

The Celtic Annual 1916



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MALCOLM C. MACLEOD.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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Fifth Year of Issue

THE CELTIC ANNUAL

Year Book of Dundee Highland Society

(Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach)



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"The Earth's Awakening."

Painted by E. A. Hornel.

EDITED BY MALCOLM C. MACLEOD

DUNDEE :

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

GLASGOW : ALEX. MACLAREN & SON, ARGYLE STREET

1915



HAURISTON CAST
BRARY ACCESS



FOREWORD.

LIKE all Associations of its kind the Dundee Highland Society has suffered during the past year on account of the disturbing factor of an all-absorbing War. Our "Annual" for 1915 did not make its appearance. The following Programme had been arranged for Session 1914-15:—

1914.

*Oct. 29.—Opening "At Home." Address by Miss L. E. Farquharson of Invercauld, "The Future of the Gael in his Native Land."

*Nov. 5.—"Irish Music in Scotland," illustrated by Scottish Songs in Gaelic and English. By Malcolm MacFarlane, Esq., Elderslie.

*Nov. 26.—"On an Irish Island": Visit to an Ancient Gaelic Seat (limelight views). By John Ritchie, Esq., M.A., LL.B., Perth, Sheriff-Clerk of Perthshire.

Dec. 17.—"The Gaelic Factor in Civilization." By Dr Cameron Gillies, London.

1915.

Jan. 13.—Grand Annual Gathering and Concert. Chairman—The Most Noble The Marquis of Breadalbane, K.G.

Feb. 11.—"Without the Gaelic we are nothing." By The Right Honourable Lord Ashbourne.

Feb. 12.—Annual Dinner.

*Mar. 4.—"Prince Charlie's Advance on Edinburgh." By A. H. Millar, Esq., LL.D.

Mar. 18.—"Artificial Islands in the Highlands of Scotland." By Dom. F. Odo Blundell, O.S.B., St Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus.

Apr. 29.—Annual Business Meeting.

The syllabus was printed and issued to the members, but it was found impossible to carry it through. Four lectures, however, were given, viz.: Oct. 29th, Nov. 5th, Nov. 26th, and March 4th. There was a good attendance at all the meetings.

Soon after the outbreak of war the Society was greatly handicapped by being deprived of the services of both its Secretary and Treasurer. The former—Mr Ronald Douglas—is a lieutenant in 3rd Battalion "Black Watch," and Mr John Walker—our late treasurer—is a Quarter-master with the Lovat Scouts. Over thirty members of the D.H.S. are serving King and country in the great European War.

Comforts for Highland Regiments at the Front.

Twelve months ago the ladies of the Society set themselves to knit fifty pairs of hose from homespun wool for men of a Highland regiment fighting in France. Every pair of socks contained some offering, and in most cases a letter of cheer, and it was not long before the gratitude of the recipients voiced itself in no undoubted terms. The work from this humble beginning has gone steadily on, although it has been severely restricted at times from lack of funds. One kind offer of help in knitting, from a Church Guild, could not be accepted from lack of material at the time.

The first six battalions of the Black Watch have all received repeated parcels, and in the same way each Highland Regiment has been remembered to the greatest extent possible under limited resources.

The letters and post cards written from the Front would provide sufficient matter for a long and interesting article, but throughout them all is the ring of sincere appreciation and gratitude. The Commanding Officers have never failed to acknowledge our most modest offerings; and our workers are eager to go forward courageous in the conviction that their work is good. May we ask that,

like the men in the trenches, they may not have to stand still for lack of munitions—which in our case spells money.

A list of subscribers to this Fund, together with an audited statement of accounts, will be found on another page.

Session 1915-16.

The continuance of our annual series of Lectures in a modified form has been decided upon, and the Syllabus will be ready towards the end of October.

The Celtic Annual, 1916.

We allow the contents of this issue to speak for itself, but it ought to be stated that, for the sake of securing uniformity, we have taken here and there the liberty of making some slight alteration in the spelling of our Gaelic contributors.

The Mòd.

The great Annual Mòd, which would have celebrated its 24th annual event in September 1915, was abandoned, and the current year's Mòd has also been put off. This break in the continuity for two years in succession of the event that has been for successive years the chief motive power, not only of the progress but for the very existence of the Gaelic movement, is bound to create a situation that will require all the tact, energy, and single-mindedness of purpose that is possible if its effects are to be overcome. This applies as much to the branches of An Comunn Gaidhealach as to the Central Association.

Higher Leaving Certificate in Gaelic and Grant to Teachers.

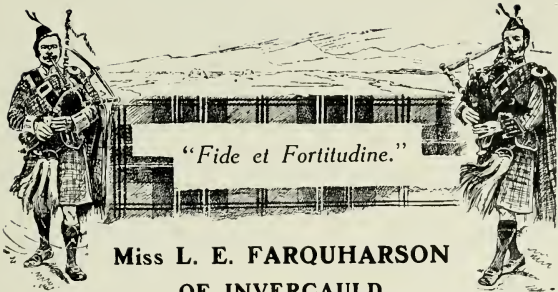
An encouraging feature for the past year has been the concession by the Education Department of a Higher Leaving Certificate in Gaelic. This will give an impetus to the study of the language to such as reach the Higher Grade Schools, most of whom are being educated for professional careers which will ultimately take them away from the Highlands. Although An Comunn Gaidhealach has for years been pegging at the Department for this concession, as have also the Educational Authorities in Oban and Stornoway, it was ultimately extracted by the spirited action of the School Board and the Comunn Branch of Dingwall. The fact that the ground had been so well prepared for them detracts nothing from the praise due to the Gaels of Dingwall.

Of more account in preserving Gaelic as a living and spoken language is the arrangement come to between the Highland Trust, An Comunn Gaidhealach, and the Gaelic Society of London in a combined effort in giving of a *per capita* Grant to teachers for the teaching of the language in the Elementary Schools of the Highlands. By this arrangement the Highland Trust provides this Grant for two successive years, and An Comunn and the Gaelic Society of London provide it for the third year, thus making a three years' Grant to the teacher on account of the same pupils instead of the one year's Grant previously provided by the Highland Trust. This arrangement has been based on suggestions and information given to An Comunn by its one time Secretary and Organiser, Mr T. D. MacDonald, during his subsequent propaganda campaign for the Association in the Gaelic-speaking area in the winter of 1911. It remains for both the teachers and the School Boards of the Highlands to be patriotic and sympathetic and good is sure to follow.

If the Department would now see that the £10 Grant that is given to help in providing Gaelic-speaking teachers for Gaelic-speaking areas is used for the furtherance of its ostensible purpose and withdrawn altogether from School Boards that appropriate it for the relief of the rates, another step would be gained. Better still would it be if the Department would make this a Grant for the teaching of Gaelic, which it at present is not. To do so would not be providing a new Grant, for which there can be little hope under the circumstances produced by the war; it would be merely putting to better use an already existing Grant which is at present being dissipated to no practical purpose.



Miss L. E. Farquharson of Invercauld.



**Miss L. E. FARQUHARSON
OF INVERCAULD.**



FOR centuries it has been recognised that pride of ancestry is a Highland characteristic. Miss Louisa Elizabeth Farquharson of Invercauld, who last year inaugurated the Dundee Highland Society's session, has a long and honourable descent from men distinguished alike on the battlefield and in the Senate. The Farquharsons are derived from Farquhar, fourth son of Alexander Ciar Mackintosh of Rothiemurcus (1411-1492), the grandson of "Shaw Sgor fhialach," leader of the Clan Chattan champions in the fight at Perth, 1393. His sons described themselves by the patronymic "Farquharson," which has continued till the present day. The grandson of Farquhar was Findla Mór, a distinguished warrior in the time of James V., who was slain at Pinkie in 1547 fighting for the infant Mary Queen of Scots. He had five sons, the second of whom founded the branch of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, and the eldest was the ancestor of the Farquharsons of Whitehouse and Finzean. The Invercauld family formed many important alliances by marriage with notable Scottish families, among whom were the Mackintoshes of Mackintosh; the Grahams of Fintry; the Burnets, baronets of Craigmyle; Menzies, baronets of Weem; the Murrays, Dukes of Atholl; the Dundases of Arniston; Lockhart-Ross, baronets of Balnagowan; and the Oswalds of Auchencruive. Through the Atholl Murray connection the Farquharsons descend from the famous Charlotte de la Trémouille, Countess of Derby, the valiant defender of Latham House against the Cromwellians in the Civil War; and her great-great-grand-daughter, Anne Farquharson, wife of Æneas Mackintosh of that ilk, played a noble part in the Jacobite Rising of 1745. James Farquharson of Invercauld married Amelia, daughter of Lord George Murray, the brave comrade-in-arms of Prince Charles Edward; and thus Jacobite sympathies are hereditary in the family of Invercauld.

The immediate ancestors of Miss Farquharson may be briefly referred to. Her grandfather, James, married Janet Dundas, grand-daughter of the famous Lord President Dundas of Arniston. His son, James Ross Farquharson, who was a Lieut.-Colonel in the Scots Fusilier Guards, was married to Elizabeth Louisa, daughter of the late Alexander Haldane Oswald of Auchencruive, Ayrshire, and his son Alexander is now Laird of Invercauld, while Miss Louisa Elizabeth Farquharson is the elder daughter of that marriage. Her maternal grandmother was Lady Louisa Craven, daughter of Louisa Brunton, the famous actress, who became Countess of Craven in 1807, and survived till 1860. The Farquharsons of Invercauld have the right to quarter the royal arms of Plantagenet with those of their own family. Their ancient motto was "We force nae Friend; we fear nae Foe"; but it is now "Fide et Fortitudine"—"By fidelity and fortitude."

A. H. M.

* * * *

To know Miss L. E. Farquharson of Invercauld in her own country is to realise what "love of home" means to every Scottish man or woman.

Brought up from childhood at Invercauld, amid its beautiful and stately surroundings, Miss Farquharson has an intimate knowledge of its history and traditions. Her acquaintance with Gaelic makes her homeland doubly interesting to her, as the name of every hill and glen has a real meaning, and her article on "Place names in Braemar" in the *Celtic Monthly* makes this very evident. Like a true patriot she is connected with many of the Scottish Societies, more especially with those upholding the ancient language. She is a member of An Comunn, and has attended all the Summer Gaelic Schools organised by that Association during the past five years. She also belongs to the St Andrews Society, Coisir Chiuil Lunnainn, and the London Aberdeenshire Association, and she is an active and enthusiastic member of the London Gaelic Society, having at one time occupied the position of Chief. This Society, which has its headquarters at Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, has been the means of bringing happiness to many a lonely Highland lad or lass whom fate has taken from their homes to make their way in the great metropolis. Once a month the London Gaels meet together for lecture, song, or dance, and at several of these meetings Miss Farquharson has read papers on Celtic subjects—on "Ireland's Ideal," since published as one of its pamphlets by the Gaelic League of Ireland, on "The Book of the Dean of Lismore," and on "Legends of Braemar." As the Dundee Highland Society had the pleasure of hearing her last year on "The Future of the Gael in his Native Land" they will know how interesting she can make her subject.

Miss Farquharson was one of the first to think of giving a series of Gaelic and Scottish Concerts to the Highland soldiers last winter, when quartered at Bedford and other camps in England, during those long weary months of training before going to France. It delighted her to find at these happy meetings how the Celts' love of their own country and people and songs and language is as strong now as it ever was.

Miss Farquharson is about as well known in Ireland as in Scotland, having spent many years with her relatives, Lord and Lady Cadogan, during their vice-royalty in Dublin, and she has also visited many places in the West of Ireland, where she finds the same Celtic characteristics as in our own West Highlands. She has a striking knowledge of Irish history and literature, and found many friends in literary circles in that country. She represented Scotland at one Oireachtas in Dublin, and acted once in the same capacity at the Welsh Eisteddfod.

Her house in London is filled with books relating to history, poetry, and archaeology, especially Scottish, Irish, and Gaelic; and early years spent in France opened to her other fields of history.

Miss Farquharson is a strong Liberal, as her father was, and it was in the days when living at Invercauld with him that she learnt to know and love the country. Every hill and view has an association, every cottage a friend, and the stalkers still have tales of the laird who was so honoured and loved by his people, and was the friend of the late Gracious Queen who endeared herself to all in the Highlands. It is like an echo of bygone days to hear accounts of the red-coated postillions and galloping horses of the laird of Invercauld returning home by the Spittal of Glenshee, and welcomed by his family, clan, and pipers before the old mansion-house with the Standard of Clan Finlay fluttering from its tower.

Miss Farquharson has travelled much. She was in South Africa during the war, has been to America, has yachted in Norwegian fiords and reached the North Cape; and also in the Mediterranean, visited Venice, Constantinople, and the Isles of Greece, Tunis, and Tangier, but to her none is equal to the beauty of Lochnagar, the haunt of the red deer, none to compare with the Braes of Mar or the Hebrides; and, like Sheriff Nicolson, she says:—

Air Innsean na Gréig is àill'
Tha luaidh nam bàrd nach gann;
B'e m'ulaidh-sa riamb na h-Eileanan-iar
Far an cluinnear cainnt nam beann.

Tha Itaca, Ciprus is Róds
Ionnuhuin le clann nam fonn ;
Ach I-Cholum-Chille, 's i grádh gach filidh
Chaidh altrum an Alba nan sonn.

Descended from a race that was more occupied oftentimes with war than peace, it is not surprising that Miss Farquharson sees with pride that the men of Braemar have rallied as one man to the colours, from her only brother the laird, Major Farquharson of Invercauld, second in command of the 10th Gordons, Kitchener's Army, now in France, to the youngest lad who has joined the new draft of the 7th Gordon Territorials already at the Front.

Over her "Buth" at the great Highland "Feill" in Glasgow, 1907, Miss Farquharson was asked to inscribe a motto which has come to be regarded especially hers—"Cuimhnich air na daoine bho 'n d' thàinig thu," as suitable to one whose Clan Slogan calls for a perpetual remembering—"Carn-na-cuimhne."

E. Y. C.

MO DHACHAIDH FHEIN.

FONN:—

Hó 's i mo dhachaidh laghach
E 's i mo dhachaidh fhein;
'S i mo dhachaidh bhoidheach laghach,
'S i mo roghainn-s' i le cinnt.

RANN:—

Ge b'e àit air bith an téid mi,
No cèarn fo 'n ghréin an bì mi
'S toilicht a thionndas mo chèuman
Direach réidh gu m' dhachaidh fhein.

Ged a shiubhlain-sa Roinn Eòrpa,
'S ged bu leam an t-òr tha innt,
'S mi gu 'n taghadh dhomh mar stòras,
Bhì ri m' bheò 'nam dhachaidh fhein.

Aig mo dhachaidh fhein tha òradh,
Craobhan arda os mo chionn,
'S fluraichean is cubhraidh faile,
Tha toirt slàinte do mo chridh.

'S na 'n eoin bheag air bhàrr nan geug
A' seinn le ceileireadh gu grinn,
An ceòl is binne thug nadur,
Anns a' ghàradh agam fhein.

Tha mo dhachaidh leam-sa baigheil;
'S iomadh là a tha mi innt;
'S a' crùnadh dhomh gach sonas làthail,
Tha mo theaghlach gràidh le cinnt.

Mór Nic Amhlaidh (Mrs Ball).
Toronto, Canada.

THE PEAT REEK.



LIKE a thin blue cloud of incense in the holy evening air,
It rises from the low-thatched roof of home,
Where the snow-white sands have drifted by the sea-green Morar
shores,
And the sun sets behind the hills of Rhunn.

It's a far cry and a vain cry to the peat reek by the shore,
And it's a' by wi' Morar and wi' me,
For the bloody wounds of battle raise strange mists before my eyes,
And it's ower dark to serve the guns or see.

Old days or new days—it was aye the Highland way
To buckle on the sword and take the road;
We aye went out to battle, and we aye fought hard
For the love of the heatherland and God.

But there's more than Flanders fighting in the heart of me,
For the "Last Post" is sounding in my ears,
And I smell the honey-heather and the brown sea wrack,
And I hear the sound of good Gaelic prayers

In the grey stone chapel by the side of Morar loch,
Where the pine trees are dark and still and tall,
And the peat reek's rising in the holy evening air,
Where the old folks are praying for my soul.

O the fine fighting's over and the cleanly blow is struck,
And it's a' by wi' Morar and wi' me;
But it's home for me surely in the gloaming where I go—
I smell the peat reek rising from the sea!

T. RATCLIFFE BARNETT.

Morar, August 1915.



Watt & Sons,

Dundee.

Lord Provost Don,
Lord-Lieutenant of the County of the City of Dundee.

ALTRUMAS MHÌOSACHAIN.



U deimbinn cha robh a shaoghla buan—air a thomhas mar a bha e le mìos a mhain—ach ged nach robh, bu mhór am buaireas a thog 'athair is a mhathair rè cùrsa na mìosa sin an Caol Ghlinn-amain. B'e Miosachan ainm an leinibh. A réir beul-aithris fhuair e an t-ainm sin a chionn nach robh e ach mìos a dh' aois aig am a bhàis.

Cha 'n 'eil mòran de ghlinn na Gàidhealtachd anns am bheil uaigh leanabh fannhair. Gidheadh, tha e follaiseach gu leòir gu 'm bheil Uaigh Mhiosachain an Caol Ghlinn-amain, agus bu leanabh fannhair Miosachan. Tha an uaigh mhór, fhada so fagus do cheann deas a' ghlinne, eadar an rathad mòr is Abhainn Amain. Bha seann daoine 'sa bheachd gu 'm b'iad na h-uruisgean a thàinig do 'n dùthaich an dèidh linn nam fannhairean a chuir Miosachan is a' chreathall anns d' fhuair e bàs, mar chiste-mhairbh dha, fo thalamh an sin.

Is iomadh linn a tha air do seachd bho linn nam fannhairean; ach a nuas troimh gach linn dhiubh sin, air a h-ìomchar air guth an t-sluaigh bho ghinealach gu ginealach, thàinig sgeulachd Mhiosachain.

Bha am fannhair a b' athair do Mhiosachan, is a' chailleach mhór a bh' aige mar mhnaoi, a' gabhail còmhnuidh an uaimh mhóir a bha air taobh tuath na h-aibhne. Bha màthair Mhiosachain a cheart cho borb, agus gu h-inbhe bhig, cho mór làidir r'a fear. Borb 's mar bha an dithis, cha 'n 'eil iomradh gu 'n do thòisich iad air am pratan dò-bheirteach a chur an gnìomh gus an d' thàinig Miosachan chun an t-saoghail. Gu mì-fhortanach cha robh sràd baine aig a' chailleach mhóir d'a leanabh. B'i sin tubaist na bochdainn do luchd-na-dùthcha, oir, cha bu luaithe thuig a' chailleach nach robh i-féin comasach air Mhiosachan altrumachadh, na thuirt i ris an fannhair—"Air falbh gu grad is goid bean-chiche."

Thog am fannhair air, le caman 'na làimh dheis is crann-tabhail 'na làimh chli. Ràinig e tigh sealgair. Chuir e doras an tìghe 'na spealgan le chaman, agus le raibheic oillteil thuirt e ris an t-sealgair:—

"Bò is bobh ort ogha do sheanair,

Thoir dhomh do bhean is cum do leanabh."

Gun tuilleadh a ràdh, thilg e bean an t-sealgair air a' ghuailibh, agus air ais a' ghabh e chun na h-uamha.

Thòisich, an sin, a' bhannaltrachd nach robh soirbhr. Mar bu dual do leanabh fannhair, bha càil ro làidir aig Miosachan, agus cha robh e mar gu 'm biodh e idir sàsaichte. A chum sin a leasachadh, ghoid am fannhair bean eile. A-h, mo chreach! Cha 'n fhoighnadh dithis no dusan do Mhiosachan. Air an aobhar sin, bha am fannhair a' goid nam ban gun stad, gus an robh an uaimh làn de mhnathan òga na dùthcha, agus do-bhròn 'sna glinn mu 'n cuairt air an son.

Thug sealgairean a' ghlinne oidhirp is oidhirp air an fannhair a mharbhadh, ach ged bha iad 'nan cuspairean coimhlionta, bha

craicinn an fannhair cho tiugh 's nach robh na saighdean aca 'ga lotadh.

Ach thug nighean thapaigh, mhaiseach a bha 'm braigh a' ghlinne oidhirp air stad a chur air gnìomharan neo-ìochdmhor an fannhair an dòigh eile. Thug i fainear nach robh fannhairean am bitheantas ach maol-aigheach is baoghalta; agus smuainich i nach biodh e ro-dhuilich an car a thoirt as a' chàraid bhorb so. Rinn i suas a h-inntinn doigh a chur gu buil gun dàil. Fhuair i dà shearraig-béin. Lion i té dhiubh suas gu beul le sùgh luibhean puiseanta. Lion i an t-searrag eile le bainne ghabhar, a' cur beagan de shùgh nam luibhean 'na mheasg. Dhealbh i beul na searraig so an cumadh a bha freagarrach air son a' ghnòthaich a bha 'na beachd. Chuir i na searragan 'na h-uchd, dhùin i a h-aodach tharta mar a b' fhèarr a dh' fhaodadh i, 's ghabh i an rathad gus an do ràinig i fa chomhair uamha an fannhair.

Bha am fannhair 'na shineadh, balg-ri-gréin, aig beul na h-uamha, ach bha e cumail sùla mu 'n cuairt. Chunnac e an nighean, agus 'na h-ionnsuidh bhual e. Ann am prìobadh na sùla bha i air a' ghuailibh, agus, le ceum-rotach is guda-leum nam fannhairean, ghèarr e leatha chun na h-uamha.

"So agad" ars am fannhair r'a chaillich, "bean-chich' eile dhuit, agus mur bi i freagarrach, tha i mealladh a coslais."

Gun amharus 'sam bith, chum a' chailleach a gugarlach leinibh ri uchd na h-ighinn, ag ràdh:—

"Gun teagamh, gun teagamh,

Ni blichid nam ban bheaga

Mo leanabh 'na fannhair mór, treun;

'S beag deireas ged bhiodh

Gach isean ac' fhin.

A dh' eashbhuidh na cich, aig an Eug."

Cha robh Miosachan idir tormasach. Dheoghail e an t-searrag gu làidir; ach, mar bha an t-searrag a' traoghadh, bha sùilean Mhiosachain, uidh air 'n uidh, a' dunadh.

"Tha 'n cadal air mo mhacan," ars a' chailleach, "cuiridh mi 'na chreathall e."

Sinte 'na chreathall, chaidh Miosachan an surram-suain as nach do dhùisg e; ach cha do thuig a' chailleach nach e cadal nàdurra a bh' ann.

Am feadh 's a bha a' chailleach a' luasgadh na creathlach, fhuair an nighean cothrom air na bha 'san t-searraig eile a sputadh am measg canbhruich a bha an coire aig taobh an teine. Ghabh a' chàraid an canbhruich g' an dinneir, ach na ghabh, cha b' fhada gus an robh iad le chèile sinne air urlar na h-uamha gun deò.

Bhrùidh na mnathan uile mach as an uaimh le luathghairean is le còil. Bha an nighean air an ceann, a' canntaireachd na rainn:—

Cadal Dhi-Dòmhnaich is cadal Dhi-luain,

Cadal bhios trom is cadal bhios buan

Do leanabh an fannhair,

Do leanabh an fannhair;

Is cadal a' mhaireas gu ceann na bliadh'n,

'S o sin a mach gu cian nan cian

Do 'n chaillich 's do 'n fannhair,

An Caol Ghlinn-amain.

PARA MAC-AN-EASGAIR.



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

The late Sir William Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart., LL.D., of Errol Park.

Painted by W. W. Ouless, R.A.

THE LATE SIR WM. OGILVY DALGLEISH, Bart.

SIR WILLIAM OGILVY DALGLEISH, Bart., was born in 1832, and died on 21st December 1913, in his 81st year. He was a typical Scotsman, and was proud of his descent from Mary Beaton of Creich, Fifeshire, one of the famous "Queen's Maries" renowned in song and history. His father was a Captain in the Royal Navy, and proprietor of the two Fifeshire estates of Woodburn and Baltilly. The mother of Sir William was Isabella Martin, granddaughter of the Rev. Dr Samuel Martin, minister of Monimail for many years, and daughter of Mr David Martin, a well-known Dundee merchant. Sir William was educated at Edinburgh University; but as he was destined for a mercantile career he entered the office of his grandfather, David Martin, and afterwards extended his experience in Liverpool. In 1854 he entered the firm of Baxter Brothers & Company as a partner, and after the death of Sir David Baxter in 1872 he became the head of the firm, and so remained until his retiral in 1904, a short time before his death.

Sir William in 1860 married the daughter of Mr Francis Molison of Errol Park, her mother being one of the Baxter family. She became heiress of Errol Park on her father's death; and for over 50 years the benefactions of Sir William and Lady Ogilvy Dalgleish to Errol and the surrounding district were carried out upon a lavishly generous scale. Their philanthropic work in Dundee far exceeded that of any of their contemporaries. Among the numerous Institutions towards which both contributed largely were the Royal Infirmary, the Mars Training Ship, University College, the Technical College, the Sailors' Home, and the Institution for the Blind; while Sir William took a special interest in the progress and development of the Albert Institute—alike in its libraries, its museums, and picture galleries. His latest benefactions in this way were his gift of £5000 to acquire the site for the Central Reading Rooms, Ward Road, and his generous donation of stained glass windows and a new electric installation in the Albert Hall. The Technical College could not have been completed without his monetary aid; and the establishment of the medical school in University College was largely due to Sir William's generosity. In recognition of his services he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from St Andrews University. He stood as Conservative candidate for Dundee at the General Election in 1892, and polled the largest number of votes ever given in the city to that party, but failed to gain the seat. Four years afterwards Queen Victoria conferred upon him the honour of a Baronetcy.

Sir William was the representative of the ancient Scottish family of Ogilvy of Boyne, his ancestress, Mary Beaton, having married Lord Ogilvy in the time of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was always deeply interested in Highland affairs, and latterly was laird of the extensive estate of Coulin, Ross-shire, which became his favourite residence. His landed possessions were of great extent, including 20,000 acres in Ross-shire; 3500 acres in Perthshire; and 300 acres in Fifeshire. He was an ideal Highland laird, always taking an active part in promoting the welfare of his dependents. He was a life member of the Dundee Highland Society, and contributed liberally to the prize fund for the Gaelic Mod when in Dundee. Sir William's portrait, painted by W. W. Oules, R.A., was presented to him by the citizens of Dundee, and hangs in the Permanent Collection. Another portrait of him was given to Sir William and Lady Ogilvy Dalgleish by the tenants at Errol on the occasion of the golden wedding in 1910, and is in the Picture Gallery at Errol Park.



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.
THE VOLTAIRE PICTURE.
Painted by Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., H.R.S.A., D.C.L.

VOLTAIRE AGUS AN DIÙC DE ROHAN.

Le A. M. E.

b 'E Voltaire aon de sgrìobhadairean móra na Frainge. Bha e beò anns an ochdamh linn deug. Cha robh seòrsa litreachais ris nach do chuir e a làmh, agus bha e sònruichte seòlta, sgaiteach anns a' bhàrdachd ris an canar an t-aoireadh. Chaidh a chliù gu clis air feadh na Roinn Eòrpa gu léir; agus, ged a rugadh e an inmhe car ìosal, bha e air fhàilteachadh le furan leis gach dream a b' àirde an uaisle agus am mòrachd.

Bu leis an tomhas pailt càirdeas agus companas Fhrederic Mhóir Phruisia: agus, air dha tighinn air turas do Lunnainn, shealbhaich e deagh-ghean agus caidreamh gach Ministear Crùin agus gach sgrìobhadair a b' ainmeala an Sasunn. Bha e 'na fhear-cuideachd cridheil, sunndach, geur-fhaclach, agus cha robh dorus nach robh fosgailte no bòrd nach robh sgaoilte dha.

Cha b' fhàidhe e a bha as eugmhais urraim 'na dhùthaich féin. Bha àrd uaislean agus maithlean na Frainge déidheil air a chomunn, is bha iad gu tric 'ga chuireadh gu an cuirmean agus am féisdean. Is ann air so a dh' aithriseadh mo sgeul.

O cheann gu ceann de Pharis, baile an rìomhaidh, cha robh fàrdach a b' fhasanta agus a bu ghreadhnaiche na 'n lùchairt aig an Diùc de Sulli. Bha i air a tathaich a mhàin le muinntir a bha toirt bàrr air an coimpearan an inmhe, an tàlandan agus an cliù. B'e Voltaire aon dhiubhsan ris am b' ionmhuinn leis an Diùc a bhi conaltradh, agus b' ainneamh a bha e air dhì-chuimhneachadh an uair a bhiodh càirdean 'gan cruinneachadh. Bha an Diùc e féin àrd am foghlum agus am buadhan inntinn. Air an aobhar sin, bha dàimh dhlùth agus làidir eadar e agus an sgrìobhadair gleusda, comasach mu'm bheil mi a' labhairt.

Oidhche de na h-oidhchean, bha dinneir eireachdail air a toirt seachad le Sulli. B'i a' bhliadhna 1725; ach cha'n eil cunntas air a' mhìos no'n latha.* Bha flaithean a' bhaile 'nan suidhe mu'n bhòrd, agus, am broilleach 'na cuideachd, bha òganach na h-inntinn fhurachail agus nam briathran subhailceach. Bha a chuid spòrs agus feala-dhà a' drillseadh mar dhealanaich air feadh an t-seòmair agus a' cumail nan aoidhean a' lachanaich. A thaobh na cuid bu mhò de na bha 'n làthair, cha 'n fhàsadh iad sgèith idir de bhi ag éisdeachd ris. Cha do thachair so dhaibh uile. Bha 'n Diùc de Rohan cas, crosda, reasgach, uaibhreach, air bheag suairceis no fosaidh. Bha esan air a lìonadh le eud ri bhi faicinn na h-othail a bh' air a deanamh mu Voltaire, mac a' chumantaich, aig nach robh boinne de fhuil uasail 'na choluinn. Uidh air n-uidh, theirig faighidinn a' mhorair so. Cha b' urrainn dha cumail air féin na b' fhaide.

* Tha mi a' cleachdadh an ainm "Voltaire" o'n is ann air is eòlaiche an cumantas de leughadairean. B' ann goirid an déidh nan tachartas air am bheil mi a' toirt luaidh a leig am Frangach iomraiteach dheth an t-ainm Arouet agus a ghabh e "Voltaire" na àite.—A.M.E.

“ *Quel est donc ce jeune homme qui parlé si haut ?* ” (Co e, ma-tà, an duine òg so a tha cho mòr-labhrach?) dh’ fharraid e gu tàireil, beumnach.

“ Monseigneur,” fhreagair an t-òganach cho ealamh ri urchair gunna, “ is fear e nach eil a’ slaodadh ainm mhòir as a dhéidh, ach a tha cosnadh meas agus modh do ’n ainm a th’ aige.”

Thàinig na briathran so am mach an guth àrd, glan, fallain, a chaidh air feadh an t-seòmair chùirteil, fharsuing mar bhuillean de chlag airgid. Bha ’n ceòl air feadh na fìdhle. Leum an Diùc de Rohan air a bhonn. Ar leis gu ’n d’ fhuair e oilbheum agus tàmailte. Cha ’n fhuilingeadh e mì-mhodh o bheadagan balaich. Bha chridhe làn pronnaisg agus a ghnùis làn corruich. Thilg e air ais a chathair agus steòc e dh’ ionnsuidh an doruis. Chairm e a charbad agus dh’ fhalbh e dhachaidh. Car tiotaidh bha sàmhchair mu’n bhòrd, ach, a réir coltais, cha robh duine diombach.

Chaidh seachdain seachad. Bha Voltaire a rithis aig dinneir an lùchairt an Diùc de Sulli. Bha a’ chuideachd àluinn, eireachdail, mar a bha i roimhe. Bha geur-chainnt is bearradaireachd a’ leum agus a’ boillsgeadh mar bhiodagan faobharra, liomharra. Thàinig seirbhiseach is chuir e cagar an cluais Voltaire gu’n robh cuideiginn toileach ’fhaicinn gu h-ìosal an staidhir.

“ Cha ’n urrainn mi dol a sìos,” fhreagair Voltaire; “ ciamar a dh’ fhaodas mi éirigh o’n bhòrd? Abair ris an neach a tha ’gam fheitheamh gu’m bheil e eu-comasach.”

An ceann mionaid no dhà thill an seirbhiseach. “ Maitheanas, Monsieur,” deir esan; “ tha e air iarraidh orm a ràdh gur ann air gnothuch éiginn agus tròcair a tha sibh air bhur n-iarraidh.” Bu thagradh so nach gabhadh diùltadh. Leig e sìos a sgian agus a ghramaiche agus dh’ fhalbh e a dh’ fhaicinn dé an gnothuch “tròcair” gus an robh e air a shireadh. Bha carbad ceutach ’na sheasamh anns a’ chùirt, agus, ceart làmh ris, carbad-réidh.

“ Am bi Monsieur cho math agus tighinn gu doras a’ charbaid air sgàth cùis a tha ’g iarraidh cabhaige.”

Gun sgàth, gun amharus chaidh Voltaire air aghaidh, agus ionghnadh air a thaobh a’ ghnòthuich. Aig doras a’ charbaid ghlac làmhnan a choilear, ’ga ghleidheadh mar ann an spògan iaruin. A staigh ’sa charbad bha ri fhaicinn aogasg ghamhlasach, mhì-aidheil an Diùc de Rohan, agus dèarsadh uilc ’na shùil. Thug Voltaire fainear, an uair a bha e tuillidh is anmoch, gu’n robh ciorram air choireiginn air bonn. Thionndaidh an Diùc aghaidh ris a’ charbad-réidh agus ghlaodh e.

“ Voila, a nis ’fheara !”

Bu ghann a bha ’m facal as a bheul na dh’ fhosgail doras a’ charbaid-réidh agus am mach leum triùir shlaightirean làidir, colgarra, cuip eich an dòrn gach fir. Thuig Voltaire dé a bha feitheamh—a’ ghiollachd bu shuaraiche agus a bu nàraiche a ghabhadh toirt do dhuine. Gun fhacal a ràdh no mionaid a chur seachad, theann na

h-umpaidhean ri 'n obair mhì-chneasda. Rug iad air an òganach agus sgiùrs iad e gus an robh e a' glaodhach leis a' phian. Cha robh aig gin de 'n triùir tuillidh ioc no fathamais ris na bhiodh aca ri posta daraich. Mu dheireadh labhair Rohan. "Ni sin an gnothuch," thuirt e; agus gu grad tharruing na carbaid air falbh cho luath 's a bheireadh casan nan each iad.

Faodar a thuigsinn an suidheachadh 'san robh an crionglach. Bha aodach air a shracadh, na baltan-fighte a bha mu dhùirn agus mu bhroilleach air an spionadh dheth agus air an tilgeadh fo na casan, fhalt craobhach, cama-lùbach air amladh am measg a chéile mar nach deachaidh cir riamh ann. A suas an staidhir ghabh e agus bhuail e a rithis a staigh do sheòmar na cuirm. Ma bha fhalluing air a cur tuathal, b' fhaoin sin seach am bruidhean a bha 'na inntinn. Bha a h-uile neach duilich, làn mì-thlachd agus déistinn; ach cha robh aon a thairg cuideachadh gu aicheamhail a thoirt am mach.

"Monsieur de Sulli, nach eil a leithid so de mhasladh do aon do d' chuid aoidhean ionann ri tarcuis a dheanamh ort féin?" dh' fharraid Voltaire.

"Gun teagamh, tha an aon seadh; ach——"

Chuir Sulli car 'na ghuailne, agus an còrr cha d' thubhairt e.

Am mach ghabh Voltaire, cuthach feirge 'na chridhe, agus e a' bóideachadh, as a làimh féin, dioghaltas a dheanamh air a nàmhaid. An déidh móran smaointeachaidh chuir e roimhe dà nì a dheanamh—Beurla Shasunnach agus cleasachd claidheimh 'ionnsachadh. Chaidh e a chòmhnuidh air an dùthaich ré shè mìosan, agus, anns an ùine sin, rinn e e féin coimhlionta 'san dà mheur sin. Thill e do 'n bhaile, agus chuir e cuireadh gus an Diùc de Rohan gu a choinneachadh an còmhraig, mar a thigeadh do dhà dhuin-usal a rachadh thar a chéile. Bha 'n cuireadh an cainnt cho tàireil, spèideil is a b'urrainn e a thaghadh a chum an Diùc a bhrosnachadh gu tighinn air aghaidh. Gheall Rohan seasamh aice, ged a bha 'n ceum sin an aghaidh a thoil. Gheall e tighinn air aghaidh, mar a thubhairt mi; ach, gun dàil dh' fhalbh e is dh' aidich e gach cùis d'a mhnaoi.

B'e deireadh a' ghnòthuich nach deachaidh claidheamh a thomhas, agus fhuair Rohan as gun pheanas. Thuit e, gun teagamh, an cliù agus am mùirn; ach tha cuid de 'n bharrail nach bu mhór a bh' aige ri chall anns na rathaidean sin. A thaobh Voltaire, fhuair eadh a chur as an rathad gu sàmhach, glan le *Lettre de Cachet*, agus do 'n Bhastille chaidh a chur—cha b'e sin a' cheud uair. Chaidh a ghleidheadh an gainntir ré shè mìosan—an neo-chiontach a' fulang an àite a' chiontaich—agus b'ann an uair a leigeadh ma sgaoil e a thàinig e air aoidheachd do Shasunn.

Chaidh an dealbh a tha sinn a' toirt seachad an cois an sgeòil so a tharruing le Sir Uilleam Q. Orchardson, a rugadh an Dùn-éideann an 1835. Am measg luchd-tarruing na rìoghachd so, dhìrich e gu àrd inmhe, gu sònruichte a thaobh sgil agus teòmachd ann am measgadh agus ann an càradh dhaithean.



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"LOCHABER NO MORE."

Painted by J. B. MacDonald, R.S.A.

WAR ISSUES.

By LAUCHILAN MACLEAN WATT.

HE present great war is, of course, full of deepest interest for all—crowded with lessons and inspirations, and certain to leave a vast amount of questions for long and intricate discussion in the final settlement. All the nations of the world will have a share in these. But there are certain things which touch our own people very immediately, and are as full of vital importance to us as those which will affect the Balkans or Greece. They will be more apt to be overlooked, however, for they are close about our own feet.

The English people have got into a habit of thinking only of themselves, and they are inclined to become irritable when reminded of others. You have only to pick up popular histories of the war to read the record of the bravery of such "English" regiments as the Cameron Highlanders or the Dublin Fusiliers—the Royal Scots or the Connaught Rangers! *The Times* seldom makes the mistake of talking as though any but Englishmen were pouring out their blood for such "English" ideals as liberty, the love of home and the island shores inviolate; while more than one poet in its columns has written as though he believed that England was surrounded on all sides by the sea. The smaller fry among the daily journals follow suit. I read in one, the other day, of a visit paid to a camp of Canadians and Nova Scotians, and there the writer saw with joy the true sons of "the old Saxon breed"—the children of the English who in days long past leapt out of the creeks and struck hard blows for liberty! It is true that those of whom he spoke did strike hard blows, but it was for the liberty of taking liberties with other people to whom this isle of Britain was the dear land of home. And those on whom he looked, in that camp he spoke of, were the children, the large majority of them, of those who battled in the surges till they fell, or were driven back into the mountain passes, fighting against the grim invaders of their native soil. One has only to read the casualty lists of the devoted Canadians, New Zealanders, and Australians, whose glory can never fade, to see that they are crowded with names that never could have carried English blood within them in the days that are past.

In fact, this Anglo-Saxon business is effete, and those who rave about it to-day are only inebriated with the wine of Yesterday. Our people are not so keen to-day as they used to be about the Teutonic ancestor of our island folks. They see in Belgium and in Poland what he was like. For the heart of a people changes little. We are shocked by the devilish cruelties of lust and murder perpetrated by the Teuton in the lands which he has devastated and defiled. But his prototype was no cleaner and no more delicate in the far-off days than he is himself to-day. The Duke of Cumberland rejoiced in the perpetration of similar acts in the Highland glens after the "Forty-five." The German lust of murder and outrage on the weak, which flamed across Europe the other day, leapt with the same lurid balefulness into the same terrible orgies when the North lay helpless in its broken loyalty after Culloden's direful day. And the men out of the creeks, of whom our cheap historians never tire talking, rejoiced to do at Iona and similar sacred shrines what the modern war-brutes did at Louvain and Rheims. When they swept down upon the Hebrides they murdered everywhere, torturing women and children, tying thongs about their brows, and twisting them till the brains burst forth. It is time the historian recognised that the people of these lands had ancestors other than the men of the creeks—in fact, that a very great multitude of the people in Britain had ancestors at all. For this fact was wont to be entirely ignored. No greater or more ridiculous sight was ever seen than a teacher in the Highlands telling, from the book sanctioned by the School Board, yarns about their Saxon ancestors and the glories of their Anglo-Saxon race.

The Celt or the Gael had ancestors long before these men of the creeks swept down upon their shores. They were not without poetry, and art, and

ideals of liberty, honour, and nobility of conduct, any more than their enemy invaders. They also had chivalries, and the beauty and glamour of legendary lore, and the fairy poesies of Nature. But, because these were in a language which their enemy did not understand, they were deemed to be something like the chattering of forest animals, for the Saxon tendency always is to treat as ridiculous what he cannot comprehend. Yet the Gael has been patient. He has been the patient man of history. At the whim of Chiefs, at the beck of Kings, he fought like a hero and died like a god in quarrels of which he knew not the origin; and when the Chiefs had no need any longer for his sword he was flung out of the poor plot in the heather, down to the shores of the sea, or sent off in ships over the ocean, like a criminal or an unclean thing; and if he lingered before a factor's command the rooftree which was sacred to him was given to the flames. The clergy, whose voice was the only public opinion then, either, for the most part, feared the laird, or flunkeyed to his will, and the patient sufferers had to go. The stranger became the big tenant; the sheep drove the clansmen before them; and then every kind of alien who had cash succeeded as the tenant of the deer forest. He has been argued about and pleaded for with pathetic insistence. Think of the good he does! He gives work. He brings money. That is to say, he employs his keepers, he makes gillies of the cottars' sons; the minister changes the hour of the Gaelic service to suit the stranger's lunch-time, or leaves the native folk unserved to have a service at the Lodge. Oh, he is the patient man, the child of the Gael! But yet, he did not sit down and mourn and mope under it all. His children have borne their share of the world's burdens. In exploration, in politics, in law and in divinity, in authorship and art, he has brought glory on the land from which he came, and given *The Times* and the parrot press, and the gramophonic historians great and good material for exploiting the achievements of the "English" people, and the "English" Colonies, and all the "English" bunkum about the splendour of the "Anglo-Saxon" whom God never made!

Yet how his children have responded to the old call. Out of every land they have come, for the ideals of home that are always dear to their hearts. And in the glens and islands to-day young manhood is absent entirely. The old men and the women will gather the harvest, and hands that are weak and trembling tie the sail or pull at the oar. Proud of this great loyalty to native land and the liberty of the old shores are we all. Proud that in the hour of need we did not nurse our grievance or hug our gloom. Proud to bear and share with the children of the Saxon and the Dane and the Angle, and of any other, to whom the soil of our Britain is precious evermore. It is not for England, or for English ideals, we will die if need be, but for the sea-encircled islands of beauty and of storied achievement, the Britain truly great through the sacrifice and toil of the British nation, and for the freedom of the world.

But if our folk fight and die, they must one day really have a right to that for which they give their blood. We must have a resident yeomanry—a native gentry and free native peasantry, upon the land. Our Scotland must cease to be advertised on the Railway Companies' boardings as "The playground of England." A man must be at liberty to take a fish from the loch or the river; and the road across the hill must cease to be barred against him by the servant of the German Baron or the American millionaire. We are fighting for these things, as well as for anything else, or we are not fighting for freedom at all. The right to live in our own country is as sacred as the right of the Belgian to his. And we believe that, after the war, these things will be looked to, for this great struggle will surely have taught our politicians the enormous importance of having people in the land, free, and conscious of their freedom, and terrible as the heroes of ancient time, when that freedom is threatened by a foe. That would be a thing worthy of the ancestry and history of the British folk, who are neither Saxon, nor Dane, nor Angle, but that composite residue of all which has moved the world—a people of wonder compact, of courage and devotion, with capacities for sacrifice, endurance, and victory unmasterable when the old ideals call.

DÌCHIOLL.

LE ALASDAIR CAMSHRON (Bàrd Thùrnaig, Poll-iubh).



AN an àm an fhògraidh,
agus an fhòirneirt, nuair
bha roinn mhòr de Ghàidh-
ealtachd na h-Albann air
a cur fo chaoraich, agus an
tuath-cheathairn air an
greasadh gu taobh thall an
t-saoghail agus cuid daibh
ga cladach fuar na mara is mòr an ansbòcair
agus an t-arraban troimh 'n tàinig cud de
mhuinntir.

Fhuair Donnachadh Gùinne cead cur suas
ann am Faidhir-an-ròin, agus ballannan de 'n
talamh a thoirt a steach is àiteach mar a
b'fhèarr a b'urrainne. Eha 'n t-àite lom, fuar
ri aghaidh a' chuain-a-tuath, agus glé mhi-
fhreagarach mar ionad còmhnuidh. Bha
triùir mhac aig a' Ghùinneach 'gan togail
maille ri mnaoi anfhainn lag-chùisich. Bha
na balaich cho tric 's a chladach 's a bha iad
air fearann a' tional nam faochag 's a'
mhaoraich a bha ann an tomhas mòr mar lon



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"A Highland Storm."

Painted by C. G. L. Phillips.

Bha aon teaghlach ann measg na feadhainn
a dh'fhan, air an toir mi beagan iomraidh
agus air am beil mo sgeul bonntaichte.

an teaghlach. Cha'n eil mi cinnteach an
ann air sgàth iad a bhi fuireach ann an
Faidhir-an-ròin no a chionn iad a bhi cho tric

'san tràigh, a theirtiadh "Na Ròin" riutha. Ach is nì ciunteach gur iad "Na Ròin" a theirtiadh sluagh eile na tire ris na balaich aig a' Ghùinneach. A dh'aindeoin gach bochdainn is cruaidh-chàis cha robh eadar am Polla-gorm, agus Poll-an-tuairneir dithis bu sgaithe, bu tréine, is bu ghrunndaile na'n dithis bu shìne de mhic a Ghùinneich; ach bha Dòmhnall, am fear a b'òige, lag, agus a' fuireach glé bheag.

Thog an dithis orra gu muir, far an do dhearbhadh iad gaisge, is cruadal; ach, gu duilich, chailleadh iad fèin 's an long air cùl nan Eileanan Sealtuinnich ri stòirm geamhraidh. Laigh bàs nan gillean cho trom air a Ghùinneach, 's air a' mhnaoi, 's gur beag nach deach iad bho chosnadh; ach cha b'ann mar sin a thachair do Dòmhnall beag. Thionail is thrus e maorach de gach seòrsa leis an do cheannaich e aodach is brògan. Chunnac e nach cumadh Faidhir-an-ròin an spàin 'nam beul agus thog e air gu Galldaehd. Rinn a mhàthair suas dha pasgan de gach goireas a shaoil 'b'bhiodh feumail chum a thuruis. Thog e 'm pasgan air a' ghualainn is ghabh e beannachd le phàrantan agus ghuidh iad soirbheachadh dha, 's ghabh e gu asdar. Nuair a bha taigh athar a' dol à shealladh bha chridhe làn. Dh'earb e a stiùradh fèin ri Athair neamhaidh. Bha e sìubhal gu dian rè an latha, 's e cur seachd na h-oidhe mar a b'fhèarr a thigeadh dha 's a shùil a ghnàth air thoiseach air.

Cò choinnich ri Dòmhnall ach Fear-an-achaidh-bhric. B'e Uilleam Tolmach ainm an duine so, agus bha e cho geur-chuiseach is gu'n leughadh e na h-aignidhean troimh na sùilean, is na buadhan troimh 'n ghuth. Thuit an Tolmach ris "Tha thu dian-asdarach, a laochain."

"Tha 'n t-asdar mòr agam r'a dheanamh, a dhuin'-uasail."

"Am faod mi fhoighneachd dhìot c'ait am beil thu dol."

"Tha mi dol a dh'iarraidh m'fhortain."

"Ach c'ait am beil d'fhortan?"

"Aig an Tì tha stiùradh na cruinne. 's a' toirt air lèchraim nan speur dealradh, tha fios."

"Cha b'urrainn thu do chùis a chur ann an làmh na b'fhèarr."

"Cìod a bhios tu 'g iarraidh agus fantuinn agam fhin 'na do bhuachaill?"

"Bithidh duais mhath is deagh chaidreamh."

"Am bi thu firinneach, onoireach aig gach àm na ghabhas tu seirbhis agam-sa?"

"Bidh mise firinneach onoireach co-dhiùbh ghabhas sibhs mi no nach gabh."

"Eheir mi dhuit an t-suin co mu choinneamh a' chiad teirid, agus bho sin suas bidh do dhuais mar choineas tu, is do chaidreamh mar a dhligheas tu."

"Mòran taing a' dhuin'-uasail; ann an seasamh nam bonn is mise do ghille."

Chaidh iad gus an taigh, is thuit an Tolmach ri Iseabal: "So agad buachaill ùr, is bi gu math dha."

"O, athair," ars Iseabal, "tha sibh gun ghille."

Threagair an gille beag "Nì mise mo dhìchioll, 's cha dean am fear is treise ach ein."

Thuit an Tolmach ann fèin: "Tha cridhe mòr anns a' chèis bhig."

Mu'n do ghabh Dòmhnall gu tàmh lùb e 'ghlùn is dh' earb e e fèin ri Athair neamhaidh, agus chuir e 'thaingeachd an cèill gu treibhdhreach a thaobh e bhi air a' thòrachadh gu dachaidh chaidreamhaich, agus leabaidh shocrach. Mar sin bha a' bhrudar taitneach 's a chadal milis.

Bha nìs gach nì gu math, Dòmhnall aig z dhìchioll is Iseabal fìor chaidreamhach. B'i Iseabal aon neach clòinne an Tolmach. Dh' eug a' màthair mu'n robh i dà bhliadhna ionlan de aois. Bha i 'na h-àilleagan aig a' h-athair; fhuair i gach ionnsachadh is foghlum-na dh' fhoghnadh do nighinn diu' no iarla. Cha robh rionnag a' soillseachadh à speur, no fear a' fàs à grinnal no boglaich air nach robh ainm aig Iseabal. Bha i cho chluiteach 's a bha i cho maiseach; is bha i cho maiseach 's a bha i cho buadhach. Cha robh tìrn a rachadh iarraidh air a' bhuachaille bheag nach canadh e. "Nì mise mo dhìchioll," agus na 'n rachadh fhoighneachd ris cia mar a shoirbhich leis, theireadh e "rinn mise mo dhìchioll," gus fa-dhèòidh an d' thuit Iseabal: "Tha mi fhin an dùil gur freagarach an t-ainm dhuit, "Dìchioll." Nuair a chuala gillean eile a' bhaile so, dh' èigh gach fear am mach "Dìchioll; Dìchioll."

Bha Dòmhnall coma bho 'n 's i Iseabal thug dhà an t-ainm ir; oir cha robh facal a thigeadh bho a beul nach robh mar an ceòl is binne 'sheinneadh riamh air pìob no air clàrsaich ann an cluasan Dhìchill. Bha i 'na smuaintean 'san latha 's 'na aising 'san oidhche; agus cha robh fios aige cìod iad na spreadhan neothalmhaidh bha fàrmachadh na 'bhroilleach. Ach 's e bun na bh' ann gu'n robh Dìchioll air tuiteam an trom ghaol air Iseabal Tolmach gun fhios, gun iarraidh. Bha e cho freasdalach dhi 's a b'urrainn neach cruthaichte bhi; sheireadh e steach an t-uise 's a' mhòine; ghearradh e 'n connadh; chaoincheadh e 'n giuthas; chuireadh e gach nì 'na àite fèin cho gasda 's a ghabhadh dèanamh. A dh'aon fhacal, cha robh tìrn no gnìomh a ghabhadh dèanamh nach coimhleadh Dìchioll. 'S e 'n taitneas bu mhotha bha e seallbhachadh, laighe air being taobh an teine a leigeadh a' sgios rè na h-oidhe, 's e cluinntinn guth bhinn, shòlasach Iseabal.

Fhuair Dìchioll an ciad duais, agus fìor mholadh bho 'mhaighstir an éiric a sheirbhis agus a' ghluilain. Thuit Dìchioll: "Bu mhaith roinn de so aig m'athair 's mo mhàthair, na 'n biodh fios agam-sa cò a sgrìobhadh litir dhomh."

"Rach far am beil Iseabal; innis di na bheil air d' aire 's cha bhi i fada 'ga chur sìos air paipear."

Thug Dìchioll taing chridheil; oir cha bu ruith leis e ach leum dol far an robh annsachd a chridhe.

Thaisbean Dìchioll e fèin gu modhail, fearail an fianuis Iseabal. Chuir e 'n cèil brìgh a thuruis am briathraibh suasail.

"Dean suidhe, Dìchioll" ars ise.

Thòisich i ri sgrìobhadh. Bha esan le cridhe làn, is sùil luainich a' leantunn mheur fìnealt Iseabal mar a bha iad gu sìubhal a' ruith thairis air a' phaipear, agus e beachdachadh air na cuspairean neònach a bha i a' fàgail 'na dèidhe. Thug i 'n aire dha, agus dh'fhoighnich i dheth: "Saoil thu 'm biodh tu fèin fada, ri ionnsachadh sgrìobhadh a dheanamh?"

"Is mise bhiodh da-rìreadh dìchiollach," ars esan.

"Ma tà, ars ise," bho na tha thu fèin cho freasdalach, dleasail dhòmh-sa, bheir mise dhuit leasan na h-uile oidheche gus am bi thu comasach air litir a dheanamh. Thug Dìchioll an taing bu chridheala bh' aige do 'n mhaighdinn uasal an éiric a tairgse.

Cha deach sgòilear riamh air beulaibh feallsanaich no foghlaine fo mhaighstir cho faireil, toigheach, ealanta ri Dìchioll. Cha robh car a chuireadh i d'a teanga, fuaim a

dhcanadh a sgòrnan, no cumadh a chuireadh i air a beul nach deanadh Dichìoll cho math rithe fèin, gus an ùine gheàrr nach b'urrainn i bhì cinnteach an i fèin a sgrìobh so, no an e ath-sgrìobhadh Dhichill a bhiodh ann. Nuair fhuair Dichìoll an mach dòigh an fhoghlaim cheannach e leabraichean, is dh'fhoghlaim e e fèin gus nach robh e 'n eisimeil neach 'sam bith.

Bha bana-chompanach aig Iseabail d'am b'ainm Seònaid Sìosal. Bhiodh na caileagan gu tric ri conaltradh, is Dichìoll ri "cadal nan con 'sa mhuileann," a' cluinntinn na h-uile facal. Bha oidhche Shamhna dlùthachadh, is thàinig Seònaid air chèilidh, agus bha Dichìoll 'na chadal cho trom ri cloiche.

"Ach an saoil ciod a' chleasachd a nì sinn oidhche Shamhna" arsa Seònaid."

Fhreagair Iseabail: "Is iomadh sgeul a chuala mi mu thilgeadh na ceirle do lagan na h-àthainn, ach tha mi làn shuidhichte air dearbhadh a chur orra; oir gun teagamh bu mhabh leam fèin ainm m'fhir-phosd a chluinntinn."

Am beagan ùine dh'iarr Dichìoll cead air Fear-a'-bhaile dol a chur seachd oidhche Shamhna anns a' Bhad-chall, baile beag monaidh a bha asdar math air falbh. Fhuair e làn chhead an èisdeachd Iseabail.

Thàinig oidhche Shamhna. Sgeadach Dichìoll e fèin gu gasda, agus ghuidh e oidhche chridheil do na bha fuireach. Chaidh e 'm falach gus na dhubh an oidhche agus thug e 'n àth air. Chluinneadh a' chluas gach buille bh'aig a chridhe 's e feitheamh a leannain. Cha robh 'n ùine fada gus an d'fhoghladh an dorus; thilgeadh a' cheirle, agus thòisich an tachras. Rug Dichìoll cadar a mheòir air an t-sàithrean gu crìteanach. Ars eise: "Co 'n so shuas air ceann mo ròpain gu daingean, cinnteach?"

"Mise Dòmhnall Guinne le m'ùile dhichìoll."

Leum i'mach le sraon eagalach. Bha Seònaid a' feitheamh.

"O, ciod a dh'fhaicir nuair thàinig thu cho grad?"

"Cha d'fhaicir mise biog, no diog. Cha 'n eil ann ach an amaideas is motha chualas le chusan cinn."

Ach thuig Seònaid gu'n cual i barrachd 's na bu mhiann leatha innsadh.

Bha Dichìoll tim gu leòr 's a Bhad-chall is thill e tràth math am màireach; ach bha Iseabal cho fiata ri broc an garaidh, 's cha toireadh i freagradh min idir do Dichìoll.

Ach ma bha Dichìoll freasdalach dhì roimhe bha dùbailt a nis ann. Dh' fhàs Dichìoll suas 'na ghille glan, tapaidh. Cha robh fear 'san Sgìre 'thilgeadh a' chlach cho fada ris, no thionndaidheadh an cabar le cho beag spairn ri Dichìoll. Chuir e suas am fèile-beag 's a' bhoineid gorm. Sgeadaicheadh e e fèin, is stèòcadh e seachad air an ùinneig a dh' fheuchainn an dùisgeadh e sradag blàth idir an cridhe Iseabail.

Cha b'urrainn i gun toirt faineur gu'm bu tlachdmhor am fleasgach e. Agus ars ise rithe fèin latha de na làithean: "Nach mi 's amaideiche air thalamh, agus fios cinnteach agam gur e 'n aon fhear a th' air a chur air leth dhomh."

Thuig Dichìoll gu'n robh e deanamh làraich 'na cridhe, agus gu'n robh a mhiann oirre gu'm briseadh e 'n eigh—nì nach robh e fada deanamh.

Thòisich an t-suiridhe cheart rìreadh. Bha cridhe nan leannan a' snàmh ann an cuan de shòlas; ach bha aon cheisd chudthromach daonnan ri aghaidh Dhichill, agus b'i sin ciod a theireadh an Tolmach nuair a chluinneadh e mar bha cuiscan a' seasamh

eadar e fèin agus a nighean? Bha 'n ùine dol seachd 's an dithis a' gabhail fadail. Ach thàinig an t-am aig am feumadh gnòthaichean a bhì air an eur gu dearbhadh; agus thuir Iseabal gu cuim, ciallach: "Bì de dheagan mhuinich. Tha fios agad cheana nach tèid mise an aghaidh toil m' athar, eadhon ge do bhriseadh sin mo chridhe; ach tha thu cinnteach gu'n cleachd mi gach reusan is tàlann a th' air am buileachadh orm, is gu'm feuch mi ris gach ceap-tuislidh is cnap-starra 'chuireas e air thoiseach oirnn a thoirt as an rathad, 's an deanamh mar chaimnean 'na shealladh. Ach cha 'n eil mi idir cinnteach gu'm beil sùil gheur m' athar gus an so gun an aire thoirt do na bheil eadarainn. Cha b'urrainn i cumail oirre fèin na b' fhaide gun bhriseadh am mach ann an gal; oir bha 'cridhe ann an t-slighe-thombais eadar ùmhachd d'a h-athair agus gaol d'a leannan, air chor is gu'n robh e 'n impis sgàinidh, agus fhuair i mach gu'm b'i slige na h-ùmhachd a bu trime. Thiormaich Dichìoll suas a deòir is ghabh e i 'na ghlaicibh le barrachd spèis—na'n robh sin comasach—air na rinn e riamh roimhe. Cha b'urrainn iad a bhì fada 'san t-suidheachadh so, agus ghabh Dòmhnall an ceud cothrom air chùisean a shoerachadh eadar e fèin agus a mhaighstir.

Bha Dichìoll riamh dichìollach, deas-bhriathrach; ach a nis chaidh e 'na bhreislìch. Na facail a dh'ullaich e chaidh iad air chall, is bha e a' stadairachd 's a' g'gairreachd mar nach robh e riamh roimhe. Dh'amhairc an Tolmach gu geur 'na aodainn, agus ars ean: "A Dhòmhnall, tha mi 'tuigsinn gur ann ag iarraidh làmh Iseabail a tha thu. A nis, a laicìh, tha a cridhe agad 'heana, agus biodh a làmh, a maoin, is beannachd Freasdaill, agus mo bheannachd fhin agabh maraon."

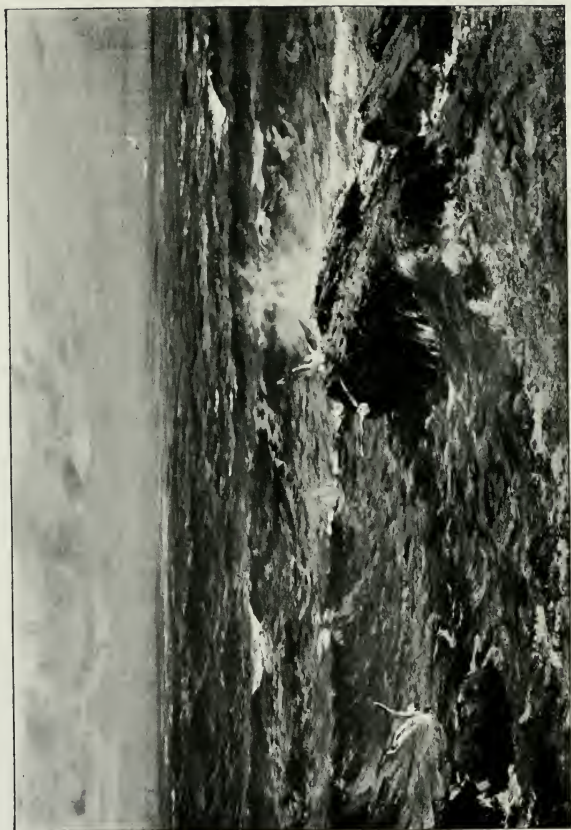
"Na'n labhradh am beul a reir fairichidhean a' chridhe, bheirinn dhuibh taing nach d'fhuair neach a leithid chuide so."

"Eisd rium" ars an Tolmach. "Bha thu daonnan dhomhsa mar bha Iacob do Làban. Shoirbhich gach nì ris an do chuir thu do làmh. Biodh Iseabal dhuit mar Rachel do Iacob, oir chomh-lion thu a seachduinean. 'S i cheisd shaoghailta is motha bha ri m' aghaidh-sa. Na'm biodh Iseabal a b'fhaide saoghal na mi fhin, cò air am fàgainn a cùram? Bha thu bho chionn bliadhnan ann an sùil m' inntinn. Dh'fhan mi gus an so. A nis dh'abaich an raon. Gu'n deonaich an Tì tha shuas an toradh a bhì trom. Do réir cùrsa nàdur ach na beatha, tha mo réis-sa aig a ceann, agus cuimhnich thusa, tha saoghal buan air thoiseach oirnn agus ma bhios tus' air do bheannachadh le sliochd, dean an saoghal a tha làthair beag 'nan sealladh an coimeas ri Sìorruidheachd. Sin agad comhairlean àirdh air an gleidheadh air chuimhne."

An ùine gun a bhì fada, rinneadh pòsadh is banais aoibhinn, aighearach a mhair trì làithean. A réir an am shuidhichte bha cìghre òg 'san Achadh-bhreac. Bha -oirbhachadh leis a' chàraid òig anns gach bac is bruthach. Latha de na bh'ann ghairm Iseabal Seònaid Sìosal an uaignes, agus thuir i rithe: "Gabh mo chomhairle agus thoir an àth ort air Oidhche Shamhna."

"Nach d'fhuir thu rium gur amaideas mòr a dhol idir air an t-slighe," arsa Seònaid.

"Ars Iseabal 's i togail suas an leinibh: "Seall air so. Sin agad toradh mo thurais do 'n àth air an dearbhadh oidhche' ud. Oir gu firinneach cha do ghabh mise Dichìoll—Dòmhnall, 's e bhios mi 'g ràdh—fathast mur



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"Sea-Gulls."

Painted by W. B. Lamond, R.B.A.

biodh gur e thug coinneamh dhomh anns an àth air an oidheche àraidh ud."

Arsa Seònaid: "Tha thu toirt orm a bhi air chrith le eagal."

"Cha ruig thu leas eagal 'sam bith a bhi ort. Cha'n eil cunnart air an t-saoghal ann. A ghalad, cha'n eil fios air neach sam bith air na taitneasas a tha 'n lorg a phòsaidh gus an dean iad e."

"Tha sin fìor gu leòr do thaobh cuid de mhuinntir; ach seall feadhainn eile ag iarraidh sgaoileadh taigheadais mu'm bi iad leth-bhladhna cuideachd."

"Cha robh còir aig an leithidith sin dhòl riamh cuideachd; agus cha robh gaol eadar iad: far nach eil gaol bidh an fhuarachd. Seall riun fhìn, bha fuath mo chridhe agam do Dhòmhnmh ach nuair thuig mi gur e bha air a chur air leth dhomh, dh'atharraich mi m' inntinn agus ghabh mi a leithid de thlachd dheth is gu'n robh mi saoilinn nach e 'n aon saoghal air am beil mi siubhal agus anns an robh mi roimhe sin."

"Gun teagamh tha Mr Ghùinne airidh air gaol tè air bith," arsa Seònaid.

"'S beag breithneachaidh th'agad air sin fathast; ach nuair a gheibh thu Uilleam Donn bidh tu na 's eòlaich," arsa Iseabal.

"Gu dearbh tha eagal orm, fhìn nach tachair sin gu bràth; tha e cho simplidh deagh-nadurraich, ach cho saideal ann an gaol 's nach cuir e làmh mu'n cuairt diom, ach 's e meud a mhuirn, agus a bheusachd is coireach ri sin. Am beil fios agad, ged nach bu mhaith leam gu'n cuinneadh e so, gu'm beil mi fàs sgìth a' feitheamh ris, ged 's e 's docha leam de fhìr an Domhain."

Ars Iseabal, "'S ann bu chòir dha sin a chluinntinn gun dàil. Maoidh thusa Seòras a' Mhuilleir air, gille cluìteach, deanadach, aig am beil cridhe caidreamhach, agus deagh dhachaidh do mhnai. Tha mis ag ràdh riut gu'n cuireadh sin cabhag ris."

"A! gu fìrinneach, cha bu chaomh leam fìradh a chur ann an aon lide do Uilleam: tha e fèin cho oroireach 'na dhòighean."

"Mur caomh, ma fà, thoir an àth ort air Oidheche Shamhna. Gun teagamh cha mhiad thu ainm d' fhir phòs a chluinntinn."

"Agus cia mar a nì mi; o 'n chaidh thu fèin troimh 'n chleas cheana."

"So agad mar nì thu: Thoir leat ceirsle de shnath làidir, toinnta nach bris le stad a chur air 'san tachras, is abair 'Cò e tha 'n so shuas air ceann mo ròpain'; is gheibh thu freagradh."

"Ma chaomhar mi nì mi na h-uile car dheth," arsa Seònaid.

"Cò bha ri far-chluais ach an Ghùinneach, "Dìchioll" bho shean, agus càin is dìreach, far an robh Uilleam Donn gu'n deach e, agus dh'innis e dha na h-uile faral mar bha eadar na boirionnaich, agus gu'n robh a leannan a' gabhail fadail nach robh e 'ga deanaidh dha fèin, "agus fios aig na coinnearsnach," arsa an Ghùinneach, "gu'm beil sibh an dùil an sraim a chur; is e'ar son a tha thu leigeil leis a chailleig eireachdail a bhi seanachadh fa chomhair do shùla? Tha eagal orm sa gu'm beil sùil aig Seòras a' Mhuilleir an taobh a tha i, agus tha fios agad fèin gu'm beil sùil gle thlach agus nead fìr bhlàth aig Seòras."

"Mac-na-duibhe! Na'n gabhadh e air a shùil, no dhùil, a thigeadh rathad Seònaid bheirinn-sa air gun seinneadh e port Ragh-naill Uidhir."

Ars an Ghùinneach "thuir mi riut cheana gu'm beil Seònaid a' dol do 'n àth a chluinntinn ainm a fìr phòs; bi thusa roimpe agus cuir stad air an t-snaithean."

"Agus," arsa Uilleam; "ciod a their mi?"

"Nuair their ise 'Cò e so shuas air ceann mo ròpain?' abair. 'Tha mise, Uilleam Donn.

le foun pòsaidh.' Na'm biodh fios agad air, cha tu an cìad fhear a chaidh troimh 'n chleas cheudna."

"Tha thu toirt air mo chridhe bhi plogartaich le aoibhneas."

"Gu ma teinne, 's gu ma teotha," arsa an Ghùinneach. "Ach so agad mar nì thu: Abair ri Seònaid gu'm beil thu dol bho 'n bhaile air an latha àraidh so."

"Cha 'n abair," arsa Uilleam, "cha dean mi breug idir."

"Mur dean, faodaidh tu dol air thurus, 's a bh: air ais gun fhios di."

"Tha thu aige a nis; tha sin gasd," arsa Uilleam.

Thàinig Oidheche Shamhna. Cha do chleith a bhean air a' Ghùinneach gu'n robh Seònaid ri dol do'n àth. Bha bean a' Ghùinnich a' feitheamh gus an tigeada Seònaid a dh' iarraidh na h-uchrach.

Cha robh Seònaid gle fhada gun tighinn, is thug Iseabal dhi an iuchair gu bog, sàmhach. Dh' fhaireich Uilleam, 's e ann an lagan na h-àthainn, a bhi fosgladh an doruis. Thàinig ceum eutrom, iollagach a steach. Shìn Uilleam amhaich dh' fheuch am faicadh e cheirsle tighinn. Chaidh a' cheirsle thigeadh le srann. "Oich! oich!" arsa Uilleam. "chuir thu 'n t-sùil asam, a Sheònaid."

Leig Seònaid sgrìach aise, 's am mach a ghabh i agus Uilleam ag éigheachd: "Stad, a Sheònaid; m' fhìn a th' ann, a Sheònaid; Uilleam a th' ann."

Mar bu chruaidh éigheachd Uilleim, 's ann bu luathre ruitheadh Seònaid, is tàsg Uilleim Dhuinn a' stuideil 'na déidhe, 's a làmh r'a stùil.

Bhuannaich Seònaid taigh a' Ghùinnich.

"Oich is obha!" arsa ise, "tàsg Uilleim Dhuinn 'ga mo ruith," is thuit i 'na paiseanadh an uchd Iseabail.

Lean an Ghùinneachd am mach an coinneamh an rud a bha tighinn. Cho luath 's a chual Uilleam tailiorach a chas, dh'éigh e: "Cò tha 'n sin? Am faca sibh Seònaid?"

"Dùin do bhial, a chlabaire mhosaich"; ciod a tha cur romhad a dheanamh?"

"O, 's ann a chuir mi eagal air Seònaid. Oich, Oich! mo shùil."

"Innis dhomh cia mar a chaidh dhuit? Tha Seònaid ceart gu leòr còmhla ri Iseabail. Is beag nach do mhùil thu 'n cleas, a dhuine."

"O, mo ghaol oirre; 's i ghabh an t-eagal."

"Islich do ghuth, no chluinnidh am bail thu."

"Och, 's ann a tha mi duilich a thaobh Seònaid. Ach so agad mar bha. Bha mi feitheamh gus an tigeada i. Nuair dh' fhaireich mi gu'n tainig i staigh chuir mi spàic orm a dh' fheuchainn am faicinn a' cheirsle tighinn ach 's ann a fhuair mi 'm peilear ud anns an t-sùil, 's e cho cruaidh ri snèip."

Bha gu leòr aig a' Ghùinneach r'a dheanamh cumail air a ghaire

"Thoir an taigh ort is rach a laighe."

"Ma theid," arsa Uilleam, "cha 'n ann gu cadal."

"Ma bhios do shùil goirt cuir gealagan uighe rithe ann an luidig chotain, is bidh i math gu leòr 's a mhaduinn."

Nuair chaidh Iseabal fhàgail le Seònaid 'sa paiseanadh, thug i dhi cungaidd bheothachaidh, is chaidh i gu h-aithghearr am feabhas, agus chuir Iseabal a beul r'a cluais is thuir i rithe: "Nach tu tha amadeach. Co ris an robh dùil agad coinneachadh?"

"'S e bh' ann," arsa Seònaid, "tàsg Uilleim; is bha e 'ga mo ruith, agus mi fhìn cinnteach gu leòr gu'n robh Uilleam ann am Bad-a'-mhanaich aig an àm ud."

"Oinseach, car son a ghabh thu eagal, agus

an dearbh rud, a bha thu dol a dh' iarraidh tachairt riut?"

"Cha robh mi 'g iarraidh tàsg a bhì ruith as mo dhéidhe."

Mu'n do thàr iad an còrr a ràdh thàinig an Guinneach a steach.

"Cìod e so, a Sheònaid? Cìod a thàinig riut?"

"Am faca sibh e?" arsa Seònaid.

"Cìod a chithinn?" arsa an Guinneach.

"Tàsg Uilleim Dhuinn," arsa ise.

"Tha thu air bhoile, soilleirich cùisean dhomh."

Cha do cheil Seònaid facal. Dh' innis i dha gach car is cleas mar tha fios agaibh mar tha. Shuind an Guinneach dluth dhi. "Thoir dhomh do làmh," arsa esan. "Cho cinnteach 's tha do làmh 'na mo thè-sa bidh i 'n làmh Uilleim Dhuinn mar mhnai phòda mu 'n ruith sia seachdainean bho 'n diugh. Agus cha 'n fhaca tu tàsg no samhlaidh, ach dùrachd Uilleim."

Ge do chaidh Seònaid dhachaidh 's do 'n leabaidh, cha b'ann gu fois. Na'n dùineadh i suil bha tàsg Uilleim 's a làmh r'a shùil ag eighceadh: "Mi fhìn a th'ann," 's e 'na dheann ruith as a déidhe.

Cho luath 's a shoilleirich an latha chaidh Seònaid gus an doras. Bha Uilleam aig ceann a thaighe fein, 's e spleuchdadh rithe, agus stiom gheal tarsuing air a shùil.

"'S e th' ann," arsa Seònaid, "ach cuin a thàinig e? Cìod a tha cur air a shùil?"

Cho luath 's a chunnaic e i, an àirde bha e far an robh i.

"C'ait?" arsa ise, "an robh thu 'n raoir?"

"Thoir dhomh crathadh de do làmh bhig, bhòidhich an toiseach; 's an còrr an déidhe sin."

"Théid mi 'n steach leat gus am faigh mi do naidheachd mi oidhche Shamhna."

Bha e cho moch 's nach do ghluais neach 'san taigh.

"Ach," arsa ise, "c'ait' an robh thu mu ochd uairean an raoir? Is cìod a tha cur ri do shùil?"

Bha mi aig an àm sin, a Sheònaid, far an robh thusa, anns an àth. Ach car son a theab thus' an t-sùil a chur asam le ceirle chruaidh shnàth?"

"Tha diomhaireachd ann an so nach eil mi idir a' tuigsinn" arsa Seònaid.

"Ma tà, na'n do thachair Seòras a' Mhuilleir riut, mar bha dùil agad, thuigeadh tu cùisean math gu leòr."

"Cha robh mis' an dùil, no ag iarraidh sin" arsa ise.

"Mineag a Sheònaid, tha fhios agam gur e mi fhìn is docha leat. 'S ann tha mi ri àbhachd."

"Na bi 'ga mo chumail 'san teann-dach so. Minich dhomh an gnothuch," arsa ise.

B'e 'n ciad uair a rinn e a leithid; ach chuir e a làimhan mòra tinnicholl oirre.

"Leig leam do thoirt faisg air mo ebridhe, m'fheadail de 'n chlànn-nigean," agus thug e tlàth-dhinn-eadh oirre r'a bhroilleach; chuir e aghaidh réidh air is thubhairt e—oir cealg cha robh an cridhe Uilleim—"Dh' innseadh dhomh gu'n robh thu dol do 'n àth; chomhairlicheadh dhomh a bhì romhad."

"Ma's fìor, gur ann am Bad-a'-mhanaich a bha thu."

"Bha mi 'm Bad-a'-mhanaich gun amharus; ach thug mi deagh aire gu'm bithinn tim na's leòr 'san àth gu beirsinn air an t-snaithean agad-sa. Ach 's ann a theab thu 'n t-sùil a chur asam le ceirle chruaidh de shnàth toinnte."

"Ha—ha; ho—ho—ho," arsa ise.

"An ann ri gàire 'n déidhe mo leònaidh tha thu?"

"O, ma tà, leighisidh mi fhìn thu le ubaig."

Chloimhead i 'na shùil, is thug i mach plucan de chloimh dhaithe le ploc prìne. Thig i 'n stiom air falbh, is bha sùil Uilleim aig fois agus bha inntinn faisg air a bhì aig fois mar an ceudna.

"So agad?" arsa ise, "toradh cleasadh Oidhche Shamhna."

"Tha mise 'g carbsa gu'm bi toradh is motha na sin fathast air," arsa Uilleam.

Cha ruig mi leas gach ceist is freagradh tairis, min, milis a bha eadar an dithis, a chur sìos an so, oir 's eagal leam gu'm beil mo sgeul ro fhada cheana. Foghnaidh dhomh innseadh so: mu 'n deach Uilleam am mach as an taigh gu'n robh latha 'm pòsaidh air a shuidheachadh.

Chaidh beagan de dhaoine taghte chuireadh. Chuir an Guinneach air làmhnan a chèile iad air beulaibh a' mhinistear. Chaidh an t-snaim a chur nach fuasgail sgian, fiacail, ro meòrean.

Ghabh Uilleam air ghàirdean a mhnatha phòda. Dol am mach dorns na-h-eaglais bhois e cagar 'na cluais: "Neo-air thuing do Sheòras a' Mhuilleir a nis."

Ràinig iad an taigh: bha biadh an àite caitheamh; deoch an àit' òil: ceòl an àit' éisdeachd; céir an aite losgaidh. Chumadh banais chridheil, shunndach. Dh'fhalbh gach neach gu taingeil, toilichte. Ghuidh iad saoghal fada, piseach agus sonas do 'n chàr-aid òig. Fhrasadh tiòdblacan is gribhtean orra: na dh' fhoghainn daibh fad am beatha.

Fhuair an Tolmach, Fear an Achaidh-bhrìc, bàs; rinneadh caoidh mhòr as a dhéidhe; oir cha bu bheag an ionndrainn as an tìr e.

Thug Dònnhull Gùinne leis athair 's a mhàthair. Cha robh Iscabel na b'fhajde gun mhàthair, no bean an t-sean Ghùinnich gun nigean. Nuair theireadh an dara té "mo mhàthair," theireadh an tè eile "mo nigean."

B'i 'n toil-inntinn bu mhotha bh'aig an t-sean chàraid, foghlum an oghaichean agus feuchainn r'an deanamh glie do thaobh an t-saoghail tha làthair, ach gu h-àraidh e sin a tha ri tighinn, is air nach tig crìoch.

THE DROWNED LOVER.

O WHITE bird of the ocean,

With love-lorn emotion,

I follow thy flight o'er

The grey silver sea;

For the soul of me sighing

Would, like thee, be flying

To where in the sea fold

My love calls for me.

O Angus, mine own love,

My lost love, my lone love,

No rest can'st thou find

In thy grave in the deep.

My grief! when I hear thee—

Ah! would I were near thee.

Then soft would thy dreams be

And gentle thy sleep.

The dew-mists that creep o'er

Yon tide-ways and wan shore

Seem wraiths from the death-cold

Doom-deeps of the sea.

Or asleep, or awaken,

I mourn thee forsaken—

A wraith from the sea-fold

Who calleth for me.

O Angus, &c.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

HIGHLAND CHAPLAINS for HIGHLAND REGIMENTS

By MALCOLM C. MACLEOD.



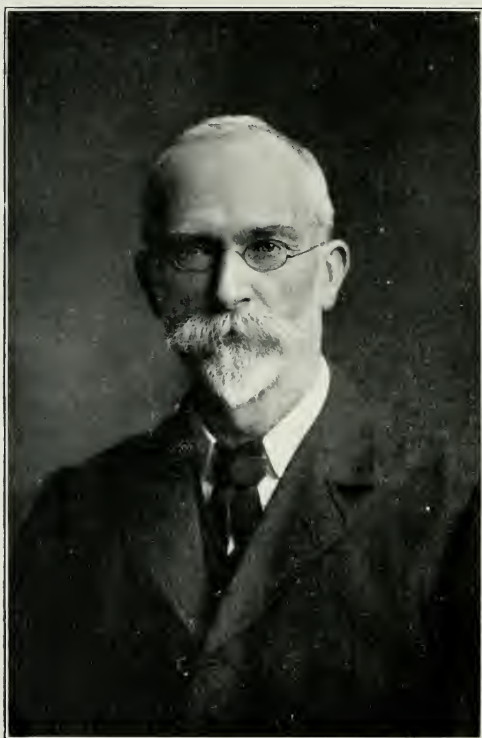
COMMITTEE composed of representatives of the great Presbyterian Churches has been entrusted by the War Office with the appointment of Chaplains in Scotland. These Chaplains have an opportunity of rendering valuable service to our men in many ways. They can stimulate them to greater zeal in a righteous cause, they can comfort and cheer them in the midst of sufferings in hospital and elsewhere, they can write letters of consolation and help to parents and friends in the hour of anxiety and bereavement. It is of importance that these Chaplains should be able, in Highland Regiments at least, to understand and sympathise with the needs of Gaelic-speaking men who form so important a part of our Scottish Regiments. Even if the great preponderance of men in certain regiments be non-Gaelic speaking, some slight effort might be made to secure the services of Chaplains who to other qualifications add a knowledge of Gaelic. Instead of considering the reasonableness of this need the Churches influenced by narrow-minded territorial associations again and again pass over suitable Gaelic-speaking men and select for work in Highland Regiments men who though possessed of many excellent gifts do not pretend to possess that which in a special manner enables the Chaplain to be helpful to the Highland soldier. It is no justification to say that a few Gaelic-speaking men have been appointed. To remove a just grievance no increase of Chaplains should be needed.

In the Navy matters are still worse. There is no Gaelic-speaking Chaplain, although many thousands of naval men have been recruited from the Western Isles, most of them from purely Gaelic-speaking homes. In a correspondence with the late First Lord of the Admiralty on this subject, an appeal was made for the appointment of one or two Gaelic-speaking Chaplains to the Royal Navy as some slight recognition of the fact that many thousands of naval men came from purely Gaelic-speaking homes in the North and West of Scotland. The First Lord's reply was that, after investigation it was found that all the men could speak English! (Not a profound discovery after forty years of compulsory education in English). English is to many of these a foreign tongue. Gaelic is the home language, and to ignore the language of these men and especially of their homes is not the best way to deepen the spirit of patriotism or to encourage parents to send their sons to the service.

Recently the Churches issued an appeal for funds in order to provide religious literature in Gaelic for men at the Front. The object is a laudable one, but that is not what the men want in the first place. Many of our Gaelic speakers are not Gaelic readers. In their schools, with very few exceptions, they are taught to read English and English only. The Churches might well have shewn their zeal earlier if they wished to encourage the use of Gaelic literature. Unfortunately, Gaelic literature at present can only be appreciated by very few, and, even if it were otherwise, it is a poor thing to offer only a tract to a man who is yearning for the sound of the living voice.

The British Empire has always been proud of its Highland Regiments, and never has it had greater reason to be proud of them than in the present crisis, not only for prowess on many a stricken field but also for the enthusiasm with which our Highlanders responded without any delay to the Country's call in its hour of need. In many a northern village there is not a single family that does not have one or more of its members wearing the King's uniform. The Island of Lewis alone sent 5000 men at the very commencement of the war to join the Colours. Yet this matter so dear to the heart of every Highlander is treated lightly, and the spiritual needs of the Highland soldier are frequently ignored because the man who is ever ready to fight and to suffer for others is always slow to complain and refuses to press his own claims when he sees the welfare of others at stake.

Our contention is that wherever it is possible the Chaplain of a Highland Regiment ought to be a Highlander.



Croze & Rodgers,

Stirling.

Calum Mac Phàrlain.

CALUM MAC PHÀRLAIN.



R MALCOLM MACFARLANE, whose most recent portrait we give in this issue of "The Annual," needs no introduction to Gaelic readers. He has been doing work of some sort or other for the maintenance and furtherance of his mother tongue during the last forty years. By reason of his having been bred from childhood in a non-Gaelic environment, he has had an enormous leeway to make up before attaining the footing which those who have been reared to manhood where Gaelic is spoken inherit without expenditure of effort. In spite of this drawback Mr MacFarlane has not only equipped himself with a good working knowledge of the Gaelic language and much that pertains thereto, but has made progress enough to enable him to be of service to those who have had the advantage of him in opportunity. Naturally, his later output is the more effective; and, as it is hardly yet known, we confine our attention to it, and reveal what is of main interest in it as brought out in converse with the subject of our notice.

The Fernaig MS.

This MS. has been revised in respect of the transcription, and the correction of errors marked on a copy of *Reliquæ Celticæ*; the transliteration has been clearly written on strong paper with lasting ink; as also an appendix amounting to one-sixth of the whole, revealing the peculiar alphabet in its relations to the sounds which the letters represent, the dialect, the meanings of numerous unusual words, and information regarding such pieces as lend themselves to remark. The whole matter will make a book almost exactly similar to the late Professor Mackinnon's work on "The Gaelic MSS. of Scotland."

The MS. is one mass of conundrums owing to the very peculiar orthography; and the unsolved ones have been reduced to a very low percentage. In comparison to the number left by Mr MacFarlane's predecessors in the work of solution, they do not reach a tithe. The solutions came of themselves in the course of repeated readings, and all the more readily because of Mr MacFarlane's familiarity with the northern style of poetry, which he acquired while assisting in the editing of "*Dain agus Orain le Rob Donn*."

Mr MacFarlane does not think that the work of his predecessors saved him more than ten days' labour, and the greater part of that covers the time which would have been required for writing the transcription in his own hand instead of using the printed pages of *Reliquæ Celticæ*.

The printer's copy awaits a more propitious time to be transformed into a book, and is in such a condition that any person having experience in seeing Gaelic literary matter through the press need have no difficulty in editing it.

Am Mosgladh Mór.

This is the title of a musical play for children—an entire novelty in the Gaelic field. It was preceded by Mrs Grant's "*Dusgadh na Feinne*," which differs from Mr MacFarlane's in not being original in regard to the music—Mr MacFarlane's play contains twenty-two melodies made by himself. The plot is allegorical of the Gaelic Renaissance, and is propagandist in its nature. The play is divided into two parts, the first of which is complete in itself. It can be staged in any manner, according to the resources of the players, from a platform with a simple curtain across it, to the completest equipment of any theatre. It has been produced by Morvern School Children, and its adaptability and other merits proved beyond a doubt, under Miss Stewart, Schoolmistress, at Drimnin.

The name, "*Ballad Operetta*," best reveals the character of the work. The songs are part of the plot, and each has its appropriate melody. Mr MacFarlane never had any qualms as to the merits of the music, but to impress doubting Thomases—of whom the percentage is extraordinary among Gaelic folks when the object of their doubts is one of their own race—he has obtained an authoritative judgment, which we have pleasure in quoting. It is from Mr W. H. Murray, well known as a frequent Mod judge, one of the few men who know Scots music as it ought to be known, and who has had a large and long experience among children and grown-ups.

"I have looked over your children's play with much interest. Without the words I am, of course, at a disadvantage; but there is no question about your gift of melody in song writing. Everything is so easy and natural. You use such a variety of measures and of rhythmic forms that the freshness of novelty is never wanting. Then you easily fall into the tonality natural to Gaelic music; and I have no doubt whatever that, with proper setting and per-

formance, the play would be most attractive. I like particularly 'The Ship in the Loch' work song, 'The Fairy's Lullaby,' 'The Song to the Wind;' and the 'Coronach,' your imitation of the Irish melody, with its repeated notes in cadence, is excellent.

"I hope that some time or other I may have the pleasure of being present at a performance."

English-Gaelic Dictionary.

Mr MacFarlane has been engaged, off and on, for some years in laying the basis of that much-needed book—an English-Gaelic Dictionary. If properly gone about, this should be the work of several men acting together. But as there are no hopes of the like, Mr MacFarlane is acting alone with an eye to, some day, publishing the work in summary if not in extended form. Meantime, there are fifteen hundred and twenty pages of post paper covered with English words and phrases with their Gaelic equivalents, while many thousands have still blanks opposite them. Mr MacFarlane has just completed the writing out of these in alphabetical order. There is an estimated year's work to do ere the selection commences; and the selection will then depend on the size and character of the book to be issued.

Translation.

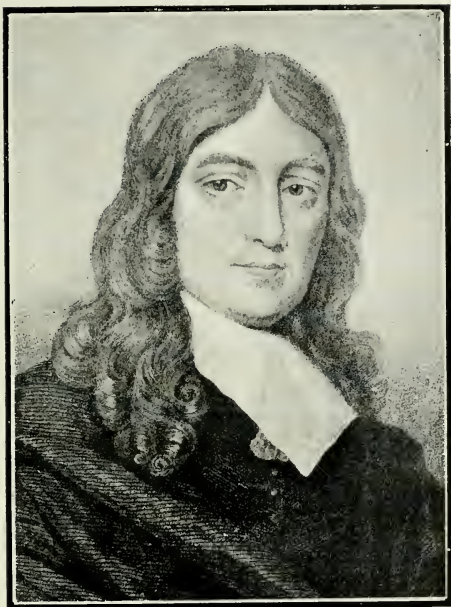
The translation from Milton's "Paradise Lost" which accompanies this notice is given to exemplify in a small measure Mr MacFarlane's versatility. It was an unsuccessful Mod competition paper. Mr MacFarlane, on being asked how it compared with the prize-winning translation, spoke as follows:—"My work is as like Milton's in style as the other is unlike it. The original is an epic in blank verse; yet the prize poem is rhymed in the style of lyric Gaelic poetry, the author having taken great pains to do the wrong thing. But, as I prefer being unsuccessful in a right course to being successful in a wrong one, I am quite indifferent to the decision of the judges, whose literary taste has been, on this occasion, at any rate, at fault. I would not throw the blame on all the judges; for one bad judge can spoil the markings of two good ones—and that occurred, to my perfect knowledge, in more than one literary competition at the 1913 Mod."

Technical Terms.

Another important piece of work with which our friend is at present occupied is that of devising terms which will enable Gaelic speakers and writers to treat of technical and other subjects without being forced to fall back on English. This task he has taken up at the special request of the Scottish Gaelic Academy, which has been giving some attention to the limitations of the old language as regards vocabulary. The primary and immediate intention is to provide words and phrases which will make it possible for teachers to impart instruction in reading, writing, and dictation through the medium of the native tongue. It is rather a formidable commission, and one for the execution of which Mr MacFarlane is singularly well fitted owing to his extensive experience in preparing Gaelic text books, and compiling Gaelic dictionaries. When the project is completed, as far as concerns word-coining, it will not be considered safe to finally adopt the abstract terms until they have been put to a fair amount of practical use. This may be done in more ways than one; but possibly the most approved plan will be to make simple text-books of the various subjects involved. It is interesting to note that particular attention is to be given to words relating to elementary drawing, both free-hand and geometrical, and also to arithmetic. It is considered risky to provide school terms that do not include words necessary for dealing with the elements of these subjects. These are Mr MacFarlane's ideas and proposals; and we may safely assume that he will carry them out with his customary thoroughness and devotion. The Academy has appointed a small Committee to aid him in his task; but the gentlemen composing this body would, themselves, be the first to avow that their part of the labour is likely to be small—that by far the greater portion must fall to their gifted, scholarly, and versatile Convener.

PARADISE LOST,

(MAR CHAILLEADH SEALBH AIR PARRAS.)



John Milton.

Air ceud cheannaire an duine agus air meas toirmisgte na craoibhe, a thug le a shùgh marbhtach bàs anns an t-saoghal agus ar n-uil' an-aoibhneas oirnn, mar ri call Edein—gus am buidhinn Duine na 's mò na sinn féin slàinte dhuinn a ris, agus ath-shealbh air an t-suidheachadh bheannaichte a bh' ann—seinn thusa, a cheòlair nèamhaidh, a ghluais air mullach uaigneach Oreb no Shinai, aighe an aodhaire sin a theagaisg air tùs do 'n dream thaghte mar dh' éirich 'san toiseach na nèamhan agus an talamh á Càos; no ma 's tlachdmhoire leat Beinn Shioin agus Alt Shilóa a shruth air àm am fochair pàillun Dhé, thig as t' àite, ta mi a' guidheadh ort, agus thoir còmhnaidh do mo dhàn a tha togairt fallbh air sgéith fad os cionn A' Mhonaidh Aónaich an tòir air nithean air nach d' thugadh oidhirp riamh an rosg no 'n réim.

Agus, gu sònruichte thusa, a Spioraid leis an àille roimh na tha de theampuill ann an cridhe glan is ionraic, teagaisg mi, oir is aithne dhuit—thusa a bh' ann bho thùs, agus, le do sgiathan an-mhóra sgaoilte gu farsuing, a shuidh gu

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen
seed,

In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that
flow'd

Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from
the first

calmanail a' gur air uachdar na h-aibhis
 ana-cuimsich gus an d'rinn thu torach i
 —an ni a ta dorcha annam soillsich; an
 ni a ta shìos tog suas agus cuir do thàice
 ris, a chum is gu'n tèid agam, gus an
 uidhe is àirde a ghabhas an seachas
 mòr so a thabhairt, air an Fhreasdail
 shìòrruidh a chur an céill, agus air
 gnàths an Dé mhóir 'na bheantainn ris
 an duine, fhìreanachadh.

Innis air tùs—oir cha 'n eil nèamh a'
 cleith dad bho do shùil, is cha mhò a
 ta 'n t-aigeanm ifrinneach—innis air tùs
 cìod e a thug air ar ceud shinnsear, is
 iad air bhi cho sona, agus cho fada stigh
 an coibhneas nèimh, an Cruithfhear
 féin a thréigsinn, agus a thoil a chur an
 suarachas air cheann aon àithne bhi 'gan
 amalladh—Rìghrean na talmhaim, mar
 bha iad, cuideachd! Cò a dh' aom gu
 taobh air tùs iad gus a' cheannaire
 bhreun ud a chur an gnìomh?

Cò ach an nathair ifrinneach! B'esan,
 le cheilt air a fadadh le farnad agus
 dìoghaltas, a mheall màthair a' chinnidh
 dhaonna, agus e air bhi, air tàilleamh
 na h-uail a bh' ann, air a thilgeil am
 mach á nèamh le fheachd de ainglean
 ceannairceach uile, agus e 'san àm an
 geall air e féin a chur, le 'n còmhnaidh-
 san, an innbe ghlòrnhoir os cionn a
 choimpirean, agus an dùil e féin a
 dheanamh fa-dheòidh ionann 's an Ti
 is àirde, na 'n cuireadh e 'na aghaidh;
 agus le sùil mhòrchuisich air rìgh-
 chathair agus flaitheas Dhé, a chuir air
 bonn air nèamh cogadh aingidh agus
 lastanach—ach gu neo-bhuil. Ean
 thilg an t-Uile-chumbachdach an
 comhair a chinn, 's e 'na chaòir lasraich,
 an mach as an speur ghormghlan, le
 sgrios is losgadh oillteil, a sìos gus an
 aigean anns nach eil iochdar, an sin a
 ghabhail còmhnaidh an geimhlichean
 adamaint 's an teintean peanasach; esan
 aig an robh de ladarnas dùbhlhan cogaidh
 a thoirt do 'n Uile-chumbachdach.

Fad naoi làithean agus naoi
 oidhecheannan laigh e féin 's a luchd-
 leanmhunn ceannsaichte, gruamach,
 'nam breislich, ach saor o 'n bhàs, 'gan
 aoirneagan féin 's an t-sloc theinteach.
 Ach chaomhain a bhinn gu feirg is mò
 na sin e; a chionn, a nis, ta a bhreith-
 neachadh an dà chuid air sonas a bhi
 caillte agus air cràdh a bhi sìor, 'ga
 chlaoidh. Tionndaidhear a ghon-
 shùilean mu'n cuairt—na sùilean sin a
 dhearc air àmhghar agus uamhunn ana-
 cuimseach, air an coimheasgadh le uail
 rag-bheartaich agus fuath neo-chaisgte.
 Ghrad-thugadh fainear leis, cho fad 's a
 théid aire nan aingeal, an suidheachadh
 aogaidh, fiadhaich, fàsachail, a bh'
 ann: daingneach oillteil ceithir-
 thimcheall air, 's i 'na h-aon
 àmhluinn lasraich, mhóir; ach fòs
 bho na lasraichean ud cha d' thàinig
 solus, ach dorchadas soléirsinneach, a
 dh' fhoghainn na's fearr gu seallaidhean
 brònach, ionadan muldach agus dubh-
 chùiltean tiamhaidh a leigeil ris;
 ionadan anns nach fhan sìth no fois,
 anns nach tig dòchas am feasd—an dòchas

Wast present, and with mighty wings out-
 spread

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from
 thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of hell; say first, what
 cause

Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind; what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his
 host

Of rebel angels; by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,
 If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Raised impious war in heaven and battle
 proud
 With vain attempt. Him, the Almighty
 Power

Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal
 sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and
 night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd rolling in the fiery gulf.
 Confounded though immortal: but his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath: for now the
 thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful
 eyes,

That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast
 hate.

At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild:
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those
 flames

No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
 peace

And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
 That comes to all; but torture without end

sin a thig air àm do gach neach—ach cràdh gun chrìch a' buadhachadh 's e air a bhrosnachadh le tuil theintich de phronnas sìor-losgach, bith-bhuan.

B'e sin an t-ionad a roimh-ullamhaich ceartas sìorruidh do na ceannaircich ud; an sin 'san tur-dhorchadas dh'òrduicheadh dhaibh an gainntir; an sin chaidh an cuid a chur air leth dhaibh trì uairean na's faide bho Dhia agus bho sholus nèimh na tha teis-meadhon a' chruinne-ché bho a mhul féin. Mo nuar; mo nuar! Nach e a ghabh fada bho 'n ionad as an do thuit iad.

Ghrad-thug e fairear a chompanaich a thuit maille ris, agus tuiltean is cuairt-ghoithean de theintean gailbheach a' dol tharta; agus, 'ga aoirneagan féin dlùth ri làimh an tì a b' fhaighe an cumhachd dha, agus a b' fhaighe an ciont dha—fada 'na dhèidh sin bu mhaith a b' aithne do mhuinntir Phalestin e fo'n ainm "Beelzebub." Ris-san thòisich an t-Abharsair—b' ann air cheann an ainm sin a thugadh "Satan" air air nèamh—le briathran dàna a thug clisgeadh air an trom-thòd thiamhaidh, air inntinn a chur an cèill.

"Ma's tusa th' ann, 's ann ort a thàinig! Is mór a ta thu air caochladh bhuaidhe-san a bha an rioghachdan sona na soillse air a sgeadachadh le lainnir bhàrrmhaiseich a chuir nù-dhreach air sluaghan gun àireamh a bha iad féin ro dhealrach—ma's tusa th'ann a chaidh an bann leam féin 'san aon rùn, 'san aon chomhairle, 'san aon dòchas, agus leis an aon shùil ris a' chumart a bh' anns an oidhirp ghlòrmhoir ud; nis 'nar n-aon anns an aon truaighe so; feuch an sloc anns an do thuit sinn bho'n aon àirde! Air a' mhèud sin dhearbhadh esan le thàirneanach barrachd a threise. Gus an àm ud, co aig a bha fios air lànachd an neirt a bha 'sna h-airm namhasach ud?

"Ach cha 'n ann rompa sud, no roimh na tha an comas a' bhuaidhair chumhachdaich ud 'na fheirg a dheanamh orm, a ghabhainn aithreachas no dh'atharraichinn rùn—ged is fìor gu'm bheil an inntinn sheasmhach agus an uail naibhreach a ta 'g éirigh a mothachadh air toiltinneas 'ga chur an suarachas, air an atharrachadh a thaobh coslas soillseach an leth am muigh. B' iad sin a thug fodham féin strì a dhèanamh ris a' tì is cumhachdaiche, agus a thug air an aghaidh do 'n chòmhraig ghaireachd do-àireamhaichte de spioradan armaichte anns an robh de mhisneach a riaghladh fhuathachadh; agus leis am b'fhèarr mise a leantainn, 's an cumhachd féin a chur an aghaidh a làn-chumhachd-san, an gleac neo-chinnteach air machraichean nèimh, a thug crìochnachadh air a rìgh-chathair àird.

"Ged chailleadh am blàr, mo thogair! Cha 'n eil a h-uile nì caillte! Cha 'n eil an toil nach gabh ceannsachadh caillte; cha 'n eil am fuath neo-bhàsmhor caillte; agus a' mhisneach nach leig strìocadh no gèilleadh 'na coir, agus nach aidich air chor air bith ceannas buileach, cha 'n eil

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed;

Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison
ordain'd

In utter darkness; and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of
heaven,

As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they
fell!

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous
fire,

He soon discerns; and weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub: to whom the arch enemy,
And thence in heaven call'd Satan, with
bold words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:--

"If thou beest he—But, O, how fallen! how
changed

From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst
out-shine

Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual
league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now miserv hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen: so much the
stronger proved

He with his thunder; and till then who
knew

The force of those dire arms? vet not for
those,

Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
mind

That with the Mightiest raised me to con-
tend,

And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign; and, me pre-
ferring,

His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the
field be lost,

All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me: to bow and sue for grace

ise caillte. A' ghlòir sin cha 'n fhaod fhearg-san no a chumhachd-san a spionadh bhuan. An e gu'n lùbaim glùn ris-san, 's gu'n iarrainn maithenas air-san, 's gu'n ardaichim e mar dhia—esan, aig meud eagail roimh thrise a' ghàirdin so, a bha neo-chinnteach air feadh tamuil á seasmhachd a fhlaithis! Bu tàireil da-rìreadh sin; bu mhasladh e; b' aobhar nàire a b' isle na an leagail so féin e; agus sin gu h-àraidh bho nach eil e 'san dàn treise nan dia agus an susbainn fhiorghlan, bhith-bheò a dhol a dhith; agus bho na dh' fhaodas sin leis an fhiosrachadh air iomairt arm a thug sinn as an deánadas mhór ud agus leis na chuireadh ri ar buadhan roimh-amharcach, cogadh sìor gun mhiann air réite, a chur, le dùil na's déine, le neart, 's le ceilg mar aon, an aghaidh an nàmhaid mhóir a ta an ceartair a' deanadh gáirdeachais, agus, an anbharr éibhnis, a' riaghladh 'na aonar le smachd nan nàmhaid 'na shealbh."

Mar sin, gu h-àrd ladarna, labhair an t-aingeal mi-dhìleas dh' aindecòin a chor chràitich agus gu'n robh e air a chlaoidh le an-dòchas domhain, dorcha; agus so mar a thug a choimpire dàna freagrachd d'a bhriathran.

"A phrionnsa, 's a thréith air cumbhachdan aig am bu lìomhor rìgh-chathraichean, a thrèoraich na seraphim uigheamaichte gu blàr, agus gu neo-gàthach, le euchdan fuathasach, a chuir an cunnart rìgh sìorruidh nèimh, agus a chuir gu dearbhadh 'àrd-smachd-san; co-dhiùb b' ann le tréise a chaidh a chumail suas, no le tuiteamas, no le roimh-òrduchadh, cha'n aithne dhòmhsa; ach is ro-mhaith is léir dhomh agus is mòr is aithreach leam an tachartas an-aoibhinn ud, a chailleadh nèimh oirn, troimh'n bhriseadh mhuladach 's a bhreun ruaig so; agus a dh' fhàg gu h-ìosal am feachd an-mhòr so fo dhith-mhilleadh uamhasach—a mheud 's a ghabhas na déathan agus dùilean de 'n bhrìgh nàmhaidh milleadh; oir mairidh an inntinn agus an anam do-cheannsaichte, agus tillidh an spionnadh gu luath ged bhitheas an glòir uile air dol as, agus an cor sona air a mhùchadh fo thruaighe neo-chriochnaich.

"Ach, ciod e na dh' fhàg am buadhair cumbhachdach so—is fheudar aideachadh a nis gu'm bheil e uile-chumbhachdach, a chionn cha bu chomasach do thì na's lugha na sin a leithid de fheachd 's a bha annainne a cheannsaichadh—ciod e na dh' fhàg e ar spiorad 's ar treise iomlan againn a chum ar n-àmhghar a dh' fhulang 's a ghiùlan gu cruadalach, gus a' chrìch so; gu'm foghnamaid d' a fheigr dhìoghaltaich, no gu seirbhis is mò a dhèanamh dha mar thràillean a bhuidhinn e le coir buaidh anns a' chath, ce b'e air bith an gnothuch a th' aige 'na rùn; an so am buillsgean ifrinn a dh' obair le teine, no air feadh na h-aibhis ghruamaich a dhol air theachdaireachd dha; ciod e an stàth dhuinne, ged mhothaicheamaid fathast ar neart gun fhannachadh no ar beatha gun traoghadh, ma's fheudar peanas gun chrìch fhulang an so?"

With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of
gods

And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much
advanced,

We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven."

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:

O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led the imbattel'd seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King;
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or
fate:

Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low;
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns;
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

But what if he our Conqueror, whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpow'r'd such force
as ours,

Have left us this our spirit and strength
entire,

Strongly to suffer and support our pains?
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire;
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, what'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep:
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?

Ris an so, le spraic, ghrad-fhreagair an t-Ard-dheamhan:—"A cheruib thilgte, is mairg do 'n anfbann, an gniomhachas no am fulangas. Ach as an so bi cinnteach nach bi am feasd 'na ghnothuch againne maith a dheanamh. Ach 's e olc a shior chur ri olc a bhitheas 'na aon thoil-inntinn duinn, a chioun gur an aghaidh àrd-thoil an ti ris am bheil sinn a' stri a tha e. Ma's e 's gu'n togair a fhreasdal-san maith a thoirt as ar n-olc-ne, feumaidh e bhi 'na ghnothuch againne an togradh sin a thoirt gu mi-bhuil, agus a maith a bhi sior sholar sheòlan ùra air olc a dheanamh—obair a dh' fhaodas gu tric dol leinn cho fad agus diomb a chur air-san—mur a meath mise; agus a chomhairlean diomhair a thionndadh as an gabhail."

"Ach feuch! Tha am buadhair feargach air a luchd-frithealaidh d'a dhìoghaltas agus a luchd-tòrachd a ghairm air an ais gu geatachan nèimh; tha an fhras ghailbheach de phronnasg a chaith e 'nar dèidh, air an lunn theinteach a ghabh sinn as ar tuiteam o bhearradh nèimh, a chiùineachadh; agus, maith dh'fhaoidteadh gu'm bheil an tàirneanach, d'an sgiathan an dealan dearg agus an dian chorruich, air a ghaithean uile a chaitheadh, agus a nis air sgur de bhj beucaich air feadh na h-aibhis dhomhain, neo-chrìochnaich. Na leigeamaid seachad an cothrom; na cuireadh e mi-thoil oirnn ged is e tàir ar nàmhaid, no fhearg air a riarachadh, a thug ann e."

"Am faic thu an dìthreabh fhiadhaich, fhàsachail ud gun leus soluis dìth ach na thilgeas fann-shnuadh nan lasraichean aogaidh, uamhasach so oirre? Triallamaid chuire a bhàrr nan tonn luasgach, teinteach so, agus gabhamaid fois innte, ma's e 's gu'm bheil fois innte dhuinn; ath-thionailamaid ar cumhachdan sàraichte, agus cuireamaid ar comhairle ri chéile a dh' fhiosrachadh ciamar is comas duinn. Bho'n àm so am mach, ar nàmhaid a chlaoidh, ar call féin a chomh-leasachadh, an tachartas muladach so a thoirt gu neoini; cia meud ath-neartachaidh a tha r'a thoirt a dòchas, no, a dhith sin, cia meud danarrachd a tha r'a fhaotainn anns an ao-dòchas."

Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:—

"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable. Doing or suffering: but of this be sure, To do aught good never will be our task, But ever to do ill our sole delight; As being the contrary to his high will, Whom we resist. If then his providence Out of our evil seek to bring forth good, Our labour must be to pervert that end, And out of good still to find means of evil: Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd His ministers of vengeance and pursuit Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid The fiery surge, that from the precipice Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,

Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, The seat of desolation, void of light, Save what the glimmering of these livid flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend From off the tossing of these fiery waves;

There rest, if any rest can harbour there; And reassembling our afflicted powers,

Consult how we may henceforth most offend Our enemy; our own loss how repair;

How overcome this dire calamity:

What reinforcements we may gain from hope; If not, what resolution from despair."





From a Photograph taken at Monzie Camp, July 1914.

OFFICERS OF THE DUNDEE 4th (SERVICE) BLACK WATCH.

From left to right their names are as follows:—

BACK ROW—Lieutenant A. J. Stewart, Captain P. F. Dupeau (now of the Reserve Battalion), Lieutenant J. W. H. Robertson, Lieutenant W. B. Gray, Lieutenant W. L. Robertson, Captain Moodie, Captain Cooper, Lieutenant Gladstone, Lieutenant Miller, Captain Gowans, and Lieutenant Shepherd.

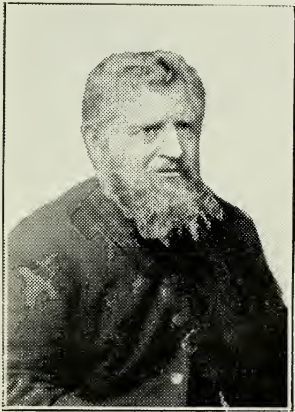
SECOND ROW—Quartermaster and Hon. Lieutenant M'Lachlan, Captain Roase, Major Muir, Surgeon-Major Rogers, Major Tosh, Brigadier-General A. de S. McKerrell, C.B., Colonel Walker, T.D. (Officer Commanding), Captain F. R. Taitelen (Adjutant), Captain N. C. Walker, Captain Moon, and Captain Campbell.

FRONT ROW—Second-Lieutenant C. B. Sherriff, Captain Rennie, and Lieutenant S. H. Steven.

CREAG CATRIONA IÙRAICH.

(A tha 'na seasamh 's a Mhòintich ann an Eilean Thiridhe.)

THA e 'toirt toileachaidh mhòir dhomh gu'n d'fhuair mi beagan bhliadhnachan de m' bheatha 'chaitheadh ann an Eilean Thiridhe. Tha cuimhne grinneas a shlòigh agus àilleachd a dhreach mar oighreachd bheartaich agam a ghnàth. Air mo shon-sa dheth, cha robh air ach aon choire, is e sin cho beag 's a bh'ann dheth, dith farsuinneachd. Coltach ri Alasdair Mòr, Rìgh Mhacedonia, bha miann agam air tuille rioghachdan a chuingeachadh, agus, air an aobhar sin, ghabh mi gu toilechte an gairm a thug na Leòdhsaich dhomh tighinn gu Sgìre mhòir nan Loch, agus cha 'n eil aithreachas orm gu'n d'thainig mi. Mu choinne gach ceud anam tha 'n Eilean Thiridhe tha mìle 's an eilean so. A bhàrr air sin, tha agam tuille tuarasdail an so, mar ri baile mòr fearainn, agus ged nach robh sin agam 's an t-sealladh nuair a ghabh mi an gairm is mòr agus is math e.



'Na mhòr àilleachd bha e 'na ni nèamhaidh leam a bh' dol troimh mheadhon Eilean Thiridhe, anns am bheil gach sèorsa fearainn is grinne chunnaic thu rianh, anns an staid nadurra, agus mar an ceudna anns an tomhas is lugha chunnaic thu rianh, ach fo ghloine ann an tigh-dhealb. A' toirt srian ach gu beag do d' mhac-meannna, faodaidh thu chur am fiachadh ort fein gu'm bheil agad fo d' chomhair dùthaich mhòr ann am meadhon an eilein. Ni na stucan munaidhean, na sruthain aibhnichean, na leugan lochan, na lusan coilltichean. Ris na h-òirean, 's an iarmailt, chì thu beanntannan, 'tha sealtuinn mòr darrèadh, air tìr-mor ged nach biodh ann! ach cnuic bheaga, Beinn Hogh, Beinn Chinn-mhara, Beinn Hianais, Beinn Bhaile-phétruais, agus iad air an còmhdachadh mar le brat sioda, a' dealradh anns na b-uile fiamh is àille na chèile.

Bha mi là Samhraidh bha sin ann am shineadh ri taobh sruthain, ann an meadhon an eilein, agus mi a' sgrìobhadh na searmoin 'bhiodh agam air an t-Sabaid an Eaglais na Mòintich, nuair a thainig aon de bhuachaill-ean an eilein orm. Shuidh e, aig m' iartras,

ri m' thaobh agus mar so bha cuid de'r comh-radh:—

"S mòr an làn a th'ann an diugh," thuirt mise, "agus cha bu mhaith gu'n tigeadh e mòran na bu mhòtha no bhiodh neart de'n eilein so fo'n mhuir."

"Ma tà, a mhinisteir, ma's e Fàidhe Bhaternais a theireadh iad ribh mu'n d'thainig sibh do'n dùthaich so tha coltach nach robh iad fada ceàrr."

"Cha ruiginn leas, a nàbaidh, comas faidhe-eadaireachd a bh' agam air son sealladh mo shùil. Nach eil thu a' faicinn mar tha'n sruthan beag sin an àite bh' ruith mu thuath, mar bha e bho cheann mionaid, a ruith mu dheas, agus nach eil fhios agad gur e làn na uirias is aobhar dha sin? Nach beag an t-asdar a tha sinn os ceann àirde lán! Nach beag an àirde dh' éireadh tonn thar a chòrr nuair a chuireadh i na lóintean so foidhe?"

"Cha 'n eil eagal 'sam bith oirne," thuirt am buachaille, "gu'n tig an tonn sin gu bràth; oir an Tì tha cumail an eilein so 'na thalamh tioram ann an glaic a' chuain, cumaidh Eusan air ais i."

"Ann an glaic a' chuain!"

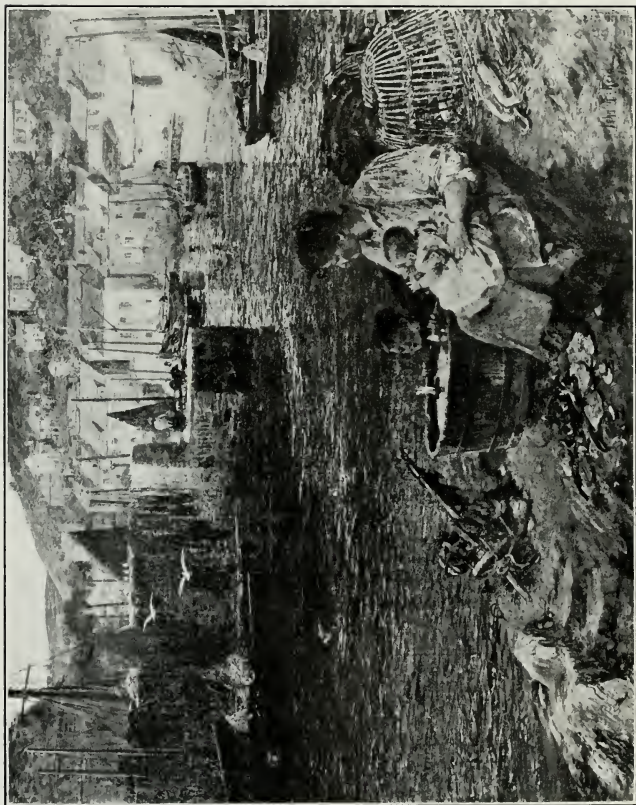
"Direach ann an glaic a' chuain! Nach eil fhios agaibh mar bha na beanntan tim-chioll Ierusalem gu bheil na tonnan mora mu thimchioll Thiridhe? Ach," thuirt esan, le guth a chuir brìgh shònraichte na bhriath-raibh, bha là ann anns nach robh an t-ionad so cho iosal 's a tha e 'n diugh."

"Innis dhomh, ma's e do thoil e," thuirt mise, "mu thimchioll sin."

"Seallaibh," thuirt esan, "air a' chreig mhòr sin 'tha 'g èirigh suas cho àrd os ar ceann. Sin creag ris an abair sinn 'Creag Catriona Iùraich.' Bha 'chreag sin uair ann am meadhon beinne mòire mòintich, a bha 'g èirigh 'suas, cha'n eil fhios gu de cho àrd os a ceann. Anns na linntean cèin, air nach eil eachdraidh sgrìobhte, bha na Tiristich a' buain an cuid mòna anns a' bheinn so, gun smuain aca gu'n tigeadh là anns an teirigidh i, cha'n eil fhios gu de cho fada. Ach gun chur 'na cheann teirigidh Cruachan Beann. Mu dheireadh thall thainig là anns an d'fhuair iad sanas gu'n tigeadh linn a chitheadh crioich air a' mhòine 's an eilean. Bha boirionnach ris an abradh iad Catriona Iùraich là a' buain mòna 'sa bheinn so, agus thainig i air b'irr na creige sin tha nis a' giùlan a h-ainm. Bha daoim' eile 'buain mòna mu'n cuairt aig an àm, agus ghlaodh Catriona orra dh' fhaicinn an ionghnaidh—'Thigibh, a dh' fhaicinn ni nach fhaca sibh rianh roimhe; clach 's a mhòine.' Chaidh iomradh air a' chloich so feadh an eilean uile, agus as gach cèarna thainig an sluagh g'a faicinn. Bliadhn' an dèidh bliadhna bha tuille agus tuille de'n chloich a' tighinn ris, gus mu dheireadh an d' fhuair iad a mach nach i clach a bh' ac' idir ach creag. An ceann mòran bhliadhnachan stad sluagh bh' gabhail ionghnaidh de Chreig Catriona Iùraich, oir thòisich bàrr creige an siod agus an so air e féin a nochdadh gus an robh iad coitcheann gu leòir. An ceann linn no dhà an dèidh sin ràinig an sluagh a' chiadh 's a' ghaineamh 's a' charr-aig agus theirig a' mhòine. Fad ioma bliadhna na dhèidh sin bha na Tiristich a' buain mòna 's an Ros Mhuileach. Stad iad dheth sin, agus a nis, mar is aithne dhuibh, tha sinn an urradh ris a' ghuail."

Thug mi taing do'n bhuachaille air son a chomhraidh ghrinn; agus, a' fagail latha math aig a chèile, ghabh sinn, gach fear, a rathad féin.

Dòmhnall Mac Calum.



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"A Home Squadron."

Painted by John R. Reid, R.I.

TRI SGEOIL GHOIRID.

LE IAIN MAC CORMAIG.

I.

Fainn' A' Mhiofhortain.

b U Sheanalair ainmeil Seumas Stiùbhard a bha 'n Gleann Sgàlain a thàinig troimh iomadh cruaidh-chas 'na latha, eadar na h-Innsean-an-ear 's an Spáinnt. An déidh blàir fhuilich 'sna h-Innsean fhuair e seilbh air fainne anabarrach ris an abairteadh Fainn a' mhiofhortain. Fhuair e an t-ainn a chionn nach do chuir duine riamh air a chorràig e nach d'éirich drideart air choireiginn da a thug air doigh eigin mu'n cuairt a bhàs. Bha fios aig an Stiùbhardach air eachdraidh an fhàinne; ach bha leithid de leann-talaidh anns an t-seuc 's nach b'urrainn da cùl a chur ris.

Dh' fhàg an Stiùbhardach an t-arm agus bha e glé thionichte faotainn dachaidh sàbhailte gu Gleann Sgàlain far nach tachradh aon duine dubh air a chuireadh a bheatha an cunnart; oir bha e air a ràdh gu'n robh clach anns an fhàinne a bhuineadh do dh' iodhal air an robh a leithid de mheas aig na h-Innseanaich 's gu'n leanadh iad gu iomall an domhain neach a bhiodh ni a bhuineadh dhith air a ghuilan. Bha leis an sin an Seanalair ainmeil so socrach 'n aigne nuair fhuair se e féin am measg bheann is ghleann na Gaidhealtachd.

Beagan mhiltean bho Ghleann Sgàlain bha fear-arm eile air àr-thighinn dachaidh; ach bliadhnanach an déidh do 'n Stiùbhardach suidheachadh aig baile. Mar bu nàdurra bhiodh iad a' taghal air a chèile, agus mar bu trice, bhiodh mòran eile de luchd-arm 'nan cuideachd aig àman. Aon oidhche Nollaige, bha fheadhachas mòr an tigh Fear-a-Choire. Bha àrmuinn na dùthaich an làthair, cho math ri mnathan usal eireachdail. Cha b'e Fear Ghlinne Sgàlain a' b'isle guth 'sa chuideachd; ach ge b'e có bheireadh an aire dha chaidh e an craiseann eile nuair chunnaic e seirbhiseach sleamhuinn dubh a' frithealadh aig a' bhòrd. Chaidh crith air Fear a' Ghlinne is thug e sùil fhair gun fhios da féin air a chorràig air an robh Fainn' a' mhiofhortain.

Mu dheireadh na h-oidhche dh' ionndrainn-eadh Fear a' Ghlinne; ach shaoilteadh nach d' rinn e ach dol turus beag am mach. Sgaoil a' chuideachd gun an corr seallaidh, air, agus, an ceann latha no dhà, chualas nach do ràinig e riamh a thigh féin. Shiubhailear shìos, shiubhailear shuas 'ga rùrach; ach a bheò no a mharbh, a dhath no a aogasg cha 'n fhacas riamh tuilleadh.

Lethcheud bliadhna 'na dhéidh sud bha ogha an t-Seanalair Stiùbhardach 'na thuathanach anns a' Choire. Aon latha an sin bha na gillean a' spionadh sean chraobhan as am bun anns a' ghàradh mhór an àm a bh' deanamh atharraichean air choireiginn. Nuair bha iad a' spionadh craoibhe shònraichte an sin chuimhnichheadh gu'n robh seann sgeul air duine a bh' air a thiodhlacadh dòidhe. Nuair fhuaradh a' chraobh as an rathad thòisich fear le fìor amhairteachd air cladhach le spàd, agus, ciod e ach gu'n d' thàinig cnàmh duine ris, agus 'nan sineadh an sud bha gach ni nach do chnàmh de Fhear Ghlinne Sgàlainn. Bha eadhon na putain a bha 'na aodach ann, agus a chlaidheamh mòr sìnte r'a chliathaich. Bha 'ainm air a ghràbhaladh an dòrn a' chlaidhinn, agus b'ann air an sin a dh' aithnich an t-ogha gu'm b'iad cnàmhan an t-seanair a bh'ann

Bha fainne òir air té de 'chorragan; ach Fainn' a' mhiofhortain cha robh r'a fhaotainn. Cha robh teagamh nach b'iad na seirbhisich dhubha bh'aig Fear a' Choire a thàinig ris a dh'fhaotainn fainne a bha cho fiachail 'nan dùthaich

II.

Mar fhuair Fear Ghlinn Aoig a chuid fearainn.

b HA feasgar fuar greannach ann, agus grian thioram bhuidhe an deireadh fhoghair a' dol sìar, 's an latha goirid air teannadh dh' ionnsuidh an anmòich nuair a theirinn loircean de dhùine beag giobach a nunn ri Beinn Aora far an robh darach a chaidh an caonnaig ri dà cheud geamhradh, a' sgaoileadh a fheumhaichean am measg nan creag, agus far an robh craobhan uaine giuthais 'nan dearbhadh air a liuthad linn de Chloinn Sìri a thog smuid an Caisteal Strath-Aora nam buadh. B'e 'n loircean duine so Fear Ghlinn Aoig. Thàinig e air turus fada a dh' fhaicinn Fìr an t-Srath air gnothuch dìomhair; agus cha bu luaithe dh' iarr na fhuair e bruidhinn deth.

"Ciod e, laochain, fàth do thuruis?" arsa Fear Strath-Aora, is e a' cur uchd is maothain air agus a' ghaoth fhuair a' toirt fead troimh fheusaig roibeanach, is a' toirt air fhalt buidhe cléiteach a bh' cleasachd m'a chluasan.

"Cha mhór sin; ach 's beag," arsa Fear a' Ghlinne, 's e sgioblachadh uime breacan dearg Chloinn Sìri. "Tha a dhith orm na chuairticheas mi le seiche mairt de 'n t-Srath; agus tha mi 'n dòchas gu'm faigh mi e gun diùlt no doicheall."

"Gheibh thu sin, a dhùine bhig bhoich, agus air do cheud iarrtas. Sgaoil do sheiche far am maith leat, agus bithidh mise cho math ri m' fhacal," arsa Fear falaidh an t-Srath.

"Agus ciod e nis an aonta gheibh mi air?" arsa Fear a' Ghlinne.

"Gheibh cho fad 's a bhuileas tonn air an tràigh ud shìos, no ruithes uisge leis a' bhearradh ud shuas," arsa Fear an t-Srath.

Leis an so a ràdh dhealaich na fìr. Dh'fhalbh Fear a' Ghlinne do dh' àite uaigneach far an d'fhàg e seiche mairt air a thighinn. Thug e mach a sgiàn-dubh leis an do ghreallaich e iomadh fiadh cròcach, agus ghèarr e sìos an t-seiche 'na haon éill fhada. Air dha sin a dheanamh thill e gu Caisteal an t-Srath agus chuartaich se e leis an éill. Dh'iarr e 'n sin Fear an t-Srath a rithis. Nuair thàinig an duin'-usal am mach thubhairt Fear a' Ghlinne ris: "A nis, a charaid, am bheil thu dol a bhì cho math ri d' fhacal?"

"Tha mi sin, a dhùineachain leibidich, ged bhiodh m' fhacal fhad eile. An eual thu riamh a h-aon de na daoine bho 'n d' thàinig mi a dhòl an cois fhacail? Ma shònruich thusa de m'fhearrann-sa na thèid do sheiche uime, 's e do chuid e mar a thubhairt mise riut."

"Glé mhath, ma tà," arsa Fear a' Ghlinne, "a réir lagha is riaghailt is cleachdadh na Gaidhealtachd 's e mo chuid-sa Srath-Aora 's na bheil fodha is os a chionn, cho fad 's a bhuileas tonn air an tràigh ud shìos, no ruithes uisge leis a' bhearradh ud shuas, mar a thubhairt Mac Dhòmhnuill Mòr nach deach duine de dhaoine riamh an cois fhacail. Am

faic thu sin? Tha seiche té de 'n chrodh dhubh agam 'na h-aon éill mu 'n cuairt bunaitean do Chaisteil; agus an neach leis an leis an Caisteal, is leis an oighreachd," arsa Fear a' Ghlinne nan tratan 's nan guadan.

Chunnaic Fear còir fhàilidh Srath-Aora gu'n deach an car a thoirt as; ach mar bu Ghaidheal e cha rachadh e an cois fhacail air cho goirt 's gu 'm biodh a chaidhachd.

Sin mar a fhuair Clann Siri Srath-Aora o shean. Fhuair iad an latha dheth is tha e an diugh aig càch.

III.

Na leig am mach an t-Ord Beag gus an ruig an t-Ord Mor.

BHA Murchadh Bàn an Siorra-
machd Chataibh 'na chlachair-
togail cho ainmeil 's gu'n deach
iomradh loinneileachd a làmh
air feadh nan trì rioghachdan.
Bhiodh uaislean móra a' cur
fios air as gach cearn nuair
bhiodh rùn orra lùchairtean
ùra thogail a chuireadh meas
orra féin am measg an sil, linn-tean an
deidh dhaibh falbh.

Am measg nan uaislean so a chuir teachd-
aireachd gu Murchadh, bha duin'-uasal mór
beartach a bha 'n Eirinn. Gun dàil 'sam bith
ràinridh Murchadh agus balachan beag mic da,
an t-Eilean Uaine ainmeil. Bha lùchairt mhór
ùr aig an duin'-uasal r'a togail, agus cha
b'fhada gus an deach an clachair ainmeil
Gaidhealach an ceann a ghnothuich.

Nuair bha 'n togail gu bhì ullaigh chuir
caraid air choiriginn an ceann Mhurchaidh
e bhì 'na earalas air an duin'-uasal, a chionn
nach robh neach ag obair riamh aige nach do
chuir e as da nuair a bhiodh crìoch air an
obair, agus gu'n robh an dòigh bhorb sin a'
caomhnadh dha an t-airgid a bu chòir dha
bhì pàigheadh mu choinninn a sheirbhhis. An
deidh an t-sanais so chum Murchadh a
shùilean 's a chluasan fosgailte; ach cha do
ghabh e dad air.

Nuair a bha 'n lùchairt ullaigh agus eadhon
an gràinne mullaigh oirre, thuit Murchadh
ris an duin'-uasal: Nis, tha 'n lùchairt reidh,
ach aon rud beag, agus cha'n urrainn mi an
rud beag sin a dheanamh gun òrd sònruichte a
dh' fhàg mi aig an tigh an diocuinmhe.
Cuiridh mi am balach dhachaidh g'a iarraidh
agus mar chomharradh gu'n till e theid do
mhac féin leis do dh' Albainn.

Dh' aontaich an duin'-uasal 'sa mhionaid.
Dh' fhalbh an dà òganach air an t-slighe, agus
chuir Murchadh litir an cois a mbiu gu mhnaoi,
agus an dubhairt e: "Na leig mi mach an
t-òrd beag gus an ruig an t-òrd mór."

Nuair a shaoil Murchadh gu'n robh na
h-oganaich gu sàbhailte an Cataibh dh' iarr e
bruidhinn de 'n duin'-uasal. Fhuair e sin,
agus arsa Murchadh ris: "A nis, a dhùine
chòir, tha crìoch urramach air m' obair-sa,
agus pàigh an ceartair dhomh a h-uile sgillinn
a th' agam ort. Thò do mhac-sa, an dràs do
sàbhailte air mo theintean-sa, agus cuimhnich
gus an ruig mise an tigh gu sàbhailte nach till
esan do dh' Eirinn gu bràth."

Dh' uamhasaich an duin'-uasal nuair chual
e so. Chunnaic e nach robh dol as aige air
Murchadh Mòr á Albainn: agus phàigh e s'os
dha air a bhois a h-uile sgillinn a bha aige air.

Tha e coltach gu'm b'e Murchadh féin aon
duine a thug am mach riamh pàigheadh bho 'n
Eireannach. Uair air bith a bhiodh fear-
cèird ag obair aige, bheireadh e teachd do
sheòmar diomhair e, gu phàigheadh, ma
b'fhior, nuair bhiodh an obair réidh. An sin
chuireadh e as da, agus cha'n fhaicteadh 's
cha chluinnteadh an còrr uime gu bràth. Cha
b' iongnadh Murchadh còir a bhì 'n comain
an fhir a thug rabhadh dha anns an àm. Mur
bhì e cha 'n eil e-coltach gu'm fàgadh e féin
na 'm balach Eirinn gu bràth.

Bha Murchadh cho math ri fhocal do 'n
Eireannach bhradach. Thug e h-uile aire da
mhac agus thill e air ais do dh' Eirinn gu beò
slàn. Cha'n eil teagamh nach robh logadh a
chorraig an cuimhne an Eireannach riamh
tuilleadh.

NA GAIDHEIL A CHAIDH DO 'N CHOGADH.



HA 'n fhaighear fear calma no
sunnach
Bho sgìre Chonntainn an
Gearrloch,
Nach eil, 's a ghuinn air a
ghualainn,

Dol thar chuantan an dràsda.

'S ged shiùbhladh tu gach sgìre,

Agus mìltean a bhàrr sin,

A shìreadh gach strath le mòr dhìcheall

Eadar Loch Shine 's Cinn-t-sàile.

'S bho cheann Loch-iù gu Sioldair,

Maol-chinn-tìre gu Raarsair,

Cha 'n fhaigh thu ach caillach is nionag

A' cumhadh gach ribhinn a dh' fhàg iad.

Oir dh'fhalbh na fir a bha prìseil

A chuideach an Rìgh anns gach aite;

Tha 'n fhuil a chuir spionnadh 'nan sinnsear

Cho làidir 'sa chloinn ris a' phàrant.

An còta dearg a bhios uallach.

Am féileadh ta nasal neo-chearbach,

Sud deise uan scòd a bha rioghaill,

'S an bi 'n Rìgh a' cur carbas;

Biodag is claidheamh de 'n chruadhach:

Le sud bheir iad buaidh air a' Ghearnailt;

An gunna chuiras teine bho ghualainn

'S a sgìotas mar luaidh an cuid armachd.

Ach tha naimhdean cile mu'n cuairt dinn,

A bheireadh bhuainn am féileadh a b'aill
leinn,

A choisinn an t-ainm a bhios buan duinn,

'S iomadach buaidh anns na blàraibh;

An fhaluing a chòmhdach air sinnsear—

Bidh againn suim gu bràth dhi—

'S muth thig am féileadh-beag grinn duinn,

'S cha toiread de 'r druim an dràs do e.

Geò bhios air cadal gun bhruaillean

Bidh ar smuaintean a ghnàth orra;

Am poll 's an uisge gu cruachainn

A' fulang mòr-chruadail is àmhghair;

'S mur tèid ar ceann air a' chluasaig

Bidh ar guidhe dol suas air an sgàth-san

Gu 'n cumadh Am Freasdal gach uair iad,

'S gu 'n toireadh E buaidh air an nàmhaid.

Nuair a thig na fcasgaich a dh' fhàg sinn

Dachaidh gu blàths as bualadh,

Bidh urram bho 'n chathair a bhàn daibh.

Cha bhì geana gu bràth mu 'n cuairt daibh;

Oir chaidh iad troimh chunnart air ar sgàth-ue,

'S bidh beannachd is gràdh an t-sluaigh
dhaibh:

'S na fir nach gabh earrainn 'sa bhlàr so

Gu maireann bidh nàir 'na ghruaidh-sa.

RURARIDH MAC-AN-ROTHAICH.



Valentine & Co.

Dundee.

Councillor J. C. Robertson, C.A.,
Chieftain, Dundee Highland Society.

HIGHLAND DYES.

HE failure this year of the supply of imported dyes has revived interest in the ancient dyeing and dye-making industries of the Highlands, and it is matter of astonishment to many persons to learn how well in former days our fathers were supplied with the means of colouring the fabrics they wore. It is true the natural dyes were incomparably less numerous than those, numbering thousands, that are now extracted by the chemist from coal tar. But they were numerous and varied enough to satisfy a very exacting taste, and far more numerous than the colours that any artist ever placed upon his palette. To find them the Celts must have experimented with every plant that grows on their native hills and in their valleys, and their quest extended to every part of every plant thus examined for its properties. In the accompanying list are given particulars of over eighty native Highland dyes and their sources, and not improbably it could be further extended. It will be noted as significant of the appreciativeness of the Highland colour taste that every procurable shade of the dominant colours was used and valued. Thus there were in use no fewer than fourteen different yellows, ten reds, seven purples, nine browns and as many greens, and of every colour there is a certain range of choice. A glance over the list will show how very little obviousness there was about most of the colour sources, how much, therefore, their discovery must have been a matter of deliberate research. Nothing, for example, will be more surprising to one wholly unacquainted with the subject than the extent to which the lichens are brought into use, plants which certainly do not, as a rule, proclaim their possession of colouring properties, and which in fact yield colours rarely suggested by their natural aspect. Thus the common yellow wall lichen (*Parmelia parietina*) produces a brown, *Lecanora tartarea* and *Lecanora pallescens* each a crimson, the cup lichen, *Cenomyce pyxidata*, a purple, and *Ramalina scopulorum* a red. The weak point in the Highland colour production is in respect to blues of which there were but two sources, the blae and elder berries both requiring the addition of alum as a mordant. Doubtless to this relative poverty is to be attributed the fact that even in comparatively remote times, when the country supplied almost all its own dyeing requisites, indigo was an appreciated import.

The question has been raised whether the present is not a favourable time for the revival of the native dye industry, but it is questionable if the revival could be attempted with any prospects of commercial success. To no little extent the old industry was the attendant of tartan production then itself a home industry. The people supplied the spun and dyed wool yarns to the weavers along with the most precise particulars of the *setts* or patterns to be produced by them. To-day tartan is wholly produced under commercial and industrial conditions, and though it would doubtless add to its value in the estimation of all wearers to know that kilt and plaid derived their colours from dyes extracted by Highland people from Highland vegetation, it is questionable if place could be made for them in the commercial system. For even the commercial makers of tartan are dependent for their dyed yarns upon the commercial dyers. But if all home-spuns could be guaranteed as dyed with native vegetable dyes of home production it would undoubtedly add to the attractiveness of the cloth, and there is no reason why, to that extent at any rate, the native industry of dye-making should not be revived.

NATIVE DYES.

PREPARED AND USED IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Dye.	Plant, &c.	Gaelic Name of Plant.	Botanical Name of Plant.
Black	Iris root (Yellow Water Flag)	Seilisdear	<i>Iris Pseudacorus</i>
"	Alder tree bark	Fèarna	<i>Alnus glutinosa</i>
Bluish Black (Ash colour)	†Oak bark and acorus	Darag	<i>Quercus robur</i>
"	Red Bearberry	Grainneag	<i>Arctostaphylos Uva ursi</i>
"	Common Sloe (Blackthorn)	Preas nan àirneag	<i>Prunus spinosa</i>
Finest Black	Root of Common Dock	Copag	<i>Rumex obtusifolius</i> " <i>crispus</i> " <i>conglomeratus</i>
Blue	Blaeberry (Whortleberry, Bilberry) with Alum or with Copperas	Braoileag (Dearcan-Fraoich, Dearcag-mhonaiddh, Lus nan dearc)	<i>Vaccinium myrtillus</i>
"	Elder with Alum	Droman	<i>Sambucus nigra</i>
Brown	Common Yellow Wall Lichen (stone-lichen)	Crotal	<i>Parmelia parietina</i>
"	Dark Crotle Lichen	"	<i>Parmelia ceratophylla</i>
"	Dulse (a seaweed)	Duilleasg	<i>Rhodomenia palmata</i>
"	Currant, common burning bush, with Alum	"	"
"	Black Currant	Preas nan dearc	<i>Ribes nigrum</i>
"	Walnut root, before rising of sap	Craobh ghall-chnò	<i>Juglans regia</i>
"	Root of Water Lily	Duilleag-bhàite (See under BLUE)	<i>Nymphaea</i>
Dark Brown	Blaeberry with gail nuts	Crotal	<i>Parmelia saxatilis</i>
Yellowish Brown	Crotle Lichen	"	"
Crimson	Crotle Cortzir or Corkir (Cudbear)	Coreur	<i>Leanora tartarea</i>
"	White Crotle (Crab's Eye)	Crotal geal	<i>Leanora pallescens</i>
Dark Crimson	Dark Lichen .. (Lichen)	Crotal dubh	"
Drab or Fawn	Birch bark	Eithe	<i>Betula alba</i>
Flesh Colour	†Willow bark	Seileach	<i>Salix</i>
Green	Whin bark (Furze, Gorse)	Conasg	<i>Ulex Europaeus</i>
"	Privet	Ras-chrann-sior-uaine (Priobaid)	<i>Ligustrum vulgare</i>
"	Wild Mignonette (Base Dyer's rocket)	"	<i>Reseda lutea</i>
"	Wild Mignonette with Indigo	"	"
"	Iris leaf	Seilisdear	<i>Iris Pseudacorus</i>
"	Buckthorn bark	Rannh-dhroighionn	<i>Rhamnus catharticus</i>
Dark Green	Heather with Alum	Fraoch	<i>Calluna vulgaris</i>
"	Heather, just pulled before flowering time from a dark shady place	"	"
Lively Green	Common Broom	Bealaidh	<i>Sarothamnus scoparius</i>
Grey	Iris root (Yellow Water Flag)	Seilisdear	<i>Iris Pseudacorus</i>
Magenta	Dandelion	Bearnan-Brighde	<i>Taraxacum Dens Leonis</i>
Orange	Ragweed (Ragwort)	Buaghallan buidhe (Guiseag)	<i>Scenecio Jacobaea</i>
"	Barberry root	Barbrag,	<i>Berberis vulgaris</i>
"	"	(Preas-nan-geur-dhearc, Preas deilgneach)	"
Dark Orange	Bramble	Dreas (Preas-nan-smeur)	<i>Rubus fruticosus</i>
Purple	Euonymus (Spindle tree, burning bush) with Sal ammoniac	Oir (Fèoras)	<i>Eunonymus Europaeus</i>
"	Sundew	Lus-na-fearnaich	<i>Drosera Rotundifolia</i>
"	Cupmoss (Cup-lichen)	Crotal Coinneach	<i>Cenomyce pyxidata</i>
"	Blaeberry with Alum	(See under BLUE)	"
Red	Rock Lichen .. (Lichen)	Crotal-nau-creag	<i>Ramalina Scopulorum</i>
"	White Crotle (Crab's Eye)	Crotal geal	<i>Leanora pallescens</i>
"	Alder with Copperas	Fèarna	<i>Alnus glutinosa</i>
"	Blaeberry with verdigris and Sal ammoniac	(See under BLUE)	"
"	†Tormetil	Leanartach (Barr-braonan-nan-con, Braonan-fraoich Leamhuach, Braonan-bach-laig, Cairt-làir)	<i>Potentilla tormentilla</i>
"	"	Ruin (Ruamh)	<i>Galium verum</i>
Fine Red	Rue root (Yellow Bedstraw, Ladies' Bedstraw)	"	"
Purple Red	Blaeberry with Alum. etc.	(See under BLUE)	"
Scarlet Red	Privet, ripe berries with salt	(See under GREEN)	"

†Also used for tanning

Dye.	Plant, &c.	Gaelic Name of Plant.	Botanical Name of Plant.
Scarlet	Crottle Cortzir or Corkir (Cudbear)—ground and mixed with Ammonia	Corcur	<i>Lecanora tartarea</i>
"	Limestone Lichen	Crotal Cloich-aoil	<i>Ureolar a calcarea</i>
Violet	Wild Cress	Biolaire (used indefinitely for all cresses)	<i>Thlaspi arvense</i>
"	Carmeile (Bitter - vetch, Wild liquorice)	Cairmeal (Carra-meille) ..	<i>Orobis tuberosus</i>
Yellow	Apple tree	Craobh-ubhail	<i>Pyrus malus</i>
"	Ash	Uinseann	<i>Fraxinus excelsior</i>
"	Buckthorn berries	Riamh-dhroighionn	<i>Rhamnus catharticus</i>
"	Poplar	Craobh-phobuill	<i>Populus alba</i>
"	Elm	Leamhau	<i>Ulmus campestris</i>
"	Bog Myrtle (Sweet Gale) ..	Roid	<i>Myrica gale</i>
"	Root of Ash tree	Uinseann	<i>Fraxinus excelsior</i>
"	Teasel or Fuller's Thistle	Leadán, (Liodan-an-fhúcadair, Lus-an-fhúcadair)	<i>Dipsacus fullonum</i>
"	Bracken root (Common Brake)	Raineach	<i>Pteris aquilina</i>
"	Monk's Rhubarb	Lus-na-purgaid	<i>Rumex alpinus</i>
Bright Yellow	Sundew with Ammonia ..	Lus-na-fearnaich (ròs-an-t-soluis)	<i>Drosera rotundifolia</i>
Dirty Yellow	Peat Soot	Sùith	
Rich Yellow	St John's Wort	Achlasan Chaluim Chille (Eala bhuidhe)	<i>Hypericum perforatum</i>

DYE-GIVING PLANTS arranged alphabetically.

ALDER—Black, Red.
 APPLE—Yellow.
 ASH—Yellow.
 BARBERRY—Orange.
 RED BARBERRY—Black.
 BIRCH—Drab or Fawn.
 BLAEBERRY—Blue, Brown, Purple Red.
 BOG MYRTLE—Yellow.
 BRACKEN—Yellow.
 BRAMBLE—Orange.
 BROOM—Green.
 BUCKTHORN—Green, Yellow.
 CARMELE—Violet.
 CURRANT—Brown.
 DANDELION—Magenta.

DOCK—Black.
 ELDER—Blue.
 ELM—Yellow.
 EUONYMUS—Purple.
 HEATHER—Green.
 IRIS—Black, Green, Grey.
 LICHENS—Brown, Crimson, Red, Purple, Scarlet.
 MONK'S RHUBARB—Yellow.
 OAK—Black.
 POPLAR—Yellow.
 PRIVET—Green, Scarlet Red.
 RAGWEED—Orange.
 RUE—Red.
 ST JOHN'S WORT—Yellow.
 SLOE—Black.

SUNDEW—Purple, Yellow.
 TEASEL—Yellow.
 TORMENTIL—Red.
 WALNUT—Brown.
 WATER LILY—Brown.
 WHIN—Green.
 WILD CRESS—Violet.
 WILD MIGNONETTE—Green.
 WILLOW—Flesh colour.
 YELLOW BEDSTRAW—Fine Red.

SEAWEED.

DULSE—Brown.
 PEAT SOOT—Dirty Yellow.

NOTES.

Alder.—The bark boiled with copperas makes a beautiful black colour. The wood has the peculiarity of splitting best from the root, hence the saying:

"Gach fiodh o'n bhàr 's am fearna o'n bhun."

Every wood splits best from the top, but the alder from the root.

The shoots of the alder, cut off in the spring, dye a crimson colour, and the fertile flowers a green one. They are also employed by tanners.

Barberry.—The juice of the berries is acid, hence they are used for preserves and confectionery. The root boiled in lye and the inner bark of the stem, dye a fine yellow.

Birch.—The Highlanders and Irish formerly made many economical uses of this tree. Its bark they burned for light, smooth inner bark was used before the invention of paper for writing upon, and the wood for various purposes.

Blaeberry.—The berries are astringent, and may be used in diarrhoea and dysentery. They are also made into tarts and jellies, which last used to be mixed with whisky to give it a relish for strangers.

Bog Myrtle.—Kelly (in his Manx Dictionary) speaks of a plant "lus roddagagh," which, he says, was used for dyeing and for destroying fleas. It was used for making a yellow dye. It is doubtless this plant. It is used for numerous purposes by the Highlanders, e.g., as a substitute for hops; for tanning; and from its supposed efficacy in destroying insects, beds were strewn with it, and even made of the twigs of gale. And to this day it is employed by the Irish for the same purpose by those who know its efficacy. The "ricdog" is boiled, and the tea or juice drank by children to kill "the worms."

Bracken.—The brake is used for various purposes by the Gaels, such as for thatching cottages; and beds were also made of it. It is esteemed a good remedy for rickets in children, and for curing worms.

Buckthorn.—The berries of the common species are black, nauseous, and a violent purgative; they afford a dye varying in tint from yellow to green when upripe, as the bark of the shrub does a green one. They are sold as "French berries." The Alder Buckthorn ("Rhamnus frangula") again, has dark purple cathartic berries, which in an unripe state dye wool green and yellow, and when ripe, bluish grey, blue and green. The bark dyes yellow, and with iron black.

Carmeile.—"The Highlanders have a great esteem for the tubercles of the roots; they dry and chew them, to give a better relish to their whisky. They also affirm that they are good against most diseases of the thorax, and that by the use of them they are enabled to repel hunger and thirst for a long time. In Breadalbane and Ross-shire they sometimes bruise and steep them in water, and make an agreeable fermented liquor with them called 'cairn.' They have a sweet taste, sometimes like the roots of liquorice, and when boiled are well flavoured and nutritive, and in times of scarcity have served as a substitute for bread."—(Lightfoot.)

"We have one root I cannot but take notice of, which we call 'carmeile'; it is a root that grows in heather and birch woods to the bigness of a large nut, and sometimes four or five roots joined by fibres; it bears a green stalk, and a small red flower."—(Shaw: App. Pennant's Tour in Scotland.)

"To prevent the incriminating effects of ale, the natives of Mull are very careful to chew a piece of 'charmel' root, finding it to be aromatic—especially when they intend to have a drinking bout; for they say this in some measure prevents drunkenness."—Martin's "Western Isles."

Dandelion.—Used as a diuretic, and for liver and kidney complaints. Magenta dye made from it. The blanched leaves have been recommended as a winter salad.

Elder.—It was considered efficacious against witches, and from it a blue dye was made. Used also as an emetic and purge. The berries are used for the manufacture of wine; the flowers for making perfumes.

Heath or Heather.—Ling Heather is still applied to many important domestic purposes, thatching houses, &c. It is used for dyeing yarn, and was formerly used for tanning leather. A kind of ale was made from its tender tops.

Iris.—The roots of this plant were used for medicinal purposes. They were dried, and made into powder or snuff, to produce salivation by its action on the mucous membrane.

Lichens—Cudbear.—This lichen was extensively used to dye purple and crimson. It is first dried in the sun, then pulverised and steeped commonly in urine, and the vessel made air-tight. In this state it is suffered to remain for three weeks, when it is fit to be boiled in the yarn which it is to colour.

A crimson dye is also manufactured by heating certain lichens, especially "Lecanora tartarea," with an alkali. Glasgow was the first place of its manufacture. Formerly in many Highland districts the peasants got their living by scraping off this lichen with an iron hoop and sending it to the Glasgow market. Mac Codrum alludes to the value of the lichen in his line:

"Sprèigh air mòinntich
Or air chlachan."

Cattle on the hills,
Gold on the stones.

The lichens come now chiefly from Sweden and Norway.

Mignonette.—Two species wild in Britain, "Reseda Luteola, the Dyer's-weed, Dyer's-rocket, or Weld (Gaelic: "lus buidhe mòr"), and "Reseda lutea," the Base Dyer's-rocket or Wild Mignonette. "R. Luteola" yields a yellow dye.

Monk's Rhubarb.—A naturalised plant. The roots were formerly used medicinally, and the leaves as a pot-herb.

Oak.—Oak-saw dust is an ingredient in dyeing a lustrous-colour, also drab and brown.

Privet.—The berries yield a rose-dye, and a bland oil used in Germany for cooking. In Belgium the dried and powdered twigs are used for tanning.

Rue.—"There is a root called rue, once much used for red (dye), but now strictly prohibited from being taken up, as the sand is loosened, and thereby becomes liable to overspread the land." ("The Scottish Gael," by James Logan.)—See Yellow Bedstraw.

Stone and Heath Crotal.—These lichens were much used in the Highlands for dyeing a reddish brown colour, prepared like Cudbear.

Sundew.—This plant was much employed among Celtic tribes for dyeing the hair.

Yellow Bedstraw.—"The Highlanders use the roots to dye red colour. Their manner of doing so is this:—The bark is stripped off the roots, in which bark the virtue principally lies. Then they boil the roots thus stripped in water, to extract what little virtue remains in them; and after taking them out, they last of all put the bark into the liquor, and boil that and the yarn they intend to dye together, adding alum to fix the colour." (Lightfoot.)

ROISGEUL CUAIN.

The following song, embodying, as our English friends would say, "A Salt's Yarn," details the extraordinary outward voyage of a Clyde ship.

Am Maraiche Firinneach.

Gleus C.

{	,s,		s, . s, : d . d		m . d : d, }
{	Bha		long ro ainmeil ann ri uair		

{	,d		r . r : r . m		f . f : m, }
{	A		shèol am mach o Uisge Chluaidh,		

{	,m		f . f : r . r		m . m : d. }
{	'S gach		bréid ri crann nuair ghabh i'n cuan,		

{	,s,l		ta : l		s : —. }
{	Chall		ó ró chó		— }

{	,d'		t,l,s : f . f		l . l : s, }
{	'S e		smior na firinn gheibh sibh uam—		

{	,m		d : r		d : —. }
{	Chall		ó ró chó,		

{	,r		d,t,l : s, . l,		d, r : m, }
{	'S bhà		mile geal de chop 'na sguain,		

{	,r		s : r		d : —.
{	'S na		hùg oirnn ó.		

Nuair fhuair i mach seach Maol Chinn-tir
Bha 'n cuan cho sleamhainn, soilleir, min
'S gu 'm faca sinn 'san aigeann shios, chall
óro chó,

Na maighdeannan-mara aig an tea, chall óro
chó,

'S air m' fhacal, cha do shòr iad i, 's na
hùg oirnn ó.

Ach dh' éirich gaoth 'san àirde 'n iar,
A thàinig oirnn le astar dian,
'S a shrac a siùil 'nam mìle stiall, chall óro
chó;

Ach rinn sinn aodach dith de nial, chall óro
chó,

Is b' éibhinn mar a rinn i triall, 's na hùg
oirnn ó.

Ach là bha sud shùgh blàths na gréin
Ar neul 'na smùid a suas do 'n speur;

Ach bhog sinn fion is ghlaic sinn bèist, chall
óro chó,

Is chuir sinn ball mar shrian 'na beul, chall
óro chó.

'S b' i sud an t-astaraiche treun, 's na hùg
oirnn ó.

Nuair ràinig sinn na h-Innsean thall,
Bha 'mhiol le sgios a' triall gu fann;

Ach stob an sgiobair gath 'na ceann, chall
óro chó;

Rinn ise sìtheadh, 's bhris am ball, chall óro
chó,

'S bha 'n long gun ghluasad luath no mall, 's
na hùg oirnn ó.

Ach dé, ghlaic saor na luing a shàbh,
Is ghearr e crann is rinn e ràmh

Bha lethcheud troigh bho liadh gu làmh, chall
óro chó,

'S air dhuinn bhi pleadhnanachd fad ràidh,
chall óro chó.

Gu 'n d' ràinig sinn, mu dheireadh, tràigh, 's
na hùg oirnn ó.

An sin bha còmhlan mór de shluagh;
Bha cuid diubh gorm is cuid diubh ruadh;

'S gach fear le earball crochadh bhuaidh,
chall óro chó,

'S a dhos cho gaoisideach ri sguaid, chall óro
chó,

Leis shiabadh iad o'n sròin an druaid, 's na
hùg oirnn ó.

Air dhuinn bhi bliadhna 's là 'san tìr,
Am mòr-chuan thug sinn oirnn a ris;

'S bha iadsan glaothaich "Hòro hi" 's chall
oro chó;

"Slàn, slàn gu'n till sibh ruinn a ris, chall óro
chó";

"Is slàn gu 'n till an seanchaidh fìor 's na hùg
oirnn ó."

MARBHADH FIR AIRD-DHIARMAID.

LE EACHANN MAC DHUGHAILL.



H'A'N eil fios agam bheil a' bheag agaibh aig am bheil deadh chuimhne air a' bhàs obann a thàinig air Sir Iain Aird Dhiarmaid bho chionn choig bliadhna deug no còrr, agus a' chuid agaibh aig am bheil cuimhne air a' ghnòthach a bh'ann, is a rinn a leithid de dh'upraid anns a' chéarn so de 'n dùthaich, cha'n eil teagamh agam nach eil sibh tur aineolach air an dòigh anns an d'fhuaradh am mach air a' cheann mu dheireadh thall cionnas a rinneadh a dhochunn, agus mar a bha e féin an tomhas 'na mheadhon air a' bhàs a bhi 'ga bhualadh 'na leithid de dhòigh anabarraich.

Tha ùine fhada bho'n là ud a nis, is tha eadhon coigreach an diugh an Aird Dhiarmaid; ach tha gach car no dual a bha anns a' chùis ud agam-sa an diugh fathast air bharraibh mo mheòir, a thaobh is gur mi a fhuair air a' cheann mu dheireadh srian na chùise a chur a'm làimh gu a réiteach is ùghdair na cionta—no am briathraibh eile—am mortair a thoirt gu binn.

Is ann mar so, ma tà, a thachair: Bha Sir Iain daonnan aig baile 'san àm ud ged a rinn e siubhal gu leoir an àm òige; is giamh fad is a bu bheò e cha deach e aon latha am mach air dorus, na's lugha na gu'm biodh e air ghnòthach sònraichte taobh am mach d'a fhearann féin, gun a ghunna fo achlais, a shamhradh 's a gheamradh, biodh sealg ann no na bitheadh. Mar sin tuigidh sibh gu'n robh e 'na dhuine a bha fuathasach neònach 'na nàdur. Bha e mar an ceudna gu maith innleachdach 'na làimh, is bha seòmar beag cùil aige air a' cheud staidhir ri taobh na h-àirde 'n iar de 'n chaisteal, is cha mhòr nach robh cho maith dhiubh dol a stigh do cheàrdach gobhainn, leis gach inneil is àsaig de gach seòrsa a bhiodh shìos is suas, thall 's a bhos feadh an t-seòmair. Nì eile a bha glé neònach do fhear a bha cho innleachdach e féin, cha 'n fhuilingeadh e gunna ach té de 'n t-seann seòrsa a lionadh tu thar a beòil, le slait 'ga dinneadh innte gu màs. Cha do chuir e riamh urchair á gunna a lionadh tu air a h-èarr le roidhleig, is cha leigeadh e a stigh fo dhruim an aon tighe ris i.

Bha e, ma tà, am mach ri taobh na h-aibhne aon latha mu mheadhon mìosa dheireannaich an t-samhraidh—latha a bha anabarrach le teas; is ged nach robh sealg no nì ri fhaotainn 'san àm sin bha an gunna-caol da bharraille aige leis mar bu ghnàth. Chunnacas e a' tighinn a dh' ionnsaidh an tighe mu dhà uair an déidh mheadhon-là is a' dol a' stigh do 'n t-seòmair dhubh,' mar a theireadh ris, leis a' ghunna cheudna fo achlais. Ach am mach bho'n bhuidealair b'e sin an sealladh mu dheireadh a chunnacas beò dheth leis a' chòrr de mhuinntir an tighe. Mu shè uairean feasgar nuair a ghabh a bhcan iongantas e 'àite idir an robh e, chuir i a dh' iarraidh a' bhuidealair—oir b'esan a bha ris gach frithealadh dhà, feuch an euala no am faca e iomradh air fear an tighe; is dh' innis esan dhi gu 'n robh e fathast 'san t-seòmair dhubh—co dhiubh gu 'n d'fhàg esan an sin e mu leth-uair an déidh da uair—is e an uair sin an déidh sgàthan beag a bha a dhith air air son feum sònraichte a thoirt chuide; ach nach robh e 'ga chòir, is uach d' iarr se e, bho 'n uair sin.

Thug bean an tighe a h-aghaidh air an t-seòmair dhubh is am buidealair còmhla rithe—co dhiubh sin mar a dh'innseadh dhomhsa an seul an déidh laimh—is bho nach d'fhuair iad freagradh nuair a ghnog iad aig an dorus, dh' fhosgail iad e is ghabh iad a stigh; ach ma ghabh, b'e sealladh cràiteach a bha rompa. Bha nis uinneag an t-seòmair ris an airde 'n iar is an dorus f'a combair air an taobh eile, Bha bòrd mòr ri taobh a' bhalla air an làimh dheis a' dol a stigh is cathair dà làimhe ri taobh an àite-theine air an làimh chli. Bha Sir Iain 'na shuidhe 'sa cathair fuar marbh is lòn fola air an ùrlar làimh ris. Bha an gunna air a leagail air a' bhòrd, co-dhiubh coig troidhean deug bhuaith; ach a réir coltais b'i a rinn an cron, oir air dhoibh an Leigh Mac Eoghain fhaotainn a thiota, chunnacas gu'n deach an urchair ann dìreach mu 'n chridhe. Nì a bha gle neònach bhual cùid de 'n luaidhe an t-uairdeair a bha air a bhroilleach is bha an gloine air a bhristeadh 's i 'na stad, agus an làmh dìreach 'na seasamh aig ceathramh gu trì! Bha an ceud shnàithean an so gun teagamh: b'ann aig ceathramh gu trì a loigeadh an urchair a chuir as dha. Ach cò a loig i? B'i sin a' cheist. Bha an gunna gun teagamh mar a bha i 'na laighe a' deanamh dìreach air a' cheart bhall anns an do bhual an urchair; ach cò a tharraing an t-iarrann-cuir? Aon nì cha b'e e féin; oir bha leud an ùrlair eadar e is an bòrd air an robh an gunna, is cha mhò bha nì ceangailte rithe air dhòigh san bith, no 'na taic a ghabhadh slaodadh no tarrainn. Bha i air a leigil air a taobh deas gu socrach air a' bhòrd, is fathast bha an urchair anns a' bharraille dheas is an t-òrd an leigeil; ach bha bharraille eile a bha gu h-àrd falamh.

Chuireadh an sin a dh'iarraidh nam maor, is gun dàil bha dithis dhiubh an Aird Dhiarmaid. Leis gu'n robh mise air falbh an Dun-eideann aig ciùrt 'san àm, cha robh mi an làthair 'sa cheud thoiseach; cha'n e gu'm bheil mi a' ciallachadh gu'n robh mi air mo chunnadh aon nì ni b'fhearr na an dithis a b'ann; ach, co dhiubh, cha robh mi an làthair. Chaidh gach aon a cheasnachadh is a rannsachadh sìos is suas, thall 's a bhos; ach cha robh réiteach air a' chùis. Cha'n fhacas coigreach mu 'n cuairt, is cha b'urrainn dha bhì ann gun aon-eiginn 'ga fhaicinn. Mhionnaich is bhòidich am buidealair gu'n robh a mhaighstir beò slàn nuair a dh'fhàg esan e aig leth-uair an déidh dà uair, an déidh dha an sgàthan a thoirt chuide. Bha an sgàthan an sud gun teagamh; bha e leigte air bòrd beag ri bonn na h-uinneige, ach ciod am feum a chuir Sir Iain air cha ghabhadh e deapam am mach. Bha an t-uairdeair, mar a thubhairt mi, air a bhristeadh is i 'na stad aig ceathramh gu trì, is leis a' sin b'ann dìreach ceathramh na h-uarach an déidh na ceart mhionaid a bha am buidealair a' cumail am mach air an d'fhàg e beò e a chaidh cur ri Sir Iain.

Cha robh duine mu'n tigh a chuala an urchair, ach leis gu'n robh an dorus dùinte is an seòmair dubh car leth-oireach cha do ghabhadh mòran stìm de sin; ach, co dhiubh, cha robh a' chùis idir a' coimhead ro ghealltanach a thaobh a' bhuidealair, is thug e féin sin fa'neag glé ealamh, is leis gach tarrainn analach, bhòidicheadh is mhionnaicheadh e nach b'urrainn dha-san an còrr a radh ach sud, is gu'n robh, co dhiubh, esan saor is e.

Ach a dheanamh sgeul goirid dheth chuireadh an gréim am buidealair is air domh féin tilleadh a Dun-eideann tri laithean 'na dhéidh sin bha e an lámh, is a' chuis 'ga deanamh suas 'na aghaidh. Dh'inneadh dhomh féin mar a thachair an gnothach bho thoiseach gu deircadh, is chaidh iarraidh orm a ghabhail as lámh. Cha robh mi ro dhéanach sin a dheanamh bho 'n a bha an dithis eile an gréim ann an toiseach; ach bho'n a dh'iarraidh orm e cha robh ach, mar gu'n abradh sibh, mo chóta chur dhìom is dol an gréim, agus is iomad uair bhuidhe sin a bha nì taingeil gu'n deachaidh.

Thòisich mi san toiseach, mar is còir tòiseachadh anns gach nì d'a leithid, is cheasnaich mi gach aon a b'urraim nì a ràdh mu'n chùis mu'n cuairt an tighe. Cha robh mi toillechte leis a' sin; is air dhomh dol a stigh do'n t-seòmar dhubh, fhuair mi an gunna ceudna is leag mi i anns a' cheart suidheachadh anns an d'fhuaradh i air a' bhòrd. Bha gach nì mar a dh'fhàgadh iad, eadhon an sgathan, a bha am buidealair ag radh a thug e gu mhaighstir mar an car mu dheireadh a rinn e dha air thalamh.

Bheachdaich mi air gach nì a bh'anns an t-seòmar, cho fad is a chithinn iad gun an gluasad, agus shuidh mi an sin air fùrn beag a bha cùl an doruis is las mi mo phob is thug mi greis air smuaintinn. Bha a' ghrian a nis air tarraing siar is i a' teannadh ri tighinn a stigh air an uinneig, is cha bhuileach a bhuail a' cheud ghath dhi a stigh do'n t-seòmar na bhuail gath soluis eile a' stigh air m'intinn-sa. Leum mi air mo dha bhonn.

"Tha e agam," thubhairt mi ris na bha mu'n cuairt orm; "tha am buidealair neo-chiontach; cha robh lámh na gnothach aige am bis Shir Iain."

Bha an còrr a bha mu'n cuairt cho ealamh air am buinn rium féin is iad a' feòraich dhìom cìod a bha mi a' ciallachadh no có a thàinig ris mur a d'fhàinig am buidealair.

"An deach an sgathan a ghluasad," arsa mi féin, "no an do ghluaiseadh am bòrd air am bheil e 'na iaghe bho'n latha a thachair an sgiòrradh bochd so?"

Thubhairt iad uile á beòil a chéile nach do ghluaiseadh aon chuid am bòrd no an sgathan no nì eile 'san t-seòmar ach an gunna a mhàin, is gu'n robh i a nis anns a' cheart aite anns an d'fhuaradh i, oir gu'n do chuir iad comharra air a' bhòrd anns a' cheart ionad anns an robh i.

"Tha e ma ta an ceartair," arsa mi féin, "da uair, is thig sinn a stigh an so a rithist dìreach aig a' cheart mhionaid aig an do stad uaireadair Sir Iain—ceathramh gu tri, agus tha mi an dùil gu'm faic sinn an uair sin rud-eigin a dh'inneas dhuinn ciamar a choinnich Sir Iain ri bhàs. Bha lámh aig a' bhuidealair 'na bheatha gun teagamh; ach cha b'ann le thoil, no anns an dòigh anns am bheil sibh uile an dùil."

Le so thionndaidh, mi an iuchair anns an doruis is chaidh sinn uile am mach.

Dìreach aig ceathramh gu tri thill sinn a' rithist, is an uair so bha muinntir an tighe uile 'nar déidh. Dh' fhosgail mi féin an doruis is ghabh sinn a stigh; agus so agaibh cìod a chunna sinn.

Bha gathan na gréine a' bualadh air an sgathan a stigh troimh an uinneig, is an sgathan 'gan tilgeadh a null air a' bhòrd is iad a' bualadh 'nan dian theas mu òrd is mu bhior-chluaise àird a' ghunna, agus tha mi dearbhte na'n robh urchair a stigh is am fudar air a thoirt ris 'sa bhior-chluaise gu'm biodh an urchair cheudna am mach, ach cha do chuir sinn dèuchainn oirre, oir chunna gach aon a bha an làthair cho réidh is ged a bhiodh iad féin 'san t-seòmar 'san àm, ciamar a bhuail am b'is a stigh air Sir Iain.

Cha ruig mi a leas inneadh dhuibh nach deach mòran ùine seachd mu'n robh am buidealair, a thàinig troimh a leithid de uamhas ré nan tri latha bha e an gréim mar mhòrtair, air a leigeil ma sgaol, is e aig a dhreuchd àbhaisteach an Caisteal Aird Dhiarmaid.

MEALLA-FUAR-MHONAI DH AGUS CLACH-NA-CUDAINN.

(Meallfuarvonie and Clachnacuddin.)



ANNS an sgìre anns an d'rugadh mi tha beinn àrd ris an abrar Mealla-fuar-Mhonaigh. Anns na bliadhnaich a dh' fhalbh, agus roimh linn nam bàtaichean-smùide agus na rathaidean iarunn bha e 'na chleachdadh trice aig muinntir na h-àirde 'n iar, mu àm tòiseachadh an fhoghair anns a' Ghalldachd, a bhi gabhail seachad dlùth air bun a mhill, air dhoibh a bhi coiseachd do 'n mhachair air tòir obair.

Tha an sgeul a leanas air a h-athris mu thimchioll òganaich, a aon de eileanan na h-àirde 'n iar, a bha gabhail an rathaid so uaireigin 'na aonar air son a' cheud uair.

Dh'irich e gu mullach a' mhill, agus air dha beachd a ghabhail air farsuingeachd na dutcha mu 'n cuairt, rinn e fuarag dha fhéin dhe pàirt de 'n mhin chorea bha e giulan ann an earbhal a bhreacain. An déidh an fhuarag itheadh, thog e air gu's an d'ràinig e Clach-na-cùdainn an Inbhir-nis. Shuidh e sìos an so agus thòisich e ri fuarag eile chur air dòigh. Anns an àm sin 's e "Drumair" a bha anns a bhaile an àite "Fear-a-ghlagain" an latha 'n diugh, gu bhi cur an cèill gnothuch 'sam bith anns na sràidean. Mu 'n gann a fhuair an t-òganach am pocan mine as a

bhreacan nochd an Drumair e fhéin m'a choinneamh, agus gun dàil bhuail e 'n drumagus an sluagh a thional.

Sheall agus dh'èisd an t-òganach car tamull glé bheag ris an Drumair. Thug e 'n ath shùil suas an t-sraid, agus an uair a chunnaic e 'n sluagh a' tighinn 'nan ruith as gach taobh g'a ionnsuidh, ghrad thog e 'm breacan 's am pocan mine agus ghabh e na buinn gu luath air ais an taoibh a thàinig e.

Nuair a ràinig e dhachaidh agus a dh' fheòraich a mhuinntir dheth an t-acobhar mu 'n do thill e cho aithghearr, fhreagair e: "Cha bu luaithe shuidh mi aig Clach-na-cùdainn an Inbhir-nis na thàinig bodach mòr le iomall dearg air a chòta, agus balg mòr tarsuinn air a bhroinn. Theann e ri bualadh a bhalg le dà mhaide; ach cha robh mi fhéin 'ga thuigsinn gu's an d'èisd mi tacan beag, 's an sin thuig mi cho math ris fhéin, an uair a chunnaic mi 'n sluagh a' tighinn 'nan deann ruith, gu 'm b'e 'm port a bh' aige:

'Beiribh air a bhalach leis a' phoca mhine;

Beiribh air, beiribh air;

Beiribh air a' bhalach leis a' phoca mhine;

Durroomp! Durroomp! deanaibh greim air.'

Sgrìoblaich mi fhéin na bh' agam agus cha do lùb 's cha do lasnich mi iosgaid agus an d' ràinig mi Mealla-fuar-mhonaigh air ais."

IAIN MAC DHUGHAILL.



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

“The Riders of the Sidhe

Lords of Life, bearing as symbols the Tree of Experience, the Love Cup, the Sword of Will, and the Stone of Quietness.”

Painted by John Duncan, A.R.S.A.

THE RIDERS OF THE SIDHE.



THE Riders of the Sidhe" (pronounced "Shee") is one of the most characteristic pictures of Mr John Duncan, A.R.S.A. He is at once a visionary and symbolist, and withal an exquisite draughtsman and fine colourist. One of the tests of a good book is that it bears re-reading; each time we peruse its pages we discover fresh beauties; it becomes for us a storehouse of intellectual pleasure. Similarly a good picture holds for us manifold charms. Mr Duncan's "Riders of the Sidhe" seems to us, at every visit, fresh and new and suggestive; it pleases the eye; touches us with a sense of wonder; it is a dream of Fairyland, and yet it speaks to us of life; it is "a thing of beauty" which is "a joy for ever." When one begins to analyse it one is struck in the first place with the painter's erudition. To the archæologist it is extremely interesting, for Celtic symbols and designs are utilised with a remarkable freshness and accuracy. The motifs of the Bronze Age and Early Iron Age are combined with the atmosphere of the mediæval period, and even the note of modernity enters without a jar. The unity is complete, personal and inevitable. It might be argued that here we have something more gorgeous and elaborate than the Fairyland of our ancestors. But criticism of this kind is sadly lacking in imagination. Fairyland is a vision, and is as we have eyes to see it. It was visionaries like Mr Duncan who invented Fairyland and made it what they wanted it to be. In ancient days there were no Duncans in Scotland able to paint what they saw, but there were poets who, like Keats, heard music which

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

To them the Fairies were the Fates who brought good and evil, who influenced human destinies, who caused the crops to grow, who changed the seasons and brought sunshine and storm, who inspired the pipers, gave skill to warriors, furnished magic weapons, and taught the bards to sing deathless songs. Each Age gave the Fairies attributes which reflected current beliefs and customs and hopes and ideals. Each Age clad them in its own garments: the Fairies symbolised the folks who believed in them. Men sang of them and told tales about them with perfect sincerity. Mr Duncan's Fairyland is the Fairyland of the past seen in the present. The beauty and charm of the past, as it is felt by the erudite visionary in our own day, are enshrined in the "Riders of the Sidhe." Here is Mr Duncan's Fairyland, and he has made it our Fairyland, and we feel its undefinable charm and appreciate its beauty. He does not address himself to any particular sect or school. He addresses himself to all who love beauty for beauty's sake and who see beyond the horizon of everyday life, the land of mystery and idealism and doom, which is wonderful as twilight and strange as a dream—the Tir-nan-og of the ancient bards and musicians—the eternal land of youth—the future and the past in one—the Fairyland of Wonder which all poets, and all musicians, and all painters and sculptors behold and strive to reveal, at the same time revealing themselves.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

STRENGTH OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

The following list, showing the number of persons bearing clan surnames in Scotland, was compiled in 1861, and is based upon the registers for the three preceding years. They are interesting as providing a reliable estimate of the numerical strength of the leading clans:

Macdonald,	37,572	Cameron,	16,802
Robertson,	32,600	Macleod,	15,571
Stewart,	31,836	Ferguson,	14,828
Campbell,	31,555	Morrison	14,483
Mackay,	23,840	Davidson,	12,683
Mackenzie,	23,272	Grant,	12,186
Ross,	18,254	Graham,	11,709
Fraser,	18,013	Macgregor,	11,070
Murray,	17,606	Munro,	10,098
Maclean,	17,375	Sutherland,	9,818

CEANN AN TAIRBH.



A'S fìor an sgeul 's ann mar so a fhuair MacLeoid Dhùn-bheagain Ceann an Tairbh mar a shuaicheantas—cho math ris na faicail "Cum Daineann." Tha e coltach gu'n deachaidh Mac Leoid a dh' fhaicinn leannan falaich a bh' aige ann an Gleann-eilg, agus an àm tighinn dachaidh chaidh a ruagadh le tarbh mòr fiadhaich. Sheas e mar a bh' aige gus an d' thàinig an tarbh air aghaidh, an sin rug e air dha adhairc air, agus leis an neart a bha 'na ghairdeanan chuir e car 'na amhaich 's leag e air an achadh e, 's m' an d' fhuair e air a chois thug e cùis air leis a' chore a bha e giùlain. Bho so ghabh e ceann an tairbh mar shuaicheantas agus na faicail "Cum Daineann" no mar a their iad 'sa Bheurla "Hold Fast." Tha e air aithris gu 'm bheil a h-aon de dh' adhaircean an tairbh so anns an Dùn gus an latha 'n diugh.

THE STORY OF THE BLACK WATCH.



N the far back days of 1729 or 1730, when the first companies of "Am Freiceadan Dubh" were formed, who would have dreamed of the great regiment they were to become, and who would have believed the vision of the place which the Black Watch was to take in this year's wondrous army.

The material of which the "Freiceadan Dubh" was originally composed was of no ordinary kind. The privates in the six companies were all men of stainless character, of superior rank, gentlemen of the old Celtic race, heirs of great traditions, and men, moreover, who were personally chosen for their "undoubted courage, good stature, stately deportment, and handsome figure." It was no uncommon thing for these private soldiers to be attended by body servants, who carried their firelocks and military clothing to the place of drill.

The force was formed for military duty within the Highlands in order to maintain a "watch over the wild spirit of the clans which dwelt next the Lowlands," and as the men wore their dark tartan native dress, they were termed "Am Freiceadan Dubh," or Black Watch, in contradistinction to the regular "Red Coats" or "Saighdearan Dearg."

In 1739, orders were given for the raising of four additional companies, and in May 1740 a great muster was held near Aberfeldy, when the ten companies were regimented under the command of the Earl of Lindsay and Crawford, the new regiment being officially termed the 43rd Foot, although still known by the original name of the Black Watch.

The story of the march to England in 1743, and of the traitorous treatment of the Highlanders in London—with the tragic sequel, is plainly and strongly told by General David Stewart, and by James Grant in his history of Farquhar Shaw. The thought of the scene of the massacre of the three Highlanders must fill with bitter resentment and indignation every man and woman who has a drop of real Celtic blood flowing in their veins.

The Black Watch received their baptism of fire at the battle of Fontenoy. On that occasion they won for themselves such confidence as had never been placed before in a new regiment. The men of the Black Watch were first in the attack, and no better description can be given of their onslaught than the official report of the enemy:—"The Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by the tempest." In spite of the brilliant success of the Highlanders in the task allotted to them to perform, the British troops were forced to retreat, owing to the failure of the allies to render the proper assistance in certain tactics. When this retreat of the whole army was ordered, the Black Watch were commanded to cover their retreat "as the only regiment that could be kept to their duty." To have gained the distinction of being first in the attack, and last in the retreat upon their first battlefield is a unique record in the annals of any regiment.

At Ticonderoga, their second battle, the Highland regiment again had the proud distinction of leading the attack and being last in the retreat. An official account of the engagement, referring to the 42nd regiment, as it was now called, said—"So much determined bravery can hardly be equalled in any part of the history of ancient Rome."

Even before the government had received details of their magnificent behaviour at Ticonderoga, the title of "Royal Highlanders" was conferred upon the Black Watch "as a testimony of His Majesty's satisfaction and approbation of the extraordinary courage, loyalty, and exemplary conduct of the Highland Regiment."

"To enumerate the services of the Black Watch is simply to narrate the military history of Great Britain since the middle of the eighteenth century." These words of Mr John S. Farmer sum up in one sentence the vital part which has been played by the Black Watch in the history of the British Empire down to the present day.

New Year's Day is peculiarly lucky in the history of the Black Watch. It was on January 1, 1795 that the Regiment won their famous red heckle at Guildermalsen, when the French, by their superior numbers, pressed certain of the British regiments so hard that they were obliged to give way, and in the retreat they left their guns. When Sir David Dundas saw the position of the affair he called out, "Forty-Second! for God's sake, and for the honour of your country, retake those guns!" The guns were recaptured by the Black Watch, and on their being brought in, General Sir David Dundas again called out:—"Forty-Second! the 11th Dragoons shall never wear the red plume on their helmets any more, and I hope the 42nd will carry it so long as they are the Black Watch!"

There is not a name inscribed upon the colours which is not, in itself, a study; the regimental records tell how Abercromby and Moore in Egypt and in Spain, dying in the arms of victory, thanked with parting breath the 42nd. Viscount Wolseley selected as his best battalion, the Black Watch, for the honour of breaking

through the masses of the enemy on the road to Koomassee; the Duke of Wellington conferred upon the Black Watch the greatest distinctions to which British regiments can aspire. In India, in the Crimea, in South Africa, the spirit of the Black Watch was the same as in 1729, and it is the same to-day. This spirit has its root and being in springs which rise from hidden depths within the Celtic race.

Of the Gael, it may well be said that "the generations sealed with their blood their testimony that truth and loyalty to truth are more precious than life," and of the Black Watch it is true that "in the school of death they have taught men the meaning of unselfishness, self-sacrifice, chivalry, and honour." Although the reign of peace may be yet a long way off, we believe that it is drawing near—and that the mighty multitude of marching men who have come by so many paths into the dust of the common highway—will one day return in victory, and that a new light will shine upon the earth—the light from that white sun, which we see on the far horizon, and which heralds the coming of times which were told of in old, old prophecies by the Celtic seers of ancient days!

CLEMENTINA HUTCHESON.

THE HEALER.

WOUNDED upon a Belgian plain
A Highland soldier lay,
Beside a comrade he in vain
To rescue strove that day—
A gallant soldier youth and brave,
He would have given his life to save.

Faintly from far he'd heard him call,
As dawn made bright the dew,
And crept from out his trench, to fall
Stricken and helpless too. . . .
His arm was pillowing the head
Of that fair youth when he lay dead.

The sun climbed high with dazzling
gleam
Upon its fiery path;
And, dreaming of a cool brown stream
In his far Highland strath,
He moaned, with swollen lips and dry,
"Water, oh! water, or I'll die."

None heard. . . The battle clamour broke,
Resounding o'er the plain,
He saw the billowing clouds of smoke
Take shapes that writhed in pain,
Whilst o'er him, in his grievous plight,
The bullets sobbed and slept in flight.

At length came eve on blood-red wings
Bewildering to his eyes;
Then the slow, silvern dusk that brings
Sweet rest and hears the sighs
Of winds from sea-cool shores. . . But
still

The cannon blared on plain and hill;

Nor ever ceased, when star-arrayed
Came darksome night and lone. . .
From hour to hour the soldier prayed
And cried with many a moan,
"Oh! Christ who saves, will none come
nigh?"

Until a voice spake, "Here am I."

A taint light glowed like the first gleam
Of dawn in Summer skies. . . .
The soldier saw, as in a dream,
A sad face and soft eyes
That pitied him, and, moaning, said,
"Alas! all day my wounds have bled."

The Man knelt by the soldier there,
With hands outstretched to aid,
"I heard you call in your despair
And came," he answer made. . . .
The soldier saw these hands were red.
"Friend, you are wounded, too," he said.

Low spake that Man compassionate,
Sighing like one in pain,
"Ah! these are old, old wounds . . . of late
Begun to bleed again." . . .
He wept. . . The soldier's lips were dumb,
But his soul whispered, "Christ has
come."

- DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

THE BLACK WATCH.

The following verses were composed by Mr John Stephen, a native of Tayport, and who has for some time been resident in Toronto, Canada.

WHAT'S aye to the fore?
Black Watch! Forward!
Wha's been there before?
Black Watch! Forward!
Men frae Aberfeldy,
Breadalbane and Airlie,
Bonnie Carse o' Gowrie,
By the right! Forward!

Wha's first in the fray?
Black Watch! Forward!
Striving to win the day?
Black Watch! Forward!
Men frae the Howe o' Fife,
Full o' the joy of life,
Go gladly to the strife,
Bay'nets fixed! Forward!

Wha's in at the death?
Black Watch! Forward!
Fight while lasts their breath?
Black Watch! Forward!
Men of gude Scottish blood,
Aye whaur the bullets thud,
On comes the Highland flood,
At the charge! Forward!

DEIRDRE'S KEENING.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

LEARMONT DRYSDALE.

*Na 'n robh ciall aig mairbh
Dheanadh sibhse aite dhomhsa.*

KEY C

{ | : | : 1 | 1 : 1 .1 | 1 : se 1 }

VOICE.

PIANO.

moderato.

p If on - ly the dead could

{ | f : f | - . s : - . se | 1 : - | d' : t .1 | m' : - | - : 1 }

hear, He would make room for me; If

{ | d' : - . d' | d' : d' | t : - . t | 1 : - | : : : P_{lm} }

I were laid be - side my love, O

{ | f : - | - . de : r . f | l' : - | - : f | (r) : - | - : f }

hap - py his sleep would be. Dark

{ f : - . m | m : m . se | t : l | - . l : s . f | m : - . m | ^G m l : - }

man who dig - gest the tomb — to hide from me mine own,

{ : | s : - . s | fe . fe : f . l | m' . r' : r' | r' : r' . r' | d' : - . d' }

Let it not be too nar-row made, 'Tis not for one, for

{ t : l | ^(m') m : - | : | : | : | : }

one a - lone.

{ : | : t | l : - | t : s | r' : - | - : r' }

If on - ly the dead could

{ | d' . - | - : - | m' : - | - : m | f : - | l : se . l }

speaking, He would call low to

{ | t : - | - : t . t | r' : - | r' : d', t, l | f : t | m' : - }

me, "Love, if I lived and thou wert here

{ | - : m | m : - | - : m | l : - | - : - | : l }

O I would die, would

{ | l : - | - : se . l | t : - | - : - | : | : m }

die for thee," If

{ d' : t . l | r' : r' | r' : d' . t | r' : d' . t | m' : - . m' | l : - }

on - ly my love could speak he would call to me,

{ : | : l | l : - | - : l | l : - | - : l }

“Dear, I would die, would

molto rall.
{ d' : - | t : t | l : - | - : - | - : | : }

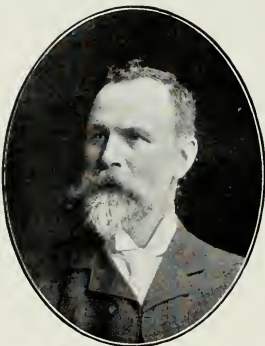
die for thee.”

pp

COINNLEIREAN MAC MHIC RAGHNAILL.

LE T. D. MAC DHOMHNUILL.

BHA 'n fhìor rian Gaidhealach a thaobh seilbheachadh an fhearainn —'s e sin an rian Ceilteach—ag aideachadh coirean an t-sluaigh: an luchd-àiteachaidh. Cha robh cinn nam fineachan Gaidhealach an suidheachadh uachdarain, anns an t-seadh thatar a' ciallachadh an diugh. Thàinig suidheachadh uachdranais an latha diugh an cois thighinn Rìgh Mhaol-Choluim a' Chinn Mhòir, agus na ban-rìgh, Mairead. B'e Maol-Cholum so an treas Rìgh de 'n ainm a bh'air Albainn. 's thàinig e do 'n chrùn 'sa bhliadhna 1057. Bha na ceannardan Ceilteach taghte ann an dòigh, ach gu'm feumadh gach fear-jarraidh a bhì 'na bhall de 'n teaghlach shònraichte do 'm buineadh an fheadhainn a thàinig roimhe. Cha robh còir a' cheud-ghin mhic na bu treasa na còir an dàrna no 'n treasa mic. Na'm biodh còmhstri mu'n cheist eadar còrr na aon neach 's e guthan na mòr-chodach de 'n t-sluagh a dh' fheumadh an làmh-an-uachdar faotainn. Ach eadhon an rian seirbheis-seilbh an fhearainn—an rian sin a thàinig a stigh leis na Saesonaich 's na Normanaich—bha 'n sluagh cumanta air an cunntas luachmhor.



T. D. MAC DHOMHNUILL.

Mhair so gus an d'fhalbh e, a lìon beag agus beag, le atharrachadh riaghailtean a thàinig gu bith gun fhios do 'n luchd àiteachaidh. An toiseach an rian so bha e ìomhuigh sluaigh a bhì air an fhearann, ag àiteachadh an fhearainn, a' tighinn beo air an fhearann, a' toirt am beò-shlàint fèin, beò-shlàint nan ceannardan 's an rìgh as an fhearann agus cleasail agus comasach air an coirean a theas-raigeadh na'm biodh iad an cunnart. Mar bu mhoth an àireamh air an fhearann 's ann a b'fhearr a bhiodh cumhannant an rian air an còimhlionadh. Dh'fheumadh àireamh dhaoine a bhì mu choinneamh gach tomhas fearainn. 'S e daoine, 's cha 'n e talamh fàs, a bha dhith air an dà rian—an rian Ceilteach agus an rian Normanach. Ach le falbh là a chlaideimh thàinig na daoine gu bhì air an cunntas

“Mar bharrlach gun fheum.”

Thàinig miann maoin an àite miann dhaoine; fèineileachd is neo-shuim mu'n athaireileachd a bha gnàthaichte do 'n rian Cheilteach, a'

faotainn làmh-an-uachdar. Chaidh na ceannardan a dheanamh 'nan uachdrain le bannan no coirean-sgrìobhte bho 'n chrùn. Bha coirean leanamhainneach an luchd àiteachaidh air an dì-chuimhneachadh a'ns na sgrìobhaidhean so. Chaidh an sluagh a chumail ann an aineolas mu'n chùis, gus nach mòr nach do chaill iad aithne a bhì iad aca air còir eich na thogradh na h-uachdrain a thoirt dhaibh.

B'e freumh gach trioblaid gu'n robh ceud-thoiseachd gach atharrachaidh a thàinig ann an rianan riaghlaidh na rìoghachd an làmh-an-cheannardan choigreach aig nach robh comh-fhaireachdainn idir ri nì 'sam bith a bha gnàthaichte do na Ceiltich. Chaidh modh riaghlaidh nan Ceilteach a chur gu taobh leis a' cheannairceas 's an fhoill a dh' eirich a' rian seirbheis-seilbh an fhearainn, a chionn 's gu'm b'e fìor-aobhar gnàthaichte an rian sin gu'm feumadh na h-uile còir a bhì an iochdranas no fo ùmhblachd ri aghartaisean an rìgh; fo smachd aon duine, agus air neo'r-thaig guthan na mòr-chodach. Cha robh an athaireileachd sin a bha gnàthaichte do 'n rian Ceilteach air a h-aideachadh an rian seirbheis-seilbh an fhearainn, 's cha ghabhadh cordadh, mar sin, a bhì eadar an dà rian.

Bha aon fhìne Gaidhealach a chum an aithne 's a ghleidh an coirean na b'fhaide na càch. B'iadsan Clann Raghnaill na Ceapaich is Mac Mhic Raghnaill air an ceann.

“An rud nach glèidh mise le 'm laimh-dheis 's mo chlaideamh,” ars esan, “cha ghleidh mi e le sgrìobhaidhean air seicean chaorach.”

Chum e fein 's a dhaoine an grèim air Bràigh Loch-abair a dh' a'ndeoic co theireadh e, 's neo'r thaig gach sgrìobhadh a fhuair Clann an Tòisich 's na Gordanaich bho 'n chrùn air. Chum iad iad-fèin 'san staid so air feadh còrr agus dà cheud gu leth bliadhna, suas gu àm Chuil-fhodair, ri gnaillean a chéile, mar bu dual a bhì 'n àm an rian Cheiltich. Dh'fhaodadh còmhstri a bhì eadar na fineachan; ach bha muinntir, no buill, gach fine air leth dileas do chach-a-chéile. 'S ann a feuchainn ris a' chòir-sgrìobhte a bh'aige bho 'n Chrùn a thoirt gu buil a bha Mac-an-Tòisich na Màigh nuair a chaidh Cath na Maoile-Ruaidhe a chur eadar e fèin agus Mac Mhic Raghnaill, 'sa bhliadhna 1688—an cath-fine mu dheireadh a bh'anns a' Ghaidhealachd. Chaidh an ruaig a chur air Cloinn an Tòisich air an là ud, agus an àite Mac Mhic Raghnaill a bhì pàigheadh màil do Mhac-an-Tòisich 's ann a b' fheudar do Mac-an-Tòisich gabhail os làmh £35 's a bhliadhna a phàidheadh do Mhac Mhic Raghnaill. Cha b'ionghnadh ged a bha a chuid dhaoine measail an suilean Mac Mhic Raghnaill. Cìod a dheanadh e as an aonais?

Bhiodh fios mu so an inntinn Alasdair nan Cleas, an deicheamh Mac Mhic Raighnaill, nuair a dhulanaich e an Sasunnach mu na coinnleirean òir. Fhuair Alasdair nan Cleas ionnsachadh an Ard-Sgoiltean na Spainde 's na Ròinne, agus bha e air a chunntas 'na làn fhoghlumaiche 'na latha. Ach a bharrachd air an ionnsachadh dhligheach a fhuair e an sin, tha e air aithris gu'n d'fhuair e eòlas air sgoil-dhuibh a bha 'na chùis-uamha's 's 'na iorighnadh do mhuinntir a dhùthcha fèin agus 's ann bho sin a fhuair e mar ainm: “Alasdair nan Cleas.” Bhiodh comas chleasan aig Alasdair a bhiodh thar tuigse a

luchd-dùthcha; agus chaidh ainm am fad agus am farsuinn air an sgàth.

Nuair a bha Alasdair 'san Ròimh fhuair e eòlas mar an ceudna, agus rinn e dlùth-chompanas ri mac uachdrain Sasunnaich a bha 'na oileanach 'san aon bhunait ris féin. Chum iad an t-eòlas 'an càirdeas suas an dèidh dhaibh tilleadh gu'n dachaidhean an Sasunn 's an Albainn. An leannhainn ris an so chaidh Alasdair air turas do Shasunn a choinneadh air an t-Sasunnach, a sheann chompanach, nuair a fhuair esan air cheann oighreachd athar. Fhuair Alasdair a dheanamh dheth gu mòr. B'àill leis an t-Sasunnach a bheartas fhoillseachadh le mòr-chuis is uail. Air a bhòrd, an àm a' bhìdh, bhiodh òr agus airgead air an leigeadh ris, le soithichean is sgeadachadh; agus thar gach ni eile, bha dusan choinneirean òir a bha air an cumantas l'achmhòr thar phris. Dh' fheuch an Sasunnach Alasdair mu 'n deidhinn, agus dh' fhaighnich e am b'urrainn Alasdair dad an coimeas riù a shealltainn an Albainn?

"Sheallainn-sa dhuibh," ars Alasdair, "dusan choinneirean an Tigh Na Ceapaich; 's cha 'n eil de òr no airgead an Sasunn na cheann-àicheadh iad."

"Tha e duilich leam sin a chreidsinn," ars an Sasunnach; "tha barail mhath agam mu shuidheachadh Albann. 's cha chreid mi mur a faic mi le m' shùilean iad, gur urrainn an leithid a bhì anns A' Cheapach."

"Do shùilean a chì iad, ma tà," ars Alasdair, "ma thogras tusa a thighinn g'an coimeadh."

Dhùlanaich na fir a chèile; agus 's e bh'ann gu'n deachaidh àm a shònarachadh mu choinneamh an Sasunnach a thighinn do 'n Cheapach agus leth-dusan uaislean Sasunnach còmhla ris, mar fhianuisen air na thachradh, agus gu breith a thoirt mu 'n cheist.

Thàinig an t-àm, agus thàinig na fir. Rinn Alasdair deasachadh mòr air an son. Cha robh gainnead theachd-an-tìr air a bhòrd, co dhiùbh. Bha bradan tàrr-gheal á abhainn Ghlinn-ruaidh ann; bha muilth-fheoil á Leitir-a'-bhraigh ann; bha sìtheann á Beinn-a'-Bheic ann; bha ùr-mheasan á lìos pheurach na Ceapaich ann; agus bha fion na dùthcha agus fion na Frainge ann am pailteas ann. Ach òr no airgead cha robh ach gann, a thaobh soithichean no sgeadachadh. Cha robh aon choinneal òir ri fhaicinn; ach na'n seasamh 'nan dà shreath, air gach taobh de 'n t-seòmair, an cùlaibh ris a' bhalla, bha dusan de Chloinn Raghnaill, an dusan fhear a b' fhoghainneach an Loch-abair; iad làn-uidheamaichte 'nan deiseachan Gaidhealach, dorn-leus ghiubhais an làimh chli gach fear dhiùbh, agus claidheamh rùisgte 'san làimh eile. B'e so soillese na cuirme, agus, gu dearbha, b' àluinn an sealladh e.

Nuair a bha an taobh-a-stigh riarichte thàinig àm nan deochannan-slàinte, agus na briatharan a leigeadh am mach. Dh' éirich Alasdair aig ceann a' bhùird agus labhair e, ag ràdh: "Agus, a nis, a mhuinntir mo chridhe, agus gu h-àraidh mo dheagh chairdean á Sasunn, tha làn fios aig gach aon mu chuspair, no mathair-aobhar na coinnimh so. Cha bhì e goireasach no freagarach dad de dheasbaid a dheanamh mu'n cheist. Cuireadhmaid a' cheist agus am freagair ann am beagan fhacal, agus cia air bith mar a bhithas treith nam briteamhan, cuiridh sinn crìoch air an oidhech gun bhriseadh air a' ghean-mhath 's am blàths-cridhe leis an do thòisich i. Tha sibh a' faicinn coinnleirean na Ceapaich, agus dh' fharaidinn gun athadh 'sam bith, am bheil de òr no airgead an Sasunn na cheann-àicheadh iad?"

Dh' éirich an Sasunnach, am measg bualadh nam bas, agus fhreagair e Alasdair mar so "Mhic Mhic Raghnaill 's a chuideachd, 'nam ainm féin, agus an ainm iadsan a thàinig á Sasunn còmhla rium, tha mi ag aideachadh gu deonach gu'n do chail mi mo gheall. Cha ghabhainn orm pris 'sam bith a chur mu choinneamh nan coinnleirean a tha againn an so an nochd. Tha iad 'nam bharail-sa thar meas, co-ionnan an eirachdas 's 'san luach. Oladhmaid slàint' ar deagh rùn do chach a chèile."

Thog e a ghloine air a' cheart àm. Dh' éirich a' chuideachd air an bonn, agus am meas ghlingeachadh ghloineachan, chluinnteadh an glaochaich mar aon ghuth:

"Suas e! suas e! suas e!"

"Sìos e! sìos e! sìos e!"

"Sguab as e! sguab as e! sguab as e!"

"A rithist, a rithist, 's a rithist!"

"A dheagh shlàinte nan Sasunnach," ars Alasdair, agus guidheadhmaid dhaibh nuair a bhios iad a' dìreachd bruaichean an fhòrtain nach tig an là a thachras carraid riutha." (Na'n tachradh bhiodh esan a' tighinn leis a' bhruaich).

Tuilleadh bualaidh air bhasan agus gliongachadh air ghloineachan.

'S e deireadh gach comunn dealachadh, agus thàinig crìoch air a' choinneamh so ann an dòigh àbhaistich.

Chaidh an ni a thachair anns an naidheachd so a dheanamh 'na stéidh-theagaisg do 'n dealbh ìomraiteach sin air am bheil mar ainm "Coinneirean a' Chinn-Chinnich." B'e dealbh sònraichte na bliadh'n e, bho chionn bheagan bhliadhnachan air ais, 'san Acadamh Rìoghail an Lunnainn.

Cha do ruith mòran bhliadhnachan an dèidh àm Alasdair nan Cleas nuair a thàinig là brònach Chuil-fhodair. Thug an là sin ceann gu buileach air rian nam fineachan Gàidhealach; ach bha 'n rian gu mòr air a thruailladh fada roimh sin. B'fheadur do Chloinn Raghnaill Loch-abair strìochdadh bho 'n là sin a suas; agus thàinig uachdranas Mhic-an-Toisich air a' Bhraigh gu buil. Thàinig Mac Mhic Raghnaill gu bhì 'na fhir-aonta an dùthaich a shinnis.

Gach ni chaidh a ghhléidheadh leis a' chlaidheamh o chian, chaidh a mhillleadh leis a' chlaidheamh air blàr Chuil-fhodair, far an d' rinn Mac Mhic Raghnaill an là sin glaochaich "Mo Dhia, mo Dhia, an d' rinn mo Chlann mo thrèigsinn?" Thuit esan air raon dheireannach a chliù, gun mhasladh 'sam bith fuaighte ris. Cha 'n fhac e na deuchainnean a dh'fhuiling a dhùthaich an dèidh obair dhoimheadaich an là ud—nuair a chaidh na tighean a chur 'nan smùid, na mnathan 's an clann gun fhasgadh air an t-slabh; na treudan air an togail; claidheamh an-ìochdmhor a' bhuaidhaiche a' sìor iarraidh na chaidh fhàgail de na fir; Ceapach nam peuran 'na fasach 's a' Ghàidhealtachd uile fo bhronn.

Chaidh coinnleirean Mac Mhic Raghnaill a bhriseadh; agus fhuair òr Shasunn a bhuaidh. Ged a bha am peann 'n mheadhon gu cur as do 'n chlaidheamh 's e gaol nam peighinn bu chuspair ghluasaid do 'na h-atharraichean a thàinig mu'n cuairt. Chaidh an rian dìthohasach a bhriseadh an àite feuchainn ri ath-leasachadh a dheanamh air. Thatar an diugh a' feuchainn ris an ath-leasachadh sin a thoirt mu'n cuairt. Tha còirean leannhainneach us dìthohasach an luchd-àiteachaidh air an aideachadh, agus air an daingneachadh le sgrìobhaidhean bho 'n Chrùn. an Achd nan Croiteirean agus Achd nan Gabhaltas Beaga. Tha na h-atharraichean

so a' tighinn mu'n cuairt a chionn gu'm bheil làmh-an-uachdar aon uair eile aig guthan na mhòr-chuid de 'n t-sluagh. Tha freumhan nan seann rian Ceilteach a' cur am mach am failleanan a rithist. Cha do shearg iad riann auns an talamh ged a bha iad cho fad air an cumail fodha. Tha ceannardan a rithist 'g an taghadh leis an t-sluagh mar a bha iad mu'n d'fhuair rian seirbheis-seilbh

an fhearainn buaidh air an rian Cheilteach, 'gan cur gu Ard-Chomhairle na Rìoghachd.

Bha latha féin aig rian nan coigreach; ach tha aiseirigh nam fineachan Gàidhealach dlùth a nise. An àit iad a bhi gabhail air a chéile, tha iad a' teannadh ri guaillean a chéile. Lasadhmaid teineachan aigheir air na mullaichean an àite nan dorn-leusan a bh'ann an coinnleirean Mac Mhic Raghnaill.



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

THE COUNTESS OF BUCHAN.

Isabella, daughter of Duncan, Earl of Fife, wife of John Comyn, Earl of Buchan. Crowned Robert Bruce at Scone. Imprisoned by Edward I. in Cage at Berwick Castle, 1306 till 1313.

Painted by Stewart Carmichael.

DOMHNUL BÀN ÒG IS AN DEISE GHAIDHEALACH.

"Tha 'n fhèile maith gu sìubhal garbhlaich,
Am bhi sealgair eachd air mòintich;
Ann am frith nan cròc-dhamh dearga
Bu neo chearbach air an tòir i."



IN mar a sheinn am bàrd mu'n fhèile, is bha gràdh mòr aig sean Ghaidheil dhith. Is olc ghabh iad gu léir ris an Achd mhosach a rinn e 'na ni mhi-laghail a bhi caitheamh na deise Gaidhealach. Cha robh e idir 'na là sollain do na Gaidheil bhochda an là air an deachaidh an Achd a dhaing-neachadh, is chiurr is chràdh i inntinn an dream a bha umhal is dileas do Rìgh Deòrsa pailt na 's miosa na chiurr is chràdh i inntinn nan curaidhean a dh'éirich leis a' Phrionnsa. An déidh Chuil-fhodair cha robh suil aig daoine Phrionnsa ri mòran de bhàigh o'n àrd-riaghladh; ach gu nàdurra shaol an fheadhainn eile gu 'm biodh iadsan air an cunntadh airidh air urrain is meas. An tiota bha an sùilean air am fosgladh dhoibh, is bha iad am boile dearg air son mar chaidh an laimhseachadh leis an àrd-chomhairle. Cha robh eadar-dhealachadh 'sam bith air a dheanamh eadar Gaidheal seach Gaidheal thaobh an armachd a liubhart suas, is thaobh a bhi cur dhiubh na h-éididh Gaidhealach.

Cha d'éirich Iarla Bhraid-albann 'n' thuath leis a' Phrionnsa; ach bha an Achd beanachd dhoibhsan cuideachd. B'urrainn doibh seana mhug, no seana chlaidheamh bèarnach, meirgeach thoirt seachad do na saighdearan dearga, is aig a' cheart am bha e 'nan comas musg mhath, is claidheamh geur, liomha chur gu tèarainte am falach; ach cha robh dòigh aca air a' bhriogais a sheachnadh. Sheas cuid de thuath Bhraid-albann gu dian car uine an aghaidh eudach nan Gall, ach dh'fheum iad strìochdadh mu dheireadh. 'Nam measg sin bha Dòmhnul Bàn Òg Criatharair, tuathanach an Leathaid-uidhre an Gleann-àird-talnaig.

Chaidh Dòmhnul calg-dhireach an aghaidh comhairle ghlic a dheagh mhnà. Rachadh e do Chraoibh "olc no maith le càch e." Thuirt i ris: "Ma tha thu dol do'n bhaile mhór, cuir ort briogais no theid do chur am prìosan."

Smuainich esan gu'n rachadh e Chraoibh air a ghnòthuch féin, ach dh' imicheadh e an sin gu neo-eisomhaileach 'san fhèile bhig neo-ar-thaig do shaighdearan dearga, no dubha.

Mach thug e air troimh a' Chaoil-fhinn, seach na Dùnain, is thairis air Braigh-ghlinn-amain. Le cheann àrd le cheum uallach, is le bhata math calldainn 'na dhòrn, cò ach Dòmhnul!

Ach air dha tèarna dh' sios do Ghleann-turait is an Lochan-uaine nis air a chùlaibh cha b' fhada gus na mhùth e a cheilear.

Nuair a bha e air an rathad eadar an Lochan-uaine is Loch-turait dh' chunnaic e ach buidheann de shaighdearan dearga, is iad a' deanamh air le cabhaig, is a sgaoileadh air gach taobh chum a chuairteachadh. Mu 'n d'fhuair iad thall stigh de urchar gunna dheth, clis mar an earb thug Dòmhnul na creagan air. Cha bu luaithe ràinig e sgairneach na thòisich là garg d'a luchd-tòrachd; ruidhil e clachan sìos orra, is b' fheudar dhoibh fàsadh a ghabhail air cùl chlachan móra, is fo bhilean nan creag. Bha fìor eagal a' bhàis air na saighdearan, oir bha na clachan a dol 'nan sruth bras ris an

leathad is iad a' leumnaich thairis air is a srannraich seachad air na h-ùtean 'san robh na daoine nan crùban gu neo-fhoisneach. Lean sin car ghrathuinn, is cha robh chridhe aig na saighdearan an cinn a thoirt à fàsadh. Gu fortanach dhoibh cha robh uiread de fhaobhar air an oifigeach chum Dòmhnul a ghlacadh is a bha air a dhaoine, is dh' fhuirich esan an àite far nach tigeadh clach a chur dragh air. Nuair a thuig esan is a chunnaic e mar a bha chùis, dh' èigh e aig àird a chinn ri Dòmhnul na'n stadadh e de bhi ruidhidhean nan clach nach deanadh na saighdearan an tuileadh oidhirp air son a chur an làimh. "Seadh, seadh," fhreagair Dòmhnul; biodh e mar sin."

Dh' éirich na saighdearan, is dh' fhalbh iad sìos an gleann. Ghabh Dòmhnul dhachaidh do'n Leathad-odhar air a shocair; ach 's e strìochdadh dh' fheum e 'dheanamh, is a' bhriogais ghràineil a tharruing air, is an fhèile mheasail a thilgeadh an cuil.

Is iomad mallachadh a thug Dòmhnul do'n bhriogais an toiseach, ach nuair a bha e greis 'ga cleachdadh fhuair e mach nach robh i ro dhona idir aig amanna sònruichte, oir cha robh anns an fhèile ach éideadh na dùnaich nuair a bhiodh e air madainn dheal tach ceomhor a' buain an fheòir air lóintean 'n Leathaid-uidhre is na meanbh-chuileagan ag éirigh cho lionmhor ri cuileagan na h-Eiphit mu iosgaidean loma.

SEUMAS MAC DHIARMAID.

HULLO!



UAIR a chì thu neach fo sgleo
Rach dìreach suas is glaoth Hullo!

Glaoth Hullo! is "ciamar tha thu?"

"De do chor 'san latha diugh?"

Bois am balach air a dhruim,
Thoir do lamh a sìos le fuaim,
Dean ceum suas le leum tha beo,
Aoidh is crathadh laimh 's Hullo!

Bheil eudach giòbagach? Ochoin!
Coisich suas is glaoth Hullo!
Tha luideagan de chlo gun anart,
Air son suaineachd timchioll anart;
Nach airidh anam àidh air guth
Cridheil failteach: "ciamar tha thu?"
Na feith ri each mu'n teid thu dluth
Rach dìreach suas is glaoth Hullo!

Coinnichidh soithichean na mara,
Faitichidh is seolaidh thairis;
Ionnas mar tha thusa 's mise
Air a' chuan 'nar luingeas; 'nise
Gach aon a' ruith a churs' ri bheo,
Sìreach cala thar a' cheo;
Biodh an dudach deas ad dhorn.
Tog an adhare, is glaoth Hullo!

Glaoth Hullo! is "ciamar tha thu?"
Cho maith riut féin tha cach co dhiubh;
Air dhuit fagail tigh na creadha,
Sìubhail ann an sìorruidheachd beatha
Nuair a theid thu troimh an tìr
Choinnich, taobh thall na crìch,
Thair cairdean 'n sin thug suas an deo,
"An tu tha 'n so?" 's thair iad Hullo!

Dr A. H. MILLAR, Chief Librarian, Dundee.



VERY citizen of Dundee regards Dr A. H. Millar as a true Dundonian because of his invaluable services as conservator of the ancient and modern histories of the city, and also because of his own share in enlarging and improving the Institutions of Dundee. Our Chief Librarian, though born in Glasgow, ranks as a member of a famous Highland family. He is descended from one of the Robertsons of Strowan, a youth who was at Culloden and escaped to France, settling at Paris with a Huguenot family, where he learned silk weaving. The young Jacobite married a daughter of the family, named Jeanne Millard, and, his clan name being proscribed in Scotland, he assumed his wife's name when he returned to Scotland in 1752. Settling at Kippen, in Stirlingshire, Millard established the first silk weaving looms in Scotland. His son, Andrew Millar, settled at Anderston, Glasgow, in 1773, and established the silk weaving industry, which was continued by the family until a grandson



Louis Saul Langfier, Ltd.,

Edinburgh.

A. H. Millar, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A. (Scot.).

Andrew Millar, engaged in cotton manufacturing. In 1841 he married Mary Browning (related to the Scottish branch of the family of Robert Browning the poet). Alexander Hastie Millar, son of Andrew Millar and Mary Browning, was born in 1847, and was named after Alexander Hastie, Lord Provost of Glasgow and M.P. for that city. It was intended that he should become a student of medicine, but the death of his father led to a change of plan, and he entered training for a commercial career. Commerce, however, did not satisfy him, and he became a student of music at Anderson's College (now West of Scotland Technical College). In music and in other departments the young student won distinction, and in 1879 he became Art critic and contributor to the *Art Journal*. In January 1881 he joined the staff of the *Dundee Advertiser* as leader writer, Art critic, and afterwards Music critic and Literary editor. During the whole period of his residence in Dundee Mr Millar devoted special attention to the history of the city. Unwearied in his studies of ancient charters, deeds, and tomes, he achieved noteworthy success in shedding new light on Dundee of the good old times and of the Georgian and Victorian eras. By his writings and

lectures he awakened new interest in the history of the city, and won the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. Scotland, however, has been the parish of Mr Millar, and he has been a steadfast helper in Scottish movements linked with national interests. His contributions to the literature of the Royal Stuarts have been manifold, and he has encouraged and aided many workers in the cause of the Highlands and Highlanders. A contributor to the leading literary journals, Mr Millar's writings won attention in Continental countries, and leading French savants have eulogised his historical and literary work. Although his special domain may be said to be that of History, Mr Millar is a versatile writer, and as humorist and as writer of verses grave and gay he has won fame in journalistic circles. After 27 years of strenuous service in newspaperdom, he was appointed Chief Librarian for Dundee in February 1908. In the following year the University of St Andrews bestowed upon him the honour of LL.D., and in 1911 the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences elected him a Fellow. He is also F.S.A. Scot. As Librarian and Curator of Dundee Museum and Art Galleries, Dr Millar has succeeded in enhancing the value of the Institutions under his care. The Central and District Libraries and Reading Rooms have been made accessible and attractive, and citizens of all ranks and ages realise that the Chief Librarian and his Staff are desirous of doing their utmost to make these Institutions real Colleges for the people. Dr Millar has been, and is, a good friend of and helper in the Dundee Highland Society, his writings and lectures on Jacobite and other subjects being highly appreciated by all Highlanders.

GEORGE SCRYMGEOUR.

BUAIDH BHI LE AR SLUAGH GU LEIR.

b

UAIDH bhi le ar sluagh gu léir,
Leis na h-Allies dhe gach treubh;
'S furtachd a bhi ac o nèamh
Anns gach ceum an gluais iad.

FOXX:

Tha buaidh le ar sluagh air
leth;

Tha buaidh leo 's cha chòir a chleith;
Tha buaidh le ar sluagh air leth,
Dh' aindeoin 's gu dé na fhuair iad.

Ged a fhuair iad cràdh is leòn;
'S ged tha mòran dhuibh gun deò
Tha fathast ann an tìr nam beò,
Na bheir le glòir a' bhuaidh dhuinn.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Gu ma slàn na gaisgich threun
Tha gleachd 'sna batail ghuineach. gheur;
'S fiosrach sinn gu 'n dean sibh feum,
Ged 's ann tre éigin chruaidh e.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Strìochdadh cha dean sibh gu bràth,
Gus an smachdaich sibh an nàmh.
'S gus an dearbh sibh sìth gun dàil
Le bratach àrd na buadhach.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Breatunn ged is mòr a call,
Cha b'e 'n t-aobhar i bhi mall;
Ach thig furtachd an deagh àm,
A bheir a ceann an uchdar.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Mac do nighinn na Bàn-rìgh,
'S an robh riaghladh 's an robh 'n t-shìth,
Thog e buaireadh, thog e strìth,
'S gu dé 'n droch ni a bhuail e.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Chuir e, mar Herod, do 'n aog
A chlann 's na pàisdean gràdhach, maoth;
Chlaoidh e màthraichean caomh,
'S gu bràth bidh saoghal truagh dha.
Tha buaidh, &c.

'S teann a ghlacar e 's na lin,
'S na shaoil leis Breatunn chur le cinnt;
Ghabh e ceumannan bha cli,
'S bidh inleachdan gun bhuaidh dha.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Tha Breatunn gun teagamh car tiom.
'S tha i car tacain fo chis,
'S gur daor a phàidheas i a' phris,
A gheibh an t-sìth bhios buan dhi.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Tha mìltean d'a saighdearan treun,
'Nan sìneadh fo làimh an éig;
'S o linn gu linn, o bheul gu beul,
Air feadh gach ré bidh luaidh orra.
MOR NIC AMHLAIDH.

Toronto, Canada.

DEOCH-SHLAINTÉ LE TOMAS AN TODHAIR.

D

EOCH-SHLAINTÉ nam fìor
Ghaidheal!!! 'S na'm
faigheamaid na gaidsearan,
's na maraichean beaga
cutach ris an canadha na
"cutters" a chur air bord
ann an Sittim gu ruig a'

bheinn ris an canadha iad Vesuvius,
bhiodh dùil àraidh againn gu 'm biodh
na Gaidheil a' cuimhneachadh sean
chleachdainnean an sinnsir, nuair a
thigeadh na h-oidhecheannan fada
geamhraidh, bun a' ghealbhain shuibhir
ghiuithais, 'g aithris ar n-eachdraidh
fhéin, duain Oisein, bliadhna Thèar-
laich, 's móran tuilleadh. Gu'n robh sìth
agus sonas a' soirbheachadh gach ni air
Tìr nam Beann, 's nan Gleann, 's nan
Gaisgeach.

FIONNLADH DUBH MAC RATH.

bHO chionn còrr is dà cheud bliadhna air ais bha sealgair ainmeil a' tàmh an Gearloch an Siorramachd Rois d'am b'ainm Fionnladh Dubh MacRath. Bha e a' chuid mhòr d'a àine 'na fhear gleidhidh an fhriag Mac Coinnich; ach ri inn marbhadh anns an robh làmh aige, dh'fhàg e seirbhis Mhic Coinnich agus thog e ri saor-shealg air a làmh féin air chor is gu'm b'e sealgair is fear-coille cho ainmeil 's a bha riamh 'sa Ghàidhealtachd.

'S ann air na muirt eagalach a chuir e an gnìomh air am bheil mi am beachd iomradh a thoirt an ceartair, ged a rinneadh iomad gnìomh eile leis air am b'fhiach iomradh a thoirt.

Anns an àm anns an robh Fionnladh an seirbhis Mhic Coinnich bha saor-shealgair a' tàmh an Loch-abar d'am b'ainm Dòmhnall Mór Mac Cuaraig. Bha an duine so a dol air astar mòr a shealg nam fiadh; bu mhinig leis dol eadhon cho fada ri frith Mhic Coinnich agus fiadh no dhà a chur 'na shineadh 'san fhraoch gun fhios do Fhionnladh Dubh furachail g'an robh e. Air a' cheann mu dheireadh bha a' Bhan-tighearna, bean Mhic Coinnich a' cur umhail gu'n robh tanachudh a' tighinn anns na féidh; agus aon latha dh'iarr i air Fionnladh falbh is beagan sìthne fhaotainn "ma bha fiadh air fhàgail 'san dùthaich."

Ghon na briathran Fionnladh gu ruig an cridhe 's thog e ri monadh; ach cha deach e fada air aghaidh nuair a thàinig e air fear an lagair ri gualainn na beinne 's e a' greallachadh féidh; tharruing e na bu dlùithe dha, agus cha robh aon eile an so ach Dòmhnall Mór Mac Cuaraig a' Loch-abar. "Is leatsa 'n t-sealg; ach is leamsa 'n t-sitheann," arsa Fionnladh, agus briathran a bhan-mhaighstir fhatthast a' seirm 'na chluasan.

"Is leamsa 'n t-sealg, 's bu luath mo cheum 'na dàil 's Mac Coinnich 's a ghillean gun éirigh," arsa Dòmhnall Mór, "agus bidh an t-sitheann leis an fhear aig an fheàrr còir oirre."

Gun an còrr maille bha an dà dhiùlnach am badaibh a chéile, 's co-dhiùbh a b'ann le tuiteamas no ciamar a thachair e chaidh biodag Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh an Dòmhnall Mór gu ruig an cridhe, 's thuit e air an raon gun deò. Dh' fhalach Fionnladh an corp 'san fhraoch is thug e aghaidh air a' chasteal le fiadh Dhòmhnall Mhóir; ach bu bheag fios a bh'aige air an dosgann a bha gu mosgladh a obair an latha sin, nuair a leag e am fiadh air beulaibh na ban-tighearna. Chuir e iongantach oirre-sa ciamar a sheilg is a mharbh Fionnladh e cho luath; ach dh' innis esan mar a thachair 's gu 'n robh Dòmhnall Mór fuar marbh air fhalach anns an fhraoch.

"Ma tà," ars is, "ged is mise b' aobhar air, tha cho maith dhuit-se teicheadh, oir dh'fhàg Mac Cuaraig 'na dhéidh an Loch-abar na bheir am mach dioghaltas."

'S e sin a rinn Fionnladh. Thug e air cho fada ri Srath Fàrair far an do thog e bothan dha féin 's d'a mhnaoi; agus 'na dhéidh sin thug e leis a bhràthair is mac a bhràthar a dh' fhuireach còmhla ri, agus theann iad ri beagan àitich a dheanamh maille ri seilg is iasgach; 's cha robh dìth no deireas orra car tamuil. A' aon latha air do Fhionnladh tighinn dhachaidh thar a' mhonaidh, fhuair e tigh gun cheann agus a bhràthair is mac a bhràthar fuar marbh air an achadh far an deach an spadadh as an seasamh is iad a' troabhadh. Cha robh sgeul air a mhnaoi; ach an uine ghoirid chunnaic e i 's i an impis dol thar a beachd leis an eagal, a' tilleadh a

stigh thar a' mhonaidh far an do theich i le beatha nuair a thòisich an ùpraid. Dh' innis i an sin do Fhionnladh mar a thàinig ceathrar fhear móra, aon dhiubh sean mar gu 'm b'e athair a' chorra, a nuas bho thaobh Sgur nan Lapach, is nuair a chuir iad crìoch air an obair oillteil gu'n do thill iad an rathad ceudna.

"Cha bhi an gnìomharan gun dioghaltas," arsa Fionnladh 's e a' teannadh ri geurachadh na biodaige, agus gun an còrr dàil—eadhon gun na cuirp a bha a' reodhadh 'nam fuil fhéin air an achadh adhlac—thog e aghaidh ri Loch-abar, oir bha deagh fhios aige gu 'm bha sin ceàrn bho 'n d'thàinig na daoine. Ràinig e is thog e fàth air an tigh a bha e am beachd do 'm buineadh iad; ach cha robh ri fhaicinn a stigh ach sean bhean, a bha am mach 's a stigh mar gu 'm biodh a suil ri cuid-eigin: 's thuing e leis an sin nach do thill na ceatharnaich fathast; ach mu mheadhon oidhche chunnaic e iad a' tèarnadh a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe 's a' gabhail a steach. Dh' fheith e gu foighidneach gus an do ghabh iad mu thàmh; chaidh e a steach gu socrach sàmhach, 's bha iad an sud 'nan sineadh air an ùrlair air seidean cònlach 'nan trom chadal—cadal gun dùsgadh mar a thachair; oir rinn biodag Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh nead 'nan cuim, 's leig e fuil dhearg an cridhe gu làr fear an deidh fir, 's bha e dlùth air Srath Fàrair ceudna mu 'n robh fios an Loch-abar air a' mhòrt a chaidh a chur an gnìomh 'nam measg.

Ach cha do sguir càirdean Dhòmhnall Mhóir aige sin ged nach deach leo na b'fheàrr. Bha Fionnladh Dubh aon latha air an rathad a dh'ionnsuidh an tighe, 's e tèarnadh bho 'n mhonaidh, nuair a mhothaich e seannar choigreach, 's iadsan mar an ceudna a' deanamh rathad an tighe. Cho luath is a chunnaic e iad thuing e cìod a bha 'nam beachd; ach rinn e orra mar nach biodh an teagamh a bu lugha 'na inntinn.

"Am bheil fios agad-sa," arsa am fear a bu shine, agus a bha, a réir coltais, mar cheann air a' chòrr, "c'àite am bheil tigh Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh Mhic Rath, tha e coltach leam gu 'm bheil e a' tàmh 'san dùthaich so?"

"Tha," arsa Fionnladh, "tha e dìreach far an do dh' fhàg mise e."

"S aithne dhuit an duine ma ta," ars an coigreach 's e toirt sùla bioraich air Fionnladh.

"S aithne gu maith," arsa Fionnladh, "is mise tha buachailleachd a threudan a nis fad iomad bliadhna."

Dh'iarr iadsan air an sin an tigh a sheòladh dhoibh; 's rinn Fionnladh air a' bhothan gu lom dìreach.

"Tha fear an tighe tinn air a leabaidh," ars esan nuair a ràinig iad an dorus; "ach gabhaibh a stigh, bidh e toilichte ur faicinn." Rinn iadsan sin, fear an deidh fir. Bha nìs an dorus cho ìosal is gu 'n feumadh neach cromadh cha mhòr air a mhàgan a' dol am mach no stigh, 's cha bhuileach a fhuair Fionnladh an fear mu dheireadh air a mhàgan a' dol a stigh na tharruing e a bhiodag 's bha am fear ud air a spadadh anns an dorus.

"Tha fear an tighe an so," ghlaodh e an sin "co tha 'ga iarraidh?"

Mar phrìoba na sùla, thilg a bhean an còrr de 'n armachd chuinge am mach air an uinneig, 's bha i fein am mach 'na déidh, agus fear de 'n t-sianar cha do dh' fhàg an tigh beò!

Sguir an iomairt aig an so, agus bu leòr e; uile gu léir beatha da fhear dheug air tàilleadh aon fhéidh agus briathran guineach gonach ban-tighearn!

EACHANN MACDHUGHAILL.

THE GAELIC MOVEMENT AND ITS VICISSITUDES.

IS HISTORY TO REPEAT ITSELF?

By "FEAR FAIRE."

The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.

IN the year 1783 there was formed "The Highland Society of Edinburgh." The formation was suggested by, and the idea was based on, experiences founded on an earlier Society called "The Society of Improvers," established in 1743. This Society of Improvers became defunct in 1765, just eighteen years before the resuscitation of the idea by the formation of the "The Highland Society of Edinburgh" in 1783. This latter Society had as its first presiding officers the Duke of Argyle, as President; and John MacDonald, of Clan Ranald; Sir J. Grant, of Grant; John MacDonald, of Lochgarry; and David Stewart, the then Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as Vice-Presidents.

The formal definition of the objects contemplated by the Society was finally settled at a meeting held in the Exchange Coffee House, Edinburgh, on 11th January, 1785, a date suggestive of the idea that the gathering was so fixed to enable the members to usher in the New Year, old style, together. We can picture in our mind's eye the mirthful scene. It was decided that the Society should consist of one hundred members, and, while the objects agreed upon included the general improvement of the Highlands, special stress was laid upon the intention to preserve and cultivate the native language and the traditional customs of the Highlands. The Society was, in fact, formed by and composed of Highlanders banded together for the benefit of their native Highlands, materially and intellectually. The additional offices of a bard, a piper, and a professor of the Gaelic language were agreed upon. It is on record that on the year following its institution, in 1784, Duncan Ban Macintyre attended one of its meetings, and sang a Gaelic composition of his own in celebration of the reconstitution of the forfeited Highland estates, and the withdrawal of the prohibition on the Highland dress. In the same year a Mr Robert MacFarlane was appointed Professor of Gaelic to the Society.

In furtherance of the Society's objects in cultivating and preserving the Gaelic language, annual competitions in Gaelic composition were instituted. The first subject for competition was a poem on the exploits of the 42nd (Black Watch) Regiment. The successful competitor was a Mr Donald Shaw. These competitions were held for thirteen years until they were discontinued in 1799. Ten years previous to this, in the year 1789, the Society received a grant of £3000 out of the money paid on the restitution of the Highland estates, to be applied to the advance of agriculture and the introduction of trades and manufactures in the Highlands. The spoils that such an enrichment made possible immediately resulted in an influx of members whose interests in the Highlands as a separate entity were small, and whose interest in the intellectual, the historical, and the traditional objects of the Society were non-existent. Gradually all such objects were eliminated altogether, and the energies and the resources of the Society were confined to the advancement of agriculture in its larger aspects; and conversantly to the material gain of the particular class to which the members belonged, the proprietors and large farmers. The area of its operations was extended to include the whole of Scotland, but in order to maintain the appearance of a continuous existence from the parent Society the designation "Highland" was retained in the name, while that of "Agriculture" was added, hence "The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland" to-day. In pursuance of this policy the office of Professor of the Gaelic language was abolished concurrently with the discontinuance of the Gaelic literary competitions; but, seemingly, in order that the changes should take place piecemeal fashion, thus occasioning less notice, a translator of Gaelic was substituted for the Professor for a period, and quietly dropped at a more opportune time. In 1817 the office of piper was abolished. At this particular time the Society was already committed to the production of the Gaelic Dictionary, which bears its name. This work was initiated while the Society was still Highland in fact as well as in name. The completion of this monumental work in 1828 remains as a monument to the purpose of the early promoters of the Society, and as a witness to the subsequent desertion of this purpose. The prohibitive price at which it was published accentuates the splendid isolation which it occupies in this respect, because for this reason alone it could never, and never did, reach the Highland people. Henceforth the Society abandoned itself to the mere mundane interests of the landed gentry and the large farmers, and their animal world. Theorism, far-sighted and lofty in its outlook, the creator of those ideals that are the beacons lighting the way over which the practical minded may

tread, caution regulating their speed, can have no place in the mere material outlook of a fraternity whose proverbial grumbling propensities so frequently blame Heaven itself for misfortunes, whether imaginary or real. Grumbling seems hereditary in the farmer. Let it be admitted at once that The Highland and Agricultural Society has done good work for the large farmers in the past; and, what is better still, it is now doing good work for farmers large and small, the latter of late years coming to share in its pursuits in an appreciable degree. But the moral is plain, whenever the objects of a combination of any kind can be made to serve the personal gain of individuals, any other objects, only general in their application, are pushed aside, and self-aggrandisement holds sway. Let it be also admitted that individuals belonging to one particular class have a perfect right to combine in their own special interests; but their right to capture an already existing organisation having other objects, and then to abolish those other objects in the interests of their own particular class, must be denied.

The Highland Society of London.

A parallel to some extent is the case of the original Gaelic Society of London. Formed in 1777, its objects primarily were to cultivate and preserve the language, literature, and the traditional customs of the Highlands, and to provide the means of social intercourse among the members. After a few years of usefulness in this direction, on account of an influx of non-Gaelic-speaking members, the spirit of clanship declined, and the exclusiveness of caste made its appearance. The name of the Society was changed, "Highland" being substituted for "Gaelic;" the meetings ceased to be Gaelic meetings; and the objects of the Society became confined to the assisting of Highland (not necessarily Gaelic) students, through their university careers; while the social side is maintained by the holding of an annual feast and ball, at which foregather the elite of the modern Highlands, among whom there is an increasing number in which the blood is not strong, and in whom the hearts are not Highland. Nevertheless, the Highland Society of London's bursaries for Highland students are a source of commendable assistance to the students concerned, but so far as they conduce to what were the primary objects of the Society, viz., the preservation and the cultivation of Gaelic, their usefulness is nil.

Such, then, have been the vicissitudes of the Gaelic movement in the foregoing two important instances.

An Comunn Gaidhealach.

(The Highland Association.)

RETAINING in view what has already happened in relation to the Edinburgh and the London Societies as described in the preceding page, and with an inner knowledge of the causes of the tendencies so apparent in the conduct of An Comunn Gaidhealach, the question that forcibly suggests itself to the present writer is—Is the Comunn also to share the fate of these other Societies? Is it to be borne upon a current of similar events? Indeed, the question is more pressing still—has the current not already set in? When the Comunn was first instituted in the town of Oban more than twenty-three years ago, its primary objects were the same as the primary objects of the other two Societies, viz., the teaching and the use of the Gaelic language; the study and the cultivation of the literature, history, music, and art of the Highlands. These objects were tersely embodied in what is still the motto of the Association—"Ar Canain agus ar Ceol." They were the only objects of the Association during the first sixteen years of its existence; they were, and they still are, what enthuse the movement; what created and what still gives it the momentum that has enabled it to undertake auxiliary objects, such as are covered by the terms "Home" or "Native Industries of the Highlands." The movement, while still confining itself to its primary objects, had reached a stage in 1905 when the idea of the great Feill of 1906 took shape. In the latter year the idea materialised and resulted in the handsome surplus of £7000. Currently with the Feill project, there was instituted in 1906 an Art and Industry Committee as one of the standing Committees of the Executive Council of An Comunn. But it was not until 1907 that this Committee accomplished any work. The object in forming this department of An Comunn's work was undoubtedly good, the intention was good, and if the first idea of creating and establishing native industries can be methodically carried out, the work will be worthy of all support short of allowing it to supplant or supersede the primary objects of An Comunn, with an ultimate result similar to that of the Edinburgh and the London Societies. Signs are not wanting that this is what is gradually taking place. I do not believe that it is being deliberately brought about, but the tendencies are none the less surely towards the same ending. Native industries of a self-respecting character, and the possibility of a self-supporting future, are not being created.

To the writer's mind there is too much of the atmosphere of charity attached to the work. The term industry is a misnomer in conjunction with charity. The Comunn was not conceived for, nor does its constitution provide for, charity. Conducted as it seems to be, the work can only live by constant spoon-feeding, and this is neither healthy nor self-respecting. It is not the way to create or establish an industry. What is done in this way must depend upon the continued goodwill, the varying circumstances, even on the lives of individuals. With the failure of any one of these, all of them belonging to the circle of assured events, the whole work will collapse, and the energy and the money expended will have been dissipated. The wastefulness of the exuberant enthusiasm expended over this work is demonstrated by the apparent existence of two bodies, the "Art and Industry Committee of An Comunn" and what is called "The Co-Operative Society of Highland Industries." The two are so interwoven in their membership and their officerships that the distinction is more apparent than real. The necessity for this Jekyll and Hyde business is hard to understand. But what must most concern the members of the Comunn proper is the manner in which the primary objects of the Association are being superseded by work that, however excellent in its object, affects only very circumscribed areas of the Highlands. It has been announced in the official organ that the primary objects of An Comunn are now of "secondary importance." In the same organ it is recorded that the Clachan, held at the recent Scottish Exhibition, was the sole creation and work of the Co-Operative Society of Highland Home Industries, a body that only came into being on the initiative of An Comunn with the expressed purpose that it should associate with the work and subsequently share in the profits of what was in reality a child of An Comunn. These profits, or surplus, was ear-marked—one half for the primary objects of An Comunn, and the other half for Home Industries, the latter to be administered by the Co-Operative Society of Highland Home Industries. The latter body now claims the whole credit, and, doubtless through its inspiration, the Comunn's primary objects are proclaimed as of "secondary importance."

The Comunn's primary objects can only be attained by concentration on an effort to provide for Gaelic being taught in the elementary schools, giving less attention to secondary education in Gaelic until the foundation for such is first laid and fixed; and, above all, by preventing the supersession of its primary objects by the later auxiliary adjuncts, no matter how insinuatingly plausible they may appear. Something towards this consummation has been attempted in the arrangement recently made with the Highland Trust and the Gaelic Society of London, whereby they are jointly under an obligation to provide *per capita* grants to teachers of Gaelic in the elementary schools of the Highlands. But if the fear officially intimated of late that the Comunn may be unable to fulfil its part under these obligations is well-founded, then the result will be disastrous, and it is sincerely to be hoped that such a climax will be averted.

A free translation from the Gaelic, by Lance-Corporal JOSEPH LEE.

Love to the arméd race,
First in the fray,
The Clan that decays not,
Nor fadeth away.

From dim, distant times,
Ye came like a river;
True Braesmen of the Dun,
My love forever!

From Mull of the Mountains,
From the South, from the sea,
Thy friends gladly fare
Bearing greeting to thee!

Stout-hearted, strong-handed,
Spirited, true;
Fair of face, fair of dealing,
Ali honour to you!

To ye who are sleeping,
Let no 'larum wake thee!
To ye who are living
Let no gloom o'er take thee!

Love to the arméd race
First in the fray,
The Clan that decays not,
Nor dieth away.

A LIFESET SONG.

WHEN I am dead I would be lying
Where fir trees, sighing their
runes of rest,
Their odours shed e'er, while their
shadows cover
My head and hover upon my breast.

Be Spring unvierd there for violet sweet-
ness,
Let May's completeness bring buds o'
lroom,
While bells ope wide their blue eyes of
light there;
Oh! my heart above there may the
heather bloom.

A moorland burn be nigh me wandering
With slow meandering and lonesome
fall,
And while I dream e'er, a snow-white
ben there,
O'er yon green glen there, on my heart
will call.

Mine eyes no more will behold the High-
lands
Or Western Islands in whitening
foam;
But I'll live o'er there the days I spent
where
My heart hath turned e'er—in my
Highland home.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"WHEN TIME HOLDS HANDS."

Painted by Max Cowper.

NAIDHEACHD UIBHISTEACH.



HA'N ann mar a thatar an dràs d' togail nan saighdearan a bhatar 'san t-sean aimsir idir; 's ann bhitheadh gach uachdaran a' tional na bhiththeadh air fhearann fhéin.

'S an àm air am bheil mi dol a dh'iomradh 's e fear a Chlann Mhic Ailein a bha 'na uachdaran air Uibhist-a-deas. Bha iomadh saighdear maith an Uibhist 'san

am; ach cha robh na h-inneil mharbhaidh aca cho sgriosal no cho eagalach ris mar tha iad an diugh.

'Nam measg bha aon fhear sònraichte aig Mac Mhic Ailein ris an cante "Gille-Pàdra Dubh." Bha e féin agus a theaghlach 'nan taca mòr aige nuair a chuirtheadh feum orra. Bha mór ri pháidheadh dh'an uachdaran mar tha ri dheanann fathast, ach cha'n ann le airgead a bha iad 'ga pháidheadh idir, ach le grán. Tha e glé choltach gu'n robh an grán glé phailt 'san eilean 'san àm ud. Thàinig bàta gu ruig Loch-aimeart air son an tuath a chum an grán a chur air bòrd innte. Bha aca ri dhol am mach an sin leis ann am builg ris an canadh iad "plata bheag" a bhitheadh iad a' deannamh air murrán, air muin each. Cha robh pocannan r'am faighinn idir 'san àm. Mar a chaidh gach aon ann, chaidh Gille-Pàdrúig agus, gu mì-fhortanach, cha robh aige na lìonadh am peice mu dheireadh na chumtais idir. Thubhairt fear thogail a' mhàil ris gu'm feumadh am peice a lìonadh air neo nach gabhadh e idir e.

"Gabh e" thubhairt esan, "agus bheir mi chugad còrr 's na lìonas am màireach; oir tha 'n t-asdar fada agam an diugh." "Cha ghabh" ars am bàillidh "gus an lion thu am peice."

"Lìonaibh mise an ceartair e" ars esan 's e toirt tarraing air sgian-dubh a bha aige, 's e aig a' cheart am a' breith air mhullach cinn air a' bhàillidh, 's a' tarraing na sgine air an sgòran aige 's 'ga chumail os cionn a' pheice gus na chuir e thairis le fhuil.

"So" ars esan, "tha e làn a nis"; is dh'fhalbh e 's dh'fhàg e an sìod e 'na chloisach air urlar a' bhàta gus an d'thug feadhainn eile as e gu ruig tigh a bha faisg air làimh. Thaircear "Rubb'an-tigh-mhàil" ris an àite sin fathast.

Coma leibh, cha b'fhada gus an d' ràinig e cluasan Mhic-ic-Ailein mar a rinn Gille-Pàdra Dubh air a' bhàillidh aige. Tha e glé choltach nach robh lagh cho cruaidh 's a tha e bho 'n uair sin, air neo, na'm bitheadh, cha'n fhaigheadh Gille-Pàdrúig as cho maith 's a fhuair e. Ach co-dhiùbh chuir Mac Mhic-Ailein fios air; e dhol gu ruig Ormieleit, oir 'e ann an sin a bha Mac-mhic-Ailein a' fuireach—e féin 's a mhac a' b'òige.

Cha 'n eil teagamh 'sam bith nach robh eagal air Gille-Pàdrúig gu'n deanteadh dolaidh air fhéin no air a mhac gu h-àraid. Ach co-dhiùbh dh' fhalbh iad air an latha dh' iarradh orra. Nuair ràinig iad caisteal Mhic-ic-Ailein chuireadh fàilt orra mar a b'abhaist; ach an dèidh ùine ghoirid chaidh agaidh a thoirt air air son a' bhàillidh.

"Ach," arsa Mac-mhic-Ailein feumaidh tu ubh a bhristeadh air mullach cinn do mhic leis an t-saighd, air neo a mharbhadh air tàilleamh mar a rinn thu."

Bha so cruaidh gu leòr air Gille-Pàdrúig. Ged a bha e glé chinnteach as a làimh, cha robh comas air; ged a bu chruaidhe b'fheudar.

Ach fhuair e spaid is chladhaich e aige a leithid so a chuntais shlàt bho 'n dorus sìoc as an talaimh; is nuair a chunnaic e féin freagarach dh'èibh e air a mhac is dh'òrduich e sìos do 'n t-sìoc e. Fhuair e 'n t-ubh is chuir e air a cheann e; thug e an sin tarraing air a' bhogha is air a' bhalg shaighead; chuir e saighead anns gach gartan aige fhéin is dh'fhiach e an uair sin air an ubh leis an treas fear, 's ann am prìobadh na sùl bha 'n t-ubh 'na shruth nuas le ceann a mhic.

'S maith a rinn thu," arsa Mac-mhic-Ailein; ach c'ar son a nis a chuir thu 'n t-saighdead anns gach gartan agad fhéin?

"An dà, innsidh mi sin duibh," arsa Gille-Pàdrúig, "na 'n robh mi an dèidh mo mhac a mharbhadh bhitheadh an té ud unnaibh-se agus i sìod anns a' bhàn-tighearna."

Fhuair Gille-Pàdrúig dhachaidh an là sin gun an còrr dìola-fach a dhianamh air.

EòIN DOMHNULACH. Hamhbeag.

LATHA NA MAOILE RUUIDHE.

(The Battle of Mulroy, Lochaber.)

b

'E so an cath mu dheireadh eadar fineachan Gaidhealach ann an Albainn. Chaidh a chur anns a' bhliadhna 1688, eadar Colla na Ceapach agus Mac-an-toisich. Nuair a thàinig na fineachan teann air a' chèile dh' èirich cath-ghairm muinntir na Ceapach: "Dia 's Naomh Aindrea!" air oiteag na madainne agus fhreagar Clann-an-toisich le 'n cath-ghairm féin. "Loch-na-Maigh!" 'S e Mac-an-toisich Ceann-Cinnidh Chloinn Chatain—d'an suaicheantas an cat—agus a thoirt dùbhlán do Dhomhnulach na Ceapach chluich piebair Mhic-an-toisich am port so:

Thàinig na cait! thàinig na cait!
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig iad;
Thàinig na cait loma luath,
'S i 'n droch uair nuair thàinig iad.
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig iad,
Thàinig na cait 'thogail nan creach.
Bhuail iad nan speach thàinig iad!

B'e Dòmhnall Mór Caimbeul—no Mac-a'-Ghlasraich mar a theirtadh ris, a bu phioabair 'sa Ceapach agus fhreagar esan an dùbhlán gu foirmeil leis a' phort so chluich:

'Chloinn Domhnuill an fhraoich
A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Luchd nan cas caol,
Thugadh am bruthach dhiubh!
'Chloinn Domhnuill an fhraoich
A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Luchd nan cas caol,
Cumamaid riubh siud!

'Chloinn Domhnuill an fhraoich
'Mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Luchd nan cas caol,
Cuiribh 'nan siubhal iad.
Muinntir a' chàil
Muinntir a' chàil
Muinntir a' chàil
'S an t-sar bhruthaisde.

Theid mise 'n urras gu'n do chuir muinntir na Ceapach an ruaig air Cloinn Chatain, oir ghlac iad an Ceann Cinnidh Mac-an-toisich.



By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"A Gipsy Encampment,"

Painted by J. Herbert Snell, R.O.I.

AN TÉ CHROSDA.

BHA teaghlach de thríúir nighean aig cáraid chóir ann an sgíreachd áraidh 'san Eilean Sgitheanach. Bha dithis dhiubh stólda, socair 'nan nádúr; ach bha an treas té anabarrach crosda. Mar tha tric a' tachairt, bha tagh-

all mór air an tigh le luchd-ceilidh, agus, ní bha coltach gu leòr, bha súil aig na gilleán air na h-ingheanan. 'S e tháinig as an sin gu'n do phós an dithis a bha fo ainm nadur math a bhí aca. Ach cha robh gin a' gabhail misneach a dhol a dh'iarraidh na té chrosda.

Ach nu d'heireadh smaoinich gille gasda tapaidh, o'n a bha i 'na h-inghean ghlain agus math air cosnadh, ged a bhíodh breac innte, gur docha gu'm b' fhiach sin cur suas leis, gu sonruichte o'n a bha i de theaghlach gasda—oir is mór is fhiach ian á nead glan—agus 's ann a cho-dhúin e gu'n rachadh e g'a h-iarraidh; ní a rinn e; agus shoirbhích gu math leis. Chaidh an réiteach a dheanamh; agus latha a' phósaidh a shuidheachadh. Air latha a' phósaidh, o'n bha aige ri díol astar math, thug e leis an each foidhe; agus thug e leis an gunna mar an ceudna; agus lean an cú dubh e.

An là-arn-a-mháireach a' dol dhachaidh leis a' mhnaoi, bha esan a' marcachd, agus ise coiseachd, agus iad a' gabhail rathad monaidh. Dé dh'érich roimhe ach ceare fhraoich. Thog e an gunna agus thilg e i; agus thuirt e ris a' chú an t-ian a thoirt g'a ionnsuidh agus nach iarradh e dá uair air e. Cha d'thug an cú feart air. An sin thog e an gunna agus thilg e an cú. Tháinig iad so gu bial átha a bh'air abhainn air a cheum aca. Dh' iarr e air an each e dhol air adhart, agus nach iarradh e dá uair air e. Ach sheas an t-each. Tháinig e dhe a' mhúin, agus chuir e an gunna ris agus laidh e far an robh e. Thug e 'n sin dheth an diollaid, agus e dol g'a toirt leis dhachaidh. Dh' iarr a bhean an diollaid air i fhein 'ga giùlan dhachaidh. Cha robh e air son a toirt dh' i; ach dh' fheumadh ise faighinn, agus ghéill esan.

Aig a' chiad bhliadhna úir bha na cleamhnain aig cuirm an tigh an athar céile. An uair a bha an dinneir seachad, chaidh na boireannaich do sheòmar dhaibh fhéin a chluich air chairtean; agus dh' fhan na daoine far an robh iad ri sgeulachd is gabhail boireagan air a chéile. Mu dheireadh tháinig aca air am mnathan. Iadsan aig an robh luchd an deadh náduir a' bòilich asda, agus a' fiachainn ri tarruing as an fhear eile. Ach 's e a thubhairt fear na té chrosda gu'n cuireadh e geall gur ann aige a bha a' bhean a' b' umhaile dhe an triúir. Chaidh an geall a chur—cóg puind Shasunnach—a chur air a' bhòrd. Agus 's e an dearbhadh a dh' aontaich iad a chur orra gu'n iarradh iad air té an deidh té dhiubh fighinn a stigh agus a currac a thoirt dhe a ceann agus a thilgeadh 'san teine.

Chaidh fios a chur air a chiad té, agus fheargair i gu'm biodh i stigh nuair a chluich-eadh i a lèimh chairtean. Nuair a tháinig i, dh' iarr a fear pòda oirre i thoirt dhith a currac agus i a thilgeadh 'san teine. Ach 's ann a sheall i air le mì-chiata, agus ghabh i am mach. Ach cha d'innis i do chách dé thachair. Chaidh fios air an dàrna té; agus rinn ise dìreach mar a rinn an té eile. Ach nuair a chaidh an té chrosda iarradh, thilg i uaiphe na cairtean agus ruith i stigh; agus nuair a dh' iarr ann fear pòda oirre a currac a thilgeadh 'san teine rinn i air ball e.

An sin thog esan na cóig puind Shasunnach agus shìn e dhith iad ag ràdh: "So; ceannaichidh sin currac eile dhuit."

Ach nuair a thug càch mar a bha, thòisich iad air fanaid oirre air son gu'm biodh ise cho beag spiorad 's gu'n deanadh i leithid a ghníomh air son neach a chunnaic i rianh. Ach 's e a fheargair ise. "Cha robh sibhse a' giùlan na diollaid."

Padruig Mac Aonghais,

CAILLEACH MHOR BHEINN LATHAIR.

THA mì creidsinn gu 'm faod naidheachd coltach ris an té a leanas a bhí air a h-athris mu thimcheall beinn no dhà, is locha no dhà 'sa Ghaidhealtachd; ach biodh sin mar thogras, is ann mar so bha seann daoine ann Braid-albann ag innseadh mu thòiseachadh Locha-tatha.

'San àm a dh' fhalbh, nuair a bha na h-còin air gach geig a' seinn gu fonnmhór réidh óran an Gaidhlig mhilis, bhlada, is nuair a thuingeadh gach creutair ar sean chànan, is a chumadh iad còmhraidh càirdeil r'a cheile innte; aig a cheart àm sin bha cailleach mhór chumhachdach a' tuineachadh fagus do Bheinn Lathair, is bha seilbh aice air gach monadh tha mu 'n cuairt air a' Bheinn, is air gach gleann, coire, is srath tha mar mhiltean dh' astar dhith. Bha àireamh mhór de chrodh aig a' chaillich, is bhà Braid-albann is Gleann-liobhunn gu léir fodhpa; is cha b' nilear dhoibh uiread sin de fhearann is an tuilleadh a bhí aca air son ionaltraidh. Cha robh Loch-tatha idir ann aig an àm sin, is bha 'n t àite 'sam bheil e nis 'na chòmhnard feurach mu mhìle air leud, is mu chuibh no shé mhìle deug air fad. Bha earrann de 'n chrodh a saubhrachadh air a' mhaigh mhóir briagha sin mu 'n d' tháinig an t-uisge oirre.

Suig mar a tha 'n t-sean fhacal ag ràdh mu chrodh na Caillich mhóir.

"Tri naoi cnocan, is tri naoi bacan air gach cnocan, is tri naoi bó mhaol odhar air gach bacan."

Chì sinn o sin gu 'n robh crodh na Caillich ro lìonmhór, is dh' fheumadh banarach no dhà bhí aice mar an ceudna.

Bha fuaran Bheinn Lathair am bitheantas dùinte, is air a chrannadh is air a ghlasadh. B'e deasnas té de na banaraichean freiceadan a dheanamh air an fuaran, is an dorus aige ghlasadh gu faicilleach gach feasgar. Mar a bha 'm breamas ann, dhì-chuimhnich ise dorus an fhuarain a ghlasadh air oidhche áraidh, is ruith an t-uisge gu mireanach bras as an fhuaran ré na h-oidhche.

Nuair a dhùisg na banaraichean 's ann a bha 'n sealladh iongantach fo chomhair an sùilean. Feuch! una loch mór còmhachadh iochdar na dùthcha air fad!

Ma tha peacan air bìth a' cur an sgeul so an teagamh, thoir eadn e sgeib do Bhraid-albann, is mur toir aon sealladh de "Loch-tatha nam bradan" e gu muthadh beachd is barrail, cha 'n eil fhios agamsa dé bheir. Tha 'n loch 'na dhearbhadh làidir, is 'na theistean math gu 'm bheil an naidheachd fìor!

SEUMAS MAC DHIARMAID.

IN MEMORIAM

MEMBERS OF DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

THE REV. JOHN KENNEDY, M.A.

By the death of Rev. John Kennedy, Liff U.F. Church, which occurred on January 13th, 1915, a long and honoured ministry was brought to a close. Mr Kennedy was educated in Edinburgh, graduating M.A. at the University of that city. He came to Dundee in 1877, when he was appointed assistant to Rev. Dr Wilson, Free St Paul's. After labouring there for a short time he became assistant to Rev. John Lyon, Broughty Ferry West, where his work was much appreciated; and his choice of Tayside as a permanent field for his labours was consummated in 1880, when he was ordained colleague and successor to the late Rev. W. R. Moneur at Liff. Mr Moneur had been minister of the church for upwards of 30 years, so that Mr Kennedy's ministry of 35 years was a worthy continuation of the long and faithful service of his predecessor, and an eloquent testimony to the warm relations that have ever existed in Liff between pulpit and pew. But Mr Kennedy was a minister whose qualities compelled an esteem both ready and lasting. From the first day of his ministry he brought to bear on his work a great enthusiasm which, throughout all the responsibilities and trials that so inevitably attend the labours of the minister who is conscientious, had never in any degree abated. With



an engaging and pleasing personality he united a broad mind. He was liberal yet strong in his convictions; energetic in all he undertook, and unsparing in his efforts towards the promotion of anything that made for the good of his people. It was, therefore, only natural that he should have won in so complete a degree their love and esteem, and should have endeared himself not merely to his own congregation, but to all who came into contact with him or, by his works, knew him. He became a member of the Liff School Board early in his ministry, and for many years had been a ruling and a guiding force in the educational affairs of the district. The ratepayers of Liff also elected him a member of the Ratepayers' Advisory Committee, where his counsels were invaluable. In 1905 Mr Kennedy celebrated his semi-jubilee, when he and Mrs Kennedy were the recipients of valuable gifts. At the outbreak of the war he threw himself vigorously into the campaign to obtain recruits, and the success of his efforts is shown by the large number of men from Liff district who joined the various units. Mr Kennedy passed away at the age of 62. He married, 20 years ago, Miss Elizabeth M'Pherson, daughter of Mr M'Pherson, banker, Kingussie, and for the widow he leaves to mourn his loss there is felt a sincere and widespread sympathy.

BAILIE WALKER S. MELVILLE, D.L.

The death of Mr Walker S. Melville occurred at his residence, 4 Douglas Terrace, Dundee, on Saturday morning, 27th March 1915.

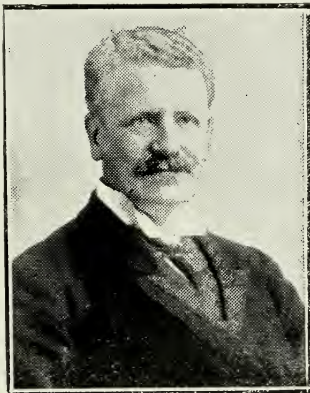
Mr Melville was one of the best-known public men in the city. When quite a youth his interest in affairs showed itself, and it persisted during all his life to the end. He was a Dundee man—his father being in the Customs service—and spent practically the whole of his days in the city, all along being closely identified with its business and social life.

Deceased was educated at the High School, and was afterwards for some years employed in a city solicitor's office. He subsequently started business as a shipping agent and merchant, and soon established a large connection on the jute market. For many years the firm of Melville & Halley has been well-known in the trade.

But it was in his public and philanthropic work that he came in contact with a much larger section of the community. When still a young man he associated himself with the

Y.M.C.A., and all the developing activities of that organisation found in him a warm supporter. He was one of the leading spirits in the development of local technical education. That work was begun in a small way many years ago, but carefully nursed by such men as Mr Melville it has now expanded into the first-class institution known as the Technical College, where large numbers of the youth of the town are trained in the higher branches of the leading industries.

In 1898 Mr Melville entered the Town Council. In the municipal body he found ample scope for the exercise of



his energies. He gave of his best to the Corporation, as he did to all work in which he engaged, and during his long municipal career he was always one of the leading members of the Council. He was several times elected to the bench, and also held Convenerships of Committees, being Convener of the Police Committee at the time he was laid aside by his fatal illness. But even these things did not by any means exhaust the many-sidedness of his interests. For years he was associated with the Dundee Horticultural Society, of which for a lengthened period he was President.

Mr Melville's natural tastes led him to take an interest in the Free Libraries. He joined the Committee in 1906, and had been a member since then. He was a keen student of the history of the city, and made a very fine collection of books printed and published in Dundee.

In many other directions in which public work was to be done Mr Melville could be depended upon for assistance. His long and intimate association with affairs had made him familiar with the work of most of the city's public and semi-public bodies, and his advice was always regarded as of great value. He was a member of the Dundee Highland Society, and for several years (under the Chiefship of the late Bailie Duncan MacDonald) he was a member of the Executive Council; a Vice-Chairman of the Charity Organisation Society, a Director of the High School, an Educational Trust Governor, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Mission to the Outdoor Blind, a member of Committee of the Subscription Library, and a member of the Territorial Force Association. He was also a Deputy-Lieutenant of the County of the City.

In his spare moments Mr Melville took a keen interest in sport of various kinds. In his younger days he was a member of a Tay Boating Club. He also enjoyed golfing and bowling, although his favourite pastime was, perhaps, angling, in the pursuit of which he was very fond of a day on a Highland loch or stream. For many years past he was associated with Ryehill U.F. Church. He was 63 years of age. His wife, a daughter of the late Mr J. H. Halley, died many years ago, and he is survived by a daughter.

LIEUT.-COL. HARRY WALKER, C.M.G., T.D.

Lieut.-Col. Harry Walker, who died of wounds received while leading "Dundee's Own" Battalion, the 4th Black Watch, in the advance at Loos, was well known as an enthusiastic Volunteer and Territorial Officer. In peace he worked steadfastly to promote the efficiency of the 4th Battalion of the Black Watch, and when the war broke out he devoted himself heart and soul to preparing the battalion for active service. In February of this year the 4th went out with Lieut. Col. Walker in command, and few battalions had the good fortune to have a more able or more popular leader. During the whole period of active service the 4th had a full share in the fighting, and all through their gallant leader was looked up to as friend and guide. Through the ordeal of Neuve Chapelle and in the battling of the 9th of May his presence was an inspiration, and he moved about encouraging his men. In June His Majesty the King was graciously pleased to confer on him the honour of Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George. In civil life Lieut.-Col. Harry Walker was a member of the firm

In Memoriam—Members of Dundee Highland Society—Continued.

of Messrs Harry Walker & Sons, Ltd., spinners and manufacturers. He took a prominent part in the business and public life of the city, having served as President of the Chamber of Commerce and as member of many public bodies and Director of institutions. Although he devoted much of his time to Volunteer and Territorial service, he found opportunities for travel, and was an enthusiastic and daring mountaineer.

It is difficult, in speaking of our dear and honoured and never-to-be-forgotten friend, to strangers who had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, to appear to be speaking simple truth, to seem quite guiltless of exaggeration. Bayard, Sir Galahad, the very perfect, gentle knight, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*—these are the terms that come naturally to one's pen, thinking of him. And to say this is, plainly and evidently, either to be saying too much or to be speaking of one sovereignly gifted beyond his fellows. That Harry Walker was so gifted, every man that ever knew him would hasten to assert. "Of noble manners," said the Master of Trinity, Cambridge, speaking of another, greatly loved, cut off in the midst of the years—and this, too, was the first impression you took of the Colonel of our City of Dundee Battalion. Martial bearing, manly stride, open countenance, the very sunniest of smiles, a wonderful graciousness of manner. Of commanding ability, as his place in the business life of the city and its various Directorates abundantly proves. A great sportsman, who had played his part on practically every field, but who loved the mountains, as he told us once at a Mission lecture, best of all. (Some of us think that the very sunlight and the clearness and the strength of the mountain peaks seemed to possess him.) A fervent patriot—the very life and soul of his battalion. The friend of every worthy cause. In his Church an honoured office-bearer. In his home—but of what he was in his home none of us may speak; we can give thanks in hallowed remembrance, and we can breathe a prayer for his sorrowing ones.

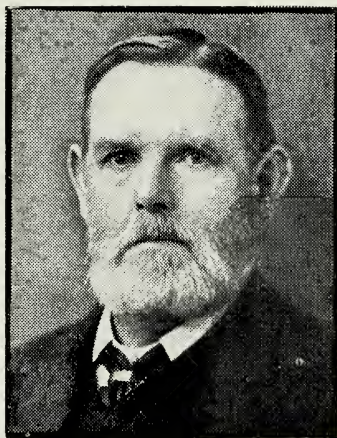
This is the happy warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms would wish to be.

A. W. F.

GAELIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The Late Emeritus-Professor MACKINNON, M.A. (of the Celtic Chair, Edinburgh University).

Emeritus-Professor Donald MacKinnon, the first to occupy the Celtic Chair at Edinburgh University, died on Christmas day 1914, at Balnahard, in his native Isle of Colonsay. Professor MacKinnon only enjoyed his retirement for half a session and was 75 years of age at the time of his demise—the date of his birth being 18th April 1839. Leaving Colonsay at the age of eighteen to attend the Church of Scotland Training College, he proceeded thence to Edinburgh University, where he had a distinguished career, passing his examination for M.A. degree in November 1869 with first-class honours in Mental Philosophy, and in the same month obtaining the Hamilton Fellowship in Mental Philosophy, one of the highest distinctions which the Edinburgh University has to offer. He taught a school for three years at Lochinver, Sutherlandshire. In 1869 he was appointed Clerk to the Church of Scotland's Education Scheme. Three years later he was appointed



By kind permission of the "Oban Times."

appointment the friends of Gaelic were assured that Celtic literature would be worthily represented in the Edinburgh University. Professor MacKinnon's productions in book form are:—"A Descriptive Catalogue of Gaelic MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and elsewhere in Scotland"; Reading Book for the use of Students in the Gaelic Class of Edinburgh—Part I. and Part II.—circulated privately. He also within recent years transcribed the Glenmassan MSS. and published his work in the *Celtic Review*—a work involving close and painstaking effort. He was examiner under the Edinburgh School Board in Bible knowledge.

MAJOR ELMSLIE TOSH.

Major Elmslie Tosh, who fell in the battle at Loos, September 25 of this year, was identified with the Volunteer and Territorial Movement in Dundee. He was second in command of the 4th Black Watch, and went to France with the battalion. He had a record of good service in South Africa, having taken out the second detachment of Dundee Volunteers. He received the Queen's Medal with four clasps. As an accountant he had won a position in professional and business circles, and he acted as auditor for many public bodies. With all old soldiers in Dundee Major Tosh was a friend indeed. He devoted great attention to the veterans, and was ever ready to give friendly counsel and advice.

For portraits of Colonel Walker and Major Tosh, see photo group of Officers, 4th (Service) Black Watch, page 34.

Comforts for Highland Regiments at the Front.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—1914-15.

The Executive Council of the Dundee Highland Society beg leave to offer their warmest thanks to those who have kindly contributed to this Fund. Here is the list of Subscribers and Statement of Accounts as at October 30th 1915:—

1914.		
Dec. 7.		
Collected at Lecture.		£0 12 6
Councillor J. C. Robertson, C.A.,	22	
Meadowside,		1 0 0
Miss M. S. Ritchie, 94 Nethergate,		0 5 0
1915.		
Jan.		
Miss F. Stuart, Invergowrie,		0 2 6
Mrs Low, Broughty Ferry,		0 3 0
Feb.		
Miss Sharp, Fernhall, Broughty Ferry,		3 0 0
Miss Angus, 354 Blackness Road,		1 0 0
A. W. Stiven, Esq., Police Treasurer,		0 10 0
Alex. Ross, Esq., 11 Whitehall Street,		0 7 6
Mar.		
Miss Gilroy, Rowanbank, Broughty Ferry,		0 10 0
Duncan MacFarlane, Esq., 12 High Street,		0 2 6
Miss Clark, 2 Blackness Crescent,		1 0 0
Dr Angus MacGillivray, 23 South Tay St.,		1 1 0
D. Ritchie, Esq., Kilburn Place, Newport,		0 5 0
Fred S. Weinberg, Esq., Seafeld Lodge,		
Broughty Ferry,		5 0 0
Miss Jane S. Stewart, Ardvorlich, do.,		0 10 0
Mrs Thoms, Inverisla, do.,		0 5 0
J. C. Low, Esq., Westwood, Newport,		1 0 0
G. K. Smith, Esq., Ardmere, Perth Road,		1 0 0
Colonel Small,		0 2 0
Friend, 5s; Amici, 5s; Friend, 2s 6d, 2s		
6d, 2s 6d, 2s 6d,		1 0 0
Speakable Scot, 1s; J. W., 1s; Friend, 5s,		0 7 0
John Sharp, Esq., Balmuir,		1 0 0
J. L., 2s 6d; Friend, 2s 6d; J. Rae, 1s;		
W. Scott, Fiddle, 1s,		0 7 0
W. N., 2s 6d; W. D. J., 1s; R. M.,		
1s 6d; W. T. H., 1s,		0 6 0
Kinner, 2s 6d; C. P. Y., 1s,		0 3 6
J. Smieton, Esq., Panmure Villa,		
Broughty Ferry,		0 5 0
Friend,		0 5 0
Miss Cox, Clement Park, Lochee,		1 0 0
Mrs Charles Ovenstone, Duntrune,		0 10 0
Wm. Nucator, Esq., Springfield,		0 4 6
Mrs A. S. Crabbe, do.,		0 2 0
April.		
R. B. Sharp, Esq.,		1 0 0
J. H., Blackness,		0 5 0
J. Davidson, 1s; Robert Jackson, 1s,		0 2 0
J. M., 2s; Spartaclos, 1s; D. R., 2s 6d,		0 5 6
E. R. Ovenstone, Esq.,		0 10 0
E. MacLean, 2s 6d; T. Watson, 2s 6d,		0 5 6
W. M., 2s 6d; D. M. B., 5s,		0 7 0
D. T., 2s; P. Mitchell, 2s 6d,		0 4 6
Mr Bonar,		0 10 0
M. T. Anderson, 2s 6d; T. E. Suttie, 1s,		0 3 6
Alex. Ross, Esq.,		0 5 0
W. M. Smith, 6d; A Friend, 2s 6d, 2s 6d,		
2s 6d,		0 8 0
G. S., 2s 6d; Friend, 2s 6d, 2s 6d, 2s 6d		0 10 0
N. Boase, Esq.,		0 10 0
N. Peters, 1s; H. L. A. D., 1s,		0 2 0
Colonel W. H. Fergusson,		0 10 0
Friend, 5s; J. S. Weir, Esq., 2s,		0 5 0
A. Bethune Duncan, Esq.,		0 5 0
Friend, 5s, 4s,		0 9 0
Mr Ogilvie,		0 5 0
G. Fraser, Esq., 2s 6d; Rev. G. R. Mac-		
Phail, 2s 6d,		0 5 0
J. Gray, Esq., 1s; C. K. P., 2s 6d; Mr		
Grant, 1s,		0 4 6
J. Anderson, Esq.,		0 5 0
W. R., 2s 6d; C. Glass, Esq., 4s,		0 6 6

A. H. Bell, Esq., 5s; W. F., 2s; John		
Mackie, Esq., 2s 6d,		0 9 6
W. Hay, Esq., 2s 6d; R. J. MacLean,		
Esq., 2s 6d,		0 5 0
V. Baird, 2s; G. C. Keiller, Esq., 2s 6d,		0 4 6
J. R. Henderson, Esq.,		0 5 0
James Robertson, jun., Esq., 2s; Bailie		
Pirie, 2s,		0 4 0
Professor Stalker,		0 5 0

Total,		£33 2 0
By Disbursements,	£26 19 8	
By Balance on Hand,	6 2 4	33 2 0

April 28, 1915.

Having examined the foregoing accounts and detailed statements thereof, showing balance as above, we hereby certify the same to be correct and sufficiently vouched.

(Signed) J. FORBES,
WM. MACGREGOR, } Auditors.

1915-16.

1915.		
Apr. 29.		
To Balance,		£6 2 4
Dundee Highland Society contributions,		5 9 8

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Miss Hutchesson, Finnerd, West Ferry,		0 5 0
Wm. MacGregor, Esq., Rockfield, Broughty		
Ferry,		0 5 0
M. C. Macleod, 7 Garland Place,		0 5 0
May.		
Misses Robertson, 4 Norwood Crescent,		3 0 0
Miss Sharp, Fernhall, Broughty Ferry,		2 0 0
Dr A. H. Millar, Albert Institute,		1 0 0
Oct.		
Mrs J. N. Kyd, Rosendaal, West Ferry,		5 0 0
Miss Angus, 354 Blackness Rd.,		0 10 0
Mrs R. Blackadder, P.O. Box 2123, North		
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada,		2 0 0
By Disbursements,	£17 10 1½	£25 17 0
Oct. 30.		
By Balance on hand,	£8 6 10½	25 17 0

CONTRIBUTIONS IN KIND.

Miss Jobson Scott, Craig, West Ferry (cardigan		
jackets, &c.),		
Miss Kennedy, The Pines, Broughty Ferry (sox and		
mitten),		
Mrs David Ritchie (towels, &c.), 15 Briarwood Terrace.		
Miss B. D. Ritchie (wool), 16 Hawkhill Place.		
D. F. Black, Esq. (tobacco), 88 Park Road, Newcastle.		
Miss Clerk (cake), Broad Street, Tayport.		
Mrs G. B. Ritchie (cake), Wellgate Park, Newport.		
Miss M. S. Ritchie (tobacco and sweets), 16 Hawkhill		
Place.		
Mrs Stewart Carmichael (socks), Nethergate.		
Mrs Fleming (books), Ingleside, Lochee.		
Mr Macnab (porpoise hide bootlaces), Vault.		
Mr Fyffe Ogilvie (2 lbs. cocoa).		
D. M. Brown, Esq., High Street (towels).		

There were also received, sweets, cigarettes, pencils, postcards, cakes, hymn books, soap, handkerchiefs, wool, and many and various knitted and other gifts.



Watt & Son,

Dundee.

Dr Angus MacGillivray,
Chief, Dundee Highland Society.

DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

(Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach.)



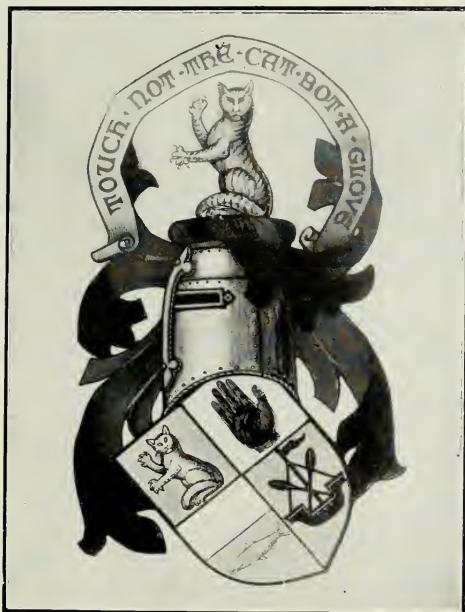
THE Dundee Highland Society being now a branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach its objects are to encourage and promote :—

- (a) The teaching and use of the Gaelic language.
- (b) The study and cultivation of Gaelic Literature, History, Music, and Art.
- (c) The native Industries of the Highlands of Scotland, and the wearing of of the Highland Dress.
- (d) The Welfare of Highlanders in Dundee and neighbourhood; and
- (e) The furthering of Celtic and patriotic interests.

The Society is non-political and non-sectarian.

Copies of the Constitution and Rules can be had by applying to the Treasurer or Secretary

LIST OF EXECUTIVE, 1915-16.



Chief—DR ANGUS MACGILLIVRAY.

Chieftains—EX-BAILIE NEIL MACDONALD, J.P., Principal J. YULE MACKAY, M.D., LL.D.,
Councillor J. C. ROBERTSON, C.A.

Hon. Joint Secretaries.

Miss M. S. RITCHIE, 94 Nethergate, Dundee.

Miss CLEMENTINA HUTCHESON, Finbard, Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry.

Hon. Treasurer—MR M. C. MACLEOD, 7 Garland Place, Dundee.

Council :

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Mr John Dow
Mr John Forbes
Mrs Forbes
Mr W. P. Henderson
Mrs Kennedy

Mrs Lindsay
Mr William Munro
Mr William MacGregor
Mr James MacLaren
Rev. George M. MacLean
Rev. G. R. MacPhail

Mr Alexander MacRae
Mr Nicoll
Councillor R. M. Noble
Mr Geo. Scrymgeour, J.P.
Captain Weir

Chaplain—Rev. G. R. MacPAIL, M.A., 8 Union Terrace, Dundee.

Medical Adviser—Dr YOUNG, 21 South Tay Street, Dundee.

Piper—Pipe-Major THOMAS MITCHELL.

Auditors—Mr JOHN FORBES and Mr WILLIAM MACGREGOR.

Standing Committee—Finance—The Chief, Chieftains, Treasurer, and Secretaries.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Airlie, Rt. Hon. The Countess of, Cortachy Castle
Brown, D. M., 80 High Street
Bruce, Mrs David, 4 Dudhope Terrace.
Burke, A. Fordyce, Solicitor, 49 Murraygate
Cameron, J. D., Dentist, 37 Union Street
Campbell, Alexander, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., 1 Clarendon Terrace
Dewar, David, 5 Windsor Terrace
Don, Alexander, M.A., M.B., C.M., F.R.C.S.Ed., Park House, 145 Nethergate
Douglas, Ronald, Idabank, Broughty Ferry
Fraser, Bailie, Simon G., Abbotsford Villa, 131 Strathmartine Road
Fraser, Hugh E., M.A., M.D., F.S.A. (Scot.), Dundee Royal Infirmary
Fyfe, John M., 16 Bank Street
Gibb, Edwin Farquhar, Lower Pleasance Works
Gilroy, Wm., 8 Rosewood Terrace, West Park.
Irvine, W. B. B.A., St Magnus, West Newport
Langlands, Jas. N., Architect, Murraygate
MacGillivray, Angus, C.M., M.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot., Ophthalmic Surgeon, 23 South Tay Street

Mackay, Robert, 46 Forfar Road
Malcolm, Councillor Adam, 26 Windsor Street.
Methven, James Norman, Esq., The Cottage, Lochee.
Millar, Dr A. H., LL.D., Dundee Library.
Mitchell, Peter, 31 Albert Square.
Nicol, Lord Dean of Guild, 10 Windsor St.
Ogilvie, James, 11 Strawberrybank.
Plage, D. MacDonald, 84 Commercial St.
Robertson, James C., C.A., 22 Meadowside
Robertson, John, J.P., F.S.A. (Scot.), Dentist, 27 Victoria Road
Robertson, Major J. C., 11 Fort Street
Rorie, T. H. B., C.A., 13 Albert Square
Shaw, Thos., 14 Albany Terrace.
Small, D. M., L.D., S.R.C., 19 South Tay St.
Small, Mrs D. M., 19 S. Tay Street.
Smith, Colonel Harry Kebel, Cliffside.
Wormit
Stewart, A. J., Chellwood, Monifieth
Urquhart, Sir James, 30 Magdalen Yard Road

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Anderson, D. Lindsay, dentist, 180 Nethergate.
Anderson, Miss, Marybank, E. Newport.
Anderson, W. G., 3 Gladstone Place, Broughty Ferry
Anderson, Miss, 5 Hawkhill Place
Anderson, Miss, Balgay School
Angus, Miss Mary, 354 Blackness Road
Argo, Nurse Bruce, Royal Infirmary
Band, Stuart, 2 Blackness Crescent.
Band, Mrs Stuart, 2 Blackness Crescent.
Bannerman, John, 1 Caenlochan Terrace Broughty Ferry
Bannerman, Mrs, 1 Caenlochan Terrace, Broughty Ferry
Batchelor, Col., Craigmount, Strathmartine Road
Beaton, Alex. D., Edradour, East Haddon Road
Beaton, Mrs, Edradour, East Haddon Road.
Beaton, John, Harvey Cottage, Seafield, Broughty Ferry.
Bisset, Christopher, J. (Sheriff-Clerk of Forfarshire), 8 Richmond Terrace
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Browning, S., 7 Crichton Street
Browning, Mrs S., 7 Crichton Street
Bruce, Jas., L.D.S., 9 South Tay Street
Bruce, Menzies, 4 Dudhope Terrace.
Bruce, Miss, 4 Dudhope Terrace.
Bruce, Miss Jean, 4 Dudhope Terrace.
Buchan, Alexander, Registrar, 93 Commercial Street.
Buist, Tom. P., 166 Nethergate
Burden, D. MacNab, M.A., LL.B., Solicitor, 20 Whitehall Street

Burden, Miss, 2 Windsor Terrace
Burden, Miss W. S., 2 Windsor Terrace
Burdon, A., Post Office, Errol
Burke, Wm. M., City Chamberlain, 89 Commercial Street
Buttar, David, Solicitor, Bank Street
Cameron, Hugh, park-keeper, Lochee Park. Ancrum Road, Lochee
Cameron, Sister, Royal Infirmary
Campbell, George, house agent, Barrack Street
Campbell, W., 11 Westfield Place.
Campbell, Ernest, 1 Clarendon Terrace.
Campbell, James, 11 Westfield Place.
Campbell, Dr Peter, 29 Springfield
Campbell, R. C., 17 Madeira Street
Campbell, Miss Phyllis, Mayfield Hostel.
Campbell, Dr Sydney, Roseangle House, 2 Magdalen Yard Road.
Campbell, W. Graham, 27 South Tay Street
Carmichael, James, 9 North Tay Street
Carmichael, James L., junr., of Arthursctae
Carmichael, John, Leather Merchant, Cupar
Carmichael, Stewart, Artist, 65 Nethergate
Carmichael, Mrs Stewart, 65 Nethergate
Cassaday, Ernest, L.D.S., Elgina, Brook St., Broughty Ferry.
Cheape, Lady Griselda, Strathtyrum, St Andrews.
Chisholm, John, Governor, East Poorhouse
Clarke, Arthur, Agent, Bank of Scotland, 2 Albert Street.
Clarke, Mrs, 2 Albert Street.
Collins, J. J., 12 Whitehall Street.
Conacher, David, Torwood, West March, Monifieth
Cooper, George, 43 Reform Street.
Craik, Miss M. L., Stanley, Lochee.

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 Cruickshank, Miss, Balgay Girls' Industrial School
 Cumming, D. A., M.A., Grove Academy, Broughty Ferry
 Cumming, Miss, Seymour Lodge, 235 Perth Road
 Dargie, L. D., Woodfield, Wormit.
 David, George C., 43 Albany Terrace.
 Davidson, T. M., M.A., B.Sc., 133 Ferry Road
 Dawson, David, 16 Strawberry Bank
 Dawson, Mrs David, 16 Strawberry Bank
 Dickie, A. P., Cambustay, Broughty Ferry.
 Donald, George R., Solicitor, 1 Bank Street
 Don, Lord Provost William, Ardarroch, 3 Douglas Terrace.
 Donn, Robert, F.S.A. (Scot.), Blenheim, Downfield.
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 Douglas, T. K., solicitor, 1 Windsor Terrace, Brook Street, Broughty Ferry.
 Douglas, W. A., Idabank, Broughty Ferry
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 Dow, Miss Marjory A., Woodmuir Park, W. Newport.
 Dow, Miss Margaret T. D., Woodmuir Park, W. Newport.
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 Fisher, Mrs, c/o Mrs R. C. Clark, 14 Garland Place.
 Fisher, Peter, Manager, Dundee Tramways
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 Fleming, W. P., Music Teacher, 104 Nethergate
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 Forbes, John, 5 Norma Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
 Forbes, Mrs J., 5 Norma Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
 Gall, James, C., 44 Ferry Road.
 Gordon, James, 30 Reform Street
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 Grahame, David, Rose Cottage, West Newport
 Graham, Jas. Balbride, Carlogie Road, Carnoustie.
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 Grant, Mrs, Montpelier
 Grant, Miss, 5 Hermonhill Terrace.
 Grant, W. G. L., Woodside, E. Newport, Fife
 Gray, J. Morris, Yewbank, West Newport.
 Gray, Sister, Royal Infirmary
 Greig, Miss, 25 South Tay Street.
 Greig, Mrs D. M., 25 South Tay Street
 Greig, James, Lindean, Perth Road
 Gunn, Charles, Engineering Dept., Post Office, Dundee
 Hay, William, 47 Murraygate
 Henderson, Wm., D.L., West Park, Perth Road
 Henderson, J. R., Lindsay Street Works.
 Henderson, William P., 5 St Mary's Terrace
 Henderson, Mrs W. P., 5 St Mary's Terrace.
 High, John, Dental Mechanic, 19 Bain Square Hill, W. F., 42 Barrack Street.
 Holder, Very Rev. Joseph, Provost, M.R., St Joseph's R.C. Church; h., 42 Wilkie's Lane
 Henry, John J. H., 1 Aberlemno Terrace

Hutcheson, Mrs Wm. T. L., Finnard, Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
 Hutcheson, Miss C. Finnard, Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
 Kennedy, Mrs John, 18 Windsor Street.
 Kinnear, Dr, 43 South Tay Street
 Knight, James, 3-6 Commercial Street
 Kynoch, Professor, 8 Airlie Place
 Kynoch, Miss, 8 Airlie Place.
 Lamb, Mrs, 2 Lytton Place.
 Lamond, W. B., R.B.A., 27 Bank Street
 Lang, Rev. Marshall, Windsor St.
 Lang, Mrs Marshall, Windsor St.
 Lee, J. J., 22 Airlie Place
 Lesslie, Finlay, 158 Hilltown.
 Lindsay, Charles, 17 Seymour Street
 Lindsay, Mrs, 17 Seymour Street
 Livingstone, John, Merle Cottage, Broughty Ferry
 Low, A., 102 Gray Street, Broughty Ferry.
 Low, Miss, Home Lodge, Broughty Ferry.
 MacBain, A. B., House Factor, Bell Street.
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 M'Cabe, Mrs, 11 Laurelbank
 MacDonald, Colin, 59 Magdalen Green
 MacDonald, Duncan, 17 Lawson Street
 MacDonald, H. W., Bellfield, E. Newport.
 Macdonald, ex-Bailie Neil, 69 Clepington Road
 MacDowell, Miss, Dunella Broughty Ferry
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 MacFarlane, Duncan, F.S.M.C., B.O.A., 12 High Street
 MacFarlane, Miss, P.O., Carnoustie.
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 MacGillivray, Angus R., 23 South Tay Street
 M'Glashan, Miss M., 39 Paton's Lane
 M'Glashan, Miss, 39 Paton's Lane
 MacGrady, H. J., Fort-William, Broughty Ferry.
 M'Gregor, David, North Tay House, Loons Road, Lochee.
 M'Gregor, John, 8 Wortley Place
 MacGregor, Kenneth, Rockfield, Monifieth Road, Broughty Ferry.
 MacGregor, Thomas, 11 Graham Place
 MacGregor, Mrs, 11 Graham Place, Princes Street.
 M'Gregor, Walter, 4 Craigie Terrace
 MacGregor, Wm., Rockfield, Monifieth Road, Broughty Ferry.
 MacHardy, James, Teacher, Stobswell School.
 M'Intosh, Donald, Torvald, Clepington Road
 M'Intosh, James, Dunmoy, 4 Craigie Rd.
 Macintosh, James, J.P., 4 Hermonhill Ter.
 MacIntosh, Mr, Claypots, Broughty Ferry.
 MacIntosh, Mrs, Claypots, Broughty Ferry.
 MacKintosh, W. F., Procurator-Fiscal
 M'Intyre, D., 48 Bell Street.
 M'Intyre, John E., Nethercraig, Broughty Ferry
 M'Intyre, Ronald W., Nethercraig, Broughty Ferry
 Mackay, Angus, c/o Anderson, 5 William St.
 Mackay, Ex-Bailie George, Benreay, Broughty Ferry
 Mackay, J. W., 28 Whitehall Street
 Mackay, Miss A. S., 42 Cobden Street, Lochee
 Mackay, Miss B., 42 Cobden Street, Lochee.
 Mackay, Miss B., 70 High Street, Lochee.
 Mackay, Miss E., 70 High Street, Lochee.
 Mackay, Miss Maggie, 70 High St., Lochee
 Mackay, Principal J. Yule, 1 Newington Terrace, Broughty Ferry

ORDINARY MEMBERS—Continued.

- M'Kay, J. G., 33 Curzon Road, Muswell Hill, N. London.
 MacKean, J. F., Woodmuir Terrace, West Newport.
 MacKean, Miss K., Woodmuir Terrace, West Newport.
 Mackenzie, Ian, Ramsay Place, Broughty Ferry.
 MacKenzie, Kenneth, Downfield.
 Mackenzie, Wm., 22 Meadowside
 Mackenzie, Anthony Trail, B.A., Harecraig, Broughty Ferry.
 M'Laren, James, Sectional Engineers' Dept., P.O., Dundee.
 MacLaren, Rev. D., The Manse, Monifieth
 MacLean, J. D., 200 Hawkhill.
 MacLean, Rev. Geo. M. 18 Albany Terrace
 MacLean, Nurse, 5 Reform St.
 MacLean, R. G., Auctioneer, Tay Street
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 MacLeod, Alexander, Fairfield, Wellgrove, Lochee
 MacLeod, David, 4 Forester Street
 MacLeod, Donald, M.A., 10 Lynnewood Pl.
 MacLeod, Malcolm C., 7 Garland Place
 MacLeod, Captain Norman, Dunvegan, Wormit.
 MacLeod, William, Dunvegan, Wormit
 MacLeod, W., c/o Reid, Wellgate.
 M'Lennan, John, M.A. (Rector, High School), 8 Panmure Terrace
 MacMillan, Ewen, 4 Gowrie Place
 MacMillan, John, 2 Hillview, Wormit
 MacNab, W. S., The Vault
 MacNaughton, P., Accountant, 30 Reform St.
 M'Naughton, Walter, Ardenlea, Carnoustie
 MacPhail, Rev. G. R., M.A., 8 Union Ter.
 MacPherson, Captain, Oakdene, Downfield.
 MacQueen, D., Lamb's Hotel.
 MacRae, Alexr., Superintendent, Parks and Cemeteries, 93 Commercial Street.
 M'Tavish, Mrs., 288 Perth Road.
 Malcolm, Col. W. S., Willowbrae, Perth Rd.
 Malcolm, George, 20 Albany Terrace.
 Malloch, Jas. M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.), Dudgehope Villa, St Mary's Terrace.
 Marr, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
 Marshall, C. H., 97 Seagate.
 Martin, ex-Bailie James II., 7 Panmure Terrace.
 Martin, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
 Mathers, Jas. M., Norwood Terrace, E. Newport.
 Methven, Miss, The Cottage, Lochee.
 Milne, Dr F. M., 66 Seafield Road.
 Mitchell, G., 3 Castle Street
 Mitchell, John, Editor, "Courier."
 Mitchell, Thomas, Pipe-Major Police Pipe Band, 333 Clepington Road
 Mitchell, W. L., advocate, Edinburgh.
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 Munro, Wm., 13 Bank Avenue, Downfield.
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 Murdoch, James, 27 Albany Terrace.
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 Nicoll, D. M., Sunnysbank, Monifieth
 Nicoll, John M., 7 Paradise Road
 Nicoll, W. S., J.P., Grocer, 65-67 Provost Road
 Noble, Councillor Robert M., 31 Reform Street.
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 Ogilvie, William, 16 Arthursstone Terrace
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 Paterson, Donald, 2A Cottoon Road.
 Pearson, Miss Edith, Aberfoyle, Downfield.
 Pearson, Miss Margaret, Aberfoyle, Downfield.
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 Reid, T., Strathtay House.
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 Ritchie, Miss Isa, 16 Hawkhill Place
 Ritchie, Miss Margaret, 16 Hawkhill Place
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 Robertson, Allan, 3 Panmure Terrace
 Robertson, Mrs, 3 Panmure Terrace
 Robertson, Donald, Blind Institution
 Robertson, Rev. Dr, 23 Albany Terrace
 Robertson, James, c/o H. Boase & Co., Wellfield Works, Kemback Street.
 Robertson, Miss S., 27 Victoria Road
 Robertson, Dr W., 16 Airlie Place
 Roger, J. Guthrie, Throsk Terrace, Donald Street, Lochee.
 Ross, Alexander 11 Whitehall Street
 Ross, James, 46 Scott Street
 Rose, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
 Russell, Thos., 8 Nelson Terrace.
 Sandeman, N. Stewart, 12 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry
 Scott, W. Moir, Dryburgh, Lochee.
 Scott, Miss, Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
 Servinycour, George, J.P., Cadzow, Old Kirk Road, West Newport.
 Shand, Jas., agent, Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd., 2 Panmure Street
 Sharp, Frank, Gowanbank, Downfield
 Shepherd, I. W. W., 49 Meadowside.
 Sibbald, J. G., 25 Commercial Street
 Sibbald, Mrs, Clivemount, Clive Street, Maryfield
 Sim, J. Kennedy, 189 Perth Road
 Sim, Mrs, 189 Perth Road
 Sim, W., Mundemala, Newtyle.
 Skinner, Rev. W. Cumming, 6 Woodville Pl.
 Smieton, James, Panmure Villa, Broughty Ferry
 Smith, James, 2 Clive Street, Maryfield
 Smith, James, 11 West Park Road
 Smith, J. N. D., Home House, Broughty Ferry
 Smith, Kenneth, 11 West Park Road
 Smith, P., 15 Seymour Street
 Soutar, Alexander, solicitor, Whitehall St.
 Steven, D. D., 19 Blackness Avenue
 Stewart, Andrew A., Craigower, 320 Blackness Road
 Stewart, J. Henderson, 6 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry
 Stewart, Mrs J. H., 6 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry
 Stewart, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
 Stewart, Miss Jane S., Ardvorlich, Strathern Road, Broughty Ferry.
 Stewart, P. A., Downfield
 Stirton, Rev. John, Glamis.
 Stiven, A. W., 95 Commercial Street
 Strachan, J. R., Solicitor, 11 Murraygate
 Strachan, R. Guild, M.Ph.S., 46 Albert St.
 Stronner, J. M'Kinlay, 10 Whitehall Street.
 Stronner, Mrs M'Kinlay, 10 Whitehall Street.
 Sutherland, J. C., 2 Bellefield Avenue
 Sutherland, Miss, Lochty Bank, Carnoustie

Sutherland, Miss Kate, Lochty Bank, Carnoustie
 Sword, James, Vinbrook Cottage, Brook St., Broughty Ferry.
 Sword, Mrs., Vinbrook Cottage, Brook St., Broughty Ferry
 Taylor, Lieutenant John, 5 Invermark Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
 Thompson, J. B., Dundee Gas Commissioners, Commercial Street
 Thoms, Miss, Inverisla, West Ferry
 Thoms, Mrs, Inverisla, West Ferry
 Thorburn, Miss Agnes, Strathmartine Road School
 Tosh, Mrs Rock Lodge, Broughty Ferry
 Tosh, Miss Lizzie, Rock Lodge, Broughty Ferry
 Urquhart, Alexander, 362 Perth Road
 Urquhart, James, 20 Isla Street
 Urquhart, Lady, 30 Magdalen Yard Road.
 Wade, R. H., Osborne Place, Newport, Fife.
 Wallace, W., 25 Baxter Park Terrace.

Watson, E. A., Norwood Cottage, West Newport
 Watson, John, Logie's Works.
 Watson, J. D. B., The Bungalow, Arbroath.
 Watson, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
 Watson, Mrs R. L., 9 Windsor Street.
 Watters, Miss C., Fernhall, Broughty Ferry.
 Watt, Miss Susan, 11 Reform St.
 Weir, Captain, Fire Station
 Weir, Mrs, Fire Station
 White, F., Glenagnes Villa, Glenagnes Rd.
 Williamson, Alex., 2 Logiebank, Rankine St.
 Williamson, Mrs, 2 Logiebank, Rankine St.
 Wilson, Geo. M., 93 Nethergate
 Wilson, Jack, 93 Nethergate
 Wilson, John, 93 Nethergate
 Wilson, Mrs, 93 Nethergate
 Wilson, Miss, 354 Blackness Road
 Wilson, William S., 93 Nethergate
 Wood, D. B., Dunsinane, Hillcrest Road.
 Young, Dr, 21 South Tay Street
 Young, Nurse, Royal Infirmary.

OBITUARY.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Major ELMSLIE TOSH, 11 Reform Street. Killed at Loos, 25th Sept. 1915.
 NATHANIEL T. SUTTON, 1 Wellgate.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

GEORGE C. DOUGLAS, Craigelunch, W. Newport.
 Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., U.F.C. Manse, Muirhead of Liff.
 J. C. LEES, The Wych, Stammergate.
 HARRY M. LOVE, Union Place, Newport, Fife.
 F. J. MACKENZIE, House Factor, 11 Barrack Street.
 WALKER S. MELVILLE, D.L., Douglas Place, Douglas Terrace.
 Lieut. NORMAN H. MILLER, R.N.V.R., Red Roofs, Broughty Ferry.
 Killed on the 4th June 1915 at Gallipoli.
 JAMES RUTHERFORD, 18 Springfield (Member of Committee, D.H.S.)
 P. A. SCOTT, 61 Victoria Road.
 Colonel HARRY WALKER, C.M.G., T.D., Ardvreck, Perth Road. Died of wounds received at the attack of Loos, 25th September 1915.

Songs

Melodies

Biographies

Portraits

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* * * *

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JAMES MUNRO, Scholar and Poet.

Mrs MARY MACKELLAR, The Bardess of Clan Cameron.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL MACPHAIL, The Lorne Bard.

MURDO MACLEOD, Author of "Eilean an Fhraoich."

DUNCAN REID, Author of "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig."

LIST OF SONGS.

MUSIC IN STAFF NOTATION AND SOL-FA.

A' chathair Ghàidhlig.
A' chuairt-shamhraidh.
A Dhommachaidh tha 'n tulaist ort.
Airdeanaidh.
Air feasgar na Callainn.
Am fear-posda tubaisteach.
Am fiadh.
Am foirneadh.
Am maraiche 's a leannan.
An fhardach 's an d'rugadh mi.
An iarraidh dhiomhain.
Amir nan Gàidheal.
An sporan faluinn.
An t-Oban bòidheach.
An t-oigear uallach.
An t-uisge ruadh.
Atha 's a bruachan.
Bas is fàs a' ghrainne chruithneachd.

Bheir mi hó la-ill oho.
Bochdan na Rìoghachd.
Cailinn domh na spreidhe.
Callart.
Crònan an latha dhorch.
Cumha Choinnich Mhic 'Ille-Mhoire.
Cumha do Shir Domnachadh Camshron.
Cumha Loch-iall.
Dìteachadh m'eolais.
Eilean an fhraoich.
Laoidh Rebecca.
Loch-abar.
Luchd-fuath na Gàidhlig.
Maise latha Bealltainn.
Marbhrann brathar.
Mo nighean donn.
Mo nighean donn hó gù.
Niall Og mac an oighre.

Nigheanag a' chul duinn.
Nighean mo rùin.
Nise dh'fhalbh an geamhradh fuar.
Og-bhean a' chuill fhainnich.
O! gur bronach m' anam fo sprochd.
Oigh nam mór-shul.
Oran Dhòmhnuill.
Oran do Chaipcean Siosal, Fear Allt na Glaislig.
Oran do thobar.
Oran leis a' bhàrd d'a athair.
Rìgh gur muladach a ta mi.
Rìgh guallibh a chèile.
Sgiobair Chlann Mhuirich.
Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig.
Tha Peigi 's a mhonadh.
Thuir mo mhatthair rium.
Throd mo bhean.

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THE CELTIC ANNUAL

1916



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A' BHANARACH 'S AN TAOITEAR T-SAILEACH.

LE DÒMHNUL MAC DHÒMHNUL.

'Na là is 'na linn cha robh ann an taobh-tuath na h-Albann ceatharnach a b' ainmeala 's a bu dàna, bu chruadalaihe 's bu charaiche na Ruairidh Mac Coinnich na Coigic', no mar a b' fhèarr aithne, agus is fèarr cuimhne is iomradh air am measg nan Gàidheal, "An Taoitear t-Sàileach."

Tha iomadh sgeul air aithris mu dhéidhinn ann an eachdraidh Clann Choinnich 's ann an iomadh leabhar eile. Chaochail a bhràthair Coinneach, Ceann-cinnidh Clann Choinnich, mu'n bhliadhna 1611 is chaidh esan a shuidheachadh 'na Thaoitear air an oidhre, a bha mu cheithir bliadhna deug a dh'aois; agus aig an àm cheudna fhuair e ceaneas na fine ainmeil ud.

Ri linn a thaoitearachd chuir e as do shìol Torcuill, oidhreathan dlìgheach Leòdhais; agus le chuillheartachd fhuair e sealbh air an eilean mhór sin, is chaidh a cheangal ri oidhreachd mac a bhràthar, a cheann-cinnidh. Ghabh e fhéin sealbh air a' Choigich a bhuineadh do na Leòidich, 's fhuair e còirichean mòran fhearrainn air machair Rois.

B' e an Taoitear t-Sàileach prìomh-athair teaghlach Chromba, agus b'e thog Caisteal Leòid ann an Srath-pheofhair.

Ach b'e 'fhoill, a chuillheartachd, is a charachas, is na h-inneachdan cealgach a chleachd e a ghlac aire nan sean Ghàidheal is a tha air an aithris 'nar measg gus an là an diugh. Tha an ceathramh a leanas a' nochdadh barail Gaidheil a latha fhéin dheth:

Na trì nithean as miosa an Albainn;

An cèò Iuchair, an reodhadh Céitein, 's an Taoitear t-Sàileach.

Ach 's ann m'a naimhdeas tha an sgeul a rùnaich mi innseadh dhuibh, mu chònnasachadh a bha eadar e fhéin is banarach a bh' aige ann an Srath-Chonuinn.

Bha e mar fhuachan oirre clach ime 'sa bhliadhna a liubhairtheadh air son na h-uile làn adhairce de bhainne a bhleoghainneadh gach bò gach là, tomhas sònraichte air an do chòrd iad. Ciod air bith b'aobhar, uair no uair-eiginn bha cudtrom an ime so ro aotrom. Thog so fearg an Taoiteir is thug e a cead dìch is dh' fhuadaich e as an t-srath i. Rinn i roinn air an fhuadach so; ach cha 'n aithne dhomh ach an ceathramh a leanas:

Lùb Cora-chrùbaidh is lòn Cora-chòrbaidh.

Gleanna min Mèinnidh, is Gleanna garbh Còrainn,

Is lòn mòr an ime, is brònach mise 'gam fàgail.

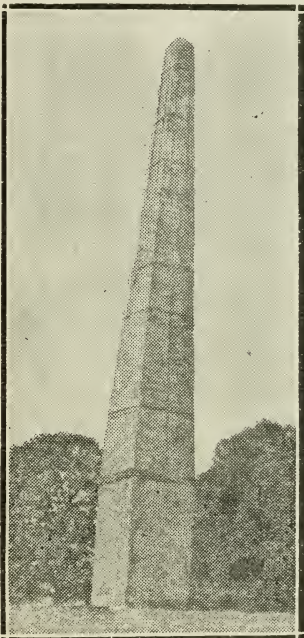
Ghabh i muinntearas mu chùl Beinn Fhuais; ach fhuair e a fuadach as a sin, is b' fheudar dìth an dùthaich fhàgail, cha 'n fhaigheadh i obair no dìon, fhad 's a ràinig ùghdaras an Taoiteir. Dh' fhalbh i gu dùthaich Chlann Dòmhnùill is ghabh i còmhnuidh am Bàrasdail, air tràigh Loch Shùirn, is bha i aig fois car greis an sin. Ach gu tubaisteach, mar is gnàth leis na mnathan bu mhaith leatha am facal mu dhereadh bhith aice, agus rinn i ceathramh air auns an d'thubhairt i: Ged thug thu Srath-Chonuinn 's a bhàrr buam.

Is cùl Fuais le ghruitheam 's le chàis buam, Cho fad 's a bhuaileas tonn air tràigh Cha toir thu Bàrasdail bhuidhe nan eisir buam.

Bha tràigh Bhàrasdail aig an àm so ainmeil a thaobh eisirean is maorach, is shaoil a' bhean bho chd ged bu chumhachdach an

Taoitear nach robh e 'na chomas an cumail uaipe.

Thàinig a bòsda gu 'chluasan is shònraich e nach bithheadh a' chùis fada mar sin. Chur e impidh air Mac Dòmhnùill Fear Bhàrasdail an tràigh a threabhadh. Rinneadh so, agus threabhadh cladaich Bhàrasdail bho cheann gu ceann, gus nach robh eisir no maorach tuille ri fhaotainn. Nuair chuala a' bhean so mhionnaich is bhòidich i gu'm biodh i tuilleadh is réidh ris fhathast is gu'n taomadh i a bùrn-nighidh air 'uaigh. Chuala an Taoitear mu'n bhòid so cuideachd is chuir e roimhe nach biodh so furasda dhith a dhèanamh.



Munro & Son, Dingwall.

Ann am meadhan baile Inbhir-pheofharain tha tùr ceithir-oisneach, biorach, mu dha fhichead troigh is a sè deug a dh'àirde. Tha a' tùr suidhichte air mullach dùin bhig ghuirm ùir. Ma's fìor mo sgeul tha an Taoitear air àdhlacadh is air a charadh 'na bhunait. So an seòl a ghabh e chum bóid na cailliche a thoirt mu làr. Ach cha d'thug:—Chum a' chailliche a bóid.

Streap i gu mullach biorach an tùir, agus chithear gus an là an diugh boinnean dubha na cailliche a' sìleadh bho 'bhàrr. 'Uaith so dh'éirich an gnath-fhacal: "Boinne dubh an

Taoiteir ort, a bhràidein," a their neach ri nàbaidh nuair nach bi an còrdadh ann—a' ciallachadh, gun tachairadh eadar iadsan mar thachair eadar a' chailleach is an Taoitear.

Tha mi cur dealbh an tùir gus a' phaipeir-

ORAN DO MO DHACHAIDH.

AIR FÖNN:—"Muile nam Mór-bheann."

Nuair dhireadh tu suas ri bruaich Creig Thollaidh,
'S tu 'g amharc mu 'n cuairt bu chaomh an sealladh;
Loch Ma-rithe fo d' shùil gu lùbach, fonnair-each,
Sèimheil, somalta, còmhnard.

SEISD—

Ged tha mi gun sunnd 's e sùrd dhomh mullaid
Nach leig iad mi suas 'n taobh tuath air thurus;
Tha phasaidh cho daor 's mi caol 'san sporan
'S gu 'm faodar fuireach air fògar.

Beinn-eigh nam fìdh an taobh siar a' bheallaich,
'S ma coinnimh Beinn-sìoch 's gur fiadhaich cas i;
Chearc-fhraoich le cuid eun 'san t-sleibh am falach,
'S gur lìonmhor eilid 'na còsan.

Ged tha mi, &c.

Gu'm faic thu Loch-eubh gu mùirneil farsuinn,
Le acarsaid chiùin, gach lùb is camus;
Mu chuairt air gach taobh gu cùmhraidh, fallain,
Tha 'n dùthaich eireachdail bhòidheach.

Ged tha mi, &c.

Ionbhar-asdail mo ghaoil, le raointean maiseach,
'Na laighe gu caoin ri taobh a' chladaich;
Gach seòrsa de bhàrr a' fàs 'sa mhachair,
'S dealt mhìn na madainn dha 'n comhdach.

Ged tha mi, &c.

Bidh an crodh air an àraidh am bràigh a' bhaile,
'S am buachaille bàn dha 'n tàladh dhachaidh;
Bidh bhanarach uallach, ghuineil, bhanaid,
Toirt uatha bhainne gu h-òrdail.

Ged tha mi, &c.

Mus éirich a' ghrian bidh an t-iasgair fearail
A' taruinn nan lìon gu rianail geanaid;
Bidh sgadan is iasg gu sgiathach, lannach,
Gach bliadhna saileadh 'sa chlàsaid.

Ged tha mi, &c.

Gur tric 's mi òg le cròcan camain
A ghoid mi gun chòir fo shròn a' chlachair;
Ag iomain air lòn 's e spòrs bu mhaith leam
Bhì an cùl ann thall an comhnaidh.

Ged tha mi, &c.

Nuair thig feasgar bliadhna ùir bidh sùrd air balaich,
Le rannan de dhuhan mu 'n cuairt air challainn;
Nuair chluinneadh bean sgùideig fuaime nan caman
Bhithheadh cruachag bhonnag air dòigh aice.

Ged tha mi, &c.

naidheachd, is ma chlo-bhuailear e, chì sibh nach robh streap na cailliche faoin. Buinidh an tùr, an dùn, is mu leth-acair fhearainn mu'n timchioll do theaghlach Chromba, sìochd an Taoiteir gus an latha an diugh.

Thoir beannachd an dràsda a Gheàrrloch dhachaidh,
'S mo dhùrachd dha 'n t-sluagh tha shuas 'sna srathan;
Ged chaidh mi thar sàl 's e b'fheàrr leam fathast Tir àluinn channach nam mòr-bheann.

Ged tha mi, &c.

IAIN DUBEH MACDHOMHNUILL 'TO IAIN.

ORAN MOLAI DH AN T-SAIGHDEIR GHAI DHEALACH.

AIR FÖNN—"Cruachan Beann."

SEISD:

Seinnibh cliù nam fear ùr,
Gillean glùn-gheal nam breacan;
B'e mo rùn bhì 'nan cùirt,
'S miann mo shùl bhì 'gam faoinn.

Rann:

Seinnibh cliù an Tir a' Cheò
Do na seòid nach robh gealtach,
Chaidh a null do Neuve Chapelle;
'S cuid cha till dhiubh gu'n dachaidh.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

'S lìonmhor màthair tha fo leòn,
Agus òigh tha gun leannan,
Leis a' bhatal thug na seòid
Far na dhòirt an cuid fala.

Seinnibh cliù, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi leibh 'san Fhraing,
'S ann am Flànnas car tamuill,
Chithinn sin mu'm faighinn bàs
Gnìomh nan àrmunn 's nan gaisgeach.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Chithinn sealladh ann le 'm shùil
A bhiodh cliùiteach ri aithris;
'S dh' innsinn ann an cainnt nam bàrd,
Gnìomh nan sàr a' dìon nam bratach.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Dh, innsinn dhuibh mar chaidh an leòn,
Mar a dhòirt iad an cuid fala,
'S mar a dh' fhulaing iad am bàs
Dion na dh' fhàg iad aig baile.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Seinnibh cliù do 'n dh' fhalbh á Sleibhte,
Gillean treun nach robh meata,
Chaidh a dhion ar cliù 's ar tir,
Bho 'n a' mhilltear gun cheartas.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Seinnibh cliù do'n dh'fhàg Port-rìgh
Fo 'n cuid phìoban is bhreacan;
Feile beag os cionn an glùn,
Eideadh sunndach nan gaisgeach.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Biodh ur cliù 'ga sheinn gu bràth,
Fhad's bhios tonn is tràigh air cladach;
Fhad's bhios grian air àird nan speur
Biodh cuimhn' le speis air euchd nan gaisgeach.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Iain MacLeòid, Tor-mór, Sleibhte.

THIG COBHÀIR Á CRUACHAINN.

LE ALASDAIR MAC DHOMHNAILL.

Bho chionn àireamh mhòr bhliadhnachan air ais, air latha deireadh foghair, bha gille òg, sgariteil, de mhuinntir na Gàidhealtachd gus an làimh shuas, a' gabhail a shlighe dhachaidh bho mhachair na Galldachd, far an do chuir e seachad greis de a bheatha ann an cosnadh maith. Bha cillein laghach airgid air a shiubhal, prìobaiden a bha e 'cur ma seach a chum Croit-an-t-seanair—gu h-àraid an seann tigh 's an aitreabh—a chur ann an gnè òrduigh mus toireadh e a stigh Annag Dhonn a' Bhàir-Bhuidhe, a bha e a' dol a phòsadh air bheagan dàlach. Bha inntinn air a lionadh le smaointean mar so air a leithid de dhòigh is nach d'thug e an aire gu'n do thuit an oidheche gu trom, dorch mu 'n cuairt air; 's an uair, a thàinig e d'a ionnsuidh féin 's e a chinn 'na bheachd deanamh air an tigh-tàimh a b' fhaig air làimh, ged bu docha leis gu mòr gu'n ruigeadh e dachaidh caraide anns am biodh e dibh-beathte ged a dh'fhanadh e seachduin is còrr; ach a bha fathasd fada, fada bhuidhe. Chual' e uair agus uair, fìor dhroch sgeula air an tigh-tàimh so gus an robh e nis' a' stiuradh a cheumnan. 'Na aonaranach leis fhéin ann an gleann fàsalach, sàmhach, siarachail, fad air chùl an t-saoghail, gun tigh eile mar uidhe mhlèan da, bhiodh luchd-siubhal de gach seòrsa a' cur seachad na h-oidheche ann bho thim gu tim—ciobairean 's dròbhairean; luchd-gnothuic an dràsda 's a rithisd air thurus; agus, gu bicheanta, luchd-paca a bha 's an àm ud ri 'm faotuin 'nam fìcheadan air feadh na Gàidhealtachd. Ach bha e air a raite, tha e coltach, gu'n do ghabh neach is neach an rathad air an robh an fhàrdach ainmeil ud, air nach d' fhuaradh cùntas mòr as a dhéidh sin; agus ged nach robh 'm faireachadh bu lugha aig an laoch òg làidir so, a bha a' greasad gu 'dhachaidh 's gu Annaig Dhuinn, bha guthan beag air choir-eiginn a' sanas 'na chluais air dhoigh a dh' fhàg inntinn luasganach. Ach coma, co-dhiùbh, cha robh dòl-as aige; agus a stigh do 'n tigh-tàimh a ghabh e le ceum foghainteach a' Ghàidheil.

Ghabh e a leabaidh agus a shuipeir, agus an dèidh sin shuidh e, a chur a sgìths dheth, ri taobh an teine ann an seòmar beag eadar an rùm-còcaireachd agus far an robh e 'dol a chodal. Cha robh coltas gnothaich mhòir air bith a' dol air aghart air feadh an tighe; bha boirionnach mòr, gràisdidh, sìos agus suas gu dripeil ag obair mar gu'm b'ann air sud 's air so, agus caileag shearbhanta 'na cois, ach beag na h-uile ceum. Thug an gille an aire do 'n chailinn òig so a' toirt sùil-bheachd air fhéin mar a gheibheadh i cothrom air sealltuinn a stigh far an robh e 'na shuidhe; agus chunnaic e briaghad air leith 'na h-aodann agus maise anneamh 'na pearsa. Ach cha b' fhada bha e leis fhéin an uair a thàinig fear-an-tighe na 'chuideachd, mar gu'm b'ann a ghabhail a naidheachd.

"Cò a th' agam an so a' gabhail an annuich?" ars esan, 's e a' suidhe gu soisneach air bòrd tri-chasach air meadhon an ùrlair.

"Tha," arsa Ragnall—(oir 's e sin a b'ainm d' 'n fhear-thuruis)—coigreach, anns an dùthaich so, a th' air a shlighe dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh nan garbh-chrìochan gu shuas, bho Ghalldachd an Taobh-deas."

"Gabh do chomhfhurt an so an nochd." arsa fear-an-tighe, "ach 's coltach gu'm bi thu air falbh tràth 's a' mhaduinn."

"Gu tapaidh leibh," arsa Ragnall, "'s o mo bheachd moch-eirigh mhaith a dheanamh am màireach."

"S' fheàrr dhuit gun a bhi ro-thràth, mus caill thu an ceum, no mus fhaod all-tapadh air bith tachairt riut."

"Biodh sin gu léir mar a thogras; ach lèithid mise a' strì ri bhi am mach gu math mus tig faireadh an latha."

"Ach na'n coinnicheadh ni talmhaidh no mi-thalmhaidh riut a chuireadh dragh ort, nach b' fheàrr leat an t-soillearachd na 'n dorchach?" dh' fharraid fear-an-tighe gu h-ìgalt'.

"Cha 'n eil ni dhe a leithid sin a' cur cagail idir orm," fhreagair Ragnall. "Tha mi coma dé a thachras orm."

"Agus tu air t-aineol gun chobhair gun armachd?" a rithisd dh' fheòraich fear-an-tighe.

"Tha mo dhà làmh agam, 's tha cuaille math bata agam," fhreagair Ragnall.

"Ma thachras Cailleach Mhòr an Uillt'-Chaoirinn riut, cha dean a leithid sin dad a dh' fheum duit."

"Ged a thigeadh cailleach agus bodach as an Allt'-Chaoirinn no á allt eile air bith a ghabhail gnothuch rium, feuchaidh mise ri mo làrach a sheasamh, agus mur a bi mo dhuirn agus am bata daraich gu leòr a chum peanasachaidh, thig cobhair á cruachainn."

Ghabh na fir oidheche mhaith le chèile, agus rinn Ragnall gluasad, a dh' ionnsuidh a rum-leapa; ach sùil gu'n d' thug e, chunnaic e a' chailinn òg shearbhanta mar gu'm b' ann a' sealltuinn a rithisd far an robh e, agus i a' séinn, le guth binn, sìobhalta, ciùin:—

"M' eudail, na caidil idir;

M' eudail, na caidil trom;

M' eudail, na caidil idir;

M' eudail, na caidil trom;

M' eudail, na caidil idir;

M' eudail, na caidil trom;

Ma chuireas tu do làmh bo 'n leabaidh,

Gheibh thu lag e bha 'na shonn."

Agus na dhéidh sin, mar gu'm b'ann a chur neach sam bith a dh' fhaodadh a bhi 'ga h-éideachd de amharus, chaidh i air a h-aghaidh a' séinn:—

'Ille dhuinn, h-ùill-i,

H-ùill-i, h-ùill-ò;

'Ille dhuinn, h-ùill-i,

'S 'ille dhuinn, h-ùill-ò.

Bu tu marbhaich an fhéidh

Anns a' bheinn 's am bi 'n ceò.

'Ille dhuinn, &c.

Nuair a chaogadh tu 'n t-sùil

Gu 'm bu chiurte damh na cròic'.

'Ille dhuinn, &c.

Boineid bhreac air dheagh dhreach,

Air cùl bachlach gun phròis.

'Ille dhuinn, &c.

'S iomadh té thug dhuit spéis;

'S tha mi féin air do thòir.

'Ille dhuinn, &c.

Chaidh Ragnall a chodal: ach ge bu gu dé, a bha 'cur dragh air, laic eodail cha tigeadh air. Chuir briathran na caileige leagan smuain fòidhe; ach 's ann a theann

e ri chuimhneachadh an cual' e iad fhéin no na fuinn riamh roimhe; agus anns an t-suidheachadh sin fágaidh sinn Ragnall air feadh uine bhig.

"Gu dé do bharail air an fhleasgach a th' againn an nochd?" arsa bean-an-tighe ri fear-an-tighe, is iad a' cneacaireachd gu sàmhach eadar iad féin, ri taobh an teine, anns an t-seòmair chòcaireachd.

"Cha 'n eil mi glé chinnteach mu chùisean idir," arsa Seòras Mòr (oir 's e Seòras a b'ainm do 'n duine). 'S e làoch anabharrach làidir, a reir coltais, a th' anns a' churaidh ud—ceatharnach ne'ar-uigdh gun an teagamh is lugha. Chuir mise beagan cheistean ris mar is cleachdadh leam a bh' 'cur ri neach is neach; ach 's e fhreagair e dhomh mu dheireadh ge bu gu dé an deuchainn a thigeadh air a sheasamh ann am buaireadh, mur a deanadh a dhà dhòrn 's a bhata daraich a shaoiradh gu'n tigeadh cobhair á cruachainn."

"Feuch nach e a thubhairt e gu'n tigeadh cobhair á cruaidhe?" dh' fharraid a' bhean.

"Cha 'n e, cha 'n e," fhreagair Seòras. "'S e thubhairt e" gu'n tigeadh cobhair á cruachainn." Ach ars esan, 's e ag éirigh, "bheir mi sùil a stigh air mus téid mi a chodai; math dh'fhaodteadh gu'n téid agam air an ulaidh air a bheil sinn an tòir fhaotuinn uaidhe air bheag dragh, agus mur téid, leanaidh mi a lorg 'sa mhaduinn, agus coinnichidh mi e 'sa Ghleanna-chumhang. Bidh fios an sin có 's treasa, esan na mise; fàg thus' a' chùis agamsa."

An oidhe sin cha robh an codal an dàn do Ragnall. Bha inntinn luasganach, agus bha e daonnan a' tionndadh bhò thaobh gu taobh anns an leabaidh. Mu dheireadh thall, 's ann a dh' éirich e, agus an déidh sràc no dhà a thoirt mu 'n cuairt de 'n rùm, shuidh e air being na leapa. Cha b' fhada a bha e mar sin gus an d'thug e an aire do dhorus an rùim a' fosgladh gu sìobhalta, sàmhach, agus ann am priobadh na sùla a' dùnadh a rithisd.

M'eudail, na caidil idir;

M'eudail, na caidil trom;

arsa guthan beag, diomhair, a shaoil leis a chual' e a' sanas 'na chluais; agus 'na dhéidh sin—

"Ma chuireas tu do làmh fo 'n leabaidh
Gheibh thu lag e bha 'na shonn."

Gun fhios ciod a dh' fhaodadh a bh' fo 'n leabaidh chuir e a làmh a stigh air a shocair fhéin; agus ged nach b' fhear e air nach robh e furasda eagal a chur idir, thàinig gné 'aigse mu chridhe, 's cha b' urrainn dha laighe na b'fhada a dheòin no a dh' aindeoin. Chaidh e na 'uidheam gun dail; agus a' glacadh a' bhata dharaich 'na làimh dheis, sheas e air cùl an doruis, ealamh gu buille bhàis a thoirt do neach air bith a thigeadh—no a bheireadh ionnsuidh air a thighinn—a stigh do 'n rùm. Agus cha b'fhada an déidh sin gus an d' thug e 'm baile muigh air, toillechte a bh' cuibhte 's an t-suidheachadh ghràineil 'san robh e, ged a bha e gun bhiadh-maidne, agus gun deasachadh idir mar bu mhaith leis a dheanamh a thaobh an t-slighe a bha roimhe. Ach thug e 'n deagh thoighe gu 'n robh a' chuid airgid 's a chuid armachd—a leithid 's a bha e—air a shiubhal.

"A bhean, a bhean," arsa Seòras, 's e a' tighinn an cabhaig mhòir a stigh far an robh ise 'na leabaidh, "ciod a nise a ni sinn? Tha 'n ceòl air feadh na fìdhle."

"C' ar son nach 'eil thu a' tighinn a chodai? ars a' bhean? Mur téid agad air sìthioun fhaotuinn an nochd fàg an t-sealg gus am màireach."

"Tha eagal orm," arsa Seòras, "nach bi sealg no sìthioun againn an tràsh so, tha 'n gill' òg an déidh trusadh air; agus cha 'n e sin is miosa, ach c'ait' an deachaidh e a chodai gu tubaisteach ach far am bheil am bodach a thàinig an dé."

"S i 'n droch nair a tha 'n sin," ars a' bhean; "feumar a' ghlas-ghuib a chur air a' ghill' òg, ic-ac, agus cha 'n eil tim ri chall."

"Bithidh mise suas ris aig an Allt-Chaoruinn fhathasd," arsa Seòras, is e a' toirt as gun an corr dàlach.

Bha camhanaich na maidne a' briseadh air na mullaichean an uair a bha Ragnall an déidh dol thar Allt-Chaoruinn, agus a' teannadh air a' Ghleanna-chumhang. An sin, gun fhios gun fhaireachadh dha, thug e 'n aire, aig a thaobh dha, cailleach mhòr, ghrànda, gharbh, a' cumail ceum air a cheum ris. Cha b' urra dha a ràite nach d'thug a chridhe clisgeadh beag as; ach, coma co-dhùbh, chunnaic e gu'n robh aige ris a' chuid a b' fhèarr a thoirt as a' chuid bu mhiosa. Thàinig 'na chuimhne an seann sgeulachd a chual e uair agus uair mu dheidhinn fear de theaghlach Loch-Iall agus a' chailleach a rinn ionnsuidh dhùrachdach air buidseachd a chur air, is e air turas eadar Ionbhar-nis agus Loch-abar, agus mar a thubhairt Loch-Iall is e 'cumail ceum toisich air a' chaillich:

"Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach," 's a' fheagair ise:

"S ceum thairis ort, Eòghainn";

"S a thubhairt Loch-Iall a rithisd.

"Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach,

"S an ceum thairis aig Eòghann,"

Cha b'fhada gus an do bhruidhinn a' chailleach mhòr, ghràisdidh, fhiadhach, chraosach, gharbh-fhiachlach, phreasach, chrom, chrotach, ri Ragnall, is i a' farraid:

"Nach 'eil eagal ort a bh' an so leat fhéin?"

"Cha 'n eil fiamh no eagal orm fhathasd," arsa Ragnall."

"Nach cuala tu gu tric mu dheidhinn droch laimhseachaidh, le mo leithid-sa?"

"Cha 'n urra mi ràite nach cuala," fhreagair Ragnall, 's e 'gabhall gréim chruaidh air a' bhata dharaich 'na làimh dheis.

"Agus 's e mo chuid-s' thusa," ars a' chailleach.

"Chunna' tu rud 's a chùl-thaobh riut," arsa Ragnall.

Anns an fhocal chuir a' chailleach car no dha dhi, agus thilg i a' bhoineid de Ragnall, agus theann i ri d'annsdh iunte.

"An uair a bheir mise toll air so," ars a' chailleach, "tuitidh tusa marbh far am bi thu."

"Nach bochd nach 'eil mo mhial-chù dileas agam an so?" thubhairt Ragnall ris fhéin, 's e a' ceumadh air falbh. An uair a chunnaic a' chailleach nach robh e 'tighinn a thogail na boineide 's ann a thug i as a dhéidh. An glacan a chéile chaidh iad, agus air dhoibh car no dhà ghleachd a chur am measg nam preas-beag 's na luachrach a bha mu'n casan, fhuair a' chailleach àm air a' bhata dharaich a thilgeil a làimh Ragnall.

"Gu dé ni thu nise? Bithidh do bheatha 's do chuid airgid agam-sa 's cas air d' amhaich," ars a' chailleach, 's i a' toirt tarraing air sgithinn chaoil chruadhaich a bha aice am folach.

"Thig cobhair á cruachainn?" arsa Ragnall 's e a' toirt am mach á truail a bha an crochadh ri 'chruachainn biodag gheur shoilleir, a shàth e, ann an tionndadh ra boise, le nìle neart ann am broilleach ra caillich.

"Mharbh thu mi," ars a' chailleach.

“Cum do bheachd riut fhéin?” arsa fear an tigh-thàimh, “agus fàg an so mi.”

Chum Ragnall air aghaidh air a shlighe.
Chual' e an dèidh làimh gu'n d' thug fear an
tigh-thaimh ùine mhòr mus robh e slàn a

Tha e ri chreidsinn gu 'm b' ann mar fhear an tigh-thàimh anns an sgeulachd so a bha, co-dhiùb, a' chuid mhór de na cailleadhan agus na bodaich a bha 'tachairt ri 'uchd-siubhail agus a' gabhail gnothuich riutha bho thùin gu tim anns na làithean a dh' fhalbh.

19

Thog thu { bàr } ann an Dubhairt;
 { bàrd }
 Streap thu 'm bàrr a' chroinn ghiubhais;
 Leat bu mhiann a bhì 'n cruitheachd
 An dréagain.

20

Fhuair thu garbh bhata cùilinn,
 Cheud là dhearbhadh thu bhì d' dhuine,
 Mu 'n d' fhàs calg ort de dh' fhionnadh
 No dh' fheusaig.

21

Thog thu 'n t-sròl-bhratach bhuidhe,
 Os ceann stòl nam pic iubhair;
 Caol chòrach an eubhal
 Gach té dhiubh.

22

Na 'm biodh a' chùis mar a theirinn,
 Bhiodh tu d' dhùio thar nan Eilean;
 Leat bu mhiann a bhì d' speireig
 'Sna speuraibh.

23

{ 'N latha mòr bha 'n Sròn-Nibheis, }
 { Is ann latha Sron-Nibheis, }
 { B' olc an còcaire gill' thu. }
 { Bu droch còcaire gill' thu, }
 { Thug thu feòil dhoibh air bhioraibh. }
 { Chuir thu spògan air bhioraibh }
 { S dhroch ghréidh thu. }

24

La eile 'na dheadhaidh,
 Ann an Acha-da-Shleighe,
 Chuir thu feachd agus faghaid
 Mu 'n treud ud.

25

Le luchd nam feadanan dùbh-ghorm,
 Do 'm bu fhreagarrach fùdar,
 Nuair a spreigeadh na h-ùird
 Rì spuir gheura.

26

Bheireadh dùsgadh le an-ìochd,
 Air garbh ùdlaich an langain;
 Triath àrd-stùcach, mòr, eangach
 An t-sleibhe.

27

Thug thu faragradh fairge
 Do luchd nam fallainnean dearga;
 Bha ruith fala bha searbh dhoibh
 Mu 'n sléisdean.

28

{ Cha bu shùgradh do sgoileir,
 { Greim cùil thoirt a' d' choileir, }
 { Dol a dharrannan ri d' choileir, }
 Nuair a { rùisgeadh } tu chorr-fhiacail
 { thionndadh }
 Gheur ris.

29

Cha { mho thigeadh } do sheana-ohu,
 { bu shùgradh }
 An cnaimh smuais thoirt a' d' dhream-chraos.
 Nuair a theannadh tu teannachar
 Do dheudaich.

30

'N àm drùigheadh na h-eanrach,
 Bhiodh an t-sùil as no 'n t-eanchainn,
 { 'S cha bhiodh tuille de sheanchas mu }
 { dheidhinn, }
 { Cha bhì mise ga sheanachas }
 { Na 's léir dhomh. }

TAIBHSE NA COIMHLIG.

LE MAIRI B. COPLAND.

Ann an tim a chaidh seachad bha na Gaidheil a' creidsinn gu làidir an taibhsean; agus cha bhithinn idir dearbh-chinnteach nach eil iad a' creidsinn annta fathast an cuid ceàrnan de 'n Ghaidhealtachd. Tha fios agam, mu cheann trì fichead bliadhna air ais, gu'n robh muinntir Chill-fhinn a' creidsinn an Taibhse na Coimhlig. 'S b'e 'n taibhse ladarna borb e. 'S iomadh duine bochd a' dol dachaidh, air ghlac leis an dorchadas agus a theagamh le rud beag de 'n stuth làidir do 'n do thug e slacainn ghoirt.

Nuair bha 'n taibhse so an tìr nam beò, 's e tuathanach beag bha ann. Pàruig Mac-ill-bhriuthain b' ainm dha ach 's e Par Lonach bu tric ghoireadh ris. Dh' fhalaich Pàruig socroinne anns an talamh; 's air son sin cha robh fòis ann an uaigh dha, 's ann mar a leanas bha 'n sgeul.

Ann an làithean sin bha mòran theaghlach-ean far nach eil nis ach aon bhaile-fearainn mòr ann am bràigh Ghlinn-Lòchaidh. Bha 'n t-airgead gann, 's cha robh innealan tuathanachais cho lionmhor 's a tha iad air an latha 'n diugh. Bha crann aig aon duine, cliathan aig duine eile agus cairt aig an treas duine; agus bheireadh iad coingheall do chèile gu deas toichte. 'S ann aig Par Lonach bha 'n crann. Latha bha 'n so bha e air falbh aig a' mhargadh agus cheannaich e soc ùr. Thubhairt e ris fhèin: "Cumaidh mi so as an t-sealladh aig na coimhearsnaich; tha 'n seann soc math gu leòir daibh." Dh' fhalaich e 'n soc anns an talamh agus goirid an deidh sin, ghabh e a leabaidh, agus cha d'èirich e tuillidh.

Beagan tim an dèidh a bhais, thòisich taibhse air Coille na Coimhlig a thathaich. Cuid uairean bhiodh e an riochd coin mhòir dhuibh,

agus 'rairean an riochd buic-earba, agus uaire eile an aogas duine. Agus mu mheadhon oidhche leanadh e neach 'sam bith a bha gabhail an rathaid mhòir, bho cheann gu ceann na coille, agus daonna ri gileangartaich mar iarann bualaidh air a chèile.

Thachair air oidhche Fèille-Faolain gu'n robh na h-ùbhir de na seòid cruinn an Tigh-Osda Drochaid-Lòchaidh. Thionndaidh a' chrac-aireachd air an taibhse agus mar a bha e 'na chùis-eagail do mhuinntir a' ghlinne. Mu dheireadh dh'èirich Alasdair Mòr, 's ars esan. "Cha robh meas agam air Par Lonach beò agus cha 'n eil eagail orm roimh mharb, ge b'e taibhse no donas e b'le. mi aghaidh air."

Dh' fhalbh Alasdair agus ruig e Coimhlig mu'n dà uair dheug dh' oidhche, agus troimh na coille thug e air. Sheas an còrr dhiubh air astar, agus an uine ro ghoirid chual iad fuaim strìth, beucail 's donnalaich. Lean sin gu an do ghoir an coileach. Thàinig Alastair 'na ruith 's 'na leum mach as a' choille, an aghaidh aige a' sruth fala, agus endach 'na luideagan. Ciod a chuala no a chunnaic e cha d'innis e dho dhuine beò; ach bho'n latha sin mach cha 'n fhadadh 's cha chualadh an taibhse tuillidh. "Am fhad sibh féin riamh an taibhse?" arsa mise ris an seann duine chòir a dh' innis an sgeul dhomh.

"Cha 'n fhad mi fein e 's cha ghabhainn na chunnaic mi do 'n t-saoghal agus dol troimh 'n Coimhlig aig meadhon-oidhche."

"Theagamh mata nach eil e fìor idir."

"Cha 'n eagal nach eil e fìor. Nach b'e Para Lonach m' fhear-cinnidh féin ged 's nàr 'eam bhì 'ga innseadh."

Nis cha 'n e creutair truagh aineolach a bha an so; ach seann duine geur-fiosrachaidh; agus bha e creidsinn na h-uile facal de'n sgeul a dh' innis e.

A BHANA-BHUIDSEACH LEODHASACH.

LE ALASDAIR CAMSHRON.

Mu'n d'fhuair a mach innleachd na toite gu cur bhàtaichean is shoitichean 'nan siubhal troimh 'n fhaighe, 's i soitheach bheag aon chroinn a bha 'giùlan litrichean is paipearan Leòdhais eadar an t-eilean is tìr-mór.

Thairteadh "pacaid-nan-litrichean" ris an t-soithich bhig, ghlusda so. B'e Mac Rairidh ainm an Sgiobair a bha air a' phacaid mu'n àm mu'm bheil mi sgrìobhadh. Is iomadh turas dosguinneach is caol-theanadh a bha aig an sgioba ghaigeil, chruadalach so, 'nan turas-an-thairis air a' Chuan-leòdhasach.

Uair de na bh' ann, bha iad ri port ann am baile Steòrnabhagh 's na gaathan 'nan aghaidh. Bha 'n sgiobair le siùil luaimh is inntinn ionaganaich a' ceumadh clàr-uachdair na soitich, le aghaidh ris na speuran, nuair chunnaic e dlùthadh air fìor charaid dha. Thug an duine so a leum de 'n laimrig air bòrd, far an robh an sgiobair, Dh'altaich iad beatha 'chéile ann am briathran caomhneil, càirdeil, agus iad araon cho toilichte cha 'chéile fhacinn.

"Tha thu ri port," ars an caraid.

"Cha'n ann le m' dheòin," ars an Sgiobair.

"Tha 'n séideadh 'nam aghaidh cho dìreach is ged nach biodh aice troimh 'n tigeadh i ach aon phoban."

"Cìod a bheireadh tu do neach a dheanadh soirbheas fàbharach dhuit, ge b'e taobh an iarraidh tu 'dhol?" thuirt an caraid.

"Tha mi smuaineachadh gur e taingealachd threibh-dìreach agus uhlachd an dà nì a b'fhearr a b'urrainn mi iocadh; oir tha na gaathan 's an fhaighe ann an laimh an Uile-chumhachdaich."

"Am bheil fios agad gu'm bheil cuid de chloinn-daoine aig am bheil cumhachd thar gaoth is sion?"

"Cha chreid mi lide dheth," ars an Sgiobair.

"Leugh an sgrìobtuir, is chì thu an sin gu'n robh cumhachd aig feadhainn thairis air na marbha, is gu'n togadh iad an coslas as an talamh."

"Tha mi tuigsinn gu'm bheil thu 'n drasd aig a' chaillich a bha 'n Endor; ach am bheil thu de 'n bheachd gu'm bheil an cumhachd sin aig sluagh an latha 'n diugh?"

Fhreagair an caraid, "Tha dh'aon fhios gu'm bheil iad anns an eilean so aig am bheil an comas gaoth is sion a dhùsgadh 's a chasgadh aig an uair is àill leotha; agus is ann a chur impidh ort a thàinig mi, agus a dh'innseadh dhuit c'aig an teid thu gus am faigh thu soirbheas fàbharach deanta dhuit, oir bha mi duilich nuair chuala mi gu'n robh thu cho fada ri port."

"Tha mi 'ga do chluinntinn," ars an Sgiobair.

"Ma tha, thoir fainear mo bhriathran, agus rach gus a leithid so de the. Thoir leat beagan de bhuinn bhòidheach, gheala. Ma bhios i arralachd seall dhìth na buinn; agus thoir a' chluas dheas a bhàrr na leth-cheann mur dean i dhuit an nì tha mi caintinn."

"Tha thu cur uamhas orm," ars an Sgiobair.

"Dean do thoil féin," ars an caraid, "tha mis a' falbh; ach cuimhnich mo bhriathran dealachaidh."

"Is daoibh nach gabh comhairle," ars an Sgiobair. 'S ann tha mis an dùil gur daoibh a ghabhadh a' chomhairle tha thusa toirt seachad an tràth so."

"Dean mar 's àill leat, agus là math leat. Bha gnothach agamsa tighinn grad chomhairleachaidh."

Nuair bha 'n Sgiobair a' gabhail fadail nach robh 'n soirbheas a' caochladh, thog e air a shealltuinn air a' chaillich, is gu fortanach cha do dhi-chuimhuich e na buinn bhòidheach. Ràinig Mac Rairidh, is thuir e ris a' bhoirionnach gu'm biodh e fada 'na comain na'n deanadh i gaoth fhàbharach a bheireadh e dh'ionnsaidh a' chala gus an robh e 'g iarraidh.

"A dhuine ladarna gun nàire, c'aig an gabhadh tu de chraicinn aghaidh ort tighinn a dh'fhanaid air creutair bochd mar tha mise. 'S ann a tha thu toilltinn na coin a chur riut."

Fhreagair e, "Cha chiosinn sin na buinn bhòidheach, gheala, chuir mise 'na mo phòcaid air do shon."

"Dé eil ach buinn. Bu chaomh leam am faicinn," ars a' chailleach.

"Ma nì sin feum dhuit seall riutha; amhairc orra."

"An robh thu ciallachadh na tha 'n sin dhomhsa?"

"Is leat gach bonn dhiubh na dh' atharraicheas tu gaoth m' m' fag mis an taigh so."

"Tha thu cheart da-rìreadh," ars a' chailleach, 's i dol car beagan ùine as an t-sealladh. Thill i is sreang chaoil, chruaidh dhubh aice air an robh trì snainean. Ars a' chailleach—

"Fuasgail thusa an ceud snaim,
'S gheibh thu soirbheas a bhios grinn;
'S ma's a beag leat a bhios ann,
Nì 'n dara fear gach le srann,
Ach air son na chunnaic thu riamh
Fag an treas fear mar a dh'iarr."

Mu 'n deachaidh e mach as an taigh thionndaidh a' gaoth. Chaidh Mac Rairidh air bòrd, thog iad na siùil, 's a' gaoth a bha roimhe 'gam bacadh, bha i nis gu ciùin séimh 'nan cùl. Dh'fhuasgail iad an ceud snaim. Fhuair iad soirbheas a bha grinn; caitean ciar reir miann an t-seòladair, g'a ghreasadh dhachaidh gus a' chailleig a dh'fhàg e, 's i 'n geall a cridhe air fhacinn.

Air dhaibh bli leathach-slighe thairis, dh'fhuasgail iad an dara snaim. Mur robh cus aca, cha robh e idir ro bheag. Bha aice na ghiulanadh i, 's iad a' deanamh iùil air a' chala 's an robh am miann. Nuair a bha iad a' dol seachad aig Camus-an-uisge dlùth air àit' acaireachaidh, dh'fhaighnich an Sgiobair r'a ghillean: "Cìod i bhuir barail, 'illean, an i' chailleach a rinn an soirbheas no 'n ann air thuiteamas Freasdalach a bha e?"

Fhreagair iad gu h-aonsgeulach: "Co eil a rinn an gnothach ach i?"

"Tha mise de chaochladh beachd ribh; ach gus a cumhachd a dhearbhadh fuasglaidh sinn an treas snaim; oir cha'n eil beud gu éiridh dhinnn tuillidh, is einn aig àit' acaireachaidh," ars an Sgiobair.

"Gu ma h'é dhuit nach gabh thu aithreachas," ars a fear de na gillean.

Chaidh an treas snaim fuasgladh; ach 's ann am bràighe 'chìladaich aig bonn na Dalach-Cruaidhe a stad a' phacaid. Agus lorgaichear an làrach aig a' chladhach a rinnadh a' faighinn a rithist air sàil. Cha robh taigh no sabhal 'san àit' air an d'fhuirich riob thughaidh. Chaidh taigh Mhic Rairidh féin a mhillleadh 's a rùsgadh na bu mhiosa na aon de chàch; oir b'fhéid e coslach gu'n robh a' chailleach an diomb ris air son e dh'fhuasgladh an treas snaim.

Bha mi bruidhinn ri seann sluagh air an robh cumhne mhat air an stòrm ugh. Agus tha stòrm na Bana-bhuidsich 'na ghnath-fhacal am measg an t-sluaigh gus an là 'n diugh.

FIÙRAN SGIR UIGE 'SA BHLÀR.

Le Seirdsean Calum Mac Aoidh a bha ri aghaidh bualaidh o na thòisich an cogadh. Dh' éirich e da cheum anns an arm agus choisinn e le fhoghainteachd 'sa bhlàr "D. C. M."—Suaicantas mu choinneamh deagh-shaighdearachd.

Air Fonn: "*Mo Dhomhnallan féin.*"

Seisd:

Tha mise fo mhulad, 'nam shineadh ri tullach,
Ri giùlan a' ghunna gach oidheh' agus là;
Gur mis' tha fo fhadach 's mo chridh' air a sgaradh,
Ri 'g ionndrainn nam ballach a thuit anns na blàir.



Seirdsean Calum MacAoidh.

Bu bhòidheach na fùrain a dh'fhalbh á Sgir Uige,
'S ged 's goirid an ùin' tha bho dh'fhàg iad an t-àit',
Tha 'n diugh air an sgapadh an cèarnaibh de 'n talainh,
Is mòran dhiubh paisgte fo fhasgadh nam fàd.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

'S iomadh fear calma dh'fhàg baile Thol-staidh
Cho snasail 's cho dealbhach 's a dh'fhalbhadh air sràid,
A chaoidh nach dean pilltinn a dh' ionnsaidh na muinntir
Tha 'n diugh air an claoidehadh le naidh-eachdan bàis.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

'S ann tràth air a' mhaduinn, mu bhriseadh an latha,
A leagadh ri talamh Dòmh'ull Anna Bhàin;
B'e sud ballach cho ciatach 's a thachair a riamh rium;
'S ann air nach robh fiamh dol an coinneamh a nàmh.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Chaidh Calum mo charaid a bhualadh 'sa bhroilleach
Ga moch air a' mhaduinn an naodhamh de 'n Mhaigh;
B'e sud saighdear cho bòidheach 'sa dh'fhalbhadh cho còmhndard,
'S na's fearail 'na dhòighean cha 'n fhaic sinn gu bràth.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Cho sìobhalt 'na nàdur, cho cridheil, cho càrdeil,
An caoimhneas ri chairdean cha dugaist air bàrr;
'S gur mise bha dòigheil an uiridh air forladh
Nuair bhithinn ris còmhla measg òigridh an àit'.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Bu neo-thaitneach am feasgar 'sna rinn iad ar gasadh,
Dh' fhag sud mì ro lapach fad seachdain no dhà;
'S e leag Tormad ro iosal, 's mu dheireadh chuir crìoch air;
'S a nis de an t-ìoghnadh ged bhithinn fo chràdh.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

'S e César na malachd a dh'fhaobhraich seo dhuinn;
E fhein 's an tarachd a mhac, tha mi 'g ràdh;
'S na'm biodh e feumail gu'm faigheadh sinn greim orr'
Rachadh teine gu leir riu le bith agus teàrr.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Ach sibhse tha 'n diugh mùirneach, duilich, is tùrsach,
Nis cuiribh ar cùrs air an dùthaich is feàrr;
'S ged 's cruaidh tha an éiginn cur suas leatha dh'fheumar,
'S tromh Rìoghachd nan Speuran thig furtach gach là.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Ged 's goirid gu maduinn tha 'n oidheche leam fada;
'S mì smaointinn mu m' dhachaidh gach mionaid 's gach tràth;
'S na'm faighinn gu m'òrdugh, gu'm pillinn gu m' còlas,
'S bhi tuilleadh ri comhnuidh an Leòdhas mo ghràidh.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

EOGHANN AM FIGHEADAIR.

LE SEUMAS MAC DHIARMAID.

Bha Eóghann Bán 'na fhigheadair cho math is a ghabhadh faotainn air fad is air leud Bhraid-albann; a thuilleadh air sin bha e 'na fhiadhleir ealanta, is cha robh banais no cruinneachadh chum dannsaídh air an eunntadh iomlan mur biodh Eóghann an sin le fhiodhail. Faodar a ràdh gur math a bha fhios aige air sin, is cha b' iognadh ged a bha e car uallach.

Mar a thuirt am bàrd, bha Eóghann "na dhuine foinneamh finealta," is cha robh gaoid 'na chorp; ach bha e leth-char bodhar, is bha bhuidhre ro dhona nuair nach robh iarrtas aige air rud éigin a chluinntinn! Nuair a bliodh e reiceadh aodaich aig an fhaidhir 'sa Cheann-mhór bha e ro bhodhar, is cha chluinn-eadh e dad; is ris gach facal theireadh duine ris-san cha robh aige ach an langan so—"Leth-chrun an t-slaith; cha'n urrainn domh a thoirt na's saoire." Cha robh ann ach an t-airgead a thoirt as an sporan; ach creidibh mise bha am bargan an còmhnuidh air a dhùnadh le cuibh de dheagh uisge-beatha.

Bha Eóghann 'na dhuine tuisgeach, is bhiodh e meòrachadh air oibribh nàduir, is cha robh seillean, cuileag, seangan no biasdag eile air nach robh e gabhail eòlais mar a b' fhèarr a dh' fhaodadh e. Dh' fhàgadh e an spàl na thàmh, is rachadh e dìomhanach ré seachduin an dràsda 's a rithist, is chiteadh e air dhà ghluin is e ag amhar gu dùrachdach air gach dùile a bha fo chloich. No shuidheadh e 'sa chathair da làimh 'san tigh a' smuaineachadh fad uairean de thim air beatha iongantach na creutairean beaga sin.

Ach bha bean Eóghainn air a sàruchadh is air a cràdh 'na cridhe leis nuair a bhiodh e caitheadh an ùine 'san dòigh sin; oir bha i féin sùrdail is cùramach anns gach gnothuch. Là de na lùithean bha Eóghann 'na shuidhe gur socrach 'na chathair, is a bhean gu trang, mar bu ghnàth dhithi, feadh an tìghe. Thàinig ministear còir a bha 'sa choimhearsnachd fagus do'n tigh, is chunnaic a sùil e, is mach a ghabh i le cabhaig na còmhhdhail, is an deidh dhi innseadh dha mar a bha cùisean ghrios i air e thiginn a steach a shealltuinn an robh e 'na chomas Eóghann a ghluasad chum oibre. Dh' aontaich am ministear, is air dol do'n tigh dha dh' iarr e Leabhar nan Salm is nan Laoidean 'sa Ghaidhlig a thoirt da. Fhuair e sin, is dh' fhosgail e an leabhar aig laoidh an leigsein, is thòisich e air leughadh an guth ard—

'Eirich a lunnadaire gu grad;
Thoir ort an seangan beag gun stad;
Oir ged nach d' fhuair e riamh fear iùil,
No neach 'ga ghreasadh air a chùl,
Fa chomhair geomhraidh ni e deas,
A' cuimhneachadh gun tìmh a leas;
'San t-samhradh trusaidh e a lòn;
'San fhoghar iomlan tha a stor."

Chuir Eóghann a làmh ri chluais, is a' tionndadh r'a mhnai thuirt e—"Dé tha am ministear a' leughadh?"

Dh'innis i dha gu'n robh:—
"Eirich a lunnadaire gu grad;
Thoir ort an seangan beag gun stad;"
Is mar sin gu deireadh an rainn.

"Ma tè," shreagair Eóghann, "rachadh e féin dh' ionnsuidh nan seangan na tha iad cho measail aige; fhuair mise na's leoir, dhiubh cìcean, beathaichean cho puinnseanta 's a tha an Albainn." Is cha 'n eil e fìor gu'm bheil iad

trusadh an lòn 'san t-samhradh fa comhair a' gheamhraidh. Tha còlas na's fearr agam fhéin na sin; oir is tric a bheachdaich mi air an obair aca. Chun nan seangan," arsa esan, "'s mi nach téid ceum. Nach 'eil cuimhne agad an Di-dòmhnach a bha sinne le chéile dol do'n eaglais, is gu'n do shuidh sinn air cnocan bò-dheach uaine a' gabhail ar n-analach. B'e sin an suidhe tubaisteach is cràiteach dhuinne, is do'n truaghan coin a bha maille ruinn. Bha nà seangain 'nan ceudan 'gar teumadh; is dh' fheum thusa dol cùl cnuc chum an gartlan dhìot; is chuir mise dhìom mo bhriogais is bha mi 'ga bualadh air cloich; is an cu donnalaich, is 'ga chagnadh féin, is a' our nan car dheth féin air an talaimh nuair thàinig bean usal seachad, is shaoil i gu'n robh sinn uile air a' chuthach."

"Rachadh am ministear e féin is suidheadh e air dùn nan seangan, is bheir mise mo mhiannan nach bi e cho deas tuilleadh air duine chomhairleachadh dol dh' ionnsuidh an t-seangain; 'se nach bi."

Chunnaic am ministear gasda nach robh aige ach obair dhìomhain, is thog e ad, is an deidh "là math," a ràch, mach as an tigh chaidh e.

Bha Eóghann cho bodhar ri cloich, is cha chluinn-eadh e facal theireadh am ministear!

FIOR CHEILTEACH.

Is aonarach a tha mi 'n diugh,
'S mi 'm shuidhe taobh na tràighe
A' caoidh na dh' fhalbh bho ghlinn an spéis:
Clann mo chridhe—Clann nan Gaidheal.

Gur muladach a tha mi 'n diugh,
'San àite seo, is mi leam fhìn,
Ag èisdeachd gèirich thruim a' chuain;
Cha'n eil mu'n cuairt ach sìth.

Cha 'n eil fonn 'nam chridhe nis,
Bho 'n chaidh na glinn a dh' fhàgail lom;
'S mi cianail truagh as leth nan daoine,
Nam màthraichean 's a' chlànn fo bhòrrn.

Gur muladach a tha mi 'n diugh
Air sgàth an t-sluaigh do 'n d'thug mi spéis;
Cha 'n eil Gaidheal nach d' fhalbh uam
Mar shaighdear dh' ionnsuidh tìrean céin.

Tha iomadh cridhe trom 'sa ghleann
Bho 'n là dh' fhalbh uainn na seòid;
'S ged nach tog mi lamh 'sa chùis
Is fìor gu'm bheil mo bheannachd leò.

Ged tha còmhstri fhuiltach ann;
An Slàbh 's an Tèntonach a' streup;
Tha Ceiltich bochd gun roghainn ac'
A' cuideachadh an naimhdean féin.

O, nach cluinn sibh gaoth an Iar
Ag òsnaich measg nan craobh;
'S a' farraid de na h-alltain bhaoth;
"O, cuin, O, cuin, bhios na Ceiltich saor?"

Gur muladach a tha mi 'n diugh,
'S mo thlachd an gair na tràigh;
No falbh mar mheandran measg nan uaigh,
A chaidh nan laoch a thuirt 'sa bhàl,

Seumas MacGaradh.

COMHRADH EADAR DA CHROITEAR AIR "COR NA GAIDHEALTACHD AIR AN LATHA AN DIUGH."

LE ALASDAIR CAMSHRON, BARD THURNAIG POLL-IUBH.

COMHRADH EADAR "IAIN DONN" AGUS "COINNEACH FIAL."

Iain—Fàilte na maidne dhuit, a Choinnich.
Coinneach—Fàilte chridheil dhuit fhéin
Iain; crathadh dè d' làimh. Am beil sibh uile
slàn 'san Torran-odhar?

Iain—Mur biodh aon rud, tha gach aon an
deagh gheus.

Coinneach—Cìod e 'n rud a tha cur dorrain
oirbh aig an àm?

Iain—Tha olcas na h-aimsir, gaoth mhór, is
uisge trom, air chor is nach urrainn duine
dol gu muir air son beathach èisg a ghlacadh,
mar annlann leis a' bhuntàta, no cliabh de
mhòine thiorainn fhaotainn an craich gus
am blasad béidh a dheasachadh.

Coinn—A dhuine dhona, an ann a' dol a
ghearan air na suidhichean Freasdalach a
tha thu? Tog dheth, a dhuine.

Iain—'S tu dh' fhaodas sin a ràdh. Fhuair
thu do theaghlach air a togail air chosg nan
daoine móra, ged tha thu 'n diugh 'na do
chroitear, is tu 'n dùil gu 'm bi 'n saoghal
agad air bhalg-mheadhon.

Coinn—Ma tha mi 'na mo chroitear cha 'r
ann gu mo shocair. Cha do shaoil mi riamh
gu 'n robh 'leithid de upraid 's de othail an
lorg croite; agus na 'n cumadh a' chroit suas
duine cha bhiodh an gnothach co dona. Ach
's ann a tha chroit a thuit orm-sa sìor chur
cosgais orm.

Iain—Ha, hà, hà; cha 'n fhèarr thu na mi
fhin 's ann a' dol a thòiseachadh ri gearan
is talach air do shuidheachadh a tha thu.
Ach dean thus' air do shocair gus an tòisich
sinn ri roinn an fhearainn leis an Achd ùr.
Nuair a gheibh sinn a' Bheinn-ghobhlach,
Srath-na-cioba 's Rubh-na-h-àirde agus gach
àit' eile roghnaicheas sinn, faodaidh sinn
gnothaichean a ghabhail air ar socair.

Coinn—Tha thu féin is mise fada o 'n aon
bharail, cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam-sa nach
faigh cuid de mhuintir stiallan de 'n fhear-
ainn; ach is iomadh neach a gheibh seilbh aig
am beil fìor bheag breithneachadh m'a thim-
chioll, agus aig a' cheann thall leis am bu
mhath nach fhaiceadh e riamh le 'shùil e.

Iain—Tha thusa mar a bha thu riamh air
taobh nan Uachdaran agus nan daoine-móra.
Ach bheir sinne 'mhil as an t-sròin agad.
Bidh tu air t' fhàgail 'na do chroit bhochd
féin air am beil thu 'gearan, agus mis is mo
leithid a' sti' cò is luaithe bhios air mullach
Beinne-feusaig a chualitachadh ar cuid
spreidhe, far roimhe so am biodh Forsair is
Fear-faire air gach tom is cnocan, le 'n
cuid glòinneachan fad-sheallach a' spleucadh
ruinn, 's a maoidheadh nan dòrn oirnn na'n
cuireamaid cas a bhàrr rathaid mhóir an
righ.

Coinn—Fòil Iain; tha thu ro bhras. Cha 'n
'eil mis air taobh nan Uachdaran; ach tha
mi air taobh còire is ceartais; agus seasaidh
mi aobhar na céille 's na tuisge, ma dh'
èisdeas tu rium?

Iain—Eisdidh mi riut gus an cluinn mi do
bharail—ach tha fìor amharus agam gur ro
bheag ciall no tuisge tha 'na do chlaiginn
maol.

Coinn—Ge do tha mo cheann-sa air bheagan
fuilte na toir thusa breith sgallaiseach air, is

cuiridh mise ceisd no dhà riut. Cìod a' chiall
is urrainn a bhi aig gillean òga thogadh 'sa
dh'àraicheadh anns na bailtean móra
cionnas a dh'aiticheas iad gleann no srath,
no riaghlas iad stoc air beinn no aonach?

Iain—'S ann aca féin a tha 'n sgil, oir cha
'n eil ni tha feumail air son na beatha tha 'n
làthair, no ri tighinn, nach d'fhoghlaim iad
ann an oil-thaighean bho Ollachan 's troimh
leabhraichean.

Coinn—Tha thu toirt 'na mo chuimhne
maighistir-sgoile air an robh mi tur eòlach.
Bha e 'na dheagh fhear-teagaisg, rinn e
sgoileirean matha agus tha cuid dhiubh am
posdaibh matha feadh an t-saoghail.

Iain—Bì aithghearr, a dhuine mhath.

Coinn—Cha chum mi fada thu. Bha 'n
duine so glic, grunn-dail, is ghleidh e rud
math airgid. Thòisich e ri lèughadh is meomh-
rachadh obair-tuathanais. Bha e fìor
shoirbheachail anns a' chùis. Choisinn e na
ciad duaisean air obair-tuathanais ann
an leabhraichean a bha air clo-bhualadh air
son an aobhair sin. Shaoil e 'n sin gu'n
deanadh e fortan ann an uine ghearr na'm
faigheadh e greim air mir math fearainn. Le
pailteas fearainn àitich shaoil e gu'm fasadh e
co àrd san t-saoghal is gu'm faodadh e 'mheur
a chur air a ghealaich. Bha 'n talamh air an
eanchainn aige mar tha agad féin is aig
mòran eile 'n diugh. Chunnaic e ann am
paipear àite math a bha gus a bhi ri shuidh-
eachadh is thainig e far an robh mi. Gabh-
aidh (thuirt e rium) mi an t-àite ud, is theid
thu féin g'a riaghladh, is bheir sinn air
bàrr fàs ann nach bi 'leithid an taobh tuath
na h-Alba. Bidh sneipean againn is cha
bhi aon na's motha na cheile dhiubh, eadar
dà cheann an raoin; agus a laochain, bheir
mise dhuit deagh dhuais is bidh mi fìor
mhath dhuit.

Thuirt mi ris: Dleasaidh am fear a ni gach
rud dhiubh sin duais mhath gun teagamh;
ach tha mise na's freagaraiche far am bei-
mi; oir cha ghabh mi os làimh gu'n oibrich mi
miorbhuilean.

Iain—Am beil thu deas a nis?

Coinn—Eisd rium car tiotain ach an cluinn
thu mar a thachair do na mhaigistir-sgoile.

Ghabh a tuathanas an àite eile, chuir e fìos
air dluth charaid dha gus a bhi 'na riaghlair
aige. Cha d'fhuirich e fad aige. Thachair
an duine rium an deidh dha tighinn dachaidh.
Chuir mi ceisd no dha ris, is thuirt e rium.
Bha e glé mhath dhomh ach bha e 'n dùil
gu'm bu chòir do'n talamh toradh a ghiùlan
mar theireadh an leabhar, is cha b'urrainn
mise fuireach aige. B'e deireadh na cùise
gu'n d'aslaich e air an uachdaran an t-àite
ghabhail de a làimh. Cha 'n eil mi cinnteach
nach do phaidh e suim bheag a chionn fact-
ainn as an lion. Ach cha bu chaomh leis sin
aideachadh.

Iain—Tha mi faicinn gu'n coimhneasadh
thus, is gu'n cothromaicheadh thu slugh na
h-Alba le rùin is deanadas aon duine. Cuir
thus am fear sin ann an aon slige-tomhais.
agus an slugh air fad ann an slige eile, agus
chi thu c'ait an stad thu féin is esan. Ach tha
e soilleir dhòmhsa gur ann an aghaidh an
fhearainn a thoirt do'n t-sluagh a tha thusa
daonnan.

Coinn—Tha thu cur euceart as mo leith de nach eil mi idir ciontach.

Tha fios agam-sa co math ri neach 'sam bith, gur fada le 'm bu chòir stad a chur air gach fuadach sluagh, is losgadh thaighean a bha dol air aghaidh air Ghaidhealtachd na h-Alba; ach 'se tha cur an eagail orm, 'ard bheachdan sluagh aig nach eil ni 'san amharc ach greim fhaighinn air fearann, agus iad tur aineolach air brìgh is gnè an ni air son am beil iad ri gleadhraich, 's iad gun fhiosrachadh, no breithneachadh air an t-saothair 's a chosgais a tha 'na lorg.

Iain—Nach ann agad, a dhuine, tha bharail ort féin. Am beil thu 'n dùil nach eil eòlais no foghlum aig neach 'sam bith ach thu féin?

Gheibh sinne airgid mór, air riadh beag, no eadhoin gun riadh idir. Gheibh sinn uine fhad air son a phàidheadh a lion cuid is cuid a rèir is mar a bhios sinn comasach. Stocaidh sinn an talamh 'ard le caoraich, na glinn le crodh, is theid gach srath is dail àiteach.

Coinn—Cha 'n ann gun saothair.

Iain—Cha 'n ann gun saothair thig an fhaochag as an tràigh, mar a thuit an sean fhacl. Dh' éisd mise riutsa is éisd thusa riumsa gun an abair mi mo ràdh. Ni sinn rathaidean móra troimh na frithean, is fosgailidh sinn suas gach dùthaich do mhar-santachd chumanta, 's cha bhi bochdainn idir ann, no foirneart 'ga dheanamh air sluagh mar ann an linn an fhògaraidh nuair a bha iad air an tilgeadh am mach mar bhàrlach gun fheum, na taighean air an cur ri theine fa chomhair sùil na muinntir da 'm buineadh iad, is iad a' losgadh air Shàbaid.

Coinn—'S e tha agad "Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd." Cia as a gheibh sibh an t-airgid? Cha 'n eil neach 's an tìr leis am fearr gu 'm biodh cuisean air an suidheachadh mar a thubhairt thu na mise; ach tha fios agam air na croisean th'ann 'san rathad na's fearr na th' aig mòran.

Iain—Cuid? Bha mi 'n dùil gu'n robh fiosrachadh agad. "C'ait" ars thus 'am faigh sinn an t-airgid?" Gheibh, a Choinnich, 'a sporan mor na stàit. Tha cuig mìle fichead punnd Sasunnach gu bhi air chur air leth gach bliadhna gu feum an t-sluaigh. Cha 'n fhada gus an tig faidheadaireachd Choinnich Uidhir gus teach: "Taigh geal air gach cnocan sleibhe, 's muileann air gach allt a leumas." Bidh na taighean bochda, dubha mar ni a chaidh 'a cuimhne.

Coinn—Tha gnothaichean dol a bhi soirbheachail, tha mi cluinntinn, ach 's ni eile creidsinn. Freagair so. Ciod is coireach ris mar a chaidh Gabhalaichean móra an èis? Far ri mo chiad cuimhne an àraicheadh tu ciad caora, cha toir e 'n diugh dà fhichead dheth agus cha bhi 'n aireamh sin féin ach truagh; bidh pluc is caoile 's crith nam measg. Na h-àitean an robh mi buachailleachd stùic ri toisich mo latha, cha 'n eil ni ann an diugh ach raineach agus cuid dhi seachd troidhean air àirde, 's i co dluth is nach eil rian aig beathach, no duine coiseachd troimpe. Cha 'n eil achadh a bha briagha, gorm air nach eil an raineach a' buadhachadh a chuid 'sa chuid, agus i gach bliadhna dol nis miosa. Na 'm faigheadh tu rian air èis agus bacadh a chur fàs na rainich Iain, bhunnigeadh tu bonn-suaicheantais no crochadan òir mi do mhuiNeal.

Iain—Gearraidh sinn i òg, 's cha leig sinn leatha fàs, agus cha 'n fhaod i brath a ghabhail oirn.

Coinn—Tha beagan tuisge 'na sheanachas; ach gabhaidh sibh sgìos, is gabhaidh sibh gràin dhi. B' aithne dhòmhsa duin-uasal a bha pàidheadh daoine fad na bliadhna gus an

raineach a chumail fodha; bha iad 'ga gearradh, cuid dhith tri uairean 'sa bhliadhna; ach b'e deireadh na cuise gu'n d'thug iad suas an obair ann an eu-dochas; agus tha 'n talamh a bha iad a' fiachainn ri chumail glan an diugh fo rainich co fada rinn thin.

Iain—Am beil an rabaid ann?

Coinn—Tha: cunntaidh tu leth chiad diubh fo'n aon sealladh.

Iain—Ceart gu leòr, marbhaidh sinn an rabaid an toiseach, is an sin an raineach.

Coinn—Tha thu ceart, Iain, 's e ni iongantach a th'ann gu'm fàs an raineach co bras far an d'fhuair an rabaid buaidh; oir is tric a bha mi sinuaineachadh air; a theagamh gu'm beil i 'na meadhan gus toirt air an rainich fàs.

Iain—Saoil thu na'ri treabhadh sinn na h-iomairean air am beil i fàs nach cuireadh sin as dith.

Coinn—Cha chuireadh idir, dh' fheumadh sibh na freumhan a spionadh as am bun. Chunnaic mi talamh air b' thoirt a steach, is bha teagan de'n rainich 'ga taisbeanadh féin anns a' cheathramh bàrr a chaidh a thogail as.

Iain—Agus ciod iad na cnapain-starra eile, tha thu faicinn air thoiseach oirn?

Coinn—Tha iad lionmhor, cha 'n eil càil no sunnd aig gillean òg an latha 'n diugh gu obair tuathanais: cha 'n fhuirich iad air croit no fearann. 'S e tha uath 'an diugh cluichean, camanachd, ball-coise, iomain-ghalld' is sgoileireachd. Cha luaithe dh' fhàgas fear an sgoil na ruitheas e air falbh gu aon de bhailean mór an taobh-deas, far an ionnsaich e cluichean mu nach cuala na daoine còire o'n d'fhainig e facal riann. Cha 'n fhiach le fear fuireach aig an taigh a thoirt a steach mir de thalamh mar leasachadh ris a' chroit air an d'rugadh 's an d' àraicheadh e. 'S fearr leis gu mór airgid a chur dhachaidh gu ceannach nan rudan a b' àbhaist a bhi air an togail air a' chroit. Tha mise 'g innseadh dhuit nach cuingealach gillean òga ri obair tuathanais. Nuair a chi iad nach trioblaid is cosgais a tha 'na lorg, cha bhi iad a stri ris.

Iain—Air do shocair, nach faod mi fhin facal idir a ràdh.

Coinn—Foil bheag, Iain, gus an innis mi beagan fathast de na cnapain-starra mu 'n d' fheoraich thu is gheibh thu 'n sin rùn is rèim.

Mar a bha mi 'g radh: Anns na seann tìmean bha na teaghlachaichean cruinn cuideachd 's a' toirt am beò as an talamh. Cha 'n fhaodadh a' chlann an spréidh fhàgail gus dol do 'n sgoil. Saoilidh cuid nach i so an fhirinn.

Iain—Cha 'n eil coslas 'sam bith air do sheanachas a nis. Na bi 'n dùil gu'n creid neach 'sam bith thu.

Coinn—Bheir mi dearbhadh soilleir gur i sùil na firinn a th'agam. Tha seann mhaighdeann làimh rium a tha stiall mhath thar na ceithir fichead. Tha tart 'na h-inntinn gu leughadh. Bidh mi leughadh dhith earrannan a tha fios agam a chòrdas rithe. Air an t-seachduin a chaidh seachad, dh' fhoighnich mi rithe, an robh i féin idir an sgoil? "Bha aon latha" thuit i, "is tha cuimhne agam fathast mar a ghabh mo mhàthair orm, is thuit i rium gun a bhi gabhail gnothaich ri ni 'bha tuilleadh 's àrd air mo shon, is gheall mi dhith nach rachainn ann thionndail.

Iain—Cha robh 'm boirionnach sin glic.

Coinn—Bha i mar a bha ruith a' chumant. Thog is dh' àraich i teaghlach fìor eireachdail, is bha i féin glic grunn-dail.

Iain—Thuit thu na's leòr, 's beag nach eil m' fhoighidinn air a claidh.

Coinn—Tha beagan agam ri ràdh mu thimchioll oibreachadh stoc chaorach air a mhonadh.

Iain—Eisdidh mi ri sin, ach tha eagal orm nach e math a chuireas tù air mo rath ach ole.

Coinn—Bheir mi seachad mar tha m'inntinn a breithneachadh troimh fein-fhiosrachadh. An toiseach; cha bhi sibh réidh ri cach a chéile. Cha 'n eil sgil agaibh gus na caoraich a chumail glan. Faic mar a tha 'n dùthaich aig an àm. Cha 'n eil là nach bi maor-sith is constabul air ais 's air aghaidh, cloimh 's na caoraich air taobh thall na duthcha ma chaidh beathach a null no nall thar an crìochan feumaidh sinne (ge do tha na caoraich againn co glan ri ribean) an tumadh co tric 's a dh' iarras am maor lagha e.

Iain—'S e gnothach duilich is cosgail a tha 'n sin, gun teagamh; ach tha mis' de 'n bheachd gur ann bu chòir am peanas a dheanamh: 's an t-unlagh a leigeadh air na daoine tha reic stuth-tumaidh fo ainm rud ceart, is nach cum an t-seilbh glan.

Coinn—Cha 'n 'eil thu fada cèarr an dràs ach is iomadh mearachd a dh' fhaodas a bhi deante ann am measgachadh an stutha. Agus is duilich an ni bhi toirt dhaoine bochd, aineolach air falbh o'n dachaidhean gus an ùbhadh ann an ceann bhaile na siorramachd, is iad féin an dùil gu'm beil iad neo-chiontach. Cha bu bheag am peanas do ri fìor dhroch aimsir barrachd is deich mìle-fichead, mus am faigh iad greim air rathad iarruinn.

Iain—Abair féin e. Cha léir dhomh car son nach fadhadh sluagh an cuid chaorach a smuiradh a réir an t-seann dòigh, 's cha bhiodh facal mu chloimh no càrr, ach an uair a stocas sinne an talamh as ùr, bidh ciobairean sgilear againn a chi cuisean ceart.

Coinn—C'ait am faigh sibh iad, agus gu'n do sguir a mhuinntir òg de fhoghlum na ciobaireachd?

Iain—Gun teagamh thuit am fiosaiche "Cuiridh na caoraich mhòra na cròinn threabhaidh air na sparann." Thachair sin. A nis tha'm fiadh air cur fuadach fo na caoraich, na bha de na ciobairean ann an deagh ghlèus, ghabh iad 'nam forsairean; a nis bheir sinne dhaibh cothrom tionndaidh gu bhi rithist 'nan ciobairean.

Coinn—An gabh iad an cothrom uat?

Iain—Mur gabh ni sinn riutha mar thuit Bard Cheann-loch-ùbh:

Theid na forsairean a sgiùrsadh

Le 'n cuid ghloinneachan 'an giùlan,

Bho nach faic iad ceart le 'n sùilean,

Gheibh iad stràc an cùl a' chinn.

Mur fiach leo 'n tairgise is fearr a th' againn deanadh iad air son fein, ach cha toigh leinn fòirneart.

Coinn—Tha thu gus a bhi truacant, Iain. Ach ciod a ni thu ris na b-nachdarain an uair a bheir thu uap' am fearann?

Iain—Cha toir mi uap' ach roinn dheth is ge do bheirinn as an làmh an t-iomlan deth cha bu dhroch cheartas e: tha e uca fada gu leòr.

Coinn—An dean thu 'n t-aon diol air an fhear a cheannaich an talamh gu daor le chuid airgid is am fear a thug am mach e le faobhar a chlaidhimh? Tha mi ciallachadh gu'n d'thug a shinnis a mach dha e.

Iain—'S i sin ceisid nach do shocraich sinn fathast. Shaoileadh tu gu 'm bu chòir a bhi na bu bhaigheile ris-san a chosg ris. Ach an uair a sheallas tu steach ann an cuisean, co aig na bha còir air an talamh a reic, no cheannach idir?

'S le dia an talamh is an làn. 24mh—Sailm." A ris: "An talamh thug do chloinn nan daoin"—Sailm—115.

"'S leis fein ar'c nèamh nan speur." Rann—16.

Coinn—'S e sin sgriobtuir gun teagamh.

Iain—Cha 'n ann a nasgaidh tha sinn ag iarraidh an fhearainn ach air mhàl iomchuidh, réir 's mar shuidhicheas na cumhachdairan no 'n comunn riaghlaidh e.

Coinn — Feumaidh mi cur leat ann na tomhas; ach cha 'n ann gu h-iomlan.

Iain—Ma chuir thusa ceud riumsa, cuiridh mise ceud no dithis riutsa. Ciod a' chòir a tha aig uachdaran fearainn air iasg a' chuain mhóir? maorach a' chladaich? is eunlaidh nan speur? Leugh an 6 mh 's an 7 mh rann de 'n ochdamh Sailm. Nuair tha e 'g ràdh "duine." Cha 'n e uachdaran a mhàin a tha e ciallachadh, ach clann nan daoine air fad 's air leud an t-saoghail.

An 8 mh Sailm an 6 mh san 7 mh rann:—

"Air oibèith fòs do làmh

Thug thu dha uachdaranachd air fad,

Gach duile chuir fo chasaibh dha,

A chruthaich thusa riamh;

Caoraich, is buar, 's gach ainmhidh fòs,

Tha 'g imeach air an t-slabh;

An eunlaith tha 'san adhar shuas,

An t-iasg a tha 's cha chuan,

'S na shiubhlas fòs air slighe tuinn,

Sin thug thu dha gu buan."

Coinn—Cha do smuainich mi riamh air na briathran anns an dòigh sin ged 's minic a chaidh mi thairis air na facail. Chuir thu solus ùr orra dhomh.

Iain—Nach cruaidh mi-cheart an lagh, na 'n tachradh gu'n rachadh breac anns an lion sgaदानाच, no geacadh 'san lion thros, gu'm feum mi 'n tilgeadh am mach thar bord, air eagal 's gu'm faic am maor-uig' iad. Tha 'm maor sithe 's am bàillidh fearainn air mo lorg gus mo ghlacadh 's mo pheanasachadh. Bha latha ann agus na'n togainn eisire anns an tràigh, bha 'm bàillidh 'na mo dhrum 's an t-uachdaran air mo mhuin. Bha gach eisire is eile suidhichte air mhàl aig an aon duine. agus na 'm faicheadh e thu togail eisire bha 'm prìosan air a mhaoidheadh ort. Ciod a tha thu 'g ràdh ris an sin?

Coinn—Cha chuala mi 'n t-iomlan de sin riamh; ach gabh air a aghaidh.

Iain—'S e thachair: Chunnac am Freasdal iomchuidh galair a chur anns na h-eisirean. Dh'fhosail na h-uile aon diubbh, is thainig iad air tìr 'nam bàrlach gun fheum gu bonn a' mhara-thràigh far am beil iad ri 'm faicinn aig an àm. An sin sguir gach màl is dioladh air son maoraich, agus a nis tha choslas air an eisire gun siolaich i as ùr, agus có aig tha fios nuair gheibh an duine bochd seilbh air an fhearann, nach sguir an raineach a dh' fhàs mar an ceudna.

Coinn—Tha mòran firinn 'na do sheanachas; ach tha cuid de dhaoine aig nach eil reusan idir, a tha co borb is gu 'n iarradh iad na b-uachdarain a sgiùrsadh am mach air a mhuir, agus aig nach eil ciall math air son neach 'san bith, ach a sìor èigheachd: "Mi fhin! Mi fhin!" Is fada on a chuala mi: "'S ann air a shon féin a ni 'n cat an crònan"; ach tha 'n crònan a nis air fàs labhar is cha 'n eil fios c'ait an stad e.

Iain—Ge b'e air bith c'ait an stad an crònan, tha 'n t-àm èis a chur air do mhanran. Nach léir dhuit am feum a rinn Guim, no Co-bhann an fhearainn (Land League).

Coinn—Gu firinneach, Iain, bha mi fhin an dùil nach robh feum air bith gu tighinn as, ach faic an diugh a' bhuanachd tha sruthach uaithe: "Gabhaltais bhunaitheach," "Màil-iomchuidh" — Làn dioladh air son feabhas no leasachaidh," air an fhearann. Sin agad sochairean móra ris nach robh dùil agamsa. Ach cha 'n eil uachdaran an latha 'n diugh co

dioghaltach ris a' mhuinntir o'n d'fhàinig iad no ni coslach ris.

Iain—Tha fios math cìod is coireach: “Cha tig as a' phoit ach an toit a bhios innte agus “Theid an dualchas an aghaidh nan creag” agus mur a b'e na Paipeirean Gallda 's iomadh fear a rachadh a thilgeadh am mach air an doras.

Coinn—Ach, Iain, cìod è do bheachd air “Saor-dhuais” na sean aois?

Iain—'S e mo bheachd, a Choinnich, gur e ullachadh saoghalta is motha rinn Freasòal 'na thròcair do chlànn-daoine.

Coinn—Fiach nach eil thu dol ro fhada?

Iain—Cha 'n eil mi. Thoir fainear so! Tha air gach taobh dhinn, seann daoine, is mnathan mu 'n robhar a' fàs fìor shuarach, gu h-àraidh fèasgaich is maighdeanan aosda. A nis is ann a tha muinntir a' strì co aig a bhith-e ann. Agus ma tha dithist no trìuir ann an aon taigh a' faighinn saor-dhuais is mòr a' chobhair e; agus mar thuit an sean fhocal: “Air sgàth an leanabh bhig pògar a' bhan-altrum.”

Coinn—Gun teagmh 's mòr a' bheannachd e do 'n aois. Na 'n rachadh rian a dheanamh gu 'm biodh daoine agus mnathan 'ga fhaotainn cuig no deich bliadhna na's tràthail: oir cha luaithe chluinneas mi gu'n d'fhuair fear note saor-dhuais, na bhios fios am mach gus an àdhlaic.

Iain—Cìod i do bharail mu'n Bhann-urrais aig Leòd Mac Sheorais?

Coinn—Tha iad an dèidh mo cheann a chur troimh a chèile, leis gach bann, is stad oibre is grabadh, is mì-laghalachd, air chor 's gu 'm feumainn tìne mhòr gus mo smuaintean a thoirt dhuit air gach cùis. Tha earrann anns a' Bhann-urrais a tha fìor mhath: ach tha i co domhain ris an “Achd mhineachaidh” a rinn Dr Rèinidh do 'n Eaglais. Cha do ghabh mi gnothuch riamh ris.

Iain—Na can smid mu na h-Eaglaisean air neo cha 'n eil fios cuin a gheibh sinn dealachadh; bha argumaid gu leòr 'sna bliadhnaibh a chaidh seachad air na puincean sin.

Coinn—'S e tha duilich gur ann a tha 'n fheadhainn a bu chòir a bhì 'gar treòrachadh, 's gar stiùireadh air slighe na firinn, iad fèin co fad an aghaidh 'cheile 's nach eil fios aig an duine tha aineolach cìod a ni, no c'ait an tèid e.

Iain—Thuit thu gu leòr air a' phuine sin; oir ma thòisicheas sinn air deasbud, cha 'n aithne dhuinn sgar. 'S ann a tha càil agamsa gu blasad bèidh a ghabail, oir ruith an ùine gun fhios duinn.

Coinn—'S tu 's feàrr cuimhne. Thig leam gus an taigh. Theagamh gur ann tha Mòrag an ire foighidinn a chall a' gleidheadh a' bhuntàta bho bhì ròiste ri cliathaichean na poite.

Iain—Nach ann agaibh a tha 'm buntàta tioram. 'S cinnteach gur anns an Uchdan-ghrianach a dh' fhàs iad.

Coinn—'S ann gu dearbh. Ach na 'm faicheadh tu 'm buntàta a bha againn anns a Choire-dhuibh, an uiridh bha iad co fliuch is gu'n robh iad car coslach ri buntàta ghobhainn: an àite bhì 'gan itheadh 's ann a bha e 'gan òl.

Iain—Tha mi 'ga chreidsinn. Nuair a chaidh mi gus mo dhinneir an là roimhe, choinnich dithist de na pàisdean mi 'san doras agus rubair aca 'ga thoinneamh, is ga fhàsgadh eatorra. Dh' fhoighnich mi cìod a bha iad a' deanamh? Thuit iad gu'n robh iad a' cur an uisg as a' bhuntàta.

Coinn—Cuisd! is innis dhomh am beil an stad 'san obair ghual air tighinn gu crìch?

Iain—Tha thu fèin 'na do sgoilear na's feàrr na mise. Ach chaidh crìogh air an ni sin; agus ge do chaidh, tha aobhar smuain-eachaidh nach fad gus am bi stad eil' ann.

Coinn—Na h-uile, 's ann bu chòir peanas a dheanamh orra, agus Achd-pàrlamaid a dhealbhadh leis am b'urrainnear ùnlagh chur orrasan a tha spuireadh an t-sluaigh gu ceannairc; oir ma leanas cùisean ri dol air aghaidh mar so, cha 'n fhada 's feàrr sinn na na daoine buidhe air taobh thall an t-saoghail.

Iain—Leigidh sinn seachad e, ma ta, agus their sinn beagan air na mnathan Guth-thaghaich (Suffragettes). Cìod i do bharail; am buadhaich iad anns na th' ac' 'san amharc?

Coinn—Bha dùil agam uaireigin gu'n rachadh leotha, agus bha seòrsa de bhaigh agam riutha 'na mo chridhe; ach chuir iad an cas troimh na bhroig tur buileach a nis.

Iain—“Bàigh 'na do chridhe riutha gu dearbh!” An aite bàigh a bhì riù, 's ann bu chòir am brangas chur 'nam peircilbh agus sgiùrsadh beag a thoirt dhaibh.

Coinn—Tha thu ro chruaidh orra, Iain. Ach thoir an aire nach cluinn Catriona gu 'n sgiùrsadh tu na mnathan guth-thaghaich.

Iain—Na h-òisichean a tha iad ann! An cuala neach 'sa 'n bith riamh amaideachd is motha na creutairean truagha, falbh le ùird air feadh bhailean, gu briseadh nan uinn-eagan is luchmhoire chi 'n sùilean; agus aig an àm cheudna deanamh uail ann a bhì 'g innseadh cho làidir duilich 's a bha feadhainn duibh ri 'm briseadh. Cha'n urrainn gu'n tig math as an olc aig àm air bith.

Coinn—Tha sin fìor. Cha 'n fhiach an rian a tha iad a' gabhail gu èisdeachd fhaighinn; agus 's e mo bheachd-sa nach faigh iad i.

Iain—'S ann a tha iad ceannlaidir, andàna, ladarna, agus na'n sealladh iad rompa dh' atharraicheadh iad cleachdaidhean a' falbh le inneal brisidh an falach ann am pòcain! 'S coma leam dhaibh! Ag iarraidh na phrìosan gus an deanamh iomraiteach! Na h-òisgean bochda tha iad ann!

Coinn—Air do shocair, Iain, eagal gu'n cluinn na mnathan againn fhìin na thubhairt sinn. Tha 'n ni gabhaltach. Agus na 'n cluinneadh Catriona agus Mòrag thu ruith sios nam ban a tha deanamh spàirn dhùrachdaich gus an cor a leasachadh, cha d' thuit mise nach biodh cluasan teth aig an dithist againn.

Iain—Gu dearbh, cha chreid mise gu'm biodh Catriona co amaideach is dh'. Ach mar thuit am facal: “Fhad 's a dh' fhanas an t-olc uainn fanaidh sinn uaithe.” Oir is mòr luach na sìthe. Air an aobhar sin bidh mi gabhail là math dhuit, a Choinnich, oir cha 'n eil thu idir co reasgach no co fada bho mo bheachan air an fhearann 's a shaoil mi. Tha mi creidsinn an àite d' fhàgail air do chroit bhoedh fèin mar a thubhairt mi cheana, gur ann a bheir sinn dhuit stiallag bheag, ge do b' ann 'san Fhrith-dhorch no 'n àit eiginne falachaidh eile.

Coinn—Cluinn so; 's thoir leat e, Iain. 'S ann bu chòir dhunne aig an aois am beil sinn, a bhì smuaineachadh air an dachaidh bhuain, oir a reir cùrsa nàdur, cha 'n fhada gus am faigh an dithist againn na dh' fhoghnas da de 'n fhearann: 's e sin leud ar droma; agus an uair a dh' fhalbhas anail na beatha a chaidh a shéideadh air tùs ann an cuinneanaibh an duine, 's a dh' fhàgas i chèis chrè so, c'ait an sin an tèid i? Co-dhùnaidh mi, Iain, le dà rann bho na bhàrd Iain Mac Odrum.

Faire! faire! 'dhuin' òig, cia do bharantas
mór,
'N e do bharail bhi beò 's nach eug thu?
Tha 'n saoghal 's an fheòil fìor aontach gu
leòr,
Air do chlaonadh bho chòir gu h-eucoir,
Ach air fhad 's do 'm bi 'n dàil.
Thig ort teachdair o'n bhàs—
Na creid idir gur fàisneachd bhreig i—
Biodh do gheàrd ort gle chruaidh;
'S cha tàigh-cràbhaidh an uaigh da'n téid thu.

Ach fàidhach gun tuar, bhreun, dhaolagach
fhuar,
Anns an càraich iad suas leat féin thu,
Is a mheud 's tha 'nad bheachd
De do stòr, cha téid leat:

Ach bòrdain bheag shnaighte is léine.
Ach 's e 'n cùram is mò dol a dh'ionnsaidh a'
mhòid,
A thoirt cunntas an còir 's an eucoir,
Far nach seas do chuid ni dhuit dad
De d' chuid féich,
'S motha 'n t-eagal bhi 'm prìosan péine.

Iain—Is solaimte na briathran sin; agus
beannachd leat. Na h-uile latha chi 's nach
faic.

Coinn—Mìle beannachd leat féin, Iain, is
cuimhnich mise gu cridheil do Chattriona.
Ach air na chunnaic thu riamh, na leig ris
dith gu'n d'thug sinn guth air na mnathan
guth-thaghach.

LEODHAS ANN AN ÀM A' CHOGAIDH.

Tha Leòdhas cianail, s cha 'n iognadh dad
deth;
Tha faire 's bròn ann 's mòran gearain,
'S tha mnathan òg ann ri caoidh nam fearaibh,
A chaidh do 'n Arm 's nach till air ais chuc.

Bho mhàs na Càbaig gu sàil na Hearnadh,
Bho Rubha an Tiompain, 's an taobh an ear
deth;
Gu cladaoh Lionail 's sliabh nan Lochan;
Thriall na daoine as, 's gun sgeul air mac ac'.

Cha 'n fhaic thu cail' ann, ach mnathan laga,
'S bodaich chrom, agus clann na sgoile;
'S gach aon a' caoidh dhiubh, o dh'fhalbh na
cùraidh,
'S fios 's cinnt ac' nach till iad uile.

Air maduinn Shàbaid ri dol do 'n choinneamh
Cha 'n fhaic thu cail' ann ach òigrìdh bhoir-
eann—
'S gach té le gruaim oirr', bho dh'fhalbh na
gillean,
'S eagal mòr oirr' nach till iad tuillidh.

Dar théid mi 'n dràsda gu bàrr a' chladaich,
Cha 'n fhaic mi bàta air bhàrr na mara;
'S ann tha iad dìomhain an clìadhaich cala,
'S na fir gun sgial oirr', a bhiodh 'gam fann-
adha.

Cha 'n fhaic thu iasgair a' tighinn bho
chladach,
Le sguil is lion innt' air cùl amhaich;
'S ann tha 'd am bliadhna 'sna luingeis-chog-
aidh,
'S teine nàmhaid cha 'n fhàg e fois ac'.

Thuit mòran marbh dhiubh air faire' 's air
fearann;
Ri aghaidh nàmhaid gun sgàth roimh theine,
'S a cheart cho cinnteach ri grian is gealaich,
Bidh iomradh sgriobhte 'san tìm tha teachd,
oirr'.

Air oidhche gheamhraidh ged bhiodh i soilleir,
Cha 'n fhaic thu suirich, 's cha chluinn thu
fead ac';
'S ann tha iad uile an trànn's a' chogaidh,
'S tha iomadh màthair le cridhe goirt aic'.

Cha 'n eil mi 'g ràdh, ma bhitheas tu
furaichair,
Nach fhaic thu 'n dràsda fir chràiteach, chuirr-
amach,
'S fear no dhà dhiubh ri falbh na h-ionnaraidh.
Le deise an t-saighdeir bho bhonn gu mullach
orra.

Ach 's e mò dhùrachd 's m' ùrnuigh mhaidne
Gu'n tig iad sàbhailt dar bhitheas e seachad,
'S gu'm faigh iad nuair sin an luaidh is math
leo,
Is tighean-còmhnuidh 's pailteas fearainn.

Ni mi dùnadh le dùrachd mhath chuca,
Is dòchas dùbailt gu'm bi iad fathail ann,
'S gu'm bi iad ag ùrnuigh ri Ughdair
flaithceanais
Gu'm bi iad sàbhailt nuair thig an aiseirigh.

Murchadh Mac Leòid, Leòdhas.



IS LAITHEAN BRÒNACH A TH' ANN.

Rinneadh an t-òran seo le Mrs Nic Fhearghuis a tha ceithir fichead 's a dhà bhliadhna dh' aois. Rugadh i an Eilean Tarasaidh 's na Hearradh; agus tha i a chòmhnuidh an sin a'g an àm so.

Tha mac agus dà ogha dhith leis an Arm Bhreatannach 'san Fhraing.

Air Fonn—

"Buaidh le comunn mo ghaoil."

Is làithean brònach a th'ann;
Dh' fhannaich gach cosnadh a bh'ann;
Cha 'n fhaic mi an duigh tighinn do'n àite
Ach eallaich de phàipeirean Gaidh'.

Cha bheathaich sud mnathan is clann.
Feumaidh sinn Creideamh 's an àm.
'S iad innleachdan mallachta a' Chésair
A tharruing gu léir oirnn an call.

Chuala sibh uile 's gach àit'
Mu'n chroich a rinn Hèman mar thà,
Tha an César a' togail dhuibh t'éile;
Ach cha 'n 'eil i gu léir aig a h-àird.

Cha do chruthaichheadh teang' ann an ceann
A dh' innseadh mu'n chogadh a th'ann;
Na tharruing e dh' ole air gach rioghachd
Is na dh' fhag e de dhilleachdain ann.

Thàinig an glaoth ud chum bàis;
Ràinig e iosal is àrd;
Dh' fhàg iad an dachaidhean rìomhach
Is leagadh na mìltean 's na blàir.

Tha iomadh bliadhna is là
Bho 'n thòisich thu suidheachadh bhàr;
'S a dh' aindeoin 's gu 'n cleachd thu de
dh'innleachd
Cha tig thu d' ar rioghachd gu bràth.

Is iomadh bliadhna is linn
Bho 'n dh'innis an fhirinn sud duinn;
Gu'n èirich cogadh 's gach rioghachd
Mu'n ruig sith sinn a' mhaireas a chaoidh.

Na smuainichibh idir an ràdh
Nach 'eil iomadh Maos anns gach àit'
Tha tagradh a là is a dh'oidhehe
Cho dileas ri saighdear aig blàr.

Nach tigeadh an cumhachd bho 'n Aird
A chaisgeadh na tuinn ann an tràth;
'S gun Aige ach am focal a labhairt,
Mar thachair 's an luing air an t-eal.

Chuala sibh uile 's gach linn
Am miòrbhuil a rinn E 's an luing;
'N uair bha iad an impis bhi caillte
Chiùinich Esan doibh fairge is tuinn.

Mo chluas ri clàistinn gach tràth,
Chluinntinn na sith 'tighinn bho 'n Aird;
Oir cha dean innleachan rìghrean
An nàmhaid a chlaoidh anns na blàir.

Is miòrbhuil iongantach th'ann
Ma thilleas sibh chugainn a nall
Am measg nan lasraichean puinsein
'S na peileirean dian ruith mu'r ceann.

Gur iomadh eridh' tha fo chàs
Cluinntinn thighean-leighis bhi làn;
Is a' chuid dhiubh nach gabhadh an giùlan
Chuir an nàmhaid gu brùideil gu bàs.

Cha d'araicheadh eridh' ann an oom
Nach leaghadh an sealladh tha trom;
Tha spreadhadh nam peilear mòr ùra
A' dùsgadh dhoibh uaighean 's a' phòll.

Cha chuala mi leithid 'nam là,
'S mì nise ceithir fichead 's a dhà;
Is m'aghaidh gu dlùth air mo dhachaidh
A' feitheamh an aiseig gach tràth.

NA GAIDHEIL MU 'N CUAIPT BRATACH BHREATHUINN.

AIR Fonn—"Màiri dhonn, bhoidheach, dhonn."

Rann:

Bho Chinn-tir gu tigh Iain Ghròt,
Còmhdaichte 's gach seòrsa breacain
Chruinnich Clann nan Gaidheal suas
Dlùth mu 'n cuairt Bratach Bhreathuinn.

Seis:

Chaidh iad suas; bheir iad buaidh;
Dlùth mu 'n cuairt Bratach Bhreathuinn;
Chaidh iad suas; bheir iad buaidh
Mar bu dualach 'sa bhatail.

Cha d'fhuair nàmhaid riamh fo chis
Tir nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisg-
each;

Ach fhad's a bhios a' ghrian 'san speur
Cha ghlac an César a bratach.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Tha Prionns a' Chrùin le mòran sluagh
An dùil gun toir e buaidh air Breatunn;
Ach fhad's bhios Gaidheil 'san taobh tuath
Tir nam fuar-bheann cha 'n fhaio e.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Chaidh na Camshronaich a null,
Gillean làidir, lùthmhor, tapaidd;
'S gheibh na Gearmailtich an leòr
Mus till na h-òganaich dhachaidh.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Tha Clann Choinnich bho 'n taobh tuath,
D'am bu dualach bhi sgarteil,
Le piobaireachd "Chabar-féidh,"
Choidhech' cha ghéill iad 'sa bhatail.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Chaidh muinntir Earra-Ghaidheal suas,
'S dlàth ri 'n guaillean na Cataich;
Bidh na Pruissianaich air ruaig
Nuair a ghluaiseas na gaisgich.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Nuair a théid iad uile null,
Luaidh is fùdar 'nan saitseal.
Bidh Von Clug is Prionns a' Chrùin
Dol 'nan crùban gu fasgadh.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Bidh Von Moltke 's Von Buelow
Air an gluincan am Frankfurt;
'S gheidh an César àite blàth;
Thug an Sàtan dha passport.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Iain Dubh Mac Dhomhnuill ic Iain.
Indooroopilly, Brisbane, Queensland.

PIG' AN REITICH.

Bha caraaid agam uair ris an abradh iad Ruairaidh 'Ghlinne—duine cho grinn 's air an do chuir mi riamh eòlas. Cha 'n eil e beò an diugh. Na 'm bitheadh cha 'n innsinn an sgeul beag so mu thimicholl.

Air là bha sin bha Ruairaidh 's mi fhéin a' tighinn dhachaidh cuideachd o'n bhaile mhòr. A' gabhail air ar n-aghaidh 's an t-slighe thàinig sinn gu bùth ceàird.

"Nach tadhail sinn," thuirt mi ri Ruairaidh, "air a chèaid so a lasadh ar pioib 's a leigil ar sgìtheas dhinn?"

Gu dearbh, a Dhòmhnuill, cha tadhail. Bha cho math leam tachairt air an t-Sàtan latha 's am bith ri tachairt air ceàird. A dh' innsadh dhuit na firinn, tha gràin bàis agam air na ceàirdinnean."

"Feumaidh, a Ruairaidh, gu'n d' rinn iad eucoir air choreigin ort; agus a chur seachad na tìde nach fèrr dhuit innsadh dhomh?"

"O'n is tu 'm fear a th'ann, a Dhòmhnuill. agus o'n is e cogar innsadh do na clachan innsadh dhuit-sa, faodaidh mise sin a dheanamh."

Agus so an sgeul a chuir Ruairaidh Ghlinne, air an là sin an céill dhomhsa: —

Ann an làithean m' òige bha leannan agam —Mòr Bhàn—a b' an saoghal uile dhomhsa. Gheall Mòr mo phòsadh, chaidh oidhche an réitich a chuir air leth, agus cheannaich mi pìge de'n uisge-beatha a b' fheàrr fa chomhair; ach cha robh e 'n dàn do'n réiteach a bhith.

Seachdain roimh oidhch' an réitich thàinig am Freiceadan Dubh do'n tìr. Bha e dubh gu leòir dhòmhsa; oir le aon de shàighdearan theich mo leannan—Mòr Bhàn—agus cha'n fhaca mi riamh tuilleadh i.

Bha an Ceàrd Miannach 's an àm a' gabhail a chairtealan an àth a' bhaile, agus, mar ri daoine eile, chual esan mar a thachair. Thàinig an ceàrd mòr so chugam là na'm b' fhiar a leigil ris a cho-fhaireachdainn rium.

"'S mi tha duilich," thuirt e rium, "mar a thachair dhuit," 's na deòir a' ruith a nuas ri 'ghruaidhean "'S mi tha cinnteach, a laochain bhochd, gun deach thu gu cosdas mòr, 's gun ni agad air a shon?"

Do bhrìgh gu'n robh mis' an dùil gu'm bu chòir eadhon do na ròcais a bhì gal air mo shon, shaoil mi gur ann an làn dà-rìreadh a bha an ceàrd, agus thuirt mi ris: "Cha 'n e an cosdas is dorra leam, ged a cheannaich mi gun teagamh, pìge de'n uisge-bheatha is feàrr a th' ann, agus nach eil fhios agam ciod a ni mi ris."

"Innsidh mise dhuit, a Ruairaidh, dé a ni thu ris. Reic rium-s' e. Cha 'n eil an t-airgead agam leam; ach thig do'n àth am màireach agus bheir mise dhuit na phàigh thu fhéin air a shon—a h-uile peighinn ann ad bhois."

Bha mise cho socharach 's gu'n tug mi dha am pìge.

Nuair a dh' éirich mi 's a' mhaduinn, 's a sheall mi mu'n cuairt, chunnaic mi nach robh duine 's an àth.

Cho luath 's a ghabh mi mo thràth-maidne chaidh mi air lorg a' Cheàird Mhiannaich, agus fhuair mi e 's a bhùth aige air a shuidheachadh làmh ri cruachan mòna, ri taobh aibhne, mu mhìle bho 'n bhaile mhòr. Cha luaithe chunnaic e mi na chuir e an aoibh sin air, agus mar so dh' fhàiltich e mi:—"An tu fhéin a th' ann, a Ruairaidh, a charaid chaoimh? 'S e mo chuid-sa nis do phàigheadh air son a phìge cheannaich mi bhuaite. Bha dùil agam gu'n robh tuilleadh earbsa agad annam na gu'n nàraicheadh tu mi le ruith as mo dhéidh mar so."

Bha 'n aoibh air a ghnùis a nis a' dol às, agus bha gruaim a' gabhail a h-àite.

"De tuilleadh a b'urrainn dhomh dheanamh?" thuirt mise.

"Innsidh mi dhuit dé a ni thu," fhreagair an ceàrd:—"Théid thu air t' aghaidh do'n bhaile mhòr, 's cha bhì fios aig duine nach robh turas agad ann. Agus bheir thu leat botul de'n stuth is laidire a gheibh thu. Nuair a dh'òlas sinn le chéil e gheibh thu do phàigheadh."

A chum an ceàrd a chumail air a dhòigh gus am faighinn mo chuid fhéin uaidh, rinn mi mar dh' iarr e. Thàinig mi air m'ais leis a' bhotul, agus nuair a chaidh òl leis a' cheàrd 's a bhean—oir 's e glé bheag a thug iad dhòmhsa dheth — thuirt an ceard rium, 's e sineadh dhomh noigean beag a gheibheadh tu air gròta:—"So dhuit soitheach beag a bheir thu dhachaidh gu d' mhàthair. Sin na bheil agamsa dhuit, agus na faicem do ghnùis a' tighinn às mo dhéidh gu bràth tuilleadh. Thig mi an noigean mu 'chasan 's dh' fhalbh mi dhachaidh. Dòmhnall Mac Calum.

ORAN DO NA SAIGHDEARAN BREATUNNACH.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean gasda.

'S cuid leotha fo'm breacain.

Dh' fhalbh iad uainn air astar An coinneamh feachd na Gearmailt.

Fonn:

Dh' fhalbh na gillean grinn fo'n cuid armaibh:

'S ann leam fhìn is bòidheche

Thig an cota dearg dhaibh;

Dh' fhalbh na gillean grinn fo'n cuid armaibh

Dh' fhalbh iad uainn air astar,

Feara laidir, gasda;

'S tha ar dùrachd aca

Leis gach mac on dh' fhalbh iad.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

Dh' fhalbh na feara treubhach,

Gillean tapaidh, gleusda;

'S ge b'e àit an teid sibh

Gu'n dean sibh feum gu dearbha.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

Dh' fhalbh na feara dileas,

'S ann an aghaidh Ruairaidh

Agus iomadh cruadal

Chaidh iad uainn thar fairge.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

Dh' fhalbh na feara dileas,

'S ann an ceum an sinnsir.

Chosnadh buaidh na rioghachd

Agus sìth na h-Alba.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

'S nuair thig sibh buadhach,

'S gach fear agaibh uail air,

'S cinnteach as ar duals sibh

Ged tha 'n uair-sa searbh dhuibh.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

'Illean gasda dileas,

Cumaibh suas ar n-inntinn

Gus an dean sibh pilltinn

Do gach tìr o'n d' fhalbh sibh.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

'S nuair a ni sibh pilltinn,

Sona bhios an linn so;

'S gu brath bith air chuimhne

Ur n-iobairt gu dearbha.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

Mor Nic Amhlaidh.

Toronto, Canada.

AN T-AMADAN AGUS AN "RUDEIGIN."

Bha bantrach ann aon uair aig nach robh ach aon mac agus bha e 'na amadan. Chuir a mhàthair e aon uair a chun na féille a reic mairt. Thubhairt i ris an uair a dh' fálbh e: "Cha tachair riut air an fhéill ach muinntir onarach agus tha mi an dòchas gu 'n reic thu i agus gu 'm faigh thu a luach; na tigeadh i dachaidh a ris ma gheibh thu rudeigin 'sam bith air a son."

Dh'fhalbh esan leis a' mhairt. Ràinig e an fhéill. Ach nuair a dh' fheòraicheadh gin 'sam bith dheth-san gu dé bha e ag iarraidh air a' mhairt, fheagraidh esan, "Tha mi ag iarraidh 'Rudeigin' air a son." Dh' fhàs a' nhuinntir sgith, de 'n fheagrairt so, agus mu dheireadh cha robh iad a' gabhail feirt 'sam bith deth. Ach mu dheireadh thàinig bodach an sin agus air dha foighneachd pris na mairt thuit e an aon fheagrairt "Rudeigin." "Cum mach do làmh ars am bodach agus bheir mise rudeigin dhuit." Rinn an t-amadan so, agus nuair inn, thilg am bodach smugaid 'na bhois. "Sin rudeigin dhuit" ars esan; thoir dhòmhsa a mhairt." Dhùin an t-amadan a dhòrn air an smugaid agus thug e seachad a' bhò. Dh'fhalbh e nis dhachaidh gu mhàthair le "pris" na mairt 'na dhòrn. Bha aige ri dhol troimh abhainn agus an uair a bha e mu'n mheadhon-thuit e, agus chaill an "Rudeigin" bha cho prisell air chall. Thòisich e nis air sireadh a null agus a nall air son an "Rudeigin." Nuair a bha e gu dian a' deanamh so, cò thàinig ach ceannaiche sìubhla agus dh'fhoighnich e de 'n amadan gu dé a chaill e. "Chaill mi rudeigin" fheagrair e. Thòisich nis an ceannaiche air sireadh, agus an uair a bha e deanamh so thuit e 'san abhainn "Fhuair mise rudeigin co-dhiù, ars an ceannaiche."

"Thoir dhòmhsa mo "Rudeigin," "ars an t-amadan ach cha do thuing an ceannaich gu dé bha an so bho nach robh fhios aige nach e rud na bu luachmhoire a rinn a t-amadan a chall agus 's ann a rinn e gaire. Ach bha an t-amadan cho cinnteach gu'n d'fhuair an ceannaich an "Rudeigin" gu'n d'thug e thairis bhi sireadh, agus ghabh e greim dhe'n cheannaiche, agus cha leigeadh e as e agus an faigheadh e an "Rudeigin." Cha robh e an comas a' cheannaich so a dheanamh. Ghabh an t-amadan fearg agus mharbh e an ceannaiche agus thilg e ann an poll e. Chaidh e nise dachaidh agus dh' innis e da mhàthair gach ni mar thachair. Nis bha fios glé mhaith aig a' mhàthair nach ceileadh am mac focal de na dh' innis e dith féin, agus gu'n cuinnicheadh am maor e agus gu'n rachadh a mac a chur gu bàs. Fhuair i àm, agus dh'fhalbh agus thug i an corp as a' pholl agus dh' adhlac i e ann an àite fasail. Chaidh i nis agus thug i leatha boc-goibhre a bhàsaich, agus thilg i anns a' pholl 'san robh corp a cheannaiche. Cha robh an uine fad as deidh so nuair chaidh fuaim an leud gu'n do mharbh an t-amadan ceannaich sìubhla. Thàinig an sgeul gu cluasan maor an àite agus bho 'n gu'n robh fios gu 'n deach ceannaiche fhaicinn là na féille agus nach deach fhaicinn tuilleadh, chrùinnich am maor sluagh an àite agus an t-amadan còmhla ri u. "Nis," thubhairt am maor ris an amadan "tha e air iomraih gu'm bheil thusa ag ràdh gu 'n do mharbh thu ceannaich agus gu'n do thilg thu anns an abhainn e." Theid thu nis an maille rinn agus chi thu duinn c'ait am bheil a chorp. Dh'fhalbh an t-amadan gu inntinneach sùrdail, chun a'

phuill anns an do thilg e an ceannaich; leum e sìos do 'n pholl agus thòisich e air sireadh. Mu dheireadh thòisich e air slaodadh ni air choireigin. Sheas gach duine 'na chlosda, agus an aodannan air fàs geal le geilt. Mu dheireadh thog an t-amadan am boc goibhre air adhaircean agus ghlaodh e mach, "Sin agaibh e; ach dh' fhàs adhaircean air bho 'n a chuir mis an so e." Dh'fhalbh gach neach dachaidh agus am maor air an ceann, agus iad uile a' còrdadh anns an smuain: "Gu'm b'e dìonhanas a bha'n'n a bhi a' toirt feirt air briathran amadain."

SEUMAS M. ROSS.

CALUM SEOLADAIR.

Bha aon uair a chòmhnuidh an Eilean a' Cheò, duine da 'm b' ainm Calum Seoladair. B' èbhaist do Chalum a bhi dol air turais fhada a nunn thairis. Bha e aon uair air turas bho na h-Innean an Iar gu Grianais, air luing mhoir sheòlaidh da 'm b' ainm an "El Dorado." Bha a h-uile ni a' dol air adhart gu math ri car ùine gus na bhual galar-marbh-tach a h-uile duine de'n sgìoba ach Calum fhèin. An ceann là no dhà chaochail iad fear mu seach, gus an robh Calum air fhàgail 'na aonar measg chorp a chompanaich. An deidh sin cha robh aig Calum truagh ach deanamh air a shon fhèin mar a b'fheàrr a b' urrainn dha. Nuair a thilg e na cuirp thairis air taobh na luinge, bha e an tubaist ro mhóir am meadhan cuain fhada, farsainn.

Cha robh e fada mar so, nuair a thug e an aire do dhùine sgoinneil, fallain, a' tighinn a nuas bho gu h-ìosal. Chuir so gu nàdurra iognadh air Calum bochd; agus bha an còrr iognaidh air nuair a thuit an coigreach ris. "Ma bheir thu thu fhéin thairis dhòmhsa bheir mise do bhàta sabhailte gu tìr."

Thug Calum stùil gheur air a' choigreach, agus bu mhór umhas nuair a chunnaic e an àite casan, ladhnan cruaidh, cruinn eich. Fheagrair Calum agus thubhairt e, "Ma ta, 'ille choir, 's e mo dhùrachd sin a dheanamh, ma gheallas tu fhéin dhòmhsa, a laochain, a h-uile ni a dh' òrduchais mi ort a dheanamh."

Is math a bha Calum a' tuigsinn cò fear nan ladhnan. Air an aobhar sin thug am fear mosach an gealltanais da. An deidh so bha cùisean a' dol air adhart iongantach math le gaoith fhàbharach agus amsir mhaith, gus mu dheireadh gu'n robh iad a' teannadh dlùth air cala.

Cha do dhi-chuimhnich Calum a ghealltanais; agus là de na làithean, ars esan ri chompanach: "Smiar le ola agus im dhòmhsa slabhraidh na h-acair, gus nach cum an donas fhein greim oirre. Nis," ars Calum, agus e fàs dān, nuair a chunnaic e fearann an sealladh, "Leig am mach an t-acair."

Rinn an donas so gu sgiobalta, agus e ann an dòchas mòr; ach nuair shaoil le Calum gu'n robh an t-acair mu lethach am mach, "Cum air ais nis i," ars esan. So cha b' urrainn do 'n donas a dheanamh, aig a cheart àm a' toirt stùl cholgach air Calum.

"Nis bho nach urrainn duit an ni a dh'iarr mise ort, a choimhlionadh," arsa Calum ris an donas, "cha toir mise mi fhéin suas dhut. Aig a cheart àm dh' fhalbh an donas as an t-sealladh a' fàgail Calum 'na aonar a ris. Ràinig Calum Eilean a' cheò aon uair eile, an measg a chàirdean, agus a luchd-dùthcha; agus chuir e feasgar a bheatha seachad ann an sìth agus sàmhchair.

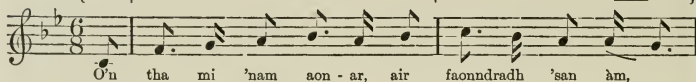
Niall Mac Gill'sathain.

NA MNATHAN GUTH-THAGHACH.

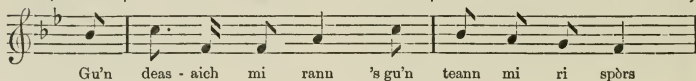
GLEUS B MAOL.

Le ALASDAIR CAMSHRON.

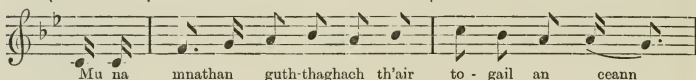
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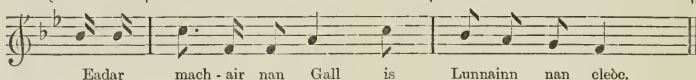
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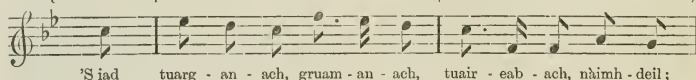
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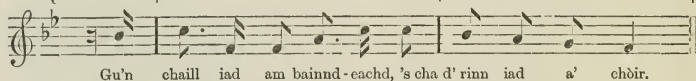
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Nuair chruthaicheadh Adhamh an Gàradh nan
geug
Cha robh aig ann creutair, chumadh ris còir;
Ach rinn Freasdal gu trócaireach, còmhnaidh
da réir,
Nuair chunnaic e féin i, 's e bh'air a dhòigh;

Ach bha miann cho ro dhian, air biadh
annasach,
Chre'd i nàmh, shin i làmh, bhris i 'n aithn'
bheannuichte;
Ghabh i, is dh' ith i, is thug i d'au céile,
'S duilich an sgeula: dh'eug iad air dhòigh.

Gach bean a tha subhailceach, 's nighean tha beusach,
'Cleachdadh an reusain, mar a bu chòir,
A' deanamh na dh' fhaodas, chum daoine
thoirt spéis daibh,
's cuimhn' aca fhéin air an t-òc thug iad òirnn,
Ann an ciall tha iad fial, 's ann an gnìomh acarach,
Deanamh suas gach diom-buaidh agus truaighe thachras duinn;
Toirt misnich do 'n fheumach, 's r'ar creuchd-an cur plàsdan,
Le grinneas an làmh, 's le mànan am beòil.

Ach na h-òinseachan diblidh tha sior-dheanamh spàirn'
'S iad ag èigheachd 's gach àit: "Guth-taghaidh d'ar seòrs",
Ma ni iad riut tachairt air faiche no sràid,
Mur cuir thu orr' fàilt', 's ann gheibh thu an dòrn;
A' falbh le ùird ann an sgùird agus rùn conais orra,
Iad aig nàmhaid air làimh agus blàth mallaicht orra.
'Briseadh 's a reubadh le déine gun chiall
Gach teud agus rian chaidh a dheanamh gu seòlt.

Thuirte Coinneach Odhar fiosaich' gu'n tigeadh an là,
'S gu 'm faiceadh an t-àl bha tighinn fadheòidh
An tìr a' cur thairis le boirionnach dhàna,
Chaidh an naire: nis thàinig so òirnn,
Cuid dhiubh 'm prìosain gu diblidh 's iad sgith, acrasach,
Dol á rian, call am miadh, cha leig biadh faisg orra,
'S ann dh' fheumas na léighean mu 'n teid iad a dhith,
Bhi cur brochain le pioban steach troimh am beòil.

Cha chreidear aon lide a thig as am beul,
Oir 's annsa leo 'bhreug a labhairt na chòir;
Toirt rabhaidh gu minic mu thein' anns gach ceum,
'S nuair a thig fir 'nan leum, iad a' deanamh dhiubh spòrs;
Iad gun tùr, buileach dùr, cha 'n eil rùn ceart anna,
Dh' fhalbh am mùirn mar ri 'n clù, cha 'n eil diù chleachdail dhaibh;
Iad an dùil le droch ghnìomhan gu'n deanar riu bàigh,
'S ma chi iad fear-stàt bidh 'n cuip air a shròin.

Tha nis gach bùth-litrichean bichiont' fo gheàrd,
Air eagal a' ghràisg so thighinn 'nan còir
A losgadh 's a mhilleadh gach litir is paiper,
'S innleachdan aingidh aca 'nan sgòid;
Iad 'nan dùin anns gach cùil, agus sùil ghuineach anna;
Ma gheibh dlùth té air bùth cluinnear smùid uinneagan;
Iad a' toilltinn am brangus chur teann ann an gial;
Mar sin 's a' ghlas-mheur bhi 'ga teannadh 'nan còir.

Ach, illean, tha òg, thugaibh dhòmhcha bhur cluas;
Na cuiribh snaim-cruaidh ri aon de 'n an t-seòrs';
Ge do dheanadh té caochladh cha 'n fhaod e bhì buan,
'S cha bhì sibh ach truagh 'nan comunn ri 'r beò;
Cha 'n eil ann't' ach an sgùm; cha 'n eil fiù ballaisd ann't';
Mar fhros cluarain air fhuadach gu luath cabhagach;
Gun tàmh is gun fhois, e gun chlos dol mu 'n cuairt;
'S mur gramaich e 'm bruaich cha dual d'a bhì beò.

Ach 's léir do gach glic-fhear, mur tig iad fo chis,
Gu'n cuir iad an rioghachd tur dheth a seòl;
Cha 'n fhaodar so fhulang, 's tha cunnart da-rìreadh
Ann a bhì min riutha tuillidh 's a chòir;
Iad an dùil, le 'n droch rùn, gu'n toir ùin furtachd dhaibh;
Gu'm fàsar sgith de gach innleachd 's mi-bhuileachadh;
Bha beagan de dhaoine 'toirt taobh do 'n an aobhar;
A nis chuir na baobhan an cas troimh 'na bhròig.

Gu'n do mhill iad a' mhaiss aig an aitreabh bha grinn,
Bha againn air chionn an t-suinn Loid Deòrs,
A' losgadh 's a' bhriseadh le peileircan-bloighdeach,
Fùdar is coinnlean suidhichte seòlt;
Na 'n robh 'n gnìomh reir am miann rachadh crìoch buileach air;
Na 'n do sgealb am fear-garg, cha d'rinn spealg fuireach dheth;
Ach Am Freasdal tha caomhail ruinn, shaor as an làimh e,
'S cumaidh e bhàn iad dh'aindheoin am bòsd.

C'àit an cualas 'san t-saoghal na's baoghalta rian
Na boirionnach liath is caileagan òg,
A bhì 'g iarraidh 'sa phrìosan 's gu'm bi iad am miagh,
'S iad ag innseadh 'n droch ghnìomh a rinn iad le pròis?
Cha 'n eil feum anns an t-sreup, chì iad féin uile so,
'S mur a géill iad gu'm feumar gach té ehumanadh;
Litrichean soilleir chur orr' 's an trom ùnlagh;
'Sin thig iad gu ùmhlachd is fasaidd iad stòld.



MAR BHUIDHNEADH CAISTEAL AN RUBHA MHAOIL.

LE IAIN MAC CORMAIG.

Caib I.

"Ma 's fìor an ràdh, Eachainn—agus tha eagal orm gur fìor—cha'n eil do sheilbh air oighreachd an Rubha Mhaoil ach air cloich an turramain. Ciod e nis a tha thu smaointinn air a dheanamh? No am bheil thu smaointinn air gnìomh 'sam bith a chur an cèill? Ma thicnndaidheas cùisean am mach mar a dh' fhaodas fughair a bhi agad, cha bhi ann ach coiseachd a mach a' aitreibh an Rubha Mhaoil gu maol marbh, sìmplidh. Ciod e tha thu 'g ràdh ris? Bruidhinn. Cluinneam t' innleachd."

"Na biodh tusa fo chùram 'sam bith, Una, gu'm bheil mis' a'm chadal air a' chùis, no a' sìubhal an t-saoghail 's mo dha shùil dùinte. O 'n fhuair thusa 'z mis' gu soerach air na sparran an caisteal mòr m' athraichean, saoil am bheil sinn cho socharach 's gu'n leigcamaid ar nead a chreachadh, an eucanan a sgapadh, 's na sparran fèin a thoirt gu talamh gun làmh no cas a ghluasad. Cha b' e deanamh a' ghnuich e. Is thusa greim a chail na fhaotainn; 's an greim a fhuair sinne leanaidh sinn ris am fad 's a ni alt no innleachd a ghleidheadh dhuinn."

Cha chreid mise nach miannach Baile-nam-bó saor as a ghrund fhad 's is beò e, an Doctair Bàn coir gu cnap-starra sam bith a dh' fhaodas tìonndaidh suas, a chur as an rathad. Theid an tairgse a chur mu choinninn, agus creid thusa gu'n leum e rithe mar a leumas breac ri cuileig a' feasgar trom Samhraidh."

"Feumar rudeigin a dheanamh. Cha bhi nead an adharcaìn ach fuar an deidh maise is uabhrachd nead na h-iolarach fìor-eun nan speur air fad. Cò gheibheadh coire do neach ged a bhriseadh e na meanglain an àm dìreach na craoibhe a ruigheadh air a' mheas àluinn a tha cinntinn 'na bàrr, agus eadhon a chitlas an grèin an abachaidh 'ga shìor-bhuairheadh."

Sin mar a labhair Baintighearn an Rubha Mhaoil, 's i 'na suidhe taobh an teine mu choinninn a fìr, agus solus fann na cionnle a' gliostadh air gach sgèth is uèdh-bheirt is claidheamh mòr a bha an erochadh ri ballachan an t-seomair mhòir, far an robh mar an ceudna cruth-dheallh iomadh glùn de na gaisgich a bha an seilbh a' chaisteil, a' sealltainn a nuas air a' chàraid cho nàdurra 's gu'n saoilteadh gu'n robh iad beò. B' iad cinn-fheadhna fhoghainteach, smachdail, cholgarr a bha 'n muinntir an Rubha. Fad iomadh linn air a's air an àm air an innsteadh an seul so choisinn iad ainm agus cliù air raon dearg a' chath, is cha b' e fear glia a fhogadh tuasaid riutha, na 'm b' e 's gu'n feumteadh claidheamh a thomhas ri claidheamh, no beum-sgèithe a bhualadh an astar eisdeachd a dh' fhear calma an Rubha.

Bha raoitean glasa an Rubha fada, farsuinn. agus nuair a thigeadh àm an fheum chrislaichadh sè ceud gaisgeach a chlaidheamh mor air a leis, nuair a rachadh a' chrann-tàraidh bho chlachan gu clachan, no nuair dh' innseadh gach binncan beinne a b' àirde le teangan dearga teine gu'n robh tearuinteachd Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil an cunnart, 's gu'n robh cliù-cogaidh a' chinnidh r'a ghleidheadh le faobhar na stailinn no le peilear glas na slisnich. B' fhada bho chèile euid de na chruinnicheadh air gairm a' chinn-fheadhna cholgarr; oir bha astar latha fada samhraidh eadar dà chluais na h-oighreachd, agus bhualadh mìltean tonn aig a' n àm air a' chladach rubhach, bàghach. Bha nàdur

fèin a' buileachadh gach seòrsa saibhris air oighreachd an Rubha Mhaoil. Gheibheadh am fiadh cabrach 'na fhrìthan, is b' ann 'nan ceudan a chùnteadh am feachd a thionndaidh am mach ri beinn 's ri sliabh an àm na faghaid. Chluinnteadh gleadhach cruaidh a' choilich agus gogan togarrach na circe moch is anamoch, is bhiodh breac is bradan a' gearradh shùrdag an deidh na cuileig air abhainn 's air loch. Cha d' éirich a' ghrian air maduinn, is cha do luigh 'san oidhche air sealladh bu bhrèagha le obair nàdur na air an t-sealladh a bha mu'n cuairt lùchairt a' chinn-fheadhna so, nuair bhiodh gach preas is cnoc is raon air an nochdadh 'sa chruth a' b' fheàrr le grèin an fheasgair shamhraidh, agus na faileasan tromha dubha a' daingneachadh nan gleann 's nan glac. Bha 'n lùchairt mhòr anns an do rugadh 's an do chinn iomadh ceann-fheadhna foinnidh air a stobadh gu daingeann air sròin an Rubha, air an robh an oighreachd air a h-ainmeachadh, far am biodh gu tric sìoban geal na faire air a sgiùrsadh le gaisgichean doineannach a' gheamhraidh a' taomadh nam fras an tromha air a cheann turaideach, binneanach, sgleatach, 's an làn-cheathairne a' gabhail fàsagaidh fo dhion-bhalla, far an robh na gunnachan mòra mar mhiol-choin a' cur an sròinean a mach air gach fròig. Cha robh ach an aon taobh air an gabhadh Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil toirt a mach. Is ann le feachd làidir a ghabhadh e toirt gu làimh air an taobh sin fèin; oir nuair a chuireadh grunnan beag de 'n làn-cheathairne an dromannan ri balla, chuireadh iad eil air na ceudan. Air taobh na mara dheth bu chunnartach aghaidh a thoirt air, ged is tric, nuair bhiodh na siontan fàbharach agus duirche na h-oidhche a' cur dìon air an nàmh, a chaidh oidhirp ghleusda a thoirt air an aibhinn sgorach a dhìreadh, far am bu lugha air an leigeadh am fàraire geur shuileach, furachail amharus. Ach thigeadh fras an tromha de shonna-chlachan bho na ballachan gu h-àrd, agus anns a' chuan gu h-ìosal, nam mìle criomaig gheibheadh na seisdearan tapaidh leabaidh. Is iomadh Lochlainneach a dhìrich na stallachan ud agus a theirinn iad gu grad 'nam pìosan; agus 's iomadh cinneadh treun 'sa Ghaidhealtachd a fhuair tanachadh goirt aig iomadh àm, measg nan sgorran oilteal a tha mar fhrioghain gràineig a' cur dìon air Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil.

Bheir an dealbh so air oighreachd eireachdail an Rubha Mhaoil oirn a thuigsinn nach robh iongnadh ged a bhiodh a' bhaintighearn fo mhòr chùram nach robh greim seasmhach aice air an dachaidh ud agus air suidheachan cho àluinn is a chuireadh uabhar an eridhe neach 'sam bith a bhiodh an seilbh oighreachd is aitreibh cho ceantach. Is iomadh neach 'san àm a bh' ann nach obadh air coiseachd troimh fhuil dh' ionnsuidh sealbhadh a leithid de shuidheachadh mòra! am measg an t-sluaigh.

Caib II.

Cha robh ach dà mhac aig seann triath an Rubha Mhaoil: Cailean agus Eachann. B'e Cailean a b' oighre, agus air bàs athar b'e Fear an Rubha. Thug e bean àluinn dachaidh mar mhnai, ach mo thruaighe! tri mìosan an deidh a' phòsaidh, agus na bu lugha na dà bhliadhna an deidh bàs athar, mharbhadh le

tuiteamas e aig faghaid nam fadh am measg nam beann glasa, far an cuir grian an t-samhraidh fàilte air sneachd a' gheamhraidh, is far an ceil fear na cròice é féin fad bhliadhnan a dh'aindeoin gleusdachd an t-sealgair agus feabhas sealladh a shùl.

B'e Eachann bu tànaiste, agus a réir an lagha thàinig e air an oighreachd an dèidh bas a bhràthar. Chaidh bean òg Chailein am mach à Casteal an Rubha le cridhe trom, trom a chur seachad a làithean am fàrdaich na banntaich, agus thàinig Eachann 's a bhean uabhbheach, ard-cheannach, chruaidh-chridheach a steach a shuidheadh air cathair oighreachd an Rubha.

Bha eadar-dhealachadh mòr anns an dà mhnaoi. Bha a' bhanntach òg de theaghlach nasal, measail, agus i féin òig, samhach, blàth-chridheach. Rachadh i feadh an Tuath is shuidheadh i gu simplidh, banail, suairce air cathair bhig shlàtaig anns a' bhòthan bheag, dhubb a bh'aig a' chaillich bu bhochdainne bh'air an oighreachd. Bhruidheadh i riutha an cainnt bhlaith, sheirceil agus bheireadh i comhfhurtachd dhaibh le briathran a beòil is le tabhartas a laimhe aig an aon àm. Bha bean Eachainn air an laimh eile morail, cruaidh-chridheach, rag-mhuinealach, santach, a shealladh air dara taobh an rathaid nuair bhiodh a h-aon de 'n Tuath dol seachad air an taobh eile, agus a dhùraicheadh gun teime bhi air a thogail air a' chìrb de'n oighreachd bho 'm biodh a' ghaoth a' séideadh dh'ionnsuidh a' chaisteil, seach toit na mòna a bh' ruigheachd a pòran rioghail air egiathan gaoithe a thug a' cheud taghal maidne air bothaig an iochdarain a roghainn air lùchairt an uachdarain. Cha b' fhiach 's cha b' fhiù gu'm biodh bothag an sealladh Casteal an Rubha; agus 's ann a rinn i fàsach de na bha mu mhìle no dhà d'a lùchairt mhóir, mhùirnich far an tionndaidh am mach ceud làn-cheathairne aig àm 'sam bith, a là no dh'oidhche, a chluinnteadh buille air cop no srann air adhairc g'an gairm gu spealt-chleas ri nàmh; no eadhon g'an altachadh air raon, air son lùth-chleas nan arm geura a chumail an cleachdadh.

Ach bha 'àmhghairean féin comh-cheangailte ri suidheachadh àrd na mòralachd, agus gèd bu chinnteach as an greim ribhinn dhubb Lathurna agus a fear, an là ghabh iad seilbh anns an Rubha, dh'èirich rudeigin am mach a bha cur soillearachadh air cho sleamhainn 's a bha 'n leac a bha eadhon an doras Casteal an Rubha Mhaoil.

Is annamh a chaidh riamh còmhla càraid a bha cho cruaidh-chridheach féineil ris a' chàraid so a choisicheadh dh' ionnsuidh cathair an uabhair, ciod air bith ciod e cho salach 's a bha an t-slighe. Cha robh brùaillean nan siontan am muigh na bu mhotha na 'm brùaillean a bha 'n aodainn Fear agus Bean an Rubha air an oidhche air an d'fhosgladh an sgeul so.

Thàinig teachdaireachd chinnteach g'an ionnsuidh gu'n robh e coltach gu'm biodh a' bhanntach òg 'na màthair mu'n tigeadh an t-Earrach gu cheann. Na'm bu leanabh-gille e bhiodh oighre dlìgheach air an Rubha, agus bu sheirbhe an greim an àm dealachadh ris na a mhillead an àm fhaotainn. Is ann air an so a bhuail a' bhaintighearn nuair thuir i; "Ma's fìor an ràdh, Eachainn, cha'n eil do ghreim air oighreachd an Rubha Mhaoil ach air cloich an turramain. . . Am bheil thu smaintinn air gnìomh 'sam bith a chur an cèill?"

Bu mhath a rug Fear an Rubha air ciall nam facal, agus bu deas e dhol 'na uigheam a chur a' ghnìomh an cèill na 'm b' fheudar e.

Am muigh, air an oidhche so an deireadh an fhoghair bha ghaoth an iar a' rànaich an coilltean loma. Bha i sgiùrsadh nan tonn a steach am bàgh gus an robh iad mar choin sgorr-fhiachlach a' leum ris an eighinn a bha comh-dhualadh na stalla mòire air an do leag na seann laoiach a bh'ann bho chian bunaitan a' chaisteil. Bha 'm fair-oidhche a' sealltainn thar nan ballachan am measg na doinn, 's an làn-cheathairne gu seasgair 'gam braighleadh ri teintean gaireach nuair bha Fear agus Bean an Rubha Mhaoil a' deasbuid na cùis a dh'èirich cho obann a mhaoidheadh orra.

"An Doctair Bàn!" ars a' bhaintighearn. "An rud a dh'fhàgas tu am méinn neach eile cha bhi e ach mu làimh. Ciod e thigheadh orsta—Fear an Rubha Mhaoil—a bheireadh iomradh air ainm crith air ceatharnaich ceud mìle as, nach toirheadh a steach do 'n Chaisteal i gus am biodh fios agad an robh na bheil air a giùlan a' dol g'ad chur an cunnart; 's na'm bithheadh gheibheadh i féin 's e fhéin leabaidh thàimh anns a' chruisile is ile an Casteal an Rubha Mhaoil, far nach cuirheadh iad dragh air neach a choidhche."

"Is fearr sith na circe na h-aimhreit, Una"; arsa Fear an Rubha. "Cha bu luaithe bhiodh Iseabal air a h-ionndrainn as a' bhaile na bhiodh a h-uile madadh fiachlach an Ceanntàile a' togail cuilg air a mhuineil 's a' casadh fhiachlan puinnseanta. Bhiodh cobhair am bus 'ga h-iomair thar crìochan an Rubha mu 'm biodh iad féin mar mhìle dha, is iad uair bhoil gu aichmheil a thoirt am mach. Una 'is fearr sith na circe na h-aimhreit' mar thubhairt mi. Nuair a dh'fhadas tu teine cha'n eil fios idir c'aite 'n giùlain a' ghaoth strìdeag a chuireas am frach 'na lasaig far nach bi e furasda a chur as."

"Dean thusa do thoil, ma tà; ach thoir an aire nach éirich arrarach a suas la éiginn a ghearras an grunn bho d' chasan agus a dh'fhàras 'nad leirst thu, agus mise leat, a chionn 's nach do rinn thu gabhail roimh làimh air a' chùis," ars ise, agus a dà shùil a' tionndadh 'na ceann. "Nach ann air Nighinn Dhughaill a thig an tàir nach d'fhàinig air a h-aon d'a daoine, ma dh' fheumas i dol do 'n fheithich leatsa. Gabh mi chomhairle sa, Chailein, agus seall romhad an dràs, 's na bi ruith cunnairt gu'm feum thu sùil thrugh ghoirt a thoirt as do dhèidh là is fhaide mach."

"Ho hò, Una!" ars esan. "gabhaimh mi dòigh anns nach leanar mo luirg. Ach ma ghabhas mi do dhòigh-sa bidh làrach mo cheum eadhon anns na creagan agus leanar mi. Gabhaidh sinn an dòigh bhalbh. Shàmhach air a ghiùlan am mach le ughdarras fir-seil. An eagair a dheanar le fear an ughdarras 's na seil gabhaidh i còmhach eu loinneil; ach deanadh neach eil e is tionndaidh an domhan air."

"Seadh; seadh, a Chailein," ars ise, "tha thu geur-dhealbhadh; ach cuir còmhach min, boidheach air an eagair agus tha i a' sealltainn deich mìle uair na's moisa nuair gheibhear am mach i. Ach an uair a bheir am fear làidir a chuid bho 'n fhear lag gu follaiseach, 's a ghleidheas se e le faobhar a' chlaidhimh, 's ann a bhitheas an eagair air a cunntas 'na ghnìomh treun. Cha 'n eil ni fo làimh—ach ge b' e leis an cumhang, teicheadh, agus ge b'e cò is laige, gèilleadh. Dean thusa do roghainn; ach biodh iuchair an tighe 'sam bheil t'ionmhas 'nad phòca féin: Sin agad comhairle mnatha."

So mar a bha damhain-alluidh an Rubha Mhaoil a' dealbh nan lìon anns an rachadh an eàs a' chuireag neoichiontach a bha 'na suidhe gu samhach ag altrum a mulaid an Tigh Bàn a' Ghlinn-uaine. Nuair bha a càirdean a'



deasbuid na dòigh a' b' fhèarr air a ribeaidh, bha ise 'na suidheadh 'na seòmar, 's a corragan mine a' ruith a nunn 's a nall air teudan na clàrsaich, agus iad a' toirt as a' chruit-chruim ciùil a bha comh-fhreagairt ris an eallach a leagadh air cridhe maoth, blàth o chionn ùine cho goirid. Bha a' ghaoth a bha tighinn 'na sughaichean troma troimh 'n ghleann 's a cur crith air an darach aosda, theuan, an cliathach na beinne, no cur na calltuinn làidir ri talamh, a' nochdadh dhithise anfhannachd an duine. Ach bu bheag a bha fuaim na stoirme no gair nan tonn a' drùdhadh air a chàraid chruaidh-chridhich, cheann-laidir a bha am fagadh ballachan Caisteal an Rubha 's a bha an suidheachadh gu'n leumadh sè cùd claidheamh as an truailleann le aon fhacal beag beòil.

Bha 'n sud sith is suairce na banntreach a' daingneachadh conais is duairce na càraid a bha 'n lāmhan sanntach làn an Caisteal an Rubha, agus a bha 'g oibreachadh am mach innleachdan salach leis an gleidheadh iad le eucoir an rud nach d' fhuair iad le còir. Na'm b' e 's gu'n tionndaidh gach ni am mach mar a bha egal orra, bha 'phainntear air a suidheachadh gu h-òrdail iomadh latha roimh an àm. Mur a tionndaidh, cha robh guth ri ràdh. Cha bhiodh an saoghal na bu ghlice na bha e; agus cò dh'aithnicheadh gu'n robh innleachdan cho diomhair 'gan gleusadh a chum greim a gheidheadh air Caisteal an Rubha le còir no eucoir.

Caib III.

Bha i air tighinn anamoch aon oidhche 'san deireadh Earraich, nuair a bha Màiri Mhòr, a' bhean-ghluine, 'na seasamh aig ceann Tigh Bàn a' Ghlinn-uaine. Bha 'n speur sgìleach dubh mar a bhitheas e an dèidh taomadh uisge a dheanamh, agus coltas riaslach air na neoil mar gu'm biodh na siontan a' strith ri cheile air son lāmhan-uachdair, 's a h-aon mu seach dhiubh a' faotainn a dhruim a chur ri talamh.

Bha Màiri ag òiseachd ri fuaim nan tonn a' briseadh gu trom bog air an tràigh gu h-ìosal far an robh an abhainn mhor, roibeil air sgaoileadh am mach agus a' bùraich an sligheannan ura leis na tuitlean a thaom cadar a bruchan bho mhulach nam beann.

"Tha fuaim an lonaidh aig a' bhoiseig air an tràigh, agus is dòcha gu'n cuir i seachd an seal sruth so co-dhiùb gu atharrachadh 'sam bith'; arsa Màiri rithe féin, 's i sealltainn mu'n cuairt air na cnocan móra, is solus na h-uinneige a' daingneachadh iargaltachd na h-oidhche.

Anns na smaointeanan a bh'aice chual i ceum cabhagach eich; agus air dhith sùil a thoirt mu'n cuairt an oisinn chunnaic i 'n Doctair Bàn a' leum as a dhìollaid.

"Cò so eil' oirre? O, chiall an sibhse tha 'n so?" arsa Màiri, is ionghnadh oirre an Doctair fhajicinn far nach deach iarraidh.

"S mi. Ciod e mar tha gnòthuichean a' dol, a Mhàiri?"

"U, tha, rùin, ceart gu leòr fathast. Cha'n eil fughair ri dad fad an t-sruth so co-dhiùb. An innis mi gu'n d'fhàinig sibh?"

"O, ma thoilicheas tu féin. Chuir Fear an Rubha fios chugam tighinn agus a h-uile ni fhajicinn ceart—rud a bha glé bhàigheil da."

Bhuail rudeigin ann an inntinn ghéir Màiri 'sa mhionaid, agus bha i air a h-earalas. Thuig i air dòigh eiginn ma chuir Fear an Rubha esan gu taobh leabaidh-shiùbhla banntreach a bhràthar nach b'ann ga crùnadh, agus chuir i roimhe bhi air taobh an fhuairaidh de'n doctair bhàn, ach gun dad a ghabhail oirre.

"Bidh sibh tràth gu leòr mu bhriseadh faire am màireach, ma tà. Tha gnòthuichean a' dol air aghaidh gu coltach gasda; agus tha mi fuathasach buidheach sibh a thighinn an rathad. Am bi ùine agaibh suidhe?"

"U, bithidh," arsa esan; "cha'n fhalbh mi tuilleadh gus am bi gach ni an dara taobh. Ach tha mi sgith, 's mi gun chadal, is ni thu deas leabaidh dhomh, agus—" arsa esan an guth beag, "ma's e 's gu'n tachair dad mu'n dùisg mi 's gur h-e leanabh-gille, no ciod e 'sam bith e bhios ann, thoir chugam do 'n t-seòmar e a chum 's gu'm faic mi e 's gu'm bi naidh-eachd mhath agam nuair a théid mi air m' ais do Chaisteal an Rubha; 's math leò a chluinntinn ciod e bhios ann."

"Ni mi sin," arsa Màiri. Ciod e 'sam bith a bhitheas ann chi sibh e."

Chum Màiri aghaidh réidh oirre; ach 's math a bhreithnich i ceann-fàth turus an Doctair Bhàin. Dh' éirich gach ròn breac-làth 'na sheasamh air a ceann nuair a bha i 'g aithris nam facal: "Ma's e leanabh-gille bhios ann". Ma's e ciod e tha dol a thachair; dhòmhsa cha 'n eil aon chiall air na facail: "Ma's e leanabh-gille bhios ann." Thubhairt Màiri na facail so rithe féin a' dol do sheòmar na banntreach, far an robh na mnathan 'ga faire. Nuair chaidh i steach dh' aithnich iad air a sùilean lannrach gu'n robh fiamh air choireigin oirre is sheall iad air a chéile.

"Nis," arsa ise; "tha mise dol leum beag dachaidh, agus ge b'e air bith a thachras na fàgaibh an seòmar so gus an till mi."

Thilg Màiri a breacan m'a ceann, agus le h-aodach air a sgioblachadh gu glùinean, dh' fhalbh i. Bha trì mìle de rathad uaigneach, tolgach roimhe, agus an oidhche iargalta, nuagach; ach ged a bha, bha rud cudthromach r'a ghluilàn am mach, agus bhòthaich an smuain sin a h-uilt agus a misneach. Sheas i 'san fhosgadh aig ceann an tighe, agus thug i sùil mu'n cuairt an cisinn mu'n do leum i steach am beul na h-oidhche. Chrom i a ceann agus chaidh i an aghaidh na h-oiteig a thàinig 'na sgrìob dheirg bhàrr guala na Beinne Bàine.

"MA 'S E LEANABH-GILLE BHIOS ANN" arsa ise rithe féin a rithist, agus rinn i greim le fìaclan air a' bhreacan a bha 'n stoirme a' bagairt air a sguabadh bhàrr a cinn. Leumadh budagoo le sgreuch a lub anns a' ghleann dhorcha agus bheireadh a cridhe leum as; ach cha rachadh moille air a ceum. Taobh Loch a Bá fhuair i fagadh nam beann is dh' imich i gun sùil a thoirt c' àite 'n cuireadh i cas.

"MA 'S E LEANABH-GILLE BHIOS ANN" arsa ise a rithist 's a rithist, 's i sealltainn rathad nam beur garbh, is neul dubh na stoirme mar dhriùlaich air ceann gach fir. An dràs 's a rithist thigeadh uinneag bhoillsgeach air an speur far an robh na reultan lonnrach le 'n deàrrsadh frionasach a daingneachadh duibhre nan neul anns an robh na beanntan a' stobadh an ceann; agus gheibheadh i misneach, is luathaicheadh i a ceum. Bhàrr allt is bhoglaichean ghabh i roimhe gu treun, agus cagartaich an loch, far an robh i a' faicinn nan oiteagan a' caradh a chéile 'san dorch, mar thanasan bhirrinnean air an stiùradh le buidsichean, mar chèol milis 'na cluasan. Chuir i an loch as a dèidh is dh' fhosgail an gleann a chraos roimhe.

"Seun Mhuire!" theicheadh i le geillt nuair leumadh earb a tom 'san gabhadh e fagadh an dèidh do 'n t-sion a chur 'na ruaig bho bheinn gu srath. Shin i as gu gleusda ged bha sùil air gach taobh dhith le fiamh, is gach creag 's gach craobh air am b' còlach i 'san là

a' gabhail cumadh bhòcan air an oidhche ghabhail so. Crioman roimhe, a nis, bha a bothan féin, 'ga altrum gu coibhneil air léanaig ghuirm am bun na beinne. Chitheadh i cheana geugan nan craobh sean a bha cumail dìon bho na siontan air, a' crathadh anns a' ghaoith, eadar i 's far an tigeadh fosgladh anns na neòil.

"Ma's e leanabh-gille bhios ann," thuirt i rithist, 's i teannachadh a fiacalan 's a dùirn 'sa bhreacan. Bha na fòidean a bha smáladh an teine an toll na luathainn, air gabhail 's an dràsd 's a rithist chitheadh i e gliostradh troimh 'n uinneig a thoirt misnich dhith.

"Cìod e so, a mhàthair?" arsa Mór a h-inghean 's i sealltainn a nall air a màthair.

"Nach eil gnothuichean gu math?"

"Cha'n eil càrrach ach na chuireas Sìleag bheag ceart ma bhios feum oirre," arsa Màiri. "Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann thig air Nic Gille-bhrath bhig air a suaineadh am breacan nan Dornhnallach, am meanglan ceart a chumail fo dhùilich air a' chraoibh Leathanneich, agus an t-oghre dhlighheach air còrsan an Rubha Mhaoil."

"A shìol nan sonn a dh' fhalbh, cìod e tha 'n so?" arsa a cliamhuinn, 's e 'g éirigh 's a' crioslachadh air an fhéilidh.

An déidh do 'n naoidheig nach robh ach 'n a ceithir làithean a dh' aois, am broilleach, fhaotainn, phaisg Màiri r'a h-uchd 'sa bhreacan i agus le a cliamhuinn 'na cuideachd thug i aghaidh air a' Ghleann Uaine.

"A bhronnag bheag bhiodh, nach ann ortsa dh' innear an sgeul cliùiteach latheiginn, ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann," dh' abradh i 's i plùchadh an leanaibh r'a h-uchd. Bha a' ghaoith air toirt dion, na neòil air bristeadh 's an speur ghlas rionnagach a' tighinn ris nuair thàinig iad air feur a' Ghlinn Uaine mu ghairm nan coileach. Thionndaidh iad guala na beinne agus an sin thàinig an Tigh Bàn ris. Rinn Màiri toleachadh nuair chunnaic i a bhig bheag soluis a' tighinn gu sriuchanach bòidheach troimh 'n choille chrannataidh, dhuibh, a' seòmar na banntreach.

"Cha 'n eil fios cìod e mar tha daoine an so," arse ise, 's i plubail roimhe am measg eabair is lòn.

Cha robh ach aon rud 'na beachd agus chuir i roimhe a h-uile mi-chomhfhurtachd fhulang air son a ghiùlan am mach. "Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann" arse ise nuair fhuair i am measg nan craobh a bha bristeadh na gaoithe air an Tigh Bhàn. "Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann," theid thusa, Shìleag bheag a chur 'na àite, 's theid car mu thom a thoirt do luchd nan tratan dubha. Ma's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann chì iad uile e là is faide mach na an la an diugh."

Le 'n cuarain a plabartaich mu'n casan fliucha chaidh iad a steach gu fòilidh.

"Am bheil dad an so fathast?" arsa Màiri, 's i leigeil dhith a breacain 's a' toirt am follais na h-ingheig.

"Rìgh; a rìgh! cìod e tha 'n so?" arsa té de na mnathan.

"Tha 'n so na bheil ann agus dean thusa deagh bhuil dhith. Cha 'n ann gun reusan a thug mi 'n turas clàbarach ud. Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann nithear a nis leanabh-nighinn deth, is faodaidh a' chuthag laighe an nead na h-uisge gus am bi eun na h-uisge làidir gu leòr. Nighean dubh Lathurna, tuitidh i la éiginn 'san t-sloc a chladhaich i féin do chàch—Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann gu dearbh."

Caib IV.

Mu'n d' thàinig an latha chaidh an dara taobh de bhanntreach Ghlinn Uaine air càraid—mac is nighean.

Mu'n robh a' mhaduinn ach glas chaidh Màiri Mhór, a' bhean-ghlùine do sheòmar an Doctair Bhàin leis a' chailleig.

"So a nis," arse ise. "Sin agaibh ribhinn òg Ghlinn Uaine. 'S math an sàinnseal maidne i, Dhochtair, ged nach e h-thair a ni fughair r'a teachd."

"Fìor fhuil an Rubha Mhaoil! Cha 'n i mo shùil a ni coire dhuit, a chreutair. Ach is coltach do mhaighean ri mhaighean mnathan do dhaoine, ars an Doctair, 's e sliogadh a h-aodainn le bhois.

"Nach coltach ri seanmhair an Rubha i?" arsa Màiri. "Tha fuil bhòidheach Loch-abar an gruaidhean na té so—an fhuil ghruinn ghlana bh' ann an seanmhair an Rubha 's a lion àileadh nam flùr 's a' ghiuthais air bruachan Loch-lòchaidh de 'n dearg-stuth fhalla a chuireadh rudha 'na leac, ris am biodh farmad aig mnathan usal na tire an àm cuirm nam flath. Am faca sibh riamh na bu bhòidheach cneas na seanmhair na'n té so?"

"Cha robh iad ann r'a latha," ars an Doctair; ach b' fhèar leam an diugh gur ann a thàinig thu chugam le h-aon a chumadh là-eiginn a suas ainm nan sonn air nach d' thugadh riamh bàrr, an coibhneas an àm na sìth, am beus an talla nam flath, no an sgàirt an àm cluich nan arm dùbh-ghorm air blàr a' chath. 'S e sin naidheachd bu mhotha ris an deanadh Fear duineil an Rubha Mhaoil fughair nuair a ruigeas mi e an ceartair."

Am beagan ùine leum an Doctor Bàn 'na dhiollaid is mharcaich e air falbh am beachd gu'n robh Baile-nam-bó saor as a' ghrund aige. Chaidh Màiri Mhór g'a fhaicinn air falbh, 's an uair a fhuair i cùl a chinn rithe 's e mach a' astar éiseachd mhaoidh i dèrn dhùinte ris ag ràdh: "Seadh; tha thu air falbh a dh' ealpadh a' mheanglain chèarr air bun-suidheachain socrach an Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil; ach tha sibh fad air chùl ur naidheachd. Thàinig thu an so, a brathairaid, a dh' ealpadh a' mheanglain chèarr air bun-stoc craobh-ghineal an Rubha; ach shàbhail Màiri Mhór do shaothair duit. Biodh a' bhreug-ghueg fo bhlàth air còrsaichean farsuinn an Rubha Mhaoil is gach aineol a' toirt cùl dhith; ach bidh oighre òig an Rubha a' snothadh 's a' fàs far an cèil cromm arda na doire e gus an tig an là anns an cuir e iartas air a chòir dhlighich féin. Seadh; ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann! Ho, hó! Nach b' e 'm mealladh duit e. Ho, hó!"

Thill Màiri Mhór a steach, 's a falt liath ribeach a sìos mu suilean, is tòic na h-aodann leis cho durachdach 's a leig i mach i féin ged nach robh duine 'ga h-éiseachd.

"So, a nis, a Sheumais," arse ise; "faodaidh tu falbh dachaidh le Sìleig bhig. Bha a' chùis cho fùbharach 's nach do ruig i leas seasamh an aite oighre dhlighich an Rubha, agus sìonnach a' chùirn 'ga shealg mu'n do rugadh idir e."

"Mo bheannachd ort, a Mhàiri," arsa bean a' Ghlinne; cha 'n eil fhios cìod e mar a bha cuisean idir mur a bhì thus. 'S math a thuig thu cìod a bu cheann-aobhair do choibhneas cuideachd m' fhir."

"Ho, hó!" arsa Màiri; "'s bòidheach, taitneach an ceòl air oidhche ghreannaich gheamhraidh crònan a' chait; ach 's e daonnan crònan da féin a bhios ann. Bu choma leam crònan nighinn duibh Lathurna. Agus tha mise cur gach aon agaibh aig am bheil suilean is cluasan fo chroisibh 's fo gheasaibh gun iomradh bhì air oighre an Rubha Mhaoil gus an dean se e féin aithnichte le facbhar a' chladhaimh la-eiginn. An ceartair tha e gun leth nighinn duibh Lathurna na'n robh fios no fath aice cìod e tha garacail 'san Ghleann

Uaine. Bithibh cho balbh sud," 's i bualadh bonn a coise air an ùrlar chruaidh, "'s na cluinneadh caraid no coimheach gu'm bheil an glùn ceart de chraoibh ghineal an Rubha a' sìodhadh 'sa Ghleann Uaine, ged tha dùil aig an t-saoghal gu'n do sgudadh gu bràth blàrr an stuic i."

Thug Màiri seachad an òraid, so, is tòic 'na h-aodann. Thionndaidh an té bha 'san leabaidh-shiùbhla air a cliathaich a shealltainn cirre. Leig na mnathan eile mùgan, 's iad uile tuizinn cìod e bha 'n tarruing aig Màiri.

Caib V.

Air son tèaruinteachd chaidh Tèarlach òg a chur g'a altrum. B'i mhuim-altruim Màiri Mhòr, bean-glùine sgileil na dùthcha. Chaidh an leanab a thogail còmhla ri teaghlach a h-inghinne féin, 's cha robh fios no fàth aig neach eile 'san sgìreachd air an innleachd ghleusda a bhatar a' giùlan am mach an diomhaireachd cho mòr.

Chaidh bliadhnachan seachad. Dh' fhàs Tèarlach 'na phrophanach gasda. Bha reidhlean farsuinn aige air son cluich is iomairt, 's cha robh neach a chitheadh e nach robh a' gabhail beachd air cho lùthach, sgairteil, meamnach 's a bha an gille cruinn sgiobalta aig Seumas Bàn a' Ghlinne. Bho mhoch gu dubh bhiodh Tèarlach a' ruith 's a' leum am measg nan còrsaichean àluinn air am b' oighre dligheach e féin, a' sealg nan earb 's nan eun an coille 's am monadh le bhogha 's le shaghead, mar a bhiodh na fir a' deanamh. Aig bruich na h-aibhne le shlàtaig chaorainn ag iasgach nam breac; am measg na coille a' cruinneachadh nam blàth; no gu h-aotrom, còlmhor, le fead 's le òran, a' rùrach nead 's ris gach nì eile ris an leig clann am mach iad féin nuair tha iad air an togail le saorsa an fhior-eoin féin am measg nam beann 's nan gleann, bhiodh Tèarlach òg a' Ghlinne bho 'n a bha e cùig bliadhna dh' aois. Bha e 'na nàdur cho beothail, spioradail, aigeannach ri fiadh nam frith; 's an uair a chruinnicheadh e a choimprean féin air reidhlean gorm g'an cur an òrdugh blàir, chaogadh Màiri a sùil ris a' chuideachd, is dh'i abradh i: "Bu dual duit."

Fad na h-ùine bha muinntir an Rubha a' tighinn beò gu h-uabhair, mòraib, ag cruinneachadh nam fàth a chum greadhnachais aig gach àm, 's gach uachdaran air an oighreachd a' toirt ùmhlaich gu làr daibh. Ach an coilltean 's air dailtean a' Ghlinne, le fheileadh beag luideagach a' cliobartaich mu ghluinean 's e ruith 's a' leum am measg nam bruch fùranach, bha gioball beag luth-chleasach a thigeadh là a b' fhaide mach a thagar a chòire le faobhar a' chlaidhimh.

"Gu dearbh, tha rud eigin an aodann a' b'laich os cionn a' chumanta. Ge b'e có bhios beò, chi e gu'm bheil aran cheana fuainte," theireadh iomadh h-aon aig am biodh suil gheur agus breithneachadh math.

Thachair do mhuinntir a' Chaisteil tighinn latha an rathad tigh Màiri. Bha Tèarlach òg ag iasgach an sruthan a bha dol seachad ceann an tìghe, agus tharruing coltas uabhair, ardanach, glan-chnàmach, beothail a' b'laich a' ruith air na uaislean air. an measg chàich air fad.

"S ann a tha 'm balach sin a' toirt a'm chuimhne laogh an fhéidh am measg a' chruidh, leis cho bras leunnach 's a tha e 'na ghiùlan 's 'na ghluasad. Agus miann sugh-chraobh air a ghruaidh dheis! A dhuine chridhe, nach fhad, nuair a bha mi 'm chailleig a thuit ban-fhiosaiche rium a bhi 'm earalas

air fear mòr dìreach, àrd, ruadh, agus miann sugh-craobh air a ghruaidh dheis," arsa Bean an Rubha.

Cha d'rinn a' chuideachd ach gàire; ach arsa fear an Rubha féin; "Creideadh sibhse, ma gheibh am balach so saoghal, gu'n cluinnear mu euchdan a chuid airm agus ged a tha a chom air a chòmhach le breacan trom nan Domhnallach, ge b'e 'sam bith co bhuaidh a thug se e, tha fuil leòmach nan Leathannach a' ruith 'na chuislean," arsa fear an Rubha.

"Nach bu dual da," arsa Màiri; "cò bhiodh cho fada 'sa Ghleann Uaine gun suaip a bhi aige ri Leathannach."

Cha d' fhàg sud a' chuideachd na bu ghlice na bha iad. Ach chuir briathran a' chinn-fheadhna Màiri 'na mothachadh. Riamh tuillidh chaidh a chumail as an t-sealladh nuair thigeadh na h-uaislean an rathad. Bhuail iomaguin a mhathair, cuideachd, agus cha d' fhuair i socair gun an deach Tèarlach òg a chur fad na far-chluais as an rathad. Cha robhtar 'ga chunntas sàbhailte e bhi na b' fhaide aig an tigh. Bhatar cheana cur sual-aithne air. Bha fuil a dhaoine 'na chuislean, 's e fàs cho coltach riutha 'na chruth 's gu'n abairteadh gu tric gu'n saoilteadh gu'n robh a h-aon de na seann laoiach bho 'n d'fhàinig e air leum a nuas a fear de na dealban brèagha a bha 'n crochadh an Caisteal an Rubha, 's air tighinn beò rithist. Leis an sin chaidh Tèarlach a chur am falach. Nuair bha e mu cheithir bliadhna deug a dh' aois chaidh a chur a dh' Eirinn g'a ionnsuchadh an sgoil 's an cleas nan arm. Cha robh e fada an sin nuair a bhàsaich a mhàthair 's a uhiuthar. De na bha beò air an t-saoghal cha robh fios air eachdraidh Thèarlaich ach aig triùir. Cha robh eadhon fios aige féin cò e. Ach bha fios aig Màiri Mhóir air agus aig a h-inghinne 's aig a' cliamhuinn, oir bhàsaich cuideachd nam mnathan eile aig an robh an sgeul dhiomhair, agus thug iad leotha do 'n uaigh i paisgte 'nan uachd. Chaidh Tèarlach eòlas air a dhùthaich, agus chaill a dhùthaich eòlas air. Fad bhliadhnachan cha robh iomradh air. Chaidh Màiri a misneach. Bha i a' fàs sean, 's cha robh coltas gu'm faigheadh i a dùrachd: Tèarlach òg a bhi 'na dhligheach an àite athraichean. Seadh; chaill i misneach; ach cha do chaill i cuimhne air a dalta. Bha Tèarlach òg 'na beul a là 's a dh' oidhche. Na'n toireadh a mart breab an àin a bleoghainn b'e "Tèarlach òg" a ghlaodhadh Màiri. Na'n toireadh an gearan leum thaobh as, "A Thèarlaich Oig" sgreaddadh ise. Cìod e 'sam bith a thigeadh oirre gun fhios b'e "Tèarlach Oig" a theireadh i, is lasan 'na gruaidhean 's na sùilean gorma. B'e. Ach cha robh fios aig càch c' arson. Chaidh Tèarlach Oig air di-chuimhne.

Caib VI.

Bha troimh-cheile air bristeadh am mach 'san àirde 'n iar. Bha cinn-fheadhna a' cruinneachadh an gaisgeach. Bha laoiach 'gan éideadh 'nan airm anns gach gleann. Bha ceannardan mìleanta a' dol air ceann fùrain de ghillean glana foghainteach, is chluinnteadh fuaim a' chruinneachaidh am measg nam beann glasa, nuair a ghiùlaineadh an oiteag e bho ghleann gu gleann far am beathaicheadh an fhuaim a bha teachd mu'm bàsaicheadh an fhuaim a bha falbh; còmhla ri farum chas nam fear leadarra fo 'n arm-achd.

"A Thormoid," arsa Sean Mhàiri r'a h-ogha, nuair bha e leum 'na lùirich 's a'

fàgail an tighe air son na ceud uair a dheanamh euchd duine. “A Thormoid,” ars ise, “s e so do cheud falbh air an t-slighe air am b’eòlach t’ aithraichean, agus air son soirbheachadh a bhi d’ ois cho agad an t-im gun iarraidh leis a’ ghreim a ghabhas thu mu ’m fàg thu do dhachaidh air an turas chuicromach so. Tha mi cheana cluintinn fuaim na pioba gu h-ìosal ’sa gheann, ’s tha òganaich theuma le ceuman farumach a’ tighinn gach rathad far am bheil an ceòl, ’gan gairm, ’sa cheart dòigh ’sam faicear duilleach nan craobh air an luasgadh le’s an ioma-ghaoith a’ cruinneachadh do ’n chùil fhasgaich. ’S iomadh fear eagarheil nach till. Ach, a Thormoid, mu’n do bhlaiss an t-eun an t-uisge tha curracadh aig bun na craobhhe ’san do chaidil e ’n raoir chaidh mise, do sheanmhair, ’sa mhàduinn an diugh air ‘deuchainn’ air do chon ’s air do shealbhaich-sa. Bha rath math ort. Tillidh tu; ach cha’n ann leat féin; agus dh’ aithnich mi a chruth.”

Bha Tormod ’na shuidhe gabhail greim am fad’s a bha sheanmhair a’ bruidhinn. Bha athair ’s a mhathair ag éiseachd.

“Tilleadh no na tilleadh, cha ’n e Tormod a bheir nàire do na daoine bho ’n d’ thàinig e” ars e féin. “Cha till mi buille roimh ’n fhear is fearr a’ sheasas mu m’ choinnigh.”

“Ach ma thachras Tèarlach òr, oighre dligheach an Rubha Mhaoil ort, a ruin, biodh do chlaicheamh càirdeil ris,” ars a sheanmhair.

“Och, och! agus och, och eile! Nach b’ i ’n tarraing fhada thall i, mhàthair, ‘ars a h-inghean. “Cha’n eil fios co ’n càrn de ’n t-saoghal ’sam bheil Tèarlach bochd an diugh idir, ma tha e air uachdar talmhanta.”

“Tha e air uachdar talmhanta, agus tha e an camp Cholla Chiotaich am meas nan sonn a thug e á Eirinn,” arsa Màiri. “Ma chi thusa, Thormoid, lasgaire àrd rudhach, deas-chasach, deas-lamhach, agus miann sugh-craobh air a ghruaidh dhéis cho bòidheach dath ris an dearg mheas a chunnaic e a mhiannaich a mhàthair taobh na h-aibhne móire nuair a bha i ’ga ghiùlan, sin agad do chomh-dhalta, Tèarlach Og an Rubha, agus dà shùil a sheanar a’ sealltainn am mach á clàr aodainn. Innis tu féin dà is innis e féin dà cuideachd; agus innis air cho meirgeach ’s gu’m bheil glasan dhorsan Caisteal an Rubha: gu’n cuir claidheamh geur gorm an car ceart ’s na h-uchraichean, ’s gu’n leum gach còmba dharaich air a bannan iarainn a leigeadh a stigh oighre dhligeach a’ mhùir.”

Caib VII.

Dh’ fhalbh Tormod agus ràinig e far an robh òganaich ’gan cur an òrdugh siubhail. Le pioban ribeineach a’ liubhairt phort togarrach, is cas-cheum sgiobalta, le gluasad farasda farumach thog fuireann Ghlinn Uaine ris a’ bhealach far an do chrath gach stùc air gach taobh an ceo-maidne bhàrr a ghualainn a shealltainn orra nios an gleann, ’s na mnathan ’s a ohlann a’ toirt ‘ho ré’ nan déidh. Dhirich na trì ghleusda ri uchd na màrn far am pògadh grian an t-samhraidh sneachd a’ gheamhraidh, ’s gach beur mar ghocaman a’ comharrachadh na slighe dhaibh.

An déidh astar dà latha chur as an déidh, thug iad am mach an ceann-uidhe far an robh na bha rompa ’gan cur an òrdugh blàir. Bha feadhainn ’sa chuideachd mhóir a fhuair roinne blas air blàr; ach bha móran mar a bha Tormod féin a’ dol a bhualadh beum-sgèithe air son na ceud uair, is bha iad so mar

choin air lomhainn gu mear leumach a dhol an greim ’sa chath. Fhuair iad an dùrachd air gach taobh nuair a thàinig buidheann an aghaidh buidhne air Sliabh Ionbhar-lochaidh, mar thonnann caireach air fadhlainn chumhaing. Fad air astar cluinnear eubh nan sàr os cionn sgrèad na stailinn air copan. Chaig an grunn tioram a phathadh am fuil nan laoch, agus bha cuarain a diosganaich air an làr fhliuch. Beag air bheag cha’dh air an taobh air an robh Tormod. Ceum air cheum chaidh iad an comhair an cùil gus an do sgaoil iad nam buidhnean ri aghaidh gach aonaich a’ gabhail fàsgaich anns gach àit anns an d’ fhàg beum sleibh a’ gheamhraidh làrach.

Air gualainn na beinne ’s am feasgar a’ tuiteam chaidh a’ bhuidheann ’san robh Tormod an còmhraig ri buidhinn de ’n nàmhaid, is thog iad cath goirt d’a chèile. Rinn Tormod sloistreadh le claidheamh mór agus ghèarr laoch mìleanta de ’n nàmhaid g’a ionnsuidh. Thug iad greis a bha gailbheach; ach, mu dheireadh ghlaoidh Tormod, ’s e air a ghluin dheis: “Fois air do làimh, a Thèarlach Oig! Cha b’ e fear a dheoghail cìoch mo mhàthar a bu chòir bròn de m’ fhuil a dhortadh. Fois air do làimh!”

Stad am blàr. Leagadh gach claidheamh. Leig gach laoch a thaic ri creig a’ suathadh an fhalluis bhàrr a bhathais. Bha Tormod is Tèarlach an eanchas a chèile, is sheall gach fear le iongnadh troimh an dorchadh bh’ air tuiteam mu ghualinean nan stùc.

Dh’ innis Tormod eachdraidh do Thèarlach. Ghabh Tèarlach a steach gach facal a thubhairt Tormod.

“Théid thusa mu chùl do ghnothuich,” arsa Tormod ris; “is cha ’n eil fear air an oighreachd nach bi ’na ursainn an dorus do chaisteil nuair chluinnear le cinnt co thu. Tha so seachad. Till a dh’ Eirinn. Leig ris do chùis a dh’ Iarla Anntuim, ’s na fuaireachd an talamh fo d’ chasan gus am bi big aig ulaidean do bhirinnean a’ cur an seòl r’an croinn a thighinn air thurus àbhachdach a dh’ Albainn.”

“Ni mi sin ma leanas tusa mi cas air chalpa,” arsa Tèarlach.

“Leanaidh cho dlùth ’s a lean riamh an eidheann ris an darach; cha bhi dearmad an sin,” arsa Tormod.

Caib VIII.

Bha Iarla Anntuim fàbharach do Thèarlach. Chunnaic e gu’n robh an uaisle ’na chuisleann. Chunnaic e gu’m b’ ann de stuic fhior-ghlan na doir’ e; is thug e cultaich dha. Am beagan ùine thog trì birinnean am mach bho chladach na h-Eireann is trì cheud gaisgeach air an clàir. Bha an aghaidh air Albainn, is cha b’ fhada gus an do leig iad sìos an acraichean am bàgh samhach cuilteach air cladach an Rubha Mhaoil.

Nuair thuit an oidhche chaidh Tormod is Tèarlach do ’n Gheann Uaine a thogail brath.

“Bha mi dìreach a’ gabhail fadail dibh,” arsa sean Mhàiri, ‘i fèitheamh riutha aig ceann an tighe. “Chunnaic mi do trì bhirinnean air an t-slighe mu’n d’ éirich grian air a’ Bheinn Ghla’s an dé. Ur beatha air ur n-ais is buaidh is piseach ort, a Thèarlach.”

Rinneadh fughair mhór riutha is chaidhear anns a’ mhionaid a shònrachadh na h-irleachd air an glacteadh an Caisteal. Bha a làn cheathairne treun agus lionmhor; a ghòcamainn geur-shuileach agus furachail; agus a bhallachan turaideach, daingeann agus àrd. Cha b’e ’n càs faoin leis an sin, Caisteal an Rubha a thoirt am mach, far an caidleadh na bha fo dhion ann gu socrach ged a bhiodh an nàmh bu tréine a’ bagairt air.

“’S beag cuid mo thri cheud cheathairne-sa de na bheil a’ dìon mo chuid-sa do bhràthair m’ athar, mur a cuir sinn innleachd an cèill. Cìod e tha sibh ag radh, a dheagh bhean-chomhain,” arsa Tèarlach.

“Innsidh mi sin duit, a dhalta chaoimh. Tha àm nan creach ann, agus cò mu na crìochan so nach eil a’ cumail a shùilean ’s a chluasan fosgailte air son Mhic Iain Ghior. Cha ’n ann ’na chadal a dh’ fheumas e bhì am fear nach toir Mac Iain Ghior car-mu-thom dha; agus creid thusa mise, Thèarlach, gu’n d’ fhuair muinntir Caisteal an Rubha an leòir dheth cheana, agus gu’m bheil losgadh an corraige ’nan cuimhne. Nì thusa, ma tà, mar so. Cuiridh tu Tormod, m’ ogha, air ceann buidhne bige. Leigidh iad an crodh am mach as a’ bhuaille, agus leigidh iad na laoghs ’nam measg. Eadar geumnaich a’ chruidh ’s nan laogh ’s iad fèin le ’n leusan boillsgeach air an ais ’s air an aghaidh ’s a’ teicheadh ’s a’ glaochaich gus am freagair mac-talla ’sna creagan is faide air falbh, cìod e ach gur e Mac Iain Ghior a bhitheas ann; agus am mach ’na bhogha ’sna chlaidheamh bidh gach fear ’sa chaisteal. Sin a nis do chothrom-sa. Bìodh do dhaoine agad deas faisg an làimh agus bìodh iad a steach mu’n gann a chailleas tu fuaim an cas. Sin agad mo chuid-sa dheth. Dean fèin an còrr”—arsa Màiri Mhór.

Air feasgar na h-ath oidhe rinneadh mar a dh’iarr Màiri. Nuair a thill an làn-cheathairne an dèidh an treud a chur air dòigh fhuair iad an Caisteal an làmhnan eile. Thug iad ionnsuidh is ionnsuidh air briseadh a steach, agus thuit mòran diubh. Bha Caisteal an Rubha air a thoirt am mach a réir a h-uile riaghailt cogaidh, agus cha robh aig an làn-cheathairne ach an àirm a leagail.

Bha Fear agus Bean an Rubha Mhaoil ’nan cadal gu socrach am fad ’s a bha ’n oighreachd mhór ag atharrachadh maighstir. An làn an cuid armachd chaidh Tèarlach is Tormod is trìuir eile do sheòmar-cadail nan uaislean. Dh’èirich iad le chèile ’nan suidhe ’san leabaidh mar gu’m bìodh iad am breislich, nuair chunnaic iad na fir chogarra, is sreuch a’ bhaintighearna.

“Cluinneam ur n-ainm is ur sloinneadh, is ceann-fàth ur turuis, fheara;” arsa Eachann mòr fèin.

“Is mise, le ’r cead, Tèarlach Og a’ Ghlinn Uaine, mac ar bràthar agus oighre dligheach Caisteal an Rubha,” arsa Tèarlach.

“Cha chuala mi iomradh air fear t’ainm riamh roimhe,” arsa bràthair athar.

“Cha chluinneadh sibh an dràs e na bu mhotha na’n do rinn an Doctair Bàn mar a

dh’ iarr sibh air a dheanamh—‘na’m b’e leanabh-mic a bhìodh ann.’ Ach thug a’ bhean-ghlùine an car asailh le chèile, agus tha an leanabh-mic a nis an so air a dheagh chòir a thoirt am mach,” arsa Tèarlach, a’ bualadh a chois air an ùrlar.

“Nach fhada; nach fhada, Eachainn, bho ’n a thuir bean-fhiosachd rium a bhì ’n earalas air fear agus miann sugh-craobh air a ghrùaidh dheis,” arsa Bhaintighearna gu tìrsach, trom. “Am bheil cuimhne agad. Eachainn, mar a thàinig na facail am chumhne nuair chunnaic sinn am brogach sgaoimeach, sgiobalta ud a’ ruith mu ’n cuairt tigh Màiri Mhóir. Nach beag a smaointich sinn cò bh’ann, ged a chunnaic sinn gu’n robh iarann nan Leathannach na chruth ’s na aogasg cho daithte ’s ged dh’ èireadh iad á Rollaig Odhrain an I Chalum-chille, no ged a leumadh iad a nuas as na dealbhan a tha ’n crochadh ’san t-seòmar ud shios. Cha ’n eil dealbh Mhurchaidh Mhóir, do shinn-sheanair na’s coltaiche ris fèin na tha e ris an òganach sin. Agus sin agad cìod a rinn an Doctair Bàn ort,” arsa Bhaintighearna, ’s i tarruing nam plaideachan mu’n cuairt oirre.

Bha ’n cheist a dh’ èirich suas cho obann so-fhaicsinneach gu leòr. Thug an t-oighre dligheach a chinn gun fhios an còrsaichean a’ Ghlinn Uaine am mach a chòir. Cha robh a null no nall air an sin, ’s cha robh ach lùbadh leis an t-suidheachadh a bh’ ann, gearbh ’s gu’n robh e.

Fhuair iad le chèile as mar nach b’ olc. Rinn Tèarlach math an aghaidh an uile, agus deagh dhleasnas mac bràthar. Shuidhich e brathair-athar ’s a bhean ’sa Ghleann Uaine fhad ’s bu bheò iad agus bha e math dhaibh. Cha mhòtha dhì-chuimhnich e Màiri Mhór no a teaghlach; ach chuimhnich e gu ro mhath iad, agus chuir e ’nan suidhe gu socrach, iad am Baile-nam-bó mar éric air a shon fèin, agus bhuilich e orra e gu bràth saor as a’ ghrund mar a fhuair an Doctair Bàn roimhe e air son gealltainn gnìomh sònruichte a dheanamh na’m b’e leanabh-mic a thigeadh do ’n Ghleann Uaine. Thàinig sin ann, agus ged a b’ fhada ghleidh tionnsgal Màiri Mhóir am falach e bu mhath a leig se e fèin ris nuair a thàinig an t-àm.

Rinn Tèarlach uachdaran is ceann cinnidh math ’san Rubha Mhaoil, agus bu mhór ’ga chaidh an latha dh’ fhalbh na bha beò dhiùbsan a thog claidheamh ’na aghaidh an oidheche a thug e mach Caisteal athraichean le innleachd cho glan. Bha iomadh fear treun ’san Rubha Mhaoil; ach cha robh riamh leithid Thèarlach Oig ann.



AN SAIGHDEAR LEODHASACH.

LE "LEODHASACH."

FREAGAIRT.

LE "LEODHASACH EILE."

Cha'n eil mòran de'n òigridh
Ann an Leòdhas nach d' fhalbh as;
Cuid an loingeas mòr an rìgh
Is cuid air tìr dhiubh anns "an t'seirbhis";
Dh'fhàgadh bodaich de mo sheòrsa
Gu bhì còmhadh leis na cailleachan;
Sin ar cuid de chath na rìoghachd
Gus an ciosnaichear a' Ghearmailt.

Choinnich Saighdear mi Di-màirt
A dh'fhàg an àite so 'na òige;
Dh'aithnich mi mar a bha làmh
An crochadh àrd, gu'n robh i leònta;
Stiallan òir a bh'air a ghàirdean
Nochdadh àrdachadh an òigeir;
Buinn de airgid is de phràisteach
Air a bhràigh air son gach còmhraig.

Rug e orm gu fearail càirdeil
Leis an làmh a bha gun phianadh;
Ghabh e naidheachd bhuam mu'n àite,
'S mu na càirdean—"s beag an iongnadh":
'S iomadh là 'o na dh'fhàg e;
Sheall e 'làn dhomh: gu'n deach sian air;
Toll a' pheileir anns a' ghàirdean;
Sgreab an dèidh an àite a lionadh.

Thàinig Murchadh, mac mo nabaighd,
Spaideil, stàiteil 'na ur còdhail;
Dh'iarr e naidheachd mu na blàir,
'S an robh na Frangaich càirdeal, dòigheil;
Cia mar thuigeadh iad an càinain;
'S an robh Gaidheil anns an Olaind,
'S an robh uile shluagh na Gearmailt
Anns an arm air son am beòshlaint.

Sheall an saighdear ris 'san aodann,
'S thuir e: "Ghaolaich tha thu sòghail;
Tha thu 'n taice ri do mhàthair;
Saoil am b'fheàrr thu bhì le còta;
Tha thu'n crochadh air do chàirdean,
'S tha thu làidir, làsdaid òigeil,
'S ma tha naidheachd mu na bhàir uat,
Ruig an Seirdean 's gabh na bòidean.

Tha do dhùthaich ann an éiginn,
'S tha thu féin gu làidir, calma;
'S ann an diugh a chuirear feum
Air fuil nan Gaidheal ann an Albainn;
'S ma tha stradag 'na do chré
De nadur speis dith, bi ri falbh aist,
'S seas ri taobh nan laoch 's nan seòd
A tha ri còmhraig ris a' Ghearmailt.

Tha do dhachaidh, tha do chàirdean
An cunnart gach là o naimhdean;
Thèagamh mu'n éirich thu maireach
Gu'm bi pàirt dhiubh aig do theinntean;
Cha dean clach mhòr Creagan nan Cnàmh
A bheag de sgàth dhuin o'n a mhuinntir;
Sgrìosaidd iad gach sliaibh is còmhnaid,
Tighean 's na tha còmhnuidh unnta.

Co tha dol a dhion nam fàrdach
Anns na dh' àraicheadh 'nad òige thu?
Cò tha dol a dhìon do mhàthar,
Ma thig nàmhaid o 'na mhòr-thir?
Tog do shùilean o'n lár;
Thoir dhomh do làmh 's gu'm fàg sinn
còmhla;
'S bheir sinn buaidh air sluagh a' Cheasair,
Anns an treinns no air a' còmhnaid."

Thàinig biorgadh ann am Murchadh;
Thog e 'shùil gu colgail, duineil;
Thug e 'làn dha anns a' bhargan,
Gu'm biodh e ri falbh 'na chuideachd.
Sibhs tha fuireach ann an Leòdhas,
Ma tha aois no òig 'gar cumail,
Earbaibh sinne 'na 'ur n-ùrnigh
Ris an Ughdar aig a' chruinne.

Is mise Murchadh, mac do nàbaidh,
Rinn thu chàineadh ann ad òran;
Mur do chuir mi suas an *khaki*,
Nach 'oil àireamh dheth mo shòrsa?
Thall 's a bhos air feadh na rìoghachd
Leis an fhèarr an t-sith na còmhrag,
Faicibh na tha 'measg nan Gall diubh,
Ged a tha iad gann an Leòdhas.

Ged a dh' fhalbhainn anns an t-seasamh
A ghabhail an tasdan àirleis,
'S ann a bhios a' chliù aig Sasuinn,
Gach gaisgeadh a nì na Gaidheil.
Riamh o thàinig sgoilean Gallda
Dhubhadh a mach cainnt ar màthar;
Iomradh air Sir Cailean Caimbeul
Cha chluinn mi, ach *English Army*.

Cha chuala sinn gu'n d' rinn thu féin
A' bheag de threubhantas 'sna blàraibh;
'C' ar son a sheachainn thu am féileadh
Mar éideadh a chur an àirde,
'Dhol a dhìon do rìgh 's do dhùthaich,
Do shaorsa 's cliù nan àrmunn,
Choisinn iomadh buaidh do Alba,
A h-eachdraidh, a h-ainm, 's a càinain?

Ged tha thu 'n diugh 'nad bhodach,
Bha thu roimhe so 'nad òig-fhear,
'S uaireannan feum air do leithid
Na loisgeadh tu peillear còmhnaid.
'C' ar son nach robh thu 'n Omdùrman
Fò stiuradh Shìr Eachainn Mhìc Dnoinn-
nuill?
Cha b' iognadh ged chuireadh e sìos
Air fear nach dìonadh dachaidh òige.

'S iomadh saighdear tha tigh'n'n leòinte
Nall do Leòdhas aig an àm so,
'S do gach ceàrnaidh eile dh' Alb,
Ach 's iomadh fear a dh' fhalbh 's nach till
ann.
'S lionmhor mac fhuair àrach mùirneach,
Tha 'n diugh an ùir na Frainge:
'S cia mar phàidhear nis na pàrantan
A dh' fhàg iad aig an teintean?

Cha 'n urrainn iad ruamhar a dheanamh,
Cha 'n fhaod iad iarraidh na deirce;
Cha mhòr is urrainn na càirdean
A phàirteachadh riutha 'nan éigin.
Ged robh a' mhòine 'na càrn
Am Buaile-nan-cnàmh air a stéidheadh.
Cha toir iad ach tearc de dh' fhàdan
As a chumas blàth an éibheal.

Cia meud a dh' fhalbh á Daile Beaga
A chumail aghaidh ris na nàimhdean?
Bheil mòran a mhuinntir na Rìofa
Sìos gu 'n iosaigaidh 'san trainne?
Cia meud a thàinig dhachaidh leòint'
A Dhaile Mòra no do Ghabhann?
Ged tha annta caoraich bhrògach
Le 'n uain mu chòir lic an teintean?

'S truagh nach robh Céasar na mallachd
Air a losgadh eadar theintean;
No air a reubadh le cachaibh
O'n is peanas ceart a thoill e,
Ma gheibh na réisimidean againn
Greim air amhaich air an t-slaoghteir,
Cha 'n fhaic e gu bràth St Helena,
Théid a chur fo bhinn am Bèlgium.

AN OITIR MHOR AGUS GEODH A' GHUIL.

Ged a tha an Oitir Mhór, no mar a theirear rithe bho chionn iomadh linn, Oitir nam Ban, agus Geodh a' Ghuil, air taobh tuath Eilein Uidhist, pailt ceithir mìle bho chèile, gheadhadh tha an aigeal a leanas 'gan ceangal ri chèile bho chionn dà cheud bliadhna, agus ceanglaidh am fad 's a bhios Uidhist am bith. Bha cleachdamh ann an Uidhist bho chionn iomadh linn—agus tha e ann fathast—aig boireannaich, seadh, agus air uairibh, aig fireannaich, agus b'e sin a bhi dol gu oitrichean anns na fadhlaichean, agus ri cois nam fadhlaichean agus a' chuain, a ghlacadh agus a mharbhadh shìolag le corain a bhiodh air an deanamh freagarrach do 'n fheuma sin. Cha 'n fheumadh na corain a bhi gear idir, air neo dheanadh iad dà leth air na sìolagan agus dh' fheumadh eagan freagarrach a bhi anna air chor 's gu'm biodh iad 'nan airm na b'fheàrr a chum na sìolagan a ghlacadh, gu h-àraidh nuair a bhiodh iad air an oibreachadh le làmhnan ionnsaichte eòlach.

Bheir sinn fainear 's e iasg làidir agus bras a tha anns an t-sìolaig, agus 's e neach eòlach a ghlacas a bheag dhiubh, gu h-àraidh air ghrunnachadh, no gu seachd àraidh nuair a tha coltas 'uiseig tighinn. Ach 's e iasg air leth grinn a tha anna. Tha àm sònraichte de 'n bhliadhna anns am bheil mòran de 'n iasg so a' cruinneachadh do na h-oitrichean 'sna h-uile àite; agus 's e sin an àm an fhoghair; agus nuair a thig mòran de na h-éisg so còmhla air an dòigh so, their sinn “bualadh mòr” ris, ach cha mhair am “bualadh mòr,” fada; oir ann an seachdain sgapaidd iad air falbh feadh gach àite mar a bha iad roimhe.

Ach, co-dhiùb, bhiodh làn fhios aig na h-iasgairean frithealtach, furmailteach, eòlach a cheart àm, anns an tìgeadh am “bualadh mòr” sin; agus bhiodh iad a' deanamh deiseil fa chomhair, co-dhiùb a bhiodh ann oidhche gheallaich no latha geal, na 'm biodh am muir-traigh ann. Chruinnicheadh na boireannaich 's na fireannaich còmhla agus bheireadh iad leotha coran an t-aon, agus pocan beag gu cur ann na ghlacadh iad de shìolagan, a bhiodh ceangailte mu 'm meadhon le ròp. 'S e 'n dòigh a tha aig na boireannaich air iad féin uigheamachadh fa chomhair dol gus an oitir shìolag, an cuid eudaich a thrusadh an àirde gus an gluinean le ròp cainbe a cheangal mu 'm meadhon ris an canar “crios féilidh” gus gu'n gluaiseadh iad sgiobalta co-dhiùb bhiodh iad a' grunnachadh no air tìr.

Ach, gu tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh brìgh mo sgèil chruinnich grunn mòr, seadh dusan boireannach, ann an sgrì Shòllais an Uidhist o chionn dà cheud bliadhna air ais le rùn dol a dh'ionnsuidh na h-oitir shìolag, ri àm “bualadh mòr” agus 's ann air feadh na h-oidhche a thachair e bhi ann; ach cha d'fhuair sinn cunntas gu'n robh fireannaich idir 'nam measg air an turas so. Theagamh gur ann an deidh so a thòisich na fireannaich ri dhol ann, a chum 's gu'm biodh iad 'nan tacsas do na boireannaich. Ach, co-dhiùb rinn an dà-reug boireannach deiseil mu choinneamh dol gus an oitir mhòir air an oidhche àraidh a bha 'n so; agus dh' fhalbh iad, agus ràinig iad, agus thòisich iad air faotainn ni neo-chumata de dh'iasg. Cha robh iomradh aca gu'n robh an làn a' tighinn, agus an lìonadh ri éirigh (oir thigeadh doimhne nìohòr làn cadar iad agus tìr, mu'n rachadh an oitir fodha). Bha tim a' dol seachad agus na boireannaich bhochda cho toilichte cho math 's a bha obair na h-oidhche a' dol leotha; agus tha e coltach nach d'thug iad aon ghuth no

iomradh air a dhol a dh'amharc co-dhiùb a bha caolas na h-oitreach a' dol fo shiubhal no nach robh.

Ach, mo thruaighe bhochd, an uair a bu toil le cuid diubh bhi tilleadh dhachaidh, air dhaibh bhi gun àite aca a chumadh tuilleadh éisg, thàinig iad a nall gu caolas na h-oitreach. Ach, gu dé a b'iongnadh leotha na muir gorm a bhi ruith an caolas na h-oitreach, agus cha b'fhada gus an do thuing iad nach robh innleachd aca bhi air an sàbhaladh. An uair a chunnaic iad so 's e 'n rud a rinn iad: cheangail an dà-reug aca iad féin ri aon a chèile leis na “criosan féilidh” a bha mu 'm meadhon, a réir coltais, a ciallachadh leis an so, far an rachadh iad gu'n rachadh iad ceart cruinn còmhla. Mar so, chaidh gu léir am bàthadh; agus riamh o sin thugadh Oitir nam Ban air an oitir an àite An Oitir Mhòr, an t-ainm a bha oirre roimhe sin. Tha 'n oitir so aig bun an t-Sruth-bhàin air an fhadhlainn mu choinneamh fonn Mhalacleit, an caolas Ceann-uachdrach Bhàllaidh agus Mhàisgeir. Gu crìch a chur air mo gheul, chaidh cuirp an dà-reug boireannach ceangailte ri chèile gu ruige Geódha ann an Eilean Bhlis, agus fhuairadh ann an sin iad, agus leis an t-suidheachadh, thruagh, dhuillich, mhladach anns an robh an cuideachd 's an coimhearsnach gu léir mu'n deidhinn, thugadh Geódh a' Ghuil air a' Gheódha riamh o sin; agus leanaidh sin ris a choidheche, agus cha 'n iongnadh e. Thàinig mar a thachair dhoibh an aising cadail gu duine no dithis anns an sgìre, agus is ann mar so a tha na h-uiread de chunntas air a thoirt orra.

D. I. Mac-Cuis.

FAGAIL PORT-SHEORSA.

Chaith mi greis de 'n latha 'n dé Measg mo chàirdean choibhneil chòir: Gaisgich shunndach Chabar-féidh Shìos an Gearrasdan Port-Sheòrs.

Fhuair sinn coibhneis de gach seòrs Bho na dainnigh 's bàigheil crìdh; Fàilte, furan 's fonn mu'n bhòrd, 'S dh'òl sinn còmhla slàinte 'n Rìgh.

Bithidh na m' smaointeans a ghnàth An latha àbhach measg nan laoch; 'S cha leig mi á mo chuimhn' gu bràth Na bha chàirdean air gach taobh.

'S ro-nhaith b'aithne do gach aon, Ged bha sinne cleith a' ghruaim, 'N ath uair choinnicheadh na daoine. Gu'm biodh corr is aon fhear bhuainn.

Oir bha 'n uair a' teannadh dlùth Nuair a dh' fheumadh cuid bhi triall A chogadh air son Alb 's a cliù Mar bu dàth do 'n Ghaidheal riamh.

Daigneach aosd nan armunn treun, Le mhuir làn a' leum mu bonn, 'S ioma cuairtear fad an cèin Leis am b'èibhinn gair a tonn.

'S ioma gaisgeach bha 'na dhàil. B'fheudar triall 's nach till 'na chòir; 'S leis na sàir tha bhuainn an dràs 'S liuthad crìdh tha làn de bhròn.

Ach bheil ar crìdh 's ar misneach sìos? Cha robh riamh cha 'n eil 's cha bhi; Tha ar dochas anns an Triath A chruthaich neamh is muir is tìr.

'S an uair a thig an t-sith mu'n cuairt Cruinnichidh dhinn na bhios beò, 'S òlar air na seòid tha bhuainn Làn na cuaich gun fhuaim gun ghò.

Iain Moireasdan.

Annas na linntean a dh' fhalbh. bha e 'na chleachdadh aig òigridh agus sean mhuinntir na Gàidhealtachd a bhi cur seachad na h-oidhche an àm a' gheamhraidh le bhi cruinneachadh cuideachd ann an tighean-céilidh far an cuireadh iad seachad an oidhche gle chridheil a' seinn òrain agus ag innseadh seann naidheachdan Gàidhlig. 'S e sin cleachdadh a tha nise air dol a fasan, maille ri iomadh cleachdadh laghach eile a bha aig an t-slugh ghasda a bha uaireigin a chòmhuidh air feadh glinn agus srathan na Gàidhealtachd.

Ach feumaidh mi nis oidhirp a thoirt air mo naidheachd a chur an cèill dhuibh:

Bha duine saobhir a' fuireach uaireigin ann an gleann aonaranach faieg air Poll-iubh ris an abradh iad Eachann Mór. Bha bean agus aon nighean aige. Bha e air a ràdh gu'n robh an nighean ro mhaiseach; agus thogamh gu'n robh sin a' tàladh grainne gasda de ghillean an àite a' chéilidh do thigh Eachainn. Bha bean an tigh 'na boir-eannach fìor ghasda, agus feudaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach gu'n cuireadh i fàilte da rìreadh air na gillean. 'S iad fhèin a bhiodh air dòigh, a' ceol 's a' dawnsadh gus am biodh a thìota dol dhachaidh.

Bha mòran spréidh aig Eachann, agus bha e 'na chleachdadh aige a bhi 'gan cur a mach do 'n mhonadh, astar math air falbh bho 'n tigh, na h-uile latha. Mar sin bhiodh an oidhche air tuiteam gle thric mu'n tìgeadh iad dhachaidh.

Bha, mar an ceudna, buachaille aig a' bhodach d'am b'ainm Dùghall Og; ach b'e an aithnig (frith-ainm) a bh' aig gillean an àite air "An Glugaire," a chionn gu'n robh e gagach 'na bhrùithinn. Mar sin bha dragh mòr aige anns na focail fhaotainn a mach.

Coma riamh, gagach 's mar a bha e, bha rudeigin de nàdur na bardachd ann an Dùghall, agus bheireadh e rann òrain seachad cho binn rèidh 's a chuala duine riamh, gun aon uair stad a thighinn air.

Bha, aon oidhche, an tigh làn de luchd-céilidh mar a b'abhaist agus smùd da-rìreadh air A' Glugaire a' bardachd dhaibh. Mu dheireadh thall, chumhnic An Glugaire bochd gu'n do dhi-chuimhnich e dol a shealltainn air son na spréidh. Cha d'fhuirich e na b'fhaid; thug e dhith 'na dhian-rùith a mach am monadh—oir bha, a nis, an oidhche a' ciaradh. Bios e coltach nach d'fhuair e a treud idir mar bu mhaith leis iad a bhi; 's cha b'urrainn e dad a b'fhèarr a dheanamh na tilleadh dhachaidh a cheart cho luath 's a thàinig e, agus innseadh do 'n t-slugh a bh'aig an tigh mar a bha cùisean. Troimh eabar is pòll rùith Dùghall bochd. Mu dheireadh, ràinig e an tigh, 's chlisg na bha stigh leis an fhuaim a rinn e a' fosgladh an doruis. 'S maith a dh' aithnich iad gu'n robh rudeigin cèarr. Thàinig Dùghall air taobh a stigh an doruis; 's ma thàinig b'e sin an sealladh. Bha e breabadh a chois air an làr 's a shùilean air ehasamh 'na cheann; ach cha robh guth a sìos no nìos aige.

"Seinn e," ars Eachann; "Seinn e."

Agus cho reidh 's a dh' iarradh tu, dh' fhalbh e leis mar leanas:

O thachair an dòlas 'sa mhonadh uall thall;
Tha gamhainn 'sa mhòintich aig bun Creig-nam-meann

Nuair ràinig mi 'm fireach, bha 'm biorach air chall

'S bha 'n t-each ann an toll gu shùileann.

B. NIC COINNICH.

Gu làn iomradh thoirt air an dòigh annas an tugadh "Lòn-na-Fala" mar ainm air còmhann mhòintich a tha 'na luighe aig bun, agus ri taobh deas, Mealla-fuar-mhonaidh, 's fheadar a dhol air ais gus a' bhliadhna 1603. Bha ainmheite gheur cadar Clann Dòmhnall agus Clann-'ic-Coinnich mu thimchio'll sealbh fearainn anns an Aird-an-iar; agus air do Chlann 'ic -Coinnich, air a bhliadhna roimhe so Caisteal-an-t-Sròim a spionadh, leis an làmh làidir, bho Dòmhnallaich Ghlinne-Garaidh, chuir na Garraich rompa, le Ailean Dubh, mac agus oighre Raonuill Mhic Raonuill, fear Lunnaidh, air an ceann, gu'n deanadh iad dioghaltas air an eascairdean.

Chum eòlas feumail dha fhèin fhaotainn, shiubhail Ailean air ais agus air adhart le mor sheòltachd feadh dhùthaich Mhic Coinnich ann an cruth ceannaiche-màileid gun neach 'ga aithneachadh, agus nuair a fhuair e na bha dh' eòlas cluais is sùl a dhith air, thill e dhachaidh, agus ann am mìos meadhomach an fhoghair 1603, thog e buidheann thaghte dhe fhir Ghlinne-Garaidh, agus threòraich e iad gu sgìre a' Chaisteil Ruaidh. Air maduinn Shàbaid ràinig iad eaglais Chille-Chriosda nuair a bha i làn de Chloinn-'ic-Coinnich. Air ball chuairtich Ailean i le chuid daoine, agus an sin chuir e teine rithe. Bhrùchd an luchd-aoraidh gus na dorsan 's na h-uinneagan, ach 'se fhuair iad 'gan feitheamh claidheamhan agus biodagan geura nan Dòmhnallach.

Eadar gaor nam ban 's na cloinne agus glacdaich nan daoine, b' oillteil thar tomhas an uair a bha taobh stigh na h-eaglais, gus, fa dheòidh, an do losgadh cuid, agus an do mhùchadh cuid eile gu samhchair. Am feadh 'sa bha 'n slaonasadh uamhasach so a' dol air aghaidh bha am piobaire aig Ailean a' spaid-searachd air ais 's air adhart a' chunnt a' phuirt sin ris an abrar "Cille-Chriosda." Loisg Ailean mòran thighean an sgìreachd a' Chaisteil Ruaidh air an turus ud, gun tigh a' mhinisteir fhèin a chaoimhnadh; oir tha seann sgrìobhaichean a' nochdadh gun do loisg e seòmair-leabhar agus leabhraichean—"librarie and buikes"—a bhuineadh do'n Urramach Iain MacCoinnich. Thog e creach mhòr de dh' eich 's de spréidh, agus air a rathad dhachaidh troinn Ghlinn Urchadainn stad e fhèin 's a bhuidheann leis a' chreich aig bun Mealla-fuar-mhonaidh a chur seachad an sgìos.

Cha robh am fois ach goirid. Mar Chrois-tàra tharruing lasraichean Chille-Chriosda Clann-'ic-Coinnich an ceann a' chéile, agus ann an tiota bha àirachm mhòr dhiubh air lorg nan Garrach. Nuair a thàinig Clann-'ic-Coinnich mu'n cuairt air gualainn sear-dheas a' Mhill, nochdadar na Dòmhnallaich le'n creich air a' chòmhnard fodhpà—ris an abrar bho 'n là sin "Lòn-na-Fala" Le glaothan dioghaltas leum, Clann-'ic-Coinnich 'nam meòim sìos orra. Sheas na Dòmhnallaich gu daingean rè tamuill; ach bha iad sgith le 'n turus agus Clann 'ic Coinnich gu math na bu lionmhoire, air chor agus gu'm b' èiginn do Ailean teicheadh, a' fàgail a chuid bu mhò dhe dhaoine marbh to leònte mu Lòn-na-Fala. Dh' fhaodteadh tuilleadh aithris mu ghionh-arran Ailean agus a luchd tòrachd air an latha so fhèin; ach cha cheadaich rum an còrr a sgrìobhadh an ceartair.

Iain MacDhùghail.

DÀ SGEOIL GHOIRID.

LE IAIN CAMSHROIN.

I.

SGEULACHD RIABHAIG.

Bho chionn mòran bhliadhachan bha cailleadh a' fuireach air taobh an iar Uidhist-a-Tuath ris an canteadh "Riabhaig." Chaidh i sìos, aon latha, am measg nan sgoirean a bha air an tràigh, ag iarraidh maorach. Nuair a bha i tilleadh, air dhi a bhi air fàs rudeigin sgith, leig i dhi am poca anns an robh am maorach. Sheall i mu'n cuairt dhi, agus dé chunnaic i ach dorus straonte fosgailte ann an taobh cruic a bha ceart làmh rithe.

Chaidh i stigh. Bha an sin bodach mòr gruamach, liath agus cailleadh chaol ghrànda. Cha do leig am bodach agus a' chailleach orra gu'm fac iad i gus an robh i an dèidh a h-anail a leigeil, nuair a dh' iarr a' chailleach air Riabhaig tòiseachadh air fuineadh agus cha robh i ri sgur gus an teirigeadh na bha de mhin anns a' chiste. Bha Riabhaig a' fuineadh 's a fuineadh 's cha robh a' mhin a' teirigeadh. Bha so a' cur ioghnaidh air Riabhaig; ach cha robh i ag ràdh facail. Mhothaich am bodach mu dheireadh gu'n robh i fàs sgith de 'n ghnòthuch, agus thubhairt e.—"Tha mi faicinn gu'n bheil thu a' fàs sgith, agus cha 'n eil ioghnaidh ann: tha 'n deagh ghreis bho na thàinig thu 'n so."

"Tha seachdain ann," arsa Riabhaig.

"Seachdain!" arsa am bodach a rithist, "a trì cheud bliadhna ann."

Chaidh a' chailleach a shitheadh am mach air tòir rudeigin, agus thug an seann duine sanas do Riabhaig.

"Na brath mi," arsa esan; "ach cuir thusa an taoise air ais do 'n chiste, 's cha bhi a' mhin fada teirigeadh. Mar a thubhairt rinn, agus cha robh a' mhin tiotan a' teirigeadh. Thàinig a' chailleach a stigh agus thubhairt i ri Riabhaig gu'm faodadh i sgur fuineadh nis; agus anns an dealachadh thubhairt i rithe mar so: "Beannachd dhuit fhéin, ach molachd do bheul t' ionnsaiche."

Dhùin an dorus an dèidh Riabhaig, agus cha d'aithnich i co am bad de 'n chnoc an robh e. Ghabh i air a h-aghaidh gus an do thachair tigh beag rithe ri taobh an rathaid, agus chaidh i stigh. Bha an sin seann duine liath. Dh' fheòraich i dheth c' àit' an robh tigh Riabhaig, a thaobh gu'n robh aghaidh na talamhainn air atharachadh gu mòir fhad 's a bha i anns a' chnoc.

"Nuair a bha mise 'n am ghille beag chuala mi aig mo sheanair gu'n robh boireannach de 'n ainm sin ann, agus gu'n d' thug na daoine sìthe leo i. Bha e 'g ràdh gu'n do thachair so nuair a bha a sheanair fein 'na bhalach." Air chluinntinn so thuit i 'na glag air ùrlar marbh.

Agus canar Sgeir Riabhaig ris an sgeir anns am fae Riabhaig na sìthichean gus an latha diugh.

II.

SGEULACHD FEAR HAMOURA.

Bha fear 'san Eilean Sgitheanach ris an canteadh "Fear Hamoura;" agus thachair dha bhi dol do Uidhist a Chinn-a-deas a dh' amharc air càirdean dha bha fuireach 'san dùthaich sin. Nuair a bha e dol tarsuinn na tràghad a bha eadar Uidhist a Deas 's a Tuath thàinig an oidhche air. Bha aige ri dhol seachad air eilean beag ris an abrar "A' Chaigeann" agus chunnaic e solus briagha boillsgeach ann am mulach an eilein. Rinn e dìreach air an t-solus; agus nuair a thàinig e faisg air, thug e an aire gu'm b'e dorus fosgailte anns a' chnoc a bh'ann. Spàrr e sgian as a phòcaid, agus stob e anns an chòmhlà i; oir bha fios aige na'n cuireadh e iarann no cruaidh ann an dorus sìthe, nach gabhadh e dùnadh; agus dh' aithnich e gu'm b'e dorus sìthe a bha 'n so.

Nochd e stigh. Bha bodach agus cailleadh an sin. Bheannaich iad dha, agus dh' fheòraich iad dheth cò as a thàinig e. Thubhairt e ri u: "Is mise Fear Hamoura 'san Eilean Sgitheanach."

"Is aithne dhomh e," arsa am bodach; "agus, ma dh' fhodas mi fhoighneachd, gu dé a chuireadh Fear Hamoura air an allaban an nochd?"

"Tha mi dol a dh' amharc air càirdean a tha agam 'sa Cheann-a-deas."

"Glé cheart; agus ciamar a tha muinntir Hamoura? Am bheil iad a' call a' chruidh an sin?"

"Tha fear 's fear a' falbh de na daimh, agus, rud iongantach; a chuire fear a mholachdar 's e a bhàsaicheas."

Sheall am bodach air a' chaillich gu geur le snodha-gàire agus thubhairt e: "Cha b'fhada nis, bu choltach, do na gillean a bhi gun tighinn tuilleadh."

"Cha bhi iad an sin," fhreagair ise; agus, air ball, nochd a dhà dheug de ghillean mòr, garbha a stigh, agus damh aca 'ga ghiulan eatorra.

Dheasaicheadh am beathach, is nuair a shuidh iad aig bòrd dh'fheòraich am bodach, "cia as a thug sibh e?"

"Thug sinn á buaille Fir Hamoura e," arsa iadsan, agus gun fhios aca cò bh' anns an aoidh a bha ri 'n taobh.

"Agus ciamar a thug sibh leibh e?" arsa an seann duine.

"Bha a' bhannarach a' bleoghainn a' chruidh, agus bhual an damh breab air an t-sòitheach bhainne agus dhòirt se e, agus mholach i e, agus thug sinne linn e, agus dh' fhàg sinn an cù mòr, 'na àite ann an riochd an daimh. Chuala Fear Hamoura so; agus nuair a dh'ith e a chuid de 'n damh ghabh e a chead dhiubh, agus dh' fhaibh e dhachaidh.

Nuair a ràinig e bha na sgàlagan a' roinn an daimh air a chèile. Dh' iarr esan orra am beathach a' chur am mach air a' mhuir. Thòisich iadsan air bruidhinn 's air cnàmhan gu geur a thaobh am biadh math a bhi 'ga chur a dhith orra; ach dh' fhalbh iad leis, agus chuir iad am mach air a' mhuir e.

Nuair a thàinig iad air ais dh' innis e dhaibh gu'm b'e cù a bha ann. Mharbh e an damh a b' fhèarr bha 'sa bhuaile, agus thug e dhaibh e an àite an fhir a chuir iad am mach air a' mhuir.

ORAN.

LE BÀRD CHEANN-LOCH-IUBH.

Comhradh Eadar am Bàrd Agus Fionnla Liath.

Air do 'n bhàrd, moch 'sa mhaduinn air là àraidh, a bhi dol seachad air tigh Fhionnla, thòisich Fionnla air trod ris, 's e 'n dùil gur h-ann an déidh Ceit, an nighean, a bha 'm bàrd. Bha sgoil, goirid roimhe so, air tighinn do 'n àite, agus bha Ceit 'na ban-sgoilear mhath; ach cha robh math 'sam bith am Fear-char a bràthair. B'e MacMhàrtainn ainm a' Mhaighstir-sgoile.

Air Fonn:—"Oran na Feannaige."

Bàrd—

Cia mar tha sibh 'n diugh, Fhionnla?
No 'm bheil sibh sunndach 'sa mhaduinn?
'S math a mhoch-eirigh rinn sibh,
'S dath na h-oidhche air an latha;
Ma tha 'n teaghlach air éirigh,
'S tràth a dh' fheumadh iad laighe?
Am bheil iad slàn agaibh uile?
'S am bheil Ceit air a casan?
N' am beil i stigh? N' am beil i stigh?

Fionnla—

Tha i sin bho chionn fhada,
'S i 'n déidh a' glanadh 's a cìreadh;
'S i cur àird air a bhracaist,
Tha i cabhagach daonnach;
Thug i dhachaidh 'n cliabh mòine
Gun duine beò anns an aonach;
'S tha i 'g ionnsachdainn leasain
A leabhair eachdraidh an t-saoghail,
'S i dol an sgoil 's i dol an sgoil.

Bàrd—

'S am beil i fad air a h-adhart?
N' am beil i fradharc a' ghramair?
'S cinnteach mise gur minic
Tha sibhs' a' cluinntinn a' chanain.
Cha 'n eil e fearas a thuigsinn
Do neach, ach fear tha chèaird air.
Ma tha ise 'ga labhairt
Cho math 's is math le Mac-Mhàrtainn.
Cha 'n eil i tais, cha 'n eil i tais.

Fionnla—

Cha bhreitheamh mis' air an ealain,
Cha leugh mi earrann de 'n Ghàidhlig;
Nuair shineas Ceit air an Làidinn
Cha 'n eòl domh moladh na càineadh.
'S gu dé'm math dhomh bhi bruidhinn?
Nuair shineas is' air a' ghramar
B' fhèarr a thuiginn an tunnaig
N'a chearc dhubbh 's i ri gagan,
N' an coileach glas, n' an coileach g'las.

Bàrd—

'S am beil i math air a' Bheurla?
N' an i 's reidh dhi na Ghàidhlig?
'S mór is fhiach i bhi sgiobalt,
Cruaidh, fileant, aig pàisde;
Gu dé reitheadh i Dhun-eideann
Cha dean iad feum dhi gu bràth ann,
'S ann ann bu chòir dhi bhi fuireach
An ceann urad na sraide,
Mu 'n tha i deas, mu 'n tha i deas.

Fionnla—

Tha i 'g obair air sgliata;
'S tha i sgiobhadh gun lasadh;
Fhuair i 'n t-urram air liaghadh
Le guth briagha gun chasad.
Tha i oileanach, rianail
'S i is ciallaiche th' agam;
'S ge mór a chosg mi ri Fearchair,
'S gann a dh' aithneas e facal,
'S gur beag a mhath, 's gur beag a mhath.

Bàrd—

Tha mi coimha do dh' Fhearchar
Cha 'n eil eanchaill 'na chlaiginn,
'S beag a dheanainn ris earbha
Mu 'n tha e cearbach gun aithne;
Fear gun ghrinneas, gun eirmse,
Nach dean seirbhis no cosnadh,
'S nach dean math fhad 's is beò e
Mur dèan e seòrsa de mharaich,
'S cha bhi e glan, 's cha bhi e glan.

Fionnla—

'S docha leatsa bhi bruidhinn
Mu dheidhinn nigheanan òga;
'S e Ceit tha ruighinn do chridhe
Nuair tha thu tighinn an còmhnuidh;
'S fhèarr dhuit dosachdainn rithe,
'S mo dheadh nighean-sa phòsadh,
Mu 'n tha i ionnsaichte, sgiobalt,
Air bheag gideail is pòise,
'S i soitheamh math, 's i soitheamh math.

Bàrd—

Eisd, a bhodaich gun tabhuil,
Cha 'n eil thu labhairt na còrach;
Na 'm b'e do chomhairl' a ghabhainn,
Bu mhi 'n tamhas gun eòlas,
Ge d' tha mi faoin ann an rathad;
Cha chreid mi ràidhe do bheoil-sa
Fhad 's is beò thu air thalamh;
Cha 'n fhaic thu agamsa pòsd i,
'S bi 'na d' thosd, 's bi 'na d' thosd.

Fionnla—

Cha 'n eil math dhomh a leantuin,
Bho 'n tha thu amaideach gòrach;
C' àit am faicheadh tu leithid,
'S nach eil aic ach an òige?
Tha i grinn air a làmhnan,
'S air cumail tigh ann an òrdugh,
'S bu mhath a chùirt dhuit a faighinn,
Ged tha thu 'n aghaidh mo chòmhradh,
'S mi 'ga toirt dhuit, 's mi 'ga toirt dhuit.

Bàrd—

'S fhèarr dhuit beagan a chantainn,
Agus pailteas a dhearbhadh;
'S ma 's e 'n fhirinn a th' agad,
Cha chuir mi stad air do sheanchas;
'S neònach leam-sa cho salach
'S a bhitheas a h-athair 'san t-searmoin,
'S nach bi duine sa chuideachd
Cho miosa trusgan ri Fearchar,
Nuair thig e mach, nuair thig e mach.

Fionnla—

'S fhèarr dhuit-sa bhi sàmhach,
'S sguir a chàineadh, a ghille;
Cron 'sam bith a tha fàs air,
Cha 'n ann do chàch a tha 'n difir;
'S ma tha mise air dhroch caradh,
'S beag is fhèairde mi thusa;
Bha thu mealladh a' phàisde,
'S thug thu tàire dhuinn uile,
'S cha 'n eil thu math, 's cha 'n eil thu math.

Bàrd—

Cha do mheall mise riamh i,
'S cha do dh' fhiach mi ri leithid;
'S na bi 'g innseadh nam briagan,
'S nach eil fianaisean agad;
Ged a bhithinn 'ga dheanamh
Cò dh' fhiachas ri m' thagairt?
Bheir mi ciad neor-thaigh dhuit,
'S na bi cainnt rium na 's fhaide
'S bi dol a steach 's bi dol a steach.

Fionnla—

Cha téid mi steach air do chomhairl’
Cha leig an comh-olc leam d’ fhàgail
Gus an innis thu ’n gnothuich
A thug an rathad s’ an tràthsd thu.
Ma ’s ann dh’ fhiachainn ri cothrom
’Fhaighinn oirre-sa bba thu,
’S teann nach deach e ’nad aghaidh,
Bho ’n thug mi toighe cho tràth dhuit,
’S cha leig mi leat, ’s cha leig mi leat.

A BHAN LUNNAINNEACH BHUIDHE.

A song composed about the year 1774 by
a Perthshire Highlander to his fiddle.

Luinneag:—

Ged a bha mi roimhe dubhach,
’S ann am bliadhna tha mi subhach;
Fhuair mi Bhan Lunnainneach bhuidhe,
’S i ’na h-uigheam air son ceòil.

An sgrìob a thug mi do Shith-chailinn,
Chail mi mo stòras ’s mo leannan;
’S cha robh leithid eile ’n Raineach
Nuair a theannadh i ri ceòl.

’S ann san Eadailt fhuair i h-àrach;
’S thàin’ i Lunnainn nall thar sàile;
Thabhairt ceòl d’an rìgh ’s d’an bhan-
rìgh’n,
Is uailsean àrda na Roinn Eòrp.

Thain’ i o theaghlachan priseil,
Bho ’n a’ chomunn asal rioghail,
Bho Ard-reuladair na rioghachd,
Dheanaidh a dioladh le h-òr.

’S binn-fhoclach guth mo leannain;
Cha tig tùchan ’na caramh;
’S i a thogadh fonn is aighear
Air gach gille ’s caileig òig.

Thogadh i sunnd air fear bacach,
Gus an dannsadh e air a leth-chas;
’S theireadh i air na cailleanach cneadach
Bhì ’gan cleideadh air na stòil.

Tha i fonnmhor, ceòlmhor, gasda;
Togaidh i sunnd air fir thaise;
Sparraidh i danns anns na casan
Nach d’rinn stap dheth riamh d’an deòin.

Cuiridh i driùchd as a’ chraicinn;
Cuiridh i smùid as na basan;
Cuiridh i lùths anns na casan;
Fògraidh i airsneul is bròn.

Bheir i suaimhneas do luchd caoineadh;
Bheir i ’m buaireas a luchd caonnaig;
Bheir i cadal do luchd daoirich;
’S nì i daoine sean bhì òg.

Cha bu shamhladh guth mo chèile
Rì tè ascaideach ’s i beumnach;
Teangadh loisgeach mar na h-èibhleach
Theireadh ceus air fuil ’s an fheòil.

Ged a théid mi do thaigh-leanna,
’S ged a nochdainn spéis do chailleig,
Cha bhì gruaimhean air a maladh
’S cha bhì maille air a ceòl.

Cha b’ionann i is ùmaidh caile
Bhiodh gu diùmach air a’ bhaile,
Sealltainn fìar le drannan teallaich
Air son drama ’san tigh-òsd.

’S e Maighstir Maskelyne* an t-àrmunn,
Cha b’fhada dh’fhàg e mis am bhantraich;
Chuir e chugam rogha m’ annsachd
Dh’ fhàgas taingeil mi ri m’ bbeò.

Ged a bha mi roimhe dubhach,
’S ann am bliadhna tha mi subhach;
Fhuair mi Bhan Lunnainneach bhuidhe
’S i ’na h-uigheam air son ceòil.

* Maighstir Maskelyne—Nevil Maskelyne, D.D., F.R.S., astronomer and physicist, inventor of the prismatic micrometer, was born in London, 6th October 1732. In 1765 he was appointed astronomer-royal, and in 1774 he visited Schiehallion, Perthshire, to make observations determining the density of the earth in connection with that hill.

CAISMEACHD NAN GAIDHEAL.

Nuair thogar bratach Clann nan Gaidh’l.
O! cumaidh suas gu léir i;
Is leanaibh ceuman treun nan sàr
Le’m b’fhèarr an bàs na gèilleadh.

Thig, thig gu luath bho dheas ’s ’o thuath,
’O bhàrr nam beann gu oir nan tonn;
Thig thar gach sliabh mar rinneadh riamh
A sheasamh dian ri cheile.

Tha milltean cruinn fo sròl Loch-ial
De ghillean ciallach gleusda;
O! cò nach iarradh a bhì triall
An deise bhriagh an fhéil dh’!

Ain measg nan laoch o thir an fhraoich
Na h-òighfir treun is òrdail ceum,
Gu buaidh no bàs tha fir no ghràidh
Cho ullamh ghnàth gu éirigh.

Thig Gòrdonaich bho àird an ear,
’Sa h-uile fear dhiubh leumnaich;
Is Sifortaich a cheart cho mear
Nuair dh’èireas cabair feidh orr’.
Thig sìorrachd Pheairt ’na uile neart.
Is thig gun dèil fir Earra-ghaidh’l.
’S gu’n cruinnich seòid air là a’ mhòid.
O thaigh Iain Gròt gu Eirinn.

Thig gaisgich dìleas treun a nall
’O chùile thir fo’n ghréine.
A chabhair an còirdean anns an àm,
’S cha bhì iad mall ’san tughmhail.
Air taobh an rìgh ’s air son an tìr
D’an d’thug iad gaol thar àit’ ’san
t-saoghal
Sàr shìol nan sonn dh’fhag tir nan tom
A’ tigh’n le fonn nan ceudan.

Nuair bhios sinn còmhlaht gual ri gual.
Is piobarean a séideadh,
Gu’n dean sinn seasamh mar bu dual,
Ged bhiodh an luadh ’gar léireadh.
Is bheir sinn dìol air sliochd gun mhìadhl.
A thogadh lann ri mhnathan ’s cloinn.
’S dh’ aindeoin cruas gu’n toir sinn buaidh
Air mac na h-uail ’s na h-eucoir.

Nach d’rinn ar sinnsear euchdan mòr,
’S nach dean s’inn mar an ceudna?
An sliochd nach d’ùmhlaich neart na Roimh:
O! cò bheir orra géilleadh!
Cha’n fhiach leinn gròt “mi fhìn is
’gott”
’S guth h-e ar sgiath “Iehobhah Dhia,”
Bha ceart an dé ’na bheart gu léir,
’S an diugh ’s e ’n Dia nach tréig sinn.

IAIN MOIREASDAN.

Paipear eireachdail an t-sluaigh,
'S fhiach e fichead sgillinn ruadh;
Gach fear a cheannaich e,
Ghuidh e beannachd air,
'S thug e air gach paipear buaidh.

Air feadh còrr agus lethcheud bliadhna thagair

Paipear An T-Sluaigh

(People's Journal)

gu gaisgeil Ath-leasachadh air Laghannan an Fhearainn
agus air Cor is Cothrom-beatha nan Gaidheal.

Cha 'n eil paipear-naidheachd an Albainn a thig am mach
nair 'san t-seachdain a ghabhas cur an coimeas ris a thaobh
farsuingeachd a chuairt air feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Air
an aobhar sin cha 'n eil paipear is fearr ann a chum
suasan mu ghnothuichean de gach gnè a dh'fhoillseachadh.

THA E AIG AN TIGH ANNS AN TIGH

Cha 'n fhiach Cèilidh Ghaidhealach aig nach eil naidheachd
no sgeul à Paipear an t-sluaigh air a innseadh no air a
leughadh. Tha iad a ghnàth iur, ealanta, iomchuidh,
àbhachdach. Tha nirsgeulan fada is goirid ann, agus iad
uile fìorghlan, fallan, foghlumach. Tha fiosrachadh
feumail do bhoireannaich ann. Tha earrann ann a ni
èibhneach an òi ridh. Rèitichear leis ceistean a bhuineas
do 'n Lagh, do 'n t-Slainte, do Mhalairt, do Litreachas,
agus do Chairdean a tha air dol a eòlas. Agus gu h-àraidh

THA STIALL GHÀIDHLIG ANN

anns am bheil sgeòil a choisinn duaisean air am
foillseachadh—a' chuid is mò dhiubh nach deach rianh a
chur an clò.

Tha caochladh deasachaidh air an deanadh air a' phaipear
le sùil ri muinntir nan crìochan Gaidhealach a thoileachadh,
mar so :—Deasachadh mu choinnimeh Ionbhar-nis agus nan
Siorramachdan Tuathach; deasachadh mu choinnimeh
Siorramachd Pheirt; agus deasachadh mu choinnimeh
Earra-Ghaidheil agus Innse Gall.

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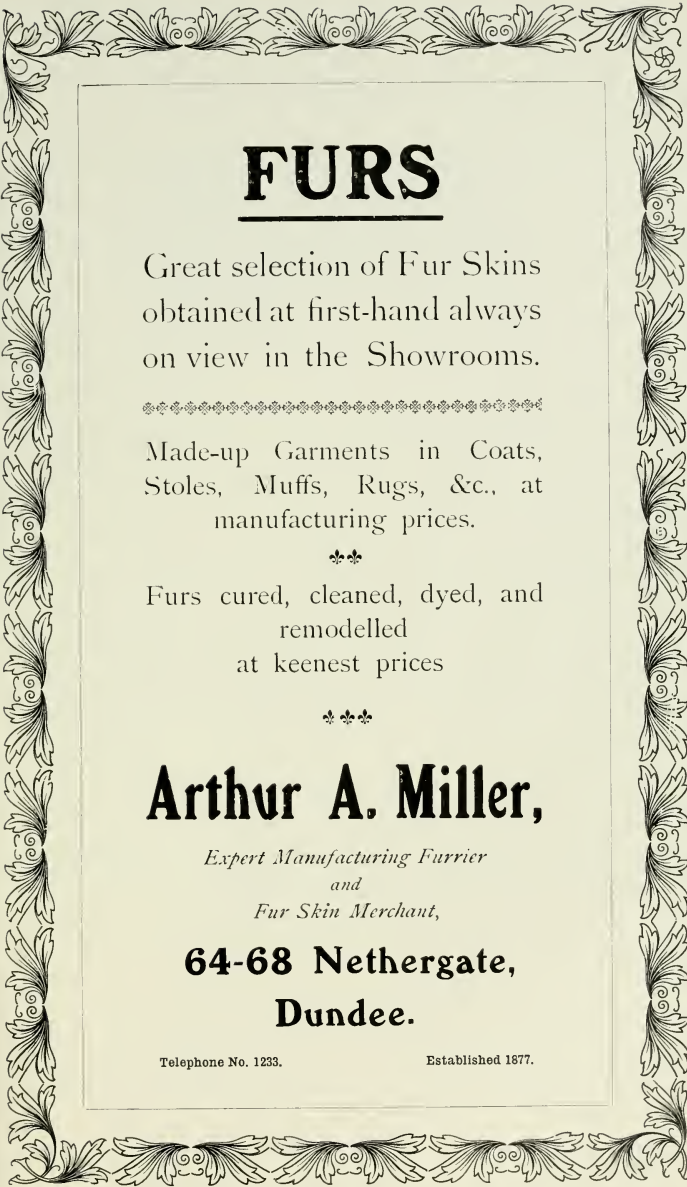
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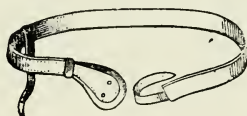
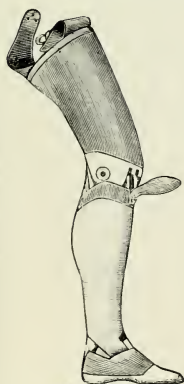
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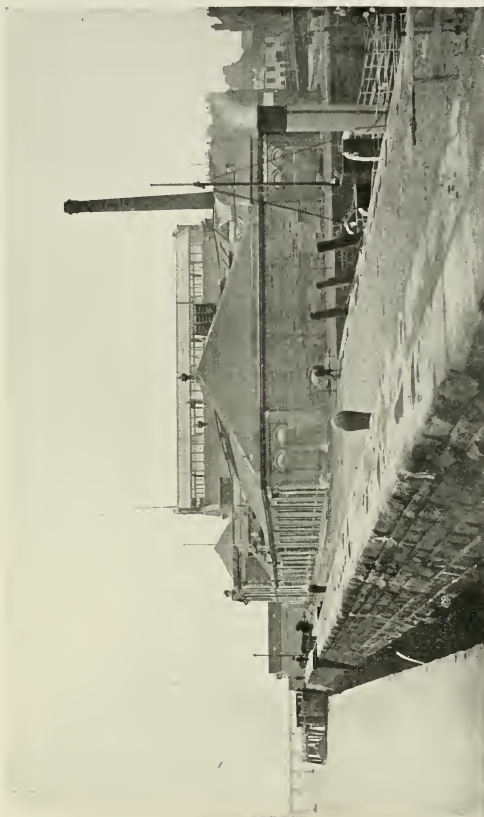
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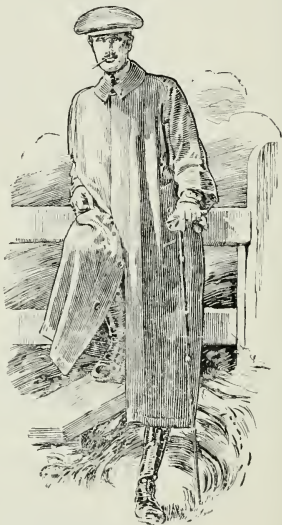
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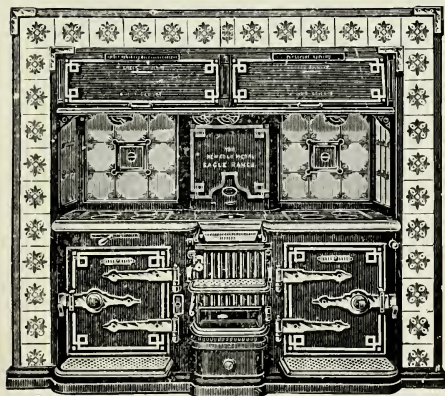
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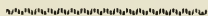
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