bold to say, have within the last fifty years contributed even to the intellectual enlightenment of the Protestant portion of our population more than all other Gaelic books that have been printed; and we venture to predict that fifty years hence, if energetic measures are taken for the circulation of the Scriptures, meanwhile, among them, the same may be affirmed of our Roman Catholic brethren.

In their efforts to place the Scriptures within reach of the body of their people, the Celtic race do not compare favourably with other nations. In every thing that concerns native literature, they were and are, as we have had too many occasions to acknowledge, behind the rest of the civilised world; in the department of Biblical literature, they have been inexcusably so. In the early Christian Church, Celts figure prominently. We have had among our people, courtly ecclesiastics, learned theologians, zealous missionaries, devoted martyrs, heretics of distinction; but among them all we find none making use of his influence, learning, zeal or devotion for the production of a Celtic version of the Scriptures. The Bible was translated into the Gothic tongue, by Ulphilas, a Cappadocian, in the middle of the fourth century; and into Sclavonic, by two brothers, natives of Thessalonica, in the latter part of the ninth. Before the year 900, that is to say, the Bible was translated into the principal languages of Europe except our own; and yet we had in the Church such men of our people as St. Patrick, St. Columba, and Pelagius.

The translation and extensive circulation of the Scriptures among the people have always been claimed as the proud privilege of the Protestant Church; but among the Celts of Britain, if we except the Welsh, the translations came late, and the circulation was, before the beginning of the present century, limited in the extreme. The New Testament was translated into Welsh in 1567, the Old Testament in 1588. The New Testament was translated into Irish in 1602; and the translation of the Old Testament was completed under the

pious Bedell before his death in 1642, although it was not printed till 1685. In the Highlands of Scotland, about two hundred copies of Bedell's Bible were circulated in 1687, through the energy of the Hon. Robert Boyle. The Rev. Robert Kirke, minister of Balquhidder, published, in Roman letter, Bedell's Bible, and O'Donell's Testament in 1690. Through the influence and at the expense of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, the New Testament was translated into Scottish Gaelic by the Rev. James Stewart of Killin and published in 1767; and the Old Testament, translated by Dr. Stuart of Luss and Dr. Smith of Campbelton, appeared in four parts in 1783, 1786, 1787, and 1801 respectively. A portion of the New Testament Scriptures was printed in the Manx language in the first half of the eighteenth century; and the whole Scriptures was published in that tongue in 1772.

And if we turn from the translation to the *circulation* of the Scriptures, we find, especially with regard to the Highlanders and the Irish, this painful record more painful still. Before the year 1800, there were circulated in the Highlands of Scotland, according to Anderson,* two hundred copies of Bedell's Bible in the Irish character, one thousand copies in the Roman character, three thousand five hundred copies of O'Donell's Testament, and thirty-one thousand five hundred copies of Stewart's Testament;—in all, thirty-six thousand two hundred copies of the Old and New Testaments among a population of about four hundred thousand souls. Before the year 1811 there were printed in Ireland twelve hundred and fifty copies of O'Donell's Testament, and five hundred copies of Bedell's Bible. Even this number was not all circulated among the Irish people, for we find that two hundred copies of the Bible were sent to the Highlands of Scotland. The Gaelic-speaking population of Ireland is estimated at about three millions, and for nearly three hundred years after the Reformation only twelve hundred and fifty Testaments and three hundred Bibles had been circulated among them.

So much for the exertions made by the Protestant Church in translating and circulating the Scriptures among the Celtic portion of the population of Scotland and Ireland. What has been the attitude of the Catholic Church with reference to the translation of the Scriptures into the native tongue for the benefit of her people? Ireland, as we all know, was converted to Christianity early in the fifth century. At the present day, seven-eighths of the population are Catholics, and about 3,000,000 speak the Irish tongue, all of whom may be said to belong to the Catholic Church. And yet the only portion of the Scriptures ever printed for their use is the Pentateuch, translated and published in parts by the talented Archbishop M'Hale, between the years 1859 and 1868. Here, then, we have a whole nation, maintaining an unbroken history for 1400 years as a branch of the Church of Christ, who have never seen a New Testament in a language they could understand! St. Columba came to Iona 1300 years ago. The Highland Catholics of our day are numbered by thousands; and they claim to be the lineal descendants of the early Scottish Church. Here, then, is

* The native Irish and their descendants. By Christopher Anderson. Third Edition. Edinburgh, W. O. Kennedy, 1846, pp. 190-3.

another living branch of the Christian Church with a continuous, though eventful, history extending over 1300 years; and the New Testament is rendered into the language of the people, for the first time, in the end of the year 1875.

Let us not cast stones. Our house, too, if not of glass, is of very brittle material. Who is to blame? How comes it that before the Reformation we had no translation of the Scriptures into the Celtic tongue? How comes it that, till the beginning of the present century, so little energy had been shown in circulating the Gaelic Scriptures among the people? The poverty of the population is usually pleaded as an excuse by Protestants and Catholics for this lamentable state of matters. Protestants urge in addition that in this country and in Ireland the British Government were jealous of the Gaelic tongue, and discouraged the publication and circulation of the Gaelic Scriptures. The Catholics plead that for a long period the penal laws effectually prevented the translation and circulation of the Scriptures among the members of their communion. The penal laws are now happily things of the past; but unfortunately the poverty of the population and the mistaken policy of discouraging the cultivation of the native tongues still remain. But neither poverty, nor official discouragement of the language, nor positive penal statutes, nor all combined can account for the late translation and slow circulation of the Irish and Gaelic Scriptures. We Celts, let it be at once confessed, are too ready to blame Governments when we should blame ourselves; and too apt to rely upon foreign aid in matters that can be effectively accomplished by ourselves alone.

The cultivation of our native literature is emphatically one of those things that no foreign patronage can effectively secure; and no official discouragement can permanently suppress. We are poor; but in this country we expend annually upon Highland gatherings, and Highland Societies, not to speak of Highland whisky, what would translate and purchase a Bible for every living Highlander twice told. The history of the world has often shown that literature can flourish vigorously side by side with poverty; but it has also shown that literature never existed side by side with neglect. Our want of the Gaelic Scriptures, and our indifference to them when we got them, were only in keeping with our indifference to books of all kinds.

We can plead legal enactments still less than we can plead poverty for this neglect of our literature. The early Protestant versions of the English Scriptures were published in defiance of penal statutes of the severest kind. The English Catholic translation—the Douay Bible—was published and circulated under the penal laws. The Highlanders and Irish have not been considered as the most submissive people in the world to obnoxious statutes. There were penal laws against our national garb; but the kilts flaunted their bright colours in the face of the law. Fenian Societies and Home-Rule Associations make a virtue of defying the statute law of the land. The fact is that we have been more indebted to the government, and especially to strangers, for the translation of the Scriptures into Irish and Scottish Gaelic, than we were to our own countrymen. The Irish Testament was translated by a native; but the Bible was translated by an Englishman, Be-

dell, who consecrated his life to the work, and who would not be deterred from his purpose by the indifference of Irishmen, or the frowns of Englishmen. The Gaelic Scriptures were necessarily translated by Highlanders; but the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, most of whose members were and are Lowland Scotchmen, urged on the work, and bore the expense of translating and circulating the early editions; while we are told that the Treasury paid £1000 to Dr. Stuart of Luss, for his services in translating the Gaelic Bible.

Of the merits of the present translation we would speak with due deference. It is a translation from the Vulgate; and cannot, consequently, be compared with the Protestant version. It is also a first attempt; and the highest type of excellence is not therefore to be looked for. But Mr. M'Eachen, the original translator, was a fluent and idiomatic Gaelic writer, as his translation of a Latin treatise, *De Imitatione Christi*, among others, fully proves. Every page bears testimony to the care and ability with which the manuscript must have been revised by the Editor; and to the readers of the *Gael*, Mr. M'Pherson is known as one of the most accurate of living Gaelic writers. Gaelic orthography is in a very unsettled condition; so that, perhaps, the utmost we can look for in this respect is that a Gaelic writer should conform, if not to his neighbour's method, at least to his own. We cannot but consider it fortunate that the Protestant version was finished before our day, else our people would probably have to want it for a whole generation, while our Gaelic authorities were wrangling over questions of accents, and apostrophes, and genders. Let us hope for the time when we may have a *Pontifex literarum*, who will decide, *ex cathedra Celtica*, upon all questions of apostrophes and spelling, if not also upon the higher questions of diction, idiom, and syntax.

The diction and phraseology of our version of the Scriptures have been so interwoven with our very being, that a departure from it seems at first sight strange and unnatural. We know that the language of our Bible is in a great measure a *lingua sacra*, and that it often wants the force and point of the language of common life; and yet, when we find, as we often do in this translation, a closer approach to the diction and idiom of our secular literature, we have a difficulty in admitting that the change is an improvement. Thus we find *dubhfhacal* for *cosamhlachd*, *flathanas* for *nèamh*, *srachd* for *reub*, *comhla* for *maille*, *gorach* for *amaideach* and hundreds of similar instances.

The translator may not require to be so highly gifted as the original author; but we have had fewer good translators than authors. To express with strict accuracy the same ideas in two languages is difficult, perhaps impossible. The translator's aim is to be faithful to his author and intelligible to his reader; he must be literal and idiomatic. The Biblical translator feels the difficulty more than any other—he must be literal at all hazards; and yet there is no book in which a nervous diction and pure idiom are so indispensable. Probably no translation equals the authorised English version in the happy combination of these opposing elements. Our Gaelic version is frequently marred by foreign constructions; and the translation before us is by no means free of them. The Greeks and Romans, owing to the variety of inflections in their languages,

constructed their sentences by means of qualifying clauses, participial and adjectival, in a manner that cannot be imitated by us. In our Gaelic Scriptures, an attempt was made to render literally many constructions of the Greek participle which we cannot but consider a mistake. The same attempt to translate the Latin participle is met with in the Catholic version. To introduce foreign constructions and foreign words into the literature of a language is to enrich it, and to bring the language and the people who speak it more into sympathy with the rest of the world, as the history of the English language and literature and of the English nation so conclusively shows. To violently shut the door against foreign influences, from mistaken motives of purity, is, in language as in life, to consign a people to ignorance and isolation—the sure precursors of decline and death. But it is a fair question to consider whether the Scriptures ought to be the door through which foreign constructions should be indiscriminately admitted into our language. The diction of our Protestant version has influenced the diction of the few Gaelic writers that exist; but its foreign idioms, although we are now familiar with them for 100 years, have not been admitted into the language of common life. Highlanders were and are, to an unwarrantable degree, jealous of the introduction into their language of any influence from without; and we think that this cause, among others, has helped to give them the meagre literature they have got. But we cannot blame them for not adopting into their tongue the many Graecisms and Hibernicisms which are presented to them in the Gaelic Scriptures.

The editor has acted wisely, we think, in making a sparing use of accents and apostrophes. In this field, as might be expected in a first edition, it would be easy to point to numerous slips. But these are trivial points, and in a second edition the number will be reduced. Apart from fidelity of translation, of which we do not at present judge, we consider that this version, when it reaches a third or fourth edition, may compare favourably, in diction, idiom, syntax, and general accuracy, with our own version. The edition is beautifully printed on toned paper; and the typographical correctness of it is, for a first edition, truly surprising, when one considers the difficulty of getting Gaelic correctly printed. Unfortunately, the price at which it can be sold places it beyond the easy reach of many a poor Highland Catholic. A Gaelic book done in this style cannot be sold at the price at which we are accustomed to buy our Testaments, except by the same means by which our editions are provided, viz., by Bible Societies, and wealthy organisations. And why should not similar means be employed for the circulation of a cheap edition, at a nominal price, among the Highland Catholics? Why should not wealthy Catholics do for their own people in the matter of this New Testament what the Marquis of Bute, himself a Catholic, but the other day did for all Highlanders in the matter of Ossian? Nay more, why should not an effort be at once made, by the assistance of noble and wealthy Catholics connected with the Highlands, to translate the Old Testament Scriptures into the Gaelic language?



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York . . .	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,
70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line.

GLASGOW
TO
NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—13, 14, & 16 Guineas.

INTERMEDIATE, Seven Guineas.

STEERAGE, Five Guineas.

To New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Passengers booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,
40 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND AND SETTLEMENT COMPANY
(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1867.)

CAPITAL, £250,000, *IN* 25,000 *SHARES OF* £10 *EACH.*

FIRST ISSUE, 10,000 *SHARES.*

£5 *PER SHARE EXPECTED TO BE CALLED UP.*

Directors.

James Salmon, Esq., I.A., of Jas. Salmon & Son, Glasgow.
William Arthur, Esq., Merchant, Woodlea, Bothwell.
John Cunningham, Esq., of Smart & Cunningham, Barrhead.
Matthew Fairley, Esq., of M. Fairley & Co., Glasgow.
Adam Houston, Esq., of Houston & M'Nairn, Glasgow.
Charles Maitland, Esq., of R. Meiklejohn & Son, Alloa.
James Robertson, Esq., of John Robertson & Co., Newhall.
John Spencer, Esq., Merchant, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Law Agents.

Brown, Dunlop, & Lindsay, 87 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Brokers.

Moore & Brown, 166 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Dykes & MacLagan, 79 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Managers and Secretaries.

W. G. & J. W. Lindsay, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Commissioners in Canada.

John Dunlop, Esq., Craigowan, Woodstock.
Colonel David Shaw, Kingston.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to develop 250,000 acres in Manitoba, a Free Grant from the Dominion Government.

The recent acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Territory opens up 1,300,000 square miles, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, known as the "fertile belt of America," having grain-producing soil and climate *greater in extent and finer in quality* than that of the United States.

It is intended to settle part of the Lands in Grants of alternate Farms of 160 Acres each, and to reserve the balance with selected portions as Market or Town Centres, extending to 104,000 acres, worth, after a time, 20s. to 40s. per acre. The land is prairie, rich loam, and ready for the plough. Common yield of wheat 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

Settlers receive from Company assistance towards passage; seed, implements, stock, &c.; and share with the Company for five years the crop raised, repaying advances.

The prospective value of town sites as centres of population *has not, in the calculations made, been taken into account.*

The Canada Pacific Railway, to commence in Spring, will, in all probability, intersect the Company's lands.

Ordinary Revenue, *based on calculation of crop produce, one-fourth only of actual reports*, would suffice, after expenses, to pay dividends rising to 20 per cent., and create large Reserve Fund, besides proceeds from Land Sales:—

Ten Townships contain Acres	250,000
Deduct for Grants to Settlers, Roads, &c.	146,000
Balance for Reserved Farms and Town Sites . . .	104,000
Whereof for Bonuses 100,000 Acres, worth in 3 or 4 years, at only 30s. per acre, a capital sum of	£150,000

The Town Sites, extending to 4000 Acres, and any Minerals, would remain; and as Winnipeg, four years since a Hudson's Bay Fort, has now about 5000 inhabitants, these sites may speedily prove of immense value.

In October 1874, the Hudson's Bay Co. realised at Winnipeg as much as 4s. 8d. per yard for ground. The Canada Co., similar in plan to this, divided last year 54 per cent., and its £12, 10s. Shares stand in London List at £99 to £101.

For forms of Application and Prospectuses, apply to the Brokers, or at the Registered Office of the Company, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

A NUMBER OF
FAMILIES OF SETTLERS WANTED
FOR
Manitoba, Dominion of Canada.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND & SETTLEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED) OF GLASGOW, having obtained from the Government of Canada 250,000 Acres of the Finest Prairie Land in the Dominion, are now prepared to receive Applications from steady industrious men accustomed to Farm Work, to whom the following Advantageous Terms are offered:—

Advances in full, where necessary, for Passage from Glasgow to Manitoba; possession of Prarie Farm of 160 Acres richest Land near a navigable river, ready for the plough the day of arrival; Seed and Implements required for the Sowing, Cultivation, and Harvesting of the Crops; Family Food Supplies until the Crops are available; suitable houses to live in; a Cow for the Family's supply of Milk and Butter, with Five Years for Repayment of Advances.

Any ordinary energetic family at end of fifth year can be clear of all indebtedness, and worth in money and property from £500 to £1000. A grown-up family may do the same in half that time.

For further information apply to the Company's Agent, ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Applications for Shares of the Company may be made at the Company's Office, 3 W. Regent St. Glasgow.

W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

Aireamh Theaghlaichean Luchdtuineachaidh air an iarraidh gu dol a Mhanitoba, Morroinn Chanada.

FHUAIR COMUNN FEARAINN AGUS TUINEACHAIS CHANADA BUIREATUNNAICH, bho Uachdranachd Chanada, 250,000 Acair d' an Fhearann-gun-choille is feàrr anns a' Mhór-roinn, agus tha iad a nis ullamh gu gabhail ri Iarrtais dhaoine stuama, dèanadach, cleachdte ri Obair-fearainn, do'm bheil iad a' tairgseadh nan cumhachan tàbhachdach a leanas:—

Iasad, far am feumar e, d' an làn-airgiod-aisig eadar Glaschu agus Manitoba; Seilbh air Gabhail anns am bi 160 Acair de Fhearann-gun-choille dlùth air abhainn mhóir air am faodar seòladh, agus deas air son a' chroinn-treabhaidh an latha 'ruigeas iad; Pòr-cuir agus Innealan féumail air son Cur, Aiteach, agus Cruinneachadh a' Bhàrra; Lòn do'n Teaghlach gus an bi am Bàrr ullamh; Tighean-comhnuidh freagarrach; Mart a chumail an Teaghlaich ann an Bainne 's an Im; agus Cóig bliadhna dh-ùine gus an t-Airgiod-iasaid a phàigheadh air ais.

Aig deireadh chóig bliadhna faodaidh teaghlach dìchiollach sam bith a bhi saor bho gach uile fhiachaibh, agus an seilbh air bho £500 gu £1000, eadar airgiod agus maoin. Faodaidh teaghlach a tha air cinntinn suas so a dhèanamh ann an leth na h-ùine.

Air son tuilleadh eòlais sgrìobh gu Fearionaidh a' Chomuinn,
ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Tha Iarrtais air son Comh-roinn anns a' Chomunn ri 'n cur a dh-ionnsaidh Office a' Chomuinn,
3 W. REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.
W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

FARM LABOURERS,
NAVVIES,

DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
MECHANICS.

Free Grants of 160 acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent-General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited.

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 4to, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d. cloth,

OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE: FINGAL IN IRELAND; OSCAR IN ICELAND.

BY DR. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow: JAMES MACLEHOSE, Publisher to the University.

Just Published, Crown 8vo, Price Five Shillings,

RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS

(COMPLETE EDITION).

CAREFULLY REVISED AND EDITED BY THE
REV. THOMAS SMITH, D.D.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.

EDINBURGH: DUNCAN GRANT, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SCOTTISH UNION
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON, 37 CORNHILL. EDINBURGH, 47 GEORGE STREET. DUBLIN, 52 DAME STREET.

Established 1824.—Capital £5,000,000.

Governor.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.

Deputy-Governor.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Ordinary Directors.

JOHN KENNEDY, Esq.
JAMES CAMPBELL, Esq.
ROBERT HUTCHISON, Esq.
JAMES MANSFIELD, Esq.
JOHN WRIGHT, Esq.
JOHN COWAN, Esq.
DANIEL AINSLIE, Esq.
The Hon. JAMES W. MONCREIFF.
FINDLAY ANDERSON, Esq.
JAMES TURNBULL, Esq.

GEORGE RAMSAY, *Manager.* JAMES BARLAS, *Secretary.*

Solicitor—COLIN MACKENZIE, W.S.

Auditor—ROBERT SPOTTISWOODE, C.A. *Physician*—Dr. J. D. GILLESPIE.

Bankers—THE COMMERCIAL BANK—THE NATIONAL BANK.

This COMPANY is composed of a numerous and influential body of Proprietors, and has a large Subscribed Capital, so that unquestionable security is guaranteed to Insurers.

INVESTED FUNDS as at 1st August 1874, upwards of .	£1,333,000
ANNUAL REVENUE from all sources	282,166
AMOUNT OF LIFE INSURANCES in force	5,300,000

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

FIVE-SIXTHS of the PROFITS arising from the WHOLE LIFE BUSINESS are divided EVERY FIVE YEARS amongst Participating Policyholders, in the proportion each has contributed to the Fund.

NEW BUSINESS IN 1874.

POLICIES—643.

SUMS ASSURED, £443,105. PREMIUMS, £14,129, 0s. 6d.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected on moderate terms. The Company has a long established Character for Settling losses promptly and liberally.

This Company does not transact Foreign Business, the Agencies being entirely confined to the United Kingdom.

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at any of the Agencies throughout the Kingdom.

GEORGE RAMSAY, *Manager.*
JAMES BARLAS, *Secretary.*

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

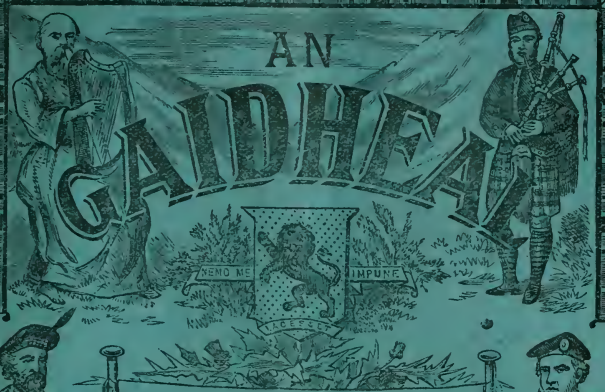
List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs;
Saints' Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

AN GAIDHEAL



CLAR-INNSIDH.

Sean-fhocail . .	353	Garbh Mac Stairn agus Dual . . .	365
Oran do 'n Nollaig .	359	Sop as gach seid .	366
Mar a chuireadh suas an Fheinn . .	359	Aisling Oisein . .	367
Sgialachd na Proidhe	362	A' Bhanarach Dhonn	369
An t-Eilein Sgiathanach	366		

"Map ȝaṫ polmp ḋo m' anam ȝeṁ
Ca pȝeula na hamṁpa a 8'paiḃ." OISEAN.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: NICOLSON & CO.; WM. LOVE.

Duncan Grant & Company, Printers, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

THE GAEL.

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS GAELIC LITERATURE, AND TO THE INTERESTS OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Edited by ANGUS NICOLSON.

CONTENTS OF No. 48.

Proverbs, ...	353
A Christmas carol, ...	359
How the Feinn was set up, ...	359
Homer in Gaelic, ...	302
The Isle of Skye, ...	363
Varieties, ...	366
A vision of Ossian, ...	367
Song with music, ...	342

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Celtic Chair, ...	371
Contributions to the Celtic Chair, ...	374
The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language, ...	377
Unveiling of a Monument to Dugald Buchanan in Kinloch-Kannoch, ...	379

THE GAEL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Five Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, including Postage.

FOR PLACES ABROAD,

A Special Edition of "THE GAEL" is printed on thin paper, to come within the Penny rate of Postage to places outside of the United Kingdom, but Subscribers wishing to pay the Extra Postage, which is Twenty-five Cents, or One Shilling sterling, can have the other quality sent to them instead.

To Canada, and all parts of British North America, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., One Dollar and a Half ($1.50) or Six Shillings sterling per annum; on Thick Paper, One Dollar and Three Quarters ($1.75) or Seven Shillings sterling.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to NICOLSON & Co.

AN

GAIDHEAL.

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

IV. LEABH.] DARA MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1875. [48 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

XII.—BITHIDH GACH NI MAR IS AILL LE DIA.

MA tha e fior, mar dh'fheuch mi ri dhearbhadh 's an aireimh mu dheireadh de'n *Ghaidheal*, gu bheil ar Daoine, 's an rioghachd so co-dhiu, a' gabhail tlachd ann a bhi 'g altrum smuaintean dubhach, cianail, agus gu h-araid ann a bhi 'beachdachadh gu tric air a' Bhàs agus an comhnuidh le ni-eigin de gheilt 's de uamhas;—ma tha so fior, cha bhiodh e mi-fhreagarrach, saoilidh mi, a bhi feoraich, air a' mhios mud heireadh de'n bhliadhna agus anns a phaipeir mu dheireadh mu thimchioll ar Sean-fhocail, ciod e am fiosrachadh a gheibhear annta mu bheachdan ar n-Aithrichean mu'n t-Saoghal taobh thall na h-uaighe, agus mu'n cheangal a tha eadar Beatha dhiombuan, chaochlaidheach an t-Saoghail so agus Beatha mhaireannach, neo-chaochlaidheach na Siorruidheachd. Cha 'n e mo rùn air aon chor a bhi toirt seachad min-chunntas air aidmheil ar Sluaigh 's an linn so no an linn eile d'ar n-Eachdraidh, no idir a bhi toirt breith air fallaineachd am beachdan 's air an dilseachd 's air an eud a nochd ar Sluagh gu minic air taobh an Creidimh. Is airidh an Eaglais Ghaidhealach air a sgeul innseadh, agus chuireadh esan a dh'innseadh gu cothromach i ar luchd-duthcha fo chomain mhoir. Ach cha mhise an duine, agus cha 'n e so an leabhar, a bu choir a leithid so de shaothair a ghabhail os laimh. 'S e mo rùn air an àm an fhianuis a bheir ar Sean-fhocail seachad mu chreidimh ar n-Aithrichean anns gach linn d'an Eachdraidh a chur fa chomhair an Leughadair mar is fearr a dh'fhaodas mi.

'S i mo bharail gu bheil cuid de na Sean-fhocail a tha gleidheadh air chuimhne beachdan ar Sluaigh dà mhile bliadhna dh' aois. An uair a bha priomh Bhard ar Duthcha a' gabhail seallaidh, le inntinn fharsuing fein, air cuairt na h-aimsir 's air Eachdraidh a Shluaigh, sheinn e mar so :

" Cia as tha sruthan na bha ann ?
C' uin' a thaomas an t-àm tha falbh?
C' àit' an ceil aimsir a dà cheann
An ceathach tha mall 's nach gann,
A taobh ballach le gniomh nan seòd?
Tha mo shealladh air linnte dh'aom ;
Cha 'n fhaicear ach caol na bh'ann,
Mar dhearrsa na gealaich tha faoin,
Air linne tha claon 's a' ghleann.
An so dh'eireas dealan a' chòmhraig ;
An sin thuineas, gun solas, neo-thréin ;
Cha chuir iad an gniomhan air chòmhla
Air aimsir tha mòthar 'n-an déigh."

Feudaidh sinn, tha mi meas, cainnt agus samhladh Oisein a chleachdadh mu bheachdan cho maith ri mu euchdan ar Sluaigh. O chionn dà mhile bliadhna, bha aimsirean comharraichte ann an Eachdraidh aidmheil ar Sluaigh—aimsirean nach teid gu brath air di-chuimhne. Thugadh cumhachd nan Druidhean gu talamh; thainig solus gloirmhor an t-Soisgeil d'ar Tìr; dh'ath-leasaich-

eadh an Eaglais; 'n ar linn fein chunnaic a' mhor chuid d'ar Sluagh gu'm b'e an dleasdanas Eaglais an Aithrichean fhàgail, agus dh'fhàg iad i; agus nach iomadh aon a tha an diugh ag eigheach gu durachdach airson tuilleadh soluis a chum a threorachadh air an t-slighe thuislich, dhorcha a tha, a reir coslais, air thoiseach air. Gidheadh, ann an cainnt Oisein, "cha 'n fhaicear ach caol na bh'ann." Buinidh na beachdan a ghleidh ar Sean-fhocail air chuimhne do'n Druidh 's do'n Chriosduidh maraon. Bha iad cho fior 's cho feumail o chionn dà mhile bliadhna 's a tha iad an diugh, 's a bhitheas iad gu crich an t-Saoghail. 'S iad so a rinn "ballach" taobh sgéith ar n-aidmheil.

Ann an aon ni tha mi saoilsinn gu bheil coimeas a' Bhaird mi-fhreagarrach dhuinne an traths'. Tha Eachdraidh, ann am beachd Oisean, air a deanamh suas de "ghniomh nan seod" a tha deanamh taobh na h-aimsir "ballach;" agus tha na "neo-thréin," a' tuineadh, gun sòlas, 'n am buidheann leo fein,—an gniomhan faoin gun chuimhne, an uair a tha aimsir a' siubhal gu mòthar seachad. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach 'eil smuain a' Bhaird oirdheirc agus airidh air inntinn ghreadhnaich fein. Ach cha 'n fhaod sinn a bhi foghlum o'n teagasg so gur ni faoin no suarach dleasdanas ar latha-ne, no ar n-inbhe-ne, ged, ma dh' fhaodte, nach teid a bhreacadh air slios na h-aimsir, a chum ar cuimhne ghleidheadh beo rè nan linntean. Cha bhiodh e ceart air aon chor a bhi deanamh gaisgeach dheth-san a mhain a rinn gniomhan euchdach an suilean an t-Saoghail:

> "Is gaisgeach esan a bheir buaidh,
> Air eagal beatha, 's uamhunn bàis,
> 'S a chomhlaicheas le misnich crì',
> Na h-uile ni a tha dha 'n dàn."

'S e so gaisge air an ruig an neach is diblidh 'n ar measg. Agus tha làn dearbhadh againn ma bhuan-aicheas e nach leigear a threuntas air di-chuimhne, ach gu faigh e gu cinnteach a dhuais. Ach air an laimh eile tha teagasg Oisean agus nan Sean-fhocal ro fhior, agus bhitheadh e ro bhuannachdail dhuinn an comhnuidh a ghleidheadh air chuimhne. Tha gnothuichean ar latha fein, cho fad 's a tha iad cothromach, mar dhleasdanais chudthromach oirnn a chur an gniomh le 'r n-uile neart; agus tha beachdan ar latha fein, cho fad 's a tha iad fior, 'n an tiodhlacan luachmhor nach faod sinn, gun chunnart, a dhearmad. Ach tha cuid de na dleasdanais so, agus cuid de na beachdan so, a bhuineas ann an doigh ro shonruichte d'ar latha fein; agus tha cuid eile dhiu a tha 'g au ceangal fein 's 'g ar ceangal-ne ris an t-sluagh gun aireamh a chaidh thairis agus ris an t-sluagh gun aireamh a thig 'n ar deigh—dleasdanais agus beachdan a tha 'n comhnuidh cudthromach agus an comhnuidh fior. A nis bu mhaith leam a chreidsinn gur e na dleasdanais so a tha, ann an cainnt Oisean, a' deanamh ballach taobh na h-aimsir. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e na beachdan so a mhain a ghiulain na Sean-fhocail a nuas o chéin. Tha sinn a ghnath teom air a bhi cur barrachd meas air na nithean sin a tha luachmhor a mhain 'n ar latha fein. Tha mi meas na 'n seallamaid air cuairt na h-aimsir mar a rinn Oisean, no air beachdan ar n-Aithrichean mar a ghleidh na Sean-fhocail air chuimhne iad, gu'm faiceamaid iomadh cleachduin, dleasdanas, 'us beachd a tha 'n diugh a' cumail suas roinnean 'us coimheachais 'n ar measg, a bhitheas gu tur air di-chuimhne, an uair a sheallas Bard eigin air ais, ceud bliadhna 'n a dheigh so, 's nach faic e "ach caol na bh' ann."

Tha triuir bheachd, gu sonruichte, a gheibhear air an cur f'ar comhair gu tric anns na Sean-fhocail, agus 's e sin: (1.) Gu bheil cionta toillteanach air peanas; (2.) Gu bheil laghannan Naduir no cuairt Freasdail do-atharraichte, neo-chaochlaidheach; (3.) Gu bheil Dia fior, ceart, maith.

Gheibhear suim aidmheil Creidimh ar n-Aithrichean, a réir nan Sean-fhocal, anns na tri firinnean so. Agus cho fad 's is leir dhomh, bha ar n-Aithrichean a' creidsinn annta o'n a tha Eachdraidh againn orra. Cha 'n 'eil ar n-eolas air teagasg nan Druidhean ach gann, ach saoilidh mi gu'n dearbh am beagan fiosrachaidh a tha againn mu thimchioll nan linntean céin anns an robh iad cumhachdach n' ar Tir gu'n robh iad a' creidsinn agus a' teagasg nam firinnean a dh'ainmich mi. Tha grian an t-Soisgeil 'us solus an eòlais a' dealradh 'n a làn neart agus 'n a làn mhaise oirnne. Fhuair sinn moran agus iarrar moran uainn. Ma thuislicheas sinne, cha 'n ann le cion soluis. Ach tha mi meas nach aobhar so airson a bhi deanamh dimeas orrasan a bha 'g imeachd 's an dorchadas. A réir gach cunntais a tha againn mu'n timchioll, bu daoine na Druidhean a bha airidh air meas agus air urram an dà chuid airson an eolais agus an gluasaid. 'N ar suilean-ne bha, gun teagamh, an Creidimh mearachdach, easbhuidheach. Ach tomhais iad le meidh an linn fein, agus chi thu gu'm bu daoine fiosrach, glic iad, a ghleidh an cliù 's am meas am measg dhaoine treuna, 's a sheas gu daingean air taobh an Duthcha 's an Sluaigh ann an àm cunnairt 'us teinn. Anns na Seanfhocail tha iad air an ainmeachadh le moran barrachd urraim na tha na Sagairtean a thainig 'n an àite. "Cho teoma ri Coibhi Dru dh." "Ge fogus clach do'n làr is foisge na sin cobhair Choibhi." Tha so a nochdadh gliocais, comais, caoimhneis. Ach is ann airson feartan dealaichte uapa so—feartan is suaraiche air gach doigh—a tha Sagairtean 'us Cléirich air an cumail air chuimhne. "Cha 'n fhiach Sagart gun Chléirich." "Cha d'òl an Sagart ach na bh'aige." "Cha 'n iad na ro Chléirich is fearr." "Is miann leis a' Chléireach mias mhaith a bhi aig an t-Sagairt." "'S e leanabh fein is luaithe bhaisteas an Sagart." Tha an so companas eadar Cléirich 'us Sagairtean airson a bhi sasuchadh a' chuirp le nithean ceaduichte 's le nithean toirmisgte air an deanadh Coibhi Druidh tàir.

Seallamaid gu h-aithghearr air na beachdan a dh' ainmich mi.

1. *Tha cionta toillteanach air peanas.* Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil, 'n ar measg-ne, iomadh ni air a mheas mar chionta nach cuunteadh peacach ann an cuid de'n aimsir a chaidh seachad; agus feudaidh e bhi gu'n robh ar n-Aithrichean a' meas 'n a pheacadh iomadh ni a chunntas sinne airidh air cliu. Ach tha nithean eile ann a tha air am meas n' an cionta anns gach àm 's anns gach àite, 's a dh'fheumas a bhi air am meas 'n an cionta cho fad 's a bhitheas daoine a' gleidheadh comuinn a chéile. Is ann orra so a mhain a tha na Sean-fhocail a' tighinn thairis. *Breugan, foill,* 'us *foirneart,*—cia air bith d'aidmheil is peacannan iad so. Chunnaic ar n-Aithrichean a' bhreug, foill 'us foirneart, mar a chi gach neach, an uachdar, co-dhiu rè tamuill, agus chuir iad am fein-fhiosrachadh an cainnt: "Cha seas a' bhreug ach air a leth-chois;" "Cha mhair a' bhreug ach rè seal;" "Imridh breug gobhal." A ris: "Ge b'e 's measa, ma 's e 's treise, bithidh e 'n uachdar;" "Is

coma leis an t-Saoghal c'àite an tuit e." Tha aon Sean-fhocal a tha toirt teagaisg air gach cor mi-fhallain, dioghaltach, brùideil, calg-dhìreach an aghaidh teagaisg coitchionn nan Sean-fhocal Ghaidhealach: "Maith air seann duine, maith air feail duine, maith air leanabh beag, tri maithean caillte."

Ach is ann air taobh firinn 's an aghaidh foille 's foirneirt a tha na Sean-fhocail: "Is mairg air nach bi eagal na breige;" "Fear na foille an iochdar;" "Cha d'thug leis an truaill nach d'fhuair leis a' chlaidheamh;" "Cha bhi seasamh aig droch bheairt;" "Cha 'n fhaod an ciontach a bhi reachdach;" "Cha 'n eil air an olc ach gun a dheanadh." Ma chi thu an ciontach a' soirbheachadh, theirear riut: "Ge dàil do near an uile cha dearmad." Tha n t-Abstol Pòl ag radh; "Ge b'e ni huireas duine, an ni ceudna buaineidh e." Is ionann teagasg nan Sean-fhocal: "Tha smùdan fein os cionn gach fòid;" "Mar chàras duine a leaba, 's ann a luidheas e;" "Mar thuiteas a' chraobh,'s ann a luidheas i;" "Tha thu ruith air t-aimhleas;" "Thig an donas ri iomradh." Agus cha 'n e mhain so, ach tha e dlù air bhi eu-comasach pilleadh o bhi 'g imeachd air slighe an uile: "Thig iomadh olc á aon olc;" "Cha leighis aithreachas breamas;" "'S ionann aithreachas criche 's a bhi 'cur sìl mu Fheill-martain."

Tha an Sean-fhocal mu dheireadh a dh' ainmich mi a' comharrachadh gu soilleir ri Saoghal eile anns am faigh peacadh a' dhiol. Ach 's e teagasg an iomlain diubh gu bheil cionta a' giulan a pheanais fein 'n a uchd, agus, luath no mall, anns a' bheatha so fein, gu'n nochdar so do gach neach. Tha mi meas gur dearbhadh so air aois nan Sean-fhocal. Cha 'n eil duais no peanas na Sìorruidheachd air a chur fa d' chomhair airson do dheanadais. Theirear: "Is buidheach Dia de'n fhirinn;" ach cha 'n 'eil truaighe shiorruidh mar dhuais do'n aingidh air ainmeachadh anns na Sean-fhocail. Gheibh sinn gun teagamh an radh: "Dean do sheunadh o'n Diabhul 's o chlann an Tighearna (an Uachdarain);" agus tha cliu Chonain chrìn, mhaoil air a toirt seachad 's an dà Shean-fhocal: "Cairdeas Chonain ris na deamhnaibh;" "Beatha Chonain am measg nan deamhan, ma's olc dhomh cha 'n fhearr dhoibh." Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'n abair neach gur teagasg ro fhallain so, aon chuid 's an t-Saoghal so no 's an ath Shaoghal, air a cho-cheangal a tha eadar cionta 'us peanas.

2. *Neo-chaochlaidheachd Freasdail.* Tha gach Sluagh air a' bheil iomradh againn a' creidsinn gu bheil a' Chruitheachd a' geilleadh do laghannan a tha neo-chaochlaidheach, do-atharraichte. Cha 'n 'eil eolas àrd no fiosrachadh farsuing feumail a chum an creidimh so a dhaingeachadh. Tha 'n dearbhadh f'ar comhair air gach taobh air an tiunndaidh sinn. Eirigh 'us luidhe gréine; fas 'us crionadh na gealaich: cuairt ghreadhnach, riaghailteach nan reultan; earrach 'us samhradh, foghar 'us geamhradh; breith 'us fàs, crionadh 'us bàs gach creutair, gach craoibh 's gach luis—an talamh; mu 'n cuairt duinn 's na speuran os ar cionn le aon ghuth a' cur an ceill gu bheil oibre a' chruthachaidh gu leir a' toirt umhlachd iomlain do Lagh. Agus mar is doimhne rannsuicheas sinn 's ann is neartmhoire an dearbhadh gu bheil gach ni beag agus mor, àrd agus iosal, ann an co-cheangal diomhair ri cheile, agus gach ball de'n chorp uile-lathaireach so, 'n a àite fein, a' coimhlionadh a' dhàin fein, fo riaghladh nan laghannan d'am bheil an corp uile umhail. Gu

ruig so, tha mi meas gu'm feudar a radh gu'n robh daoine foghluimte anns gach linn 's anns gach cearn de aon bheachd. Ach cha robh na b' fhaide na so. Bha cuid a' faighinn dearbhaidh ann am maise, an ordugh, 's an riaghailteachd oibre Naduir, air Bith uile-chumhachdach agus uile-ghlic a chruthaich gach ni, 's a tha 'g oibreachadh a mach a thoil neo-chaochlaideach 's a rùn siorruidh fein anns na laghannan d' a' bheil Nadur a' geilleadh; bha cuid eile anns gach linn a bha 'creidsinn gu'm b'e Nadur 's a laghannan na h-uile. A ris bha cuid an comhnuidh a' tagradh gu'n robh co-dhiu aon ni 's a' Chruthachadh nach robh fo riaghladh Lagha ach a Lagh fein —'s e sin toil an duine; bha cuid eile gu durachdach a' stri ri dhearbhadh gu'n robh toil an duine cho maith ri fàs an fheòir fo riaghladh lagha gu teann, cruaidh, air dhoigh 'ns nach robh ann an "saorsa na toile" as an deanteadh uaill cho tric ach faileus faoin leis am bitheadh daoine fein-speiseil 'g am mealladh fein.

Bha e gu tric a' tachairt gu'n robh iadsan a bha 'g aicheadh lathaireachd Dhe ag aicheadh saorsa toile an duine; ach, air an laimh eile, gheibhear moran de na daoine bu tréine a chathaich airson lath aireachd Dhe nach aidicheadh gu'n robh toil an duine saor. O thùs ar n-Eachdraidh, tha dearbhadh air gu'n robh Gaidheil na h-Alba a' creidsinn ann an Dia, co-dhiu bha no nach robh an comhnuidh aca beachdan fallain mu thimchioll. Cha 'n 'eil mi cho chinnteach gu'n robh am beachdan cho soilleir no cho aon-sgeulach mu shaorsa na toile. Cha'n iongantach ged bhitheadh na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach ag iarraidh oirnn sealltainn air dà thaobh na ceiste so. Air an dara taobh cha'n 'eil saorsa toile, a réir coslais, comasach. Tha gach ceum do d'bheatha air a shonruchadh dhuit, agus tha thusa gu h-umhail, dall, mar gu'm bitheadh taod ri d' shroin 's neapacain mu d'shuilean, a' coimhlionadh rùn nach léir dhuit fo riaghladh cumhachd nach aithne dhuit. Thug ar n-Aithrichean *dan* mar ainm air a' chrannchur a bha air a chur a mach do gach neach. Cha robh ri dol seachad air. "Am fear d'an dàn a' chroich cha teid gu brath a bhàthadh"; "Am fear d'an dàn an donas 's ann d'a a bheanas"; "An rud a bhitheas ar dàn, bithidh e dosheachanta"; Bha 'n là 'g a ruith"; "Bha sìneadh saoghail aige";" Fear an t-saoghail fhada, cha bhi baoghal h-uige." Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'n cuireadh Turcach, — le phiob 'n a phluic, le lamhan paigste n' shuidhe air a mhàsan, an uair a tha 'thigh 'n a lasair mu chluasan,—a chreidimh ann an cumhachd Naduir 's ann an neo-nitheachdan Duine ann an cainnt a bu teinnena so.

Ach tha taobh eile air a' cheist. Bha ar n-Aithrichean 'n an daoine laidir, lughmhor, fearail. Bha an Tìr neo-thorach, agus bha naimhdean lionmhor. Is ann le strì chruaidh a sholaireadh iad lòn, 's a dhionadh iad iad fein o'n naimhdean. A thuilleadh air so, cha mhor àireadh anns an robh gnuis Naduir ri faicinn cha muiteach, luainoach ri Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba. Monadh 'us srath, coill 'us linne, amhainn 'us caol, muir 'us tìr air am measgadh 's air an amladh 'n a chéile;—a ris caochlaideachd na siontan, 's a mhaduinn a ghrian is àille, air meadhon là "tairneanach 'us dealan speur," mu fheasgar an doinionn a' spionadh nan craobh as am bun. Dh'fheudadh an leithidean so de dhaoine, le leithid so de chaithebeatha, 'n a leithid so de Thìr, an uair a rachadh cùisean 'n an aghaidh, ni-eigin de sholas fhaotainn ann a bhi 'g radh, agus air dhoigh

a' creidsinn, gu'n robh sud an dàn doibh; ach feudaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach cho fad 's a bha chrioch am folach orra, gu'n robh iad a' gluasad mar gu'm bitheadh an dàn ann an tomhas mòr 'n an lamhan fein. Dearbhaidh na Sean-fhocail so. Chunnaic sinn mar bha iad a' teagasg gu'n robh an ciontach toillteanach air peanas. Bu theagasg misheadhar so mur b'urrainn duine an t-olc a sheachnadh.

A ris an uair bha ar n-Aithrichean a' deanamh aoraidh do Dhia fo shamhladh na gréine, bha iad a' meas gu'm bu choir, an toiseach gach ni, cùrsa na gréine a leantainn, agus thainig a' chleachduin agus a' chainnt a nuas g' ar latha fein: "Deiseal air gach ni"; "Car tuathal t-aimhleas." Tha Sean-fhocail de'n aon teagasg lionmhor: "Cha 'n 'eil neach gun dà latha"; "Cha 'n 'eil tuil air nach tig traoghadh"; "Cha 'n 'eil carraig air nach caochail sruth"; "Is tric a bha craiceann an uain air a' chléith cho luath ri craiceann na caorach." Cha 'n iarradh am fear a bu déine air taobh saorsa na toile focail a bu fhreagarraiche na iad so a chum a bheachdan a chur an ceill. Ciod, ma ta, a their sinn mu na nithean so? A'bheil teagasg ar Sean-fhocail air a phuinc so, mar bha bata fiar Dhughaill Buchannain, "an aghaidh a' cheile? 'S i mo bharail gu bheil. Mu'n cuairt air a cheist tha dorchadas tiugh. Bheachdaich ar n-Aithrichean air a' chuis gu geur. Bha iad tric 's a chrann; ach bha 'n ceò domhail, agus ciod an t-ioghnadh ged theircadh fear gur e feannag 's fear eile gur e fearann a bha 's an t-sealladh. Saoilidh mi gu'n aidicheadh a 'chuid a bu ghlice dhiubh gu'n robh iad an so aghaidh ri aghaidh ri diomhaireachd mhoir,—nach robh iad a' faicinn ach "gu dorcha tre ghloine"; ach gu'm feitheadh iad gu foighidneach ris an àm anns an aithnicheadh iad mar bha aithne orra, a' creidsinn, gu h-iriosal ach gu durachdach, an traths', gu'm "bi gach ni mar is aill le Dia."

3. *Tha Dia fior, ceart, maith.* Tha dhà-dheug d'ar Sean-fhocail anns an d'fhuair mi ainm an Uile-chumhachdaich. 'S ann le urram 's le soluimteachd chubhaidh a gheibhear an t-Ainm naomh air a luaidh. Agus 's e maitheas, firinn, ceartas a gheibhear co-cheangailte ris an Ainm. "An ni a gheall Dia, cha mheall duine"; "Thig Dia ri airc, 's cha 'n airc an uair a thig"; "Is gearr gach reachd ach riaghailt Dhe,"—agus mar sin sìos. An uair a pheacaich Daibhidh 's a bha e 'n teinn mhoir, roghnaich e tuiteam an lamhan Dhe seach an lamhan Dhaoine. Nach maiseach a tha co-ionann peacach agus co-ionann earbsa 's an da Shean-fhocal Ghaidhealach: "Tuislichidh an t-each ceithir-chasach"; "Cha dubhairt Dia na thubhairt thu."

Tha mi 'smuaineachadh gu'n aidich an Leughadair gur airidh ar Sean-fhocail air aire 's air meas nach 'eil iad a' faotainn 'n ar latha-ne. Gheibhear fiosrachadh earbsach annta mu bheachdan ar Sluaigh 's an àm a dh'fhalbh. Gheibhear teagasg annta d'an d'thug daoine treuna umhlachd. Toilidh an earailean, am beachdan, 's am firinnean urram uainne airson an aois, am maise, 's an gliocais. Bha suil ar n-Aithrichean, ma dh'fhaodte, ro thric 'n an deigh. Is còir dhuinne sealltainn air ar n-ais le h-urram, ach 's e dol air ar n-aghaidh ar dleasdanas. Gheibh sinn ar barantas 's an t-Sean-fhocal: "Leintean farsuing do na leanabaibh òga."

D. M'K.

ORAN DO'N NOLLUIG.

LE EOBIAN MACLACHAINN.

FONN.—Di haal-lum, di-haal-lum,
Di-i 'il i 'il, hanndan,
Di-dir-ir-i hal-i'il-lum
Di-dir-ir i hal-haoir-um,
Di-hi 'il, i 'il hal-dir-iri,
Hari, haal, haoir-um,
Di-i 'il-haal, dil-il-i 'il,
Dor-ri, ho 'ol, hanndan.

A Nigheanan, biodh criodhalas
Ga fhriothaladh 's an àm leibh;
Cha dlighe dhuinn bhi suidheagan
'S ar cridheachan fo champar;
Bheir mise 'n ceol gu fileanta
Le frith-leimnich nan rann duibh,
'S grad-eirgheadh ceathrar inich 'theid
Gu h-ingealta romh 'n dannsa.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S i Nolluig i! b'e 'sonas duinn!
Car son a bhiodh oirnn annlachd?
'S e 's tocha leinn 'bhi soganach,
Na biodh am botul gann oirnn;
Biodh sgop an t-sruthain fhortanaich
Air bharr nan copan seannsail;
'S gu sgobar as gu socrach i—
Cha'n fhiugh gun deoch an dannsa.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S i Nolluig àm is toiliche
Le molamas an annlainn,
Gu'h im'each, caiseach, botulach,
A dh' fhuadach gort a' ghanntuir:
Na bonnuich chruinn-thiugh, chorca, tigh'n
Air bhrod-mhiosaibh a nall duinn,
Gu ròslach, feòl-bhruich, brotagach;
'S gu'n deantar cosd gun taing leinn.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Am fasan 'bh'aig ar n' athraichean,
Coimh-leanamid 's gach àm ris;
Na cleachdainnean a bh' acasan
Na leigear dad air chall diu:
Gur cliuiteach, mùirneach, aighearach
An tigheadas bu cheann duibh.
B'e'm beus 'bhitlachdmhor, fialuidh, ceart,
'S am pailteas fo 'n comannda.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Gach mùgaire trom air tealaich
Tha snaighea'h as le ganntas,
Cha'n iarr sinn iad an taice ruinn,
'S neo-chridheil gart an dranndain:
'S i 'bhuidheann eibhneach, aigeannach,
Bu tlachdmhoire 'bhi 'cainnt riu,
Bho n' tig an ealaidh bhlasadach
Is taitneach siubhal rauntachd.
Di-baal-lum, &c.

'S i nochd an oidhch' is urramaiche
'Chunnaic sinn le'r sealltuinn;
Gur furanach a bhuineadh dhuinn
A cumail mar a gheall sinn:
Biodh sulas air a' mhuirichinn
Gun mhulad ga'n cur aimhreith
'S bheir mise 'n ealaidh chuireideach
Is iullagaiche srann duibh.
Di-haal lum, &c.

———o———

MAR A CHUIREADH SUAS AN FHEINN.

(*Bho J. F. Caimbeal.*)

BHA righ aon uair air Eirinn leis am bu duilich eis a leag na Lochlannaich air Alba 's air Eirinn. Bha iad a' tighinn air a rioghachd fhein an am foghair agus samhraidh 'g am beathachadh fhein air a chuid, 's iad 'n an daoine calma, laidir; ag itheadh 's a' milleadh na bha na h-Albannaich 's na h-Eirionnaich a' deanadh ri bliadhna eile. Chuir e fios air comhairleach, a bh' aige 's dh' innis e dha na bha 'n a bheachd: gu 'n robh toil aige doigh fhaotainn air na Lochlannaich a chumail air an ais. Thuirt an comhairleach ris nach cinneadh sid leis an gradaig, ach na'n gabhadh e chomhairle-san gu 'n cinneadh e leis ri ùine.

"Pòs," ars' an comhairleach, "an ceud fhear agus an ceud bhean a's mò an Eirinn air a' cheile; pòs an sliochd air a cheile a rithist; leig an treas ginealach an coinneamh nan Lochlannach." Chaidh so a dheanadh, 's 'n uair a thainig an treas ginealach gu h-inbhe dhaoine thainig iad a nall a dh-Albainn agus Cumhal air an ceann. Chinnich leo na Lochlannaich a sgrios 's a chur air an ais. Rinn Cumhal righ deth fhein an Alba an uair sin leis na daoine so, 's cha leigeadh e Lochlannach no Eirionnach a dh-Albainn ach e fhein. Bha so 'n a dhoilgheas le righ Lochlann, 's rinn e suas ri righ Albann gu 'm biodh cairdeas eatorra thall 's

a bhos an uair sin. Chuir iad ri cheile, na tri righean, righ Lochlann, 's righ Albann, 's righ Eirionn, gu 'm biodh còisir mhor dhamhsaidh aca, 's gu 'm biodh cairdeas agus reite eatorra.

Bha sgeim eadar righ Eirionn agus righ Lochlann righ Alba a chur gu bàs. Bha Cumhal cho treun 's nach robh innleachd air a chur gu bàs, mar am marbhteadh le a chlaidheamh fhein e, 'nuair a bhiodh e diolta òil agus mnatha, 'n a chadal. Bha 'roghainn aige de dh-aona bhoireannach a bha 's a' chuideachd, agus 's i nighean righ Lochlann a ghabh e mar roghainn. Nuair chaidh iad a luidhe bha duine anns a' chuideachd d' am b' ainm Arcan dubh a shonraich iad airson am mort a dheanadh nuair a bhiodh iad 'nan cadal. Nuair a chaidil iad fhuair Arcan dubh claidheamh Chumhail 's mharbh e leis e. Bha 'm mort deanta 's bha 'h-uile cuis ceart. Bha Alba fo na Lochlannaich 's fo an h-Eirionnaich, 's bha claidheamh Chumhail aig Arcan dubh.

Dh' fhag righ Lochlann a phiuthar aig righ Eirionn, 's ordugh aige na 'm bu leanabh-mic a bhiodh aice a mharbhadh, ach na 'm bu leanabh-nighinn a bhiodh ann a chumail beo. Bha faisneachd ag innseadh gu 'n d' tigeadh Fionn Mac Chumhail, 's gur h-e 'n comharra a bha air so, amhainn a bha an Eirinn, nach marbhteadh breac oirre gus an tigeadh Fionn. 'S e a thionndaidh a mach a thoradh na ceud oidhche a bha 'n sid gu 'n d' rug nighean righ Lochlann mac agus nighean do Chumhal. Cha robh piuthar aig Fionn ach i so, 's b' i mathair Dhiarmaid. An oidhche a rugadh iad theich a mhuime leis a' mhac, 's chaidh i do dh' àite fasail leis, 's bha i 'g a bheathachadh 's 'g a chumail suas an sin gus an do thog i 'n a leanabh foghainteach, tlachdar e.

Smaoinich i gu 'm bu duilich leatha e 'bhith gun ainm aice. 'S e 'n ni a rinn i, dh' fhalbh i leis thun a' bhaile feuch am faigheadh i innleachd air ainm a thoirt air. Chunnaic i sgoilearan a' bhaile a' snamh air loch uisge.

"Falbh a mach cuide riutha siud," ars' ise ris, "'s ma gheobh thu greim air h-aon cuir fodha e 's bath e, 's ma gheobh thu greim air dithis cuir fodha iad 's bath iad."

Ghabh esan a mach air an loch 's thoisich e air bathadh na cloinne. Thuit gu 'n robh fear de dh' easbuigean an àite 'g a choimhead.

"Co," ars' esan, "am Mac Maol Fionn 'ud, 's rasg righ 'n a cheann a tha a' bathadh nan sgoilearan?"

"Gu meal e ainm," ars' a mhuime,
Fionn Mac Chumhail Mhic Fhinn Mhic Uile-bheurais,
Mhic h-Art, Mhic Ard-righ Eirionn,
'S tha uams' a bhith 'g am thoirt fhein as."

Thainig esan, an sin, air tir agus sgriob ise leatha e. Nuair a bha 'n toir gu breith orra leum e bhar muin a mhuime, 's rug e air chaol da chois oirre, 's chuir e mu amhaich i. Chaidh e stigh roimh choille leatha, 's nuair a thainig e mach as a' choile cha robh aige ach an da lurga. Thachair loch ris an deigh tighinn a mach as a' choille 's thilg e 'n da chois a mach air an loch. 'S e Loch nan Lurgann a theirteadh ris an loch as a dheigh so. Dh' fhas da bheist mhoir á da lurga muime Fhinn. 'S e siud an cairdeas a bh' aige ri da bheist Loch an lurgann.

Dh' fhalbh e 'n so, 's e gun bhiadh gun dibh, dh 'ionnsuidh a' bhaile mhoir. Choinnich Arcan dubh, ag iasgach air an amhainn, e, agus cu cuideachd ris, Bran Mac Buidheig.

"Cuir a mach an t-slat air mo shon-sa," ars' e ris an iasgair, "'s an t-acras orm, feuch am faigh thu breac dhomh.

Luidh am breac ris, 's mharbh e 'm breac. Dh' iarr e 'm breac air Arcan dubh.

"'S tusa 'm fear," ars' Arcan dubh, "nuair a dh' iarradh tu 'm breac, 's mise 'g iasgach o cheann bhliadhnaichean do 'n righ, 's gun bhreac agam da fhathasd."

Dh' aithnich e gur h-e Fionn a bh' aige. Gus an sgeul a chur an aithghearr mharbh e breac do 'n righ, 's d'a mhnaoi, 's d'a mhac, 's d'a nighinn, ma 'n d' thug e gin do dh' Fhionn. Thug e 'n sin breac dha.

"Feumaidh tu," ars' Arcan dubh, "am breac a bhruich an taobh thall de 'n amhainn, 's an teine 'n taobh so d'i, mu 'm faigh thu mir deth ri 'itheadh; 's cha 'n fhaigh thu cead maide 'tha 's a' choille a chur g'a bhruich."

Cha robh fios aige 'n so dé a dheanadh e. 'S e an ni a thachair, chaidh e air toir min shaibh, 's chuir e na teine i thar na h-amhann. Thainig tonn de 'n lasair a nall 's loisg i ball air a' bhreac, ni a bha air a bhacail. Chuir e 'n so a mheur air a' bhall dubh a thainig air a bhreac, 's loisg e i, 's chuir e 'n sin 'n a bheul i. Fhuair e 'n so fios gur h-e Arcan dubh so a mharbh 'athair; 's mar am marbhadh esan Arcan dubh, 's e 'n a chadal, gu 'm marbhadh Arcan dubh esan an uair a dhuisgeadh e. 'S e 'n ni a bha ann mharbh e 'm bodach. Fhuair e 'n sin cu 's claidheamh; 's e b' ainm do 'n chu Bran Mac Buidheig.

Smaoinich e 'n sin nach toireadh e 'n Eirinn na 'b' fhaide, ach gu 'n tigeadh e dh' Alba air-son saighdearan 'athar fhaotainn. Thainig e air tir am Farbaine. Fhuair e 'n sin meall mor a dh' Athaich, daoine gnathasda. Thuig e gu 'm b' e na saighdearan a bha aig 'athair a bha ann, 's iad 'nan ciomaich bhochd aig na Lochlannaich, 'a sealg daibh, 's gun iad a' faotainn ach an t-iomall 'na theachd-an-tir dhaibh fhein. Thug na Lochlannaich uatha na h-airm nuair thigeadh cogadh na ni sam bith eagal eiridh leis na naimhdean. Bha aon duine sonraicht, aca airson togail nan arm sin d' am b' ainm Ullamh Lamh-fhada. Chruinnich esan na h-airm 's thug e leis iad uile, 's thuit gu 'n robh claidheamh Fhinn 'nam measg. Dh' fhalbh Fionn as a dheigh 's e 'g iarraidh a chlaidheimh fhein. Nuair a thainig iad an sealladh an airm Lochlannaich thubhairt e.——

Fuil air fear 's fèar gun fhuil,
Gaoth thar sluaigh, 's truagh gun Mac an Luin.

"Dé a bhith g' am buin sin?" arsa Ullamh Lamh-fhad. "A' chorcag chlaidheimh a bha agam," arsa Fionn, "thug sibh leibh a measg chaich i; 's misde mise gam dhith i 's cha 'n fhearde sibhse agaibh i."

"Dé 'n t-euchd a b' fhearr a dheanadh tu leatha na 'm biodh i agad?"

"Cheannsaichinn an treas cuid de na chi mi mu m' choinneamh de shluagh."

Thug Ullamh Lamh-fhada lamh air na h-airm. An claidheamh a bu choltaiche 's a b' fhearr a fhuair e ann thug e dha e. Rug e air 's chrath e e, 's thilg e as a mhaide feodain e, 's ars' e,—

'S e fear dh' an ealtuinn dhuibh a th' ann;
Cha b' e, Mac an Luin—mo lann;
Cha bu lochd a thoirt á truaill,
Bhar uain cha tugadh e 'n ceann.
Thuirt e 'n dara uair na briathra ciadhna,
Thuirt e 'n treas uair,
Fuil air fear agus fear gun fhuil,
Gaoth thar sluaigh 's truagh gun Mac an Luin.

"De a dheanadh tu leis na 'm faigheadh tu e?"

"Dheanadh gu 'n ceannsaichinn uile na chi mi."

Thilg e air lar na h-airm uile. Fhuair Fionn a chlaidheamh, 's ars' e 'n sin, "'S e so fear mo laimhe deise-sa."

Thill e'n sin 'ionnsuidh nan daoine a dh' fhag e. Fhuair e 'n t-ord Fann 's sheinn e e. Chruinnich na bha 'n taobh deas de dh' Alba de na Fiannta'chean far an robh e. Dh' fhalbh e leis na daoine so, 's chaidh iad am bad nan Lochlannach, 's a' chuid nach do mharbh iad diu sgiurs iad á Alba iad.

———o———

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE,

TOISEACH AN OCHDAIMH LEABHAIR.

Suim.

Tha Iobh air mullach sliabh Olimpuis a' toirmeasg do na Diathannan dol a chuideachadh nan Troidheach no nan Greugach; 's tha e an deigh sin a tigh'n a nuas gu sliabh Ida a dh-fhaicinn an da airm aig blàr.

AIRFONN, "*Mo thruaighe, mo thruaighe mi.*"

SGAOIL Aurora 'buidh-bhrat glèir'
'S an aibheis mhòir gun cheann gun chrich,
'S dhealtraich i le foidhleas ròs
Driùchd an lòin a b' òr-dhearg fiamh.
Chruinnich Pàrlamaid nan spéur
Gu Iòbh nam beithir 's héucach sraun;
'S shuidh iad anns na neòil air àird'
Olimpuis 'àigh nan ioma meall.
Thionnsgainn an dia bu mhòrdhach smachd,
Thug nèamh le geilt-chrith cluas d' a reachd:—
"Eisdibh, a stàta nan spéur
Mo thoil 'g a léughadh, 's gabhaibh beachd.
Mo thoil cha'n a'harraich gu bràth
Cha'n fhaod gu'n teid air m' fhàinte stad.
Aontaichibh gu léir do m' dhóigh,
'S gu 'n cuirinn m' òrdugh 'n gnìomh gu grad.
Dia sa bith theid sìos a chòir
Faiche-comhraig nan lann dlàth,
Theid iomain air ais do 'n spéur
Fo throm chréuchd, gun mheas, gun chliù;
Ne tilgidh mi 'm fhcirg e mach
Sios do 'n aigeal dhubh gun ghrunnd,
Cho iochdrach fo 'n chruinne-ché
'S a tha spéuran àrd bho 'n bhonn.
Fo gheataibh-iaruinn an glais
'S an t-sloc-lasrach is dubh toit
Air ùrlar loisgeach na prais',
An truagh phéin gun fhois, gun chlos.
Gheobh e fios mar sin gu beachd
Gur h-ann leamsa 's treasa neart,
Casgrar luchd m' fhuath-s' fo m' smachd,
'S géillidh m' oibrean ian do m' reachd.
Ach, éirgheadh gach dia air nèamh,
'S leigidh sìos an t-slabhraidh-òir
Gu m' thoirt a dh-aindeòin a nìos
Bho m' chathair is rìoghail glòir:
Feuchaibh mo threòir 's a' chruaidh-ghleachd,
'G am spìonadh le 'n uile neart;
Chì sibh gur dìomhain ur strith,
Chaoidh cha ghluaisear righ nam flath.
Ach na 'n sininn-sa mo làmh,
Sguabainn sibh le gabhadh géur,
Chrochainn sléibhtean a's muir-làn
Ri m' shlabhraidh mhòir ri aird' nan spéur.
Critheadh gach dùil mu 'n iadh grian
'S an iarmailt fharsuinn gun cheann;
Critheadh an talamh bho bhonn
Bho 'n 's mis' an tì is àirde th' ann!"
Dh' fhan iad le geilt-chrith 'n an tosd
Aig cagal gu 'm brosnaicht' fhearg
Mu dheireadh thionnsgainn an dàn
Minerva sheamh nam meall-shul gorm:
"A dhé gach dé! gur fiosrach sinn
Gu'n cosgrar gach nì fo d' smachd;
Ach 's goirt leam tnaighe na Gréig!
'S mo laoich thréun 'g an lannadh as!
Fanaidh sinn air d' ihil bho'n chath,
'S ar deòir a' frasadh gu dian,
Mu bhi faicinn nan sonn àigh
A's sgrios a' bhàis 'g an gearradh sìos!
Ach iarram do chead gu fòil
Còmhnadh beag le arm na Gréig;
Mo riaghal thoirt duibh 's gach cùis,
Mu 'm a millear iad ad dhìomb gu léir."
Sheall dia nan stoirm air og-ni ghràidh
Le faite-ghàire b' àilliah snuagh;
Dh' ìmpich e le 'briathran fòil,
'S thug e deòin d' a miann 's an uair.
An sin cheangail e charbad buan
Ri cùrs-eich luatha nam bròg prais';
'S cas-bhuidh' na muingeannan-òir
Bh' air druim nan stéud bu bhoidhche dreach.
An éideadh or-dhealrach nan spéur,
Shuidh e 'n cathair chéutaich àigh
A' soillseachadh mar ghréin an lò,
'S an t-slatag ingealt' òir 'n a làimh!
Bhuail e,—'s léum na seang-eich bhras
Air itealaich roimh ghlaic nan nial,
Eadar brat farsuinn nan réul
'S an talamh réidh-ghorm, sgaoilteach, cian.
Air sliabh Ida 'n biodh an t-sealg,
'S fuaran airgid nan sruth mear
'S am beil tèampbull cùbhraidh 'n rìgh,
'S tein' air altair ghrìnn gun smal;
Na stéudan lasrach dh' fhuasgail e
Bho charbad dèarrsach nan dealbh òir
'S thaom e dcatach ghorm mu 'n cuairt,
'S dh' fhalchadh na h-eich bhuan 's a' chèo.

Shuidh e air mullach an t-sléibh
Far 'm bu léir dha muir a's tìr
An loingeas Gréugach air an tràigh
'S baile Thròidh nan àrd thùr grinn.
Ghabh feachd na Gréige 'n cabhaig biadh,
'S chaidh gach siad gu deas 'n a arm ;
Na Tròidhich bu teirce slòigh
Dh' ullaich iad gu combstrith ghairg ;
Ach, ge tearc, bha 'n 'eigiun theann
'G an iomain gu fannlas cruaidh,
Chum am mnai 's am pàisdean òg'
A theasraiginn bho spòltadh truagh.
Dh' fhosgladh na geataichean àigh
Bhrùchd gu gnìomh a' chràidh na slòigh ;
Mar ghreannaicheas stoirm nan nial,
B' amhuil triall nam milidh mòr.
Le gleadhraich charbad a's stéud,
'S choisich ceum-luath 'teachd 'n an ceann ;
Fhreagair mac-talla nan spéur,
'S chrith am blàr gu léir fo 'm bonn.
'N uair choinnich iad air an raon,
Thionnsguin strìth nan laoch gun mheang
Feachd ri feachd, a's tréun ri tréun,
Sgiath ri sgéithidh, lann ri lainn.
Dà' inntrig tuasaid ghoirt nan stràc,
'S frasadh shaighdean-bàis 'n an deann,
Gaoir luchd-buadhach, raoicich-bhròin,
Réubadh feòla, spealtadh cheann ;
Blàth-fhuil dhearg 'n a tuiltean cas
'G a taosgadh gu bras mu 'n fhonn ;
Cuirp bhruite 'n an cruachan marbh ;
B' oillt:il léin-sgrios garg nan sonn
Fhad 's a ghluais a' mhadainn chiùin
'N a soillse romh chùirt nan spéur,
Bha claidheamh-anraidh a' bhlàir
Leis a' Ghréig nach ceàrr 's an strìth.
An sin bho Ida nan cruach àrd
Bhéuc na tàirneinich 's an spéur ;
Thilg e bheithir luath le srann
As na neòil romh rang na Gréig'.
An uair a chunnacas air an leirg
A meall lasrach, téintidh, dearg ;
Dh' oglaich agus theich roimh fheirg,
An neart 's an treòir gu buileach shearg, &c.

—o—

AN T-EILEAN SGIATHANACH.

AM measg nan eilean lionmhor a ta air an sgapadh air taobh an iar na h-Alba, cha'n 'eil a h-aon a choimheasar ris an Eilean Sgiathanach. Is iomadh treun-laoch a rugadh agus a dh' aruicheadh ann, agus is iomadh gnìomh euchdach agus allail a rinneadh anns gach cearnadh dhe'n t-saoghal le sliochd cruadalach agus gaisgeil "Eilein a' cheo."—Ach cha'n ann air treubhantas agus cruadal nan Sgiathanach a leuduichear aig an am ach air an Eilean fein, a thaobh lionmhorachd nan sealladh iongantach a chithear anns gach cearnadh dheth,—seallanna, a bheireadh air neach smuaineachadh air amannaibh, nach deachaidh an locairmin a chur air dealbh-choslas gach sluic, beinn', agus creige, chum an deanamh iomlan. Tha na seallanna a chithear ceithir-thimchioll an Eilein gu tur eugsamhla, agus air chaochladh cumachd agus deilbh anns gach aite agus oisinn deth fa leth. C'ait am faicear beannta a shamhlaichear ris a 'Chuilfhionn, no ri Beilig, Blathbheinn, Scor-nan, gillean, Marsco, Glamaig, agus na ficheadan eile ? Is e Alasdair Mac Challuim fein a mholadh mar bu choir iad an uair a thubhairt e :—

"An toigh leat na beanntan mor
Cruachan 's na neoil gu h-ard ?
Coireachan frithean, dachaidh an fhir-eoin,
'S an cluinnear na h-easan a' gair ?
An toigh leat na glacagan grianach,
Innisean sgiamhach nam bo ?
Is uamhan 'bheir fonn ri guth nan tonn ?
Suibhail gu "Innis a' Cheo."—

Am measg nan loch iongantach tha'n toiseach aig "Coir-Uisge"—am measg nan uamh tha'n t-urram aig "Sloc-Altramain,"—ach cha'n fheumar dearmad a dheanamh air "Uamh-a'-choinnleir,"—"Uamh-an-oir,"—"Uamh-I-drigil," agus na h-uiread eile. Am measg nan ard-stuc a ta lionmhor 's an Eilean chithear le h-iongantas "Nic-Cleosgair-mhor, agus a cuid nighean 'n an seasamh gu h-uaibhreach ard, daingean,—

"Measg gairich ghairbh nan stuadh."—

Ach de gach sealladh neonach 's an Eilean, cha'n 'eil a h-aon a bheir barr air "Cuithfhraing," agus an "storr" 's an airde tuath, mu thim chioll an dubhairt am Bard foghluimte ceudna Alasdair Mac Challuim anus an 42mh aireamh de'n 'Ghaidheal."

"Is chi thu ard-ioghnadh Chuithfhraing,
Le 'bhadailean aibhseiseach mor,
'S an Storr cho cas le bhinneinean glas,
Eadar do shealladh 's na neoil."

Cha'n fhurasda gun teagamh, cunntas a thoirt air "Cuithfhraing," a bheir beachd ceart, soilleir, air uile mhaise agus bhoichead an aite mhiorbhuilich sin. 'S e'm filidh deasbhriathrach a dh' ainmich mi a cheana, a mholadh gudligheach e. Ochan! is ionmhuinn, foghluimte, teo-chridheach, — duthchasail an t-og-uasal e. Air da a bhi air a dheachdadh le deagh runcridhe do na Sgiathanaich gu leir, tha eadhon-aile agus aimsir, cuisean agus cleachdannan an Eilein sin, gun ghuth a thoirt air a luchd-aiteachaidh, gu leir ionmholta 'n a shealladh. Is og a chunnaic e solus na grein' ann an Eilean a ghraidh, agus gu deireadh a laithean,—agus is e durachd a a luchd-eolais gu'n robh iad buan,— cha di-chuimhnich e an tir thaitneach sin anns an d' rugadh, agus anns an d' aruicheadh a shinnsearan bho linntibh cein. Ochan! ma ta, nach e a bheireadh minchunntas ann an Gaelic, air oirdheirceas Chuithfhraing! Anns an aite iongantach sin, tha mir comhnard fearainn air a dhealachadh agus air a chleith ann an uchd ard-chreige corruich, a bheireadh ni's leoir do'n chat a direadh. Tha 'bheinn anns am bheil an comhnardan sin air a dhruideadh suas, mar mhile troidh air airde. Air an taobh tuath tha aghaidh na beinne so garbh, rocach, carraigeach, le stucaibh arda agus colmhuinnibh biorach, geur, glasa, ag eiridh suas. Chithear an sud agus an so sgoltan caol, dubh-ghagan dorcha, agus sgriochan riobhagach, tana, a' gearradh agus a breacadh gnuis na carraige, agus 'g a fagail mar gu'm biodh i air a snaigheadh sios le gilbibh geur nan Ciclops, no le famhairibh alluidh, fiadhaich, le acfhuinnibh grabhadaireachd aca 'n an lamhaibh treun! Ann an aghaidh na craige moire sin, ma ta, tha comhnardan aillidh Chuithfhraing air fholuchadh, agus air a chuairteachadh le dion-bhallachaibh corrach a ta 'g eiridh suas 'n an colbhaibh arda chum nan neul. Tha fosgladh mor, cas ann, trid am faigh am fear-turais le strith a stigh dh' ionnsuidh an reidhlein thaitnich, uaine sin a ta roimhe; ach air faotuinn dha a steach, tha'n inntinn aige air a lionadh le h-iongantas a thaobh an t-seallaidh air an tuit a shuilean. Cha Chreid e a leirsinn fein, agus bithidh e ann an teagamh am bheil no nach 'eil a shuilean 'g a mhealladh. Na'm biodh Coinneach Ciobair ann an sin, bheireadh e a bhoid gur iad na sithichean a dh' ullaich an t-aite neonach so mar thuineachas dhoibh fein, oir tha e cosmhuil ri ionad-comhnuidh nan leannan-sithe. Chithear barr-mhullach nan stuc ceithir-thimchioll, a casadh gu greannach suas, ach tha gach stuc air a bhonn fein, a' seasamh mar fhreiceadan air ceann ard na slighe. Cha'n 'eil neach sam bith nach saoileadh gur iad ionadan-comhnuidh chreutairneo-thalmhaidh a ta air an sgaoileadh a mach fa chomhair nan sul. An uair a dh' amhairceas neach gu geur air gach sturraig agus binnean, a ta air an suidheachadh air gach taobh, tha'n inntinn a' dealbhadh riochd-chreutairean do gach cumadh gun aireamh, mar gu'm biodh iad air an gearradh a mach le laimh theoma fir-calaidh, air aghaidh nan creag. Chithear, mar anns na h-eibhlibh 's a ghrìosaich, coin, eich, feidh, carbadan, caistealan, laochraidh, agus riochdan de gach gne, gu friotalach, frionasach a' casadh an aghaidh a cheile. Dealbhaidh an inntinn mar sin, aogas bhithean araidh agus eugsamhla, mar gum b'ann a' ruith air

feadh a' cheile. Cha sgithich neach sam bith aig am bheil tlachd ann an oibribh miorbhuileach a' chruthachaidh, ann a bhi 'g amharc air garbh-ghnuisibh nan turaidean agus nan geur-spiricean a ta 'cuairteachadh an ionaid neonaich sin. Is leoir an sealladh chum spiorad an duine e lionadh, cha'n e mhain le h-iongantas do-chur an ceill, ach mar ann ceudna le h-uamhas agus le h-eagal diadhaidh. An uair a bhitheas an la soilleir, grianach, chithear solus na greine a' dearrsadh gu lannaireach, drillinneach troimh gach fosgladh agus cos a ta dealachadh nan colbh stucach air gach taobh! Ach, air an laimh eile, an uair a bhios trom-cheo mar bhrat duibhre air a sgaoileadh thairis air na h-ionadaibh aillidh sin, chithear gach ni gu tiamhaidh, oillteil, uamhasach, mar gu'm biodh an t-aite gu tur fo chumhachd spiorad an dorchadais agus air fhiosrachadh le lathaireachd eagallaich nan deamhan mi-shuaimhneach! Is laidir an ceann, agus is daingeann an eanchainn nach cuirear troimh a' cheile air amannaibh le h-uamharrachd an t-seallaidh so! Is neo-shuimeil, dall, agus aindiadhaidh an neach sin a thilgeas a shuilean air na h-oibribh miorbhuileach sin, gun ghloir a thoirt do'n Ti a's Airde, a dhealbh iad le focal a chumhachd! Is oibre iad a tha 'togail fianuis air cumhachd agus gliocas a' Chruitheir, gu sonraichte (mar a thubhairt am bard ionmhuinn agus foghluimte a dh' ainmicheadh a' cheana) an uair a chithear iad :—

"'S an fheasgar 'n uair thearnas a' ghrian,
Gu rioghail 's an Iar gu tamh,
Air mullach nam beann mar mhile lann,
Bidh boillsgeadh nan gathan aigh;
'S gach dubh-sgor a' dearrsadh gu cas,
Fo lannair nan lasraichean oir,
Gu h-ard 's an speur eadar talamh is neamh,
Seal'adh na maise 's na gloir."

SGIATHANACH.

GARBH MAC STAIRN AGUS DUAL.

Dh' imich Garbh mac Stairn agus Dual a dh' fhaicinn Fhinn agus a threun fheara colgach, iomraiteach ann an gniomharaibh arm. Bha Fionn 's an àm sin 'n a thigheadas samhraidh am Buchannti. 'N an turus d'a ionnsuidh, ghabh iad beachd air gach gleann agus faoin mhonadh, air gach allt agus caol choirean. Ghabh iad sgeul de gach coisiche agus gach fear a thachair 'n an còir. Ann an gleann nan cuach agus nan lon, chunnaic bùth taobh sruthain; chaidh a steach, dh' iarr deoch; dh' eirich ribhinn a b' aluinne snuadh a dh' fhàilteachadh an turuis le sìth. Thug i biadh dhaibh r'a itheadh, dibhe ri h-òl; dh' iarr sgeul le cainnt thlà. Bhuail gaol o a sùil an Garbh borb, agus dh' innis cia as daibh. "Thainig sinn o thìr nan crann, far an lionor sonn—mac righ Lochlann mise—m' ainm Garbh na'm b' aill leat—esan Dual, o thìr nam beann, a thuinich an Albainn o thuath—a ghabhail cairdeis gun sgàth agus aoidheachd o 'n àrd righ Fionn, sid fàth ar turuis, a chiabh na maise—ciod am bealach am buail sinn? seol ar cas gu teach Fhinn, bi dhuinn mar iùl, us gabh duais."—"Duais cha do ghabh mi riamh, ars an nighean bu bhlàithe sùil 's bu deirge gruaidh; "cha b' e sid àbhaist Theadhaich nam beann éilde, 'g am bu lionor dàimheach 'n a thalla, 'g am bu tric tathaich o thuath—ni mise dhuibh iùl."—Gu gleann-sìth tharladh na fir; gleann an tric guth feidh is loin; gleann nan glas charn us nan scor; gleann nan sruth ri uisg us gaoith. Thachair orra buaghar bho, us rinn dhaibh iùl; thug daibh sgeul air duthaich nan creag, air fir agus air mnaibh, air fàs shliabh agus charn, air neart feachd, air rian nan arm, air miann sloigh, agus craobhthuinidh nam Fiann.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Bonnach air bois cha bhruich 's cha loisg.

Bainne nan gobhar fo chobhar 's e blàth, dh' fhàg e spionnadh nan Gàidheal treun.

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

Nighean an droch mhairt 's ogha a' mhart mhath.

Is lionmhar bean-bhleoghainn, ach is tearc banchag.

Cha 'n ann de m' chuideachd thù, cha 'n ann de m' chuideachd thù, ars' an calaman.

An rud nach cairich cù no urra, far an cuirear gheobhar.

Is geal an airidh air an aran sgalagan a' chliathaidh.

Bonnach a mhealladh cloinne—oir thiugh 'us cridhe tana.

Am foinne mu 'n iath a ghlac, is niarachd mac air am bi.

Am foinne mu 'n iath a' bhròg, is niarachd bean-òg air am bì.

Tha ian 's a' choill 's their e, Is toigh leam thu, 's toigh leam thu ; tha ian eile ann 's their e, dearbh e, dearbh e.

Seasaidh an fhirinn gu daingeann air aon chois, an uair nach seas a' bhréug ach gu cugalach air tri. S.

A' BHANN A BHA 'S AN TREACHAILL-MHARA.

Seilcach alld, calldann chreag, fèarna a' bhuig, beithe a' chnuic, darach an dubhair, agus uinnseann an deiscir.

Tha an duine sin a ta 'caitheadh a bheatha fein, mar is còir da a dheanamh, cionnteach gu'm faigh e bàs mar is còir da fhaotuinn, thigeadh e luath no mall. S.

"Tha duine a' toirt breith air fein leis gach focal a ta tuiteam o bhilibh. Le thoil fein, no an aghaidh na toil ai e fein, tha a dhealbh air a tharruing ann an sùilibh suaigh eile leis gach briathar a làbhras e." S.

Feumaidh an duine sin dichioll a dheanamh le uile chri he fein a ta steidhichte air deagh ainm fhaotuinn dha fein 'san t-saoghal.—air e fein a thogail suas gu h-inbhir amaich 'na là 's na linn fein, agus air deagh dhùrachd a' choimhearsnaich a chosnadh dha fein. S.

Tha seann daoine ann nach urrainn cur suas le suilbhearachd agus beothalas na h-oige ; ach dh' fhéudadh iad ceart co maith coire fhaotuinn do 'n earrach do bhrigh gur e an t-àm e ai son teachd nam blàth agus na duilleach, agus cha'n e an t-àm féudar duil a bhi aca gu'm faigh iad measan agus toradh an fhoghair. S.

Tha deagh eiseimpleir chum buannachd do-thuigsinn do'n chinne-dhaonda, agus tha cumhachd anabarrach mòr aice thairis orrasan ris am bheil mn a' còmhradh. Is riaghailt bheò so a thea aisgeas daoine gu'n dragh sam bith ; agus a dh' fhéudas doibh an aonta gun mhaoidh gun mhasladh sam bith. S.

Tha daoine glice a' measgadh cridhealais neo-chiontaich maille ris na nithibh a' ta 'cur cùraim orra mar dhòchas aon chuid gu'n dich mhnich iad na nithe sin, n gu'n toir iad buaidh orra. Ach tha iadsan a ta 'gan toirt fein thairis do 'n mhisg air son suaimhneis inntinn a' deanamh an dìchill ch m bròn a leigheas le amaideachd agus cuthach. S.

AN T-IAN A CHREACHADH A NEAD AIR.

Bhid, bhid, bhidein,
Co chreach mo neadan ?
Ma is duine mór e,
Cuiridh mi le tóm e ;
Ma is duine beag e,
Cuiridh mile creig e ;
Ach ma 's leanabh-beag gun chiall gun nàir' e,
Gu 'n gleidheadh Dia dh' a mhàthair fhéin e.

Is firinneach an sean-fhocal a deir "Gu'n caomhain a tear nach caith." Agus thubhairt an Ti sin a labhair mar nach d labhair neach riamh, "An ti a ta firinneach anns an ni a's lugha, tha e firinneach mar an ceudna a n am mòran ; agus an ti a euco ach anns an ni a's lugha tha e eucorach an am moran, mar an ceudna." Far am bheil neach nach gab cùram d chuid a mhaighstir. cha ghabh e cùram de chuid fein. Tha grunndalas agus millteachd 'nan nithe aig am bheil mòr chumhachd thairis oirnn a aon 'nar gnothuichibh fein, agus ann an gnothuichibh muinntir eile. Ma ni thu ana-caitheadh air cuid duine eile tha hu 'deanamh reubainn air. Tha thu ga chreachadh co'-ionnan air an dà sheol, a us tha 'n call dàsan an t-aon ni ; ach ma tha cùram ort a thaobh codach do mhàighstir, gabhaidh tu an curam ceudna a thaobh do chodach fein, agus theid thu air d'aghaidh air an t-slighe gu soirbheas. S.

AISLING OISEIN.*

Le Professor Blackie.

Air a chur an Gailig le Mairi Nic-Eallair.

Bi 'n oidhch' i, 's ged chaidil mi sèimh air mo chluasaig,
Bha m' inntinn cho luaineach 's cho luath ris an steud.
Us chunnacas leam clàrsach air seann seileach seargte,
Us lamh thana chruaidh a' fann-bhualadh nan teud ;
Gheur-sheall mi 's bho 'n làimh ghrad-chinn ard-choluinn uasal,
Mar an geamhradh geal, fuar, bha a thuar 'us a lith ;
'S bha 'chiùine 's a' mhàldachd 'bha dearrsadh 'n a ghruaidhean,
'S a mhòralachd uasal mar shuaicheantas righ ;
Bha chiabhagan tana a' snàmh air na gaoithean,
'S e crùinte le ùrfhleasg de bhàrr geal an fhraoich ;
A mhala mar gheal-chloich gun salchadh le gailinn,
'S air leam nach robh fradharc an sùilean an laoich.

Thuirt e, " Mhic na tìr Gallđ' tha thu eòl domh 'us caomh leam,
Thug thu gaol do mo shluagh agus buaidh thug dh' an dàn ;
Na bàird rinn mi àrach fhir-ghràidh dhut is ceòlraidh,
'S rinn an duanagan bòidheach thu ògail 'us slàn ;
O, 's tric 'us mi 'snàmh air glas-cheathach nam beanntan,
Mar thaibhse nan taibhs' aig cinn-fheadhna nan treun,
Ghabh mi beachd air do cheum lùthor eutrom 's a' gharbhlach
'S do bhinn-ghuth 's a' cheò 's ghabh mi còir ort dhomh fhein ;
A mhic ghaisgeil a' Ghoill ni mi 'ghloir dhut a thìodhlac,
Bho 'n leoman gu'n dion thu an sgialachd 's an duan ;
Gu'n dùisg thu gach pong de sheann uirsgeul nam Fiantan,
Chum cuimhn' nam mòr-ghnìomh rinn na saoidh a bhi buan.

O, 's tric mise 'gal a measg ceathach nan ard-bheann,
'S mi 'sealltainn air làraichean fàsail nan gleann ;
'S gun aon ghuth ri chluinntinn ach caoidhrein nan caochan,
Us osnaich na gaoithe feadh aonach nam beann ;
Us monmhur na tuinne 's a' phlosgail ag iathadh
A gàirdeinean ciara mu ìochdar nan stùc ;
'S nach cluinnear leam caithream nan òigear 's nan gruagach,
Le luinneig an dualchuis 's a buaidh mar an driùchd.
'S nach cluinnear leam glaodh nam fear mor-bhroilleach soilleir,
Na bàird bhiodh le coireal a' dùsgadh an laoich ;
Tha 'n coigreach air bristeadh romh d' bhallaichean uaibhreach,
'S e 'n Gall tha 'n a uachdran an dùthaich an fhraoich !

O, ghuil mi 's ged ghuil mi ciod am fàth tha 'n am dheoir dhomh,
Cha till iad na slòigh 'chaidh am fògradh á m' ghlinn ;

* Faic An Gaidheal leabh iii. 154.

Ach, 'Albannaich ghràidh, thoiream dhutsa ri thasgadh
An cànan a chleachdadh le laoich nan guth binn;
'Us liubhram dhut laoidhean a' cheathaich 's a' chruachain,
Nam mòr-thuiltean uaibhreach 'us nuallan nan tonn;
Beum-sléibhe nan garbh-eas 'us crònan nam fuaran,
Nan coireachan uaigneach 's nan coilltichean donn;
'S a' phìob bha gu tartrach 'n uair 'leagadh righ Lochlunn,
'S a laidh e gu dìblidh aig casan nan sàr;
'S a' chaithream a sheinneadh 'us Fionn air a chuartach
Aig fleadh, leis na h-uaislean thug buaidh anns an àr.

'Us bheir mi dhut òran a' bhàird aig Bheinn-Dòrain,
Le abachd an fhoghair 'as ciùine a' Mhaigh;
'S an sruthanan caoimhneis gu h-aoibhneach a' dòrtadh,
'S mar ur-bharrach-samhraidh air chrith anns a' ghaoith;
'Us bheir mi dhut leabhar an Dòmhnullaich ghaisgeil
Cho borb ris a' ghaillinn 's cho làidir ri beinn;
'N uair chuir e gu sàile deagh bhìrlinn Chlann-Ràonuill
Le gàirdeinean làidir toirt "hùgan" air tuinn;
Rach 's teagaisg do d' shluagh cànan uasal nan Gaidheal,
'S ged rinn iad oirr' dìmeas, o, dùisg iad gu bàigh;
'S thoir beatha as ùr ann an tìr nam beann fuara,
Do'n cheòl bhios 'g a luadh 'fhad 's bhios cuan tigh'n gu tràigh.

Do 'n mhaise ni 'n dorus 's a' chreathal a chuartach,
O, abair ri m' shluagh iad a thabhairt am miann;
'S gun iad 'mholadh mar dhleasnas, no dh' iarraidh mar shòlas
Bhi 'tional an eòlais bho dhùthchannan cian.
Air an àileìn an cinn 's ann 's bòidhche an t-sobhrach,
Cha 'n 'eil flùr a ni monadh cho sgiamhach ri fraoch;
'Us an smuain ud is doimhne tha i 'n taice do chridhe,
Thig a leum thun an là ann an cànan nan laoch.
Bithibh dìleas do chànan ur màthar, mo mhuinntir,
A blàth-fhuil ur n-òig gheobh ur fearalachd lòn.
Bithibh dìleas do 'n chainnt 'tha aig ceatharnaich mhòra,
'Toirt sgiathan dh' an sòlas, 'toirt gath as am bròn.

O, innis do m' mhuinntir-s' tha tàmh an Dunéideann,
Gur nàire dhaibh cuimhne mo bhàird bhi fo lic;
'Us Gréigich 'us Ròimhich ag imeachd gu mòrail
An dùthaich mo shlòigh-sa air ùrlar nan glic.
O, gòrach, mi-dhìleas, c'uim' bhios sibh ri dìmeas
Air ionmhasan prìseil deagh dhùthaich nan tréun,
'N àite fleasg duillich uaine, a' strith ri bhi fuaghal
Crùin luideagan suarach bho righeachdan céin!
O, labhair ri m' chloinn, séid an seann teine Gàidhealach
Gus an éirich bho éibhlean an lasair le buaidh;
Ri ceolruidh nam beann, lean gu teann agus faic i,
Leis a' Ghréig s' leis an Ròimh an oil-theampull mo shluaigh.

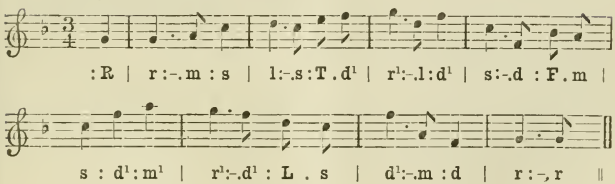
Sguir an taibhse a labhairt 's e snàmh as mo shealladh,
'S ged a dh' amhairc mi geur air son eudann an laoich,
Chaidh e bhuam ann an tiota ann an dorcha na h-oidhche,
Mar leug le grad-bhoillsgeadh theid as anns a' ghaoith ;
Cha robh ann ach a' chlàrsach 's an seann seileach seargte,
'S am meur tana fann ud a' dùsgadh na laoidh' ;
'Us laidh mi gu deurach a sìos air mo leabaidh,
Mar neach brònach mu 'n charaid nach till ris a chaoidh ;
'Us thug mi mo bhóid a bhi dìleas dh' a fhàinte
'Us gu 'm faicteadh an Gàidheal an àros nan glic,
Mar-ri Greugaich 'us Ròimhich a' triall tre na h-àlaibh,
Le cliu nach teid bàs 's ainm nach càirear fo lic.

—o—
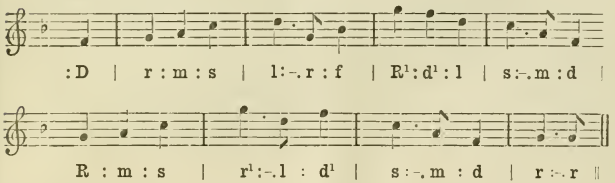
A' BHANARACH DHONN A' CHRUIDH.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNULLACH.

GLEUS F.



Fonn.



A BHANARACH mhìlogach,
'S e do ghaol 'thug fodh chìs mi.
'S math 'thig làmhainnean sìoda
Air do mhìn-bhosaibh bàna.

Fonn—*A' bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,*
Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh,
Cuilin deas donn a' chruidh,
Cuachag an fhàsaich.

'S mòr 'bu bhinne 'bhi 'd' éisdeachd,
An àm 'bhi 'bleodhann na spréidhe,
Na an smeòrach 's a' Chéitein,
Am bàrr géig' ann am fàs-choill.
A' bhanarach, &c.

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,
A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh.
Dh' ialadh eunlaith gach doire,
Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhànrain.
A' bhanarach, &c.

Ged a b' fhonnmhor an fhidheall,
'S a teudan an righeadh,
'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe,
Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Ceòl farusda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnmhor, farumach, dionach,
A sheinn an cailin donn mìogach,
A bheireadh blogadh air m' àirnean.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,
'Teachd do'n bhuailidh mu 'n eadthrath,
Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,
'S buarach greasad an àil aic'.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich
A' bleodhann cruidh ghuaillinn,
A' stealladh bainn' ann an cuachaig,
'S bodhar-fhuaim aig a clàran.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Dà mhaoth bhois 'bu ghrinne,
Fodh 'n dà ghàirdean 'bu ghile,
'N uair a shìnt' iad gu sgileil
Gu sìnean cruidh fhàsgadh.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Glac gheal a b' àrd gleadhar
A' stealladh bainn' an cuaich bhleodhainn,
A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
'N a suidh' aig gobhal na blàraig.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Do chùl amlagach, teudach,
Bachlach, feòirneineach, ceutach,
De chnothan na géige,
'Cheapadh gléidhteach a làn diubh.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'Chuireadh maill' air mo léirsinn,
Ann am maduinn chiùin chéitein,
Na gathannan gréine,
'Thig bho d' theud-chul cas, fainneach.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'Bheireadh dùlan na gréine,
'Dearsadh moch air foir d' eudainn,
'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn
Boillsgeadh éibhinn cùl Màiridh.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein
'G a chrathadh m' a chuaran,
A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,
An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fàsaich.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Do mhuineal geal bòidheach,
Mu 'n iathadh an t-òmar,
'S a dhath fhéin air gach seòrsa
'Chite 'dòrtadh mu d' bhràighe.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'N uair a thogadh tu 'bhuarach,
Cuach, us cuinneag na buaile,
B' ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag na sràide.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Do chalpannan meanmnach,
Mar cholbhan de mharmhoir,
Cho geal ris na canaichean
'Chinneadh fann-gheal 's na blàran.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Tha deirg' agus gile
'Gleachd an gruaidhean na fine,
Beul mìn mar an t-sirist,
Bho 'm milis 'thig fàilte.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Mar phàirc thaitneich de 'n ìbhri,
Tha deudach na rìbhinn,
Gur i 'n donn-gheal ghlan smàlcach,
A 's ro mhìogshuileach fàilte.

A' bhanarach, &c.

———o———

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV. DECEMBER 1875. No. 48.

CELTIC CHAIR.

At the half-yearly meeting of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, held on the 29th of October, Professor Blackie, convener of the Celtic Chair Committee, stated that the Committee had met that day and agreed to the following report:—

"There has now been subscribed for the Celtic Chair about L.6800. (Hear, hear.) The amount collected is L.3466, 7s. 6d., of which L.800 is invested in heritable securities in Edinburgh, and L.2660, 7s. 6d. is in the bank. The committee renew expressions of great obligation to the Convener for his successful endeavours; they further report that the money in the bank is in the name of Mr. Donald Beith, W.S., Treasurer to the Celtic Chair, but to be drawn only by cheque signed by Professor Blackie and Mr. Beith. The committee request the General Council to approve of the investment referred to, and to authorise Professor Blackie and Mr. Beith as trustees, along with such other trustees, if any, as the Council may appoint, to invest the remaining sums, as they are received, on similar securities."

Continuing, the learned Professor said—I am happy to say that this report of the committee appointed by the Council for establishing a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh speaks for itself, and does not require any enlarged expatiation from me. The fund has gone on steadily increasing during the summer months, and it has now reached a point that renders the speedy realisation of the scheme of the Council a matter of certainty. (Applause.) In presenting the report of the committee to the last meeting of Council, I stated that no person acquainted with the actual working of public subscriptions would expect that contributions would flow in as plentifully during the subsequent stages of the process as at the first start, and that I, for one, would be perfectly satisfied if the fund, as at this date, should have reached L.6000. We have been able, by sedulous exertions, considerably to excel that sum, the gross amount of the subscribed sum being, as I have stated, L.800 above that. (Applause.) The Council will be pleased to observe that this sum has been collected, not from the Highlanders alone, but from all parts of the kingdom, indicating a large amount of general sympathy with the scheme of the Council which must be very gratifying to those who originally started, and afterwards, in the face of not a little public ignorance and indifference, steadily supported it. I myself, in carrying out the instructions of the committee, have delivered public addresses in favour of the scheme in London, in Oxford, in Birmingham, in Inverness, in Portree, in Rothesay, in Benbecula, in North Uist, in Oban, in Ballachulish; and I have everywhere met with such sympathy as an undertaking of this nature might naturally expect from an intelligent and patriotic audience. You will see among the contributors

which are to be advertised the names of not a few of our most distinguished and public-spirited noblemen, of literary and scholarly men in the Metropolis and in our University seats, interested in the more thorough study of the English language, of early British history, and of comparative philology; of merchants and tradesmen in our great cities, conscious of how much Scotland is indebted for her commercial prosperity to the energy and the fire of the Celtic race, which forms so large an element in the mixed population of Scotland generally, and specially of the West; and you will not fail to be attracted also by those contributions from the least monied portion of the community, to whom 2s. 6d. was as weighty a subscription as L.25 from many a wealthy gentleman. You will see, likewise, the first fruits of the effective sympathy from Highlanders and Scotchmen in the Colonies and abroad, which I led you to look to, as a natural source of enlargement to the fund. Among the intimated subscriptions from the Colonies, you will find L.100 from the Highlanders of Auckland, New Zealand, which, I have no doubt, will soon be followed up by liberal subscriptions from the large-hearted Scotchmen who have settled and prospered, as the fashion of our people is, in that fair part of the antipodal world. The Colonial papers intimate that a great public meeting was held at Otago on the 12th June last, and another at Dunedin, New Zealand, on 10th June last, at both of which meetings the warmest sympathy was expressed with the scheme of the University, and committees were appointed—committees of men of high position, character, and influence in the colonies—to collect contributions in aid of the fund. (Applause.) And all this success—the manifest sign of a good cause—has taken place in a year of remarkable depression in the commercial world; had it not been for which, indeed, I feel convinced that many of the contributions would have been double what they are, and that the desired sum would have been subscribed by this time. But the topping success of our summer's exertions will be generally acknowledged to have been the accession of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to the list of founders of the Chair. (Applause.) The committee were well aware, from the commencement of this movement, of the kindly sympathy of Her Majesty; but they did not expect that she would come forward at so early a stage of the proceedings to stamp the University scheme with a national significance, and to insure success by her approval. After this public recognition by a royal lady, of whom it is hard to say whether she is more distinguished for her domestic virtues than for her kindly consideration of all classes of the community over whom Divine Providence has appointed her to exercise authority, the committee venture to express a hope that they will hear no more of those vulgar objections to the Celtic chair, in which parties who should have been better informed were forward to indulge. But when they considered with what systematic stupidity all that relates to the Celtic races has been neglected and ignored in this country, the committee never felt the slightest surprise at the amount of ignorance and prejudice which they have had to encounter. The existence of such narrow ideas and frosted sympathies was only natural in the circumstances; and they feel convinced that, as in the Canon law, an appeal lay from the Pope ill-

informed to the Pope well-informed, so these parties all consider that an appeal is now being made to their patriotic liberality, after the mists of prejudice and the fogs of misrepresentation have been once for all effectually dispersed. Let us not have to repeat again that we have no intention whatsoever of rousing a moribund language into an artificial galvanised life. No doubt, we consider, on the most sound grounds of educational experience, that so long as the language naturally maintains itself among the common people, teachers of schools and preachers of the gospel should be well accomplished in the grammar and literature of the Scottish Gaelic if they are to do their work in the best manner. We consider a grammatical and literary knowledge of Gaelic not a hindrance but a great help to the knowledge both of English and of the classical languages. (Applause.) But though this is our opinion, as practical educationists, as University men we have no interest whatever in prolonging the life of the language a single year beyond the term of its natural demise. A language so intimately interwoven with our earliest history and some of our most characteristic literature has sufficient claim for a worthy academical representation, altogether independently of its being a living language or a dead. It is simply a disgrace to this country that a Celtic Chair which lay plainly in the view of the original constitution of the Highland Society of London, as its charter bears, should not have been founded in some British University at least a century ago; and it will be a matter of high honour and of noble boast to Edinburgh if, as appears likely, she shall prove herself the first to repent of so notable an intellectual omission. The utilitarian ideas about education, unhappily present in this country, were doing their best to confound the University with a polytechnic school; whereas, though University professors no doubt should be made to contribute their full share towards the special training of the practisers of all professions and arts—and in Scotland generally they contribute a great deal more than their share—the original intention of Universities and learned academies went a great way above and beyond this. According to the utilitarian idea, the University is a mere knowledge shop, carrying on business for pecuniary considerations like any other shop, for immediate practical uses and professional purposes; but according to the true idea, a University is rather an intellectual house of refuge for the prosecution of those branches of study and research which, because they are not absolutely necessary for the practice of any lucrative profession, are apt to be overlooked altogether and to be trampled under foot. In other words, Universities exist for the sale of large general culture; polytechnic schools and professional workshops for the sale of special drill. (Applause.)

Mr. TAYLOR INNES, seconded by Professor MACGREGOR, moved—

That the council approve of the report, express their thanks to Professor Blackie as convener, and reappoint the committee, with their former powers. Approve of the investment of L.800 already made, and authorise any further sums received to be invested on similar security in the name of the Principal of the University, Professor Blackie as Convener, and Mr. Beith, W.S., as Treasurer.

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CELTIC CHAIR.

In May last we printed in full the Subscription-list, as reported by Professor Blackie to the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, at their Half-yearly Meeting in April. We now print the Subscriptions received since that time, as reported to the General Council of the University in October. Contributors are requested to intimate the Subscriptions to Donald Beith, Esq., W.S., 43 Castle Street, Edinburgh or to Professor Blackie, 24 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

Amount of Subscriptions previously advertised (see the *Gael* for May 1875) ...£4609	7	3	
Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria	200	0	0
His Grace the Duke of Hamilton	100	0	0
The Most Noble the Marquis of Huntly	25	0	0
The Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland	100	0	0
The Right Hon. the Earl of Breadalbane	50	0	0
Highlanders of Birmingham...	50	0	0
D. MacInlay, Esq., of Cress Lodge, Stornoway ...	50	0	0
A Lady who loves the Highlands	100	0	0
Archibald Gray, Esq., Winchester Buildings, London	25	0	0
Trustees of the late R. Marshall, Merchant, Edinburgh ...	50	0	0
Caledonian Society, Liverpool	80	0	0
Mrs. E. Robertson Walker ...	25	0	0
Angus Maclaine, Esq., Fascadale	25	0	0
Hugh Munro Mackenzie, Esq., of Dishington	25	0	0
Neil Sinclair, Esq., Glasgow	25	0	0
The Auckland Highlanders ...	100	0	0
J. F. W. Callander, Esq., of Craigforth & Ardkinglass	25	0	0
Sir Dudley C. Marjoribanks, Bart., of Guisachan, M.P.	25	0	0
W. Cunliffe Brooks, Esq., M.P.	25	0	0
The Right Hon. the Lord President of the Court of Session, Edinburgh	20	0	0
A Lowland Lady	20	0	0
The Greenock Highlanders—			
Walter Grieve, Esq. £10	0	0	
Lieut.-Col. D. Latham 10	0	0	
Ex-Provost James Morton 10	0	0	
James M'Lean 10	0	0	
Major J. Stewart, Garvock 10	0	0	
Alex. Scott, Sugar Refiner 10	0	0	
C. P. Hunter (Bain & Johnston) £5	0	0	
J. Macgregor 5	0	0	
John C. Hunter 3	3	0	
Graham Brymner 2	2	0	
Wm. M'Clure 1	0	0	
W. P. Paul 1	0	0	
Abram Lyle 1	0	0	
Jas. York 1	0	0	
Robert Binnie 1	0	0	
A Friend 1	0	0	
James Ballantine 1	0	0	
			82 5 0
Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne			21 0 0
Portree, Skye, per Sheriff Fraser, in addition to £17, 11s. previously advertised—			
Alex. Macdonald, Solicitor, Portree £2	2	0	
Lachlan Ross, Royal Hotel, Portree 1	1	0	
Harry MacDonald, Viewfield 3	3	0	
James J. MacLeod, Sallscriah Factory 1	1	0	
Sums under £1 2	10	6	
J. M'Lennan, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal, Portree 1	1	0	
D. MacLachlan, Esq., Banker, Portree 1	1	0	
Dr. Campbell, Bowe 1	1	0	
Captain Macdonald of Waternish 10	0	0	
Miss Macleod, Seafield, Portree 1	0	0	
			20 13 6
Highlanders of Tobermory—			
Hugh Ross, Sheriff-substitute 5	5	0	
Mr. Maccallum, Solicitor 2	2	0	
John Maclachlan, Writer 2	2	0	
Angus Cameron 2	2	0	
D. Campbell 2	2	0	

A. Brown	£2	2	0
A. Macdonald	1	1	0
Herbert M'Coll, Surgeon	2	0	0
James M'Lachlan, Tacksman of Erray	2	0	0
Sums under £1	3	9	6
	24	4	6
D. Macmaster, Glasgow ...	5	5	0
James Fraser, ,, ...	5	5	0
James Menzies, ,, ...	2	2	0
D. White, ,, ...	2	2	0
D. Macrae, ,, ...	2	0	0
Pipe-Major Mackenzie, 78th Highlanders	1	1	0
Peter Ferguson, Glasgow ...	1	1	0
James Williamson, Glasgow	1	1	0
A Friend, Glasgow	1	1	0
Sums under £1, per Miss Burrell, Glasgow	2	12	0
Highlanders of Lochaber—			
Lochiel, M.P.	25	0	0
Lord Abinger, Inverlochy Castle	10	0	0
Colonel Cameron, 92d Highlanders	2	2	0
Alex. Cameron, Strone ...	1	1	0
Rev. Donald Cameron, Kilmonivaig	1	1	0
Dr. J. Mackay, Glenfintaig House	1	1	0
D. P. Macdonald, Invernevis House	1	0	0
Dan. Macleish	1	0	0
Sums under £1	8	17	0
Alex. Laing, Esq., Banker, Newburgh	1	1	0
Mrs. Nichol, Huntly Lodge, Edinburgh	10	10	0
Bailie Muirhead	10	0	0
Alex. Mackenzie, Esq., Rossshire	1	1	0
Robert Macrae, Esq., Beauly	1	0	0
Dr Grainger Stewart ...	5	5	0
Professor Macpherson ...	10	10	0
A Working Woman	2	2	0
John Cameron, Esq., Newburgh	1	0	0
Rev. Dr. Begg	5	0	0
A. Stewart, Esq., Enisay, Harris	1	0	0
Alex. Carmichael, Benbecula	1	1	0
Henry Lancaster, Esq., Advocate	5	5	0
P. L. Macgregor, Esq., Lonend, Paisley	10	10	0
To Credit of Previous Convenership	5	10	0
Proprietor of *Perthshire Constitutional*	5	5	0
Adam Skirving, Esq., Croy ...	5	0	0
J. M. Loudon, Esq., Clonyard	10	0	0
G. Macdonald, Esq., Hammersmith	£1	1	0
W. Isbister, Esq., Publisher, London	10	10	0
Glasgow Ross-shire Re-union	10	0	0
Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P. ...	10	10	0
Wingfield Malcolm, Esq., M.P.	10	10	0
A. Fraser, Esq., of Truman, Hanbury, & Buxton ...	10	0	0
W. Christie, Esq., junior, Liberton	1	0	0
Matthew Arnold, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Rev. Isaac Taylor, Twickenham	2	2	0
Dr. Samuel Ferguson, Dublin	2	0	0
Rev. W. Ross, Rothesay ...	10	0	0
Mrs Livingston	1	0	0
Professor Cowell, Cambridge	5	5	0
T. Macbean, Esq., M.S.A., Melbourne	10	0	0
A. H. Sayce, Esq., Queen's College, Oxford	3	0	0
Donald Swan, Esq., Partick	2	2	0
Per do.	3	3	0
Professor Balfour, President of Alpine Club	5	5	0
Philological Society, Cambridge	10	10	0
Professor Sellar	10	10	0
Professor Veitch, Glasgow ...	10	10	0
C. Jerram, Esq., Windleshaw, Bagshot	5	0	0
Miss M. Ferguson, Dunfallardy, Perthshire	3	0	0
Middle Athole District of Perthshire, per Rev. Mr. Reid	11	4	6
Edward Wyld, Esq., Holland Park, London	10	10	0
Dr. Chaumond, Southampton	1	1	0
Mrs. Thistlethwayte, London	10	10	0
Neil Black, Esq., Liverpool ...	5	0	0
Sir Donald Campbell, Bart., Dunstaffnage	5	0	0
R. Campbell, Esq., Sonnachan	5	0	0
A Company of Skyemen in Kilmarnock	5	0	0
Sutherland and Ross—			
Hugh Mackay, Esq. 1 0 0			
W. Houston, Esq. 1 0 0			
J. W. Goodbrand, Esq. 1 0 0			
G. Ross, Esq. 1 0 0			
R. Rutherford, Esq. 1 0 0			
J. Scott, Esq. 1 0 0			
Rev. J. Aird 1 0 0			
Mr. Colin Monro 1 0 0			
W. Gunn, Esq. 1 0 0			
	9	0	0
Walter Montgomery, Esq., Kirkcudbright	10	0	0
John J. Brown, Esq., Dumfries	1	0	0
Some friends of the Gael on			

Loch Carron, per Rev. Mr. Haggart	£2	0	0
Miss Forsyth, Kirkland ...	3	0	0
Captain Graham, s.s. Pharos	1	1	0
A Friend, Mull	1	1	0
John Mackay, Esq., Chemist Edinburgh	2	2	0
Rev. A. Macgregor, Balquhidder	1	0	0
Proceeds of Reading in Tain, by A. Ross, Esq., London ...	5	0	0
A Friend in Africa	1	1	0
Literary Association, Pollockshaws	10	10	0
John Scobie, Esq., Lochinver..	3	0	0
A. Macdonald, Esq., Ord, Skye	5	0	0
Sir Raphael Stewart, Ardvoirloch, Bart.	1	0	0
Thos. Mackenzie, Esq., Lucintire, Harris	1	0	0
F. W. Clarke, Esq., Ulva ...	5	5	0
W. Birnie, Esq., South Uist	1	0	0
Rev. R. Macdonald, Drimisdale, South Uist	1	0	0
C. Maclean, Milton, South Uist	1	0	0
A. Watt Blackie, Esq., L'pool.	1	1	0
R. Stewart, Esq., Ardvoirloch	2	2	0
Young Men's Christian Association, Hamilton ...	10	10	0
Stornoway Highlanders, per A. C. A. Macrae, Esq. ...	9	1	6
Literary Association, Helensburgh	10	10	0
Literary Association, Newcastle	21	0	0
Mrs. Otter, Manor House, Oban	4	0	0
Dr. John Brown	2	2	0
W. Hossack, Esq., Barcaldine, Taynuilt	1	0	0
A. B. Mackintosh, Esq., Ardenlea, Dunoon	10	0	0
Alpine Botanical Club ...	8	8	0
James Armitage, Esq. of Raasay	10	10	0
Crosshill Literary Association, Glasgow	10	10	0
James Dreever, Esq., South Uist	1	0	0
Tullioprourie and Neighbourhood, per P. Macnaughton—			
Peter Macnaughton £1 0 0			
A Friend 1 0 0			
Rev. Mr. Fraser, Logierait 1 1 0			
A Friend 1 0 0			
Sums under £1 17 11 0			
	21	12	0
Dr. Campbell, Ballachulish ...	2	2	0
Mr. Menzies, Publisher, Edin.	1	1	0
Mrs. Adam Mackay Robson, Leith	1	1	0
Rev. H. Beatson, Barra ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Guthrie, Duart Castle, Mull	5	0	0
James A. Campbell, Esq., New Inverawe	£5	0	0
Scientific and Literary Association, Oban	4	0	0
Dr. Gunning, Rio Janeiro ...	2	2	0
From Sutherland and Ross, per Miss Katie M'Donald—			
A Clark, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. Adam	1	0	0
Angus Mackay, Esq. ...	1	0	0
F. W. Hill, Esq.	1	0	0
P. W. Sangster, Esq. ...	1	0	0
G. Barclay, Esq.	1	0	0
Under 20s.	1	0	0
A Ross-shire Friend	1	0	0
E. Greaves, Esq., Glen Etive, M.P.	10	0	0
J. T. Bulkley, Esq., Loch Maddy	1	1	0
Sheriff Shaw, Loch Maddy ...	3	0	0
Mechanics' Institute, Galashiels	10	10	0
John Macphail, Esq., of Tulloch, Jamaica	10	10	0
Dugald Campbell, Esq., Jamaica	3	3	0
J. Cameron, Abdie, Newburgh	1	0	0
James Vertue, Esq., London	5	0	0
Sheriff Hallard	5	5	0
Edmund Baxter, Esq., Auditor of Court of Session ...	5	5	0
Messrs. Muir & Sons, Glasgow	1	0	0
Patrick Auld, Esq., Auldana, South Australia	5	0	0
Alex. Macmillan, Esq., Publisher, London	10	10	0
Contributions from Aberfeldy, under £1	5	1	4
Gaelic Society of London ...	25	0	0
John Grant, Esq.	2	0	0
Donald Cormack, Esq. ...	2	2	0
James Sutherland, Esq. ...	3	3	0
Donald Kennedy, Esq. ...	1	1	0
David Laing, Esq.	1	1	0
Professor Morley	2	2	0
Dr. Dyce, Duckworth ...	2	2	0
Lloyd Bullock, Esq.	3	3	0
Sir Charles Shand, K.C.B. ...	5	0	0
A. Shannan Stevenson, Esq.	10	10	0
Colin Chisholm, jun., Esq. ...	1	1	0
M. MacKean, Esq.	1	1	0
John Maitland, Esq., M.P. ...	10	10	0
Dr. MacPherson	5	5	0
Dr. Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.	10	10	0
J. R. Oliphant, Esq.	5	0	0
R. Hepburn, Esq.	5	5	0
John Taylor, Esq.	1	1	0
T. Noldwritt, Esq.	0	10	6
Alex. Campbell, Esq., China	10	10	0
Colin Chisholm, Esq. ...	1	1	0
John Abercrombie, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Colonel M'Neill	5	0	0
Norman Stewart, Esq. ...	6	0	0
George Grant, Esq.	5	0	0

A. Y. Stewart, Esq.	£5	0	0
Colin MacCallum, Esq. ...	2	0	0
S. Booth, Esq.	1	1	0
John C. MacPhee, Esq. ...	3	3	0
John Forbes, Esq.	3	3	0
Donald MacGregor, Esq. ...	5	0	0
Walter H. Burton, Esq. ...	5	0	0
A. Mackenzie Mackay, Esq.	3	3	0
Farquhar Matheson, Esq., M.D.	3	3	0
Duncan C. Kennedy, Esq. ...	3	3	0
	£6823	11	0

THE ARYAN ORIGIN OF THE GAELIC RACE AND LANGUAGE.*

THE short title quoted below gives but a very imperfect description of the work before us. Its title-page runs thus: "The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language, showing the present and past literary position of Irish Gaelic; its phonesis, the fountain of Classic pronunciation; its laws accord with Grimm's Laws; its Bardic beauties the source of Rhyme; the Civilization of Pagan Ireland; early knowledge of Letters; the Art of Illuminating; Ancient Architecture. The Round Towers. The Brehon Law. Truth of the Pentateuch. Knowledge in Pagan times retrogressive, not progressive; the Inductive Sciences; Philology and Ethnology confirm the truth of Irish History; Gaelic names of Persons and Places full of historic suggestiveness; in this respect and in poetic power Irish Gaelic superior to Sanskrit. One thousand unpublished Irish Manuscripts. By the Very Rev. U. I. Bourke, M.R.I.A., Canon of Tuam Cathedral, and President of St. Jarlath's College; Author of the "College Irish Grammar," "Easy Lessons in Irish," &c. Even this comprehensive description by no means exhausts the contents of the volume, for the first hundred pages—about the one-fifth of the whole—is mainly taken up with the question of the decline of Irish as a spoken tongue and the reasons for this unfortunate state of matters of which the Author enumerates no fewer than twenty. Again there are a number of small questions or rather of small points which appear to us to occupy too much space in the book, if not too much importance in the author's mind. Pages which might be filled with more important matter are devoted to the proof that *Kelt* not *Celt* is our proper designation. Again the author is at great pains to show that modern Irish should be written in the Roman Alphabet. He seems to forget that this practice would demand the sacrifice of one of his cherished principles,—viz., the removal of the dot from the aspirated consonants to the vowel *i*. The book is divided into sixteen chapters, and extends to upwards of five hundred pages. There is a Table of Contents at the beginning; an Index at the end; and a full summary at the head of each chapter. It has all the appearance of being hastily written,—we learn from the preface that the first impulse to the composition of it was given in the spring of 1874; and the press has not been by any means carefully revised.

But, the form of the work apart, we hail with profound satisfaction the appearance of this book for two reasons: first, because it is an important contribution to philological science; and, secondly, because it is written by a Celt, or, as Father

* The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language. By the Very Rev. U. I. Bourke, M.R.I.A., Canon of Tuam Cathedral, and President of St. Jarlath's College; Author of the "College Irish Grammar," "Easy Lessons in Irish," &c. London, Longmans, Green & Co., Paternoster Row, 1875.

Bourke will have it, Kelt. It is indeed true that the works of predecessors, Pritchard, Pictet, Zeuss, and Max Müller are freely quoted from; but the author's thorough knowledge of the Irish language enables him to bring forward many interesting and valuable facts connected with that ancient tongue, which Zeuss alone, of the philologists we have named, could produce. We do not agree with the author's doctrine on all points. We consider that it is not yet proved that Irish is older than Sanscrit, although unquestionably Mr. Bourke and Professor Geddes show conclusively that in many cases modern Gaelic obstinately adheres to the strong letter *C* and to ancient terminations where even Sanscrit adopts the weaker *P* and contracted and modern terminal forms. Is it the case that the oldest of the group must necessarily preserve the greatest number and variety of the oldest forms? We humbly think that considerations of historical development enter largely here. Is it not the case that the more a language is cultivated—read, written, reduced to system, and brought in contact with other tongues—the sooner its primitive forms disappear? May not this, or rather the want of it, in part at least, account for the retention of so many primitive forms in Gaelic? It is true that the members of the Aryan stock, tested by their affinity to certain letters and sounds, branch off into pairs—Sanscrit and Zend, Latin and Greek, Gaelic and Welsh; but surely we are not thereby driven to the conclusion at which Canon Bourke arrives that Sanscrit, Latin and Gaelic have sprung from Low Aryan, and Zend, Greek and Welsh from High Aryan. It appears to us that this is an unnecessary complication; and that the explanation of the divergence must be traced otherwise. Besides, how upon this theory can we claim Welsh as Celtic or Keltic? No doubt Mr. Bourke might say that the earliest offshoot from both High and Low Aryan would naturally be, like High and Low Aryan themselves, but different dialects of the same speech, whereas the next offshoot, occurring ages afterwards, would appear, like Sanscrit and Zend, as two distinct languages.

Again, we would like to see greater proof brought forward of the philosophic significance of the Law of Vowel Assimilation expressed in Gaelic Grammar as "Leathan ri Leathan, 'us Caol ri Caol." Hitherto, in this country at least, we have been accustomed to point to this rule as the source of most, if not all, our difficulties in spelling Gaelic; and we have been anything but grateful to the Irish Grammarians who imposed it upon us. Mr. Bourke points to this canon of orthography as shadowing forth a principle of vowel assimilation co-ordinate with if not higher than the famous law of Jacob Grimm. That the law has been most rigorously observed in writing Gaelic is undoubted; but we have certainly not been accustomed to look upon it as the expression of a principle of linguistic science. If Mr. Bourke's view is ultimately found to be tenable, he certainly does not over-estimate the importance of his discovery. We hope that he will still further inquire into the operation of the law, for no one is more competent to do so.

No small part of the value of the work is, in our estimation, due to the fact that the author is a Celt and an Irishman. Celtic philologists are rare. In this country although we have produced no philologists of eminence, we have always had fair

scholars; and although our neglect of the Gaelic tongue has been great, we have been in modern times a literary people in comparison with our Irish neighbours. Our Gaelic population is perhaps not one-sixth of theirs; and yet we can produce quite a respectable list of Gaelic authors who flourished within the last 250 years, and whose works have been known among the people. But Gaelic books in Ireland can scarcely be said to exist; and Gaelic readers, if we except a few scholars, there are none. All the more gladly we welcome the appearance of an Irishman in a field which our Highland scholars fear to tread.

—o—

UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO DUGALD BUCHANAN IN KINLOCH-RANNOCH.

On Tuesday the 17th ult., a monument to perpetuate the memory of Dugald Buchanan was unveiled at Kinloch-Rannoch. The monument stands upon a foundation of Rannoch granite, and is in the form of an obelisk of Peterhead granite. It rises to a height of 21 feet, and is surrounded by a neat railing fixed in a copestone of white granite. On one side there is the following inscription:—"In memory of Dugald Buchanan, the Rannoch schoolmaster, evangelist, and sacred poet. Died 2d June, 1768. 'For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.'—1st Thess. iv. 14.' On the other side is the last stanza of "The Skull" in Gaelic, being one of the poet's masterpieces.

The 100th Psalm having been sung, Rev. Mr. M'Laggan, Strathtay, offered up a suitable prayer. The secretary, Mr. M'Kerchar, then read letters of apology for absence from Sheriff Barclay, Perth; Revs. Dr. Begg, Edinburgh; Dr. Hugh M'Millan, Glasgow; A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan; D. Campbell, Fortingall; D. M'Gregor, St. Peter's, Dundee; J. B. Mackenzie, Kenmore; E. M. Masson, Dull, &c., &c.

Colonel Macdonald of Dalchosnie, who had kindly agreed to perform the ceremony of unveiling, then removed the covering; after which he said—The memorial is now unveiled, and the memory of Dugald Buchanan perpetuated for centuries;—his name will be known when generation after generation of most now living will have no trace to mark their existence. This granite needle attests to the memory of a man of simple tastes, whose ambitions were of a higher kind, and one who did not seek for earthly fame or posthumous glory. Dugald Buchanan was born about a century and a-half ago at Balquhidder, and 120 years since was appointed to Rannoch as its schoolmaster, which in that day embraced also the duties of minister of Divine truth. Enthusiastic, and of an imaginative poetic turn of mind, he found in this valley and its people matters full of deep interest, and he commenced his career in Rannoch with fervent inspirations. We are told of the state of depravity that existed and how law was set entirely at defiance. Although we have much to wish for, yet we now are perhaps enjoying the benefits of Dugald Buchanan's labours. He began the work of Christianising Rannoch, and his influence has probably conduced more than we can estimate to the prosperity, God-fearing, and orderly life now reigning here. There are others more competent than myself to address you on these topics, but I hail this day as one of

great importance to Rannoch; and we hope that any passer-by looking at this monument, with its dedicatory sentence from the good Old Book, will be influenced, and remember that it is a record of one who loved God and his fellowmen.

Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan, Edinburgh, was then called upon, and said—I appear with much pleasnre among you to-day. The weather is not inviting, and the distance, for me, great; but I was most willing to be present to show my sympathy with the object of your meeting. I have the utmost reverence for the memory of Dugald Buchanan. The Highlands have rarely produced his equal. If the language in which he wrote had been the language of this nation, there is not a collection of national poetry in which the poems of Buchanan could not appear. It strikes me that in one vein he is the greatest of all the Highland bards of modern times. He never indulges in a style of composition too common among them—stringing together a series of epithets without much of an idea attached to them. Buchanan so composed that every clause of his poems contained a definite thought; and for my part I cannot but feel that the poetry of Buchanan is associated with the greatest cause of all—the cause of true and earnest religion. He was a man of God, and that gave direction to the efforts of his genius. Few men know how much religion has done for the Scottish Highlauds. And while to the spread of the Bible we trace the main influence, who can deny that the hymns of Buchanan have exerted a mighty influence on the national character over the whole Highlands? I remember how they were sung and enjoyed in my childhood, and I presume they are so sung and enjoyed still. I congratulate the people of Rannoch on the erection of this monument so creditable to all concerned. I would just say that it is my earnest prayer that however long this monument stands as a memorial of Dugald Buchanan, the moral and religious influence of his works may continue longer over the hearts and consciences of the people of the Highlands. It will do so as long as the Gaelic language lives, and I hope the old tongue may live for many a long day among our mountains and our mists.

Mr. William Stewart, Ewich, Glendochart, sung one of Dugald Buchanan's hymns, and the Rev. Mr. M'Intyre, Rannoch, pronounced the Benediction in Gaelic, which terminated the out-door proceedings.

Immediately after the unveiling ceremony, a banquet took place in the M'Donald Arms Hotel. The chair was occupied by Colonel M'Donald of Dalchosnie. The usual loyal toasts were honoured, and the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers" was very ably acknowledged by the chairman. Rev. Mr. Sinclair, Kenmore, proposed "The Memory of Dugald Buchanan." Other toasts followed, and in the evening a soiree was held—the Rev. Mr. M'Intyre presiding—at which suitable addresses were delivered.

END OF VOL. IV.



NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS

FROM

SCOTLAND TO CANADA.

ALLAN LINE.

The Steamers of the ALLAN LINE will commence their Direct Sailings from

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC,

IN APRIL 1875,

And will continue to Sail

EVERY TUESDAY

Throughout the Season.

Passage Money.

Cabin—to Quebec . .	£13 13s.
„ to Portland, Boston, or New York . . .	£14 14s.
Intermediate—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York	£9 9s.
Steerage—To Quebec, Portland, Boston, or New York .	£6 6s.

These Steamers offer the best opportunity for Passengers wishing to proceed to Canada, as they are landed at the Railway Wharf at Quebec, *in the Dominion*, and are thence forwarded to all the principal stations immediately after disembarkation.

Passengers wishing to proceed to the Western States and Territories of the Union, and to California, can be booked by Quebec, as cheaply, and carried to destination as expeditiously, as by any other Line.

Dietary Bills, and full information as to Through Tickets, Berth, Accommodation, &c., and Rates for Children, may be had on application to

JAMES & ALEXANDER ALLAN,
70 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.



Anchor Line.

GLASGOW
TO
NEW YORK.

The Steamers of this Line are despatched from

GLASGOW FOR NEW YORK

Every SATURDAY,

Calling at MOVILLE, LOUGH FOYLE, to embark Passengers.

FARES.

SALOON CABIN:—13, 14, & 16 Guineas.

INTERMEDIATE, Seven Guineas.

STEERAGE, Five Guineas.

To New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Passengers booked at Lowest Fares to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Apply to

HENDERSON BROTHERS,
40 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND AND SETTLEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1867.)

CAPITAL, £250,000, *IN* 25,000 *SHARES OF* £10 *EACH.*

FIRST ISSUE, 10,000 *SHARES.*

£5 *PER SHARE EXPECTED TO BE CALLED UP.*

Directors.

James Salmon, Esq., L.A., of Jas. Salmon & Son, Glasgow.
William Arthur, Esq., Merchant, Woodlea, Bothwell.
John Cunningham, Esq., of Smart & Cunningham, Barrhead.
Matthew Fairley, Esq., of M. Fairley & Co., Glasgow.
Adam Houston, Esq., of Houston & M'Nairn, Glasgow.
Charles Maitland, Esq., of R. Meiklejohn & Son, Alloa.
James Robertson, Esq., of John Robertson & Co., Newhall.
John Spencer, Esq., Merchant, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Law Agents.

Brown, Dunlop, & Lindsay, 87 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Brokers.

Moore & Brown, 166 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Dykes & MacLagan, 79 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Managers and Secretaries.

W. G. & J. W. Lindsay, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

Commissioners in Canada.

John Dunlop, Esq., Craigowan, Woodstock.
Colonel David Shaw, Kingston.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to develop 250,000 acres in Manitoba, a Free Grant from the Dominion Government.

The recent acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Territory opens up 1,300,000 square miles, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, known as the "fertile belt of America," having grain-producing soil and climate *greater in extent and finer in quality* than that of the United States.

It is intended to settle part of the Lands in Grants of alternate Farms of 160 Acres each, and to reserve the balance with selected portions as Market or Town Centres, extending to 104,000 acres, worth, after a time, 20s. to 40s. per acre. The land is prairie, rich loam, and ready for the plough. Common yield of wheat 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

Settlers receive from Company assistance towards passage; seed, implements, stock, &c.; and share with the Company for five years the crop raised, repaying advances.

The prospective value of town sites as centres of population *has not, in the calculations made, been taken into account.*

The Canada Pacific Railway, to commence in Spring, will, in all probability, intersect the Company's lands.

Ordinary Revenue, *based on calculation of crop produce, one-fourth only of actual reports*, would suffice, after expenses, to pay dividends rising to 20 per cent., and create large Reserve Fund, besides proceeds from Land Sales:—

Ten Townships contain Acres	250,000
Deduct for Grants to Settlers, Roads, &c.	146,000
Balance for Reserved Farms and Town Sites . . .	104,000
Whereof for Bonuses 100,000 Acres, worth in 3 or 4 years, at only 30s. per acre, a capital sum of	£150,000

The Town Sites, extending to 4000 Acres, and any Minerals, would remain; and as Winnipeg, four years since a Hudson's Bay Fort, has now about 5000 inhabitants, these sites may speedily prove of immense value.

In October 1874, the Hudson's Bay Co. realised at Winnipeg as much as 4s. 8d. per yard for ground. The Canada Co., similar in plan to this, divided last year 54 per cent., and its £12, 10s. Shares stand in London List at £99 to £101.

For forms of Application and Prospectuses, apply to the Brokers, or at the Registered Office of the Company, 3 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

A NUMBER OF
FAMILIES OF SETTLERS WANTED
FOR
Manitoba, Dominion of Canada.

THE BRITISH CANADIAN LAND & SETTLEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED) OF GLASGOW, having obtained from the Government of Canada 250,000 Acres of the Finest Prairie Land in the Dominion, are now prepared to receive Applications from steady industrious men accustomed to Farm Work, to whom the following Advantageous Terms are offered:—

Advances in full, where necessary, for Passage from Glasgow to Manitoba; possession of Prarie Farm of 160 Acres richest Land near a navigable river, ready for the plough the day of arrival; Seed and Implements required for the Sowing, Cultivation, and Harvesting of the Crops; Family Food Supplies until the Crops are available; suitable houses to live in; a Cow for the Family's supply of Milk and Butter, with Five Years for Repayment of Advances.

Any ordinary energetic family at end of fifth year can be clear of all indebtedness, and worth in money and property from £500 to £1000. A grown-up family may do the same in half that time.

For further information apply to the Company's Agent, ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Applications for Shares of the Company may be made at the Company's Office, 3 W. Regent St. Glasgow.

W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

Aireamh Theaghlaichean Luchdtuineachaidh air an iarraidh gu dol a Mhanitoba, Morroinn Chanada.

FHUAIR COMUNN FEARAINN AGUS TUINEACHAIS CHANADA BHREATUNNAICH, bho Uachdranachd Chanada, 250,000 Acair d' an Fhearann-gun-choille is fearr anns a' Mhór-roinn, agus tha iad a nis ullamh gu gabhail ri Iarrtais dhaoine stuama, dèanadach, cleachdte ri Obair-fearainn, do'm bheil iad a' tairgseadh nan cumhachan tàbhachdach a leanas:—

Iasad, far am feumar e, d' an làn-airgiod-aisig eadar Glaschu agus Manitoba; Seilbh air Gabhail anns am bi 160 Acair de Fhearann-gun-choille dlùth air abhainn mhóir air am faodar seòladh, agus deas air son a' chroinn-treabhaidh an latha 'ruigeas iad; Pòr-cuir agus Innealan fèumail air son Cur, Aiteach, agus Cruinneachadh a' Bhàrra; Lòn do'n Teaghlach gus an bi am Bàrr ullamh; Tighean-comhnuidh freagarrach; Mart a chumail an Teaghlaich ann an Bainne 's an Im; agus Cóig bliadhna dh-ùine gus an t-Airgiod-iasaid a phàigheadh air ais.

Aig deireadh chóig bliadhna faodaidh teaghlach dìchiollach sam bith a bhi saor bho gach uile fhiachaibh, agus an seilbh air bho £500 gu £1000, eadar airgiod agus maoin. Faodaidh teaghlach a tha air cinntinn suas so a dhèanamh ann an leth na h-ùine.

Air son tuilleadh eòlais sgrìobh gu Fearionaidh a' Chomuinn,
ANDREW P. SHAW, 58 York St., Glasgow.

Tha Iarrtais air son Comh-roinn anns a' Chomunn ri 'n cur a dh-ionnsaidh Office a' Chomuinn,
3 W. REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.
W. G. & J. W. LINDSAY,
Managers and Secretaries.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Assisted Passages—Free Grants of Land.

THE GOVERNMENT of the DOMINION of CANADA grant WARRANTS for ASSISTED PASSAGES by Royal Mail and other powerful Steamships running from Ports in the United Kingdom to

FARM LABOURERS,
NAVVIES,
DOMESTIC SERVANTS,
MECHANICS.

Free Grants of 160 acres are offered in Manitoba from the splendid Prairie Lands of that Province, and from 100 to 200 acres in other parts of Canada.

RECEPTION OF EMIGRANTS.

On arrival in Canada, Emigrants are received in Depots, and cared for by Government Agents, who assist in finding them immediate employment.

For further information and terms, apply to the Agent-General for the Dominion of Canada, Canada Government Building, King Street, Westminster (Emigration Department).

THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER.

EDITOR—JOHN MURDOCH.

The Objects of "THE HIGHLANDER" are:—

To foster enterprise and public opinion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland;

To advocate those political, social, and economic measures which appear best calculated to advance the well-being of the people at large; and

To provide Highlanders at home and abroad with a record and review of events in which due prominence shall be given to Highland affairs.

Among the topics which have prominence are—The Land Question; Game Preservation and Deer Foresting; the best systems of Rural Economy and Practical Husbandry; the establishing of Manufactures in the Highlands; the Fisheries; the working of Mines, Quarries, and Peat Mosses; the Utilization of Sewage; Railway Extension and Management; Local and Imperial Taxation; Celtic and kindred Literature; Sanitary Matters, &c.

Time of Publication, every Saturday. Price 2d. per Copy.

THE HIGHLANDER IS PUBLISHED BY THE

HIGHLANDER Newspaper & Printing & Publishing Co., Limited

Liability of each Shareholder is strictly limited to the Amount for which he Subscribes.

CAPITAL £3000, in 3000 Shares of £1 each.

Applications for Shares and orders for the Paper to be sent to the

SECRETARY, JOHN MURDOCH, at
The Offices, 71 Church Street, Inverness.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 4to, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d. cloth,

OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE: FINGAL IN IRELAND OSCAR IN ICELAND.

BY DR. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow: JAMES MACLEHOSE, Publisher to the University.

Just Published, Crown 8vo, Price Five Shillings,

RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS

(COMPLETE EDITION).

CAREFULLY REVISED AND EDITED BY THE
REV. THOMAS SMITH, D.D.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.

EDINBURGH: DUNCAN GRANT, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SCOTTISH UNION
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON, 37 CORNHILL. EDINBURGH, 47 GEORGE STREET. DUBLIN, 52 DAME STREET.

Established 1824.—Capital £5,000,000.

Governor.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.

Deputy-Governor.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Ordinary Directors.

JOHN KENNEDY, Esq.
JAMES CAMPBELL, Esq.
ROBERT HUTCHISON, Esq.
JAMES MANSFIELD, Esq.
JOHN WRIGHT, Esq.
JOHN COWAN, Esq.
DANIEL AINSLIE, Esq.
The Hon. JAMES W. MONCREIFF.
FINDLAY ANDERSON, Esq.
JAMES TURNBULL, Esq.

GEORGE RAMSAY, *Manager*. JAMES BARLAS, *Secretary*.

Solicitor—COLIN MACKENZIE, W.S.

Auditor—ROBERT SPOTTISWOODE, C.A. *Physician*—Dr. J. D. GILLESPIE.

Bankers—THE COMMERCIAL BANK—THE NATIONAL BANK.

This COMPANY is composed of a numerous and influential body of Proprietors, and has a large Subscribed Capital, so that unquestionable security is guaranteed to Insurers.

INVESTED FUNDS as at 1st August 1874, upwards of .	£1,333,000
ANNUAL REVENUE from all sources	282,166
AMOUNT OF LIFE INSURANCES in force	5,300,000

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

FIVE-SIXTHS of the PROFITS arising from the WHOLE LIFE BUSINESS are divided EVERY FIVE YEARS amongst Participating Policyholders, in the proportion each has contributed to the Fund.

NEW BUSINESS IN 1874.

POLICIES—643.

SUMS ASSURED,	PREMIUMS,
£443,105.	£14,129, 0s. 6d.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected on moderate terms. The Company has a long established Character for Settling losses promptly and liberally.

This Company does not transact Foreign Business, the Agencies being entirely confined to the United Kingdom.

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at any of the Agencies throughout the Kingdom.

GEORGE RAMSAY, *Manager*.
JAMES BARLAS, *Secretary*.

NOW READY.

AM FEILLIRE:

"THE GAEL" ALMANAC,

A HIGHLAND DIRECTORY

AND

YEAR BOOK FOR 1875.

THE PUBLISHERS of "THE GAEL" have now issued their GAELIC ALMANAC for 1875, which in addition to the general features of a good Almanac, contains

List of Gaelic Churches and
Clergymen of all Denominations at Home and Abroad;
Lists of Highland and Gaelic Societies;
The Names of Chiefs, Badges, War-Cries, Marches, Salutes, Gatherings, &c., of the Highland Clans;
Highland Fairs;
Saints' Days, Anniversaries, &c.,

and a vast amount of other matter of special interest and value to Highlanders, not to be met with elsewhere.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH; AND
WM. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

