

## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

BY ALASTAIR OG.

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IMMEDIATELY after the bard had concluded the recitation of his song to *Fear a Gharbha*, the company dispersed to their respective homes, all well pleased with the night's entertainment. The reader will notice that all which has yet appeared of the *Ceilidh* is only what took place during one evening.

When the house was cleared and the family left to themselves, one of the female members of the household set about preparing the supper, which was, as usual, of the most healthy, though of the most primitive and simple description. It was soon ready, on the table, and the interesting household gathered round it. The family consisted of the old patriarch himself; his three sons, whose ages ranged, as we already stated, from 75 to 68, and one of whom, the eldest, was now stone-blind; the eldest son's wife; his three sons and two daughters, and their young offspring, presenting the very unusual spectacle of four generations supping together, as one family, at the same table, and, as they always did, in loving and affectionate sympathy with one another. Two of the bard's sons who lived in the house were unmarried, and continued to live under the old rafters until their dying day, cared for and attended by the elder brother's wife with a devoted solicitude and tenderness worthy of all praise, and which was not, and could not be, surpassed by her devotion to her own husband. She still, aged and frail, like Ossian, left alone by all her contemporaries, but surrounded by her own family and grandchildren, survives them all, a peculiar and standing example of devoted affection to her husband's talented though humble relatives, and a centre of tender and affectionate regard in the district. Such virtues as these in the higher circles of society would not fail, and deserved, to be recorded by some able and graphic pen. But we delight in having an opportunity of recording an instance of real disinterested and loving solicitude for aged relatives in a rude Highland cottage, and among the humblest class of our Highland peasantry, which would do honour to, and which indeed is seldom met with in, the upper and more favoured ranks.

The simple meal was soon over, and grace said, as it invariably was, before and after all meals. His Gaelic Testament\*—the only one in the district—was handed to the old and venerable bard, who gave out and read a chapter, explaining some of the passages as he went along. He then read a psalm in the metrical version, and with his tremulous, but still

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\* This Testament was brought home from Edinburgh by the laird, Sir Hector Mackenzie, Bart., and by him presented to the bard, who made such good use of it that Sir Hector took it back to Edinburgh to be re-bound, some years after. On a more recent occasion, John Mackenzie, of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," took it to the same place for a third binding. It is now sorely requiring a fourth, but still in fair preservation, and is at present in the possession of the writer of these pages.

sweet voice, led the song of praise, reading each line,\* that the whole family might join and follow him in the song, the sweet and natural melody of which, on a calm night, could be heard with a pleasing and soul-inspiring effect, throughout the greater portion of the village. These exercises of praise over, the frail old man, with his long snow-white locks and patriarchal beard, rose, by the support of the table and the chair upon which he sat, bent his knees on the earthen floor, leaning on his straw-covered chair—the whole household, young and old, following his example—when he poured forth his spirit in his native and expressive Gaelic vernacular, before his Maker, with an eloquence and earnestness of soul which visibly affected his fellow-worshippers. We are perhaps prejudiced on this point; but we believe that it is impossible, through the medium of any other language, to give expression to such soul-stirring appeals and to produce such an effect on the hearer, as the venerable old man used to do on these occasions. He was quite a stranger to that narrow sectarian spirit now so common amongst us, when almost every section of the Church, indeed almost every member of each section, would have a Heaven all to themselves, if they could find one. He prayed for all, and he would have all possess that open-hearted, genial, catholic, and beneficent belief in the love of his Maker, which afforded him so much comfort and blessedness.

The contrast between the proceedings during the earlier part of the evening and what we have now described as the final scene, may appear somewhat strong and inconsistent to the straight-laced and more formal Christian of the present day, but to us the kind of life led by the bard and his family has a beautiful simplicity and innocence, which we must look for in vain among his successors, who have, by the clergy, been frightened and scolded into giving up their innocent and entertaining recitation of song and story, and who, instead, have been in many cases driven to the public-house and other questionable places of resort.

The following night the members of the Ceilidh circle again met as usual. Matters were soon arranged in the usual order, and the bard welcomed back his friends. Some of them—particularly Norman, who had put in an appearance, and *Fear a Gharbha*—were specially honoured with a hearty shake of the hand from the bard and his sons. The youngsters were called upon to give the solutions of the riddles (see page 332) propounded the previous evening, which Alastair Eachainn gave at once correctly and without hesitation, as follows:—

Answer to No. 1—A cow—her four feet running, her four teats shaking, her two horns looking up to the skies, and her mouth balling. (2) Riding across a bridge, underground, upon a horse which, as a foal, was cut out of his dead mother's side, of whose hide the bridle was made. (3) A man with only one eye saw *two* apples on a tree, he took *one* off, so that he neither left apples on, nor did he take apples off. (4) An egg. (5) A thorn in his foot, which he found in the wood, but did not find in his foot, and so he brought it home with him. If he had found it he would have left it in the wood where he first found it. (6) Abel. All these solutions were well known to the elder members of the circle, but the young-

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\* The scarcity of books in those days accounts for the system, which is still continued, throughout the Highlands.



sters were complimented for their ability, and encouraged to persevere and dig deeper into the same mine.

Kenneth Fraser, *Leac-na-Saighid*, was now called upon to give his promised story, or rather series of stories, tracing how the Mackenzies first came to obtain possession of the lands of Gairloch, and how the Macbeaths were first driven out of the country, and afterwards their successors, the Macleods—*Clann'ic Ille Challum*—of Raasay. These legends have been so well told in the pure dialect of the district, before it became corrupted by an admixture of English phrases, that, in order to preserve it, we shall give them here word for word as they were recited on the occasion. Certain very expressive words peculiar to the district will be noticed, and it will be remarked that the words *beul*, *meur*, *feuch*, and such like, are pronounced *bial*, *mìar*, *fiach*, and so on. Such words as these may easily be altered in prose writings, without any injury to the text, but it is impossible to do so in poetry, the sound being so very different, without altering the harmony and consonance of the piece. This will account for our giving the Gaelic Songs throughout the *Ceilidh* in the dialect of the district in which they were composed, and our answer to any who may consider the orthography faulty and not in accordance with the now almost universally received standards. A literal translation of these legends, which will be found a wonderfully fair and close account of the historical facts to which they refer, will be given with each for the benefit of the English reader. Kenneth proceeded with the story of the Macbeaths, premising that it was related to him by an old man, Roderick Fraser, Inverkerrie, who died some few years before, aged 105 years, as follows :—

#### HOW THE MACBEATHS WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR STRONGHOLD IN THE ISLAND OF LOCH TOLLY.

“Bha nair-eigin duine tapaidh—Iain Mac Iain Uidhir—a fuireach ann an Carra Chinntaile, agus an uair a chual e gu'n robh a leithid so do dh-fhogaraich dhaoine (Clann'ic Bheathain) a gabhail comhnuidh ann an Eilean Loch Thollaidh, smuainich é ann fhein, air oidhche na bliadhn' uire, gu'm bu bhochd an leithid a choigrich mhilltich a bhi anns an aite, a togail cis air an fhearann, nach bunadh dhoibh, agus sliochd dhaoin' uaisle do Chlann Choinnich, ged da bha cuid dhiubh aig an robh fearann, gu'n robh cuid eile dhiubh as aonais.

“Beagan aimsir an deigh sin, dar a thraogh an sneachda dheth na monaidhnean, thog e 'bhalg saighid air a mhuin. Chuir e fios air Domhnall Mor Mac Mhic Raonail 'ic Rath a Inbhir-Innait, agus choisich iad, mar aon le cheile, a null air Cill-fhaolainn. Choisich iad troimh mhonaidhnean Loch-Carron. Thainig iad a steach air monaidhnean Cheann-loch-iugh (Cha be Ceann-loch-iugh a b-ainm dha aig an am so ach Ceann-loch-ma-rih). Thainig iad trath anmoch am fradhare Loch Thollaidh, agus bheachdaich iad air Caisteal Mhic-Bheathain anns an Eilean, agus air aite o'm biodh e furasda dhoibh an cuid saighid a chur air ionnsuidh a chaisteal. Bha craobh chaorainn ri taobh a chaisteal a bha anns an rathad orra, ach dar a thainig plumanaich na h-oidhche, theann iad a bhan ris a chladach, air a leithid do dhoigh, 's gun d' fhuair na h-o'laich

faisg air bruach an Loch, ach gum biodh iad, ann am briseadh na h-arrunn, (an latha) comhrard ri Mac Bheathain dar a thigeadh e mach.

“An am dha thighinn a mach anns a mhaduinn, thubhairt am fear eile ri fear Inbhir-Innait, “Fiach gu de cho math sa tha da lamh a nise mar a h-eil crith innte an deighe na h-oidhche, Fiach an amaisg thu air siol na miose-moighe, ach an cuir thu as an ait e, air neadh gun dean thu carcois deth chon am beil e, do bhrigh 's nach eil e dligheach dha bhi ann.” Thilg fear Inbhir-Innait an t-saighid air tuaims', ach cha d-rinn i ach sgliuncan ri te dheth na seorsachan uinneag a bh'aca anns an t-seorsa chaisteal a bh' ann.

“Dar a chunnaic fear a Charra gur e sud diol a rinneadh air saighid fear Inbhir-Innait shaoil leis nach robh ann an saighid a chompanaich ach monar. Fhuair fear a Charra failmse air feat dheth na seirbhisich aig Mac Bheathain, a toir leis ballan burn gu bruich laos-boc a thug e a creag Thollaidh an oidhche roimhe so, ach broinean! cha be e fhein a cheall-aich an laos-boc. Thilg seann Alastair Liath a Charra an t-saighid, 's char i troimh na h-airnean aig fear a bhallain uisge.

“Chuir Mac Bheathain an umhail gun robh gne da rud-eigin air a chulthaobh, air nach robh fios aige. Smuainich e ann fhein gun fhuireach ris an laos-boc ithe', gu'm bu cho math dha bhi dol air tir—beo na bas da—fhad sa bhiodh an t-aiseag aige. Thog e na h-uile rian a bh-aige, 's rinn e tir dheth. A mheud 's nach leanadh e dh-fhag e iad; choisich e cho luath sa bha na uilt, ach air cho luath 's dha robh Mac Bheathain char saighid Mhic Dhomnuill Mhoir an sas ann, an tiuighe na feola, na mhas. Ruith e 's an t-saighid an greim, 'sa lamh chli 'san t-saighid, an dochas, an comhnuidh, gun tugadh e air a h-ais i. Ruith e leis a bhruthaich gu aite ris an canair gus an latha 'n diugh Bura, agus se as aobhar da 'n ainm sin, dar a thug Mac Bheathain an t-saighid as a mhas gun d' thainig buradh fola aiste.

“Dar a chunnaic na Tailich gun da theich an Ceannas as an t-seorsa dhidean a bh' aige, choisich iad timchioll ceann Loch Thollaidh, spagach sgith mar a bha iad; 's an dearbh aiseag a thug Mac Bheathain air tir thug e Clann 'ic Rath o thir a dh'ionnsuidh 'n eilean, 's chaith iad cuibhrionn dheth an laos-boc a bha gu bhi aig Mac Bheathain gu bhiadh; sheall iad ris an duine dheth an d-rinn iad corpre am dha na chocaire dol gu deasach-dainn na madainn. Duilichinn no cas cha robh air na Tailich; chuir na h-o'laich neo-sgathach an oidhche seachad anns a chaisteal; cha robh eagal Mhic-Bheathain orra sa, ach bha cagal gu leor air Mac Bheathain, an corr nach d-fhuair e gum faigheadh e.

“Ge da bha ioma-ruagadh coigrich Duithaich Mhic-Aoidh\* air aire nan Tailleach smuainich iad gun d're'adh iad a ghabhail beachd ciamar a bha Gearrloch na 'luidhe. Dh-fhalbh iad anns a mhaduinn an latha na mhaireach, an deighe cuaranan a dheanamh da chraicinn an laos-boie, le cur iallan ann, mo na chaith iad an cuid fhein air an t-slighe, a tigh'nn a Ceanntaile; thainig iad troimh Ghearrloch, 's bheachdaich iad air na h-uile gne mar bu mhiann leo fein a thaobh naduir; choisich iad ceum air

\* 'S ann a duthaich Mhic-Aoidh thainig Clann 'ic Bheathain roimhe so, na'm fogaraich iad fein.



cheum, mar b-urra dhoibh a dheanamh, gun eagal gun fhiamh corparra. Rainig iad Brathainn ; chuir iad falte air MacCoinnich ; agus thuirt iad gun aiteachas, ma bha tuilleadh mhac aige gu'n faigheadh iadsa tuilleadh talmhainn da. Dh'fhiathaich MacCoinnich a steach iad 's ghabh e 'naigheachd. Dh'innis iad dha mu thir Ghearrloch, 's mu'n doigh a chunn-aic iad aig MacBheathain, 's mar chuir iad an teicheadh air, agus an uin' a bha iad beo air feol an laos-boic. "Agus a Choinnich," arsa Domh'ull, "bithidh cuimhne agam-sa air latha cas an laos-boic fhad sa blitheas Domh'ull orm."

(*Ri leantainn.*)

We give the following literal translation for the benefit of the English reader :—

"Once upon a time, there lived a powerful man—Iain Mac Iain Uidhir—in the Carr of Kintail, and when he heard such aliens (The Mac-Beaths) resided in the Island of Loch Tolly, he thought within himself on New Year's night that it was a pity that such mischievous aliens should be in the place, raising taxes (rents) on the land which did not of right belong to them, while the offspring of gentlemen of the Clan Mackenzie, who, although some of them possessed lands, others were without it.

"Some little time after this, when the snow subsided off the mountains, he lifted his arrow bladder\* on his back ; sent word for Big Donald, Son of the Son of Ranald Macrae from Inverinate, and they walked as one together across Kilaolainn. They walked through the mountains of Loch-carron. They came in by the mountains of Kenlochewe (Kenlochewe was not the name at this time, but Loch-ma-righ—*Loch of my King*). They came at a late hour in sight of Loch Tolly, and they took notice of MacBeath's Castle in the Island, and of a place from where it would be easy for them to send their arrows to the Castle. There was a rowan-tree alongside the Castle, which was in their way, but when the darkening of night came they moved down to the shore in such a way that the heroes got near the bank of the Loch, so that they might in the breaking of the sky (break of day) be level (opposite) MacBeath when he came out.

"When he (MacBeath) came out in the morning, the other man said to him of Inverinate, 'Try how good (true) your hand is now, if it is not tremulous after the night ; try if you can hit the seed of the beast(ly) hare, or that you make a carcase of him where he is, inasmuch as he has no right to be there.' Inverinate threw his arrow by chance, but it only became flattened against one of the kind of windows in the kind of Castle that was in it.

"When the man from Carr saw what happened to the arrow of the man from Inverinate, he thought that his companion's arrow was only a useless one. The man from Carr got a glimpse of one of the servants of MacBeath carrying with him a stoup of water to boil a goat buck,† which he had taken from Craig Tolly the night before, but, poor fellow ! it was not him who consumed the goat buck. Old Alastair Liath (grey) of Carr, threw the arrow, and it went through the kidneys of him of the water-stoup.

\* Quiver. † Wether goat,

"MacBeath suspected that a kind of something was behind him which he did not know about. He thought within himself not to wait to eat the goat buck, that it would be as well for him to go ashore—life or death to him—as long as he had the chance to cross. He lifted every arrangement he had and he made the shore of it. Those who would not follow him, he left behind him: he walked as fast as was in his joints, but fast as MacBeath was, the arrow of the son of Big Donald fixed in him in the thickness of the flesh, in his buttock. He ran with the arrow fixed and his left hand fixed in the arrow, hoping always that he would pull it out. He ran down the brae to a place which is called Boora to this day; and the reason of that name is, that when MacBeath pulled the arrow out of his buttock, a *Burudh* (a bursting forth) of blood came out of it.

"When the Kintail men saw that the superior of the kind of fortress had flown, they walked round the head of Loch Tolly sprawling, tired as they were; and the very ferry-boat which took MacBeath ashore, took the Macraes to the Island. They used part of the goat buck which MacBeath was to have to his meal. They looked at the man of which they had made a corpse while the cook went to the preparation for the morning (meal). Difficulty nor distress was not (apparent) on the Kintail men. The fearless heroes put past the night in the Castle. They feared not MacBeath, but MacBeath was frightened enough that what he did not get he would soon get.

"Although the pursuit of the aliens, from Mackay's country,\* was in the thoughts of the Kintail men; they thought they would go and see how (the lands of) Gairloch lay. They went away in the morning of the next day after making *cuaranan* (untanned shoes) of the skin of the goat buck by putting thongs through it, as they had worn out their own on the way coming from Kintail. They came through Gairloch; they took notice of everything as they desired themselves according to their nature. They walked (afterwards) step by step as they could do without fear or bodily dismay. They reached Brahan; they saluted Mackenzie; they said boldly, if he had more sons that they would find more land for him. Mackenzie invited them in, and took their news. They told him about the land of Gairloch, the way in which they saw MacBeath, and the way in which they made him flee, and the time which they lived on the flesh of the goat buck. 'And Kenneth,' says Donald (addressing the chief) 'I shall remember the day of the foot of the goat buck as long as Donald is (my name) on me.'"

(To be Continued.)

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\* It is said that it was from Mackay's country in Assynt that the MacBeaths came originally.

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NOTE.—For the arrangements which we have been able to make, so far, for Vol. II., by the kind aid of an extensive band of distinguished contributors, all well known Celtic scholars, see first page of our advertising sheet.



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[CONTINUED.]

KENNETH FRASER having finished the MacBeath part of the story, asked *Ruairidh Mor a Chnuic* to give that part of it which gave an account of Hector Roy's conflict with the Earl of Ross, and his future troubles; and of how the Mackenzies first came to obtain possession of the lands of Gairloch. Roderick at once consented, and proceeded to relate, as follows:—

## CIA-MAR THAINIG CLANN CHOINNICH A GHEARRLOCH.

BHA tighearna MacCoinnich ann uair-eigin a phos nighean a Mhorair Rois, agus bha i air leth shuil, agus ge be air bith a thainig eadar an tigh-earna! MacCoinnich agus a Morair Ros 'sa nighean, chuir e dhachaidh thuige fhein i, agus chuir e i air muin eich air leth shuil, agus chuir e gille air leth shuil leitha, agus cu air leth shuil cuide riu. Ghabh a Morair Ros do dh' ardan 's gur ann a thigeadh e a sgrios Chlann Choinnich.

Bha gnothaichean an teaghlaich aig an am so car ro mhi-chearbach. Se Coinneach, mac na mna chaidh a chur dhachaidh, a b' oighre dligheach am beachd cuid, ach cha robh ann ach duine nach robh buileach glic; cha robh e fada dar a thoisich e air cogadh ris an righ, agus fhuair an righ greim air, agus chuireadh gu bas e. Cha d'fhage cloinn, agus fhuair a bhrathair, gille gle og, an oighreachd. Bha Eachainn Ruadh, brathair athair, na dhuine anabarrach tapaidh, agus dar a thainig a Morair Ros a thoir a mach dioghaltas, air son a nighean a chuir dhachaidh air a leithid a sheol tamailteach, 's ann ri Eachainn Ruadh a bha Clann Choinnich, gu leir, ag earbsa mar cheann-feadhna.

an Avoch fisherman? We admitted our ignorance, and expressed our surprise. Our friend then informed us that a Mr Jack, who followed the avocation of a fisherman in the village of Avoch for many years, left the place and went to reside in Elgin, where he commenced business as a small general dealer, or "huckster"; that some of the boys—his sons—exhibited a peculiar smartness while in school; that this was noticed by a lady relative of their mother, an aunt, he thought, of the name of Fletcher, who encouraged and helped on the education of the boys, and who took one or more of them to her own home, and brought them up; afterwards they found their way south, and ultimately became successful merchants and landed proprietors. In corroboration of the main facts above stated, we give the following from "Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom":—"FLETCHER, JAMES, Esq. of Rosehaugh, Ross-shire, son of the late William Jack, Esq., by Isabel, dau. of the late Charles Fletcher, Esq., and brother of J. C. Fletcher, Esq.; b. 18—; m. 1852, Frederica Mary, dau. of John Stephen, Esq., niece of Sir Alfred Stephen, C.B., Chief Justice of New South Wales, and widow of Alexander Hay, Esq., of the 58th Regt. . . . He assumed the name of Fletcher in lieu of his patronymic on the death of his mother in 1856." These are facts of which we were entirely ignorant when writing down the stanzas above given. The verses were sent to us from various quarters, and they have undoubtedly been floating about the country for generations. So much for the Seer's prophetic power in this instance. Were we acquainted with the history of the other families referred to in the stanzas, it is probable that more light could be thrown upon what they refer to, than we are at present able to do,

Thug a Morair Ros leis seachd ciad fear, air son cogadh ri Eachainn Ruadh, agus na bh' aige 'sgrios. Air cluinntinn do dh-Eachainn Ruadh air a so, chruinnich esa a dhaoine fhein, ach cha b-urrainn e thogail ach seachd fichead fear—fichead ma choinneamh a chiad a bh' aig a Mhorair.

Choinnich iad a cheile; char iad ann an ordugh, agus thoisich an cath, agus bha duine ann an sin air an robh Ruairidh Mor Mac-a-Linnean, ris an abair mar fhrith-ainm "Suarachan," agus chaidh e a choimhead a chatha. Bha 'n gnothuich a cuir teth ri Eachainn Ruadh, 's thainig e chon an robh Suarachan, agus thubhairt e ris, "An ann mar so a tha 'Ruairidh's mise ann an cruaidh-chas, 's nach eil thu ga ma chobhar." "Gu de gheibh mi?" ars' a Ruairidh, "Gheibh thu cuid fir ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh-eirich Suarachan, 's le chladheamh mor fhein mharbh e duine, 's shuidh e air a chorp.

Thainig Eachainn Ruadh na rathad an dara h-uair, agus thuirt e ris: "An ann mar so a tha 'rithisd a Ruairidh, 's mise an cruadh-chas?" "Gu de gheibh mi ars' a Suarachan," a rithisd. "Gheibh thu cuid dithis," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh'eirich Ruairidh, 's le chladheamh mor fhein mharbh e fear eile, 's shuidh e air a chorp.

Thainig Eachainn Ruadh an treas uair agus thuirt e, "An ann mar so a tha 'rithisd a Ruairidh, 's mise ann am fìor chruaidh-chas." "Cha da gheall thu dhomhs' ach cuid dithis" arsa Suarachan, 's mharbh mi dithis." "Cha bhithinn a cunntadh riut," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh-eirich Suarachan le chladheamh mor ruisgte, 's e 'g eigheachd an aird a ghuth, "Am fear nach biodh a cunntadh rium, cha bhithinn a cunntadh ris." Thoisich e air an namhaid, 's chaidh an ruaig orra ann an uin' gheart, agus thainig iad nan cabhaig gu taobh na h-aibhne, agus choinnich iad bean ris an da dh'fhoinnich iad "c'aite'n robh an t-ath air an abhuinn, air am faigheadh iad a null," "Oh, ghaolaich," arsa 'bhean, "is aon ath an abhuinn, ged tha i dubh cha'n eil i domhain." Thainig an ruaig cho teann orra 's gu robh iad a dol a mach air an abhuinn an aite sam bith an robh i tachairt riu. Bha iad a dol leis an abhuinn nan ciadan, agus bha moran phreas ri 'taobh, air an robh iad a deanamh greim. Bha Suarachan a coimhead so, agus a h-uile fear a chitheadh e 'gabhail greim air preas, bha e ruith thuige, a gearradh a phris, agus ag radh, "mo na bha mi leigeil urad leat dheth an latha, leigidh mi sin leat." Chaill am Morair Ros an latha, 's choisinn Eachainn Ruadh.

Dar a thainig an t-sith, shuidh Eachainn Ruadh sa chuid daoine sìos gu biadh, ach cha robh ac' ach bonnach dha gach fear; 's cha robh bonnach idir ann da Shuarachan, ach a thug a h-uile duine greim a bhonnach fhein da, 's mar sin fhuair e an earrainn bu mho—seachd fichead greim.

A nise dar a chunnaic a Morair Ros nach b'urrainn e e fhein a dhioladh air Eachainn Ruadh, chaidh e dh-ionnsaidh 'n rìgh, agus fhuair e airgid cheann a chuir a Eachainn Ruadh air son a ghlacadh. B'fheudar do dh-Eachainn teicheadh, ach lean da-dhuine-dheug e, agus far am biodh e'n diugh cha b'ann a bhiodh e 'maireach. Bha e na lagh aig an am so na'n gleidheadh fear as am biodh airgid cheann e fhein seachd bliadhna, gum biodh e saor o'n toireachd.

Aig an am<sup>so</sup> cha robh uachdaran air Gall-thaobh ach an rìgh fhein, agus 'se MacCailean Ara-ghaidheil, carraide da dh' Eachainn Ruadh a



thaobh a mhathair, a bhiodh an rìgh cur a thogail a mhail, agus fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a mach gun deach na Gallaich an co-bhonn ri cheile gum marbhadh iad Clann 'ic Chailean an ath uair a thigeadh iad a thogail a mhail. Dar a fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a mach gun robh so an ruin nan Gallach, thug e Gall-thaobh air le dha-dhuine-dheug.

Bha e ann am monadh Ghall-thaobh agus thainig MacCailean le bhuidh-inn-dion; thog iad an cuid buthan dhoibh fhein, agus chuir iad seachad an oidhche ann an sin. Dh-eirich iad sa mhaduinn, sheall MacCailean a mach, agus bha na Gallaich air cruinneachdainn 'os a chionn. Thainig e steach am measg a chuid daoine agus thuir e riu "mar a gearr sibh troimh na Gallaich, cuiridh iad amach air a mhuir sinn; ach tha mi 'faicinn duine mor os an cionn, agus da-dhuine-dheug cuide ris, agus 's mo tha e cur a dh' eagal orm na na Gallaich gu leir."

Chaidh MacCailean sa dhaoine fuidh 'n airmeachd agus dh-fhalbh iad gu gearradh tromha. Dar a thoisich a chomh-stri, thigeadar Eachainn Ruadh sa dha-dhuine-dheug a nuas; thoisich iad air na Gallaich; se robeag dhiubh fhuair as; thainig an t-sith, agus char Eachainn Ruadh agus MacCailean an caint a cheile. Dh-innis Eachainn da MhacCailean an staid anns an robh e. "Gu de," arsa MacCailean, as urra mise, agus as miannach leat mi, dheanamh air da shon." "'S tu fein as fharr fios," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. "Theid thu 'Dhun-eidin air a leithid so da latha, coinnichidh mise ann an sin thu, agus chi mi gu de 's urrainn mi dheanamh air da shon," arsa MacCailean.

Air an latha 'chaidh a chur air leth, dh-fhalbh Eachainn Ruadh a Dhun-eidin, choinnich MacCailean an sin e, agus shuidhich e ris gum biodh esa 's an rìgh ann a leithid so da dh' aite, air a leithid so da latha, esa (Eachainn Ruadh) a dhol seachad, agus a nuair a chitheadh e MacCailean san rìgh cuideachd, e thighinn far am biodh iad, 's a dhol air a ghlun air beulabh 'n rìgh; agus, thuir MacCailean ris, gum beireadh an rìgh air laimh air, gu thogail, "agus cuimhnich," ars esa, "gu n-aithnich a lamh gun d-rug e ort."

Roimhe so, bha MacCailean 's an rìgh a bruidhinn ri cheile mu dheidh-inn Eachainn Ruadh, agus thubhairt an rìgh, gur e duine fiadhaich, tapaidh a bh'ann, air an robh e fairtleachdainn orra greim a dheanamh.

"Ma gheibh mise m-iarratus uat a rìgh," ars' MacCailean, "bheir mi dhuit air laimh e." Gheall an rìgh sud dha.

Dar a thainig an latha chaidh a chur air leth dh-fhalbh Eachainn Ruadh seachad air an aite anns an robh an rìgh agus MacCailean a gabhail seideag do ghaoth na maduinn. Rinn e ball dìreach orra, agus chaidh e air a ghlun air beulabh 'n rìgh. Rug an rìgh air a laimh gu thogail. Theannaich Eachainn lamh an rìgh; dh-eirich e agus dh-fhalbh e, agus dar a dh-fhalbh, sheall an rìgh a laimh do MhacCailean, agus an fhuil a bruchdadh a mach air barran a mheoir.

"Car son nach da chum thu e," arsa MacCailean.

"Cha robh duine 's an rioghachd a chumadh an duine ud," ars' an rìgh.

"Ma tha sud agad Eachainn Ruadh, 's feumaidh mise m'iarratus fhaigh-inn a nis," arsa MacCailean.

"Gheibh thu sin, choisinn thu i, ciod i?" ars' an rìgh.

"Gum faigh Eachainn Ruadh a shìth," arsa MacCailean; 's fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a shìth.

Ghabh an rìgh a leithid da thlachd a neart 'us tapachd Eachainn Ruaidh, 's gun robh e ro dheonach gum biodh e na fhear dheth a bhuidh-inn dion fhein, ach ghabh Eachainn leisgeul, a nise dar a fhuair e shìth, gun robh moran aige ri chur an ordugh aig a bhaile; ach gheall e bhi dol an drasda sa rithisd, a mach, a Dhun-eidin, a choimhead air an rìgh.

Bhiodh Eachainn Ruadh mar a gheall e a dol a mach a choimhead air an rìgh. Bha piuthar da dh' Eachainn Ruadh—nighean tighearna Bhrathainn—posd' aig Iain Dubh MacRuairaidh, an Leodach a bh ann an Gairloch a comhnuidh anns an t-seana chaisteal a bha anns an Dun aig ceann a deas na Gaineamhiche Moire. Bha atharrachadh air choir-eigin ri dheanamh air coraichean na h-oighreachd. Uair dheth na h-uairean, dar a bha Eachainn Ruadh a dol a Dhun-eiden a choimhead air an rìgh, thug Iain Dubh dha na coraichean gu 'm faighinn air an atharrachadh, 's rinn Eachainn Ruadh rud-eigin cosgais ris na coraichean.

'S i nighean an t-Siosalaich bu bhean dligheach da dh-Eachainn, agus bha mac aige rithe dha'm b'ainm Iain. Chaidh a thogail ann an Strath-ghlais, ann an tigh an t-Siosalaich, agus air an aobhar sin ghoirte Iain Glasach dheth. Chaochail e ann an Caisteal Eilean-Donnain, ann an Ceanntaile, agus chur na Taillich a chorp gu muinntir Strath-ghlais, agus dh-adhlaic iads' e ann an Eaglais mhor na Manachain. Dh-fhag e aon mhac dha 'm b'ainm Iain, ris an canadh iad, anns an duthaich, Iain Ruadh Mac Iain Ghlasaich. Chaidh an gille og so a thogail aig Domhnallach, a bha na pheathair, ann an Glais-leitir Cheanntaile, ris an abradh iad, Iain Liath. Agus tha e air a radh, gun da phos mathair Iain Ruaidh (bann-trach Iain Ghlasaich) tighearna Mhic-aoidh.

Dh-fhas Iain Ruadh na ghille mor, tapaidh, agus dar a thainig e gu aois cuid fir, thug e duthaich Mhic-aoidh air, a choimhead air a mhathair. Air ruighinn tigh Mhic-aoidh dha, cha da leig e ris co e, 's cha mho leig a mhathair. Bha e mar chleachdadh a nuair sin nach foinnichte ri coigrich 's an bith a thogradh fuireach an tigh duin' uasail, co iad, no co as a thainig iad, ach am biodh iad latha 's bliadhna 'stigh. Bha dà chu ro-ainnidh, aig Macaoidh—fear dhiubh air an robh "Cu-dubh," agus air an fhear eile "Faolag" mar ainm. Agus bhiodh Iain Ruadh an comhnuidh a falbh leo anns a mhonadh 's a sealg. Bhiodh e toir a bhèdh, a bhiodh e toir na mhonadh air a shon fein, dha na coin. Dh-fhas, mar so, na coin cho measail air, 's nach leanadh iad duine ach e fhein. 'S ann anns cheann shios—ceann nan seirbhiseach—dheth an tigh a bha e cadal agus a gabhail a bhèdh.

Bha bhliadhna 'tarruing gu ceann, agus latha dheth na lathaichean, thubhairt Mac-aoidh ri mhnaoi, gun robh e cuir umhail gur e mac duin'-uasail a bh' ann, agus air dha so a chantuinn rithe, shil a suilean gu frasach. Thug Mac-aoidh an aire dhi. "An ann mar so a tha," ars esa, 's e toir achmhasan caoin di, "cha bhiodh e cuide ri ma chuidsa seirbhiseach, nam biodh fhios agam, mar a bh' agadsa, gu'm be sud aon mhac Iain Ghlasaich." Dh-orduich e 'n sin gu bhord fhein e, 's bha e cuide iu fhein fhad sa bha e 's an tigh, ach ma dheireadh arsa Mac-aoidh,



“Gu de tha thu 'g iarraidh mise dheanamh air da shon.” “Oh, cha 'n eil,” ars' Iain Ruadh, “ach an da-dhuine-dheag a thaghas mi fein, a measg do dhaoine, thoir dhomh, agus ‘Cu-dubh 'us Faolag.’”

Fhuair e sud, agus cha be na clibairean iad, agus air Iain Liath 'sa Ghhlais-leitir gun d-rinn e. Thug iad leo angar uisge-bheatha agus rainig iad a Ghhlais-leitir. Bha Iain Liath air an airidh, agus cha leigeadh Iain Ruadh na fir a bha cuide ris, am fradharc a bhothain aig Iain Liath. Dh-fhalbh e leis fhein, chunnaic e cliabh a muigh aig dorus a bhothain, agus shuidh e air. Bha cailleach Iain Lèith an deighe eiridh, agus bha i a sniomh air a chuigeil. Bheireadh i suil, agus suil, air an fhear a bha muigh. Ma dheireadh leig i 'n eighe ri Iain Liath, 's e na luidhe, “A dhuine, tha fear a muigh ud, aig dorus a bhothain, na shuidhe air a chliabh, cha 'n fhaca mi dà ghlun riamh, as coslaiche ri dà ghlun Iain Ruadh againn, na 'ghluinean.” Dar a chuala Iain Liath sud, dh'eirich e as a leine, agus chon an doruis a char e. “An tu tha sud Iainidh,” ars esa. “Oh, 's mi dhuine,” “Am bheil agad ach thu fhein,” “Oh tha, tha da-dhuine-dhiag agam.” “Bi falbh 's thoir leat iad.” Mu'n d-thainig e bha 'n dara tarbh marbh aig Iain Liath air an cinn. Dar a ghabh iad am biadh, thubhairt Iain Liath ris, “tha MacCoinnich a tigh'nn an diugh gu Toma-seilge d'athair le aoghailt, mar a cum tha fhein dheth e.”

Dh-fhalbh Iain Ruadh 'sa dha-dhuine-dheug, agus Iain Liath nan cois, 's thug iad leotha 'n t-uisge-beatha. Thainig MacCoinnich le dhaoine, agus chunnaic e na daoine ud air an toma-sheilge, 's chuir e gille 'bhàn a dh'fhoinneachd, “Gu de na daoine bha iad ann?” “Dean suidhe 'us innsidh sinn sin duit,” ars Iain Ruadh. Rinn e suidhe mar a dh-iarraidh air, agus neor-thaing mar a robh aghaidh na dibhe air, 'sa h-uile h-uair a a bheireadh e air gu falbh thairgte t-eile dha. Bha MacCoinnich a gabhail fadachd nach robh an gille tigh'nn air ais, agus chuir e gille eile air aghart. Thachair dha-sa mar thachair dha 'n fhear eile. Dar a chunnaic MacCoinnich mar bha dol, thubhairt e. “Thami f'aithneachdainn gun d'thainig Iain Ruadh, ma thainig faodaidh mise bli dol dachaidh.” 'S thug e Brathainn air.

Thill an sin Iain Ruadh 'sa bhuidhinn gu bothan Ian Lèith. “Gu de nise ni thu Iain?” ars Iain Liath, “Gu de tha sibh fhein ag radh ni mi?” “Innsidh mise sin duit,” ars Iain Liath, “tha coraichean Ghearrloch agam-sa ann an ciste do sheanair—Eachainn Ruadh—agus falbhaidh tu fhein 's do chuid daoine, a thagar na h-oighreachd, agus falbhaidh mise comhladh riut.” Agus dh-fhalbh iad, Thog Iain Liath a chuid spreidhe, a bhean, 'sa bhean-mhuinntir, 's am buachaille, 's bha iad a tighinn ach an d'thainig iad a steach aig Bealach-a-chomhla, aig taobh Baothais Bheinn.

Greis an deigh dhoibh a thighinn a bhàn fuidh'n a bheinn, thachair iad air fuaran math; Leig iad an iomraich aig an fhuaran, agus tha “fuaran Iain Lèith” air gus an latha 'n diugh. Dh-fhag iad a spreidh 's a chailleach an sud, 's thainig iad air an aghart, 's thachair feadhainn riu o'n da ghabh iad naigheachd na duthcha. Dh-innis an fheadhainn sin doibh, gun robh e mar chleachdadh aig Iain Dubh MacRuairidh (tighearna Ghearrloch), gach latha, a dhol sìos a Ghaineamhach Mhor, agus luidhe air mullach

a Chraisg, a ghabhail beachd air an duthaich, agus a dh'fhiachainn gu de chitheadh e.

Thainig na fir chon an robh e ann an sud, agus labhair Iain Liath ris, "Mar a bi thu air falbh agus mar toir thu da chasan leat a caisteal an Dùin, mas tig an oidheche nochd, caillidh tu 'n ceann. Ghabh Iain Dubh MacRuairidh eagal a bheatha, 's char a h-uile ni a bha anns a chaisteal, a b'fhiach an t-saothair, a chuir anns a bhirlinn, ach aon chiste a dh-fhagadh, le cion amaisgidh, anns an robh coraichean mhic Leoid air an oighreachd. Mar so thainig Iain Ruadh 'us Clann-a-choinnich a Ghearrloch.

'S minic a thainig na Leodaich air an ais o'n uair sin a dh'fhiachainn ris an oighreachd a thoir air a h-ais, agus toireachd a thoir a mach ; ach mar is trice thainig 's ann bu mhiosa dh'fhalbh.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

"THE GAEL."—This Gaelic periodical, which is now in its fifth year, has, last month, changed hands, and is now the property of Messrs Mac-lachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh. In a valedictory address to the reader, in the last issued—the July—number, the late editor and proprietor, Angus Nicholson, explains the causes of the irregularity in the appearances of the *Gael* during the last twelve months. We have no doubt that, under the new management and well proved enterprise, in the Celtic field, of its present proprietors, the *Gael* will receive new vigour, and will soon make up for his irregularity in the past. Let us have it brought up to date as early as possible, and we have no hesitation in predicting it a success beyond anything it has yet attained. [Since the above was written the August number has appeared—within a fortnight of its predecessor.]

"THE GLASGOW HIGHLANDER."—On Saturday the 11th November, a new paper has been issued in Glasgow, called the *Glasgow Highlander*. It consists of twelve pages, and is intended as the organ to represent the views of the large body of Highlanders congregated in the City of Glasgow. The promoters admit that there are other provincial papers here and there throughout the Highlands devoted to Highland interests ; but they allege that these are necessarily too much taken up with local matters and questions of little general interest. The proprietors of the *Glasgow Highlander*, therefore, have started it as a less local and less provincial journal, with the view to meet the cosmopolitan wants of Highlanders at home and abroad. There is, no doubt, room for a well conducted paper of the kind in Glasgow. We would, however, caution the editor against making a paper, which is intended to meet the wants of *all* classes of his countrymen, a stalking horse for airing his own peculiar crotchets and opinions. If he wants to influence and "educate" the Highlanders, he must conduct his paper in such a way as to secure and maintain a circulation in the Highlands. He must *lead*, not *scold*, those who possess influence amongst us. We wish the *Glasgow Highlander* every success, and extend him the right hand of fellowship. *Buaidh agus piseach leis.*

A RESOLUTION was adopted by the Council of Trinity College, Dublin, setting forth the expediency, when funds can be provided, of establishing in the University a Chair of Celtic Literature and Languages. We trust that this matter will attract some public attention. It will be a matter of pain to every patriotic Irishman (says the *Freeman's Journal*) if, while the efforts of Professor Blackie give Scotland her Celtic Chair, "Old Trinity" will remain without a professor of the language and the letters of the Erse.



## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

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[CONTINUED.]

THE following is a literal translation of the Gaelic account in the last instalment of the *Ceilidh* of

## HOW THE MACKENZIES OBTAINED POSSESSION OF GAIRLOCH.

There was a laird of the Mackenzies, once upon a time, who married a daughter of the Earl of Ross, and she had only one eye, and whatever came between Laird Mackenzie and the Earl of Ross and his daughter, he (Mackenzie) sent her home to himself (Earl of Ross), and he put her on the back of a one-eyed horse, and he sent a one-eyed lad (*gille*) with her, and a one-eyed dog along with them. The Earl of Ross took so much offence that he determined to come and destroy the Clan Mackenzie.

The affairs of the family were at this time a turn dis-arranged. It was Kenneth, son of the wife who was sent home, who was the rightful heir in the opinion of some, but there was not in him but a man who was not altogether wise. He was not long when he commenced to war with the king, and the king got hold of him and put him to death. He left no children, and his brother, a very young lad got the estate. Hector Roy (Red), his uncle, was an uncommonly brave man, and when the Earl of Ross came to take out revenge for sending home his daughter in such a disgraceful manner, it was in Hector Roy that the whole of the Clan Mackenzie placed their confidence as their chief.

The Earl of Ross brought with him seven hundred men to fight with Hector Roy, and to destroy all he had. When Hector Roy heard this, he gathered his own men, but he could only raise seven score—a score against every hundred the Earl had.

They met each other, they went in order, and the fight commenced; and there was a man there, by name big Rory MacIennan, who was called "Suarachan," as a nickname, and he went to see the battle. The matter was getting hot for Hector Roy; he came where "Suarachan" was, and said to him "Is this how it is Rory, and I in hard distress, and you not helping me." "What shall I get?" said Rory. "You will get one man's share," said Hector Roy. Rory arose, and with his own great sword he killed a man and sat on his corpse.

Hector Roy came his way the second time, and he said to him, "Is this how it is again Rory, and I in sore distress?" "What shall I get?" said "Suarachan" again. "You will get two men's share," said Hector Roy. Rory arose, and with his own great sword he killed another man, and he sat on his body.

Hector Roy came the third time, and he said to him, "Is this how it is again Rory, and I in real sore distress?" "You only promised me two men's share," said "Suarachan," "and I killed two." "I would not be reckoning with you," said Hector Roy. "Suarachan" arose with his

great sword unsheathed, crying at the height of his voice, "The man that would not reckon with me, I would not be reckoning with him."\* He commenced on the enemy, and in a short time put them to flight, and in their hurry they came to the side of the river, and met a woman, of whom they asked "where was the ford on the river, on which they might cross?" "Oh! beloved one," said the woman, "the river is all one ford together—though it is black, it is not deep." The flight came so close upon them, that they were going out on the river wherever it met them. They were carried away by the stream in their hundreds, and there were many bushes alongside of it, on which they were laying hold. "Suarachan" was seeing this, and every one whom he saw laying hold of a bush, he was running to him, cutting the bush, and saying, "as I was allowing you so much all day, I will let you have that also." The Earl of Ross lost the day, and it was won by Hector Roy.

When the peace came, Hector Roy and his men sat down to take food, but they only had one bannock for each man, and they had none for "Suarachan"; but every man gave him a mouthful, and in that way he got the largest share—seven score mouthfuls.

Now, when the Earl of Ross saw that he could not revenge himself upon Hector Roy, he went to the King and got head-money put on Hector Roy for his capture. Hector was obliged to take flight; but twelve men followed him, and where he would be to-day, he would not be to-morrow. It was the law at that time, if one on whom head money was, kept himself safe for seven years, that he would be free from (further) pursuit.

At this time there was no superior on Caithness but the King himself, and it was MacCailean of Argyile, a relative of Hector Roy's, on his mother's side, that the King was sending to lift the rents; and Hector Roy found out that the Caithness men agreed among themselves to kill the Clan MacCailean (the Campbells) the next time they came to lift the rents. When Hector Roy found out that this was the intention of the Caithness men, he took Caithness on him with his twelve men.

He was in the hills of Caithness, and MacCailean came with his guards; they raised their tents to themselves, and they put past the night there. They got up in the morning, MacCailean looked on, and the Caithness men were gathering above him. He came in among his men, and said unto them, "If you will not cut through the Caithness men, they will put us out on the sea; but I am seeing a big man above them, and twelve men with him, and he is putting more fear on me than the Caithness men altogether."

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\* We think "Suarachan" and Hector Roy are Sir Walter Scott's originals for the Smith and the Chief in the "Fair Maid of Perth." When in the West Highlands, Scott most likely would have heard the story. He informs us in a note that his "Lament for the Last of the Seaforths" is an imitation of a boat song he heard in Kintail. The following looks very much like another imitation:—"After killing his man, his powerful recruit (Smith) removed at a distance from the ranks, and showed little disposition to join them. 'What ails thee man?' said the Chief, 'can so strong a body have a mean and cowardly spirit? Come and make part in the combat.' 'You as good as called me hireling just now,' replied Harry; 'If I am such' (pointing to the headless corpse) 'I have done enough for my day's wage.' 'He that serves me without counting his hours,' replied the Chief, 'I reward him without reckoning wages.' 'Then,' said the Smith, 'I fight as a volunteer, and in the post which best likes me,'"



MacCailean and his men went under their arms, and they went away to cut through them. When the combat commenced, down comes Hector Roy and his twelve men; they commenced on the Caithness men; it was only a few of them that escaped; peace came, and Hector Roy and MacCailean went to speak to each other. Hector told MacCailean the state he was in. "What," said MacCailean, "can I, and what do you wish me to, do for you?" "Its yourself that knows best," said Hector Roy. "You will go to Edinburgh on such a day; I will meet you there, and I will see what I can do for you," said MacCailean.

On the appointed day Hector Roy went away to Edinburgh; MacCailean met him there, and he settled with him that the King and he would be in such and such a place on such and such a day; he (Hector Roy) to pass by, and when he would see MacCailean and the King together, to come where they were, to go on his knee before the King, and MacCailean said to him that "the King would lay hold of him by the hand to raise him up, and," says he, "remember that his hand shall know that he laid hold of you."

Before this (happened) MacCailean and the King were talking together about Hector Roy, and the King said that he was "a wild, brave man, who it was impossible for them to lay hold of."

"If you will grant my request, King," said MacCailean, "I will give him to you by the hand." The King promised that to him.

When the day set apart arrived, Hector Roy went away past the place where the King and MacCailean were taking a blow of the morning wind. He made straight for them, and went on his knee before the King. The King laid hold of his hand to raise him up. Hector tightened the King's hand; he got up and went away, and when he went, the King showed his hand to MacCailean, and the blood rushing out at the points of his fingers.

"Why did you not keep him?" said MacCailean.

"There was not a man in the kingdom who would keep yon man," said the King.

"Well then, yon's Hector Roy for you, and I must now get my request," said MacCailean.

"You'll get that, you earned it; what is it?" said the King.

"That Hector Roy get his peace," said MacCailean, and Hector Roy got his peace.

The King took such a liking to Hector Roy's strength and bravery, that he was very anxious to have him as one of his own body-guard. Hector, however, excused himself, now that he had secured his peace, that he had many matters to put in order at home, but he promised to come now and then out to Edinburgh to visit the King.

Hector, as he promised, was going to see the King. A sister of Hector Roy's—daughter of the laird of Brahan—was married to Black John, son of Rory, the Macleod, who was in Gairloch, residing in the old castle in the Dùn, at the south end of the Big Sand.\* Some alteration

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\* The foundation of this ancient fortress can be clearly traced to this day.

had (at this time) to be made on the title deeds of the estate. One of the times when Hector Roy was going out to Edinburgh to see the King, *Iain Dubh* gave him the titles to get them altered, and Hector Roy incurred some expenses with the (alteration of) titles.

A daughter of The Chisholm was Hector Roy's lawful wife, and he had a son by her called John. He was brought up in Strathglass, in The Chisholm's house, and for that reason he was called "*Iain Glasach*" (Strathglass John). He died in Eilean Donnan Castle, in Kintail, and the people of Kintail sent his corpse to the people of Strathglass, and they buried him in the large Church of Beaully.\* He left one son, whose name was John, who was called in the locality John Roy, son of John Glasach. This young man was brought up with a Macdonald, who was forester in the Glas-letter of Kintail, and who was called *Iain Liath* (grey-haired John). And it is said that John Roy's mother (*Iain Glasach's* widow) married the Laird of Mackay.

John Roy grew up a big, brave youth, and when he came to the age of manhood he went to Mackay's country to see his mother. On arriving at Mackay's house he did not make known who he was, nor did his mother. It was a custom in those days not to ask any stranger, who chose to stay in a gentleman's house, who he was or where he came from, till he was a year and a day in the house. Mackay had two rare dogs, one of which was called "*Cu-dubh*" (Black dog), and the other "*Faolag*" (Gull), and John Roy was in the habit of going to the hills with them to hunt. He would be giving the food he was taking to the hills for himself to the dogs. Thus the dogs became so fond of him that they would follow no one but himself. It was in the nether-end—the servants' end—of the house that he slept and took his food.

The year was drawing to its close, and on a day of the days Mackay said to his wife that he suspected that he (John Roy) was a gentleman's son, and on his saying this to her, her eyes dropped (tears) as a shower. Mackay noticed her: "Is this how it is," said he, gently reproving her, "he would not be with my servants if I had known as you had, that he was *Iain Glasach's* only son." He then ordered him to his own table, and he was with themselves all the time he remained in the house; but at last Mackay said, "What do you desire me to do for you?" "Oh nothing," said John Roy, "but that you should give me the twelve which I shall choose myself out from among your men, and '*Cu-dubh*' and '*Faolag*.'"

He got those, and certainly they were not craven or faint-hearted, and for *Iain Liath*, in the Glas-letter, he started. They took with them an anker of whisky, and they (soon) arrived at the Glas-letter. *Iain Liath* was at the Shealing, and John Roy would not allow those who were with him to go in sight of *Iain Liath's* hut. He went by himself, and seeing a creel out at the door of the hut he sat upon it. *Iain Liath's* old wife was after rising, and she was spinning on the distaff. She looked, and looked, on the man that was outside. At last she called out to *Iain Liath*, who was lying down, "My man, there is a man out yonder at the door of the hut, sitting on a creel, and I never saw two knees in my life

\* Has this any connection with the fact that the Priory of Beaully is the family burying-place of the lairds of Gairloch to this day?—[ED. C.M.]



more like John Roy's two knees than his knees." When *Iain Liath* heard her, he got up, in his shirt, and made for the door. "Is it you that's there, John?" said he. "Oh! it is." "Have you anything but yourself?" "Oh yes; I have twelve men." "Be off and fetch them." Before he returned, *Iain Liath* had the second bull killed waiting them. When they took their food, *Iain Liath* said to him, "Mackenzie is coming to-day with his hunters to your father's hunting knoll, unless you keep him off yourself."

John Roy and his twelve men, and *Iain Liath* along with them, went away, and they took the whisky with them. Mackenzie arrived with his men, and he saw those men on the hunting-knoll, and he sent a fair-haired youth to enquire "What men they were?" "Sit ye down and we will tell you that," said John Roy. He sat down as requested, and no mistake, the face of the drink was upon him, and every time he would make for going away, another was offered him. Mackenzie was thinking long that the youth was not coming back, and he sent another youth on. It happened to him as it happened to the other. When Mackenzie saw what was going on, he said, "I am discerning that John Roy returned, if he did, I may be going home;" and he took Brahan on him.

John Roy and his band then returned to *Iain Liath's* hut. "What will you do now, John?" said *Iain Liath*. "What do you propose yourself I should do?" "I will tell you that," answered *Iain Liath*. "I have the title deeds of Gairloch in your grandfather's (Hector Roy) chest, and you and your men will go and claim the estate, and I shall accompany you."—and they went. *Iain Liath* lifted his cattle, his wife, his maid-servant, and his herdsman, and they proceeded until they came in at *Bealach a Chomhla*, at the side of *Baos-Bheinn*.

After coming down some distance from the mountain, they met in with a good well; they laid down their chattels at the well, which is to this day called *Iain Liath's* well. They left the cattle and the old woman yonder; they came on, and met with people from whom they received the news of the country. These people informed them that it was a habit with *Iain Dubh MacRuairidh* (Macleod, laird of Gairloch) every day, to walk west the Big Sand, and to lie on the top of the Crasg, to view the country, and try what he could see.

They came there where he was, and *Iain Liath* said to him, "If you do not depart and take thy feet along with you from the Castle of the Dùn before this very night you will lose the head." *Iain Dubh MacRuairidh* became alarmed for his life, and everything that was in the castle that was worth the labour, was put in the *Birlinn*, except one chest, which was left behind by mistake, and in which was (some of) the title deeds of Macleod to the estate. Thus came John Roy and the Mackenzies to Gairloch.

Often did the Macleods return, attempting to take the estate back, and to take out revenge, but the oftener they came, the worse they went.

(To be Continued.)

## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By ALASTAIR OG,

[CONTINUED.]

—o—

## MORT NAN LEODACH.

“EH! charaide,” arsa Coinneach Friseil, “dh’fhag thu cachala innte. Cha’n eil guth ma Chloinn ’ic Leoid a bha ’n Eilean Loch Thollaidh an deighe Clann ’ic Bheathain. Bha dhithis bhraithrean aig an am so, a reir mo sgiala-sa, a’ fuireach anns an Eilean, cuide ris an uachdaran. Latha dheth na lathaichean chaidh na fir—a dhithis bhraithrean—a bhreacach air Abhuinn Iugh. Ma dheireadh dh’fhas iad sgìth dheth an obair sin, shuidh iad, a leigeil an anail, agus chaidil iad ris a ghrein. Dar a dhuig iad rinn iad guim eadar iad fhein gum marbhadh iad am brathair—an t’ uachdaran dligheach—a bha aig an dearbh am, gu neo-chulmhor anns an eilean cuide ri mhnaoi ’s ri chuid cloinne; agus gum biodh an oighreachd a rèis aca fhein. Dh-fhalbh na reabaltaich, agus tachradair am brathair agus a dhithis mac oga ri, air an rathad, agus mharbh iad ann an sin iad, agus thiodhlaic iad fear dhiu anns’ a ghleann ris an canair gus an latha ’n diugh Gleann Bhadaidh na h’Aisg. Ghabh iad air an aghart dhachaidh a dh’ ionnsuidh an tighe a bh’aca ann an Gearrloch. Ach thigeadar eadar na fir air an rathaid, mu dheighinn cuid gach fir dheth ’n oighreachd, agus mharbh an dara fear am fear eile.”

“Dar a chunnaic a bhantrach bhochd mar thachair, rinn i, gu muledach deurach, dìreach air seann duine glic a bha fuireach ann an Achadh-deasdal, agus dh’innis i dha mar a thachair. Thug esa comhairle oirre rian air choir-eigin a dheanamh air am aodach a bh’ air a chloinn a ghoid a mach as an Tigh Mhor. Mo na se tigh-slaite a bh’ ann cha robh sin duilich ri dheanamh. Ghearr dithis ghillean tapaidh an caol, ’s thug iad a mach na leintean fola troimh chliathaich an tighe. Thug a bhantrach a casan leth a cho grad sa bha na buinn do Bhrathain, air ionnsaidh Mhic Coinnich, a caraide dileas fein. Dar a chual esa mar a bha, rinn e bonn dìreach air aghart do Dhun-edin, chon an robh an rìgh. Thilg e na leintean fuilteach air a bheulabh, dh’innis e dha uile mar thachair, ’s thug an rìgh dha airgid-cheann á Clann ’ic Leoid; ordugh cloidh is teine orra; agus an sgrios deth aghaidh na talmhainn; am fearann a thoir uatha; agus a chumail uatha gu brath. A nise ’s aun an deighe so a thainig Clann a Choinnich, agus a sgiursaidh iad na Leodaich air falbh, mar dh’innis thusa ’s a sgeulachd. Innsidh mi ’nise,” arsa Coinneach, “mar thachair”

## LATHA NA LUINGE.

BHA tighearna Macleoid air Raarsair uair agus chuir e ’n aon mhac a bh’aige mar bhara-dighinneachd a dh’iarraidh nighean fear a Chaisteal Ruaidh air do’n oganach a bhi aig aois posaidh. Dar a rainig e’n Caisteal Ruadh bha-sa ga fialaidh furanach ris, agus bha bhan-oglach Ghaidhealach, nighean an duin uasail, deonach oighre Mhicleoid a phosadh. Bha brath-



air anmanta aice, agus cha tugadh e dha mar mhnaoi i gus am faiceadh e gu de seorsa fear a bh'ann a Macleoid—am bu diulanach tapaidh agus gaisgeal e—ach am faigheadh e mach an robh e na leomhann tapaidh a thaobh naduir. Leis an ana-miann's ann a chuir e fein agus an t-oganach eile, a bha coltach a bhi na bhrathair aige, dulan air a cheile leis a chlaidheamh, agus mar bha'n diom-buaidh, mharbh MacConnich oighre Raarsair anns a chomhstri. An deighe so chomhairlich tighearna Ghearrloch da Mhurchadh a mhac a dhol a dh'iarraidh nighean tighearna Raarsair mar mhnaoi, agus thionaladh prasan dheth na daoine bu tapaidh bha 'n Gearloch, gu falbh cuide ri Murchadh a dh'iarraidh na mna, agus mar a bha 'n diom-buaidh anns a chuis, co bha na ghille-suirthich aig mac tighearna Ghearrloch ach mac fear a Chaisteal Ruaidh, a mharbh mac MhicLeoid Raarsair dar a chaidh e dh'iarraidh phiuthar ri posadh, agus bha seann fholachd aig muinntir Raarsair da dh-fhear a Chaisteal Ruaidh air son an t-oighre ac' a mharbhadh. Dh-fhalbh am prasan a Gearloch gu neo-ghealtach, agus rainig iad ceann a deas Raarsair, gu aite, mar theirear ris gus an latha'n diugh, "Corran Oighre." Se sin do bhrigh's gun deach an eanchain a chur a oighre Ghearrloch ann a sud leis na clachan. Dar a chunnaic na Raarsairich gur e mac fear a Chaisteal Ruaidh a bh'aige na ghille-suirthich, thionail iad muinntir Raarsair gu leir, a chum's gumarbhadh iad le cheile iad. Chaidh Murchadh Ghearrloch air tir roimh chach, agus mas b'urrainn na Gearraich a chobhar, mharbh na Raarsairich leis na clachan e. Dar a chunnaic na Gearraich gu 'n deach Murchadh a mharbhadh chaidh iad dheth an tabhuil. Cha leigeadh iad a h-aon deth na Raarsairich a dh-ionnsuidh na birlinn. Thainig a chiad bhata dhiubh a dh'ionnsuidh na birlinn, ach chaidh gach ceann dheth amhaich dhiubh mas d'fhuair anam dhiubh air bord. M'as da tharadh iads' uileadh a chisleachadh thainig bata eile dheth na Raarsairich air taobh eile na birlinn agus fhuair cuid dhiubh-san air bord. A chuid sa chuid deth, thoisich a chomh-stri's thainig an obair, 's an traoghais. Bha choltas air muinntir Ghearrloch gu'm faigheadh iad damaiste, ach thainig oganach a Chaisteil Ruaidh a nuas a deireadh na birlinn, 'us claidheamh anns gach laimh aige, agus rinn e treuntas fhuilteach, agus cobhair mhor ri muinntir Ghearrloch, ach bha na Raarsairich a tighinn gu math teann orra ged nach da mharbh iad duine. Bha 'n cath a fas cruaidh. Bha aon duine ann a mhuinntir Ghearrloch a theap ana-cothrom fhaighinn—Ruairidh Mor Mac Eachainn Ghlais—fear da theaghlach Bhadachro, agus chaidh e fhein agus fear dheth na Raarsairich ann an comh-stri ri cheile, ann an toiseach na birlinn, le 'n claidheanan, agus bha choltas gum buadhaicheadh an Raarsaireach air mac fhir Bhadachro. Thainig Coinneach Mor MacCoinnich chon an robh iad, agus thuirt e ri mac fhir Bhadachro, "an dith-bidh air an ole, am bheil an siogaire sin a cumail riut fhathast." "Oh tha," ars esa, "ach a Choinnich nan cumadh tusa iomlaid da bhuille ris, ach an glanain-sa mo shuilean, chitheadh tusa mar a thachradh dha," agus rinn Coinneach mar sud. Dar a fhuair Ruairidh Mor Mac Eachainn Ghlais a shuilean glan, le alt a dha ordaig a shuathadh unnta, chuir e leis an ath bheum dheth a chlaidheamh ceann an Raarsairich a mach air taobh na birlinn.

Chuartich na Leodaich i cho mor's nach robh rian aig na Gearraich an cumail air an ais. Ma dheireadh, 's ann leis a phrais a bh'ac' a bruich

am bèdh a thilgeil innt' a chuir iad fodha an ath chulaidh dheth na Raarsairich. Chaidh a phrais troimhe, 's chaidh i fodha leis na h-uile mac mathar a bh'innte shluagh.

Chunnaic iad t'eile tighiun, 's cha robh rian air na bh'innte-sa chumail air an ais; oir, theirig a h-uile meadhon a bh'ac' anns a bhirlinn, ach an t'seana-mhusgaid dubh a dhiult strad fad an latha. Rug Fionnla Dubh a Mealabhaig oirre, dar a chunnaic e mar bha chuis a dol, agus thubhairt e, 's e ga cumail dìreach ris na bh'air dara taobh na culaidh, "Bho nach da fhreagair thu fad an latha 'n ainm Dhia, freagair a nise an ainm an donais." Fhreagair i, agus chuir i na bh'air dara taobh na culaidh a mach a thaobh an cuil air a mhuir, agus thionndan i air a beul-foipe leis a chorr. Dar a chunnaic am Faobaire MacCaoidhean a marbhag a bh'air muinntir Raarsair leis na Gearraich thainig e dh'ionnsuidh chladaich. Fhuair e greim air tobha-tìre na birlinn agus char e 'na cho-bhonn gu 'toir air tìr. Ach thug fear dheth na Gearraich an aire dha, agus thug e 'n duidear-leum suas, le seann tuagh mheirgeach a bh'aige, ghearr e'n tobha air gualainn na birlinn, agus thuit am Faobaire Mòr MacCaoidhean, leis an tarruing, a thaobh a chuill, agus bhris e cnaimh a dhroma.

Cha robh duine treun a nis' an Raarsair. Bha corr agus trì fìthead banntarach ann an oidhche sin, air chul na chaidh a mharbhadh da ghillean oga. Leig iad acair na birlinn as, agus sheol iad a dh'ionnsuidh na Comraich. Dar a rainig iad, char a bhirlinn a thoir air tìr, agus dh-fhag iad fuidh *chomraich* na mara i. Agus theirear mar sin a "Chomraich" ris an sgìre gus an latha 'n diugh.

Thainig iad a sin gu ruige Gearrloch, agus chuir tighearna Ghearrloch failte 's furan orr', ach dar a chunnaic e nach d'thainig Murchadh, se thubhairt e, "Hùt a dūdi fhearabh, thainig sibh dhachaidh agus Murchadh agams fhagail." 'S ann a thubhairt Fionnla Dubh ris gu'm b'fhearr dha dhol a steach, 'sa bheatha fhein a ghleidheadh, "Thigeadh sinne dhachaid agus tu fhein is Murchadh fhagail." Chunnaic e nach robh math a thigh'nn garg riu. Thug e aoidheachd na h-oidhche dhoibh uile. Anns a mhaduinn sgìt iad, 's chaidh gach fear a rathad fhein dachaidh.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

AN T'ORANAICHE—THE GAELIC SONGSTER.—We are glad to learn that Part I. of Sinclair's Gaelic Songster sold well; and that the publisher will consequently be able to issue Part II. in a few days.



## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

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[CONTINUED.]

THA mi coma nise, arsa Coinneach, ge da dh' innsean duibh, mas a maith leibh sgeulachd,

## FREICEADAN A CHOIRE-DHUIBH.

Bha uair-eigin ann an Lochaber, fear dha'm b'ainm, Domhnall Mac-Dhomhnuill Duibh,—duine crosda, agus taghadh a mheirlich, agus bha brathair aige, ris an canadh iad Iain Geal Donn, agus cha robh meirleach feola ann an Alba a b'fhearr na e ach an dara mac do Mhac Dhomhnuill Duibh. Chuir Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh fios gu tighearna Ghearrloch—am fear sin diubh ris an can sinn ann a seanna chainnt ur n-aithrichean “Alastair Breac”—gun tugadh Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh creach uaithe, agus neor-thaing dha. Se sin do bhrìgh 's gun do dh'fhairtlich air a toir uaithe roimhe. 'S ann a chuir Alastair Breac an sin fios air duine cho treun 's air an cual e iomradh anns na trì Siorrachdan, agus be sin am fear ris an abradh iad, Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, ann a Strath-Oicill, talamh 'bha na luidhe eadar Cat-thaobh agus Ros, gu bli na cheannard Freiceadain aige, mun tugadh na h-Abraich a spreidh bho chuid tuatha, cuide ris na tharadh e fhein a dheanamh chobhair ris. Se sin do bhrìgh 's gun robh spagairean do dhaoine neo-unhailleach aige fhein ann an Gearloch a dheanadh cobhair ri Alastair. Smuainich Iain Geal Donn a nise, le deichnear dhaoine agus e fein, a dhol gu tuath, cho fad ri aite ris an canair, gus an latha 'n diugh, an Amailt; agus mar tha 'n sgeulachd ag innse, thog na meirlich Abrach, as a sin, aon mhart diag agus tarbh; agus choisich iad leis a chreich troimh mhonaidhnean Rois, agus choisich iad troimh aite, ris an canair, gus an latha 'n diugh, Stra-bhathaich; agus chaidh iad a steach air Stra-chonnan, a cumail air an aghart, ach an d'thainig iad agus gun do stad iad air an oidhche aig aite ris an can iad gus an latha 'n diugh, a Sgaird-ruadh; agus 's iad fhein a thug an t-ainm air an aite anns an do stad iad, do bhrìgh 's gun do chuir iad na bruidean thuige cho mor, 's gur e fuil a bha iad a cur uatha dar a stad iad air an oidhche.

Uaithe so a mach rothais Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, ceannard freiceadan tighearna Ghearrloch, gun robh a meirleach mor—Iain Geal Donn—air tighinn a steach an tìr, le creach a Siorrachd Rois; agus mar a thuit air a chuis a bhidh cho mi-chinnteach, thachair gur e gille Abrach, a bh'aig Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh; ach ghluais e gu socrach an deighe na feadail, agus, an am tuiteam na h-oidhche, bha fios cinnteach aig Alastair, gu stadadh na meirlich aig bothanan-airidh na Sgairde-ruaidhe; agus dar a dhorehnaich an oidhche, char Alastair Buidhe, gu seolta, anns a chromail air aruinn (fhaguisg?) nam meirleach; agus dar a bha iad mar uighe beagan astair dha na bhothan, chuir e'n gunna ri corp a ghille Abrach aige fhein, ag cuir mionnan air gum biodh e cho dileas ris fhein, air neadh gum biodh e marbh air ball. Mhionnaich an t' Abrach gum biodh, agus ghluais iad an sin, le cheile, air ionnsuidh a bhothain; agus chuir Alastair mionnan, a rithist air a ghille Abrach, 's e dha chur gu

dorus a bothain, nach leigeadh e mach duine dheth na bha steach. Dar a rainig iad am bothan, bha na h-Abraich, gu neo-umhailleach, a rosdadh cuibhroinn dheth an tairbh. Thug an gille Abrach an dorus air, agus char Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh gu ceann a bhothain; thog e earball sgrathan, agus thug e suil gu de bha-sa deanamh steach. Bha Iain Geal Donn, gu neo-mhuladach, na sheasaidh, a deanamh garadh chul-chas air fhein ris an teine, Thionndaidh e ris na fir a bha mu'n cuairt do'n teine a rosdadh na feola, agus thubhairt e riu, "Fhearabh, seallaibh a mach, tha mise 'faighinn faladh fudair"; agus mun do thare 'n ath fhacal a chantainn, bha 'n luaidhe troinbh na chaoldruim aige, bho na ghunna aig Alastair Buidhe. Leig e sud thuige, 's thug e 'n dorus air, a chobhair an Abraich. Thainig na fir a bha steach a mach, agus cha do leig na fir a bha muigh duin' as duibh, ach aon fhear a fhuair as le altapadh; ach chuir iad sail na coise dheth an fhear sin fhein. Lean iad e ach an do ghabh iad sgios; ach cha d' rug iad air. Thill iad an sin a dh'ionnsuidh nam marbhan a bh'anns a bhothan agus dh'ith iad na bha feumail doibh do shithinn an tairbh; agus dar a dh'ith, rug iad iar Iain Geal Donn, na mharbhan, agus dh'fhuaigh iad e ann a seiche 'n tairbh agus chur iad an cabar rosdaidh, bh'aig na h-Abraich, tarsuinn na bheul. Dh'fhag iad mar sud e fhein, sa chompanaich, marbh; agus dh'fhalbh Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, an latha na mhaireach, gu tighearna Ghearrloch, agus dh'innis e dha mar a thachair. Chord a sheirbhis, ro mhath, ri Alastair Breac; 's cha luaithe' fhuair e 'n naigheachd, na chuir e gille-ruithe do Bhrathainn, a dh'innse do Mhac-Choinnich, gun deach a leithid a dheanamh, air a leithid so do dhuine. Dar a rainig an sgeula MacChoinnich, mar bha 'n gnothuich iongantach, co thuit air a bhi cuide ris aig a dhiathad, ach gum be Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh. Dar a leugh MacChoinnich litir tighearna Ghearrloch, thilg e null gu MacDhomh'uill Duibh i; agus thubhairt e ris, "Fuil oirbh thall a sin a mheirleachaibh." Mar bhun a chuis gu dosgainneach ri Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh, cha d'fhuirich e ris an diathad na b'fhaide. Dh'fhalbh e da Lochaber; agus chuir e gillean gu ruige braighe Sthrath-chonnan, gu bothanan-airidh na Sgairde-ruaidhe, agus thug iad Iain Geal Donn leo, gu Corpach Lochabar; 's tha carn-cuimhne air ann an sin gas an latha 'n diugh.

Dar a fhuair MacDhomh'uill Duibh air a dhoigh ann an Lochabar, 's ann a smuanaich e cur gu cruaidh ri tighearna Ghearrloch, agus creach a thoir dheth a chuid fearainn. Dar a chual tighearne Ghearrloch so, thional e beagan (ceithir fichead fear) dheth a chuid daoine, gu cumail nan Ab-rach air an ais. Bha iad cuide ris fhein fad na h-oidhche ann an seann tigh an Teampuill, mar theirte ris. Dar a thainig a mhaduinn, dh'fhalbh na fir, agus ma dh'fhalbh, gu dearbh bha'm prasan gle neo-sgeadachail, ach bha iad calma, neo-sgathach. Cha b'fhada gus an d'rainig iad Coire Dubh Liaghaich, mar theireas ris gus an latha 'n diugh, agus mar a bha chuis gun chinnte, bha bothanan-airidh air urlar a Choire, agus cha robh fios aig na Gearraich nach robh na h-Abraich nan luidhe anns na bothanan, ri foill folaich. Cha robh fios co a reitheadh a ramsachadh an robh iad unnta gus nach robh; ach thubhairt fear treun, tapaidh, dheth na bha anns a chuideachda, ris an cainte Alastair Ros, dheth an Lonmhor "Theid mise ann." Ged a bha Alastair gle neo-sgeadasach na chruth, cha robh easbhuidh misneachd air. Dar a rainig e 'm bothan, thubhairt e,



an aird a ghuth, “Ma tha thu steach an so, a mhic diolain a choin, bi mach a so”; ach ma thubhairt cha d’fhuair freagar. Mar bha chuis gu math air taobh nan Abrach, cha d’thainig iad air an aghart; agus fhuair na Gearraich sgeula gur ann mar so a bha, bho mhuinntir Coire Mhic-cromail, ann an Toireardan, aig an aon am ag innseadh dha na Gearraich, nan d’thainig na h-Abraich, gur iadsa na fir a dheanadh cobhair ri muinntir Ghearrloch. Nuair a chual’ iad mar a bha, thill am prasgan neo-sgeadasach, gun phrois, gun ghealtachd, air an ais a Ghearrloch, agus chaith iad an oidheche ann an tigh an Teampuill, aig tighearna Ghearrloch, ag ol, sa ceol, sa ’g aidhir. Dar a bha iad a tighinn dachaidh, troimh cheann Loch-iugh, co thachradh riu ach Ruairidh Breac, Mac Dhonnachaidh Bhàin, seann bhard a bha anns a Chromasag, ann am Braighe Cheann-Loch-iugh, ’s rinn e ’n t-oran a leanas do “Fhreiseadan a Choire Dhuibh” :—

#### TIGH-DIGE NAN GORM-GHLAC.

Oidheche dhomh ’s an Tigh-Dhige  
 Mhearanach, fhuranach, rioghail,  
 Oidheche dh’ onair mo shaoghail,  
 A chuir mo dhorain air di-chuimhn’.  
 Fuaim brollaich air piob ann,  
 Cainnteach, sgoileireach, gniomhach  
 Coinnleach, solusach, piobach,  
 Gheibhte solas, is fion ann ri ol,  
     Gheibhte solas, is fion ann ri ol.

Tigh-Dige nan Gorm-ghlac,  
 Far am biodh miadh air luchd-falbha,  
 Gheibhte piob agus orghan,  
 Urram, sith, agus seanchas.  
 Uisge, brigheil na tairgne,  
 Ga chuir am pisean do’n airgiod,  
 Uath na laochanaibh meannnach,  
 Uath lamh mhaoinich an airgiod ’s an oir,  
     Uath lamh mhaoinich an airgiod ’s an oir.

Lionte lan iad gun amhuil,  
 Air deagh shlainte Mhic Iain,  
 A chraobh is airde ri h-amhare  
 Ann an garadh an abhuill,  
 ’S i cho laidir na ’cathair,  
 ’S nach dean failbheirt a crathadh,  
 Fasgadh ’s blaths ris a chabhadh,  
 Do na thàrus i ghleidheadh fo meoir,  
     Do na thàrus i ghleidheadh fo meoir.

Mo na tharladh dhomh ’thighinn,  
 Do d’ thigh-thabhairn-sa ’shuidhe,  
 Chon am bi m’ ailleagan dibhe,  
 So do dheoch-slainte s’ fhir chridhe

Taghadh an oganaich chridheil ;  
 Cuirte doigh air an fhidheil,  
 Agus seol air an ruidheil  
 Is air dortadh na dibhe,  
 Sochair solais bu tighearnail oirne,  
 Sochair solais bu tighearnail oirne.

B'u ceann na filidh, 's fear-tighe,  
 'N am na feisde g'a caitheamh,  
 Bha thu treun anns gach rathad,  
 Ann an ceill, 's ann an tamail,  
 Ann am foghlum, 's an labhairt,  
 'S ann riut a dh' eisdeadh na maithean ;  
 Bu tu 'n dreagan nach athadh,  
 Nuair a dh' fheumadh tu 'n claidheamh na d' dhorn,  
 Nuair a dh' fheumadh tu 'n claidheamh na d' dhorn.

'Se do bhord a bhiodh rioghail  
 Ann am poite, na fiona,  
 'S lionmhor corn agus pise,  
 'N obair or-cheird bu daoire,  
 'S bhiodh na seoid air gach taobh dhiot,  
 A cumail coir riut, a's dh'fhaodadh,  
 'S nan tigeadh baoghall 's an rioghachd,  
 Bu tu sail-bhrollaich an t-Siphortaich oig,  
 'S tu sail-bhrollaich an t-Siphortaich oig.

'S tu 'n laoch furanach, fialaidh,  
 Bho fhrith mhullaich an fhiadhaich,  
 Dha 'm bi aidhean ga 'm biathadh  
 Agus greidheanan lionmhor ;  
 Chuir thu cisteachan iasgaich,  
 Air do bhuinneachan fiona.  
 'S iomadh urram thug Dia dhuit,  
 'S tu 'b 'urrainn g'an riaghladh a sheoid,  
 'S tu 'b 'urrainn g'an riaghladh a sheoid.

'S tu 'n laoch urramach, ainmeil,  
 Uath 'n tir fhuranaich, airmeil,  
 Nach d' fhuair di-meas, no garbheirt ;  
 Gach cis leat an Alba,  
 Ri linn aisith, no aimhreit,  
 Fhuair righ Shasuinn ort dearbhadh,  
 Nach bu dual duit bhi leanbaidh,  
 Nuair a dh' eireadh an fhearg air do shroin,  
 Nuair a dh' eireadh an fhearg air do shroin.

'S tu triath mheanmnach na h'eilid,  
 Do 'm bun beinn. do 'm bun coille,



Do 'm bun iasg, do 'm bun eirear,  
 Do 'm bun fiadh, do 'm bun gaothar,  
 Leat bu mhiann bhi g'an taoghal,  
 Le d' chuid giomhanach laghach,  
 Leis 'm bu mhiannach an adharc,  
 Ri an cliathaich 'ga faighinn,  
 'S gunna gnìomhach fo 'n fhradharc,  
 Tolladh bhian far an taghail an ceo,  
     Tolladh bhian far an taghail an ceo.

Tha gach buaidh air do bhaile,  
 Le chuid bhuacaichean geala,  
 'S do chuid planigeadh ainneamh,  
 Treobhair ard air a h-earadh  
 Le fiodh, sgliat, agus balla ;  
 Dearsaidh 'ghrian troimh na ghlaire,  
 Na do sheomraichean geala,  
 'S bi eoin-chainnt nam meangan,  
 'Seinn ciuil duit air crannaibh,  
 'S gur leat iasgach air Cearraidh,  
 Agus fiadhach 's a bhaile-sa sheoid,  
     Agus fiadhach 's a bhaile-sa sheoid.

Thu 'theaghlach urramach, teistail,  
 'S an cluinnte farum nam feadan,  
 'Sa fhuair barrachd am Breatuinn,  
 Air ceol is ealan bu deise,  
 Uath fhearabh nam fleasgach,  
 'S e do bhalla gu'm freagradh,  
 Fo mheoir Iain\* g'a 'spreigeadh,  
 'S tu gun togadh le beadradh do sheoid,  
     'S tu gun togadh le beadradh do sheoid.

'N am bhi maoitheadh nan creachan  
 'Thoir a Gearrloch le cabhaig,  
 'S mise chunnaic do phrasgan,  
 'S cha be seorsa nan casag,  
 A bh' aig pola do bhrataich,  
 Ach na h-oganaich ghasta,  
 Do 'm bu chnodach am breacan,  
 Osan gearr fo na ghartan,  
 Agus brogan an astair,  
 'S gunna comhradh nan glasan,  
 'S claidheamh mor a chinn-aisnich nan dorn,  
     'S claidheamh mor a chinn-aisnich nan dorn.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

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\* John Mackay, the celebrated blind piper of Gairloch.

## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

[CONTINUED.]

“MA ta 'Choinnich bu tu fhein an ceatharnach, agus fear mo sgialachd, c'aite an eigin an d' fhuair the greim air na th'agad diubh, agus de bhrod nan seann Oran ?” ars' Alastair Sealgair, “mar rium fhein, an deighe sid, nach coma leam ged a bheirinn fhein duanag. 'S beag a bheireadh orm agus te na dha, a chuala mi aig mo sheanair, mun duine threun, thapaidh, agus bhlath-chridheach sin, air an cuala sinn iomadh iomradh innse dhuibh,”—

## UISDEAN MOR MAC 'ILLE PHADRUIG.

Bha 'n duine so ainmeil airson iomadh treubhantas agus gaisgealachd ri linn, a reir an sgiala a fhuair sinne air. Tha, mar tha fios agaibh uile, monadh ann an taobh deas Ghearrloch ris an abrair, an Tom Buidhe, fada bho aite comhnuidh muinntir air bith, agus tha e na cheum aithghearr gu taobh deas na duthcha, 's bi' muinntir ga ghabhail gus an latha 'n diugh. Ann an ionad araidh air mullach an tuim, tha aite ris an abrair Slogag an Tuim Bhuidhe. Cha ghabhadh neach air bith an rathad so an deigh tuiteam na h'oidheche, nach robh faicinn coslas gobhar bhuidhe a bha a dol ann an iomadh riochd. Chuala Uisdean Mor Mac 'Ille Phadruig iomradh mu 'n aite, 's mu 'n chuis-chlisgidh a bha cuir eagal air luchd gabhail an rathaid aonaranaich so ; agus a chum dearbhadh a chuir air na chual e, smuainich e 'n rathad a ghabhail ; oir cha bu chlaodhaire gealtach e, a theicheadh 'o ni air bith a chitheadh na chluinneadh e.

Dh'fhag e Gearrloch an am dhol fodha na greine, is thainig e gu tigh duine araidh a bha tamh ann am Braigh-Thorusdail, fagus air am bheil abhuinn do'n ainm cheudna. Chaidh e steach, 's chuir e furan is failt air a bhreabadair, oir be sin ceaird an duine. Dh' fhoinnich am breabadair dheth.

“C'ait am bheil thu dol?”

“Tha mi dol” ars' Uisdean “a dh' ionnsuidh an Tom Buidhe.”

“Nach eil eagal ort” ars' am breabadair “gun tachair a Ghobhar Bhuidhe riut?”

“Cha 'neil, tha claidheamh math agam.”

“De ! mur tig e as an truaille dut?”

“Mur a tig fiachaidh mi 'n gunna oirre.”

“De ! mur a freagair e?”

“Mur a freagair fiachaidh mi Catriona, Piuthar mo shean-mhathair oirre.”

Le so air adhart a dh' ionnsuidh na h' aibhne ghabh Uisdean. Air dha bhi meadhon an uisge, chuala e gobhar a meigidich mu choinnidh.



“Tha do mheann bh’ uat a chleideach?” ars’ Uisdean.

“Ma tha” ars’ a ghabhar “fhuair mi nis e,” ’s i toirt leum na choinneamh, sa deanamh greim air, ann a meadhon na h’ aibhne, ’sa ag radh—“Uisdean Mhoir Mhic ’Ille Phadruig, do bheo cha teid as.”

“C’aite a nise am bheil do chladhe ’s do ghunna” ars’ a ghobhar.

Cha d’ thigeadh an claidhe as an truail, ’s cha tugadh an gunna strad.

“C’aite a nise am bheil Catriona, Piuthar do Shean-mhathair?”

“’S tu a b’fhearr cuimhne,” ars’ Uisdean, se toirt tarruing air a bhiodaig, ’s dha sathadh gu smearail anns a ghobhair. Leig a ghobhar sgread bhais aisde, is thar i as. Thill Uisdean Mor gun dail gu tigh a bhreabadair. Choinnich a bhean san dorus e, ’s dh’ fhoinnich e an robh am breabadair a ’steach? Thuirt ise gun robh, ach gun robh e gle thinn. “Leig fhaicinn domh,” ars’ Uisdean?

“Oh! cha leig,” ars’ ise “cha ’n fhaod duine fhaicinn an traths.”

“Feumaidh mi fhaicinn co dhiu,” ars’ Uisdean, ’s e gabhail a steach gu leabaidh a bhreabadair, a bha, cha mhor, anns na h’ubagan deireannach. Thog Uisdean an t’ aodach dheth na bhreabadair gus am fac e an lot a thug a bhiodag ann. Tharruing e Catriona an dara h’ uair, is mharbh e ’m breabadair.”

Cha ’n eil iomradh againne gum facas “gobhar an Tuim Buidhe” o’n oidhche sin.

An deigh do dh’ Uisdean Mor cuir as do ghobhar an Tuim-Buidhe, bha gnothach aige do Lochbhraoin. ’S ann mu dheireadh a gheamhruidh a bha e gabhail an rathaid, ris an abraid, an Diridh-Mhor. Thainig deireadh an la mach anabarrach fiadhaich, le cur is cathadh. Air do dh’ Uisdean tighinn gu aite araidh do’n ainm Leathad-Leacachan, chunnaic e coslas boirionnaich na ’sineadh ri taobh an rathaid. Air ball dh’ fhoinnich e rithe ciod a bha i deanamh an sud ri ’leithid do dh’ oidhche? Thuirt i ris nach b’ urrainn di dhol as gun chobhair—“a thuilleadh air a sin feumaidh tu fiachainn” ars’ ise “ri gnìomh bean-ghluine dheanamh dhomh; oir tha mi ann an saothair-chloinne.” Ghabh Uisdean Mor an dreuchd fos laimh, ’s ann an uin ghoirid dh’aiseadadh i air leanabh mic. Bha an duine calma tapaidh, ann an droch staid, fada bho aite comhnuidh dhaoine, ’s an oidhche gu h’ ole.

Nuair a chunnaic Uisdean mar a bha—gun robh beatha dithis an ceangal ris, mharbh e an t’ each air an robh e a marcachd; dh’ fhosgail e bhroinn, ’s thug e a mionach as, chuir e dheth aodach-uachdair fhein, ’s phaisg e ’bhean san leanabh ann, agus sparr e steach iad araon ann an curach bhlat an eich; chuir e beachd air an aite, agus thug e as cho luath sa bh’ aige dh’ iarraidh cobhair. Fhuair e prasan do dhaoine calma maille ris, ’s phill e gun dail, agus fhuair iad a bhean san leanabh a cur nan ceo dhiubh ann an broinn an eich. Nuair a fhuair Uisdean a bhean air a giulan gu sabhailt gu feadhainn a ghabh curam dhi, dh’ fhag e i is ghabh e thurus. An deireadh a laithean thainig Uisdean gu bochdainn, air chor ’s gum b’eigin da bhi siubhal troimh ’n duthaich a sireadh na deirce. Chaidh e aig am araidh cho fad ri baile Dhuneidin. Bha e dol troimh’n t’ Sraid agus chual e guth ’os a chionn ag radh anns a Ghailig “Is fuar an la ’n diugh air Leathad-Leacachan mu thuath.” Thug e suil

suas, agus chunnaic e eòlas bean uasal sa ceann a mach troimh uinneag. Thubhairt i na focail cheudna an dara h' uair. "Am b' aithne dhuitsa an t' aite sin," ar's Uisdean? "Thig a steach," ar's a bhean "agus innsidh mi sin duit, am bheil cuimhne agadsa a bhi a gabhail Leathad-Leacachan ri oidhche fhiadhaich, cur is cathaidh, agus bean ann an suidheachadh eigneach tachairt riut, agus an doigh air an do thiorc thu a beatha agus beatha a mic? Is mise bhean, agus bithidh mo mhac, a naoidhean a ghleidh thusa beo, a steach an so gun dail." Thainig an gille, 's dh' innis a mhathair dha gu'm be sud an duine ghleidh beo araon iad an oidhche a rugadh e. Dh' fhaoiltich an duin' og Uisdean gu suilbhire, thug e dheth na luideagan, 's thubhairt e ris nach dealaicheadh e ris tuilleadh, 's nach rachadh' e mach uaithse gus an tugadh am bas a mach e. Chaith Uisdean deireadh a laithean gu sona, maille ri Mac Mhuirich a Curach an Eich—ainm a lean ri sliochd an oganaich gas an la an diugh.

Reading a manuscript "History of the Clan Mackenzie" in our possession, after writing the above story, we met with the following account, evidently, of the same incident. The writer shows that Mackenzie of Kintail, who was at Flodden with his uncle, Hector Roy of Gairloch, was not killed as some historians asserted, "but it appears," continues the MS., "that John of Kintail was made prisoner, which induces an anecdote, circumstantially told at the time and yet currently believed in this country, relating to his escape. When his captors were conveying John and some of his followers southward, they were assailed by a violent storm, which forced the party to seek shelter in a retired house occupied by a woman, the wife of a shipmaster, who, observing the captive Highlanders, and in reference to the boisterous weather which then raged, as if unconsciously, exclaimed, 'Lord help those who are travelling on Leathad Leacachan to-day!' Astonished to hear reference thus made to a mountain so familiar to them, she was interrogated with regard to her acquaintance with so distant an object, and she related that, during a sea voyage which she had ventured with her husband, she became so ill that it was necessary to land her on the north-west coast of Scotland, where, travelling with her maid and a single guide, they were overtaken by a storm, and she was taken in labour. In this distress a Highlander passing took compassion her, and as the case was desperate, and there being no other resource, he killed one of his horses, ripped up the belly, and taking out the bowels, replaced them by herself and the new-born infant, as the only effectual means from the storm, till, by this means, he gained sufficient time to procure female attendance—thus saving the mother and child. The most providential instance was, that this relation took place in presence of the humane individual Highlander to whom she owed her preservation—at that time one of Kintail's followers. Her attention being drawn to the fact, she contrived an interview in private, when she fully recognised him, and successfully planned the escape of his master and his whole party."

(To be Continued.)