

# The Celtic Annual

1918

1919



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EDITED BY

MALCOLM C. MACLEOD.

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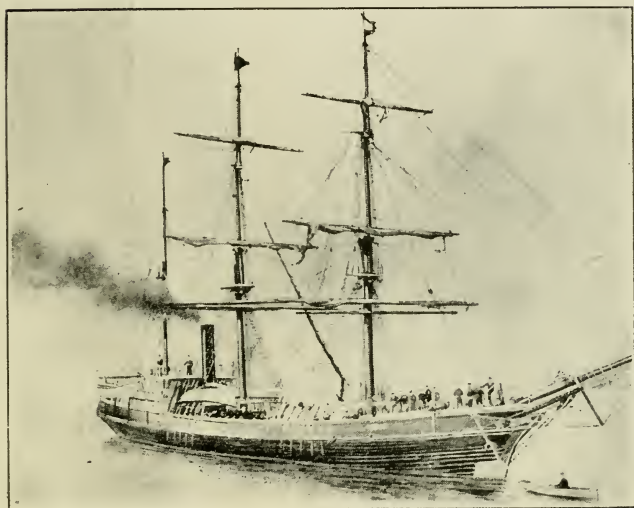
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# THE CELTIC ANNUAL

## *Year Book of Dundee Highland Society*

*(Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach)*



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1918



## Foreword.

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### THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.

THE Great War is still raging, with the result that many matters not vital to the immediate success of the Allied cause, besides which nothing else matters for the moment, is left out of account. It is a debatable matter whether it was either necessary or politic to allow many things to drift into the moribund state in which they at present are because of the war. The keeping of the home-fires burning is applicable in varying degrees to other things than what is conveyed by these words in their literal sense. The Gaelic Movement is a national movement, and the spirit of nationality, the recognition of the national rights of little nations, and the pervading sense of justice that must be inseparable from these, and that gives them inspiration, should have enabled those in authority in the movement to have kept the Gaelic torch burning; should, indeed, have made those considerations a fuel to its fire. Why this has not been done will be for history to acclaim. What should have been done, and why it should have been done, was forcibly illustrated by Mr Lloyd George in his glowing address to the Welsh National Eisteddfod in 1916. A movement that is not inspired from within can never have inspiration forced upon it from without, no matter how numerous and enthusiastic its nitlander supporters may be. The blood may be strong, and the hearts may be Highland in our exiled Gaels, and their support of the movement may be both praiseworthy and valuable; but unless the call for that support can be shown to be a call from the Highlands, and not merely a call to the Highlands, it will be a call in vain. That the heart of the Highlands is true to the movement there can be no question; but there is also no question that the pulse from that heart is in a very lethargic state to-day, solely for want of nourishment, and a radical treatment is required. Fortunately, however, there are circumstances at present that give some reason for hopefulness. In the first place there has been formed a Pan-Celtic Union, with the main object of facilitating "joint action and co-ordination of effort on the part of the supporters of the Celtic languages and literatures." Every endeavour is to be made to secure a common plan and unity of action in the immediate future, so that in the coming measures of reconstruction the languages, literature, and history of the Celtic races will receive additional recognition in the educational systems of three kingdoms. The first conference under the auspices of the Union was held in 1917 at Birkenhead, and the second in 1918 at Neath. At each there were present about 200 delegates from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man, and Brittany. Much enthusiasm was displayed, useful interchanges of opinion took place, and a very attractive and promising programme was drafted and elaborated. It has been decided to hold the next gathering in Edinburgh in 1919, and the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city have decided to "extend the hospitality of the Corporation to the members." The second circumstance is the gratifying fact that Parliament, as represented by the Grand Committee which has been dealing with the Scottish Education Bill, has admitted the claim of Gaelic to be a subject as well as a medium of instruction in the schools situated in the Gaelic-speaking areas of Scotland. It is possible that before these lines are printed, the Bill, with this long-sought and far-reaching provision, may pass through both Houses and become law. It marks a long and important step towards the linguistic emancipation of the Gael. Then, again, there are friends and supporters of the Gaelic movement in high places, in positions that give them the opportunities and the power to serve the movement and enable it to attain its objects. Three Highland constituents are represented in

Parliament by men who are, in the words of one of themselves (Mr Munro), "Highland by birth, by upbringing, and by sentiment." They are not only members of Parliament, they are influential members of the Government as well. We have the Right Hon. Alex. Munro, K.C., as M.P. for the Northern Burghs, and Secretary of State for Scotland, in which latter capacity he is head of the Scottish Education Department, or at anyrate with direct influence in it; we have Mr T. B. Morrison, K.C., M.P., for Inverness-shire, as Solicitor-General for Scotland; and we have Mr Ian MacPherson, M.P., for Ross-shire, as Under-Secretary for War. Both Mr Munro and Mr MacPherson are members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and consequently committed to its objects, and, as our Gaelic proverb puts it, *Is fearr caraid 's a chàirt no crì'n 's an sporan*. In addition to this we have a fervid Celt from Wales as Prime Minister, in the highest place of all. Could the call of our language come from the Highlands instead of merely on behalf of the Highlands, it would be irresistible under such favourable conditions. Even under existing conditions there are reasons why we should be hopeful, and we are. Let, then, the fiery cross speed forth throughout the North, and let our slogans be heard from every point of vantage throughout the Highlands. A thousand cries from the Gaelic area would be more effective as a driving force than ten thousand trumpet calls from the cities of the South.

'S e 'm buileachadh ni 'n cruinneachadh,  
'S e 'n cruinneachadh ni sguaban,  
'S e sguaban ni na mulanan,  
'S na mulanan na cruachan.

4th September 1918.



## THE CELTIC ANNUAL, 1919.

ARRANGEMENTS—afterwards departed from—had been made for bringing out a 1917 number of the Annual, which was planned on somewhat similar lines to the 1916 issue. Much of the matter in the following pages was set in type with that end in view. The article on Gaelic Technical Terms was to form a section by itself occupying the space taken up by the Gaelic Supplement in the previous year's issue. The circumstance of the times, however, prevented the carrying out of that project, and we have now to offer our readers a greatly-reduced and somewhat lop-sided magazine; but, nevertheless, containing much that is of great interest to Gaels.

In this connection we would draw special attention to the article on our pages already referred to, dealing with "Gaelic Terms for Educational use." Although it is somewhat late in the day to suggest, as was done at the Annual Meeting of An Comunn Gaidhealach, the undertaking by that Association of constructive work to meet the new conditions of Compulsory Gaelic in Schools—work which but for the war might have been well advanced by another body of men—it is cause of satisfaction to find that some one has not been negligent in trying to meet the most pressing needs of the case. The writer of the article in question, while convinced of the usefulness of his list of terms as a basis for future developments, is not immovably bound to them, but invites and would welcome suggestions of amendment. In truth, we can conceive of the work being made fuller, being greatly expedited and rendered authoritative by the co-operation of less than half-a-dozen individuals whom we can name, with our contributor, who has made manifest by the article which we publish his competence to take the leading part in an operation, without which it is impossible to conserve the Gaelic language, and which if judiciously carried through could be made to have far-reaching effects on the future of our people.

This contribution then must be welcomed by all who desire to see a beginning made of providing for the disparity between the state of the Gaelic language and the state of knowledge in these times.

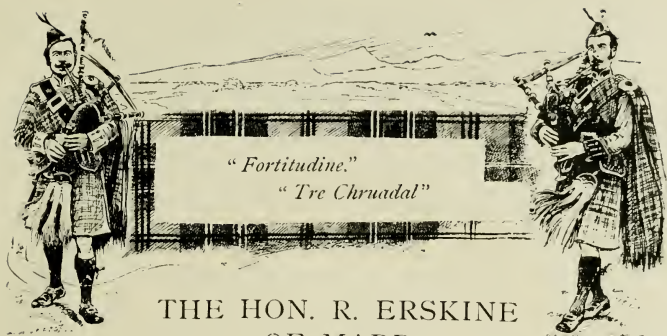


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## THE HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR.



FEW persons labour more sedulously and unremittingly in the interests of Gaelic letters and Scottish nationalism than the Hon. R. Erskine of Marr. For the furtherance of these objects he gives liberally of his time and talents, and frequently risks much hard cash; and, with characteristic modesty, he never lays himself out to win popular commendation or applause. He detests the big drum, and consistently shuns the limelight. He is scarcely ever seen on public platforms, nor is his voice ever heard in the councils of wordy politicians. Yet, in matters relating to Gaelic literature and Scottish politics, he is a power to be reckoned with, and he exercises an influence that extends to the uttermost limits of Gaeldom. Possessed of a discerning and logical mind, he is fertile in practical and original ideas, and wields a graceful, vigorous and convincing pen.

The names of the different journals that he founded for the advocacy of Gaelic sentiments and ideals form quite a long list. The first that occurs to me is *Am Bòrd*, published in the eighties of last century. Its objects were entirely literary, and it was charmingly written in good Gaelic. It was discontinued when Mr Erskine launched his well-known *Guth na Bliadhna*, a bilingual quarterly dedicated to the freedom of Scotland and the discussion of all cognate questions. Its first number was published in November 1903, and it has since gained for itself a secure position among our leading periodicals. It has come to be regarded as an almost indispensable factor in the present-day life of Celtic Scotland. On the principle that a little leaven may leaven the whole lump, it appeals mainly to the intelligent and thinking section of the people, and among these it is widely read and highly appreciated. An educated Gael who does not read *Guth na Bliadhna* has to admit that he is seriously out of touch with the dynamics of Celtic thought and Celtic politics. The *Guth* is edited with marked ability, and it has been aptly said that "it is doing yeoman service in forming public opinion." Its contributors are well-informed and reliable, each in his own particular sphere, and, in both Gaelic and English, maintain a high literary standard.

In February 1908 Mr Erskine started a Gaelic weekly newspaper called *Alba*. It was well edited, well written, newsy, informative, and, in every respect, extremely fresh, readable, and up-to-date. It possessed all the elements that conduce to success; and, the Gaelic revival, as represented by An Comunn Gaidhealach, being at the moment in full spring tide, it was confidently predicted that *Alba* would have a long, pleasant, and useful career. The case was one in which our prophetic ardour received a sharp rebuke. The event proved that most of those who, in showy tartans, loved to attend Gaelic Mòds and join lustily in the empty shout of "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig," were not prepared to lay out a penny a week on the only Gaelic paper ever published in our country. For a

little over a year *Alba* continued to exist in a distinctly chilly atmosphere, and then it succumbed to the unkindly conditions. Its demise was keenly regretted by a large circle of admiring readers.

Under Mr Erskine's guidance *An Sgeuliche* (The Story Teller) made its debut to the Gaelic public in 1909. It was a purveyor of light literature and appeared monthly. In matter, get-up, and size it compared favourably with any of its London contemporaries. More sprightly, attractive or wholesome stories than those that it provided seldom appeared in any periodical; and it unquestionably deserved, if it could not command, patronage and success. For about three years it was published month by month with unfailing regularity, and then it was obliged to follow *Alba* into the halls of Valhalla.

*The Scottish Review*, which was founded in 1882, but suspended publication in 1900, was revived by Mr Erskine in 1914, and, despite the difficulties created by the war, it has contrived to emerge successfully from adolescence. It strikes out new and original "values" in politics, commerce, literature and art; and, making a strong appeal to various classes, it has an extensive clientele, and is read literally from palace to cottage. It approaches all questions primarily from the Scottish point of view, and is entirely independent of English political groupings. It has no rival, nothing like it existing in or out of Scotland. Although written in the language of the Sassenach it gives its whole-hearted support to the Celtic Renaissance, believing that to be the direction in which resides the nation's best chance of regeneration and reconstruction. Every number extends to one hundred and fifty pages, and, like all Mr Erskine's publications, it is beautifully and richly produced as regards paper and binding.

Mr Erskine has just offered to readers of Gaelic a handsome and valuable volume entitled *An Rosarnach*. It embodies well-selected specimens of the best prose and poetry of which contemporary Gaelic literary craftsmanship is believed to be capable; consists of more than two hundred pages of text—Gaelic throughout—and is charmingly illustrated. It is intended to appear annually.

Mr Erskine was one of the founders of *Ard Chomhairle na Gàidhlig* (The Scottish Gaelic Academy), which came into existence in 1912. The objects of this organisation are to retrieve and preserve the purity of the old language, and settle debateable points with regard to its grammar and idiom. Its membership is confined to twenty-one, and, before the outbreak of war, it held half-yearly sessions. It has accomplished much useful and important work, and has certainly justified its formation. It was on the point of printing an instalment of its findings when the European war broke out and upset its arrangements. The same cause has produced a similar effect in the case of *Comunn Litreachas na h-Albann* (The Society of Scottish Letters), another organisation that owes its existence to Mr Erskine. The aim of this body is to print and issue modern Gaelic works of outstanding merit which might not get publication through the ordinary channels; to print under competent editorship selections from Gaelic MSS. preserved in the great libraries of the country, and to encourage Gaelic letters in other approved ways. The society is under distinguished patronage, and the council comprises seven of the most active and accomplished workers connected with the Gaelic movement.

Mr Erskine is the scion of an ancient stock which has been highly distinguished at all periods of Scottish history. The surname was, undoubtedly, derived from the lands and barony of Erskine in Renfrewshire, the early possessions of the noble family that afterwards became Earls of Marr. Henry de Erskine, whose ancestors are said to have been of Irish origin, was proprietor of this barony in the reign of Alexander II., and was the first of the name to have assumed a feudal designation. His great-grandson, Sir John de Erskine, had a son, Sir William, and three daughters. Of the daughters the eldest, Mary, was married to Sir Thomas Bruce, brother of King Robert I., and the second, Alice, became the wife of Walter, High Steward of Scotland, whose descendants were the Royal Stuarts. Sir William was a faithful adherent of Robert the Bruce, and, for his signal dash and valour, was knighted under the royal banner on the field. His son, Sir Robert, was an illustrious figure in his time, and among other high

offices of State that he held were those of Great Chamberlain of Scotland, Ambassador, first to France and afterwards to England, Justiciary north of the Forth, and Constable and Keeper of the Castles of Edinburgh, Dumbarton, and Stirling. His son, Sir Thomas Erskine, was accredited as Ambassador to England, and, by his marriage with Janet Keith, great-granddaughter of the eleventh Earl of Marr, laid the foundation of the succession on the part of his descendants to the earldom of Marr. John, the seventh Earl of Marr (of the Erskine line) was educated with James VI. by the celebrated George Buchanan. He was a Privy Councillor, a Knight of the Garter, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and High Treasurer of Scotland. His wife was Marie Stuart, daughter of Esmé, Duke of Lennox. The eldest son of the marriage, John Erskine, became Earl of Buchan, and, when he died unmarried, the succession to the title fell to David Erskine, Lord Cardross, a notable politician in the days of William III. and Queen Anne. Henry David, his son, became tenth Earl of Buchan, and his third son was the famous Lord Chancellor, Thomas Erskine, who, in 1804, was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Erskine.

The Hon. R. Erskine of Marr, who, by family arrangement, holds the honours bestowed by James VIII., is the second son of the fifth Baron Erskine. He is a direct descendant of the great Lord Chancellor, and his elder brother, Montagu, is the sixth and present Baron Erskine. He is married to Maria de Guadalupe Heaven y Ramirez de Arellano, only daughter of the Marquesa de Braceras and the late Mr Heaven of the Forest of the Birse, both of very illustrious Spanish families. He is forty-nine years of age; and, according to a general consensus of Celtic opinion, no man ever did more than he has done to encourage Gaelic letters and foster Scottish nationalism. Truly he deserves well of Gaeldom and of Scotland.

ANGUS HENDERSON

## CRÒNAN CODAIL.

Caidil-sa 'ghaclain, caidil mo lurachan,

Caidil-sa 'ghaolain, caidil gu sèimh;

Tha 'n t-anmoch ag aomadh ri taobh nam mullaichean,

'S chaidh 'n fhaòileag 's an eala gu 'n leabaidhean féin;

Caidil-sa, caidil-sa, caidil mo chuideachd thu;

Caidil-sa cadalan caidreach, rèidh;

Tha 'n oidhche tigh'nn dlùth le ciùin-ghuth fulasgaidh;

'S a' sgaoileadh a culaidh mu thulaich is shléibh.

Dùin-sa do shùilean, mo rùn 's mo channachan.

Dùin-sa do shùilean, mo chumhasan caomh;

'S snàmhaidh gu d' chluasaig bruadairean tairiseach;

Suaimhneas gu 'n laigheadh air leanabh mo ghaoil;

Dùin-sa do shùilean dubh, dùin iad, a chagarain,

Dùin-sa do shùilean dubh m' uaidh de 'n t-saogh'l;

'Cluinn a' bhean-shith le mùn-ghuth sanasach

Ag innsadh 's ag aithris a h-ealaidh do 'n ghaoith.

Eiridh tu treubhach, gleusda 's a' mhadunn leam.

Eiridh tu gleusda, treubhach 'na d' threòir;

Theid sinn le chèile gu h-èibhinneach, aigeannach,

A shiubhal nam bealach 's a theanail nam bó;

Eiridh tu, éiridh tu treubhanta, foghainteach,

Eiridh tu comasach, fallan, is mòr;

Is theid sinn le chéil' an déidh a' chruidh bhainne

Gu bun nan creag stallach mu 'n tatbaich an ceò.

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'S ann an sin a bhiodh a' ghàir, a' falbh leis a' chrodh. Chluinnteadh "Hò—hò—Bò dhubh, bò dhonn, bò chrùn riabhlach, Bidh 'n 'Dubhag' gu h-àrd is 'Bànag' gu h-ìosal."

Nuair bhiodh am feasgar fuar, 's an t-annoch a' dlùthadh bhiodh fadal air a' chloinn gu faigbinn dachaidh, agus chluinnteadh á beul gach aoin:

"A ghrian, a ghrian, dean dian a' choisceadh, Ma rinn thu riamh e dean an nochd e, lùthadh buachaill bochd, tha 'na shuidh 'm bun cnoic,

A dhealg 'na chroit, 's a lorg 'na uchd, 'S e guidh' air an t-Sealbh Chailleach mhór a chur sìos Do na chnoc. Do na chnoc!

Ged nach eil mòr bhrìgh, no eòlas 'san duan so, buinidh e do sheanachas aimsir nan Gaidheal, oir is e 'm fuachd a bha toirt air pàiscean a bhi 'ga luaidh, agus tha mise an dùil gu 'm bu chòir a ghleidheadh air sgiala, mar aon de na seann rudan a tha dol gu bras as an t-sealladh.

Bhiodh na seann daoine gabhail beachd air cearcall a bhiodh tìnacholl air a' ghrèin, no air a' ghealaich c'ait an d' fhosgail e; oir ma's e droch cearcall, no cuibhle bh' ann, 's ann o'n àird an d' fhosgail e thigeadh an stoirm. Gu tric 's ann mar dh' fhosgladh an cearcall a bha e ri aithneachadh co-dhiùbh 's e ole no an e math a bha ri thighinn na dheidhe. Bhiodh dòrn faisg air a' ghrèin no air a' ghealaich, 'na chomharradh dona; ma's ann air toiseach a bha e, 's e sin bu mhiosa. Bhiodh ceanna-cruaidh 'na dhroch chomharradh, mar thuit Alasdair Dòmhnallach ann an "Sgiobaireachd Chloinn Raognail!"

"Fada cruaidh 's an àirde 'n iar oir"; Chiteadh gach dath a bhiodh am breacan Air an iarmailt."

Bha "Bogha-frois 's an oidheche 'Na aoibhneas do na chiofair."

"Bogh-frois' sa mhaduinn Cha'n fhada gus an sin e."

"Breac-a-mhuiltein air an adhar Latha math am màireach."

Bha "Ceann snaim," 'na chomharradh math no dona a réir is mar dh'fhosgailleadh e. 'S e ceann-snam cearcall de neòil a' ruigsinn bho dhara taobh na h-iarmaidh gus an taobh eile. "Leis mar dh'fhosgail an ceann-snam, gaoth is uisge bheir e dhuinn."

"Dh'fhosgail an ceann-snam 'san Ear Thig an tiormachd thar an lear."

"Gaoth á tuath, fuachd is gaillonn,

Gaoth an iar, iasg is bainne,

Gaoth á deas, teas is toradh,

Gaoth an ear, meas air chrannaibh."

"Cha robh samhradh riamh gun ghrian,

Cha robh geamhradh riamh gun sneachd,

Cha robh Nolluig mhór gun fheòil,

No bean òg da deòin gun mhac."

"Mios roimh gach rait'h a coslas."

"An ciad Di-luain de 'n ràith latha rathail."

"Ged nach biodh agam ach an t-uain,

'S ann air Di-luain a dh' fhalbhain leis."

"Dior-daoin lath 'Ille Chaluim chaoimh,

Latha chur chaorach an sealbh."

"Aireamh na h-Aoine air caoraich a bhail' ud thall."

"Tri latha sgathaidh na bà riabhaich

Laithean iasad a Ghiblin."

"Am bronnach Geamhraidh,

'S an seang Farrach."

"Bi gu subhach geamnuidh

Moch-thrathach as t-Samhradh.

Bi gu curraiceach brògach.

Brochanach 'sa Gheamhradh."

"Na pòs as t-Fhoghar;

Dean foighidinn 'sa Gheamhradh;

Biodh tu cabhagach as t-Earrach,

Bidh gainn' arain as t-Samhradh."

"S i 'n Nolluig dhubb a ni 'n cladh meadh."

"Lath Fhéill Bhrìde thig an ribhinn as an tòm."

"Suipeir le soillse la m' Fhéill Bhrìde;

Cadal le soillse la m' Fhéill Pàdruig."

"Tha 'n oidheche 'san latha co-ionann Lath Fhéill Pàdruig."

"Lath Fhéill Pàdruig, bheir na cait an connadh dhachaidh."

"Bidh breac air gach linne Lath' Fhéill Pàdruig."

"Gug-gùg' ars a' chuthag Latha buidhe Bealltuinn."

"Lath Fhéill Eathain as t-Samhradh.

Thaid a' chuthag 'na taigh Geamhraidh."

Bha móran geillidh aig sluagh air son Di-haoine oir cha chluinnteadh na daoine beaga fein cho math air an là sin; oir thuit an saighdear aig Uaimh-na-h-ochanaich: "Beannachd 'nan sinbhal 's 'nan imeachd 's i nochd Di-haoine, 's cha chluinn iad sinn."

Bha na Gaidheil riamh 'nan sluagh gaisgeil, eudmhor, agus geur-chuiseach, a' gabhail 's a' foghlum obair nàduir. Anns na linnean a dh' fhalbh, cha robh foghlum na litreach 'nam measg; gidheadh bha iad cho làn de foghlum nàduir 's a tha 'n t-ugh de 'n bhìadhl, agus tha mi smuaineachadh gu'n toireadh cuid de na seann daoine 'bha 'n sud, dùbhlán, ann cuid de nithean, do na Feallsanaich is fhaide ch' 'nar latha fhìn. Cha robh ni eadar nuir is monadh, srath is beinn, fuachd no teas, geamhradh no samhradh, carrach is foghar, nach robh ac' ann an raimn, sean-fhacail, is cantineasan. Dheanadh iad leigheas le lusan, freumhan, is duilleagan nan craobh. Dheanadh iad dathan le pris, fraoch, blàithean, freumhan, is liath-sgroth nan creag 's nan clach. Cha robh fìu feamainn a' chladaich, is duileasg na tràighe, leis nach nach robh iad a' deanamh dath, is leigheas. Bha 'ghrian 's a' ghealach air an faire 's air an toirt fainear mar dh' èireadh 's mar laigheadh iad an diugh, 's am màireach. Bha beachd àraidh air a' ghabhail air Dior-daoin roimh thighinn an t-soluis, co-dhiùbh bhiodh e math no dona. "Amhail 's mar a bhios Dior-daoin, 's ioghnadh mur bi 'n ciad cheathramh." Ma bha 'n solus-uir 'na laighe fada air a' dhrùim, theireadh iad solus boirionn ris, is cha bu chaoimh leo idir: "Solus boirionn air a' dhrùim, bidh cuimhn' air le sìon is gaillonn."

Ach 's e 'n solus Sathairne foghair a bha air uairean 'na chuis-cagail thar gach solus.

"Solus Sathairne foghair. Bidh e 'na rìgh am feabhas air seachd soluis, no gabhaidh e 'n eutach seachd uairean." Bha aig neach ri bhi toigheach cìod an suidheachadh am biodh a làmh an cìod a bha e deanamh, an àm dha 'n solus-uir fhaicinn an toiseach. Ma bha làmh an neach 'na phòcaidean cha'n

fhaigneadh e mórán r'a dheanamh am biodh rath, cho fad 's a bhíodh an solus sin air an adhar.

"Am fear a chi 'n solus le 'lámhan 'na phócaidean,  
Cha tig rath mór air r 'a linn."

Na 'n biodh neach a' giùlan rud, bha sin 'na chomarradh maith. Saoidh cuid nach eil feum, no math sam bith, 'sna giosragaibh so. Ach ma sheallas sibh a steach anna, chi sibh gu'm bheil ní-eiginn feumail co-heangailte ris gach aon diubh; oir is dìomhanach an comharradh air fear 'sam bith, a bhi falbh le lámhan air an sparradh 'na phócaidean. Cha robh uaifeadairean aig na seana Ghaidheil, no iondramain orra; bha 'ghrian a' deanamh gnothaich troimh 'n latha; a' ghealach, 's na planaidean ré na 'h-oidheche.

Bha 'n "Crann," an "Grioglachan," a' "Chas-chrom" no mar their sinn 'san áite so a' "Chas-chaibe," agus "Nighean-righ-mheallain" na 'n comharra math gu léor air mar bha 'n úine 'dol seachad. Aig a' Cheilich nuair bhíodh an oidheche dorcha, gun aon reul ri fháicinn, theireadh fear-an-taighe: "Aithnídh sibh an nochd air bhuir broimn eoin is cóir dol dachaidh, oir thig an t-acras." B' fhiortuigh leis na seann daoine oidheche gun rionnagan 's an rath dhorch'. "Cha b' e manadh na soinneantachd, oidheche shoilleir 'san ráth dhorch." Bha beachd air oidheche rionnagach, mar so: Gaoth o'n rionnaig Earraich; Teas o'n rionnaig Shamhraidh; Cúise o'n rionnaig Fhoghair; Reothadh o'n rionnaig Gheamhraidh, &c.

Geamhradh réodhtanach, Earrach ceothanach, Samhradh breac-riabhach, is Foghar geal-ghrianach

Cha d'fhág gorta riamh an Albainn.

'S ann mu 'n Earrach is motha bha de ráidhean de na ráithean air fad. Bha Faoilleach is Gearran, Sguabag, is Feadag, agus Cailleach crainntidh, ri dhól seachad, ma 'n tóiseachd an t-áiteach. Thuirt Eóghann Mac Lachuinn ann an óran an Earraich: "Feadag, Sguabag, gruaim a' Ghearrain crainntidh chailleach, 's beurr a friodhan."

Sean chantaineasan: "Is mis am Faoilleach faonraidh, fuar, ní bás chaorach is caoil' uan."

"Is mis an Gearraidh géarr, a chuireas a' bhó anns a' pholl gus an toll air a cléith, no gus an tig an tonn thar a ceann."

"Mios a dh' Fhaoilleach, naoi la Gearrain, Tri la Sguabaig, suas e 'n t-Earrach."

"An Fheadag, náthair an Fhaoilich fhuair, Marbhaidh i caoraich agus uain,

An Gearran géarr, ní e farran nach fearr, Cuiridh e bhó anns an toll 's gun tig an tonn thar a ceann."

"Mar mhart caol a tigh'n gun baile tha camhanaich na madaunn Earraich."

"Dorcha dorionta dubh  
A chiad tri la de n' Gheamhradh,

'S ge b' e bheir géill do n' spreidh,  
Cha toirinn féin gu Samhradh."

"Is mis an Sguabag bheag a sguabas an sabhal." Bha biadh na spreidh a' fas gann 's gu tric a' teireachdainn anns na seann timean na's luaithe na e 'n diugh 'nar latha-ne.

Mur biodh caora dhubh ann, aig am biodh an cnaimh slinnean cleachtde ri bhi air a chur am feum gu bhi deanamh fiosachd leis, cha robh e idir rathail beathach a mharbhadh aic Di-haoine. B' aithne dhomh duine a bha deanamh moran fiosachd le cnaimh-slinnein. Chuireadh e 'n cnaimh eadar e 's leus, is

dh' innseadh e nithean a bha nadurra thighinn gu crích, is bhíodh e toigheach nach abradh e ní ach rud a bhíodh coslach gu'n tachaíradh e. Bha e mar sin a' toirt air sluaigh simplidh a bhi creidsinn gu'n deanadh e fiosachd.

Bha Di-haoine 'na latha sealbhach gu tóiseachd ri obair, mar tha áiteach, cur is buain, mar a chi sibh o na sgeul a leanas.

Bha duin' áraidh a' ruamhar leis féin ann an eilean, uair de na bh' ann, agus bha iomair math buan aige r'a thionndadh. Cha robh neach còbrach aige. Thóisich e ri miannachadh gu'n tigeadh cuid-eiginn g'a chobhair. Súil da'n tug e air a chul; bha seann duine le 'chois-chruim 's e 'g iarraidh obair. "Mu 'n tóisich thu, ainmich do dhuais," ars an tuathanach. "'S e mo dhuais, ma dh'fhanas mí ris an raon a ruamhar, gu'm faigh mí lán mo róp-eallaich an ám a' chrodhaidh. Bp róp, an róp sin, agus bí tóiseachadh gun dáil," ars an tuathanach. Bha 'n tuathanach air a ghruaidh-thóisich, 'sam bodach a' gabhail a' phutaidh uaithe. Cha robh ní r'a chluinntinn ach am bodach ag éigheachd.

"Géarr fóid, fhir-a'-bhaile, 's tu fhéin  
Mac bean-a-bhaile bho chian."

Mu 'm b' urrainn e 'n aon phloc a thionndadh, bha 'm bodach air ais, as déidh 'n t-sreath a ruamhar 's e 'g éigheachd "géarr ploc fhir-a'-bhaile, &c." Gus a bhi aithghearr: mu 'n deachaidh dara leth an latha thairis, bha 'n t-iomaire air a thionndadh. Mhol an tuathanach e, 's dh' iarr e air tigh'n a steach gu biadh. Thuirt am bodach nach robh biadh 'na bhargan. "Ach cuimhnich thusa mo dhuais, is ged nach cuimhnich thusa, cha di-chuimhnich mise," Shraon e mach a chas-chrom is sheas e oirre, agus rinn e birlinn dha 'thug thairis e.

Cha 'n fhacas sealladh tuilleadh de na bhodach gu am an Fhoghair. Air latha 'chrodhaidh thamig am bodach is crioman de róp aige 'na láimh. "Cha mhór is fhiach an róp a thug thu leat," ars an tuathanach. 'Stad gu dheireadh gus am faic thu' ars am bodach. Bha 'm bodach a' cur anns an róp gus an robh fás an iomaire gu bhi ann. Ghlaodh an tuathanach:

"Aoine dhearg mi, Aoine chuir mi,  
Aoine bhuain mi,  
Aoine tionailleam mo chuid sguaban,  
Is Fhir a dh' órdaich na ceithir Aoineachan,  
Na leig mo chuid-s' anns an aon ghad-guaine."

Mar sin bhris an róp, is theich am bodach. Tha so a' feuchainn duinn gu 'n robh Di-haoine 'na latha rathail gu tóiseachd ri cur is buain. Ach cha tóiseachd neach 'sam bith ri áiteach air Di-sathairn. "An obair thóiseas air Di-sathairn bídh i seachd Sathairnean gun deanamh."

"Deireadh nan seachd Sathairn ort."  
"Sonas nan seachd Sathairn ort."

'S iad sin droch ghuidheachan.

"Is ann air Di-sathairn gearr uain, a bhuail an t-earrchall orm an spot."

"Imrich Shathairne gun bhuaidh,  
Agus imrich Luain gu deas,

Ged nach biodh agam ach an t-uain,  
'S ann air Di-luain a dh' fhalbhainn leis."

Comhairlean caillidh da mac an uair nach robh i air son gu 'm falbhadh e idir:

"Na falbh Di-luain, 's na ghlaist Di-mairt;  
An Ciadain daobh, 's an Daorn dälach

An Aoine mí-bhuadhach

An Sathairne mí-ghrádhach.

Leig dhíot sgríob na truaigh

'S cha dual dhuit falbh am maireach.

"Di-dómhuich éirich do 'n ré,



Di-luain na éirich gu moch,  
 Di-mairt ár agus eug,  
 Di-ciadain creuchd agus croch,  
 Dìor-daoin daoch agus lochd,  
 Di-haoine ire na diombuaidh,  
 Is cha dual duit falbh an nochd."

'S iad sin droch ghuideachan.

"A ni 'n Sathairn deurach."  
 "Mort na h-Aoin air an t-Sathairn,"  
 "Is e Di-luain iuchar na seachduin."

Bha rud am measg na sean nluinntir roimh 'n robh eagal mòr ac' is fìor theicheadh, b'e sin, "rosad" (mischance). An àm falbh a dh' iasgach, bha cuid de 'n t-sluagh a rachadh a bhàrr an rathaid na 'm faiceadh iad a leithid sud de neach a' tigh'n'n nan coinnidh. Tha e ceart chomh luaidh a dheanamh air so ann an seanachas-aimsir nan Gaidheal, oir bha iad a' creidsinn gu 'n robh cumhachd aig an droch fheadhainn so thairis air an aimsir, agus gu 'm b' urrainn iad gaolh mhòr, no bheag, a dheanamh mar thogradh iad féin. Is cuimhne leam neach de na fir shaobh-chrabhach so, agus an ciad iasg a ghlacadh e, theireadh e:

"Seun dearg air iasg, fuil air dubhan,  
 Chì bu rosad deargadh, is fuil gu fear ort."

Agus Gràis-iasg: "Gu 'n robh tuillidh anns an t-seilbh cheudna gun an lion mi mo sgùilean diubh." Cha bu mhat le fear dhiubh so an t-iasg a glac e 'chumtadh no innsadh cia liou iasg a fhuair e, agus is ann uaithe so a thàinig an sean-fhacal: "'S ann an ceann bliadhna dh' innsas iasgair sgiala."

Thig am Faoilleach a steach air Di-mairt no Di-haoine—

"Màirt a thig iad, 's Aoine théid iad."

No "Aoine thig iad, 's Màirt a théid iad."

Dh' iarradh na seann daoine gu 'n tigeadh am Faoilleach a steach le "ceann natrach is le earbhl peucaig" air. Dòigh nan Gall, gu'n tigeadh am Màirt a steach mar leòghann, 's gu 'n rachadh e am mach mar nan.

Am cur an t-sil:

"An ciad Mhàirt de 'n Mhàrt leig seachad,  
 An dara ma's fheadar;

An treas Màirt

Ged nach rachadh clach-chinn-a-mheòir  
 an aghaidh na gaoithe tuath,  
 'Cuir ar siol 'san talamh."

Aig ar àm am bheil sinne beò, cha 'n eil an aimsir a' co-sheasamh ris na ràidhean aig na seann daoine idir. Bha iad co math air bàrdachd is nach robh ni air an leigeadh neach suil, nach robh ac' ann an rann. Bha na bàird chrosda anabarra trom air a' Gheamhradh. Ann a bhi 'ga chàineadh 's 'ga smàdadh cha roth iad a' tuigsinn idir feum a' Gheamhradh ann a bhi marbhadh meanbh-bhiadsan nach leir do 'n t-sùil, 's a tha toirt mi-fhall-aineachd a steach do 'n t-saoghal. Cha robh smuain aig na bàird gun ann de mheanbh-bhiadsan a tha gach galar is timeas, fiabhras, "breac," is caitheamh a' tarmacadh 's a tòiseachdadh. Cha robh gloineachan-meudachaidh cho cumhachdach 's a tha iad 'nar lath-ne ged 'tha mi creidsinn gu'n robh cuid de 'n t-sluagh cho glie is a tha iad an diugh. Dh' fhoghnadh leis na bàird a bhi ruith sìos a' Gheamhradh 's ag àrdachadh cliù nam miosan eile. Thuit Rob Donn:—

"An t-Samhain bhagarach, fhaidhaich,  
 Dhùbhrach, chnar-dhubh gun bhlàths,  
 Ghruineach, ana-bhlòchdach, fhuachdaidh.  
 Shruthach, steallanach, fhuaimneach,  
 Thuileach, an-shorach, uisgeach,  
 Gun dad measaich ach càl,  
 Bidh gach deat is gach miseach  
 'Glacadh aogais a' bhàis."

Thuit Eoghann MacLachluinn:—

"Mios reub-bhiorach circaada  
 Chreuchdas gach dùil;  
 Mios buaireasach buailteach  
 'S neo-thruacanta, gunis;  
 Mios nuarranta buagharra  
 'S tuath-ghaothach spùt,  
 Bhios gu h-carra-ghlaiseach, feargach  
 Le stairich nach ciùin.  
 Mios burra-ghlasach, falmarra,  
 Garbh-fhrasach, fuar,  
 Tha glib-shlcamhain, dileanta,  
 Griom-reotach, cruaidh;  
 Ged robh luirnean 'gan ròsladh  
 Ri deagh theine guail,  
 Bidh na sàltean 'gan cràdhladh  
 Gu bàs leis an fhuachd."

Thuit Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair—

"Am mìos nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach,  
 dorch,  
 Shneachdach, cholgarr, stoirn-shionach,  
 bith,  
 Dhisleach, dhalla-churach, chathach fhluch-  
 chruaidh,  
 Bhiorach, bhudharra 's tuath-ghaothach  
 cith;  
 Dh'eigheach liath-reotach, ghlib-shleamh-  
 ain, gharbh  
 Chuireas sgiobaircan fairge 'nan ruith  
 Fhliuchach, fhuimtuinneach, ghluin'each  
 gun tlàs,  
 Chuireadh anail 's gach càileachd air chrith.  
 Am mìos cnatanach, casadach, lom,  
 A bhios tròm air an t-sonn-bhrochan dhubh;  
 Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdun is dhonn,  
 Bhrigisneach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach,  
 thiugh,  
 Bhrògach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach, bhàn;  
 Imeach, aranach, chàiseach gun ghruth;  
 Le miann bruthaisde, mairt-fheòil is càl,  
 'S ma bhios teth nach dean tair air gnè  
 stuth."

Tha mise an dùil gur seanachas-aimsir so da-rìreadh, ach tha so am pailteas de na rinn na bàird de chàineadh air a' Gheamhradh. Agus gheibhear an còrr ann ar "Sàr-obair nam bàrd Gaidhealach."

Tha mo phaipeir cho slodach fada is gu 'm feum mi co-dhùnadh le beagan shean-fhacal air an aimsir a chur sìos mar bha iad aig an t-seann sluagh agus ri mo chiad cuimhne.

### Seann-fhacal air an Aimsir.

- (1) A bhliadhna 's gainne min, dean fuine thana.
- (2) An turadh, an t-anmoch, am muir-lan, 'san Dòmhnach.
- (3) Nuair thig an là fliuch tughaidh mi taigh, Ach, an uair a thig an là math cha tugh taigh no bothan.
- (4) Cha b'e là thughadh nan taighean là sìleadh nam frasàn.
- (5) An-uair ort.
- (6) Bidh tus a' fochaid orm-sa, air son mo bharr a bhuan glas,  
 Bidh mis a' fanaid ort-sa nuair nach bi agad ach a' chas.
- (7) Cuiridh aon uair de chathadh Gearrain, Seachd bolla sneachd troimh tholl tora.
- (8) Cha 'n eil fios co 's faide saoghal,  
 Am fear a chomhuas no 'm fear a chaitheas.
- (9) Cha 'n eil fios cìod is fèarr, a bhi ro fhada no ro ghearr.
- (10) Cha 'n fhuirich muir ri ciallach, 's cha dean bean luath maorach.
- (11) Cha dean bean gun nàire cugainn.
- (12) Cha dean bean gun fhuas aodach.
- (13) Chualas a' ghaoth, ach cha 'n fhacas i.
- (14) Cho taine ris a' ghaoith Earraich.
- (15) Còir Mhic Mhaoilein air a' Chnap,  
 fhad 's a bhuaileas tonn ri creig.




- (16) Mar fhèath cadar dha oiteig.  
 (17) Coileach a' Mhàirt, bidh e 'na thràthadair daonnan.  
 (18) Deireadh is toiseach na sine, clachan mine meallain.  
 (19) Druididh gach eun ri ealtainn nuair thig an t-annoch.  
 (20) Foghar Ghlinne-cuaich, gaoth á tuath is cruaidh reothadh.  
 (21) Gabh an latha math 'na thoiseach.  
 (22) Gaoth á tuath mu Challuinn fuachd is feannadh.  
 (23) Gaoth mhór á bolg beag.  
 (24) Gaoth roimh aiteamh, gaoth troimh tholl, Is gaoth lóm, fo bhonn an t-siùil, Na trì gaothan is fuair air bith.  
 (25) Ge b' oil leis a mharaiche dhian, Thig a' ghaoth an iar an déidh 'n uisge mhoir.  
 (26) Ge b' oil leis a' mharaiche dhian, (27) Is fial gach sion 's a ghaoth 'na laighe.  
 (28) Is gann an t-Earrach an cunntar na faochagan.  
 (29) Ma tha ghaoth air chall iarr o'n deas i.  
 (30) Mar chloich a' ruith le gleann, feasgar fann Foghair.  
 (31) Nuair thig an Samhradh, togaidh sinn taigh;  
 Nuair thig an Samhradh 's fèarr a bhi muigh na bhi staigh.  
 (32) Ni mhoch-éirigh 'n latha fada.  
 (33) Ni duine bùth air sgàth na h-aon oidhche'.  
 (34) Thig sin as do shroin fathast, 's theid an cathadh imte.  
 (35) Thig! thig! latha math gu deanamh nid'.  
 (36) Tha 'n cat 'san luath, thig frasan fuar.  
 (37) Bidh Geoich is gabhair bodhar as t-Fhoghar.  
 (38) Reothadh an Iodain làn, cha dān dha bhì buan.  
 (39) Cur ri reothadh, is treabhadh ri uisg', gnìomh an amadain.  
 (40) Am fear nach dean Nolluig da dheòin, ni e Caisg a dh' aindeoin.  
 (41) "Seòl" ars an rìgh, "fuirich" ars a' ghaoth.  
 (42) Is olc a' ghaoth nach séid seòl fir ciginn.  
 (43) Cha tig aiteamh á gaoith a tuath No sneachd buan á gaoith a deas.  
 (44) An rud a thig leis a' ghaoth, falbhaidh leis an uisg'.  
 (45) Giùlain do bhreacan 's an là mhat.  
 (46) Mil do thalamh bainne Geamhraidh.  
 (47) Am fear nach cuir 'san là fhuar, Cha bhuain 'san là theth.  
 . . . . .  
 (50) Nuair dh' fhalbhas na Fuathan th' ann an bruaich gach eas, Faodaidh gach bean ghuamach dhol a bhuain gach meas.  
 (51) Cha 'n e an là math nach tig ach an duine dona nach fuirich ris.  
 (52) Foghar an aigh, ial is fras.  
 (53) Foghar fada 's beagan buana.  
 (54) Biodh e fuar no biodh e blath, Bi glie is cuir an siol 'sa Mhàirt.  
 (55) Annoch gu loch, moch gu abhainn, Is meadhon-latha gu allt.  
 (56) Nuair is Ciad-aonach an t-Samhain Is iarganach fir an Domhain.  
 (57) Is mairg is mathair do mhacan baath, An uair is Daorn a' Bhealltainn.  
 Bha Dior-daoin 'na là sealbhach gu toiseachadh ri deilbh aodaich, no dhol air thuras:  
 Dior-daoin Chaluim Chille chaoimh.

- Air an treas latha diag de chiad mhios an Earraich, bha 'n nathair-nimhe tigh'nna a mach as a h-àite falaich.  
 (58) Lath' Fhéill Brighde thig an Imhir as an toll,  
 Cha bhuin mise do 'n an Imhir, Is cha bhuin an Imhir rium.  
 (59) Latha Feill na Brighde thig an Imhir as a' chnoc,  
 Cha bhuin mise do nigh'n Imhir 's cha dean nigh'n Imhir mo lechd.  
 (60) Lath' Fhéill Brighde briseanach,  
 Thig an ceann de'n chaiteanach;  
 Thig nigh'n Iomhair as an tòm, Le fonn feadalaich.  
 (61) Thig an nathair as an tòm,  
 Latha donn Fhéill Brighde,  
 Ged robh trì troidhean de 'n t-sneachd Air na leacan làir.  
 Bha 'n sluagh a' creidsinn ann am manaigh-can mar bha còin, is ainmhidhean, beisdean, is beathaichean de gach seòrsa.  
 An àm falbh a dh' iasgach, na'n coinnich-eadh gearr, no maighdach fear, thilleadh e dhachaidh. Ach 's e bhliadh buileach dona na 'n coinnicheadh té le falt ruadh fear. Thilleadh e dhachaidh, is rachadh e timchioll an taighe deiseal, trì uairean as déidh chéile ag radh:—  
 "Gruag ruadh boirionnaich,  
 Fiasag liath fireannaich,  
 'S mairg a thachradh sud rium féin  
 Ach deiseal théid ge b'oil leotha."  
 (62) Moch madainn Luain, chualas—  
 Chualas meaghal uain,  
 Agus migead eunraig sèimh,  
 'S mi 'm shuidhe crom,  
 Agus cuthag liath-ghorm,  
 Gun am biadh a'm bhroinn.  
 Feasgar finidh Mhàirt  
 Chunnacas air lie mhìn  
 Seilcheag shliom bhàn,  
 Agus clacharan fionn.  
 Air bàrr a' ghàrraidh tholl  
 Searrach seann làrach,  
 Spàgail 's a chùl rium;  
 Dh'aithnich mi air mo chridh 's mo chliabh,  
 Nach rachadh a' bhliadhna leam.  
 (63) Chuala mi chuthag gun bhiadh a'm bhroinn,  
 Chuala mi snùdan am bàrr a' chroinn,  
 Chuala mi cuanal iad, shuas anns a' choill,  
 Chuala mi tuargan cunhachag na h-oidhche',  
 Chunnac mi 'n t-uain 's a chùl rium,  
 Channaic mi 'n t-seilcheag air an lie luim,  
 Chunnac mi 'n searrach le 'thulchlainn rium,  
 Chunnac mi 'n clacharan air gàrradh thuill,  
 An eunrag is mi na m' shuidhe cruinn,  
 Is thubhairt mi an sin le m' bhiail  
 Cha teid a' bhliadhna so leam.  
 (64) Thuit an Gearran ris an Fhaoilleach:  
 "C'ait an d'aom an gambhainn bochd?"  
 "Fhìr a thug mi chun an t-saoghail,  
 Chuir mi mhaodal air an stoc."  
 "Och! mo léireadh!" ars an Céitean  
 'S truagh an éirig a thig ort;  
 Na'n d'fhuair mise bogadh chluas deth,  
 Chuir mi suas e ris a' chnoc."  
 (65) An sneachd nach tig mu Shamhain.  
 Thig e gun amharas am Fhéill Brighde.  
 (Tha 'n sean-fhacal so a' seasadh co chinnteach 's a bha e riamh.)



THE LATE LIEUT. THE HON. GODFREY MACDONALD.

# The Late Lieut. the Hon. GODFREY MACDONALD, SCOTS GUARDS.

HE death of the subject of the touching Gaelic elegy which we publish, by Mr John Macleod of Tormore, which occurred in the trenches near Ypres in October 1915, was a great loss to the Isle of Skye, and was sincerely lamented throughout the Western Highlands and Islands. Godfrey Evan Hugh Macdonald was elder surviving son of Ronald, 6th Lord Macdonald, 21st in succession from Hugh Macdonald of Sleat, son of Alexander, Earl of Ross, and 9th Lord of the Isles, who succeeded to the greater part of his father's estates. Godfrey was born in 1879, and after being educated at Eton and Sandhurst he received his commission in the Scots Guards in 1902. He served in the South African War, in which his younger brother, Archie, a Lieutenant in the 9th Lancers, gallantly met his death at the head of his troops while storming a kopje near Eelenburg, Orange River Colony, on April 17th, 1901. In 1906 he was appointed to the Reserve of Officers, and rejoined his old regiment in October 1915, after it had suffered serious losses both in officers and men. For a long time after he had been reported missing it was hoped that he was a prisoner; but a sergeant had seen him fighting against impossible odds in a trench, and the War Office finally notified his death. Having acted for some years as factor to the vast Macdonald Estates in the Isle of Skye he was well known by the people, and much beloved. He had a keen sense of duty, and no detail was too small for his attention. He had great sympathy with the people of Skye, among whom his family had lived for so many generations, took an interest in all their concerns, spoke their language, and always mingled business with words of kindness. Though somewhat quiet and reserved in manner, he was a good sportsman and ardent Highlander. His mother, to whom Mr John Macleod's Gaelic poem is addressed, was Louisa, daughter of Colonel Ross of Cromartie, a lady who has devoted her life to the interests of Skye and of the Highlands. Lieut. Godfrey Macdonald married in 1908, Helen, the daughter of Mrs Meyrick Bankes, with whom he led a life of ideal happiness at Portree and at Ostaig. By her he had two sons, Alexander and James, better known as Alastair and Hamish. His factorship will be remembered by renewed efforts to work the marble near Broadford, to investigate the shale and iron north of Portree, and to promote forestry, especially in the neighbourhood of Armadale, where every kind of tree flourishes with extraordinary exuberance. He led a quiet, useful, unobtrusive life, and his premature death in the midst of so much present responsibility and future promise is one of those personal tragedies of which this war is full. His only surviving brother, Captain the Hon. Ronald Macdonald holds a Commission in the 5th Camerons, has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and is employed on Staff work in France. The 1st Lord Macdonald raised the regiment of Macdonald's Highlanders in 1778, for service in America. His son, the 2nd Lord, raised another battalion in 1799, under the name of "The Regiment of the Isles." Marshall Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, one of Napoleon's most famous generals, son of Neil MacEachan Macdonald, Prince Charlie's faithful attendant throughout his wanderings, and finally to France, was descended from John, "the good," Lord of the Isles, through the Clanronald branch; Ronald, 3rd Chief of Clanronald, having a younger son, Hector, ancestor of the MacEachans, one of whom settled in Uist, and was great-grandfather of Neil. John, "the good," Lord of the Isles, was grandfather of Alexander, 9th Lord of the Isles, the ancestor of the Lords Macdonald.

Rannan Mhìc Ghoiridh Dhòmhnullaich  
nan Eilean, a chaidh a mharbhadh anns a'  
Chogadh.

Beannachd aig Ban-tighearn Sléibhte,  
Bean uasal thug buaidh air gach tè;  
Bidh beannachd nan truaghan ad dhéidh,  
Oir dheanadh tu fuasgladh 'nam feun.

Beannachd aig Ban-tighearn 's fèarr cliù;  
Tha iochd agus coibhneas 'nad ghnuis;  
Tha maise gun fhoill ann ad shùil,  
Mar dhealradh o'n ghréin maduinn  
dhrùichd.

Mar dhealradh o'n ghréin dol an Iar  
Mar neul le cuid dhathan a' triall;  
Tha sealladh de'n ghnuis a tha fial  
Toirt saorsa de anghair nan ciad.

Bidh beannachd nan bochd ann ad chùirt,  
'S an ùrnuigh mar oladh ri chùmh',  
Dol ronhadh le moladh 's le gràdh  
Gu àros Ard-rìgh nan Dùl.

Cha'n ann le airgiod no òr  
Chuir thu orm an onair tha mòr,  
Ach le dealbh an uasail nach beò,  
Ceann-cinnidh Clann Dòmhnuaill nan sròl.

Ceann-cinnidh nan uasal á Sléibhte;  
Na gaisgich bha cruadalach treun;  
Ri nàmhaid cha d' thug iad an cùl;  
'S iomadh blàr anns na choisinn iad cliù.

'S ann am blàr Ypres 'san Fhraing  
A chaidh crìoch air an òig-fhear gun  
mheang;  
Gur duilich an naidheachd a fhuair mi:  
Do chollunn bha uasal air chall.

O 's duilich an naidheachd ri innseadh,  
Nach faic mi thu tuilleadh 'san tìr;  
Nach till thu gu bràth gu do dhachaidh,  
An aitreabh tha falamh 'gad dhithi.

Bidh t'aitreabh gun aighear gun spòrs;  
Gun uaislean 'nan suidhe mu'n bhòrd;  
Cha ghleusar ann feadan no piob,  
Mac-talla cha fhreagair an ceòl.

Dh' fhàg thu mulad air Eilean a' Cheo,  
Na beanntan 'gad ghul bho na neòil;  
Tha còin nan geugan ri tuireadh,  
Cha sheinn iad dhuinn subhach na's mò.

Tha gruaim is lionn-dubh air a' Bheinn;  
Doire nan geugan gun seinn;  
Tormhan nan ailtan ri tuireadh  
'S a caoidh a' churaidh nach till.

Tha do mhàthair ro dhuilich 'nad dhéidh.  
'S a' bhean òg a bha hurach leat fhéin,  
Dh' fhàg thu 'na bantrach ri cumha,  
'N fhir a b' àluinne cumadh fo'n ghréin.

Dh' fhàg thu sinn uile 's a Cheò,  
Mar chaoraich gun bhuachaill 'nan còir;  
Mar long tighinn air tonn chun a' chladaich  
Gun stiùir, gun acair, gun seòl.

#### IAIN MAC LEOID.

Tor-mór, Sléibhte.

A free translation, which gives only a  
very imperfect idea of the original:—

Blessing on thee, Lady of Sleat,  
Noble dame, who has surpassed each one;  
The blessings of the poor and destitute shall  
follow thee,  
For thou wouldest provide for their needs.

Blessing on thee, Lady of fair name,  
And countenance full of pity and kindness.  
Thine's beauty without guile in thine eyes.  
Like the rays of the sun on a dewy morn.

Like the rays of the sun setting west,  
Or a cloud in its beauty floating o'er,  
The sight of thy face that is comely  
Gives relief to the sorrows of many.

The forlorn shall follow thee with blessing,  
And their prayers, like the fragrance of oil,  
Shall go before thee with praise and with  
love  
To the palace of the High King above.

'Tis not with silver or gold  
Thou hast me so greatly honoured,  
But with the likeness of His Honour that's  
gone,  
High Chief of our bannered clan.

The Chief of the nobles of Sleat,  
Warriors hardy and true;  
From the foe they never went back—  
Many are their fields of fame.

'Twas in the Battle of Ypres in France,  
Death claimed thee, peerless youth;  
Sad, oh, sad and sorrowful tale,  
That thy body was never found.

Sorrowful indeed to relate  
That we'll see thee no more in the land;  
That thou no more shalt return to thy  
home,  
Thy household is lone without thee!

From thy home the joy has fled:  
No happy guests sit round the table;  
The skirl of the pipes is not heard,  
Nor echo sends back the refrain.

There is sorrow in the Isle of the Mist,  
Its rugged peaks shed tears from the  
clouds;  
The birds in the branches lament thee:  
They sing to us sweetly no more.

Deep sorrow casts shade on the Ben;  
No songs wake the grove as of yore;  
The babbling brooks are lamenting,  
Lamenting the brave that is gone.

No wonder thy mother repineth,  
And the wife you so fondly admired;  
Thou has left her a widow lamenting  
The loss of her dearest on earth.

Thou hast left us all in the West  
Like shepherdless sheep in the dale;  
Like barque wave-driven to dangerous  
shore,  
Without helm, without anchor, or sail.

## DUNDEE ARTISTS.



O much has been written concerning old Dundee and its former artists that the citizens are in danger of forgetting that we have artists amongst us who have upheld splendidly the honours of the city at home and abroad. Certainly, George Willison, William Simson, and Henry Harwood—the outstanding Dundee artists of the 18th and 19th centuries—were remarkable men who brought honour to the town: the last named was a veritable man of genius, a fine and distinguished portraitist, a master of fine colour, and gifted with a brilliant touch.

Possibly, the first note of the modern spirit in Art in Dundee was struck when John S. Fraser gave us his free and ably handled water colours. Fresh and sparkling in colour he was attaining a high place in Scottish Art when death came. But it was James Douglas, R.S.W., 1858-1907, who carried the Art of water colour to a very high level. He was fond of painting apple orchards in blossom, and with that theme he created many beautiful pictures. Later in life he spent some happy years in the Bavarian towns of Nuremberg and Rothenburg, finding inspiration in the mediæval buildings and picturesque streets of these old German towns. By the premature decease of the artist, William Yule, Dundee lost a most gifted painter, cut off at the age of 31. The son of Captain Yule, Harbour Master, Dundee, he had opportunities of studying in Edinburgh, London, Paris, and Madrid, and produced in his short career many fine portraits. Yule's latest picture, "The Last Sleep of Savonarola," in which he broke new ground, promised to be his very best.

A fellow student with Yule in Paris was Frank Laing, A.R.E., the etcher and water colour artist. Born in Tayport, he worked largely in Belgium, France, and Spain, bringing home well filled portfolios of drawings of architectural monuments in these countries. His water colours of street scenes in continental cities were a delight for their sense of movement and gaiety of colour. He was a man of great personal charm, his white hair, his sombrero hat, and long Spanish cloak gave him a picturesque appearance in Dundee streets. Laing takes a high rank amongst Scottish etchers, his touch on the copper being delicate, firm, and unerring.

Contemporaneous with Laing, but dying in the beginning of this century, were Charles S. Mills, artist poet and amateur of great talent, and his young friend George Dutch Davidson. This last was a boy of great gifts, who died in his 21st year. Endowed with genius for design and colour, he studied Celtic Art with John Duncan, and made himself Master of Design as applied to decoration. He travelled in Italy (Florence, Venice, and Ravenna), and returning to Dundee produced a score of wonderful drawings in colour and pen and ink. The Permanent Gallery is enriched with a representative collection of his work, generously gifted to the Dundee citizens by his mother. The Art Society published a handsome monograph in 1901 on his Art, his Life, and Letters.

The black and white work of Max Cowper was highly esteemed. He worked for many years in his native city, ultimately settling in London, where he contributed many notable drawings to *The Illustrated London News* and *Black and White*. He died in London in 1911.

We will now review, in a word or two, a few of the important Dundee artists who are still with us and maintaining the honourable tradition of the city in the Fine Arts.

John Duncan, A.R.S.A., who has advocated all his life the beauty and significance of Celtic myth and legend, is well known to all lovers of Art. His pictures are decorations, distinguished by fine design and colour, and rich in Celtic symbolism. A noble example of his work, "The Riders of the Sidhe," is in the Permanent Gallery.

In landscape painting W. B. Lamond, R.B.A., has won for himself a high place in Scottish Art. His pictures are strong and rich in colour, and admirable in craftsmanship. Mr Lamond is represented both by portrait and landscape in



the Dundee Galleries. Stewart Carmichael, the painter of mystic and decorative subjects, is well and characteristically seen in two pictures in the Dundee Galleries—"The Mysteries" and "The Countess of Buchan." His architectural studies in Scotland, France, and Belgium, principally interiors of churches, are very highly appreciated. Across the water in Tayport lives Alec Grieve, who chooses for the subject matter of his pictures the quiet evening, with setting sun. The mysterious fascination of night has attracted him, his "Nocturnes" being well known and admired in modern exhibitions. Mr Grieve is also a portraitist, his "Man with a 'Cello" has won great praise.

Comrade of these artists, although considerably younger, David Foggie was trained in Antwerp. Indeed many Dundee artists have spent profitable time in the old Flemish city by the Scheldt, and be it noted the Belgian Government grant to foreign students studying at the National Fine Art Academies the same privileges—free tuition—as the native students. Among those who have studied there are Frank Laing, Stewart Carmichael, John Duncan, Alick Ritchie, George Davidson, and David Foggie. This last artist lived in Antwerp for three years, and became imbued with the sincerity and strenuousness in Art that were the notable characteristics of the teaching and work there. Mr Foggie is a fine draughtsman in point and crayon.



From left to right : Frank Laing. W. R. Lamond. Stewart Carmichael. David Foggie. C. L. Mitchell. Mrs Anna Douglas. James Douglas. Alec Grieve.

Artists in black and white have been numerous in Dundee. Alick Ritchie, who has won recognition for his illustrations in pictorial magazines and in large poster work ; some of the best known London posters are from his designs. Edward S. Hodgeson is another Dundee black and white artist, now resident in the South. When in Dundee he did many etchings of a large size—"Mains Castle," "Mars Training Ship," "Dundee from the River," which were very popular. He has done, during war time, many spirited black and white drawings of naval battle events for the illustrated magazines. Although the three brothers' Adamson (like Mr Ritchie) have made homes for themselves in London we regard them still as Dundonians. Sidney and Stanley are very well known as black and white artists, whilst Howard has recently achieved fame as a painter, one of his works being purchased by the Liverpool Corporation Galleries.

Another artist of the same name, D. Comba Adamson, has produced many vigorous portraits of Dundee citizens during the last twenty years. Mr Comba Adamson was trained in Paris, and resided there for many years, being a frequent



exhibitor in the Salon. His portraits of "A Lady in Black with Red Parasol" and "Mr Russell, the Chemist" were strong and solidly painted works.

Others who have made a name in Dundee Art are Charles G. L. Phillips, landscape and portrait painter. Mr Phillips is also an etcher, some of his best work has been done in that medium; also C. L. Mitchell, whose portrait of Sheriff Campbell Smith holds a first place in Dundee's gallery of famous citizens. As a painter of Highland landscapes also, Mr Mitchell has been successful. Recently, in New York, he had a most favourable reception for his Scottish pictures. One of the best known artists in the city was James G. H. Spindler, whose pictures of Highland scenes were always welcomed. David Small, D. Leuchars Anderson, and Tom Ross are other artists who have done notable work in Dundee.

It would be an incomplete note on modern Dundee artists if the names of the women painters and their work remained unnoticed. Mrs Anna Douglas, wife of James Douglas, R.S.W., a fine miniature painter, and a member of the London Society. Miss Margaret Suttie, who might be termed a member of the "Glasgow School," for she was fellow student and friend of E. A. Walton, Alex. Roche, Arch. Kay, and others of that school, when the "Glasgow Boys" were making their name. She is a flower painter and also a sculptor. There is also Miss Ethel Moorhead, who had a studio in Dundee for 15 years, and during that time contributed some fine portraits to the Scottish Exhibitions. She was a pupil of Whistler for painting, and of Mucha for drawing, and was herself a most refined and distinguished artist.

Amongst the younger men, J. Maclauchlan Milne is rapidly gaining a reputation in landscape, and for his studies of the sea. Son of the late Joe Milne, he has already produced beautiful work, and what is better, gives promise of greater things. He, along with many of our young artists, J. Calder Smith, landscapist, Joe Lee, poet and black and white artist, are serving with the colours in the great European war.

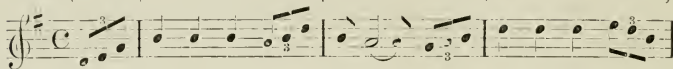
The city has produced few sculptors. Like most Scottish towns, unfortunately, it gives little or no encouragement to workers in that art. James Bremner, a true artist, died recently in Canada, although his best work was done in Dundee. In the carving of Gothic ornament—gargoyles, and other fantastic figures—he inherited the true mediæval spirit. His work on St Luke's, Broughty Ferry; St John's U.F. Church, Dundee; and on the Sir John Leng Memorial Chapel in Fifeshire, gives a fine idea of his art. Alexander Neilson and Charles Adamson are other names who worked in stone. This last, now in Canada, produced in his short career in Dundee busts of Sir John Leng, Provost Holder, and his father, Alexander Adamson. George Macdougald is possibly the most talented sculptor connected with Dundee. His accomplished bronze portraits of Dr Andrew Carnegie and Sir W. O. Dugleish in the Ward Road Reading Room, and his Dr Greig in the Albert Gallery bespeak a born sculptor.

If Dundee cannot claim such widely-known names in Scottish Art as the City of Aberdeen may boast (Jameson, Dyce, Philip, and Reid), yet it has a most honourable record in the Art of painting. With living artists it can more than hold its own with our northern rival, and this, in spite of a peculiarly cautious appreciation amongst its wealthy citizens—for Dundee has often proved a too critical and dispassionate *alma mater* to its children in Art and Literature. But as a Dundee artist once said—"To find a connoisseur with esthetic taste, brains, and a long purse is harder than to find a man of genius." Yet the future seems bright, and at the cessation of war, and, when the activities of the Art Society are increased and invigorated, and the wide-spreading influence of the Dundee College of Art is strong and vital as in normal times, and the building and equipment of the splendid Duncan of Jordanstone School of Applied Arts is completed, one can foresee a steady growth in love and appreciation for Art and Beauty in our beloved Dundee.

# CUMHA NAN GILLEAN.

Rinneadh na facail 's am fonn le Calum Mac Phàrlain air iarrtas an t-Seanchaidh eargnaidhich Niall Mac-an-rothaich a tha 'gam meas làn iomchuidh agus freagarrach do'n chuspair ion-roghnaichte a th' ann.

GLEUS G { s, l, d | m : m | m : r, m, s | m, r : - | - : d, r, m | s : s | s : l, s, m }



'S mòr mo mhulad 's mi cumhadh nan gillean Chaidh thar linne gun tiomachd roimh 'n

{ r : - | - : d, l, s | m : m | m : r, m, s | m, l : - | - : s, m, r | d : d | d : l, s, m | l : - | - : }



ar; Ged a b'èibhinn iad féin nuair a dh'imich, Shìl an drùchd bho mo shùilean gu làr.

{ s, m : - | r, d : - | l, s, : - | - : s, l, d | m : m | m : r, m, s | l : - | - : }



'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'Ilean, Thug sibh na h-ionnsaighean dùrachdach dhan,

{ s, m : - | r, d : - | l, s, : - | - : d, r, m | l : - | - : l : l, s, m | l : - | - : ||



'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'S mairidh bhuir cliù - sa ùr ar gu bràth.

Chuir sibh ur beatha gun mheathadh an canntart

'N aghaidh cumhachd na gunnathan mòr, 'S iad a' sìtheadh nan sligean 'nam m'uillean Mar gu'm b' e tuil a bh' ann thuiteadh bho neòil.

'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'Ilean.

Nochd sibh an cruadal bu dhal do bhuir scòrs, 'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'Ilean.

Tilleadh cha b' fhiù fèibh 's dhiùlt sibh bhi beò.

Chuir sibh m'inntir bhuir dùthcha fo chomain; Ghleidh sibh gun dòchann daibh sochair na saors';

Chaisg sibh ruathar le duaire-luchd an donais.

Chaidh air bàinidh le àrdan 's cion faoibh.

'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'Ilean.

Cha b' e sud iobairt bha diùmhain na faoin;

'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'Ilean.

Anam do 'n eug seach geur-smachd co 'n t-saogh'l.

Cadal sèimh dhaibh fo'n fheur ghorm thar mara;

Ge gur fad iad o 'n dachaidhean féin,

Cuirear na blàithean le làmhnan nam mnathan

Os na gillean, le sìleadh nan deur.

'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'Ilean.

Dearbh cha 'n ionghnadh ar tùrsa bhi geur;

'Ilean, 'Ilean, 'Ilean.

Chreach an t-eug bhuainn reultan ar speur.

So mar a chunnaic Ruairidh Beag a' mhin air a bleith aig a' mhuileann:— Chaidh mi sìos gu Alasdair Bàn dh' fhaotainn bolla de'n mhin bhàin. Chuir e steall de 'n bhùrn air a' chuibhill a bha muigh, agus chuir a' chuibheall a bha stigh ear dhith. Bhuail i 'm maide-stilcein air a' mhaide-stalcain,\* agus shaoileadh tu gu'n do ghabh a' bhuidseag an eithach. Ach mu'n abradh tu sìod thàinig steall de'n mhin bhàin air a bleith sìos an amar na tròcair.

\* Bu mhaith 'leinn gu'n innseadh neach aig am bheil a fhios, ciod is ciall do "maide-stilcein" agus "maide-stalcain."—*Fear Deasachaidh.*

# CARN NAN CRUIMEANNACH.

By J. G. MACKAY, PORTREE.



THE district of Glenelg was held for many centuries by the MacLeods of Harris and Skye. It was granted by King David on condition of MacLeod having at all times a galley with sixteen oars ready to ferry the King to Skye. To this day MacLeods and MacCruimmens are fairly numerous among the remnant of the population. There is no more interesting district in the Highlands, both from its beauty and from the history and tradition connected with it. Here is the scene of the Fingalian tragedy, "The burning of the halls of Formail." Glen Udail, where the famous hunt took place, is right opposite on the coast of Skye. Kyle-Reath, where Mac Reath was drowned, is the narrow sound between it and Skye, so narrow (about a third of a mile), that the warriors, all but Mac Reath, vaulted over on their spears.

Do bhuigh an dòchais bh'aig na laoch.

A lùth nan cos—'s cha bhrèith chlaon—

Leum gach fear air bharr a shleagh

'S chailleadh Mac Reath 's a chaol.

Because of the faith which the warriors had in their power of foot—not wrong their judgment—

Every man leapt on the point of his spear;  
And Mac Reath was lost in the Kyle.

In Glen-beag there are ruins of circular towers which are locally called "Caisteil nam Fiannaichean," and are very fine specimens of what are usually called "Pictish towers." It is very probable that they are remains of the Fingalian establishments, and would fit in exactly as to locality with the story of the tragedy. A fire there would be seen from Gleann Udail, and the distance from Kyle Reath to the buildings is not two miles.

The sequel to this tale is not less interesting than the tale itself. On the level piece of ground below the ruins of the Bernera Barracks, there is a large green mound which has been known for ages as "Iomair-nam-fear-mora," or the ridge of the giants, the local tradition is that this is the grave of Mac Reath, who was drowned in the Kyle, and also of his brother, Akin, who was drowned in the neighbouring Kyle, called after his name.

The following account is from the Statistical Account of Scotland, written by the Rev. Dr Beith in 1841.

Superstition had for a long time attached sacredness to this spot, and predicted all manner of wrath on the intruder who would lay unhallowed hands upon it. About seventy years ago, however, a number of gentlemen belonging to the district resolved to brave the danger and put the tradition to the test.

They selected a cloudless day in August, and set to work to open the mounds. They had not gone very far when they came upon two sarcophagi, formed of large flags, containing the remains of human skeletons of the most extraordinary size. An eye witness stated that when the under jawbone of one of the skeletons was placed round the lower part of the face of a very large and stout man present, it could so be held without

touching him, being at the extreme parts nearly twelve inches apart. They were in the act of placing the jawbones when suddenly the sky, which up till now had been very bright, got suddenly overcast, and immediately a tremendous thunderstorm burst upon them. They replaced everything as quickly as they could, threw in the earth, and made for home as if the ghost of MacReath and Fingalian warriors were at their heels.

Now to my tale. Carn nan Cruimeannach, which I have named my story, is the scene of a battle which took place between the people of Glenelg and the Kintail men; the Glenelg men were led by Padruig Caogach, the famous piper of Duivegan, who, as part of his emoluments from MacLeod, had a farm in Glenelg, no doubt a good portion of the party would also be of his name. The MacCruimmens, it is said, through the treachery of one of their party who happened to be on sentry, were taken unawares, and many of them killed, and among their number Padruig Caogach. Padruig's brother, Dornnall Mor, now came from Skye to see after affairs in Glenelg after his brother's death, and before returning home he took the opportunity of making a raid into Kintail to make reprisals for his brother's death. He set fire to some houses, causing the loss of some lives and destroyed a good deal of property. He now thought it was not safe to return home after what had happened, so he betook himself to the MacKay country, knowing that the Chief of the MacKays was a great patron of pipers, and that he would be safe to get a sanctuary there. He had a long and weary tramp to the north of Sutherlandshire, but those were the days when the traveller got a kindly welcome and a bite of what was going wherever he went. The second night after entering the Reay country he came to a house where there was a wedding going on; he entered the barn among the dancers and sat down quietly in a corner by himself. The piper noticed the stranger keeping time with his walking stick as he was playing, and going up to him, asked if he would care to play. The stranger took the pipes and fairly electrified the gathering: bye and bye, from some particular turn in some of the tunes, the piper recognised that he must be one of the MacCruimmens. The stranger then struck up a tune, to which he afterwards composed the following words:—

'S fhada mar so, 's fhada mar so

'S fhada mar so 'tha mi,

'S fhada mar so, gun bhiadh gun deoch,

Air barais Mhic Aoidh tha mi.

'S fhada mar so, 's fhada mar so

'S fhada mar so, tha mi,

'S fhada so, gun bhiadh gun deoch,

An tigh mo charaid Mhic Aoidh tha mi.

Needless to say, when the strange piper was recognised he had no reason to complain of the Catach hospitality. The following night he had a rather exciting experience. He got comfortable accommodation in a house by the way, and after supper had gone to bed. After the occupants of the house had all retired a loud knocking came to the door. This was young MacKenzie of Kintail, with a party of men, on MacCruimmens' trail. They asked shelter for the night, and though all the sleeping accommodation in

the house was already occupied, the travellers were admitted. A quantity of dry brackens or heather was spread on the floor of the room in which MacCruimmen slept, deerskins were spread over the brackens, and the strangers were made comfortable enough. MacCruimmen, who lay in a box-bed in the apartment, peered between the curtains, and soon recognised by their tartan and their conversation who the late visitors were. He lay still till break of day, and, finding that they were sound asleep, he quietly dressed inside the curtains; then stealing out gently, at the same time gathering the arms of the Kintail men, which were laid on a table, he passed outside. In front of the house was a deep burn, which was fordable some distance below the house; crossing the ford he came up the other side of the burn, and stood opposite the house. He now gave a shrill cry, and soon awakened the inmates. The Kintail men woke, and, missing their arms, rushed out to see MacCruimmen on the opposite side of the burn, and their arms piled in front of him. MacKenzie, recognising at once that he had been in MacCruimmen's power, if he had chosen to take advantage of his chance, he invited MacCruimmen to come over, and that he would guarantee his safety. MacCruimmen answered, "Swear your men, and I will take your own word." MacKenzie did so, and said that "he would shoot any man that would interfere with him." After breakfast they proceeded to Tongue to see MacKay.

It so happened that MacKay was married to a sister of MacKenzie's, so that he had great influence in obtaining a pardon for MacCruimmen.

They arrived at Tongue just as a party were about to set out for Thurso to apprehend a noted coiner, a native of Banff, of the name of Arthur Smith, who was employed by the Earl of Caithness, and who had flooded the neighbouring counties with base money to the no small loss of the inhabitants. MacKay received the party very kindly, and promised to do his best for MacCruimmen after he executed his commission.

MacCruimmen offered to take part in the expedition, but it does not appear that MacKenzie did; his name is not included in the remission to Sir Donald MacKay and others, while that of MacCruimmen is. The following is from the book of MacKay, and it is interesting to note how well history fits in with tradition:—"In May 1612, MacKay and Gordon, younger of Embo, with a considerable following, proceeded to Thurso, where they apprehended Smith after a stubborn fight with the townspeople, in which John Sinclair of Stirkoke, nephew of the Earl of Caithness, was killed, and others wounded. So fiercely were they assailed that the MacKays slew Smith in the outskirts of the town lest he should be rescued by the Sinclairs."

The story has it that, when Smith was apprehended, he was left in charge of the pipers Donald MacCruimmen and John MacRuari MacKay, and when they saw their party being so fiercely attacked by the townspeople, they slew the coiner before he would escape, and rushed to assist their friends; and when John MacRuari was asked by Sir Donald where he left Smith, he answered, "Cha charaich e" ("he will not stir"), and he was right.

After this event, Sir Donald accompanied MacKenzie and MacCruimmen to Kintail, where Seaforth was in residence at the time. When they arrived, the castle was so full that MacCruimmen was put to sleep on a loft above the stable, on the mainland, the castle being on a small island a short distance from the shore. Unfortunately, a rather suspicious occurrence happened. The stables took fire through the night, and what made the circumstances the more suspicious was the fact that there were no horses there at the time. The Kintail men, however, declared that there was no treachery, that it was a pure accident, and must have been occasioned by some carelessness on the part of MacCruimmen himself. "All's well, that ends well"—the pardon was signed next morning and MacCruimmen lived at peace with his neighbours.

## AM BADAN FRAOICH.

### Le Donnchadh Mac Phail 'an Oban.

[Air dha litir bho aon de na gilleas a tha ri uchd blàir 'san Fhraing, a leughadh, 's i ag aideachadh gu'n d' ràinig badan fraoich e as a' Ghaidhealtachd.]

Nuair thill mi á càs air feasgar Di-màirt,  
'S ann thàinig am badan so sàbhail;  
'S e badan de 'n fhraoch á dùthaich mo ghaoil,  
Far an d' fhàg mi mo ghaol 's mo chàirdean.

Bha thu cinntinn gu bòidheach air cnocan  
'san Oban,  
'S tha sinne air fògradh le chèile,  
Air a' cheann so de 'n t-saogh' an guitear mór caol;  
Cha 'n ionann 's fo chraoibh nan geagan.

Cha 'n àite so dhuitse, measg fuil agus uisge;  
B' fhèarr a b' aithne dhuit tuitlean nan speuran;  
Bu tu suaicheantas bhruach, 's an scilleas mu 'n cuairt,  
'S a' ghrian, anns an uair, air éirigh.

Dhomh 's eumhraidh mar thùis thu 's tha leigheas a' d' ghiulan;  
Gach fear bha fo thùcan toirt cliù dhuit;  
'S tu 'n lighiche saor á dùthaich mo ghaoil:  
'S ionadh casdaich a sgaol do shugh-sa.

Ma théid mise chadal, math dh' fhaodteadh, 's mhaduinn  
Do phèilear nan sladairean breun ud,  
Théid thusa, a theagmh, am boineid fir eile  
Gu buaidh le gillean an fhéilidh.

Bidh mise le umhlachd a' guidhe, 's le dùrachd,  
Gu'n ruig mi mo dhùthaich 's mo chàirdean;  
'S gu'n cuinear san ùir an cladh Peighinn-a-phiùir mi  
Fo bhadan fraoich ùrair nan àrd bheann.

## THE LATE JOHN B. STEWART.

LANCE-CORPORAL JOHN BAILLIE STEWART was one of the many Ross-shire lads who made the supreme sacrifice in the great war. He was twenty-three years of age, and the fourth son of Mr and Mrs Stewart, Rhue, Ullapool. At the period of the war, when the cry for munitions was greater than for men, he entered a factory at Shettleston, and was there employed for some months, when, realising that there was a still more urgent call, he voluntarily enlisted in the Seaforths. Having undergone the usual training at Ripon, and a special course for scouting and sniping, he was sent to France, and had his first experience in the trenches on 23rd January 1917. He was killed by a shell on Sunday morning, 18th March, while working with the miners. Lance Corporal Stewart was the author of a number of interesting Gaelic essays and short stories, and several of these have been issued in booklet form under the title of "Chi Sinn Thall Thu." The "Northern Chronicle" refers to this publication as follows:—"This little booklet has a pathetic interest, being some cullings from the collection of John Baillie Stewart, a young soldier belonging to Ullapool, who fell in action in France last March. These little essays were contributed by him to the Gaelic column of the 'People's Journal' under the editorship of Mr Malcolm C. MacLeod. There are four of these papers altogether, slight it may be in bulk, but all breathing a fine spirit and couched in good Gaelic. 'Chi Sinn Thall Thu' ('We Shall See You Over') gives a short account of the transport of a large draft of Seaforth Highlanders to France, and contains a plea for men from the same district being banded together instead of on the mechanical alphabetical order. Another paper gives an interesting account of the loss of the fishing trawler King Athelstane. A third, 'Black Murdo and the Tinker,' relates a practical joke of a fearsome and effective kind on a thievish member of the tinker fraternity. The fourth is made up of brief reflections on the tragedy of war—the justice of the cause—all suggested by the death of a young Highland soldier who fell at Neuve Chapelle. The Under-Secretary for War gives a finely phrased foreword, and all who would increase their knowledge of a true type of Highland soldier should become possessed of this attractive little publication." The "Highland News" says:—"A gallant soldier hailing from Ullapool, who laid down his life. He was a sweet writer of his beloved Gaelic, and we feel grateful to the editor for placing this 'dressed' stone in the memorial cairn of one of our Highland heroes. The tales are couched in graphic, idiomatic Gaelic, and we feel confident that children in Highland schools would relish their study during the Gaelic hour, while their parents would be no less appreciative of them. The booklet is nicely got up, the Gaelic is free from printers' errors, and the whole effort is most creditable to editor and printers alike. A good photo of the author of the tales appears on the cover." Appreciative notices also appeared in the "Oban Times," "An Deo-Greine," &c. "Chi Sinn Thall Thu," by I. B. Stiùbhard. Dundee: Malcolm C. MacLeod, Bookseller and Publisher, 183 Blackness Road. Price 2d.





## HISTORICAL PORTRAITS—No. II.



*From the original painting by Sir Peter Lely.*

*By kind permission of the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Strathmore.*

**J**OHAN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, 1st VISCOUNT DUNDEE.—Born 1649; studied at St Andrews; served under William of Orange, and saved William's life at the Battle of Seneff, 1674, Captain under Montrose, repressed conventicles in Dumfries and Annandale, 1679, defeated at Drumclog, held Glasgow, and victorious at Bothwell Brig, 1679; Colonel of new regiment raised in 1682, acquired estate of Dudhope, 1683, Privy Councillor of Scotland, suppressed conventicles in Ayr and Clydesdale, 1684, Brigadier-General of Horse, 1685, Major-General, 1686, Provost of Dundee, 1688, created Viscount Dundee, 1688, left Edinburgh for Dudhope, 1689, refused to return, and was outlawed, made Commander-in-Chief in Scotland by James II., left Dudhope to raise the clans in Lochaber fought at Killiecrankie, defeated Mackay, but fell mortally wounded, 17th July, 1689, buried in the Athol Vault at Blair parish church, known in the Highlands as *Iain Du h'win Cuth.*, Black John of the Battles.



# NONA: SGEUL AIR NA LAITHEAN A DH' FHALBH.

LE ALASDAIR MAC DHOMHNUILL.



e "Nona" a' theireadh sean is òg ri Bean-an-Tuim fad nam buadhachan ud a bha i 'nam còas, aen beag a h-uile latha de 'n t-seachduin. 'S e ogha dhi fhéin a thug an t-ainm ud dhi an toiseach. An uair a theireadh e "mami" ri a mhàthair theireadh e "Nona" ri a sheanamhathair, agus lean an t-ainm

rithe am measg nan eòlach ga leir; agus bha "Nona" mar so am beul gach neach mar ainm air Bean-an-Tuim, a bha 'na seanamhathair do mhòran a thaobh coibhneis agus fialachd. Ge b 'e cò a thigeadh an rathad—fear no tè—de nàdur luchd-siubhail no luchd-turuis 'sam bith, bhiodh rudeigin aig "Nona" bheireadh aotromas cridhe a bheag no mhòr air choireigin, do gach aon. Is iomadh uair a chuir e iongantais mòr orm ciamar a b' urrainn d' biadh is deoch a bhi aice do na h-uile bha a' faotainn fialachd aig a làimh. Ach cha d' thainig eis no gamne riamh an gaoith do "Nona," agus gheibheadh i 'n còmhuidh mar chathadh—'s mar a dh' fhoghnadh gu 'm faigheadh.

Ach de na h-uile rachadh an rathad aice 's e na buachaillean ri 'm bu choibhneala "Nona." Bha i na seana-mhathair—'s na mathair—do dhusan dhiubh gun an teagamh bu lugha. Anns a' bhaile bheag Ghaidhealach d' am buineadh "Nona" bha e 'na chleachdadh aig a' mhuinntir an crodh a shaoachadh do 'n choille an deich a' 'mheadhon latha. Fo 'n rian bhuachailleachd a bh' aca bha 'm baile air a roinn 'na dha thaobh—an taobh shuas 's an taobh shìos. Bhiodh buachaille bho gach taobh an dèidh a' chruidh. Bha dà latha 's an t-seachduin air cuid de na teaghlachan, agus aon latha air a' chuid eile. Mar bu trice 's e 'n òigridh a' bhiodh ris a' bhuachailleachd, agus aig amannan rachadh neach a chumail as an sgòil an uair a thigeadh latha na buachailleachd mu 'n cuairt. Ach, an robh dolaidh mhór an sud? Am bheil a nis againn ro bheag de 'n bhuachailleachd is tuilleadh 's a' chòir de 'n sgòil? Ciod an caitheamh aimsire bu taitneach na bhi 'g iomain bhò feadh choille 's feadh bhlàr ri latha briagha samhraidh no foghair? Cha robh sud gun ionnsachadh an ceangal ris, agus ionnsachadh boidheach. Gun teagamh bha 'n crodh draghail air uairean, agus bhiodh, ach beag an còmhuidh, an t-òreas air na buachaillean.

Ach bha toiseachd—'s cha bu bheag e—'sa bhuachailleachd. Cha b' ann ainmig a bhiodh dithis choltach ann an cuideachda Clupid ris an spreidh, agus bu neo-chiontach, stuama an goal a bheireadh buaidh air na buachaillean air uairean. Bu tric ann am tèid nam bàrd o shean "am buachaille 's a' bhararach" agus 's iomadh sgeul taitneach a chluinnteadh mu 'n deighinn, latha dha 'n robh 'n saoghal.

Tha tighinn a nise 'nam chuimhne comh-radh milis eadar buachaille agus cailinn òg, a leugh mi ann an sean leabhar dràin nach 'eil an duigh ach tearc ri fhaotainn. Tha 'm buachaille 'g ràdh:—

"Latha dhomh a'm aonar.  
Feadh dhulchana boidheach,  
Thachair cailinn òg orm,  
Bu shònraicht' leam fhéin;

Thùohairt mi rithe gu sìobhalt;  
'Mo chailinn na gabh mionthlachd,  
Ma leigas mi mo chridh' riut,  
'S mi fhin air do dhèidh';

Ach labhair i gu garg rium,  
'S i 'tionndadh ann am feing rium:  
'Tog a nis' de d' carra-ghòir;  
'S ro shearbh leam do sgeul.'

An sin thubhairt am buachaille:

"Mo nighean na bi gruamach,  
'S na tionndainn ann am fuath rium,  
Is tàir na dean air buachail'  
Bhios a' cuartaichd an spreidh,  
Ridh do chrodh air buaile,  
'S mi mi fathasd tuathanach,  
Aen ma bheir thu fuath dhomh,  
'S an uagh bidh mi fhéin.'  
Sgeall i 'n sin le tàir orm,  
'S i deanamh snotheadh gaire."

Agus fhreagair i:—

"Cha ghiullan bochd mar tha thu,  
A thàras mi fhéin,  
'S a lughad ogran suaire,  
Le carras agus uaisle,  
Le 'm b' ait' a bhi ri m'ghualainn,  
'S cha bhuachaille spreidh."

Ach ars' em buachaille gu tapaich:—

"Ach ma 's té cho àrd thu  
A bheir cho deas domh tàmailt,  
An cridhe thug an gràdh dhuit,  
'S nach slànaich aon léigh,  
Lionaidh e le fuath dhuit,  
Ge mòr do mhaìs' is t' uaisle,  
Bho nach giullan suarach,  
A chuartaicheas spreidh,  
A b'ait leat a phosadh;  
Tha iomadh té cho boidheach,  
Leis am faighinn stòras,  
Is mòran de spreidh."

Is e tha 'm buachaille 'g innseadh 's a cho-dhùnadh:—

"Thill i air a sàil rium, ag ràdh:—

"Do chridhe tha làn àrdain;  
Ach o'n a tha thu dàicheil,  
Gu 'm bi sinn fathasd rèidh."

Agus 's iomadh buachaille a thubhairt mar a leanas:—

A' buachailleachd air aonichean,

Air aonachean, air aonachean;

A' buachailleachd air aonichean,

A thug mi 'n gealladh ga'ach dhuit,

Thug mise gaol nach diobradh dhuit,

Nach diobradh dhuit, nach diobradh dhuit,

Thug mise gaol nach diobradh dhuit,

Is gheall thu a bhi dileas dhomh.

Ach chum thu, ghaoil, do chùlthoabh rium,

Do chùlthoabh rium, do chùlthoabh rium;

Ach chum thu, ghaoil, do chùlthoabh rium,

Nuair shaoil leam thu bli dlùthadh rium.

'S na hò i mo thruaighe mi,

Mo thruaighe mi, mo thruaighe mi;

'S na hò i mo thruaighe mi,

Bho'n chuir thu, ghaoil, cho suarach mi.

'S na hò i mar dh'fhàg thu mi

Mar dh'fhàg thu mi, mar dh'fhàg thu mi;

'S na hò i mar dh'fhàg thu mi

Bho'n dhùilt thu, ghaoil, do chàirdeas dhomh,

O! m' àilleagan 's mo lurachag,  
 Mo lurachag, mo lurachag;  
 O! m' àilleagan 's mo lurachag.  
 Gun siubhlainn gleann is bruthach leat.

\* \* \*

Bha dachaidh Nòna dìreach air rathad nam buachaillean, agus an tuiteam an fheasgair, ach beag a b' uile latla bho 'n a thòisicheadh a bhuachailleachd mu thoiseach an t-samhlaidh gus an sgùireadh i mu dheireadh an fhoghair, bhiodh neach no dithis de na buachailleach anns a bhaile bha 'n sud, a' taghal oirre. Cha ruigear a leas a ràdh gu 'm biodh iad ocrach. Cha chreideadh Nòna a chaochladh, bho bheul a' mhinistear; agus bhiodh mìr arain aice do na buachailleach cho cinnteach 's a thigeadh iad mu 'n cuairt. Uairean bhiodh im, no gruidheam, no càis air a' Mhiugh; agus uairean cha bhiodh; uairean eile bhiodh boinnean as a' phoit bhroit a bhiodh air an teine leis, no as a' phoit teagha, na 'n tuiteadh i bhi 'na suidhe air leacaig bhig 'sa ghriosaich. Agus cha bu mhir cumanta m' Nòna, ach mìr tiugh, tarbhach de mhin choirce, anns an robh brìgh agus biadh. 'S iomadh beannachd buachaille fhuair Nòna 'na latha, agus b' fhiach i fhéin uile iad.

An deigh do na buachailleach tigh Nòna fhagail thigeadh iad fhéin 's an crodh cuairt an fhearainn dhachaidh chun a' bhaile, agus ciod an sealladh a bu taitneach na bhi 'gan coimhead a' tighinn a dh' ionnsaigh nan tighean, air an socair fhéin? Mar a thubhairt am bàrd:—

“Ge bòidheach Baile Dhuin-éidinn,  
 Le organan is ceòl 'gan gleusadh,  
 'S mòr gu'm b' fhearr leam a bhi 'g éisdeachd  
 Geumnaich na spréidh a' tighinn gu baile.”

Cha 'n eil fhios nach bu chòir innseadh gur ann am mach bho na buachailleach a bha 'n duin' aig Nòna. 'S e mac a bh'ann do bhacbaile tighearna na dùthcha. Tha cuimhn' air gu'n robh buachailleach aig a' chuid mhoir de na tighearnaan fearainn, agus 's an àm ud bha a' bhuachailleach na h-obair gle chudthromach ann an iomadh dòigh. Ach bha “Am Buachaille” 'na dhùine tapaidh agus bhiodh e ris na h-òrain bho thin gu tim mar a thigeadh a stigh air. An bith-cheantas bhiodh e a' seinn nan rann so a leanas air an t-seann laochan “Mac-na-Bracha”:—

Gur tric a' falbh na Sròine mi  
 A chuideachd air na sméaraichean;  
 'S e sud a dh' fhàg cho còlach mi  
 Air stòpan na tè ruaidhe.

Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath',  
 Tha buaidh air nach còir a chleith;  
 Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath';  
 'S co math teth is fuar e.

Gur math an àm an Earraich e,  
 'S cha mhòs an àm na gailinn e;  
 'S e 'n cù am fear nach ceannaich e,  
 'S e 'n t-ùmaidh dh' fhanas bhuaith e.

'S math 's aithne dhomh co dh'òlas e:  
 Luchd fearainn shaoir is dròbhairean,  
 Ceannaichean is òclairan,  
 'S an seoldair cha d' thug fuath dha.

Uisge beath' cheatalain,  
 Le siucair geal 'na chnapan ann,  
 'S ann leam bu mhiann bhi 'n taice ris,  
 'S e dol 'na lasair uaine.

Gur math an coisich oidhche e  
 'A' dol air thòir nam maighdeannan;  
 'S ann air a bhiodh an sgoinn  
 Gu còibhneas thoirt à gruagaichean.

Chuala mi an seann sluagh ag innseadh gu'n robh rann eile aig a' Bhuachaille mu 'n uisge-bheatha, agus fhad 's a bha cuimhn' air 's ann mar so a bha dol:—

“An uair a dh' éireamaid gu moch,  
 Mu 'n rachamaid air fear am mach,  
 Bu mhiannach le 'r sinsearachd bruich,  
 Bu mhiannach leo beirm is brach;  
 Bho chaochan an dara uair,  
 'Dol mu'n cuairt na cuirte cam,  
 Thainig thu à rioghachd na smùid,  
 Agus tuchadh air do cheann.  
 Caoranaich an uisge chais,  
 Braganaich mu'm bruineadh greis;  
 Gus an gearradh e na claignn chruaidh,  
 Mac-nam-buadh nach bu choir a chleith;  
 Bithidh e teth air an la fhuar,  
 Agus fuar air an la theth.”

'S ann air “An Tom” a bha dachaidh Nòna. Tha 'n Tom dluth do na h-uimhir de bbaitean Gaidhealach, agus bha Tom an taobh a stigh, de chrichean a' bhaile bhig mu'm bheil mi a' sgrìobhadh a nise agus 's e ball ro-bhòidheach a bh' anns “An Tom.” Bha coilleat is cnuic gu lèor mu 'n cuairt da, agus bha alltan geala-shruthach linneach ri torman tiamhaidh, 's e 'siubhal sìos ri taobh an t-sabhail a bha ri ceann an tìghe. Nuair a chuireadh an samhradh an car 's an iuchair a leigil am mach a' bhlaiths, cha b' fhada gus am biodh cìrean lus is bhlaithen air “An Tom,” 's gheibheadh an crodh-bainne greim-beòil ann nach biodh eil. Mu 'n deachaidh Nòna 's a nuinntir chun “An Tuim” bha ciobair a' fuireach greis anns an tìgh, agus bhiodh e fhéin is gillean oga na coimhearsnachd a' tarruing abhachd as a chéile an comhnuidh.

Bha an ciobair 'na ghille ro thapaidd, sgrìobalta, stuama, gasda, agus e de theaghlach eireachdail. Bha bàrd aig taobh gach teine an latha bha 'n sud, agus bhiodh rannagan a' dol am measg na h-òigridh gun sgar. Agus thubhairt Gilleasbuig Bàn mu 'n ciobair:—

“Chì mi 'n ciobair 's a dha chù.  
 'Siubhal dlùth le 'chròcan.”

“Sùil dha 'n d'thug mi thar a' chreagain,  
 Chumna mi ann coltach fannair,  
 'S dh'fhoighnich mi d'heath ann an cabhaig:  
 C'ait' an robh e 'chomhnuidh.”

Agus fhlegair am fannair:—

“Tha mi chomhnuidh air An Tom,  
 Mar bha Noah air an luing;  
 'S bho 'n a chuir thu cheist cho trom,  
 'S mise Goll Mac Mhòrna.”  
 Chì mi 'n ciobair, &c.

'S anns a' cho-dhùnadh thubhairt am fear eile:—

“Cha'n eil caileag anns an àit'  
 Nach d' thug uile dhuit an gràdh—  
 'S aithne dhòmhsa tè no dha  
 Tha tairgse 'n làmh dhuit còmhla.  
 Chì mi 'n ciobair, &c.

Nach ann an sud a bha 'bheatha neoichiontach, thoilichte? Fheara 's a dhaoine, ach mar a dh'fhalbh an saoghal bho shean:—

“Na blàran a tha prìseil,  
 'S na fàsaichean tha lionmhor,  
 O 's àit' a leig mi dhomh iad:  
 Gu bràth mo mhile beannachd leo.”

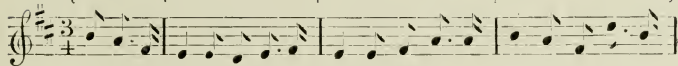
# TURUS-CUAIN.

LE IAIN MAC GILLE-MHOIRE, GOBHAINN NA H-EARRADH.

AM FÖNN LE IAIN MAC CALUM.

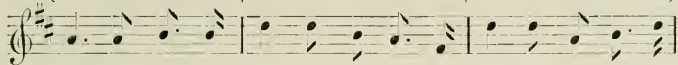
GLEUS D.

{ 1 : s., m | r : r . d : r., m | r : r . m : s., s | 1 : s . m : d' . l }



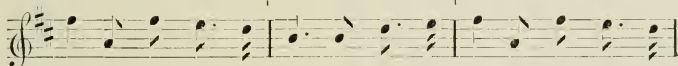
Ged 's dàil cha dearmad a bhac nio sheanchas Mu'n turus ainmeach 'san aimsir

{ s : - . s : l ., l | d' : d' . l : s ., m | d' : d' . s : l ., d' }



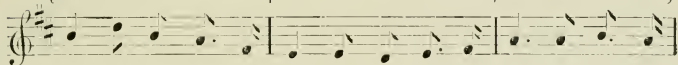
rhuair, 'Sa chulaidh dhealbhach d'an ainm "Braid - Albann," Le gaoith gun

m' : s . m' : r' ., d' | 1 : - . l : d' ., r' | m' : s . m' : r' ., d'



anagnath dh'fhag la'bh an cuan; Gu'n dhùisg an soirbheas o'n àird an

{ 1 : d' . l : s ., m | r : r . d : r., m | s : - . s : l ., s }



Earra-dheas, A ghreas air falbh i mar earb air luaths; 'S nuair dh'fhaig i

{ d' : d' . l : s ., d' | r' : r' . d' : m' ., r' | d' : l . s : m ., s | 1 : - ||



caubhas 's na tuinn bha barrgeadh, Bha spàirn 'gan teannachadh air caub nan duil.

Nuair lion na siùil aic', gach aon diubh 's brù air,

'S a croinn mar iùbhrain a' lùb 'san uair,  
Bha coileach dùbh - ghorm a' ruith o'n stiùir aic'

'Na chamalaig lùbaich ri dùrdan cruaidh;  
'S e ceum 'bha siùbhlach a' leum gu sunndach  
Troimh'n mhuir bha srùlach gu dlùth mu'n cuairt;

Gum b' fhior chruit chiùil a bhi 'g éisdeachd bùirein;

A tormain sùrdail 'bu bhrùchdaid fuaim.

Ge bu thoiseach geamhraidh le gaoith 'bha ceannaidh,

A' séideadh teann, cha b'ann mall i 'ghluais  
Troimh 'n fhaigr mar bheanntan, 'na luig 's 'na gheanntan,

A cur nan steall diubh 'nan deann m'a cluais;

Le fiamh na fanntachd cha d'iarr i 'n t-abhsadh.

'S e ghnàth ri sealltainn taobh thall a' chuain;  
B' fhior--'s mis 'bha 'g amharc ri cùrs' nach d' chaill i;

Gu'n ghearr i nall air gu ceann na ruaig.

'S i 's deis' fo h-aodach gu cur nan gaothan,  
'S a com ag aomadh 'tigh'nn saor mu'n cuairt;  
O' sàil bhiodh saobh-shruth mar chladhan gaoireach,  
Mar bhuaille chaorach, cho cruinn mar chuach;

'S i nì'n roid chinne deth 'na leum le sintheig,  
'S a smùid 'na still, thar na croinn 'dol suas;  
Gu'm b' aiteas inntinn do neach 'bhi innte,  
Mar deanteadh tinn e le glinn a' chuain.

Gu'm b' a'it a ceòl leinn, fìor fhuaim a cròinain,  
Na ruith 'cur bhorlum 'nan tòrr o gruaidh;  
'Sa mhuir is cròic òir mu beul a' copadh;  
An làn 's gach seòl aic, 's gach ròp ri fuaim;  
Na tuinn a' bòcadh, le gaoir a' dòrtadh,  
Gu dlùth mu 'bòrdaibh le ròiceadh cruaidh;  
An sgiob 'ga seòladh le lánhan eòlach,  
'S a' deanamh sòlais ro mhòr r'a luath's.

A' ghaoth ged shéideadh, 's a siùil a' reubadh.  
O'n chloich 'na gléidht' i air ceum a h-ùil,  
Na tuinn ged bheacadh cha'n eireadh beud dhi.

Is soill's o'n speur a' toirt léirsinn shùl;  
Tha aine cléibh aic cho taicil, treunmhor,  
Cho teann ri chéile 's nach géill i sùgh;  
Ri uchd gach deuchainn tha i cho gleuda  
'S nach tarladh léireadh do chré fo 'bùird.

Ged dh'éireadh cona-ghaath'ch le teine sionnachain,

'S a' mhuir 'na glumaraidh ri bulg gu dlùth,  
Cha rachadh tulg innte ri tuinn 'ga tunnachd-adh,

Ag at le buirbe 's le bur-racadh dùr;  
Cho fad 's a b'iomchaidh dhi aodach iomachar,  
Ged bhiodh na staire mar choin-luirg ma stiùir,

Cha b'abhar iomagain da taobh nach buinig-eadh

I caladh cuimseach na'm fuilingeadh siùil.

Tha i cho-aonta 's cho dlùth 'na saoirsneachd  
Na cinn 's na taobhain dian-ghlaoidhte teann  
bhualt,  
Cho saor o ao-dion 's nach iarr i taoman.  
'S clar uachdar caoin-ghéal troim braon bha  
bhual,  
Taobh stigh cho Saoineil, cho glau 's cho  
riomhach.  
'S gu'm faodadh Rìgh le's car tim cur suas.  
A bhìadh a dhioladh is luighe sint' innt'  
Air leabaich mhin-ghloin aig sìth le suain.

Gu'm b'aites dhuinn ar ceud sealladh sùl dhi,  
I teachd g'ar n-ionnsa dh' 's a cùrs gu tuath;  
Air dhi bhi giùlan nan teachdair iùlmhor,  
Thoirte sgeul as ùr dhuinn air cliù an Uain;  
'S gu'm b'e ar dùrachd gu'n eumt' i sìubhlach  
Air feadh na dùthcha gach taobh mu'n cuairt;  
Feadh cheall is chùiltean fo neul an dàsail,  
A chum le ùr-ghiras an dùsgadh suas.

Chuir i air tir mi far 'n tric robh m'inntinn,  
An caladh dìonach Phert-Rìgh nam buadh,  
Far 'n d'fhuair mi bàta na smùide làidir,  
A' ruith gun dail troimh Chaol-Acainn suas;  
'N Caol-Reith bha sàs oirr' 'cur sruth gu  
dàicheil,  
Ri h-uend bha gáradh gu h-àrd mar bhruaich;  
'Na chop le cair-ghéal, na bhrùchd a' bàradh,  
'S a co-m 'ga fhasgadh le gainn 'bha cruaidh.

Nuair chuir i 'n caol sin, 's a fhuair i  
farchadh,  
Mar fhìadh an aonaich 's e 'n eannaig  
chruaidh;  
Pha 'ceum cho aotrom ri earb nan raointean,  
'S na coin fo 'n chuthich 'gan cur dian 'nan  
leath's.  
Gu Maol-Chinn-tìre ri sròin bha sìontan,  
'S cha d' rinn i pilltinn romh mhil nan  
stuaich;  
Nuair fhuair i 'ghaoth leath, taobh thall na  
Maòile,  
B'i féin an t-sraonag feadh mhin-nisg  
Chluaidh.

## CEIT MHÒR LOCH-CARAIN.

B'abhaist dòmhsa a bhi cur naidheachdan  
goid Gáidhlig suas gus a' phàipear ris an  
abrar "Cùairtear an t-Shluaigh," agus  
bhiodh ar fear-dùthcha Calum S. MacLeòid.  
a' toirt cùil bhig, dhaibh anns a' phàipear  
sin, a chum 's gu'm biodh iad air an  
leughadh anns gach cèarn. Ach 's e tha  
'nam rùn a ràdh an dràsda, gu'm bu chòir  
—cha 'n ann a mhàin dhòmhsa—ach do



luchd-leughaidh na Gàidhlig gu léir, a  
bhi 'na mhòr chomain, a thaobh a dhian-  
shaothrach chùramaich, eudmhoir ann a bhi  
aig costas aoin de mo naidheachdan, maille  
ri dà no trì eile dhiubh, a chlo-bhualadh  
ann an Leabhraan beag, grunn, sgiobalta, aig  
pris dà sgillim, 's cha b'e luach e, fo'n  
ainm, "Ceil mhòr Loch-caroin."

Tha sgeul a' bhoireannaich bho chd so,  
bho thùs gu eis, a' nochdadh dhuinn ga  
soilleir, cho uamhasach, eagalach 's tha staid  
peacaidh agus truaighe, eadhon do neach  
'sam bith, ach gu h-àraidh, do 'n neach sin,  
a tha air fhàgail dhà féin gu bhi do! air  
adhart agus a' tighinn beò anns a' pheacadh  
mar a thogras e.

Tha dòig, agus sgeul iompachaidh Ceit  
Mhòir uile gu léir iongantach, agus a' nochd-  
adh dhuinn, an nì tha gràs Dhé comasach  
air a dheanamh, nuair a thòisicheas e anns  
an anam. Ach b'e Maighstir Lachlunn,  
Ministear mòr, diadhaidh, urramach, Loch-  
caroin ann meadhan a ghabh an Tighearna  
gu bhi 'g iompachadh Ceit, agus 'ga tionnd-  
adh bho dhorchadas gu solas, agus bho  
chumhachd Shàtain gu Dia.

Tha oibrichean an duine urramaich so,  
agus oibrichean mòran eile dha sheòrsa, a'  
leigeil ris dhuinn cho dlùth 's a bha iad  
eud air cridhe, agus inntinn an Tighearna,  
agus cha 'n urrainn duine a tha beò anns  
an linn so, gun an t-eadar-dhealachadh mòr  
a tha eadar teachdairean an latha ud agus  
teachdairean an latha 'n diugh, fhaicinn gu  
ro shoilleir. Tha e fìor gu'm bheil sinn  
measail air teachdairean an latha 'n diugh,  
ach tha teachdairean nan làithean a dh'  
thalbh ro-mhùirneach againn.

A nis tha rùn orm a ràdh, a h-uile neach  
a leughas Gàidhlig, agus nach d' fhuair  
fathast greim air an leabhraan bheag so,  
gu'm bu chòir dha gun dàil sgrìobhadh gu  
Calum S. MacLeòid, 183 Blackness Road,  
Dundee, agus gu'm faigh e 'n leabhar, oir is  
math is fiach e fhaotainn agus a leughadh.  
Neach 'sam bith, a m sin, thèid mi fhin an  
urras nach bi ni a dh' aithreachas air, a  
thaobh a shaothrach.

Chuir mise sgeul air Doctair Dòmhnallach  
na Tòiseachd, gu Calum bho chionn ghoidir,  
agus tha sgeul eile againn air a sgrìobhadh  
air Donnachadh Mathannach, deiseil, agus  
neach 'sam bith leis an àill iad sin fhaotainn  
ann an leabhraan, cha 'n eil aca ach sgrìobh-  
adh gu Calum MacLeòid, agus sin a leigeil  
ris da, agus gheibh sinn dòigh éigin air na  
naidheachdan sin a chur an clò.

D. I. Mac Cuis.

# In Memoriam.

## THE SCOTTISH PRIMA DONNA.

THE name of Jessie Maclachlan will long be remembered by Highland patriots. She was no mere patron of Gaelic song. A native of Oban, with a long western pedigree, she lisped in the ancient language, and imbibed with her mother's milk the true spirit of Gaelic sentiment and romance. Her art expressed her real feelings. She sang as one who thought in Gaelic; the sentiments of the old songs were her sentiments. A woman of much refinement of feeling, she was indeed a fitting medium for the sympathetic expression of the moods and imaginings of the old bards. Whether in winsome love song, or pensive song of exile, or in rapturous ballads of patriotism and valour, she sang as only a Gael can the lyrics of her native land. Even those who did not understand the old language listened to her with delight, feeling that spell which captivated the poet Wordsworth when he wrote of the Highland girl who sang as she reaped ripe grain:—

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:

Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Truly it can be said of our Jessie as of that predecessor of hers who inspired the great poet:—

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands:

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the furthest Hebrides.

As a mere girl she attracted concert audiences in Argyllshire, in which she achieved fame long before she became known in large centres of population. Her training was not elaborate. She really required no training to convey the spirit of Gaelic song to her audiences. She was a born vocalist, with a voice of that rich and soft quality peculiar to the Western Highlands and Islands, a voice of fine timbre and great reach. Such a training, however, as was necessary to do herself full justice she did receive, but she was mainly self-taught. She was a woman with ideas and strong force of character, a real personality, full of kindly impulses, generous hearted, and large minded, and her personality infused her art. She loved the Highlands and Highlanders, and greatly was she loved.

Our Jessie was still a young woman when her abilities first attracted the attention of the organisers of Highland gatherings in large cities. Her success was as rapid as it proved to be permanent. In time no Highland gathering seemed complete without Jessie Maclachlan. One pauses to think of the enthusiasm she stirred in the hearts of young and old, the sentiments she awakened, the flush she brought to old faces, the tears she brought to old eyes among those to whom the past was sacred, and in whose heart echoed the sound of streams in empty glens and the plashing of blue waters round western isles. Many did she make to feel in the words of Neil Munro—

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,  
A shepherd's plaiding, and a beggar's pay,  
If I might earn them where the heather,  
waving,  
Cave fragrance to the day.

The stars might see me, homeless one and  
weary,  
Without a roof to fend me from the dew,  
And still content, I'd find a bedding cheery  
Where'er the heather grew!

Many, indeed, did she set in their dreams sailing

Over the sea to Skye.

Before Jessie Maclachlan's day the appearance of a Gaelic song on the programme of a city concert was a rarity indeed. As a rule the exponents of Gaelic song who did appear were amateurish to a degree, too amateurish to do justice either to themselves or the art they undertook to interpret. The result was that the appearance of such individuals was often the occasion for jest and hilarity, not always good natured.

To Miss Maclachlan must be given the credit of working a revolution in this connection. As if with the wave of a magician's wand she swept out of existence all prejudice created against Gaelic song and music. She secured for Highland musical art the recognition now so freely accorded, and even recognised as proof of real appreciation of musical genius.

The first appearance on a London platform was made by Miss Maclachlan in 1889, when she sang at a concert held under the auspices of the London Gaelic Society. On this occasion she owed her introduction to the late Lord Archibald Campbell, one of the most patriotic Highland gentlemen who ever flaunted the tartan. Through his



## In Memoriam—*continued.*

lordship's good offices Miss Maclachlan received a command to sing before Queen Victoria at Balmoral Castle. Royal patronage directed the attention of the whole country to the genius of a new artist and a neglected art.

Miss Maclachlan's popularity increased speedily. As she made progress in her art so did she make progress in public esteem. To her we owe to a marked degree the popularisation of Gaelic song. She was the sower in the field which others are now reaping, and finding exceeding great reward. The number of those who have followed her high example is happily impressive. Each clachan and glen has now its exponent of Gaelic song, and new stars are rising yearly to shine where she once shone alone as a real star of morning—the morning of a new day for Gaelic song.



The late Miss JESSIE MACLACHLAN.

Miss Maclachlan's fame was not confined to the British Isles. It spread throughout the Empire and the English speaking world. In Canada, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand she found hosts of admirers when she crossed the seas to charm the ears and hearts of exiled Gaels, and the sons and daughters of the sons and daughters of exiled Gaels. Her overseas tours had to be repeated time and again.

Her last public appearance in Great Britain was made in the Kinnaird Hall, Dundee, the occasion being the annual concert held at the close of the 1913 Mod, after which she made a very extended tour of Canada and the United States of America, singing in New York before an immense audience on 13th March 1914 for the last time.

Full of honour and beloved by every patriotic Highlander as an artiste and a daughter of the Gaelic race, Miss Maclachlan died in Glasgow on 13th May 1916. Her place as Queen of Gaelic Song has not yet been filled.

A NOTED SCOTTISH BOOKSELLER.



HIGH gap was made in the bookselling world when John Grant, of Edinburgh, closed the volume of life. He was more than a bookseller, he was a bibliophile, and proud of his profession, which he loved whole-heartedly. Unlike not a few booksellers in Edinburgh of a contemporaneous and earlier date, he did not specialise in what might be termed sectional literature. His business vision swept the whole of the literary horizon. He bought to sell as quickly as possible: but few men were more alert in spotting a rarity, and affixing its true price in the catalogue. Rarely was he caught napping, even by the cutest and keenest of bibliographical hunters, and in the way of purchasing it might be said of him that he sniffed a good thing from afar. For instance, a few years before his death he learned that a number of sets of a valuable Scottish work, long out of print, were lying dust covered in an attic. He traced the owner, and made a deal, which turned out a huge financial success. As a "remainder" hunter he had no equal in the bookselling trade. Indeed, he remarked on one occasion, "My successes are made



The late Mr JOHN GRANT.

out of publishers' failures." The "remainders" which Mr Grant purchased were in many cases unsold copies of a work which had achieved financial success. On another occasion he wagered that he would sell any book of value that "presented a respectable appearance." This was true, for his experience was so wide, and his knowledge of the trade so comprehensive that he could "place" the book where it was sure to be acceptable. His early training was invaluable. When he was a lad Edinburgh was still enjoying the afterglow of the great light thrown upon it by Sir Walter Scott and his brilliant contemporaries. In the city were several booksellers whose fame was world-wide. One of these was Mr Moodie Millar, who dealt largely in old books. Mr Grant became apprenticed to him when a mere lad, and a few years afterwards journeyed for his employer all over the kingdom, as far north as Inverness and as far south as London. The experience thus gained was of the greatest value to him when he started on his own account in a shop at 34 George IV. Bridge,

## In Memoriam—*continued.*

Edinburgh, a thoroughfare with which he was associated to the end, and which he converted into a kind of Paternoster Row. His business grew by leaps and bounds, and at the time of his death he owned two large shops, one on either side of the street. He was also largely interested in Oliver & Boyd, to the management of which firm he gave daily attention. Several years ago he purchased the stock of Gaelic books of Messrs MacLachlan & Stewart, and not only maintained but largely developed the connection with Gaelic literature they so long held. Mr Grant published a large number of Gaelic books, several of which are standard works, and many very popular in the Highlands and among Gaelic-speaking people generally. His business connections were world-wide, as may be judged from the fact that about twenty years ago it was calculated that he sold a quarter of a million volumes a year. Mr Gladstone was a frequent visitor to his shop when he was in Edinburgh on the occasion of his Midlothian campaigns, and Lord Rosebery was more than a customer—he was a close personal friend. Some of the rarest volumes now in the remarkable collection at Dalmeny were obtained through the agency of Mr Grant. An ardent Liberal, Mr Grant was for many years a prominent official of the Central Division Liberal Association, but severed his connection in 1906, mainly owing to the declination of his fellow-members to support Lord Rosebery for the leadership of the Liberal party. Although he declined civic honours more than once, he was always ready to lend a helping hand to municipal candidates, who, he thought, deserved support. The splendid work which he accomplished in connection with the Carnegie Free Library, Edinburgh, was handsomely acknowledged by Professor Masson when speaking for the Committee at the opening ceremony. It is gratifying to know that the high standard which Mr Grant set, and the best traditions of the Edinburgh bookselling trade are being ably maintained by his sons, Mr Robert Grant and Mr John Grant, jun.



### THE LATE CAPTAIN KENNETH MACIVER, M.A.



We much regret to record the death of Captain Kenneth MacIver. He fell in France on 27th March, 1918, after having served in the army for over three years. A native of Aultbea, Ross-shire, he was science master in Dunfermline High School, and the adopted Liberal candidate for West Perthshire. He was a platform speaker of outstanding ability, an ardent advocate of Scottish autonomy, and one of the founders, as well as the popular President, of the Young Scots Society. He was a capable and energetic leader in the Gaelic movement, the Convener of the Education Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and a familiar figure at all Celtic gatherings. A brief sketch of his career appeared in "The Celtic Annual" of 1913.

## CUMHA.

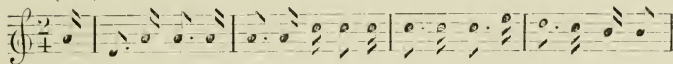
Air Alasdair Mac-an-rothaich a bha a chòmhnuidh an Druim-beag, Cataibh. a chaochail 'san Fhraing air dha bhì air a leònadh 'sa chath. Bha e 'na oifhichear anns an rèisimid d'an goirear: "The Scottish Rifles."

Le Domhnall Mac Leoid.

A'r fonn: "*Latha Breitheanaidh*."

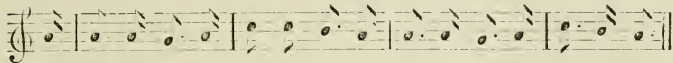
GLEUS C.

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Chaidh Phrian fo sgò 'b'ha eò a r Cui eiz; Tha gair 'sua glinu, 'sua h-uillt ri tuireada;

{ 1 | 1 ., 1 : s ., 1 | d' . d' : t ., 1 | 1 ., 1 : s ., 1 | d' ., t : 1 ., }



Tha toirm na tràigh gu dubhach àrd, 'Smo léir mar tha, 's nach till thu ruinn.

Tha muir is beinn fo thinn 's fo mhadal;  
Tha eòin an t-sléibh gun ghleus gun luinneag  
O'n thainig sgeul tha guineach, geur  
A' cur an céill nach till thu ruinn.

Bu shunntach gleust' do cheum 'sa mhonadh;  
'S tu cur 'nan ruaig daimh ruadh a' choire;  
Thu sgaiteach calm an ciùin no 'n stoirm—  
O, 's cruaidh an t-seirm nach till thu ruinn!

Tha iomadh buadh ri luaidh mu d' phearsa;  
Thu fearail, stuama, suaice, snasda;  
Bu mhàlda ciùin do shealladh sìl;  
'S ann oirne dhruidh nach till thu ruinn.

Ged bha thu òg bu bheò do ghaigse;  
Bu deas do lann air ceann a' cheartais;  
Tha d' chadal sèimh 'san eilthir chéin;  
Mo bhòn 's mo léir nach till thu ruinn!

Bu lionmhor sàr dhuìt fàilt' is furan;  
Bhiodh gean is àgh 'nad àite fuirich;  
Do theachd 's do thriall bha maiseach riamh;  
'S o'n ear co 'n iar cha till thu ruinn.

An déidh na h-oidhche' thig soills' na madainn  
An déidh na dùdlaich dùsgaidh earrach;  
Ge d'orcha 'n speur thig dèarsadh gréin;  
Ach dh' fhalbh an treun 's cha till e ruinn.

## "ALEC MUNRO": A LAMENT.

(Translation by the Author.)

The storm-cloud frowns above the mountain,  
There's wail of woe from rill and fountain,  
From sea to sky resounds the cry:  
"The hero's gone, is gone for ever."

And now are hushed the moorland voices,  
No lark or thrush at dawn rejoices;  
On Quinaig's crest the red deer rest;  
For thou art gone, art gone for ever.

In mansion proud and lowly sheiling,  
With laugh and jest dull care dispelling,  
Once welcome thou of sunny brow:  
But now thou'rt gone, art gone for ever.

When roared the hart in misty corrie,  
No laggard thou in doubt to tarry;  
Nor flood nor fell thy mood could quell:  
But thou art gone, art gone for ever.

Though young in years, of manly mettle,  
Swift flashed thy blade in freedom's battle;  
Serene thy sleep—thy dreamless sleep,  
For thou art gone, art gone for ever.

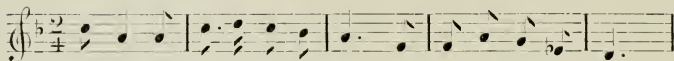
Dead winter brings the time of sowing,  
The midnight mirk, the morn a-glowing,  
The clouds unfold to sunbeam's gold:  
But thou art gone, and gone for ever.

# SCOTLAND IN WAR.

KEY F.

Words and Melody by C. M. P.

{ s . m : — . m | s . , l : s . f | m : — . d | d . m : r . ta , | l , : — . }



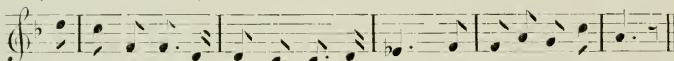
Scotland! Thou fair - er art To me Than an - y land I know;

{ s , | s , . d : d , , l , | l , . r : r , , d | m : — . m | f . m : f . s | l : — . }



Glad summer's bloom, Cold winter's gloom, O'er thee Their varied splendours throw;

{ . l | s . d : d , , l , | l , . s , : s , , l , | ta , : — . d | d . m : r . s | m : — . ||



Our sires did leap To arms to keep Thee free: Could we less ardour show?

Scotland! I love thy daughters

Fair—

Their hearts with goodness glow;

With comely grace

And kindly face

They care

For those in want or woe;

On fields of gore,

'Mid cannon's roar

And flare,

They tended friend and foe.

Scotland! I love thy warrior

Brood—

To death alone they bow;

No heroes hold

In days of old

As good

To stem a vaunting foe;

'Gainst shot and shell

And fumes of hell

They stood

And laid th' oppressor low.

Scotland! We mourn thy sons

Who died

In air, on land, on sea;

Their lives they gave

Their kin to save,

And tried

To keep the nations free;

Their bright renown,

Let's send it down,

With pride,

The ages yet to be.

Scotland! Stand forth and claim

Thy due;

Unloose the laggard's chain;

Brook no delay,

But bring the day

In view

When, as a State again,

Thou may'st, with zeal,

Thy people's weal

Pursue,

Till just conditions reign.

NOTE.—This song is being prepared for early publication in sheet form, price one penny, from MALCOLM C. MACLEOD, 183 Blackness Road, Dundee.





# SOME NEW GAELIC TERMS for EDUCATIONAL USE.

## FACAIL URA GHAIHDLIG A CHUM FEUM SGOIL-OILEIN.

LE COLMAN O DUGHAILL.

**T**ADHG O DONNCHADHA, the new Professor in Irish Language and Literature at University College, Cork, writing of the Gaelic language of Ireland has used the following words: "The state of the language necessitates a change of method in its propagation. Lack of educational facilities for those whose mother-tongue is Irish has been a steady drawback, not alone for the production of literature, but to the spread of the language among the thinking portion of our people. The language must, so to say, be brought out of the catacombs and put to practical use in the life of the country. Otherwise it cannot grow and thrive."

Hardly anyone speaks or writes about the Gaelic language of Scotland in the above strain. Yet every word of the quotation could with equal force and truth, be spoken about Scots Gaelic.

The man who wrote those words is well equipped for putting his own dictum into practical use. He is a broad-minded, affable type of Irishman in the prime of life; has the advantage of being a native Gaelic speaker; has written much Gaelic prose and poetry with apparent facility; has translated with acceptance from Welsh, French, and German; has written in Welsh with acceptance from Welshmen; knows Old and Scots Gaelic well; has had an extensive practice in editing books and articles; and has, at least, a working knowledge of music. There is nobody so well equipped in charge of Gaelic in Scotland.

Although the words above quoted were written when their author was a candidate for the professorship, there is no reason to think that he will change his attitude towards his mother-tongue now that his position is secure. Any such notion is opposed to his past record, which was that of steady progress in old and modern Gaelic and in scholarly equipment generally. He loves his mother-tongue. But the question keeps coming up: Will he, unlike many of his kind on this side, and many others on his own side, of the water, so use his opportunities and powers that, while making the past serve the needs of the future, the shortcomings, for which the past is no remedy, shall be made good by fitting the Gaelic language for "practical use in the life of the country?" It is morally certain he will make the endeavour.

But what of us? Shall we assume the possibility of a return to health for our mother-tongue? Or shall we lapse into despondency and let Gaelic and its cognate affairs drift? These are questions which all Scots Gaelic men should make up their minds about without loss of time. The critical stage has arrived.

Those of us who are faithful and true, and who are able in some measure to serve the Gaelic cause, and, by so serving, to help in preserving the individuality of a small but interesting and, at bottom, a freedom-loving nation, will at once say "Yes" to the first question and "No" to the second. We shall not stop at that; but turn instinctively for our pleasure to the work of restoring our ancient mother-tongue to a healthy state. If we succeed, we shall have commendation from the world at large. If we don't, we shall have the satisfaction of having made the effort.

Who are they who would give us other counsel? For one thing, they are not the friends of our race as a race. Without knowing their own race origin such is their conceit in their fancied race origin that they would save us from ourselves to shape us after their own pattern. The sensible and observant among us know our racial interests better than accept their false ideals, and they recognise their duty in keeping a firm grasp of their natural—and, therefore, national—rights. And to do that it is absolutely essential that our language "be brought out of the catacombs and put to practical use in the life of the country."

Go raibh maith agad, a Thaidhg, a thug na briathran sin duinn.

Has a similar undertaking been carried to a successful issue heretofore? Oh, yes! And under conditions as seemingly hopeless as ours. A number of cases could be cited in support. But the following well fits our own. The case of the Finns is presented thus by Mrs Alec Tweedie, who has written about the renaissance of the language of the Finns of Finland:—

"The champions of the Finnish language were dubbed Fennomans, while those who advocated the position of the Swedish (as the official language) were known as Svecomans. The Svecomans gave a warning against a too hasty introduction of the Finnish language into official use before its undoubted lack of an official terminology had been properly filled. The Fennomans, again, admitting the soundness of this objection, set to work at the development of Finnish, and their untiring efforts have borne excellent fruits, so that at the present time it is not only well equipped with legal phraseology, but is capable of serving the demands of cultured literature and science."

It is to be noted that it was "untiring efforts" which effected the transformation. Not many of our people are given to "untiring efforts."

We are not told how the Fennomans went about their work. Information thereabout might have proved useful to us. But, probably, it did not occur to Mrs Alec Tweedie that there was a similar case much nearer home for which such information might have proved helpful. It does not occur to many. It does not occur to some who are in the thick of the Gaelic movement.

What shall we do? Where shall we begin? There needs be no hesitation in giving the answers. Our language, having failed to keep abreast of the times with terms for new things and new concepts, it is left to us to make good the deficiency by coining new and adequate terms, and it is imperative for success that we start with such as are necessary to the education of the young—1, in the school, 2, in the home, 3, in the field. The school first, because every conscious process of growth—and this is one—requires some person or class to sow the seed and cultivate the plant, and the school teacher is, in this instance, the natural agent for such a purpose as we have in view—although, sad to say, he or she is not, as a rule, too well grounded in the Gaelic language for its preservation and propagation.

Terms will not grow of themselves like wild plants or crystals. They must of set purpose be made. Technical terms in all languages are, for the most part, purely artificial. All advanced culture is upheld by artificial terms.

Whether new words be made by one person, or by a few, or by many, matters little. Nor does it matter seriously what the basis of a new word is, once it has received general acceptance. General acceptance by the folk, or by the classes for whom new words are specially intended, is what matters most.

For the sake of ready and easy acceptance it has been the general practice to base new words on those of known languages—native or foreign. Even the newest of artificial languages follows this plan. Some persons favour native words as the basis of the new ones. Others have advocated borrowing from alien languages and giving a native appearance to the word. A certain amount of work of both kinds has already been done and accepted. Much more has been attempted and rejected.

Those who would draw in any great measure from an alien tongue for new Gaelic terms cannot have given the subject much or effective consideration. Gaelic has its own peculiar habits and preferences, so to say, and alien languages have theirs. To many of these Gaelic habits foreign languages can hardly be broken in; and there are numerous foreign practices which Gaelic must needs reject. Gaelic is much more of a phrase language than any of the leading European tongues, and the movable parts of speech run into one another with a fluidity which is not to be met with in those other tongues, and consequently, when the movable Gaelic parts of speech appear separately in writing, it is found that changes have been made on them in the phrase which, in other languages, have occurred only inside of the words. And, as great numbers of foreign words could not be readily conformed to those mutations, while others would appear uncouth if so conformed, it would, to say the least, be a hazardous experiment to adopt the expedient of drawing on foreign tongues for the main body of our new terms. Doubtless many foreign words can be Gaelicised. But to do that on a big scale would banish all dignity and character from the language, and we might as well banish the language.

In building up a new terminology for Gaelic needs, all things considered, there is no judicious alternative to using native words and affixes in making compounds descriptive or suggestive of the new things or concepts to be named.

The task is a big one—much bigger than is generally supposed. But not a hopeless one. Much depends on the start. But even the start is an exacting job, and it will take care and caution to make it a successful one.

Within recent years a number of new terms have slipped quietly into use in the writings of a few persons, who have treated of subjects to which Gaelic has been rather sparingly applied in the past, and those new terms bid fair to remain in use. That fact has been somewhat stimulating, and has led to this larger and more systematic effort towards progress in the Gaelic language field.

Do what we may, it will require determination to push even excellent terms into acceptance and use. Haste and slipshodness are to be avoided, and those who would take part in the operations must be prepared to do hard brain work, and no one is of use who has not given forethought to the subject.

It remains to be seen whether or not there is sufficient grit and steady application among the few capable professing supporters of the Gaelic cause to overtake all that is required to make a good start, and whether or not the old disheartening lackadaisical outlook on Gaelic things is to continue among the many who could, if they would, give substantial backing and encouragement to the workers.

Opposition will arise, if it does arise, out of the narrow provincial spirit which has all along clogged the wheels of Gaelic progress, or out of pedantic scholarship, which is almost as aggravatingly obstructive as provincialism. We have still to contend with the lazy ones—hardest contention of all, for their

name is legion, and their deadweight is a burden for giants—and the giants are not at hand. But, hoch! the lazy ones were always with us, will, in some measure, always be with us; but, let us hope, in lessening numbers in the future that is imminent.

“Nothing beats a trial” is a trite saying. So also “Is trian obair tòiseachadh”—Beginning is one third part of work. And it is hardly necessary to counsel any one but a fool to begin at the bottom and build upwards. Yet the contrary method was the one heretofore practised in the propagation of Gaelic. In face of that fact, is it cause of wonder that success has not attended previous efforts on behalf of the language?

The teaching of Gaelic in schools was for a long time pled by professing promoters of the Gaelic cause, yet hardly any effort was made—hardly a thought was given—to equipping schools with teachers fit to teach or books fit for teaching from or with. Then, again, all the teaching in the world will not keep the Gaelic language alive in health if it is to be taught as a foreign tongue, through the medium of a foreign tongue, to those to whom it is native. That process is absurd, topsy-turvy, unnatural, unworthy of support from sane men. That process still holds the field nevertheless, and it does so notwithstanding that there are Professors and Lecturers in Gaelic in our Universities! And the principal Society for the promotion of Gaelic in schools and elsewhere has petitioned the educational authority to extend that absurd practice, which is certain to kill Gaelic quicker than any other agency. Surely, surely, our principal efforts should be given to the provision of a Gaelic terminology, through which teachers would be able to convey their instruction to the Gaelic young under their charge, in the language of the Gael; and surely, surely, it is the teaching of the teachers in that terminology, after it is established, which should have our next attention. Money grants will not make terms, and without terms of the kind here projected money grants are thrown away.

Some one must give a lead let the outcome be what it may: satisfactory or otherwise. The case is desperate, and requires immediate attention, and this the writer of the monograph here being presented proceeds to bestow upon it.

An effort must be made, even at the expense of the sense at times, to make the new words sweet and snod, for our people's linguistic instincts incline towards euphony. There must be an avoidance of harsh groups of consonants at the joinings of words or affixes in the compound formations; an avoidance of hiatus; and a preference for the stress on the first syllable of simple words, and also for words which it would be right to put in the masculine gender; because the fewer, the simpler and the more consistent the inflections the better for all purposes. Things are conceived mainly by the eye sense, and abstract conceptions are very largely and intimately based on the relations of things to one another as they reach the mind through the eye. That fact is plainly reflected in language; for the terms pertaining to simple abstract ideas of relative size and position are freely used in other categories of ideas. For instance: “Is fad thu bho 'n fhuirinn—You are far from the truth; Tha thu mòr-fhulangach—You are much suffering; Lean i air labhairt ris—She continued to speak to him; Gabh romhad (ri fear-leughaidh)—Go on (to a reader); Thig air t' aghaidh—Come forward; Tha e 'na dhlùth charaid da—He is a close friend to him; Is duin-usal e—He is a gentleman; Rugadh e an innhe iosail—He was born in humble circumstances.”

This significant natural fact makes it clear that the observation and representation of objects are at the root of human progress in every practical direction, and others—and it is consequently and necessarily made use of in educating the young. But the art is not sufficiently cultivated in the schools; and this is specially true about schools in the Highlands of Scotland. It is a great pity that such is the case, for the instincts of the Gaelic folk are distinctly towards the mechanical and the artistic, and it needs only encouragement by proper teaching, proper appliances, and proper examples to bring out their latent capabilities in something like full measure. We believe that the art of observing and representing objects could be taught through the Gaelic language with greater ease than any other branch of study; that such teaching would excite the interest of teacher and taught; and that the effort expended and the practice acquired in the teaching and learning of it would make other educational studies, taught through the same medium, much less difficult than would be the case if they were undertaken without the former as a preliminary training.

It is for these reasons the writer has chosen to give, first of all, a series of terms for use in the Representation of Objects. But this he has done, after having roughed out many terms for other educational requirements.

No serious attempt will be made to put the new terms into definite categories, the aim at present being to show what can be done in a field which is almost a new one to Gaelic, and to draw from those whose opinions are worthy of attention suggestions for the improvement of the terms which shall have been submitted. Some old terms are now and again thrown in to render categories more complete, and to show relationships.

Up to the present time few persons have taken a practical interest in the subject, but those few, or, at least, those of them who have a ready command of

the language, might be induced to exemplify, by and by, the terms in actual practice for illustration and discussion—always with an eye to educational book-lets, as the outcome of their work.

Is iongantach an obair is urrainn dithis a dheanamh—Wonderful is the work which two can do. A few good men are of more avail than a host of fumbler; and this is work—as with place names—to which fumlbers are prone to put their hands. Cumamaid am muigh iadsan air sgàth sgoinn is tàbhachd.

Considerations of space will cause numbers of words which are derivatives of those about to be submitted to remain unstated, but most of those derivatives will suggest themselves, without help or guidance, to the intelligent reader who is interested in the subject.

Some of the existing words to be used in the sequel may have their meanings strained in fulfilling their new functions, and others may have their meanings narrowed down or expanded in some measure; but these incidents can hardly be avoided. No language is in a state so perfect that thoroughly good new terms can be made from its existing ones. The English language, for example, is very lax in the meaning of its words, which oftentimes require help from their contexts. The Latin and Greek words of that tongue are particularly hazy, inasmuch as they do not carry their meanings on their faces to the person who has, or has not, learned them from the languages of their origin. In many cases they have gone far astray from their original meanings. English is, on that account, well adapted for humbug and claptrap. It is easier to draw words from loose categories than from strictly limited ones, and words so drawn give scope to the imagination, and are favoured by talkers; but it would be better if mankind would give preference to words which exactly, or nearly, fit the facts. The more limited the categories into which words may enter—that is to say, the better the mental organisation—the nearer to exactitude those words will be. The function of philosophy ought to be the better organisation of language. It really is that, but it is hardly recognised as such, and, consequently, its progress has been tortuous, as a rule. That science which, as the dictionary has it, “investigates the causes of all phenomena,” is, if the truth be told, merely a process of fitting terms for the manifestations of things into conveniently arranged mental pigeon-holes in the craniums of poor humanity—who might, for all we know, be as happy without them.

Ach bha e 'san dàn, mo chreach!—’Twas so fated, alas! And the same compelling condition operating on the writer leaves him engaged in expanding the Gaelic word receptacle for the reception and retention of new material of native origin fashioned or compounded on a scheme which, for brevity and general convenience, is to be read and understood through the English one, which has already undergone similar expansion, and which is here assumed to be known to the reader, and sufficiently well understood for the special purpose in view.

Literal translation from English or other language terms is, in a multitude of cases, out of the question, for various reasons, but mainly because of the deadly fact that words are oftentimes too time-worn and effete to be of any avail. It is, therefore, necessary on occasions to reason out the way towards the best term, especially when dealing with abstract conceptions.

For illustration, let us take the term “science.” This word has a variety of definitions, requiring a context to help us in our choice of the right one. But the meanings with which we are specially concerned are:—“Truth ascertained by observation, experiment and induction,” and “systematic arrangement of the facts known.” There is a flaw in the first definition, for we often fall out with one another in regard to what is truth. Things are often ascertained which do not possess one grain of truth. But if the things ascertained, whether true or false, are believed by all those concerned in their further application, and systematically arranged mentally, that is “science” for those. The arrangement is the science, not the things. Different persons may know the same things in different ways. That is, they may have them differently arranged mentally to suit their varying relations one to the other. There is no science in nature, apart from language, which is of man. The very basis of science is nothing; Position is nothing; Size is nothing; Space is nothing—outside of our mental scheme. Take away these ideas, and language goes with them. Nature never does conform to science. We assume that it does. Science is a scheme of ideas which we possess for our common use; Its parts are nothing but sounds or their symbols. The purpose of science is mental and actual economy. It enables members of a community possessing the same word scheme to participate in the knowledge derived from long and widespread experiences, and to act on them together for their common good, which they could not do so well without quick and ready and easily recognisable signs of communication. Science exists for the better direction of practical work. Practical good depends on the consistent and orderly working of the scheme of relations to which our ideas have been conformed. “Science” comprehends the ideas themselves and the arrangement; and that is knowledge—for “knowledge” covers not only what we know, but how we know it. Science is a knowledge-guide, the Gaelic of which is Fios-iùl.

But it is necessary to speak of the arrangement separately from the ideas. This we do under the name “theory.” Much can be achieved within the scheme



—even perfect results—when we use only ideas which can only result in ideas. But if we use the things which the ideas represent, in exactly the same order and relationship in which we exercised the ideas, the actual results do not at any time exactly tally with the ideal results. The result in that case is the practical one, not the ideal one. Theory is the proper arrangement of mental actions—*Smuain-rian*. Practice is the corresponding arrangement carried out with things instead of ideas, and with bodily action instead of mental—*Gnìomh-bhuil*—actual application. We often hear it said—“That is all very well in theory, but how does it work in practice?”—“*Tha sin math gu leòr 'sau smuain-rian; ach ciamar a fhreagras e 'sa ghnìomh-bhuil?*” Or it might be said—“To test our theory we carried it into actual practice”—“*A chum a fheuchainn thug sinn ar smuain-rian gu gnìomh-bhuil.*”

There we have examples of words evolved by a reasoning process which pays no regard to what other languages reveal of evolution in their words, which were often conceived loosely and very long ago.

Let us take a further instance. Things are, for the purposes of mental economy, regarded as of two kinds—those which are real and those which are not. A stone is a real thing. Its weight is not. “Stone” is called a concrete word or idea. “Weight” is called an abstract word or idea. “Weight” is only for use in the mental scheme. It is a relative term. Again, a line is defined as “length without breadth” when it is theory alone we are engaged upon. In practice it has both dimensions. Yet “line” is commonly used in theory and practice as the name for the thing in its abstract and concrete sense, because it is convenient so to do. But the concrete term is “stroke.” So, in Gaelic, as in English, we can use “line” and “strioich.” The first is for theoretical use, but, if we are agreed so to use it, and keep in mind how we are using it, no harm will ensue from the practical application of it. Our context will limit its meaning. The second is the term proper to practice. The first is an abstract idea and name—*smuain-ainm*; and the second is a concrete idea and name—*rud-ainm*.

Analysis of this kind may often be found useful in bringing out workable compounds for the new terminology, especially when it is abstract words that are wanted; the concrete ones come with less trouble, but not without study, if we are to make them suitable to the conception and convenient for the speaking organs.

We may now proceed to the tabulation of the

#### NEW TERMS

for the representation of objects and for conceptions arising therefrom.

#### AINMEAN URA

a chum feum rud-dhealbhadaireachd agus nan smuaintean a bhios 'na leanmhuinn.

Representation of objects for the eye.	Rud-dhealbhadaireachd.
Represent or draw an object or conception.	Dealbh (v.).
The representation of an object.	Dealbh (n.).
The object.	An cuspair-rud.
Draw on a flat surface.	Clar-dhealbh.
Draw by lines.	Strìoch-dhealbh.
Draw by tints.	Lì-dhealbh.
Draw with a water medium.	Usg-dhealbh.
Draw with an oil medium.	Ung-dhealbh.
Draw by light (as photo).	Solus-dealbh.
Draw by sunlight (as photo).	Grian-dealbh.
Draw by freehand.	Saor-dhealbh.
Draw by the aid of instruments.	Seòl-dhealbh.
Draw according to the rules of perspective.	Beachd-dhealbh.
Draw with ink.	Lionn-dealbh.
Draw by pen.	Penn-dealbh.
Draw by pencil.	Bior-dealbh.
Draw by lead pencil.	Luaidh-dhealbh.
Draw by chalk (crayon).	Cailc-dhealbh.
Draw by brush.	Sguab-dhealbh.
Represent by carving.	Snaidh-dhealbh.
Represent by carving or dinting in.	Tolg-dhealbh.
Represent by carving out of the hard.	Dealbh no snaidh as a' chruaidh.
Represent by modelling in clay.	Crè-dhealbh; crè-chum.
Represent by modelling out of the soft.	Dealbh, no cum, as a' bhog.
Represent in relief.	Mam-dhealbh; màmaich.
Represent in low relief.	Ios-mham-dhealbh; ios-mhàmaich.
Represent in high relief.	Uas-mham-dhealbh; uas-mhàmaich.
Represent by carving out of the lump.	Meall-dhealbh.
Draw by biting in.	Cuamh-dhealbh.
Represent by engraving.	Sgrìob-dhealbh.
Represent by gauze process.	Mogul-dhealbh.

NOTE.—In the above instances the noun takes the same form as the verb.



## NEW TERMS—*continued.*

- A drawing.  
 A landscape drawing.  
 A seascape drawing.  
 A map.  
 A drawing of a living object.  
 A portrait.  
 A face portrait.  
 A full-length portrait.  
 A half-length portrait.  
 A picture.  
 A picture with a subject.  
 The subject of a picture.  
 The imaginary subject.  
 A historical subject.  
 A sketch.  
 A preliminary sketch.  
 A finished drawing.  
 A comical drawing.  
 A caricature.  
 A scale drawing.  
 A small-scale drawing.  
 A full-size drawing.  
 A half-size drawing.  
 A drawing to a scale of a third.  
 A drawing to a quarter-scale.  
 and so on to a tenth-part.  
 A drawing to a twelfth-part, &c.  
 Enlargement by doubling.  
 A working drawing.  
 A detail drawing.  
 A drawing of a group of details.  
 Design or plan (v.).  
 A design or plan (n.).  
 A measured plan (or scale drawing).  
 A plan (horizontal section).  
 A site plan.  
 A foundation plan.  
 A ground plan.  
 A first-floor plan, &c.  
 A roof plan (from above).  
 A bird's-eye view.  
 A sectional plan.  
 A section on line A.B.  
 A cross or transverse section.  
 A longitudinal section.  
 A drawing of an elevation.  
 A front elevation.  
 A back elevation.  
 A side elevation.  
 An end elevation.  
 A gable elevation.  
 A west elevation.  
 An east elevation, &c.  
 A sketch plan, or design.  
 Reproduce details.  
 Copy a drawing.  
 Enlarge in the copying.  
 Reduce in the copying.  
 Exaggerate in the copying.  
 Render comical in the copying.  
 Caricature in the copying.  
 Copy to same size.  
 Copy on the flat.  
 Draw from the cast.  
 Draw from a relief.  
 Draw from an image or statue.  
 Draw from life.  
 Draw in miniature.  
 An exact copy of a drawing.  
 Draughtsman (any one who draws).  
 Draughtsmanship.  
 Architect.  
 Architectural draughtsman.  
 Mechanician.  
 Mechanical draughtsman.  
 Ship-designer.  
 Nautical draughtsman.  
 Civil engineering draughtsman.  
 Military engineering draughtsman.  
 Clàr-dhealbh.  
 Tir-dhealbh.  
 Muir-dhealbh.  
 Cairt-dhealbh.  
 Pìth-dhealbh.  
 Duin-dealbh.  
 Gnùis-dealbh.  
 Làin-duin-dealbh.  
 Leth-dhuin-dealbh.  
 Dealbh.  
 Cùis-dealbh.  
 Dealbh-chùis.  
 Cùis-meanmna.  
 Cùis-eachdraidh.  
 Clis-dealbh.  
 Tùs-dealbh.  
 Snas-dealbh.  
 Gean-dealbh.  
 Sgeig-dhealbh.  
 Tomhas-dhealbh.  
 Tomhas-dhealbhan.  
 Fìor-mheud-dhealbh.  
 Leth-mheud-dhealbh.  
 Trian-mheud-dhealbh.  
 Ceathramh-mheud-dhealbh.  
 Deicreamh-mheud-dhealbh.  
 Deulbh da-dheugamh mar aon.  
 Dà-mheud-dhealbh.  
 Foghnadh-dhealbh.  
 Dealbh meanbhain.  
 Dealbh cruinne-mheanbhan.  
 Tionnsgain.  
 Tionnsgnadh.  
 Tomhas-dhealbh.  
 Breath-dhealbh.  
 Ionad-dhealbh.  
 Dealbh an stéidh-bhreath.  
 Dealbh a' cheud bhreath; no dealbh an lár-bhreath.  
 Dealbh an dara bhreath, &c.  
 Os-dealbh.  
 Dealbh a réir suil-còin.  
 Sgolt-dhealbh.  
 Sgolt-dhealbh air an lorg-strioch A.B.  
 Sgolt-dhealbh air a tharsaim.  
 Sgolt-dhealbh air a fhad.  
 Shìo-dealbh.  
 Dealbh-beòil.  
 Dealbh-cùil.  
 Dealbh-taobh.  
 Dealbh-cinn.  
 Dealbh-stuaigh.  
 Dealbh-slios-shear.  
 Dealbh-slios-shoir, &c.  
 Clis-thionnsgnadh.  
 Aithris.  
 Dealbh-aithris, v. and n.; aithris dealbh.  
 Mòr-aithris.  
 Beag-aithris, no mean-aithris.  
 An-aithris.  
 Gean-aithris.  
 Sgeig-aithris.  
 Meud-aithris.  
 Clàr-aithris.  
 Clàr-aithris o'n chruaidh.  
 Clàr-aithris o'n mhàim.  
 Clàr-aithris o'n mheall.  
 Clàr aithris o'n bheò.  
 Mean-dealbh, v., dealbhan, n.  
 Mac-samhuil dealbha; fìor-aithris air dealbh.  
 Dealbh-dair.  
 Dealbh-daireachd.  
 Teach-thionnsgnair.  
 Teach-dhealbh-dair.  
 Inneal-thionnsgnair.  
 Beart-dhealbh-dair.  
 Long-thionnsgnair.  
 Long-dhealbh-dair.  
 Dealbh-dair obair-chicthinn.  
 Dealbh-dair obair-choga'dh.

## NEW TERMS—*continued.*

- Artist in wood.  
 Artist in stone.  
 Artist in oils.  
 Artist in water-colours.  
 Artist in soft matter (modeller).  
 Sculptor.  
 Sculpture.  
 Geometry (Theoretical).  
 Geometry (Practical).  
 Point.  
 Starting-point.  
 Ending-point.  
 End points.  
 Middle point.  
 Bottom point.  
 Top point.  
 Any point.  
 Any point arrived at intentionally.  
 Joining point.  
 Joining point of lines meeting at an angle.  
 Crossing point (point of intersection).  
 Fixed (or given) point.  
 Chosen point.  
 Imaginary point.  
 Stopping point.  
 Point of Convergence.  
 Point of Divergence.  
 Point on this side.  
 Point on the other side.  
 Outside point.  
 Inside point.  
 Line (in theory).  
 Line (in practice), or stroke.  
 Line (in geometry).  
 Small line, or stroke.  
 Straight line.  
 Curved line.  
 Crooked line.  
 Horizontal line.  
 Perpendicular line.  
 Slanting, inclined line (rising or falling);  
     otherwise.  
 Parallel line.  
 Lying parallel.  
 Thin line, or stroke.  
 Fine line.  
 Faint line.  
 Heavy line.  
 Thick line.  
 Hair line.  
 Clean line (or sharp).  
 Clear line.  
 Dull line.  
 Black line.  
 Dotted line.  
 Dash line.  
 Gapped line.  
 Wavy line.  
 Sketchy line.  
 Finished line.  
 Whole line.  
 Broken line.  
 Rugged line.  
 Very rugged line.  
 Ragged line.  
 Scratchy line.  
 Zig-zag line.  
 Tapering line.  
 Bottom line.  
 Top line.  
 Outline.  
 Coinciding lines.  
 Crossing lines.  
 Crossing lines (at an inclination).  
 Concentric lines.  
 Eccentric lines.  
 Enclosing lines (perimeter).  
 Line coming up towards me.  
 Line going up from me.  
 Line coming down towards me.  
 Ealainear ri fìodh.  
 Ealainear ri cloich.  
 Ealainear ri ung-dhath.  
 Ealainear ri ùsg-dhath.  
 Ealainear ri bog; no, ealainear ri creadha.  
 Snaidh-dhealbhadair.  
 Snaidh-dhealbhadair eachd.  
 Meud-iùl.  
 Cruth-iùl.  
 Dad (tùs meud; ionad gun mheud).  
 Tùs-dhad.  
 Crìoch-dhad.  
 Ceann-cadan.  
 Dad-meadhoin; meadhon-dhad.  
 Bonn-dad.  
 Barr-dhad.  
 Dad air bith.  
 Cuspair-dhad.  
 Tàth-dhad.  
 Coinne-dhad.  
 Sgath-dhad.  
 Dìong-dhad.  
 Tagha-dhad.  
 Snuain-dhad.  
 Stad-dhad.  
 Amas-dhad.  
 Sgar-dhad.  
 An dad bhos.  
 An dad thall.  
 As-dad.  
 Ann-dad.  
 Line.  
 Strìoch.  
 Line.  
 Lineag; strìochag.  
 Còir-line; no line chòir.  
 Crom-line; no line chrom.  
 Cam-line.  
 Lionn-line.  
 Croch-line.  
 Claon-line.  
 Fiar-line.  
 Breath-line.  
 Comb-laighe; breath-laighe.  
 Caol-strìoch.  
 Min-strìoch.  
 Fann-strìoch.  
 Trom-strìoch.  
 Garbh-strìoch.  
 Ròin-strìoch.  
 Glan-strìoch.  
 Strìoch-shoilleir.  
 Strìoch-dhoilleir.  
 Dubh-strìoch.  
 Dad-strìoch.  
 Sàth-strìoch.  
 Beàrn-strìoch.  
 Luasg-strìoch.  
 Clis-strìoch.  
 Snas-strìoch.  
 Slàn-strìoch.  
 Sgealb-strìoch.  
 Mì-strìoch.  
 Fiadh-strìoch.  
 Cearb-strìoch.  
 Sgròb-strìoch.  
 Starr-strìoch.  
 Biod-strìoch.  
 Bonn-strìoch.  
 Ceann-strìoch.  
 Oir-strìoch; oir-line.  
 Lintean comb-lorgach.  
 Lintean crasgach; crasg-l.  
 Lintean claon-chrasgach.  
 Lintean comb-mheadhonach.  
 Lintean eas-mheadhonach.  
 Com-strìoch; (timcheallan).  
 Nìos-line.  
 Suas-line.  
 Nuas-line.

## NEW TERMS—continued.

Line going down from me.  
 Line to the other side.  
 Line from the other side.  
 Line from me forwards.  
 Line from me backwards.  
 Regular line.  
 Irregular line.  
 Guiding line.  
 Working line.  
 Bounding line.  
 Converging lines.  
 Divergent line.  
 Lines of equal length.  
 Lines of unequal lengths.  
 Lines of equal intensity.  
 Lines of unequal intensity.  
 Similar lines.  
 Dissimilar lines.  
 Extend a line.  
 Extend a line indefinitely.  
 Project a point.  
 The line which projects a point.  
 Cause a line to recede.  
 Cause a line to approach.  
 An approaching line (coming towards the eye).  
 A receding line (going from the eye).  
 An imaginary line.  
 A figure.  
 The side of a figure.  
 Perimeter.  
 Figure bounded by straight lines.  
 Figure bounded by curved lines.  
 Figure bounded by both kinds.  
 Regular figure.  
 Symmetrical figure.  
 Irregular figure.  
 Very irregular figure.  
 Equal-sided figure.  
 One-line figure.  
 A circle.  
 An Ellipse.

NOTE.—Other one-line figures belong to the leaf or foil series.

Two-line figure.  
 Triangle.  
 Triangle, isosceles.  
 Triangle, equilateral.  
 Triangle, scalene.  
 Triangle, right-angled.  
 Triangle, acute-angled.  
 Triangle, obtuse-angled.  
 Base.  
 Apex or vertex.  
 Base angle.  
 Apex angle.  
 The perpendicular.  
 Perpendicular, a.  
 The hypotenuse.  
 The median.  
 Equiangular triangle.  
 Quadrilateral or quadrangular figure.  
 Quadrilateral or quadrangular figure, noticeably longer than its breadth.  
 A Square.  
 An oblong.  
 A rhombus.  
 Rhomboid.  
 A parallelogram.  
 Trapezoid.  
 Trapezium.  
 Middle point.  
 Diagonal.  
 Pentagon.  
 Hexagon.  
 Heptagon.  
 Octagon.  
 Nonagon.  
 Decagon.  
 Undecagon.

Sios-line.  
 Nunn-line.  
 Nall-line.  
 Ear-line.  
 Iar-line.  
 Snas-line; no strioch.  
 Mi-line; no strict.  
 Iùl-strioch.  
 Foghnadh-strioch.  
 Criche-line.  
 Lintean comh-amasach.  
 Lintean sgar-amasach.  
 Lintean comh-fhada.  
 Lintean eas-fada.  
 Striochan comh-léir.  
 Striochan eug-léir.  
 Striochan comh-samhuil.  
 Striochan eug-samhuil.  
 Sin line.  
 Sin line mar dh'fhoghnas.  
 Clár dad, v.  
 Clár line.  
 Nunn-shin line.  
 Nall-shin line.

Nall-line.  
 Nunn-line.  
 Suidain-line.  
 Cumadan.  
 Slios cumadain.  
 Timcheallan.  
 Cumadan cóir-lineach.  
 Cumadan crom-lineach.  
 Cumadan crom-cóir.  
 Snas-chumadan.  
 Cumadan eotrómach.  
 Mi-chumadan.  
 Fiadh-chumadan.  
 Cumadan comh-shliosach.  
 Aonan.  
 Cruinnean.  
 Spad-chruinnean.

Dáthan.  
 Triothan.  
 Triothan lánain.  
 Triothan comh-shliosach.  
 Mi-thriothan.  
 Triothan cóir.  
 Triothan caol.  
 Triothan maol.  
 Bonn-line; bonnan.  
 Barr-dhad.  
 Bean-choinne.  
 Barr-choinne.  
 Croch-line; crochan.  
 Crochanach.  
 Claon-line; clonnan.  
 Line-leitheach.  
 Triothan comh-choinneach.  
 Ceathran.

Fad-cheathran.  
 Cóir-cheathran.  
 Cóir-cheathran fada.  
 Fiar-cheathran.  
 Fiar-cheathran fada.  
 Breath-cheathran; ceathran breathach.  
 Ceathran leth-bheathach.  
 Mi-cheathran.  
 Dad-meadhain; meadhonan.  
 Fíaran.  
 Cóireen.  
 Seathan.  
 Seachdan.  
 Ochdan.  
 Naodhan.  
 Deugan.  
 Aon-deugan.

## NEW TERMS—continued.

- Duodecagon, &c.  
 Twenty-sided figure.  
 Thirty-sided figure, &c.  
 Hundred-sided figure.  
 Centre of circle.  
 Focus of ellipse.  
 Radius.  
 Diameter.  
 Tangent.  
 Tangential point.  
 Segment; of circle.  
 Sector; of circle.  
 Circumference.  
 Arc.  
 Cord of an arc.  
 Conjugate axis.  
 Transverse axis.  
 Diameter of an ellipse.  
 Any foil figure.  
 Any foil figure of one continuous line as perimeter.  
 Any foil figure of two do., &c.  
 Trefoil.  
 Quatrefoil.  
 Cinquefoil, &c.  
 Cycloid.  
 Crescent.  
 Lancet-shaped figure.  
 Angle.  
 Right Angle.  
 Acute angle.  
 Obtuse angle.  
 Internal angle.  
 External angle.  
 Adjacent angle.  
 Adjacent angles.  
 Opposite angle.  
 Vertical angles.  
 One of vertical angles.  
 Angle of intersection.  
 Angle of incidence.  
 Angle of reflection.  
 Angle of refraction.  
 Angle of convergence.  
 Angle of divergence.  
 Apex of angle.  
 Subtending arms, or side lines, of an angle.  
 Equiangular.  
 Angle of 90 degrees.  
 Angle of 45 degrees.  
  
 Angle of 60 degrees.  
 Angle of 30 degrees.  
 Angle of 29 degrees.  
 Angle of 115 degrees, 32 mins. 53 secs.  
  
 Flat angle.  
 Reflex angle.  
 Salient angle.  
 Re-entering angle.  
 Positive angle.  
 Negative angle.  
 Included angle (between given lines).  
 Angle included in another.  
 A division of an angle (measured by degrees).  
 Solid figures.  
 Cube (hexahedron).  
 Tetrahedron.  
 Octahedron.  
 Dodecahedron.  
 Isocahedron.  
 Polyhedron.  
 Sphere.  
 Prism.  
 Cylinder.  
 Pyramid.  
 Cone.  
 Segment of a sphere.  
 Scale.  
  
 Dà-dheugan, &c.  
 Ficheadan.  
 Triochadan, &c.  
 Ceudan.  
 Mùl-dhad; meadhonan; dàd-meadhoin.  
 Mùl-dhad.  
 Gath-line; gathan.  
 Tarsnan.  
 Beantan.  
 Daò-beantainn.  
 Màman; -cruinnein.  
 Geinnean; -cruinnein.  
 Crios-line; orioan.  
 Crios-mhir.  
 Teud-line; bonn-line màmain.  
 Trasnan fada; fad-thr.  
 Trasnan gèarr; gèarr-thr.  
 Trasnan saor; saor thr.  
 Duillean.  
  
 Duillean-aoin.  
 Duillean dà, &c.  
 Duillean-tri; seamar-dhuillean.  
 Duillean-ceithir.  
 Duillean-coig, &c.  
 Sliochdan.  
 Easgan.  
 Duillean da-bheann.  
 Coinne.  
 Còir-choinne.  
 Caol-choinne.  
 Maol-choinne.  
 Ann-choinne.  
 As-choinne.  
 Coinne-taice.  
 Coinnidhean comh-thaiceach.  
 Comhair-choinne.  
 Coinnidhean comh-ghobach.  
 Gob-choinne.  
 Sgath-choinne.  
 Beum-choinne.  
 Leum-choinne.  
 Feall-choinne.  
 Cuspair-choinne.  
 Sgar-choinne.  
 Coinne-dhad.  
 Glac-litean coinne.  
 Comh-choinneach.  
 Còir-choinne; coinne naochad.  
 Leth-choir-choinne; coinne ceathrachad 's a coig.  
 Coinne-sèathad.  
 Coinne triochad.  
 Coinne fichead 's a naoi.  
 Coinne ceud 's a coig deug, gu triochad 's a dhà, gu caogad 's a trì.  
 Neo-choinne.  
 Ais-choinne.  
 Deud-choinne; coinne-uilinneach.  
 Eag-choinne; coinne-ghobhlach.  
 Ann-choinne.  
 As-choinne.  
 Eadar-choinne.  
 Mir-choinne.  
  
 Rann-choinne.  
 Meall-chruthan.  
 Meallan-sè.  
 Meallan-ceithir.  
 Meallan-ochd.  
 Meallan-da-dheng.  
 Meallan-fichead.  
 Iol-mheallan.  
 Cruinn-mheallan.  
 Slios-cholbhan.  
 Cruinn cholbhan.  
 Slios-bhìdean.  
 Cruinn-bhìdean.  
 Meill-mhàman.  
 Samhlan-tomhais.

## NEW TERMS—continued.

- Unit of the scale.
- Division of the scale.
- Protractor (scale of the circle).
- Unit of the protractor.
- Division of the protractor.
- Vernier.
- Diagonal scale.
- Scale of feet and inches.
- Scale of cords.
- Scale of a fourth.
- Scale of a quarter-inch.
- Scale of a quarter-inch to the foot.
- Perspective drawing.
- Point of sight.
- Point of distance.
- Vanishing point.
- The eye in plan.
- Picture plane.
- Visual angle.
- Angular perspective.
- Parallel perspective.
- Ground line.
- Horizontal line
- Vanishing line.
- Lines converging to the eye.
- Line of sight.
- Plan lines.
- Working lines.
- Any line projecting the object to the picture plane.
- Continuation of a plan line to the picture plane.
- The line vanishes at A.
- Parallel to the picture.
- The object being drawn.
- Drawing materials.
- Apparatus.
- Ink.
- China or Indian ink.
- Stalk of Indian ink.
- Coloured ink.
- Blue ink, &c.
- Ink dish (of the saucer type).
- Any pigment or liquid used for drawing.
- Drawing board.
- Drawing pin.
- Drawing instrument.
- Drawing instruments collectively.
- A rule.
- A scale.
- A protractor.
- A compass.
- A long leg of the compass.
- Dividers.
- Pencil compasses.
- Ink compasses.
- A pencil point, or leg.
- An ink point, or leg.
- A needle point.
- Parallel rulers.
- A T-square.
- A T-square, jointed.
- A set square.
- A pencil.
- The lead of a pencil.
- A lead pencil.
- A blue pencil.
- A coloured pencil.
- A slate.
- A fountain pen.
- A slate pencil.
- Any instrument for making lines.
- A crayon; -stalk.
- A crayon holder.
- A red crayon.
- A blue crayon, &c.
- A crayon case.
- A pen case.
- Charcoal.
- A cake of water-colour.
- Uireadan.
- Rannan.
- Crom-shamhlan.
- Crom-uireadan.
- Crom-rannan.
- Mean-thomhasan.
- Fiar-thomhasan.
- Samhlan throighean is òirleach.
- Samhlan theud-lintean.
- Samhlan ceathramh mar aon.
- Samhlan ceathramh òirlich.
- Samhlan ceathramh òirlich mar throigh.
- Beachd-dhealbh.
- Sùil-dhad.
- Astar-dhad.
- Fàire-dhad.
- Sùil-ionad.
- Dealbh-chlàr.
- Sùil-choinne.
- Beachd-dhealbh coinne ruinn.
- Beachd-dhealbh slios ruinn.
- Làir-line.
- Fàire-line.
- Nunn line.
- Lintean sùil-amais.
- Sùil-line.
- Lintean a' bhreath-dhealbha.
- Foghnadh-lintean.
- Nall-line.
- Sineadh dealbh-line.
- Théid an line thar fàire aig A.
- Breathach ris an dealbh-chlàr.
- Cuspair-rud.
- Aobhar dealbhaidh.
- Uigheam; acfhuinn.
- Lionn-dealbhaidh; l-sgrìobhaidh.
- Dubh-Aisiach.
- Sgonnan-dubh.
- Dath-lionn.
- Lionn-gorm, gorm-lionn, &c.
- Lionn-chuach; slige-lionna.
- Cungaidh-dhealbhaidh; dealbh-ch.
- Clàr-dealbhaidh.
- Diong-stob.
- Ball-dealbhaidh.
- Dealbh-acfhuinn.
- Riaghlan.
- Samhlan-tombais
- Crom-shamhlan.
- Gobhal; gobhlan.
- Cas-fhada.
- Gobhal-roinn; gobhlan-roinn.
- Gobhlan-luaidhe.
- Gobhlan-lionna.
- Gob-luaidhe; cas-luaidhe.
- Gob-lionna; cas-lionna.
- Rinn-snàthaid.
- Comh-riaghlan; breath-riaghlan.
- Crois-riaghlan.
- Crois lùdnanach.
- Dìreachan; còir-dhìreachan.
- Bior; bioran.
- Gas-luaidhe.
- Bior(an)-luaidhe; luaidh-bhior(an); luaidhean.
- Bior(an)-guirme; gorm-bhior(an).
- Dath-bhior(an).
- Sglèata-chlar.
- Sgrìobhan-tiopraid.
- Sgrìobhan-sglèata; sglèat-bhior(an).
- Sgrìobhan.
- Cailce; cailcean.
- Graman-cailce.
- Ruadh-cailce; dearg-cailce.
- Gorm-cailce, &c.
- Gléidhtean-cailcean.
- Gléidhtean-pheann.
- Dubh-ghual.
- Abhlan ùg-dhath.



## NEW TERMS—continued.

A tube of water-colour.  
A tube of oil-colour.  
Chalk wiper.  
A stump; leather; paper.  
Sheet of paper, small.  
Indiarubber.  
Ink eraser.  
Rub out.  
Rub in (as in crayon drawing).  
Brush.  
Brush of camel hair.  
Brush of sable hair.  
Drawing book or copy.  
Sketch book.  
Sketch block.  
Easel.  
Straight edge.  
Pencil sharpener.  
Pen handle.  
Penholder.  
Nib.  
Pen-wiper.  
Blackboard.  
Blackboard stand.  
Blackboard sketch.  
Portfolio.  
Scrap-book.  
Tracing paper.  
Tracing cloth.  
Actions in drawing.  
Describe a figure.  
Circumscribe.  
Inscribe.  
Bisect.  
Trisect.  
Quartersect, &c., up to 10.  
Divide into eleven parts.

Erase.  
Firm in.  
Stipple.  
Hatch.  
Etch (on metal).  
Etch (with pen).  
Rough out.  
Fill in (after roughing out).  
Round off.  
Bring closer.  
Trace through.  
Prick through.  
Shade a drawing.  
Shadow in a drawing.  
Cast a shadow.  
Catch the light.  
Change the direction.  
Delineate.  
Delete.  
Detail.  
Develop it.  
Distort.  
Efface.  
Elongate.  
Enlarge.  
Diminish.  
Generate.  
Learn by sight.  
Learn by ear.  
Learn by heart (memory) (rote).  
Map out.  
Misconceive.  
Misplace.  
Obliterate.  
Obscure, v.  
Obscure, a.  
Observe.  
Obvious.  
Render obvious.  
Occupy a space.  
Rectify.  
Reverse the order.

Searrag ùsg-dhath.  
Searrag ung-dhath.  
Suathadan cailce.  
Suathadan-paiper, no leathrach.  
Duille-phaiper; duilleag.  
Sgrìosan bog; -luaidhe.  
Sgrìosan cruaidh; -lìonna.  
Sgrìos as; suath as.  
Suath ann.  
Sguabag.  
Sguabag fionna-chamhail.  
Sguabag fionna-neasaig.  
Leabhar-dealbhaidh.  
Leabhar-chlis-dealbhan.  
Duille-chlar-dealbhaidh.  
Eachan-dealbhaidh.  
Còir-fhaobharan.  
Bioraiche-sgrìobhain.  
Cas-phinn.  
Graman-pinn.  
Gob-pinn.  
Glantan-pinn.  
Clàr-dubh; dubh-chlàr.  
Eachan-clàir-dhuibh.  
Dealbh-dubh-chlàir.  
Gléidhtean-dhuillean.  
Leabhar-mhir.  
Paipear troimh-léir.  
Cotan troimh-léir.  
Gnìomhan-dealbhaidh; dealbh-ghnìomhan.  
Sgrìobh (no dean) cumadan.  
Iom-sgrìobh.  
Ann-sgrìobh.  
Dà-roinn.  
Tri-roinn.  
Ceithir-roinn, &c.  
Dean aon rann deug dheth; roinn 'na aon-deug e.  
Sgrìos as; suath as.  
Daingnich.  
Dadaich.  
Mogulaich.  
Cnàmh-lìnich; -dhadaich.  
Peann-lìnich.  
Garbhanaich.  
Meanbhanaich.  
Cruinn-snasaich.  
Teannaich.  
Troimh-lorgaich.  
Troimh-bhrodaich.  
Sgàilich.  
Faileas; dìth-leus.  
Dean faileas.  
Ath-thilg an leus.  
Cuir de amas.  
Crìoch-lìnich.  
Cuir as da; cuir a dhith.  
Cuir 'na mheanbhanan.  
Thoir cinneas air.  
Cam-dhealbh.  
Dìth-mill.  
Sìn; fadaich.  
Mòraich.  
Beagaich; lughdaich.  
Thoir cinneas air; tarmaich.  
Sùil-ionnsuich.  
Chnas-ionnsuich.  
Meamhair-ionnsuich.  
Dealbh-shuidhich.  
Mì-bheathnaich; -bheachdaich.  
Mì-chuir.  
Cuir as da; sgrìos as.  
Do-léirich; doilleirich; dorchach.  
Neo-shoilleir; doilleir; dorchach.  
Thoir fa'n ear.  
Follus, -ach; soilleir.  
Dean follusach; soilleirich.  
Bì am feadh.  
Ceartaich; cuir ceart.  
Iomlaid rian.

## NEW TERMS —continued.

Simplify (the arrangement).  
Render complex.  
Study<sup>g</sup>, study in detail.  
Survey.  
Swell.  
Transpose.  
Truncate.  
Arrange in definite order.  
Attenuate.  
Augment.  
Base it on.  
Invert.  
Convert.  
State or condition of things.  
Circular.  
Convex.  
Concave.  
Curved.  
Elaborate.  
Exact, a.  
Gradual.

Graphic.  
Irradiation.  
Interse shadow.  
Became obsolete.  
Intermediate.  
Multiform.  
Multilateral.  
Multangular.  
Norm.  
Normal.  
Normal size.  
Nude.  
Ocular demonstration.  
Demonstrate ocularly.  
Opaque.  
Transparent.  
Oblate.  
Rotund.  
Round.  
Spacious.  
Symmetrical.  
Symmetrical figure.  
Unsymmetrical figure.  
Technical.  
Technically trained.  
Visible.  
Hand-training.  
Eye-training.  
Complex.

Simple.  
Major.  
Minor.  
Finite.  
Infinite.  
Expert.  
Perfect.  
Certain.  
Secondary.  
Primary.  
Picturesque.  
Resemble.  
Semblance.  
Sequel.  
Sub-section.  
Simple elegance.  
Complex or involved richness.  
Simple object.  
Complex object.  
Quaint (in shape or appearance).  
Quaint (in speech).  
In proportion (as a figure).  
Out of proportion (as a figure).  
Bulk.  
Attitude.  
Average; on the average.  
Comparison of things.  
Basis of comparison.

So-shuidhich.  
Do-shuidhich.  
Meamhraich; mean-bhreachnaich.  
Meas-bheachdaich.  
At; bolgaich.  
Iomlaid suidheachadh.  
Maol-sgath.  
Rian-léirich.  
Caolaich.  
Meudaich.  
Bun-shuidhich e air.  
Cuir bun os cioun.  
Iompaich.  
Cor nithean no rudan.  
Cruinn-chrom.  
Miomach.  
Glacach; tolgach.  
Crom.  
Sgothrachail; achrnach.  
Eagr-aidh.  
Air fàs-shèol; air snàg-shèol; uidh ar n-uidh.  
Deagh-dhealbhach.  
Neo-ealanta.  
Dubh-fhaileis.  
Chaidh e an dith-ghnàths.  
Eadar-mheadhonach.  
Iol-chruthach; ioma-chruthach.  
Ioma-shliosach.  
Ioma-choinneach.  
Gnath-shamhlan.  
Gnàthach.  
Grath-mheud.  
'Na nochd.  
Sùil-thaisbeanadh; no léireachadh.  
Sùil-léirich.  
Dì-léir; neo-léir; leus-shùghach.  
Soilleir; so-léir; troimh-léir.  
Spad chruinn.  
Cruinn-mheallach.  
Cruinn.  
Farsuing.  
Comh-chumadach; comh-thromach.  
Comh-chumadan.  
Mi-chumadan.  
Gnìomh-oileanach.  
Gnìomh-oileanta.  
Follusach; léir.  
Làmh-oilean.  
Sùil-oilean.  
Do-bheachdach; do-bhreachnach; achrnach.  
So-bheachdach; so-shuidhichte.  
Is mò.  
Is lugha; is bige.  
Cricheach.  
Neo-chricheach.  
Gasda, a; gasdair, n.  
Comh-làn; coimhlionta.  
Deimhinn.  
De'n dara-innbe.  
De'n phrìomh-innbe.  
Léir-dhealbhach.  
Bi cosmhail ri.  
Cosmhilleas; coslas.  
Leantan.  
Fo-rann.  
So-eireachdas.  
Do-eireachdas.  
So-rud.  
Do-rud.  
Còrr-dhealbhach.  
Còrr-bhriathrach.  
An comh-chumachd.  
Am mi-chumachd.  
Uiread.  
Beachd-chruth.  
Eadar-mheas; a réir eadar-mh.  
Coimeas rudan (ri chéile).  
Bonn coimeas.

## NEW TERMS—*continued.*

Of the same shape and dimensions.  
 Of equal bulk.  
 Of equal length.  
 Of equal breadth.  
 Of equal depth.  
 Of equal height.  
 Of equal space or capacity.  
 Of equal area.  
 Of equal weight.  
 Of equal colour; tint.  
 Of equal strength.  
 Of equal speed.  
 Of equal force.  
 Of equal brightness.  
 Of equal visibility; clearness.  
 Of equal darkness.  
 Of equal dimness.  
 Of equal transparency.  
 Of equal opaqueness.  
 Of equal shade.  
 Equiangular.  
 Equidistant.  
 Equivalent.  
 Exemplar.  
 Fac-simile.  
 Component parts.  
 Contents (superficial).  
 Contents (cubic, solid).  
 Holding capacity.  
 Contour.  
 Lines of contour-levels.  
 Course of a line.  
 Quick or sudden curve.  
 Easy or gentle curve or sweep.  
 Outward curve.  
 Inward curve.  
 Datum line (of levels).  
 Decimal.  
 Decimal system.  
 Diagram.  
 Dimension.  
 Went in the direction of.  
 Came from the direction of.  
 Distinctive characteristics.  
 Discrepancy.  
 Effect of a picture.  
 General effect.  
 Effective.  
 Element.  
 Elementary knowledge.  
 Elementary drawing.  
 Gradient.  
 Ideal form.  
 Interval.  
 Juxtaposition.  
 Mechanism.  
 Mechanician.  
 Mechanical means.  
 Mechanical repetition.  
 Mechanical science.  
 Mechanical art.  
 Mechanical process.  
 Mensuration.  
 Mensuration of surfaces.  
 Mensuration of solids.  
 Metron.  
 Metrical system.  
 Natural size.  
 Number.  
 In number.  
 Offset.  
 Position.  
 In position.  
 Relative position.  
 For practical purposes.  
 Precedent.  
 Principle.  
 According to propriety.  
 Reflected light.  
 Reflection (in mirror, &c.).

Comh-ionann 'na chumadh 's 'na thomhasan.  
 Comh-mheallach; comh-thomadach.  
 Comh-fhada.  
 Comh-leathann; -leudach.  
 Comh-dhomhain.  
 Comh-àrd.  
 Comh-fheadhach; -ghlacach.  
 Comh-chlàrach.  
 Comh-throm.  
 Comh-dhathach; -litheach.  
 Comh-threiseach.  
 Comh-luath.  
 Comh-lùthach.  
 Comh-shoillseach.  
 Comh-shoilleir.  
 Comh-dhorcha.  
 Comh-dhoilleir.  
 Comh-throimhleir.  
 Comh-dhi-léir.  
 Comh-sgàileach.  
 Comh-choinneach.  
 Comh-chian.  
 Comh-luach; -fhiaich; comh-dhiol; n; -ach.  
 Ball-sampuill.  
 Leth-bhreac; mac-samhuil.  
 Comh-chodaichean.  
 Clàr-mheud; -thomhas.  
 Meall-mheud; -thomhas.  
 Glac-mheud; -thomhas.  
 Oir-line.  
 Lintean na comh-àirde.  
 Lorg line.  
 Do-chrom; -lùb.  
 So-chrom; -lùb.  
 Crom-bhuainn; -bhuidhe.  
 Crom-chugainn; -chuige.  
 Bonn-line; line tùs-thomhais.  
 Deicheamh.  
 Rian-deicheamhach.  
 Taisbean-dhealbh; taisbeanan.  
 Lin-thomhas.  
 Chaidh e air amas.  
 Thàinig e air amas.  
 Na feartan is soilleire.  
 Dith-chuid.  
 Dealbh-bhuil.  
 Comh-bhuil.  
 Buileach.  
 Dùil; tùs-rud.  
 Tùs-eolas.  
 Tùs-dhealbhadaireachd.  
 Clàon-thomhas; tomhas a' chlaoin.  
 Snuain-chruth; -chumadh.  
 Eadar-uidhe  
 Faisge.  
 Inneal(as).  
 Innealair; inneal-thionnsgnair.  
 Seòl innealach.  
 Inneal-aithris.  
 Inneal-iùl.  
 Inneal-ealain.  
 Inneal-thriall.  
 Tomhas.  
 Clàr-thomhas.  
 Meall-thomhas.  
 Meatron.  
 Rian meatronach.  
 Dùth-mheud.  
 Lion; nuimhir.  
 An lionmhoire.  
 Geug-line.  
 Ionad; àite.  
 'Na dhùth-ionad.  
 Coimeas-ionad.  
 Gu feum.  
 Roimh-ghnàths.  
 Bun-riaghailt.  
 Air chòir.  
 Ath-leus; ath-sholus.  
 Ath-choltas.

## NEW TERMS—continued.

Relation.  
 Revolution.  
 Plus or positive quantity.  
 Minor or negative quantity.  
 Shape; shapely.  
 Shaper.  
 Ship-snape.  
 Solution (of a problem).  
 Source (of light).  
 Spectator.  
 Standard measure.  
 Station.  
 Station point.  
 Surplus, excess.  
 Regular succession.  
 Irregular succession.  
 Small space (distance apart, interval).  
 Tentative stage.  
 Touch up.  
 Uneven; very.  
 Uniform in shape.  
 Uniform in breadth.  
 Uniform in length, &c.  
 Unit of length.  
 Unit of area.  
 Unit of volume.  
 Vehicle (medium in painting).  
 Volume.  
 Alike (in shape).  
 An adept at drawing.  
 Beauty of line.  
 Beauty of colour.  
 Beauty of form.  
 Beauty of the ensemble.  
 Belonging to.  
 In common.  
 Together with.  
 As is evident.  
 Cut down.  
 In consequence of that.  
 Postulate.

Gabhaidh coir-line a cur eadar dad is dad eile.  
 Gabhaidh coir-line a cur gu astar air bith air amas na line.  
 Gabhaidh cruinnean a dheanamh le dad àraidh mar mhul-dhad, agus tomhas àraidh mar fàad na gath-line.

Cuir coir-line eadar A agus B.

Cuir line thar dad A.

Axiom.

Rudan a tha comh-mheudach ri rud àraidh eile is comh-mheudach ri cach a chéile iad.  
 Ma chuirar comh-mheudanan ri comh-mheudanan is buil comh-mheudanan.

Proposition.  
 Theorem (in geometry).  
 Problem (in geometry).  
 Corollary (in geometry).  
 Hypothesis (assumption).  
 Conclusion (finding).  
 Absurd (impossible) result.  
 Direct demonstration.  
 Indirect (reductio ad absurdum).  
 Appendix.  
 Construction.  
 General enunciation (in geometry).  
 Particular enunciation (in geometry).  
 Construction (in geometry).  
 Proof (in geometry).  
 Absurd.

Coimeas.  
 Cuairt.  
 Uas-mheud; uasas.  
 Ios-mheud; iosas.  
 Cumadh; cumadail; dealbhach.  
 Cumadair.  
 Sgiobalta; cuimir; réidh.  
 Fuasgladh (ceist no cùis).  
 Màthair-sholuis.  
 Dearcadair; amharcair.  
 Gnath-thomhas.  
 Stad-àite.  
 Stad-dhad.  
 Còrr-chuid.  
 Rian-leantainn.  
 Leantainn mì-rianail.  
 Tamull; eadar-uidhe.  
 Iamhe na feuchainn.  
 Suasaich.  
 Neo-réidh; mì-réidh.  
 Comh-chumadail.  
 Comh-leathann; -leudach.  
 Comh-fhada, &c.  
 Fad-uireadan.  
 Càr-uireadan.  
 Meall-uireadan.  
 Fliuchan.  
 Tomad(as).  
 Fo aon chumadh.  
 Saoi an dealbhadh.  
 Lin-mhaise.  
 Li-mhaise.  
 Cruth-mhaise.  
 Comh-mhaise.  
 Air sealbh.  
 An comh-shealbh; comh-shealbhach.  
 Mar aon ri.  
 Mar is follus.  
 Teasg.  
 De sin.  
 Cead-ràdh.

Bun-ràdh.

Tairgse-radh.  
 Triall-dearbhaidh.  
 Triall-taisbeanadh.  
 Comh-fhirinn.  
 Saoiltinneas.  
 Buil-ràdh; -aobhar.  
 Baoh-bhuil.  
 Còir-thaisbeanadh.  
 Fiar-thaisbeanadh.  
 Iar-lionadh; foirlionadh.  
 Comh-chumadh.  
 Garbh-fhògradh.  
 Meanbh-fhògradh.  
 Gnìomh-sheòladh.  
 Triall-dearbhaidh.  
 Eu-cèillidh.

## TAIRGSE-RADH EUCLID, V.

(Pons asinorum).

Is comh-fharsuing bonn-choinnidhean triothain-lànain; agus mar théid na lir-tean-lànain a shineadh fo'n bhonn-line bithidh na coinnidhean a bhios air taobh eile na bonn-line comh-fharsuing mar an ceudna.

Abramaid gur triothan lànain a triothan A B C agus gur comh-fhada na slìosan A B is A C. Sin na linteana A B is A C mar dh' fhoghnas gu D is E.

Air sin bithidh na coinnidhean A B C agus A C B comh-fharsuing; agus na coinnidhean C B D agus B C E comh-fharsuing mar an ceudna.

## NEW TERMS—continued.

Annas an line B D sònraich dad F, agus air an line A E tomhais cuid C G a bhios comh-fhada ri B F.

Cuir còir-line eadar F is C agus eadar B is G.

Air sin, annas na trìothanan F A C is G A B is comh-fhada F A is G A, agus is comh-fhada A C is A B; agus tha a' choinne A an comh-shealbh aig an dà trìothan.

Mar sin tha 'n trìothan F A C agus an trìothan G A B comh-ionann. Is e sin; is comh-fhada na bonn linteana F C is B G; agus tha a' choinne A C F is a' choinne A B G comh-fharsuing mar an ceudna.

A rithis, a chionn gur comh-fhada F C is G B, agus gur comh-fhada A B, mir de A F, agus A C, mir de A G, is comh-fhada a' chòrr-chuid B F agus a' chòrr-chuid C G.

Air sin annas an dà trìothan B F C is C G B is comh-fhada B F is C G, agus is comh-fhada C F is G B mar an ceudna; agus, os bàrr sin, is comh-fharsuing a' choinne B F C ris a' choinne C G B.

Mar sin, is comh-ionann an trìothan C G B ris an trìothan B F C air gach cor. Agus as an sin tha e ag èiridh gur comh-fharsuing a' choinne F B C ris a' choinne G C B; agus a' choinne B C F ris a' choinne C B G mar an ceudna.

Nis, chaidh a thaisbeanadh gur comh-fharsuing a' choinne A B G ris a' choinne A C F agus gur comh-fharsuing a' choinne C B G, mir de A B G, ri B C F, mir de A C F.

Mar sin, is comh-fharsuing a' chòrr-chuid A B C ris a' chòrr-chuid A C B.

Agus is iad sin bonn-choinnidhean an trìothan-lànain A B C.

Os bàrr, chaidh a nochdadh gu'm bu chomh-fharsuing na coinnidhean F B C is G C B: agus is iad sin na coinnidhean a tha air taobh eile na bonn-line.

Comh-fhirinn. Leis an sin tuigear gur comh-fharsuing trì choinnidhean trìothan chomh-shliosaich.

## NA GILLEAN GLEUSDA.

GLEUS G. SEIS.

{ | s ., l : s , m.- | r ., d : r , m.- | l ., s. : l ., d.- }



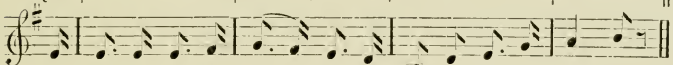
{ | r : m. | s ., l : s , m.- | r ., d : r , m.- } FINE.



RANN.

D.C.

{ | l | l ., l : l ., t. | d ., t. : l ., s. | m. s. : l ., d | r : m. }



Nuair chual iad guth an dùth - cha, Le d'arachd dian gu'n d'éisd iad.

Is thog iad orra 's dh' fhalbh iad  
G'an dearbhadh do'n Chésar.

An éideadh tìr nam fraoch-bheann  
Gu'n d' fhalbh na laoch gu h-èutrom.

Ri ceòl na pioba-mhàla  
'S ann thog na sàir an ceuman.

Is dh' fhàg iad tìr nam beanntan  
Gun sealltaran as an déidhe.

'S iad aontachd agus dilse  
A thug á tìrean céin iad.

Iad seasmhach mar bu dual daibh  
Ri gualainnean a chéile.

'S gur suairce, seirceil, truasail iad  
'S an uair is motha feum air.

Mar léoghainn ghuineach, gharga  
Mu'n dearbhteadh orra 'n eucoir.

'S air ruigheachd tìr na Frainge, b'ann  
Gu teanntachd agus éiginn.

Fo fhrasan teinntidh 's daingeann iad,  
Tighinn eadar talamh 's speuran

Cuid eile air tìr-mór is cuan  
A' fulang cruas luchd-reubainn.

Cuid eile laighe leòinte  
A' call na deò chion léighe.

Fad o'n cachaich chluimhoir  
'S a' mhathair chaomh thug spéis daibh.

Am fuil, ma chaidh a dòrtadh,  
Bidh glòir dhaibh ann d'a réir sud.

Nuair gheibh an saoghal sìothchaint  
'S an innsear ceart an sgeula.

'S tha 'n Tì 'na chathair shuas a  
Bhios truacanta gu'n éis riù.

Ach gus an teich na sgàilean ud  
'San là an dean iad éirigh.

MOR NIC AMHLAIDH.

Toronto, Canada.



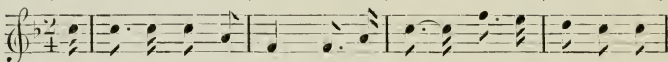
# ORAN LE SAIGHDEAR.

(A THA 'SAN FHRAING.)

Air fonn: "Mo ghaol air na maraichean."

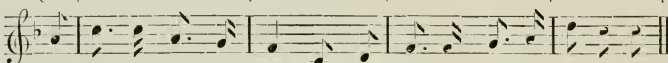
GLEUS F. RANN. *S.*

{ s | s ., s : s . m | d : d ., m | s ., s : d' ., t | l . s : s }



An uair a dh'fhàg slàn Gobhraidh, Bha fonn air na cail - eag - an,

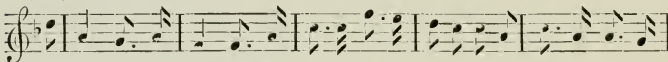
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Gach té dhiubh toirt a làimh dhuinn An àm bhi fàgail beannachd leinn.

*SEIS.*

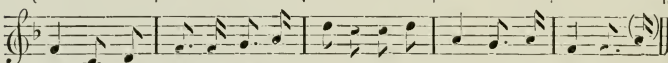
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Hill ù hó ro hù o, Mo chùlaibh ris a' bhaile so; 'S e dh'fhàg m' n diugh cho

*D.S.*

{ d : s ., l | d ., d : r ., m | l . s : s . l | m : r ., m | d : d ., (m) ||



tùrsach An rùn a thug a' chailleag dhomh; Hill ù hó ro hù o.

Bhi siubhal fad na h-oidhche,  
Gu'n d'fhàg e tinn gun chadal sinn;  
'S nuair thàinig àm dhuinn dùsgadh,  
Bu drùbhsaidh na balaich sinn.

Air maduinn là na Sàbaid  
Gu'n d'ràineas longphort Sasunnach;  
'S air dol dhuinn air bòrd bàta,  
Bha pàirt ac' 's cur a' mhar' oirre.

Nuair ràinig sinne Vèrdun,  
Cha b'èibhinn an sealladh e:  
Na peileirean mu'n cnairt dinn  
Mar fhras bho thuath, 's clach-mheallain ann.

Bha oifhichear, 's e gleusda,  
Gu h-àrd ag eubh adhbhansadh ruinn;  
'S gun Ghaidheal ach mi fein ann  
Measg treibh de bhalaich Ghlasacho.

Nuair chuir sinn dòigh air béigneid,  
Cha 'n fheumadh tu bhi cadalach  
A'dol an coinninn Ghéirmean,  
No 's e thu féin a chailleadh air.

'S e dol air aghaidh b' éiginn:  
Bha 'm bàs a'd dhéidh mur rachadh tu;  
'S air dhòmhsa bhi 'gam ghéardadh  
Chaidh té dhiubh 'n sàs 'nam achalais.

Cha chreideadh tu an fhirinn  
Ged innsinn duit gu h-aithghearr e;  
Bha mòran diubh nan sineadh;  
Bha pàirt gun chinn gun chasan diubh.

Gur iomadh fear chaidh bhualadh  
Ri m' ghualainn air a' mhaduinn ud;  
'S ged bha mi air mo chaomhadh  
Cha robh mi 'n dùil gu'n tachradh e.

Mo mhallachd air a' Ghearmailt  
A mharbh na balaich thapaidh oirnn,  
A b' fhèarr a bha 'san dùthaich:  
Tha 'n diugh an ùir 'gam falach uainn.

'S ma 's e 's gu'n téid mo bhualadh  
Le luaidhe, no mo ghasachadh,  
Dean innseadh dhaibh mu 'n tuasaid,  
'S thoir leat an duan so dachaidh chuc'.

SEUMAS MAC COINNICH.

A bha'n Unapoll, Assaint.



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uile fìorghlan, fallan, foghlumach. Tha fiosrachadh  
femmail do bhoireannaich ann. Tha earraim ann a ni  
cùbheach an òigridh. Rèitichear leis ceistean a bhuineas  
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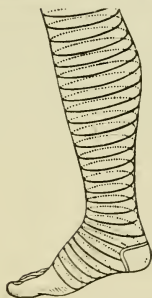
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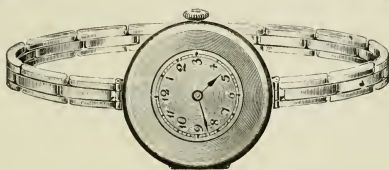
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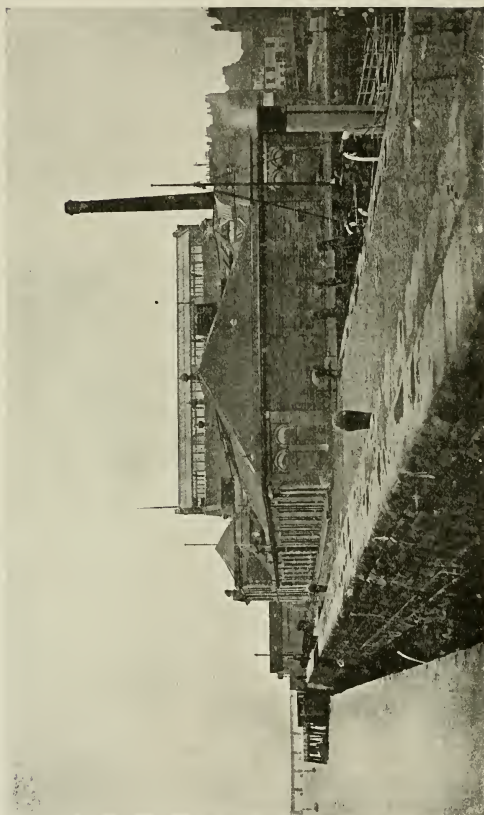
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